

Voo Doo



January, 1947

25 Cents

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• Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates full flavor and cool mildness just as yours does.

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Three nationally known independent research organizations conducted the survey. They queried doctors in every branch of medicine.



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See how *your* throat
reacts to the cool mild-
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See if Camels don't
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to a "T."



SOONER or later one is bound to rebel against the regimen of slide rules and test tubes and flee his shackles in search of diversion and pleasure. If you are one of the many who have felt the urge, I can suggest no better place to amuse yourself than in New York, for it seems that fair Boston has, alas, but little to offer in the way of really diversified amusement. Not that I am deprecating the efforts of those who administer the Beantown fun-houses. . . . I'm not saying that they don't run their places right. . . . I'm not saying it, but if I were a bit more candid I would. F'rinstance: You taxi a small bundle of fluff and vacuum into one of the better class spots around Boston. . . . let's say with ideas of perhaps dancing a bit. Well if you don't hook arms with someone lifting a drink off the bar, you might succeed in a few steps. But sooner or later the tables move right into your path and the "dance floor" has shriveled up to the size of a large Statler bathroom. . . . a small clearing in a jungle of tables full of hostile natives disguised as waiters. If you don't frequent these dens of iniquity just try wrestling with someone in a hot telephone booth for two out of three falls. . . . and I'm sure you'll get the pitch I'm piping.

* * * * *

The **Fife and Drum Room** of the hotel **Vendome** on the corner of Commonwealth and Dartmouth is good, moderately expensive, and one can dance there. . . . but it is usually rather crowded on week-ends. How-

VOODOOING



THE TOWN

ever you can easily obtain reservations if you know what you are planning to do for the evening that far in advance. I think you'll like it.

* * * * *

If it is just a good quiet place where you can talk things over with her, try the **Lincolnshire**. On Beacon Street opposite the Public Gardens, it offers the best in refined atmosphere and pleasant surroundings. The prices are among the lowest in town. . . . there is no entertainment but music is always pleasantly in the background (applause for electronics). The furnishings are the most appealing. . . . mostly soft couches and comfortable armchairs with small "tea-tables" for your tinkling burden. On a straight comparative basis the **Lincolnshire Lounge** stands out as without a doubt one of the best places in Boston. . . . for atmosphere, prices and service.

On the restaurant side, I have one place in particular which should appeal to everyone. It is the **Restaurant Du Barry** on Newbury Street in the vicinity of Exeter Street. They specialize in a French cuisine and put out remarkably excellent food for the low prices which they charge. The atmosphere is quiet and conducive to the enjoyment of your meal. A very taste-full dinner may be had for under a dollar, including soup, beverage and dessert. If you ever find that you have to take her out to dinner and you're on the impecunious side, before she gets any big ideas about where to eat, you come out with, "I know the neatest little spot. . . . loads of atmosphere. . . ." It's as simple as all that and I'm sure that you won't be disappointed.

* * * * *

I hear that they are intending to change *all* of Beacon Street from D. C. to A. C. current. . . . I wonder who the radical is on the City Council? First thing you know they'll be building new streets and things. . . . but I have no fear that the good ladies on Beacon Hill will fight this clearly communistic menace right down to their last gas lamp.

And so, leaving you with the comforting thought that Boston will probably still be here next week, I take my leave. . . . now you can go on and read the lewd jokes on the following pages, you poor depraved crude. (Or did you start on the back page?)

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Voo Doo

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JANUARY, 1947

No. 1

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"My grandfather was an adventurer. He was a gold-digger in Alaska."

"So was my grandmother."



Hubby: "I accidentally caught sight of the maid in her pajamas. Dear, she's got almost as good a figure as you have."

Wife: "So the chauffeur says."

— Green Griffen



"Doctor, after my broken finger heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly."

"That's funny, I couldn't play it before."

— Rammer Jammer

She: "Do you know all the things they've been saying about me?"

He: "Whaddya think I'm here for?"

— DoDo



Commoner: "Let's start a new religion."

George Bernard Shaw: "All right, I'll be God."



A bachelor is a man who has no children to speak of.



Washington: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

If he hadn't married a widow his record would have been complete.

He: "Your husband is a brilliant looking man. I suppose he knows everything."

She: "Don't be silly! He doesn't suspect a thing."



1st Stude: "Writing home?"

2d Stude: "Yeah!"

1st Stude: "Mind making a carbon copy?"



Girl: "Whom are you taking to the dance?"

Boy: "Well, I like Helen's form, Alice's lips, Betty's eyes, Jane's hair, Peg's arms, Virginia's dancing, and Kay's — and Kay's — Oh, I guess I'll take Kay!"



CAFE DE PARIS

Real Home-Cooked Food

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NEW BAR JUST OPENED

165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
299 Harvard Street Brookline

He: "I'm groping for words."
 She: "I think you're looking in the wrong place."



He: "Drinking makes you beautiful."
 She: "But I don't drink."
 He: "But I do."



He: "Are you perfect?"
 She: "Yes, I'm perfect."
 He: "Well, I'm practice."



This girl had to be handled with kid gloves, her husband is a fingerprint expert.

— Rice Owl

He: "Why wait till we get home to tell me whether you'll marry me or not?"

She: "I'm scared; this is the very spot where my father proposed to mother, and on the way home the horse ran away and father was killed."



It doesn't matter much whether he's a man or a mouse. Both suffer a common fate. In the end some cat usually gets him.



After looking around the campus a little, statistics show that blondes make the best students.

— Jack-o-Lantern

Frosh: "What do you mean by slinging the bull?"

Soph: "To sling the bull is to prevent the professor from realizing that you are saying nothing in a great many words."

Junior: "To sling the bull is to say little in a great many words so as to give the impression that you are familiar with what the test is covering."

Senior: "To sling the bull is to say as much as possible in well chosen words so as to convey the impression that you are familiar with the material under examination in spite of the fact that you have been unable to devote sufficient effort to study adequately an unduly difficult assignment."



"Afraid?"

"Not if you take that pipe out of your mouth."

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WE sat at our typewriter in meditation on our editorial responsibilities. The Cat was perched on the General Manager's desk scanning back-copy of the *Boston Globe*. His raspy voice pierced the Morphean silence.

"Listen, Meatballs, to what this reporter says of his observations of returned veterans at various American colleges: 'One aspect I wish to emphasize is the widespread attempt on the part of returning veterans to reshape the colleges to fit their own purposes, and their failure to realize just what a college is for. They are eager and hard working beyond question; but what they are after is a college degree. And the reason so many of them want that is because business and society today are evidently demanding it.

'Their greatest mistake lies in their failure to figure out that business and society came to place a high value upon that degree because the graduate of the past was trained both socially and intellectually — partly by the campus and partly by the classroom. Where these two parts of the American college worked most harmoniously, the product was most satisfactory.

'But too much of these returned veterans are trying to turn the college into a trade school, lacking all social aspects, all polishing of student by student, all training in campus leadership and in human adjustments.

'They seek only those courses that sound as though they gave training for a specific job. They attend such courses and hurry back to their trailers and suburban shacks, and their wives and families, and the college has too little chance to leave its mark upon their personalities.'

"Cat," we said, "That article might very well have been directed at the majority of undergraduates at Tech — veterans and non-veterans alike."

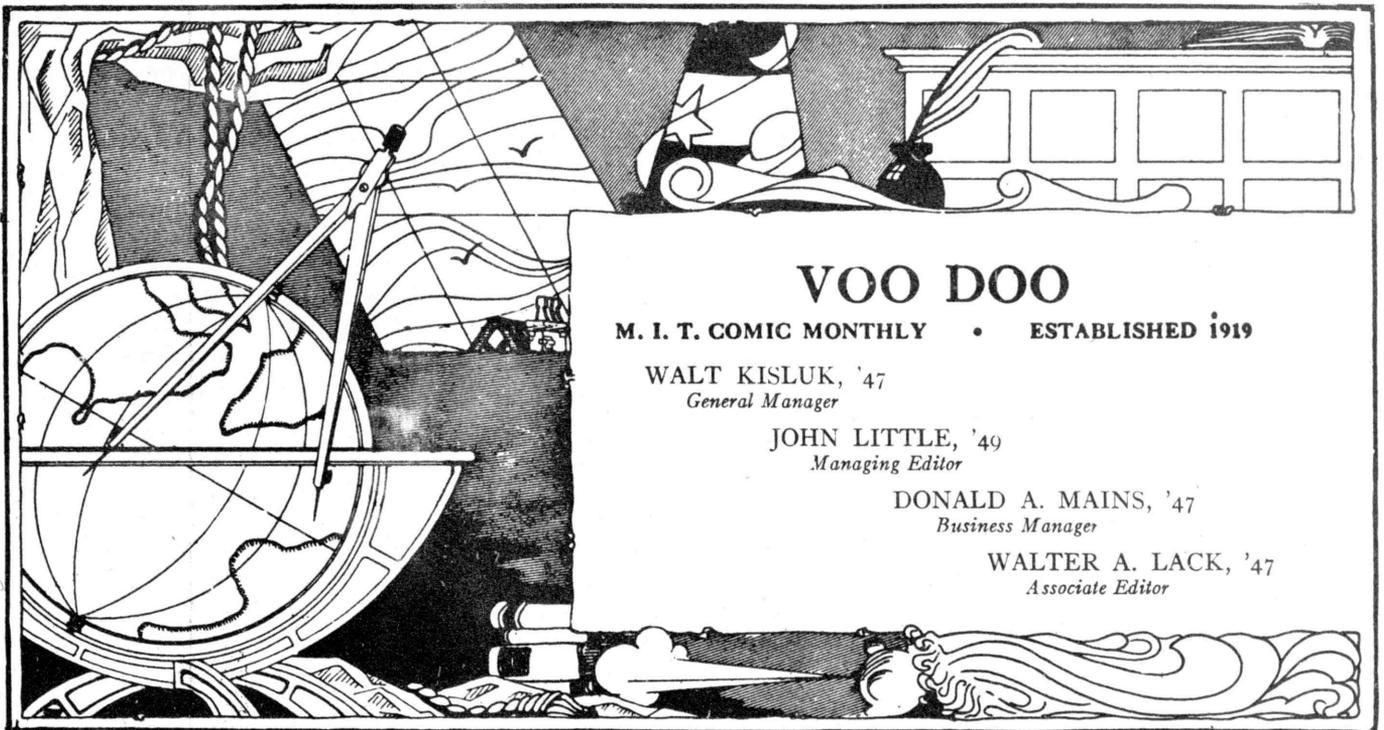
"True. Too many of our student masterminds shun the social phase of Tech life. They suppose that 'M. I. T.' will be the 'Open Sesame' to every barrier that confronts them during their careers. It is not long after graduation that these men are forced to free themselves of this illusion. They, who supposedly have the capability of understanding the workings of complex mechanisms, find themselves perplexed by the most commonplace machine — the mere man. Some of the greatest scientific intellects of the day are described as being modest, quiet, or reserved. That is a gracious way of saying unsociable, timid introverts. These men long to be sociable but do not know how to achieve social graces. Because of their temerity they cannot cope with their fellow men who often are intellectually subordinate. As introverts they feel personal inferiority rather than superlative ego. The many Tech men who are infected with this malady fail to realize that an effective cure can be found in the numerous extracurricula activities functioning on this campus."

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"Phos, it is said that according to entrance questionnaires there are probably more secondary school class officers at M. I. T. than any other college. Yet, when we look into the various classes we see the same few faces partaking in most of the major activities, while the majority of the supposed former high school and prep school 'big wheels' take less than a half-hearted interest in some activities or else completely ignore them. Why is it that these men seem to lose interest in the social aspect of school life when they come to Tech and are confronted with activities of greater number and importance than those offered in secondary schools?"

"You should be able to answer that from your own observations. Take a look at Joe Frosh on his day of arrival at Tech. His ears eagerly seek and absorb the advice and information given to him by upperclassmen and the faculty. Repeatedly, he hears that sorrowful phrase, 'Tech is Hell.' Joe wants to take part in campus play but he fears that it may interfere with his classroom work. He decides to wait until his sophomore year before signing for any activities. But, too frequently, by the end of the freshman year poor Joe has become 'modest, quiet or reserved,' and decides not to leave the beaten path between the classroom and his home. His initial advisers helped Joe establish this path but failed to point out its equally important by-ways that led to the campus."

"The future will bring changes in the social aspect of Tech life, Cat. Our newly appointed Dean of Students, Dean Everett M. Baker, fully realizes the social weakness of the Tech man and has set forth to strengthen it. There will be no overnight changes in the students' social behavior, for Dean Baker's task will be arduous and lengthy. It shall require that every student realize the value of the various phases of campus activities. When that day comes, Phos, you may find it necessary to take over all of Walker Memorial."

WITH deep regrets we announce the loss of Art Peterson due to the unnatural consequence of graduation. We'll all miss him and his "Salty" cartoons and wish him the best of luck in the world away from Tech. We are proud to announce that Dave Kemper will be our new Co-Art Editor.

Cover this month by Peterson

Ed. Note: With the innocence of a high school girl at an M. I. T. frat party, Voo Doo casually published a list of girls' dorms and telephone numbers in the November issue. The result was a deluge of mail from outraged females all over the country telling us of omissions. Aside from those printed below, we received insulting comments from Simmons, Vassar, Wheaton, the Crawford House, the University of Alaska, Powers Models Inc., and Harvard. All this has put us in a dilemma. So to all you lonely girls from coast to coast, and to all you mermaids at sea, we can say that next year is leap year and we are considering printing a list of M. I. T. phone numbers.

Mt. Ida Junior College
Newton Center, Mass.

December 2, 1946

Dear Sir:

While it has not been our policy to be free with our phone number, still we feel that when it is given out it should be the correct number. Therefore please relieve the confusion that must have surrounded the local operators since the last copy of Voo Doo was published. I refer to WEL 3010 as the mistake and give you the correct number as LASalle 9489.

Yours truly

"THE DATEABLE DAMSELS"

Ed. Note — Voo Doo offers its most humble apologies and in way of interest prints the following letter which we received.

Fioravanti's Junk Yard
Wellesley, Mass.
Tel. WEL 3010

Voo Doo
M. I. T.
Mass.

Dear Mr. Voo Doo:

Who the hell you think this is anyhow? All day long people is calling up asking for girls. I no under-



stand this at all. I only run junk yard. I am not — no! Somebody he say you tell him I have girls. You listen — I am respectable junk dealer. I no understand why you are thinking. If these telephone call do not stop I sue you. Maybe that will learn you this foolishness I no stand for.

ROCCO FIORAVANTI

308 Bay State Road
Boston, Mass.

Voo Doo
M. I. T.
Boston Mass
Gentlemen (?):

In the Freshman Bible edition of Voo Doo there was a page devoted to girls' colleges, dormitory listings, and phone numbers. Being Boston University co-eds and residents of the dormitories, we feel it our duty to call to your attention the conspicuous absence of our school from the list.

While fully aware of the competition in Greater Boston, we are not without

self-assurance and, with the true interest of your boys at heart, we ask you rectify a grave error. For verification of the above statements, you may contact:

Danny Muss	Munroe 504
Richard Bersin	Building 22
Barney Byrne	Building 22
Ron Brandon	Building 22
Don Sampson	528 Beacon St.
Jim Gay	Building 22
Gil Parker	A member of the Voo Doo staff

If these references are not sufficient, you may contact us for others.

Margot and Jean
Alden-Speare House
LON 9356

Mount Holyoke College
South Hadley, Mass.

Voo Doo
M. I. T.
Cambridge

Our very dear Sirs:

Due to an unfortunate accident, in which the sewers overflowed, a copy of Voo Doo swam its way to our door. As a result, we have been forced to rise up in a body (just one, boys) to complain about the M. I. T. treatment of this excellent school. We have found two major oversights by the honorable staff of Voo Doo.

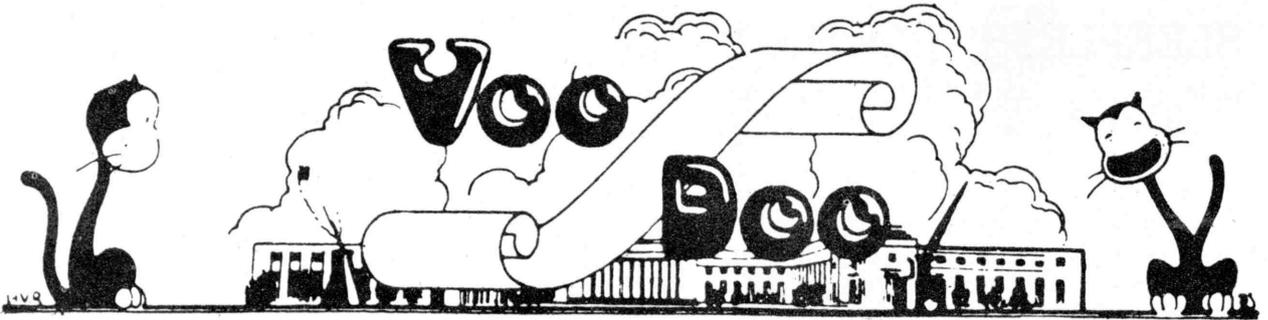
First of all, on your map of the United States, you found room for those boring seminaries, to wit, Vassar, Skidmore, and Smith, but neglected our little Mount Holyoke, nestling warmly in the most supremely dry town in Massachusetts, South Hadley.

But this is not all. You even omitted our college from that audacious page on which you had other women's colleges with telephone numbers. We have the greatest confidence in your abilities to make amends.

THE M. H. T.'S

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ISSUE





THE members of an exclusive hunt club decided to hold a fox hunt, and instructed the members to bring only male dogs. However, one of the influential members owned only a female, and she was allowed to run with the pack.

The morning of the hunt they followed the dogs for an hour, and then lost them completely. One of the hunters saw a farmer in a field, and asked him:

"Have you seen a pack of dogs and a fox?"

"Sure, just a minute ago. Funny thing, though, when I saw them, a she dog was out in front, and the fox was running fifth."

EVEN in the third grade of grammar school we were quite the brownbagger. Miss Davis had assigned a composition and we asked her if it was all right to use big

words. We proceeded to look up known little words in the dictionary to find longer synonyms. One of the new words was used in reference to the nine year old girls in the class — coeds.

Which brings us around to a recent argument on the name for a non-coed school, as Tech is for all practical purposes. Would you call it un-educational? Or just Hell?

WE have always been rather glad that we succeeded in passing 5.01, especially in the light of what we hear about the course they started this term. We don't know if it's true, but the *rumor* is that one of the Tau Beta Pi tutors has been rewording his 10.18 homework and giving it to his pupils. Seems they got it very well, too. And that *next* year they start replacing 8.01 with 8.43. . . .



"Do all of your internes have hobbies, Doctor?"

WHILE perusing the writings of the ancient philosopher, Erasmus, we came across this advice to students.

"Avoid late and unseasonable Studies, for they murder Wit, and are very prejudicial to Health. The Muses love the Morning, and that is a fit Time for Study. After you have din'd, either divert yourself at some Exercise, or take a Walk, and discourse merrily, and Study between whiles. A little before you go to sleep read something that is exquisite, and worth remembering; and contemplate upon it till you fall asleep; and when you awake in the Morning, call yourself to an Account for it."

Erasmus, you'd flunk.

WITH a great deal of pleasure we recently read *Dahl's Boston*, the most recent book of the *Herald* cartoonist. As usual it was filled with amusing literary and pictorial comments on Boston personalities and customs. Some of the absurdities which he creates out of news items should never be funny but always are.

We feel, however, that as a cow lover he should be told about the incident of the cow in the dorms that happened some time ago. Some enterprising students took a cow from a farm outside Boston and succeeded in inducing it to climb five flights of stairs to the roof of the dormitories. They then discovered that cows do not climb down stairs, or at least this one refused to. The students were ready to leave the cow on the roof indefinitely, but school authorities insisted that she be brought down. This was finally accomplished with a

sling and a crane over the side of the building. The final joker for the students was that the cow subsequently refused to give any milk and they had to pay damages.

COOPERATION between Wellesley officials is bad. For example, the physiology department could not have been consulted by the lady who bought the bathing trunks lent to the Tech swimming team on their visit there. Some Techmen put on the trunks, decided that they must have them on backwards, tried reversing them, but to no avail. The result was that most Techmen spent the night in the water.

LOST AND FOUND

The girl or woman who discovered ants all over her kitchen on February 21, 1941 and who lost her diary on Marlborough Street just the other day may retrieve it at this office.

Will the person who, by mistake, picked up a stone tomahawk that fell out of a dorm window recently please return it.

THE other day one of our friends and another fellow's girl friend spent a pleasant evening exchanging sharply barbed comments. This pastime was continued at subsequent meetings of the two until both parties, no doubt, spent countless hours lying awake thinking of retaliatory measures. The coup de grace to the affair was accomplished by the fair sex. She phoned the Greek War Relief and advised them of a friend of hers who was interested in helping the cause in any way that he could. She left his name and phone number and also mentioned that he was an expert tight rope walker.

Our friend has since been perplexed by frequent calls from the Greek War Relief inquiring about his high wire ability.



"Take it easy, girls, it's just a Tech man after a bulb for his dark-room —"

A STEADY (referring only to patronage) customer of a neighborhood bar briefed us on U. S. foreign policy the other night. The Walter Lippman understudy summed it up: "The United States don't go looking for trouble . . . or vice versa."

AS time goes on we begin to feel that old civilian peaceful complaining spirit again. Again we feel the return to normalcy surge — the urge to look unkindly at Admiral's expense accounts and to snub lieutenants at the least provocation. Anyhow one thing at Tech still strikes us as incongruous in the post-war world — the Scabbard and Blade, honorary fraternity of the ROTC, is using a bulletin board that is somewhat inappropriate — that of the "Technology Peace Federation."

A SOMEWHAT better omen for the peace of the world — for the hands across the sea — "One World" idea, something that augurs well for

the future of the United Nations, is an inscription on the wall of a cubicle of a Building 2 latrine. Among the usual crudities, banalities, and typed humor was the motto of a bilingual world "Kilroi était ici."

WE know a fellow who has a girl named Genevieve. This fellow had all the qualities necessary to be popular with women — he had a car. He was therefore very surprised that he could not seem to make time with Gen. Every time that he slowed down and parked on some dark country lane, Gen, who would be warm and inviting up to that point, would suddenly turn stone cold. Baffled, he finally asked her what the story was. She pointed to the dashboard. There the ammeter indicating generator current had a special attachment. When the generator stopped putting out current, as when the car was slowing down or standing still, a light flashed on saying, "No Gen." She wouldn't.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THERMODYNAMICS

Ignatius Q. Ugwump (Ignatz for short) was a Techman. As if this were not bad enough, he was taking a course in Thermodynamics. He managed to pass about half his quizzes by means of the Good Neighbor Policy, but it became more and more apparent to him that the final exam would either pass him or flunk him. The date of January 28 loomed more and more gloomy as the date of January 28 drew near.

About three weeks before the impending disaster, Ignatz, seeking a cure for his gloom, called up his girl friend, Hysteria P. Zaraza.

"Hello, baby," he said. "How about a date for this Friday?"

"Friday?" said Hysteria. "But — well, let me think a while . . . Hmm . . . Friday . . . Oh! I'm so sorry! My parents are coming up from Colorado on Friday!"

"Oh, that's too bad!" moaned Ignatz. "Well, how about Saturday?"

"Saturday?" said Hysteria. "Oh, gee! I'm so sorry. There's a big dance at Cal Tech that night. I'm so sorry!"

"Hmm," said Ignatz. "How's for Sunday?"

"Sunday —" said Hysteria. "Gosh, I just know I'll have a cold next Sunday. I always catch colds on Sunday. I really can't get away."

"Can't get away?"

"No. I can't get away. I'm so sorry," said Hysteria.

"Well," said Ignatz, "you aren't doing anything Monday, are you?"

"Lemme see — Monday? Oh, golly, I must study for a Sanskrit quiz on Monday!"

"Oh," said Ignatz. "Oh! . . . Er — Tuesday?"

"Tuesday. No. I'm travelling to Worcester after classes to see my aunt, who is dying of sciatica," said Hysteria.

"Wednesday?"

"No. I'm so sorry."

"Thursday?"

"No."

"Friday?"

"No."

Etc.

Finally, as fate would have it, Hysteria agreed to a date with Ignatz for the night before his Thermodynamics final. Ignatz was very reluctant to make the date for then, but Hysteria begged off for every other night over a span of six months. Ignatz knew that he would have to study that night, but he just had to see Hysteria. Why, he had that little girl's finger wrapped around him!

Came the night before the final. Hysteria was looking sexy. Ignatz welcomed her to his room with a wave of his Thermodynamics text.

"Why, Ignatz! What's that awful book you're holding?" said Hysteria.

"Oh, this? Oh, it's a hot book, er — that is to say, at 417.2°K . chlorine vaporizes."

"What are you talking about?"

said Hysteria. Her ruby lips flapped invitingly in the breeze.

Ignatz glanced at her upturned face. "Was I talking?" he said. "How stupid of me." He found her lips. He broke away and found page 209 of his textbook.

(formula), he said.

Hysteria grew angry. "If you don't put away that book, I'll leave," she screamed.

"Oh, please, don't leave," said Ignatz. (formula), he muttered.

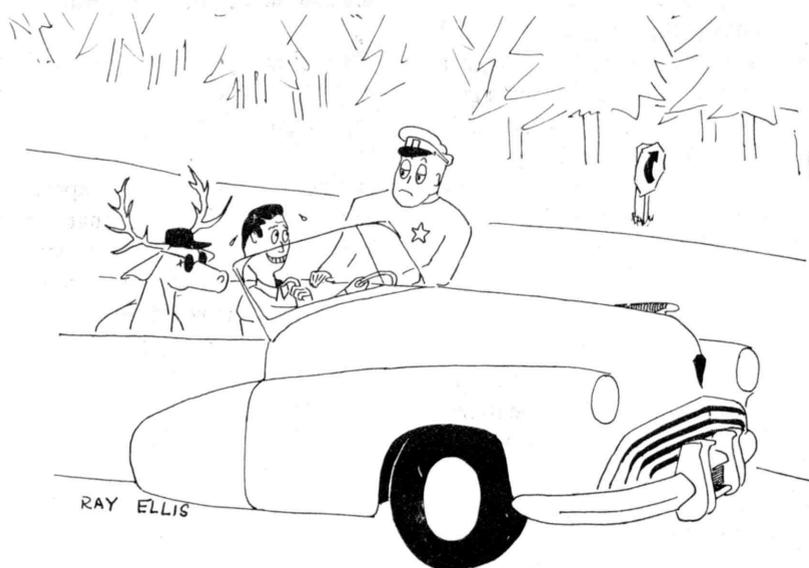
Hysteria grew Hysterical. "If you don't want me to leave, you'd better do something to keep me here!" she cried.

Ignatz grasped her tightly about the waist. "Hysteria," he breathed, "I'm sorry! You're lovely! You look just like a Venturi tube!"

"Oh!" gasped Hysteria. "Don't press me so tightly!"

"Gosh!" said Ignatz. "Pressure! I forgot to study that equation — What was it now? Ah, yes! (equation)

Hysteria's teeth clicked together with a determined crash. She wrested



"Er . . . my wife."

the Thermo book from Ignatz's hand and threw it out the window, leaving an awkward hole in the window shade.

"Now, Big Boy," she said, "let's lie down. I want to talk to you!"

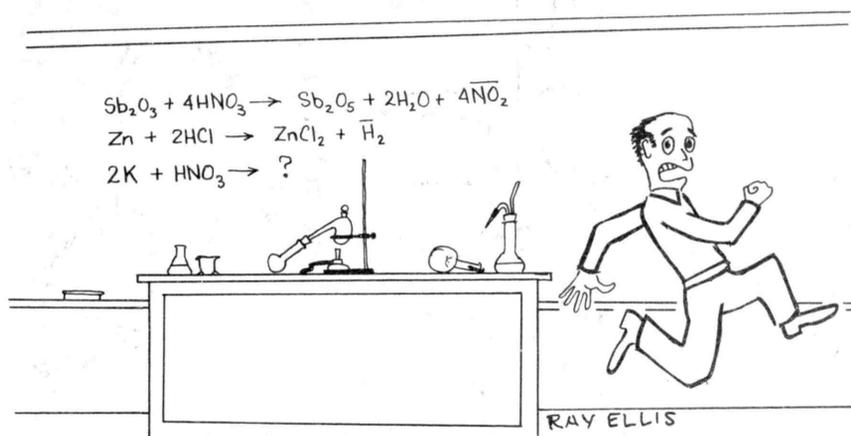
(At this point in our tale, we had best leave our two main characters in their happy state. To comment on their activities, or even to mention the word "horizontal," would expose the author to comment from his more respectable female friends, to say nothing of the faculty.) . . .

With two hours' sleep tucked firmly in big bags under his eyes, Ignatz wandered blissfully and ignorantly into the room where his Thermo final awaited him. He snatched the exam paper deftly from the proctor before the proctor could hand it to him. He caressed it gently, and stared lovingly at the close print. It reminded him of Hysteria's black and tousled hair. A Venturi tube diagram again recalled Hysteria's figure to him. . . .

He was vaguely aware that some strange brown people around him were madly scribbling in little white booklets, but aside from a fleeting nightmare of a big, fuzzy integral, no unpleasant thoughts crossed his mind. He decided to write a sonnet about Hysteria in the 16-page booklet that had been so kindly handed to him by that nice man who had the air of an expectant father. The first page had been scribbled on, unfortunately, but the rest of the book was blank. That left one page for each line of his sonnet, and the back page for his autograph. He would send it to Hysteria!

Ignatz remembered something about having three hours to finish, and he just managed to complete his sonnet in that time. It was a masterpiece. He read it over softly to himself:

On a Carnot cycle built for two,
I will vaporize with you
Up to heaven's bluest blue,
With constant inverse T dQ.
Do not lose thine entropy,
But share it all henceforth with me



"The reaction should start any minute now!"

In streamlined flow upon the sea
Of undisturbed tranquility.

Let us make a change of state,
And hand in hand we'll integrate
Our two lives into one as great
As that of any celibate.

And if we part, then let me die,
And rot in Hell, computing pi.

Just as Ignatz finished reading this over, a mean man came down the aisle and snatched the paper from him with the terse comment, "Time's up!"

Ignatz protested, but in vain. He wandered out of the room, intensely unhappy over the loss of his sonnet, when one of his friends came over and said, "Hey, Iggy, how in hell did you do the fourth problem?"

"Fourth problem?" said Ignatz, "Fourth problem?"

He let out a blood-boiling scream. He realized for the first time that he was supposed to have been taking his Thermodynamics final. He had written a worthless sonnet instead. Oh, woe! What would his parents say when he got a double F? Oh, woe! . . .

Ignatz contemplated suicide.

Ignatz was a man of action.

Ignatz grounded the Van de Graaff generator.

Meanwhile, the Thermodynamics papers found their way to Professor

Teamuffin, a kindly and somewhat frustrated old man. As with all kindly old men, he was hen-pecked. His wife resented the fact that he didn't quite know how to make love to her. But this really wasn't Professor Teamuffin's fault. When he was a virile young lad, Professor Magoun hadn't started giving his lectures, and the time to learn these things is when young.

Professor Teamuffin, however, had never given up hope of someday learning an adequate love-making technique. And it was while he was absently marking the final exam papers that this hope was uppermost in his mind.

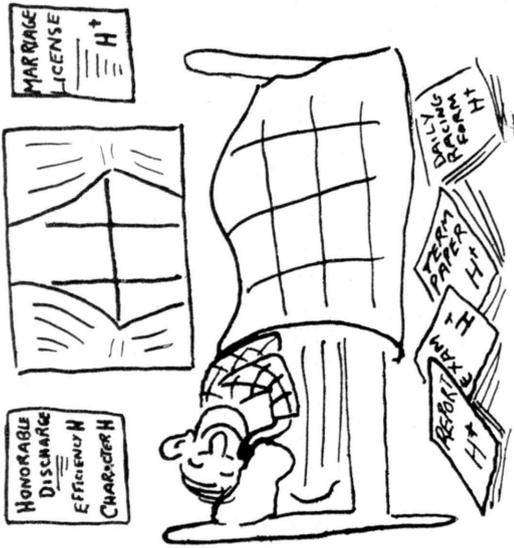
He came to Ignatz's paper, and at first was rather startled to find that Ignatz hadn't answered the questions at all. He read the paper over carefully, and his surprise gradually changed to delight. A love sonnet! Just what he'd been looking for all these years! Why, the boy was a genius! How could he ever thank Ignatz enough? Now, at last, he could spout words of love to his wife!

Professor Teamuffin gave Ignatius Ugwump an H for his final grade in Thermodynamics.

Moral: Never, never commit suicide. It confuses the Records' Office.

R. P. A.

'Twas the night before finals,
And all through the house,



All the creatures were stirring
Except Ogbaum — the louse.



SALTY

And Mike with the highball
Bemoaning his plight.



There was Joe and his shirt-cuff,
With crib notes to write —

$$\int x dx = x^2 dx = \int x^2 dx$$

$$x = x$$

$$y = y$$

$$z = z$$

$$\therefore Q_1 = Q_2$$



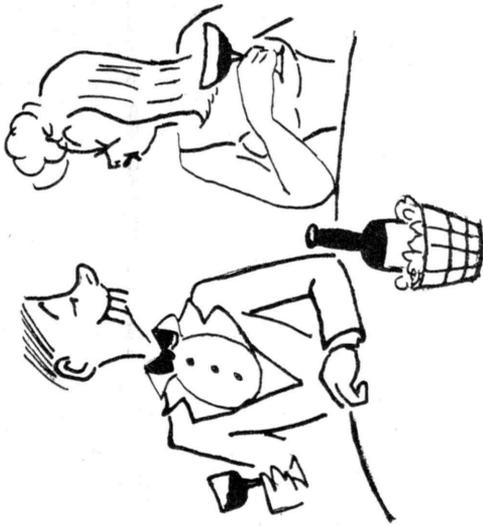
Old George was at Dinghee's
Absorbing the stuff



While Jim got his info
By acting quite rough.



Alfonse was efficient
And worked like a beaver.



But Gus was romantic
And just couldn't leave her.



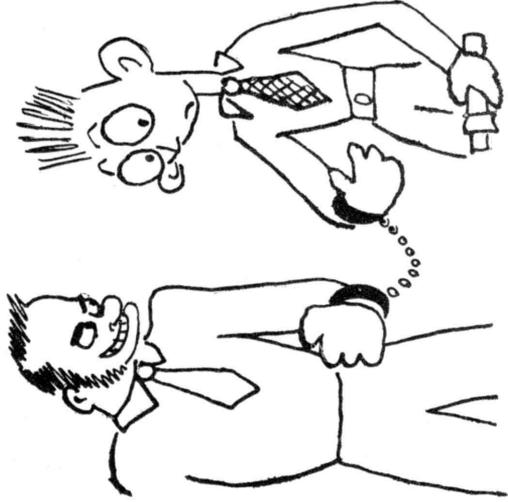
With a mind like a camera
Antoine read the text



As Bill thought of bribery —
Blackmail comes next.



Poor Hank just surrendered,
Took the easy way out.



And thick skulled Guiseppe
Collared Horace en route

To the room where the slaughter
Was soon to take place —
The room where stark terror
Filled everyone's face;
As down through the chimney
Came a roar and there, with
The fateful few questions
Stood Slave Driver Smith.

THE DEVIL WITH THE COAL STRIKE

"Wherein hell is the heat?" cried the devil. "I haven't been warm since yesterday afternoon." He paced back and forth on the thick Persian rug gesturing and glaring at hell's chief fireman. "I can't say that I think you're doing a very hot job."

Sheepishly the chief fireman looked up at his superior. He was right for there had been no coal for almost two days. Complaints were coming in from all over hell; people said they would be damned if they would live in a place that was so cold. Even the devil's private pine paneled office had icicles forming on the places that were usually the hottest. The radiators were covered with snow and there was a thick coating of ice on his secretary. The blame for this horrible calamity rested squarely on the shoulders of the chief fireman and, yet, it was not actually his fault.

The whole miserable affair started when that damned rabble rouser from the USA went to hell and began to organize the miners. Never before had any of the miners cared whether they were allowed to play the pin-ball machines or attend the local burlesque, but now that their new leader had shown them how badly they were in need of these benefits they would not

be satisfied until they obtained them.

The chief fireman looked questioningly at the devil. "What can I do? My hands are tied. Until you say that it is alright for the miners to play the pin-ball machines or attend the O.H. we won't have either coal or heat."

Until a few years ago the miners and any other interested parties made weekly trips up the special escalator that came up outside of Joe and Nemo's in Scollay Square. One Friday night during the performance at the O.H. a miner turned on his head lamp in order to get a better view. This ruined the effect of the blue lights and brought the attention of the audience back to undistorted reality. The MDC frowned on this quenching of the imagination and has ever since forbidden miners to attend the O.H.

The devil was at the window staring at the scurrying passers-by who had wrapped themselves in beer bottle labels, wrapping paper, or anything they could get hold of to keep warm. He saw that he could not let the people go on freezing. Yet, how could he grant the coal miners any benefits without starting a cycle that would undermine the whole economy? He

turned from the window and faced the chief fireman again. "Suppose I talked with this mine organizer. I might be able to persuade him to be reasonable." The devil turned back to the window. "Possibly, if we just sit tight, he might get cold feet and call the whole thing off without realizing any of the benefits he is demanding. In the meantime we must make temporary arrangements to keep the people warm."

The chief fireman frowned. He realized it would be a tough job to get the place as hot as hell usually is. Suddenly struck by an idea, he jumped up, "Suppose we made arrangements for all the congressmen who are now residing here to hold a special session. We could pipe the hot air generated to the buildings nearby. I admit it wouldn't be as satisfactory as the usual open coal fires, but, at least, we could provide a little heat . . ."

"I'm afraid that would not be satisfactory," interrupted the devil. "Most people would rather freeze than have to contend with that hot air. No, I think it would be better to import some strike breakers from upstairs. We wouldn't have to furnish them with miners' caps. The light from their halos would serve the purpose admirably."

The devil sat at the desk with his head buried in his hands for quite a length of time. Seeming to reach a decision he finally looked up, "Go and bring this strike organizer here. I wish to talk with him."

After the head fireman left, the devil immediately called the records office, the library, and several other sources of information in an effort to discover all the details of this labor leader's history. "Why should he want to call my miners out on strike?" the devil kept asking himself. "He must have some ulterior motive; some personal reason for shutting off the heat."



"Always take these missionaries with a grain of salt."

Continued to page 24

SMOTHERED MUSHROOMS

In Boston, where the heiresses wear flat heels to match their chests, almost anything can happen — in a dignified way, that is. For instance, consider the night that Scotty and I went out to dinner at one of those fashionable Mass Ave joints. Scotty, he's very well-bred and a real Bostonian, and, even though his body temperature is damn near 98.6 F, his manners always make me feel like dandruff on a blue serge suit. I must just be the backwoods type — don't even remember to wear garters on my socks when he drags me to the symphonies Saturday night.

Anyway, we go out this Friday night — I guess they go for Friday nights here so they can go to church sober on Sunday. It's a very sensible custom. But to get back — we're sitting at the table in this little place on Mass Ave, stuffing ourselves on rolls and waiting for the waitress to bring in the "Salisbury Steak, Smothered Mushrooms" like it says on the bill-of-fare. Scotty, he's telling me what a low bunch of bushwhacking thugs you'll find on the course VI faculty, and I'm coming right back with that red-pencil-happy squirrel material that they got in course II. Honest, they grade every paper like they were afraid they'll have to pay your salary after you get out. Hell, the two of us been at Tech so long that we almost forgot who Prof Davis is.

Anyway, in comes the Salisbury steak, smothered mushrooms and all, We dig in. I'm going great guns when suddenly I notice Scotty is sitting there — looking at his plate kinda funny.

"Whattsa matter, Scotty," I say, "something wrong?"

He looks at me. There is. I shut up, but quick.

"Miss," he says, "will you come here, please?"

The waitress comes over. She's a red-head, long-legged, with a cute

little nose. She's wearing flat heels alright, but to match what she's got, she'd have to wear stilts. "Is something wrong, sir?"

Scotty forgets himself and points at his steak. Very deliberately he comes out with it: "Those mushrooms, miss—they are *not* smothered!" Right away a dead silence falls over the place. I freeze right where I am. Scotty and the waitress are staring each other down. He wins—her eyelids drop, and she begins to fidget with a button on her uniform.

"Well?" he says, quietly.

"You're right, sir, they're not smothered." Her eyes are fastened on the floor. Then she looks up shyly and adds with a note of hope, "They were strangled, though—it's almost the same thing."

His voice is like a clap of thunder.

"Strangled? Strangled? Anyone who'd strangle a mushroom would put tomatoes in clam chowder. Montgomery, Watch and Ward will hear of this!!"

That does it. The poor kid begins to cry. This makes her twice as pretty

at least. I reel so sorry for her that I reach out and begin to pat her right under the big bow on the back of her uniform. In a comforting, fatherly, way, that is. Like maybe Prof Magoun would recommend. Her eyes meet mine — big, blue eyes, tear-rimmed, but shining with gratitude because I am understanding. I can't help myself. I pat her some more.

"Honey," I say, "tell me all about it."

"It was like this," she sniffs. "My Pop is the mushroom-smotherer here. He's getting old, and couldn't come to work today. It was smothering all those onions yesterday — he's getting too old to smother onions. Anyway, I told the manager I'd do the mushrooms today so Pop wouldn't lose his job. But —"

"Yes," I say, *dolce con amore*, making my voice low and husky like Frankie.

"But I'm not union," she whispers in a broken voice, "so —"

"So you strangled them," I finish.

Continued to page 25



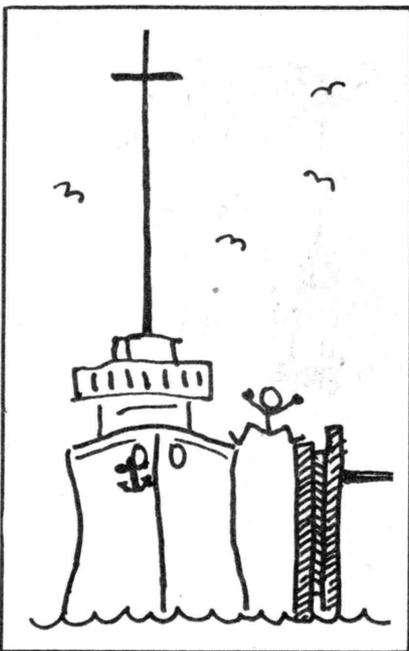
"... wuz kep' after school, dear."

PHOS' TRANSPORTATION GUIDE

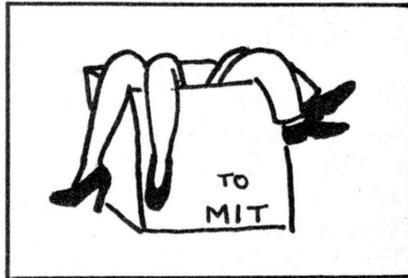
Ten patented ways of getting back to M. I. T. without a penny after an expensive weekend in New York.

1. Walk up to that booth in Grand Central where a man sits in a brown monkey suit and tell him: "I want to" — Here he stops, grabs you, two other monkeysuited guys appear and hold you till you sign a sheet of paper. But be sure to put "Duty in Japan" on the third line from the bottom and immediately begin to bitch to be sent to Japan. You have an excellent chance of becoming an MS Instructor at M. I. T.

2. Go to the More-McCormack Lines and sign up as a stoker on their next ship bound for Shanghai. There take the ferry to the other side of the harbor, get a ship to Liverpool, from where you can get the yearly tramp steamer to Boston.



3. Get a big wooden packing crate. Mark it: Mr. Henry K. Dow, Manager M. I. T. Dorms, Collect. Place in it provisions for several weeks, and yourself with suitable companionship, and call for Railway Express. You may get to Boston, where you can easily dismember your crate, take it away and then resell it as a 3-room house in Westgate.



4. Hop on a NYNH & HRR train, make a dash for the private drawing-room-compartment marked "Ladies" lock yourself in and if anyone knocks let out a shriek. It is advisable to bar the door, since the conductors have passkeys and are overeager to use them. You must also disembark at Back Bay through the window.

5. Go to LaGuardia airport, tell them you are Mr. Sears and have just misplaced your ticket. Give them the full name, address, of Prof. Sears and the day and hour you purchased the ticket in Boston, also a fake ticket number. Board the plane and you're off. (Don't tell me it hasn't been done before. Why do you think that last 8.034 quiz was such a stinker? OK,

don't blame me. I couldn't help it if Prof. Sears was foolish enough to pay my bills.)

6. Hop a freight train. (It is too cold for that now though.)

7. Get out on the Merritt Parkway waving your sliderule. Two sorts of cars will pick you up:

- a. Wellesley girls.
- b. Harvard students, who think you are a policeman.

With Wellesley girls become chummy, with Harvard boys begin to act dumb, fall asleep, and they will think you're one of them.

8. Go to the police station and tell them that you stole the jewels of the Duchess of Windsor and that you hid them in Boston. You will get a wonderful escorted ride up, then tell them it was all a joke, and watch them laugh.

9. Make like a marathon runner and start running.



10. Stay in New York and have fun, who wants to come back to Tech anyway, and you have a good excuse. You can always bum a nickel for a cup of coffee, call her up, and settle down for a nice quiet week.

P. A.

SLEEPLESS NIGHT

The clock on the mantel began to strike eleven, softly as if regretful of the necessity for doing so. Professor Sanka Fears' long, thin fingers stilled in their dance over the keys of the portable, and for a moment the other sounds which filled the dim booklined study faded into the background as he listened to the chiming of the clock.

... FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT ...

One more hour, Fears thought with a spasm of dread. Just one more hour to live.

... NINE, TEN, ELEVEN.

Sweet as the breath of an old melody, the last notes of the chimes faded. Once again dominated the fitful crackling of the smoldering fire and the murmur of the rain which fell in the night, outside.

Fears remained motionless a moment longer, frozen in the act of typing, gazing fixedly on the clock. Then slowly he relaxed as if the influence of the chimes were only now leaving him. His hands slid from the keys of the portable to the edge of the desk on which it stood. He slumped back in his chair, his long, gaunt face bitter with the knowledge of his approaching end.

He didn't want to go. There was still so much to live for. It wasn't fair that existence should end now, like a flower out before full bloom, like a song broken off in mid-chorus. Rebellion stirred dully within him.

How much of his feelings was inspired by fear, Fears dared not guess. He knew his end wouldn't be one in the literal sense. It would only be the end of the beginning. The curtain would rise on another scene. A new life would begin, compared to which his present existence would be a moment's glimpse of paradise.

A convulsive shudder swept Fears' spare form. An eternal sojourn in hell was not a pleasant thing to look forward to. With an effort of will, he rallied his waning courage. He had to

face the inevitable. A bargain had been made. It would have to be kept. After all, he realized, so many things could have remained impossible if he hadn't made the compact. Incurably ill, he never would have finished his book. There was the mortgage on the house. There had been the doctor's bills and more to come with the coming of little Dick. It had all looked so hopeless at the time. The offer seemed the only way out. Fears thought wryly of how eagerly he had accepted. He glanced at the scar, source of the blood in which he had signed the terms of the contract.

The price had been high but he had been freed from the shackles of his illness. He had been able to continue the book. The publishers had made generous advances. The bills had been paid. There was money in the bank, and so Ellen and the kids would be provided for in the future. He wouldn't have to worry.

Fears stirred with returning purpose. There was still much to do. The closing chapter of the last of the seven volumes had yet to be finished. He thought with satisfaction of what had already been done. The book, a study on the evolution of literary expression from earliest recorded times

to the present, was going to be a fine thing to leave behind. It ought to be. He had put his heart and soul into it. Everything he had. He rose from the desk and went to the fireplace. With a poker he stirred the fire. He straightened and returned to the typewriter.

God! 11:30!

He hurried back to the desk. The ticking of the clock, the tapping of the rain, the crackling of the fire, all faded into the background. There was just one thing ... there was the last chapter still to be done, just his fingers flying over the keys. The words came to him easily. Everything he had seemed to be there inside him, vibrant and alive, impatient for expression. The sentences fairly flew from his fingertips to their birth on paper. Fears wrote as he had never written before.

Finally he sat back content. ... It was finished. And somehow in spite of what lay ahead he felt a deep happiness. Though life as he knew it now would soon be over, a part of himself would still live on. He could not wish a better memorial. Fears looked at the clock. Five minutes before twelve. He gathered together the last pages of his manuscript and



"It's Bilbo. Shall we let him in?"

A MULTI-LITERAL TREATISE

"If the current trend continues, in fifty years the literalcy rate in the United States will be 100 per cent."

— from the *Boston Transcript*,
November 7, 1897

1947 is here, but we do not feel that this prediction has yet come true. However, one of our investigators recently uncovered the details of the story of Lawrence Literally, and we present it here as proof that the trend is still in the literal rather than forward direction.

Starting in his youth, Lawrence Literally dumbfounded the neighbors with his feats of stupidity. Someone once told him his intellect was a joke and he laughed about it for weeks. He owned enough gold bricks to pave Beacon Hill, and his desk was filled with certificates of part ownership in the Brooklyn Bridge. Lawrence was usually all wet, for every one told him and he believed, that he did not know enough to come in out of the rain.

One night some one told him to hit the sack, and so he stayed up all night whaling the daylights out of a paper bag. Later he got into trouble for eating a girl who had been called "Sugar." Why dumb, so many people had called Lawrence dumb that he never spoke a word in his life.

As for Lawrence Literally's love life, it happened that he attended an acquaintance dance and met a girl named Miss Taik Mee. You can imagine what happened that evening. A week later, with the eager consent of both families, they were happily married and she became Mrs. Taik Mee Literally. Lawrence then refused a dowry of a home on Park Avenue because he did not like to live in the open. Instead the couple took up residence in the basement of the dog pound because, as Lawrence thought, "We will always have a woof over our heads."

After such an auspicious start in life, it was obvious that Lawrence's unique talents could be used in some way. His parents had even spent a great deal of money getting him a literal education. All this good work, however, was to come to naught, for it turned out that Lawrence fell into bad company.

When returning from a swim in a lake one cold morning (some disgusted person had told him to go jump in a lake), two thieves offered him a lift. They accidentally discovered Lawrence's unique trait when they told him, "Dis is a stick-up, bud; grab for the sky."

After quelling Lawrence, who had almost wrecked the car roof in a mad attempt to clutch the heavens, the gangsters talked it over and decided they had a use for such a talented fellow. As one of the crooks said to the other, "Dis guy is so stupid that if we told him to rub himself out, he probably would. . . . Hey, what's he doing?"

Lawrence was doing his best to rub himself into a state of unconsciousness.

"Nix, cut it out," said the crook.

Lawrence whipped out a jackknife.

"Hey, take it easy!" said the crook, and Lawrence subsided. For fear of accidentally exciting Lawrence, the thugs remained silent for the rest of the trip to the hideout.

The crooks had a job for Lawrence. Poor Lawrence. They said that ordinarily they would pay ten grand to have this job done, but Lawrence realized he had no use for ten pianos. Besides, he knew that crime did not pay.

The job that the gangsters wanted done was merely the eradication of Squeeze'em Sam, who had been muscling in on their protection racket. A few nights before, Sam had refused to pay the cover charge at a local night spot and as a result had found himself unprotected in some ensuing lead-

throwing. At the present time he was convalescing at the rival gang's hang-out. The crooks who were holding Lawrence had found out about this and were determined to finish off the ailing Sam.

Accordingly, they drove around to the hideaway and gave Lawrence his instructions. Handing him a big jar of nitroglycerine, they said, "Here's some soup for Sam, who is very sick.

"He is staying in bed on the top floor. Go up and throw the jar of soup to him. Throw it, because Sam is a very irritable person and might blow up over some little incident. After that you will go. Be careful with the soup on the way up."

With these words they sent the hapless Lawrence to toss Sam the soup. The crooks retired a safe distance to watch the fireworks and congratulated themselves on disposing so simply of Sam, Lawrence, and the rival hideaway.

Lawrence, meanwhile, had ascended to the top floor and stood in the door of Sam's room. He was about to toss the jar of soup to Sam, when he noticed that the sick man was sleeping. This possibility had not been covered in the instructions and therefore left Lawrence baffled. After a few minutes of concentrated thought, he decided to act on his own initiative. Accordingly, he put the jar of soup on the hot radiator to warm up and left a note to Sam telling about it. Then Lawrence left.

The thugs watching below saw Lawrence come out of the building and go on his way. Amazed and bewildered, they held a hasty consultation. Deciding that Lawrence had got cold feet, they determined to go finish off Sam with slugs. They entered the building.

Lawrence was several blocks away when he heard the explosion.

"Sam must have blown his top," he

Continued to page 22



5.003



After the window had passed by for the third time Fosdick decided to concentrate on something more stable. He rolled over painfully in an effort to fix his bleary eyes on the small light burning in the middle of the room. He was momentarily distracted when the bed tilted threateningly at an angle β equal to \tan^{-1} of $90P$ where P equals proof. He soon regained equilibrium, but the room continued to circle slowly around the bed.

"Perhaps," he thought, "if I try to calculate the equation of the circle I'll get bored and go to sleep — let's see — radius equals four times the distance" — but sleep would not come to Fosdick.

It was Saturday night, and Fosdick, Techman extraordinary, had tried the age-old formula for relaxation — wine, women, and more wine. Fosdick could not sing. The unusual thing about this was that Fosdick was known as "The man with the 5.003 average," and was not ordinarily given to dissipation.

The whole thing began when he chanced to look closely in a mirror; he was so horrified by his appearance that he nearly dropped his brown bag. The doctor he consulted told him that he must relax, or he would soon collapse completely. Thus Fosdick had somehow secured an invitation to a party — and a date. This, he reasoned, should add up to relaxation.

Even at the party, however, he tried to engage everyone in arguments concerning gas pressures and molecular velocity. He just couldn't get away from his work. This, of course, was frowned upon by the other guests, who fed Fosdick drink after drink in an effort to straighten him out. He soon straightened out — on the floor; but he was not relaxed. When he was finally helped out the door, in the small hours of the morning, he was mumbling something about isothermic

reactions. Could nothing erase those formulas which had been burned into his brain?

He stumbled into his room, looking sadly at the deep impression worn in the chair in front of his desk. That, he decided, was the symbol of the plight he now found himself in. He then climbed slowly and uncertainly into bed. His troubles there have been partly related.

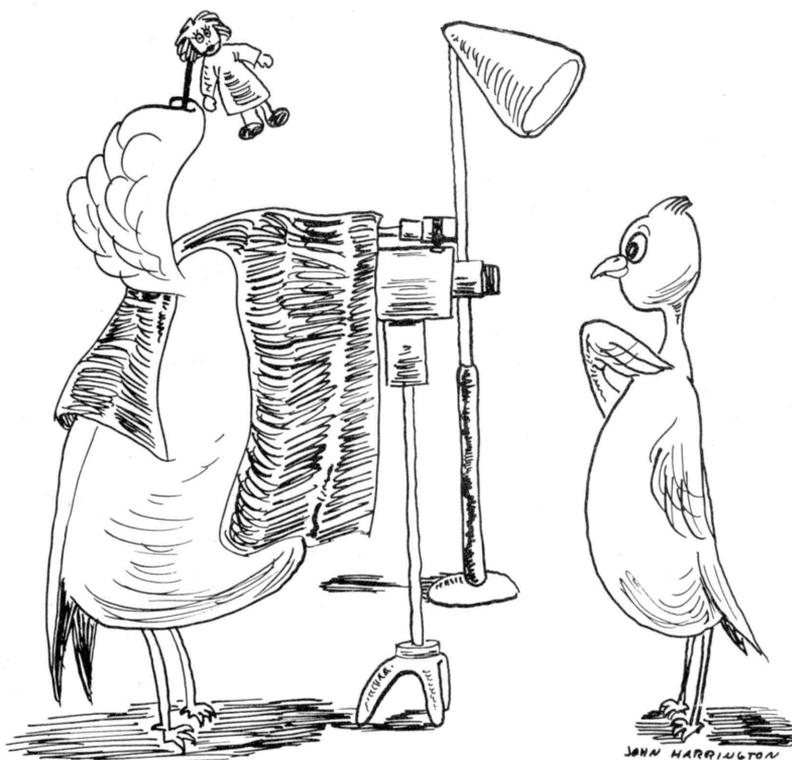
When the effects of alcohol had worn off enough for the room to slow down — our hero calculated the speed to be approximately $\frac{\pi}{14.3}$ radians per second — Fosdick still couldn't sleep. He had nearly given up hope when a happy idea occurred to him. If he could only get rid of that 5.003 average, and be a normal person once more — why hadn't he thought of that before. But this would be a momentous decision — a turning point

in Fosdick's misspent life. Which was more important, should he keep his position as top man at Tech, dedicating his shrivelling body to science, or should he throw off the burden of fame — and get a good night's sleep? The manhood lying dormant in Fosdick asserted itself. He would end this self torture.

Fosdick gleefully planned his program; he would flunk all his quizzes for a month — maybe even the finals; he would not pass in any homework; he would use a 6-Normal solution of NaOH on the brown color — then he would relax.

With these happy thoughts weaving through his mind, Fosdick found himself riding an epicycloidal gear train across a wheatstone bridge with a negative potential of two z - - zzzz

J. T.



"Smile for the human!"

LIFE GOES TO A POEM

—written posthumously

With the tedium of outside interests dulling our senses, need arises for stimulation through outside interests. The oft quoted P. Asterbury Slaffitraph states, "I attribute my fame to outside interests."

A recent college survey asked the following question: "What outside interest do you consider most yielding of material results?" Harvard's overwhelming response was for research of floral patterns. (Soil erosion ran a poor second.) Wellesley polled a clear majority for a study of the relation between the Antarctic Eskimo and the permanent phonograph needle. Radcliffe was unprecedentedly in favor of studying sex life in Southern Silesia. M. I. T. was all out for studying sex life at Radcliffe. (Doubtless as yielding the most material results.) Slaffitraph University more or less liked poetry. By accepting the apparent plurality, it herein seems fitting to discourse upon the merits of poetry. I shall attempt to reveal to the layman the never-before-realized role poetry plays in his life.

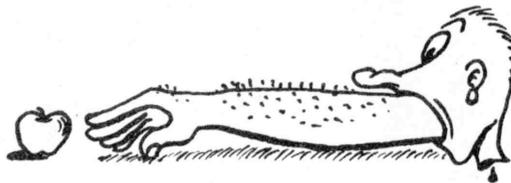
For the infant, the tender lullaby is long remembered and cherished. With wistful reminiscence I recall my favorite:



My little boy, your father's son,
Oh sleepy head, put down that rum.
Dream sweet dreams, a fairy fable,
Don't you dream of Betty Grable!
I hope you've not been overfed;
I'd hate like hell to bail your bed,
Now sleep my child, while there's a moon
And I'll fetch pa from Joe's saloon.

to which I would blissfully gurgle:

Slaff de la goo goo;
Galumph wuzzy chu.
Ish mala woo woo:
Yep nef, tata rue.



Another (rather overpublicized) Voo Doo writer, W. Shakespeare, identified seven stages with life. However, since modern youth matures rapidly, I shall consider merely three.

The stage following infancy extends from the day after birth to the day before death. This, naturally, is the love stage. This phase of life is important to all except those who study floral patterns and/or soil erosion.

Love's tenderest moments lie in the wooing of the maiden by, natch, the lover. Our constant companion, poetry, is most effective at this juncture. I recall my first passionate love affair. (Passionate — as opposed to those in which I didn't have to leave the state.) I was a well-informed eight year old. My love entreaty to Yerdwa Shmetnik went thusly:



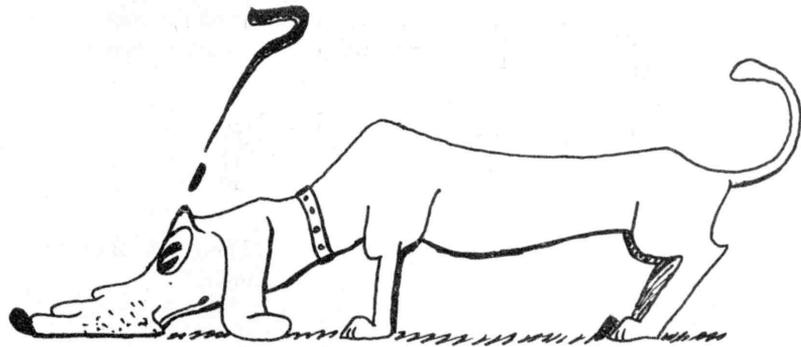
Dearest, my own, darling, my sweet
Time is afleetin', let's turn on the heat
Yerdwa, my dove, Yerdwa, my sparrow
It seems that in spots you're built awf'ly narrow
Stop chomping on that lousy gum
My pulses throb, my heart grows numb
The years go quickly, be my mate
And then together, we'll leave the state.



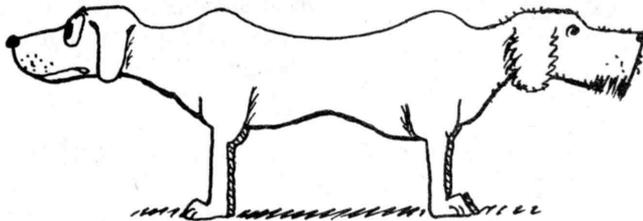
At the advanced age of eighteen, as a debonaire man of the world, I once more swooped to conquer. I had acquired the linguistic flare so necessary to artistic love-making. I had verbal poise; I had fetching intonation; I whispered violent love. (On occasion I was accused of speaking with my hands). It was with eloquence, below inscribed, that I wooed many a fair maiden.

Slaff de la goo goo;
Galumph wuzzy chu.
Ish mala woo woo;
Yep nef, tata rue.

As I grew older and grew more dependent upon the blackmail (such a harsh word) I received, I decided to settle down. My guiding light was the Greek axiom: "'Tis as easy to fall in love withst a rich women." (A clever lot, those Greeks). At any rate I found combining poetry and love an enchanting pastime. With middle age sag bearing heavily upon me, I won fair hearts and fat bankrolls with the aid of the following helpful bit of verse:



Dearest, my own, darling, my sweet
Thank you my dear, here's your receipt
A Madonna fair, you're a Venus, lassie
(I've seen better bodies on a jeep chassis).
My heart beats madly, my mind even whirls
What have you most of — diamonds or pearls?
The years have gone quickly, yet be my mate
Be at my side while I govern the state.



And thusly a lifetime of bliss can be yours for a rhyme. Poetry will be the language of the universe; and love, the national pastime. But as some trite logician doubtless said, "Even at a nickel a word the damn thing has to end somewhere." What way more fitting to end than with the epitaph of the ages:

Slaff de la goo goo;
Galumph wuzzy chu.
Ish mala woo woo;
Yep nef, tata rue.

A Multi-Literal Treatise

Continued from page 18

thought, remembering the gangster's remarks.

As a result of his adventures, Lawrence arrived home very late. His wife greeted him at the door with a shotgun.

"You cad!" she exclaimed, "You must have been out with another woman all this time. Deny it or I'll blow your brains out. You were, weren't you?"

She waited but a moment and then let him have both barrels. Messy. Alas, Lawrence Literally had been so dumb that he couldn't say, "No," to save his life.

L.



New Circus Actress: "You know sir, this is my first job in a circus. You'd better tell me what to do to keep from making mistakes."

Manager: "Well, don't ever undress before the bearded lady."

— Mercury



"Ah, Watson," commented the perceptive Sherlock. "I see you changed your underwear."

"Marvelous, Holmes — how'd you know?"

"Well, you've forgotten to put your trousers on."



"Even if you were the last man on earth I wouldn't marry you."

"It wouldn't be necessary."

A lady was seated with her little girl in a railway car when a frowzy looking fellow entered the compartment.

A few minutes before the train started the lady, perceiving that she would have to travel with an undesirable companion, thought of an excuse to rid herself of him. Leaning forward, she said, "I ought to tell you, my girl is just getting over an attack of scarlet fever, and perhaps —"

"Oh, don't worry about me, madam," interrupted the man. "I'm committing suicide at the first tunnel anyway."



Office Bov: "There's a salesman outside with a woman."

Boss: "Tell him I've got a woman."



Prof.: "What is the opposite of gladness?"

Class: (in unison) "Sorrow."

Prof.: "And what is the opposite of woe?"

Class: (still in unison) "Giddap."

— Proth



She: "Oh, Henry, I've got a bug down my back!"

He: "Ah, cut it out. Those jokes were all right before we were married."

— Cynic



"Oh, darling, I love you so. Say you will be mine." She looked into his eyes. "I'm not rich like John Brown, and I haven't a car or a home like he could offer. But I do love you and want you terribly."

"I love you too, dear," she whispered, "but where is this man Brown?"

Captain: "All hands on deck; the ship is leaking."

Voice from below: "Aw, put a pan under it and c'mon to bed."

— Gargoyle



The doctor was interviewing the last patient in his office when a woman rushed in crying: "Doctor! Doctor! Come quickly. My husband has swallowed a mouse!"

"Get back to him," said the doctor, "and try waving a piece of cheese about in front of his mouth. I'll follow."

Five minutes later the doctor reached the house. A man was lying on a settee with his mouth wide open, while a hysterical woman was waving a kipper close to his mouth.

"You foolish woman," he cried. "I told you cheese."

"I know that," she shrieked, "but I've got to get the cat out first!"



He: "It certainly is dark in this parlor. Gosh, I can't even see my hand in front of me."

She: "That's all right. I know where it is."



"Darling, I could sit here and do nothing but look at you forever."

"That is what I'm beginning to think!"

— Pennant



"I'm losing my punch," she moaned as she departed hurriedly from the cocktail party.

SLEEPLESS NIGHT

Continued from page 17

laid them in a neat pile, placing a weight over them. He tidied his desk a little, refilled and lit his pipe and sat back to wait.

He felt no terror at what was shortly to take place. It was as though in the fire of his final creative efforts he had purged himself of fear. His being seemed pervaded by a great calm.

On the mantel the clock ticked on. It was raining more heavily. Occasional flashes of lightning brightened the darkened study. The logs in the fireplace were reduced to a few glowing coals.

The clock began to strike twelve. A soft knock sounded on the door. "Come in," said Fears softly.

In he strode briskly to the study, flicking rain from his trench coat with a sodden brown hat. He stopped before the desk and looked down at Fears. He nodded gravely.

"Your contract has expired, Sanka Fears, and you are expected to fulfill its terms."

Fears moved his head in reluctant acknowledgment. He was careful to keep his gaze on his conservative red tie. He had had one look in Satan's eyes and did not relish another. Except for the terrible eyes Satan might have passed for any slight dark man on a mission in the rain.

Fears said, "I suppose it would be quite useless to ask for more time."

"Quite useless! According to our contract you are to surrender your soul to me promptly at midnight — not one moment longer."

"Of course," Fears said. He smiled humorlessly. "I suppose you get such requests quite often from those . . . from those who are to — go."

"Quite often."

With an abrupt tigerish movement Satan leaned over the desk, and his eyes blazed down into Fears'. His voice sounded harsh as he whispered, "Come, Sanka Fears, come with me!"

There was eagerness in Satan's face, confidence and anticipated triumph. Then in a flash all vanished to be replaced by vast dismay. In a whirl of movement Satan backed from the desk. His terrible eyes stared in raging perplexity.

"Where is the rest of it?" Satan snarled. "Speak, Sanka Fears, where is the rest of it? Have you tricked me?"

"Wh-what . . . ?"

"Your soul! It is not all there! I've got to have it all!"

Remnants of a horrible black fog cleared from before Fears' eyes. Understanding of what was wrong came to him suddenly. He laughed.

"You want the rest of my soul? It is there!" he said pointing to the thick manuscript lying on the desk. "It is there. It wasn't figuratively spoken but literally, when I said I poured my heart and soul into my book."

Frustration twisted Satan's face in a burst of supreme fury. "Paper and type do not obey my will. The missing part of you is forever beyond my reach. I must have all of you or nothing."

"Then it must be nothing. This manuscript is the last of seven volumes. My publishers have already given me advances on the other six. The money is already spent, and so that part — the largest and most important — is beyond my reach also. You can't have me, Satan. I have been bought and paid for under contract — one you can't hope to break. I have been set in type and run off the presses, locked in six volumes and thousands and thousands of copies. The essential part of me lies beyond danger in a vault of paper and print, which has neither lock nor keys."

Satan had grown calm, though traces of chagrin remained on his face. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Sanka Fears, it is not often that I lose out on a contract. When I do, however, I must concede defeat gracefully. Your contract is no more." With a nod of farewell Satan turned

and went.

Outside the rain had stopped and the moon shone. The sound of the last drops on the trees made a pleasant musicale. Fears was free.



Bob met a wonderful girl up in Vermont last summer and had such a good time that as soon as he graduates this spring he's going to get a job in Peru.

— Stone Mill



Bill: "Do you think I should make hay while the sun shines?"

Will: "Naw, Kay is more romantic at night."



"I have had a very trying weekend."

"Yeah? How many times have you tried?"



"Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

"Three aces."

"No yuh don't. Ah wins."

"What yuh got?"

"Two eights and a razor."

"Yuh sho' do. How cum yuh so lucky?"

— Dodo



They call her Race Track Sally — she's good on any lap.

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Jr.: "Don't you know you're hanging around with a woman with a past?"

Sr.: "Sure. I'm just waiting for history to repeat itself."



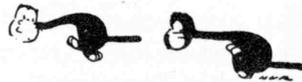
Before the invention of firearms, many weddings were the result of beau an' error.



Pi Phi: "Dammit!"

Housemother: "My word!"

Pi Phi: "Pardon me, I didn't realize I was plagiarizing."



"What did Mark Antony say to Cleopatra when he discovered there were no bathrooms in the palace?"

He said, "Why, Cleo, this place in uncanny!"



A clandestine lady named Maude Managed to earn room and board.

Someone asked on the sly

How she ever got by,

She replied, "It's quite simple, I hoard."

— Jack-o'Lantern.



Breathes there the vet, with purse so broke,

Who never to himself did joke

"The government will pay my way, I know that check will come today."



Old maids are born and not made.



Absent minded sales girl as she kissed her date: "Will that be all, sir?"



"Takes guts to do this." said the little bug as he splashed against the windshield.

— Bitter Bird.

COAL STRIKE

Continued from page 14

The labor leader's face paled. He was obviously shaken by the devil's words. "Alright, alright! I'll call it off. If you will make me man of the year, I'll do anything you say."

Later that day hell's chief fireman was in the devil's office asking the question that was on everyone's tongue. "How did you get the strike called off so quickly?"

Several hours later when the labor leader was ushered into the office, the devil sat behind his desk with air of a chess player about to checkmate. He was calm; there was no trace of the frenzied hours just spent.

"You need not hide your hand from me," the devil began. "I know all about you, and why and how you came here. To be fair I'll put my cards on the table also. If I fix it with the editors of *Time* to make you man of the year, will you call off the coal strike?"

Soon the reports the devil had called for began flowing in. The records office said, strangely enough, that they had no record of this person. He must have entered hell without proper authorization for there was no certificate of death, passport or any of the other usual papers. This spurred the devil to renewed activity. He frantically sent telegrams, sent special messengers to the USA, and, in general, burned up the telephone wires.

"I merely found out what his real motive was for calling the strike," answered the devil. "When I found that he had sneaked into hell I knew that he was up to something queer. I then checked around through my various agents in the USA and found that he had recently been to see the editors of *Time*. He had pleaded with them to make him man of the year. But the editors had replied, 'We'll make you man of the year when hell freezes over!'"

J. R. C.

MUSHROOMS

Continued from page 15

She nods her head miserably. "I didn't think anyone would ever know."

By this time, she's forgotten all about Scotty. So have I. We're staring at each other, and I can see wonderful things in those eyes of hers.

"Honey," I says, "what's your name?"

"Flora — but" — she looks up at me from under her eyebrows — "I like the way you say 'honey.'"

Scotty interrupts. "Aren't you forgetting the matter at hand?"

We're back with our feet on the ground — back to smothered mushrooms. Suddenly I get an inspiration.

"Honey, did you say your Pop spent yesterday smothering onions?"

She gets the idea. Smart as well as pretty. You can't ask for more than that. In no time at all Scotty is chewing on Salisbury steak, smothered onions. An expression of Elysian bliss comes over his face —

"Smothered," says he, "smothered by a master."

Honey and I just look at each other. I'm going up to her house tomorrow night and learn the fundamentals. Honey tells me they smother mushrooms in the dark.

M. D.



Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it,
In a cabin both old and medieval.
A woodsman espied her, and plied her with cider,
And now she's the forest's prime evil.



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Boss: "No, I'm afraid you won't do."

Steno: "Did I say I wouldn't?"



Lawyer: "Why didn't you scream as he touched you?"

Old Maid: "I didn't know he wanted my money."



Papa Gnu came home and Mama Gnu looked at him shyly and said: "I've got Gnus for you."



When a gal tells a fella she's a perfect 36, she expects him to grasp what she's talking about quickly.

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Prof—Before we begin the examination are there any questions?

Frosh—What's the name of this course?

— Tiger.



"Where do you go to school?"

"Harvard."

"Taking Medicine?"

"No."

"Well, you need it."



The mayor of Reno, Nevada, states that the new liquor laws must be enforced. He said a city ordinance states that no saloon shall be located nearer than 300 feet from a church. He is giving them three days to remove the church.

— Froth.

Young woman to department store executive: "I want to complain about the perfume. Your ad said my boyfriend would fall for me. He didn't. Instead I wind up making a pass at him because of his shaving lotion."



Once upon a time there were three coeds, a great big coed, a medium-sized coed, and a little coed, who went for a walk in the woods. When they came back they were very tired and wished to go to bed, so they went to their rooms. All of a sudden:

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," said the great big coed in a great big voice.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too," said the medium-sized coed in a medium-sized voice.

"Good-night, girls," said the little coed in a little bit of a voice.

— Pelican.

The only trouble about being able to read women like a book is you are liable to forget your place.

— Record.



A great big beautiful car drew up to the curb where a cute girl was waiting for a bus. A man stuck his head out and said:

"Hello, Georgous, I'm going West."

"How wonderful, bring me back an orange," she replied.

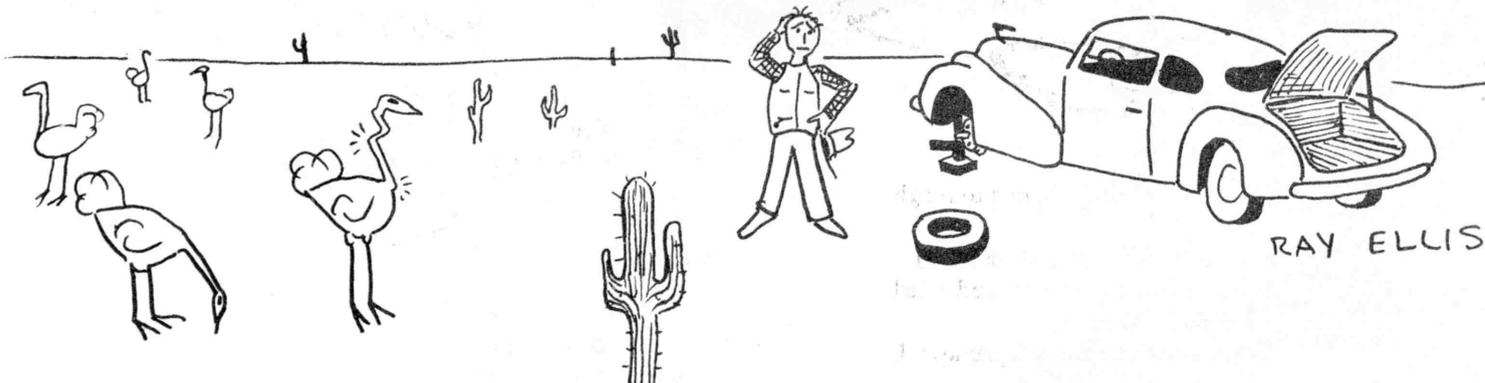


"What did you operate on that guy for?"

"For \$800.00."

"I mean what did he have?"

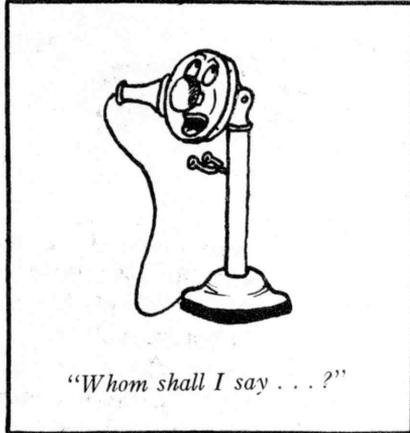
"\$800.00."



SEX MADE EASY (continued)

John staggered from her house, tripped over the milkman, cursing him lustily, and sauntered happily down the street. It had been a triumph of brawn over broad.

B. T. O.



The sergeant strode into the squad-room. "All right, you blankety blank lazy bastids, fall in!" he snarled.

The soldiers grabbed their hats and lined up — all except one, who lay on his bunk blowing smoke rings.

"Well?" roared the sergeant.

"Well," remarked the soldier, tapping the ashes off his cigaret, "there sure were a lot of them, weren't there?"



Landlady: "I thought I saw you taking a gentleman up to your room last night, Miss Smith."

Miss Smith: "Yeah, that's what I thought too."

— Log



A sophisticated girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

— *Wheatsackers' Journal*

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"I see spots in front of my eyes."
 "You should see a doctor."
 "No, just spots."



It's been years and years since we published one of these. And now we're just trying to see if the students of today are just as big suckers as those before the war.

It was the first time she had been to dinner with them, and they smiled indulgently as she refused a whiskey and soda.

"I never touched it in my life," she explained.

"Why not try it?" urged her host. "See if you like the taste."

She blushed and shyly consented, and he poured her out a mixture which she delicately put to her lips.

After the first swallow she frowned and placed the glass on the table. "This isn't bourbon, it's Scotch!"



"Daughter, that fellow who walks with you through the park doesn't look very polished."

"Well, I'll admit he's a bit rough around the hedges."



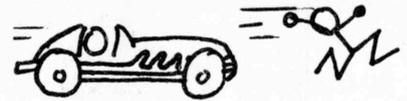
Bill — So you went to the hotel with that rich old banker after all.

Lill — Yes, I was taken in by his story.

Bill — What was his story?

Lill — He told the clerk I was his wife.

— *Wheatsackers' Journal.*



Shapely Showgirl: "I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show."

Doctor: "Okay! My fee is ten dollars in advance."

Showgirl: "Why in advance?"

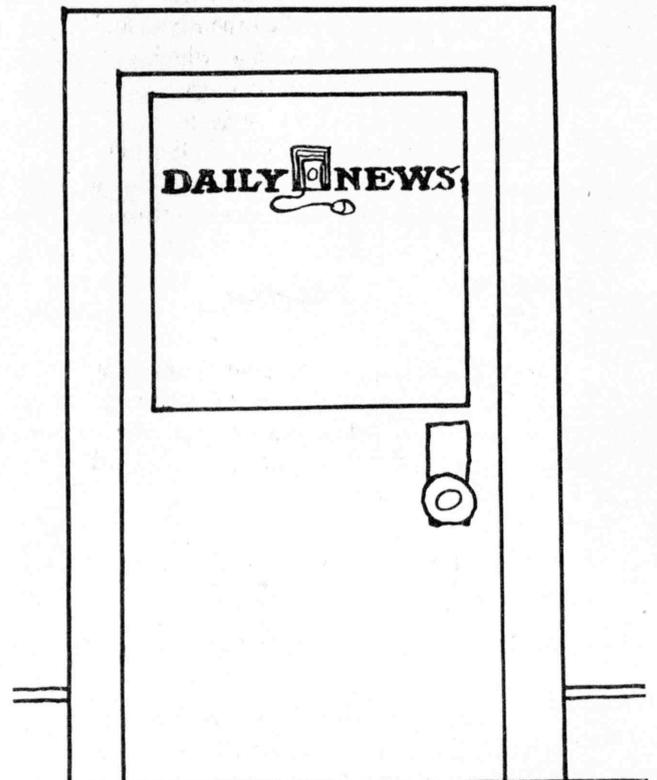
Doctor: "Because I often weaken in such cases and don't charge anything."

— *Wataugan*

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