

The Sailfish are running



OFF PALM BEACH—Andrea Hammer has hooked a big one . . . and the battle begins. Here she gives him line as he jumps and tailwalks.

INTO THE BOAT—after a 40-minute battle. This blue-and-silver beauty measured seven feet ten inches. It's another handsome catch for Mrs. Hammer . . . an enthusiastic angler for several seasons.

Noted angler ANDREA L. HAMMER agrees:
"In fishing—and in cigarettes too—
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"



SMILE OF VICTORY—Back on shore, Mrs. Hammer lights a Camel and poses with her trophy. Like so many smokers, Mrs. Hammer has tried several different brands of cigarettes—and compared. Camels suit her best!

MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING **CAMELS** THAN EVER BEFORE!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

WITH smoker after smoker who has tried different brands of cigarettes—and compared them for mildness, coolness, and flavor—Camels are the "choice of experience"! And no wonder! For Camels are made from choice tobaccos, properly aged and expertly blended.

Try Camels yourself. Make your own comparison—in your "T-Zone"—that's T for Taste and T for Throat. Let your taste give you the good news on Camel's rich, full flavor. Let your throat report on Camel's cool-smoking mildness. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



According to a Nationwide survey:

More Doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette

Three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel!

FOR the past week or so we have been busy trying to compose a terrific greeting to the freshman class. Something different and stimulating so that the boys would feel inspired. We took all of the hackneyed words and cliches and tried them in various combinations. They all sounded like a greeting, college prexy style. You know what they're like — Alma mater, Hallowed halls, tradition, etc., all joined together by a few prepositions and pronouns. Discouraging to say the least. So we gave up and now to the class of '52 we say "Hi".

NATURALLY with elections coming up we feel we must say something so that everyone will know that we are not oblivious to the outside world. We know who's running — Truman, Dewey, Wallace and Norman Thomas. It's easy to keep track of the candidates. Just read the Bulletin Boards and find out which political clubs are active.

We haven't decided yet who we'll vote for. We're still analyzing the situation and looking over the records. The Democrats are using the record of the Republican Congress and citing what it didn't do. On the other hand, the Republicans are campaigning against what the Democrats did. Seems as if the Republicans have the edge; they have twelve years' mistakes to choose from. We toyed with the idea of voting for the Wallacites until we discovered that Taylor played the guitar — we thought it was the accordion.

NOW is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their school. The cool September air and the feeling of freedom seem to make everyone say, "This term I'll go out for a few activities and do something different." Somehow very few ever seem to quite get around to it. Something to do with too much work and too little time, etc. It's odd, though, all those who do start seem to find the time somewhere. Activities really are as much an essential part of school as 5:01.

There are so many really good activities that it seems strange that everyone doesn't find his little niche. For instance, there is the Voo Doo Lit Staff for those with literary abilities. For those who can draw a Mickey Mouse, we have the Voo Doo Art Staff. Embezzlers will find the perfect opportunity for practice in the Voo Doo Treasury Staff. Ex Fuller Brush men can continue their studies in the Voo Doo Sales Dept. For those who are money mad and are living on from \$65 to \$75 per month, the Voo Doo Advertising Staff gets a ten percent commission on all ads. If there is anyone whose father is an editor on the Saturday Evening Post, we have a spot for him in our Publicity Dept. For those who can't read, write, spell, draw, add or subtract, there is the Voo Doo Feature Staff. (Beer served Wednesday at 5:00) And, of course, there are also the Make-Up and Joke Staffs. For those with absolutely no talent whatsoever, we recommend The Tech.

Cover this month by Waldt.

Volume XXXI

October, 1948

No. 6

VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Boston, Mass.
September 29, 1948

Dear Sir:

Since I am about to begin my career at M. I. T., I feel that it is of paramount importance that something be done about your humor(?) magazine. I had intended to send my friends copies of the thing each month, but after a glance at several back issues, I have decided to give it up. The reason for my course of action is not merely because the humor, in my opinion, is poor, but that it is definitely off color. In a scientific school like M. I. T., sex is definitely out of place. Continual emphasis upon sex in your magazine is completely out of character for such a school. I imagine that there must be a time and place for sex, but it certainly does not belong around M. I. T. I am certain that other members of the freshman class will support me in my conviction.

Very Truly Yours,
Name Withheld

We doubt that you have any support. We suggest that you report yourself to Kinsey. You should prove to be a very interesting statistic.

Cambridge, Mass.
October 5, 1948.

Dear Editor:

After reading your last issue, I was pleased to note that the quality of your humor has remained unchanged — persistently pornographic.

However, the quality of the warm beer which you serve at make-up meetings stinks. If you insist upon continuing this policy, I shall be forced to leave your organization in favor of a dark corner at Wirth's.

Hopefully yours,

A Disgruntled Contributor

*"The quality of beer is not strained. It droppet has the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath."
And we put it in cans!!*

— ED.



Saint Louis, Mo.
September 20, 1948.

Dear Phos:

As the time when my first issue of Voo Doo will arrive draws nearer, I am becoming more excited and overwhelmed with eagerness. If only the time would go faster. Don't go out of business on me, now. It would break my heart.

Sincerely,
"Little One"

Don't look now, but your Voo Doo has arrived.

— ED.



"Look here, Billy, were you peeking through the keyhole at your sister and me last night?"

"No, I couldn't; mother was there praying."

— Pup

Boston, Mass.
September 30, 1948.

Dear Editor:

Your magazine is no good! That shiftless feline of yours is worse. Do you know anyone who wants seven kittens?

Anxious

You're lucky, we know a man who owned an elephant.

— ED.



Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Drinking her gin and rye.
Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
The fool!



A hot-spell story that we like is about the girl who went swimming in the raw in a secluded mill pond. Along came a little boy who began to amuse himself tying knots in her clothes. She floundered around, found an old washtub, held it up in front of herself and marched toward the little boy, saying: "You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure," said the little brat, "you think that tub has a bottom in it".

— Record



"When I say rain, it rains Joe, and to hell with the ball game. Now dump the dry ice."



PARTY — PARTY

People grasping
 Cocktail glasses
 Stand in gasping,
 Teeming masses.
 People smoking,
 People drinking,
 Coughing, choking
 Getting stinking.
 Some discreetly
 Boiled or fried;
 Some completely
 Ossified.
 Liquor spilling,
 Trousers sopping,
 Steady swilling,
 Bodies dropping.
 Glasses falling
 On the floor
 People calling,
 "Drop some more,"
 Bodies steaming,
 Morals stretching,
 Women screaming,
 Freshmen retching,
 Heavy smoking
 Air gets thicker.
 Some one croaking
 "No more liquor," ?
 What? What???
 No
 more
 liquor . . .
 People snicker,
 Unbelieving,
 No more liquor?
 Let's be leaving.
 No more drinking?
 Groans and hisses!
 What a stinking
 Party this is.

— *Lampoon*



"I've been afraid of guns since birth."

"Your mother was scared by a gun?"

"No, but my father was."

— *Urchin*

Yesterday I walked for ten miles
 without seeing a human face.
 Where were you?
 In a nudist camp.

— *The Pup*



He: "Please?"

She: "No!"

He: "Just this once?"

She: "I said no."

He: "Aw, gee, Ma, all the rest of the kids are going barefoot!"



"Drink broke up my home."
 "Couldn't you stop it?"
 "No, the damn still exploded."

— *Dodo*



The ten best years of a man's life
 are the ten just before he stumbles
 and Mrs.

— *Pup*



Professor: "Why are you tardy this morning, Mr. Jones?"

Jones: "Class started before I got here."

— *Sundial*



"What are you writing?"

"A joke."

"Well, give her my regards."

— *Covered Wagon*



Hell, yes, said the devil picking up the phone.



She: "I saw a Texas Ranger carry- ing two rifles."

He: "That's nothing, I saw a cow- girl packing a pair of 38's."

— *Syracuse*

IMPORTED EGYPTIAN COTTON

Jayson Oxford

\$395

The smoothest, softest Oxford you've ever seen. The strength of Egyptian cotton makes this Jayson shirt more durable . . . longer lasting. In actual tests* this Oxford proved stronger than others at the same and higher prices. "Locked-in" luster sparkles afresh with each laundering. Fabric shrinkage less than 1% by Government Standard Test. See them today.

THE TECHNOLOGY STORE

* U. S. Testing Co., Inc. — Tensile Strength Test No. 85676 says: "Test results reveal that the Jayson Imported Egyptian Cotton Oxford shirt possesses the highest fabric strength." — September 4, 1947.

DOING THE TOWN

BACK in the days when (before Voo Doo got as good a saloon editor as me), I'm afraid that there was a big group of lonely Techs that spent their free evenings in a vague, disjointed, and unproductive search for Fun. It is really sad, in that there are any number of good places to go to of an evening, and all that it takes to find them is to come out of the vacuum that perennially surrounds many a guy at school here and take a look around. Why don't I, then, just mention a few of the places at which you can get a good start on the Boston night-life, and let you check on their addresses via telephone book — all of them are near Tech, and they are all located such that you can get to them on the public transportation system, or with a very minimum of cab fare. Might also mention that the legal drinking age in this state is 21. You are liable for prosecution for fraud if you convince some waitress who asks you your age that you are above the lower limit. Similarly, the place is liable for prosecution for contributing to the delinquency of a minor if someone catches you bibbling at a spot where they've passed you by inspection.

So. Off on the gay, mad whirl. Let's start by a thought on the places that serve hard liquor, with little else to attract one. I'd like to start, furthermore, with the Lincolnshire Hotel, which is one of the finest places in town to spend an evening in quiet discussion with your date. Cocktails are served here in small shakers which will return you a fair-sized, rechilled dividend after you have finished off the first portion dealt out. The service here is really exemplary — just what I like. The waiters are quiet, courteous, and ready to serve you practically instantaneously. Prices are just fine too, and the only word of caution that I have is that you must go there prepared to look and act like a gentleman. This is none too easy if you really do spend a full evening there! If you are going to spend only part of the evening drinking, as, for instance, before you go to a show, then the place to go is the Eliot Lounge.

This is a cut-rate cocktail lounge wherein all drinks are 39 cents before eight P.M. It is very small, and it is interesting to note that when I first got to Boston it was a branch office of the First National Bank. I like it better as a cocktail lounge. Both of the above-mentioned places have music — the Lincolnshire has a piped in band, and the Eliot features live talent or a wopping big television receiver. For a somewhat better brand of entertainment with your drinks, but of the same type, i. e. quiet, try the Mural Lounge of the Hotel Fensgate, or the Courtship Room of the Myles Standish.

Now supposing that you want to be definitely entertained, not merely soothed, while you are out, let me note that there are again a great many places that fill the bill. Two good ones are the Ken Club, which is really sort of a dive, but occasionally good for some Dixieland music (check to see what's going on before you go down there) and the Savoy. This latter place last year featured a Dixieland band that was really exceptional. I noted during the summer that the same group was returning when the club reopened, so I would expect the place to furnish one with a good show if you are appreciative of this brand of music. The prices on drinking at the Savoy may turn out to be a little high, but there's no minimum or cover charge. There is sometimes a pretty good show at the Satire Room of the Hotel Fensgate, but there is also a minimum. You can afford it, though. Once in a while, that is.

Many people like to dance. (Old truism) Accordingly, here are some places where this last activity can be engaged in — note that in none of the above except the Ken Club can you dance. And not much there. First of all, a small place that features the same sort of price policy as the Eliot Lounge. I can't imagine what would possess you to go up there before eight PM to dance, so the price of drinking with your dancing will be slightly inflated. But you might *start* by drinking. The Glass Hat. On Newberry Street. Also, you might try



Alpini's, likewise small, fair little five-man combination that will be sure to hand you a few laughs if you are interested in personalities. For those who do not drink, there are two places that I might very well mention, for booze can be pretty easily dodged in one, and isn't served in the other. The first is the ballroom of the Hotel Bradford, the second (and a very good idea it is to have a car before you set out for this one) is the Totem Pole.

If you just want to eat, or to drink, or to be merry, there are those places that offer a considerable variety of things to do. One of the better ones for my money is the Fife and Drum Room of the Hotel Vendome. Here one can dance, drink, sit and talk. There are two or three very excellent dining rooms. There is a good crowd that attends, and there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't take part in the activities at least a few times. This is, incidentally, a very good hotel, in the event that your young lady visits, or your parents come up for a

weekend. One simply must get rooms here in advance.

You can find perhaps a little more diversity in the entertainment at the Fox and Hounds Club. They too have a very good dining room, they run a night-club, and there is a dandy little cocktail lounge, replete with television. The F&H will take your money a little quicker than some other places I could mention, but they do it in *such* a nice way. Don't you think that's what counts?

Finally, there are three places where you can go if you just want to eat. The best of the three is the Town House. Good atmosphere, don't you know, very good service, same class as the Lincolnshire I suppose you could say. One can have a before-dinner cocktail here. An excellent place to go if you want to impress someone, are sick of the same old places to eat, or if you just can't think of anyplace else. Be prepared for the prices, however. If you aren't too long on money, then next best would

almost certainly be the Hideaway, which serves very good food, although there is perhaps not so much of it as at the Town House. It is, incidentally, down an alley that branches off Boylston Street, about midway between Park Square and Tremont Street. I have found that the service here is generally very slow, and suggest that you bear that little *critique* in mind. Also, they start bolting the doors to intruders along about 7:30 I think it is, so arrive early. Last of all, let me throw in a plug for a little diner at which you can get a bite to eat up until 2 AM; it's located just to the right of the Longfellow Bridge as you go toward Cambridge, and is easily identifiable by a great, big, red old neon sign that yells to the world thereabout that one can there obtain a meal or a snack (direct quote). It is definitely O.K.

I shall quit here until next month. Those above ought to hold anyone for a month. They've held me for three years but, then, I'm getting old.

JOHN H. FISHER

Meet me at Jimmy O'Keefe's

Here's where Joe McCarthy met the press

Here's where Dad took the whole family to dinner and actually smiled at the reasonable check

Here's where "Boy meets Girl"

Here's where you meet your friends

The Most Interesting Spot in Town

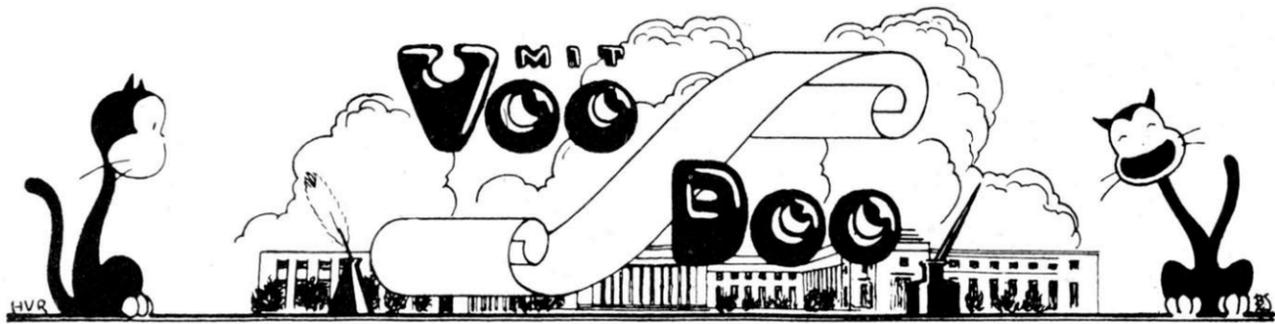
AND—Don't miss the famous "Baseball Room"

Meet me at Jimmy O'Keefe's

1088 BOYLSTON STREET near MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

For Reservations Phone COpley 7-0629 or 7-0630

GOOD FOOD — CHOICEST BEVERAGES — REASONABLE PRICES



WE still recall one of those lazy autumn days, seated in our 8.03 classroom, wondering what the hell it was all about. Professor Tisza was at the blackboard, familiarizing us with electricity. "... and what," said he pointing to the board, "is the first thing that enters your mind when the electron moves from here to here?" A response from the last row was immediately forthcoming. "Sex!" was the prompt reply. And so we learned all about electricity.

ON THE WAY up to school last month we stopped off in a small Connecticut town to get a bite to eat. There was a copy of the daily something or other on the counter so we began glancing through the rag while waiting for our "B L T". It was pretty dull (no Steve Canyon or Little Orphan Annie), but just as we were about to put it down, one small article caught our eye. Seems the piece had something to do with a bridge that was then under repair; at any rate, the last sentence gave us quite a jolt: "The bride will be open for traffic after twelve o'clock noon, tomorrow."

THE instrumentation laboratory has turned philosophic about one of our more common problems of the day. Below a NO SMOKING sign is printed in small letters: Please use ash trays.

WE certainly wished we had been listening more intently to our neighbor in the Meal and a Snack Diner the other day as we caught the following snatch of conversation: "... and it turned out the guy she had been going with had four children."

THIS SUMMER Building 2 put on a big show for those of us who were fortunate enough (and vice-versa) to be around at the time. Someone happened to be smoking near some highly inflammable solvents. It wasn't long until the building was smoking gustily and huge billows of effluvia were gloriously bursting forth hither and thither, while several Techmen gaped at the spectacle with mixed emotions. This incident merely exemplifies a couple of well-known truths: Smoking is a vice — and science enables us to do things on a grander scale.

A STORY has come to us about one of the customers of the Coop Laundry. It seems that the laundry has a habit of ripping off some of the buttons of any of the shirts which he sends to them. Recently he sent the Coop Laundry another shipment of shirts, and, per usual, they came back minus several buttons. However, something quite out of the ordinary happened this time. The laundry, apparently feeling apologetic, attempted to make amends, and on a sports shirt — an open neck job — he found a button sewed on the collar, despite the fact that there wasn't even a buttonhole to accommodate it.

ONE THING an upperclassman learns is to spot a freshman in any gathering of people. Such a thing happened to two Juniors arriving from the west at South Station. They helped him off the train, helped him away from the fraternity scouts, helped him from the baggage room to a taxi, and helped him out of the taxi at the dorms. The only thing they didn't help him with was the taxi bill.

ONE OF the fraternities on campus (?) was in the process of interviewing prospective cooks. When one candidate was asked whether he knew the job in question was with a fraternity house, his immediate reply was "Cooking for mothers and babies?"

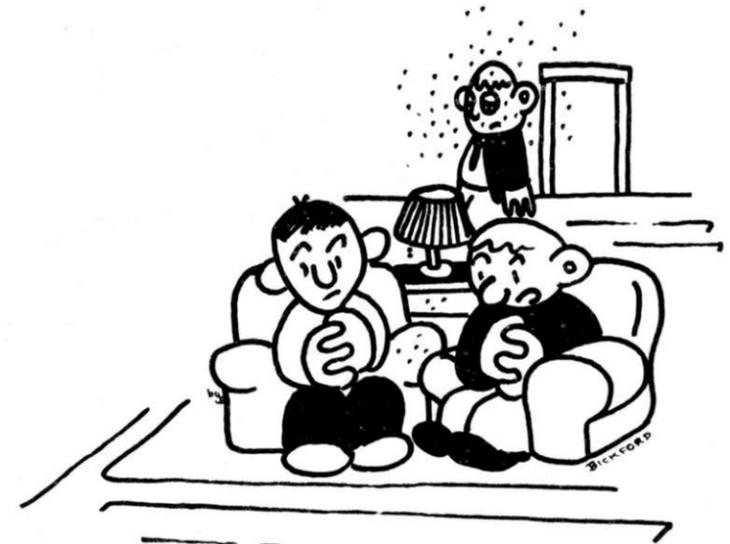
THE most novel "late to dinner" excuse heard last year in one of the fraternities was: Girdle got stuck.

ANOTHER TALE attesting to the efficiency of Course XV is now unfolded:

As we gather it, 15.61 consists of about 250 pages from some law book or other. On the last day of the class, the professor (teaching the course for the first time) finished the last sentence of the last page of the last chapter, paused, closed the text — and the bell rang.

THE GRAPEVINE has carried us a story about a guy who had his troubles *after* leaving the dentist. It all started when he had his teeth cleaned at the infirmary and had the bill sent home. Several days later, a letter from his mother, who was obviously quite worked up, arrived. In it she said that both she and his father were highly upset about the whole matter, and proceeded to upbraid him for something which was not made clear to him.

For several days he remained in the dark as to what he had done, but a few days later everything was cleared up when a letter from his father arrived. The tone of this second missive was



"I wonder where all these fruit flies are coming from."

even stronger than the first. Finally, the father summed up, saying that the son, in the future, should think twice before going on such escapades, and furthermore, he (the father) was returning the bill from the infirmary and that his son should take the responsibilities of all future obligations of that nature which he might incur.

The bill:
One Profolaxis Treatment — \$2.00

ONE of our classmates informed us, reminiscingly, of an incident which had occurred during his army career. Minor though it was, we consider it worth repeating. It seems that a sign had been posted outside the latrine reading: "Do Not Flush Toilets With Feet" — Next day a second sign appeared beneath the first: "All Toilets With Feet Report To The C.O."

MOST electrifying headline of the year:

PIKE'S PEAK IS FAMOUS
— Boston Sunday Herald

PROF. CROUT of the Math Department again. Had to ask one of his students what Course XVIII is.

WE KNOW of a 2.01 instructor who gave his class an hour quiz in which the usual moment of inertia formulae were needed. Though he warned the class in advance that they would need the formulae, there were quite a few students making absolutely no progress. This instructor, being a rather progressive sort of soul, finally announced that he would sell the needed bits of information to anyone who'd pay two points apiece for them. Needless to say, his business boomed.



For the Class of '52

The incoming class is made to feel as if a reasonable amount of time and trouble is being taken to indoctrinate it in the workings of the Institute. Everyone is buddy-buddy in a pre-matriculation "camp"; little manuals telling you what to do are freely distributed; and there are various other niceties to which everyone is subjected. These are insidious institutions! Pay them little heed! Your biggest buddy can be the biggest brownie. The little manual telling you what to do falls apart completely when you ask it how to cut classes. You will soon find that you have been had.

You must resign yourself to the fact that you are going to become part of a machine whose cogs are the weirdest conglomeration of screwballs to be found outside the walls of a happy academy. If you find it difficult to do this you are probably more of a schmoe than the man who finds it less difficult to do this than you do. If you have no trouble in this respect you are probably the Institute approximation of a normal human.

You must realize that, although your schedule is rotten, you can do nothing whatever about changing it. Whether or not a man can be philosophical in the face of two scheduled quizzes per week and in the face of

the faces he faces is a moot question. We wish you luck.

You will tire rapidly of eating at the Walker Memorial, and you will wonder why it is that people continue to eat there when they can get *food* elsewhere; however, even you may continue to eat there despite the complaints of your stomach. It is the opinion of some who have studied the situation that eating at Walker makes you glad to get to class, but this line of reasoning does not explain why some eat supper there. Another reason, and a more logical one, is that only men with a low Activity Quotient eat at Walker since they are too sluggish to seek out a reputable establishment. It is another moot point as to how they became sluggish initially, but it is certain that a great many got that way from consuming that which the Walker serves when they first came to Tech — hence this extended warning.

You may not become lost in the Institute, but if you do, just head for the nearest exit and take a long walk. The opinion is rife, and rightly so, that it is better to be lost outside the Institute than in it.

If you do care to spend time in the environs of MIT, learn extreme conservation of breath as well as slow respiration since the prevailing atmosphere is antagonistic to lung health.

You will notice hundreds of large bulletin boards resplendent in irrelevant material. Occasionally, however, there is some fruity information to be gleaned from them. Sporting events and dances are always announced via the bulletin route; the date of Voo Doo's monthly sale is always prominent; and Doctor Magoun's lectures are always posted. (If, perchance, you are not acquainted with the good Doctor's subject matter, attend anyway. You will be pleasantly surprised.)

These will be the only posters of importance. All others may be disregarded with impunity.

One interesting bulletin board in building ten is for the advertising whims of students and may be regarded with righteous skepticism. Upon it one may see such items as:

WANTED
BOY — The Size Of A Man
To do the work of a horse!

or perhaps you might see:

Course XII man is motoring to
Antigonish, Nova Scotia.
Wants three beautiful girls
to share expenses! !
(will settle for two—or even one)

Needlessly said, this bulletin is mainly for laughs. If you don't believe this, just stand there some day and watch the people laughing.

Which brings us to the crux of the matter; the whole secret to success at Tech is the ability to smile at whatever comes along. (8.01 quizzes, term papers, secretaries, et al). You must fight the grind by laughing. Laugh at everything. Laugh constantly and heartily. Laugh as they carry you away to the Voo Doo office where we all wind up, and know that you have done right by yourself. Good luck. You have a magnificent future.

L.-E. W.



We don't like this cartoon either, but the general manager's wife drew it.



6:00 P.M.



6:30



7:00



7:30

A B C Auto Driving School... GE 6-2668	24 Mellen..... EL 4-9085	Davies House..... SO 6-9162
Academie Moderne, Inc..... CO 6-1282	Mount Ida	Gamma House..... SO 6-9408
Boston School of Anatomy and Embalming..... CO 6-3350	Robt. Gould Shaw Hall..... LA 7-9486	Graves House..... SO 6-9242
Boston University	Holdbrook Hall..... LA 7-9505	Metcalf Hall East..... SO 6-9017
Alden Speare House..... LO 6-9356	Pine Manor Junior College... WE 5-3010	Metcalf Hall West..... SO 6-9275
Corbin House..... LO 6-9490	Radcliffe College	Paige Hall..... SO 6-9377
LO 6-9429	Ames House..... EL 4-9285	Richardson House..... SO 6-9115
LO 6-8636	Barnard Hall..... EL 4-9433	Stratton Hall..... SO 6-9154
Edward H. Dunn House... LO 6-9018	Bertram Hall..... EL 4-8374	Wade House..... SO 6-9545
Huntington House..... LO 6-8757	Briggs Hall..... EL 4-9195	Wellesley College
Patten House..... LO 6-8601	Buckingham House..... EL 4-9479	Beebe Hall..... WE 5-3360
Briggs House..... LO 6-9375	Cabot Hall..... EL 4-9230	Cazenove Hall..... WE 5-3450
Charlesgate Hall..... KE 6-4203	Edmonds House..... EL 4-8519	Claffin Hall..... WE 5-0640
Barnes Hall..... CI 7-8415	Eliot Hall..... EL 4-8314	Crofton House..... WE 5-1961
Beacon Hall..... CI 7-9825	Everett House..... EL 4-9651	Dower House..... WE 5-0495
Richards Co-op..... CO 6-9203	Farwell House..... EL 4-8097	Eliot House..... WE 5-0712
Dunn Memorial..... CO 6-9638	Putnam House..... EL 4-9424	Elms House..... WE 5-1243
Murlin House..... CO 6-7774	Read House..... EL 4-9460	Fiske House..... WE 5-0753
Sargent College	Saville House..... EL 4-9801	Homestead House..... WE 5-0415
Lennox Hall..... KI 7-5272	Trowbridge House..... EL 4-8807	Horton House..... WE 5-1162
Graycroft..... EL 4-8138	Whitman Hall..... EL 4-9400	Joslyn House..... WE 5-3958
Boue —	3 St. Johns Rd..... EL 4-9407	Little House..... WE 5-0626
34 Green..... LO 6-8987	1 St. Johns Rd..... EL 4-9308	Munger Hall..... WE 5-2320
40 Green..... LO 6-8532	55 Garden..... EL 4-8721	Noanette House..... WE 5-0716
90 Babcock..... LO 6-9038	Regis College..... WA 5-4095	Norumbega House..... WE 5-0143
28 Capen..... MY 7-1320	Rhode Island School of Design..... Dexter 3507	Olive Davis Hall..... WE 5-1940
Emerson	Simmons College	Pomeroy Hall..... WE 5-2773
373 Commonwealth Ave... CI 7-8829	Appleton House..... LO 6-8564	Severance Hall..... WE 5-1603
304 Commonwealth Ave... CI 7-8479	Bellevue House..... LO 6-9184	Shafer Hall..... WE 5-1942
Emmanuel College	Brick House..... LO 6-9006	Stone Hall..... WE 5-1944
400 The Fenway..... AS 7-9340	Brookline House..... LO 6-8836	Tower Court East..... WE 5-3422
Endicott-Junior College... BevFrms 418	East House..... LO 6-8673	Tower Court West..... WE 5-3420
Lasell Junior College..... LA 7-0630	Evans Hall..... LO 6-8057	Wash House..... WE 5-2219
Nason House..... BI 4-7119	Longwood House..... LO 6-8769	Wiswall House..... WE 5-0112
Winslow Hall..... LA 7-9441	North Hall..... LO 6-9002	Webb House..... WE 5-1053
Carpenter Hall..... LA 7-9518	Pilgrim House..... LO 6-8743	Wheelock College
Gardner Hall..... LA 7-9520	South Hall..... LO 6-8506	22 Carlton..... LO 6-9181
Lesley College	Student House..... LO 6-9004	116 Coldchester..... LO 6-8541
31 Everett..... EL 4-8520	West House..... LO 6-9121	287 Kent..... LO 6-8577
45 Oxford..... EL 4-8544	Jackson College	4 Monmouth..... LO 6-9205
49 Oxford..... EL 4-9552	Anthony House..... SO 6-9080	39 Pilgrim Rd..... LO 6-8708
66 Oxford..... EL 4-9887	Blakeslee House..... SO 6-9566	41 Pilgrim Rd..... LO 6-9687
	Capen House..... SO 6-9141	100 Riverway..... LO 6-9047



8:00



8:05

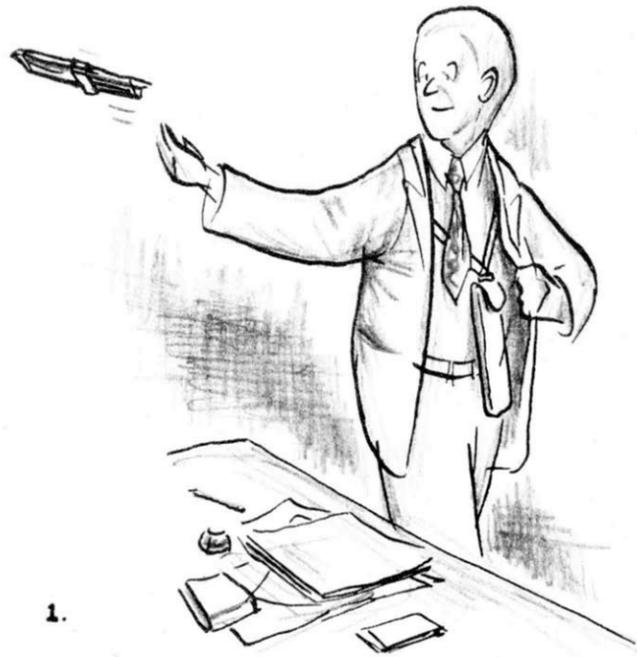


8:30



3:00 A.M.

Denouement



1.

Although we Tech men have the rep that seldom can we
take a step
Towards pleasure, any measure we conceive we're sure to
take.
I still recall a Saturday, a sickly does-not-matter day . . .
I'd banish all my yearning, and my burning thirst would
slake.



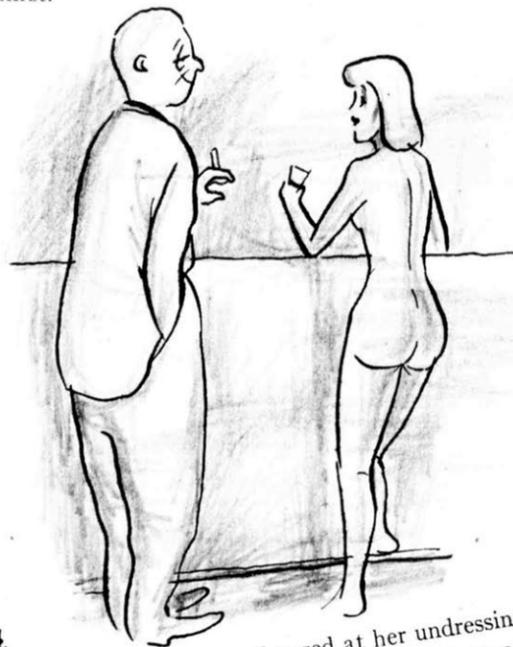
3.

My hopes and fears I'd soon forego. My heart, with zeal,
exclaimed "Avoe!"
Excited and delighted, for I'd sighted just the bar.
At one end some sweet damsel stood, dispelling my few
thoughts of good.
My eye she had attracted. I reacted to this star.



2.

In gay abandon would I dance; with alcoholic fervor
prance,
Forgetting all my troubles, which, like bubbles, soon
would burst.
I sought a dark, entrancing place, for in a soft romancing
place
Companionship smiles sweetly, as you neatly drown your
thirst.



4.

I eyed her most caressingly. I gazed at her undressingly.
My thoughts began their revels like mad devils in my fog.
And when she smiled most graciously, horizons beckoned
spaciously.
I knew that but to eye her was to ply her will with grog.

5.
She said, "Just something strong, my dear," and though
I often long for beer,
Now, feeling very urban, I called: "Bourbon!"; added, "Two!"
As television flickered up, I knew she'd soon be liquored up,
And willing for some billing, and the other things I'd do.



7.

Gone was my vervacity. Slipping, my tenacity.
My thoughts were in a muddle
The floor approached me rapidly. in the puddle of my mind.

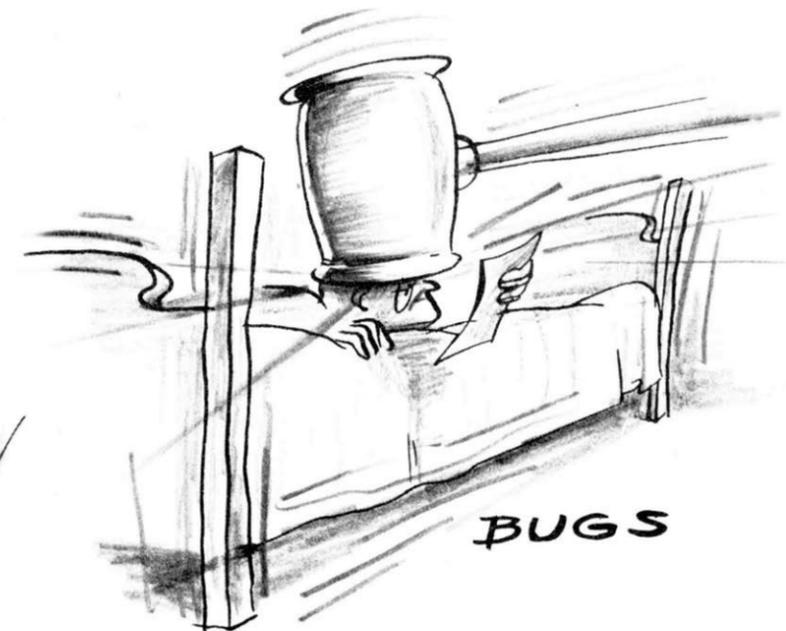


Confused, perhaps contused,
I'd gained a bruised,
abused
behind.



6.

I tossed off whiskeys easily; she downed them almost breezily.
She'd not hold out much longer. I felt stronger as I drank.
But, with continued drinking, I soon commenced a-thinking, *Why —*
This girl's not just a drinker — she's a stinker of a tank!



I awoke no longer pompous, with a *mentis* barely *compos*.
Slowly, with a sobbing, felt my throbbing, throbbing head.
A note read: "Do not hesitate to call me at some future date.
Conditions surely vary when I carry you to bed!"

J. B.

Fooling With Forms



Our story begins in one of the numerous little offices on the third floor of Bldg. 5 — a crude gouge in the corridor walls equipped with doors, desks, and one or more of the Institute's henchmen.* On the door is the sign "Registration Material Preparation and Design." The door is open. Voices are heard . . .

"Richard, boy, we've been racking our brains — by the way, notice our

new mahogany inlaid brain rack on the wall over there — we've been racking our brains for some new modification for this year's registration blanks. We've got only a couple of days before the forms go to the printer. The boys are catching on to those old blanks; even the freshmen aren't being tripped up by 'em."

The speaker is addressing a young man who stands respectfully before

him, while a third man stands a little way off with a sullen expression on his face. His lips can be detected moving as he mutters to himself.

"You're a liar," he mumbles continuously, "that last blank I designed can't be correctly filled out."

Ignoring him, the young man says to the first speaker, obviously his superior,

"You want me to see if I can give you any suggestions as to how to make the blanks more — ah — businesslike, Mr. Pleaseprint?"

Pleaseprint beams.

"Since you designed official blanks for the VA a while back," he replies, "I thought you might be able to let us in on some of their recent improvements." He whirls to face the mumbler and snarls, "Dammit, Mohandas, will you stop that grumbling?"

Mohandas retreats to a corner and pouts.

Pleaseprint turns back to Richard and explains, "Mohandas has been a little unstrung ever since word came in that the present registration blanks are obsolete. He designed them."

Mohandas suddenly shrieks, "It's a mistake, I tell you. My idea of asking freshmen to fill in their term addresses while they were still home and didn't have the faintest idea where they were going to live is good for at least another ten years."

Richard hurries to his side and, throwing an arm about his heaving



"We're on the honor system here — take alternate seats in alternate rows."

shoulders, says, "There, there! Only too well do I know your pride in your idea, for wasn't I the one who put 'please print' next to the space in blanks where a sample signature is asked for?"

Mohandas raises his tear-streaked face and nods, essaying a brave smile. He is palpably making an effort to regain his self-control. Pleaseprint interrupts to demand that they start thinking of new ideas, and they all sit down.

Silence. Then —

"I wonder," muses Richard, "how it would be to insert a notice in the registration material to be sure to return all four cards and then give them only three to fill out."

"No good," grunts Pleaseprint. "We've pulled that for the last three years."

"Oh."

Silence. Then —

Mohandas chuckles and then says, "I've got it. On all blanks we place instructions to use only magnetically polarized ink."

Richard glowers at him. "Nah," he vetoes, "a couple months back I sent out a VA notice with instructions to fill it out in kestrel's blood, and only about 35% of them did."

"The bastids," growled Pleaseprint. "How they expect to get anywhere without they follow instructions?"

"How about printing the forms on blotting paper with instructions to fill in in ink?"

"Uh uh. We tried it three years ago and they lacquered the cards."

Silence. Then —

"I remember a few years back we printed the forms with disappearing ink. When the students got 'em they were blank sheets of paper. Collected a lot of five buck fines that way. Think we could work it again?"

"Not with those Course V and X guys ready to treat the forms with their chemcraft sets."

Silence. Then —

Mohandas snaps his fingers. The

others eye him eagerly.

"I just remembered a stunt we can borrow from Course XV Dept.," he says. "They have their students write out a long story of what they did during the summer — expurgated, of course — in deciplicate. Just think of it! Ten copies and no carbons!"

Pleaseprint and Richard jump up and clap him on the back, chanting "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Then they lift him to their shoulders and carry him over to the brain rack, onto which he jumps to make a little speech of thanks.

Then Pleaseprint coughs and says, "Well, gentlemen, now that we have a brilliant new way to improve upon the registration material—TEN copies, by Gad! — we can get down to work putting it into practice. But first, let's misplace a few more keys on the linotype machine in lieu of this term's quizzes."

W. M.

*In the case of a secretary the proper word is henchwench.

Soph: "What's your greatest ambition?"

Frosh: "To die a year sooner than you."

Soph: "What's the reason for that?"

Frosh: "So I'll be a sophomore in hell when you get there."

— Rammer-Jammer



Father: "Who broke that chair in the parlor last evening?"

Daughter: "It just collapsed, all of a sudden, Father, but neither one of us was hurt."

— Battalion



Wooper (in deep anguish): "If you don't marry me, I'll blow my brains out."

Wooded: "That would be a joke on father. He doesn't think you have any."

— Urchin



"Believe me, it's worth every bit the extra price."

Manuscript Found in the Typewriter of J. Alfred Techman

Shortly Before Not Passing in His Eleventh Consecutive E. E. Report

page 18

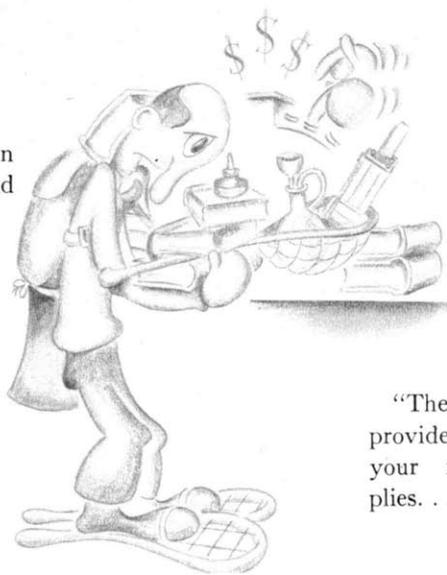
and by increasing the bias on the grid of the diode detector,
the I.F. is forced to drop its input impedance...probably on its toe.
In the tube the electrons come and go, talking of interstellar
radio..... damn it I wish I had a babe to squeeze tonight. No
I don't women are a pain in the neck yes I do she could type
this report like hell I have other work for her. when was
I last out with a real live woman how many consecutive nights
can you stay up all night with these damned reports good
old barbara I wonder who she is retreating at now. women are
like molasses sweet but hard to wash your hands of. can't
understand this hogwash oh I should have noticed. That
derivation has a whence in it. whences are always futile. I
had to try to be an engineer. Maybe I should be a famous
poet:

Roses are red violets are blue
I told you I love you now take your hands off
my galvanometer and leave me alone
It doesn't rhyme maybe I should do my EEEEE reports.....
some men like women who don't some men like women who do -
have blue eyes. what I need is a drink no what I need
is a beautiful girl to stroke my brow if only they knew when
to stop stroking you give them a kiss and they want your body
you give them your body and they want your soul what the
hell was her name anyway Think I'll go out and get that
drink. Wish they'd let me in..... when the HELL am I going
to do these EEEEE reports
enough of this love making
I'm going to bed.

“Our Beloved Coop”



“The material required for all freshmen has been passed upon by the Faculty and approved by them.”³



“The Coop . . . exists to provide you with most of your needed school supplies. . . .”¹



“Expert, experienced barbers . . . will carry out to the letter your desires.”²



© ENZ

“You may become a member (and almost everyone does) for \$1.00 a year.”¹



“The object . . . is to reduce the cost of living . . . at Technology.”²

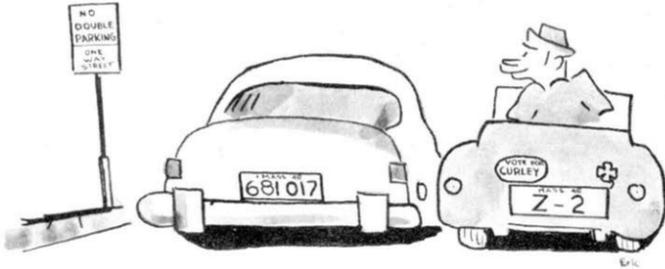
1. *Tackling Tech*, page 34.
2. *The Coop Handbook*
3. *Coop ad in THE TECH*, Sept. 24, 1948

Massachusetts Motorists

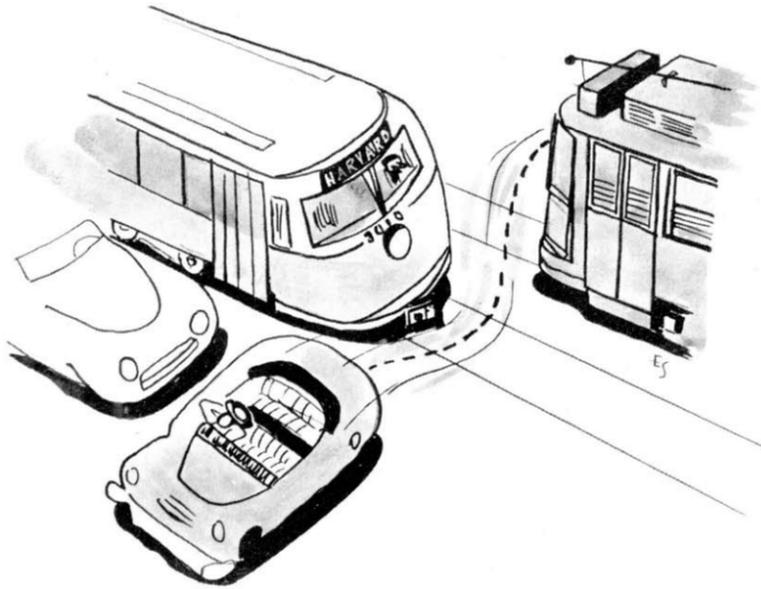
In spite of what you may have thought, you do have to pass a test to get a driver's license in Massachusetts. However, many natives think they're getting hunting licenses; it's open season on pedestrians all year.



Captain Hornblower: He's always right in back of you, bitterly resenting the fact that you don't run over the lady in front of you when the light turns green.

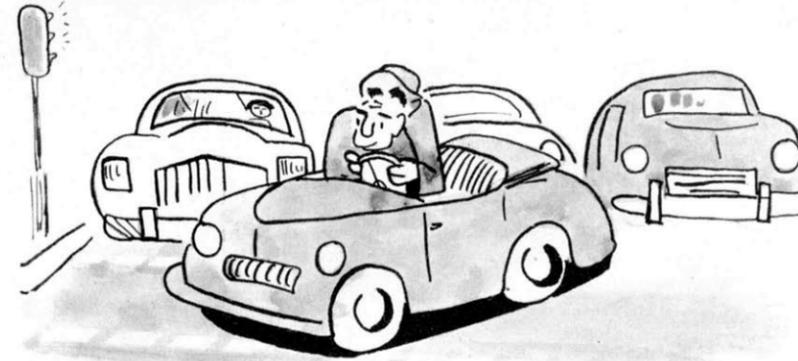


The double-parker: Can only be found during rush hours. His patented method enables him to block three parked cars at one time, besides closing up one traffic lane. The cops can't touch him; he votes right.



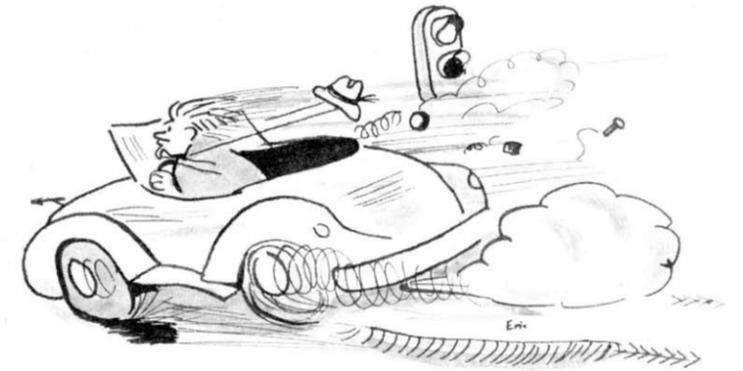
The weaver: He likes to live dangerously. He's also the guy who takes the amber traffic light as a signal to kick it up to sixty to beat the red. This veteran of many a tight squeeze wears ample decorations on his fenders.

Ex-army convoy driver: Momentum is on his side. He thinks that stop signs are eyesores. If he hit something, he wouldn't feel it anyway.

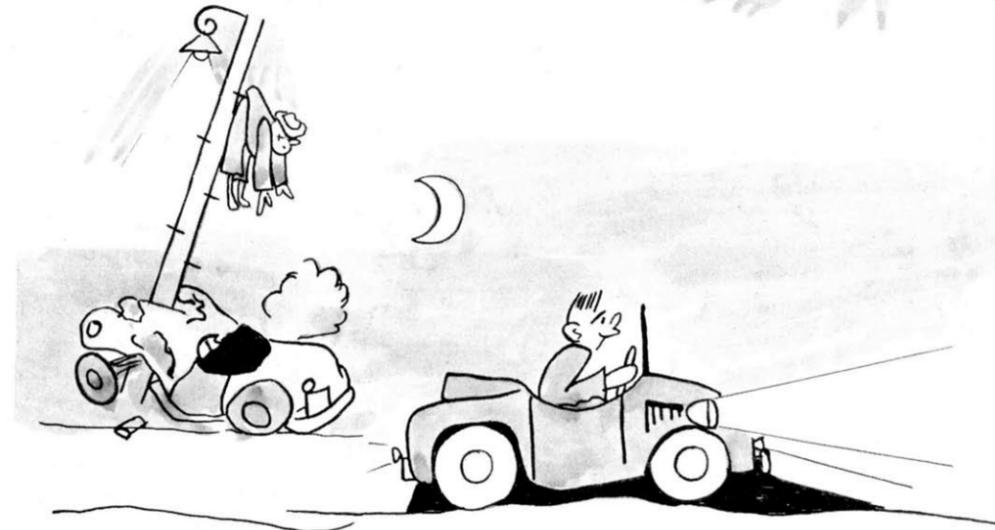
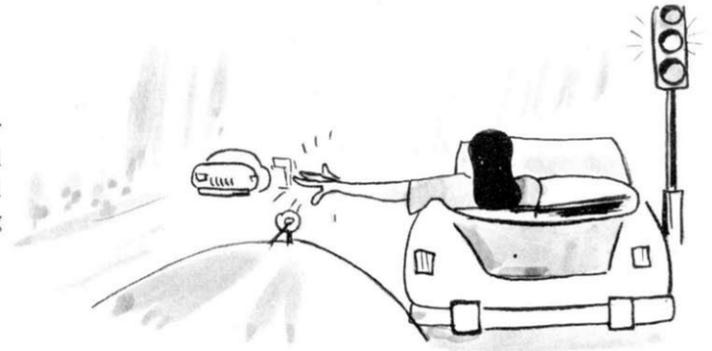


The incher: This creature is always foremost at a jam session. Specializes in down-field blocks. Can't afford to lose a micro-second on the pickup, or some schmoe will stop him from making that right turn from the left hand lane.

The Ford driver: Wants to prove that his '37 Ford has as much power as any old '47 Packard or Cad. Digs out as soon as the signal changes; usually first in line at the next signal. Can be detected by the smell of burning rubber on the pavement.



The fingernail dryer: Can't make up her mind whether to make a right or left hand turn, or maybe even make that boulevard stop. Better not pass till she sticks her leg out.



The guy who won't dim his lights: Thinks the button on the floor unlocks his gas tank. Waves back at you when you blink your lights.



A Short Shirt Tale

A crisp loudspeaker broke above the busy hum of seven A.M. work.

"Now hear this! Now hear this! The September inspection will now begin. HUP-Tennn-Shun!!!"

Five stomachs, followed by cigars, came into the tiled, efficient machine room. The first cigar spoke.

"Alright. Alright. At ease. Before we begin the inspection I have a top order from the head office. Quote. 'Working family: Another September has brought the usual train loads of shy freshmen into the territory provided for us by the high command. Remember our definition of a freshman. He is one who looks like his clothes were new and were bought specifically for him. He has become used to namby-pamby, *Cooperative* laundries, or, excuse the expression, home laundries. This must be taken care of in the usual manner. It was an inspiring sight to gaze on the shirts of the MIT graduating students, so sharp in contrast with their out of town guests. Keep up the good work so we may be able to keep our position in the eyes of the command. Carry on.' Unquote. It is signed by Mr.

Boston, himself. I need say no more. The inspection will now begin."

"Shall I call them by groups, Mr. Suburban?"

"Yes, yes. As usual."

"Sock Squad, A-tennn-shunn!"

Five men standing beside twenty-foot vats and a many valved machine snapped rigid. As Mr. Suburban approached, one of the five, wearing gold braid on his arm, saluted.

"At ease. You are the sock shrinker craftsman?"

"Yes sir."

"Your work has been slightly poor lately, why?"

"Our shipments of miniature socks from the factory have been held up due to production difficulties, but things are being straightened out sir. Meanwhile, to fill in, we have been soaking the actual full length socks in glycerine. But this makeshift substitution will soon be done away with as shipments come in."

"Good, remember the communique."

"The sock-holer has been doing well. It's in fine shape. I particularly like the one that punches holes in the

shape of Christmas trees."

"Yes, yes. That shows ingenuity."

"We've also been having success washing white socks with green and yellow ones. It turns them a deep gangrene brown."

"Fine. Alright, carry on. Next department."

"Shirt department, A-tennn-shunn!"

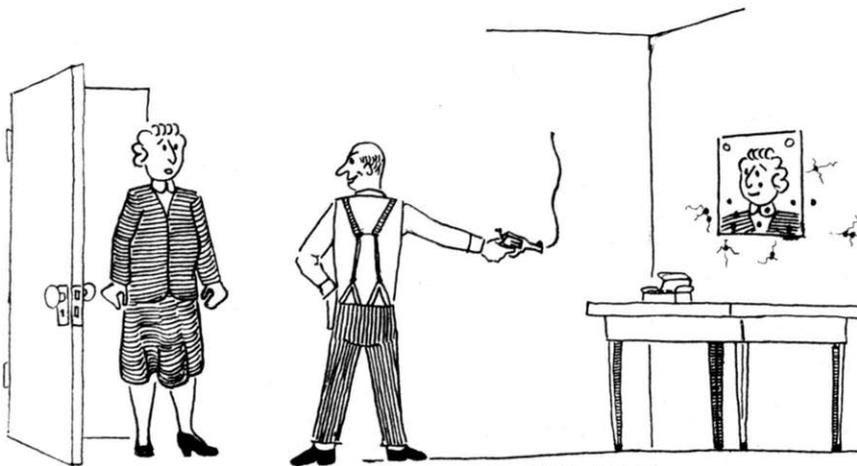
Mr. Suburban flicked his ashes into the wash water which was being pumped in from the Charles River. The four cigars behind him did likewise.

"At ease, men. You've been doing a great job. The button crushing machine has been gaining a reputation for us that is almost nation-wide. One mother fainted dead away when her son came home with one of our trademarked shirts. Any questions or suggestions? Remember for each deteriorating suggestion you receive a bonus."

"I have one comment, sir. I'd like to see some emery boards built into the collar fraying machine. I think it would be more efficient."

"Good. Very good. Make a note of that, Mr. Incorporated. Oh, I'd like to add that we're getting an addition to our shirt tail starcher that we tested out in our proving grounds of New York City. It should be in any day now. I'd like to commend the pocket expert. You'll receive a bonus any day now. Your idea to put carbon paper in white shirt pockets before washing was a stroke of genius. — Dear, I didn't notice it was getting so late. Mr. Incorporated, will you continue the inspection into the corrugated pressing department? I have to see a man about a Precision handkerchief hole-making machine. Carry on!"

The end.
by
DUKE.



RAY ELLIS

"Oh, hello dear."

THE LIBRARY—MEN AT WORK



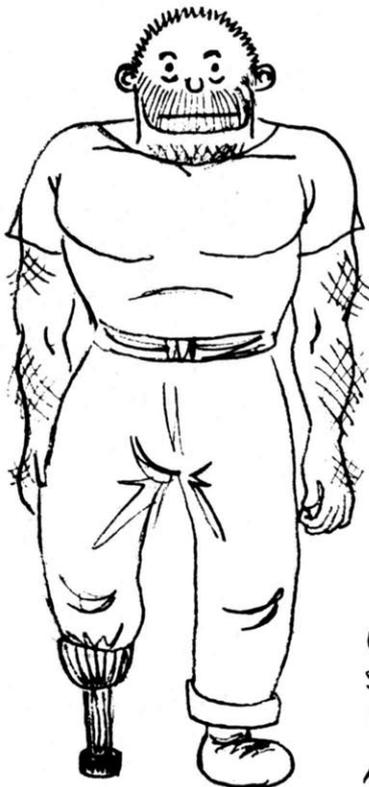
ON OUR LEFT:
BOOKSTACKER
WAITING FOR THE
LIBRARY TO BE
FINISHED — AT A
BUCK SIXTY PER.



THIS IS THE
LITTLE GENT
WHO FILLS UP
THE STEAM-
SHOVEL.



M.I.T. GRAD ('46)
INSPECTING THE PILES.



UNION MAN—
HE'S A STANDIN
FOR THE PILEDRIVER.



THIS GUY'S IN
CHARGE OF BOTH
STEAMSHOVELS—
HE DOESN'T MISS
A THING.



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BRICKLAYER

VooDoo Exclusive!

1948 POLITICAL OPINION POLL Who Will it Be?



WALLACE
"wasted Eggs"



DEWEY
"Hayseeds, Hogs & Hedges"



TRUMAN
"For an old Salesman,
No Commission."



THURMOND
"Mark your Ballots
With white ink."



SAM SMOO
"Suspender Buttons for
every Pair of Pants"

**THE VOO DOO
CHOICE =**



Said "Texas" Jim Robertson, Dallas,
"My Vote goes for 'Thom' I reckon,
The best Bull thrower I've seen
in nigh on to twenty years."

signed,
Texie Robertson



Marx Romanofski, Brooklyn.
"I want a peace, one that
is free from Capitalistic and
democratic bungling. My
man is Wallace of course."
Marx Romanofski



JOSEPH SLOCUM, SOUTH BOSTON
I was making a mint until
Dewey busted me rocket. I'm
votin' for Curley in Boston.
Donest Joe Slocum



R. ROTHCHILD REGAN III, NY, NY.
Cash it all who cares which
is elected. I own stock in
AT and T. R. Regan III



J.P. MONROE, NOTED THINKER (PHD, LL.D.)
The Taft-Hartley Act was passed
by a Republican Congress during
the Truman Administration, I'm
not voting. J.P. Monroe
Ph.D.



J. GILBO, M.C. (D. MISS)
"Thurmond will have the
support of the entire South."
(That's a jack son!) J. Gilbo



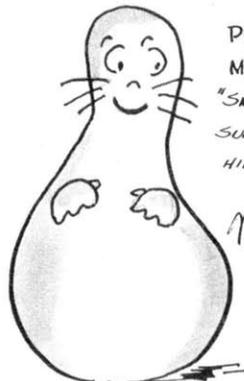
STUDENT, JACK SUMMERS, VALE
"More Beer" Jack

SUE SWEET, MISS AMERICA
REPORTING FOR ALL WOMEN,
Smoo-buttons are indis-
pensable. They hold up our
national economy. And
Sam Smoo's cute too
Sue Sweet

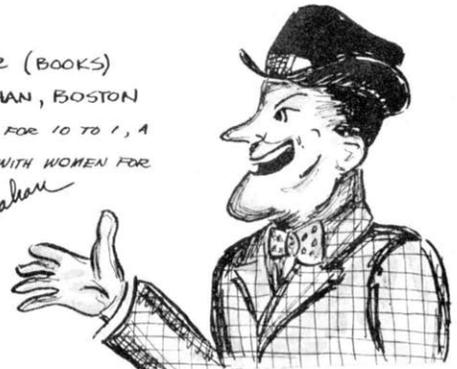


HOWIE IDE, BOLIVAR, MO.
What's good enough for
Grandpa is good enough for
me, FDR! Howie Ide

The Winnah!



PUBLISHER (BOOKS)
MIKE LANAHAN, BOSTON
"SMOO'S GOOD FOR 10 TO 1, A
SURE THING WITH WOMEN FOR
HIM."
Mike Lanahan



VAN COURT HARE

The young bride approached the druggist timidly. "That baby tonic you advertise," she began, "does it really build bigger and stronger babies?"

"We sell a lot of it," said the druggist, "and we've had no complaints."

"Then I'll take a bottle," said the bride. "And do I have to take it — or does my husband?"

— *Showme*



Or as the college professor put it — Marriage is an educational institution in which a man loses his bachelor's degree without acquiring a master's.

— *Pelican*



A Russian soldier arrived home after being away to the wars for four years and was surprised, to say the least, when he found his wife with a newly-born baby. Whereupon he began to question her, "Was it my friend, Ivan?" To this she answered, "No." "Well, was it my friend, Michael?" he queried again. Once more he got the same negative answer. "Maybe then it was my friend, Petrov, yes?" But all she could say was, "No." In desperation he asked, "Well then, who was it?" To which she said, "Don't you think I've got any friends of my own?"

— *Green Gander*

Mother (to couple in unlit room): "What are you doing in there?"

Son: "Nothing, Mother."

Mother: "You're getting more like your father every day."

— *Urchin*



One of two drunks standing beside a lamp-post asked his companion, "Shay, you gotta match?"

"I shink sho," said his companion. "Lemme shee." He reached in his pocket, withdrew a stick match and rubbed the unsulphured end on the lamppost several times. "No good," he said finally, and threw it away. He pulled out another and tried again to strike the unsulphured end. "No good," he said again, and threw it away. He reached into his pocket, found another match, and fortunately tried to light the proper end. It blazed up, but immediately he blew it out and thrust it back into his pocket. "Ah," he beamed, "thash a good one. Gotta save it."

— *Yale Record*



Said one broom to another: "Couldn't we have a little whisk broom?"

The other replied, blushing, "Why, we haven't even swept together."

— *Pup*

Good food at reasonable prices

24 hours a day — Every day

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435 MAIN STREET

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Wetherell's Atlas Paint

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— ESTABLISHED 1897 —

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Cambridge, Mass.

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Washing, Waxing, and Lubrication

Socony Products

Essex and Mountford Streets

Opposite Cottage Farm Bridge

LO 6-9477

WHEN YOU THINK OF MUSIC
THINK OF MARSHARD

THE MARSHARD ORCHESTRA

Also accordionists and
small dance combinations

73 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

KENmore 6-5173 KENmore 6-5174

Boston

New York

Bar Harbor

Woman winding up fervent W.C.T.U. speech:
 "And furthermore, I would rather commit adultery than
 touch a drop of liquor."

Senior in back row: "Who the hell wouldn't?"

— Colgate Banter



George M. Cohan takes a worthless piece of paper and
 writes a song hit. He sells the copy for \$10,000. That's
 Genius.

John D. Rockefeller can sign his name to a worthless
 paper and make it worth half a million. That's Capital.

A man can buy \$5 worth of steel and make \$1,000
 worth of watch springs out of it. That's Skill.

A cop can take a worthless piece of paper and write
 your name on it and make you out ten bucks. That's your
 Hard Luck.

But — when a man looks for an apartment, finds just
 what he wants, and when the manager asks, "Have you
 any children?" puts on a long face and answers, "Yes,
 but they're in the cemetery;" pays six month's rent in
 advance; gets a receipt; then goes out to the cemetery,
 gets his children and brings them to the apartment.
 That's Brains!

— Shaft

Note to Tower Hall girls:
 Better the lips be calloused than the feet.



— Dodo

A policeman came home late and, undressing in the
 dark, slipped into bed. His wife woke up and said, "Clancy,
 would ye mind runnin' out and gettin' me a headache
 powder? Me head's splittin'."

Clancy fumbled into his clothing and complied. The
 druggist served him and said, "By the way, aren't you
 Officer Clancy?"

Clancy said, "Yes."

"Well, then," asked the dispenser, "what are you doing
 in that fireman's uniform?"

— Pup



Wisdom — knowing what to do next.

Skill — knowing how to do it.

Virtue — not doing it.

— Oxford Howler



"My son, who is this wild young woman I hear you've
 been associating with?"

"You're all wrong, dad, she isn't a bit wild. In fact,
 she's real tame. Anyone can pet her."

QUESTIONS

- A** Underline in comparative degree, I reveal
 my smoking superiority.
- B** In a letter sequence, I'm twenty-five,
 When you add a man, I come alive.
- C** Look sharply, Mac, and find a pin
 To join two pieces, and you may win.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
 NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR

CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS
 IN NEXT ISSUE

VOO DOO



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He who laughs last has found a
dirty meaning.

— Mercury



First roommate: "Have you a
picture of yourself?"

Second roommate: "Yeah."

First roommate: "Then let me use
that mirror; I want to shave."

— Rice Owl

1st Plebe: "Who's that goon over
by the window?"

2nd: "That's my sister."

1st: "She's cute, isn't she?"



"I love you darling. I adore you."

"Are you going to marry me?"

"Don't change the subject."

— Log

It's all right to tell a girl she has
pretty legs, but don't compliment her
too highly.

— Syracuse



"And always remember, children,
that the difference between a model
woman and a woman model is that
the former is a bare possibility, while
the latter is a naked fact."

— Pup



"So you make up all those jokes for
Voo Doo yourself?"

"Yep, — out of my head."

"You must be."

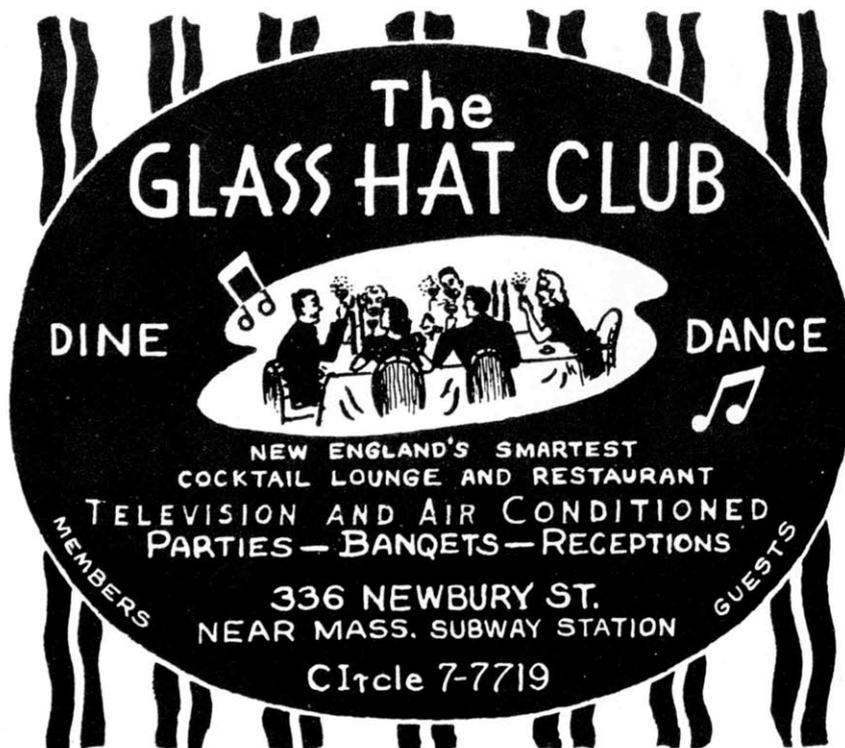


A man who took a great pride in
his lawn found to his dismay last fall
a heavy crop of dandelions. He did
his best to uproot and destroy them,
but all his efforts were unsuccessful,
so he decided to write to the Federal
Department of Agriculture to ask for
some advice.

In his letters he described his woes
at great length, told all about the
things that he had tried and done to
destroy the pesky dandelions, and
ended by asking: "What do I do now?"

In due time came this reply: "We
suggest you learn to love them."

— Froth



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Prof: "Take this sentence: 'Let the cow be taken out of the lot.' What mood?"

Freshman: "The cow."

— Fillmore



To Love Unrequited

I think that I shall never see
A girl as lovely as Marie.
Marie whose face and form divine
I once desired to be mine,
With but a glance could rouse the
beast
That lurks within the human breast.
But it soon was very clear to me
That Love's triumph was not to be,
For towards expensive things she
leans
Far beyond my meagre means.
While poems are made by fools like
me
Those better stacked can make
Marie.

— Anonymous.

— Pup



"Halitosis"

Her latest line of defense: "But my folks may come home any time now."

— Technology



Marriage is like a bath — by the time you get used to it, it's not so hot.

— Gargoyle

First Deke: "Woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Second ditto: "I say it's her eyes."

Third same: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

Fourth: "Fellas, what's the use of sitting here lying to each other."

— Quip

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A Box of LIFESAVERS for the Best Joke

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Lifesavers. Jokes will be judged by the Editor.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

"What would you say is the difference between a modern car and a co-ed?"

"Well, the modern car has something under the hood."

— Pelican

Submitted by Miss Jean Mulvey
Tower Court West, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

From life's book of tears and laughter I have gained this little bit of lore — "I would much rather have a morning after than never have a night before."

— Pell Mell



"I passed by your house yesterday."
"Thanks awfully."

— Columns

"Do angels have wings, mother?"
"Yes, dear."
"Can they fly?"
"Yes, dear."
"Then when is the nurse going to fly? I heard Daddy call her Angel yesterday."
"Tomorrow, dear."

— Gargoyle



Suitor: "I wish to marry your daughter, sir."
Dad: "Young man, do you drink?"

— Yale Record



"Are all men fools?" inquired the wife after a dispute with her husband.

"No dear," he replied, "some are bachelors."

— Polaris



A farmer's son came home from Massachusetts Tech and said his class was trying to find a universal solvent. When his father asked him what a universal solvent was, the boy explained "it's a liquid that will dissolve everything." "Great idea," nodded the farmer, "but when you find it, what you gonna keep it in?"

— Sundial



Late to bed
Early to rise,
Makes a man saggy, draggy and baggy
Under the eyes.

— Tulane Urchin



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HEAR WHAT THESE MEN SAY ABOUT VOO DOO

Karl T. Compton:

"I'll resign before I'll see another issue of VOO DOO come out."

E. M. Baker, Dean:

"VOO DOO has room for improvement."

Tom Hilton, THE TECH:

"Why can't we put out something like that?"

J. Q. Frosh:

"Gosh!!"

*What has your girl got to say about VOO DOO?
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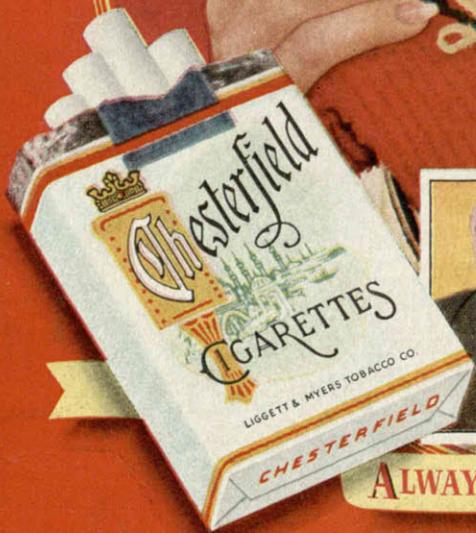
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