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.

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

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!

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
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 presy 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 5:06) 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.
Letters to the Editor

Bo ton, 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

“Don’t look now, but your Voo Doo has arrived.”
-Sign

“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”

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.

“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

“Look here, Billy, were you peeking through the keyhole at your sister and me last night?”
“No, I couldn’t; mother was there praying.”
—Pop

Boston, Mass.
September 29, 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.

Boston, Mass.
September 30, 1948.

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

“Look! here, Billy, were you peeking through the keyhole at your sister and me last night?”
“No, I couldn’t; mother was there praying.”

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

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?”

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

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 carrying
two rifles.”
He: “That’s nothing, I saw a cowgirl packing a pair of 38’s.”
— Syracuse

---

“I’ve been afraid of guns since birth.”
“Your mother was scared by a
gun?”
“No, but my father was.”
— Urchin

IMPOR TED 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 shrink-
age less than 1% by
Government Standard Test. See them today.

THE TECHNOLOGY
STORE

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 30 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 brand, 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 the prompt reply. And so we learned all about electricity.

THE instrument 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.

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.

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.

ON THE WAY up to school last morning 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 were about to put it down, one small article caught our eye. Seems 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.

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

They 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.
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.

My hopes and fears I'd f. Soon orego imicated "Avoe l". My heart, with zeal, exclaimed "Yee, 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.

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.

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.

My eye she had attracted. I reacted to this star.

Gone was my fervacity. Slipping, my tenacity.

The floor approached me, drugging in the puddle of my mind.

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

I awoke no longer pompous, with a mouth barely comfor. 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 whirs 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...
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 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.”

“Believe me, it’s worth every bit the extra price.”

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.”

Wooer (in deep anguish): “If you don’t marry me, I’ll blow my brains out.”

Wooed: “That would be a joke on father. He doesn’t think you have any.”

* Urchin

In the case of a secretary the proper word is henchwench.
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 off. 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 violas 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 EEEE 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 EEEE 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."

"Expert, experienced barbers ... will carry out to the letter your desires."

"You may become a member (and almost everyone does) for $1.00 a year."

"The Coop ... exists to provide you with most of your needed school supplies. . . ."

"The object ... is to reduce the cost of living ... at Technology."

1. Tackling Tech, page 34
2. The Coop Handbook
3. Coop ad in THE TECH, Sept. 24, 1948
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 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 incher: This creature is always foremost at a jam session. Specializes in downfield blocks. Can’t afford to lose a microsecond on the pickup, or some schmoe will stop him from making that right turn from the left hand lane.

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.
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.

"D.P.'S"

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

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

ASSISTANT
BRICKLAYER
VooDoo Exclusive!

1948 POLITICAL OPINION POLL
Who Will it Be?

Wallace
"Wasted Egg!"

Dewey
"Hayseed, Hope of Hodges!"

Thurmond
"Mark your Ballots with white ink."

Truman
"For an old Salesman, No Commission."

Sam Smoo
"Suspenders buttons for every pair of pants."

Marx Romanofski, Brooklyn.
"I want a peace, one that is free from capitalistic and demagogic hooch. My man is Wallace, of course."

Joseph Slocum, South Boston.
I was making a cent until Dewey busted my racket. I'm voting for Airkey in Boston. Honest Joe Slocum.

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

Signed.

Fido J. Goldstein
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?” — Shoumie

Or as the college professor put it—Marriage is an educational institution in which a man looses 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?”
“J shink sho,” said his companion. “Lemme shee.” He reached into 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 bloazed 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

THE GRILL DINER
435 MAIN STREET
Conveniently located behind Building 20
Frank Arsenault, Manager

Robert M. Davis
Washing, Waxing, and Lubrication
Socony Products
Essex and Mountford Streets
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BUILDERS HARDWARE
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LOUIS M. PILL Cambridge, Mass.

WHEN YOU THINK OF MUSIC.....THINK OF MARSHARD
THE MARSHARD ORCHESTRA
Also accordionists and small dance combinations
73 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON
KEEnmore 6-5173 KEEnmore 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.”

— Dodo

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she’s real tame. Anyone can pet her.”
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 Oui

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
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.

“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

CORSAGES
Gardenias Orchids
ARTISTICALLY CREATED
OF FRESH FLOWERS

SIDNEY HOFFMAN, JR.
FLORIST
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OUR M. I. T. REPRESENTATIVES
CHARLES JACOBS
LARRY FLEMING
ED BERNINGER
BOB ELLIOTT

— naturally
YOUR BANK
KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE
HARVARD TRUST COMPANY
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Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

FOR TECH PARTIES
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and his MUSIC
763 Massachusetts Avenue
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Home
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AND HOW TO GET OUT OF 'EM

You meet heart-throb #1 as you enter the Cake House with a dolly on each arm. Don't goof off! Don't get "discombobulated"! Just pass yummy Life Savers all around. They're wonderful little tension-breakers. Before you know it, that week-end date's yours.

THE CANDY WITH THE HOLE

STILL ONLY 5¢

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."

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

"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 Unch's

Eliot Flower Shop
Corsages our Specialty
Flowers for All Occasions
Special discount to Tech students
87 Massachusetts Avenue
KENmore 6-6470 — Boston
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? Send it to her and find out.

FENNELL’S
MASSACHUSETTS AND COMMONWEALTH AVENUES
Just off the Bridge
FINEST LIQUORS
BUDWEISER, PABST BLUE RIBBON, SCHLITZ,
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ON ICE
FREE ICE AND DELIVERY
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Open daily 9 A. M. to 11 P. M. See us for special party rates
"I enjoy Chesterfields because they're really Milder"
Jane Wyman

STARRING IN
"JOHNNY BELINDA"
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

WHY... I smoke Chesterfield

(From a series of statements by prominent tobacco farmers)
I have done business with Liggett & Myers for over 40 years. They buy the best crops in the house at the auctions. I am exclusively a Chesterfield smoker, I think they are the best cigarette made.

Ellin McDowell
Tobacco farmer, Nicholasville, Ky.

Always milder, better tasting, cooler smoking

Always Buy Chesterfield
Right combination of world's best tobaccos

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CHESTERFIELD Contest — See Page 25