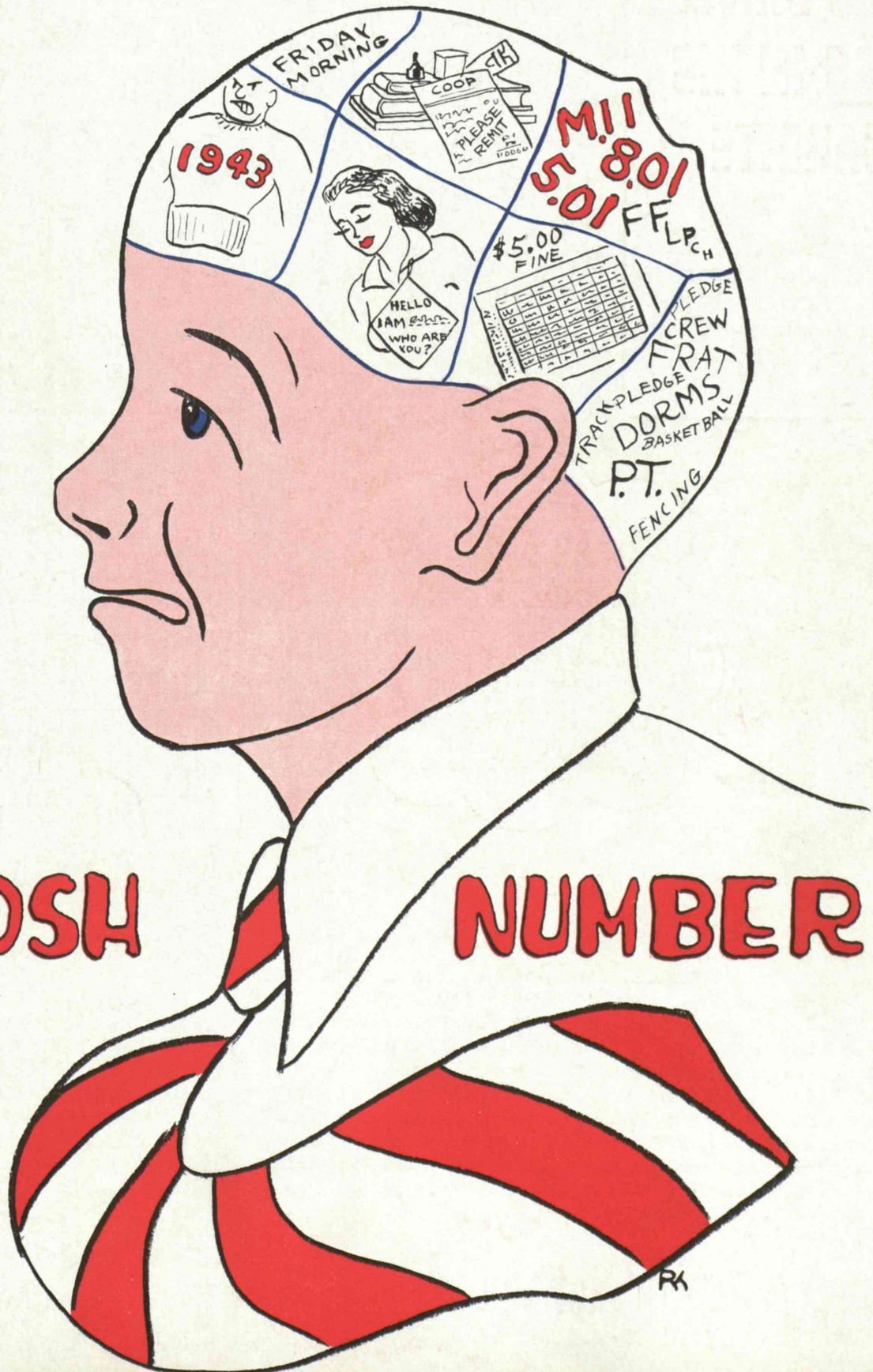


# VOO DOO



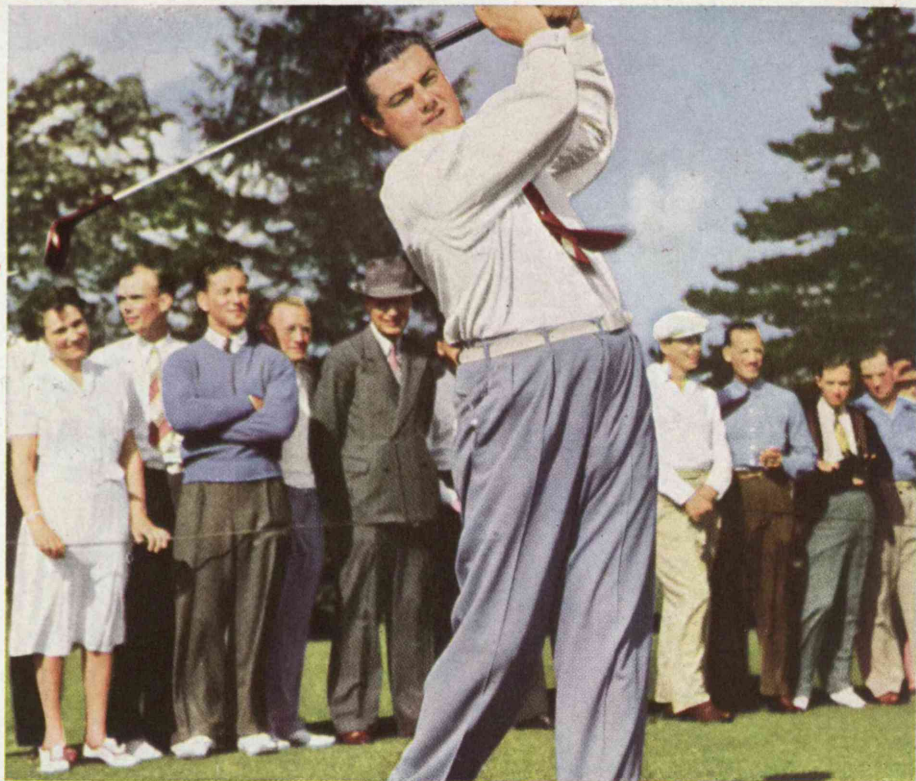
## FROSH

## NUMBER

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# EXTRA DISTANCE IN HIS DRIVES— EXTRAS IN HIS CIGARETTE



YES, LARRUPING  
LAWSON LITTLE—NATIONAL  
OPEN CHAMPION—PREFERS  
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES  
THE "EXTRAS"—  
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS



I TURNED TO CAMELS  
FOR  
EXTRA MILDNESS  
AND FOUND SEVERAL  
OTHER SWELL EXTRAS, TOO,  
INCLUDING EXTRA SMOKING.  
SLOWER BURNING  
SURE IS THE TICKET  
FOR  
STEADY SMOKING

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WATCH OUT, PAR—here comes *Little!* No, Lawson Little is never content unless he can better par . . . in his golf . . . in his cigarette. "I want *all* the mildness I can get in my cigarette," he says. "Camels burn slower and give me extra mildness. And Camels also give me something else I never found before—flavor that doesn't tire my taste." Yes, Camels give all the qualities you want plus an extra measure of each. The extra flavor of costlier tobaccos preserved by slower burning. The natural mildness and coolness of costlier tobaccos plus freedom from the irritating qualities of too-fast burning. And on top of *extra pleasure*—Camels give extra value (see panel at right).

YOU WATCH that ball go screaming off the tee and you shake your head. *How* does he do it? Form, timing, power, wrist action, control . . . he has them all—but Lawson Little has that *extra measure* of each which makes the difference between a good golfer and a champion. Just as the *extras* in his cigarette . . . Camel . . . make the difference between smoking and smoking pleasure at its best.

**EXTRA MILDNESS**  
**EXTRA COOLNESS**  
**EXTRA FLAVOR**

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**



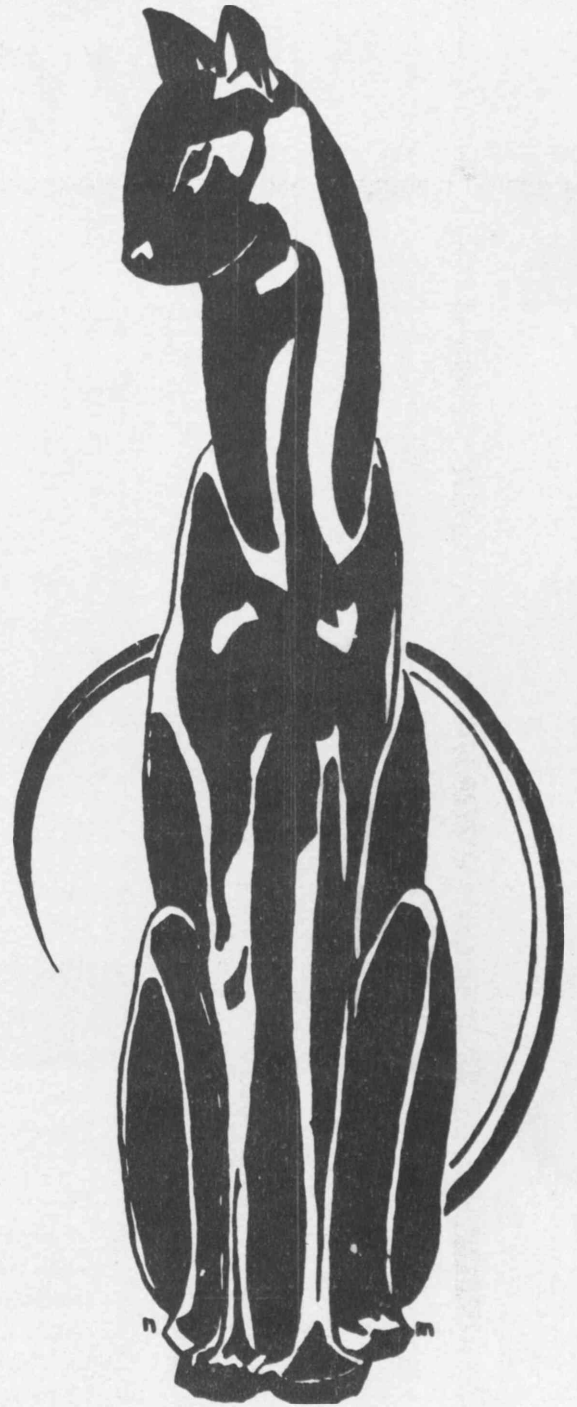
**GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS**  
**THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**



**Voo Doo**  
OCTOBER, 1940

●  
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### En Garde

Again Phos turns his head toward the squeaking noises that accompany the issuance of a soiled piece of paper twice a week to challenge the staff of "The Tech" to come out from its hole and meet on the field of battle in a real honest-to-spit, down-to-earth football game, played in the traditional virile fashion to which "Voo Doo" has been accustomed, the Voo Doo staff. Even though these long-nosed stick-slippers were lucky in last year's tussle, they again must remember that the might of Phos is always to be reckoned with. Should "The Tech" feel that it is unable to furnish sufficient resistance to the All-Voo Doo eleven to make a contest possible, Phos should commend their wise judgment, but no more than that.



"Do you read Poe?"  
"No, I read rather well."

"Do you gamble for money?"  
"No, but my opponents do."

Waiter: Will you have pie, sir?  
Diner: Is it customary?  
Waiter: No, it's huckleberry.

"So you managed to escape from college?"

"Yes, I'm a fugitive from a brain gang."

The man entered the restaurant at breakfast time, looked around for the untidiest looking table, sat down there, and called the waitress.

"Bring me two hard boiled eggs, and make sure they are as hard as rocks. So hard that they just can't be broken. Also some toast. And make sure it's burnt coal black. I'll also have a cup of cold coffee with plenty of the grounds in it."

The puzzled waitress looked at the man and slowly left to have the order filled. When she returned to serve him, she placed the dishes before him repeating, "Eggs so hard you couldn't break them, burnt toast, and cold coffee with grounds in the cup. Is that all sir?"

"No," said the customer, "sit down next to me and nag me. I want to feel completely at home."



"Do you play football?"

"Well, I worked on a team all last summer."

"On a team last summer?"

"I was a groom in a livery stable."

Milly: Why don't you ever invite Sally to go with you when you go out on double dates?

Molly: My boyfriend doesn't like her.

Milly: What about Joan? You don't invite her either.

Molly: My boyfriend does like her.

Some girls show a lot of style, and some styles show a lot of girl.

Johnny: While mother was sleeping the baby got sick licking the paint.

Father: Off her toys?

Johnny: No, off mother.

"What is a pig skin used for?"

"To hold a pig together."

Waiter: How will you have it done—"Good and faithful servant" or "day in June"?

Man: What?

Waiter: Well done or what is so rare as?

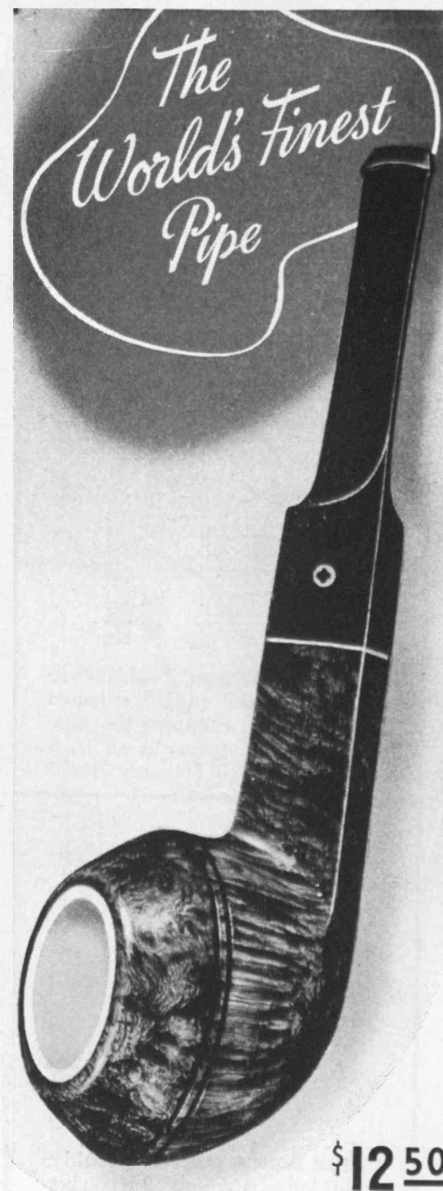
Pet Aversion: Girls who think they can beat you at golf—and can.

He (looking at décolleté evening gown): You could show a little more discretion.

She: You men are never satisfied.

"I'm nobody's fool."

"Oh, an orphan."



\$12.50

## KAYWOODIE'S FLAME GRAIN BRIAR

*inlaid with Meerschaum*

Well, there's quite a buzz about this one in the clubs and tap-rooms—fellows who like their Kaywoodies plain want to know what the Meerschaum does to this pipe—we certainly wouldn't go to the trouble of putting the Meerschaum in there, having to go all the way to Anatolia (Turkey) to get it, unless it enhanced the smoking qualities of the pipe. Its porous, cooling presence protects the flavor, keeps the pipe mellow. The smooth mild smoke of this top-flight Kaywoodie will boost anybody's I.Q. And for looks—well, the smart crowd's all gone for it. Shown above, No. 98B.

*Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac  
21 interesting facts about pipes*

**KAYWOODIE COMPANY**

*Makers of Fine Pipes since 1851*

**New York and London**

*In New York, Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue*

COPR. 1940. KAYWOODIE COMPANY

REMEMBER THESE OLD NIFTIES



What's your name?  
Howard Hughes.  
Fine, how are you?

\* \* \*

What's over an angel's head?  
Halo.  
Hello yourself.

\* \* \*

Where're you from?  
Hawaii.  
Fine, how are you?

\* \* \*

Big machines armies use.  
Tanks.  
You're welcome.

\* \* \*

What's 5Q and 5Q?  
10Q.  
You're welcome.

•

The way to keep your feet from falling asleep is not to let them turn in.

•

He played halfback on the team,  
and way back on his studies.

•

Office Boy: There's a man outside to see you about a bill you owe him. He wouldn't give his name.

Boss: What does he look like?

O. B.: He looks like you'd better pay it.

•

In spite of the date all football games are played on holler days.



**DOWN WENT McGINTY—**  
*but he's out of the dog house now!*



"SURE AND IT'S good riddance to an ugly-smellin' pipe!" snapped Mrs. McGinty, dropping the pipe into the water. Quick as an Irish temper, down went McGinty after it!



"NICE WORK, MISTER!" said a young lad on the dock. "But you better smoke a mildertobacco to stay out of the 'dog house'. Try the world's best-smelling blend of burleys!"

**New!**  
Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH**  
SMOKING TOBACCO  
PIPE S CIGARETTES  
UNION MADE

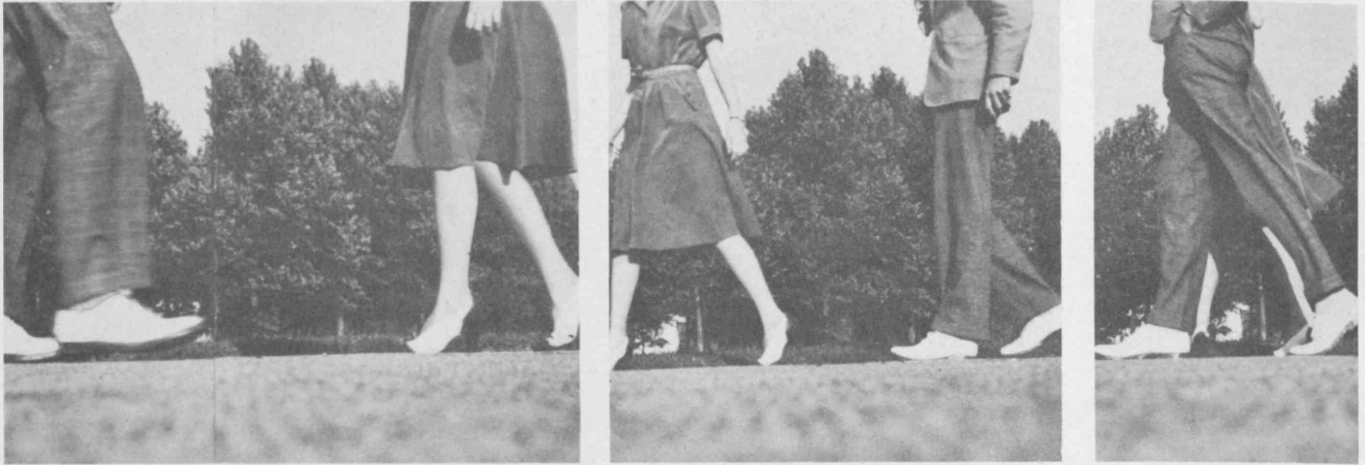
Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**  
Every Tuesday night—NBC Red network  
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience



WOODDOO



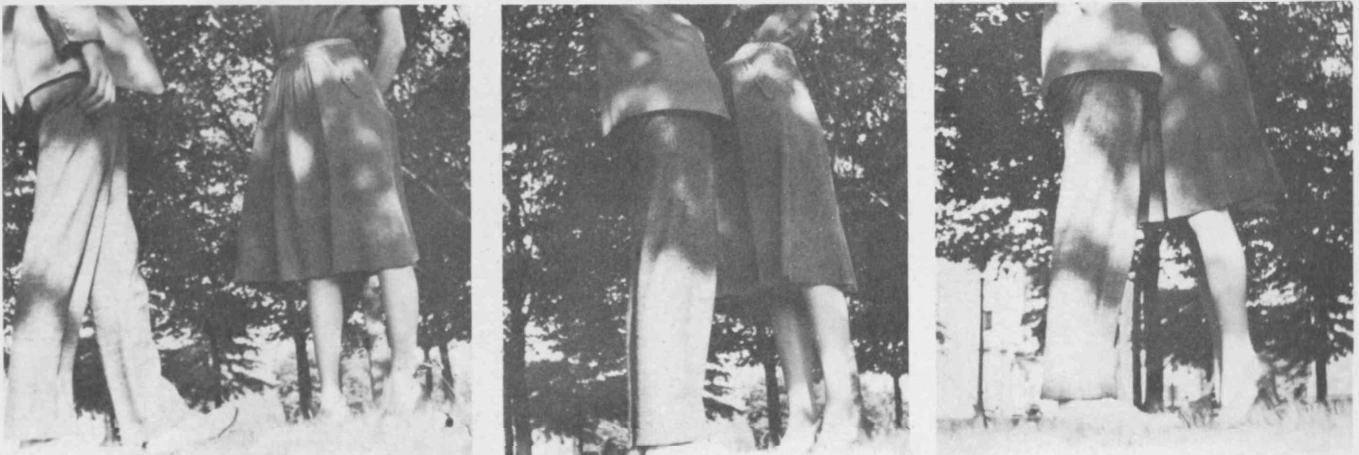
FROSH NUMBER



PHOS GOES TO



A PICK-UP





## LOVE FOR SALE

Do you satisfy your dates? More important — do your dates satisfy you? Do you have a place in some damsel's ever-lovin' heart? Do you love her? Are ya havin' any fun?— Oh, Hell, fellers, I could go on like that for pages. Let's not thrash around the shrubbery. Here we are, men, over sixteen, healthy, and eager. (If you are unhealthy or under sixteen you had better drop this magazine right now. If you aren't male or eager you had better transfer to Harvard.) Yes, and there they are — WOMEN, young, beautiful, and . . . young, if I may repeat myself. What are we going to do about it? Now that leap year is fading into obscurity, it seems fairly obvious that the girls just aren't going to take the offensive. It's up to men to sell themselves if life is to continue without serious disappointments to the birds, bees, rabbits, and corner drug-stores. The purpose of this paper, then, is to outline a few of the essential points in making a successful sale.

Naturally, the first and foremost item is locating the customer. Here we have numerous methods of operation. These, however, are delicately summed up in the old adage "If you would see them, look about you!" Just keep the old eye busy, boys — very busy. When your orb finally lights on some likely looking wench — pause! You are now ready for item two, the approach and contact. Here, indeed, we uncover a broad field of thought. After all, one can't just dash over and say "Hiya babe!" — indeed not. We must be more subtle if a profitable sale is to be made. Perhaps some delicate comment such as "Chicken Inspector" followed by a cute whistle might be in order. Even

some form of enticement (sportingly called "bait") might be used successfully. The author's favorite is the unique "Lollipops, little girl?" Try not to drool when making these gentle sallies (No, that's not her name) and fer gawd's sake get that look out of your eye. "May I have this dance?" is always a good stand-by if there happens to be an orchestra around. It may be embarrassing when used in the Boston Common, though. Use your own discretion here. Realizing that Tech men are the world's most resourceful I leave the approach matter now, with just one last word of caution. Only as a last resort do we employ such devices as Reefers, Mickey Finns, and Shillalies. Not sporting, you know.

From here on, boys, it's just a matter of good salesmanship. Immediately following a successful approach go right into your song and dance. Talk it up big. Sell yourself from the start! Your in-

dividual lines depend purely on your past experience, your Ec.11 grades, and your ability to keep a straight face. The use of slide rules, textbooks, or log tables is frowned upon, so forget Tech for a moment and get down to brass tacks. (Of course that last bit is only a colloquialism, except if she has a wooden leg, in which case she may nail her stockings up and your taste isn't so hot. Better get glasses, too.) Once again let me caution you against rough stuff. I guess it was Teddy Roosevelt who said "Speak softly . . ." but that's inconsequential. In all events don't lose your head and the deal should go through.

I have tried to illustrate my ideas by the brief set of pictures here shown, and I trust that you, my readers, may have derived some assistance from this little article. For more advanced text see my forthcoming manual "Sales Problems of a Sex Fiend — or Mable isn't Marble after all."



## J. UPJOHN, THE

John Upjohn was a Freshman, here, a good many years ago, so none of you would remember him. His story, however, is one of the most amazing in the annals of the Institute, and you should know about it.

Upjohn came to Tech with the highest recommendations of his high school teachers, but the Dean also got a warning that when aroused, J. could pull off some awfully sticky stuff. How sticky, no one even guessed until registration day. Upjohn was just walking in the door when he was confronted by the usual contingent of Sophomores with the usual cravats — dirt cheap. He looked at the ties and at the Sophs without a word, then took a small vial out of his pocket and poured its contents on his blue necktie, which immediately turned color to red and gray stripes. After selling each of the Sophomores a small bottle for a dollar, Upjohn continued on his way.

Like sex, Upjohn again raised his ugly head at the first MS drill period. The sergeant had called his name twice, when 'way down at the other end of Coop Field there arose a great clatter and a cloud of dust. It was Upjohn coming up the field hell for leather in an Army tank. He got out and the thing rattled on down Mass. Ave., finally to plunge off the Harvard Bridge into the Charles. They never found out where Upjohn got the tank. Two weeks later there came an order for J. Upjohn to be excused from further MS. He had inadvertently kicked the sergeant in the teeth while descending to drill in a parachute.

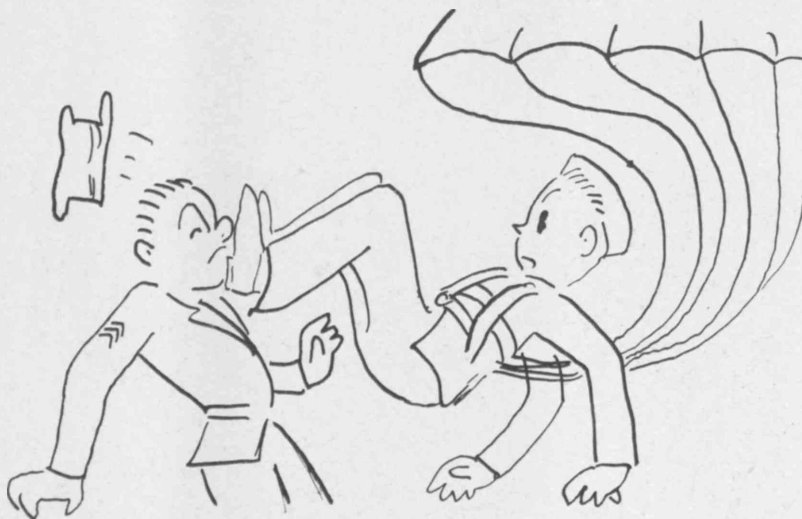
No more was heard from Upjohn until the night before Field Day. He was asleep in his dorm room (all the fraternities had been afraid to pledge him) when a group of the Agenda's sterling storm troopers came to request a favor of him, namely, a brace of 16-inch shells from the Watertown Arsenal.



Upon opening Upjohn's door, however, the merry henchmen were confronted by the spectacle of a full grown African lion, which greeted them with a genial countenance, smiling so as to facilitate the counting of his numerous sharp teeth. The boys smiled back in a friendly fashion and tiptoed out, deciding that, after all, 16-inch shells weren't everything. Upjohn snoozed on peacefully and the lion presumably went out for a short beer. He was never seen again. Five Sophomores were admitted to the infirmary the next day with acute alcoholism.

Upjohn attained his climax on Field Day. Being very class-spirited, he had gone out for everything and somehow or other had gotten on every team. Ridiculous as this arrangement may seem, it turned out very fortunately for the Freshmen.

Even Upjohn's worst enemy would have had to admit that Upjohn won the dinghy race by skill and experience. His ten years of





# PECULIAR FRESHMAN



sailing made him more than a match for any of the other entries. The crew race, however, was a different story. The Freshman shell, in which Upjohn rowed Number 3, was two lengths behind, when the Sophomore tiller rope broke. The boat ran into a buoy and sank with all hands.

In the football game, playing substitute tackle, Upjohn was standing on the field watching his teammates and opponents pile onto a fumble. As he stood there the pigskin flipped out of the mess and into his arms, whereupon he ran pell-mell over the goal line and made the only score of the game.

The relay race was won when the Sophomores got into an argument and began hitting each other with the baton while Upjohn and his fellows ran merrily around the track.

The finale started during the tug-of-war. While the contestants were struggling the sky began to darken with clouds and a wind of gale proportions sprang up from

the direction of the Sophomores. With this added force helping them, the Freshmen soon pulled their opponents over the line.

By now the rain had started and the glove fight would have to take place, very appropriately, in a raging storm. The thunder pealed as the two lines surged forward to combat. The Sophomores were determined to avenge their decisive defeat and the Freshmen were equally determined that they should have a perfect score. All at once a wild cry rang out through the gathering gloom. Upjohn was running amuck! His fellow classmen watched paralyzed as he snatched gloves from hands seemingly powerless to resist. Then with a roar the Freshmen swept into action.

The fight lasted for ten minutes in the face of the storm's growing fury. As the last glove was being removed from the last hand of the last struggling Sophomore, a lightning bolt of truly Jovian size

split the opposing and sought out a ragged but triumphant figure. For a moment Upjohn was illuminated by a halo of static electricity. Then he vanished from the sight of men.

In spite of the efforts of the Agenda and the Quadrangle Club, the Freshmen wore their black MS ties for the rest of the term in mourning for Upjohn. And, although it was later stolen by jealous Sophomores, they even erected a statue to their hero in the place he loved so well.

A lot of you are going to say that this story is just bunk, that no one could ever do the things which were attributed to Upjohn. To you skeptics we can only say, go to Room 2-248 and ask the attendant to show you the place where the statue of J. Upjohn once stood. If you do not come out of that sacred place convinced of the error of your ways, then you are not the man you should be.



# VOO DOO PRESIDENTIAL POLL

**Willkie      74.6%**  
**Roosevelt    25.4%**

What with Gallup galloping and the straw business in general booming, VOO DOO, not to be outdone by its contemporaries, presents its idea of how Tech would vote if it could in the coming election. All the results should be taken as an indication of how Tech feels about the election and are not to be construed as VOO DOO'S opinion of who will win the election.

In answer to the blunt question "Whom will you vote for?" the following results were obtained:

<b>FRATERNITIES:</b>		
Willkie		Roosevelt
77%		23%
<b>COMMUTERS:</b>		
75%		25%
<b>DORMITORIES:</b>		
72%		28%
74.6%	<b>TOTAL</b>	25.4%

The answers to the question "Who will win the election?" showed a tendency toward lack of faith in their candidate by many of the Willkie supporters, as demonstrated by the following results.

<b>FRATERNITIES:</b>		
Willkie		Roosevelt
54.2%		45.8%
<b>COMMUTERS:</b>		
50.2%		49.8%
<b>DORMITORIES:</b>		
48.0%		52.0%

In answer to the question "How will your parents vote?" most students indicated that they followed the family line — or as father goes so goes Junior. The poll then is a definite reflection of how men who have sons in college feel about the election.

The result: Parents in favor of

<b>FRATERNITIES:</b>		
Willkie		Roosevelt
83%		17%
<b>COMMUTERS:</b>		
75%		25%
<b>DORMITORIES:</b>		
74%		26%

According to the answers to the question "What is your normal party affiliation?", it is indicated that party lines are not as important as usual and that they are being crossed in this campaign.

The results: I am usually a

Democrat	Republican	Independent
22.8%	62.8%	14.4%

Comparing these results with the results from the first question it would seem that practically all of the independent vote has shifted to Willkie.

Of the voters polled it appears that the majority of Tech students feel that Roosevelt has done a bad job of running the country in the last eight years.

The question: "Roosevelt has done a (good, fair, bad) job of running the country?"

Good	Fair	Bad
20.6%	20.6%	58.8%

On the question of approval or disapproval of Roosevelt's foreign policy the results were divided 50-50.

Here is the consensus for what it is worth:

If the election were held tomorrow at Tech Willkie would win by an overwhelming majority, but despite the fact that most parents of Tech men were also for Willkie an air of pessimism would prevail in the Republican camp until the results were known. Results of the election would show that many of Willkie's votes came from the ranks of the independent voters who, along with the normal Republicans, felt that Roosevelt had done a bad job in running the country and that his foreign policy was only so-so.





**No Kick Coming!**

# Murgatroyd goes to the Freshman Get-Acquainted Dance



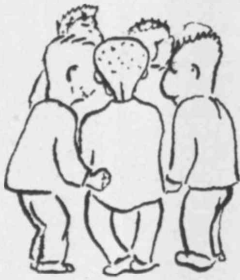
*This is Murgatroyd.  
Those are Willkie buttons.*



*Murgatroyd has arrived at  
Walker.  
Murgatroyd is scared.*



*Now Murgatroyd is in the ball-  
room.  
Murgatroyd is different, she  
came through the door.*



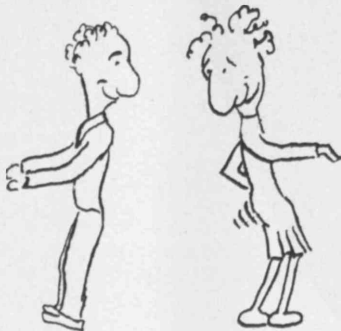
*See all the Sophomores. They  
are ignoring Murgatroyd.  
Poor Murgatroyd.*



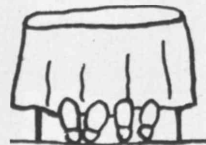
*See all the Harvard men. They  
are ignoring Murgatroyd.  
Isn't it awful?*



*Look at Murgatroyd. She is  
lonely. So is the Freshman that  
got in.*



*Oh, look! The worm has  
turned. Murgatroyd has found  
out that where there's a Willkie  
there's a way.*



*Murgatroyd has got acquainted.  
Aren't you glad?*

*I am.*





**THE WAY TO MORE SMOKING PLEASURE**

Today, more than ever, people are taking to Chesterfield because Chesterfield concentrates on the important things in smoking. You smoke Chesterfields and find them cool and pleasant. You light one after another, and they really taste better. You buy pack after pack, and find them definitely milder.

*For complete smoking satisfaction  
you can't buy a better cigarette*

*Make your  
next pack*

**CHESTERFIELD**

# Honor Roll

THE cartoons on this page have been selected as the best among those appearing in recent college magazines.

*First Place*

CHARLES MICHELSON

New York University *Medley*

*Second Place*

BUD NYE

University of Minnesota *Ski-U-Mah*

*Third Place*

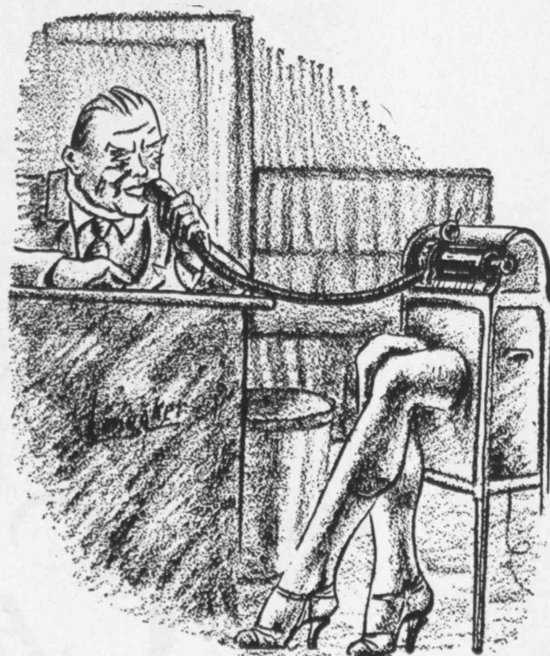
JON DASU LONGAKER

University of Pennsylvania

*Punch Bowl*



“Defense rests, Your Honor.”





## The Janitor

The bell rings, and he opens the door and looks in, so quick you'd think he'd been waiting right outside all the time. Sometimes he is belligerent and stands there as if he were trying to shake the equanimity of the Professor who is keeping us after class; a sort of staring contest with only one side staring, and the Professor trying to keep his aplomb. More often, perhaps, he looks in timidly, and quietly leaves if he gets no welcome.

A nod from the Prof. and he is in the room, erasing Newton, Faraday or N. H. Frank alike, with democratic indiscriminateness. Lo, how are the mighty fallen. With a quick routine he relieves the board of its white enigmas and leaves it black and empty, ready for another coating of knowledge. We're like that. The bell; we yawn and mentally erase all but the strongest lines — the yellows and oranges don't erase so well — and present the Professor at the next hour with eager face and blank mind.

But to get back to the white-coated gentleman, the janitor, who by now has erased perhaps five

boards and five times that many lives. Was there a time, at first, before he became indifferent, when he was troubled by so much waste? Perhaps when he first came he thought he could pick up a few crumbs before he had to brush them all away. Certainly he is callous now. Did the hordes that wiped out Rome ever pause for a moment's wonder before the civilization they razed? Did the Bolsheviki ever think, as the rifles cracked, of the expensive and futile learning behind those proud faces? Hardly.

How many people, we wonder, go through life erasing alike, with methodical, ignorant checkbook, the inept and the genius because they can't tell one from the other? Must we have the terrible waste of a man born before his time, a Newton in a world of eraser-pushers?

Their brief ten-minute-thing is over and the white-coated crew disappear into the innards of the building, their work done, until the bell signals the beginning of another cycle.

Freshmen, don't start off this year like a black-board.

### OWED TO FRESHMAN CAMP

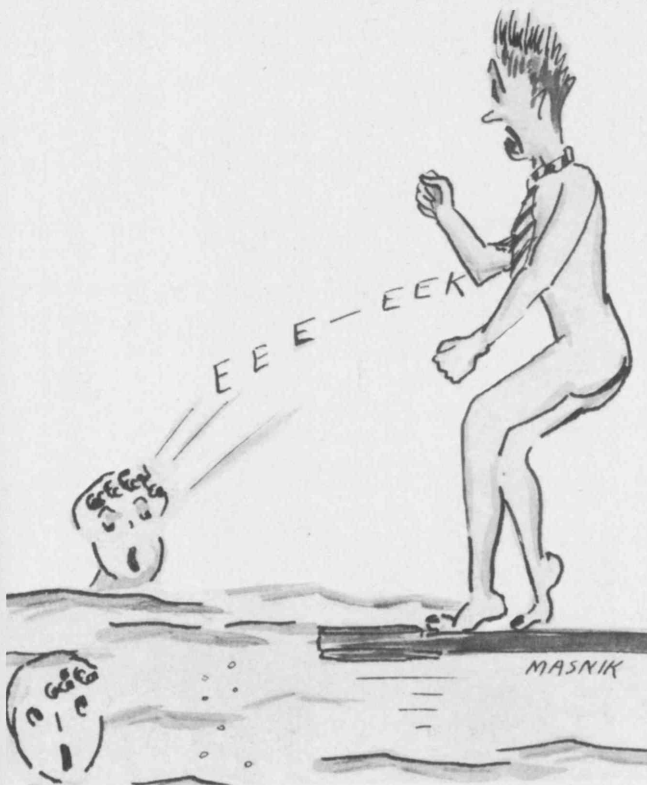
The Freshmen are grouped, and taken to Camp Out in the wilderness where everything's damp; To be in the open, and meet their class, Only a Freshman would do it, and he's an ASS. Upperclassmen have gone through the misery before, And look on with pity at poor '44.

All blankets are gone by the time you arrive, And you wonder at first how you'll ever survive. The mattress, if any, is filled with hay; By this time you're sure you will leave the next day! At meal time you gorge, and think the cooking is swell, But you only eat it 'cuz you're hungry as Hell.

When all are asleep in their respective lofts Noises are heard, and sure enuff it's the Sophs. Then there's hollerin' and yellin', and mid-nite swims, But a ducking with clothes on isn't one of my whims. In the daytime it's hot, and at nite it is cold, And the stories of camp are often retold. . . .

But don't let it worry you, and remember, My Son, "That Freshman Camp is just LOADS OF FUN."

Unanimous,  
Bud Brown.



*Wow! I forgot today is Monday night*

<p>THIS YEAR'S FROSH HAVE AN UNUSUAL MEMBER IN THEIR CLASS. -NEWS ITEM</p>  <p>SHE IS CALLED A "DEBUTANTE"</p>	<p>SHE IS <u>VERY</u> PRETTY, AND SHE HAS HER OWN CAR.</p>  <p>WE LIKE THE CAR.</p>	<p>MURGATROYD IS JEALOUS. SHE HAS NO CAR.</p>  <p>YAHOO!</p> <p>BUT - DID YOU EVER SEE MURGATROYD'S FEET?</p>											
<p>HARRIET IS BEING SOUGHT BY MEN AND THE FACULTY</p>  <p>Feingold '43</p>	<p>BUT PHOS WILL GET HER IN THE END.</p> 	<p>WE KNOW YOU AREN'T INTERESTED BUT - HERE IS HER SCHEDULE :</p> <table border="1" data-bbox="1013 705 1451 947"> <tr> <td></td> <td>MONDAY THRU FRIDAY</td> <td>SAT</td> </tr> <tr> <td>9:00 P.M.</td> <td rowspan="2">G-88</td> <td>MSII</td> </tr> <tr> <td>TO 5:00 A.M.</td> <td>PTI</td> </tr> <tr> <td></td> <td>3-310</td> <td>PTI</td> </tr> </table> <p>PHONE NUMBER: LON 7170 ADDRESS: 142 CLYDE ST., BROOKLINE</p>		MONDAY THRU FRIDAY	SAT	9:00 P.M.	G-88	MSII	TO 5:00 A.M.	PTI		3-310	PTI
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Negro wench at the revival meeting rising in ecstasy: "Last night I was in the ahmes of the debil; tonight, I is in de ahmes of de Lawd!"

Voice from the rear of the congregation: "What are you doin' tomorrow night, baby?"

- Tootleoo.

BE REASONABLE!

Customer: This coat you sold me is an awfully poor fit.

Tailor: Well, what do you want for five dollars, an attack of epilepsy?

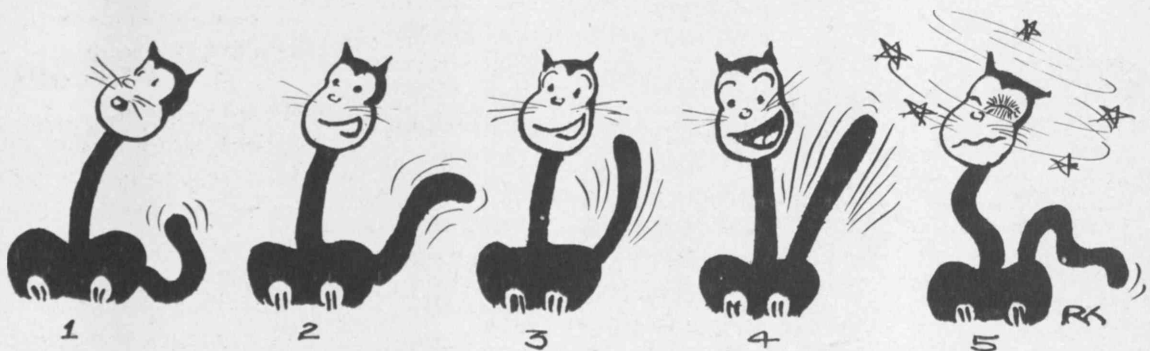
- Tiger.

She (at the prom): "Wait for me here, Bill, while I powder my nose."

She (three dances later): "Been waiting long?"

He: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."

- Wampus.



WOMAN



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 The Fall Term

Along with those disreputable old buckskin shoes, aged grey flannels and venerable odd jackets that ought to carry service stripes (or at least win their numerals) for all the years they've served as campus landmarks . . . well-advised Undergraduates coming back to college are also bringing a lot of brand-new things, without over-stepping the budget. Brooks's Young Men's Department has exactly the clothes they want to wear, at the prices they want to pay

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*Young Men's Odd Jackets, \$35*

*Young Men's Flannel Trousers, \$12 and \$13*

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For the first time we can remember a dance committee has really hit it off right. This year Field Day Dance is to have Jan Savitt who is, by the way, not a second choice, or something that the agent decided that they would have. Phos wishes to be quoted in congratulating the Dance Committee on their good job. Field Day Dance with the varied treatment of music that Jan Savitt gives with means that it should be a grand affair. A fitting climax to the '43-'44 class rivalry. Shuffle rhythm, smooth vocals by Bon Bon, and just good music is all we want at Tech. Let other committees please take notice.

**YESTERTHOUGHTS** — Raymond Scott (Columbia). This band has finally smoothed out with our favorite Nan Wynn vocalizing. It's a number for the sofa.

**SCRUB ME, MAMA, WITH A BOOGIE BEAT** — Will Bradley (Columbia). A new band on the way up, featuring Ray McKinley.

**STRANGER** — Raymond Scott (Columbia). Solid number just meant for the jits.

**THERE I GO** — Will Bradley (Columbia). This is our favorite smoothie well done.

**MOON OVER BURMA** — Gene Krupa (Okeh). Oriental flavor in a nice ballad of the type that Krupa should leave alone.

**THE WORLD IS MAD** — Count Basie (Okeh). Terrific rhythm with sensational sax by Lester Young. A must for all music lovers.

**CARO NOME** — Marie Greene (Okeh). This girl has a knack for combining swing with the classics. Incidentally she's been signed up for the Hit Parade.

**JUST FOR LAUGHS** — Lionel Hampton (Victor). Lionel teams up with the Spirits of Rhythm and does a good job; but we wish he'd get his own band.

Why must fellows always maul  
 Babes they take to Senior ball?  
 Why must each handle his frail  
 Like he was reading Balzac in  
 Braille?

— Medley.



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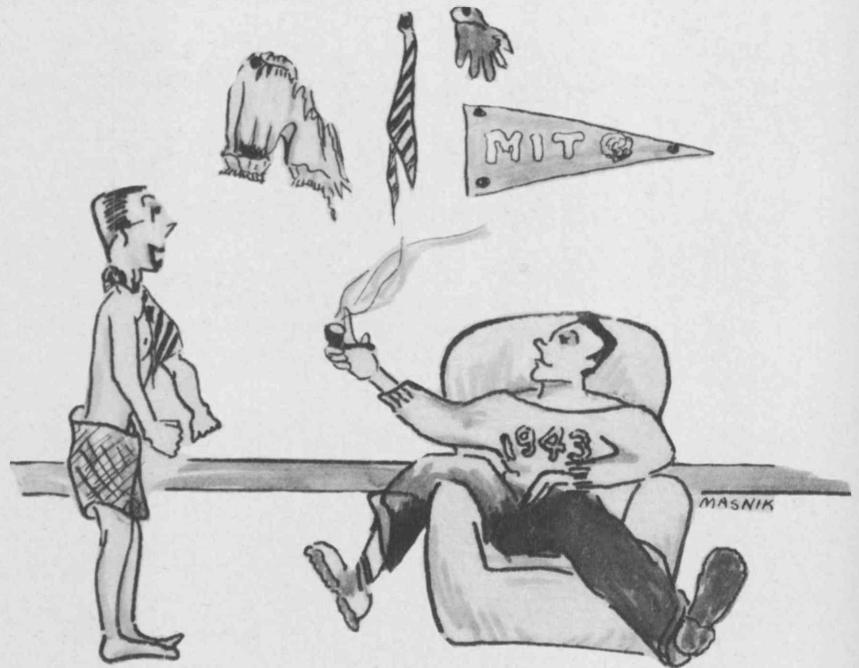
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*Oh that — I picked that up during the last Field Day glove fight*

They say she used to be the  
belle of the town.

Sure, but somebody "tolled" on  
her.

— Ram.

### MISTAKE

A man went into a restaurant  
and ordered a meal. When it was  
brought to him he dipped his hand  
into the mashed potatoes and  
started to rub it in his hair. The  
waiter rushed up to him and said,  
"Why, sir, what do you mean by  
rubbing mashed potatoes in your  
hair?"

"I'm sorry," said the man, "I  
thought they were string beans."

— Battalino.

## RECORDS

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**STILL MIGHT**

They had just kissed long and passionately. He was still breathing the subtle, flower-like perfume with which she had dabbed the lobes of her dainty ears.

"Crocus?" he murmured.

"No, darling," she sighed, "but I sure thought for a minute it was going to."

— Dodo.



Simmons Freshman: If you don't stop before I count three hundred I'm going home.

Beta:

Simmons Freshman:

Beta:

etc. etc.



Hickory, dickory, dock!  
The mice ran up her sock;  
One stopped at her garter  
The other was smarter;  
Hickory, dickory, dock!



Extract from Co-ed's letter home: "I'm getting fat. I weigh 125 stripped. Of course, the scales at the drug store may not be so accurate, but that's what they register."

— Turn-Out.



Prof: "But young man, do you think you can make my daughter happy?"

Stude: "Can I, say, you ought to have seen her last night!"



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AND UP



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**\$1.00 pair**  
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NO COVER or MINIMUM





## PERVERTED PROVERBS

A girl in hand *isn't* worth two in the bush.

Don't change drinks in the middle of a stream.

Too many cooks spoil the brothels.

Mighty soaks from a-corn bottle grow.

Where there's a "will you," there's a "why?"



"That's right, friend, give me four straight whiskies and I'll tackle the most dangerous thing in the world."

"What's that?"

"The fifth!"

Messboy: "Honey pie, does dat kiss make yo' long for another?"

She: "It sho does, boy, it sho does. But he's out of town."



This is a story they tell about the boys at Dartmouth. In the inner, deeper, and darker recesses of the library is a statue of the famous General Howe. And when the Dartmouth boys have their girls up for week-ends they take them to the library and show them Howe.



A Harvard student was going through the observatory for the first time. As he came in, a professor was at the telescope making an observation. Just then a star fell. The stude rushed up to the professor.

"Gosh," he shouted in admiration, "That was a swell shot, sir. Why, you hardly took time to aim at it."

—Exchange.

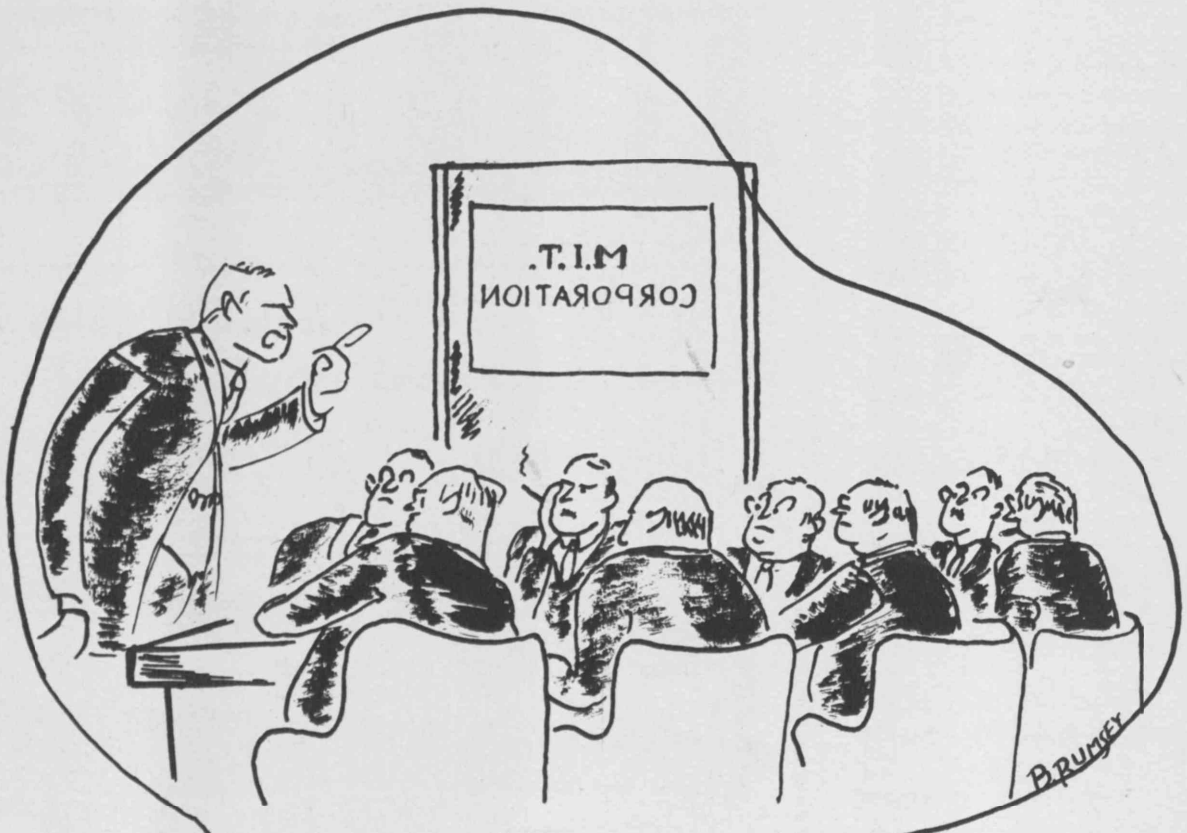


He: "I understand your kisses speak the language of love."

She: "Yes?"

He: "Well, let's talk things over."

—Lafayette Lyre.



*Damned if Harriet can have Walker for her debut!!*

Stan Lee looked out of his window and sighed sadly. He hoped the last contest would rush along, so that he could break training and go out and enjoy himself as the rest of the fellows in his classes were doing. At times he was sorry he went out for the team. It wasn't so bad before he had become the star of the team; he could sneak out once in a while but now they watched him like a hawk. What was more, the coach placed more restrictions on him than on any other member of the team. His leg work was so valuable that they were afraid to take any chances of his hurting them. For that reason, he wasn't allowed to attend dances, even during the early part of the evening. The coach wanted to have a special car pick him up and deliver him to his classes, but Stan Lee felt enough was enough and he put his foot down on that suggestion—of course, he put it down lightly.

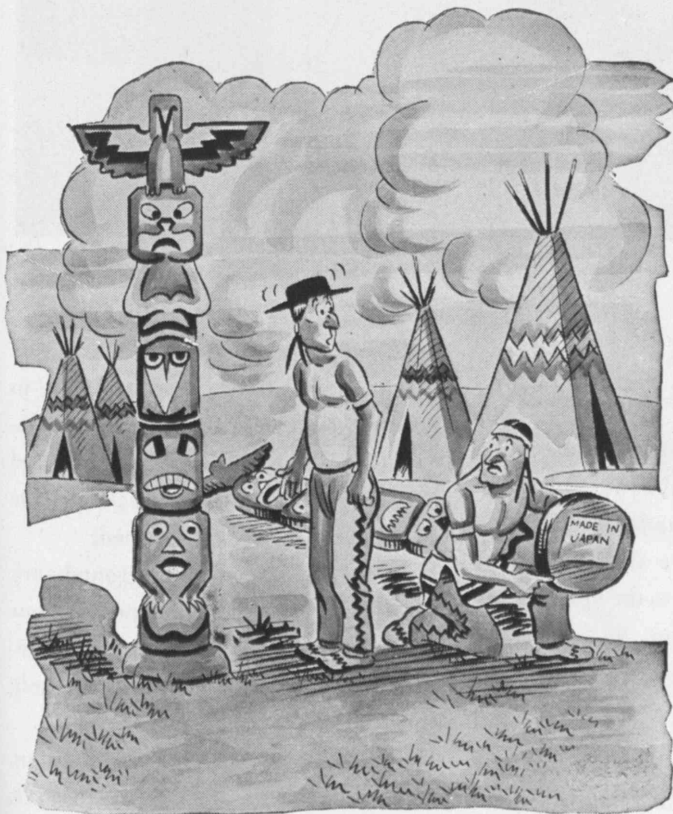
He was the only one on the squad to get his effectiveness purely from foot work. At that, Stanley Lee thought perhaps the coach wasn't over strict. A debator should be in the best condition when he stood upon the platform to speak.

“But my dear girl, I own a sanitarium.”

“Yeah, I know the rest.”

“Did you carry a stove on your camping trip?”

“Where do you think we cooked, on mountain ranges?”



“Look, it says, ‘Made in Japan.’”



Bad breath made Cora at each Ball  
A hapless flower (species: wall).  
But she tried Pep-O-Mints, and, sir!,  
Men stand in line to dance with her.



**MORAL:** Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

### FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best gag submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

“Were you the quarterback on the varsity?”  
“No, I was a nickle back on the bottle.”

“Do you allow elephants on this train?”  
“Yes, but they have to check their trunks.”

Speaking of alimony, divorce seems to be the only profession that pays more for failure.

# INVITATION TO HELP AMERICA!



© Adams

**T**ODAY, a great tragic shadow hangs over Europe because the nations of Europe stood alone against danger.

Blindly maintaining political, economic, and cultural barricades, divided they fell. United, they might have stood.

If there is any sanity left in the rest of the world, it should learn from this epically bitter lesson. Certainly it is a lesson for us here in the Americas to

get together and get together quickly.

Some of our more swashbuckling citizens feel that the way to bring about cooperation and understanding is by force—that we should conquer our good neighbors to the north and to the south. In that way, lie failure and disaster.

There is a better way, a way in which lie strength and permanence. That is the way that establishes mutual confidence between the govern-

ments that stretch from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego — a *voluntary* relationship established by men of good will the way the original union of the United States was established.

You can help build the groundwork for that mutual confidence in our Inter-American world. And in so doing, you most certainly can help America!

We invite your interest in the plan. Please write to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.



A scientist found a new element,  
 And announced it in tones  
 grandiloquent.  
 They discovered it fake,  
 And his head he did shake,  
 Saying, "I really don't know  
 what the helement."



"Ish thish Applied Mechanichsh?"

He: "Since I met you I can't  
 eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink."

She (shyly): "Why not?"

He: "I'm broke."

**THIS MONTH'S  
 WINNING JOKE**

First Cow: Where's the rest of  
 the girls?

Second Contented Cow: They're  
 over in the other lot  
 in a bull session.

*Submitted by*

Norman Karasick '41

*Technology Headquarters*  
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"The boss says he wouldn't see you if you were Hitler."







● Actual color photograph—Bill Currin chants "Sold American!" at a tobacco auction.

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