

# DOO DOO'S HOME JOURNAL



*Starting in this issue*  
*"Lured Into Love"*  
*See page 12*





*"Lady, leaf like  
this costs plenty!"*

"But Luckies pay the price to get it!"  
says Jim Hill, Jr., independent tobacco buyer

"Year after year I've seen Luckies buy the finer, the milder tobaccos and pay the price for 'em, too," says Jim Hill, Jr., of Winston-Salem, N. C. "That's why I've smoked Luckies 5 years and that's why most other independent tobacco men smoke them!"

When you buy tobacco, you get what you pay for. And Luckies pay higher prices for the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. If you're smoking more today, *real mildness* is important. So take a tip from the independent tobacco experts—the buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen. Smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke.

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***With men who know tobacco best — it's LUCKIES 2 to 1***



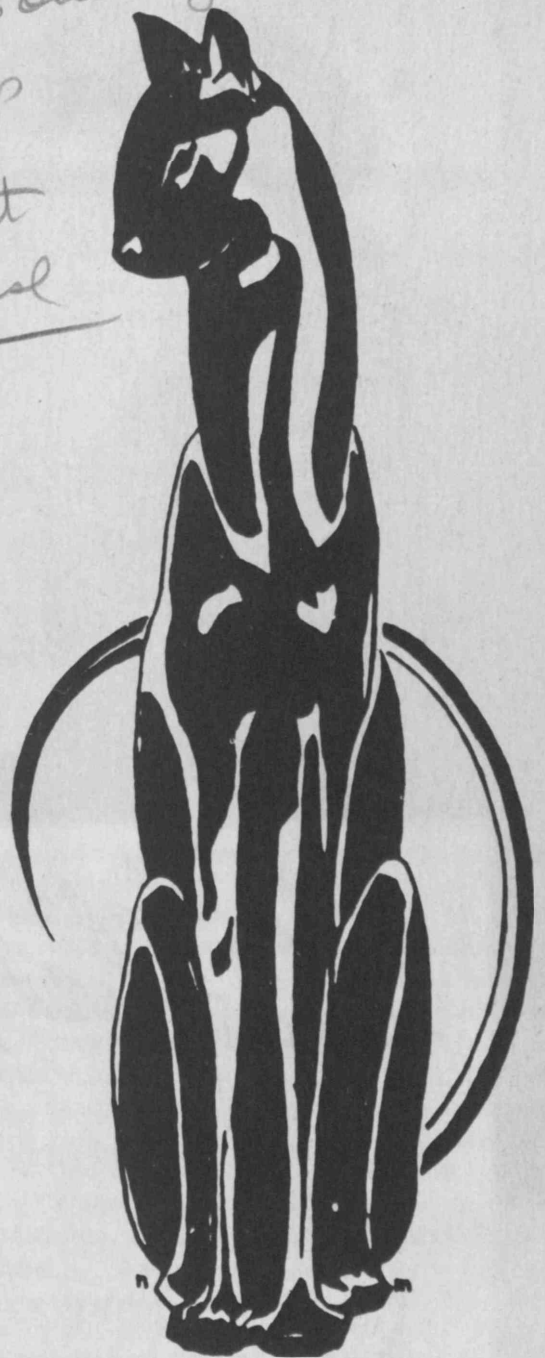
# VOO DOO

MARCH, 1941

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Pete - This issue  
has some good  
makeup  
we  
might  
use



## Voo Doo

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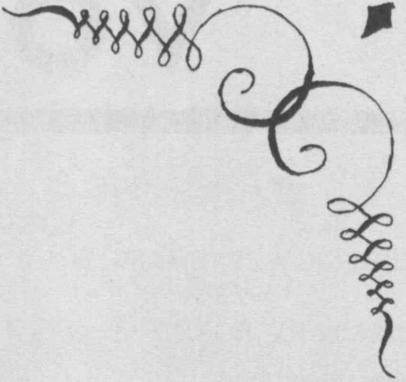
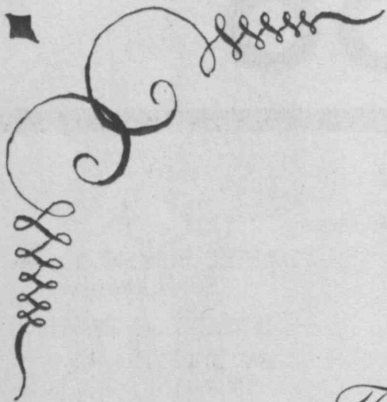
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*The Class of 1942*

*presents*

*Benny Goodman*

*and his*

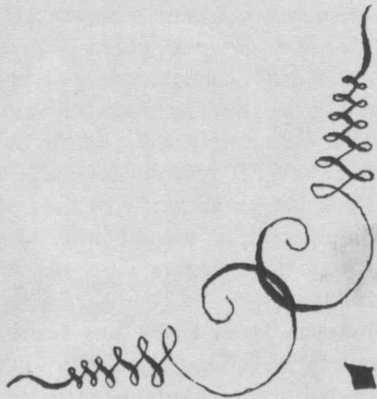
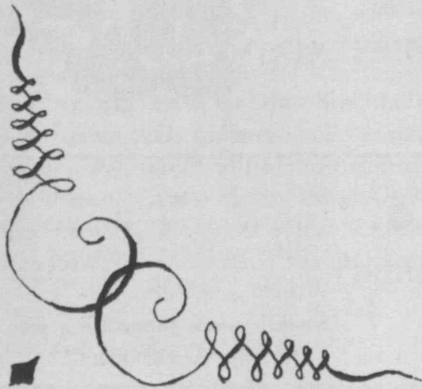
*Orchestra*

*Junior Prom*

*Imperial Ballroom*

*Hotel Statler*

*10 to 3*





# M. I. T. VOO DOO

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## EDITS

### TRANSITION

This year, as in years past, the first Friday of March brings the M. I. T. Junior Prom. Often referred to as the "outstanding social event of the year," the Junior Prom has held this honorable position in spite of the competition offered by the Interfraternity Ball, the Sophomore Prom, and the like. No mere luck, but rather vision and careful planning on the part of the various Junior Prom Committees has been responsible.

Up until a few years ago, the Junior Prom was an entirely different affair from what it is now. Perhaps some will remember exactly what it was: a dinner-dance. Several years back (history is vague about the exact date) some wise committee had the courage to break away from this traditional form and to plan a dance with a big-name band. There were, it seems, several reasons for such a change. Probably the most important was the opportunity it gave for more people to attend and enjoy such an affair. Since that time events have shown the wisdom of the change.

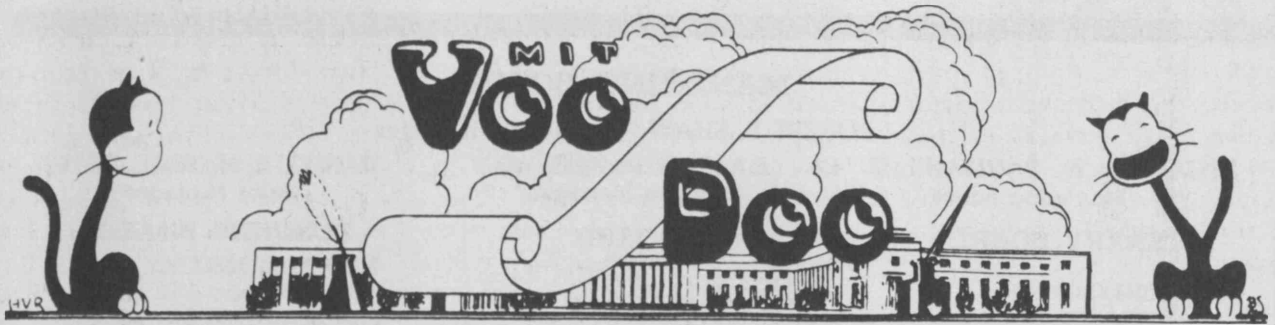
This year too, there has been a change in the nature of the affair, a subtler, but nevertheless a needed change. Whereas in former years the big-name bands that were chosen were of the so-called "sweet" variety, Benny Goodman, this year's band, is pre-eminently a swing band. This, we feel, has been a wise choice. Although Goodman's band is essentially a swing organization, it has shown time

and again that it is capable of the type of smooth music so popular with Tech-men.

There is, VOO DOO feels, room for yet another change. We feel that it would be possible to turn the week-end of the Junior Prom into a regular Prom week-end. Several of our fraternities have spring house parties. It would be possible to have all these scheduled for the week-end of the Junior Prom. The dorms could be split up to accommodate visiting girls. Perhaps Dramashop could produce a play on that week-end. With Tech's new pool, perhaps a "Water Carnival" could be built up. A little consideration will show that the possibilities are limitless.

### GREETINGS!

Welcome, all ye hep-cats to ye olde Juniore Promme! This year, as has been the custom for the last many, the Junior Prom again takes the spotlight as the outstanding social event in Technology's calendar. With Benny Goodman and all the lads mounted on the rostrum, the entertainment promises to be all that any terpsichorean soul could demand. Phos presents you with something new and different in this issue, perhaps sensational. The VooDooites have attempted to throw integral tables, slide rules, and brown bags into the Charles in order to bring you this epic of life at Tech as it would appear to the little woman. Perhaps we are due for a few nasty letters from Conde Nast or the Curtis Publishing Company, but we ain't scared!



## Voodooings . . .

### Which Is Which?

We scratch our head meditatively at the remark recently made by Professor Rogers to one of our freshman staff members. It seems that editorials were being read, and Professor Rogers had been giving one of the freshmen a going over. In particular, Professor Rogers wanted to know what the expression "confine to Tartarus" referred to. Answered the staff member quickly, "It means 'go to hell.'" The professor returned, "Then why didn't you write 'go to hell'?" The Voodooman pointed out, "I'm not writing for VOO DOO now." Professor Rogers clinched the discussion, however. Said he, "No, but you're writing for me." We still scratch our head.

### Comments

Some sophomore seems to have picked the flaw in an M. I. T. education. And in a 6.00 class at that! The professor exp'ained that the only way to get an absolutely correct approximation was to guess correctly the position and size of the wire image. Quietly we heard some one mumble, "Hell, if I could do that, I wouldn't be an engineer. I'd just play the horses."

### From or After?

And we wonder about this town of Cambridge, too. When taking our usual constitutional in the direction of Radcliffe, we inadvertently left the main thoroughfare and walked for a while through some of the street-carless streets. As we approached Harvard three "Cambridge girls" neared us. We couldn't pass them. As we neared the closest spoke. "Do you want a piece of cake?" and she held a cup cake toward us. We looked at the cake. We looked at the girl. We ran.

### Military Strategy

We are acquainted with one of the M.S. instructors whose life will continue to be a veritable hell until the R.O.T.C. quota is increased. At present he has one hundred sophomores in his sections, all anxious to enter the advanced course. The trouble, however, is that only twenty can be taken. This results in a milling mob of fifty students remaining after class to grease the apple by asking questions. As far as we can see, the instructor has been able to answer only twenty per cent of them.

### Pin-Prick

Students are inclined to be extremely reticent toward their instructors. Often, however, they can be unusually frank. We're thinking particularly of the way in which Prof. Frank was startled the other day by the excuse a student offered who wished to change his seat. "I want to sit next to Smith," the student explained. "I'm supposed to keep him awake and I can't do it sitting on the other side of the room."

### How Uncouth!

It seems that Wellesley (particularly Tower Court) was plagued during Hell Week by strange 'phone calls and even post cards, besides the usual directories, signed clothing, and signs demanded during that period. "This is your conscience," the 'phone voice said, just like Red Diamond, and then he went on to practically blackmail all the little girls right over the telephone! Boy, do we wish the operator had connected us by mistake on one of *these* conversations! He seemed to worry some of them a little bit, too. Either he or they must get around. Probably Harvard Lam-pooning again!



## Positive Pressure

While Professor Dietrichson was getting well wound up near the end of one of his 5.612 lectures, the transom over one of 4-270's doors shuddered and dropped open, releasing the shade with another large noise. Professor Dietrichson halted his tirade on pressures in two-phase systems and remarked, "I didn't realize I was talking so much."

## "Hebe"

Rarely do any of the errands upon which the benighted freshman pledges are sent during Hell Week ever backfire to the point that the upperclassmen repent and try to undo the damage done. Such was the case, however, in the most daring of the deeds done this year. The freshmen from a prominent Tech fraternity were assembled sleepily before the brothers one night during Hell Week and were told to obtain by hook or by crook one slightly used statue of a gal named Hebe. The desired statue reposed in a quadrangle in Wheaton Institution for Women in Norton, Massachusetts.

The freshmen set out unquestioningly, and after casing the joint, they made the snatch, not without considerable palpitations and difficulties. They then took it on the lam and brought their trophy triumphantly to Boston. The next day Hebe, the cupbearer of the gods and darling of Wheaton, occupied the place of honor in the house.

But the fun had only begun. That morning President Park of Wheaton said without rancor in chapel, "Perhaps it (the statue) was taken by a beggar who needed the money for a cup of coffee." That no suspicion lay at the door of Tech was evident when the next issue of the *Wheaton News* came out with a long article on the disappearance. It said, in part,

"... Meanwhile, in Providence, Brown sophomores develop gleams in their eyes, and freshmen face fates worse than death. . . . Whether Hebe has decided in favor of co-education and will turn up amid fraternity admirers only time will tell." The trail to Boston had been well covered up.

The incident was re-opened, unfortunately, when a certain news organ at Tech made a slight reference to the kidnapping in connection with Tech's Hell Week, and a member of the staff of the *Wheaton News* discovered it.

Immediately the hue and cry went up again. When Hebe was known to be in or near Boston, President Park became determined to get her back safely. The upperclassmen involved began to get jittery, but all underground attempts by the Wheatonians to negotiate her return were still flatly rejected.

Finally after Hebe had been missing from her perch for eight

days, a few of the brothers decided that the best thing to do would be to return her to her home, since Wheaton was so broken up about the whole incident. In the black of night they trundled Hebe back to Norton and Wheaton, where they left her on the chapel steps. As they left, one of them looked back, and he still claims that the statue winked at him.

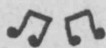
The last word in this little take was had by the Tech men. For tied around Hebe's arm was a note. It read: "Dear Sisters of the Sacred Order of Wheatonius: Never fear, vestal playmates, that I should leave you to return to my previous existence of bar-tending for the gods. Nor have I turned Messalina on you. No, Ganymede is still doing a good job for the Mount Olympus set, and since all the boys around here have read the February 15 issue of the *Wheaton News*, I couldn't get

*Continued on page 27*



"You'd better take a skirt along in case it's formal"

# BENNY RIDES AGAIN



Way back in 1935 Benny took his band into the Victor studios to make its first recordings. The new band was pioneering. Commercially, swing had died out and an era of stagnation (Wayne King and Guy Lombardo) had descended on American dancing. In these first few recording sessions Benny's band included such names as Bunny Berigan, Gene Krupa, and Jess Stacey, all of whom are well-known now. *King Porter*, a record that still sells well, was made in July of '35, and is an example of the good, solid work that started off the band.

In '36, Benny, his crew, and their Fletcher Henderson arrangements began to get a real name. *Blue Skies* and *Stompin' at the Savoy* were Benny's best known records of this year. By this time his band was very popular and Benny had put swing back on its feet. Benny had acquired Jess Stacey and Teddy Wilson, two of the finest piano players in the business. Ziggy Elman joined the band not long after Berigan left to join Tommy Dorsey's band. Vido Musso became part of the sax section and Harry James stepped into the vacancy in the brass section in rapid succession.

By this time 1937 was well under way, and the outfit went out to California to play its famous *Sing, Sing, Sing* for "Hollywood Hotel." Out on the Coast Benny found Lionel Hampton, who joined Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, and Benny to form the quartet, which also played in the picture. The Goodman band was now unquestionably "tops." This

band at its best was responsible for such top-notchers as *Roll 'Em*, *Sugarfoot Stomp*, *Camel Hop*, and *I Can't Give You Anything but Love*, which are some of Benny's best known waxings.

Benny and the band marched triumphantly into 1938 and made their classic recordings of *One O'Clock Jump* and *Don't Be That Way*, which is probably Benny's most popular disc. Shortly after this Krupa left to form his own band and took Vido Musso along with him. In the latter half of '38, not long before Harry James left to form his own band, Benny waxed *Wrappin' It Up*.

Sometime early in 1939 Teddy Wilson left to form his own band and Jerry Jerome joined the sax section taking Bud Freeman's

place. During this period Benny was turning out such discs as *And the Angels Sing* and *Undecided*. Later in '39, Benny and Mary Lou Williams, Andy Kirk's piano player, discovered that guitar-playing marvel, Charles Christian. Charley joined the quartet (then a quintet with Artie Bernstein at the bass) to make the sextet which cut such discs as *Rose Room*, *Flyin' Home* and *Soft Winds*.

At the beginning of 1940 tall Jimmy Maxwell, who is now Benny's regular trumpet soloist, joined the crew. One of Fletcher Henderson's best arrangements, *Stealin' Apples*, was recorded early in this year. Benny's health was none too good at the end of '39, and by the middle of '40 he decided to disband and take a rest cure. Most of the band joined other outfits at Benny's suggestion. Lionel Hampton went out to the West Coast to form his own band, Jerry Jerome joined the new Shaw band, and Ziggy Elman filled Bunny Berigan's gap in the T. Dorsey crew.

Benny came back from his rest in better shape than ever and added the Duke's Cootie Williams and George Auld to his band. With this fine band and drummer Harry Yaeger, who left early in February, Benny made such fine sides as *Henderson Stomp* and *Superman*. Helen Forrest, the vocalist, is responsible for such fine numbers as *The Man I Love* and *More Than You Know*. With this new band Benny has made a terrific comeback from no band at all and averaged a Prom a week during February.







# Harbingers of Spring

"In the Spring a young man's fancy," as the saying goes. So fancy he shall be! We all feel that gay sparkling colors and insidiously provocative styles are the best way to relieve the drabness brought about by the war in Europe.

But it is Spring! And, oh! what vividness and frivolity prevails in the fashions of the coming season. Here, then, is apparel to help you feel that way. Here are the new fashions that we believe in, the trends that are significant and authoritative, the details you can depend on.



Drop shoulders



Bustles

Look for drop shoulders. This daring innovation is certain to make you the center of attraction on any dance floor. The frilly lace ruffles add a debonair touch to the bold neckline — but strapless. It's gay with an orchid boutonniere just beneath the floppy lapel. And it's utterly devastating when worn under an opera cape — black, say, under midnight blue. Take South a Palm Beach mess-jacket, backless, with contrasting trousers and black lace ruffles. Put this as a very definite *must* on your little spring list.



*Look for fruit.* The gay fiestas of old Mexico inspired this delightful creation. Its charm lies in its freshness — in its foppish effrontery. You may wish only a bunch of luscious purple grapes for everyday wear — but let your stop-the-show extra go the limit. Bulgy, shiny red apples, succulent fuzzy peaches, topped by a towering, golden-ripe banana. And don't forget a saucy green sprig of parsley to add pertness.

*Look for bustles.* At long last the bustle has come into its own! And it justly deserves to, for every swaying bounce and whispering *swoosh* simply breathes the perfumed romance of the "Gay Nineties!" If you're young, try a bold, heroic bustle on a single-breasted sports jacket, preferably of camel's hair or taffeta — three buttons, of course. Or at night, wear a pompous one of black velvet, elegantly draped so that it blends deliciously into snugly tailored, pin-striped trousers. Over it all cutaway coat tails fall carelessly.



*Slit trousers*



*Fruit on hats*

*Look for slit trousers.* To sidestep monotony, those of you with shapely limbs might try this alluring bit of sorcery. The Chinese have long known the effectiveness of an expanse of leg showing with even the primmest of attire. So why can't we use this to advantage in adding zest to ordinary pants legs. The inside lining is the brightest side. Quiet beige trousers — when the March wind catches the cuff — reveal a flash of red or green or brilliant plaid socks — and gay yellow lining. The slit should run up only slightly above the knee — and by the way — a gaily gartered calf topped with an ever so slightly rouged knee is simply bewitching!

# FANTASIA

"Fantasia," a blaze of color, light, and magnificent music, has shown a new way of speaking to the artist. Humor, drama, and splendor are everywhere present and a magical Disney touch gives the whole an air of perfection. The drawings are delicate, intricate, and complete.

Admittedly, Disney has been treading on dangerous ground — first, in trying to make caricatures out of symphonies, and second, in interpreting these symphonies in his own definite way. The whole has been so elaborately, carefully, and authoritatively worked out, however, that no one can fairly find fault with the work on these two points without considering himself a world-famous music critic.

The only real weakness that can be found in "Fantasia" is that sometimes the color is too colorful, the interest too much in the picture instead of the music. Yet the linkage of the music with the picture is so ingenious that in only one part of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* is it evident that the music was made to fit the story, although the story was written for the music.

"Fantasia," however, has far more to its importance than the art and idea that is expressed. Science has dug into its apparatus and produced a few modern phenomena that make this picture an epoch in cinema history. The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Stokowski, good on records,

almost perfect to actually see and hear, is reproduced through an apparatus so elaborate and so ingenious as to make it seem as though a concert hall would spoil the effect created here.

The theaters are elaborately equipped to reproduce this sound with loudspeakers placed at regular intervals around all the theater. Sounds that in a concert hall would sweep across the orchestra can travel around the theater, in almost any amplitude at any place. This was made possible by dividing the orchestra into eight parts and recording the music on nine sound tracks through thirty-three microphones. The tricks that can be played with an apparatus like this are limitless, and Disney used most of them.

The filming of the production is as spectacular as the recording of the music. Color, heretofore dark and lacking "punch" in almost every color but red, is blazing and awesome in "Fantasia." Delicate shades are frequent, and dazzling effects of light, such as Apollo and the sun in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, are almost blinding. The screen shows a blazing panorama of light and color, although there are many scenes where subtle, dark contrasts are effectively reproduced, too. The scientific accuracy with which the Dinosaurs move in Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* gives an indication of the study, labor, and inspection that went into "Fantasia."

At the bottom of the program

is a little note of interest to those who have seen "Fantasia" which says, "From time to time the order and selection of compositions on this program may be changed," indicating that Disney has translated more than eight symphonies into color, story, and motion. The present order is:

<i>Toccata and Fugue in D Minor</i>	Bach
<i>The Nutcracker Suite</i>	Tschaikovsky
<i>The Sorcerer's Apprentice</i>	Dukas
<i>Rite of Spring</i>	Stravinsky
<i>The Pastoral Symphony</i>	Beethoven
<i>Dance of the Hours</i>	Ponchielli
<i>Night on Bald Mountain</i>	Moussorgsky
<i>Ave Maria</i>	Schubert

The selection is good, and the comments by Deems Taylor make it seem even better. Perhaps Richard Wagner has been slighted, but it would have been much more of a sin to omit any of these. None of the music is "heavy," but all types and periods are well represented, which should satisfy almost everyone.

Bach's *Toccata* is lacking in story, but the life and character of the music are caught by color and motion symbolism, often complex, on the screen. Here is where the sound system shows all its tricks, throwing music from ceiling to floor, from left wall to right wall.

*The Nutcracker Suite* is lacking the legend that was behind its writing, but frolics in a land of fairies, where one finds much of Tschaikovsky's music. *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* is coy, clever Mickey Mouse at his best. *Rite of Spring* is drastic, dynamic; an integrated hypothesis of what happened to Mother Earth in her advent. *The Pastoral Symphony* is Disney at his wittiest, poking

*Continued to page 27*





*"Then you integrate this function . . . ."*



# Lured into Love

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

*This is one of the thousands of divorce cases that come up before that world-famous mediator, Judge J. C. McClaherty. We now boldly print the story behind the famous Louis "Blackjack" Frenesi pentagamy case. Following is the result of an interview with wife number four, the cheerful, affectionate Irish girl, Maureen O'Jones, who was abused so ruthlessly by this denizen of the swivel-chair:*

"My name is Mamie O'Jones. I been told that I'm beautiful and glamorous. I ain't so sure, but fellas are attracted to me. Maybe I ain't glamorous. Maybe guys attract me. I don't know.

"I was born in Cambridge, Mass. on April 1, 1917. I was sort of a surprise to my old man. He thought the Germans brought me by submarine. At first he said I was none of his. He claimed I was an April Fool joke. My maw was surprised, too. When she first saw me, she yelled, 'Who the hell thinks he's being so damn funny?'

"You can imagine I felt pretty lousy, I'm telling you. Imagine, my own parents giving me the cold shoulder. No wonder I got to be an introvert.

"I got to thinking, you know. I couldn't keep on like I was. I had to stop sneaking into the Harvard dorms to sleep. I couldn't keep on making off like I was a Tech oars-

man and going in to eat at training table. I was getting too big. I was growing up.

"I only seen one thing I could do. I'd have to make up with my folks somehow.

"'Mamie, old kid,' I says to myself, 'you gotta show the old man you're O.K., see?'

"It wasn't no easy job, but somehow I did it. I watched the bathtub where he was making gin, and I watered the marijuana patch. Pop got sore once when I got mixed up and watered the gin. But he kind of calmed down after a while. Pretty soon everything was hunky-dory.

"It wasn't long before the folks got tired of me hanging around the house like I was. They figured they'd get rid of me by sending me to school. So they did.

"I didn't mind the school so much. It wasn't half bad. Maybe that's why I got along so good. In

eight years I was in the fourth grade. How's that for moving, huh?

"After eight years, though, I sort of got tired of it. It bored me, you know what I mean? I didn't want to be cooped up in a school all my life. Like Bette Davis says in her last picture, I wanted to meet life, to really live. I couldn't hold back any more. I finally did it. I crossed the river and went over to the big city, Boston.

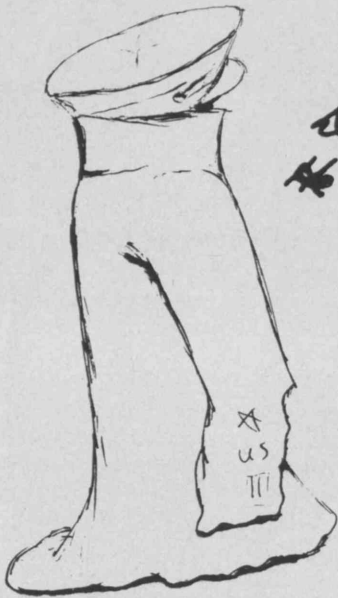
"I stayed in Boston for a couple of days. It was nice, you know what I mean. All these people moving around, going some place. I liked it fine. So I made up my mind I wouldn't go back to Cambridge, ever.

"After a month or so it wasn't so nice though. I began to get hungry and sleepy. I looked around but it wasn't no use. I

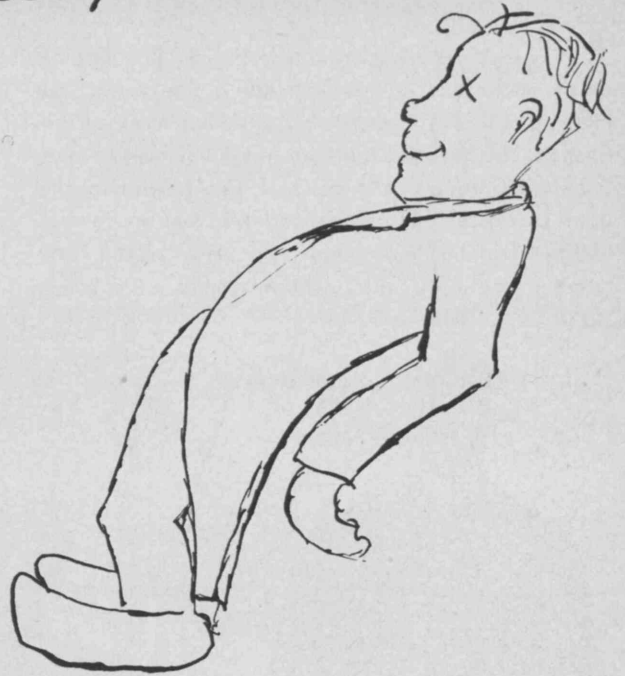
*Continued to page 19*



# Look Out for the Fall Born



Don't good Rhode  
He well feel.



Herlihy insists that scotch is  
something that he never touches.



McBride finds things are pretty grim  
For now a goil is chasing him.

Frankie Seeley's lost his date  
He's looking for another mate.

# Scene on Campus

**T**HE gentleman below who is so happily flaunting an exam paper has obviously made a fine mark. His clothing will also earn for him a similar mark of distinction. The shetland top coat has a light brown hue, is double-breasted, and has high peaked lapels. The hat is a dark brown pork-pie, and the shoes are reverse calf with double thick crepe soles. His favorite Kay-woodie pipe adds tone to the ensemble.



**T**HE flower (made with feathers) in the lapel may be an obvious attempt to win the title of the "Best Dressed Man on the Campus," but the suit gives its wearer more than just a fighting chance in that direction. It is a double-breasted blue worsted with chevron stripes (while the suit is warm, it will not keep you out of the draft). A white broadcloth shirt with a solid navy blue knit tie, and black oxfords, complete the outfit.



**T**HE cigarette smoker just above is wearing a blue-gray single-breasted two-buttoned blocked tweed sports jacket and contrasting trousers of very dark gray flannel. The shirt is a blue striped oxford with a Duke of Windsor color, and the blue tie, with white polka dots, is silk. His friend, another pipe smoker, is wearing a cotton jacket with a brown overplaid against a checked background. This jacket is ideal for golf. The trousers are covert.





OUR OWN PATSY GARRETT  
out in front with Chesterfields  
and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

*Sure an' the  
Big Parade's to*

*Chesterfield*

... for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette... *MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE* and *COOLER SMOKING*. Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes... *that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.*

*They Satisfy*

# MENS ET MENNES

## JUNIOR PROM OF CLASS OF 1942

### PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

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MR. AND MRS. DELBERT LEON RHIND  
DEAN HAROLD EDWARD LOBDELL

DEAN AND MRS. THOMAS P. PITRE  
PROFESSOR AND MRS. LEICESTER F. HAMILTON  
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ERNEST FRANKLIN ARTZ AND MISS MURGATROYD  
FRANCIS BOND HERLIHY AND MISS MURGATROYD  
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Michael Salvatore  
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George A. Slifer, Jr.

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Hans J. Haac and B. M. Smith  
John D. Helbig and Betty Jane Morse  
Robert W. Keating and Lorraine Virginia Hanley  
George R. Urquhart, Jr. and Patricia Harrington  
Morrie P. Seiple and Eleanor Adams  
Albert B. Root, III and Helen Ross  
William J. Cain and Norma Jean Masher  
Alan W. Katzenstein and Sally Bernkopf  
Richard Haven and Ruth Ann Hausen  
Robert G. Vyverberg and Ann Wigton  
Daniel Robbins and Marcia Singer  
Daniel M. Schaeffer and Jean D. Gartenberg  
Alan Milman and Elsa Shore  
Samuel A. Scharff and Phyllis Doherty  
Morton Goulder and Rodie Saffel  
Horace H. Binney and June Julian  
Joseph P. Grandfield and Eleanor O'Hara  
Robert B. McBride and Janet Lockwood  
William R. Moulton and Alice Lloyd  
Benjamin L. Kingsbury and Carolyn Capitell  
C. Albert Lau and Marjorie Hong  
William F. Watkins and Mary Lawrence  
Richard C. Gibson and Rosamund Gethru  
Lee Colfman and Florence Hobel  
Alvin Markus and Lucile Wolf  
Rafael Martinez and Barbara Montagu  
Sterling H. Ivison, Jr. and Clara Ellen Bettes  
Barton L. Hakan and Jean Bohacket

Arthur W. Avent and Helen Larson  
Ricardo Menendez and Mary Street  
Stephen E. Stephanov and Dorothy Kemp  
Daniel B. Grady and Philadelphia Carpenter  
Frederick M. Dierks and Patricia Stewart  
Dwight Sutherland and Suzanne Hayward  
William M. Folberth, Jr. and Marie C. Folberth  
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John L. Crandall and Emma Belle Shaffer  
James Madwed and Rochanne Weintraub  
Gordon Brown and Merle Messack  
David B. Mitchell and Clarice McDonald  
Charles S. Hofmann and Rusty McElligott  
Leo J. Feuer and Katherine Buckner  
S. James Spitz, Jr. and Barbara Pierpont  
Joseph H. Altman and Lucille Temple  
Irving Kotlier and Roberta Weiseman  
George M. Heyman and Maida Rosenberg  
Frank S. Smith and Jane Sloan  
William Maxwell and Evelyn Lillis  
Matthew Mank and Jane Weber  
Harold Schuhle and Marion Milkey  
Ted Holt and Lora Jean Burger  
Donald W. Augusterfer and Lilianne Swindlehurst  
John Thompson and Constance Hillman  
James B. Reswick and Kay Laub  
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Joseph Osgood and Edith Horne  
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H. K. Spaulding and Jane Bowers  
Will H. Dennen and Mary Lou Farnsworth  
Donald C. Berkey and Doris McGillivray  
Jesse F. Van Wickel Jr. and Teddy Long  
Erwin Anisz and Marjorie Hanson  
David Christison and Pat Jenkinson  
Edward P. Todd and Elizabeth Curran  
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Robert C. Evans and Laddie H. Roberts  
Arnold C. Fields and Virginia DeNyse  
William H. Uhger and Peggy Shiel  
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Arthur Peterson and Ronnie Phoenix  
Martin B. Levene and Dorothy Shapero  
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James M. Hart and Elizabeth W. Hart  
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R. E. Sandt and Betty Harper  
Paul M. W. Bruckman and Arabella Gootch  
Edward Hardway and Eleanor Fox  
C. R. Stempf and Elizabeth Grimley  
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Reece Wengenroth and Phyllis Yungermann  
Richard E. Russell and Shirley P. Redfield  
Malcolm A. McGregor and Cecily Church  
Eugene Sartori and Mrs. Eugene Sartori  
Robert W. Mayer and Christina Howcroft  
Morris H. Rosenthal and Naomi Blackman  
Stanley B. Roboff and Sue Rogers  
David M. Baltimore and Selma Alpern  
Henry S. Brightman and Elaine Schneider  
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Robert Byloff and Ruth Higdon  
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William Foley and Beth Ellison  
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Stephen B. Hazzard and Jeanne Kiefer  
John R. Davis and Ann E. Linton  
William Chepulis, Jr. and Olga Chwacky  
W. F. Orr and Nellie Jane Mellow  
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**Example for a Certain Young Virgin  
at a Woman's College Just West of Boston**

*Observe, my friend, the timid  
mole;  
Regard his deep dejection;  
And ponder now, while yet you  
may,  
His fear of all detection.*

*Recall, I beg, his long lean  
form;  
Consider well his shading.  
How well he's made for wood-  
land jaunts,  
His enemies evading.*

*But should some foe invade his  
haunts,  
And there the mole espy,  
He thrusts his head against the  
ground  
And tunnels down to Shanghai.*

*How timid then we find the  
mole;  
How fearful of detection;  
And note, my friend, how well  
he's made  
For shunning all inspection.*

*How well prepared our little  
mole,  
Although all glances haunt  
him.  
But futile all his camouflage,  
Since who the devil wants him?*





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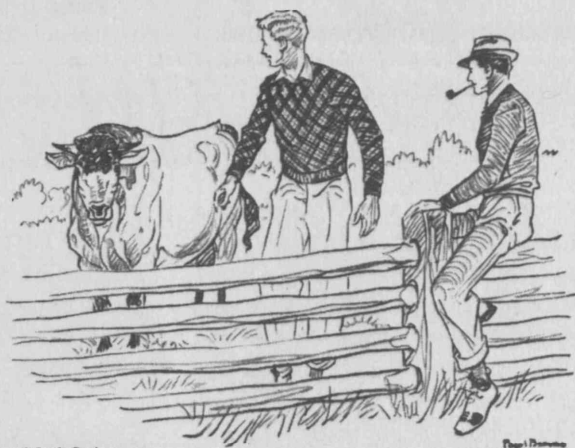
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### BRANCHES

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Fleet &amp; Thomas

*Continued from page 12*

couldn't find no Harvard dorms to sleep in. I couldn't find no Tech training table to eat at. I didn't know what to do. So I got a job.

"It wasn't no easy business getting a job let me tell you. It took me nearly another month. By this time I'm really hungry, I'm tell you, so when the boss asks me out to dinner, I says, 'Sure, why not?'"

"We went down to Joe's Super Ten-Cent Hamburger and Table d'Hote Diner. It was there he first asked me. We been there about ten minutes. I was in the middle of my fifteenth hamburger. The boss, Louie Frenesi, leaned over the super ten-cent hamburgers. He giggles. The ketchup bottle was tickling him under the chin. He brushes it off onto the floor.

"'Mamie,' he whispers, 'Mamie, I want you to call me 'Black-jack.'"

"'Gee, thanks,' I says.

"'What'll we do after dinner?' says Louie. 'Would you like to come up to my apartment and see my Petty drawings?'"

"'Like a sap I says yes. Quick like a rabbit I stuff one hamburger in my mouth and another in my pocket, and then we went up to his apartment.'"

\* \* \* \*

*Thus another innocent fell into the clutches of this foul fiend. The editors regret that space does not permit our printing the sequel to this amazing story this month. Watch for our next issue.*

\* \* \* \*

Bootblack: "Shine?"

Freshman: "Naw."

B.B.: "Shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em."

Freshman: "Nope."

B.B.: "Coward."

—Hazelwood.

## "QUOTABLE QUOTES"

The following are actually uttered phrases of Tech Professors:

H. C. Buxton: "The secret weapon which the British seem to have found is the Greek Army."

H. C. Buxton: "I don't know where we got when we last stopped; but we'd gotten someplace anyhow."

Prof. Frank: "I want you to hand in your roll cards as you pass out."

Prof. Beattie (during a quiz): "Well, you ought to be finished by now."

Dean Bush: "And then came the Stillson wrench. This was the answer to a maiden's prayer."

Prof. Ashdown: "All colored organic compounds should be taken with a grain of salt."

Prof. Marvin: "I can run off 150 determinations a day and still have time to read the newspaper."



Contrary to some unfounded opinions, the new Goodman band is as good as ever. Benny's brass section, although it has only one regular trumpet soloist, has all the power and tone that could be desired. Both of his trombone players take interesting solos. In addition to these men Benny has Cootie Williams as a feature soloist. Cootie more than replaces any of Benny's past trumpeters, and Georgie Auld can fill the boots of any of the old sax men. Art Bernstein is acknowledged to be the most solid white bass player alive, and the rest of the rhythm section is just as good. Benny's two arrangers, Ed Sauter and Fletcher Henderson, are an unbeatable team. With this arranging the band is playing better swing than ever, and just as hot when the occasion demands.

#### *Dicky Wells and Bill Coleman.*

("Dicky Wells Blues" and "Bill Coleman Blues.") Lovers of Blues will like this disk. Each musician takes a whole side for his improvisation, and is accompanied by an incomplete rhythm section. Coleman's side is full of ideas, but Wells' has more power to it.

#### *Raymond Scott*

("Petite" and "When Cootie Left the Duke.") "Petite" is a beautiful tune that may have been suggested by "Night Song" or "Perfidia." It has fair trumpet and sax on it, but is marred by queer drumming and too much

meaningless paper work. "When Cootie Left the Duke" is an Ellington-ish arrangement with some good growl trumpet thrown in. This side is better and doesn't sound like Scott at all.

#### *Charley Barnet*

("Good for Nothin' Joe" and "Charleston Alley.") "Good for Nothin' Joe" is almost all vocal by Lena Horne. She has a good voice and really puts this song over. The lyrics are something like "Bill." "Charleston Alley" is another tune composed in part of "licks." That interesting trumpet "lick" at the beginning and end of the disc is one of Taft Jordan's favorites. Except for those two trumpet solos and a good sax solo by Charley the disc is tightly arranged.

#### *Gene Krupa*

("Who" and "Full Dress Hop.") Two good hot sides. Gene shows amazing power and wealth of ideas on "Who." "Full Dress Hop" was supposedly written by Roy Eldridge but the part behind Sam Musiker's clarinet solo sounds like the background used on Goodman's "Royal Garden Blues." Sam's clarinet and a trumpet solo are highlights on this side.

#### *Benny Goodman Septet*

("Gone with What Draft" and "On the Alamo.") "Gone with What Draft" boasts two solos by Christian and others by Benny and Williams. Basie is on the record and takes no solos, but he makes a good background for both sides. "On the Alamo" is a beautiful slow number. Cootie takes an open trumpet solo and Auld, Christian, and especially B. G. take nice quiet choruses. Benny's ending is very good.

#### *Harry James*

("I Never Purposely Hurt You" and "Flatbush Flanagan.") "I Never Purposely Hurt You" is a nice dance tune with a good arrangement well played. Dick Haynes takes the vocal on this one and does a good job. Those who have seen much of James have heard "Flatbush Flanagan" but never found out what the name was. Vido Musso takes a good sax solo and James has two nice muted solos. This side is good for dancing too.

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The Governor of Missouri told about the pioneers who said, when leaving Missouri, "Goodbye, God, I'm going to Kansas."

The Governor of Kansas said the punctuation was wrong: It should be, "Good, by God! I'm going to Kansas."



## Toast on Etiquette

### Wearing Hats

Every so often I get a letter asking about hat rules. It seems that with our growing note of informality, many gentlemen are uncertain about when to remove their hats and when to keep them on. Here is one such letter which I just received:

Dear Miss Toast:

My wife and I often have many quarrels, and I am bothered by a point of etiquette which usually comes up. My problem is this: should I or should I not remove my hat when I strike my wife?

At the present time, the removal of hats in the presence of a lady is rather a moot question. I must admit that there are many occasions on which you need not remove your hat, but when you are trying, as the prize-fighters say, "to knock her block off," I should recommend that you remove your hat. Surely your wife deserves that much respect.

### Salutations

National defense seems to have brought along with it certain problems of etiquette resembling those perplexing questions of the court etiquette type. I am thinking of one letter in particular.

Dear Miss Toast:

As a reserve officer, I was recently called into active service by the government. I am now stationed at Fort Hogwash with Company G of the 27th Coast Artillery. Could you please solve

a question of etiquette for me? It has been bothering me for some time. How should I, a second lieutenant, address my first sergeant?

Lieutenant has indeed a perplexing problem. If he will consult the proper government sources, he will learn that he outranks the first sergeant. In the light of this, I think it would be quite proper if he addressed the sergeant as "Sergeant Blank" instead of "Mr. Sergeant Blank" as a lower ranking man should. The colloquial usage of the term "Sarge" is considered a bit risque and should be avoided.

### Dinner Manners

Dinner etiquette can often be exceedingly confusing, with the result that many dinner guests find themselves quite uncomfortable when there is no cause for alarm.

Dear Miss Toast:

I wonder if you could enlighten me on a question of table etiquette? At present I am very much confused. Two nights ago I attended a formal dinner party. While my head was turned toward my right, the guest on my left, an M. I. T. graduate, drank the wine from my wineglass. Was this a breach of polite etiquette?

Ordinarily, it would not be in the best form for a guest to drain another's wineglass. We must, however, be tolerant and consider the upbringing and environment of others. I am told that in Boston and at M. I. T. the conduct of

*Continued to page 27*



## PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY—

*but he's out of the dog house now!*



**"NO BLANKETY-BLANK** rookie who smokes such blankety-blank tobacco can ever marry my daughter! Phew! Either stay away or switch to the Army's favorite!"



**KELLY GOT DECORATED** for fragrance under fire! You can, too! You puff Sir Walter in your pipe and every nose agrees it's the mild burley blend of grand aroma!"

*New!*

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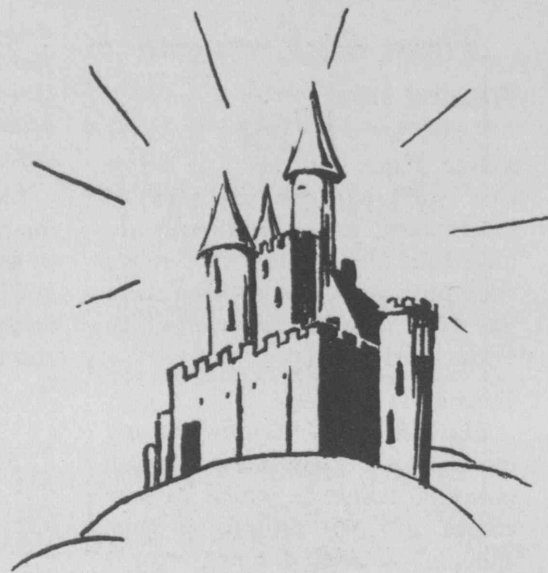
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## *A Heap of Living*

*Life is one of those silly details  
Of living which people choose  
To philosophize about.*

*"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow  
Creeps on this petty pace from day to day."*



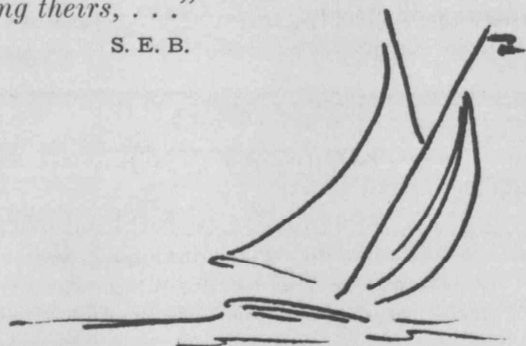
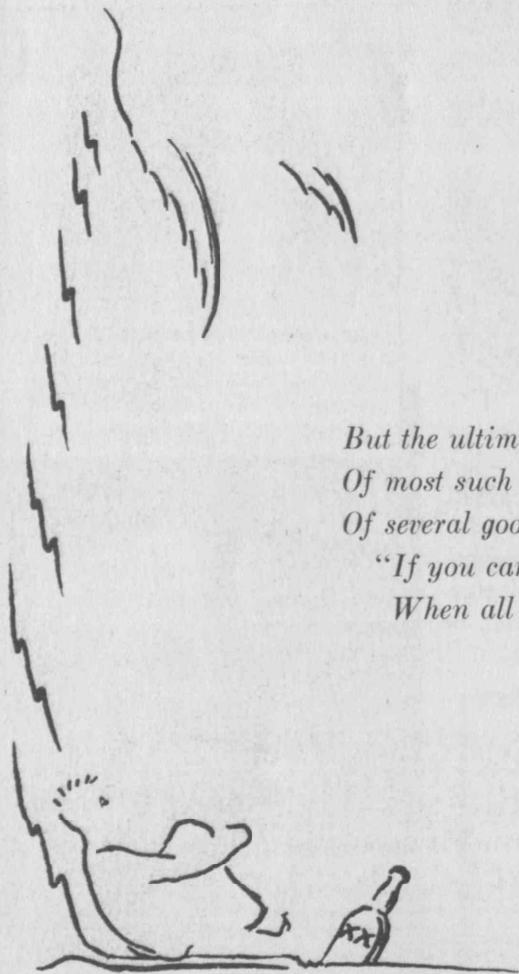
*As I see it, however,  
Life is a natural consequence  
Of being born.*

*"To be or not to be,  
That is the question."*

*But the ultimate result  
Of most such thinking is the waste  
Of several good pints of Scotch.*

*"If you can keep your head,  
When all about you are losing theirs, . . ."*

S. E. B.



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L. E. WITNEY, Managing Director

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

For the best line 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.

### THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

I'm losing my punch said the  
flapper as she hurriedly left the  
cocktail party.

*Submitted by  
Charles Svet '43*



Dick mumbles, "Sweet as honeydew!"  
Janet sighs and quavers.  
Dick says, "No—I don't mean you,  
I mean these swell Life Savers!"



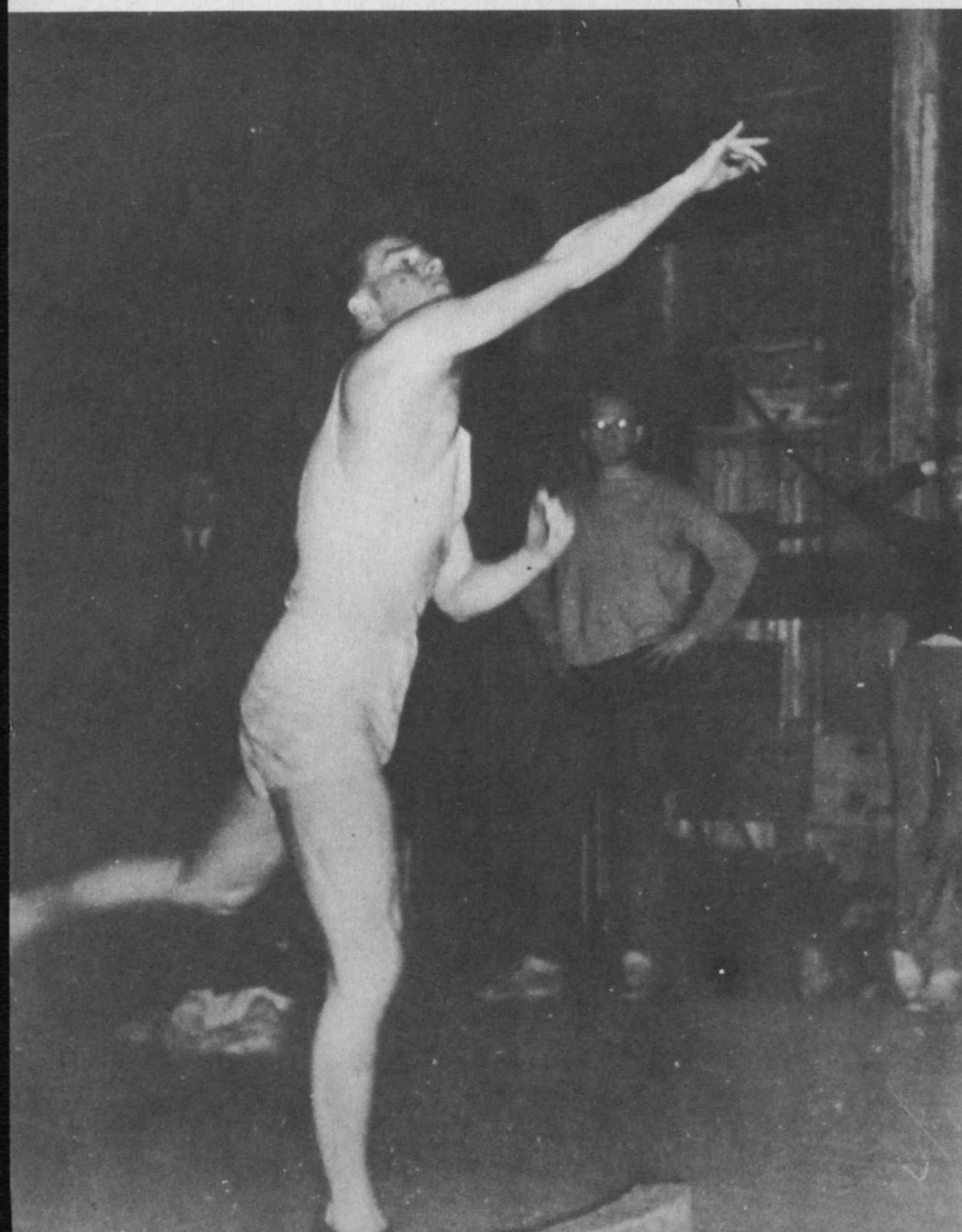
**MORAL:** Everybody's breath offends now  
and then. Let Life Savers sweet-  
en and freshen your breath after  
eating, drinking, or smoking.



*300-yard getaway*



*Nagle puts a long one*



## TECH

A week ago last Saturday the Class of '41 cleaned up in Oscar Hedlund's annual midwinter Inter-class Track Meet. Paced by Lew Jester, track captain, and George Clark, who won the 600-yard sprint and took second in the 300-yard dash, the Seniors garnered enough points to take the meet, their first victory in this event since 1938.

This meet, one of Oscar's projects for keeping the school interested in track and giving everyone in school a chance to run, has several enticements. Any first place automatically carries with it the coveted straight "T," while the other places bring numerals to the lucky men. The interest in these meets is always very keen among team members, for it is a chance to compete with the school's best, and also an opportunity to bring a little glory to one's class.

Incidentally, George Clark ran the 300-yard event against doc-

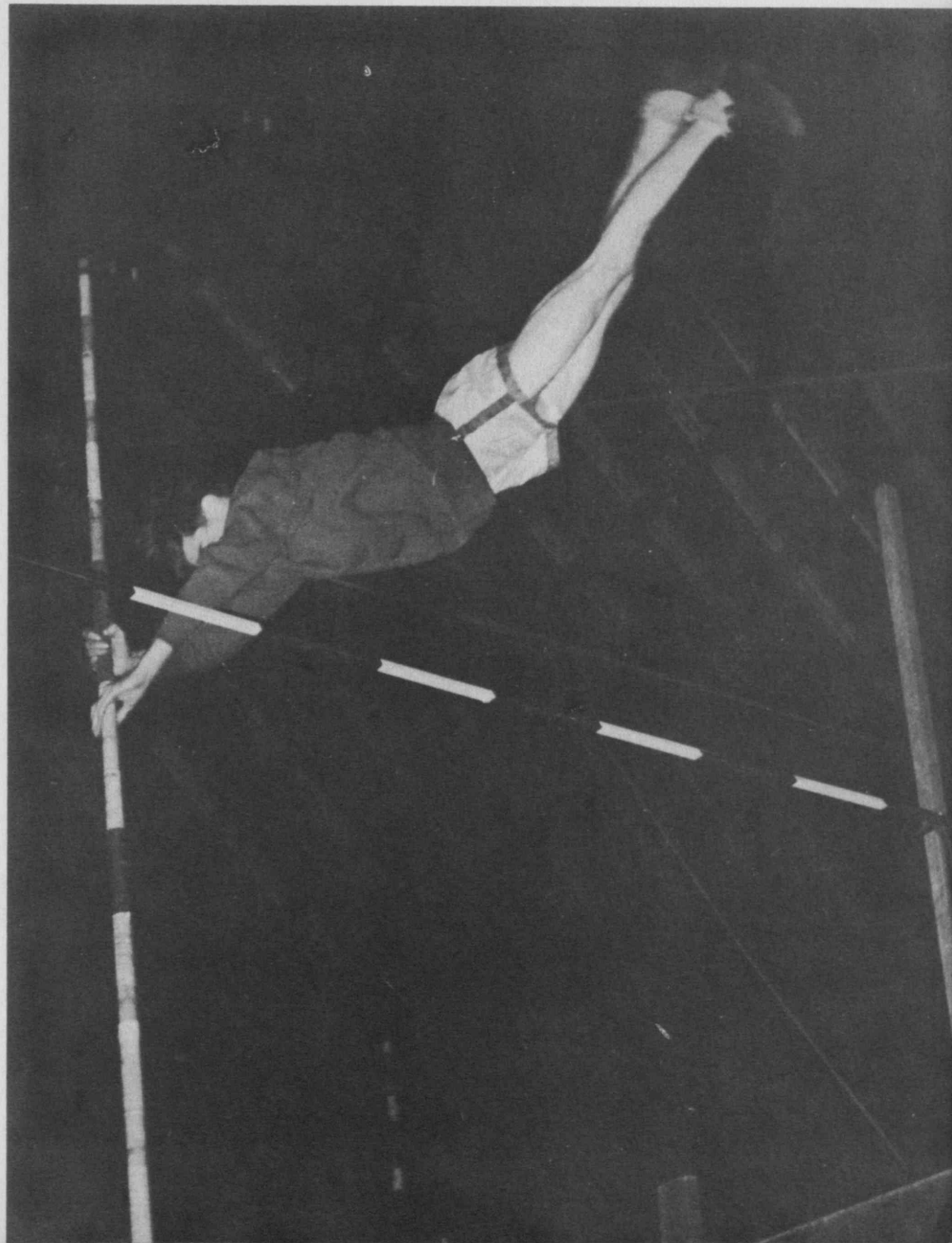


*300-yard photo finish*

# TRACK

tor's orders, since he was supposed to run only the first lap around the boards to see how his bad leg would stand up. He decided to finish, and did, — second in a photo finish. The other sensational win of the afternoon was Miller's capture of the one-mile run for the freshmen, which he ran against the watch, always a bugaboo against fast time.

Oscar, Tech's infallible sports prophet, picked the winning class again, although his points, 57 for the Seniors and 53 for the Freshmen, were not too close to the  $73\frac{1}{2}$  and  $72\frac{1}{2}$  that were tabulated. The Freshmen, as usual, were best represented, a factor which counts for much in these meets. The competition, as always, was keen, and all four classes were really fighting for the first places, although sheer manpower was responsible for many points of the Seniors and Freshmen.



*Gilbert over the bar*

# DEAR DIARY

Sunday, March 2

Yipe! Here it is Sunday night again!! What a week-end! what a couple of lousy blind dates. Some pill I drew Friday night! No Simmons dance is worth that much! And that darned old Smith College and their old proms! I wouldn't go out there again for one of those brawls even for Eleanor — (maybe). What a drunken bunch that was at that beer place in Northampton. And that — from Harvard that put a pin in my tire! (I wonder if he ever got under his hood and found that his LaSalle had no spark plugs and no distributor rotor. But then he wouldn't know where to look, anyway!) Good night, you dirty old diary, I'm going to bed. I'm bushed.

Monday, March 3

Same old Monday, same old classes, same old homework, god-dam! That old devil for 2.01. I suppose he thinks that's the only course the Institute teaches that I get any credit for? A hel uva lot of credit I'll get for that course! Do five problems and get back seven to correct. Good night! (DEAR diary.)



Tuesday, March 4

Another dance coming up! More corsages, more gasoline, more liquor, more hangover! I suppose I'd better call up Erskine and ask Louise, or should I try to call Wellesley again? She's wearing my pin, I suppose I'd better take her out sometime. That darned old crew! I'll be a physical wreck for that dance Friday. What was it that Bobby said to me today? Oh, yeah! "You could spit a bigger puddle than that, Schwartz, and you look awfully dry!" And then he made us hold 36 for two minutes. Boy, am I tired! Flick back those covers, Jeeves, and I'll have a cup of coffee at ten-thirty. Oh, yes, and a warm shower at ten-fifty. Wow, that dormitory will be cold. Sleep tight, you foul book! (I'll apologize tomorrow night. I ain't in the mood.)



Wednesday, March 5

Holy smoke, what a day! Ice on the oars, explosions in the lab, test in P. Chem., where's my trunk? I hear Rawlins is a nice place. All year around — green grass, beeyootiful women, sunshine, tennis. . . . What's the difference? I'll be in the army anyway. I don't know, though, I can get color blind overnight, or maybe even flat footed. Maybe I'd better get married and get some dependents quick before I

graduate! (I think you still have to get married.) Yipe, some one dropped a water-bomb on somebody in the street. See you later, Diary, maybe I'm missing a good fight.

Thursday, March 6

I'm so disgusted I ain't talkin' to no one, not even you!



Friday, March 7

I'm writing this while Charlie ties my tie. I told him I'd get him a cute date, and that Goodman's right in there, but I honestly think that guy likes to brownbag! Whoever heard of studying for Saturday classes, or writing a report a week before it's due! Boy, what a party! Tonight's the works! I'd better see if Charlie can loan me a sawbuck. I've only got his tails, shirt and tie on now. Quiet, Diary dear, this requires tact.



"Got a quarter for a room tonight, mister?" the tramp asked the well-dressed gentleman.

"No," was the reply.

"Gotta dime for a ham sandwich?"

"No."

"Gotta nickel for a cup of coffee?"

"No."

"Huh, you're in a heluva fix aintcha?"

—Pointer.



## "Fantasia"

*Continued from page 10*

fun at Greek mythology, yet leaving its splendor and that of the music unscathed. *Dance of the Hours* is the funniest and most conventional of all the interpretations, in which the ballet of the ostriches, hippopotami, elephants, and alligators ends in a wild frenzy. *Night on Bald Mountain* and *Ave Maria* are bold contrasts. The primitive devil-doings of the Russian story cause a violent transition into the magnificence of *Ave Maria* — staid, triumphant, and joyous.

## "Hebe"

*Continued from page 5*

anywhere even if I wanted to. Though Dr. Park might not see the thing in its true light, it is quite possible for a girl, even a beautiful Wheaton number such as you and I, to lead a simon-pure existence.

"A word about the week-end: I might just say, 'Had a wonderful time,' or 'Glad to be back,' but there is much more than just that. What a time I've had! ! ! ! If there are any of you who are dissatisfied, who are bored with too much study, too much Norton, or too much Wheaton in general, I would recommend that you contact — (promised not to tell), and arrange for transportation to the bright belt. I've tried it now; and confidentially, girls, I love it.

"I expect to stay around in chapel just long enough for some sober repentance; then I suppose it's back to Metcalf and Kilham for another spell. The girls there are rather a dull lot, but what can you do with a fixed foundation? We'll make the best of a bad situation.

"Now that I'm back again, don't take me for granted; I might feel neglected and have that vacation-urge rise within me.

Hebe."

*Toast on Etiquette**Continued from page 21*

your neighbor would be considered perfectly satisfactory. In view of this, I think that the fault was excusable.

By the way, was the fellow on your right a gentleman about the affair, or did you have to take his glass by force?

Usher: "How far down do you wish to sit, lady?"

Lady: "All the way, of course."

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# MOUSEHOLE



... In their usual bungling manner *The Tech* sport spielers recently declared that Phil Phaneuf broke his leg as a result of a last week's hockey game. His classmates found him at classes as usual, and the real story was that the doctor couldn't decide whether or not Phil had broken a toe — much less a leg! ... At last Ed "Julius" Yoder has missed a class, in fact a whole dayfull of classes. Sunday of Washington's Birthday week-end he and Ben "White Trash" Skinner were driving home from Mount Washington in Ben's "Master Eagle Six" sedan. Its arches fell completely — in short,

an axle broke. Result — one new axle and one day late. ... It seems that Station 16 has been bothering the Fenway boys again about parking their cars in the street at night. Frank Storm returned not too early the other night to discover that his car, heretofore immune from Boston flatfeet with a Texas license, had been rifled by one of Sergeant Butler's boys of a letter addressed to him at The Fenway address. We understand the letter is now on file at the station. We wonder if the Sergeant has increased his feminine correspondence? ... It seems that the Chi Phis have added another member

to their Let-the-Olds-Drive-Itself-with-Hydrumatic Club. Congratulations, Mr. Powell, on the snappy car! ... With open water on the Charles (We saw two gulls in it yesterday!) there are violent rumors of Beaver Key projects in the offing. It seems that the pseudo-athletes are going to be busy on week-ends to come with basketball, track, baseball, volley ball and football tournaments to finish up. We're tired just writing all those! ... How is Dick "Pretty Boy" Merritt making out with that little blonde in his 5.62 lecture? Maybe he sits in front so he can see the board better. ...

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