

V O O D O O



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BUY
WAR
BONDS

Jack got up the morning after the big dance in a very cheerful mood. He whistled as he took a shower. But as he was eating breakfast he suddenly changed. He appeared to be thinking very hard and scowled, with his teeth clenched.

"What's the matter, Jack, didn't you have a good time at the dance last night?"

"Yes, I had a good time," he answered slowly, "but in the rumble seat on the way home the girl I was with said she was cold. I put the robe over her, and when she still said she was cold I lent her my coat. She didn't say anything after that, but I just happened to think —"

— Pelican.



We had been discussing that peculiar function of the human mind known as memory. The guy on my left said, "Well, I remember when I first began to talk."

The guy on my right countered, "Hell! That's nothing! I remember when I was born."

I looked scornfully from one to the other and then said, "I've got you both beaten. I remember when I went to a New Year's Eve party with my father and came home with my mother!"



WHAT THE GIRLS OF ALL NATIONS SAY THE MORNING AFTER

Italian Girl: "Now you will hate me."

Spanish Girl: "For this I shall love you always."

Russian Girl: "My body has belong to you, but my soul shall remain free."

German Girl: "After we rest awhile, maybe we go to beer stube, Jah?"

Swedish Girl: "I tank I go home."

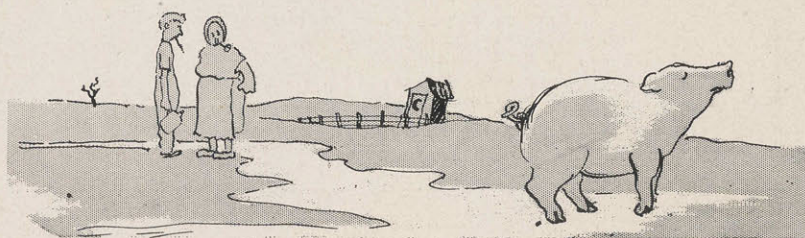
French Girl: "For zis I get a new dress, oui?"

Colored Girl: "Boss, I sho hopes dis changes yo luck."

Chinese Girl: "Now you know it isn't so."

English Girl: "It was rather pleasant, really. We must try it again sometime, don't you know?"

American Girl: "My God, I must have been drunk. What did you say your name was?"



"Reckon somebody told 'im the O.P.A.'s made pork 16 points now!"



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



To the Editor:

You and Phosphorus do a pretty good job with that mag, I will admit. BUT, why do you keep filling up the back pages (and usually the front pages) with line after line of . . . well, I'll come right out and say it . . . obscenity? I don't mean just those short jokes you steal from other college "humor" magazines, but the stories written by your staff, too. You guys can write funny without writing vulgar, can't you? Well, can't you?

Another thing. Every time somebody writes a letter like this complaining about the level of your humor, you refuse to confront the issue. Enough of this beating about Robin Hood's hut. How about it? Moreover . . .

A RADIATION LAB SUBSCRIBER.

Ed. Note: Uh huh.

George Bableman-Splotskopidos,
11 Vassar Street,
Cambridge, Mass.
November 21, 1943.

Phosphorus,
Voo Doo,
303 Walker Memorial,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed herewith please find evidence that your sins are being investi-

gated. From private sources, I happen to know that the internationally famous detective, —, (see clipping),



is rapidly gathering proof that you are the culprit in the Oakes murder. Unless you wish to be electrocuted for your brutal crime, follow these instructions precisely:

At midnight on the night of Tuesday, November 23 go to the drinking fountain in the Esplanade near Harvard Bridge.

Have with you ten (10) dollars (\$10.00). (Ordinarily I would ask ten thousand dollars in a case such as this; but it is my policy, when blackmailing, to ask only what I think the victim — that's you — can barely scrape together by selling everything he owns in the world.)

Do not inform the police.

Do not bring anyone with you.

Do not try to doublecross me.

If you follow the above instructions, I will proceed to bump off —, the internationally famous detective, and you will be safe.

Otherwise *beware*.

Yours with all my malevolence,
G. B. S.

Editor's Note: Welcome back, G. B. S., we thought you had been caught in the draft. We do not doubt the mercenary sincerity of your offer, but we think we can crawl out from under by our own power. Parenthetically, to all those who do not know him, G. B. S. was the occupant of Hayden 613 in pre-war days, and the clipping to which he refers is further explained in the VooDooings.

Voo Doo

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Volume XXVI

DECEMBER, 1943

No. 8

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The
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HOTEL GARDNER, MASS. AVE., AT NORWAY ST., BOSTON

His wife lay on her death bed. She pleaded: "John,
I want you to make a promise. Will you ride in the same
car with mother to the funeral?"

He sighed: "O.K., but it's going to spoil my whole day."

— *Privol.*

A
FAMILY
STORE



Corcoran's

CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

Coöp Barber: "You say you've been
here before. I don't remember your
face."

Student: "Probably not. It's healed
up now."



"Afraid?"

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



Figures may not lie, but girdles keep
a lot of them from telling the truth.

— *The Log.*

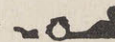


"How bashful you are," a pretty
girl said to a young man.

"Yes, I take after my father in that
respect."

"Was your father bashful?"

"Was he? Why, mother says if
father hadn't been so darned bashful,
Id' be four years older."



I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
Upon the drink that's being mixed;
A girl who doesn't like to wear
A lot of junk to match her hair;
Girls are loved by guys like me —
For who in the hell will kiss a tree!

— *Exchange.*

Henry lived in the suburbs, and every night travelled home by motor. One night his car stalled a little way from town. When midnight came and he had not yet put in an appearance, his wife, worried, sent six telegrams to his closest friends, asking whether they had seen Henry. Next morning she received six answers reading, "Henry is spending the night with me."



A cousin of Siegfried Sassoon
Once wiped out half a platoon
By making them choke
On a horrible joke
Which he clipped from the *Harvard Lampoon*.



A tommyhawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake without hair, there is an Indian with.

— Log.



He: "Do you know what virgins dream about?"

She: "No, what?"

— Green Gander.



"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked? He was electrocuted!"

— Old Maid.

FRUSTRATED ROMANCE — 1942
I met her at Coney — we wus out on the raft
She looked like Mazie — big fore and aft

For two years I wooed her —
About that goil I was daft.
But before I could get her,
I got the shaft in the draft.

— Jacko.



"What foah dat doctah comin' outa youah house?"

"Ah dunno, but I thinks ah's got an inkling."

— Urchin.

Boss: "Late again!"
Clerk: "Well, my wife presented me with a baby last night."

Boss: "She would have done a lot better with an alarm clock."

Clerk: "Come to think of it, that would have been quite an achievement."

— Urchin.



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The Viking

Served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons;
also Lobster, chicken, steak dinners.

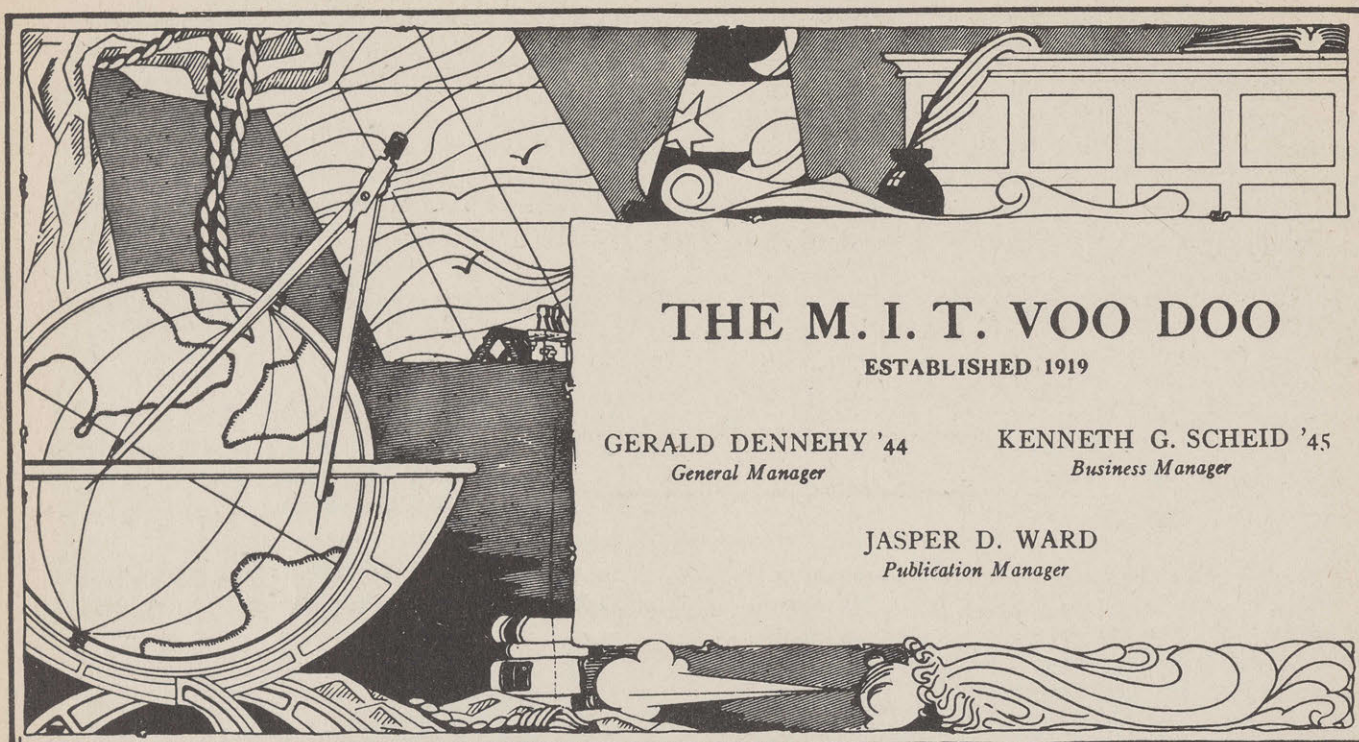
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"TEMPUS FUGIT" BUT THE CAT REMAINS

IT was three days after the gone but not forgotten Junior Prom that we finally roused ourselves from a stupor and garnered sufficient energy to move our corpse from the basement of Walker to that haven, 303. The atmosphere at the office was far from tranquil as we poked our head through the door. There sat the cat, not in his lately calm and serene attitude, but more like the feline of old, his proud and haughty countenance looking down on us with an air of disgust.

This was the old Phosphorus, the stately animal who had of late become more an impersonal animation within the office walls. As we stretched out on a desk, he turned toward us. "And you guys said that gang downstairs was all through. After their performance the other night I would say that you'd better start giving out dishes with your future issues."

For a minute we stared in wonder at this cat, the unholy creature which had for years made life interesting to many Walker janitors. "Cat," we said, "you seem to have lost faith in your boys; let's take a look at the record. It wasn't long ago that Voo Doo was being investigated financially by every committee in the Institute, and it looked like the rag's financial position was such that your life as a useful addition to the campus was about over. Spitz and Metzger took care of things, however, and for over a year now we have been sailing right along with a halfway decent magazine and a hell of a better financial outlook. Now stop bitching about that episode with *The Tech*."

Phos was slightly taken back by our righteous defense, but with a deft movement he leaped from his original perch to a new position atop the ceiling globe and continued, "Okay, I appreciate you and all that, but stop patting your own back. It might be better for you to do a bit of salvation work for *The Tech*; that outfit seems to be existing on its so-called reputation. Why, even though those guys pulled a fast one on you down at the Statler the other night, they tell me that they had to give half of their copies away. And that masthead of theirs, with mention still being made that they are 'publishers of *Vu*, the M. I. T. Pictorial Magazine.' Good God, with *Vu* a dead bird for over a year, that masthead should have a solid black line surrounding it!"

And so the cat, sitting there proudly on his perch, had said his piece, as is traditional. Then he cocked his head at a different angle, and we knew what was coming next:

"Well, this ends another volume — perhaps the best we've had in some time. Sure miss not having had Ward, Harjes and Root around for all eight issues; those guys certainly were helpful. Losing those three made it all the more important for the rest of the mob to pitch in and take care of their work. You ought to be damned glad that you've got a good number of hard workers."

The cat again surveyed the situation and since it was obvious to us that he was doing all the talking, we let him continue: "After this issue, go take a nice long rest down at Jakie's. Every year at this time the old boys worry like hell about me and the rag; but forget it, the crew coming in will take good care of this dissipated feline. Just make sure you tell them to apply for my special liquor ration when that valuable item starts being handled by OPA. That's all, son; now blow."

As we left the office the cat assumed that haughty position again, and as the door closed we knew that things would be normal, with the proud Phosphorus still holding sway in 303 Walker Memorial.

PHOS is proud and happy to announce the election of the following men to the Senior Board of Volume XXVII of Voo Doo: General Manager, Kenneth George Scheid, '45; Managing Editor, Raymond Wilding-White, '45; Business Manager, Cortlandt Fisher Ames III, '45; Senior Advertising Manager, John Thomas Cooper, '45.

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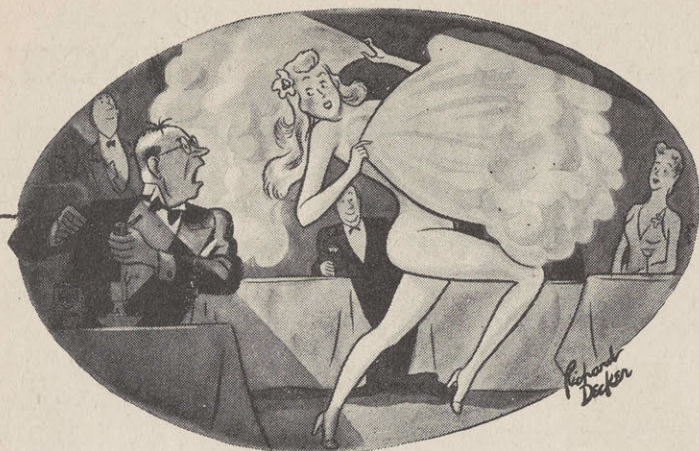
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*"Stop flicking those fans!  
I can't light my Sir Walter Raleigh"*

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RALEIGH**

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"Well," said the waiter in the shack to the student who had just had his seventh cup of coffee, "you must be very fond of coffee."

"Yes, indeed," answered the student, "or I wouldn't be drinking so much water to get a little."

— Duke 'n' Duchess.

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"Is that fellow over there a man or a mouse?"

"He must be a mouse because his gal had her dress pulled way up over her knees for him last night."



Father: "I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same thing to your son when you are a married man?"

Son: "Not with such a straight face as you can, Father."

Dutchess



Big Business Man: "Any rags? Any old iron?"

Hubby: "No, nothing for you. My wife's away."

B. B. M.: "Any old bottles?"



What is ethics? Well, I will show you. Suppose a lady comes into the store, buys a lot of goods and pays me ten dollars too much when she goes out. Then ethics comes in. Should I or should I not tell my partner?

— Ranger.



There was a young lady of Trent  
Who said that she knew what it meant  
When men asked her to dine —  
Gave her cocktails and wine.  
She knew what it meant — but she  
went.

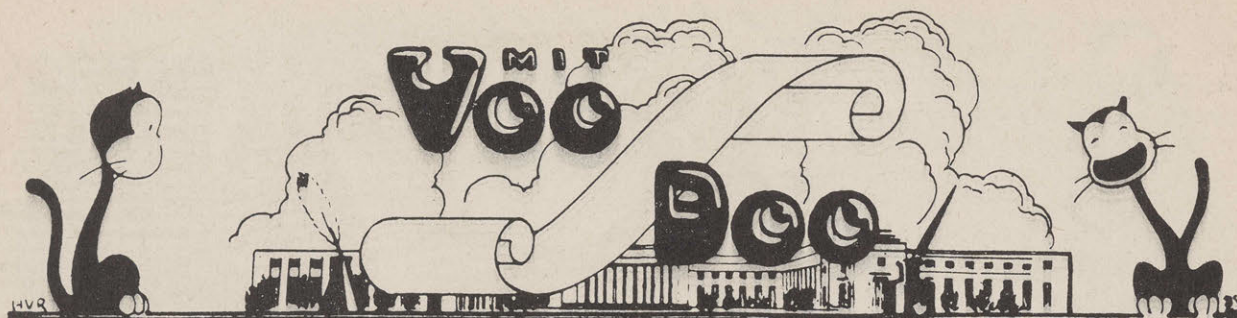
— Frivol.



# HOLIDAY HANGOVER







THOSE little anonymous voices whispering in our ear lately almost had us convinced that there isn't room at Tech for both the ASTP lads and the V-12 brotherhood. However, we can now confidently refute all insinuations of discordance in the ranks. On the contrary, the boys have proved that they can click it off like condemned axe-killers on the eve of the hanging. Why, it was only the other evening that we saw the blue and the khaki cooperating to attain a common objective in the form of four young *femmes de building 24* grouped about a coke at the lounge bar. But the final blow to our morale-mangling rumor-mongers was struck on the afternoon of the Army's recent regimental dress review. Came the big moment. "Pass in review!" bellowed a voice from the stand. Simultaneously the Navy band, borrowed from

the Grad House for the occasion, crashed through a few preliminary bars and stepped off, leading row on row of resplendent khaki past the reviewing stand to the stirring tune of "Anchors Aweigh!"

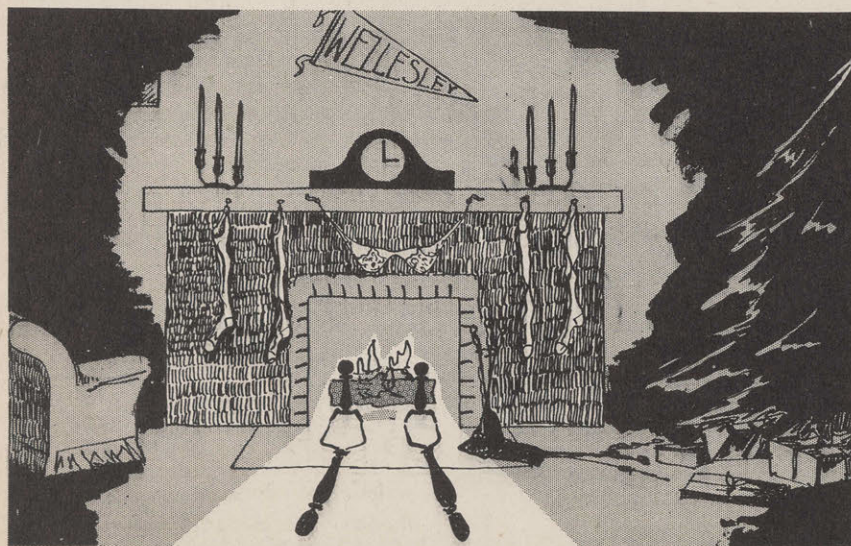
SINCE the boys from the Square (Harvard, not Scollay) insist on sticking their necks out month after month, we shall have to go right on swinging the cleaver on it. This time they have perhaps unreeled a few inches too much spine, and must expect to lose their heads altogether. The whole thing came out in one of Boston's more reputable rags the other day. Dr. Wilbur Kitchener Jordan, new president of Radcliffe, was to make his inaugural address before students and alumnae of several New England colleges. After surveying conditions at Radcliffe's sister institu-

tion on the aforementioned square, Dr. Jordan emerged a disillusioned man. To quote the *Traveler's* cryptic report: "Myth of Masculinity Dispelled, Says New Radcliffe President"

WE hear from our reporter overseas that the turf in a cemetery 'somewhere in England' has been pulsating rapidly for the past few weeks, which has been causing the English public no end of grief. We of Voo Doo believe that we have found the cause of it all. By some coincidence, this is the cemetery in which the famous Sir Isaac Newton is buried, and our suspicion is that the poor fellow is turning over in his grave due to something that happened recently in a 2.01 class at Tech.

The poor professor was going off on a tangent from  $F=ma$  to show how a body was accelerated up a plane when a hand shot up in the back of the room, and a serious voice was heard. We know you won't believe this, but we'll swear on a stack of Voo Doo's that this poor boy didn't know that  $F=ma$ .

BUILDING TWO has seen everything now. The chalk-flinging freshman, and the secretary-stalking sophomore are an old story in its dusty halls. But C. B. Woods' drama section could not be convinced that there was nothing new under the sun, even in Building Two, and 2-178 became the scene of something original in the way of destruction. The group was rehearsing the last act of that inimitable





Roman farce "The Manaechmi," which involved a short struggle between a mad twin and three slaves of the old school. "Let's put some realism into this thing," urged the Professor. "Rough him up a little." The tiff was on. Back and forth across the room tumbled the battlers. Then came the cue "Exeunt, slaves." With a final chorus of oaths, the struggling figures wrestled their way through the door. There was a splintering crash as flesh met glass. A breathless slave regained his feet, plucking frosted glass from his arm, and gasped, "Why didn't somebody open that door first?"

**S**PEAKING of 2-178 brings to mind another episode that occurred a few days later, tickling the fancy of Mr. Baine's freshman English section. The back row brotherhood were speculating on the missing glass before settling down for their regular tri-weekly nap, when two of those under-aged hecklers of the species usually encountered during MS drills galloped into the room. Unperturbed, Mr. Baines bargained with the interlopers, promising a "laissez-faire" policy in return for strict silence, but arbitration was in vain. The more fiery his oratory, the louder their derisive cries, until the Professor coolly grasped a fistfull of trouser in each hand and ushered them firmly from the room, locking the door for good measure. He had hardly turned back to his already yawning class before the duo were scrambling in through the pane-less window. The philosophic contemplation of E12 was given up for that day. The frosh just couldn't seem to concentrate.

**E**VERY year about this time, the usual aggregation of Tech men file into the supply room to chase the potato bugs out of the winter M.S. uniforms. They enter the abattoir as proud civilians, but emerge a motley crew of ill-fitted, ill-fated rookies, resplendent in blue lapels and brass buttons. This metamorphosis from civilian to bell-



"Buck up, men, the war can't last forever"

hop is not without incident. It's a pitched battle between the timorous, timid, trusting Tech man and the stubborn, scornful, senseless supply sergeant. To print all the incidents which take place in the little room would be to fill the magazine with taboo tattoo. This is probably the best yet.

It seems one freshman wasn't getting such a good deal. The coat sagged, the pants dragged. It was really drape shape. But worst of all, the outfit was old — horribly old. Knowing there was little that could be done, but not wanting to leave without lodging a complaint, our freshman sauntered over to the sergeant. "Sir," he said decorously, "I'm really not complaining. I know this overcoat couldn't be anything but the newest. But when you find a note pinned inside bearing the inscription 'George Washington slept here' it sort of makes you stop and think."

**H**ISTORY has it that women have

always been happier when they have stayed at home and let their men do the outside work. However, there are always some women who cannot see life in this light and who wish to make life for all around them easier and happier by seeking their own careers. Such are the young ladies who come to Tech as coeds and whose antics are a continual source of interest to all those around them.

One such specimen recently set a class in aeronautics into convulsions. The professor was explaining that when a propeller reached the speed of sound, it created a loud hum due to the vibration. He then asked if anyone in class had a suggestion as to how to get rid of the noise. Our coed, sober, and determined, raised her hand and said, "Why, professor, just take the propellers off."

**P**HOS has the perennial pleasure of welcoming two new contributors this month. Lieutenant Canfield came through during a Naval Organization





"But you said you were Free French!"

class while explaining the meaning of the phrase "S.O.P.A." Maintaining his usual poker face, the lieutenant elucidated "Senior Officer Present Afloat," and then after a moment's reflection, added, "... or Ashore, as the case may be."

Professor Evans made the best of a bad situation during a thermocouple demonstration that required the use of a Bunsen Burner. After he had the instrument carefully placed, its flame suddenly backfired into the base. He gazed long and reproachfully before remarking in acid tones, "That's the invention of a chemist, isn't it?"

AN incident has recently come to our attention that serves only to strengthen our unshakeable belief that modern American youth — even that motley segment of it that has been drawn in by the long tentacles of Dean Thresher's office — is never completely oblivious to the world about it. *C'est la guerre*, perhaps, or more likely, just ordinary human curiosity; but even amid the humdrum existence we are all leading, everyone seems to find a

few moments in which to acquaint himself with the broad trends of current history, as written up in the papers. Oh yes: the incident. Well, it seems that during an E 12 class the other day, one of the Freshmen was asked by the instructor to explain the word "statutory." Confidently, the youth replied, "It means under age, sir."

THE professors of the English Department have a very annoying habit that takes a good bit of the fun out of life at Tech; they insist on taking attendance. Much as we enjoy English classes, we feel hurt because the department can't trust us. So it was with great amusement that we witnessed the following incident during one of Mr. Leggett's E12 classes.

The instructor was in no mood to call the roll, and he hit upon the brilliant idea of first counting roll cards and then counting noses. When his tally revealed one too few noses present, he flashed a triumphant smile and uttered the brilliant words, "All right, which one of you is absent?"

IT seems that Bob Ilfeld, president of the M. I. T. Bridge Club, and Paul Slepian, the Bridge Club's star player, wandered into the Cavendish Club in search of a little enjoyment a few days ago, and there they met two dear, sweet, little old ladies. The ladies asked the boys if they would like to play a short game of bridge, and our down-trodden followers of Culbertson naturally replied in the affirmative. The foursome played for small stakes just "to give the game a little interest," and when bedtime for the two dear ladies rolled around, they left the club with \$6.75 apiece of the boys' hard-earned money.

We hang our heads and weep mournfully for the M. I. T. Bridge Club.

WE of the Voo Doo staff have always prided ourselves on producing a magazine notable for its purity, aplomb, frankness and *savoir-faire*. Of course, we must admit that at times there have been minor objections to our points of view, petty annoyances with our jokes, and even faint doubts of our youthful naivete, but these we have borne quietly in our hearts knowing that, in spite of what some may say, our magazine is definitely *au courant*. In the average American home the word "voodoo" has become synonymous with the finest in humor magazines; to countless millions, the magic letters v-o-o-d-o-o-o have spelled reading enjoyment for the whole family. But now with unbelievable stupidity, one of our largest Boston tabloids has threatened to upset this whole idyllic state of affairs by using the word "voodoo" in its most archaic and obsolete meaning — that which Mr. Webster affixed to it so many decades ago. Yes, with one terse headline we have been placed in one very uncomfortable and embarrassing position. Imagine our chagrin when we read on inside headlines — "VOODOO IN SLAYING OF SIR HARRY OAKES?"



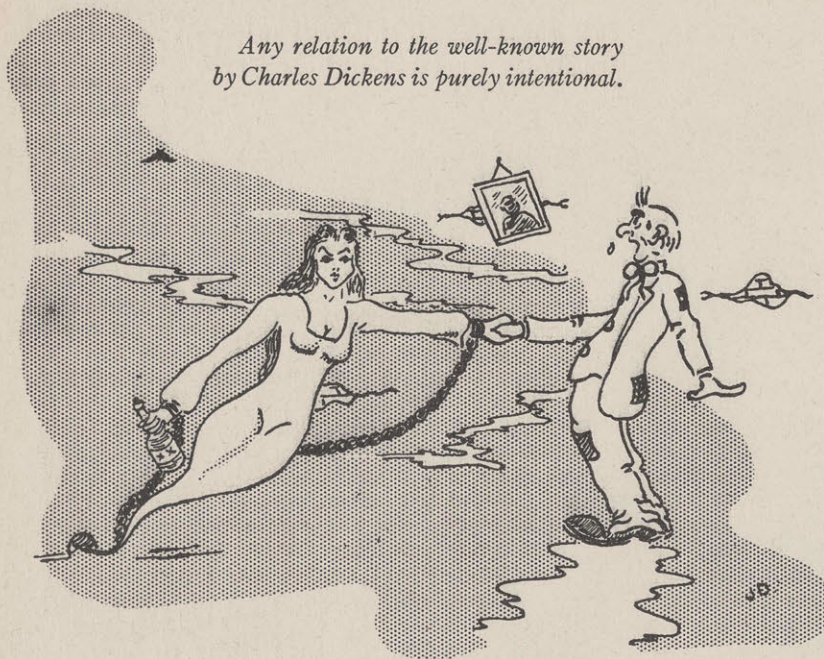


Betty Hutton is our selection for this month. When Phos saw her picture, he decided to go to Hollywood and Paramount Studios, and it took us two hours to convince him that the trip was beyond his financial means. She is featured with Bob Hope in his latest comedy "Let's Face It." We admire the cat's taste, don't you?



## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

*Any relation to the well-known story  
by Charles Dickens is purely intentional.*



**M**ARLEY was dead. There was no doubt whatever about that. Marley, Stooze's ancient partner, had been dead seven years. Too much absinthe and vodka had done for the old boy. Stooze himself had attended to Marley's last wishes — had him embalmed with Schenley's and laid to rest in the largest vault of Westminster Brewery.

"Bah!" cursed Stooze, as he knocked over a young carol-singer and trod on his face with hob-nailed boots. It was Christmas Eve. The night was cold and foggy as the old miser made his way home. He hummed the chorus of a vulgar ditty, gleefully thinking how he had fired his clerk, insulted his nephew, and strangled a new-born child during the last few hours of this glorious day before Christmas. He'd show 'em! "Christmas! Bah!"

He fumbled for his door-key as he stood on the steps leading down to the cheerful little abandoned sewer he called home. Suddenly Stooze stared. His blood turned to lumpy tapioca. The knocker on his front door! There seemed to be a ghostly

face in its place! "No, no," he whispered, "not Frank Sinatra!" The apparition was gone.

Stooze entered and locked the door. Descending four flights of slimy stone steps, he groped blindly into his bedroom. As he sat munching a midnight snack of powdered clamshell gruel and sipping warm blood, a sound of clanking and rattling reached his ears. "Humbug!" he rasped, loading a trusty musket with old muffins. The eerie sound grew louder; it passed through his bolted door and was in the room! Stooze saw through dilated eyes a weird luminous figure. "Marley's Ghost," he cried, discharging his weapon and hurling moldy olives, all without visible effect. The ghost, a transparent but unquestionably voluptuous blond clad only in a full-length backless snood, rattled the chain clasped about her perfect 17 waist — a chain made of old bell-clappers, radiator pipes, fire-tongs, and a rusty steam boiler.

"Humbug!" roared Stooze, "you don't exist. Go away!"

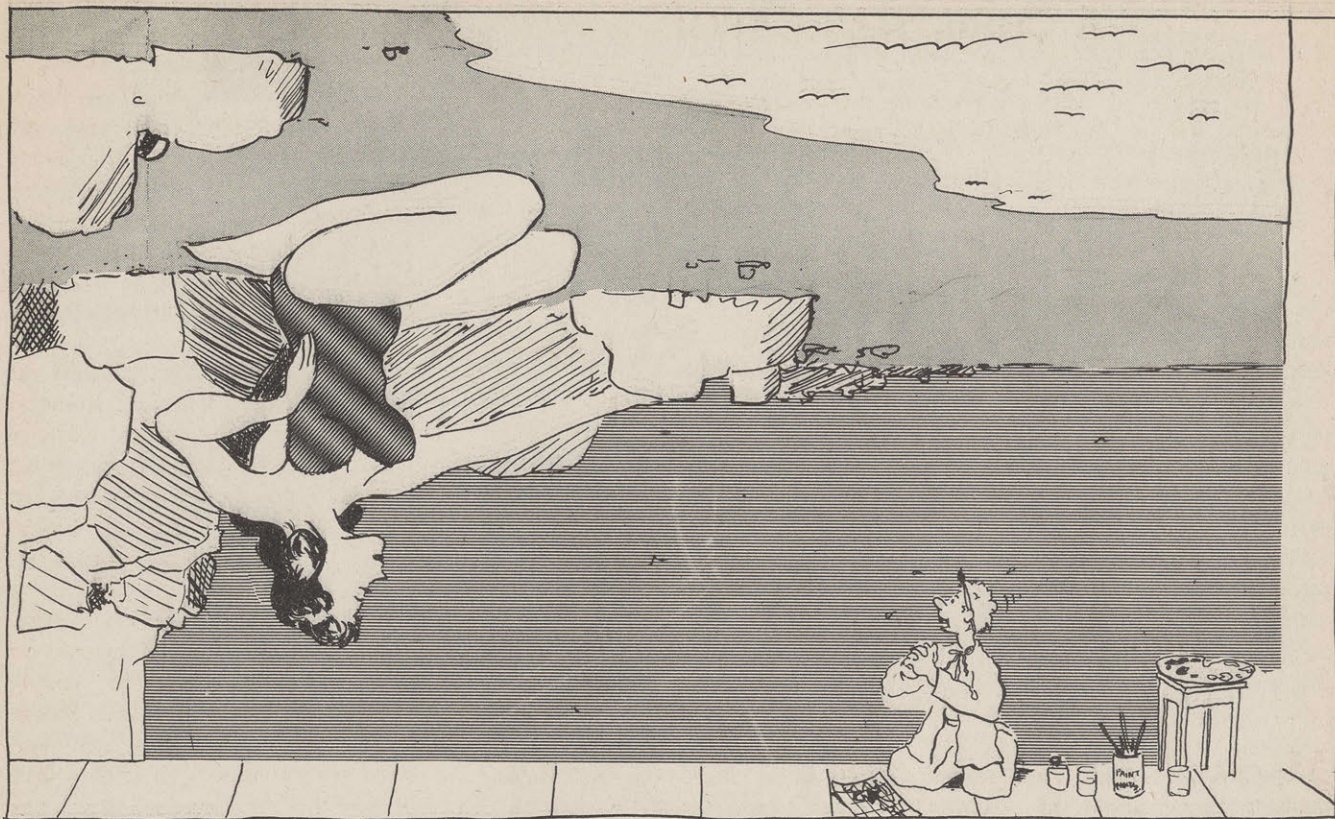
"Never!" spoke the spirit. "You will be haunted by three cronies of

mine. They'll show you a gruesome time, but it is your only chance to escape my fate." She rattled the chain and belched. "Excuse me. Tomorrow the first Spirit comes. It's name is Jake Wirth Spirit of Christmas Past, of innocent childhood!" She backed toward the door, and tripped on her snood. It fell to the floor. Blushing, she hastily vanished.

Stooze awoke. Already it was the appointed time. Crawling from his crevice in the wall, he beheld a strange figure, the spirit Wirth! It was an old man with the face of a child, streaked with lager and reeking of ale. A glow of ruddy light shone from its nose. Taking Stooze's hand, it croaked, "I am the Spirit of Christmas Past. Come. Time is short." They sped off into the night, the spirit passing easily through solid walls while Stooze fared not so well. Battered and bleeding, he sensed that they had paused by a pleasant little hut situated four feet below high water mark on the Thames marshes. "My old home!" he wept, "Look, my mother is frying seaworms over the candle! It must be Christmas! Yes! There's sister wading in the mud beside my old bed. Oh, those happy days!" But the spirit pulled Stooze up and on. They stopped after a prolonged flight, Stooze wiping the grease from his eyes. They gazed into a brightly lighted warehouse. "Another Christmas!" Stooze marvelled, "There's old Fuzzybug . . . of course! This is where I served my time as apprentice grave-robber. Oh those merry celebrations we had! More corpses than. . . ." The spirit Wirth sighed hopelessly and jerked Stooze off into the night air again. He landed several seconds later back in his comfortable damp stone bed, and sleep claimed him immediately.

Awakening in the midst of an obscene dream, Stooze sensed that the time for the second spirit's arrival was at hand. A dazzling light suddenly filled the room, and Stooze perceived





*"My God! What have I done?"*

a large stout figure sporting green pajamas seated on a small mountain of thick succulent steaks, roast fowl, and curried pigs' knuckles. "I am the Spirit of Christmas Present, called by mortals Lobdell the Liberal," cried the apparition. "Shall we begin the fun?" Stooze was whisked away, his purple robe flapping about his purple legs. This time their destination was near at hand; Stooze found himself gazing in at the window of his penniless clerk's humble ten-room mansion just outside the city. "It's Bob Catsup and his family," he murmured, strangely softened. "And what do you know! There's Little Ike, Bob's lame son! It's the same lad I trompled in the gutter. I hope he wasn't hurt." The family had joined hands and now shared lungs in a solemn Christmas hymn. "God bless us all!" cried Little Ike cheerily, shying a soggy dumpling at his father.

"Oh take me away," sobbed Stooze to the Green Spirit. "I'm a cad, a low, low creature." He felt a solid blow at

the base of the skull, and all was darkness.

It must have been hours later that Stooze regained consciousness. Lo! The third spirit had appeared. Wow! It was the blond, minus her snood and chain. She stroked his fevered brow and burped sweetly in his ear. "I'm sorry, but the third spirit is busy with a class reunion, so I'll have to stand in for him. It won't take long. I have just one thing to show you, the Christmas Yet To Come." She clasped him to her young body and they sped rapidly up, up, and away. The snow was falling thickly when the Spirit set Stooze down upon a little grassy mound far out on a desolate plain. A few wolves howled exultantly at the sight of the blond, but she coolly brushed them off. Meanwhile, Stooze studied an iron shaft protruding from the grave, for a grave it was. "Ezra Stooze" read the grim legend chiselled on the shaft. The old man's emotions gave way. "And is this how I must die?" he howled, burying his

face between his knees and vomiting. "Oh, Spirit, tell me there is another way!"

She shook the snow from her hair and answered, "No, you old reprobate, unless you change your ways. You are a desecrator of all fine things like Christmas."

Stooze clasped her thighs beseechingly. "No more, Ghost!" he vowed, "I'm a new man. No more murder and money-lending for me. Say I am forgiven!" She half-smiled, playfully wrenched his arms loose with a crowbar, and faded into a shapeless mass of gelatin.

Stooze rubbed his eyes and sat up. He was in his own room! And the clock chimed nine o'clock a.m., December 25! "Why, could it have been a dream?" he pondered, yawning and scratching his hoary stomach. Throwing a blanket over his ragged night-shirt, Stooze dashed into the street. A few minutes later he burst into Bob Catsup's poor little home, knock-

*Continued to page 25*



## MEMOIRS OF THE DE MARIJUANA MURDER

(No. 23 in a series of articles, "My Four Hundred Favorite Murder Cases," by this well-known author.)

ON the morning of July 8, 19—, the battered and charred body of Sir Hairy Hoax, multi-millioned English kumquat czar, was discovered nailed to the floor of his bedroom in his palatial summer home on the Bahaman island of Nitznitz, world's leading kumquat center. A hasty autopsy performed with a dull meat-axe revealed, however, that death had resulted from internal hemorrhage of unknown origin. When I arrived, the police had already taken into custody the personable young Count Algy de Marijuana, son-in-law of the lamented late. As correspondent for Woop Garoo, I immediately devoted myself to the task of recording for a greedy public every aspect of the investigation into this grisly crime.

Chief Michael O. O'Rourkihan, Nitznitz's wily Scotch prefect of police, presided at an informal questioning at H. Q. in the back room of the local saloon. The prisoner and all concerned had been assembled. Removing a watermelon from an inner pocket, the chief thrust it beneath the eyes of the accused, growling, "Have you ever seen this before?"

The Count nonchalantly flicked a boll weevil from the lapel of his tweeds, and replied in an even tone that belied his purple countenance, "Eh?"

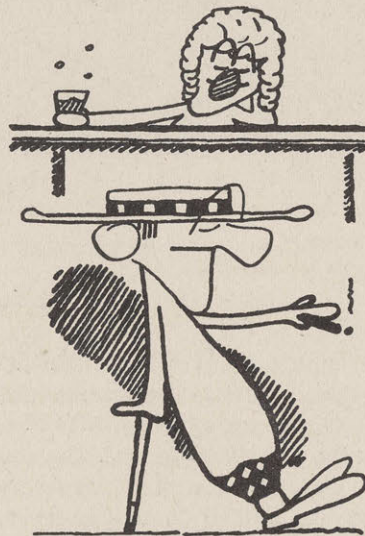
The chief was baffled. Turning to a stunning brunette clad in a one-and-a-half piece bathing suit who sat next the Count, he grunted, "And you are Cherry Hoax de Marijuana?"

"Yes," she replied, coolly fingering her moustache, "Algy is innocent, I tell you. What if he did threaten last week to bash daddy's brains out with a 12-pound sledge, nail him to the floor, and set fire to him? Everyone has those passing moments of passion.

Why, he couldn't have done it. Just yesterday he nearly retched at the sight of a little old flower woman that he had pushed in front of a passing locomotive. He hates the sight of blood, I tell you."

The old inspector patted her kindly on the shoulder, threw his arms about her, and kissed her passionately. "There, there," he murmured, "Don't cry, babooshka. Here, use this." She gratefully dried her eyes on the dirty sock he proffered.

The next question he directed at a large greasy gentleman who had been



lounging on the office file, his plaid pants rolled to the knees, and his feet in the water cooler. "Sapristi!" this individual remarked apologetically, indicating his blistered digits. "You," snarled the chief, "you were in the house at the time. What's your story?"

"Parbleu! Alors! Oui, I am the Marquis Georges de Vegetable-Gumbo, of whom the friend of the venerable . . . ah par-don . . . venerable Sir Hoax I was. I myself alone can prove that my good friend Algy is innocent. For indeed . . ."

"Save it," interrupted O'Rourkihan. "Tell it in court tomorrow. Listen, Count M., you're in a bad spot. My

men have just examined the body thoroughly and they find first, several of your fingerprints on Sir H.'s throat, second, the little finger of your right hand, which I notice is missing, in his grasp, and third, striped ink on. . . ."

"Stop! You're trying to bluff me," cried the Count, leaping from his hammock, "I have a witness who can account for my movements during the time you say my father-in-law was being murdered. No, not the Marquis! I mean Yascha!"

"Yascha?" chorused the crowd.

"Not Yascha, our talking cat?" gasped Cherry.

"Exactly!" leered the Count triumphantly.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the stroke of three Friday morning the case got under way in earnest. The courtroom was mobbed. The atmosphere was tense. The judge was drunk.

"Call the prisoner," burred a bailiff.

The prisoner was put on the stand. He was greeted by a shower of over-ripe "House of Hoax" kumquats soaked in rancid bacon grease. Putting the prisoner back on the stand, the prosecution opened his case. It was full of curdled cream.

Attorney for the prosecution: Well?

Defense: Objection.

Judge: Overruled.

Count: I was in my room alone after returning from driving two young women home from the dinner party. The time was about eleven or one o'clock. At that moment I heard a cry.

Prosecution: The deceased?

Count: The cat. It was Yascha. I put on the light and let him in. He had been out with some of the boys and reeked of liquor. I can swear that he was not drunk, however, but just the victim of a prank. He told me so himself.

Prosecution: He told you? (Prosecution dropped his stein of beer in



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amazement. There was a general scramble for several minutes. The judge then resumed his seat, licking the foam from his lips.)

Judge: He told you?

Count: Oh yes. He talks, you know. Well, we chatted for fifteen minutes or perhaps two hours, and he left. I put the glasses away, brushed my tooth, and went to bed.

Prosecution: How do you explain the nine imprints of your fingers on Sir Hoax's neck?

Defense: Objection.

Judge: Overruled.

Count: Easily. Both my hands are false. (He unscrewed both hands at this point and held them aloft.) You see, someone stole them at or about or shortly after that time. They were returned later while I slept. One finger was missing.

Prosecution: But the striped ink!

You are the only man on Nitznitz who uses it! How...

Count: Ha! That was not ink. That was striped oil from the hurricane lamp that hangs in the drive. Old Sir H. probably spilled it on himself when he filled the lamp before retiring.

Defense: Objection!

Judge: What?

Defense: Excuse me. No questions.

Prosecution: Call the... damn it... Yascha.

(The cat trotted up to the stand, glanced nervously about, and began scratching at the floor.)

Prosecution: Here, here! Raise your right... er... one. Do you swear...

Yascha: Yeah. Say, Mac, where's the head around here? (Yascha gulped and galloped stiffly from the room.)

Prosecution: I rest.

Defense: Overruled, that is, I mean, objection!

Judge: You were right the first time. The jury will consider...

Foreman of the jury: The jury, after due deliberation, brings in a verdict of Not Guilty. (Here, the jury filed in carrying a large orange verdict.) They also join unanimously in a rising vote of thanks to Count de Marijuana for the entertainment and liquor they enjoyed at his expense last evening.

The trial was over.

\* \* \* \* \*

"But Chief O'Rourkihan," I screamed, as we sat in his office imbibing Rum Fhrsh, the popular native drink, three hours later, "Who done it?"

"Ah, my lad, only I know. You

*Continued to page 26*



# PERSONALITY PETE

## SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH



**R**EGULAR readers of the *New York Times* and the *Hobo News* may have noticed an advertisement that runs something like: "Are you weighed down with troubles? Is your sex life bothering you? Do you want somebody bumped off? Then drop everything and come to us. We can eliminate, fix, or make, anything, anybody, any place, any time. The Reliable Fundamental Acme Personal Service Company. All correspondence to President Peter L. Quattrochi, 229 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass."

And this advertisement is far from leading its readers astray. There is no better fixer-upper than Peter L., as any fellow Phi Kappa who has lost his shirt by investing it in one of Pete's crackpot moneymaking schemes can tell you. Pete started his career in the mud flats of the upper Hudson River at a point close by the Indian infested Mohawk Valley forests, called Pittsfield, Mass.

He started having a tendency toward a financial talent at an early age. At three, he kicked in his deaf grandmother's uppers in order to sell her a new pair of uppers. At the age of five he heard that subversive agents were bootlegging guns to the Indians and, equipped only with a pair of dice, he went out into the wilds and soon returned with all the guns and five hundred dollars in I. O. U.'s.

His growth in the world of commerce now proceeded by leaps and bounds. After a short fling with a hock shop and a company for the selling of gold mines, petroleum wells, and the Brooklyn Bridge, he was invited to leave the fair town of Pittsfield, and like most other tramps, he finally wound up in the registration list of Professor Schell's Course XV. Since then, Pete has become the counterpart of the typical Course XV man. An adequate class cutter, he was accepted as a true XV when he installed dictaphones in all his class rooms, an idea which worked nicely up to one day that the dictaphone in an E11 class got stuck and bleated out "Here, Sir" one hundred twenty times in succession.

Naturally, Pete is an expert with the shovel. He was not always aware of this talent. In fact, he only became conscious of it one day in Mexico when he was asked to pinch hit for a toreador. In the scuffle that followed, the bull got slung far back into the fifty-cent bleachers, and Pete returned to United States covered with glory and volumes 4-6 of his little red book. Now fully aware of his capacity to sling a line, he (a) slung up a wash line for his mother, (b) sold a woman in a one-floor house twenty feet of

stair carpet, and (c) sold a congo native a sun lamp by explaining to him that the lack of electricity was no hindrance to his getting a good deep tan.

One day, the usually practical Phi Kaps made the mistake of taking part in one of Quattrochi's little baseball pools. Before they could stop it, Pete had taken over the money, property, and house mortgage of the Phi Kaps. There was nothing to do but to pledge him, and so, as Pete entered that worthy house, there grew around Tech the famous saying "Never touch Phi Kappa for money after a baseball game."

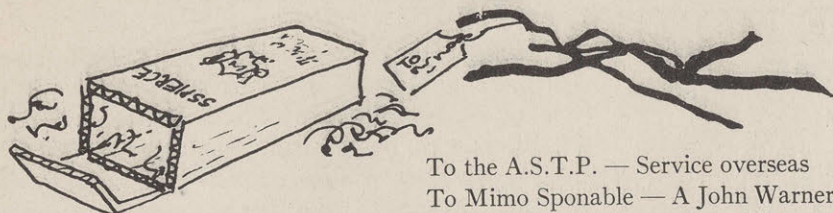
But enough of Pete the boss of the Acme Financial Company. What about Pete the Executive, Pete the Playboy, and Pete the Tramp? Pete the Executive is an imposing figure. As star loud mouth of the I.F.C. Executive Committee, he's the guy to blame for the water in the I.F.C. scotch and the answer to the query, "Where did the dough go?" Around the house, Pete is head of the Committee to Investigate Rushing Conditions in Other Schools (you think we're kidding), generally abbreviated to C.I.R.C.O.S. or, as some wits would have it, the Ballantine Three Ring Circus.

Pete the Playboy is the fellow who has told so many B. U. girls about the little birds that there isn't a sparrow left within a mile of the place. But Pete is unlucky in his love life. For several weeks he will be madly trying to keep his three women apart, then suddenly all will blow up in his face, and he will be found for the next month looking under park benches for anything that will let itself be picked up. It goes without saying that anybody that gets into Side View is one of the world's prime drunks. Pete's mother was frightened by a cod and, for years he drank like a fish, only recently learning to use a glass like most human beings. Finally, Pete the Tramp is the typical course flunker of Course XV. He has

*Continued to page 27*

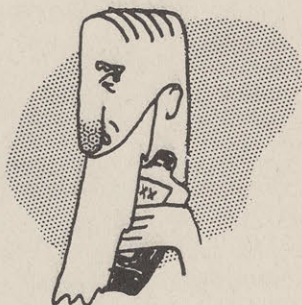


# "AND THERE WERE WISE MEN BRINGING GREAT GIFTS . . .



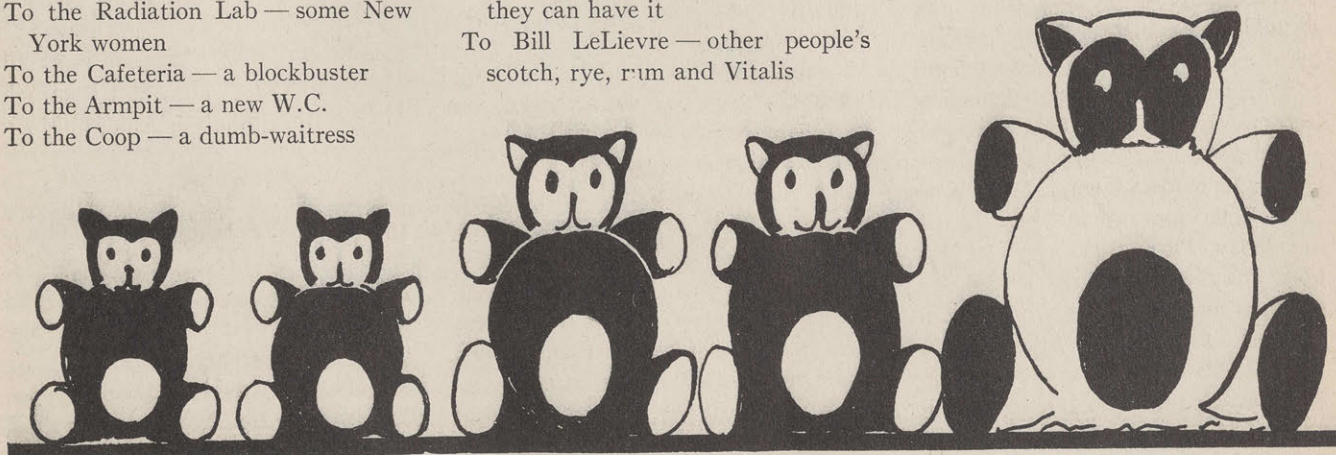
To Dr. Compton and the Staff — six cases of aspirin  
 To Dean Thresher — a 19-year-old deferred freshman  
 To Dean Pitre — Adler Elevators  
 To Professor Sears — a new electric train  
 To R. M. Baine — a lifetime subscription to the *Police Gazette*  
 To Mrs. Thomas — the heartiest thanks of the freshman class  
 To Ensign Peek — a whip  
 To Chief Gintoff — five years of sea duty  
 To Dingee — a copy of Dr. Frank's new textbook  
 To the Infirmary as a Whole — a legal medical excuse  
 To Professor Wareham — a sure-fire reaction  
 To Professor Livingstone — a copy of Sears' lecture notes  
 To Slave-Driver — a torture chamber  
 To Prof. E. S. Taylor — a pack of matches  
 To Professor Magoun — a two-headed penny  
 To the Radiation Lab — some New York women  
 To the Cafeteria — a blockbuster  
 To the Arm pit — a new W.C.  
 To the Coop — a dumb-waitress

To the A.S.T.P. — Service overseas  
 To Mimo Sponable — A John Warner treatment and a ten-foot slide rule  
 To *The Tech* — a dose of Ex-Lax  
 To Mary Jeffries — Lissajous figures  
 To Frank Fagan — a rum milkshake  
 To Paddy Vanderbilt — the National Debt  
 To Tom Brown — a Stetson  
 To Al Bowen — a steady girl  
 To Ed Ferrentino — a girdle  
 To Frog Maurice — an Alka-Seltzer  
 To George Schutte — an Institute Committee  
 To Bill Boyle — a draft deferment  
 To Ed Pung — a new cigar



To Walt Swain — Murgatroyd  
 To the Lehigh boys — Lehigh, and they can have it  
 To Bill LeLievre — other people's scotch, rye, rum and Vitalis

To Jim Theodosopoulos — another syllable  
 To Dutton Smith — a fire escape  
 To Frieda Omansky — a little sex  
 To Harvard — Walt Swain  
 To Deadhead Bedford — a real locomotive  
 To the M.I.T.A.A. — more seats in the front office  
 To Oscar — Congratulations  
 To the Central Library — a subscription to Voo Doo  
 To Lenny Carlson — a commuter's ticket to Saratoga Springs  
 To Bill Richardson — a real live Mickey Mouse  
 To Carroll Boyce — a big black cigar  
 To Mary Foley — a first lieutenant  
 To Chi Phi — a beer barrel  
 To Dan Tiffany — a campaign manager  
 To Pussy Pasternak — a 9.15 class  
 To Alex Giltinam — a chin  
 To Red Bator — a green suit  
 To Voo Doo — Margie Hart for a secretary  
 To Chuck Carlson — two thousand dollars  
 To the Dekes — a little life  
 To Willy Wise — Ruth Morton  
 To M. I. T. in general — Absinthe, Benzedrene, and all the other stuff we neglected to give away above





## NEWS FLASHES OF THE DAY



*As most Techmen have little time to read the newspapers, we have decided to present a brief report of the latest news of the world in the one periodical which they do read.*

### RUSSIA:

The victorious Russian armies forged ahead today on all fronts, Premier Stalin announced in a special order of the day, capturing 7,450 towns and populated places including the vital pretzel stand of Ztsemtontzky, and killing 90,009 Nazis, and capturing one tank. The quadruple victory was greeted in Moscow by a salvo of 50,000 guns. The capture of Ztsemtontzky leaves the Russians only 7,000 miles from the key town of Pfmft and virtually threatens the Germans in Paris with encirclement, the midnight communique announced.

### ITALY:

Despite slush, mud, and old bottle caps, the Allied armies in Italy registered new gains up to .0005 miles in the Caspeno del Prosato sector. General Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's veteran Eighth Army advanced virtually to the mud pond which constitutes the last ditch before the last ditch before the last enemy line of resistance before the last enemy line of resistance before the key town of Pastromi, main stop to the approaches of Rome.

### ITALY:

Air armadas of Liberators and Flying Fortresses roared out over the channel yesterday to plaster the Ruhr peanut brittle center of Gemulich with 5,000,000 tons of bombs yesterday in a raid which is described as the worst of its kind on that center. The target was completely destroyed and huge fires which were still visible six miles away were seen to rise for nineteen miles.

### CHUNKING:

In the first major drive since 1937, the Japanese armies inched their way forward along the Faing Sung River. This drive is part of an attempt to force their way into the Chinese rice bowl. (Crowded, isn't it?)

### BOSTON, MASS.

The State Department announced today that Premier Joseph Stalin, Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and

President Roosevelt held a secret tri-partite conference in Jakie Wirth's. Momentous decisions were reached which, President Roosevelt declared at a press conference, would have a profound effect on the miscarriage of the war.

### LONDON:

Unofficial but usually reliable sources here reported that, according to a Swedish dispatch from a neutral country, a correspondent in Berlin heard a Rome radio dispatch that the Polish underground radio has announced the alleged suicide of Adolph Hitler.

### BUENOS AIRES:

Living conditions returned to normal here as the administration changed hands only five times today. President-elect Marshall General Eusabio G. Vega y Cornudo de la Perez, speaking before a spontaneous student assembly, announced that the free principles for which the Argentine stood would be preserved. The administration also announced the closing of all schools, Congresses, Courts of Justice, newspapers, and that the German Embassy would be limited to only 1,000,000 words a day.

### TULSA, OKLAHOMA:

In a local Republican convention, Wendell Willkie, 1940 candidate for the presidency, declared that he would definitely not run for the nomination in 1944. After dinner, Mr. Willkie spent the evening conferring with party directors, labor leaders, and businessmen.

### TOPEKA, KANSAS:

Wendell Willkie, ex-candidate for the presidency, announced in a local dinner of the AFL that he would probably not run for the nomination in 1944. Mr Willkie advocated a closer world unity. In the afternoon, he conferred at great length with the heads of local labor and the members of the Chamber of Commerce.

### BOISE, IDAHO:

Wendell Willkie announced that he might run for the 1944 Republican nomination at a dinner given for him by the local party headquarters.

### WASHINGTON:

John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers,  
*Continued to page 24*

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As we sit in our office day after day receiving the plaudits of the marveled multitude, we sometimes feel that we might be becoming over-enthusiastic about our product. At such times we take out the copies of the VOO DOOS that were printed back in the roaring twenties and immediately bend our head in shame at our meek and unpretentious efforts. For those were the days when the VOO DOO board turned out a magazine of really majestic proportions, and, therefore, in honor of those old timers who really knew how to make a lewd magazine, we present on the opposite page a reproduction of one of their champion covers.

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# 32 SHOT AT BACK BAY PARTY

## DANCE HALL WRECKED—MANY KILLED

### ORCHESTRA LEADER CRUSHED IN WILD STAMPEDE TO SAFETY

#### CHARLESTON IS CAUSE OF MESS

Churches Will Hold Special  
Services for Many  
Victims

Last night to the primitive strains of Jerry Burles orchestra, the walls of his dance palace, 488 Huntington Avenue, crashed in utter ruin, burying several hundred merry makers in the debris. Police reserves rushed to the rescue of the entombed, only to find the work of destruction being completed by devastating flames which already swept the ruins.

Onlookers alleged that the first indication they received of any danger was a general cracking of pillars and breaking of the windows of the "Castle" as this dance garden is called. The great crystal canopy and flashing electric sign hurtled to the side walk these has kept the contents from being decapitated the aged door keeper and demolishing four limousines parked by their owners while they Charlestoned in the doomed building.

Building inspector O'Grady charges that the catastrophe was due to the measured beat of the Charlestoning multitude. Professor W. Green of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology substantiated this theory by pointing out the fact that the periodic repetition of even the most natural period of the structure, as it is its foundations.

Rescue work was performed gallantly by a score or more Tech freshmen, one of whom succeeded in retrieving the disembowed orchestra leader's favorite piano.

#### SON OF LONE WOLF IN DORMITORY BREAK

Girls Flee Terror  
Scantily

The first to enter their dormitory quarters were making their way up a fire escape at 3:30 A. M. Wednesday morning when the four or five men, one of whom was the son of the Lone Wolf, came in to recover the recumbent. The fifth gave the Commonwealth Avenue building a fleeing figure each. The imaginary Lone Wolf was seen to escape in their flimsy. One, Eloise O'Grady, closely followed by the Son of the Lone Wolf, had the presence of mind to wriggle out of her night gown, which she left in his grasp, as she ran across Harvard Bridge to safety.

#### NUDE BODY FOUND IN BACK BAY FENS

A nude body was found under a pile of refuse in the Back Bay Fen. The body was found by a representative of the Fen Commission.

#### LIQUOR CRAZED STUDENT KILLS SELF THEN WIFE

Hemenway Street is Mildly  
Stirred by Latest Bit  
Of Atrocity

#### SEEK MYSTERY WOMAN

Another crime was added to the long list attributable to poison Bay liquor when Henri O'Grady, a student, leaped upon his wife and tore her limb from limb. He completed his task, the maniac donned his wedding gown, which the dead wife had treasured in a coffee box, and then poured a tumbler of gin and tonic into the top of their little love. "Our gallion jug which he always used with him and given to me as a last toast to my crime," O'Grady law enjoyed by the student prom. drank the liquor and then to the where the poison was administered. (Continued on Page 6)

#### LOVE CULT EXPOSED BY JERSEY T. RAID

Free Love Flourishing in  
Art Centers of Back Bay

Early yesterday morning the B. B. was startled by the appearance of smoke from the well-known mer house in the Fenway. Investigation revealed the fact that two Tech students upon the receipt of six revealed one of the most vulgar exhibitions of this back-to-nature yet brought to light. One blue-coat entered brazenly, forth instantly minus his Trench mortars were the city's finest and a terrible investigation drove the in horror. Suddenly (Continued on Page 6)

#### Back Bay Residues Already Half Empty

Professor Mary E. O'Grady of the department of Skin Diseases at the University of Medicine has decided to charge of the study of the residents of the Back Bay. The use of the bad grape peculiar to the Back Bay practically embalm these people. This fact accomplished with as rapidity as possible. The residents of the Back Bay are being prepared for the last time. The residents of the Back Bay are being prepared for the last time. The residents of the Back Bay are being prepared for the last time. (Continued on Page 6)

#### TORSO OF YOUNG GIRL IN HAT BOX; ARREST SUSPECT

Authorities Believe Girl Was  
Brutally Killed By  
Park Maniac

#### COLLEGE PROFESSOR HELD

Another outrage was added to the ever increasing crime wave which is now sweeping Back Bay, when the torso of a girl, believed to be Yvette La Montagne, a waitress at Child's, was found in a hat box at 72 Peterboro St. this morning. Analysis of the torso showed that the girl's stomach had been shot. (Continued on Page 6)

#### SHOW BAY CRIME IS INCREASING

Indum Taken  
Thursday

The fiscal year of the city of Boston, although forged and falsified by the city on the wane, showed a disorder and increase of 732% a day years, an average of 1.5% a day. It can be said that the city is in a state of anarchy. The following are the results of the investigation:

#### DANCE IS PERONED

Beacon Street  
Raid

The investigation of the dance at the Beacon Street was the most exhaustive of the city's history. The following are the results of the investigation:

#### DIARY OF DEAD GIRL STARTLES STUDENTS

Relations With Prominent Men  
Police Say

The diary of a dead girl, which was found in her room, has started a sensation among the students of the city. The diary is said to contain many shocking details.

#### BACK BAY W ATTEMPTS WHILE IN

Bachelor Girl Owns  
Watchfulness of

Harvard defeated W. in a high school to the tune of 446 to 0 in a bitterly contested Stadium yesterday. In the third quarter, Harvard was leading by various threats, such as the Duke—these (Continued on page 5)

#### FOURTEEN MORE HALF SHOT; POLICE HOLD PRETTY MODEL

#### HINDU VISITOR PREDICTS FALL OF BACK BAY

Prophet Laments Evil in Hub  
Latin Quarter After  
Investigation

#### SCORES GIRLS' NUDITY

Jhabbe Wolk predicted today that within a thousand years the vacant ruins of Back Bay's magnificent buildings will be the by then hygone. He likened the coming of the past disasters such as the of Babylon, the burning of Sodom Gomorrah, and the great Chelsea. He is quoted as follows: "The young beauty of the city, revelling in the night, is a thing, flinging herself to the paramours, wasting herself to past disasters such as the of Babylon, the burning of Sodom Gomorrah, and the great Chelsea. He is quoted as follows: "The young beauty of the city, revelling in the night, is a thing, flinging herself to the paramours, wasting herself to past disasters such as the of Babylon, the burning of Sodom Gomorrah, and the great Chelsea. (Continued on Page 6)

#### DRUG STORE RAIDED BY NEW VICE SQUAD

Sid Bonton is Padlocked and  
Liquor Supply Con-  
fiscated

#### DRUGGIST HELD EVIDENCE

As the first move in District Attorney O'Grady's drive to close up all the bootlegging drug stores in the Back Bay, five of Boston's finest raided the shop of Sid Bonton and found three gallons of dill berry wine and one case labeled "Hair Tonic." The case will go before the Grand Jury Monday.

#### DIARY OF DEAD GIRL STARTLES STUDENTS

Relations With Prominent Men  
Police Say

The diary of a dead girl, which was found in her room, has started a sensation among the students of the city. The diary is said to contain many shocking details. (Continued on Page 6)

#### BIMBOS BATHE IN BUM BOOZE

T. B. O'Grady Shoots Wife for  
Performing the Black  
Bottom

Detectives tonight conducted a raid which baffled the police and is believed to be the biggest vice expose in weeks.

Although details are being suppressed because of rumors that prominent liquor men were present, it is stated that many artist models, ice men, conductors and professors were among the revellers.

#### Individual Bathtubs

It is said that a score of bathtubs filled with bootleg liquor were brought out earlier in the evening. The models, clad entirely in the nude, reclined in the tubs, and offered straws to the guests. The shooting is said to have started with two Technology Students quarrelled over the ownership of a straw. As it was the last straw, the shooting started. Alarmed neighbors called the police station, but received no answer. When the officers finally burst in upon the scene, the guests were rapidly passing out. (Continued on Page 7324, Col. 14.)

#### TECH COEDS PINCHED FOR ACCOSTING BOYS

New Dating Methods Disclosed  
By Policeman's Vigilance

Early yesterday evening Patrolman Isidore McToole spied a cut-down roadster behaving very strangely on Audubon Road. The car repeatedly stopped near solitary men, who, when spoken to by the occupants, were seen to shake their heads vigorously in the negative. Investigation by the officer revealed the fact that two Tech coeds were endeavoring to pick up dates for their class dance.

#### FINDS LITTLE SISTER IN AUDUBON RD. DEN

Policewoman Leading Attack  
Discovers Younger Sister  
In Clutches of Gang

One of those little heartbreaks of the loyal policewoman came to light last night when Policewoman Helene, leading a detachment of her men from Station 16, broke into a den at 51 Queensboro. A young sister a child (Continued on next page)

BACK  
BAY  
NUMBER



## ANYONE CAN DRAW

Yes, any idiot can draw—even you can learn our simple method. After all, art is nothing but a lot of ink on paper. Look over the pictures below—made in three easy stages. We give detailed information on the use of pencil-sharpening, stance, footwork, protection of the vital organs. Send us not \$10, not \$5, nor even half a buck, but just one dime, plus \$47 to cover mailing, packaging, and costs of this instructive booklet.

ONLY  
**\$1.00**

## ANALYZE YOUR HANDWRITING

Do you feel that you are a snake? Do you feel imposed upon? Do you have a persecution complex that you are easily taken in? If so, send us a copy of your handwriting and we guarantee to answer these questions. Just place a sample of your signature on a blank check and mail it to us.

JUST 3 STEPS

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CLEAN  
WELL



No. 2  
DRY  
UNDER  
LAMP



No. 3  
SQUEEZE  
CROWN  
TIGHT,  
PUT PLATE  
IN MOUTH



## LADIES

Learn Profitable Profession  
in 90 days at Home

## WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW

This beautifully bound set of seven volumes tells girls everything they should know. Avoid unhappiness in your married life. Make your love life harmonious and well balanced. Quotations from such experts as: Havelock Ellis, F. A. Magoun, Smilin' Jack, Charles Boyer, Tom Momost, and many others. The first volume will be sent free. If you are interested, pay your iceman \$100 for the remaining volumes of instruction.

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Have you an ear? Then you can learn to play the Zither without using your fingers. Spite your roommate. Be the rage of your neighborhood. Our simplified method will find the lost chord in five easy lessons. Send no money for this complete course in the single-string, muzzle-loading Zither. Full course only \$5.

ARE YOU  
*Skinny?*  
*Weak?*  
*Flabby?*

## DEVELOP YOUR BUST

Does your loop droop? Do you feel that you don't precede yourself into a room? Is the spirit strong but the flesh weak? If so, get our amazing method which guarantees complete results in five minutes, or your money refunded. Get those luscious, glamorous curves which are the idol of every boy in the service. \$25.



# FREE!

## FREE

With each and every order over \$500 we will give away for free, and absolutely without cost, our patented, pearl-handled, super toothpick. This offer good only until midnight, December 24, 1881, so hurry and get your orders in.

## HOW TO DANCE

Do you feel self-conscious when you dance on your partner's feet instead of your own? Do you really rhumba, or do you just have an acid stomach? Send for this unique book and learn the latest steps. The Lindy Hop, The Charleston, The Big Apple, The Gavotte, and The Minuet. The complete pasteboard cylinder for only \$15. *Act Now!*

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POPULAR!**  
In any Company—Anywhere!

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All in one book; jokes, games, sex, puzzles, sports, gags, sex, hobbies, stunts, sex, and everything you will need to make you the most hated pest of any party. The book contains complete sections on: (1) How to hang a man, (2) Marijuana, (3) Seventh Day Adventists, (4) Shindoism, (5) The gentle art of seduction, (6) How to train a skunk, (7) Confessions, and many more things of great practical value. This wonderful book has two pages and six illustrations. Only 5 cents, plus \$10 tax.

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A book for every amateur who likes to make things at home. Gives information for setting a workshop in your study, tools required. Detailed instructions and working drawings on two thousand projects, including a very practical wife-beater. Nothing but simple raw materials which you can pick up anywhere. Hundreds of pages — only 19 cents postpaid.

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- ☐ What Every Girl Should Know
- ☐ How To Dance
- ☐ Analyze Your Handwriting
- ☐ Anyone Can Draw
- ☐ Make It Yourself
- ☐ How To Dance
- ☐ The Fun Book

Also these exceptional values not included above:

- ☐ How To Eat With Chopsticks
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I am enclosing \$..... in payment for the above items. (Full money back if not satisfied.)

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**SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!**



# THE RAVING

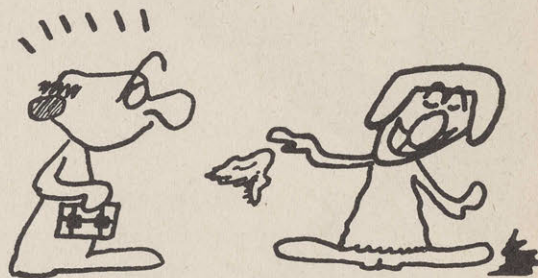
ONCE upon a midnight dreary, I was bent, as usual weary,  
Over a foamless half-filled mug of my roommate's foulest beer —  
Vainly I had sought to cram, cram for every last exam,  
With all my work I still was damned, damned to flunk them all and now,  
Thanks to a drab and sexless female (she was but a misplaced cow),  
I had flunked them all, and how!

Quite soon after, in the air, I suddenly became aware  
That a formless shape was resting and my fortitude was testing,  
Testing with a piercing stare from on top my study chair.  
In fright quoth I, "Intimidation is below my situation.  
Please tell me the implication that comes from thy sitting there."  
Quoth the shape with some elation  
"Reputation," so beware.



Suddenly my Chem lab teacher, accompanied by my village preacher,  
Climbed into a wooden bleacher which I'd never seen before.  
And without a trepidation soon filed in my registration  
Officer accompanied by my landlord from the second floor.  
All turned eyes upon the shape from whose mouth came ticker tape,  
Please believe me, I implore!  
On it printed, freshly minted, these strange syllables were four —  
"Reputation," nothing more.

"Know ye that it is not nice to vex me with this strange device,  
One small phrase would quite suffice!" I most fervently implored.  
But Yehudi was so rude he took the shape of some Tech cutie  
And began to flirt with all the men who soon came in my open door.  
Who art thou? Art thou Lenore? Quoth the Gremlin —  
"Reputation" only this and nothing more.



Finally in desperation I took the subway to South Station,  
Took a car marked City Square, and I never did get there.  
Though to some I seem a fool, I had to get away from school  
Had to get away at once, for this thing got in my hair.  
For this gremlin kept repeating, kept repeating and entreating  
These three words in accent rare  
"Reputation, so beware."

So soon after I was shafted, when my draft board had me drafted,  
Drafted to a life of work, a life I never did adore.  
And at last the shape was silent, gone at last his words so violent,  
Gone his "reputation" for this awesome word I hear no more.  
But now the girls that I go out with, when we kiss or long before  
Still repeat that cursed phrase —  
"Reputation, so no more."

From this tale there comes a moral, one with which I cannot quarrel,  
Sounds a moral, ringing loudly, ringing like the convent bell;  
When out with a willing woman, if from Tech or if she's human,  
Or some silly old traditions have you in their time-worn spell:  
Unless your dreams be crowned with failure, listen now to what I tell:  
Reputation, go to Hell!!

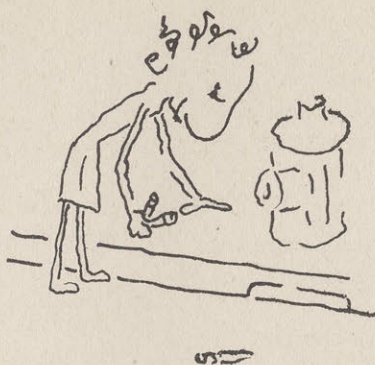
— C. B. B.



# MURGATROYD



*Murgatroyd is earning Xmas money*



*... and shopping.*



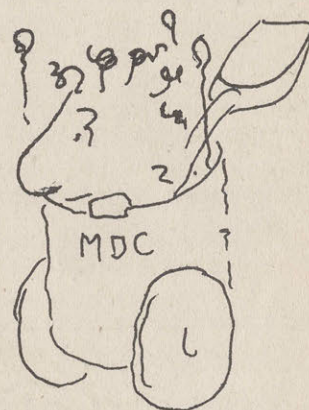
*Here is Schizopodous V. Gunk.  
He is a Civil Service worker.*



*He has been working hard all day.*



*He will be smooth.  
He will sweep Murgatroyd off her feet.*



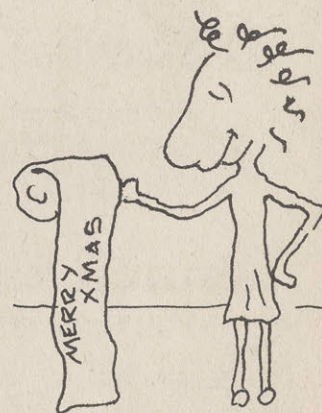
*Tabu was never like this.*



*Her romantic encounter arouses her.*



*But Schizopodous prefers his work.*



*But Murgatroyd will persevere.  
She will give Gunk a present.*



## NEWS FLASHES OF THE DAY

*Continued from page 18*

declared before the WLB that his demands for wage increases were not creative of inflation, since he only demanded a raise necessary to overcome the untenable cost of living which, he asserted, had risen 15 per cent per bottle since 1941.

### WASHINGTON:

WLB accused the WMC of blaming the administration for an attempt to thwart the Frennesi-Frennesi-Frennesi Bill of trying to defraud the OPA.

WMC accused the administration of blaming the WLB of an attempt to thwart the OPA in its attempt to defraud the Frennesi-Frennesi-Frennesi Bill.

OPA accused the WLB of blaming the Frennesi-Frennesi-Frennesi Bill of an attempt to thwart the administration in defrauding the WMC.

### WASHINGTON:

After a fierce debate in which Representative Joshua L. Melrose of Massachusetts was shot to death, Congress passed by a vote of 232 to 231 the V<sub>2</sub>O<sub>5</sub> Bill, binding them to vote on any bills to provide ink wells for the post-war peace conference.

The English are a phlegmatic race. I was once week-ending with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident, I happened one day on the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat, I immediately sought out my host, who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up from his book and regarded me for a minute.

"Skinny old thing, isn't she?" he remarked.

— Pelican.



A newly married couple went to New York to spend their honeymoon. A few days after their arrival the groom felt ill and decided to remain in the hotel for the day. His bride decided to do some shopping alone. Upon returning to the hotel, she realized she had forgotten her key. She took the elevator to the proper floor, but once there she became confused by the similarity of the doors of the room. Finally she was sure she had the right door, so she knocked gently.

"I'm back, Honey; let me in."

No answer. She knocked a little harder.

"Honey, I'm back, Honey. Please let me in."

Still no answer. Surprised, and a little annoyed, she pounded on the door.

"Honey, it's me, Gertrude. Please let me in, Honey."

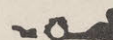
Pause.

"Honey, please, Honey."

Then from the inner recesses came a cold, dignified voice:

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

— Medley.



After a lovely evening a trio of businessmen started to bid a lovely celebrity goodnight.

"Just a moment, where are you from?" asked the gorgeous girl of the first of the trio.

"I'm from the East, Madam," was the reply.

"Very well; you may kiss my right hand." She turned to the second fellow — "And where are you from?"

"The West, madam," declared he enthusiastically and kissed her left hand.

Next was our hero's turn. "And you?" she inquired.

"Ah refuse to answer, Ma'm," came the reply in a rich Southern drawl.

— Medley.

## FOX and HOUNDS CLUB



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**Rhumba Casino**

*Meet Your Friends in the*  
**COCKTAIL LOUNGE**

**Banquet Rooms for  
Private Parties**



**448 Beacon Street, Boston**  
COMMONWEALTH 1622



## CHRISTMAS CAROL

*Continued from page 12*

ing Little Ike into the blazing Yule log in his rush.

"Merry Christmas!" he roared heartily. "Hah! Merry Christmas to you all. Bob, I'm giving you a raise retroactive to tomorrow morning!" Bob leaped forward, threw Stooze to the floor, and the whole family belabored him with broken crockery and old vegetables. "Yes, it is a merry Christmas, after all," they sang gaily, pitching him out into the alley. And Little Ike, salving his burns with hot gravy, observed, "Oh yes. God Bless us Every One, damn it."

— P. G.



A Westerner entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old boy. He ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, Pa," said the kid, "ain't Ma drinking?"

— Frivol.



"I say, Old Fellow, why on earth are you washing your spoon in that finger bowl?"

"Do you think I want to get egg all over my pocket?"

— Scottie.



Mistress: "You know, I suspect my husband has a love affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "I don't believe it. You're only saying that to make me jealous."

— Bachelor.

Two girls by the river were kneeling  
To disrobe, for the swim they were  
stealing;

Said the owl in the tree —

"How'd you like to be me?"

When the belles of the village are peel-  
ing?"

— Judge.



Freshman: "My folks are coming up  
this week-end. They are bringing my  
girl and Snooky."

Other Frosh: "Who's Snooky?"

Freshman: "Oh, that's the guy she  
goes with."

— Bachelor.

## SKIIS

*Boston's best selection  
plus all the accessories*

Steel Edges Mounted  
Quick Service

Plenty of Ski Clothing  
Men's and Women's

## SKATES SHARPENED

NEW METHOD  
HOLLOW GROUND  
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*Specialists in Sports Equipment  
Since 1870*

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IT'S NO JOKE . . .

*We Have GIFTS  
For Your Entire Family*

MOTHER

FATHER

SISTER

BROTHER

And the GIRL FRIEND

Tech graduates who operate this store  
welcome you to the

**HARVARD Bazar**

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## Christmas GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Compacts

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TECHNOLOGY STORE

PATRONAGE REFUND TO MEMBERS

Headline in *Boston Globe*:

AUSSIES THROW TANKS  
AT JAPS

*Ye Gods! What Wellesley wouldn't  
do for men like THAT!*



Definition of a chiropractor: A man  
who gets paid for what you get slapped  
for.



"Who was that girl I saw you out  
with last night?"

"You must be mistaken, I was in  
bed last night."

"My man," she said, "can you tell  
me whether this is a female hippopota-  
mus or a male hippopotamus?"

Then the worm turned. The keeper  
eyed the lady coldly. His tone was  
metallic.

"Madam," he said, "I don't see how  
that could interest anyone but a hippo-  
potamus."



From la France zair vuz vunce ze  
young man

Zat got fraish on ze beach at ze Cannes  
Zaid ze Mademoiselle,

"Eh! Monsieur! Vot ze hell!

Stay away from vair eet ees not sun-  
tan!"

— *Frisol.*

## MARIJUANA MURDER

*Continued from page 15*

see, he wasn't murdered at all. He  
suffered from insomnia, and took  
several sleeping pills that night. Then  
he remembered the hurricane lamp  
and went out to fill it, spilling the  
striped oil on himself. Reëntering  
the house, he became conscious of  
abominable pains. His temperature  
shot to 173. The oil burst into  
flame. He rolled upon the floor, put out  
the fire, but bashed his head on a lead  
doorstop. Yascha, the cat, heard the  
rumpus and found the body. In a  
moment of fun he removed the  
doorstop, nailed the body to the  
floor, and planted the evidence of the  
Count's hands, which he had stolen  
earlier as a practical joke. Yascha  
just confessed. Have another?"

"Yes." I pushed my glass across  
the bloodstained desk. "But one  
more question; what killed Sir Hairy  
Hoax?"

O'Rourkehan replaced the padlock  
on the bottle before he replied.  
"Saliva. You see, he had inadver-  
tantly swallowed, along with his  
sleeping pills, fourteen dehydrated  
kumquats. . . ."

— P. G.



"People tell me I have a very beau-  
tiful chin."

"Was that any reason to raise an-  
other?"



Diner: "I know of nothing more  
exasperating than to find a hair in my  
soup."

Waiter: "Well, it would be worse,  
wouldn't it, to have the soup in your  
hair?"



## SIDEVIEW

*Continued from page 16*

taken 2.01 so many times, he now has his own private armchair and cuspidor in the corner of the classroom.

But when all is said and done, Pete is first and foremost the business man — the guy who thinks money the root of all evil, therefore he takes root wherever he goes; the man who, for a few measly rubles, acts as human guinea pig and walks for miles and miles on end under the fake tropical conditions of the war research labs, or who finds lost keys and turns them into the Super's office for a dollar apiece.

Therefore, we point our finger with pride to the guy who takes our award as the man most likely to pay off the national debt, and the only guy who would think of trying it.

— R. W. W.



"Willie!"

"Yes, maw."

"How many times must I tell you that cuspidor is to spit in?"



Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. Niespondiavanci, Mr. Neidspondiavanci!"

Mr. Neidspondiavanci: "What initial, please?"

— Gargoyle.



A girl likes a quick-witted lover because she doesn't want him to be slow to grasp things.

— Mis-A-Sip.

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, if I lay two eggs over here and three over there, how many will there be all together?"

Johnny: "Personally, I don't think you can do it."

— Pelican.



He: "And I've got a gold medal for running five miles, an' one for ten miles; a silver medal for swimming; two cups for wrestling, an' badges for boxing an' rowing!"

She: "You must be a wonderful athlete."

He: "Athlete? I run a pawnshop."

— The Log.

## Eliot Flower Shop

Flowers for All Occasions

CORSAGES

Our Specialty

Special Service to Tech Students



Telephone: Kenmore 6470

87 Massachusetts Avenue  
Boston, Massachusetts

He: "I feel as though I had known you for years."

She: "You certainly do."



*The Murray Printing Company*  
LETTERPRESS AND OFFSET  
Eighteen Ames Street, Cambridge  
TROWBRIDGE 5650-5651-5652



And there was the freshman who moved out of a rooming house because he heard his landlady was a sexagenarian.



He: "I could dance like this all night."

She: "So could I, but I think the chaperones are watching us."

— *Lehigh Bachelor.*



Admiral Byrd certainly leads a dog's life. All he does is travel from pole to pole.

— *Log.*

Teacher: "If there were four cows and one bull in a pasture, and the bull jumped out, how many would there be left?"

Sam: "There wouldn't be any left."

Teacher: "Johnny, you know that's wrong."

Sam: "Please Miss. You may teach arithmetic, but you don't know nothing 'bout cows."

— *Log.*



"What have you done?" St. Peter asked,

"That I should admit you here?"

"I ran a comic," the editor said,

"Of my college for one long year."

St. Peter pityingly shook his head,

And gravely touched the bell.

"Come in, poor thing, select a harp, You've had your share of hell."

Virtue is learned at mother's knee, but vice at some other joint.

— *Rammer Jammer.*



Milking to music is achieving startling results in cow herds of Suffolk County Farm at Yaphank, supervisor says.

— *New York World-Telegram.*

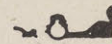
Best yielding songs are "The Cow-Cow Boogie," "The Yanks Are Coming," "Mood Indigo," and "The Jersey Bounce."

— *Medley.*



A little moron went to see his girl friend; he found her with only a neglee on. The next time he went to see her she had a little more-on.

— *Urchin.*



I'm not so much under the influence of inkahol as some thinkle peep.



It was the first date.

"Cigarette?"

"No thank you. I don't smoke."

"Let's go down and sip a few."

"I'd rather not. I never touch liquor."

"Well, let's go out on the heights for a while."

"No, please don't. I want to go out and do something exciting, something new."

"O.K. Let's go to the dairy barns and milk hell out of a couple of cows."

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# Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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offers the following Professional Courses:

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City Planning Practice

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Biology and Public Health

Public Health Engineering

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Applied Physics

### SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

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Building Engineering and Construction

Business and Engineering Administration

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Based on Chemical Sciences

Chemical Engineering

Chemical Engineering Practice

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Electrical Engineering, including

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Electrical Engineering —

Co-operative Course

General Engineering

Marine Transportation

Mechanical Engineering

Options: General

Automotive

Heat

Materials and Design

Mechanical Engineering —

Co-operative Course

Metallurgy

Naval Architecture and Marine

Engineering

Sanitary Engineering

Each of the above undergraduate Courses is of four years duration, with the exception of Architecture, City Planning, Biophysics and Biological Engineering, Marine Transportation, and the co-operative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years, and City Planning Practice which covers a period of six years. In addition to the Bachelor's degree, the above five and six year Courses, with the exception of Architecture and City Planning, lead also to the Master's degree.

Graduate study, leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees, is offered in Ceramics, Meteorology, and in most of the above professional Courses.

A five year Course is offered which combines study in Engineering or Science, and Economics. This leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the professional field, and to the degree of Master of Science in Economics and Engineering or Economics and Natural Science.

The Summer Session extending from June to September includes many of the undergraduate subjects given during the academic year.

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

The following publications will be sent free on request:

Catalogue for the academic year.

Summer Session Bulletin.





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A GOOD CIGARETTE**

**So let's wish them the Very Best**

**YES...THE CIGARETTE WITH THE RIGHT  
COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS**

**STRIDES AHEAD** in Mildness, Better Taste and  
Cooler Smoking because Chesterfields are made  
of the world's best cigarette tobaccos...plus the  
Right Combination to satisfy smokers everywhere.

**Remember in a cigarette—the Blend...the  
Right Combination—that's the thing**



**AND HERE THEY ARE...again in the cheerful  
Chesterfield Christmas Red—the cigarette gift that SATISFIES  
with the best in Smoking Pleasure.**