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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Sirs:

Although I am only an humble freshman in this institute, I feel that I must make a criticism of a certain feature in Voo Doo. I refer to that strange and exotic *creature*, Murgatroyd.

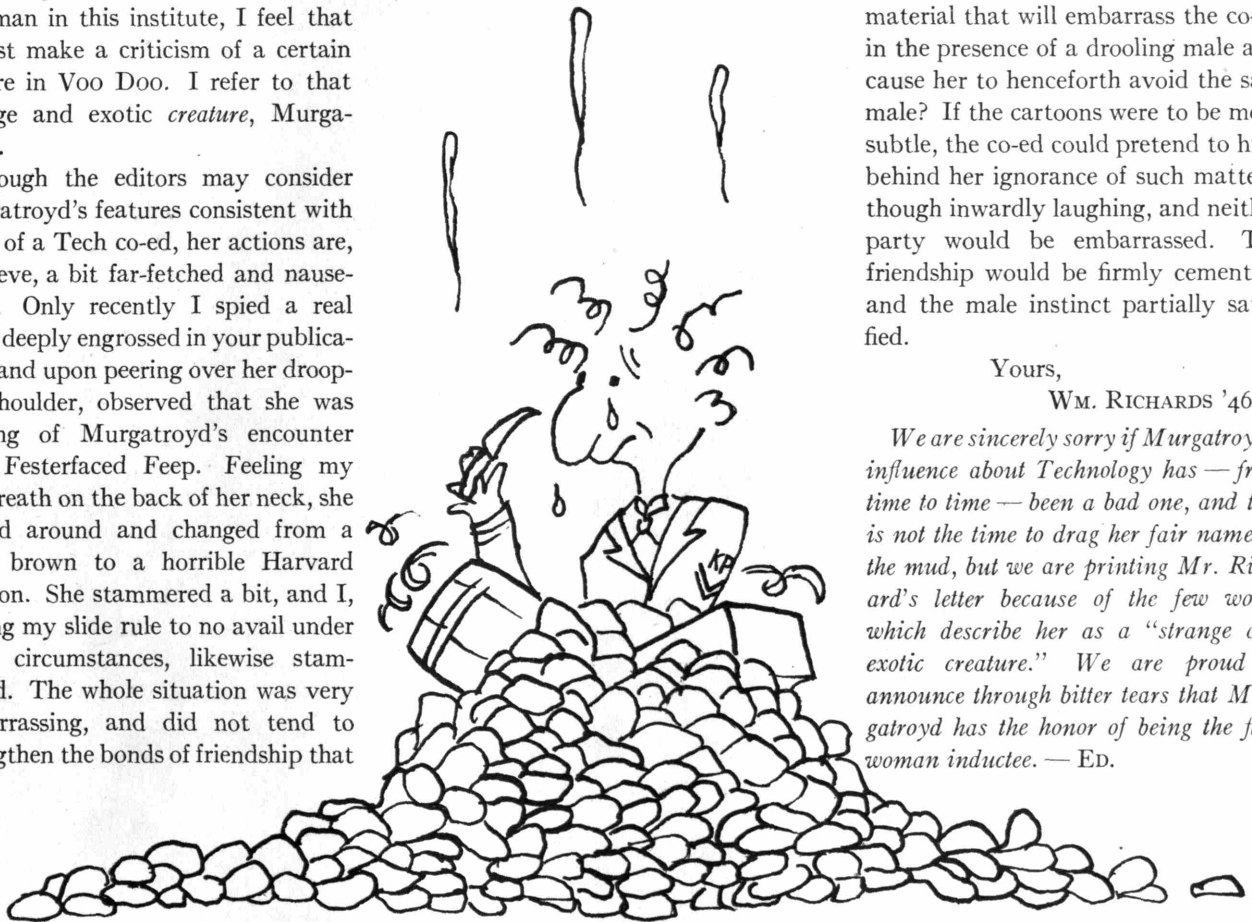
Though the editors may consider Murgatroyd's features consistent with those of a Tech co-ed, her actions are, I believe, a bit far-fetched and nauseating. Only recently I spied a real co-ed deeply engrossed in your publication, and upon peering over her drooping shoulder, observed that she was reading of Murgatroyd's encounter with Festerfaced Feep. Feeling my hot breath on the back of her neck, she turned around and changed from a Tech brown to a horrible Harvard crimson. She stammered a bit, and I, finding my slide rule to no avail under these circumstances, likewise stammered. The whole situation was very embarrassing, and did not tend to strengthen the bonds of friendship that

I was trying to establish. Now I ask you, dear sirs, is it right to print such material that will embarrass the co-ed in the presence of a drooling male and cause her to henceforth avoid the said male? If the cartoons were to be more subtle, the co-ed could pretend to hide behind her ignorance of such matters, though inwardly laughing, and neither party would be embarrassed. The friendship would be firmly cemented, and the male instinct partially satisfied.

Yours,

WM. RICHARDS '46.

We are sincerely sorry if Murgatroyd's influence about Technology has — from time to time — been a bad one, and this is not the time to drag her fair name in the mud, but we are printing Mr. Richard's letter because of the few words which describe her as a "strange and exotic creature." We are proud to announce through bitter tears that Murgatroyd has the honor of being the first woman inductee. — ED.



Voo Doo

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The burlesque queen woke up the morning after the raid to find herself fully clothed. Expecting the worst, she screamed, "My God, I've been draped!"

— Cal. Pelican.

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The car was crowded and the conductor was irritable.

"Where is the fare for the boy?" he snapped, as the father handed him one fare.

"The boy is only three years old."

"Three years! Why, look at him. He's seven if he's a day."

The father leaned over and gazed earnestly at the boy's face. Then he turned to the conductor.

"Can I help it if he worries?" he asked.

— Exchange



Officer: What's your name?

Draftee: Quitz Jones, sir.

Officer: Where'd you get that queer name, son?

Draftee: Well, sir, it was this way. When I was born, my dad came in and took one look at me and said to mom, "Lucy, let's call it Quitz!"

— Yale Record.



A Russian who had spent a year in America returned to tell his adventures to his friend. "Boris," he said, "if you like it here, you should see America. You drive around in a limousine — for free. You eat dinners at the best hotels — for free. You get all sorts of beautiful clothes — for free. You stay in beautiful rooms — for free."

"All this happened to you?" asked the amazed Boris.

"To me, no — but to my sister — yes."

— Exchange.

If Little Red Riding Hood lived today,
The Modern Girl would scorn 'er.
She only had to meet one wolf,
Not one on every corner.

— Exchange.



Traffic Cop: "Say you! Didn't you see me wave at you?"

Sweet Coed: "Yes, but I go steady, so you're wasting your time."

— Pelican.



Breathes there a man
Around this school
Sufficiently
Restrained and cool,
Enough to limit
His demands
And say "Good night,"
Just holding hands —
Who has the decency
To wait until at least
A second date
To reach a warm
Romantic state,
And give a girl
Some preparation
Before expecting
Osculation
At least an hour
In duration?
If such there be
Go mark him well.
I'll date the guy
And make him tell
Me what the hell
He had for dinner, that makes him so
sick.

— Williams Purple Cow.



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"It's not just the work I enjoy," said the taxicab driver, "it's the people I run into."

— Pelican.

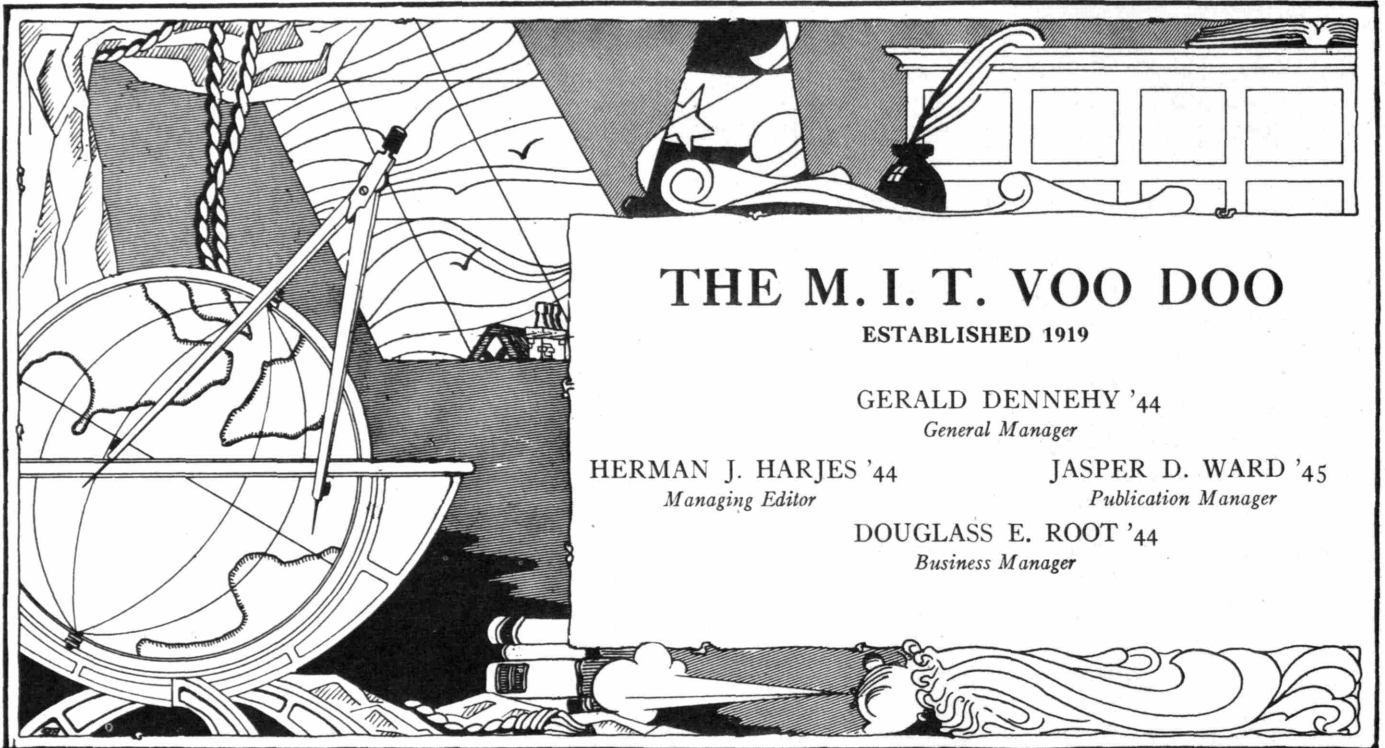
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"OF PEARLS AND SWINE"

"BUT it is oh, so evident, even to the most uninitiated, that the real meaning of our too often misused term 'Epicurean' is nowhere near the popular, *too* utter, connotation of the word." The highly select group . . . nodding knowingly, knowingly. . . .

"The almost vulgar audacity of those who presume to know, and flaunt their 'artiness' and 'sophistication,' it is almost unbelievable. Can nothing be done . . . can nothing be done?"

"Thrusting themselves upon polite, refined, cultured society, they feed like horrid little parasites. But returning to our original discussion of the Epicurean philosophy . . . Gentlemen, how can the words, thoughts, of so *utter* a being as man express the infinite nobility of a philosophy that is founded upon the happiness of Now?" A toast to the depthless solace of "Carpe Diem" . . . gurgle. . . .

"That we here should know the true meaning of Life, and bear in silent tragedy, the poet's myrtle leaves of grief,

yet must ever play the joyous soul . . . it is too utterly ironic."

Yet, where lies the tragedy? Have we not resigned ourselves? There is no true meaning to Life, only to the Now of it! A toast . . .

"How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit Of This and That endeavour and dispute? Better be merry with the fruitful Grape Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit."

"Oh, my good and noble friends gathered here about me this memorable evening . . . can there ever be another time when man shall so closely touch on the truth of it all. Our path lies clearly before us; there can be no faltering now, no stopping by the wayside!"

"Hear, hear. . . ."

"Gentlemen, I give you a toast . . . a toast to Today. We dedicate ourselves to the further glory of Bacchus, the advancement of fine humor, and the abolishment of Tomorrow."

We so dedicate . . . gurgle. . . .

"By the bye, Fosdick, let's have your views on Wanger's latest epic 'The Arabian Nights' . . . I thought it rather a catchy cinema."

"True, true, there is a certain appeal to the eye in the vivid Technicolor. And I thought the musical score devastatingly good. I say, did you happen to notice the little lady on the right — one of the four attendants to Miss Montez in that rapturous wedding dance? They tell me she was *that Satterlee woman*. By Jove, I believe I can see old Flynn's point!"

"Tush, tush, Fosdick! Is this in keeping . . . ?"

"Egad, old man, we've included Wine. Have we the right to exclude the last two of the immortal triad, Women and Song? Fear not, I speak not of the foolish, giggling female . . . too utterly abhorring, but of the Understanding Woman . . . rather!"

"Well spoken, Fosdick."

"How like the sea is the mind of man. In the calm days,

when the wind blows not, the ocean lies dead and listless. But in the night, in the great storm, the seas roll high with great crashing and motion, wave upon wave ever growing. So the mind of man in the calm days before the war was stagnant and dead. Now in the days of great duress, mighty thoughts are born and there is a reawakening of philosophy. We are children of that storm, and our Way of Life is one born of the doubts and fears, the uncertainties that are our heritage."

"Hear, hear! We shall call it the Cambridge Address . . . let it so be noted."

"And what is that philosophy? The hour grows late, it is time for our good-byes. We must go our various ways into the streets of night. But before we part, I give you this final toast. I give you Today . . . and ever Bacchus. May tomorrow never come!"

"By the bye, Fosdick, have you Thursday's 2.04?"



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"How did you find the ladies at the dance?"

"Opened the door marked 'Ladies' and there they were."

— Pelican.

"Are you William H. Harris?" asked the young man beside the coat-rack.

"No," was the surprised reply.

"Well, I am," came the frosty rejoinder, "and that is his overcoat you are putting on."

— Pelican.

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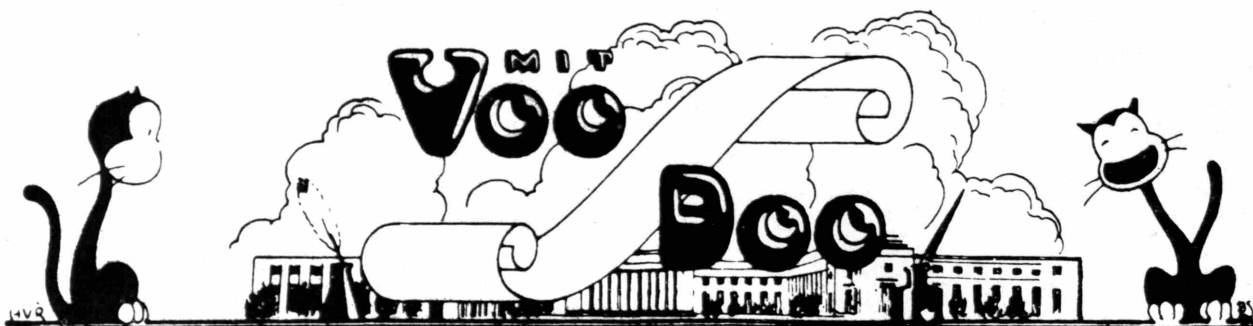


Heredity means if your grandfather didn't have any children, then your father probably wouldn't have had any, and neither would you, probably.

— Duke 'N Duchess

PHOS-IN-FEATHERS ISSUE





THE glorious Institute, sing loud its praises, brother, is doing awfully well in this current world crisis. Like every other educational institution it has been kicked around unmercifully but always seems to bounce back again, ready for anything. Once in a while, however, one can see ragged edges peeking through our brave front. For instance, the other day while idly thumbing through that most worthy document, "Lessons in Electricity" by Prof. N. C. Page, we came upon the following enlightening crumb: "... it is impossible to keep a charge of any consequence upon a conductor in air equipped with sharp points." Mentally shaken by visions of malignant sharp points tearing at a poor, defenseless conductor trapped in the

air, we sought solace in our hard-won copy of "Technique." On opening the volume we were immediately impressed with the fine black and gray montages at the bottom of the first few pages. We particularly admired the newspaper headline reading "U. S. at War with Japan." We sat there thinking what a beautiful piece of photography that was, when the old ragged edge peeked through again to destroy our repose. A friend from Chicago, who happened to be passing, pointed out that although the title of the paper is the *Boston Herald*, the paper is really the *Chicago Tribune*. We looked hard; and sure enough, right under the big bold capital letters, *Boston Herald*, can be seen, small but distinct, the words, "Two cents in Chicago and vicinity."

FEELING that we should not neglect our fair classmates, the co-eds, we thought that we would relay to you this little episode which occurred in the Lounge Bar of Walker at about 11.40 p.m. on the night before the 8.03 final. Miss Lenore Brooks sauntered into that dimly lit den of midnight appetites and ordered a chocolate egg malted. Murph Schwartz, always an obliging fellow, found that they were out of eggs but immediately went out to the kitchen to get some. On his return, he took one of the big metal mixing containers, put in the milk, syrup, and malt, and then rather ceremoniously cracked the newly fetched egg. "Plenty of Vitamin E," said he meaningly. "Yeah," replied Miss Brooks. Joe Kaufmann, who was working nearby, looked up with some interest at this last remark and asked, "Is Vitamin E what I think it is?" "Yeah," replied Miss Brooks. We have no comment.



"Forthwright's a killer once we get him in the air"

IN the last issue of Voo Doo there appeared a joke about Ferdinand the ex-bull. The other day we came across a reaction to this joke which left us somewhat amazed. An anonymous fellow sitting next to Dean Dragsdorf was reading his Voo Doo during a chem lecture. After reading the bull joke several times and failing, evidently, to see the point he turned to Dean and asked his help in interpreting the jest. Dragsdorf replied in mock seriousness that, of course, the bull had

cut off his hind legs. Our fellow contemplated this information unemotionally for a minute or two and then his face lighted up, he threw back his head, and let out a hearty dull roar: "Cut off his hind legs! Haw! Haw! Haw!"

AFTER some of the events of the past month we are becoming alarmed at the growing tendency of students and faculty alike to place Voo Doo in a little pigeonhole marked "Evil." We first became aware of this condition while selling copies of the last Voo Doo at the little booth in Building X. Prof. Morris stopped by to get his copy and, seeing one of our "Speak no evil, see no evil, hear no evil" signs, said in a reproving tone, "I was disappointed to see your advertisement this month. I always thought that at least in Voo Doo we could find a little evil." With this incident as a background we were somewhat abashed when, on the very next day, a freshman announced to us that he was going out for the Literary Staff. He said, "I am not sure whether it will be funny or not, but I thought I would start with something lascivious."

A FRESHMAN whom we know, hailing from Jonesboro, Arkansas, and equipped, it seems, with more than an ordinary physique, had a rather tough time of it when he went to apply for his driver's license. He was interviewed by one of the local old maids who looked with disfavor upon the young man in question because of his notorious amatory exploits. Accordingly, this good lady took it upon herself to be very exacting. After asking his name and address and entering it duly on the form she came next to "Age." "How old are you?" said she. "Sixteen," replied our hero. The lady looked skeptical. "Have you a birth certificate?" she asked. The defendant triumphantly dug into his wallet and produced the required document. The lady inspected it



grudgingly and then asked, "How tall are you?" "Six feet two," was the answer. The lady got up very officially, took a yardstick and backed her subject against the wall. She started to measure and then, as an afterthought, said, "Take off your shoes." The freshman complied with some annoyance. The last question to be asked was, "How much do you weigh?" By this time our Southern friend was pretty well fed up with the whole procedure so he said, "One hundred and ninety pounds," and then added, looking the lady straight in the eye, "stripped."

MAN is at his noblest when he is doing something for his fellow man. The dictionary terms this "altruism," the Boy Scouts call it "the good turn," and the T.C.A. has designated it as "Boy's Work."

It was just before last Christmas that Phos wandered over to East

Boston to watch T.C.A.'s Christian Charity in action. The occasion was a Christmas party that our little band of altruists — as represented by the late lamented (he graduated) Sid Atlas — was sponsoring for the East Boston Boy's Club and its feminine (ages 15 to 17) guests. The game of the evening was Forfeits, and most of the penalties were paid in that delightful coin known as the kiss. Phos arrived just in time to see charity-minded Atlas paying his forfeit by "being courteous" to the ladies and taking no great pains about concealing his enjoyment. Pardon us while we go do our daily good turn — she said her folks would be out tonight.

~~CAMPUS~~
NEWS

"SWAIV SWAIN"



SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

ON registration day in the fall of 1940 our own good dean was observed to catch his breath at the entrance of an impeccably attired figure of particularly jaundiced complexion. Resplendent in spats, a Harris tweed suit, six-inch winged collar, black knit tie, and a porkpie hat, his expression blended perfectly with the yellow checks of his J. Press vest. Was this some banished exile from Louisburg Square? Rapping the gold knob of his walking stick on the polished desk top, he quelled the rising excitement in the dean's office and bluffed his way through a modified registration.

So entered Walter Swain into the staid halls of Technology. Legal frenzy failed to nullify his acceptance as a student, and the corporation had

no choice but to tolerate him as a freshman with the consolation that the first marking period would remove this menace to the school's integrity.

Walt came from a little town in New Jersey called Plainfield, whose fields have plainly been obscured by an outgrowth of soap factories, due, in part, to the needs of the coal miners who originally settled there. While attending Wardlaw School, the proximity of his campus to Princeton furnished him with a fervent desire to wear a jacket with crossed oars as sported by the crew men who row for The Tiger. Reflecting on his athletic inadequacy, Walter dedicated himself to the winning of one of these expressions of savoir faire despite all odds. On hearing that M.I.T. had a crew, his decision

was immediate — he could make the varsity at Tech if he could do it anywhere.

Consequently, Walt has been out for coxswain since freshman year. After coxing the freshman 150's, he frustrated the faculty by remaining in good standing and came back to cox the 150-pound varsity in his second year. Imagine his sense of elation in pushing the boys to a close race in Princeton's own back yard. In spite of a good season, however, the crew budget would not permit an excursion to J. Press, and poor Walter was forced into the shame of buying the cherished jacket on his own, without even the encouragement of anyone else on the crew having enough interest to get one, too.

Walt's clothes furnish considerable amusement at the boat house. His coxswain's uniform is usually topped off with his crew jacket and a gleaming white ascot with diamond stickpin, weather permitting. He contends that the ignominy of such exertion as a crew eight should muster requires a certain amount of tempering to keep it from being completely unbearable, and that the injection of a bit of Ivy League fashion serves the purpose quite well.

During his first week at Tech, Walt was lead-piped (or vice-versa) into pledging the Kappa Sig house (otherwise known as Sigma Kaplan). Ever searching new fields, however, he took an apartment in the Charlesgate in his sophomore year, which apartment was the scene of many memorable parties, to say the very least, in the course of his stay. By popular demand of the management and several occupants of the hotel, however, Walt was forced to leave in May, but not without receiving solace by throwing the bulk of the furnishings three floors to the alley as a climax to the farewell party.

His present quarters are in the nefarious Hotel Canterbury, where his total activities are confined to cooking,

Continued to page 21



M.M. 75

Maria Montez, sensational star of Universal's "Arabian Nights," sends her love to the students of M. I. T. Miss Montez will soon be seen in a new Technicolor picture, "White Savage." To her thanks we can only reply that, sincerely, nothing we could do would be enough.

"Yussel Klein Accused of Taking Candy from Babies"

THE trial of Yussel Klein, swash-buckling herring-boatsman and man-about-town, got under way today as the prosecution called to the stand the two babies who are accusing him of snatching their peppermint sticks.

The courtroom was crowded to overflowing with a hysterical audience consisting mostly of mothers who were all rooting for Yussel. The two babes, a bouncing blond and a sultry brunette, were wheeled into the courtroom in their respective perambulators amid the admiring murmurs of the onlookers. The first to be questioned was winsome, black-haired Sippy Saddlesky.

Q. Miss Saddlesky, how old are you?

A. Eight years old, sir. (After this remark, Miss Saddlesky hurled to the floor a rubber Donald Duck on which she had been chewing. It was returned by an attendant.)

Miss Saddlesky: Goo.

Q. Do you eat peppermint sticks?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. On the evening of January 3 were you eating a peppermint stick?

A. Yes, sir. It was a red and white striped one.

Q. Were the stripes diagonal or horizontal?

Defense attorney: Objection. Miss Saddlesky's past has no bearing on the case.

Judge, Sustained.

Q. Miss Saddlesky, would you

please explain in your own words what ensued?

A. What does ensued mean? Goo Goo. (Here one of the mothers in the audience let out a loud shriek, ran up to Yussel, kissed his hand, and asked for an autographed can of herring. The woman was dragged shrieking from the courtroom.)

Q. Ensued means what happened.

A. Oh. (Here Miss Saddlesky took a large bite of her Donald Duck doll and posed for a photographer from Vu.) Well, sir, I was riding on my kiddie car when that man came along. (Miss S. always referred to Klein as that man. Klein was sitting in the front row dressed in a conservative black zoot suit and his face was white.) He asked me if I would like to go for a ride on his herring boat and I said yes.

Q. Did Mr. Klein give you anything to drink?

A. Yes sir. He gave me a glass of milk, but it had a funny brown color. (Here Klein was heard to growl, "It was Hemo, damn it. I wanted her to ger her Vitamin E.")

Q. What did Mr. Klein talk about?

A. He called me his Sing Sing Sparrow.

Q. Did you know what that meant?

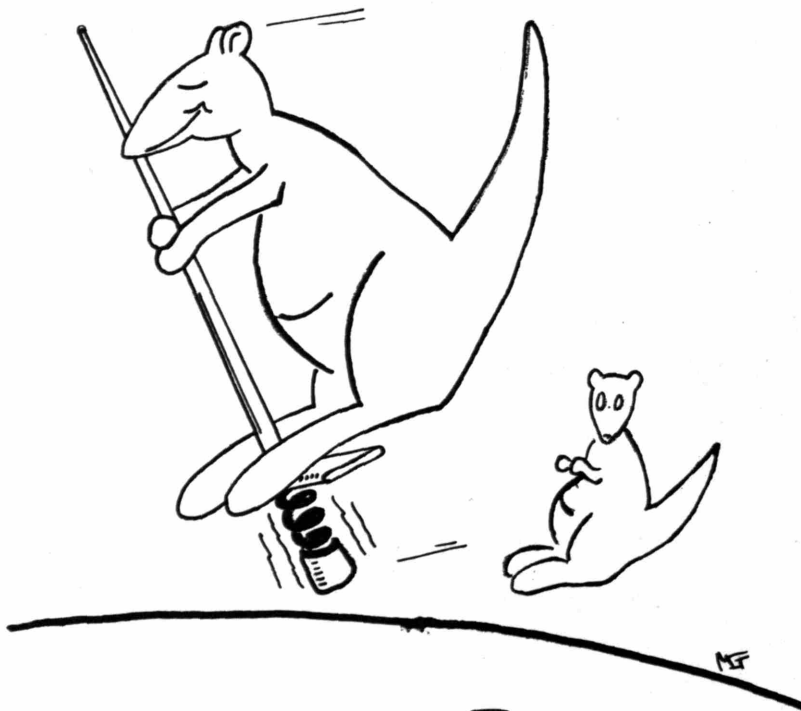
A. (Wide eyed) No, sir.

Q. What happened after you had the drink?

A. I went up on deck and began eating the peppermint stick. That man followed me and started to whisper sweet nothings in my ear?

Q. Please be more specific. What was one of the sweet nothings?

A. (Blushing) He said, "Baby, are there more like you at home?"



Continued to page 27



"ON BEARDS"

BEARDS may be classified either with respect to their stage of development or with respect to type. We shall first deal with the various stages of development.

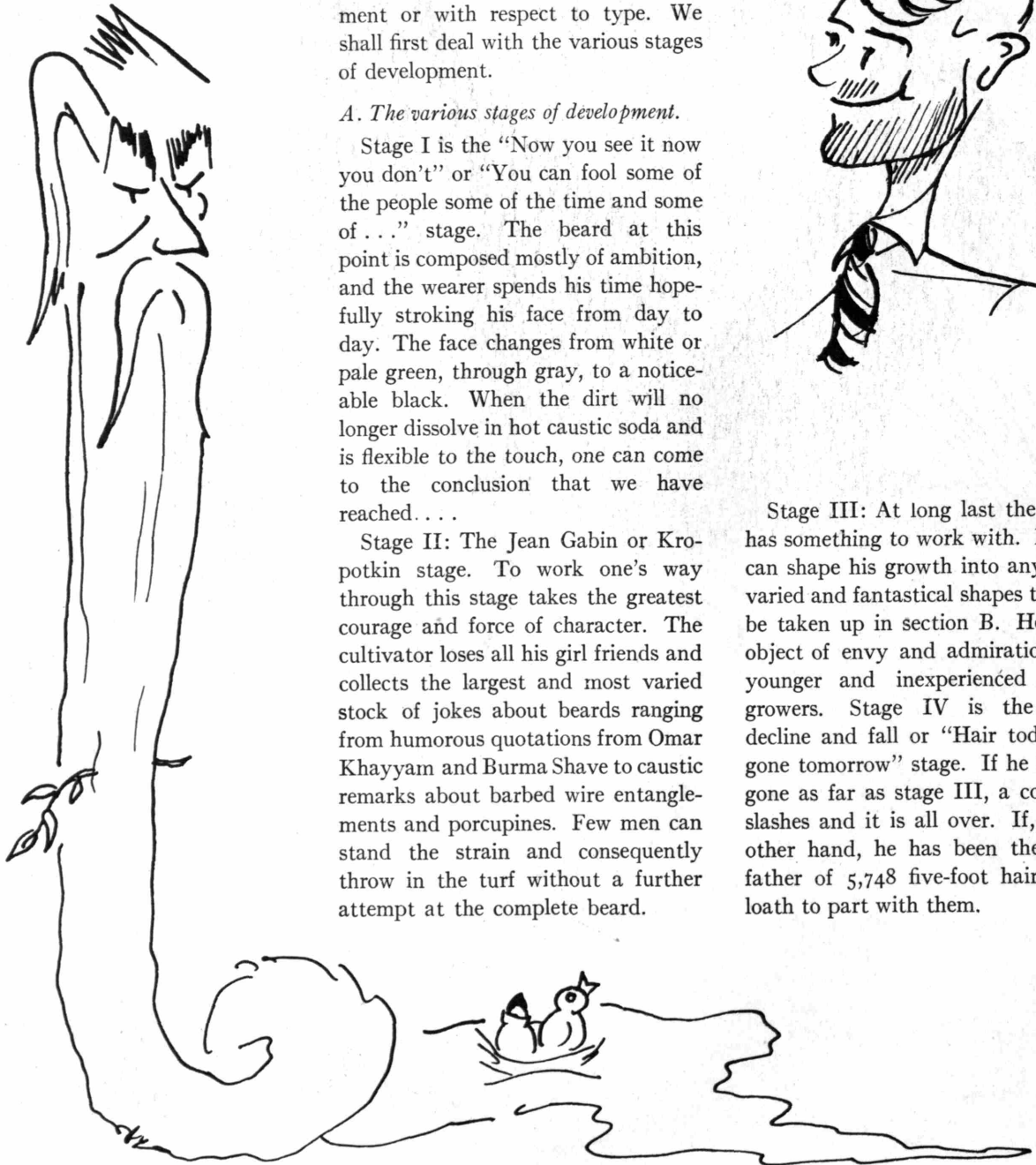
A. The various stages of development.

Stage I is the "Now you see it now you don't" or "You can fool some of the people some of the time and some of . . ." stage. The beard at this point is composed mostly of ambition, and the wearer spends his time hopefully stroking his face from day to day. The face changes from white or pale green, through gray, to a noticeable black. When the dirt will no longer dissolve in hot caustic soda and is flexible to the touch, one can come to the conclusion that we have reached. . . .

Stage II: The Jean Gabin or Kropotkin stage. To work one's way through this stage takes the greatest courage and force of character. The cultivator loses all his girl friends and collects the largest and most varied stock of jokes about beards ranging from humorous quotations from Omar Khayyam and Burma Shave to caustic remarks about barbed wire entanglements and porcupines. Few men can stand the strain and consequently throw in the turf without a further attempt at the complete beard.



Stage III: At long last the farmer has something to work with. Now he can shape his growth into any of the varied and fantastical shapes that will be taken up in section B. He is the object of envy and admiration from younger and inexperienced beard-growers. Stage IV is the literal decline and fall or "Hair today and gone tomorrow" stage. If he has not gone as far as stage III, a couple of slashes and it is all over. If, on the other hand, he has been the proud father of 5,748 five-foot hairs, he is loath to part with them.





B. Type of Beards.

Type A. This is the forest primeval, the cherished ambition of every beaver breeder: A long and flowing white beard a la George Bernard Shaw complete with mousetraps and mothballs. The forest primeval type has several species. One is the six-foot door mat which has baffled all research. The question: "Do they sleep with it outside or inside?" Next comes the standard soup-strainer type which has the advantage that one never need wear a tie or shirt with it. The square six-inch black beard is the monopoly of the German Spy Union (C.I.O.).

Type B is the Western, so-called because it is usually found mixed with ham and eggs and an occasional splash of ketchup. It consists of a curly and bushy layer of moss sprayed in a haphazard way over the entire face. This beard is used by miners and Russian spies. It is a handy and portable beard that is easy to train and also good in the line of soup strainers. Its only defect is that you are subject to an absolute barrage of corn from your near friends.

Type C is known as the Latin Quarter or Drool Controller.

Type D is the type which allows most room for individual taste. The beardie can spread himself to his full extent, for this category is the arty or Course IV beard. Some outstanding types which the reader may try are 1, the early Assyrian or hexagonal beard whose only drawback is that it also requires a square haircut; 2, another handy beard is the ornamental shrubbery type. In this type the artist is out on his own. The work is strictly ad lib. He can range over the whole field from teapots to roosters and grand pianos. Very recherche operators can go as far as solid beards with a round hole in the middle in which a discreet potted geranium can be placed; 3, is the kind for the cats that are reet by the jive. If you are intent on borrowing a body for the next barrage or contracting a chassis for the coming crisis, try consternating



the cement and lacerating the linoleum with a zoot beard. Write to us and send \$1.50 and we will tell you how to cook your beard with Helium. And finally we have 4, the practical structures for those ingenious Tech men who are blessed with very stiff beards. Men with malleable beards of this type should try such mechanical marvels as handy corkscrew beards, chin resters, holders for pipes, cigarettes, drool cups, and other objects, and necking aids with a vice-like grip attachment.

Therefore, if you are a man of fortitude and character, here is your chance. Scrape off the barnacles and develop a beard. Show up your personality and always remember what the good book says: Quote, "Call me a grape, and let's join the bunch." Unquote.

— R. W. W.





"THREE PAGES OF
OLD TIMERS"

Soph: "What kind of an instrument do you play?"

Scotch Frosh: "My bagpipes."

Soph: "I don't care what she plays — what about yourself?"

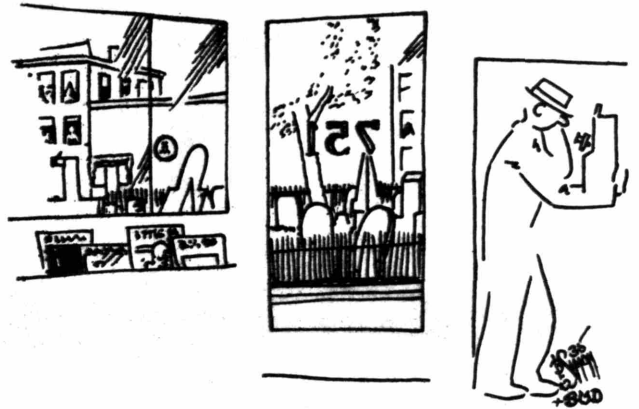


A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon placed so as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

Merely an engineer's daughter, but she has her bending moments!



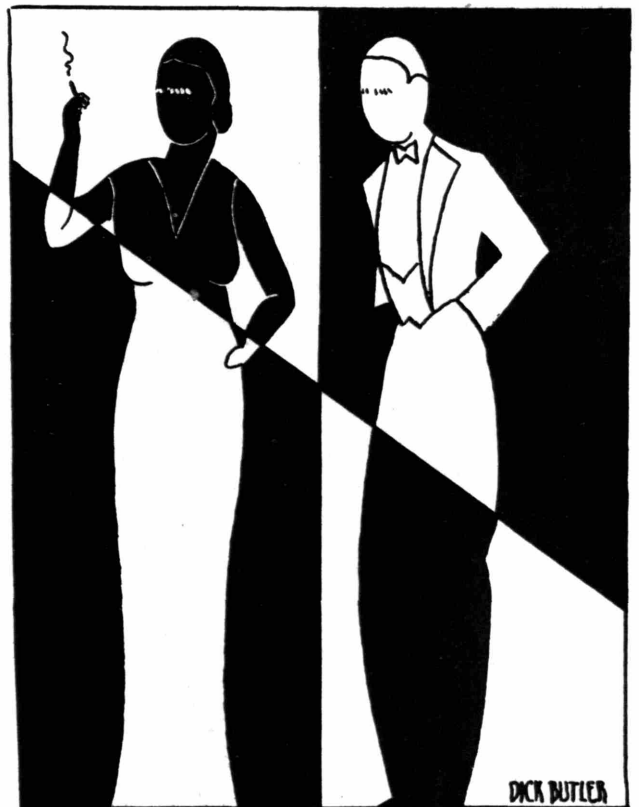
Salesman to Hotel Clerk: "My name's Fuller. May I brush up?"



"Come on over, Joe, and we'll dig up some women."



My girl's so dumb, she thinks a primary cell is a jail for little children.



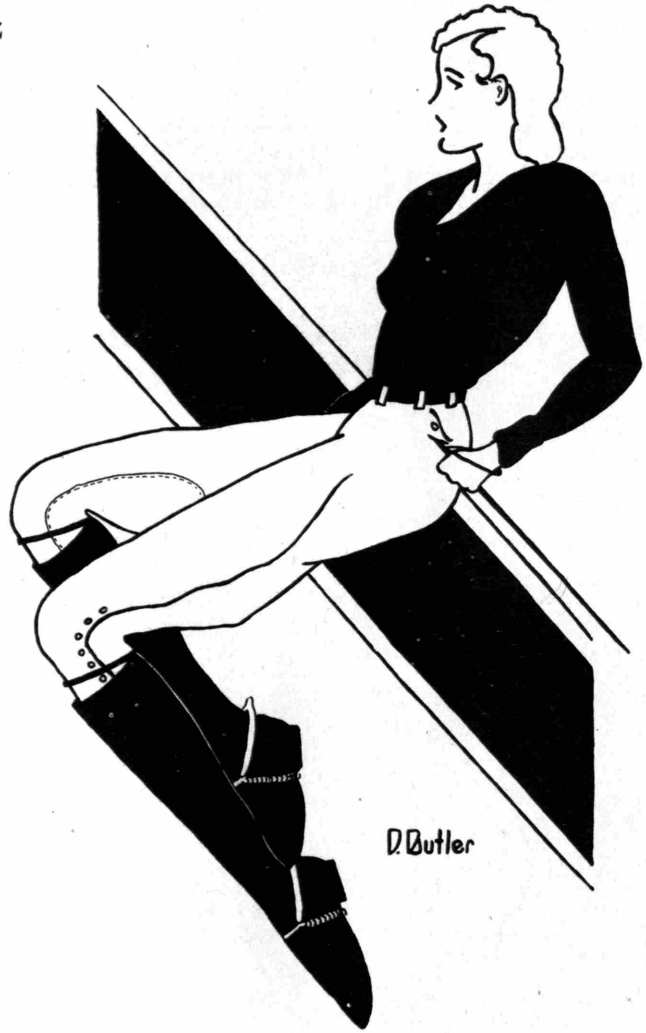
Tech: "Is the college in Wellesley proper?"
Wellesley: "Sir!"

Advertisement in a newspaper: "Eskimo Spitz Pups for ten dollars apiece."



MAHATMA

Butler



D. Butler

Her father was just a failure, but boy, oh, what a bust.



A Chocolate Shake.

WILLSEA



hurX

She was only a tailor's daughter, but she had the goods.

"THE CHANGING MIND OF MAN"

THE FRESHMAN THINKS



THE SOPHOMORE THINKS



THE JUNIOR THINKS



THE SENIOR THINKS



That initiations are childish, outmoded, and unnecessary customs.	That initiations are invaluable customs creative of better men.	That initiations are interesting outputs of a childish mind.	That initiations are uninteresting outputs of a childish mind.
That not all women can be made.	That all women can be made.	That all women should be made.	That not all women should be made.
That you should go to all classes.	That you should go to no classes.	That you should go to some classes.	That you should go to most classes.
That Voo Doo is a terrific magazine.	That Voo Doo is a pretty good magazine.	That Voo Doo isn't so sharp.	That VooDoo stinks.
That <i>The Tech</i> stinks.	That <i>The Tech</i> stinks.	That <i>The Tech</i> stinks.	That <i>The Tech</i> stinks.
That the Sophomore year will be easier.	That the Junior year will be easier.	That the Senior year will be easier.	That graduate work will be easier.
That Tech is the sacred home of super science.	That Tech is a rat race.	That Tech is a rat race.	That Tech is a rat race.
That Wiener knows 56 languages.	That Weiner knows 39 languages.	That Weiner knows 77 languages.	That Weiner knows 54 languages.
That he will flunk out next term.	That he will flunk out next term.	That he will flunk out next term.	That he will flunk out next term.
That you shouldn't mix beer and red wine.	That you shouldn't mix beer and whiskey.	That you shouldn't mix whiskey and moonshine.	That you shouldn't mix vodka and absinthe.
That Emily Vanderbilt goes to Tech.	That Gloria Vanderbilt goes to Tech.	That Eileen Vanderbilt goes to Tech.	Damit which Vanderbilt is it?
That Course XV is a snap.	That Course XV is a snap.	That Course XV is a snap.	That Course XV is a snap.
That Dingee should be knighted.	That Dingee should be knighted.	That Dingee was a help last year.	That Dingee was a help two years ago.
That you can get along on three hours' sleep.	That you can get along on four hours' sleep.	That you can get along on five hours' sleep.	That you can get along on six hours' sleep.
That Tech leaves no room for your sex life.	That Tech leaves very little room for your sex life.	That Tech leaves some room for your sex life.	That your sex life leaves no room for Tech.
That more can be learned at Wellesley than at Tech.	That more can be learned at the Old Howard than at Tech.	That more can be learned at Jake Wirth's than at Tech.	That more can be learned on open house than at Tech.
That Walker's rolls taste like soup.	That Walker's soup tastes like meat.	That Walker's meat tastes like pie.	That Walker's pie tastes like rolls.
That 4.5 is a good mark.	That 3.5 is a good mark.	That 2.5 is a good mark.	That 1.4 is a good mark.
That he will try to make the Dean's list next term.	That he will try and make the second Dean's list next term.	That he will try to make the third Dean's list next term.	That he will try to graduate.

"PRELUDE TO VICTORY"

IT was the night of the Soph prom that I decided to break the news to Alice. Alice is a nice kid, but like most women she tends to think of a man in permanent terms. And she was starting to show signs of a possessive attitude toward me — like just before she went home for Christmas vacation when she told me that if she found out that I had had two dates with any single female while she, Alice, was away, she, Alice, would personally bat my teeth out, slice my ears off, and hang the rest of me from my dorm window as a warning to other desecrators of weak, innocent, and unprotected womanhood. Being, however, as I am, a strong-minded individual, I decided to tell Alice that for our own good we ought to break up before we got emotionally entangled more than was, perhaps, good for us. After all, you can only carry friendship so far.

We were having a big party in the dorm during intermission, and I got

off to a good start when Alice and I strayed away from the crowd.

"Alice," I said firmly, "I have come to a decision."

Alice patted my cheek. "That's all right, honey," she said, "Cuba Libres always did affect you rather strongly."

"Now, Alice," I said, "please do not attempt to make light of this thing. I have arrived at a very important decision and I intend to communicate it to you before the evening is over."

Alice sometimes jumps at conclusions. "Yes?" she said, ice dripping from the word.

"Alice," I said, "we have been going together for a very long time."

Alice jumped at another conclusion. "Yes?" she breathed, snuggling up close.

I gulped, took a deep breath and unsnuggled as much as possible. "Do you think it's entirely good for us?" I blurted.

Alice resnuggled. "Yes," she breathed.

"Oh," I said.

Alice rubbed her cheek against mine. I thought for a minute.

I stood up and dumped her on the floor. "Alice," I said, "we ought to stop going together."


There was a shoe on the floor and Alice threw it at my head. I ducked and she caught me on the left cheek with a beautiful right cross on her way up.

"You good-for-nothing, spindle-shanked, corrupted excuse for a bloated engineer," she said — as near as I can quote in public. "I'd like to slice your ears off." Alice is self-conscious about my ears. "If you didn't look so much like a baboon, you'd know how to treat a lady. You've got your nerve leading me on for two-and-a-half years and then dropping me like a . . . a . . . a . . ." Here she couldn't think of anything so she burst into tears. I was beginning to feel rather badly about the whole thing and I stepped up to put an arm around her.

Alice looked up at me with overflowing eyes. Then she put her right foot behind my left heel and pushed. My next memory is of Tony, my roommate, trying to pull Alice off my chest. He was not meeting with too much success because she had firmly anchored in my hair and seemed determined to take at least half my luxuriant crop with her. At the same time she was crying that "something ought to be done about these crude yankees who mistreat poor, defenceless girls and then escape unscathed." Although I didn't follow her logic, I didn't say anything for the moment.

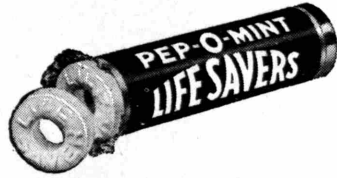
Tony was grinning like the orang-outang that he undoubtedly is descended from. Tom was standing in the doorway laughing his fool head off. There were also some feminine — or rather feline — giggles emanating from the hall. The situation was





O hark to the tale of dateless Willie,
A lonely and friendless young fellow till he,
Sweetened his breath with Pep-O-Mints
And at once became a campus prince.

MORAL: Everybody's breath
offends now and then. Let Life
Savers sweeten and freshen
your breath after eating, drink-
ing, and smoking.



FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

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

Send it 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

"Why is the ocean wet?"
"Because the sea-weed."

*Submitted by Ramona Wood '43
Smith College, Northampton, Mass.*

unbearable, so I acted like a gentleman. I fainted.

* * * *

"Alice," I said.

"Yes, honey," she said.

"Alice," I said, "I've been doing some thinking."

Alice absent-mindedly twisted my ear. "I thought we went over all that two months ago at the Soph Prom," she said.

"Alice," I went on, "I think we ought to break up before it's too late."

Alice rubbed her cheek against mine as she contemplated the ring. "Oh, but it is," she said.

"Yes, Alice," I groaned. After all, friendship can only be carried so far.

— J. L. U.

"SWAIV SWAIN"

Continued from page 10

preparing for week-ends, and consoling the manager after week-ends. His impeccable touch is ever present in the floor-length draperies, silver service, china, and paintings so graciously supplied by the Statler and other hotels ranging from Salem to Cape Cod.

During his past two and a half years at Tech, Walt has had varied interests both in and out of school. When his after-hours' bar in the basement of the Kappa Sig house was raided last year he went out for the T.C.A. in a spirit of reform. He became head of the Book Exchange, and the holiness of the T.C.A. seemed to have a steadying effect on him for a time. This was

short-lived, however, and he soon resumed his life of laughs and debauchery.

At present Walt seems more or less holed up for the winter, but with the breaking up of the ice floes on the Charles we can expect the launching of a new reign of terror in Back Bay.

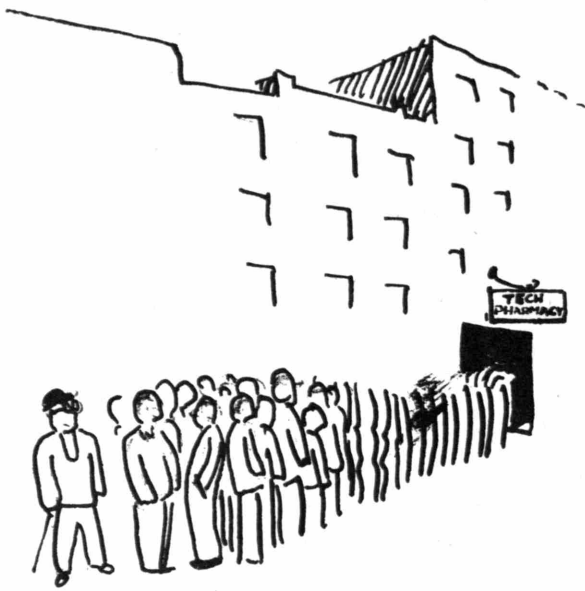


Voice from rear seat of taxi: "I say, driver, what's the idea of stopping?"

Driver: "I thought I heard some one tell me to."

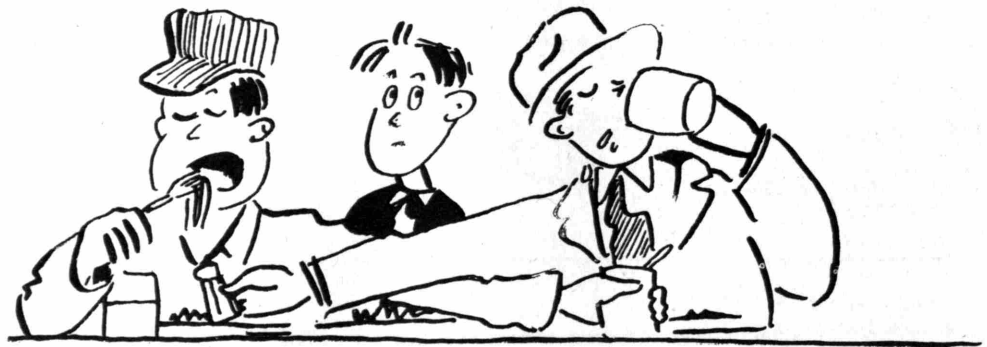
Rear seat: "Drive on, she wasn't talking to you."

— Chaser.



WHERE
D'YA

THE CASINO?



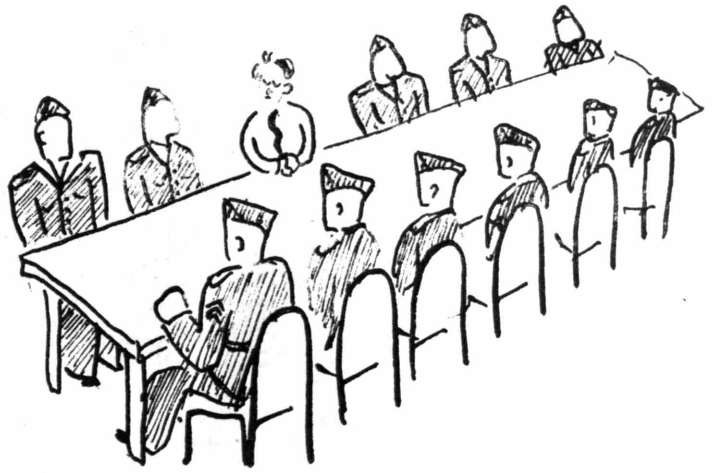
GRILL DINER?



THE BATHROOM?

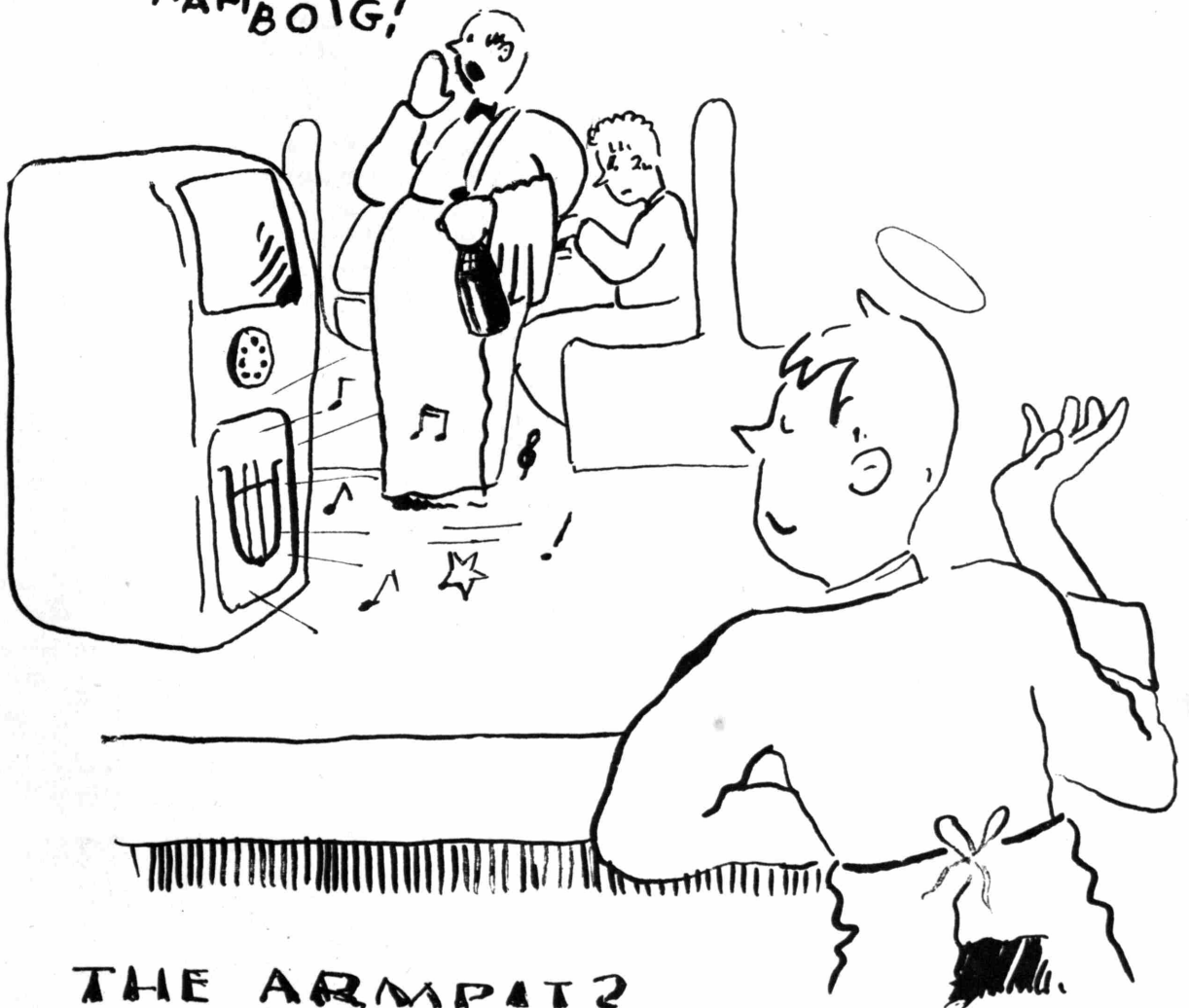
EAT

?



CARLYLE'S CAFÉ?

HAMBOIG!



THE ARMPAT?

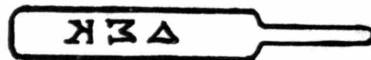
"F. ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY"



To: Dr. A. J. S. Crumpet-Abernathy, Jr.
Secretary, Massachusetts Historical Society,
Hoboken, N. J.

... Proceeding northward along the coastline from Sescotampawctut, our expedition finally came to an oasis known to the natives as Wadi-el-Scollay. The natives were friendly, and as soon as we became acclimatized we questioned them and learned that they were descendants of the original "Brahmins," the 20th century inhabitants of the Wadi, or Scollayskware, as it was then called. We dug a deep shaft in this region and were thus able to observe in the various layers of debris evidence of at least five different civilizations, which we called for clarity the oyster shell, stone, bronze, steel and rubber ages. ... About two miles further north we made an even more illuminating discovery—projecting above the sand dunes, we found the tops of several ancient limestone buildings. Clearing the sand and lava away from the sides of the buildings, we were eventually able to read the names carved on the walls, Kelvin, Newton, Galileo, Archimedes, Pascal, etc. Eureka! we had discovered the burial vaults of dozens of the most famous medieval scientists! ... We also found several bodies, but from cranial measurements we could be reasonably certain that they were not those of the noted scientists. One of the more decayed corpses was evidently that of a student of sorts, for he was found clutching a slender white abacus in his hand, and surrounded by a considerable number of papyrus scrolls. (The

aborigines presumably manufactured this papyrus from the reeds and other luxuriant flora which could be found growing along the banks of the Charles during this relatively warm period.) ... Several other bodies were found trapped in the lava (from the eruption in 1946 of the nearby volcano, Mt. Holyoke, sometimes referred to by contemporary scribes as the "hot rock.") ... One corpse we found completely surrounded by curious, empty glass containers. Because of the strangely potent aroma which could still be detected in said bottles, some members of the expedition were led to assume that the bottles had originally contained some of the miraculous "elixir of youth," which was first produced commercially by the 19th century conquistadore, Ponce de Leon. ... Nearby we came upon our first specimen of 20th century cricket bat, and, thereafter, came upon a new one every five or ten minutes. The racquets were all rather standardized in design, and we were led to believe that the game of cricket had been developed to a very high degree by the aborigines.



... A hundred yards directly SSE of this spot we discovered what seemed to be the most recently constructed of all the buildings. The date of its erection may be set at about 1945 A.D. It was presumably known as the Lobdell Memorial Museum, and contained an extensive collection of old *fin de siècle* TROLLEY CARS ... Another dis-

play consisted of a collection of medieval advertising posters and clay tablets, one of which bore the following curious legend,

"The best profs of all move to Huntington Hall. Yes, the best profs of all move to Huntington Hall."

... Scattered all over the area, we found countless blotters illustrated with lithographs of scantily clad women,* and bearing the motto: "Dingy can help you." Evidently this "Dingy" was the proprietor of a well-known house of ill repute.

... We also found thousands of papers all inscribed with the letters ERC. What the significance of these letters was, we could not discover, but they were obviously of great importance in the life of the times—possibly of religious significance. ... Here we ended our excavations in this part of the Great Cambridge Desert. ... The main impression gained from footprints, etc., was there that was a mass exodus from this region during the winter and spring of 1943. We were unable to discover the reasons for this emigration, and so, packing up our safari, we continued northward to a place known as Harvardskware. ... Finding no evidence of previous life in that region, however, we therefore returned to our base to write up our data.

Respectfully submitted,

F. ROGERS.†

* "Women" were a 20th century species of man—now extinct except in isolated parts of New South Wales.

† F. Rogers is a twin brother of the more famous Buck Rogers.

—F. B. S.

"BREAK AN EGG IN MY MILKSHAKE, CHARLIE"

Boston is a city which causes me no end of horrid pains and aches,

And not the least cause of these are the obscene concoctions made of milk and sold in drug-stores under the trade name of "Shakes."

Whereas in any other part of the civilized world a shake contains at least three scoops of ice-cream and is in a physical condition known to the hoi-polloi as gooey,

The Boston milkshake must be described by the exclamation, "foeey!"

It consists solely of milk and a large quantity of frothy bubbles whose main constituent is air,

And, although, when you first look at it it seems to be enough to fill several glasses, you find out when you get around to drinking it that most of it isn't there.



Another thing about this town that seems intended to vex,

Is its collective attitude toward sex.

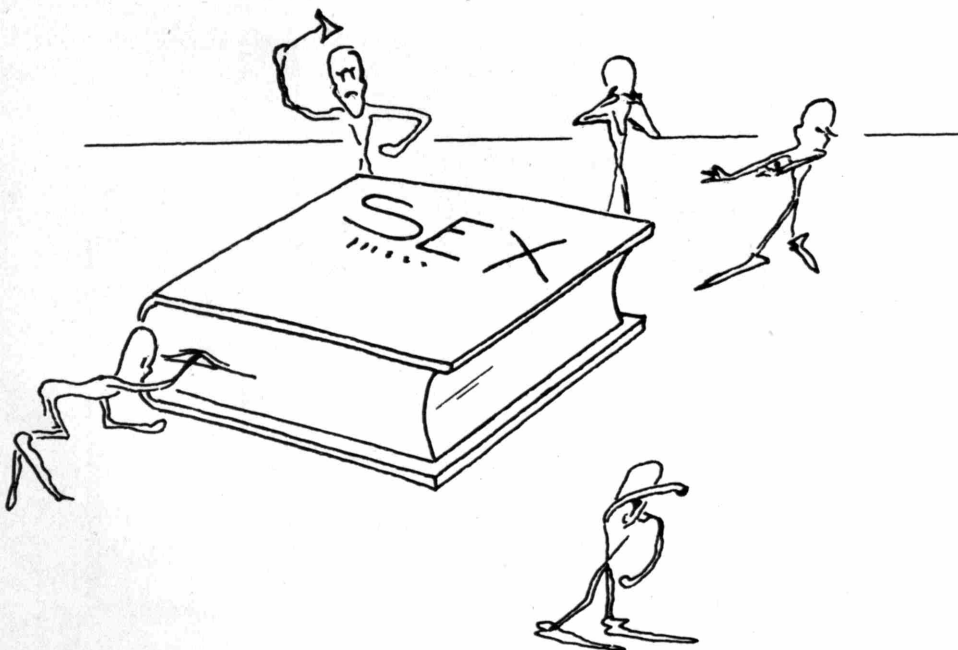
Because although sex in Boston is something that legally does not exist,

The residents, somehow, never seem to have been able to display any clear cut tendency to desist.

In spite of these things, Boston could possibly be a terrestrial Elysian Field,

If it weren't for Harvard, the lack of beautiful women, questionnumberone, the meat shortage, the fuel shortage, the dirt, the bleak scenery, and the blue-laws which see to it that after twelve o'clock on Saturday night the whole God-damned town is hermetically sealed.

— J. L. U.



**THE CHEMICAL ENGINEER
ANALYZES THE WOMAN**

Element — Woman.

Occurrence — Found wherever man exists. Seldom in the free state, with few exceptions in the combined state.

Physical Properties — All colors, sizes, shapes and ages. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered with a film of composite material. Boo-hoos at nothing and may freeze at any moment; however, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Chemical Properties — Very active, possesses a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, precious stones, or anything of value. Violent reaction when left alone. Undissolved by liquids, but activity greatly stimulated when treated with spirits solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed beside a more handsome specimen. Ages very rapidly, usually getting into permanently enlarged state. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

Caution — Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands.

— *Yellow Jacket.*



If the person who stole the alcohol out of my cellar in a glass jar will return Grandmaw's appendix, no questions will be asked.

— *Adv.*

What is home without parents?
Home without parents is what is commonly known as a good place to have a cheap date.

— *Urchin.*



"Give this little girl a great big hand," said the cannibal's small daughter as he was serving dinner.

— *Froth.*



"Mother is the necessity of invention," said the young maiden as she crawled in the window at 3 a.m.

— *Pelican.*



A wallflower these days is a girl that dances every dance.

— *Pup Tent.*

"Shay, lishen, lady, you're the homeliest woman I ever saw."

"Well, you're the drunkest man I ever saw."

"I know, lady, but I'll get over it in the morning."

— *Jack-o-Lantern.*



Advice to girls: Take care of your figure in high school and when you get to college the boys will watch it for you.

— *Sundial.*



Barber: Was your tie red when you came in here?

Coe: No, it wasn't.

Barber: Gosh!

— *Maroon Bee.*



"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the blonde as she danced out onto the stage.

— *Sundial.*



"So your brother is a painter, eh?"
"Yep."

"Paints houses, I presume?"

"Nope, paints men and women."

"Oh, I see, he's an artist."

"Nope, just paints men on one door and women on another."

— *Covered Wagon.*

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"YUSSEL"

Continued from page 12

Q. Are there?

A. Yes, sir, I am from Massachusetts.

Q. Then what happened?

A. (Her lips trembling) It was then that he snatched my peppermint stick.

Q. Did you mind?

A. (Shyly) No, sir.

(Here the audience began to chant in unison "Move it Over," and had to be quieted by the judge.)

Q. Has Mr. Klein ever perpetrated this disgraceful deed again?

A. Yes, sir. The next night we were looking at the moon, and he asked me to come down to his state-room to see how pretty it looked from a porthole. There (her voice broke) he took away my peppermint stick again. It was a green one.

Q. Miss Saddlesky, are you always eating peppermint sticks?

A. Yes, sir, my mother sells them wholesale.

(Here Miss S. broke down and had to be wheeled out to put on more mascara.)

The next witness was the blonde baby, Suzy Cue. While she was practicing her grand entrance, Mrs. Saddlesky, Sr. distributed to the jury special gift packages of her peppermint sticks.

In the packages, besides ten luscious bits of the notorious confection, were

such added attractions as nylon stockings, gasoline C cards, small cameras, and pictures of French dancing girls. The packages were given away for the special introductory price of 25 cents. Yussel bought one, selected a green stick and began thoughtfully to suck it.

The prosecutor took over the questioning of Miss Cue.

Q. Miss Cue, how old are you?

A. Nine, sir.

Q. What do you do for a living?

A. Nothing now, but I used to work in the Radiation Lab.

Q. Don't you know that no one under ten can work in the Radiation Lab?

A. Yes, sir, but I lied about my age.

Q. Miss Cue, do you eat peppermint sticks?

A. No, sir, but I think Tootsie Rolls are divine, do you?

Q. Miss Cue, will you describe your encounter with the defendant, Yussel Klein?

A. Yes, sir. My mother had left me in my perambulator outside the Old Howard while she went in to see the show. Mr. Klein came along as I gnawed on a Tootsie and said, "Kitch-ee, kitch-ee, what a luscious looking morsel." I said, "On your way, bum. Scram or I'll call a cop." Yussel grabbed my candy and ran like a bat out. (Here Miss Cue stopped, looked at the jury, became very red, and developed a coughing fit.) He ran away very fast like Superman. I just love Superman. He thrills me so. Isn't he amazing?

Later in the day, the jury took the

case and went out. They played galloping dominoes for two hours and then came back to render their decision. It was, "Yussel Klein is innocent."

The audience who had waited with baited breath (courtesy of Listerine) for the verdict cheered wildly and Klein was engulfed with hysterical women who tore his clothes, tried to kiss his hands, and snatched away his peppermint stick.

Our reporter sought to interview Miss Cue after the decision. In response to his questions she would only say: "Out of my way, bum, I've got work to do." The attendants wheeled her out in her perambulator.



A.: "I was reading where the Eskimos use fish instead of money."

B.: "They must have a hell of a time getting gum out of a slot machine."

—Duke 'N Duchess.



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The fastidious man wants his women to be like cigars — they are more expensive, they make a better appearance, they last longer, for after all, if the brand is good, they are seldom discarded but used to the end.

The good man wants his women to be like his pipe — something he becomes attached to, knocks gently but lovingly, takes good care of always.

A man will give you a cigarette, offer you a cigar, but he never shares his pipe! !!!

— *Sundial.*



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I used to love my garden,
 But now my love is dead;
 For I found a bachelor button
 In blackeyed Susan's bed.

— *Carolinian.*



"May I take you home? I like to
 take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"You're not home yet."

— *Rose Technic.*



Two men were seated together in a crowded street car. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

"Wassamatter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?"

"I'm all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."

— *"The Scollie."*

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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.

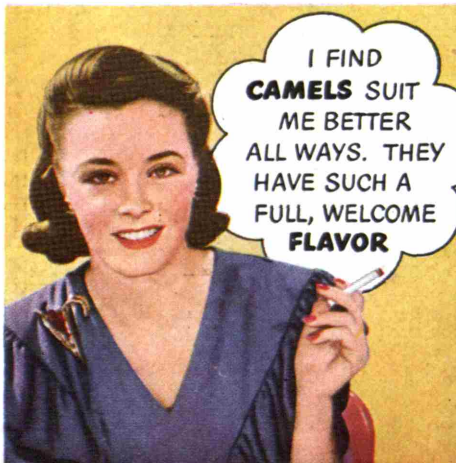
SOLDIERS ON SKIS



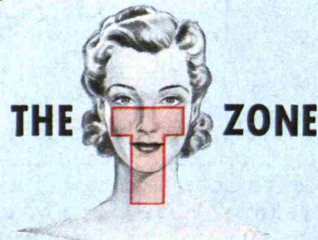
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—says former Olympic ace
DICK DURRANCE
who trains ski troopers
for the Army

TAKE IT from a busy housewife, Mrs. Ruth Martin (*below*). When it comes to squeezing more pleasure out of every smoking moment, Camels really hit the spot.



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As Instructor Dick Durrance (*above*) says: "Camels suit my throat to a 'T'—and there's nothing like Camels for flavor."

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*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



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