


VOODOO





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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Fort Devens, Mass.

Dear Phos:

The nights are cold up here; how is Murgatroyd? The food is pretty good but highly seasoned (KNO_3). How is Vanderbilt, is it Emily or Gloria? This place is a lot different from Tech, but there is one Harvard man to take the place of our four "co-eds." Tell Professor Davis that the beer is lousy; it only has a (ph.) of 3.2. Maybe he has some helpful suggestions. Also tell Professor Sears that his simple harmonic motion works swell on a scrubbing brush at 4:30 in the morning.

We think that you should contribute to the war effort more; send us all copies of Voo Doo. Get a list from Professor Mitsch.

Love and kisses,

THE MITSCH-GUIDED CLASSES OF
'46 AND '45.

Ed. Note: Butter — Beef.

Radiation Lab.

Dear Boys:

It's quite a confusing situation — the one we girls who work in the Radiation Lab find ourselves in. We are neither fish nor fowl (no cracks) as far as Tech goes. In other words, we are around enough to buy and enjoy the Voo Doo — also to rate a sentence about us here and there in the magazine — but we don't know Tech well enough to understand your pres-



ent day slang. Please — please — what does "SNAFU" mean? I know it isn't an engineering term, because I asked an engineer here at the Lab. Please, boys, it's been driving me crazy.

Looking forward to your next issue of Voo Doo and hoping you will answer our question,

I remain,

SINGLE.

Ed. Note: "What beautiful big brown eyes you have, Grandma!" But seriously, you did sort of fall into our trap.

You see, we haven't had too good luck with our letters, so we thought we would put that old age expression — meaning "Situation normal — all fouled up" — to see if we could get some letters for the editor. You did. We did.

Gibbons 30
N. J. C.

New Brunswick, N. J.

Dear Phos:

I just received a copy of the March Voo Doo and spent the entire morning roaring over it. I thought it was awfully funny and deliciously lewd, but of course I missed Murgatroyd like fury — it made the Voo Doo lack that little essence of something-or-other that Murgatroyd gave it. I'm convinced that Voo Doo can hold its own with any other college humor magazine when it comes to lewd tales and gross jokes, but Murgatroyd — well, she just put Voo Doo so far ahead of any other college publication that it would be silly to make comparisons. So, as an ardent — and now indignant Murgatroyd follower, may I ask why she got the axe?

Sincerely,

JEAN KIMBALL.

Ed. Note: Thanks for liking our issue, and Murgatroyd has long since gone into the WAACs. An interesting sidelight on Murgatroyd has come from the Pacific Theatre where the Japs seem to be getting the worst of the deal.

Voo Doo

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No. 4

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Sophomore: "How did you happen to come to Harvard? I thought your father was a Princeton man."

Frosh: "He is. He wanted me to go to Princeton and I wanted to go to Yale. We had an argument and he finally told me to go to hell."

—Jack-O-Lantern.

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There once was a girl from Alaska
Who would love whenever you asked
her;

But soon she grew nice
And went up in price,
And no one could touch her but Astor.

—Froth.

Maid: "There are two men outside
watching you dress, ma'am."

Lady: "That's nothing. You should
have seen the crowd when I was
younger."

She was only a chaplain's daughter,
but you couldn't put anything pastor.

—Rammer-Jammer.

On a picnic, little Willie strayed
away from his parents and became lost
in the woods. He wandered around for
a long time and finally becoming
frightened, decided to pray.

"Dear Lord," he prayed as he
spread his hands out fervently, "I'm
lost. Please help me find my way out
of here."

As he prayed reverently with half-
closed eyes, a bird happened to fly
overhead and dropped something
squarely into the middle of the lad's
outspread palm.

"Oh, please, Lord!" he begged,
"don't hand me that. Really, I'm
lost."

—Medley.

Stranger: "Lost, my boy? Why didn't you hang on to your mother's skirt?"

Billy (sniffing): "I tried to, but I couldn't reach it."



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—Medley.



Shortly after he brought his bride to their new home, he found that she had hung a motto on the wall over the beds. It read, "I need thee every hour."

The next night he hung up one of his own which read, "God give me strength."

—Medley.



Susie: "I've been misbehaving and my conscience is troubling me."

M.D.: "I see — and since I'm a psychiatrist you want something to strengthen your will power?"

Susie: "No, something to weaken my conscience."

—Sundial.

"What was that you said, Henry?" she asked as she loosened her shoulder- straps. "Say it again, dear —" She let her dress slide to the floor. "I can hardly believe it." She stepped out of her shoes, and slowly pulled off her stockings. A long pause. She listened, tremulously, excited. "Promise me you won't tell a soul —" Her ethereal silk underthings slipped down and fell in a little pool of ruffles at her feet. "All right, Henry — good-bye." She hung up the receiver.

—Sundial.

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A little midnight spin.
A little bit of blarney,
A little joke, risque —
A little motor trouble,
A little time to play.
A little kiss, a little press,
A little place to park,
A little tender feeling and
A little passion spark.
A little bit of necking,
A little hug and squeeze,
A little try, a little sigh,
A little pair of knees.
A little coax, a little hoax —
A little scene, well-played . . .
And there you have the secret of
How little girls are made!

—Medley.

"Why," said Benito, "you and I, Adolph, will beat the entire world."
"That's right," said Adolph, as he patted Mussolini on the head; "now shine the other shoe."

—Medley.



Johnson got a two weeks vacation when he married his childhood sweetheart. Just before the two weeks were up he wired his boss, "It's wonderful here. Request one week's extension. The boss's reply was not long in forthcoming: "It's wonderful anywhere. Return to work at once."

—Sundial.

A prominent Chicago physician had a patient a short time ago who had been poisoned by drinking moonshine. In order to better treat the case, the doctor sent a quart bottle of the stuff to a chemist for analysis. In the course of a few days he received the chemist's report. It read:

"I find that your horse died of diabetes."

—Medley.



He: "Would you commit adultery for one million dollars?"

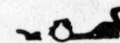
She: "Why yes, I think I would."

He: "Would you commit adultery for two dollars?"

She (shocked): "Oh, what do you think I am?"

He: "We've settled that. What we are haggling about now is the price."

—Jack-O-Lantern.



Prof: "Why are the Virgin Islands so named?"

Voice from the Rear: "Because the Marines haven't landed yet."

—Duke 'n' Duchess.



To kiss is oh, so very base,
I never do!

To smoke or drink is in bad taste,
I never do!

I don't believe in love or mate,
I never stay out late,
You wouldn't think I'd get a date,
I never do!

—Sundial.

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SMOKING

When business began to sink below the zero mark, the owner of the Westward Ho, the sole remaining hotel in a former prosperous range town, decided to sell out. He offered his property dirt cheap, but received no bids.

And then, suddenly, and for no apparent reason at all, his business began to thrive. The hotel bus brought to his door, five, ten, and as high as fifteen male guests upon the arrival of every train. Finally he decided to investigate. He approached his porter who also doubled as bus driver.

"Rastus," he said, "just what do you do at the depot to get all these guests? They don't climb into your bus of their own free will and accord, do they?"

"Yas, dey sho' do, boss," insisted the porter. "All Ah says when th' train stops is 'Free bus to Westward Ho House!' at th' top of mah voice, and dey all piles in!"

—Medley.



The young man wandered into the tennis tournament and sat down on the bench.

"Whose game?" he said.

A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.



I like girls who do,
I like girls who don't,
I hate girls who say they will
And then decide they won't;
But of all the girls I like the best —
I know you'll say I'm right —
Are those who say, "I know I shouldn't
But just for you I might!"

—Sundial.



She: "If wishes came true what would you wish for?"

He: "Gosh, I'm afraid to say."

She: "Go ahead, you sap. What do you think I brought up this wishing business for?"

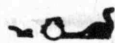
—Log.



Mother: "Mabel, get off that young man's lap."

Mabel: "Like hell I will. I got here first."

—Yale Record.



He: "You're thinner."

She: "Yes, I've lost so much weight you can count my ribs."

He: "Gee, thanks!"

—Yellow Jacket.

He: "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

She: "I give up."

—Sundial.



There was a Fascist young lady of fashion

Who was seized with a terrible passion.

She exultingly said,

As she jumped into bed,

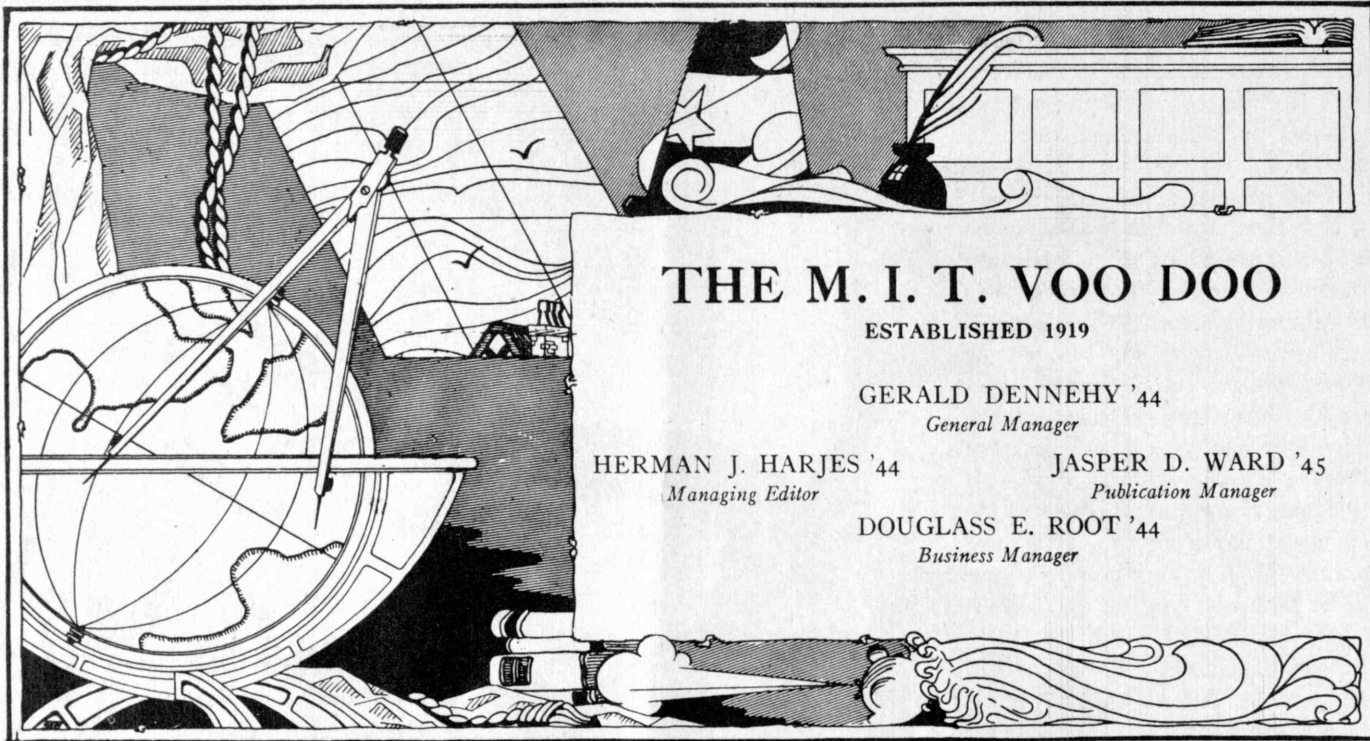
"This is one thing Il Duce can't ration."

—Medley.



Waitress (looking at nickel tip left by student): "What're ya tryin' to do — seduce me?"

—Jack-O-Lantern.



THE M. I. T. VOO DOO

ESTABLISHED 1919

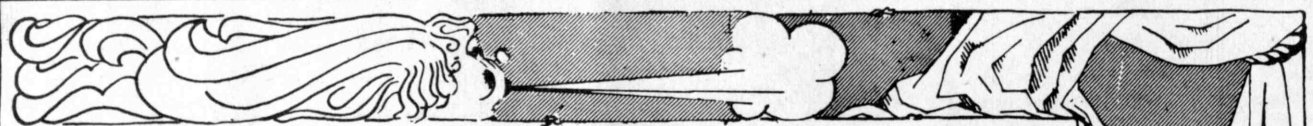
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Words fail us as we announce the temporary demise of the Voo Doo.



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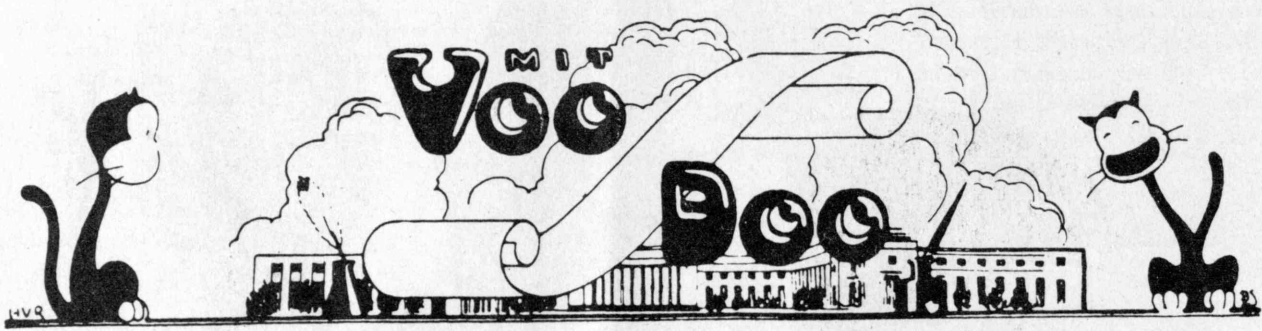
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LE PRINTEMPS



OUR faculty—God rest 'em—are an unpredictable bunch. Some months their classes are dry as dust. Now, we always like to pass along to you their classroom whimsy—the chalk dust chuckle and what Blurch said to the guy who was snoring in the front row, but some months they just don't have the stuff. Maybe it's the phase of the moon or the prevailing wind or the root-mean-square temperature for April, but anyway this month the Profs really had them rolling in the aisles, pedagogically speaking.

First, we think you ought to know about Professor Sears. The angular physicist was doing his stuff quite conscientiously before the usual quota of freshmen when he noticed one among them who was not paying due heed. The offender was none other than the estimable Mr. Jenks Jenkins—well known '46er and coxswain on the Varsity 50 Crew. Mr. Jenkins was impudently reading the morning *Herald*. All of a sudden, nature called

his attention to his nose which was beginning to run. Said Professor Sears with infinite scorn: "Will the gentleman who is now wiping his nose with the back of his hand kindly put down the paper." *Touché*, Professor.

Next in our Hall of Facetious Fame comes a Mr. Killer Kane, Chem instructor. Mr. Kane earns this month's gold-plated Medical with the following: A red-head in 5:02, section 12 had difficulty keeping awake during Mr. Kane's classes. One fine day, in fact, he even went as far as starting to snore. This was the proverbial drop that overflowed the equally proverbial camel's back. After muttering bitterly, "I don't give a damn if you sleep, but for Christsake, don't snore," he took careful aim and bombarded the boulder with two well-aimed bits of chalk. It worked, too.

However, one of the Section 12 freshmen took what we think was a rather weak revenge on Killer. When his preparation of aluminum oxide went askew, he calmly handed in the

bottle labelled, Preparation—Filter Paper. Kane gave him L, for honesty.

Professor Davis, our old side-kick, is conspicuously absent from honor roll this month. After snagging that four page spread in *Life*, we guess he decided to rest on his laurels.

WE would like to apologize publicly to Mr. James Hield who was shamefully slighted last month in our remarks on undergraduate street-car hopping. Along with "the great spidery figure of Chuck Morton and the close-cropped blond head of Jack Moore" should go the solid, square torso of James Hield, swinging economically from the rear of a Harvard car. Forgive us, Jim.

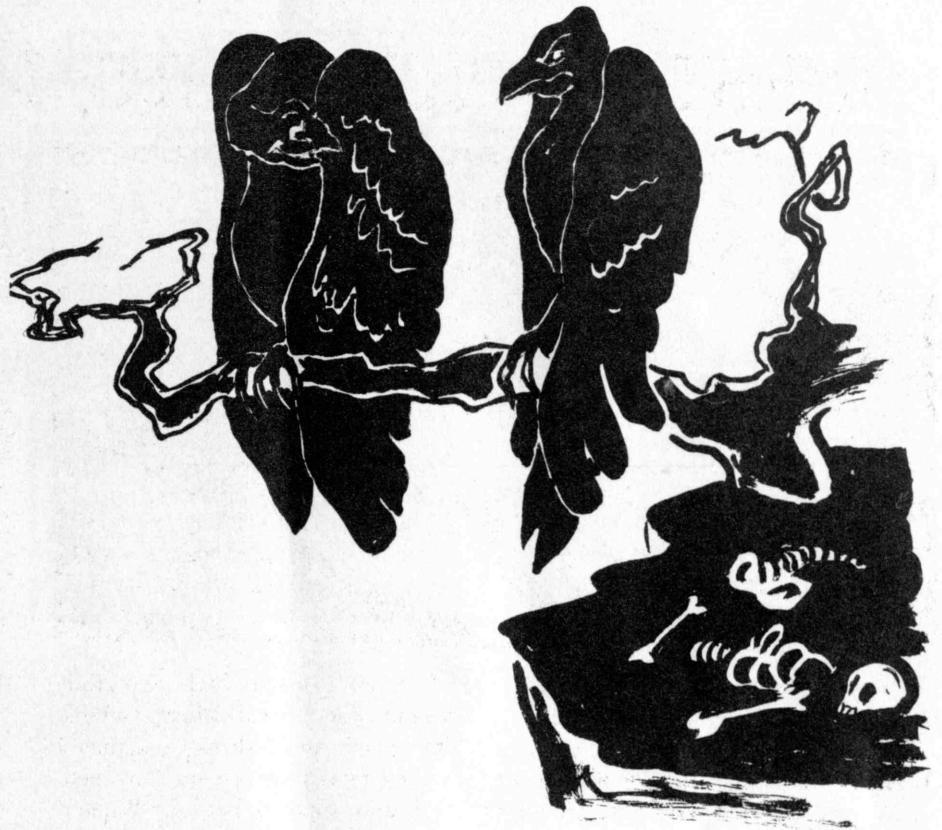
There is, from our point of view, only one virtue that surpasses saying the right thing at the right time. That is knowing when to say nothing, Professor Zeldin gives us a shining example of sterling trait in the incident of the small boys. In case you haven't noticed, small boys seem to be flocking to the Institute these days. They swarm all over the ledge on Building Two, shouting encouragement or derision in through the windows to the students sweating inside. One of Professor Zeldin's men was doing a problem on the board when he turned around to check on something in the book. One of the spectating brats had



climbed completely in the classroom and was studiously ensconced in a chair, watching the proceedings carefully. He evidently decided that he didn't like this business of looking in the book, for, after careful deliberation, he piped up, "You're cheating." Professor Zeldin just smiled. That's all there was to do.

IT is becoming customary for us to make each month, among other awards for merit, the Equilateral Yo-Yo for the Grandest Gesture of Frustration. By a unanimous vote of the committee the award this month goes to Mr. Harold Anthony Knapp of Kappa Sigma. Mr. Knapp is an admirable individualist — a man of his convictions — no mere slave to convention or panderer to the Almighty Cumulative. In a recent 8:04 exam, it became clear to Mr. Knapp quite early in the hour that he was getting nowhere fast. This feeling persisted until the final bell when, with paper but scantily inscribed, he approached the desk. Halting precisely six paces athwart the instructor, Knappy took his paper and tore it down the middle. The instructor gasped something like, "Oh! don't do that!" Knapp was adamant. Rotating the two pieces by 90 degrees he stared straight at the fellow and ripped it carefully again. Placing the four fragments dramatically on the desk, Knappy turned on his heel and stalked out, his flaxen hair streaming in his slipstream and his green bag bobbing rhythmically on his back.

AFTER watching our gallant crews come in five times behind Harvard in a single Saturday afternoon this one may sound a bit ironic, but nevertheless it's true. There was a track meet up the River the other day and it seemed that some of the meets were a bit short of men. Accordingly we received an emergency phone call from our Crimson friends, "Please send up some athletes, quick."



"Getting any?"

WELCOME to Tech, men of the A.S.T.P.! This is a sentiment which we hope all of our men will remember. They should do their utmost to help the soldier-students get acclimatized. We witnessed a particularly touching instance of this hospitality just a week or two ago. It was several days after the A.S.T.P. had started going to classes. As they filed out of 10-250 their military bearing was somewhat compromised by a series of minor, cheerful explosions under their feet. Someone had smeared the approaches with nitrogen tri-iodide. Each unsuspecting man would file out through the furious ambush, jump several feet in the air, look astonished, and then crowd morbidly around the spot to watch his comrades put their feet in. An interesting manifestation of the regimented mind.

WE'RE glad as hell that this is a free country. People are such fun if

you only give them a chance. We would like to note briefly here two people who had the chance. One is the rather attractive little girl who walks across the corner of Massachusetts and Commonwealth every afternoon at three o'clock with a book balanced carefully on her head. The other is a girl with brown hair and a First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps. At the Tudor Village Restaurant on Massachusetts Avenue, she had to face the problem of how to drain the last few drops from a glass of tomato juice. The situation was not simplified by her tricky new Easter hat that perched precariously on her head. Finally, however, she decided to face the music by the horns, poetically speaking, so she put one hand on her hat, the other on her glass, put the glass to her lips, and then tipped hand, hat, head, glass, and other hand way, way, back as the last few ruby drops trickled demurely into her mouth. You made it, lady.

"C'EST LE PRINTEMPS, I GUESS"



I'm not a great one for love stuff, but here's an idea that just came to me. The girl, you see, tells the story. It seems she's quite young — nineteen or so — and she's in love with a man about twenty-six or thereabouts. Well, he doesn't know much about romance, and she's just perverse enough not to realize she's in love at all. Like argon and krypton — both inert, no chemical reaction. Maybe this is a weak beginning, but I've got something up my sleeve, you see.

Along comes this awful war and the girl finds out, when she's about to lose her Dave (that doesn't have to be his name), that Cupid has been heckling her for some time. But as far as she knows (let's call her Pennie), Dave hasn't awakened to the Call of Life* yet. The next half page is devoted to Pennie's contrivances to get Dave to open his stupid mouth about *l'amour*.

Well, like the superficial dope this dame really is, she begins to wonder whether she wants to marry the now lovesick David.

Now comes the beauty of this gentle take, and I just couldn't resist to write this part all out. It ought to go something like this:

"The next time I saw David he came over to my flat, utterly without warning. Of course, I was not dressed very beautifully, but I had lipstick on.

* A song in Noel Coward's *Bitter Sweet*.

It was a Thursday night and Hilda was out. I let my caller in and offered him a chair and a drink, and then I excused myself to run into my bedroom and apply some Jet. While I was there I looked in the mirror and I saw a frightened child, hoping to live ten years in the next week or so. I knew Dave had come without telling me ahead of time because he had received his orders. I prepared myself mentally for the inevitable farewell scene.

I sat in the overstuffed chair by the empty fireplace. He sat on the divan. We didn't say much, and what we did say didn't make much sense. Then, like a bolt from the blue, he asked me to marry him."

Here she acts like a grown woman. She very calmly explains to her young man the follies of wartime marriages. Of course he argues, and then she argues, and so on for about four or five paragraphs. She is thinking of how young she really is, and of how dull life could be without any dates. Emerging from being a maiden to being a matron at the age of nineteen and a half is not too attractive to Penelope now. And besides that, she wonders if she's really in love at all.

Realizing that hers is simply an argument of fear, and that she lacks the willingness to venture anything in the name of love, David then says these nostalgic lines:

"Pennie, darling, when I was very young I lived in a rather small factory town in Connecticut. I lived at the south end, quite near to the residential section. Up at the north end were the speakeasies, the falling buildings that had been gambling halls, and the better shoemaker's store. Beyond this last shop the street turned and mounted a hill. For some years, Pennie, that shoemaker's shop was to me the last place in the world — the earth's farthest outpost. I never could even think of going beyond — I was so certain I'd be lost.

"But then one day my older brother let me go with him to the public swimming hole and in order to get there the easiest way we had to take that turn and follow the street a little farther. I was a little scared when we reached Leo's shop, and I held onto Harry's hand even tighter. At just about the time that the breeze from around the corner struck my face, I stopped dead. Harry looked at me, and then impatiently freed his own hand and walked on, a little more slowly.

"The dry dust from the street blew into my face and clung to my fear-moistened hands. I watched Harry's back. I wondered if swimming with Harry was worth the risk of being lost. I couldn't tell — I'd never before gone swimming, except for wading at the seashore.

"All of a sudden, I didn't care much about the risk. I just dared myself to go ahead and get lost in that unknown maze beyond Leo's. I called to Harry, and ran to catch up with him. And I had a damn good time swimming, too."

Of course, Penelope gets his point right away, but she still doubts for a second or two. Then she gracefully rises from her seat and crosses over to Dave, and kisses him tenderly. What she says to him then; whether she says yes or no, is entirely up to you. You see, this isn't my type of writing. I'm no good at love stuff. G. S.



Back again at the Colonial and currently packing them in is "Claudia." The big reason is Miss Phyllis Thaxter, pictured, oh, so wistfully, above. Believe us, Miss Thaxter's comeliness is exceeded only by her moving portrayal of the title role. As he leaves for the front, Phos packs up this picture in his old kit bag — to pin up on a barracks wall and serenade — "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To."

"EL DROOLER"

SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

Several days ago a particularly sensuous beauty was striding in a particularly languid fashion through the corridor of Building 5. There was a particularly enhancing light of anticipation radiating from her lovely eyes, for the young lady had only recently been awarded a diploma at a neighboring secretarial school and was now on her way to what might prove to be a successful interview at Tech's Radiation Lab. "Don't cross your knees." "Remember that he may be married." These and other helpful hints which had been impressed upon our hopeful beauty were coursing through her pretty little head on that particular day when suddenly a particularly curious phenomenon approaching from ahead caused her carefully fixed smile to wilt to a non-professional gape of amazement. The particularly curious phenomenon was a collection of joint, knees, and elbows, all nonchalantly indulging in non-simple harmonic motion in all planes simultaneously. (Our voluptuous novice didn't know that "swimming makes you loose as anything.") As this collection of particularly strange vibrations came into focus, she noticed with an accompanying congealing of her beautiful blood that the approaching face was wearing a lustful leer and the eyes, a lecherous stare. She gulped in terror as the horrible curiosity started to bounce up and down, and she screamed and fled unsecretariously as it began to intone meaningless syllables which she later said sounded like "Doo-Doo-Doo."

Inside of several days, Colonel Putney and his staff succeeded in convincing our excitable darling that there was no need for the militia, that she was perfectly safe, and that she had just met James A. Leonard.

Twenty-one years ago Jim entered



the world as a citizen of Watertown, Mass. During his early childhood, he was a paragon of the Boston Blue Laws. He didn't run over to Cambridge and buy *Life* when Boston banned it, and up until he was twelve he stayed home and read Vergil in contrast to all of the other boys of his age who were hopefully hanging around the pool halls and beer places of Scollay Square.

At this time James and family moved out into the provinces — settling in the wilderness of Missouri, in a small village which the Indians had named Joplin. Under the hardships of this new and rugged environment, our pale New Englander lost his Boston brogue — being somewhat surprised to find that "r" made twenty-six letters in the alphabet instead of twenty-five — and developed quite an affinity for swimming — this latter necessitated no doubt by the famed and terrific floods of the Joplin River.

After two years at Exeter, James once more returned to Boston, to the Blue Laws, and this time to Tech. James — like all normal students on first arriving in the city — spent his first night at That Famous Theater so favored by the students where Sally Keith was then holding sway — and

the second night, also — and the third — and the fourth — and the fifth.

Then, somewhat wiggle-weary, but refreshed and in search of further excitement, our Joplinian descended upon Tech, pledged Kappa Sigma, bought his freshman tie, shook hands with the deans, and proceeded to the swimming pool.

One month later he emerged from the same — wet, the captain of the frosh swimming team, and holder of several Institute records. In the course of his years at Tech, Jim has taken active part in three sports — participating in swimming and lacrosse and indulging in Secretary Stalking — lettering, however, only in the first two. This spring he was awarded the straight "T" and was elected captain of the swimming team.

This proficiency in violent athletics might appear vulgarly out of place at the Institute, but it can possibly be traced to Jim's nauseating taste in the line of food. A meal is never a success for the man unless he can slosh grape jelly and mashed potatoes together into a gurgly, fludged mass of fuchsia hue which he downs with huge gusto and much smacking of lips. At the greenish complexions or hurried dashes of his tablemates, the Drooler only raises a startled eyebrow and apologizes with the much used entreaty "Oh! Let's don't be an old fuddy-duddy!"

It seems that this potato-stewed-in-jelly mess is a tribal dish of the Joplin Indians fed to the young stalwarts of the tribe each year as spring rolls around. The fact that our Indian eats it all year 'round may be significant.

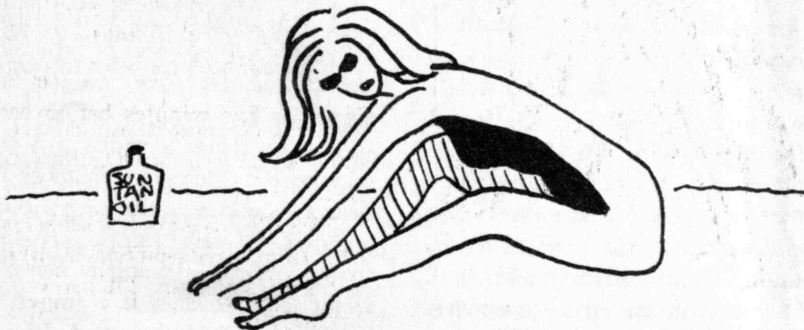
James' conception of the ideal snack — whether five minutes after dinner or five minutes before bed — is to toss down a waffle a-la-mode with butterscotch sauce followed by a deluxe chocolate sundae with nuts and a cherry. A coffee frappe serves as a chaser and the evening is complete. Don't scoff! I know it is impossible, but I've seen it done — and often.

In spite of his eccentricities, James

Continued to page 27

"PARTING WISHES UPON THE OCCASION OF THE UTTER COLLAPSE OF LIFE AT M. I. T."

- To Bill Abbott — a 38-oz. jigger
- To Lenore Brooks — one raven
(Nevermore variety)
- To John Rockett — a square meal
- To Dave Jealous — report of the proceedings of the last meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Gears
- To Jack Egbert — a new grass coat
- To Eleanor Dean — Boccacio's *De-cameron*
- To Bob Benedict — a finger wave set
- To Bob McLaughlin — a hair-growing set
- To Jim McClave — a green suit
- To Frieda Omansky — a long pair of beads
- To Elliott Reed — size 12 Adler Elevators
- To Duke Kahl — hypo refills
- To Tony Barbato — 3 in. cuff orange-yellow pants
- To Al Almeida — an American flag
- To Les Ackerman — a Charles Atlas course
- To Fred Blatz — a TCA blotter
- To "I hear you talkin'" Picton — earplugs
- To Bill Schlegel — one large quadroom
- To Walt Swain — a case of benzedrine
- To Bill Scott — a 32-hour day
- To Bob Meny — a pair of crutches
- To J. B. Lynch — an iron lung
- To Langdon Flowers — a metronome
- To George Schutte — pink toothbrush



- To Jim Gallivan — a job on the *Christian Science Monitor*
- To Bob Hann — a new razor blade
- To Jack Considine — a nineteen-foot apple green scarf
- To Farlow Burt — the deed to the F & H
- To Bill Boyle — a ten-year deferment
- To Howie Boreham — purple wedgies
- To Marjorie Siff — a lover
- To Jim Patrick — a pogo stick
- To Bob Hunter — a 32-yard watch chain
- To John Flynn — a corset
- To Ed Stramsky — a box of Kleenex
- To Carrol Boyce — a red light
- To Bob Horrigan — one hayseed
- To Harry Majors — an ill-taken point
- To Bob Wood — a morbid thought
- To Spiro Pantazi — credit
- To Patty Vanderbilt — R. Brooke Pietsch
- To Austin Dodge — an outboard motor
- To Bob Schwartz — a union card
- To Jack Frailey — a draft card
- To Tom Dorste — a furlough

"DYNAMITE BREAKS THE ICE"

Tech men, I fear, tend to be clumsy — but effective. Spiritual descendants, one might say, of Rube Goldberg. I heard of a sophomore once who quite naively computed the volume of a cube by triple integration. "Well," he said to somebody who scoffed, "it worked, didn't it?" Now you see what I mean.

We moved in early in March (from the Dorms, of course) — three average Tech men. It's strange how a new room affects you. The first week we did nothing but watch passing women from our three big bay windows on Commonwealth Avenue. We were like little kids with a brand new toy. One man would spot a passing female and yell in that half-reverent, half-worldly voice, "Brother! Look at that one," or "There's another big load comin' down the road," at which the rest of us would drop slide rule, log tables, or *True Confessions* and make a concerted dive for the window. Then we would leer ever so slightly and confer expertly on the fine points of the specimen, craning our necks eagerly till we caught a last glimpse of her stern sailing seductively across Gloucester Street. It was like spotting airplanes — only lower.

Otherwise we were painfully correct and orderly. We petted the landlady's dog, we cleaned the rim from the tub, we tiptoed after ten, we didn't listen to telephone conversations nor look at the other guests' mail. It was then that we first really noticed the doors. On one wall of the room were two creamy-white sliding doors. On the other side was another room, occupied by a Warrant Officer of the Navy. He was a pleasant guy. Our rooms opened on the hall and we used to visit a little and talk. We never gave a thought to the doors. In fact, doors are only stimulating when they shouldn't be opened.

Next we became aware of the fel-

lows upstairs. One was a radio fiend who played the flute and came from Tennessee. The other had an unearthly laugh from New Jersey.

So much for our habitat. Things went along quite smoothly for a long, long time. The sliding doors stood unobtrusively in their places, the fellows upstairs pattered with their grid leaks, played their flute, and laughed the unearthly laugh from New Jersey.

Then, one fateful day, our neighbor, the Warrant Officer, moved out, and the little room next door went on the market. We began to take an active interest in the real estate business. Whenever our housekeeper would mount the stairs with a prospective guest, our eyes inspected the newcomer hopefully. We'd gather in a corner while Mrs. — was explaining the fine points of the room and exchange comments.

"Is it a babe?"

"Naw," sadly. "It's a guy."

Or, "How's it look?"

"Solid, I think. Got nice legs."

Then, "Oops! My error; she's thirty



if she's a day."

The suspense was killing us.

Then one day we came home and the hall door was shut. We went into our room and through the sliding doors we could hear the giggle of a woman and the lower tones of a man. An inspection of their window-sill revealed two bottles of ginger ale — chilling. From then on, those doors became tantalizing. For two days we didn't catch a glimpse of the occupants. They never seemed to come out, but giggles, light conversation, and the gurgle of pouring beverage fired our imaginations.

They went as mysteriously as they had come — folded their liquor like Arabs and silently stole away. On cleaning up the room next day, Mrs. — found two empty quarts of muscatel and an empty quart of gin, which, if nothing else, is one hell of a combination. Now, of course, our house is the very temple of respectability — let no man say it nay. After all, there is nothing wrong in a couple spending a gay week-end with liquor, especially when they are man and wife — it said so in the guest-book — Mr. and Mrs. Smith — no address.

But the presence of La Vie so very close to one is a bit disconcerting. For us, it focussed our attention on those doors. The cream-colored panels spelt muscatel and gin and long, easy week-ends.

Then followed more neighborless days — more people room-hunting, more waiting to see what would have to live beyond the doors.

It was our housekeeper who finally brought the glad tidings. "Well," said she, "you boys have a new neighbor."

"Animal, vegetable, or mineral," said one of us in a dazzling thrust of wit.

"We-ell," said the housekeeper, as she transferred some dust from the table to the chair, "it's a very nice young lady."

"Whoopee!" said we. "This ought to be fun."



"But, Prof. Weiner, Sally Keith makes 'em go both ways"

The first time we saw her we could only gasp. She had exquisite copper-red hair and accessories that can least explosively be described as exceedingly trim. She walked quite properly by our outstretched door, entered her room, and sent home the bolt with a decisive click.

"She's new," we thought, "give her time."

We waited — hopefully, patiently. Every day she walked by the door, every day we polished off our smoothest smiles in case she said, "Hello," every day she didn't. And every day that insulting final click of the lock. If she had to lock it, for Pete's sake, why did she have to do it so loud?

We were very pleasant. Our conversation, which frequently borders on the unprintable, we sharply censored. Foul exclamations were abandoned, or else, if somebody slipped and really let one fly, he blushed contritely afterwards as his roommates pointed frantically at those sliding doors. Behind those doors was mys-

tery, beauty, and a provocative woman. In front of those doors were three average Tech men who valiantly put from them every unworthy thought. Oh, chivalry!

"Pardon me, but have you a pen I could borrow?" It was she! — in our doorway (the proper one); her voice was nice, too. Oh, stupidity! Was I slow! All I said was, "Why, yes, of course." I stumbled getting out of my chair. She smiled. She murmured, "I don't seem to be completely moved in." I smiled pathetically. Then she was gone. In a few minutes she was back. She said, "Thank you so much." I said, "You're welcome." She was gone again.

That's all! No savoir! no suavity! A gap in my "well-rounded" education. I should have quoted a quatrain, concocted a cocktail, invited her in to chat or quaff, framed her a phrase. "You're welcome?" Nuts! I went back to my integration. Fool! Drip!

How to get acquainted? Well, being Tech men, we did it the hard way.

Tennessee, upstairs, had a trick transmitter that sent out waves over the power line. We decided to contact her by radio. We turned ours on very loud one Friday night and then took over at the mike. We didn't know quite what to say. Then — clatter — tingle — clatter — in the next room — the sound of money dropping on the floor. What strange madness is this? We saw two pennies roll under the door. More dropping and clatter.

We didn't know what was going on, but now we knew what to say. "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Back Bay and all the Boston beans. Let's go to press. Here's the evening Flophouse Flashes. What young lady (this oughta slay her) on the second floor front has so much money that she is throwing it on the floor. Complaints are coming in from all sides. Will said young lady please pick up two pennies that have rolled out under the door. (That oughta bring her out.) Description follows: Coins are of reddish copper — one head and one tail. That is all."

We went down. The pennies were still there. Then, all of a sudden the door opened. Ah! At last! We opened our mouths. She had hers tight shut and one hand clamped over it; the other was thrust out in front like a halfback's when he's going through center. We dispersed quick. She flashed down the hall to the little room. We went inside and doubled up, laughing. "My Gawd," said Tennessee, "she's crocked!"

Then we felt a little ashamed. It's not sporting to pick on a man when he's down and somewhat less than sporting to play games with a woman who is — well — not in full possession of her faculties.

We broke it up for one night. But we hadn't forgotten. We still had to meet her. One Sunday we had another idea. Bang — pop — bang — came from upstairs. It was Tennessee again — this time with nitrogen tri-iodide — the Course Five Folly.

"Howdy, men," said Tennessee, throwing a pellet at my feet.

Bang — I jumped.

"Hello, you cur," I answered.

"I have an idea," said my roommate from Fall River. "We could mine her approaches."

The others went off into hysterics. "We shall plant an iodide field," said Tennessee. "She can't miss it," said Fall River. New Jersey just said, "You dumb morons! Of all the ways to get acquainted with a girl!"

We did it. Then we went back in our room to wait. But the more we thought about it, the less certain we became. Finally we got cold feet. We decided we'd better detonate the mines ourselves.

We filed out sadly and cautiously. Tennessee stepped gingerly — Pop! New Jersey planted a tentative toe — Bang! A big one! Fall River slid his shoe across. Pop — bang — bang — pop — crackle! It was like Rice Crispies and a machine gun nest. But finally we had the doorstep clear.

"Ya know, they use pigs to clear mine fields in Africa."

"Yeah, pig!"

We went in and sat down again. It had been a wonderful mine field. It might have been fun.

"Ya know what?"

"What?"

"She wouldn't throw us out."

"No?"

"No. It is economically unsound," said I, professionally. "She gets \$27 a week from our two rooms. She gets \$7 a week from *her*. If someone goes, who will it be?"

"Hey! That's a good point. She couldn't do it. We have a corner on her income."



"Then let's do it again."

We were going to — but then, then I got a super idea. "The doors," I said.

"What about them?"

"Let's open 'em," I said, "and leave them open."

"Are you nuts? That ain't nice."

"Won't hurt. She's not in."

"She'll be coming soon."

"O.K. So we'll leave."

"But then she'll close them."

"Exactly, my friend, exactly."

"Oho!" said he.

We did it again. First we got ready to scam. If she had come in and found us at work there would have been hell to pay. After we had gathered up enough books to keep us busy, we took a big wet chunk of NI_3 and stuck it on the end of one of the doors. Then we left it about four inches open

and went. We scurried upstairs like naughty little school girls and waited. Nobody studied much.

The same old conversation: "Boy, will she be scared, etc. etc."

It turned out that we would all like to hear what she said. "Can you put a microphone down there?" "Sure." "Suppose she comes?" "Post a lookout." "Suppose she comes in a car. They might sit in and neck awhile."

"We could bomb the car." More fiendish laughter.

"This has endless possibilities," said Tennessee ecstatically. "Bomb 'em out."

We posted a lookout, we wired for sound, we laughed and giggled and waited and smirked. Everything was tense. The booby trap was set. Every time a door opened we tensed. Every time New Jersey let out that horrible cackle we hit him mercilessly on the head. Tennessee pattered with tubes, turned knobs. Then we heard steps, a door opened, shut, the tell-tale click of the lock. We held our breath.

Footsteps on the speaker — then — bang! No one breathed. New Jersey started that laugh! We quietly choked him. Then over the loudspeaker, softly but distinctly and with great scorn, "What a sense of humor!" That was all.

We waited about ten minutes. Then we went down. We unwired. Pop-crackle came from the next room. We started to laugh — soundlessly. Pop — right under my foot — we couldn't hold it any longer. We burst out laughing — a timid knock on the door.

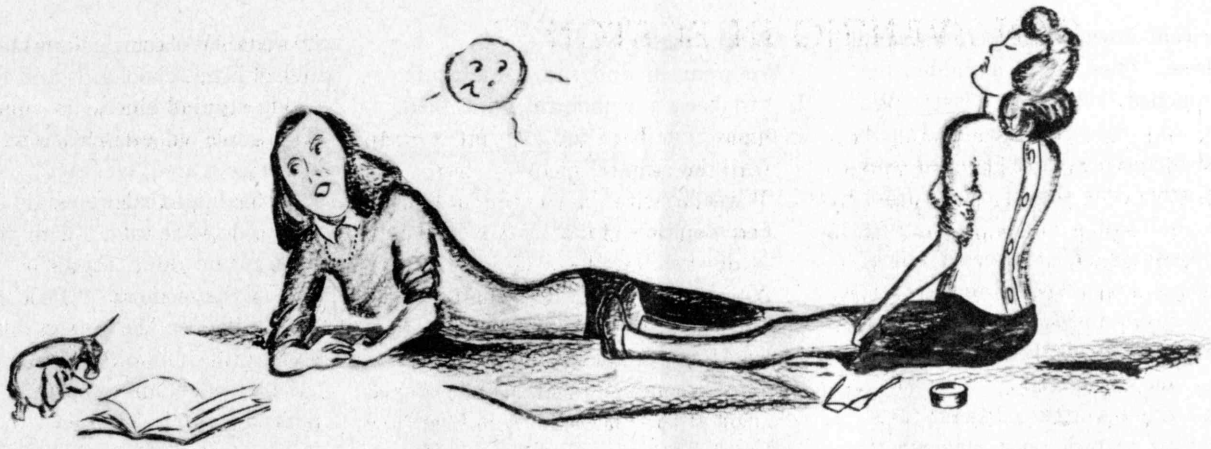
There she was — a little angry — a little amused — a little scared, and a little neighborly.

"Will it explode any more?" she asked.

"No, miss, it won't; just a few pieces that got blown around. Nothing to worry about. Er — did you enjoy it?"

"It wasn't so bad. I suppose if I've got to live with Tech men I might as

Continued to page 26



Here's the gal whose name is legion,
 At any college worn by siren and ickey
 You'll find baggy sweater, pearls and dickey
 And a whisp of skirt for the nether region.

Of the woman, curried, perfumed & hale
 One question asks the male,
 Whether at Stanford, Wellesley or Hackensac
 Who buttons them up the back?

TOUJOURS

LAMOUR



Here's the kid they envy more and more
 She likes milk, peppermint, and pintafore
 Instead of Scotch and Luckies by the carton
 For she's pre-kindergarten.



In bell-bottomed skirts & coats of Navy blue
 Smith's WAVES climb rigging like daddy used to do.
 For them it's quite a hurdle
 Just think, men, they do it with a girdle.

The glamor of Smith is hidden by day
 With blue-jeans - and by the way
 They're tailored, pre-faded, & rolled just so high
 And look, fellers, - no fly!

"AN EVENING IN BOSTON"

Gaunt poured the remaining beer into his glass and looked around once more. No longer was he amused by his surroundings; if people had to keep him waiting, why did it have to be here. The room was bare except for a large painting on one wall of the "Spirit of '76" and several ill-concealed, sound-reproduction devices. In the large arch-way that led to the bar a piano, bass, and guitar were being belabored by three misguided matrons who might well have been victims of sleeping sickness. Gentility prevailed, and the atmosphere was one of refinement. Dammit, where was his waitress? He wouldn't have been kept waiting in Looie's. . . .

Gaunt looked again at the couple in formal clothes and hoped that they were as uncomfortable as they looked. Out on the dance floor a tall, uncoordinated young man was making concerted efforts to keep the predatory woman he was dancing with from bringing her gleaming eyes any closer to his own. In spite of his boredom, Gaunt could not suppress a faint smile as he thought of the effeminate Harvard men sitting at the bar sipping from ice-filled glasses that smelled of

liquor . . . that drunken fat woman with the toupéed gigolo — disgusting. The sailor with the voluptuous blonde, and that woman with the dyed hair — dyed red at that, think of waiting in such company! The sophisticated kids held their cigarettes at arm's length and detachedly watched the living-corpse vocalist. Gaunt looked again at the Blasés, he would bet they hadn't said a word all night. Out on the dance floor a fat woman quivered with a Latin with greasy hair, and the pin-headed bartender mixed another "drink."

For just a moment something, it had hoofs, a knobbed tail, lots of wiry fur, small stubby horns, a large mouth with up-turned corners, and gleaming amused eyes, stood erect in the doorway. It tucked a set of pipes under an "arm" and stepped quickly back from the door. "O.K., let's go, Gabe." A short colored man stepped into view wearing a long light blue coat and tan pants with tapered legs. He placed his feet wide apart, produced a glistening trumpet, tapped one toe three times and swung into something that sounded a little like "charge," except that it possessed an

irresistable beat. Gaunt sat up straight. . . .

Through all the doors animals and odd people poured in in a never ending stream.

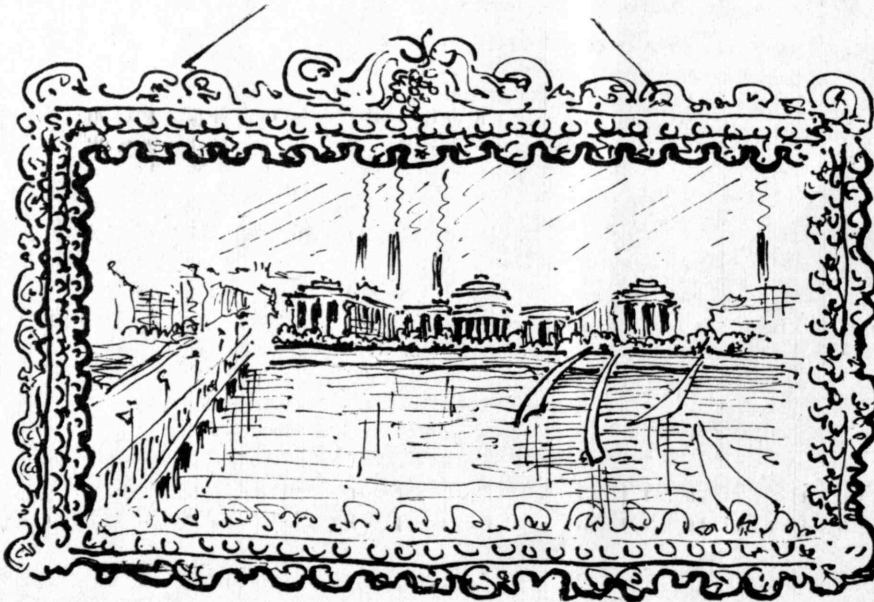
A heavy, partially bald Irishman with a florid complexion climbed over the bar, folded Pin-head up and put him in the refrigerator. As the Irishman rolled up his sleeves, disclosing hairy arms, a horde of she-apes securely trussed the anemic bar-fly in their seats. The new bartender smashed the jiggers and triumphantly produced sturdy tumblers, filled them to the brim and gave them to the apes who, with the aid of funnels, administered the drinks to the squirming Harvards.

The misguided matron orchestra shrieked at the top of its lungs as a dozen evil little mice ran up and down their legs. Four negroes had gathered around the instruments and were inspecting them. A long finger experimentally hit middle C. A broad grin spread across the face of the owner of the finger and nine similar objects descended quickly on the keyboard. A tall black hunched himself over the bass and relaxed rhythmically with the other two who had found a guitar and clarinet. Gabe joined them, and an aborigine with several large tom toms appeared. A tremendous beat welled up, and the building shook.

Ducks pecked at the voluptuous blonde, and her sailor-escort was helplessly struggling in the embrace of an insistant female mandrill. Registered nurses efficiently poured Pickwick Ale on the stiff shirt of the formal man to remove the starch as five large marmosets and one lemur shellacked his mate and rolled her in pencil-shavings after having removed her clothing.

Gaunt removed his necktie; he was enjoying himself.

The lady with the dyed red hair was receiving a shampoo with questionable eggs at the hands of an urbane Japanese. Several Scotch carpenters busily nailed the screaming, inefficient waitress to the wall upside down. As



she tried unsuccessfully to keep her skirt from dropping over her head, a bald walrus-like old man turned to affirm his wife's indignant report that waitresses don't wear underwear. An elephant, a small off-white one, made the rounds and squirted drinks in everyone's face, making sure that he swallowed a little before every shot. His accuracy amazed Gaunt.

The Latin was running madly around the outside track, screaming for help because he was closely pursued by an enraged bull. The fat woman was held down by large snakes while a hairy, sweating old man gave her a vigorous massage. The living corpse vocalist was cornered by three mangy ant-eaters who were industriously tickling her with their tongues. She giggled. Gigggle is a nice word, isn't it, it has so many "i's" in it.

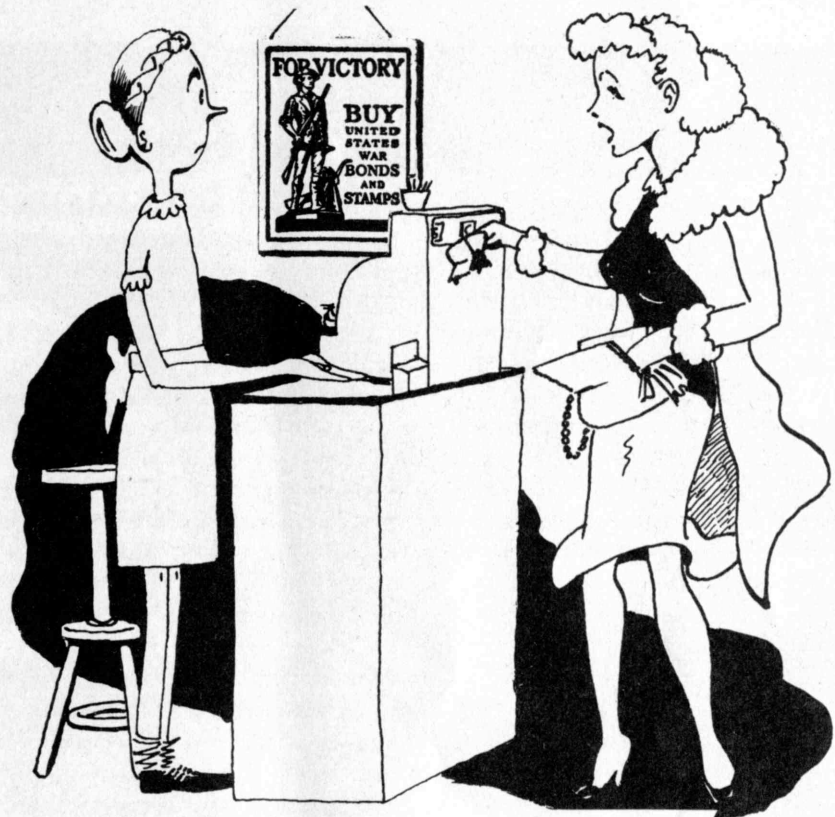
The sophisticated kids blushed crimson as a very earthy floor show devoted its undivided efforts to embarrassing them. The Blasés had been stripped and were being used as models by smirking satyrs who decorated the walls with lewd pictures.

Gaunt slapped at the bats, and firmly pushed a vulture away from his remaining beer, saying: "No."

Down at one end of the bar hill-billies were hastily improvising a still under the direction of a professor of thermodynamics. A hunchback wandered from table to table administering dope to those who had collapsed or were victims of neurasthenia.

Gaunt motioned to the man who was yelling: "Peanuts, popcorn, reefers, and balloons," and bought a peanut.

The couple who had been dancing with their hips so far apart were being administered cantharides. Heralded by shots, a herd of longhorns were stampeded across the dance floor into the kitchen under the supervision of Pan, who had been very busy keeping the party from dying on its feet. Cheerful ghouls and Egyptian mortuaries hastily stuffed the victims of the stampede into sarcophagi to make way



"Do you know how it feels to be flat — er — broke?"

for the Moslems who were looking for a place to spread their prayer rugs. The smile on the face of the fat lady gave way to screams when the adagio dancers began to use her, and the sour-faced Englishman who had been dancing with her, was decidedly unhappy when the air raid wardens picked him to practice artificial resuscitation on. Pan looked, and behold; it was very good. A toot on the pipes and there was a general rush in the direction of the exits. It was but a matter of a few moments until the odd crew had left with the dirty white elephant, a little in his cups, being the last to vanish. For just a moment Pan stood in the doorway to see if anything had been left undone, and then, after directing a warty toad to spit on the walrus-like man, he disappeared with a broad grin.

Gaunt blinked; everything was unchanged. He sadly pushed his glass away and resumed his search for the waitress. He wouldn't have been kept waiting in Looie's . . .

Nervous Suitor: "Sir, er-that is-I would to-to-that is, I mean, I have been going with your daughter for five years."

Father: "Well, whaddaya want, a pension?"

—Rammer-Jammer.



Visitor: "How can you tell the ganders from the geese?"

Farmer: "Oh, we never worry about that. We just turn them out and let them figure that out for themselves."

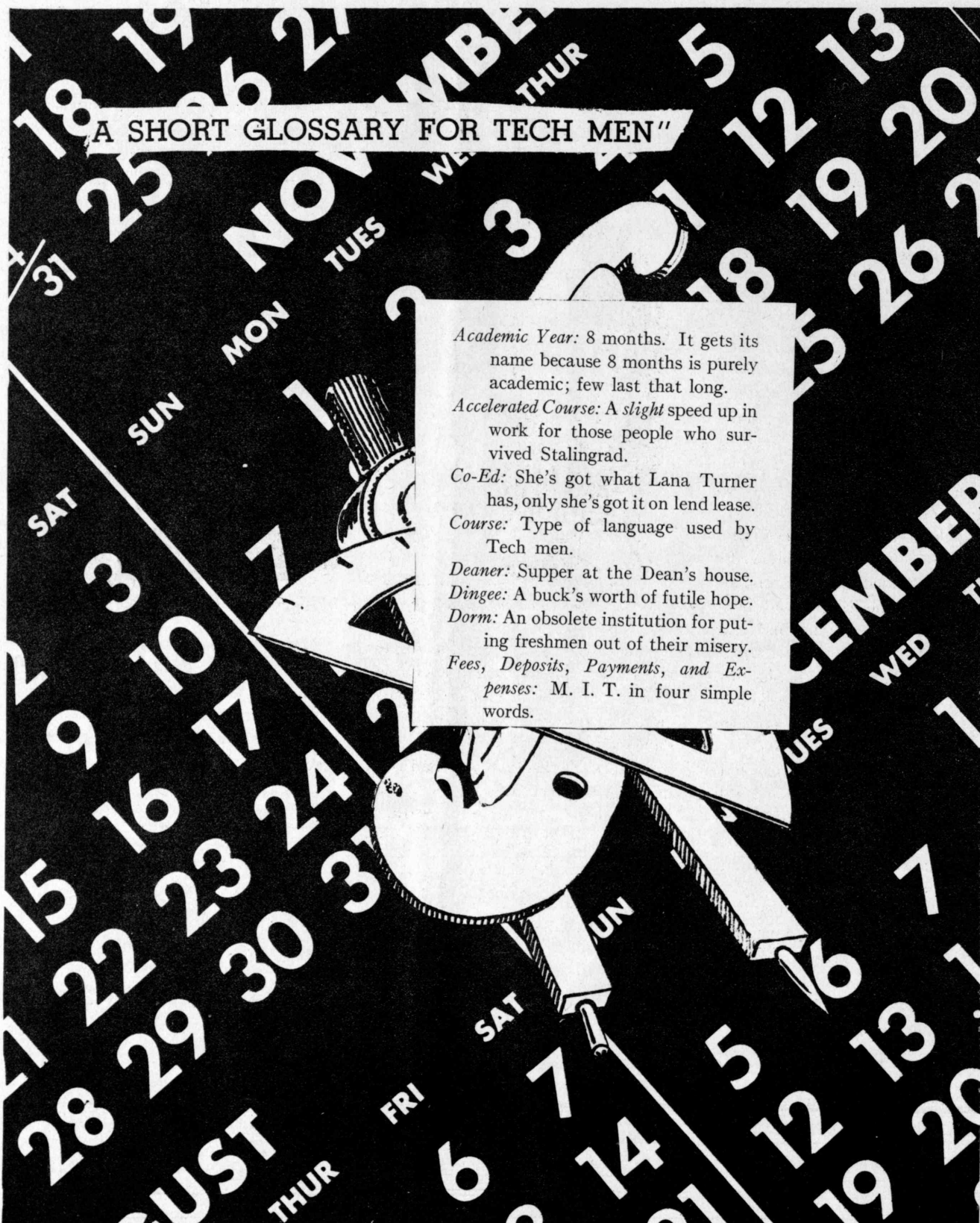
—Sundial.



Bell Hop (after ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Man: "Hell no! I was tolling. I thought you were dead."

—Rammer-Jammer.



A SHORT GLOSSARY FOR TECH MEN"

Academic Year: 8 months. It gets its name because 8 months is purely academic; few last that long.

Accelerated Course: A slight speed up in work for those people who survived Stalingrad.

Co-Ed: She's got what Lana Turner has, only she's got it on lend lease.

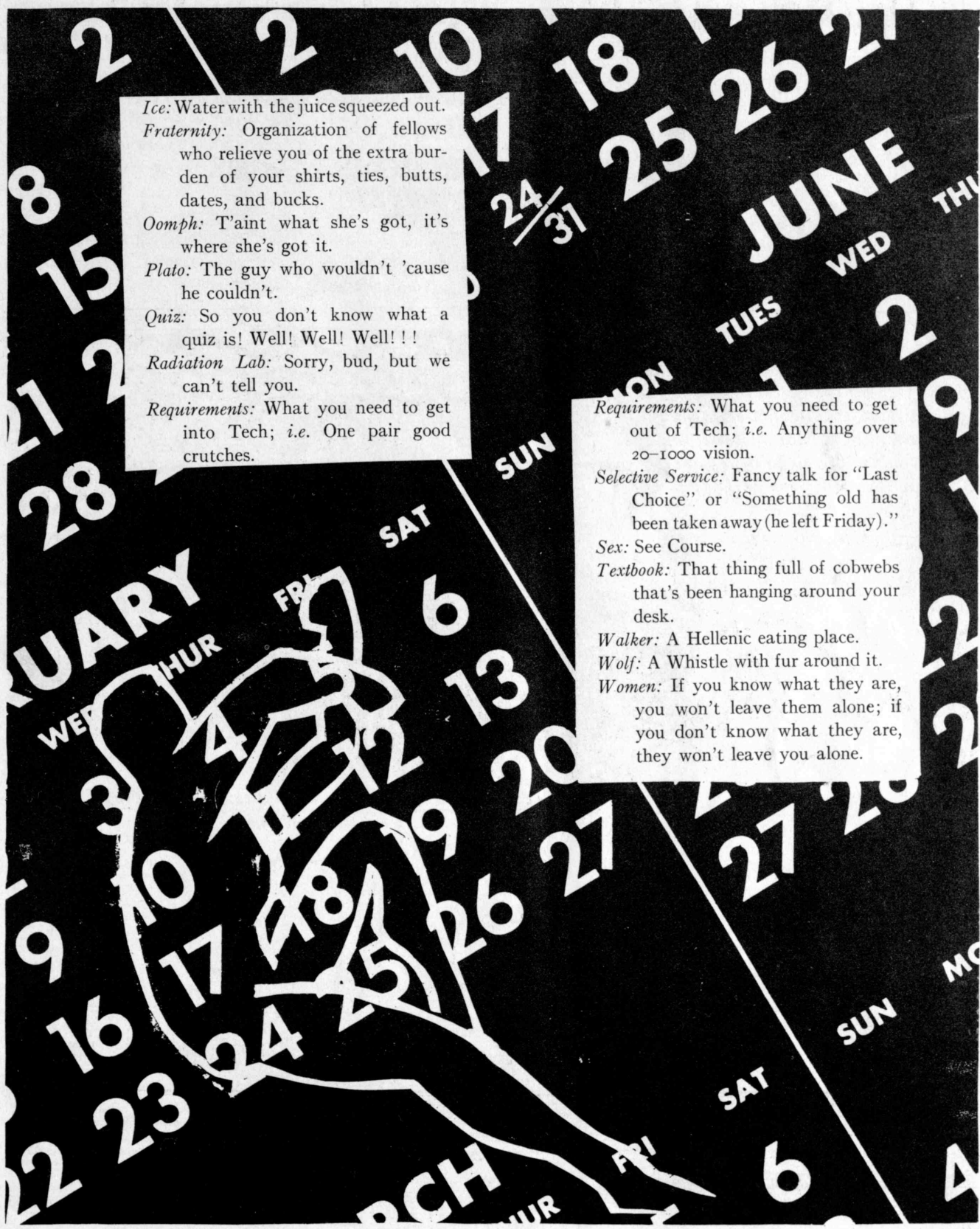
Course: Type of language used by Tech men.

Deaner: Supper at the Dean's house.

Dingee: A buck's worth of futile hope.

Dorm: An obsolete institution for putting freshmen out of their misery.

Fees, Deposits, Payments, and Expenses: M. I. T. in four simple words.



Ice: Water with the juice squeezed out.
Fraternity: Organization of fellows who relieve you of the extra burden of your shirts, ties, butts, dates, and bucks.
Oomph: T'aint what she's got, it's where she's got it.
Plato: The guy who wouldn't 'cause he couldn't.
Quiz: So you don't know what a quiz is! Well! Well! Well!!!
Radiation Lab: Sorry, bud, but we can't tell you.
Requirements: What you need to get into Tech; i.e. One pair good crutches.

Requirements: What you need to get out of Tech; i.e. Anything over 20-1000 vision.
Selective Service: Fancy talk for "Last Choice" or "Something old has been taken away (he left Friday)."
Sex: See Course.
Textbook: That thing full of cobwebs that's been hanging around your desk.
Walker: A Hellenic eating place.
Wolf: A Whistle with fur around it.
Women: If you know what they are, you won't leave them alone; if you don't know what they are, they won't leave you alone.

"PROF. FRANK WRITES NOVEL"

Ed. Note: Most M. I. T. students are acquainted with Prof. Nathaniel Frank through a cursory study of several books of technical type which he has written. But even professors have their mellow moments. And so we have the honor of presenting . . .

AN INTRODUCTION TO ROMANCE AND SEX APPEAL

by

NATHANIEL H. FRANK

(Abridged)

CHAPTER XXV

In the previous chapters we took up the theories of static love where we considered the laws of romance in a fixed position with reference to the axis of revolution. In the following chapters we will treat the Kinetic theories of love.

In this discussion we must accustom ourselves to two new concepts. They are those of Fine Points and Relative Attraction.



CHAPTER XXXII

Let us take up a simple example.

The house of the size of a differential of higher order, gave out a high index of refraction as it stood statically in the sine waves of the negatively travelling sun.

On the porch, in a chair which performed simple harmonic motion, there was a man of age T greater than 1000, whose venerable beard flowed in complete accordance with Bernoulli's Principle. Beside him stood a girl whose dimensions we will assume, for the sake of convenience, as beautiful.

Suddenly the air in the vicinity of the girl's mouth was disturbed by the sinusoidal vibrations of her voice.

"Nevah! Nevah! I will nevah pledge my troth with Foul Feniman."

"Nevah my daughter" said the man, in a gaseous disturbance which varied irregularly and inversely as the integral of his emotion.

"Nevah???? Ha! We shall see, me proud beauty, we shall see!"

It was the voice of an extraneous body. A qualitative analysis of this body would reveal one of the lower levels of organic composition. The simple proof that this is the villain is left as an exercise to the reader.

"Remembah! I have the mortgage. If you refuse to marry me, I will turn your father out into the cold, cold world."

The veracity of the conclusion of this statement is assumed, for the poor father would be forced, by the higher potential at which Foul stood, to be expelled into a temperature which, by the second law of thermodynamics, would be below the point of heat transmission.

"Very well, I will marry you, Foul, but remembah, if brave Jack returns before the wedding, he will tear you limb from limb. He will return, I know it." (Eq. 1)

"Haha ha!! we shall see," and Foul oozed out as the surface tension of his viscosity was of a high order.

Concluding from Eq. (1) that the wedding is to be assumed as a postulate fact, we will, therefore, for reasons of simplicity, let ΔT , where T is time in seconds, increase in a logarithmic function of 10 to the position on the time axis where the two bodies under discussion were proceeding in parallel motion along the central axis of the church.

The only sound which would be audible to the human ear at this phase of the experiment would be the irregular vibrations of an open pipe, or pipe organ, which, in accordance to the sine equation, with the third overtones predominant.

Suddenly the passive state was disrupted by a catalytic agent which penetrated the low density of the atmosphere to say the word, "Stop!"

"Curses. It is brave Jack."

"Ha! It is my darling brave Jack."

This is a fact, for we can assume that, having left the origin for an increase in pocket potential, brave Jack had now performed a closed circuit and had returned to the origin at an elevated energy status.

"Remembah, I still have the mortgage. Either sweet Adeline marries me, or her father will perish in the poorhouse."

"Ha! I have the money for your filthy mortgage. Take it and begone."

And Jack made 1000 units of potential energy perform rapid acceleration in vacuo, whence they came to quiescence at the feet of Foul.

"Ha! Curses. Foiled again."

And Foul precipitated out in accordance to Poiseuille's formula for viscous fluids.

"Come to my arms, my darling Jack."

"Bless you my children," said the old man.

And so, they lived happily as time increment ΔT went to infinity, thereby proving the last statement of Eq. (1) which was to be proved.



The Memoirs of Hector Canworthy, Techman

Ed. Note: For the last six months the readers of VOO DOO have been asking us the identity of the mysterious Hector Canworthy, and, therefore, as VOO DOO draws to a close, we call upon one of the people who knows him best, and who will remain anonymous, to give us the history of M. I. T.'s most outstanding character. Any resemblance between the characters in this article and persons in real life is no coincidence.



If you chance to enter Walker Memorial, one of the first things that will impress you is the strange roar and rumble which issues from the cavernous depths of the Memorial's basement. Only the hardest of people ever investigate it by venturing into the smoke ridden and bottle infested air of the downstairs dungeon, but if you are one of these intrepid persons, after crowding your way through throngs of bowlers, stacks of old bridge scores, wrecked tables, freshmen, and other rubbish, you will enter into a bare and forbidding grotto infested by a yelling crowd. You are in the 5:15 Club.

It was into these rowdy surroundings that, as the club's members were concentrating on a sensational bid of one pass, there appeared a nose. At first it passed unnoticed, but, as the

players found themselves forced to squeeze up against the walls to let it in, some interest was aroused and, after investigating its origin, they discovered a pair of glasses and a crew cut which accompanied one of the most malevolent glances ever produced on a man's face. And so it was that Hector Canworthy entered into the commuter's world.

The 5:15ers are a hardy lot who can live for months on a steady diet of Hoodsies and Drake's devil dogs and without seeing the light of day for weeks on end, and they were, therefore, not entirely overcome by the shock. Moreover, they are an accommodating crew, and, after the newcomer had lost his athletic supporter at black jack, he was admitted as one of the boys.

A naturally silent and reticent person, it was only after hard work with the rubber hose that the gang managed to glean Hector Canworthy's life story.

In the better residential section of Salem, between a gas works and a glue factory and opposite the air raid warden, there exist half a dozen hogsheds which the F.H.A. has declared as the Canworthy household. The elder Canworthys were a happy couple and, after several years of happy marriage, they had got the desire for something running around the house, so they put up a fence and lived on happily. Then, one day, a stork who was heading for Kansas City and was off his course, passed over the household and little Hector entered this world. Said his father on seeing him for the first time quote "Yoooooowwww!!"

unquote.

Little Hector's early life was varied and ranged from the lewd to the lecherous, to the lascivious, and back to the lewd again. He was destined to be a marked man, and as he entered school he found out that that mark was to be a continuous FF.

In his early years he mastered the arts of siphoning gas from cops' cars and working pinball machines professionally by filling them with rancid butter, for, in fact, everything that he turned his hand to pointed to his being a mechanical engineer.

Yes . . . little Hector had mechanics on the brain (he also had pot roast on the vest, but that's besides the point) and as he grew older he was advised by the great swami Dontu Sumy to enter Tech by the back door. Following the swami's advice to the letter of the word he immediately entered Lowell Tech where he created the greatest of impressions by slipping on a banana peel and sticking his nose into some fresh cement.

It is truly enough said that a great scholar never knows when he has had enough. So it was with Hector Canworthy. After a successful round of the Lowell Tech beer houses, he reentered as a student of M. I. T. He is now the most colorful of the club's many (?) members. A wizard with cards, he soon achieved the wholehearted respect of his fellows for such masterful bids as eight no trump set one. He is also an irrepressible gambler and he will continually lose the carfare which he carries in his pockets and hundreds of dollars which he does not. He has also attracted much attention for his physical build. At a very early age he entered a beauty contest and won a cup for his teeth, which was much better than just tossing them on the bureau as he had done before. He has also been heaped with honors by his local draft board which keeps asking him how he keeps himself in such a condition without the aid of formaldehyde. As a final tribute, the draft board has presented him

with a gold engraved rejection slip which he keeps in a frame over his bed.

Nor is this all: We still have to mention his prowesses as a linguist and a lover. At an early age Hector showed an interest in languages by continually going down to Scollay Square to pick up a little Czechoslovakian. It was on one of these sorties that he met that dazzling French actress, Schlemille Schlemille. He saw her and immediately down and down he went. In love? No; he was just taking the elevated back to North Station.

And so we have at a glance a picture of Tech's greatest nose and the man who follows it around. Our mission is complete; we have revealed to the public the true Hector Canworthy, the man of whom the *New York Times* has said quote — Unquote.

Blue eyes gaze at mine — Vexation.
Soft hands clasped in mine — Palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine — Expectation.

Red lips close to mine — Temptation
Footsteps — Damnation.

—Exchange.



One: "I'd like to buy a brassiere."

Other: "What bust?"

One: "Nuthin', it just wore out."

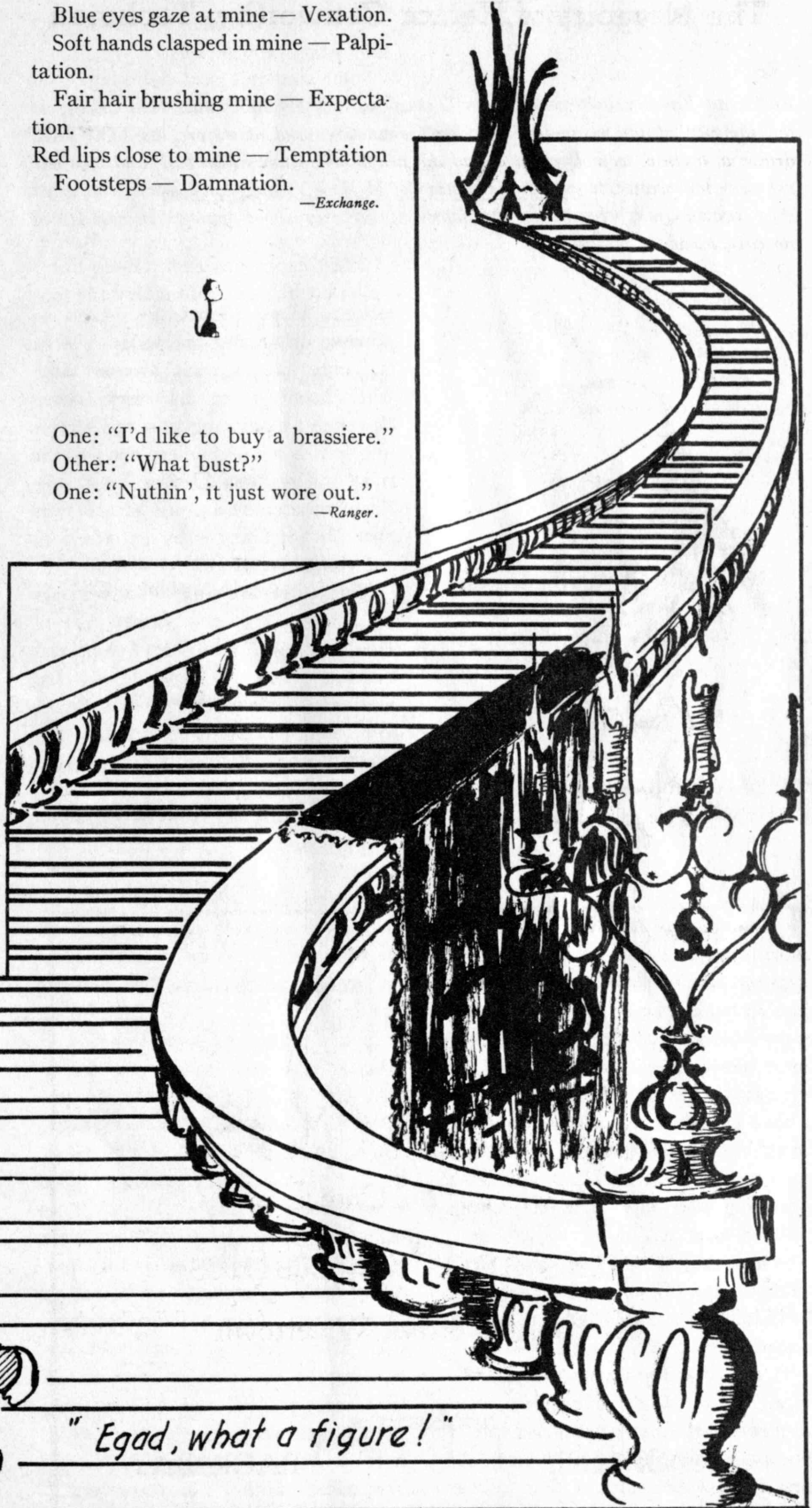
—Ranger.



Policeman: "Have an accident, sir?"

Reveler (who has collided with lamp post): "No, thanksh — just had one."

—Sundial.



"Egad, what a figure!"

DYNAMITE

Continued from page 16

well relax and enjoy myself."

She went in. We could hear her moving around, and every once in a while a little reminiscent pop crackle — a friendly sort of crackle now, like a log fire. Those doors didn't look so cold anymore. We knew what was on the other side.

"Well," said I just before I went off to sleep, "at least we broke the ice."

"Broke it," said Fall River, "brother, we shattered it."



Man is just a worm in the dust.
He comes along, wriggles around
awhile and finally some chicken gets
him!



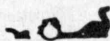
If love is blind and lovers can't see,
Then why in the Hell doesn't someone
love me?

—Sundial.

"Do you know what Hitler's mother said when he was born?"

"She couldn't say anything. She just wagged her tail."

—Medley.



"My fiance has been telling everyone that he's going to marry the most beautiful girl in the world."

"That's too bad — after all the time you went with him."

—Rammer-Jammer.



"Is your roommate broadminded?"

"Say, that's all he thinks of."

—Pelican.



"Why was the ice man so late in reaching the third floor?"

"Because he got a little behind on the second."

—Jack-O-Lantern.

A German member of the Propaganda Bureau died and he appeared at the gates of Paradise. St. Peter answered his knock and asked, "What can I do for you, sir?"

He replied that he was looking for his wife.

"Well, what was your wife's name?" St. Peter asked.

"Mrs. Schultz."

"Oh, but we have fifteen million Mrs. Schultzes here. What was her first name?"

"Fanny."

"Oh, but we have two million Fanny Schultzes here. What does she look like?"

"Oh, fat and short."

"One thousand Fanny Schultzes answer that description. Can you tell me more about her?"

The man thought a while and then said: "Well, when she died she told me that if I ever lied, she would turn over in her grave."

"Oh," exclaimed St. Peter, with a knowing smile, "I know whom you mean. Up here we call her 'Whirling Fanny'."

—Medley.



Mary had a little skirt,
She stood against the light;
Who gives a damn
For Mary's lamb
With Mary's calves in sight!

—Sundial.



Dames are pushovers for gay caballeros. Caballeros are athletes in Spain. Athletes in Spain throw the bull for diversion. Therefore dames are pushovers for bullthrowers.

—Medley.

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BACK BAY

"EL DROOLER"

Continued from page 12

has a level head. This was demonstrated on that fateful Sunday morning several months ago when the Kappa Sigs were awakened by the clang of fire engines. The majority filed out over the neighboring roofs to safety, but not Jim. Coolly, he groped his way down through three floors of smoke to his room, carefully selected his wardrobe, dressed with the usual painstaking care, combed his locks, helped his roommate, Jim Hield, pack his belongings, and then casually strolled out the front door — as spectators cheered and firemen swore.

Possessing a natural flair for chewing cigars and kissing babies, Jim found himself a prominent figure in Institute politics — representing the class of '45 on the Institute Committee last year, and being elected class president this year.

It is said that his success in the recent election was due to his completely carrying the co-ed bloc. Along these lines, it is also rumored that Jim is devoting all his influence in the Institute Committee to get Secretary Stalking recognized as a Class A activity.



You can lead a fraternity man to water, but why disappoint him.

—Sundial.

WE WONDER TOO

We wonder why the iceman smiles so
When his glance happens to meet
The sign: "Please drive slow;
The child in the street
May be yours, you know."

—Duke 'n' Duchess.

He: "You know, there's something about you I like."

She: "Try and get it."

—Log.



The three Chinese sisters who are not married:

Tu-Yung-Tu.

Tu-Dumb-Tu.

No-Yen-Tu.

—Yellow Jacket.



"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Wait 'til you see the coffee."

—Sundial.



A Tech man is like a lamp. Both smoke, neither is very bright, and both go out at night.

—Lampoon.



Manager (pointing to cigarette butt on floor): "Smith, is this yours?"

Smith (pleasantly): "Not at all, sir. You saw it first."

—Sundial.

"Good afternoon — Madam Mimi speaking."

"No-no operator, I said give me the storehouse."

—Sundial.



Then, there was the absent-minded sculptor who put his model to bed and chiseled on his wife.

—Sundial.



"Do you Rhumba?"

"No, that was my stomach."

—Jack O'Lantern.



Daughter: "Dad, why did you marry mother?"

Father: "So you're beginning to wonder too?"

—Sundial.

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“Is this the Salvation Army?”
 “Yes.”
 “Do you save bad women?”
 “Yes.”
 “Well, save me a couple for Satur-
 day night.”

—Jack-O-Lantern.



Webster said that taut means tight.
 I guess I got taut a lot in college after
 all.

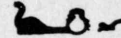
—Sundial.

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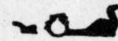
“Who was that woman I saw you
 outwit last night?”

—Old Maid.



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“Who was that woman I saw you
 outwit last night?”

—Old Maid.



Smith: “Jones, I think that son of
 yours is spoiled.”

Jones: “I am inclined to disagree
 with you, old man.”

Smith: “Well, come out and see
 what a steam roller just did to him.”

—Scottie.

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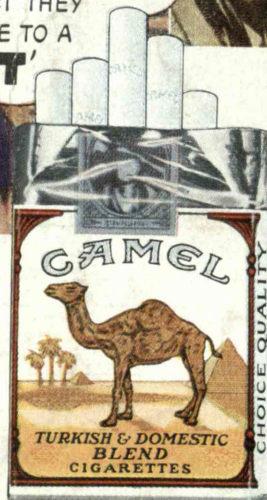
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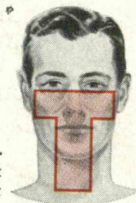
CAMELS DON'T TIRE MY TASTE—THEY'RE ALWAYS EASY ON MY THROAT—IN FACT THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'

WAR WORKER VIRGINIA DONNELLY, Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., makes special radio tubes for communication sets. And, like the men in the service, *her* favorite cigarette is Camel.



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