

Voo Doo



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CLUB SAVOY was a name which, a year or two ago, meant to a large group of swing fans the best in town in the way of music. The Club was then located on Columbus Avenue down about three blocks from the Massachusetts Avenue intersection. When the Club closed after the Coconut Grove incident, there remained no spot in town which featured the talented music of colored bands, particularly such organizations as those of Sabby Lewis and Frankie Newton.

We are glad to report that the Savoy is now operating again, with a new location on Massachusetts Avenue just before the Columbus intersection. When we were at the Savoy one Saturday night a few weeks ago, we noticed that the atmosphere had changed none from that of the old spot. The rose-colored walls contained yet the caricatures of the outstanding personalities in the swing music business — Ellington, Hawkins, Higgenbotham, and the rest. The crowd is still the same — a fairly well reserved group of colored and white enthusiasts. Prices are reasonable, the usual line of liquor running in the \$.50-\$.65 category; a \$.50 cover charge is taken on Saturday night.

To top it all the Savoy is presenting what is now the best music available in town. We spent several hours listening to ace tenor-saxman Coleman Hawkins perform; the rest of his six-piece "combo" consisted of outstanding support men. We were particularly enthusiastic over his trumpet man, the only young fellow in the group; his age, we would guess, was



no more than seventeen, but the trumpet sounded as if it had been trained and coached for years. In addition to the evening entertainment the Savoy offers a Sunday afternoon jam session which draws a good representation of the name musicians who are in town at the time.

The reopening of the Savoy has given satisfaction to many of our compatriots. We suggest it unreservedly for the person who is a devotee of swing or to the ordinary layman who wants a good evening of music as a change from the normal monotony of a Boston Saturday evening.

ONE of our favorite week-end pastimes is our Sunday night search for distinctive restaurants, particularly establishments which have facilities for the leisurely partaking of an

Old Fashioned or Manhattan before dinner. We checked into the Lobster House in Charlestown a while ago, and the results of the evening were decidedly satisfying.

Situated just off City Square, at 42 Warren Avenue, down in the dock district, the Lobster House is perhaps the outstanding sea food restaurant in Boston. The menu contains a wide variety of choices both on the dinners and on the specials; an example is the lobster tray, which contains in addition to a good-sized broiled lobster, fried scallops, shrimps, clams, potatoes, onion rings and a salad at \$1.65.

The main dining room is rather sizeable and adjoining it is a banquet room which can serve up to thirty persons. One thing we liked about the place was the friendliness of the waitresses — and yet their gruff nature.

The building itself is rectangular in shape, one half being devoted to the dining rooms, the center to the kitchen and the rest to one of the smoothest cocktail lounges we've seen about town. The Victory, it's called, its principal appeal being nautical decorations — huge portholes and the silhouette of an ocean liner behind the bar. Tan leather upholstered furniture and booths finish off the distinctive decorations of the lounge. The bartender, one of our observing friends relates, is an expert at mixing drinks exactly as desired. The Victory Lounge serves as a good place for the tapering on to the dinner to follow, making the Lobster House one of the most satisfactory eating places in town.

Voo Doo

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

God made a machine, the machine
made man,

Doctors, lawyers, priests, and then
the devil got in and stripped its gears,

And turned out the first batch of
engineers.

— Penn Triangle..



An inscription on the tombstone of
an army mule named Maggie:

"In memory of Maggie, who in her
lifetime kicked one general, four
colonels, two majors, ten captains,
twenty-four lieutenants, forty-two ser-
geants, 454 privates and one bomb."

— Rammer Jammer.



Some girls are not afraid of mice.
Others have pretty legs.

Then they were married and lived
happily even after.



When two people are thinking the
same thing it's often called mental
telepathy — sometimes it's plain em-
barrassment.



The dear vicar's wife had just died,
and in consequence he wished to be
relieved of his duties for the week-end,
so he sent the following message to his
bishop:

"I regret to inform you that my
wife has just died, and I would be
obliged if you could send me a sub-
stitute for the week-end."

— Ranger.



"Jim proposed to me last night and
I'm sore at him."

"What makes you so mad?"

"You ought to have heard what he
proposed."



Motorist (with cutie beside him):
"Say, officer, where does that dark
road lead to?"

State Trooper (dryly): "To mar-
riage, feller — if you go far enough."

A typical Aunt Jemima was brought
into court one day for unmercifully
beating her "orneriest" child. The
judge after giving her a severe lecture
asked her if she had anything to say.

"Jes one thing, jedge. I wants to
ax you was you ever the parent of a
puffectly wuthless culled chil'?"

— Rammer Jammer.

A cute little lass approached the floorwalker and asked, "Do you have any notions on this floor?"

The floorwalker looked her over and then remarked, "Yes, madam, but we suppress them during working hours."



A group of soldiers in the barracks were indulging in their favorite indoor sport: panning the sergeant. One of them spoke up for him. "Aw," he said, "he ain't got so many faults."

"No," said another, "but he sure makes the most of the ones he has."
— *Scottie.*



Johnny was visiting one of the sororities on Seventeenth. In fact, he had one of the gals cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said."

"There's a house fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heavens, yes, of course!"

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him: "You're kissing beautifully tonight, Johnny!"

"Johnny, Hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. John's at the door taking tickets."
— *Scottie.*

— *Scottie.*

German Citizen: "If I invest my thousand marks in this war loan, who guarantees I'll get my money back?"

Bank Clerk: "The Fuehrer himself."

Citizen: "But if he dies?"

Clerk: "Then Goering."

Citizen: "And if he dies?"

Clerk: "Then the whole Nazi party guarantees the loan."

Citizen: "Yes, but if the party were dissolved, what then?"

Clerk (whispering): "Wouldn't that be worth a thousand marks to you?"
— *Scottie.*



Love is like a poker game — it takes a pair to open, she gets a flush, he shows diamonds, and it ends with a full house.

Wellesley girl (on board ship): "Where is the captain?"

Mate: "He's forward, Miss."

W. G.: "Oh, that's all right. This is a pleasure trip."



Many a man has made a monkey out of himself by reaching for the wrong limb.
— *Mercury.*

— *Mercury.*



Mess Sgt.: "Some of the best cooks in America are in the army."

Private: "What are they doing?"



Richard Dyer

"He isn't tall, dark or handsome—
but he smokes Sir Walter Raleigh!"

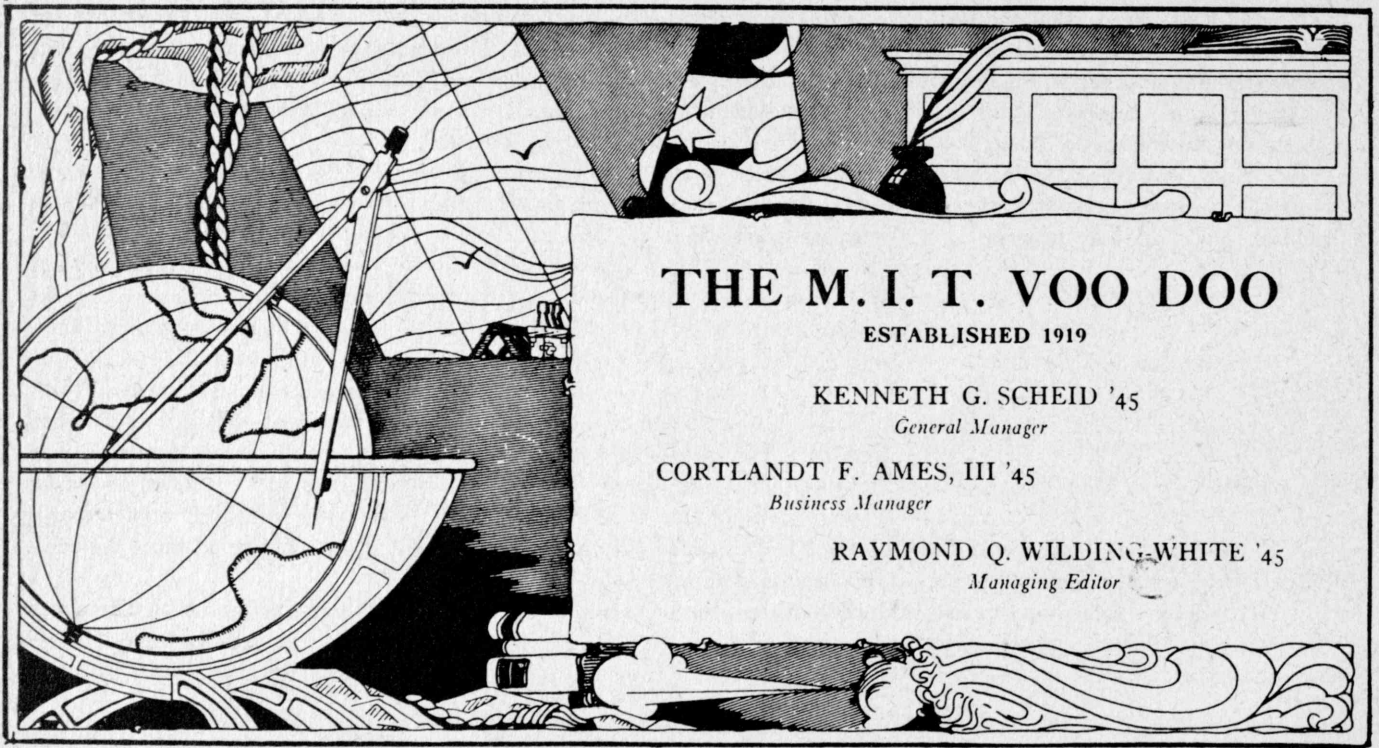
**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"



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STAMPS
AND
BONDS

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THE M. I. T. VOO DOO

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“THOU SHALT NOT . . .”

“AFTER many years of residence in Boston,” the Cat was saying last week, “I am still firmly of the opinion that it is the center of moral hypocrisy in the east.”

We were aware that the animal was in a mood for exchange of opinion. “Boston,” we replied, “is, rather, the center of American culture, tradition, and educational progress.”

Apparently the Cat had been considering his opinion for some time, for we noticed that he referred immediately to a page of scribbled notes which he had taken on the subject. “I quote,” he said, “from the Encyclopaedia Britannica: ‘. . . the old-fashioned citizen of colonial antecedents, the type generally accepted by the public as Bostonian, is in very great minority.’”

We thought we saw a mistake in his use of this remark, and were quick to counter. “This, then, indicates that the city is now under the jurisdiction of groups who do not have the Puritanical, intolerant heritage of early Boston.”

“On the contrary. The traditional Bostonian may have disappeared almost entirely, but the influence of the old Puritanical statutes is still felt.”

“Cat, you must admit that this city and the surrounding metropolitan area contain educational facilities and institutions unmatched by any other section of the country.”

“You are now bringing out the background for my objections. If Boston is, as you say, the cultural center of the nation, then there must necessarily be present an atmosphere of tolerance and broad-mindedness. This I fail to see.” The Cat again referred to his notes. “I have spent some time in tracing down two situations which are to me particularly objectionable — the Boston Blue Laws and the censorship against such books as Lillian Smith’s ‘Strange Fruit.’”

“With regard to the Blue Laws I have not as yet been able to find a complete set of the statutes, but I shall have them before long; the entire body of law should prove to be a most interesting and amusing conglomeration of the edicts,

of this city from the days of the Bay Colony to the present. Yet, I can mention without hesitation several which are particularly narrow and objectionable — the twelve o'clock liquor and night club deadline on Saturday night; the edict against standing at a bar on Sunday; the one prohibiting music in taverns on Sunday; and then of course the truly ridiculous ones still on the books — for example, the law which prohibits bartenders from selling liquor to Indians."

"But these laws do not indicate hypocrisy; they are merely positive statutes."

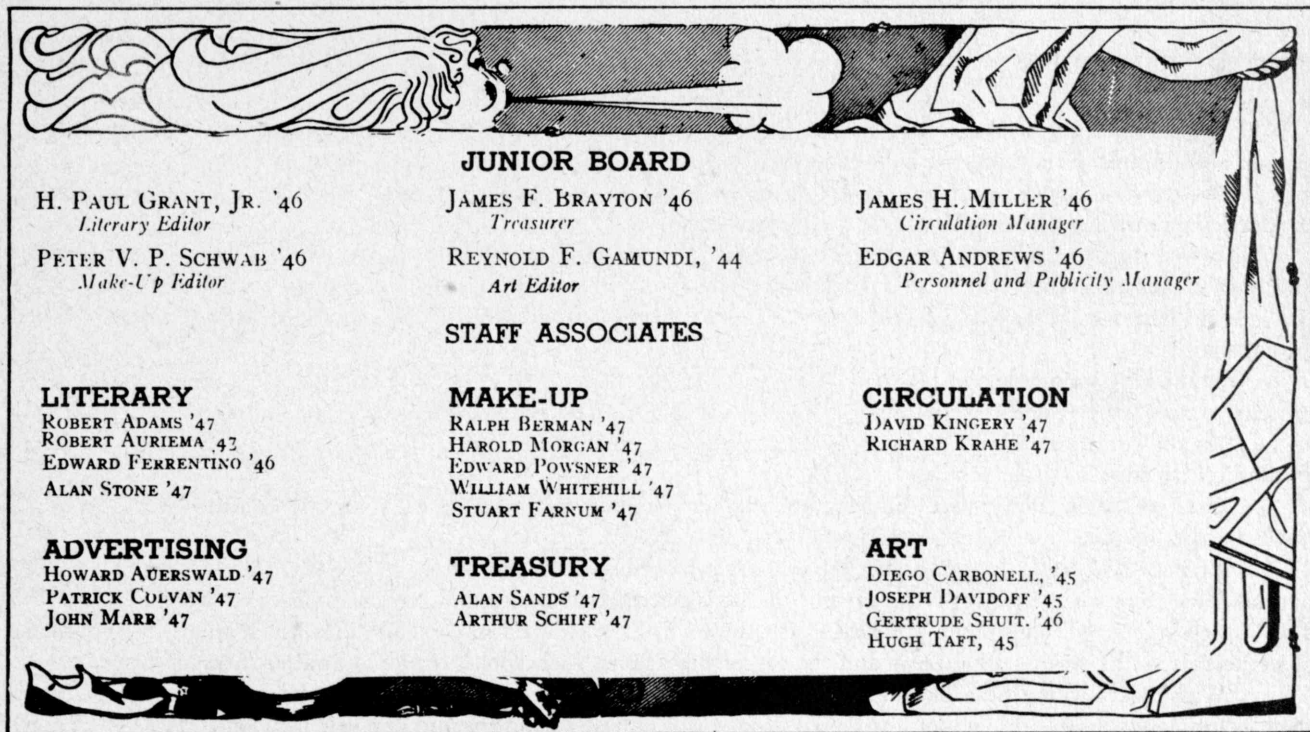
"Think, my friend, of the all-night taverns which operate in and around Boston because their owners are able to obtain the necessary political influence; and also the music edict, which makes it illegal for a man to have music while he drinks, although he may progress to the ultimate degree of intoxication."

The Cat was now at a point where he was ready to cite instances for the rest of the evening, so we delicately cut him short. "Phos, what you say has much merit, but we maintain that the conditions are counterbalanced by the cultural and educational superiority of Boston's institutions. However, we are interested in this censorship situation."

"The Watch and Ward Society is not yet dead. Censorship in Boston is making the city the laughing stock of the country. Of course, the publishers don't object to the publicity; I'd venture to predict that a book such as "Strange Fruit" has benefitted more from free, favorable notice in the newspapers than from the paid advertising which the publisher has run. What disturbs me, however, is the intolerance connected with the situation. In numberless cases censorship has been applied *only in Boston* to books and movies which have been excellently received by critics and by official reviewing boards in other sections of the country. And to top it all, after a month or so the censorship is invariably removed as a result of violent public objection. My observation is that Boston needs officials who will act more in an advisory capacity and decidedly less as powers who can ban books from sale in the shops of Boston."

We pondered what the Cat had said, both of the Blue Laws and of the bans against books and movies. There was doubtless much more to cite than what had been mentioned. The situation appeared to be one requiring a major change of official and social attitude. We could not help but assent to Phos' accusation against "... the center of moral hypocrisy in the east."

—
Cover this month by Hugh M. Taft, '45.



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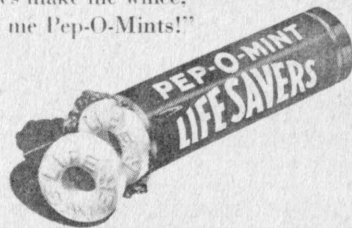
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"Oh, Bill may fumble with his feet,
 "But, still," said Sue, "I think he's neat!
 "For though his antics make me wince,
 "He always brings me Pep-O-Mints!"

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 pub-
 lished the following month along with the lucky
 winner's name.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

"Hello, little girl. Want a ride?"

"No, thanks. I'm walking back from one now."

Submitted by Wilson N. Gilliat, 259 St. Paul Street, Brookline, Mass.

A sailor, after placing a wreath of
 flowers on a grave in a cemetery,
 noticed an old Chinese placing a bowl
 of rice on a nearby grave and asked:

"When do you expect your friend to
 come up and eat the rice?"

The old Chinaman smiled and
 answered:

"Same time your friend come up
 and smell flowers."

— Old Maid.



There was a young gal from Versailles
 Who ate green apples and died.
 Inside the lamented the apples fer-
 mented
 And made cider insider insides.

— Yellow Jacket.

Question on recent examination
 paper: "If the president of the United
 States died, who would get the job?"

Little Joe's answer: "A Democratic
 undertaker."



Gold-diggers are paid by the weak



A darky soldier's definition of
 morale — "The thing that keeps yo
 feet goin' when yo' haid says it can't
 be done."

When Mr. Robin came home one
 day, he spied a strange egg in the nest
 and demanded an explanation. Mama
 Robin said, "Oh, I just did it for a
 lark."

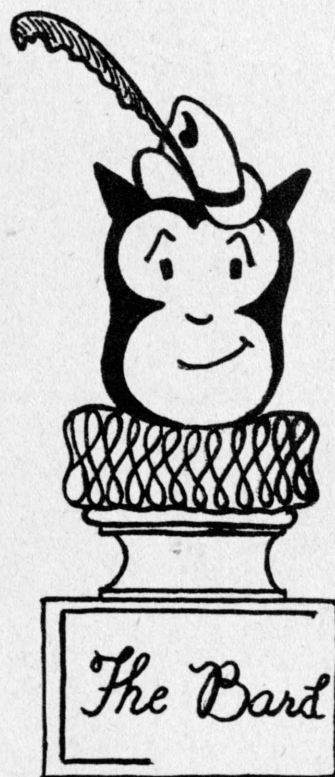


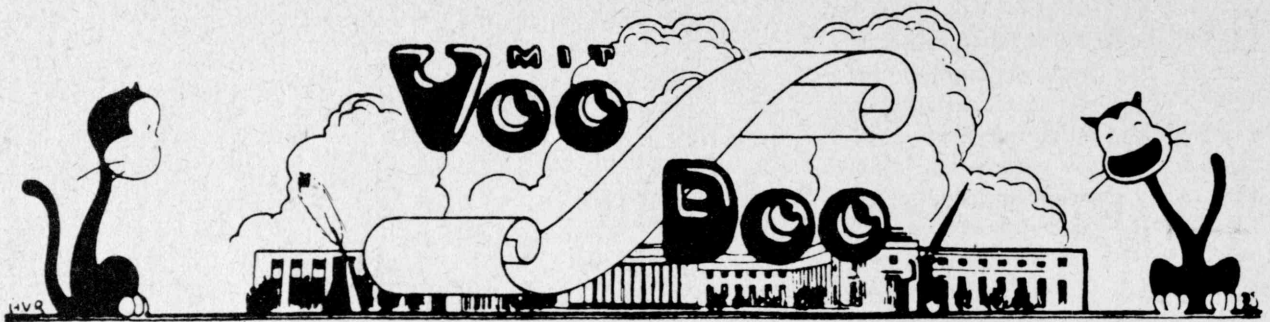
The lady of the house suspected one
 of her two sons was paying attention
 to the attractive maid. Anxious to
 find out which one, she asked the girl:
 "Nora, suppose you had the oppor-
 tunity to go to the movies with one of
 my sons. Which one would you
 choose?"

"Well," replied Nora, "it's hard to
 say, for I've had grand times with
 both of them; but for a real rollicking
 spree, give me the boss."

— Rammer Jammer.

FOOTLIGHT NUMBER





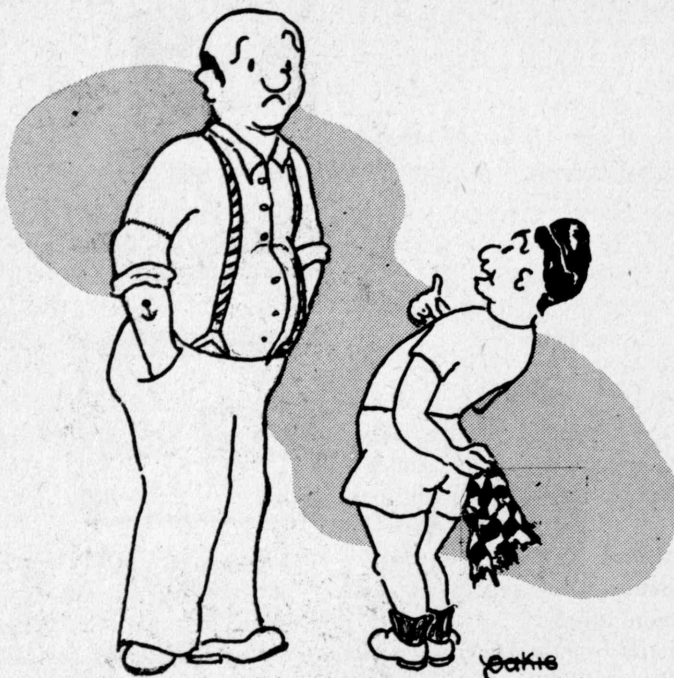
SOMETHING that should have been done a long time ago has finally come to pass. We have had strewn about the campus just about every imaginable type of activity, publications, outing clubs, honorary societies — in fact everything but a good solid drinking club. And now we have that. It appears that a few of the BMOC's happened to congregate at the bar of the Kenmore a couple of Sur:days ago, and after a snifter of this and a draught of that, vowed eternal brotherhood under the name of the Jolly Beavers Society. The object of the society is apparently to meet every week and try to decide on an object

for the society over a few well-chosen bottles. So far, membership is wide open. From way up here, the society's future looks to be rosy, if the authorities don't step in before the next meeting.

IT used to be, "Sam, You Made The Pants Too Long," but lately it's been, "Sam, for a rich uncle, you sure are stingy with the deferments." We refer, of course, to the current draft situation, which is fast draining the country of its young manpower. No

one seems to know what ever happened to the national quota of untouchables. What everyone does know is that the draft board has been indulging in some pretty sharp tactics lately. There is one particular instance that stands out from all the clutter of minor misdemeanors pulled off by the behind-locked-doors boys. It goes like this.

Two weeks ago there was a Course X Man. On Tuesday he was 4-F, one of The Six Hundred. On Wednesday he received notice of reclassification to 2-A. On Thursday he received notice of reclassification to 1-A. On Friday he was ordered to report for his physical. Sam, make up your mind!



"Daddy, I met the nicest little girl today."

ADVERTISEMENTS have taken a new twist with the entrance of the fighting forties into the twentieth century and many a radio fan has turned teetotaller after bending an ear to the ditties dished out by some popular soap, soda-pop, and cigarette companies. We thought that all this drivel had come to a head when L.S.M.F.T. scourge was rampant along with the bubonic plague, measles, spring fever, and other dangerous contagious diseases. However, the makers of Chesterfields have hit a new peak. Their slogan is T.S. We can't quite decide whether it means "They Satisfy," or "Tough Sledding." Please inform us, Messrs. Liggett and Myers.

EVERYONE knows that fiction is stranger than truth, so imagine our surprise when we heard real people acting out a joke that appeared in the pages of Voo Doo not too long ago, when two of our too few coeds got to discussing the morals of society in a still-life session up in the freehand drawing den. They were bemoaning the fact that men could get away with murder or worse without appreciable loss of face, while women had to be careful of every move since their reputation was at stake at all times. The consensus of opinion was that it "wasn't fair."

"After all," said the one on the left, "there is very little difference between men and women."

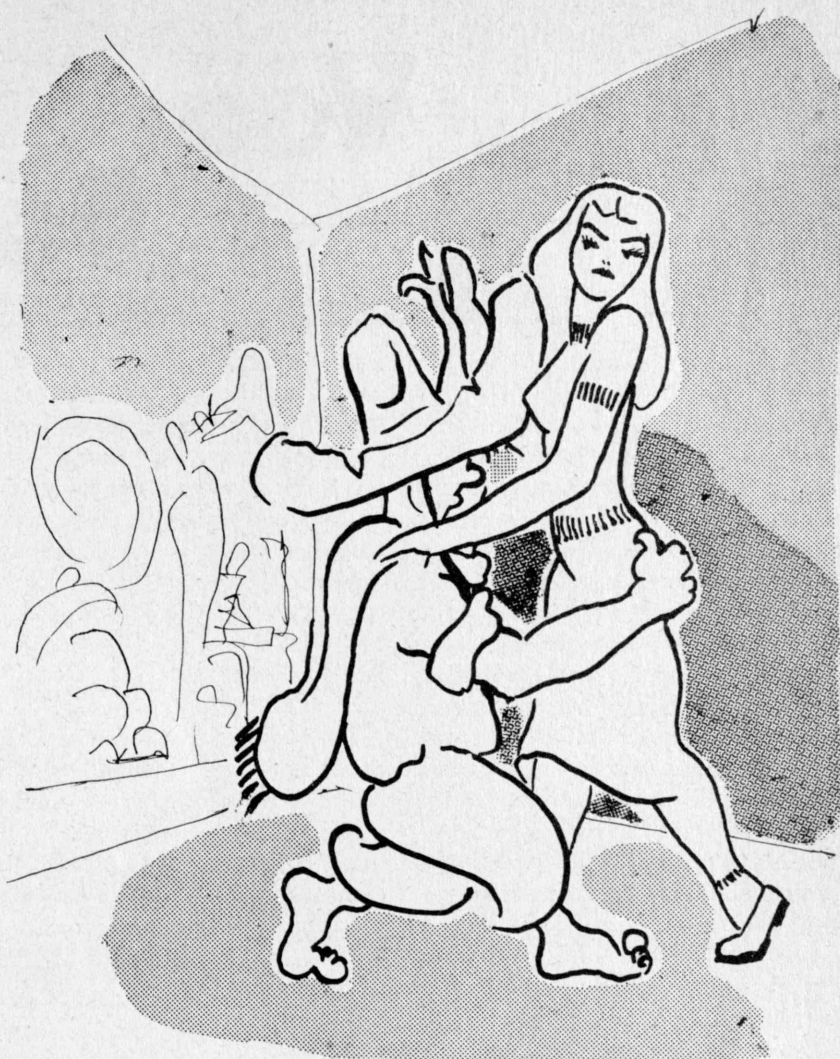
The other leaped to her feet, clapped her hands, and chortled, "Yes, but thank heaven for that little difference!"

Our only explanation is that odd people do strange things.

AND while we are speaking about the coeds, there is another little incident that deserves mention. Phos relegates this one to the Thank God We Don't Do This More Often Department.

She walked into class as usual Wednesday morning. No one paid any particular attention when she strolled over to the radiator and felt over its entire length to find the warmest spot. They did look up when she exclaimed, "Ah, this is perfect!" And they gasped when she reached inside her coat to pull out a freshly-washed pair of rayons and spread them to dry. Maybe we're just narrow-minded.

WE have been floored so often by Boston's drinking laws that it seemed hardly possible that there was a new angle for the bartenders to work. After



"I go for a man who wears an Adam Hat."

several weeks investigation, we even figured out how to get drunk on Sunday. But last week we ran into a situation that could give rise to a state of affairs too awful to contemplate, given the right conditions. It happened in a little bar just off Massachusetts Avenue — a place called Marie's, or Louie's, or was it Archie's. A sodden customer rose with some difficulty from a booth and made his way to the bar. "Hey, whassa story?" he demanded, "Waitress says can't havny more tdrink."

The patron of the backbar paused in his glass-polishing long enough to answer, "That's right, Joe; just one more and we'd have to carry you out."

"Whatcha mean," Joe retorted, "Jush givme one one good reasn why I can't havenother."

"I will," growled the man in the white apron. "It says right here in the book that I'm not allowed to sell liquor to Indians in Boston, "and you have damned high cheekbones!"

IF someone should ask what the most harrowing job in the world is, there would be a thousand people with ten thousand different answers willing to voice their opinions. Some would say that the man who spends forty

Continued to page 24

PROGRAM NOTES



IRONICALLY enough, it was a quiet day, a peaceful day in the Voo Doo office when it all started. The sun streamed in through the window, stretching long luminous tentacles on which little particles of dust danced and bounced and mingled with the wreaths of cigarette smoke.

The General Manager was thinking. His furrowed brow worked up and down. Finally he opened his mouth.

"Tech men know nothing whatever about the stage. If you speak to them of Ibsen, Shaw, or Racine, they give you the glassy stare. The whole thing is revolting. I don't know what the world is coming to."

The Managing Editor threw a half-smoked cigar through the open door.

"Yup. . . . Culture is going out as civilization comes in. In the old days you could find people who could write plays, but now there isn't a guy around who can write five lines without cribbing from the Telephone Book, let alone anyone to appreciate the damn things."

The General Manager said nothing. Both men looked sadly at each other for a few minutes and then sighed in unison. It is often so lonely to be a pearl among so many useless pieces of stone. Suddenly the General Manager clapped his hands to his head.

"Sapristi!" he cried. "We can reincarnate the defunct spirit of the past masters of the Thespian Art."

The Managing Editor was unimpressed.

"Put that in English," he said.

"Sure we can," insisted the G. M. "We are an organ of higher culture. We are the molders of the Technological Mind. It is to us that the common student turns when he cannot see the light."

Slowly the M. E. slid his feet off the desk.

"Hey," he said. "I think you have a good point there. You are right. I see it now; our path is clear, our mission evident. We will rescue the decadent M. I. T. mind from its dark uncultured depths, and years hence there will be two more names chiseled along with those that now decorate the Grecian friezes of the buildings."

The General Manager was deeply moved.

"Avast," he roared, his voice trembling with emotion. "Sophocles . . . Shakespeare . . . George Kaufman, here we come!"

reading their material. **KEEP ALL WINDOWS AND DOORS BARRED.** Lock your children in the storm cellar. Do not lose your head. Above all, **BEWARE OF ANYONE WHO TRIES TO SELL YOU A PLAY!**

POLICE NOTICE

IT IS BELIEVED that two dangerous would-be playwrights are loose in the vicinity of Cambridge. All efforts are being made to apprehend them before they cause any damage. We warn all Editors, Publishers, and Writers to be on guard. These men are **VIOLENTLY INSANE. DO NOT GO OUT OF THE HOUSE WITHOUT ARMS**, preferably nothing smaller than a 4.5 chemical mortar or a 37 mm. A.T. gun.

"SIX PLAYS IN SEARCH OF A CHARACTER"

Dramatis Personae

Abe Lincoln	Himself
The Head of OWI	F. D. R.
Whatsisname	Whoosit
The Man Who Came to Dinner		
The Head of WLB	F. D. R.
Mrs. Brown	An extra loaned to us by the Boston Morgue	
The Head of S.P.C.A.	F. D. R.
F. D. R.	Harry Hopkins

Ballerines, Chorines, Tangerines, Benzadrines

150—BEAUTIFUL GIRLS—150

Orchestra of 150 Intoxicated Italian Organ Grinders
Under the Baton of Arturo Toscanini

Lights by a Sad Faced Man with a Box of Matches

Scenery by Theodocritus Parkopopoulos

Applause by James Smith

Orchestra \$900; Mezzanine Six Rubles; Chandeliers
Seven Kopeks; Single Seat in the Sub Cellar 80 Yens

**Any Resemblance between You and the Persons
of This Play Is Purely because You Are Self Conscious**

WARNING

IMPORTANT NOTICE from the Department of Sanitation. The Massachusetts State Asylum has just informed us that two of their most dangerous patients have escaped and are now at large in the eastern part of the State. They believe themselves to be world-famous playwrights and will stop at nothing to force people into

P.S. by the publisher. I am writing this note in the greatest of danger. Last night two desperate characters entered my room and at the point of a gun forced me to substitute for the material of one of my clients the following writings of their own. As I write this they may discover me and kill me so . . . **NO!** . . . don't . . . Ahhhhh . . . Ugh . . .



The Cat was backstage at the Schubert last week just long enough for a dreamy glance at Vera Zorina, featured in Richard Kollmar's new musical, "Dream With Music," which will soon move to Broadway. Phos has no doubt of the success of the show when it highlights such attractions as ballerina Vera.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

Central Square at high tide. The sun is fighting its way through the fog. The birds wheeze asthmatically about. The squirrels crawl rheumatically around. The flowers push their way through the latest editions of the *New York Times* and assorted light lunches. Everything points to it being spring.

Enter Abe Lincoln in a tweed suit with a light blue stripe, and carrying a stick with a pin on the end of it.

Abe Lincoln: "Got a butt!? Got a butt!? Got a butt!? Got a butt!?" (Tableau)

(Curtain)

SCENE TWO

(A chorus of editorial writers from *Crude Profession*, *Shaking Detective*, and *Lewd Love Stories* gather round a poker table and start to tell locker room tales. As there are ladies in the audience, a man with a loud voice will try to draw them out with the following narrative.)

HOLY HULL

Sideview of the Month

EVERY society has its individualists, but it was something of a jolt to discover that even the V-12 has fawned a bohemian. Not that Johnnie Hull owes anything to the Navy influence on his way of life, for his philosophies were manifest long before he took over at the Grad House. It is just that the effect of Hull upon western Civilization was not felt fully until after that big day back in the spring of '43 when he raised his palm in allegiance to what has laughingly been called "the best damned Navy in the world."

It was not long after that date that the State Guard were shocked out of half a year's growth by the sight of a

wild figure leaping from Harvard Bridge into the briny depths of the Charles. When they had dragged him from the river (yes, it was Johnnie!), they demanded an explanation. "Well, it was sort of a dare," the dripping youth gasped, "but it wasn't the seven bucks that made me do it. It's just that my clothes were dirty."

Strange as it may seem, however, Hull's arrival into this world was under painfully ordinary circumstances. He admits that for several minutes after his birth he acted like any other ordinary human baby. Then he



opened his mouth. "He's going to cry," cried the spectators, smiling expectantly. A resounding belch was baby Hull's reply.

Since that time he has been forced to uphold a spreading reputation as an expert on eructation of the pyloric valve. One of his frequent dissertations on the subject runs something like this: "The belch may be classified into seven different types: (1) the Shattering Belch, reminiscent of meshing gears; (2) the Screaming Belch, like a pig fighting its way through barbed wire; (3) the Throttled Belch,

that commences like distant thunder and finishes with a prolonged blast, like an exhaust; (4) the Moaning Belch . . ." — but it becomes somewhat revolting as the night wears on. It is enough to say that his specialty, his pride and joy, is what can be called the "Midnight Sonata" version, done in counterpoint with "Swanee River," on beer and an empty stomach.

The gypsy in him cannot be denied. Every time the Hull has a spare moment, he disappears for a month. Last spring he hitch-hiked to Seattle, worked two weeks in a well-known shipyard, and hit the road back to arrive in time to don the bell-bottoms being handed out on the corner of Memorial Drive and Massachusetts Avenue. The interesting details of this little pilgrimage have to be left to the imagination, but this much is known. John and friend covered 1000 miles of the journey in the company of an attractive WAC of Russian descent. How they managed on the night when there was only one room available at the local hotel is something that will never be cleared up. Somehow it is hard to believe his story of spending the night hanging from a coathook in the closet.

John used to spend his summers roaming the hills of New Hampshire and has acquired up there quite a name as a hail-fellow-well-met. As toastmaster at Pinkham Notch two years ago, he was something of a sensation, as could be expected of a lad who is now president of 10-44 and prominent member of too many honorary societies to mention. His aesthetic nature is revealed by the tales that are still told around blazing bonfires by the boys who knew him when. It is easy to believe how he packed supplies over the mountainous terrain of the north, clad only in plaid shorts — drawing himself close to nature.

He still likes to escape to his mountains whenever he can manage a few days leave, but his interest in Mother Nature does not completely explain how he managed to pile a

total of 7500-odd statute miles of hitch-hiking since his freshman year. It is possible that one motive is a certain Hungarian ski instructress who happens to share the hills with the natives. She brings out the inherent bohemian in him, most likely, for the Hull really comes from a family with plenty of colorful history. This, however, is no time to start dusting off the skeletons.

His rugged life has had one effect that probably was unforeseen. This husky young man has built up terrific resistance to every form of alcohol recognized in modern society. He claims that he can drink anything and anyone under the table only because he manages to make one jigger last while others are consuming three or five. He is entirely too modest. It is the outdoor life that does it. Anyone who makes a regular thing of covering twenty miles of rough country afoot carrying several hundred pounds of assorted equipment should certainly be able to absorb a few quarts of malt extract. But is it worth it?

When Johnnie gets the urge to commune during the week he drags out a battered clarinet, one of his



prized possessions, and wheezes into it until someone clubs him. He solved that difficulty with dispatch by joining the V-12 orchestra. Now he can wheeze as loud and long as he likes, for he can't be heard above the howl of the slush pumps and the clatter of falling music stands. Little distur-

bances like the piano collapsing or the snare drum exploding don't disturb him at all; he has that steadiness of character that makes him able to carry on through the thick and the sweet, the bitter and the thin.

In spite of all the harrowing events that litter the pages of Johnny Hull's personal history, he still manages to preserve that innate charm that has earned the name of "The Second Magoun." After coming into contact with that Hull personality with the romance of Old Bohemia sticking out at the corners, we wonder if there isn't just a little more to that lad than would be indicated by his favorite remark: "I have my aesthetic side. I like music and the mountains."

(Curtain)

SCENE THREE

(Note to Property Man: A harpsichord is to be playing in the front of the balcony all through this scene. If you cannot get a harpsichord, tell Joe Petrillo and he will fix you up with a 99 piece symphony with a 99 piece union stand-in band with a 99 piece union stand-in band for the stand-in band.)

The scene: A market place in the East. Left stage a seller of dates. Right stage a pottery maker. Center stage a seller of bootleg gas coupons.

Enter Mohandas El Bei Alamein Smith.

Mohandas El Bei Alamein Smith: "Allah be praised. I come with great tidings of joy."

An untouchable of the lower caste called Wendeleish El Bei Wilkios:

"Baksheesh! Baksheesh, oh immortal one! Thou canst surely spare a lonely one like me one delegate."

Mohandas El Bei Alamein Smith: "Get thee hence, beggar, I come with greater news than this." There is a commotion as the people gather around. "Canst thou but guess who will be visiting us anon?"

Peanut Vendor: "Oh, he's going to

tell that old one about Mrs. Roosevelt again."

(General dispersal of the congregation.)

Enter a street vendor.

Street Vendor: "Goulash, programs, locusts . . . get 'em here, your sizzling



fried locusts . . . goulash, fried locusts." (Exit.)

Enter fakir Felin No Pene. Sets up his bed of nails and proceeds to sit on it.

Fakir Felin No Pene: "OW!"

Enter a third fakir who throws up a rope and proceeds to climb up it till he disappears into the roof.

Enter street vendor.

Street Vendor: "Locusts, mice, soda pop. Here's your fresh-right-off-the-fire mice . . . soda pop, locusts. (Exit.)

Loud noise above. Third fakir in a barrel comes tearing down the rope closely followed by three negroes with razors, four cops, and his local draft board. (Exeunt severally with much fanfare.)

Street vendor (from the wings): "Ice cold birds' nests. . . Ice cold. . ."

Man in the audience. "Here!" (Street vendor descends into the audience.)

Commotion off stage. Enter a messenger in great haste.

Messenger: "Run! Run! The cossacks are coming!"

A band of swordwielding cossacks on white chargers gallop down the aisles and mount the stage.

Leader: "Men, do your duty!"

Patriarch: "Mercy, oh exhausted one, have mercy on us."

Leader: "We have a tradition to stand by. The cossacks never shirk a duty, however unpleasant it be. Men, do your duty!"

The cossacks dismount and sing a "Tchitchornia."

(Asbestos Curtain)

SCENE FOUR

Four drunk Hawaiians wander on stage singing their old Irish ballad "Don't Lay on the Pool Table, It's Wearin' of the Green."

The audience files in and out in disgust, shredding their programs and gnashing each other's teeth.

Abbott: "Who's on first."

Costello: "Second."

Abbott: "Second's on first."

Both: "Hyaw-hyaw, ho! ho! haha hoo!"

Costello: "And now we would like to present Johann Strauss. But he's dead and we can't do it."

Both: "Hyaw, hyaw-hoho! ho! ho!"

Four very sober Hawaiians file off stage and immediately file a petition that Hawaii break away from the United States as soon as possible.



THE WAR AGAINST MRS. BROWN

"And you say she was allergic to lambs? Well, what difference did that make?"

"What difference? Just all the difference in the world, that's all. I've raised Mrs. Brown from the time he was knee-high to a termite. I couldn't part with him for . . ."

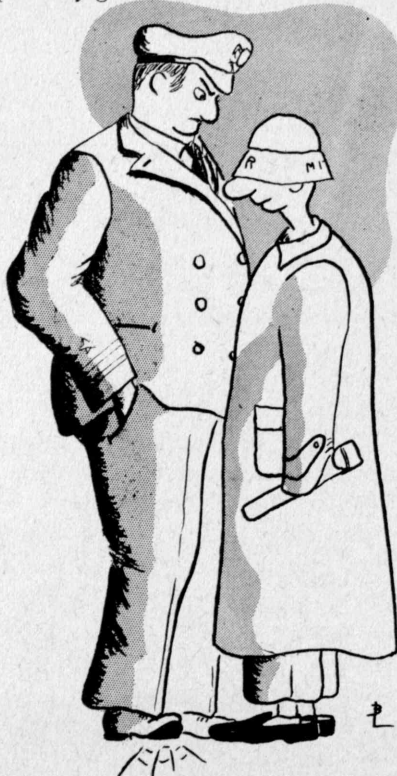
"Mrs. Brown! Why do you call your pet lamb Mrs. Brown?"

"In his youth he looked so much

like a neighbor of ours that . . . well, we've always called him Mrs. Brown. Anyway, when I came up here to college, I couldn't bear to be separated from him. We've always been like brothers or sisters or, well, you know. And now no one will rent us a room, not even the dorm office. They're all like that landlady I just told you about. Where can we turn? Mrs. Brown is a nervous wreck from so many nights in the barrooms. I can't stand much more of it myself."

"Hmmm. You are indeed in need of a friend indeed, in need. There is only one hope for you, in fact. Ever hear of Ma O'Brien's Boarding House? Far as I know, she never refused anyone, man or beast, a night's lodging. Of course, some of her rooms have no floors, but on the other hand, there is running water all over the place when it rains. Besides, she is a dear, good soul and you'll easily forget a few inconveniences."

"Thanks for the tip. I'll rush right down. Frankly, I haven't been so near complete frustration since the time I spent eight hours in a round-house looking for a corner in which to park my gum."



Ma O'Brien cautiously inched the door open in response to violent pounding on its moldering panels. "Whatcha want?" she rasped.

"Have you an empty room? I've been having some trouble on account of . . ."

"Duck in here, kid. Here's a gat. Plug anybody that moves. I'll be right back with the pineapples!"

"No, no! You don't understand. I'm not alone. I would like a nice big room for myself and . . ."

"Okay, okay. Bring in yer pal. I'm pretty nearsighted, so you'll have to excuse me if I didn't notice him. Take yer stuff up to fourth floor back . . . no, I forgot. There's still a coupla stiffs in there. Here, follow me. What's yer friend's handle?"

"Brown. Ma, you're precious!"

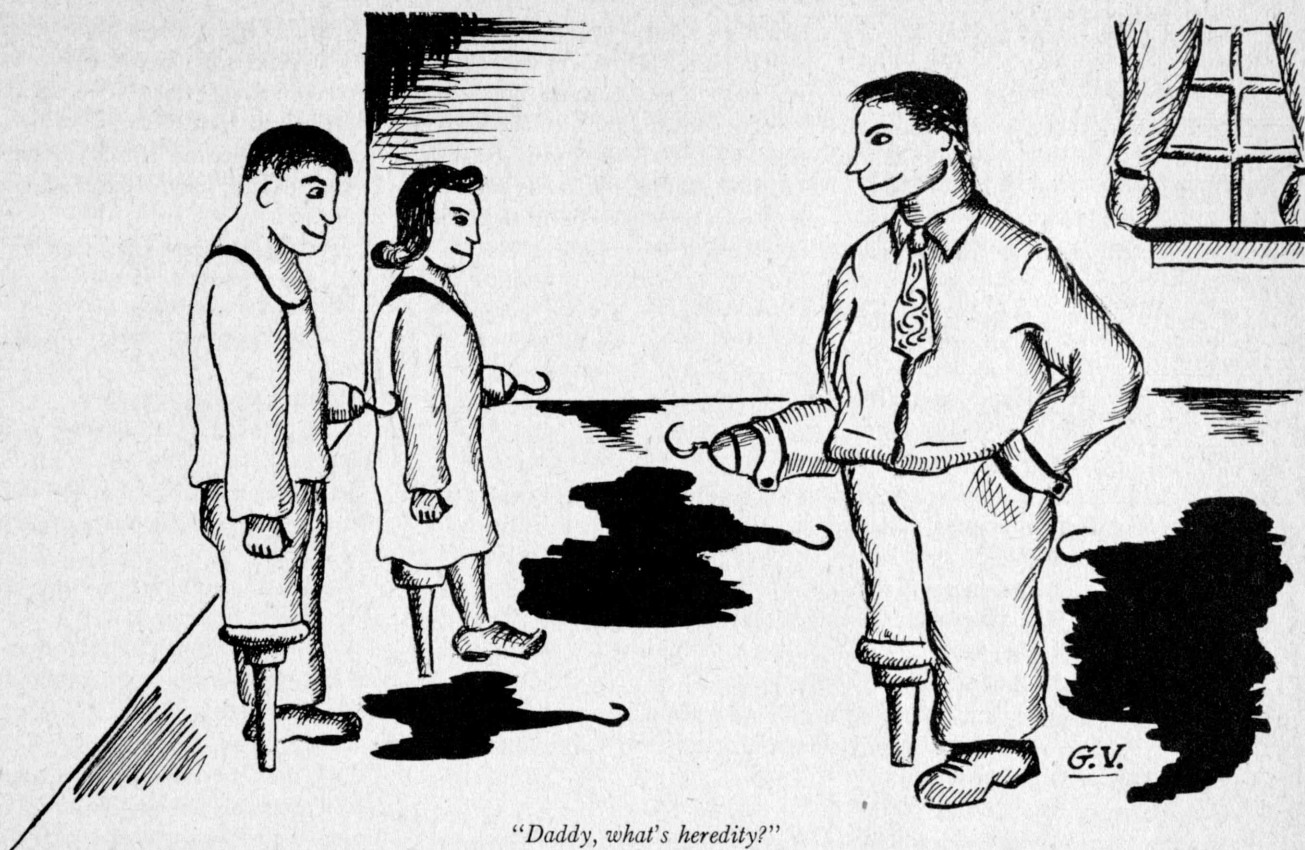
"Forget it, kid. Here's yer room. Just a minute while I stuff this mattress in the hole in the wall. Last guy that lived here left kinda sudden. Well, guess that'll hold it. Now if there's anything you want, you just holler. Won't bother anybody. That'll be two bits, *in advance*."

Silver changed hands and the door slammed behind Ma's departing figure. The new tenant mixed up a concoction and handed some in a container to Mrs. Brown.

"Here you are, Brown, your favorite brand. That's the stuff . . . make yourself comfortable on the bed. Look out for the drippings."

Time went. The night was a quiet one until the early hours of the morning. The voice of Ma O'Brien outside the house awoke one of the sleepers. "Look out for that gutter-pipe, you hackers," she croaked softly, "d'ya wanta wake up the whole neighborhood? We gotta get these stiffs down to the river quick and quiet." Two limp forms were briefly silhouetted against the moon as they were lowered past the open window. Mrs. Brown snored on.

"Hey, it's morning! Move your lazy bones, Schmaltz. Hand me a match, and we'll have an egg and a



“Daddy, what’s heredity?”

cup of coffee.”

The air was reeking with the aroma of java in a matter of minutes. As the two seated themselves about the merry little blaze in the middle of the rug, there came the sound of thundering hooves. Ma O’Brien galloped into the room, paused long enough to scream, “The jig’s up! The coppers are beating down the door. Everybody for hisself,” and lumbered out through the wall.

There was a moment of silence.

“Well, Mrs. Brown,” sighed the pretty little blonde, putting down her platter of coffee, “here we go again. What does a Wellesley girl have to do to find a place where she can keep a pet, anyhow?”

(Curtain)

SCENE FIVE

The Sahara Desert. To put the audience in the right frame of mind as much of the fitting atmosphere as is possible should be created. The cen-

tral heating plant will be turned on full blast. The audience will be provided with blankets, raccoon coats, heating pads, and copies of Dante’s *Inferno*. Sand will be introduced through the blowers and Arabs will circulate selling carpets.

Enter a Camel: “Water! — Water! — Water! — Will someone please give me water? I’m dying from thirst.”

Enter an Elephant. He has a piece of rope tied around his leg.

Elephant: “I can’t remember. I can’t remember. I can’t remember.” (Exit.)

Enter a Dromedary.

Dromedary: “I am a camel.”

Camel: “No. A camel has two humps.”

Dromedary. “No. It’s the other way around. A dromedary has two humps.”

Camel: “Now let me see. A camel has two humps and a drom . . . No! A dromedary has . . . Oh hell! I can never remember which way it is.” This

conversation will continue ad infinitum for two hours and forty-two minutes. (Curtain)

SCENE SIX

The lion cage at the New York Zoo. It is high noon and a shower of peanuts falls on the stage all through the scene.

Enter Ben Franklin in a yellow stripe, brown Homburg, and carrying a leather attaché case.

Ben Franklin: “Got a butt!? Got a butt!? Got a butt!? Got . . . !?”

A copy of the Gettysburg address hits him between the shoulders.

Ben Franklin: “Oh, sorry, your line.”

Voice off stage: “Confederate!”

Cries in the audience of “Damn Yankees,” “Ray for Jeff Davis.”

Shots, cannonades, general pandemonium.

Right stage a door opens and the lion sticks his head in.

The Lion: “Pardon me, but may I come in?” (Curtain)

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

The scene is midday. The time is ripe. Enter Edgar Allan Poe dragging several yards of scroll and bearing a raven in one hand and a vulture in

the other.

E. A. P. (chanting): "... Mairzy Doats and birds eat bugs, wouldn't choo? ..."

Speaking Chorus: "Hark! 'Tis the voice of a sluggard. Get to the point."

E. A. P.: "I have written a poem. It goes like this. . . ."

THE LOST CORD

I HAVE a question
And a suggestion
For the correction
Of a state of affairs which is getting well out of control.
Viz, i.e., and namely . . .

WHY:

In America where
The Standard of Living is the highest
In the world,
In America where
To quote Mark Twain, all houses are equipped with all the
modern inconveniences: Frigidaire, Radio, and Gas
Stove,

In America where*
Everybody and his little boy has a car, be it Buick or
LaSalle, equipped or not equipped with soda fountain,
writing desk, and air conditioning,

In America where
Pushing a button turns the radio on in the room, out of
the room, or anywhere to suit your inconvenience,

Where a button brings up an elevator,
Where a button calls in the police,
Where a button holds up your pants,
In other words,
Where science and progress have given you everything that
your little heart desires,

Why?

Yes, why in the name of all that is good, bad, and mediocre,
Can't you go into a darkened room, and simply go
CLICK!!

Instead of going

Grope

Crash!

Grope

Smash!

Grope

Clash!

And grope, grope, grope, grope, grope, grope

For that little string that turns on the light?

(The author is now carried out on a silver salver and is left to the critics.)

(Asbestos Curtain)

SCENE TWO

Enter James Petrillo.

J. P.: "Stop the show! Stop the show!"

Enter theatre manager.

T. M.: "Why? What has happened? What goes on here?"

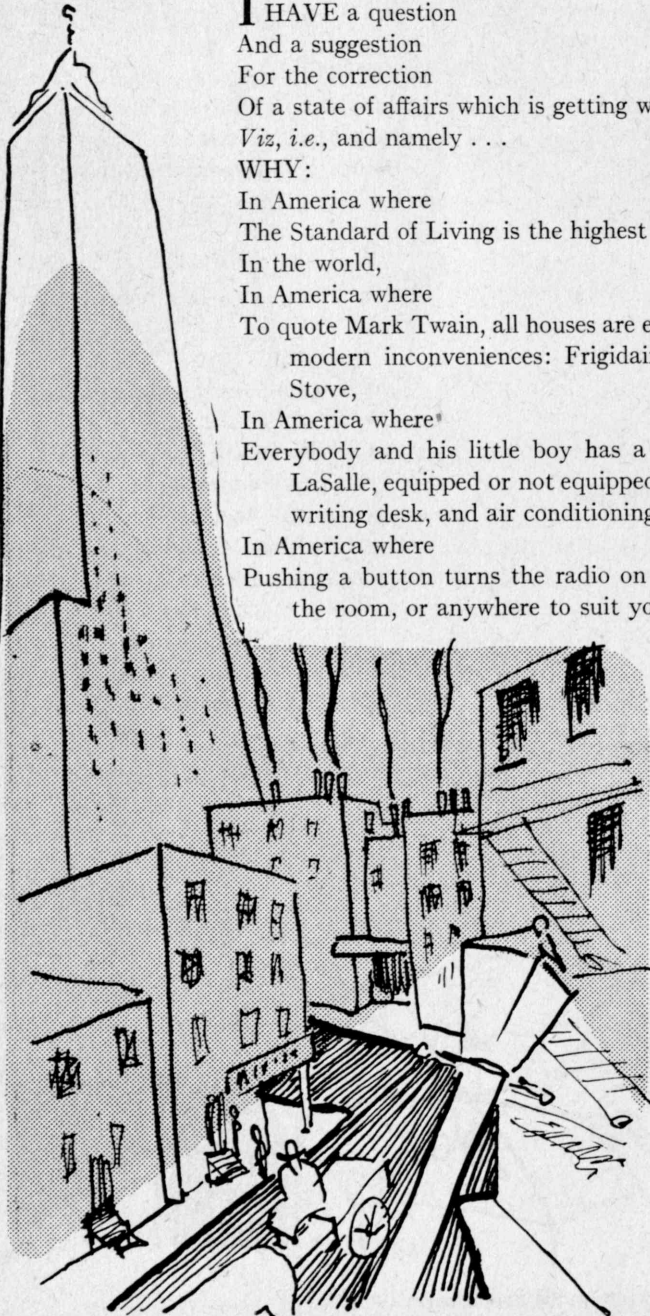
J. P.: "You have broken the Union rules. You are employing a musician who has no Union card."

T. M.: "Impossible. All my men are Union."

J. P.: "No! Is it not true that in one of your scenes a man enters and drops a large tray?"

T. M.: "Yes. It is true."

J. P.: "Very well, then. Chapter Six, Paragraph Ninety-Two of the Union regulations states — 'All men who perform upon, play, or otherwise make a nuisance of themselves with cymbals, drums, or other percussion



instruments, shall be classed as musicians.' You have broken the regulation. You are black-listed."

The musicians get up and file out to the tolling of a deep bell. Hereafter the music will be limited to an old man with a jew's-harp who has a grudge against the world and no Union card.

(Curtain)

SCENE THREE

Entr'acte to be recited by Bela Lugosi to the accompaniment of loud hammering and drilling behind the curtain.

Bela Lugosi: "A few words of introduction. I am going to give an entertaining and unrehearsed talk on the entropy of a divergent asparagus in the winter solstice. As you all know, my will equals the combined vertices of the solar appendix only when the" (Attendants will now pass through the audience beating large tom-toms and small glockenspiels.) ". . . and in conclusion may I say . . . now don't be shocked, ladies and gentlemen, this may sound outrageously radical to you, but it is my firm conviction that two equals two." (Consternation!)

Theatre Manager: "Ladies and gentlemen, the opinions of Dr. Lugosi are not necessarily those of this theatre, as this theatre does not exist and therefore can not have any opinions."

Bela Lugosi: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to introduce a most distinguished guest."

Enter Abe Lincoln in a grey flannel suit, brown suede shoes, and a tan felt.

Abe Lincoln: "Got a butt!? Got a butt!? Got a butt!? Got a butt!? Got a butt!?" (Exit)

Enter Stage Manager: "Ladies and gentlemen. We are sorry but our office boy forgot to bring over the scenery for the next scene. Therefore you are on your own for the next

fifteen minutes."

The theatre lights up. Attendants pass out pillows, Scotch and sodas, dice, and old copies of the *Chemical Extract*. A bridge game starts in the second row, two poker games in the balcony, and a dice game in the left aisle. Congressman Rankin drags out a soap box and starts to orate on the beautiful justice of the Poll Tax. In the stage box a little man in a derby stands up and recites . . .

"The mailman comes at nine o'clock
The milkman comes at noon,
The undertaker came at seven —
An hour and a half too soon."

Enter Stage Manager.

Stage Manager: "Due to the shortage of vegetables, all tomatoes will be attached to yo-yos before being used."

Lights out. The theatre settles down. Only the noise of Congressman Rankin disturbs the quiet.

(Curtain)

SCENE FOUR

Enter a barbershop quartet consisting of three wrestlers and the president of the local chapter of the Temperance League carrying three kegs of beer. They sing the first fifty-two stanzas of "Lament to Memories of

Meatballs and You" as the audience files out, hurling imprecations and old shoes at the stage.

To indicate the passing of time, a newsboy crosses the stage yelling "Here's your latest magazines, here's your latest magazines. . . ." (Exit right stage.)

(Curtain)

SCENE FIVE

The lights come up slowly. The scene is the Garden of Eden. Adam and a snake sit munching apples.

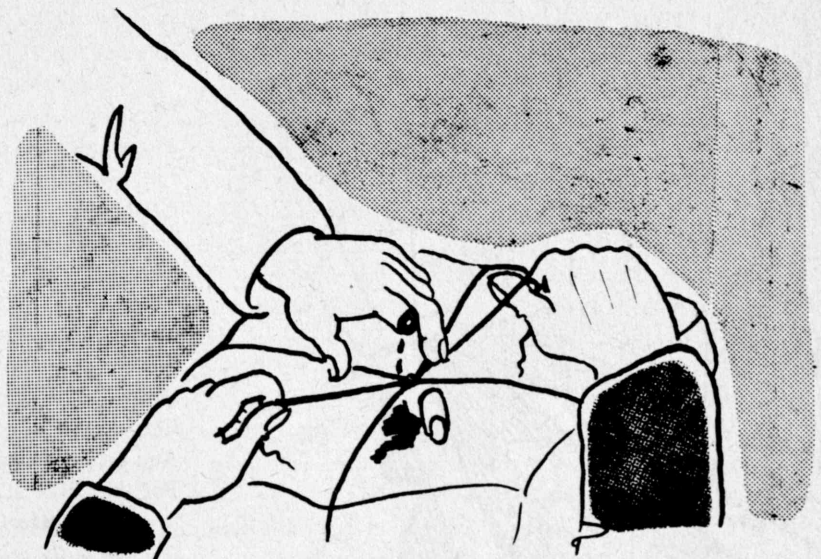
Adam: "Y'know, women are funny."

(Curtain)

SCENE SIX

(The curtain rises half way and sticks. Two muscular negroes drag a wizened old man to the center and drop him. He clambers painfully to his feet; he speaks. The monologue:)

Old M.: "I am Methuselah. If the doublejointed gentleman in the fourth row will stop cracking his knuckles, I shall read this MSS that was found floating in a bottle in the Radio City Music Hall john last New Year's



"Whoops, sorry."

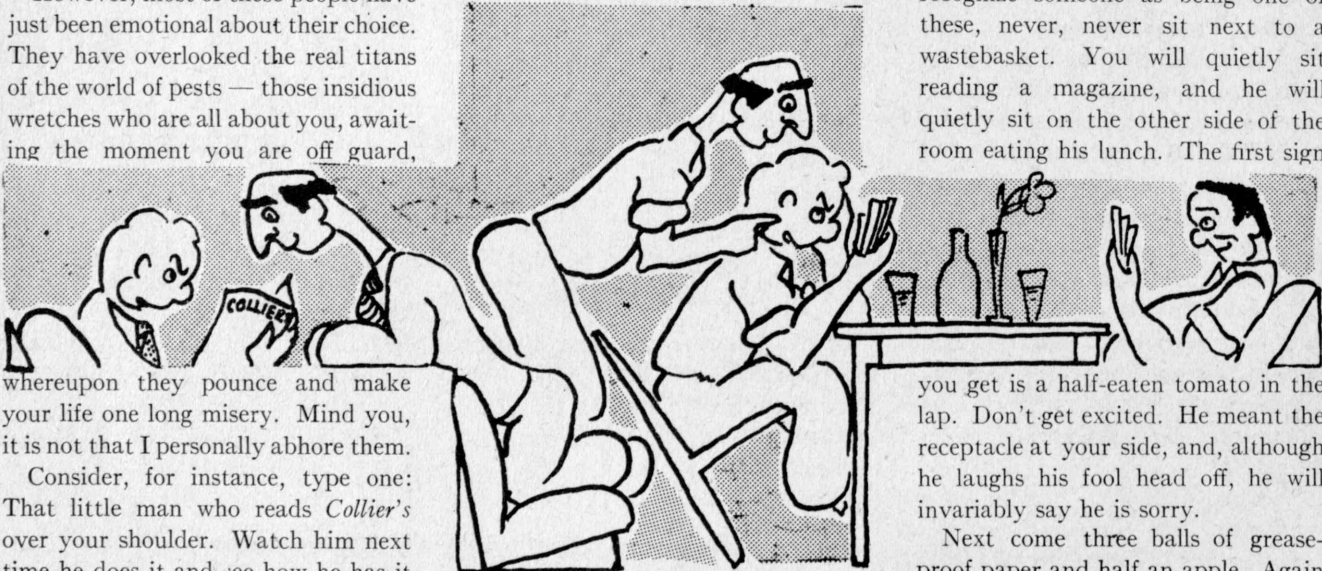
Eve.”

(His left leg breaks just below the knee at this point. He stands on his head and reads. . . .)

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS . . .

ACCORDING to different people the title of the most annoying pests of the world vary considerably. There are many votes cast for Adolf, Hirohito, *et al.*, a good many more for the income tax collector. The Southerners use a compass to indicate their choice, the Australians use a boomerang, and John L. Lewis simply points. Some hate professors, some hate chiefs, some hate Clare Booth Luce.

However, most of these people have just been emotional about their choice. They have overlooked the real titans of the world of pests — those insidious wretches who are all about you, awaiting the moment you are off guard,



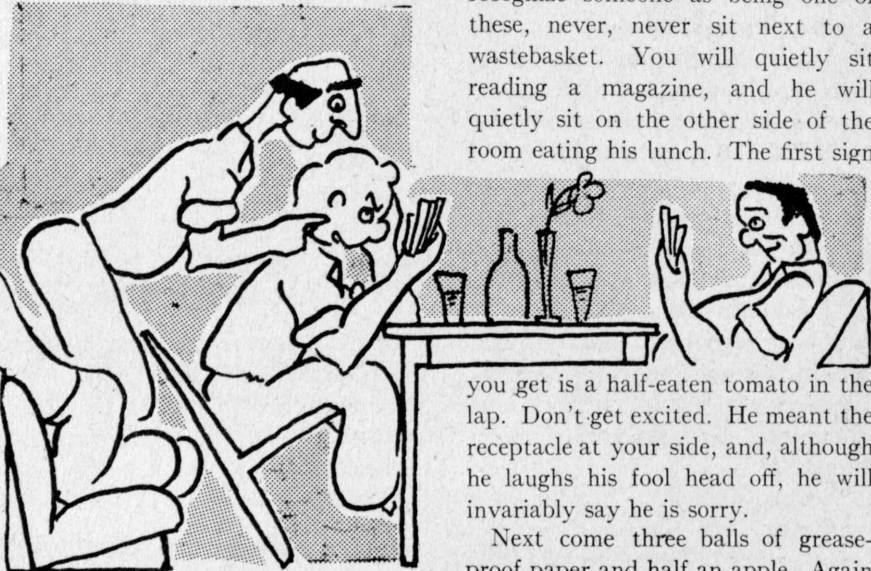
whereupon they pounce and make your life one long misery. Mind you, it is not that I personally abhor them.

Consider, for instance, type one: That little man who reads *Collier's* over your shoulder. Watch him next time he does it and see how he has it down to a science. You may both have been sitting next to an untouched *Collier's* for half an hour, but the moment you open it, over he comes. He leans over the back of your chair, and breathes heavily on your neck. Or he sits on the arm of the chair and rests his sharp elbow on your shoulder. He aggravates you by laughing at all the stupid jokes you didn't laugh at, and reads aloud, turning the page before you're ready. Don't try to fool him by waiting until he is quietly reading his own *Sakepost* and then gently picking up your *Collier's*. He will promptly fold his paper, and, holding it in one hand with a finger in

it so as not to lose his place, he will move over and pour his raucous laughter into your ear.

Nor are his techniques stereotyped. He often crouches down and starts to read the other side of your magazine. This is not too irksome until he starts thumbing his way around the thing. In despair you give him the magazine, and, after reading one line, he quietly folds it and places it on the table.

More of these people have been mixed up in concrete mixers than can be recorded. Then how about type two: The penny kibitzer. He is not the exalted "artiste" kibitzer, for kibitzing on a game of bridge is an art that only long practice and innate



genius can perfect. Nor is he even a chess kibitzer — no, he is the one who kibitzes on a game of solitaire. No lower form exists.

Nary a sign of him will you see until your cards are laid down and your first play is made. Then you will hear a voice saying, "The red seven on the eight." You are powerless. He begins by turning over your cards, and soon proceeds to play and misplay them, blaming any failure upon your imbecility. If you have strength of character above the ordinary, you may subdue him to the point where he no longer plays your cards; he merely sits opposite you, looks at the down

cards, and makes disparaging remarks about the game's outcome.

Type three is unique. He is one of man's worst enemies, yet his offensiveness lies not in the complex routine of a kibitzer, but in the two simple words, emitted after a quiz whose only comprehensive part was the date — "snap quiz."

A first cousin of his is often found on double or triple dates. The better your girl, the more he's likely to be present. Again his caustic comments of "How's Bessie these days?" come as appropriately as a grand piano in a submarine.

But by far the worst of the lot is the amateur William Tell. If you recognize someone as being one of these, never, never sit next to a wastebasket. You will quietly sit reading a magazine, and he will quietly sit on the other side of the room eating his lunch. The first sign

you get is a half-eaten tomato in the lap. Don't get excited. He meant the receptacle at your side, and, although he laughs his fool head off, he will invariably say he is sorry.

Next come three balls of grease-proof paper and half an apple. Again he is sorry, and so it goes for hours and hours. You are too lazy to move out of the way; his aim is not sure. It's a stymie, so sit as an amateur clay pigeon and receive a shower of light lunches, powerless to reply, disarmed as you are by his apologies.

No . . . it is only the people too illiterate to read *Collier's*, too stupid to go out on double dates, and too energetic to be the center of a target practice, who can scoff at these people, but I, personally, would prefer to see a world populated with African headhunters than one composed of these little men.

(Curtain)



"I guess I'll use these two as bait."

ACT THREE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SCENE ONE

Editors' Note: The following is a bona fide reproduction of a letter delivered to the Voo Doo office a little less than four weeks ago. We felt it a duty incumbent upon us to publish it in full and to reply in kind.

April 4, 1944

The Editors, Voo Doo
Mass. Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Sirs:

In order to exemplify our general theory of machines, Prof. Norbert

Wiener and myself have constructed a device which automatically prints humor of the sort occurring in Voo Doo on an endless paper tape. Its principle of operation is remarkably simple; built of attractive crackle-steel and chromium, it measures 3' x 4' x 2', and can easily be installed on the standard office table, with an ordinary electric light plug for power. We should like to lease this machine to you for a fair proportion of the resulting profits. These you can easily augment by raising the price of your magazine to the still more extortionate figure of seventy-five cents, continuing to coerce people into buying it with insolent insinuations of the kind you have so effectively begun — these also the machine will construct. It is of course true that the number of jokes of the specified character is not infinite, although fairly large; we have

estimated it as about 5.7×10^5 . What to do when the collection is exhausted is of course a problem only to childish natures who have never examined more than one copy of your publication.

Let me review for you the consequences of this step we are urging. First, it will make you independent of the college magazines on the West Coast whence perhaps two-thirds of your material is now taken. It will not improve the fundamental innocence and lack of knowledge of the world apparent in your treatment of sex. But this is intentional, since it would change the character of Voo Doo out of recognition — and then the subtler forms of salaciousness doubtless escape yourselves and your probable readers almost completely. Certain calumnies would also suffer no continuance: no longer, for instance, would you have to fill space not devoted to the O Jewel in the Lotus Osteopathic Service with absurd stories ascribing meaningless remarks and formulae to Professor Wiener and myself; even if in your behalf I admit I have at times also found it hard to follow Professor Wiener's kangaroo-leap across various intellectual Saharas. Indeed, I even agree to the justice of characterizing certain members of the Department of Mathematics as wearing "the look of a worried jelly-fish," supposing you did not mean me.

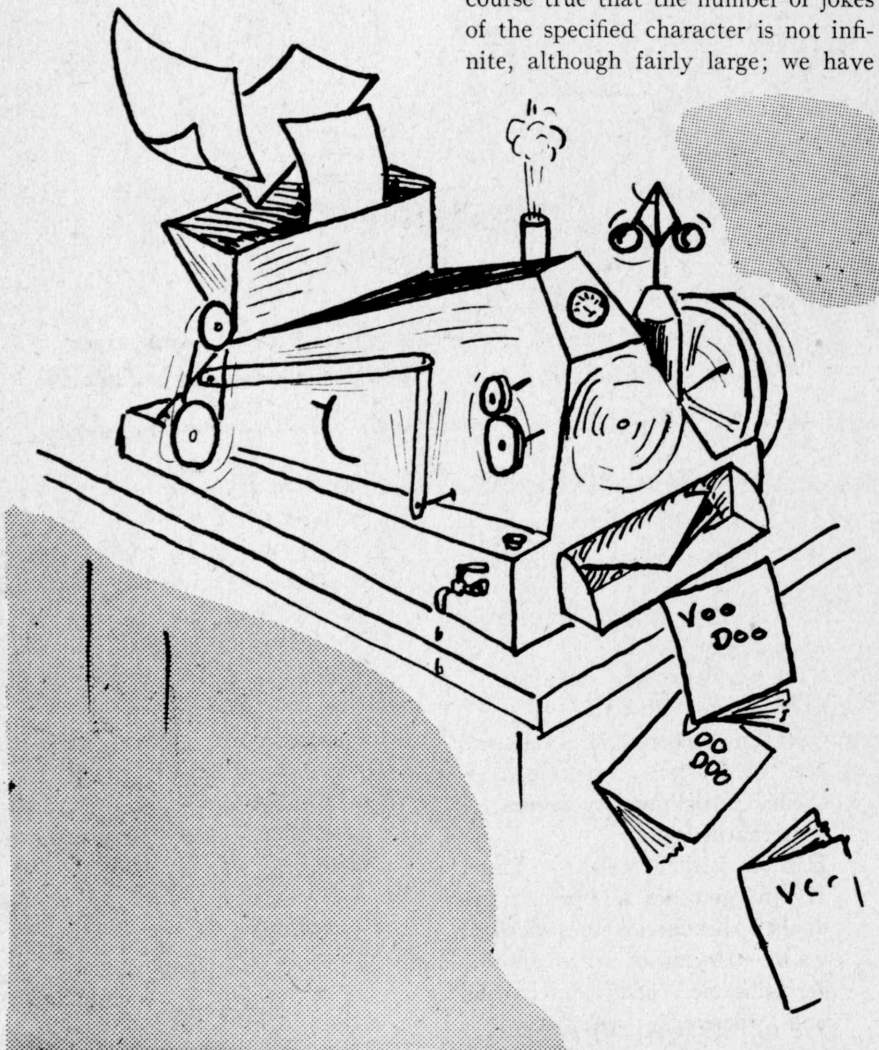
But these are minor points. The main thing is this: your works have, all of them, that uncomplicatedly cyclic character that renders them reproducible by a simple machine. We have taken advantage of this; we have carefully held our consciences in check; we have placed our private profit before the public good. You have our offer.

Respectfully yours,

GUALTERIUS BARBATUS

P.S.: We are now at work on a somewhat smaller machine to write *Astounding Stories*.

P.P.S.: I spell my name with a terminal 's,' thus: Walter Pitts.



SCENE TWO

Dear Mr. *Barbatus*,

With regard to your communication of the fourth, we, the Editors, would like to state the following facts which, lying beyond the limited view of the Department of Mathematics, were necessarily overlooked or disregarded.

First, we point out that since we are the sole supporter of West Coast college magazines we feel obliged to perform our duty as such, no matter how unpleasant that duty may be.

Second, that since the Department of Mathematics has been proven by actual statistics on number of class cuts to be among the least retentive of student interest of all Departments in the Institute, we feel that such trivia as a condemnation by such a group, of a publication which they are not in any way qualified to judge, can be completely disregarded.

Third, we wonder why anyone with the literary ability of our correspondent is wasting his time in the Department of Mathematics when he could be applying his talent with greater profit in a much broader field than that dominated by the Mathematical Mind, and Integral Muse, who reveal their incompetence in attempting to criticize activities outside their own mechanistic realm. We realize that the Department takes, of necessity, a narrow view of affairs not governed by the General Theory of Machines or a precise formula, and could hardly be expected to appreciate the style and policies of a literary effort such as our publication.

And lastly, judging from the tone of your note, we suggest that you, Mr. Pitts, should spell your name with a precedent 's,' thus.

Respectfully yours,

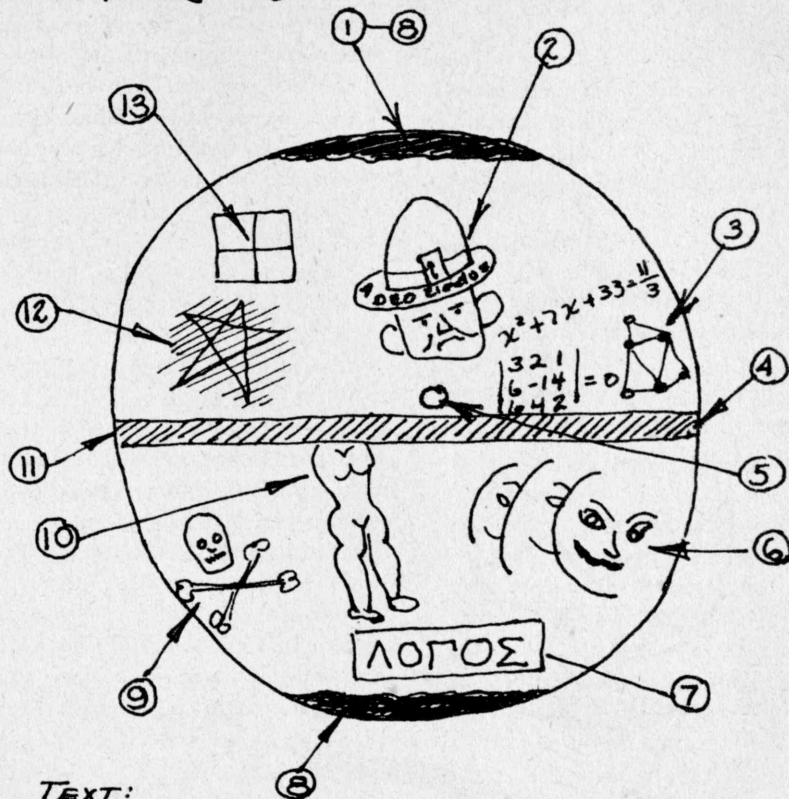
THE EDITORS

P.S. We are appreciative of the correspondent's effort expended in work on such a machine and have sent a copy of the specifications to the editors of *Popular Mechanics* for further perusal.

THE EDITORS

This below is not doodling. It is a reproduction, with the key copied verbatim, of a graphic reproduction of the Freudian concept of the soul and is the work of Messrs. Wiener, De Santillana, and Pitts.)

— DER FREUD'SCHE SE FLENAUFBAU



TEXT:

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: Who can know it? — Isaiah
How is synthetic A PRIORI knowledge possible?

KEY

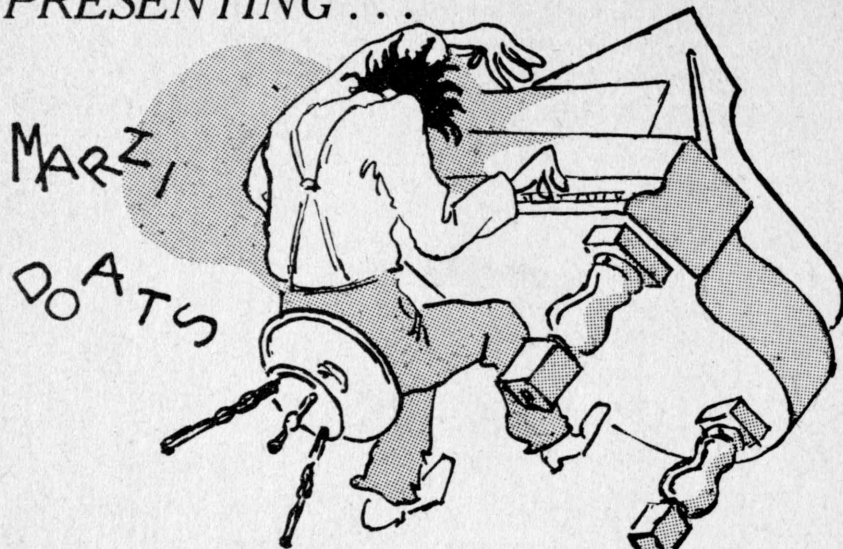
1. Das Reich des heiligen geistes in der seele. Land unendliches lichts.
2. Das ubsrich — Eswill das es nicht entspringen lassen.
3. Teife mathenatischs gedanden.
4. μεταβασις εις ολλ.
5. Das Ich (Unverteilbares Ganzes).
6. Das es (es will entspringen) — (Sedes antichristi in anima) — (Appellatur legio.)
7. Hat sie wirlich boden? — Tinte. Hierinliegen die allertiefsten gedanden u herdasein reines wierden, v.s.w. — Urymthos der erhenthis germeinsame Wurzel des schauhens und denvens (Archetyp) —

- “Wort” ist das wort das das wortist — (ηδι τοφως φαινει επιησκοτια ηδε αηοτια ον ηαταβου)
8. Die mystischen polen der seele.
9. Das unbewusste. Tadestrieb.
10. Das hineinzihsnde ewif-.
11. Bewusstseinslimen (Absoluten schnitt) — (Adiabatic wall).
12. Leichnizerschwingende geistesgeschthliche inner rerstenszinfuhlung.
13. Kleines fenster fur die aussers ereignisse.

(Curtain)

THE END

PRESENTING . . .



CAN anyone forget the day that Raymond Quentin Wilding-White made his first appearance in the Voo Doo office? A long-legged, draggle-haired, sallow-faced Freshman with a mad gleam in his eyes and the best part of a lemon meringue pie on his vest, he burst into a Board Meeting brandishing a sheaf of manuscript. His Adam's apple bobbed convulsively for a moment as he gasped for breath. "The name is White;" he managed to pant, "here's our next issue." Plucking a reefer from the General Manager's fingers, he sagged weakly against the wall.

The Lit Editor groaned when he glanced over the mad scrawlings laid before him. White was assigned to file-dusting until, at enormous expense, an interpreter was obtained to read the illegible scribblings of this crazed brain.

With the completion of this task began a new era in Voo Doo literature. White surged to immediate success with his character of Hector Canworthy, Techman, whose mishaps, misdeeds, and misadventures were the subject of a series of articles that now threaten immortality. Every afternoon of the week would find the author seated cross-legged before his typewriter sipping coke through a cork-tipped Raleigh as he pounded out page

after page of that succulent brand of humor that has become synonymous with the word Voo Doo.

R. Q. seized the guiding reins of the Lit Department one day when the General Manager and his cronies were out on a post-sales bat. He ruled with such an iron hand that revolution was impossible. Resigned to their fate, the Senior Board continued to okay his stuff, being content to surreptitiously cut the more lecherous passages by the light of a single sputtering candle after White had left the office.

Finally, when the situation became intolerable, a new position was created for Ray in the hope that his action-craving brain would waste away. Office typewriters were sabotaged. Pencils and pens were stored in a hermetically sealed strong box. All this in vain. White the prolific could not be daunted. It was impossible to staunch the flow of words that poured from his brush. And so it is even today. The drain on the treasury continues . . . more proof readers and typists are needed every day. The question of the month is: — *How the Hell can we stop White!*

Working in a munitions factory, a man caught his coat in a revolving wheel, was whisked up and whirled round and round till the foreman managed to switch off the machine. The workman dropped and up rushed the foreman. "Speak to me, speak to me," he pleaded.

The victim looked up. "Why should I," he said, "I passed you six times and you didn't speak to me."

— *Scottie.*



First Phi: There's a woman peddler at the door.

Second Ditto: Tell him we got plenty.



"I don't need none!" said the lady of the house before the agent had opened his mouth.

"How do you know? I might be selling grammars."

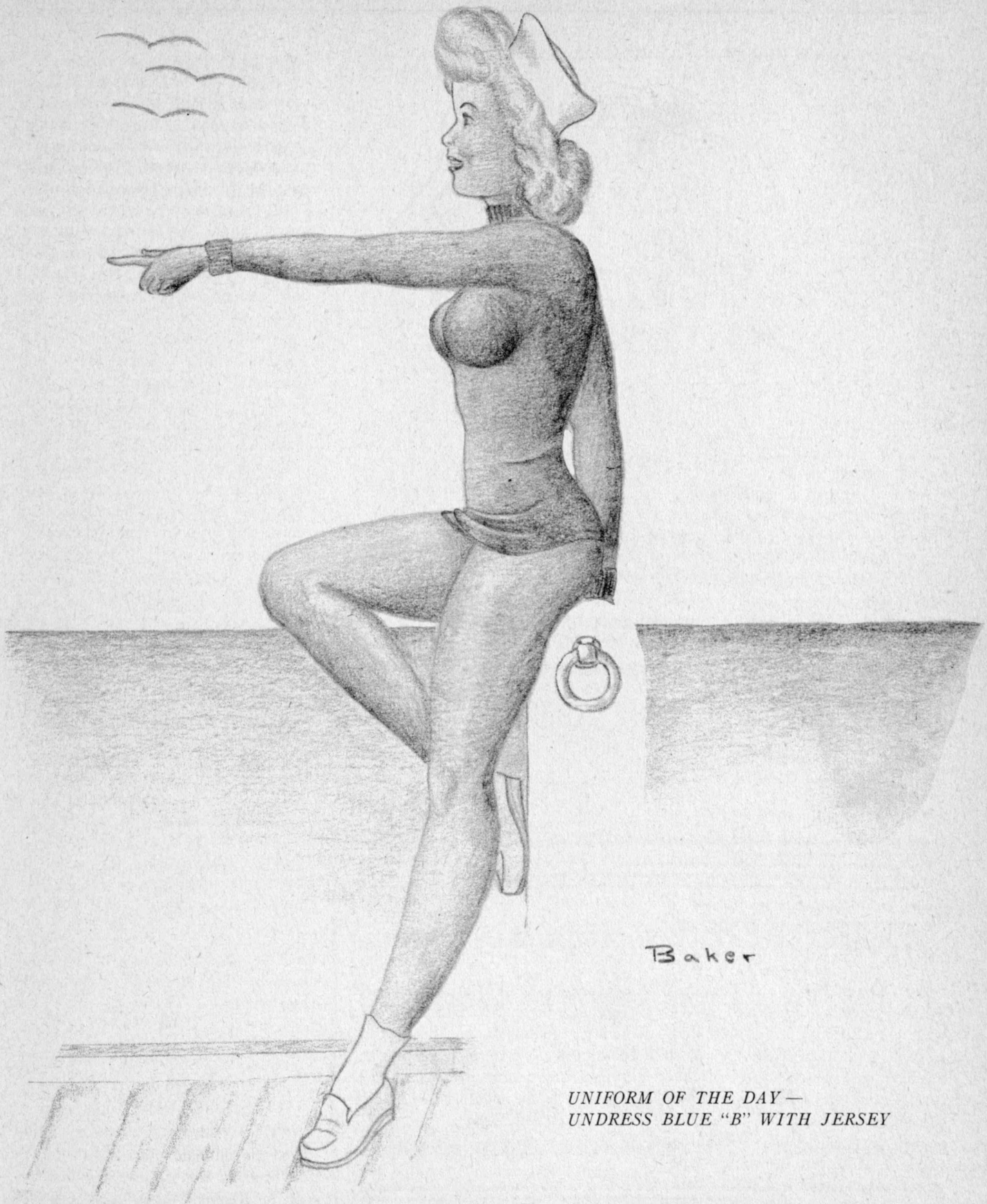


Drunk (phoning his wife): "Thash you dear? Tell the maid I won't be home tonight."

— *Yellow Jacket.*



And the old maid said: "Don't put 'Miss' on my tombstone when I am gone, for I haven't missed as much as you think I have."



Baker

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She: "What would you say if I told
 you I didn't believe in kissing?"
 He: "Goodby."

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Woodooings . . .

Continued from page 9

hours weekly in a women's undergarment factory certainly deserves consideration; others would stick up for the guy who spends his working life testing zippers, or the guy who tastes prune juice eleven hours a day, or the reporter assigned to cover Eleanor's every move. But when all the clamor and confusion had died away, we would still hold out for the guy who has to teach physics to frosh engineers. The strain is terrific, and you can't blame the pros if they occasionally go berserk for a while. It wouldn't surprise us much if one of them should slip into his office, lock the door, and tear his hair out one strand at a time. But it did surprise us to see Professor Sears, usually the most contained of them all, standing on a wobbly ladder in the middle of 10-250 dropping golf balls into a bucket fourteen feet below.



"My advice to women war workers is, if the sweater is too big for you, look out for the machines. If you're too big for the sweater, look out for the men!"



Court Clerk: "Sorry, madam, but a license will be issued only when your form is filled out properly."

Bride-To-Be: "Sir! I like your nerve. We can get married no matter what I look like."

The husband answering the phone said: "I don't know. Call the weather bureau," and hung up.

"Who was that?" asked the wife.

"Some sailor, I guess. He asked if the coast was clear."



Psychologist: "You can tell a girl's character by the clothes she wears."

Preacher: Goodness, no! They must have more character than that!"



"Every time Johnny's wife has a baby, he buys a new accessory for the baby buggy. First it was a new top, then new bumpers, then some new fenders, then a pair of wind wings, and finally a new set of tires. Now they've got another boy and Johnny is stuck. He doesn't know what else to buy for the buggy."

"I think he ought to get a stop light."

— Rammer Jammer.



Proud Oceanic Traveler: "I am an author. I contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly*."

Green-faced Friend: "Phooey!"

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There are those who claim that silk isn't necessarily the best thing in the world, but most people will agree it's about the nearest thing to it.

— Froth.

Chaucer and I wrote a dirty story,
Bawdy and lewd from the start;
But mine, people said, was porno-
graphic
And Chaucer's was classical art.

— Yellow Jacket.

A girl attending Bryn Mawr
Committed a dreadful faux pas.
She loosened a stay
In her decollete
Exposing her je-ne-sais-quois.

— Yellow Jacket.

Just before a recent North African battle was begun, the commanding officer shouted: "The Germans are coming, men, but we're outnumbered four to one, so do your stuff."

Joe, a Kentucky mountaineer, began to blaze away but in about five minutes he stopped and leaned his rifle up against a rock.

"What's the matter?" asked the officer.

"Well, I got my four," replied Joe.

— Rammer Jammer.

The honeymoon is over when she wants a heater in the coupe to keep her warm.

— Wabash Caveman.

Here's to the Chaperone,
May she learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.

— Rammer Jammer.

He: "Were you girls lucky at poker last night?"

She: "Yes, we showed them something."

— Froth.

"When a man's first love is himself he never finds a satisfactory successor."

Sweet Young Thing: "What shall I do? I am engaged to a man who just simply cannot bear children."

Kindly Old Lady: "Well, you mustn't expect too much of a husband."

This is the story of a sailor who had been courting a mountain gal while on leave. One night her father said to him:

"You have been seein' our little Nellie for nigh on a month. Wot's yer intentions — honorable or dishonorable?"

Looking at the father with a startled gleam in his eye, the young man exclaimed:

"You mean — I've got a choice?"

— Squantum Witch.

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Satan: "I don't understand you freezing down there in hell."

Sinner: "S-ay, y'you don't know the kind of woman that caused m-my being here, b-brother."

— Pelican.



He: "Have a cigarette?"

She: "Sir, are you trying to insult me? I am the mother of five children."

He: "Oh, in that case, have a cigar."



A Swede purchased an auto and was seen driving down the street about sixty miles an hour. A policeman yelled at him to stop, but instead of slowing up, the Swede increased his speed. When the officer finally caught up with him, he roared:

"Why didn't you stop? Didn't you hear me holler back there?"

The Swede replied: "Oh, vas dat you dot yelled? I thought it was the feller I runned over."

— Spartan.



A sweet young thing grabbed a taxi downtown the other day and said to the driver, "To the maternity hospital and never mind rushing, I only work there."

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Jim Jones, a rich oil man, went to Washington to appear on some congressional committees, and while he was there he met a cute little red head. He took her out a few times, and then he left her for other fields. About five days later, a big husky fellow walked into the hotel where Jim Jones stayed and asked the desk clerk where he could find Mr. Jones.

Desk Clerk: "You mean the very rich oil man?"

"Yes."

"There he is over there . . . he is a good man to cultivate . . . he is very powerful."

"Thanks."

The big fellow then walked over and . . .

"Mr. Jones, do you remember that little red head you took out a couple of times?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was my wife."

"Yes."

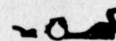
"Yes, and I've got the goods on you this time."

He reached into his coat and pulled out a big envelope and took several pictures out of it. "Here you are when you came to our apartment and got her. And here you are when you had her at the night club, and here you are when you took her to your apartment, and here you are when you both were in bed, and . . . Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Hmmm . . . I'll take four of these and six of those."



Don't you EVER read anything but the jokes?



"Doctor, what can you say to a girl who's so scary she jumps into the nearest man's arms every time she's frightened?"

"Boo."

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