

VOO DOO





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BACK THE U. S. A....BUY WAR BONDS...AND KEEP THEM

WITH New Year's Eve just around the corner, almost all of us are looking forward to a big night. No one will have any trouble finishing off the evening in a mellow mood, but there is an art to tapering on.

We suggest for a primer the Ambassador Cafe, with the main entrance on Winter Street and a rear entrance on Temple Place leading directly to the bar. With its brown walls, the Ambassador has an atmosphere reminiscent of Reuben's in New York. The menu includes a good variety of solid dishes at reasonable prices. All the mixed drinks are available, but we advise sticking to their delicious draft beer, which comes in large glasses at small prices. For either large or small parties, this is just the place to get off on the right foot.

Another place where you can get into the real holiday mood, particularly if you feel that you can say, "Damn the expense" for one evening, is the famous Lock Ober Restaurant on Winter Place. Besides the main men's dining room on the first floor and the room for mixed groups on the second, there are private dining rooms for couples or large parties. Everything from bread to butter is a la carte, but the steaks and dinners served are well worth it. If you start with this place, you will probably not care to go any farther, as the food, drinks, and old-fashioned atmosphere all contribute to a superb setting for



ringing out the old and ringing in the new. Lock Ober's, by all odds one of Boston's finest restaurants, is nationally known among chow-hounds.

If you have trouble getting reservations and want a place that the thundering herd might overlook, try Ye Olde Boston Chicken House on Stuart Street just down from Park Square. They serve chicken in all its various forms — fried, broiled, boiled, stewed, roasted, and hashed — and all are prepared to suit the most delicate palate. Regular dinners are also listed, but your best bet is the specialty of the house. The Chicken House has a large main dining room capable of seating parties of any size, and a smaller bar and lounge for

couples. A good selection of liquors is offered at standard prices.

LATER on in the evening when the party begins to get noisy there may be a general move toward the brighter lights downtown. One of the newest and brightest spots is the Circus Room of the Hotel Bradford, a cocktail lounge and restaurant that opened only a few weeks ago. The Bradford has always offered good dancing music, and this addition to their social facilities is a promising one. We don't guarantee a thing, but all the odds are in your favor if you give it a try.

One spot we *can* guarantee for a loud long floor show is the Seven Seas Restaurant right on Tremont Street across from the Metropolitan Theatre. This place is always packed with a crowd of merrymakers, and for a New Year's Morning party it is just the thing.

If your evening should descend to a drinking bout along in the wee hours, there are a number of likely locations for the contest. The Parker House has two lounges especially suitable, and the Copley Plaza's Pub is popular with the stags. And need we reiterate that the Statler always makes an evening complete?

Anyway, wherever you land on January first, Phos hopes you have as happy a New Year as he hopes to have himself.

Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

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THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Published by the Senior Board for the Students of
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from September to May
and in August

Subscription \$2.25 per year

Office hours: 4 to 5:30 P.M., Monday to Friday
Member A. C. C. E.

Entered as second class matter at the
Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

Volume XXVII DECEMBER, 1944

No. 9

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

Couple in parked car: "Officer, we stopped only to light a cigarette."
 Cop: "Well, don't get so hot about it."

FIGHT WITH BONDS

Headline in Boston Record:

"Twenty-six thousand cans of beans in 2-mile trek."

Jet Propulsion.



She: "Did you ever pet?"
 He: "Hardly . . ."
 She: "Hardly what?"
 He: "As much as I wanted to."



"How did you happen to tip the canoe? Did you change your seat?"
 "No. The girl changed her mind."



Belle: "Do you college boys waste much time?"

Hop: "Oh, no, most girls are reasonable."

"Well, my boy," said the new minister to the three-year-old. "What did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Aw, I got a little red chair," said the kid, "but it ain't much good. It's got a hole in the bottom of it."



Women wear short skirts to make men long.

THE
 FAMILY
 GIFT
 STORE



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After a month in the guard house, Private Kelly swore off liquor. On his first night away from camp, he came abreast of a tavern.

"Kelly, me boy," he told himself nobly, "it's hard, but you've got to do it. Pass it by."

Bracing himself, he marched past the door, then stopped.

"Kelly, me boy," he said jubilantly, "you did a fine job. Come on back to the place and I'll buy you a drink."



One way of telling whether your guests are enjoying the dance is to judge by disappearances.



Is it better to be pinched for speeding in your car or be slapped for going too fast when the car is parked?



... the pretty names he calls her, "Princess, Madonna, Lady, ..." and yet she could have easily been "maid."

BONDS MAKE BOMBS

The poor devil lisped. He was out with a girl. He murmured, "I love to thee a girl thigh." And she slapped him.

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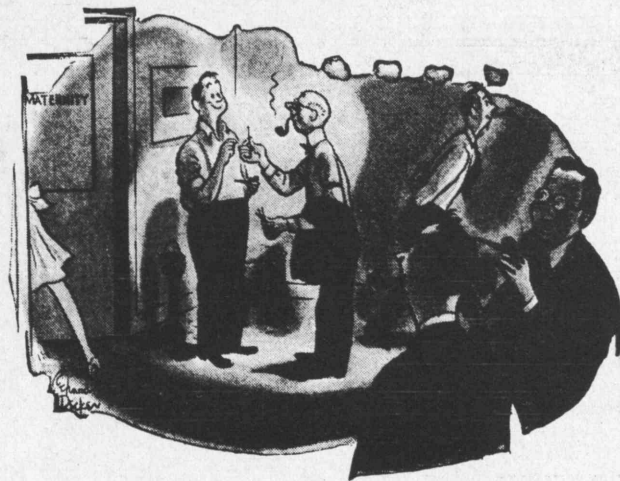
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"That's a fast pick-up on your new car."

"Aw, hell, that's my sister."



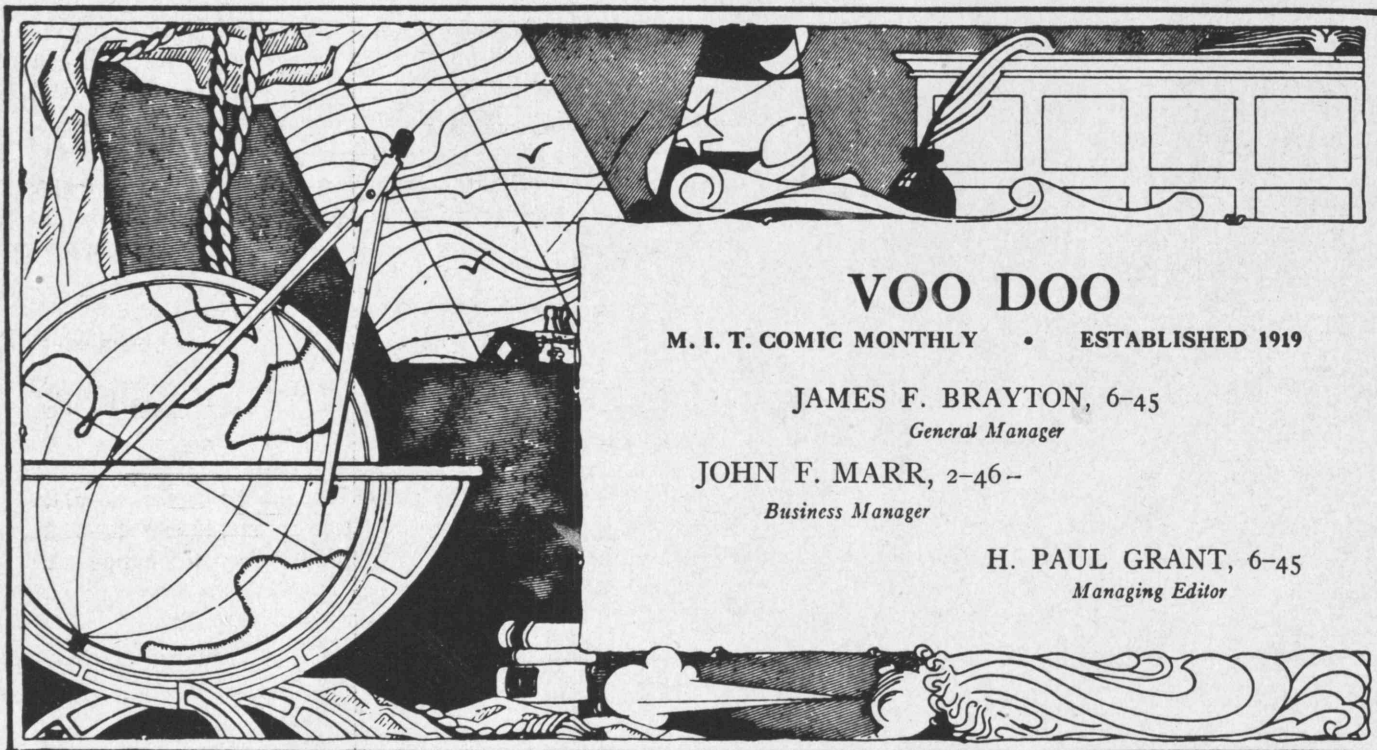
"It's a boy. MacTavish is passing out matches so we can light our Sir Walter Raleigh."

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tobacco of America"



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VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY • ESTABLISHED 1919

JAMES F. BRAYTON, 6-45
General Manager

JOHN F. MARR, 2-46--
Business Manager

H. PAUL GRANT, 6-45
Managing Editor

WE entered the office with our Christmas present for Phos tucked under our coat, feeling rather fine in spite of the caustic remarks that some people had made about our getting an early start on the Christmas spirit, and we noticed the old Cat looking very disdainfully about the office.

"Merry Christmas, Cat," we said, taking off our coat and getting out his present.

"Well, it's about time for you to show up and clean up the office again," he said. "Since they appointed you office boy, you've only been around twice in the last month. Now get to work. I'm going to have a party here New Year's Eve and I want to have this place looking respectable," he said, with a lewd laugh as he pointed to the broom.

"But, Cat," we said, "we've been pro- . . ."

"And furthermore the office boy is not allowed to call me Cat; so get to work."

"Yes, Phosphorus," we said meekly as we started sweeping the corner clean of six months' dust, eggs, and beer. Everything was quiet in the office until we remembered the Cat's Christmas present. "Say, Phosphorus, we brought you your Christmas present this year. It's over here on the table."

"Well, open it, and give me some quickly. I thought you guys would never get around to it this year. I thought that in the rush and changing of boards you guys had forgotten."

We poured a tumbler full of the Haig and Haig Pinch Bottle into the Cat's beer bowl and jumped back as he leaped across the office. As he finished the first bowl we thought that this was an admirable time to break the news to him.

"Cat, we mean Phosphorus, we're the new general manager."

"I'd heard that there was a new general manager, but I didn't think that they would do this to me — the office boy — ugh!"

"Well, Cat, you know there's a war on, and some things just can't be helped. But we'll keep up the quality of the magazine."

"You'd better keep up in your work, too, or I'll have to start breaking in another man as soon as I finish with you. Let me have some more of my Christmas present, and I'll start teaching you the ropes. And by the way, is the old magazine going broke — only one bottle this year. Hell, that won't even last till my party."

"Well, Cat, we'll be back in a couple of days to start in on the work. Maybe we can get you another bottle before New Year's."

"That's right, you guys will be spending New Year's over the books. I hope that you will study hard that night and be in good condition for classes the next day. When you go to bed that night, have a pleasant dream of the night a year ago, or the one to come in several years. Remember not to come to the office that day, because I won't be in any mood to be disturbed."

The Cat weaved his way back to his corner of the desk, making the jump on the third try, and settled down to sleep. We started to work on this issue and thought with a sad countenance of the pleasures that we would be missing this year.

"But, what the hell, maybe next year we will be in a fox hole or on an LCR," we muttered as we finished cleaning off a desk.

The Cat stirred and asked what that was — a new bureau in Washington?

"A landing-craft rubber, equipped with one paddle," we said. "Go to sleep and stop snickering over the thoughts of your party. We know well enough what it will be like. It will certainly be a much better evening than Fido spent at Wellesley last month." He chuckled, burped once in his whiskers, and started to snore the sound sleep of a happy cat.

Cover this month by Davidoff.



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"We shall be glad," wrote the firm to the War Manpower Board, "if you can assist us in retaining this man a little longer. He is the only man left in the firm, and is carrying on with fifteen girls."



Her technique was poor, but what she did show was very good.



Chief: "Have a good time over leave?"

V-12: "No, rotten. The battery was dead, the ole man wouldn't pay for the gas, an' she'd rather drive in traffic."



Sweater girls are observed in the best places.



"I heard you were in an automobile accident the other day."

"Yeah, I was."

"Loose tire?"

"No, woman!"



Fred: "Say, Bud, what's that book you're reading?"

Bud: "The title is 'What Twenty Million Girls Want.'"

Fred: "Did they spell my name right?"



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
A sweet little Miss by his side;
He put forth his arms and the best
of his charms,
But a kiss she would not provide.

Little Jack Horner went into the
corner,
Sat down on the sofa like thunder;
With a very mean look he got out
his book,
And scratched out her telephone
number.



"Oh, my dress is loose. Will you
hook it, please?"

"I sure will. This party needs to be
livened up a bit."



The naked hills lie wanton to the
breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves
unfrocked,
Bare are the limbs of all the shame-
less trees;
No wonder the corn is shocked.



"You're the only girl I ever loved."
"That's all right, honey; I don't
mind beginners."



HIT HITLER WITH BONDS

Clinton: "Beede, dear, there is
something the matter with this car
again. It refuses to go.

The Loving One: "Use your head,
Clint. Drive up into that shady lane
there. This is too conspicuous here."



Water on the brain might help to
wash some dirty minds.



Joe: "Marie is getting quite modern.
Some time ago she said when she got
married she was going to have two
children. Now she's changed her
mind.

Walt: "What about, the kids?"

Joe: "No, about getting married."



"No, Mabel, a neckerchief is not the
head of a sorority house."



"There goes a pretty smooth wo-
man."

"With that face?"

"Hell, I haven't come to that
yet!"



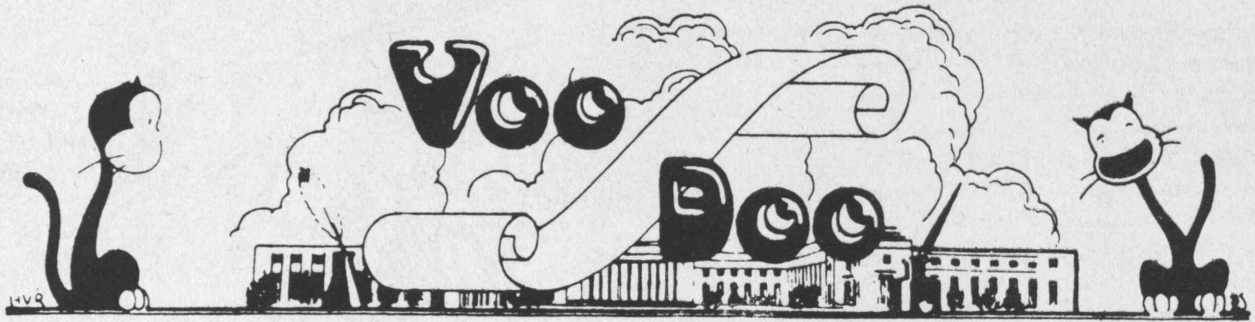
A young man lost his umbrella and
couldn't think where he had left it.

He went to church on Sunday and
the preacher's sermon was "Thou
shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

Just then the young man left the
church. He remembered where he
had left the umbrella.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT ISSUE





IT seems that we are constantly plagued with elections, large and small. For example, there have been two elections of class officers in the Institute this fall besides the National Elections. And a few weeks ago there was a comparatively minor election that brought to light some clever campaigning on the part of prospective members of Tau Beta Pi, the national honorary engineering society.

The system of electing new members to the society is to invite all prospects to a smoker where the old members decide just who they would like to have for their brothers. The eligibles are sent letters of invitation a week in advance and are requested to come prepared to make a list of all their activities at Tech.

After the smoker we found out that a number of the prospectees, partic-

ularly some of the electrical engineers, discovered beforehand that activities, especially professional societies, counted heavily in the elections. This was made evident by the fact that there were six men to join the M. I. T. chapter of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers during the week preceding the smoker, and all six were present at the gathering.

A FEW weeks ago, a girl friend was visiting us at the U. S. S. Grad House and became quite perturbed by some of the Navy customs. In particular, she, like many of the Cambridge urchins who have questioned us, could not understand why the V-12ers when going aboard and ashore salute whether or not the flag is flying. We

explained that the Grad House is spoken of in the Navy as a ship and that it is a time honored custom to salute the quarterdeck, which is the bow of the Grad House, of Navy ships when going aboard and ashore.

Still perplexed, she asked why we only saluted at the gate on the port side. Even we were a little puzzled at this. Thinking hard, we came up with an answer that we thought stood a reasonable chance of being true. We told our friend that the port gate was supposed to be the gangway and that the saluting was done only at the gangway.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Then you don't have to salute when you jump overboard!?!?"

TELEVISION is ready! This is the electrifying news reluctantly revealed, in eight point bold face italics, in the latest communique from the publishers of *Electronic Industries*. "We are taking the liberty of sending you the enclosed editorial," they remark, "because we value the opinion of thinking people with an impartial point of view." They couldn't have turned to a more impartial source of opinion. In fact, our point of view is so unclouded by prejudice, so clear of confusing knowledge, that we were inclined to let the whole matter drop. But a few lines from that vigorously penned article caught our eye and from here in we were all out in a crusade against the enemies of Tele-

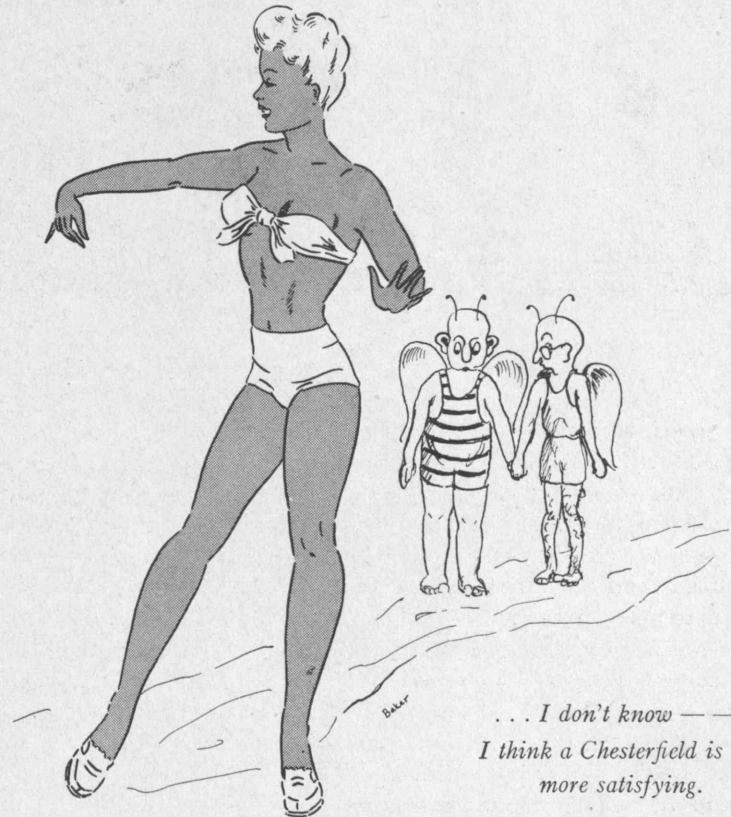


"That damned Navy chow!"

vision. Up to then, we didn't know there were any, but we read, "There are those who would now hold television back by relegating it to the Siberia of new ultra-high frequency channels — there to start all over again, working out a new and questionable existence!" And farther along: "Television is ready now! Chairman Fly has said that "a steady green light is all set for television progress." Hurrah, boys, we've got the green light. We say, let's go, Television!

THOSE who live opposite Fraternity row are accustomed to wild doings, but although riots and late parties may occasionally annoy the residents of Beacon Street, every once in a while they must become acclimatized to some new quirk of the fraternity boys. Just the other night some bored students collected 8.02 homework, M12 quizzes, boxes, cartons, and cigarette wrappers in a wastebasket, placed the wastebasket on a windowsill, and ignited the contents. The results were highly satisfactory. So satisfactory were they that a lady in the Charlesgate Hotel called up one of the houses to inform them that their fourth floor was on fire. Although it was the wrong house the inhabitants were sufficiently stirred up to race out into the street and gaze up at the imposing blaze next door. Eventually, the cheerful arsonists heard the commotion below, but it was decided that the fire was merely spectacular, not harmful, so more fuel was added to the flames. Eventually saner heads repressed the firemen, and the watchers in the street drifted back to routine.

IT IS now safe to say that there is no immediate sign of the *Readers Digest* folding up and shamefacedly stealing away like some Arabs we once heard about. We have been momentarily expecting this to happen ever since we saw an article in the *Student Progressive* some time ago exposing *Readers*



... I don't know — — —
I think a Chesterfield is much
more satisfying.

Digest as an anti-American subversive influence. It seems that a Wisconsin high school had galvanized the ultra-liberal paper into action by prescribing *Readers Digest* as compulsory reading in its social science classes. "This reactionary magazine," said the progressive, "is threatening the very foundations of American life." Mamie! Make Junior stop! He's reading that *Child Life* again!

OUR man in Chicago sent us the details of a regrettable little incident that occurred at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station last month. A Navy Chief had charge of a company of ex-V-12 boots for which he somehow developed a particular dislike. The result was long hours of drilling and extra rounds of calisthenics for all hands. One sultry evening a committee of apprentice seamen accosted their tormentor, stuffed him into a sturdy canvas seabag, and carried him

up to the second deck of the barracks. Through some quirk of fate, he fell out of a window, sea bag and all. The chief suffered a broken neck, according to our information, and a number of the boys are still cooling their heels in the guardhouse. Boys will be boys.

NOW that the Psych department has had its contact with the fertile Freuds of the Grad House and has had ample opportunity to recuperate from their last term courses, the faux pas that were sworn to silence may be revealed.

The last quiz testing the knowledge of the little-used text book uncovered a variety of answers to a question whose substance dealt with naming five methods of escape from one's conscience.

One ambitious Aristotle must have pondered deeply. His fruitful results were: "rocketship, file, hairpin, motorcycle, and . . ."

MURGATROYD



SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

"THIS is Murgatroyd. Murgatroyd is a Tech coed. See the maggots." Thus runs an ancient quotation in one of the back files of Voo Doo.

Naturally, Mary Sullivan does not have maggots. This is not entirely her fault. For nearly two long years she has been striving mightily and ardently to become a full-fledged Murgatroyd. Her adventures start in the cob-webbed halls of dear old Cambridge High. It is a long, sad story full of pathos, frustration, and gentle beery humor. Some of it will never be told.

Many years ago there was a shy flower growing in the raucous surroundings of Cambridge High School. With down-cast eyes and blushing cheeks this flower studied the ways of

the sine and cosine, the tricks of energy and momentum, and let the rest of the world go by. But one day her eyes were lifted and this shy flower discovered that there was more to life than what might be read in a math book. Mary came to Tech.

Rumor has it that Mary's shy and quiet ways came to an end when she drank a beaker of Ammonia in a freshman chemistry lab. Whether or not this is true, it is a well known fact that she taught Johnny Hull his earth-shaking belch.

Mary's shy and quiet manner (some call it New England frigidity) has demonstrated marked solubility in alcohol. Two and a half seidels of Jakie's Special Dark will completely dispel the coating and leave the audi-

ence entranced by the gentle, warming glow of the Sullivan personality. It is at times like these that Mary has been known to amuse her audience by such coy and subtle tricks as doing push-ups in Harvard Square. Of course she wasn't able to do many, but these things come with practice.

It is, perhaps, a result of unscrupulous use of her disarming personality that Mary became undisputed ruler of the Cheney room. During her reign she has striven mightily to bring the co-eds into what she considers their rightful place at Tech.

"The days are gone," says Mary, "when the girl student slipped unobtrusively from lecture hall to lecture hall and then, at the end of her class day, vanished from Institute life like an unwanted guest. Unwanted or not, THE COED IS HERE TO STAY." Here she emphasized her point with a sip of coke — beer not customarily being served in the Walker Lounge Bar.

Mary's efforts to plunge the Cheney room into the whirlpool of M. I. T.'s extra-curricular life have, as often as not, shocked some of the less liberal element around school. Many considered her attempts to arrange for girls' crew and basket ball as being dangerous to the American Way of Life. But Murg's own attitude was that anything the Institute offers the men should also be offered to the women. She does, of course, admit of exceptions.

Desire to be a Tech-man carried her to positions on the committees of school dances and a prominent place in the politics of the Catholic Club. She ran for president of her class with the hope of becoming vice-president and on the platform of, "If a girl runs in every election, sooner or later one of them is bound to be elected to something."

We are proud to know that Murgatroyd is not embittered at not having become vice-president. After all, look at Bricker.



AS soon as Phos heard that Carole Landis was coming to town he rushed down to the Colonial and cashed in all his old empty bottles for a ticket to her new show, "A Lady of ?" Opening night, which is December twenty-fifth by the way, will find him entrenched in the first row of the orchestra, opera glass in hand. You have no doubt looked upon the luscious Landis frame in one of the recent Twentieth Century Fox films, but for a real Christmas treat, go gaze at the genuine article.

A Christmas Carol

T WAS the night before Christmas and all through the house everyone was dead drunk, except me. Being on an assignment for Phos I couldn't afford to have my brain befuddled by liquor. After all, you can't interview St. Nick if you're blotto, so sober and unhappy I waited by the fireplace ignoring the mad orgy going on about me.

At last the sounds of revelry gave way to a few desultory burps which, too, finally subsided. In the dark and silence, ghostly steins of beer seemed to haunt me, and I plotted ways of poisoning the Cat's fish if the interview didn't pan out and my unnatural temperance went for naught.

Suddenly I was startled by a shower of soot falling into the fireplace. Then a boot appeared. It dipped into the fire, yanked up and a hearty voice boomed from the chimney, "What dumb son of a — left a fire burning?"

I reeled back horrified, Santa swearing! I moaned with the sacrilege of it all, but the voice persisted, "Will you put out that damn fire or do I have to lose my beard. By God if I get singed I'll crush your last cigarettes. Now put that fire out."

The irate tones galvanized me into action and seizing a pitcher of beer I threw it on the flames which expired in a cloud of beery steam. Then from the steam appeared a round little man with long white whiskers. "Are you Santa Claus," I asked.

"Who in hell do you think I am, Eleanor?" Santa growled angrily. "Every year I can count on at least fifty dunderheads like you waiting up for me, waiting for *me* mind you, but when I appear they always ask, 'Are you Santa Claus?' It fair makes me sick."

This diatribe left me speechless and I stood rooted to the spot, gazing at this symbol of Christmas spirit and

wondering how he ever got the reputation for being a "jolly old elf."

"Don't just stand there with your jaw dragging the floor," roared Santa, "makes you look like a worse congenital idiot than you are."

"But, but Santa," I stammered, "You're supposed to be a sweet kindly old gentleman, gentle, lovable, not addicted to swearing, and and . . ."



Santa looked disgusted. "Listen, squirt, with all my trouble it's a lucky thing I came around at all this year let alone be sweet and lovable. Sure I used to be jolly and all that back when I had nothing else to worry about." Here Santa's voice trailed off still mumbling something about "sweet and lovable yet, by damn."

"Santa," I said, "perhaps if you told me what troubles you. Besides giving me a good story it might make you feel better. After all it can't be as bad as you seem to think."

Santa merely glowered at me, then spying a bottle one of the revellers left on the table made a beeline for it. Taking a healthy swig he stared at me thoughtfully for a moment, belched, and said "All right, you asked for it, here it is."

I hitched forward in my chair and

grabbed a pad and pencil to take notes.

Santa oiled his tonsils once more and began, "I never used to have the troubles I have now, I had a nice business, satisfied customers, nice home, and a sweet wife — everything a man could ask for. . . . Then the war came. At first it wasn't too bad though things did change. For instance there was that time in 1940 that my sled got tangled up in a barrage balloon over London. I almost broke my neck before I got untangled. Still it wasn't as bad as the time I was mistaken for a Spitfire over Berlin. There was hell to pay for that. But that was only the beginning, even last year I was all sweetness and light. But this year? Oi."

Here Santa shuddered and closed his eyes as if trying to blot out the memory of it. After again fortifying himself Santa went on, "When we started work on toys last January there was a shortage of materials. I placed an order with my usual firm and they told me I couldn't get anything without a priority. Imagine it, me, Santa Claus, without a priority rating.

"By February I had filled out 1,376 forms in duplicate, triplicate, quadruplicate and one freak in monoplicate. The office that sent that out was disbanded.

"Before I got any materials it was April and I had a battery of secretaries making out government forms.

"Then in May Mrs. Claus up and left me flat. Got a job at Lockheed and left me flat. God, what a mess it is at home. Dirty dishes, unmade beds, and look," at this point Santa pulled off his boot and wiggled his toes. From the ankle down his socks were non-existent.

"See what I mean?" asked Santa. "I tell you it's been hell eating nothing but fried eggs and welsh rarebit because that's all I can cook.

"Well you can see I was pretty busy what with work, priorities and housework to do. But what happens to me

shouldn't happen to a dog. The Government sends up a Revenue man because I didn't file an income tax report last year. It took some fast talking to get out of that mess.

"Everything went along smoothly until November. Then the letters began pouring in. And such letters. Men and women forced their little children to write in asking for cigarettes and scotch. I got letters asking for girdles, nylons, two pants suits and Lana Turner. Oh, it was chaos in the office. I had to get more secretaries to weed phoney letters from the good ones. Think what that did to my overhead. I was running into the red faster than a bunny can multiply. And too, with all those new secretaries running around, production dropped off. The workmen spent more time in the office than in the shop. Oh, it was awful.

"Even after I got the stuff in the sled I wasn't safe. Why just outside Boston here the Watch and Ward stopped me to see if I had any "Forever Ambers" to be delivered in the

city."

By this time Santa was weeping copiously and taking frequent pulls at the bottle. "But Santa," I said, "it won't last long. Why in another couple of years everything will be back to normal."

"I don't think I can go through another year of it," he moaned. "Just thinking of a fried egg makes me sick, and those forms — pink, green, blue, yellow, and all to be filed at God knows how many agencies. Besides that, the help you get these days. Dumb bunnies always getting their hands caught in buzz saws or under punch presses. My worker's insurance rates are up ten per cent as it is. No, I can't do it again."

"But Santa," I pleaded, "you have to. Think of the little kiddies who look forward eagerly, innocently toward Christmas and a visit from Santa."

Santa perked up a bit. "Yes, there are the kiddies, but what am I going to do for money? Ye gods man, I'm on the rocks financially."

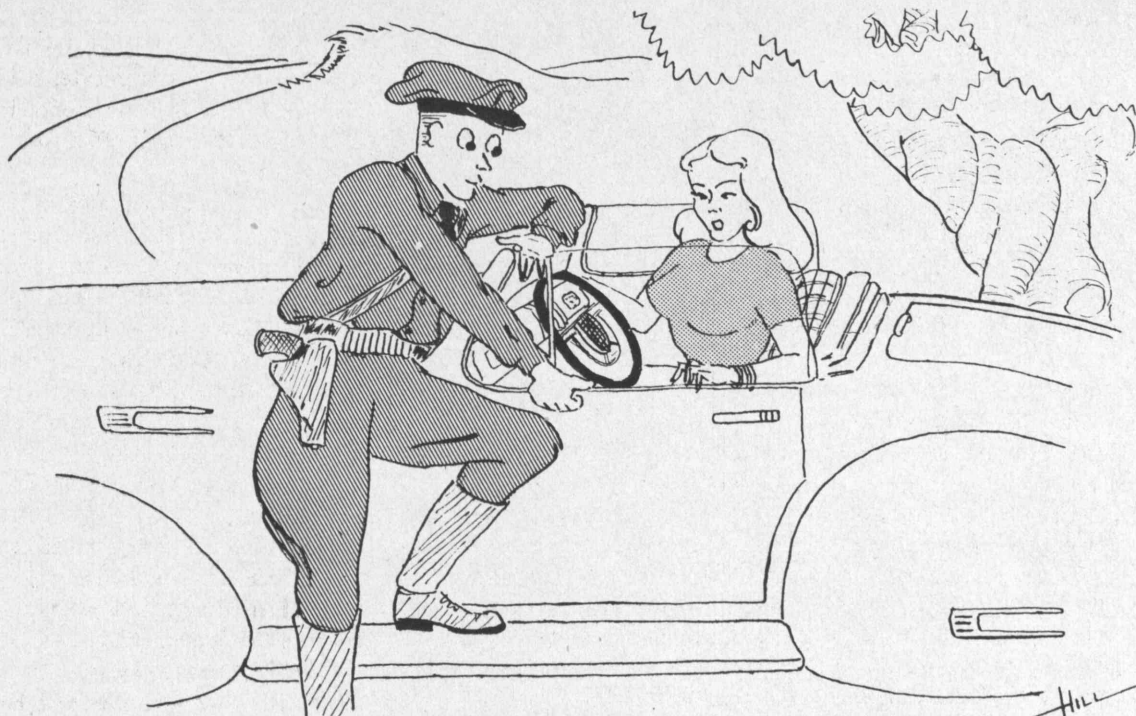
"Simple, Santa, all you have to do is get a subsidy from the Government. And think of the postwar planning you can do. A new jet-sled, Mrs. Claus home again, lower taxes, no more priorities. Cheer up, Santa, things will improve. Here, here is a cook book for you, "Mudder Mac-Gonigle's Beanery Bible."

Santa looked eager. "Yes, yes, I would like a new sled. With a good headwind the damndest stuff blows back from those reindeer. You know my boy, you've bucked me up considerably. I will come around next year.

"Here, here's a little present for you — a key to the Cheney room. It's not much but it's the best I can do under the circumstances."

Handing me the package the old fellow got up finished off the bottle and crawled into the fireplace. As he disappeared up the chimney I heard his hearty voice boom out in farewell, "Merry Christmas, dam you, Merry Christmas."

— R. F. T.



"No! — I'll take the ticket!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM my horizontal position under a bench in the Common I could easily see that Wilbraham Quintus Jones was Alcolized. The fact that it was New Year's Eve had something to do with this last mentioned fact and could be connected with the fact that W.Q. was making love to the V-Girl of World War II.

This Wilbraham was a sensation besides being my brother on my father's side. The crowds had flocked around.

"What the hell," I says to myself. "The war is over. Let Wilb have a good time, though I do not know what he has been doing for the last five years . . . though I can imagine. And I wonder what he named them?"

The statue is offering no particular resistance.

"C'mon honey, I'se got a car, money, . . . don't be bashful in front of all theesh people. Shex is shex, no matter where or when, I always shay."

The crowd cheers. Horns blow.

Needless to mention, this rock babe remains cold, and Wilbraham is mortified.

"Can't understand it," he moans, "with my wife it works." The crowd makes with the hands and W.Q. tries again.

Course W.Q. is probably kidding as he has not obtained a wife to my info, which is limited, and if he has I would like to meet her and tell her what she is missing in life.

This bobbysocked V-Babe with the outstretched arms and the plaque with "GOING MY WAY? MAC" is doing a nice job of frustrating W.Q. But he is eager and says, "You and me could make beautiful music, honey."

Then with the E. Flynnian fire in his eyes, he rushes forward while the people scream. But like I said, this

babe has outstretched arms and Wilb walks into a stiff right. . . .

Then it happened. I met Sybilline. It could happen to anyone.

SYBILLINE: KENMORE 0700
after ten.

it said on the card. All I see at first is a pair of very nice gams, being perpendicular to the vertical, like I mentioned before

"Mind if I join you?" queries the owner of the card.



"Don't give a damn," say I but remembering my E. Post, I rises to the situation, not in the habit of meeting women in horizontal positions.

Sybilline was built like a brick lavatory (with tile roof plus necessary fixtures), legs like Grable's, plus features like Lana's, plus a face like Hedy.

Leaning against the bench and setting my Schenley's down, I ask her if she will. She, being a hospitable babe, takes a swig. Now, I am affected, "a babe that can drink from a bottle is O.K." and I subtle-like twitch my left eyelid.

"Women are God's finest," I whispers, using my well polished line, for this Sybilline is a torrid looking doll, and I personally do not believe Whoosit's "Seduction is for sissies, a He-man wants his. . . ."

Sybilline is attracted and smiles like with the Ipana kind. I am sly, I smile not showing the fangs, and we leave.

May God have mercy on Wilbraham's soul.

* * *

This babe Sybilline has a sharp apartment. Venetian blinds, beautiful couches, sofas, nice thick rugs, liquor, cigarettes, and nobody home but us two. I seats myself in a soft chair and settles back.

"Another drink?" she asks. I shakes my head. She smiles and flings her beautiful torso onto a black plush-like couch. Sybilline is damned nice looking I have to admit.

"Nice night," she whispers, beckoning. It was, at that. Then Sybilline outstretches her arms, and lets go a half-yawn while turning the lights low. After pounding my eyeballs back into their sockets, I mutter:

"They . . . er . . . you're so beautiful, Sybilline." And Sybilline wraps soft arms around my neck, looks deep into my eyes and kisses me. I respond and pull her closer . . . closer. . . .

Suddenly the door opens.

"My wife," screams Wilbraham.

"My God," screams I.

"My dress!" screams Sybilline.

Wilbraham is not as startled as I so I leave real quick.

"God help Wilbraham," I says.

* * *

The bench is still unoccupied. I am weary. New Year's Eve. Twelve o'clock. The bells are ringing. The snow is beginning to fall. Everything is beautiful.

I roll over and take a drink. A soft hand tugs at my arm. I look up.

"M'name's Mabel," says a pair of legs.

"Go to hell!" I says, and rolls over.

— H. V. P.

Phos Gives to —

- GEORGE DVORAK, Membership in AP
BILL FARROW, A time table
AL OXENHAM, A discount on frat pins
KARL T., Ten new jobs in Washington
SEARS, 8.03
ED PUNG, Bigger pins, too
THE COOP, One package of Spuds
LITTLE EVA, A building and construction man
RADIATION LAB BOBBY SOCKSERS, MIT
528 CLUB, Jan. 1
WALKER COMMITTEE, A new charwoman
MARY SULLIVAN, A seat in Congress
THE FLEET MEN, Ensign Cherundulo
CAPTAIN JOYCE, A Merry Christmas, Sir.
LIEUTENANT CANFIELD, An unwrinkled bot-
tom sheet
LIEUTENANT FAWCETT, Tailormadesr
ENSIGN CHERUNDULO, Dale Carnegie
CHIEFS SPECIALIST A, The U. S. Navy
DIANE, An octopus
BEXLEY HALL, A 30% amusement tax
THE PHI KAPPA SIGS, A Class President
KIRK DRUMHELLER, Gerry MacKinnon
DINGEE, Sally Keith
THE AA, Ensign Cherundulo
THE LOBBY OF BLDG. TEN, Margie Hart
MATULIS, An acquaintance
WELLESLEY, A skirt
RADCLIFFE, The rest of Harvard
PETE SCHWAB, A passing grade in 5.02
SIMMONS, The Wellesley Campus
JON HALL AND T. D., Madison Square Garden
JIM CURLEY, Boston
PAC, Pegler
SID HILLMAN, Clearance papers
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, 1952
PEGLER, The PAC
THE COEDS, A debutante
CONNIE CROSS, Dungarees
LOBDELL, 24 Chaperones
SELFRIDGE, A fifth dimension
OSCAR, A Chief Specialist's rate
BILL BLITZER, A double F
DON BUELL, Colorado, all of it
CHICK STREET, An eight foot woman
CLINT SPRINGER, A megaphone
V-12's, Ex-lax
DEBATING SOCIETY, Clint Springah
WATCH AND WARD, "The French Steno-
grapher"
AL WERNER, Question No. 1
C. M. BUIK III, A gag

A Christmas Carol



THE thought of being home for Christmas should have made Jack Wilson, Gunner's Mate, Second Class, very happy, but somehow he had an empty feeling about the whole thing. Mom and Dad would be there, Main Street would look the same, and what was left of the old gang would still be hanging around the drug store in the afternoon, and yet something was still missing. Jack seemed in a kind of daze as he packed his sea bag for leave. He had been at sea steadily for almost two years and, although he knew why, it was odd to him that the other men getting leave for the holidays should be so much happier than he.

As he made his way through the gate at the Navy Yard Jack wondered what it would be like if Janis and he had decided to keep their agreement. When he enlisted in the Navy back in '41, they became tentatively engaged, depending upon how they felt after being separated for a while. They wrote each other almost every day until Jack finished gunnery school. Then he came home on leave and they had a quarrel — just a little squabble — but, nevertheless, it was a quarrel. By then the war had started, and he went to sea right after that leave.

When he returned a year later after his ship had been sunk, he and Janis had another fight and decided that it was best to call off their agreement. It was a tough decision to make, but both of them figured that they just could not get along well enough together.

That was the last time Jack was home, and he was not too eager to go back again, because he had no girl to go to like almost all of his shipmates did. He wondered what it would be like not to have that pretty face to meet him at the station as it had every other time he had come home. He knew it was for the best that he and Janis had broken up, and he knew, too, that he could not retrace his steps. He had no regrets and yet home was certainly not going to be what it had been before.

Walking up the street away from the Navy Yard, Jack glanced at his watch and remembered that he had a train to catch in half an hour. That would give him just about time to make it by trolley. The whole way to the station he was oblivious to everything that went on about him. He gazed out the window, but he saw nothing; the noisy rattle of the wheels rang in his ears, but he heard nothing.

The conductor announced the railroad station, and Jack automatically got up and left the car.

He looked at his watch again — the train left in ten minutes. He had a seat reservation in a coach so there was no big hurry. Still in somewhat of a daze, he grabbed a cup of coffee and something to read on the train and went through the gate onto the platform. The conductor looked at his ticket and told him which was his car.

He was still so disinterested in everything near and far that he was not looking for any pretty girls on the train with whom to get acquainted, as most sailors seem to do. It was no disappointment when he found the seat next to his occupied by a middle-aged woman. He put his bag away on the luggage rack above his seat and sat down.

Immediately the matron next to him tried to be friendly and Jack, with his mind as far away as the moon, politely kept up the conversation. "Going home on leave?" she began.

"Yes," he said, "first time in quite some time. Sure have been looking forward to this." He tried not to disillusion her.

"Have you been overseas?" she asked in a motherly voice.

"Yes'm, South Pacific, but I can't tell you where," Jack answered.

"I know," she broke in, "my son is a sergeant in the Marines and hasn't been able to tell me where he is. — You certainly have a lot of ribbons; what do they mean?"

"None of them are anything extra-special," he said. "This one means I enlisted before Pearl Harbor, this means I haven't been caught doing anything wrong for three years, this means I've been in the European Theater, this is the American Theater, and this is the Pacific Theater."

"I know that last one; my son has that," she said. The conversation dragged on for about ten more minutes and the lady began to read a book. Jack dozed off. He woke up an hour or two later and staggered up the train a few cars to the diner for supper.

He sat down in the diner at a table with three people no more interesting to him than his companion in the coach. All four at the table were mutually unacquainted; besides Jack there was a sailor apparently just out of boot camp, an Army second lieutenant, and a fairly young married woman. Periodically through the meal Jack's comrades would, one at a time, make unsuccessful attempts at starting a conversation. Jack's spirits were only very slightly better, and he gazed at his food and out of the window and spoke only to the waiter.

Returning to his car, he found the seat next to his occupied by a young girl, but he did not notice how pretty she was. He asked if she would move her legs so he could get to his seat, which was next to the window.

"Sure, sailor," she said in a soft, gay voice.

Jack sat down and picked up a magazine which he had brought on the train. He began to read, but soon stopped to look out of the window again. The train had stopped and he was watching the people milling around in the station. The train began moving, but his eyes remained fixed in the direction of the window. Although to look at him it was not noticeable, the presence of the girl was beginning to make him feel a little better. He seemed to sense this in his subconscious mind, and after the train was several miles out of the town, he turned to look at her. She looked up from her reading and asked, "Where you headed, sailor?"

Jack was still not too willing to talk, but as before his sense of politeness told him to keep up the conversation. "I'm going home on leave," he drawled in a morbid tone.

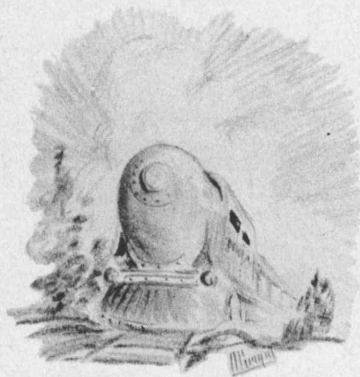
"Why so glum about it?" she inquired.

She seemed like a nice understanding girl, and he would not see her again, so why shouldn't he tell her why going home did not mean very much to him. Besides, it might do him some good to pour out some of his none too happy feelings to someone

else. "I dunno," he answered. "I guess it's just that home won't be what it used to be."

"All homes just about won't be quite the same for some time, I suppose," she commented. "It's too bad you have to feel that way."

"It's not my own home," he continued, "it's the town." There won't be many of my old friends, and my girl and I broke up last time I was there almost two years ago. It'll be swell seeing my folks again, but it won't be much fun spending a fifteen-day leave with almost no one my age." I guess I'm sorta gregarious — I like to be with a lot of people and have a lot of fun. But more than the old crowd, I'll miss having my old girl



waiting for me there."

"Isn't there a chance you can make up with her or aren't there any other girls around home?" the girl asked in a way as if to show that she was trying to help Jack have a good time on leave.

"We're still on good terms," he said, "but we decided that we just couldn't hit it off right together. It's best that we broke up and it wouldn't be right to get into the same quarrels all over again."

"Well, what's the matter with going with some of the other girls?" she queried.

"I dunno — guess I'll do some

scouting around when I get home."

"Why not start now? My name's Jane Smith!" she laughed.

For the first time, Jack changed his expression. His sullen face smiled and he began to laugh. "Really, what is your name? I'm Jack Wilson."

This time she had a real laugh. "I didn't think you'd believe me, but that's what they call me." The conversation had taken a turn for the better then, and they began to talk about the gayer side of life. After about half an hour the porter put out the lights in the car, and Jack rented two pillows from him.

He began to think about all that had happened that day and how his spirits had been raised from the dismal depths to a relatively high plane. "Talking with you sure has made me feel a lot better, Jane," he said in a low tone so as not to wake anyone who might have fallen asleep.

"I can see that quite easily," she told him.

"How about really making me feel good by kissing me good-night?" he asked.

"All right," she laughed lightly. He placed his arm around her and she put her head on his chest. It was too bad, he thought, that this would be over in the morning and he would probably never see her again. She sure was a swell girl.

When they awoke, the sun was up and shining in the window. They freshened up and went into the diner for breakfast. Shortly after they returned to their car, the conductor walked through calling that the train would be in Jack's home town in five minutes. "Well, here's where I get off," he said in a matter-of-fact way, standing up to get his sea bag off the luggage rack.

Jane smiled broadly. "I'm getting off here, too," she said. "I've got some relatives in town."

"You haven't by any chance got the next fourteen evenings free?" he asked after he had regained his senses.

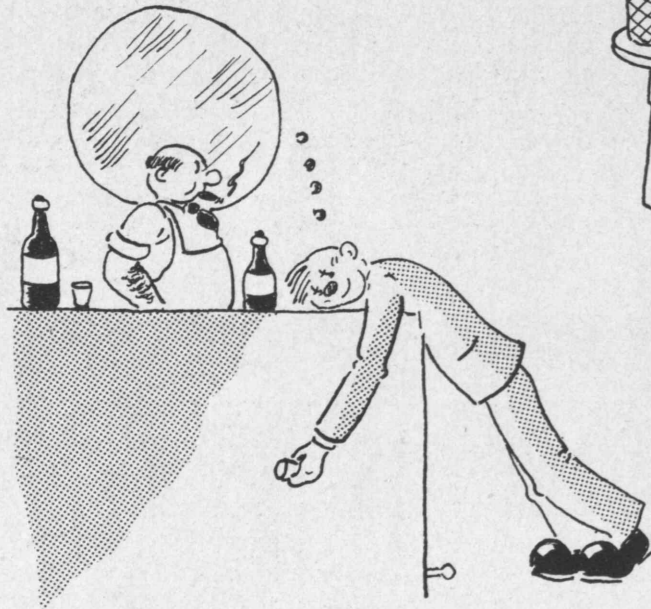
"Sure have," she sang.

— R. M. A.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN BOSTON



Beacon Hill



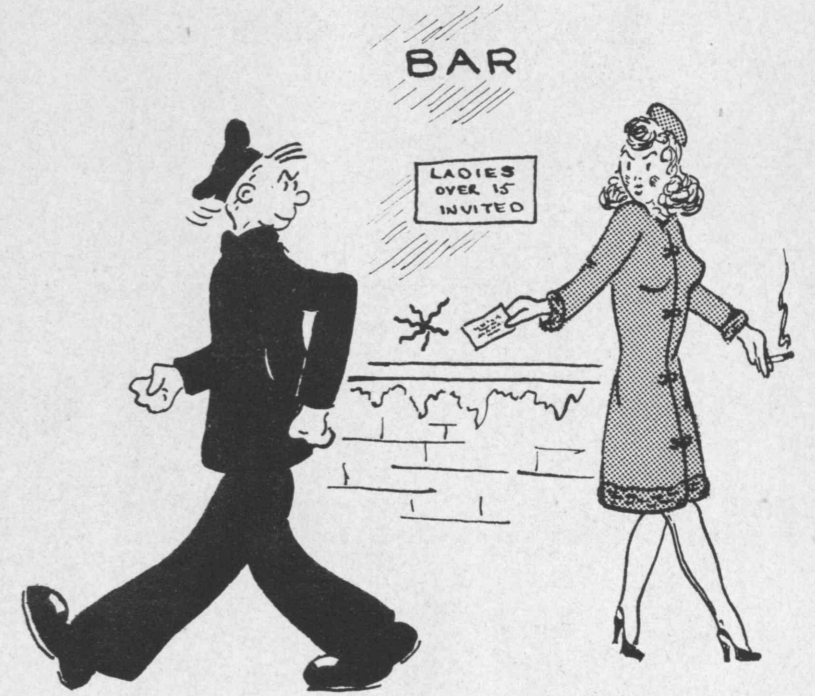
Any Bar



North End

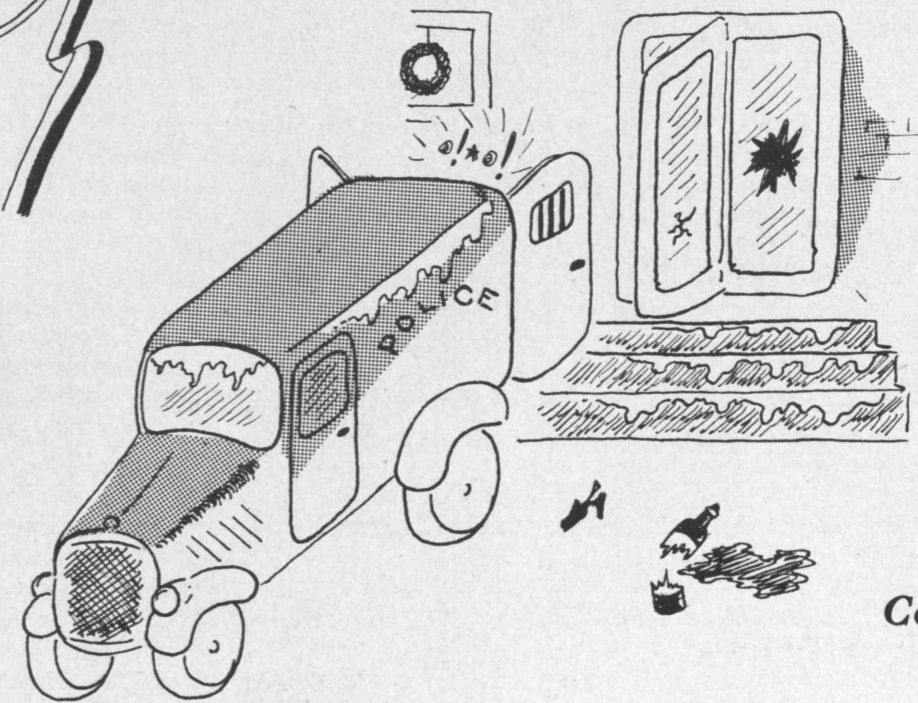


Wellesley



Scollay Square

TOURNAINE



Common

A CHRISTMAS CAROL



MY wife kissed me when she opened her present. "Darling," she said, "it's wonderful. But wait until you see what I've got for you. Take care of the kids while I go out and get it."

"Daddy," said little Rob (we called him Robespierre because at the age of four days he demonstrated the greatest pleasure in tearing the heads off flies, spiders, and baby mice), "Daddy, tell us a story."

"Yes," screamed little Godiva from her rocking horse, "tell us about the time you fooled Mama into thinking you'd gone on your vacation and came back in time to garret the iceman."

"The word," I said stiffly, "is garrotte. Anyway, that's not a fitting story for Christmas."

"Daddy," said Robespierre, brandishing a pick-axe, "PLEASE tell us a story."

"Suppose," said I, "I tell you about how the Christmas spirit came to a Chief Specialist A."

"What's a chief specialist A?" screamed Godiva, "What's a chief

specialist A? Whatsachiefspecialist awhats . . .?"

"Hush, child," I said, gently knocking her on the head with a spare candelabra.

* * *

"Chief Specialist 'A' Bullroi leaped out of bed and laughed gaily as he stepped on his canary.

"Whoops," he said, 'sorry.' Then, chuckling gaily, he hurled an eight pound shot at his dog's head, knocked his cat's brains out against the bedpost, and woke his wife by beating on the soles of her feet with a large bull whip which he habitually carried. Then he unlocked her chains and threw her downstairs so she could get breakfast.

"Ah," he sang in a raucous mezzo-baritone, 'what a beauteeeful mooor-nin' . . .'

"Well," he snarled at his wife across the breakfast table, 'whatsamatter. Ain'tcha hungary?'

"It's not that, dear," she said, pecking with her fork at the rice and fish-heads on her plate. 'It's just that

there's something you ought to know. You see, darling, we're going to have . . .'

"What!" shrieked the Chief, 'another one?'

"You did insist on voting 'No' on question number one," said his wife.

"It will," said the Chief, gnawing thoughtfully on a piece of lamb chop, 'provide a change from all the beef stew we've been having lately.'

* * *

"That," I said, "will give you some insight into the character of a Chief Specialist 'A.'"

"Were they all like that?" asked Arthur Mae, whom we'd had some trouble naming because he (or she, or she-he) was a hermaphrodite.

"No," I said, "Bullroi was one of the better ones. In fact, we considered ourselves lucky in having him instead of some of the other chiefs in charge of us."

"Ummm," said Robespierre, who was engaged in making violent love to his sister, Irma Jean.

"You see," I went on, "Bullroi was anti-Christmas. During Christmas season he would become even more morose and sullen than usual. When we would pass him on the street and wish him a happy Yuletide, he would scowl back and make us do ten push-ups. When he found some dirt on our deck the morning after New Year's Eve, he gave us two months' restriction instead of the usual three days.

"Then it happened. You see, the Chief had one great weakness. He chain-smoked LUCKY SPIKE cigarettes. Every place he went he was smoking them. One right after the other. It was so bad that he only used one match a day, and that was to light his morning cigarette.

"The night before Christmas he chained his wife under the bed as usual, lit up his last cigarette, and sat down to glance over a copy of LEWD DETECTIVE before going to sleep. He was sitting in a sort of day dream when suddenly his door opened and in

walked three large figures.

"I am the spirit of Christmas past," said the first figure, which was a full carton of LUCKY SPIKE cigarettes. Then it vanished.

"I am the spirit of Christmas present," said the second figure which was also a carton of LUCKY SPIKE cigarettes, though only one-third full. Then it vanished.

"I am the spirit of Christmas yet to come," said the third figure which was a full carton of Rameses cigarettes. "And if you think I'm going to vanish, you're crazy. Don't you know there's a war on, bud?"

"No!" gasped the Chief, throwing dishes on the floor, "If that's true, what's going to happen to me?"

"The carton leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"No!" screeched the Chief. "Not that!"

"Then the third figure vanished.

"From that time on, the Chief was a changed man. He stopped chaining his wife under the bed and often he'd take her down town without a leash. Several times he was seen to pass V-12s without even kicking them. When I wished him Merry Christmas he almost smiled at me. And to top it all off, Christmas morning every one of us got a present from him."

"What did you get, Daddy?" asked Evelyn who had just waked up.

"The same thing everyone else did," I said. "A package of Rameses cigarettes."

"But what did the ghost whisper?" asked Robespierre.

"Why," said my wife, who had just come in with a small package in her hand, "the spirit of Christmas yet to come told the Chief that if the war lasted another year, he'd be drafted. That was enough to scare him out of his wits. Now open your package, darling, and tell me if you don't think this is the ideal Christmas present for my husband."

Perhaps it was.

It was a package of Rameses cigarettes.

— J. L. U.

In Boccaccio, it's frankness;
In Rabelais, it's life;
In a professor, it's clever;
And in a college comic, it's smutty.
— Unique.



My girl friend can shake her hips,
And she can swear so cute;
So quaint in puffing a cigarette
And guzzling gin to boot.

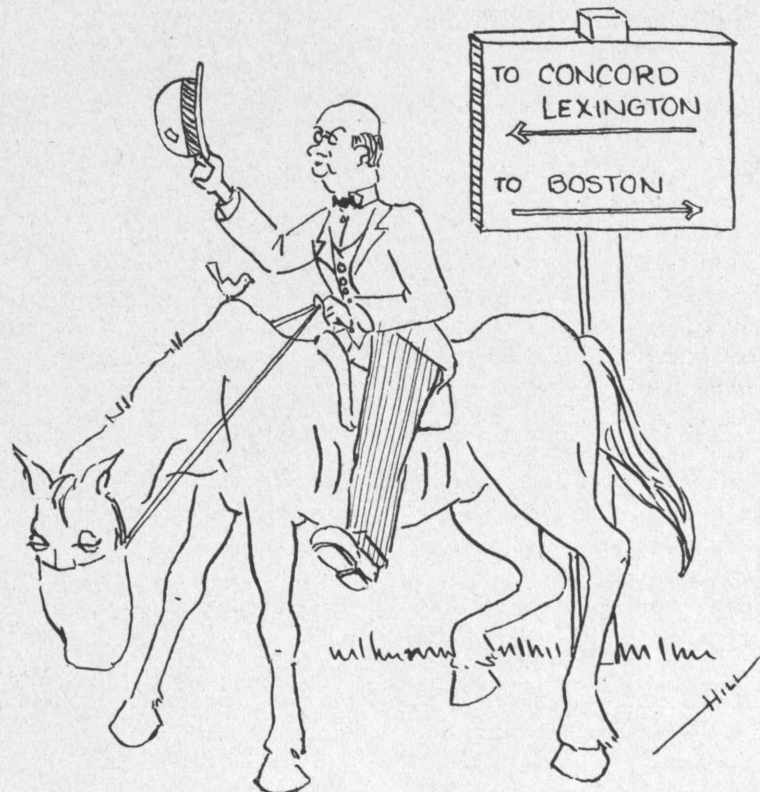
She tells us shady stories,
And still is just a child;
Goes necking in a bathing suit;
And says that Freud is mild.

She represents the present age,
So sweet, profane, and tough.
I'm glad the old time girl has gone
I guess I know my stuff.

You cloak yourself in sables,
Wear the latest style in frocks;
A foreign male beautician
Coifs your auburn locks.
You're quite the height of fashion,
So elegant elite;
The finest of your booter's art
Is for your dainty feet.
You want me to admire you
(At least that's what you say);
You want me to be proud of you,
Hence all this gay array.
But why bother with such fineries?
You could dispense with those.
For when I do, dear, dream of you,
You're in your birthday clothes!



I love the taste of lipstick,
The Tea Hound said to Grace;
She blushed, then hesitated,
And passed him her vanity case.



"Curley is coming!"

A Christmas Carol

IT WAS Christmas. Outside, the new fallen snow lay deep in the yard and a crisp Christmas wind played tag with a litter of old newspapers along the base of the great stone wall that cut off the outside world from view. But in the room it was warm and the men there looked almost cheerful. For Sing Sing Penitentiary provides well for the boys on Christmas Day.

Some of us were really happy, for we were due to be sprung by the parole board on the first of the year, but we tried to hide our joy out of consideration for the rest. There was Old Joe, for instance. This was his first Christmas in hock, and he had nothing to look forward to but ninety-eight more. He was bitter. "They probably thought ninety-nine years would finish me," he growled, "but I'll live it out just to spite 'em, and when I get out I'll go hang myself in the D.A.'s front hall. That'll show 'em."

"Take it easy," said Fingers McGraw, "there is guys worse off than you."

"Name one," said Joe, carefully lighting his last cigarette of the week's allotment.

"Hairbreadth Harry Hotchkiss," said Fingers.

"Yeah? And how is he so worse off?"

"Harry is dead," said Fingers, his eyes shifting to a chair at the head of the rough board table about which we were gathered. The chair was empty.

Someone I couldn't see said, "Harry got the heat at one a.m. last night. He was a rat."

"He was a right guy," hollered Fingers, "and he got the lousiest deal any guy ever got."

I remembered Harry, a hulking ape of a man with small steady eyes. He'd been up in Death Row for the last two months, but before that he was in No. 838, right across from me. No one seemed to know his story.

"You knew him . . . before?" It

was the same voice that had spoken just before. I still couldn't see who it was.

"Yeah, I knew him. We used to work the fights back in thirty-nine, peddling ducats. Harry was good at it — too good to stick to the racket long." Fingers hesitated and looked around. Every man in the room was listening. He went on. "I might as well spill the whole story.

"Harry opened up his own bookie joint after a while, and he cleaned up a good pile. I was in with him on the deal for a while but then there was a little trouble when I opened my mouth at the wrong time, and I had to blow. Never could keep my mouth shut at the right time. Anyhow, Harry shipped me to a place over in Jersey where I could lay low for a while, a coupla rooms up back of the local riding academy. Every so often one of the boys would drop in to give me the score. Well, Harry did fine till he met Annie. And married her."

Fingers paused and looked at his hands. There was a short silence.

"Annie was a sweet kid . . . once. I used to chase after her myself. Got to second base, too. A sweet kid, blonde, big blue peepers, and a shape . . . once."

Someone in the room stirred restlessly.

"So she married Harry. The boys told me how he was going to quit the racket and go off some place with her. Guess he was really nuts about her.

"Anyway, about a month after that Harry himself came over to see me, roaring mad. 'She's double-crossed me,' he hollered, 'some guy's been coming around nights when I'm off on the job. She admitted it today, only she wouldn't say who the louse was. If I get the guy, I'll wring his dirty neck.' Harry hung around a while, raving, and I went out for a quart. When I got back there was a bunch of the boys in talking to Harry. 'My

God, Fingers,' Harry said, 'Annie's been bumped off. Shot, and run over by a car, outside my place.'

"Somebody trying to frame you, Harry,' I said, and it turned out I was right. Next day all the papers came out with 'Bookie Murders Unfaithful Wife' and a long story about how an eye-witness saw Harry drive up in his own car as Annie came out, shoot her twice through the head, run her down, and drive off like mad. Well, Harry lit out for the border. He knew the rap was too tough to beat. I was his only alibi and my word in court would carry about as much weight as a forty-to-one-shot in the Handicap.

"It was just a year ago they got him, in Niagara . . . Christmas Day it was. And he got the chair last night, innocent and a right guy."

Suddenly another voice spoke harshly. It was the guy I couldn't see before, a lanky Polack whose eyes were now gleaming beads. "Innocent . . . yeah!" he said. "Harry was innocent. I know. I was there."

Fingers looked up. "You?"

"Me." His voice was thick. "Me. Johnny Kralauski. She was shot in the head, just like you say, by a guy driving Harry's car. A guy wearing Harry's hat and overcoat. But it wasn't Harry." The Polack had half risen from his seat to bend across the man next to Fingers. "I was that only eye-witness. He was a smaller guy. The hat came down over his ears. I didn't think of it then, but now I know it wasn't Harry. It was you, Fingers."

Kralauski reached out and crushed McGraw's skull like an egg between his massive fists. "You wanted Harry out of the way. Afraid he'd blab. You were too yellow to tackle him, so . . . Annie was my sister, Fingers."

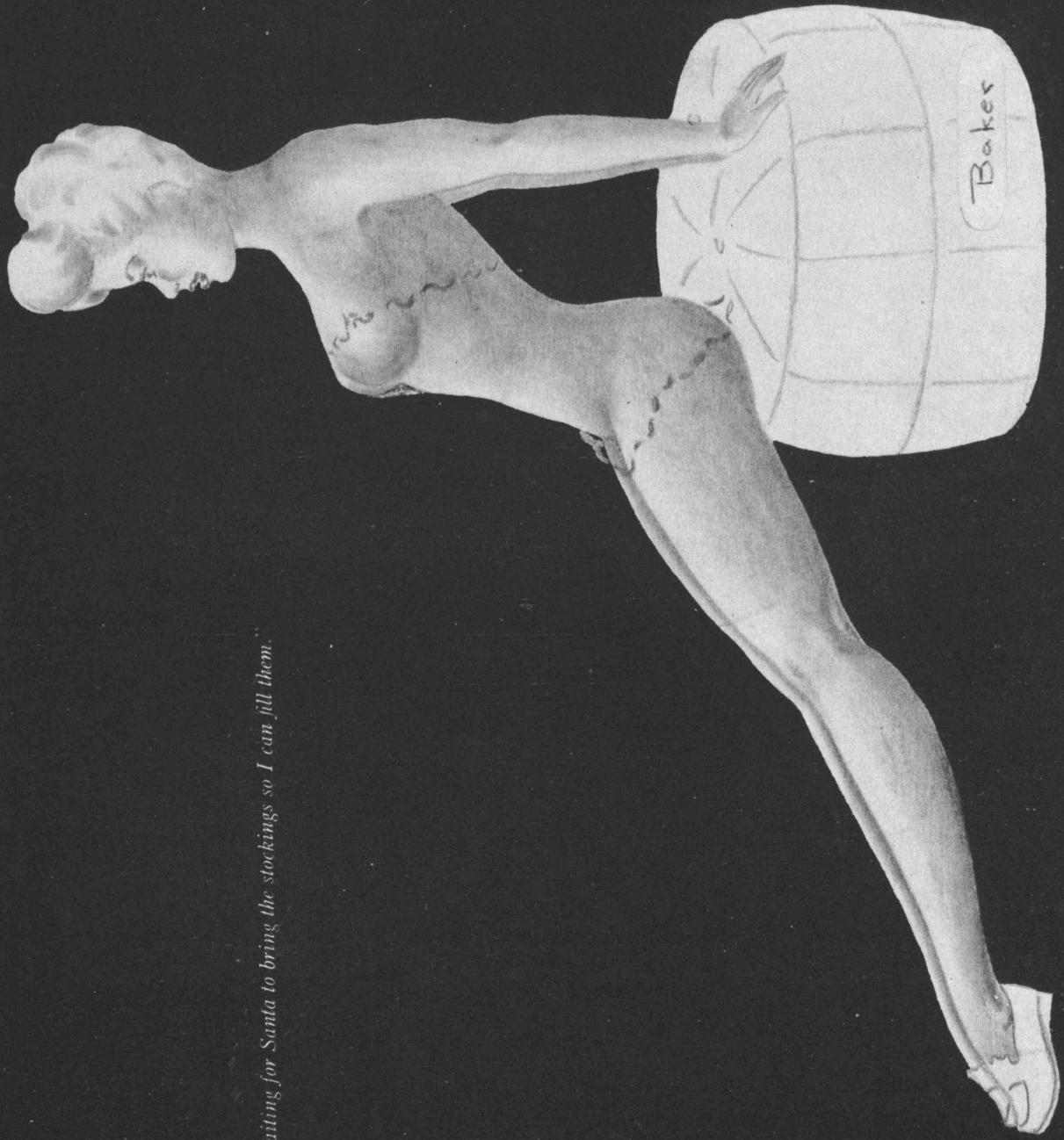
"Never could keep my mouth shut," groaned Fingers as blood spurted from his lips. "Merry Christmas, Joe." He slumped lifeless in his chair.

"Such goings on," I said.

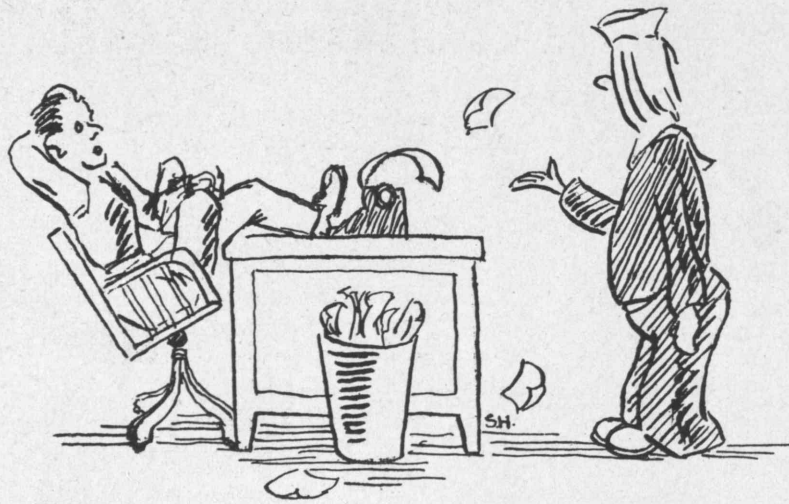
"Yeah," said Old Joe, "maybe ninety-nine years ain't so bad."

— H. P. G.

"I'm waiting for Santa to bring the stockings so I can fill them."



PRESENTING . . .



Once there was a Tech where almost everybody was a civilian and where freshman fodder for campus publication staffs was plentiful. It was during this golden age of late 1941 that Jack Leon Uretsky signed up for the Voo Doo Lit. Department. At the time, he was also an ardent member of the freshman debating society, Drama-shop, football squad, and craps team, to say nothing of the *Tech* staff. His outward appearance was that of an ill-fed sheep dog, but he soon revealed that he had the mentality of an ill-fed sheep dog. His Thurberish philosophy was evidenced by the character of the short stories that he produced for the greedy Voo Doo public. It was an era of over-emphasis on sex, and Jack, better than any of the other recruits, could satisfy the reading public's lust.

But then came December seventh followed quickly by the eighth and ninth. Hardly eight months later, Uretsky answered the call of his country and joined the E.R.C. How reassuring it was to know that he could now finish his work at Tech under the auspices of the U. S. Army.

When the Army called every member of the Reserve to active service in March 1943, Jack forgot his personal

ambitions in order to serve the better. Besides, he was given no choice in the matter. So it was that the Cat bid a fond farewell to its rising young genius, and so it was Uretsky wound up his relationship with the twenty-odd young women who had by now come under his spell.

Time passed. One afternoon last July the current General Manager was lounging in the office with a cigarette dangling from lip when he saw a strange vision materializing in the doorway. It was Uretsky in a baggy V-12 uniform! Jack told vaguely of wanderings from Tech to Army to Navy Air Cadet School to V-12 back to Tech, but the G.M. only cursed happily and led him to a desk with one typewriter and three gross of blank paper stacked neatly. Since that time, Jack has settled back into the groove, and as Lit. Editor has built a department that functions like that of yore, war or no war. Since this is an era of over-emphasis on sex, he has felt right at home and if you don't believe it, read again a few of the stories tagged "J.L.U." that have appeared recently.

Uretsky, a man among editors, a Prodigal Son among men — we toast your further successes.

* * * * *

The party had settled down to a dull roar, and the brothers had disappeared with their dates for a little intramural recreation. One of the smoother seniors in the house was searching hither and yon, high and low, for his date. In utter disgust, said senior plowed his way into the kitchen along with a friend to end it all with some of last week's meatloaf. Imagine his surprise when he found his date with a freshman, necking profusely.

"Good grief," said the senior, with surprising coolness, "I'm going to make some sandwiches."

"But — but what about that freshman necking with your girl?" replied the amazed friend.

"The heck with him," retorted the senior, "let him make his own sandwiches."

— Lafayette Lyre.



First: "I suppose you dance."

Second: "I love to."

First: "Great, that's better than dancing."

— Unique.



"Are you sure my bawth is warm, Rastus?"

"Yassuh, the wahmest ah was evah in."



"Didja see me come in that door?"

"Yes."

"Never shaw me before in your life, didja?"

"Nope."

"Howja know it was me?"

— The Covered Wagon.

A cultured woman is one who can pull up a shoulder strap without going through the motions of a small boy scooping his new hat out of the mud.

— Puff Tent.



Ad in "The Boston Globe," November 26, 1944:

I am alone, want man to share my four furnished rooms.

Where in hell is the Watch and Ward?



"I think Clinton Springer is the most modest man I ever knew."

"How's that?"

"Why, Eleanor called him up on the phone last night and he wouldn't answer because he was in his pajamas."



Heading in "The San Francisco Chronicle," November 22, 1944:

FDR JUST SAID "DAMN" TO MACHINE

Hope Hague and Kelly said "damn" right back.



Department of Noteworthy Knowledge: No one has heard much lately from the Doomsday group who last summer had it all settled that the world was to come to an end on September 7.

The market in Dewey Buttons has dropped off considerably since last report.

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WALKER MEMORIAL

It seems that a former coed was in the habit of sending mash notes to her professors and signing them appropriately. Thus to her English prof, "Literally yours," — to her Math prof, "Mathematically yours," — to her History prof, "Historically yours." Then she took anatomy.

— Ski-U-Mah.

"Love me, love my dog," she said as she drew the Pekinese toward her.

And then he began petting little Toto, too.



A kindly clergyman, pinching little Johnny's knee: "And who has nice dimpled pink legs?"

Little 4-year-old Johnny: "Betty Grable."

— Old Maid.



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CORSAGES

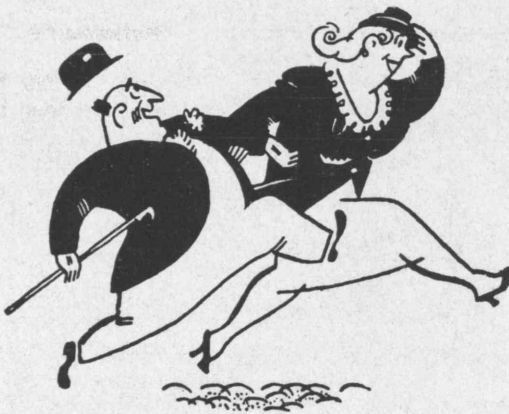
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 Sheraton Operated

Gerald: "I wonder if I could make
 you melt in my arms?"

Geraldine: "No, I'm not that soft
 and you're not that hot."

— Sundial.

Joe: "Why don't you get busy and
 find a job? At your age I was working
 in a store for three dollars a week, and
 five years later I owned the business."

Moe: "You can't do that nowa-
 days — they have cash registers."



"There's only one thing wrong with
 me, blondie, I'm color blind."

"You all sho' must be, mistah!"

— Pelican.



Pi Phi: I caught my boy friend
 flirting.

A Chi O: I caught my boy friend
 that way, too.

— Archive.



"You're the first girl I ever kissed,
 dearest," said the senior as he shifted
 gears with his foot.

— The Scottie.



Dean (to coed): "Are you writing
 that letter to a man?"

Coed: "It's to a former roommate
 of mine."

Dean: "Answer my question."



"You let men love you?"

"No. But I'm not very strong."

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A bird in the hand isn't worth the risk.

— *Lampoon.*



"So you met your wife at a dance. Wasn't that romantic?" asked one sailor of another.

"No, it wasn't. I thought she was taking care of the kids."

— *The Log.*



Prof.: "Who was the first man in antiquity to stress hygiene?"

Fresh.: "Pluto."



"Mother, are there any skyscrapers in heaven?"

"No, son, engineers build skyscrapers."

— *Unique.*



Women's slacks may not mar the beauty above the top but are often unbecoming around the bottom.



Jane: "Nobody loves me; and my hands are cold."

Joe: "God loves you and your mother loves you and you can sit on your hands."

— *Unique.*

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"But you said I could kiss you."
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Innocent was Mabel,
 To smoke or drink — unable,
 She knew not what petting meant;
 Her own pure way she went.

Changed now is Mabel,
 Of naught is she unable,
 Overnight she learned to neck
 She spent that night at Tech!



Ad in "The Boston Post," November 26, 1944:

I WILL NOT be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Mrs. Blank B. Blank, Cambridge.
 — of holy matrimony.



BUY BONDS, NOT BEER



Funeral Director (to aged mourner):
 "How old are you?"
 "I'll be 98 next month."
 "Hardly worth going home, is it?"
 — Unique.



I was kissed one night by a D. T. D.
 I've been cuddled up by an S.A.E.
 I've been loved to death by a D.K.E.
 But I've never been touched by a B.V.D.

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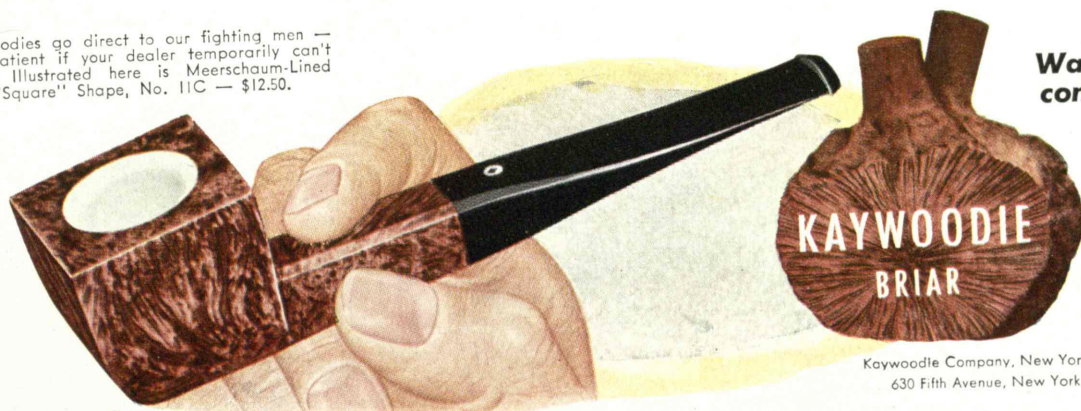
It won't be long now—that's what we're working and fighting for.

And when the work is done, there are plenty of things you'll find unchanged at home—one of them is Kaywoodie, the pipe most men have adopted as the best in the world. It'll be the same mild, cool, flavorful smoke, made of the same fine Mediterranean briar, as before the war, or long ago.

Kaywoodie briar is a natural product. Time, and the sun and soil and wind produce it, and they're not in a hurry. Our seasoning of it isn't hurried, either. It takes years to make a Kaywoodie.

These stout pipes are tempered with special curing-agents, so that they transform tobacco into the most delicious, fragrant, satisfactory smoke you ever tasted. We promise you thoroughly agreeable enjoyment, and we believe you'll find Kaywoodie-smoking one of the best, most satisfactory experiences in life.

Many Kaywoodies go direct to our fighting men — please be patient if your dealer temporarily can't supply you. Illustrated here is Meerscham-Lined Kaywoodie "Square" Shape, No. 11C — \$12.50.



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