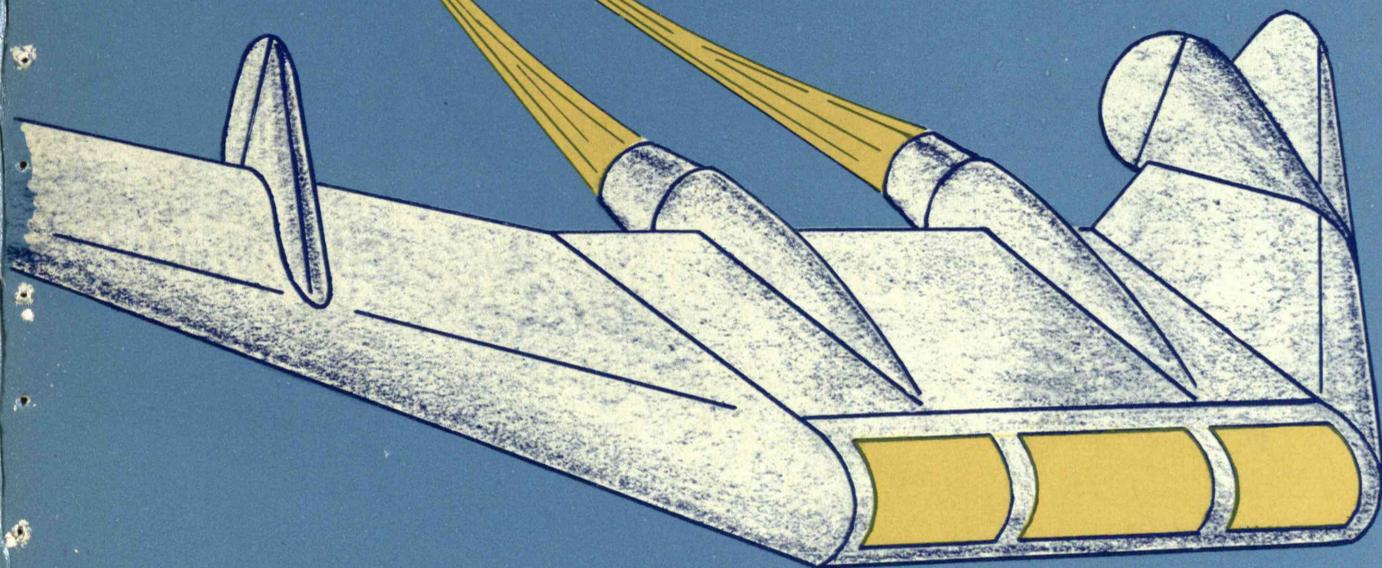


Voo Doo



YOUR BLOOD CAN SAVE HIM



Give one pint of your blood to save the life of a wounded American. Arrangements for donations can be made at the TCA Blood Donor Booth, Information Office, Building Seven, or by calling KENmore 9600. Give now. The time is short and the need is urgent.

THE advent of spring to Boston brings up an old standby which we feel may be a new idea to many of our fellow sufferers. Naturally, it's the "Pops," at Symphony Hall, Massachusetts Avenue at Huntington. With Arthur Fiedler again conducting, the programs once more feature the orchestra in both semi-classical and popular pieces. And, of course, that extra-added attraction is the noisy floor section, where all types of liquid beverages are available, where champagne and beer bottles decorate table after table.

A good suggestion as to a time for a date at the "Pops" is next Saturday evening, which is Tech Night. Phos is holding a sizeable blow-out there for the staff on this date, and from the looks of things, numerous groups from Tech will be celebrating the occasion in an atmosphere of wine, women, and song à la Fiedler.

WE'VE been following the shows which have lately been appearing at this town's four legitimate theatres, and although we are still rooters for the New York stage, we are impressed with the number and quality of the string of shows which have recently hit town or are now playing here. Messrs. Schubert appear to have cornered the best of the lot, including "Rosalinda," "Allah Be Praised," "Follow the Girls," and "Dream with Music," but the other theatres have



come through with "Arsenic and Old Lace," "Janie," "A Connecticut Yankee" (all at the Colonial), "Decision" and "Lovers and Friends."

We are by no means addicts to the theatre, but we can enjoy an occasional evening at a good play or musical; the present situation in Boston gives us good reason to recommend to our readers an evening at one of the present string of legitimate stage shows.

A NOTICEABLE trend has now, as spring runs on, developed into an avalanche of pilgrimages to Ipswich, on the North Shore. For the uninitiated, Ipswich is the site of Crane's Beach

one of the top shore resorts in the local area. It's about thirty miles north of town and may be reached by train, although it's convenient to have an automobile at your disposal. The beach is recommended as a good spot for swimming and loafing. For those who like to leave town for the day with a crowd and bask under the sun, Phos' suggestion is Crane's Beach at Ipswich.

WE'RE still looking around for recommendable eating places, and a while back we ran across the Colonial Kitchen at the Eliot House, Commonwealth Avenue at Massachusetts Avenue. This is one of a group of four such restaurants located in the city; the others are on Berkeley, Charles, and Mt. Vernon Streets. We find this particular one the most convenient to school. What we liked about the Colonial was this: excellent service and atmosphere and amazingly reasonable prices. Most of the dinners are priced at \$.95, and a full steak dinner is offered at \$1.50. The service is particularly prompt and courteous.

We'd like to get across one point — here's a place to get an inexpensive but delicious dinner, a dinner for which we would expect to pay quite considerably more. If you've got a yen to eat away from Walker, the Grad House, or the fraternity, we'd suggest for a reasonably priced meal, the Colonial.

Voo Doo

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Volume XXVII

MAY, 1944

No. 4

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Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

The
**HOTEL
GARDNER**
Grill...



Where you always get
"The Best for a Little Less!"

Luncheons from 55c · Dinners from 85c

Conveniently located between Mass. and
Symphony Subway Station. Plenty of
FREE PARKING Space.

Banquet Rooms
for Large and
Small Parties
COM. 3110



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

Minister (at a funeral): "Friends,
all that remains here is the shell, the
nut is gone."

— Fritol.



"Why don't you use that other
straw?"

"This one's not empty yet."



WE MUSTN'T BE NASTY TO THE JAPS DEPT.

The policy of the people's leaders
on such name calling is shown by the
protest which the National Association
for the Advancement of Colored
People recently lodged with Admiral
Halsey for calling the Japanese "yel-
low monkeys." The NAACP carried
out the best traditions of the people
by being vigilant in this matter, and
pointing out that such terms support
dangerous racism.—*Facts For Women*,
Mary Inman, Ed.

(At the movies) "You know, it's
wonderful how the movies have ad-
vanced in the past few years."

"Yes. First there was the silent
pictures, then talkies, and now this
one smells."

— Pelican.

Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Little Boy: "I think she's married."

— Penn State Froth.



Headline in Boston Herald:

JAPS IN
SKIRTS OF CHENGHSIEN
Seek to Break Chinese Hold . . .

Velly Warm For May?

Three men were repairing a tele-
phone wire. A woman driving along
the road in her car saw the men climb
the pole.

"Look at those silly fools," she said.
"You'd think I'd never driven a car
before."

— Pelican.



Chief: "How long have you been
working here in the hold?"

A.S.: "Ever since I saw you coming
down the ladder, sir."

— Fritol.

They call her the village queen because every poker player in town has held her.

— *Urchin.*



Once upon a time there was a ministry of information carrier pigeon. And as it was flying lesiurely to its destination it was jostled by a second pigeon which bawled, "Get a move on! I've got the denial!"

— *Pelican.*



An old negro preacher was explaining to his congregation the difference between faith and knowledge.

"Now, my brethren," he said, "hit's like dis: Dar's Brudder John-sing a sitting on de front seat wid Sister John-sing and de five little John-sings. She knows dey's her chillen — dat's knowledge. He belives dey's his chillen — dat's faith."

— *Yellow Jacket.*

It doesn't take very long before a ring on the table develops into a circle under the eye.

Through his dreamy thoughts
Girls passed to and fro.
Like in and out of a powder room
The ladies come and go.

— *Pelican.*



First Kangaroo: "Annabelle, where's the baby?"

Second Kangaroo: "My goodness, I've had my pocket picked."



"Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

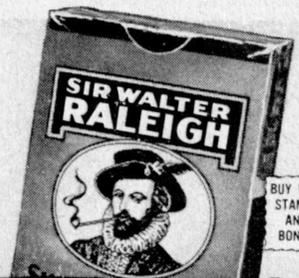
"Your face is clean, I don't know about your imagination."

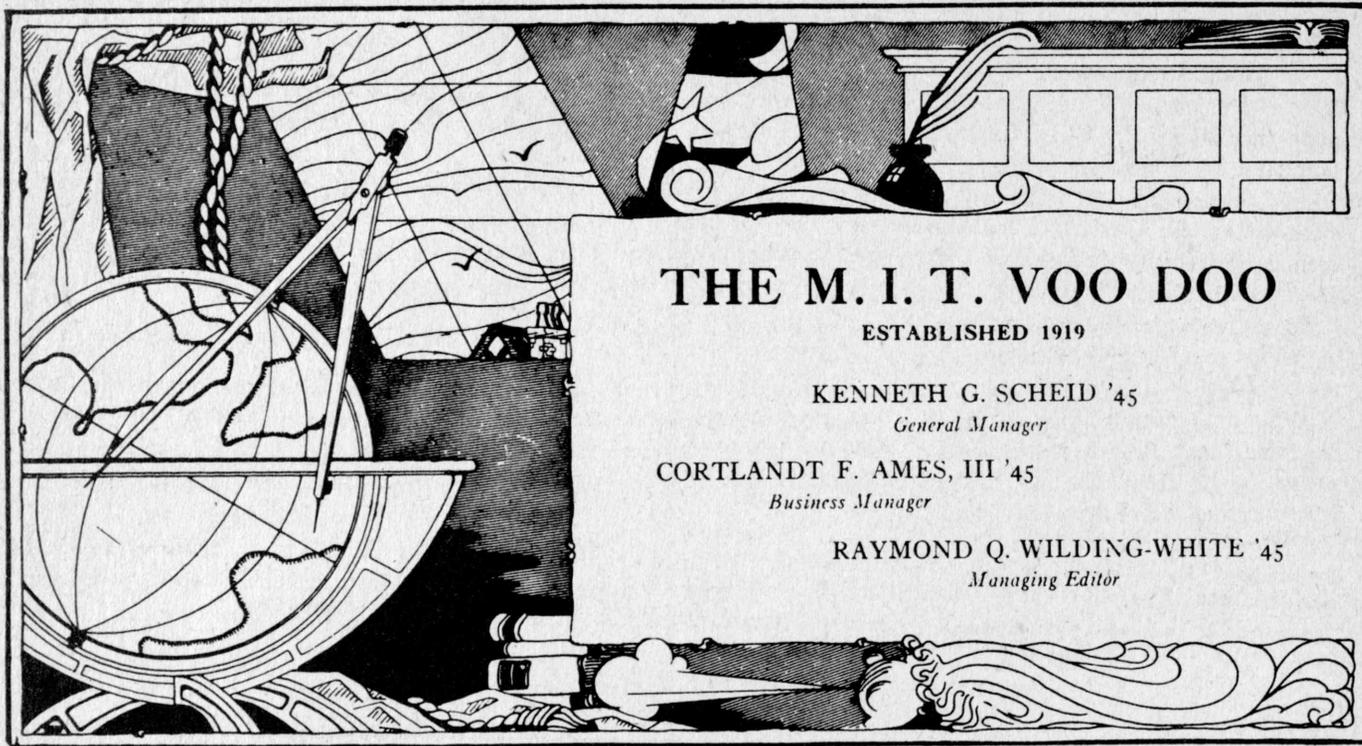


"Bugler Carroll gets 'em up faster with fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh"

**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

**"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"**





THE M. I. T. VOO DOO

ESTABLISHED 1919

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General Manager

CORTLANDT F. AMES, III '45
Business Manager

RAYMOND Q. WILDING-WHITE '45
Managing Editor

Paging Rube Goldberg

"IT'S *Amazing Stories* for me!" ranted the Cat, as he sat in seemingly pensive mood at the office a few days ago. We were somewhat shocked, for here was our Phos, who had only a month ago been complaining of the ban in Boston against good books, now uttering his preference for the Rube Goldberg atmosphere of this particular brand of pulp story. "That Cat," we surmised, "has something on his mind."

"Cat," we inquired, "have you given up your serious literary pursuits to waddle in the mire of the dime novel?" He was quick to respond. "My interests are not literary. I can easily show you my basis for disgust."

From the stack of exchanges and popular magazines on which he had been resting Phos removed one of the more popular weekly publications. He rapidly leafed through the magazine but failed to stop where we had expected — at one of the stories which we had felt might have displeased him. He dug into the advertising section and finally located what he sought.

"Listen to this — Product of the Future — X-ray your tires, Find that hidden nail!" Phos was ready to continue his process of observation. "This is just one of the ridiculous ads which are creeping into every worthwhile publication in the country today. Again, I ran across this one not so long ago — a beautiful sketch titled 'The Classroom of Tomorrow — every seat is a front seat.' The thing showed a student looking at a television screen through multi-lens glasses, the point being that the screen would bring to the classroom important world events as they happened."

We cut him short. "Both of the devices which you mention are entirely feasible, my friend. For that matter, they have already been developed to a considerable extent. It's probable that many of your ads for new devices and products are based on actual models."

"Granted that some of these devices are not impossible, I maintain, however, that many of the suggestions as to uses, now being offered by the advertiser, are absolutely ridiculous, and they know it. I can mention two additional examples — steam heated vegetable gardens and monster planes."

"Cat," we remarked, "what has all this got to do with *Amazing Stories*?"

"Just this — If I'm going to have to stand the fantasy of the Rube Goldberg idea men who write the ads now appearing frequently in the large publications, I might as well switch to the magazine which makes no bones about admitting them to be ridiculous and letting it go at that."

We dropped the discussion at this point, but on the way to the office the next afternoon we happened to be running through a copy of a national weekly. Remembering Phos' comments, we glanced at the ads, and although our feelings were rather confused and indefinite, we began a search for the latest copy of *Amazing Stories*. We're afraid, however, that a group of advertising men have bought them all and are now at work on the copy for future insertions.

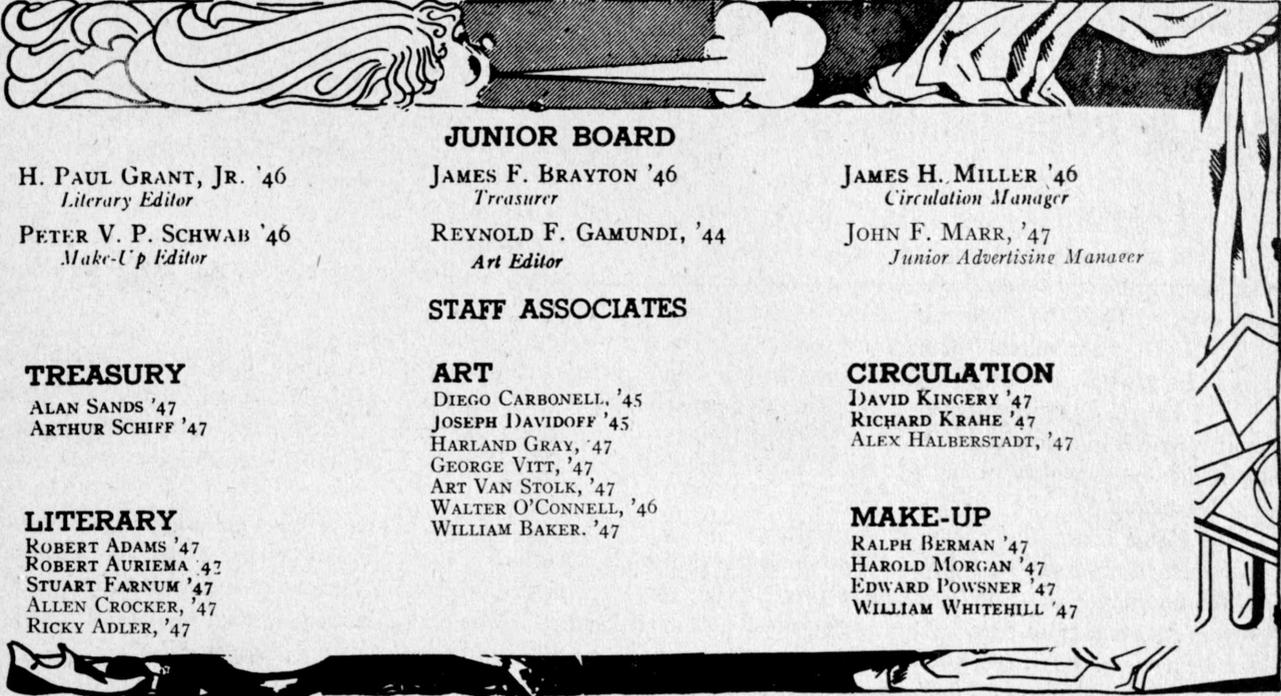
* * * * *

PHOS extends to Preston Sandiford, Carolyn Kaye, Sally Keith, The "Mayor" of Scollay Square, and those countless unnamed individuals sincere thanks for the information which has made possible our profound discussion of Life in the Square.

* * * * *

THE Cat announces with pleasure the appointment to the Junior Board of John D. Marr, '47, as Junior Advertising Manager. Phos also regrets to announce the resignation of Edgar Andrews, '46, Personnel and Publicity Manager, from the Junior Board as a result of temporary withdrawal from the Institute for ill health.

* * * * *



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For GOOD FOOD
Enjoy Luncheon and Dinner
in the smart ENGLISH DINING ROOM



For RELAXATION
The colorful MANDARIN COCKTAIL LOUNGE
is one of Boston's most popular rooms.



For PARTIES
THE PATIO, COLONIAL LOUNGE and
CAPTAIN'S CABIN offer ideal facilities
for dances, banquets and other events.

The Myles Standish
BEACON STREET AT KENMORE SQUARE, BOSTON
HARLEY H. BOSWELL, MGR.

Frosh to Co-ed date: "Do you oscu-
late?"

Co-ed: "What do you think I am,
a pendulum?"

Father's DAY
Gifts to Please

Corcoran's
CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

When a bunch of girls get together,
pity the one who leaves first.



The cashier went riding with the
usher. They hadn't gone far before
she got kissed.

"Oh, how can I face the public to-
morrow with my dress all mussed?"
she moaned.

"I didn't muss your dress," re-
torted the usher.

"But, darling, you're going to,
aren't you?"



Since women have been wearing
shorter skirts there have been fifty
per cent less street car accidents. Why
not prevent such accidents entirely?
— *Urchin.*



First Coed: "I said some very fool-
ish things to Frank last night."

Second Moll: "Yes?"

First Coed: "That was one of
them."

— *Froth.*



"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"
"Now that you mention it, you do
look familiar."

— *Pelican.*

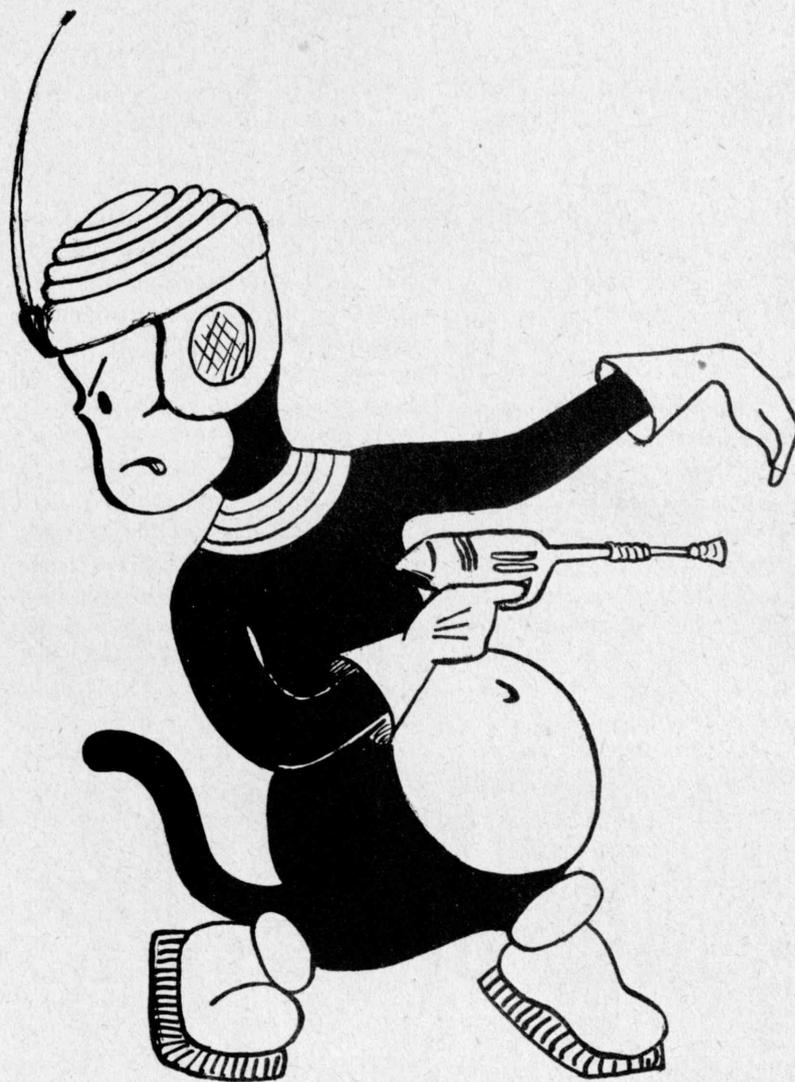


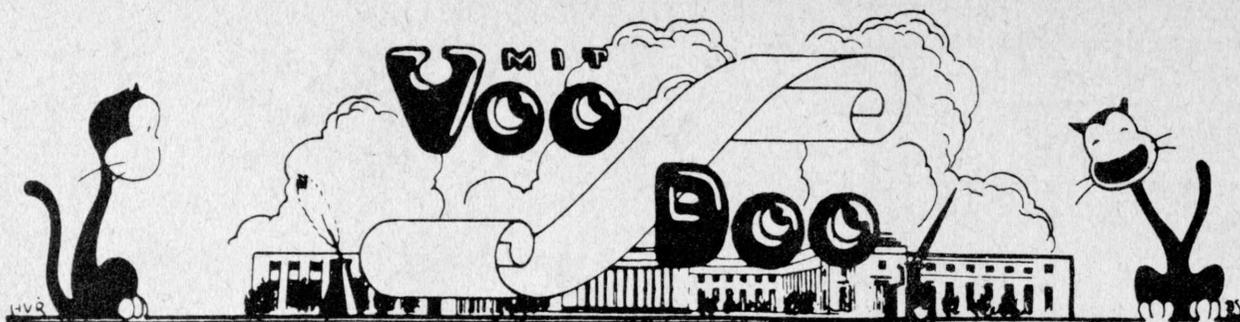
V-12: "Hello, girls, you wouldn't
care to go with us, would you?"

Boot Camp: "Hello, girls, you will
go with us, won't you?"

Fleet: "Hello, girls, where are we
going?"

FUTURISTIC NUMBER





WE would like to take this chance to recommend to all those who attended the I.F.C., the latest issue of *The Tech's* "Fido" (a side-issue rag used by the men of the staff to give vent to their introvert emotions), for in it a letter is to be found sent by us to the Editors of *The Tech*, giving the details of a challenge to a game of baseball.

Should you not have seen this latest copy of that particularly malodorous newspaper, we would like to give you in "*un mot juste*" the gist of the challenge, viz.:

The members of *The Tech* are strongly suspected of decrepitude from too long an exposure to the unhealthy surroundings of the Walker Basement. Our only reasons for believing this is that every time they come out with an issue, they are too

weak to carry it to some place where it can be seen, and therefore few people have ever seen *The Tech* sales desk. However, being broad-minded, we have given them one final chance to prove that there is something of a past glory still remaining in them, that they still have the strength to come and be beaten by 90 to 6, if not by their customary 70 to 23 of the days of yore, and thereby prove to the world that the paper is not run by a race of one-celled amoebae—it is run by a race of two-celled amoebae.

By the time you read this magazine, you may have heard the final outcome of the game. We are not soothsayers and cannot predict the score to the actual number, but somewhere between 10 to 0 and 50 to 2 is about accurate.

If we lose (we don't want to sound

too conceited) you will have heard the score, but you will not have heard how Dvorak, running into second, whipped out a Thompson Sub-Machine-Gun, mowed down the outfield, knifed second in the back, sandbagged first and third and tortured the-umpire into submission.

FOR quite some time, the almost legendary Radiation Lab girls have been furnishing us with a wealth of material. This little escapade, which we are about to recount, seems to us to rank with the best of the tales of these gallivanting females. A friend of ours, taking advantage of this rare Massachusetts spring weather, was sitting on the steps of Building Ten a few days ago, wasting away a few spare moments. Suddenly, some girl-ish giggles were heard from behind one of the large columns, the source remaining hidden.

"Oh, we can't do that! It's improper!" came one somewhat serious voice.

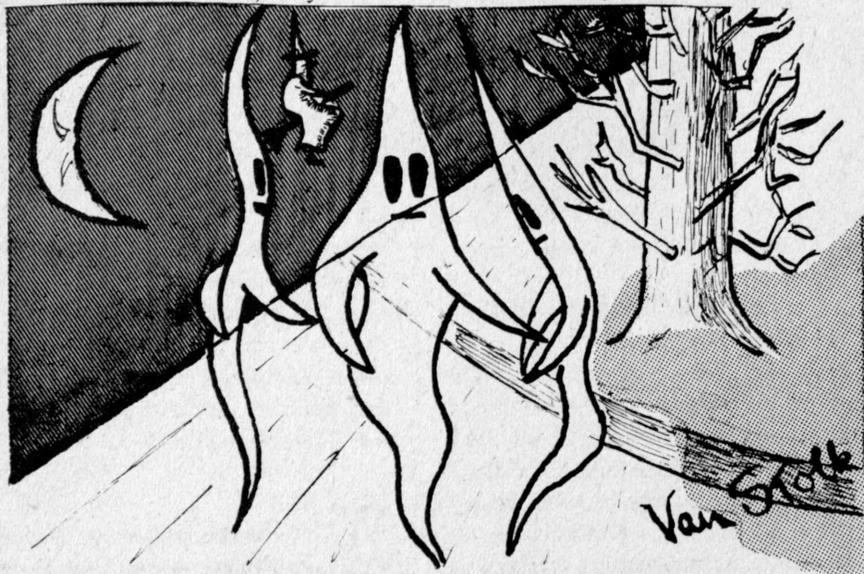
"Aw, don't be such a killjoy; let's go! It can't hurt anything," answered a gay little thing.

"What'll people think?" retorted the serious one.

She was soon drowned out by shrieks of "Don't be a 'fraidy-cat,'" "Why not?" and "You're over eighteen; you can do it."

"Come on," giggled another voice, "maybe we can catch a man with it!"

"Wait till I get it from under my coat," our friend heard. It wasn't till



"Look alive tonight, boys!"

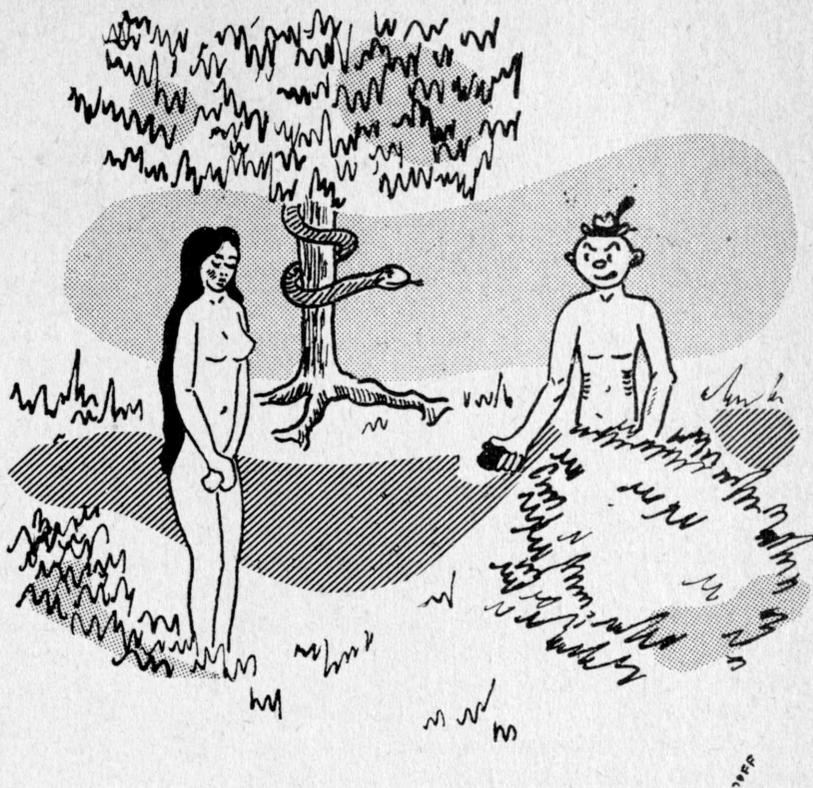
then that he saw about a half-dozen dashing dolls carry a hunk of wash-line out on the greensward and begin playing jump-rope.

WHAT with everybody and his little brother in the V-12 unit, it is difficult for us not to run across little incidents about Tech sailors that have a tendency to put the United States Navy in a rather humorous light. Therefore, why the authorities of the unit have to go out of their way to provide us with comic material is quite beyond our understanding.

For instance, several months ago when they put out a notice saying that "all hot foots and the custom of placing lighted matches in the hands of sleeping friends is to be discontinued," we had to laugh. Later when all of a rainy day some one got the brilliant idea that water is bad for the eyes and should therefore be kept out by decorating the little 12ers with down-brimmed hats that strongly resembled inverted cuspidors, we again had to laugh, this time accompanied by a cartoon. Finally, now that they have announced that no man's hair is to be more than one inch long, we turn and smile.

WHAT goes on behind the stolid exteriors of some of our more well known faculty members is a thing wonderful to contemplate. When you have finally convinced yourself that nothing whatever can be going on back of those sloping foreheads, something happens to upset all your calculations. It is just possible that we underestimate the capabilities of the BMOF's, for when . . . well, here's the story.

Professor Levinson had promised that he would never look up from his little book while taking roll in his 6.40 classes. Of late, some of the lads suspected him of peeking, and with good reason. Every day there was one empty seat in the back row, whose rightful occupant we shall designate



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

as Blotz. Every day a small voice from somewhere would pipe up with a muffled "Here!" in answer to Blotz's name. This happy state of affairs went on for several weeks, until just yesterday, in fact, when the roll was read off with a slight variation. Professor Levinson's dry tone did not change as he intoned, "Abner, Ahkant, Beasly, Blotz's friend. . ."

AGAIN we have to drag the Navy V-12 Unit into the picture. It would seem that no V-12er can ever go to class without pulling a beaut that is a natural for this column.

This little story has to do with those incredible creations, the class monitors. Ah! the little monitors. The pretty little monitors. We don't know what we would do without you. Notice, for instance, the little hard-working monitor who plodded wearily through his list. . . Katzenbaum . . . Here . . . Kvetzterian . . . Here . . . Zzgpodzky . . . Here — the whole list

completely answered. He settled down quietly and the class started, whereupon three stalwart Navy lads marched into the class. Twins no doubt.

But, as Senator Ford or Harry Hershfield would say when they lay an egg, this is not the one we wanted to tell. The one we had in mind is about the little hard-working monitor who worked so hard, so hard plowing away through his roll check. Suddenly he landed on one Blotz who was present in grey flannels and a sports shirt. "Hey," yelled out little monitor — "where the hell is your uniform?" "What uniform?" "Your undress blues. Why aren't you in them?" "Because I'm a civilian, damn it." Come now, boys, why not just take that list and pick any fifteen names out of the phone book.

WE were the public at a recent little performance in which we did not

Continued to page 25

THE LITTLE KING



SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

THERE was a flurry of excitement in the neighborhood when the Cayce family announced the birth of a bouncing forty-three pound baby. Incredible multitudes flocked from miles around to gape with awe. The Great Dane pup became famous overnight. Dog-lovers flooded the mails with fan letters. It was therefore quite natural that the arrival of chubby little King Cayce went unnoticed amid all the confusion. It must be said, however, that this was to be his first and last unpublicized, unadvertised appearance, for at an extremely early age, King revealed his true character of promotor and high-pressure salesman by personally financing and producing a baby contest to beat all baby contests. Master of Ceremonies was General Douglas MacArthur. Over a nationwide hook-up, millions of Americans heard every move. Need-

less to say, King Cayce won hands down. Then in a succession of rapid moves, he sold his mother a year's supply of shaving cream and his father a half interest in the Brooklyn Dodgers, escaping safely across the border before a regiment of T-Men closed in on his Cleveland home.

Thus begins one of the most fascinating personal sagas of modern times. To attempt to follow in detail his wanderings and adventures through the bright years of childhood and youth is, as Gorki would have put it, "impossible." It is enough to say that many, many years later, King Cayce suddenly reappeared in the guise of a young man working his way through prep school, selling machine tools to Mexican peasants. Even today, he still rakes in a fair income from the business, though he has little use for it since, as a full-ranking Appren-

tice Seaman, he receives the generous wage doled out to our armed services.

In Cayce the young man we find two remarkable changes. First, his face has grown more generously cherubic since the days when his crib was his office. Second, he has become a connoisseur of the good things in life, the finer edibles and the better liquors. He is a veritable reference catalogue of Boston's eating places. If it is smorgasbord served up on a burnished shield of battle that you desire, he can tell you where it can be had, and he'll add a quick resume of the hired help's capabilities, the quality of the plate, and a breakdown of the prices.

He is still the man of action at heart, however, and whenever there is promotion in the wind, Cayce is bound to be somewhere not too far to windward. It was he who organized the "P" Club by rolling a barrel of beer into the lobby of the Kenmore and rounding up a few of the BMOC's to share it. It was he who put over the recent "Tech Activities Week" by deft manipulation of his authority as member of the Inst. Comm. And to top all his previous feats of promotion, Cayce recently accomplished one of the most unbelievable jobs of salesmanship ever witnessed at the Institute. He got a coed on the Walker Memorial Committee. How he ever brought the business to a successful conclusion is a puzzle that has stumped such authorities as the girls of the Margaret Cheney Room, the Superintendent of Buildings and Power, and even Norbert Weiner.

By necessity, King is something of a social butterfly, or perhaps it would be more apt to say a social steam-roller. As spark of the "P" Club, charter member of any number of Theta Chi drinking outfits, and prime force in the Beaver Key social program, he constantly finds himself at dances, banquets, orgies, and brawls of every description, and more frequently than not, in the spotlight. He

Continued to page 23.

The Vernal Equinox Reaches the Institute

SPRING is here
 One-fourth of the year
 Sun in the Great Court
 What sport

but where is the little man who
 tells you which is the east
 side of the room?

Spring is here
 The grass is riz
 And once again
 Mosquitoes is



hairy Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?
 with silver bells, and cockle shells . . . and one goddam egg
 plant.

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd
 dove;

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turn to
 thoughts of — STOP — I'll go

what I want to know is who is the sadistic bloke that put
 that damn table right in the middle of the aisle in the frosh
 physics lab, so that everybody has to go around?

In days when daisies deck the ground
 And blackbirds whistle clear
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year.

(Courtesy Rob't Burns Cigar Co.)

and why does the elevator always go to the basement first?



Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea

are you going to hold a dance? ???

Again rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
 All freshly steeped in morning dews

who invented the \$5.00 fine?

The flowers that bloom in the Spring, Tra la
 Have nothing to do with the case.

all of which proves — the best way to find out what day
 it is, is to look at the top of your quiz paper; they always
 get it right.

A. C. C.

I HAVE just come from the stupendous premiere of "They Also Ran," the latest masterpiece of that genius of the screen, the world's greatest and most famous director, Korlif Tzardos. It was a great affair, and was witnessed by all the elect of the world: Greer Garson, Lady Astor, Frank Hague, Mrs. Roosevelt — to name a few. The ovation that greeted the great man as he stepped out after the performance to take a bow was something that will go down in history with the San Francisco earthquake.

However, despite the fact that the name of Tzardos is placed on a rank with that of the Immortal Bard of Avon, and that it is a name familiar to the most ignorant of Zulus, when one sees the great director going down Hollywood Boulevard simply clad and unescorted (except for two men with neon signs saying "Korlif the King," one man with a red plush carpet, and fifteen secretaries with rubber stamps dispensing autographs), one realizes how simple and retiring is true genius.

Yes, Korlif Tzardos well remembers his hard and tedious beginning in the movie industry, and it is this that makes him so simple and easy in his way of life.

I remember him well, Korlif Tzardos, when he was only J. Gugenheimen Schlutz, slowly climbing the Symphony Hall podium in a stolen cap and a gown marked "Eat at Joe's," to receive his diploma in Course XXV. I remember him on the platform of Back Bay after the commencement, and I recall how he grasped my hand and said, "Good bye, Hector, I am off to make or break Hollywood. With my ideas, Hollywood will see a new light. Adieu, my friend." And so saying, he black-jacked me and relieved me of my clothes and wallet. Thus it was that with great dreams in his head, J. Gugenheimen Schlutz headed for the land of glamor and footlights.

But, as is the case with all the great men in this world, his reception was a cold one. From the brassy frontal ap-

The Memoirs of Hector Canworthy, Techman

VII. *The Rise of Karlif Tzardos*

proach of all newcomers, he descended to pleading at the casting office, to acting the whole of Macbeth in front of the producers' houses, in a hope that they would see a glimpse of him, to sitting outside of movie directors' homes saying, "Shine, Sir?" in sixteen different dialects.

"See here," an old woman told him, "if you want to crash into this business, you can't go around the way you've been doing it. There's only one way to get at those directors. You've got to get a job as a servant in their homes and tackle them there before they fire you."

Our scene shifts.

It had been a hard day for Lucius Goldfarb, of GMG. He had had a Super Colossal Extra Tremendous Production go sour on him, the final budget had only come to \$3.75, instead of the beautifully calculated



\$75,000; one of his stars had passed the whole day without being temperamental; worst of all, his deadly rival, Fenton F. Fishbein, of Nineteenth Century Rabbit, had snagged the year's best seller, "Advanced Theory of Calculus," for a measly million. Moreover, he was having domestic trouble. That morning he had fired seventeen servants in succession for registering, reciting, declaiming, and otherwise forcing their talents on him. At about noon he had engaged a butler who had seemed to be perfect; he didn't even know the first line from "Gone With the Wind." It was this little thing that comforted Lucius

Goldfarb as he entered his luxurious Beverley Hills home.

As he relaxed in his chair, he noticed a note from his wife; picking it up, he glanced at it and his toupee stood up in horror. "Darling," it read, "I am bringing a few more guests than we planned for cocktails this evening. I may have about five hundred. Have some Scotch ready."

It was those last lines, "Have some Scotch ready," that did it. A Hollywood party without Scotch is like a Russian Tea Party without Vodka. With an awful sense of despair, he realized that he had only seventy bottles left, and that not another drop was to be bought in the whole of Los Angeles.

It was, therefore, with a cry of joy that he saw his butler enter with six inches of hip flask protruding from his pocket. He grasped the man by the shoulder and asked him, "Is that yours?"

"Yes."

"Can you get more?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Ninety gallons."

"My boy, name your price, name your price."

"I will. A contract as director-producer for GMG."

And so it was that J. Gugenheimen Schlutz became Korlif Tzardos. In the first wee million he spent on his first B class serial, the genius of Korlif became apparent to the whole industry. His name became famous, his films rose from one-million to second-rate six-million films, and, finally, he was given the direction of GMG's greatest film, the film in which Korlif's most sensationally radical idea was to be used. The hero was to get out of bed in crumpled pajamas.

It seemed as if the crowning glory

Continued to page 25



To the N.I.P.
"Too Good"
With best
wishes.
Betty Anne
"Kiss + Tell"

When Phos saw this photo of Betty Anne, who has been starring in "Kiss and Tell," he dug a buck-ten out of his pocket to see the show again. He's been threatening ever since to join the road company.

SCOLLAY SQUARE

Ed. Note: The following eye-witness report of a Saturday night's adventures in the Square is entire factual. Any resemblance to living characters and scenes is purely intentional. Two of our most valuable men gave up an entire evening in order to present the browsing public with the answer to the current question, "What is Scollay Square Today?"

By R. W.W. and H. P. G., as told to
H. P. G. and R. W. W.

A CONFUSION of sound greeted our eyes as we emerged from the subway platform of that glorified roller coaster, the Boston El. So this is Scollay Square, hub of sin and ungodliness, home of depravity, center of heathen passions and lusts, where the hand of God has never been felt.

Under these thoughts we were greeted by the strains of "Come To Jesus" being played by three brasses and one bass drum, with much Salvation Army gusto. True, they were playing mostly for their own amazement, but still they seemed oddly out of place against faint background music of "Sophisticated Lady" and ringing pinball machines.

Turning away with averted glance from this pious spectacle we bethought ourselves of the last reporter who had been assigned to cover this district. We recalled how, after gleaning a large quantity of interesting information, he proceeded to pick up a "load" like a truck and in the process had forgotten all he had learned.

With these and other thoughts in our mind, we turned to interviews of the local characters and institutions.

Naturally our first choice was the world's best known tinder box, the Old Howard. Shouldering our way through the M.P.'s, S.P.'s, Kewpies and assorted drunks, we approached the front door of the theatre, had our pockets picked; we approached the back door, had our fingers caught in

the jam; tried the stage door, found it is now a fire escape; finally found the stage door in the back of a fruit store and also found adamant decision on the part of the uncoöperative Old Howardians to keep all newspapermen of any description at a sizeable arm's length.

Restraining an impulse to heave old bricks at the decrepit electric "marquee" which hangs like a sword of Damocles over the passers-by on Howard Street, we mingled once more with the crowd and passed on to the edges of Bowdoin Square where the furloughed sailors blend with the outskirts of the Hotel Imperial.

We accosted a couple of stray S.P.'s and drew them into a little conversation.

"There isn't much really going on here, just a bunch of characters," commented one.

"And speaking of characters," volunteered his companion, "here's one of the best. He's been hanging around here for near on forty years. Well,



make it thirty-five." And with this he beckoned to a medium-sized character almost wearing a gray tweed and bearing a noticeable "load." He had a face like a badly motheaten Rembrandt and wore his tongue outside.

"Ya wanna get out of that uniform," he says, "get a good job. You just come around to old Doc. . . ."

He grasps our lapels and draws us into a close and confidential huddle.

"They all know the Doc, and I know them all. Curley, Tobin, . . ."

"He's the Mayor of Scollay Square," grinned one of the S.P.'s.

"You want a good job on the Chamber of Commerce? You want a big money job? Come around tomorrow at four; I'm the man that can get you a seat on the board."

He starts to stagger off, then as if an afterthought, he slips his little finger into the blouse, buttonholes one of us against the wall. "By the way," he says, "can you lend me a dime till then?"

We didn't get very much more out of the S.P.'s.

"Things aren't what they used to be around here. It's just the same thing every night. Nothing much, just brawls. . . . Pardon me, there's a ——— of a fight now," and he strolled off muttering, "No, things aren't. . . ."

We followed him down to the center of the fray and got ringside seats to see six sailors tossed with art and agility out of the Imperial into a passing taxi.

"They'll be all right now," said our friend, "if they don't club the taxi driver."

Swinging wide the door of the Imperial we crushed a handful of sailors against the wall without and muscled our way towards the bar.

As we strolled by we glanced at the orchestra — three adolescent jazzhounds, including a piano player who could hardly see over the keyboard — and thought of the man power problem. Pulling up to the bar, we engaged one of the bouncers in conversation.

"You got Scollay Square all wrong,"

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

“BETTER GO TO BROOKS”

Big as our business is — we have always tried to run it with all the personal attention and individuality of a small one. For instance, while cutting large quantities of plain woollens in Brooks Brothers' Ready-made Suits, we have always rigidly restricted the number of suits cut from patterned materials — in order to keep such a suit from meeting itself all over town.

In view of wartime shortages — when any quantity of good material of any kind might be justifiably used to the limit — this policy is more difficult to follow today than ever before. Nevertheless it remains unchanged.

Ready-made Suits, \$58 to \$92
Sixth Floor Shop Suits, \$43 to \$55

BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET



NOW IN THE SECOND QUARTER OF OUR SECOND CENTURY
1818-1944
AS MAKERS OF MILITARY AND NAVAL UNIFORMS

he said. “Why this is the cleanest part of town. We don’t have no trouble, nothing ever happens around here. No fights, nothing . . .”

He beamed a rotund smile at us and proceeded.

“You been in other towns, you know how they are, . . . why Boston is the cleanest town of the lot.”

Changing the subject.

“You want to take a look at the Howard,” he said, “that’s the oldest theatre and one of the greatest in the country. . . . All the big actors in the country have started at the Howard.”

We refrained from mentioning that they had ended there too, and our friend reminisced of the past glories of the Howard.

“Back in the days of that guy who ran the amateur show before Bowes, the man with the Hook, Sam Cohen, all sorts of guys came up from the Howard: Allen, Fields,” and he added

a list of guys who were entirely unknown to us and possibly to a great many others.

We then happened to mention the apparent manpower shortage among his musicians.

In his loquacious way, our interviewee was as silent as a clam.

“Nah,” he said, “they’re all over twenty-one. They work defense jobs in the day time. We’ve had all sorts of good musicians down here. Why we had a bunch of fellows from Harvard just recently.”

We thanked him and turned away. As we did, he added with a sigh the only admission of the evening.

“Things aren’t what they used to be.”

Casting another glance at the aged infant who was peering laboriously over the edge of the keyboard, we abandoned the Imperial to its fate.

Again we charged the door of the

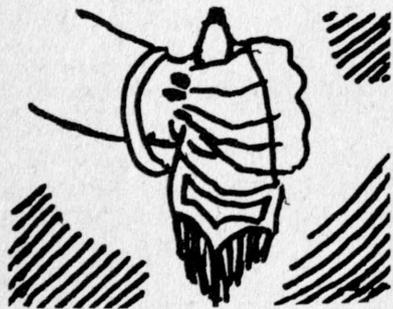
Howard. Again we were repulsed with heavy losses. Experts at handing one the runaround, they referred us to everyone but Erwin Rommel. Somewhat embittered by the unfraternal attitude of the stage door flunkies, we left them with an oath and a handful of our shirt.

“Say, you fellows are from Tech, aren’t you? Where can we find a G-string?” Can’t the Big Brothers at the fraternities get original once in a while? A small, wide-eyed freshman had approached us, furtively eyeing passing females. “We’ll get our — — —’s singed if we don’t turn up in just two hours with a bona fide article,” he moaned. “Please help us.” With the air of benign old sons of the world, we signed him to silence, and approached a distinguished colored gentleman lounging nearby and in a discreet tone inquired where a G-string in good condition could be had

at a reasonable price.

"There's a book store down the street," he confided, "that might be some help. Don't say I said so. Third alley on the right." Pulling up our coat collars, we strode hurriedly around the corner, leading the way. From the third corner we could see a gleam of a single bare light bulb through a window piled high with musty magazines and old placards advertising "The Sheik." We boldly entered, pushing the three lads in ahead. The little leader leaned across the counter and muttered out of the side of his mouth. "I'd like one G-string." The hard-faced character back in the shadows on the other side assumed a violently blank caste of countenance. A less hard-faced character laughed loudly, displaying a mouthful of gold plate and an aroma of listerine and gin.

"Sorry," he chortled, "have to have 'em made to order these days. Priorities, you know."



"We don't carry 'em anyhow, broke in the other. "What for do you want one?"

"Well, it's like this. The upper-classmen . . ."

We didn't listen to the rest of it, having heard the song so often. Our attention was drawn by a gilt card nailed to the wall, bearing the words, "Please do not ask for obscene books. These are enjoyed only by morons and ignorant people."

Noticing the direction of our glance, one of the individuals behind the counter grunted, "Things aren't what they used to be."

Having done our duty by our unfortunate friends, we left them poring

over a copy of a 1923 *Police Gazette* and retraced our steps to the brighter end of the Square. Hardly had we turned onto the gayly lit thoroughfare that fights its way between those dazzling rows of Penny Arcades, peanut stands, and fruit wagons, than we were accosted by a sad-faced individual carrying the traditional "load." He was obviously a pan handler amongst pan handlers, despite the fact that he was comparatively young.

"You know things are tough now," he said, fumbling his pockets. "I been in the merchant marine. Been across four times. Seen a lot of active service, . . . Yea, I shot down four of those Luftwaffes. It was a horrible sight. Blood everywhere. . . . Dead bodies, I saw too much active service so I got a release from the board three and moved into a quiet job. . . ." He dragged out a Civil Service card, ". . . I'm working down at the Morgue . . . now."

It was natural that we should finish our wanderings at the home of Sally Keith, Scollay Square's famous Crawford House. We pulled up to a table, ordered, then went into a lively discussion about birthdays with the waitress. Discussion over, we waited for Preston Sandiford to drag his musicians on stage. Meanwhile we were attracted by a soldier at an adjoining table who had a fistful of coins in one hand and a beer in the other. Every few minutes a coin would slip out of his grasp and fall to the floor. Laboriously he would open his hand and count the remaining coins; if the coin missing was of enough value, he would stoop and retrieve it.

Preston had been recommended to us as a square shooter by the reporter we sent earlier. We were not disappointed. He proved to be very willing to help us with anything he could think of. We asked him whether he did any big band work.

"No money in big band work," he said. "All a man can make in an average big band job is \$150; that's not so good. I've run as many as 18

bands at a time around here," he paused, "no — give me the little bands." We turned to life at the Crawford, and he came through with that phrase we seemed to be hearing a lot. "Things aren't what they used to be around here. Back before the old manager went in the army, there were a million laughs a night around



here."

"What happened to old Russ Howard?"

"Oh, him; he got too dirty for even Scollay Square. He used to depend on plain filth much too much for his line. Went over to the Ken for a while. He's somewhere around Boston now."

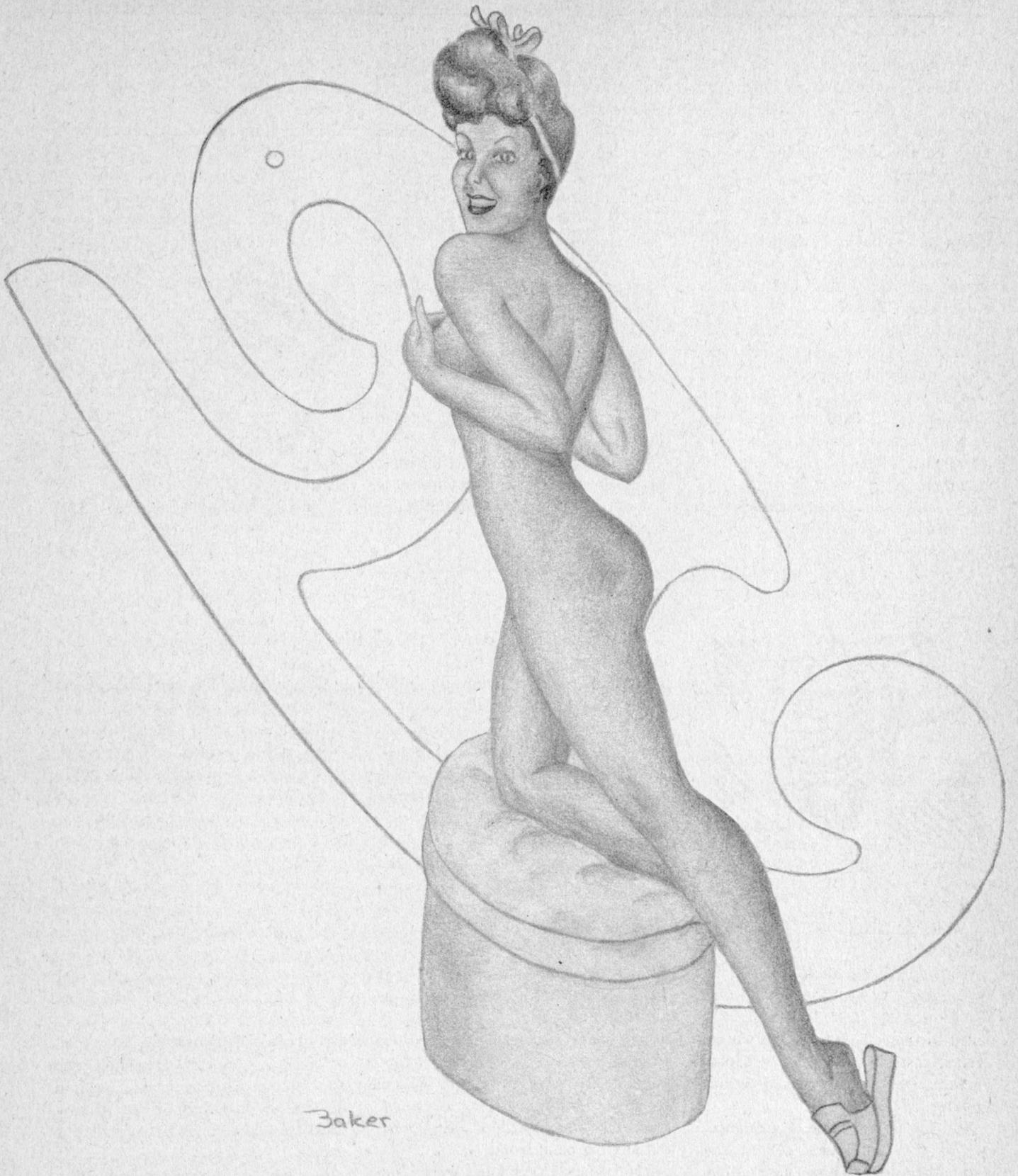
We then asked him what the chances of getting to see Sally Keith were, and he soon proved to us that the Crawford's motto seemed to be "Service with a smile, even to newshounds."

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll present you to Carolyn Kaye, the M. C., and maybe she can present you to Sally."

So we sat by the stage, and after a while, Carolyn emerged from the dense fog of smoke and drew up to our table. We were favorably impressed. Later on we watched her M. C.-ing and we were still more impressed. Though we were never great people for making an impression on people, we must have made a deep and lasting impression on Carolyn, because she introduced singer Jimmy Love over the mike by one of our names.

We were really impressed by Sally. Preston had told us, "She's a shrewd business woman." We believe that

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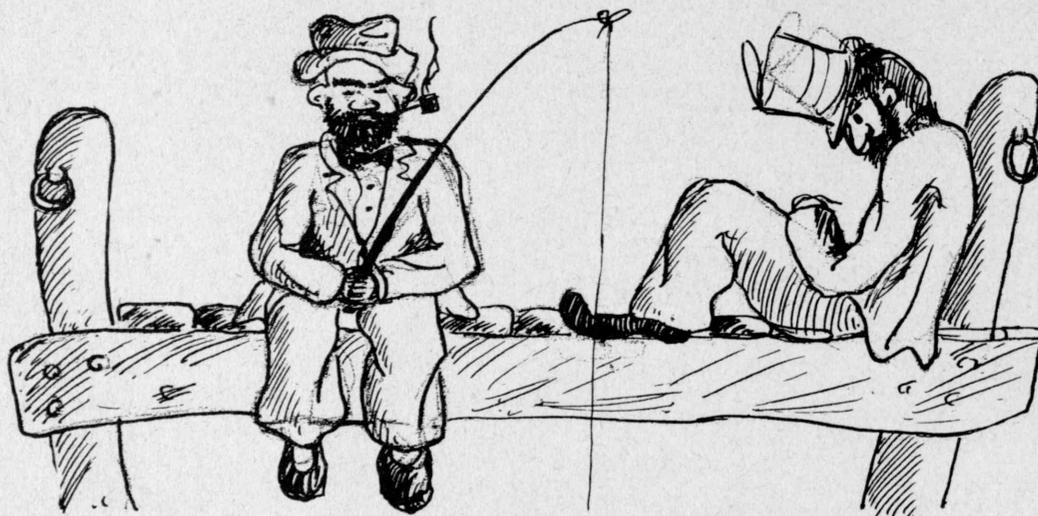


The Shape of Things to Come

Charles River Charter

—MAY 20, 1944—

(In a dramatic meeting aboard City Garbage Disposal Department Barge No. 4 on the Charles, halfway between Boston and Cambridge, President Hobart M. Muldoon and Winson Purley formulated this statement of common postwar aims.)



The undersigned, H. M. Muldoon, president of the Cambridge Board of Trade, and Boss Purley of the Political Club and Protective Association of Boston, being met together, deem it right and fitting to make known certain common principles and policies on which they feel the world may base its hopes for a better and brighter future.

First, their respective organizations seek no aggrandizement or reward other than that justly due them. Let's look at the record. Who has made our communities the cleanest, dryest, and happiest of any in the world? Who is responsible for keeping your children out of the alleys and dives of our fair municipality? Who, People of Ward 27?

Second, they desire to see no changes in the form of government that do not accord freely with the wishes of the People and with the unquestionably better judgment of their leaders; they wish to see self-government and sovereign rights restored. In fact they challenge the People of Boston to fight for them . . . just go ahead and try.

Third, they will endeavor to further the cause of free world trade by abolishing all export duties except those on prophylactics, beer and other mild laxatives.

Fourth, they desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of securing improved labor standards for all. To

this end, they propose the Beverage Social Security Program, which provides for lowering the drinking age to seven and for repealing the 416th amendment to the Blue Laws, which states: "The sale or consumption of alcoholic liquids intended for internal use between the hours of 2.00 a.m. Monday and 12.00 midnight Saturday is hereby prohibited, in accordance with the petition submitted by the Hon. John Hancock Standish Myles, Governor.

Fifth, that the ultimate peace should enable all men to traverse the high seas, oceans, rivers, lakes, streams, sewage conduits, and the Charles without hindrance.

Sixth, they believe that the use of force should be abandoned. Since no future peace can be maintained if the enemy is in a position to fight, they believe that complete disarmament of all forces with the exception of the Boston Homicide Squad, should be effected as soon as practicable. They will likewise encourage other measures such as converting tank arsenals to wheat fields and shelling the Pentagon Building with 18-inch Naval guns at a 100-yard range.

Seventh, after the final destruction of the Fascist farce, they hope to see established a permanent peace which will afford the people of Boston the means of dwelling in brotherly love and safety from the privations of war which have drained their energies so much. Pay your Association dues *now!*



THE BRAIN

TOMORROW

YOU

Will Be Able

To Enjoy

THE BRAIN

Today, ERSATZ is at war, but in that glorious tomorrow that you, you, you and, . . . no, not you . . . dream of, when we will all be planning and working for bigger, better wars, THEN everyone will enjoy such labor-saving, time-saving, fuel-saving, \$1,000-down-and-seven-minutes-to-pay devices made possible by THE BRAIN, a development of our special war research department. Bigger than Radar, 100 times more powerful than FM, faster than Gunder Hagg, THE BRAIN will have a thousand applications in your summer home. Locate your blind dates with the pocket BRAIN, a special ERSATZ product now in use by the armed services. Receive television on your crystal set with a single-tube BRAIN installation that will cost you little more than a year's income.

ERSATZ ELECTRONICS, INCORPORATED



PHOS' POSTWAR PROMISES

In the Home

This is the home of the future where all your cares and troubles are gone. You have no plumbing troubles. No plumbing. Your bathroom will carry the new patented unsinkable bathtubs. The design of these bathtubs will avoid the ever present rings, the tub will be square. Walls of the bathroom equipped with built in bookcases. Your brand new kitchen filled with all those brand new chromium plated labor saving gadgets: egg grinders and nut beaters. Vacuum cleaners of the latest design working under mercury pump vacuum. It leaves a line of dust behind it and thus shows you where you have swept. This new and beautiful machine has no cumbersome bag on it; your wife can handle it. A child of four can run it, an adult never. No longer will you be bothered with ashes all over your living room rugs as this house is built upside down. This feature has the added advantage that flies will knock themselves silly by walking right side up on the roof. Against the threat of cockroaches, bugs, etc., the house is entirely impregnated in arsenic.

Your Clothes

Women: Dressless zippers will avoid the threat of gapolis.

Men: Shorts with Grippers.

Children: Shorts.

On the Road

Watch for your car of the post war; it will be exactly like the car of 1942. However, some startling differences will exist. For instance, it will cost exactly twice as much. For a nominal additional price, which will not exceed your income in the year 1912, you may obtain the new lucite "Splintaproph" goggles to protect your eyes from flying particles of your "Shatahpruf" glass windows. The inconvenience of filling stations of the

present day will have vanished. Instead, you will find a pipe line extending along all the roads of the country. There will be two lines: One will carry one hundred octane gas for the older models, and the other will carry the new Super Fuel that is one hundred



times more powerful than one hundred octane gas. Also good for corns, falling hair, rounded shoulders, and decaying false teeth. The problem of the billboard will be solved by the use of transparent lucite billboards. The question of high speed traffic control is to be solved by some of the following methods: At intersections, highways will execute a vertical loop through which the other road will pass. Leads from this road will

carry the cars on to the highway by centrifugal force. Colorless traffic lights for color blind people.

Your Food

This is the era of the pill and the capsule. Chicken à la King in pills, Pot Roast on Vest in pills, Vitamin pills, ball bearings for iron deficiencies, pills for you, and you, and you, and . . . no, not you . . . Round pills, square pills, ellipsoids of revolution. Pills with strings on them for prescriptions that say take one pill three times a day. Unbreakable fluffy angel food.

Movies

Four dimensional movies of the future, length, breadth, depth, and smell. Double feature shorts (seamen's clothing) and musical shorts with a cast of five hundred stars and an extra will be shown in theatres that have the screen on the roof and couches for seats. In the lobby large chairs will be placed where you can check your gum during the performance. Because of the introduction of third dimension, you will be provided with bullet-proof vests when gangster pictures are being shown.

Transportation

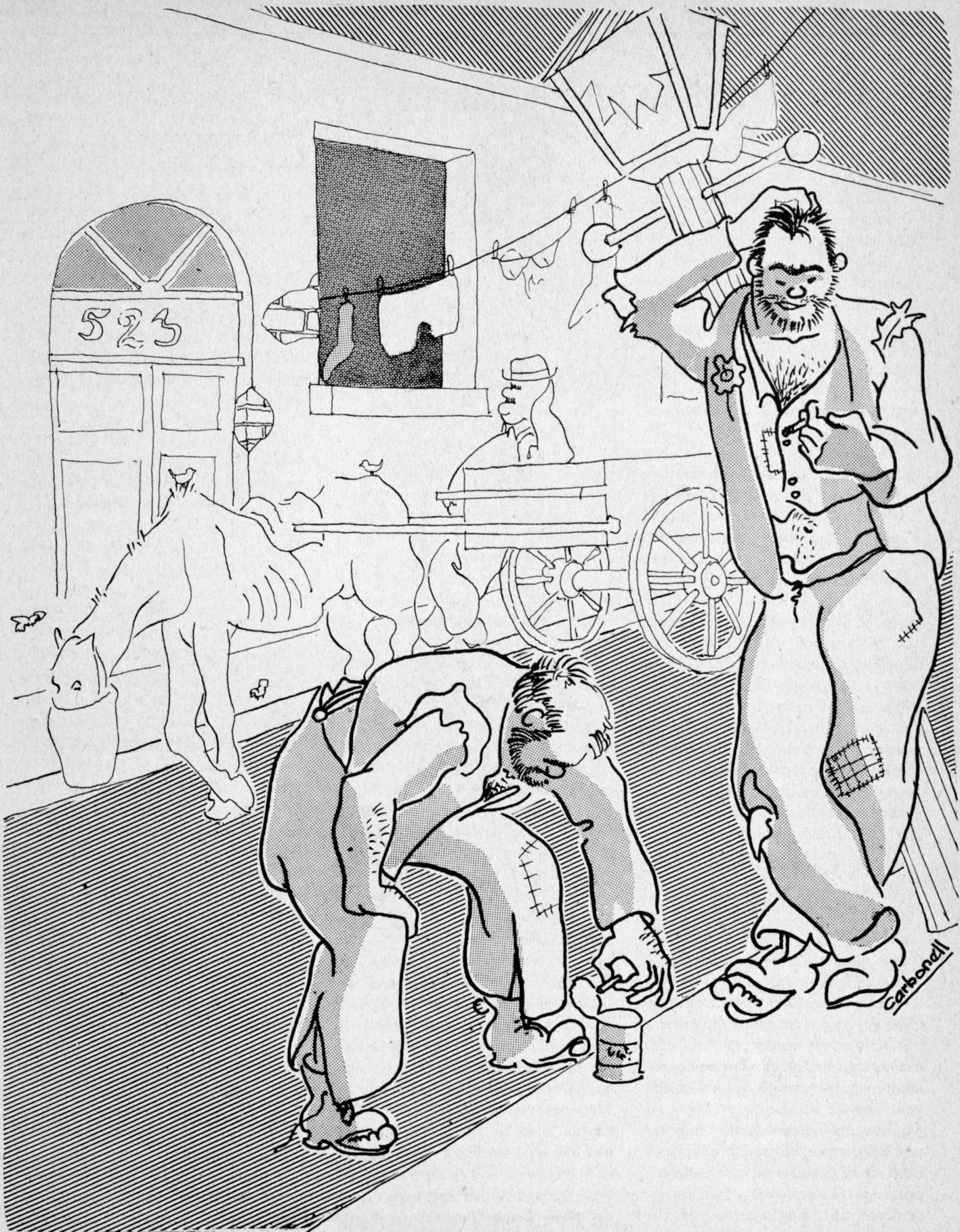
Your new highways will see the appearance of the super-streamlined buses of the Pomeranian Bus Line. These ten-story monsters will carry a normal load of one thousand passengers excluding stowaways, women and children. Two swimming pools, and a bath tub for the steerage. They will have a cruising range of one mile and will drop their passengers by small shuttle helicopters every hour on the hour.

Sex

None . . . Boston Blue Laws 1990. (Horrible thought for the day.)

* * * * *

This is the world that awaits you in the post war world where we will all be planning for bigger and better wars.



Carbonell

"Does YOUR cigarette taste different lately?"

PRESENTING . . .



IT happened at one of the Voo Doo smokers way, way back in the pre-V-12 days. The show was over; as usual, the hundreds of freshmen who had come for the free cigars and refreshments were pouring from the room. But this time, one remained. The staff members gathered about him like lambs about a lone wolf. Placing himself between them and the door, the frosh gestured for silence. They obeyed, for was he not Cortlandt Fisher Ames, III? There was a strange stillness as he announced that he was joining the circulation department. Then the lit and art editors fell into each others' arms and wept for joy. It had been a narrow escape, and to this day the Senior Board boys can only shudder when they realize what might have happened if C. F. A. had wished himself onto a more prolific department of the magazine.

All was sweetness and light for the recruit during the ensuing months. Every four weeks he came out of hibernation for a day or two in order to stand behind the little counter in Building Ten and wheedle quarters from passing students, lost children, and federal investigators. One day he actually sold a magazine to a complete stranger, and as a reward for his devotion to duty, he was moved up to the Junior Board position.

This advance was too much for

Cort. It went to his head, and, finding plenty of room, settled down for good. The net result was a one-man campaign on his part to reorganize the circulation department on an efficient, smoothly-running basis. The old conservative Senior Board was shocked. What? Mail out subscriptions the same month the magazine appeared on the stands? Advertise for new readers? What? Keep track of sales from one month to another? Ridiculous! It had never been done.

It did work. Sales went up. Subscriptions doubled. Almost two dozen copies a month were sold. Advertisers were delighted; some stopped beating up the freshmen who tried to collect the bills. And Cort Ames rolled on to bigger and better positions in the Business Department.

Today at the age of twelve, he is Business Manager of the magazine. The responsibilities of his position are many, in contrast to those of the General Manager. But as one of Tech's most active BMOC's, Ames is well equipped for handling responsibilities. He claims that his system is to nail them up on the wall in an orderly row, step back about ten paces, lower his head, and rush at them. For one moment everything becomes clear, and then his worries are over. Such is the spirit of blithe Cort Ames, Boy Business Manager.

Student: "That girl that just passed us lives next door, and you didn't even tip your hat."

Second Student: "Gee, I didn't even recognize her when she was dressed."



A newly married doctor was walking with his wife when a beautiful girl smiled and bowed to him. The wife became suspicious.

"Who is that lady, dear?"

"Oh just a girl I met professionally."

"No doubt," meowed his wife, "but who's profession — yours or hers?"

— Urchin.



An announcement on a bulletin board outside a certain church in a small town reads: "Do you know what hell is?" Underneath, in smaller letters: "Come and hear our organist this evening."

— Scottie.



"My son's home from college."

"How do you know?"

"I haven't had a letter from him for three weeks."



"Say captain, why does your orderly always whistle when he mixes cocktails?"

"My orders! It's the only way I can be sure he isn't drinking."

— Urchin.

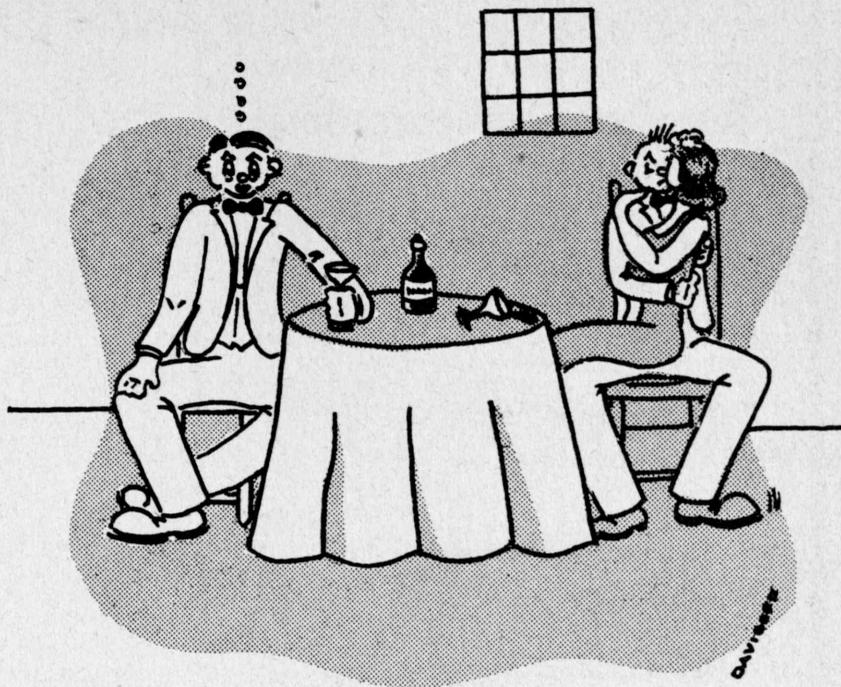
SIDEVIEW

Continued from page 10

makes a hit with the women, perhaps because he hails them each and every one as "Miss America," perhaps because of his philosophy of never letting business interfere with pleasure. The boys out in his little home town, Cleveland, Ohio, would probably be startled if they could see him some of these evenings after the highballs have been chasing the cocktails through his system for a few hours.

The King seems to be always just one jump ahead of the clock. People who have known him for years still can't recognize him when he is standing still. There have been several cases of broken clavicles and dislocated necks among his acquaintances, for some foolishly have tried to toss a greeting at him as he passed in a cloud of dust and a shower of Inst. Comm. records. He would be a discouraging subject for a neophyte Boswell, unless the latter had a constitution of steel, a stomach of iron, and wings.

When Cayce is really in a hurry, he always hops a plane. Week-ends and ten-day leaves always find him soaring across the wastes of western Massachusetts bound for better climes. Little things like priorities and weather conditions usually don't faze him in the least. Of course, there was one time when even the indomitable King ran up against a thick brick wall. He had wheedled a four-day shore leave from the USS Grad House, and before many hours of it had gone, he arrived home in Cleveland. For three happy days he was toasted, wine, and cheered, until the time came to wipe the fatted calf's gravy from his jumper and hie himself back to Cambridge. A roaring crowd bore him to the airport on their shoulders and prepared for a parting round of benedictions and 3.2 beer. At this moment the sky darkened, there was a distant rumble of thunder, and a smoky sou'wester howled in from the east bringing rain, sleet, fog, and soot to cut visibility



"Shall we leave now, Darling?"

down to something less than zero. It was so thick you couldn't see the back of your own head. All planes were grounded; all flights were canceled. It was a very weary Cayce that showed up at Tech forty-eight hours later, bedraggled from long days on the road and staggering from loss of sleep and the consumption of untold quantities of applejack.

It is such episodes as this that bring

out the inner man, but it is best not to bring it out too far, so we won't go on to tell about Cayce's subsequent adventures on the East Boston ferry the next week. Suffice it to say that King Cayce's dynamic demonstrations of ability to put himself across has won him our wholehearted nomination as the man most likely to sell the country back to the Indians. Or has he done that already?

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CENTRAL SQUARE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

For Active Swimming

JANTZEN TRUNKS

\$3.95 \$4.50 \$5.95

AT THE

Technology Store

I DON'T LIKE HEARST DEPT.

The amount of abuse and slander that the Hearst press pours out upon women in general is equaled only by its attack on the Roosevelt administration, the Soviet Union, Premier Marshal Stalin, legislation necessary for winning the war, and progressive men and women of all political parties.
—*Facts For Women, Mary Inman, Ed.*



A young couple had just returned from their honeymoon. One of the bride's friends called on her and by way of making conversation said: "And how did John register at the first hotel you stopped at?"

"Oh, just fine," replied the bride, blushing happily.

— *Urchin.*

"How do you teach a lady to swim?"
"Put your arms around her gently, take her hand in yours and put —"
"Bah — she's my sister —"
"Aw, throw her off the dock."

— *Urchin.*



The boarding house mistress glanced grimly down the table as she announced: "We have a delicious rabbit pie for dinner."

The boarders all nodded resignedly; all, that is, but one. He glanced nervously downwards, shifting his feet. One foot struck something soft, something that said, "Me-ow."

Up came his head. A relieved smile crossed his face as he gasped, "Thank God!"

— *Pelican.*

SCOLLAY SQUARE

Continued from page 16

there is no mistake in this analysis, and in fact this is probably the reason that she has remained on top for so long. "No, I never have any trouble with wise guys," she answered to our queries, "for an act of my type the boys don't make any trouble at all." We wondered about one thing.

"No," she said, "my act doesn't get stale on me. It's the audience that does it. An act just gets stale if your public doesn't give you any support. By the way, speaking of audiences, when I started at the Crawford House, my audience was almost entirely male but now more women come to see me than men," and she pointed out a large all-girl party at the side of the room.

She mentioned that this was her one hundred and sixth consecutive performance in the Crawford House.

"I like Scollay Square. I like Boston. They know me and I know them," she said in lieu of explanation.

We hope that the one hundred and six will go right on because we enjoy the Keith act any time of the year, and what's more there are other reasons. Off the record, Sally has the highest stock of War Bonds of any Boston performer besides having six Keith brothers in the service.

We left the Crawford very well pleased. They had been the most easily reached people of the Square.

It was near midnight. We wandered by the Howard. Everything was closed up. Howard Street was silent. As we stood there undecidedly, a little wizened old man went by supported on two canes. He was the Howard doorman. "Everybody is gone when I'm gone; everybody is gone when I'm gone." He was. Everybody was. It was Sunday morning in Scollay Square, and as we wended our way from the silent streets, we carried with us just one lingering thought, "Things aren't what they used to be."

Woodooings . . .

Continued from page 9

see the actors, but saw the action and from it drew certain conclusions. (1) That the man of M.I.T. is not losing his sense of humor from too long hours of study, strained war conditions, and other such. (2) That the men who run M.I.T. have lost their sense of humor or possibly have not had any all along.

Most of you, whether you have consumed the vile food or not, have gone through the war-changed Morse Hall, and in doing so have no doubt noticed the large and rather ugly signs on the sides of the Hall that say "Please carry your tray to the east side of the room." Obviously two of Tech's more fertile minds had observed these signs and had decided that their decorative value was not to be passed over lightly. They therefore removed one of these fixtures from its hanging place, and made an effort to decorate the entrance lobby on Massachusetts Avenue with it in a way which we were allowed to see. As we entered the front door at 9 a.m. we noticed these two busy beavers tying it under the clock. As we passed out of the building again at about 9.15, we noticed that it was gone. Returning for a ten o'clock class we saw it or a brother up again. Finally, passing again at eleven, we noticed it gone again. In this little war between Tech and its students we are forced to take the side of the students for we must admit that the looks of this sign over the passage as one enters is nothing short of genius. Therefore, all ye strong-hearted students, come forth with your little signs and posters and let us plaster the main lobby with them in token of disapproval of the high-handed authorities.



"Do you serve women at this bar?"

"Naw, gotta bring your own."

— Jester.

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DEEP THOUGHTS FOR DEEP THINKERS DEPT.

The word "bitch" when applied to women has various meanings and all of them degrade womanhood. One meaning is female dog.—*Facts For Women, Mary Inman, Ed.*

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Exercise kills germs, but we haven't found out how to get the darn things to exercise.

— *Urchin.*



'Hey, what's the big idea, painting your car red on one side and blue on the other?'

'It's a great idea. You should hear the witnesses contradicting themselves.'

— *Penn State Froth.*

He: "All right, then, let's get married."

She: "Okay."

(A long, awkward silence.)

She: "Why don't you say something?"

He: "I've said too much already."

— *Urchin.*



"Does your papa play golf?"

"No. He learned to swear like that in the army."

— *Urchin.*



Up to sixteen a lad is a boy scout;
after sixteen he becomes a girl scout.
— *Old Maid.*

... naturally
YOUR BANK

KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE

**HARVARD
TRUST COMPANY**

Father (facetiously): "Don't you think our son gets his intelligence from me?"

Mother (sarcastically): "He must have. I've still got mine."

— *Old Maid.*



The only difference between a rut and a grave is the dimension.

The Memoirs of Hector Canworthy

Continued from page 12

of world wide fame was just within reach of Korlif's fingers. The premiere of the new film was awaited by everyone with baited breath and after that night Korlif was to be the most wanted director of the town.

But he made one mistake. He antagonized Pewella Larsens, the leading columnist. Pewella swore to get even with him, and the night before the release, she came out in her column with the announcement that Korlif was pure, and had but once kissed a girl!

The scandal was terrific. Korlif was almost broken. The Boston Blue Laws banned his films; there was talk in Congress of removing his citizenship (when it was found that he had none, the move was dropped); his super-production lost a cool nineteen million; and in less than a week he was reduced to directing one reel, three stooges movies. It was only his large stock of Scotch that saved him from complete oblivion.

And so it was that Korlif Tzardos, who had been on the brink of success, sank into darkness. He took twenty eighteen-year-old girls on his yacht, seduced eight heiresses, broke the Mann Act, the Woman Act, the Income Tax regulations, and visited Joe Stalin and Chiang Kai Shek in attempts to vindicate himself. But all for no avail. Friends suggested that he refuse the presidential nomination and retire to a quiet and secluded private life.

But not Korlif. He pegged his way up through the B class films he had previously disdained and finally one day a movie magazine complimented one of his films.

Korlif Tzardos was a made man. It had taken him eleven years, but he had finally made good and overcome that tragic scandal of long ago.

Nowadays the radical changes in the construction of movie scripts which the genius of Korlif has intro-

duced are well known. His use of trunks and handbags that take two days to pack instead of one minute; the way his heroines after swimming remain dishevelled; the way when someone sings out in the Sahara Desert a mysterious orchestra does not spring up in the background; the way he uses Douglas Shearer without Cedric Gibbons; and the way girls who have been shipwrecked for forty days do not appear in perfect make-up and long strapless evening sarongs. These and many more are famous introductions of Korlif Tzardos.

And so it is that, as the premiere of "They Also Ran" is greeted all over the world with cheers, applause, and rancid butter, the name of Korlif Tzardos rises into the sky in a symbol of greatness, and by his express command and at his expense.

— R. W. W.

With the advent of the peroxide shortage, many men are amazed to find that they have been preferring brunettes all along.

— Pelican.



TISH — TISH DEPT.

We are engaged in a life and death struggle against a ruthless fascist foe which seeks, by disunity of white and black, and men and women, to disrupt production and weaken morale. And that is why, NOW ESPECIALLY, such plays as *Othello* and *Carmen Jones* which strike terroristic blows at women, injure the war effort of the United Nations. — *Facts For Women, Mary Inman, Ed.*

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FOR HER
(OR HIM)

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the next eight issues of VOO DOO to:

Signed _____



**MOST FASCINATING NEWS
STORY OF THE MONTH**

(The following article is reprinted in its entirety from the Rockville, Conn., Journal.)

HYDRANTS PAINTED

Fire hydrants received a coat of paint this week, and are ready for another year. Naturally they were painted red.



And from the Boston Herald:

**SPRING LAVISHES CARESS ON
BOSTON 'NEATH A HALO OF
GOLDEN SUNSHINE**

Spring came to Boston yesterday — the spring of which poets sing, that minstrels serenade, that makes the old feel young and makes the young feel pixilated. — Little does it matter that the jonquils — those foolish, foolish jonquils — have persisted in their efforts to prove that spring was here when it wasn't — Out on the Charles River the oarsmen of Harvard and Technology had fought the chills of early April from their muscular bodies, chattering, "It m-m-must b-be s-s-s-spring" because the ice had gone out. . . . Boston has its own spring. It's the first day that the birds sing so early in the morning, the birds who know that the cold days are gone and who trill so gaily in their delight. . . . And in the night time the air is scented with the cleanliness of spring and is rippled by the waves of voices who had their voices pitched by the song of the birds so early in the morning, of the voices who know that, once again, there is beauty in a world of pain and that the greatest beauty is spring in Boston.

We've had that foolish, foolish feeling too, but it had nothing to do with spring.

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