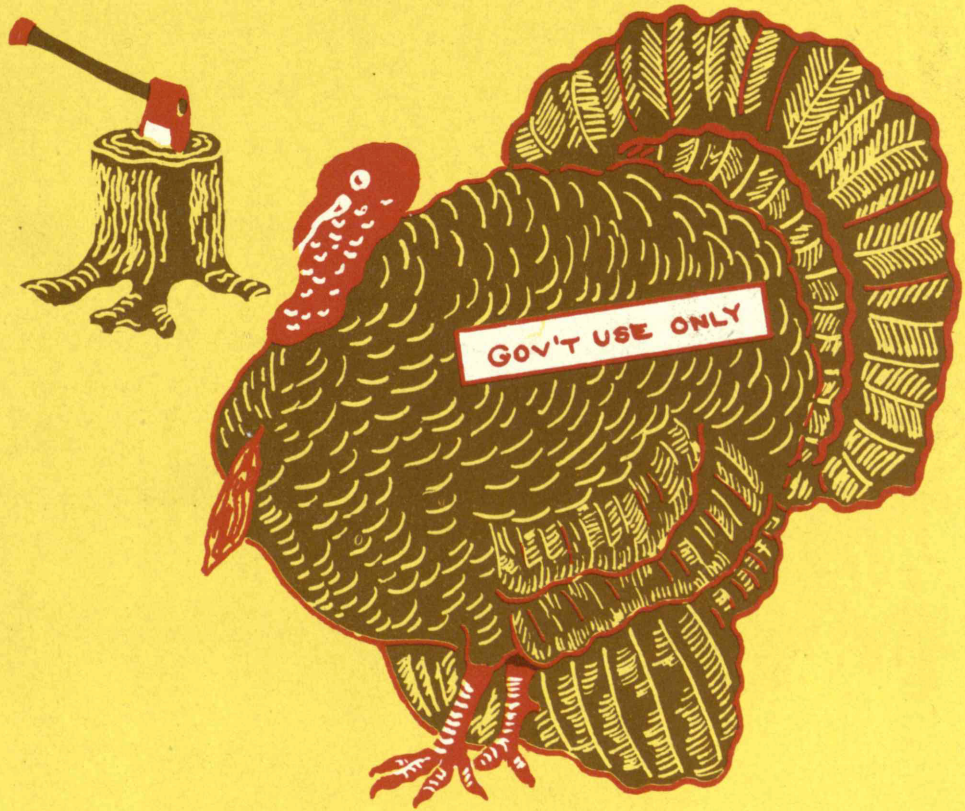


VOO DOO





“Say, I didn’t know you island chicks were hep to the double-ring wedding ceremony!”

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ON SALE AT LEADING JEWELERS EVERYWHERE

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

APROPOS the Navy's one mile "no drinking" limit, it would probably be of interest to some of the more eager lads among the naval officers to know the exact location of those boundaries. Far be it from us to reveal any of the V-12's more important secrets, but we thought you might like to know that the prohibition area puts off bounds a great many more important imbibing arenas in Boston than it does in Cambridge. For this reason we made a little investigation in the northerly direction to see what gave.

The first thing we ran across was. The Spa just beyond Central Square on Mass. Avenue. You've got to be careful about this place as you're highly illegal if you walk through the doorway on the left side of the center line. It probably is also illegal to stand at the bar which is about a foot and a half inside the boundary. On the other hand, booths (for ladies) are furnished and are located about three feet in the legal direction. These tables give one a good view of several pastoral scenes in the style of Millet — or someone similar. Minors and dogs prohibited except on leashes.

Then we reached the Rathskeller looking out on Harvard Square. The basement's the place — if you don't mind Harvard men and naval officers. Quiet, cozy atmosphere, all the latest music (via le boîte juke), women, some cute, in pairs and trios, and all your favorite brands that smell just as sweet by any other name. The beer's



not bad and the potato chips are made from real potatoes.

Or if you don't feel at home in a Deutsche atmosphere, try the Bella Vista, just around the corner on Church Street. Their cocktail lounge just opened last month and they're still filling the glasses all the way up. If you eat, too, the food is Italian-American and definitely filling. It's not as hard on your pocket-book as some places we COULD name, and anyhow the decorations are cute and modern.

Right next door is the Oxford Grille where anyone who is anyone and a great many people who aren't go to

drink beer nightly. The beer is served in pitchers and anyhow it's pretty good. For someone who wants the feeling that he's back in Merrie Olde Englande, the big wooden tables and stained glass windows together with seven or eight pitchers of beer should make him feel right at home.

Then, right across the street from the Rathskeller, we found the Wursthaus for a bite and a cocktail to finish off the evening. We had a brandy cocktail with a salami sandwich, but perhaps your tastes aren't quite so exotic. The prices are intriguing and the food is good.



There are only two kinds of women . . . those who can get any fellow they like and those who can like any fellow they get.

— Old Maid.



"Don't you go with Toots any more?"

"No . . . I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."

"I never noticed it."

"You weren't there when I proposed."

— Urchin.

Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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

A Scotchman, an Irishman, a German, and a Jew were eating dinner together. When the meal was finished and the waiter came with the bill the Scotchman promptly said that he would take it. The next day a Jewish ventriloquist was found murdered.

— Puppel.

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Mary was sent down to the office to get her aunt's weekly pay. On the way home a robber stuck her up and took the money. She ran up to a policeman and said: "Oh, officer, a robber just stole my aunt's pay."

"Well, miss, if you'd stop talking pig latin, maybe I could help you," irritably replied the officer.

— Pelican.



Virtue is often applauded — but it seldom gets an encore.

— Pelican.



"Tight clothing," offers Dr. Ling Po, "does not stop the circulation. The tighter her clothing," he continues, "the more a girl circulates."

— Urchin.



"What two raw materials are imported from France?"

"Books and plays, sir."

— Urchin.



The preacher had just finished a sermon in which he had said, "All liquid should be thrown in the river." And the choir ended the service by singing, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

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.*



Drinking beer with Errol Flynn
And was I havin' fun,
Until one night he shot the light
And now I have a son!



Headline in the Herald:

BARBARA H —————

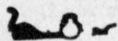
MARRIED IN FLUSHING

Dangerous things, these sanitary devices.



Billing at the Gayety Theatre:

"The Blonde Captive" and "Sailor's Holiday."



From the Boston Herald:

"You'll never see Carole Landis dressed for sport in anything but (1) a bra or (2) a tight sweater and you'll never see Rosalind Russell wearing either."

What was the name of that sport again?

TELEPHONE KENMORE 5822



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When Mark Antony told Cleopatra she was the most beautiful woman in the world, she replied: "Well, I'm not prone to argue."

— *Dodo.*

Christmas

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Compacts

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WITH
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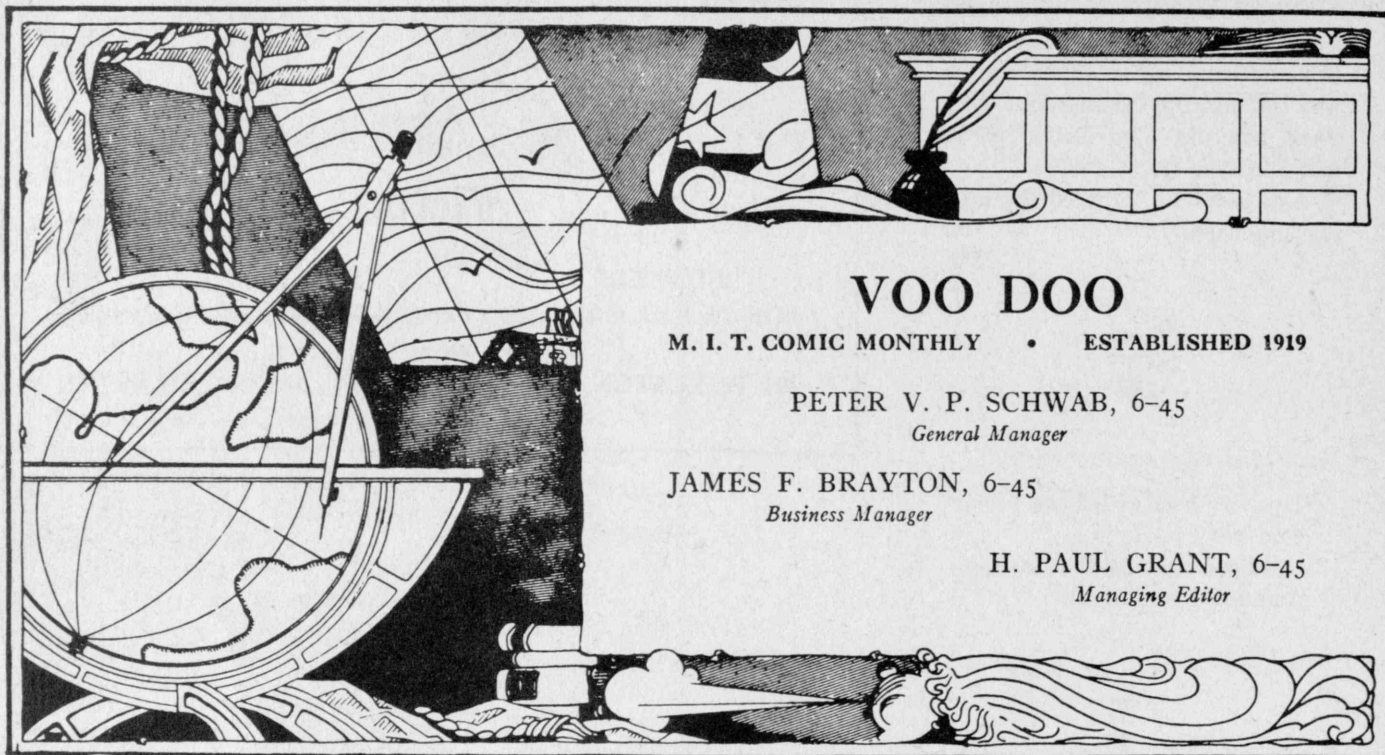
Pearls

Earrings

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PATRONAGE REFUND TO MEMBERS



VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY • ESTABLISHED 1919

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General Manager

JAMES F. BRAYTON, 6-45
Business Manager

H. PAUL GRANT, 6-45
Managing Editor

WE entered the office with a bottle of beer under our coat and an egg in a little brown paper bag in our pocket. We removed our coat and ceremoniously procured the Cat's soup bowl from its shelf, removed the egg from the bag, and cautiously broke it into the bowl. After opening the bottle on the door-jamb we poured the contents into the dish, being careful to raise no more than half an inch of head around the egg, which floated serenely in the center. We placed the traditional beverage in its traditional place, the left-hand edge of the General Manager's desk, and proceeded to wake the Cat.

"Phosphorus! Your beer's ready. Better get it while it's still cold." His feline majesty stretched and yawned as only a cat can. Without speaking, he padded over and greedily began his meal. Behind his back we paced the floor, puffing nervously on a cigarette. We were wondering how to broach the subject gracefully when the Cat, his hunger satisfied, turned and faced us.

"And why," he began, "all the gloom?"

"Well, Phos, it's like this. We've come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye! Hell's bells! You just took over. How fast is this damn accelerated program anyway?"

"Oh, it's not a scheduled change, Phos; it's a resignation. The rest of the gang will still be here."

"Resignation! Whatinhell did you do? The last resignation I remember was when we printed that . . . never mind. But I thought that this last issue was fairly good and reasonably clean besides."

"Don't get us wrong, Phos. There've been no serious complaints about the last issue, in fact we did get some rather nice compliments."

"Well, then, — what gives?"

"Phos, you're treading on embarrassing ground, but we do owe you an explanation. You have only a part interest in our soul here at Tech; the Navy owns the other part, the larger part. They've paid our tuition for four terms now, and fed and housed us in the bargain. But they sent us here to get an education, not to run Voo Doo. And, to put it mildly

and politely, they are somewhat disappointed in the showing we've made to date."

"That's not exactly a surprise to me, Boss. You've always been pretty close to the borderline. And don't forget, you'd be of no use at all to me if you did wash out."

"Glad you see it that way, Cat, but we feel sort of uneasy about piling our load on someone else's shoulders this way, especially now when everyone has plenty to do already."

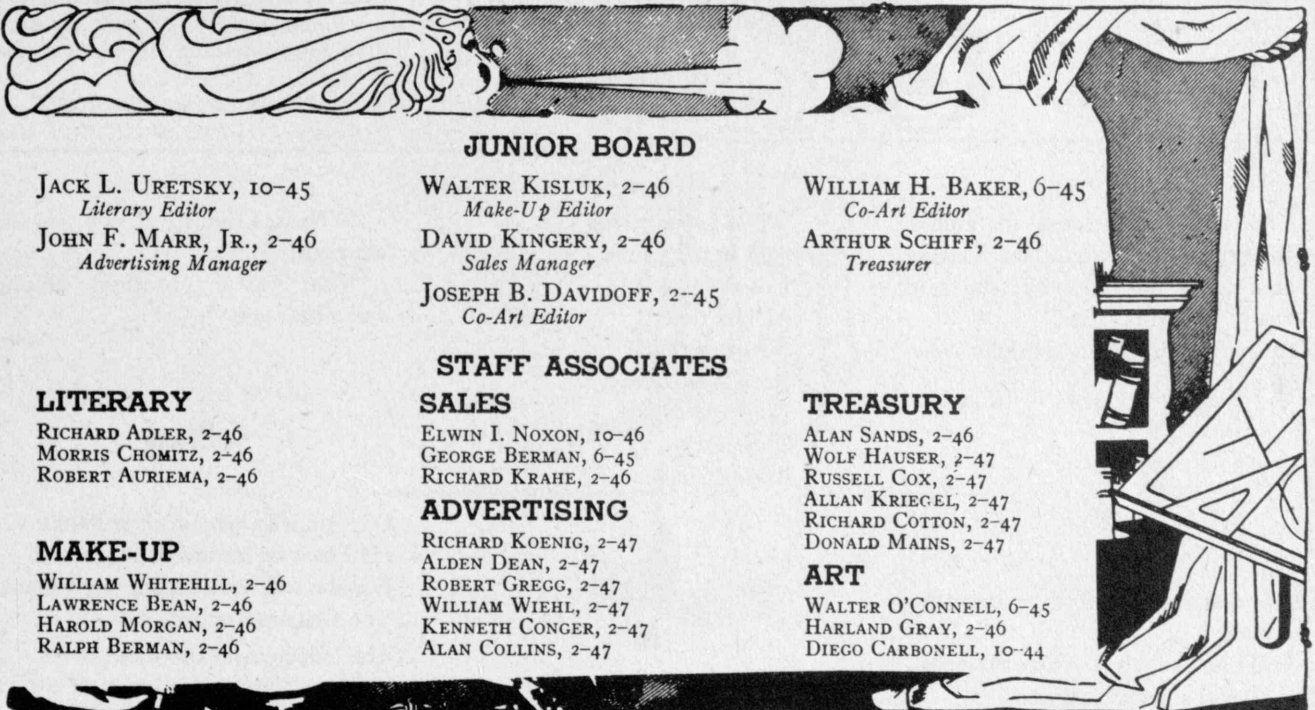
"Boss, despite what the people in this country seem to think, no one is really indispensable. It's tough to see you go all right, but things'll go on just as smoothly without you, just wait and see. In fact, maybe even smoother."

"No reason why they shouldn't. Your new keeper is a darn fine man. And now, if you'll excuse us, Cat, we have a few items to clear up before moving out."

As we butted our cigarette, Phos returned to his lair atop the filing cabinet, where he reentered the arms of Morpheus, leaving us alone with the typewriter to pound out these editorials, one of the hardest jobs we have ever had to do.

PHOS is proud to announce the appointments of: James F. Brayton, 6-45, as General Manager; John F. Marr, 2-46, as Business Manager; and Elwin I. Noxon as Sales Manager. Phos also announces, but with regret, the resignations of Peter V. Schwab and David Kingery, the latter being now on leave of absence from the Institute and awaiting induction.

Cover this month by Davidoff.



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Friends, please consider young Albert, above:
Albert was once a stranger to love.
Shunned, was young Albert, alone till the day
PEP-O-MINT's took his bad breath away.

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



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

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

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

A Tech man was walking along Scollay Square and was accosted by a "girl" who was hanging out of a second-story window of one of the buildings there. "Come up here," she called, "and I'll give you something you've never had before."

"What's that," the Tech man replied, "leprosy?"

Submitted by Roy D. Watson, V-12 Unit, M.I.T., Grad. House.

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Placing a half-dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What is that?"

A small voice from the back row, "Tails."

— Pelican



The wonderful love of a beautiful maid,

And the staunch true love of a man.
The love of a baby unafraid

Which hath existed since life began.
But the greatest love, the love of love.

Transcending e'en that of a mother,
Is the tender, the passionate, the infinite love

Of one drunken bum for another.

When I was young
And in my prime
I used to do it
All the time.

But now that I
Am old and gray,
I only do it
Once a day.
Burma Shave.

— Dodo.



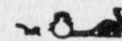
Mistress (to new maid) — "Be careful when you dust these pictures, Mary; they are old Masters."

Maid — "Good gracious — Who'd ever think you'd been married all those times, mum!"

"Who was the lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was my brother. He just walks that way"

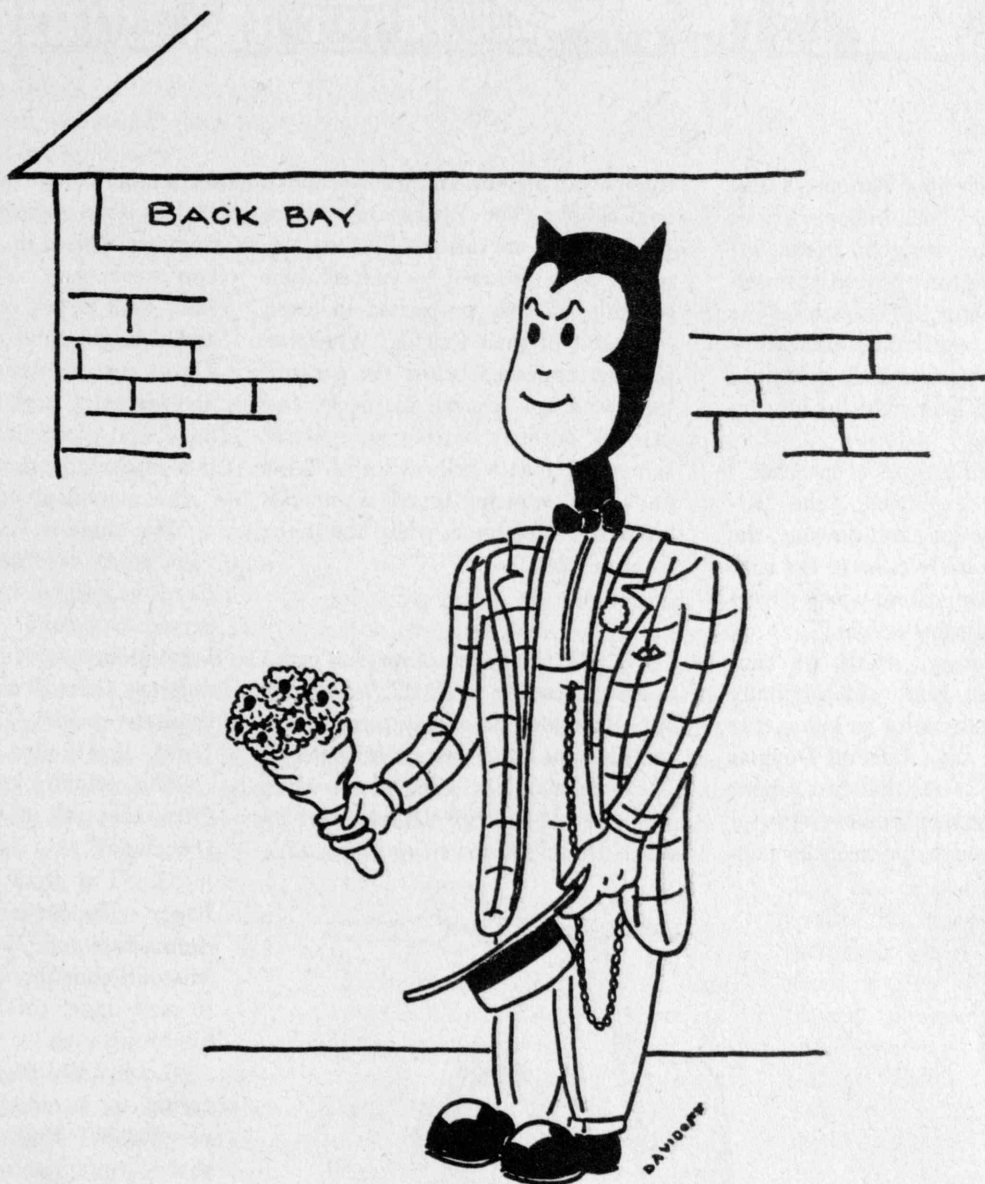
— Jester.

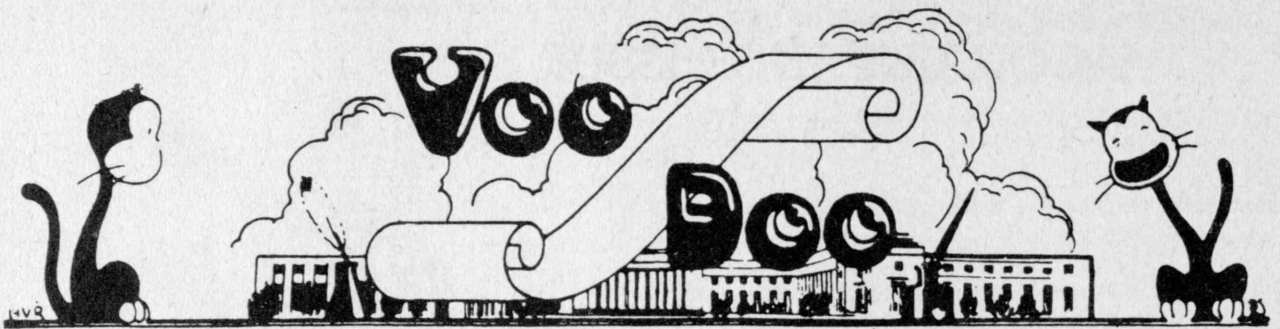


Oh, you who love on river banks
Had best be on the ball
For she will soon decline with thanks
The Charles's mating call.
The lollery is on the wane
For Cupid draws his bow
Half-heartedly, and oft in vain
In several feet of snow.

Your voice is loud above the storm,
Exhorting moon and stars,
But Goddess Love will not perform.
Except in heated cars.

ACQUAINTANCE ISSUE





AT the Senior Stag Banquet a few weeks ago, it has been indicated from a reliable source, our good friend Dr. Karl T. Compton proved himself quite a raconteur. Two stories he told we feel we really must pass on to you. One, we understand, is his old reliable, having been told by him on other occasions.

"There are three types of speeches," Dr. Compton explained, "the 'Kimono,' which is long and flowing; the 'Girdle,' which sticks close to the subject; and the 'Brassiere,' which covers only the outstanding points."

The other story, which we considered the real gem, was originally told to the good doctor as being true by none other than General Douglas MacArthur: It seems that two American soldiers who had been overseas for more than twenty-one months cap-

tured a Jap on New Guinea who spoke no English. The Yanks knew, since Jap prisoners are rarities, that the Nip would be questioned by one of their generals, so they proceeded to teach him some of their tongue. When the prisoner appeared before the general, he bowed low, clicked his heels, and uttered, without batting an eyelash, something that a helluva lot of G.I.'s have been wanting to tell a general: "You son of a bitch, what about the rotation plan?"

THERE is a wealth of ways to make a living these days, WMC, WLB, and Mr. Beveridge notwithstanding. As a case in point let us present Miss Peggy Richardson of St. Louis, who a while back set out to forge a future for herself with only a charming personality

for an anvil and a winning smile for a sledge. Our man encountered her on Summer Street, in Boston, not quite two weeks ago. "Pardon me," she said, with a toss of her golden head and a bright smile, "Do you mind if I take just a minute of your time?" She carried a large black notebook in hand, and a formidable array of papers in a satchel-like purse under arm.

Our man displayed keen interest.

"My name is Peggy," said Peggy. "I'm on an expenses-paid tour of the East, sponsored by the Publisher's Service Company of Cleveland, Ohio. I get points for talking to people in different cities all over. When I get a thousand points, I win a \$500 War Bond. Pretty nice, don't you think?"

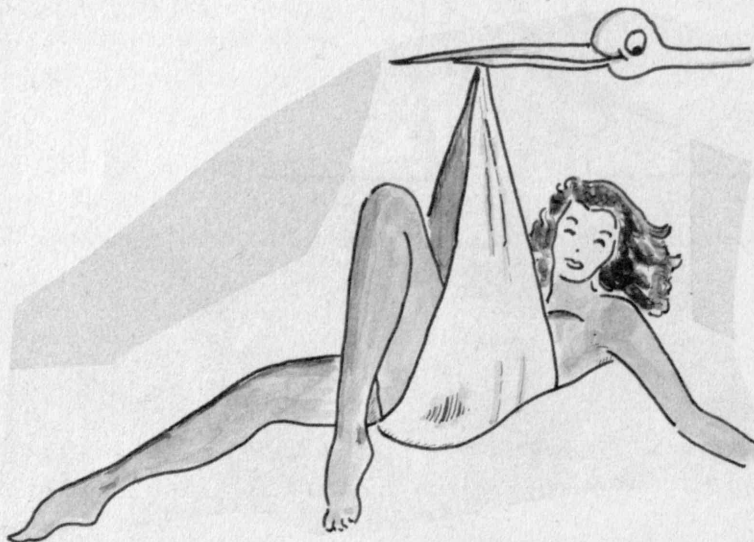
"She certainly was," said our man. "Are they all as nice as that in Cleveland?"

"Oh, I'm from St. Louis," said Peggy. The conversation turned to a comparison of New England and Missouri climates, and our man began to melt under the liquid gaze of two big brown eyes.

"Look," said Peggy, "my sponsor is trying to introduce a new pictorial newspaper. How would you like it sent to you for, say, three months on a sort of trial? See what it says here on this sample: 'Chock full of pictures, cartoons, fashion, bridge, movies, and articles of compelling interest.' If you want, say, 500 copies sent, I get 50 points. How about it?"

"Sounds great," said our man.

"That will be five dollars. You can



"I wasn't born yesterday."

pay me now," said Peggy, busy with a pencil.

"Hold on here," our man gasped. "Did she say *dollars*?" Why, all he had on him was eight bits.

"Well, then, you can get 100 copies of the *Philadelphia Daily News* for the one dollar, and I get five points to my credit. Thanks a lot." She tore off a receipt, and held it out.

Our man got in one more word. "She was peddling a Philadelphia paper in Boston," he said, "which was published in Cleveland, and . . ."

"Thanks a lot," smiled Peggy, warmly, "and if you're ever out in St. Louis, Missouri, look me up." She was gone.

THE grimy-faced street gamins who hitch on the back of trolleys as they rattle along Mass. Ave. are no news to anyone. However, we are now able to report an interesting variation which shows the stuff of which Boston character is molded. Travelling into Harvard Sq. from Mass. Station we were seated in the rear of the car, and as the car slowed down on the Cambridge side of the bridge the usual two or three urchins hooked on for a free ride. That was normal, but what startled us was to see them slide up to the open rear window, and with apprehensive glances toward the motorman, and pleading looks at the bewildered passengers, crawl inside, and settle down, looking for all the world like virtuous, paying passengers.

PROFESSOR SEARS has completely converted us to a firm belief in pixies of the Mr. O'Malley variety. No one could sit through his 8.01 lectures and still retain an unshaken belief in materialism. After watching the professor standing on a fourteen-foot ladder, dropping golf balls into a pail below our materialistic notions were shaken; when we saw him standing on a turntable holding a spinning bicycle wheel overhead, and himself

revolving like a whirling dervish run amok, we were even more convinced that crass materialism is in error; the final blow that dispelled our last doubts was viewing the good professor gleefully shooting holes in tin cans filled with water. We are now offering 5 to 1 that "O'Malley-like" creatures exist, and 6 to 1 that Prof. Sears is one of them.

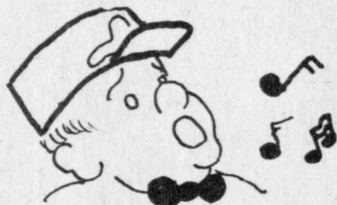
THE election campaign has penetrated into every strata of our society. While walking through Harvard Sq. the other day we passed a group of Chinese students excitedly discussing some apparently controversial subject. Interested, we extended our ears a few inches, and shamelessly eavesdropped. Perhaps we would hear the Oriental opinion of Boston; perhaps the conduct of the Asiatic campaign was being criticized from the Chinese point of view. To our chagrin, the conversation was being conducted in Chinese, but despite our ignorance of this

tongue, we were left no doubt as to the topic under consideration; throughout the talk we could distinguish violent "Dewey's" and expletive "Roosevelts."

IT is not unusual for advertisements to appear praising the untiring effort that the railroads are contributing toward the prosecution of the war, and their never failing courtesy in times of great strain. Like many a traveler, however, we had never seen anything beyond the usual impersonal taking of tickets. On my last trip to New York we suddenly realized that all the praise given to the railroads is their due. Out of Bridgeport we had a little quartet going on the old favorites. We stood outside on the platform so as not to disturb the feelings of the passengers. A conductor stopped, and asked us, "Have the other men gone through to take tickets?" We assured him that they had, whereupon, he stayed with us,



and contributed a very fair baritone to our singing. Our first number was the man on the flying trapeze, our conductor taking the verses, and we coming in on the choruses. Hats off to the Pennsylvania Railroad.



WE went into a New York restaurant off Times Square with a couple of friends recently. One of them was wearing a Dewey button, and the results were pretty spectacular. The headwaiter guided us through the empty restaurant to a booth off in one corner. Our waiter said to us under his breath, "He did that because of the Dewey button. He is anti-Dewey." He then gave us a twenty-minute

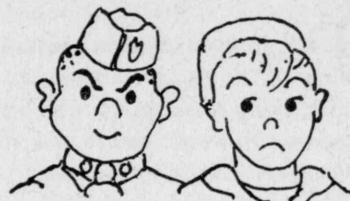
speech on politics, his early life in Russia, Germany, and England, cold molding of plastics, patent laws, building inspection, and concluded by urging us to vote for Governor Dewey. One fellow, a lifelong Democrat, went out of the restaurant looking for a Dewey button for himself. Although the result of the campaign is now history, in the next campaign it would certainly not hurt the Republicans to have a few more orators like this one.



THE merits of courtesy and gentlemanliness have been extolled since the day when knights were — you know! What with the existence of Boy Scouts and V-12'ers, these manly virtues are

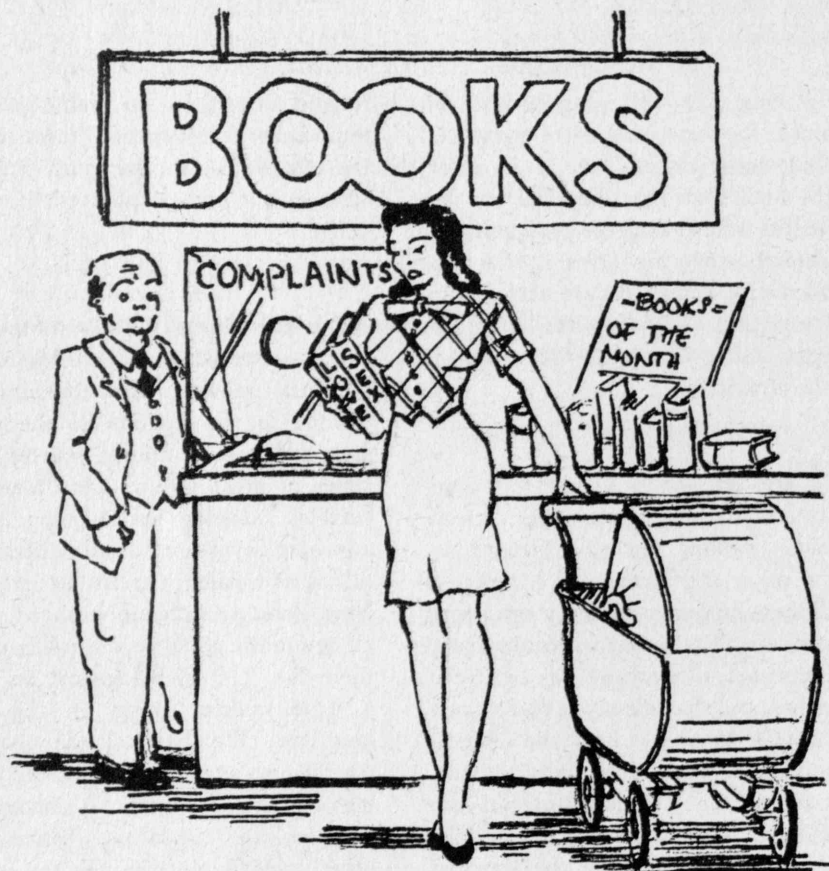
still being perpetuated

On board a Philadelphia bound train a V-12'er sat luxuriously smoking and playing Black-jack with his seat-mate. People were sitting, standing, and lying in the aisles, 3.5 to 4 deep. The door to the car opened, mangling an unwary corporal. A demure little woman tripped daintily through the throng. In her arms lay a wrinkled-faced infant, cradled like a football. The young matron came to a halt after a neat bit of broken field running—in front of the aforementioned V-12'er. No one had stirred, but now the sailor looked up. His eyes shifted. He blanched, then blushed. "Here, lady, mumble, mumble," he muttered, as he relin-



quished his seat. Gawd, that M. P. was a tough looking hombre!

MAYBE we're just dyed-in-the-wool conservatives out of step with the times, but we can't help longing passionately for "the good old days." We pine for those dear simple times before life became so damn complicated. Take, for instance, a simple thing like chewing gum. Modern civilization has tortured the simple chicle into so many forms, Wrigley would never recognize it. We didn't mind the advent of gum designed to clean the teeth while you chew; we were only mildly perturbed by the manufacture of gum containing a laxative; we bore with fortitude the sale of gum containing "activated" charcoal; but we rebel with the announcement of a gum prepared to liberate oxygen in the mouths of unsuspecting chewers.



"I've got a complaint!"

AWFUL AL

It was the heart of the Amagansett wilderness some six years after the end of the last world war. There came upon the land a great rain. And after the rain a little weed sprouted forth. The weed grew and grew until it was really grewsome. Then it stopped growing. And a little bug made its appearance climbing up the weed. The little bug grew and grew until it looked just like Alfred Joroleman-Woolfe (short for Canus Lupus) Oxenham. And when Mr. and Mrs. Oxenham saw the bug they promptly named it Alfred Joroleman-Woolfe (short for Canus Lupus) Oxenham. And thus it has been known ever since.

Alfred — or Oxy, as his chemically minded friends are wont to call him — has never forgotten his origins. Though there has been a shortage of weeds, Al has kept in practice by doing his climbing socially. That's how he came to Tech.

It seems that he had climbed socially to the level of Amagansett (L. I.)'s more unsavory bars, and was indulging in "titrating" some roo proof when he was espied by some drunken ATO's who decided that he looked just like their long lost house mother and wouldn't he come back to Boston with them. Al matriculated.

It was a great step in Oxy's life. For it involved the separation of himself from the heart and arms of several of the more socially prominent hometown grade school teachers. Which brings us to Woolfe's great passion in life.

Al loves to sleep. Al lives to sleep. Al often may be found sleeping. The hot-foot is a necessary part of his life. It keeps his feet warm. Fraternity brothers have given Al sixteen hot-foots in one afternoon in order to keep his feet warm. Due to the fuel shortage they have been unable to build a big enough fire to wake him up — as yet.



SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

Oxenham's physical appearance may best be described by the words "tall, dark, and tender." Friends who have pinched him will swear by the last. In many ways he looks just like an actor. In fact, he has spent a great many years in the profession. It is of interest to note that his entrance into the V-12 was a re-union with his old friend and tutor, Lt. Canfield, his commanding officer. The rumor that Mr. Canfield committed suicide next day has been described by the navy department as "unfounded."

Oxenham's ability to do work is legendary. By mutual agreement, his room-mates expel him from the room when there is any cleaning to be done, thereby cutting their work in half. Al uses this spare time to write letters to one of his girls back home trying to persuade her to send back his fraternity pin so that he can give it to one "Sally" now at Cornell. Oxy is not noted for not being fickle.

The fraternity brothers have immortalized the most beautiful of the men among them in the following song which runs to the tune of Popeye the Sailor:

I'm Alfred Joroleman-Woolfe,
I'm Alfred Joroleman-Woolfe,
Tho' I should be a thinker
I'm only a stinker;
I'm Alfred Joroleman-Woolfe.

At the moment Al is busy running an ATO dance out at Fry's barn, but that does not dim the glory of his past achievements. No one can forget the noble job he did on the Junior Prom nor his fabulous drinking achievements afterwards. Much is expected of him along this line at his class's Senior week, next year.

Al's activities have included numerous appearances before the footlights under the auspices of the Drama shop (Pd. Advt.). His drinking achieve-

Continued to page 26



ONE evening last week-end found Phos at the familiar Terrace Room of the Hotel Statler, a spot that always offers something pleasant in the way of a floor show to take the sting out of the thirty per cent tax. And Phos found attractive Josephine Houston doing the honors for a particularly appreciative dinner crowd. If you haven't seen and heard Josephine on the screen already, don't miss this opportunity to catch her act.

NO NEUROSIS FOR HORACE

*"Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest."
— Lord Byron.*

"Got a weed, Horace?" said Mr. Pffennenflitz of Pffennenflitz, Blatz, and O'Garvey, thirteenth floor, to the elevator boy as he boarded the car from the lobby of the Pari-Mutuel Insurance Building. "All they had at the club," he added, "was king size Wings."

"Yeah, sure, Mr. Pffennenflitz," muttered the boy "Have a Chelsea. I snaffled them from the counter at Liggetts. Like you always say, Mr. Pffennenflitz, a penny saved. . . ."

"To be sure, Horace. Hurrumph. Thanks just the same, but I don't want to take your last one," he said, glancing at the crushed package Horace proffered. There were eighteen cigarettes in it.

The elevator rose sedately. Horace, with one eye on the signal panel in front of him, coughed and spoke. "Er, excuse me, Mr. Pffennenflitz, sir, but do you by any chance need an office boy or, or something. I mean, I'm getting awful sick of this job."

"No, Horace. We are rotten with office boys at the moment. What's the matter with being an elevator jockey, anyway? Get to meet a lot of people. Good pay — ninety-five a week ain't hay. Short hours. What the hell."

"Well, it's partly the monotony of it all. Same people every day, saying just the same thing every time they go up and come down. Always somebody saying how cold it is or how hard it's raining outside. Always some funny guy in a crowd coming down saying, 'Hey let's go back up and get my stomach. Haw haw.' Day in, day out. Never even any characters around here, like there was down at the Hotel Flophouse, where I worked before. There were little guys with bull fiddles and big guys with baby

carriages, and all kinds of interesting people down there. But here, they're all like you, Mr. Pffennenflitz, I mean. . . ."

"Yes. I see what you mean, Horace. Well, I'll let you know when we have an opening."

"Here's your floor, sir," said Horace, throwing back the sliding door. Mr. Pffennenflitz stepped from the car and fell flat on his face. "Watch your step," he said automatically, and he closed the door hurriedly. As the car plummeted downward he brooded over the controls. What a life. The world was all wrong. Wonder what would happen if he just didn't stop the plunge? A buzzer barked in his ear. The little red light marked "1" blinked blearily on the panel. Horace was oblivious. His grip tightened on the lever; his knuckles were white. Globules of perspiration beaded on his forehead. Down, down, DOWN! Faster, faster!

"Watch your step. Going up," said Horace as he slid open the door on the ground floor. Three men sidled into the car. They might have been brothers. Each wore a long overcoat of extreme cut, soft felt pulled down over slick black hair, brim turned over his face.

"Take us up to thirteen, bud, unless you want to get full of lead all of a sudden," growled the first.

"Hey, Slick, are you heeled? Have you your gat, rod or heater?" grunted the second.

"Yeah," rasped the third, "I got my persuader."

"O'Garvey will sing, or else," said the first in a menacing tone.

"Th-thirteen," gulped Horace.

The three shoved their hands deep into their pockets and walked softly across the hall.

The buzzer sounded again. A red figure 1 was flashing angrily. Horace took her down.

"Watch your step. Going. . . ."

Five uniformed police officers leaped into the elevator car. There were a dozen more milling about in the lobby, and a paddy wagon outside was disgorging bluecoats by the score. "Thirteenth floor, boy!" snarled the leader of the posse. "And make it fast."

Horace made it fast, throwing all his weight on the control lever. Picking themselves up from the floor of the car, the officers scrambled out at the thirteenth level. They pounded off down the hall. Shots reëchoed up and down the corridors. There were crashes of shattered glass, screams of anguish in the near distance. Three men stood in bloodstained, bullet-riddled overcoats and soft felt hats burst from an office directly opposite the elevator, one groaning pitifully as he attempted to stop the flow of blood from a gaping neck wound.

"Down to the first floor, bud," hissed the first, gouging Horace's ribs with a sawed-off shotgun. The second waved a smoking automatic and cursed loudly. Horace fumbled for the controls and the elevator dropped like a rock.

"Street floor. Watch your step," Horace chattered as the car stopped. A fusillade of lead met the trio as they raced for the street with guns blazing. Somebody was buzzing Horace from the thirteenth floor. He went up.

"Ground floor, please. Snap it up!" shouted a cop as the five piled in. One was limping and the arm of another hung useless at his side. Horace took her down in a crash dive. The sliding doors flew back, and the flatfeet raced for the street with guns blazing. Horace dimly saw a brigade of National Guard passing with a battery of light artillery in tow. Then he slumped to the floor, a boneless thing.

Through the mist from afar came the sound of the buzzer. "Thirteen," said the white light. Horace lit a cigarette with trembling fingers and started the car upward. Mr. Pffennen-

Continued to page 27

BEAUTIFUL BUT BRAINY

The scuttlebut was running along in its usual groove; women, beer, and sex ad infinitum, ad nauseam, add scotch for a real kick.

"I like my females to be beautiful, but dumb," said Bill. "Plenty of pulchritude, but stupid, that's for me."

"You are certainly successful at finding the stupid ones," I acknowledged, "But for myself, I prefer a girl who has both beauty and brains."

Bill leered at me, "Impossible, pretty girls don't have to go to the extreme of dates with you, and intelligent ones know better. A girl with both qualities is far out of your class."

I kicked him in the stomach, and stood back to avoid the resultant upheaval of beer and pickles. "Scoffer, you think I am unable to keep the devotion of a girl both pretty and intelligent?"

Bill attacked a bottle of beer to make good his loss, "I know it," he sneered, "In fact, you cannot even inspire mild respect, let alone devotion, and to prove this I will get you a date with just such a girl next Saturday."

"Wait," I protested hastily, catching the last few beers, "Suppose I don't want a date Saturday night? You seem much too willing to arrange matters."

"Don't quibble, you are going out with Sue Saturday night, and there is no way to back out. I want to see you eat your words. Raw!"

"It couldn't be," I growled suspiciously, "that Sue is a friend of Carole's, and you have to get a date for her in order to see Carole?"

"It could be, but it's beside the point. Anyway you'll do all right for yourself. Look at this picture Carole sent me. Luscious, no?"

I drooled appreciatively, "Lascivious, yes, but what about the intellect. A girl with that figure and that

sweater doesn't think too?"

"Stands third in her class," chortled Bill, reaching into my pocket for his cigarettes. I drooled slightly over the photo, and as the light played across the photo, and as the light played across the picture emphasizing some startling highlights, my firm resolves not to be embroiled in any sort of blind dates dissolved.

Saturday evening arrived, and with grave misgivings I followed Bill up to Carole's, where we were to meet the girls. Carole greeted Bill at the door with a long moist kiss, and I wandered inside without waiting for them to break the clinch. I sort of drifted into the living room and there, there I saw Sue. She was standing by the light and the tight black dress she was wearing filtered the light in a most tantalizing way. It might not be such a bad evening after all, I decided.



By the time we had reached the *Chambre Futuristique* at the *Hotel Moderna* Sue and I had reached a state of deep mutual admiration based on our common love for the finer things in life: Chesterfields, Schenley's, and Havelock Ellis.

But it was too good to last. Fate, Nemesis and Sidney Hillman must have all had a grudge against me. Of all the places to go, we had to pick the *Hotel Moderna* with its *Chambre Futuristique*, decorated with modernistic paintings and waiters with trays modeled to look like wilting watches. Everything went smoothly for the

first few rounds of Tom Collins, and with Sue curled up in my arm I was making more than satisfactory progress. Then the blow fell. Bill, gazing intently at a picture on the opposite wall, gave vent to a poorly suppressed guffaw. Following his gaze I came face to face with the most hideous mass of pigments ever smeared on a canvas.

To my unartistic eye the thing looked like a wet, pulsating liver doing a samba with an infected purple appendix. Sue glanced at it and her eyes filled with a sort of "Oh Frankie" look. With a voice hushed and reverent she announced. "That's a Dilly. A genuine Dilly. Isn't it wonderful? Hasn't it got something?"

"It sure has," I muttered, "Looks like a nightmare of the type you would expect a vivisectionist with DT's to get." Sue sprang from my arms and crouched in the corner of the booth swearing at me, and readjusting her shoulder strap. Realizing I had made a tactical error and attempting to regain the ground I had lost (that strap was slipping fast), I stammered, "But you don't understand, darling, some of my best friends are vivisectionists, and they're very artistic people. Really they are. Their nightmares are considered the most artistic nightmares ever nightmares. You don't think that I'd criticize Dilly, do you?"

My frantic efforts met with success. Sue crept back in my arm, and started to remove the shoulder strap. Then Bill decided to put in his two cents' worth. Leering drunkenly at Sue's shoulder, he said, "Gosh, love is funny. Only the other day Buck was saying how stupid modernistic artists are. Remember, Buck? You said, 'Only morons and Harvard men are mentally degenerated to the level of Dilly.'"

Sue again retired to the far corner of the booth, and I shuddered as the light glinted on a Harvard pin on her lapel. She had told me it was her father's. Trying to keep Bill from

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saying anything more, I stamped heavily on his foot, and remarked that the glasses were empty, and it was time for another round. "Don't try to ply me with liquor. I know your little plan." I gazed at Sue bewildered, and tried to protest. "I'm not trying to ply anyone with liquor, it's merely that it's time for another round."

"Nonsense," snapped Sue, "It's perfectly obvious that you are trying to befuddle me with alcohol so I won't realize that you are a despicable anti-Dilly. You are probably even one of those stupid people who don't understand Gert Stein or James Joyce."

"But I wasn't trying to ply you with anything or trying to befuddle you any more than you are normally. And, besides, I do understand Stein and Joyce. I thought Finnegan's Wake was one of the nicest bits of light fiction I've read in years. Nice

and frothy, you know."

Sue seemed to be pacified slightly by my tactics, and remembering that it is a military axiom to always press the advantage, I tried to hold her hand. She promptly, and somewhat vindictively, I thought, stuck a salad fork in my arm, and admonished me not to be so familiar. Apparently, I had pressed the advantage too far.

Wounded in mind, soul and right forearm, I tore off a strip of the tablecloth for a tourniquet and asked why she had evinced no such moral sentiments before.

"I didn't know your true nature before, but now, realizing your anti-Dilly taint, I am aware that your intent was seduction, not fun, as I was first deceived into thinking." Sue was not only intelligent, but she had a typically feminine flair for logic.

By this time the pain in Bill's foot had subsided sufficiently so he could

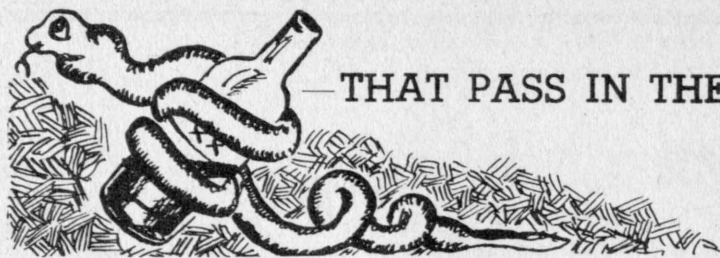
say, "With him it's always seduction, artistic or not."

Sue looked at me with a sort of glazed horror you might expect from Eleanor if she were seated next to Pegler. In a voice that shook with emotion (or was it Schenley's, she announced, "I refuse to stay here, and be subject to your artistic heresies and salacious sayings. Will you come with me, Carole, or do you prefer to stay here, and be further contaminated by this — this — this conservative!"

Carole gave Bill a "you-understand" look and slid out of the booth following Sue, and both girls disappeared through the door, but not before Sue had cast a last soulful glance at the painting that caused it all, and glared a few daggers at me.

As they left, Bill glared at me, and snarled vengefully, "Satisfied? I get you a date with the kind of a girl you

Continued to page 25



— THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Esmerelda was a little late. She'd said she would meet me at half past four in the SIP'N SLIP and already it was what is known in cocktail lounge circles as the witching hour—five o'clock. Slowly I sipped my drink. I was faced with a dilemma. I turned around and looked the other way. The dilemma snarled and left. Someone tapped me on the shoulder.

"Go way," I said, thinking it was still the dilemma.

"Won't you talk to me for just a minute first," said a tuneful, caressing voice.

I turned around and looked. She was a jewel. A rosy shining jewel. Her lips glowed like pearls, her teeth were like sapphires, yea and I say unto you, even her eyes were like rubies. Red.

Her voluptuous lips parted. Her fingers raised themselves prettily to her mouth. She wiped off the excess saliva and spoke.

"Didn't I once drink you under a bar in Mexico City?" she said.

"Are you . . . are . . . you . . . Arlene?" I gasped eagerly.

"Yes . . . oh, yes . . . a million times yes," she sighed.

"Never heard of you," I said and went back to my drink.

"But Bughead," she said, "of course you remember your little Arlene. We used to violate the seventh commandment together down in New Britain."

"No," I said, "I don't remember. But it sounds like a good story. Sit down and tell me about it." Then I indicated a seat where her low cut dress wasn't so much in the way.

"It all started when I was an innocent young thing of twenty-five working at Pierre's place in West Singapore."

"Missouri?" I said.

"Malay," she said.

"Anyhow," she continued, "I was madly in love. Pierre was the first man in my life. To me he was everything dear. Mother, sister, brother, father. Why, I even called him 'Daddy.' I trusted him im . . . impli . . . completely. He was my first and only love.

"Ah, how well I remember those nights. Those hot, humid, tropical nights. He would kneel and swear he loved me. Sometimes he would even bring home a piece of bacon. We would call it bringing home the bacon. Then I would lose control of myself and give myself up to the moment. Ah, those wild nights of passion when he would hold my hand.

"The days were different. Pierre was always away, hard at work. I would languish in the sun. Sometimes I would swear. Pierre once heard me. All he said was, 'What kind of languish is that?' Clever, clever, Pierre.

"It was the heat that finally did it. The moist malarial heat that bored little holes in your brain and sucked your mind away through them. The heat that oozed over your body and crept around under your dress . . . the wild, flaming, HOTNESS of that heat.

"Then it happened. I'd been fighting it for days, but at last it happened. I'd felt it stealing over me, taking possession of my mind, my body, my very soul. Finally I broke down.

"You see, Pierre had a baby cobra for a pet. He loved that cobra as though he'd borne it himself. He would fondle it in bed every night.

"At first, I didn't mind Anthony. I thought it rather cute the way he used to curl himself around my ankle. I thought it was sort of brotherly love.

Then he started getting fresh. I lost—as I said before—my head. I killed that cobra. Blew its head off. Gory as hell. Gawd. Gimme another drink.

"I knew Pierre would be mad when he found out. Pierre had a wild, hot, unquenchable anger. It was as uncontrollable as his wild, hot, unquenchable love. He would be out of his head. I knew I must flee.

"But where? That was the question, When? I knew it was a good question. Information Please offered me a free set of the Encyclopedia Britannica for it but I would not accept. It was my own problem and I would work it out my own coy way.

"I shipped in the black gang of a steamer tramp—in out of Singapore. Ooooh! Those men were rugged. That's where I learned about life. Things that even Pierre had kept hidden from me. But now I knew. At last I had matured into a woman. 'Pax Vobiscum' as the Romans used to say. Or, in the immortal words of Bismarck, 'Gesundheit!'

"And so it went. Day after day. Night after night. Morning after morning. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. It was the heat. The moist, sweating, malarial heat that bored holes in your brain and. . . Isn't that bartender cute? I think he's trying to tell us that they're closing up. It's been so nice to talk to you. You're such an interesting man. Well, good-bye. Or 'Wing-ding' as the Chinese like to say."

"But," I said, "you haven't told me about how we violated the seventh commandment in New . . ."

"WHAT!" she said, "you have your nerve. Who in . . .?"

"You and me," I said. "We were . . ."

"I've never seen you before in my life."

"But . . . but . . . how did you know my name was Bughead?"

It was too late. She had left.

Anyway, my name's Pierre.

— J. L. U.

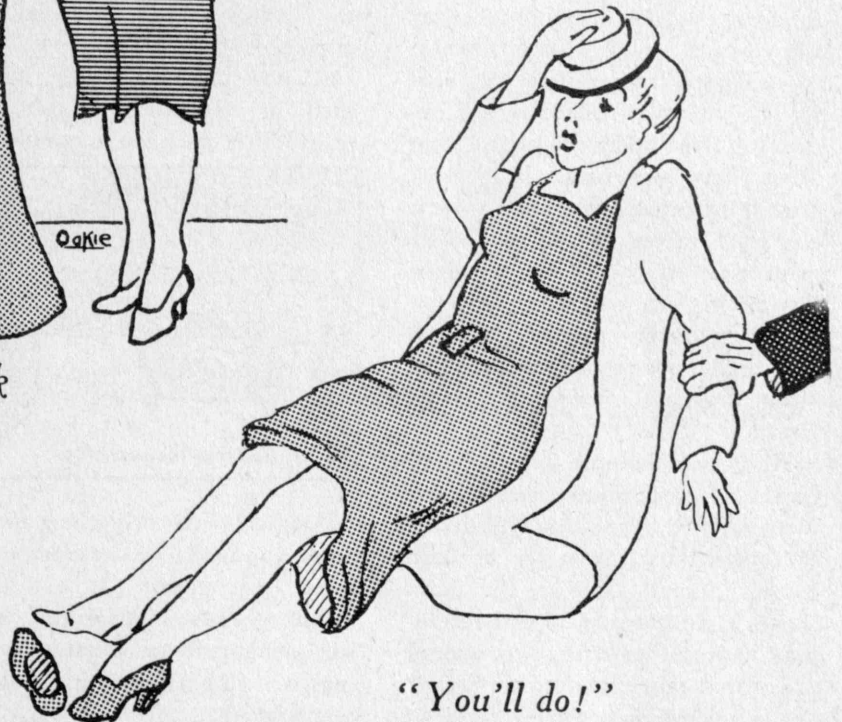
Acquaintance Dancing



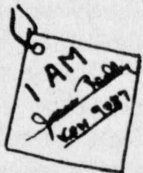
Take your pick



Nothing quite like it



"You'll do!"


I AM
Nov 2007

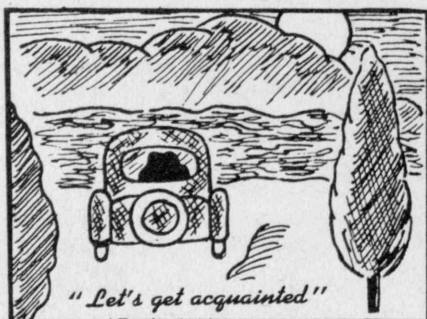


There is an art to eating . . . not just the manners you use in lifting the food to the mouth, but the technique required in getting the food placed in front of you so that you can lift it to the mouth. What we mean is the titanic struggle that seems to be taking place day in, day out between the employees and the guests of the many eating places that populate the world.

The results of this struggle are many. Some people who are too weak die by the wayside. They spend most of their lives trying to borrow a nickel for a cup of coffee, the only dish they can order successfully. Others manage to dominate the technique required for one particular restaurant and frequent it alone under the pretext that "they have a favorite little nook around the corner where the service is excellent." Some, though few, finally manage to dominate the art of getting served what you want when you want it in any ptomaine parlor whatsoever. This article is designed to make you one of these latter in one easy lesson. Hark!

First of all, there are three different classes of restaurants that require three different approaches. There are the original back-to-nature or hash houses. Second, there are the "hash houses in masquerade" or elite restaurants. Third, there are a vast span of places that range between these two. Let us analyze these three.

Your operations in the hash house are simple and direct. When you enter Drascha's Discreet Diner (Where the elite meet the dead beat) you have to act with speed and efficiency. Mutter quickly "Lamb Stew" and cock an ear. If you hear "Put wool on the slops," or "One wants the works," or yet again, "Another sucker," you know that you're getting what you ordered and can crawl behind your tankard of lukewarm, dilute, Charles River coffee and hope for the best. You may, of course, happen to hear the tough behind the imitation marble yell out, "Sun two on a raft," and know that you are getting two fried, or "Torpedo the raft," and realize that they are scrambled. If



so, you had better do nothing about it unless you are backed by at least three burly Irish officers. It is a better course to swallow your pride, which will undoubtedly taste better than the eggs, and slug it out with the adolescent roosters.

Through the whole gamut of diners, cafeterias, Waltons, Ash Cans, City Dumps, Walkers and other establishments of cheap chow for the prides of PAC you must have the same general procedure. There are several minor variations, but the principal steps are:

(a) Pull up your collar and turn down the brim of your hat.

(b) If there is one of those boxes with a gong in it doling out tickets, either take a gong of your own and ring it, thereby creating the impression that you have taken a ticket, or take out two tickets one of which you will give to the cashier in its virgin, unpunched state.

(c) Order spaghetti and meat balls irrespective of what you want; then select what you want from somebody else's order and snag it out.

(d) Speed is a byword. Don't lag while you eat as it is absolutely essential that you look as if you wanted to die of gastric ulcers at the earliest possible age. Don't wipe the flyspecks off the bread or the vinegar bottle. Don't try to excavate the concrete mass inside the mustard jar; the best you could do would be to get the fossil of some prehistoric fly. Don't wipe the lipstick off the glass or pick the bits of soap (to call a spade a gardenia) off your fork. Just eat . . . eat . . . eat . . . As if your life depended on it. With your hat and coat on and mostly in the food. Mix the boiled-out beans with the four paste sauce with the pepper and the mayonnaise with the razor edge slice of that nice cruuuunchy pie and guzzle, guzzle, guzzle, while it trickles down your muzzle and the sun comes out like thunder out of China 'crosst the bay.

But let us abandon the eat-in-order-to-live district and examine the performances required of the live-in-order-to-eat variety of hash h . . . pardon me . . . establishment de cuisine recherchee.

First of all forget all that stuff about wanting to get anywhere. You're there, boy, and don't expect to get out

under two hours and under twenty of the best. However you must have the same attitude towards your food that the primitive man of the diner has. You must ignore it. Again just follow some simple rules and you will be safe.

(a) The biggest mistake that beginners in the field of epicurean establishments is that of attempting to catch a waiter's eye. The eye of a waiter, like the political issue, is the most elusive thing created. Therefore, don't make a fool of yourself and show the entire restaurant that you are a beginner by timidly raising your hand, looking wistful, going "Ah, hu" when he is serving the next table, or grinning apologetically. Above all, don't call the wrong waiter. You can tell when you have the wrong one because he answers your call immediately and takes pleasure in humiliating you with a short, "Your waiter will be here immediately."

The correct method is to ignore the matter completely. Death by starvation is better than death by degradation.

(b) Now as to ordering, you can: I. Be French. If your guests don't know the lingo, just hand out a line of French, Italian, Zwambili, Esperanto, any old thing. The waiter is trained for such events and he will respond immediately. II. Be Recherchee. In clear words that can be heard for several tables you will order with minute care the "specialite de la maison." Specify exactly whether it be the eye of a lizard, or the tooth of an unborn toad at midnight, or the liver of a freshly chopped iguana pickled in the bile of an asexual unicorn. When it comes be dissatisfied and talk of nothing but how good the Goulash is in Bucharest, of the Borscht in Omsk. III. Be Casual: For this you have already discovered the dish of the restaurant where a small truck is pulled up alongside and cabalistic rituals are performed on your food before it is presented to you. Order this in exactly the same way you

would order beef stew at the diner. When it comes, *don't* by all that is good and unclean in this world, mess everything up by watching the guy work. Just ignore him and keep talking, in the meantime feeling the envious eyes of the whole restaurant on you.

(c) For Pete's sake don't wince when you eye the bill. Don't calculate the tip, or ask if he has change of a five, or slip a dime under the plate, or look at the items. Hand the guy a fifty and when he brings the change extract everything but a nickel, and tell him to keep the change.

(d) Finally, don't try any of that movie stuff. Don't expect the waiter to sail up and light your cigarette. If you sit with one hanging expectantly from your lips, all you will get is tobacco on your tongue and derision in your ears. Don't go for that passing out \$100, and saying "keep the change" unless you really mean it; these waiters are a peculiarly literally minded bunch. Don't try to bounce into a spot and greet the head waiter with a chummy "Hello, Pierre, have

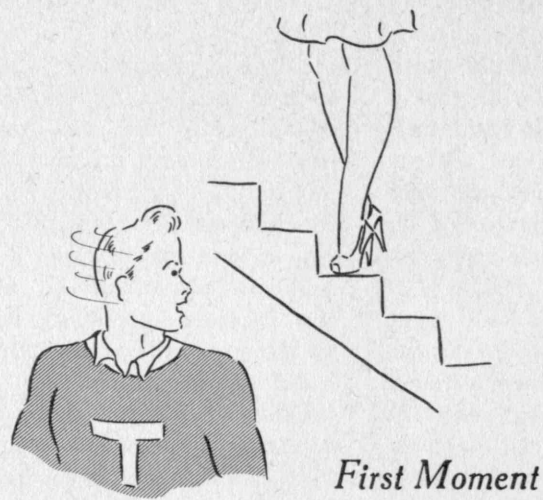
you my best table for me?" In Hollywood it costs them \$5 a day to get an extra to get "the usual table for them." In Boston, it is more likely to cost you a pound of flesh to get a bona fide head to do it. Above all, be careless . . . have that flippant "je ne sais quoi" and "savoir faire" . . . be negligent . . . blase . . . bored . . . tired . . . washed up . . . with a quoth the Raven Nevermore look on the face.

These types of restaurants are the principal bastions of the eating world. If you can master them you can adapt yourself to the various variations that come in between. If you control them, such things as the glorified self service, or kid-you-into-thinking-you're-getting-something-for-nothing, or smorgasbord . . . the stand-up-and-indigest your food or soda fountain . . . and even the fraternity meal will be mere canary meal, vulture food, albatross diet, to you. Just remember one thing before we part. "It's not really the food or the service that I like, but the atmosphere is so chummy."

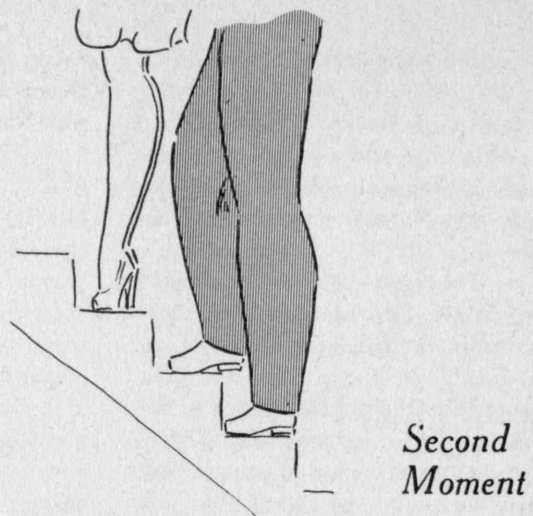
— R. W. W.



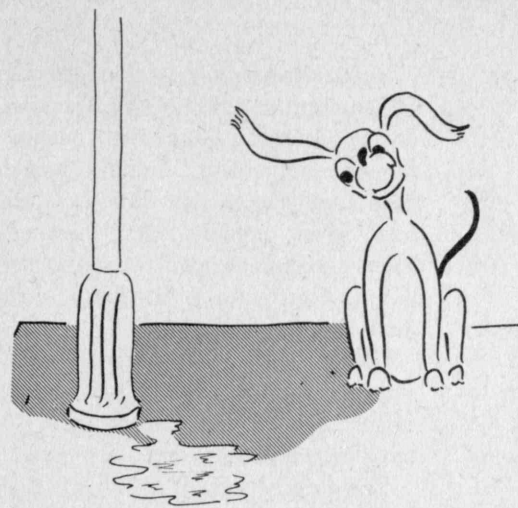
"Nah, it's gotta be L-E-W-D!"



First Moment



Second Moment

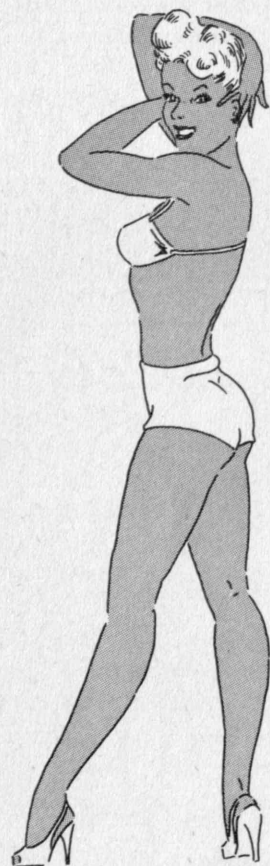


Polar Moment



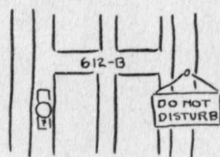
Bending Moment

A Comprehensive Outline of the Fundamentals of Mechanics



Concentrated Loading

Rigid Body

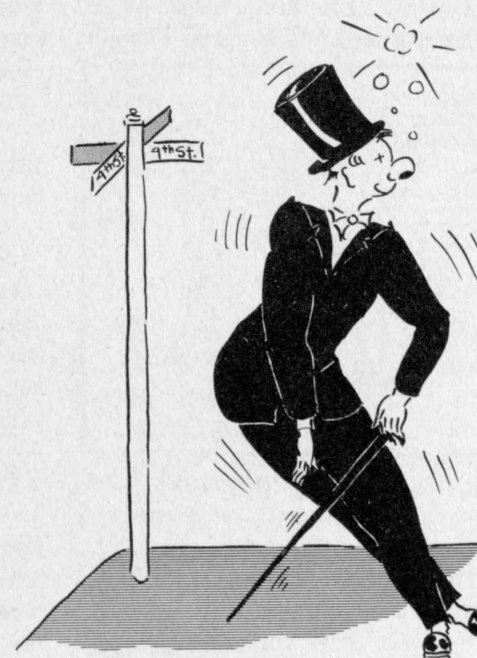


Positive Couple

Stress and Strain



Impulse



Statically Indeterminate



Shear



The Memoirs of Hector Canworthy, Techman

X. THE STRANGE CASE OF THE SHAGGY DOG

AMONGST the many strange cases that have passed me, by-passed me, and bid one spade while I was at the Institute, many have reached celebrity, many have dropped into abysmal darkness, but only one man has done both. This man was Yawunglenicht Ynglebrecht Yore who, though his name is unknown to you, is famous, for he was the creator of that monument of mental maladjustment, the shaggy dog story.

How well I remember that famous shaggy dog of Ynglebrecht's. That champion of a shaggily shaggy dog that was very shaggy. One part Alsatian, two parts plain dog, three parts Scotch and a touch of bitters, he was the pride, life, and joy of his master's heart.

I also remember it well, the expression on his face when he said to me one day:

"Julian was killed in a car crack-up yesterday."

He was in my room at the time, sitting in my best arm-chair. I glanced at him and our eyes met, but, as no formal introduction was effected, they parted again.

"Cheer up, old fellow," I said, "there must be more than one dog, one shaggy dog in Boston."

He smiled a wan smile.

"I will look," he said simply and was gone.

Look he did. He was a research man by nature and used to careful search. He tackled the job with precision. He checked every pound, pet shop, restaurant, and meat market in Greater Boston, and he traced the pedigree of every hamburger in Massachusetts. All of no avail.

"Boston is useless," he said as he sat on my waste paper basket and heaved old galoshes at my pet white mice. Glancing up, I caught his eye, and prying it out of the socket, I

managed to attract his attention.

"How about going down to the United States?" I queried.

I intend to canvass the United States very completely," he said. "I will leave now." And with that, he neatly threw an old potato rind at me, stepped on the train and steamed away into the air.

It was a full year before I saw my friend again, and, when once more he opened the door of my dingy cave, I saw what was an older man than before. His hair was grey, and he carried his tooth brush in the bags under his eyes. Throwing himself



into my chair, and throwing his dirty wash into my ash tray, he tossed two of his feet onto my desk.

"Hector," he said, as his two front teeth fell out, "America is no good. They don't know what a shaggy dog really is here. They have shown me Borzois that are long haired dogs, not shaggy dogs, Pekineses that are fluffy dogs, Bedlingtons that are frowsy dogs, Tibetan shepherds that are mangy dogs, but no shaggy dogs. None like Julian. Hector, I am selling everything I have and am going abroad to find a shaggy dog like Julian. Hector, I may never see you again. Give me your hand."

And, so saying, he unscrewed my left hand and walked out of the room. The quest had started!

It was unbearably hot in Tomale Caliente in the center of the Brazilian Matto Grosso. That dank, damp, rotting, oppressive, humid, jungle heat that makes the skin on your back grow mouldy. As Yawunglenicht slashed through the spaghetti-like undergrowth, a Brazilian head hunter pounced on him.

"Where's the bathroom?" yelled the head hunter. "Where's the bathroom?" Then as an afterthought, "I have here a shaggy dog."

Ynglebrecht sighed.

"He was much shaggier," he said.

It was bitterly, bitterly, bitterly cold in Hachew, Siberia. That cutting, icy, freezing, numbing cold that hardens the blood in your veins. As Yawunglenicht plodded through the snow, an Eskimo ran up to him with a thin blanket.

"What for?" asked Yore.

"It gets chilly nights," said the Eskimo. Then as an afterthought, "I have here a shaggy dog."

Yore sighed.

"He was much shaggier," he said.

It was a depressing day in Calcutta. One of those lugubrious days when the mysterious, awe-inspiring, impending wail of the banshee vies in eeriness with the malignant throb of the voo doo drums.

It was twenty years since Yore first left home and he was penniless. He sat on the curb of a little Calbusha back alley as the drenching rain slogged down like ringer's ink over his back, and rotted the old bananas in his pocket. Suddenly a silent figure emerged from the gloom. A shrivelled up, wizened, little man who carried a small baby dragon under one arm, which he kept feeding with rancid butter. He sat down by Yore and silently said:

"You are Yore. You are looking for a shaggy dog. You will go to Skull mountain in Dead Man's Range, by Sarcophagus Stream, near Corpse Lake, just past Cadaver County, one hundred fifty miles inland from the Mozambique coast. You will

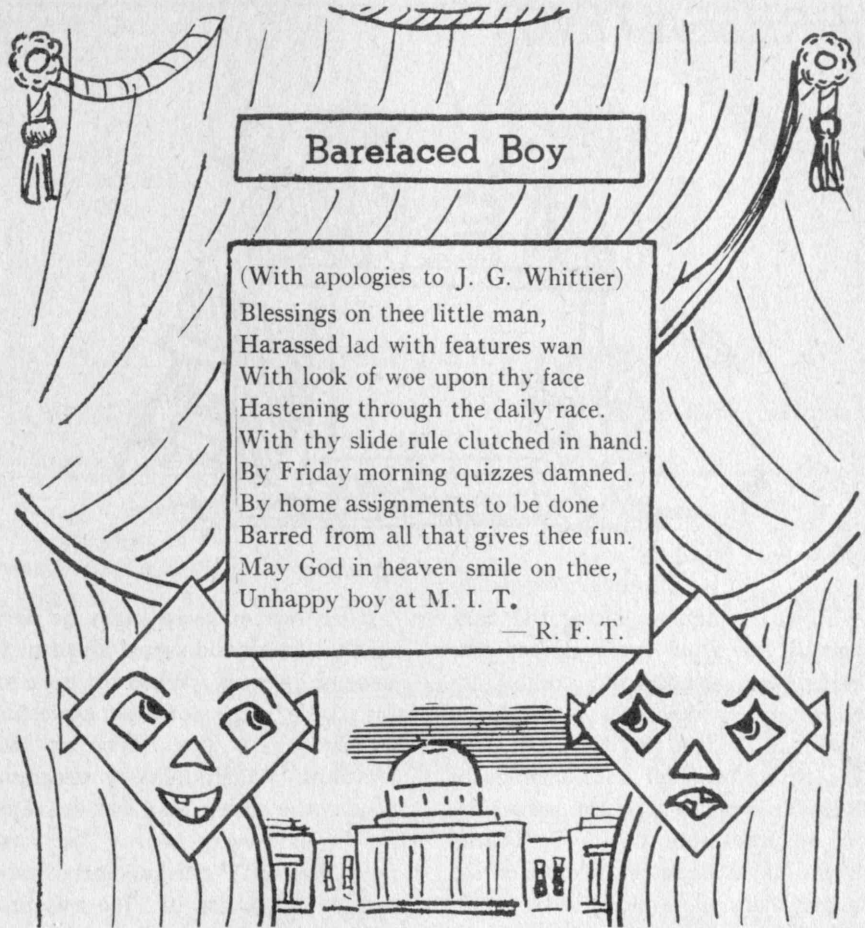
find a door in the rock. You will throw tomatoes at it, bow three times to the east while saying obscene words, and will beat it down with your head. You will find a shaggy dog which a man will lead you to."

So saying, the little man spat on the floor and vanished into the mouth of the baby dragon.

I need not go into the details of the sacrifices Yore made to raise the money to organize an expedition to Mozambique. How he worked at menial jobs day after day. How he spent twenty long years as garbage man at a mere ten dollars a week and all he could eat. How he never touched food for twenty years and piled every penny in an old shoe box.

Finally the expedition got under way. It was a sultry day in Bombo M'Gbombo on the Mozambique coast as the safari of five intrepid explorers, Yore, and sundry porters, bartenders, and stenographers took to the jungles. The expedition was a doomed one. Every step it took was dogged by a curse so malignant that none could avoid it. One by one, as they fought through the jungle, the porters and stenographers were swallowed by man-eating Avocados, termites that organized armies, cut classes, and bet on the possibilities of the expedition's reaching its goal, and sundry small animals like tigers and brontosaurus.

Then came the cold. As they climbed high in the mountains, first the deserts, then later the icy cold of the high altitudes slowly claimed every man in the expedition except



Barefaced Boy

(With apologies to J. G. Whittier)

Blessings on thee little man,
Harassed lad with features wan
With look of woe upon thy face
Hastening through the daily race.
With thy slide rule clutched in hand.
By Friday morning quizzes damned.
By home assignments to be done
Barred from all that gives thee fun.
May God in heaven smile on thee,
Unhappy boy at M. I. T.

— R. F. T.

Yawunglenicht Ynglebrecht Yore. He alone fought on and on and on and on (monotonous, isn't it?). Finally, as he dragged his weather beaten body over the last rock, his only remaining eye saw the door in the rock. He threw rotten tomatoes at it, bowed three times to the east while saying obscene words, and finally beat it down with his head.

A small man in snowshoes answered.

"Did you knock?" he said.

"I am Yore," said my friend.

A light came into the little man's eyes. He beckoned Yore to follow him. They walked down a long, dimly lit corridor that stretched for miles and miles into the entrails of the earth. As they proceeded it got darker and darker and a strange growth of repulsive little tobacco chewing snails appeared on the walls. Finally they came into an enormous cave grotesquely festooned with men's old neckties (with the men still in

them) and gigantic piles of dessicated Republicans. In the middle of this conglomeration there was a trap door, next to which stood an old, old man.

My friend's guide stopped and reverently whispered,

"He is here," and disappeared.

The old man looked up.

"You have come for the shaggy dog, haven't you?" he said, "a dog that is as shaggy as Julian."

"Yes," said Yore, his eyes (correction: eye) filled with tears of emotion.

The old man said nothing but as he turned away and raised his hands, the trap door opened and there appeared . . . a *really real shaggy dog*.

The silence that followed was the most pregnant silence the dark continent has ever seen. Yore was too full to speak. Then after a long, long pause, he finally found words to express himself.

"Oh, hell," he said, "Oh, hell, he wasn't that shaggy!"

PRESENTING . . .



It was sometime during the dark ages of Voo Doo Art, back last year when the whole art staff from editor to pen boy was seated in the person of the late Ray Gamundi, that Joseph B. Davidoff unceremoniously introduced himself to the magazine. He was fresh from the drawing boards of the Naval Architecture office on the fourth floor of Building Five, and, therefore, possessed such a solid background in stair-scaling that the long hazardous climb to Walker 303 hardly fazed him. Davidoff's round happy countenance was a welcome addition to the drab surroundings of Tech's mirth factory for the next few weeks; he would present the perfect picture of the mad artist as he chortled over his latest achievement with the brush, except that instead of the artist's flowing tie and paint-daubed mantle, he wore the shapeless blue garments of the local Navy.

Someone dubbed him "Joe" almost the first day, and this monicker stuck. Soon, Joe was being called on by everyone on the Board to do the odd art jobs and dog work. He got to do all the unsigned illustration work, all the uncredited art spreads. But did Joe complain? You bet your sweet life he did. It was an affront to the artistic temperament to go plugging along this way, unhailed, scorned.

Then one make-up night he went mildly berserk and signed his name to some of his work. When the issue hit the stands there was the same question on everyone's lips. Who is this Davidoff? Congratulatory telegrams flooded the office. Mail was delivered by the bale every hour. "We want more Davidoff!" cried an enthusiastic public. They got it. Joe was promoted to cartoons and the next month he did a cover for the magazine. From a quiet smiling industrious, unknown, Joe had developed to a quiet smiling industrious public idol.

His work has embellished the last few issues from cover to cover, inclusive. Joe has become noted, not to say notorious, for his sensitive portrayal of female figures, lewd infants, and curious Cats. Those caricatures of the nation's well-known personalities in the last month's Voo Doo were from Joe's pen.

This term, his last at Tech, finds him Co-Art Editor along with Bill Baker, a lad who will get space on this page another month. Joe Davidoff is still plowing ahead. Not content with making a success of himself, he is now in the process of making a success of the whole department. A toast to Davidoff! Hoist a mug to the Joe that put the art in Voo Doo.

* * * * *

They tell us of the blushing bride,
Who to the altar goes;
Down the center of the church
Between the friend-filled rows.
There's Billy whom she motored with,
And Bob with whom she swam;
There's Jack — she used to golf with
him
And Steve who called her lamb.
There's Ted, the football man she
owned,
And Dan of tennis days;
There's Herbert, yes, and blond
Eugene,
And there's Harry, college beau,
With whom she used to mush,
No wonder she's a blushing bride.
Ye gods! She ought to blush.

— Pelican.



Remember the days when silk stockings used to be within the reach of all?

— Urchin.

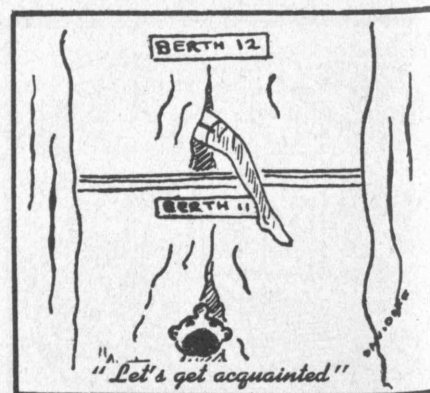


It was intermission at the dance and everybody came inside for some fresh air!

She was debating the best means of dropping her current flame.

"Are you worried because you think he'll tell lies about you?"

"I don't mind the lies, but if he ever tells the truth, I'll break his neck," she answered.



BEAUTIFUL BUT

Continued from page 15

yell for, and you bungle it with your goddam views on art. Not only that, but you bungle it so good that my girl walks out on me too. Me, just a poor innocent bystander." Here he started to weep in his drink

"I never opened my mouth about art until you started," I growled.

"Don't be technical, it's all your fault," and brooding over imagined wrongs, he tried to impale me on an olive spear. In self defense and vengeance I replied in kind, trying to drown him in a Tom Collins. By then the waiters arrived and urged us to continue our debate outside. Since they urged us with a combined half-nelson and headlock neither Bill nor I had the heart to say no. At the door, they deftly relieved us of cash sufficient to cover the check and leave a tip big enough to finance a new lounge.

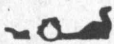
Recovering from the ordeal in the privacy of my favorite park bench, I tied a slab of horsemeat on my eye (have you tried to get steak recently?), and counted up my losses: a pretty girl, a pal who could do the physics homework, and seven bucks to boot. It just proves what I've always said, "Damn these brainy dames anyway."

— R. F. T.



There is nothing strange about saying that the modern girl is a "live wire." She carries practically no insulation.

— Urchin.



"Captain, is this a good ship?"
"Why, madam, this is her maiden voyage."

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A pessimist is one who thinks all women are immoral. An optimist is one who merely hopes so.

— Dodo.

A girl with a beautiful set of pins usually sticks someone.

— Pelican.

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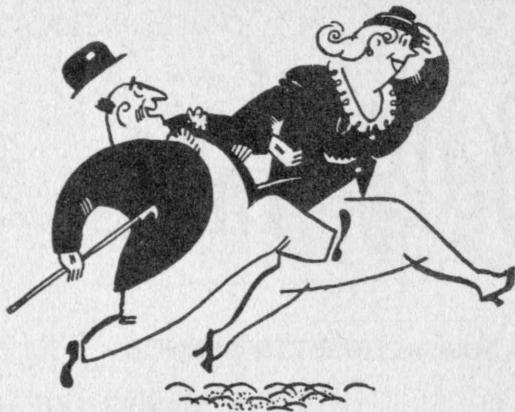
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 time in your car after the dance last
 night."

Second ditto: "Was that her name?"

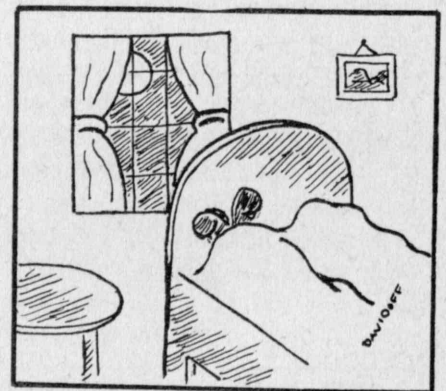
AWFUL AL

Continued from page 11

ments are legendary and his ability
 to stay awake is non-existent. His
 resistance to women is nil. He even
 has occasional skirmishes with frater-
 nity president Curt Beck's girl. He
 claims that these are the just and
 necessary properties of a chemical
 engineer.



Headline in Sunday Advertiser:
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A girl is sometimes like the ocean —
 she may look green, but she can get
 awfully rough.

— Old Maid.

HORACE

Continued from page 13

flitz and Mr. Blatz of Pffennenflitz, Blatz, and O'Garvey were waiting when the elevator arrived.

As Horace took them earthward, Mr. Pffennenflitz observed, "Sure is a cold day, Blatz."

"Sure is, F. O.," said Blatz, "Hey, Horace, not so fast. Let's go back up and get my stomach. Haw, haw." He dug a playful elbow into Horace's side.

Down, down, DOWN! Faster, faster, FASTER! Horace hunched over his controls, a horrible fixed grin on his face. "See what I mean?" he mumbled to no one in particular. "See?" There was a single shuddering crash. Then silence.

"Street Floor," said Horace, "Watch your step."

— H. P. G.



I can't bear children
Who are scrawny and pale.
I can't bear children
Because I'm a male.

— Pelican.



The little child was sitting demurely on the couch, watching her mother smoking a cigarette. Her little nose was wrinkled and in her pale blue eyes there was an expression of childish disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto: "Mother, when the hell are you going to learn to inhale?"

"The officers, who appeared to be under the influence of liquor, came over to the gang using the foulest language, and, without a word of warning, one of the officers punched a member of the group in the aw."

Hope he was wearing his ock.



From the Boston Record:

"Jap's Singing Brings Death."

Better watch out, Frankie.



The mama broom and the papa broom had a little whisk broom and they couldn't understand it because they had never swept together.

— *Marshal Islands.*

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Lad, looking through telescope:
"God!"

Friend: "Aw, g'wan, . . . it ain't that powerful!"

— *Urchin.*



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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

The Voice from the Rear: "Where's the sled?"

— Pelikan.



There's a story been going around the faculty about the absent-minded wife. It seems that the professor had just returned from a hard day's work and after dinner he and his wife settled down in the living room to enjoy the radio. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. "My husband!" the absent-minded wife gasped. "My God!" said the professor and jumped out the window.



Not many months ago two gulls were flying above the Charles River and noticed quite a commotion along its banks. The first one asked the second what it was all about.

"Wait a minute," he replied, "while I go down and see." After swooping down near the water, he returned to his companion and informed him that there was a crew race between Tech and Harvard.

"Oh, how interesting," remarked the first gull, who then flew away for several minutes. On his return, he asked the second one who had been the victor in the race.

Again he swooped low to find the answer to his friend's question. "Tech won," he replied when he came back.

"Oh hell!" exclaimed the first. "I put all I had on Harvard."



Sunday Afternoon on the Farm" painted by Rudolf Wetterau

Home

We turn our hearts towards home—all who've been far from it, whether on fighting fronts or home front—all who've worked at war as never before, and now need peace and leisure. May home be as sweet as ever!

Perhaps you are one of those to whom the fragrance of a good pipe of tobacco, and the time to enjoy it, are as indispensable as home—in fact, part of it.

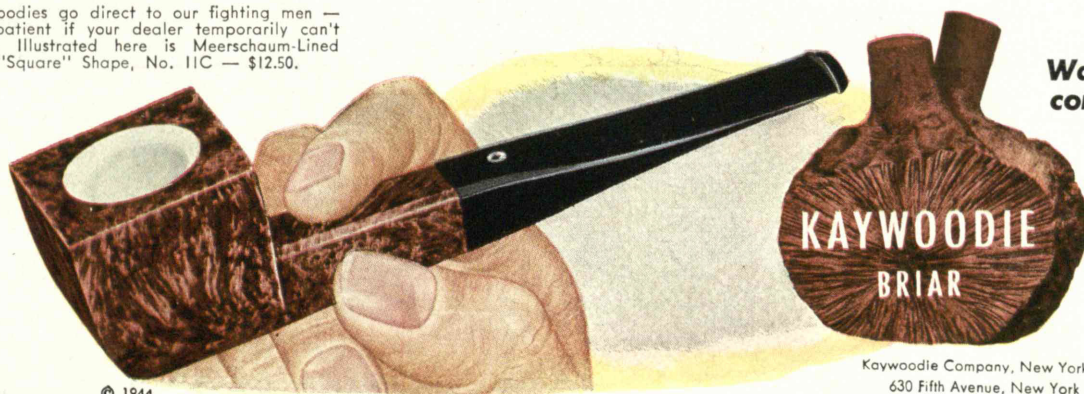
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