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THIS is the weekend for which 450 Techmen have been waiting. There are those who will start the partying this evening at the Statler, others who will have begun the tapering on process several hours earlier; and similarly throughout the three-day siege there will always be present the impromptu parties which will form at a minute's notice at the town's popular spots. We'd like to spend a few paragraphs here on a number of the places which will certainly be drawing the Tech crowds for the J. P.

First of all, let's drop into the Mural Lounge at the Hotel Kenmore, in Kenmore Square. The Mural is one of our favorite spots for an informal gathering. We like the quick service, the friendliness of the bartenders and the waitresses, the good drinks provided at reasonable prices. The Mural always seems to be alive; it's just about right for a medium sized party of three or four couples, and the decorations and comfortable booths make it a place not only for a quick drink but for a longer stand.

Next let's move down two blocks on the Avenue to the Puritan. Smaller than the Mural, the lounge here is just the place to waste an hour or so with your date, particularly if you would rather have definite peace and quiet between hectic parties. It is rumored that some of the best drinks in town are mixed at the Puritan; if you're doing the rounds, don't miss this one.



Now cross over to Bay State Road, and the Myles Standish. We were sorry to see the intimate Mandarin Room removed, but the new lounge here is quite good, and should be even better if the bar is open and the Hammond-organist is giving out. The Myles, as the Mural, will handle a good sized party.

Later on in the evening, or on Sunday afternoon, drift on down to the Music Box, at the Copley Square Hotel. This lounge is probably the most elaborate in town, with its large circle bar and colorful maroon and white wall decorations. In addition, the Music Box has probably the best entertainment in town, a three-piece combo playing continuously. It's the

type of place to visit if you'd like to sit awhile and let someone else make the noise.

We aren't going to be able to mention every suitable lounge in town, but here are just a few of the additional places which are well worth while: The Fife and Drum Room at the Vendome, the Lafayette, the Merry-Go-Round at the Copley-Plaza, the Statler Bar, the Parker House Bar, and the Viking. Take your pick. Phos will give one free swizzle stick from the Silver Dollar to the man who can prove that he's been to them all over the weekend.



"I had a date with a General last night."

"Major General?"

"Not yet."

— The Boulder.



A little town in Pennsylvania has the right spirit. A sign in the cemetery reads:

"Persons Are Prohibited From Picking Flowers From Any But Their Own Graves."

## Voo Doo

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**The  
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Johnny (after some deliberation):  
"What would you do, Daddy?"

— Exchange.

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CENTRAL SQUARE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The English language is a funny thing. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes and she'll adore you, but just try telling her that her face would stop a clock!

It's the girls without principle that interest.

— Pelican.

Once upon a time there were three Co-eds, a great big Co-ed, a medium size Co-ed, and a little Co-ed, who went for a walk in the woods. When they came back they were very tired and wished to go to bed, so they went to their rooms. All of a sudden:

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," said the great big Co-ed in a great big voice.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too," said the medium sized Co-ed in a medium sized voice.

"Good night, girls," said the little Co-ed in a little bit of a voice.

— Pelican.

"Darling," he murmured as he took her in his arms, "You look like an angel."

"Please," she protested, "You're squeezing my halo."

— Widow.

There was a young girl from Peru,  
Who decided her loves were too few,  
So she walked from her door,  
With a figleaf, no more;  
And now she's in bed with the flu.

— Pelican.



My kittie has gone gallivanting  
I don't know where she's at.  
Curse this city  
That lured my kitty,  
By dawn she'll be a cat.

— *Yellow Jacket.*



Junk Man: Any beer bottles for  
sale, lady?

Old Maid: Do I look as if I drank  
beer?

Junk Man: Any vinegar bottles to  
sell, lady?

— *Chaparral.*



He knocked at the door of my  
room.

"May I come in? It's the room I  
had when I went to college in '09,"  
he said.

I invited him in.

"Yes, sir," he said, lost in reverie.  
"Same old room. Same old windows.  
Same old furniture. Same old view  
of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a  
girl terrified.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story!"



In Boston, Chairman William P.  
Long of the Park Commission said  
there was a regulation which prohibits  
bathing in any costume that doesn't  
cover the wearer from "neck to knee."

At Hampton Beach, police yawned  
and said nobody bothered about  
bathing suits or shorts any more.

— *Boston Daily Record.*

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land.

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CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

"What'll it cost to have my car re-  
paired?"

"What's the matter with it?"

"I haven't any idea whatever."

"Sixty-four dollars and fifty cents."

— *Pelican.*

**FEATURE  
FOOTBALL**

**BOSTON YANKS**

**AT FENWAY PARK**

VS.

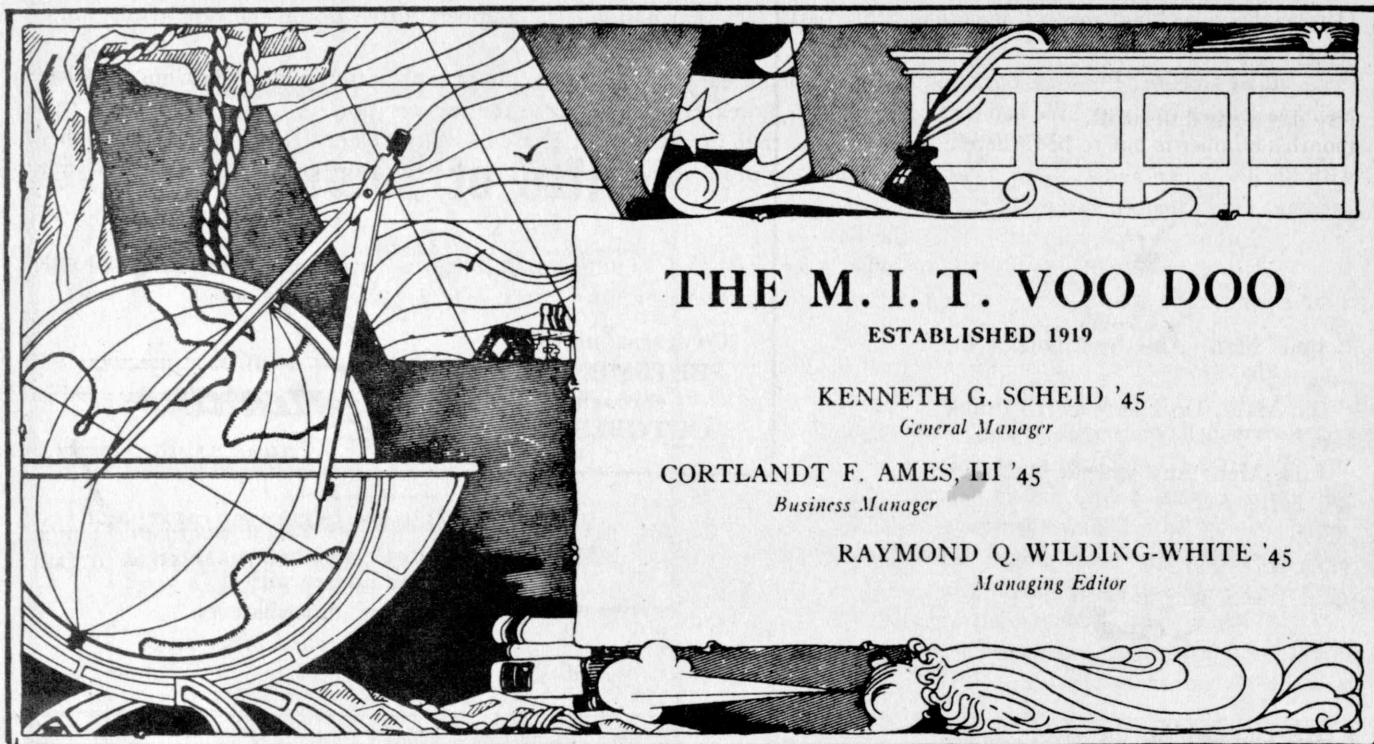
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**W**E struggled up to the office a few weeks ago after having deserted this hallowed cubicle for almost a month. The summer had been good to us, for with but one issue to worry about in over three months, we had been able to enjoy more of the good things of life — numberless beach parties, regular visits to the Mural Lounge, week ends in New Hampshire, a trip or two to the races, and the rest of the pleasantries which accompany leisurely existence.

Apparently our friend Phos had enjoyed the summer, for we noticed a rather deteriorated animal sprawled within the sacred halls. The Cat was shot; there could be no doubt about that. So were we.

For a while silence, broken only by the nearby blasts from the Freshman band, prevailed. We eventually collected our thoughts and pointed to a calendar. "The party's over, friend. That J. P. issue has to be taken care of next week."

Phos seemed to awaken now. "Well, since that's the situation, let's make what we can of it. And by the way, if you will recall a few months ago I brought to your attention something about the Blue Blood Boston Blue Laws —"

We cut him off there. "Sorry, Cat; this time we talk shop. And here it is in words you understand. You'll have to find someone else to keep you supplied with the egg for your brew."

"Now, what-in-hell's going on here? This is September, and I thought you fools would be my domestics until the usual switch in December. What's the gag?"

"Well, you see, the Class of 1945, that is the class which was originally the Class of 1945, only now it's the Class of 10-44, because there's another Class of 1945 — 6-45 — Anyhow, we're all leaving next month."



The animal seemed quite perplexed. "Let's see if I can get this straight. You guys are going to get thrown out in October because MacKinnon's office had a big party last year and got the numbers mixed up on the typewriter; am I correct?"

It was no use. Phos was born and raised on the normal year and no amount of explanation would make him see what a simple matter this was. We had something to say, however, so we cornered the conversation from there on. "After this month's number is put to bed, there'll be a new boss man in charge. We think he will take good care of the rag, together with his henchmen and the new faces which you have probably seen around here lately. But don't relax, friend, in your constant vigil over the welfare of the mag."

"Nothing to worry about," spoke the Cat.

And we, as those before us, left the office a few weeks later quite certain that with such a character as the Cat still a force behind the scenes, there was nothing wrong with the general run of things in 303 Walker Memorial.

\* \* \* \* \*

Phos takes this opportunity to extend his deepest appreciation to his hard-working staff and board members for their loyalty in these uncertain times, without which there could have been neither the pleasant enjoyment or the reasonable success which have marked the past seven numbers.

K. G. S.

PHOS is proud and happy to announce the appointment of the following men as the new Senior Board of Volume XXVII of Voo Doo: Peter Van Pelt Schwab, General Manager; James Flint Brayton, Business Manager; Howard Paul Grant, Managing Editor.



Cover this month by Carbonnell.

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## SOCIETY'S RENDEZVOUS—"THE MURAL LOUNGE"

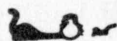
*Home of the famous "Sportsmen's Bar"*

▼▼▼

EDWARD BRYCE BELL, *General Manager*

A new musical production came to town. The billboards read: "50 Beautiful Girls — 45 Gorgeous Costumes."

Three students and two policemen were trampled in the rush at the opening performance.



He (Dewey) also slapped at the Democrats for dropping Henry A. Wallace as their vice-presidential nominee, when he was asked if he believed that the Democratic argument against changing horses in mid-stream would be effective.

"That argument was demolished in Chicago when they changed one half of the horse," Dewey retorted.

— *Boston Herald*.

**And just whom, Mr. Dewey, do you consider to be which half?**

Nice night in June.  
Stars shine, big moon.  
In park on bench  
With girl in clinch.  
Me say me love;  
She coo like dove.  
Me smart, me fast;  
Never let chance pass.  
Get hitched, me say.  
She say O.K.  
Wedding bells, ring, ring,  
Honeymoon, everything.  
Happy now, got wife;  
Settle down, married life.  
Another night in June —  
Stars shine, big moon.  
Ain't happy no more.  
Carry baby, walk floor.  
Wife mad, her fuss;  
Me mad, me cuss.  
Life one big spat,  
Nagging wife, hollering brat.  
Me realize at last —  
Me too damn fast!

— *Sundial*.

A sweet young gal breezed into a florist shop and looked around the shelves for something she wanted.

Then she saw an old chap puttering around a plant in the corner and went over to him.

"Have you any passion poppy?" she inquired.

The old boy looked up in surprise.

"Gol ding it!" he exclaimed. "You just wait till I get through prunin' this lily!"

— *Old Maid*.



A sailor and his girl were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.

"Ah me," said the sailor, "that's what I'd like to do."

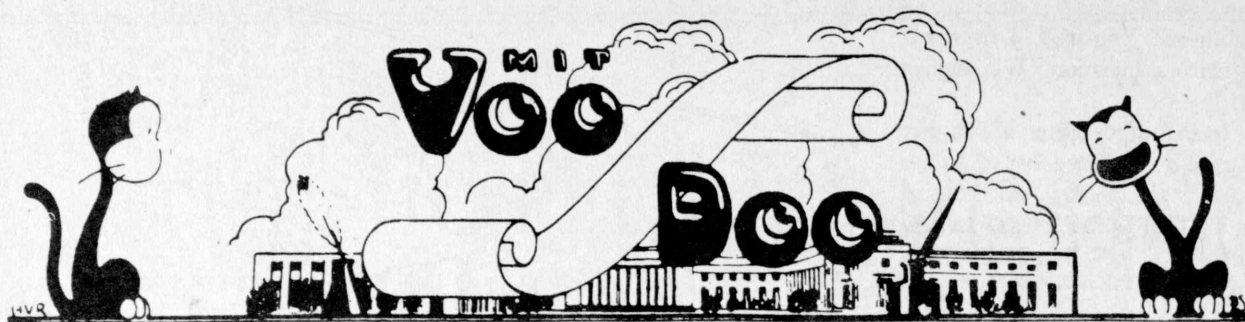
"Well, go ahead," answered the girl, "it's your horse."

— *The Log*.



## JUNIOR PROM NUMBER





PEOPLE have always been our prime interest. After all, that is only natural, since they make up a very large part of the Earth's population. Fundamentally, we believe, people are funny, and it is our sincere desire to popularize that belief. One of our reporters made a little jaunt to Ebbets Field on a recent trip to the big little town of New York, to gather information in support of our argument.

Two local young ladies watching the game were in quest of a soft drink. One of them had spotted a man selling cold beverages and went to make the purchase. She returned empty-handed. "Didden he have any?" inquired her companion. "Yeah," she replied, shifting her gum, "but he got fresh!"

TECH has probably made a great step in the interests of science with its program to educate the engineer in "Bull Courses" such as English and economics. We always assumed, therefore, that an industrial engineer, who has plenty of time to learn his way around the field of "bull throwing" would be reasonably literate. It was with some surprise that we found this astounding statement in a speech made by one M.E. Mundel, who is no less than an Assistant Professor at Purdue University. He said, in emphatic and resounding tones, no doubt, "Stop watch time study which is a phase of the motion and time study in connection with rates and wages and then usually disadvan-

tageously."

No more, no less. We, for one, would not care to take issue with him.

EVERYONE has been a freshman at one time or another, but, once past the stage, not everyone can fathom the workings of their puerile and perverted mentalities. There was, for instance, that lad we saw scaling the bushes outside Walker a few days ago, his object being a pair of pants dangling from the topmost branches, — *his* pants, as it turned out. Naturally there was a story behind it, and, naturally, here it is.

This particular youth had taken it into his head to crash the 5.15 club, not an impossible task. But it was his ill fortune to arrive on the threshold on the one day in the year when the Membership Committee was taking a door check. A burly committee member detained him as he attempted to shoulder his way past the desk in the doorway. "Where," growled the inquisitor, "is your membership card?"

The freshman fingered the fuzz on his upper lip apprehensively as he mumbled something about leaving it in his other suit. "... but, you can find my name in the file there," he blurted with sudden inspiration.

"Okay. What is it?" rejoined the door man, releasing his grip.

"I'll find it," the boy said, thumbing through the cards. "Ah, here I am," he stated, calmly drawing a card at random, "... er ... F. J. Amrhein!" He started to enter the club room.

The official blocked his way. "Oh,



"Son of a gun put corn likker in it."



that's different. You are F. J. Amrhein, hey? Just one question. Who signed you up?"

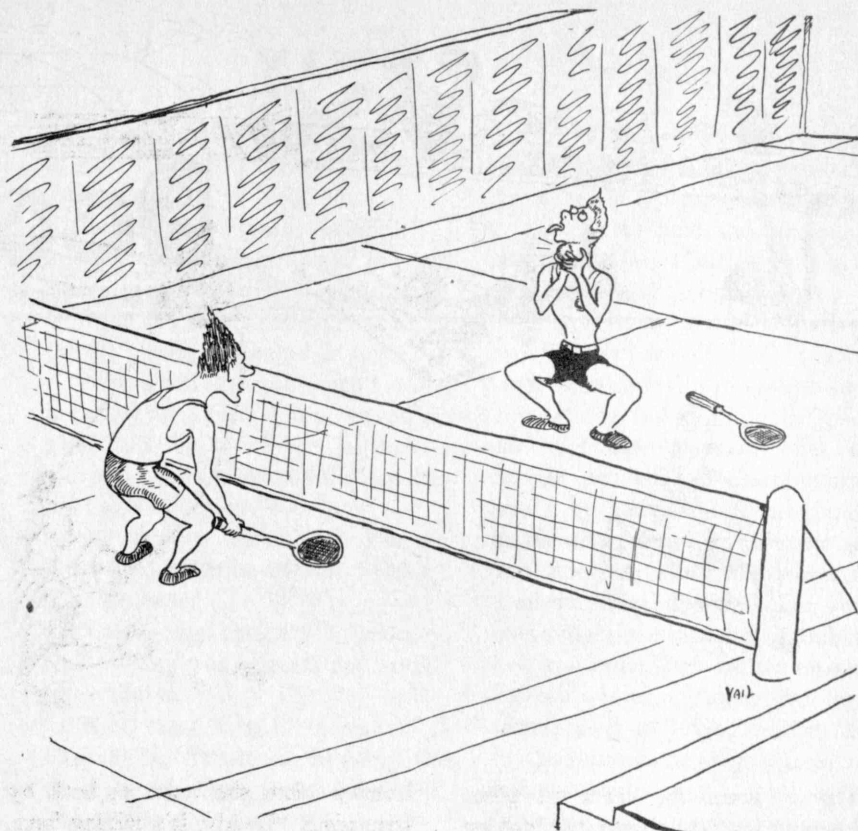
The frosh coolly lighted a cigarette as his gaze drifted to a list of names engraved on a nearby wall plaque. "Why, er, yeah, sure. Henry Laughton signed me up." The board read, "Henry Laughton, Pres. 1944."

"Well, whaddya know. Hey, fellows, c'mere. I want you to meet someone." The speaker turned toward one of the approaching group. "Joe, you are the one I want in particular. Joe, meet F. J. Amrhein. F. J., meet Joe Amrhein, our club president. You know, this frosh was signed up by Henry Laughton himself, our last term's president who *left two months ago*."

Ten minutes later the freshman was scrambling after a pair of pants in the bushes — his pants.

**T**HERE are some people who would not walk under a ladder for any amount of money, and we know a black cat who has a haunting fear of the number thirteen. Of course, no one is really superstitious, but . . .

She was a flighty young thing, and and she worked behind the counter at Sharaf's Brookline stand. During a slight lull in the evening's business, an elderly, and apparently constipated gentleman shuffled in and lowered himself onto a stool by the grill. The bright young woman gaily took his order of One With, and a few minutes later set the steaming burger before him. As she turned to ring up the sale, her elbow sent a container of salt spinning to the floor at her feet. "Oh, darn," she murmured, "bad luck." She hurriedly bent down, scooped up a generous handful of salt, and tossed it blithely over her left shoulder to keep off the curse. There was a stifled cry from the other side of the counter. She turned to see her customer stomping out the door in a cloud of fiery language, leaving behind his change and one hamburger smothered with greasy



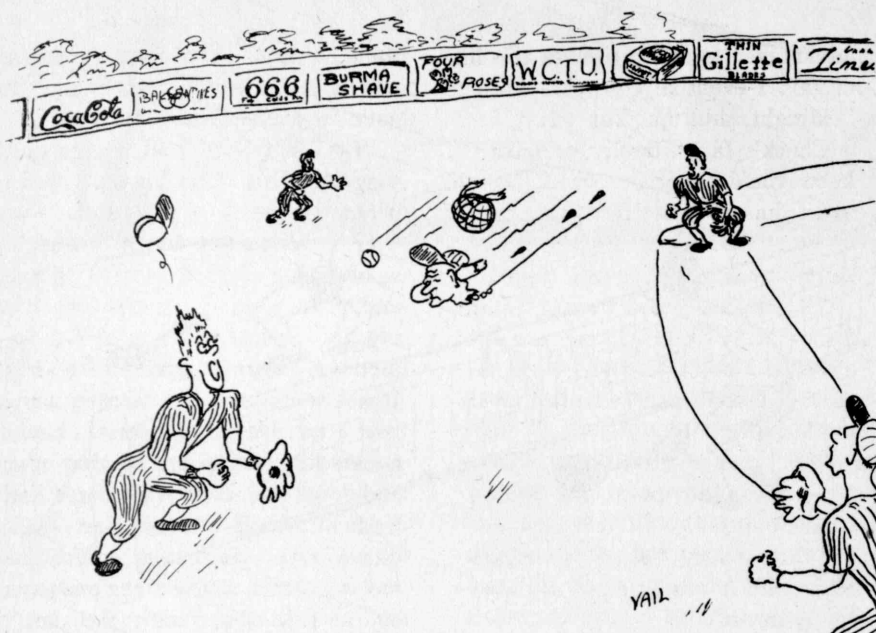
salt.

**H**ARVARD made the second page in the morning papers again a few weeks back, or didn't you notice? It was something about some young vandals disfiguring her pillars. Cambridge police were right on the job, and the Chief roundly denounced the hoodlums that would stoop so far as to daub red paint all over Jawn's front porch. It's good to know that our local guardians of the peace are hard at work on the case. We rest assured that someone will suffer for this irreverence.

**A**NOTHER Field Day has come and gone, to the intense relief of all concerned. The Tech Pharmacy cleaned up on adhesive tape as usual, and the local rag dealer has by now amassed a comfortable nest egg from the sale of the remnants of clothing left strewn about the field of battle after the Sophs pulled their surprise victory in the Glove Fight. All that

remains are a few memories and the usual bruises. And foremost among the memories is that of the avid female spectators who crowded about the contestants as they stripped the clothing from each other's backs. This year there were more than a few who went to the trouble of making permanent pictorial record of the brawl. We offer a brief toast to the brazen Tech coed who advanced into the very thick of the fray with her loaded Contax, and snapped candid shots of a score of the more denuded frosh.

**T**HE Tech has brought about many changes in the way of life of the student body in the years since its founding, and it is still not content. The latest is the attempted introduction of a brand new land sport. On the front page of its pre-Field Day issue, the following announcement was displayed in bold face type: "Crew Races at 1.30 p.m. Place: Briggs Field." It is not difficult to picture the scene: Two sleek shells



plowing down the track in great clouds of dust, the coxswains shouting out the stroke, and the oarsmen digging mighty divots as they strain every muscle to bring their boat first to the tape. There is one drawback to the arrangement. The track events would have to be held on the Charles, and it takes a helluva good man to be able to run across the water.

**L**IKE thousands of other Tech students we were thrilled to the core at receiving Labor Day off. We rushed to South Station to start the long trip to Grand Central; also like thousands of others. We crammed our R.O.T.C. clad person into a seat next to an ordinary gentleman of thirty. We both had the same basic desire—to catch up on our sleep. After about five minutes, we found that his wife and small daughter dwelt in the seat behind us. The daughter had a different desire. This was to wake us up every five minutes by screaming some inane remark into her Daddy's ear. The climax was reached a short distance out of New

London when she woke us both by screaming, "Daddy, it's raining here. Why didn't we stay where we were; it wasn't raining there." This intelligent observation aroused us thoroughly, and we began to sit up and take notice. To create a diversion of our own, we produced a bottle of tonic, and proceeded to open it by pulling the cap off on a window fastener, liberally spraying everyone in the vicinity. The dripping papa on our left wiped the foam from his eyes, and damned us, the government, the institution of marriage, and the New York Central System, before turning his face to the wall for another attempt at sleep. Trains are so restful.

**L**OCAL viewers-with-alarm have been barely able to restrain their jubilation over the recent outburst of Mission Hill delinquency. They have been rushing about crying, "I told you so," in several different languages. Didn't they warn us that the teen-age problem was a keg of dynamite ready to blow? Didn't they write long letters to the editors' columns? Didn't they

appeal to the Board of Health to sweep the V-girls from Boston's gutters? So it serves us right. At least, that's their story. But we refuse to be aroused. On the surface, the situation does look bad, but remember that all that does not glitter may not be all lead. For instance, while the big round-up was being pushed in Roxbury, we did a little investigating of our own right here in Cambridge, and we have reached the conclusion that the "average young American" is not such a case-hardened, gin-soaked individual as he is currently being represented to be. One of his kind accosted us on Massachusetts Avenue last week, cigarette dangling from his childish lips, and a suspicious parcel clutched in one grimy paw. "Hey, mister," he said, sidling up after glancing around for flatfeet, "read this and think it over." Handing us a crumpled pamphlet, he fled. We read: "Come into the House of Jesus. He is waiting. . . ."

**W**E are often alarmed at the ridiculous predicaments that some people get themselves into. However, stopping to think about it, we are not half so alarmed as they probably are, and as a warning to late strollers in the Esplanade, we present the following as one predicament to avoid: After one of the last of the outdoor concerts, a friend of ours was trying to find the shortest way to Beacon Street. Two lights were obviously pointing the way to an exit, since people could dimly be seen passing between them. After he had hurried through the gate, down a concrete stairway and become confronted by a closed door, he stopped to determine where he was. Shortly, a woman came out of the door and headed up the steps, so our friend followed, thinking she might know where she was going. At least he could find where he had been. Reaching the head of the steps, he glanced back and caught sight of a small blue sign that bore the single word, "Women."



"MAC, I'm in a jam," my roommate approached me subtly. I made up my mind that I wouldn't give in, though, for I knew what was coming. "Dot's college chum is in town," Chuck continued as I began to glare and look disgusted, "and she says she'll have to break our date for tonight, unless—" "I know," I broke in. "Unless you find a sucker. And I'm telling you right now, I'm not going to bite. My memory isn't so short that I don't remember that sad character you persuaded me to drag out on a blind date last month."

"Oh, but this one's a swell kid."

"So you've met the subject—and you still have the utter nerve to perpetrate such a crime on your best friend? Besides, I'm going out to the beach to do a little wolfing."

Chuck wasn't to be licked that easily. In fact, he was determined not to be licked. Girding himself for a long battle, he continued, "She's got a wonderful personality and she's very interesting."

I laughed at that one. "You're wearing down already, old chum," I told him. "That's usually almost your last appeal. Please don't try to kid me any more, I'm busy. I know that type—sort of a brownbagger—likes to talk about school and stuff like that and has a face that would stop Big Ben. No, Chuck, I can't go for that."

Seeing that I plainly wasn't in the right frame of mind, Chuck proceeded in the attempt to put me there. But I reiterated to him that flattery is mostly untruth, since it is mostly soft soap and soft soap is mostly lye. Then came the appeal to me as a gentleman, "Haven't I always treated you right and helped you out of tight spots? Remember the time—"

"No, I don't." I was trying to hide that I was weakening from exhaustion. "Go find another sucker or something else to do tonight. And leave me alone."

Evidently Chuck saw what was happening, because he pressed his

advantage. Growing tired of this line of gab, I eventually gave in with an "All right, shut up. You win."

Chuck's face literally beamed. "I knew you'd see it my way," he said as he ducked a healthy swing that I let fly. "We have to be there at eight-thirty; your girl's name is Joyce."

"Not so fast, dear. I haven't stated my conditions yet," I interrupted his glee. "If I don't like her, we go to a movie. I don't want to talk to a stupid hag all evening."

"Aw, have a heart, Mac. I've got reservations for us at the Statler," Chuck pleaded.

"Take your choice," I informed him. Chuck was helpless and agreed to my terms.

"Now don't forget the signal," I told my roommate as he rang the doorbell. "If I give you a good swift kick, we go to the movie."

"Uh-huh," came the affirmative reply as Dot's father answered the door and asked us to come in. Dot, who is quite easy on the eyes, appeared first, saying that Joyce would be



along shortly. I suppressed a tremble of fear. It wasn't long before she made her entrance. As we were introduced, she gave with a coy smile that so impressed me that I almost burped. She wasn't badly built and had blonde hair, but she was wearing

## IN A JAM

some hideous horn-rimmed glasses and a rather stupid expression that gave me the aforementioned urge.

"Let's stay here and not go out," suggested Dot. Chuck wasn't hard to persuade, being that payday was over a week away and a Statler bill would have cleaned him. I grinned and, since I was in no position to do my kicking and still appear half-way tactful, began coughing like mad. It was to no avail—Chuck explained that I was allergic to a certain kind of house dust and suggested that Joyce and I take a short walk for a little fresh air. Having been foiled once, I was determined to make a stand. That too was futile, because the girls were on his side. So, taking the hint, I walked over to Joyce, kicking Chuck in the shin on the way, and we went out.

It was a lovely night, with the full harvest moon shining down on a forlorn sailor. I looked at my bespectacled friend as we walked up the road away from the house and thought how swell it must be at the beach. The hunting sure must have been good. For a while neither of us said anything. I was still sore.

We began talking, but the conversation was not very interesting. Subjects like home towns and the weather seldom are. However, Joyce began to seem much more of a sociable person than before. We sat down on a park bench and I began to look the subject over more closely. "You're not so bad looking, after all!" I broke a short period of silence.

Joyce laughed. "Has the moonlight got the best of you or did these glasses fool you?" she inquired, removing the specs.

"What the heck were you wearing those for, anyway—to keep the wolves away?" I managed to exclaim, moving closer to what I was then considering my prey. "Couldn't have

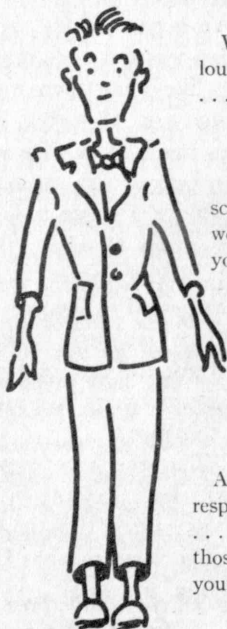
*Continued to page 26*



We all went for Kirk's soft, smooth line to the tune of \$6.90. . . . But she can still resist.



A great Thespian has humbled himself to lick postage stamps for this outfit . . . stop sucking your thumb, Al!



We've often wondered about scarecrows at formals — now we know. Take the straw out of your teeth, Chick.

A sombre picture of the man responsible for this catastrophe . . . Please save the ashes of those \$\$ you're using to light your stogies, Hilde.





THE first time the world heard of James Sylvester Mulholland was when he leapt full-grown from a passing fruit wagon into his parents' arms. The time was late afternoon, during prohibition. The place — you guessed it — Brooklyn, U. S. A. The Mulhollands senior have never since been able to look a green banana in the eye. Brooklyn has seceded from the Union.

Even today, Jim's origin is evident. From a short distance his stocky figure appears topped with an over-ripe tomato surmounted by a generous thatching of red pepper. Oddly enough, complete strangers have been known to address him as "Red." "I don't understand this," he says. "My eyes are more blue than anything else." Such is the outer person of Mulholland, only member of the senior class who did not run for president.

To regress, Jim spend an uneventful childhood brawling in the streets with the other little fellows that lived up over the delicatessen. In the course of time he managed to elbow his way through the public schools and insinuated himself into St. Francis Prep., three blocks farther uptown. This was the first step in the long trek that finally brought him to his goal, for St. Francis' was but a four-minute walk from the local burley house. Those long Friday nights spent with the boys in the third row are among his fondest memories. "We had more fun at St. Francis'," he says, "it was really a wonderful place. There was one fellow there who did some work. The rest of us did nothing but drink most of the time. Say, this is all strictly off the record, you know."

Incidentally, Mul's speech is remarkable for its freedom from the "dese, dem, and dose's." An occasional "goil," and in infrequent "erl" are all that would indicate his lifelong association with the Brooklynese. If someone remarks on it, he is surprised. "Why is it that people always

expect to hear my tonsils vibrating when they find that I am from Brooklyn? They don't really talk like that where I lived. Sometimes it oiks me."

At any rate, the young Mulholland decided sometime during his final year at St. Francis' to settle a question that had been burning in his mind ever since his father had taken him aside and told him where ordinary little children come from. His experience at the neighborhood burlesque had only aroused a greater interest in the question: what is this thing called woman? So with a selected group of companions, Jim spent the last few months of his stay in Brooklyn canvassing the burleycues all over Metropolitan New York. They wanted to see if there was anything to see at these establishments. "We came to the conclusion," he says, "that there was nothing to see at any of them. I

have since given them up completely." He did, however, complete his education by spending an off month life-guarding at Coney Island. His former conclusions were confirmed. Women were just people.

Of course, no one in the Borough had ever heard of M. I. T., least of all our rugged little redhead. But after leaving prep school, he found himself faced with the alternative of going to work or going to college. Without a moment's hesitation he packed up his spare garters in a half-emptied flour bag and prepared to leave for college. West Point was his first objective, but they told him it would take six years to earn a brass bar or two and he paused to consider how much of a good thing was too much. After consulting a ouija board, two loaded dice, and three loaded astrolo-

*Continued to page 24*

## THE MULL



### SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

# MENS ET MENNES

## JUNIOR PROMENADE OF THE CLASS OF 1946

MUSIC BY BOBBY SHERWOOD  
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

### PATRONS AND PATRONESSES

DR. AND MRS. KARL T. COMPTON  
PROFESSOR AVERY A. ASHDOWN  
COMMANDER AND MRS. ROSWELL H. BLAIR  
LIEUTENANT AND MRS. F. CURTIS CANFIELD  
PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROBLEY D. EVANS

PROFESSOR AND MRS. LEICESTER F. HAMILTON  
DEAN HAROLD E. LOBDELL  
PROFESSOR AND MRS. JOHN B. RAE  
MR. AND MRS. DELBERT L. RHIND  
MAJOR AND MRS. AUGUSTUS A. WAGNER

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ROBERT B. HILDEBRAND, *Chairman*, AND NANCY DUNN

KIRK DRUMHELLER AND JANE VILETT  
GERALD L. MACKINNON, JR. AND NANCY GOULET  
NICHOLAS V. S. MUMFORD, JR. AND PINKY COPP

ALFRED J. OXENHAM, JR. AND SALLY BOWEN  
CLINTON H. SPRINGER AND ELEANOR BEEDE  
CHARLES F. STREET AND KATHARINE ROSETTER

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James W. Clark  
Lloyd N. Hoover  
Keith P. Lanneau  
George A. Ley

Richard D. Luce  
J. Rainey MacDowell, III  
Harvey R. Phillips  
William W. Pockman

Donn A. Pennebaker  
David C. Sherrick  
Everett E. Waldron  
Donald K. Walsh

Edgar Ahlberg and Carolyn Smyth  
Cortlandt Ames and Marie Bauer  
George Armstrong and Connie Alling  
John Atwood and Marie Neegan  
Adustin Ayres and Chris Seiber  
Herbert Ayres and Hester Stickley  
Gordon Baer and Louise Verser  
Cameron Baird and Joan Condit  
Paul Baldi and Harriet Oxenham  
Robert Baldwin and Anne Davis  
George Bartholomew and Janet Williams  
Richard Battin and Mary Black  
Lawrence Bean and Connie Evans  
Alan Becker and Julia Reardon  
William Becker and Ronnie Sanford  
Dean Bedford and Hope Dillon  
John Behr and Mary Charlton  
Paul Beliveau, Jr. and Dorothy Zender  
George Bickford and Jean Blakely  
George Bierce, Jr. and Beverly Taylor  
Paul Bishop and Cynthia Allen  
Malcolm Blair and Betty Edwards  
Robert Bolger and Jane Walker  
Markel Bonner and Joan Hayen  
Franklin Bossler and Helen Bemis  
Henry Bowes and Betty Bowes  
Edward Bowman and Mary Koon  
Stewart Brauns and Susan Watson  
Morton Bromfield and Bunny Levitan  
Robert Bronson and Amy Reed  
Thomas Brown and Carol Lees  
George Browne and Ruby Dann  
Donald Bruenner and Trudi Sullivan  
Arthur Bryant and Gwitta Tatum

A. Buccini and Virginia Colby  
Ernest Buckman, II and Anne Wolfe  
Julian Busby and Celeste Murphy  
Robert Buxton and Joyce Johnson  
Marshall Byer and Elinor Rubin  
James Cameron and Jean Schubert  
William Casey and Charlotte Stone  
Charles Chubb and Sally Atwater  
Theodore Church and Eloisa Brown  
Joseph Cincotta and Marie Sylvestro  
Hugh Clarke and Nancy Pollock  
Alvin Cohen and Debby Birger  
David Cohen and Joan Leiman  
Donald Cohen and Barbara Fink  
Dwight Collmus and Frances Smith  
Clifton Corbett and Shirley McAuliffe  
Marshall Corbett and Mary Lou Dorward  
James Craig and Ann Tuller  
William Crawford and Priscilla Bassett  
Richard Cross, III and Janet Hyde  
Donald Crudington and Nancy Miller  
Charles Dasso and Barsiha Powers  
James Davis and Patricia Northridge  
Joseph Deal and Lucy Foster  
Harry Dedell, Jr. and Ruth Jones  
Bruno De Paoli, Jr. and Betty Ann Wright  
George Deuber and Beth Hiett  
Donald DeWitt and Freddy Green  
G. Di Savino and Barbara Pinkham  
S. DiSavino and Esther Mazzone  
Charles Dobony and Irina Sirtine  
Robert Dodds and Emily Mills  
Frank Donohue and Alice Frawley  
Glen Dorfingler and George Fisher



PROMENADE LIST (Continued)

Russel Dostal and Lucy Bennett  
 Alan Draper and Olive Draper  
 Stuart Edgerly, Jr. and Jean MacDonald  
 Robert Fauvre and Nancy Hauser  
 Marmaduke Farganswallow and Alycia Blinnpsch  
 Kenneth Fischbeck and Alice Alden  
 Charles Fisher and Alice Holland  
 David Flood and Janice Meyer  
 Robert Fried and Sally Higginson  
 Dean Folsom and Shirley Travis  
 Paul Gerhardt and Marilyn Drake  
 Horace Getman and Celestia Tillman  
 Frank Gold and Nancy Tilton  
 Malcolm Gordon and Cecily Epstein  
 John Granlund and Ann Harby  
 William Grant and Phyllis Clark  
 Harland Gray and Sylvia Tobey  
 Malcolm Groves and Barbara Colby  
 Samuel Gusman and Joan Levy  
 Roy Haddox and Polly Kimball  
 Peter Haggerty and Dorothy Lucking  
 Wesley Hague and Mary MacIsaac  
 Arthur Hall and June Schmidt  
 Richard Hands and Peggy Jocay  
 Howard Harding and Phyllis Lewis  
 Frank Harrington and Joan Heffernan  
 Richard Harris and Lois Ann O'Connor  
 Thomas Hewson and Betsy Gurley  
 James Hoaglund and Mary Jo Lamb  
 Robert Hoffman and Eleanor Holcomb  
 Roger Hood and Virginia Durfee  
 Harrison Horn and Sally Hatsfield  
 Frederick Howell and Jeanne Eddins  
 John Howkins and Ruth Secord  
 Eric Howlett and Marcia-Marie Webber  
 Thomas Huddleston and Sidney Smith  
 John Hugus and Louise Rowe  
 Robert Hunter and Marilyn Makemson  
 Louis Isenberg and Roberta Alkon  
 William Jackson and Mary Otto  
 Harold Juckett and Betty Morse  
 William Kale and June Creek  
 Ronald Kallman and Marie Perier  
 Walter Kaustein and Pat Strafford  
 William Keefe and Barbara Caseley  
 Charles Keller and Anne Bailey  
 Norman Kennedy and Janet Parmelee  
 Hartmann Kircher and Blanche Borkstrom  
 Walter Kisluk and Joanne Williams  
 Allan Kriegl and Natalie Kramer  
 Richard Krueger and Nancy Watson  
 Kenneth Lambert and Jeanne Redel  
 Stanley Landgrat and Pauline Glazier  
 George Landon and Marion Ann Morgan  
 Samuel Latulle and Catherine Davant  
 Douglas Lewis and Molly Potter  
 William Leys and Helen Winsock  
 Arthur Linz and Natalie Spencer  
 Donald Lovell and Constance Kruger  
 Robert Lovell and Babe Thomas  
 Byron Lutman and Betty Smith  
 Weber Luttenberger, Jr. and Rosemary Aukamp  
 Robert McConaughy and Shirley Brown  
 Leslie McCracken and June Mart  
 William McKay and Betty Elston  
 George McKewen and Phyllis Ann Louis  
 Thomas McNamara and Rita Kiely  
 Robert Maglathlin and Norma Thompson  
 Kenneth Marshall and Muriel Pfaelzer  
 Ben Moore and Ann Blackburn  
 Harold Morgan and Jeanne Olsen  
 Stephen Moulton and Helen Graves  
 Richard Mulready and Jane Callahan  
 A. Marocchi and Frances Landers  
 William Miller and Priscilla Harris  
 William Marshall, Jr. and Peggy Jorgensen  
 Richard Marston and Margie Wolf  
 James Maslon and Ronnie Wasserman

William Meade and Martina Buckley  
 Gregor Meyers and Valerie Roemer  
 Donald Noble and Pauline LaMer  
 Robert Norman and May Manny  
 Joseph Nye and Barbara Illig  
 Herbert Oedel and Caroline Page  
 Robert Ormiston and Betsy Spaulding  
 Paul Osborn and Marjorie Atwood  
 Jerome Patterson and Libby Hostetter  
 Edmund Peakes and Roxa Lee  
 Ray Pelley and Dorothy Larson  
 Robert Petzold and Edna Beck  
 Donn Pennybaker and Virginia McCulloch  
 George Phillips and Ellen Fohner  
 Henry Pickford and Jean Bath  
 Frank Pohanka and Elaine Burkhardt  
 Allan Porson and Priscilla Smith  
 Richard Potter and Phyllis Green  
 Charles Pugh and Gwen Werth  
 George Quisenberry, Jr. and Barbara Noelte  
 Karl Ray and Maryetta Grahamm  
 Agustin Reyes and Cris Seiber  
 Joseph Riley and Marion Hughes  
 Donald Robison and Terise DeGrace  
 Harwood Rowles and Doris Sponenberg  
 Eugene Rubin and Mimi Stern  
 John Rudolf and Marjorie Perkins  
 Peter St. Germain and Miriam Looney  
 Norman Sas and Janet Eaton  
 Walter Sauter and Cynthia Carey  
 Kenneth Scheid and Jane Scollins  
 Richard Schening and Mary Lou Altin  
 Ralph Scherer and Janice Hodgkins  
 William Schield, Jr. and Emily Fensterwald  
 Arthur Schiff and Dorothy Gottlieb  
 Peter Schwab and Lynn Rogers  
 Donald Schelton and Betty Fish  
 Thomas Schlottenmier and Sally Staub  
 John Sherman and Beatrice Bickford  
 Lawrence Shutzter and Sally BenSusan  
 Henry Skillman and Barbara James  
 George Sklopdopidos and Murgatroyd LeBon  
 Colen Smith and Dottie Wright  
 Ira Smith and Ann Samuels  
 Stanley Smith and Margery Snow  
 William Smith and Dorothy Freeman  
 Roger Sonnabend and Marilyn Livingston  
 Robert Spero and Libby Weinberg  
 William Sprague and Alice Cowars  
 Thomas Stephenson and Beth Oyster  
 Henry Stephenson and Evalina Brown  
 Joseph Stern and Nancy Quint  
 Allan Stewart and Ruth Morton  
 Edward Stoltz, Jr. and Ruth Burke  
 Daniel Streeter and Virginia Best  
 Frank Strobino and Marjorie Briggs  
 Edwin Tebbetts and Cecily Cannan  
 Harold Thorkilsen and Judith St. Clair  
 Donald Tilden and Sheila O'Connell  
 Henry Tillson and Harriet Porter  
 Stanley Timmerman, Jr. and Lois Southgate  
 George Turner and Selma Swift  
 George Upton and Barbara Sargent  
 Robert Voges and Jean Emery  
 Martin Walzer and Marilyn Meister  
 Edwin Wasburn and Phyllis MacEachern  
 Henry Welch and Edith Heim  
 Albert Werner and Mimi Gilchrist  
 Frank Westcott and Mary Lou Tite  
 Albert Whetstone and Ethel Aspinall  
 Arnold Whitaker and Emily Flickinger  
 Richard White and Barbara Olsen  
 Leonard Winship and Jessie Husband  
 Robert Wiegand and Edna Gallant  
 Robert Wilson and Laurie Green  
 Richard Winkler and Primie Littlefield  
 John Woolston and Shirley Pratt

## TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

### HAMLET or HER FIRST FALSE STEP

THERE was hell to pay in the kingdom of Denmark when King Hamlet kicked the royal bucket. Hardly had the body begun to cool before Queen Gertrude married a certain Claudius, that svelte Celt with the ape shape, who was none other than a black-sheep brother of the late lamented king, and there were many in the kingdom who thought the widow queen's remarriage was not the proper caper at all. Hamlet Junior, age 6, the original quiz kid, sulked around in the dampest corners of the royal tomb on the wedding day. "Cripes," he moaned, brushing away the imperial bats, "What a family!"

Little Hamlet was genuinely wrought up for he suspected that the Old Man had blown his last fuse under very peculiar circumstances indeed. True, the death had been advertised as a natural act of the Gods, but there were things that had never been explained... the four dirks protruding from the King's breast, the bloody club lying next his battered skull... little things, perhaps, but still unexplained. The young prince couldn't put a finger on a tangible clue, however, and he went on moping about the castle for weeks and weeks, wearing only black burlap and seldom washing. His mother, who doted on the tyke, noticed how he was attracting flies.

"He must be in love," she confided to the new king.

"Yeah," he said. "That babe Ophelia what lives next door is getting to be a big girl. Now if I were fifty years younger..."

As a matter of fact, the youth Hamlet did go for Ophelia in a large way. She was, after all, the daughter of the prime minister Polonius, who, being the only one in Denmark who could read and write, was the real

power behind the power behind the man behind the throne. He in fact held the position of Superintendent of Buildings and Power of the Royal Estate. Moreover, Hamlet was not insensitive to a well-turned thigh wherever it was attached. Ophelia was all of five, and knew which side her father's income was buttered on, so she gave the Prince a glad come-on. An intimate correspondence sprang up. Polonius let Queen Gert know about the affair in his own subtle way, and she ceased harping on her offspring, letting nature do its dirty work.



But with time Prince Hamlet lost heart for sex.

Every day he would stroll along the rocky coast near the castle wrapped in deep thought and a ragged mother hubbard. It was on one of these walks that he encountered a castle guard who gave him a hot tip on a two-year-old. When the filly came home at forty-to-one, the Prince sought out the guard and rewarded him handsomely. "You have done me great service, Ole," he said. "Take this new plastic helmet."

"Shucks. sire, 'Twarn't nawthin'.

But here's some inside dope that you may be interested to hear. I saw your father last night. God, he scared the living..."

"Father! But as I recall it, he is dead."

"That's right, but his ghost walks here on the terrace every Tuesday at eight. He was asking after your health yesterday. Said, 'Send the little brat down here next week, Ole, I've got news for him.'"

Hamlet II thrust a small fortune in gold into Ole's extended purse and fled the scene.

The upshot was that the Prince and his ghostly father got together and fathomed out the whole story of Claudius' rise to power—how he had murdered the king with poison, daggers, darts, and bludgeons and married Gert at a prearranged signal.

Prince Hamlet was wroth when he heard all this, and beat a path to his mother's door with some celery, which is very fast indeed. In truth, he beat a path right through the door, and hardly pausing to pluck the splinters from his fist, confronted Gertrude. "Ma," he rasped, "you low-life, lily-livered murderess. Why did you let Uncle kill Pa? You should be ashamed."

The queen grasped at her pink throat, and encountering little Hamlet's brawny paw there, gasped, "Yeah. I guess the jig's up." There was a cry from behind the icebox in the pantry at this moment. Hamlet sprang forward and brought his cricket-bat down heavily upon the shaggy head that was protruding from the drip pan. The body of Superintendent Polonius rolled on the rug. It was Ophelia's father!

"What have I done? He is dead! Cripes," gurgled Hamlet. "Ophelia will never forgive me."

Ophelia never did forgive him. Indeed, when she heard the news she went stark staring mad to spite her lover. Hamlet felt pretty damned cheap about the whole thing.

King Claudius, acting on Queen



ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers,

## CLOTHING,

### Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
NEW YORK

Keeping Ready-made Things  
Individual

It has been our policy to maintain for Brooks Brothers' Ready-made Suits the greatest individuality possible in ready-made clothes. They are cut in our own styles, made in our own workrooms, and sold only in our own stores.

More than that — while cutting large yardages from plain-colored staple materials — we have always restricted the more unusual shades and all patterns to a definitely limited number of suits, so each of them may remain as individual as possible.

Despite wartime shortages in materials — this policy remains unchanged.

*Brooks Brothers Suits, \$58 to \$92*

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#### BRANCHES

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BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET



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

Gert's advice, seized the opportunity to get the Precocious Prince out of the way. Well did he know that if Hamlet told all, he, Claudius, would be undone. So the youth was packed off on a royal barge along with several burly companions of Claudius. Hamlet himself was glad enough to quit the vicinity, since Polonius' kin were on the warpath. So off they went down the Skagerrack singing loud, lewd songs together.

But all was not peaches and beer. After only four days at sea a pirate submarine hove alongside and a ferocious band of Swedes boarded the barge, hacked the crew into small pieces, and carried off the Prince. Things happened fast. Hamlet lured the barbarian chieftain into a round of blackjack and draw poker. A few days later he was set ashore in Denmark, having won fifty-one per cent

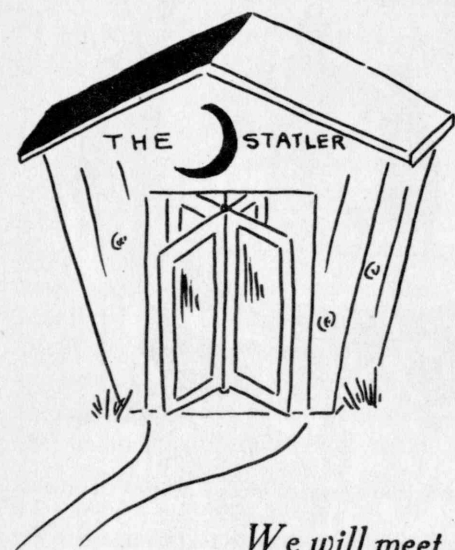
of the stock in the pirate corporation, besides all the loose cash on board.

So the lad headed home with a light heart and a sack of bullion as big as himself. And damned if he didn't arrive right in the middle of Ophelia's funeral, for she had raved herself entirely to death. Amid unprecedented weeping and drinking, her corpse was being laid away. Hamlet was overcome with grief. He threw himself into the grave, and reclining in a posture of majestic woe upon the coffin, besought the laborers to pile on the sod. Now there was a fellow name of Laertes standing about who took offense at this demonstration. It turns out that he loved Ophelia even as did Hamlet, and he figured that the Prince was stealing the show. Without delay, Laertes challenged Hamlet to a duel. Everyone turned out for to see the fray; they didn't

have moving pictures in those days. The King and Queen were much in evidence as the bell rang for the first round. It was nip and tuck but the odds were seventy to one against the young Prince, for unbeknownst to all, Laertes had a poisoned saber. After getting sliced up somewhat, Hamlet hit his stride, wrested the blade from Laertes' hands and buried it deep in Laertes' vitals. At this moment, Queen Gert rolled to the ground, dead. She had inadvertently downed a poisoned boilermaker set out for the prince in case he needed a bracer. Hamlet turned from the body of Laertes, decapitated King Claudius with one stroke, and dropped to the canvas in a pool of his own blood. As his life ebbed away in scarlet streams, the unfortunate youth moaned, "My God. What a family!"

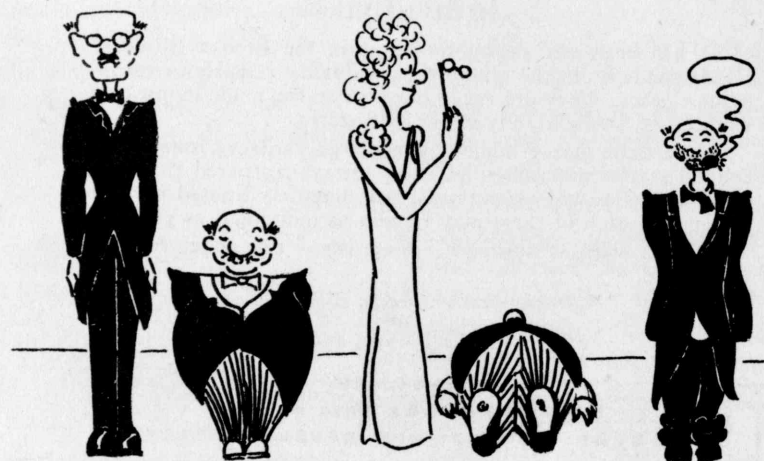
— H. P. G.

Star light, star bright—  
Where da hell do we go tonight?

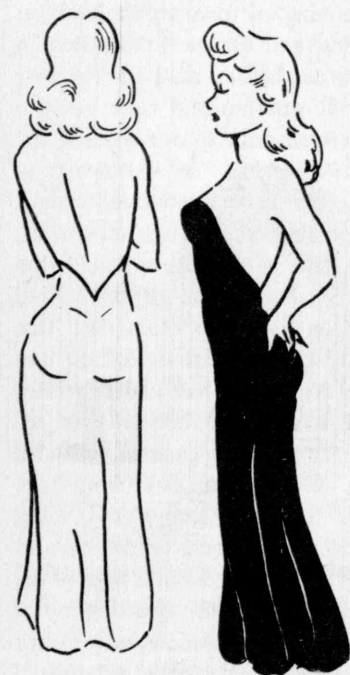


*We will meet  
all the guests  
of honor...*

*Leave us be off  
to the Junior Prom*



*... and casually  
glance around at  
the decorations...*



*... while an  
internationally known  
orchestra...*



*... keeps us dancing...*

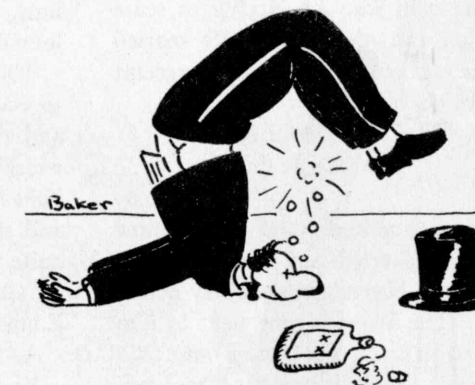


*... and dancing....*



*The Promenade  
Committee...*

*... is much  
in evidence.*



Star light, star bright—  
Why da hell did we go tonight?



## THREE BARS AND A BOTTLE

THE lady was tall and stately and dressed in black. She was not beautiful, but one was awed by her presence. It was as though she were a queen whose royalty pervaded the air about her. Slowly and gracefully she knelt in front of the altar-stone. Her head bowed and she was motionless.

The man in the clothing of a priest seemed to float behind her. There was also something royal and holy about his presence. His features were calm and beneficent. He was expressionless as he slipped a knife into the lady's back.

\* \* \* \* \*

A special order had been issued that that M. I. T. V-12 unit was to be paid at 1845 on the evening of the prom. I took my place in line and silently took inventory. It ran something like this:

	Credits	Debits (debts)
Pay.....	\$39.00	
To Bill.....		\$24.00
To Johnny.....		10.00
To Van.....		4.38
Remainder.....		\$6.62

The pay was being dispensed by a Lieutenant whose face reminded me of the man who was trying to scare the hell out of Dracula. He snarled at me and reached for my pay receipt on which was clearly marked:

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

Arthur Train

\$39.00

"One hundred and thirty-nine dollars," snarled the Lieutenant as though he begrudged me every penny of it. The Wave sitting next to him started to count the money out.

"Er . . . sir," I began. The Lieutenant looked up at me. Then my conscience took charge and I shut up.

"One hundred . . . one fifty . . . two hundred," counted the Wave. Then she handed me a flock of bills.

"But . . .," I began.

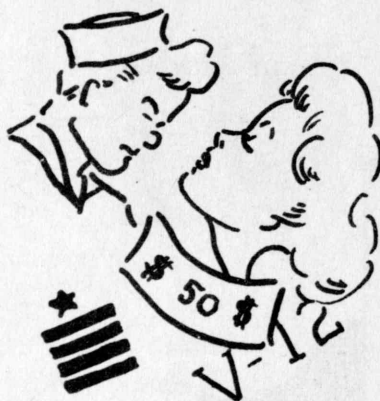
"Oh, take these and shut up," said the Wave, picking up another handful of fifties and throwing them at me.

Van, my room-mate, and I walked out of the Grad House arm-in-arm. We halted and saluted the quarter-deck and about-faced into the bleakness of late September of Memorial Drive. Feeling very disgusted, we watched the street-car roll across Harvard bridge. An army private strode up to me and saluted.

"Are you Mr. Train?" he said.

"Look, bub," I said, "beat it before I punch you in the snoot."

"Yes, sir," said the private, looking



hurt. "I just wanted to know if you intended to use your Buick tonight."

"Oh, go to hell," I said and started to walk away. Van hauled me back and the next thing I knew we were whirling across Boston in a custom built Buick. I sat back in the cushions and sighed. Somehow I did not feel quite normal.

"Chauffeur," I said, "go fetch Emma."

And off we went.

Emma, if she were typed, would probably be classified as a home girl. Her ankles were large and round and comfortable looking and her body in general gave a man a nice feeling of security. And she was reasonably

intelligent, too. In fact, she almost completed high school. Not being able to contact Laurie and Janie and Margaret, I had finally found myself face to face with reality — and Emma.

"Arthur," she had said. She called me Arthur in her romantic moments — "I hear that M. I. T. is having a big dance."

"Um," I said.

"Who are you taking?" she said.

"Um," I said.

So we were calling for Emma.

The little girl with the soft brown hair and the enormous blue eyes held her hand out to me and swished the skirt of her formal.

"My name is Barbara," she said.

"Ulp!" I said, feeling conversationally impoverished.

"Emma couldn't go to the dance, so if you don't mind I can take her place for the week-end," she said.

"Ulp!" I said. I have a bad habit of repeating myself.

She grinned at me.

"Ulp," she imitated, slipping a hand through my arm.

Barbie and I walked onto the spacious dance floor of the Statler arm in arm. Somehow I couldn't remember anything that had happened before I met her, and wasn't too sure of anything that had happened since.

Lieutenant Ken Field, our V-12 officer, detached himself from a group of officers and came over.

"Mr. Train!" he said. "We're happy to have you aboard. Won't you and your date come over to meet the Captain. He's been dying to be introduced to you."

"Um," I said.

"Captain," said Lieutenant Field, "I want to introduce you to Apprentice Seaman Train. He is one of the most distinguished men we have had the privilege of serving for some time."

The Captain bristled his mustaches and shook my hand.

"In addition," said Lieutenant Field, "Mr. Train is about to be awarded a citation for meritorious

*Continued to page 23*

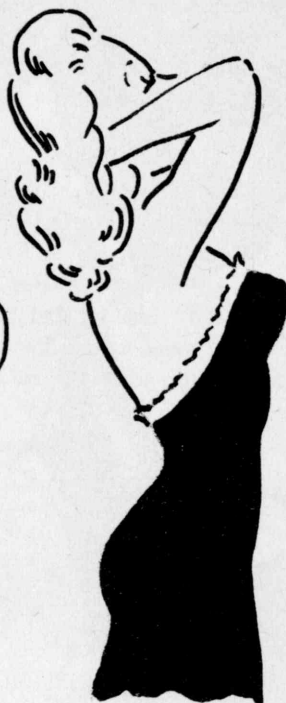
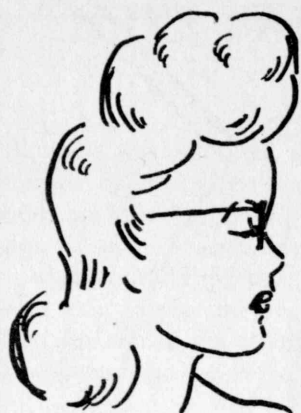


Baker

*"I know it spoils the pose, but these damn things are too transparent!"*



# YOUR DRAG



## WELLESLEY

They satisfy  
Double wear in every pair  
The pause that refreshes  
Ninety-nine and 44/100% pure  
Never scratched yet

## RADCLIFFE

It's dated  
Guaranteed not for years, not for  
life, but forever  
Ask the man who owns one  
Something new has been added



## HEAVEN CAN WAIT

The flavor lasts  
The skin you love to touch  
So round so firm so fully packed  
Body by Fisher  
Like sleeping on a cloud

## BOSTON COMMON

Morale is a lot of little things  
Lets do more in forty-four  
Sticks best when spread thin  
No brush, no lather, no rub in  
Victory is our business

## HOTEL IMPERIAL

Born in 1820 and still going strong  
When a feller needs a friend  
It covers the world  
Tough but oh so gentle  
Get that Vimms feeling  
Thanks for the Buggy ride



## THREE BARS

*Continued from page 20*

conduct in the battle of the Charles River."

"Gulp!" I said.

Barbara dragged me over to a tall, important looking commander with a chest full of ribbons.

"Artie," she said, "I want you to meet my father, the commander. He's going to be the new station executive."

This time I said, "Oh!"

"Arthur," said the commander, "I've heard a great deal about you. Barbara has done nothing but rave to me about you ever since she saw your picture."

"I have a little something out in the hall for you," he went on. It's just a case of fairly old Scotch that I managed to dig up for you. I just wanted you to have some token of my wish that you and Barbara have a long and happy life together."

I turned purple and swooned.

\* \* \* \* \*

The band had just finished playing the national anthem. I was standing at attention on the stage with Barbara at my side looking pale but happy. The Captain was nervously fingering his watch and murmuring his speech over to himself. Lieutenant Field had just finished introducing the captain.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the captain, "I want to present to you one of the most disting-..."

There was a shriek from the crowd.

"That's the man!" screamed a horrible feminine voice. That's the man who did it."

Every one turned in shocked surprise.

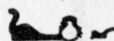
The center of attraction was a woman, tall and stately and dressed in black. She was not beautiful, but one was awed by her presence. It was as though she were a queen whose royalty pervaded the air about her.

Slowly the excitement faded from her features and she regained her regal bearing.

"Seize him! she said, pointing to me. A policeman and two S P's picked me up and carried me off the stage.

"That," I heard her say in tones of royal grace, "is the man who killed me."

— J. L. U.



An old lady had a parrot that was always swearing. She could stand this every day but Sunday, so she covered the cage every Sunday. One Monday morning the woman saw the preacher coming to call. She quickly covered the cage. As the preacher entered, the parrot commented, "Well, all I gotta say is, that was a helluva short week."

— The Boulder.

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The Little Stream said as the Elephant sat down in it: "Well, I'll be damned."

— Pelican.



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"When he came in late one night, I called out, 'Is that you, Jack?' and my husband's name is Tom."

— Old Maid.

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**THE MULL**

*Continued from page 13*

gists, he finally took the advice of a Boston tourist and headed for Tech. "They said it was the most famous school in the world," he explains, "and so I figured it might be good enough for me."

"And what is your opinion now?" he was asked recently.

"The trouble with Wellesley women is that they have to be waited on," the Mul said hurriedly.

Today Syl, not even his dearest enemies call him Syl, has a philosophy. He is, in fact, a disciple of Lin Yu Tang, that awful Oriental who is to Confucius what Confucius is to Will Rogers. Lin has always said that all Christians work too hard, and that Americans are the worst in this respect. The trouble is that they (the Americans) allow Wealth, Power, and Fame to rule their lives. They are consumed by ambition. They resort to murder, adultery, and even power politics in order to gain fleeting fame. James S. is determined to rise above all this. He has studiously avoided class politics of any description. "You make too many enemies that way," he says. Instead, he has devoted himself to athletics and drinking societies, with the emphasis on the latter. He must be on the right track, for to date he has made no enemies at all, while his friends are numbered in the hundreds. He attributes this success to a mastery of the art of drinking like a gentleman. Jim found through bitter experience that drinking like a fish brought no returns. Sometimes, in an experimental mood, he would sit down with his back against a wall and guzzle till his gills turned green. The only result was a three-day hangover and temporary ostracism from society. "The fish can have it," is his considered opinion.

With all his magnetic personality,

J. S. M. admits that he had trouble breaking through the cold exterior of the majority of New Englanders that he first encountered. It has taken him upwards of two years to be able to sit down and engage in a cheek to cheek talk with a born and bred Bostonian. "Wonderful people, once you get to know them," is his original observation.

Mul has one weakness, in common with most of the other Course IX lads. It is often called "Senioritis," the symptoms being acute paralysis of the brain accompanied by occasional delusions of grandeur. He admits that he is after a degree in Chemical Engineering "the easy way," and now that home plate is in sight, he is willing to slide for it. Go to it, Jim. Maybe the catcher will drop the ball.

Since he joined the Cambridge Navy, Mul's way of life has been modified until it is but a hollow mockery of the Old Days, but he doesn't complain. "I'm averaging about 20 per cent of my weekends free," he remarks, "but I still enjoy the good old Navy. Yes Siree." Pretty soon he will have even himself convinced. But to see him as he makes his dash for the breakfast muster out on the V-12 grinder, you would be easily convinced that he really likes the life. It is a familiar sight: Jim sprinting out onto the field with but seconds to spare, his jumper half over his head, his pants flapping about his knees, and the blood streaming from fresh razor cuts while the assembled throng give vent to thunderous cries of encouragement.

His tastes are simple, his manner genial; he was overheard to remark on the eve of the Delt Beer Brawl last month, "Oh, to get away from it all. Just give me a quiet countryside, a babbling brook, a beer, a Vassar woman, a 1942 Cadillac, and a worthless hound-dog at my feet . . . that's all I ask." James Sylvester, we salute you. May your clan multiply like rabbits as your locks grow pink with age.

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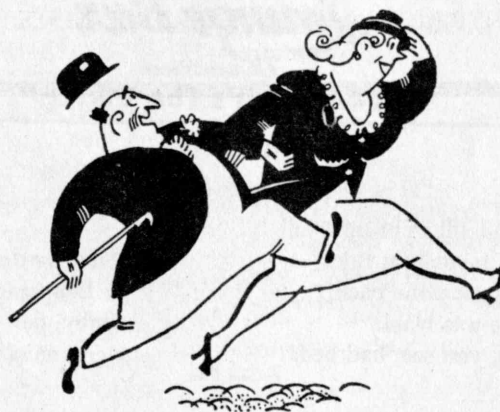
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— Scottie.



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Baby, how I wish you were  
As naughty as you think you are.

— *Pelican.*

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## IN A JAM

*Continued from page 11*

found anything better at the beach," I thought, as I looked into her eyes, which were beginning to enchant me.

"They're just reading glasses, and you guessed right about why I was wearing them. I think I'd better put them back on now."

"No," I pleaded, "let me put them on." Grabbing for them, I knocked them on the stone walk. "I'm so sorry," I apologized in an innocent tone, expecting a bolt of lightning any second.

"I understand perfectly," Joyce replied softly.

"Don't people in love always understand each other?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," she agreed as she melted into my arms.

When we got back to the house quite a while later, we found Chuck on the steps, moping. "Shut up," he said before either of us could say anything. "You'd better tell Joyce good-night here." Conforming to my friend's wishes, Joyce went in and we left.

In spite of Chuck's depression, I was feeling swell driving back. "What's the matter, did you and Dot have a fight?" was my inquiry. "Come on. Pour out your woes to big brother Mac."

"It wasn't a fight," he moaned. "I just threw a little beer in her face."

"What was so bad about that?"

"The damn thing was soluble in it."

I was slightly startled, to say the least. "It was a horrible experience About an inch of make-up came off and left sort of a twisted wreckage. Reminded me of pictures I've seen of the Arizona after Pearl Harbor."

A few months later, Joyce's folks had moved to town and she was in on vacation. "Chuck," I said, coming into the room, "I'm in a jam. Joyce's college chum is in town and —."

— R. A.

## PRESENTING . . .



IT was a busy day in the office that night. Lit night was the night when the harrowed, tired, and much brow-beaten members of the writing staff made one last and valiant attempt to find enough material to fill twenty-eight pages of coming magazine. The air was tense. Only the crackle of typewriters broke the silence. In one corner, Bill Katz, the editor, sat like a malevolent gnome conscientiously panning everything that was submitted to him for publication by his hapless underlings. Suddenly he laughed. Everyone stopped in his tracks. This laugh foreboded evil. Then the editor opened his mouth. "This is good" was all that he said, and in those words Paul Grant was a made man, and, from that moment, his phlegmatic form, which had become a fixture in the office, now became a fixture with official sanction.

When one first gazes upon the person of H. Paul Grant, one would never come to the conclusion that he is the man who regularly fills the pages of Voo Doo with madness of the most violent form. His little Navy 1 V-12 uniform, his old seadog's swagger, and his salty exclamations of "Avast there, Landlubbers!" give him an air more nautical than literary. Yet, despite his being a man of course XIII, Grant has long experience as a writer. At the early age of three, he wrote a short and much pondered religious pamphlet (or tract) entitled

"On The Immortality of Sect" (or was it "On the Immorality of Sex"), and with it he gained himself a unique position in the hearts of all the school principals of the district. Then too, while passing hastily through High School, he became the head of the School newspaper and in it he narrowly escaped having its second class mail privileges removed.

With this excellent background for work on Voo Doo, he immediately came up to the office, swept the cobwebs from an old, rusty, and for years unused typewriter, opened four kegs of beer, a can of mouldy olives, threw out his anchor and to this day he has not been able to be dislodged by his long suffering colleagues. The only solution was to accept his material. Bill Katz realized that when he sanctioned him. Gerald Denehy realized it when he appointed him to the job of Literary Editor. Gridiron realized it when it conferred on him the annual award of \$12.50 for his article which revolutionized the art of Chess. And so it is that day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, the ink flows from Grant's pen. Vile, obscene, mad, supernatural, macabre, grotesque, depraved, and revoltingly gruesome as it is, the public is demanding more and more of his work, and so it comes comes, comes . . . more and more and more . . . will it ever stop. . . .

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Pi Phi: "I like your new boy friend.  
He seems so easy going."

Theta: "Yes, but he isn't easy  
stopping."

— Pelican.

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The boy, Frederick Andrus Gautesen, of Plainfield, New Jersey, blond and dressed in a white sailor suit, sat silently at a press conference given . . .

— Associated Press dispatch.

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Old Maid: "Nothing."



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— Pelican.

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— PHOS.

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