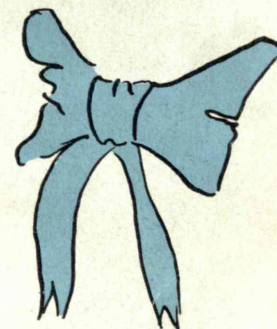
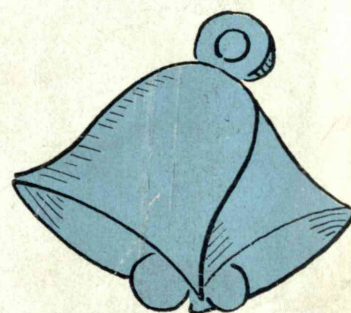
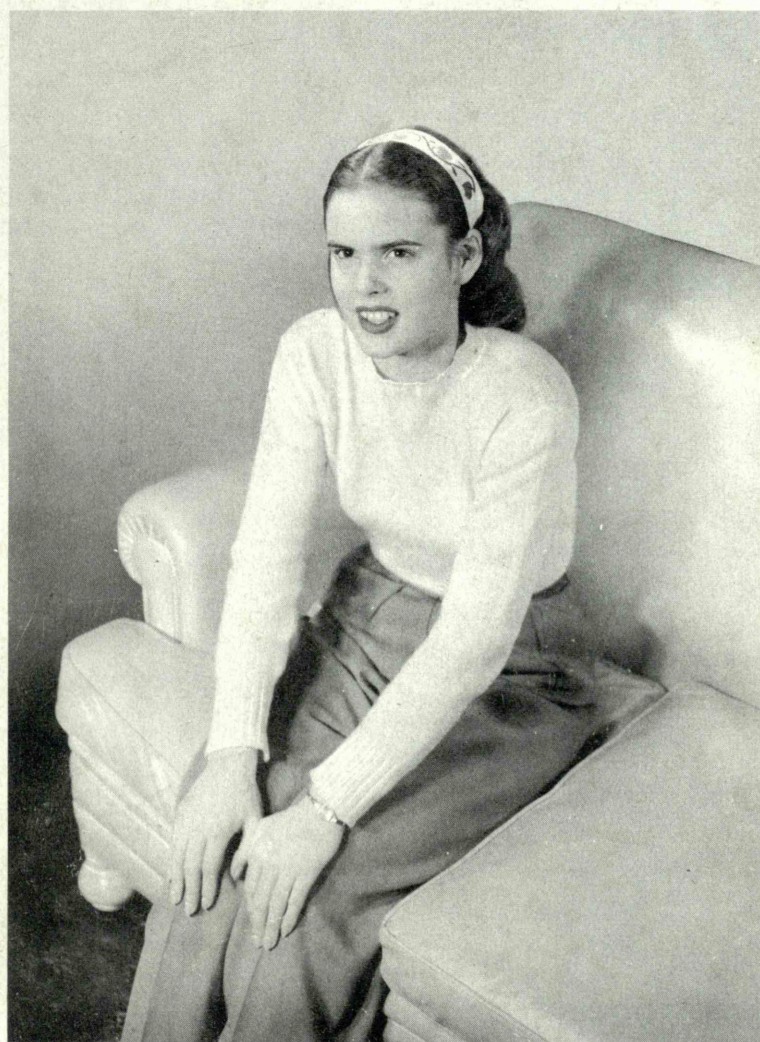
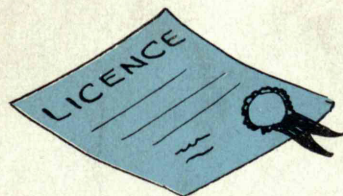
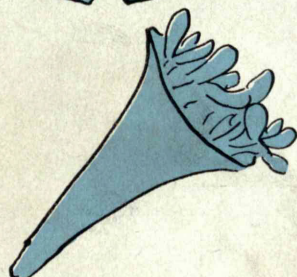
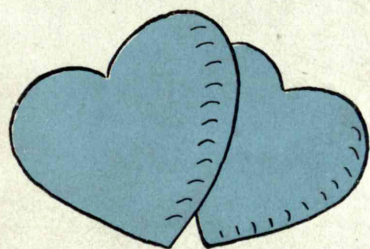
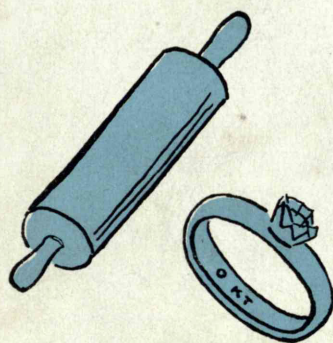


Voodoo



JUNE BRIDE EDITION

Coming Next Issue:

Phos Has a Baby Edition,

with VooDoo Goes to a Bathing Beauty Contest



J. R. WOOD & SONS, INC. • MANUFACTURERS OF FINE *Art-carved* RINGS FOR NEARLY A CENTURY

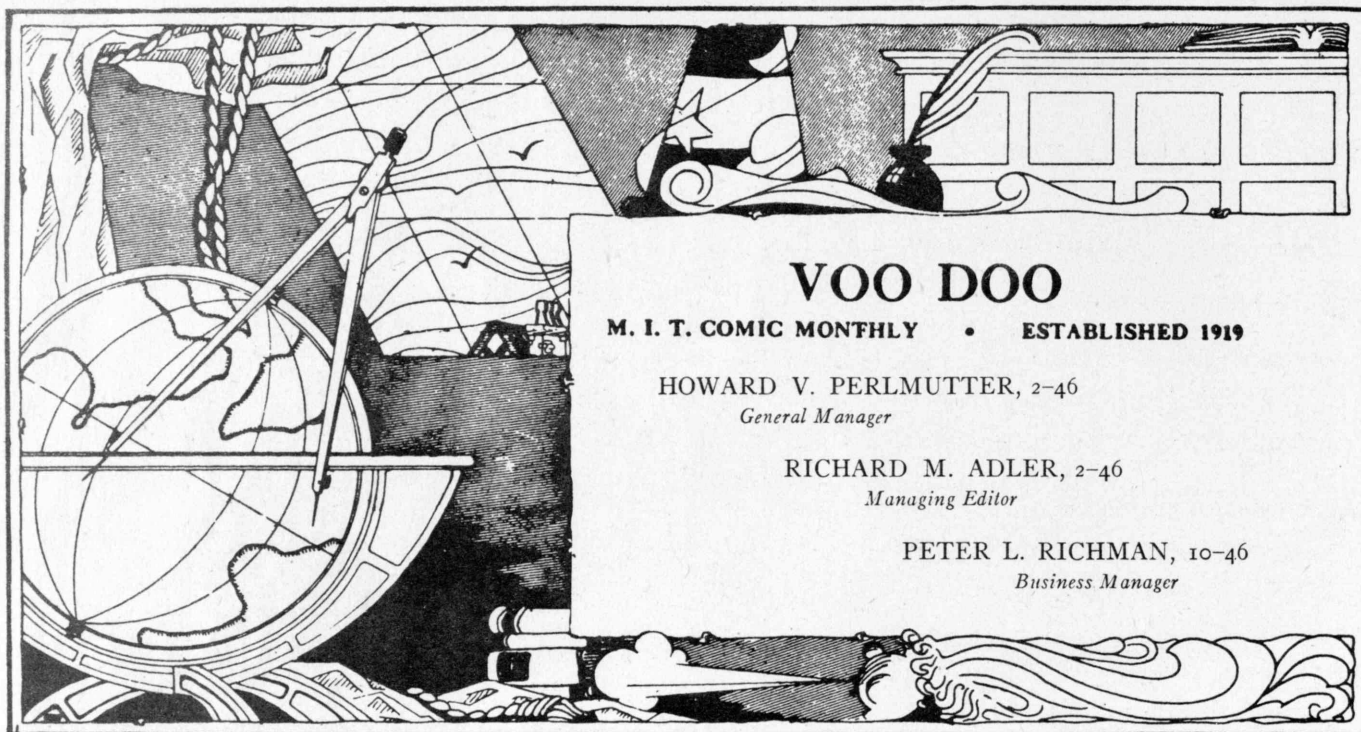
VOO DOO

DECEMBER, 1945

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(GONE FOR TWO WEEKS read the little sign on Phos' favorite beer bottle. The little devil was up to no good, we were certain. It was obvious that the mangy yellow cat had won his hop-covered heart. We could only wait, however, 'til the bitter truth comes out in the next issue — "THE PHOS HAS A BABY ISSUE.")

Dear Reader,

NOW that the June Bride Edition is safely tucked in the grimy hands of the reading audience, a few tales about the guys who made it possible are in order. Their warped cerebrums make finding June Brides in January a rather easy task.

RICK Adler plus Dick Singleton shut their eyes out at Bradford Jr. College and accidentally clicked five pictures that deserve to adorn a calendar and a cover. The women, who are far more interesting than the aforementioned hackers, are: Spring: Pat Meredith; Summer: Birdie Beers; Fall: Dottie Keene; and Winter: Mimi MacWilliams, whose face and fixtures may also be observed on the cover. Heaps of thanks to Miss Marjorie Willis of Bradford, through whose efforts the pictures were possible.

AND speaking of beautiful women, we can't help letting out our secret approval of the Junior Prom Committee's choice. Far as we can see, buying a Prom ticket and hearing Jimmy Lunceford is an indication that Tech wants a name band . . . for a change.

FROM Chamberlain, Wheaton, Vassar, and Jackson to this date come suggestive invitations to see "the gals." Seems as if The Women's College Edition has aroused the fightin' blood of many places of male interest. So, we know of no better way to satisfy us than visiting as many of these schools as gasoline and expense accounts will permit.

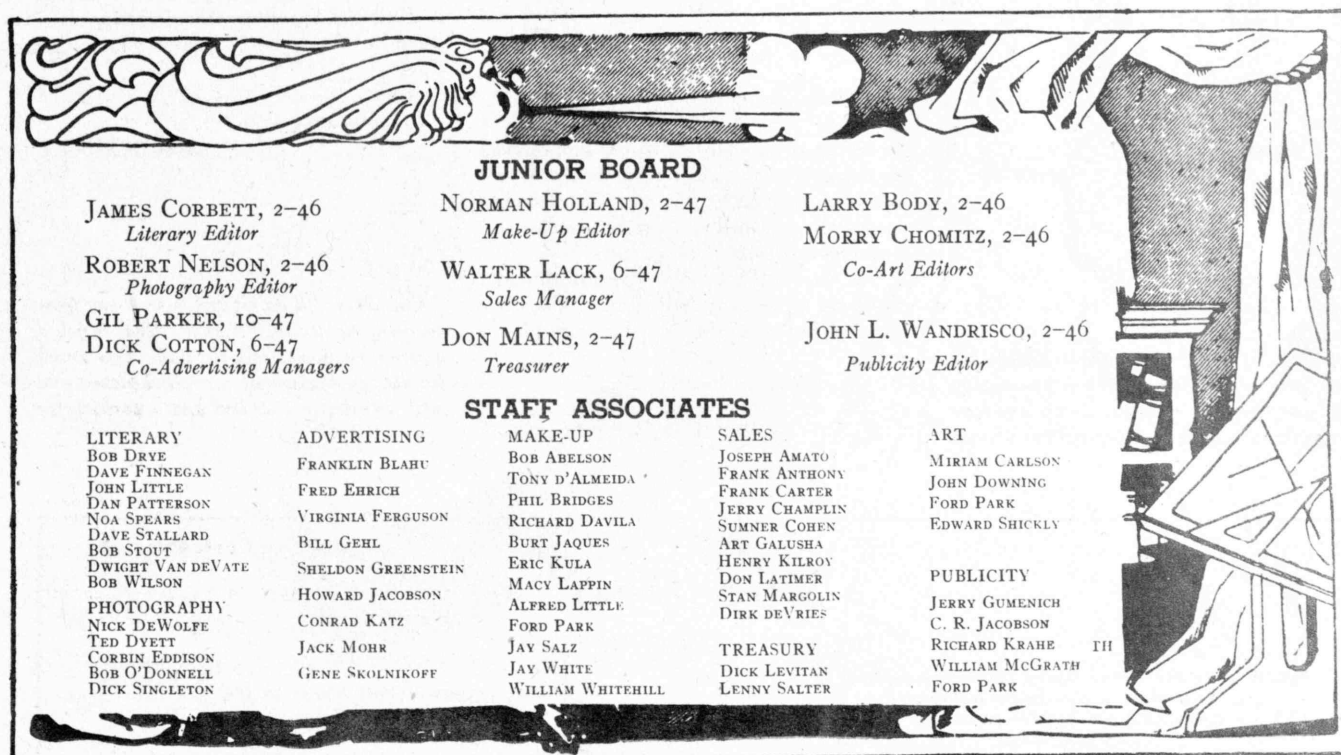
YOU'LL see the results in the Phos Has A Baby issue in the photo feature "Voo Doo goes to a bathing beauty contest." Present plans are limited by the shortage of gals attending school, due to Christmas vacation . . . but we intend to see lots of femmes in bathing togs. . . .

WE'VE had numerous queries about the results of the W. C. Edition. We may now disclose that with the aid of Johnny Wandriso and his cohorts of the Publicity Staff, circulation was approximately doubled; *i.e.* More people had that smooth, satisfied look as they laid away their copy of the beloved rag . . . it might have been the free quart of scotch supplied with each issue, though . . .

Larry Body, the originator of Sigmund, wins the Senior Board's quiet admiration for the subtle method of touching on the subject that is Voo Doo.

Be seeing you when Phos has his baby in a few weeks.

Cover this month by Body and Adler.



JUNIOR BOARD

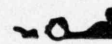
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Darling Phos:

... ooh you send me ... have I learned things about men ... send me a subscription ... tell more about this artist Body ... and a certain cartoon on page 9 ...

HUNGRY.

FROM ASHES TO ASHES

Dear Editor,

... I heard numerous and sundry rumors about "cleaning up" Voo Doo. If your last issue was an example of a cleansing process, may I inquire concerning what soap you use?

I do admit you were less subtle but for God's sake, how about that "Some ash—" cartoon. That wasn't even superficial. ...

A COLLEGE GIRL.

(ED NOTE. *We have tarred and feathered the originator of the cartoon in question ... but not before he had drawn a good supply of "art" for future issues.*)

Editor, M. I. T. Voo Doo.
disgusting. . .

DISGUSTED.

M. I. T. Voo Doo,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.
Gentlemen:

For a long time, we waited anxiously for Voo Doo. First, we knew Phos was coming and that certainly made us sit up and take notice since most of us thought Phos was up



to his egg and beer in work. The suppressed excitement rushed out and upon the two V-12 salesmen, Dick and Gene, who I hope have recovered by this time from the display of over enthusiastic empty eyedentes.

Voo Doo has become the pass word and key word of the stimulatins' seniors and the frenzied freshmen. What more can Phos ask?

Yours truly,

DOROTHY GORDON,
Editor of *The Boulder*.

ED. *Phos asks nothing at all. In fact he is very grateful for the receptions that the "Idals" gave him*

OUTLINE OF OUTLINE

Sirs:

(ED. NOTE ...)

MILK FOR THE CAT

Mt. Ida Jr. College,
Newton Centre, Mass.
December 3, 1945.

SATISFIED USER

Day after the night before.

Phos dear,

It's been three months since George has sent me any Voo Doo's. The truth of the matter is, I'm in fear of becoming moral again, so won't you please send me the next ten issues and keep me where I'm happiest — close to the gutter? Thank you darling CAT.

Yours

'til the sewers run dry,

CELIA CESSPOOL.

ED. *Phos will do his best to keep you from becoming moral. In fact Phos extends to you a hearty invitation to join the staff. You sound like the type that we can use. Send picture and vital statistics and we will find a position for you.*

Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

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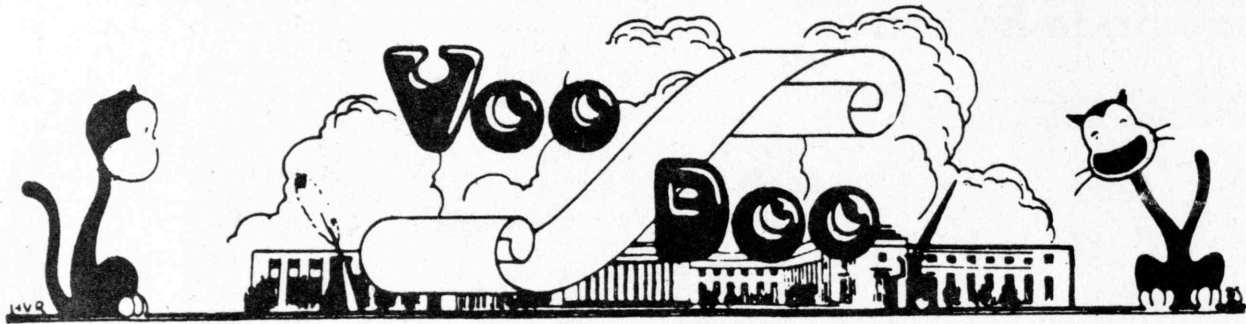
DECEMBER, 1945

No. 9

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June Bride Edition





OUR intellectual readers, at least, if there are any, might enjoy this little tidbit which we heard recently.

It seems that there was one rather poor musician in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. After many trials and tribulations, the conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, of whom even our unintellectual readers have undoubtedly heard, although few, if any, of all our readers can pronounce it, grew impatient with the man. Finally at one rehearsal Dr. K. told him to leave. On the way out, the man called back, "Nuts to you!" to which Dr. K. replied in his vicious Russian accent, in which we can only attempt to spell, "It's doo lade do apologize."

WE still wonder who is the cause for a sign posted in the Harvard Co-op the other day. It read: "Will the person who bought two left overshoes please return them at once." Can it be that there is someone with two left feet or someone dull enough not to notice the difference?

WE don't know whether it's just Curley's machine or not, but this actually happened to a friend of ours the other day. After sitting through the film at one of the city's movie palaces, he felt inclined to visit the lounge. Deciding that he wanted a

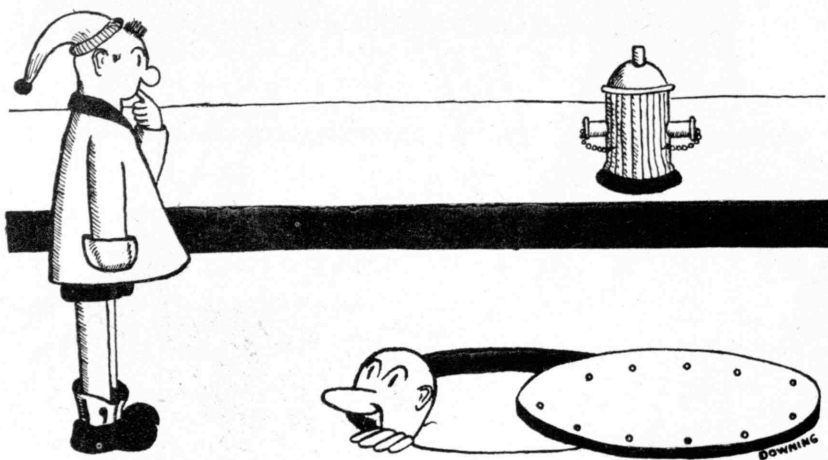
drink, he walked up to one of these beverage dispensing machines which may be found in most of the theatres.

He dropped in his hard-earned nickel and waited with an expectant cast to his features. Then the look of amazed dumbfoundedness that followed was something to see. For the machine, with all the calm deliberation that only it could muster, poured out it's nickel's worth of coke over the grate and then majestically dropped the empty cup on the floor.

Our friend was still swearing as he left the theatre.

STORIES are still circulating concerning the activities of the V-12 Unit on V-J night. But one of the queerest things happened on the following morning, and we will endeavor to describe it to you.

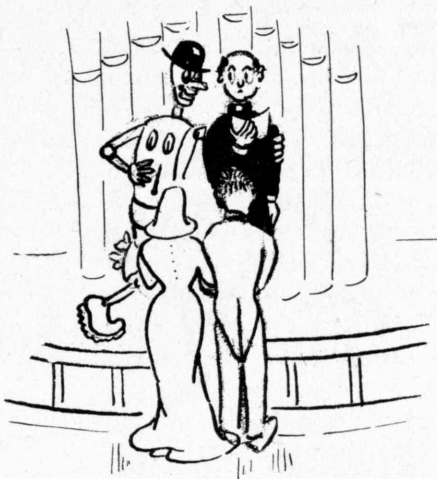
Six seamen approached the gate to the quarterdeck of the Graduate House accompanied by one Chief Specialist A. Mulrey. Rather than go through the ritual of saluting the quarterdeck, Mulrey leered an alcoholic leer, bent over, formed a step with his hands, and hoisted the six seamen one by one over the top of the gate. Then he straightened up, through a nonchalant salute in the direction of the colors, and walked happily through the gate.



"This is the way to the Lynn Sewage Disposal Plant, isn't it?"

Continued to page 21

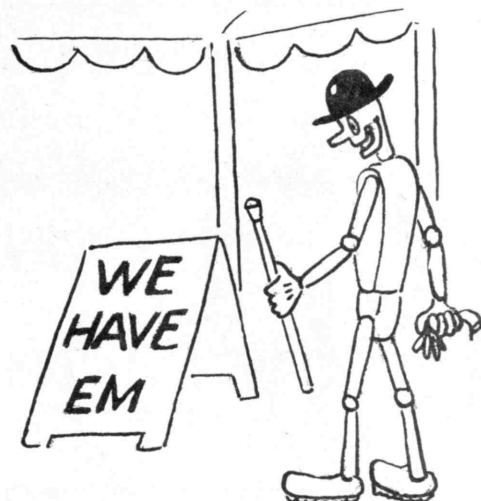
SIGMUND



Freddy Fungus and Gloria Gangrene are getting married. Sigmund wants to get married too



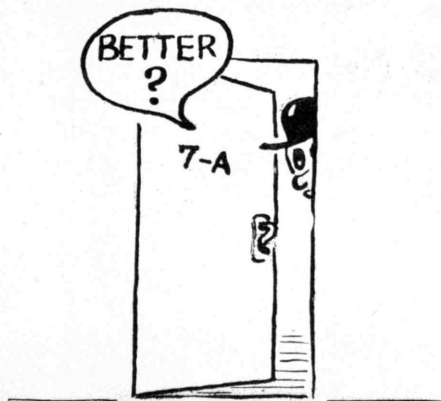
Sigmund has read "What to Do in Your Spare Time on Your Honey-moon." It is sexy



So Sigmund goes to a "Get A Wife" party at a nearby hotel. They have women



There, Fifi is the life of the party. Like Sigmund she is a machine but she does not have vacuum tubes



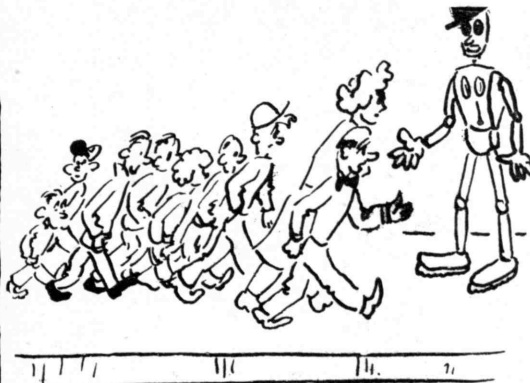
Sigmund likes Fifi's bedroom eyes. Sigmund asks her for her hand. He is stupid. He could do better



Sigmund feeds Fifi bourbon and beer. Fifi soon wants to be a June bride. It is not June. She will be fooled



Sigmund takes Fifi to a Department Store. They look at negligees. It is better than a burlesque



Sigmund sees a married couple. They are prolific. Fifi might be, too. Her last name is Tibbar. (Natures spelled backwards.)



Sigmund backs out. He likes his lonely bachelor life. Fifi will get by. She does not have vacuum tubes

AND SO IT ALL BEGAN



At the Tender Age of Four

F. F.



LEAVE us refer reverently to the musty archives of time, in an attempt to unravel the beginnings, the first faint glimmerings of the romance of Freddie Fungus and Gloria Gangrene.

When these two talented mortals admitted to a tender four years of age, flowers were blooming in some glorious mountain gorge amid the wilds of Alaska, political heretics trudged disconsolately through the snows on the tundra of Siberia, and the belching furnaces of Cesspool,

Massachusetts, spread a black pall over the lives and ambitions of our young lovers.

Perhaps I should not say lovers, for, inspecting the Cesspool of the 1920's, we come upon the astounding revelation that our hero and heroine have yet to meet. Suffice it to say, their paths were destined to cross within a short time — hours, days, months, even years perhaps, but damn it all, they've got to get together now.

Freddie Fungus was a typical four-year-old of the august metropolis of Cesspool. He had been weaned on beer, nurtured on tobacco and alcohol — Southern Comfort (100 proof), if you please — and was picking up small change fleecing the other little boys at pool and billiards in the local emporium. It was rumored that he beat his mother for beer money, but enough of such foul and obscene suggestions. He was a model son who brought home many a customer late at night.

Freddie was at the impressionable age. Some little kids wanted to be policemen, others visualized a fireman's career, but the Fungus offspring had higher aspirations. Al Capone was a leading figure in the industry of our nation, and who would not gladly go to Alcatraz, if they could but attempt to match his exploits? Freddie was planning to branch out into the pin-ball machine and numbers rackets in his home town, which necessitated a clean-up of the personnel already engaged in such nefarious activities. FF, or Double F, as his hench-boys called him, was handicapped by his lack of fire-arms, and the fact that atomic power had not yet been unleashed.

It was while bewailing this blatant need over a double-double Bourbon with Gin chaser in the Presto-Rollo Club of Lower Basin Street, that Freddie Fungus first became aware of the desirability of the vivacious Gloria Gangrene. Gloria, the bar-



"Not at all; I was going to blow my nose anyhow"

DOWNING
THANKS TO
ALF ROSE

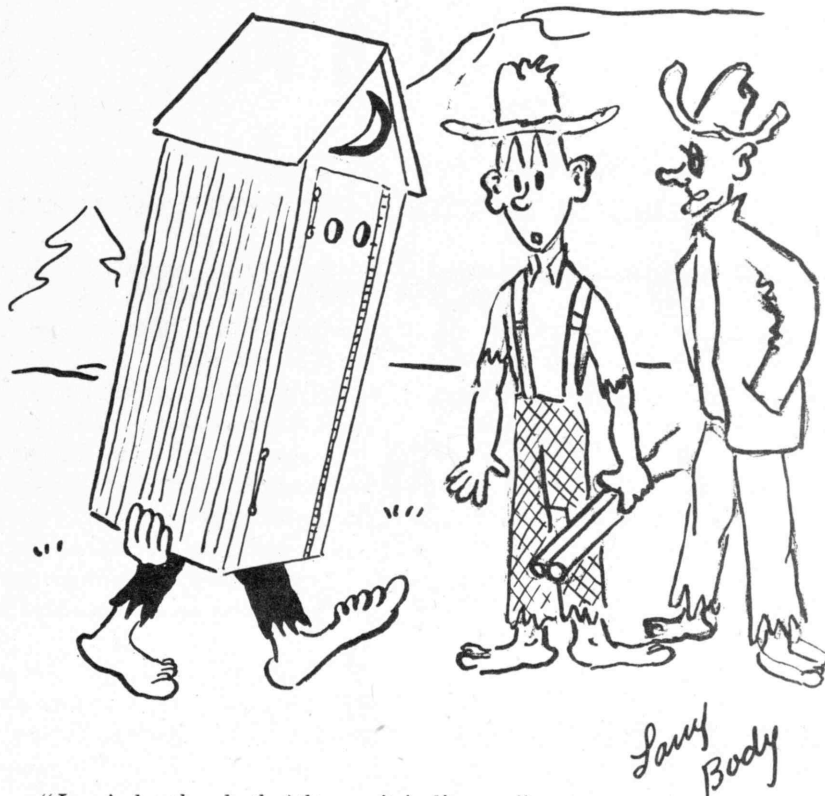
tender's daughter, had previously contented herself with sucking toothlessly on the bar-rag, and leering companionably at the patrons, as they manipulated the swinging doors. On this occasion she hiked up her panties, lowered her neckline, and drifted over to Double-F's chair.

Dropping a straggly strand of greasy blond hair into Freddie's chaser, and drooling quietly into his ear, she did her utmost to console the unconsolable gunman without a gun. It was then she made the decision that linked her life irrevocably with that of our hero. Burbling slightly, she took solemn oath to be FF's gun-moll, as she dragged a rusty, trusty carbine from beneath her skirt.

This was what Freddie had dreamed about every night of his four years. He spat confidently on the floor, knocked his drink over as he crushed Gloria Gangrene in an amorous embrace, and at the same instant checked the cork in the gat, to make certain it was a right deal.

Life was exciting after that touching little episode, as the Fungus Kid drew recruits from the local kindergarten to complete the roster of his new gang. His slogan of "Free beer and Lollypops," made him more or less of a god to "his" boys. Staging a series of "Shoe Shine Murders," as the yellow rags quickly dubbed them, Double F gently eliminated his racketeering rivals.

The pattern for the murders was simplicity, itself. Freddie Fungus would spot his man strolling down the street, and quickly muster his little band of cut-throats. With shoe-shine boxes slung over their shoulders; they would reconnoiter and bear down upon their prey. Closing in as a group, shouts of "Shine, Mister," and "Only a Dime, Mister," interspersed with dull, methodical crunchings and moanings would leave the victim a mangled, bloody corpse in the gutter. After little missions such as this, Gloria Gangrene would set up free beer in her old man's back



"Lem 'ud rather do that than wait in line . . ."

room, and then the sotted killers would sneak into the downtown cinema to watch Sherlock Holmes take the measure of Bugs Galihad in "She Lost It At The Astor."

It was thus that Double F achieved his ambition, at the tender age of four years. He was the Big Boss in a city-wide syndicate, and yet something essential was missing from his life. Freddie Fungus tired of raking in the dough, Gloria Gangrene tired of spending it, and the gang, becoming restless, drifted back to school.

One day, while collecting his "protection" fee from the local library, Freddie's eye fell upon the title, "Sex Is What You Make Of Her," and new vistas opened to his impatient mind. Reports of Errol Flynn's abilities had reached and stirred his curiosity — perhaps this was what he wanted out of life.

Let us leave Freddie Fungus while he ponders over this ponderous ptome, and avidly plans Gloria Gangrene's future.

From the Marquee of the Colonial:
TOMORROW THE
WORLD CHASE ROBBINS
Keep Moving, Rob.



Ad in Boston Paper:

WANT — Small or medium size piano or player. Pay big price. MR. LEE, Ken. 4622.

We have a small clarinet player, Mr. Lee.



From Boston Traveler, Monday, December 3, 1945.

ABLE-BODIED veteran desires good position with little or no work, will start at \$50 per week, unambitious, irresponsible, good for nothing. Call GEN 4742.

Nothing like blowing your own horn!

CHOCOLATE?

VANILLA?

STRAWBERRY?

An Episoda in the Lives of Gloria and Freddie at Eight

GLORIA sat on the sofa and dressed the doll. Freddie was on the floor running his electric train.

"I shall always love you, darling," she said, "but I fear that something is coming between us. Tell me this is not true."

Outside, the wind in the telephone wires sounded like a tomcat whistling the *Flight of the Bumble Bee*.

Gloria glanced at Freddie who was paying no attention.

"I saw you with Jane, yesterday," she said. "That blonde hair is nothing but peroxide."

Outside, the sun beat on the pavement like a Fuller Brush man.

The front door opened and a little blonde girl, chewing bubble-gum, walked in. Without so much as looking at Gloria, she gave Freddie a stick of gum.

"Here's the hussy, now. Those blonde curls are destroying our happiness. Get out of here you man-stealer!"

In the distance, a house stood on the top of a hill. It looked just like a phonograph record on end, except that it was cubical in shape, was white, had chimneys, windows and no hole in the center.

The blonde left. Gloria picked up the doll, and, holding it tenderly, came over and stood in front of Freddie.

"For the baby's sake stay with me. If it comes from a broken home, its life will be ruined, its personality warped, its feeding hours disrupted."

Outside, a tree stood, looking like a tree.

Freddie continued to play with the train.

"Don't pretend it is your interest in your career that separates us. I

know the truth," she said in a huff.

"But —" he said.

"Stop. I've heard enough from you," she retorted.

Out of doors, torrential rains cascaded down as if from a leaky faucet.

Gloria walked over to the window and traced pornographic pictures on the pane with her finger. Freddie

quietly got up, sneaked up behind her, and suddenly pulled her pigtail.

She whirled around, infuriated and soiling.

"I hate you. I hate you. I'll get a divorce. I can charge you with physical and mental cruelty. I'll get the child, and I'll make you pay alimony for the rest of your life."

Outside, Boston's drizzle soaked the streets, as if it were New England weather.

Crying and clutching the doll, Gloria dashed out, slamming the door after her.

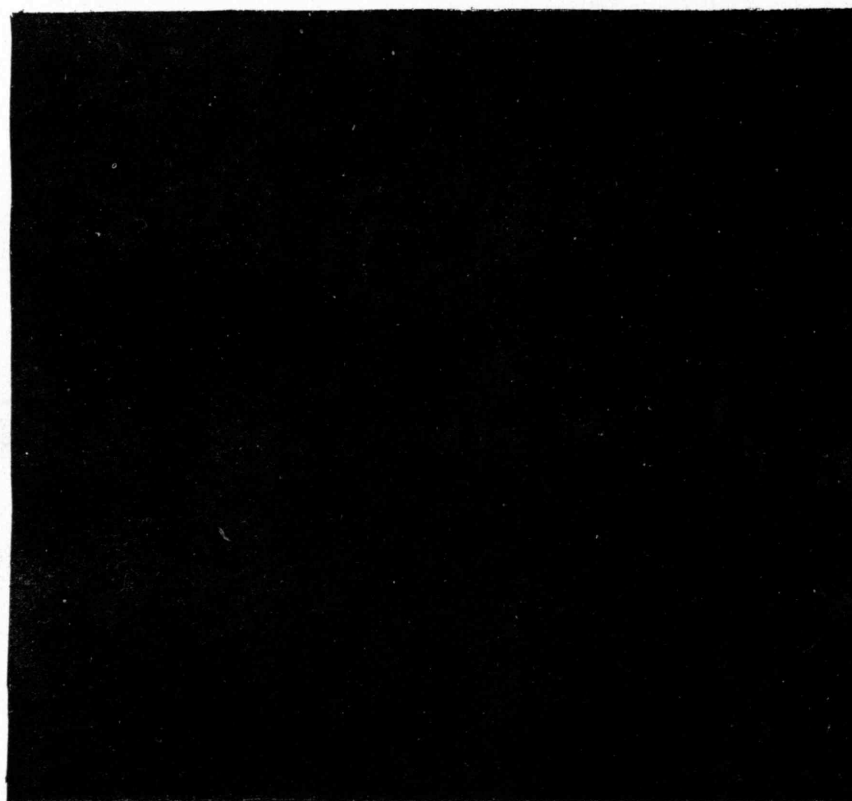
"Will the lovebirds make up? Can life really be beautiful for John's three wives? Tune in tomorrow."

Freddie's mother came into the room.

"Now what have you done to drive away Gloria and how can you stand that radio program?"

Outside, a car skidded and crashed into a telephone pole, as if $F=ma/$.

jdcl



"And we'll send all our children to M. I. T. . . ."

MAIL ORDER LOVE

AT the manly age of twelve Freddy Fungus had reached a new era in his life. He had joined the Boy Scouts. Having been accepted, he had to spend his first summer at the Scout camp. This of course meant that he had to part from Gloria Gangrene, his true love. After a sad but tender parting at the railroad station, he had reached his destination. Faithfully they wrote each other every day expressing their tender love as only they could do. The following excerpts from their correspondence built up a new feeling between them.

Tent No. 5,
Camp Watch-doin-tonitebabe,
July 28, 19—

Dearest Gloria,

After slaving for five weeks learning how to tie the hangman's noose, I have finally earned my Tenderfoot badge. I am sending it to you by special delivery so you can wear it always, but don't let any of those sixth grade wolves scratch their hands on it.

I am enjoying the camp immensely especially learning the facts about nature every evening. It would be much more enjoyable if you were here to share my K.P. duties with me. I still remember those first days we had together when I used to take your head in my hands and draw it close to mine as I dipped your pigtails in the inkwell. Oh, pure love!

... In spite of the fun to be found here at Camp Watcha-doin-tonitebabe, I can hardly wait to have you in my arms once more so that I can pull your hair again.

Your fond lover,

FREDDY.

32 Locust Avenue,
Blarneyville,
August 1, 19—

Darling Freddy,

Your last letter came today. I wish your training was over so that you could return to me. Life is just no fun without you.

Your pin arrived and I shall wear it close to my heart where I remember you always. I still have all your love notes that you sent me from the fifth row in the fourth grade. They shall always be cherished by me, even the one that Miss Evans made me read to the class. . . .

... Last week the girls of our class voted for you as "The Boy We Would Most Like to Stand in the Corner With." I always knew you would be a success.

I still wait for you to march home with the other boys after doing your part at Camp Watch-doin-tonitebabe. Till then —

Your faithful sweetheart,

GLORIA.

Tent No. 5,
Camp Watch-doin-tonitebabe,
August 14, 19—

Dear One,

It is wonderful to hear that you are carrying the torch for me. I have your picture hanging up by my bed to keep me company at nights. It keeps my morale up during the evenings.

... Remember the day I left when you went to the train with me. You promised that you would do anything for me that I wished. All I had to do was to name it. Well there is something. It is uppermost in my mind and I would not be happy if you do not agree. Before I left I was collecting Breakfast cereal comic pins, but I never got a Little Orphan Annie button. Would you please get one for me so I can have a complete collection?

Taps are sounding now so I must leave.

Passionately,

FREDERICK.

32 Locust Avenue,
Same town as before,
Different date.

My Darling,

I miss you terribly. I have been so lonely without your companionship. Hurry back.

I finally managed to get a Little Orphan Annie button yesterday by trading with Billy Jackson. He didn't want to at first but I changed his mind. . . .

Every night now I think of you and the things we used to do. Like the day that you fell into the mud puddle in front of my house. I told my mother later that you had gotten a dirty neck while playing with me. I still don't know why she made me stay away from you after that. . . .

With all my love,

GLORIA.

Tent No. 5,
Camp Watcha-doin-etc.
August 30, 19—

Dearest,

Good news at last! I shall be coming home this week end for good. I finally finished my tests. When I get settled at home you can come over and see my merit badges. I got a lot of them.

Don't make any plans that don't include me because when I get back I am going to take you and . . .

So until this Saturday when we shall be together again, I shall be thinking of you.

Love,

FREDERICK.
— D. A. F.



Winter brings the fireside near,
Men start to drop around —
For bait I use a scene like this
And they seldom let me down!



JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

MARCH

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Spring flowers change my policy!
And I try a new routine —
I don't play quite as hard to get,
And go to more extremes!



APRIL

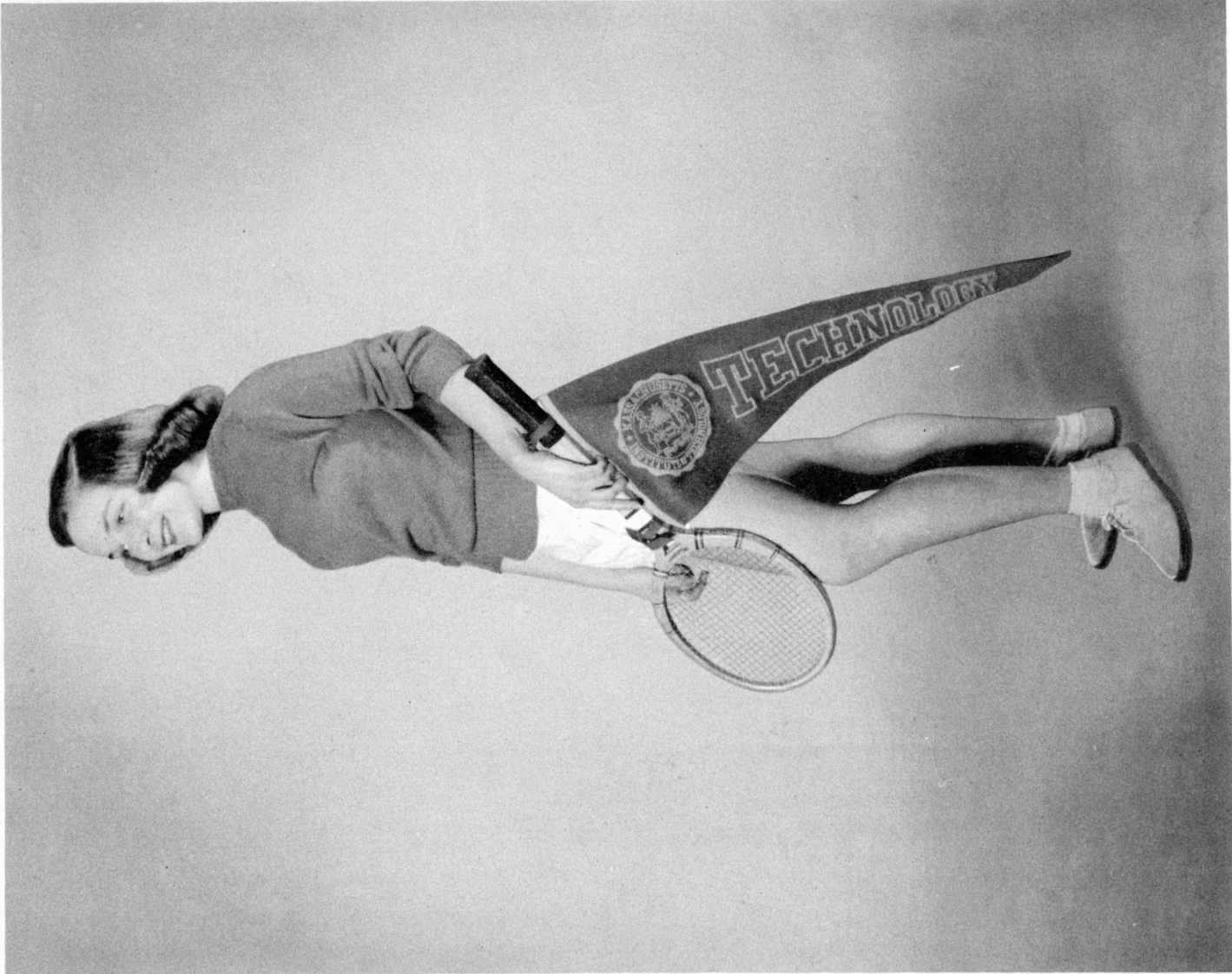
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
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28	29	30				

MAY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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23	24	25	26	27	28	29



Sports come with the summer months
And pace setting in dates, —
With this combined activity
I certainly keep my shape!

JULY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

Fall is beautiful in many ways,
With dances, sports, and men, —
I have a lot to offer them
But not too much to lend!



OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Vice to the Lovelorn

by Dr. Drool, L.S., Mft. (He knows from experience)

Niagara Falls

Dear Dr. Drool:

I recently married a man. Before we were married he was very affectionate. Now, however, we have been honeymooning for two weeks and he hasn't kissed me once in the whole time. What do you advise?

JWL.

Is that your only complaint? If so, try Colgate's.

South Overdone

Dear Doctor:

I have always read *Tips for Teens* faithfully and done everything it says to make myself popular, but I still don't meet the kind of virile romantic men I like, by using its methods. I have enclosed my picture to give you some ideas. Maybe you know some new angles.

H. O. T.

If that's really your picture, I advise an immediate personal interview. Come prepared to learn.

North Overnight

Doctor Drool:

The boys do not seem to like me. I get good marks in school. I can talk pleasantly about relativity, insect life in the ice age, neolithic pottery and many other subjects. I may not be too good looking but I am quite friendly and would not mind too much if a boy held my hand in the movies. Of course, I am bald, but I wear a wig most of the time. What do you advise?

S. A. D.

By return mail you will receive an application to M. I. T.

East Overshoe

Dear Doctor:

I am a returned serviceman. I have come back to my wife and to three children which I had never seen (triplets). I remember my wife as a brunette, but she is now blonde. She used to seem rather short but now she is tall. I would have said she had had ten toes but I see she has eleven. All in all my wife seems a stranger to me. What should I do?

V. E. T.

You might check the names on the marriage license.

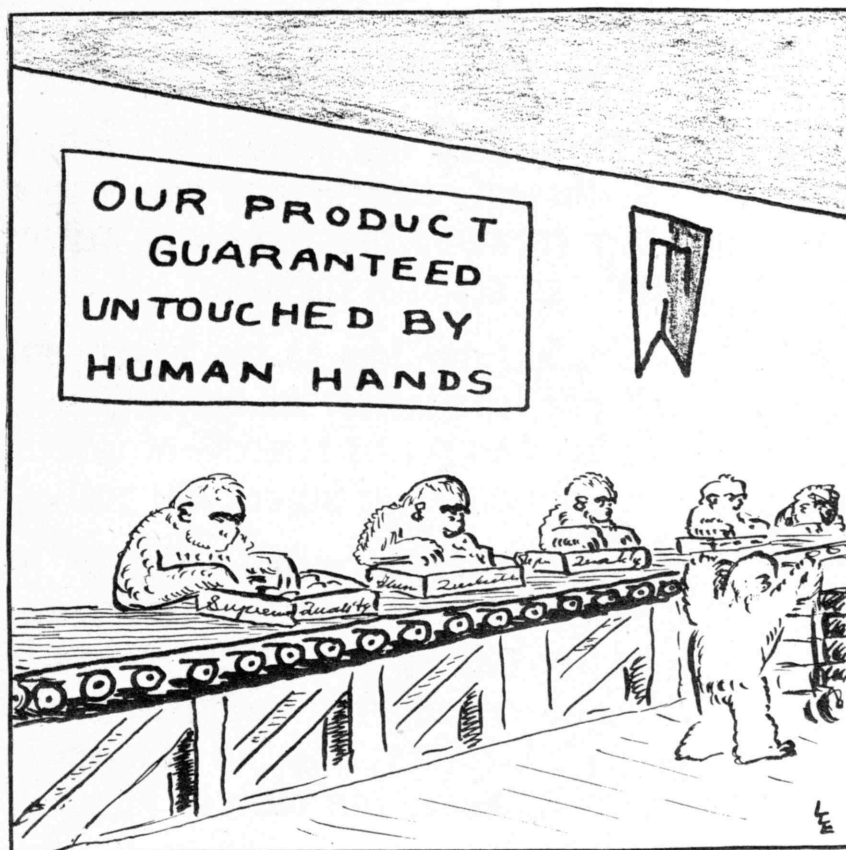
West Overcoat

Dear Doctor Drool:

Please tell me what to do about my passionate boy friend. I like him and don't want to give him up — we've been going together for over two years — but every night when we shake hands goodbye, he is so ardent that he almost crushes it. I am getting quite bruised. What can I do?

KOH

Alternate with the Boy Scout handshake, eat Wheaties, get a job milking cows, or enroll at Sargent.



The Gospel According to Saint Joe

Translated out of the Original Greek and with the Former Translations diligently compared
and revised by Special Command

Verily, I say unto you, marry not an engineer for the engineer is a strange being, possessed of many devils; yea, he speaketh eternally in parables which he calleth "formulas", and he hath but one Bible,—a handbook.

He talketh always of stresses and strains, and without end of thermodynamics. He sheweth always a serious aspect and seemeth not to know how to smile; and he picketh his seat in the car by the springs therein and not by the damsel beside him; neither does he know a waterfall save for its power, nor the sunset except for her absorption spectrum.

Always he carrieth his slide rule with him and he entertaineth his maiden with steam tables. Verily, though his damsel expecteth chocolates, when he calleth he brings samples of iron.

Yea, he holdeth his damsel's hand, but only to measure the heat content thereof, and kisses but to test the viscosity. In his eyes shineth a faraway look which is neither love nor longing—but a vain attempt to recall a formula.

There is but one key to his heart, and that is the Tau Beta Pi key; and one love letter for which he yearneth and that an "H"; and when to his damsel he writeth of love and signeth with crosses, take not these symbols for kisses but rather for unknown quantities.

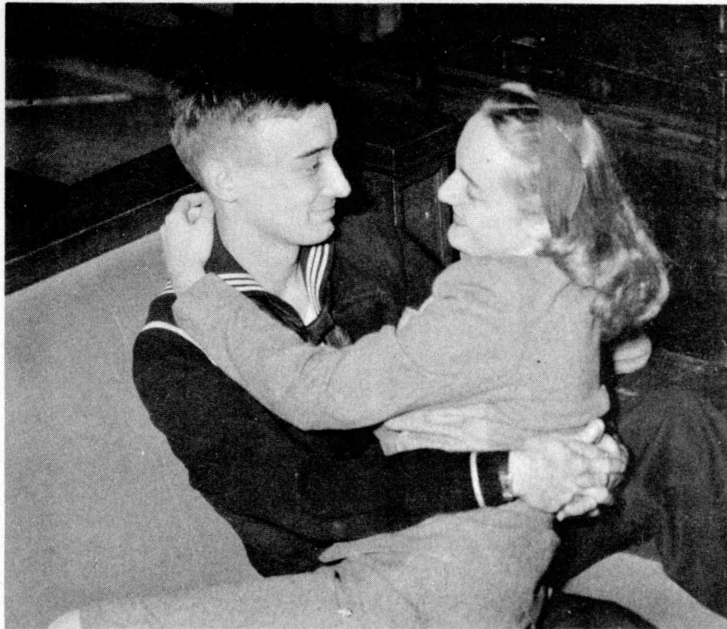
Even as a youth, he pulleth a girl's hair to test its elasticity, but as a man he discovered different devices; for he would count the vibrations of her heartstrings and reckons her strength of materials; for he seeketh ever to pursue scientific investigations, and inscribeth his passion in a formula; and his marriage is an equation involving two unknowns and yielding diverse answers.

PHOS GOES TO AN ELOPEMENT

"DARLING, you do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, Gloria, I love you with all my heart, soul, and fifty-cent allowance. What more could you ask?"

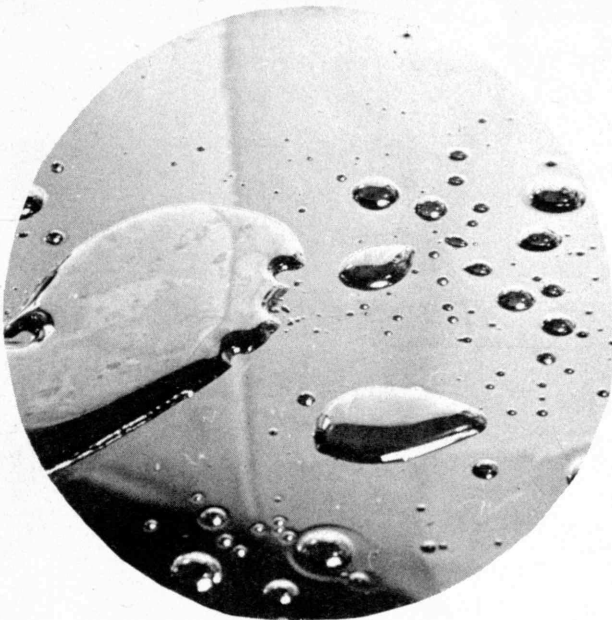
"Still, Freddy, I don't feel quite sure of you. I wish there was something we could do to make things more permanent. Let's elope . . . tonight, darling!"



"Gloria, your eyes are like limpid pools of S. A. E. 30 on the garage floor."

"Can the compliments, little boy. We've got to think about this elopement."

"Gloria, your hair smells so like the inside of a track shoe after a hundred-yard dash. I love to run my fingers through its kinks and knots."



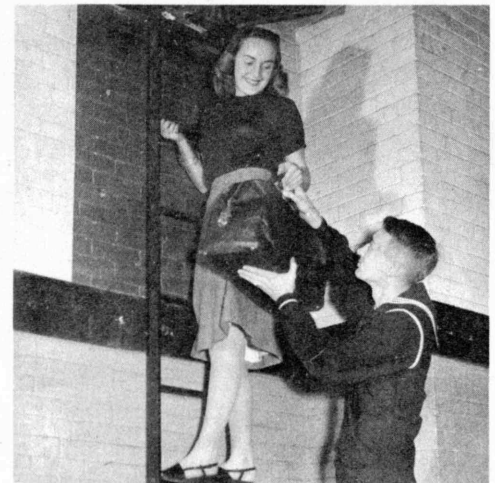
"Oh, here comes my roommate now. Let's let her in on our secret and maybe she can help me pack a trousseau. Move over, Freddy, and we'll make this a gleesome threesome."



"Look, Gloria, you go up to your room and pack your stuff and snatch as many of your roommate's clothes as possible and I'll meet you at the foot of the fire escape. I've got some bottled heat in my pocket to keep me warm but don't be too long."



"Freddy, I'm sorry to have been so long. I hope you didn't freeze to death. Please come help me with my bag and don't drop it because you'll break the bottles."

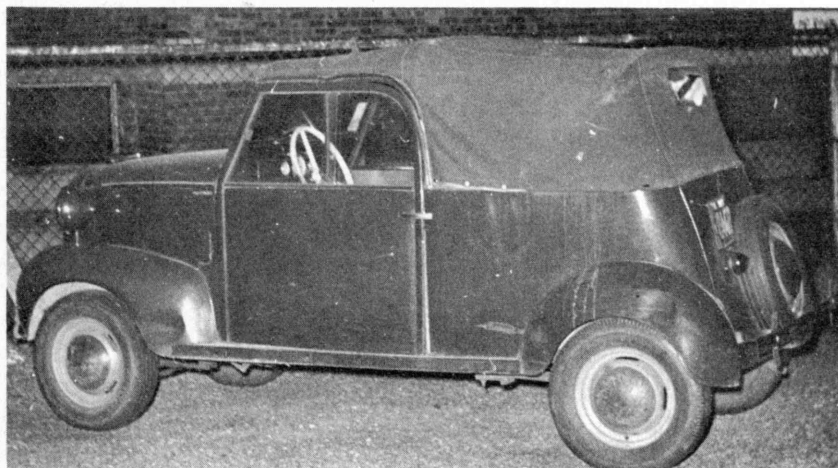


"Come to my arms and kiss me again and again, darling."

"Ummm! That was swell, honey. I'm glad you haven't started kissing like a married man already."



"Enough of this lovemaking, let's get going! Here, you carry the bag to the car while I run ahead and try to get the damn thing started."



"Well, here we are at the justice of the peace. It won't take long, Freddy, and it's well worth the two bucks."

"Yeah, but two bucks seems like an awful lot of money to spend for the privilege. It never cost me anything before."



Phos Sees the World

335429 Lt. O. O. Llewellyn
Royal Army Service Corps
9 Indian M. T. Trg. Center R1ASc
Meenat India Command
26 Nov. 1945.

Dear Sirs,

If I can call you "sirs" because you are as unknown to me as I am to you.

In May '41 you produced a turn-about copy of Voo Doo to which, in a indirect manner, I became a contributor via my cousin, Ian Davies '42. I thought it may be of interest to you, now it's all over, how that copy of Voo Doo has traveled.

It arrived in England whilst there was a certain amount of fun and games going on with the Luftwaffe. Being in the Royal Army Service Corps at the time, part of my transport job was delivering ammunition for A. A. guns, dieselite for searchlight generators, parts, men, and equipment to A. A. gun sites. Voo Doc, for some unknown reason, became stuck in my equipment and was once buried, after some considerable effort, by one of

the three bombs that walked across my unit. I was miles away at the time myself.

Later it was used as a rest pad on which I scrawled the cathode ray plottings of the approach of enemy aircraft in the receiving cabin of a radar set.

It traveled through an officer's training school in 1943 in which the general idea seemed to be an effort to discover how much punishment we could take without dying of natural causes.

India eventually saw it's arrival and it became rather damp when a jungle scheme entailed a somewhat primitive existence in a monsoon.

I nearly lost it on the Northwestern Frontier of India where the hobby of the local populace consists of shooting slugs of hammered telephone wire at British Officers from twelve-foot barreled wire-bound guns. It became mixed with some copies of Life that were donated to the mess. I got it back, oddly enough, from a shop in

the Abbotabad which bought the old copies of Life. It cost me eight annas! Cheap at the price!

Delhi, India's capitol, saw it and so did a nameless hellhole populated entirely by mules and donkeys and those attempting to train them.

In September this year it was read nostalgically (if there is such a word) by an American Lieutenant and two American Privates, 8,000 feet up in the foothills of the Himalayas. One of these Privates was blessed with the name of Marion (No, not Pfc. Hargrove) and known as Petunia, pronounced Petoonia. He taught me to sing a fine falsetto and I lost 85 rupees to him at poker dice.

It was once again nearly lost when a car I was in convoy with tried to climb a tree at 35 m. p. h. This put me in dock for repairs and Voo Doo along with some other magazines were condemned in my absence by my bearer and nearly used in wrapping shoes.

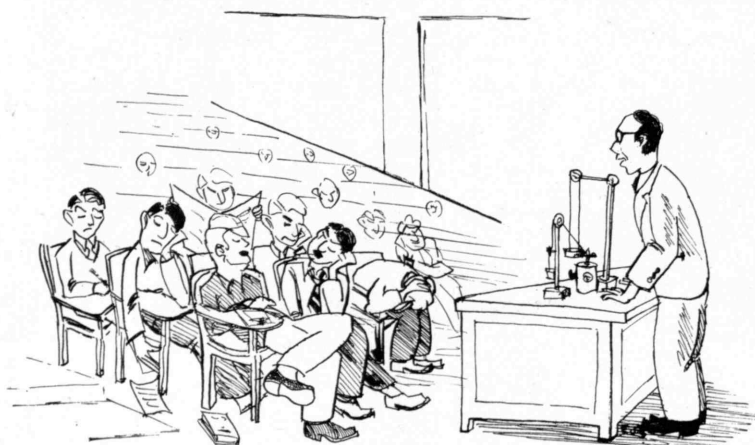
Since I wrote the letter to my cousin that was published in the May Turn-about issue, I have had some success with magazine stories and, realizing that my stuff could only be published in India (there's too much competition at home), I've kept copies of everything I've published for posterity. The first thing I ever had published was in Voo Doo hence it has something like a place of honour in the bookshelf.

My cousin, Ian Davies, is now on a destroyer in the Pacific. Where those who produced it in his day are, God only knows.

But now you know where this copy was and is.

Yours sincerely,

OWEN LLEWELLYN



"And I might add, without fear of contradiction, . . ."

Ed. Thank you Lieutenant Llewellyn for your very fine letter. We are going downtown to buy Phos some service ribbons tomorrow. Phos has shone streaks of wanderlust before but never to such an extent. The old cat really gets around.

Daddy, I Wanna Go To Tech

Listen, my son, and I shall tell
Of the years I spent in a place called Hell.
Now, old Satan "Karl" was head of the spot
But he wasn't there unless things got too hot.
His cronie Jim Killer would keep the place goin'
While Gestapo Chief Lobby kept our blood flowin'.
Days were like nightmares and nights were a daze
As we sweated it out in the drafting-room haze.
Five-oh was perfect, one-four got us by —
We drowned out the difference with ginger and rye,
Old-Fashioneds or beer, or soda and Scotch
(And we slept it all off while standing the "watch").
Jakie's for "tea" at any odd hour
(We'd sober up in the Grad House shower).
At swank Mural Lounge with the P Club in session
We'd do our level best to leave a good impression
Of the Engineers from Tech (dilapidated wrecks)
By sliding out our slipsticks to calculate the checks.
Our nights of respite were varied and nice
With assorted amounts of spirits and spice.
Necking (?) with a pick-up in those carriages horse-drawn,
Scollay Square at midnight, reeling home at dawn,
The parties at the Deke House, or brawls at Sigma Nu
Were all important lab-work of 25.02.
When dances at the Statler decreased our wallets flatter,
We'd venture into classrooms to hear professors patter
On the theory proved by practice and the practice using
theory —
Then we'd drop into the "Armpit" for a glass of bottled
beery.
On afternoons all week, in Walker, groups would meet
To handle family problems, print the old news sheet,
Talk of past successes or plan a novel smoker,
Or smoke another butt and play a hand of poker,
On hot Summer days when the heat fell like rain,
To head for the beach inflicted no pain.
And when leaves left the trees, it was always the vogue
To visit Tech Cabin at Lake Massapoag.
But to walk the Harvard Bridge in Winter's bitter blast
Is concentrated torture never yet surpassed. . . .
(By the grace of some god I finished it all,
And there's my diploma framed on the wall.)
And that, my son, is why your Dad
Froths at the mouth and often goes mad
When you set the stage for calamity

The Rubaiyat of Omar Téchman

If she asks you if you'd like to,
And you think it would be fun
If the urge is ever present,
Hell! You've had six chocolates, take
another one.

If the time hangs heavy on your hands
And her wish you'd like to please,
If you both have the call to nature
Then go to the park, and look at trees.

If you both have read the books
And for experiment your natures
strive,
Take your fling, for youth is present;
The course for you is 6.05.

If you've tried it and you like it
And it makes you feel so nice,
If it makes you feel so manly
Then stay deloused — you don't need
lice.

Your mother told you it was wrong
Your friends said it was lots of fun
You played the game one lonely night
Your first game of craps, and hell —
you won!

If you're young and feel excited,
When you play the game of life,
Keep on playing with your partner,
Chess will never scare your wife.

She showed it to me in the evening —
I thought it was rather cute —
I know I shouldn't touch it,
But I had never played a flute.

— OMAR.

(with the kind assistance of Abdul
and Hassan)



By bringing to mind old M. I. T.
After all he went through, you're lucky to have Dad . . .
What's that? You want to go to Haavaad????!!

ENSIGN J. L. HULL.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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offers the following Professional Courses:

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Options: Biology

Biology and Public Health

Public Health Engineering

Biophysics and Biological Engineering

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Based on Chemical Sciences

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Chemical Engineering Practice

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Electrical Engineering, including

Options: Illuminating Engineering

Electrical Communications

Electrical Engineering —

Co-operative Course

General Engineering

Marine Transportation

Mechanical Engineering

Options: General

Automotive

Heat

Materials and Design

Mechanical Engineering —

Co-operative Course

Metallurgy

Naval Architecture and Marine

Engineering

Sanitary Engineering

Each of the above undergraduate Courses is of four years duration, with the exception of Architecture, City Planning, Biophysics and Biological Engineering, Marine Transportation, and the co-operative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years, and City Planning Practice which covers a period of six years. In addition to the Bachelor's degree, the above five and six year Courses, with the exception of Architecture and City Planning, lead also to the Master's degree.

Graduate study, leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees, is offered in Ceramics, Meteorology, and in most of the above professional Courses.

A five year Course is offered which combines study in Engineering or Science, and Economics. This leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the professional field, and to the degree of Master of Science in Economics and Engineering or Economics and Natural Science.

The Summer Session extending from June to September includes many of the undergraduate subjects given during the academic year.

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

The following publications will be sent free on request:

Catalogue for the academic year.

Summer Session Bulletin.

Voodooings . . .

Continued from page 6

AMONG the most famous arrivals at the V-12 Unit is a man of sterling character, handsome physique, unlimited intellect, and fabulous talents with the fairer sex. His name? — "Alfred" Buckles. His job? — Building bodies where there never were any.

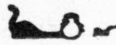
When asked why he had never advanced from the rating of Specialist A First Class to Chief Specialist, he said (and we quote) "I ain't dumb enough" (unquote).

IT seems as though the Voo Doo publicity staff has hired some horseflies to spread the fame of the rag. How else did those posters get pasted near the ceiling of the physics lecture hall at Wellesley. For two weeks now the janitors have been looking for a ladder long enough to get the damn things down. If the janitor would take the trouble to phone Kirkland 6339, we would tell him how it was done and make his sleep more restful.

Hotel Clerk: "Sorry, folks; but all I have left is the bridal suite."

Old Man: "What the heck do we want with the bridal suite? We've been married forty-five years."

Hotel Clerk: "Well, if I gave you the ballroom, you wouldn't have to dance, would you?"



The bride is speaking from the luxurious depths of an oversized feather bed. "Darling, I can hardly believe we're married." On the opposite end of the room we can but dimly see the crouched figure of the groom. No answer. Seconds tick by: Again: "Darling, it just doesn't seem we are married at last." No answer. More time drags agonizingly by. Restlessly, the bride speaks again: "Oh honey, I just *can't* believe we're really married."

The groom finally speaks — in a voice contorted with rage and frustration — "If I can get this goddam shoe-lace untied you will."

**BE SHREWD, PREWD!
IF WE'RE NOT LEWD,
AT LEAST WE'RE CREWD!**

Enclosed please find \$1.75; so

Please send the next eight issues of Voo Doo to

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....

State.....

Telephone (if blonde).....

Eliot Flower Shop



Corsages
Our
Specialty

87 Massachusetts Avenue
Boston, Mass.

ORDER BY TELEPHONE
KENMORE 6470

Girl: "I want a lipstick."

Clerk: "What size, please?"

Girl: "Three rides and a house party."

The automobile motor began to pound, and finally stopped. The worried boy friend said to his companion: "I wonder what the knock could be?"

"Maybe," said the blond girl friend, "it's opportunity."

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It's LUNCH and
DINNER at the

Tech Delicatessen

On Massachusetts Avenue
Opposite M.I.T.

- GOOD FOOD
- EXCELLENT COFFEE
- REASONABLE PRICES

WE PACK LUNCHES TO GO



From *Birmingham News*.
HUSBAND OF SLAYER DIES.

Los Angeles, October 24 (AP). Dr. William C. Judd, 62, whose wife, Winnie Ruth Judd, is serving a life sentence in Arizona for the trunk murders of two nurses in 1931, died in the National Military Home, Sawtelle, last night.

He was admitted to the hospital October 19 suffering from a lingering disease.

Mrs. Judd was convicted of slaying and dismembering Hedwig Samuelson and Agnes Leroi, nurses with whom she had lived and worked. Their bodies were sent in a trunk from Phoenix, Arizona, to Los Angeles.

Be careful not to pack perfume in the same valise with clothes as it may spill. It will leave an unsightly ring.

Anything to hide the odor!



CAFE DE PARIS

Real Home-Cooked Food

Reasonably Priced

Luncheons and Dinners
WINES AND LIQUORS

165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
299 Harvard Street Brookline

Girls
built
this

Some
are
like
one.

Others
are
more
like
this.

But they usually end up like this.

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Life is just one fool thing after another. Love is just two fool things after each other.



It isn't age that makes us sensible, but lack of strength for raising hell.



Vulgarity is simply the conduct of others.



Friends are people who dislike the same people.



The one who thinks our jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views
Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we could not use.



They call her checkers because
she jumps every time you make a
wrong move.

H. N. Johnson

C. W. Pride

Optometrists

Formerly E. S. WATTS COMPANY

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The Male Animal

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JANUARY 25 AND 26

8.30 P. M.

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OR

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Finest selection of imported and domestic liquors
... over 20 leading brands of Scotch.

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(Actual photo taken on the "Great Eastern")

Hand-Made
Shape #22, \$5.
"Billiard"



BUY
VICTORY
BONDS

The KAYWOODIE of 1945

Nearly a century of analysis and work, and experience with smokers' needs, is incorporated in Kaywoodie Pipes. Whatever makes pipe-smoking more satisfying will always be found in Kaywoodie. Available at your dealer's, \$3.50 to \$25.

Kaywoodie Company, New York & London—
In New York, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20.

The term "Kaywoodie Briar" means briar that has been IMPORTED, and selected to meet our exacting requirements, and satisfactorily seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.



YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND
THE NEWEST AND BEST
IN KAYWOODIE. LOOK FOR THE CLOVER LEAF



ENGINEERING CODE

If she wants a date	Meter
If she comes to call	Receiver
If she wants an escort	Conductor
If she's given to pilfering	Detector
If she's slow on the uptake	Accelerator
If she's hungry	Feeder
If she goes up in the air	Condenser
If she's a poor cook	Discharger
If she's overstuffed	Rectifier
If she's narrow	Amplifier
If she has cold feet	Heater
If she fumes and sputters	Insulator
If she's flirtatious	Resistor
If she's ravishing	Interceptor
If she wants a holiday	Transmitter
If she's loud	Modulator
If she's queer	Balancer
If she's attractive	Analyzer
If she's one of many	Selector
If she's expensive	Regulator



Many students get *Coronet*,
Look, and *Colliers*, and *News of the Met*.
All the others get V. D.
Except staff members, and they get
hell for writing this sort of filth.



NAVAL TERMS AND EXPLANATIONS

"Take necessary action"	It's your headache now.
"You will remember"	I have forgotten, so have you.
"We should confer"	Send your yeomen over to see mine.
"Forwarded"	Pigeon holed in a more ornate desk.
"A growing body of Naval opinion"	Two Gold Braids have agreed.
"Take immediate action"	Do something in a hurry before we both catch hell.
"For your information"	Let's forget it.
"Your observations are desired"	You do the dirty work so I can write "forwarded".
"Your department is negligent"	I have just been given hell.
"You are to be commended"	

There's a particularly dirty job for you in the next routing.
"Naval tradition demands" I have just been talking to an old chief.
"Give this your immediate attention" For God's sake, find those papers.
"You will show him every courtesy" His uncle is an Admiral.

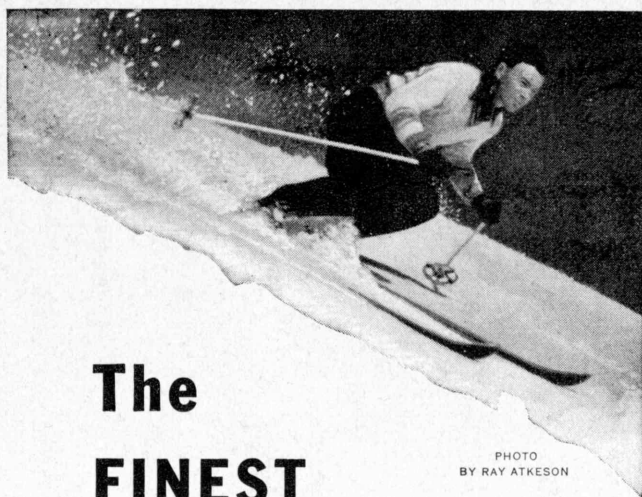
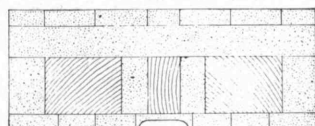


PHOTO
BY RAY ATKESON

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FLEXIBLE FLYER SPLITKEIN Skis are the choice of expert and novice alike. What's more, Uncle Sam found in SPLITKEINS exactly what he was looking for when he was equipping his ski troopers! *Laminated* construction means greater strength with less weight... means SPLITKEINS are stronger than solid hickory skis... means SPLITKEINS are exactly matched in weight, grain, camber, and flexibility.

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Cross-section of Flexible Flyer Splitkein Ski showing laminated Construction.

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**SPLITKEIN
SKIS**



"The boss smokes Sir Walter Raleigh."

**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

"... the quality pipe
tobacco of America"



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