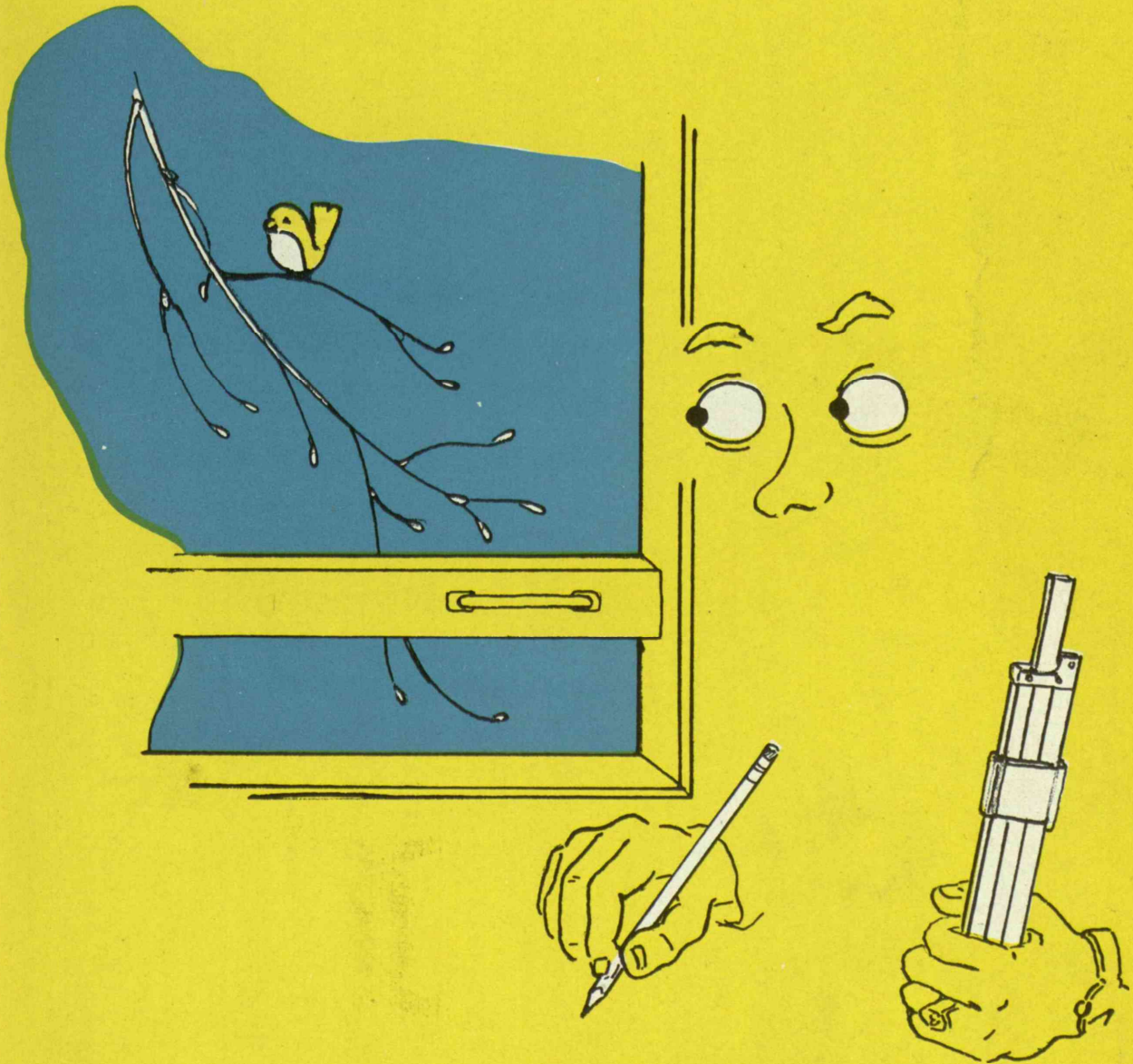


Voo Doo





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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VooDoo Magazine,
M. I. T.
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Editor:

It has come to our attention through the Valentine issue of VooDoo that "several V-Twelvees" are wondering what to do with themselves on Saturday nights. Your suggestions were good, but ours is more potent!

On Saturday, March 10, we are having a house dance and would love to see some of your "homeless" boys. For further information call Wellesley 0716 and ask for the social chairman.

Love and kisses,

'48.

Ain't this manpower shortage ducky. We'll be there with our own love and kisses.

'45, '46, '57 and '48.

566 Washington,
Palo Alto, Calif.
February 14, 1945

M. I. T. VooDoo
Cambridge, Mass.
Gentlemen and Phos:

For some time I have been an enthusiastic reader of VooDoo, but in the autumn my source of supply involuntarily joined the Army. Life is unbearable without your monthly bundles of garbage.

To be pithy, please put me on the sucker list for a year's subscription. Is it possible to get the back issues



since October of last year? If so, send them along with the bill.

Thank you,

JOAN H. MASHALL.

Dear Joan:

We are very sorry you lost your source of supply and we will be very happy to do anything we can to make life bearable for you. May be even we won't charge for it.

Outside of that, you will find our "Monthly Bundle of Garbage" in the mail shortly. Thanks for the compliments. Sincerely,

ED.

Dana Hall,
Wellesley, Mass.

Dear Phos,

When the VooDoo hit Dana Hall — Whew! What didn't happen wouldn't fill a penny postcard. — Yours truly happened to smuggle the first copy into school and for the past two months, I haven't been able to leave campus as they think I'm too dangerous to let loose in society.

Your jokes — 'Nuff said! That February number really gave us a *large charge*. Baker's drawings are really smooth. I wrote my last theme on "Voo Doo Mag. What it has to offer the public." (O.K. so I flunked.)

Well, there goes the lights out bell. Hurry up with that next issue. Our moral needs lifting.

Inmate No. 215.

Dear Inmate No. 215:

We are very happy to have been able to furnish you with a *large charge*. We hope you enjoy the *current* issue for we have taken especial pains to supply more "info" on that universal subject.

As for *moral* lifting, we have nothing to say.

Love and kisses,

PHOS.

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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Volume XXVIII

MARCH, 1945

No. 2

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They were driving in a secluded spot when the car sputtered and stalled.

He: "Outa gas, by golly."

She: "Oh, yeah?" (Pulls out flask.)

He: "Ah, ha; and what have we here?"

She: "Gasoline."

— Log.



"Willie."

"Yes, maw."

"How many times must I tell you that cuspidor is to spit in?"

— Archive.



They looked at us with cold disdain as if we were the height of shame. Their eyes flashed and at us glared; not for a moment were we spared. People behind started to squirm and cough;

to one side a child began to laugh. Morons in front craned their necks around,

though I assure you we made no sound,

Characters on the screen became as apparent as ghosts to the ominous eyes of our encircling hosts.

The moral to this tale should be kept in store —

never try necking on the main floor.

— Pelican.



Bored Husband: "Let's go out and have some fun tonight."

Bored Wife: "Okay, and, please, leave the front door open if you get home before I do."

— Boulder.

He: "Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?"

She: "I can't say — I've never —"

He: "You mean you've never been kissed?"

She: "I've never been sick."



The sugar daddy and a cute chick from Minsky's were enjoying a small supper in the private room of a roadhouse. As the waiter cleared away the dessert dishes, the tycoon cleared his throat and purred, "Now, dear, how about a little demitasse?"

"I might have known there was a string attached!" she exploded.

— Log.

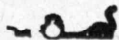


A salesman bringing his bride South on their honeymoon visited a hotel where he boasted of the fine honey.

"Rastus," he asked the colored waiter, "where's my honey?"

"Ah don't know, boss," replied Rastus, eyeing the lady cautiously, "she don't work here no mo'."

— Wampus.



A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was five cents or ten cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotchman's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they passed over a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Mon," screamed Sandy, "isn't it enough to try and overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy?"

— Widow.

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CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

In a kick it's distance, in a cigarette it's taste, and in a rumble it's impossible.

— Dodo.

"What if we don't get picked up before our Sir Walter Raleigh runs out?"

Smokes as sweet as it smells

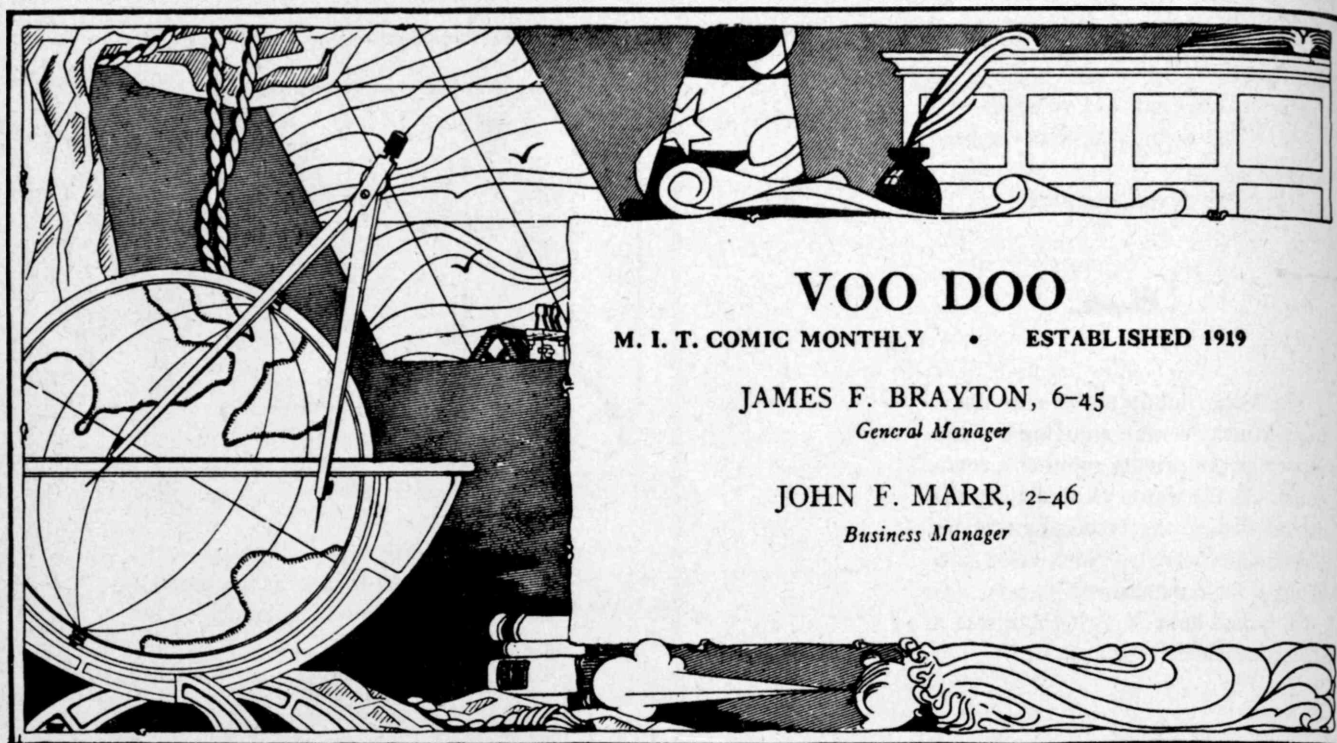
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VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY • ESTABLISHED 1919

JAMES F. BRAYTON, 6-45
General Manager

JOHN F. MARR, 2-46
Business Manager

WEARILY we staggered up the long flights of stairs to the office with the memory of our most recent defeats in the battle of men against M. I. T. slightly lessened in our minds by our more recent victories in the battles of men against women, won with the aid of that product that ninety million Frenchmen agreed upon. Opening the door, we collapsed on the floor along side of the Cat who only managed to wiggle one eyelid in an attempt to see who had so rudely disturbed his alcoholic dreams.

"Well, Boss," said the Cat, "that must have been quite a vacation, a well needed rest, no doubt."

"Cat, if we look as bad as you feel, or vica versa, all we have to say is that you have indeed called down upon yourself the wrath of the W. C. T. U. and the Scollay Square Reform League. However, you were confined to the local area where the curfew did no great harm. The people in the rest of the country are finding out that if they really want to they, too, can be well oiled by twelve o'clock. The trouble is that no longer can one mix the pleasures of the theater or the evening sports events along with the gentle art of transferring the contents of the bottle to the W. C. via the alimentary and other canals."

"You didn't see many sports events, did you, Boss?" chuckled the Cat.

"Well, no. But that's beside the point right now. We have another issue to put out, and the staff has decided that for a change you are going to have to earn the egg in your beer. We have to have someone around here who can work without detriment to his studies; and, since you do not have any studies, we feel that you are the one. We also feel that there are a lot of people around the Institute who have the ability to turn out the kind of material that we want and which our readers would like to see, but who have been unasked or who have felt that this magazine is for the students alone. Although it is primarily for the students, we would certainly be able and glad to use any contributions which turned up on the editor's desk, and which would fit into the magazine. Among all the people who work in the Radiation and the other labs (it has recently come to our attention that there are some other labs around here besides the Radiation Lab — a fact which has long been skillfully camouflaged by pretty legs and short skirts) there must be some few who have the right touch of madness. We realize, of course, that all the rest of the people in the world are mad and we are sane, but, by the definition in general acceptance, we are mad and the rest are sane. The invitation is thereby extended to those who are sane, we mean mad, to come around with any ideas which they may have for publication."

"Well, Boss, that seems like a good idea; if I am going to have to work I might just as well have some company."

But how about these freshmen who have just entered the Superhome of Science (i.e. Tech to the rest of the inmates). Don't they need an invitation to come out and help us?"

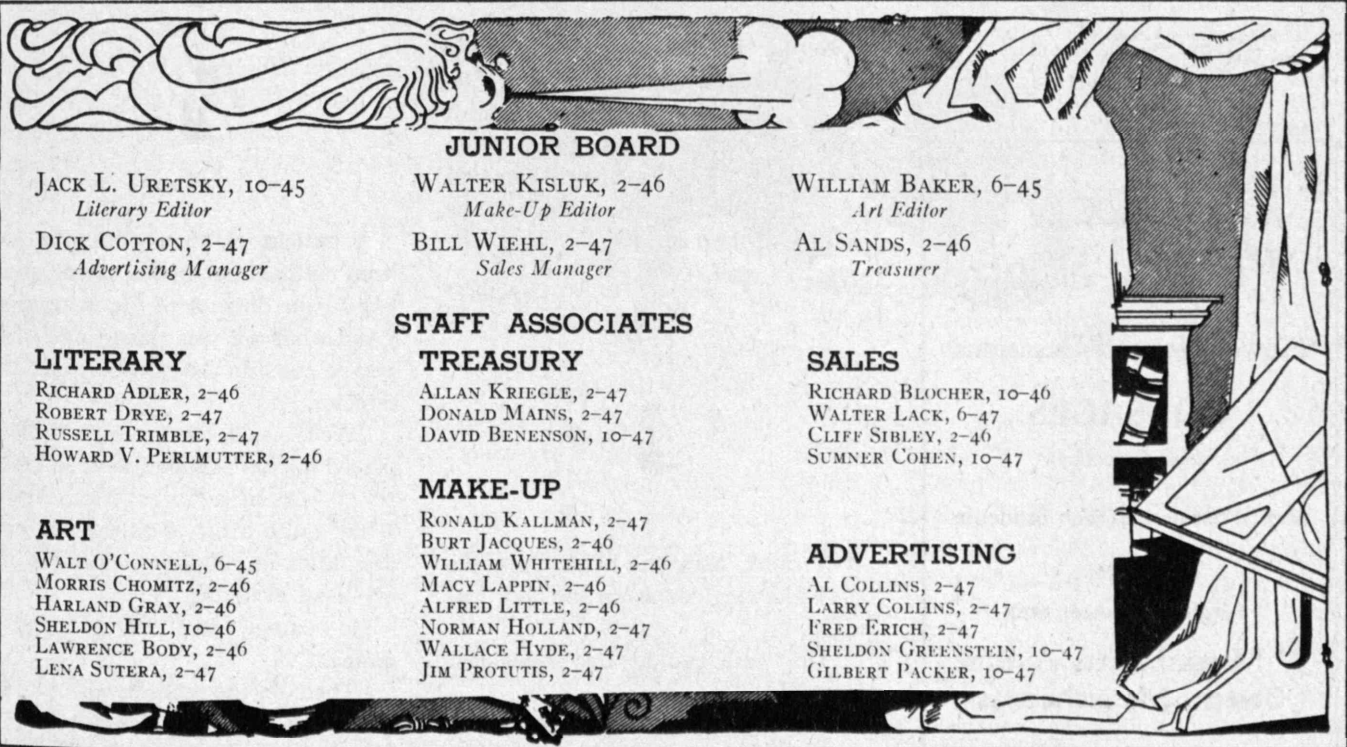
"Yes, Phos, those boys are invited to come out to work. But after the treatment that they have been getting from the Fraternities, they probably think that all will be milk and cake for the next few months. Seldom have so many fought with so much for so few."

"I still laugh, Boss; when I think of the way freshman camp ended, with more fraternity men trying to come in the door than freshmen trying to go out. In the future some precautions ought to be taken against mob action in the Institute. Speaking of mobs, I guess that the Great Court will soon be full of legs and eyes."

"Yes, Phos, it looks as if the great winter is finally over. Boston is once more beginning to look like its old natural self. No longer does the virginal grey snow hide the filth of Boston. The color black is finally coming back into its own. I suppose, however, that with the coming of spring you are going to cast off your red flannel underwear and try out some new color combinations on your tie."

"No, I am going to be conservative this year and limit myself to three colors only — red, purple, and yellow. Well, I guess I'll have to go out and get myself a short beer if I am going to have to start work. See you later."

Cover this month by Sheldon Hill



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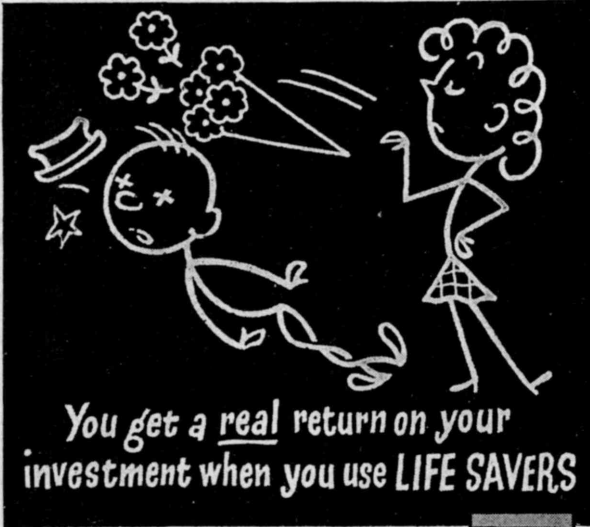
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"What did he die of?"

"Oh, nothing serious."

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Gently he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips the breath came in short wrenching gasps. Assuringly he smiled at her. . . . B-z-z-z went the dentist's drill.

— *Polaris.*



"I think Tom and Susie were the cutest-looking couple on the floor last night."

"Oh, were you at the dance last night?"

"No, I went to a house party."

— *Widow.*

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods, and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Getting dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

— *Pelican.*



"No wonder I'm sick of marriage! Tommy hasn't kissed me since the honeymoon."

"Why not divorce him?"

"But Tommy isn't my husband!"



A patient of an asylum who had been certified cured was saying good-bye to the director of the institution. "And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well," said the ex-nut, "I have passed my bar examinations, so I may try to work up a law practice. Again, I had quite a bit of experience with dramatics in college, so I might try my hand at acting."

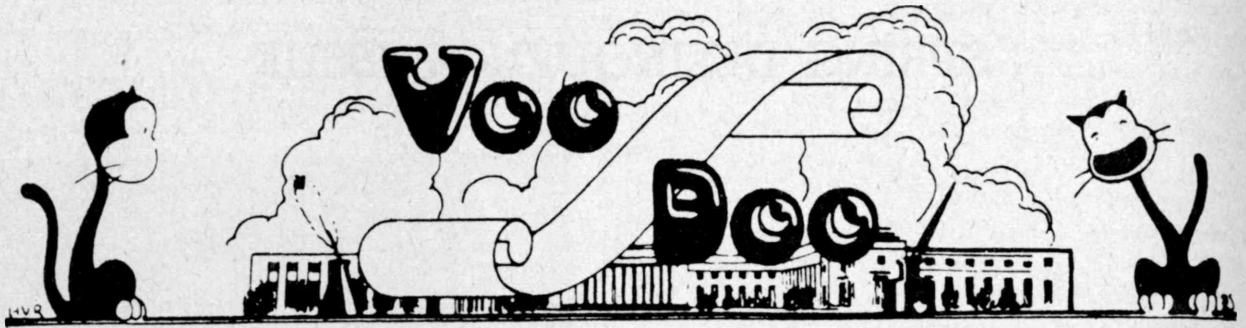
He paused and thought for a moment.

"Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

— *Bama Beam.*

SPRING DELINQUENCY ISSUE





WE have no prudish objections to people reading the more potent forms of literature that are available, in fact there is nothing we like better than a juicy story of love and passion, but we do believe that they should not be spread about among those who have no understanding of this branch of art. To illustrate our point consider the following embarrassing incident.

During the recent vacation the house was invaded by two friends of mother's, one of whom was a young schoolteacher. During the inevitable skirmishes of polite conversation we learned that the teacher had with her a copy of "Forever Amber" which, she told us, she heard was an excellent *historical* novel. Never one to discuss such matters with strange women we

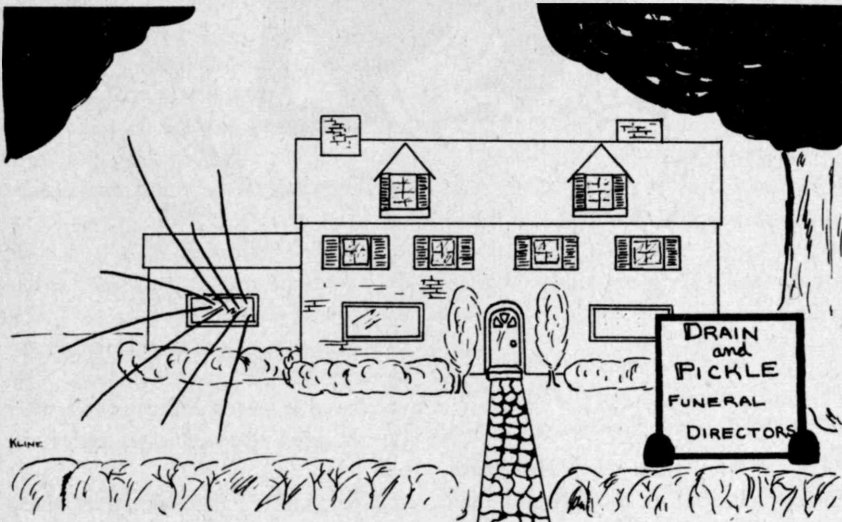
made no comment and retired for the afternoon to the local movie house.

On our return the hen-party was still going on, the teacher was well into her historical novel and mother and her other friend were busy sewing. But as we walked in upon this happy scene to say hello we were booby-trapped—the teacher, smiling sweetly, looked up and asked us, "What does fornication mean?"

NOT having anything else to do around the Institute except study, one of our men was wasting time in the Walker Library. This library is,

you know, dedicated to cultural and recreational reading, although we have never been able to find a copy of "Lady Chatterly's Lover." At any rate, our man stumbled across an imposing looking volume on the theory of air power by one Emilio Douhet. This person was, as most of us are no doubt aware, one of the foremost proponents of Douhet's theory of air power. We admit we were paging through the book looking for something to put in this column and we must have been in a bitter frame of mind because here is what we picked:

"The air arm is the arm not of a rich people, but a young people, ardent, bold, inventive, who love space and height. It is therefore an arm eminently suited to us Italians..."



"Lay down — damn ya!!"

MANY of the instructors and professors around here no doubt are quite clever. But we are inclined to wonder if any are as clever as our friend, Mr. John C. Fisher of the Mechanical Engineering Department.

The story we are thinking of goes that Brother Fisher was repeatedly arriving late to one of his fluid mechanics classes last term. As far as the class could readily see, he was getting pretty disgusted with himself, and in exasperation he told the class that to

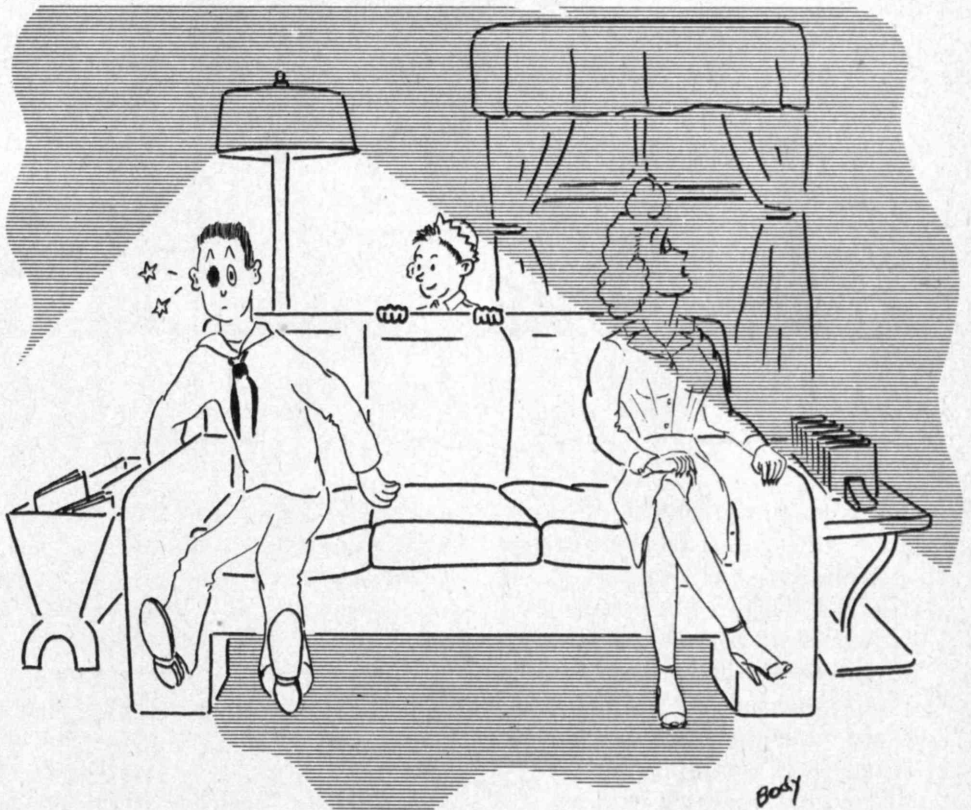
cure himself he would invite it en masse to dinner at his apartment if he were late once more.

The inside dope, as we figure it, is that our pal was not so much trying to cure himself, but offering an inducement to the members of his class to await his arrival should he be late any more. Or perhaps he was looking for a way to show off his pretty wife.

In case you were wondering, the boys got the free meal.

WE happened to find ourselves in New York during part of last leave and were rudely reminded of the Government's prohibition on post-midnight Bachannalian antics. On the stroke of midnight we watched a highly confused and disorganized army retreating into Times Square in the face of the first midnight closing. Suddenly a huge black limousine pulled up. The milling horde closed in upon it. Someone finally got the door open and out stepped Olsen and Johnson of "Laffing Room Only." They were carrying a large town crier's bell and solemnly tolling out the tidings, "Curfew will ring tonight."

MANY magazines nowadays are running full page spreads of the medals and decorations and service ribbons to which the members of the various branches of the armed forces are entitled. The medals listed usually cover campaigns dating back to the Civil War, and few men in uniform today are entitled to wear any that far back. To round out the list of seldom-seen ribbons, we have a new medal. Not long ago we were sitting in the Louis XIVth Restaurant in Radio City when a well-dressed



"Nice Try! . . ."

woman came in and took the table next to mine. She was accompanied by a very cute young lady, and we spent considerable time between courses giving the pair our fullest attention. The woman was liberally spangled with military jewelry, diamond Air Corps insignia and so forth, and she had a red, white and blue ribbon with a small bronze medal attached pinned prominently on her coat. The young lady asked her what she had it for, and we perked up our ears. We fully expected a tale of daring in the South Pacific or Belgium; perhaps it was being worn for a husband or son. "Oh, that," she said, "I got that for flying under Manhattan Bridge."

FOR a long time the Merchant Marines felt that all the glory of this war was going to the armed forces, while they ferried cargoes to Mur-

mansk, Australia and India at great risk but with no appreciation. Although at one time we were in sympathy with their claims, recent events have changed our minds somewhat. Coming back on the train from New York, we were awakened by a loud voice asking, "Have you any playing cards?" We replied that we neither had any cards, never would have any cards, or would do anything with them if we did. "They charge too much for cards on a train anyway." Feeling we were perhaps a little rude, we dragged ourselves out of our slump and looked the object in the eye. It proved to be a Merchant Mariner. "Do you mind if I sit on the arm of your seat? I like to have someone to talk to." We crowded over against our neighbor. Minutes of idle chatter passed. "Do you have a suitcase I could sit on?" We dragged one out from under the seat.

"Hey, there, Son, get that thing out of the aisle." A large conductor was standing over us. We lugged the



"Oops — sorry! . . ."

bag back onto the car platform. We finally pushed our way back through the crowded train and found our boy sitting in our seat. "You don't mind standing a while, do you?" Don't worry, the Merchant Marine is doing all right.

SPEAKING of trains, not that they are actually worth speaking of these days, but we were actually talking about them, a friend of ours was coming up from New York on the N. Y., N. H. and H. He had missed his first opportunity in Grand Central, when he did not join with the other twelve's in asking the pretty girls whether they would like to have their bags carried. He joined his friends in one of the coaches and sat down for a nice game of bridge. This car was remarkable, however, in that it contained three very pretty girls. It turned out that the one across the isle was engaged

(she must have used Pond's), and that the one two seats back was meeting her husband in Providence. The third had a window seat and was quite well protected by an army captain. He, too, got off at Providence (popular place that), leaving the isle seat empty. Our friend dashed for the seat, but was beaten out by a Navy Lieutenant who had been camouflaging himself with a *Time*. Well, the train finally pulled into Back Bay, and, in the rush, our friend came out looking for a taxi at the same time as the girl. He offered to help her get a taxi and said that he would share it with her, as she said that she was going to Beacon Street. She unfortunately learned that he was going to the upper end of Beacon while she was going to Beacon Hill. She jumped into a cab headed for the North Station which was already full, and turned to our friend and said, "Gallant try, anyhow." We have a small feeling that she was speaking of more than an attempt to get her a cab.

NOWADAYS we hear much of the terrific cost of the war and the gigantic expenditures of all governments involved. We are told why what Sherman defined as hell is so expensive: The Army spends so many billions on tanks, planes, and latrine-digging implements. The Navy spends something like a hundred million per capital ship, a few billion a month on ammunition, Ralston Wheat Flakes, *et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum*.

However, a new expense of the Navy is now causing financial experts to gape with much wonder, said expense being incurred in its entirety at a certain V-12 unit, other than the one at Harvard, on the banks of the beautiful Charles River. There are but four items which are bringing about this tremendous cost to the United States taxpayers: namely, bottled drinking water, castor oil, paregoric, and a certain kind of paper that comes in rolls. Our super-sleuths tell us that a character known to many as Slick holds the key to the solution of this mystery. Another clue that they have run across is that on the night of Sunday, March 11, the sewers in the barracks of the aforementioned V-12 unit were running somewhere in the vicinity of the speed of light. We are hoping they will be able to reveal the complete story to the awaiting American public within the next few days.

IT is hard for us to believe that the deterioration of morals in the Institute has approached completeness so soon.

We had come to admire the "happily-married" look so characteristic of the Institute's numerous aged janitors as differentiated from the wolflike expressions reflected on the visages of the average normal male, while watching a secretary strutting up the corri-

Continued to page 24

So
Voo Doo
Every good wish
Anita O'Doy



PHOS has been frequently accused of being fickle, but now, he tells us, he is a confirmed one-woman man, the one woman being none other than Anita O'Doy, top ranking singing star. Phos is a man of his word, and this time we are particularly inclined to believe him, since he has applied for entrance to Notre Dame next Fall. We can easily see why, because she certainly looks oday to us.



A play with a stirring message to the Youth of today.

ACT I. Scene 1, delinquent number one:

(Venus O'Peachfuzz, glamorous juvenile misfit, age three and a half, is paroling her usual beat in Common District No. 2, minding her business. It is spring. The birds are twirping, also the bees. The grass is green, according to custom. Once in a while the blue sky becomes noticeable through the foreboding cloud of dust hovering over the happy little metropolis of Bostonia. The band softly plays "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." The curtain rises.)

Venus (scratching her left femur): What a beautiful day for love! How I wish that dashing young Greek javelin thrower, Themistocles Ginsberg, would pass by. I could make him realize the wonders of the world about us. I could probably stop seven words sooner.

(Trumpets blow. Enter Themistocles Ginsberg, riding a powerful stal-

lion. The crowd cheers.)

Venus: Ah! Here he cometh. Immortal Gods! Give me, a young and innocent maiden, the seductive powers to attract this handsome brute. I would gladly sell my soul if . . . if he were mine!

(Wierd music is heard. Enter Satanus Canfieldus, D.R. (Devil's Reserve). The crowd shrinks away, fearfully.)

Satanus (aside): Aha! With my supermind I can easily hear what you sexful maiden thinketh. What beautiful silken gams she possesseth! What a torridly terrific torso she is blessed with! Methinks I shall take her offer; she shall have Themistocles, but I shall have her —"

Venus (interrupting): Kind sir! I have heard of your powers. Could you grant a wish of mine? I would be willing to do anything for you in return.

Satanus (cruelly): Anything?

Venus (cooly): Yeh.

Satanus: Sold!

Venus: Souled!

(They leave, arm in arm.)

ACT I. Scene 2 (Boylstonus Street)
Mabelus: This delinquency racket ain't what it used to be.

Lulubellus: Pfu! This manpower shortage is not getting me down.

Mabelus: You ain't kiddin'.

ACT II. Scene 1, delinquent number two:

(It is summer, and hot as hell. Little birds are going around beating up other little birds, also little bees are doing likewise. Turmoil is reigning. It is his second term and he is very unhappy. By the Sacred Order of Castigliano which reads, ". . . and the King shall only wed a woman who is morally his equal as will be determined by the Wassermanus Testus. . . ." And thus eighty-nine years have rolled by. King Turmoil is approaching his second childhood, and he is becoming very frustrated. Everywhere signs may be seen,

"MAIDENS, DAMSELS! COME TO THE KING'S BIG CONTEST!! WIN YOURSELF A KING!"

The band is playing "One Meatball," and the king enters the royal penthouse as the curtain rises.)

King Turmoil (angrily): Bring on the women! Thou lunkheads! I have waited too long. Eighty-nine years of loneliness is too much for any man.

Assistant Prime Minister: But sire, remember the Order of Castigliano! It cannot be disobeyed.

Prime Minister: That is right, sire.

King Turmoil: Dammit, what am I to do? Already I hear second childhood approaching — haik!

(Footsteps are heard.)

King: It is here. I am young again, and now I will not be denied. I must have a woman.

Enter Satanus.

Satanus: Hear me, your highness. I have the answer to your dilemma.

King (excitedly): What!! You mean . . .

Satanus: Yes sire, I have a damsel who has successfully flunked the Was-

sermanus Testus as you yourself have so ably done. Her name is Myrna Phreeluv, and thou may have in exchange for . . .

King: Thou knave, you would take my soul. How could thou stoop so low . . . but if I must . . .

Satanus: Good. I will return shortly with the desouling apparatus, and the voluptuous Myrna. But first takest this Official Juvenile Delinquent Card No. 2 (second childhood) with Promiscuity No. 747-78-96.

They leave.

ACT II. Scene 2 (Tremontus Street)

Mabelus: Tremontus Street ain't as windy as it used to be.

Lulubellus: Pfui. I ain't got nothing to hide.

Mabelus: You ain't kiddin'.

ACT III. Scene 1.

(It is still summer. It is always either spring or summer in Bostonia. The Chamber of Commerce does not like autumn or winter. The result is the birth rate is terrific, and likewise the delinquency rate is terrific and the Chamber of Commerce which is in charge of Local Delinquency Board No. 128, is happy. Meanwhile the lovers, Venus O'Peachfuzz and Themistocles Ginsberg, are comfortably shackled up in a shack near the beautiful Charlus River. The band plays, "Give me something to remember you by," as the curtain rises.)

Enter Themistocles running like hell after Venus around their beautifully furnished divan.

Themistocles (panting): Do not be difficult, my fair wife. Pray, why doth thou runnest so? and where did thou learneth to run like a bunny, honey?

Venus (panting): It is nothing, dear master . . . pure inheritance. Father ran after all females; and mother ran after father. But alas I am tired.

Themistocles (still panting): Ah! come to me, my darling. Let me crush you in my arms.

They kiss.

Themistocles: But, darling, there

lackest something. Thou hath something missing. Let us see. One, two eyes; good. One, two, ah yes, fine . . . but thou left femur . . . that mark!! No! No! You have lost your soul. How could you do this?

Venus: Blame me not, fair lover. I had to do it to get thou. What is a soul? To have a soul or not that is the question; whether 'tis nobler to the hearts of men to maintainest my soul, or whether it is a helluva lot more fun not to maintainest my soul. . . . I know, my lover, thou will not have me now that you know . . . so I will kill myself with my little red machete.

Themistocles: No! No! Not on our wedding night. Waitest thou until tomorrow.



Venus: I cannot. Good-bye lover. Kills self.

Themistocles: What have I to live for? Good-bye, dear debtors.

Kills self.

ACT III. Scene 2

(In the royal official receiving bed-chamber is found the good King Turmoil and his voluptuous bride, Myrna Phreeluv. Outside the little bees are making love to the other little bees, for it is spring again.)

King Turmoil: It's been a long time since I have embraced such a seductive babe. I have almost forgotten how. (Embraces her. Smoke pours from the room.)

Myrna (unaffected) You ain't kiddin'.

King Turmoil: Myrna, my sweet. We have waited too long. We must make up for lost time. (Advances, with fire in his eyes.)

Myrna: Wait! What is yon mark on your left femur? No. Sayest not so. Thou has lostest thou soul to Satanus Canfieldus. Thou deservest to killest thouself, with the bolo I keep close to my bosom.

King: Thou art right. But next to whichest one shall I find yon bolo?

Myrna (coyle): Guess.

King: The left?

Myrna: Thou art right the first time. (She withdraws the bolo from her negligee.)

King: Don't take any wooden nickles, my sweet.

Kills self with bolo.

Myrna (sadly): Cruel Life! Great frustration! Death is my only recourse.

Kills self.

Assistant Prime Minister: What the hell am I doing around here?

Kills self.

Prime Minister: Likewise.

Kills self.

ACT III. Scene 3 (Parkus Streetus)

Mabelus: I went out with a married man last night; remember what you said about married men talking about their conquests, honey.

Lulubellus: Well, does he, pet.

Mabelus: You ain't kiddin', and watch that punctuation.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

(Deep in the depths of Purgatory sits Satanus Canfieldus surrounded by piles of white sheets of paper, the souls of Satanus's countless victims.)

Satanus: Fools, every one of them, fools. Heh! Heh! Thousands of souls all mine!

Gong sounds.

Satanus: Zounds! It is ten o'clock. My good wives, Mabelus and Lulubellus, will be angry. Ah, how good it is to return to my clean happy domain after a hard day's work.

THE END

H. V. P.

Bud



SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

THERE are hundreds of old prospectors, sheep-herders and professional tourists who can tell you of the violent blizzards and snowstorms which went sweeping over New Hampshire about twenty years ago. There is, somewhere in the world today, an old fellow who will, for a couple of drinks, spin a wild yarn about these blizzards. The tale of his tells how just after the last of these blizzards he happened to be stumbling his way along one of the back slopes of Mount Washington when he came upon a little infant merrily standing on its head and gurgling ice-cream sodas. The old fellow took the child back to Lynn, Massachusetts, and then went crazy.

For purposes of convenience the child was registered as having been born, in Lynn, and having the name of Robert Ellsworth Wilson. For all practical purposes, however, he is more commonly referred to as "Bud," "Hey you!" or just plain "Ssst!"

A kindly couple agreed to take care

of the little tyke and eventually managed to persuade him that it was possible to walk faster by using one's feet than by attempting to operate from an inverted position. He will still stand on his head at the drop of a locomotive, however. He claims it rests his feet.

To watch Wilson study is a study in . . . er . . . watching Wilson study. First he sits down to remember whether or not he's had his daily cigarette. He has, so he opens up a book, picks up a pencil and begins writing and calculating furiously. For a moment no sound is heard except the grating of graphite on paper. Suddenly Bud lets out a wild, primitive yell, picks up his harmonica and loudly plays the wild and passionate strains of "Beer Barrel Polka." Simultaneously he tap dances around the middle of the room and sings softly to himself. This indicates that he is stumped. The performance ends with Bud letting out another war hoop and standing on his head. This

indicates that he has found a solution. Then Wilson goes back to work.

Many stories have filtered back about Wilson's escapades in the hills. For example, there is one about the time he decided to try the expert's ski trail at Pinkham Notch. Bud proceeded cautiously until he came to a turn. Then he became still more cautious and checked his speed three times. The fact that he only broke six ribs demonstrates the value of his foresight.

Then there was the time he ate six banana splits and several milkshakes to win a bet. By the time he had finished it was only early afternoon and Bud was not yet tired of eating so he went out in back, regurgitated, and started all over again.

Robert was pledged by the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. The M. I. T. chapter is no longer in existence.

We might add that the Wilson yen for altitude does not only express itself by driving him to the mountains. In July 1944 Bud went down to Trenton to look at airplanes because he had heard that they went up high, too. He became rather intimate with a navy torpedo bomber and fell asleep in it. Four days later he woke up in San Diego. Bud came back by train.

With all of his background having been tied up with snow and blizzards and mountains, it was natural that Wilson should end up as captain of the M. I. T. ski team. The result of this activity was that at no week-end last term was he nearer than 100 miles to the Institute.

Because of all these things we would like to nominate for the understatement of the month Robert Wilson's solemn pronouncement, "Aw, gee, fellow, you don't want to write about me. I'm too colorless."

Oh, yes. Bud also is studying free-hand drawings and is trying to get on the Voo Doo art staff. When asked about nude models his only comment was, "Mmmmm!"



Spring Fever

16

EMILY laid the partially peeled potato in the pan and gazed at spring through the open kitchen window. She thought that the world was indescribably beautiful as it spread itself before her; it was beautiful, too, she thought, because she felt that He was coming home.

It was true, of course, that she didn't really *know* that He was coming because He hadn't written to her in nineteen months. But the feeling she had was almost as good as knowing. Something inside of her kept saying over and over, "It's the first day of spring and he'll be here today!"

Emily wiped her soft, white hands on her apron and hurried into the living-room where she kept His last letter. With trembling hands she pulled it out of the envelope and smoothed it open in front of her. With dewy eyes she gazed on the large illegible scrawl. There it is, she thought, His writing. Three quarters

of a page of it. Perhaps he would soon be home to read it to her. His writing was so firm and scrawly and masculine. It was too bad it couldn't be read.

Suddenly the door bell rang. Emily's hands began to shake so hard she could hardly put the letter away. Then she steeled herself. "I must be firm and cool," she said to herself. She brushed back her hair, took a last glimpse at herself in the mirror, and went to the door. Very deliberately she opened it. There He stood! "Darling!" she said, falling into the arms of the tall, manly, uniformed figure, "Oh, darling!"

He folded her in his embrace. "Hi!" he grunted warmly, "how'v'ya'bin!"

"I've been wonderful," she said, "just wonderful. Won't you come in?"

"Okay," he said.

"Are you hungry, darling?" she said.

"Uh-huh!" he said.

"What would you like?" she said.

He picked up a large piece of cake and crammed it into his mouth. "Food, you damned idiot!" he exploded, ejaculating large particles of cake half-way across the room.

"Yes, darling," she said, running out to the kitchen and coming back with a tray containing a large T-bone steak.

He picked the steak off the tray with both hands and took a large bite. Then he violently spit it out and hurled the rest of the steak against the wall.

"To hell with this crummy food!" he said. "I want *you*."

"Yes, darling," she said, backing slowly out toward the kitchen.

"C'mere you!" he growled.

"Yes, darling," she said, coming toward him slowly.

"Siddown!" he said, reaching over to grab her arm.

"But darling," she said, evading him, "you just came home. And aren't you tired after your long trip?"

"Shuddup," he said as he pulled her into his lap.

"But da . . . glub . . ." she said as he kissed her. Then she ran her fingers through his muddy, black hair and swooned.

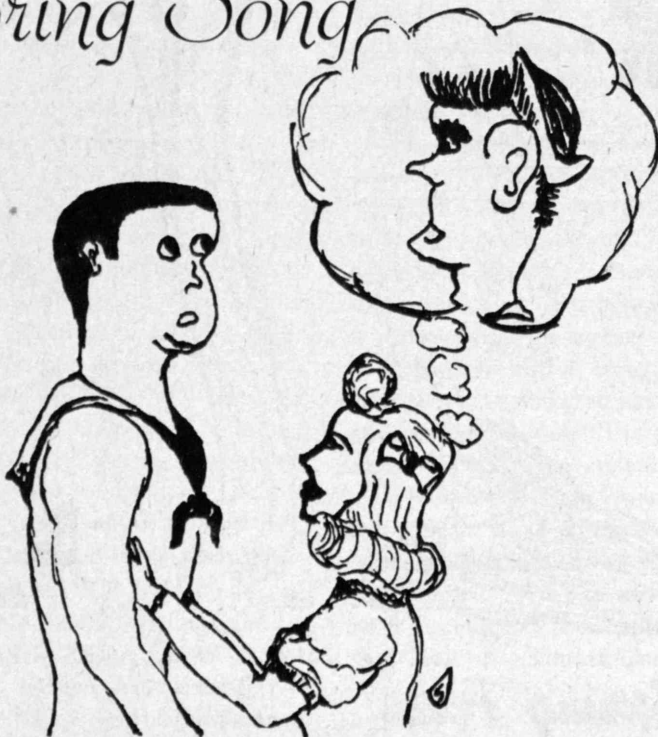
* * * *

The sun was blushing farewell over the hills on the horizon when she rolled over to look out the window. A sparrow was chirping half-wittedly on the sill. Somewhere off in the distance a car horn sounded inanely as a moronic prankster stuck a pin in it. Emily smiled happily to herself.

This was life, she thought. Beautiful life lived to its fullest. What more could a woman want than a beautiful house that would have its mortgage paid off in only fifteen more years, a handsome, affectionate husband to furnish love interest, and no dirty little brats to run around the house. What right did she have, she thought, to be so happy?

The figure beside her stirred uncertainly and then sat up.

Our March "Joe Comes Home" Story . . . Spring Song



ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Brooks Brothers' Furnishings

"BROOKS BROTHERS' FURNISHINGS" are as widely and favorably known as the celebrated name and trademark of this store with which they have been so long identified. They include hundreds of useful things which BROOKS BROTHERS supply in addition to Civilian Clothes, Officers' Uniforms, Hats, Shoes, Leather Goods and Sporting Accessories. Designed with the lasting good taste and made with the painstaking workmanship so characteristic of BROOKS BROTHERS, each one of them is made to be worn with, and to "go" with other BROOKS things

BRANCHES

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



Patented by Brooks Brothers

"Darling," said Emily.

"Um," said he. "I'm hungry. Run down and make me a cheeseburger. You know how I like them — sort of rare with the outside burnt black."

"But, darling," she said, "you never used to like your hamburgers rare."

"Ya wanna clip in the puss?" he said. "Then just go on and argue some more."

"Yes, George," she said, getting hurriedly out of bed and retreating out of range, "but are you sure you want your hamburger rare?"

"My name," said George, "is Percival. Now gettohell outahere and make yerself useful."

"Darling," wailed Emily, "don't you know your own name?"

"Of course I know my own name," said Percival, "it's Percival. And if I have to make that hamburger myself you're going to be sore for a

month."

"Just as I thought," groaned Emily, "shell shock."

"Shell shock, hell," said Percival. "Say, whatthell is your name?"

"Emily," said Emily.

"Emily!" said Percival. "My wife's name is Myrtle. Hey! I know you. You're the babe that lives in the duplex a block down from ours that looks just like our place. I always used to start to come in here by mistake."

"I remember you now," said Emily. "You came in here once by mistake."

"Gee," said Percival. "We're practically neighbors."

"That's right," said Emily. We are. Won't you come down stairs and have a cup of tea?"

"Thanks," said Percival, "if it isn't too much trouble. I was pretty thirsty."

—J. L. U.

Headline in the Chicago Daily Tribune, February 16, 1945:

IOWA SENATORS
ASK BEER BAN
IN EATING SPOTS

Propose Gas Tax Raise to Four Cents
Well, that's as good a way as any to do it.



Headline in the Chicago Daily Tribune, February 16, 1945:

UP AT FRONT,
RED CROSS GIRLS
ARE YANKS' DELIGHT

Women are popular little tricks, aren't they?

SERVICE

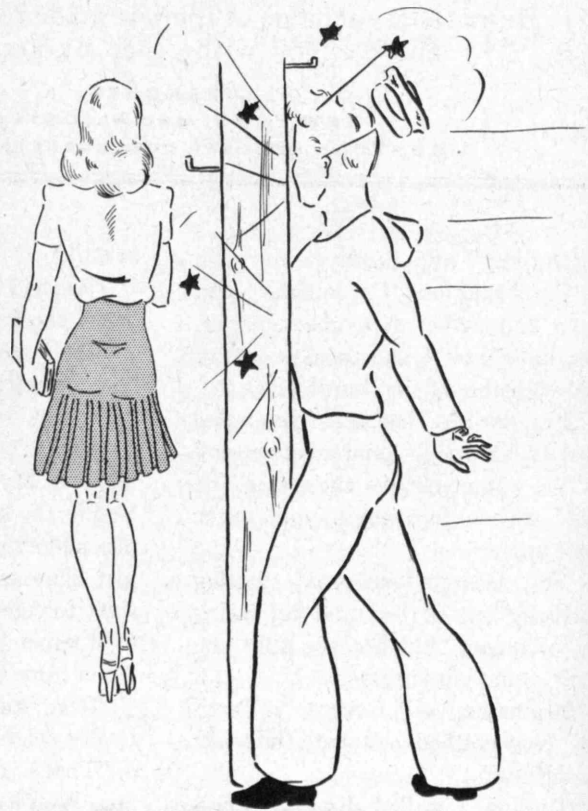


RIBBONS

Baker



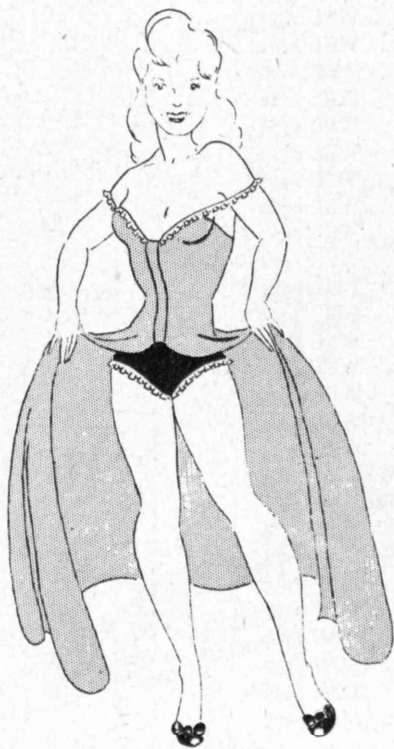
GOOD CONDUCT



WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION



BRAVERY BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

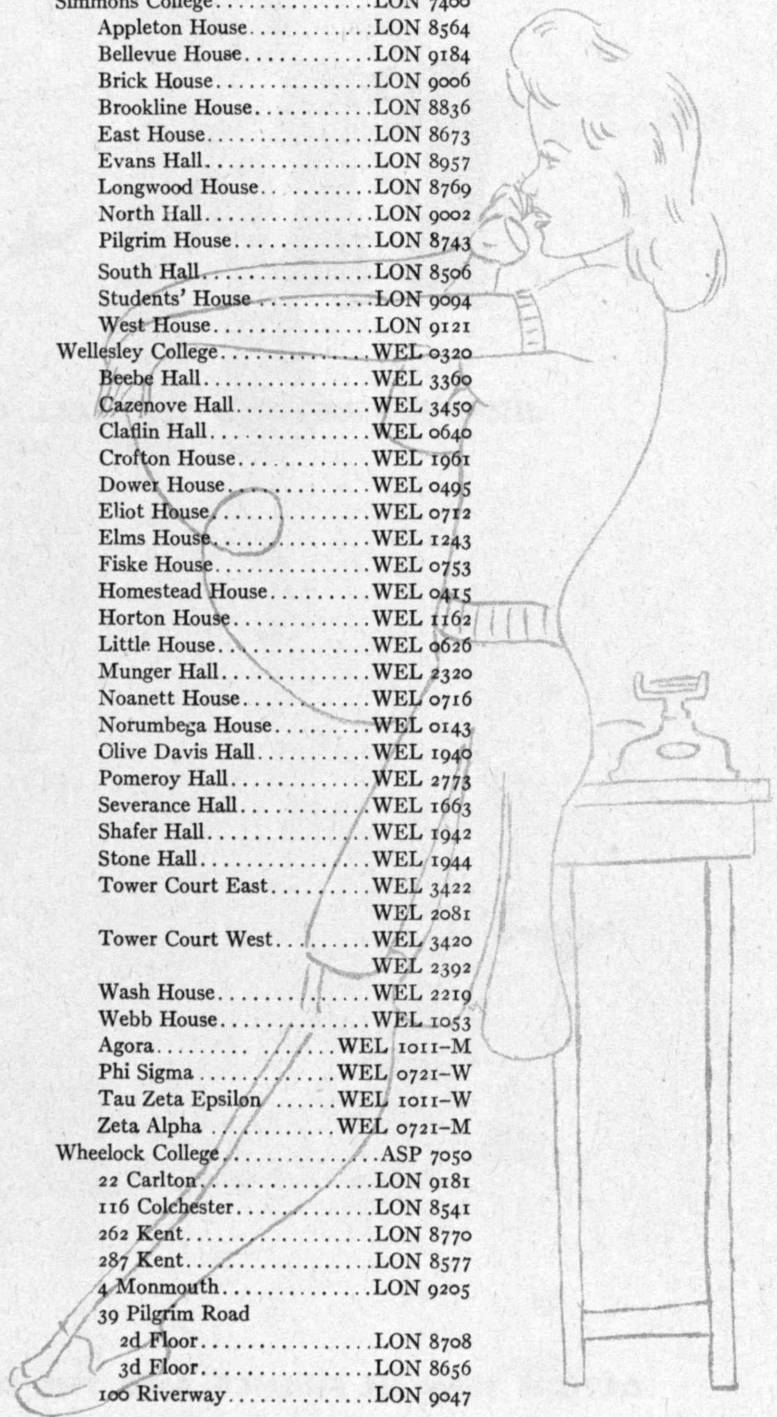


ACTION SEEN IN FRANCE AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC

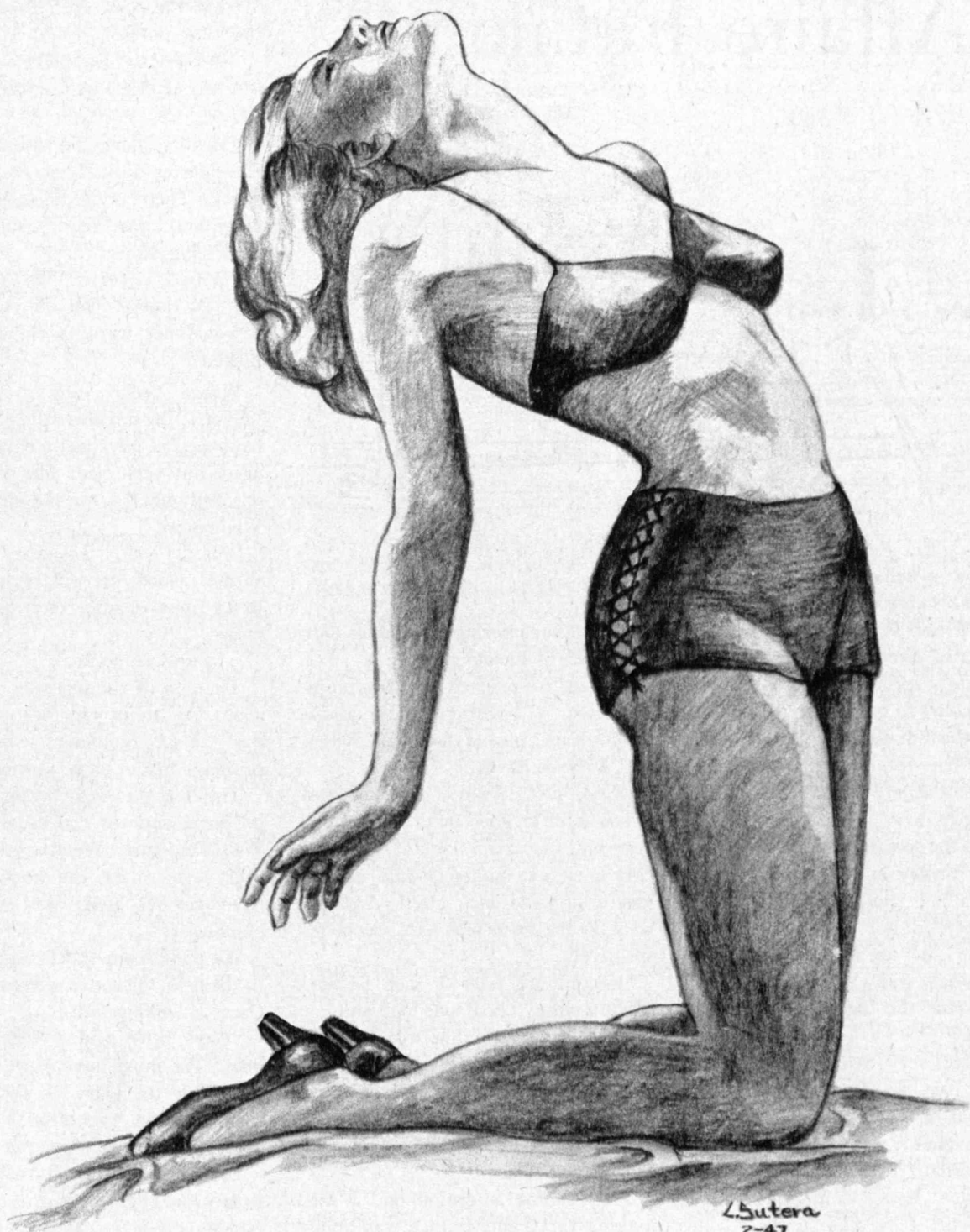
Hello -

Academie Moderne.....COM 1282
 Academy of the Assumption.....WEL 1190
 Blue Hill Riding School.....MAY 0420
 Boston School of Anatomy and
 Embalming.....CIR 7754
 Boston School of Occupational
 Therapy.....KEN 2832
 Boston School of Occupational
 Therapy Musicale.....KEN 6467
 Boston Secretarial School.....LIB 8309
 Boston University Woman's
 Building.....COM 7766
 Bouve-Boston School of Physical
 Education.....LON 5770
 Mary Brooks School.....COM 0440
 Burdett College.....HAN 6300
 Cambridge Graduate School for
 Girls.....KIR 2111
 Copley Secretarial Institute.....KEN 2784
 Curry College.....KEN 6641
 Kathleen Dell.....ASP 2700
 Gertrude Dolan Theatrical
 Studios.....HIG 7431
 Emerson College.....KEN 7191
 Emmanuel College.....ASP 8773
 Katherine Gibbs School.....COM 2475
 Jackson-Von Ladau School of
 Fashion.....COM 6268
 Lasell Junior College.....LAS 0630
 Carpenter Hall.....LAS 9518
 Gardner Hall.....LAS 9520
 Leland Powers School Inc.....ASP 2900
 Lesley School.....KIR 2218
 Modern School of Fashion and
 Design.....KEN 9493
 Mount Ida Junior College.....BIG 5020
 Pine Manor Junior College.....WEL 3010
 Radcliffe College.....KIR 4600
 Ames House.....ELI 9285
 Barnard Hall.....ELI 9433
 Bertram Hall.....ELI 8374
 Briggs Hall.....ELI 9195
 Buckingham House.....ELI 9479
 Cabot Hall.....ELI 9230
 Edmands House.....ELI 8159
 Eliot Hall.....ELI 8314
 Everett House.....ELI 9651
 Putnam House.....ELI 9294
 Read House.....ELI 9460
 Saville House.....ELI 9801
 Trowbridge House.....ELI 8807
 Regis College.....WAL 1820
 Sargent College of Physical Education for
 Women:
 Fox Hall.....CAP 0349
 Greycroft.....ELI 8138
 Lennox Hall.....KIR 5272

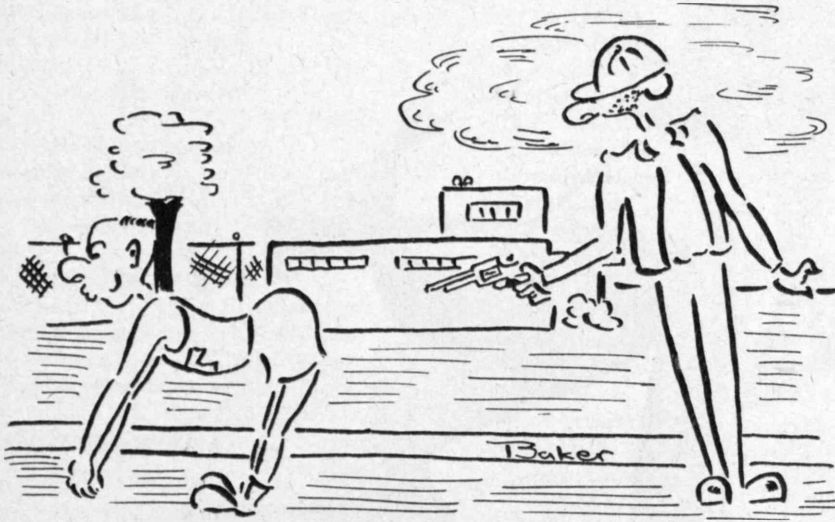
1st Floor.....ELI 9191
 2d Floor.....ELI 9192
 4th Floor.....ELI 9193
 Sorority House.....COM 8734
 Simmons College.....LON 7400
 Appleton House.....LON 8564
 Bellevue House.....LON 9184
 Brick House.....LON 9006
 Brookline House.....LON 8836
 East House.....LON 8673
 Evans Hall.....LON 8957
 Longwood House.....LON 8769
 North Hall.....LON 9002
 Pilgrim House.....LON 8743
 South Hall.....LON 8506
 Students' House.....LON 9094
 West House.....LON 9121
 Wellesley College.....WEL 0320
 Beebe Hall.....WEL 3360
 Cazenove Hall.....WEL 3450
 Clafin Hall.....WEL 0640
 Crofton House.....WEL 1961
 Dower House.....WEL 0495
 Eliot House.....WEL 0712
 Elms House.....WEL 1243
 Fiske House.....WEL 0753
 Homestead House.....WEL 0415
 Horton House.....WEL 1162
 Little House.....WEL 0626
 Munger Hall.....WEL 2320
 Noanett House.....WEL 0716
 Norumbega House.....WEL 0143
 Olive Davis Hall.....WEL 1940
 Pomeroy Hall.....WEL 2773
 Severance Hall.....WEL 1663
 Shafer Hall.....WEL 1942
 Stone Hall.....WEL 1944
 Tower Court East.....WEL 3422
 WEL 2081
 Tower Court West.....WEL 3420
 WEL 2392
 Wash House.....WEL 2219
 Webb House.....WEL 1053
 Agora.....WEL 1011-M
 Phi Sigma.....WEL 0721-W
 Tau Zeta Epsilon.....WEL 1011-W
 Zeta Alpha.....WEL 0721-M
 Wheelock College.....ASP 7050
 22 Carlton.....LON 9181
 116 Colchester.....LON 8541
 262 Kent.....LON 8770
 287 Kent.....LON 8577
 4 Monmouth.....LON 9205
 39 Pilgrim Road
 2d Floor.....LON 8708
 3d Floor.....LON 8656
 100 Riverway.....LON 9047



I'm sorry, but she says she's not in



L'Affaire Fatale



L'AFFAIRE FATALE, which is French for a helluva situation, only happened because of my bosom buddy A.S.3/c Wilmo R. Shank taught me how to drink Scotch straight.

One happy spring afternoon Wilmo and I decided to get as stewed as we could on the four quarts of Four Roses which we had obtained from our own special bootlegger, namely the sun-burned guy who brings the sheets around to the second deck in the grad house on Friday mornings.

"Wilmo," I gurgled, "our track coach Oscar will not like this. We are in training. We are his best runners. What-the-hell will Oscar say to us when we lose the big one mile race next week?"

"You are very drunk," observed Wilmo. "Pass me the bottle."

From our position in the Esplanade I could see that it was already getting dark. "Wilmo," I offered, leave us go to the dance. Leave us make love to the hostesses. I feel like . . ."

"Thash exactly the way I feel, but I wish I was ambidexterous like you. Leave us go," says Wilmo.

The silvery moon was filthying up the dark streets with a hell of a lot of light. It was quiet, too. Once in a while we would hear a shriek: "No! No! John! Keep away from me."

"Kiss me, my love."

"No! No!"

.....

. . . and such boring tripe which only disturbed us biologically.

By ten, we reached the Graymore-Raymore, a licentious little abode where some people danced. Wilmo and I shook hands.

"Good luck, Wilmo. Be good, and if you can't be good be careful, and if you can't be careful name it Oswald." (My uncle was named Oswald, and he was a damned nice guy.) And we went in the front and back doors respectively.

One minute later I met Eunice. What a babe! I took one look and my features grew hard. She was a tough-looking tomato but torrid. She was wearing a one-piece pair of shorts. I guess she had lost the top in a crap game, but it was love I wanted at first sight.

The evening staggered on. I was making time, and Eunice was doing all right, too. Finally I gasped, "Eunice, will you live with me? I could not last without you."

Eunice coyly smiled. "Honey, you could not last *with* me."

"Yipes!" I yelped and pulled her close.

"If you win the one-mile run next

Wednesday, I will," she finally breathed out.

"It is a deal," I cried, and we shook, but not as much as I wanted to.

* * * *

Crawling along the sidewalk up to the quarter deck, I received a slight shock. There, on all fours, in a pitiful condition, was my bosom buddy, squirming along.

"Wilmo," I yelped. "What the Hell are you doing? Get off your knees! I would not want to think you are potted!"

Wilmo broke into a half run. "Hoppy," he screams, "guess what has happened. I have met a babe, slightly aged, but very nice. She will be my one and only if I win the big race this Wednesday."

"No!" I yell. "Likewise happened to me. Good, we will both win and make it a double davenport ceremony."

. . . and we go in.

The day of the big race comes too soon. We are in very lousy condition but we are confident. But Oscar promises to run us no matter what.

The *faux pas fatale* occurs when we go down and eat the usual garbage. We do not care. We are reckless. We must win, to get the women of our lives, his old honey and my young chick.

We put on our shorts and run over to the field. The race is about to start. Oscar is looking sad.

"Boys," he said. "Chipmunk is hurt. We must have eight points to win. For the glory of Tech go out there and do your stuff." We nod and take a swig of our Four Roses.

Crack! the race starts, and I begin to feel like Old Joseph was setting in. Suddenly I feel a strange urge. That damn chow. That paprikad ex-lax. The urge was becoming more urging.

I began to run. Wilmo, who was right behind me yelling. "MiGod I've got them," was running too. Thirty seconds later we crossed the finish line and zipped directly into the field house the heroes of Tech.

A few hours later I quick like a bunny ran to the stands and found Eunice waiting. "My darling," I screamed and passionately kissed her.

"My lover," she screamed and playfully administered a blow to my solar plexus.

"Come meet my friend Wilmo's wife-to-be," I finally said.

Then it happens. Wilmo walks up with this oldish but sexy looking honey. "Yipes!" I woof. "You did all right."

The two girls look at each other. "Mother!" screams my Eunice.

"Daughter!" screams Wilmo's babe.

They embrace. "This is wonderful," I remark. "We are keeping it in the family."

"The devil you are," screams the Mother. "You Casanova, you!"

"Try to seduce my mother, you dog," screams Eunice.

Then a guy runs out of the stands. It is the sunburned guy who passes out the sheets to the second deck on Fridays. "Father!" our dolls scream.

Two days later we find ourselves in the psychopathic ward. We are not nuts. It's the truth . . . It could happen to anyone.

H. V. P.



PRESENTING . . .



IN July of 1943 an auspicious event took place on the Tech campus: Walter Kisluk made his appearance as a Freshman. With unerring accuracy he made his way to the VooDoo offices and loudly demanded, "When is the smoker with the stripper going to be held?" Thus in eleven words he summed up his sole reason for becoming a Techman. In the wilds of Medford Walter Kisluk heard of the VooDoo smoker and decided that it was worth learning to count without using his fingers if he could get to see a strip tease for free.

The smoker left our hero a palpitating mass of passion and desire. With all the cunning of one addicted to the vice he plotted ways of seeing more smokers, and hit upon the plan of becoming attached to VooDoo. The various departments held a conference and make-up lost, Kisluk was given scissors and paste and told to keep out of the way.

He was highly successful at this assignment, showing up only for smokers and occasional make-up nights when he had nothing else to do. But lust was making an eager beaver out of this quiet lad. He had observed that some privileged characters were allowed to stand behind the screen at the smokers and hand the artiste her robe. To get this close he had to become more useful, perhaps even indispensable. He started coming to make-up nights regularly and

eventually learned how to make-up the mag. True, he made a slip now and then but on the whole he pasted things together in a semi-logical sequence. As a result of this unremitting labor in the pursuit of burlycue he was made the make-up editor last term. When told of this promotion his only comment was, "Gee, now maybe I can get to hold her robe."

But life is not just a bunch of stale, stolen jokes for Walt "The Wicious and Vulgar," as they call him in Scollay Square. The other half of his time he spends trying to get off restriction at the good ship *Graduate House*. In this field, Walt gained universal renown by explaining away the silk negligee found in his drawer during Captain's Inspection. "I wuz makin' a parachute for my big brother who is in the paratroops." He attributes his success to his uncanny make-up ability.

Back to the subject of women, that is, other than the kind one sees at the Globe. Kisluk is not at a loss. "Sure I know nice women," he says. "My mother, for instance . . ." and his bitter outlook on life is one of the necessary characteristics of a good make-up editor; a thing which VooDoo is anxiously looking for.

But we salute you Walter Kisluk, Make-Up Editor, your labors have helped make VooDoo what it is today. May God have mercy on your soul.



You are invited, too, to our
New Cocktail Lounge

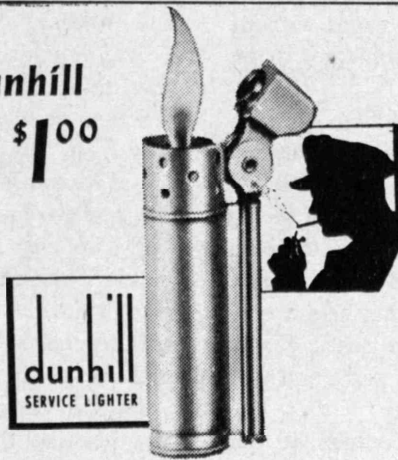
... Soft lights and superb liquor
 will make it a date to remember

Remember the place

The Myles Standish

BEACON STREET AT BAY STATE ROAD
Sheraton Operated

Yes, Dunhill
 Lighters \$1.00



They're the famous Service
 Lighters that Dunhill de-
 signed for servicemen.
 Streamlined, windproof,
 hold a long supply of fuel.
 A Dunhill wartime achieve-
 ment at \$1.00.

*We have them now—
 come in and get yours.*

TECHNOLOGY STORE
 PATRONAGE REFUND TO MEMBERS

Voodooings . . .

Continued from page 10

dor with a Bacall-ian rear wiggle.

A few weeks ago we received a
 bitter shock. Prominently displayed
 outside a room marked WOMEN was
 an equally fascinating warning,

"MEN AT WORK"

... and we still haven't recovered
 from the contented expression of the
 old gent in overalls as he gayly stepped
 out — his job evidently well done. . . .



Little fly upon the wall,
 Ain't you got no home at all?
 Ain't you got no chief petty officer?
 Ain't you got no senior officer present?
 Ain't you got no CO?
 You lucky bastid.



Why I never joined a sorority:
 1. I never went in for women's
 organizations at home.
 2. I didn't want a bunch of fra-
 ternity boys calling on me at night.
 3. I never danced with a man in my
 life and I didn't want to start.
 4. I didn't like the idea of rooming
 with one girl for a whole semester.
 5. I am a male.

— Pelican.



Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more,
 Did it last night 'till my back was sore;
 Fifteen cents is now my price,
 I'll do it slow and I'll do it nice.
 Shoe shine, Mister?

Sailor: "What do you mean, I have nice baby hands?"

Wave: "They're just beginning to creep."

— Log.



Jane: "I hear you were out golfing with Eddie. How does he use the woods?"

Janette: "I wouldn't know: we played golf all the time."

— Boulder.



The doctor rushed out of his study. "Get my bag at once!" he shouted.

"Why, dad," asked his daughter, "what's the matter?"

"Some fellow just phoned he can't live without me!" gasped the doctor, reaching for his hat.

His daughter breathed a sigh of relief. "Just a moment," she said quietly. "I think that call was for me!"

— Wampus.



We know one co-ed who was cured of that cute little habit of coyly injecting an "r" sound into each word.

Male (over phone): "Hello, cutie."

Co-ed: "Why Phillurp, when did you get back?"

Male: "Just a while ago. Say, how about a date tonight, kid? What are you doing?"

Co-ed (coily): "Nurthin."

Male: "Gosh, excuse me. I didn't know."

— Pelican.

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Pat, a truck driver, stopped suddenly on the highway. The car behind crashed into the truck and its owner sued the Irishman.

"Why didn't you hold out your hand?" the judge asked Pat.

"Well," he said indignantly, "if he couldn't see the truck, how in hivin's name could he see my hand?"



Our grandmothers believed that there was a destiny which shaped our ends, but the modern girls place more faith in girdles.

— Unique.



She stroked my hair; she held my hand
The lights were dim and low.
She raised her eyes with sweet surprise,
And softly whispered, "No."

— El Burro.



First Dog: "Have you a family tree?"
Second Dog: "No, we aren't particular."

— Boulder.



And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and sofa and she reclined.

— Unique.



"Daughter, your hair is all mussed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?"

"He thinks he did, mother."

— Yale Record.

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A woman got on the train with nine children, and when the conductor came for her tickets she said: "Now these children are thirteen years old and pay full fare, but those three over there are only six and these three here four and a half."

The conductor looked at her in astonishment. "Do you mean to say you get three every time?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "Sometimes we don't get any at all."

— *Unique.*



Newspaper item: "Mrs. Lotie Prim was granted a divorce when she testified that since she and her husband were married he had spoken to her but three times. She was awarded custody of their three children."

— *Lyre.*



"Four out of five women haters are women."

— *El Burro.*



The newlyweds on their honeymoon had the drawing-room. The groom gave the negro porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast next morning all the passengers pointed and eyed the couple knowingly. The groom called the porter and demanded: "Did you tell anybody on this train we were just married?"

"No, suh," said the dusky porter. "I told 'em you all was just good friends."

— *Pelican.*

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