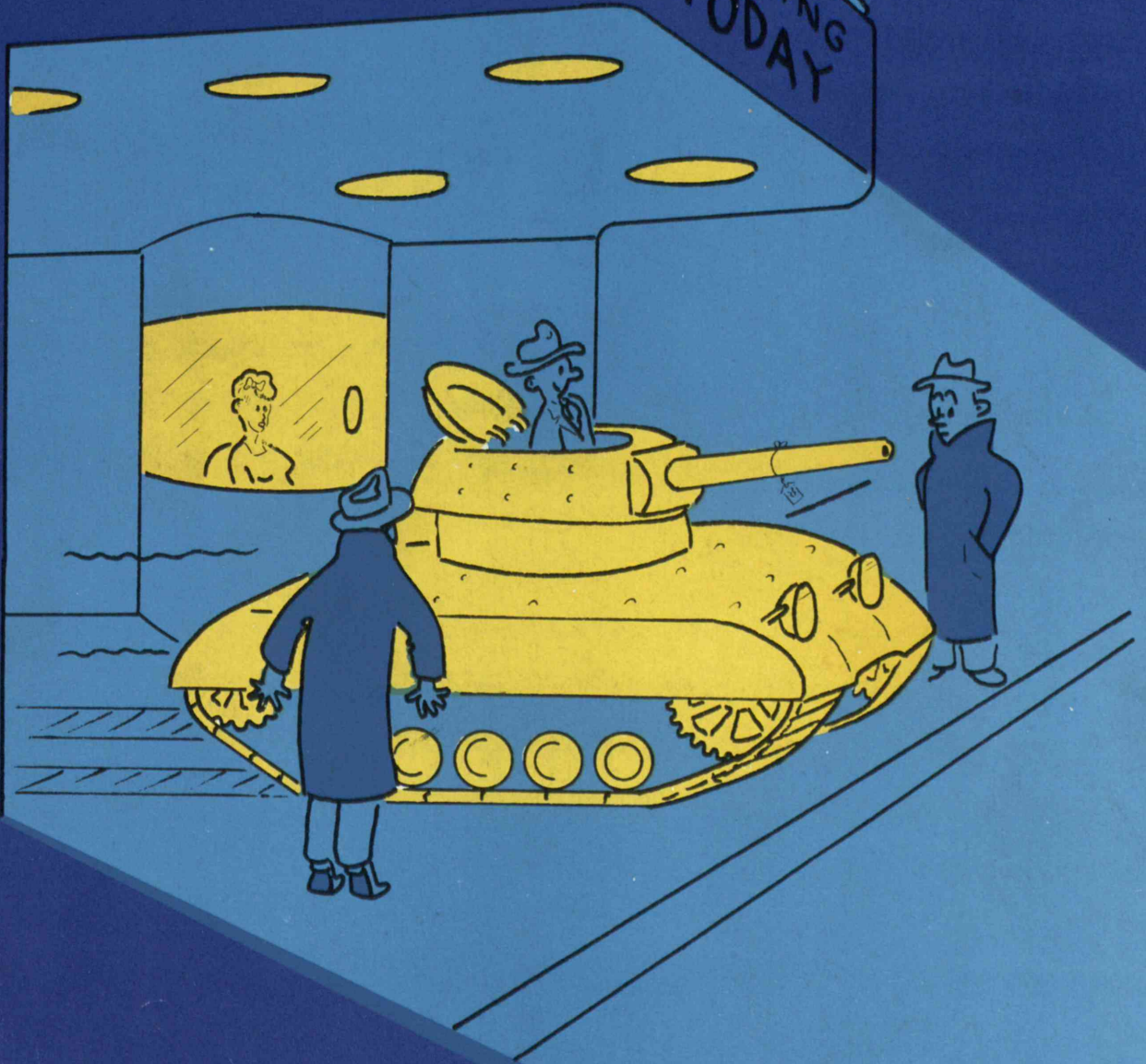


VOO DOO

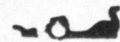
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TODAY





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Although this article is not a "Letter to the Editor," we feel it should be called to the attention of every Tech man, together with a letter from a young customer of its author.

**Yes, Harvard Men Have Savoir Faire;
Tech Men? Well, They Are Intellectual**

HARVARD men are better versed in the social graces than M. I. T. men. But Tech men are more intellectual.

Such is the opinion of a Somerville High School mathematics teacher, Mary Lima, who, two nights a week, gives a course in charm at a Back Bay school for girls.

An exponent of figures, both mathematical and anatomical, the five feet two schoolm'am adds:

"I think as a rule the men from Harvard come from homes that stress social charm and etiquette. They have better manners and do things with more finesse and ease. They think of sending you flowers and bringing a corsage when they have a date, while the men from M.I.T. usually do not think of these little things."

"As a group, the M. I. T. men are not from such cultured homes where the social graces prevail. They put all their emphasis on intellectual pursuits."

Miss Lima, who says that she has known many boys from both institutions, adds that she prefers the Tech men despite their lack of social graces.

"I like a man who is a deep thinker."

My Deer Miss Lima,

I wood like to sine up for yore charm coarse. I want to meet some of those Tech men that you recomend so highly. All my life I have been wantin to meet a man wit intellects,



but I never neww where to look for him. I have had millions of men wit social chawm and etiket. But you get board with them and you wanta change. I dont feecture havard men and I've had a good many too. They are two high-clas and always look down thier noze at you.

As I sed before I want a man who is a deep thinker, as you sed in yore nice article in the paper, the traveler with the blue edges on it. So I wood like to take your coarse if it duznt cost two much and if it duznt take up two much time and if you can start from skratsh without no chawm and if it will get me a Tech man. All that saviour fair of the havad man aint no good on a wrm summer night when the moon is yellow and the starş is bright and the crickets is singin. What ya need then is a good

man wit inteecschool pusuits, who can talk to ya in-your oan langwich.

Hoapfully yors,

SARAH G. GIZMOBURG.

U. S. N. T. S.

Great Lakes, Illinois.

Dear Phos,

When the M. I. T. Alumni Association of Great Lakes decided to go in for publicity it was obvious that Voo-Doo should be the organ to bleat out news of our existence. We wanted circulation — but you will have to do.

Some sixty odd ex-Techmen (or is queer the word?) have banded together to remind each other of the days when Bell Bottom Trousers was a song, not something to be laid out at inspection. Each Sunday (it hurts them but the Navy does recognize the Sabbath) we drag our weary bodies to the canteen — 2111 Green Bay — and talk about life on the Charles.

We want to invite any Techmen who are becoming salty to drop in and add their names to the roster (little do they know that it is also a volunteer list for the Seabees) and talk shop. Especially do we welcome any V-12-ers who, for one reason or another, have decided to join the Navy. Walt Kisluk, one of your former workers, is out here and when asked how the Lakes compared to the *USS Grad-house* he fell screaming to the deck and has not yet recovered.

Well, Phos, that's about the whole story — just remember to spread the word that M. I. T. A. A. of G. L. spelled backwards is, My God, and I thought M. S. was bad.

Saltily,

RUSS TRIMBLE

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Published by the Senior Board for the Students of
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from September to May
and in August

Subscription \$2.25 per year

Office hours: 4 to 5:30 P.M., Monday to Friday
Member A. C. C. E.

Entered as second class matter at the
Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

Volume XXVIII

OCTOBER, 1945

No. 7

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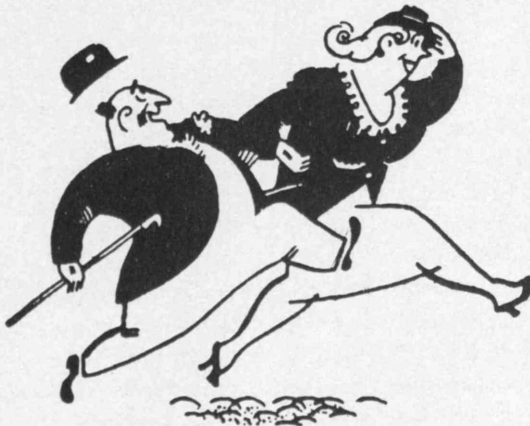
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BEACON STREET AT BAY STATE ROAD
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Dean: "Where are your parents?"

Co-ed: "Have none."

Dean: "Where are your guardians?"

Co-ed: "I have none."

Dean: "Where are you supporters?"

Co-ed: "Sir, your are forgetting
yourself."

— Boulder.



This isn't in the Scriptures, but many long years ago when the Lord was creating the Earth, he decided there should be sex life. First he went unto Adam and spake, "You shall have twenty years of sex life."

And Adam said unto the Lord, "Thanks, God."

Presently, the Lord came upon the monkey and spake unto him, "You shall have twenty years of sex life."

And the monkey answered, "My God, ten years will be enough."

And Adam asked unto the Lord, "May I have the other ten years?" and the Lord consented.

Soon the Lord came to the bull and said unto him, "You shall have twenty years of sex life." And, like the monkey, the bull answered that ten years would be plenty.

And Adam asked unto the Lord, "May I have the other ten years?" and the Lord consented.

And so it came to pass that man has twenty years of sex life, then monkeys around for ten years and bulls around for ten more.



Prof: "You don't know the first thing about syntax."

Student: "Don't tell me they're taxing that."

— Boulder.

You can tell an apprentice seaman
by his look of great alarm.

You can tell a petty officer by the
chevvies on his arm.

' You can tell a swank lieutenant by
his manners, dress and such.

You can also tell an ensign, but
you sure can't tell him much.

— *Fen Ways.*



An enemy, I know, to all
Is wicked, wicked alcohol.
The good Book, though, commanded
me

To learn to love mine enemy.

— *Chaparral.*



Little Johnny wrote on the black-
board: "Johnny is a passionate devil."
The teacher immediately told him to
stay after school.

When Johnny got out of school that
night, his friends were waiting and
asked him what punishment he had
received.

"I aint't sayin' nothin'," said
Johnny, "but it pays to advertise."

— *Chaparral.*



"Darn it, leftovers again," growled
the cannibal, as he gnawed on the
two old maids.

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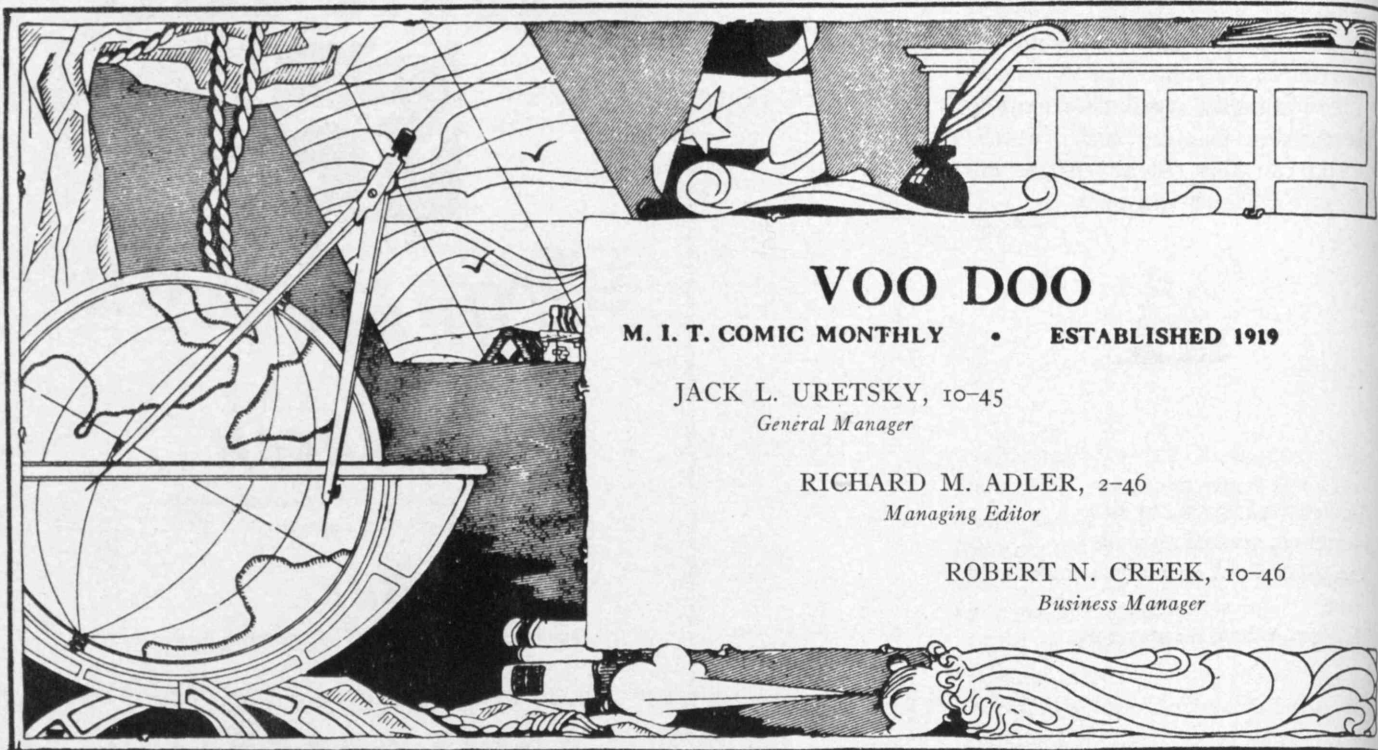
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COMPLETE
OUTFITS FOR MEN



HARVARD Bazar

CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Trowbridge 4427



PHOS looked up sleepily as we walked into the office. "Well, boss, what are you so worked up about?"

We lapped some beer out of Phos's dish while we mulled over an answer. "You should have been at the Institute Committee meeting this afternoon, Phos. What went on was really an eye opener."

"Did it have anything to do with that ridiculous so-called news sheet downstairs?" Phos queried.

"That was the source of the whole trouble. They gave their annual report to the Institute Committee today. And you should have heard the howl Inst Com raised."

"But boss," said Phos, lying on his back to have his overfull tummy rubbed, "why should you get mad about that? Personally I'm rather pleased at the idea."

"Well," we answered slowly, "we don't mind seeing that feeble excuse for a weekly publication get it in the neck. But don't forget, Cat, that they represent the Institute, and when they make such a poor showing it hurts everyone. You see, the things they said today demonstrated a bad lack of capable and responsible management. They even went so far as to color facts to make it look as though the paper were being well run."

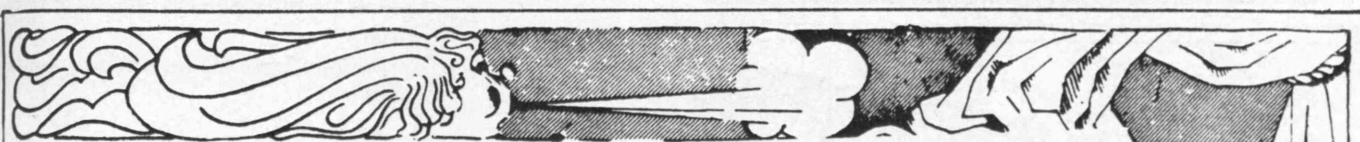
Phos was on his feet with his back arched when he heard that. "Why those filthy so-and-sos!! Open the door, boss, so I can get down and scratch their eyes out!"

"Settle down and be quiet, Cat," we said, pouring him out another beer milk-shake. "The matter isn't entirely their fault. You can't blame their management if there is no capable material from which the management can be chosen. The fault lies with the whole student body. The majority of the fellows at school refuse to take an interest in their school activities. Especially in this one."

The cat yawned.

"Oh," we said, "did we tell you about the soft-ball game we had with that same publication? Voo Doo won it. Seven to five."

But Phos was already asleep.




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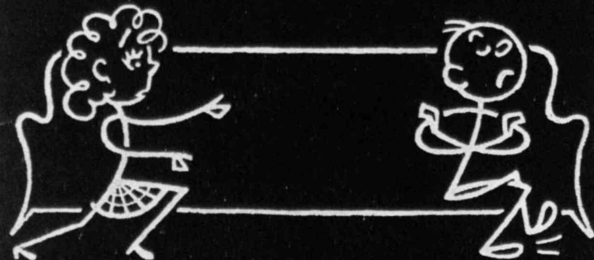
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Geometry Lesson



To shorten the distance between
two points — use LIFE SAVERS

Because:

everybody's breath offends
now and then. So let Life
Savers sweeten and freshen
your breath after eating,
drinking, and smoking.



Knees are a luxury. If you don't
think so, just try to get hold of one.

— Archive

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"If I take this castor oil, do you
think I'll be well enough to get up in
the morning?"

"Yes — long before morning."



She was only the gardener's daugh-
ter but she sure knew where to plant
her tulips.

— Boulder.

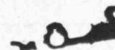


Lady: "I want to see some kid
gloves for my eight-year-old daughter,
please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes, ma'am, white
kid?"

Lady: "Sir!"

— Old Maid.



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

— Pelican.



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

"Who is that lady, dear?"

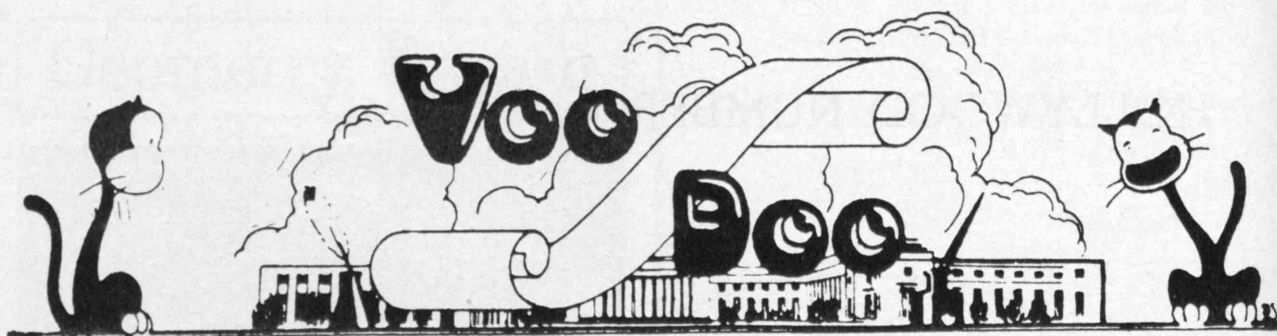
"Oh just a girl I met profession-
ally."

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

— Urchin.

HOLLYWOOD NUMBER





EVER since we came to Tech many long years ago, we have been secretly nursing a pet peeve. Every time a demonstration was held F always came out to be somewhere near MA and not M over A. Chemicals always seemed to combine with other chemicals in definite ratios like it said in the book and we were getting riled with the infernal selfconfidence that the profs seemed to have.

A few weeks ago an incident occurred that made one of these beardless brains wonder whether the line he had been feeding to his students was strictly on the up-and-up. It all happened on a stifling Wednesday afternoon. A few of the more eager of the frosh wandered into 5.01 lecture

a bit early while the hallowed Professor Gamble was taking a short desperate smoke in the hall outside 2-390, the scene of the dastardly crime. One khaki-clad individual was briefly seen pulling out a suspicious looking flask the contents of which was carefully poured into each of the imposing battery of jars of distilled water. Soon the factory bell rang for another shift and Professor Gamble began drawling confidently and self-assuredly about acids or salts or acid salts or something related to the broad field of chemistry. Then he commenced with the demonstration experiments and fantastically declared that if he added a little salt (sodium) and then add an indicator

he would undoubtedly get the desired basic reaction. And he didn't. Instead it got very acid and the good Prof hastened to add more salt to the great joy of the listening audience.

But never let it be said that a guy like Professor Gamble gives up easily. It took two more experiments with the remaining jars of "distilled" water for him to realize that somebody must have been suffering from a bad hangover when the word was given that sodium salts reacted with distilled water to give a basic reaction.

Soon, however, the light dawned and the professional integrity of the frosh was justly attacked. Then the final bell rang and as the frosh filed out an air of victory was in the atmosphere and most people felt that 5.01 lecture would never be the same.



ON the subject of mind readers and prophets we as a rule have nothing clever to offer. Even when it comes to predicting what will be on the next quiz on anything we usually lose very heavily. Therefore we have come to admire Dunninger and innkeepers as you shall soon see.

The other evening we plus the indi-

viduals we hold near as well as dear to us were dining in a cheerful little inn. The food was not particularly bad even though the one piece band occasionally played "We feed our doggy Thrivo" with great earnestness. There came a lull in the witty conversation and one of the boys whom for clarity's sake as well as his girl's, we shall designate as Hugo, rose and begged to be excused for a moment. The inn was not very big but Hugo began to wear a pained expression when he did not immediately see what he was looking for. After a few minutes of this frantic searching, we too became aware of his predicament and mentally murmured our sympathy. Already the words "Where in the hell is the . . . ?" were forming when a look of ecstasy and amusement crossed his face . . . for there in a corner of the inn was a simple sign . . .

"HERE 'TIS!
Men's Rest Room"

WHEN an M. I. T. man asserts that he never would have made it through Tech without a Bible he is not being religious, just practical. He is demonstrating that he realizes the full significance of the old Hindu proverb, "*Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*," which translated literally into the vernacular of modern Cambridge means, "If you can get away with it, O.K." There is at this moment somewhere on the lush green campus of M. I. T. a man who will rue to his dying day (or at least until he graduates) a rather too free application of this sound principle of scholastic life.

It so happens that our man, a resident of one of the frat houses across the river, found himself the night before an important theme was due with no theme. What is more he didn't

even have any ideas. So with the resourcefulness which comes only through long years of successfully meeting just such emergencies he rummaged through the bible, which thoughtful predecessors had left for his convenience. (In case you don't know, a bible is a collection of work, preferably marked and graded, bound in the convenient binders which the Co-op provides for the purpose.) Much to his delight he came upon just the theme he needed. It had been worth an H for some former student, and what was better yet, it was so ancient that the last memories of it must have long ago left the ivy-covered walls of our little institution of learning. So confident was our friend that the only thing he changed when he handed it in was the name at the top.

Imagine his surprise when he received the theme back, to find it adorned with the grade FF. At the bottom of the last page was a single line of explanation which the con-

siderate prof. had written. There in words which must have seemed at least a mile high to our poor unfortunate was the simple legend, "This was good when I wrote it!"

WE have often made derogatory remarks about numerous and sundry other publications with some justification. The boys who put out this excellent magazine however do not place themselves on the pedestal of perfection. Until *Esquire* throws in the towel, then we shall consider ourselves second best in the magazine world. But every Friday we observe a moment of silence for Tech's contribution to the realm of newspapers. Most of us do not mind when an upstanding character like Jim Craig is interviewed in a publication like *The Tech* for we figure it is a valiant at-

Continued to page 24



"Poor Dingle can't get used to anything else."



Being the story of a meek little man who dreamed of being a great actor and finally got his big chance.

This was it. A thrill of anxious anticipation ran through the audience. Down in the front row a little girl stared wide-eyed at the screen and nervously crushed the bag of popcorn she had been noisily munching. Two spinsters playing hookey from a school-teachers' convention broke off in the middle of a particularly choice piece of gossip and waited breathlessly. Way back in the farthest and darkest corner of the balcony a casual observer, would have seen a beautiful girl of nineteen pull hastily away from the arms of a lipstick-smeared sailor exclaiming reproachfully, "George! I told you never to kiss me when Ronald DuGlurg's playing a scene!"

There he was on the screen now. The envy of every man. The innermost desire of every woman. Ronald DuGlurg, wearing a skin-tight fencing costume which displayed every rippling muscle of his powerful, six foot frame, a dash of blood from the villain he'd just killed smeared over one eye, his curly hair romantically mussed. Quickly, with lithe, powerful strides he approached the heroine, Olivia DeVries. Sweeping her gently but firmly into his arms — he kissed her. Kissed her as only Ronald DuGlurg could. Kissed her until every heart throughout the theatre hung on the

verge of stopping. Kissed her until every woman in the audience could feel his strong arms about her crushing her in glorious ecstasy. "Ooohh . . . Ronny!" came a gasping voice from the third row left . . .

"Orville, ORVILLE!! you wake up this instant! It's eight-thirty already and you'll be late at the studio. How many times do I have to tell you, you lazy good-for-nothing piece of horse-meat. . . ."

Orville T. Glurg rolled over and regarded his wife with distaste through one half-closed eye. "All right, dear. Yes, dear, I'll come right down and eat breakfast."

All through breakfast Orville seemed preoccupied and his better half didn't fail to observe his mood and comment on it with her usual forcefulness and clarity. As a matter of fact he had never known her to fail to observe and comment on anything. He ate hastily, occasionally nodding in the affirmative to show that he was following the train of the monologue. When the meal was finished he slipped into his belted sport jacket, pecked her hastily on the cheek at the door of their little Spanish-type bungalow and ran for the bus stop, her parting words ringing in his ears. "And don't forget to get the liver for dinner!"

. . . A heavy rain was falling, all but obscuring the dark road which wound its

perilous way through the Livere Mountains. Inside the heavy sedan Mugsy Donnard, played by Roscoe McGlurg, reached down and pulled on the hand brake bringing the car to a screeching, sliding stop. Turning to the slim hard-looking blond beside him, he muttered through clenched teeth, "This is the end, baby. It's been a great game while it lasted but the jig's up. The road's washed out ahead and the cops'll be here in ten minutes. I'll hold 'em off and you make a break for it. Slapsy's cabin is just over the rise and you'll be safe there. I could never make it with this bum leg." An involuntary cry of pain escaped him as he shifted to cover the road they'd just come up.

The blond looked at him and the hard lines of her face softened. "I love ya, Mugsy," she whispered. "You're the swellest guy I ever met. No matter what happens I'll never forget the way ya took care of me." They kissed, a torrid kiss that left the audience gasping, and she slipped quietly from the car and into the underbrush.

Silence settled on the scene and Mugsy waited for the cops in a suspense so deep that the asthmatic breathing of the old gentleman in the middle of the orchestra was plainly audible. Suddenly the police car roared around the bend in the road and skidded to a stop, disgorging fat unpleasant looking men in blue uniforms. Baring his teeth Mugsy waited until they came into focus and then blazed away with his two heavy automatics. The screen filled with the flash and smoke of gunfire. Above the roar the gallant desperado's voice could be heard crying his last defiance. "Come and get it, coppers. Ya'll never take Mugsy Donnard alive." The scene fades as a well aimed bullet slumps him over the wheel of the car.

As the audience rose to leave, a kindly looking middle-aged lady turned to her companion with the comment, "Wasn't that Roscoe McGlurg wonderful? So tough on the surface, but with a real kind heart underneath. You know, they say he's just like that in real life, too. I think. . . ."

"Okay, Shorty, who the hell ya think you're shovin'?"

"I'll shove who and when I please, ya big — Oops, I mean I'm sorry, mister. Tripped over that bag, heh, heh." Orville caught himself just in time reaching into his pocket for one of Roscoe's ever-present gats. Producing, instead, a pack of cigarettes, he offered one to the burly looking man with an apologetic smile. Just then the bus stopped at the studio gate and he alighted, glad to lose himself in the crowd.

Orville's dressing room was located in one of the back corners of the lot, a good five minute walk from the main entrance. As usual he took twice that time to reach it, walking slowly and absorbing all the intoxicating sights and sounds of this man-made fairyland which held a never-ending fascination for him. Off to his left a technicolor melodrama was in the process of being filmed. Thirty pretty girls, appropriately dressed, were executing a mouth-watering hula to the accompaniment of the soft music of the Hawaiian bailuka, a one stringed guitar. As Orville watched them he was forcibly reminded of his wife. Blinking back the tears of anguish which welled to his eyes, he continued toward his dressing room.

As Orville dressed, carefully brushing the morning coat which was his pride and joy and which constituted the most important part of his working clothes, he was only too aware of the sound of running water in the next room which housed the sanitary facilities for this section of the lot. It made him feel sad. The sound of running water always made him feel sad. It reminded him of Niagara Falls and of his honeymoon. "It's a cruel hard world," he thought as he straightened his tie and emerged into the bright California sunlight. "The noblest profession is the comedian who makes people laugh and takes their minds off their troubles."

... It was the night of the gala premiere of the new super comedy "Laugh,

Damn You, Laugh" produced and directed by Mister Golden Mayor, Hollywood's leading director, and starring the cream of the current crop of favorites. The sidewalk in front of Grumman's Chinese Theater was crowded with the usual crowd of celebrity worshippers and autograph hunters. Suddenly a hush fell over the throng and then an excited murmur arose as a tall slim figure dressed in immaculate evening clothes stepped from the limousine which had just pulled to the curb.

"That's Happy O'Glurg the star!"

"Isn't he a riot on the screen. God, I thought I'd bust laughin' at him in his last picture."

Yes, it was Happy O'Glurg, smiling, debonair king of American comedy. As he entered the theater he chucked a comely lass under the chin and murmured wittily, "Are there any more at home like you, baby?" Acknowledging the roar of laughter which greeted his humor with a modest nod of his head, he disappeared into the lobby.

With the arrival of the star the audience was complete and the lights were dimmed. As the picture proceeded it was obvious from the start that it was destined to be another of Happy's smash hits. Peal after peal of helpless laughter rolled from the brilliant gathering. Happy hit his greatest peak in the climax, a scene which takes place between himself and his cook. The cook,

stirring vigorously the stew she is making, asks Happy, "Who was that ladle I saw you out with last night?"

Flashing his famous smile Happy replies, "That was no ladle, that was my knife."

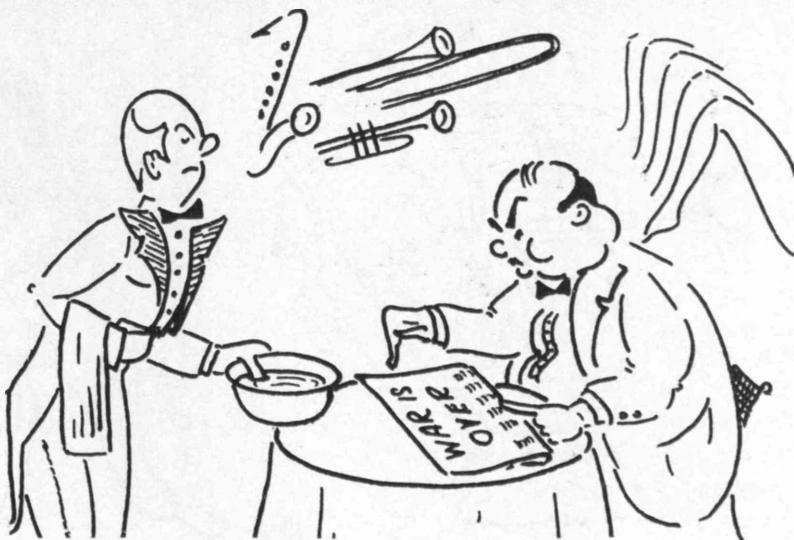
Needless to say this brought the house down. Old ladies rolled in the aisles in uncontrollable fits of belly laughter. People fainted like flies from the power of their laughter. Luckily the management was prepared and ushers passed through the audience administering smelling salts when the occasion arose. Yes it was a great night for Happy O'Glurg. As one ardent admirer phrased it, "It ain't so much what he says as the way he says it."

After the picture the comedian's greatest rival approached him in the lobby. "You were marvelous," he said. "Much as I hate to admit it, there's only one really great humorist and that's Happy O'Glurg. Yes, you, Happy O'Glurg..."

"Glurg. Yes, you, Glurg! Get over here. This is your scene. Or maybe you're waiting for a white elephant to enter on."

Orville jumped and ran out under the giant arc lights. Here it was. His big chance. This would tell the story of the career of Orville Glurg in the movies. He straightened his tie again, unobtrusively brightened the toes of

Continued to page 26



Sorry Suh! We've had NO confirmation from the Union.

UNPORNOGRAPHIC

POETRY

TECH DIVIDED BY FOUR

A Freshman is a jolly lad,
He does so very well;
He sits up playing cards all night,
Lets homework go to h—l.
Sophomores are funny;
They feel that they are men;
They worry over 8.04
And drown themselves in g—n.
Junior lads are lazy,
And physically they're wrecks;
They, drooling, leer at froth on beer
And hotfoot it after s—x.
I never knew a Senior
Who wasn't in a jam;
They know they'll never graduate
And no one gives a D—n.

— D. V.

COMPARISON OR CONTRAST

She was a woman, while he was a man.
She was light, but he was tan.
She was a blond, his hair was black.
Her voice was silken, his had a crack.
They resembled each other only in shadow.

They became married, the result was mulatto.

— N. S.

ABOUT BEN TECHMAN

or

THE VIRTUOUS PRESIDENT

About Ben Techman

(May his tribe increase)

Awoke one night from a deep dream
of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his
room,

Making it rich like a lily in bloom,
Karl Compton writing in a book of
gold.

Exceeding peace made Ben Techman
bold

And to the learned doctor he said,
"What writest thou?" Karl T. raised
his head

And with a look that was hep to the
jive,

Said, "The names of those who made
65."

"And is mine one?" said Abou.

"Nay, not so," replied the doctor.

Abou spoke more low, but cheerily still,
And said, "I pray thee then,
I'll give thee a dollar, if thou'lt raise
it ten."

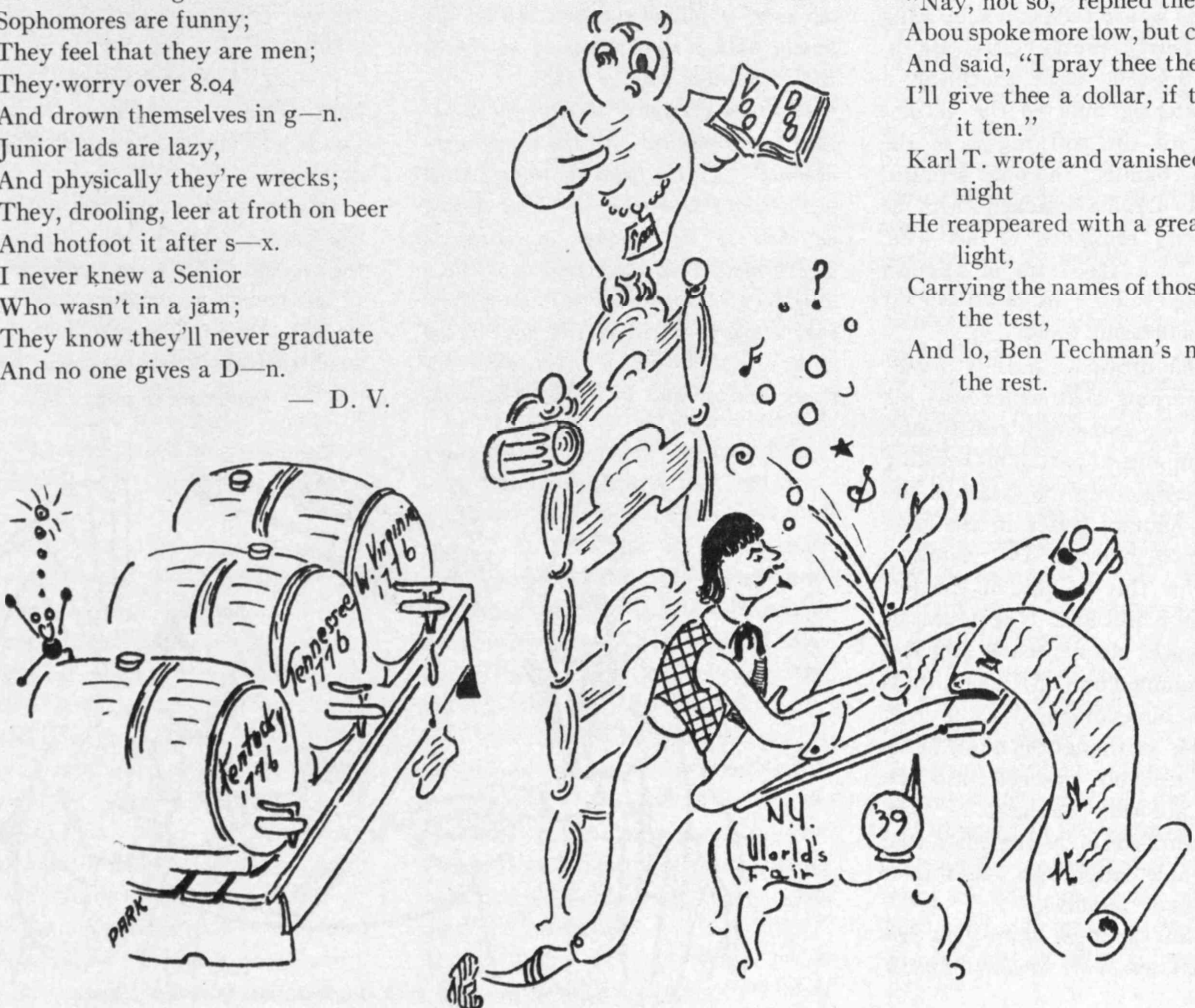
Karl T. wrote and vanished. The next
night

He reappeared with a great wakening
light,

Carrying the names of those who failed
the test,

And lo, Ben Techman's name led all
the rest.

— P. B. N.





Out of the mass of slide rules, crib notes and last year's quizzes Phos uncovered a little bit of something that pertains to the subject of coeds. Miriam Carlson, freshman "Coed of the Month," a palette wielder on Voo Loo's Art Staff, has been chosen this month's glamour gal.

CREEK

CURRENT CINEMA

CALAMITIES

THRILL OF A ROMANCE

With the combination of Tommy Milvane alias Van "The Man" for madame, and Esther Williams plus body for madame's date M.G.M., one would think, could hardly go wrong. The fact is it was not lousy.

The amusing tale of how Van, back from the South Pacific, wins such a gorgeous construction like Esther is frustrating. It would have people believe that Esther's first husband, a pen salesman, would leave her on her honeymoon to sell pens. . . . Van takes over and gets lost in the woods with Esther, but since he eventually marries her after the annulment of her first marriage, the Hays office gave its approval.

A big fat guy named Melchior sings "Please Don't Say No." He is fairly good and will undoubtedly go places with some voice training . . . also Dorsey like Crosby figures that poppa is not earning enough so a bantam idea is conceived where one of his

legitimate children gets on the legitimate screen. . . .

All in all M.G.M. could have done infinitely better by showing two hours of Williams in various poses . . . as it is it is one of sex best picture of the year.



SMASHING THE WHITE SLAVE RACKET

Thundering out of the secret newspaper annals, comes the story that threatens to rock the nation. And in turn the damned producers ought to be stoned and tarred.

Besides misnaming the picture, which has exactly two white slaves one of which is Negro, the cast is miscast in that actors are employed. But despite these hardships, and despite the fact that there is no plot, it breaks up a dull evening.

Nicholas Van Nooten plays the Detective O'Burke whose wife to be, having failed to pay the weekly installment on her diamond-studded snuggy,

is enmeshed in the ring founded in 1620. The climax of the story occurs when O'Burke climbs hand over hand up a thirty-foot wall, and shoots the gang leader at 5,000 yards in a pitch black night.

An interesting conclusion introduces a new twist when O'Burke's fiancée dies at the end of streptococcus . . . in spite of numerous penicillin treatments.

Although the movie stinks, Sunya Slane is a fairly good stripper and Mike Sacks is in general on the ball.



LOVE COMES TO PAGO PAGO

Two hundred secretaries of doubtful morals and three sailors away from humanity for about four years form an interesting background for this Three Ughs class FF cinema. Pago Pago supposedly a jungle haven for frustrated womankind vaguely reminds



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The location of our Boston Store, at Newbury and Berkeley Street, only a few steps from the Subway to Cambridge, makes it a most convenient place to purchase clothes and accessories.

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"Sixth Floor Shop" Suits, \$43 to \$55

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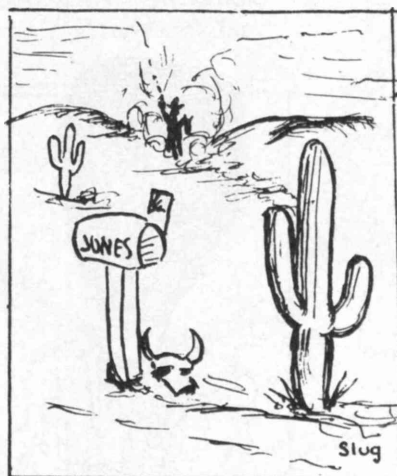


© Brooks Brothers

the spectator of the Touraine Lobby, decidedly a better place to be.

The plot concerns Mona Wilson (an unknown destined to remain likewise) who along with her other 199 friends decides to go to Pago Pago on a tramp steamer. Under the impression that Pago Pago is a sultry summer resort, they leave expecting the best of things. After about three-quarters of an hour of fluffing around the three sailors land and fall in love with Mona and the other 199 girls. The confusion soon becomes clarified when a severe tropical storm hits the island and Mona and one of the sailors are set adrift on a battered log which seems to be propelled by a 1600 h.p. motor.

In the midst of the roaring seas thunder, lightning and shrieks of 199 dying women, Mona sings her enchanting hit song "Moonlight and Gardenias" . . . home was never like this.



ALONG CAME JONES

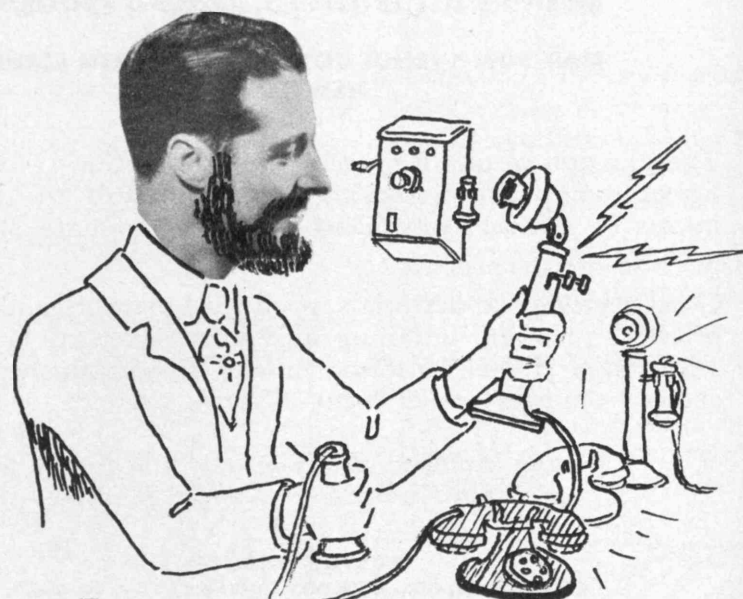
When Nunnally Johnson conceived his semibaked idea for a droll western he must have been suffering from angina pectoris and was consequently having a hell of a time finding a plot, punch lines, and numerous assorted necessary attributes for a movie guaranteed to keep the audience rolling in

the aisles instead of walking in the aisles in the direction of the exit. Melody Jones, the hero of the farce, is a big gangling punchdrunk cow-puncher with a negligible I. Q. He is so mentally deficient that his organs of perception are drastically affected and he falls for a wretch played excellently by Loretta Young, who should change her last name as them days are gone forever. Loretta, who looks like she is suffering from a mild case of leprosy, is an expert marksman and unfortunately prolongs the picture by saving Melody here and there.

The cumulative effect is not nauseating. The wry grin on the audience's face is proof of a minute amount of entertainment. This picture should certainly be frequented by any and all with free passes . . . anyway hearing Gary Cooper as Melody trying to sing is smile provoking . . . reminds one of Major Bowes and his group of hackers.

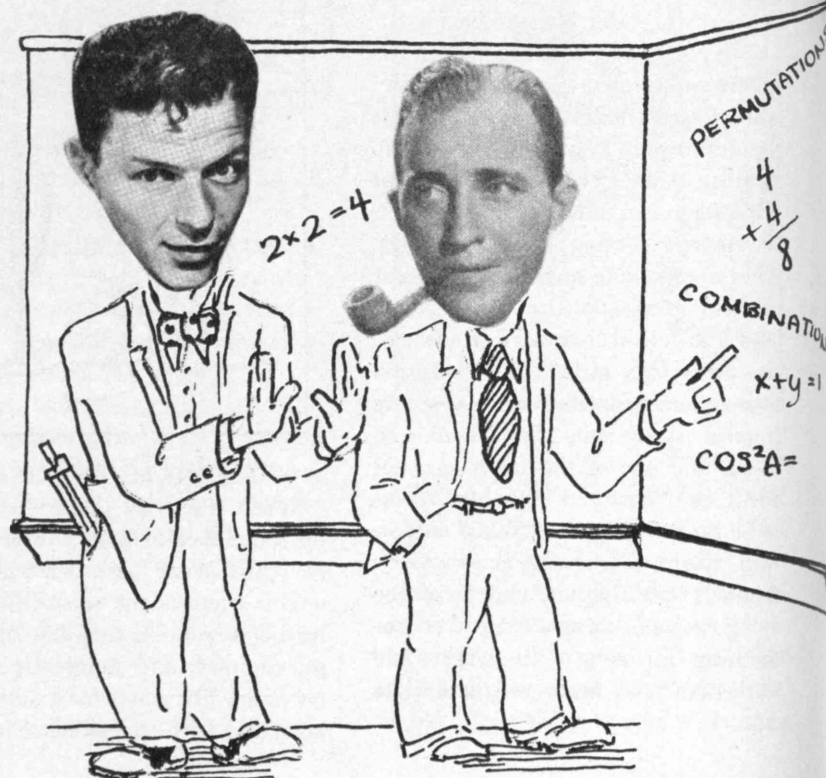
H. V. P.

HOLLYWOOD COMES TO TECH



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

AMECHE (Alexander Graham Bell): "Hello 'sat you Myrt."



ARCHITECTURE

GABLE: "The elements of construction are arrangement and eye appeal."

Sheldon Hill

MATHEMATICS

CROSBY: "Say Frankie here's a sure way to beat the horses."



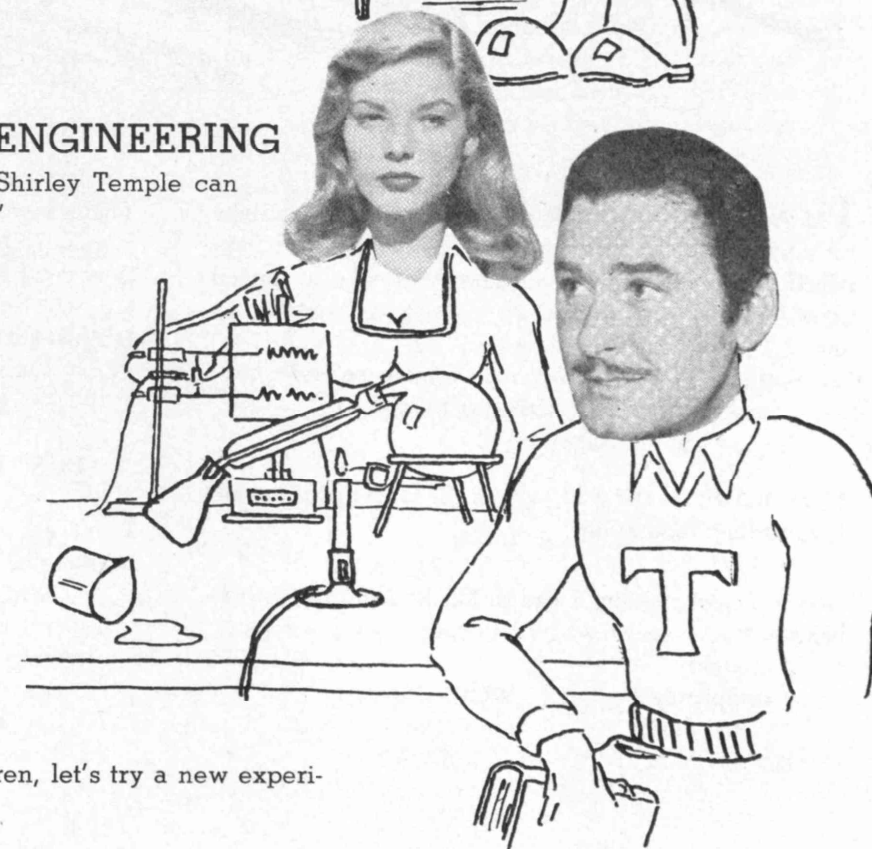
MARINE ENGINEERING

HOPE: "We've landed and the situation's well in hand!!"



SOCIAL ENGINEERING

O'BRIEN: "If Shirley Temple can do it so can I."



BIOLOGY

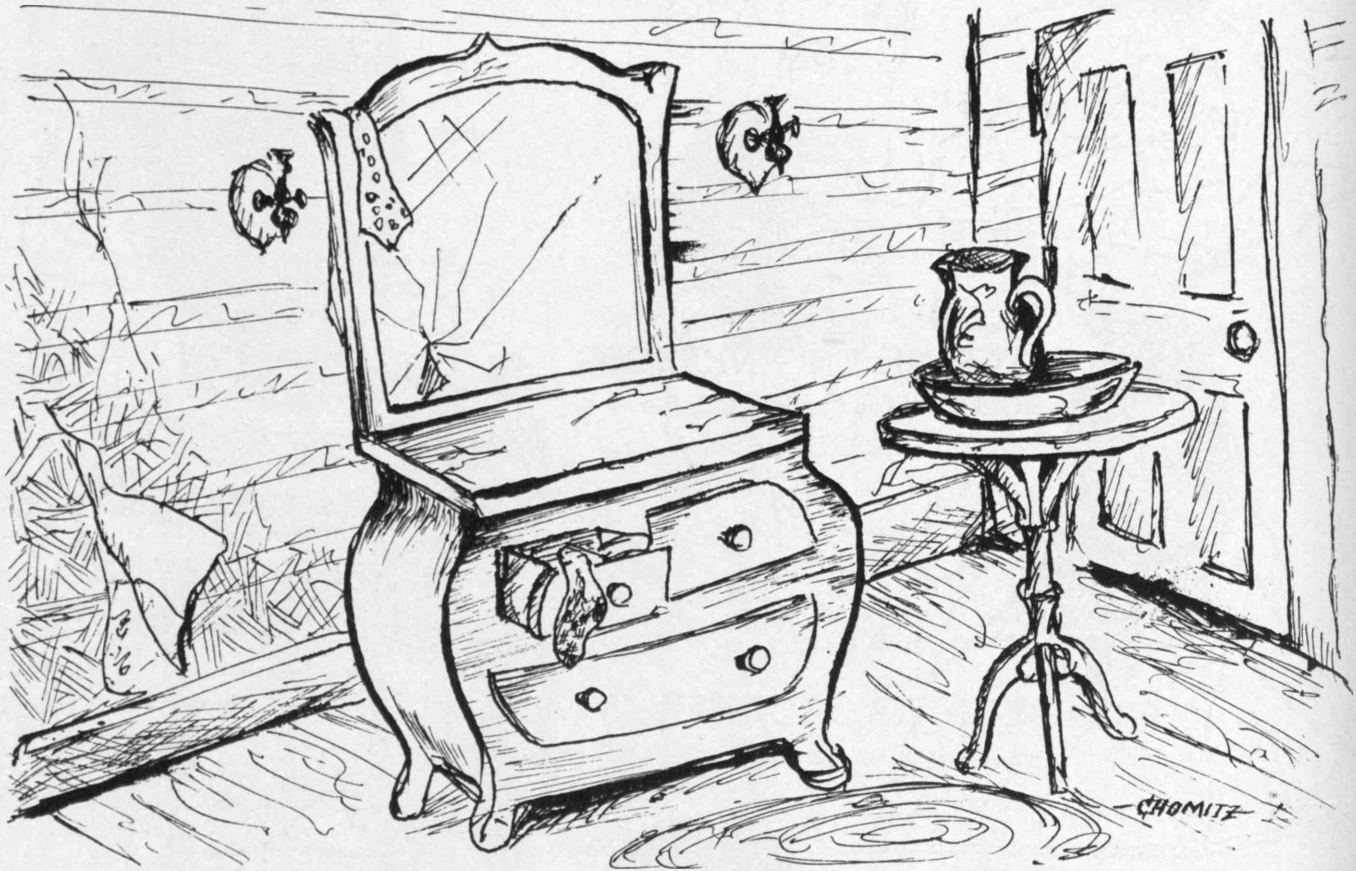
FLYNN: "But Lauren, let's try a new experiment today."

BUSINESS AD

BOGART: "But, Prof, it's against my principles!"



REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR



I'M A MAGIC MIRROR on the wall and I don't write
for a publication on account of an incident that once hap-
pened to me concerning a fourteen-year-old slut named
Snow White
and
her mother who was a self-conscious madame and who
used to ask me questions beginning
with

Magic mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?
It ruined my reputation.

God it was disgusting. I had to like lie hell to keep from
being
thoroughly
completely
and finally
BROKEN !!!!!

That's how I originated the myth about the seven years
bad luck.

Only don't get any ideas because it's not a myth as far as
you're concerned.

It's just that a myth is as good as her smile
or some such
god
awful

PUN !!!!!

Don't ask me anything about my life history because
mirrors don't live we just existed and I

have existed
since

eternity
me
and
God.

Have you ever met God?
He's quite a character.
He used to be a great formless void.
It was all quite awe inspiring.
Bue he's getting pretty frazzled
around
the edges
Since the humans have been trying so hard to mold him
in
their own
IMAGE!!!!
But I was telling you about my existence.

It seems that fairy tales and magic went out of fashion
not long ago and for a while I must have ceased even to
exist until not long ago I came to on top of the most
atrocious looking piece of furniture you have ever laid
eyes on. It was gigantic,
stupendous,
and
NAUSEATING!!!!

It seems that a bunch of sex-crazy students live in the
place.
My God, they mut be sex-crazy to hear them talk about it.
But no one ever does anything about it.

Sometimes I think they're kidding
only
they're
so serious
about
IT!!!!

Now take a mirror like me
I don't have any sex.
I don't really know what
it is except for all that I've seen of it.
It's surprising what people will do before mirrors that
they wouldn't think
of doing
before
other
PEOPLE!!!!

Now there was this bird Casanova.
I'll tell you about him.
To begin with
he
was
a
JERK!!!!

He started writing his autobiography at the age of
eighteen.

And he finished it at the age of twenty.
And considering that he covered his life well up past middle
age in that one autobiography,
That
isn't

BAD!!!!

At the time he was living in an apartment with two women.
His
Mother and
his
Sister and they
both
ignored him.

My God was he frustrated.
He was only five feet three inches tall and all the girls he
ever met which weren't many

thought
that small men were

EFFEMINATE!!!!

He used to sit in front of me and stare at the reflection
of his face in me and conjugate a Latin verb.

amo	amamus
amas	amatis
amat	amant

He had a large amant of learning.

PUN!!!!

But it all came out of books.

I did see him go into action once, though, and it wasn't
bad. A fourteen-year-old cousin of his (you know how
women develop in Italy) came over with her mother and
Giacimo (I think that was his first name) lured her off to
a corner to play doctor.
That's how he got married.
The Italians were a moral people.
His wife was a clever woman.
She published his autobiography.
They lived off the royalties for several years.
For the rest of their married life, in fact.

Which was long and happy because she ran him and the rest
of the family
like
a well-oiled
turret
LATHE!!!!

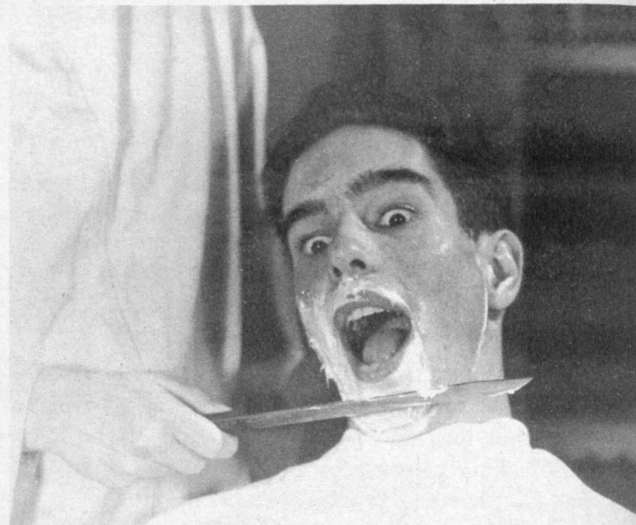
I'll tell you some more of my adventures tomorrow.

AND
TOMORROW
NEVER
COMES!

—J. L. U



The grandfather (who in the movie has become a successful young motion picture producer named Cecil deBill and is not related to anyone because of Hayes Office objections) first meets Daffodil one afternoon when he comes into the shop for a shave.



It is love at first sight. Emilio, whose specialty is passion, made eighty-five hundred shots of this scene before he was satisfied with the love-light in deBill's eyes.



DeBill persuades Daffodil to play the leading role (that of a world-famous left-nostril flautist) in the epic motion-picture "The Corn is Rotten." In the scene shown above, Daffodil, as Nita, plays a heartrending dirge as her lover is being beheaded by two officers in the uniform of the Japanese Imperial Navy for refusing to divulge state secrets.



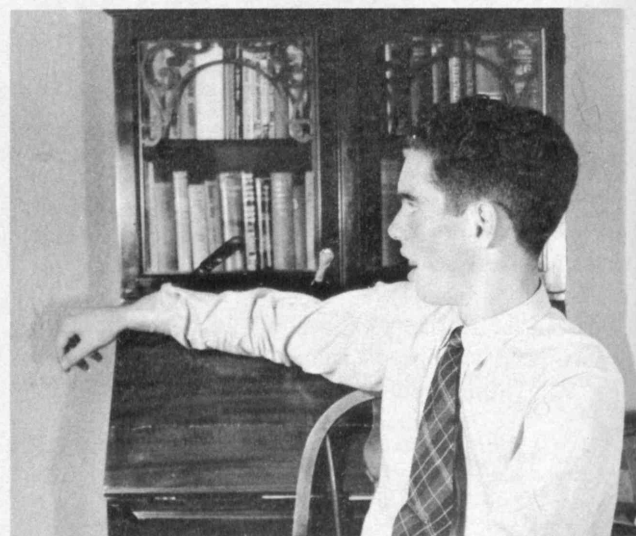
Between scenes Daffodil absent-mindedly strolls into deBill's office and surprises him at work. This is the boy loses girl part of the plot as Daffy is obviously grieved, outraged, and heartbroken.

MOVIE OF THE CENTURY:

THE CORN IS ROTTEN

EMILIO Panda, well-known producer of such pictures as "She Knew What She Wanted," "Along Came Jones," and "Anchors Aweigh," brings to the screen a two-hour dramatization of Kathryn Blush's new novel, "The Corn is Rotten." Mrs. Blush's saccharine novel concerned a young Mexican orange picker Daffodil Lopez (played by Mary Gregory) who falls hopelessly in love with her own ninety-seven-year-old grandmother (played by Edna Muller) who is already in love (hopelessly) with her own husband (played by Tony d'Almeida) who in turn has already been dead and gone these fourteen years.

In the picture, Daffodil (whose last name has been changed to Smith because of the possibility of offending the Mexican government) becomes a young lady barber who is trying to crash the movies by running a combined barber-shop and tortilla hut on Catamount Studio's back lot.



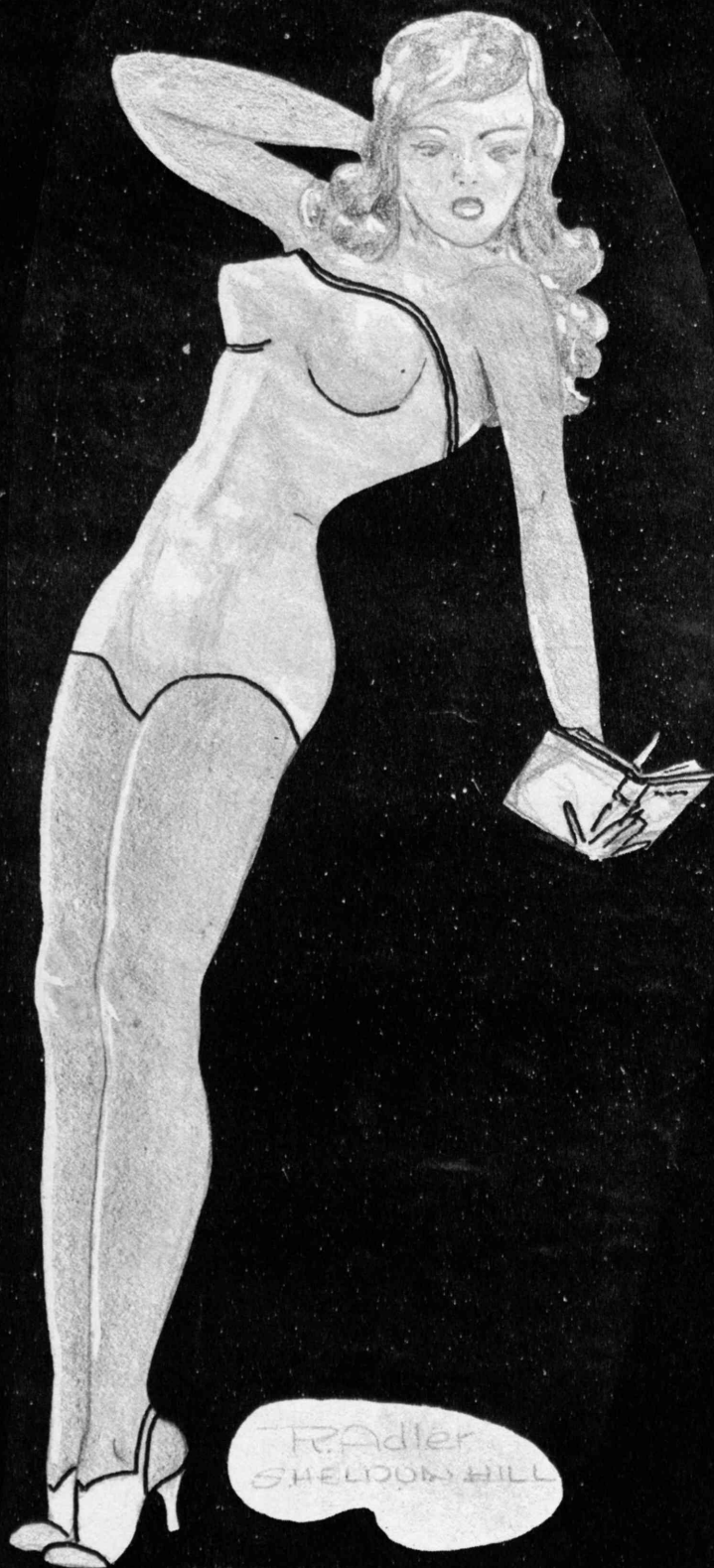
Shortly afterwards, Daffy corners deBill and tells him in no uncertain terms just what she thinks of him.



But though Daffy's temper is violent, it is fleeting, and she and deBill make up. They finish producing "The Corn is Rotten," which wins the Institute award, and in one of the closing scenes she is shown about to take her lover in her arms.

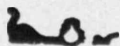


Then comes one of Panda's famous surprise endings. For—you guessed it—Daffy's lover turns out to be none other than the famous juvenile Wynfield Fieldwyn. And, with this famous Panda clinch, the picture ends.



Outraged Wife: "Couldn't you think of anything better than coming home in this drunken condition?"

Erring Husband: "Yes, m'dear, but she was out of town."



"I see you're going to sell your car."

"Why? What gives you that idea?"

"Well, I see some bird's made a deposit on it."



"Hello, little girl! Want a ride?"

"No, thanks, I'm walking back from one now."



"Tell me, how did you get Junior to eat olives?"

"Simple, I started him on martinis."
- Log.

Visitor: "Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

Landlady: "Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."



"Melvin! Melvin!"

"What, Ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fishbowl?"

"No, Ma, but I'm comin' pretty close."



Young Mother: "Come quick, Mandy, the baby's got something in his diaphragm."

Mandy (on run): "Laws sakes! If that don't beat all. I just done put it on him."

Voodooings . . .

Continued from page 9

tempt on their part to put something good in their rag. We don't even mind their interviewer creating fantastic falsehoods about Jim's liking *The Tech* paper. They are used to such actions. But these breaches of ethics encourage us to throw back a little of the mud neaved in our direction. And naturally when we get aid from neutral sources we are pleased.

Just about a week ago a group of boots from the Institute were discussing problems of great importance. One interested bystander, realizing that the group was composed of the representatives of M. I. T.'s various publications and asked when Voo Doo was hitting the streets.

"Next Friday," was the reply.

"Good," murmurs the bystander, "and what about *Tech Engineering News*?"

"Next Friday," answered T. E. N.'s gift to Tech.

There was a slight rustle and a repulsive little creature offered, "And *The Tech* is coming out Friday, too."

The retort occurred simultaneously, "Who cares?"

WE don't know whether Professor Arnold of the M. E. Department is in the habit of partaking of the good cheer that accompanies the popping of corks, but if he is, we'll bet there were a few minutes on a recent afternoon when he thought very seriously of forsaking the ways of conviviality for the solitary grandeur of the well-known water wagon. On the afternoon in question the good professor entered his 2.081 classroom to find a large group of his young charges clustered around the blackboard in the front of the room. Well knowing that

CHARLIE THE TECH TAILOR

AMES STREET OPPOSITE DORMS

*Three day service
for cleaning and pressing uniforms
a specialty!*

it wasn't a fascinating problem in applied mechanics which was gripping their attention he made his way to the center of the crowd to ascertain its cause.

Of all the strange sights which have from time to time enlivened the austere precincts of this center of learning, that which greeted his eyes was perhaps one of the strangest. There, promenading sedately around the chalk tray, stopping only occasionally to gaze upward and sniff disdainfully at some complicated formula or diagram, was a white mouse. In the ensuing exchange of glances between the professor and the mouse the former definitely came off second best and was only saved from further loss of face when the little creature was taken into custody by its owner. As the amateur Frank Buck triumphantly bore his charge from the scene of action the professor regained some of his lost prestige by exclaiming, "They certainly are a well matched pair." And, come to think of it, they were!

R. E. M.

EVERY morning at the good ship *G House* from 7.10 to 8.10 the physical cleanliness of the Navy's gift to Tech is properly inspected. The company commanders and platoon leaders as well as the officer-of-the day walk up and down in front of the immaculate seaman valiantly trying to determine how the restriction list may be lengthened. The company commanders and platoon leaders, being students, naturally tone their severity down to a minimum since no weapons of protection are issued.

But with the advent of the IFC and Senior pictures and the return of women to the colleges and the resulting shortage of green stuff, corruption had begun to spread in the

Continued to page 26

Baby: "I want my bottle."

Mother: "Shut up, you sound like your father."



Freshman (in barber shop): "How long do I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber (after close look): "About six months or a year."

— Urchin.



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

— Urchin.



DEEP THOUGHTS FOR DEEP THINKERS DEPT.

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

"Ah," said the customs officer, finding a bottle of White Horse, "I thought you said there were only old clothes in that trunk."

"Aye, that's my nightcap."

— Urchin.



Mother: "So you kissed a sailor last night. Didn't I tell you to count to ten when you were tempted?"

Daughter: "I did, ma, but there were eleven sailors there."

• — Log.



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

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



"It's not just the work I enjoy," said the taxicab driver, "it's the people I run into."

— Chaparral

H. N. Johnson

C. W. Pride

— Optometrists —

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BOSTON**

"See that girl over there?"

"Yeah."

"She's fresh from the country and it's up to us to show her the difference between right and wrong."

"Okay, pal, you teach her what's right."

— Urchin.

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Luncheons and Dinners

WINES AND LIQUORS

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299 Harvard Street Brookline**

GLURG THE GREAT

Continued from page 11

his black patent leather shoes on the back of his pants legs and waited for the cameras to grind.

"Lights! Camera! Action!"

Drawing himself to his full five feet four inches of height, Orville T. Glurg approached his destiny. He walked slowly and majestically across the stage. Grasping the handle of the huge door before him he flung it open.

"Madam," he said in a proud pontifical voice, "dinner is served."

R. E. M.

Woodooings . . .

Continued from page 25

ranks of the higher ups. One morning which shall be listed on almost equal par with Pearl Harbor, one eager platoon leader caught an unprecedented number for haircuts and issued a warning that haircuts should be acquired during the day in order to avoid restriction. And it was Wednesday when barber shops close at one. We were beginning to think that free commissions were being offered to the student leaders for the most impressive record of restrictions donated. But it took a quart of furniture polish for us to recover from what we saw advertised on the sixth deck by the hero of the long-haired boys:

COME AND SEE W——

HOURS 1900-2000

LIEUTENANT DLEIFNAC SAYS
"T'D WALK A MILE FOR A W—'S
LOW PRICES
SHAVES ALSO

The birds do it,
The bees do it;
The little bats do it.
Mama, can I take flying lessons too?
— *Archive.*



A girl likes a quick-witted lover because she doesn't want him to be slow to grasp things.

— *Mis-A-Sip.*



Our idea of a lazy student is one who pretends he is drunk so that his fraternity brothers will put him to bed.

— *Froth.*



Some girls are like paint: Get them stirred up and you can't get them off your hands.

— *El Burro.*



The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels has nothing on the husband who knows where the maid's quarters are.

— *Sundial.*



She: "If I were you, I wouldn't be so forward."

He: "If you were like me, what a time we'd have."

— *Gargoyle.*

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leads to life insurance as the solution to freedom from want

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A Scotchman upon entering a saddler's asked for a single spur.

"What use is one spur?" asked the man.

"Well," replied Sandy, "if I get one side of the horse to go, the other will have to come wi' it."

— *Urchin.*



"Don't be alarmed, sir. We're just enjoying your Sir Walter Raleigh."

**Smokes as sweet
as it smells**

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tobacco of America"



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STAMPS
AND
BONDS

FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

A boy, attending Sunday School for the first time, was being catechised by his teacher.

"Now where does God live?" asked the teacher.

"I think he lives in our bathroom," chirped the youngster.

"Why do you think that?" gasped the teacher.

"Well, every morning daddy goes to the bathroom door and yells, 'God! are you still in there?'"

Rammer Jammer.



When Mac and Turner registered they had to sign their names and nationality.

Mac signed: "Irish — and proud of it."

Turner signed: "Scotch — and fond of it."

— Pelican.



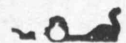
Imagine Carrie the chambermaid's surprise when they told her that it took forty-five minutes to empty the Hollywood Bowl.

— El Burro.



She was only a film censor's daughter, but she knew when to cut it out.

— Boulder



I think that I shall never see
 A girl refuse a meal that's free;
 A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
 Upon the drink that's being mixed;
 A girl who doesn't like to wear
 A lot of junk to match her hair;
 Girls are loved by guys like me . . .
 For who on earth will kiss a tree?

— Pelican.

Scenes like this were common **IN THE 50's**
when our founders established this business



The renowned
 Flame-Grain Kaywoodie,
 inlaid with Turkish Meerschaum,
 \$12.50
 Shape No. 07, "Billiard."

PHOTO BY MATHEW BRADY



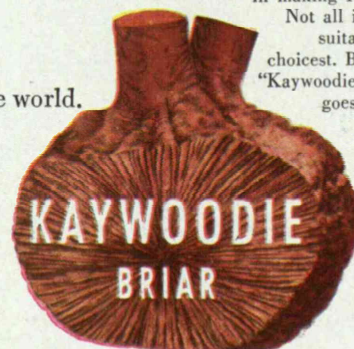
A rare old photograph, with authentic colors added, of Lower BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, as it looked to our founders when they were making pipes nearby. They began this business in 1851 at No. 59 The Bowery, and in 1860 moved to No. 121 William St. A reproduction of the Broadway illustration in colors, together with booklet illustrating Kaywoodie Pipes, will be sent on receipt of 10¢ to cover costs.

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A B C's of smoking pleasure you remember
the three important benefits that Chesterfield's
Right Combination... World's Best Tobaccos
gives you. Here they are: **A—ALWAYS MILDER,**
B—BETTER TASTE and **C—COOLER SMOKING.**



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