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# **VOO DOO**

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- one photograph suitable for a summer cover (women!!!!)
- one photograph in a humorous vein

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# Voo Doo

APRIL, 1946



WHAT'S WHERE

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Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

## Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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Volume XXIX

APRIL, 1946

No. 4

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And then there was the dog that saw the sign "WET PAINT" on the bench — so he did!



As they turned off onto the side road, he turned to her and said:

"I'm a man of few words so all I'll say is — do you or don't you?"

"I'm a girl of few words," she coyly replied, "I don't, but you've talked me into it."



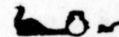
"In Boston breeding is everything."

"In Chicago we think it's fun too, but we have time for other things."



"What happened in 1942?"

"What hotel?"



The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur, respectfully.

"Drive off a cliff, James," the old gentleman replied. "I'm committing suicide."

— Widow.



Mr. Metzinger, on being informed last Friday night that he was the father of triplets, was overjoyed. He sped directly to the hospital where his wife and newly-arrived family were. When he rushed into the room he was intercepted by a nurse. The nurse, as we have it, said, "Don't you know better than to come in here? You're not sterile."

Mr. Metzinger looked at the triplets for a moment and said, "Lady, are you telling me!"

— Colorado Dodo.



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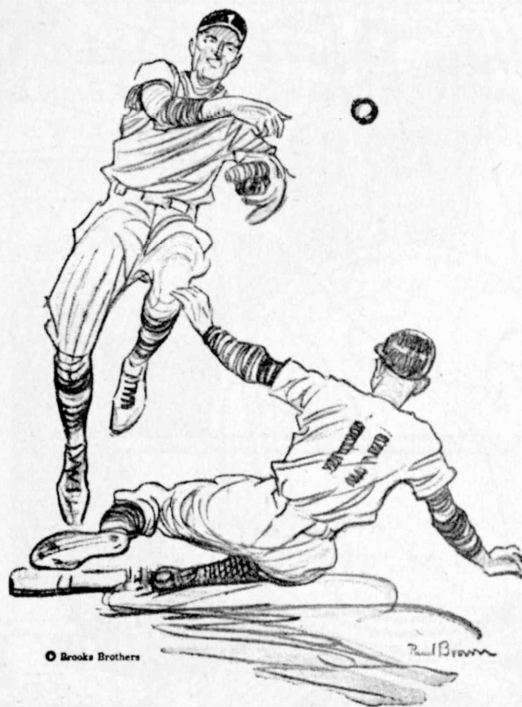
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## RECONVERSION

Things that have been scarce as hen's teeth due to wartime shortages are gradually coming back again in slowly increasing stocks. We hope as earnestly as do our customers that reconversion may be accelerated as rapidly as possible — aiming towards an early plenitude of everything that people need. We are doing the best we can to cope with continuing shortages of fine materials and skilled labor — and are making progress. Things of our own well-known make or design, however, are naturally in greater demand than ever . . . and like anything else worthwhile, they take time. We want to thank our customers for their patience and courtesy — and earnestly pledge our very best coöperation.

### BOSTON BRANCH

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NOW IN THE SECOND QUARTER  
OF OUR SECOND CENTURY, 1818-1946  
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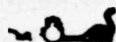
A Pullman conductor was going through the train one night when he found a red lantern hanging on one of the lower berths. He summoned the porter and said, "Why is that red lantern hanging on Lower Six, George?"

"Just look at rule No. 23," said George. "It says you should always hang up a red lantern when the rear end of a sleeper is exposed."



Coed: "Jim was sure feeling low last night."

Friend: "Well, I hope you slapped his face."



A boy and a girl were riding along in a car when the boy asked, "Are you a Camel or a Chesterfield girl?"

Puzzled, the girl asked why.

The boy replied with, "Do you walk a mile or do you satisfy?"

"My first name is Paul, but I'm not the apostle Paul."

"My first name is Peter, but I'm not Saint Peter."

"Well, boys, my first name is Mary."



He: "Were you ever abroad?"

She: "Sir!"

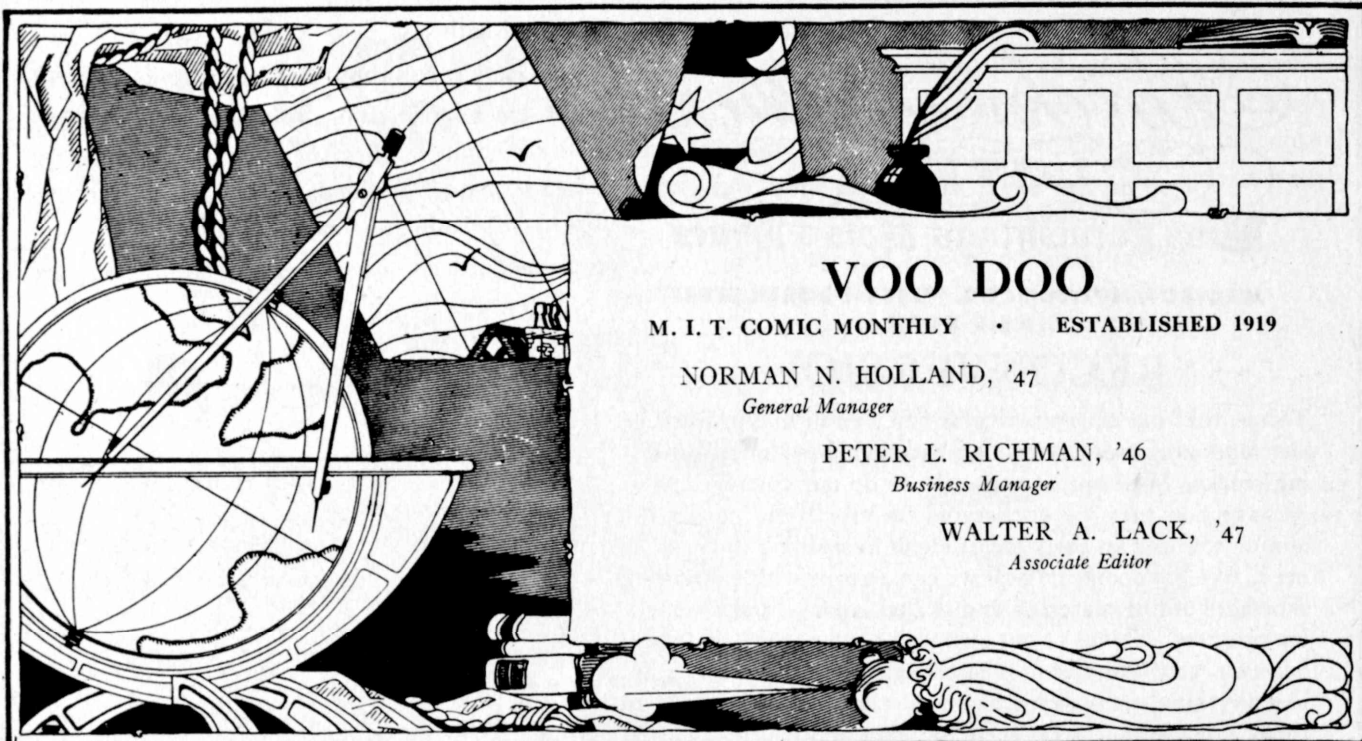


Do you remember the sailor who when asked what he'd done with his wages, answered, "Part went for liquor, part for women, and the rest I spent in foolish living."



He: "What are my chances with you?"

She: "Two to one. There's you and I against my conscience."



**W**E were feeling pretty good when we went up to see Phos. In fact, we went so far as to whistle merrily as we walked into the other office, where Phos reigned supreme, shouting out alternately editorial policy and cries for more beer. Phosphorus, however, was not in his regularly vociferous evidence. We looked up at the top of the filing cabinet where the Cat was usually to be found, and called coyly. A small furry head peered over the edge, retched for a few seconds, and said, "Oh, it's you guys again!"

We bowed to the east three times which sometimes placated Phos when he was in one of his nastier moods. "We came to see what you think about the coming of spring to sunny old Boston, Cat."

"What I think of spring? Why you dull, insensate clods, you dolts, you incompetent jerks, you . . . (&%—\$#'s, you low-down ?#\$/&'s (and here follows a stream of expletives well worthy of remembering, but which our printer says there is a law against). Spring! My achin' back!"

"But, Cat, you are the spirit of love, life, verve, beer, lewd songs, and raucous parties. The season of spring should be your best time of year. Why so bitter, Phosphorus?"

"Look what happens every spring, fellows. The sun comes out from behind the gray skies that have covered Boston all winter and bares to the public eye, the filth and soot in which this fair and historic city is clothed. 'Honest Jim's' henchmen come out and start their construction work. You can't cool beer out on the window-sill anymore, and this grubby office wouldn't keep an ice box. Spring is the season of rebirth, and look what gets reborn around here. They'll be banning more books soon — speaking of which, did you hear about the guy that wouldn't let his book be sold in Boston? The grass starts growing on the Esplanade, only to be trampled by numberless wenches pursuing their nefarious activities, usually sailors. Everybody falls in love, and makes a damfool of himself until June when it gets too hot to be in love."

"But, Phos, we thought you were in favor of all things connected with sex."

"Not any more. It's all because of that lousy little ———, you know, the tabby that hangs around in the basement of Walker. Here I'm making lotsa nickels, when in from Ames street comes this big striped animal. Pushing me rudely aside, he grasps the tabby firmly and caresses her with much affection. During the course of some nauseatingly lovesick talk, it develops that this bounder is her husband. Without a word of goodbye, she goes traipsing off with him into some dark corner, where no doubt this disgusting lovemaking continued."

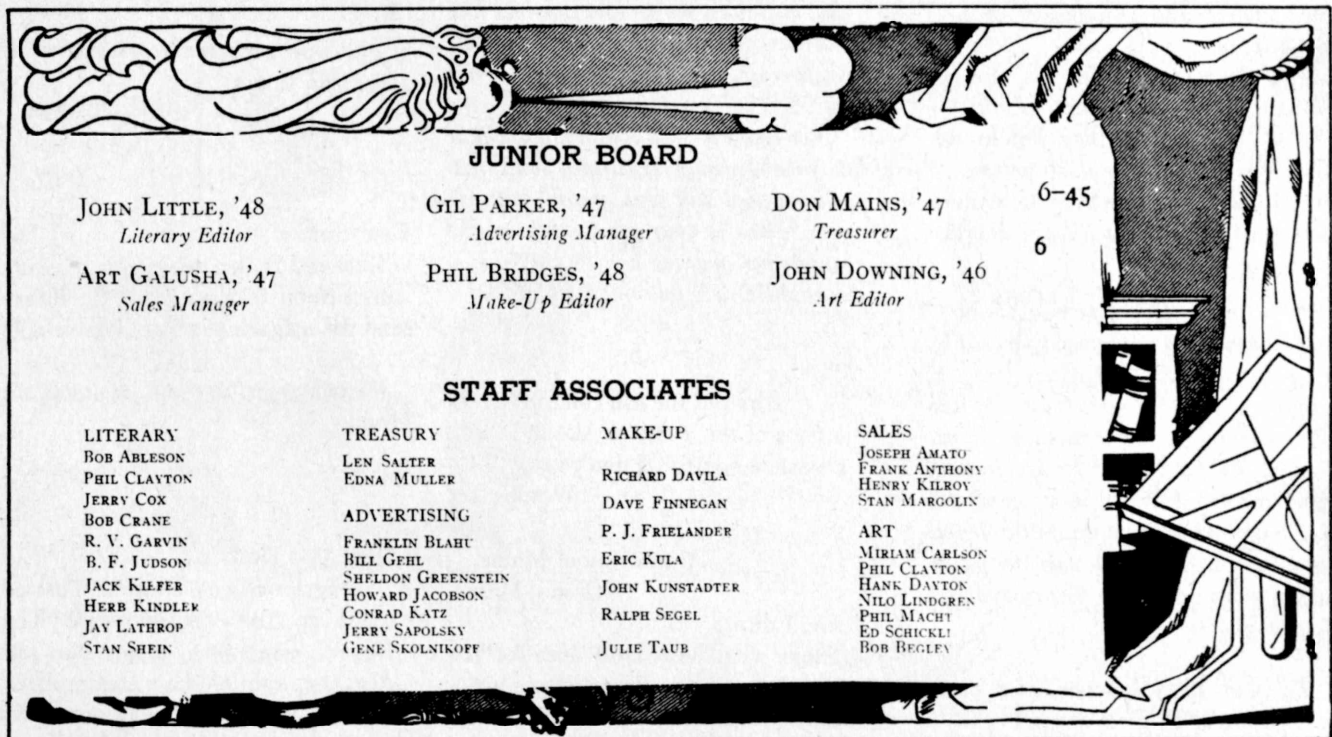
"Ah, Phos, at last it has happened to you. You have been disappointed in love, but never fear. There are lots of cute little kittens going around that a talented character like you should be able to hook up with." And we proceeded to relate some very mushy poetry, hoping that it would soothe his jangled emotions.

The Cat looked at us with a disdainful air. "Gawd, that's almost as bad as some of the junk that went into the last issue. If that keeps up, you guys will give me a bad name."

"Enough, Phosphorus, that is a very sore point with us. We hereby promise our readers, both of them, that we will do better next time."

Phos's blow to our editorial ego seemed to gratify him no end, for as we, crushed and beaten by the perverseness of this incomprehensible Cat, tiptoed from the office to leave him with his melancholia, we heard a small feline voice quaver. "It mi-ight as we-ell be Spri-ing."

Cover this month by Downing.



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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Phos:

Having become sufficiently demoralized by your monthly edition of insane, sexy, but nonetheless enjoyable magazine, I have reached the point of desperation—I need your help. Your jibes, insinuations, etc. about the M. I. T. coeds are under-rated, indeed. These girls are not even reasonable facsimiles of real women!

It has become quite evident that, like most pin-up queens, movie stars, and other drool-inspiring females, all the good-looking creatures connected with Tech are married. A friend of mine, a freshman here at Hell-Institute has a wife—Turner, Grable, and Hutton rolled into one—a gold and pink apparition who deserves a real tribute. I have had the pleasure of being in their (not her—but *their*—he never leaves her side—dammit) company quite often, and my problem, Phos, is how to dispose conveniently and bloodlessly of my good friend.

I have tried poisoning his tood at Walker, but it never seems to work—the other chemicals they put in the food appear to counteract poison. I must do something—I cannot endure that gloating gleam in his eye another day!

FRUSTRATED FRESHMAN.

*You have come to the right place, FF. There are many unobtrusive ways to eliminate friends who have outlived their usefulness. There was an old pal I owed five bucks to, who accidentally grounded the Van der Graf generator one day. A fellow with kettle drums who used to live next door to me is imbedded in one of the new runways at Logan airport.*

*In your case, however, such direct methods might leave his wife in a depressed state of bereavement. She would then be of no use for your purposes. Therefore, I would advise a psychological approach. Greet him each*



*morning with a gloomy, "Damn, but you look awful today." Sympathize with his lowest marks and convince him that the prof robbed him. When his finals come, put emery dust on his slide rule.*

*The result of such a campaign will be that he becomes frustrated and dissatisfied and will soon quarrel with his wife. This is your cue to step in and console her, making her life as pleasant as possible. The outcome is inevitable.*

ED.

Phos:

*... why did the fish come up to the surface of the water in Alaska to take a mashed potato? I don't get it!!*

WORRIED.

University of Maine,  
Orono, Maine.

Dear Editor:

Boy, what Voo Doo does for the third floor of our dorm! It is absolutely priceless. What will those M. I. T. engineers think of next?

*... Relaxation plus!*

Sincerely,

BUNNY.

Dear Phos:

Maybe I have been misinformed, or maybe I just misconstrued something—I don't know. I have always been under the impression that Voo Doo was written and published by MIT. I also thought that Harvard and MIT aren't on particularly good terms.

How did you ever get a Harvard man (and I use the term loosely) to write that darling "Kissology" in the Odds and Ends issue. It was intuitively obvious to me that it was the work of a Harvard man. How else could a "fellow" find out such things?

RADCLIFFE.

West Roxbury, Mass.

Sirs:

*I think Voo Doo is ... amusing, funny, riotous, terrific ... even subtle.*

JOAN.

*The only word not reprinted in the above letter is not.*

ED.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is the money for a year's subscription to Voo Doo. ... Please send the magazine in a plain envelope.

...

*Wellesley girl's name available on request.*

Dear Voo Doo:

Congratulations, editors! That editorial in the "Better Late Than Neyer" issue was tops. No joke. Also very subtle, like a steamroller.

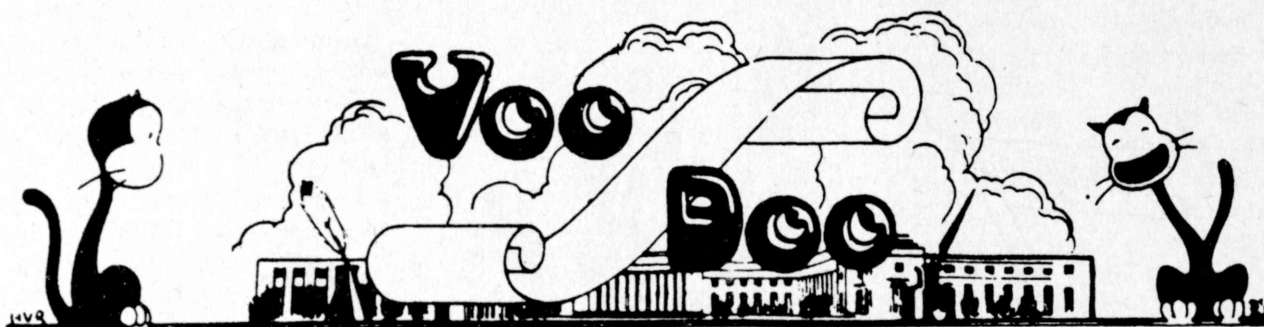
I just hope that it has some effect on the faculty, if they read editorials.

Keep up the good work!

*A liberal arts-lacking Course VI man.*

# BATTLE OF THE SEXES ISSUE





WE were slinging it with one of our favorite professors the other day, when the discussion came around to how the returning veterans felt about Tech. The prof was telling us how some of the boys feel that they are not sure whether the years spent at the Institute are worthwhile. One of our brighter associates blossomed forth with the idea that he wondered, since Tech is so hard to get into these days, how difficult it is to get out.

The professor fulfilled our faith in him when he answered, "Oh, it's easy enough to get out. All you have to do is to walk into the Dean's office and say, 'When are you going to shave?'"

IF there is anything we hate, it is an unjust aspersion on the honor of a Techman. Last week-end we were mortified to discover that at least one college girl had a momentary impression that the motives of her date, if not ulterior, were deceitful. We had been sitting in a dark corner of the room, having our usual intellectual Saturday night discussion with our date, when the calm was broken by a resounding slap from the couch across the room, followed by a thud as one of our classmates hit the floor. The silence which followed was at last ended when the girl realized that her mistrust of her date had been unfounded.

"Oh, honey," she apologized, "I'm sorry I slapped your face. I thought you were trying to steal my sorority pin."

Two ants were running at a great rate across the cracker box.

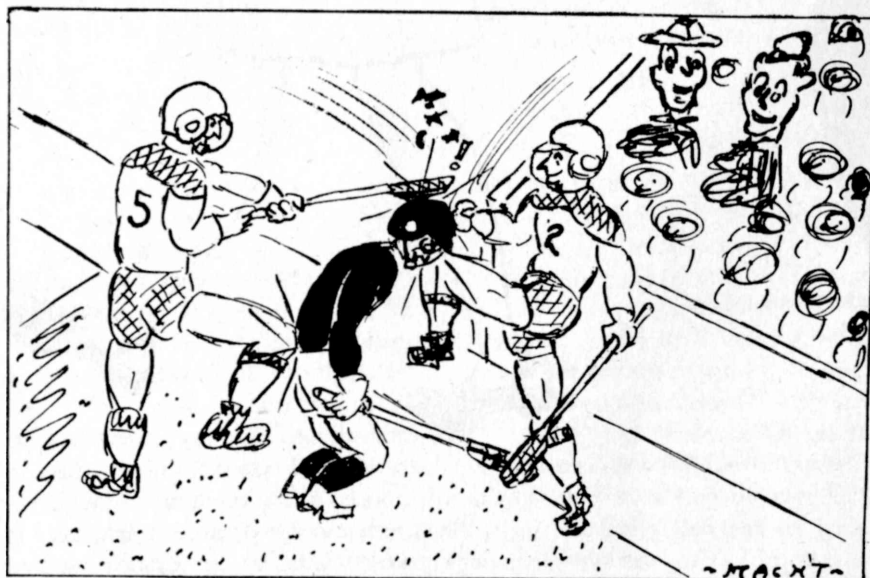
"Why are we going so fast?" asked one.

"Don't you see — it says 'tear along dotted line.'"



THE Boston Cops are at it again. A few weeks ago the first nice Sunday of the spring found a group of Techmen strolling along the Esplanade. They had just reached the shell when a loud shouting disturbed them. The Charles River Basin Gang was making the noise. These nine-year-olds were having quite a game of cops and robbers; such an interesting game, in fact, that two of the Techmen entered into the fun, and soon ambushed all five of the urchins.

The game came to an end with the arrival of a Police Car. The Law, in the person of three policemen, promptly chased the gang away. Did the M. I. T. combatants stand by innocently while their cohorts were routed? Nothing of the sort. One of them stepped up to the biggest cop and said proudly, "Oh, they weren't so good anyway; we beat them ourselves."



"Ah, what teamwork!"



THERE is a student here at M.I.T. who has had such an extraordinary sex experience that we feel we should record it in Voo Doo. It seems that at one point he wanted to join the Navy. Accordingly, he went to the New York Department of Health to get his birth certificate. There he found that his sex was female! Here he had been sleeping with his brother for eighteen years and had never known the danger.

We asked him how this could ever have happened. His only guess was: "Maybe I was born lying on my stomach."

He desired to have the records changed so that he could get a birth certificate. The Department of Health was unwilling to make any unnecessary changes and asked for documentary evidence of his masculine identity.

Proof was immediately available.

SPEAKING of honesty, we have definite evidence to prove that all is not fair at fair Radcliffe. In the elections held there recently, the President and Vice-President who were elected were, as you might expect, Radcliffe girls. Now this would not be out of the ordinary under normal circumstances; but in this particular election we are positive that either a group of Harvard men stuffed the ballot boxes, or the votes were counted by a biased group of people. We happen to know for a fact that a few loyal undergraduates of the Institute made certain that their candidates should win, were the election honest. We personally saw them cast more ballots than there are girls at Radcliffe. Their ticket was: President, Murgatroyd; Vice-President, John Harvard.



WE were going to class the other morning when we noticed a good-looking girl in a tight yellow blouse entering one of the doors off the corridor. Thinking only the usual thoughts, we went on our way. Coming back after class, however, we were amazed to see two good-looking girls identical in looks and each in a tight yellow blouse, leaving the same room. The surprising phenomenon was explained, however, by the sign on the door which read: *PRODUCTION*.

THOSE dorm men really use their ingenuity in performing practical jokes. Seldom is there seen any repetition. You ardent followers of Voo Doo have read in the past about filling a room with paper, having a "girl" in the dorms so that the watchman gets a large charge from his key, etc., *ad infinitum*.

Several weeks ago one sleepy dormy who was preparing to retire was called to the hall telephone for an outside call. This was obviously to get him to leave his room — open.

It worked, of course, and while he was being kept busy on the phone, the culprits slipped into his room with a little bundle. They proceeded to very neatly place the contents of the package under the sheets at the foot of the bed and remake it so that he would be none the wiser.

Returning to his room after finishing his call, our hero slid under the covers into bed to be greeted by a slimy coldness at his feet. The scream was heard all over the floor as he jumped out of bed and pulled the covers back to find — a dead, decayed, rotten chicken! And so another prank passes away only to leave new ideas to new students.

THE story is circulating about our bible-using friend, Mr. Awful Wright, (one of the original Wright brothers), who overshot himself the other day. He came dashing into 5.02 lab with a late report. By way of explanation for his tardiness, he said that he had dropped a flask containing all his preparation and had had to start over. It turned out that the experiment had been omitted that term.

# BATTLE OF THE SEXES

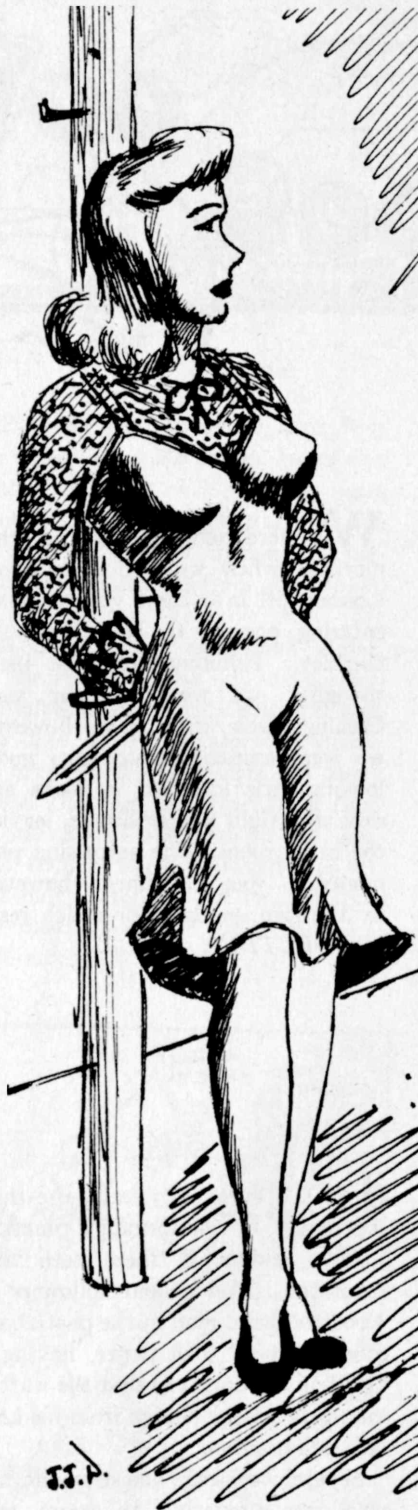
## THE REVOLUTION

History tells us that the Revolution of the Sexes began in 1975, but the factors leading up to it began long before this date. It was in 1964 that Sugar McDuff, an employee of the Old Howard Emporium, decided that three years without a date was too long. As a result, all during one show, she stared hard at one J. Waldimer Finkwell (a Techman, of course). Waldimer's reaction to this was the thought that she must be concentrating on a very difficult 8.04 problem. When he discovered after the show that she was following him, he was about to take out his slide-rule to help her solve her problem, when she banged him on the head and dragged him to her apartment. The overt act which followed was known as the Sugar Act.

By 1965 women began to become more and more forward. Men walking across the Boston Common were not yet afraid of them, and were more or less willing to fulfil promptly the demands of the radical element. One day, however, an over-eager group of salesgirls returning from lunch spied a few V-12 students left over from the last war, and the rush which followed was so boisterous that several of the boys were stamped to death. We know this infamous occurrence as the Stamp Act.

By 1970, the dominance of the feminine sex was starting to be felt universally. Few men were thoughtless enough to go out on dates alone and unchaperoned. One Bostonian, "Curley" Mayor by name, was an exception to the rule, and was so misused by his dates that he was always in misery. He is called the Boston Mass. Acher.

By 1973, the women were roaming the streets, preying on anyone they could find. The most notable happening of this year occurred at the traditional Freshman Camp at M. I. T.



Several B.M.O.C.M.I.T.A.A. members, all wearing straight T's, had finished awing the new students, and

went to the Coop for a bite to eat. They were grabbed by the salesgirls, pulled over the counters, their T's were ripped off, and they were subjected to other actions. Historians call this the Boston T Party.

It was during the between-term vacation of 1975 that organized hostilities began in earnest. Lowell Cabot Concord, Harvard '76, was in New York for the week, and was just crossing Lexington Avenue when a woman driver hit him and drove away with his body. The Battle of Lexington and Concord began when Lowell awoke at 14th Street and tried to fight back. The car was stopped at a traffic light, and his cries were heard by many pedestrians who began fighting among themselves. The struggle soon spread through the whole country.

At first, the men tried to make the women come to terms by abstaining from them completely. This failed, since organized bands of women could always capture one or two men. For example, a certain G.W. was captured by Wellesley and kept a prisoner throughout the war. He is known as the Father of His Country.

The battles fought during the war were all rather boring, and it was not infrequently that fraternization took place between members of the opposite sides, during those long nights on the battlefield. There were a few unusual occurrences; e.g., the time that a group of women on horseback surrounded and otherwise molested the male population of Revere (the famous Revere Ride).

The men never really had a chance, despite many heroic attempts by them to fight back. The final discouraging result was a victory for the women. The peace terms were settled in the Plaster of Paris 1983, which tried to patch things up. Men, however, could not look ahead without fear and trembling.

J. K.





## A DATE IN THE NEW ERA

**C**OURAGE, dear reader! We now take you to the world of the future, U. S. A., the year 199 $\pi$  . . . Z-z-z . . . ipp! . . . Klunk!

\* \* \*

There I was, walking down the street in a daze. Having already become a somnia victim at Tech (couldn't stay awake nights), I shuddered at the thought of amnesia. Where was I? Who was I? How had it come to be the year 199 $\pi$  so soon?

Two girls passed by me. They both looked about eighteen, and put together they were perfect. I drooled. So what if it was 199 $\pi$ , and I had amnesia? Life could be beautiful anyhow.

It was then that I made up my mind that I would get picked up by a handsome female. I rolled up my left trouser leg, went to the nearest waterfront, and stood under a lamp post.

A tall, dark, good-looking girl strode by and whistled at me. I gave her that "come-on" look. She came on.

"Hi, Bub! Whatcha doin' to-night?" she asked. I gave her that sultry look. She became insulted.

"Okay, kid! If you don't wanna come and have a drink with me, I'll move on to the next lamp post and find some other loose man more seductive than you!" she said.

I went and had a drink with her. Her name was Theresa Maria Lollita Smith. She was strong and domineering. I played hard to get.

The liquor got me before she did. She took me home in a taxi . . .

I paced up and down in my small apartment, waiting for the telephone to ring. When would she call me? My beauty rest had done me wonders, and I was irresistible. Darn her anyhow!

"Man's place is in the home," I thought. Well, here I was, strategically placed.

I wandered to the cookie jar, and reached in, but I caught myself just in time. I had to remember my vest-line.

The phone rang. I leaped to the instrument, and cooed, "Hello, who is this?"

It was the ugly female across the street. She wondered if she might drop in for a while.

There were several bottomless pits I thought she might drop in, but I didn't tell her so. We men are subtle as the dickens.

"I'm so terribly sorry," I said, "I just got married, not five minutes ago, and I'm afraid that my wife might object." I clicked my tongue loudly, mumbled something about being cut off, and hung up.

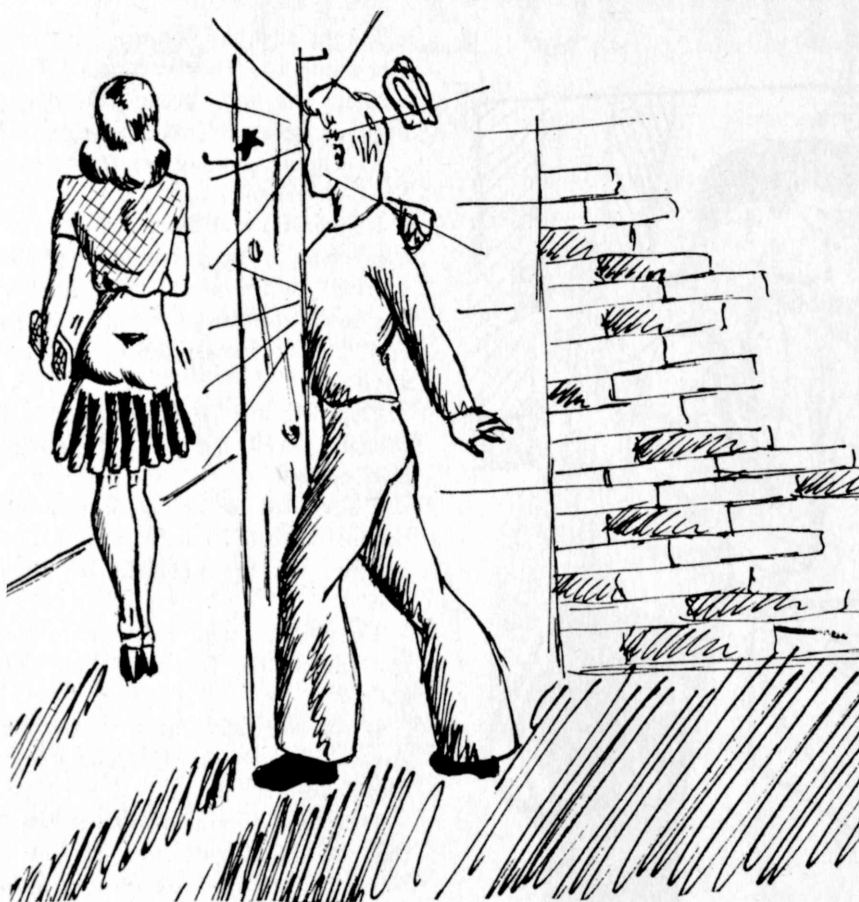
This was getting on my nerves. No woman born of man could do this to me. I stepped to the mirror to look over my schoolboy complexion, and again the phone rang.

This time it was she. "Why, I'd love to!" I said. She had suggested that we go dancing and canoeing at the Boating Hole. "Why don't you call for me at about seven," I told her. . . .

It was seven o'clock. She brought me a big box of cigars, and I exclaimed, "My, how lovely!" She helped me put on my coat, and we walked down to the street and into a waiting taxi.

A brilliant half-moon shone in the





heavens. We clung to each other in a canoe drifting through the shining waters. "Theresa! The moon and your charm — your wit!" I breathed, "These things go together."

She sighed and ran her fingers through my soft, silky hair. "Darling, you're mine, all mine," she whispered. I could see that my vivacity had won her over. Besides, I was using Pond's.

"Darling, I've been wanting to ask you something for a long, long time," she said timorously. She tried to get down on her knees and raise her imploring hands to my face, but when the moist water sloshed in over the side of the unbalanced canoe she changed her mind.

"Yes?" I said, hanging on every word and the side of the canoe for dear life. "Yes?"

She hesitated, bashful. "I can't express my feelings in words," she said, reaching into a pocket of her slacks. She brought out a lovely blue

diamond ring and slipped it on my dainty second finger, "Will you marry me?" she begged.

She bought us a shiny new Marriage License and a house in the country. She drove me over to see the place and dragged me through a window, explaining that it was an old marriage custom she had picked up at Stillman's Gym. She gave me a rolling pin engraved with her first and last initials and a gold-plated mah-jongg set in honor of our wedlock. We were really married at last!

On our honeymoon we went to Niagara Falls. . . . It was a lovely spring morning. I rolled over in bed. My wife rolled over in a barrel.

This demonstrates the difference between men and women. Men are so much more sexy.

That evening, as we sat by the fireside, there was desire in her voice. There was lust in her eyes. I moved over to the divan, unbuttoned my

collar, and took off my left shoe.

This was too much for her. She rushed to me and smothered me in her big, strong, womanly arms. I yielded. I was hers . . .

Aw, nuts!

— R. A.

<sup>1</sup> This possibility is not as remote as you might think. A debate was recently scheduled in which Wellesley was to uphold the affirmative against Tech on the subject: *Women Should Do the Courting*. The debate was cancelled when one of the Wellesley debaters was accidentally struck over the head with a spiked mallet by an opponent of progress. But as they say in Punnsylvania, "All's Wellesley that ends Wellesley," or, if you prefer, "A babe at the bar is worth ten at a table."

## THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION

IT was not long before the Counter-Revolution was begun! Excluded from participation in public affairs by a series of new Mann Acts, the men banded together in the so-called MENTholated Societies whose motto was: "Vex the Vixens with Vicks." The men adopted a policy of subtle hindrance to women. They put arsenic in women's food, lye in their face lotion, glass in their tooth powder, and gasoline in their cocktails. One slogan that was adopted was: "Liberty, Equality, Maternity." These small irritations though helpful, were not going to put the men back in power. After long and meticulous planning, however, the men were ready for their *coup d'etat*.

The whole scheme relied on two current feminine trends which had been discerned by acute male observers. The first was the increase of masculine tendencies in women. This was especially noticeable in appearance, where they tried to change curves into straight lines and square corners. The second trend was the

concentrating of female authority in a single fashion designer named Chamie Smith. Women dominated the country, styles dominated the women, and Chamie set the styles. If she wore only a cellophane loin cloth and a pair of loafers to work—the news would be televised through, out the nation and by noon Eskimo women, fishing through the ice in Alaska, would be clad in cellophane loin cloths and loafers.

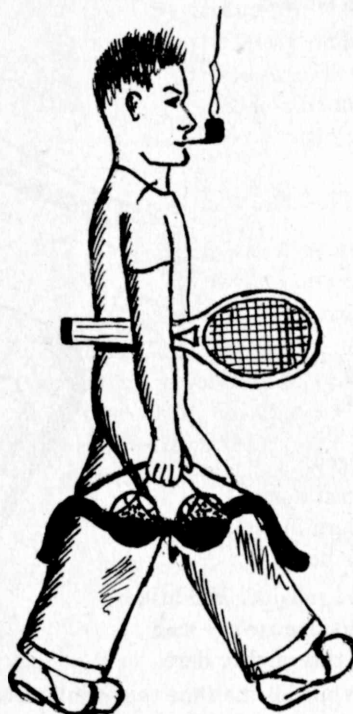
\* \* \* \* \*

Realizing these two factors, the centralized feminine control under Chamie Smith and the desire of women to replace their curves by straight lines, the men worked out an infallible plan for regaining power. One night before Chamie came home from work, a beautiful man was sneaked into her house and hidden in her closet by Joe, the upstairs maid. This man was the gorgeous Mike

Lozenges and upon him rested the hope of mankind.

That night Chamie came upstairs early to go to bed and read. Mike waited until he felt it was the right moment. Then he opened the door and stepped into the room. Chamie was sitting on the bed in a burlap negligee and was appropriately reading *The Decline and Fall of the Woman Empire*.

At first she was quite taken aback,



but observing Mike's exceeding beauty, she began to appreciate the possibilities of the situation. He came over and sat down beside her. She put her arm around him. Mike playfully pulled her ear. It came off. Embarrassed, he tossed it on the dresser. She lovingly squeezed his arm. It was as if he had caught it in a door. She tenderly tilted his head back and kissed him on the mouth with passion. Her lips were like cold Jello. They then languidly relaxed full length on the bed.

Here was Mike's chance. He ran his hands caressingly over her body, removing a Colt .45, an elephant gun, two machetes, and her Nylon stockings. So imbued with passion was she that she did not notice anything missing until ten minutes later when Mike accidentally slit off her other ear with one of the machetes. Then she became incensed at the loss.

"Give me back my Nylons," she screamed.

"Step back, you lowly woman, or I'll cut the Nylons to pieces," said Mike.

"No, no, not that," she implored from her knees. "I'll do anything you wish, if you'll not touch my Nylons."

"Very well," said Mike.

The next morning the women of the country tuned in their television sets at 8 o'clock to see Chamie Smith

*Continued to page 25*



'Twas in days when Arabs led,  
And women always stayed in bed,  
For woman knew her place.

So we place this tale of woe  
For all who come to see and know  
That men would die for lace.

There was a maid of olive skin,  
Who wore her robes both loose and thin;  
She knew the things that please.

No man was known to resist her charm,  
To control desire, though it did him harm,  
When she wore her pink chemise.

This pink chemise was extremely grand.  
'Twas the finest by far in all the land —  
And the pride of Ranalue.

When it clung to her fairy form,  
The coldest of men would soon be warm.  
Brave men would quiver, too.

Possessing, this maiden was never possessed;  
Exciting, teasing, even the best,  
This maid would yield to none.

\* \* \* \* \*  
There was a lad called Abdul Tan,  
Who took himself to Hindustan  
To have a little fun.

'Twas there he heard of Ranalue,  
The girl who knew just what to do,  
The girl that brave men feared  
The pink chemise that cast a spell,  
He knew he'd have or burn in hell;  
He swore by Allah's beard.

This maid who ruled all Hindustan,  
And held in bondage every man  
Heard of this mighty dare.

While all the time this Adul brave,  
Who knew he'd never be a slave  
Was waiting in the square.

He led a life of love and gin,  
Of tinkling music, and midnight sin  
Where the lights are ever low.

At last the maid, fair Ranalue,  
Desiring him as all maids do,  
His fame quite well she knew.

She asked him to her house of love  
To win his soul 'neath stars above,  
To bind him with the rest.

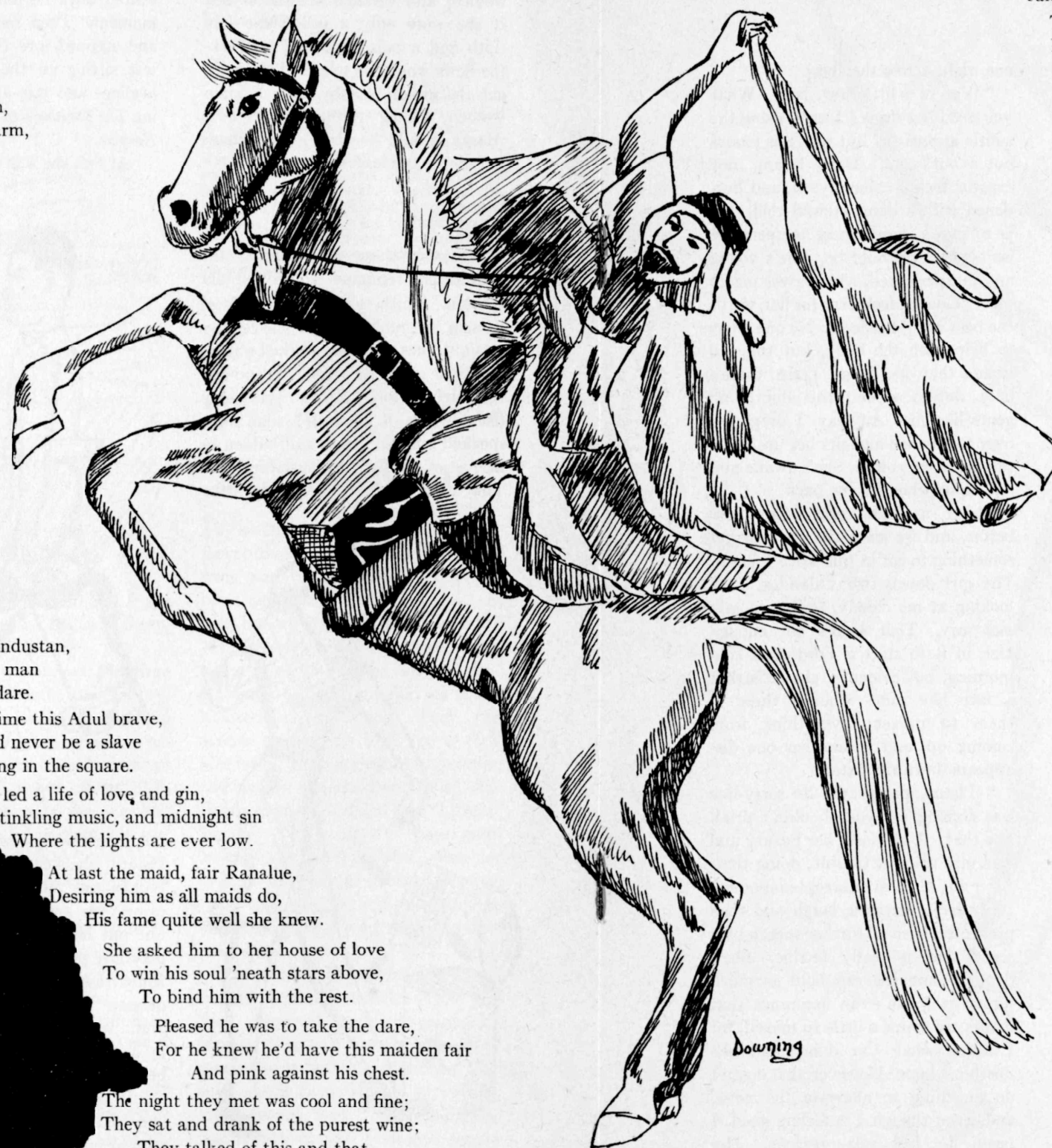
Pleased he was to take the dare,  
For he knew he'd have this maiden fair  
And pink against his chest.

The night they met was cool and fine;  
They sat and drank of the purest wine;  
They talked of this and that.

Abdul told tales of a warrior race;  
Ranalue sang of a woman's grace.  
Side by side they sat.

# THE PINK CHEMISE

(Faithfully transcribed from the original by Ahmed, the bearer of the book.)



As night moved on, as nights will do,  
When dinner was done, and song was through,  
Robes were cast aside.

Ranalue revealed in the pink chemise,  
Disclosing enough the male to tease.

Tales told had not lied!

They held each other in tight embrace;  
Neither could see the other's face.

Warm were the stars above.

Lights were dimmed, the blinds were drawn  
Other men that night to warn.

Silent was the night of love.

\* \* \* \* \*  
This is the tale as 'twas told to me  
By an ancient Arab of ninety-three.  
He swore that it was true.

He swears he saw great Abdul Tan  
Ride next morning from Hindustan  
Singing as brave men do.

— OMAR

(EDITOR'S NIGHTMARE)

So you want me to put this in Voo Doo!  
Do you know what could happen?

God, man. . . .

Mrs. Compton reads it, jots off a quick note to Lobbie; I'm sitting innocently in class when the janitor comes in; the prof wakes me up, and tells me that I'm wanted at the Information Office; Mr. Jackson sees me come in, hands me a note draped in black crepe, his face sagging with sympathy.

The note . . . God, the note . . .

I crawl the last two hundred feet back to the Dean's Office;  
I enter, pressing my forehead to the floor every three seconds, and the secretary, tripping over my nose, tells me I can enter

The *sanctum sanctorum* . . . . .

"You . . . you . . . you have exceeded the bounds of good taste! What do you mean by printing that thing in Voo Doo?"

Well — I — well, . . . .

"No! All is not well."

But — I — but, . . . .

"No! All is not but . . .

"I am afraid that I will have to suspend publication. As for the Senior Board . . . , I think expulsion is necessary. We'll arrange to have you drafted."

NO, NO, NOT THAT!

I take a revolver from my pocket. . . Lobbie pushes a box of cartridges across the desk to me. . . "Have one — Maybe it's better this way."

A shot,

A thud . . .

(Ed: This has been thoroughly fumigated and desexed to the best of our ability.)

(Author: Hell, it's very plain to see  
That what you lack is variety.  
You'll never get anything else from me,  
And I also doubt your ability.)

(Ed: I'll give you two seconds to get out of this office and take your eight Arabic friends with you.)



# BLONDES AND BOOZE

ALLOW me to introduce myself. Please, I beg of you. Thank you!! My name has too many numbers in it to be of any interest, so let it be sufficient to say that I am residing and studying at the notorious "Institute of the Ambitious and Insane." Leading a normal life under such conditions can be exceedingly trying, for one is required to do without the innocent pleasures of Whiskey, Sex, and Jazz, as you well know. And so, you can readily imagine the state of my mind as I, being on a temporary and unorthodox parole, sauntered down the southern part of Massachusetts Avenue the other afternoon.

I was deploring the lack of W. S. J. when there came in the line of vision a gent, flashily dressed and placidly sitting on the curb. My brain established his identity immediately and suggested, as a by-product, that I get away as fast. He was the kind of guy that dilutes your beer with his tales of the ecstasies and woes that were unfortunate enough to happen during his lifetime. Second-hand thrills are pretty moldy as a rule, and, besides that, it required hard work with a heavy shovel to get through the line of stuff he threw. But, damn man, I was desperate!

Approaching, I broke the resounding silence of the "El" with a cheery, "What the hell are you doing here?" The fellow offered a quick, "That's none of your . . .," but, recognizing me, continued with, "There's a debate in my stomach as to which way those expensive liquids I imbibed are going to exit themselves. I think I'm going to win." He got up, sat down, got up again, and offered to walk along with me. With a little effort, I got the future teller-of-stories to a bench and settled down to listen. I leave out the burps and slurs.

"You know?" was his opening, "I don't know whether I had a good time last night or not. Here I am, sitting in Union Park, doubtfully watching an old hag smile sweetly at another hash, when there comes flying out a barroom door this luscious babe. Now anything I love is a blonde. What I see before me has



this additional feature among others, so, naturally, I want to love her a little. 'And, besides,' I think, 'when a dame like that get's thrown out of a bar around here, she's really bad off.' So I dashes over to give her comfort, aid, and other manly things. I pick her off the ground and she slaps me

one, right across the chest.

"'You're a little low, lady. What you need is a drink,' I says, using the subtle approach. But no! She passes out — out cold. Here I am, not exactly feeling blue myself, and burdened with a dame stewed cold, that is to say, a dame whose temperature isn't what it should be. She's young and inexperienced, which gives me an idea. 'Good, I feel sorry for her, that's the best way,' I reflects. No one offers to help with the body, but they all wishes they was in my place; there's only wolves around this dump, no gents like me. Anyway, I drags her over to a bench and sits her up, so's I can get some coffee. She's awake and still alone when I come back.

"After a little coffee, she feels better, and we leave the Park to get something to eat in this place I know. The girl downs two Calvados, and, looking at me closely, begins to talk *that way*. That stuff's got enough kick in it to start a Ford on a cold morning, but evidently she feels that a face like mine requires three of them to prevent everything from coming up, and so another one disappears down the hatch.

"'Listen, pussycat,' the sorry-line was coming in, 'you shouldn't drink like that. A girl loses her beauty and gets into a lot of trouble, doing that. After all . . .' I'm interrupted momentarily by a sarcastic laugh and then prevented from all further speech by a scene that is really terrific. She's damned sure she can hold as much liquor as I can — an assurance that makes me smirk a little to myself, for I know what I'm doing and she doesn't, I hope. However, that doesn't do anything to alleviate the noise, and, even though I'm feeling good, I begin to feel self-conscious. Her

*Continued to page 26*



Downing



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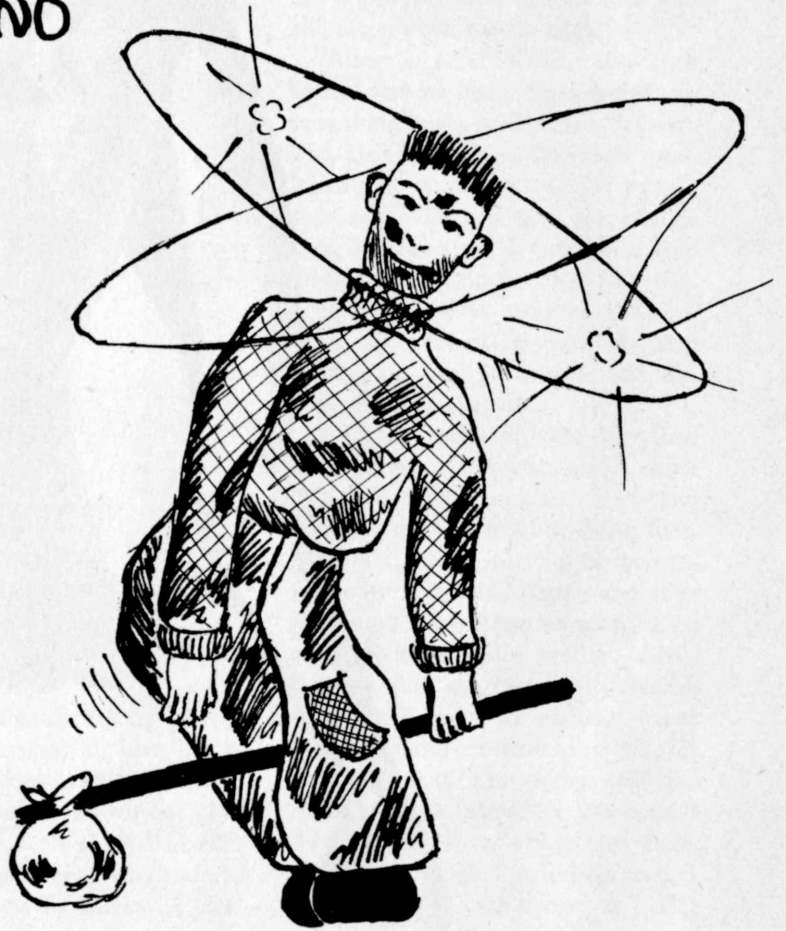


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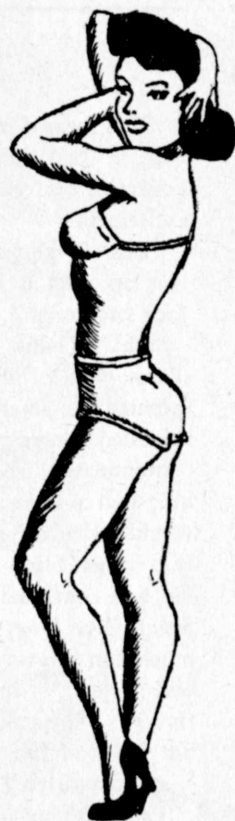




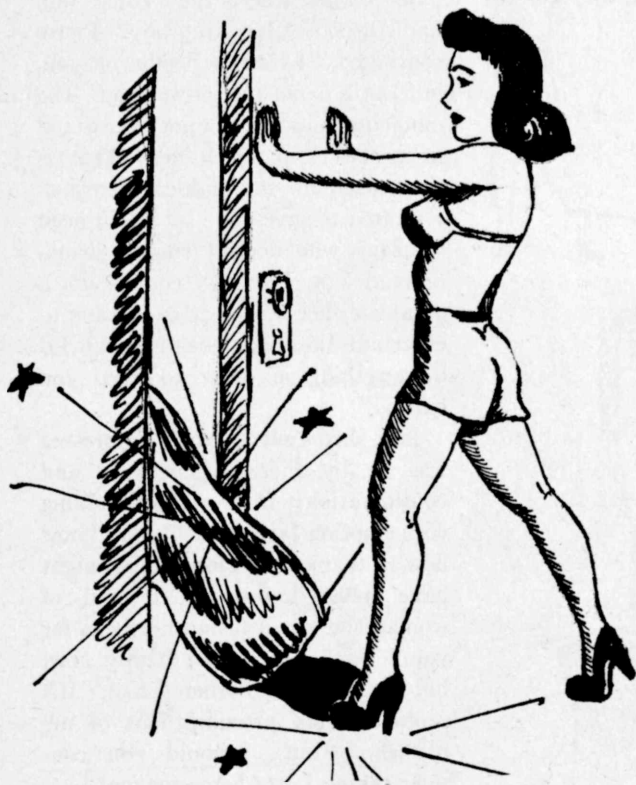
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TRAMP TRAMPING



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VAMP TRAMPING TRAMP



TRAMP VAMP

J.J.D.

# BLIND DATE

"You mean I'm gonna have a date with a real live girl!" said Jack Fogarty, his voice quavering with excitement.

"Yes, Freshman, I'm going to fix you up with a blind date," replied Jack's roommate.

"Oh! Thank you, thank you, thank you," he blubbered on his roommate's shoulder. Tears of joy cascaded down his cheeks as he contemplated what ecstasy the evening had in store. He wondered if it would be even more glorious than that other blind date last semester. He had continually tripped over her Seeing Eye Dog, but it had been so much fun anyway. "She's my girl's best friend," his roommate continued. "She's not exactly a queen, but loads of fun — wonderful buddy — buddy with a *U* not an *O*, that is."

That evening attired in his sharpest, the coat with the belt in the back and the least shiny pair of pants, Jack arrived at his date's house.

Strangely enough, the girl who answered the door was beautiful. She had oodles of personality. "Are you Lotta Luffin?" said Jack catching the saliva in his vest pocket.

"Yes, I am. You must be the newspaper boy," she replied.

"Oh no, I'm your date for the Tappa Haffa Keg frat party — Lotta, you look ill. Is something the matter?" She did not reply; just put on her coat with a resigned sigh. As they started down the walk, Jack continued. "I bet you thought you would have to ride the nasty old subway tonight. No sir! None of that cheap stuff when you go out with Jack Fogarty. Nothing but the best for my dates. I've even got a cushion so that the handle-bars will be easier to ride on. I know a short cut by way of Dover Street so that we'll be there in no time."

When they arrived the party was in full swing. After refreshing themselves at the punch bowl, they got off

of the bike and removed their coats. Noticing a large group of girls in one corner of the room, Lotta asked, "What are all those girls doing?"

"Oh, they're talking to Pierre," replied Jack. "He's always in the middle of something. I guess it's the sexy after-shave lotion he uses." Just then Pierre looked up and saw Lotta. Lotta saw Pierre. It was love at first sight. They ran to each other's arms. Not wanting to intrude Jack sat down and began to read *Gone with the Wind*. When he had gone as far as page 863 he looked up and noticed that the lovers had temporarily come up for air. Determined to reprimand Pierre severely he strode over to where they were sitting and with anger in every syllable said, "What's the idea of leaving your date all by herself, Pierre?"

"Aw, she's so plastered she rolled herself up in a hunk of wallpaper," answered Pierre as he led Jack to a quiet corner where they could talk undisturbed. "Jack, my boy," Pierre continued, "I hate to disillusion you, but Lotta is not the girl for you. The moment I saw her I knew you would never be happy with her. That is the reason for my sudden intrusion. I wanted to save you . . . You need someone who doesn't smoke, drink, or read Voo Doo. Of course, it's a great sacrifice on my part to have to entertain Lotta all evening, but I'd do anything in order to keep you happy."

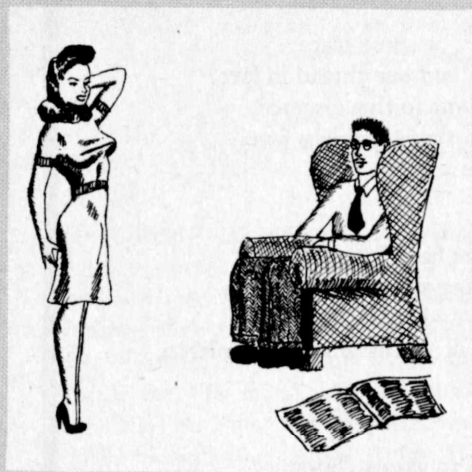
Jack shed a silent tear, so impressed was he by Pierre's generosity and consideration. In a voice trembling with emotion Jack said, "I don't know how to thank you, Pierre, for I might have never known what kind of woman she was, if it had not been for you." Jack was almost happy now, but one thing still bothered him. "It's probably very presumptuous of me to ask . . . but . . . would you consider taking Lotta home for me?"

"I think so," replied Pierre, "for a nominal fee, that is."





# NYLONS



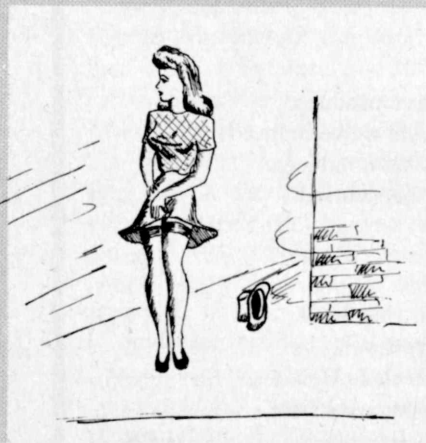
*"Father, I simply must have nylons for the party!"*



*Scotsman — "Aye, Son, Aye hae 'em, too!"*



*"Here, dammit. I hope you're satisfied!"*



*"Men would like to see more of nylons, too."*





## TO WOZZY

Oh little table, when I'm with Mable,  
At you I sit.  
Oh little table, she wants a sable,  
And me to purchase it.

Oh little table, as with Milland's fable,  
At you I drink.  
Ah little table, 'tis a Schenley label;  
Deeper I sink.

Oh petite table, though not Grable,  
She does entrance.  
Ooh little table, I'm not too stable;  
Ah, inebrious romance.

Oh little table, I'm all aglow;  
Hell, you look strange from down below.  
— H. S. K.

## TECHNOLOGICAL LAMENT

TO MERRY

M. I. T. may be some place,  
But try and find one thread in lace.  
We must admit to this disgrace;  
There isn't a single gracious face.

All about, the fast electron,  
Bent on jolting some fated neutron.  
For us the only beauteous paragon  
Is measured in tenths of an ultra-micron.

We are used to words, "atomic,"  
"Moduli," and "thermodynamic."  
Calculus with us is chronic,  
But how we hate the word "platonic."

## THE CHASTE GIRL'S BRASSIERE

I hide from foreign, prying eyes  
That which the devils long to see.  
I'm not pretentious as to size,  
In sweaters I cause no surprise,  
And doctors do approve of me.

I have a sternly moral task,  
A truly sacrosanct affair —  
Ay, let the sorry sinners ask  
What I do undertake to mask  
When there is really nothing there.

While wicked people are about,  
Never for me the primrose path.  
I dare not bring my beauty out  
In case it would arouse the lout,  
With Death-or-Worse as aftermath.

'Twas not so long ago she bade  
Me swear to keep my solemn trust.  
Oh sweetly simple-minded maid,  
I know not why you are afraid.  
It really couldn't be your bust.

— R. V. G.

Tangent, cosine, secant, sine;  
3.14159  
For a chem lab we are fine,  
But in a back seat never shine.

Atom bombs as big as peas  
To wipe out nations if we please,  
But damn it all now what are these  
If they are all one ever sees?

Radar, yes, we have produced,  
And endless answers we've induced;  
Quinine to atoms have reduced.  
Hell! we'd rather be seduced.

Let's no longer on this dwell.  
I know it all, all too well.  
True it is that "Tech Is Hell";  
But give me just one easy belle

— R. H.

# A. J. SNOOPSHAW, PRIVATE DEFECTIVE

## CASE NO. 144 13

*(Through the kind permission of A. J. Snoopshaw — and the influence of a quart of rye — we are able to present to our readers the factitious factual facts or farago falsetto facsimile thereof. To wit:)*

Suddenly the unearthly clanging of an Ameche jars our hero from a state of somnolency (sleep) and he dashes with great celerity (speed) to the instrument. Smiling coyly because he has failed to put on his clothes, he lifts the receiver and receives quite a shock from the message (and also from the defective wiring). A body has been found in room 10-250. Was he murdered or was he bored to death by a physics lecture? This deep question offers no great obstacle to the nation's leading expert on regicide, homicide, patricide, matricide, fratricide, vaticide, sorocide, suicide, inside, outside, and apple-cide (er).

The first thing he (or it) does is to analyze the situation analytically in the form of an analysis (sic). The first two questions are:

A. What is dead?

B. How dead is it?

In an effort to find out what is dead he compiles a list of dead things. Namely, dead-heat, dead-beet, Latin, George Washington, the next to the Last Rose of Summer, and finally, a rat found under seat 39 in 10-250. After a mental deduction which left him trembling, A. J. S. concludes that since the rat was dead and was found in 10-250, that the rat was dead in 10-250! Also, George W. was NOT found dead in said room so the proof is definite.

Next, we find our hero placidly smoking his hookah at the bottom of an elevator shaft hereabouts. He is meditating. Suddenly, the shaft is illuminated by a blinding flash of

light; he has an idea. Quickly gulping down a bowl of Wheaties and a bar of Lifebuoy, he leaps to the first floor, mounts astride his trusty night mare and races off, hidden in the cloud of odorous cigar smoke issuing from the Cheney room.

When the haze clears away, we observe Snoopshaw over in the corner of his lab. analyzing a glove with a red spot on it. He screams, "Yeeoougggle! (Eskimo dialectic saying which corresponds to 'Eureka' if spelled backwards and pronounced rapidly with a lower Neanderthalic twang by a person suffering from phthisis.) I have found it!!!!" He has proved that the spot on the glove is the rodent's blood!

However we soon hear a strange buzzing sound and A. J.'s teeth rattle. He is thinking. He is annoyed by his rattling teeth. He takes them out. A. J. has just peered into his microscope and found... the remains of a mosquito on his precious evidence. The whole theory blasted to bits! What does our Special Investigator do? Will he admit defeat and buy another rat to replace the deceased or will he continue the case? Is the case insoluble? Was the rat smashed by a sun beam? Did he suffocate in an air pocket?

Overcoming an impulse to consult his friend, Dr. Nowak, Archibald sits down and pours himself a drink (*aqua regia*, try it sometime — delicious!). This relaxes him. With a liquid electrolyte, his mental current flows well. The tide is coming in. Soon the whole solution is crystal clear. Obviously, the rat was croaked because he knew too much. By occult reasoning ( $F = \frac{3}{4}MA \times \text{rat}$ , and solved by different and integrity calcium) the deduction is reached that either Phos, the differential analyzer, or Murgatrovd did the foul deed. A

coin is flipped, the difference split and the differential analyzer is indicted.

Will the analyzer be confined to quarters for six weeks to compensate for this dastardly deed? If somebody will send us another bottle of rye, we will inebriate (stew) A. J. and sneak the answer back to you.

— P. S. C.



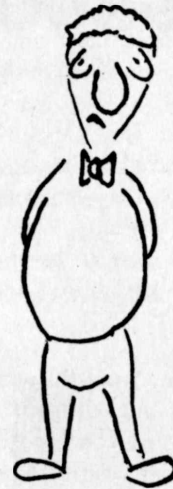
# Murgatroyd



*This is Murgatroyd  
She is a Tech coed.  
See the maggots!*



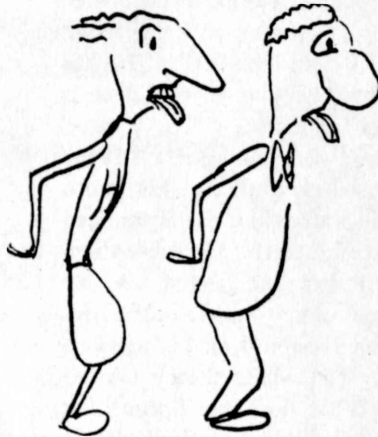
*Murgatroyd will stop chasing men.  
She will become glamorous.  
Then men will chase her.*



*This is Llewellyn L. Lumpp  
He is a Tech man.  
He is brown.*



*This is Flaubert Q. Botts.  
He is a Hahvahd man  
He is sexy.*



*Llewellyn and Flaubert espy Murgatroyd  
They lust.  
They will pursue her.*



*Murgatroyd has a plan  
She will go to the IFC  
Who will accompany her?*



*Lucky Llewellyn!  
Murgatroyd has picked him  
They will go to the Bradford.*



*Flaubert is jealous.  
He will fight Llewellyn.  
But Llewellyn has passed out.*



*Flaubert has fallen for Johnny Long.  
Murgatroyd has no date.  
Poor Murgatroyd!*



Continued from page 13

Smith and find out what her styles dictated that they must wear for the day. They were surprised and pleased to see Chamie in a jacket with absolutely no curved lines. It was made up entirely of straight lines and square corners. If anyone noticed that Chamie's ears were rather haphazardly placed, they thought nothing of it. Unseen was Mike beside her off the screen and threatening to cut up her Nylons if she made one false move, but everything went well.

Cheerfully, therefore, the women of the nation went about dressing for the day in jackets with no curved lines. At noon the men, just according to schedule, revolted and took over the country. The women, helpless in their strait jackets, could make no move to resist.

L.



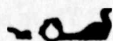
Reporter (to visiting Freeman):  
"And why do you visit this country, Duke?"

Duke: "I weesh to veesit the famous Mrs. Beech, who had so many sons in France during the war."

— Frivol.



A famous professor once said,  
"Very few women like to sleep on their stomachs, but most of the men do."



"Some moon out tonight," he said.  
"Some stars," she said.  
"Some dew on the grass," said he.  
"Not me," said she.

— Bomb Bay Messenger

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*The Myles Standish HOTEL*  
BEACON ST. AT KENMORE SQ. - BOSTON

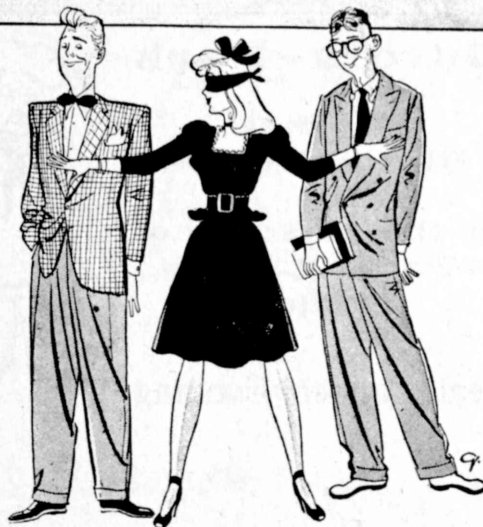


"Was she the kind of a girl you'd give your name to?"

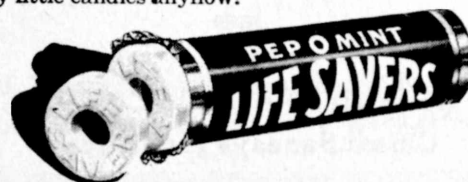
"Yes, but not your right name."

## Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



**Blind dating**—It can be fun! It can be torture! In any event, always have LIFE SAVERS handy! If your date's smooth—you'll be glad your breath is sweet! If he's not—well, they're yummy little candies anyhow!



## PERSONAL RESEARCH into the future leads to life insurance as the solution to freedom from want

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An American boy was sitting on the couch with a French girl in a drafty room. "Je t'adore!" said the American.

"Shut it yourself, you lazee Yang-kee!" replied the mademoiselle.

— *The Log.*

*Continued from page 16*  
flashing blonde hair and beautifully pouted lips drive me to distraction, but her actions in public finally disgust me, and I figure it's about time to try them out in private.

"'C'mon,' I says, 'you're going home.' More racket, until I promise to get some stuff she can take at the apartment. The new ones are as bad as the old rummies. More philosophy. Well, I grabs a cab, and brings her to her rooms, intending to get down as much of that stuff myself as I possibly can, and see what kind of gal she really is."

His narration seemed to have ended, and I still W.S.J.-less, was on the verge of listening. "What's the matter?" I queried, seriously disturbed.

"Aw, it wasn't so hot after all."

"What?" I cried, "and why do you say that?"

"She wasn't a blonde."

— B. J.

## Durgin = Park

Market  
Dining Rooms

In the Shadow of  
Faneuil Hall  
Boston

Real Yankee Cooking



"Established before you were born"

Open 10.30 A.M. to 7.30 P.M.

Closed Sundays and holidays

Mother: "Marie, what are you reading?"

Girl: "*The Police Gazette.*"

Mother: "Oh, all right, dear, I was afraid you had gotten hold of Voo Doo."



The minister arose to address his congregation. "There is a certain man among us today who is flirting with another man's wife. Unless he puts five dollars in the collection box, his name will be read from the pulpit."

When the collection plate came in, there were nineteen five dollar bills and a two dollar one with this note attached: "Other three pay day."



The teacher one day was giving her class a temperance lesson. On the table were two glasses — one filled with water, and the other with alcohol. In her hand she held a live, active worm.

Dipping the worm into the glass of water had no effect on the slimy thing, but in the glass of alcohol, it dried up and died.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "what lesson do you get from this experiment?"

"Well, ma'm," replied the lad, "I don't exactly know. But I think that if you drink alcohol, you won't have worms!"

— *Chaparral*.



A pinch of salt is greatly improved on a cold night by dropping it in a nice glass of beer.



A drunk barged down the main stem. Crash! He ran into a telegraph pole.

"Eshcuse me, sir."

A little further down the street he collided with a fire plug.

"Eshcuse me, little boy."

Still further down he banged his head into another pole and fell to the ground stunned for a moment. Raising himself on one elbow he was overheard to say, "Well, I guesh I'll jusht lay here 'til the crowd passes."



She: "Never, never kiss me that way again."

He: "Sorry. A mere slip of the tongue."

## CHARLIE THE TECH TAILOR

AMES STREET

OPPOSITE DORMS

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

Overheard during a conversation between two E.E.'s: "I asked her if she was doing anything that evening and she said she wasn't, so I took her out and sure enough — she wasn't."

## CAFE DE PARIS

*Real Home-Cooked Food*

*Reasonably Priced*

**Luncheons and Dinners**  
**WINES AND LIQUORS**

**165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston**  
**299 Harvard Street Brookline**



Two ants were running at a great rate across the cracker box.

"Why are we going so fast?" asked one.

"Don't you see — it says 'tear along dotted line.'"



Why is a well-built girl like a three-ring circus?

Because a man doesn't know where to look first.



Marriage is like boxing . . . the preliminaries are often better than the main event.



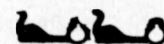
"Young girl in court swears she's never been kissed." — News item.

Enough to make any girl swear.



Taken from a freshman test paper:

"A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins and other supernatural characters."



#### DEFINITION OF A KISS

1. It's a noun because it is common and proper.
2. It's a verb because it is active and passive.
3. It's an adverb because it tells how.
4. It's an adjective because it takes an explanation.
5. It's a conjunction because it brings together and connects.
6. It's a pronoun because she stands for it.
7. It's a preposition because it has an object.

—Pelican

## GARDNER GRILL



FOR

*Dinner*

OR

*Luncheon*

Delicious food excellently served—and at moderate prices—in a cosmopolitan atmosphere.

*Bar*

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

FREE PARKING

**HOTEL GARDNER**

Mass. Avenue at Norway Street . . . COM. 3110



Boy (looking up from his home-work): "Dad, is 'water-works' all one word, or is there a hydrant in the middle?"



Then there were the two nudists who quit going together because they were seeing too much of each other.



He, throwing stones into the river  
"I'm only a pebble in your life."

She: "Then why not be a little bolder."



"Grandmother!! Use the bottle opener. You'll ruin your gums."



Both women and pianos  
Are similar in brand;  
Some of them are upright  
And some of them are grand.



My sweetheart calls me "Nero,"  
because I fiddle-around so much.



Lesalle Girl: I was getting fond of  
Bart until he got fresh and spoiled  
everything.

P. O.: Isn't it terrible how fast a  
man can undo things?



"Ma," confessed the Junior coed,  
"I ain't a virgin any more."

"What?" exploded the mater,  
"Three years in college and you still  
say AIN'T?"



Served with table d'hote dinners or luncheons;  
also Lobster, chicken, steak dinners.

**Music at the Solovox**

**442 STUART STREET · COPLEY SQUARE**

**Also on Worcester Turnpike —**

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