

25¢

March

Is There Something Wrong With You?

Voo Doo Needs Freaks

ARE YOU GOOD AT:

Drawing Attention?

—the art staff can use you.

Selling Nylons?

—sell Voo Doos, it's easier.

Turning Doorknobs?

—anyone can get advertisements.

DO YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY

Spelling?

—a sure sign of a Voo Doo lit man.

Studying on Saturday nights?

—draw for Voo Doo to use the time.

Standing on your head when drunk?

—no literary man is required to do this.

Drinking water?

—it just isn't done at the Voo Doo excess profits party.

Coming in out of the rain?

—THE TECH needs men too.

**SIGN UP OUTSIDE VOO DOO OFFICE
THIRD FLOOR WALKER MEMORIAL**

Voo Doo

MARCH, 1946



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Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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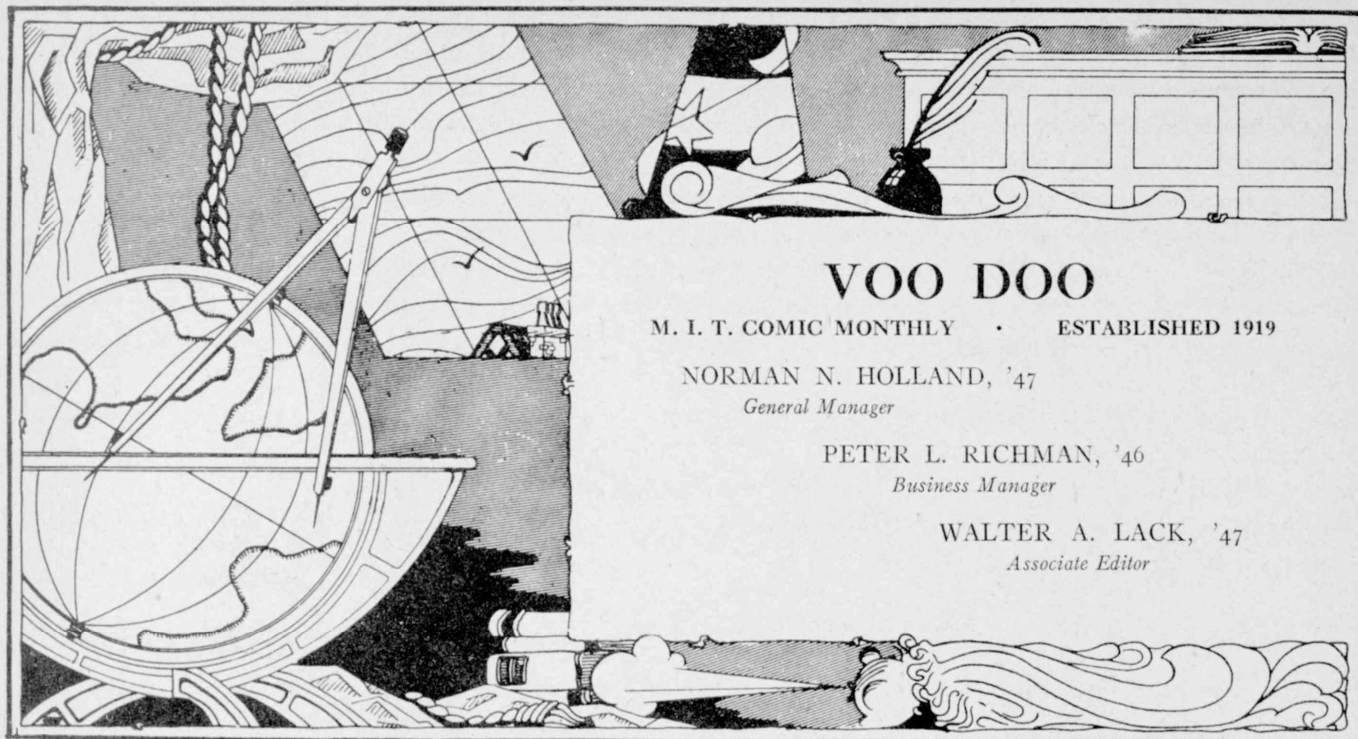
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Volume XXIX

MARCH, 1946

No. 3

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“HEY, Phos! It’s time to write another set of Edits, so we’ve come around to get your views on the current situation.”

“Which situation, O wielders of the pornographic pen? You know there’s quite a few going around these days. The world is practically upside down again.”

“That’s just it, Phos. Frankly we’re stuck. Just talk about whatever comes to that fertile brain of yours.”

“Well, fellows, I’ve been doing a lot of thinking about things in general and stuff in particular. Take the atomic bomb f’rinstance. Russia wants it; we got it. Nobody wants to give it away. In fact nobody wants to keep the blasted thing. Phos will now present the official answer to the question.”

We sat with bated breath while the Cat took a long slow drink of beer *avec des ocufs*, exhaled and breathed forth his wisdom: “Just forget they ever invented the lousy thing.”

“Oh fudge, Phos, we can’t print that for an editorial. Besides somebody would sit down and invent it all over again.”

“Not if we killed off all the physicists” (Phos never did like Course VIII men, anyway.)

“We can see there’s no use pursuing this subject any further, Cat. Let’s hear you spout off on what the Russians have been occupying the headlines with recently. You know, all that trouble in Iran, walking out on the UNO, the spies in Canada and all the rest of it.”

“Heck, fellows, you pick the darndest things. I guess to a Russian’s point of view there is a lot of sense to it, but I certainly can’t figure it out. Let’s talk about something simple like moral hypocrisy in Boston.”

“But, we can’t go all through that again, Phos. Can’t you think of something about Tech?”

“Why, yes, I’ve been doing some powerful thinking on a subject pretty close to my heart. You know I’ve always been worried about the sad state of the average Tech man. Well, the old Cat has finally come to the conclusion that the Institute ought to do a little more for its students all along the line of liberal arts courses. At other schools that teach

engineering the fellows are given a lot of stuff like human relations, languages and philosophy. Maybe these subjects are way off the beaten path of engineering, maybe when you come to Tech there isn't time for things like that, but even so a few 'bull courses' would help to make the average grad a human being instead of a slipstick-pusher. You know, believe it or not, this wonderful factory offers almost seventy-five arts courses but the undergrad only gets a chance at eight of them, and I don't think even the English Department can claim much for E11. I bet you never knew that you can't take Prof Magoun's Human Relations course except as an overload. Yet top executives of corporations around here are taking the subject on their own hook. When you're a second-term junior you get your first chance to choose a liberal arts course. You only have three to choose from, and even in your senior year, there are only four choices. Maybe you haven't noticed the new faces around. Tech is no longer a spot for college 'kids.' These vets certainly don't deserve to have such a closely marked-out course. They're men and deserve to be able to choose the subjects they feel will do them the most good. And don't tell me that nobody wants any more of that junk, because I know a guy that wrote a term paper about this very subject, and he took a poll of the dorms and found that over half the guys wanted more courses to give them a broader background."

"Look, Phos, why don't you take your troubles around to the right people on the faculty?"

"Are you kidding? Those bigwigs wouldn't listen to a little black tabby like me or students like you, for that matter."

"Now, look, Phos. Don't start griping about the faculty."

"Yeah, sure, fellows I guess that statement was a little strong, and besides I might get you in Dutch saying such things. You're right, as always."

The Cat sighed softly and turned back to drowning his sorrows, slightly happier for having relieved himself of his deep and philosophical thoughts.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Society of
Moral and Social Reform

Sirs:

Your salacious magazine has been brought to our attention by the authorities of a certain girls' college and after due consultation we have found it proper to advise you to deterge your publications. . . . Your last issue was read before our assembly and everyone was shocked! . . . If you refuse to take immediate reformatory actions, we shall have to bring to bear the force of constituted authority. . . .

Sincerely,

Dear S.M.S.R., your letter was read to our staff and a prize has been offered to the first one that can decode it. Our only conclusion (based on the second sentence) is that you got a large charge. Please elucidate further.

Humbly, earnestly, and respectfully,
ED.

Voo Doo, Cambridge, Mass.
Gentlemen and Phos:

It has been brought to my attention, and doubtlessly you too are aware of it, that the high tuition of this institution is presenting serious pecuniary difficulties. The point is coming soon when I will not be able to support both Tech and that blonde.

Herewith I offer a solution. I propose a luxury tax. And what is a luxury around Tech? Why the H of course. No one ever needs an H, it's just a nice thing to have. With a good per cent tax (and everyone knows that a good per cent of anything is two dollars) M.I.T. would be able to lower her tuition substantially.

I have submitted this to Voo Doo because I feel Voo Doo's readers will be interested in more blondes and fewer H's.

Yours truly,

EC-11.

An excellent idea. The price of an H around M.I.T. usually varies from \$10 to \$25, depending on the temperament of the instructor. It is about time somebody taxed these rich guys who could afford the H's.

ED.



Dearest Sirs:

Have seen latest pornograph by Downing. Little too streamlined to be human; is it an airplane?

MISSOURI MAN.

This character who signs his name as Missouri Man is obviously a Tech student. He has certain unmistakable symptoms. For his info, the picture was drawn with the same curve used for the Davis airfoil and is very fast, yes indeed!

ED.

Voo Doo, Inc.

For the past year or so, the two delights of my life have been to go on a good binge, and to read Voo Doo. Through your superb publication, my mates (sailors, of course) and I have kept our morals low. Keep up the good work plus more of those shrewd jokes.

DON RADAR, U.S.N

Radiation Lab.

Gentlemen (If that's what I should call you):

I have a complaint to make. When you said "a baby in every issue" I expected one about twenty years old. How about it?

PETTY.

Sorry, all requests must be accompanied by two dollars and one box top; they are made only to satisfy the individual desire.

Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sir:

As I was once a true Tech man, I still have that desire to read and droll over the notorious Tech Voo Doo. I have now degenerated into one of those more or less stagnant alumni who are whiling their time away in the Pacific during this tremendous post-war era. We're just waiting until we can get our hands on some of those good old calculus books and Wellesley women again; but until then, nothing would do me more good than a few issues of Phos' Voo Doo.

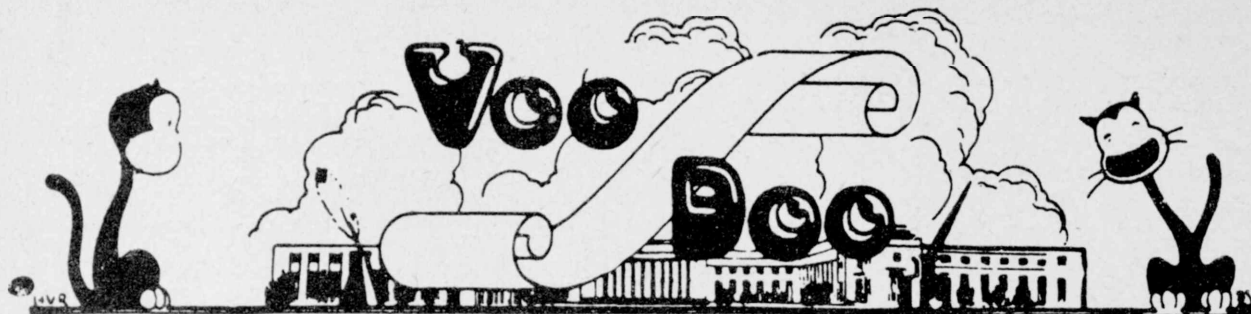
I know that this must sound like a lot of soft soap, so now that you have the general idea, I will proceed to get down to business. Please send me the last four issues and the next four issues, as they come out. If you don't have the old copies in your files, you might make a tour of the fraternity houses — scrape some of the accumulated junk out of a dark corner and you're bound to uncover a Voo Doo or two.

I can assure you fellows back there that it will be swell to hear from Tech through some other channel than the letters, asking for donations, from the M.I.T. Alumni Association or the national chapter of the fraternity (they want money, too), so I will appreciate your immediate attention to my above pleas.

BOB ARRISON (6-45)

APRIL FOOL ISSUE





JUST to spice things up, life usually provides us with a few embarrassing moments. If we didn't have them, what could we tell our grandchildren? One of the best we ever heard happened to a friend of a friend down at Brown.

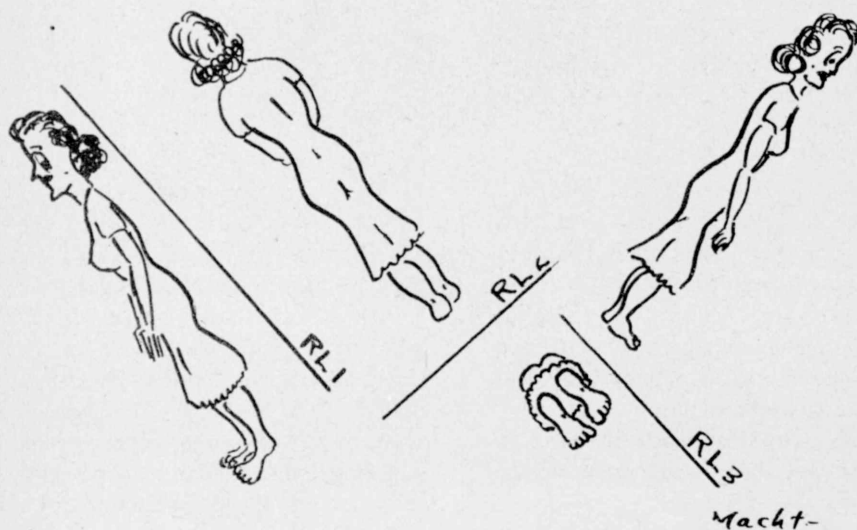
This carefree lad and his girl were taking in a movie one eve, when suddenly Mother Nature called to our stalwart. He responded with alacrity, and after his expedition to the men's room, he settled back in his seat, only to discover that he had left himself with a severe case of Gaposis. He was trying to figure out a solution,

which was no easy matter because his female friend was sitting next to him and the movie was rather well lit. Suddenly the wench decided that perhaps she would wash her hands, too. Our friend saw the remedy immediately. As she stepped across him to reach the aisle, with a quick motion of the wrist he would close the zipper. Everything went according to schedule, until he experienced a sudden difficulty in the operation. His date's dress was caught in the mechanism and wouldn't come loose. The two were forced to walk to the back of the theater and remedy things.

DEPARTMENT of No-Comment-Necessary:

HARVARD LOSES TO PRISONERS
Debating Team Defeated at
Norfolk Colony

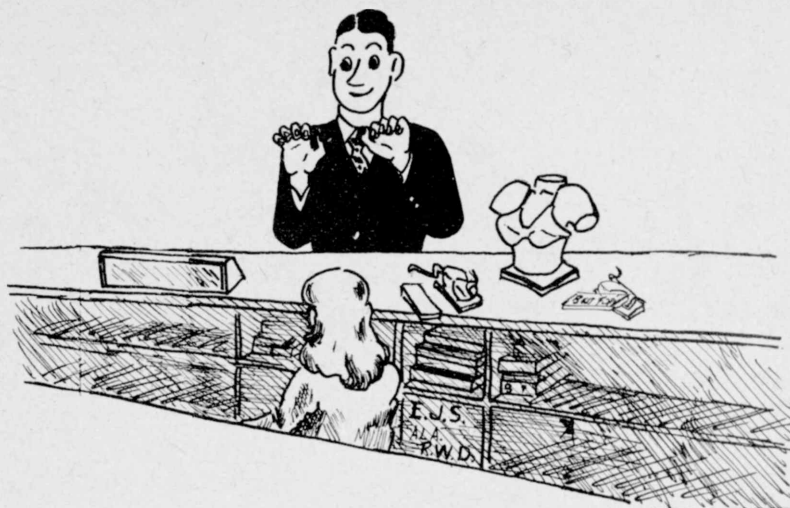
Harvard University's debating team was defeated last night by the debating team at the Norfolk prison colony when Harvard took the affirmative side of the subject "Resolved: The foreign policy of the United States should be directed toward establishment of free trade among nations of the world." The debate was held at the Norfolk prison colony.—*Boston Post*.



THOUGH it has hitherto been thought impossible, Voo Doo maintains an ever decreasing hope for the advancement of culture in the great city of Boston. Most United States towns are nowadays flooded with babbling news analysts who spend fifteen minutes of every radio hour repeating what is in the newspapers, but Boston, though it is no exception to this rule, has one unusual gentleman playing that role. The other night he babbled away his allotted (interrupted only twice by transcriptions) and summarized the news of the day with a witticism that perhaps represents too well the attitude of the average E-21 student.

"Queried the bespectacled history professor, 'If the president, the vice-president and all the members of the cabinet were to die, who would officiate?'"

"Replied the bright student, 'The undertaker!'"



"What size did you say, sir?"

ANY number of hitherto "hushed-up" tales of the experiences of the gallant heroes of our Navy, the V-12 unit, have recently been released for publication, due to the recent departure of the fleet. Week-end liberties have always been somewhat of the highlight of each man's life.

One Saturday night, not so many months ago, three V-12ers were spotted in South Station. They were spotted as V-12ers by the single stripe on their cuffs which they had evidently forgotten to roll up. They were panting strongly as they ran up to the gateman who had just finished closing the gate after the 9.05 train to Wellesley.

"I'm sorry, mates," he said, "but the next train for Wellesley doesn't leave until 10.05."

Dejected, but resigned to their fates, the boys decided to go across the street to that little bar to kill some time. After all, they did have an hour. But you all know how time flies when you have had a couple of drinks. They had just begun to feel slightly happy as the clock found its way to the hour. At 10.02, one of the seamen noticed the time, threw some money down on the bar, and grabbed his fellow members of the "armed forces." Again they came panting up to the gateman . . . too late, T.S.

"Next train, 11.00 p.m., boys."

In their condition there was nothing

else to do but return to that little bar across the street, once more to drown their sorrows. Now they were really beginning to show signs of inebriation — cursing, singing to, and treating each other. This time, when the clock reached 10.55, it was the bartender who gave them a shove. What a mad dash they made! In their wake they left several knocked-over barflies. In between cars, in front of trolleys, they staggered.

As they hicced in the gateman's face he informed them of the bad news — missed again. He also warned them "If you want to get to Wellesley tonight, you'd better not miss the next train. The 11.50 is the last until morning."

Where else? The bar, of course. They had fifty minutes; plenty of time for a couple more. They were almost to the stage of the D.T.'s when two of them realized the time had gotten around to 11.45. They weren't going to miss this one! They tugged on their companion, but finally had to run out without him.

Yep, they just made it — but in time to see their buddy run up to the already closed gates.

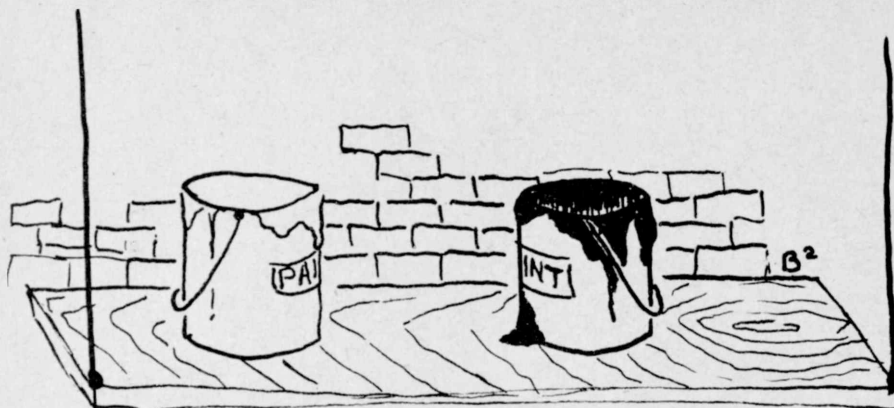
"You shtupid jerks," he shouted. "You came to shee me off, remember?"

WE were reading the *Boston Herald* the other day in Physics lecture, when we came upon a very interesting item concerning the income tax. It seems an ex-GI walked into a California Internal Revenue office and declared a \$53,000 income won in dice games in Europe in 1945. The United States Government was then happy to take over \$20,000 tax from the suspiciously successful gambler.

What caught our eye and amused us even more, however, was the *Herald's* headline, which read:

20 G's from Honest GI

TWO Techmen were enjoying a meal in Howard Johnson's, one Sunday night a few weeks ago. One of them had just asked the other how he did on a recent quiz, to which the other replied, "A little low." As fate would have it, the famous "Hostess in Black" of the Memorial Drive branch of H. & J. was just passing by in a revealing dress. Suddenly she wheeled around, and in an indignant voice said, "Oh, you really think so, do you?" and stalked away.



"Darling, I think I'm pigment!"

IN the dorms, April Fool's Day is any day that some of the wild practical jokers of the place have enough time and reserves to carry out their ideas. In a recent stunt some of the more prominent vandals selected the night watchman as their victim.

Accordingly, one evening, over in the 5.15 Clubroom, one of the Techmen, with the help of his friends and one of those intellectual Radcliffe girls, was dressed up to look like a woman. A realistic job was done. His make-up was expertly applied and showed all the current style trends at Radcliffe. A kerchief on his head made up for the lack of long hair. Oranges supplied the necessary bulk to fill up a couple of other deficiencies. The final result was the seductive creature shown in the cut. The newly-created girl was then sneaked into the dorms where soon she easily picked up a man. Her publicity agents were thick as flies, flash-bulbs flashing all over the place. In fact, the only person who was slow in showing up was the night watchman.

He did eventually. The schemers allowed him a long enough look so that he became alarmed at the thought of a girl in the dorms. She was then hurried into a prepared room and the watchman was locked out. He came



down the hall and unsuspectingly put his metal pass key in the metal lock. He then received several thousand volts of the Institute's best electricity from a Model-T spark coil. Five minutes later he had managed to get the key out of the lock and, with a final warning that they "better get that girl out of there," he retired from the scene.

It all goes to show that around the Tech dorms your life is not even worth an old copy of *The Tech*.

RECENTLY the Glee Club gave a concert and spent a week-end at one of the more famous women's colleges. Some social promoter — perhaps Kilroy, who was there — obtained dates for the Tech men. After the concert, when the school authorities unchained the girls, one ripening youth (his best friends wouldn't tell him), was matched with the "girl most likely to."

The weather, Mayor Curley, and Harvard "men" became trite as topics for conversation as the evening raced on. Soon they began to talk about those other things and she found herself remarking, "The school's beautiful when it's dark."

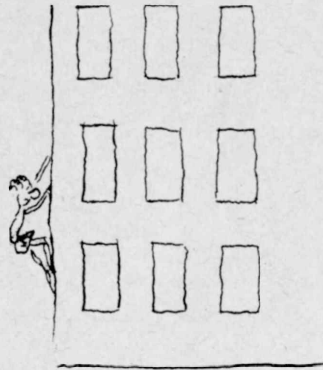
He asked her if she would show it to him. She evidently hadn't had too much practice saying "no," and in a few minutes they were roaming through the darkened halls. In front of a door marked "Biology Laboratory" they stopped and he passionately kissed her — her lips stayed on and on.

When she had lost her breath and will-power completely, she softly opened the lab door and he quickly followed her in. With one deft motion she flipped on the lights, plunged a needle into his right arm, and gave him a blood test.

Murgatroyd



*This is Murgatroyd
She is hungry
She likes men
Men hate Murgatroyd.*



*She will go to the Dorms.
There she will find men
She thinks.*



*This is Sydney L. Smeltz, III
He is a junior
He is not dead yet.*



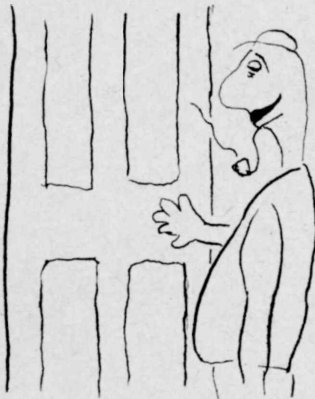
*Sydney has lost his glasses
He does not see Murgatroyd
Lucky Sydney*



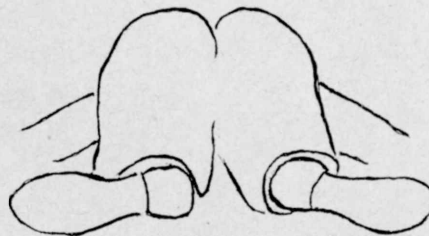
*Murgatroyd likes Sydney
He is not like other boys
He does not scream.*



*Poor Sydney
He did not scream.*



*This is the night watchman
He thinks Sydney has a woman in his room
It is only Murgatroyd.*



*He will investigate
He sees Murgatroyd
He is an old man and dies.*



*Sydney is exhausted
Murgatroyd is frustrated
Sydney will recover
Too bad!*

SHORT TALL STORIES

NEW YORK is a wonderful State and a complicated city where odd things happen time and again. During the mid-term vacation a tired Tech teetotaler, Vladimir Cavityhead, went to the big city to see and conquer. Having browned a good deal for finals he had quite naturally forgotten what goes into the making of a woman and was now determined to find out. He had heard of Times Square and went to see the place, hoping to compare it to Scollay, but, alas and alack, he couldn't.

Spying a respectable-looking gent, who was standing on the curb, complacently chewing gum, Vlad staggered over and asked him where he could find some quick pick-ups, not meaning liquor, of course. Aghast at the effrontery, the fellow told him to go to 72d Street and view the scenery there. All eagerly-beaver, Vlad set out. Now he was used to the speed of the rapid transit of Boston and was quite astonished to find that the stop he got off at was 96th Street, not 72d. Undaunted by this, though, he walked around Central Park and, by odd chance, met a young lady he had never seen before. The shades of night were falling, so Vlad talked fast and got himself a date. The girl decided her street clothes weren't appropriate and invited Vlad over to her apartment while she changed.

Respectably sitting in the living room, Vlad was maintaining an imperfect silence, when he heard footsteps on the stairs. The girl, half-metamorphosised, came in and nonchalantly said, "My God, that's my husband." Being a Course 6 man, Vlad promptly became an electrician fixing a faulty chandelier. Hubby

came, kissed darling, and quietly inquired, "Who the hell is the bird on the chandelier?" He was informed that the bird was fixing the electricity. Hubby walked over and proffered a remark, "Dammit, man, I thought I told you to get off at 72d Street?"

THE stork dropped Paul Bunion in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, thus creating the Charles River Basin. The *Herald* called it the biggest splash party ever given on Beacon Street. Mama Bunion and Papa Bunion (known to intimates as "Corn") were perturbed and wet. Paul, though large, was otherwise a normal baby, thus creating the Charles River.

The Bunions were living on the Trail to the Great Northwest, called Massaven Nu by the Indians, when the first day of the winter of the Blue Law dawned, damp and dreary. Paul awoke to find his sources of pleasure now limited to the New Howard (this must have been hundreds of years ago). He was disgusted. He built his seventy-seventh pile of blocks along Massaven Nu, and a magnificent pile (of blocks) it was. He inverted his soup bowl over the middle of the pile and his cup near one of the edges, and started toward the great Northwest.

It was snowing Blue Laws pretty thick and fast by now, and Paul soon found occasion to rescue a damsel in distress. He had met Babe with the Blue Bobby sox. Together they continued to the Great Northwest.

Everyone knows what Paul Bunion and Babe with the Blue Bobby Sox did in the Great Northwest, but few

know that Paul survived. In fact he came back to the shores of his beloved bathtub, the Charles River Basin. He found that a curved man was the big shot: he was called crooked by some and Curley by others, and the women liked him better than Frankie. Paul was disillusioned and entered Harvard. One day soon afterward, he picked up a statuette of old bronze at an auction and put it in Harvard Yard, where it remains to this day. For this display of masculinity he was expelled. This was too much for the old boy. He crawled into his fabulous mausoleum on Massaven Nu and died.

IN a secret M.I.T. Chemistry section open only to the most brilliant students in advanced chemistry and known to the outside only by its secret code number 5.01, a new element was recently uncovered. The discoverer says it is an inert gas, and he has self-consciously named it *moron*. It is so inert, he claims, that it will not even react with that rare and extremely retroactive element pandemonium. When asked what were the new element's uses, the Techman thought it over for some time and finally answered: "If there is ever a shortage of air, this gas could be used instead of air in ping-pong balls."

WE Americans have always been great people for ingenuity — making the most of an awkward situation.

Continued to page 27

DISPOSING OF THE DEUTERONS

NOW that Tech is in the midst of reconversion, it seems fitting that Voo Doo call attention to a situation which up to now has been neglected. Namely, what are we going to do with the used electrons and deuterons that have been left around by the radiation and nuclear research labs?

Many who read this will say that there is no real problem or that if left alone the condition will correct itself. Unfortunately these people fail to reckon with the revolutionary changes in the complexion of world affairs brought about by the harnessing of atomic energy, electronic control, and the development of Duz which does everything. No longer can we go along, blissfully ignoring the photons and protons we live with. No longer can we pursue this policy of atomic laissez-faire. Something must be done and done soon.

Perhaps it would be well to describe briefly the activities of these labs during the war years and explain the reasons for the accumulation of these surpluses.

During the first years of the war the nuclear research lab began using large quantities of deuterons, many of which were not found to be up to government standards. At first these rejections were simply hauled away in trucks and dumped into the Charles opposite Building 2. So many letters of complaint were received from Charles River Carp that the practice had to be discontinued. It seems that the poor fish were afraid of becoming sterile. After all a fish has little enough fun.

Following the failure of the river disposal plan, the deuterons were merely piled neatly in the center of the Great Court. Unfortunately during the Victory Through Science show they were scattered far and wide. Some were carried as far away as Revere on the soles of people's shoes.

The Radiation Lab has faced a slightly different problem. Now that the material is no longer classified, most people know that the domes on the top of the Tech buildings were actually electron reservoirs. These reservoirs were quite similar to the water tanks often seen on the top of factory buildings. Whenever a glob of electrons was needed to continue an experiment it was only necessary to open a faucet and let them dribble down from the tank.

No trouble was experienced until the day that Filene's placed 3700 pairs of nylons on sale. Immediately 249 female and one male lab assistants dashed down town, leaving their faucets turned on. Everyone knows of the devastation which resulted.

Surely it is obvious to every thinking person that we can no longer ignore this problem. The Voo Doo staff, ever conscious of its civic duties, has developed a solution to the enigma. It was evolved from a consideration of dubalonic functions (similar to a differential, but considerably smaller). Unfortunately it is too involved to be presented here, but the resulting equation is astonishingly simple and bears

a remarkable similarity to the electrical resistivity relation:

$$\left(\rho R \frac{l}{A}\right) i = F(e)$$

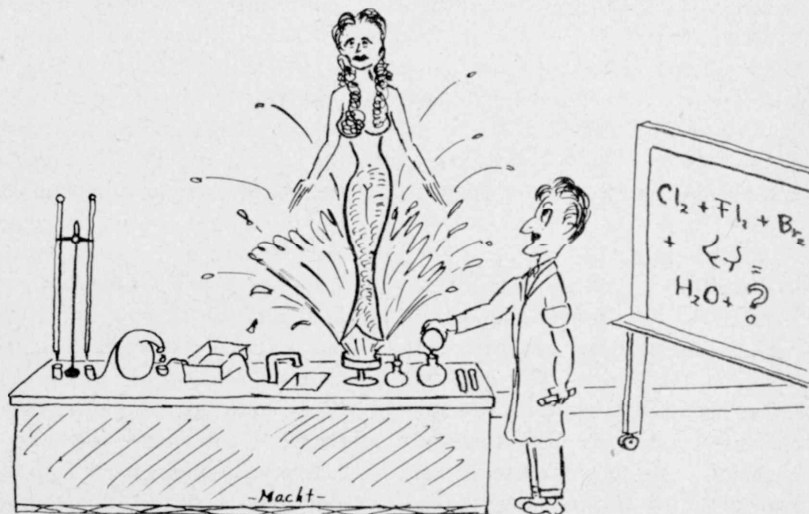
This yields the desired formula upon a simple rearrangement of the factors and a substitution of ($e = .001$).

$$A^{-1}PRil = F(.001)$$

— J. R. C.



I want a boy who doesn't think
That a girl should pet and a girl should
drink;
I want a boy who doesn't drool
Like a poisoned pup in a vestibule;
I want a boy who can run a car
That doesn't stop at the nearest bar —
A boy whose stories are never shady,
A boy who's fit for a perfect lady!
(And I'll search and I'll search 'til I
land the lad
For the dumbest girl friend I've ever
had!)

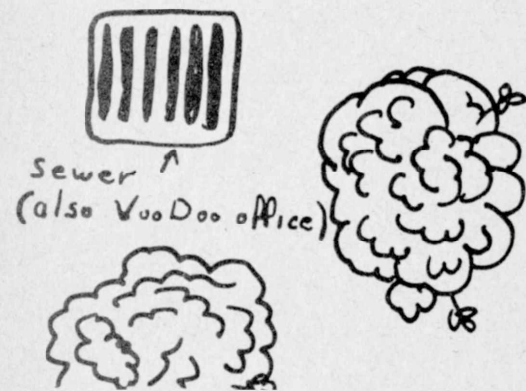


"Hmmm — Hydrolysis!"

IT is a warm spring evening on the Esplanade. The Big Bad Wolf, a first-term freshman at M.I.T., is wantonly roaming the paths.

Sighting some prey in a bare midriff playsuit, the Wolf makes contact at the first intersection.

Ten feet and two slaps later, he meets her four-year-old daughter who says that father will be right along. The Big Bad Wolf chooses to turn off at the next intersection.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

4 She accidentally drops a nice fresh Kleenex and soon the Wolf is operating fast. He lures the poor girl off her bicycle before the first corner. In another twenty feet he has induced her to ditch the bicycle completely.

HANKY* DROPPED HERE

3 The Wolf moves onward with increasing desire. Soon, an innocent teen-ager with a red dress and conspicuous body comes riding along on a bicycle. She is Little Red Riding Hood, and she is on her way to take a pint of Schenley's to her sick grandfather.

5 Inexorably he pushes his campaign forward. He pours some of her own Schenley's into her. She tells him she feels sick and so he takes her into the bushes. There, he says with emphasis, they will both be able to feel better. He now has her fatally in his clutches.

7 The policeman breaks into the bushes just in time. There is the Wolf knocked out cold by a Mickey Finn. Little Red Riding Hood is making off with his wallet, slide rule, and the rest of the Schenley's

8 The policeman returns the articles to the groggy Wolf and takes Little Red Riding Hood down to the station. Thus, the Big Bad Wolf is saved and can go home and become very happy with the Schenley's.

ON THE ESPLANADE

* meaning $\int_a^b \text{KLEENEX } dx$

THE VERSE OF THE TOITILE

Courage, scribe, a little bolder.
Give it to them from the shoulder.
Useless game it is to cloak
Funny joke with cleaner joke.
Everybody knows that Tech's
Leit-Motiv is based on sex.

Give me a weeping lyre, that I mourn
The decadence of this atomic age.
I had to put that in. Why was I born
To watch degeneration on the stage?
Have we, I cry, emptied unto the dregs
The cask of drama, where the men were Men,
And women were presumed to have no legs?
Where Gibson maids were lured into the den
For champagne suppers? Bless their golden curls.
Twist your mustachios, and with a curse,
'Ha, ha, why do you fear us, little girls?'
"Yes, yes."

"No! No!"

It ends with death or worse.
"From this household you must go."
"Take with you the sign of shame."
"Out into the cruel snow!"
"'Tis the woman bears the blame."



We can see, in germane fashion,
How Romance achieved her goal.
Not unbridled was the passion —
First, communion of the soul,
And, directed from above,
All ulterior motives lacking,
Beautiful platonic love.
No defending, no attacking.
Many moons before they kissed.
What a lot of fun they missed!

They think no more of "compromised position,"
Of those who lead astray, of those who're led.
Instead, a mistress in enceinte condition,
And for a sovereign remedy, the bed.
Full fifteen minutes sang the rustic swain.
Woo Columbine, Pagliacci's wife, he must.
But all his vocal effort's not in vain.
She grants him that which satisfies his lust.
In the usual modern show,
All the lover has to say
Is, "Come on, baby. Hey, let's go."
They don't work very hard today.

— R. V. G.

ODE TO

A DANDELION

A wind-swept field, and brisk clean air
With that Springtime urge for maiden
fair.

Nay, even this is not sheer bliss.
To make a man sigh
Or jump with delight
Give him a ham oh rye
Or one on white.

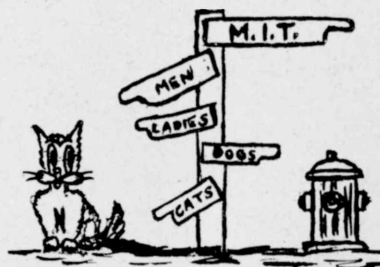
Upon the isles of the coconuts
With moonlight beaming o'er thatched
huts

'Tis there, ah 'tis, that Cupid struts —
And writers of verse go completely
nuts.

When your soul is torn with strife,
When grief's sword tears at your life,
'Cause the one you love no longer
exists.

When passion's burning embers sear
your heart,
When you can't heal the wound of
Cupid's dart,
Take an aspirin. Why run risks?

WHERE?



Where be the path of those in glee
Who, once heavy laden, now are free,
Who now have acquired boundless
ecstasy?
Where am I to find this real liberty —
(with feeling)
Say, Bud, where's the men's room?

MAIDENFORMED



Madam, here you see our nightie.
Fitly named "The Aphrodite,"
Shaped, by every tailor's knack,
To make up for what you lack.

Take the bodice, for example.
Is your bosom over-ample?
Gently lifting, surely holding,
Separating, subtly molding,
Struts and braces soon correct
Nature's generous defect.
And this foaming edge of lace
Is guaranteed to turn his face —
To make him look again for more
Of what he thought he saw before.

Truly, madam, though you seem
Somewhat extended in the beam
Our experts' tucks and nips
Will do wonders for your hips,
Will whittle down a yard or more
To a perfect thirty-four.

This poem has a moral deep:
Such nightgowns weren't made for
sleep!

— R. V. G.

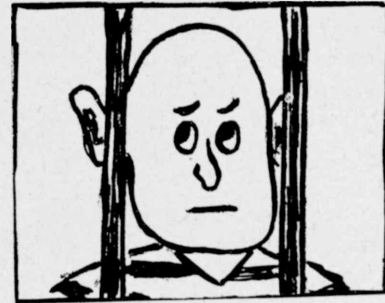
A TECHMAN AT
HOMBERG INFIRMARY

Gastric juices on the blink
Otherwise healthy — in the pink.
Doctors baffled, frustrated, foiled
Perhaps my pancreas or liver spoiled.
Rapid pulse, excessive heat
Given diet of red rare meat.
They'll discover it won't calm me
I need a lover — not salame!

H. S. K., Ltd.

OVERHEARD

IN ROOM



10-250

In my padded cell so nice,
I write these words of good advice.
To all that read, I say beware
Of things unknown to maiden fair.
For man the master, he alone
Is destined here to cry and moan.
There is a place in Boston Town,
A place of fame and great renown
Where men who yearn for truth are found
With nose to grindstone, and ear to ground,
With eye to meter, and hand to knob,
Working, striving, on the job.
And others who this place did choose
To learn their limit of gin and booze.
These we find where'er we please
Crawling to class on hands and knees
Doing reports with Bible brown
And spending the rest of the week in town.
These it is very plain to see
In ten long years just bums will be
With country homes and limousines,
Running a string of slot machines.
The others will live and die quite great
In garret cold with shivering mate,
With slide rule, T-square, and rusty pen,
An honest man, but a might-have-been,
But as for me I'll make my choice;
To a worthy cause will I raise my voice.
Will I stick to science, and work for beans?
Hell no, I'll take the slot machines!

— OMAR.



Downing

AVAILABLE JONES

I WALKED up to the little wooden shack on the outskirts of Hogpatch. The sign outside read:

Available Jones

I will do anything for a price
Other signs advertised:

Punch me in the nose, 2c.

I will breathe for you 10 c.
and other useful tasks to which Mr. Jones might be put.

Once inside it was obvious to me that Available was a very busy man. He was waiting on several people at once. One customer was taking buttons off Jones' double-breasted suit with a bull whip at twenty feet. A timid man who let his wife scold him all day was standing in front of Jones, cussing him out. A vaudeville actor was practicing his act by standing on his head and shooting the ashes off a cigar which Available was smoking. The telephone rang. He answered it.

"Jones, Inc., Funeral Director. You smack 'em; we pack 'em.

"O.K. Mrs. Dently, you may have an appointment for your children to throw rocks at me at 4.15 tomorrow afternoon."

He put down the telephone. It rang again.

"Availability, Inc. Spendthrifts done cheap. You earn it, I burn it.

"Yes, Saturday is the day for all those who want to hit a man wearing glasses."

I stood apart from the crowd, waiting for it to disperse. Eventually, we were alone. I started to explain that I wanted somebody to take and pass my 8.01 final for me, but the telephone rang again. Available answered: "A. Jones, Inc. Executioner. You try 'em; I fry 'em.

"Yes, Mr. Lucre, I'll do anything for a price."

I could not hear the other end of the conversation, but I well knew that Mr.

Lucre was an eccentric millionaire with a huge mansion and a beautiful, but closely watched step-daughter. My ears were contorted almost to the shape of beer mugs as I tried to listen in on the discussion. Occasionally, I discerned a throaty laugh made metallic by the telephone and, each time this occurred, Jones' face turned a little paler. Soon his hand trembled as it held the phone.

"Yes, Mr. Lucre," he said weakly, "I will do anything for a price."

He then added with a bit more vigor, "My price for *that* job is your mansion, your millions, and your step-daughter."

There was a loud guffaw over the telephone, but apparently the terms were acceptable, for the deal was soon completed. With a vacant stare on his ashen face, he told me that he would be unable to meet any appointments, at least for a few days.

"Lucre is nothing but a sadist," Jones explained. "He loves to injure people. He knows that he is getting old and, as a last fiendish act, he is going to throw me naked into a cauldron of boiling oil. In return I get his money, mansion, and step-daughter."

"But the reward isn't going to do you any good if you are French-fried like that!" I exclaimed.

"I will do anything for a price," he answered tersely.

Unable to procure his services for physics that term, I nearly forgot about the incident, but two terms later, I decided to look up Available Jones again in hopes of getting him to take and pass my 8.01 final. When I arrived in Hogpatch, I discovered his shack all boarded-up and so I came to the conclusion that the worst had happened.

Upon asking around, however, I found that Available was married to Lucre's step-daughter and was living munificently in the Lucre mansion. Consequently, I hastened over to see him in his new home.

I was greeted at the door by his wife, who was clad modestly in a pair of bedroom slippers. One look told me that she was a good example of the body beautiful and bountiful. She took me into the living room where I found Available, alive and healthy. By way of making conversation, I remarked on the singularity of his wife's attire.

"Yes," he said, looking at her slippers, "nothing looks good on her."

"You're right," I concurred politely "it looks very good indeed."

Next turning to the business at hand, I found out that he had given up his former occupation entirely, and was devoting his time to using up the Lucre money and step-daughter. Unable to contain my curiosity any longer, I blurted out the question which had been oppressing my mind.

"But what about the boiling oil?" I said. "Didn't Lucre throw you in?"

"Oh yes," he answered calmly, "in fact, the excitement was too much for the old boy. His heart gave way the day afterwards."

"But how about the boiling oil? Why didn't you burn to death?"

"Oh, I was protected, completely covered."

"But I thought you were to be naked?"

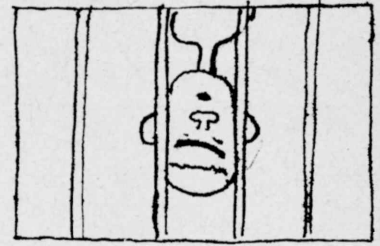
"I was."

"But —"

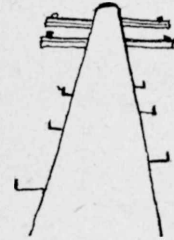
"I never had to worry," he explained. "I was protected. I was completely covered by fire insurance."

— L.

GISMOES



This nosey guy is watching us down in the sewer, where we are writing Voo Doo.



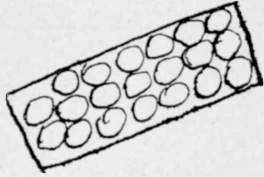
Maybe you have never been dead drunk at the foot of a telephone pole.



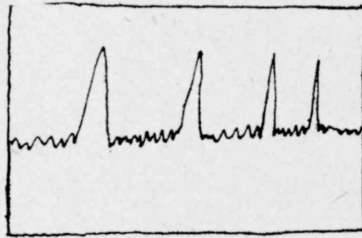
Exam paper looking at pencil.



Looking out a second-story window just after the window washer's strap has broken.



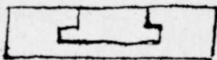
An open package of cigarettes. Have one.



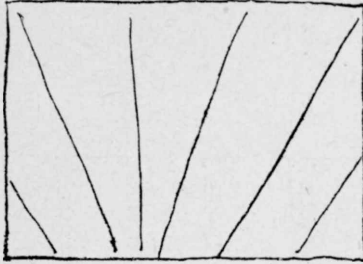
Seismograph chart when the operator has hiccoughs.



"Mona Lisa" by da Vinci (side view, frame and all).



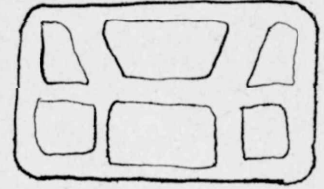
End view of a Dingee slide rule.



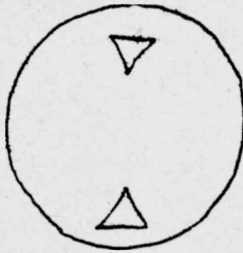
Looking out a second-story window when a parachutist is going by.



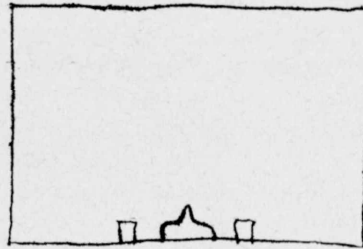
Bear climbing up the other side of a tree.



That is a Walker tray, of course.



Ever look down on an opened car of beer?



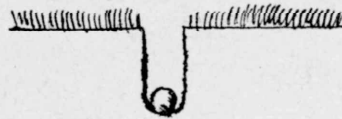
Looking out a second story window during a fire. A fireman is coming up the ladder.



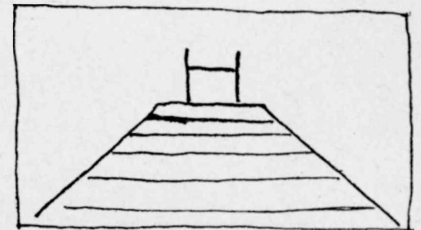
Man walking his dog, as viewed between two buildings.



The straps you hang onto on the "El."



Golf ball at the bottom of a hole.



Football field out a window.

PRACTICAL ETIQUETTE

IN this article on etiquette, the author wishes to present a few elementary rules for behavior at formal and semi-formal dinners.

Upon arriving at the host's house, you will be greeted by the butler, who will take your card. (If you don't have a calling card, give him your draft card.) The butler will announce you if he can read your card; in any event, he will mumble something.

The next step is to shake hands with the host. This is done by grasping his hand firmly and moving it up and down with vigor. It is the aim of both parties to get the best grip first. The expedient for this is to reach out slowly to grasp his hand and then make a quick grab just before you touch. This will catch him off his guard. The release should be just as rapid so as to avoid his obtaining a crushing grip when you relax.

Trusting that you have gotten through this little maneuver with phalanges intact, and made palaver until dinner is announced, you go into the dining room and sit at the place desig-

nated by the host. If the seats are designated by place cards and you find your position unsatisfactory, you may, if no one sees you, switch cards. (In this case the waiter will get the blame and the sporting thing to do is to invite him to the next party you give.)

Now dinner is served, and the old question of which piece of silverware to use arises. The best way to avoid a *faux pas* is to keep your implements well concealed under your hands and to eat rapidly so no one will be able to tell what you are eating with.

If you are ever puzzled as to how to eat an unusual dish, the proper thing to do is to stare fixedly at some victual on the table for some time. Before long, everyone else will fix their attention upon the foodstuff; and while they are gazing at it, you can try to eat the troublesome dish. If the dish is a liquid, the last resort is to drink it. If it is a solid and you can make no headway with it, you must stuff it rapidly into your coat pocket. Lastly, if the food is something which you dislike, you may place it on someone

else's plate when he is not looking. He will eat it or sneak it on to the next person, etc. If it returns to you, keep it moving. Someone is bound to weaken.

Another troublesome thing is the disposition of seeds. These are dangerous, inasmuch as they furnish a clue as to how much you have eaten. Seeds should be held in the cheek until an opportunity for disposing of them presents itself. If the host notices the lump in your cheek, its true nature may be concealed by shifting it from side to side as if it were chewing tobacco. If you find it necessary to talk with your mouth full of seeds, either put half of them in each cheek or hold your hand over your mouth.

Should you desire a souvenir from your host's house, a spoon will be quite satisfactory. It is not polite to let the host know that you are removing his spoon, so you should lay your napkin over the spoon, slip your arm under the napkin, and slide the spoon up your sleeve. With the spoon in your sleeve, your arm must be kept raised. This is very easily done by simulating a prolonged scratching of the head, ear or neck. (If you wish as a souvenir a candlestick, or the like, you should consult a more advanced text.)

After making your departure and arriving home, the provisions which you have accumulated at the feast should be taken from the clothing and stored in a suitable place before turning in.

The next morning you should change your name and move to another State. It's all in a day's work.

—P. S. C.



"George had a straight 'H' at M. I. T."

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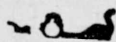
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 *The Myles Standish HOTEL*
BEACON ST. AT KENMORE SQ. - BOSTON

G-man: "He got away, did he? Didn't you guard the exits?"

Constable: "Yep. Guess he must have gone out one of the entrances."



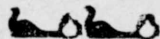
As one girl explained: He's tall dark, and hands.



She was only a gear-maker's daughter, but she could outstrip them all.



She was only a bottle-maker's daughter, but nothing could stopper.



"Why were you running away from that coupé the other night?"

"I wasn't running, I was being chaste."



They laughed when I sat down at the piano; but when the little blonde soprano gave me the key to A flat — boy, how I accompanied her.

Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



Stag-line strategy — Stags don't pick wallflowers who look too eager. So relax! Munch on a yummy LIFE SAVER. Then—when 'tall-dark-and-halfback' asks you to 'swing it,' you (and he) will be glad your breath is sweet!



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Continued from page 10

This is especially so when it comes to eating; we will be well-fed.

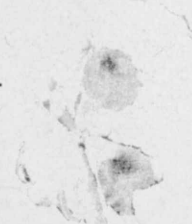
History relates that during the Klondike gold rush in Alaska, due to the rapid increase in population, a food shortage resulted. This was caused by a lack of materials and bait for fishing. This brought about many new methods for fishing through the ice. One particularly novel procedure was the one that employed nothing more than the use of a hammer, a saw, a can of peas, and, of course, a can-opener.

First, taking the saw, one would cut a hole exactly one foot in diameter in the ice. Next the can of peas was opened with the can-opener and a generous portion of its contents emptied on the surface of the water.

When a fish saw the peas floating on the water above him, he would rise to the top to take a . . . mashed potato. The fisherman would then hit the fish over the head with the hammer and obtain his supper.



Eliot Flower Shop



*Corsages
Our
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KENMORE 6470

Confucius say: "Wash face in morning. Neck at night."



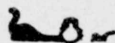
There once was a lady from Guam
Who said, "Now the ocean's so calm
I will swim, for a lark,"
She encountered a shark.
Let us now sing the goth Psalm.



Some travelers were looking at the
molten lava inside Mt. Vesuvius. An
American remarked, "Looks hot as
hell."

An Englishman raised his eyebrows
and said to the guide, "Gad! These
Americans have been everywhere."

— *The Log.*



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BOSTON

The bather's clothes were strewed
By winds that left her nude.
When a man came along, and unless I
am wrong
You expected this line to be lewd.

April Fool.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



A girl was reading about birth and
death statistics.

Suddenly she turned to a male on
her right and said, "Do you know that
every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," he returned,
"why don't you try Sen-Sen?"

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Give an athlete an inch and he'll
take a foot. But let him take it. Who
wants Athlete's Foot?



Sound heard in a local night club:
"Hands off, Columbus. You've dis-
covered enough tonight."



Here's to the girl with the turned up
nose,
The turned in eyes and the turned
down hose,
With the turned on heat and the
turned down light.
The hunch I had turned out all right.

TECH PHARMACY

Opposite M. I. T.

**Complete Line of Stationery
and School Supplies**

"Step in and see the Reynolds Pen"



"Eavesdropping again," said Adam
as his wife fell out of the tree.

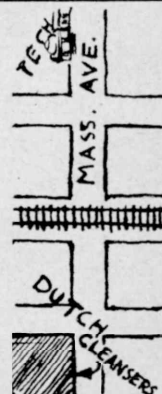
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BOSTON BRANCH

46 NEWBURY, COR. BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS.



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Realism

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