

VOO DOO



OLD TIMERS' ISSUE

October, 1946

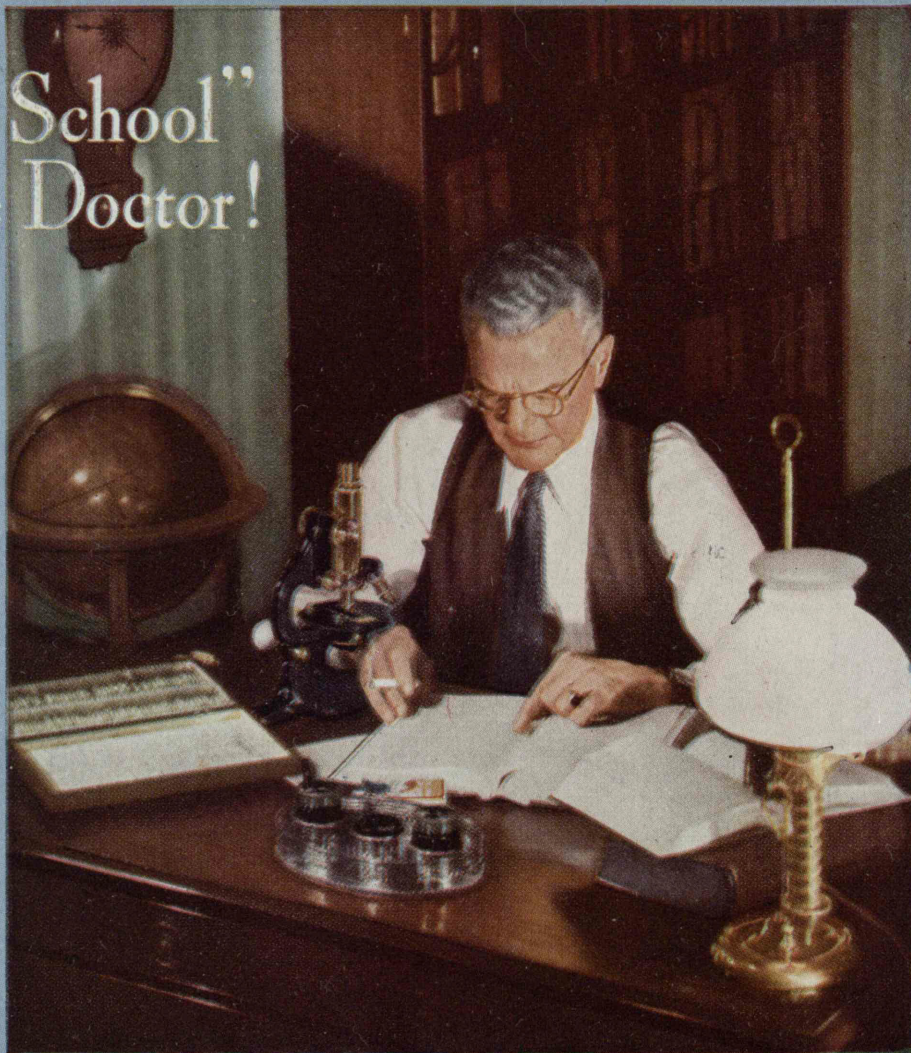
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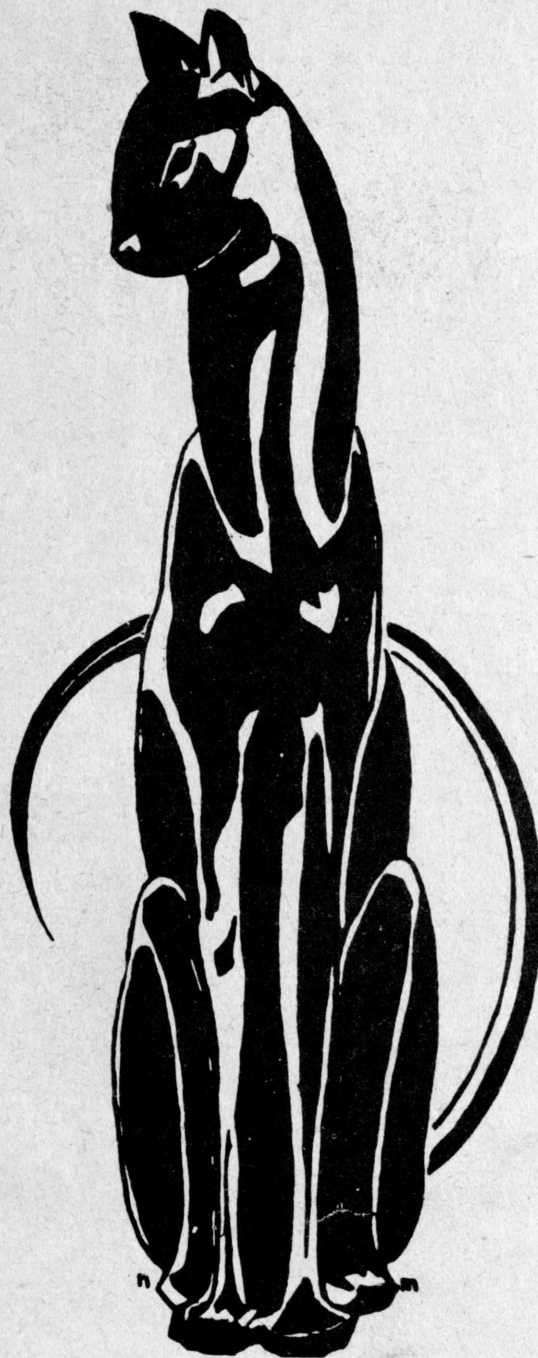
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OCTOBER, 1946



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Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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OCTOBER, 1946

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GRINS and GROANS



"Cluny Brown"

Jennifer Jones and Charles Boyer are the stars of this masterpiece. The story opens with Cluny being called in to fix a man's clogged drain. This appears to me to be slightly in reverse; after all, who ever heard of a woman plumber? Anyone who has should be put at the head of the class. Miss Jones as Cluny is a wench with a wrench who loves to fix up clogged pipes by giving them a lusty slam with her plumber's tools. In fact, we quote Miss Jones' words in this respect;

"How I love to roll up my sleeves, roll down my stockings, and Bang, Bang, Bang!"

"Easy to Wed"

Keenan Wynn and Tightseal Sphe-roid (Lucille Ball to you) provide hilarious comedy in an otherwise conventional story. Van Johnson's portrayal is moving; in fact, if it hadn't been for the gum on my seat, I would have moved myself right out of the theater. Esther Williams doesn't swim much in this picture, thank god.

Whenever she swims, she and the picture get all wet. Of course, Van gets Esther in the end, and so, as usual, our hero comes out on top.

"It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog"

It shouldn't.

"Hank Cinq"

This is a new and successful attempt to make pictures the way they should be made. Lawrence Olivier is excellent in the technicolor production of that play written by my good friend Jake Speare.

Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



WOLFING — If she doesn't want to kiss you the first time — don't force her. Just sweeten your breath with a yummy LIFE SAVER. If she *still* says "No" — Brother, she's just *not* your type!



FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

"A Russian Lulaby" or "Make Mine Muzhik" (Consult your local dictionary for meaning.)

Walt Disney combines the voices of stars with the cartoon work for which he is famous to give us good, light entertainment. Among the caricatures he presents are Willie the Singing Whale (no relation to Lauritz Melchior) and Sonja the Duck, who has her ups and downs.

"Centennial Summer"

Cornel Wilde, with his ten little Ithacans (that's a joke, if you mull it over for a few hours), plays the part of a Frenchman at the Philadelphia World's Fair of 1876. He is about as french as the kiss of the same name. (It is our opinion that the aforementioned kiss is more germin' than french. ED.) Jeanne Crain will give you a lift in this gay musical. The music is pretty Kerny. One song which is rather appropriately left out of the picture is "Jerome, Jerome, on

the Range." Speaking of ranges have you heard our latest smash hit song, "When He Sat Down on the Hot Stove, We Shouted Out 'Well Done!'" from the picture *Go Roast, Young Man, Go Roast*.

"The Postman Always Rings Twice"

Lana Turnover and John Garfield star in James Cain's sexsational novel. The moral of this story is that crime doesn't pay since they raised the tax on poisonal income. Garfield says to Lana, in so many words, "Drop Dead!" She does, and he gets the hot seat. The net result — amps in the pants. Shocking ain't it?

"Stolen Life" or "It's Now Fifteen Cents"

Those who love Bette Davis as a high strung, dramatic character who goes through more nerve-racking situations than an M.S. student standing inspection, and those who like Miss Davis as the cause of Mr. Anthony's radio show will be disappointed. I

liked the picture. Miss Davis plays a dual role as twin sisters, and might say that the resemblance is remarkable.

PICTURES HOLLYWOOD WON'T PRODUCE

"Sex Life in Tahiti" or "Keep Off the Grass"

"The Case of the Dry Cow" or "She Didn't Give a Dram"

"Life on a Rabbit Farm" (a hare-raising story)

"The Case of the Illegitimate Rice Krispies-Snap, Crackle, No Pop"

"Life in a Crematorium" or "How to Urn a Living"

"The Story of a Swedish Girl" or "Schmorgas Broad"

"He Married a Girl Named Stone" (sequel to "He Took Her for Granite")

"Torture in a Wigwam" or "Her Suffering Was in Tents"

"The bride wore boots" and selected shorts



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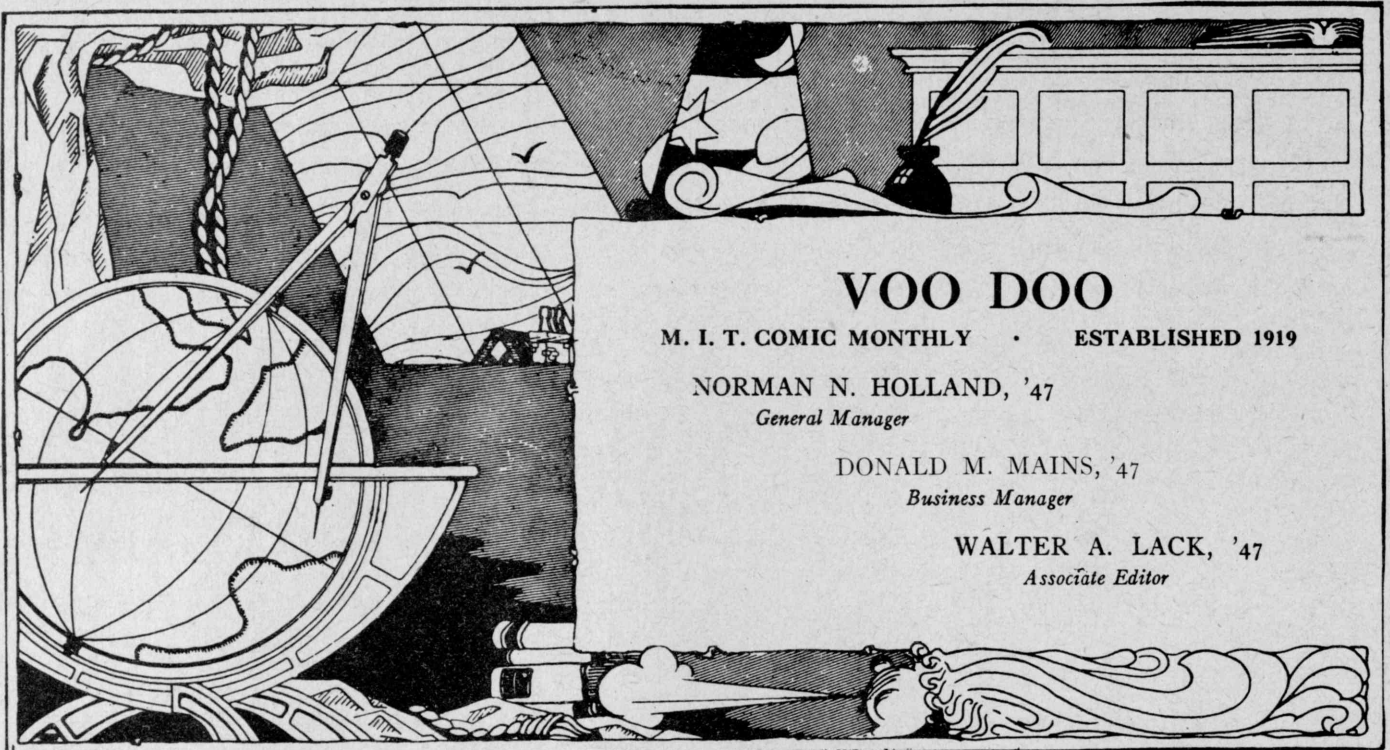
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VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY • ESTABLISHED 1919

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WALTER A. LACK, '47
Associate Editor

THE smell of beer lay thick in the late fall atmosphere as we came into the other office. The Cat was asleep as usual. His dreams, no doubt, had a Freudian significance, for he kept muttering something about "that yellow tabby back of Murray's." We tore him from the arms of Morpheus, or his feline equivalent, fed him beer and egg to soothe his throbbing hangover, and said, "Well, Phos, it's time to slap together another issue. Got any ideas?"

"You characters! Why dontcha let me sleep? Here I'm having a swell dream and you have to expose me to last night. Does anybody know what happened after the last garbage can quartet?"

"No, Phosphorus, I'm afraid no one can account for your nocturnal activities, but look, what did you do to that babe at the smoker? She sortof did a lotta things that she wasn't supposed to do!"

The Cat smirked evilly and produced an empty bottle of Three Feathers. "So you guys want a theme for the next issue. How about one in honor of the vets coming back to Tech this term? You could call it an 'Old Timers' Issue'."

"That's swell, Phos. No sooner said than done. What'll we fill it with — and no profanity, please!"

"Well, Bill Baker, one of Phos's most promising babies, is back and you could use a good deal of his stuff, and I understand a good many of the old boys are going to be guzzling beer with me make-up night. Paul Grant and Pete Schwab from way-back-when will be lookers-on, and all in all, a goodly time will be had by all."

"Say, Phosphorus, how about a sales talk to the boys about coming out for the mag? You know we need a lot of new men to carry on the great work of bringing joy into the lives of Techmen."

"Well, it sizes up this way. There are two sides to the magazine, business and creative. The bright boys, that is, the characters that write and draw this stuff, come around to Lit or Art meetings and offer their brainstorm

for discussion and further development, and finally write or draw them up in complete form. The make-up boys have a job requiring no intelligence at all; they just glue little pieces of paper to other little pieces of paper. As for the businessmen, they do varied and interesting work. The best members of the sales staff and the best salesmen on the magazine will go to Wellesley to sell out there. IN addition, the men on the publicity staff will go out to that fair suburb and give the darling damsels the word on Voo Doo. The treasury men get practical experience in accounting, and the advertising boys get a commission of 10 per cent on any ads they bring in and 15 per cent on any amount over a page which they get for one issue. You can supplement your \$65 that way. Anybody that wants to sign up, just drop into the office on the third floor of Walker between five and six on Wednesday."

"Say, Phos, 'J.J.' Downing, the guy that gave us all those inimitable pin-ups last spring, is leaving the organization for some silly reason about having too much work to do, but Baker will be carrying on, and Phos, before I forget, this is the last time that I'll be taking blue pencil in hand to sign

Norman N. Holland, Jr.

Phos takes pleasure in announcing the following appointments: John Kunstadter, Assistant Make-up Editor; Bill Baker, Art Editor; Dick Mooney, Photography Editor; Bob Abelson, Publicity Manager; Jerry Cox, Literary Editor; John Little, Managing Editor; Walt Kisluk, General Manager.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sirs:

To begin with I am a secretary working for the Central Scientific Company. My office, unfortunately is located opposite the M. I. T. Dormitories. This is unfortunate for both myself and a certain young man who spends most of his waking hours hanging from his third floor window making sheep's eyes at me. I feel he must be missing many of his classes and at the same time he puts me in a most embarrassing position. I am sure that if I could only meet this fellow I could straighten everything out. Can you help me.

Love,

CENCO STENO

Our investigator has come back with the news that not one, but 11 young men were hanging from their third floor windows making sheep's eyes at you. The only advice we can give you is to pull down the shade. — Ed.

You:

This summer I met a swell fellow from M. I. T. He picked me up on the Common. I was promised a copy of VooDoo in return for a little research (I think that's what he called it) I did for your magazine. I have not yet received my copy. When will I get it?

Forever amber,

— HULA HIP

If you haven't gotten it by now there's no need to worry. — Ed.

Gentlemen:

When I went home on vacation last summer I absent mindedly happened to stuff a copy of your fateful magazine in my suitcase. This was unfortunate as my mother happened to unpack my suitcase. Mother and I



had a long discussion about your magazine and its contents. My mother was amazed at her lack of knowledge. However, she came to the conclusion that it would be better for all concerned if I transferred this fall. Gee, Harvard's easy!

Very truly yours,

P.S. Enclosed find two dollars for the next nine issues of VooDoo. My mother still has a lot to learn.

Gentlemen:

Who the hell writes the letters to the editor? I wouldn't be caught dead writing to your filthy magazine. Either a bunch of stupid morons read your magazine or else your illiterate writers dream up those fugitives from the dead letter office. Which is it?

Not so very truly yours,

— JOE ZILCH

This appears to be a splendid self-analysis of Mr. Zilch. We have a position open on our literary staff for him. — Ed.

Day after the night before

Phos dear,

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

Yours till the sewers run dry,
Celia Cesspool

Camp Polk, La.

PLEASE HURRY WITH A SUBSCRIPTION — THERE AREN'T ANY DECENT GIRLS DOWN HERE. VOO DOO IS THE ONLY SEX LIFE I HAVE.

Pvt. J. M. Ohlson

Boston Students Union
96 The Fenway
Boston 15, Mass.

Gentlemen,

We have just been exposed to your latest issue of VooDoo and are curious to discover why you have not been aware of the charm that haunts the corridors of the Chamberlain School of Retailing, which is also a Junior College in Boston. (Take a deep breath here.)

You've seen that chic redhead dining at the Fox and Hounds—the startling brunette bewitching the men at the waltz parties—that scintillating blonde at the Latin Quarter—that is CHAMBERLAIN.

In future editions why not give us a thought? As we so often do for the M. I. T. men.

Appealingly,

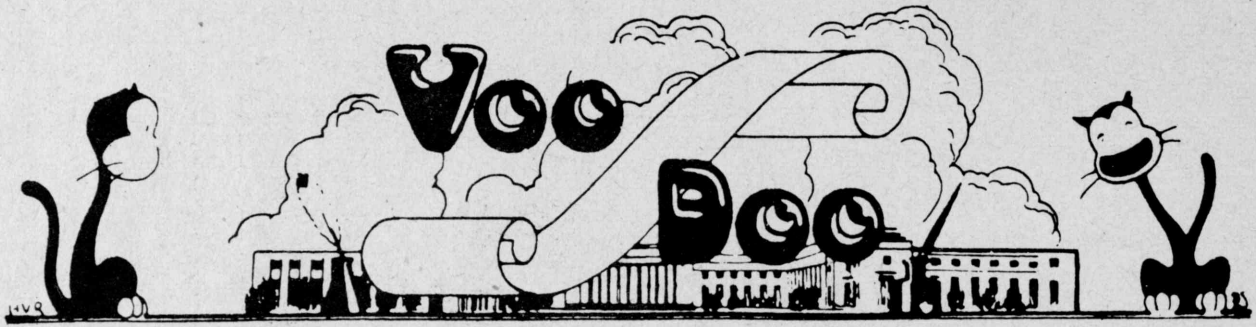
— CHAMBERLAIN BON-BOMBS

Of course, we can only write about those people and places with which we are intimate. So let's get acquainted. I'll start with the scintillating blonde at the Latin Quarter. Has she got a car?

— Ed.

OLD TIMERS' ISSUE





THERE was an acquaintance dance for Wellesley freshmen held out there in Alumnae Hall on October 8. There were perhaps five men for every Wellesley freshman and by the end of evening the girls were going for one Harvard man with two check books and Cadillac or one MIT man with a slot machine slug and a thumb. All the confusion of the evening was too much for us, and so we concen-

trated on a coat check girl who chews gum madly and thinks everything is cute.

We say things were crowded and that is quite right. One budding physicist calculated that the mean free path of a couple of average kinetic energy was in the neighborhood of 10-23 cm. Several of the fellows who had been at the dance three hours without even seeing a girl

got up quite a sizable pool to go to the one who could get across the dance floor and back in the quickest time. Of the five who started out, we have not seen four of them since then, but we were amazed that one completed the trip (he brought back a Harvard banner from the other side as proof) in slightly over three minutes. We asked him how he did it.

"Oh, it was pretty easy," he said. "I just cut in on the couple nearest the direction I wanted to go. I would take one step and be cut in on. Then I would pick the next couple in the right direction and the procedure would be repeated. That way I quickly got across and back."



"Now here we have something unusual in men's shorts."

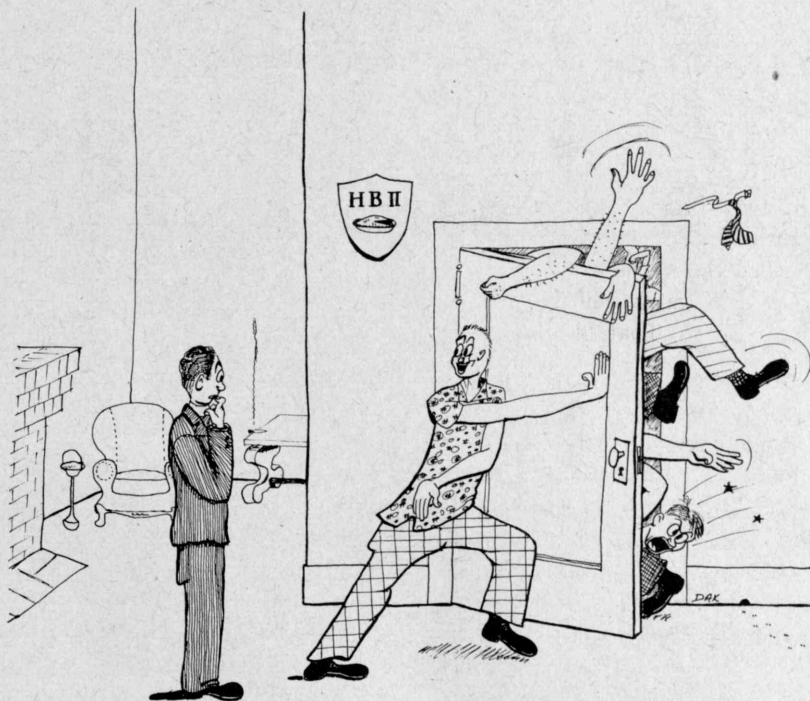
WE imagine that it is our duty to keep you all up to date on the doings of the summer. Phos, of course, was hibernating in an unused dressing room on Howard Street while most of the boys were away and there were only the old men going around rolling up the sidewalks each night at one to keep us company but *watdehell, — toujours gai.*

GREATEST believer in "Buddy" week was one worthy inhabitant of

Monroe who would play "Legalize my Name" during the later hours of "Open House." During the early hours he would put out ten watts of "It's a Woman's Prerogative to Change Her Mind." Watch and Ward, maybe?

WE were also in receipt of some publications of the Pilgrim Tract Society which we undertook to distribute for the curbing of the excessive immorality of the present generation. We were eagerly poring over two of the more inspirational of these publications "Whiskey Did It" and "The Vampire or the Young Man's Secret Sin" when the waitress of the local chop house glanced suspiciously over our shoulder. "Where you from?" she said. "MIT," we said proudly, giving a good shine to our Beaver ring and hitching up our cardinal and grey underwear. "Oh," she replied, a great light breaking out on her face, — "The Massachusetts Institute of Theology." We left her "The Vampire." You never can tell. . . .

RUSH WEEK



"See? Isn't it nice and roomy in here?"
"Oh sure! Lotsa room!"

WHILE thumbing through this summer's correspondence stacked up here in the office, we happily came across our latest issue of *The Clipsheet*, a temperance newspaper to which we eagerly subscribe. One item said: "It is astonishing how many women, young girls particularly, are appearing in the beer ads."

We say what the hell, it keeps them off the streets.

WE did notice a somewhat new spirit in the dorms this summer, — though, — now that we are back from the great wah. It was true that there was no water lapping over our floor

and we found no welded beams across our door as in the merry days of yore, — bur what really gave us an inkling of the new order was the fellow across the hall from us. He asked if his playing a trombone would disturb us.

MILITARY Science is a little-loved course at the Institute, we fear. Some students consider it an insult to their mentalities, and most consider it a waste of their time. The result is an attitude of apathy which is occasionally varied with ridicule.

One day the instructing officer passed out blanks to be filled out with the usual data such as name, address, and date of birth. The method of filling them out was clearly indicated on the blanks, but the officer insisted on giving elaborate instructions.

"Your name goes on the first line, last name first, gentlemen," he said. "So for John J. Doakes, it would be Doakes, John J. Now, has everybody got that straight?"

A voice came from the rear: "How do you spell Doakes?"

IN Physics lecture the other day, our class was pleasantly surprised to have

the second half of the hour devoted to some silent movies of the atomic bomb tests, Operation Crossroads, at Bikini. At one point in the show there was a fairly long scene, showing a big heavy door with three guards on post outside. Over the door was painted boldly, "This Area Restricted to Authorized Crossroads Personnel Only." A succession of important-looking people came up, had their passes carefully inspected and approved by one guard, and had the door opened for them and closed behind them by another. The function of the third guard, we gathered, was to shoot any unauthorized personnel trying to gain admittance. The whole procedure went on for some time, until everyone watching the picture was completely convinced of the secrecy and importance of the room on the other side of that door. Then some one in the back row said, "That's the head."

Mr. Pliff Rides Again

ABIGAIL Pliff, wife of Herman Pliff, was a cross-eyed old witch. She would look across at her cowering husband and say crossly, "You lazy beast! Where were you last night until two o'clock in the morning? Don't talk back to me, you worm! I smelled the moxie on your breath! I'll have to watch you more closely from now on. That blonde hair on your chest this morning didn't come from a giraffe! You worm!" Herman would sigh, and continue reading his copy of "Bedroom Manners," adroitly hidden in the financial section of the *New York Times*.

Time and again Abigail threatened Herman. Finally she acted. She consulted K. Q. Dabbingforth, private detective, who agreed to shadow Herman every Saturday night. . . .

Two weeks later, Herman quietly arose from bed. He sneaked into the broom closet and furtively donned his best suit. Outside, crouched in a garbage can, waited K. Q. Dabbingforth. Herman, lighting the way with his pocket flashlight, crawled out of a back window and sped down the street in the direction of the park. K. Q. leaped out of the garbage can, deftly plucking a piece of cauliflower from

his left ear. He flashed forward in pursuit of Herman.

The chase unfolded along sordid alley-ways. K. Q. peered through the red glow and saw Herman stride swiftly into the park.

Herman suspected nothing. K. Q. followed him through the dark brush and found himself standing on the edge of a clear clearing canopied by a score of dense trees. A blonde was sitting in the shadows with her back turned to the detective. Herman bounded forward with the Harpo Marx attack and embraced the blonde with the Charles Boyer crush. Muffled sounds of ecstasy reached the alert ears of K. Q. Herman was caught red-handed at last!

K. Q. Dabbingforth drew forth his pencil and pad and furiously began taking notes:

"Herman goes to park at 2 a.m., meets shapely blonde. Identification of blonde impossible because of darkness. Osculation begins at 2.21. Blonde is yielding—" K. Q. wet his pencil on his drool and continued: "She is. . . . He is helping her. . . . Time now 2.26. He is. . . ."

This was too much for K. Q. He rushed out of his hiding place, grabbed

Herman by the scruff of the collar, and said, "I, sir, am a private detective in the employ of your charming wife. If you are not home within twenty minutes you will be beaten within an inch of your life. Now go quietly."

Herman was visibly shaken. In fact, he shook with the shakes. He did not dare question this imperious stranger with the imperious gleam in his imperious eye. (This gleam, of course, was due to the shapely blonde, but Herman did not sense this sexy implication.) He waved a feeble farewell to the fair filly, and staggered home. He had a fleeting vision of an armada of black and blue rolling pins roaring overhead in battle formation.

K. Q. had not been able to get a good look at the blonde, but a fleeting glimpse of her provocative provocations was enough for him. He closed in for the kill.

"Ah, er—how do you do, Miss?," he said in his most charming and official manner. He stood in the light that had managed to sneak through the trees from a near-by lamp-post. She was still shrouded in almost total darkness.

"Don't call me Miss!," she snapped. "I am a full-fledged Mrs!"

"Oh, pardon me, Mrs. —er—ah—," said private detective K. Q. Dabbingforth.

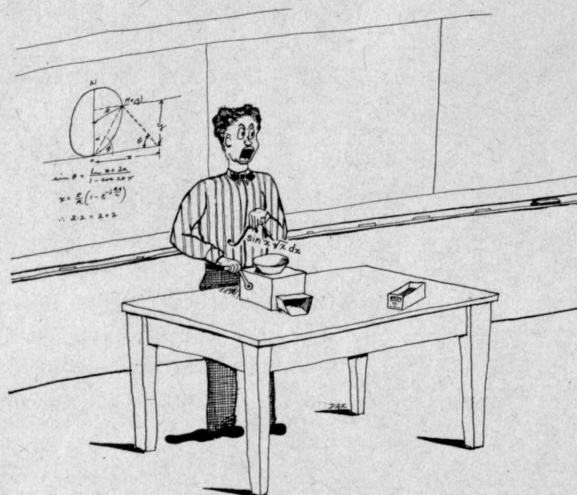
"You know full well who I am, you worm!," she growled.

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am, but I do not know who you are. If you would but tell me your name. . . ."

There was a pause like the drawn expression on the blonde's face. Then she spoke quietly:

"Dabbingforth. Mrs. K. Q. Dabbingforth."

Moral: Never make passes at a married woman. She may be someone else's wife.



"And then you just turn the crank."

R. A.



PHOS asked us the other day who was going to play for the Junior Prom. We told him it would be Vincent Lopez with some sweet dance music. Phos suddenly bolted under a desk and whimpered that we would probably send him to a cat-gut factory to be made into violin strings, so we would have money to go to the J.P. We assured him cat-gut was made from sheep and then hung this picture of Patti Dugan, Vincent's vocalist, in front of the cat's nose. He came right out of hiding.

CORRESPONDENCE

Podunk
July 1



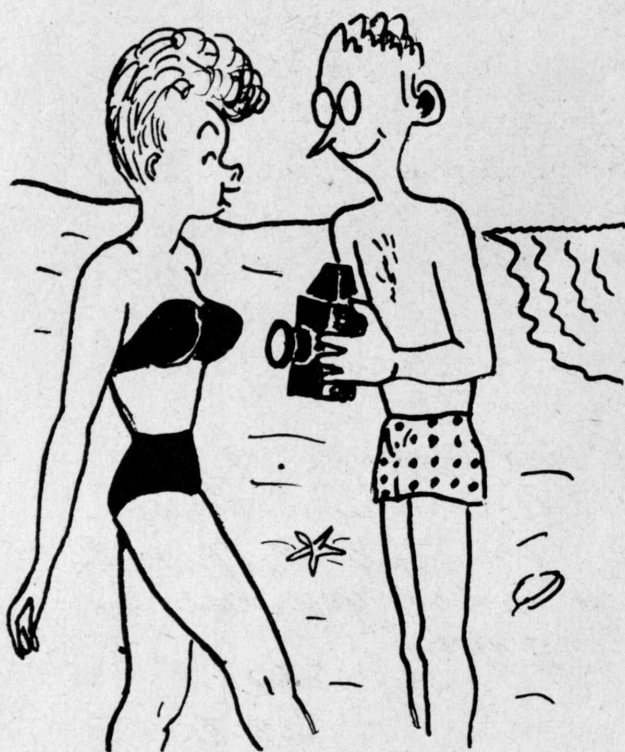
Dear Carol:

I just new arrived in Podunk for the summer. What a desolate hole! I wish you were here.

Would you please send a couple of pictures of yourself to sustain me? How about some of you in a bathing suit? You have such nice bathing suit filler.

Did I ever tell you that you that you were beautiful? Honest it was only because I was too stunned to speak. Remember the night that —
your toughboy
Bob

Pine Bluff
July 5



Dear Bob,
Enclosed are a couple of pictures of me. Mother doesn't like the one of me in the two piece bathing suit very much.

I met a nice fellow the other day. He goes to Tech and, when I told him you wanted those pictures, he said he knew a lot about photography, and so he took them. Please don't be jealous, Bob; he's just a nice friendly kid who is fun to be with and

I miss you.
Write often—
Love
Carol

COURSE



Podunk
July 11

Dear Carol:

Thanks for those swell pictures. They show you in your best shape. But who is this M.P.T. mutt who is making passes at you? Remember that I miss you terribly.

I would have written sooner, but I have been pretty busy lately. I spend a great deal of my time in the drugstore getting my work done.

Passionately,
Bob.

Pine Bluff
July 14

Dear Bob,

Don't worry about Terry (that's the Techman's name). He hangs around and bothers me, but I don't pay much attention to him.

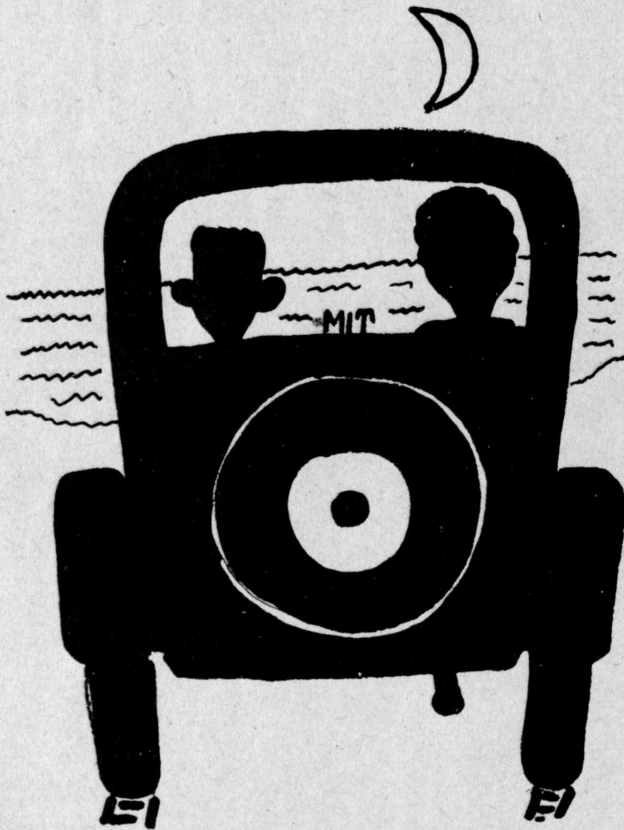
Right now he says I should go play tennis with him instead of writing you, but you see I'm writing you.

Love,
Carol



Dear Carol:
My work is taking
up more and more time
but I take myself away
from it to write my old
and only to write my old
are not. I hope you
with that Terry ^{around}
I'll be home soon.
The Lager,
Bob.

Miss Carol Barr
Pine Bluff
Ohio.



Pine Bluff
Aug. 8

Dear Bob,
Thank you for your
card. How's everything
with you. I hope you are
not working too hard.
You don't write very
often.
I'm fine and so is
my family. We have
been having nice weather
lately.

Carol



Podunk
Aug. 31

Dear Carol:

Get ready, gorgeous, your handsome hunk is coming home next week and take care of any lousy Techman hanging around. You better not have been unfaithful.

I've spent a lonely summer in this fire trap, but things are going to be different when I'm back. I hope you haven't changed any. I want those same longing blue eyes and luscious lips, those same
you long lost lover,
Bob



Pine Bluff
Sept 2

Dear Robert,
I want us always to be good friends. Therefore, I want to tell you before you get it from hearsay, that Terry and I are engaged.

Will you please send back my pictures and letters? I know you'll understand.

Sincerely,
Carol

SALTY

Kismet

A Report on the Actions of Aesius Rawgwald Prior to His Being Found, His Nose Caught in His Calculus

“**R**ROWR-R-R!”

Aesius Rawgwald growled vehemently as he pulled his nose from the depths of his “bible.” A solid week of high-pressure assimilation of facts had begun to spin foggy webs around his brain. His gnarled fingers clasped the back of his stern and erudite study chair as he took a furtive glance out of the window, winced at his reflection, and slowly staggered to his feet.

“Aesius! Surely you aren’t going outside while it’s still daylight?” asked his roommate in stark surprise.

With a show of self-righteousness Aesius replied, “Why not? Ain’t this the night of the Radcliffe ratrace? Huh?”

“Touche. Thou hast me there. What fain would thee do about it?”

“Waal — I think I’ll go ’n shuffle a bit if’n I cain make hit over thar.”

“That’s what. I thought you’d think.”

“Yas, and that’s wat I th— Oh hell.”

A look of dark discontent passed over the noble features of Aesius. It also passed over his other features. He had recalled a sad event of the morning.

“Say, I forgot that I got a letter from my gal wich sez she won’t be able to wriggle at the hop tonite. ’T seems that she couldn’t borry her mother’s false teeth. I recollek how sweet she used to look when someone told a riskay joke, she would grin and click her teeth, jes’ like a badger achawing on a hailstone. Aye, that

is one gleg gal. But wot the heck’ll I do now?” Aesius stopped talking, took a deep breath, surpassed his maximum angle of inclination, and fell on his face.

“Fie! Now you have chipped the varnish with your beak,” fied Jim. “But why don’t you go moose? Then you could get a wide at the jump.”

“Oh goody, goody, goody! A *real* girl!” chortled Aesius, deeply envious of Jim’s mastery of the slang.

“Boy, these here shoes shure do feel awful, wisht’ hadn’t of left both my right shoes at th’ ‘Biddlekin’s Bootery’ to hev spikes put on ’em,” moaned Aesius as he hobbled to the door of W-lk-r M-m-r-l.

Peering into the door, he saw the product of man’s purloined rib slouched against a pillar with a cigarette dangling from her lips. “Ohhhhhhh,” he gurgled, “I reckon I’ll realy put on the dawg fer thet lil gal, but dad gum, I done put the dawg out fer th’ nite. Waal, I’ll run home and put on a shirt insted. ’N I might even bring her my trusty pipe, ’s done been broke in.”

Having the forethought to leave a vacuum where he had been, Aesius scrambled to his room where he put on some clothes.

Dashing back to the hall, he tripped on a hanging object. “Damn suspenders,” he grunted as he plowed a furrow along the floor.

Having compassion on him, the lady of his fancy deigned to stick out

her foot thus bringing him to a stop.*

As the smoke cleared, Aesius arose looking apologetical. But as more photons reached his eyes, this look changed to one of a more fiendish tone.

“Wurf!” he wurfed.

Naturally, such a quaint approach was irresistible to the young lady and we return hours later to find Aesius still in the presence of Thwaria Schinp; still wrapped in ecstasy. Slowly unwrapping the ecstasy, he began his farewells, promising to call her on the morrow.

(—*So you think this is going to end happily, huh? So all is going to be sweetness and light, peaches and cream, integral and differential? I thought you knew better. This is VooDoo.*)

Aesius spent the night in peaceful bliss dreaming of censorable things. Upon arising he informed his roommate that life was too short for work. Now he was going to be gay. Eat, drink, and be merry. Wine, women, and song. Throw the books in the cuspidor.

He waded thru a pink mist of optimism to breakfast and was even happy in physics class. This afternoon operation “X” begins. He will take the new flame to a show; other things will follow. . . .

“Jim, ain’t hit four o’clock yet? Should I act coy tonight? Where’d I put my earwax?” queried Aesius, slicking down his hair with shoe-black.

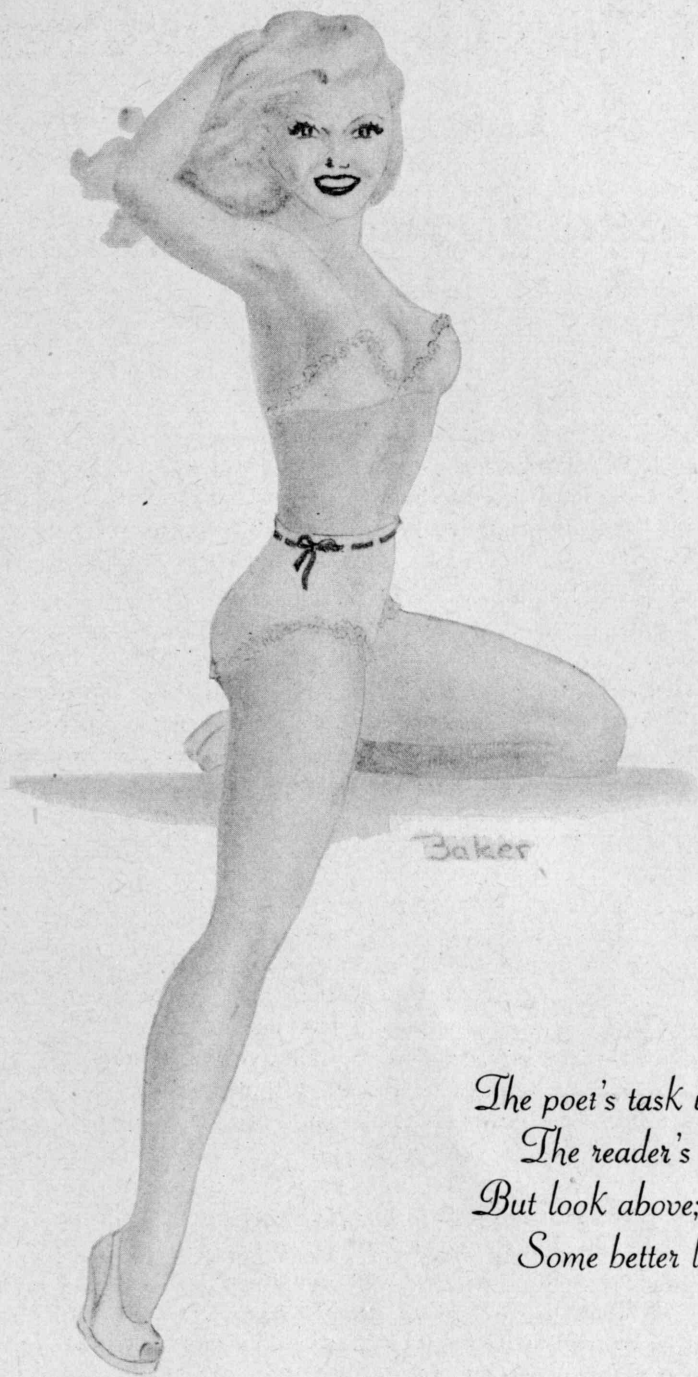
Suddenly a look of acute perplexity crossed his brow at a $7\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ angle.

“What the devil did she say her name was? Why I ain’t got her address and I know she don’t know where I live. Oh foul! I’ll commit suicide immediately and in the worst imaginable way possible. . . .”

“Well, Bless me, he has jammed his nose into his calculus book and is suffocating,” commented his roommate sardonically.

P. S. C.

* (“Cf. Sears concerning negative acceleration.”)



*The poet's task it is to try
The reader's whim to please.
But look above; I think you'll find
Some better lines than these.*

You Too Can Be a Creator

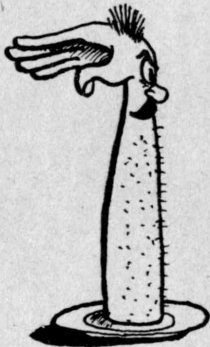
Do you aspire to have fame, money, women? An extremely poor substitute for the above mentioned is the ability to write poetry. I shall endeavor to show the ease with which a person without ability can create verse. The essentials of a good prospect are: a strong stomach and a pen. He must first find a theme of equal and vital interest to himself and his public — naturally, sex. We may now commence. The novice should approach his motif with three syllable words to create the proper atmosphere. Sample start:



Bathed in the rays of splendidous sun,
And filling my soul with felicitous beauty,
I gamboled and frolicked and boy did I run
After tossing a rock at a guy that was snooty.



The modern school demands the opening passage to be totally incomprehensible (formerly the artist could choose between ambiguity and incoherence). Lest the reader quit the epic at this point, we must quickly revert to our sensual theme. Unfortunately your full artistry may not find expression due to prudent censors having no appreciation of great literary prowess. Below is a typical product (thrice slashed by the board).



Good Lord, have mine eyes gone bleary?
This will shatter the Newtonian theory.
What keeps it up? What form of invention?
(You can guess what it was that caught my attention.)
'Twas a lass in a swim suit with nary a strap,
Which called for research — while avoiding a scrap.
With the subtle approach that techmen possess,
The scruff of her neck, I began to caress.
“We have not been introduced,” she muttered;
“I’m Hector Sylvestre Kockenlif,” I stuttered.
A vicious gleam flashed from her eyes;
I was willing to forego any further ties.
I asserted myself — retreating from blows;
Said she, “Well get up; stop licking my toes.”
Wiping the froth from my mouth, as it ran,
I asked if her suit was held by an invisible man.
She stealthily beckoned me to her side,
The amazing secret she would confide:
She whispered of devices used by some —
But said she herself used chewing gum.



If you desire your gem to reach public eye, sign to it a pseudonym such as William Shakespeare, or misleading initials such as...

H.S.K.

Murgatroyd



What is this?
Something foul is afoot.
I smell rotten eggs.



It is Murgatroyd.
But what has happened?
She is beautiful.
But her thoughts are ugly.



Murgatroyd likes Harry.
She will be charming.
She will entice him.



Harry succumbs.
Murgatroyd is beautiful.
Harry is normal.
He is a Tech man.

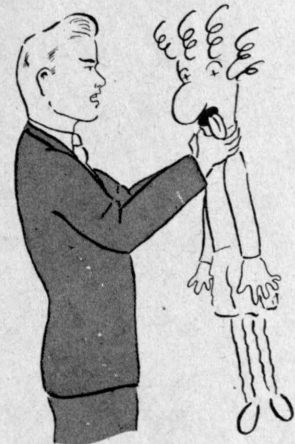


She has been reincarnated by her Fairy Godfather.

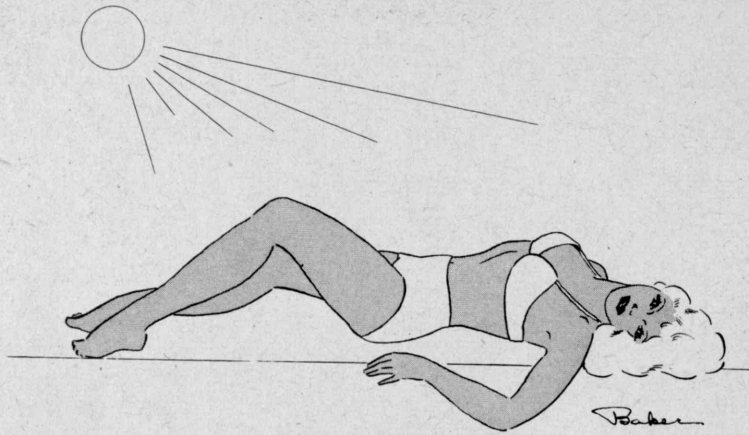
He is very sweet.
He goes to Harvard.
My, my ———



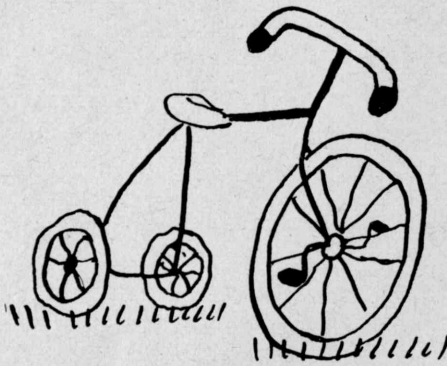
This is Harry.
He is handsome.
He is a Tech man.



But the Fairy Godfather is jealous.
He changes Murgatroyd back.
The shock is too much for Harry.
He strangles her.



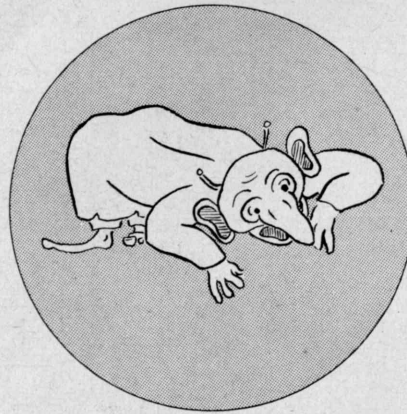
Heat Absorption
Fundamentals of Thermodynamics



Carnot Cycle



Throttling



An Isothermal (Enlarged)



Heat Exchange



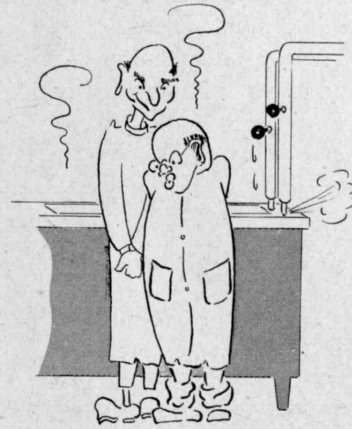
Thermal Efficiency



A Diabatic Expansion



A Hot Body



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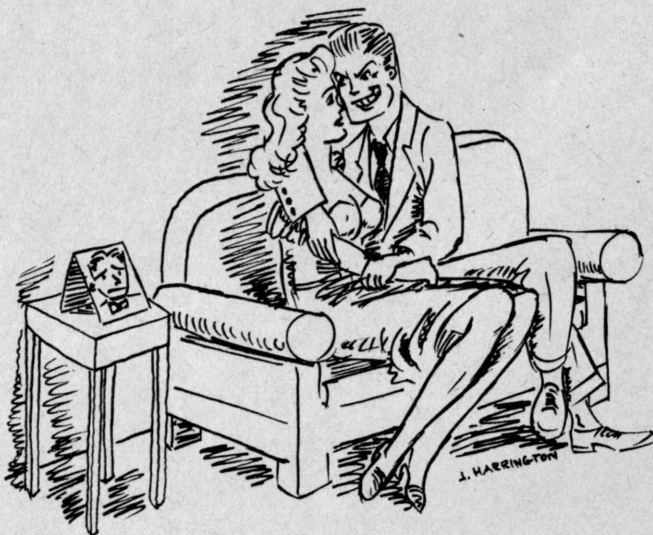
The First Law

Cuddles the Coed

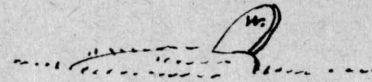
The frat had her listed as "the gal most likely to."
Confirmed, double-checked, indeed it was true.
It was rumored about that she grew giddy with rum;
The sweater she sported made me swallow my gum.
Her character was shady, her morals were doubted;
Her ethics, if any, were a thing to be flouted.
She was buxom, curvaceous, indeed well defined;
She was alluremment, enticement, temptation combined.

All this raced through my mind as I dialed her number;
I inquired of her health and of how well she could rhumba.
I told her I would meet her by a quarter of eight.
She said not to hold my breath while I wait;
I found that she had to watch grandma that night.
I asked if sis couldn't keep granny from getting tight.
My viewpoint she finally came 'round to believe,
When I inquired if sis would be free for that eve.

With this rare beauty I spent a festive night;
The inebriated gal giggled gayly at its height.
She clasped my hand and then bade me adieu.
Hell thought I — could this be my exit cue?
I chafed her shoulder saying passion must be expressed;
Her face grew brighter, I knew she was impressed.
Her lips whispered that what I said was quite true,
"For my husband says the very same."
With that I withdrew.



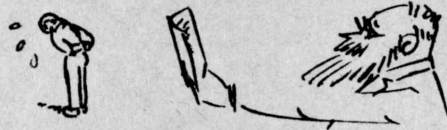
Memories of Little Willie



Well, what can this book be? See how green its cover is.
See how worn its pages are. Oh look! It is brother's
calculus book. Brother does not like it; for when he reads
it, he says bad things. Hurry, let us tear out its pages
and make paper airplanes.



And what is this? Why, it is brother's physics home-
work. Let us show brother that we can write. Let us
write something interesting in the paper. Let us take our
pencil and write, "To hell with the professor."



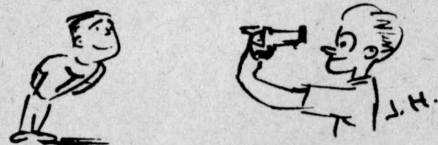
Ha! This thing with the garish cover is a pamphlet
written by and for fools. Let us not read it. It says "Voo
Doo" on the cover. Let us take it to our Sunday school
teacher. She will like it.



What is this? Well bless me, it is brother's Junior
prom ticket. It is a stiff piece of cardboard. We have use
for such a piece of paraphernalia. Let us fold it up and
jam it into brother's nice new alarm clock.



Brother is in the parlor with Elizabeth. How nice.
She would like to see Cuddles' picture. Let us show it to
her.



What is this? Dear me, it is brother's revolver. I
wonder if it is loaded? Let us look down the barrel and
see. Hmmmm — what is this little lever? Let us pull it
and find out. . . .

P. S. C.

Cushmaker 1/c

The new destroyer had just received her crew and was out at sea for the first time. But on the first day orders were radioed to return to port and take on another man. They pulled up to the dock, lowered a gangplank, and a sailor in whites strode on board.

"Cushmaker 1st Class McGraw reporting, sir," said the sailor.

"Cushmaker?" queried the officer.

"Yes, sir."

He was assigned ordinary quarters, but soon indignantly returned to the officer and demanded, "I must have more room for my apparatus."

The apparatus was soon brought on board. There was a great deal of heavy machinery which had to be hoisted on with a crane. Space is hard to come by on shipboard, but Cushmaker 1st Class McGraw demanded and got the room he needed. When the last piece of apparatus was installed, McGraw ordered everyone out, locked himself in, and went to work.

Meanwhile, the whole deal had aroused the curiosity of all on board. Rumor had it that top government secret experiments were being performed. A dumb gob even asked his chief what a Cushmaker was.

"None of your damn business," said the chief. However he cornered a lieutenant and asked him what a Cushmaker was. The lieutenant did not know either and began asking his superiors. This caused no little concealed embarrassment as each superior asked his superior, for no one, not even the captain of the ship, knew what a Cushmaker was. Finally the captain radioed Washington to find out, but even they did not know.

All this threw the ship's officers into consternation and so the big boys decided to investigate. In a little while, therefore, a glowing assemblage of gold braid descended upon the quarters of Cushmaker 1st Class McGraw. They beat on his door and demanded that he open up.

McGraw came to the door, opened it a crack, and peered suspiciously out. The officers glared at him. Behind him, through the crack, they could see the red glow of a blast furnace. On one side, partly visible, was a machine with elaborate gears and levers clanking away. On the other side were rows of coils, dials, and glowing vacuum tubes. Periodically, an electric arc would leap across the room. The sight was awesome.

"What the hell are you doing? What is a Cushmaker?" shouted the captain politely.

McGraw brightened visibly. "I can't stop to tell you now, sir, but come back at four bells and I'll show you." With that he closed the door in the flabbergasted captain's face.

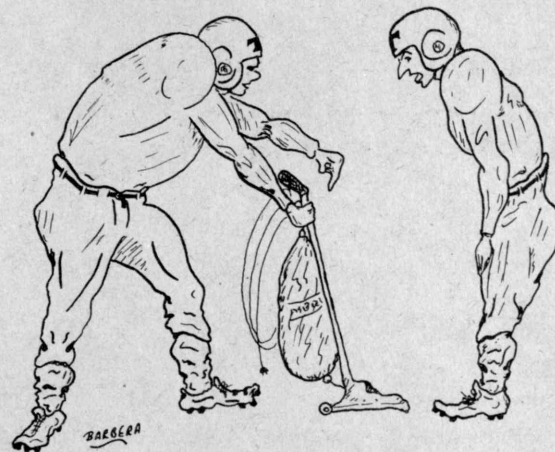
For six hours the captain sweated it out. Finally, the time came for the demonstration. He refused to let the second in command come with him for fear something dreadful might be in store for anyone who went into the same room with this unknown quantity — a Cushmaker 1st Class.

McGraw welcomed the delegation and insisted that absolute quiet must prevail. As they watched, he opened the furnace door. Inside was a complicated piece of machinery complete with gears, vacuum tubes, and various oblate spherical attachments.

It turned red hot, then white hot, then finally it began to fuse. At this point McGraw pressed a switch; tongs removed the object; and an overhead crane descended and lifted it to the ceiling.

Every eye in the room followed the crane as it carried the object along the ceiling, out through an enlarged porthole, and held it poised over the ocean. A release switch was thrown.

The white-hot object hit the water and went. "Cushhhh."



— "The coach wants us to suck in their defense on this play!"

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She: "Do you want to stop the car
and eat, sweetheart?"

He: "No, pet."



GAS OVERCOMES GIRL WHILE TAKING BATH

Miss Cecilia Jones owes her life to
the watchfulness of the elevator boy
and the janitor of the hotel where she
was stopping.

— *New York Times*.

OBITUARY

Murgatroyd, Tech coed, died re-
cently of strangulation. The Voo Doo
art staff is mourning by drinking only
black label for three months. The
strangler has been acquitted on the
grounds of justifiable homicide.

The prosperous and time-honored
partnership of Jones & Johnson threat-
ened to go on the rocks when Johnson
fell madly in love with Jones' wife.
Jones was very understanding about
the whole thing, but finally told his
partner, "This thing cannot go on any
longer. The situation must be resolved
one way or another."

"We've always been sporting men,"
said Johnson, "what do you think of
the idea of playing one game of back-
gammon to see who gets the girl?"

The husband thought this proposi-
tion over for a few moments and then
agreed. "Let's play for a quarter a
point on the side," he added, "just to
make it interesting."

"So, you're working your way through school. How do you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm peddling liquor, but I'm really editing the humor magazine."

— *Columns.*



"Mother, are there any skyscrapers in heaven?"

"No, son, engineers build skyscrapers."

— *Covered Wagon.*



"That is a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes, I wear it to teas."

"Whom?"



Engineer—If I start at a given point on a given figure and travel the entire distance around it, what will I get?

Coed — Slapped, sir.

— *Columns.*



"Your girl's spoiled, isn't she?"

"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."

— *Gargoyle.*



The Department of Taxation received a typed income tax return from a bachelor who listed one dependent son. The examiner returned the blank with a penciled notation—"This must be a stenographic error." Presently the blank came back with the added notation, "You're telling me!"

— *Widow.*

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Chaplain: "I will allow you five minutes of grace before your execution."

Condemned man: "Well, that's not very long, but bring her in."



"Will your wife hit the ceiling when you come in this late?"

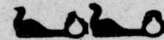
"Probably—she's a rotten shot."



A young man stood before the board to register for his sugar ration. "My wife doesn't have a grain of sugar in the house," he firmly stated.

"Be careful, young man, you must tell the truth, or you may be charged with perjury."

"Gosh! Is that a fact? Well, in that case . . . she's really not my wife."



Kappa: My, what slim, expressive hands you have. They belong on a girl.

Kappa Sig: You win, baby.

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Garbage man: "No, lady, jump right in."



Favorite Sigma Nu toast:

"Here's to you, Beautiful!"

"God made you beautiful!"

"God, I wish I could make you beautiful!"



Bill, who had made love to many women besides his wife, was bothered by his conscience. He told a friend that he was going to confess to his wife and ask her to forgive him. He did so and his wife began to guess who his partners were. "Was it Mrs. Johnson?" she asked. But the gallant husband wouldn't tell. "Was it Mrs. Williams?" persisted the wife.

"No, I won't tell you their names," said the husband.

"Was it Mrs. Brown?" queried his wife, insisting.

"Sorry, but I won't tell you their names," repeated the husband.

The wife became angry and said: "If you won't tell me the names of these women, I won't forgive you."

The next day Bill met his friend and the friend asked: "Well, Bill, how did you make out with your wife? Did she forgive you?"

"No, she didn't forgive me, but she gave me three good leads," answered the husband.



Toast overheard at a fraternity banquet:

"Here's to the land we love and vice versa."

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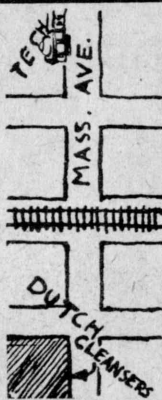
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"Do you know what the ram said as he fell over the cliff?"

"No, what?"

"I didn't see that ewe turn."



During an art exhibit, two extremely respectable ladies were viewing the various offerings of a modern realistic artist.

"You don't mean to tell me that you posed for that shocking portrait," said one to the other.

"Certainly not!" the second replied. "He must have painted it from memory."



"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes, and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

"Yeah, and what's in the third bottle?"

"Gin."



The DKE pledge had just been given a quart of Scotch. On his way across the street he was knocked down by an automobile. Picking himself up he felt something trickling down his pants leg. "Oh, Lord," he groaned, "I hope that's blood."



Having registered as Mr. and Mrs. Smith, he turned to her:

"Is a room without a bath all right, dear?"

"Sure, mister."

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Summer Session Bulletin.

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