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A young matron taking first aid noticed a young man sprawled face downward in the street. "Aha," she thought, "Providence has sent me to minister to this poor unfortunate." Parking her car, she rushed over and began resuscitation. Presently the man stirred and looked up. "Lady, I don't know what the hell you're after, but I wish you'd quit tickling me. I'm holding a lantern for this guy working in the manhole."

— Boulder.

After the speed with which Italy surrendered, there is some doubt that the war will last for the duration.



"So you're the new teacher? Well, I'm the father of the child you are going to have next fall."

— Boulder.

A total of 9158 applications have been approved in New England under the Federal program for maternity-infant care to wives and babies of servicemen, the U.S. Department of Labor reported yesterday.

— Boston Herald.

Right department, anyway.



Mother: "Johnny, if you don't stop eating so much cake you are going to burst!"

Johnny: "Pass the cake... and stand clear!"

— Ranger.



"I don't like the way that blonde across the street dresses."

"How does she dress?"

"In the dark."

— Boulder.



An old negro preacher was explaining to his congregation the difference between faith and knowledge.

"Now, my brethren," he said "hit's like dis: Dar's Brudder John-sing a sitting on de front seat wid Sister John-sing and de five little John-sings. She knows dey's her chillen — dat's knowledge. He believes dey's his chillen — dat's faith."

— Yellow Jacket.

Voo Doo

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WE are under the impression that the average man leads a rather narrow social life when it comes to diversity of entertainment. In hopes of spreading around some good news and with an eye firmly on old Bacchus, we thought that there were some hidden away spots and some lesser known night life activities that deserve mention.



We usually associate the Stuart-Tremont Street section of town with the honorable Jacob Wirth's, wherein flows the famous amber fluid. Pangs of hunger sent us one night not too long ago to this section, but we made an error in our calculations and wound up at "Athens-Olympia." The place is just up from Jakie's, on Stuart. Steak is what they serve, and for those who occasionally get tired of the food at the house and think of those two-inch morsels we can offer no better suggestion than to drift down to this Greek-American spot and try one of their specials.

We made our way uptown after downing that steak and then getting some of Jakie's sawdust off our feet, and still on Stuart, we noticed a subterranean entrance above which was blazing the sign "Viking." Our date was somewhat taken back by having to step down into the cocktail lounge,



"She's more than a pal—she carries my supply of Sir Walter Raleigh!"

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**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**
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but once inside she agreed with us that there are few lounges around that can beat it if it's a quiet drink you want. The prices are reasonable for the liquid stuff, and the Hammond organist gives some damn good background effect. Try this place if you feel like spending that quiet evening at home — out.

We've got one more spot on our mind, and we know that there are an unfortunately large number of Techmen who have never heard of it. We are referring to the Lafayette, just down about a half block on Commonwealth Avenue from Massachusetts Avenue. If it's low light you want in a cocktail lounge, this is the place. The lack of electricity may be part of the manager's plan to cut down costs, but we think it's a hell of a good idea. The place is large enough so that a good sized party can take over and not feel crowded; and we noticed that the Lafayette did

seem to develop the party instinct in its guests. Try this spot during a weekend; it's got plenty to offer, and the beverages are unwatered unless so desired.



If a girl's a good loser at strip poker, it isn't always sportsmanship. Sometimes it's just plain conceit.



An American Negro soldier and a German met face to face on the battlefield. It was one or the other and the Negro reverted to his trusty razor. He leapt at his foe with a mighty swish. The German sneered, "Missed me!" But the Negro answered with a toothy grin, "Nazi man, yo'all just try shakin yo' head."

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A farmer was driving past the
insane asylum with a load of manure
when an inmate called out:

"What are you hauling?"

"Fertilizer," replied the farmer.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it on my strawberries, why?"

"You ought to live here. We get
sugar and cream on ours."

— Pelican.



"You can't arrest me. I come from
one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O. K., buddy. We ain't
arresting you for breeding purposes."

— Jester.



He "Jack had tough luck in court,
this morning."

She: "How's that?"

He: "He was arrested for kissing a
woman. The judge took a look at her
and fined him \$10.00 for being drunk."

An intelligent girl is one who knows
how to refuse a kiss without being
deprived of it.



Carl Roden: "I'm going to kiss
you!"

Date: "Aren't you forgetting your-
self?"

Roden: "That's right. I'm only
thinking of the pleasure it will give
you."



Pop: "So you played hookey again?
What makes you stay away from
school?"

Son: "Class hatred."

— Medley.



A lady who lived in the English
countryside was visited by an evacuee
officer, arranging shelter for refugee
children. The maid answered the bell
and then rushed into her mistress'
room and blurted, "Please, mum,
you've got to have two children and
the man is downstairs."



Tech Man: "Do you believe in
free love?"

Date: "Have I ever sent you a bill?"

First Drunk: "Shee 'at fly crawlin'
up a wall?"

Second Drunk: "Thas no fly. Thas
a lady bug."

First Drunk: "Migawd, man, wha'
marvelous eyesight."

"Have you seen Lucille's new evening gown?"

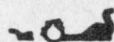
"No, what does it look like?"

"In most places it looks quite a bit like Lucille."

— Log.



There was a fire in the dressing rooms of the Old Howard recently. The fire was put out in an hour, but it took five hours to put the firemen out.



When a certain member of our armed forces had to appear in court last week, he stated his case thusly: "But your honor, I'm a Marine." To which the judge answered: "Ignorance is no excuse."

— Shot & Shell.

Artist: "Come be my model and I'll make you immortal."

Dora: "But I'm already immoral."



The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father, "and all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."

— Pelican.



Science is resourceful; it couldn't pry open Pullman windows, so it air-conditioned the train.

— Pelican.

Amos (after a narrow escape at a railroad crossing) — "How come you blow yo' hawn? You oughta know it wouldn't do you no good."

Sambo — "Boy, dat wan't my hawn. Dat was Gabriel's."

— Shot & Shell.



Reporter (to visiting Frenchman): "And why are you visiting this country, Duke?"

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

— Green Gander.



"I was wounded overseas. I was shot through the leg."

"Scar?"

"No thanks, I don't smoke."

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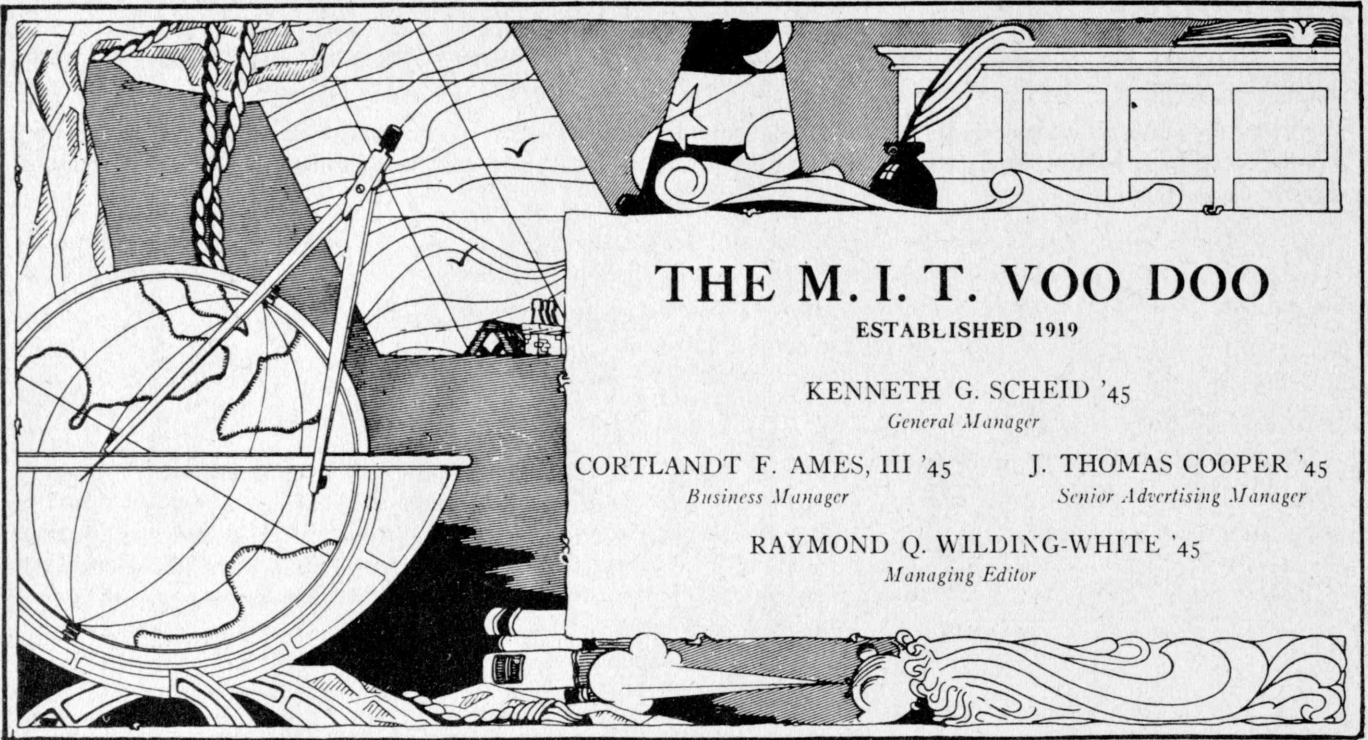
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THE M. I. T. VOO DOO

ESTABLISHED 1919

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DEDICATION —

A QUICK glance through this issue will show our reader that the present Voo Doo staff is not responsible for the material contained therein. Further investigation will show that the Frontispiece says "Silver Anniversary." In hopes that present day Techmen would have a hell of a good laugh over the subject matter of previous issues, the Cat presents for his reader a composite picture of the sheet as it has developed and changed over a quarter century. Phos is in a mood of celebration, and his first toast goes naturally to those who in the past have gone mad in hopes that one or two Techmen might for a few minutes forget the world of slide rules and integral tables.

* * * *

CONGRATULATION —

THE CAT is at times a very confused animal. For years now he has said so long to his Senior friends in May, but now for the second time he must in February tip his top hat and brandish his walking stick at those tried and true souls who within a few weeks will be the newest additions to the list of men who have survived eight terms of Tech. He'll be down there at the Statler next Friday for that Senior ball, and it's highly possible that a few of those traditional stag parties will be favored with his presence. Phos was particularly pleased to hear that Hal MacIntyre was to entertain at the ball, and to the committee which has lost a lot of sleep over this affair and to the Seniors who will be raising hell for a few days he sends a hearty so long.

ADVOCATION —

THE CAT has for some time now been making a detailed survey into the crying needs of Technology, and in his preliminary report he notes the following:

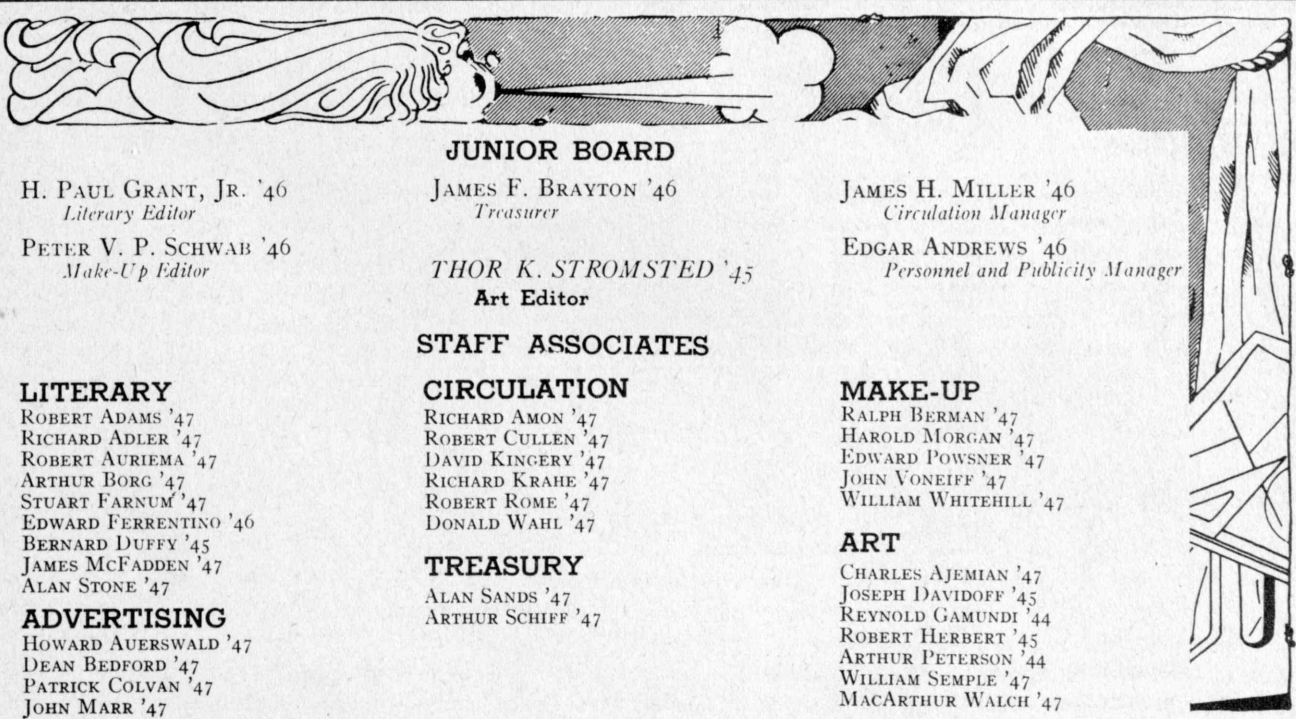
BAR — one; to be set up in the Walker Lounge in order that the nature of place may at last blend with the name; floor show at 10.00 P.M., courtesy the Radiation Lab; open all night; if successful, annex to be set up in the Buttery of the Graduate House.

TUNNEL — two; these have been long advocated by Phos; one to extend from Building Two across to the above-mentioned lounge; other to be constructed under Massachusetts Avenue from the Graduate House to the Cambridge Taxi Service stand, exit to be directly into a vehicle waiting there.

* * * *

ALTERATION —

THE CAT has a new addition to his magazine which he feels deserves mention. As a replacement for his previous feature "Letters to the Editor" he begins a column modeled on *New Yorker's* "Goings on About Town" — a comment on some of the lesser-known entertainment spots about Boston: The feature is still in the experimental stage and may undergo change after the initial reactions are observed. Phos hopes that this new column will give a few readers additional ideas on how to get rid of that extra \$.50 they saved by buying two rather than the customary four Voo Doo's.

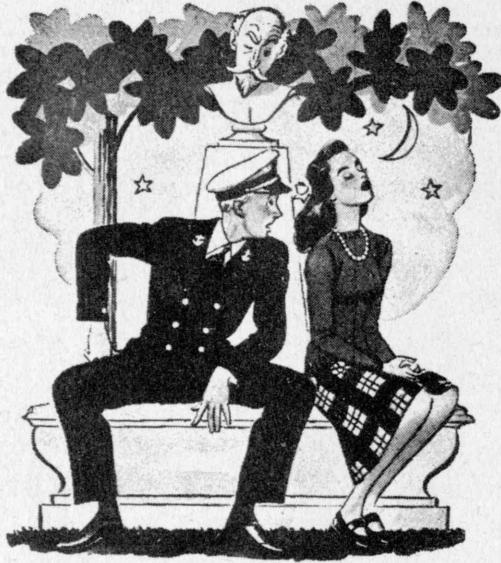


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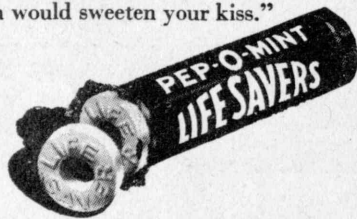
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"Tell me," said Ed to his current Venus,
 "What is the cause of this coolness between us?"
 "Well, Ed," said the lass, "I'll tell you this:
 "A Pep-O-Mint breath would sweeten your kiss."

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.



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.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

"My room is so cold that the other night a Varga Girl came down off the wall and got in bed with me."

Submitted by R. T. Mullen, M. I. T. Grad House, Cambridge, Mass.

First Girl: "He's just bashful. Why don't you give him a little encouragement?"

Second: "Encouragement? . . . He needs a cheering section!"

"Even if you were the last man on earth I wouldn't marry you."
 "It wouldn't be necessary."

Heaven protects the working girl,
 But Heaven, I fear, is shirking.
 For who protects, I'd like to know,
 The fellow she is working?

Tiger.



"Would you like an inside or outside room?"

"Inside — it looks like rain!"
 — *Old Maid.*



Gintoff: "You men were fifteen seconds late in forming. Y'know what? You guys don't rate liberty this weekend!"

Voice from the ranks: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Gintoff: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry, sir."

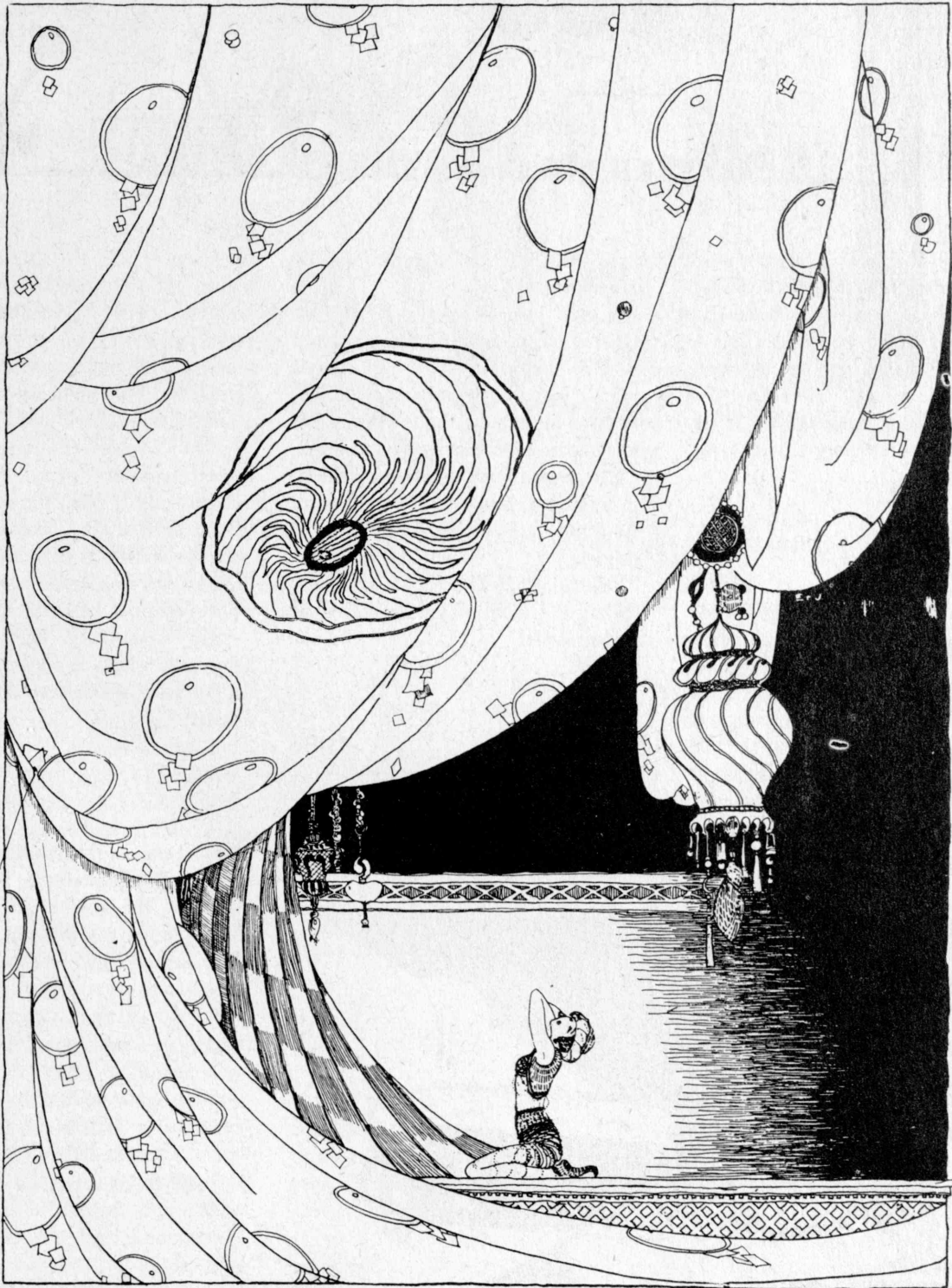


"Why do traffic lights turn red?"
 "You'd turn red, too, if you had to change in the middle of the street."
 — *Pelican.*

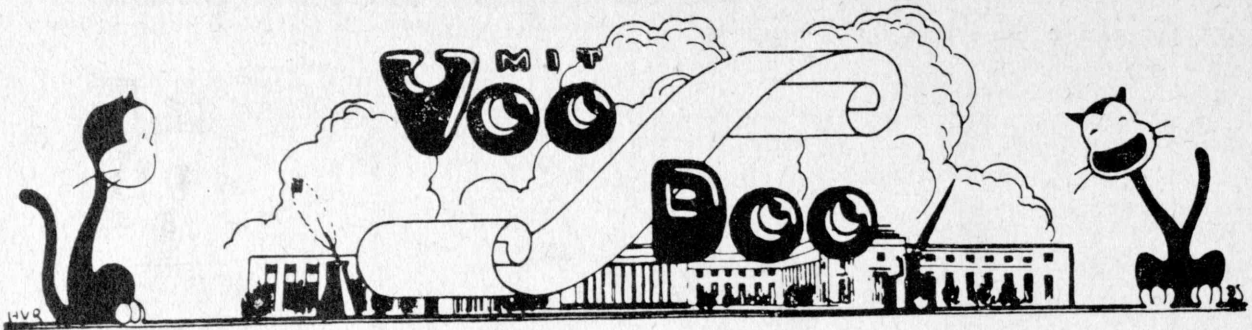
Instructor (after breath-taking spin): "I bet 50 per cent of the people down there thought we were going to be killed."

Cadet: "And 50 per cent of the people up here thought so, too."
 — *Shot & Shell.*

RING THEM SILVER BELLS



25 YEARS OF VOO DOO



Phos presents on these pages a selection of VOODOOINGS dating all the way back to those days when a Republican smiled in public, and there was a turkey in every pot and two quarts in every baby carriage. Here they are, carefully shoveled from the top of the pile, every one fetching up a happy memory or three.

1936

IT was in the washroom of the Coconut Grove, that we heard the following little conversation. After thinking over its dark implications, we feel it to be more or less our civic duty to pass it on.

The participants were a group of middle-aged men in evening clothes, all more or less under the weather. One of the group was trying to con-

vince the rest of the necessity for more refreshments.

"Come on, fellows," quoth he. "Just a coupla more." He staggered in our direction, and we moved quickly away, remembering the unpleasant episode at Sands Point. We don't want anyone giving us medals.

His companions remained stolidly unconvinced, much to the distress of the thirsty individual. Tears came to his eyes.

"Come on, fellows," he implored. "What the Hell! The New Deal is paying for it!"

1936

HERE'S hoping a certain Illinois weekly paper won't mind our repeating its story.

A motorcycle policeman riding lei-

surely up one of the 45-mile-an-hour highways was almost smashed to pieces by a Ford convertible that kept right on tearing up the road going about 80. About a quarter of a mile farther the Ford suddenly turned into a gas station and stopped in a cloud of dust. The driver jumped out and dashed into the station. The irate policeman arriving at the same station looked around for someone to bawl out. He waited as patiently as possible until an important-looking young woman stepped casually into her car.

"My God, lady, but you were going somewhere in a hurry!"

"Oh yes," she said sweetly, "but I made it."

1937

WE chanced to notice a svelte, smooth, young lady in one of the newer of the new short skirts approaching us on Beacon Street the other day. We had just jotted down a mental note regarding the shapeliness of her calves when two dowagers in front of us caught our eye. They had both turned to follow her with their combined gaze, and as we passed one remarked to the other in a dark green tone, "My dear, did you ever see such a pair of gams."

1937

SOME people insist that honesty is the best policy, but sometimes people can go a little farther than



"Sho' nuff—ain't doin' him no good to be pickled"

necessary. For example there is a certain bright spot on a darker street off Broadway. It has a prominent sign. Three Shows Nightly — No Cover.

1938

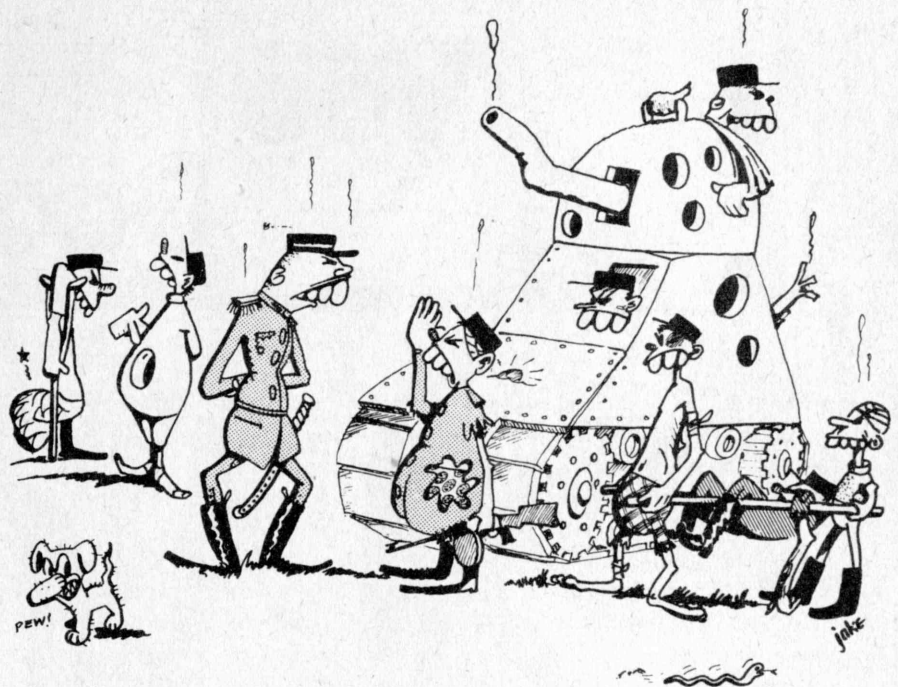
WE had to celebrate Christmas vacation — just because everyone else was doing it, not that it wasn't our own idea, too. But at one of these country club dances where there is always a terrifically mixed up crowd, the orchestra leader started calling for the Big Apple and the older crowd — mothers and fathers, started swinging out in gay fashion, but when it came to getting enough of the younger group together, he ran up against a stone wall. He tried coaxing one of the sub-debs and her escort out, and she practically slapped him down. "Do you suppose I want to make a perfect fool of myself doing that crazy stuff?" she said as she and her partner went into an animated version of peckin'.

1938

NOW that the steel work on the new building is almost completed, the project has lost much of its allure. We have only held on to our favorite position near the middle of the railing before the steps because of the problems offered in the removing of the hundred-odd-foot mast of the derrick from the middle of the dome.

1941

VOO DOO has had for a long time the idea that Murgatroyd and Varicose were purely figments of the imagination, products of the literary staff's diseased imagination. Reports, however, have reached us from one of our far-flung observers that their living counterparts have been literally unearthed. Yes, two living vibrating masses of plasm. He lives on Beacon Street, she lives on Memorial Drive, and they both hang out in a tavern in Scollay Square.



"Beg to report — most honorable company has made successful escape from Marine!"

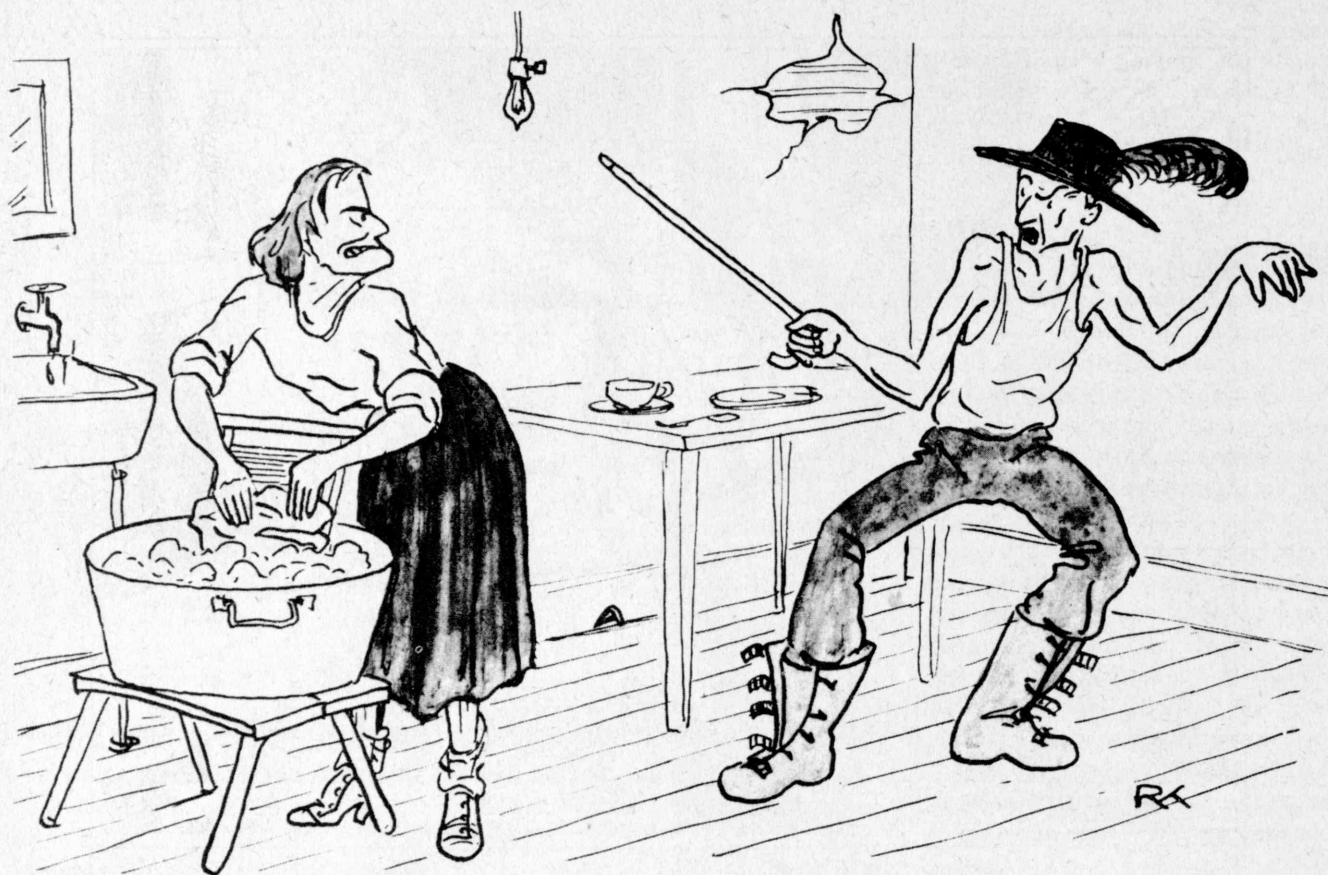
1941

IN lecture room 4-370 a queer-looking individual walked carefully down the aisles, pencil and orange card in hand. He stopped at every row, making notations, apparently unconscious of the engineers-to-be who watched him from all corners of the room. Professor Robinson watched, too, smiling with the rest. Suddenly a voice from the back row called out, "Gallup Poll!"

1942

THE girls of Smith College have a delightful custom which we feel is worthy of the Institute's notice. Each year on some beautiful day a bell is rung without warning and classes are dismissed for one day. This startling procedure is known as Mountain Day, the original purpose being to give the ladies an opportunity to have a try at climbing a nearby hill. The truth of this tale was confirmed for

us by the recent arrival of a Smith girl who dropped in unexpectedly on a Tech friend. Outside of seeing a handy way to have Smith dates in these tire-less times, think of the possibilities that lie here if we were to institute such a day at Technology. We would of course go in for such a thing in a much more spectacular manner. The President would cut a satin ribbon, our factory whistle would give a blast, and all power and machines would be turned off. Then after a parade by the freshmen and free beer for all, the Institute would be dismissed to allow us to swim the Charles River. We could call this River Day, and with patience and time it might become one of the most colorful bits of pageantry in the town. Picture, if you can, scores of engineers pushing the water ahead of them as they churn madly across the river to the Esplanade and freedom, to the shouts of a multitude of enthusiastic Cambridge urchins. The matter is being presently discussed with the proper authorities.



"Lissen, D'Artagnan, you do that again and I'll slap yer ears off!"

1943
FOR the past month or so, Technology has maintained a field station at the Haynes Memorial Hospital. Contaminated brownbaggers are shipped to this institution, known to the trade as the pest house, at the very first peep of a pimple. There, surrounded by pert student nurses tiny brats afflicted with all manner of communicable diseases, and co-sufferers from Tech, the Coast Guard, Radcliffe, and Chelsea High, the measelee can bide his time.

This biding of time had some rather bizarre aspects during the wintry month of February. One afternoon Messrs Pete Davis, Bill Bertolet, Bill Wallace, Ted Jay, and Al Corona espied across the court a female in what turned out to be the scarlet fever ward. These intrepid engineers immediately sought to make contact

by means of a blinker system, Mr. Corona assisting ably at the light plug. After several futile attempts the boys were surprised to receive an answer to their overtures and a lively conversation ensued. A transcript follows:

"We're from M. I. T."

"Who gives a damn?"

"Same to you. How old are you?"

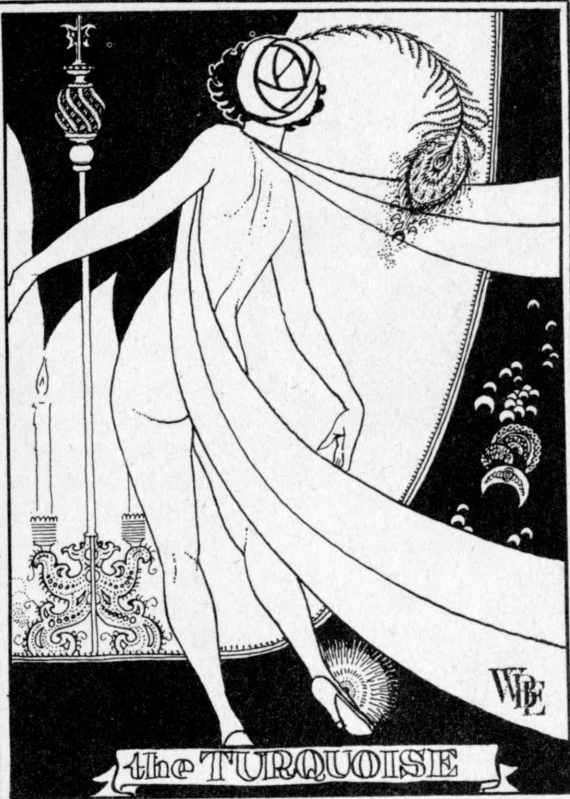
"Old enough."

"For what?"

"Anything."

At this point Mr. Corona, the plug-pusher, got rather excited and tried to send a note to the lady. However, he was informed that it would have to be steamed and that was too much trouble for the nurses. Accordingly, he settled back to his post at the plug, and had to be content with the following inadequate promise, "We'll be right over."

1943
TO Dr. C. F. (Curly) Squires, colorful imparter of 8.04 and MKS, a fond farewell as you depart for places and Radar unmentionable. Yes, Dr. Squires, we had great hopes for you, what with your buying D and getting E, buying H and getting B, knocking electrons from one floor of an apartment to another, and even awarding Nobel Prizes to practically everyone in the Institute. We thought that you might some day succeed A. R. (Sharpy) Davis in his honorable capacity of lecturer. . . . But see here, Dr. Squires, you went just a little bit too far in your last lecture when you admitted unashamedly that in 1937 you pinned an unsuspecting workman to the largest electromagnet in France, with a bucket of liquid air -- no less.



1920

FOUR STUDIES IN THE MODERN STYLE

RING THEM SILVER BELLS

25 YEARS OF VOO DOO



Chapter 1. Prehistory

IT was a long, long time ago. Far, far before the day of the Dinosaurs and Pterodactils, of Bernie Baruch, Ed Pung, and Mareseatoats. Bronze was the latest fad, and all the women were in a swoon over the Neanderthal man.

As the light of civilization dawned and shed its rays on the budding United States and parts of Brooklyn, a group of dogged men, experienced empire builders of the Panama Canal, fought off the mosquitoes and pestilences of the Cambridge bogs to lay the foundation stone of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Birds and flowers gave way to gas works and Tech grew. Soap factories sprouted out of the virgin New England forests and Tech grew. Limpid streams became sewage infested morasses and Tech grew on. Bars, prisons, lunatic asylums, *The Tech* and all those signs that civilization has arrived came to be, and still Tech grew on. Finally one day a loud and raucous laugh echoed through the halls, and, though its originator was caught, drawn, and quartered, a new movement was in the air: the Techman wanted to laugh.

Laugh he would. Immediately the more forcible elements of the movement tore off several sheets of Statler, and, buying a Junior Printer's Printing Set, set themselves up as the *Tech Monthly*. They were soon fol-

lowed by the *Woop Garoo*, a "schnaz gaz with a razmatazz," which started to fill the gap required in the humor periodicals of the district.

Chapter 2. The Ancient World

On a day in 1918 there occurred a memorable meeting. That famous meeting, on the field of the cloth of mould between the heads of the two periodicals, which was the turning stone from prehistory to the ancient world.

The head of the *Woop* shook his head gravely and said,

"We are at a crisis — I am forced to admit it, but the *Woop* is at an impasse."

The head of the *Monthly* nodded approvingly.

"The *Monthly*," he said, "faces



grave danger. In fact, we may be forced to a halt if a solution is not soon reached."

"Yes. The position is of the most ticklish. Our pencils have no point on them, and we have no pencil sharpener."

"And we, on the other hand, have the pencil sharpener but no pencils."

Suddenly the head of the *Woop*

turned around. His face bore the look of determination of a Democrat wearing a Willkie button.

"We must merge," he said.

And so it was that a great American tradition was founded. Another block was placed on the progress of the United States or, perhaps, we should say another nail was driven into its coffin.

From the very first, Voo Doo was acclaimed all around. Forging traditions that have lived to the present day it rose in esteem and in strength till it became one of the leading organizations of its kind.

Many are the memories which have been handed down to us of this the growing age of Voo Doo. Stories of complexly frescoed walls done by one Kiko in which he depicted the search of the "Holy Cocktail" that garnished the office of those years. Stories of advertisers that formed lines around the block to place advertisements in the magazine. Stories of Lucullan feasts wherein the dark red brew flowed freely. This was indeed the Golden Age of Voo Doo.

The Periclean age of the periodical reached a peak in 1926 when a 72-page Prom issue went through two editions and other issues reached circulations of five and six thousand.

Chapter 3. Back Bay I and II

About 1927 the Industrial Revolution hit Voo Doo. The disintegration of a great empire was at hand.

Bloated by luxury and high living, the higher classes of the staff had been getting soft. A long and fierce war with *The Tech* had reduced the strength of both periodicals to a mere shadow of their former selves. Disunity and strife within itself hit to the heart of the magazine. Circulation plummeted, one by one the 15 ravish-

ing secretaries were given up and the staff did its own typing. The finance company stripped the office of its grand piano, its candelabra, its divans, its private still, and masterpieces of art. Voo Doo moved to a less pretentious office and tearfully watched iron hearted painters destroy the immortal work of the great Kiko. Surrounded by cobwebs and broken bottles the harassed staff gathered around the patched up desk to try and figure out where to get the money to buy the Treasurer a new red pencil.

Away back there in the better days, Voo Doo had published a Bay Number with a great success. This had been the famous copy with a cover made up of a maze of headlines and was one of the most famous of all.

Now, as they tried to think of ways to sell more magazines, the staff recalled this issue. Why not, they thought, come out with a second Back Bay and hit it with all they had. If sex was what they wanted, sex was what they would have.

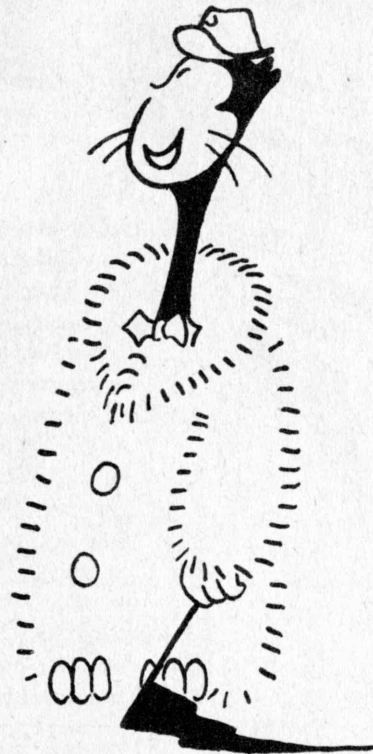
And so it was that on March the 15, 1929, with much fanfare and ballyhoo, Voo Doo came out with the issues of issues. It sold out in a couple of hours, and in a couple more, it was being investigated by the Institute



Committee, the Faculty, the State Legislature, Congress, the Senate, the F.B.I. and the Committee for the Investigation of Indecorous Writing on Privy Walls.

For the next few weeks, the case was the headline news of the entire

countryside, reaching into the local papers and even some somewhat afield. Debates on the advisability of



abolishing the magazine as an activity were hotly fought in all the Tech committees. Straw polls revealed that the students wanted the magazine to go on. Advisory Committees voted that it should not. Finally Voo Doo lived through, but much the worse for wear. The Senior Staff that had put out the issue was forced to resign.

Chapter 4. The Modern World

The coming of the thirties marked the end of an era and the beginning of another in the appearance of Voo Doo. Up to that time it had been a magazine crowded with art and not very laden with lit material. The new era saw the disappearance of art as a mainstay and the appearance of stories. For a time an illustrated magazine on the line of the late lamented *Vu* (we rub an old *The Tech* sore) was attempted, together with

many other varied features, in a search for a new face for the old rag.

One day there strolled into the office a misshapen little dwarf with a quart bottle in one pocket and two fifths in the other. He was followed by a stretcher bearing the remains of a man that had been submitted to a saturation bombing with old gin bottles. Into the staff had come the majestic figures of Charles Stempf and Hawk Shaw.

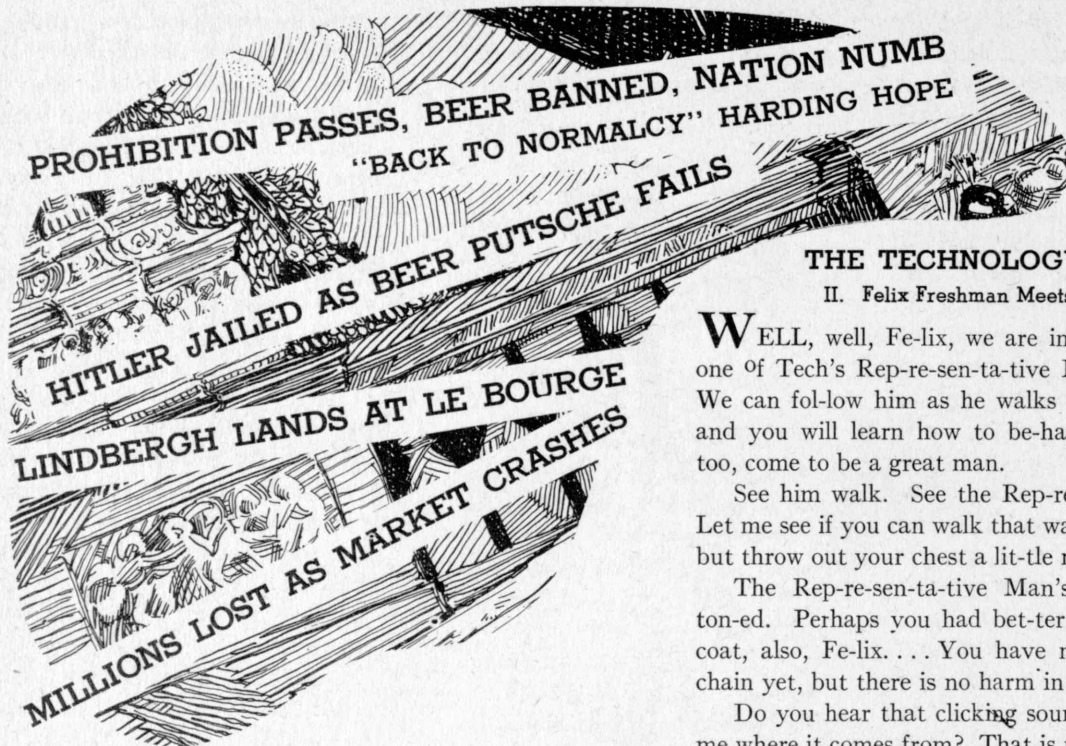
Under their reign of terror, Voo Doo went mad. Every night in his apartment the great Stempf would sit in a drunken stupor and write such never to be forgotten masterpieces as "Life with Gottlieb" while the Hawk sat on the other side of the room in an equal stupor and thought of lewd cartoon upon lewd cartoon.

It was from the versatile pen of the master Hawk that there developed into glowing maidenhood the one and only Murgatroyd. From his pen, too, came that famous line:

"Murgatroyd will be all right. She will vomit."

Much water has flowed under the bridge since the first courageous pioneers made their venture into the world of journalism. Since that time jazz has given way to swing; knock knock, chain letters, Confucius, and the yoyo have flattened the nation. The Presidency has become a good steady job. Valentino and Sinatra, "Gone with the Wind," the monkey trials, Capone, Diamond, Kelly-Nash, "The pause that refreshes," Bob Hope, Prohibition... and Voo Doo has seen them come and go. So let us lift our cup in joy and make a toast to ourselves that we may prosper and progress as we have to the present—now and forever shall be. World without end. Amen.





WHEN WOMEN LOVE

YES, it was a success, a huge success. The house, crowded to its capacity with New York's smart set on the opening night, had been swayed by her histrionic ability, and had gone away singing her praises with full-throated enthusiasm.

She had worked tremendously during her stage life, and now, at the perihelion of her career, she was confronted by the problem aeons old that comes often to women of her class. Could she sell, for a man's gold, the happiness of the one who had stayed with her unceasingly throughout the lean and sordid years?

Sitting there among the flowers which banked her dressing room, tributes mute to her stardom, flushed with the pride of that last curtain, her logic ran rampant as though she were powerless to think in that profusion of exotic perfume. Expentancy, mingled with that dread of encounter, gripped her; he was to come for his answer tonight.

Her femme de chambre brought his card, and she wearily signified that he be shown in.

"Lois, have you arrived at your decision?"

A surge of the protecting mother instinct swept over her. She gathered the Chow dog in her arms, and faced her tempter, "Gold will not buy Suey," she choked.

The door closed softly behind him. She was alone, a woman triumphant.

"That's fair, let's shoot it again," said the director.

THE TECHNOLOGY PRIMER

II. Felix Freshman Meets A Celebrity

WELL, well, Fe-lix, we are in luck to-day. There is one of Tech's Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Men, just a-head of us. We can fol-low him as he walks through the corr-i-dors, and you will learn how to be-have your-self when you, too, come to be a great man.

See him walk. See the Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Man walk. Let me see if you can walk that way, Fe-lix. That is good, but throw out your chest a lit-tle more. That is bet-ter.

The Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Man's o-ver-coat is un-but-ton-ed. Perhaps you had bet-ter un-but-ton your o-ver-coat, also, Fe-lix. . . . You have no keys on your watch chain yet, but there is no harm in get-ting prac-tice.

Do you hear that clicking sound, Felix? Can you tell me where it comes from? That is right. It comes from his ga-losh-es. Let me see if you can make your ga-losh-es click that way, Fel-ix. Heavens, child! Your ga-losh-es are clasped to-geth-er! Un-clasp them at once. The worse the wea-ther, the fur-ther your ga-losh-es must be un-clasp-ed, al-ways! Do you not know the Tech-nol-ogy song which goes "For it's al-ways fair wea-ther, with ga-losh-es clasp-ed to-geth-er?"

See the fuz-zy wuz-zy things above the ga-losh-es, Fe-lix. Do you know what they are? They are golf stock-ings. They are what Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Men go to class-es in. That is one of the ways you may al-ways tell a Re-pren-sen-ta-tive Man when you see one.

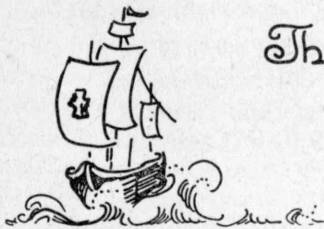
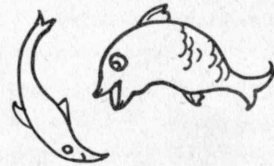
But you must be sure that the golf stock-ings are real-ly tru-ly fuz-zy wuz-zy. Sometimes you will see poor cre-a-tures whose golf stock-ings are not real-ly tru-ly fuz-zy wuz-zy. Nev-er speak to them, Fe-lix.

Would you like to be in-tro-duc-ed to the Rep-re-sen-ta-tive Man, Fe-lix? Very well, I will call him. "James! James!" He does not hear us, does he, Fe-lix? I will call a-gain. "Mr. Whoosis!" There, he heard us. Mr. Whoosis, this is my lit-tle friend Fe-lix. Shake hands nice-ly with Mr. Whoosis, Felix, and . . .

Dear me, Mr. Whoosis could not wait, Fe-lix. Nev-er mind, Mr. Whoosis could not have stay-ed, any-way. He is a Com-mit-tee Chair-man. He is a com-mit-tee chair-man for five com-mit-tees. Must not that be won-der-ful? If you are a good lit-tle boy, Fe-lix, you may be a Com-mit-tee Chair-man, some day, too. In fact, I do not see how you can help it. You have a per-fect com-plex-ion and no brains, and with both the pre-re-quis-ites you should go far.

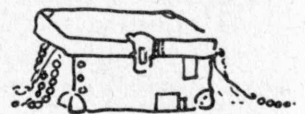


All the Sailors who go to the sea in ships
 Are the lovers who call on me.
 They find me at home
 Where the star fishes roam
 In the depths of the pale green Sea.



They bring Priceless Treasures of Silver & Gold.
 From Ships that are wrecked on the Sand.
 They woo me with pearls
 That would charm other girls
 And Ardently Ask for my Hand.

But why should I marry these gay sailor Leads
 Who plead so gallant-ly for me?
 As long as there's Love
 And the Bright stars Above
 There'll be plenty more Fish in My Sea".





How they thought they looked

Ode to a Brick

Ah! Brick, thou symbol of perfection;
Aurora of Hibernian Confetti!
Thy tracery of parabolic arches
Inspires me to these loving *canzonette*.

(If while arguing a question
Your opponent's head is thick
Why the best way to persuade him
Is to hit him with a brick.)

Ah! Brick, thou acme of compassion,
Thy rosy rugged awkward shapeliness
O'erpowers age and youth alike with vigor

"I don't understand women. They never seem to mean what they say. Take the other night, for instance. I goes over to call on Mary. When I gets there, she tells me the brother has lent her the car for the evening. 'Would I like to go for a little ride?' 'I would!' So we starts off, Mary driving. Well, we gets about ten miles from town when suddenly the car gives one last wheeze and stops — and not a house in sight! 'Goodness,' says Mary, 'What *can* be the matter?' and she sinks back sorta helplessly. 'Mebbe I can do something while we're waiting for a car to come along!' says I. 'You might try, anyway,' she retorts, sarcastic-like. So I climbs out and starts tinkering with the engine. Then she says she's cold, and don't I know what to do — and me up to my neck in grease trying to find out! But I gives her my coat and keeps right on working. Well, after I've fooled around with the carburetor for about an hour, I'm darned if she doesn't discover that the switch had got snapped off somehow!! So I climbs in, and back we drives; she muttering under her breath all the way about 'Dumbbells who don't know anything' — and after I've done everything I could think of — and it being all *her* fault anyway!! I don't understand women. They never seem to mean what they say!"



Yet with such winsome loving tenderness.

(If at night a dog is howling
Far out of range of human kick
Why just gently raise the window
And fan him with a brick.)

Ah! Brick, thou stern remand to duty
Très net, très sec, thou fliest home from out
The pale of mystic nowhere, lighting true
(We hope). One must behave with thee about.

(If your wife will not stop talking
When you're feeling tired and sick
What's the use of losing patience?
Why, just kiss her with a brick.)



And She Still Pursued the Villain . . .

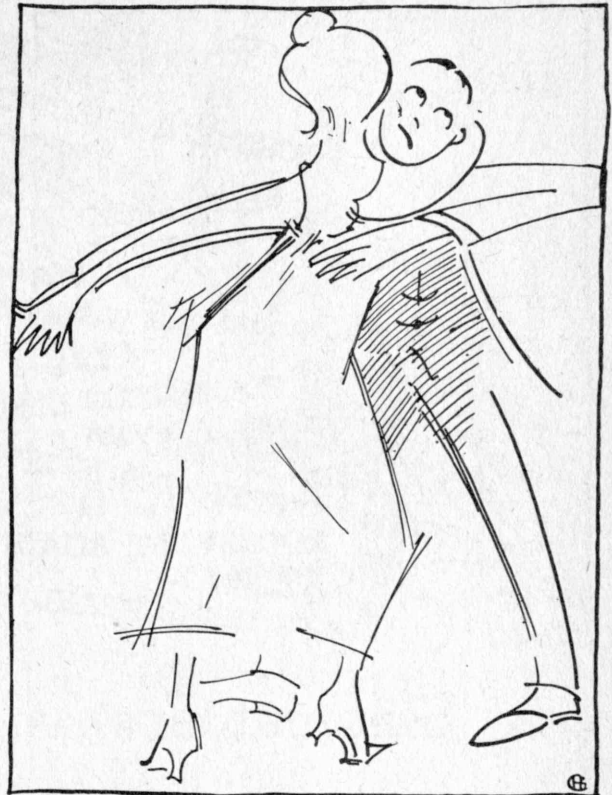
THE room was cloaked with the semi-dusk that comes with the early winter evenings. A cosy lounge was drawn close to a cheery fire that blazed in an old-fashioned hearth-concealing yet revealing in its cushioned arms the form of a girl, whose cheeks were flushed by the warm glow of the embers. The logs hissed as they gave forth their sap to the high temperature, and the miniature explosions lighted up the face that with all the abandon of youth was half buried amidst the silken pillows. An arm whose delicacy of line even the gloom could not conceal was half bent across the head of tousled golden hair as if to shelter it from the rudeness of the heat, while little beads of moisture vied with each other in enhancing the beauty of the petal-like skin and warm red lips.

Far below in the recesses of the house a door slammed, its reverberations causing the sleeper to uneasily toss for a brief instant. Then at the far end of the room the guarded rustling of draperies became audible, and a black form hardly discernible against the even darker surroundings softly stepped into the chamber, furtively covering every corner of the room with eyes that matched the sparks of the fire in brilliance. The searching gaze finally came to rest on the recumbent form and abruptly as if startled at the sight of another occupant of the room, the intruder's advance came to a halt.

For a moment there was no sound save the gentle breathing and the soft hiss of the glowing logs. As if the continued silence had given him strength of purpose the interloper moved across the heavily carpeted floor and for a moment warmed his back at the hearth as he deliberated as to what his course of action should be. Slowly as if it realized that trouble was impending the neighboring church bell solemnly boomed forth the hour . . . and even before the last tones had melted into silence the fire as if to aid in this case of outraged privacy suddenly took a new lease on life and shot forth a collection of sparks that rained about the intruder's head.

With a wail of anguish and surprise the black form, all ideas of caresses gone, sprang straight into the air with an unearthly wail of anguish that caused the sleeper to awake with a start that sent the cushions flying in all directions. And then her face set in hard lines as she gazed upon the cowering form of the intruder, who, all courage gone was vainly trying to see some avenue of escape.

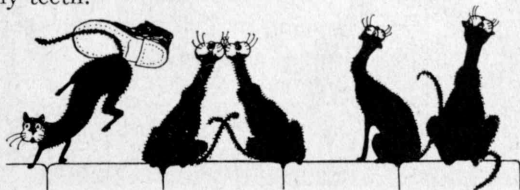
S-s-s-s-s-SCAT . . . SCAT and the . . . little kitchen cat was gone even before the last syllable was out of the pearly teeth.

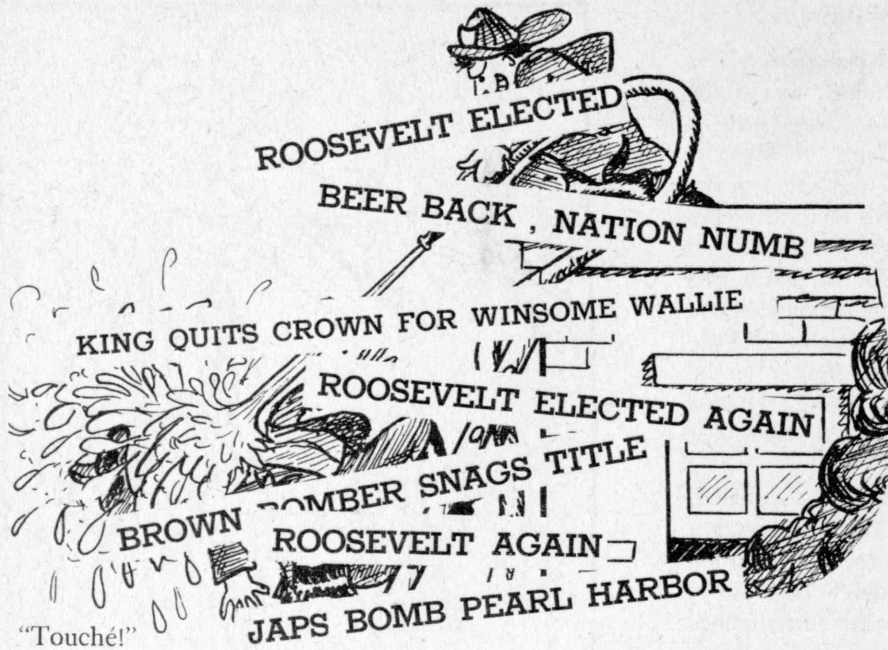


How they looked



Maid in Athens





Skiomaniacs . . .

Yes, sir, skiing is certainly a wonderful sport. It must be, in view of what the addicts put up with.

Frozen ears, frozen nose, frozen fingers, frozen toes. Wet sweater, wet gloves, wet pants, wet shoes, wet stockings. Snow in the face, snow in the ears, snow down the neck, snow up the sleeves, snow in the shoes. Raw face, raw wrists. Blistered hands, blistered feet. Sore head, sore neck, sore shoulders, sore arms, sore chest, sore stomach, sore bottom, sore legs, sore knees, sore feet.

Sprained wrists, sprained ankles, dislocated shoulders. Scraped faces and scraped hands. Barked shins and twisted necks. Fractured skulls, broken ribs, broken arms, and broken legs.

\$15 for skis, \$8 for poles, \$2 for wax, \$5 for bindings, \$3 for glasses, \$2 for a hat, \$1 for earmuffs, \$3 for a scarf, \$5 for a shirt, \$8 for a parka, \$9 for pants, \$3 for stockings, \$10 for boots, and \$4 for mittens. Wreck them and then replace them.

The bugs run into bushes, trees, fences, walls, rocks, buildings, and each other. They fall off cliffs and into brooks.

They must decide between a climbing wax that makes sliding impossible and a sliding wax that makes climbing impossible.

Yes, sir, skiing is certainly a wonderful sport. It must be, in view of what the addicts put up with.

THE BOOK OF CORN

IN the beginning there was nothing, only brownbaggers and integral signs.

2 And God said, Let there be VOO DOO: and there was VOO DOO. And God saw VOO DOO, that *it was good*.

3 And God said, Let there be Tek, that they may enjoy VOO DOO: and lo! there was Tek.

4 Now, over Tek there did rule a king named *Inst-comm*, and he did rule wisely and justly.

5 And the populace of Tek was happy, for VOO DOO fed them corn.

6 But in Tek there was begotten a creature named *Čěn'sôr*, who *was evil*.

7 And this creature did hate VOO DOO, and gained the ear of *Inst-comm*, and whispered lies to him.

8 And *Inst-comm* did believe these lies, and made VOO DOO to be imprisoned and bound with chains.

9 Now, the people of Tek were unhappy, because they *had* no more corn, and loudly did they wail in the corridors.

10 And *Inst-comm* was sad because his people *had* no corn, but he did naught, because he was sore afraid of *Čěn'sôr's* wrath.

11 And God did hear the childred of Tek wailing in the corridors, and he did take pity upon them.

12 And God did hurl a thunderbolt at *Čěn'sôr*, which did smite him to the dust.

13 And God did say unto *Inst-comm*, Let VOO DOO be set free: and VOO DOO *was* set free.

14 And there was great rejoicing in Tek, for they again *did have* VOO DOO, and VOO DOO *did have* corn.

“Electioneering in Its Modified Forms is Beneficial”

Always alert to the whims, desires, and gripings of the student body, Voo Doo is about to print a list of the candidates for the various class offices, together with a list of these here now candidates: (Numbers in parentheses refer to year at the Institute — if anyone cares to know.)

For President of the Senior Class:

Oswald P. Goober (ΦΦΦ): East Golosh High School; Miss Van Snoot’s Country Day School. Tug-of-War team (1); Editor of *The Tech* (1); Passed 8.01 (4); Flunked 8.01 (1) (2) (3); doesn’t drink; doesn’t smoke; doesn’t neck; no muss; no fuss; no rasping irritants; you, too, can become an artist in six easy lessons; why wear a truss?

Xenophon P. Dingleberry (AK): President of Senior Class, South Burp Reform School. Convicted for assault and battery (1929); six months for petty larceny (1929); flunked out (1930); reentered (1931); Boston Tea Party (1773); Battle of Bull Run (1861).

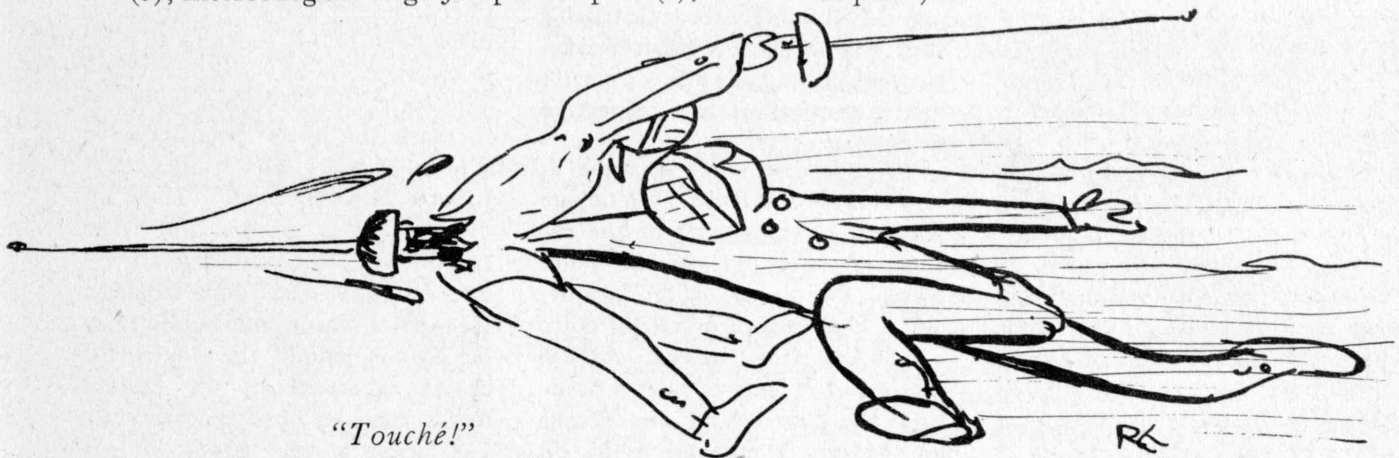
Elmer J. Snodgrass (ΔΣΔΤ): Jitterville Preparatory School. Crew (1) (2) (3); track (1) (2) (3); Intercollegiate High Jump Champion (3);



Something new has been added! **SALTY**

Ping pong ($2\frac{1}{2}$); Anaconda ($8\frac{1}{2}$); General Motors ($16\frac{5}{8}$); Johns Manville ($87\frac{1}{4}$); U. S. Steel ($40\frac{3}{8}$).

J. Amos Whortlefish (ΠΡ²): North Zilch Normal School. Reporter, *The Tech* (1) (2) (3) flunked E11, E12, E21, E22. Owns four cars; flunked G75; reads Physical Culture, True Confessions, and Amazing Stories; Whistles through teeth; can also do card tricks and plain and fancy hemstitching. (Prices on request.)



“Touché!”

RE

LIFE WITH GOTTLIEB

Nobody knows how many billions of human beings inhabit the earth. Perhaps a million or so live in or about Boston. Several odd thousands attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of which we are on speaking terms with about one hundred. Think of the mathematical odds, the combinations and permutations.

Who do I live with? Gottlieb?

Six feet two of sin, bones, and disease, Gottlieb is the prototype of all that is loathsome and incompatible. Gottlieb has a small collection of black-widow spiders and keeps an octopus in the washbasin. Every night he locks himself in the pantry to get his instructions from Mephistopheles.

The following is a brief sketch of the normal day with Gottlieb.

6.50 a.m. I am awakened by sounds of hacking, hawking, and spewing from the adjoining bed. Gottlieb is having his morning consumption. The room is soon permeated with hordes of ravenous bacilli and micro-organisms. I can hear the soft humming of their voracious little teeth as they champ away at the walls of my lungs. I lurch into the living room, atomize a quart of lysol, and collapse on the couch.

7.00 a.m. I am dreaming of a litter of armadillos playing leapfrog in the chandelier. I awake to the sound of bone rattling against porcelain. Loud thumps ensue. Gottlieb is taking a bath.

7.10 a.m. Gottlieb emerges from the bathroom, a threadbare and haggard Venus Anadiomenad,

a gnarled and bony Phoenix dripping fetid water on the living room rug. Salvatore Dali should know what he is missing.

7.15 a.m. Gottlieb is pouring breakfast. I am watching, rapt and eager, when a low moan emerges from beneath the armchair. Scraping and bumping follow. A gartered and hairy leg protrudes from below. I fling aside the chair to encounter the repulsive features of Gottlieb's crony, Alphonse Hoofschnabel. I am put in mind of a day in my youth when, hiking through the swamp, I lifted a large, flat stone to espy a fat, white slug thereunder. Our limacine friend opens one swollen and bloated eye, belches reproachfully, and returns to intellectual obscurity.

8.30 a.m. Routine discussion of futility of attending classes.

9.00 a.m. Gottlieb and I are now resplendent with baggy clothing. My hair is combed; Gottlieb's skin well polished. Hoofschnabel is swept into a neat pile. We sally forth in quest of our respective vehicles.

9.30 a.m. We discover mine. It is attached to a fence. We debate whether to leave part of the car there or take part of the fence along. We resolve to let fate decide. The result is a little of both.

9.50 a.m. Gottlieb's car; eureka! He wipes a bit of nerve-tissue from the door handle and climbs in. Several glands are lying on the seat; these he contemptuously disposes of. I accommodate by removing part of a stomach and

someone's battered appendix from the hood. We race to the nearest bar.

10.00 a.m. Lo! The Esplanade.

11.00 a.m. Discussing our 11.00 class over a beer.

12.00 a.m. Discussing our 12.00 class over a beer.

12.00 noon. Lo! Hoofschnabel. And a Hoofschnabel rakishly attired in Gottlieb's blue serge pants and my last clean shirt. Gottlieb and I console ourselves with the thought that into every life a little Hoofschnabel must fall. We watch in awe and genuflection as he dunks his doughnut in a cup of gin.

1.25 p.m. We rush back to the apartment for the daily icebox derby. This derby is practically unique among sporting events. It is based on the competitive estimation of refrigerator travel during excitation. Let me explain.

Gottlieb has procured for us a phenomenal piece of refrigeration mechanism; every day at 1.40 p.m. it indulges in an epileptic orgy. The technique of icebox derby is to mark the initial position with a piece of chalk on the floor. Estimates are recorded. Then all dishes, bottles, glasses, and other smashables are removed from the kitchen and the door locked. Gottlieb, Stempf, and Hoofschnabel crouch behind the daybed in abject reverence of the cosmic forces soon to be unleashed. At 1.40 sharp a wild shriek of primeval exultation assails our ears. We cower. Billows of soot and brimstone seep through the tran-

som. Earth and cosmos shake in a spasm of physical law unshackled.



At last the cataclysm is spent. Muffled sobs of agonized mechanism alone remain. Gottlieb gingerly tries the door. We encounter a shambles of metal parts and powdered masonry. Gottlieb's guess of six feet wins. We return the still shuddering machine to the origin, sweep up the floor, and indulge in a stiff sedative.

2.00 p.m. Time for lunch — Hoofschnabel pouring.

3.00 p.m. Routine discussion of inadvisability of exposing ourselves to the jibes of professors at afternoon classes.

4.00 p.m. Gottlieb is getting "that look." He condescendingly declares that if I will get my woman and Hoofschnabel will get his, he, Gottlieb, will get another bag. Hoofschnabel and I are not exactly men among men, but Gottlieb is not even a mouse among mice. We squat on his head and stomach and amuse ourselves by playing at "she loves me not" with the sparse hair on his concave chest. Gottlieb's chest is so sunken that every time he takes a deep breath he gets hunchbacked.

4.30 p.m. We have dug up two dates.

5.00 p.m. Still only two.

5.30 p.m. Hoofschnabel leaves for the Old Howard.

6.15 p.m. My date accounted for, Gottlieb descends upon Wellesley like the wolf on the fold. Vanishes into a stately brick edifice.

6.30 p.m. Gottlieb emerges with Amnesia Flatbush (bound and gagged) and deposits her on the front seat. Amnesia turns to greet us. I wince. My date is staring in sheer incredulity. Amnesia is like a breath of foul air.

6.45 p.m. As we roar off, Amnesia adjusts her hair and teeth. Suddenly Amnesia emits a charming, ear-piercing little gasp. We have to go back to Wellesley. Amnesia has forgotten her eye.



7.30 p.m. Supper in the Statler bar.

8.00 p.m. Routine discussion of inanity of preparing for classes we don't go to.

10.00 p.m. Back at the apartment. Gottlieb is making unnecessarily obscene noises into the telephone in response to the fourth consecutive complaint. Hoofschnabel, who has meanwhile oozed in, screams something into my ear about bigots who can't tolerate a little innocent fun. Amnesia, who is executing a horri-

ble variety of voo-doo drum dance on my desk, screams some similar remark.

11.30 p.m. The party is dissolved by three ganglions of the management bearing revolvers and bull whips.

12.30 p.m. Dates safely in arms of waiting house-mothers, Hoofschnabel inserted head first in waste basket, Gottlieb and I prepare to retire. We brush the beer bottles off the beds.

1.00 a.m. Sleep that soothes the tattered bosom.

1.05 a.m. Lights on. Gottlieb wants a drink.

1.09 a.m. Sleep.

1.15 a.m. Gottlieb lands on floor. Thumping and thrashing. Snakes again.

1.20 a.m. The pause that refreshes.

1.37 a.m. Swishing noises, several crashes, followed by noises of breaking glass, and a splat right over my head. Bats. Gottlieb returns to bed, pushing the corpses on the floor.

1.50 a.m. Sounds of a fire siren winding up nearby. Good, Hoofschnabel is asleep.

2.00 a.m. Noises reminiscent of a freight train loaded with empty tin cans sideswiping a cattle train. Gottlieb is in the arms of Morpheus. I sleep.



Casanova in Limbo

1. Nellie is a sweet girl, and gorgeous. Nellie's faults are few; her assets fewer. She has eyes like mildewed sapphires, but her mentality borders on the cretinous.

Nellie still thinks that we are at M. I. T. learning to drive a locomotive.

Nellie meets our family one auspicious evening. We ask her nicely beforehand not to open her goddam mouth. Her first move is to point to a facsimile of Whistler's Mother over the piano and ask if it's our grandmother. At dinner she informs our father that she just loves the New Deal, that his hair is falling out, and that she thinks it's silly for *old* men to wear bow ties. (Our father is addicted to bow ties.) She regales our mother with talk of our proficiency at handling a motor vehicle while intoxicated, and renders a blow-by-blow description of several incidents, talk of which we had theretofore miraculously diverted from parental ears.

Nellie says if we think she's stupid, we ought to see her old lady who is all stooped over from rheumatism, yet.

The amazing thing about Nellie is how she ever learned to talk in the first place.

2. Anita is smart, streamlined, and slightly salacious. Some people say she drinks. In the morning her eyes are hazel. By noon they have assumed the aspect of a Socony road map. Every night at 11.45 the flag of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics unfurls in the left one. Outside of this, Anita is only moderately haggard.

Anita exults in unmorality, amorality, and immorality.

Anita has an industrial twitch. Her biceps quiver, her forearm lurches, and her mouth pops open — all in one fell spasm; an awesome spectacle.

Anita makes crude gestures at waiters.

Anita doesn't like funny jokes unless they're dirty.

Anita says I drive her crazy. She should hear what Dr. Freud told me.

3. Claudia is appolonian and dithyrambic. That is to say, she slavers over Picasso and cubism, drools over Spengler and Einstein, and quotes from the Code of Hammurapi. Claudia is also an art student. She wants to do a character sketch of us. We're a character? She should model for Disney.

4. Alicia is an heiress. She is going to inherit her father's fortune (the old crook). She has already inherited his face — whiskers and all.

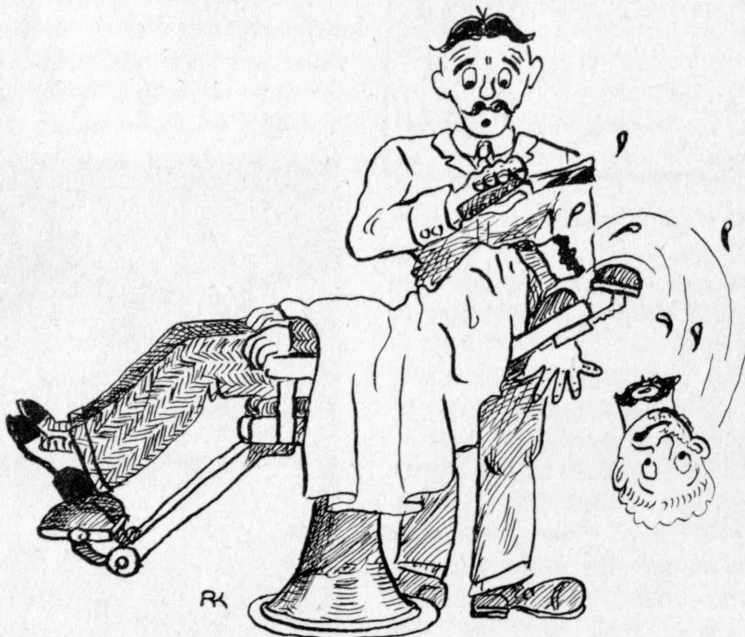
5. Diane is a gossamer creature, spun of summer winds and starlight ensnared. We saw her at a party once from great distance. Lo! She smiled. We weasled names and numbers from our host and phoned within the week. Diane accepted and kept *that* date. Poor girl, she must have picked up some sort of microbe that night. She got very sick and had to go away for a long time, so we never saw her again.

Someone told me a little while ago that Diane is terribly nearsighted.

6. Betty is an athlete. She sails, skis, rides, plays tennis, and wrestles. We beat hell out of her once in a game of croquet.

7. Wilhelmina Gottlieb is an ordinary girl. She's not ravishing, but a couple of other men want her. She's a party girl, but decay hasn't begun to set in. She's as bankrupt as we are. She's basically lazy, but she likes to do the heavy work around the house.

The mournful truth is that we've never met her. That's why we winked so slyly at that blonde in the bus. That's why we so adroitly spilled our drink in the brunette's lap. People think it's lewd. But someday we'll run into Wilhelmina Gottlieb and *she'll* understand.



"Oops, sorry!"

Murgatroyd



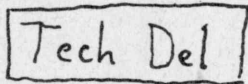
*This is Murgatroyd
Murgatroyd is a Tech coed.
See the maggots.*



*This is Varicose.
Murgatroyd loves Varicose. He is
a freshman
See his M S uniform? Whew!*



*This is Treponema. She is a nazi,
bulgar spy. Murgatroyd hates
Treponema.*



*Look! Treponema has lured Varicose.
She will ply him. She will spy him.
Treponema is bad.*



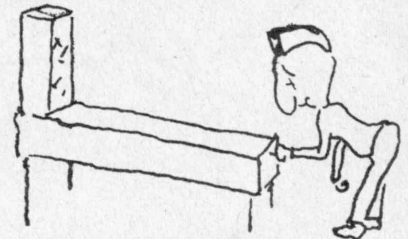
*Treponema wants to know what is a
cadet officer. Varicose does not know.
Varicose has foiled Treponema.*



*Treponema is mad. Look what she is
doing. We said she was bad.*



*Oh! Look! Here is Murgatroyd! Murgatroyd has seen Treponema!
Will Murgatroyd see Treponema? She has also pilfered the potion.*



*Murgatroyd has saved Varicose.
Murgatroyd will be all right.
She will vomit.*

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TEA DANCES

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There once was a girl named Mable,
Who was ready, willing, and able.
Although she was nice,
She named her own price
And now she's all wrapped up in
sable.

— *Voo Doo* (1938).



Mother: "Do you know where
naughty girls go?"
Daughter: "Yes."

— *Voo Doo* (1939).

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Lost a War

And We Won't
Lose This One

SUPPORT THE 4TH WAR LOAN

Corcoran's

CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

**BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS**

The haughty Wellesley Senior sniffed disdainfully as the tiny Tech freshman cut in. "And just why did *you* have to cut in when I was dancing with a good-looking partner?"

The freshman hung his head in shame. "I'm sorry, Ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five dollar bill at me."

— *Voo Doo* (1939).



Of all the game
That's shy and wary
The hardest to get
Is a prof's secretary.

— *Voo Doo* (1931).



"Is George in?"
"Sorry, he's out."
"Will he be out long?"
"I think not. They're just putting
him under a cold shower now."

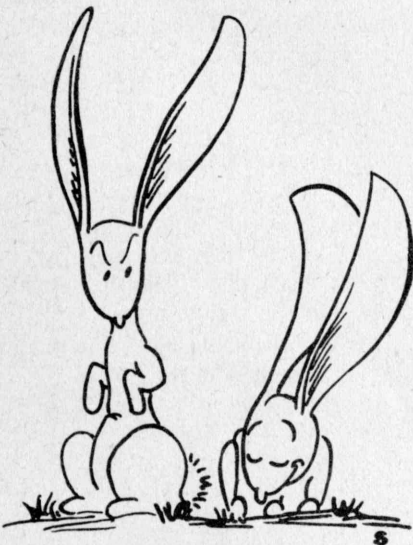
— *Voo Doo* (1925).

Teacher: "Johnny, did you wish to leave the room?"

Johnny: "I'm not hitch-hiking."
 — *Voo Doo* (1938).



"I like to explore a girl's mind."
 "You sure have a lousy sense of direction."
 — *Voo Doo* (1939)



"What! Again?"

"My Dad takes things apart to see why they don't go."
 "So what?"

"So you'd better go!"
 — *Voo Doo* (1930).

. . . naturally
YOUR BANK
KENDALL SQUARE OFFICE
HARVARD
TRUST COMPANY

A policeman brought in a negress. The desk sergeant scowled and roared at her:

"Liza, you've been brought in for seduction!"

"Dat's fine," beamed Liza, "You can start right now!"

— *Voo Doo* (1931).

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Flowers for All Occasions

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Special Service to Tech Students



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Boston, Massachusetts



What we'd like to know is when waiters go on strike how many hours it is before the diners in some places find out.

— Voo Doo (1937).



A bird in the hand isn't worth the risk.

— Voo Doo (1933).



"Oh, what a funny looking cow," the chic young thing from the city said to the farmer, "why hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied, "Why a cow does not have horns. Some are born without horns, and do not have them until late in life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds do not have horns. But the reason that this particular cow has no horns is that it is not a cow at all, but a horse."

— Voo Doo (1937)



"Are you a sailor's sweetheart?"
"No. I don't like salt with my mush."

— Voo Doo (1931).



Private: "Giddap! Gawd them mules is stupid!"

Sergeant: "Listen, bud; if them mules had any brains they wouldn't be in the army."

— Voo Doo (1931).



Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship's rail): "Weak stomach, my lad?"

Boy: "The hell I have! I'm putting as far as the rest of them!"

— Voo Doo (1931).



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

"Yes — long before morning."

— Voo Doo (1933).

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Everything for That Party

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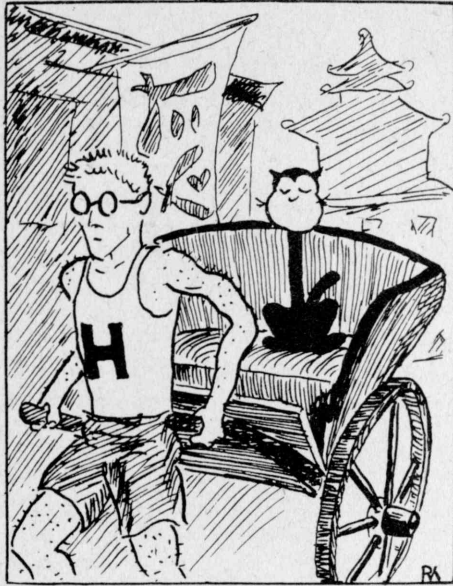
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Across the Bridge at Commonwealth Avenue

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Kenmore 0222

59 Massachusetts Avenue
Boston, Mass.



She: "How do freshman keep those dinky little caps on?"

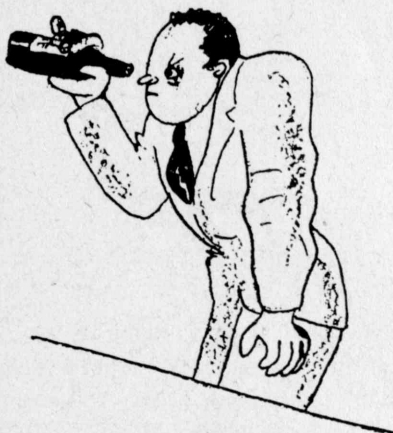
He: "Vacuum pressure."

— *Voo Doo* (1931).



Definition of a baby: An alimentary canal with a loud voice at one end and no responsibility at the other.

— *Voo Doo* (1939).



THE CAT WILL BUY BACK . . .

BOUND VOLUMES
OR SINGLE ISSUES

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FROM PAST YEARS

•••

Look through your library or trash heap

•••

Price depends on condition of magazines.

Call VOO DOO office after 5 p.m.

Monday to Friday

Stooge: "What does 'non-transferable' mean on this dance bid?"

Stewed: "It meansh that no per-shon'll be admitted unlesh he comesh hissself."

— *Voo Doo* (1937).

CHARLES TOUMBAKIS

Fraternity Dealer in

Fruits and Vegetables

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

104 Shirley Street, Winthrop, Mass.



He: "Here's how!"
 She: "Say when — I know how."
 — *Voo Doo* (1928).



"How would you stop a chimney
 from smoking?"

"I'd give it one of your cigars."
 — *Voo Doo* (1934).



"My kingdom for a horse!"
 "Will a jackass do?"
 "Yes, come on down."
 — *Voo Doo* (1931).

Excessive Morals
 Get no laurels.
 — *Voo Doo* (1929).

Thirty days hath September, April,
 June, and my uncle for speeding.
 — *Voo Doo* (1931).



"Sir, I want your daughter for my
 wife."

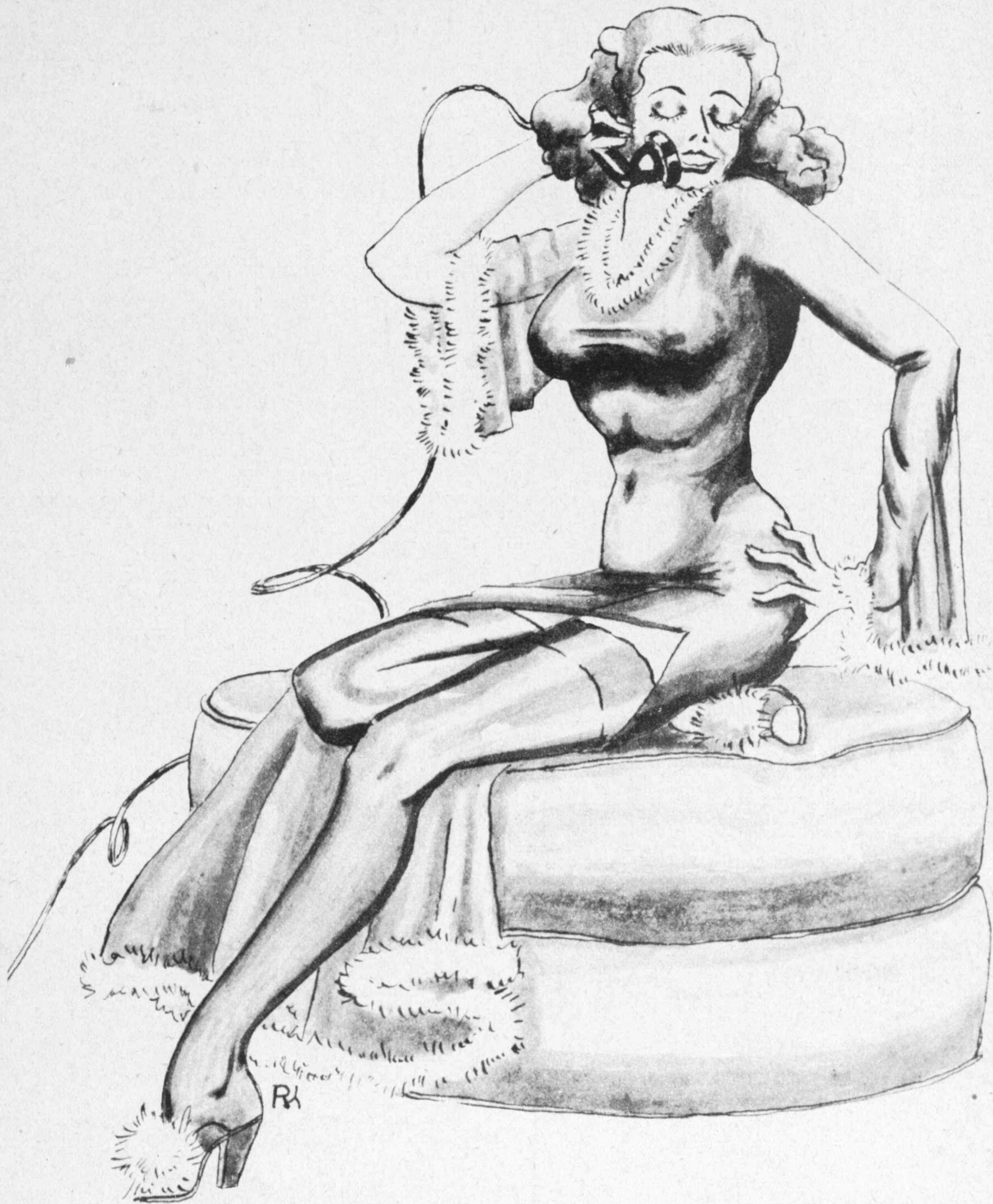
"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."
 — *Voo Doo* (1930).



"I had a very trying week-end."
 "Really, how many times did you
 try?"
 — *Voo Doo* (1928).

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“So I said to him: ‘Census taker or not, it was none of his damned business.’”



... she knows I'm choosy

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