Phos Asks For It

To Mice:

It has come to our attention that, whereas the M.I.T. Voo Doo has risen to greater and greater heights of literary achievement, the once worthy and respectable The Tech has slowly descended into the most dismal of depths. As a proof of this we point out that The Tech is no longer published in long rolls because the cardboard center is too smelly.

We conclude that The Tech is now physically and editorially in the unsanitary bottom of Walker Hall. We invite The Tech editors to erect a certain low, loquacious and perilous aggregation calling itself Voo Doo has striven mightily but in vain to excel the well-known THE TECH in matters of mind and literary effort, and

WHEREAS, since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, even since those ancient times when the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was known and described as Ye Olde Bostonee Teche School, and from thence hitherto, a certain low, loquacious and perilous aggregation calling itself Voo Doo has striven mightily but in vain to excel the well-known THE TECH in matters of mind and literary effort, and

WHEREAS, at long last said aforementioned Voo Doo has concluded that such literary accomplishments, if any, as it may produce from the cerebrations of its members' congealed domes, consisting of the texture and hardness of paving bricks, has not in the past, does not now and will not in the future defeat said THE TECH in matters of mind or literature as aforesaid, and

WHEREAS, said Voo Doo seeks to substitute brawn for brains, matter for mentality, and the vernacular of the athletic field for the polished and artful works of the true writer, and in pursuit of such attempt has challenged the said THE TECH to a soft-ball game, and

WHEREAS, said THE TECH decries the plebian aspirations of said Voo Doo but is nevertheless willing further to demonstrate the superiority of THE TECH over Voo Doo in all things, including without limit the generality of the term, athletic endeavors of all kinds and particularly soft-ball contests,

NOW, THEREFORE, Be It Known, that THE TECH does now and by these presents:

1. Accept the challenge of Voo Doo to a soft-ball game to be held at such time and place as the General Managers of the two publications may set and determine;

2. Invite all doctors, undertakers, stretcher bearers, ambulance drivers, Red Cross nurses, and citizens generally then and there to attend upon the humiliation, massacre, and timely extermination of those pseudo-intellectuals, those soda fountain athletes, those pusillanimous aspirin addicts known as Voo Doo.

WITNESS the hand of the General Manager of said THE TECH and its seal duly attested by its Editor in the City of Cambridge in the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, this 12th day of May, A. D. 1944.

GEORGE R. DVORAK
General Manager

ATTEST:

T. NICHOLAS BERLAGE, JR.
Editor

P.S.: Liquid refreshments shall be in order.

G. R. D.

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