CAST-IRON ICE CREAM IS STUPENDOUS DISCOVERY OF 'STUTE PROFESSOR  

Will Revolutionize World's Industries---To Prove a Boon To Civilization  

MARVELOUS INVENTION RESULT OF MANY YEARS LABOR  

Yesterday morning at 2 o'clock Professor Umos Eadit, K. M.; K. 9; R. S. V. P.; C. O. D.; F. I. S. H; Dean of the Domestic Science Department at the Institute perfected the machine for the production of cast-iron ice cream, up on which he has been working for the past fifty years. The machine is very much like the well known and widely applauded perpetual motion machine except that some of the square wheels are rounder and that the pipes running from the boiler to the Cylinder head are of French briar instead of rose-wood as on the other machine. The advantages that the new product will have over the old are so manifold and numerous that it is impossible to place them on one printed sheet so there are here enumerated but a few of the more important.

Firstly, the new food-product will be a great aid to the conservation program as outlined by the conservers. No longer will it be necessary to call upon the poor milch-cow for her milk in order to make ice cream but the new product will be entirely independent of the bovine species goods except to call for a little bull once in a while for advertising purposes. The milk hereby saved will be used in the cultivation of milk-weed which in turn will be used in the manufacture of milk of magnesia.  

The second great saving will be in the way of eating utensils. No longer will ice cream parlors have to furnish clean plates and spoons with each order. The nature of the new product will make it necessary for each ice cream consumer to furnish his cold chisel, hammer and tongs but the forges will be furnished by the dealer.  

The Cef is to install the forging department on its premises to be used during lunch hour by ice cream eaters. Also, hereafter all pie served in the cafe that is too light can be had Ala Mode so as to go away with the lightness.  

Now to turn to the new product of this man's wonderful mind as a complete distiller of waste. The new ice cream can be used as a weapon, as a paper weight, as a block for the wheels of autos, naturally as a food product, and many, many other things.

Then from the health view point. It will be a marvelous easy thing for a man to take on weight and become hard as nails by simply eating a lot of this new product.

(Continued on Page 2.)  

ON THE WHEREFORE OF THIS, AS IT WERE

The wherefore of this, as it were, may have puzzled, troubled or annoyed the curious, the same being all Technology men, for what scientific man is ignorant of the interrogative why? There should be little difficulty in offering, at least, a partial excuse (if such be necessary) for this, the initial appearance of THE WOOP-GAROO. We have at our immediate command a regular, honest-to-goodness reason just why it was the proper thing to establish a periodical of this calibre. However, considering the war, the h. c. i. etc. we deem it our most profound and patriotic duty to refrain from overworking the printer.

When the artist seeks inspiration he races a bit, fondly caresses his curly locks and feeds upon spaghetti. Likewise inclined, the writer tucks him to some public inn, complimented by the term romantic, and surrounds himself with emptied beer steins. As for the scientist and "just people," when they seek the stuff it arrives in some evil-smelling laboratory or in the ordinary rendezvous of life. But when inspiration comes unbidden, it picks on any place, usually the homeliest. And so it was with THE WOOP-GAROO, born of an idea, conceived, unheralded and without a bid, one blustery winter's night in a Boston industrial establishment. No, the man with the idea did not shoot it to the rest of us. From the wherefore of the name!
There have been many and various rumors floating around to the effect that the Tech Combined Musical Clubs were going to give a joint concert with the Wellesley Musical Clubs. In accordance with its policy of allowing no one to slip anything over on us, as the vulgar saying has it, the Woop has consulted its own little prophet and star-gazer and respectfully begs leave to submit the following account of the affair whenever and howsoever it may occur. (We refuse to state what publication this will appear in.)

"Last Wednesday afternoon the Wellesley and Technology Musical Clubs gave a joint concert on the Wellesley campus. The clear blue sky sprinkled with white, feebly clouds, the stately elms with their waving branches overhead which, softly murmuring, add the unspeakable applause to nature to the ecstatic applause of the audience, the green grass underfoot, and in the distance the college buildings lending their dignity to the occasion—all these went to make this concert a thing to be remembered in the annals of both colleges—an afternoon of unalloyed bliss.

"The first number on the program was a song rendered with exquisite feeling and delicacy by the combined glee clubs. The title, 'Just Awary In For You,' was highly suggestive of the cordial, not to say friendly relations between the two institutions. Next came a vocal solo by Iva Pain of the Tech Mandolin Club. At this point an attention was called to the room by ringing in the room which was attributed to some instrument, Mr. Pah gave a short ac-

Before performing on this exotic instrument Mr. Pah was for a long time a resident of the Nuh-Nuh tribe in the vicinity of the 'Stute and ordered for his evening meal a portion of fried chicken. While arranging the slant of her apron.

"The Woop hereby wishes to an-

As a story of the Great War.

"Twas a dark and moonlight night. Suddenly a shot rang out on the stillness of the temple, an anguished groan, a quavering moan, a pitiful wail. And once again all was quiet amidst the hush of the bombardment.

The audience was now regaled by a compass solo by Mr. O. O. M. Pah of Tech. The compass is a weird instrument which is said to have originated among the Nub-Nub tribe in the heart of the Uh-Uh mountains. Mr. Pah was for a long time a resident among this tribe while engaged in a search for the elusive Wahoo bird. Before performing on this exotic instrument, Mr. Pah gave a short account of the dangers and trials which he had to go through to bring this precious instrument of torture back with him. (This account is omitted here because it is too long. Anyone desiring same can have it if he will send his name, address, and a three-cent stamp to the janitor of the Power-Plant in the Mount Vernon Cow Pue- 

An extract from a novel.

"So they have," replied the maid of "It makes no difference if they're not clean."

For this gives the flavor, and makes it gleam.

Now people never know what they eat! Be it sour or be it sweet. Thus sugar is all the more dear. When made from socks worn half a year.

Socks that are clean
Are not much use,
For the blacker the berry
The sweeter the juice.

Brown socks may be used for sugar cane,
And black and white ones are good for the same.

Walters by the way, I realized no percentage)

A hair-raising incident.

A Technologian sauntered one fine evening into one of the many cozy little food-shops that abound in the vicinity of the 'Stute and ordered for his evening meal a portion of fried chicken.

Upon being served, it was discover-

The Woop hereby wishes to an-

that in no way does it approve of the plan of turning the Caf into a Bar.

by this time, applauded Mr. Pah wildly, not to say vociferously, and then returned to its peaceful slumber.

"Hereupon was introduced a nov-

it by this time, applauded Mr. Pah wildly, not to say vociferously, and then returned to its peaceful slumber.

"Hereupon was introduced a nov-

"The last number on the program, a song by the combined Glee Clubs accompanied by the joint orchestras, was received with suspicious enthu-

as the uniformed messenger deliv-

For the last few weeks my life has been pestered by questions propounded by members of the Iron Battalion who have invaded the sanctum of my office. I have been forced to answer most of these questions, the reason being obvious. I am here as the command-

R. Sicari, Proprietor

165 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge

REMEMBER OUR

SANITARY BARBER SHOP

Fruit and Tobacco Store Across the Street
CUPID RAVES
At an order that must be obeyed
I sing of a dear little maid,
A matchful vanity,
Soror, delirious,
Gently imperious maid.

And, first we'll consider her eyes,
Like as to color and size.
Her winkleable, blinkable,
Simply unthinkable,
Simply uninkable eyes.

Then, having a moment to spare,
We will turn our attention to hair—
Her tenderly curlative,
Tumbly and whirratable,
Super, superiative, hair.

Forbear to dismiss with a shrug
Her nose, undeniably pug;
Her strictly permissable.
Turn-up like this-able,
Urgently kissable pug.

Then, moving a point to the south,
We come to an actual mouth,
A coral, pearliferous,
Argumentiferous,
Mainly melliferous mouth.

Observe underneath it, a chin
Surrounding a dimple within;
A steady, reliable,
Hardly deflatable,
Quite undeniable chin.

At last, let us speak of herself—
A blithe little girly elf and elf;
Her quite unignorable,
Absence deplorable,
Wholly adorable self.

SOULFUL—AND THEN SOME
The poor girl was down on one knee.
Tears coursed down her cheeks and
sobs shook her slender frame, as she
attempted to speak. She finally suc-
cceeded in blurting out, "The time has
the waste pile. (sob)

The colonel, sir
Overhead the sky was covered with
thick clouds. The north wind swept
crossly across the frozen plain.
The face of the sun was hidden and the
chill bit to the bone. Murmurs of dis-
content sped down the ranks of the
Freshman Regiment, drawn up for in-
spection. In spite of the efforts of the
half-frozen officers, rifles were banged
against the hard ground and a growl
of anger arose. It seemed as though
nothing short of a miracle could avert
the oncoming mutiny.

But suddenly a change took place.
It was as if the sun had come forth
from its hiding place and all were
basking in its life-giving rays. The
men stiffened up and were silent.
Smiles of contentment took the place
of frowns. All were happy and cheer-
ful. For around the corner, followed
at a respectful distance by his admir-
ing staff, walked Poliynna, the sun-
shine and joy of the Freshman Regi-
mant.

A TRUE PATRIOT
Frosh: Yes, patriotism was his
downfall.
Soph: How's that?
Frosh: Ye see, he drank 48 Blue
Moons for the stars of the flag, 7 Shoe
Gin Rickles for the red stripes and 6
Egg-Nogs for the white stripes—
Soph: Well, let's have it.
Frosh: And then he died of disap-
pointment.
Soph: Huh?
Frosh: Yeh, he couldn't find a glass
of beer long enough for the flag-pole.
WELCOME, STRANGER

It is with a high heart that we extend the hand of welcome in greeting to the new freshman class. It gives more than unmitigated joy to know that we are to have among us this marvelous collection of studious students, who intend to make Tech their abode and their domicile for the next four years (may happen even five or six). Quen sabe? Which same is Sanskrit for "who is the next sucker?"

Far be it from us to cast a damper on any such congregation of youthful, effervescing spirits as there is here a great crowd a few words of caution, warning, wisdom, and advice. And who should be more fitted for this deed than THE WOOP?

Know ye, then, ye junior freshmen, as ye are to be appointed among your fellow-sufferers and victims, know ye that there are certain things which it is highly fitting and proper that each entering class should do. Tradition and custom hath it and it shall be your duty to fulfill the laws of your fathers. And let the Nickels in it. The Con of caution, warning, wisdom, and advice. And who should be more fitted for this deed than THE WOOP?

First, foremost, and in the beginning—from the very beginning of your sojourn was a Polite Bird and after Studiously here you shall cause fellow-sufferers and victims, know ye that there are certain things which it is highly fitting and proper that each entering class should do. Tradition and custom hath it and it shall be your duty to fulfill the laws of your fathers. And let the Nickels in it. The Con of caution, warning, wisdom, and advice. And who should be more fitted for this deed than THE WOOP?

Soon, ye—shall parade through the streets of the great metropolis with a great sound of shouting, singing, and other noises; see to it that ye depole all trolleys, stop all automobiles, enter the subway, rush the theatres, and in general conduct yourselves somewhat after the fashion of lum-bor-jacks or coal-miners on a pleasant little bat; it shall be counted as an inexcusable stain upon the honor of thy most noble band if thy eyes of pleasure-endeth without a round half-dozen of thy glorious crew spending a night in the hogsow.

After a time ye must hold class elections. Now this same matter is right serious and not-to-be-trifled-with. Look to it, ye youths and babes, that no man who is known to more than one-fifth of the class be allowed to aspire to any office; also be on thy guard lest more than one-fourth the class should cast a ballot, for this would be truly contrary to all tradition and precedent. And can ye elect a man to be president of thy class who shall become known to said class only and solely by virtue of being president, so have ye scored one point for thy score.

And now with these few words of truth ringing in thy shell-like ears, enter our merry throng; forget past sorrows and trials, become dull care! For ‘tis with mirth and laughter, not with tears and sighs that we make THE ROUNDS. Our little BOY DOG.—IT THAT WAY,—AWRIGHT

ANOTHER STARTLING DISCOVERY

Prof.—"How is the incandescent light produced?"

Stude:—"Simple, enough,—just turn on the switch.

THE WOOP’S

The youthful swain who sends his "ladye faire" a ton of coal, is much more sure of a warm reception than his no less ardent but fashionably rival who is still sending orchids.

MOST MEN’S MINDS

Noble work

Bones:—"What are you working at these days?"

Jones:—"Oh, I’m raising fallen women."

Bones:—"Salvation Army?"

Jones:—"No. At the Arena."

BREEZY STUFF

The weather changes day by day

The girls wish skirts were longer.

WHEN by chance ‘tis the latter way

The girls wish skirts were longer.

ANOTHER STARTLING DISCOVERY

Prof.—"How is the incandescent light produced?"

Stude:—"Simple, enough,—just turn on the switch.

JOKE

Tech Monthly.

Boston Elevated.

Advanced Battalan.

Current Public Problems.

(The way some of ‘em are handled.)

Frosh to Senior:—"Thir, couldst thou give me a practical application of Gas Analysis?"

Senior:—"Certainly. The proof is it every time they mark an exam paper."

THE WOOP’S

The youthful swain who sends his "ladye faire" a ton of coal, is much more sure of a warm reception than his no less ardent but fashionably rival who is still sending orchids.

Of a DEGREE that in no way was connected with a Thermometer or Circle and also a Commission as Boss of a Bakery of Doughboys.

Moral: Make yourself believe it and the rest will take care of each other.
February 5, 1918

THE WOOP-GAROO

How the Freshman Got His Uniform

Being The Tale Of A Losing Fight
With Fate And Other Unseen Powers

Sept. 25—After a three months discussion with the War Department, it has been decided that we are to wear the regulation uniform. We will be measured for them sometime next week.

Sept. 29—Man is here to take orders for uniforms.

Oct. 4—Meant to get measured for my uniform today. Must be done soon.

Oct. 10—Spent all morning ordering uniform. Took me two hours to get a chance to be measured and about five minutes to be measured.

Oct. 29—First batch of uniforms have arrived. Mine is not there.

Oct. 31—Second batch of uniforms arrived. Mine is still among the missing.

Nov. 6—Another batch of uniforms come. My name is on this list. Must go over and get the thing tomorrow.

Nov. 8—All a mistake about my name being on the list. My uniform is not here. First inspection today. Got lengthly calling-down from the colonel because I did not have on a uniform.

Nov. 12—Uniform has come—But what a uniform! The blouse is too small and the trousers are big enough for the whole company. Guess it will have to go back for alteration.

Nov. 13—Colonel suggested that I should personally conduct my uniform to Philadelphia and back. Told him I would if Tech would pay my expenses and was reported for impertinence to an officer, talking in ranks, not having uniform, and conduct unbecoming to a soldier.

Nov. 20—Uniform is back in same condition that it left in. Wore it to drill and was reported for not having my uniform on, for wearing another man's uniform, for impertinence to an officer (when I told the colonel it was mine), and for talking in the ranks.

Nov. 22—Uniform being altered again. Reported at inspection for not having uniform on.

Nov. 23—Cut drill today.

Nov. 27—Order has been given out that we must wear round felt badge with letters M. I. T. on our arm. Colors cardinal and grey!!

Nov. 30—Uniform will be ready first of next week. Was reported at drill today for not wearing uniform and for not having badge on my arm.

Dec. 4—Uniform not ready yet. Will be here next week. Reported at drill for not having uniform.

Dec. 6—Cut drill to keep from being reported.

Dec. 12—Uniform has been shipped from Philadelphia and will be here tomorrow. Reported again.

Dec. 20—Uniform is still on its way. Reported again for not having it on. Reported also for not wearing arm badge, reported for trying to explain how it was the uniform was not here, reported for explaining that I could not wear arm badge without uniform, reported for talking in ranks.

Dec. 23—Home for vacation and found uniform waiting for me there. Had been there since Dec. 8!!

Tech Tailors

Army and Navy Uniforms Made to Order

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

92 Massachusetts Ave. Opp. Technology Cambridge

The Spice of Life

Tobacco Sauce
"Johnnie Walker"
Hot Tomatoes
German Mustard
"Tom and Jerry"
New York "Times"
The Kaiser
Salt and Pepper

And the Pines Whispered Softly

Sweetheart mine:

You did not believe me last night when I told you what kept me. Did you, dear? I wish that you would not doubt me so much—because it hurts. And do you know why it hurts? It is because I love you so much.

Dear you know how much I say about ‘other girls that you have known?’ Do you really think, dear, that I could bear to think of them if I thought that it was true? I mean your loving them. You know that I am more jealous about you than you are about me. Possibly it is because I love you more than you love me. Good-bye, sweetheart. Remember, I love you dearly.

Forever.

And some men flunk for this!

Our Poetry Primer

The State

A wonderful building
Many in One
When it's finished
It'll be done
So will we.

The Caf

A cozy nice room,
In which to eat,
If you come early,
You get a seat.
Sometimes!

The Navigator

Nice young fellow,
Pretty green suit.
If he flunks
He gets the boot.
So does this.

He:- "Last night I called on what’s-her-name and in the parlor the one link between zero and sixty-eight degrees, (advertised on the 42nd Street Library for health preservation) the gas pipe, was plugged with ice! Now what would you've done under the circumstances?"

Other He:- "I don't know, I'd have to see what's-her-name first; then I could tell you."

Tavern Lunch

Next to Tech Dormitories

Reasonable Prices

Try the Tavern
It may be known to a select few of us that there is at present an institution of learning which is generally known under the cognomen, that is to say it is usually referred to by the more elite of the populace by its full name—to wit the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. However this aforenamed marvelous and meticulous aggregation of the sciences is more commonly known as Tech or at best as Technology. Now as we were about to say—this institution is ranked by all, except those who are unduly prejudiced and those who inhabit homes for the feeble-minded, we say that it is ranked by all among the best, if not as the best, institution, otherwise place, of its kind in the entire country. There are many weird not to say wonderful, things which go on behind its sacred portals and which a mere outsider would never even guess at. And it is of one of these strange and amazing occurrences that we are now speaking. This same topic has been the subject for much discussion and debate. Some people have even had the effrontery to make a joke of it, but we respectfully refrain from approaching it in any such fashion.

In order to clearly understand the situation, we must bear in mind that the studies in the above-mentioned institution of learning are divided up into what are known as courses so as to fashion a joke of it, but we respectfully refrain from approaching it in any such fashion. In a certain course, which within the revered limits of the 'Stute is known as Course II, and which to the outsider is described as Mechanical Engineering, there is a study which is pursued under the name of Heat and Ventilation (which to the initiated means Heating and Ventilation). This particular subject consists of a course of lectures held behind closed doors with the utmost secrecy. No definite information has been obtained as yet concerning the things which go on behind those doors. But rumors fill the air.

It is a common thing to see a group of the participants in the secret conferences gathered around—well, let us say around a nut sundae, discussing the last lecture, low tones. Scraps of muttered sentences are heard from time to time. The following is a conversation as it was taken down by a Woop reporter hot on the trail of the mystery.

"Well, the old boy only got two explosions today.......only three men killed........live steam........one man scalded to death......."

"Remember last week, when he blew up a whole factory an' killed two hundred?" "Yeah. That was the day Jim lost about his whole fortune betting on the total death list." "Bull, just rotten. Steam all over the place......twelve men.....thirty injured......."

This is the report as it was taken down. At present the authorities are undecided as to whether it is a new Boche propaganda or what. Among ourselves we think it is an "or-what." However the indefatigable Woop reporter is on the trail. Watch for results.

---

**CUPID'S COLUMN**

The Woop-Garoo wishes to announce that it will maintain its column, "Cupid!" for the lovelocks, homesick and altogether sick.

We will not attempt to answer any questions on love matters, free love not excepted, but we will endeavor to run an up-to-date column of these along some of the boxers. Those who have even had the effrontery to make this far have been passed up by the 'chopper little devil.

The Woop will be glad to insert all letters of love, and any advertisements of any individual, convicts and street car conductors, particularly those who have as an object matrimony. We will however assume no responsibility for misrepresentations and will pay no allowance for delinquent ex-husbands.

Fellow Citizens:

I am a young lady of means, 35 years and do not chew, smoke, drink or swear. I can cook almost anything and drive a Ford. I don't like husbands who stay home too much. Won't some MAN write me. Please!

Carrie Dover
(Care of the Woop)

P. S.—I am unable to supply my photo as the Government is using all copies of it against the Germans, so you see I am patriotic.

Dear Readers:

I am a married man at present, but my wife is very cranky and I think seriously of divorce. I don't want to be caught without a wife so please answer this ad, ladies, and if I like your writing, will secure a divorce and marry you. Don't be afraid to answer for fear that another will answer, for I can support more than one wife.

Yours Candidly,

M. (Care of the Woop)

Sweet Ladies:

I am 5 feet tall, have light curly hair, beautiful features, am refined and wear spats. I have no bad habits and do not associate with men. I dance divinely and am a wonderful lecturer on "How to Bath the Baby." I can cook and do general house work and have a sweet, lovable disposition. Won't some ladies please protect me?

Clarence Appleblossom

Cambridge, Mass.

P. S.—I have a fair complexion and small feet.

To the World:

I am a dear little girl, very good looking and have a nice disposition. I am a good dancer and have lots of money in my own name (Delucie), also have three nice machines and more servants than I can use. The house I own is the largest in my town, of which my father is mayor, and I have a whole of a half interest in a brewery. I will marry any man who owns a bushel of coal. Notify the Woop at once.

"She is the dearest little thing with large brown eyes and ears. Her name is Daisy and she is rightfully named for her eyes look like the center of a big daisy."

---

**CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN**

Uniforms Insignia

Stetson Army Shoes

---

We Want To Buy Drawing Instruments

SECOND-HAND SETS CONTAINING

Compass Divider

3 Bow Instruments 2 Ruling Pens and Case

SEE MR. NOYES or MR. BRIGGS

Technology Branch