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THE WOOP GAROO

A Record of
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VOL. I, NO. 1

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEBRUARY 5, 1918

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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, upon 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.

UXTRA! UXTRA! MURDER!!

From THE WOOP'S N. Y. Correspondent
One of the foulest and most heinous of all crimes was recently committed in Manhattan. Some idea of its frightfulness may be obtained when one ponders over the fact that the victims were victimized for a period of two months—sixty days (the favorite time of the police court).

Murdered in cold blood!—six thousand cats!!! After the inquest the coroner reported that the massacre had been prompted by the demand of teamsters, taxi-drivers, ash-collectors and chorus girls for cheap fur coats. The deceased have nevertheless become immortalized and they will go down into dim, distant history, not as mere feline creatures, but, instead, transformed into the rare and radiant Tierra-del-Fuego Squirrel, Australian Chow Chow Muskrat, etc., (easy to c).

As a fitting memorian, it has been suggested by the S. P. C. A., that though they gave their fifty-four thousand lives that the thermometer might go down, taxi-fares are still on the rise.

(These murders form a possible solution as to why so many females sport fur coats on Tremont Street.)

AND THEY LET HIM LIVE

The exams are now all over
They're past and gone and done
And those who are not in clover
Are ready to again begun.

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 Caf 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 do away with the lightness.

Now to turn to the new product of this man's wonderful mind as a complete dispeller 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

(Continued on Page 3.)

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. l., etc. we deem it our most profound and patriotic duty to refrain from overworking the printer.



When the artist seeks inspiration he raves a bit, fondly caresses his curly locks and feeds upon spaghetti. Likewise inclined, the writer hies 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 blustry winter's night in a Boston industrial establishment. No, the man with the idea did not shout it to the rest of us. Hence, you are wrong on the wherefore of the name!



To those of you who are familiar with the lore of the Northlands, the name of this publication will instantly recall the tri-syllable loop-garou, peculiar to the land of pine and snow. Loop-garou is used to designate a white man who is no longer attracted by civilization but, instead, is led on by the wanderlust into the ever increasing depths of the forest, existing like a wolf and shorn of all ideals. But far be it from us to pull any of the cave-man stuff! In fact, this has nothing, whatever, to do with the name of THE WOOP-GAROO. Nor would we assume the role of the evangelist as a vehicle with which to mangle characters with an utter mercilessness comparable to that of the right reverend William A. Sunday. It is our most ardent desire to make use of these columns as gentlemen. Unless we succeed thus we have failed and failed most horribly.

To publish a periodical devoted exclusively to humor sans any particular point is about as futile as giving a Borneo head-hunter a cake of "Fairy" soap for a Christmas present. And yet humor with a point is a difficult proposition. This was evinced by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks in one of his late screen appearances, "A Modern Musketeer." Here, Mr. Fairbanks, after romping through four reels and with an already well established reputation for enacting the part of a fool with a clean heart and an almost boyish pride, suddenly determines to philosophize on the edge of a cliff three thousand feet high. The result is pitiable, indeed. Of course we have an evident advantage, for the editors have a reputation, if any at all, in direct antithesis to that of Mr. Fairbanks. Up to the present writing we have all been serious minded men.

The inquisitive will seek in vain for our name in Webster's Unabridged. There is no legitimate word which satisfies our purpose and believing heartily in originality we coined one. What's the trouble? Hasn't Mr. Roosevelt done the same thing? "Whoop" means to cry out. "Garoo" comes from the 'jump part' of kangaroo.

Mottoes presented themselves by the score only to be rejected. We could have plagiarized "A Little Nonsense Now and Then—"; "Let There be Light"; ad infinitum. But these are relics of past generations and it is our desire to mirror the present. Therefore, considering this and the derivation of our name, we have appropriated from the vernacular: "To Shout Like Hell and Start Simthin'."

Wherefore, WOOP-GAROO!

FOLLIES' CHORUS ENGAGED FOR TECH SHOW!

Reported By THE WOOP'S Soused American Correspondent.

COMBINATION HARMONY

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, fleecy clouds, the stately elms with their waving branches overhead which, softly murmuring, add the unspoken applause of 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 Awearyin' For You,' was highly suggestive of the cordial, not to say friendly relations between the two institutions. Next came a vocal solo entitled 'I Didn't Raise My Boy To Go To Harvard,' sung by Miss Ima Lyer of Wellesley. This touching little ditty was greeted with little-restrained enthusiasm, indeed the applause after the first verse was so great that it was only with difficulty that Miss Lyer was able to go on with the second.

It was at this point that the first noticeable falling off in the audience took place. Up until now all had survived the ordeal with heroic bravery, but when Miss Lyer had finished several great, strong men were led out weeping like babies (we trust it was because they could stay no longer).

"The audience was now regaled by a oompah solo by Mr. O. O. M. Pah of Tech. The oompah is a weird instrument which is said to have originated among the Nuh-Nuh 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 Pasture.) Mr. Pah then played a little selection entitled 'I'm a Tech Man and Tech Men Can Do Wonderful Things.' This piece has a rousing chorus which goes:—

Tecky, Tecky, Tecky, Tech!
Tecky, Tecky, Tecky, Tech!
Tecky, Tecky, Tecky, Tech!
Tech! Tech! Tech!

The audience, such as was left of

C₁₂H₂₂O₁₁ (THE DEAR, SWEET THING!)

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the discovery of a Chemical Engineer,
Professor Hueler was his name,
And in the classroom he won his fame.

The present scarcities, said he
Has brought a brilliant thought to me,
And I can state without a doubt
That this new scheme will sure pan out.

Now you chemists, for the most,
Have heard of fructose and levulose,
And know that sugar is from these
Prepared by the use of enzymes.

For cotton socks you have been told,
Contain these substances in manifold.
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.
Now, gentlemen, I repeat that all this is true,
But the discovery of the method is up to you.

THE SPY

A Story of the Great War.

'Twas a dark and moonlight night.
Suddenly a shot rang out on the stillness of the tempest. An anguished groan, a quivering moan, a pitiful wail. And once again all was quiet amid the hush of the bombardment.

The Woop hereby wishes to announce that in no way does it approve of the plan of turning the Caf into a Bar.

it by this time, applauded Mr. Pah wildly, not to say vociferously, and then returned to its peaceful slumber. "Hereupon was introduced a novelty entitled 'Why Tech Profs Take To Drink.' This took the form of a ballet, the leading part of which was superbly rendered by Iva Pain of the Technisky Royal Ballet Corps. The accompaniment was played by the Tech Mandolin Club. At this point most of the masculine members of the audience returned for a short stay.

"The last number on the program, a song by the combined Glee Clubs accompanied by the joint orchestras, was received with suspicious enthusiasm. The program closed with that well-known soul-stirring melody sung by both the musical clubs and the audience, 'Here's To Good Old Wellesley, Drink Her Down, Down, Down'"



WALKER MEMORIAL.
(He is a widower)

AN EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL

As the uniformed messenger delivered the long sinister document the face of our hero slowly blanched, giving the appearance of one newly risen from the dead. With faltering step he left the room, clutching in his palsied hand the dread letter. Once in his own apartments, he sat down heavily and stared as though fascinated at that which he held. Thrice and yet again he tried to open it, but his quivering fingers refused to obey his commands. Finally his manly face grew grim and haggard as with one wild stroke he opened the fatal envelope. And then with a cry of mortal agony he threw himself sobbing on the bed. "My God," he exclaimed, "four F's, two L's and a D."

A HAIR-RAISING INCIDENT

A Technologist 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 discovered that the chicken contained a hair. The young man called the waitress and asked for an explanation.

"It's probably from the chicken," said the beautiful maid as she demurely arranged the slant of her apron.

"Why I was under the impression that a chicken had feathers!" cried the irate student.

"So they have," replied the maid of waiting, "but you must remember, every chicken has a comb."

BULLETIN

General Orders No. 9999.

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 refused to answer most of these questions, the reason being obvious. I am here as the commandant of the Iron Battalion and not as an information bureau. My time has been so occupied with the work of obtaining equipment for the Battalion and I have no time to answer questions on such trivial matters as the draft.

I have also turned my office into a tailoring establishment for the men who wish to obtain the excellent uniforms which I procured (on which, by the way, I realized no percentage) and for which I received no thanks but rather was victimized to the extent of three suits. Also, I have been very busy in demonstrating the proper use of spirals in camouflaging bony shanks and have also devoted much of my time to the design of the singularly artistic, beautiful and appropriate arm badges which the members of the Iron Battalion are forced to wear.

Whereas the above is so and I have not had time to smoke a cigar, tilt my hat back on my head or put my feet up on my desk, I have definitely decided to answer no more questions personally. All information from this office will be given by the official bulletins with supplements from the Chief of Staff, who incidentally is the Staff. Any questions which are answered will not be construed as advice, this office gives no advice. Members of the Iron Battalion are again cautioned to keep a wary eye for the Bulletin board on which are posted our succinctly worded orders.

I. M. TIRED,

Major, Iron Battalion, N. I. T.

GENERAL ORDERS 6677889900

It has recently come to my notice that the armory has disappeared since the Iron Battalion last drilled in it. I would not like to believe that some member of the Battalion has intentionally appropriated this necessary article. Will the one who mislaid it please return same at once.

By order of the chief of staff.
(Who is also the staff)

L'il News Purveyor:—"Did you know that my sister works in an office heated by one, lone gas stove?"

Facetious Friend:—"What a gasty situation?"

SANITARY BARBER SHOP

R. SICARI, Proprietor

165 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge

REMEMBER OUR

Fruit and Tobacco Store Across the Street

CUPID RAVES

At an order that must be obeyed
I sing of a dear little maid,
A mirthfully serious,
Sober, delirious,
Gently imperious maid.

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

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

Forbear to dismiss with a shrug
Her nose, undeniably pug;
Her strictly permissible,
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 defiable,
Quite undeniable chin.

At last, let us speak of herself—
A blithe little gypsy 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-
ceeded in blurting out, "The time has
come when we must part. I have en-
dured you with silent tears and men-
tal anguish long enough . . . (sob)
. . . Your soul is too small for my
understanding . . . (sob). When
I first met you I was attracted by your
ease and polish; but, upon further ac-
quaintance, I find you are fit only for
the waste pile . . . (sob) . . .
When you became my own how my
friends envied me! But now I can go
no farther. You seem not to regard
my feelings at all. I do not hold the
amount of space which I ought in your
soul. You hinder me in whatever
walk of life I go; you have humiliated
me in public places, and have caused
me continual suffering and inexpress-
ible misery . . . (sob) . . .
My soul is cramped and I need free-
dom, so this is the end. We part
forever! I now cast you off and dis-
card you—"

And, with a final gasping sob, she—
took off her new shoe.

E. A. MAYNARD
The Students' Barber
Near Tech Dormitories
ON AMES STREET

This being the true account of some
of the adventures of Inbad the Navi-
tor, one of those many strangers with-
in our gates, so to speak.

(With apologies to Haroun El
Raschid, K. C. B., G. B. S., and others.)

"On the morn of my arrival, I de-
cided by my own private and not-to-
be-infringed-upon (patents-applied-for,
and all that sort of thing) method of
permutation and combination that it
might be verily a clever hunch, as 'tis
said among the more vulgar, to stray
about for a time and gain some idea
of the size, form and condition of the
place which was to be my abode for
some time to come. Equipping myself
with a maori implement known as a
whangus, my pocket compass, a tele-
scope, and my trusty, never-to-be-left-
behind liquid refreshment I set out.
The first place I entered was in the
basement of that division of the domi-
cile of those engaged in the pursuit
of knowledge and other things which
among the initiated is known as
Building Two. Here I found at last
a place to rest my weary feet and
meditate upon the foolishness of men
in general. For well might my feet
be weary, I had tramped many a mile
in search of a place like unto this.
For these structures were filled with
room after room devoted to classes,
laboratories which gave off fumes of
deadly gas, and all manner and de-
scription of places given over to the
much-to-be-avoided-pursuit-of-aforsaid-
knowledge. But never a place was
there where one might sit at one's
ease for a quiet bit of thought. This
alone provided a haven of quiet and
rest to the exhausted and hard-pressed
student after a deadly struggle with
the fierce monster entropy.

"Methinks that I must have dozed
off, for suddenly I was awakened by
a noise and tumult like unto the roar
of a subway mob in good old New
York. Astonished, I rubbed my eyes
and seized my faithful whangus. I
resolved to sell my life to the infur-
ated crowd as dearly as possible. And
then came the realization that they
were not clamoring for my life-blood.
Strange cries smote my ears.

"Draw one in the dark.' 'Ice the
apple.' 'Ham and.' 'One egg, let 'er
fly up and down.' And then I realized
that I had by some mischance or fate
stumbled on one of those much-to-be-
avoided-and-shunned quick-lunch plac-
es. Sorrowfully I went forth again
into the cold, cold world.

"Afterthought,—a club is a club and
an eating house an eating house, but
the both together are as much to be
avoided as the sting of my terrible
whangus."

THE WIMP

(An experiment in free-hand poetry.)

The Wimp, a thing
Over which to ponder—and sigh.
Bird or beast?
No.
Fowl or fish?
No.
Good red herring?
No!
Quoth the raven nevermore?
Yes.
What?
The Wimp!

NO PLACE ON EARTH!



One Gentleman of Color—"Rastus! Ah heerd at church the awther mawning
that the wirald wuz coming to an abrupt feenesh. A comet am going to hit
it and put out its lights. Ah sure are scaired."

'Nother Gent of Color—"Don't worry me none. Time comes—ah'm goin'
to take me ma telescp' an' go ovah to Cambridge an' watch."

CAST-IRON ICE-CREAM

(Continued from Page 1.)

of ice cream. To break up a cold in
the stomach, eat the ice cream sud-
denly and the weight falling on the
cold will break it along with other
contents of the stomach. Besides iron
is one of the greatest essential con-
stituents of human blood. All you
have to do if you feel anaemic is cut
your finger and rub ice cream into the
bloody sore.

And now comes the crowning
achievement to be accomplished by
the new product. In a dry town where
liquor is forbidden, an ice cream soda
prepared with the new ice cream will
prove to be the hardest drink known
and yet entirely within the liquor
laws.

All in all, Professor Eadit, has fin-
ally found the thing for which the
world has long longed. He is well re-
paid by the result of his labors, for
not only may the ice cream be pre-
pared from, any old iron, such as
steam rollers and locomotives that
are worn out, but a man can now
have any flavor of ice cream by sim-
ply buying the rough casting and paint-
ing it the desired color.

AW, SHUT UP

Ima.—"I hear that our friend Jack
is no longer infatuated with Grace."
Ura.—"No. It seems that she told
him that the hours he spent with her
were as a string of pearls to her. It
happened that Jack thought that
pearls were produced by a clam and
he told her so. They've never been
the same since."

THE COLONEL, SIR

Overhead the sky was covered with
thick clouds. The north wind swept
fiercely 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 Pollyanna, the sun-
shine and joy of the Freshman Regi-
ment.

A TRUE PATRIOT

Soph: So poor old Boozer has
cashed in his chips.
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 Sloe
Gin Rickies 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.

THE WOOP-GAROO

Vol. I. No. 1

Published every time we are thrilled with ambition by the Students (some of 'em) of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for all matter in the Editorial Columns, while the Managing Editor assumes the burden of "make-up" (a little stagey, of course). The Business Manager guarantees the integrity of our advertisers. If you don't know who we are drop around again some time when you can't stay so long.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1918

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 (mayhap even five or six. Quien sabe? Which same is Sanskrit for "who is the next sucker?"). Far be it from us to cast a damper on any such aggregation of youthful, effervescing spirits as theirs, but it seems fit to drop 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 appellated 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. First, foremost, and in the beginning—from the very beginning of your sojourn here you shall cause it to be known amongst your companions and betters that you compose the most-greatly-to-be-envied and otherwise-desirable class that has ever crossed the threshold of this most esteemed institution. Secondly,—ye shall on the pain of instant and prolonged death hold a banquet, and after said banquet it is the form and custom that 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 lumber-jacks or coal-miners on a pleasant little bat; it shall be counted as an ineradicable stain upon the honor of thy most noble band if thy eve of pleasure endeth without a round half-dozen of thy glorious crew spending a night in the hoose-gow.

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 noble youths, enter our merry throng; forget past sorrows and trials, begone dull care! For 'tis with mirth and laughter, not with tears and sighs that we greet you. In short we do but echo in our own poor way the words of the immortal poet when he said: "On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!"

PREVENT NERVOUS PROSTRATION!

About this time each year many young men taking courses at the Institute take upon themselves (or have it thrust upon them) the task of seeking the Dean and conferring with him upon matters of the utmost importance.

The conference is often brief and spicy but the long hours of meditation and repentance spent in the Dean's waiting room, often leave the poor humble student a nervous wreck and in extreme cases results in total loss of the mental faculties.

As a preventive we would beg to suggest that books such as a complete set of the works of Edgar Allen Poe be installed in the waiting room for the use of the "waiters."

WE THANK YOU

In behalf of the students, Faculty, Instructing Staff, and employees of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology we desire to extend our sincere thanks and greatest gratitude to the person, or persons, unknown as they are to us, who so kindly deigned to place the searchlights on the buildings so that we, all of us, could cross "No Man's Land" in the twilight without breaking our necks, backs, arms, or legs. We thank you!

PLEASE MISTER

Far be it from anyone so small, insignificant, and generally useless as we recognize ourselves to be to crab the 'Stute, but as woman to woman, don't you think that they might run out of coal once in a while?

SLANGY WOOPS

(With apologies to Mr. George Ade—
if necessary.)

THE FABLE OF THE GUY WHAT ROLLED HIS OWN

Once upon a time there was a Guy who had nothing under his Upper Strata. He was noted as an I-are-Me-er. He did his best to tell the Gullible Public that He Was. And they believed him.

One Day this Marvel of Modesty left the small town that had harbored him thru all the Years of his Tender Youth and journeyed to the BIG Noise on the Charles, Cambridge. Here he intended to take up his life WORK. It was, to be the Work of a Student at the 'Stute. He arrived in Boston after telling the Conductor on the Rattler which had hauled him, that He Was The Guy that put the Gin in Engineering. He Was The Guy that put the Is in Chemistry and by Way of a Side Line, he had tinkered with Mechanics and put the Nicks in it. The Con was a Polite Bird and after Studiously listening to the Monologue Delivered in a Cool and Clam Voice Without Gestures, the noble Comment, "BULL," and passed on to collect the Cardboards and Tissue-Papers from the remainder of the Traveling Throng.

Upon arrival at the Brain Hothouse, our Upper-Story-Vacancy immediately told the Faculty that it was not Running Things the way they ortta be did. In fact, He admitted that he had arrived just in Time to do The Hero-Act and save Thought-Producers from Themselves and incidently, The Bow-Wows. The Possessors of Superfluous Grey-Matter realized that His Ideas of How-to-run-a-regular-place were Valuable to a Collector of such Stuff, Foned the City Authorities to send an extra Junk-Wagon the next Time they were ambitious enough to make THE ROUNDS. Our little BOY BLUE began to feel his Oats a little less. Still he retained some of His OLD TIME CONFIDENCE.

He tackled the Tasks of The Mind with a Vigor that was Wonderful but soon discovered That they were too easy for His Consideration. So he Retracted his rash steps in this Direction and Made valuable Use of his time by sowing the Facts concerning his Great-and-Mightyness. He succeeded in Convincing One Man that His was a Wonderful Line.

And then came The Midyear Twisters. Our Superior Friend quite modestly admitted That He Couldn't FLUNK. He realized that He knew more than any Prof that Ever walked the Harvard Bridge to Save his Jit Rattler Tax and so he was Greatly hurt when he DID—Not receive an Invitation to Advise the Committee That made up the list of Stickers. He knew he could ask more Questions than a Questionnaire. If he had not had an undue Quantity of that Divine Nothing which the Multitudes please to call Luck He sure would not have escaped the Death list. As it was he came to in the Serious Ward.

Slipping over a matter of Four Anns., we find our Cutie the possessor



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."

WELL, IF YOU WANT TO LOOK AT IT THAT WAY,—AWRIGHT

Muff Hound X: "How are you getting along with that new jane of yours?"

M. H. Y.: "Prospects are looking up."

M. H. X.: "How's that?"

M. H. Y.: "She won't let me kiss her any more."

BREEZY STUFF

The weather changes day by day
The wind grows weak or stronger
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."

JOKES

Tech Monthly.
Boston Elevated.
Advanced Battalion.
Current Public Problems.

(The way some of 'em are handled.)

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

Senior:—"Certainly. The profs use 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 old-fashioned 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.

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. 30—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 lengthy 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. 11—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!!!!

Tel. Cambridge 6574

Established 1888

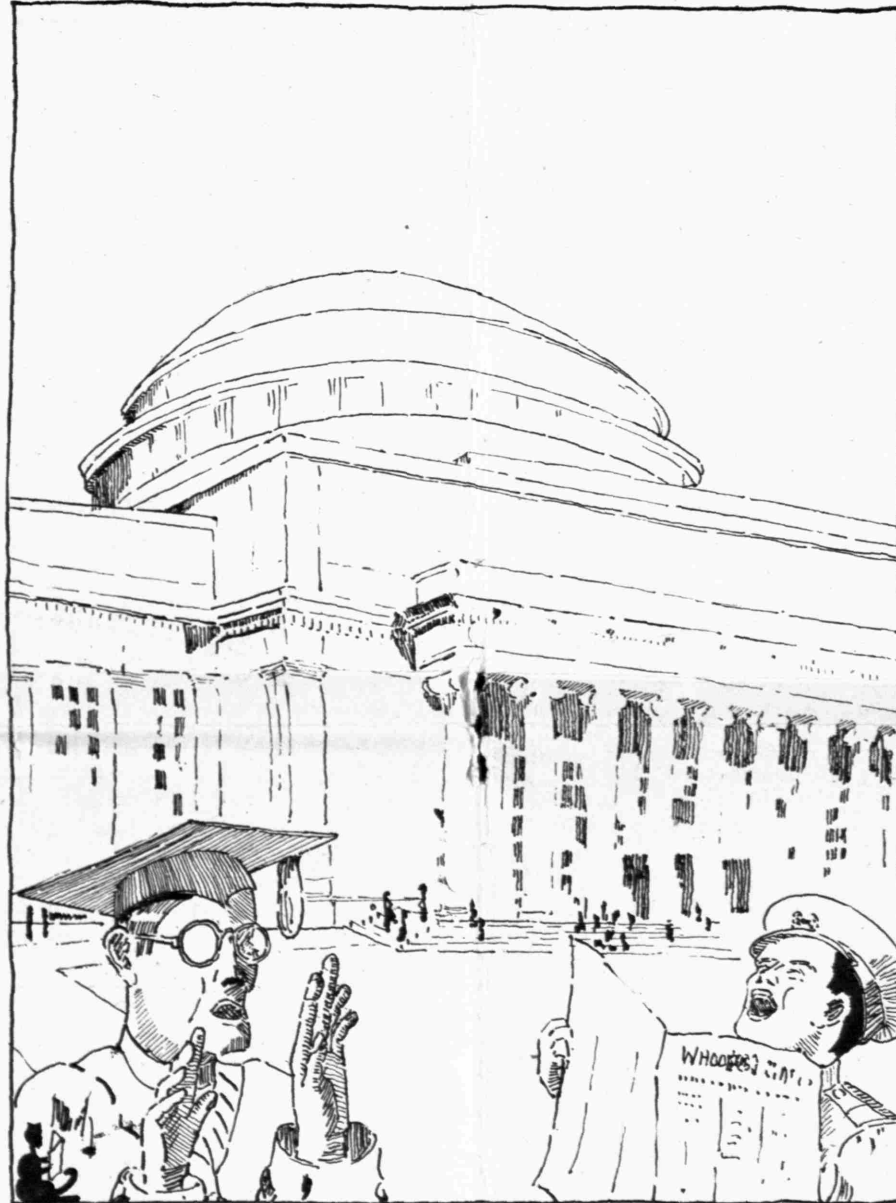
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THE WOOP'S RECEPTION

(Which One Are You?)

THE ABOVE IS GUARANTEED TO BE THE MOST SERIOUS STUFF IN THE PAPER

We humbly apologize for indulging "in serious vein," but in order to continue publication it is necessary to have your heartiest support. If we deserve it, we should like to have it.

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- Six Lemons
- "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.

Elavah.

And some men Flunk for this!

OUR POETRY PRIMER

The Stute

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 Naviator

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

EXX—PLOSH—UNS!!

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 species by its full name—to wit the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. However this aforesaid 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 further puzzle the rank outsider who may be so rash as to dare to intrude upon the secret mysteries of the place. 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 Vent (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 in 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

CUPID'S COLUMN

The Woop-Garoo wishes to announce that it will maintain a "Catch 'em Cupid!" column for the lovesick, homesick and altogether sick.

We will not attempt to answer any questions on love matters, free love not excepted, but we will endeavour to run an up-to-date column of news about susceptible females and gullible males who thus far have been passed up by the chubby little devil.

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

Fellow Citizens:—

I am a young lady of means, 55 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 can support more than one wife.

Yours Candidly,

M. T.

(Care of the Woop)

Sweet Ladies:—

I am five 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 lady please protect me!

Clarence Appleblossom.

Cambridge, Mass.

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

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.

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."

"Boiler.....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.

We Want To Buy Drawing Instruments

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and Case

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Technology Branch

WHAT IS IT?

"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."

OH! GO ON!

Prof. 1st year chemistry: "And the inactive elements, that is, the elements which have no chemistry are gone, crept on, and so on."

CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

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