

Vol. 1, No. 8

JAN 7 1921

Voodoo

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD



Le Semeur

Amon-KIKO

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of
Technology
Cambridge

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers courses in Civil, Mechanical, Mining, Electrical, Chemical, Sanitary, and Architectural Engineering; in Chemistry, Electrochemistry, Biology and Public Health, Physics, Geology and Naval Architecture, and in Engineering Administration.

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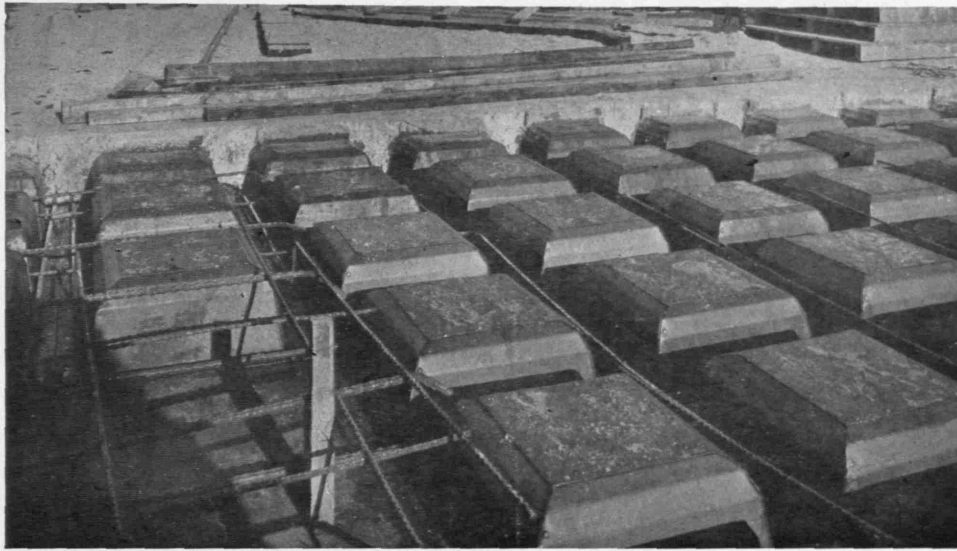
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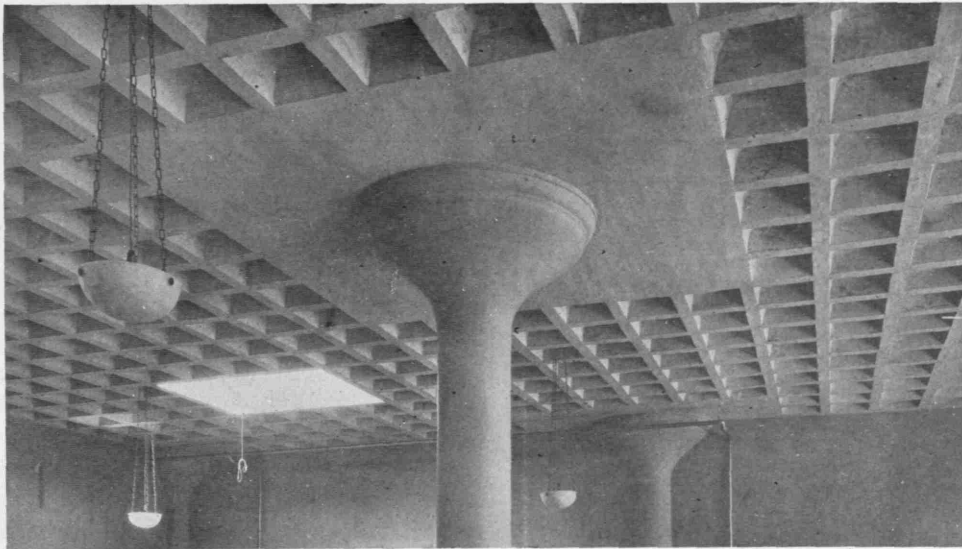
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"Where did you get these cigars?"
"A friend of mine sent them up from Cuba."
"Your friend certainly knows the ropes down there."
—Siren

Hill:—"Out walking for your health?"
Street:—"Yeh, Going to see a doctor."
—The Juggler

Spring Painting

"Was that a new girl you had at the dance the other night?"
"No, just the old one painted over."
—Puppet



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Poor Sir Oliver

"These English spiritualists must have a lot of money."
"Why?"
"It says here that one of the chief revenues of Great Britain comes from the tax on spirits."

—Tiger

Selfish

"Your husband is mightily good to you."
"What do you mean?"
"Why, I've heard he's bought a washing machine for you."
"Not for me; he's heard that it's a good thing to make beer in."

—Gargoyle

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Attractive Still

Although you have said in your language most fair,
For the sight of my features you no longer care,
Though you cast me away, let me once more declare,
I like you still.

You may send back my letters, not breaking the seal,
You may coldly refuse every phone call appeal,
But deep in my heart for some reason I feel,
I like you still.

My private stock's gone and it's now hard to get,
And girls such as you are not frequently met,
There's method to madness, my reason's good yet,
I like your STILL!

—Froth

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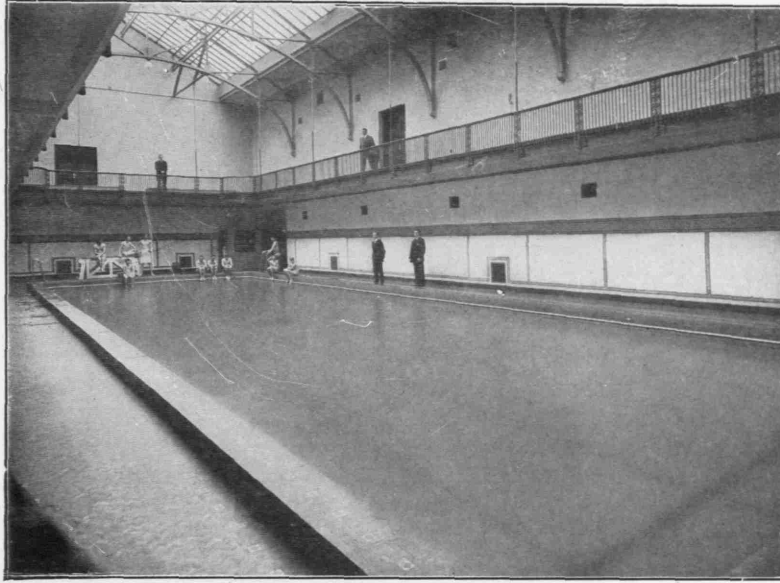
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Question of Judgment

Bill:—"Do you think betting is wrong?"

John:—"Well, the way I bet generally is."

—*Minnesota Foolscape*

"These aesthetic dancers remind me of a poor photograph."

"How's that?"

"Overdeveloped and underexposed."

—*Lampoon*

Deadly Rivalry

Visitor:—"Have you only one undertaker in this burg?"

Old Farmer:—"Yes, the stiff competition drove the others out."

—*Froth*

Qwrty:—"How are you getting along with Georgiana?"

Upsdf:—"I love her still."

Qwrty:—"Oh, she has a still, has she?"

—*Tiger*

"Give for one year, the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States."

"1492: None."

—*Ex.*

First Stude:—"Well, Luther, how is it that you are going to the dance as a stag tonight?"

Second Stude:—"No doe."

—*The Jade*

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176 FEDERAL STREET BOSTON, MASS.

Census-taker:—"How many children have you, madam?"

Madam:—"Four."

Census-taker:—"All together?"

Madam:—"No! One at a time."

—*Drexerd*

Next—Haircut \$1.00

Barber:—"Shampoo?"

Doc:—"Nope."

Barber:—"Tonic, dandruff cure?"

Doc:—"No."

Barber:—"Face massage?"

Doc:—"No, sir. Take your palm off my face. You've got the barber's itch."

—*Chaparral*

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Co-ed:—"I hear that Maysie is a wonderful horsewoman. They say she even rides bare-back."

Absent-minded Prof.:—"Really, it's a wonder she doesn't take a severe cold."

—Drexerd

Why Wait?

The clock struck nine, I looked at Kate,
Her lips were rosy red.
"At quarter after nine, I mean
To steal a kiss," I said.

She cast a roguish glance at me,
And then she whispered low,
With quite her sweetest smile, "The clock
Is fifteen minutes slow!"

—Record

Suspended Sentence

Judge:—"You are sentenced to hang by the neck until dead."

Sentenced:—"Judge, I believe you're stringing me."
—Chaparral

There was once a freshman named Art,
In Math he was keen as a dart;
He told them one day
Just how he got that way,
"Sloan's Liniment sure makes me smart."

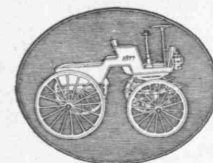
—Siren

SELDEN TRUCKS



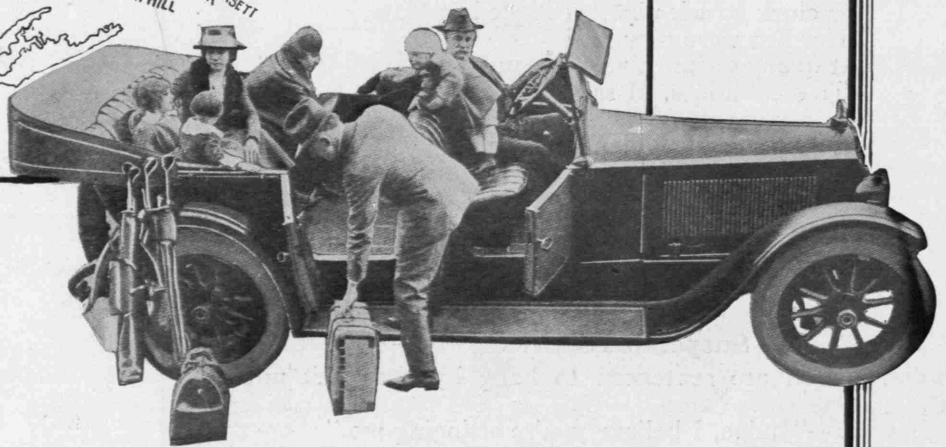
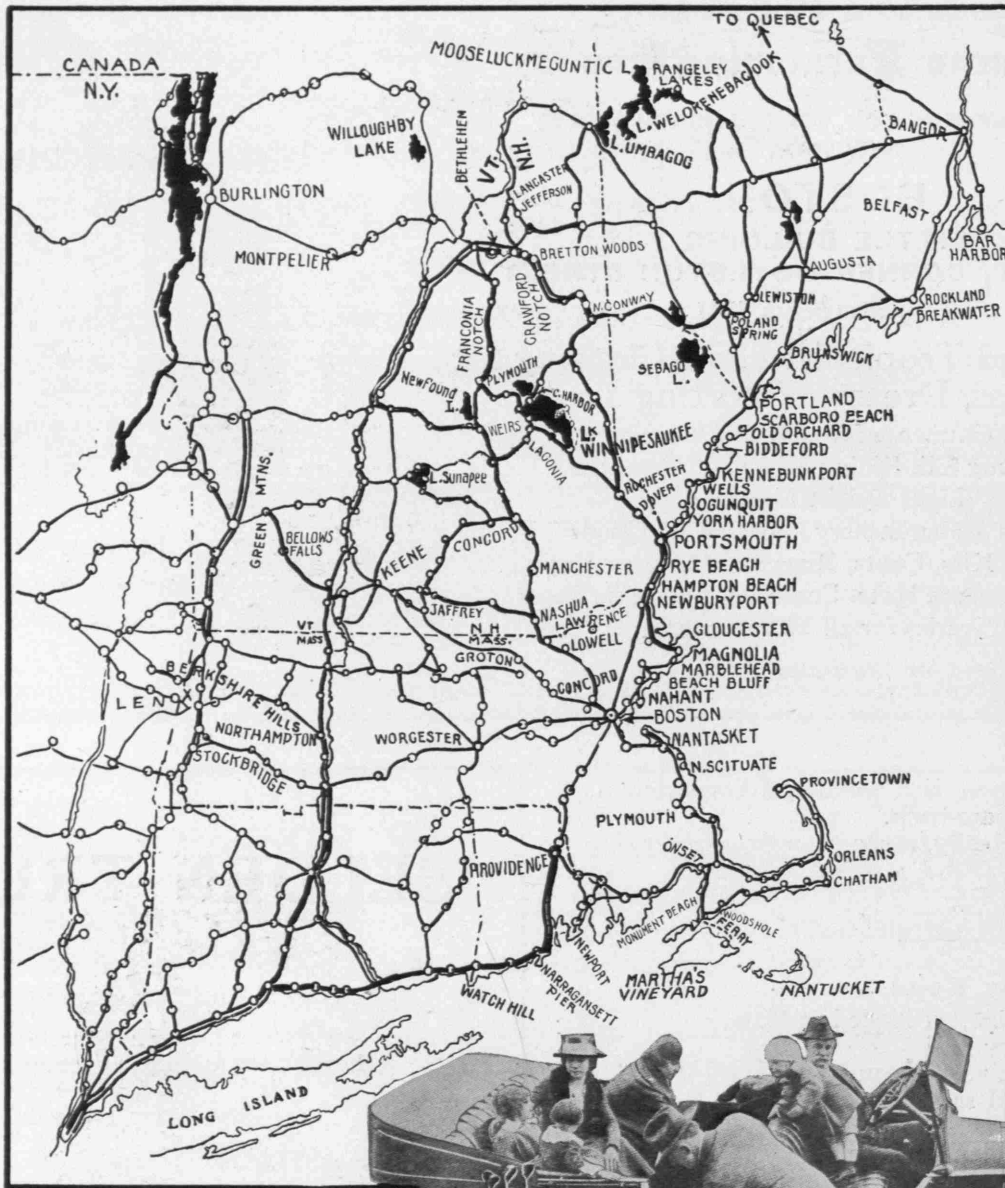
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WooDoo



Lines To The Dining Room Staff

Dowager, who at the hash tray strives,
 Priestess High of the soup tureen,
 Lady in Waiting on forks and knives,
 Coffee-urn Countess and Ice Cream Queen,—
 Each of you, drop that pot or pan;
 Leave, for a moment, your separate ways
 To hear me publish this solemn ban:
 "Nix on Spaghetti, Milanaise"

Perhaps I err as regards the name
 For these cylindrical bars of stuff.
 What tho I do? It's all the same;
 "Spaghetti" expresses it well enough.
 They are the cause of this tortured sigh
 They are the reasons that all my days,
 Are spent in this one despairing cry,—
 "Nix on Spaghetti, Milanaise."

If you give ear to this plea of mine—
 If you delete this unhappy dish—
 I will once more at Walker dine;
 Pay for my grub any price you wish.
 Vegetable hash I shall bravely eat
 To fritters of corn I shall sing my praise
 When gone is the need of this plaintive bleat —
 "Nix on Spaghetti, Milanaise."

L'Envoi

I've had enough of these pasty clods;
 Helpless, I've put them on many trays.
 Feed me on asphalt—but by the gods!
 NOT on Spaghetti, Milanaise.

Page Mr. Darwin!

Teacher:—"Who was the first man?"

Tommy:—"Washington was the first man; he was first in war, first—"

Teacher:—"Oh, no! Adam was the first man."

Tommy:—"Well, if you are speaking of foreigners, I suppose he was."

Benevolent Visitor:—"Do any of your friends ever come to see you here, my poor man?"

Convict 131313:—"No mam, they're all here wit me."



Is your house fireproof?

Oh, absolutely; nothing that the janitor can do has any effect on it.

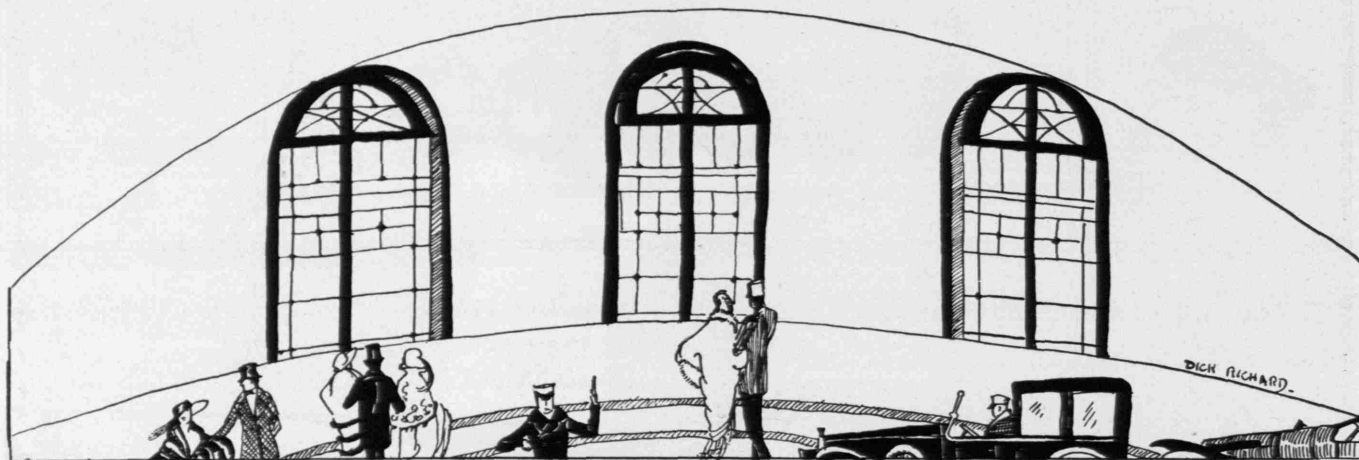
Native:—"I've come to dress you for dinner, sir."

Missionary:—"Are you the chief's valet?"

Native:—"No, his chef."

Teacher:—"Who can tell me what Nux Vomica is?"

The Inevitable Johnny:—"It's the way you feel right after you've eaten six plates of turkey for Sunday dinner."



OUIJA

Some few hours after returning from Madame Azo's mysterious shrine I awoke suddenly, terrified, every muscle tense. My heart was beating against my ribs, and cold perspiration oozed from every pore of my body. Some one beside me was in that room. Not that I could hear or see anything, but a sickening feeling of oppression hung over me.

After what seemed like an eternity, I succeeded in sitting up. With a painful effort, I felt around for my flashlight, found it, pressed the button. Instead of the usual bright light only a dull red glow was emitted—and that for but an instant. But that mere flash sufficed to confirm my wildest fears, for there at the foot of my bed I saw three hideous beings. They appeared to stand erect like humans; their bodies were covered with short thick red hair, and their faces were like those of baboons, save for the fact that they were covered with long pointed scales whose ends were barbed like fishhooks.

There they stood, their ugly mouths belching forth vile fumes, their scaly ears moving in a horrible manner, their red eyes fixed on me. Choking, I fell back upon my pillow and lay there, prostrate with fear.

All was quiet as before. The vile stench of the demons' breath had disappeared. "You fool," I said to myself, "brace up. There's nothing there. Turn on the lights and prove that it was only a dream." I did. Oh, that I had crawled beneath my cover instead! Again that dull red light filled the room. The demons were moving about now, their horrible bodies almost hidden behind the great clouds of putrid vapor which was now escaping from their nostrils. I was trying to evade their approach when suddenly the middle of the room became lighter, and a cloud of white mist appeared. When this had cleared away, I beheld beautiful Madame Azo, cloaked in a red mantle. She fixed her piercing, cold black eyes on me and slowly removed her cloak.

It was not the same Madame who had stood before me a few hours ago, ah, no! From the waist down, this creature was a serpent, hideous and repulsive; from the waist up, a dazzling being of alabaster whiteness, undraped, statuesque.

"I am Madame Ouija. Every night you have secretly scoffed at me, made a fool of me, while pretending to believe in me. To-night you pay."

So saying, she came to my bed, where I sat dazed and paralyzed, and threw her beautiful white arms about me, pinning me fast to her heaving breast. The three demons approached and breathed their foul, suffocating fumes into my face; one of them even rubbed his coarse, barbed cheek against mine. I was nauseated. I writhed in pain. But I could not escape from Madame.

When, finally, I grew weak and ceased struggling, she released me, and I fell back on the bed. The demons withdrew and left Madame bending over me, her beautiful body but a few inches from my own.

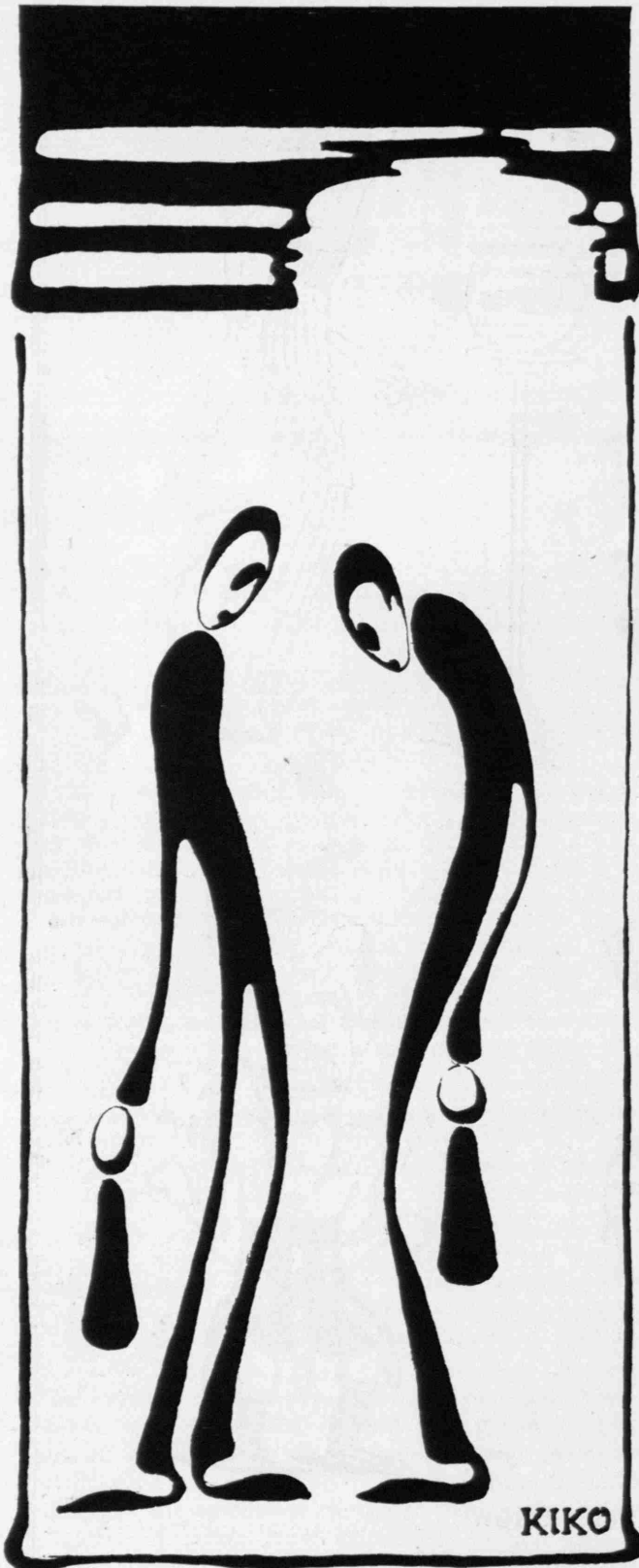
"You are in my power at last," she hissed. "You are my slave!" She bent closer, and encircling me again with her arms, pressed her unchaste lips against mine as tho to kiss me. Instead, she breathed forcibly into my mouth, filling my lungs with poisonous vapors. Then she held me motionless. I fought for air, cried out in agony; it seemed that I would go insane from pain and fear. Gradually my senses cleared; Madame was still holding me on the bed, and was now wearing a white cap and white garments. Outside, I could hear the demons engaged in conversation, their voices coming thin and faint thru the intervening red air.

Said one, "Do you think that Ouija has so much power over the poor lad, Doctor?"

Said another, "Ouija, HELL! Ouija doesn't come that near killing men. Your boy's been drinking wood alcohol."



Impressions of Tech Show



You look tired, Bob; you must have been missing sleep.
Yes; I haven't been to economics this week.

Ode to Modernity

From full dress suits and long-tailed coats
The Dean's too oft-repeated notes
Enameled girls and leaking boats,
Preserve us.

From prudish vines that will not cling,
The mannish maid whose walk's a swing
Unbuckled boots and everything,
Preserve us.

From meals gulped down the Walker Way
Too early rising from the hay,
From piles of homework every day,
Preserve us.

From quizzes causing sleepless nights
From girls that argue women's rights,
Fat²chorus girls in purple tights,
Preserve us.

From having Mexico annexed,
From slaving o'er some dry old text
(To be continued in our next.)
Preserve us.

Wholesale Confession

"Patrick," said the Priest, "how much hay did you steal?"

"Well, I may as well confess for the whole stack, your riverence, for its going back I am for the rest tonight."

Good Bizzness

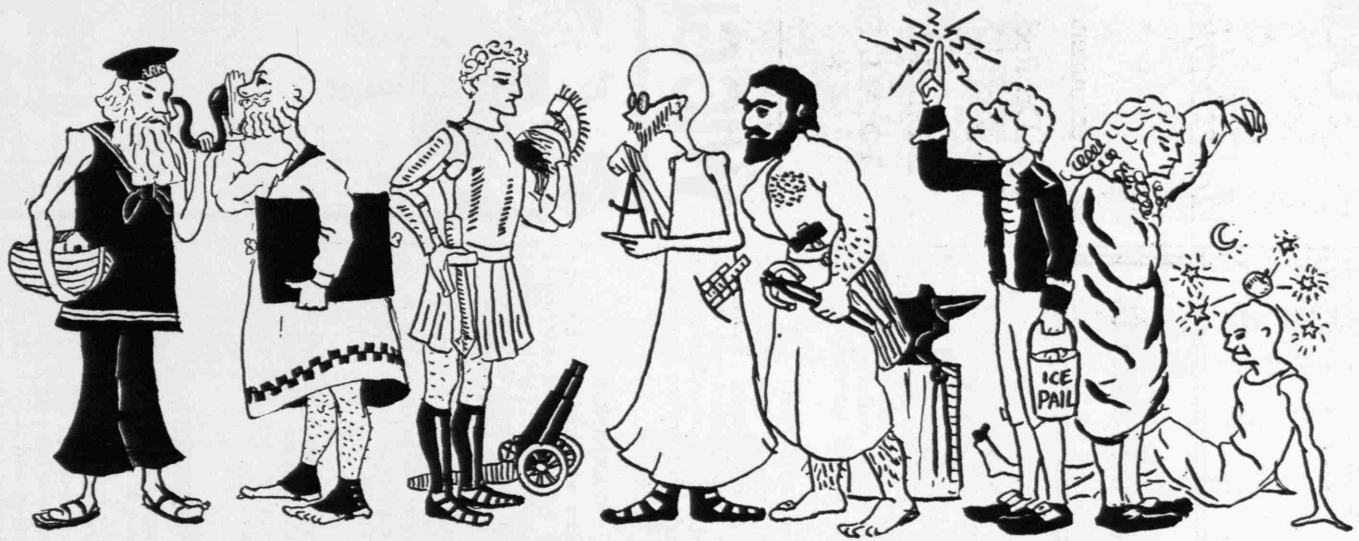
"I vish I vas as religious as Abie."

"And Vy?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can't get them open ven der collection box comes aroundt."

"Ha, ha! Double time!" chuckled the drunken man as he saw two clocks in the place of one.

A lazy, fat, seagoing whale
Did a Pittsburgh stogie inhale.
But at the third puff
He cried, "Hold! Enough!"
And slowly went down by the tail.



THE ALUMNI REUNION

By special arrangement with Sir Oliver Lodge the alumni have been able to complete plans for having at Technology some of the charter members of the scientific world. The above photograph is by courtesy of Hotman, Inc., No. 7 Styx River Drive. Reading from left to right, we have, gentle reader,—

Wanta Noah, who established our own course in Naval Architecture, and whose opinions on ship design are quoted by the heads of that department. They have made no marked deviations from the course he laid out. He became deaf listening to Josephus awarding medals to members of the Great Salt Lake Mosquito Fleet.

The unshaven gentleman on his right is Michael Angelo, of Sinn Fein fame. The smock he wears is by Kiko, and he stepped into the spats in Filene's bargain basement. The bone which is ill concealed behind his Boston bag, is his bit to knock the H. C. of L.

Next to him is Alexander the Great, at the position of right dress. He was at this time a second lieutenant under Colonel Pecan, B. V. D., who later promoted him to the position of Private.

One step further over we have little Archimedes, as yet attired in long clothes. He has only recently learned the trick of making his initial with a bow-compass, and this is said to be the secret of his success.

No introduction need be made of Vulcan, the first head of our Department of Mechanical Engineering. He is an ardent supporter of Union labor, and is seen turning from composing the Anvil Chorus to his present occupation,—shooing flies at Walton's.

Faraday is seen in a thoughtful attitude, trying to attract your attention away from the foam on the top of his ice pail. You may imagine that electricity is being emitted from his finger, but such is not the case. He has just polished his nails with Cutex.

Newton, whose first name is Ike, and who is said to be the god-father of West, is next seen in a striking pose. During his research work in physics he cooperated with John D. Rockefeller, and together they developed Nujol. He is here seen assisting Galileo, who would otherwise have been forced to wait until night fell, had not Sir Isaac substituted an apple.

It will be noted that Galileo still dresses in the late evening dress of a Bostonian, tho he is a non-resident member.

During the reunion it is sincerely hoped that these former members of the faculty will urge the establishment of a new course, of which we have had especial need for the last six months. Course XVI,—Applied Spirits.

One Strike—and You're Out

Said a flyer beneath the debris
Of his 'plane, which he'd cracked on a tris,
"I jerked the old stick,
My God! What a kick—
Have you room here, Saint Peter, for mis?"

"No, Demetrius, no one has yet succeeded in bailing a boat out of prison."

Arrested on Honeymoon

Soldier Bridegroom A. W. O. L.

(Boston Globe)

A. W. O. L. ?

S. O. L.

The RECH

Demolished 1920

Published semi-weekly without beer throughout the school year, and much more weakly during the summer vacation by the inmates of the

Massachusetts Destitute of Technology.

Entered as very second-class matter at the Post Office at Boston, Mass.
Swept out by the janitor.

Managing Bored

| | |
|--------------------------|---|
| River St. Lawrence '25 | Generally Useless. |
| Carols A. Lark '26 | Head-hitter-in-Chief. |
| Wilted Violet '27 | Treason. |
| Cotton Ball '28 | Managing Deader. |
| Page Demon '29 | Circulation Restorer. |
| Arthur I. S. Killing '30 | Acting Dormant, Editorial Bored. |
| R. G. Pintorgill '31 | Acting Useless. The Tech Engineering Nuisance. |

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All material for publication must be in by July of the year previous to issue.

The News Department assumes no responsibility for what appears in the news columns and the Editorial Bored is not responsible for the editorials.

Guilty of this Issue

Water Power '23

J. Pluto

Friday, September 13, 2019.

FREE BEER

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As a Paige and Hawes' girl turned his head,
"Cheese crackers!"

Oh 'twas ever thus, and now with the advent of this magnolius weather, the thoughts of many a care-worn Techite naturally turn toward visions of Bock Beer, maxima women, and song. He wishes that during his noon hour, the only time of day or night that he does not work, some beauteous puella would cast a glance (Harvard for glance) in his direction. Foolish youth to waste his life thusly, or even thuser, when there takes place every noon, eatoinshrdlu, within a pabble's toss of the Institute, a veritable promenade of sweet young things. Yea, verily, more than sweet—"The Candy of Excellence"—in fact. There seems to be no righteous excuse for this oversight, especially for those who partake of Mrs. Walker's sample lunches. The white caps of these fair damsels sparkle like the foam on beer, as they lean against the rail along the Charles River and blissfully chew the wrinkles out of their gum with the rhythm and sound of the lapping waves. What could be more peaceful or bring greater relaxation from studies, than to gambol on the greensward at noon hour with one of these Venus Joe Milos, so let us join with Milton when he says in his "Il Odorono,"—"Hence loathed melancholy."

MILD, YET THEY SATISFY

Once more the presence of signs hereabouts forbidding the emission of nicotine vapors into the chemically pure ozone of our hallways, has been called to our attention by one of our white clad keepers. It was only the other day that we were sauntering along, peacefully enjoying our favorite cigar, when one of the aforesaid keepers came rushing up to us with the exclamation, "Say, mister, your chewing tobacco is on fire." Then followed exhibits A and B of the signs. The janitor also objected to sweeping up the debris. After careful investigation, we divided the amount of ashes collected in one day by the amount of floor space in the Institute (Emma Rogers' Room included) and found that .000000½-grams were deposited over one square itch. Just enough Turkish. This, the editors of The RECH maintain, is not too much for any janitor to push aside. To counteract this despicable spirit among the wielders of the broom, The RECH as the "official news orange" of Tech, with a record of 38 years of spasmodic news service, is about to start a campaign for cigarette smoking. To count in the contest, all cigarettes must be smoked in the corridors of the Institute and entirely consumed down to the last quarter of an inch. (Pins will be furnished free and will be of the safety type. Health comes first). Camels, which supply everything you could wish to find in a cigarette, will be issued gratis to all those who wish to enter the contest and Meccas will be issued to the more discriminating. The RECH office will be open from three to four A. M. for this purpose. Milos (onion scented, will be given out at a special booth on the third floor, Building 10). All Freshmen will be supplied with matches by the Military Science Department to pass around, or, if perchance you lack one, drop into the Dean's office and watch him register satisfaction. The spirit of co-operation will help greatly.

The prizes of the contest will be, First—a silk-embroidered can opener (donated by Cleofan). Second—an asbestos shirt (donated by Pop Lambirth) and Third—a temperature-entropy chart of Boston (Professor Berry).

Communications

To the Headhitter of the Rech:—

I am taking up my Corona to say that right here and now in big letters and in the present tense and without further explanation that I am in hearty accord with J. Fuller Prunes in regard to the taking of books from the Walker Library. By all means, they should be allowed to go out, and I would like to ask those who uphold the negative of this statement, how they can expect anyone to enjoy the description of an embrace a la Norma Talmadge, in the reading room of Walker Memorial. No, a thousand times no, I say. Far, far better it is to take the book out on Harvard Bridge some beautiful moonlight night and there with your arms around a lamppost, read and re-read to your throbbing heart's content the burning narration of the final isothermal compression of the arms and the last puckering of the lips.

(Signed)

Row Mantick.

Alumni Notes

Bruce Tree '06 has taken the Evile Service examinations for the position of salesman of non-splashing shower baths among the eskimaux.

KEYES—BERRIES

Ivory Keyes, ex '04, ex '05, ex '06, ex '07, ex '08, ex '09, was recently married to Miss Lotta Berries of Scandolovia, Alaska. During his brief stay at the Institute, Mr. Keyes was president of the T. C. A., cast out of Tech Show '02, '03, '04, '05, '06, Tech chorus '02, '03, '04, '05, '06. He was president and janitor of his class during the last six years and voted for himself on all occasions, including registration. Miss Berries is one of the trustees of The Home for Disabled Icemen, and was prominent in work connected with the Belgian Police Fund.

SORRIE—GARDENER

Mr. and Mrs. U. L. B. Sorrie announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion B. Sorrie, to Mr. Heeza Gardener (Special Student) Coarse 0. Mr. Gardener is at present in the poultry business installing egg-plants.

Announcements

Mr. and Mrs. U. Bringem Upp announce the birth of their fifth set of twins. Mr. Bringem Upp retired from the Institute to accept the position as President of the Old Clothes League of the South Sea Islands. He has done much toward reducing the high cost of seaweed and sponges.

COMING!

The next issue of The RECH will contain an exceedingly interesting article on some subject yet to be determined. The author has not yet been picked. For further particulars, see The RECH.

WARNING!

All Seniors who graduate this June are hereby warned against entering as Freshmen in the fall. This is in direct violation of the laws of the Institute and offenders will be prosecuted accordingly.

The keys to the pitcher's box in our new baseball diamond can be procured at the Sup'ts office.

All future classes in forging will be held in the Emma Rogers' Room. Bring a manicure set, an ice pick and a rubber shoelace.

CORRECTION.

In the last issue of The RECH, it was erroneously stated that the engagement of Mr. I. M. Battie '31, to Miss Ida Noe of Coporal's School of Physical Torture, was recently announced. The affair was only of one evening's acquaintance, however, and the RECH extends its sincere congratulations, condolences and apologies to Miss Noe and Mr. Battie.

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Makes babies healthy

Recommended by
Dr. Rockwell

A TRIAL BOTTLE FREE
TO ALL FROSH.

WIGGLEYS

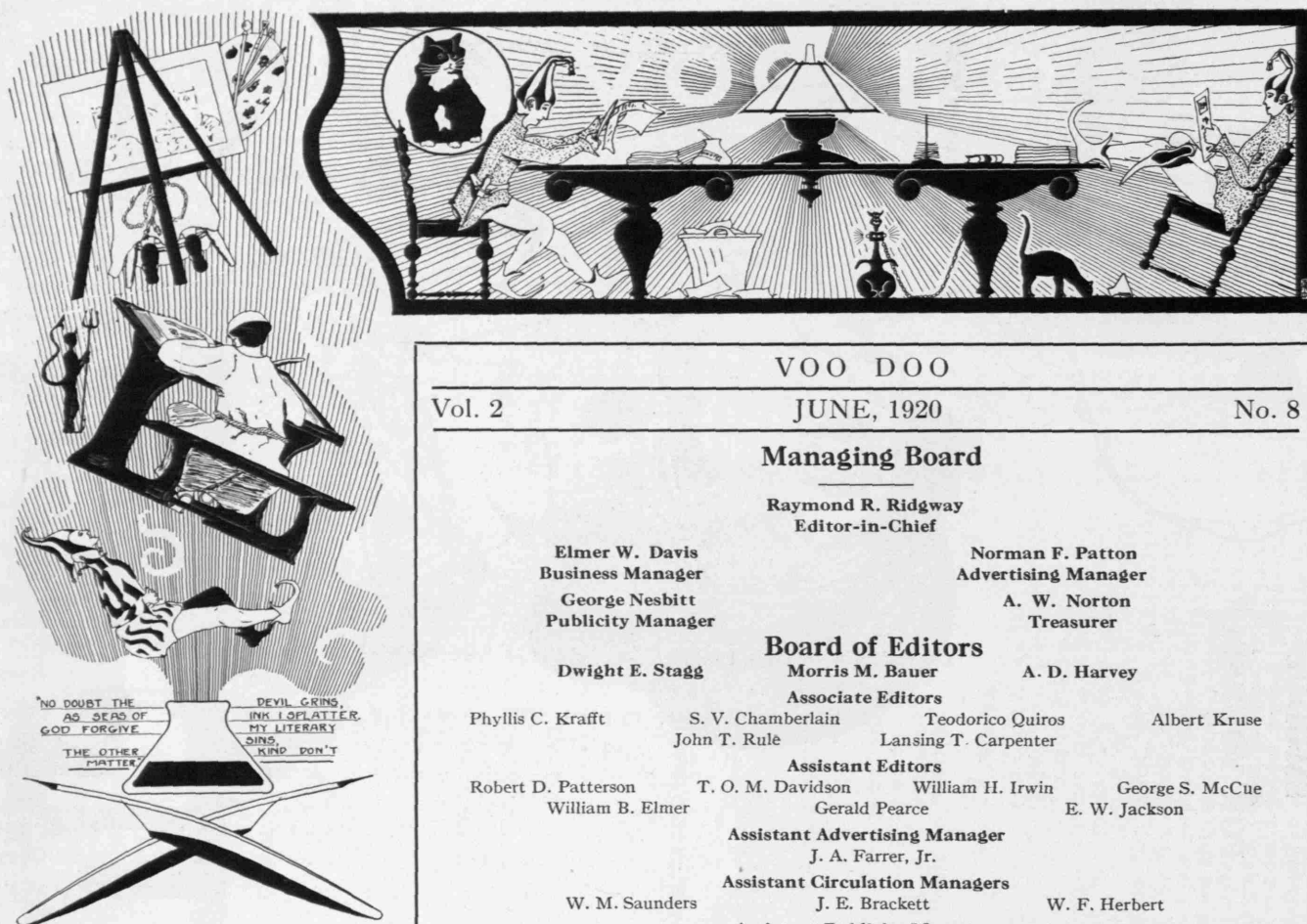


Each stick guaranteed to stretch an arm's length.
Good for digestion.
Settles the stomach.
Try if after Walker meals.



SMUDGE FOR YOURSELF

URMAD
SOME CIGARETTE FOR 20¢



V O O D O O

Vol. 2

JUNE, 1920

No. 8

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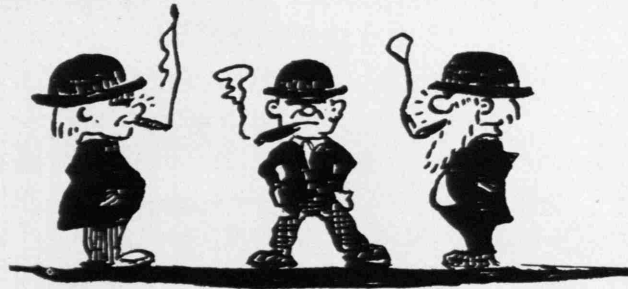
WHAT fools we mortals be! As this issue goes to press a ridiculously large portion of the civilized and pseudo-intelligent world is licking its mental chops in anticipation of a message that we are about to get from Mars. Such a message is undoubtedly going to be sent soon,—we have conclusive, honest-to-God proof of it. For inexplicable sounds have been heard at various wireless plants throughout the world, and out of these post-prohibition disturbances symbols of the Morse code have been deciphered. But one minute, PLEASE! We are perfectly willing to admit that Mars may have been originally inhabited by a form of cell life similar to that from which we have made our apish descent. But is it likely that this aboriginal Martian protoplasm had at hand the latest works of Darwin and Huxley by which to guide its evolution parallel to our own? And if we concede the Creator a hand in the process, may we not give him the advantage of the doubts available concerning the inhabitants of this planet? Finally, would they have us believe that the tablets with which these inhabitants were presented by the Martian Moses were graven with the Morse code, and conversion tables for using them? In the face of these and other arguments against the probability of receiving, or still less of deciphering such a message, it seems extremely sad the merchants still find the ivory trade with Africa a profitable business.



We weep as we review the tragic case of the Walker dish of ice cream. A more pathetic case of slow-wasting away was never seen. Can no doctor remedy the case?

At a test run last week it was found possible to get 827 dishes per gallon instead of the 150 formerly possible. This is a decided step toward economy. If continued in the same direction the expense of Walker will be reduced to zero, and all cash receipts—assuming there will be some—can be applied on the overhead which is unusually large we are told.

However, we wish this shrinking spirit had struck some of the other so-called foods instead, for the ice cream was one of the few things offered which we could eat and enjoy without application of catsup.



If we were sure that a lily is improved by painting, we would jump into a beautiful eulogy of the man who we think should be the next president. But authorities agree that "the true test of a man is found in his works." All we need to do, therefore, is to call your attention to the fact that our candidate analyzes 100% C. P. in this respect.

The man who is to fill successfully the office of president must have among other things two outstanding qualifications. First, he must be a successful business man and executive with a record of actual accomplishments behind him. Of all the candidates, Herbert Hoover is the only one who can satisfy this requirement.

Secondly, our next president must be a man who is known and respected by all the European nations. He must be familiar with the foreign situation from every angle, for since the war the United States has acquired an important mission and interest in European politics which must be satisfied without entangling complications. Hoover, again, is the man qualified in this respect.

As brother engineers we rise on our rear feet to exclaim, "Hurrah for Hoover." To those who combat him with all forms of insidious insinuation and hot air, we reply with these well-known lines by Lydia Pinkham,

"A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds."

The old board slides out of its chairs, carefully rearranges itself, and then welcomes a few more slaves to its midst. Those who turn over the pen and typewriter, and-not-to-be-forgotten scissors, feel that they are leaving a growing child who has and will continue to make himself heard everywhere.

The foster parents who will continue to bring up the chee-ild are as follows:

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
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- Cecil Hubbard, *Treasurer.*

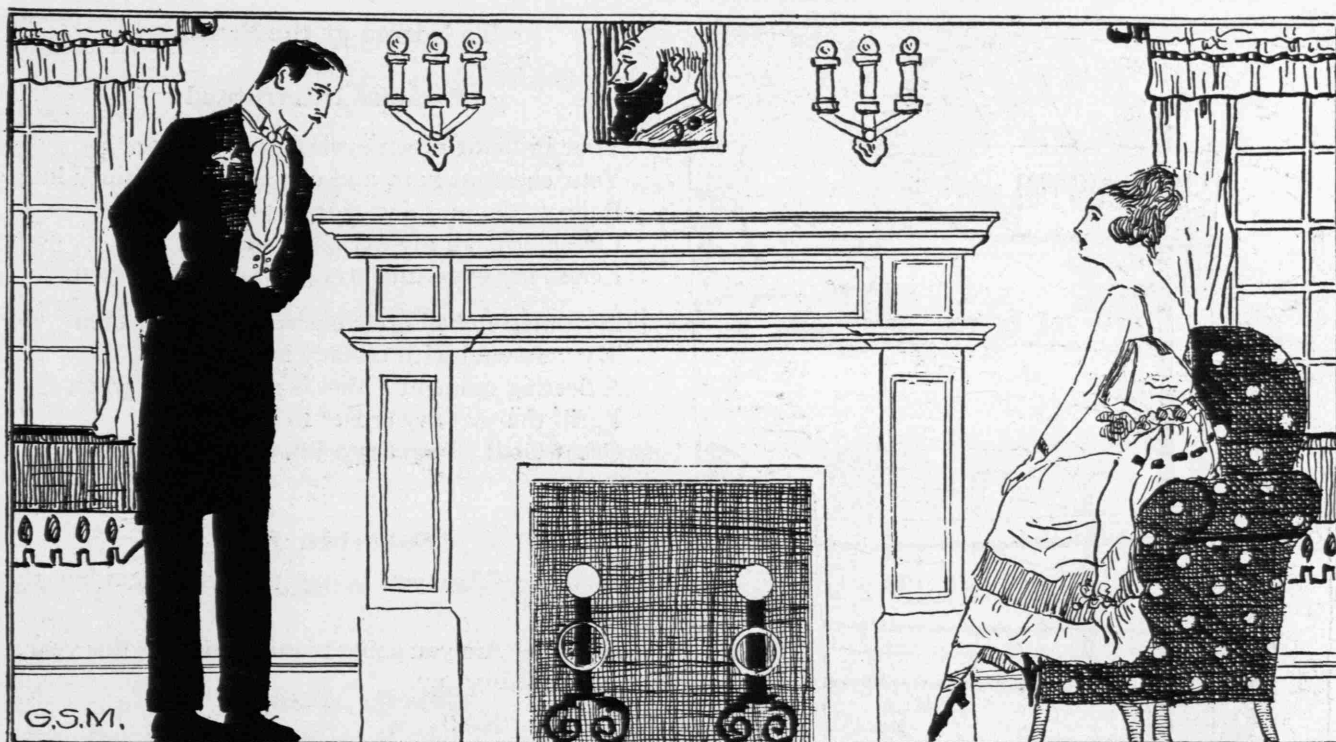
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Madeline in there can twist Gerald around her little finger.
Yes, the old adage. The worm will turn.



Shame on you, Jack; I saw you come out of the Emma Rogers' room to-day.
Well, you wouldn't have me stay in there all the time, would you?

The Voo Doo's Review of Books

MOONSHINE IN THE CELLAR. By Dr. G. D. Prune, of Milwaukee. Published by Ketcham and Cheatem. Contains formulas and complete description of apparatus, compiled from the theses of chemistry students of three of our largest technical schools over a period of forty-eight years. Discussion very complete on,—“Saturation of Bevo.” “Wood Alcohol Pop.” “T N T Liqueurs.” “Nearer My God to Thee Cocktails.” A correct form for the making of a will in the back of each volume. Directory of Union Undertakers furnished on request.

CHINA AT TECH. By Mr. Lo Hung, Grab and Co., publishers. This is the first of a series of booklets by Mr. Hung on this and kindred subjects. He is well known in the scientific world as the originator of intricate puzzles, and it was thru his kind co-operation that the faculty were enabled to put out the “Tabular Views and Registration.” He discusses at some length the comparatively simple subject of making out a schedule. By various clever changes in the

rules, by slight typographical errors, conflicts, etc., and almost infinite number of combinations are possible. He also shows in a perfectly straightforward manner why none of these schedules will be satisfactory.

HYPERCONVOLUTIONS OF THE COMPLEX VARIABLE. By Leonard Bannano, C. G. S., H. C. L., B. V. D. Published by Mack Sennett and Co. The publishers expect an unprecedented sale of this book, because it will cover a field all too inadequately touched today. At present, there is not a single publication on the market which deals with Hyperconvolutions that is not understood by at least six people, including the author. This book, Professor Bannano tells us, can be understood by no one, including the author. Any one who has endeavored to struggle along on the books formerly available will realize what a boon this volume will be to teachers of this elementary subject.

Quelle Barbe!

I'll wear my hair like Charles the First
When haircuts are a dollar each;
Let grinning barbers do the worst—
I'll wear my hair like Charles the First
And striped poles my rest accursed
While locks beneath my collar reach;
I'll wear my hair like Charles the First,
When haircuts are a dollar each.

Whoops, my Dear!

Jesse:—“Aren't you sick of these hard schedules?”
James:—“Yes. I lost my lunch to-day.”

Ethel:—“Do you think that kissing is unsanitary?”
Bert:—“Yes. A great deal of heart trouble is spread that way.”



THE CALL OF THE WILD

No Change

After traveling all day thru the sandy roads of Georgia they stopped the car and asked a darkey how far it was to the next town.

"Jest sebenteen miles, boss," replied the grinning workman. After going on for what seemed an interminable length of time, they stopped and inquired the distance of another man.

"It's just seventeen miles," was the discouraging reply.

"Well," muttered a tired occupant of the rear seat, "Thank God we are holding our own!"

Candidate for Bolshevik Society

"Good morning, have you used Pear's Soap this morning?"

"No. Last night. It doesn't make me dirty to sleep."

Our Daily Bread

"What willst?" said the boarding-house lady
To the flippant young Mr. Mash.

"A little of everything, please," said he,
As he passed his plate for the hash.

To Norma at the Fenway or Paradise Interrupted

Your brilliant raven eyelashes, your lips,
Your chestnut hair, and cheeks whose dainty hue
Reflects the morning-glory's petal tips
Like music, all my savagery subdue;
I close my eyes, and straightway drift to you.

My outstretched arms encircle you, and then
My very soul with ecstasy is dumb;
A fleeting moment's bliss is mine. But when
I grip the seat my senses to un-numb,
Great God! I squash a juicy wad of gum.

Suburban Joys.

Smythe:—"Are you going to raise a garden this year?"

Jones:—"Are you going to raise chickens this year?"

Smythe:—"Yes."

Jones:—"No."

G.S.M.



My goil's there
I'll say she's there
But after last night
I don't care.

For she done me dirt,
Yes, done me dirt,
She pressed her lips
Against my shirt.

Blushing:—"Where are you going?"

Gushing:—"To Organ Recital at the Chapel."

Blushing:—"What's that?"

Gushing:—"Lecture on Hygiene."

Home, James!

Steve:—"Going to Walker to the dance to-night?"

Dore:—"No. We'll take a taxi."

Mary had a Thomas cat,
He warbled like Caruso.
A neighbor swung a baseball bat,
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

"Here's a man that has patented a device for keeping girls from falling out of hammocks"

"Ye Gods! Another device for displacing men."

Chuckle, chuckle

Student (to instructor in Machine Tool Lab.):—"I'd like to chuck out this piece now, sir."

Instructor (examining work):—"I think you'd better."

A Frenchman from Cork

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yis, if it's shpoke in Irish."

Silver Lined?

Sandy was thirsty, and being in the good old days, stepped into a bar to get a wee drop of the best. The barkeeper poured it out for him; he drank it with evident relish, and then paid and walked out, apparently happy. A few minutes later the bartender discovered, to his horror, that he had poured out sulfuric acid instead of whiskey. He spent a sleepless night, and his first guest the following morning brought news that Sandy was a very sick man. He immediately went to inquire for him, and was met at the door by Mrs. Sandy.

"Good morning, Mrs. McPherson, and how is Sandy this morning?"

"Aye, Sandy is a verra sick mon this morn," she tearfully responded.

"And is he suffering much?"

"Nae, Mr. Murphy, he is nae suffering at all, and he feels fine, but every time he blows his nose it makes little wee holes in his handkerchief."



Betty bought a little plane,
Up in the air to frisk it;
And now I ask you, wasn't she
A little * it?

"Prisoner at the bar, do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

"Well," returned the Irishman, "I'm not exactly in shape, but I'd like a round or two with that fat guy in the corner."

Bartlett Revised

Necessity is the mother of pretention.
A stitch in time saves a silk stocking.
Nothing fails like success.
If you want a man done well, do him yourself.
The darkest hour is just before the pawn.
To the evil are all flings good.
As they show so shall we peep.

Fifty-Fifty

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine,"
The maiden declared with fervor divine.
The cave man then answered with mirthfilling glee,
"Lips that kiss poodles shall never kiss me!"

Osh Kosh:—"That's a vampy little chair you've got there."

Gosh Frosh:—"Whaddayamean?"

Osh Kosh:—"Bare legs, a low back, and not much upholstery."



THE DAZE OF LONG AGO

This is dedicated to
The baseball bug
Who went up to
The library
For a book
On the National
Pastime.
And picked out
The third
Volume of an
Encyclopedia
Labelled
"Atta-Boy"

Vive the Harvard Bridge

The discussion was fast and furious. Were they or were they not going to recommend improving the Harvard Bridge? The entire part of the Boston Committee was present, the fifth or Cambridge member alone being absent. And still they argued, emphasizing their points by jumping from the floor to the mantelpiece, and swinging from the chandelier. But it was no use; the committee was in a deadlock, and no amount of persuasion could avail.

Suddenly the telephone rang; Hiram Hardlock, the chairman grabbed it up. After a few words he bit a piece out of the mouthpiece, shoved the receiver into his vest-pocket and turned to the other three. "Well, that's settled, boys. It's Josh, and he wants to say that he's against this scandalous waste of the public's money for the new-fangled improvement of this bridge in question. He says that he would be here to tell us himself, only he can't get over because a trolley has just broken thru the bridge."

"Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,"
I cried with fiendish glee.

"How can I fill the flowing bowl?
There ain't no filler," said he.

"Oh, father, I hear the sound of bells,
Oh, say, what may it be?"

"'Tis the sound of cars from Harvard Square
As over the bridge they flee.*"

* *Flee now obsolete. Crawl in better usage.*

Modern Clothing

"Can I borrow your overcoat?"

"Yes, but don't wear it out."

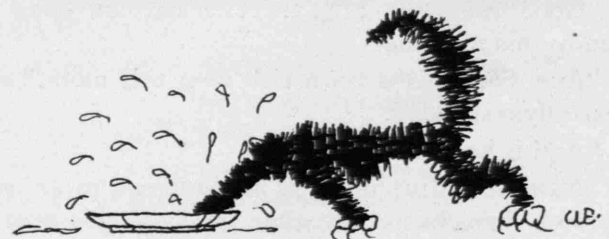
The following candidates have been uncovered for Voo Doo by the English Department:—

Smiles, Samuel (Unclassified). Can write but prefers to dictate. As a stylist very Carlylese but may recover. Has been given votes 6, 8, and 11. I think he is a theosophist.

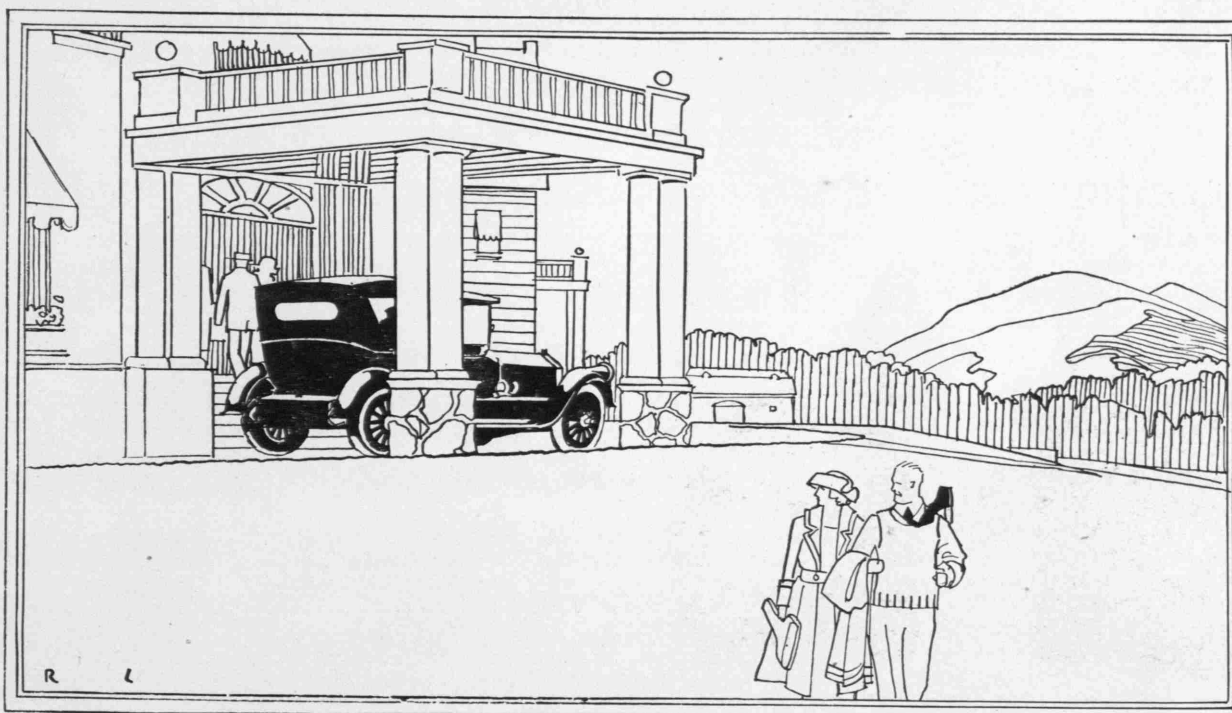
Hall, Runkle (Chauncey Hall). Overenergetic but can be kept down to union hours. Besides his studies, works nights painting billboards. Would be valuable for colored cover book. Has drawn covers for System, Harvard Lampoon, Police Gazette, and others. Swedish but truthful.

Lamb, Etta Lotta (co-ed). Valuable for busy end of paper. Has done a lot with figures. Original of all the Flexo corset ads in the subway. Can also write editorials, with someone to spell for her. A peach, but insists on chaperon at all board meetings. White.

Dever, Ernest N. ('21). Perhaps the best all-round candidate the English department has. Has a keen sense of humor, got the point of Burke and Paine at once. Has never received less than a C except when he handed in something of Bob Ingersoll's as a theme and got an F. Can write free-hand, free verse, and is great at fitting Goldberg captions to copies of Aubrey Beardsley by members of Course 4. Commutes, of course, but is reputed to be kind to his mother.



PHOSPHORUS IN ACTION



PIERCE-ARROW

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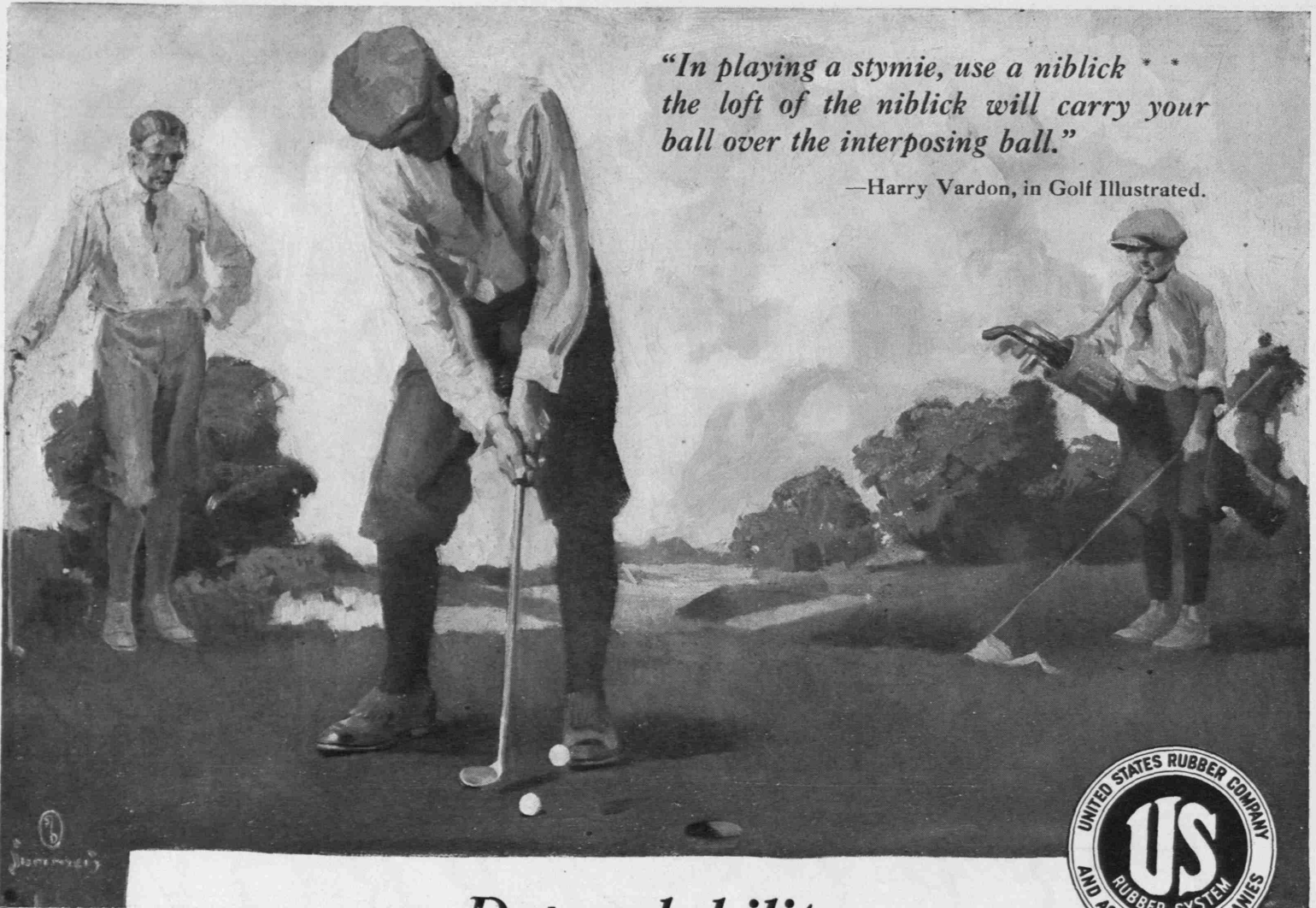


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the loft of the niblick will carry your
ball over the interposing ball."*

—Harry Vardon, in *Golf Illustrated*.



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Keep your eye on the ball—be sure it's a U. S.

United States Rubber Company

A Ship a Month in 1920
The New Fourteen Points

1. That the name of Brandywine Creek be changed to Coldwater Creek.
2. That "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" be made the National Anthem.
3. That all mention of the Bourbon Kings be expunged from school books.
4. That on account of being suggestive, rye bread be withdrawn from sale by all bakeries.
5. That no part of a ship be referred to as the saloon, for the reason that such reference might raise false hopes.
6. That all bars be removed from harbor entrances or be designated by some other name.
7. That the word "port" be expunged from navigation charts and references.
8. That the use of alcohol lamps be forbidden by law.
9. That the useless 9,000,000 white jackets and aprons in this country be sent to the starving Bolsheviki.
10. That the word "still" be expunged from the American language and all dictionaries, and the word, "quiet" substituted.
11. That all mint be plowed under and vanilla beans planted.
12. That any barber tantalizing a customer by using bay rum on his hair be given ten years.
13. That men with the "foot-rail" limp shall not be allowed to march in any public parades.
14. That all pretzels shall be made straight instead of bent in the old familiar style, to avoid reminiscences.—*B. D. C.*

—*Harlan News*



YOUR new Spring STETSON is vastly more than a correctly-styled hat. It has a blue-ribbon pedigree that assures you fixed and unwavering *standard of Quality.*

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- "ANZO DOT" snap fastener.
- "SEGMA DOT" snap fastener.
- "COMMON SENSE" turnbutton fastener.




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BOSTON, MASS.

Why the graceless calisthenics?
Why the squirms of neurasthenics?
Why the strange gesticulation
And the hug of long duration?
Are they crazed, or ('scuse the question,
Have they pains or indigestion?
Nay! 'tis Barbara and Jimmy
Trying out the latest shimmy.

—Siren

Student:—"I bought this suit a week ago and it is rusty looking already."

Taylor:—"Well, I guaranteed it to wear like iron, didn't I?"
—Drexerd

THE FRASCATI

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Boston, Mass.

Xylmsca:—"Look at that pallbearer. His knees are giving away."

Lkjmpos:—"Yes, that's Jones. He never could hold his bier."

—Dirge

"If you are a big gun at college, why doesn't your Dad hear better reports."

—Susquehanna

THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY

KENDALL SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

PRINTING FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Sunday-school Teacher:—"Don't you want to go to Heaven?"
Percival:—"No, ma'am; it's hard enough to learn how to play a piano, let alone a harp."

—Poly Life

"Faith," said the Irish policeman, examining a broken window. "This is more serious than I thought it was. It's broke on both sides."

—Current Literature

"Poor John, he's so mortified,"
"That so? Wassa matter?"
"Oh! Just last month a train ran over him."

—Scalper

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—*Birmingham Age-Herald*

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Flop:—"I dunno."

Flip:—"A trolley is run by a motorman and an orchestra by a conductor."

—Froth

Tramp:—"Please, ma'm, will you give a poor bum a bite to eat?"

Lady:—"You poor man, what caused your downfall?"

Tramp:—"I was a Y. M. C. A. secretary in France, ma'm."

Lady:—"Then I'll sell you a bite for a dollar."

—The Jade

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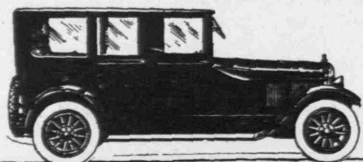
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She:—"I wouldn't dance with your cheek next to mine if I were you."

He:—"Aw, why? All of 'em are doin' it."

She:—"I know; but the other girls haven't got the poison oak."

—Chaparral

Progress

Bridget O'Flynn:—"Toimes have changed, indade."

Norah O'Toole:—"Tis true fur yez! Oi used to cook fur women that Oi wouldn't play bridge wid nowadays."

—Life

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A Toast

To hair of gold and lips blood red,
To eyes of heaven's blue,
To piquant nose and grace inbred—
I pledge my love to you.

To slender hands and form divine,
To one whose love is true,
To dream the past, I take my wine
And drink a toast to you.

—Tiger

Science courses oft remind us
We can help if we but try,
In passing on we leave behind us
Note-books for the other guy.

—Dirge

A. K.:—"Hey, Freshman, what time is it?"
1923:—"How did you know I am a Freshman?"
A. K.:—"Oh, I just guessed it."
1923:—"Well, then guess what time it is."

—Record

Poverty

First Saleswoman (talking of a customer just disappearing):
—She didn't want ter pay more than seventy-five dollars for
a coat."

Second Saleswoman:—"What was she, anyway?"
"I guess one of them plutocrats."

—Life

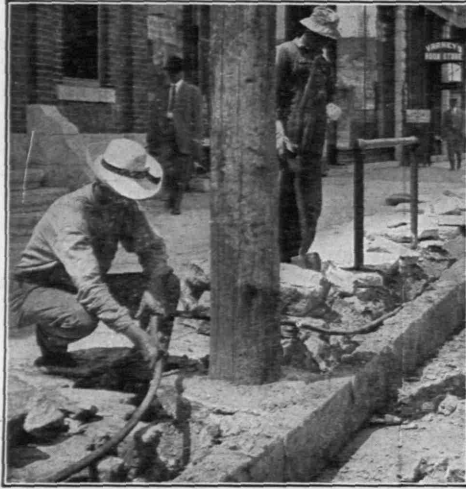
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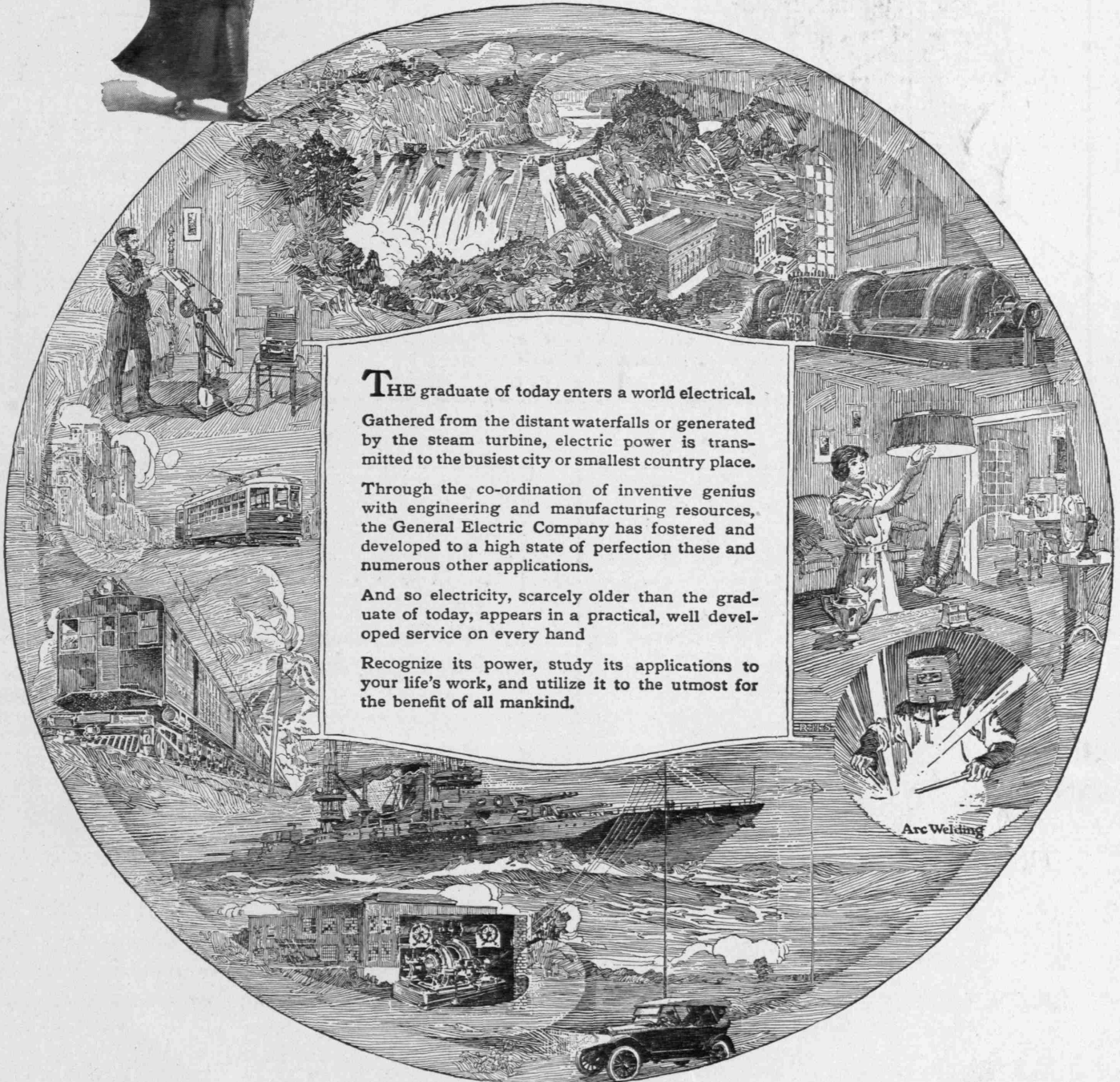
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