

Vol. 3 - No. 3

MASS. INST. TECH.
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Vol. 3

JANUARY, 1921

No. 3



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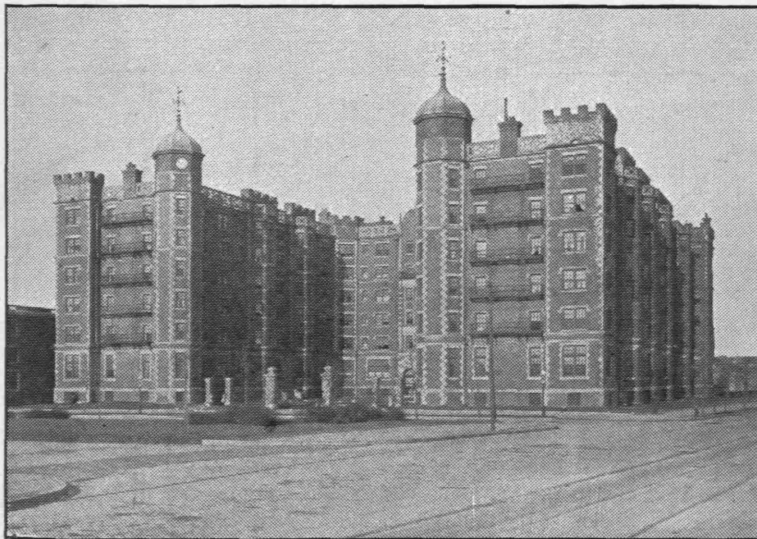
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Inconse:—"Does she dance badly?"

Quential:—"Yes, if the chaperones aren't looking."

—*California Pelican*

Patience:—"Hasn't Peggy come out of the water yet?"

Beatrice:—"Oh, yes, long ago. She's in her bath house."

Patience:—"But what keeps her there so long?"

Beatrice:—"She bought one of those new combination bathing suits and I guess she's forgotten the combination."

—*Yonkers Statesman*

"Hair very thin on top," said the barber suggestively.

"Glad to hear it," snapped Gruntly. "Hate fat hair myself."

The barber said no more.

—*Passing Show*

A Long Wait

"There's a story in this paper of a woman that used a telephone for the first time in eighty-three years."

"She must be on a party line."

—*Juggler*

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A woman's first kiss may be attributed to childish curiosity; her second to misplaced confidence; the others are just downright carelessness.

—*Tar Baby*

Live and Learn

Junior Co-ed:—"Why doesn't Jack take you to the theatre any more?"

Frosh Co-ed:—"Well, you see, one night it rained and we couldn't go so we sat in the parlor. But, anyway, I think theatres are an awful bore, don't you?"

—*Orange Peel*

Clergyman (who has sat down next to slightly intoxicated man):—"Do you allow a drunk on this car?"

Conductor (low voice):—"It's all right so long as you don't get noisy."

—*Gargoyle*

The electrician had arrived home at 1.00 a. m., and was preparing to undress when his wife glared at him and said:—"Watts the matter? Wire you insulate?"

But the shock was too great. The electrician dropped dead.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

Up You Come

"Now, you quit stringing me," said Alkli Ike, as the rope tightened across the cottonwood limb."

—*Pelican*



Do You Know?

that all the "Lift the Dot" fasteners used on U. S. A. gas mask knapsacks, cartridge belts, canteen covers, etc., were made right next door to Tech?

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Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs. "How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

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The Old House with the Young Spirit

The hotel man who had me jailed
Served food I could not eat;
But though his tavern was so poor
I found it hard to beat.

—Judge

Not Bad

First Stude:—"What would this nation be without women?"

Second Stude:—"A stagnation."

—Burr

Simple?

Pete:—"Have you any mail for me?"

Postman:—"What's your name?"

Pete:—"You'll find it on the envelope."

—Tiger

So Would We

He:—"What would you do if I should kiss you on the forehead?"

She:—"I'd call you down."

—Tar Baby

"Last evening, sir, I distinctly saw my daughter sitting in your lap. What explanation have you to make?"

"I got here early, sir—before the others."

—Judge



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And they asked us how we did it,
And we gave 'em the Scripture text,
"You keep your light so shining
A little in front o' the next!"
They copied all they could follow,
But they couldn't copy our mind,
And we left 'em sweating and stealing,
A year and a half behind.

The Apollo
Chocolates

The Chocolates that are Different



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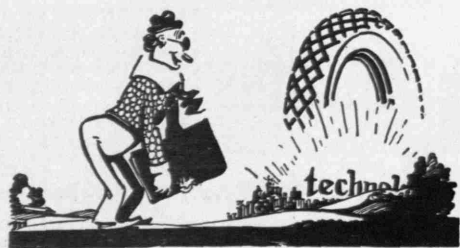
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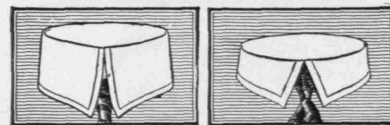
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"Is Evelyn very athletic?"

"Yes, indeed. She's got the track captain running after her, the basketball captain caged and the baseball captain choppin' the air."

—Froth

If the workers in the pajama factories strike, there will be no new shows produced on Broadway next year."

—Froth

A Bull

Patsy—"Mom, won't yer gimme candy, now?"

Mrs. Casey:—"Didn' oi tell ye oi wouldn' give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still?"

Patsy:—"Yes'm, but—"

Mrs. Casey:—"Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it."

—Gargoyle

R-I-P-P

"Combination shot," murmured the lady cue-artist as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

—Puppet

"How come you're in the barber trade now, Rastus?"

"Ah done lost my job down at the slaughter house."

—Juggler

Athlete:—"I'm a little stiff from lacrosse."

Fresh:—"Wisconsin?"

—Squib

Voodoo





“I hear that Swendolyn wears out a pair of shoes every time she dances.”

“That was last year. Every time she dances now she wears out a new string of beads.”



WooDoo



BALLADE OF UPPER-CLASS JUBILATION

We of the erstwhile Sophomore class,
 Juniors, now, of 'twenty-two,
 Gaze in the clairvoyant's crystal glass,
 Seeking for dope on what to do.
 Knowing full well how extremely few
 Can, tho' be brazen their defiance,
 Weather the year, we are far from blue—
We've done with Military Science!

What do we care if we never pass
 Now that no longer our troubled view
 Is met by "Camouflet," "Fougasse,"
 And hosts of others—a perfect slew!
 The making of bridges from bamboo;
 The computations of their reliance:
 Never again for this joyful crew—
We've done with Military Science!

Fearful the year that we face, alas;
 Terrible things to be waded through;
 Laws that govern a Perfect Gas;
 Properties of Colloidal Glue.
 Thermodynamics in which to stew;
 Behavior of Migratory Ions;
 What do we care when this be true—
We've done with Military Science!

L'Envoi

Go it, professors, we'll follow you;
 We gird ourselves to a task for giants.
 Praise be to God for this blessing new—
We've done with Military Science!

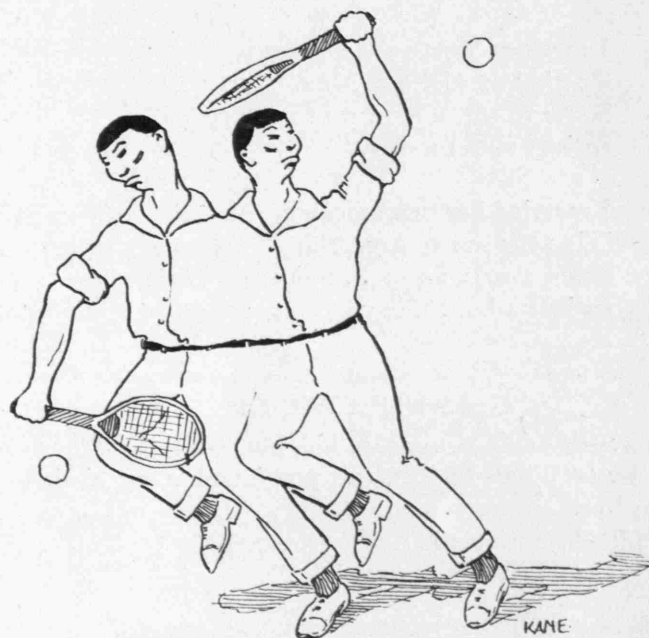
Greek to Us

"Sure, and Mike was killed by a sudden attack of
 appendicitis."

"Might have known it was one of them treacherous
 Greeks."

A Plea

My eardrums throb with the roar of traffic.
 The soot-laden air drifts in thru the window.
 Outside, the street lamps gleam along the black road
 Like strings of paste diamonds and the few
 Scattered trees drop wearily their leaves
 And seem glad to be rid of their burden.
 I hate the city; take me back to the woods
 And the fields, the pure night air, the stars.
 Let me hear the rustle of autumn leaves,
 The tinkle of hidden brooks and the plaintive cry
 Of the whippoorwill. Let me breathe of
 The gloomy pines, of the moist black earth,
 Of autumn, of nature, of life,—
 My pipe has gone out.



What a wonderful game of doubles the Siamese twins
 could have played.



"What time is it?"

"What the 'ell do you care? You ain't going any where."



I met her 'neath the starlight
One balmy night in May,
Some words, a kiss, we were engaged
In just about a day.

I married her one morning,
'Tis very sad to say,
Some words, an oath, we're still engaged
In just a bout a day.

Good-Night Without

He:—"Won't you please kiss me good-night?"

She:—"What, foolish, can you imagine my kissing you?"

He:—"I sure can!"

She:—"Then do! Good-night."

"I've lost my bearings again," said the Ford owner
as he took off the front wheel.

Co-eds at Work

"Carlyle says that work is pleasure. You know, Dot, I'm sure he is right. You don't think so? Oh, well. And all happiness in the end is derived from—What did you say, Dot? You had ever so much rather see the hair bobbed than puffed? Yes, so had I. It's so much more stylish, and then it looks classical, too; but how do you like—Oh, dear! I never shall learn this lesson.

"The noblest worker seeks reward only in Heaven. Well, what's the matter with me, anyway? The noblest worker seeks reward only in Heaven. I don't care if he does. I'm not going to be a worker, anyway. No, siree! My husband will be the only worker in my house. What's that? Wait till I get him. Is that so? Well, I have refused—no, I won't tell you how many. Now see here, Dot, is there anything about my looks that would give you to understand that I know a worker seeks his reward in Heaven, or that there is any fun in work? Not much! Of course there isn't. This course is a horrid study, anyhow. No use, either. Now French is ever so much nicer. I can introduce French phrases very often and one must know I have studied the language. What is the lesson to-morrow? Oh, yes, conjugation of *parler*. Let's see: how does it commence? *Je parle, tu parle, il par—il pa—il—well, il, then!*

"Conjugations don't amount to anything. I know some phrases that are appropriate hereand the re, and in most every locality; and how's anybody going to know but what I have the conjugations all by heart?

"Have I got my math? No, I'm just going to study it. What's the lesson, anyway? Page one ninety-two? Well, the derivative of cosine squared is two cosine times—say, Dot, have you seen Wallace Reid in 'Double Speed?' I think he is simply gorgeous. I'm completely crushed on him.

"Oh, I can't do this. What! You have it done? Fine! I'll copy it. You know I heard the funniest thing to-day. The men are all going to wear insignia sewed on their arms like they did in the war. An engaged man will wear a heart with an arrow through it; a married man a ball and chain, and a single man, the Statue of Liberty. Ha, ha!

"What, you're hungry? So am I. Let's make some fudge. Oh, Betty, Betty,—may we borrow some sugar?"

Can You Beat This?

"I say, neighbor, may I borrow your lawnmower?"
"Yes, if you don't take it out of my yard."



Columbus did not know the half of it.



Pom.

"A dog's life," they say, to express their idea of consummate misery and dejection. It isn't my idea of either. "They" don't know what I do.

Two months ago I met Eileen, and two months ago I experienced a new feeling. Having proudly and loudly declared myself a bachelor for life, I fell violently for Eileen, and the passing of time but aggravated my illness—until last night.

Eileen is a blue ribbon winner, with responsive eyes, natural cheeks, and a swirl of golden hair, all combined to make the most attractive woman God ever made for man. But God forgot one thing; when Eileen reached the age of nineteen, He caused her to have a dog,—worse than that; she got a Pom. I had always been a lover of dogs, but the sight of this thing made me revolt against the whole genus the moment it came to my notice. It was a pitiful, whining little thing, with weak, watery eyes, and a cold wet nose which did not smell in the way a nose is supposed to smell, and which was forever being poked into your face when you least expected or courted it, or pushed into your hand when only Eileen's hand should have been there.

All these things I endured because of Eileen. But last night the worst came, and it was all over.

With the ring in my pocket I hastened to Eileen's, supremely happy. I threw my coat and hat away, and rushed into the room where Eileen was,—but the gods had not dictated that Eileen was to greet me first. With a yap of delight the Pom rushed to meet me. Beyond him was Eileen, and behind her the Steinway grand. With eyes only for Eileen I rushed on to my fate. Pom met me right center, amidships, and things started. With a graceful plunge Eileen was bowled over, and my head met the corner of the piano.

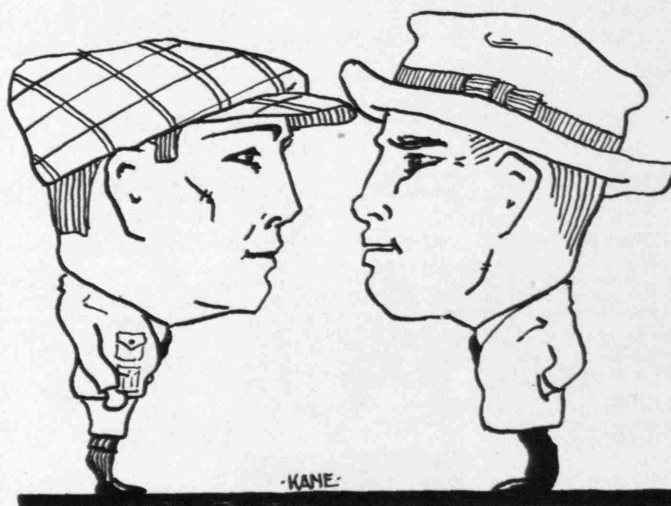
When the birds stopped singing, a sweet voice came to me thru the mist.

Eileen, my Eileen, was saying, "Darling, are you all right? Look at me, darling."

With an effort I opened my eyes, and raised them expectantly. There she was, tears in her eyes, the beautiful face lovely with womanly sympathy and compassion, and in her arms, that damnable Pom.

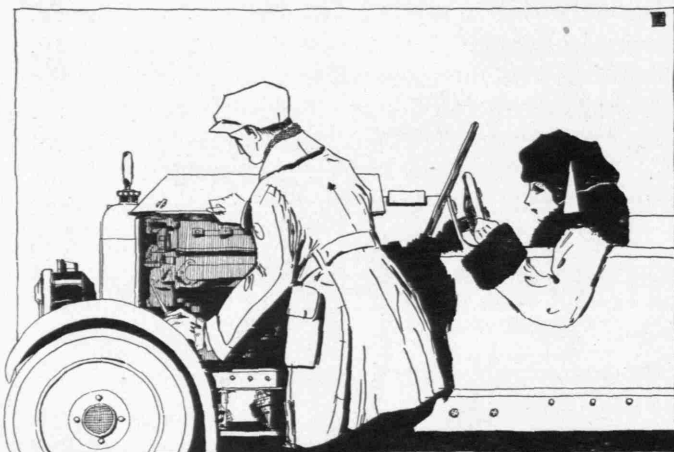
"Poor little darlin'. Did the horrid old man thing hurt mamma's little angel? He was such a big, rough, old thing, wasn't he woofums?"

Six ounces of ammonia could not have done more. With a single motion I gained my feet, extracted the piece of Steinway from my head and quit the house forever. This morning I got Eileen a new piano; this afternoon I am packing my trunk; to-morrow I am leaving for Russia, where they don't have any Steinways, and where there are no laws preventing the slow torture of that greatest of all of Nature's mistakes, the detestable Pom.



JACK:—"Have you seen my comforter anywhere?"

BILL:—"Not today, but I saw her with your roommate yesterday."



SHE:—"How does it run?"
HE:—"I've often wondered."

Social Error

Economic Prof.:—"What's all this liquidation of debts that the Reds are howling over."

Wee Voice:—"Merely the payment of a social account."

DIXIE

Instructor in English and History:—"Governor Coolidge in a recent address said that there was only one office in the United States higher than that of Governor of Massachusetts. Can any one tell me what this position is?"

Jeff Davis, Jr.:—"Governor of Alabama."

Soph Mil Science, Final ENGINEERING

1. How many cu. ft. of cement are there in a dugout, if on Fri. the 13th it takes 13 Italians 2 min. 13 sec. to consume 100 ft. of spaghetti?
2. You are to lay a barbed wire entanglement, fifty sq. yds. in length. If it is to stop as many huns as the one in class, how many mm. of wire must be used?
3. How fast must a man be able to run if he is to escape when blowing up a telegraph line with two tons of T. N. T., using five ft. of fast fuse?
4. Given five bullfrogs and thirty polliwogs, how long will it take to raise enough mud from from the Charles River to build a pontoon bridge?

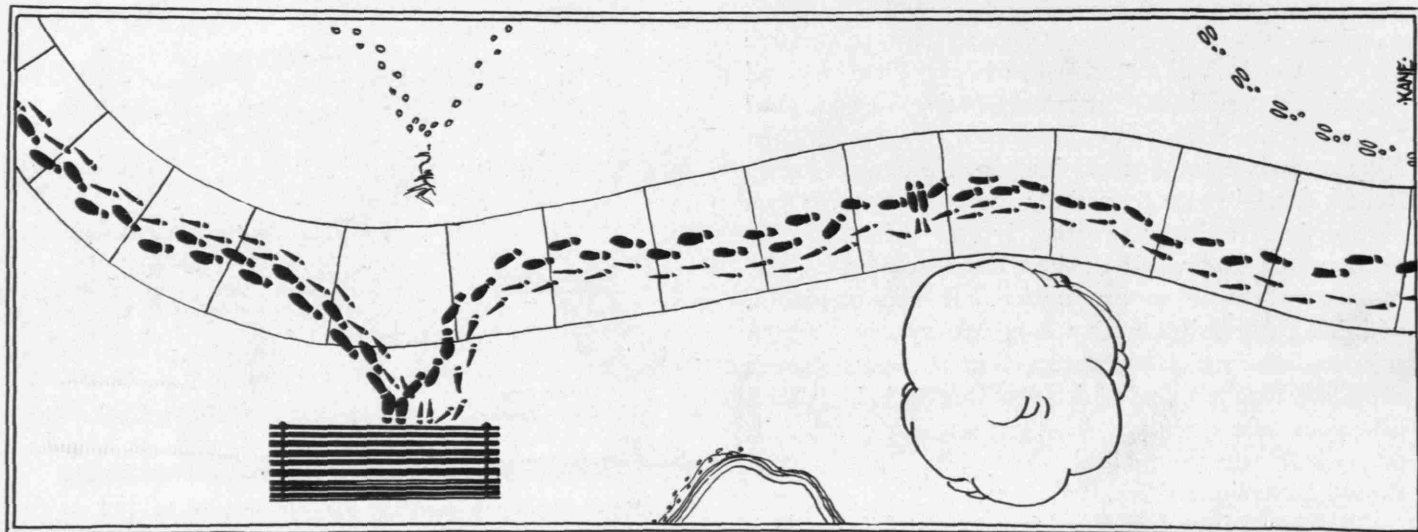
Use slide rules to five places in all computations.

Page Mr. Burleson

Some dizzy suggests that Mr. Burleson use his enormous power in controlling our mail system, while he still has it, for the benefit of humanity. "Think what it would mean to struggling humans," this bird exclaims, "if a sign hung in front of every Post Office on the first of the month saying, "Post No Bills."

Too Bad

"Why the sadness, Bill? Wife gone away again?"
"No. Come home again."



The First Snow Fall



Just Back



Getting Square

Mrs. Kail (who has finally reached the social heights):—"You know, dear, it's the grandest feeling to be one of them. Now I can blackball and knock those ambitious would-be social climbers.

Effect of the 19th Amendment

She:—"John, I love you. Why won't you marry me?"

He:—"Really, Betty, I can't. Mother says I must marry a woman who can give me the luxuries I have been used to."

Busy:—"What do you think of the women's short skirts now-a-days?"

Dizzy:—"Why the principle is all right, but it's the interest they draw."

WALKER

If the rolls were as soft as the butter,
The water as cold as the tea,—
Ah, would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

Were the ice-cream as solid as ketchup,
And the eggs were as meek as the cheese,
We might be persuaded to patch up
Our quarrel with dining-room fees.

Such changes have not been reported;
But oh, for some method whereby
These adjectives might be re-sorted,
And fitting ones made to apply!

Wife, in middle of night:—"John, did you put the cat out?"

John, sleepily:—"Umhum. Must be the baby."



PROFESSOR MISSIONARY:—"Am I too late for dinner?"

NATIVE:—"Yes, but you'll do for breakfast."

Voo Doo

Vol 3

JANUARY, 1921

No. 3

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WE started out the New Year with our customary good resolutions, but with astonishing results. We have always conceded that if half of the good resolutions which usher each year into the world were kept, we would have a heaven on earth, and the entire genus Bill-Sunday-Bryan would soon be extinct. But until this year we had never heard of any being kept. It fell to our lot to make the plunge, unintentional as it was on our part.

Our personal resolution, if put into words, would read somewhat as follows,—

WHEREAS:—We are personally in need of renovation, moral, mental, and spiritual; and

WHEREAS:—The time of the annual institution of such professed renovations is at hand; BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED

THAT:—In the future we will discontinue the use of all fermented extracts of the grape.

THAT:—Corn and Rye compounds shall, on and after the first day of January, 1921, be found flowing thru our veins in the form of bread and other commonplace and unexhilarating compounds.

THAT:—All forms of Spts. Fr. not included in the above shall henceforth be excluded from our daily, monthly, or yearly menu, and that we shall frown upon said Spts. Fr. in all its forms.

The above was duly passed and recorded, to be tabled or otherwise discarded every evening when we went down to fix the furnace. But we reckoned without our friends.

On the thirty-first of December, just after dinner, our friends descended on us, en masse. The rest is too sad to write in detail. Our friends' relatives came for them, and bore them bodily away in the morning. Our cellar is now absolutely devoid of fuel except in the form of coal for the furnace.

The Reverend Phillips Brooks was right. Good resolutions can only be kept thru the aid of warm friends.

* * * * *



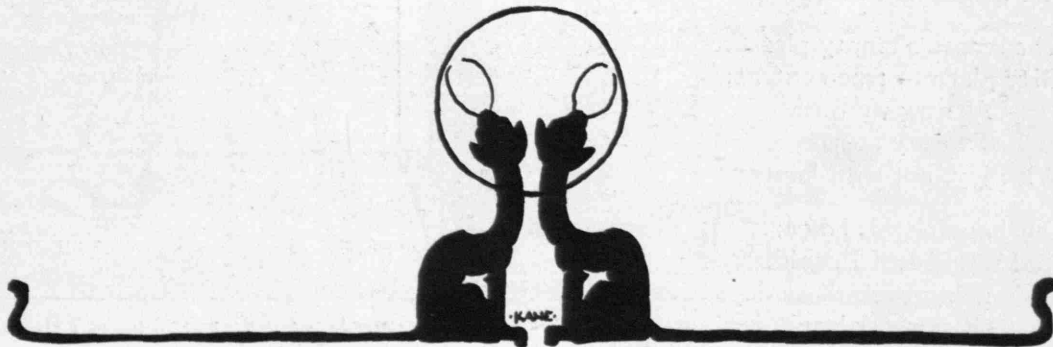
IN the words of no less a personage and man of letters than Thomas Carlyle, "Give, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer."

The world is unfortunately, or fortunately as the case may be, a place where existence is a struggle and success a hard won reward. The more of us who enter into it with a spirit of joyful conquest the better it will be and the more pleasant for our fellows. We who deal with facts and figures, whose education is a succession of accurate data, are more prone than the generality of men to forget this. Indeed, as one goes from class to class, there is more of morose persistence than of smiling persevering and the lightning gleam of humor is little associated with our work.

And now, since this is a time of resolutions, let there be joy and happiness and smiles as we go forth into the mysteries of science. We fervently hope that this will not be taken as a New Year's sermon, for it is hard indeed to put the thought across without some semblance of righteous preaching; but we even more fervently hope that some of the glooms who read will take unto themselves the meat herein.

* * * * *

The Class Book issued by the class of '95 in honor of its twenty-fifth anniversary is now in the hands of the secretary and, from a brief glimpse of it, one would be led to remark that it is an excellent piece of work.





AL:—"How would you teach a girl to swim?"
 BERT:—"Who's the girl?"
 AL:—"My sister."
 BERT:—"Throw her in."

On True Content

The idle days of summer
 Have vanished in the past;
 The futile hours
 In summer bowers
 Are memories at last.

The season's empty pleasures
 Give place to true content;
 As now we turn
 To duty stern
 With joy, not with lament.

Our happiness is labor;
 And would I, if I could,
 Bring back those days
 Of summer laze?
 I'll tell the world I would!

At Emerson

A freshman at Emerson claims that they number the players in a football game so that if one runs off with the ball they can tell who it is.

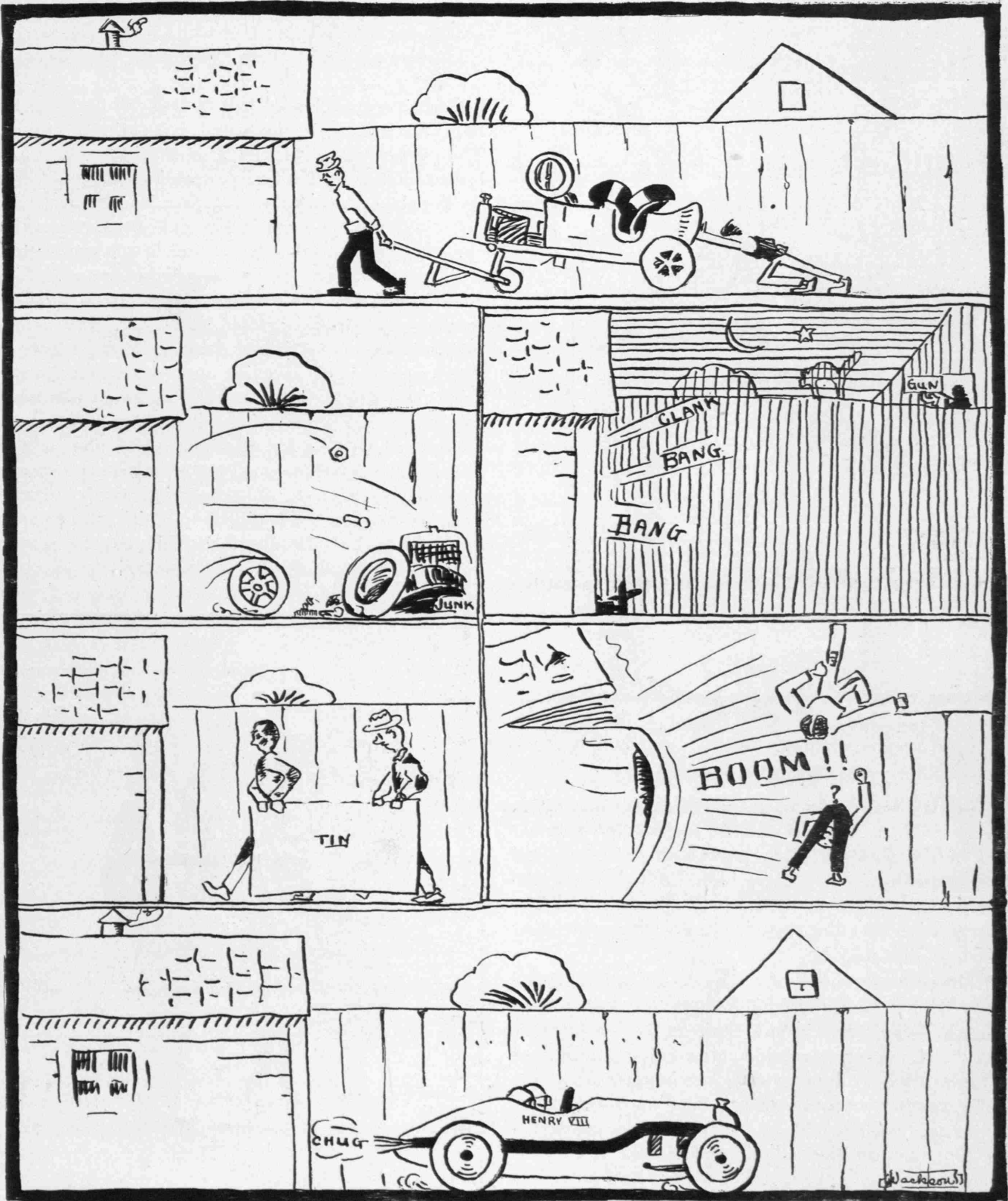
Famous Bells

Door—
 French—
 Sleigh—
 Alexander Graham—
 Dinner—
 Liberty—
 Society—
 Dumb—

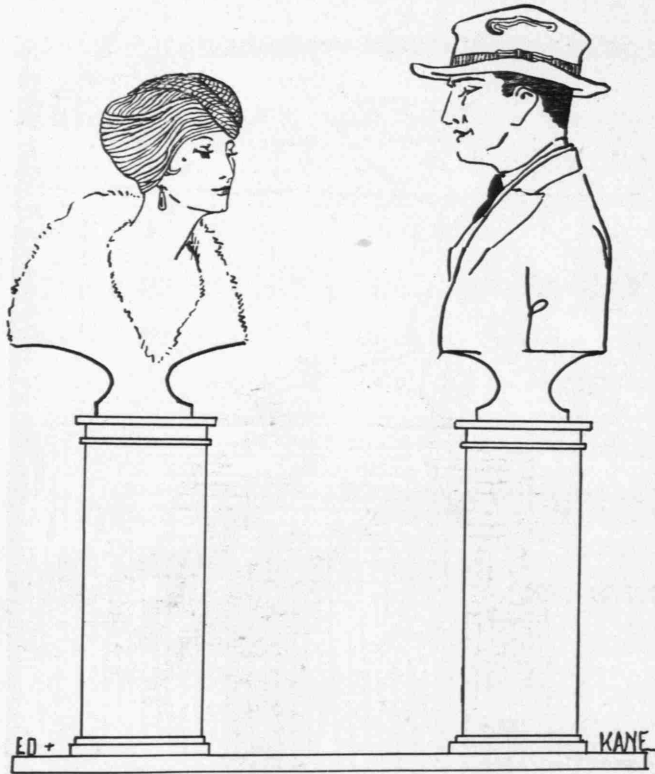
According to the baseball man,
 Who is not oft a liar,
 The rain doth fall alike on both
 The just and the umpire.



PROF.—"Hey, what's that noise out there?"
 STUDE.—"Why, I just dropped a perpendicular, sir."



The Ancestry of Henry VIII



She:—"The light on the Statue of Liberty is getting dimmer."
 He:—"Well, the less light, the more liberty."



Week End Romance

The day was cold and snappy with not a cloud in the azure blue. The girl was 100 and 44/100% perfect and in the man's left hip pocket there was a roll large enough to carry them both through the week-end pastime of going to the football game with the sincere wish that the opposing team wins, whichever side that that may be.

Half an hour before the time to meet her in the lobby of the Louraine (the "lounge lizard's" rendezvous) he is seen sitting in a chair at the left of those long, hard, and steep marble stairs which are dreaded to the nth. degree by everyone who is more than 83% under weather. Another man is bending over in front of him applying the odd rag with great vigor endeavoring to shine up the delapidated shoes. After this ceremony, and what always follows, our hero meanders up the same stairs that he descended a moment ago and begins to look them over. It is now time to meet her but true to all members of her sex she does not

move the revolving doors of the hotel until she is half an hour late. Of course there are many apologies on her part for keeping him waiting but they are all old, we've all heard them every time that we meet a girl.

One hour has elapsed and at last the Stadium has been reached after the usual jam in the subway. The game begins with a roar and then our hero braces himself for the foolish questions such as "Why do the players always get together in a small group? Is it to tell smutty stories?" The game progresses. First one side then the other scores and in the end there is a tie score so that everyone will be happy. They push, shove and are pushed, shoved until they get to their car—a Park Street closed car. Our loving couple journey to a famed dancing resort, known to every college man. Evening approaches and the wad begins to dwindle but who cares as home was never like this. . . . The rest of the night was spent in the theatre followed by the odd dance after the mighty show. Then came the good-bye which indeed seemed to come only too soon; so to make it a wonderful party he asked her for the Junior Hop which was to come next month; but alas, her fond reply was, "I'm sorry but I am going with your roommate."

Nero! The axe!



So this is Paris!

A Common Sense Editorial

A long time ago in the ages dark when Breed of "Breed and B. Happy," was a goldfish resting in the cool shade of Cleopatra's ark, there lived the most beautiful of maidens—Oh, how she could—but I digress. She was but a wisp of a girl—and as tender hearted as new spring cabbage. She dearly loved Croix de Guerre en Casserole and was quite fond of Guinea pigs.

One day a stranger knocked at her portals and, lo, the gates did ope for he had brought her one most potent genus operendus (guinea pig) which did multiply even as a slip stick, oh, Lord, it did—but again I digress. She had wonderful special eyes that seemed to say, "You hold the reins Newt while I climb down and whang 'er one." She was very expressive both in action and out. And she loved dogs—both hot and lucky, I'll say they were—again I digress.

Her lovely poudre-de riz that was won't to flutter down upon one's herringbone even as an undergraduate is used to daintily disrobing a ten-minute egg. All this, yea, and even more was attractive to our hero.

Well, the climax is about to come. He was as pash as a tortoise-shell comb and as resourceful as a structures Professor (Why speak of love, as the humming bird said to the elephant) Well, it came to pass, that one evening, while digging for eagles on the golf links, conversation lagged. A shot rang out and he became obsessed with the desire to say something.

"Some dew," quoth he.

And she, already disgusted, replied, "And some don't."



It Never Fails

Here's to the girl that's dressed in blue,
The girl who can cuddle and snuggle and coo,
Who whispers sweet nothings about being true—
She's done it so often she has nothing new.

Here's to the girl that's dressed in black
Who's always neat and never slack,
And when she kisses she kisses so sweet,
There must have been others to have the same treat.

Here's to the girl who's dressed in brown
She's the snappiest, jazziest, queen in the town,
And when she dances she dances so near—
It must have been practiced, that's certainly clear.

It Hits Them All

Hi:—"Good morning, Si, I've come to buy your mule."

Si:—"Nope, you can't have it. Can't sell anything with a kick in it."



"So you wear a ring to make them propose?"

"Yes. They aren't afraid of being accepted then."

A Cafe Ad

Our hospitality has been weakened by prohibition, but our Jazz Band will give you that much-desired happy feeling and a headache afterwards.

You Tell 'Em

Anyone found in or about my chicken houses will be found there the next morning. Harry Gadd, R. F. D. 12.

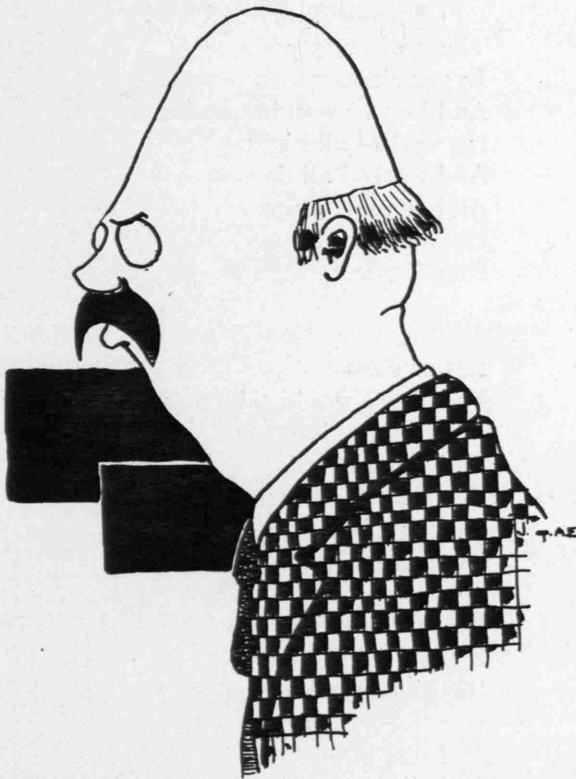
Ad. in *Knoxville Sentinel*

Sister:—"But Jack dear, that woman's infatuation for you will hurt your reputation. Why, she'll make you the talk of the town.

Jack:—"That may be true, dear, but I at least have discovered a way of sealing her lips."



Portrait suggested by visions of a Japanese Sandman "sneaking on with the dew."



The above is Professor D. Ball, late of the Physics Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Professor Ball retired from the Institute two terms after the enactment of the rule imposing a fine of five dollars on students who are conditioned in any course. He is spending his time at Palm Beach, where he is living at ease on the royalties obtained from taking advantage of this rule. Professor Ball has been gladly missed by his former students at the Institute.



Americanus:—"What puzzles me tho, is the fact that you English can not see thru jokes, they must be either pretty poor or else terribly deep."

Daughter of the United Kingdom:—"Why, that's not the case at all, we have the most wonderful jokes and riddles, amusing subtle, and some of them are almost unfathomable."

Not So Wonderful

Ruth:—"Jack, I think Tom is a dear and so smart. He says some of the wittiest things!"

Jack:—"Humph! that's nothing. I could say some witty things, too, if I could only think of them!"

Effect of a Welsh Rarebit.

The evening wore on and on while I reposed far down in the soft depths of my luxurious Morris chair, scanning the blank page before me with burning eyes. Time seemed to tread solemnly and surely but I accomplished little or nothing. I roused time and time again from reveries to find myself reading the page before me. Father Time was giving me the ha-ha.

A sound somewhere in the remote darkness of my chamber caused me to start violently. In a sudden terror my body seemed to become rigid while my eyes searched—sought fiercely the cause of my distraction. The yellow glow of the single lamp fading off into a ruddy mellow darkness illuminated the lines of green-gold frescoes mounting row on row toward the ceiling until lost into blackness and followed the motionless lengths of shady drapings into inky gulfs of shade. My heart stopped: my hair stood on end. There in the farthest distance I could see a pale face, a face only, gliding toward me in the darkness. Every emotion to which the human breast is subject crowded my bosom. Great drops of perspiration rolled from my forehead as I distinguished the glassy eyes, the chalky brow, the sunken cheeks of my roommate. I throbbed and shivered as I saw his lips part and heard issuing from his mouth the long-anticipated words, "Have you gotta match?"

The tension of my nerves relaxed spasmodically. As my eyes closed I saw glittering globules of fire whirling over a multitude of orange centers; I saw great vari-colored mushroom shapes spring up in rapid succession and collapse like parachutes. I saw elongated purple triangles describe cardioids before me. Visions thronged across my fancy when again my jangled nerves were rasped by that sepulchral voice with its ominous portent, "Say, what time zit?"

The book fell to the floor with the noise of an avalanche. Torn by vague unreasoning presentiments and threatened by nameless terrors I rubbed my feverish brow with a trembling ice-cold hand. His eyes as he stood before me ransacked the very recesses of my soul. I seemed to fade into nothing before his gaze. He leaned over and completely enveloped me in his gigantic hands. Amid the pandemonium of sounds in the following earthquake I thought I could distinguish the distant admonition, "Wake up! Wake up!"

Not Fifty-Fifty

Teacher:—"Children, we are all here to help others."

Johnnie:—"Well, what are the others here for?"



"I think the black cat charms at Tiffany's are just too dear for anything."

"Yes, that's what I thought when I offered my car for one."



In the "Stute" a young man's fancy
 Heavily turns to thoughts of——Quizzes.
 While at Dartmouth all the fawncy
 Turns to thoughts of dainty——M*****.
 In the past all heads at Eli
 Buzzed and whirled from strong Gin——F*****.
 I gotta stop; You gotta stop.
 There ain't no more; that's all there *****.

1st Co-ed:—"I'm in an awful fix. Betty saw Jack kissing me last night."

2nd Co-ed:—"Really, what did she say?"

1st Co-ed:—"What did she say? You will have to ask me next week. She is still raving!"

The Seniors' Philosophy

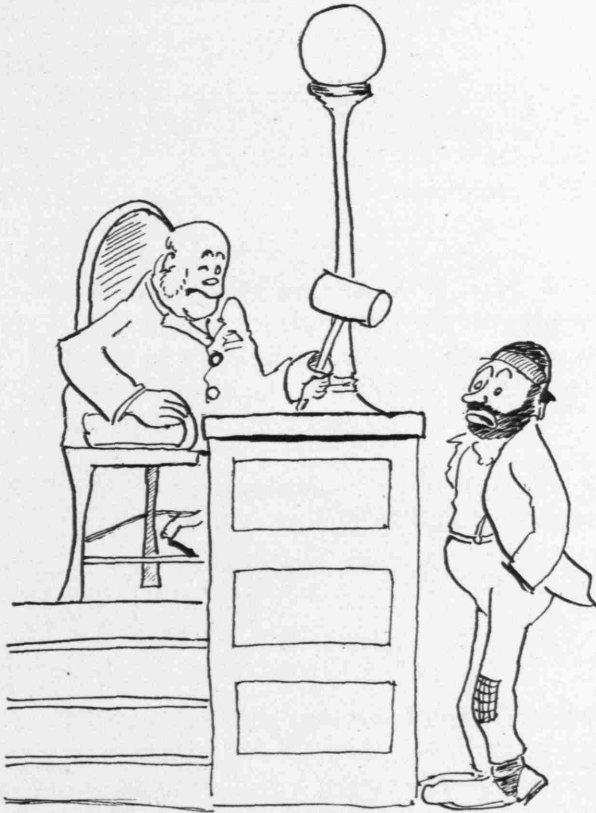
There was a guy
 In our class
 And he was wondrous wise
 He worked all night
 And worked all day
 And one fine morn
 He passed away—
 He'd flunked.

Another guy
 In our class
 For brains would take no prize
 But he can bluff
 And he can stall
 Work never bothers
 Him at all—
 He passes.

Don't overwork
 It isn't right
 It's killed a million guys
 Just dance a bit
 And flirt a bit
 And sling around
 Your worthless wit—
 And graduate.



"Do you want the flag in?"
 "No, the ball."



ALUMNI NOTES

By A. Queek, Ex. '19, Vote Ten

This is my first attempt to depict the activities of my class since their graduation, or, as in my own case, their departure.

However, as the illustration aptly depicts, we have not been idle; for some of us, life has had its "ups" as it were. In most cases the judge has been kind. Recently though the penalty for constructing faulty bridges and unsafe buildings has been markedly boosted, due no doubt to the desire to save life now that the war is over.

In closing, I recommend to those who are "up" the clipping of the coupon that they may share with us the joy thus obtained.

This, with my enclosed \$1.50, entitles me to one year's subscription to VOO DOO, which I willingly agree to accept, absolving its publishers from all consequences of this action on my part.

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What A Knockout Of A Joke

"Every time I have an argument with my wife I enter it in a small diary."

"Ah—I see. You keep a little scrap-book."

—Columbia Jester

Dick:—"Diogenes had the dope."

Martha:—"Yes?"

Dick:—"He never even tried to find an honest woman."

—Princeton Tiger

He:—"Come on, let's slip into the vernacular."

She:—"Think anybody will see us?"

—Purple Cow

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Well Done

"Maybelle certainly has wonderful presence of mind."

"Well, she got away with some pretty good ones of mine, too."

—Chaparral

With His Heart In His Mouth

"I hear prohibition hit Jim so hard he killed himself."

"Suicide?"

"No. Herpicide."

—Jester

What Cha Mean Bored?

Hostess:—"My dear, you do look bored. I do hope you aren't concealing the fact that you find it dull."

Artless Guest:—"Oh, no. Quite the contrary."

—Judge

Obviously

"Sampson ought to have made a good actor."

"Why so?"

"Why, the first time he appeared in public he brought down the house."

—Purple Cow

'22:—"Do you know that girl?"

'23:—"I met her when she was with a chaperone."

'22:—"You don't know her!"

—Cornell Widow

"Papa, what is a humdinger?"

"A humdinger, my son, is a man that can make a deaf and dumb girl say, 'Oh, daddy' "

—Gargoyle

Prof.:—"Is Jones ill?"

Frosh:—"Yes, sir."

Prof.:—"How do you know?"

Frosh:—"Last night I heard someone tell him to lean over and take his medicine."

—Banter

The barbers cut your dangling hair
 And charge you fifty cents;
 I let my hair grow long and cut
 The overhead expense

—Chaparral

Rattling Along

Teacher:—"Define trickle."

Boy:—"To run slowly."

Teacher:—"Define anecdote."

Boy:—"A short funny tale."

Teacher:—"Use both words in a sentence."

Boy:—"The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

—Widow

Real Service and Satisfaction

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KENMORE BARBER SHOP

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Where Tech Men Go

Pat:—"I am king in my house now."

Mike:—"Sure, don't I know you are! I was there when your wife crowned you."

—*Lehigh Burr*

What He Was Waiting For

While he was making his way about his platoon one dark night a sergeant heard the roar of a "G. I. Can" overhead and dived into a shell hole. It was already occupied by a private, who was hit full in the wind by the noncom's head. A moment's silence—a long, deep breath, and then—

"Good Lord, is that you, Sarge?"

"That's me."

"Thank heaven! I was just waiting for you to explode."

—*American Legion Weekly*

A Chip of the Old Block

Baby:—"I want my bottle."

Mother:—"Keep quiet. You're just like your father."

—*Sun Dodger*

Weary:—"I am going to Northampton next week. I need a change and rest."

Willie:—"Don't do it."

Weary:—"Why not?"

Willie:—"Because the railroad will get the change and the girls will get the rest."

—*Purple Cow*

Meritorious Service

"Yep," said the honest ex-buck, "I spent fourteen months in the lines without any relief."

"But I didn't know you were at the front at all," said his uncle.

"I wasn't," replied the buck, "but I spent eight months in the mess line, five months in the inspection line, and one month in the pay line."

—*The Home Sector*

Mr. Dollarmarks:—"And my son is getting well grounded in the classics?"

Prof. Cramemuppe:—"My dear sir, I may even say that he is rapidly becoming stranded on them."

—*Virginia Reel*



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Scanty

"What did you give your girl for Christmas?"
"She is fond of swimming, so I sent a bathing suit."
"Was she surprised when she got it?"
"You have no idea how surprised she was when she opened the envelope."

—Pelican

Way Kupp:—"What is the fastest man on record?"
Leigh Down:—"The one who turns out the light, undresses and is in bed before the room gets dark."

—Sun Dial

Our idea of a tough situation is for a fellow to get a kiss fairly well launched and then have a sneeze beat him out.

—Philadelphia Inquirer
Topics of the Day

"Do sit down, man. There's a limit even to respect."
"It isn't respect, sir. It's a boil."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

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Prof.:—"Mexico is in a continual state of ferment."
Stude:—"Swell. Send some of our near-beer down there for a while."

—Pelican

Hinks:—"Smith, I hear, played poker last night for seven hours straight."

Binks:—"Huh, he couldn't play straight for seven minutes."

—Froth

"I told her I was going to kiss her once for every step of the way home." "And what did she do?" "She went upstairs and put on a hobble skirt."

—Pearson's Weekly
Topics of the Day

"How did you get your mustache into this condition?" asked the barber. "I tried to steal a kiss from a girl who was chewing gum."

—Kansas City Journal
Topics of the Day

At The Cotillion

Mat:—"Does my dress suit fit?"
Kat:—"Just as if it were your own."

—Chaparral

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Dear Beatrice:—"How shall I treat a young man who always kisses me on the porch." "What d'ya mean porch?"

—*Buffalo Evening News*
Topics of the Day

"Darling, I kissed the very stamps on your letters because I knew they had been touched by your sweet lips!" "Oh! Jack, I moistened them on dear old Fido's nose!"

—*Bystander (London)*
Topics of the Day

"What do you think of my car?" "I see you've got a good horn. Why don't you jack it up and run a new car under it?"

—*Boston Transcript*
Topics of the Day

A Flivver in Kankakee, Ill. broke the arms of four persons, who attempted to crank it, in less than a week. That's what comes of crossing a bicycle with a mule.

—*Utica Tribune*
Topics of the Day

What do records cost today, lady?" "Well, sir, for fifty cents you can have 'Smiles' for a dollar 'Kisses' and for a dollar and a half 'You'd be surprised.'"

—*Princeton Tiger*
Topics of the Day

Sign in garage:—"Equip your flivver with our cuckoo clock. When the blamed thing reaches twenty miles an hour the bird comes out and sings 'Nearer, My God, To Thee.'"

—*Ithica Journal News*
Topics of the Day

"I just bought a Ford." "I got a Rolls-Royce."
"That's a good car, too, isn't it?"

—*Bystander (London)*
Topics of the Day

We never saw a horse laugh. But when a horse sees a four-year-old flivver staggering up the street he has a right to laugh.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*
Topics of the Day

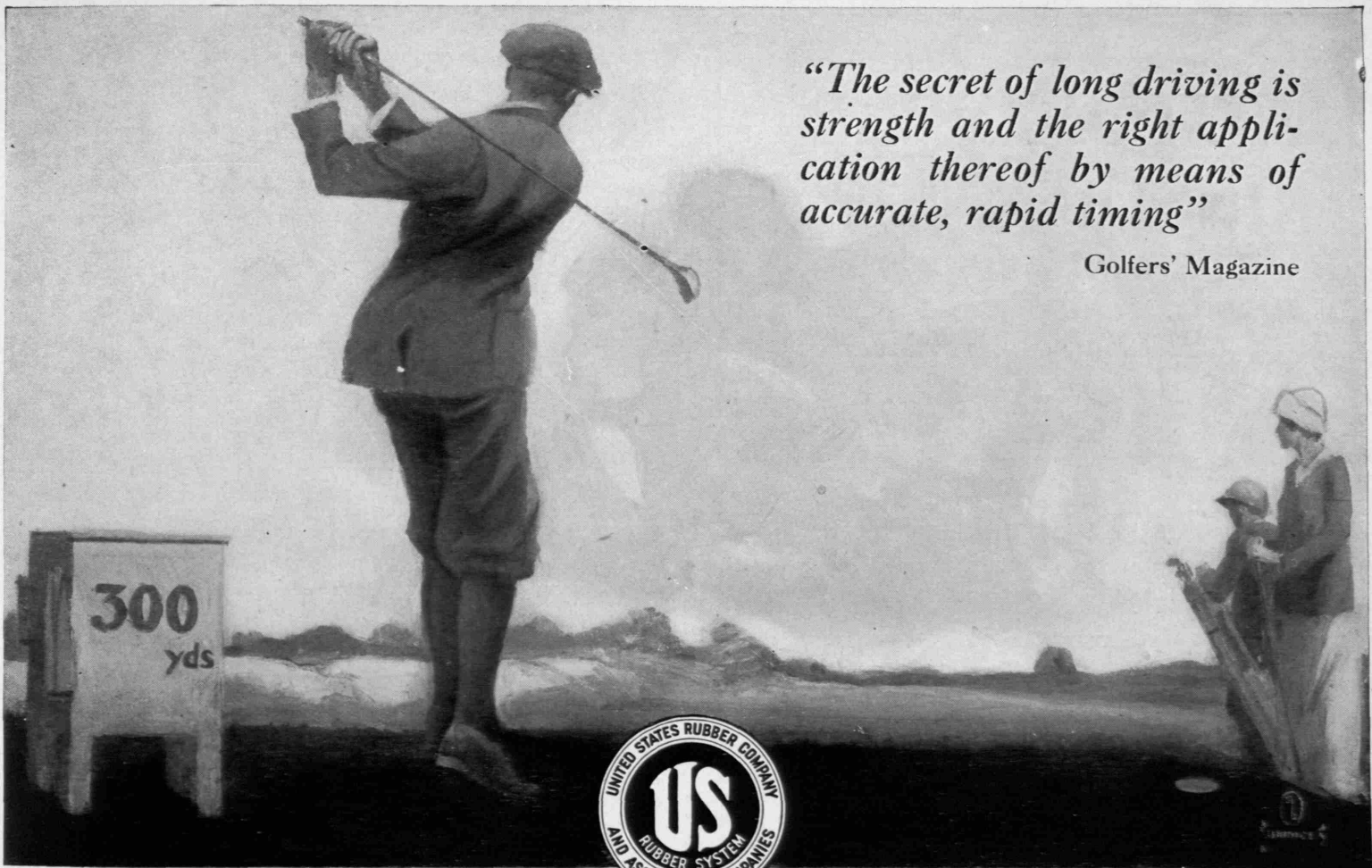
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IMPORTED HEATHER HOSE
\$1.00 a Pair — 6 Pairs, \$5.25

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80 cents a Pair — 6 Pairs, \$4.50

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She:—"Have you taken a drink?"

He:—"No, is one missing?"

—Gargoyle

The Speaker (relating story):—"And then the artist drew a gun."

The Audience (breathlessly):—"And then what followed?"

The Speaker:—"The rest of the picture."

—Panther

Cheek is Cheek

I love your eyes,
I love you lips,
I love the gentle way you speak.
But when you say:
"Come kiss me, dear,"
Oh, lady, then I love your cheek.

—Sun Dial

Two Tickets, Please

He:—"Do you believe in free love?"

She:—"No. Take me to a movie first."

—Frivol

I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks.
How about "fortnight."

—Dirge

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Sign in village garage:

"AUTOMOBILES AND FORDS REPAIRED."

—*American Motorist*
Topics of the Day

The way large families are packed into small cars, some inventor ought to devise a folding child for parents who own flivvers.

—*Border Cities Star (Indsor, Can.)*
Topics of the Day

"On the road yesterday we saw a sign "SEA FOOD A SPECIALTY."

"Well, what happened?" "Our auto turned turtle."

—*Baltimore American*
Topics of the Day

For sale:—Late model Ford Touring car, Apply Herman's Tin Shop.

—*Watertown Standard*
Topics of the Day

B. & O.

First Salesman (in railroad station):—"This is surely an up-to-date railroad."

Second Salesman:—"Why?"

First Salesman:—"They even have a man to interpret what the train announcer says."

—*Pitt Panther*

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Half and Half

A butcher in a small country town, noting that business was going rather slowly, put a large sign in his shop window, "Fresh Rabbit Sausage." It was not long before his stock was completely sold out. The next day one of his patrons came into the shop very much pleased and ordered some more rabbit sausage.

"That's mighty fine sausage," the customer remarked, "What's in it?"

"Rabbit," was the blunt reply.

"Is that all?" asked the patron anxiously.

"Well, there is a little horse meat in it," admitted the butcher reluctantly.

"How about the proportions?"

"Fifty-fifty."

"Fifty-fifty?" repeated the inquisitive customer.

"Exactly," replied the butcher, "every time we throw in a rabbit we throw in a horse!"

—Exchange

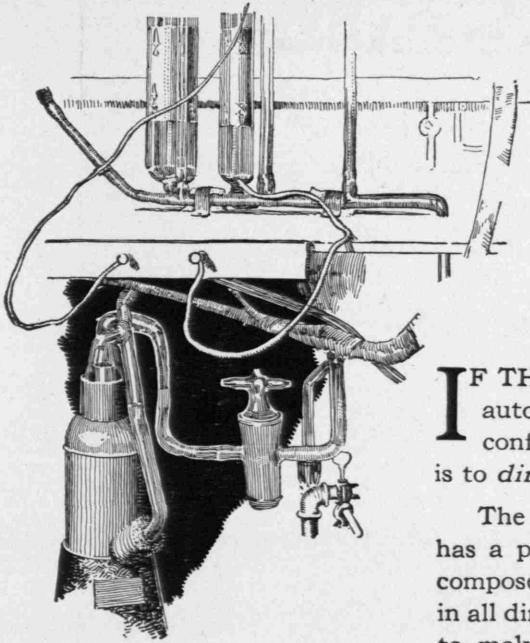
Bill:—"I had my nose broken in three places, during the summer."

Bull:—"But why do you persist in going to those places?"

—Tiger

News Item: Disease in dog's kiss. But why go to the dogs?

—Penn. Punchbowl
Topics of the Day



What Is Vacuum?

IF THE traffic policeman did not hold up his hand and control the automobiles and wagons and people there would be collisions, confusion, and but little progress in any direction. His business is to *direct*.

The physicist who tries to obtain a vacuum that is nearly perfect has a problem somewhat like that of the traffic policeman. Air is composed of molecules — billions and billions of them flying about in all directions and often colliding. The physicist's pump is designed to make the molecules travel in one direction — out through the exhaust. The molecules are much too small to be seen even with a microscope, but the pump jogs them along and at least starts them in the right direction.

A perfect vacuum would be one in which there is not a single free molecule.

For over forty years scientists have been trying to pump and jog and herd more molecules out of vessels. There are still in the best vacuum obtainable more molecules per cubic centimeter than there are people in the world, in other words, about two billion. Whenever a new jogging device is invented, it becomes possible to eject a few million more molecules.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have spent years in trying to drive more and more molecules of air from containers. The chief purpose has been to study the effects obtained, as, for example, the boiling away of metals in a vacuum.

This investigation of high vacua had unexpected results. It became possible to make better X-ray tubes — better because the X-rays could be controlled; to make the electron tubes now so essential in long-range wireless communication more efficient and trustworthy; and to develop an entirely new type of incandescent lamp, one which is filled with a gas and which gives more light than any of the older lamps.

No one can foretell what will be the outcome of research in pure science. New knowledge, new ideas inevitably are gained. And sooner or later this new knowledge, these new ideas find a practical application. For this reason the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company is the broadening of human knowledge.

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