

Voodoo

**APRIL
1923**

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NUMBER**

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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers Courses, each of four years' duration, in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering; Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering; Mining Engineering and Metallurgy and Geology and Geological Engineering; Architecture and Architectural Engineering; Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Electrochemical Engineering; Biology and Public Health and Sanitary Engineering; Physics, General Science and General Engineering; and in Engineering Administration. These Courses lead to the Degree of Bachelor of Science.

Graduates of colleges and scientific schools of collegiate grade are admitted without examinations, to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training.



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 Formal Garments Have To Be Correct*

Specially Tailored Tuxedo Coat, shawl collar, quarter silk lined, no padding, very soft roll.

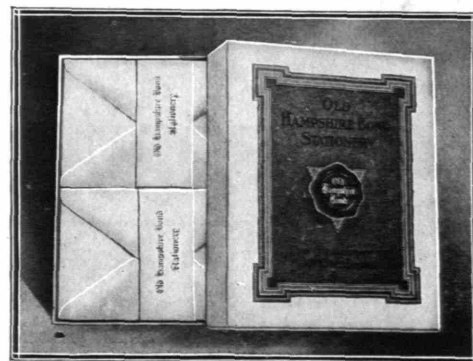
Coat and Trousers \$55

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Dress Coats and Trousers \$43.50 to \$58.50

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Old Hampshire Stationery

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*Best Companies
at Lowest
Rates*

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BOSTON



THE ORIGINAL

**Ask For and Get
"Horlick's"**

There is a reliability and satisfaction in securing the Original-Genuine product at fountains, that no imitation affords.

FOOD DRINK of delicious and original flavor. Popularized by its uniform quality for over one-third of a century.

Refreshes at the fountain. Sustains and invigorates the student and athlete. A convenient luncheon on your way to your room at night, or at other times.

*Purchase jars and flasks
in Powder and Lunch
Tablet forms*

**Avoid
Imitations**

Her Father: "Alice, what do you weigh?"

Alice: "I weigh 115 stripped for gym."

Father: "Jim who?"

— *Yellow Jacket*



I went to see a girlie,
She turned the lights down low;
I didn't see so much of her,
But there's lots of things I know.

— *Dirge*



DELIRIUM

Hark! Hark! An elephant do tread
Across the bolster of my bed,
He skips, he glides, he blithely dances
Cogitating necromances.

Now he's blissful, now he's sad,
Now, he's moral, now he's bad,
And his little eye are keen,
And his little tusk are green.

Naughty elephant, forsooth,
Not to wash his pretty tooth.

— *Pelican*

UP HERE is where you stand
now. You have a girl, your
girl has the Prom Number, and
the Prom is coming, but

*you
are
going
to
be
way
down
there
at
the
bottom*

if you don't clip the coupon now
and send her a year's subscription
for the rest of the fun to come.

*Enclosed find \$1.75 for one year's subscription to VOO DOO,
to be sent to the following address:*

To.....

.....

.....

From.....



How Electrical Engineering began

IT IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and

separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

General  Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

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We believe every advertisement in these pages to be reliable. Voo Doo does not accept bogus nor questionable material, neither does it allow complimentary advertisements.

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SOME money spent in advertising is an investment; other efforts along this line are rightly chargeable to "advertising expense."

The Voo Doo offers more advertising value than any other publication at Technology. Three tangible bases of comparison establish this claim. A brief summary of them follows:

1. Circulation. In point of circulation at Technology and among Technology alumni, the Voo Doo enjoys a comfortable margin of advantage. Internally its circulation is nearly twice that of any other undergraduate publication.

2. Standard of advertisers. Men and businesses are judged by those with whom they associate. The Voo Doo solicits and accepts only high-grade advertisements from recognized firms.

3. Advertising service. In addition to giving you a desirable medium in which to place the text of your advertisements, the VooDoo stands ready to offer you any other reasonable service it may render. We are pleased to correspond with committee heads and individuals, and to place our advertisers in direct contact with any individuals where it is reasonably possible. This service does not include the sending of circular letters or mimeographed sheets of any kind.

Circulation. Quality of advertisers. Personal contact with individuals. No other publication at Technology offers these facilities and advantages. Address all correspondence to the General Manager.



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Why Guess?

The basic law of action — reaction — governs our business, exactly as it does our scientific world.

Its operation is as unchanging as that of the law of gravitation. Result follows cause. Business travels in a cycle of prosperity, decline, depression and improvement with almost clock-like regularity.

Babson's Reports

Based on fundamental conditions, interpret these laws and forecast conditions for you with remarkable accuracy. *They take the gamble out of business.*

By basing your plans — expansion, sales, buying, advertising, production — on the facts and forecasts furnished by Babson's Service to Executives, you can reduce your margin of errors and increase your net profits materially.

Reports on Request

Your request will bring full detail, samples of recent reports and copy of "Steady Profits."

Ask for Booklet VD 2

The Babson Statistical Organization

Wellesley Hills 82, Mass.

Largest Organization of Business Advisors in the World



Old Colony Service

An efficient and courteous organization, progressive methods, large resources, and three offices, conveniently located in different sections in Boston, combine to make the Old Colony Trust Company the most desirable depository in New England.

Three Modern Safe Deposit Vaults

Old Colony Trust Company

17 Court Street
52 Temple Place BOSTON 222 Boylston St.

MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Telephone Kenmore 745

Handy to Tech

JOHN SPANG

Radio Supplies

Sets Assembled and Repaired

125 Massachusetts Avenue

Boston, Mass.

Next to corner Boylston Street

ADVICE TO COLLEGE COMICS

(To improve circulation)

Clean — but not too clean —

Seen but not obscene —

Not Low — nor yet too high,

In fact — the Golden Mean

AND MAKE IT AS MEAN AS POSSIBLE!

— Purple Cow



She: "You have no idea how I love pretty nights like these."

He: "No, but I'll turn off the lights and we'll find out."

— Green Gander



FREE AIR

Rastus: "Yer honor, ain't the air free?"

Judge: "Of course the air is free."

Rastus: "Well, yer honor, that's all I stole, just plain air."

Judge: "But you are charged with stealing an auto tire."

Rastus: "I just took it to wrap up the air, Judge."

— Medley

LOUELLA D. EVERETT

Public Stenographer

107 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

Room 35

NEWBURY BUILDING

BOSTON

Opposite Massachusetts Subway Station

E. D. ABBOTT COMPANY

INCORPORATED

*Printers
Stationers*

Fraternity and Technology activity
work a specialty



181 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
BOSTON

Telephone Back Bay 3546

Where Three Worlds Meet

The men and women of three worlds meet in the lobbies of the Lenox and the Brunswick — the Business and Professional World, the College World and the World of Society.

Year after year the Lenox is a cordial host. And this year the Brunswick, home of famous feasting, dancing and music, is surpassing all previous records with the new

Egyptian Room of 1923

Leo F. Reisman's Famous Orchestra

On either side of Copley Square, near the theatres, neighbors with fine shops — two hotels that share the traditions with which the Seven Arts have endowed the "most beautiful Square in America"

*The
Lenox*
Boylston Street
at Exeter

BOSTON

*The
Brunswick*
Boylston Street
at Copley Square

L. C. PRIOR, *Managing Director*



*Artist (to son home for the holiday). "I've BEEN LOOKING AT THIS REPORT OF YOURS."
Son. "HOW FUNNY! I'VE JUST BEEN LOOKING AT THIS NOTICE OF YOUR THINGS IN
THE BOND STREET SHOW. THEY DON'T SEEM TO THINK MUCH OF EITHER OF US."*

Have you seen the Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

with the new
wide webbing?



Stripes of attractive
color combinations

Look for your colors

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers
Boston



THERE'S GOOD STYLE IN THE NEW SPRING CLOTHES

Coats drape easily; fit loosely; buttons just a bit wider apart; trousers somewhat wider; pockets a trifle lower You get it all in clothes made by

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Copyright, 1925, Hart Schaffner & Marx

In a Secluded Corner

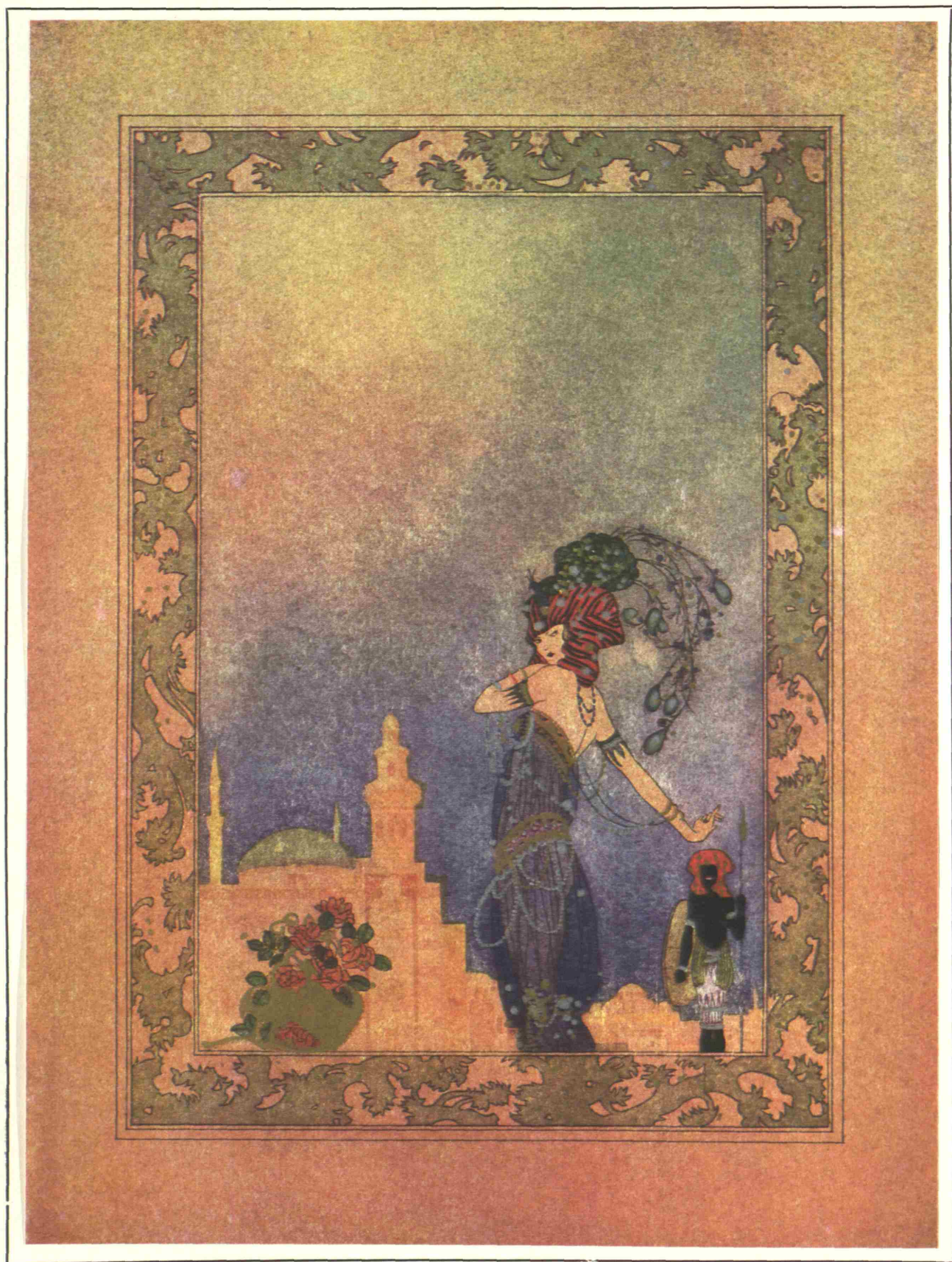
Dearest, as yon dancers glimmer
In the pale reflected light,
Believe me, when I truly tell you
I've loved you never like tonight.

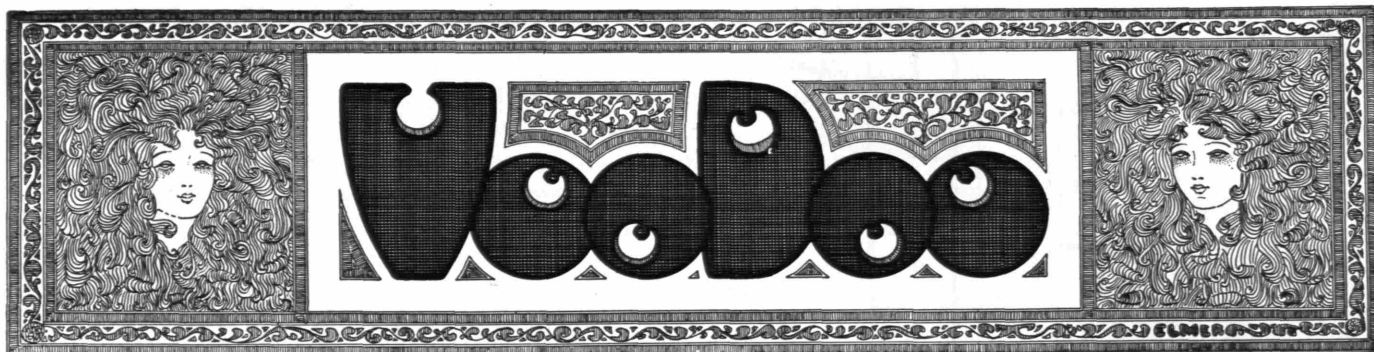
Like a pale white Grecian goddess
Dressed in robes of pure white sheen
So you seem to me tonight, dear,
Would to serve you as my queen.

Would that I were Egypt's ruler;
You my one and favored bride,
Then together to go sailing
In a Nile-boat, side by side.

Listen to my fitful pleading
Give your heart to me tonight
Ere the dancers end our seance
Be my love, my joy, my light!

A. R. B.





A DREAM

Last night under the starry heaven,
Out of which stole the moon's soft beams,
I was out in the lonely garden
And had given myself to dreams.

I saw rosy, round, ruddy apples
Which hung on Hesperides' tree;
I saw the nymphs, nimble, nude and naughty
There, dancing gayly as can be.

Grecian warriors, great many thousands
I followed on their way to Troy,
Where handsome, haughty, hapless Helen
Caused husband Paris much annoy.

I noticed flaming Cleopatra
Swaying in beauty above all;
Her brothers, Anthony, and Caesar
There worshipping the dainty doll.

Then I beheld the Middle Ages
With knights brave, beautiful and bold,
Paying their homage to the ladies
Just like old Chaucer us has told.

And then I saw my heart's desire,
My own girl, slender, slim and meek —
And I awoke and looked around me
And said: By Gosh! It's Junior Week.

— H. S.



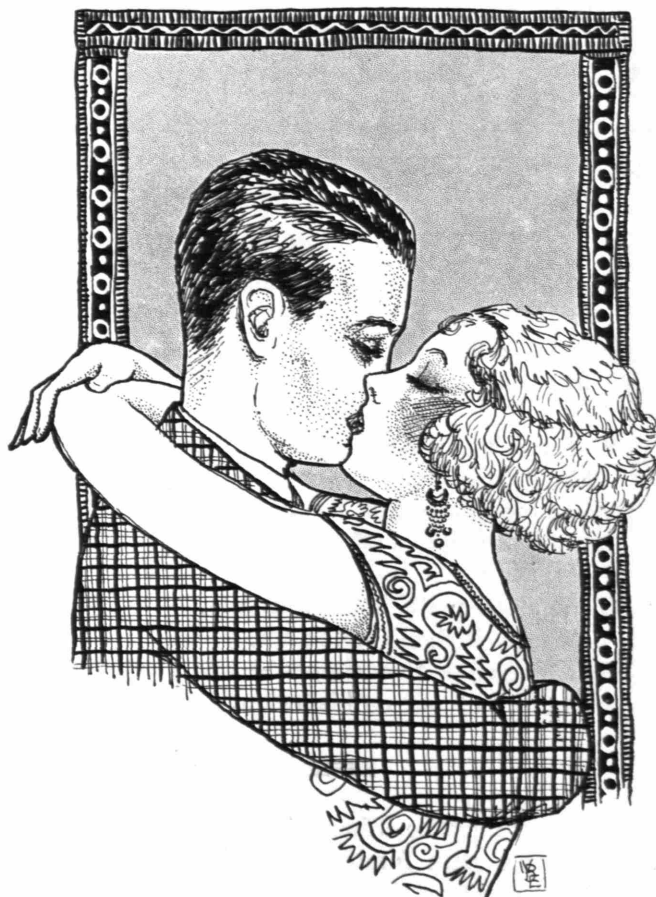
ANOTHER ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES

From year to year the Prom Girl is the same. Her praises are sung in song to story and her virtues are extolled. So, far be it from me to disparage or depreciate and least of all do I wish to traduce — but I ask, and herein lies the mystery, why is it that the *other* fellow's girl always seems to be a lemon? That's all!

— H. deS.

WHERE THERE'S A CATCH THERE'S A REASON

She went to the Prom with him. She did not mind seeing him dance with the other girls. She did not mind sitting out dances alone or talking with the chaperons. When she felt hungry she would slip quietly out to the grill room and buy herself a bite to eat. She was not always suggesting new ways to spend money. In fact she even insisted on paying her own taxi and hotel bill. But listen — had she not, long ago, been his Dad's Prom Girl? — W. T. C.



GIRL WITH CHAPPED LIPS



A VIEW OF THE INSTITUTE'S MAIN LOBBY

KEEP AWAY FROM FISH

Skagmore Fags went out to sea
In search of fame and lucre.
Instead, behold a mermaid bold,
My God, he needed.

He loved her hair, he loved her scales,
She didn't scream or holler;
Skagmore mopped his beady brow
And then ripped off his collar.

O shameless mate, he met his fate,
I'm sure it didn't shock her,
He squeezed — then slipped — and Davy Jones
Chalked up one on his locker.

— H. deS.



"All things must be adjusted to existing conditions,"
said the progressive fumbling with his suspenders as
his trousers began to slip.

— M. B. M.

MOSQUITO APARTMENTS

HON. ED. OF Voo Doo,
Dear Sir or Madamn:

Now that Junior Weak are make sneak-up and your nobull staff are make reparations for burst out of magazine, your most humble servant offer a few digestions.

With geyser girls amongst us it are nessimary to have writ sum arctics which will amuse them while esquart go upstairs to put on other bruthers shirt, etc. Thinks have cause me to bekum indigo and filled with emulsions at fear that such would be left out tho i can imagine general disgustment of Hon. Tech student (rah rah rah) when he find following arctics constrained in magazine; still it are for better or wurst.

Beg to submerge following topics for write-up:

Taxi Meter and Luv
Woman's Place in Everything
Knitting and Croquet
How to Feed the Baby (in 2 parts)
Household Fudgets
Snide Talks to Girls
Beaver

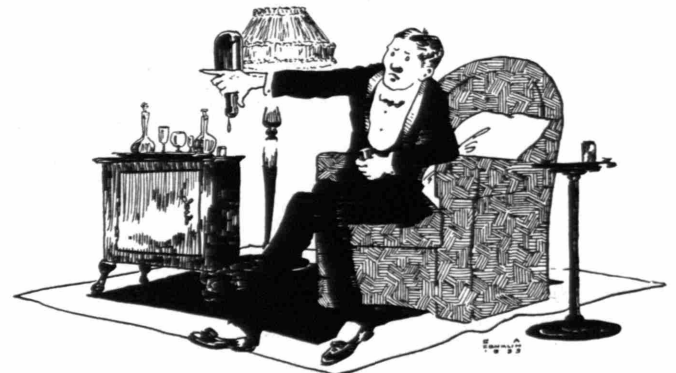
Misfortunately it are impossibil with my measle knowledge to offer any useless inflammation, butt guest that it are not nekisary because are not Phoskforos the nobul greek who say, "veni, vidi, itchi," and therefore kno everything?

Accordionly, hoping that my snuggestions will be carried out, I look forward with grate plezure to spending Junior Wk. in your middle. Pax nabisco.

Your most humble servant,

Takhoma Koko.

— K. R. S.



Modern Application of the old Roman "Thumbs down"
denoting the identical sentiments as the ancient usage.

TYPICAL SCENES AT ANY TECH SMOKER



This mild and peaceful scene shows the pure-minded student body withdrawing in haste from the cider barrel. For, indeed, some world-wise individual has detected the presence of the forbidden ferment midst the fragrant juice of the apple. The few remaining gentlemen are about to form a bucket brigade to dispose of this terrible mixture lest some of the students yield to temptation.



Here we have the principal speaker of the evening in the midst of his ninth Pittsburgh Stogie and his seventh uproariously humorous anecdote concerning Moses, his famous hound, which can tell superheated steam from saturated by the smell; it can not, evidently, stand the smell of the Stogie. The stars merely indicate the Professor's inner feelings, for, as we have said before, this is his ninth Stogie.



The bashful young gentleman here pictured is shown enjoying the Smoker to the utmost. By means of his new found knowledge of M11 he has discovered that by careful manipulation he can extend the Smoker over three weeks, at a great saving to his roommate. Do not fear, he still has two empty vest-pockets on the off side.



Here we have the Stentorian Sextette gleefully emitting vocal selections for the edification of the multitudes. They are now shown in the act of rendering that sweet selection, "Sweet Adeline." After caroling in the vicinity of Walker they will journey across the bridge and give the inmates of Station 16 a musical treat to show the generous spirit of Technology.



MAUDLIN MURMURINGS

They say I'm insane. It must be because I don't go in for things other people do. Take liquor, for example. I never drank before prohibition so why start in now? Don't see any sport drinking horrible stuff just to break the law. My friends do, though, and when I tell them so, they call me a fool.

And, then, I guess I'm too frank. Just the other day friend Smith started an antique joke with, "If you've heard this before, stop me." "All right," I said, "you can stop any time now." He seemed irked, for some reason, but he rallied and started a half-hour harangue on the precocity of his young son. Half-way through he said, "But this must be boring to you, isn't it?" And I answered, "Yes." He left, mumbling something about building state asylums and letting the best customers run around loose.

My wife thinks I'm queer, too. Yesterday she came home with what she called a wonderful bargain in a hat. Asked me to guess how much it cost. Knowing she got it cheap, I guessed "two dollars."

"Fool," she came back. I suspect now she wanted me to say forty, so she could reply, "No, only \$20." But I never think of those things till it's too late.

Today a friend came up to me, smiling, and asked me what I thought of his suit. Rather loud, I thought, so I asked him if he was wearing it to pay off an election bet. I ducked just in time. Personally, I think I'm just too frank and earnest. But people call me insane. I wonder!

—H. A. M.

PROFS

(With apologies to Ring Lardner, et al.)

Profs is those which:

Talksodamnedfastthatyoucan'ttakeanote.

Spend three-quarters of an hour and one box of chalk explaining, and then after you've copied four pages of notes, tell you that the stuff is not important.

Wear red neckties and horse collars.

Wait until you're jammed with work and then throw a quiz.

Think that their course is the only important one that you are taking, and hand out problems as if they were giving away German marks.

Tell you not to bone for the exam because it will be general, and then ask you if you agree with the statement on page 247.

Give you the F's and the others the C's and P's.

Call the roll the day you cut.

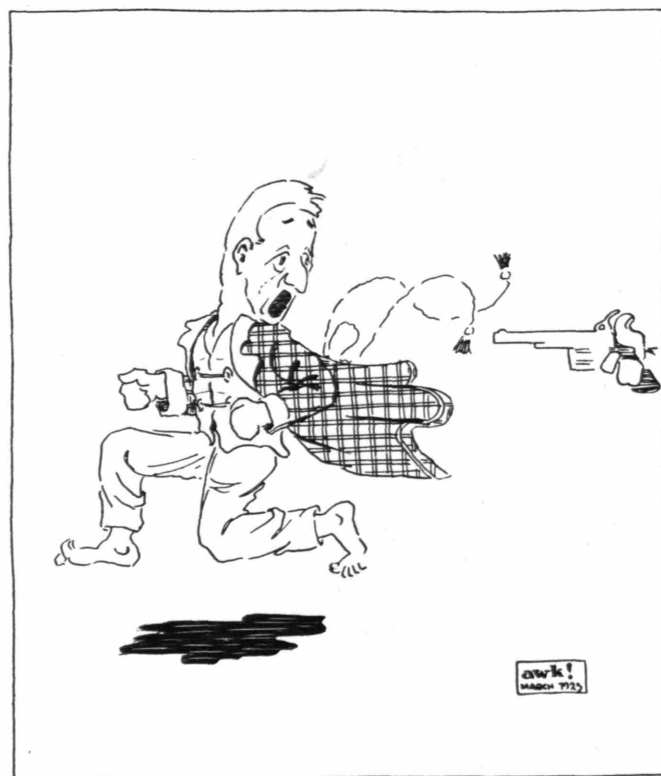
—K. R. S.



Sign on a door in Bethlehem, Pa.:

"Button don't bell. Bump."

—M. C. D.



He left her flat —

THE WAY OF A WOMAN

Aleph

She meeteth the man of her choice at the Alpha Sigma Sigma fete; she hath made him to notice her from amongst the rest; she hath asked him to carry her dainty vanity case; she hath asked him to tie her shoe, forthwith exposing a suggestion of silk-clad ankle, and thus he doeth her a favor.

Beth

She hath established interest; she hath made her use of coquetry. He hath tied her shoe. She hath decorated his buttonhole with the most delicate flower from her corsage; the faint perfume of her breath has tingled his nostrils.

Gimel

She hath evinced feminine fear of spiders and mice and hath awakened his sense of protection. Thy way is filled with pit-falls, O man of strength; for thy strength shall be thy undoing even as Samson. He hath lifted her down from high places and hath felt her perfection. She marvel-eth at his strength.

Daleth

She hath invited him into her home; he hath met her parents. She playeth on the piano and singeth sweetly some old ballad of love. She confideth in him all manner of things saying; "I knoweth not why I do this, but surely thou understandeth me and I trust thee alway."

He

And on the second time when he calleth, she whispereth, "It seemeth ages hence that I saw thee last. Weighty thoughts have attached me and I have longed

for thy confidence." She asketh his advice regarding her conduct, her dress, and her toilet.

Vau

She establisheth secret union between them and taketh glory in their secret. In the presence of others she maketh signs that only he understandeth and whispereth sweet nothings in his ear.

Zain

And on the third time when he calleth she greeteth him in a shimmering, transparent negligee; feigning that his call was unexpected. She retir-eth and later maketh her appearance in a most becoming house-dress, explaining that her mother was called away. She will prepare a feast for her father and him.

Cheth

She taketh him into the kitchen and tieth an apron around his waist. She then daintily demonstrateth her ability to cook. She praiseth his adaptitude to help. And lo, she serveth up a wondrous meal and throughout an hour she chatteth prettily on all manner of subjects.

Teth

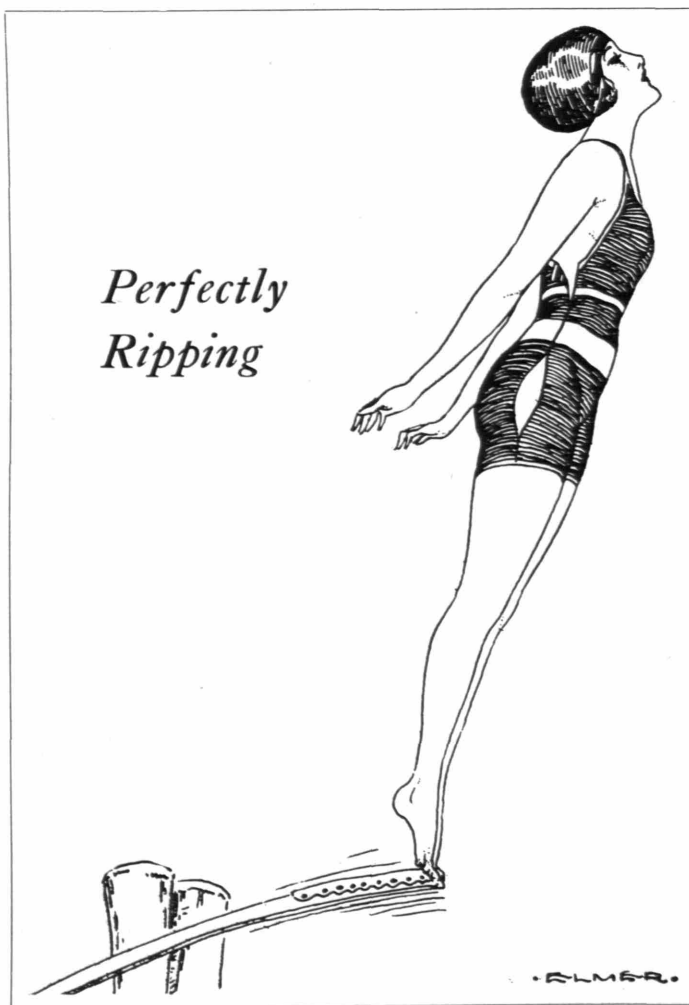
Her father taketh his leave immediate upon completion of the meal.

And she asketh him to join her in the lounge room — she will clear the table after his departure. She maketh him comfortable on a lounge and provideth him with smokes.

Jod

She seats herself beside him on the lounge so that the light from the floor lamp illuminates her profile

(Continued on page 58)





POEM: BY RUSTY

Speaking of love
And women at large,
Beware of the blonde
And brunette is my charge.

Lay off if they're wealthy,
Having queer snobbish moms;
Keep far if they're poor, for
They'll queer you at proms.

Fight off the glib ones,
They tell all they know;
I warn you of sensible
Ones — they're too slow.

Stay 'way from the beauties,
They always demand
Costly taxis and what not,
Which you understand.

So beware of the blonde
And brunette is my plea,
And pick out a red-
Headed girlie like me.

— H. deS.

AFTER THE PROM

" . . . and I haven't got a damn cent left. She's the worst gold digger I've ever seen. Guess I'll have to wire dad for some . . . "

" . . . Dja see me run in the interclass track meet? I coulda beaten at least three fellas ahead o' me, but I was thinkin' of the girl I met last night, so . . . "

" . . . 'n so I says 'less have this dance' and she says 'no' and I says, 'Well that's funny you promised it to . . . ' "

" . . . Dammitall, I'm in a hullava fix, I am. My work's all gone straight to the devil, haven't done a thing in weeks. Goddam this spring fever, God . . . "

" . . . and so she says to me 'You nice man,' she says, 'I like you.' So she warms right up to me and we have a darn good time. And she's got some lips, she has. Well now, it seems to me that I wasn't the only . . . "

" . . . and he takes the stenographer of the Economics department so's she marks his papers higher, he does, the snake . . . "

" . . . and the way that girl dances, say . . . "

" . . . now George there in the Glee Club didn't do a bit of singing. I was watching him all the time. All he did was open and close his mouth and stare at my girl. When I see him tomorrow I'll . . . "

" . . . and when I was showing her 'round the steam lab, she asks me 'what is that machine?' she asks. Well, I didn't know what it was; 'that's a——' says I, 'yer, that's a steam engine,' says I, 'one o' those big ones, dontcherknow . . . ' "

" . . . all I'd like to know is how many pins she got this trip. Every time I saw her she was wearing a different . . . "

" . . . and I gets a letter from the Stute, to go see the Dean. 'Well,' he says, 'Mr. Eiffel,' he says, 'I don't think you've been working hard enough of late.' 'Oh, yes,' says I, 'but I couldn't let my studies ruin my education.' 'Is that so,' he says, 'well, I don't think you'll graduate this year,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'one year's as good as another and I expected to take a five-year course anyhow'."

— H. S.



There was a momentary lull in the conversation. Every masculine eye turned in admiration as she crossed the floor with her tuxedoed escort. The stags muttered, "Smooth," "Collegiate" — while they heard her say, "Do take me home, Jack. Saturday is my busy day at the counter."

— M. C. D



How the small boy of the Middle Ages felt about going upstairs alone to bed in the dark.

SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!

I. By the Epicurean

Ah, Spring, thou bringest to my mind
 After importless conclusion
 That which I have often pictured
 As my favorite illusion.
 "The time has come," the walrus said,
 And this may be an anagram,
 For all I know is that I'll have
 Again fresh peas and real spring lamb.
 Yes, Spring is here, it came o'er night,
 Spring, lively, gay and merry,
 When I shall have fresh eggs again
 And whipped cream and strawberry.

II. By the Hopeless.

I've waited and I've waited long,
 O Spring, for you to come;
 The time the rose begins to bloom
 And naught seems cumbersome.
 The time when nature opens up
 Its arms and all does bloom;
 And sweet love begins to ripen
 And drive away all gloom.
 The maiden sheds her furry coat
 And responds to mating;
 O God, please let me catch a one
 With a dandy rating.

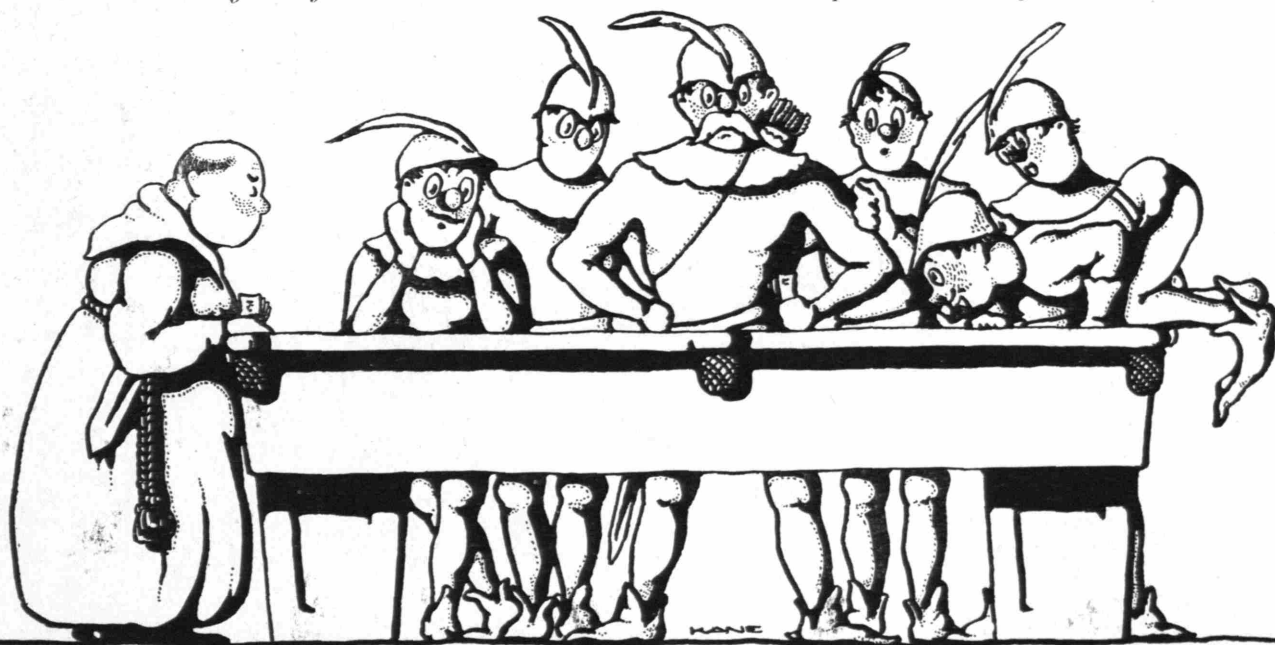
III. By the Banker

The other day a fellow came;
 He told it was spring,
 He raved to me and made believe
 That it was quite a thing.
 Now I can't see his point at all,
 To me it is a bore;
 What if the trees and flowers bloom?
 I've seen the thing before.
 What if the temperature does rise —
 People seem to love it —
 The grass is green, the sky is blue!
 I ask you: Well, what of it?

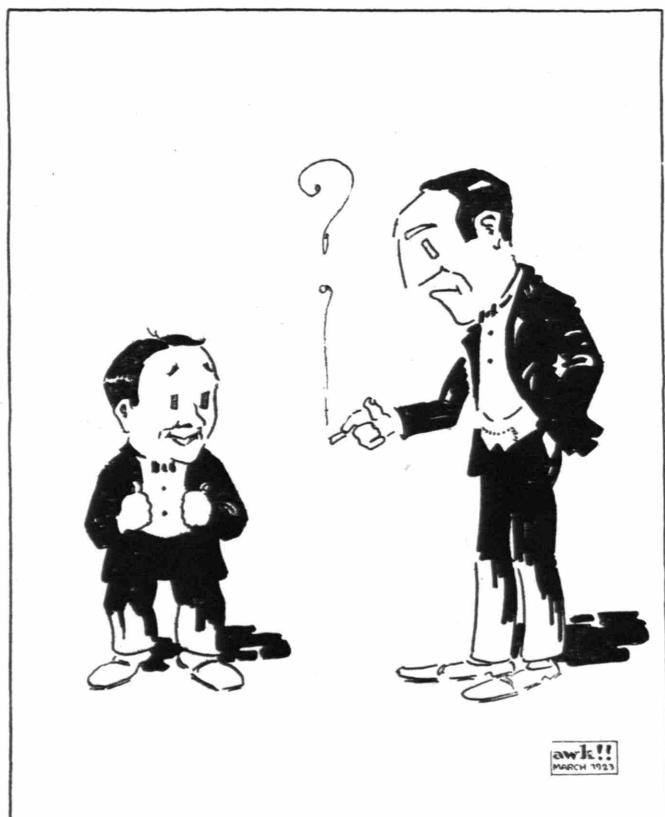
IV. By the Poet

Spring, thou art a purple flower
 With one golden wing;
 Thy coat is made of diamonds;
 What a pretty thing!
 Spring, thou art a spotless canvas,
 Pure white as can be;
 Spring I love thee to my utmost,
 And thou must love me.
 Spring, thou art a dangling cuckoo,
 Cooing all the time;
 Spring thou art a terrible word
 For poets to make rhyme.

— H. S.



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN GAMBOLING ON THE GREEN



"What is it that bulldogs have that other dogs don't have?"
 "I'll bite, what?"
 "Little bulldogs."

THE HUMAN BUG

How the human bug does love to dress himself all up in a hard-boiled shirt and collar, a silk vest and overall-like trousers to imitate the well-known Arrow collar advertisement. We would rather step out of the impressive doorway of a Back Bay apartment, dressed thus, with the girl of our hearts leaning trustfully on our arm, of a spring evening, than eat the usual three squares. In fact, many of us willingly give up that extremely personal habit of three meals a day and subsist on the stuffing out of pillows, in order that we may attend a Prom or theatre. For dessert we are forced to lick a postage stamp. This serves to appease our sweet tooth and to carry that heartbroken letter home telling Dad we were held up last night and robbed of our allowance. Yea, verily, this human bug loves to dress himself all up and spend an evening and morning vibrating the poor pedal extremities.

—W. W. R.



The Radio Boot is rather new, but the Wireless Corset has it beat by a couple of years.

—W. T. C.

FROM THE CHAPERONS' CORNER

"I'm as liberal as the next woman and understand! I'm not opposed to a girl's smoking. But it does seem to me that she could better employ her time. Now, the —"

"I've known the girl all my life and of course I wouldn't say a thing against her but (whisper) very late — Yes, both of them —"

"Just look at that dress. Would you think a mother would permit it. I know I —"

"I know when I was a girl, an intoxicated person would not be permitted at a respectable dance. Well (sigh), I don't know what the younger generation is coming to. Take —"

"Married? Yes, but not living with her husband. I heard —"

"Not actually ill, you know. But the doctor said I must have a change of climate. Last —"

"No, we didn't go to Palm Beach this year. Always have gone, you know, but, really, it's becoming so common. Why —"

"Understand, I'm not opposed to a girl's smoking; but it does seem to me she could better employ —"

—H. A. M



Excerpt from letter home: "Every night, if I am not disturbed, I manage to keep my mind on my books for five or six hours."



AT TECH SHOW

She: "The *Transcript* said that I was among the most beautiful women at the Prom last evening."
He: "Huh, I didn't notice you with them."



TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

THEY AIN'T NO SICH ANIMILE

They had deliciously wasted an entire evening. Verily, they were even now wasting it. The Man in the Moon languidly brushed a hunk of star dust out of his left optic and took a squint at the pair.

"Youth, Youth, ah, but thy name is music," he observed, offering Venus an English Oval.

The masculine half of the couple appeared suddenly to gesticulate, to implore. He seized one of the hands belonging to the feminine half.

The Man in the Moon inhaled deeply and blew a couple of storm warnings.

"No, George, honest, I know the Prom would bore me horribly."

Whereupon the Man in the Moon swallowed his butt and nearly had an eclipse.

— W. T. C.



26: Why don't they make the girls take Physical Training? There wouldn't be any cutting then.

25: No, but the gym would be torn up in the rush for the showers.

— R. A. R.

THE TRIUMPH OF PHOTOGRAPHY

By HATRACK

*"Pray, stranger, why the saddened glance
The downward drooping eye,
The drooping mien of glance and stride,
The muttered curse and sigh?"*

*Perchance dire drink has run its course
And left you in this state,
Or some disease has ravaged you
And left you to your fate?"*

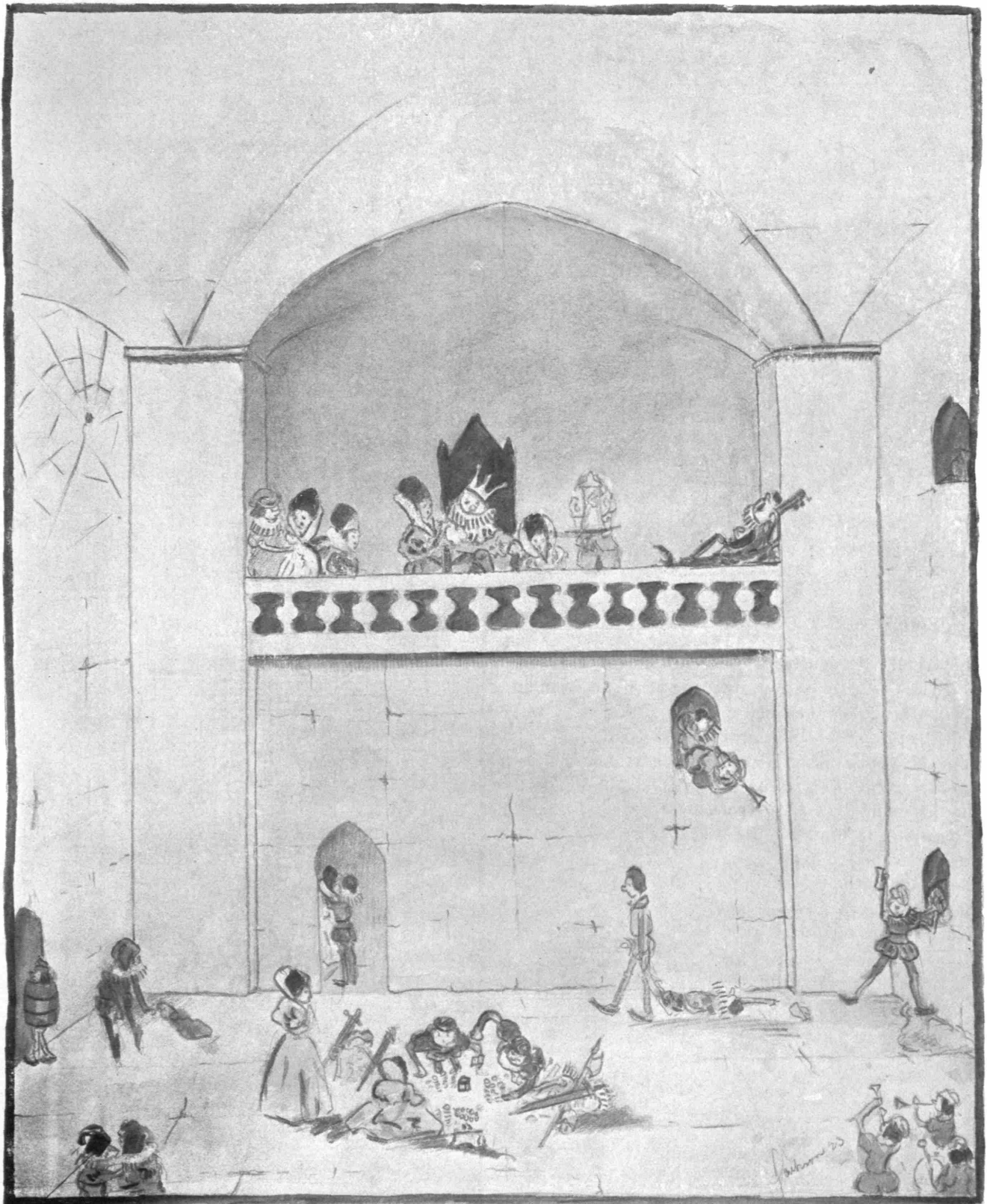
*"Ah! no, kind sir, 'tis worse than that.
For three long years and more
I've worked and slaved for a degree
Beyond yon massive door."*

*My goal was reached, and all was well —
You ask why I'm so meek;
I opened wide the book, and saw
My picture in Technique."*

— A. R. B.



A SWIMMING MEET



"YE LAST THROW"



A DREAM

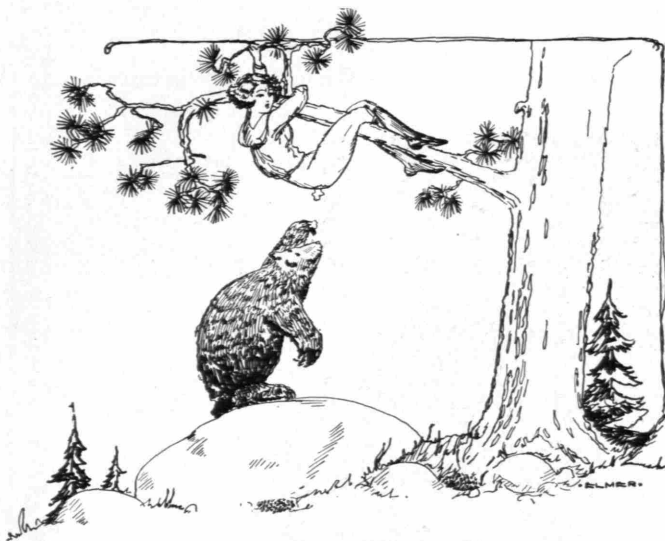
*I have dreamed of golden hair
Dancing in the sun,
Gleaming in the fading light
E'er the day is done.*

*Golden hair and dancing eyes,
Of cerulean blue,
Gazing through the purple mists,
At the fading view.*

*Features that the gods have formed,
Skin as white as milk,
Cheeks that shame the roses' glow,
Soft as woven silk.*

*I have dreamed of golden hair,
Dancing in the sun,
Gleaming in the fading light,
E'er the day is done.*

— W. J. W.



BEARING HER PAST

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Three weeks before the Junior Prom and she hadn't heard from Fred yet. In spite of the fact that she had written him half a dozen "friendly" letters in the past few weeks, he seemed to have completely forgotten her at this critical time. Perhaps she hadn't dropped enough hints, perhaps he didn't love her, perhaps — br-r-r-r-r! —. She ran to the door to meet the postman. Allah be praised, it was the familiar purple envelope emblazoned with his bold handwriting! There! All her worrying for nothing! Of course he had not forgotten her! Nervously she tore open the long-awaited-for missive and glanced hurriedly over its contents:

"Dear Patricia,

Your dear letter received and . . . just cannot be without you . . . would love to have you here at the Prom . . . let me know.

Lovingly,

FRED."

Wasn't it wonderful! She was going to the Prom — beautiful girls — handsome boys — dreamy dance music — back at five in the morning in Fred's speedster! She swooned — but not with pleasure for fifteen more hairs turned gray and the letter fluttered to the floor.

"Dear Patricia, — "

And her name was Joan!

J. B. G.



She: "Stop."

He: "What's the matter?"

She: "What right have you to kiss me?"

He: "Then don't put your arms around my neck."

— W. T. C.

AFTER THE HOUSE PARTY

After the Prom is over,

And we're back in the house again

We always find some objects

That were never worn by men.

There are hairpins galore, and hairnets

And powder by the pound

But wait till you hear of some of the stuff

Our women left around!

My roommate found a silken thing,

No bachelor's eye should see;

I found a pair of black silk socks

Beside some lingerie.

They'll prove themselves quite useful

If any day, by chance,

I'm out of socks or B.V.D's

When going to a dance.

— G. J. C.



MOSES TAKES THE TABLETS ON THE MOUNT

Phosphor Essences

Why are chaperons?

—O—O—O—

Some of our co-eds are technical knock-outs.

—O—O—O—

There are women and women, but man always is the fool.

—O—O—O—

Some people go to parties in South Boston, others die a natural death.

—O—O—O—

Some fellows go on a spree once in a while, but Berlin is located there permanently.

—O—O—O—

Now spring is gradually coming to Boston, Phosphorus is considering buying a raincoat.

—O—O—O—

God wouldn't let us see our own faces, but everybody's allowed to chew his own gum.

—O—O—O—

Phosphorus would like to know what the "EXTRA" on the newspapers means.

—O—O—O—

If a small brook is called a brooklet and a small girl a Chicklet, why isn't a small pie a pilot?

—O—O—O—

What's the use trying to stop the enactment of Blue Laws as long as we don't repeal the existing ones?

—O—O—O—

A Northeastern man is reported to have believed that Bella Donna was a musical comedy favorite.

—O—O—O—

When we buy a horse, we feel their teeth to see if they are real; when we marry a woman, we're not so particular.

A practical joke is a piston that won't work both ways.

—O—O—O—

A good name is hard to get and harder to keep, like a good wife.

—O—O—O—

Some people are so silly, they think Cubebs are little Cubans.

—O—O—O—

The common disease of spring fever has been attributed to a rise in temperature.

—O—O—O—

Now we have a fox trot and a camel's walk, the next thing to expect is the elephant's gallop.

—O—O—O—

It seems to be a safe bet to say regarding revolutions that you always can count on Canton.

—O—O—O—

It is not, you know, what you know that you know, it is what you think you know that you don't know that counts, you know.

—O—O—O—

A South Sea Island maiden beautifies herself with a brass ring in her nose. An American woman of fashion does the same with a pearl in her ear. The ring is more serviceable — you can hold her by it, if nothing more.

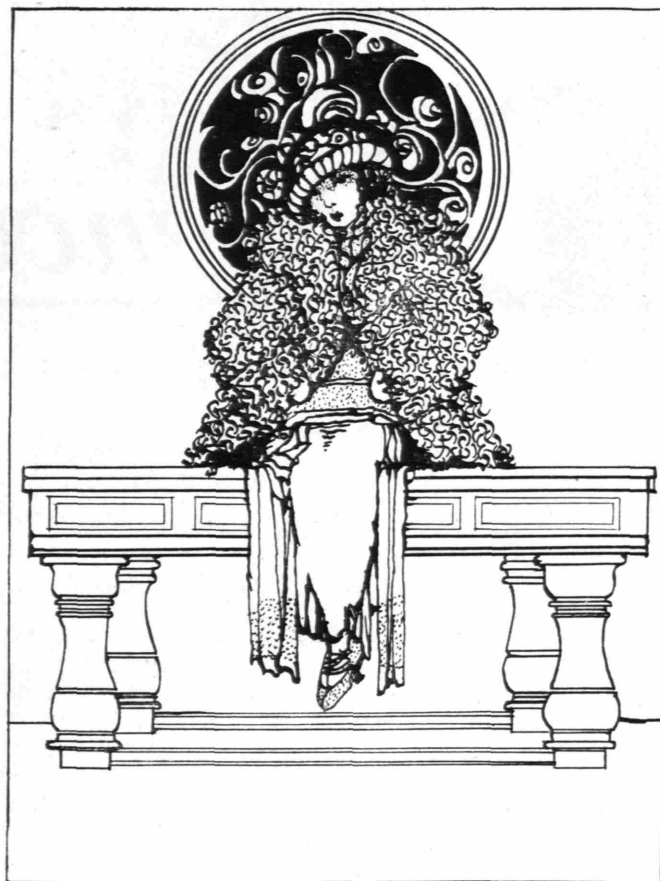
—O—O—O—

On one of his western trips Phosphorus once saw a number of buzzards perched on the carcass of a dead horse. It reminded him of the members of a family inspecting the will of a deceased relative.

—O—O—O—

Other things than beer seem to be brewing in Munich.

—H. S. + W. W. R.



MISS KIPLING

I've sipped at Marty's in Memphis,
On Tremont Street, Boston, I've walked,
Glass boats I've seen at Cat'lina,
With Annapolis Middies I've talked.

I know Grand and Olive, St. Louis,
Glacier, Mount Lowe, and Times Square,
I've hit every prom in the country
Believe me — I'm what you call there!

House parties. Hanover, New Hampshire,
Yale, Drake, Case, M. I. T.,
And be warned by my lot
Which I know you will not
And learn: That college men are the same the
whole wide-world over.

— H. deS.



Rum: "Say, Bill, where is Toto?"

Mate: "Never heard of it."

Rum: "Neither did I, but I heard my prof say that
the treaty was signed 'in toto'."

— M. B. M.

ALL'S AS YOU TAKE IT

A Poignant Super-Play in One Act

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Scene: Living room of Mrs. Heart-throb's home.

Time: 8.00 p.m.

Characters:

Mrs. Heart-throb	Charles	} Three gentlemen callers
Her daughter — Grace	Edward	
	Jack	

Loud ringing of doorbell.

Mrs. Heart-throb goes to door: "Oh! hello, Charles.
Come in. Grace is upstairs and will be down in a
minute. Won't you wait in the living room?"

Charles: "Certainly."

Grace's voice from above, singing sweetly:

"In the morning bright and early
When your hair is out of curly
I'll still be true."

Charles smiles vast happy smile all to himself.

Loud ringing of doorbell.

Mrs. Heart-throb: "Oh! Edward; so glad to see you.
Just step in the living room. Grace will be down
immediately."

Edward enters, nods to Charles, and sits down.

Grace's voice from above:

"When I find that you're the owner
Of a portable Corona
I'll still be true."

[Charles beams all over. Edward starts to, but decides he
is out of luck, and glowers at the statue of Venus on
the mantel.]

Loud ringing of doorbell.

Mrs. Heart-throb: "Come right in, Jack. Join the
boys in the living room. Grace will be down im-
mediately."

[Jack comes in, nods, and sits down, accompanied by a
disgusted look.]

Grace's voice from above:

"In the morning when I waken
To the same old eggs and bacon
I'll still be true — "

[Vast grin starts to appear on Charles's face, deep gloom
settles over other two mourners.]

Grace's voice in grand finale accents:

"BUT NOT TO YOU!"

[Charles swoons. Jack and Edward carry him out into
the night.]

[Curtain]

— A. R. B.



United Cigar stands, divided dividends.

— H. E. W.

KEEPER!

Springh is come.
How I adore Springh!
I love the twittering crawfish,
The pie-eyed daisies swaying,
Like drunken reeds on a jag,
The sob of the weeping willows,
The drifting sand on the beech trees,
And the purr of the trolley cars.
I like the peek-a-boo-boo-boo
Of our native goldfish, and the
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee of the sea-
Going bed-bugs. Hurrah for Springh!

— B. P. L.



Phosphorus will now entertain you with the latest yowl dedicated to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, "God Created All Things which Creep and Crawl."

— H. J. J.



THE RETIRING MUSICIAN

I dropped in on the Smiths last night. A friend of a friend of theirs was there; reserved, unpretentious sort of a person. He hardly joined in the conversation at all save to suggest to Mr. Smith that Podunk Broadcasting was QDZ, not QDY.

At a particularly boring point in the evening the friend got his call. It seemed that Mrs. S. had heard that the gentleman literally romped on the piano. Would he *please* play for us? Following:

Well, really, he could hardly play a note.

Oh, yes, he could too. She had heard —

Sprained his wrist — hadn't played in two years — didn't know any of the latest —.

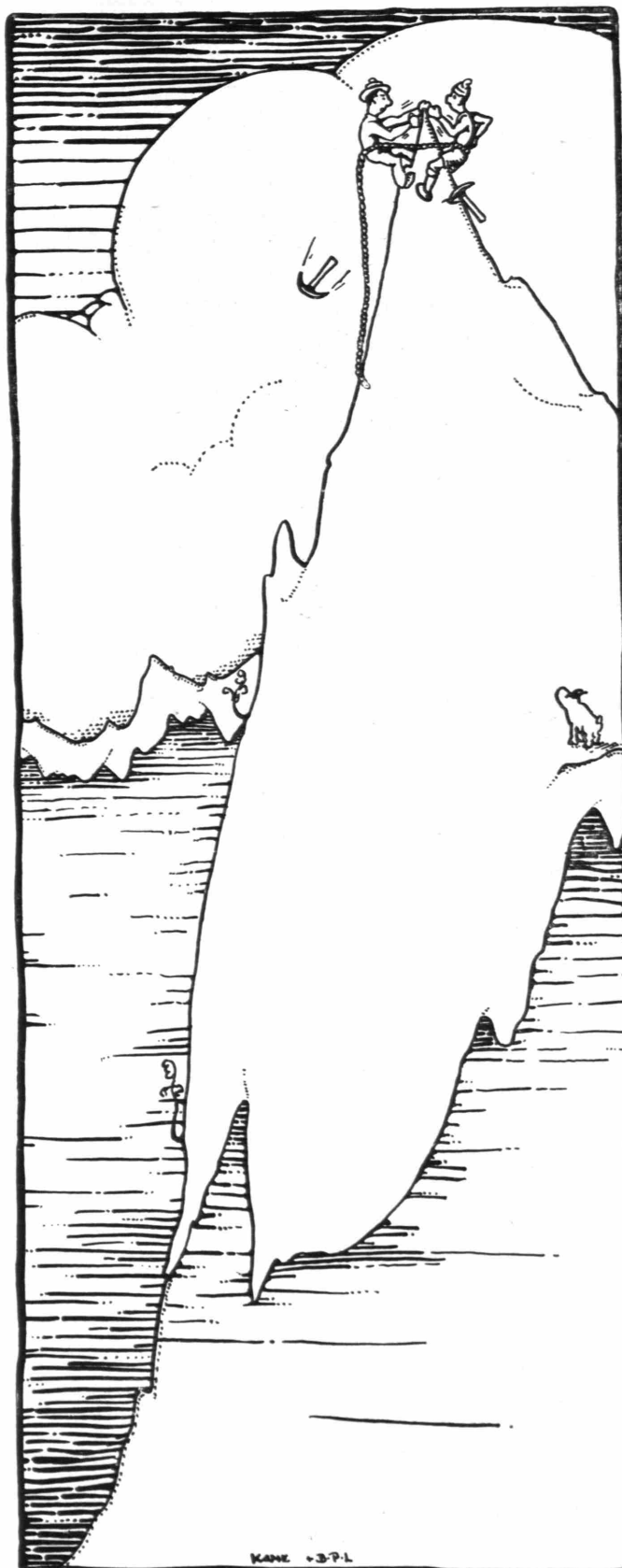
Yes, he doubtless remembered a few of the old favorites — etc., etc., *ad lib* until he was ostensibly dragged to the piano and seated.

He started — rather timidly at first — but he soon struck his stride. Within half an hour he had cleaned up all the sheet music on the rack. An hour more had disposed of the loot from the music cabinet. Song hits, song failures, folk songs, classical scores, even finger exercises — all these he executed with gusto!

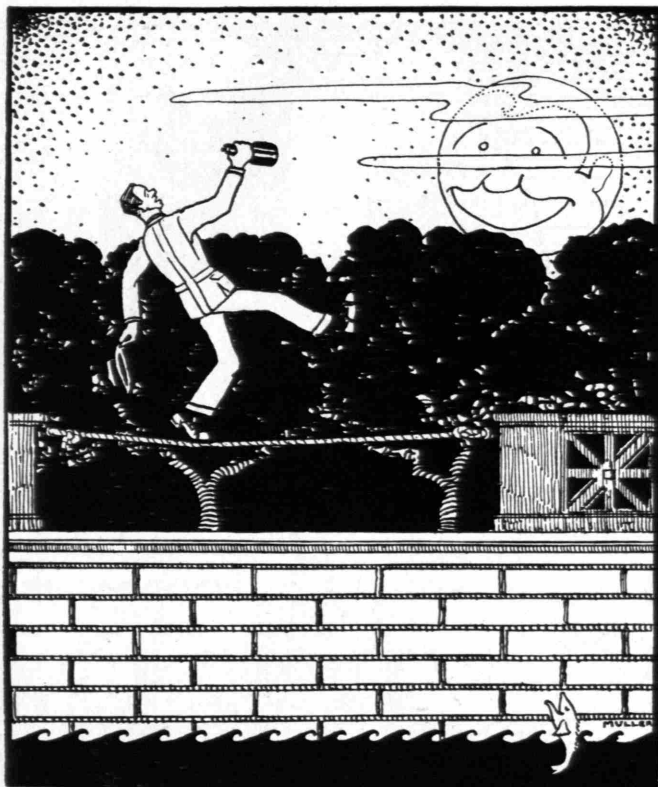
When I left at one o'clock he was recalling hits of childhood lullabies, the Smiths were endeavoring to fix the blame for their misfortune, and the neighbors were forming a vigilance committee on the next floor.

The most tranquil of the species are the deadliest when aroused.

— H. A. M.



THE POINT ON WHICH THEY DISAGREE



A TIGHT ROPE-WALKER

DAY AFTER PROM

Last night I thought me browsing
In fair fields far away;
I 'woke and found me drowsing
At broad noontide today.

And vanished quite were all my dreams
Of women, wine, and song,
For them, like bell — my ears tolled knell
With — Bzzzzz! Ding-dong! Ping-pong!

And thirty smooth simoleons
Had all gone by the board.
My hopes were dashed and fallen flat
Which in the eve had soared.

So now I seek to end it all
With poison, sword, or bomb;
Sweet mem'ries cannot stay my fall —
The aftermath of Prom!

— P. L.

THAT OLD FAMILIAR LINE

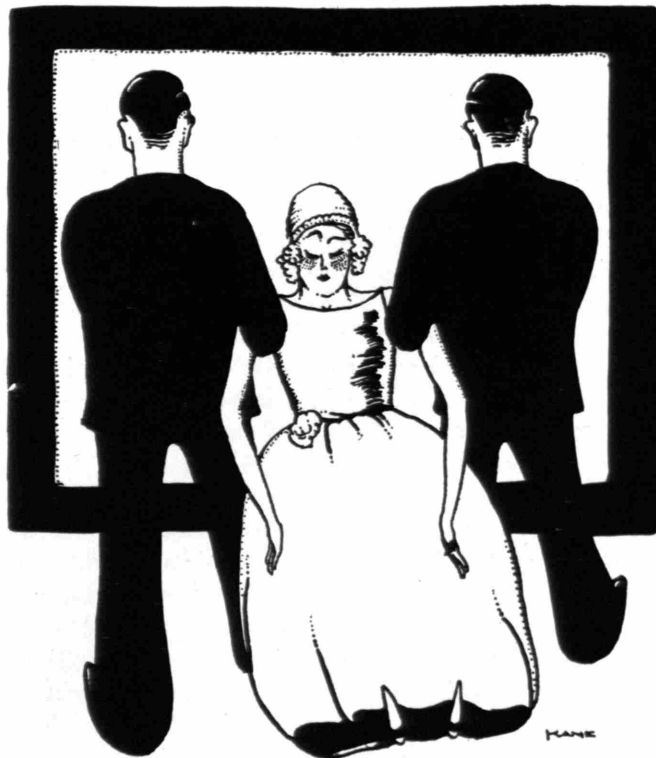
"Oh! I think Tech is such a remarkable institution. So broadening. You are a Senior, I suppose. Oh! only a freshman? You look so tired and distinguished. Somehow Tech men always look that way. But they say Tech is so hard. I always tell Tech men by the circles under their eyes. You must have to study so hard. I suppose you are taking Engineering? Most all of the boys I have talked to tonight seem to be. It seems to be very popular at Tech, don't you think?" etc. . . . *ad infinitum*.

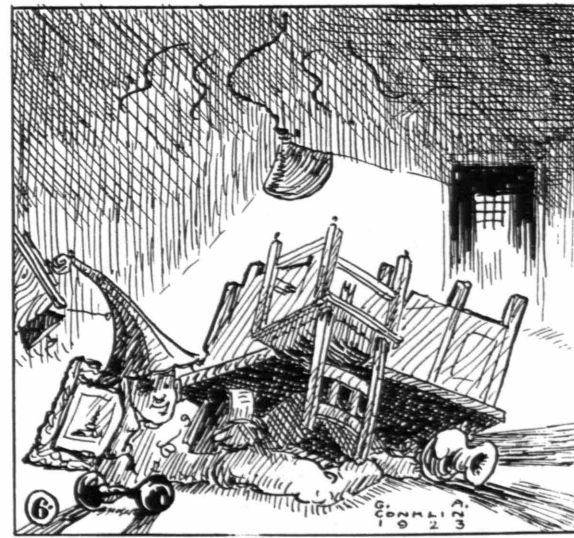
— A. R. B.



News Item: The statue of Mr. Blank to be unveiled today is carved in the purest Anthracite. Police reserves will be on duty and any person caught with a burlap sack and hammer will be immediately arrested.

— W. T. C.

A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE YOUNGER SET
COMING OUT



THE SAD ADVENTURE OF THE COLLEGE CARTOONIST WHO GOT HIS INSPIRATIONS AT 2 A.M.

To



Jeanne

I

*Jeanne dear, I am enraptured,
It is a serious case,
I am completely captured
By thy celestial grace.*

II

*Thine eyes are dark and glistening,
I love thy look and poise
When I sit there just listening
To thy melodious voice.*

III

*I know no more of studies,
I know of naught but thee;
I guess this all embodies
What the Prom has done to me.*

— H. S.

HOWIE SIMPLETON'S ESSAY

Essay No. 1

THE FLAPPER IN TOWN

The other day a foreigner asked me what a flapper was and since I had forgotten my slide rule, I couldn't give him any information. So when I got home I immediately began manipulating my log tables and through the aid of Marshall's Business Administration I found in Webster's dictionary that a flapper is either a thing to flap with or a young game bird not yet able to fly well. As neither of these definitions seemed to coincide with my conception, I concluded that I must have gotten my decimal point wrong, and then I decided to call on other authorities. As one always should do on such occasions, I called on my professor in Applied Mechanics and he said he had never in his long experience seen the word printed in any text book. Further investigations were also fruitless and upon asking a poet he told me that a flapper was a breeze, a fluff and a dash of perfume, while my roommate said it was everything.

The other day they pointed one out to me, and this

is my conception. Way up top there are two right circular cylinders of different diameters and base to base. In the winter it is of a fiber structure similar to that of gear teeth; in the summer it is straw. Underneath this is a little of something of which I am taking a photomicrograph at present and then come two legs, the chemistry of which is the flapper proper. This is a greatly varying quantity, always looking better from the rear than from the front, which is due to the extraordinary perspective in the V Plane. Usually they cut off their hair which I learned is used for making trick mustaches. All those wearing earrings are syncopated. The figures of the flappers are unknown at times, but usually assume goodly proportions. As regards dancing, simple harmonic motion will some time oscillate and the permanent wave thus produced shows itself on the checker skirts, which may be used in place of graph paper. The modesty of a flapper as a whole may let go without exaggeration, gentlemen, for great lengths of time, but then when in male company lost time is usually made up. The flapper is becoming an extinct species, due to the preponderance of the long skirt, and therefore my next essay shall cover the flapper at home.

— H. S.

WHAT A MAN SAYS TO HIMSELF AT A DANCE

The girl, of course, starts the conversation:

"Isn't the dance wonderful?"

"The music is terrible and it's so hot in here that I'm melting."

"I just adore being with a good dancer."

"Yeah, why pick on me. There you go, just skinned the toe of my other shoe now."

"Isn't that girl with the bobbed hair next to us pretty?"

"Next to you anything is pretty. Why drag me into it?"

"I suppose you boys work awfully hard at school."

"Huh, imagine me leaving my books to drag a thing like you around the floor. Too bad I've got to do something to kill time."

"Have you seen the Follies yet?"

"That's right, drop hints. I'm not biting."

"Where are you going after the dance?"

"Some place where you won't be able to hang in."

"This dance over so soon? I enjoyed it immensely."

"Yeah, I suppose it will feel pretty bad when you have to support yourself again."

— J. B. G.



A FISH STORY

Where are you going my pretty maid?

I'm going fishing, sir, she said,

But why the make-up, why the clothes?

Oh, any fish will fall for those.



"I see that Harvard is playing the Brown team again this fall."

"Why, I thought Harvard had drawn the color line."



"Ah sir, could you give me two bits? Pity a poor bud what's down and out. If you only knew what it meant to be friendless and despised by all —."

"Don't I! I'm a Physics instructor."



THE WIND

*The night is hot. That orange moon-disk envies me,
And sends its baby beams across this purple sea
To mingle with the breathing of the palms in sleep, profound,*

*Whose soft sighs, faint, like some Aeolian love-harp sound.
The sea is singing age-old melodies that seem
To call you to its bosom — there to lie and dream.*

*Upon a rock amid the moonlight there you stand,
Your golden hair about you, raising one white hand
In gesture, beckoning, you softly call me near
To kiss your heart and whisper love-things dear.
And from across the sea I come to you and find
That I do love you as the moon. I am the wind.*

— W. W. R.



"Say, boss, could I ask you a favor?"

"Sorry, haven't got a cent, besides I'm working this side of the street myself."

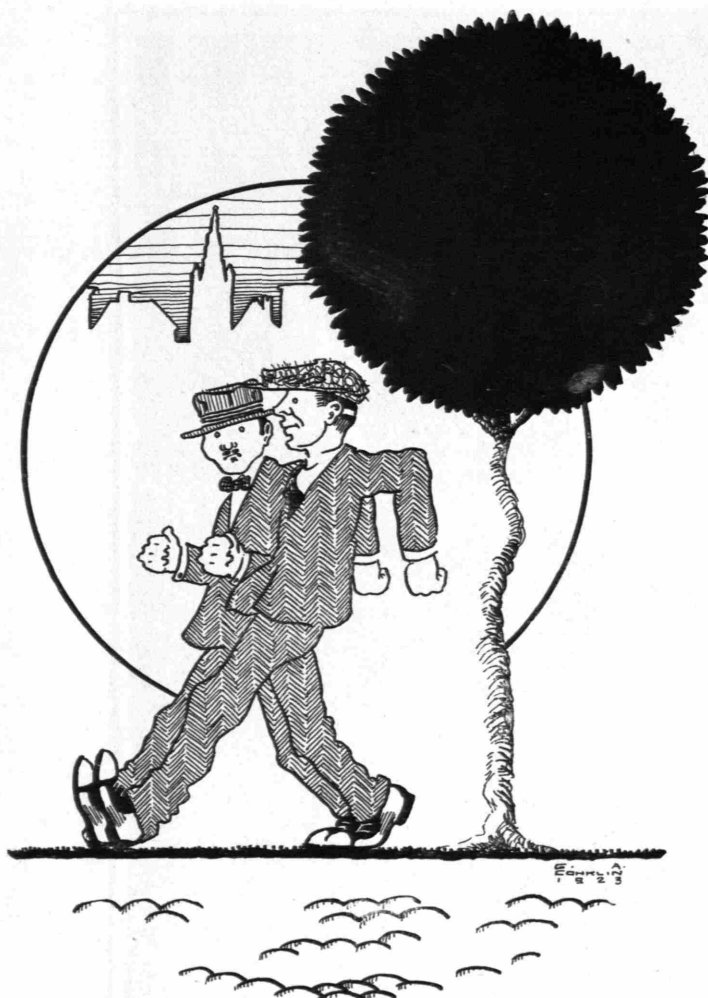
— M. C. D.



THE TECH SHOW GIRL — Fancy



THE TECH SHOW GIRL — Fact



Wise: "Had a new cocktail last night called 'Block and Fall'."

Crack: "Wadda' ya mean — 'Block and Fall'?"

Wise: "Ya' drink it in this block, and fall in the next!"

Crack: "Well, I had a 'Chicken Cocktail'."

Wise: "'Chicken,' eh? — how's that?"

Crack: "One drink an' there ya' lay!"



SONNET AUX FEMMES

To twenty girls at least I've had to write
But yet no jazzy dame has greeted fair
My sweetest, strongest efforts to ensnare
Her into favoring on Friday night
The Copley-Plaza with the stunning sight
Of her loved self; I always get the air.
Three pens I've ruined by the wear and tear
Of scribbling — Now, oh blackest blinding blight
Of man's design or God's be on that sex
Which vaunts itself superior to the male.
Each one no better than a shambling hag —
A curse upon you, worthless, red-lipped wrecks!
Defiance I bid you; may your bodies pale
Rot forever in — I'm going to stag!

— A. B. B.

HOW I GOT MY LETTER — (F)

When calculus bores me to weeping
And my eyebrows are starting to lower
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour.

And I hear in the hall at the Brunswick
The patter of little feet
And the strains of high-jazz potent
And wailing, soft and sweet.

Then I chuck my math in a corner
And get on my well-worn tux
And hie me hence through the darkness
To get rid of five or ten bucks.

— P. L.



SCENE IN COUNTRY STORE

Customer: "I want a cake —"

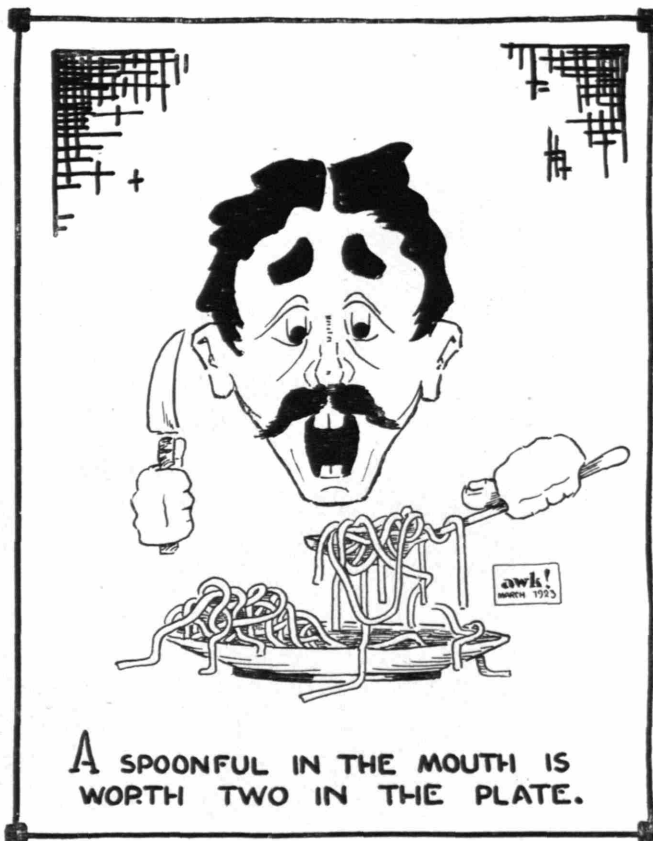
Peppy Salesman: "Sponge, raisin, or fruit?"

Customer: "No! I want —"

Peppy S.: "Silver, gold, pound?"

Customer: "Calm down! I want a cake of soap."

— A. R. B.



A SPOONFUL IN THE MOUTH IS
WORTH TWO IN THE PLATE.

THE ONE NIGHT STAND

[The curtain rises on a crowded court room. The accused, Michael Cohen, is making his last appeal to the jury. As Cohen speaks the plaintive melody "Hearts and Flowers" is softly played by the orchestra. As David Bubert speaks, the stirring air of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" is heard, increasing in volume until the curtain falls.]

Cohen: "You have heard the malicious libel that my partner, Olson, and myself, cannot be replaced. One last word I beg of the honorable court. For thirty years my partner and I played the one night stands. The horror of it! We played in Red Bank, New Jersey, and in Chelsea, Massachusetts. My God — have you ever been in Red Bank? (One juror shows sympathy.) Or Chelsea? (Tears from the audience.) We played there one night. The next day the town burned down, but I digress — to be knocked from one hick town to another — to travel for years and never see a "Child's Filling Station" — to sleep on a feather bed (more tears) to ride in the smoker and hear that joke of the bride and groom twice a day — for thirty years. (Judge blows his nose.) You cannot imagine — you who live in your three rooms and bath, wear felt slippers and read the *American* — you cannot imagine the torture of our life. Psychological hysteria? Not by a damn sight! We played, we starved, we slaved for thirty years. Now — now, things have changed. We gambled — with somebody's else's money, and won. We won. Won! Won!! (Breaks down.) We, who were hissed in Erie — won in New York. And now, we have four suits on our hands — everyone is after our money — but they can't have it — can't have it, I say. For thirty years we bummed, stole, begged —."

Bubert: "Stop! Stop! Stop! Cease this, I beg of you. I withdraw my suit. I will pay the costs. But you Michael Cohen — you Michael Cohen — must dissolve your partnership with Isidore Olson. I want you and you alone. I will pay you three thousand dollars a week, a month, a year, ten years — I care not — but you must come with —"

Cohen: "You want me to do a monologue?"

Bubert: "Monologue? Blaaah! I am sending a company to tour Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, and I want you — Michael Cohen — to take the part of "Uncle Tom."

[Curtain]

— R. B. F

MARRIED LIFE

(a la cards)

Queen of hearts, jack of hearts, —
Solitaire!
 Diamond flush, ask for one —
One pair!
 Meld a hundred, full house —
Rummy!
 Too many Queens still in the deck, —
Discard dummy!
 Discarded wrong, try bluffing, called —
Hand is played!
 Lose the game, put in the hole —
Spade.

— H. E. W.



Friend: "How was the last movie you saw?"

Censor: "Oh, awfully dull, pictures are getting so terribly decent. We could only cut out two scenes."

— H. S.



A cannibal from the South Sea Isles
 Paused in his journey outside a Child's;
 He glanced within, and blessed our law.
 "Ladies Served Here" was what he saw.



"I'm just ill over the prospect of Gerald's new car."

"Affection for the old one?"

"No, but it's going to be a racer. And you know Gerald is so literal."

DRAMA

Place: Any old room.

Persons: Any two fellows.

Time: One week before the Prom.

"Lo, Dick; any mail?"

"No. Say, by the way, Hank, could I have that boiled shirt of yours next week?"

"Sure, but what's the idea?"

"I'm going to the Prom."

"What?"

"I said I'm going to the Prom."

"Say, Dick, are you crazy?"

"No, why?"

"Gee, I'd like to see a fellow catch me dragging a dame to the Prom again. Once cured me. You never went before, didja?"

"No, what's wrong about it?"

"Say, Dick, you make me laugh. Did you ever hear about anybody ever having a good time at the Prom? Of course they don't admit the truth. But let me tell you, it's the dullest thing on earth. I wouldn't go again if you promised me a million. Just wait till it's over. You won't have a cent of your allowance left and you'll be living on frankforts and pretzels while I'll be eating chicken dinners. While you'll be wasting your time with the woman showing her around Tech — and that don't interest her anyhow — I'll be doing my back work and get a chance to pass a few subjects. Well, you're young yet, so go ahead. You'll have to learn by experience. Honest, I do feel sorry for you, Dick."

"Wait a sec, I'm going to answer the bell."

"Say, Dick, what is it?"

"A special delivery for you."

"Let's see it. (Pause while reading) . . . Oh, boy! She's accepted!"

"Accepted what?"

"My invitation to the Prom, Dick, you big boob."

(Curtain. All weep.)

—H. S.



DEMENTED DISCOURSE

"What time is it?"

"Harpers Ferry."

"I didn't know you liked brown."

"I'll answer that question by asking you one, 'What time is it?'"

"Twice a week."

"Yes, Westerns are good."

At this juncture the keeper lead the pair off.

—H. A. M

DECISION

My mind is confused and my thoughts far away,
For that time of the year is now come,
When I must decide from my list of good dates
Just who I will take to the Prom.

There is much to consider in making the choice
For Prom comes not often, you know.
So I sit in my chair with my trusty old pipe,
Then memories and visions do flow.

My casual friends are the first to fall out,
For friends must most intimate be
For a solid three days of my presence to stand,
So at last my list narrows to three.

My first is some party, but sad to relate
That's all I can say for her "rep";
My second is all that the first is and more
But unfortunately has too much pep.

So we come to our third, and here we must stop;
As a dancer she rates above all
And as dancing is half of the week-end, no doubt
She will straightway be tendered "the call."

—A. R. B.

A HOT ONE

"Say, Joe, you're a broker; can't you give me a tip?"

"I know something that is now about twenty, and within six months I can guarantee it to be over ninety."

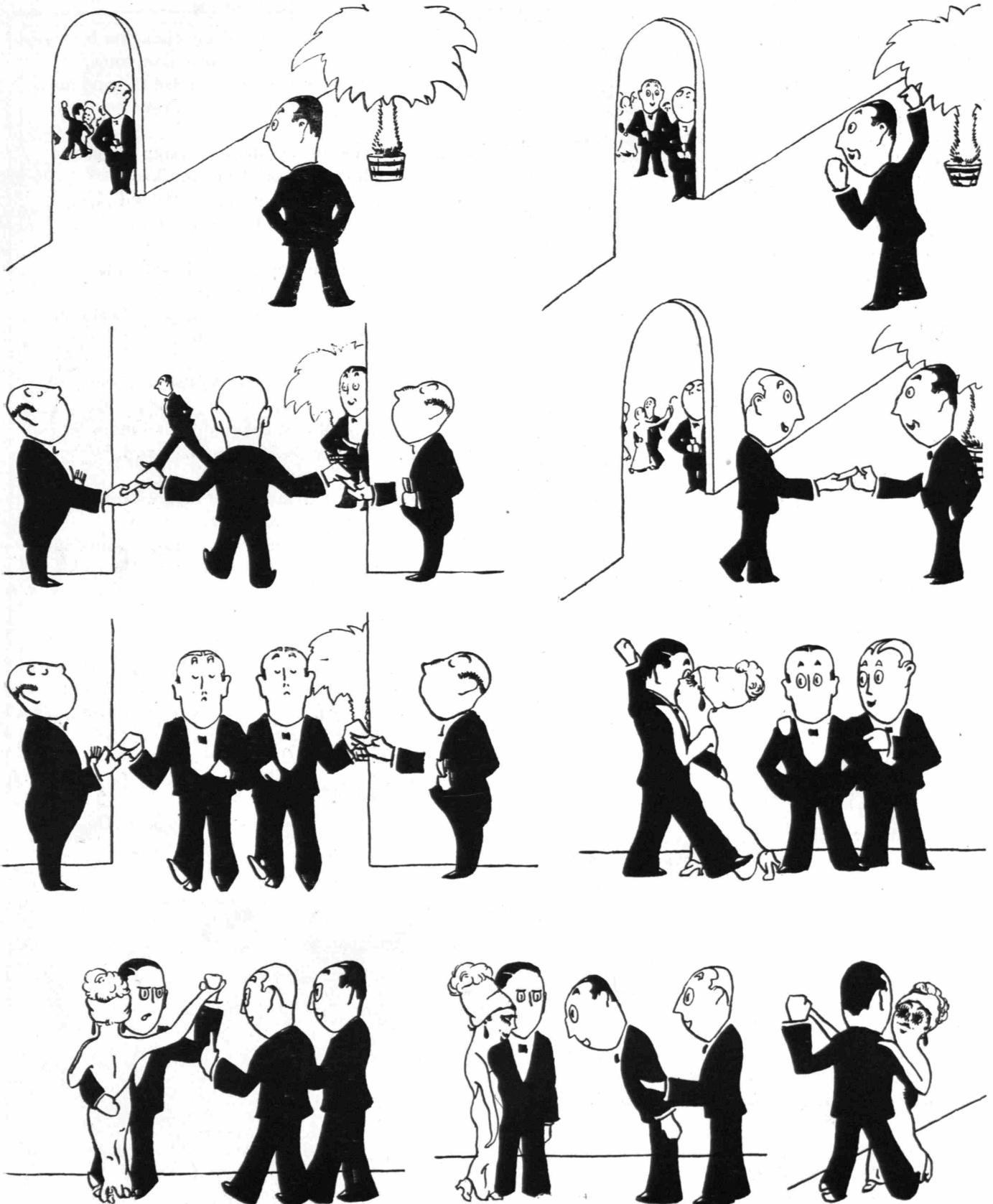
"Sounds fine! What is it?"

"The thermometer."

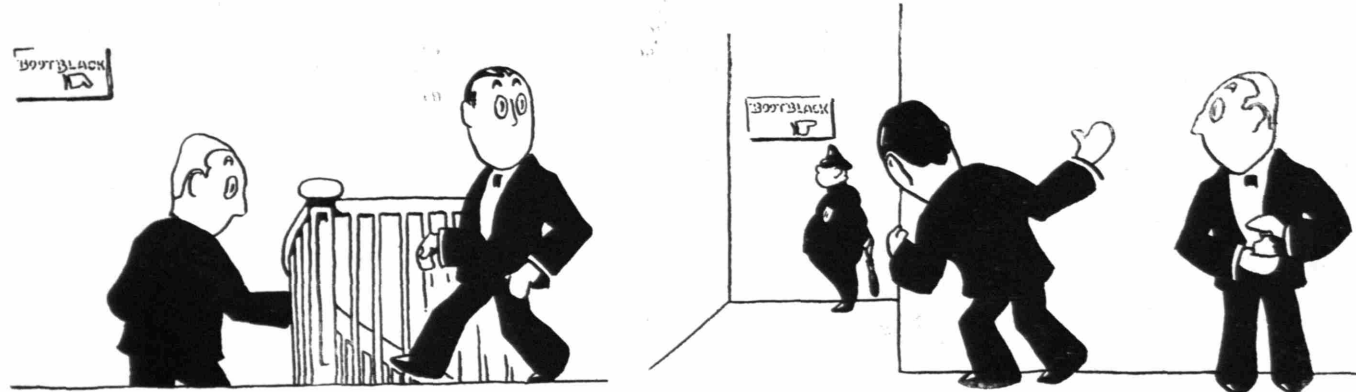
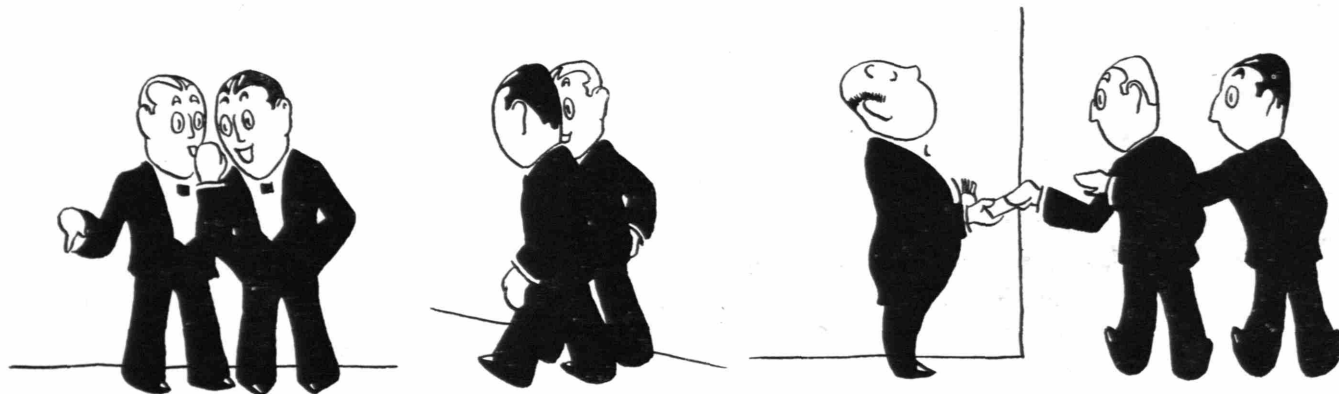
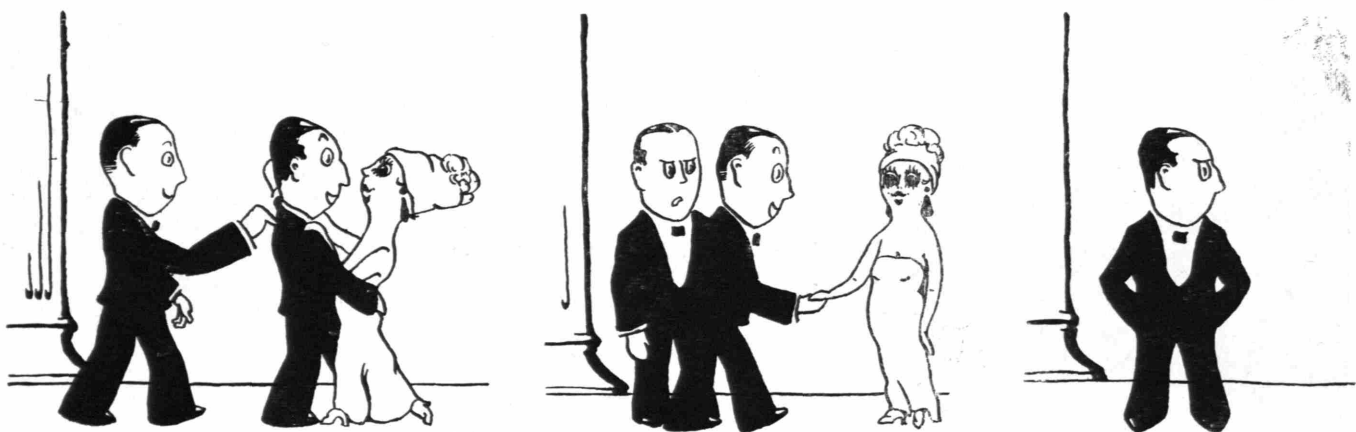
—R. A. R



THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA

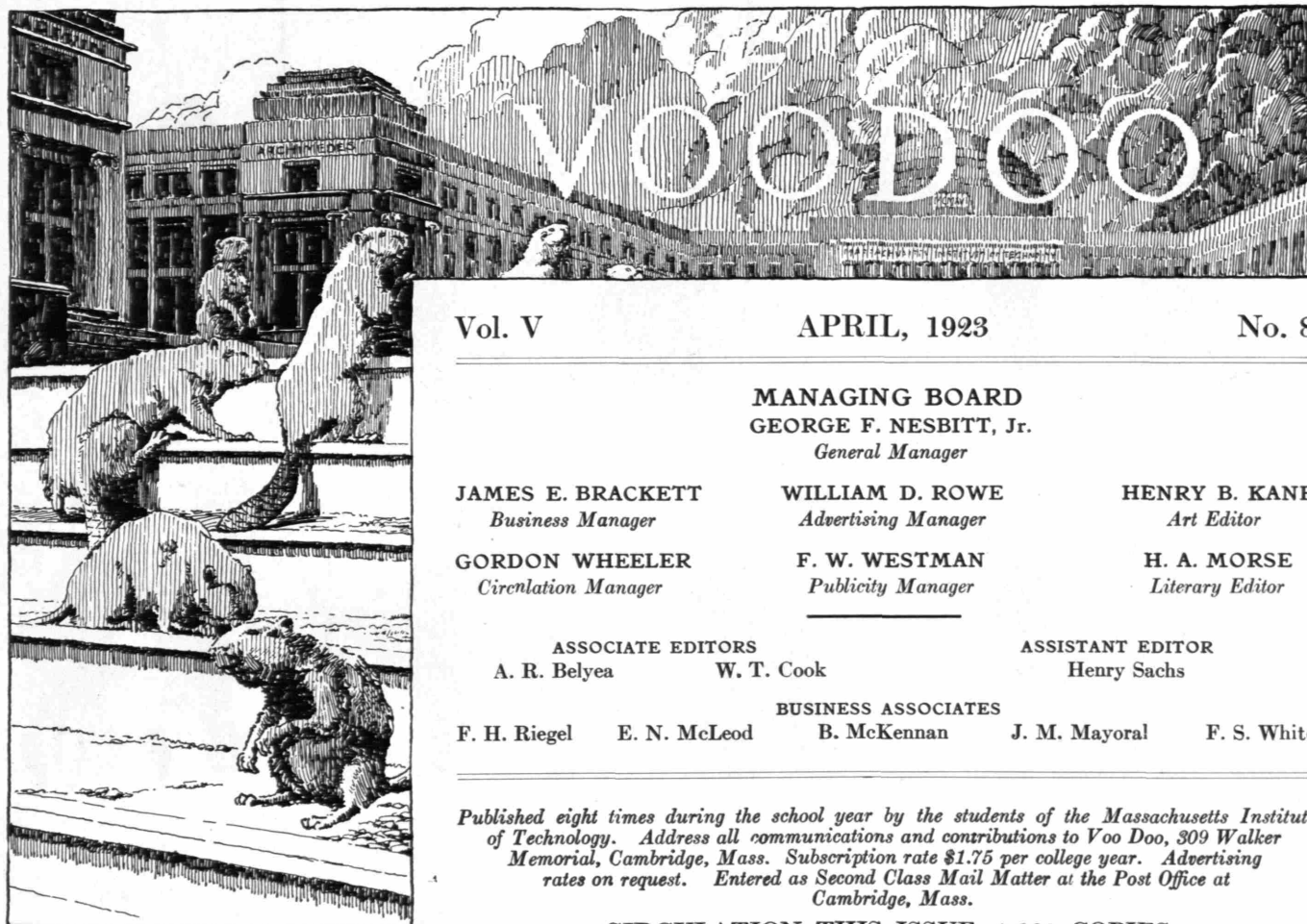


THE PROM STAG. I



THE PROM STAG. II

KANE



Vol. V

APRIL, 1923

No. 8

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CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE, 5,000 COPIES



**Spring
is hear
that
blizzard**

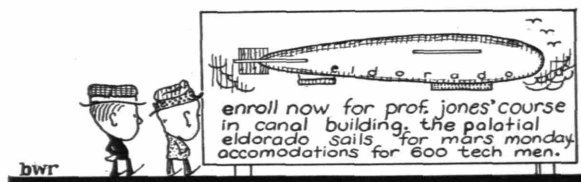
Again the Freshmen are wearing their uniforms, again the Sophomores are listening to Professor Rogers' dissertations on *The Voice of Science*, again the Juniors have made preparations for the big event, again the Seniors are beginning to prepare their theses. All this means to Phosphorus that spring has come at last. But nature too shows changes. The puddles towards Kendall Square dry up, the tennis courts become visible and two flowers bloom in the Great Court. Yes, spring is here, and with it Junior Week. After a winter of hard work, Phosphorus rubs his old eyes and begins to make his annual preparations. Before the Victrola he tries to limber up his legs and remember some of his old trick steps and, bending over his check book, he tries to figure out just how much of a real time he will be able to show her. Everybody is busy trying to think up a good line and asks himself the age-old questions: Should I work fast? What will I do, if she squeezes my hand? Is it being done this year? Can I kiss her the second night out? Will she let me carry her key? Is that other fellow still after her? All questions only time can answer. On reading Byron, Phosphorus ran across the following:

"What a strange thing is man! And what a stranger
Is woman."

Although this may have presented quite a problem to the noted poet, all is clear to Phosphorus' feline brain and out of his wide and varied experience, he gives you the following advice. Don't work too fast, but if she squeezes your hand, squeeze back; if she stands in front of you with her eyes cast down and her lips curled, kiss

her; if she gives you her key, go with her into the parlor. But don't do any one of these things if she doesn't give the initiative, and there will be no suicides at Tech this year. So remember, never act on your own initiative, and, what is worse, never listen to your roommate. Again let me caution you, sturdy engineers, not to let the spring fever or your girl's beautiful complexion lose your automatic self-control; and listen to Phosphorus and you and your girl are assured a good time. Remember that terrible pun Pascal made, when he said:

"If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed."



Sink or Swim

The morning mail brought us notice of the new Candler Floating School which is now in progress of construction. The very excellent idea behind this project includes the rebuilding and refitting of a transport ship as an efficiently equipped school. With a corps of instructors and a group of about four hundred boys, the vessel is to start its journey around the globe this summer. The combination of travel and competent instruction supplementing the travel and rendering it more intelligent and worthwhile is indeed a happy one, and those who may take advantage of this nine months of pleasure and learning are most fortunate.

But the notice started the always warped mentality of Phosphorus off on another warp. If Candler can Technology can. The time is ripe. A drive for dormitories may be immediately changed to a petition signed by the Bursar and Registrar of Summer School. This petition will be for part of the navy which would otherwise be scrapped, and would undoubtedly go through as a rider on a petition to excuse oversleeping in class. The gymnasium problem and the hope of having a swimming tank are solved and satisfied in one move — run around the deck and jump overboard.

The moving of the buildings now extant is simple. A canal exists in Building 3 as if planned for the purpose. We have only to place a barge in this canal, wait for the piles to settle from under the Institute, and allow it to be floated away. Three weeks will suffice.

And then, oh the joy of going to Tech! No more Dudley cars, no more vice dens, no movies, no Fenway, no stale fish for lunch at Walker, and no pebbles in the Great Court. Mathematics in New York harbor, English at the Bermudas, Heat at Florida, and Organic at Havana. All one happy family, closely knit, isolated, amphibious — almost fishy in their schooling.

Surely minds that can foresee boiler explosions, weigh the earth, build Hog Island, corner the lantern market, design machine shops, or give E.E.E., will not allow us to remain longer securely anchored to one spot on this terrestrial domain. Godspeed the change, and may we still have pilots on the good ship *Mal de Mer*.



Wring Out the Old

The last feeble utterings of the Managing Board of Voo Doo, Volume V, through these columns are at once a vindication of Mr. Barnum's theory of gullibility, and of Voo Doo's ability to propagate well. It is with a keen feeling of the severing of pleasant relations that the retiring board slams the door for the last time. We are very conscious that our twelve-month has been one of good cheer and fragrant memories. The work has been in every way compatible with the nature of the material handled. No reward could be asked for the work we have done beyond the pleasure we have taken in the task, and the unanimous approbation we have received in our efforts from those who know nothing at all of collegiate publishing problems. We wish to thank our newspaper critics, as well as those who have published communications, for the support they have given us at every turn, no matter which way we made the turn. To see activities so well supported in an institution where activities are withal so simple an undertaking is indeed gratifying.

We are always happy to see our textbooks utilized. It is a matter of genuine delight to us that our friends should so obviously adhere to Matt Arnold's Handbook on Criticism, and insure that criticism is "dispassionate and dis (or was it un-?) -interested."

And so we quit the editorial muse; and in our places we leave new men, new ideas, new initiative, and new courage to the task. May their efforts bring pleasure to them, success to the Voo Doo, and credit to Technology. The successors whom we wish to present are:

William D. Rowe, '24, General Manager; Charles M. Billman, '25, Business Manager; Herbert A. Morse, '24, Managing Editor; Henry B. Kane, '24, Art Editor; Frank H. Riegel, '25, Advertising Manager; William C. Bartow, '24, Circulation Manager; Fred W. Westman, '24, Publicity Manager.

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He: "It wouldn't be much trouble for us to marry, my father is a minister you know."

She: "Well, let's have a try at it anyway — my dad's a lawyer."

HOW WE WOULD LIKE TO STRANGLE —

The man who lifts his soup spoon up
And has to have his sneeze.
He blows the darn stuff in our face
And says, "Excuse me, please."

The portly one who bars the way,
Too dumb to clear the lane,
As frantically we push and shove
In haste to make a train.

The darling boy who is polite,
Assists us with our chair.
And lo, behold he pulls too far,
Instead we sit on air.

The thoughtful aunt who brings a doll
For John, her nephew sweet,
Forgetting that her John is grown
And twenty-one last week.

The matron of our boarding house
Who serves us evil prunes.
We look askance, we know they are
The ones we had last June.

The girl that we take to a dance
And then we never see.
She says she only went with Jack
Upon a little spree.

The wag who takes her chewing gum
And twists it out of shape.
Alluringly she looks at us —
We fear to meet our fate.

The prof who simply has to have
His daily funny poke.
He dreams not that they laugh at him
Instead of at his joke.

The barber who doth cut our hair
And recommends a shave.
He does not know that every morn
We made our beard behave.

— B. P. L.



AN ARABIAN SIGHT

Had you seen behind the palms
The terrible thing I saw,
Your hair would still be standing
Upright with fear galore.

The desert was quite desolate,
And the midnight moon stood high,
The shadows showed up deeply,
And a spring began to sigh.

The quiet was depressing
Beneath these majestic palms
And near the tinkling brooklet
Where a beggar prayed for alms.

Under the mellow moon-beams
That softly stole through the trees,
Oh, horror! was a maiden
With an Arab on his knees.

— H. S.

TECH·SHOW·1923

THE·SUN·TEMPLE





IN FRANCE

Heliotrope: "I wonder what town this is?"

Hepatica: "It isn't on the map, but that sign up there says 'Dames'."

WHERE OUR TREASURE LIES

There's full many a wonderful girl, Bob,
 In this land and o'er the sea,
 With her heart beating truly for love, Bob,
 For you and even for me.
 Her lips may be sweet and enticing, Bob,
 And her hair of most wondrous gleam;
 Eyes that light up like the dawning, Bob,
 In rapturous glory enshrouded they seem.
 Her words may be cleverly laid, Bob,
 To set our poor souls a-pining;
 But a fellow must get it straight, Bob,
 It isn't her line — it's her lining.

— W. T. C.



Admirer: "How long does it usually take you to write a poem?"

Poet: "Oh, about twenty cigarettes."

— H. S.



He: Oh, I say Miss Smith, don't address me as *Mr. Stevens*

She: But really, *Mr. Stevens*, I hardly know you. Why shouldn't I call you *Mr. Stevens*?

He: Because my name is Jones.

TO NIE



She: Fred lost his voice cheering for Harvard.

He: That's nothing I lost my bankroll cheering a chorus girl.

THE INTRUDER

All was silent in the parlor
 As I drew her to my breast,
 I felt her heart's blood throbbing
 When my own lips came to rest.

Oh, sweet nectar of Diana!
 Thy good taste was never thus,
 But as I stooped to taste again
 Methinks I heard a fuss.

I thought someone was coming near,
 I turned and gazed about,
 The moon crept through the window
 But I did not scream or shout.

I pressed her hand and waited,
 Nor did I even cuss,
 I thought it was quite harmless,
 To be sure, it beamed on us.

— B. P. L.



He: Would you like to go to the Prom.
 She (much excited): Yes, very much.
 He: Alright, come around about twelve and I'll let you use my girl's door-check.

SOLUTION

Tulsus G. Highjinke chewed the end of his fountain pen, though there is hardly anything less nourishing. He was in a state, and really didn't care who knew it. At the breakfast table his mother had noticed that Tulsus, whose gestures were usually the quintessence of studied grace, had several times flicked his ring-finger in a very upsetting way. Not only that, but he took three cubes of sugar instead of his accustomed two, and plunked the third one in almost aggressively. "It is high time for me to assert my virility," thought Tulsus, as he wilfully avoided the stricken look in his mother's eyes. Now he had secluded himself and was engaged in writing a letter, and had become stranded upon an infinitive. "They either should or should not be split," he knew, "whatever that wretched rule is." The letter was very important, as in it he was making a proposal of marriage. "Mary will be surprised when she gets this," he thought, "as she knows that I usually dispose of my correspondence on Monday, and this is Thursday."

It was very disconcerting that Bow-wow Atkins happened to drop in just at this moment. "This is an unusual hour to call," said Bow-wow, "but Mary and I became engaged last night and I want you to be one of the ushers." Tulsus drew a sigh of relief. "It was so disturbing," he reflected, "to have to decide about that infinitive."

— T. B.

POOR GUY!

*She swore she knew no wicked arts
 With which men to ensnare
 As thus she said, she tossed her head,
 And fluffed her fluffy hair.*

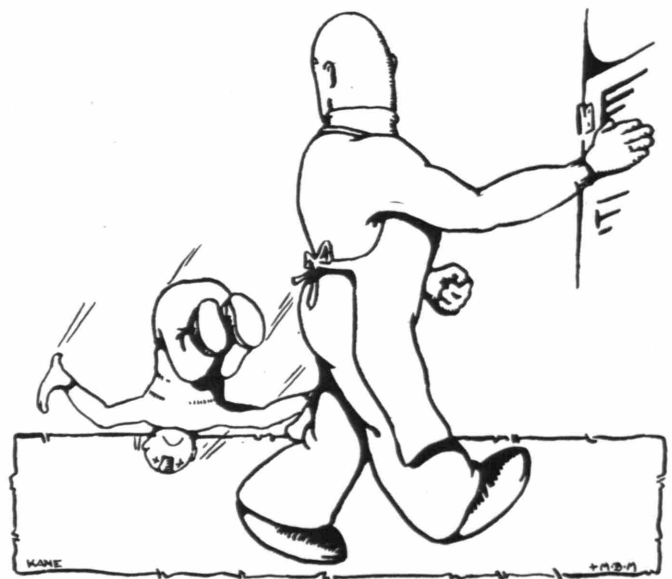
*Of methods, she had not a one.
 She pulled a flapper pout
 Then smiled on me a sweet-sad smile
 That brought her dimples out.*

*She told me that she still might learn
 What now she lacked — technique.
 Two dark brown eyes, which ne'er told lies,
 Through long dark lashes peeked.*

*And then in supplication deep
 She upward turned her face;
 Beseeched that I might tell her how
 To gain her then — lost place.*

*And I sincerely sympathized;
 This innocent young miss;
 I took her in my arms, and Boys!
 I'll say that girl could kiss!*

— P. L.

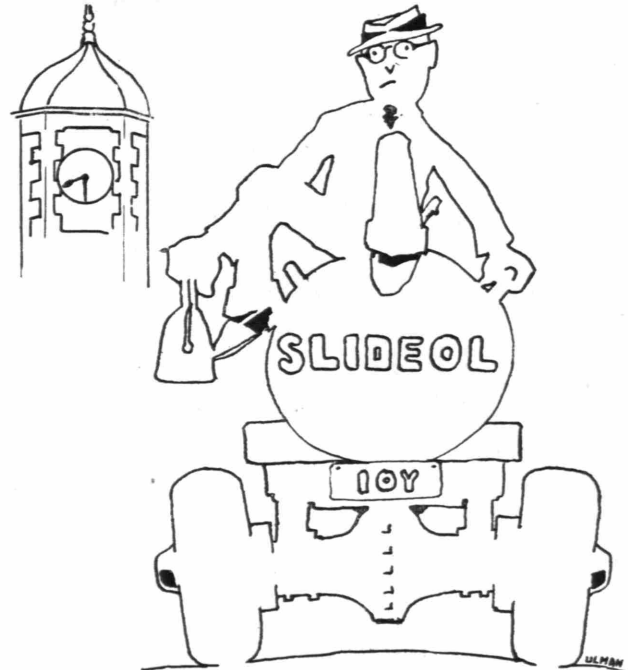


THE POWER BEHIND THE THROWN

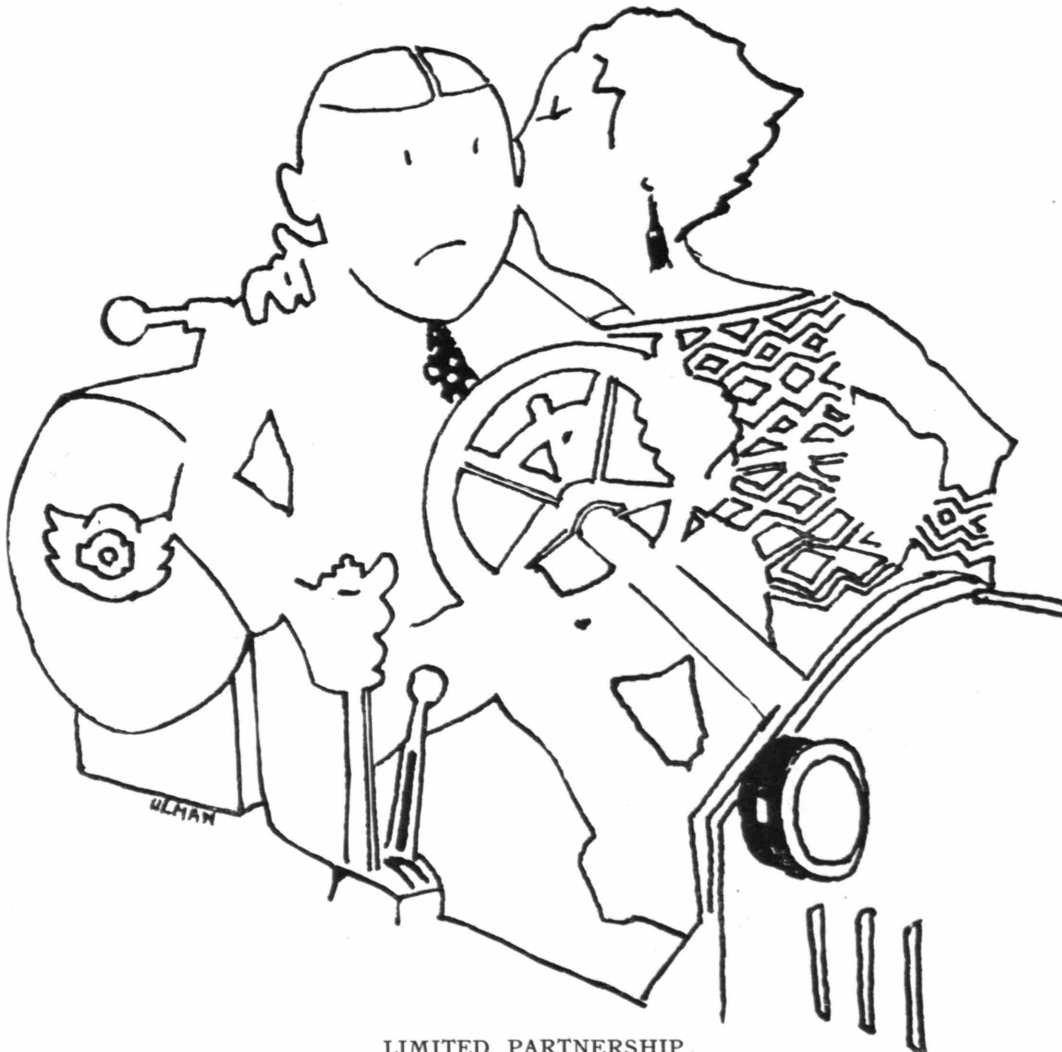
Some Elements of Economics



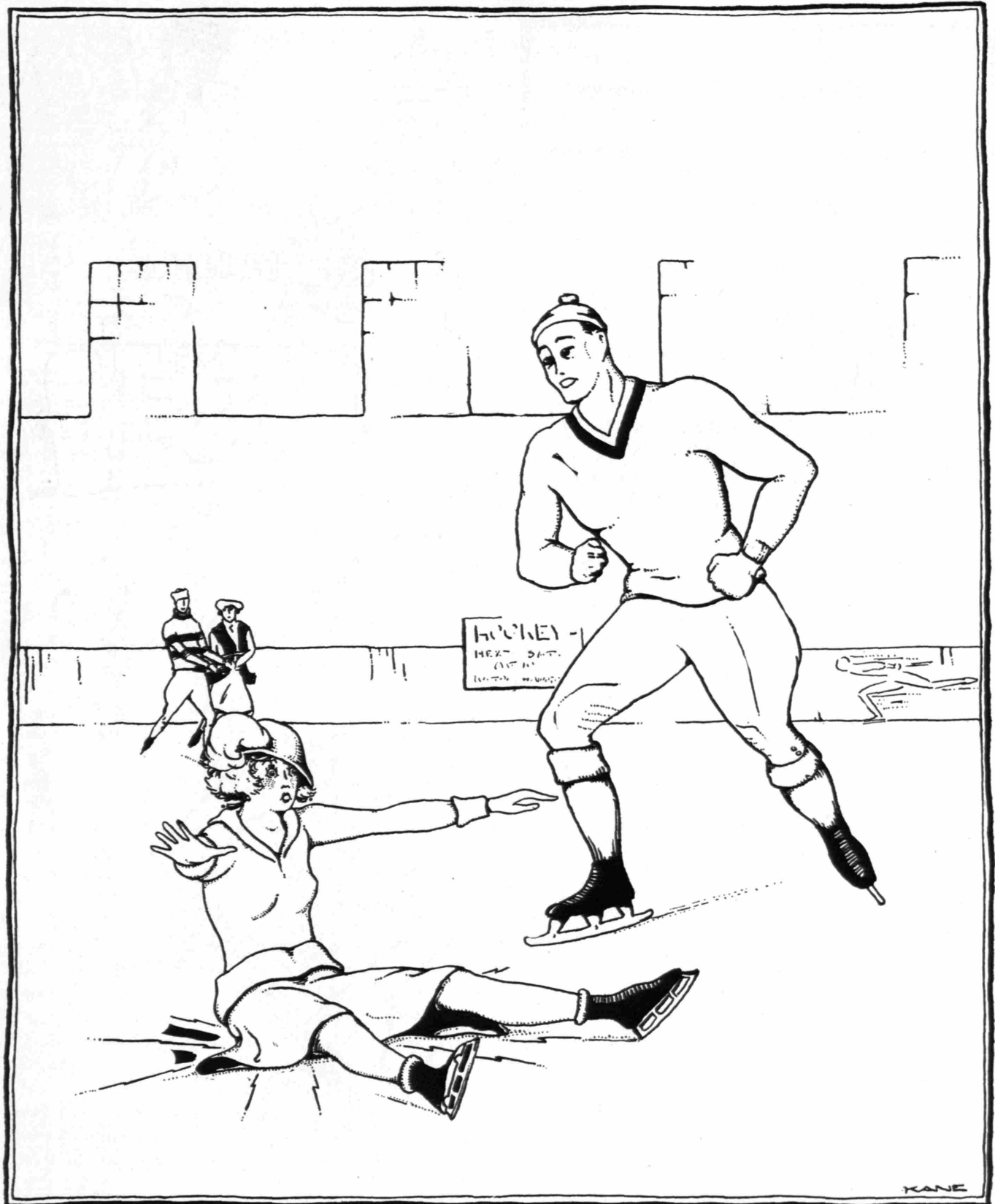
HOLDING COMPANY



OIL MERGER



LIMITED PARTNERSHIP



He: "I see Bill has a steady job here at the rink now."

She: "What is he doing?"

He: "Picking up fallen women."

HAVE YOU A WEAK MIND?

"Why of course I recall you — you're Mr. Obediah Gump of Podenkville. And I positively can't wait to hear how that Carbon Disulphide Mining deal turned out. Now I have it! It was on Friday, January 13, 1867, that I was introduced to you and eighty-nine other Podenkville representatives, and to be sure, it was at the Annual Bazaar for the benefit of the Undernourished Hindoos. I am glad to see you, Mr. Gump. How dia I remember you? By your most unusual cigars. My dear Gump, I could never forget your cigars. And then there is that dirt spot beneath your left ear. I always select some permanent fixture in a man's appearance by which to remember him."

My attention was at once attracted by this singular conversation which occurred recently in the lobby of an East-bound side-door Pullman going West. The speaker, a round-faced man with thin, narrow features, was attired in the knickeriest of checkered knickers, an orange necktie, and bright yellow spats. In the distance, I saw, rather than felt, the unusual personality of the man. It was none other than the great Professor Hokum, Bull N. Hokum. Twenty years ago Professor Hokum was noted for his poor memory. He could hardly remember his favorite brand of cheese, far less the names of the attractive stenographers who labored to gain his favor. What was he to do? Here indeed was a desperate situation. One day Hokum happened to be checking up figures in a copy of the Felice Gazzle. His eye was immediately attracted to a Moth's Memory Course advertisement. The rest was simple. Today Professor Hokum knows all the ushers in the Boston theaters by their noms de boudoire — he has on his lips the telephone numbers of thousands of elevator girls.

Wouldn't you like to be able to call every janitor at the Stute by his nick-name? Wouldn't it be great to recall at will the political history of all noted Bostonians, from the greatest down to Mayor Curley? Would not



— on an east-bound side-door Pullman going West —

you like to know by heart the divorce dates of all famous movie actresses? The power is within your grasp. Simply tear off the attached coupon, send it in, and receive, absolutely free, an installment of Moth's unparalleled Memory Course. Merely enclose ten dollars to cover cost of printing, etc. We absolutely insist that you have satisfaction. We will refund money upon request, only retaining nine dollars and ninety-nine cents covering postage and envelope fees. Don't miss this unequalled offer. The posterity and welfare of our nation is in your hands.

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With no more obligation on my part than necessary, please send me the first lesson of your Memory Course. If I am satisfied with it I will subscribe to the course, provided I can remember to send the subsequent payments.

Name..... (In henna crayon)

Address.....

City.....State.....

B. P. L.



"A little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky one day,
And it nestled in the ocean in a spot not far away;
And when the Angels saw it, it looked so sweet and fair,
They said, 'Suppose we leave it, for it looks so peaceful
there.'

And when they had it finished, why, they called it Ireland."

—From old popular song.



FREYA

Strike on your harps, O Minstrels of the Sun,
Praise Aphrodite in her Golden shrine,
Sing Astoreth in all her glowing splendor,
Your praise will never reach the height of mine.

What do I care? My song is of a fairer,
In heart, in mind, in body, and in soul,
Through all my life I wait upon her altar
And always will her wishes be my goal.

Not from the hot and fickle South she wanders,
To grace my shrine for but a single day,
But from the North her mighty call has rounded
And who am I that I should not obey.

She has not spoken, yet with blue-eyed fairness
Within my heart she sits upon the throne,
And though I journey far from her I cherish
With her fair vision, I am not alone.

Why should I care? What matter if I perish?
The thought that I have known her will survive
And like a star will guide me o'er the waters
Of that dim sea I cannot cross alive.

O Northern Muse, Thou of the flaxen tresses,
Thou art the fairest goddess of them all,
And though thou never glance upon my altar
Yet ever will I answer to thy call.

J. F. W., Jr.

IF I HAD NO THOUGHT OF THE MORROW

*If I had no thought of the morrow,
The thought of the trials of life,
I would leave all this humdrum existence
To search for rare treasure, perhaps strife!*

*I'd charter a ship or a schooner;
Call together a rough crew of ten;
And turn its bright prow toward the Orient
Toward Shanghai, Hawaii, Tientsin.*

*I'd gather the treasures I'd find there;
The best I would keep with great care,
Then after a twelfthmonth or longer,
I'd gather them all to my lair.*

*Together I'd place them and send them
With best of all wishes to thee;
Then lash down the spare sheets and hatches
And once again put out to sea.*

*Then after I'd searched all the world o'er
To give you the best it contains,
I'd turn my ship back to its home port
For you, its best treasure, to gain.*

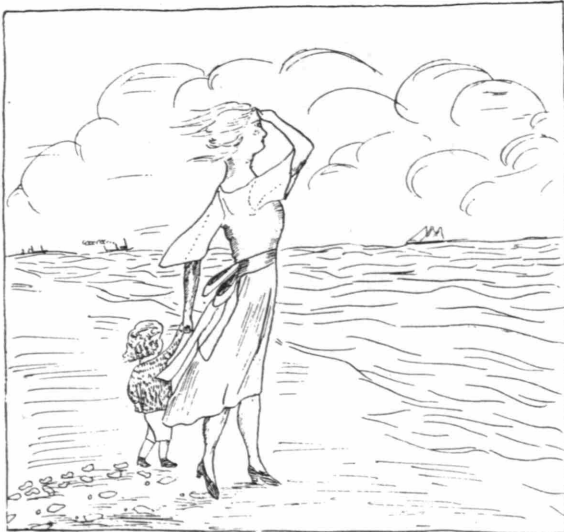
— A. R. B.



THE GOOD OLD DAZE

AMATEURS' PAGE

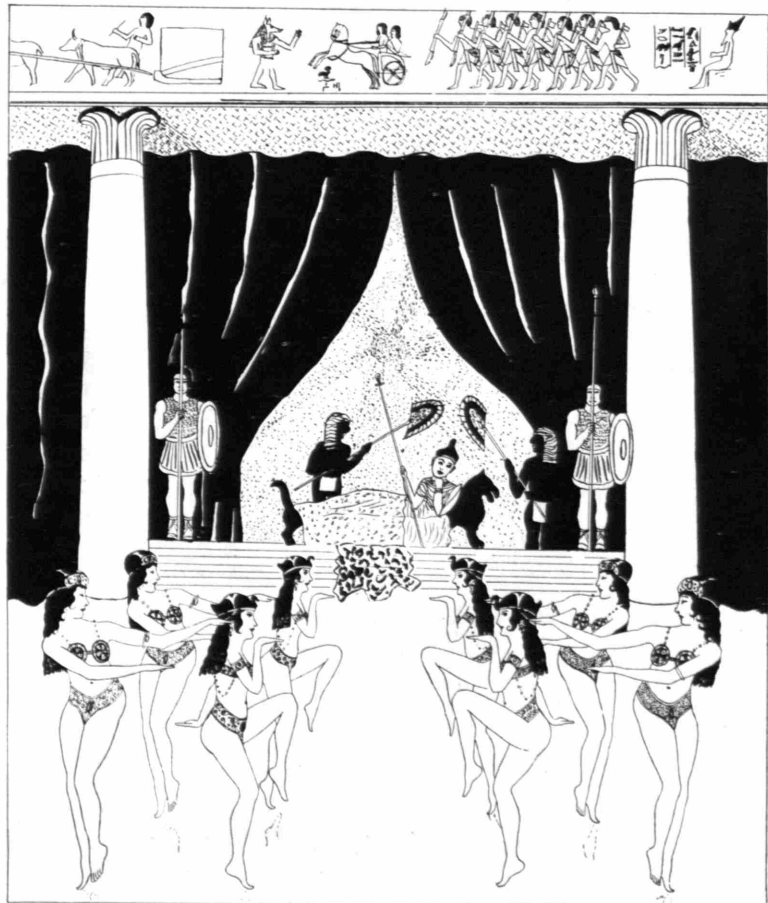
FOR those who have recently made their initial effort in the art line of the Voo Doo, we have dedicated this page. Their work is good, and it is hoped that they will be encouraged to remain as regular contributors. Special attention is directed to the captions which point out the eminent acceptability of the cuts.



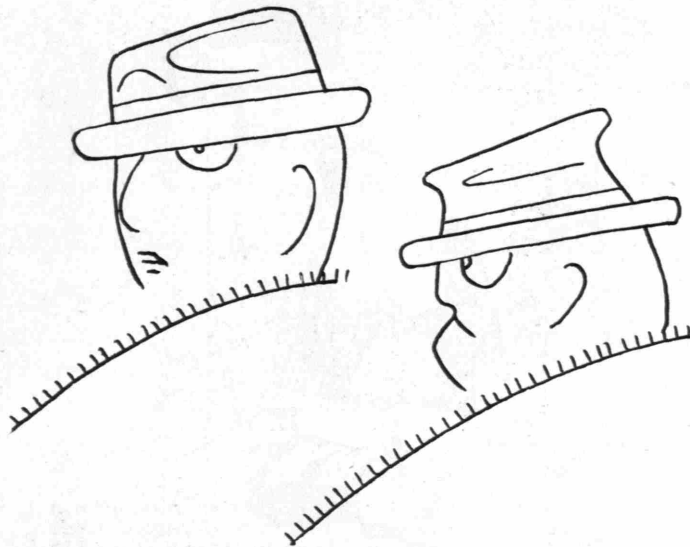
In the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love
And departing leaves behind him
Footprints on the sands of time.



SHEER NONSENSE



A PROM IN KING TUT'S TIME



"Have you Myopia?"
 "No — nor anything else of yours, either."



JUSQU'A LA FIN

*She wrote, "O Tom
 How sweet of you
 To ask me to
 Your Junior Prom.
 I know it's trite
 But — heavens above;
 It's you I love
 Ad infinit — um."*

*Their lips soon met,
 Sweet things she said;
 Tom lost his head —
 Without regret.
 Now see the sight
 Of his sad Phiz —
 Ad its finit — um.*

— A. R. B.

RETROSPECTION

I always thought that a group of boys singing "How Dry I Am" were confirmed drunkards.

That collegians couldn't afford better hats.

That the student wore a neck-throttling sweater, flannels; sat on a table and played a mandolin all day.

An array of charms and pins on the vest marked a "man of affairs."

That at every exam no one knew anything but they "swung a mean line" and got by.

But that was all before my first Prom. I know better now.

— H. A. M.



BLOSSOM TIME

*Spring is the gay blossom time
 When everything's in bloom,
 And love begins to waken
 And man forgets his gloom.*

*Blooming flowers, blooming gardens,
 Bloom and love begin their rule —
 Blooming orchards, blooming roses,
 Blooming idiot, blooming fool.*

— H. S.



IMPRESSIONS OF A HEAT LECTURE

Weird figures on board — young man writing home — student annoying sleepy neighbor with, "Oh, by the way, have you heard this one?" — reply: "Pipe down, I wanna learn *something* about this course" — a man taking notes — another man taking notes — that's all — professor lecturing to disinterested audience — abominably hard seats — zzzzzzzzz!

Morpheus is triumphant.

— H. A. M.



SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHES

for Young Men

4-Piece Sport Suits
Sack Suits Golf Suits
White Linen Knickers

Jordan Marsh Company

The Store for Men



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H. E. W. — H. E. West

TO MOST ANYONE

The girl I love is wondrous fair,
With eyes of purest blue,
The girl I love has spun-gold hair
(That's trite, I know, but true).

The girl I love, she knows no laws,
She's wild — and gentle, too.
This thrills me not, howe'er, because
The girl I love loves you.

— *Purple Cow*



"What is home without a mother?"
"An incubator."

— *Pelican*



SPEED

New Stenog: "Will you please loan me your watch?"

Office Boy: "What are you going to do, time yourself?"

N. S.: "Yes, why?"

O. B.: "Let me get you a calendar."

— *Cougar's Paw*

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Policeman, "Ho, an' what might we have in the bag?"
Vagabond, "To tell yer the honest truth, matey, I don't know. I ain't looked yet."

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For hours they had been together on her front porch.
The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and
handsome couple who sat strangely apart. He sighed.
She sighed. Finally:

"I wish I had money, dear," he said. "I'd travel."

Impulsively, she slipped her hand into his; then,
rising swiftly, she sped into the house.

Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a
nickel.

— *Lampoon*

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MAT.

— *Le Journal Amusant*

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"Jack kissed me last night."
"How many times?"
"I came to confess, not to boast."

— *Brown Jug*



Victor: "D'ya know Florence?"
Victim (suspecting a joke): "Who? Florence, Italy?"
Victor: "Yeh, Genoa?"

— *Wasp*



First Rate Professor: "I have no sympathy for a student who gets intoxicated every night."

Bright Stude: "Any bird who can do that isn't looking for sympathy."

— *Moonshine*



"Oh, what a dark room!"
"Well, here's where things develop."

— *Juggler*



Her: "What'll I get Bill for his birthday?"
She: "Oh, get him a book."
Her: "Oh, no. He has a book."

— *Dirge*

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THE WAY OF A WOMAN

(Continued from page 15)

to the best advantage. Thy hour of doom hath come, O Man. For she sootheth thy brow with her cool palm and runneth her graceful fingers through thy hair. The foolish swain thinketh this is all his doing; he thinketh of the wondrous comfort of such a life.

Caph

The foolish swain remarketh at the softness of her hands, the classic cut of her profile, the gentle wave of her hair, and the perfection of her limbs. Thou art lost. The ecstasy of the moment knows no conscience. He draws her to him. She gently resists but is overcome by his impetuous strength. He draws her to his breast and covers with kisses her eyes, her mouth, her throat. He professeth his love. She decideth that she might learn to love him in time but he must have patience.

Lamed

O callow youth! Thou thinkest thou hast wooed and won this maiden. The while she laugheth up her sleeve.

L'envoi

That thou wouldst long live in the favor of maidens; hear my precepts.

1. If thou kiss a maiden thou art lucky for a kiss is as a bottle of olives. Much is the trouble to obtain the first one, but once obtained, the rest are easily obtained.

2. Never pursue a maiden for a maiden is like unto a tram car; there is always another one coming. They are fewer after midnight but they go more speedily.

3. Explain not to her calculus, not triple E, for she hath curiosity for but one thing, and that be LOVE.

4. A clean tooth never decays.

— E. N. D.



The Judge: "You are charged with breaking a chair over this man's head."

The Hard One: "Yeronner, I didn't mean to break the chair!"

— Dirge

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Passenger, "Wot for?"

PAGE CAESAR

An Irishman and his wife were at the theatre for the first time. The wife noticed the word "Asbestos" printed on the curtain.

"Faith, Pat, and what does Asbestos on the curtain mean?"

"Be still, Mag, don't show your ignorance. That is Latin for 'Welcome.'"

— Exchange

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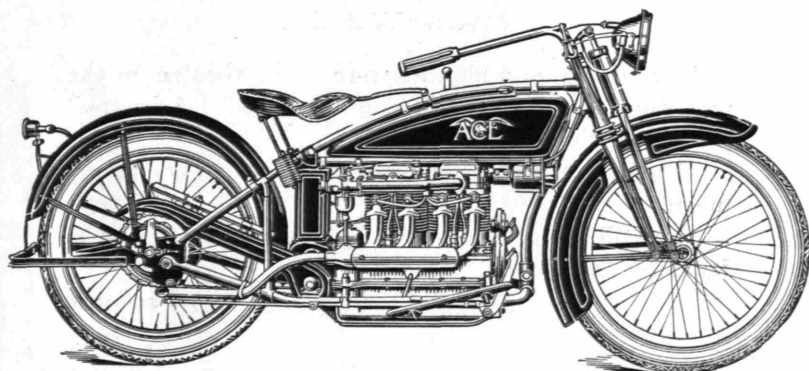
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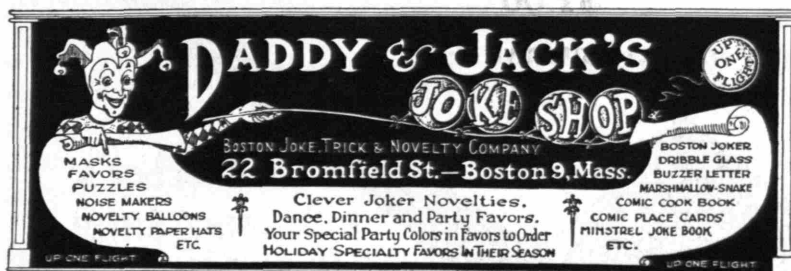
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He: I? But I live in a hotel!

—Beanpot



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The Boston Evening Transcript

is nearing its hundredth birthday. It is nearing it with the determination to be better at one hundred than it is today at ninety-two. A newspaper is really a succession of lives, a succession of issues that are born to live for a day. The part of it, the breath of life of it, that goes on so long as daily issue follows daily issue is its spirit, its reputation.

Modesty is as becoming in newspapers as it is in men. What the record of the TRANSCRIPT is, what it is as a readable newspaper, giving the news in such manner that it may respect itself and win the respect of decent, self-respecting people, what its record is as an advertising medium giving reputable advertisers opportunity to advertise where advertising assures profitable returns, its readers and advertisers know, and it has today more readers and more advertisers than it ever had before.

ONE FOR THE GOOD GRAY POET

This here new Chinese game was old stuff to Whittier.
Thus:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! Mah Jongg!" he said.
— *New York World*



Chinless: "Ha, don't you wish you were a man?"
Clever Girl: "My, yes; don't you, too?"
— *Juggler*



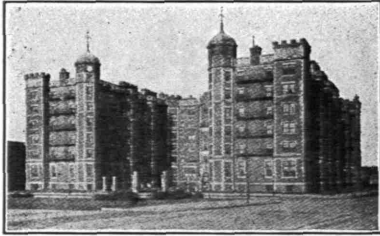
Partially Illuminated: "Ah, gaze upon yon full-orbed
western sunset!"

Partially Embarrassed: "Sshh! You're looking at a
stained glass window."
— *Chaparral*



Lashes to lashes,
Dust to dust,
If she puckers her lips,
In heaven we'll trust.

— *Anon*



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When the young man met her, he became gurglingly enthusiastic.

"My gracious," he said, "you look like a bit of rare old tapestry."

"You're not so snappy looking yourself," she retorted.

— *Exchange in Life*



Jinx: "That girl is a mathematical impossibility."

Blinks: "Howzat?"

Jinx: "She's half Spanish, half French and half crazy."

— *Bison*



Young Bragger: "My grandfather built the Rocky Mountains."

Unsympathetic Listener: "Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it."

— *Record*



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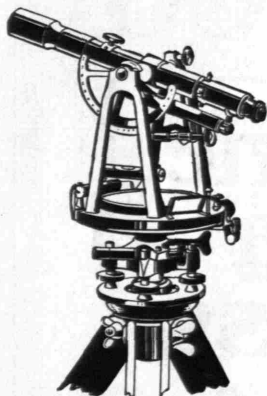
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HOMICIDE

Student: "I want the Life of Caesar."

Librarian: "I'm sorry, but Brutus was ahead of you."

— *Sun Dodger*



Him: "Where does Sir Oliver Lodge?"

Her: "Where Ouija Boards."

— *Froth*



"There is a new ape in the zoo that can say 'Papa' as plain as anything."

"Well, he had better not say it to me."

— *Yale Record*



THE EVIDENCE

Irate Parent: "Where were you last night?"

Wayward Son: "Oh, out with a couple of fellows."

Irate Parent: "Well, you tell those fellows not to leave their hair-pins in the car."

— *Burr*

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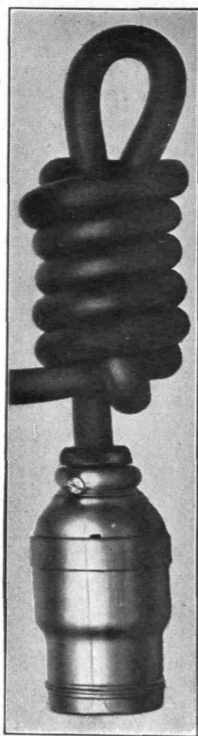
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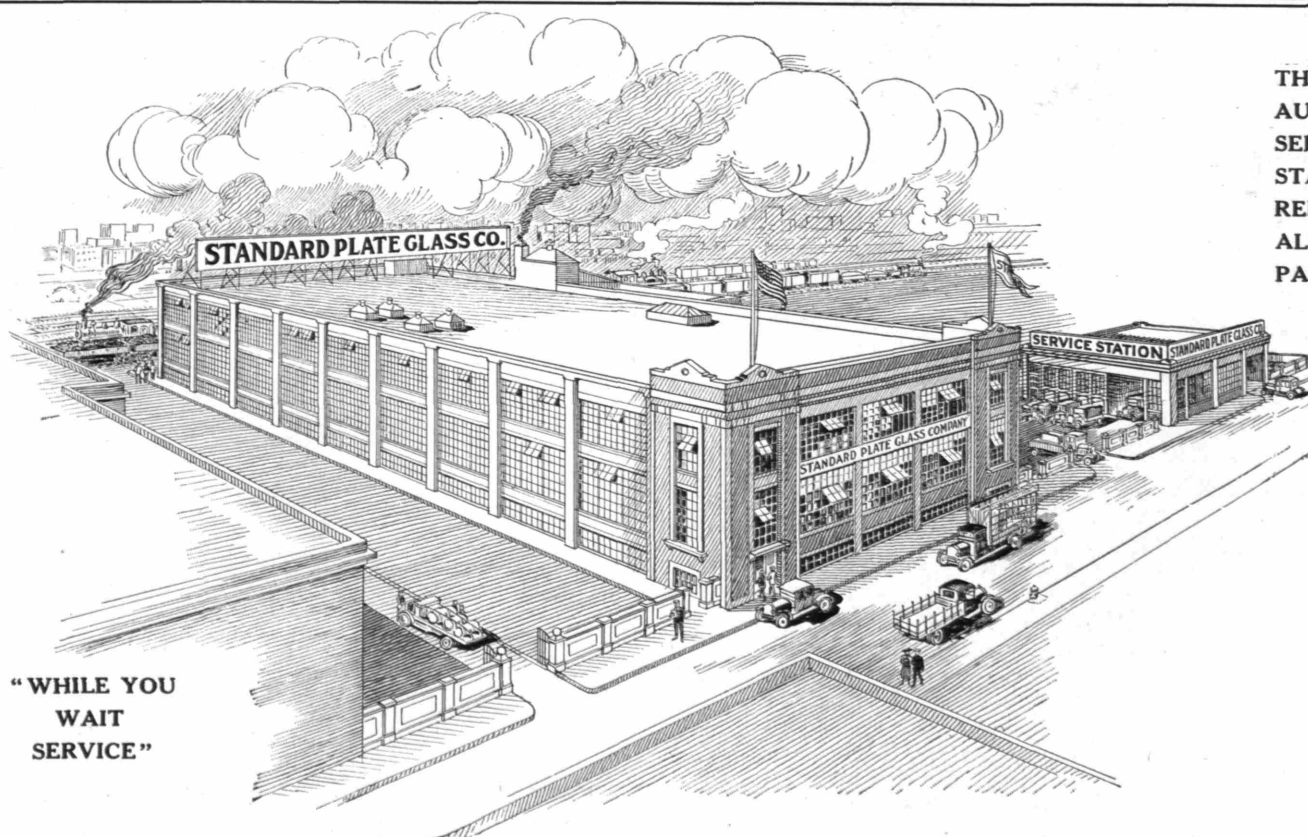
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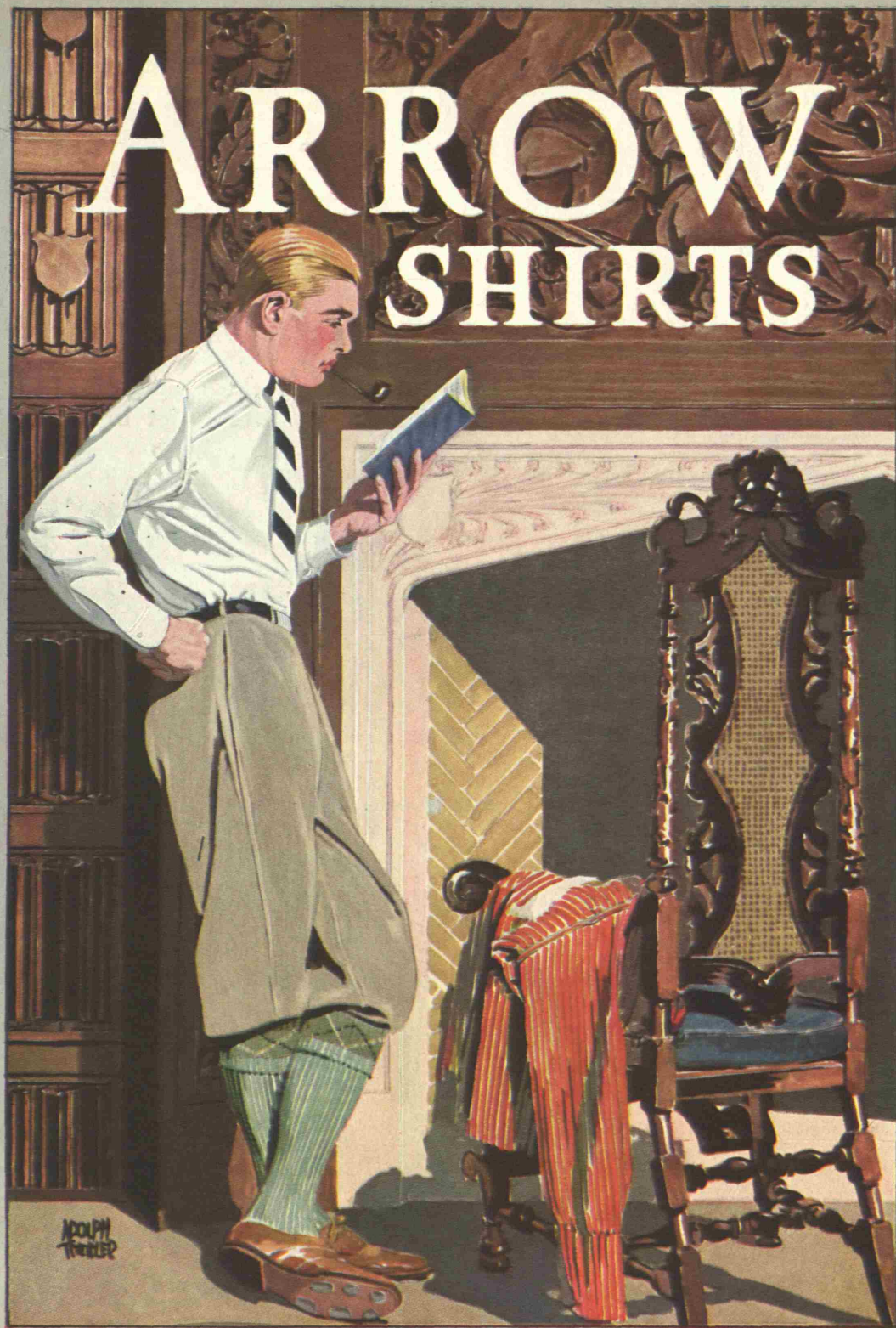


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