

WOOBLES



DERBY NUMBER

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EVENTS OF THE MONTH

- March 23 Freshman Smoker
- March 25 Sophomore Dance
- March 26 Intercollegiates at Princeton
- April 1 Parade and Circus, Cambridge Armory
- April 16 Technique Rush, Corporation Tea Dance,
Crew Races
- April 18 Activities Tea Dance, Spring Concert
- April 19 Inter-fraternity Tea Dance, Tech Show,
Junior Prom



Barry: "I've got the finest barber in the world but—"

Moore: "But—what?"

Barry: "But—well, if he'd only get on to **LIFE SAVERS**, I'd remember him in my will!"

"I'll read
the others
later!"

*What is there about
this letter that she
singles it out?*



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George Jean Nathan

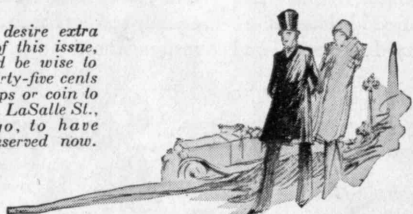
The feature of the next, the April issue, is the first of a series of articles by George Jean Nathan. It carries on a collaboration with H. L. Mencken, some years ago.

Very directly and with no chicanery whatever it lists a great number of different articles in the philosophical faith of the American people—ranging from the doctrine that the philoprogenitive instinct in rabbits is so intense that the alliance of two normal ones is productive of 265 offspring in one year, to the doctrine that if one puts a hair from a horse's tail into a bottle of alcohol it will in due time turn into a snake.



All of it done in the sparkling manner that has for so long a time been associated with that sparkling name, *George Jean Nathan!*

If you desire extra copies of this issue, it would be wise to send thirty-five cents in stamps or coin to 1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, to have them reserved now.



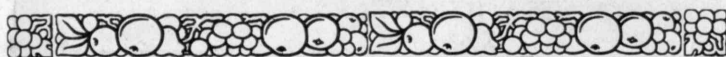
College Humor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month



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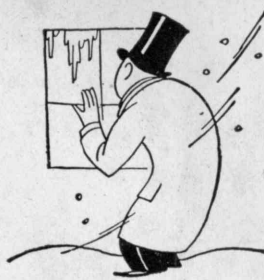
HE WAS NEVER INVITED TO ANY PARTIES . . . UNTIL
HE TOOK UP *OLD GOLD* CIGARETTES

1.



Henry could not figure out why he was a social outcast. There was no trace of Halitosis in his family. And though he was no Collar Ad, he wasn't hard to look at.

2.



Yet, whenever there was a Classy Affair in town, Henry was always on the outside, looking in. Even his best friends seemed to prefer his company over the telephone.

3.



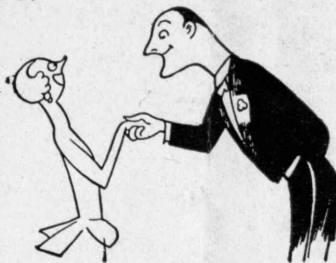
One day he overheard some Nice People referring to him as "Hacking Henry." At last, the truth struck home. They were giving him the "razzberry" because of his Constant Cough.

4.



That very day Henry switched to *OLD GOLD* Cigarettes . . . and a miracle took place. Henry found a Smoke without a Choke; a cigarette that tickled his taste but not his throat.

5.



Today, Henry is as welcome, everywhere, as a Visiting Prince; and as popular as a Movie Star. Since he lost his cough, he never gets "raspberries," excepting for breakfast.



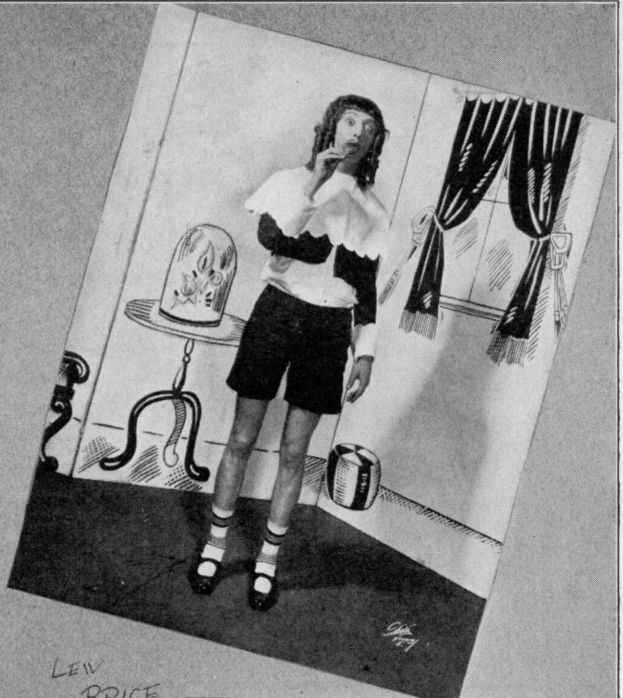
OLD GOLD

IT'S THE SMOOTHEST CIGARETTE

"NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"



MILDRED BROWN
& JOSEPH VAGSTATT
IN
"QUEEN HIGH"
-VILBUR



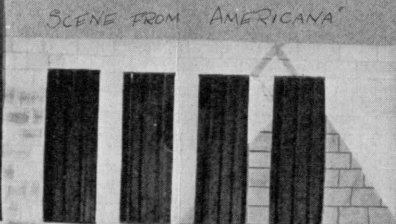
LEW BRICE
IN
"AMERICANA"



JULIA SANDERSON
IN
"QUEEN HIGH"
-VILBUR



CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
IN
"AMERICANA"



SCENE FROM "AMERICANA"

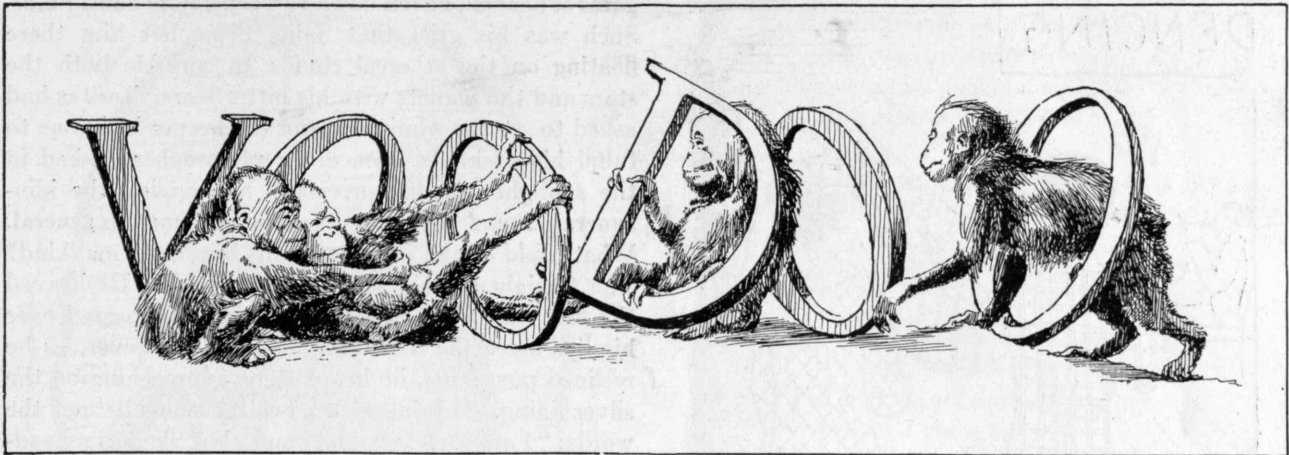




DERBY NUMBER



J. A. PYLES, '27, DISCOVERS THAT HIS DERBY IS NOT EXCLUSIVE



THE STORY OF A DERBY

Man goes out for walk. Sees everyone wearing derbies. Wonders how he would look in one. Decides to try it. Goes into store next day. Timidly asks clerk to look at derby hats. Leaves store fifteen minutes later with large paper bag. Arrives home and puts on new hat. Starts to go out for walk. On way out looks in mirror. Courage begins to sink. Takes second look in mirror. Courage entirely sunk. Takes third look in mirror. Throws derby in ash-barrel. Puts on old hat. Goes out for walk.



Macbeth: "What ho! Canst tell me why a woman is like a derby?"

Hamlet: "'Tis easy. They both go to the head."



No matter how lightly a derby is stepped on, it is always felt.



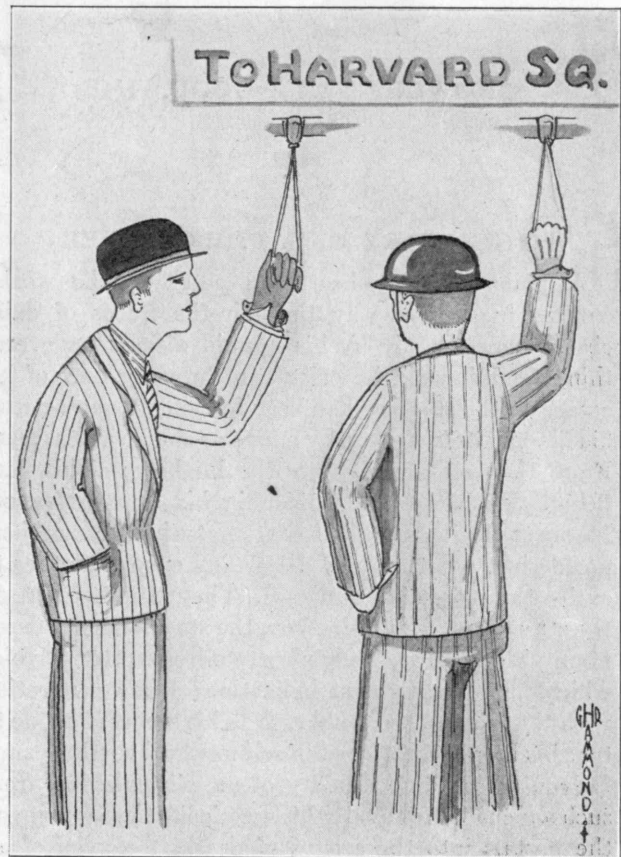
MEN ARE WOMEN

This peculiar statement at first may seem absurd, but I think that you will agree with me after you have heard the tale I have to tell. One evening in a reckless mood I bought an iron lid; I must confess at first I felt just like a little kid, but after I had walked around, about and through the town, I turned my footsteps homeward with my eyes upon the ground. Each brother there assured me that I looked an awful sight and offered all their sympathy to aid me in my plight. With tenderness apparent they took it off my head and each in turn then tried it upon his own instead.

Our co-eds are so dumb they sign up for all the romance languages.



"The wurst is yet to come" remarked the Dutchman as he buttered the bread.



"Are you a Harvard student?"
 "No, I only borrowed this derby."



SHOWING HER A GOOD TIME

THE STORY OF A PHILOSOPHER

A philosopher at heart, an actor to the world, Veritas fought his way through the fracas of daily circumstance. Only by his morbid disgust for everything feminine did he exist. In an early part of his career on the stage he had been forsaken by an actress; his life had been broken by a love as simple as its cause. From then on women were the bugbears of his very being. He hated the women in his own profession. He sneered with malicious contempt when he saw them powdering, painting, and discarding enough clothes to excite the masculine audience. They haunted him on the streets and drove him from the stage. He wandered about blindfolded, and when addressed by a voice which had the slightest indication of any connection with the fair sex, he would rush to his secluded abode to tear his hair and torture himself until exhaustion came. Driven by the impossibility of an existence free from such a menace, he gave up his ascetic life to pass through the portals into the realms of death, the relief of all troubles.

There he sought repose, and when he reached the

gates of heaven, he fell down to weep before Saint Peter. Such was his grief that Saint Peter left him there floating on the ethereal clouds to sprinkle both the stars and the planets with his bitter tears. Veritas had asked to see the Almighty, and the keeper had gone to fulfill his wish. In silence our philosopher basked in the sunlight brooding over the hypocrisies, the idiosyncrasies, and the petty demands of women in general. What could be the purpose of this burden to mankind? The Almighty would soon solve his riddle. He heaved the first sigh of complete repose that had passed over his lips since the days of innocence. However, as he reclined pondering, he heard steps approaching on the silver lining. Turning with a beatific smile, he met the words: "I am sorry, my good man, but She has a headache and wishes you to call again tomorrow."

Water on the brain might help to wash some dirty minds.



Ham: "There are five thousand derbies sold in the United States every day."

Egg: "That's nothing, think of the stops the garbage man makes every day."



She: "Why didn't Joe come with you?"
He: "He had a rheumatic condition."
She: "That so, who gave the course?"

AN AMAZING STORY

The telephone rang; three juniors sat about the room doing nothing. Still the telephone rang and still the juniors sat about the room, still doing nothing. A puffing sophomore grudgingly mounted the stairs cursing vehemently the stupid freshmen who were never about when needed.

He entered the room with trepidation and ventured to remark that there was a sweet young thing who wished to talk to one of the boys. "Take the message" he was ordered.

"Gentlemen, it is a Tri Delt with three pair of tickets and she says that all girls have cars. Would three of you care to go?"

"Too cold!"

"Rather read!"

"Guess I'll turn in soon!"

Whereat the sophomore returned downstairs and the three juniors continued doing nothing.

THIS GENERATION

*My girl friend can shake her hips,
 And she can swear so cute;
 So quaint in puffing a cigarette
 And guzzling gin to boot.*

*She tells us shady stories,
 And still is just a child;
 Goes necking in a bathing suit;
 And says that Freud is mild.*

*She represents the present age,
 So sweet, profane and tough.
 I'm glad the old time girl has gone
 I guess I know my stuff.*

What's the difference between a monkey and a man wearing a derby?
Answer: None.



A SHORT TRAMP AFTER LUNCH

THE CHANTEY OF CAP'N FOSTER



CAP'N PHIN

Now list ye well and a tale I'll tell of Cap-tain Phineas Foster, who sailed the sea in the Nancy Lee, a ship from the port of Glo'ster.

Of Pilgrim stock and Plymouth Rock, a de-vout man was the Cap'n, Who never swore af-float or ashore, nor drank what'er might happen.



MOLL

He loved a doll by the name of Moll, a mill-iner up in Salem... An ancient town of great renown, where witches once they'd jail 'em.



PRESSING HIS SUIT

He pressed his suit to win this beaut, who was titled Mollie Kidder. But she turned him down with a frigid frown, this flirty and fickle widder

Chorus

Oh blow, ye winds, blow Reef sail with a couple o' hitches... She gave him the air, with a haughty stare, for he had no worldly riches.

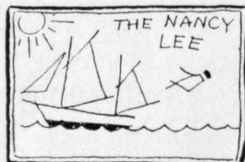
She told Cap. Phin he could never win, for a millionaire she'd marry or she'd stay unwed til she went plumb dead, she was one gold-diggin' fairy



THE CAPTAIN FIGGERIN'

The Cap. in pain, went most insane, and he figgered and he figgered, But he didn't know where to get that dough, be keel-hauled and bjiggered

Then his First Mate said, "Cap, use your head, why should you go a-beggin'? Just take this ship on a Southern trip, and do some fast-bootleggin'!"

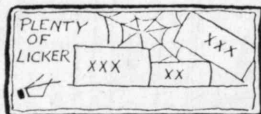


THE NANCY LEE

So they put to sea in the Nancy Lee, and the Puritanical Foster Put law at naught, be-cause he thought the widder he had lost her.

Chorus

So blow, ye winds, blow There's plenty o' lick'er handy. Below the crew all hit the brew, while the Cap'n sticks to brandy



PLenty OF LICKER



THE SALEM VAMP THE RICH OLD SCAMP

Now the Salem vamp wed a rich old scamp while Phin was away rum-running And they settled down in New York town, and the bride was mean and cunning

They lived a life of storm and strife, for the old boy was a blinger, And many a shot by stealth he got, and every quaff a stinger



A HALF SHOT

Their honeymoon was over soon, for the rich bird was a bounder, Who blew his gold like a knight of old, oh he was gay old rounder!



THE CAP'N ABOUT TO YELL ORDERS

While the Nancy Lee, she sailed the sea, where the air was fresh and healthy The Cap'n proud yelled orders loud and he waxed enormous wealthy.

Chorus

Oh blow, ye winds, blow We'll fish no more in Glo'ster, for the lowly cod and the simple scrod mean nothing now to Foster.

Now the widder's man conceived a plan to buy it by the cargo, And he made a deal, where none would squeal, to dodge the dry embargo.



THE CAP'N RUNNING IT IN

So this old bloke, he went dead broke, and altho it may sound funny, 'twas Captain Phin who run it in, and got all the old guy's money.

The vamp, of course, grab-bed a divorce when her husband lost his boodle, And he swigged this stuff that was awful tough, till he lost his bloomin' noodle



ONE REASON FOR A CHORUS GIRL'S EXISTENCE

The Captain he gave up the sea, and a chorus girl so smiley, He up and wed, and now 'tis said, he's living the life of Riley.

Chorus

Oh blow, ye winds, blow! Blow seven days a week, The vamp is back in her Salem shack, and the Cap is a Broadway sheik!



BROADWAY SHEIK

PHOSPHOR-ESSENCES

"Will Visit China to Marry Fiance."

— Traveler

It's getting so the women will do almost anything to get married these days.



"Pheasant in Fog Hits Steeple, Dies."

— Traveler

Poison Liquor takes its toll.



"Woman, 91, is Saved at Fire."

— Traveler

Our hats are off to the Salvation Army. More good work.



"Reliable Woman Wants Cleaning by the Day."
Telephone South Boston —."

— Traveler

A remarkable opportunity for some wide awake young man.



"Harvard Riot Witnesses Saw No Disturbance."

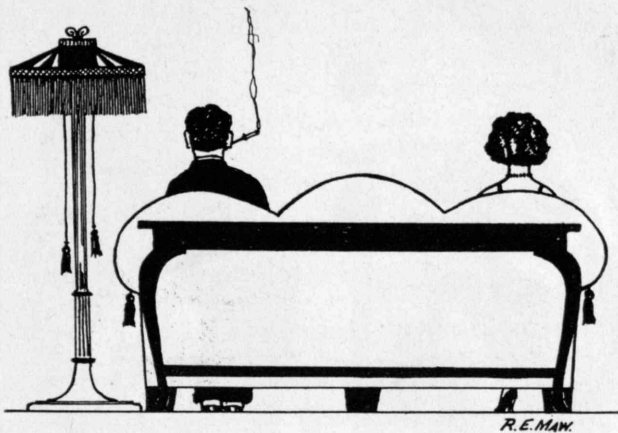
— Traveler.

That's the advantage of a strong alumni organization.



Jim: "How do you look in a derby?"

Jam: "Don't know. Never had the courage."



She: "Where shall we go tonight?"

He: "Let's go up the belfry."

She: "Nothing doing. I went up there once with a fellow and the bell 'tolled' on us."



He: "Will you please do my mother a favor?"

She: "Oh, I'd have danced with you anyway."



An Irishman was taking a Civil Service Examination. One of the questions was "What are 'rabies' and what can you do for them?" His answer was "Rabies are Jewish priests and I won't do a d——n thing for them."



SPRING WILL BRING

1. Oversized numbers of confessional magazines.
2. The crowds back to the forsaken Esplanade.
3. Empty rooms for those Saturday classes.
4. An amazing number of students canoeing — bent to Riverside.
5. That long training grind beginning with circus night.
6. Several unexpected marriages.
7. An increasing amount of busy wires.
8. An enormous increase in gasoline consumption.
9. Yards of poetry to our poor office.
10. Rubberneck wagons full of people who will think our academic building is the State House.
11. Saturday nights at Revere Beach.
And
12. Flat pocketbooks.

Voo Doo

Vol. IX

MARCH, 1927

No. 7

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**What the
Very Young
Will Wear**

Following so closely upon the vogue of collegiate riots, it is impossible not to see some kindred relation; such as, cause and effect, with the present influx of sartorial bomb-proofs. Phosphorous, Inc., arbiter of men's fashions, is convinced that the iron hat, ancient adornment of our fathers, is in our midst, together with spring fever, Prom, and the colossal M. I. T. Circus.

It is not our province to "view with alarm" this adoption of the trench helmet to civilian attire; rather it is our privilege with other patriotic citizens to aid and abet the government and its Army and Navy Stores in disposing of all such surplus war supplies. We feel justly proud of our after-war record. Did we not buy many sailor trou at a time when a reduction of our national navy left the government costumer in a tight place with many tons of nether garments and a reduced market? Did we not also herald, hypocritically if patriotically, the appearance of the rebuilt sub-chaser at the Technology Boat House and stand breathless as she was rechristened the "Avery H"? And while our puny strength lasts we shall ever be ready to wield a patriotic pen to further Cal's economies.

And now we urge others to do likewise. The popular science magazines catering to our moron masses will undoubtedly follow our lead in unearthing new and skillful uses for the derby. One social fraternity is now offering an oversize derby with each pledge pin. Brown ones are being given, we hear, for best reportorial work on our local contemporary. "The Lounger" may even discard his habitual high hat for the more democratic metallic covering, thus leading in the formation of a new tradition. For who can say that any student body has a better right to glorify the derby than our own? It should become the badge of the Tech man, for it is inherently appropriate. The crown is emblematic of the dome of our own buildings; the watertight brim reminds us, on a rainy day, of the campus of our dear Institute; and the autumnal shade affected by many recalls the happy tradition of the Boston Bag. The time is ripe, then, to establish that long-awaited lasting tradition, and so we urge the adoption of the Derby as a required headgear for future freshman classes.

**A. A.
Problem
Solved**

At last a new method for providing the Athletic Association with ample funds has been discovered by Phosphorous. The cat worked hard to devise this ingenious scheme and is now divulging his secret to the world in order to prevent a deficit similar to that of last year. The method is simple. Immediately organize a varsity Poker Team and make it a major sport. The A. A. will stand behind the team and split winnings 50-50. If by chance, due to lack of practice, the team should lose a meet or two, the association will of course back them by meeting any loss. This of course is highly improbable. Material for this team can be obtained without difficulty by organizing an interfraternity contest. Each competing team bears its own expenses for rubber bands, etc. The varsity matches must not be conducted by telegraph as rifle meets are, or the first team to telegraph would lose without question. The home meets may be held in a hand-ball court which could easily be decorated with mirrors to make the boys feel right at home. For uniforms Phosphorous suggests one-piece bathing suits and turbans. In order to make everything fair each man will deal with his own deck of cards. Decisions on eligibility rules will determine the success or failure of this venture and must be given careful consideration. We trust this suggestion will be received with the appreciation it deserves.

**The Circus
is Coming**

A ge-rand and g-lori-us performance! Everee-bodee — step this way! Don't crowd — don't push, etc., etc.! Once again we have the circus to look forward to and the circus to prepare for. A little thought on the part of the individual groups who will present the acts and enliven the booths will put this year's "big show" away and above all its predecessors. When Circus Day comes let's make it a regular circus day. As old clothes are the badge of the day, let's wear old clothes, let's get in the parade behind the circus band and calliope, and let's all be at the Armory at seven o'clock, April 1.



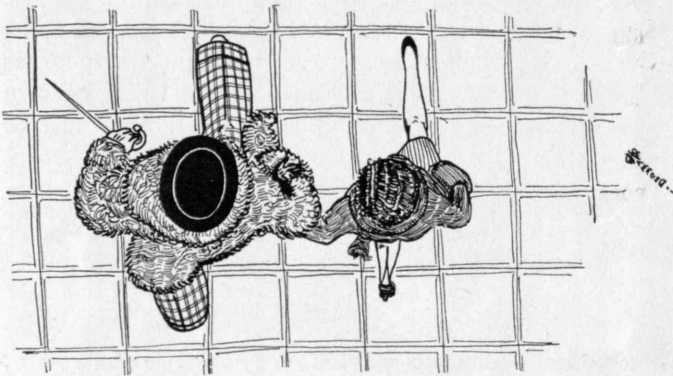
Flip: "Doesn't Bud play well?"
Flop: "Well?"
Flip: "Well —."
Flop: "Well —."



The following sign appeared recently on a Scotch golf course: "Members will please refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."



We hereby suggest as motto for the new naval cruisers — "Let No Man Put Usunder."



"Bill says that he is not wearing his derby at Harvard any more."

"What's the matter? Are the boys getting human?"

"No, he's wearing it at home now."

First Cannibal: "Where from comes all dis commotion, huh?"

Cook: "Why we done just prepared de captives fo dinner."

First Cannibal: "Well, was anybody hurt?"

Cook: "No suh, it's all right. I'm positive we parted friends."



We are just waiting for the women to start the fashion of wearing derbies with their everyday clothes, and then we are going to begin the fad of using track pants exclusively.



Henpecked Husband: "Where is your mistress going for the winter?"

Maid: "To Palm Beach, sir."

H. H.: "Do you know whether she is taking me with her?"



SIMP-LY SIMPLE

*Just a simple college lady,
 Had a simple pleasant smile,
 Wore the simplest kind of dresses,
 In a simple modest style.*

*Spoke a simple conversation,
 Such a simple way with men;
 At her simple little parties,
 Simply always knew just when.*

LAUREL

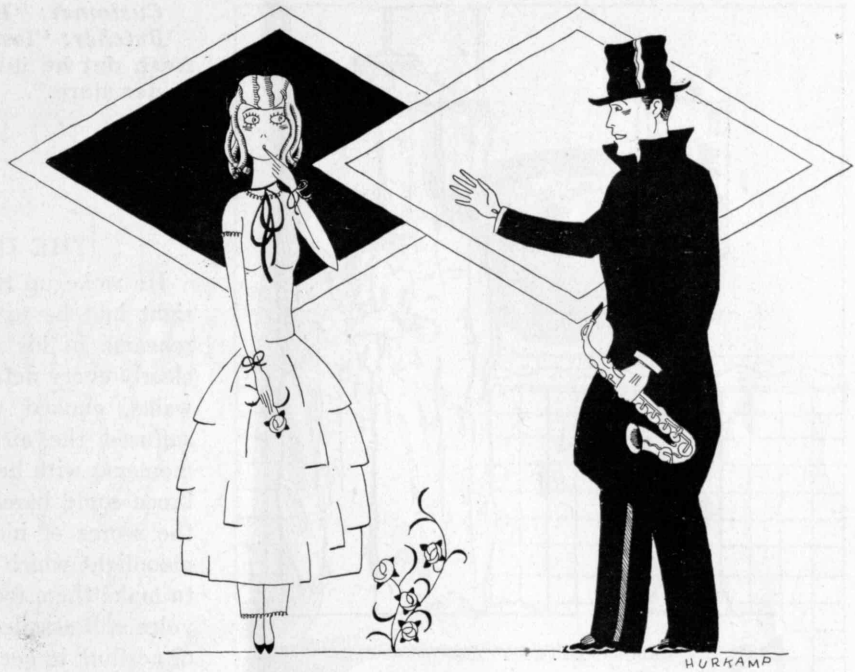
*Firelight shadows
Firelight gleams
Crackling embers
Sweetest of dreams.*

*Laurel's clear laughter —
Laurel's deep eyes
Looking and laughing —
Bright as the skies.*

*Deep, and enthralling,
Deep as the sea,
Tenderest glances
Meant just for me.*

*Haunting me ever,
Haunting my dreams,
Laurel's sweet smile
Entrancingly beams.*

*Firelight dying;
Pale streaks of dawn;
Shadows have lengthened—
Laurel is gone!*



*He: "You have an exquisite garden here. What is your favorite flower?"
She: "Huh, oh — er, Gold Medal."*



WHY HENS LEAVE HOME

Once upon a time a cock lived in an enclosure with fifty hens. Surrounded by a board fence all his life, it is no wonder that one day his curiosity got the better of him, and he scratched his way under this apparently impregnable barrier. Once on the other side, he discovered to his astonishment a marvelous array of fowls. Geese, ducks, turkeys, guinea hens, peacocks, pigeons, flamingos, cranes, and even ostriches strutted about in pompous style. So bewildered was the unsophisticated rooster that he returned to his own little coop to sleep off the perplexity. However, he went back the very next day, and what do you suppose he found this time? It was nothing less than a large ostrich egg. Filled with the spirit of industry, he put his shoulder to the task of pushing this big egg to the fence; laboriously he rolled it through the hole and up to a promontory in his own yard; then, he called all the hens together and spoke to them. "Now, I don't want to criticize," he went on, "but I brought this here just to show you what they are doing in other communities."



*"Let's pretend we're at the movies."
"And I'll read imaginary titles to you."
"No, you sap, turn out the light."*



"Why won't you go out with me?"
 "I haven't an idea."
 "Exactly."

DERBY OR NOT DERBY

Mankind certainly has progressed. One can see evidences of this in everything, even in the matter of dress. They used to put little boys in knickers and let them wear long pants when they grew up. Now they put the kids in long pants so they can wear knickers when they grow up. Little girls used to wear short dresses and wear long dresses when they grew up. Now the little girls still wear short dresses and don't wear any when they grow up.

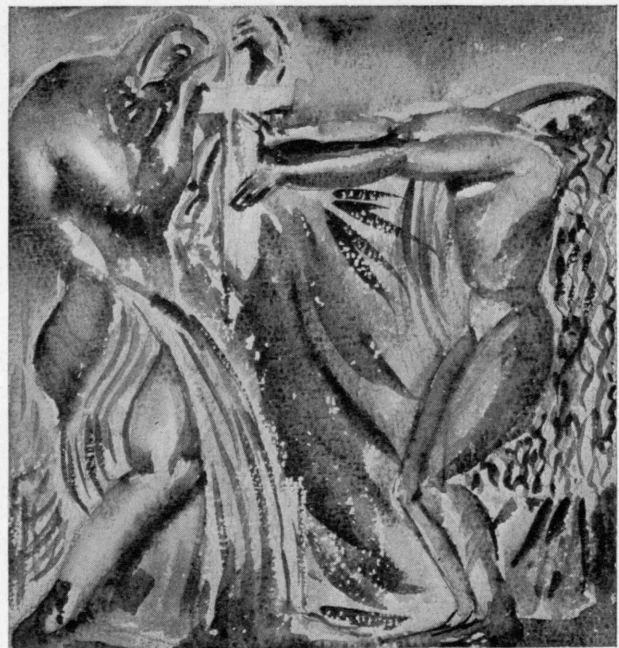
As a sign of improvement, look at man's return to the old iron hat. A woman can make a fool out of a man in five minutes, but a derby can do it in five seconds. A derby hat and a cane are guaranteed to make a gentleman out of any hobo, and judging from appearances, the vagrant portion of this country's population must be rapidly diminishing.

Customer: "Is that fish fresh?"
Butcher: "Iss he fresh, lady? Say, dot fish iss so fresh dot he insults efery young voman vot comes in der store."



THE INDELIBLE IMPRESSION

He woke up the next morning with a start. What right had he to sleep when his was the privilege to rehearse in his mind that wonderful evening. How clearly every detail stood out in his mind. The garden walks, choked with flower petals whose fragrance suffused the air for miles around. Those precious moments with her alone while the orchestra in the distance could barely be heard trying to keep pace with the scores of indefatigable dancers. That wonderful moonlight which just added the necessary atmosphere to make them feel the thrill of living. Her sweet clear voice still assailed his ears while he was still conscious of nestling in her exquisite wavy hair. Those protestations of eternal fidelity. Those rash promises, those vows to meet again that very night; all stood out clearly in his mind, in fact he remembered every little detail except, confound it, her name.



Rock: "Did Jane make a hit with that X-ray specialist she was winking at?"
Rey: "Naw, he looked right through her."

Justifying the American Derby

MEDICINAL
PURPOSES
ONLY!



TP AS A HOT (OR COLD)
WEATHER SUGGESTION !!



TP A LOVE NEST
FOR TWO VERY
MODEST GOLDFISH!



LUNCHEON
INSIDE

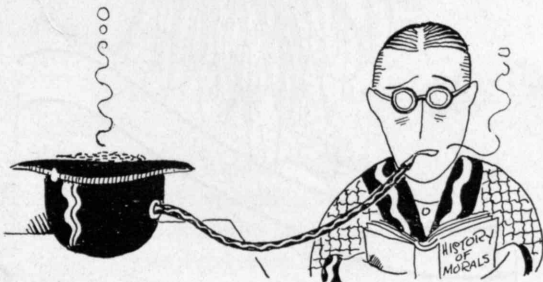


TP ANOTHER
CASE FOR THE
S.P.C.A.!



TP CAGEY NO END!!

TP DISPLACING THE
BAG THAT MADE BOSTON
FAMOUS !!

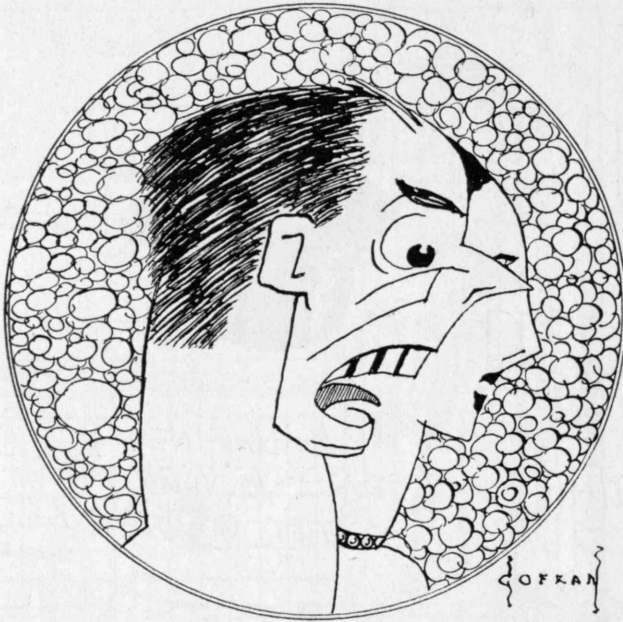


TP FOR THE GUY WHO BORROWS
ONLY A PIPEFUL OF TOBACCO
AT A TIME!
(ALSO AFFORDS UNINTERRUPTED STUDY)



TP A MAN WITH
STOCK QUOTATIONS
ON HIS MIND !!

THESIS
BY METZGER
AND HURKAMP



"Do you think a derby would look well on a man like me?"

"Yes, if he wasn't too much like you."



LOVE AS IS

Jack (who is visiting boy friend in Chicago) writing to his Helen: *Dearest, I am thinking of you constantly (yes he is!) and look forward to the day when I'll be with you again (yeah!). Fred is a perfect host and has shown me the wonderful parks and museums here (not to mention a road house or two), and I enjoyed them very much. (The latter.) He has introduced me to many of his friends, but no girls. (Oh, no!) You know I'm true to you always. (Applesauce.) Your Jack.*

After which Jack pours himself a ball and sighs, "Well that's over with."

Helen (at summer resort) to Jack: *Sweetheart, I was sitting on the beach watching the waves and dreaming of you. (Like h—l she was; she was necking with the dark-haired man from the Rycroft.) I thought of you away out there in Chicago, alone and thinking of me. (He was far from being lonely.) Write soon and tell me about the things you see and do. (If he did!) I still care as much for you as you care for me. (True.) Goodbye, dear, Helen.*

Sealing the letter, she calls to the maid, "Tell Mr. Swift that I'll be ready in a minute."

The funny thing about a derby is the man who wears it.



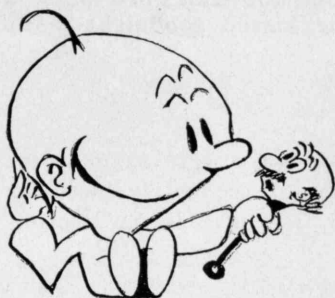
A young man lost his umbrella and couldn't think where he had left it.

He went to church on Sunday and the preacher's sermon was "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife."

Just then the young man left the church. He remembered where he had left his umbrella.



— the pretty names he called her, "Princess, Madonna, Lady, —" and yet she could have easily been "maid."

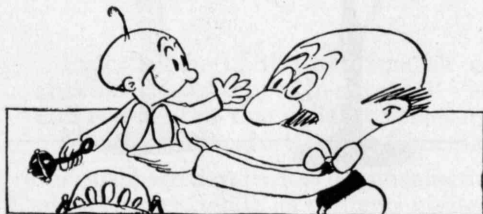


LULABYE DE LUX

Slip bebbly, slomber,
An go to de lend
Mit all de ferries —
Stop moving de hend!

Snurr for a while,
Odder make believe
Count up to twanty —
Ach, not on de sleeve.

Practice mit soljes
An sheepses an tings,
Give a look it should com
De men mit de wings.

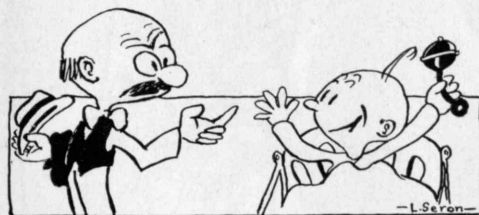


Dis ole guy will pour
Som dirt in your eyes.
Slip keed, shuddup!
Dunt try to crack wise.

Slip like a rock
On de splashing sea shore —
I'm not gonna take you
You vent dere before.

Dats de keed, slip,
So hard like you're able,
So maybe I'll buy you
A fulding pool-table.

Ah, de swit chile's aslip,
So I'll make it a joker,
Snik out on de vife
An play it som poker.



Gootnight bebbly, vat —
I tut you vas slipping,
Lay down, you dem keed,
You'll get it a wipping.



Snap: "My photography makes me a great beauty contest judge."
Shot: "Howzat?"
Snap: "I have an eagle eye for development."



"You'd like to be a stenographer, young lady? What are your qualifications?"
 "I have no brothers and my father is dead."
 "Hired!"

It seems as though the Teapot Dome scandal with the crooked band was just a happy prelude to the stiff felt dome with the curved brim.

Don't think that every man who wears a derby is cosmopolitan because some of them have never been to New York.

Why she is so wild she would go necking with a chiropractor!

"Remember, above all I'm a lady," whispered the co-ed as she kissed goodnight to the submarine captain.

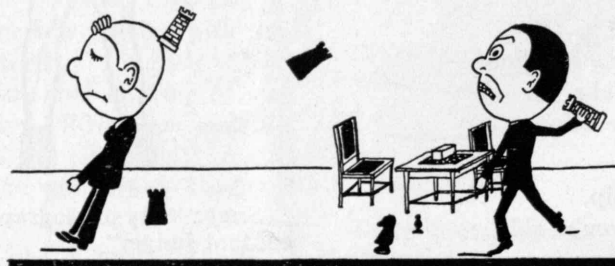
"I see you have a sign in your store 'We aim to please,'" remarked the irritated customer.
 "Certainly, sir, that is our motto," replied the proprietor.
 "Well," retorted the customer, "you ought to take some time off for target practice."

I'm so tired that I couldn't kill an afternoon.



Doctor: "Your husband's not so well today, Mrs. Maloney. Is he sticking to the simple diet I prescribed?"

Mrs. M.: "He is not, sorr. He says he'll not be after starvin' hisself to death just for the sake of livin' a few years more."



CASTLES IN THE AIR

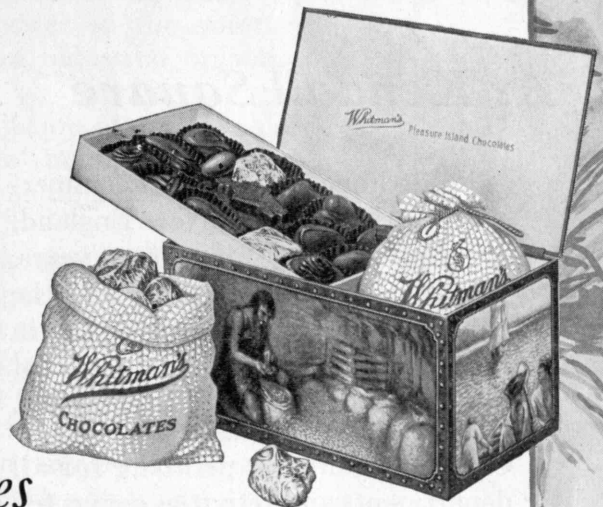


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Exact copies of the old Spanish coin, molded in chocolate and wrapped in silver foil—add to the charm and romance of that delightful treasure trove of sweets—Whitman's Pleasure Island Chocolates.

A package that invites the imagination to tropic isles of adventure, while its contents please the palate with the utmost in chocolate fineness and flavor. In one pound and two pound packages.

Whitman's
Chocolates



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Trinity Court Pharmacy, 101 Dartmouth Street, Boston

Huggan Drug Co., 128 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
Miller Drug Co., 21 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
A. C. Morey, 1956 Beacon Street, Boston
Blake Drug Company, 1096 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston
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GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING OF DISTINCTION

Announcing a Spring selection of excellent foreign and domestic fabrics for three and four-piece suits and top coats.

All garments are one price:

Forty Dollars

Satisfaction is guaranteed

We also specialize in an authentically styled Tuxedo at

Fifty Dollars

Very Conveniently Located

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BOSTON, MASS.**

AT PARK STREET STATION

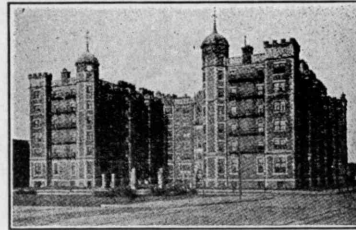
At Kendall Square

Is located one of the largest commercial printing firms in New England, established over twenty-five years, with the knowledge, the staff, the equipment and ability to serve in every capacity in the production of commercial and advertising printing.

Our experience in printing for all departments and activities connected with schools and colleges has been particularly wide.

Printers of Voo Doo

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Transient and
Permanent
Excellent Café
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à la Carte
Special facilities for
Banquets, Luncheons
and Assemblies
Menu Submitted

Riverbank Court Hotel

Opposite Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Telephone, University 2680

William W. Davis, Manager

Upper: "Set the alarm for two, please."

Lower: "You and who else?"

— *Boll Weevil*



Judge to man: "This lady says you were attempting to flirt with her, that you kept looking back and motioning."

Man: "Your Honor, it is all a mistake. I was looking for my bull-dog."

— *Brown Jug*



Bill: "Now tell me, Ed, — when a girl wears such short dresses, can you really look up to her?"

Ed: "Up to her what?"

— *Jester*



Big: "Just caught a fish this long."

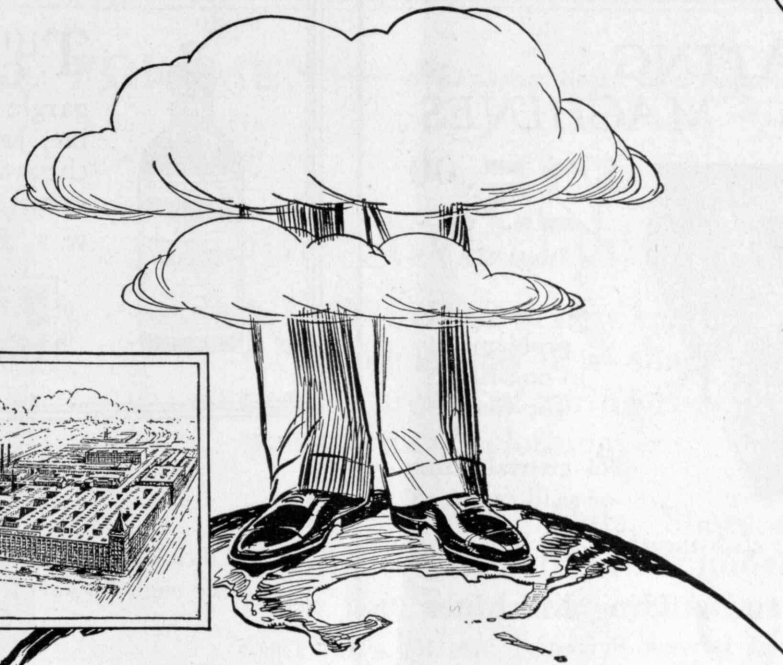
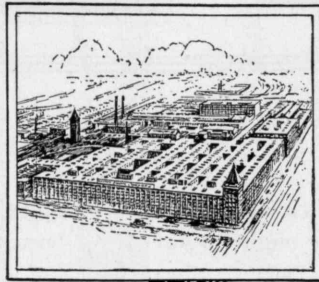
Ben: "Gwan. He'd have pulled you out of the boat."

Big: "He did."

Ben: "Huh! You ain't wet."

Big: "Naw; I fell on his back."

— *Cannon Bawl*



“Long enough to reach the ground”

LINCOLN'S famous answer to the question “How long should a man's legs be?” suggests a similar answer to the question “How large should an industrial organization be?”

Large enough to do its job, of course, which simply means that there's need in this country of ours for both small and big businesses and both can prosper.

The job of providing electrical communication for the country calls for a vast organization backed by vast resources. And that's what the Bell System is.

Here great size has advantages in greater operating efficiency through which its customers benefit, and advantages to those engaged in the industry who find here a wide range of interesting work offering opportunity to men of varied talent.

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for the
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by

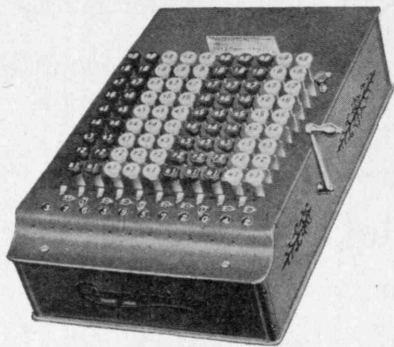


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THIS is the danger month. Get the habit of the daily gargle of a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in water and avoid sore throat, or tonsillitis. Destroys germs, soothing, cleansing.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



"Lilith has a beautiful complexion, hasn't she?"
"She ought to have. It's been worn smooth."

— Carolina Buccaneer



"Quick, get me a quart of pigeon milk."
"Can't fool me. A pigeon ain't big enough to give a quart o' milk."

— Rutgers Chanticleer



First Dumb Man: "Your gal smoke?"
Second Dumb Man: "Naw, white."

— Buccaneer



"What do you say to shaking hands?"
"Too many cigarettes."

— Colgate Banter



"Joe got in trouble last night when he tried to play Santa Claus."

"How's that?"

"He started to fill a stocking."

"Well what of it?"

"It belonged to a girl and it was already full."

— Brown Jug

Hotels of Distinction

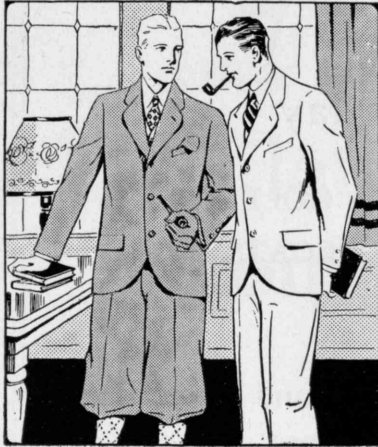


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NEW YORK
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THE STORE FOR MEN — *A Separate Store in a Separate Building*



— Sure Evidence of Spring

NEW SUITS in new weaves, new models and new shades forecast the arrival of Spring and Spring styles in men's clothing.

Suits, Topcoats, Hats, Shoes and Furnishings await your choosing from the Store that specializes in correct clothes for College Men.

Jordan Marsh Company — Boston

"Oh, Mamma, I saw a college boy run down."

"Wipe your nose, Sarah Lee, they always are."

— *Virginia Reel*



Yachtsman: "If this storm continues, I shall have to heave to."

Seasick Passenger: "What a horrid way of putting it."

— *Malteaser*



Oiled: "Do you wear teddies?"

Spoiled: "Yes, are you both in the same fraternity?"

— *Widow*

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REPERTORY THEATRE
OF BOSTON

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The JEWETT Repertory Theatre Fund, Inc.

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Shakespeare's Greatest Tragedy

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and

HALF AN HOUR

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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By William Shakespeare

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THE "COOP"

New Merchandise

is here and more is coming every day

SPRING NECKTIES SPRING HOSE SPRING GOLF HOSE
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SPRING STOCK OF TECHNOLOGY JEWELRY

Our show windows are cheerful these days — Spring is only just around the corner now.
Come in and look things over — it's your own store.

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42 Federal Street	19 School Street
139 Congress Street	437 Boylston Street
1080 Boylston Street	34 Bromfield Street
540 Commonwealth Avenue	

ALLSTON

1215 Commonwealth Avenue

CAMBRIDGE

78 Massachusetts Avenue

"Do you think it was suicide?"

"No, he still had a pint of gin in his pocket."

— *Scarlet Saint*



I love the taste of lip stick,
The Tea Hound said to Grace;
She blushed, then hesitated,
And passed him her vanity case.

— *Black and Blue Jay*

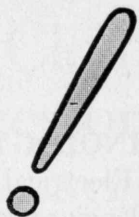


Nosey Old Lady: "Your little dog has been chasing automobiles all day."

Bored Owner: "Yes, I told him not to come home without one."

— *Purple Cow*

“ P. A. ”
letters of
recommendation



EXPERIENCED pipe-smokers from Cape Lisburne to Cape Sable (get out your map of North America!) recommend P. A. to you as the finest tobacco that ever lined the bowl of a pipe. You'll check-in with their recommendation.

Why, the instant you swing back the hinged lid on the tidy red tin, your olfactory nerve registers a fragrance like that of a pine-grove on a damp morning. And when you tuck a load of this wonderful tobacco into your pipe — say, Mister!

Cool as Cape Lisburne, mentioned above. Sweet as the plaudits of a first-night audience. Mild as morning in Cape Sable. (That's working-in the old geography!) Mild, yet with a full tobacco body that completely satisfies your smoke-taste. Buy some Prince Albert today and *make the test!*

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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

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PUBLICATIONS

Catalogue; Illustrated circular of General Information, Summer Session and Graduate Study and Research; and the Report of the President and the Treasurer.

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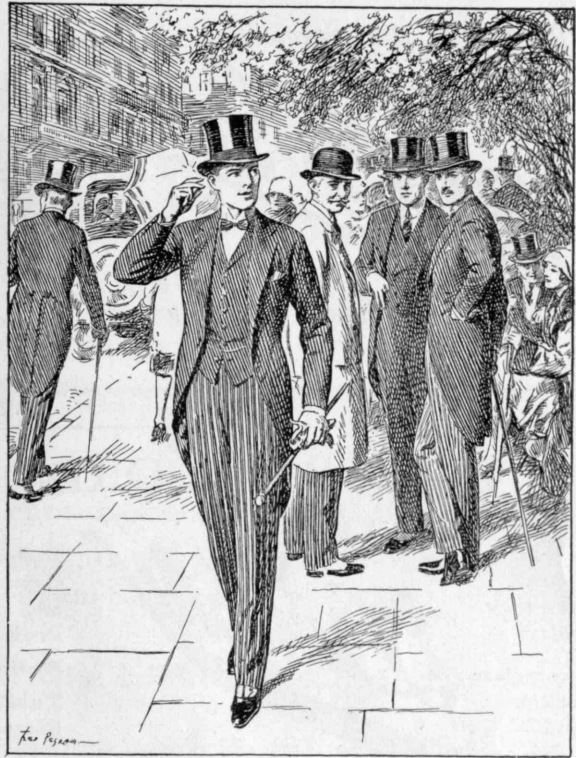
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PLAZA BUILDING
COUNTY ROAD



© BROOKS BROTHERS

That dumbest feeling — To catch a stranger in town
kissing a girl you've been trying to kiss for six months.

— *Masquerader*



"Does your girl drink?"

"No, she drains."

— *Washington Dirge*



"Sleep tight," admonished the fond mother to her
college child.

"Don't you worry," replied little Oscar, patting his
pocket flask.

— *Texas Ranger*

HOTEL ASTOR
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK

An illustration of the Hotel Astor building at Times Square in New York City. The building is a large, multi-story structure with a prominent corner. The streets shown are 4th Street, 5th Street, 7th Avenue, and Broadway. The text "AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD" is written at the bottom of the illustration.

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The sweetest pipe in the world

You may like a kick in your punch bowl—but your pipe bowl must be mild. Milano qualifies.

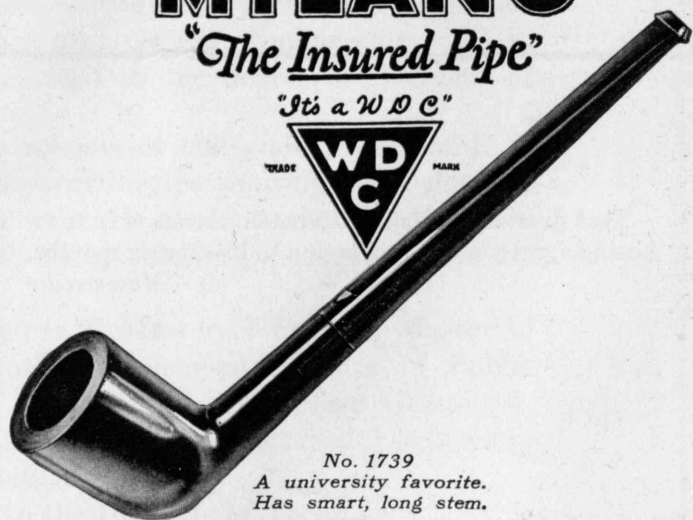
All smart shapes. Smooth finish, \$3.50 up; rustic finish, \$4.00 up—all "insured" for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., 230 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

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Has smart, long stem.*

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- H. P. Flagg, Wellesley, Mass.
- Harvard Coöperative Society, Harvard Square
- Herrick's Ticket Agency, Copley Square, Boston
- Miller Drug Company, 491 Beacon Street, Boston
- Norris Drug Company, 291 Huntington Avenue, Boston
- Pappas Brothers, 1100 Boylston Street, Boston
- Pilgrim Road Pharmacy, 253 Brookline Avenue, Boston
- Riverbank Court Hotel, Memorial Drive, Cambridge
- Subway News Stands
- Technology Branch, Harvard Coöperative Society

"Watch out, Yap! Don't strike a match on the gas tank."

"It's all right; this is a safety match."

— Juggler



"Look at Mabel's dress."

"I can't see it. Some fellow has his arms around her."

— N. Y. Medley

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Five Hundred Baths**

Rooms with running water from \$2.50 per day

Rooms with private Bath and Shower
from \$3.50 per day

Food and Service the Best

Near West Philadelphia Station, Pennsylvania Railroad
University of Pennsylvania, Franklin Field

He: "May I print a kiss on your lips?"

She: "No, George. You aren't my type."

— *Sun Dial*



Actor (taking a walk in the country): "Hello, little girl, could you get me a drink? I'm thirsty. You see I'm an actor and am not used to long walks."

Girl (who is milking a cow): "MAW! There's a man out here says he's an actor and he wants a drink."

The MAW: "Actor, did you say? You come right in the house and bring the cow in with you."

— *Texas Ranger*



Judge Lynch: "Who started this fight?"

Puritan: "I did, sir. This here boy said I had fore-fathers, an' them's fighting words with me."

— *Purple Cow*

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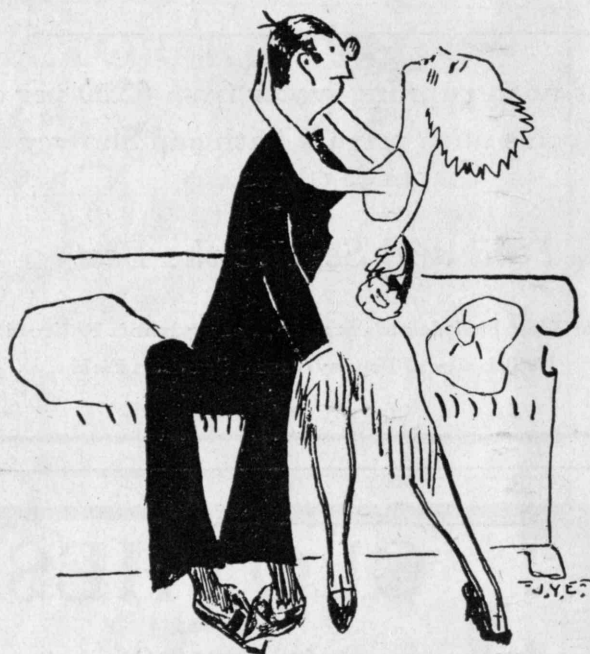
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Will make its appearance just before Junior Week, in time to save you many embarrassing moments. It will contain answers to any questions you may be asked and will give complete directions for coping with any and all untoward circumstances.

In the extra size number you will meet old friends and new ones who will outdo themselves to please you.

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[Meeting a train in the Union station]

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YOU'RE an experienced smoker. You know good tobaccos. You know taste and fragrance.

And you insist on the best — that's Camels. Only the primest tobaccos grown are good enough for you—the experienced smoker. Whatever you do you are going to do right, if you know it.

If Camels weren't the best, they

would not be far and away the first. If Camels weren't quality supreme, they would not be the overwhelming preference of smokers who have tried every brand.

Your taste tells you the tobacco difference in cigarettes and you're going to smoke the best. Your advice to others is — "*Have a Camel!*"

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