

FINNERTY FOR SENIOR WEEK COMMITTEE

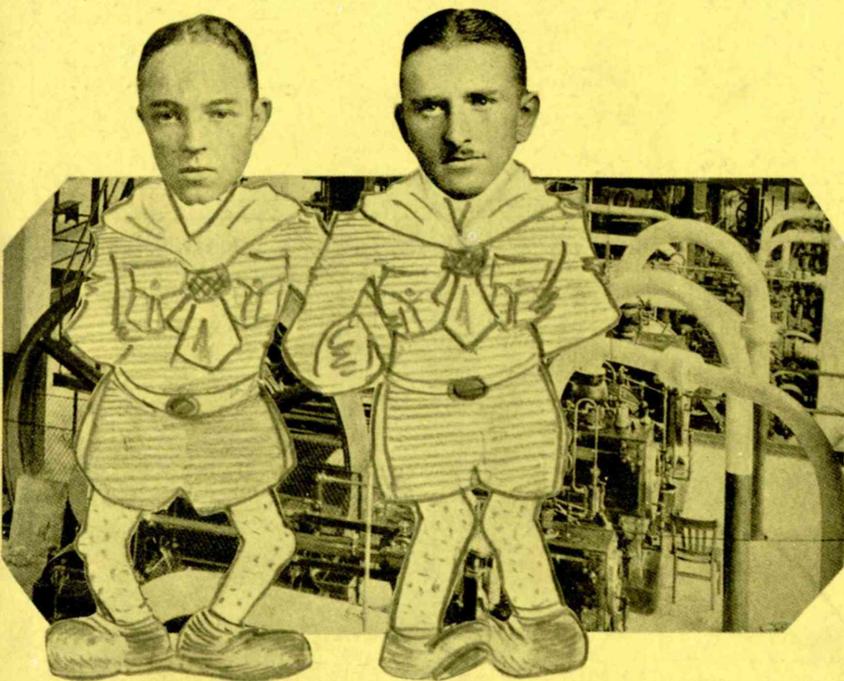
THE M.I.T.



VOO DOO



Engine Lab Undermined



Tenderfoot Scouts Hesselschwerdt and Lane (above), held by the Cambridge police for undermining M. I. T. Engineering Laboratory morale, and attempting to instal Boy Scout methods of instruction.

“You’ll See

More of us at the circus” says petite Peggy Carroll (right) speaking for herself and her girl friend (below).



CIRCUS
APRIL
FOOL’S DAY



Major John Finnerty

(right) our candidate for Senior Week Committee, instilling confidence into the hearts of a few of his loyal supporters from East Boston. Major Finnerty asserts that he is confident of election, as he has already signed up to have “Senior Week Committee (4)” put after his picture in Technique.



"Watch out, you'll spill the beans . . .

"...but before you say any more, I want to ask you one question.

"Why do they use pictures of pretty girls in advertisements?

"And while you are thinking about what you are going to say—

"I will tell you this much:

"Many pretty girls like a MILD and PURE cigarette that TASTES BETTER . . . and that's Chesterfield."

They Satisfy

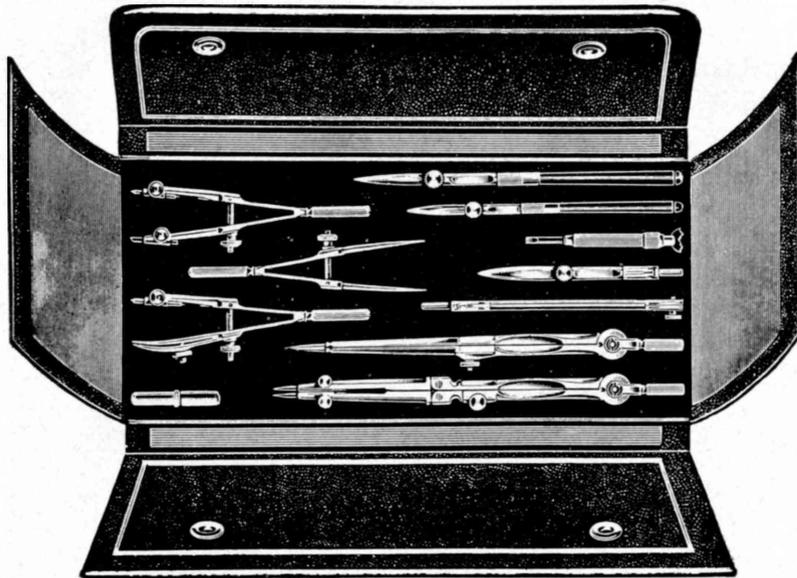
WRAPPED IN DU PONT
NO. 300 MOISTURE-
PROOF CELLOPHANE...
THE BEST AND MOST
EXPENSIVE MADE



GOT A DATE TONIGHT? Hear "Music that Satisfies"
—Nat Shilkret's Chesterfield Orchestra and *romantic*
songs by Alex Gray. Nearest Columbia station, 10:30 E. S. T.

Drastic Reductions On All Drawing Sets

GENUINE SCHOENNER INSTRUMENTS



50% OFF

Showing some values on our Finest Quality of Complete Sets of Drawing Instruments

	FORMERLY	NOW
No. 350	\$14.00	\$7.00
No. 375	20.00	10.00
No. 410	22.00	11.00
No. 420	30.00	15.00
No. 510	30.00	15.00
No. 610	40.00	20.00

Similar values on all other Drafting and Engineering Supplies

MODERN BLUE PRINT CO.
51 CORNHILL AT SCOLLAY SQUARE

ELECTRIC LOVE

- If she wants a date — Meter.
 - If she comes to call — Receiver.
 - If she wants an escort — Conductor.
 - If you think she's picking your pockets — Detector.
 - If she's slow of comprehension — Accelerator.
 - If she goes up in the air — Condenser.
 - If she's hungry — Feeder.
 - If she's a poor cook — Discharger.
 - If she eats too much — Reducer.
 - If she is wrong — Rectifier.
 - If her hands are cold — Heater.
 - If she fumes and splutters — Insulator.
 - If she wants a holiday — Transmitter.
 - If she talks too long — Interrupter.
 - If she is narrow in her views — Amplifier.
- Wampus



"I've got a new name for the girl friend."
 "What is it and why?"
 "Baseball — because she won't play without a diamond."

—Widow



"Does your husband ever take your little hand in his?"

"Yes, and twists it until I drop the gun."

—Davidson Yowl.



Bog: "I got a real kick out of kissing Jane last night."

Gog: "Any more than usual?"

Bog: "Yea, the old man caught me."

—Witt.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

What does the advertising in these columns mean to you?

Every advertisement bears a message. It offers valuable information that will help you in the better choice of your clothing, your automobile, your bank, your cigarettes, or even your choice of future work.

The advertising of today has established its worth, not only as a publicity stunt, but as a directory for the buyer. Each advertisement carries an instructive message based on fact and research. The advertising in *Voo Doo* is that of reputable concerns, each offering a distinct line which is of interest to you at one time or another. Every wise buyer peruses the advertisements of the concerns which specialize in his wants before he makes his purchase.

You can patronize these advertisers to your distinct advantage.

E. D. Abbott Company	29
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American Tobacco Company	<i>Outside Back Cover</i>
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Brooks Brothers	24
Charlie Mun Hand Laundry	31
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General Motors (Chevrolet)	<i>Inside Back Cover</i>
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Technology Chambers	27
Tech Pharmacy	29
Uncle Bill's Bookshelf	27
Walker Memorial Dining Hall	29
Walton Lunch	3

SERVE THOSE WHO SERVE YOU



OPPOSITE THE NEW
WALDORF- ASTORIA

Home of the famous swimming pool

The SHELTON

at 49th and Lexington NEW YORK

When the Shelton opened (7 years ago) we began catering to college men and women. Gradually their patronage has increased; we feel safe in asserting that more students make the Shelton their New York home than at any club or other hotel. One reason for this is the free recreational features plus a desire to serve on the part of Shelton employees. Room rates have been greatly reduced. Rates from \$50 per month upward. A room from \$2.50 daily.

Club features (free to guests) are as follows: Swimming pool; completely equipped gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium. Restaurant and cafeteria service at reasonable prices.



CONSTANCE BENNETT reveals the secrets of a "LADY WITH A PAST" on the screen at the R. K. O. KEITH Theatre now.



"Move over," requested the photographer of two beautiful girls whose picture he was taking, "I want to focus you."

— Boston Beanpot



"All I did was ask you a simple engineering question. Why did you flare up like that?"

"Well, you see I'm not a civil engineer."

— Lyre



Her husband sold real estate and she gave lots away.

— Wautagar

Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 420 Tremont Street | 242 Tremont Street |
| 202 Dartmouth Street | 1083 Washington Street |
| 629 Washington Street | 44 Scollay Square |
| 30 Haymarket Square | 332 Massachusetts Avenue |
| 6 Pearl Street | 19 School Street |
| 540 Commonwealth Avenue | 437 Boylston Street |
| 1215 Commonwealth Avenue | 34 Bromfield Street |
| 105 Causeway Street | |

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology
Are:

- 78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE
1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

THEATRE



KATHERINE CORNELL
IN "THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET"
at the SHUBERT



HARRIETTE LAKE
IN
"EVERYBODY'S WELCOME"
MAJESTIC THEATRE



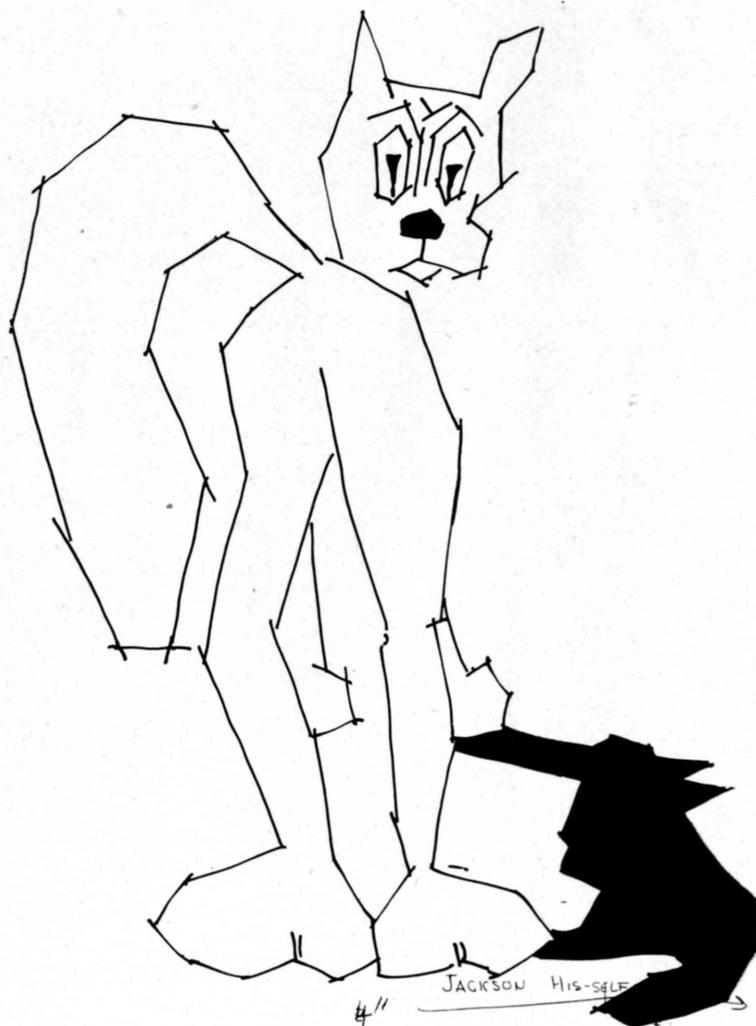
FRANCES WILLIAMS
GUARANTEES THAT
"EVERBODY'S WELCOME"
at the MAJESTIC



"WE'VE ONLY GOT ONE BOTTLE, =
BUT 'EVERYBODY'S WELCOME'" SAY
OSCAR SHAW AND ANN PENNINGTON
FROM THE MAJESTIC STAGE

P·H·O·S·P·H·O·R·U·S

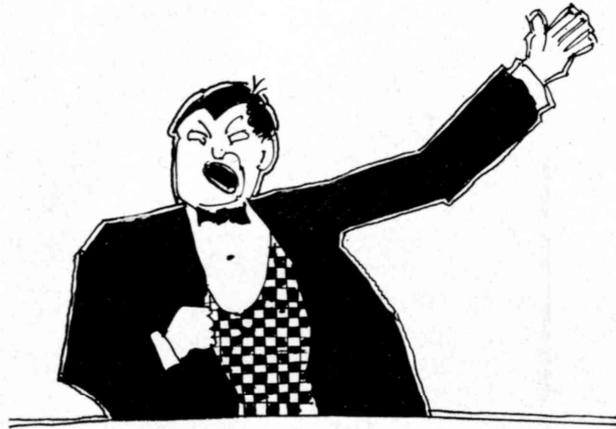
Loudly Lauds
Our Handshaking
Politicians





SHADES OF ROOM 3-440

O U R C A N D I D A T E



Won't you please
vote for our candidate

. . . HE IS THE MAN FOR THE OFFICE . . . HE DIDN'T DO ANY WORK ON THE JUNIOR PROM LAST YEAR . . . SO HE WON'T GET IN THE WAY THIS YEAR . . . HE IS AN ARDENT LETTER WRITER TO THE TECH . . . THREE IN ONE WEEK IS MERELY CHILD'S PLAY FOR OUR CANDIDATE . . . OUR CANDIDATE TOOK A STRAW VOTE, BUT IT WENT HAY WIRE . . . HOWEVER HE IS STILL CONFIDENT OF VICTORY . . . PLEASE DON'T DISAPPOINT HIM . . . HE HAS SHOWN HE IS WILLING TO SERVE . . . HE HAS PUT VARSITY HOCKEY, VARSITY TRACK, AND SENIOR WEEK COMMITTEE IN HIS TECHNIQUE SENIOR BIOGRAPHY, NOT BECAUSE HE SERVES IN THESE CAPACITIES. . . BUT BECAUSE HE IS WILLING TO SERVE . . . WHETHER HE MADE THE TEAMS OR NOT . . . DON'T LET TECHNIQUE REMOVE THE LAST OF THESE MAGNANIMOUS GESTURES FROM HIS BIOGRAPHY. ALL FOR FINNERTY AND FINNERTY FOR FINNERTY.



OUR CANDIDATE

Suffering from Acute Indigestion

Cambridge, Massachusetts
February 15, 1932

Herbert Hoover, Esq.
White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

With the country in such grave financial stress it seems very unwise for you to have overlooked an excellent man for the office vacated by Mr. Mellon. The man I speak of is none other than our own Horace S. Ford, known to his intimates as "Hard" and to us inmates of Technology as "Five-Dollar." It's really a damn shame that this village Hamilton should be born to blush unseen and that his most successful methods of removing Technology's great budget deficit should not be applied to our country's own deficit.

"Hard" Ford's method is very simple. Why should he bother to curtail expenses and cut down graft? He merely increases the revenue at the expense of the poor suckers who pay his fines. Think how simple it would be to enlarge his fine system to embrace the delinquent taxpayers. A fine of \$5 for every late income tax return, \$5 for every late payment of graft money, \$5 admission charge for listening to the funniest show on earth, a session of Congress. I could go on forever enunciating the various applications of his system. It's really unbeatable.

In closing I wish to state that the inclusion of H. S. Ford as your candidate for Secretary of the Treasury would mean at least three thousand more votes for your party from grateful and loyal Tech men. And, after all, three thousand votes are not to be sneezed at in this election when Al Smith has the entire ginger ale industry behind him.

Very truly yours,



Official action should be taken against the lousy manner some of these fellows dress for a formal examination. In addition, the toodamfamiliar notation at the top of the exam paper should be changed to read "Students are not allowed to bring books, notebooks, or Hershey bars into the exam room." The latter is provoked because of the fact that at one of the morning exams one of the "Joes" pulled out a Hershey about eleven o'clock. While blindly and slowly unwrapping it with one hand he was writing like sixty with the other. The tendency was at first to regard him with contempt. But when he started eating it, this beholder became so hungry for a bite that it was almost impossible to keep from jumping the man.

"Are you a Statue of Liberty girl?"
 "Sir, what do you mean!"
 "Lit up all night and stands for everything."

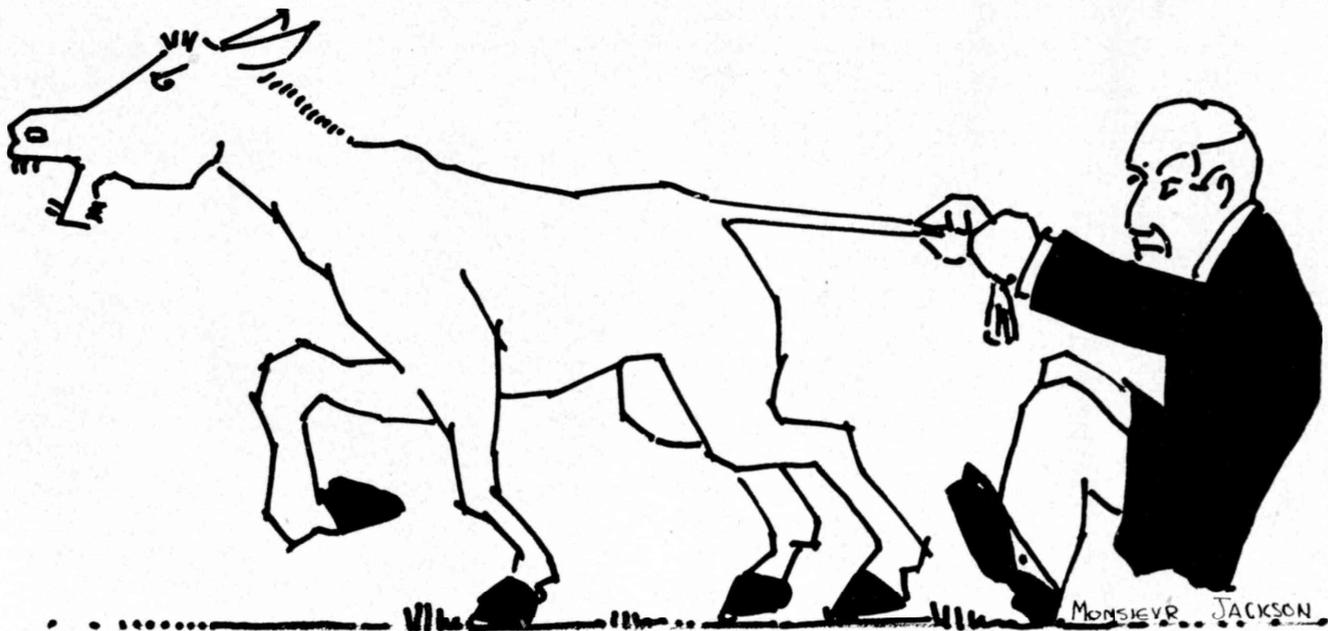


Voo Doo depressed the prices of Zn, Cu, and Pb the other day by throwing on the market all the multitude of plates from the cartoons and advertisements that have been in the issues of the last year and a half. Waiting for the prices to rise became too much of an impatient job. A war would do the trick, but Phosphorus's lobby in the Senate has been ineffectual of late.



"You gave me the wrong steer," said the milkmaid as she came away with an empty pail.

The Maine Stag Song: Call me darling, call me sweetheart, call me deer.



You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. And vice versa.

FRIGHTENS LITTLE CHILDREN



The "Bogey Man" from Walker Memorial Basement who has been scaring the Necco Candy Factory girls has been captured by the Dormitory Vigilance Committee, who will always fight for their women.

Mr. Noyes did not know that his new mustache-pomade was going to make that upper lip crop so fertile that it made ex-Kaiser Wilhelm's handle-bars look like a goatee. The little blond wisps previously had just been holding their own. Each individual bristle had to be tied to the bedpost at night to keep it from receding. Mr. Noyes was several times mistaken for the "Timid Soul" of the funny papers. Thus, being desperate, he tried with the above pictured success the pomade which the salesman guaranteed would even grow hair on the dome of Building 10.

THE INSTITUTE'S FIVE-YEAR PLAN

Uncle Horace Ford admits the funds are pretty low;
Enrollment has been falling off and thus the lack of
dough.

The coffers of the Institute have grown quite gaunt
and thin

For fifty thousand dollars have gone out and should
be in.

Now we've a plan to offer that will save the Institute
From the fearful degradation of becoming destitute—
But we'll have to ask the students to coöperate a lot
For the honor of Technology — and all that sort of
rot.

If everyone consents to flunk two courses every June,
The twenty grand that will result will be quite oppor-
tune;

Then if we pay tuition late (we'll all agree on that)
Ten thousand more will go to make Our Uncle's
wallet fat.

And now, to top the whole thing off, we'll each pull
down two D's,

And each of us will then fling ten more dollars to
the breeze.

I've figured up the total sum and found it just works
out

To give the fifty thousand that we cannot do without.
Now if we overdo our part and flunk, say, three or
four,

Our school will then be swamped with dough, its
finances will soar —

And soon the balance will be such that it can carry
on

Without the money that it gets from Harry, Dick,
and Tom.

The corporation then will heave a great collective
sigh

And tell the student body to depart from here for
aye —

They never cared to teach us what an engineer should
know,

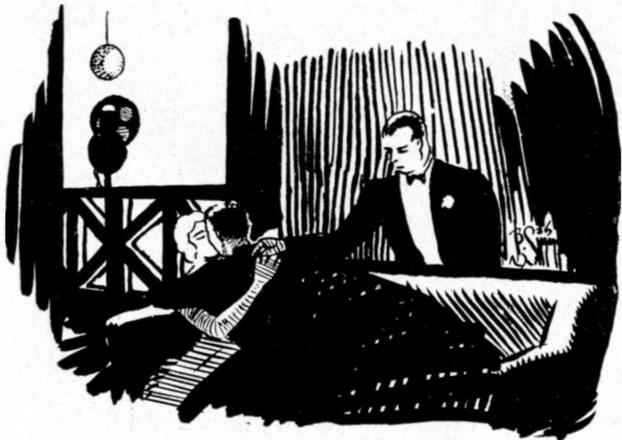
The only thing they wanted was our bit of hard-
earned dough.

If the depression (terrible word, that) gets any worse the Theta Chis will have to sell their old bottle collection. However, it probably would not take them long to amass another aggregation of bottles. There is something romantic to such a collection; each bottle (or set of bottles) probably has a good story back of it. A faint odor issuing from the neck makes the reminiscence even more poignant.

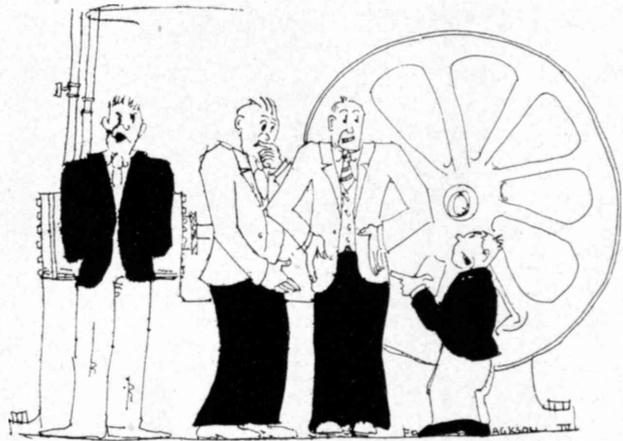
Incidentally, a good many of the labels on these "real stuff" bottles are made by an industry in Lowell which has a legal charter. Some bootleggers have such a fast turnover that they don't allow time for the paste on the label to dry before selling their merchandise. This was illustrated by mortification suffered by a sophomore, who having just made a purchase of "real" Gordon Dry Gin pulled it out of his pocket to show it off at the house. Dismay! The label, still damp from paste, had crunched up and brushed off.



Voo Doo suggests that the present-day investor be called a frog, because he hops from bank to bank.



Bill Barker: "Beat it, Chippy — it's my turn now."



"You guys quit teasing me or I'll call Prof. Eames," says Hesselschwerdt.



Williams Jennings Hesselschwerdt, the silver tonsiled orator of engine lab and very tender-footed boy scout of the organization there, believes in making himself heard over the wheeze of some of the obsolete apparatus. His voice can scarcely fill a phone booth but his mouth and firm belief in the lip reading ability of his pupils make up the difference. He has had his first taste of power and has imbibed deeply, as some petty politician taking over his first office. Lacking in everything that would make anyone waste a passing glance, he turns to arrogance. Even that fails him. His only protection is the skirt of Prof. Eames, but the smiles of the amused still linger on.



The Dean of a co-educational institute recently issued a questionnaire to the students in which they were asked to name their preference in student activities. On receiving the papers he was surprised to see on 90 per cent of the papers, the answer, "Lantern Slides."

Voo Doo

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During the past year the board of Volume XIV of Voo Doo has attempted, by means of its satirical pen, to dispel some of the illusions so long hovering in the minds of the "average undergraduate," that pathetic person who is rightfully the butt of a large part of the nation's humor. These precious illusions about freshmen, faculty, honorary societies, etc., which have inspired a feeling of awe in the minds of the "average undergraduate," have been made the object of sarcasm and ridicule to prove that they are not sacred and holy, but flat and commonplace.

In this, the last issue of the present board, that greatest bugaboo of all, Institute politics, is the object of Phos's efforts. The "average undergraduate," who knows too much about applied mechanics (my apologies to you, Prof. Hayward) and altogether too little about applied politics, is as wary of discussing Technology politics as is a Democratic aspirant for the presidency of discussing the League of Nations. Politics, of the Institute variety, has long been the unmentionable of undergraduate circles even as the "sex problem" has been the unmentionable of the "average American" home; and the "average undergraduate" pays as little attention to class elections as does his ideal, "the average American," to national elections. It is with full realization of the tremendous handicap under which the Tech man is laboring that Phos is arguing. Granted, that many spend altogether too much time in travelling between Boston and its suburbs, Wellesley included, to have much time or ambition left to deal with such activities as class elections and student organizations, but the mere evidence of the few who have interested themselves shows that it is not entirely impossible.

It really won't hurt you, my dear "average undergraduate," there is no one to slap your wrist if you put your finger in the pie.



Voo Doo regrets that D. Malcolm Fleming, '33, our go-getter publicity manager, did not return to the Institute this term.



Destructive distillation



Although it has been tried, it is impossible to get more than 25 c.c. of grain alcohol at the chemical supply laboratory. It must have been a racket until that maximum allowance was made.

A large number of the men in Tech know one of the two common delicate tests for wood alcohol: 1. The Resorcinal test and 2, the Fuchsine Reagent test. Usually, the "unknown" liquid is not tested until the day after the night before when a test on the personal constitution could have had its effect. However there is a justification for the chemical test in that it makes sure whether or not there is any trace of wood alcohol in the liquor in question.



Pitiful Predicaments: A Scotchman with an all-day sucker who got lockjaw at three o'clock.



Those upperclassmen who find it hard to concentrate in the presence of noise find the stacks in the Central Library as quiet as a dumb class in 2.40 that doesn't know the answer to an oral question from the Prof. In fact, it is so quiet that it is simple to bend over the desk and snooze a while, especially if the usual late-into-the-night exercise preparation has been the case.

"No. 13964 will now render 'Time on My Hands,' " said the warden as the lifer made his way to the platform.

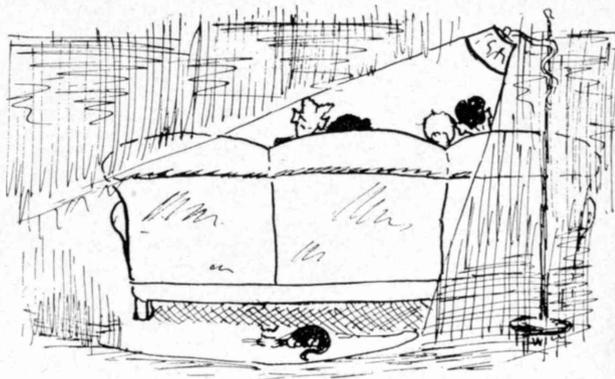


The fraternity houses must be kept up. It would not be a surprise to see placards in front of the houses from 526 to 532 Beacon Street reading "Boarders Taken In: Initiation \$50 Extra."

There are always some new men entering the second term besides those individuals who had been booted for a term or a year. Thus, the fall rushing is repeated in miniature, taking care not to bring in rushees when some of the freshmen being initiated are having their rear ends smoothed with a paddle. It usually happens that the S.A.E.'s are not interested in rushing, because their hundred odd chapters all over the United States supply them with an adequate number of transfers to fill the house.



"Shove that big stiff out of the way," said the undertaker to his assistant.



Two couples having equal moments.



Cop: "Have you read the traffic rules?"
 Motorist: "Yes, what would you like to know?"

AFTER THE BATTLE, MOTHER

*Oh there are pests within our halls
 Of every breed and nation;
 The slimy kind that clings to walls
 To cause us perturbation;*

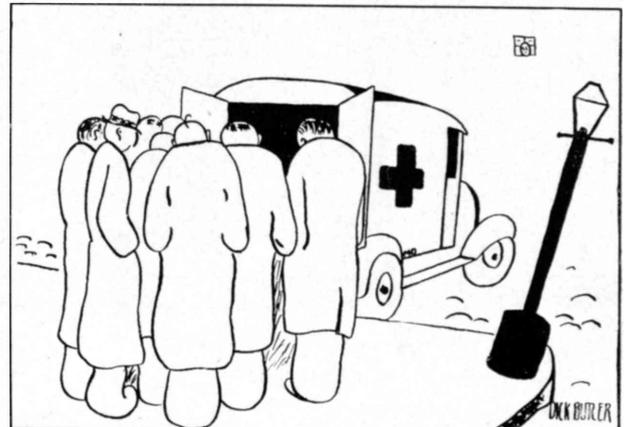
*The easy breezy kind of pest
 Whose forte is back slappings;
 The spawn that nuzzles in our vest
 With confidential flappings.*

*But these are not in any wise
 The greatest of my hating,
 For they're the guys who sympathise
 To brag about their rating.*

*So now I live each night to pray
 That God will make me saintly,
 And when we meet on Milky Way
 I'll murmur to Him faintly; —*

*"And how did you pass Judgment Time?
 (Speak up my little hero)
 What, only four point nine?
 Why mine was five point zero!"*

The Building Construction men know their American woods, to be sure. But they were considerably non-plussed when the new wooden doors were put in at Entrance 33, Massachusetts Avenue. Conjectures in different groups that it was beech, birch, and poplar were declared with supporting reasons, based upon the grains and textures of the wood. But then came the official announcement that it was teak, a wood from India. Dirty trick, the budding contractors thought.



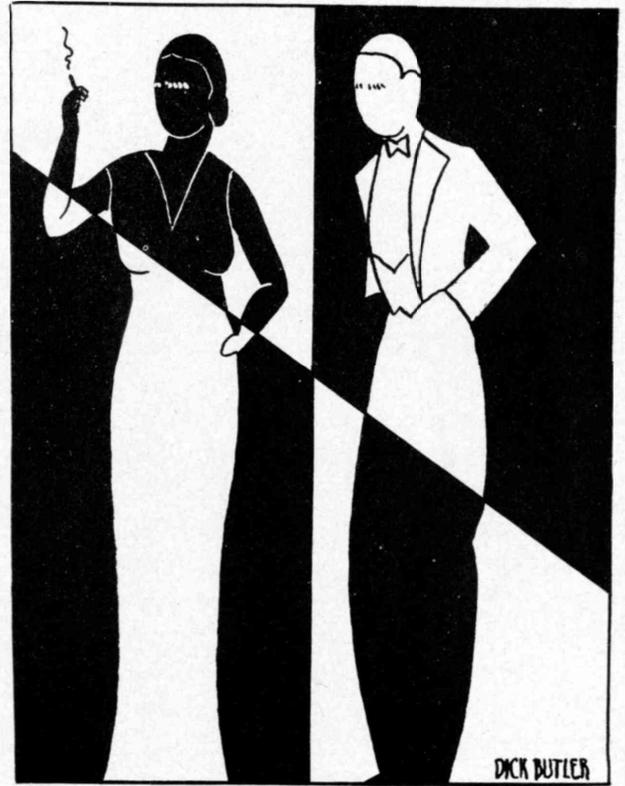
"What's this! Another Phi Gam!"

The two Halls, Dick and Emery Lawrence, are brothers in arms for disarmament. Last term Dick was doing his bit to break down the compulsory training course here and Emery Lawrence was then and is now challenging President Hoover and the Boston Post of the American Legion. If they don't take care they will have the militaristic ATO House attacking them by night with their famous battle cry, "Give The Freshmen Soldiers Hell."

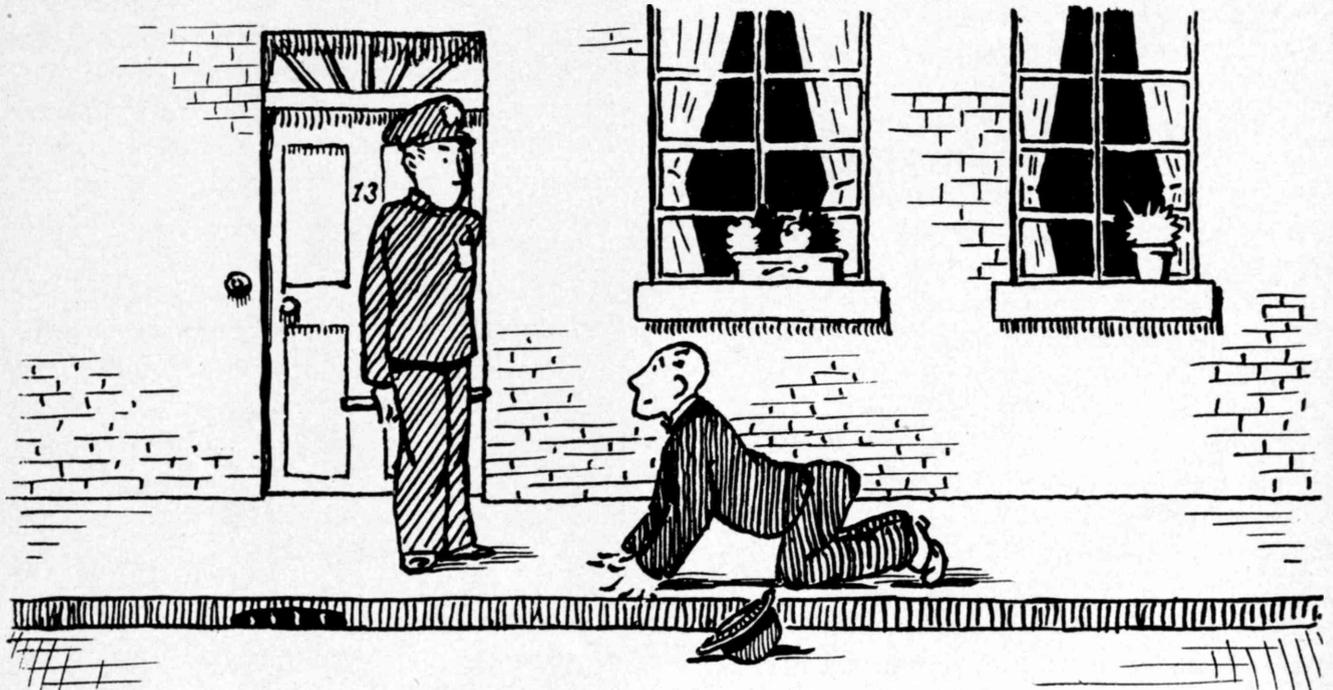
Incidentally, Emery Lawrence Hall has been rising fast in the world. In our news sheet, *The Tech*, his class was given as '34. Then two Boston papers wrote articles about him, designating his class as '33 and '32 in the two instances. And now the present haranguings of Emery Lawrence Hall have been quoted in a Boston paper as coming from Prof. E. L. Hall of M. I. T.



"Do you get my point?" said the porcupine.



Tech: "Is the college in Wellesley proper?"
Wellesley: "Sir!"



"Lost something, me lad?"
 "No, shir, i'sh lookin' for the Deke Houshe."

andi-

On this page Phos sobers up long enough to become solemn:

This is the day of mergers and big combinations. Phi Lambda Alpha and Sigma Iota, two Spanish fraternities, have pooled their interests into Phi Iota Alpha. Such action is justifiable and even advisable for fraternities that have men whose nationality and interests lie along the same line.

Phos could suggest several other possible separate combinations of two fraternities to form one good one, lifting them from their present struggling state. But no; most of them are national fraternities, and the national officers of each would stand aghast at such a suggestion.

There is little connection between a fraternity at one college and another chapter of the same fraternity at a different college: sending a delegate to an initiation at a brother chapter, to an alumni dinner or to the national convention is about the extent of the acquaintanceship. Even the national conventions are little more than hand-shaking events; the delegates all think each other great fellows when they get drunk together and talk about the dear old fraternity, but such "good fellowship" would probably be the case in any group of college men getting together. Visiting brothers from other chapters find a chapter of their fraternity a convenient free boarding place while visiting the college or staying in a college town.

No matter how much it may be denied a fraternity at a college derives negligible prominence from its national standing. Its local reputation is the thing. Also, the interests, ideals, and quality of men may distinctly vary between two different chapters of the same fraternity. Thus, a transfer may or may not find himself at the chapter of his fraternity at his new college.

At freshman camp one of the '35 class innocently asked if a man could transfer from one national fraternity to another. This of course brought loud guffaws, but seriously it is as good a solution as has been suggested.

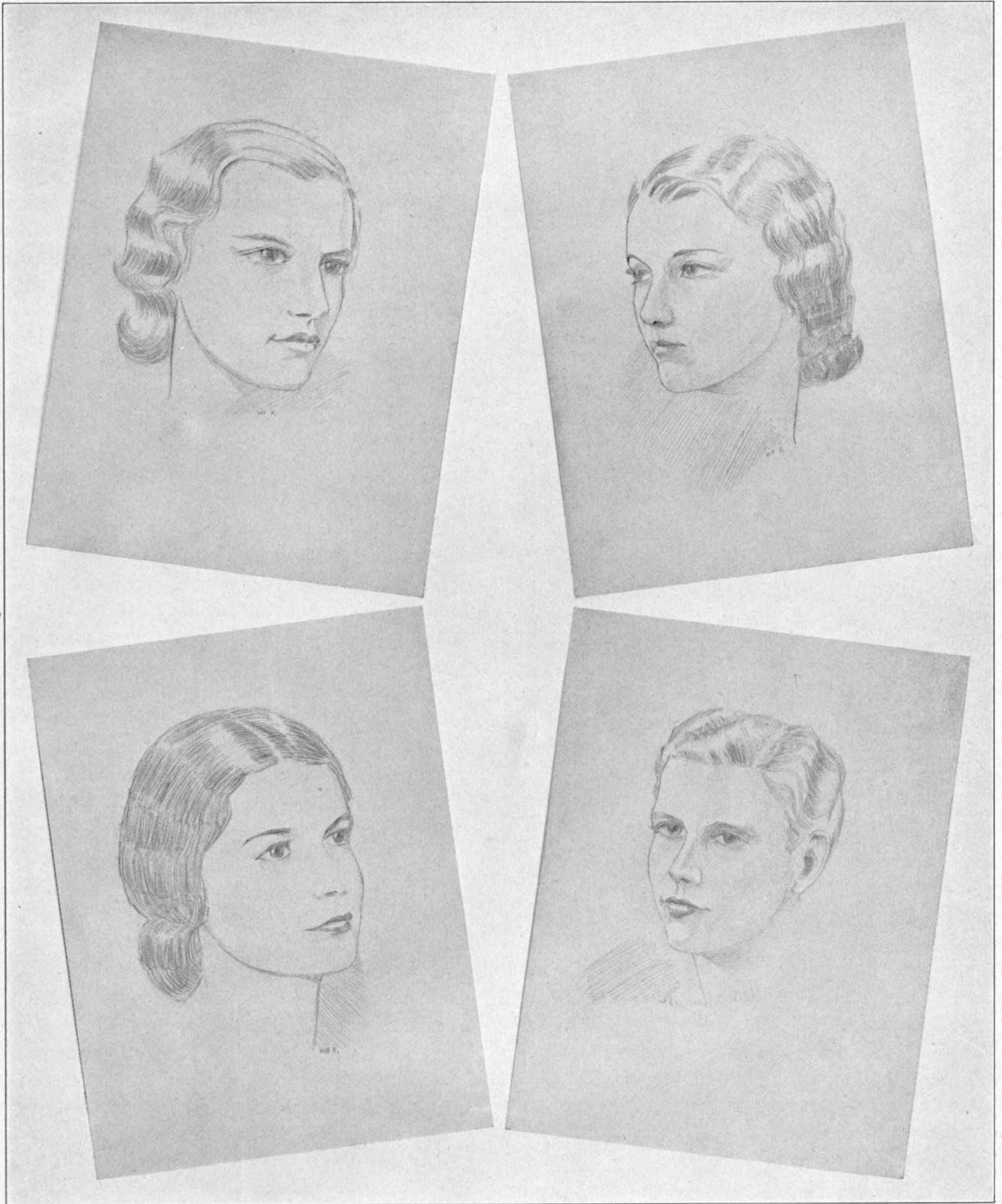
It is deplorable the way some college comics degrade themselves and others by printing as their own original jokes from brother comics. Of course, originality is usually difficult, but any college comic staff that spends the amount of time on its publication that is required for, say, the college daily, should be able to turn out a fair-grade magazine. Perhaps copying the idea of a drawing is justifiable, although we are sure that some of the Voo Doo drawings of girls by Harper Richards and Norton Miner that were subsequently copied in other comics give picture evidence that imitator artists are crude in their sense of proportion as well as being poor originators.

But direct copying of jokes without giving credit to the originator comic cannot be excused. Glaring evidence of this was the November issue of the Boston University *Beanpot*, which presented as its own seven or eight jokes from two previous Voo Doos. Putting several of the jokes under drawings the *Beanpot* had made up for the occasion in no way justified such cribbing.

Copy-cats can never go very far without getting caught up.



With the coming of spring there will be the usual fraternity costume dances. It is sometimes a gripe to provide one's self with a costume, but seeing the other costumes at a party usually makes it well worth the trouble. The Chi Phis are always up in the money with their Bohemian dance and the Lambda Chis with their Sailor affair. In the past the Sigma Chis were thoughtful in giving two different costume dances that only required negligible wearing apparel — a Turkish ball and a South Sea Island dance. It will be the greatest tragedy of the year if the Betas do not give their barn dance.



“SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PROM”

A hair in the head is worth two in the brush.

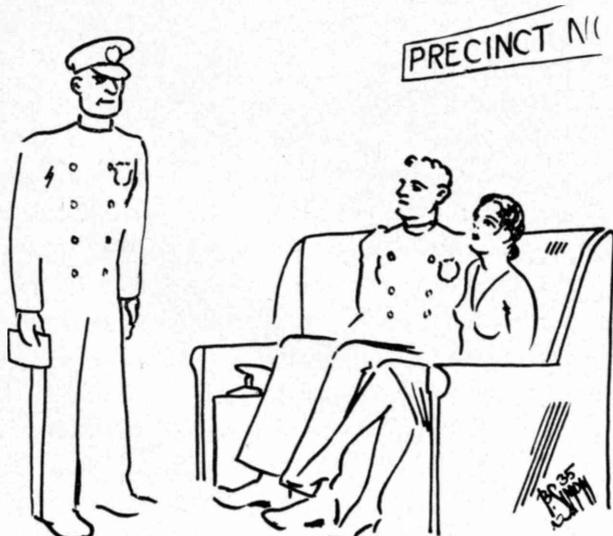


Phosphorus was sorely tempted to print in this last issue of the present volume some of the so-called-by-*The-Tech* "border line jokes" that have been laying in our files for several months. But they will be saved for display from a balcony at the Circus in April. Except for an occasional slip, Voo Doo prides itself on maintaining, for a college comic, a fairly respectable moral tone.

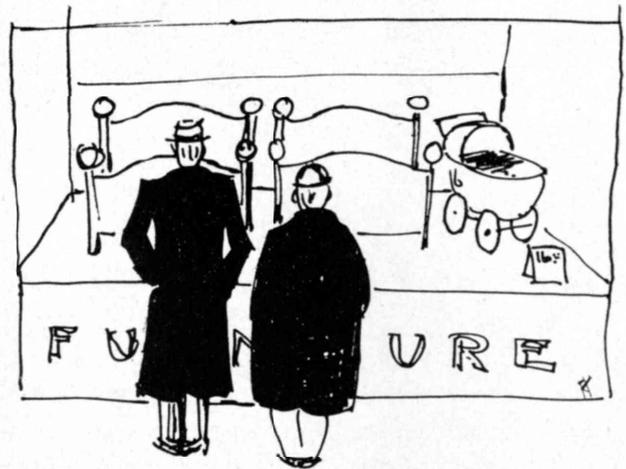
There is no question but what an obscene joke that is funny as well is appreciated in any society. But jokes that are "just plain dirty" are disgusting to any fine sense of nicety that a person may possess.



Interne (to doctor in charge of operation):
"May I cut in?"



"Inspector Kennedy?"
"What do you think I've been doing the last half hour?"



"He was the second window dresser we had to fire this week."



Here's the best annual story on Ted Heim. Something went wrong with the refrigerator in his apartment. He, wanting to use his engineering knowledge, started poking around with a screw driver; this resulted in his puncturing a soft copper pipe, releasing sulphur dioxide under pressure. Frantic attempts to stop up the hole while coughing and making faces under the influence of the gas were of no avail. So Mr. Heim ran around the apartment opening all the windows; then he poked his head out of one into the open air. But there was plenty of sulphur dioxide in the refrigerator chamber, and Mr. Heim felt himself getting woozy. Accordingly he tore out of the room and rang the elevator bell furiously. Sulphur dioxide, being heavier than air, had filtered down the elevator shaft. A bewildered, gassed and bleary-eyed elevator boy finally got his car up; Ted crawled in and full steam downward was put on. By this time the bell was frantically ringing from the two floors below Ted's flat, but the elevator boy was disabled and the people on these two floors had to chase down the stairs. Of course Ted could have gone one floor above and escaped the sulphur dioxide, because of its mentioned propensity of being heavier than air, but that was one emergency we had not been told about in engineering classes or in Humanics either.

Emerson, '33 in closed car on cold wintry night:
 "I'd hate to be walking."

The Tech Reporter: "Now isn't that lovely."



The past vacation is undoubtedly the best one of the school year. There are no studies to be nagging the mind and no finals in the offing. Those who were not so fortunate as to go home or hit for New York City still managed to get along fine. We had all the gals from the different girls' schools at our disposal, and the weather was smooth. The only evidence of work over at the Institute were the young scientists laboring on their theses and the janitors doing general house-cleaning.



"Pretty swell."

"Yeh, but that isn't the half of it."

OSCULATE : TO TOUCH CLOSELY SO AS TO HAVE THREE OR MORE POINTS IN COMMON AT THE POINT OF CONTACT

— Webster's Dictionary.

I'd practiced for many long hours
 And thought that I'd learned how to kiss;
 In shadowy vine-covered bowers
 I'd snuggled with many a miss.

I thought that I knew all the theory;
 It seemed that I had it down cold —
 I'd whisper low — "Come across, dearie —"
 And then use a wrestler's hold.

But one day I happened to notice
 That Webster saw fit to bestow
 A new meaning on an old custom —
 And certainly Webster should know!

* * * * *

So I've had to revise all my methods
 And substitute Noah's in place;
 Altho sometimes I take him verbatim
 And get a quick slap in the face!



"I thought there was a catch in it," said the bear
 as the trap snapped shut.



Clarence "Chippy," "Barrel-of-Fun" Chase probably has a better chance of a real job (with salary), than any other prospective June Graduates. Here's the key to the worth of the man. He's going into wrecking-crew work in a big way.

Old "Barrel's" first job was recently completed in record time, down on Memorial Drive, when he and his crew completely demounted a fine old antique wrought iron piece. The valuable structure happened to be standing on the curb holding a sign that Chippy didn't appreciate — so out it went. They say that the apparatus he uses burns grain alcohol for fuel, and any chemist will tell you that there are 30,000 Btu's in any given pound. That's a lot of heat.



Two well oiled nuts calling for a wench.



Here's an event of last spring from Rogers. We just heard it, but then it takes about a year for a story to come over to this side of the river from the hibernating architects. One of the girl models was showing good form while figure posing when suddenly she became ill and faint and could scarce keep her feet. Some student rushed to get her a chair while it became Professor Brown's job half to support and half to comfort her in the meanwhile. Having an incapacitated, unadorned beauty on one's hands is no everyday situation — or at least it shouldn't be. But Professor Brown summoned all his dignity and collectiveness and did not appear too awkward while trying to support the model in a way that would be least embarrassing to himself. The chair was soon placed and the girl slumped into it. While she was thus "off duty" no one thought to drape her — or at any rate no one did. If Professor Brown had only prepared for such emergencies, he could have served tea or passed around Murads.

Did you see Carrol Wilson's white gloves at the senior dance? He only wears them on one occasion — when he's tight, which is by no means an annual occasion. It must have been terribly embarrassing to him when a young lady thought he was "waiting on" and asked for two dishes of ice cream.

The Dekes, in spite of their practice of imbibing, got sick on some stuff from a new bootlegger; they had consumed all the stock of their favorite purveyor.



"That's my queue," said the Chinese actor as the stage manager jerked him by the hair onto the stage.



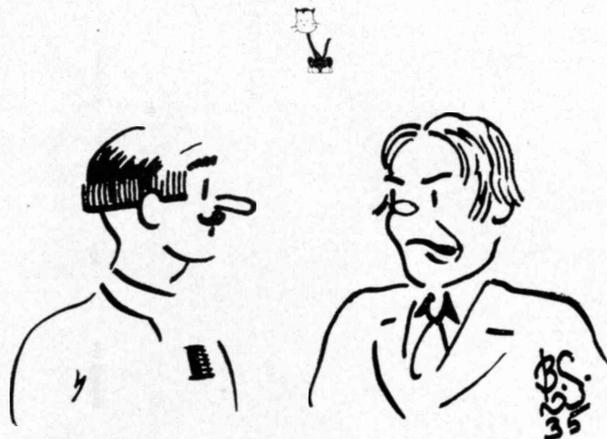
Please permit an encore Rogers story. The architects are high pressure workers. They have big problem assignments that take one or several weeks, but in any event the problem must be done by the night of specified date, even if it is necessary to move heaven and earth.

One lad thought he would celebrate termination of the problem and start the weekend at the same time by getting gleefully tight before delivering his problem. Said problem was delivered successfully, but the architect subsequently wandered up to the fourth floor where he passed out like a lamp that Triple E Hudson accidentally short circuits. His two companions wearily followed him upstairs. Here, one of them, bright for a Course IV man, solved the problem of getting him down. The two of them lifted and deposited the limp architect in a large wicker basket "elevator" that the janitors use for lowering trash and odds and ends. Gingerly, they let the basket down between the four flights of staircases. Too bad a talking picture cameraman was not there at the time.

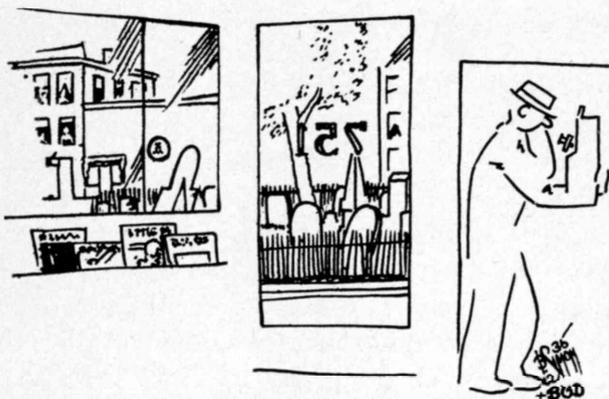
TECH STUDENT FOUND
SWIMMING MUDDY RIVER —
IN DAZE.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 23 (P.A.) — Jackson Q. Winterbottom, a freshman at M. I. T. and scion of a socially prominent South Boston family, was found by Metropolitan police this morning, swimming briskly along Muddy River, clad in a new pair of tan oxfords and a flashy diamond stick-pin. After he pulled him out of the river with a pitchfork, Officer Jukes questioned the young engineer. "I studied for one hour last night," the boy whimpered, "and I guess I must have lost my mind. So I got dressed this morning and went out to look for it. Then I saw something in the river that looked familiar, so I dove in — and here I am." After listening to the pitiful story, Officer Jukes lent his cap to the land and carried him to the station where kind-hearted officers amused him by telling stories and feeding him peanuts. Later in the day a number of young men who said they were his brothers, called at the station and took Winterbottom to 28 The Fenway where they claimed he resided.

She may be a printer's daughter, but she's just my type.



Barber: "Haircut, Sir?"
Customer: "Naw; just lower my ears!"



"Come on over, Joe, and we'll dig up some women."

Chief Spofford's a tricky old chap,
And I'd hate to get caught in his trap,
He may be an expert on ruptures
And failures of structures
But his book is just full of Cooper's E₆₀ loading.



The Wellesley girls gave a dance for the benefit of the unemployed and didn't even invite the latter.
Inconsiderate, my dears.



Engineering skill.. on trial at the old courthouse



While the ashes were still smoldering, Western Electric was already in action.

That afternoon fire had raged, wiping out much of the business section, reducing the telephone building to smoking ruins. That night, Western Electric men were at work converting an old courthouse into a telephone exchange. The next day both local and

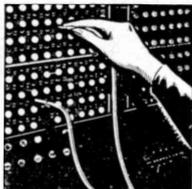
long distance communication was restored in the stricken town...

☐ Western Electric accepts many such challenges as this. Challenges that put to the test the engineering skill of its Installation Department, that call into play the resources and facilities of its nationwide



Men and materials were rushed to the scene from miles around.

system of distribution. ☐ Backing up a far-flung line of communication is only one phase of Western Electric's responsibility to the Bell System. Equally important is the purchasing of supplies and materials and the manufacture of telephones and telephone equipment.



Day after fire, local and toll service was restored.

Western Electric

Manufacturers . . . Purchasers . . . Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR



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 Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

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Outfits for Winter
 Sport

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 \$6.00 to \$29.00

GOLF STOCKINGS
 \$2.50 to \$12.00

BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
 BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET
 NEWPORT PALM BEACH

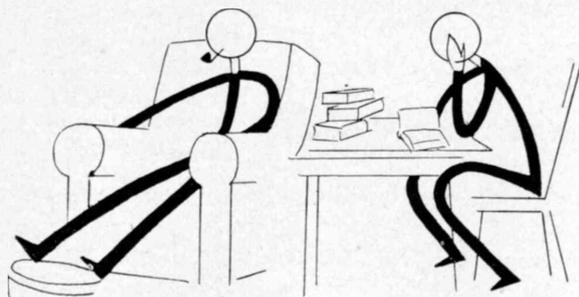


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Whether you come to New York for intellectual nourishment . . . or intellectual relaxation, you'll find the Astor . . . in the heart of this great metropolis . . . makes an ideal starting point for either.



FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM

"Good! They have to be good," said the chaperone as she climbed the fraternity house stairs to investigate the goings-on on the second floor.

— Octopus



As the young lover released his sweetheart from a close embrace he whispered in her ear, "What do you tell the other boys who come to see you? Do you make them think that you love them?"

"Yes, darling," she said, "you don't mind, do you?"

"No," the lover peacefully remarked, "But it will be hell for them later, the poor, trusting fools."

— Skipper



Patient: "I'm in love with you and I don't want to get well."

Nurse: "Never fear. The doctor is in love with me too, and he saw you kiss me this morning."

— Jack-o-Lantern

The Gamma Phis were wondering whether they should put a window seat in their sorority house or a new davenport. One of the "chi sig" boys with a mean reputation as a carpenter, suggested: "A window seat, by all means — you can't go wrong on a window seat!"

— *Beanpot*



Her: "Your hands remind me of a mystery play."

Him: "In what way are my hands like a mystery play?"

Her: "Creepy!"

— *Purple Parrot*



The radio is getting so popular in some of the fraternity houses that whenever someone asks what time it is, the answer comes back: "Half past Ben Bernie, quarter to Guy Lombardo."

— *Punch Bowl*



E. E.: "Say, John, I'm an electrician now."

Ag. E.: "No. That's news."

E. E.: "Last night when I was over at the Sigma Kappa house the fuse blew out, and I fixed it."

Ag. E.: "Sap — the world needs men like you."

— *Green Gander*



Drunk: "I don't see how our team played at all."

He: "Why is that?"

Drunk: "They say they were on the ball most of the time."

— *Widow*



Irate Father: "You're pretty close to my daughter, young man."

Suitor: "Yes, sir, we get along fine, don't we?"

— *Widow*



SMOOTH or SHAGGY?



WHICH shall it be? The good old grads are attacking the Eastern colleges and calling names. It all came about because their football teams didn't win. If you want to know why, read HENRY MOTON ROBINSON'S defense of the effete Princetonian in the March COLLEGE HUMOR.

Darrell Ware again writes a smooth story about LITTLE BLACK CLOUD; and the smoothest novelist of them all, DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE, has turned out a serial especially for us concerning "Baby Face," gangster's son and college man.

Other smooth stories complete an issue that is a tribute to the campus.

CollegeHumor
MAGAZINE

You Have Been Waiting for These

• • BARGAINS • •

Hosiery

A large selection, guaranteed **PURE WOOL**. Also silk and wool. Sizes from 10 to 12.

Reduced to
79c

Shirts

COLLARS ATTACHED
White and colors

\$1.20

Neckties

A selection of patterns that will please you. Some of these sold for \$1.00 and \$1.50.

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65c

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1/2 OFF

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DIVIDEND ALSO

Arthur Martel

Voted "KING OF THE CONSOLE" by New England radio fans turns out fifty-two outstanding presentations a year. See him every week at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE.



“or What Have You . . .”

A FRATERNITY DANCE
OR A DINNER PARTY ?
TONIGHT

May we invite you to

The Gralyn Hotel
30 CHARLESGATE WEST, BOSTON
Just off Commonwealth Avenue Kenmore 3000

They say that the very last thing Burbank did before dying was to cross a street car track with a baby buggy.

— Oklahoma Whirlwind



“Do you like short skirts, Mike?”

“Naw, they get lipstick on me shoit when I dance wit ’em.”

— Princeton Tiger



“Union is not always strength,” said the inebriate, as he mixed rum and water.

— Lafayette Lyre



I was getting a room at the Buldgemose last week when a young couple from upstate approached the clerk and asked for a room

Clerk: “Inside or outside room, sir?”

Visitor: “Inside, it looks like rain.”

— Wampus



“Hi there, big boy, how’d you like a red-hot date with a cute little devil?”

“Fine baby. O.K.”

“Go to hell, big boy, go to hell.”

— Bison

Uncle Bill’s Book Shelf

IT fastens on the wall holding 60 or more books. A wonderful place to put other things too, and takes no room on the floor. Serves a real purpose in any house—and of particular utility—

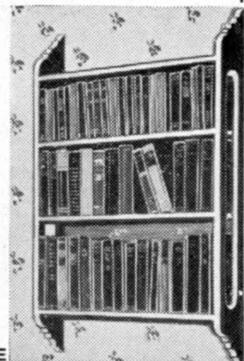
IN COLLEGE ROOMS

Finely made in natural birch, walnut, maple and mahogany finishes at \$5—and in mandarin red, leaf green, pastel blue and Colonial buff enamel at \$4—postpaid ready to put on your wall.

Dimensions, 36" x 22" x 5"

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Technology Chambers

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Special Rates to College Students

Pleasant Rooms

Congenial Atmosphere

TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM

Kenmore 8800

A girl met an old flame who had turned her down, and decided to high-hat him. “Sorry,” she murmured when the hostess introduced him to her, “I didn’t get your name.”

“I know you didn’t,” replied the ex-boy friend, “but that isn’t your fault, you certainly tried hard enough.”

— Lafayette Pyre



“So your father had an operation?”

“Yea, and we’re suing the doctor.”

“What for?”

“For opening my mother’s male.”

— Wautagar

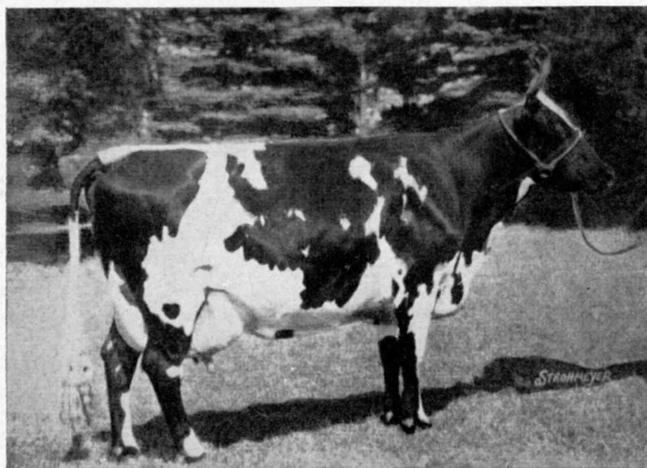


Lover: “Drink to me only with thine eyes.”

Petted: “What’s the matter? Is the gin all gone.”

— Froth

With moist quivering lips, and
with eyes glistening like
pools of tropical
moonlight



Voo Doo's prom
girl eagerly awaits the
outstanding event of next month

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BOSTON

First Financier: "I've just made a million berries."

Second Gambler: "Howzat?"

First Shot: "Installing speakeasies on corners where banks were."

— *Green Goat*



He: "Why did you jump out of the car last night and start running home?"

She: "I was being chaste."

— *Green Gander*



The difference between a good girl and a bad girl when they are not on dates is what we would like to know too. But then one can't tell the difference in cigarettes without first smoking them.

— *Skipper*



Mother (visiting son's room at college): "But, Son, what are all these empty bottles doing in this drawer?"

Quick-Minded Student: "Well, you see, Mother, I'm doing a little junk business on the side to make a little money."

— *Carolinian*

The Tech Pharmacy

HAS BEEN CATERING TO THE M. I. T. STUDENTS SINCE 1927. WHY NOT COME IN AND GET ACQUAINTED? WE HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF SCHOOL SUPPLIES, TOILET GOODS, DRUGS, ETC.

[LUNCHEONETTE and SODA]

Opposite Homberg Infirmary

86 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

**WALKER MEMORIAL
DINING HALLS**



*The
Centre of Technology
Social Life*



IDEALLY CONVENIENT

"What a man!" cried the old maid, gleefully, as the thug crawled through her window.

— *Skipper*



"She's a plenty good sport."

"Oh, well, my girl isn't so hot-looking either."

— *Sour Owl*

The MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

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THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers Courses in Engineering and Science, each of four years' duration, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in:

AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING
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GENERAL SCIENCE
GENERAL ENGINEERING

GEOLOGY
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The Course in Architecture is of five years' duration, and leads to the degree of Bachelor in Architecture. A five-year Coöperative Course in Electrical Engineering leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science and Master of Science is also offered.

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The better high schools and other preparatory schools in the United States offer adequate preparation for the required entrance examinations given by the College Entrance Examination Board in June, or by the Institute in September.

Graduates of colleges or of scientific schools of collegiate grade, and in general all applicants presenting satisfactory certificates showing work done at another college corresponding approximately to at least one year's work at the Institute, are admitted to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training, and are given credit for our required subjects, including the entrance requirements, so far as they have been satisfactorily completed.

The Summer Session, extending from June to September, includes most of the subjects given during the academic year.

Any of the following publications will be sent free upon request

CATALOGUE FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR

(Which includes the admission requirements)

GRADUATE STUDY AND RESEARCH

SUMMER SESSION BULLETIN

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS

A city girl was visiting in the country. She became rather friendly with a young farmer. One evening as they were strolling in the fields they happened across a cow and a calf rubbing noses in the accepted fashion. "That sight makes me want to do the same," said the farmer.

"Well, go ahead," said the girl encouragingly, "it's your cow."

— Frivol



Congratulations on your improved cellophane wrapper. I can open it." — Edmund Lowe in *Lucky Strike ad.*

Congratulations, yourself, Edmund!

— Dirge



Motorist: "Wonder why that scholarly looking fellow is running down the road."

Second Ditto: "Oh, he's just doing a little Rhodes work."

— Frivol



"How about a little kiss, girlie?"

"No, I have scruples."

"Well, that's all right, I've been vaccinated."

— Brown Jug



I call my girl Hinge because she's something to adore.

— Widow



Her: "I think dancing makes a girl's feet too big, don't you?"

Him: "Yeah."

Pause.

Her: "I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?"

Him: "Yeah."

Pause.

Him: "You must ride quite a lot, too."

— Pointer

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Governor Square Garage Co.
642 BEACON STREET
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24 Hour Complete Service

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One Day Laundry Service

Special service at 15% discount
rendered M. I. T. students

Charlie Mun Hand Laundry
88 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

Telephone, Kenmore 9472
Called for and delivered daily from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Fond Mother: "When I was your age I never stayed out later than eleven."

Daughter: "Yes, mother, but the speakeasies don't close at ten like the saloons used to do."

— Widow



Captain: "All hands on deck."

Stowaway (from hiding place): "Where the hell is she?"

— Widow



RENARD'S MAYFAIR

FRANK CORNWELL
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FAMOUS MAYFAIR ORCHESTRA

SUPPER DANCING AND SELECT ENTERTAINMENT
IN DISTINCTIVE ATMOSPHERE
AT POPULAR PRICES

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Friday is College and Debutante Night
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54 BROADWAY - BOSTON

Reservations, Hancock 2900

BUCK AND DOE RUN VALLEY FARMS

— OPERATED BY —

THE SAINT AMOUR COMPANY

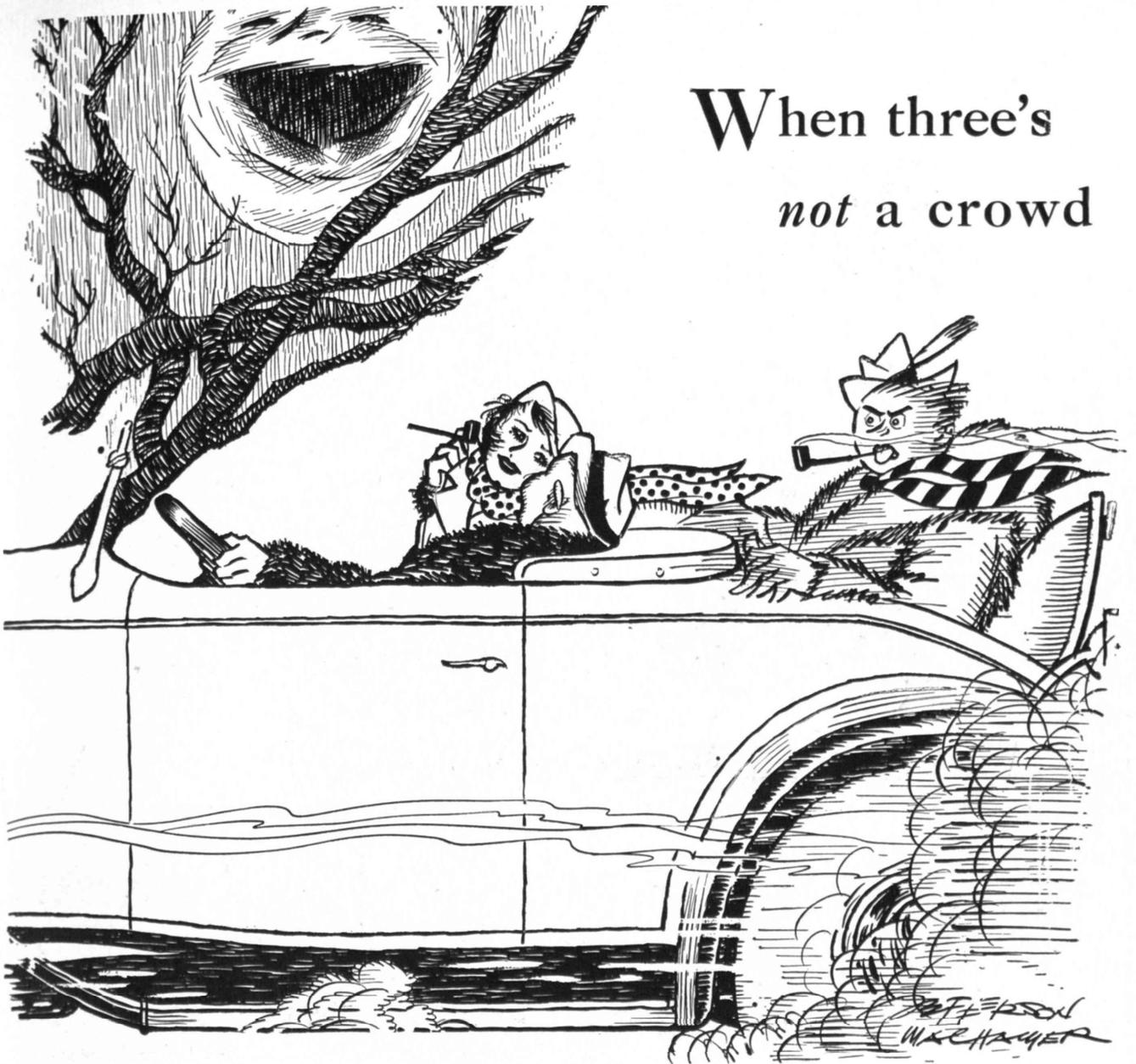
MORTONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Record of Winnings at Eastern States Exposition, 1931

HAMPSHIRE SHEEP

First Yearling Ram	First and Second Yearling Ewe	First Breeders Flock
First and Second Ram Lamb	First and Second Ewe Lamb	First Young Flock
Champion Ram	Champion Ewe (Association Special), also at Columbus, Ohio	
First Pen Three Ram Lambs	First Pen Three Ewe Lambs	Breeders Trophy

When three's
not a crowd

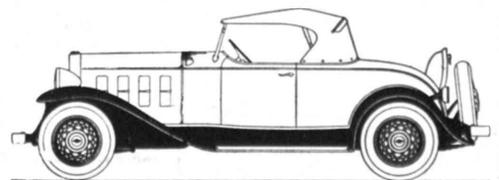


When there's an important selling job to be done, after hours, on some moonlit roadway, or shadowy campus drive, nothing gets you off to a better start than one of those new sport roadsters being built by Chevrolet.

The front seat has plenty of room for the great American blonde, *yourself*, and several tons of raccoon coat—as well as a second blonde, if you believe in numbers. Then, if some offensive male decides that he'll go along too, there's a pleasantly remote rumble seat, where he can be placed in cold storage indefinitely.

In addition—with Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling, you can let the car practically drive itself. Chevrolet's six-cylinder motor runs so noiselessly that you can put across your personality without using a gold-lined megaphone.

And just as the Chevrolet Six never cramps your technique, it never cramps the allowance, either. Gas, oil, and servicings can be paid for, with plenty of change left over for cover charges and refreshments. And as for first-cost—well, bless your soul—just snap on the bifocals and take a look to the right!



The Sport Roadster, \$495

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932

Twenty beautiful new models, at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.

"Cream-of-the-Crop"



Jean Harlow



Coop., 1932. The American Tobacco Co

"There's none so good as LUCKIES"

SHE'S MISCHIEVOUS, RESTLESS AND 20, WEIGHS 112 POUNDS. Miss Harlow has smoked Luckies for two years . . . not one cent was paid for her signed statement. She rose to stardom in "Hell's Angels" . . . and if you've seen her new COLUMBIA PICTURE, "THREE WISE GIRLS," you'll understand why thousands of girls are trying to match her riotous platinum blonde locks. We appreciate all she writes of Luckies, and so we say, "Thanks, Jean Harlow."

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh