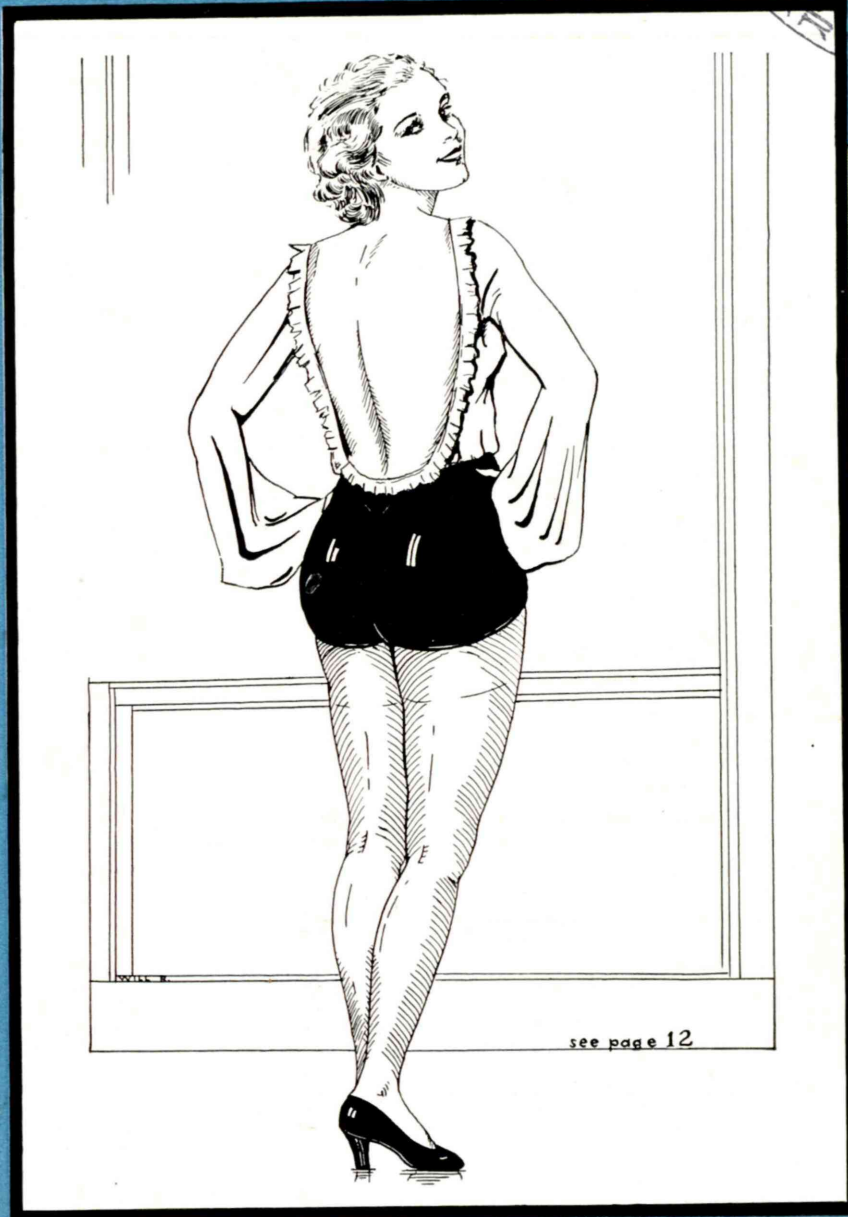


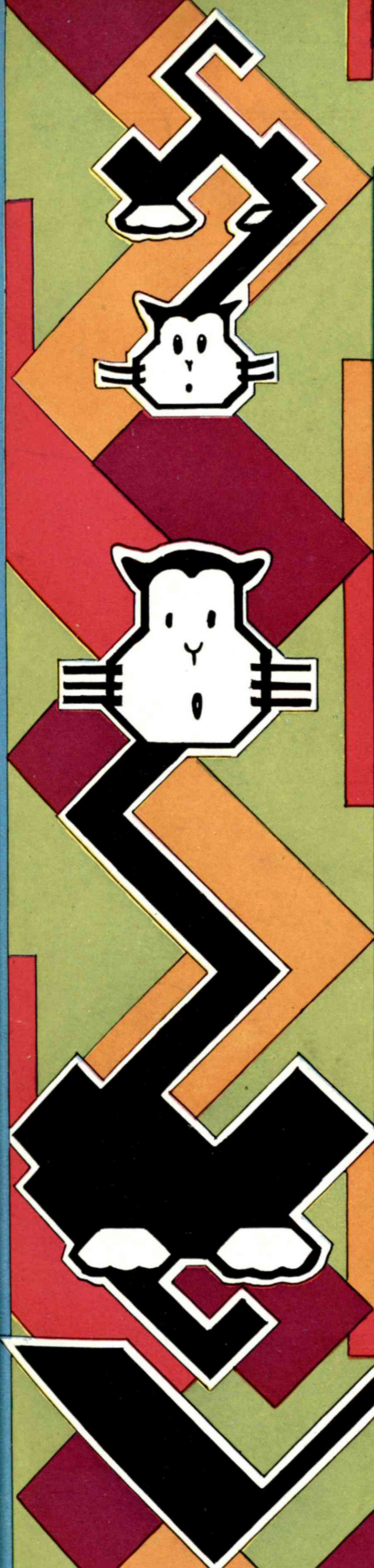
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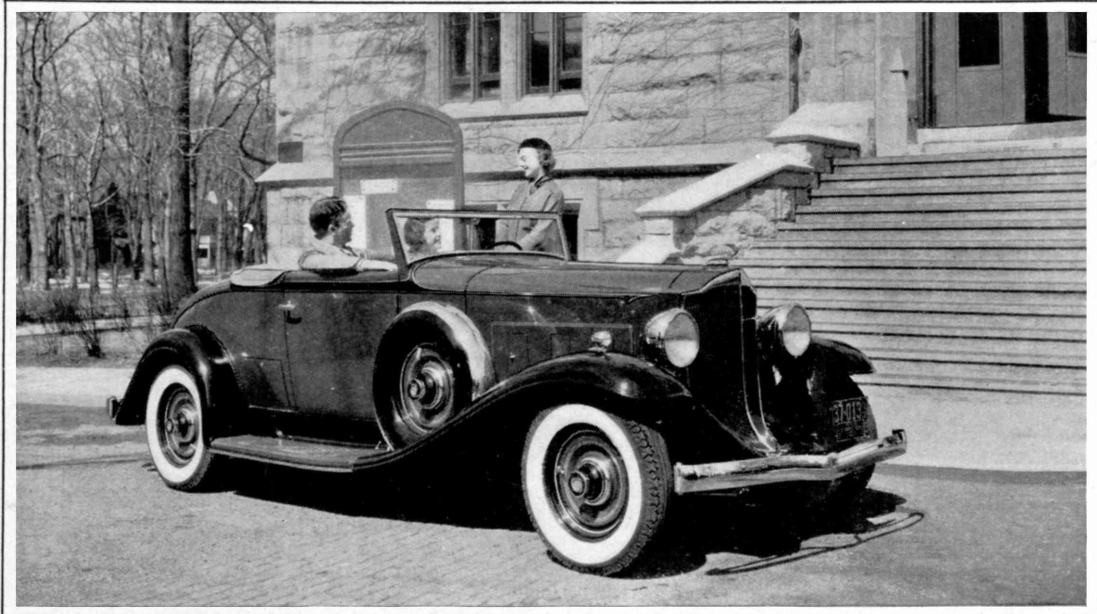


W O O D D O O

25 CENTS

BACK NUMBER

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Smart and Swift - *and How!*

HAVE you seen the snappy, new Packard Light Eight? Try this number over on your speedway and you'll join the rousing chorus, "What a car!" . . . Just get behind the wheel and go places. Put it through all its paces. You'll find it accelerates like a rocket, rides like a Pullman and turns up speed no end. And is this car *quiet*? You scarcely hear the engine purr. You glide away in low as noiselessly as you

flash along in high. And you shift without a click. Free-Wheeling? It's yours at the flick of a finger . . . Now stand off and look at the job. It's long and rangy—low and smart—brimming with motor car "it." For you or your family here's a car that renews the thrill of youth . . . And, the marvel of it is, this Packard Light Eight lists at less than \$2000 at the factory. A Packard! At a price! Use your influence!

PACKARD

Light Eight

ASK THE
MAN WHO
OWNS ONE



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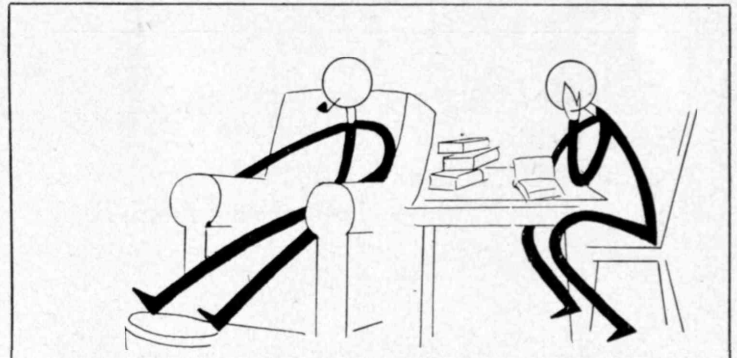
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THE BIG SENSATION THIS SUMMER
COOL AND REFRESHING

THEY SURE ARE **LIFE SAVERS**
...to parched palates

Hotel Astor

TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

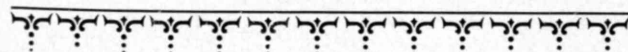


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Whether you come to New York for intellectual nourishment . . . or intellectual relaxation, you'll find the Astor . . . in the heart of this great metropolis . . . makes an ideal starting point for either.



FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM





Madge Evans

Goes into a "HUDDLE" with Ramon Novarro in the picture of that name, now at
LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

Sergeant (at the police station): "What! you back again?"

Frosh: "Uh, huh; any mail?"

— Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

■ ■ ■

Steward: "You ought to give me a tip. Why the champion tightwad on this boat gives me a dime."

Passenger: "Yeah. Well meet the new champion."

— Owl

■ ■ ■

Salesman: "Is Mr. Vanderspooof in?"

Butler: "No, sir. Mr. Vanderspooof is out."

Salesman: "Fine! I've come to call on Mrs. Vanderspooof."

— Owl

Walton Lunch Company

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1083 WASHINGTON STREET

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6 Pearl Street

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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

Mother: "Oh, why didn't you call me when those bad boys started to throw stones?"

Son: "Hell, Ma! What woulda been the use? You can't hit the side of a barn."

— Wampus

■ ■ ■

WHAT'S THE USE?

"Whatcha studyin'?"

"Soc'ology."

"Hard?"

"N'very."

"How many cuts y' 'lowed?"

"Never calls za roll."

"Lotsa prelims?"

"Never gives any."

"Outside readin' and writin'?"

"Nope."

"Called on offen?"

"About once a week."

"Thought there was a string to it."

— Cornell Widow

"Naturally" - The College Headquarters

... The ...

Hotel Kenmore

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE



Four Hundred
Luxurious Rooms
each with
Bath—Tub—Shower
Circulating
Ice Water

•
Ample
Parking Space

The best private functions rooms
in Boston for College
Social Affairs

DURING THE PAST YEAR OVER SIXTY-FIVE
COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAMS AND THREE
THOUSAND COLLEGE STUDENTS AND
FAMILIES HAVE MADE THE KENMORE THEIR
BOSTON HOME.

"Pawdon me, Mrs. Astor, but that would never have happened if you hadn't stepped between me and the spittoon."

— Zip 'n Tang

■ ■ ■

A colored boy was strolling through a cemetery reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which read, "Not dead, but sleeping."

Scratching his head, the negro remarked: "He sure ain't foolin' nobody but hisself."

— Exchange

■ ■ ■

Gent: "Er, er, I want a pair of pajamas."

Salesgirl: "Broadcloth?"

Gent: "Er, er, . . . no, for myself."

— Rice Owl



It won't be long now

● The time has come (the walrus said) when freshmen doff their dinks, sophomores and juniors tear off to Europe and seniors discover whether or not there is life after college.

Make your last days at school more pleasant by reading *Swizzle-stick*, a novelette by a débutante, which is as stimulating as the title implies; *Know Your Olympics*, an informative article on the event which holds the spotlight; and many other fiction and fact features reflecting all your high moments. There is rollicking, panicing humor to cheer your remaining days, in the July issue of

College Humor

1050 North LaSalle Street
CHICAGO





GARBO



JOAN



PHOS
SPENDS
THE NIGHT
AT

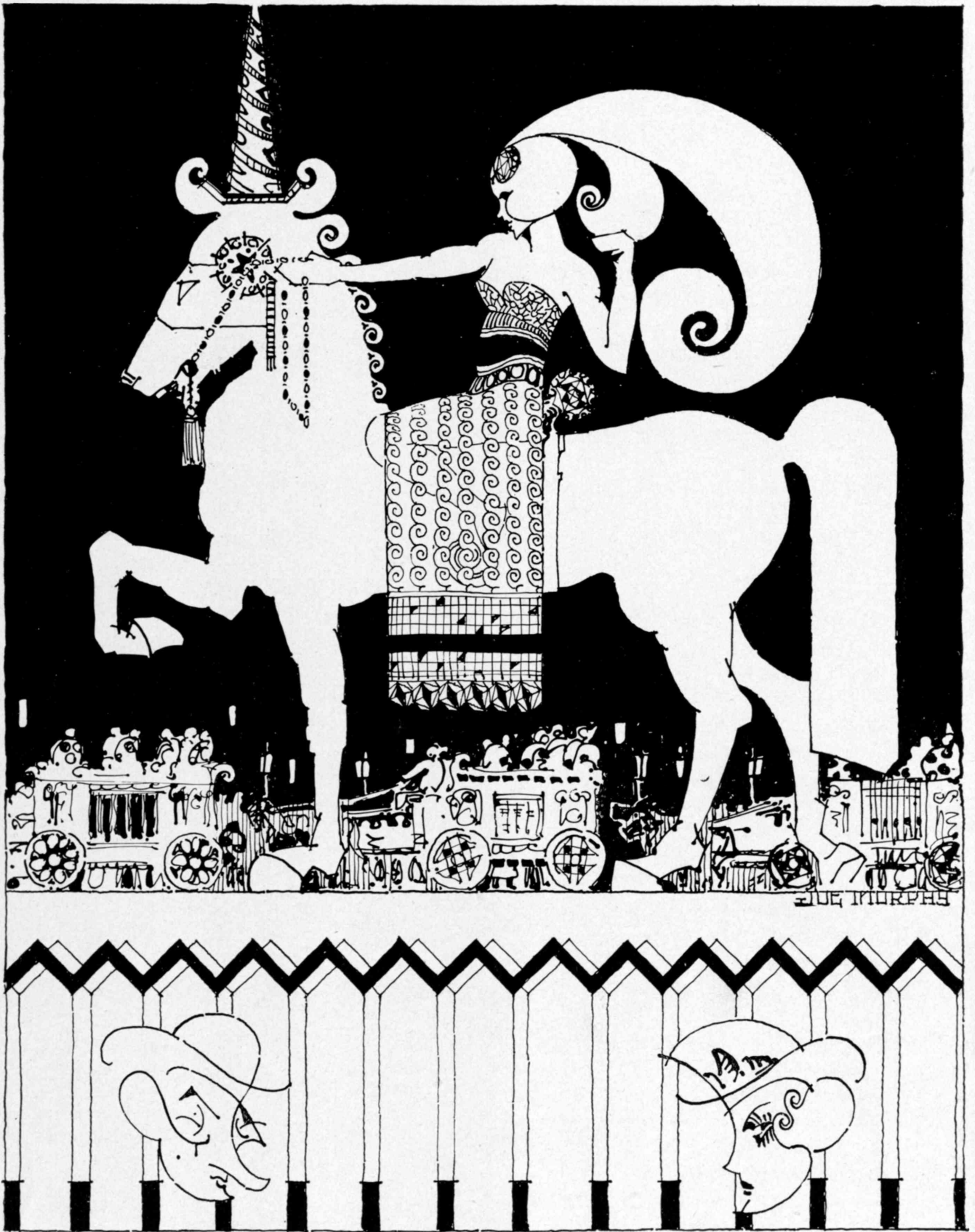


GRAND
HOTEL
AT THE MAJESTIC

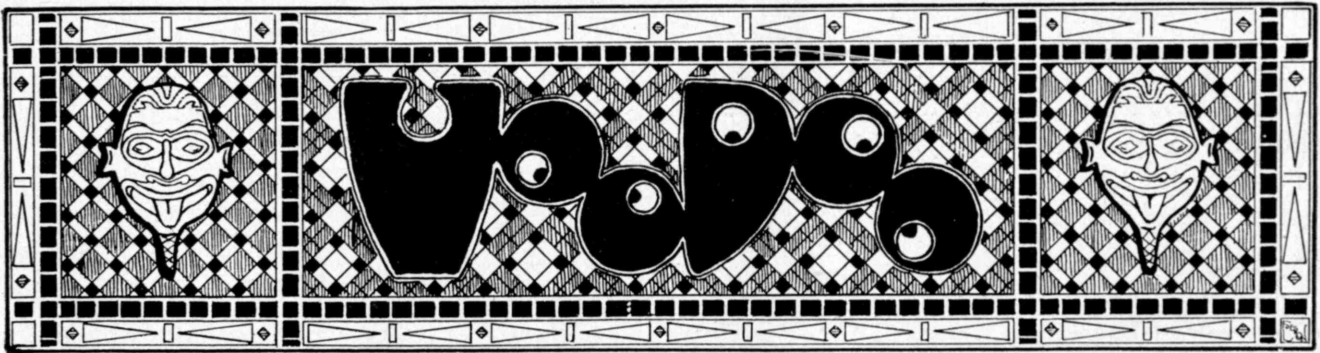
Hold on Tight!

Phos is Backing Up!





In memory of years back when the Tech Circus was not a carnival.



SARGENT STUDENTS ON WILDEST RAMPAGE IN HISTORY

SIX POLICEMEN BRUTALLY SLAUGHTERED

GIRLS ABDUCT SCANTILY CLAD HARVARD STUDENTS

Cambridge, Mass., May 16 (BP): Running amuck after winning the daisy chaining contest in a meet with Radcliffe and Wheelock earlier in the day, Sargent School students last night were participants in one of the worst riots in the history of this city. The disturbance, which reached monster proportions late in the evening and was still unquelled by police, firemen, and the Massachusetts National Guard at 2.30 this morning when this item went to press, started when three Harvard men, lost in the wilds of Cambridge, ventured unknowingly into Everett Street, the sacred sanctum of the Sargent girls. The men were quickly spied by the Sargent girls who needed just such a stimulus to set them off on what will probably go down in history as the Great Cambridge Riot.

After organizing in front of the school buildings, the girls playfully set fire to the school buildings, turned in a false alarm, and started in mob formation for Harvard Square. Police and firemen, who had been notified by citizens, arrived at the scene in short order and attempted to form a barrier in front of the onrushing tide of Amazon-like women. Their efforts were of no avail, however, because as soon as the officers and firemen in the first line were picked up bodily by the first three girls and hurled to one side, the remainder of the police and firemen decided to call a retreat.

With their progress thus unhindered, the girls made their way to Harvard Square, wrecking anything that obstructed them. At one point on the march, a furniture van carrying a large load approached the oncoming students. Evidently panic-stricken, the driver lost control of his machine and leaped out, as the van careened madly toward the students. Reliable witnesses state that the first line of girls caught hold of the wheels and body of the van as it came toward them and brought it to a dead halt. The rest of the column of rioters quickly reduced the massive van to a tangled mass of wreckage and not a trace of the load of furniture remained on the site of the carnage after the students had passed.

Several hydrants were then torn from their moorings by the crowd of girls, which was slowly developing a nasty temper, and the Department of Public Works, after shutting off the water in the mains in order to make repairs, announced late last night that it would probably take several days before the city would again be supplied with water.

Finally, after taking a roundabout route through the environs of Harvard Square, leaving wreckage and utter desolation in their wake, the rioters entered the square shortly after two o'clock and turned their steps toward the University buildings and yard. When this item went to press,

(Continued on next page)

shortly after, it was rumored that a small army of the girls had invaded the Harvard dormitories and were carrying off weakly protesting students in their night clothes. However, this news could not be verified in time to print the complete story in this issue.

The latest report from the home of Mayor Russell of Cambridge, who was notified when the riot assumed serious proportions, is that he is contemplating requesting President Hoover to send a division of the Regular Army to Cambridge in an attempt to put an end to the riot.



Several botanists have recently succeeded in crossing the onion and the cabbage. — *News Item.*

When Burbank was struck by his brilliant idea
Of crossing a beet with a "cuke,"
We gardeners watched with a cynical sneer
And greeted each vegetable freak to appear
With many a laughing rebuke; —

It seemed rather silly — at least only faddish
To hitch our asparagus onto a radish!

But now that leguminous mergers are old
It does not surprise us to learn
That science at last has successfully rolled
The cabbage and onion together, we're told —
It gives us but little concern;

We'd like, though, to know who those
scientists are
And — what are they going to call the
cigar?



Boy: "What do you make shoes out of?"
Shoemaker: "Hide."
Boy: "Why should I hide?"
Shoemaker: "Hide! Hide! You know, the
cow's outside!"
Boy: "Aw, let the old cow come in,
I'm not afraid!"

— *Voo Doo 1928*

Small Boy: "Pop, what're those things on the
cow's head?"

Pop: "Those are the cow's horns."

Cow: "Moo-o-o?"

S. B.: "Pop, which horn did the cow blow?"



— *Voo Doo 1927*

Stenographer (over the telephone): "I won't be
able to come to work today, Professor. I have
chapped lips."

— *Voo Doo 1927*



Prof: "When I took this course, I could solve
any problem."

Stude: "Yes, but someone else was teaching
you."

— *Voo Doo*



She: "That Chesterfield was much more satisfying."
He: "Yes, and twice as comfortable."

BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS

By JACK HIGH

This month's pointer: Score-pads and pencils. The one point to be stressed this month is that of the pencil itself. Score pads are of little consequence to the contract beginner. In regard to them, however, one must always bear in mind that the thinner the pad, the lower is the score and, of course, vice-versa.

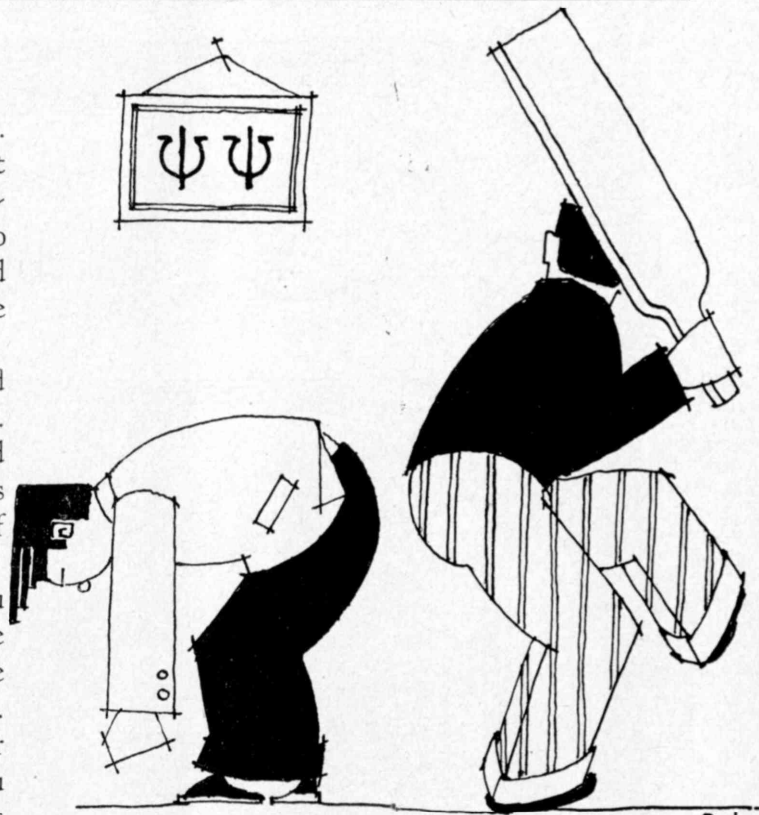
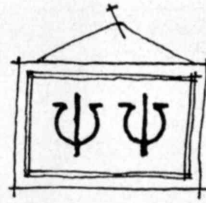
As a matter of fact more divorces have resulted from a faulty score-pad than any other one item. The root of the trouble lies not with the pad itself, but with the figures which it bears. It is therefore essential to keep the score-pad out of sight as much as possible.

To illustrate: Suppose your partner and you have a partial score of seventy. It is therefore necessary that you open the bidding with one no-trump even if you have to stretch a point. And, after stretching this point, your partner gives you a weak raise to two no-trump; you should unhesitatingly bid three no-trump. This gives the impression that you don't know what the score is either and consequently it does not thrust all of the blame on your partner. Such practices, if continued, help to better communications between partners and strengthen the partnership language. Also there is no better way of keeping a neat and attractive score on the pad throughout the entire evening.

Next month's pointer: All bridge work and no bridge play.



The editors of the tabloids should go into the tailoring business. They are good at pressing suits.



B.L.S.
+J.C.

The Seniors strike for a week-end.



Mother (examining her daughter's wardrobe): "Did you go to the Prom this year, Marie?"

Daughter: "No, Mother, I ripped that shoulder strap playing tennis."

— Voo Doo 1930



"I fell asleep on the bed in my stocking-feet, and dreamed I was playing baseball."

"Yes, yes!"

"And when I awoke I found I had made a run in my stockings."

— Voo Doo 1928




Frosh: "Professor, you must have made a mistake in giving me an F on this paper."

Prof: "Young man, I seldom make mistakes. Have you seen my secretary?"

Frosh: "Oh boy, have I!! I guess you're right."

— Voo Doo



Voo Doo

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EDITORIALS



A WELLESLEY SENIOR WRITES

Dear Phos:

Now that the mating season is upon us, now that the boids are twittering and twitching in the trees, and the fleurs are sprouting, and the bees presumably are buzzing (though that is hearsay) — now the collitch goils are casting a roving eye over the surrounding welkin — that calculating look is to be marked especially in the case of those who wear mortarboards and high-boned stranglers that make a man's dress collar look like the height of comfort. Yea, the seniors have a lean and job-hungry look. Naturally they have to line up the prospects and mentally give them the once over. There is no dearth of men around here — fresh fish everywhere along the seaboard. And, in the long run, the appraising glance that always precedes the come-hither look (hope the masculine vanity is not tetchy today) falls on Tech men.

Ah, the Tech men! always to be distinguished by borrowed neckties and — well, suppose we compromise and say, "disreputable" motors. The bad Tech men, making their gin with alcohol from the laboratories and pickling themselves discreetly behind closed doors. The modest Tech men, cutting in for the tenth time and murmuring, "I hope you don't mind my following you around like this." The intellectual Tech men, holding one's hand and murmuring misty definitions of entropy, with their eyes on the stars.

Of course they can't be bothered about anything so superficial as clothes. Sobered — no doubt — by the great problems on which they work, they plod about dressed in such dull garments that one doesn't notice they are there at all, unless reminded by a waggish prod in the ribs. (There we have the soul of Tech — in the plodding and prodding.) As for evening clothes — well, why can't the Institute take a little time off from debunking the universe to de-bulge the shirt fronts? It is pathetic and a little sad to see Tech at a dance, pressing at the bulge just below the collar, and looking surprised and annoyed when it shows up again a little further down on the starched expanse. Maybe they think their well-learned law of the conservation of matter doesn't hold in the matter of bulges. A pity! they do so want to be correctly dressed, at least when there are "ladies present." But apparently they can't spend the time. Where, oh where is the MIT man who can understand how it takes a girl fifteen minutes to put on her hat? If she is longer than fifteen seconds she is suspected of anything from shoes and ships and sealing wax, through unmentionables, to "writing a letter to a guy at home."

And that brings us around to the subject of Tech's attitude toward the female (based on first-hand suffering). They are Men of Honor — studiously correct — if the laboratory gin is not flowing too freely. They must often sit around in the evenings figuring out super-super wisecracks, to be flipped off the tongue in that easy polished manner at the next dance. They have read the rule books — always notice the new dress, and keep on noticing it, date after date (which finally becomes a sore spot in these depression days).

Women love brutes — and that lets the Tech man out. They aren't exactly the athletic type, though the *Physical Culture* magazine graces the fraternity living room table, and though the lads manage to hold their own on the Bradford dance floor. The collegienne long ago learned not to try to pursue any of the more strenuous sports, such as ping-pong and courting, with her Tech man; but it still comes as a shock, when, after a mild evening spent canoeing, the swain phones every day for a week to describe his symptoms.

Over hill and dale, the bull moose is calling to his mate. The college girl, knowing that spring is well-sprouted, casts an eye on Tech — and passes quietly over that living tomb, with its motto:

A SHORT LIFE AND A MUMMY ONE

Sincerely,

C. C. '32.



WHY A BACK NUMBER?

We are forced once more, and for the last time we hope, to mention the fact that *The Tech* has eliminated one issue per week. The *Technique*, at this writing, seems doubtful as to the day of its appearance. (Possibly they are waiting for us to make room for it in the bottoms of our trunks.) The *T. E. N.* has grown so thin lately that the slightest zephyr will remove it from our desks. Voo Doo, in order to show that we also are suffering from the economic readjustment, presents a back number. By carrying out this idea our engraving expenses are reduced to a minimum, while at the same time our readers are given a fair cross section of the "good old days" at Technology. We can begin next year on level ground. The bud has been nipped. If we had been so rude as to eliminate this issue altogether we would have felt obligated to refund to each subscriber one-eighth of his subscription. This was not the case with our Continuous News Service. We suggest, therefore, that, in order to save their faces, *The Tech* should remit to each subscriber approximately twenty-one cents in cash.

Contributor to this issue: ARTHUR B. ELLENWOOD, JR.

In order to keep the promise we made on the front cover, dear reader, we are going to divulge to you the pedigree, i.e., the name, address, and telephone number of the ravishing beauty whose picture appears on the aforesaid front cover.

But — ah, the catch — before doing so, it is our painful duty to subject you to the following examination in order to discover whether or not your appreciation of the finer things in life is developed sufficiently to warrant your receiving this information. (Each question counts ten.)

1. Do you favor electioneering? (Vote no if you mean yes).....
2. How do you react to back-fires?.....
3. How do you react to back numbers?.....
4. Have you ever caused a riot?.....
5. Have you ever been heart broken?.....
6. Have you ever been house broken?.....
7. Do you like large or small ankles?.....
8. Do you think the *Technique* will come out this year?.....
9. What do you think of *The Tech*?.....
10. What would you think of us if we told you to turn to page 19 and there was nothing there?.....

(For answers to above questions see page 19.)



COFRAN

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Gentleman (at the door): "Is May in?"
 Maid (haughtily): "May, who?"
 Gentleman (peevisly): "Mayonnaise!"
 Maid (shutting the door): "Mayonnaise is dressing."

(Business of falling down steps)

— Voo Doo 1920



Willy: "Who brought the baby to our house, Pop, the doctor or the stork?"

Pop: "It's all the same, Willy, they both had a big bill."

— Voo Doo 1927



Judge: "What were you doing last Saturday night?"

Bootlegger: "But, Judge, I was only carrying out the doctor's orders."



No matter how much the price of writing paper changes, it's still stationery.

— Voo Doo 1928



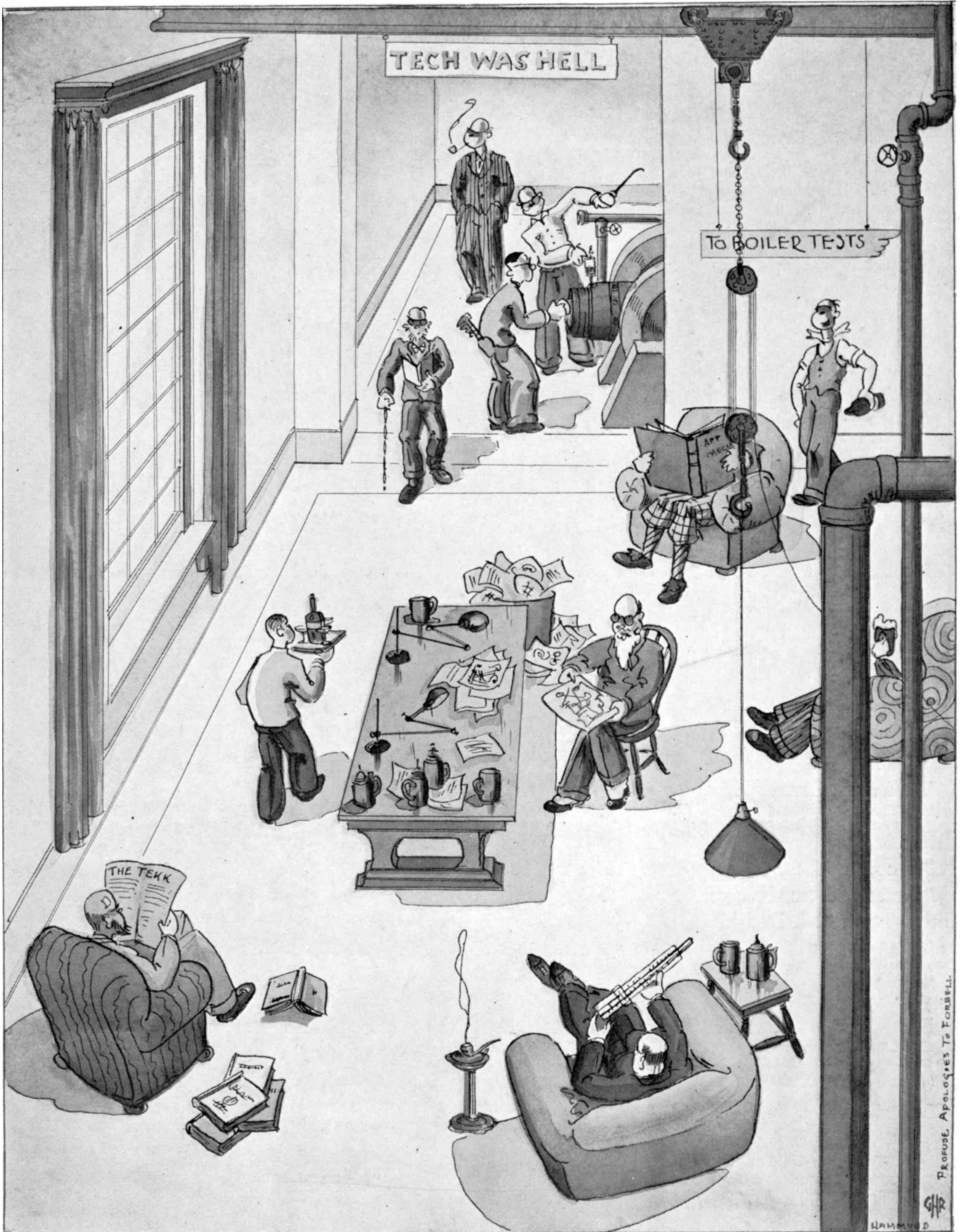
The main reason for the lack of happy marriages is that the bride never marries the best man.

— Voo Doo



OVERHEARD AT THE CREW RACE

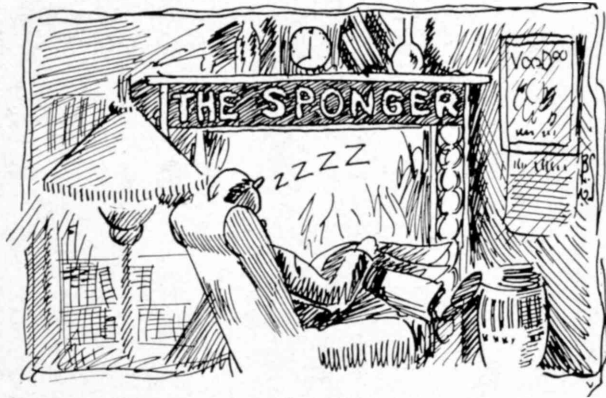
"Oh, Claire, I just saw the *cutest* fellow; they say he's a *jayvee*, but I'm sure he's a nice boy even so." . . . "She said she wasn't going to the dance, and *whom* did I see her there with but —" . . . "Ooh, they have no *shirts* on. I think college boys are so wild and *reckless* . . . I am *not* blushing!" . . . "Why doesn't that little fellow at the end of the boat sit *still*, he's liable to tip it *over*." . . . "He says they're leaving a *wake*, but they all *look* all right." . . . "But, darling, why do they row until they're so *tired*? They *might* stop and rest awhile." . . . "Jim says he rows on the varsity, but I've looked on *all* the *maps*, and can't find that old river *anywhere*!" . . . "I shouldn't think they'd *allow* them to row in just a *shell* of a boat."



Club life at Technology.

PROUSE, Apologies To FOREBELL.

HAMMUD



Oh boy and little ring-neck pheasants, but didn't old Phosphorous get an earful the other day when he was hiding in the waste-paper basket in Ye Tech Office! They were having one of their usual board meetings where everybody is allowed to move, second, and pass anything.

General Manager Ungentine Dadakis is sitting in his usual position. "Will the meeting please come to order," he chirps in a deep bass voice. Make-up Editor Hayes takes his feet out of the phone booth and turns around. "Get this now," Dadakis continues, "we've gotta make this issue tomorrow the best yet."

Managing Editor Red-pepper Martin interrupts, "Look at that last issue over there on the bulletin board, nothing but red ink, too many mistakes. Gawd knows we gotta do better."

"That's right," says Night Editor Wise.

William A. Clewell, Sportsman's Editor, stands up. "Let's do a little electioneering for this here Electioneering Movement."

"A corking idea," retorts Joseph L. Orton '32.

"Please address the chair before talking, Joe," interrupts G. M. Dadakis.

"That's right," says Night Editor Wise.

(Jim Whitton, Photographic Editor, leaves to buy an apple.)

Dadakis gives three raps. "Bill Clewell has the floor; proceed."

(Make-up Editor Hayes leaves to buy an apple.)

"The idea is, continues Clewell, that the more we crowd on the front page the less room there will be for the Voo Doo Story."

"That's right," says Night Editor Like Wise.

(Managing Editor Martin leaves to buy an apple.)

While walking through a jail one day, a man stopped to ask a fine-looking prisoner what he was in for, and the prisoner answered: "Well, you see, I was born in the fog of London and everything I touched was mist."

— Voo Doo 1927



Paul Whiteman, famous band leader, recently lost between seventy and eighty pounds. — *News Item.*

When Whiteman comes before his band
In sylph-like slenderness to stand
Where once he loomed immense,
Among his men (so tales relate)
There is a nervous group of eight
Whose stage-fright is intense;
The reason, you'll agree, is sad —
This is the first time that they've had
To face an audience.



"The only way to introduce two people is to say: 'Mrs. Casey, this is Mrs. Jones.'"

— *Etiquette Hints in Boston Traveler*

— But, hell, what if the names aren't Casey and Jones?



"Let's choose up sides," said the truck drivers as they were about to purchase a new body for their truck.

Joseph L. Orton '32 rises to 5 feet 6 inches and takes the floor. "It seems as though now that we are down to two issues a week we oughta spend more time on our copy."

"That's right," says Night Editor Like Wise. (Bill Clewell leaves to buy an apple.)

Just then the janitor pokes his head inside the door. "Hey, you guys, they're having the board meeting out here in the hall."

All of those that were left in the room rush out into the hall. It was a false alarm, however; there was no meeting. The trouble was with the apple-vending machine — it was vending oranges.

*Right up to
the minute*



They're clicking with millions . . . You see more Chesterfields smoked every day...Here's why...

They're milder. They contain the mildest tobaccos that money can buy.

They taste better. Rich aroma of Turkish tobacco and mellow sweetness of Domestic.

They're pure. Everything that goes into them is tested by expert chemists.

They satisfy. You break open a clean, tight-sealed package. You light up a well-filled cigarette. *They Satisfy!* All you could ask for.

Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program. Every night except Sunday. Columbia network. See local newspaper for time.

*the Cigarette
that's MILDER*



and TASTES BETTER

BRIEFLY SPEAKING

"Have a cigarette?"

"No thanks. I don't smoke and besides I've just had one and anyway I'm too busy and to tell the truth I never smoke your brand and I've got a bad cough already and then smoking's prohibited here and what's more my lighter's dry and I haven't a match and even if I had one there's no place to strike it and besides one should never smoke before meals and the air is bad enough already and then again we have no ash trays and incidentally my wife is against it and what's more if you weren't such a blind jackass you could see that I already have one."

— Voo Doo



We called her "crew race" because she never started on time.

A baseball coach was about to die from heart failure after one of his players had knocked a home run with three men on the bases. The hero came up to him and tried to put in a last comforting word. "I'm sorry, coach; I didn't know they were loaded."



"Is this the Adam's House?" asked a stranger.
"Yes," was the answer, "It's Adam's House till you get to the roof — and then it's eaves."

— Voo Doo 1926



English Sergeant Major (to private): "You gave me a nasty look."

Private (intelligently): "I know, sir, you have a nasty look, sir, but I didn't give it to you."

— Voo Doo 1927



"Your date looks mad, you've kept him waiting an hour."

"Let him get mad, I'm fast on the make-up."

OUR OWN EMPLOYMENT BUREAU
FOR SENIORS

With the perseverance, courage, and general sympathy for the student body that is characteristic of this magazine, Voo Doo has, for the past few months, solicited a number of employers and has received the following letters offering employment to members of the graduating class. It is now our purpose to institute an Undergraduate Employment Bureau which will put the T. C. A. Bureau to shame. Students interested in the following communications are asked to apply at the Voo Doo office any time before 9 a.m. or after 5 p.m. at which times the office will be closed.

WANTED. Three or four men, who have had some experience in wearing a white coat as waiters in Walker, to work for the city of Cambridge. Easy work, requiring only the ability to push a bucket on wheels through traffic. Course I men preferred. (We supply the broom.)

WANTED. A number of students with technical training to work as reporters for a series of scientific lectures. No writing experience required. Reporters on *The Tech* preferred.

WANTED. Two men to work in the Fixing Department of the Ronson Cigar Lighter Company, to develop a lighter that is absolutely flameproof, our previous models having



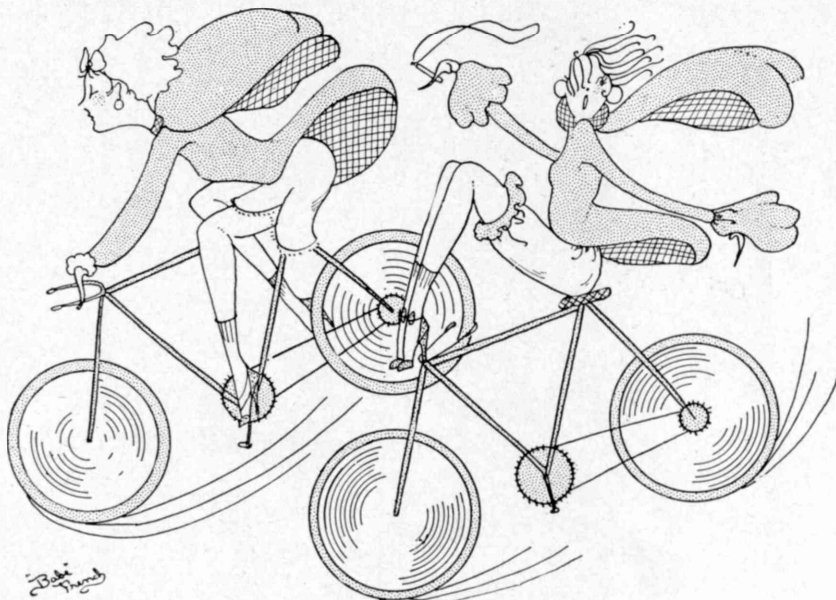
No spring, but plenty of summer.

been known to light at rare intervals. Only Course II graduates need apply.

WANTED. Several graduates of Course VII to take advantage of an unusual selling opportunity. We have developed a sure-fire flyswatter that is bound to sell on sight. Salary and Commission. Applicants must invest eight thousand dollars as an evidence of good faith.

WANTED. Three Course XIII men to work during the summer. Several of our men have left us and we are in need of three men to operate the swan boats in the Public Gardens. Easy work, short hours. Applicant must pass elementary swimming test.

WANTED. A graduate of Course XVII to help me in the development of one of my new and enlarged products. Must have some knowledge of excavation and timber construction. Apply to Chic Sale.



Look, Margie, no hands.

Answers to questions on page 12.

1. Yes.
2. Most of them could be avoided.
3. See answer to No. 2.
4. Yes, you're riot.
5. Not so you'd notice it.
6. Same as above.
7. Yes.
8. Why bring that up?
9. The higher the fewer; or, the same as Voo do. (Full credit for either answer.)

10. Voo Doo never betrays its reader. The customer is always tight.

Now add up your mark on each question. If your total is over one hundred come around to the Voo Doo office and we will hire you to balance our budget. The sooner you come around, the fewer back numbers you will have to read.



Bird (to squirrel): "There's room for you in the rumble suit."



First Flea (talking over his latest travels to another flea): "Where were you on that Servant of Queen Elizabeth the Second?"

Second Flea: "And where were you on the knight of May the Third?"



At first he liked being pledged, but he got sore in the end.

— Voo Doo

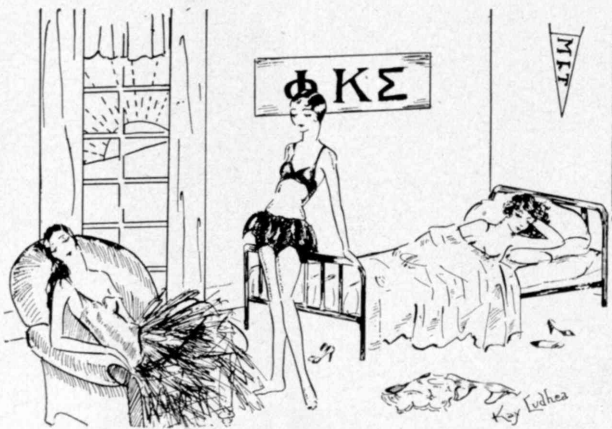


"Is this a second hand store?"

"Yeah."

"Well, give me one for my watch."

— Voo Doo



Just getting back from the T. C. A. drive.



Captain: "What's the charge?"

M. P.: "I dunno; but I caught the prisoner flirting in the park."

Captain: "Charged with impersonating an officer."

— Voo Doo 1928



He (unconsciously): "Drive slowly through the park."



Two janitors talking about Professor Hayward: "Sure, an' he's a clever man. You can talk to him on any subject."

— Voo Doo



Ford says that all the people in this country need cars. That's true as far as Ford owners are concerned.

— Voo Doo



"Do you admire a girl who makes her own clothes?"
 "I do not."
 "Why is that?"
 "She is liable to make her first slip."

— Voo Doo

Then there's the one about the Aeronautical engineer who wanted to know why they don't use Balsa wood for manufacturing matches because it's so light.



Professor: "So you'd like to be my secretary? What are your qualifications?"

Fair Thing: "I'm absent-minded too."

— Voo Doo 1927



"So long, Seniors, remember the Institute offers courses in Graduate Study and Research."

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Grey flannel suits are an interesting example of the broad scope covered by Brooks Brothers' ready-made clothing. We have in stock six shades of four different grey flannels from the best American and British mills. Furthermore, there are five different models which include our new close fitting, square shouldered coats in addition to our older models with natural shoulders. All models have soft rolled lapels. The suits are made in our own workrooms, thus ensuring our established standard of quality.

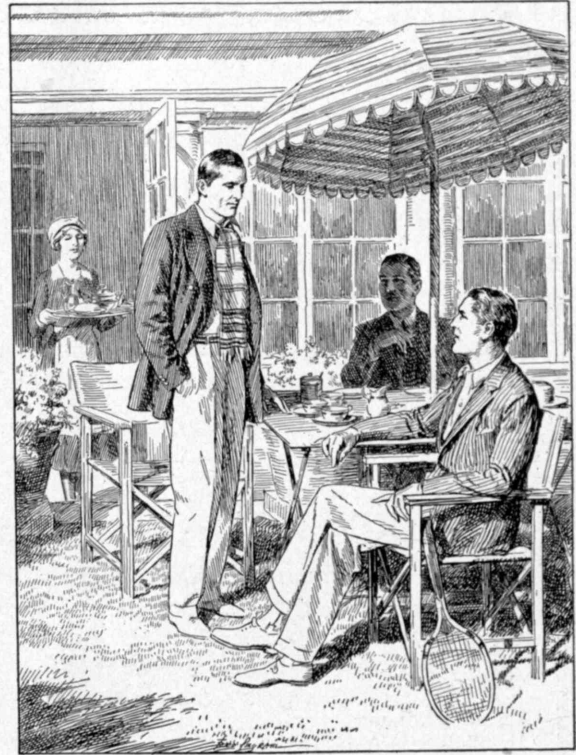
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OTHER SUITS FROM \$50 TO \$75

Send for Folder of Summer Clothes

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NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
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NEWPORT PALM BEACH



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Noise: Knock, knock, knock.

Pope: "Who is it?"

Pope's Chamberlain (a bit griped, for having to wake his master every morning): "Eight o'clock, sir, and all is fair."

Pope: "The Lord and I know it; you may go."

P. C.: "You and the Lord are two wise guys — it is four o'clock and raining like hell."

— *Buccaneer*



Professor: "Are you cheating on this examination?"

Student: "No, sir. I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper."

— *Octopus*



TELEGRAMS — A PAIR

"Twins arrived and doing fine. More later"
— Dora.

"Cancel that last order. Two's enough" —
John.

— *Wesleyan Wasp*

At last we've discovered the world's laziest man. He wrote and asked Mahatma Gandhi for a job as his valet.

— *Boston Beanpot*



It ain't the bullet that kills you, it's the hole it makes.

— *Black and Blue Jay*



Father: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter."

"I wish you would. I'm not making much headway."

— *Owl*



Hotel Clerk: "With bath, sir?"

Guest: "Naw, I'm only stayin' till Friday."

— *Yale Record*

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24 Hour Complete Service

George B. Harvey
Manager

Commonwealth
0550

A new cough medicine is now on the market — it is called Laxalax — and the slogan is “six tablets and you don’t dare cough.”

— Punch Bowl

■ ■ ■

“Ith Thanta Clauth a myth?”

“Hell, no! What decent woman would go around wearing red pants?”

— Punch Bowl

■ ■ ■

She sat next to him in class and sighed as she remembered that she was only a co-ed. All the while that the professor droned, she stared into space and wondered what to do. He *was* nice. He *was* polite. But one would scarcely call him enthusiastic.

And then one day she turned and saw that *he* was *smiling* at her! She smiled back at him! No — he didn’t turn away, he didn’t disappear — he looked at her more intently than before!

“Smile like that again,” he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed.

“Just as I thought,” he said, “You look like a chipmunk.”

— Froth

■ ■ ■

A weary guest at a small country inn was repeatedly called on the morning after his arrival.

“Dammit, didn’t I tell you not to disturb me,” he burst forth.

“Sorry, sir,” came the answer, “but they must have the sheets. It’s almost eight o’clock and they’re waiting for breakfast.”

— Yellow Crab

■ ■ ■

Co-ed: “Ted told me you love tomatoes and are a very restless sleeper.”

Second Ditto: “I wonder how he knows I love tomatoes?”

— Widow



OPPOSITE THE NEW
WALDORF-ASTORIA

Home of the famous swimming pool
The SHELTON
at 49th and Lexington NEW YORK

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.

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.

Absent-Minded Prof: "Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

Student: "No, sir, it was I. I'm repeating the course."

Absent-Minded Prof: "Extraordinary resemblance though. Positively extraordinary."

■ ■ ■ — *Voo Doo 1921*

"Say, do you think it will be all right if I ask Jane for a kiss tonight?"

"You don't order rootbeer in a speakeasy, do you?"

■ ■ ■

"That Russian you introduced me to last night has sparrow eyes."

"You mean they're brown?"

"No, they flit from limb to limb."

■ ■ ■

— *Owl*

"Why, Henry, you're stewed again. I can smell life savers on your breath."

— *Banter*

Fussy Old Lady: "I want two good seats for this afternoon in the coolest part of the house."

Ticket Agent: "All right, Madam, here are two in Z row."

— *Voo Doo 1921*

■ ■ ■

"What hotel is this?"

"Astoria."

"Who the hell's Oria?"

— *Dirge*

■ ■ ■

Elmer: "Say, what are you getting married in such a hurry for?"

Oscar: "Well, my girl and I cut an Astronomy class."

— *Widow*

■ ■ ■

Maid: "While you were gone, ma'am, the baby swallowed a bug."

Mother: "Oh, my heavens!"

Maid: "Oh, don't worry, ma'am, I made him eat some insect powder."

— *Penn Punch Bowl*



Guy Lombardo

In person with his ROYAL CANADIANS at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE this week, assures us that we'll hear the "Sweetest Music this Side of Heaven."

"Harry surprised me by telling me that we're going to take our honeymoon in France."

"How nice, and how did he spring it on you?"

"He said as soon as we were married, he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

— *Wisconsin Octopus*

■ ■ ■

Rin-tin-tin's favorite actress must be Helen Twelvetrees.

— *Alabama Rammer-Jammer*

■ ■ ■

1: "Hey, Bill, what time is it?"

3: "How'd you know my name was Bill?"

1: "Oh, I just guessed it."

3: "Well, guess the time, then!"

— *Wampus*



GLADSTONE BAGS

SUIT CASES

Hartman Wardrobe Trunks

PACKING CASES

Technology Branch

Harvard Cooperative Society, Inc.

Judge: "What are your grounds for divorce?"

Bride: "He snores."

Judge: "How long have you been married?"

Bride: "Two weeks."

Judge: "Granted; he shouldn't snore."

— *Medley*

■ ■ ■

Sign in a grocery: "The world is coming to an end. Please pay your bills now so we won't have to hunt all over Hell for you."

— *Exchange*

■ ■ ■

"Daughter, your hair is all messed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?"

"He thinks he did, mother."

— *Phoenix*



RICH IN THE COMFORTS MEN DEMAND

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CHEMICAL ENGINEERING PRACTICE	MINING ENGINEERING
CHEMISTRY	NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MARINE ENGINEERING
CIVIL ENGINEERING	PHYSICS
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING	PUBLIC HEALTH ENGINEERING
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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.

Graduate Courses leading to the degrees of Master of Science, Master in Architecture, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Science, and Doctor of Public Health are offered. The Courses leading to the degree of Master of Science include Coöperative Courses in Chemical Engineering Practice and Fuel and Gas Engineering.

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

GOT CHANGE FOR A HALF?

"I saw in some paper that in out-of-the-way corners of the world the natives still use fish for money."

"What a sloppy job they must have getting gum out of a machine."

— Reel

■ ■ ■

Stolen kisses may be the best, but I like whole-hearted coöperation.

— Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern

■ ■ ■

"Porter, fifty cents for another pitcher of ice water."

"Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo' ice, dat corpse in the baggage car ain't going to keep."

— Blue Gator

■ ■ ■

PERSPICACITY

He: "I'd like to have this dance, if you'd give me the pleasure."

She: "Certainly, come on out on the back porch."

— Widow

■ ■ ■

"What's the difference between a royal straight and a pair?"

"A good deal."

— Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket

■ ■ ■

Here's one thing that Luther Burbank didn't try, said the boy as he crossed his legs.

— Texas Longhorn

■ ■ ■

This Man: "See that white horse over there?"

That Man: "Yeah?"

This Man: "What's that black thing next to it?"

That Man: "That! Oh, that's a horse of a different color."

— Drexerd

NOTICE

All Crew Members, Supervisors, Team Captains and Student subscription salespeople who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity for free scholarships made possible through the courtesy of the Leading Magazine Publishers again this year are requested to apply to the national organizer M. Anthony Steele, Jr., Box 343, San Juan, Porto Rico, stating qualifications fully.

She: "Every time I come to Florida I have to discard my heavy undies. You know I am from Maine."

He: "Is that so? I'm from Missouri."

She: "Sir!!!"

— Wag-Jag

■ ■ ■

She: "What has been detaining you?"

He: "I had to get two nickels for a dime."

— Widow

■ ■ ■

Salesman (telegraphing from Ohio): "Having wonderful time. Marion is great."

Wife (telegraphing back immediately): "Same here. George is not so bad."

— Widow

■ ■ ■

Father: "Mary, is that young man there yet?"

Mary: "No, father, but he's getting there."

— Harvard Lampoon

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

An angry telephone patron over at C. B. A., who was charged extra for a Boston call, roared: "Outrageous! Why, in my home city of Chicago one can talk to h—ll and back for ten cents!"

"Well," chirruped central, "that's inside the city limits!"

— Boston Beanpot

■ ■ ■

Track Coach: "How fast are you?"

Candidate: "Well, I can run a hundred yards in fifteen seconds."

"Any good in the distances?"

"No, not very."

"All right, I'll put you down for direction."

— Tiger

■ ■ ■

It's a pity they didn't have steel wool in the middle ages.

Think what nice, warm armor it would have made.

— Columns

Noah's Wife: "What was all the racket down in the steerage?"

Noah: "A big row. The skunk refused to room with that college man we picked up."

— Cajoler

■ ■ ■

Last night I held a little hand,

So dainty, and so neat!

Me thought my heart would burst with joy,

So wildly did it beat!

No other hand into my heart

Could greater solace bring,

Than that dear hand I held last night —

Four aces and a king.

— Yellow Jacket

■ ■ ■

Wouldn't it make grand copy for Murad if Mahatma Gandhi were to lose his pants?

— Beanpot

■ ■ ■

What America needs is a good five-cent football ticket.

— Bored Walk



Seniors—Pass Out in Style!

THOUSANDS of seniors (well, several anyway) have asked us how to be sure of getting a Chevrolet Six for graduation. Suggestions spring from our typewriter like moths from summer flannels.

Work the word Chevrolet into all your letters home—and write often. Intimate that too much walking is giving you a permanent Charley horse. Have the car sent to your home on approval, disguised as a set of the Harvard Classics. Or even—and this idea is practically infallible—ask for one point-blank.

It really isn't much to ask for, you know, from a purely mercenary standpoint. Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which any car sells. And *upkeep*—well,

we're certainly glad you asked about *that*, for Chevrolet's upkeep economy is *positively unexcelled!* But, for all that, the new Chevrolet Six is just about the smartest thing on wheels, and possesses all the speed and power you've wanted for, lo, these many years. What's more, the combination of Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting and Free Wheeling makes for thrilling new driving ease.

Right now, when you are actually about to fulfill the hopes of your fond parents, is a splendid time to broach this subject. If you doubt your oratorical powers, pour out your heart in a letter. After all, you might as well get *some* good from all those rhetoric courses.

The complete Chevrolet Six line includes 20 different models, each available on the liberal G. M. A. C. time payment plan.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors

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She smokes **FRESH** cigarettes ... *not parched or toasted*

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Cool, refreshing smoke that is mild all the way down, with no trace of parch or bite to sting the tongue or rasp the throat.

That's because Camels are *made* right and *kept* right.

Made of choice Turkish and sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that are properly conditioned; that contain just the right amount of natural moisture.

Kept in factory-prime condition until they reach the smoker by the air-sealed, Camel Humidor Pack.

The select tobaccos that go to make up your Camels are never parched or toasted.

The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you've never experienced the delight of a cigarette that has never been parched or toasted switch to Camels, then leave them — if you can.

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