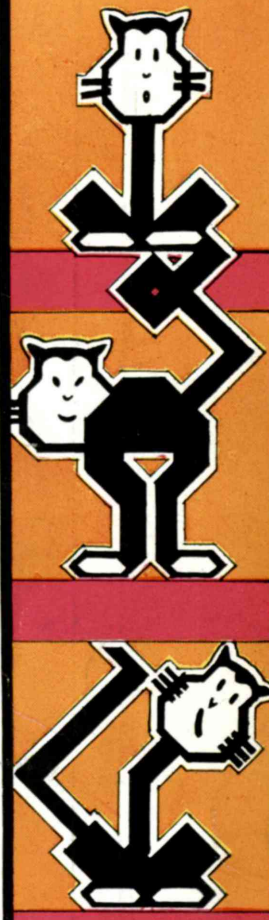
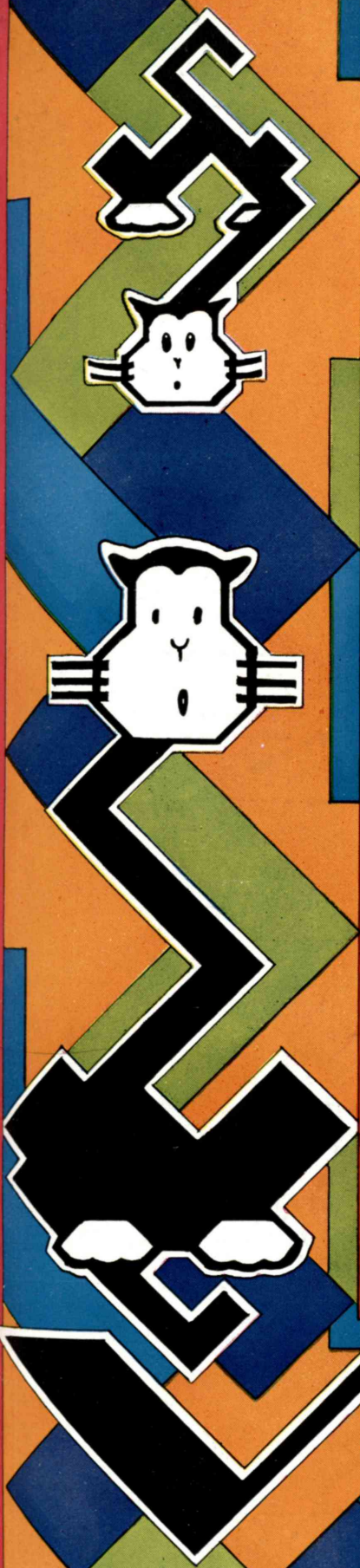


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Faculty Number

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Member A. C. C. E.

THE M. I. T. VOO DOO

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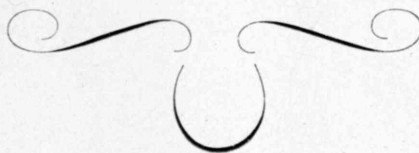
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Dad: Fine son you are! You say you don't like your college work, but here you are back home with a wife!

Son: But dad, this course wasn't optional!

—*Octopus.*



1/c: "What are children of the Czar called, Mister?"

4/c: "Czardines, sir."

—*The Log.*



There was a young bridge fiend named Rid,
Whose wife was expecting a kid;

He became very blue

When the one became two,

He said, "She's redoubled my bid."

—*Punch Bowl.*



Frosh: How about a date sometime?

Senior Co-ed: I can't go out with a baby.

Frosh: Pardon me—I didn't know—.

—*Bored Walk.*



Little Boy—Mister, why is cream higher than milk?

Milkman—Because it's harder for the cow to sit on the little bottles.

—*A. & M. Battallion.*



Elderly Gentleman (bewildered at elaborate wedding)—Are you the bridegroom, young man?

Wedding Guest—No sir; I am not. I was eliminated in the semi-finals.

—*Medley.*

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NEW YORK



IRENE DUNNE cleverly portrays "THE LADY DECEIVED", coming attraction at LOEW'S STATE and ORPHEUM Theatre, week starting January 20.



HOLD ON TIGHT

Crowded trolley car. (Young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare.)

Young Man: "Pardon me, miss, but may I not pay your fare?"

Young Lady: "Sir!"

(Several seconds of groping.)

Young Man: "I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

Young Lady: "Why, I don't even know you, and anyway, I'll have this purse opened in a minute."

(Continued groping.)

Young Man: "I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my suspenders three times!"

—Beanpot.

Prof.—"Why sit on your drawing?"

Fresh from the farm—"Sir, you said to hatch the section!"

—Navy Log.



Lieut. Agnew: What right do you have to swear before me in class?

Miller: How could I know you wanted to swear?

—Snipper.



He—"Hey, Mary; look at the goitre on the cow."

She—"That's no goitre; can't you tell one from the udder."

—Lyre.



Man: Here's a nickel, son.

Newsie: So you're my old man?

—Kitty Kat.



You never smoked in bed before we were married, Henry!

—Gargoyle.



The young minister was reading announcements at the Sunday service. He stumbled across one of them and the following words slipped out: "The Little Mother's League will hold their weekly meeting this afternoon. All those who wish to become Little Mothers please see me in the rectory."

—Princeton Tiger.

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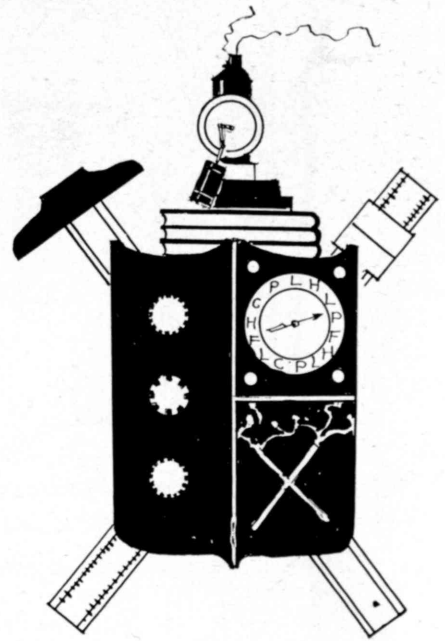
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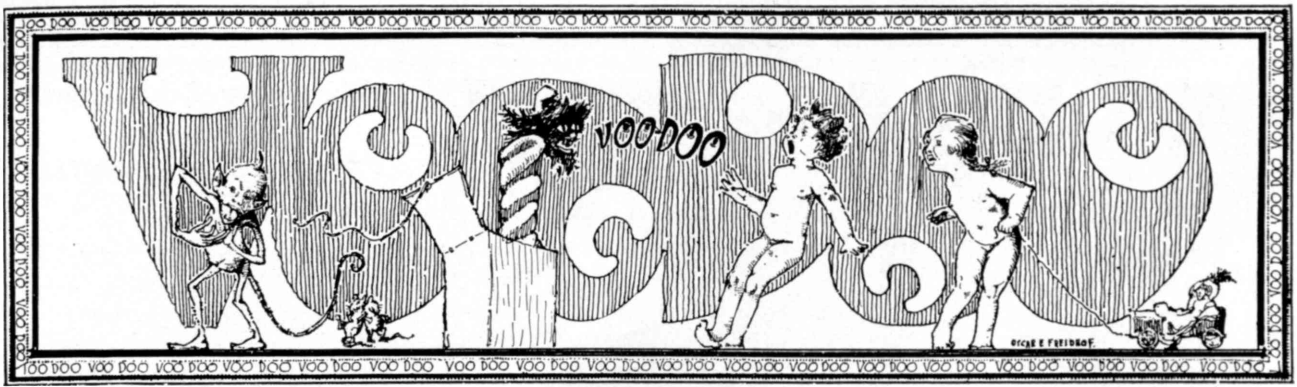
at the **HUBERT** theatre

WE GIVE YOU THE FACULTY
THEY GIVE YOU HELL





(Voo Doo presents the fourth of a series of drawings by local talent. Save this page for future reference.)



MINUTES OF A FACULTY MEETING

The meeting was called to order by the Secretary, as he was the only one present. After banging on the table for silence, but being unable to stop himself from talking, he asked for a recess and granted it. In half an hour Prof. Joe Phelan, in company with Dan, the Janitor, strolled in. Right on their heels, and incessantly tripping them up, was Prof. Sears. When asked to leave that hunk of rope he was smoking outside, he nonchalantly sniped it on the door jamb and stuck it in his pocket.

The room was now filling rapidly, and the noise of rattling dice and spinning coins was only overcome by the bellowing voice of Boss Tucker. Everyone thought he was calling the meeting to order, but they soon found out he was only trying to sell some land in Manhattan.

The congregation was finally quieted down by the Chairman rising and asking in a sepulchral voice for the usual corrections and additions. He was answered by the usual silence.

The old business which had been carried along for ten years already was laid on the table until the next meeting. Awakened from a deep sleep, in which he was dreaming of the Hoot-Smawley Bill, Prof. Doten now piped up that he still could see no improvement in the temperature of the room. Although it had been decided at the last meeting to raise the temperature from 64 to 73, said Prof. Doten, apparently nothing had been done about it. Prof. Miller was called in and suggested using a turbine or two.

As he finished his speech, a faint voice was heard at the back of the

room: "Many are cold but few are frozen." The assembly was thrown into a turmoil at this (somebody was always leaving the lid off the turmoil) and cries of "Throw him out!" "Booh!" and "Kill the umpire!" resounded through the hall. The perpetrator of the dastardly crack could not be found, however, but it was whispered (by those who had laryngitis) that Prof. Fife had been studying ventriloquism secretly, using Prof. Babcock as his dummy. The unmistakable twinkle in Papa Fife's eye (the good one) seemed to confirm this rumor.

After twice hitting his thumb with the gavel, the Chairman asked for the reports of the various Committees. Prof. Frank, Chairman of the Textbook, Lecture Notes, and Inside Straight Committee, reported that it was about time that some of youse guys were writing new textbooks. I've done my parthow about you?

The suggestion (after being deciphered by Floyd Gibbons) was made into a motion and it was decided to draw lots to see who would write the next book. After the author had been decided on, the Committee again drew lots to decide on the price of the book. The lucky number was 6. Several men on the Committee disputed the ruling, however, and insisted that the number really was a 9 and that it had been read upside down. The matter was tabled until the next meeting.

The next committee to report was the Appropriations Committee presenting its budget for the coming month. The recommendation for a crate of white and colored chalk for Prof. T. Smith was unanimously ap-

proved. The appropriation for a new hat for Mr. McSweeney was the cause of a protracted discussion. Several men stated that they had seen Mr. McSweeney wearing what purported to be a new hat. It was finally decided to investigate the matter further, and the Chairman appointed a sub-committee to be known as the Committee for the Investigation of the Desirability of a New Hat for Mr. McSweeney. When reached at his home late last night, however, Course XVII's savant declined to make any comment on the matter, perhaps, all for the best.

The new business began with Prof. K. V. A. Hudson motioning for a raise in salaries. The motion was quickly seconded by everyone in the room, but Prof. Rogers, who was outside marking quiz papers by dropping them down stairs, opposed the measure. He said that the *Boston American* had guaranteed him a job as long as immigrants not understanding English came to this country. Prof. Rogers also read a very interesting paper in which he sung the praises of William Randolph Hearst as a great benefactor of mankind, especially the Rogers family.

At this juncture, the meeting was interrupted by Prof. Phelan choking on one of Voo Doo's Christmas cough-drops, and a chaotic tumult was created when a bundle of skyrockets which Prof. Frank thought were vectors exploded. The furor was so great that the Chairman found it impossible to restore order and was forced to adjourn the meeting with the declaration that future meetings would be furor and far between.



"And couldst tell me, Praxiteles, why the night club on Rowe's Wharf is so popular?"

"Nay, good Artixerxes, lest it be because it's so near the ferries."

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Doten: During the war when I was organizing the shipyards.

Douglass: Do all the problems at the end of the lesson. Twenty minutes. Twenty minutes.

Bill Greene: @---c*/!!

Marvin: It's only a matter of mill-equivalents, gentlemen.

Estes: Now in the Estes automatic system. . . .

Miller: And when the water flashed into steam.

Blanchard: Mr. Cole will set off the explosion.

Foggy Rice: The rest is obvious.

Beaker Joe: Ahem!

Meuller: Ay tank ve make a qviss.

Owen: Now old Nat Herreshoff—

Roberts: When I was at Hahvahd.

Tubby Rogers: So to speak.

"What I like is a Fresh Cigarette," said Janitor Joe as he picked up a butt before it had been stepped on.



She: "And when he locked the door, took off his coat, and turned out the light, I thought I'd better be on my guard."



He: "It certainly is dark in this parlor. Gosh, I can't even see my hand in front of me!"

She: "That's all right. I know where it is."



The Story Behind the Headline

"THIEF STEALS TANDEM BICYCLE"—*News Item*

The lovesick swain, one weary night,
upon a seat was sitting;
His face was haggard, drawn and white,
his eyebrows he was knitting.

'Twas just before the Junior Prom,
and funds, it seems, were lacking—

He knew not where to get them from
unless he tried hijacking.

He had his ticket—and with lavish hand
he'd sent a corsage

But taxi fare!—He didn't have a nickel
for a sorsage!*

He cast around for something which
might solve his sad dilemma—

He couldn't back out now and ditch
his roommate's sister Emma.

And so he pondered long and late on
means of transportation

Until—at last—as sure as Fate, he got
an inspiration!

He donned his hat, and eke his coat,
and sprinted off at random;

It seems, dear reader (don't emote),
he'd gone to steal a tandem!

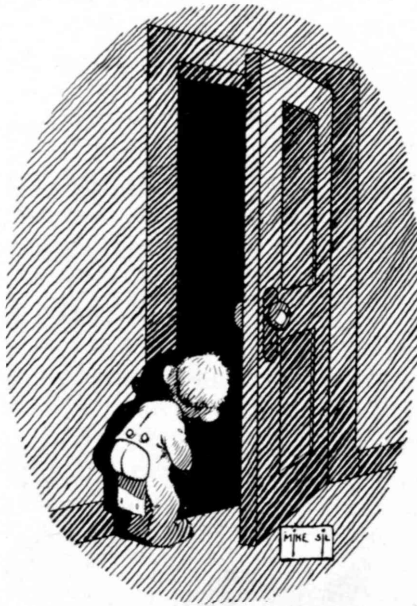
* Well, *you* think of a better one.



Then there was the Princeton athlete who didn't make his P in four years.



"Tell me some more about Technocracy, dear."



"Pardon me, Lady Astor."



Friend: "And what was the greatest shock in your life, Prof. Timbie?"

Prof. Timbie: "The time I short-circuited a Super-Charger."

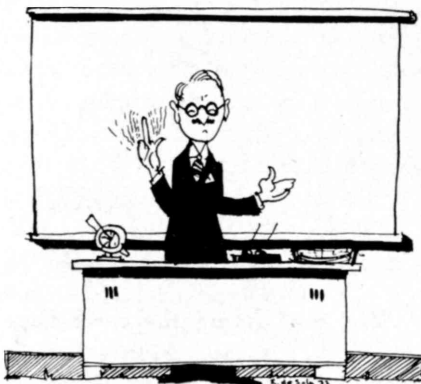


Mother: "Willie, has daddy had his dinner yet?"

Willie: "I think so. I heard the new maid tell him that he had too much crust."



Yes, there is no doubt that these Sargent girls are strong and virile. In fact, they're regular horses.



Lecturer: "There are many strange things under the sun. . . ."
Stude: "Yeah, mostly freshmen."

Confidential to Professors

Now prof old boy, old boy, you've got to take this thing seriously. There has to be a little more sparkle and pep and excitement in this college business. Try a few snappy phone numbers once in a while instead of those old-fashioned logarithms and watch a newborn interest spring up in those unconsciousites before you. It wouldn't be a bad idea to have the Old Howard chorus down about once a month to do a turn for the boys or at least have one hour set aside for some first-class entertainment.

Sleep must be encouraged and the prof who pounds on his desk and shouts at the top of his voice and disturbs the gentle serenity of the model classroom should be shunned like an editor of THE TECH. Many suggestions have come in to have radios placed in the rear of the large lecture halls to play softly to those who wish their dreams to be pleasant and soothing. Magazines passed out five minutes after the bell would be an appreciated innovation for some bright professor who has the students' welfare at heart, because a little light reading during a boring lecture is quite a solace to the liver, especially the bad liver.

Grades being the bane of the student's existence, any prof who would guarantee an H in his course would immediately become the most popular man in school and scholars from far and near, yearning for true knowledge, would be at his beck and call. Of course, if his act is good he might only guarantee a C, but only to pass out P's—it would have to be vaudeville every day!

So get wise to yourselves, Profs. Forget this Hard-Hearted Hannah racket and see what the boys in the back room will have.



Prohibition has had its good effects. Most of us can now take bad-tasting medicine "like a man" and think how much better it is than raw alky or Virginia corn.



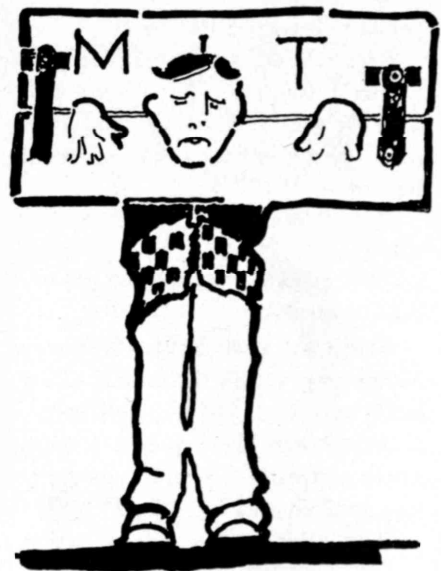
"Nature in the raw is seldom mild."



BARON MUNCHAUSEN WRITES FOR VOO DOO

(Apologies to Jack Pearl)

Vunce upon a time, there was a progressor, I mean oppressor, a FORGETTER—yah, Charlie, a professor—who taught his class yust vat they wanted to know. He didn't tell stories, he neffer vent off der roadbed, off der train, off der TRACK!—yah, dot's vat I meant. He voss a nice feller, too. Vat, you don't believ me?? Say, Charlie, I vasn't dere eider.



The yoke's on all of us.



"Hurry up, dear, the goldfish are almost dead."

The Domestic Life of Prof. Snifflepot

In an effort to clear up the mystery that has surrounded Prof. Snifflepot's private life, *Voo Doo's* star reporter, Herman Glug, succeeded in obtaining the following interview:

GLUG: Prof. Snifflepot, I wonder if—

SNIFFLEPOT: You may call me Basil for the purposes of this interview; it will save wear and tear on the printer's hair and teeth.

GLUG: Thanks, Snif—er— Basil. Now, can you tell me how you happened to become a Professor?

BASIL: Well, sir, it was this way. When I was born (at a very early age) my great Uncle Elmer said to my aunt (on my father's side)—"Tessie," he said—

GLUG: Well, well, I must say that was a novel start for a young Professor. But tell me, Basil, how did you meet your wife?

BASIL: Well, sir, it was this way. When my cousin Gallstone was a lad—

GLUG: Heh—how quaint. (Aside) Looks as though I won't even get to first Basil in this interview.

BASIL: But I am a man of action,

Glug. In my classrooms I demand attention and respect from my students; and if I ask for something to be done, I expect to *have* it done—with alacrity—or at least with a pencil. My brother's sister-in-law, Gussie, once said to me: "Basil . . ."

(*There is an ominous silence as a middle-aged woman sweeps into the room, ducking her head and turning sideways to avoid bringing the door casing in with her. She is obviously—from the way in which Basil cringes—Mrs. Snifflepot.*)

MRS. SNIFFLEPOT (Ignoring Glug and the conversation which she has interrupted): Basil, haven't you shoveled the snow off the sidewalk yet? And your tie is a mess! (*She walks over to him and, lifting him by the scruff of the neck in order to reach his tie, adjusts it while Basil dangles precariously and gurgles ghoulishly. She drops him into a convenient waste basket and flounces out of the room and slams the door as seven pictures crash to the floor.*)

Amid the dust and din of falling plaster, Glug sneaks out through a trap door especially provided for the purpose and as he walks home, he shakes his head slowly—a wiser and better man.)

First sailor (just off long cruise): "Yes sir, I've just got to have it!"

Second sailor: "Have you got the money?"

First sailor: "Well, only three bucks."

Second sailor: "What kind of a girl do you want?"

First sailor: "One of them French figures."

Second sailor: "Well, O. K., if you've just got to have it."

And the two sailors walked into a tattooing joint.



The prof found the enrollment in his "Facts and Figures" class doubled when he re-named it "Facts about Figures."

An Open Letter

Harvard Coop.
Technology Branch
January 13, 1932

Faculty Committee
Mass. Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Gentlemen:

I am very sorry to say that I do not at all like your reply to my last letter. Something must be done to maintain the high wage scale in our organization and we are demanding that you do it. Just because we charge outrageous prices for our merchandise does not mean that we prosper. The merchandise must be sold and only with your help is this possible.

We raise special objection to the effect of the T. C. A.'s second-hand book exchange where copies of the freshman calculus and chemistry books can be bought for seventy-five cents. These books ought to be revised every year instead of every five or ten years. The same applies to almost a dozen other standard texts which I mentioned in my previous message.

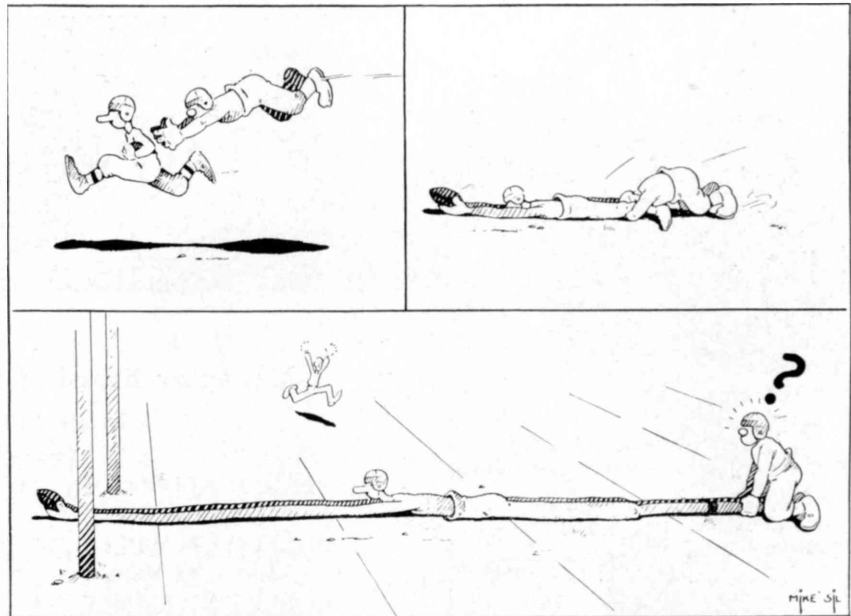
You referred to the "Lessons and Problems in Electricity" which is sold with the old pages and a new cover every year for \$2.75. We insist, however, that a paper-bound multi-graphed book, printed on one side only, ought to sell for at least \$3.95 even though it only contains 194 sheets. Likewise, the freshman physics book ought to cost twice as much.

Unless action is taken immediately we threaten to invade the tutoring racket or at least expose it sufficiently to make its sponsors uncomfortable. As a reprisal for your previous letter which we think a trifle impertinent, we are going to see to it that freshmen next year wear cardinal and grey skull caps (\$2.50) and red socks (\$2.00 per pair). Remember that the depression cannot be cured by raising tuition or increasing the number of \$5 fines. Buy American in the Coop!

We trust that we shall not be forced to take punitive measures.

Yours truly,

(Signed) TIBERIUS P. SNOOP,
Sales Division.



The India Rubber man plays football.

Faculty Prom

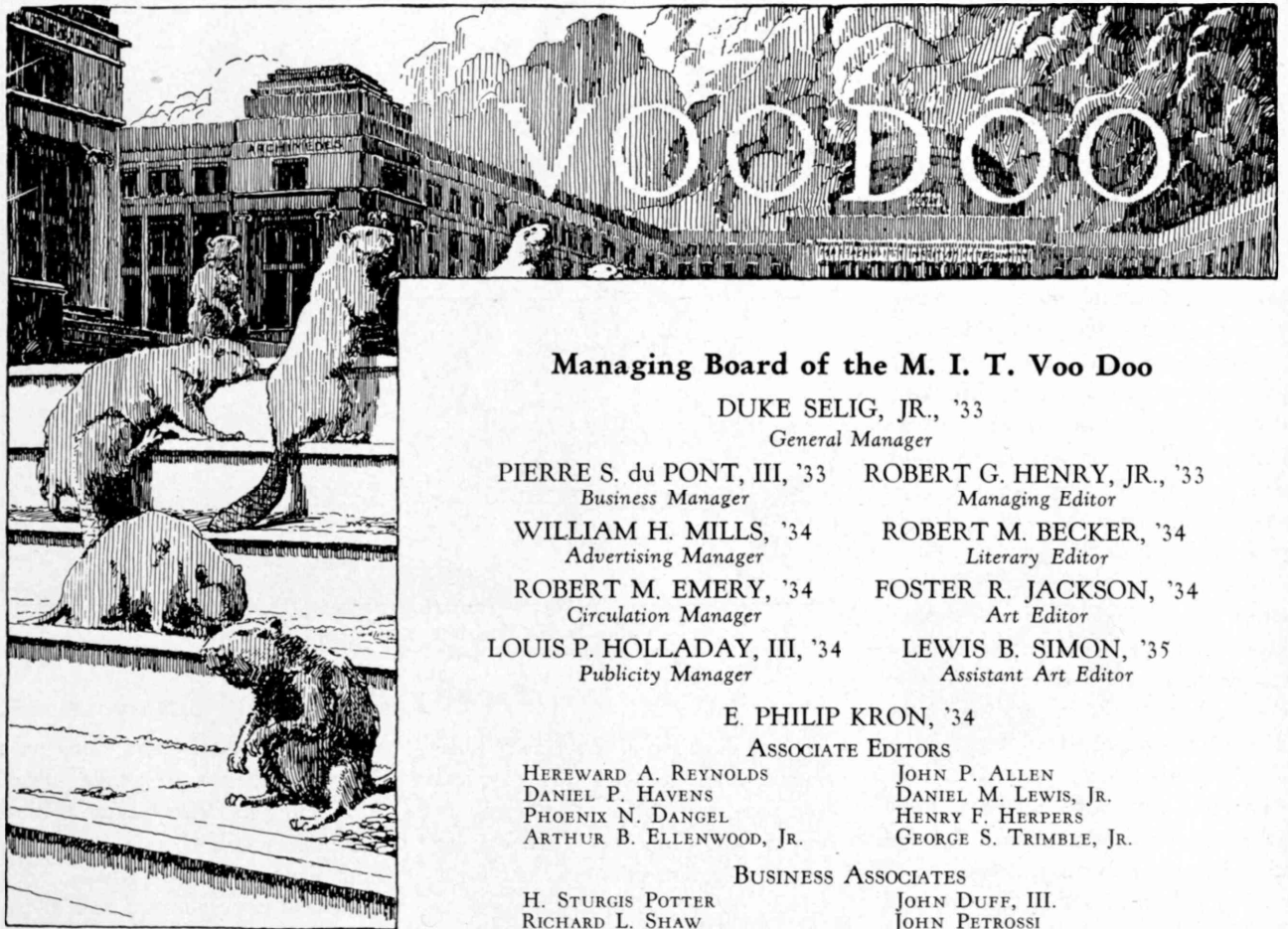
It was the night of the Faculty Masquerade Ball. Classes that day had been mere formalities. Bootleggers in Boston will remember that day as symbolic of the old times. At eight o'clock, our Phosphorus, disguised as a bottle of gin, easily gained admittance to the grand ballroom.

He hadn't been there long when the guests began to arrive. Frank, Allis, and Pop Driscoll came as blocks and pulleys and no one could determine their centers of gravity. Prof. Blanchard came adorned as a Bunsen burner (boy, was he ever a hot number!). Prof. Sears was disguised as a cosmic ray, emitting sparks from a Roman candle disguised as a cigar. P. T. McCarthy was soon found in the uniform of a street cleaner. Tubby Rogers came dressed as an equilateral triangle (all the points lying at an equal distance from one point they call the center). Legs Douglass was a mere line extending to infinity. Magnetic Magoun arrived as a successful business man in his new limousine.

Order was soon called by Dr. Compton and soon everyone was engaged in playing drop the handkerchief. Our reporter was so busy trying to penetrate the disguises of Cleopatra, Nero, Archimedes, and several others, that he did not see or hear Prof. Passano sneak up behind and try to uncork him. When last we saw feline Phos, the poor cat was dashing down Memorial Drive closely pursued by the lashing whip of Slave-driver Smith in his chariot.



As Prof. Einstein said to Prof. Wiener: "Ain't Nature grand?"



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PHOSPHORUS ANNOUNCES A NEW LITTER OF KITTENS

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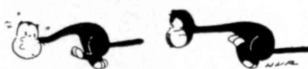
PROF. HUDSON'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

(and telephone number also)

FOURSCORE and seven weeks ago the Electrical Department installed a new motor, conceived for undergraduate work, and dedicated to the proposition that the R. P. M. should be high.

Now it is engaged with direct current, testing whether that motor, or any motor so conceived and so connected, can long endure. It is assembled in a large lab. We have been forced to rope off a portion of that lab as a danger zone for those who took 6.40 so that that motor might run. It is altogether necessary that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot instruct, we cannot suggest, we cannot teach these students a damn thing. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have often run it above its rated speed. The instructors will little note nor long remember what these students say here; but they will never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, to be reminded of the unfinished work which they who studied here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for the instructors to be here dedicated to the great repair work remaining before them; that from these honored students we realize that increased power was the cause for which they almost burned down the building; that we here highly resolve that these students shall not have run this test in vain; that this motor under new speed regulators, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the power, by the instructors, and for the safety of the students, shall not let the thing fly apart again.





Sex of one and a half dozen of the udder.

History in Brief

(Will Stoddard King step forward for apologies)

When William Barton Rogers dreamed

Of founding M. I. T.

He wanted youth to know the truth (At least to a degree);

His heart knew sorrow and distress; He struggled—he knew hopelessness

That we, in turn, may now possess

Honorary societies, the R. O. T. C., a Women's Rifle Team, \$7 textbooks, Tech Show, and the Coop.

Walker and Maclaurin, too, Assisted in the work;

They laid their plans like artisans And never did they shirk.

They conquered every hostile foe That M. I. T. might thrive and grow

And students now may learn to know

Walker food, Tech Circus, cumulative ratings, co-eds, the Junior Prom, and student riots.

Our presidents, in years gone by, Have worked with best intent;

They've labored hard with no regard For self-aggrandizement;

To them their work has been a joy— A pleasure knowing no alloy

That we, their heirs, may now enjoy

Field Day, student politics, \$500 tuition, The Liberal Club, and The Tech.

They tell the story of the Electric Company's repair man who went around repairing fuses singing "Blew Again."



Teacher: "Angelo—give me a sentence using the word spigot."

Angelo: "No spigota Engleesh."



He: "And this, Prof. Dinglebottom, is the nudist colony."

Prof.: "Hell, if I nudist I wouldn't have come."



"Merrily we go to Hell," muttered the student, as he wended his way to 2.46.



Father (looking into dimly lit room): "Sir, did I see you grab my daughter by the leg?"

He: "No, not unless you're quicker than I think you are."

Phosphorus Picks an All-Faculty Hockey Team

As the season for All-American Hockey teams arrives, Phos skates out of his neutral corner and announces the lineup of his All-Faculty team. 6—Phenomenal Puck-Chasers—6, not to mention all-star second and third teams. (Don't worry, we won't.)

The lineup of the starting team is: "Butch" Wiener, who fills the important position of goalie. Also the goal. Butch will play in his usual Winter garb, which consists of a pair of running pants and a vest. Wiener has achieved phenomenal fame by his novel method of casually diverting sure shots with well-directed peanuts.

"Speed" Rogers, the Technology Terror, whose amazing speed and speech baffle all who oppose him, plays center on this stellar congregation.

"Spike" Roberts and "Bruiser" Blanchard fill the berths of right and left defence respectively. These rugged, stalwart defencemen will lend much strength and confidence to the team (at 6%).

At right forward "Flash" Phelan, the Fighting Finn from County Finklestein, flays a mean flail.

Due to the depression, all we have left is "Empty" Holmes, to fill the position of left forward, where he was left inadvertently—or inaspeakeasy.

The team showed up so well in practice sessions that only one spare was deemed necessary. "Calorie-conscious" Lobdell, the Campus Cut-up, was chosen as *ex officio* right and left defence, respectively.

The team will play its first game with Wheelock '36.



"Migawd, I've made water."

I really don't know if I should smoke...

...but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

It so happens that I smoke CHESTERFIELD. They seem to be milder and they have a very pleasing taste.



the Cigarette that's Milder

the Cigarette that Tastes Better

“Give a Rouse Then —”

In '31 there lived a punk
Who had an awful lot of spunk
On College Boards bull did he shoot
And headed for the Institute.

CHORUS:

Hi Hi Technology, Technology, Tech-
nology,
Hi Hi Technology,
The cesspool of Creation.

II

He registered for Course XVI
They sent him up to see the Dean;
For a half a grand they let him in
The halls of old Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

III

They made him wear a Freshman Tie
Which of course he had to buy;
It was a sight to blind the eye—
The colors of Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

IV

He thought he was a fav'rite son
And ere the first week had begun
He found himself in 8:01—
The hell of all Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

V

His teacher was Nathaniel Frank
Whose theories were so awful rank
The pupil sat and thought and thank
About his poor psychology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

VI

He up and pledged to Theta Delt
And on his hide they raised a welt—
'Twas thru the paddle that he felt
The spirit of Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

VII

The five weeks' marks found him quite
low;
The blame belonged to Beaker Joe
Who asked him things he didn't know
On quizzes at Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

VIII

The ten weeks' marks around did
slide
And he'd been taken for a ride;
Then “Lobby” called the boy inside
His office at Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

IX

The boy went home at Christmas Tide.
With gin and whiskey then he tried
The chains of Tech to there divide—
The chains of old Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

X

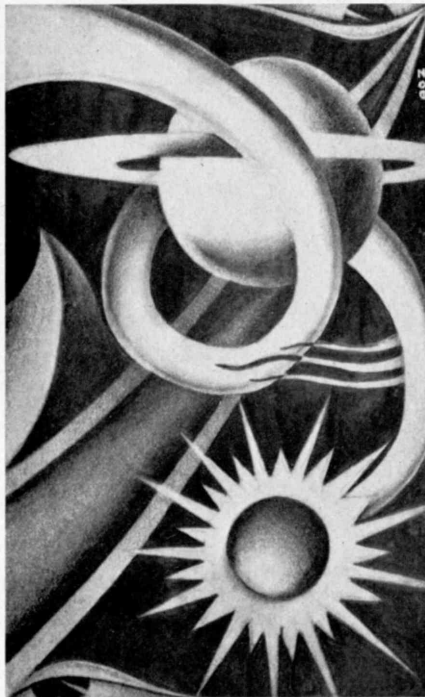
And when he came back to the grind
Finals was he soon to find
Plenty hard for a vacant mind—
The finals of Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

XI

When he his final marks did seek
The situation looked quite bleak;
He found himself right up that
creek—
The creek of old Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.

XII

Many years have since been spent
Since from Tech the dope was sent
And now he is the President—
The boss of all Technology.
Chorus: Hi Hi Technology, etc.



As Prof. Wiener said to Prof. Einstein: “Yeah, Nature is grand.”

“But, Dorothy, aren't you getting Jack and Bill confused?”
“Sure, I get Jack confused one night and Bill the next.”



As Prof. Frazier says, if you can't pass 6.40, try Ex-Lax.



- P Professors propound periphrastic perspicacity
- R Relinquishing retrospective ruminacity
- O On obvious omniscient ophthalmology
- F For fictitious flamboyant flaccidity
- E Endueing exemplary exegisis
- S Spectacular somniferous sentimentalism
- S So sententious, sanctimonious
- O Of obsolescent onomatopoeia
- R Remaining retrenched, reticent, retrospective

He: “And now for a sentence using the words ‘bearing area.’”
It: “I went to Europe on the Berengaria.”



To save you the trouble of waiting, here's your Marx, brother.

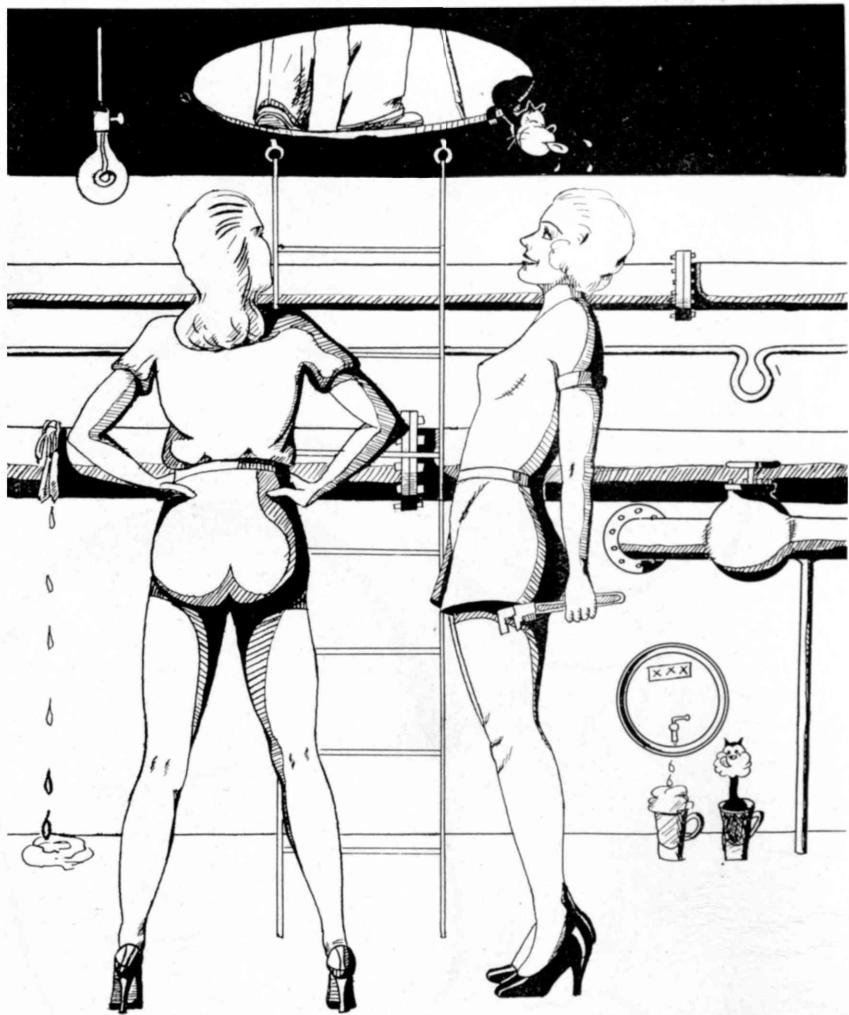
Ajax J. Handlebar, leading exponent of croquet at M. I. T., in an article written especially for publication in Voo Doo, gives his views on the organization of the Faculty in 1950. Mr. Handlebar says, that in view of the general trend toward janitor control of classes, that soon professors and instructors will be donning the white coat and taking mop in hand.

Your correspondent, after falling over several wickets and narrowly escaping the croquet mallet which the brawny Ajax was swinging lustily about his head as he talked, induced the expert to cite several of the examples upon which he based his opinion. "It is a well-known fact, as any student in Heat Engineering will tell you, that Dan the janitor corrects the problems in that course," said Mr. Handlebar, as he drove a ball through the bookcase door. "And who but Dan could think up the Universal Gas Constant? Then there's Henry, in Building 5, who, after his attendance at the University Extension Classes, is directly in line for the job of instructor in Course XVII."

In regard to the disciplining of the student body, the well-known croquetteer said that this part of the faculty's duties is more and more being taken over by the custodians, whose leader in this endeavor is the janitor on the balcony of the Main Lobby. "Look about and see for yourself," and Handelbar punctuated my hasty exit with a well-aimed dive for my leg thinking it was the last post.



Busting into the limelight.



E. TRIMBLE, JR '36

"Chalk up another for B.V.D.'s, Maimie."

Another step in Reconstruction. Six new peers inaugurated in London, England. (News Broadcast.)



It's times like these when we remember the painter who couldn't eat because he lost his palette.



And now comes the Children's Hour. Prof. Hudson speaking: "Electric plants grow from radio bulbs which are planted in a magnetic field. The currents you can pick are the berries. You then cook them on a grid and eat them off a plate."

Once upon a time there was a student bootlegger who paid attention to his liquor and cut his classes.



Tech '36: "I'll give you two quarters for a half."

Harvard '33: "Yeah—what'll I do with the other half?"



"They tell me he's a plagiarist."
"Yes, he copied her cold."



Bill Rappert ¹/₃₃

Five stars at Finals.

How to Pass the Courses:

1.00 to 17.74

(By One Who Knows)

2.00 (Applied Kinematics): The only thing to stop you from passing this course is the name, so don't let it frighten you. *Kinematics* comes from two Greek words: *kine*, meaning kine; and *matics*, meaning matics—which is the root of fanatics, attics, and all evil.

8.03 (Physics-Electricity): In beginning this course, you turn over a new Page. Don't let the name of the Page scare you. Electricity is nothing but a combination of currents, potential drops, charges, watt-hour meters, potentiometers, and induction coils, all passing over a Wheatstone bridge, not to be confused with contract bridge.

E21 (English and History): The course is divided into three options and, incidentally, has its option downs. Publicly speaking, the course is just a soft-boiled egg—three minutes and you're done.

In fact, the motto of E21 is "Tubby or not Tubby."

2.15 (Applied Mechanics — Statics and Dynamics): You can always spot anyone who has passed this course. You'll find him staggering around mumbling molenertia and producneria. The course is just a lot of static, unless you have a dynamic speaker.

MS21 (Military Science): Join the Army and see the world; itinerary includes Hunterstown and points west. All for the price of one thin dime, the price of an ice-cream soda, a ham sandwich (rye or white?), a call to Wellesley, or a Sunday paper. Only a tenth part of a dollar, two nickels, a nickel and five pennies, the

the *other* nickel and five pennies, or ten pennies. The course is really MS (a mess, you sap).

Ec 21 (Political Economy): There are but two courses in this Institute that require manual labor to pass them, and they're both alike in that you have to break your back to do it. One is Reinforced Concrete Design, and the other, Political Economy. The first you begin with your shovel on your shoulder. The second is begun with a fountain pen. But let me tell you other white-collar gents, the boys in XV go home at night with more aching backs, blistered hands, and eyes dim from the sweat of toil than any other bunch at the old penitentiary. Just stand outside the door at the regular weekly quiz in Ec 21, and hear the grunts and groans and the scraping as the boys throw it into that ever increasing pile in front of them. And, at an hour quiz, the litter of broken shovel handles, bent and dented blades, and bent picks is tremendous.

My advice to the poor unfortunates scheduled to take and pass this course is to stop at the nearest hardware store and lay in a good, big stock of ditch-digger's tools, join the Tech staff, and learn the chanty, sung to the tune of the Volga Boatmen, "Throw, men, throw."



She: "Do you believe in women having a career?"

He: "Yes, but they must be careful, or people will find out about them."



"Did you have a good time with those blonde twins you took to the cocktail party?"

"Well, yes and no."



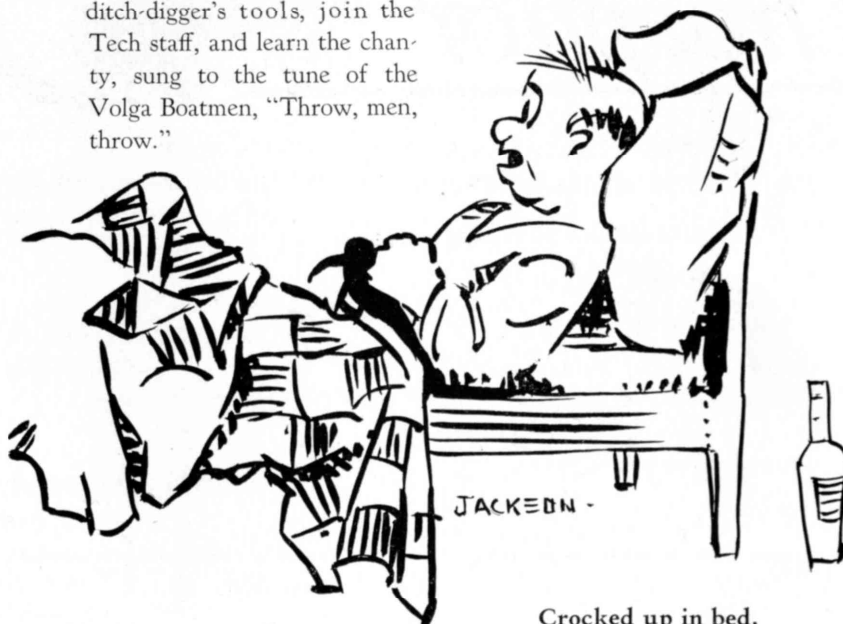
"That whiskey we had last night was made in 1900."

"Minutes or seconds?"

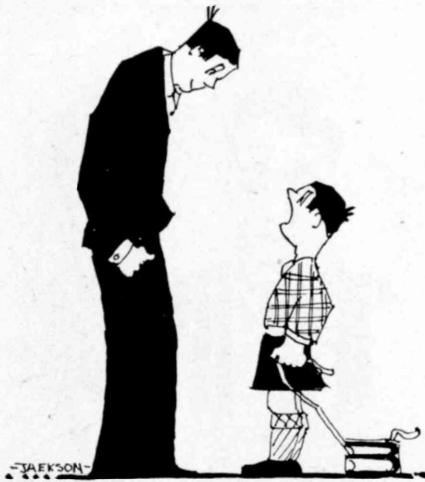


"What did you do when the judges awarded you first prize in the contest for the healthiest girl in the U. S. A.?"

"I fainted."



Crooked up in bed.



"Why have they got so many castles in Germany, you sinner?"
'35: "Because they've got so many hills to put 'em on."



My gal is like a typewriter keyboard. If you touch the wrong spots you get terrible words.



Crooner: "What to do about it."
Drunk: "To hell with it, let it be."

Haircut for Two Bushels of Corn

—News Item

I'd love to be a barber
So happy and content;
My heart would never harbor
Ill-feeling or resent—
I'll trim your beard or cut your hair,
I'll shave your face (well done or rare)
And talk about a world affair
And never ask a cent.

I'd love to be a barber
(And never have to rime
Such awful things as **saber**
—Oh fearful, **fiendish** crime!)
A facial, Sir, a cool massage?
I'll talk about your new garage—
And other silly badinage;
And never take a dime.

No—keep your worldly money!
Just give me marmalade
Or pumpkin pie or honey
Or pinkish lemonade;
And ear of corn, a bag of wheat,
A box of candy (not **too** sweet),
In fact, most **anything** to eat—
I'll take it out in trade!



Lady: "Is that a real pinscher over there?"
Kennel Master: "Sure. Rover, come here and pinch the lady."



Sigma Chi (appearing with date at Statler for dancing): "Is this a respectable place?"

Head Waiter: "Yes, but come on in anyhow."



1: "Say, have you heard the new tip song?"
2: "I'm listening."
3: "Brother, can you spare a dime?"

Phosphor Essences

BABY SOUNDS FIRE ALARM
—Boston American

Then returns to wet down the blaze.

NOW IT'S BRIDGE
Columbia, Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania universities are planning a quadrangular duplicate contract bridge tournament.

—Boston Post

East is East and West is West—
and Princeton bids two spades.

**BOY SHOOTS SELF
DEAD BY ACCIDENT**
—Boston Post

Nothing serious, we hope.

**HAMMER SLAYER
TO SING IN CHOIR**
—Boston Post

The anvil chorus, no doubt.

**GIVES TEETH
FOR GASOLENE**
—Boston Post

Speeds away at four molars an hour,
gnashing his jaw.

**REFUSED TO SPEAK
FOR 45 YEARS**
—Boston Post

Probably he had nothing to say.

**WOMAN ON BARGE FALLS
THROUGH OPEN HATCH**
—Boston Traveler

Just barged right in, eh?

**OGDEN, UTAH, WILL BAN
CEMETERY PICNICS**
—Boston Traveler

Too much gravey.

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 Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

**MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
 NEW YORK**

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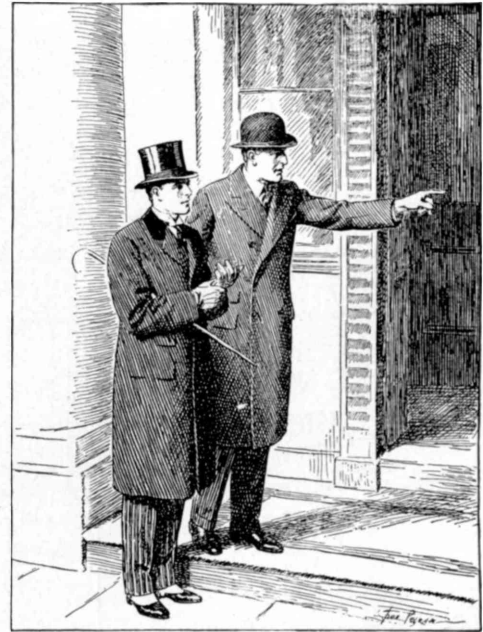
The advantages of Brooks Brothers' own workmanship and carefully selected materials are particularly apparent in a highly standardized model such as the Chesterfield Overcoat. Coats of this type, as made by us, are not only distinguished in appearance but exceptional in wearing quality. The materials this Fall include cheviots, vicunas and beavers—in black, Oxford grey or blue—in both single and double breasted models.

\$60 to \$85

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



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Butcher—Would you like a nice turkey for Christmas, Lady?

Woman—No, I want a nice goose.

Butcher—Hmmm, can you take it?

—Lyre.



You look like a million tonight, baby.
 And I'm just as hard to make.

—Arizona Kitty Kat.

“What two raw materials are imported from France?”

“Books and plays, sir.”

—The Log.



“Are you the Bull of the Campus?”

“That's me, baby.”

“Moo!”

—Reserve, Red Cat.

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wotton St.

COLONIAL LINE

A Strictly Public Interview with P. T. McCarthy

"Youse guys what go to Technology don't get enough exercise by a long shot. The trouble is that you sit on your bottoms all day and all night and brownbag. As I said before, you don't get enough exercise—no sir, not by a long shot. So the only thing I can think of to get you in good physical trim is more exercise.

"Now seeing that youse guys is going to have a vacation soon, I'd like to suggest that you spend the time doing some setting-up exercises. Your daily program oughter be something like this:

"Get up at 6:30 and take a brisk cold shower. (This is the best thing I know of for getting rid of a hang-over.) Then put on your track shoes and a pair of pants (if you care for that sort of thing) and run around the track about thirteen or fourteen times. After breakfast go up to the gym and take a few rounds on the parallel bars, the flying rings, and the bar bell. Then try some of my famous patented floor-wiping calisthenics for an hour or two. By then it will be time to eat lunch.


"Immediately after lunch, play about five games of handball and run around the track twelve times. Then a few brisk games of squash, and, before you know it, it will be time to eat again.

"After dinner, if you feel that friskiness that a lot of suppressed energy produces, I'd advise you to go over to the hangar with a friend and take a couple of rounds out of him. This will top the day off just right.

"After a week of this you'll be all set to go on with the hard work youse guys have at Technology. Either that or you'll be all set to be shipped home on a board."



If houses were built out of wine bricks, we could throw a party every time it rained.



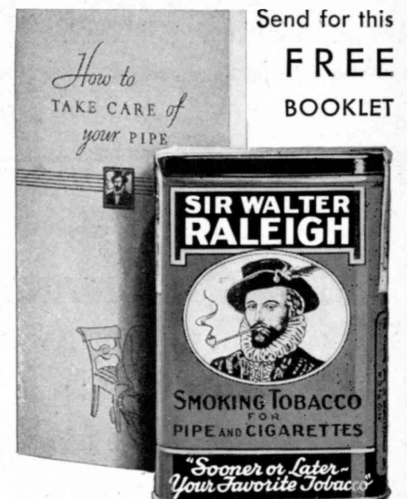
Whew!
**Who's cooking
cauliflower?**



WHEN you smoke a foul, reek-
ing pipe, you may think you're
getting away with it with your host-
ess. But you can't fool a bird.

For your own sake as well as others,
start today smoking a *good* tobacco
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Burleys is an excellent tobacco. It's so
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haughty hostess. And it's so rich, fra-
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Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-31



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

The story goes that during the war the Germans named their ships after jokes so that the English wouldn't see them.

—*The Pointer.*



Freshman—"I've got a date tonight with a chiffonier."

Senior—"Don't be silly, a chiffonier is a big thing with drawers."

Freshman—"I know."

—*Froth.*



Reveille Anne asks the public, "Just how can a bride tell which is the best man at a wedding when only one goes on the honeymoon?"

—*Texas Aggie Battalion.*



Ana—Say, what's the noise upstairs?

Lit—Oh, that's my Pop dragging his heavy underwear along the floor.

—*Medley.*



TELEGRAMS—A PAIR

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

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

—*Wesleyan Wasp.*



"De man in room seven has done hang hisself!"

"Hanged hisself? Did you cut him down?"

"No sah! He ain't dead yet."

—*Outlaw.*



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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	Breeders Trophy
First Pen Three Ram Lambs	First Pen Three Ewe Lambs	

He: "A nice girl shouldn't hold a young man's hand."

She: "A nice girl has to."

—Jack o'Lantern.



"Any ice today, lady?"

"No; the window washer was just here."

—Punch Bowl.

BULL

"Hey, Mama, look, look! I can tell which one of them is a bull."

"Junior, not so loud. Everybody's looking. Keep still!"

"Hey, Mama, I know how to tell a bull when I see one."

"Junior, keep still, or I'll take you home this very minute."

"Hey, Mama, wanna know how I can tell the bull, huh?"

"You just wait 'til I get you home, you little brat."

"Hey, Mama, sure I know how to tell a bull when I see one. See, Mama, there's one. Wanna have me tell you, Mama, how I can tell, huh, Mama?"

"Junior, please keep still. Mama'll get you anything if you'll please keep quiet."

"Well, Mama, I can tell by the ring in his nose, that's how. See Mama!"

—Kitty Kat.

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CHEMISTRY
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ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
ELECTROCHEMICAL ENGINEERING
GENERAL SCIENCE
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GEOLOGY
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MATHEMATICS
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SHIP OPERATION

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.

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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



Po-lease, a Camel!

WOMEN are funny that way. They'll rebuff a fellow's advances by calling him "fresh," and ask for a Camel instead. As a matter of fact, Camels are the living soul of freshness—*made* fresh, never parched or toasted, and *kept* fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack. Blended of choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos—surely these fine cigarettes will prompt you to say, I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

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CAMELS
Made FRESH—Kept FRESH