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• SYMPHONY HALL •

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ARTHUR FIEDLER
CONDUCTOR

48th SEASON OPENS WEDNESDAY, MAY 3

Annual "Tech" Night — June 3

85 SYMPHONY PLAYERS

JESUS MARIA SANROMA, Featured Soloist

Concerts start at 8:30

Admission 25c

- First Balcony 50c - 75c - \$1

- Table Seats \$1

"The difference between a car wreck and a train wreck is that the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman."

—Rice Owl.



People who carry glass bottles shouldn't sit on stone benches.

—Showme.



Virginius writes "a lady is born, not made." It all depends, madam, it all depends.



Our idea of a really clever guy is the ping-pong player who leaps the net to congratulate his victorious opponent.

—Penn State Froth.



She was sitting in a dark corner. Noiselessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

"How dare you," she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed readily, "I thought you were my sister."

"You dumb ox, I am your sister."

—Exchange.



Why, of course; and at the regular college rendezvous, where all the finest college functions are held in Boston. The Kenmore has become the Boston home of visiting college athletic teams and of many students and their families.

*Make Your Party Reservations
at the*

HOTEL KENMORE

COMMONWEALTH AVE. AT KENMORE SQUARE

400 Luxurious Rooms with all Conveniences

AMPLE PARKING SPACE



AND SO

with a toss of her head and a gay smile, our young heroine, none other than HELENE MARTIN, quaffs another mug of beer, in "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN", current musical show at the COPLEY THEATRE.



She: "Oh, Henry, there's a bug down my back."

He: "Aw, cut it out. Those jokes were all right before we were married."

—Cynic.



"I hear that Smith refuses to speak to Jones any more. What's the trouble?"

"Well, Jones' wife had girl twins and they both look like Smith."

"And Smith is sore!"

"Yeah. He wanted boys."

—Exchange.



"Ho . . . Gallahad, ye royalle doktorre saith ye queene must have a babye."

"Forsooth, the king dost need a little fresh heir."

HE ALSO EATS MUTTERED BUFFINS

Wife: "Bob, we'll have to do something about the mutler's battress. He claims he wants a new one."

Hubby: "The what? Who?"

Wife: "How silly of me. Of course. I mean the matler's buttress."

Hubby: "I still don't get it. What?"

Wife: "We'll have to get the battler a new mutress. He's been complaining."

Hubby: "Who's been complaining? About what?"

Wife: "The mutrer has been complaining about the batless. I mean the batrer has been complain-
ing about the mutless. The mattress has been com-
plaining about the butler!!! — It's Hawkins; he
wants a softer bed."

—Pelican.



"Come back to bed, John. You'll find that collar button in the morning."

"Who is looking for a collar button?"

—Gargoyle.

Loew's State

Mass. Ave. at Norway St.

Now Playing

You'll be swept away by the beauty of the desert nights, by the love songs, by the thrilling conflict of the handsome Arab aflame with love.

Ramon

NOVARRO

MYRNA LOY

in

"The Barbarian"

with **Reginald Denny**

Comedy : Cartoon : News

NEW "LOEW" PRICES

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PLAIN OR SALTED?

Operator: Number, please.

Drunk (in phone booth): Number, hell; I want my peanuts.

—Purple Parrot.



Soph: What's your name, Plebe?

Frosh: Quits Jones, sir.

Soph: Where'd you get that name Quits?

Frosh: When I was born my father came in and saw me. He said to mother, "Mary, let's call it quits!"

—Carnegie Tech. "Puppet."



NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Papa, Mamma and son, Willie, were crossing the ocean. Willie had done something for which his mother thought he needed correction, but not feeling equal to the occasion she turned to her husband.

"John," she said, "can't you speak to Willie?"

Papa replied in a thin, weak voice, "Howdy, Willie."

—Batallion.



MAYBE IT WAS A FLY-SPECK

His life's work was in ruins. He had been a progressive young civil engineer, but this would surely ruin him. His largest project, a million dollar bridge, almost completed, had collapsed and lay a hopeless tangle of steel in the river. There he stood, on the banks of the river, gazing at his prickled bubble of hope, his crumbled dream castle. "Damn," said he, "I thought I had that decimal point in the wrong place."

—Georgia Yellow.



Dear Mr. Palmolive,

"I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,

Oscar Zilch, '36."

—Froth.

THE STUDENT

PRINCE

MAJESTIC
Theatre



KELLY BROWN



MANILA
POWERS



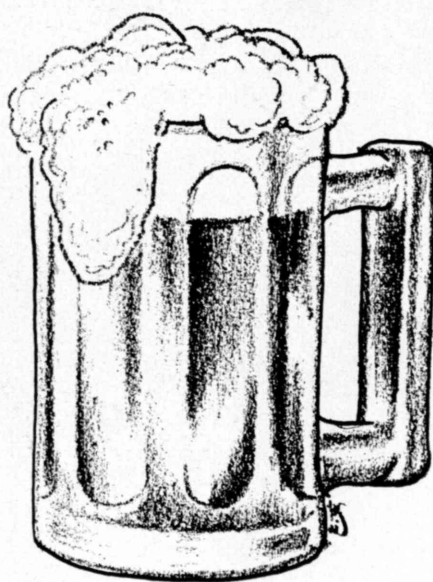
BERTA DONN

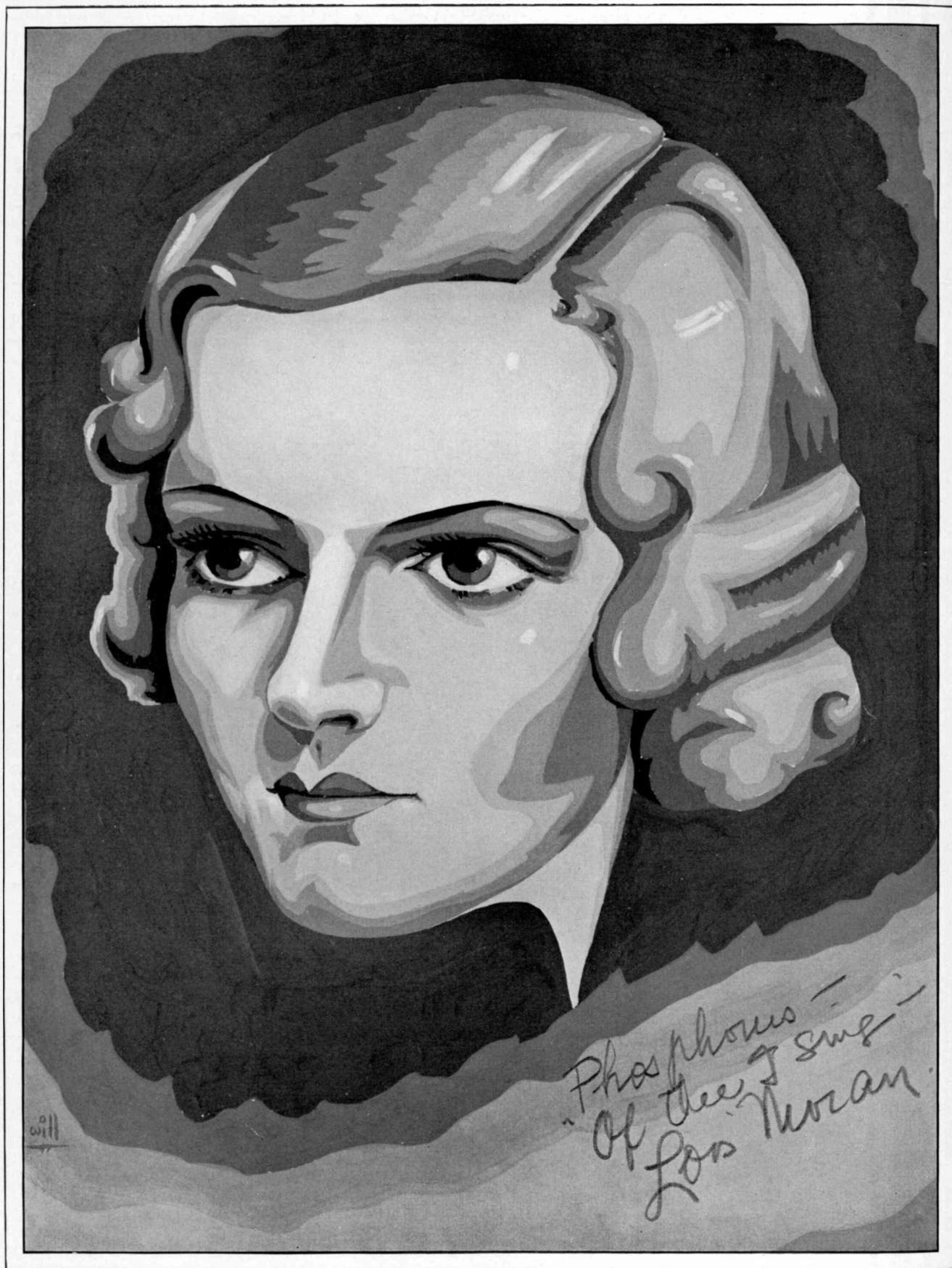


GERTRUDE LANG asks ALLAN JONES,
"HAVE YOU READ THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH?"

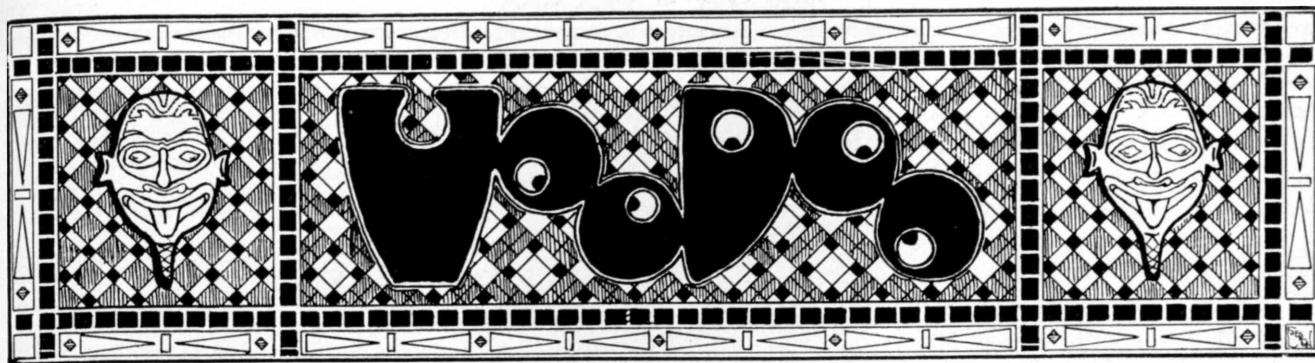
BEER WITH US . . .

'TIS THE MAY ISSUE



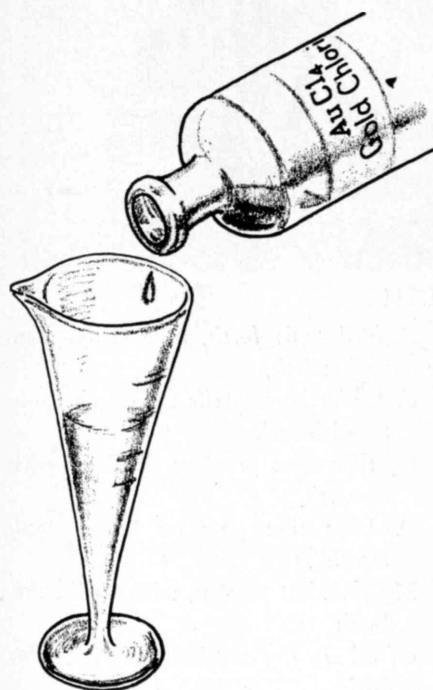


Drawn from Life at the Shubert



VOO-DOOINGS

. . . A VERY persistent story has been making the rounds of the campus and we've spent the better part of two weeks in an attempt to verify it. But with no luck. The story, stripped of its lurid details, concerns a class in organic chem lab that was assigned to make a urinalysis. Unfortunately for the lone co-ed of the class, a practical joker surreptitiously dumped a small amount of gold chloride into one of her test tubes.



The details vary from this point on, depending on the imagination of the particular narrator you may happen to be afflicted with.

Or perhaps we should sponsor a contest: How Would You End This Story?

. . . IT would seem that the enterprising young student who invaded Prof. Hudson's office t'other day got said Prof. all wrong. The following hot and sulphurous letter was lately received from the good old Watless component himself:

Editor, M. I. T. Voo Doo.
Dear Sir:

I wish to inform you that I greatly resent your casting aspersions on my manhood. To be sure, Simmons is among the better colleges for women, but I, Prof. Ralph G. Hudson, Professor in charge of the course in General Science and Engineering, pride myself in attending strictly to business. The book, "Simmons Year Book," which you have chosen to single out of my collection is *not* a college year book, but the annual publication of a concern engaged in the manufacture of electrical equipment.

Respectfully yours,

R. G. Hudson.

But how were we to know, dear sir? It looked fishy.



. . . THE department of Business Engineering and Administration is an extremely witty one, it seems—if nothing else. One of its savants was defining the term ethics in his own inimitable manner.

It seems that a Harvard professor was teaching a class in ethics and told this story to illustrate his point:

Two men once owned a clothing establishment and one fine day a man came in to buy a coat—as men will. One of the partners acted as salesman and, after applying a good measure of

the salesman's art, managed to sell the man a \$20 coat. The customer, however, handed the man *two* twenty dollar bills, stuck together.

"And now," said the salesman, after the customer had left, "here is the question of ethics: Shall I tell my partner?"

And now will you take Course XV?



. . . WHILE looking through one of the evening papers last week, Phos was very much struck by a dazzling political cartoon. The scene was the usual barnyard gathering or circus tent or something along that order, with every figure allegorically labeled with tags telling what it, he, or she represented. Of course there was the pachyderm with G. O. P. branded on his hip, gazing longingly into the eyes of the Democratic jackass, who was busy braying on top of *Depression* Fence. Farmer *Farm Relief* was chasing the racoon, *Public*, with a pitch fork denoted by *Secretary of the Interior*.

Phos was seriously thinking of starting a corner somewhere entitled "Institute Images, or our very Own Political Cartoons." Picture an ant-eater or a Model T labeled *Bursar*, while a polar bear tagged *Dean* could be seen smashing the beer bottle of *Late for Classes*. Phos can't help thinking that Tubby Rogers would go well either as a phonograph or as a little red devil—the imp that he is;

and Beaker Joe would be standardized forever as Little Lord Fauntleroy. All the individual subjects could be copied directly from the main mural in the Walker Dining Room and depicted in their characteristic poses of playing quoits with laurel wreaths.

We might wind up the series with a view of Noah's Ark and the procession leading up to it entitled *Faculty*. A glorious blaze of sunlight would be streaming from behind *Brown Bag Mountain* bearing across its golden rays this iridescent inscription beneath a halo of golden clouds: *Structural Castings Design, Advanced*.



. . . **MODERN** physics is a tough course to teach. One never knows when all his subject matter will have to be revised due to the discovery of some new theory or what-not. In fact, some of our well-known profs feel the need of new discoveries so keenly that they invent some fictitious theory or law when a week passes without a legitimate one. Witness the case of the amiable Prof. Harrison, lecturing to an 8:04 class:

"And then," said the good professor, "we have the inert gases: argon, krypton, neon, and so-on."

We propose the Nobel Prize in recognition of this noble discovery.



. . . **PHOSPHORUS'** big feet contest has had its reverberations amid the members of our sacred faculty. One of the gentlemen who has big feet and who has been known also to kick about his income, was approached by one of his students and asked why he did not enter the contest. The Prof. said he hadn't heard much about the contest because he doesn't buy Voo Doo. He asked what the prize was and learned that it was a pair of shoes. "Huh," he snorted, "I've got a pair of shoes."



TO BETH

My heart at times reflects the azure light
Spread wide o'er Heaven by the Sun-
god's hands,
And Ecstasy seems within my com-
mands;
But then ere long such mood becomes
too trite,
And Joy gives way to deepest blue of
night.
'Twas ever written thus upon the sands
Of Time, and Youth must answer to
demands
Of Love's soft voice and promise of
delight.

A bird trills forth, now sadly, then
with mirth,
A tender breeze tells with each whis-
pered breath
Of that most precious of God's gifts
to earth,
A Love that goes on "even until
Death",
My grandest passion, wherein lies the
Birth
Of all my Joy and Pain, my Love for
Beth.



Embarrassing moment No. 1897-
453: When you are introduced to
that smooth blonde as the champion
breast-stroker.

New use for The Tech: Plugging
bung-holes in empty barrels to keep
out the rain.

Open House Directory

(For those crazy enough to endanger their lives by visiting the Institute)

ORGANIC LABS—Here abounds the smell of all smells, not to be eclipsed by burning rags, the Lux factory, Walker's kitchen, or any other of the famous dumps of Cambridge.

PROF. PASSANO'S OFFICE—Art for art's sake. Even Rogers' life classes can't approach it.

BURSAR'S OFFICE—Inhabited by an ogre which calls itself Uncle Horace, and which persists in annexing its signature to an unfailing supply of blackmailing notices from which nobody is exempt.

BIOLOGY LAB—Here's where you'll find out more about yourself than you'll think is possible. See yourself in a jar absolutely free,—and nicely pickled for good measure.

PROF. DOUGLASS'S OFFICE—C. P. D., standing for Cambridge Public Dump. Rubbish personified!

TRACK HOUSE—Dirty drawers and arnica.

BOAT HOUSE—Arnica and dirty drawers.

STEAM LAB—A flywheel for everyone. Be wound and unwound. Bag cherry-red broilers! Blow up the place! Who cares?

MAIN LIBRARY—Ask for a book. Book in Walker Library. Go to Walker Library. Book in Civil Engineering Reference Room. Crawl to said Reference Room. Book out! Oh well!

MAIN LOBBY—Rest your weary bones, that is, if you have bones which naturally resist cold marble slabs. And most of the Travertine is imitation.

WALKER MEMORIAL—A place for wholesome recreation, bowling, pool, poker, dice, the best books, symphony music, and that Old World atmosphere (tarnished trophies and musty penons are swell for such an atmosphere).

And as a grand finale, carve your initials in the Japanese crab-apple tree and run like hell!



Prof: "Why the weapons, son?"
Stude: "Aren't we going to take the life of Poe for today's assignment?"

"You're right down my alley," said the pin boy to the drunk who forgot to let go of the ball.



"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

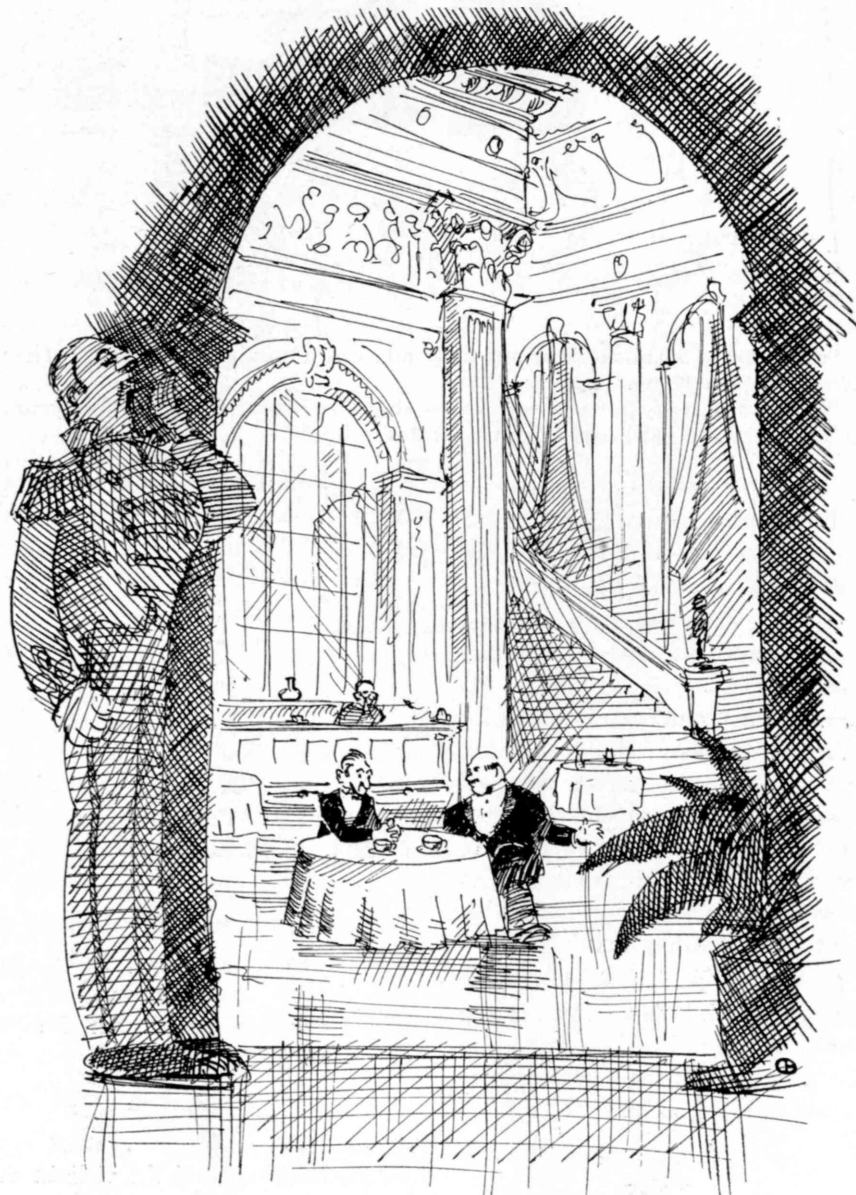
"That was no lady; that was your wife!"



"Won't that be fine," said Bursar Ford as the freshman registered late.



"When I reign I pour," said the King as he tossed off another tankard.



"Ho hum, things ain't been the same since Prohibition was repealed."



"Ah, look, Clothilde, it seems that our old acquaintance has a rather successful matrimonial career."

"But yes, Patou, did you not know that she is married since five years to Tordeur, the celebrated Continental acrobat?"

HIC!!

The time has come when we can no longer have beer in our midst. Its evils are too terrible for it to stay.

Only the other day, we saw a man coming down the street staggering under the influence of drink. He seemed a good man too, probably with a wife and children. But due to beer, he could hardly walk. He careened from one side of the street to the other, almost falling at every step. He reeled and sagged. He didn't seem to know where he was going, and all because of intoxicating liquor.

It was a pitiful sight. People stopped to look at him. But not one person there was kind enough to give him a hand with the barrel of beer he was carrying on his back.



E.E. Prof to XVI: "It was darn funny to see you jump when you grabbed that million volt line——"

XVI to E. E. Prof: "Laugh, why I thought I'd die!"



First mug: "Did you hear about the music at the faculty meeting?"

Next mug: "No, what was it?"

First mug: "Passano going flunk, flunk, flunk on his banjo."



"—— so I says to her, 'Lady, can you dance?' An' she says to me, 'No, sailor, can you?'" An' I says quick, 'can I what?'"



"Fiddlesticks," said the violinist as he struck a sour note.

. . . . IT seems customary that the average movie theatre advertises its current production in incandescent letters on either side of a metal canopy that surmounts the entrance. Phos philosophizes that it must be great fun to be the man who has the job of arranging these illuminated inscriptions in the proper fashion. Whether the arranger has an over-acute sense of humor is a point that will always bear a shadow of mystery.

We all have seen beautiful combinations surmounting the arcade such as:

LOVER COME BACK THE DEVIL TO PAY

And probably by now everyone has seen the sign on a downtown theatre advertising:

MUSSOLINI TWICE DAILY

There is really a touch of inexpressible sentiment to this announcement. Mighty and powerful as is Il Duce, at heart he is only human. It is a thought worth remembering that even the greatest of beings have something in common with all of us. Even all the law, pomp, and majesty that make a man powerful as is this mighty Italian leave him basically a simple and ordinary man.



In the good old days of hard liquor a man who went out stayed out. But now a guy has to get up three or four times during the night.



She: "Do you work here?"

He: "No, I'm just testing the bell on the cash register."

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WE'VE FOUND THEM!

The Largest and Smallest Feet at the Institute

BELONG TO

J. M. Schaffer, G, whose foot measures $13\frac{5}{8}$ inches with a gross area of 35.036 square inches.

And Thayer McNeil gets the job of fitting him with the first prize—a pair of $13\frac{5}{8}$'s.

K. M. Piper, '33, the runner-up, is the proud possessor of a dog $13\frac{3}{16}$ inches long, and covering 34.112 square inches of terra firma.

Kennedy's will present the second-prize pair of shoes to Mr. Piper, if they have to kill a cow in the attempt.

And E. Lew, '36, whose $9\frac{1}{16}$ inch paw is the smallest in the Institute, will be the new owner of a pair of shoes given gratis by the Coop. The area of Mr. Lew's foot is 2.602 square inches.

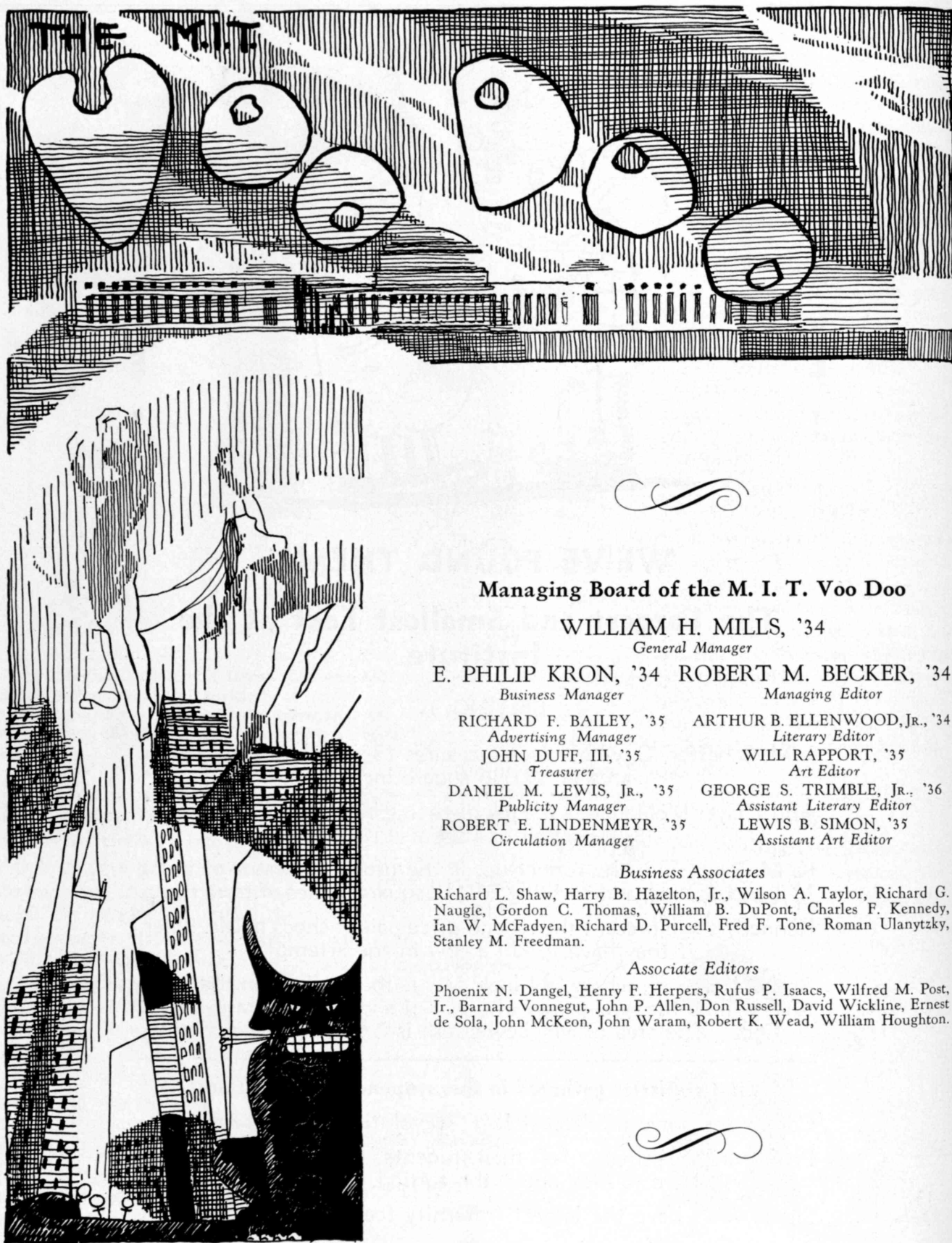
Vital statistics gathered in this stupendous contest are:

Commuters have the largest feet. (Evolutionists please note.)

Professors have smaller feet than students. Probably because they don't have to kick about the tuition.

Sigma Chi's have the largest fraternity feet.

And Course XV men lead all other courses—options be darned!



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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

THIRTY-LOVE

Spring, it seems, is again in the air, and young men's fancies turn to a number of things. It is said that love is one of them. However, let us leave that delicate subject to True Romances and other of our contemporaries.

We are concerned more with the other things—the great and glorious game of tennis, in particular.

The west side of Walker Memorial is graced with four excellent tennis courts; and there are many more courts in the Coop field, for those who prefer the rigors of cement paving. Being on the Institute grounds, we feel safe in assuming that the courts were intended for use by Institute men.

Let us don our white flannels of a Sunday morning, then, and bat the ball around a bit—on the courts intended for Institute men and their friends.

But wait — all the courts seem to be in use. And by people we have never seen before — certainly not in Technology's hallowed halls! And we, the men of Technology, must find other tennis courts where we will; or wait until the strangers have had their fill of the game.

* * * *

This situation will exist every Sunday if last year's experience is a criterion. And it is a very annoying situation. The Institute tennis courts should be reserved for the use of students, the faculty, and their friends. They should not be infested by the residents of Boston, Cambridge, and points West whenever local courts in these places are taken.

It would be unfair, of course, to have the Institute courts lie idle when no Institute men feel the urge to play tennis. And for this reason the use of the courts should not be confined *entirely* to Institute men. If, after they have reserved all the courts they desire, there are more vacant, then they may be used by outsiders. Far be it from us to keep an iron-clad grip on the courts.

But the present conditions are unjust and must be remedied at once.



Contributors to this issue:

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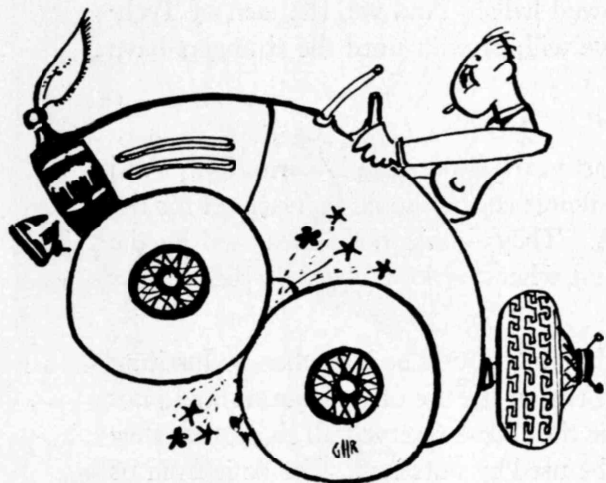
HEAR YE —

The benefits of prohibition are too vast to be entirely enumerated in three sets of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Yet what open-minded person cannot see their extent even from such a meagre list of proposals as this:

Put the yeast back in the bread! Look at all the dough we'll save! Look at all the men employed in the American breweries! Look at all the work we can save them by doing away with liquor!! They can spend the rest of their days in one long vacation and not have to sweat over hot distilleries!

A thermos bottle of hot tea must replace the hip flask! A new beverage must be found to be drunk with the pretzel! The goblet of the gods must henceforth drip with Coca Cola! Away with the stein, forward the Lily cup! Down with cognac, up with clam juice!

Whiskey has to go away,
Chicken broth is here to stay,
Cherry phosphate every day,
Drink to me only with thine eyes,
and I'll not ask for wine!



The poor youth
Who drove to Boston
With the hiccups
In an Austin.



Visitor at open house day: "I didn't know you had scrub women around here."

Guide: "That ain't no scrub woman. That's a co-ed."



It's fun to be fooled, but THE TECH goes too far.

Homespun Hank

Being a heart-rending ballad of the days of wine, women, and man-sized pretzels.

I

Now Homespun Hank was an old-time tank
Whose stomach was lined with tin;
'Way back in eighteen his teeth were green
From slopping up brandy and gin.
And later each speak was lit by the beak
Of that bottle-scarred veteran proud;
And after each drink his good eye would blink
As he loudly declaimed to the crowd:

CHORUS

"Do you think that beer will come back this year,
Do you think that each dwelling and home
Will once again know the bubble and flow,
The pretzels, the schooners—the foam?
Now here is the way to have you say
If you want to put over this plan:
Take a pen and some ink and on paper that's pink
Write a note to your congressman."

II

Then last week Homespun Hank (that old-time tank)
Had an urge for the golden brew;
In an ice-cream place he put down a case
Of powerful 3.2—
And his hair turned gray as his carcass lay
On the floor—where he looked half-dead;
And it seemed that our friend was approaching the end
As he rose on one elbow and said:

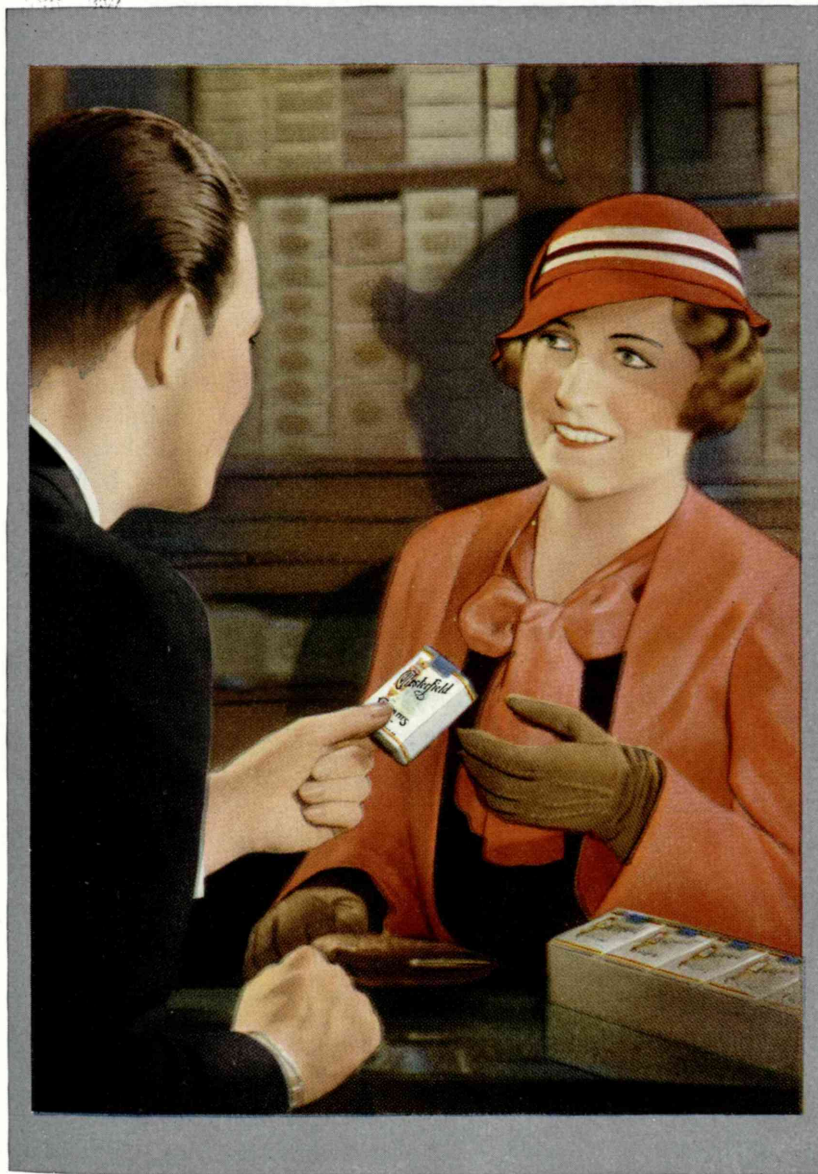
CHORUS

"Do you think that beer will come back this year,
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Something to Say

— not just saying something



A friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

"I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.'"

Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."



they Satisfy

Dick Deadshot's Dungeon Days; or The Treachery of Oscar the Ogre . . .

. . . **T**HE WIND HOWLED down the chimney as Dick Deadshot pulled his overcoat around a bit tighter. "Curse that fiend," he mumbled, "curse Oscar for imprisoning me here in this foul retreat." Dick walked toward the thermometer which was hanging on the wall. Gad, it was cold! The thermometer registered twenty-six below zero!

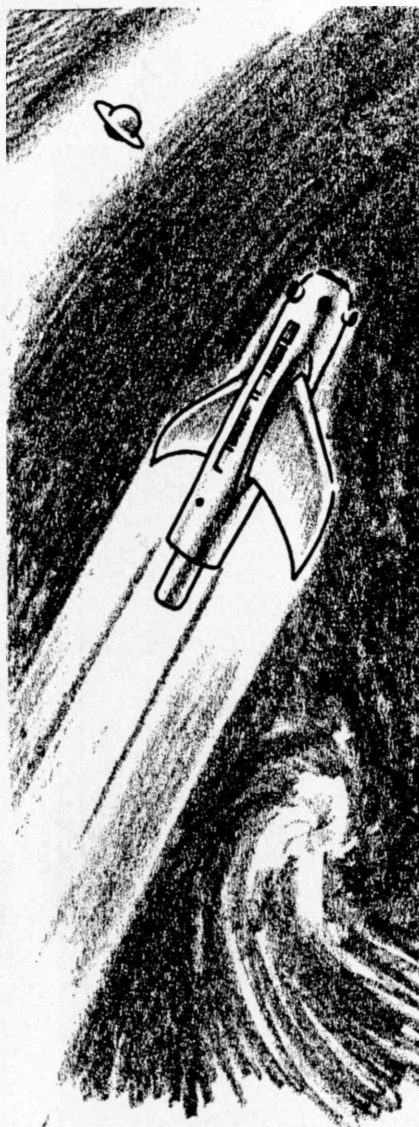
But why was our hero confined in this deathly cold cell and who was Oscar, the recipient of Dick's mumbled threats and curses? Well may you ask, gentle reader, for no word has been heard of our hero for two months. Let us take you back then, to that fateful day in March when Dick solved the Junior Prom Murder Mystery.

Oscar the Ogre never forgave Dick for outwitting him on that memorable night and he vowed a terrible vengeance. Waiting for his opportunity, Oscar accosted Dick one night and, assuming the disguise of an errant one-armed paper hanger, inquired the direction to the nearest speakeasy. Dick turned to ask an approaching policeman and, as he did so, the fiend crammed a bath towel down our hero's throat and lashed him securely to a nearby lamp post. The ogre's mind was a quick one, however, and as the officer drew near Oscar resumed his disguise and, remembering the art of ventriloquy which he had learned at Miss Winterbottom's Finishing School for Obstreperous Ogres, had Dick ask him for a match. Thus he quieted the suspicions that had been raised in the officer's mind by the sight of the lashings and gag.

As soon as the policeman passed, Oscar lifted the street light from its moorings, threw it over his shoulder and stalked down the street, removing his disguise as he went. Then suddenly he turned as he came to a doorway in a large building. Wrenching the door from its moorings, Oscar

strode into the darkness of the building.

Here he struck a light (which someone had left in his way) and set our hero down on the floor. Oscar walked toward a large round object at the other end of the room and began



to tinker with some gears and levers that were scattered over its surface.

Dick Deadshot turned and watched—and his blood ran cold when he saw IT WAS A GIGANTIC ROCKET!! And the fiend was making ready to launch it from its city hide-away!! All was ready now and Oscar picked our hero up, placed him in the rocket, climbed in himself and shut the door. He

reached out and pulled several levers and then, as his finger touched a small button, there was a terrific roar and Dick was thrown roughly to the floor of the rocket as they soared skyward at an unimaginable speed.

Many thoughts surged through our hero's mind. Where were they going? Why had the Ogre kidnapped him? How would they ever get back? (No, Jason, this is *not* an Economics book.)

Suddenly his reverie was interrupted, however, as the nose of the rocket buried itself in something soft and the wild trip came to an abrupt halt. Oscar opened the door, climbed out and dragged Dick out after him. Opening the door of an abandoned house which was conveniently placed nearby, Oscar carried Dick in and threw him down into the cold dungeon where our hero found himself when this narrative opened.

His first thought was escape. He looked around him and discovered a ladder which Oscar had thoughtlessly left in the pit. Cautiously, he climbed it and eventually reached the top. There he saw the rocket buried in a gigantic pile of mattresses. With a Herculean effort (which he always carried in his vest pocket) Dick turned the vehicle over, jumped in, and closed the door. He was not a moment too soon, however, because he was aware of a loud snorting sound that told him that Oscar had seen him and was coming as fast as his nine-yard legs could carry him. Quickly Dick pushed a few levers and, as he touched the right button, the rocket was off in a cloud of smoke, bearing Dick back to his home—and his loved ones.

(But little did Dick know of the terrible adventures that were yet to befall him. For Oscar the Ogre had reached the rocket just as it was taking off and was now crawling cautiously over its sleek sides toward the door which DICK FORGOT TO LOCK!! Look for the next thrilling installment of Dick Deadshot at an early date!)

The Personnel Research Foundation of New York has studied engineers' characteristics. It reports: "Engineers as a class dislike poetry and canaries and people who borrow things and raising money for charity and men who are natural leaders. They prefer to pass their nights at home. They dislike amusement parks, radicals, magazines and auctions more intensely than any other profession."

—Boston Globe.

Men engaged in engineering are a simple and God-fearing
Folk who never seem to bother anyone;

They are pleasant harmless creatures who have normal sets of features
And like others they enjoy a little fun. (Boop, boop.)

But their one outstanding failing which is worthy of bewailing
Is a temper diabolically mean;
And you might as well be knowing that if once these birds get going
They're as nasty as trinitrotoluene.

All you have to do is mention (not with any bad intention)

Any passage out of Tennyson or Poe,

Then retreat and watch the fellow—he will gnash his teeth and bellow,
All such unaccustomed culture riles him so!

Tho his nerve be made of iron either Walter Scott or Byron

Will precipitate a cataleptic fit.

Be particularly wary lest a bullfinch or canary

In his presence should decide to sing a bit.



For his language will be laden with expressions that no maiden
Should allow to penetrate her shell-like ear.

Should you ever wish to borrow anything "until tomorrow"

Go to anyone except an engineer;
His excitement knows no limits, for to any one like him it's

Things like that that make this earth a vale of tears,

But let's view with toleration all his wrath and agitation

For we'd all be lost without the engineers.

If you wish to beg a pittance for a home for homeless kittens
Don't approach an engineer, whatever you do;

He who calls himself a "leader" is a double-eyed impeder

Whom the engineers consider as taboo.

Do you stand among the boosters who are thrilled by roller-coasters?

—You will never really fit among his pals.

That's a form of low diversion which is looked on with aversion

By the boys who build the roads and dig canals.

You must never take the duffer to an auction or he'll suffer

Like a man whose wife eats ginger-snaps in bed.

Nothing else will raise his dander more than Soviet propaganda

Or a magazine whose tendency is red.

Always keep the quaint old chappie feeling satisfied and happy

And concede to every whim, however slight.

For the simple panacea—it's the fellow's own idea—

Is to keep the engineer at home at night.



She: "You dance divinely."

He: "Yeah, I've got a sashweight in my pocket."



"Heigh ho lackaday," said the prof as he wrote LATE on the report.



And then they tell of the new men's-room song: "Urinal smoothie."



"That must have been some dance!"



It's hard to listen with froid-sang
To girls who giggle like Jeannie
Lang.



First chemist: "I have to go to de-
cant."

Second dope: "Already so soon."



"I guess it's all up," cried the drunk.



The demon rum must go! Even words connected with the evils of drink must be given more harmless meanings. Below we present a glossary of bibulous terms diverted into less vicious channels.

Gin: End of human lower jaw.

Beer: Contrivance for carrying dead bodies. (Alt.) Dock for loading ships in Germany.

Whiskey: Growth of hair on male chin. Obsolete.

Alcohol: Hydroxide of paraffin series. Fuel.

Wine: Swedish climbing plant.

Cocktail: Posterior of male hen.

Shot: Imperative form of verb implying closure.

Pint: To indicate by manual gesture.

Quart: Tract of land used in playing tennis.

Still: State of quiet. (Alt.) to take without license.

Rye: Adverb of interrogation.

Corn: Growth on mistreated feet.

Liquor: Composite verb implying punishment to a female.

Sherry: Famous radio character's pronunciation of a tree-growing fruit.

Ale: Form of cheery greeting.

Pretzel: Word used by magician in causing matter to vanish.

Lager: Commercial woodcutter.

Schnapps: Warning regarding ill-mannered dogs.



"So I says to him, Mayme, I says, 'Mr. Van Rockland-Goldberg, I don't think your wife is the type for a simple home-loving man like you!'"



A modest girl is Sadie Bentz,
She never goes out without her
pentz.



Dope: "And I suppose you even know the difference between Billy Sunday and a brassiere?"

Mope: "Nay, old pal, speak on."

Dope: "None whatsoever, they're both uplifters."



First street-cleaner: "What's the rush?"

Second street-cleaner: "Gotta see a man about an elephant."



Humorist: "How about putting this joke in the next issue."

Editor: "If you do, you'll clean it up."



"I know you must hate to have me hanging around," remarked the executioner.



She (in dark room): "Are you a Technique man?"

He: "No, dear, no, I'm the Love-lorn editor of THE TECH."

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She: "How is it that you can kiss so divinely?"
He: "Oh, I used to blow the bugle in the Boy Scouts."

—Lord Jeff.



"Gosh, you're dumb. I bet you don't even know how to tell a horse's age."

"Well, how?"

"By the teeth, of course."

"Aw, who wants to go around biting horses!"

—Kitty Kat.



"Betty is one of those parlor-bedroom-and-bath girls."

"How's that."

"Suite."

—Purple Parrot.

Book: "Is your horse going to race in the Grand National?"

Keeper: "No, they wouldn't let him because he was scratched in the Preakness."

Book: "My, my, and that's such a tender place."



"His honor is at steak," admonished the judge's butler to the caller during dinner.

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TOMBSTONE AS PART PAYMENT

—Boston Post.

Body follows.



WELL DESIGNED BUILDING FOR 500 LAYERS

—Boston Herald.

Mm-m-m.



HAMMERS OWN FOOT IN RAID Police Sergeant Misses Barricaded Door

—Boston Post.

He couldn't miss his foot.



MAN BREAKS LEG DANCING WITH WIFE

—Boston Herald.

That's better than having it pulled.



HEARS OVER RADIO HE HAS VANISHED

—Boston Traveler

Damned clever, these Chinese!



FIVE WIVES AND ONE HUSBAND GET DIVORCES

—Boston Post.

What a man!!



MAY CONDEMN HARVARD DORM

—Boston Post.

Why stop at the dorms?

MADE WIFE WALK FLOOR AT NIGHT

—Boston Traveler.

She couldn't walk the ceiling.



She was only a musician's daughter but she knew her bars, keys and flats.



BREWERY TRUCK RUNS WILD AND KILLS MAN

—Rochester Times Union.

Frothing at the mouth.



ASKS POLICE TO MARRY HIM

—Boston Post.

The whole force?

BOOTLEGGERS TAPPED ABANDONED OIL WELL

—Rochester Times Union.

Fusel-oil, no doubt!



ARLINGTON WOMEN WILL HEAR BECK

—Boston Traveler.

And call?



MAN SMOTHERED UNDER COAL PILE

—Boston Traveler.

Smothered, Hell! He probably froze to death.



Do You Know

How many different varieties of salad dressing you can make from the foundation French Dressing recipe?

—Boston Traveler

No!



JUDGE PREST TO WED KATHERINE GRINNELL

—Boston Herald.

Military nuptials?



HEARING FOR PAPPAS ON LIQUOR CHARGES FRIDAY

—Boston Globe

Hearing for mammas on Monday?



SAYS 1,400,000 FEEBLE-MINDED

—Boston Post.

Damned conservative, what say?

Intelligence is the ability on the part of the editor of a college comic magazine to distinguish between the naughty, the very, very naughty, and the terrible naughty. Will power is the ability to withstand the temptation to print the latter class.

—Malteaser.



"Waiter, two orders of Spumoni Vermicelli, please."

"Very sorry, sir, that's the proprietor, sir."

—Tiger.



Dentist: "You say you've never had a tooth filled, yet I find flakes of metal on my drill."

Miserable Plebe: "That was my collar button."

—Log.



"No, I won't pose for you today," said the artist's model. "I'm not in the nude to pose—that's all."

—Punch Bowl.



Mary had a little lamb
Some salad and dessert
And then she gave the wrong address
The dirty little flirt!

—Purple Parrot.



As they seated themselves at the table he asked,
"Will you have a little shrimp?"

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden!"



Handsome Young Professor of Romance Languages: "Very good; but why do you use the intimate form of the verb in translating the sentence?"

Attractive Co-Ed: "Well . . . I thought after last night . . ."

—Dodo.

IT'S
SMART
TO
DANCE
AT
COSMOPOLITAN
CASINO

HALL

ATTENTION GENTLEMEN!!

Do you long for the ecstasy, sublimity ++ the joy of complete abandon? Do your youthful feet tingle to glide care-free over a smooth, beautifully illuminated dance-floor, under artistic, silken murals? Are you in the mood to dance 'midst alluring, Parisienne splendour? Want to cheer the heart with sweet, hot, dance-compelling music furnished by two world-famous bands which fill the air with continuous music? Well, - - BE NONCHALANT Just reach for a gorgeous, beautiful maiden just waiting to be taken into your strong arms and whisked away to heavenly joy on Cosmopolitan's Magic Carpet!

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I'm glad I don't like onions.
How come?
'Cause if I did I'd be eating them
all the time and I hate the darn things.

—Sanford Daily.



He calls her varnish—she lacks this
and she lacks that.

—Drexer.



Fiddler: "The leading lady seems to
have a break in her enunciation this
evening."

Orchestra Leader: "Say, you keep
your eye on your music."

—Bison.



Medieval Mother: "Hast Sir Gor-
don yet asked thee for thine hand in
wedlock?"

Daughter: "Not yet, mother, but
the knight is still young."

—Orange Peel.



Then there was the absent-minded
prof. who ate the roll for breakfast
and had names on the tip of his tongue
for the rest of the day.

—Punch Bowl.



"Pop, I need an encyclopedia for
school."

"Encyclopedia hell; you can walk
to school like I did!"

—Cajoler.

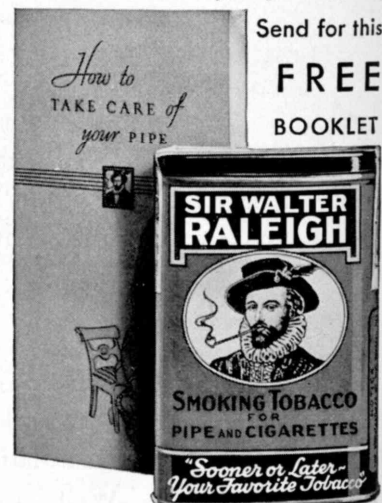
Φ B K

yet he flunked
feminology



A SHORT CHEER for this poor boy . . .
and a very short one. When he figured
that the ladies love a pipe smoker, he was
right. But he ought to be told that they don't
like heavy, soft-coal tobacco, in a soggy chim-
ney of a pipe. He'll pass "feminology" the
minute he starts smoking Sir Walter Raleigh
in a well-kept briar. This fast-growing brand
pleases the persons at both the stem and the
bowl ends of the pipe by its aromatic mildness
and rich, satisfying flavor. Young man, on
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store and spend the most useful 15 cents you
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Tobacco. It's kept fresh in gold foil.

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Send for this
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BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

WHAT ELSE?

I've given my stenographer jewelry, a car, a fur coat—but she's not satisfied. She wants a typewriter.

—Log.



"F-e-e-t. What does that spell?" asked the teacher.

Johnny didn't know.

"What is it that a cow has four of and I only have two?"

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

—Texas Battalion.



Joe College: "Yes, father, I cannot tell a lie—I cut your sherry."



"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the cat when she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

—Kansas Sour Owl.



Cleo: "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

Vern: "Oh, just clucking at horses."

—Exchange.



2/c: "I seem to have lost my interest in girls. I prefer the company of fellows."

Ditto "Yea, I'm broke, too."

—Log.



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And then there was the cow, running away from her milkers, who yelled: "I Am a Fugitive from a Churn Gang."

—Exchange.



Mother: "Sonny, don't use such bad words."

Son: "Shakespeare used them."

Mother: "Well, don't play with him."

—Exchange.



And you, you wise guy. What do you mean by saying that the Era of Good Feeling was a necking party?

—Exchange.

"Darling, I love you for your beauty and culture."

"Youse wouldn't kid me, would yuh?"

—Brown Jug.



We wonder why the iceman smiles so

When his glance happens to meet

The sign: "Please drive slow,

The child in the street

May be yours, you know."

—Sniper.



Frosh: "I was out with a nurse last night."

Co-ed: "Cheer up. Maybe your mother will let you go out without one sometime."

—The Log.



"That's the cat's pajamas," said Mr. Henpeck as he picked up his wife's sleeping togs.

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Breeders Trophy

BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES..



ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

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