



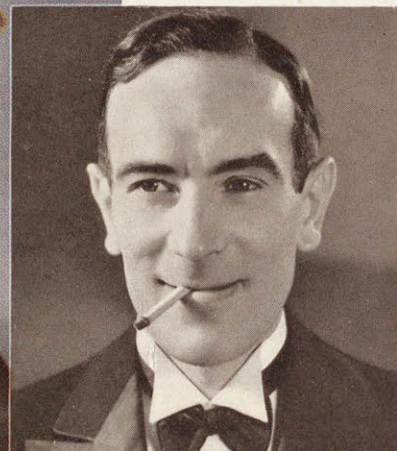
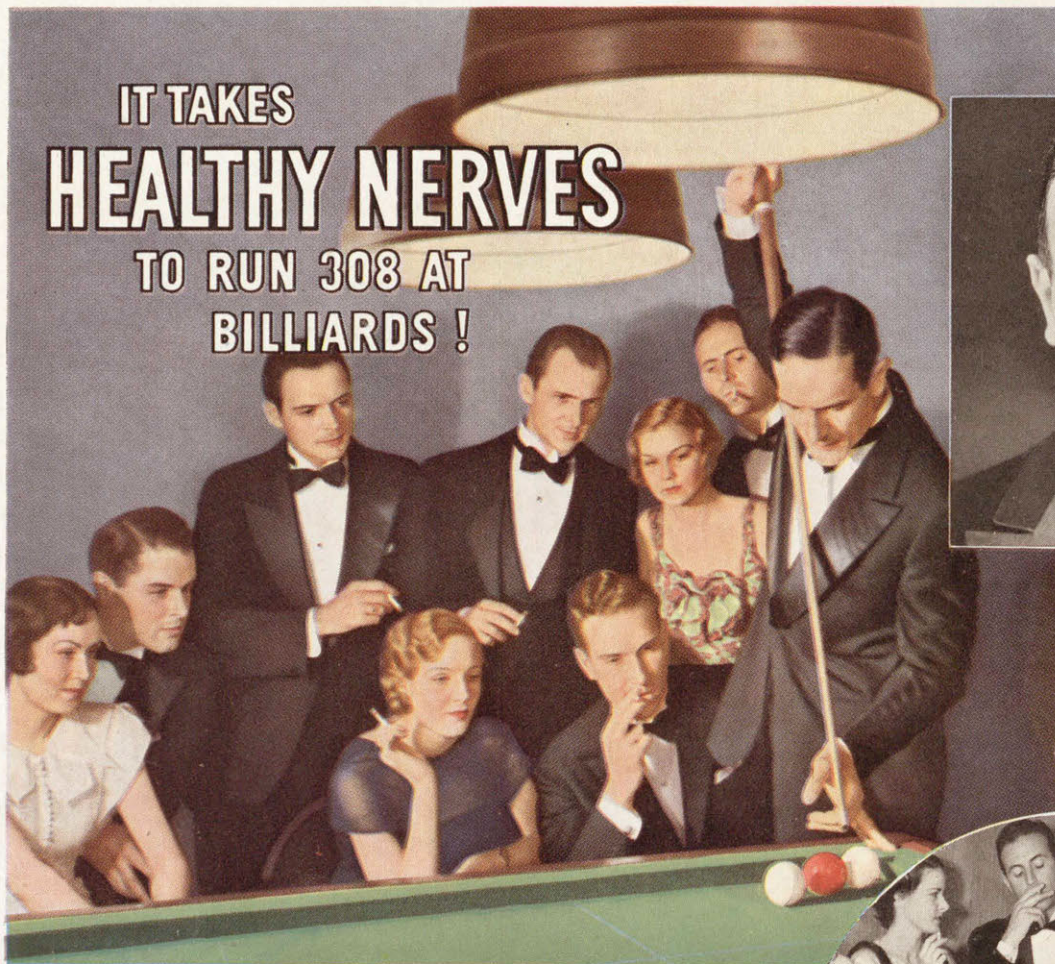
25¢

MIT VOODOO

FOOTBALL NUMBER

WICKLINE

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO RUN 308 AT BILLIARDS!



● MR. HAGENLOCHER says, "If I were giving one simple rule for successful billiard play, I should say, 'Watch your nerves!' That's why I've smoked Camels for years. They never upset my nervous system."

● ERICH HAGENLOCHER, twice 18.2 balk-line billiard champion of the world. Healthy nerves have carried him successfully through the sternest international competition to many titles.

● RIGHT—TALKING IT OVER calls for more Camels. Steady smoking reveals the true quality of a cigarette. Camels keep right on tasting mild, rich and cool... no matter how many you smoke.



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

"I know of no sport," says Erich Hagenlocher, "that places a greater strain on the nerves than tournament billiards. The slightest inaccuracy can ruin an important run. One simple rule for success is, 'Watch your nerves!' I have smoked Camels for years. I like their taste better and because they're milder, they never upset my nervous system."

There is a difference between Camel's costlier tobaccos and the tobaccos used in other popular cigarettes. You'll notice the difference in taste and in mildness—and Camels *never* jangle your nerves. You can prove this yourself. Begin today!



IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They give more pleasure. Your own taste will confirm this.

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Here's where I cut a good figure," said the college girl, as she sat on a broken bottle.

—California Engineer



"Jack, dear, what does my figure remind you of?"

"A Coca Cola bottle, sweetheart."

—Punch Bowl



A minister went into a library the other day and asked for *The Kentucky Cardinal*. He demurred when the librarian began to look under "Religious."

"This cardinal was a bird," protested the minister.

"I'm not interested in his personal habits," said the librarian.

—Rose Technic



"Boy, I'm scared! I just got a letter from a man telling me he'd shoot me if I didn't stay away from his wife."

"Well, all you have to do is to stay away from his wife."

"Yeah, but he didn't sign his name."

—Virginia Tech Engineer



Lecturer: "I speak the language of wild animals."

Voice in rear: "Next time you meet a skunk, ask him what's the big idea."

—Reserve Red Cat



Recently a G. E. representative came to interview some members of the electrical department. His first question to one of the budding engineers was, "Do you drink?" His answer was, "Let's talk about the job first."

—Kansas Engineer

\$10. for a title to this picture

Life Savers, Inc., will pay \$10 for the most humorous title to this picture. \$5 second prize. And for the next 25 most humorous titles, 25 prizes of a box of Life Savers will be given. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Write your title on the inside of the Life Savers wrapper or on a hand drawn facsimile and mail to Contest Dept., Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y. This contest is open to college students everywhere. Entries must be postmarked on or before January 1, 1934.

The LIFE SAVERS CANDY WITH THE VOO DOO HOLE

"Naturally"—The College Headquarters

... The ...

Hotel Kenmore

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE

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

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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



SO MANY STARS

light the sky for

NIGHT FLIGHT

HELEN HAYES, the BARRYMORES, GABLE, and ROBERT MONTGOMERY, all with the exotic MYRNA LOY, at

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

week of NOVEMBER 3

"Oh, I'm so sleepy! Is everything shut up for the night?"

"That depends on you—everything else is."

—Wataugan



When young folks marry in June it's for love. But when they marry in December it may have been for love in June, too.

—Kansas Engineer



Then there's the chorus girl who gets a grand and glorious feeling every time the millionaire kisses her.

—The Owl

"Where be ye bound, stranger?" asked the small town druggist as the salesman asked for a bottle of castor oil.

—Kansas Engineer



A campus philosopher agrees that the old parlor sofa may be old stuff, but recalls that it didn't go crashing into a tree just when a fellow got romantic.

—Brown Jug



"I say, can you tell me where to find ladies' undergarments?" asked Reggie blushing.

"I could, but I won't," answered the floorwalker primly.

—Octopus



Interviewer at Home study office: "And have you ever had a lesson by correspondence?"

Young University Lady: "I'll say so. And I'll never write again."

—Panther

VOO DOO

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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NOVEMBER, 1933

No. 5

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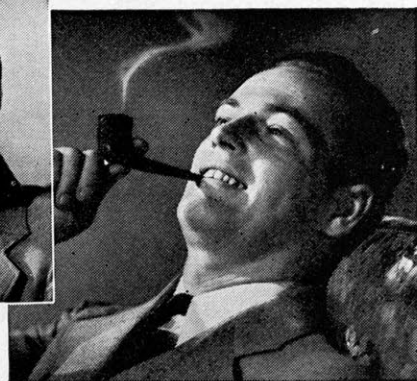
College Humor
and Sense

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Mildness alone
Is Not Enough



A pipe tobacco must have **FLAVOR**

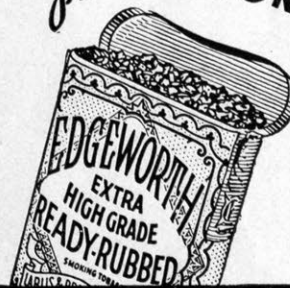
LET US get straight on this matter of tobacco mildness. Of course you want a *mild* pipe tobacco. But mildness alone is not enough. What you really want is mildness *plus* flavor.

In Edgeworth you will find that rare combination—*mildness plus flavor*. Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. No other parts of the burley plant will do for Edgeworth. Not only do these leaves have the choicest flavor but, more than that, we have learned in our over half a century of experience that in them is found the *mildest* pipe tobacco that grows.

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Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. Sold everywhere. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidors tins. Also several sizes in vacuum packed tins.

**MILDNESS
plus FLAVOR**




EDGEWORTH


MADE FROM THE
Mildest pipe tobacco
THAT GROWS



PATRICIA
BOWMAN



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ROARK



MILDRED
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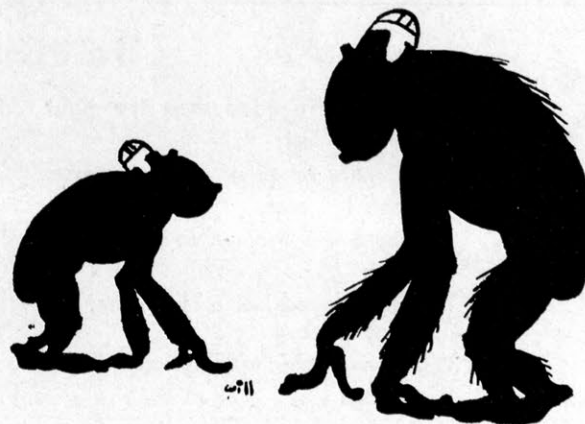


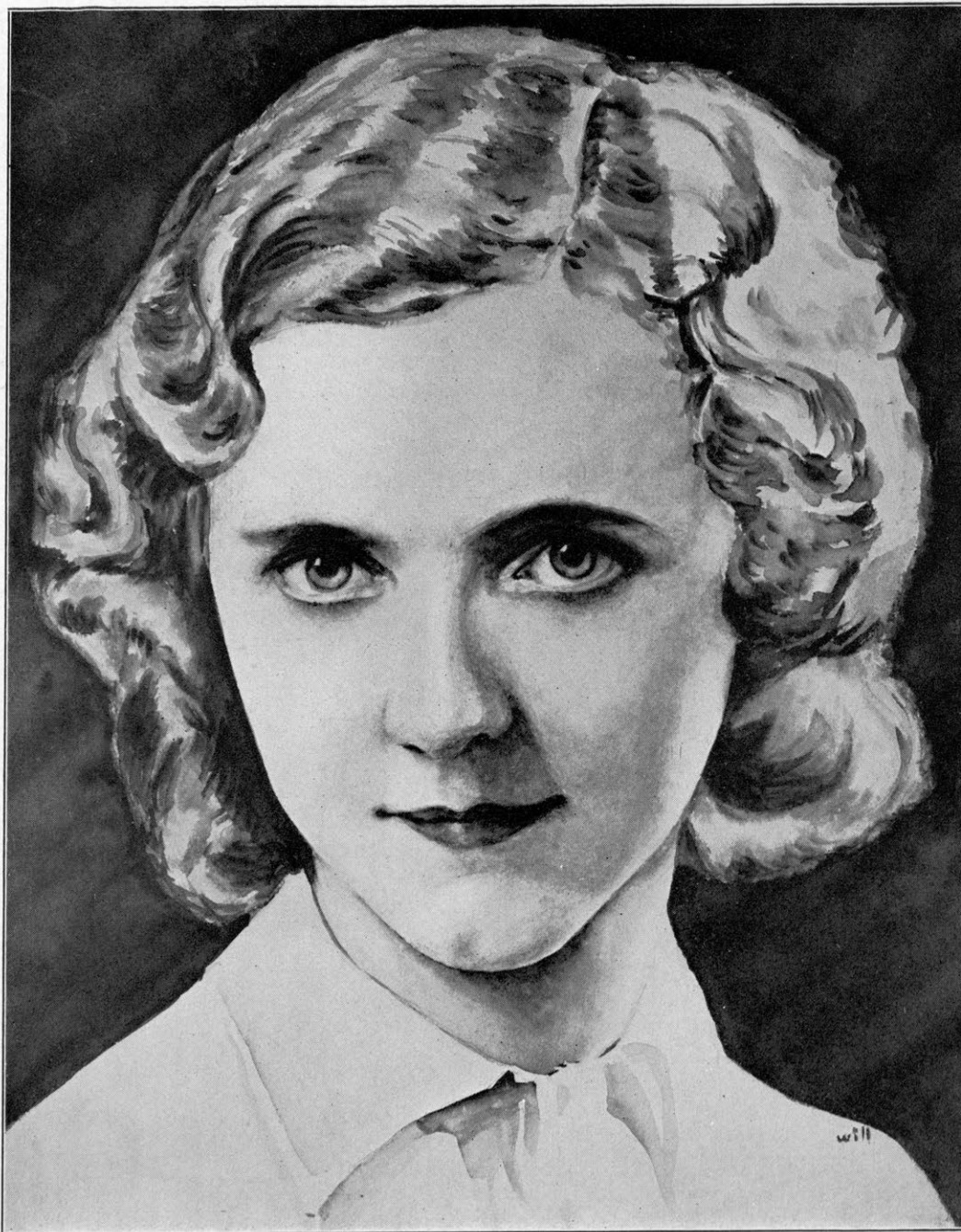
FANNY
BRICE

will

Sketches from Billie Burke's ZIEGFELD FOLLIES,
at the SHUBERT THEATRE, November 4

PHOSPHORUS KICKS THE GOAL ..



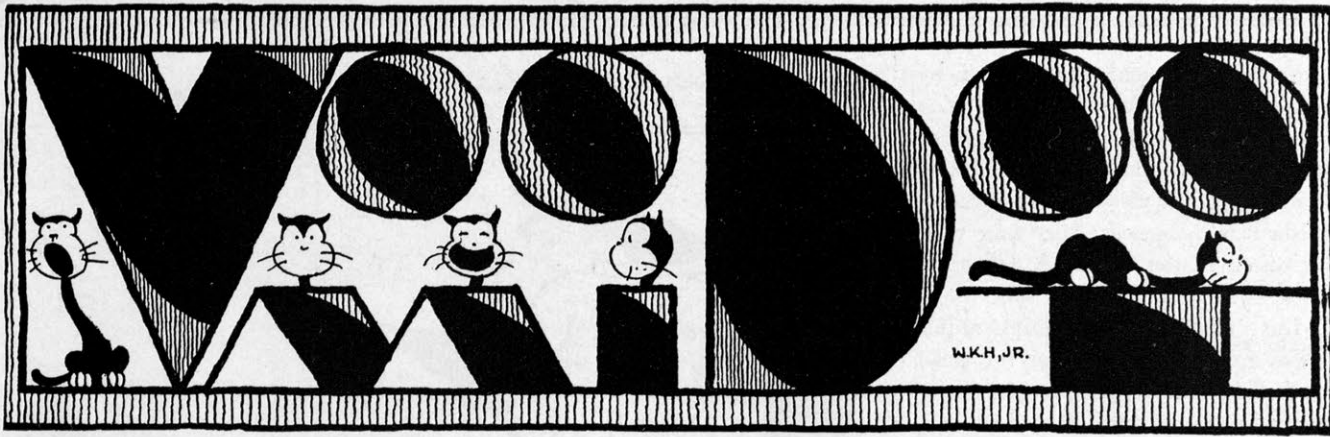


THE INGÉNUÉ

I saw a pretty good show the night
before last;
Can't quite recall its name, or even
half the cast,
But there was the girl in the second
act;
Tho' she played just a "bit", that bit
was packed
With an electric quality of spirited
things
That set my heart afire, set my fancy
on wings.

The "ingénue",—that's what the pro-
gram called her part;
"An artless, unaffected lady with a
light heart
And a candid manner," says Web-
ster;—but still
It took a subtle artifice and skill
To make her brief entry on the stage
a blade
That scored my thoughts with marks
time cannot fade.

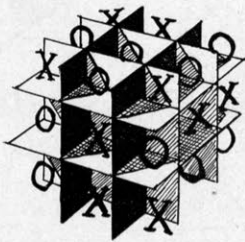
Posed by AUDREY BERRY, of the NATIONAL DRAMATIC PLAYERS, now at the WILBUR THEATRE



VOO-DOOINGS

OF all the outlandish pastimes that Phos can conceive is one that he came across the other day. Unbelievable it is, and will be. An outsider could never comprehend it. But there's no telling what Tech men will think of next.

This particular diversion goes un-



der the name of three-dimensional tick-tack-toe. Get the idea?

Let's get mathematical.

Ordinary tick-tack-toe is played on a square, and consequently the number of spaces is 3^2 . But this improved version is played in a cube and the number of spaces is 3^3 , or twenty-seven possible places to pick from on the first shot.

We have here what promises to sweep all Technology by storm. The latest fad, folks, step right up and try a game.

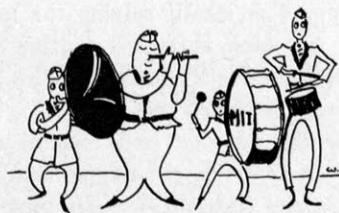


THOSE who take G49, Literature and the Fine Arts, with Prof. Greene are sure seeing some "dandy" pictures, bigawd, gentlemen. They run from sinners to saints, not to mention card-playing and Dada masks. In addition to viewing these masterpieces right side up, they are

seen backwards and upside down, all embellished with enlightening remarks on the artist's life and sanity. Some course!



SHADES of Tin Pan Alley! This far-famed place of unbridled noise has nothing on any spot within at least a half-mile of Building Five on certain regular afternoons. We hear of composers tearing their hair because of disastrous renditions of their compositions; we hear of people becoming stone deaf in a stamping mill, or going insane at the incessant hammering of riveters; but, after just one more year of taking quizzes, struggling with drawing problems and trying to recite during that aw-



ful wailing, screeching, groaning, heart and ear rending jumble of confusion offered by the Freshman Band as Stars and Stripes Forever, we will be heard of no more.



IN line with a good old Tech custom, Prof. Wiener gave a calculus exam one day last week. Most everyone did at least 20% of the problems, and when the Prof. sauntered into the classroom the next day, he

was astounded at the multitude of questions that were tossed at him from all angles (mostly theta). It must have been another one of those peculiar days at Tech, because most of the questions concerned the test.



One of the problems seemed to have given the boys quite a bit of trouble. With this fact in mind, Wiener stepped to the front and proceeded to explain said problem.

Twenty minutes later he was still trying to explain it, with success still far, far away.

The quiz was marked on four instead of five problems. Seems to us the old maestro is slipping.



JOURNALISM, it seems, has many varied manifestations. Although the greater part of their time is spent in writing and producing a peerless news organ, the staff and board of Ye Techie manage to find time for other serious endeavor. They have discovered that a maximum of pleas-

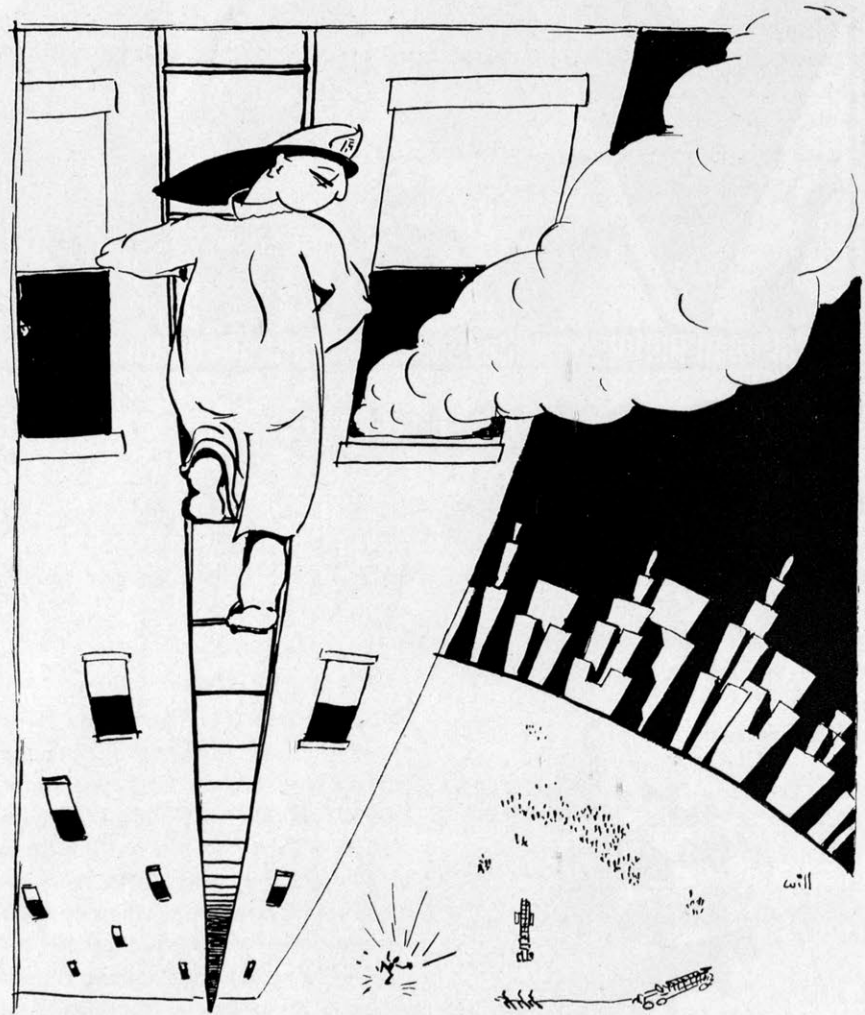
ure and enjoyment can be had by stealing a number of copies of Voo Doo and stamping on the cover of each one "Compliments of The Tech." This clever feat accomplished, the adorned copies were then deposited in the T. C. A. office, or some equally unsuspected spot.

But when these puerile antics failed to provide an outlet for their exuberant vitality, the newsies knew just what to do next. They'd call up all the Boston newspapers and tell 'em about it, bigawd! And they did.

Somehow it all seems a bit juvenile to us. It reminds us of the very small boy who tracked mud all over his mother's clean floor and then bragged about the swell mess he had made.



SPEAKING of "Who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder," a rather baffling and mysterious crime has been committed at one of the most fashionable fraternities in Brookline. The lodge, by the way, is situated on that street of the elite, Saint Paul Street. But to get back to the story. It seems that one of the brothers, coming home one evening, decided to pay a formal visit to the man in the upstairs front room. All went well until upon tipping said man, a current of a rich and beautiful shade of Tyrian purple water was observed to gush through the bowl. The unfortunate and thoroughly bewildered brother called another frater, and they both proceeded to visit the man-in-the-upstairs-front-room's brother, John. There too the dazzling purple water of the limpid pool almost blinded them. When the solution was titrated with uric acid, it assumed the characteristic amber color of 3.2 beer. Hence, oblivious of the fact as he was, the culprit who perpetrated the dastardly crime probably did the brothers more good than a course in physics. Various people are now under arrest, and are being held by the famous Brookline police



"Hey, Joe, the Book-of-the Month is here."

force without bond, pending investigation. The job of solving the mystery has been entrusted to that famous detective Phosphorus, who, by the way is baffled too.

So the question still remains unanswered: "Who put the permanganate in the fraternity's toilet tanks?"

And Echo answers: "Who?"



T'OTHER morning a couple of the boys peacefully en route to the Institute were halted in a line of traffic near Cottage Farm Bridge. Wondering a little at the delay, they finally came up to the intersection. And, by gosh, the horizon was covered with blue! The aforementioned

boys blinked and, upon recovering their focus, found no less than four policemen directing traffic. The poor guy driving picked out one and followed his signals, only to find himself headed right smack into another bunch of brass buttons. This gent motioned him to stop, whereby he was assailed by three stentorian voices ordering him to move up out of there. This he proceeded to do, and nearly ran into a line of seven-ton trucks. At this point, the driver shut his eyes, slapped her into second and tramped on the gas. Not until the bridge was but a speck in the rear did either of the boys come up for air.



ANYONE who has eaten his evening meals at Walker has been struck by the recent attempts to give the dining room a more patronizing air. Every so often free apples are given away. With ruthless disregard for the dormitory slot machines, Walker attempts to ruin them by this cut-throat competition. Then, once in a while they serve free refills on coffee. At other times a shiny silver container of hot rolls is brought from table to table in a truly professional manner. But Phos would like to offer a suggestion.

You know those rolled up napkins that appear with all your meal's silverware wrapt up inside them? You do.

You remember those things they sell at the candy counter? Pop-corn sort of stuff? Crackerjacks, that's it! Well, in each one of those packages they give away a prize. You know the kind. And now for the brilliant idea.

Let's put a prize in each one of those rolled-up napkins!

Think of the fun we could have! Imagine opening your napkin, fairly bursting with unrestrainable curiosity (you, not the napkin). Let's see—what did you get this time? A whistle? Swell!

You remember those things that they used to give away with Crackerjacks? Little red pictures. You placed

a piece of red cellophane over the picture, and presto! It turned into something else!

Why shouldn't we have those in our napkins? But we like to think we are somewhat more sophisticated that the average Crackerjack consumer; we could have our red pictures inspired by "La Vie Parisienne"; and the results brought on by the red cellophane could be of a corresponding nature.

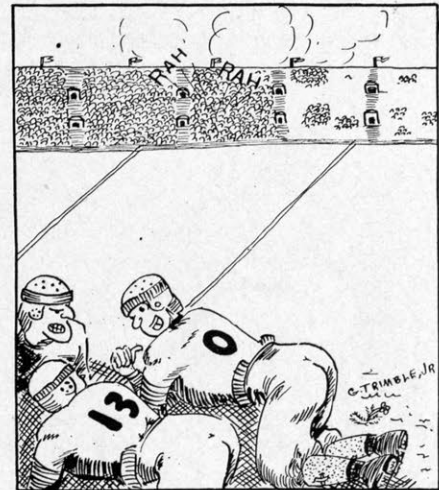
Come on, Walker, how about it?



ABOUT three weeks ago we decided that seeing as to how we were a commuter we ought to join the Commuters Association (Ltd. New York, Boston and London). With this in mind, we approached the desk in the Main Lobby to find out what was what, and eventually to pay our fifty cents. Although somewhat daunted at finding a female presiding over the sign, *50 Cents a Year*, we took the bull by the horns and asked for particulars. "Just what do we get out of this thing, and what do we have to do?" You see, we're a cautious person and a firm believer in Washington's principle on foreign affairs. But, by gosh, the minute we opened our mouth we stuck our foot in it—and darned if that girl would let us take it out! What a sales talk! We actually felt sorry we didn't have ten dollars. Imagine standing in front of that desk and listening to "Oh, we'regonnarundances — anweeken-partiesaTechcamp — anwe'regon-nagetavoicestudentpolitics!" here she paused for breath. Then "Anbesides, yagetatentaifteenpercentdis-countontickets, uneverything!" Whew!



ALTHOUGH stories of absent-minded professors who put their wives out and kiss the cat goodnight have been going the rounds from time immemorial, the Institute seems to be holding its own, at least. We have heard stories galore concerning our ferocious mathematician, Prof. Wie-



"How do you like the legs on the one in red?"



ner, for instance. Rumor has it that one day he strode into Walton's with the avowed intention of eating. He placed his order and absent-mindedly went to a table without it—to muse—probably over the functions of a complex variable. After half an hour or so, he returned to earth and went to the counter, demanding his food. The counterman asked what he had ordered and when Wiener said he didn't know, the bright young counterman suggested that perhaps the worthy Professor had already eaten.

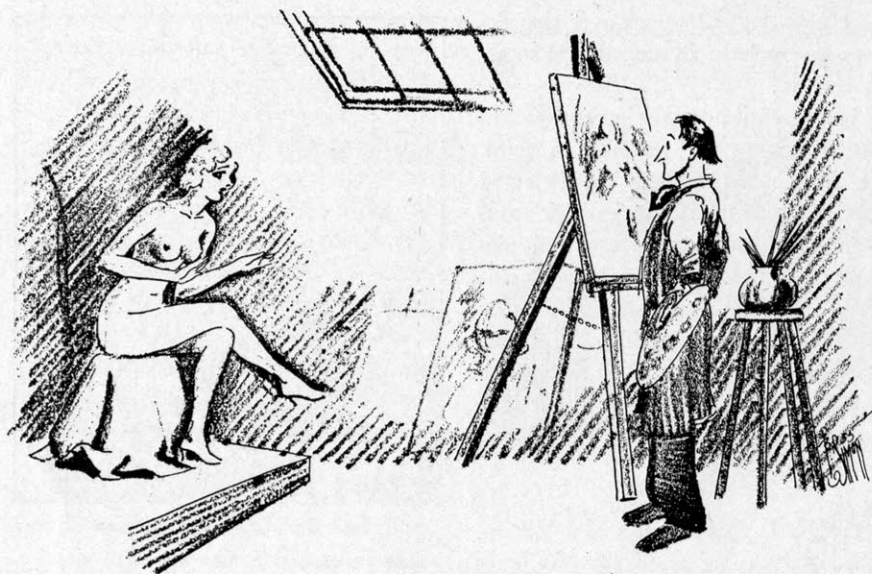
This harmless amnesia has gone even farther, it is said. And good authority has it that Prof. Wiener, absorbed in the fourth dimension has wandered into other professors' offices by mistake and, from force of habit, sat down and read their mail!

They also tell the story of Prof. Pratt of the Mining department, who one day took his coat (on a hanger) from a locker, put the coat back in the locker, and tried desperately to put on the hanger.

The latest one, however, is on Prof. Shimer. At the first session of G60 this term, he announced that the text was one written by him, the title of which he had forgotten.



"Dark Town Strutter's Ball."



"Oh, I couldn't go to the Follies with you, those shows embarrass me so!"

Waitress (looking at nickel tip left by a close guest): "What're ya tryin' to do—seduce me?"



Henry says his girl was born on a rubber plantation—she's a snappy kid with elastic morals.



"The prospects for better discipline on our football team are much better since we paddled those freshmen."

"Yes, things never looked rosier."



City Gal: "My, Mr. Brown, that red cow of yours doesn't give much milk. It took me ten minutes to get this little bit."

Farmer Brown: "Lady, that ain't no red cow."



*There once was a fellow from Beta
Who went out one night on a date.
As he afterwards said,
"Was my face ever red
When she told me I ought to inflata."*

ADAM LOOSELIP'S JOURNAL

Sit I upon multitudinous cushions, with but balde pate teetering above sundrie flannel wrappings. For at least an half-sixty minutes hath my turtle dove continually slopped vile and reeking potions down my gullet whereby hath my stomach turned upon itself of times at least an score. It would seem that to walk again wouldst be impossible what with scaldings and boilings of feet in an galvanized iron tin without an stop-cock.

Never again will I to an football fooldoodle go. There sitteth I upon a wooden bench which doth jab continually in rear end with great, great many pin pricks. Already hath my sweet with an pair of auto pincers pulled out an half-cord of fine kindlings, albeit groan I and writhe like an pea on an hot griddle. Went I to see young Adam fight for glory of dear old Tech. But, methinks, it doth gladden the heart of me to see the young lad with such an willingness to help. From noon to eve doth he carry pails full of water to his fellows.

But runneth nose upon ye foolscap so that ye ink doth blot, and ye pen near float away, and cometh my fairest lily with an glass and an evil leer.

*Gals who want their names in presses
Should resort to platinum tresses.*



Odd as it may seem the osculation of curves is not restricted solely to course XVIII men.



"Do you know what happens to little girls who play with matches?"

"No, what?"

"They get married."



The newlyweds were shopping at a large New York store, and they were watching the display of evening gowns. There was one particularly striking gown worn by a very shapely model. The wife turned to her spouse: "That one would certainly look nice at our party tomorrow night, dear." Rather absented-mindedly, her husband murmured, "Yeah, send her an invitation right away."



He: "My cousin is in a helluva fix. She always dresses to match the hair of the boy she goes out with; if he's a brunette she wears a brown dress; if he's a red head she wears a red dress . . ."

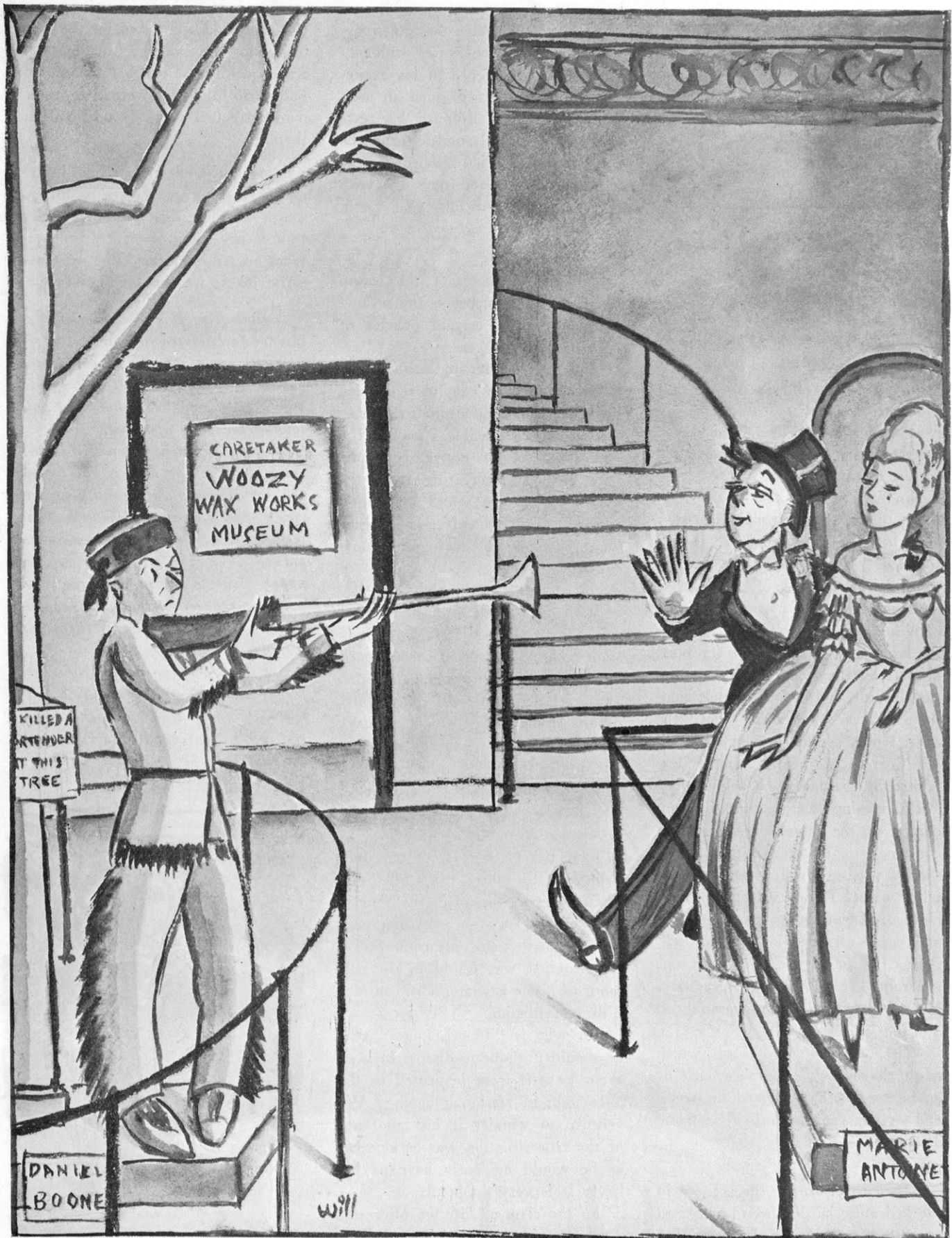
Him: "Well, what's so bad about that?"

He: "She's got a date with a bald-headed gent tonight."

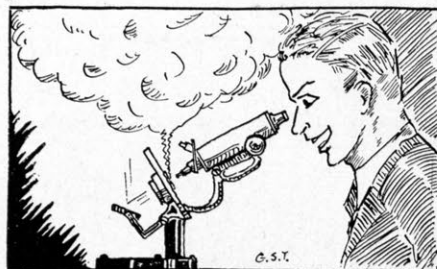


"Where's Mary?"

"Oh, she's got a date with a John."



"—Awri'—Awri'—I'll marry the li'l girl!"



THE MICROSCOPE

YOUR correspondent is one of those unfortunate souls whose otherwise peaceful train of thought is often rudely shattered by twinges from a conscience all too active. The result, as far as the present case is concerned, is that, in the event of a continued shortage of specimens for the Microscope's slides, the writer is forced to take matters into his own hands. In short, he goes about making copy from his own misadventures.

Time hung heavy on your correspondent's hands one morning, and to evolve a method of spending it pleasantly and with no undue amount of either labor or usefulness was but the work of a moment. He stationed himself on the second floor, opposite the elevator, and draped himself comfortably over the railing above the main lobby, speculating on the various degrees of mental inability exhibited by the passers-by below.

His musings were summarily concluded by the sound of a voice exclaiming, as in dire anguish, "By Golly, you get your feet off that white paint! I bane wash that paint clean, and you bums come up here and yump all over it! By Yeesus!" And a familiar figure in a white coat confronted him. As undergraduates have done for time immemorial, so did the writer.

With a muttered word which might have been either reproach or apology or both, he seized his books and swiftly vanished into the middle distance.

* * *

A story concerning the activity in the hydraulic lab has been brought to our attention recently. It seems that a certain student was on his way through, up to his knees in water as

usual, when a valve let go somewhere and all the water suddenly drained off the floor. In his excitement and horror over such an accident, the student dropped his textbook on Modern Laundries, and the volume was washed ashore at the boathouse only a few days ago with scars, as from ferocious gear teeth, on its cover.

* * *

Perhaps the scoop of the season for "The Microscope" is the following exposure of certain policies of "The Tech."

These exponents of culture and letters have been caught redhanded by your correspondent in the perpetration of as despicable a trick as has ever come to our notice. In short, they have been creating from the plastic and virgin youth and innocence of the freshman class a means for satisfying their cravings for journalistic attempts.

For example: on the night of October fourth, twelve freshmen, guarded and accompanied by certain writers and photographers from the ranks of the Official Undergraduate Organists, were taken in hired automobiles to the Wellesley College campus. Here they were forced to stand in line, minus their masculine garments, while various pictures were made, presumably to display their agonies to an amused public.

That the pictures were not published in the next issue of "The Tech" we may regard in the light of a miracle, or at least a fortunate accident; but that the only comment on the situation was found in the columns of "The Lounger" we consider a dire misfortune.

For who is "The Lounger" that he should presume to discuss such an event as if it were instituted in the pure light of freshman hazing? We venture to wonder if his ignorance of the true situation was as abysmal as he would evidently have us believe. It is very doubtful.

To the class of '36 we offer our sympathy. Again the vicious plotting of a corrupt organization has placed a stigma upon a harmless custom. To

the class of '37, crucified for the sake of publicity, we offer a warning. Beware of "The Tech"! For, as you have painfully discovered, if their works are evil there is no good in them.

* * *

How much longer is "The Tech" going to print bum jokes to fill up space? If they insist on being really funny, they ought to print a book review or an interview. But we only write jokes; we shouldn't advise.

* * *

Inasmuch as this is a Football Issue, we feel obliged to close this offering with some appropriate gem apropos of the subject. Fall the sparks where they may, we submit the following for your approval.

Not so long ago, when Field Day spirit deluged the dorms, but before the athletic teams were fully organized, certain freshmen roamed about seeking a convenient sophomore to kidnap. They knocked on a certain upper floor door in Munroe and politely requested that the sophomore occupant accompany them for a little jaunt in the sticks.

He showed no particular eagerness to go, however, and, struck by a brilliant thought in the midst of his stalling, he shrieked, "You can't take me—I'm on the football team!" He made it, too.



"It's my turn to listen to Stoopnagle and Budd tonight."


*"What does it take
to Satisfy?"*

"That's easy . . .

*and they're Milder
and they TASTE BETTER."*



Chesterfield *They Satisfy*



Voodoo

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Phoenix N. Dangel, Henry F. Herpers, Rufus P. Isaacs, Wilfred M. Post, Jr., Barnard Vonnegut, John P. Allen, John McKeon, John Waram, Robert K. Wead, William Houghton.



RHAPSODY IN H₂S

EVERY year, a large number of Freshmen find it necessary or convenient to rent a locker in the school buildings. For commuters this is necessary, for it provides the only place where coats, hats, and books may be left. For many other men, the locker is the most convenient place to keep their R. O. T. C. uniforms; and the locker room a convenient place to change from street clothes to uniform, and vice versa.

The need for a locker having been established, the unsuspecting Freshman goes to the Superintendent's office, pays \$1.75, and receives a key and the right to use one of the lockers in the basement of Building No. 2.

He soon discovers, however, that the locker room is a very dark, dingy, dirty place, with the rows of lockers so close that it is nearly impossible for two or three people with adjacent lockers to use them simultaneously.

Most of the time, especially immediately before and long after Field Day, the locker room boasts a complete bibliography of odors, from that of hydrogen sulphide down to others of more dubious and even more potent nature.

And it is in this atmosphere of darkness, dust, and questionable aroma that a large number of Freshmen spend part of their time, changing their clothes, and—this applies only to a certain group of commuters—eating their lunches. Those who have visited the Freshman locker room can hardly imagine surroundings less conducive to good appetites or good fellowship.

The Commuters' Association is in a position to affect beneficial changes. Part of its program, in fact, aims definitely at the locker room situation. Therein exists a condition that must be relieved and improved. The Administration or the student body (through such organizations as the Commuters' Association) should take immediate steps to institute these improvements. The program should include plans to enlarge the locker room, light it, air it, and clean it.

The present conditions are disgraceful.



Art contributors to this issue

SYLVIA RAPOPORT

DOUGLAS CHALMERS

*Ladies without any morals
Seem to avoid lots of quarrels.*



The boys call her "tonsil" because she only has to be taken out once.



Sophisticated Soph: "Do you know that girl?"

Another S. S.: "Just a nodding acquaintance."

Former: "What do you mean?"

Latter: "Nodding doing."



Like father, like son—but like daughter and the hell with the rest of the family.



THE COURTSHIP OF LORD CHESTERFIELD

*Lord Chest was on his bended knee;
The girl was wan and pale.
He looked into her large blue eyes
And asked, "Do you inhale?"*

*The girl replied with voice so smooth
That Chesty heaved a sigh,
"Well Chesty boy ol' boy ol' boy,
"You're mild but satisfy."*



She: "Professor, is it all right to receive a young man in a kimono?"

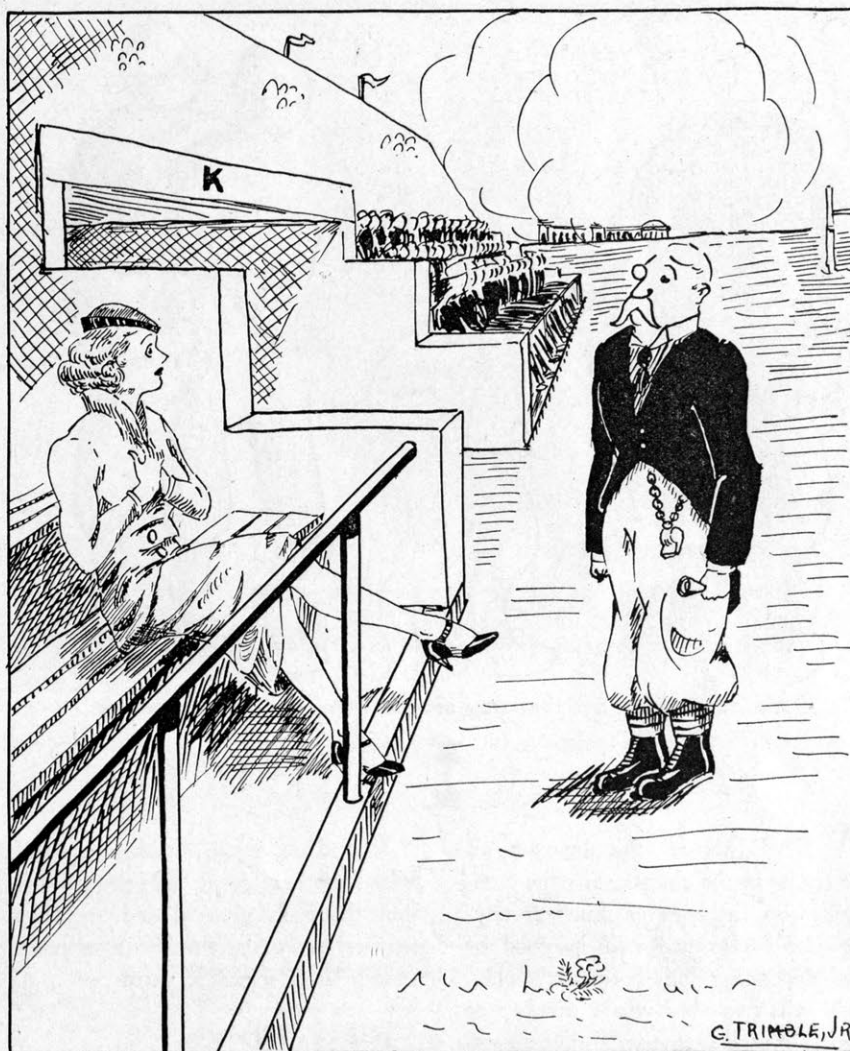
Prof.: "Of course not. Make him go home and put on some clothes!"



He: "Boy, I got a date with a hot wench tonight."

It: "Man, you don't know what you're up against."

He: "I'll tell you about it tomorrow."



Vanderburg: "But I'm sure the football came over here."

ADVICE TO THE FANS

1. Don't believe any of the predictions that the sport writers are turning out by the ream.
2. Don't take your best girl to the games, unless the romance between you means nothing.
3. Drink your B. T. U.'s from a metal flask. The stadium floor is made of concrete.
4. Before you settle down in your seat, capture all the pennant canes within a radius of ten feet, and burn them. If this is impracticable, put on a pair of plate glass, shatter proof goggles.
5. To save money, to prevent a cold, and to preserve a normal mind, just sit at home and listen to the game over the radio.

"Wal, Hiram, did you have a nice time at the city?"

"Reckon so, Elmer. Shucks, it's a great place. Y'know, the first night I spent there was with a nekid woman."

"I swan, Hiram. What did y'do then?"

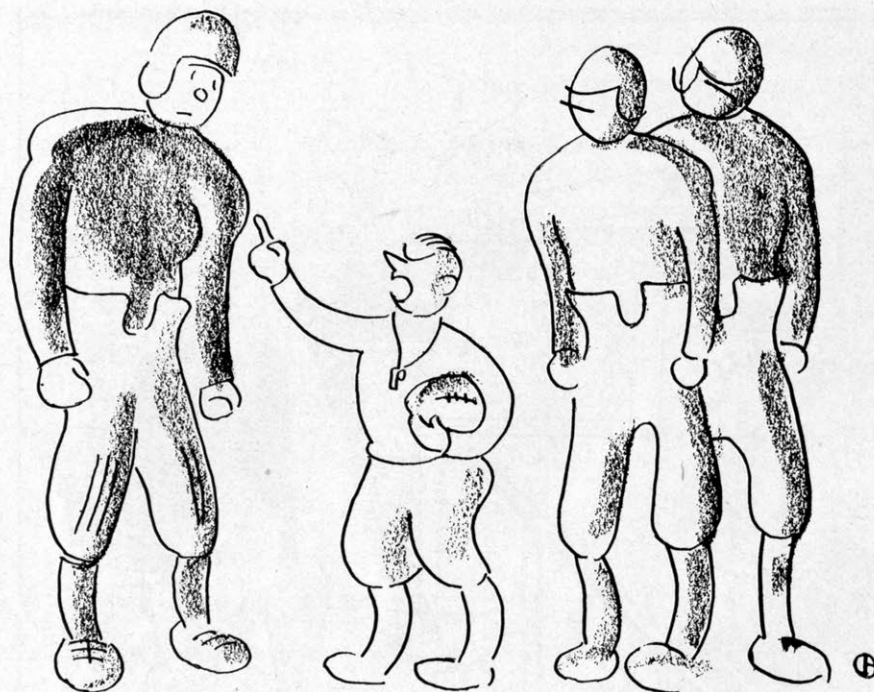
"Nothin' much, Elmer, but reckon if I'd a played me cards right, I could 'a kissed 'er."



It seems that the nomenclature of feminine clothing changes with time. Phos begs to illustrate:

Young man (in ladies' hose department): "Could I see Misses' socks?"

Salesgirl: "I'm sorry, but I don't think she works in this department."



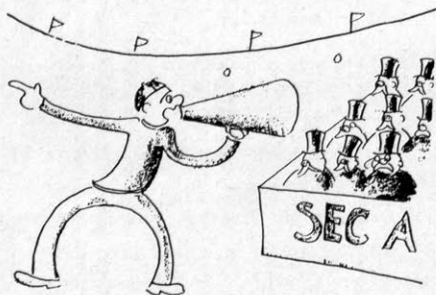
"We don't do things that way around here, Mr. Zcysicvzxyop."



WE'VE got all the dope on all the teams in the country for the coming season (at least as much as anyone else). Harvard will be good or bad depending on how they play. Yale will probably win a number of games. Notre Dame will have an excellent team, and will probably place a few men on the All-American team (one of the teams anyway). Colgate's prospects? Well—yes and no. Aw nuts, this is a paper for people who think; so go scam and figure out some way of judging the teams for yourself!



*Girls who long for jewels and yachts
Seldom want a home and tots.*



"Come on, boys, let's give 'em hell."

Voo Doo again crashes through with another great aid to the student body in general and freshmen in particular: a thesaurus of commonly used scientific terms:—

Science—billboards.

Prism—building for housing convicts.

Truss—faith.

Force—short humorous play.

Surface—use.

Conical—humorous.

Vapor—Fagin.

Moisture—masculine of Miss.

Gas—estimate.

Velocity—three wheeled cycle.

Lousy—The Tech.

Heat—notice.

Rake—ravish.

Proportion—miscarriage.

Engines—the first Americans.

Turbine—Turkish headdress.

Pressure—enjoyment.

Circuit—"greatest show on earth."

Refraction—image in mirror.

Beam—vegetable.

Other words are so obvious as to need no explanation, such as piston, yield point, and oscillation.

"Doctor, I have a tale of woe."

"Stomach ache?"

"No, piles!"



"Why wouldn't they let you call signals on the football team?"

"Aw, they s-s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-t-tall enough."



READ 'EM AND WEEP

We've been snooping around in various instructors' and professors' waste baskets for the past week or so, and in the process, we unearthed a number of quiz papers. And now we offer, for the enlightenment of the student body, these gems of wisdom, culled from said exams.

When this reaction took place, the phenomena gives us a cotton-like compound. In fact, the volume must occupy a greater volume . . .

Large amounts of Cu very ambiguous to handle . . .

When the blue of the indicator remains colorless . . .

An odor similar to burning sugar was given off which would not support combustion . . .

The carbon dioxide from the baking powder makes the *doe* rise . . .



1st Frosh: "Do you know why the Wellesley crew is so lousy?"

2nd Frosh: "Nah."

1st Frosh (blushing): "Aw, I forgot."



Joe: "May I check your oil?"

Moe: "Thanks, but I think it will be safe to leave it in the car."



*Freshmen showing bright red faces
May be sporting paddled bases.*

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Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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Brooks Brothers' Ready-Made Suits

In addition to imported chevots—the materials being used in Brooks Brothers' ready-made suits this Fall include English and Scottish saxones, flannels and worsteds—as well as the finest domestic weaves. In most instances our long-established connections insure first choice of patterns—and subsequent restriction of these patterns to ourselves. This means only a limited number of suits in any individual pattern—a factor ordinarily associated only with custom-made clothing. Suits this Fall are available in several different models.

\$50 to \$85

Illustrated Folder on Request

BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET



"Wanna go for a ride?"

"Well, you know how it is with young girls like me, I don't often ride in roadsters with strangers."

"Aw, hop in. We'll just drive around a bit."

"Well,—just for a ride; I mean, as long as we keep on riding I don't mind."

"Uh. Whatdya think of my car? You know, the seat's much more comfortable toward the middle—"

"Watch where you're driving. Say, I thought we weren't going to do anything but ride."

"Yeah, but I would like to talk awhile."

"Oh? . . . Well, I suppose that would be all right, as long as we just keep on talking."

"I'd like to talk about what gorgeous eyes you've got and that turned-up nose and that mouth. I'd like to kiss,—aw, that is—well, I really would if—"

"That's all right with me, as lwng ws u jfst kwp on kwsswng mmmmm . . ."

—Washington Columns

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Special Student Bachelor Service

- All starched, hand finished, at a very economical pound rate.
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[Telephone PORTer 2400]

Phosphor



Essences

SO SHE TURNS NUDIST QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY

—*Chicago Tribune*

A good turn, we suspect.



OFFICER, YEGGS

SWAP BULLETS

—*Boston Traveler*

Fair enough!



LOST COW RETURNS WITH CALF DIVIDEND

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 6—Otto Fallbeck of Hemingford, a farmer who appealed to Secretary of State Harry Swanson to please help him get his lost cow back, is well pleased with the results. He notified the secretary that he had not only found his cow but that in addition, there was a calf.

—*Boston American*

Bully!



TEXAS JUDGE PREPARES TO DIG FOR WHISKEY

—*Boston Traveler*

With a cork screw?



"At the age of six, he was proficient on the duffle, and by the time he was in his mid-teens he had switched to the piano . . ."

—*Radio City News*

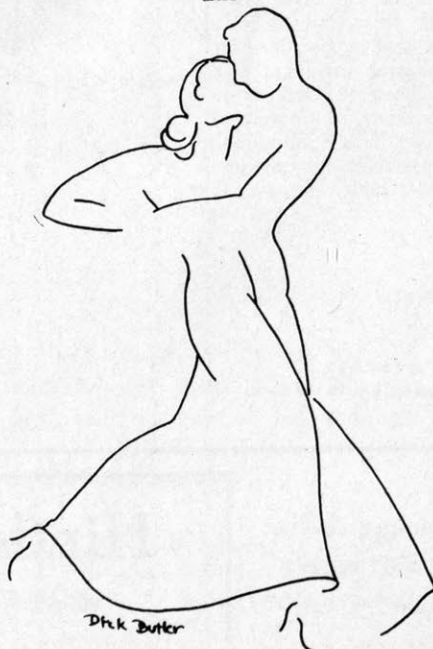
You mean the niapo, don't you?



ONTARIO RETURNS UNDER OWN POWER

—*Boston Post*

We didn't know it had been away.



She was only a geologist's daughter, but oh what faults she had!



GOLF BALL EXPLODES, MAN'S EYE INJURED

Fresno, Cal., Aug. 24 (UP)—Mansfield Fitzgerald, 9, of Fresno wondered what was inside a golf ball. As a result he went to an emergency hospital, one eye badly cut.

—*Boston Traveler*

They start 'em young in Fresno.



JUDGE WAIT IN HOSPITAL

—*Boston Post*

He go home soon.

SKUNK WITH ITS HEAD IN CAN HALTS TRAFFIC

—*Boston Traveler*

Sounds like bringing coals to Newcastle.



KISSED BY KNIGHT

IN A TUNNEL

—*Boston Post*

Repents by day.



What the President said to them remained a closed book, but sins were not lackin that he could shed his cloak of reticence and talk, briefly perhaps, but to the end of makin known his views, definitely and conclusively. The reaction was favorable, and it was not lon before some party leaders were hailin him as the loical Republican candidate in 1924.

—*Boston Traveler*

Jeez!



AT 70 RIDES HIS HIGH WHEEL BIKE

—*Boston Post*

Pretty fast, eh?



WHEEL CHAIR GOES OVER BANK—BOTH IN HOSPITAL

—*South Shore Record, N. S.*

The bank is doing well, thank you.



Professor: "Can you give me an example of a commercial appliance used in ancient times?"

Student: "Yes, sir, the loose leaf system used in the Garden of Eden."

—*Agawam*



Freshie: "Did you say you got your letter in football?"

Varsity: "Yes, I had to play like hell to get it."

Freshie: "I'll get one, then, 'cause that's the way the coach says I play."

—*Orange Peel*



Our idea of absent-mindedness is the bride who walks home from a ride with her husband on their wedding night.

—*Green Griffin*



One: "Did you say you are subject to fits?"

Two: "Yes."

One: "What do you do when you have one?"

Two: "Oh, just walk back and froth."

—*Cornell Widow*



"So you had a date with a college guy?"

"No, I tore my dress on a nail."

—*Puppet*



"I have it all arranged. You are to sit on my right hand at dinner."

"Sir! How dare you suggest such a thing to a lady."

—*N. Dakota Engineer*

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

WIN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO

VOO DOO

FOR YOUR TURTLE DOVE!

HERE'S HOW:

1. Tear out this column and fill in the probable scores of these five big football games.
2. Mail to Voo Doo with the name of the person to whom you wish the winnings sent.
3. The contest will be determined thus: Total scores will be added and the closest total will receive a score of 15 points; the second closest 14 points, etc. For every winner correctly guessed, regardless of score, 5 points will be given. Highest total points WINS!
4. No entries accepted after Nov. 15, 1933.
5. Mail or bring your guess to the Contest Editor, M. I. T. Voo Doo, Walker Memorial.

FILL IN THESE SCORES

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. YALE | vs. HARVARD |
| 2. COLUMBIA | vs. CORNELL |
| 3. PENN | vs. CORNELL |
| 4. NOTRE DAME | vs. NAVY |
| 5. SYRACUSE | vs. COLGATE |
| Total | |

• • •

Mail to:

Mr.

Miss

Address

**WATCH FOR RESULTS IN A
FUTURE ISSUE**

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

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

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

Any of the following publications will be sent free upon request

CATALOGUE FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR

(Which includes the admission requirements)

GRADUATE STUDY AND RESEARCH

SUMMER SESSION BULLETIN

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS

"I'd like to buy a pair of garters."

"Single or double grip?"

"Doesn't matter. I want to make a sling shot."

—*Harvard Lampoon*



First: "So you call your canary Joe? Does that stand for Joseph or Josephine?"

Second: "We don't know—that's why we call him Joe."

—*Log*



"Papa, what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender, my boy."

—*Punch Bowl*



Her: "Do you pet?"

Him: "Sure: animals."

Her: "All right, go ahead. I'm willing to be the goat."

—*Annapolis Log*



Patron: "Give me a burlesque sandwich."

Restaurateur: "What's that?"

Patron: "Minsky-meat."

—*Punch Bowl*



Of all the many wondrous things
Of which we have heard tell,
The strangest is that on Broadway
Angels go to hell.

—*Mercury*

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Real Home Cooked Food

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YOU WILL APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT

our rooms are bright and airy, our beds are superlatively comfortable, there is an R. C. A. radio in every room and reading lamps, full length mirrors and other conveniences. Our baths are immaculate.

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We invite inquiries from managers of teams, clubs and other groups regarding special accommodations and rates.

RATES

Daily: From \$2.00 to \$3.00 Single; or \$3.00 to \$4.00 Double. Special weekly and monthly rates.

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Room, food and lots of outside entertainment for the week-end, or any two days **\$5.50**

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78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE
1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

"Well," said the gold digger to the unsuspecting Frosh from Hayseedville, "shall we go to the movies or to my apartment?"

"It's as broad as it is long," said the perplexed Freshman.

"Hmm—we'll go to the movies."

—Punch Bowl



Admiring Visitor: "How do you account for your success as a futuristic artist?"

Artist: "I use a model with the hiccoughs."

—Belle Hop



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!"

—Wisconsin Octopus

MADE THE GRADE

She kept him after school one night
To learn his alphabet,
But that bad kid was not so dumb
And now he's teacher's pet.

—Green Griffin



There once was a Freshman named Clark
Who was lost with his girl in the dark;

He spoke to unearth her,
"What time is it, Bertha?"

She said, "Why, it's just two—O, Clark."

—Punch Bowl



He: "I'm coming in. How can I get this door open?"

She: "The key is under the mat, but please don't come in."

—Cornell Widow



"Mama," piped little Johnny, the other evening at the supper table, "May I go over and see Mrs. Smith's trained animals?"

"Why, the very idea, Mrs. Smith has no trained animals," Mama said.

"She must have," Johnny insisted, "Cause the other night when Pop looked in at her window, I heard him say he saw her dancing bear!"

—Green Griffin



She had a negative character but the boys developed her.

—Green Griffin



MAL DE MER

She was standing by the rail
And looking deathly pale;
Did she see a whale?

Not at all.

She was papa's only daughter,
Throwing bread upon the water

In a way she hadn't oughter,—

That was all.

—Student



THE BRUNSWICK CELLAR

It Sparkles with the Fascinating Charm of Gay Paris.

- Madam Anna Orlovsky, formerly of Maisonette Russe, Paris, has brought from the Old World to the newly found cellar of the Brunswick Hotel that irresistible grace and dignity of a hostess accustomed to the society of Continental aristocracy.

- For the first time in America, her Russian Artists direct from Maisonette Russe perform for your entertainment.

- The allure of Russian folk songs and the turbulent ecstasy of gypsy rhapsodies intermingled with American dance rhythms lends a touch of enchantment to the evening's entertainment.



- Vladimir Rabinkoff, chef of the Russian kitchen, serves tantalizing delicacies that delight the palate . . . Russian, European and American Cuisine.

- Dancing every evening from 6 until closing time.

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ALWAYS the finest tobaccos **ALWAYS** the finest workmanship
ALWAYS Luckies please!

"it's toasted" FOR THROAT PROTECTION—FOR BETTER TASTE



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