

YE YULE-TIDE

M.I.T.

VOODOO



Christmas
Spirits
Number

Fifteen Cents

IN THIS ISSUE:)

POB-80019-81-

We Land On
"The Tech"

Again

Don't Miss
SCHLOTZY'S FIT
by
H. F. Homan

JOY
HILARTY
(not to say)
AMUSEMENT

AND
THAT IS NOT
ALL . . . !

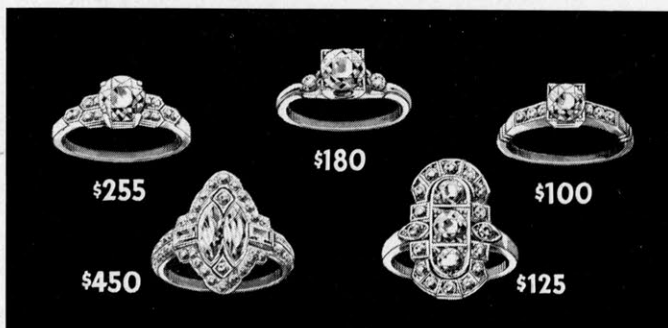
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INCENTIVES

When we combine rare value with up-to-the-minute merchandising we give you real incentives to buy. These watches, rings and accessories represent traditional Smith Patterson integrity, the very latest ideas in style and beauty and—a genuine regard for your purse.

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We are very proud of these diamond and platinum rings. With diamonds of unusual size and brilliancy at these prices, they are a more than ordinary investment in beauty and intrinsic value. These are typical examples of the values to be found throughout our extensive gem collection — from which you may select with full confidence—a gift of diamond and platinum jewelry at any price from \$50 to \$5000 and upwards.

Cord watch, 15 jewel Waltham movement, 14k white or yellow gold filled case, \$25. With 17 jewel movement in 14k gold case, \$40.

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Man's zipper case, black or brown, 10" x 6"; fitted with comb, clothes brush, ebony hair brush, and chromium containers for soap, tooth brush, shaving equipment, etc., \$5 . . . Waltham folding clocks, various styles and colors, special values, \$17.50 and \$22.50.



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Smith Patterson Co.

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AT THE CORNER OF SUMMER & ARCH STS. BOSTON

Ye Olde-Fashyned Ladee—"And don't you know why Santy didn't bring you anything?"

Ye Moderne Childe — "Hell, yes! I trumped father's ace in that damn bridge game last week."

—Exchange



Walking down Wall Street early one morning, a cold shower enthusiast came upon a man lying in the street, sleeping.

"Get up, my good man. You'll catch cold here," he said.

The prone one turned over, looked up.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"It's eight o'clock."

"Well, beat it. The Exchange doesn't open until ten."

—Froth



Girl—"Do you know anything about Bureaus in Washington?"

Gal—"No, but I left some undies in one at Harvard."

FOR YOUR

"Christmas Spirits"

We are pleased to offer the following special suggestions:

CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENTS of superb WINES. Prices range from \$2.00 to \$25.00 for packages containing from three to twelve highest quality wines.



SEAGRAMS WHISKEYS will provide the proper holiday exuberance.

Our Prices Are Right!!

Charles B. Perkins Company

36 Kilby Street, Boston, Massachusetts

CHOICE WINES AND SPIRITS

For Free Delivery Service Call HUBbard 5485

★ JACK AND JEWEL RAY WHO PLAY

BRADFORD COCKTAIL BAR AND GRILLE



THE SWEETEST MUSIC IN BOSTON TO YOU

EVERY EVENING IN THE HOTEL

INTERLUDE

He had always imagined love would come that way. When he saw her walking among the trees, gathering up a dainty flower here and there, pausing occasionally to throw back her head and let the wind caress her hair, he knew that the moment for which he often dreamed had at last arrived. She seemed to sense the romantic spirit of this, their first meeting, and walked toward him slowly, gracefully, without speaking. They stood before each other, and, without the passage of a word, without a touch, they belonged to one another. He stood for more than a minute, gazing into the depths of her dark eyes, and then, like puppets dangling from strings, they stepped closer. He gently touched her hair, and then softly, tenderly, drew her to him. She pressed her face against his flushed cheek, and he felt the gentle caress of her lips. He stroked her raven hair, her lovely forehead, stared into her eyes, and then snarled and turned away. "Rats," he muttered, "That guy sold me a blind mare."

—Froth



**Sustaining a Reputation
Established 59 Years Ago**

A by-word, the country over; "When you go to Boston be sure to eat at Durgin-Park's."

For over half a century, at the old stand on North Market Street, Durgin-Park has been catering to people who enjoy good food, well prepared, and bountifully served. The market men themselves, connoisseurs of the highest order, patronize this restaurant daily, while thousands of other friends make it their objective whenever they seek an especially satisfying repast.

The new Durgin-Park restaurant, on Hayward Place, provides the same excellent food and the same bountiful generosity at a convenient location uptown.

Open daily from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Saturdays to 9 p.m.

DURGIN PARK & CO.
30 North Market Street 22 Hayward Place

gushed over my legs, burning them badly. I screamed in fearful anguish.

—From Jules Vernik's Literary Guild Novel
"Lagoon Lust."

—Swiped



During the Prom week-end Dean Pepper of the Med. school was rudely awakened by the ringing of his telephone. It was about 3 a.m.; it must be an important call. Dr. Pepper asked drowsily, "What is it?"

The voice said, "Dean, we need your help over at our house. We're having a party and Frater Jones has us all worried."

"Well, why call me up? Is he seeing elephants and snakes and things?"

"No, Dr. Pepper, that's why we called. The room is full of them and he can't see any."

—Punch Bowl

"A mechanical butter spreader, sir," he said ingratiatingly.

"A what?"

"A mechanical butter-spreader. You grasp the handle in the rear of the machine and hold it directly over the butter. The butter is attracted to the shining surface of the round disk. You then move the butter spreader to a position directly above the bread you wish buttered. On pushing the green little button which you can easily find on the rear of the machine, you cause the melted butter to drop on the bread. Simple, yet invaluable little gadget, eh?"

I said, "Yes."

Then I proceeded to employ the machine in the exact manner described to me. Remember now, before we go any further: *I followed his directions implicitly.* The early stages went fine. All smooth sailing. But around nine o'clock when it came time to push the small green button, which I had no little difficulty in finding, the thing happened.

I pushed the button. And by some strange law of physics the thing suddenly swung in towards me with a strength greater than my own. Hot, boiling butter



LOEW'S STATE

WEEK OF DECEMBER 13th

"DON JUAN"

Binnie Barnes — Doug. Fairbanks

— Also —

"MEN OF THE NIGHT"

Bruce Cabot — Judith Allen

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers courses in the following fields of study:

ARCHITECTURE	School of Architecture	CITY PLANNING
	ARCHITECTURAL ENGINEERING	
BIOLOGY AND PUBLIC HEALTH	School of Science	CHEMISTRY
Options: Biology		GENERAL SCIENCE
Biology and Public Health		GEOLOGY
Industrial Biology		MATHEMATICS
Public Health Engineering		PHYSICS
AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING	School of Engineering	GENERAL ENGINEERING
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Mechanical Engineering		Refrigeration & Air Conditioning
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING		Textile
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING PRACTICE		Military Engineering
CIVIL ENGINEERING		MINING ENGINEERING AND METALLURGY
Options: General		Options: Metallurgy
Geodesy and Seismology		Petroleum Production
Hydroelectric		Mining Engineering
Transportation		Physical Metallurgy
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING		NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MARINE ENGINEERING
Communications		SHIP OPERATION
Co-operative		SANITARY ENGINEERING
ELECTROCHEMICAL ENGINEERING		

Each of the above courses is of four years' duration, with the exception of Architecture, City Planning, and the Co-operative Course in Electrical Engineering. These three courses extend over a period of five years.

A five-year course is offered which combines study in Engineering or Science and Economics or other social sciences. This leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the professional field and the degree of Master of Science in Economics and Engineering or Science.

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. A course in Public Health is offered, which is essentially equivalent to that prescribed for the degree of Master of Science, and leads to a Certificate in Public Health.

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.

For information about the methods of admission from secondary schools, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

Any of the following publications will be sent free upon request:

Catalogue for the Academic Year

Summer Session Catalogue

Architectural Education—Undergraduate and Graduate

Educational Opportunities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

The Graduate Schools of Science and Engineering

Correspondence should be addressed to the Director of Admissions



Jane Carol
In the Production

Rain from Heaven

At the Plymouth
with
Lily Cahill





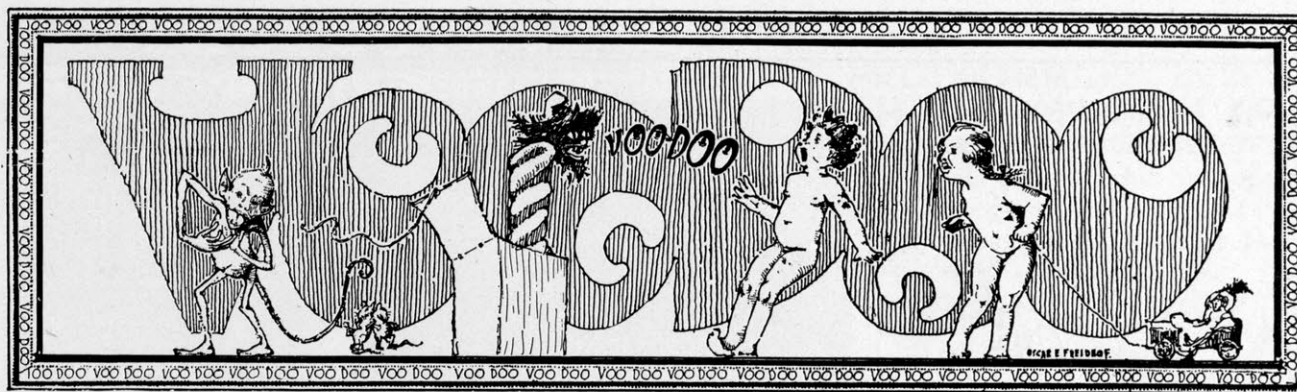
It's The Spirits

That Count

Merry Christmas



WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT IT?



VOO-DOOINGS

Parrots, Women, and Tutors . . .

The Associated Tutors over in the Riverbank Court pulled a coup recently that Course XV magnates would unhesitatingly declare as high-pressure advertising. Perhaps you have seen by now the blotters they circularized parts of the Institute with, each with picture of a parrot, and a beautiful woman, done with all the colors of the sunset and a few more. The women invariably had visible knees, in the shadow of an amber or purple glow, but were seemingly absorbed body and soul by the parrot.



One thing we can't visualize. That is, the tutors sitting together, consulting over texts. Then someone breaks the air of dignified, quiet conversation by suggesting that a picture of a girl with tantalizing knees be sent to each prospective customer. With a parrot added for the benefit of those who do not fancy tantalizing knees. Well, we think the tutors are a bunch of r6ues all the same.



"Who was the author of the first pun you told?"

"I was."

"Oh, I didn't know you were that old."

P. K. . . .

Professor Millard, the hoodoo of all astronomers, was going through the painful process of explaining a certain phase of molecular theory to one of his Physical Chemistry classes in a recent lecture. For thirty minutes, he had been getting more and more involved in his discussion of molecular volumes and such. As the minutes rolled breathlessly by, the students became more mystified and befuddled, until they reached the absorption limit and lapsed into a state of stupor. The professor completed his proof with a triumphant gesture and faced the class. He looked around the room, noted the blank expressions on the faces of the students, sighed, and said, "I guess I didn't put that over. Can you tell me where I lost you?"

Whereupon a promising young engineer with a promising sense of humor exclaimed, "At five minutes after ten!"



Sport . . .

We had always thought that Tech was a man's school, above the childish pastimes of other institutions. Not for us, we thought, the marbles and tops affected by well-known brother educational centers. Alas, another illusion has been crushed. We were walking towards the dorms the other evening, gazing idly hither and yon, when we

spied a young man standing on the roof of Munroe. It was not the fact that he was standing on the roof that affected us, but—shades of the almighty Beaver—he was flying a kite!

However, the spirit of old Tech is not all dead. A fellow student also saw the kite flyer. Moved, probably, by a feeling of righteous scorn, he yelled "Thithy!"



Evening's Amusement . . .

Four of our noble Tech men were discussing human nature one dark night not so long ago. They had made the rounds of Boston's downtown drinking establishments, and being in the best of spirits were walking along Tremont Street. Arriving at the corner of Boylston Street, one staggered under the impact of an idea. He stopped his friends on the corner and announced that they would test that human trait called curiosity. Pointing to an illuminated window far up near the top of Hotel Touraine, he suggested that they spread apart, stand rigidly, stare upward at the high window, and see how many passersby would respond. Fortunately, the boys picked the hour when the late theatergoers were just getting out and it was not long before a large mob of gawking spectators jammed the street corner. Finally one Tech man got tired of counting windows, and the

others developed stiff muscles, so they left the wondering crowd and staggered off into the late darkness. They never have found out how long those people remained there. Which all goes to prove. . . .



She was only a caretaker's daughter,
But would she take care?



She was her man. . . . But she did
her wrong. . . .



M. I. T. freshman, returning home
last Christmas, meets sweet Southern
belle, returning from Briarcliffe. Con-
versation opens on school subjects.

Freshman: "I don't suppose you use
slide rules?"

S.S.B.: "Oh no! We use the honor
system!"

—Beta Theta Pi.



He: "I'll bet you have to handle
your ostrich fan carefully when you do
a nude feather dance."

She: "Yes, it's a ticklish business."



Georgie Porgie, little boy, kissed the
girls and made them cry.
Georgie Porgie, little man, what now!



Admirer: "What cigarettes to you
smoke?"

Mae West: "Camels; they're uplift-
ing."



"But I swear to you it's stolen goods"

She was just a communist's daughter,
and everyone got his share.



Then there was the girl who became
popular by changing her brand of cig-
arette. She used to walk a mile, but
now she satisfies.



*Traffic rushing down Mass. Avenue
Mike's flailing arms
Utter chaos
9 A.M.*

*A car oozing over Harvard Bridge
Two pedestrians falter
Sweet dreams
10 A.M.*

*Two cars glaring at each other
Jay walkers aghast
Flashing blows*

*11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 A.M.
& P.M.*

"Look at that girl. She's so soft she
actually sags."

"Well, maybe she sags, but she
doesn't give."



*We beg to point out that in organic
chemistry many reactions go on better
in the light—whereas in biology many
go on better in the dark.*



A: I hear Sandy's wife is suing him
for divorce.

B: Yeah, she says he hasn't been the
same since he won twin beds in that
raffle.



Professor Hudson so they say
Wires his brushes every day.

ZOOLOGY

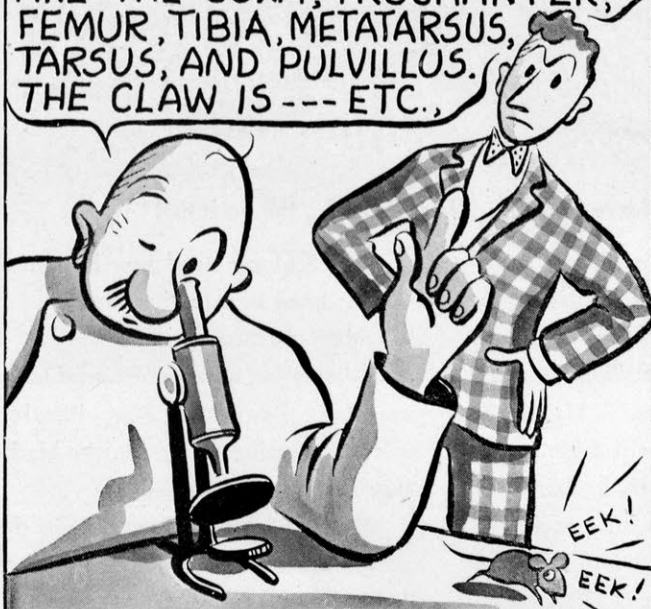
ZOOLOGY IS THE STUDY OF THE INSIDE AS WELL AS THE OUTSIDE OF ANIMALS



LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE BEE'S PROTHORACIC LEG THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.



IN THE PROTHORACIC LEG THERE ARE THE COXA, TROCHANTER, FEMUR, TIBIA, METATARSUS, TARSUS, AND PULVILLUS. THE CLAW IS --- ETC.,



SMOKOLOGY

I NEVER KNEW HOW GOOD A PIPE COULD TASTE UNTIL I GOT ONTO PRINCE ALBERT
M - M - M - M - M!



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

AFTER EVERY CLASS
IT RINGS THE BELL!

If you would like to find out how good your pipe really can taste, try Prince Albert. This excellent secret blend of choice, top-quality tobaccos is treated by a special process which removes all trace of "bite." Smoke a pipeful of mellow Prince Albert and see for yourself why pipe smokers everywhere call it "The National Joy Smoke."

PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*



We Give You SCHLOTZY'S FIT

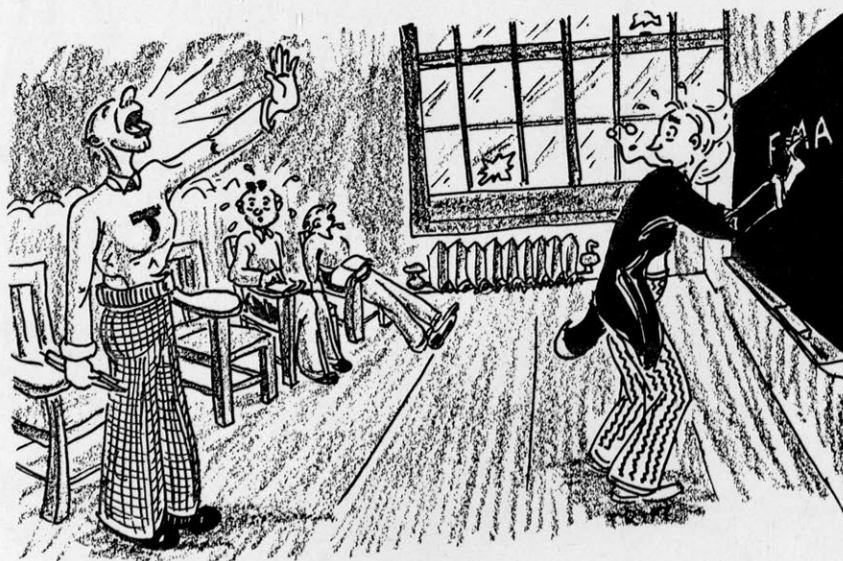
By H. F. HOMAN

A Short Story, Complete in this Issue

PERHAPS the most outstanding of my college experiences was the time Bill Schlotzy had a fit. Bill Schlotzy was the kind of guy whom his best friends would just as soon tell as not. He was a little pop-eyed son of a censored* and was habitually learning Sanskrit love-poems by heart and reciting them to Tech co-eds.

Now, anyone, even a Phi Bete, knows that the reciting of Sanskrit love-poems is an infallible sign of *dementia cocktailia*. It falls in the same class as praising the Coop, or doing one's 8.01 homework, or dating a Sargent team captain. But Bill was a funny little squirt, anyway, and had a lot of other cute tricks like decorating the main lobby with rifle bolts and flypaper. But he had cause to rue the day he did that because every man in Company Z sprained his thumb when Captain Sidewise yelled "Inspection Arms" and there were no bolts. So Dean Lobdell wrote a letter to Schlotzy and said "if you try any more tricks like that, all right for you Schlotzy!" And also the window-washers threatened to go on strike and they wrote to General Johnson and the General wrote back to Schlotzy and said that flypaper violated the window-washers' code. But I am straying from my story.**

Well, on this day, Schlotzy was sitting in Physics class and singing "Lost in a Fog", and Lou Kagpillowitch, who



"Stop!" he roared . . . "I am Z. P. G., the Scientist!"

is the leading character in my forthcoming novel, "The Case of the Purple Tissue Paper" (Advt.), was trying to sing a bass obligato and sounding like a constipated fog-horn. Maybe he thought that would help Schlotzy out of the fog. Anyway, right in the middle of it, Schlotzy tried to hit a high note and something happened. His eyes bulged, and then glazed. His face became the color of Walker soup. He trembled for a minute and then slumped down in his chair.

The funny part of it was that nobody else noticed him except Lou and me. The rest of the class was listening to Professor Van Parsley with bated breath and pondering the momentous question: "if $f = ma$, why not?"

Then Schlotzy stood up. He thrust out his hand in a Nazi salute.

"Stop!" he roared.

We were just too dumbfounded to do anything. Professor Van Parsley stopped drawing vectors on the blackboard and looked around.

"I", said Schlotzy, "am Z.P.G., the great scientist!" And he made a face like a scientist.

Professor Van Parsley got sore. "What does this m—" he began.

"Stop!" screeched Schlotzy again. He looked at the Professor as if he were seeing a peculiarly loathsome worm for the first time. Then he walked down to the front of the room and poked his face within an inch of Van Parsley's.

"Listen, Butch," he said, "I've had about enough of you!" And he screwed up his face until he looked like King Kong as a baby, about to cry.

(Continued on page 20)

* Author's note: I put this in to save the editor's time.

** Editor's note: I'll say you are!

Author's note: Who's writing this story?

Editor's note: Who's paying for it?

Author's note: Can't you take a joke?

YE SCHRYVVLE BIRD

(A Christmas Story)

In days of yore, you may have heard,
There lived the wondrous schryvvle
bird.

He'd haunt the Andes' highest peaks,
And mope alone for weeks and weeks.

But when he felt the need of fun
He'd scale the very highest one.

And picking out a well-worn trail
Would then slide down upon his tail.

As his momentum thus increased
He'd scream aloud (the silly beast)

This bit of passing worthless drivel:
"Schryvvle . . . schryvvle . . . schryvvle
. . . schryvvle."

Which cry—by way of explanation—
Means: "Gracious, this is SOME sen-
sation!"

Rendered into the above
heroic octameter
from
the Sanskrit of
Kathusalum Harlotti
by
Marmalade P. Vestibule, Esq.

FACISTI !!

The rake of a nightstick
The stench of a jail
Huzzah, huzzah
The N.S.L. is rampant.
Down with it
Down, down
It.



"Yeah, I wuz on de Tech once,
meself."

"Do you remember what Juliet said
to Romeo on the balcony?"

"No."

"Why in hell didn't you get orches-
tra seats?"

CHANT OF A RUGGED
INDIVIDUALIST

I don't like rye,
Or Esquire's styles,
Or girls with Mona Lisa smiles.
I see no cause
To grin at blokes
Who gabble "Little Audrey" jokes.
And, sad to say,
I have no pride
That men to me their dreams confide.
I guess I'm just
A hopeless case—
I envy none his upturned face.
But though my pleasures
Be but few,
I'll be myself—to hell with you!



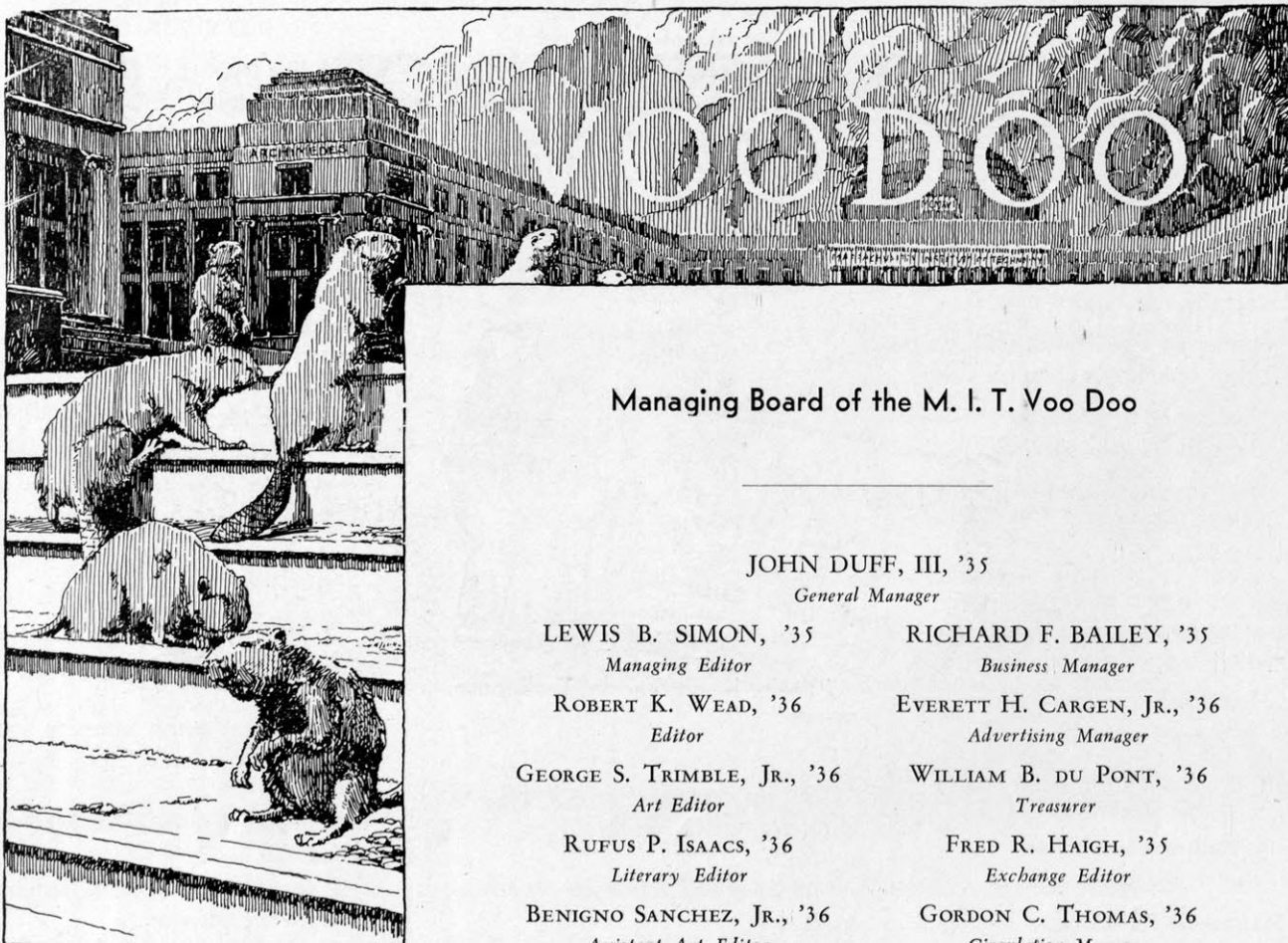
Travelling salesman returning home:
"Where do you come from my little
man?"

"Why I'm your son Johnny," replied
the lad.

"I thought you looked familiar,"
answered the salesman.



"You can't go far on old plugs."



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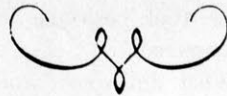
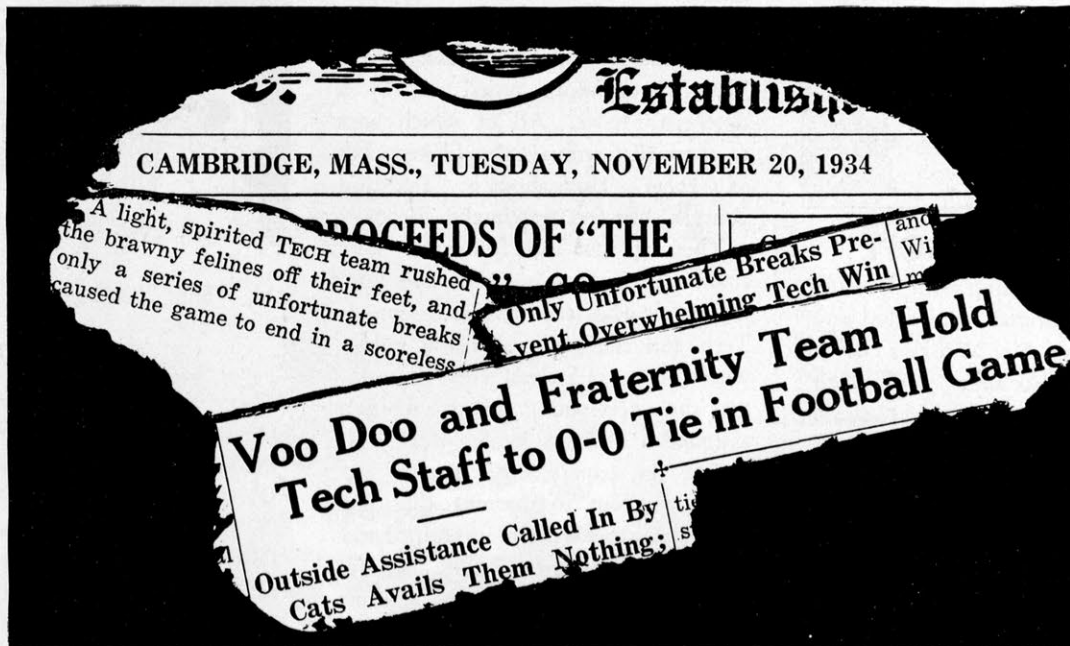
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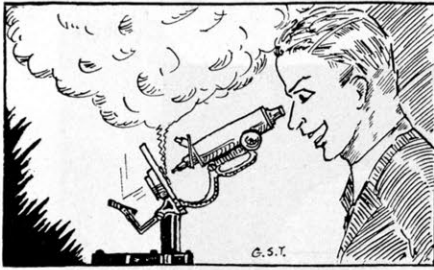


It must be fun to be the Editor of that
 Rather boring periodical that purports
 to be
 The Official Undergraduate News Or-
 gan of The Institute, and sit
 At odd hours behind an imposing desk,
 and awe
 Pimpily-faced freshmen with the psuedo
 importance
 That only three years in Technology
 can give to one that
 By reason of some obscure talent has
 risen to be

Editor of a slightly inferior college
 newspaper.
 But it seems to me, that if I were Edi-
 tor of that
 Rather boring periodical that purports
 to be
 The Official Undergraduate News Or-
 gan of The Institute, and sat
 At odd hours behind an imposing desk,
 aweing
 Pimpily-faced freshmen with my im-
 portance, psuedo or otherwise,

I would see to it that they (the fresh-
 men) were given
 At least the bare elements of news-
 paper training.
 So that when they gained the dubious
 honor of sitting in my chair,
 They would profit by my horrible ex-
 ample, and see to it
 That "The Tech" printed more news
 and less
 Tripe.

Phosphorus takes pleasure in the announcement of the election to the staff of Voo Doo the following Sports Editors: F. Boulware, Quarter-back Ed., H. Essley, Half-back Ed., C. Williams, Half-back Ed., H. (Vestibule) Bemis, Left Guard Ed., M. Kuryla, Left Tackle Ed., B. Merrill, Right Guard Ed., T. Johnson, Center Ed., H. Furness, Left Guard Ed., and J. Gardiner, Left End Ed.



THE MICROSCOPE

The halls are buzzing with the story of the dorm freshman who dated (no kidding) one of Mr. Minsky's chorus gals . . . and also about a Phi Delt pledge who is said to have had to climb out a Brookline back window.

It is fervently hoped by all good men that a certain charming young lab assistant doesn't fall for her freshman Lothario . . . and strange incidents have been reported to have happened in room 6-217.

A certain fraternity Junior on Bay State Road denies the persistent rumor that he has been secretly married . . . a new, ultra-secret society, "Brethren of the Rattlesnakes", is being formed . . . and there is the tale of the six commuters who argued so loud and long about a certain Physics problem that they forgot to change at Park St., and found themselves far, far out Commonwealth Avenue.

One of the dorm Sophs has been buzzing an Emerson Zete for two weeks to no avail . . . but a fraternity Soph is seeing the world a la Wheaton because his very charming sister Jan is fixing him up.

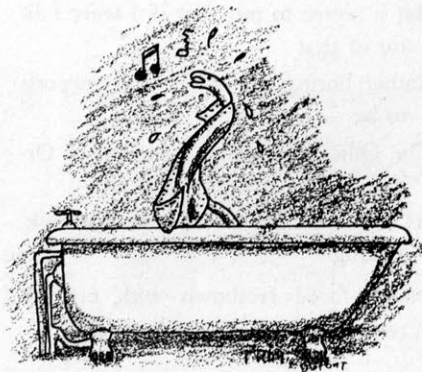
The red-headed Junior who spilled Sherry all over the front of his beetle suit is reported to have sworn off for good . . . M. I. T. playboys at Colby's open house . . . there is a sad story of a lovely lady at a recent Walker dance, the elastic on whose unmentionables broke at a very embarrassing moment . . . and the fishy episode in the new dorms . . . and the wonderfully strange odors around the second and third floors of Walcott.

The nifty limousine which one of the dorm plutocrats sports about town in, is said to have required six tickets in three weeks . . . but the prize of the month goes to the Harvard student

who came to Tech one night to see Mr. Dorm and who didn't catch on for two hours.

Second prize goes to the Phi Gam Zoo. The latest is the paradox of a Texas Steer being nosed out by a northern Moose. All of which goes to show that animals should keep out of "Tents". How about it, "Tex" did you get your feet wet in the "Brook"?

Then there's the following story concerning one of our esteemed English profs who leads two lives, one at Tech and the other at Katie Gibbs, where he wears a clean shirt. It seems that the sweet young things had been assigned a business letter. Upon collecting the papers Prof. Fassett was rather put out to discover that one young lady had written an entire letter in ink of a brilliant red hue. Whereupon, he asked her in his most screamingly funny manner, "What are you trying to do, allure me?" There was a short silence, during which the expected laughter did not materialize. The sweet (but bashful) little girl finally stammered ". . . er . . . er . . . Yes!!" What did your "worthy colleagues" do then, Freddy?



The Nude Eel



Prof: "I'm very pleased to see such a thick crowd attending my lecture."

Stewd: "Don't be too certain. We're not as thick as you think."



She: "Let's go to a show."

COMPLAINT

This is a movement to abolish
Guys who use too much hair polish
People who talk about "elbow grease"
Dopes whose puns just never cease
"Cooked" meat that is raw inside
Dirty jokes about groom and bride
Saturday Evening Post's Covers
Homely guys who think they're lovers
Imitations of Ogden Nash
Folks who make nasty cracks about hash
Walker Soup
The help at the Coop
These are the things I dislike best
Every kind of annoying pest,
Supercilious Freshmen
High-hat hundred-yard dash men
Gertrude Stein
Sour wine
Girls who are coy without being cute
Fellows who talk when they ought to
stay mute
Dopes who joke about the President
Sophs who usurp the right of a resi-
dent
It may be that I am just too fussy,
But I can't stand the kind of girl called
"Hussy"
Girls who kiss and close their eyes
Girls who are dumb when they try to
be wise
Sex-teen year olds who mimic Mae
West
These are the things I dislike best.



Frosh: "In another four weeks we'll have exams."

Another: "Really? It seems like a month to me."

*A man and his wife
who had just returned from a
round-the-world cruise spoke of
Chesterfield as "an international
cigarette."*

It means something

... that Chesterfield Cigarettes
are on sale in 86 countries all
over the world.

It means something that
Chesterfields may be purchased
on nearly all ships and at almost
every port.

It means that for a cigarette
to enjoy such popularity, it must
have merit. We do our level best
to make Chesterfield as good a
cigarette as can be made.

*Smokers say...
in almost every language*

they Satisfy

Above—Vacuum tin of 50
— air tight—water tight—
fully protected even if sub-
merged in water.

Packages of 20 wrapped in
Du Pont No. 300 Cello-
phane—the best made.



Around the Institute with a camera. Or Phosphorus Peeks.

The interne was showing the visitor around the insane asylum.

"Here," said he, pointing to a melancholy looking individual, "We have the case of two men loving the same girl. This man lost the girl to another man and ever since then he has been melancholy."

The interne continued to show the visitor around. They soon came to a padded cell wherein there was a man who was raging around the cell stark mad. The visitor was shocked by his appearance and inquired about the mad-man.

"Do you remember," said the interne, "the melancholy looking man? Well, this is the one who married the girl."



"You know, Bloomers is studying for the ministry."

Phosphor Essences

FOUNDATIONS EXPERT COMES TO INSTITUTE

—*The "Tetch"*

Co-eds take notice!!



DORM DANCE TESTS HOUSEHOLD ABILITY

—*The Tech*

What kind of a dance is this?



ASKS \$5,500,000 FOR NEXT MONTH

—*Herald*

We'll take an hour for \$7650, baby!



A HAND A DAY

—*Herald*

Check your oil?



GIRL SAYS CHILD CAME WILLINGLY

—*Boston Post*

Where there's no will there's a way.



THE WASHINGTON MONU- MENT LOCATED AT LAST

—*N. Y. Times*

Where was it? Behind the book-
case?

HARVARD TEAM OFF FOR BOWL

—*Traveler*

Of cherries?



"My Gawd, my wife."

,

I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT HIM

—*Boston Herald*

Oops! Sorry pal.



DORMITORY STUDENTS EAT WITH PROFESSORS

—*The Tech*

Discarding knives and forks?



FRANCE EXPELS NUDIST PARTY

*Germans Are Suspected of
Espionage*

—*Post*

It's old stuff to the *French!*

TECH PENCIL PUSHERS WILL MEET ALL COMERS

—*The Tech*

Did you say wheelbarrow???

FRESHMAN BRIDGE PLAYER GETS UNUSUAL COMBINATION

—*The Tech*

Did you say bridge???

WALKER CAT FIGHT PROVES GREAT GATE ATTRACTION

—*The Tech*

Did you say fight???



BREAK ADMITTED BY BRIGHTON MAN

—*Traveler*

Faux Pas?



CHURCH HAS FETE IN SOUTH BOSTON

—*Traveler*

Pew!!!



MEN IN CAR FAIL IN ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP TWO CHORUS GIRLS ON TREMONT STREET

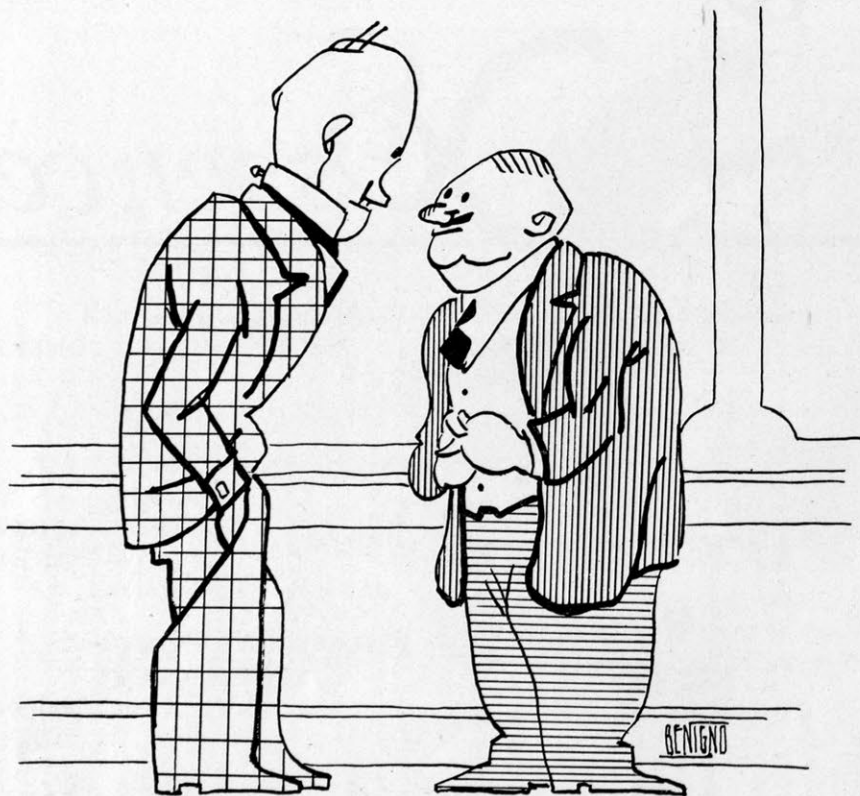
—*Traveler*

They can't be chorus girls.

GIRLS WON'T PLAY BRASS

—*Boston Post*, Oct. 10

Well, if they won't. they won't.



"My dear Ronald, YOU STINK!"

First Alumnus: —and they kidnapped my wife while she was ironing my dress shirt!

Second Alumnus: Tough luck, old man!

F.A.: Right! What in hell am I going to wear to that stag dinner, tonight?

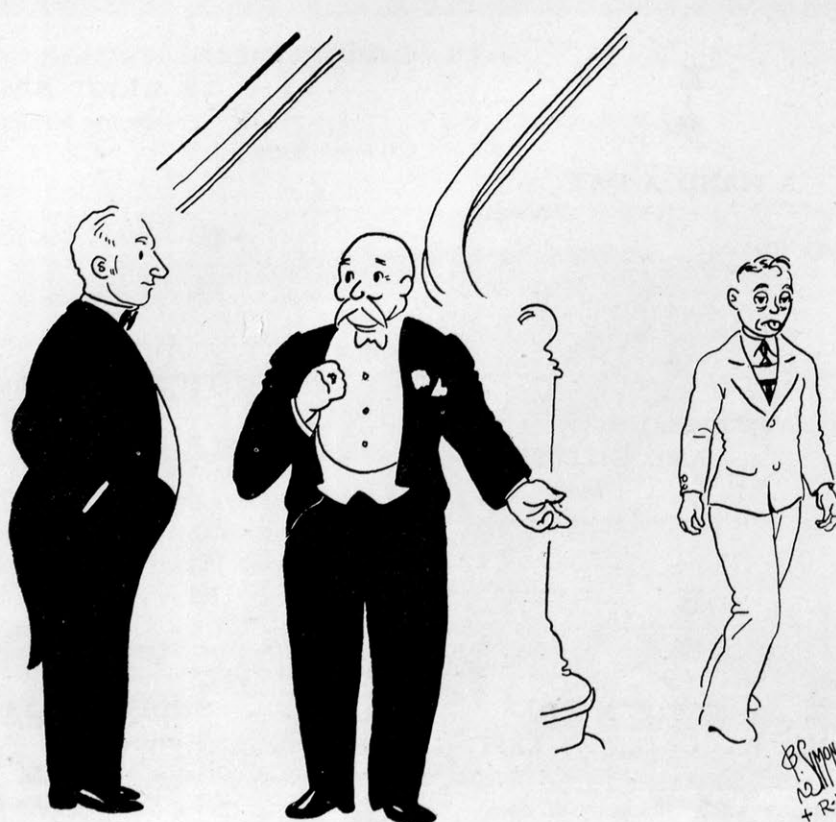


"Yes," said one of these bragging freshmen, "in my home town we have so many pretty women that we . . ."

"Where do you keep her nights?" came the calm interruption.



*Shrink not to practice mild deceit
To do so is uncouth.
The little lies that sound so sweet
Are far more dear than truth.*



"My boy doesn't drink in Tech—look at the water he drinks at home."

Doctor: "Do you drink, smoke, pet, keep late hours, or go out with women?"

Stewdent: "Sir, I am a Deke!"



S'funny, I always thought that the Mississippi Deltas were some of our frat brothers from the South.



It's hard to understand why some rivers are so dirty, since they are always washing their mouths.



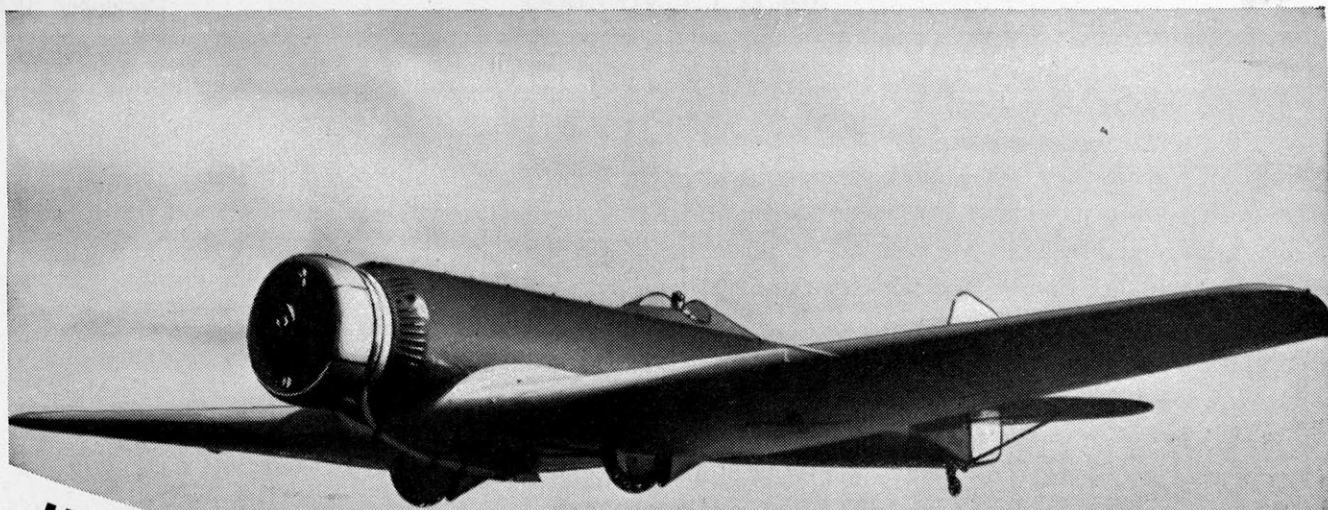
"Well, my lad," asked a friend to Tech engineer's son, "how are you getting along at school?"

"The nuts," replied the protege, "I'm learning words of six cycles."



Except for the censor, we could preach what we practice.

—Punch Bowl



JUST AS AN AEROPLANE NEEDS *Both* WINGS

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AND FLAVOR!



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**EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR**

Schlotzy's Fit

(Continued from page 10)

Professor Van Parsley was a mild, nervous little fellow with a downy moustache. His name was Reginald, not Butch, and he had never been called Butch. He tried to explain as much, but Schlotzy wouldn't listen.

"You come with me, Butch!" said Schlotzy coldly, turning toward the door.

The professor didn't want to, but Schlotzy turned around with a certain gleam in his eye and began to take off his coat, so the professor decided to go along.

"All right, Mr. B.V.D.," he said, "I'm coming." And he tried to smile ingratiatingly but only achieved a faint resemblance to a lovesick pekingese.

So Schlotzy stalked out the door and Professor Van Parsley pretended to follow, but instead he slammed the door from the inside and hollered for us to help him keep it closed.

But, from what I heard later, Schlotzy never even noticed, and the Institute police finally picked him up in the main lobby where he was waiting for an elevator to the library.

They took Schlotzy to the infirmary and he became himself again in a few days, but he was always a little subdued afterwards. At the end of the term he transferred to Harvard, where there were so many other odd cases that he felt quite inconspicuous.

Professor Van Parsley still teaches Physics and is getting more mild and nervous. The class is sleepier than ever, but occasionally someone says "Butch", and everyone laughs and the Professor begins to scribble vectors even more viciously, and soon we forget and slip back into our usual coma.

THE END



TWO LITTLE WORMS

Two little worms were digging.

Two little worms were digging in earnest.

Two little worms were digging in dead earnest.

Poor Earnest!

—Pelican



"Where you been?"

"Macon, Georgia."

"Did you?"

"Do you want to sell that horse?"

"Sure, I want to sell the horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Can he run? Look," thereupon slapping the part of the horse sometimes used for that purpose, and off trotted the horse at full speed, running just as prettily as could be.

Suddenly the horse ran full speed into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the young fellow hurriedly blurted.

The farmer thought even quicker.

"Hell, no," he drawled. "He just doesn't give a damn."

—Tiger



LIFE

My parents told me not to smoke

—I don't.

Nor listen to a dirty joke

—I don't.

They make it clear I mustn't wink

At pretty girls or even think

Of an intoxicating drink,

—I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong,

—I don't.

Wild youth chases wine, women and song.

I kiss no girls, not even one.

I do not know how it is done.

You wouldn't think I had much fun,

I DON'T!

—Lord Jeff

On Your Trips

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HARVARD TRUST CO.

“Nuts!”

said the professor

But no one cared when he flunked the whole class.
They had just been reading

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Gloom Number

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Repeal Headache

Walker Stomach

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ORDEAL

It was a black, cold night late in winter. Sudden gusts of wind blew along the waste-littered streets of the uninhabited warehouse district. Heavy sullen clouds overhead only served to accentuate the hidden threat of storm heralded by the dull distant rumbling of thunder and faint buried glow of lightning flashes.

A particularly vivid glare revealed the small shrinking figure of a man making its way along the debris-laden walk. Dodging quickly from building to building until he came to a doorway partially concealed by large boxes filled with paper and straw packing, he glanced around furtively and hurriedly ducked into the runway.

Muttering fervent curses, he built a small fire from some discarded pieces of wrapping paper and warmed his numbed fingers a moment, then, drawing a small formidable black object from his coat pocket, he applied one of the glowing embers from the now dying fire to it. At length a small puff of smoke arose accompanied by the acrid smell of scorching varnish.

He arose, laid the glowing weapon in a corner, and staggered down the street muttering, "Hell, I just *can't* break in a new pipe."

—Exchange



ALL WORK—

The story is told of a young doctor who was making a sort of pilgrimage to the Harvard Medical School in order to meet some of the famous scientists about whom he had heard all during his college days. He was walking down one of the corridors when he passed a dignified, gray-haired, old gentleman. Struck by the distinguished manner of this person, he wondered who it might be. A janitor was standing nearby and the young man approached him and asked the name of the man who had so impressed him.

The janitor eagerly answered him. "Why, that's Doctor —, the famous embryologist," he said. "Very theoretical fellow, though. He has no children of his own."

—Dirge



Give a woman an inch and she'll buy a new girdle.

—Punch Bowl

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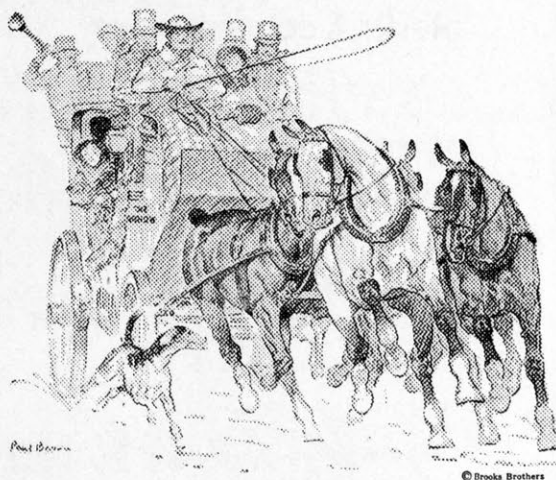
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CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost. "Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked in the mirror. "I never knew he had his pitcher took." He took the mirror home, stole into the house and hid it in the attic, but his actions did not escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "Mm-m," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'." —*Pel Mell*



STICKS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB DEPT.

To the window of the receiving teller in one of the few surviving banks in Charleston, they tell me, came recently a voluminous old colored woman who fished into the uncharted depths of her costume and came up at last with two gold pieces for lodgment in the vaults of the bank. The surprised teller accepted them with jocularly. "Why, Mammy!" he exclaimed. "Been hoarding?" Mammy shook with delight at the soft impeachment, "No, indeedy," she replied, "I earned these by takin' in washin'." *The New Yorker*

"Did you hear the news? Oscar's parents made him come home from school, on the ground that his morals were being ruined."

"What gave them that idea? Oscar's only fault is that he spends too much."

"That's just it. He wrote home that he was spending money like a drunken sailor, and his mother had heard where drunken sailors usually spend their money."

—*Pitt Panther*

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VOO DOO

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Lift your limpid, lazy, lips
Upward to be kissed.
How can you be uncongenial
On a night like this?

The misty, mellow, moonlight
Floods the valley through
With a curious enchanted
Love-enticing dew.

So lift those lazy, limpid, lips
Upward to be kissed.
I could love a walrus, dear,
On a night like this.

—Purple Cow



He: What a night! What a girl! What a combination!

She: Oh, dear, is that showing too?

—Widow



MIGHT ASK THE LAWYERS

A, B, and P bought a keg of beer;
A and B drank the beer.
Are A and B liable to P?

—Dirge



TEST

And although there is always the story of the thorough-going youth who invented a sort of litmus paper in order to tell by certain chemical methods rather than by simple taste the difference between rye and gin, we feel that the most clever of all was the Sarah Lawrence girl who told the difference between a tooth brush and a squirrel by putting both of them at the bottom of a tree and seeing which one ran up.

—Purple Cow



"Give me an example of incongruity."

"A football team at Wellesley."

"And another."

"One at Harvard."

—Gargoyle



Christmas Gifts



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\$1.50 up WITH TECH SEAL

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IT PAYS YOU A DIVIDEND

Abraham was passing away, and around him members of his family were grouped, weeping and praying.

His lips moved, "Wife," he whispered, "is everybody here?"

"Yes, dear, we are all here."

"Are you sure, wife? Is Moses here? And Reuben and Rebecca and little Ikey?"

"Yes, father," sobbed Rachel, "we are all here."

"Just as I thought," moaned the old Hebrew as he turned over. "I am not dead yet and already they have begun to neglect the store."

—Log



"May I see the captain?" inquired a lady passenger.

"He's forward, miss," replied the first mate.

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said the lady; "I've been out with college students."

—The Old Line

M. I. T. MEN

**"On that visit to
NEW YORK"**

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SEE THERE?

She: "Am I the first girl you ever loved?"

He: "No, baby, but I'm harder to please than I
 used to be."

—Rice Owl



"I was quite upset when Jack kissed me."

"O-oh! Never been kissed before?"

"Oh, yes; but never in a canoe."

—Pointer



Lost—A lead pencil by Marjorie Comeon, blonde,
 blue eyes, good dancer. Finder please return to Room
 405, Margaret Brent Hall, between the hours of 7
 and 9 p.m.

—Old Line

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"Heck! Can't have a date with my girl for two or three nights."

"What's the matter?"

"Aw, she just ran off and married my roommate!"

—Gargoyle



I liked our iceman;
He was so nice.
He always used to bring us
The coldest ice.
Daddy came early
From work one day
Just in time to hear
My Mamma say:
"My big, strong ice-mans
You'd better go;
But come again tomorrow
For I love you so."
I liked our ice man
He was so nice;
But now he's in his coffin
As cold as ice.

—Kitty Kat



"Do you drink liquor?"

"Yes, of course. What do you do with it?"

—Sundial



First Son—"Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars quick or she'll sue."

Father—"It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Makes out check.)

Second Son—"Father, I got in trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father—"It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Makes out check.)

Daughter—"Father, I did something dreadful last night—"

Father—"Ah, now we collect."

—Pelican

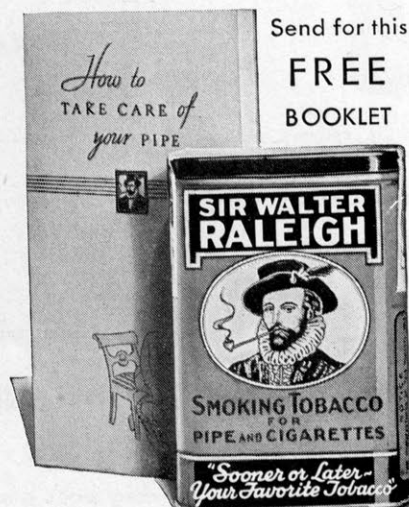
"OH! OH!
THIS IS JOE!"



YOU really need a good gas-mask to play blindman's buff successfully when Joe and his gassy old briar are in the game. That surly tobacco he stokes up with gives him away.

Run a cleaner through your briar, Joe, scrape out the polluted bowl—then fill up with mild Sir Walter Raleigh. This gentle blending of Kentucky Burleys gives off a delicate and seductive fragrance that appeals to merry widows and wary kiddoes alike. Sir Walter Raleigh is cool. It's slow burning. It's pipe smoking at its best. Try it—you'll be the hit of the party.

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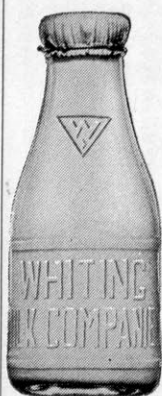
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Wife (to late returning husband)—"Is that you John?"

John—"It'd better be."

—Froth



HOW TO TAKE A DAME TO A GAME IN SEVEN EASY LESSONS

- Lesson 1. Ask the young lady how she is, what she isn't doing next Saturday afternoon, and most important of all, does she have an A.A. book of her own?
- Lesson 2. When she says she'll gladly break another date to go to the game with you, just remember she's probably the coach's daughter, with a good "line."
- Lesson 3. Call on your best pal, and remark, "That's a swell tie you have on, and how about a loan of your gas buggy Saturday afternoon?" When you meet with the refusal, tell him it's even a nice shirt he's wearing too.
- Lesson 4. Assuming that you got the car (which you won't) attempt to park it. You can usually get a ducky little place a short trolley ride from the stadium. As you enter you'll probably notice the first half is over, but she'll cheer you up with, "Oh goody, we didn't miss a thing. It's still 0-0."
- Lesson 5. When her questions start, you'll find the going tough, but stick with her. For instance, she might ask, "Why are all the players jumping up and down on each other in piles?" Explain that it's probably Mary Binney Montgomery's new course in Expression or something.
- Lesson 6. Keep her interest upon the game. Especially when the hot-dog man comes around. When she asks what they are doing in the huddle, tell her they're passing French post-cards around.
- Lesson 7. When at the end of the game, she turns to you and asks, "Let's see, now, whom did you say we were playing?" just murmur demurely, "What say?"

MEL (THINKER UPPER) BRUDER.

—Owl

PEACE IN SPIRITS

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... is the promotion of peace — both **in** and **from** spirits.

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THE VICTORIA

English HUNT ROOM

COPLEY SQUARE ZONE
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GEORGE A. TURAIN
Manager



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They Taste Better!

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