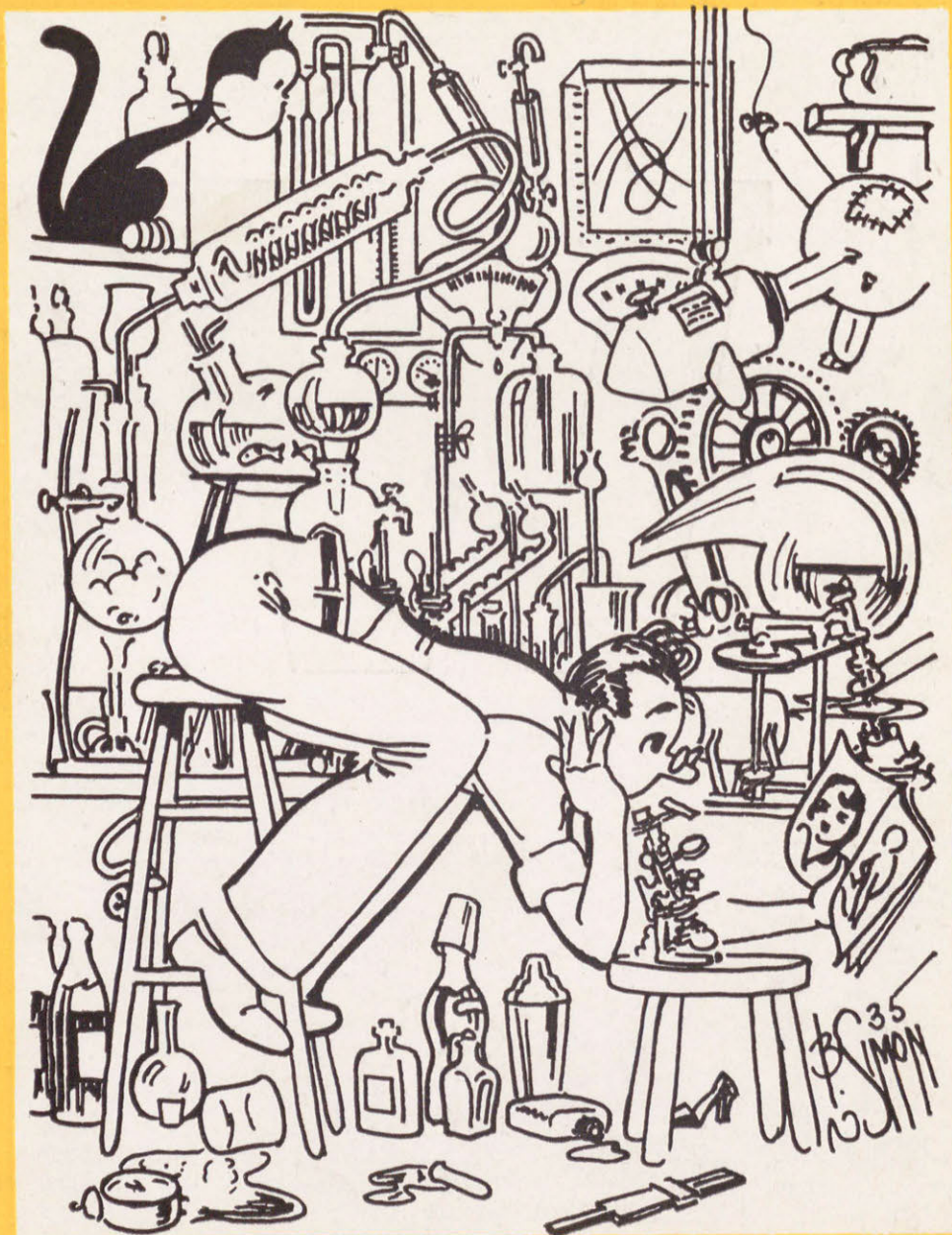


MIT WooDee



PRICE—15c

POF-SCDA #1-

RESEARCH NUMBER

The M. I. T. VOO DOO is published monthly from October to May by the Woop Garoo Society for the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office, 303-304 Walker Memorial, Cambridge, Mass. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass. Copyright, 1934, by the Woop Garoo Society. Exclusive reprint rights granted to

College Humor

The letter "W" is just one of 26 letters in the alphabet. The type in which it is printed is one of thousands of available type faces. . . .

W

Expert advice is necessary to enable you to select the right type for the right place so that your message carries the greatest possible appeal. Select your printer so that you can rely on him for the typographical advice which will raise your printed piece above the average and stamp it as distinctive.

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Foxboro, Mass.

Telephone, 236

Her: "You ain't no gentleman.

Him: "You ain't no blonde."

—*The Log*



Dorothy has a lot of boy friends hasn't she?

Yes, she has so many that she's stopped trying to keep them straight.

—*Malteasar*



Hint to Sots: Left-handed beer mugs can be made into right-handed ones by walking around the counter.

—*Skipper*



"Where's my fraternity pin, fair one?"

"I left it home, Oswald. The boys complain that it scratches their hands."

—*Cal. Pelican*



Co-ed: "I want you to tattoo a cat on my knee."

Tattooer: "Nope. I'll tattoo a giraffe or nothing."

—*Black and Blue Jay*



Conductor: "I'll have to charge you full fare for your little brother—he's wearing long pants."

Young Brother: "Gosh, sis, you ride free!"

—*Black and Blue Jay*



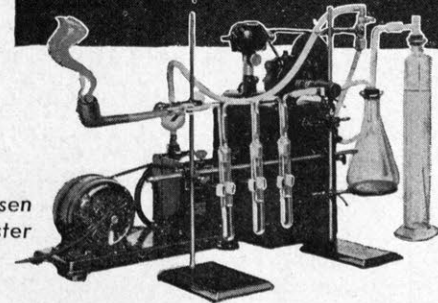
Ques.: "What is the difference between a spider and a fly?"

Ans.: "You can't sew a button on a spider."

—*Tech Flash*

NEW Drinkless KAYWOODIE

PROVED THE BEST SMOKING PIPE IN THE WORLD



on the Jensen
Smoke Tester

There's one pipe that is actually better-smoking than any other. **University scientists, recently, made over 410 tests with every well known pipe in the world and proved new Drinkless Kaywoodie best.** By actual laboratory measurement, 51% purer smoke, 51% better taste! Let your own taste confirm it. Get a new Drinkless Kaywoodie. It will bring you the kind of enjoyment that is a revelation. For the first time, you'll know the real pleasure of pipe smoking.

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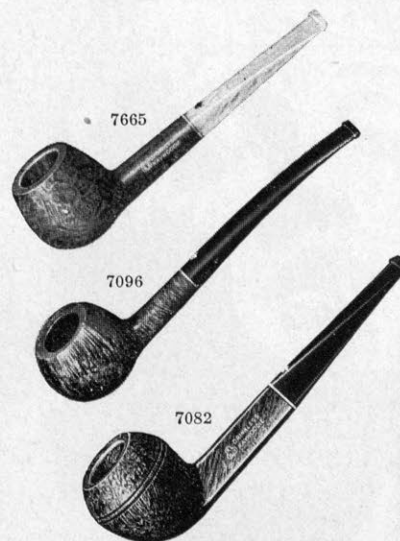
Get the only Handbook of its kind—shows 106 different pipes in full colors including the newest styles. Also booklet describing the 410 pipe tests. Enclose 10c for mailing.

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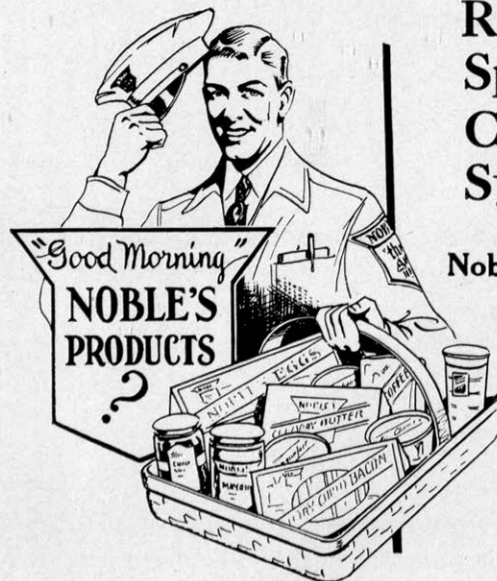
DURING THE PAST YEAR OVER SIXTY-FIVE
COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAMS AND THREE
THOUSAND COLLEGE STUDENTS AND FAMILIES
HAVE MADE THE KENMORE THEIR BOSTON
HOME

NOBLE'S *Breakfast Service*

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WESt Ntn 2616
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HYA nnis 280
FALmouth 361



HERE'S SMOKE IN YOUR EYES

and "NANA" on the brain after you see ANNA
STEN in that different and intriguing picture
coming to LOEW'S STATE Theatre, February 23.

"Do you use Pluto Water?"

"Yeh, I'm a regular fellow."

—Penn State Froth



They say Mary had a little Lamb. Evidently she
must have been the black sheep of the family.

—Malteaser



Mary: "Have a good time last night?"

Sorry: "Yah, but take my advice, and never
slap a fellow when he's chewing tobacco."

—Red Cat



Professor (to unruly freshman): "Boy, tell
me, what has become of your ethics?"

Freshman: "Oh, sir, I traded it in long ago
for a Hudson."

—Red Cat



"DOUBLE
DOOR"

AT THE
PLYMOUTH

RICHARD
KENDRICK

THELMA
PAIGE

MARY
MORRIS
who portrays
VICTORIA VAN BRET

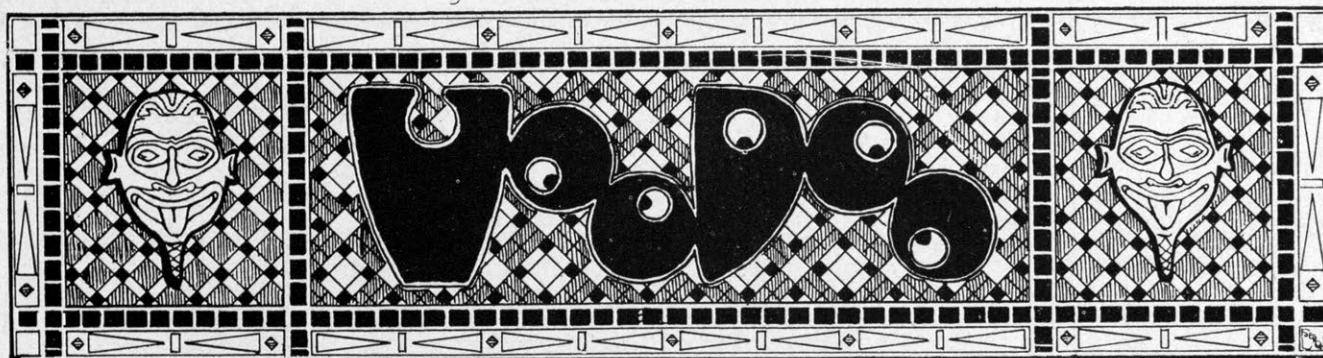
will support

The poster features three main illustrations: a man (Richard Kendrick) and a woman (Thelma Paige) in profile facing each other in the upper left; a smaller, high-contrast black and white portrait of a woman (Mary Morris) in the lower left; and a large, detailed portrait of a woman (Mary Morris) in the lower right, looking slightly to the side. The title "DOUBLE DOOR" is written in a large, stylized, hand-drawn font at the top right. Below the title, it says "AT THE PLYMOUTH". The names of the actors are listed in a simple, hand-drawn font. At the bottom, it says "will support".



WITH JUST A LITTLE RESEARCH

this picture puzzle discloses to the student of anatomy legs named Herman and girls named EVELYN MYERS, LOUISE STEWART, ANN NORTON, LILLIAN MURRAY, and DAWN DELESS, all charming exponents of that erotic new game, "Nuances des Nudités," as played across the boards of Minsky's New PARK BURLESQUE THEATRE.



VOO-DOOINGS . . .

Antarctica . . .

THIS has been a remarkable year in more ways than one. We refer especially to the copious Arctic ice-floe on the Charles—a circumstance which has given rise to a revival of the old Viking spirit among the Engineers. Much after the manner of Byrd, the more venturesome brothers of a Commonwealth Avenue fraternal organization braved the unknown dangers of the virgin ice in a successful attempt to get home to lunch one afternoon with a saving of time and an incidental accumulation of glory. Except for the ever-present danger of posterial injury the expedition reached the Boston shore in safety, duly noting the remarkable thickness of the ice. But the gravest danger of all became apparent only after subsequent conversation with some of the well-informed. It seems that the law has severe and ghastly



punishments awaiting such of the unwary as can be caught, so the boys had a real Prohibition thrill—and at half price, so to speak.



Ringside . . .

THE board was rapidly becoming cluttered with the derivations for moment of inertia, center of mass,

and others of those things that Professor Frank knows so much about and freshmen so little. Finally Prof. Frank proposed to do one of his "simple" problems showing the method of finding the center of mass. He drew a nice triangle and at each corner placed what seemed to be chalk dots. The eye-strain was too much for a non-sleeper in the fifteenth row and he burst forth: "What are those marks in the corners?" Almost immediately



a nearby vigilant handed the quizzing frosh a two-foot telescope through which he had been watching the procedure. Prof. Frank took pity on the other 350 inhabitants of 10-250 and obligingly increased the size of his figures.



Mens et ladies . . .

CAN it be that Voo Doo is a moral reformer of the Institute? About one year ago there appeared an item in this very column about the basement of Walker. Phos pointed out that over the lavatory on the right hand side was the inscription, *Ladies*. Later he indicated an ethical downfall, for the sign had suddenly changed to *Women*. Of course this wreaked havoc with our social standing, and Phos was quite put up about

it. Hence the item in our columns.

It is hard to imagine how overwhelmed Phos was when he passed the same spot the other day. Walker was once more back with the elite where it belonged. Again the sign was *Ladies*. It was printed in very dignified black lettering, and on snow white cardboard, too. Another rung on the social ladder that we have successfully transcended!

We might mention that Phos looked a little closer at the door of that sacred female temple. Right on the door in permanent letters is painted *Women*.



Heads! . . .

ONE of our budding young freshmen, a while ago, was scurrying hurriedly, as freshmen, filled with enthusiasm and joy of living, are wont to do, along the walk between Build-



ing Two and Walker. Managing in his haste to get his feet tangled, he took a spill, scattering books and a handful of miscellaneous nickels, dimes, and pennies about the landscape. Picking up his books first (the dope) and placing them in a neat little pile, he went about retrieving his scattered fortune. In the midst of his endeavors, a kindly professorial-looking gentleman approached,

stopped, and watched him with interest.

"Better pick them all up, son," he announced finally, "or you'll have the whole faculty out here half the afternoon," and he went on his way.

Egad! This depression!!



Tek is Hel . . .

THERE are times when our observations prompt us to the thought that spelling bees wouldn't be such a bad idea for some people. The idea that spelling might be occasionally substituted for Keuffel & Esser model 4053 came to us while we were sitting at a table in the delicatessen.

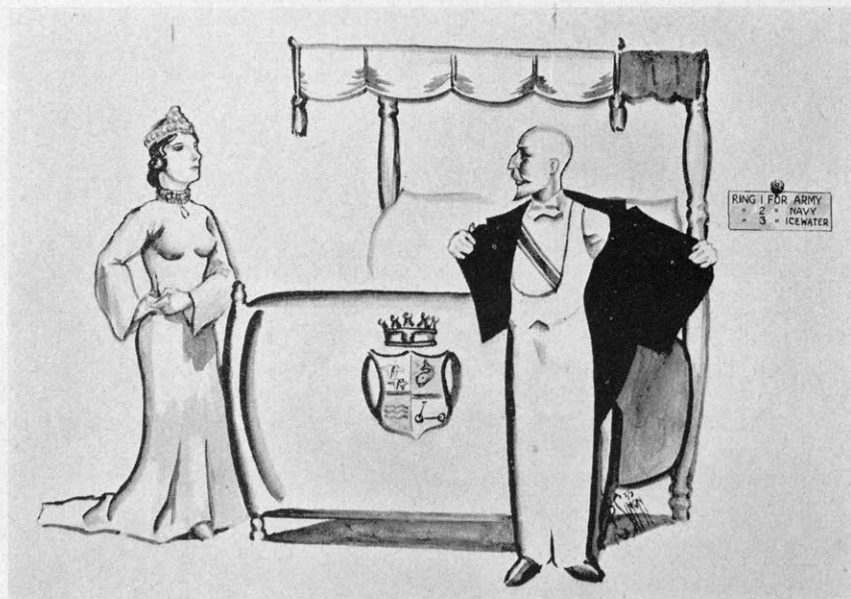
We were idly munching a liverwurst sandwich on white bread and letting our eyes rove carelessly about the panels of the room. A big list of sandwiches announced all available species together with their prices. Like an overgrown stock sheet this list was painted on the rear wall. The last sandwich on the list was the "Tech Special." Something about the wording looked queer. We looked at the sign more closely. Yes, we were right; those innocent looking letters had a history to tell. One that ought to make the delicatessen blush, in fact.

The original painter must have been on edge when he did that job, for his initial inscription was the "Teck Special." But when sandwich price lists are inscribed solidly on walls, they automatically become immortal. They couldn't allow the misspelling to stay. There were two options;

(a) To rub out the C and let the resulting "Tek" advertise a toothbrush; or (b) Cross out the K and put an H in.

Examination shows that the management decided upon the latter procedure. If you look closely at the sign, you can see that "Teck" has been altered to "Tech" (Dear old —.)

The chances are the management wouldn't have chosen option (a) because the delicatessen does not sell toothbrushes.



"Last one in is a rotten egg!"

Checkmate . . .

A FEW issues ago Phos presented on these pages a game that was threatening to sweep the mathematical world by storm. It was three-dimensional Tick-tack-toe played on twenty-seven cubes instead of nine squares.

Later Phos proudly showed his conception to an eminent mathematician of the Institute to get his slant on the game.

"Pshaw," was the answer. "That isn't anything. You should try three-dimensional chess."



Classified Ads . . .

WE would like to congratulate whoever is the author upon the splendid job they did in getting out the new pamphlet, *Educational Opportunities at Technology*. Every student ought to make it his duty to have a copy of it sent to some of his acquaintances.

There is one little point which has got a few keen observers a little het up, especially members of the gym team. One of the photographs in the book was taken in Walker gym and is a remarkable picture of an athlete doing a handstand on only one of a pair of parallel bars. That is, he is

standing on his head, both his hands gripping one round, horizontal rod and nothing else. They printed this picture upside down. Reversing this makes the man hanging from an overhead bar, a stunt about which there is nothing particularly hard.

One member of last year's Tech Show found a cast picture and was tickled to see his own portrait in the center of such an imposing publication.

"Look," he shouted to his roommate, after running breathlessly down three flights of stairs to find him, "I'm an educational opportunity."



Such Is Fame . . .

IT was a serious meeting of the advisory council, the air was filled with cigar-smoke and silence except for the speaker who prevailed. He was referring to a familiar figure in athletics, a polished gentleman with waxed moustach, gloves, spats, and a cane, and in the midst of his remarks he quoted: "He is the best athletic supporter that Tech has ever had."



AS IT OUGHT TO BE

*Tubby Rogers in a lecture room—
Sagged and reeled and pounded on
the table,*

Leaned against the table

Hard as he was able

Boomlay, Boomlay, Boomlay, Boom!

THEN I THOUGHT OF HELL; THEN I
THOUGHT OF HEAVEN

BUT I COULD NOT TURN FROM THAT
COURSE OF E11.

*Then I saw the cow's mate cutting
through the black*

*Creeping through his words with a
golden track.*

*Then I heard the boom of an eternal
song—*

*Pedagogic words in an endless drone,
Shovel shovel*

Shovel shovel

Ping!

A roaring epic ragtime tune

*From the halls of Technology to the
mountains of the moon—*

Be careful what you do or

*Tubby Rogers, God of the college,
will hoo-doo you.*

*Rubby Rogers, God of the college,
will hoo — doo — you —*

*Tubby — Rogers — will — hoo —
doo — you.*



A thrill awaiting students in 8.02
. . . Watching Prof. Frank make
little Eddies in 10-250.



Queen Isabella: "It's upstairs, the
first door on the right."

Christopher Columbus: "You mis-
understood me, Your Majesty. I
said I needed a ship."



If it is true that this is a business
cycle, then a lot of people are cer-
tainly being taken for a ride.

REALIZING the serious house-
hold difficulties the Fraternities
are facing, the voo doo research
bureau has brought out the following
articles, for which orders will be
taken in the main lobby.

The Bachante Bunk Booster Into
—a small electrically driven crane,
mounted on rubber-tired wheels
(complete knee action). Comes com-
plete with elephant sling, and en-
ables one man to put a 250-pound sot
to bed in an upper berth.

Four-forty Derodentater—a spe-
cially treated cheese. Unlike most
derodentaters that work on the lure-
and-catch principle, Four-forty is
simply placed in a strategic place. It
is so potent that when the intruder
appears, it runs after it and strangles
it. Four-forty comes in cartons of
twelve with gas masks.

The Electroverm Deroacher—a
photo-electric cell and relay device.
The electroverm is placed in the
middle of the kitchen or pantry floor.
When a roach comes into range the
Electroverm rings an alarm, calling
the Frates who rush down and
throw croquet balls at the roach.
(The effectiveness of the Electroverm
can be increased by awarding prizes
for direct hits.)

METALLURGICAL
DEFINITIONS

Copper—Large, fairly extinct biped
wearing a blue coat.

Antimony—The money collected by a
divorcee periodically.

Brass—Natural exclamation when
caught with pants down on a cold
day.

Iron—The tailor does all our pressing
for us.

Zinc—You should have seen the zinc
at our house after the last party.

Platinum—Coloring matter used to
ensnare the male—Jean Harlow.

Nickel—An Injun on one side and a
buffalo on the other.

Cast Steel—Name of a pure soap im-
ported from Spain.

Gold—Have you got a gold? If so,
use Rem and get rid of it.

Bismuth—The capitol of North Da-
kota.

Silver—Long, thin slice of wood e.g.,
I got a silver in my finger.

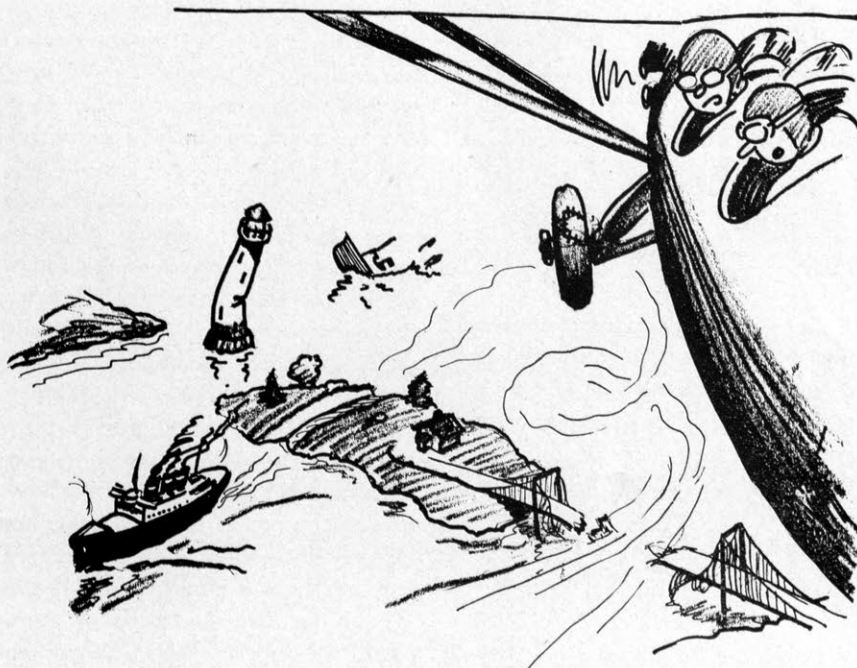
Aluminum—Past tense of the verb
aluminate, to get lit up.

Tin—Base of Napierian Logarithms.

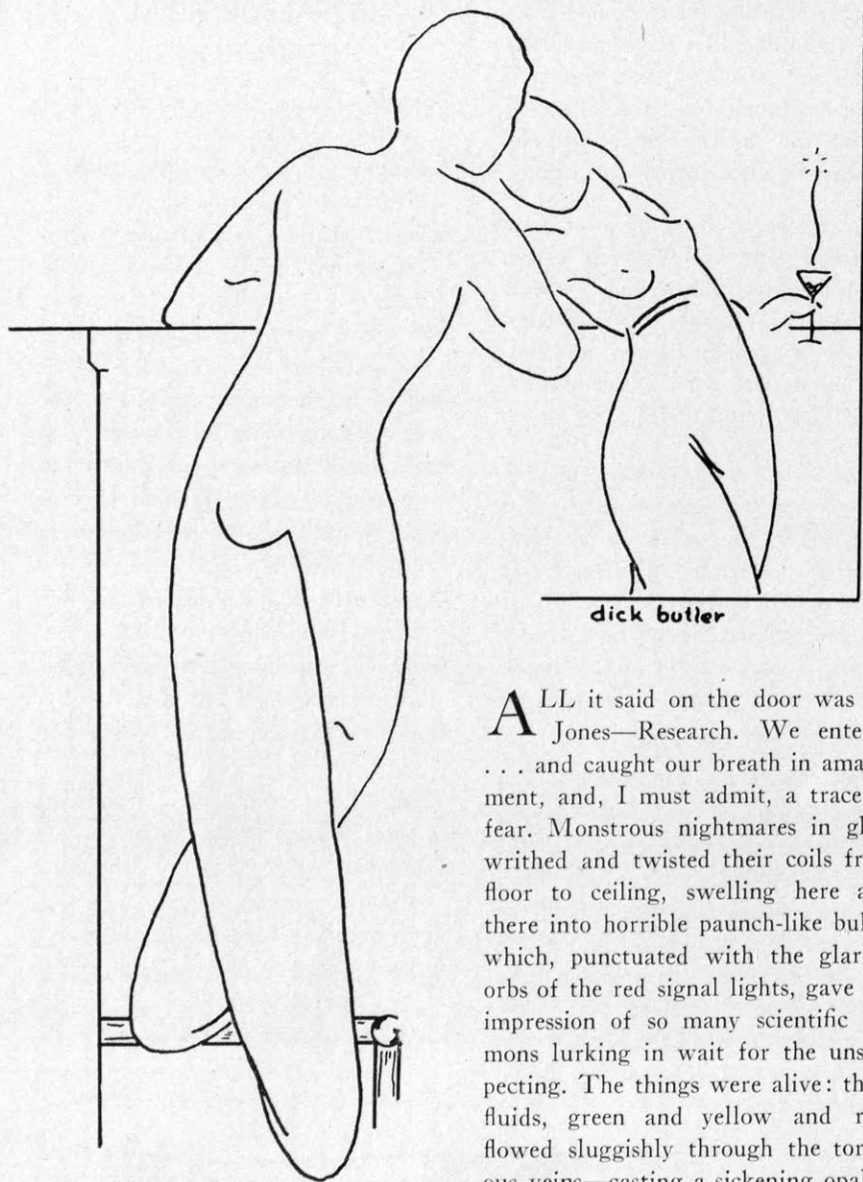
Bronze—Type of cheer originating in
the State of New York.

Caesium—Exclamation, used in Bi-
ble.

Chromium—Bird emporium.



"Just the captain teaching his wife to drive."



"I hate drilling crooked holes."
 "Why?"
 "They're such an awful bore."



One of our tiny students, working in one of the chemistry research labs, accidentally sat down in a mixture he was preparing. The poor fellow, he got a little behind in his work.



Add simile: As flat as a kiss from your sister.

dick butler

ALL it said on the door was H. Jones—Research. We entered . . . and caught our breath in amazement, and, I must admit, a trace of fear. Monstrous nightmares in glass writhed and twisted their coils from floor to ceiling, swelling here and there into horrible paunch-like bulbs, which, punctuated with the glaring orbs of the red signal lights, gave the impression of so many scientific demons lurking in wait for the unsuspecting. The things were alive: thick fluids, green and yellow and red, flowed sluggishly through the tortuous veins—casting a sickening opalescence about the room; the red orbs winked with sardonic cruelty at their victims. In the midst of the web of malignant coils we made out the figure of the chemist, half bent over some piece of grotesquely distorted apparatus whose base glowed a ruddy red in that spot of seemingly greater darkness. Tense, rigid, his eyes lit with the fire of fanaticism, his hair disheveled, he worked with feverish haste upon that before him. Presently from the apparatus came a ghastly bubbling, adding a voice to the horrors of the room. The tall figure relaxed with a great sigh of relieved tension that was almost a sob. Walking to the door he threw it open. "Joe," he called, "Joe . . . come on. Coffee's ready . . ."

GREEK SIMPLIFIED

IN answer to a number of requests for knowledge we take pleasure in printing a glossary of Greek letters and their current meanings.

Alpha: kind of grass.

Beta: routine answer to inquiries at the Infirmary.

Gamma: female grandparent.

Phi: stipend paid to a lawyer.

Kappa: seat of relief.

Pi: (for correct pronunciation see Phi above) meaning obvious.

Rho: propel by oars.

Nu: of recent creation.

Mu: noise made by cat.

Sigma: a vocalist.

Delta: past tense of act of distributing cards.

Lambda: small wool-bearing mammal.

Psi: rustic character.



*Julie sleeps without her nightie,
 Holy smoke, and Gawd Almighty!*



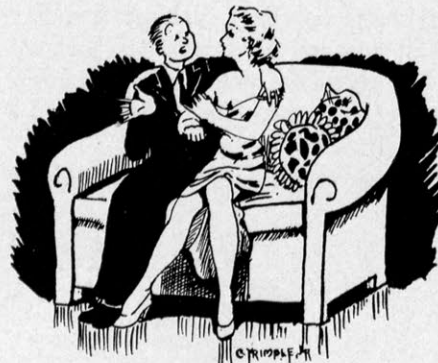
The lunch counter song: "Throw
 Another Dog on the Fryer."



"Absinthe makes the heart grow
 fonder," murmured the old soldier,
 wiping his chin.



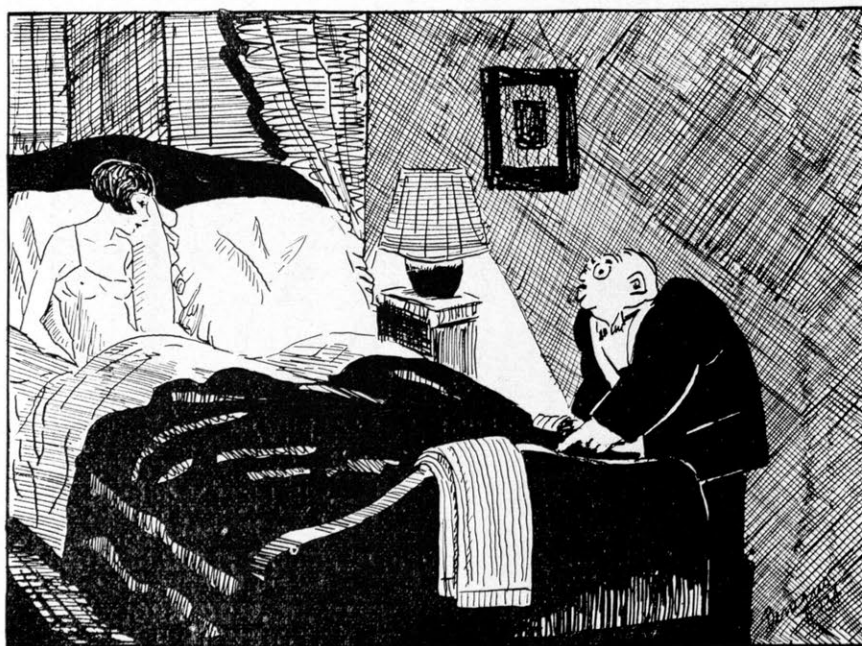
Caesar brought up to date:
 Veni, Vide, Vici,—Voopee!!



"Oh, but I'm a research man!"



"Now lissen, baby, you go out there and keep them guessin'."



"Now tell me *those* are Marlene Dietrich pants, too!"

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

ONCE there lived a wise man, and he had three sons. And lo, his last hour drew near, and he called his sons around him, saying: "My sons, my end cometh apace, and I would make sure of your integrity. Therefore take ye each one of the talents of gold which I have here and use it as ye will, rendering account after a score of years to my estate."

And so the sons took each his talent and fared forth, each being resolved to justify himself; and the old man died in the fullness of his years. But the first son thought: "My father was verily a wise man, and he hath left me a talent for learning." So he used his talent to buy books withal, which, having been read, were cast aside; and there was the end of his talent.

And the second son took counsel thus: "My father was indeed a passing good judge of fair women, and he hath doubtless left me a talent for women." So he went and spent his talent in places of which it were better not to tell. And he awoke betimes with a wondrous great headache and no gold; and there was an end of *his* talent.

But the third son followed in his

father's footsteps and became monstrous drunk with his new wealth, and mused to himself to wit: "Now the old man was truly a merry drinker in his youth, and it is plain that he hath left me his most priceless gift. He hath left me a talent for drinking." And the third son kept his talent for drinking all his life; and those holding the old man's estate were exceedingly pleased with the wise third son.

"I was in an insulated tomb today."

"How's that?"

"It's full of dead heir space."

In many a verbal
Repartee

One answer will bring
Sure victory.

Snappy comebacks

There are a lot.

But you can't get around

The phrase, "SO WHAT!"

*There once was a lady named Dooley,
Who painted China just lovely.
She never sold any,
But that didn't make any difference,
Because it wasn't any good anyhow.*



"Drink . . . Hell no . . . he doesn't drink. He freezes it and eats it . . ."



Artist: "I haven't been able to lay my hands on a good model for a long time."

Another: "You shouldn't use that kind, my friend."



Lecturer: "And, physically, there is no such thing as 'nothing'."

Proverbial class menace: "How about Water anhydride."

The funeral will be held at three P. M. Wednesday.



He simply couldn't pronounce the R. He said "Gertwude" and "engineewing" and lots of other funny things. But it approached disaster when he told his girl friend he was doing research on wrenches.



The blackboard was covered with integrals.

"And so," concluded the professor, "we have proved, taking into account the planetary density of mean space, that the world will be hit by a comet and destroyed in ninety thousand years."

A panic-stricken voice in the back of the room interrupted him.

"How many?"

"I said in ninety thousand years."

"Oh, that's different. I thought you said nineteen thousand."

A lass and a lack



*No match for
her Chesterfield!*

THE CIGARETTE THAT'S *Milder*
THE CIGARETTE THAT *Tastes Better*

Voo Doo

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DUE to a large drop in advertising revenue over last year, the Managing Board of Volume XVI has found it advisable to change the policies of VOO DOO considerably. Beginning with this issue, the number of pages will be cut from twenty-four to twenty. However, the more than proportionate cut in price from twenty-five to fifteen cents which becomes effective with this issue will be more in harmony with our readers' finances.

The Board has been careful in revising the makeup so that in reducing the total number of pages the amount of reading matter in the magazine will remain the same. Thus, as far as our readers are concerned, VOO DOO will remain substantially as before with the added feature of a ten-cent drop in price.

Arrangements are being made to take care of those who hold subscriptions covering the remaining issues of this term.



WITH the publication of Issue Number Eight, the Managing Board of Volume XVI attempts very strenuously to close its ears to the raucous cries of sundry professors who seem to be imbued with the Spirit of The New Term, and pen its final editorial. And, as we lay aside our cap and bells, we heave a small sigh, partly of relief and partly—

* * * *

Thus, Volume XVII, which begins with the Prom Number in March, will be under the direction of the newly-elected Managing Board composed of General Manager John Duff, III, '35; Business Manager Richard F. Bailey, '35; Managing Editor Lewis B. Simon, '35; Editor Robert K. Wead, '36; Literary Editor Rufus P. Isaacs, '36; Art Editor George S. Trimble, Jr., '36; Advertising Manager E. Henry Cargen, Jr., '36; Treasurer William B. du Pont, '36; Circulation Manager John D. Gardiner, '36; and Assistant Art Editor Benigno Sanchez, '37.

The newly-elected Associate Editors are Harry M. Gallay, Douglas Chalmers, Harry J. Haflin, Jr., and Alvin J. Garber. The Business Associates are Robert J. Brauer and Phillip H. Peters.

And we are very pleased to announce that Will Rapport, ex-'35, will continue to contribute his inimitable *ne plus ultra* theatre page and other theatrical work as Art Editor Emeritus.

WE were seriously considering starting a Bad Dreams Department, and including in each issue various nocturnal experiences of the campus. The idea might not be so bad at that, for only God knows what the nightmares of a Tech freshman must be like. Big slide rule ogres pouncing from behind colossal ammeters and sticking out a quiz paper with a fiendish laugh. Brr-rr-r! We see those things all the time. But let us be specific.

A sophomore attended an 8.03 lecture. And that night it produced this effect. He had been hearing about induced currents, and that night he dreamt about them. He was back home standing in the kitchen with an enormous lasso of copper wire in his hand. He swung the wire over his head, trying to lasso something. But the earth's magnetic field was there and as soon as the wire cut the lines of flux it started to give off sparks. Big, crackling, blue six-foot sparks were hopping devilishly. Under the stove, into the sink, on top of the ice-box they flitted. At length our dreamer looked into a pot that happened to be there and found a green snake sitting placidly in the bottom. We don't know what that last point had to do with the sparks, but it was there. We might also mention that on that very same night, his roommate dreamt that he was shaking hands with a horse. Oh well, it's a strange world.

Opportunity knocks but once, my friends,
That's something I'll never doubt.
For when I tried a second time
She went and threw me out.



"You say she has a flare for night clubs?"

"Yeah, she's a torch singer."



They call her "Opportunity," because the boys were always trying to take advantage of her.



The somnambulist song: "Roll Out of Bed with a Smile."



There are two kinds of work: the work you have to do, and the work you do getting out of it.



*None of the girls that go to Tech
Strike me as being good to nech.*



"Listen heah man—yo' can't hand me that old lion."



We have been searching the newspapers for a month to find an ad like: "Wanted: Two attractive young girls to increase our circulation."

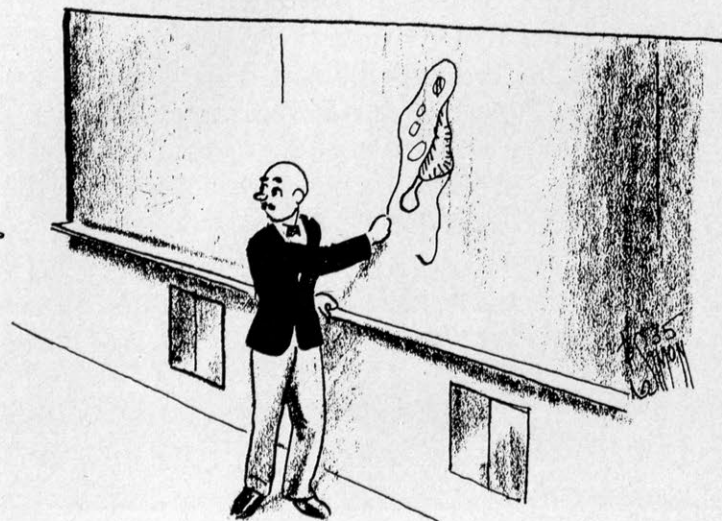
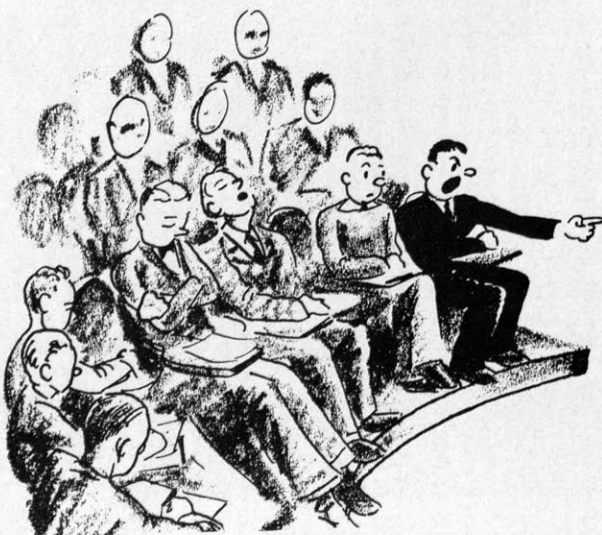


Waiter: "Have you given your order?"

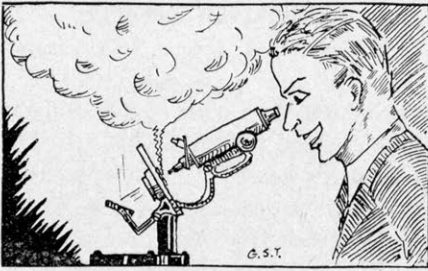
Patron: "Yes—but please change it to an entreaty."



I call my girl Mae West—and not because of her eyes, either.



"That's a pretty sloppy *Paramaecium Candatum*, Professor Turnpi!"



THE MICROSCOPE

WHILE snooping about the other day, we made a remarkable discovery. No doubt you have often wondered about the left-hand elevator in building ten—does it exist, or what? Well, we found that it isn't a dummy as regards to doors, anyway. There is a fine white-painted shaft extending from the first floor to the roof, but of an elevator there is no trace. Perhaps the engineers ran out of eggs when they installed the existing machine.



We see that "The Tech" has been sacrificing the English language on the altar of modern editorial writing. Such little matters as split infinitives, misplaced commas, etc., have given rise to much enjoyment around the lair of Phosphorus, but we can well imagine the shades of some of those famous old literary birds on the staff of the infant Undergraduate Organ revolving in their graves with commendable vigor.



We feel moved to digress a bit on a matter of extreme local interest and attention—hell week. It has long been a moot question with us as to who got the "hell," the fraters or their victims. It's all very nice to keep a pledge up all night at some impossible task, but who has to stay up and swing the paddle? It reminds us of a case we encountered last year, that time we arose at six in the morning in response to a 'phone call and drove merrily out in the sticks to rescue a number of pledges who had spent the morning searching a cliff for eggs. They hadn't suffered much,

although the temperature was below zero; they were warmly dressed and had a fire which the initiators had built for them. But what about the latter group? They had to go out and hide the eggs—and no fire, either. Then they had to bring out the lambs to the slaughter. It all goes to show that those who most deserve punishment get it in the end.



Much as we hate to cast the deep dark shadow of disrepute on a community well and favorably known for the quality of its feminine company, nevertheless we feel it our duty to point out a marked criminal tendency among the masculine element in the fair city of Newton. The dismal story will explain itself.

Last January a small carload of the cream of the Institute's playboys, including—incongruously enough—your long-suffering correspondent, attended a party in the aforementioned metropolis. As the weather was a bit dry, the engineers had thoughtfully included a little refreshment in the impedimenta—about one gallon of it, to be exact.

Inexplicably, the drought had preceded them, and the attendant schoolboys at the party, all native sons and far in excess of the women, were all standing around with their tongues hanging out. Pointed remarks about local drug stores and package dispensaries had no effect whatsoever, and the Technocrats were faced with the bright prospect of making the best of it while the ginger ale lasted.

Very much later in the evening the refreshment—or what was left of it—disappeared, together with the gallon jug in which it was last seen. After a careful search of the premises, one of the visiting group discovered it hidden in the cellar. This detective carried it secretly out the back door, put it in the car, and forgot all about it.

And now, my friends, comes the ghastly climax. When the boys got back to Boston the jug was gone! Of course, Sherlock Holmes may have put it in the wrong car, the night

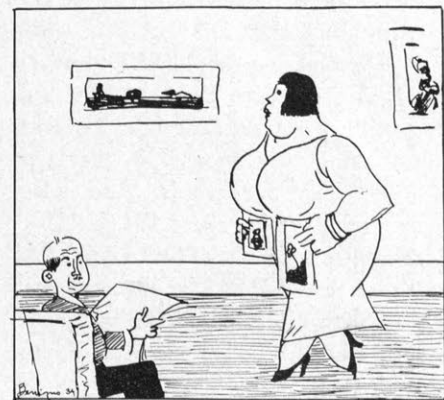
being sort of involved, as it were; but we venture to doubt it. No, it seems that there lurks in Newton a nameless Policy which warrants all good men and true either to shun the infested area or to bring along a watchdog.



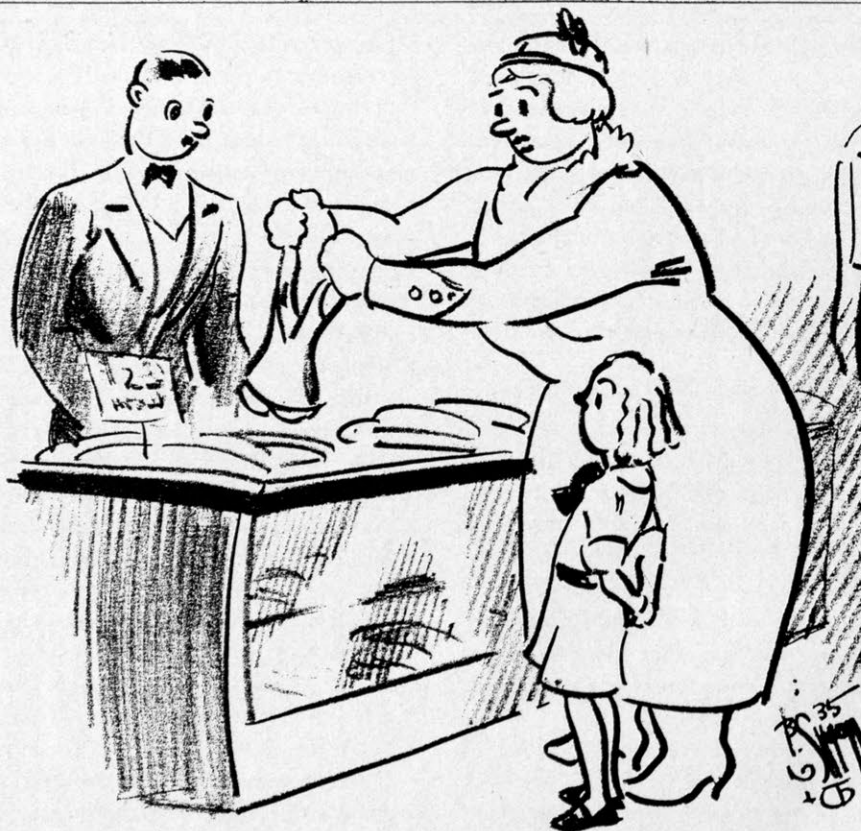
The latest dope on those erratic Sophs and their mysterious dance is that the affair will take place at some Boston hotel. The most apparent reason for this desertion of Walker is the possibility of making a more convivial session than is the average class dance. While not fully in sympathy with this attitude ourselves, we strongly urge anyone interested to go and find out for himself.



Much comment has been aroused in certain circles regarding the increased business activity of local drug stores since repeal. It is interesting to note that our index to the general trend—the good old Tech Pharmacy—seems to feel the pick-up. Full of delightful visions of rare old liqueurs and smoothly blended whiskies, we undertook an investigation, only to have our dreams rudely shattered; we underrated the Engineer. The repeal business of these emporiums seems to confine itself exclusively to gallons of alcohol, cubic centimeters of juniper extract, and quarts of ginger ale. Our schoolmates have a fine contempt for mere camouflage.



"Where do you want me to hang these, darling?"



"Do you think this will fit my Fanny?"

WHY, my DEAR, Tech is the MOST darling place. I mean it really IS, you know. They have the CUTEST little things,—I really don't know the NAMES right now,—I forget things like THAT. My mind works SO fast. I was in a BIG LABORATORY, with engines and things. My dear, it was TOO precious for WORDS. And you should have SEEN the darling STEAM pipes running all over the place. ALL over, I MEAN. And all the lovely BOYS with duckiest little SLIDE rulers. ALL OVER the place. Oh, it was perfectly thrilling; I MEAN it really WAS. And you should SEE them all PLAYING with those SLIDE rulers. They get ALL sorts of numbers and things you know. Oh, they look TOO busy for words. And when they're all sitting there FIGURING things, they're just TOO sweet. Oh, I was just THRILLED. And they play with CHEMICALS, and make the CUTEST colors, and things. And they write it ALL DOWN. They take it SO seriously, the LITTLE dears. They DO, I mean. Really, it was TOO sweet.

*Oh, Mary had a little lamb,
Its birth made Mary weep;
We mean no dirt—so don't feel hurt;
This Mary was a sheep.*



Frosh entertaining young miss:
"Yes—that's my way, I always throw myself into anything I undertake."

Bored young miss: "Marvelous, I suggest you go out and dig a well."



The liquor is so bad in Antarctica, that it has been reported that Commander Byrd has been looking for the ice pack.



"Hey you . . . let go of my garter . . ."

"S'all right, Miss, I'm doing research on the elasticity of materials . . ."

PERFECTLY SIMPLE

Yeah dad, I got a 3.28 rating. That's a durn good mark, too . . . almost the Dean's list . . . You don't know what 3.28 means? . . . Of course it's good . . . ya see it's this way . . . We take calculus, 8.01, that's physics, chemistry, and a lot of other stuff . . . When we get an H in a subject, we get a five . . . oh, that's the highest you kin get . . . If I got a C it means four, a P means three and so on . . . Y'unnerstan' dad? . . . Well, then they take that mark and multiply it by the weight unit, the number of hours we have in a subject . . . f'rinstance 'leven hours in 8.01 . . . then you get a big number, you add five, subtract three, and divide by two . . . No, that's wrong . . . Anyhow ya get two columns of figgers, one heavy and the other light . . . ya see, dad? . . . then ya add 'em up and divide the big answer by the smaller . . . or mebbe it's the other way 'round . . . then presto! there's the mark 3.28 . . . Simple, ain't it Pop? . . . Ya still don't see? . . . Well, let's get specific . . . Let me take calculus fer example . . . No, you better take it . . . Well, lesse, I got a P in it . . . that's worth three . . . and three hours of class and six hours home study make nine hours in all . . . multiply the nine by the three . . . wait a minute until I get my slide rule, dad . . . now, where was I? . . . Oh yeah . . . ya multiply and what do ya get? . . . that makes . . . no, er, well ya see . . . some swell system we got at Tech . . . Perfectly simple . . . Now do y'unnerstan' Dad?



Enamoured: "She's wonderful—gorgeous—divine. I love her terribly . . ."

Water woolens: "Yeah . . . she told me about it . . ."



She was only a gear-cutter's daughter, but oh, what a backlash!



This may be a boom period, but then again it may be just the sound of a lot of people being fired.

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Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Winter Sport

Brooks Brothers' ski clothing is of two types: Warm woollens; and light-weight equipment to be worn over heavy clothing. Blouses, knickerbockers, trousers and mittens are available in both styles. Clothing for skating comprises sweaters, mufflers, jackets, stockings and gloves in many patterns and colors. Country clothing, generally, is of that character which has made Brooks Brothers famous all over the world.

BRANCHES

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



© Brooks Brothers

Matrimony is a serious word, says a domestic science lecturer. He is wrong—matrimony is a sentence.

—Annapolis Log



"Your Honor," said the attorney, "your bull pup has chewed up the Bible."

"Make the witness kiss the dog," grumbled the Judge. "We can't adjourn to get a new Bible."

—Annapolis Log



Advertisement from Reading (Mass.) Chronicle: "Wanted—Small apartment by couple with no children until May 1."

—Ala. Rammer-Jammer



Young father (looking at triplets the nurse has just brought out): "Hmmm! We'll take the one in the middle."

Arizona Kitty-Kat

During a political campaign in Minnesota not so long ago a publicity man hailed a candidate one day and said: "James, there is a paper in this town that says you're illiterate."

"Illiterate!" bellowed the politician. "I ain't either—I was the second child in the family."

—Ala. Rammer-Jammer



Visitor at Private Hospital: "May I see Lieutenant Barker, please?"

Matron: "We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?"

Visitor (boldly): "Oh, yes. I'm his sister."

Matron: "Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother."

—V. P. I. Skipper



William: "How did you break your leg?"

Bill: "I threw a cigarette in a man hole and stepped on it."

—Colgate Banter

Phosphor



Essences

Announcement was also made of the promotion of Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff from research associate in the department of physics to the rank of associate professor. This promotion comes in recognition of his notable work in electrostatics, of which the development of the great electrostatic generator at the institute's research station at Round Hill is one striking result.

The appointment of Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff, inventor of the 10,000,000-volt electrostatic generator, as associate professor in the department of physics at M. I. T. was announced yesterday.

Dr. Van de Graaff was promoted from his position as research associate in physics in recognition of notable contributions in the field of electrostatics. The application of his simple principle for electrostatic generation made possible the construction and successful operation of the giant generator at the Technology research station at Round Hill.

—*Boston Traveler*

Then he was made an associate professor, and another blackbird came and took another grain of corn.



Discovering their victim had but one arm, two gunmen took pity and did not rob Alfred Harvey, 46 Franklin street, Somerville, a taxi-driver in Roxbury yesterday morning, but they did drive away with his cab.

—*Boston American*

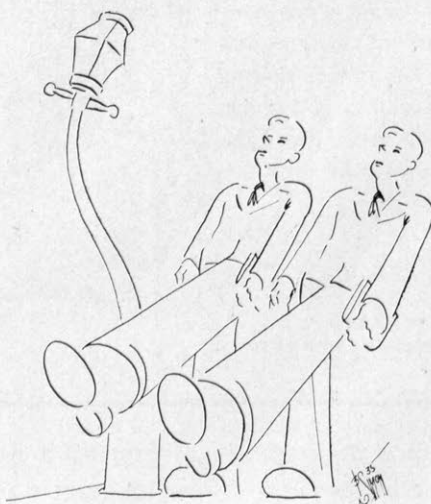
One-armed is fore-armed.

TRADING BOILS

IN WALL STREET

—*Boston Traveler*

Conditions have come to a head.



"Who's that, Mr. and Mrs.?"

"No, Mr. and Mistress."



MAD KILLER TAUNTS

COPS IN SEVEN LETTERS

—*Daily Record*

Number 37 Horizontal.



GARNER DINNER

RARE EXCEPTION

—*Boston Traveler*

Must be that depression.



Fleeing Explorer Left Pants

on Floe; Same Found Later

Other Side of Pole

—*Boston Herald*

Slight Snicker Department

... Jim crashed Malcewicz to the mat again, Joe taking a count of seven.

Malcewicz went outside the ropes and took a count of seven. The "Panther" took a count of seven and was then slammed to the mat...

—*Boston Sunday Advertiser*

Maybe the referee had lost three fingers.



ROOM with a home thrown in; parking; hot-water heat, \$4.98. Algonquin 9225.

—*Adv. in Boston Traveler*

What, no conservatory?



Man Held for Shooting

Girl in West End

—*Boston Globe*

Was she looking East?



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Personal Direction of

Miss Shirley Hayes

... All latest steps, fox trot, waltz,

"400," Collegiate, Nira, etc.

... Be popular, become a good dancer, learn for: football dances, ball rooms, proms, parties, affairs, etc.

Expert young lady instructors

LEARN QUICKLY HERE

Special attention to Harvard

Students

—*Ad in Harvard Crimson*

If you feel that way, Shirley, there's nothing we can do about it.

First Student: "Why do you eat with your knife?"

Second Student: "Because my fork leaks."

—*Managra*



"Were you ever in Carlsbad?"

"No, but I've been in his apartment."

—*Penn State Froth*



Pro: "Can you tell me anything about the great chemists of the 17th century?"

Con: "They are all dead, sir."

—*The Top*



News flash from Turkey—Arab sheik calls his baby camel "Cellophane" because she is a new addition to the pack.

—*Showme*



A young sailor was cast away on a desert island. After he had been there for nine years he espied a figure on a neighboring island. Braving the sharks, he swam there to find a sweet young woman awaiting him. Approaching her, he said:

"How long have you been here?"

"Why, I've been here six years," she said.

"Six years! Why, I've been on my island nine long years."

"Why, you poor man, all alone for nine years! Well, I'm going to give you something you've been wanting for a long time."

Said the sailor: "Lady, you don't mean to tell me you've got beer on ice!"

—*Amherst Lord Jeff*



First Stewd: "Who's your close-mouthed brother over there?"

Second Stewd: "He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT MILDNESS?



PAUL: What's all this talk about mildness?

MAC: I say mildness is most important in a pipe tobacco.

STAN: And I say flavor counts most.

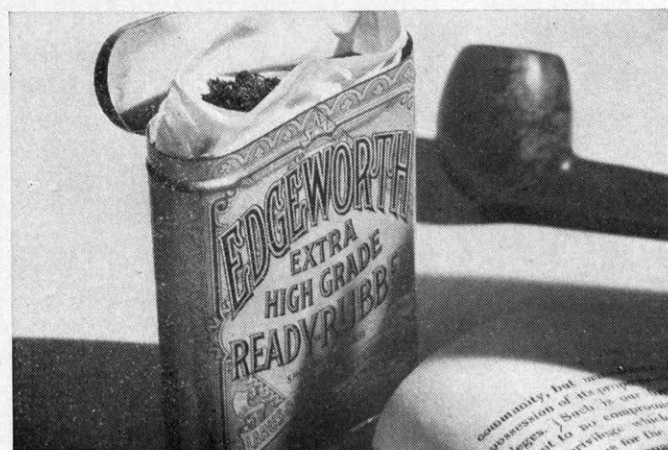
PAUL: You're both right. Why not settle the argument by smoking my brand—the one tobacco I've found that has both mildness and flavor.

MAC AND STAN: What is it?

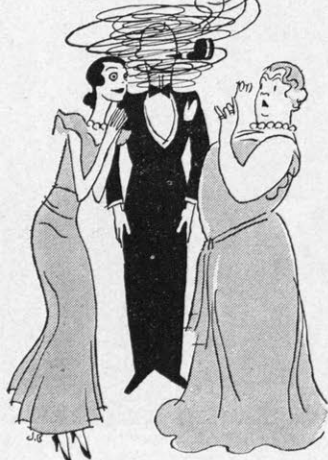
PAUL: Edgeworth—a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant—mild, cool, rich. Here—try it.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

MADE FROM THE MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO THAT GROWS



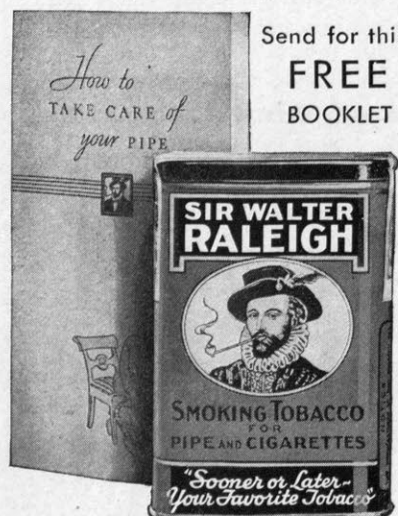
"BUT WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, DEAR?"



TO Mabel, Charley seemed a good catch. To Mabel's mother, Charley was just a good cough. She never *could* see him with that nose-assailing pipe and his halo (?) of gaspy smoke.

Mabel's new hero is also a pipe smoker—but his pipe is well kept and his tobacco delightfully mild and fragrant. You've guessed the plot. It's Sir Walter Raleigh. A blend of mild Kentucky Burleys so cool and slow-burning that the boys have made it a national favorite in five short years. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it; you've a pleasant experience ahead of you.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-42.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

Boss: "No, I'm afraid you won't do."

Sten.: "Did I say I wouldn't?"
—*Banter*



TWO SNAPS TO THE RIGHT

"I have the key to her heart."
"Is zat so?"
"Well, it was protected by a combination the other night."

—*Sundial*



"It's all your fault that I flunked that quiz. You remember when I asked you how much a million dollars was?"

"Sure, I remember."
"Well, 'a helluva lot' isn't the answer."

—*Shine*



Miss Sophia Jones tripped into the lawyer's office.

"Cain't ah sue dat no good Rastus Smiff fo' somepin', mister? He promised to marry me, dat he did, an' yes-tiddy he done 'loped with another gal."

"Promised to marry you, eh?" mused the lawyer. "Well, have you anything in black and white to show for it?"

"No, suh," replied Sophia. "Jes' black is all."

—*Battalian*



Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
If you don't like my figure
Keep your hands off my—shoulder.

—*Iowa Frivol*



A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once.

—*Phoenix*

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Preacher: "Young man, don't you know you will ruin your stomach by drinking?"

Inebriate: "Oh, thash all right; it won't show with my coat on."

—*Yellow Jacket*



"Where's the cashier?"

"Gone to the races."

"Gone to the races in business hours?"

"Yes, sir—it's his last chance to make the books balance."

—*Cal. Pelican*

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