



1 9 2 5
GIRLS'
NUMBER

PEG PERLEY

I'VE JUST BEEN
READING SOME
STATISTICS HERE-
EVERY TIME I
BREATHE A
MAN DIES

GOSH, MAN!
WHY DONT YOU
USE LISTERINE?





Old Hampshire Stationery

Lends strength and assurance to your style,
insures personality to your correspondence
and background to your thoughts.

Its Popularity Proves Its Worth

FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

Hampshire Paper Company

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS. MASS.

OVERHEARD IN THE DUMBWAITER

(Third Floor)

“So Isidor —(SMACK). De momma’s Kolinsky collar you cotting opp wot you should make a fulse wheeskers witt a mustish from it, ha? (SMACK) a Shylock Holmes you became already, ha? (SMACK) odder a Smeet Brodders wot you nidd it yat a trade mock (SMACK) wot I’ll make it on you widd a strep (SMACK). Tomorrow you’ll cot off maybe from mine fooldrass coat (SMACK) you should make for de kite a tail, ah? (SMACK).”

— *Milt Gross, in New York World*



“Is your wife old?”

“Old? When they brought in her birthday cake last time, six guests fainted with the heat.”

— *Royal Gaboon*



“Mama, why does that man wear a toothbrush in his coat lapel? Isn’t he funny?”

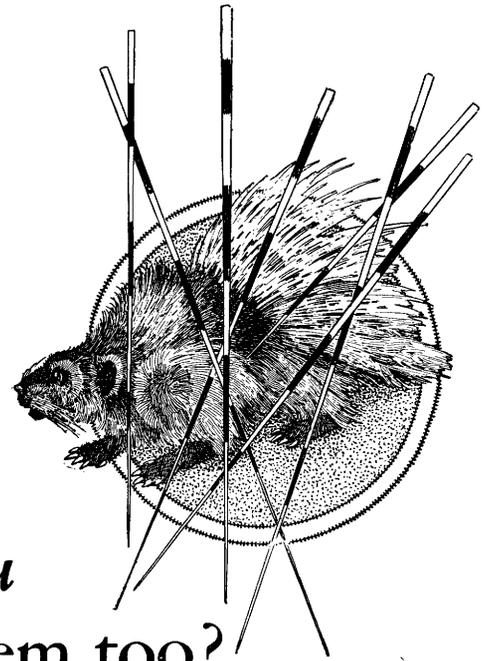
“Hush, dear, that’s his college emblem. He comes from Colgate.”

— *Belle Hop*



“Flea-brain Jane cannot understand why a one-armed man wouldn’t have a good time driving a car.”

— *Texas Ranger*



Do you grow’em, too?

If you are a regular he-gent, the chances are that your beard rivals the porcupine’s armament.

In a hedgehog, quills are defensive; in the human face they are offensive. The animal sheds his quills once a year; man must get rid of his every day.

This would be an unmitigated calamity, if Mennen Shaving Cream hadn’t been discovered. Nowadays, men with quill-like beards get behind a dense bank of Mennen lather. A few seconds later they emerge —clean-shaven, well-groomed, good-tempered.

The exclusive Mennen process, dermutation, changes the belligerent beard into a meek mass that surrenders at a glance from the razor.

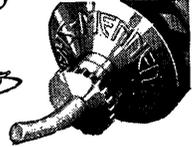
This magical Mennen action is sure-fire. It requires neither the urging of towels and fingers, nor the pampering of soft, heated water. Test these robust claims at my risk. Money back if you say so. Giant tubes at 50c.

Another sure-fire product is Mennen Talcum for Men. Makes your face look better and feel better, for no apparent reason. That’s because it’s tinted to blend invisibly with your skin. Great for after bathing, too. Two-bit tins.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

Regular type tube with threaded cap 

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with non-removable top 



Read
The Boston Transcript
Football Extra

SATURDAY,
 November 7

Play by play account of the
Harvard-Princeton
Game

Published immediately after the contest



RONDEAU

*Jerry kissed me when we met,
 Jerry never stopped to ponder.
 Girls, who haven't kissed him yet
 Gaze on me with awe and wonder.
 Say I'm dumb and not so pretty
 On the page of dim wits, list me —
 Think, when you're about to pity
 Jerry kissed me!*

— M. L.



Jill: "You know, Jim's an awful mystery to me."

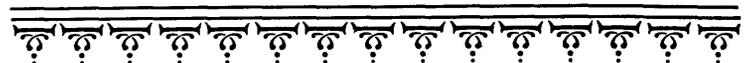
Jane: "Why the 'mystery?'"

Jill: "Why all the time I'm out with him I wonder right up to the last minute what is going to happen — and then it never does!"

— V. B.

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It's Such A Different Shop

The Collegiate Shop—outfitters complete to the college man—offers, out-of-the-ordinary articles in Ties, Hose, Shirtings, Shoes—in fact everything that a really high-class tog shop can present.

You get exclusive patterns—carefully chosen, distinctive. Everything bears the stamp of originality and quality.

It's a young man's shop, run by young men, featuring all the hard-to-get things.

We have a tremendously interesting proposition to offer a limited number of college men.

Drop in and ask us about this. It means money for you.

COLLEGIATE SHOP

230 BOYLSTON
STREET



BOSTON
MASS.

Prof: "Name a raw stuff imported from France."

Stude: "La Vie Parisienne."

— *Sun Dodger*



"What," inquired the impassioned orator, "what lies beyond England's Back Door?"

The obvious answer is, "Scotland Yard."

— *Octopus*



First Stude (bursting into room): "Hey, there's a bulletin up town says the world's coming to an end at midnight."

Room-mate: "Oh, hell! I've already worked tomorrow's algebra."

— *Sour Owl*



Customer (in country store): "What have you for corns?"

Bright Young Clerk: "Sorry, Miss, we don't carry fertilizer."

— *Widow*



"There are two classes of girls—those who are pretty and those who just don't care for boys."

— *Octopus*

Jim Henry presents



a new shaving sensation

I know just how Fulton, Langley, Bell and Morse felt when people scoffed at their ideas.

I came in for a good deal of kidding myself eleven years ago when I predicted that shaving cream would knock hard soaps through the ropes.

Now that I'm introducing another revolutionary product, I find that men take me seriously. And when they *try* this new preparation, their fulsome praise makes my sales talk sound as conservative as decisions of the Supreme Court.

Yes, Mennen has another winner. Mennen Skin Balm is fracturing every record of sales growth ever made in the man field.

One demonstration forms a life-long habit. This is how it goes:

You squeeze a little of the silky balm from the tube (no bottle to leak or break). You rub it for half a minute into the skin just shaved.

First you feel a tingling bite, instantly followed by a surge of cooling comfort. Then you smell a brisk, refreshing odor that clears your head and delights your nostrils.

No trace of Skin Balm is left, but there has been definite antiseptic action, and your skin looks and feels better than ever before.

Get a big 50c tube of Mennen Skin Balm at the drug store and call on me for your four bits if you aren't happy with your purchase.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SKIN BALM

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology

CAMBRIDGE

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers Courses, each of four years' duration, in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering; Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering; Mining Engineering and Metallurgy and Geology; Architecture and Architectural Engineering; Chemistry, Chemical Engineering and Electrochemical Engineering; Biology and Public Health and Sanitary and Municipal Engineering; Physics, General Science and General Engineering; and in Engineering Administration. These Courses lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

To be admitted to the first-year class, applicants must have attained the age of seventeen years, and must satisfactorily fulfill entrance requirements in Algebra, Plane and Solid Geometry, Trigonometry, Physics, Chemistry, English, History and French or German and one elective subject. Examinations are required in all subjects except Chemistry, History and the elective, the requirements for which are fulfilled by the presentation of satisfactory certificates. A division of these entrance subjects between different examination periods is permitted.

Entrance examinations are held at the Institute in September. In June, applicants will be examined by the College Entrance Examination Board in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and many other cities in America and Europe. A circular stating times and places is issued in advance by the College Board.

Graduates of colleges and scientific schools of collegiate grade, and in general all applicants presenting satisfactory certificates showing work done at another college corresponding to at least one year's work at the Institute, are admitted, without examination, to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training.

Graduate courses leading to the degrees of Master of Science, Master in Architecture, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science are also offered. Special Research Laboratories of Physical Chemistry, Applied Chemistry and Science have been established.

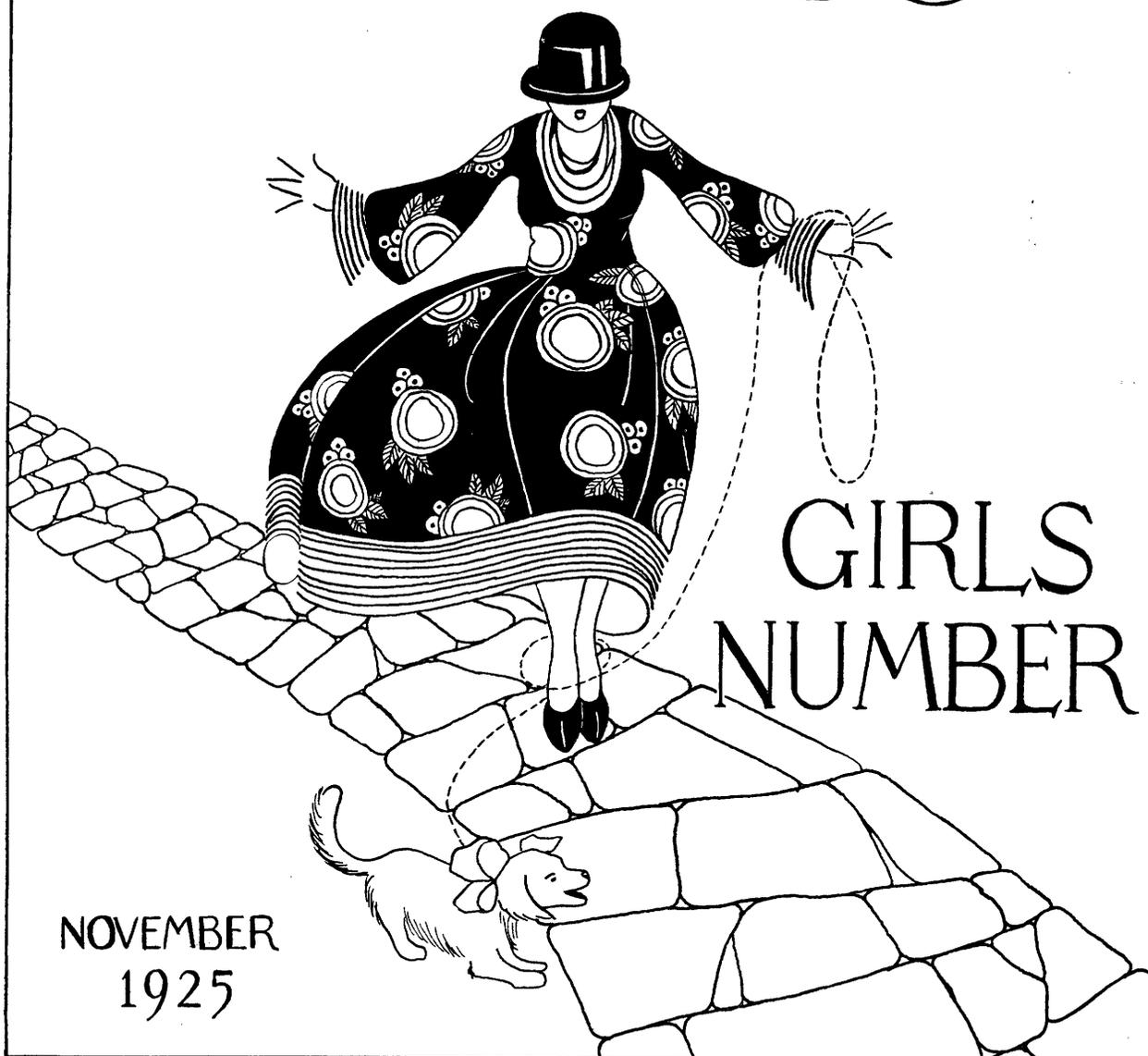
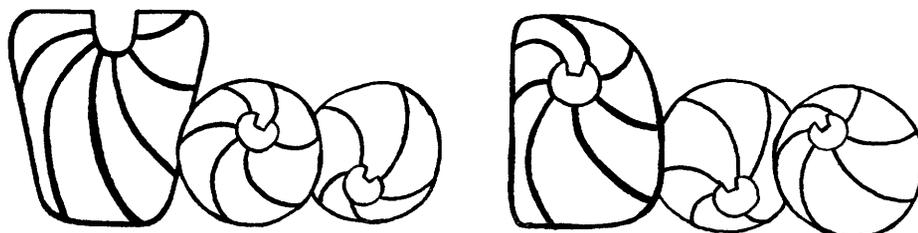
Correspondence should be addressed to the Institute of Technology.

PUBLICATIONS

Bulletins of General Information, Courses of Study, Summer Session, Advanced Study and Research, and the Report of the President and the Treasurer.

Any of the above named publications will be mailed free on application.

MASS. INSTITUTE of TECHNOLOGY

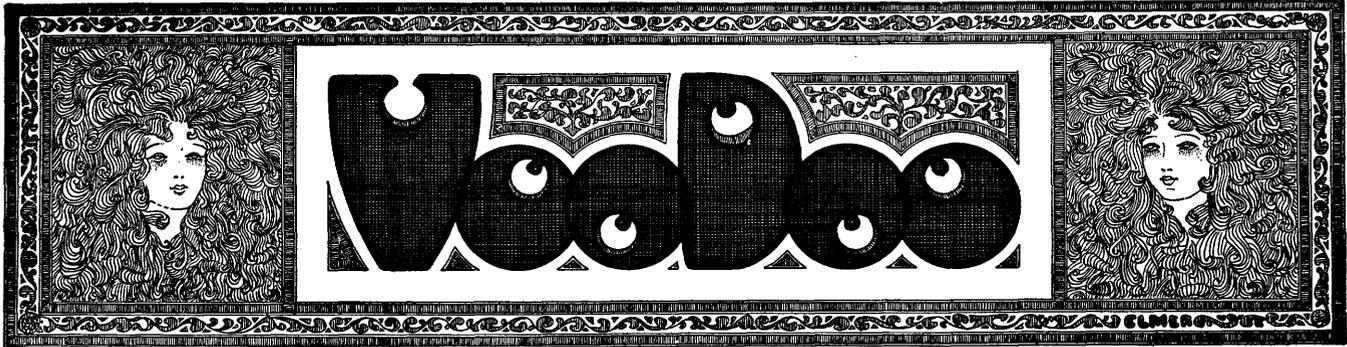


GIRLS
NUMBER

NOVEMBER
1925

—Hazel Woodworth





LITERATI TECHNICALIS

Dear Phosphorous,

Thanks for the opportunity of writing for you. A talent for this I always knew I possessed, but this is the first indication that anybody else knew it. My topic will be purely local: "Why I Love All Tech Men."

Tech men, the big, brawny, brainy brutes who conquer Nature, are to me the essence of the real stuff in the line of he-men. When they make a grab for you you have visions of a steel crane swinging a fragile girder onto a wicker lounge. Yes, they certainly know their oats and onions—by formula: first position at 8.30; second position at 8.45; third position at 9 bells, and so forth, until the evening's climax is reached on the front porch, or the back porch, or any of the intermediate parking places. This really is so very lovely, a girl knows just what to expect simply by looking at her wrist-watch!

And the courtly manners, the *savoir faire*, the cute sayings as "passovermycandy, Mabel, ain'titjake, huh?" are all so well done—not a dull moment from the time the dilapidated hat is hung on the hall chandelier to the minute when the last of the food is vanished and it is time to go home and study that "awful subject Triple E-yeh, I'm knockin' it cold, though."

And conversation, oh boy! Thrilling accounts of entropy, paragenesis, cataphoresis, isotopes, distillation (and distilleries!) in fact, all the topics girls are so crazy about. I know so much I am going to apply for a degree at Tech—that is if I can last out this year. Right now the problem of metasomatic replacement is engaging our attention so I guess I'll be a miner.

Well, there is one more good point I want to talk about—but he's just kicked open the front door so I'll have to close somewhat hurriedly.

Yours for Tech,
V. M. F.



The thrill from "that skin you love" isn't enhanced by the taste.

— M. R. B.

Belinda, a lady preposterous
Was anxious to meet Mr. Phosphorous.
So determined was she
That she set out to sea.
(They say she was drowned in the Bosphorus.)

— M. K.



Susie: "He certainly is a nice boy but he knows the worst songs."

Mae: "Does he sing them to you?"

Susie: "No! He just whistles the tunes."

— E. F.



"Where's Mary been lately?"
 "I haven't seen her since the Pickwick Club crash."
 "Oh, I was going too, but it fell through."

— M. R. B.

BOBBY BURNS UP-TO-DATE

Ye subway trains of New York town,
 How can ye bang and boom,
 How can ye honk, ye taxi horns
 And I sae fu' o' gloom?

Thou'lt drive me mad, thou saxophone,
 That laughs in jazzéd glee,
 Thou minds me of the Charleston step
 My Lizzie stepped for me.

Oft hae I stood in subway car,
 Upon my way to biz,
 And ilka man on crosswords moped
 And sae did I on Liz.

Wi' greenbacks crisp, I bought a ring
 O' sparklers, large and clear,
 And my fause Lizzie took my ring
 But me — she left me here.

— M. K.

It's all right to begin at the bottom — except when
 you're learning to swim.

— M. R. B.

Professor (to student): "Why are you so far behind
 in your studies?"

Student: "So I can pursue them better."

— E. F.



COSMETAMORPHOSIS

They tell me Mother Nature gave my face its
 Final touch,
 That the faintest application of cosmetics is
 Too much.

But when mountain lakes seem bluer in the twilight's
 Violet haze
 Can't the co-ed use mascara to intensify
 Her gaze?

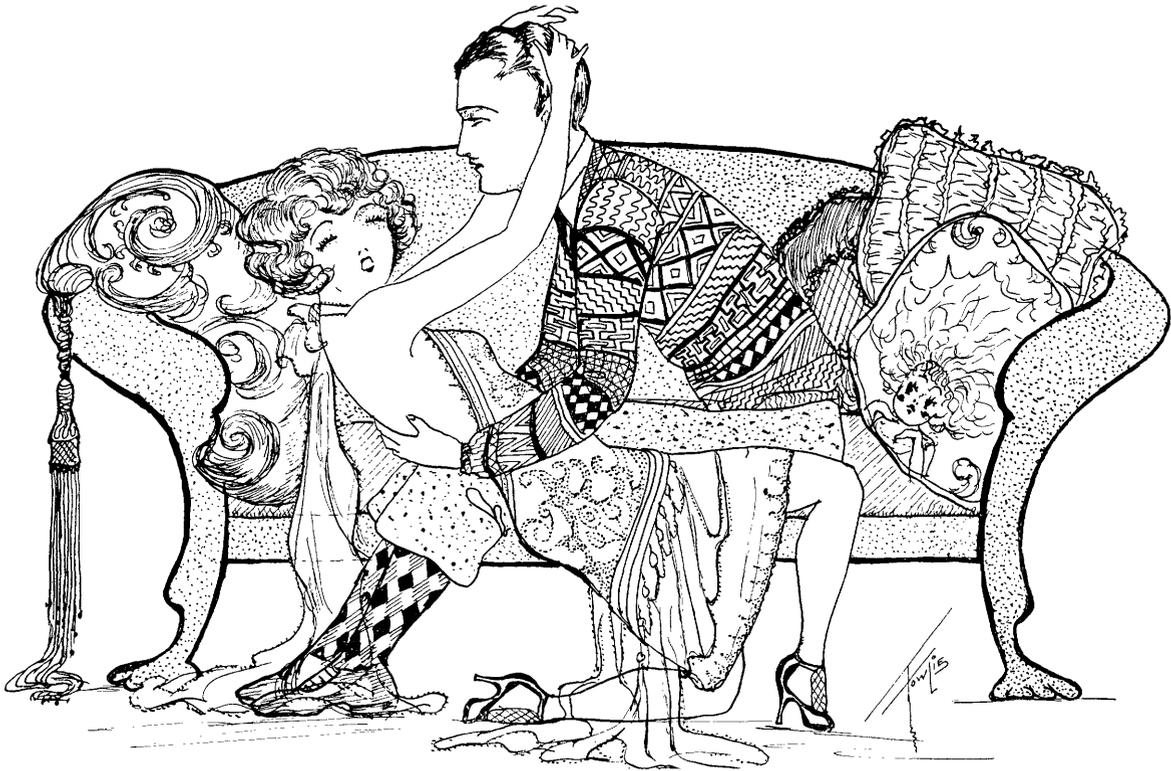
Misty gold on trees and hilltops makes the autumn
 Doubly fair,
 Who could reprimand the co-ed who tries henna on
 Her hair?
 Leaves and flow'rs are gay with color in reflected
 Sunset light,
 Autumn stains her lips with crimson, don't you think
 A co-ed might?

— J. M. K.



Jim: "It's three o'clock in the morning."
 Dot: "Why start to mourn so early?"

— E. F.



THE NEXT EVENING

Bernice: "Did you and Trevelyan get out on the back porch last night?"
Valerie: "No, we got sofa and — er — no farther." —M. K. C.

THIRD COUNTER ON THE LEFT

Ooh — Hoo, Mamie, c'mere a minnit will ya? — thassa nice kid — honess' I'm sa tired this mawnin' I dunno how I'll ever las' tha day out — 'n' then a stickin' me with this speshul sale of freak hose that all tha uptown goils'll be massacrein' theirselves ta get a holt of. Where wuz I las' night? — didn' I tell ya I wuz goin' ta tha fights? — yeah, up ta tha Garden ta see tha boxin' matches. Naw — they wuz orful. A bunch o' — but wait'll I tell ya. In tha final, Battlin' Geraghty an' Lefty Levy stage a low burlesk o' tha manly art. Geraghty comes out — hits Levy one solid smack on tha jaw. — Ever'thin' gets quiet f'r a secunt after tha big yell 'n' Levy's manager is callin' f'r him ta get up. Hully gee — nobuddy ever got up sa quick after a sock like that one. His manager never expected him ta get up — I don't think. I didn't — nobuddy did. 'N' he didn't neither — he wuz out.

Cum ta think uv it Mame, he musta loined fightin' from a correspondence school. They had him advertised as tha Mailed Fist.

— M. R. B.

Our idea of uneconomical duplication is the wearing of these brilliant, below-the-knee garters. — V. M. F.

"I call my boy friend a poor fish."

"Why for?"

"Oh, every time he opens his mouth he gets hooked for something."

— V. M. F.



There was a young girl named Rebecca
 Who wouldn't let anyone necca
 But the poor girl soon sighed
 "To be anyone's bride
 You must first be an awful home-mecca!"

— M. L. B.



Freshman: "Where do jail-birds come from?"

Soph: "They are raised from larks, bats, and swallows."

— E. F. D.



Young Bride: "Sweetheart, the grocery stores were all closed today, but I made you some nice bean soup out of some jelly-beans I got at the confectionery."

— E. K. D.



Lolly: "Did you get a new cocktail shaker?"

Ylol: "No, I had the old one revarnished on the inside."

— V. M. F.

INDIFFERENCE UNDER THE APPLE TREE

By U. G. KnowKneel

ACT III. Scene 47

(Scene is laid on *Thickly*. Time: the Iron Age. Ima Nelectron and Joe Magnetite appear at opposite sides of stage. They are violently attracted to each other and crash mercilessly at mid-stage. Nuts and bolts are scattered on the floor and a hinge is seen to disappear in the footlights.)

Ima: "Yahoo, — there's gold in the West."

Joe: "Wahoo, — 'taint — 's radium."

Ima: "'Tis."

Joe: "'Taint."

(Each repeat these lines until the audience is satisfied that a great struggle is soon to envelop these two unfortunates. They go out mumbling to themselves and singing, "California — you're gonna get an earthquake now." Words and music by Oiving Boil Inn.)

ACT I. Scene 8

Ima: "Sure ya love me honey?"

Joe: "Ain't I told ya?"

Ima: "Tell me again."

(Song and dance by Joe Magnetite: "At Dawning," Cadman. Apologies to all broadcasting sopranos.)
(Polite applause.)

Ima: "Ain't it lovely — I'm crazy 'bout ya."

Song by Joe (really an encore number) "So Am I"
(Jorge Goish Winn).



"I like your dress."
"Yes, it's so appropriate."
"Home-made?"
"No, barmaid."

— V. M. F.

ACT VII. Scene: Not much

Joe: "Where's tha old man?"

Ima: "Down t' tha barn — sleepin' with tha cows."

Joe: "Goody, goody, goody — let's neck."

Ima: "Attaboy."

(They neck.)

ACT XI. Scene: Absolutely nothing

!! x x -- ? ? - * - * - ? ? -- x x !!

(This play is not intended for Boston production. Act XI must be omitted in its entirety. We have not the bank roll or influence of M. Morris Gest.)

ACT II. Scene: Well, look for yourself

Ima: "It's me honey, Ima."

Joe: "Get away from me, you naughty girl."

Ima: "But it's me, Ima."

Joe: "I'm gone away."

Ima: "Where ya goin'?"

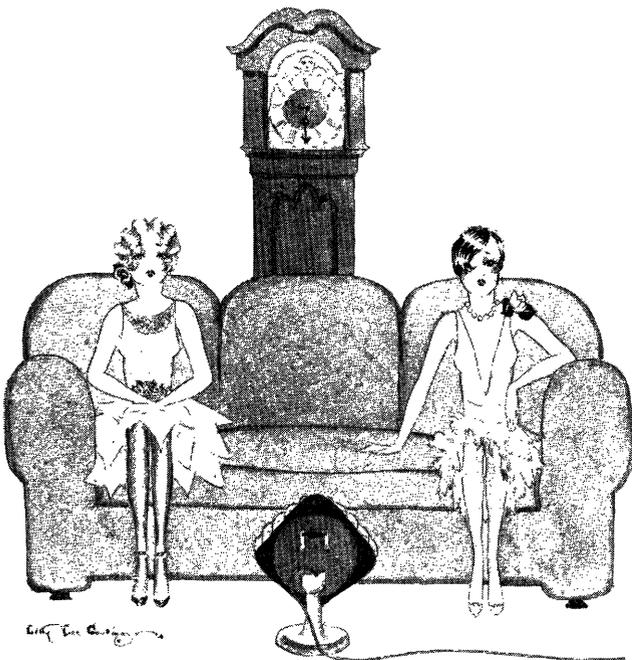
Joe: "Out West."

Ima: "Where men are men?"

Joe: "Yeah, 'n' so is your old man."

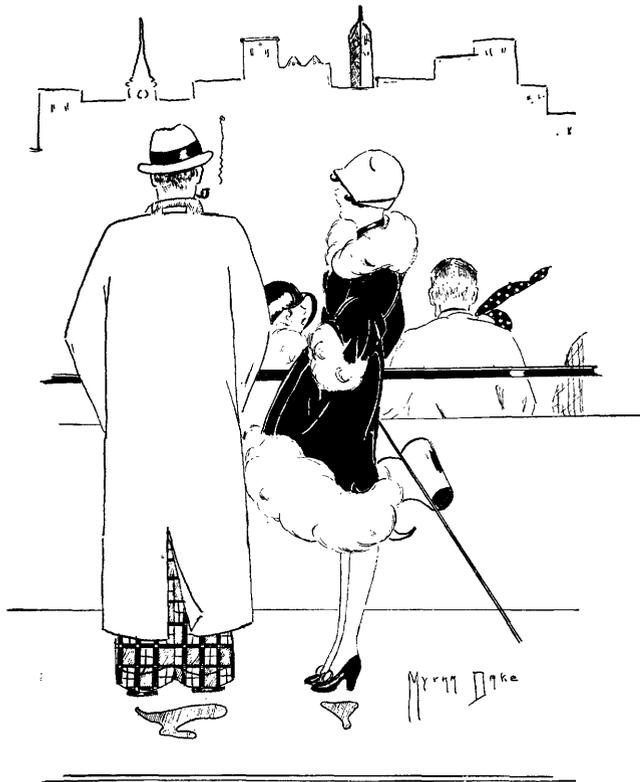
(Curtain)

M. R. B. + V. M. F.



One hot girl: "Do you suppose they'll take us to the Lamb's Club tonight?"

Two hot girl: "Oh, I hope not — the place makes me feel so sheepish."
— M. R. B.



Percy: "My watch has gone wrong."
Sally: "Environment tells."

— E. F.

"BROKEN BLOSSOMS"

I was as pure as any girl
Who ever left Main Street
To come to Boston to
Eat my beans and brown bread
And start myself on a career
The Back Bay was convenient
So I got an apartment
With a girl friend
My life changed
I met a Tech man and
Forgot those Harvard boys
He lost his slide rule
I forgot my career
We both learned a lot
He got vote X
I got a letter to come home
Selah!

— V. M. F.

We wonder if Noah originated the saying that
"variety is the spice of life."

— V. M. F.

A HARMONY OF BEAUTY

*More beautiful than yards of pastel chiffon,
Lying in flimsy folds against pale blue,
More beautiful than caskets filled with rubies,
Diamonds, pearls and gold of sombre hue.*

*More beautiful than petals of pink roses,
Tossed in the air by gusts of Southern breeze,
More beautiful than all cathedral windows,
Yet not unlike the beauty of all these.*

*More beautiful than man's entire dominions,
More than the spring or autumn's falling leaves,
More beautiful than deep-blue, white-capped oceans,
More beautiful, a sunset is, than these.*

— M. R. B.



To a girl every question has just two sides — her first
opinion and the one when she changed her mind.

— V. M. F.



Where is the girl of days gone by,
With Pickford curls and manner shy?
Who'd make you think, "She's just like my
Dear mother."

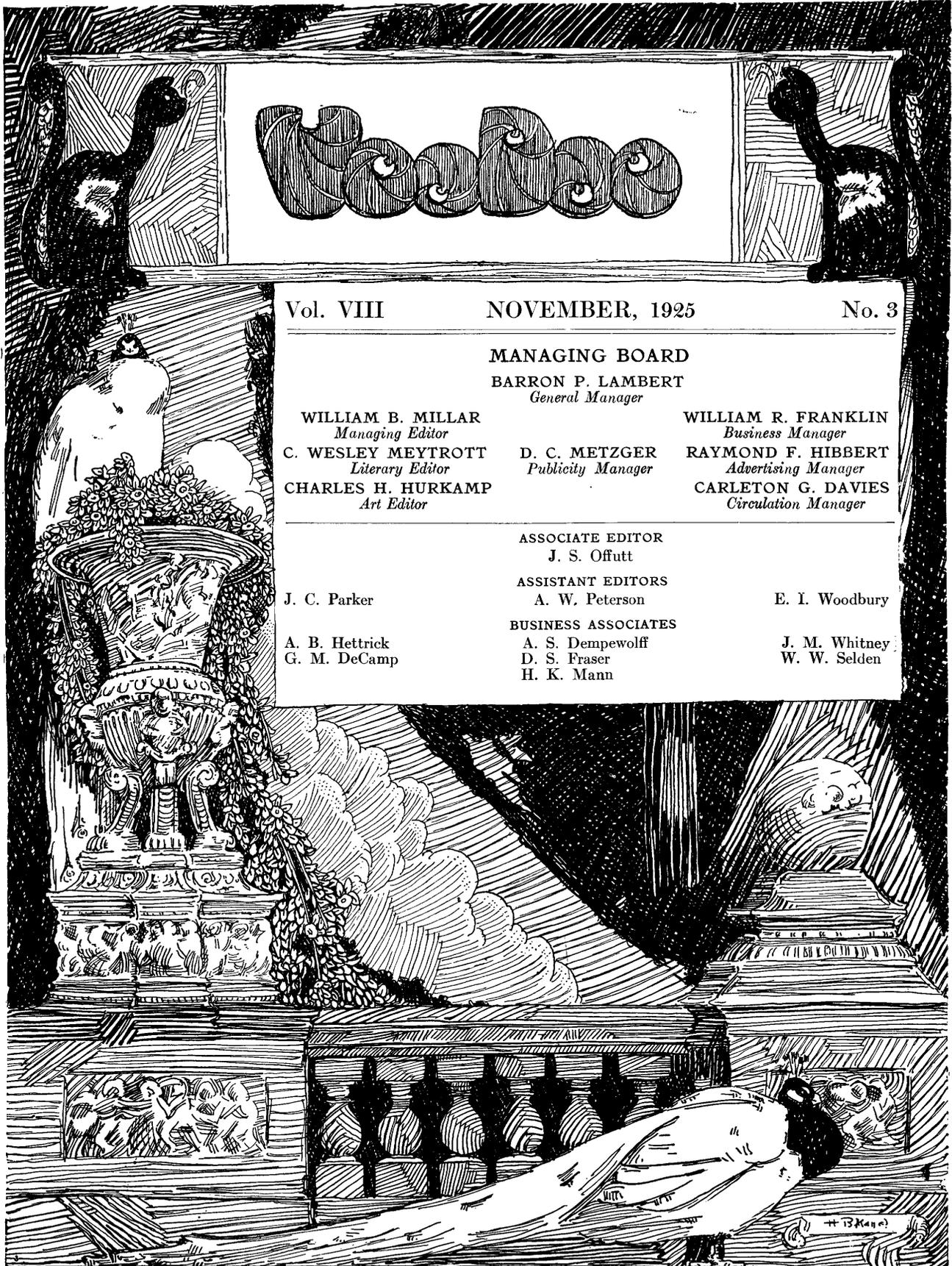
She's cut her hair. She smokes a score
Of cigarettes each day, or more.
And oftentimes is mistaken for
Her brother.

— M. P.



He: "My dear, your eyes have the blue of the sky, your hair the auburn of the autumn fields, your . . ."

She: "Righto, I'd always heard that farmers did their best work with a pitchfork!"—V. M. F.



World

Vol. VIII

NOVEMBER, 1925

No. 3

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To the Girls!!! We rise gallantly to a pleasurable occasion. A mumbled, “. . . so delighted to have with
Now that we us . . . reminds me of little joke which . . . must admit that preceding speakers
have their have stolen most of my thunder . . . this frightfully auspicious occasion . . .”, and
Number! Phosphorous, with a delightfully feline bow, sits down amid an admiring titter. But we

consider it unnecessary to introduce The Ladies—they have presented themselves in a most sufficient manner. Their efforts contain the quintessence of humor and the crystallization of a delicate art. We only regret that the limitations of space prevent us from publishing pictures and biographies of our beauteous contributors; perhaps we shall devote some future issue entirely to such a commemorative effort. We have always found them the most lenient of our readers, even gracious to the extent of supplying Phosphorous with his trying red ribbons. It has been a pleasure to be again of service to them: two, no, three, years have passed since the gentle ones last mediumized the columns of Woopgaroo. This time we feel that they have overscaled the heights of expectation—to them, our admiring thanks and congratulations. We are sorry to have been unable to use much worthy material, however, deserving of space. A complete list of contributors to this issue is printed below.

With more than the usual editorial pleasure, we have dedicated this issue to the charming Miss Eleanor Boardman. Ever an encouraging friend, she personifies the acme of those assorted attributes which amply qualify her to represent our fair contributors. Our added thanks to the following prize winners:

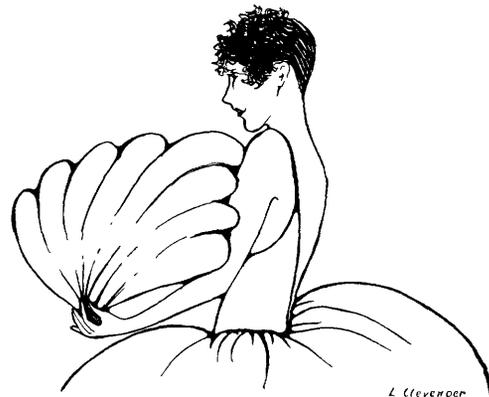
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Honorable Mention (cover)	<i>Miss Margaret C. Perley</i>	(Voo Doo charm)
Literary Prize	<i>Miss Vera M. Folsom</i>	(Woopgaroo key)
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She: "What's your name?"
 He: "Moses."
 She: "Are you trying to kid me?"
 He: "No, I just served in Pharaoh's court."

REALITY

*Up from the seashore's gleaming strand,
 While the moonlight plays on the pure white sand,
 The rum ships come and swiftly go
 Leaving behind their deadly woe.*

*Then up the street with rebel tread,
 The Prince of Bootleggers riding ahead,
 Under his slouch hat oft he glances
 And beckons his puppets to do their dances.*

*Halt! the truckload pauses a bit;
 Fire! the rifles have made a hit.
 Has it scattered the rebels? No, now it is seen
 That the cameras are clicking a movie scene.*

— V. M. F.

FLORIDA REAL ESTATE

"Sam, whar at am dat boy ob yourn?"
 "Mose, mah boy am wukin' in one ob dem land shark's
 offuses."
 "Hub, ain't nothin'! Mah boy am in an alligator's
 stomik!"

— V. M. F.

GONE FOREVER

*Here's Phos's Ed.
 He's now all through
 He failed to print
 What his best girl drew.* — V. M. F.

Some people are good, like carrots — everybody says
 they are good but nobody likes them.

— M. R. B.

A NOTE FROM ME TO YOU

*I think about you often
And I'd write you every day,
But there's so very little
That it seems worthwhile to say.
It either rains or it doesn't rain,
It's either hot or cold,
The news is all uninteresting
Or else it's all been told,
The only thing that matters
Is the fact that you are there
And I am here without you
And it's lonesome everywhere.
I think about the way you smile
And I recall your touch
And distance lends enchantment
And —
I miss you very much.*

— D. R. F.



She: "Time separates the best of friends."

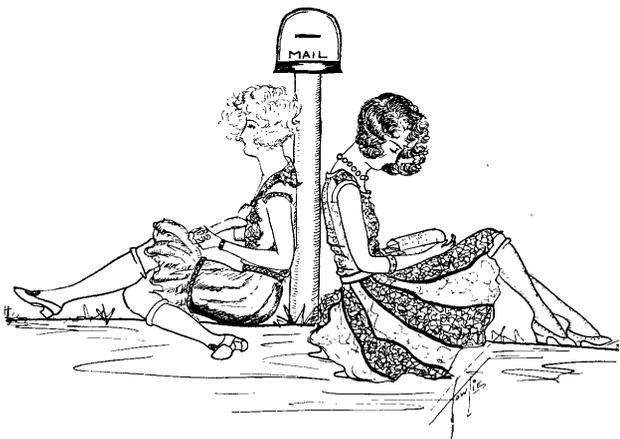
He: "Yes, fifteen years ago we were eighteen; now you are twenty-five and I am thirty-three."

— E. F.

WHAT THEY WEAR

Reggie wears an English cap,
Mabel wears her pearls so rare,
Mother wears her Hudson wrap,
Father wears the cellar stairs.

— E. F.



WAITING FOR THE EVENING MALES

RATHER PHONEY

"Hello, hello, operator, give me Columbus 1492."
"Just a minute, here's your party."
"Hello, I want to order a box for tomorrow night."
"What size?"
"A good big one, there will be six in the party."
"But they only come in single sizes; we'll have to have it made special. It will take us a couple of days."
"But why should it? I don't want to wait that long."
"Well, you had better try —"
"Isn't this the Ford Theatre?"
"No, sir, this is the undertaker."

— D. R. F.



PHOSPHOROUS BLUSHES

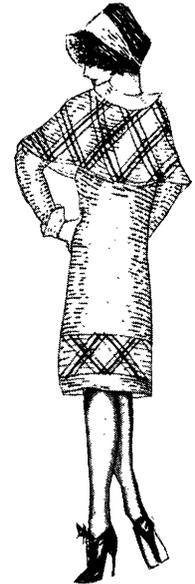
Intimate Glimpses of the I Kepta Upsilon Sorority



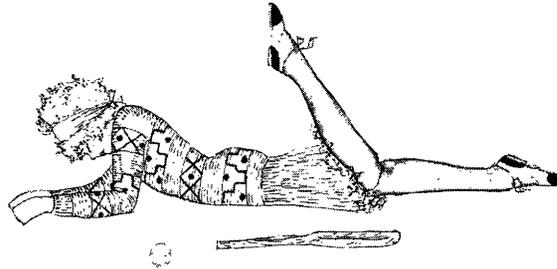
Little Lilac, otherwise known as Josephine Phi Bete, knows her Ancient History like a horse knows his oats. Just ask her about Cleopatra's repartee with a— a Napoleon at a— well, the Tower of Babel.



Abigail, who knows more about everybody's business than they do, just dotes on exchanging sly gossip over a cup of tea. "And, *my dear*, Mabel S. may ha— is going to be married next month," she is saying.



Veronica, self-styled "sheiks' despair," is completely disgruntled— two of the "town variety" have just walked swiftly and silently by. "Hell, there's better than that where they came from," she soliloquizes.



Cora is out for sports— day and night— varieties of the latter preferred. "Anything a fellow tries to teach me is just a review," says our Cora.



Prudy, being awfully shocked at some of the sisters' "cute" stories, is thinking, "I'll just never, never send my daughters to college, oh, I mean that is if——" and here she blushes furiously.

Drawings by Alice Clevenger



Camilla, who claims she invented "red hot mama," is telling the sisters about the traveling salesman whose Ford broke down— etc. Of course everyone laughs to prove their complete sophistication.



Yoletta, headed straight for the Follies, is showing off her stuff— to the girls, of course. In her next costume dance, called the "Mermaid Wiggle," she wears a mask.

Drool by M. R. B. and V. M. F.

THEM COLLITCH BOYS

The college men that I have met,
They do not drink — they do not pet.
They're not the ones we read of in the dailies.
They all seem somewhat in a rut —
They're not annoying to me, but
They will insist on playing ukeleles.

— M. R. B.



The laziest bozo in the world is the fellow who lets a girl push a revolving door around for him.

— V. M. F.



Dear Phosphorous:

Do you remember the *good old days* when a person would hustle to his seat in a street car, look wise and try to get by without paying his carfare?

— M. R. B.



Were these high trolley car steps designed for pleasure or business?

— V. M. F.



Getting close to the right answer in an examination doesn't mean being in the seat behind!

— V. M. F.



A SPANISH ONION



FUR GOOD NECKS SAIK

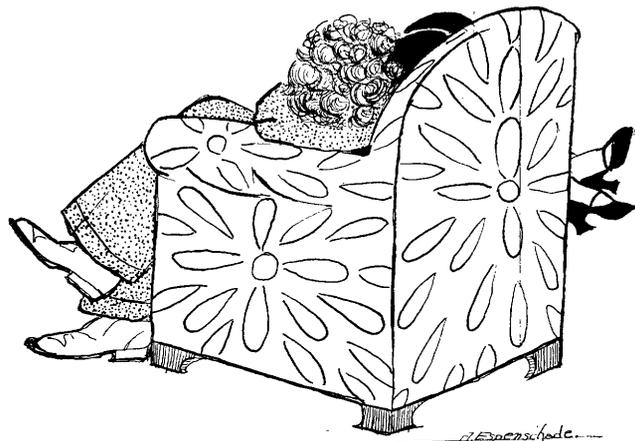
Slay Belles — Page Blue Beard. (For the original.)
— E. F.



We know a frosh who was so dumb that he thought Martial Law was the name of a great criminal lawyer.
— E. F.



Doctor: "Cheer up, sing at your work."
Patient: "I can't. I'm a glass blower."
— E. F.



There was a young chappie called Perci
Fell in love with a belle dame sans merci
Till he once saw her pet
With an egg she'd just met,
And then she was belle dame sans Perci.

— M. K.

DUMERICKS

There once was a lucky young Mr.
Who was pleased with a charming Kid Sr.
A fellow named Sid
Fell in love with the Kid
And as for Kid Sr.
Sid Kr.

— M. K.



Man looking for Smith in phone book: "Gosh, if Pocohontas hadn't taken the fatal step we could carry a telephone directory in our vest pocket."

— E. F.



She: "Isn't this one of the oldest golf courses in this country?"

He: "What makes you think so?"

She: "I just heard a man say he went around in '79."

— E. F.



Tommy, back from his first football game, revamps his prayer:

God bless Pa
God bless Ma
God bless Tommy
Rah, Rah, Rah!

— A. E.



"There's more than one way to skin a cat," thought the sausage-maker.

— V. M. F.



"Funny how men can separate the best women friends."
"Yes, take the other night when you and Bill went canoeing, and Jack and I sat in the barn."

— V. M. F.

Englishman (pointing to head on a coin): "That king whose portrait you see made my great, great, grandfather a knight."

American (pointing to head on a coin): "Mine was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on that coin."

— E. F.



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CAMBRIDGE



She laughs at his wit
But it's not from delight
He has not made a hit
She has teeth that are white.

— D. R. F.

MERCENARIA

Beauty spots upon the cheek,
Or even on the knee,
Are not the kind of beauty spots
Which have appeal for me.
I like to have my beauty spots
Down in my silken hose —
The five spots and the ten spots
To buy powder for my nose!

— V. M. F.



Frosh: "I'm taking Helen out to dinner this evening."

Soph: "Where'd you make your reservations?"

Frosh: "Reserved two slots at the Automat."

— E. F.



It is a funny thing that the lights from which miasee toe are hung are usually very dim yet they must h.vtl a lot of scandal power.

— E. F.



Vespus: "Is Harry good at carrying on a conversation?"

Vaspes: "Crash! His birthday flower should be the sponge."

— E. K. D.



Here's how to set the world afire

EVEN green wood burns, under the concentrated heat of the burning glass. Even this green earth can be kindled by the man who concentrates all the fire of his brain on what he is doing.

Concentration—secret of all great work.

—secret of the winning basket shot by the player who might well have been distracted by “burned” elbows and eyes clouded with perspiration.

—secret of the scholarship prize that might more easily have been allowed to slip by in favor of the twittering birds and the flowers that bloom in the Spring.

—secret of the electrical short cut devised by the engineer too intent on that single task to let the thousand and one time-killers of the business day get the upper hand.

Concentration was their burning glass. And focused ability set their worlds afire.

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be helped by what-
ever helps the
Industry.*

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- A stands for Algy, a dutiful slave
- B stands for Bobby, a wicked old knave
- C stands for Charlie, three inches too short
- D stands for Dave, an excuse for a sport
- E stands for Eddie, a jelly fish pink
- F stands for Freddie, the true missing link
- G stands for Georgie, so bashful and shy
- H stands for Harry, with fire in his eye
- I stands for Ignatz, all right, 'cept his name
- J stands for Johnny — he's mentally lame
- K stands for Kenneth, his own mama's boy
- L stands for Lester, so fiendishly coy
- M stands for Murry, he's a fish that can dance
- N stands for Norman — he won't take a chance
- O stands for Oscar, (Oh, hand me a gun!)
- P stands for Peter, obedient son
- Q stands for Quentin, a few things amiss
- R stands for Reggie, who boasts of each kiss
- S stands for Sam'l, as brutal as Nero
- T stands for Tommy, my gridiron hero
- U stands for Uther, once mentioned in history
- V stands for Victor, still less of a mystery
- W stands for Walter, a popular bird
- X stands for Xerxes, of whom we've all heard
- Y stands for Yorick, long gone to his rest
- Z stands for 'Zander — whom shall I love best?

— M. K.



Jack: "What would you do if I should kiss you?"

Betty: "I'd call Dad."

Jack: "Then I guess I won't."

Betty: "But Father isn't home."

— E. F.

*When it's Thanksgiving—
and the teams are drawn up for
battle on the gridiron—when the
first touchdown goes over and the
grandstands rock with frenzy
—have a Camel!*



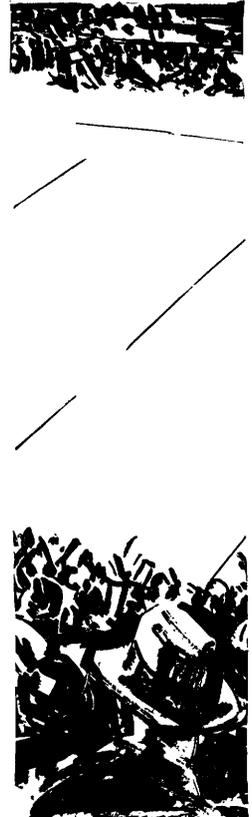
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So when your own college's team tears through for its first smashing goal this Thanksgiving Day—when life seems fullest of the frenzy of happiness—taste the most fragrant smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

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NOT MONTANA

A Gael without bail in Mo.
In jail was too proud to endo.
Blew off his pate,
Thereby saving the State
Of Mo. the cost of a jo.

— *Lampoon*

"Some men live to a ripe old age and some try to climb through a barbed-wire fence with a loaded shot-gun."

— *Pitt Panther*

A RHYTHMIC R.S.V.P.

I had got your kind invite;
It come too late all rite.
I guessed it is well meant;
If I'd a knowed
I coulda goed —
You bet I woulda went.

— *Punch Bowl*



Man: "Lady, you have dropped something."

Lady: "How dare you!"

— *Jack-O-Lantern*



Senior: "So you've dropped English."

Junior: "Yeah. The prof asked me what a hypocrite was, and I said it was a person who would deliberately laugh in his class."

— *Rice Owl*



"It's not the school," said the little boy to his mother; "it's the principal of the thing."

— *Lyre*

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Oft in the midnight hours, my Mazda still burns
bright,
I cannot decently go to bed with plenty of study light.
I've longed for those Lincoln days of old — of dripping
candle grease,
What pleasure to count the last greaset — and sleep
in peace.

— E. F.



MARIE

I think that I shall never see
A girl as hungry as Marie.

Marie whose every hour awake
Is spent in cramming up with cake;

Marie, who yearns for food all day
And never cares what she may weigh;

Marie, whose tongue will never rest
Until the menu she may test;

Upon whose bosom egg-stains lie
Who loves to guzzle berry pie.

Puns are made by fools like me —
But only food can make Marie!

— M. L. B.

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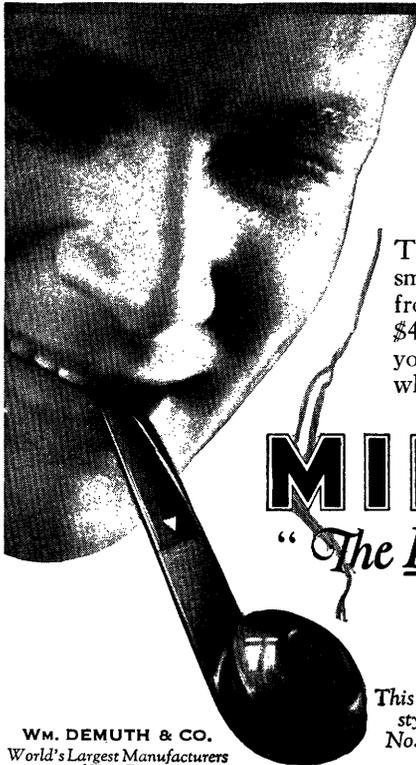
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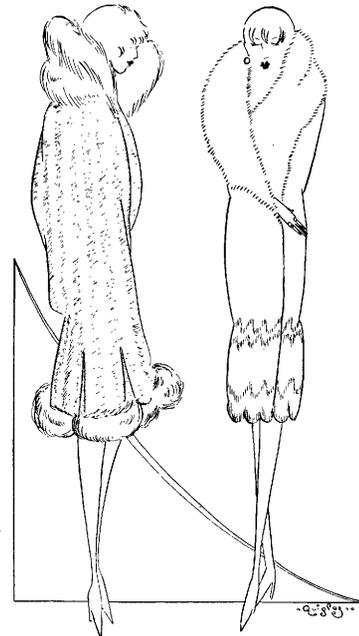
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First Co-ed: "The man I used to be engaged to has asked me to go to the Firemen's Costume Ball, but I don't know what to impersonate."

Second Co-ed: "Why not go as an old flame?"

—D. R. F.

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it's really your evening clothes that get you in — the fact that you are dressed for dinner supports your explanation that you forgot your ticket — you get by on circumstantial evidence — and it's the same with success. Clothes will not take the place of brains but they will support your claims to ability. Our New Tuxedo will certainly produce the impression that you BELONG!

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Camel: "What's the difference between that co-ed and a traffic crossing sign?"

Chesterfield: "Well, I'll bite."

Camel: "The crossing sign says, 'Stop'."

— *Sun Dodger*



She: "Do you know anything about astronomy?"

He: "Well, I've been out a lot at night."

— *Jack-O-Lantern*



"These are the times that try men's soles," wailed the student as he slid to the bottom of the hill.

— *Sour Owl*



"Say, mister, give us a drink, will you?"

Contortionist: "What, is that damn hip out of joint again?"

— *Belle Hop*



She: "I think Charlie is careless. He has such a tendency to let things slide."

He: "Well, why not — he's a trombone player."

— *Sun Dodger*



"Do you mind if I put some powder on my nose?"

"No, but please don't blow it on my coat."

— *Lyre*

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A report says that in a certain year eighty persons in Missouri died as a result of mule kicks. We presume it to be 100% White Mule.

— M. R. B.



Pat (at the drug store): "Have you any moth balls?"
Clerk: "Two pounds for five cents."

Pat: "Better give me twenty pounds. Me throwing arm is not as strong as it used to be and I may miss some."
— E. F.



CAVE CANEM

*Oh, Cupid's bow is painted
On the lips of every maid,
A carmine invitation
To the gay cravated blade.*

*Oh, Cupid's bow is painted
On her lips, but underneath
The reckless youth forgets two
Pearly rows of pointed teeth.*

— M. K.



Mother: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"
Youth: "Too late, I've learned already."

— E. F.



Dear Editor:

Are all people whose names end in a vowel, Italian? Shapiero wants to know.
— M. R. B.



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AN ENGLISH JOKE

"You can eat dirt cheap in that restaurant."

"Yeah, but who the deuce wants to eat dirt?"

— *Jack-O-Lantern*



Econ. Lecturer: "And the farmer is the only producer
who makes his living directly from the soil."

Voice from the rear: "How about the laundress?"

— *Sun Dodger*



One: "My girl is like evolution."

Two: "How so?"

One: "Oh, things develop so slowly."

— *Jack-O-Lantern*



Dumb: "They say a cat has nine lives, but I don't
believe it."

Dumber: "Huh, I do. Think of the frogs that croak
every night."

— *Pointer*



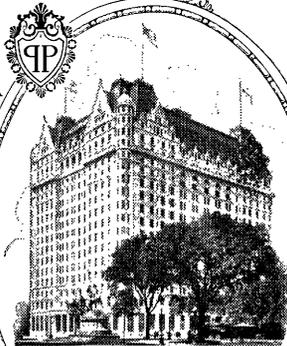
"Better late than not at all," said the Registrar as
he tucked the five dollar late registration fee in his vest
pocket.

— *Pitt Panther*

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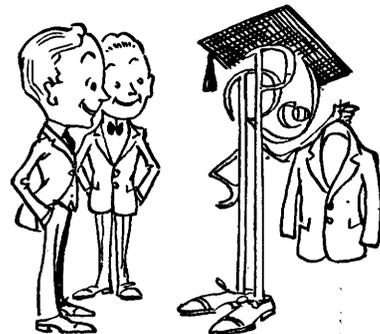


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PHOSPHOROUS

AS

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IS

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Nobody ever had to spend more than thirty seconds trying to get Phos on the phone. That is, of course, after the operator started ringing the number.

Always wide awake, racking the old brain to get something new and this time he sure has done it with his

MATTER OF FACT NUMBER

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DECEMBER 8, 1925

If, since school started, you've neglected writing any of the little ladies at home — and you're afraid they're rather peeved — the best way we know of to straighten things out is by using the famous little form below.

REMEMBER—a date comes in handy Christmas week

Dear Phos,

No doubt about it — I've got to accept your offer. Never mind whether I've neglected her or not. Here's \$1.75—send it to her for a whole year starting with the Matter of Fact Number.

Her name is

She lives at

By the way, will you tell her I sent it?

NOTE: VOO DOO is now delivered at Fraternity Houses the morning it is released, providing a sufficient number of men subscribe. Ask any of Phosphorous' assistants about the details.



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WHILE YOU WAIT SERVICE

Standard Plate Glass Company

270 ALBANY STREET

CAMBRIDGE

TECHNOLOGY BRANCH

THE COOP

OUR Men's Wear Department is ready for winter—Are you?

We hope that you will look over our stock of Suits and Overcoats. We have no transient trade so our customers must be satisfied with our merchandise.

Our fabrics are the best English, Scotch and Domestic products. Our clothing is hand tailored. Our coats fit. They hug your collar and lie flat on the shoulders and back.

Our prices, quality considered, are less. We have no bargain goods or cheap stuff but you can save money by purchasing at your store.

Remember the Dividend

TECHNOLOGY BRANCH

THE DONNING OF THE WYNN



He Opens it up ~



Puts in the Collar Buttons
and the Bosom Studs ~



And the Back Collar
Button and Links ~



Slips in ~



Buttons the
Back Button ~



And that's all
there's to it ~

That's the way of the WYNN
AN ARROW Dress SHIRT