

Le Numéro

# LA VIE PARISIENNE

de la

M.T  
VooDoo



d'après M. Herouard

Honi soit

qui mal y pense





THE FIRST VOO DOO

So Howie Schwartzman called me up the other day and said, "John, you used to work on *Voo Doo*, write us an editorial about the old days," and I said, "sure, Howie, there's nothing I'd like better to do." For those were the days, you know, the good old days, right after the great war, if I remember right — way back in '45-48.

In those days things were different. *Winters* were *Winters* then, none of this slushy stuff we have now. I remember one time the Charles River froze up so damn tight that if it hadn't been for the sixty feet of snow on top of it, the State of Massachusetts sure could have announced it as a new super highway.

Yes sir, in the good old days *Tech* was *Tech* where *Men* were *MEN*. None of this sissy humanities stuff they hand you now. You can't eat it; you can't drink it; you can't sleep with it; what good is it? None of these easy schedules either. Classes straight through nine to five. For lunch a man had vitamin pills with benzedrine chaser. Each classroom had two lecturers talking on different subjects at the same time. A man who couldn't write with both hands couldn't last a week.

Oh, I don't want you to get the wrong impression, we had fun too, all right. No doubt about it, *Fun* was *Fun* — Phos knows that. We used to play tricks on our favorite professors. I remember one prof who was particularly good-natured. One day as a joke, we pulled out his fingernails. What a laugh! Then there was the freshman we ground up and had served in Walker for hamburger. Imagine the look on everybody's face when we told them what they'd eaten! Those were the days.

Ah, yes, memories, memories. Things aren't what they used to be, the younger generation is going soft. *Parties* were *Parties* back then. A man always brought at least two dates to a party because it was a sure thing one of them would pass out before ten-thirty. Drinking was for Harvard dilettantes, the he-men at Tech took morphine with a needle, Sherlock Holmes style. We used to scare the girls by turning a few rattlesnakes loose on the dance floor when the lights were out. For chaperons we always got somebody from the deaf, dumb, and blind institute.

Yep, I'm an old timer now like Phos, and remember how things ought to be. I won't moralize, though it does seem to me that in the old days *Morals* were *Morals* — and nothing more; and I do want to say that times haven't changed completely. Stuff like this in print is proof that *Bull* is still *Bull*.

J. D. C. L.

Our thanks to Chick Kane, Director of the Alumni Fund, for his many helpful ideas and for the cover, which he drew back in '24. It was banned for being too suggestive. Have times changed?

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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## OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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Congratulations to Maury Davidson and Joe Van Horn on their election to the Junior Board.





## WHERE

I came in, and its all a little disheartening.

"The shades of yesteryear," said Phosphorus, "haunt me. You understand why I am occasionally somewhat bitter." He drained his can of beer and reached for another. "You miserable pack of dirty-minded, yelping puppies," he added quietly.

"A long time," he said. "Lo and woe, a long, long time it has been. And yet, looking about me — with some revulsion, peons — I wonder what deep changes there have been, if any. I remember my first days here, green and callow, full of myself and the search for life, love, and a modicum of classroom wisdom. Pah!" The scarred and grizzled cat wiped his mouth with the back of his paw, and carminated.

"At least presidents come and go," he grunted, William Barton Rogers of the splendid beard, Karl T., who came to the Institute for world travel, education, and a career, and Jimmy, who wanted to have his picture on the wall of Course XV corridors."

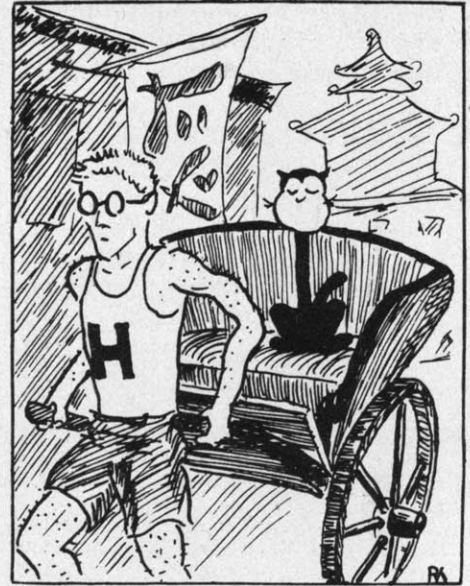
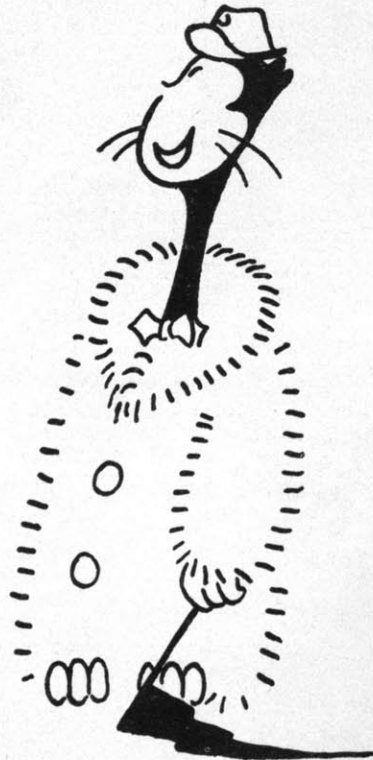
Phosphorus thought back to the air hammers with which the new presidential garage had been erected, and fixed the world with a bloodshot eye.

"Tech men are always the same. The student endureth. Wise guys. Razz McKinley. Taft. Teddy Roosevelt. Roosevelt. Truman. Nothing sacred. Neither Warren

Harding, nor the Honorable James Curley. Making the local constabulary the butt of its jokes. Cutting the Fire Department's hoses. Bah!"

The cat stroked his belly with partially extended claws, against the lie of his fur. There were cats, too, cats with great thermal capacity for the Winter, and with a good strong under-fur odor for the Spring term. Phos permitted himself a tiny smile, until his thoughts returned to that dreadful Activities Ball with the tailless Manx kitty, and the smile was replaced by his usual expression of gall and wormwood.

"My heroes," and he made as if to spit. "Every year you know, it all, and then you come here and acquire a sense of humility and leave the place ruined. No more confidence. Bums. Milquetoasts. No moral fibre. Nothing remains except trained pulp. After four years you retch when you touch lemonade, and your sluts find sweeter pasture at Calvin Coolidge



College." A knife sang past the cat's head and parted his mustache.

"Some of you learn. I suppose it can't be helped. Things may have progressed from Mercer Runabouts to Willy's Jeepsters, from Raccoon coats to duffel coats, from gin to gin, from garter to girdle. The broads have changed their appearance a little from time to time, but never in essentials. Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose!" Phos extended his rough tongue in the French manner, and savored his lips.

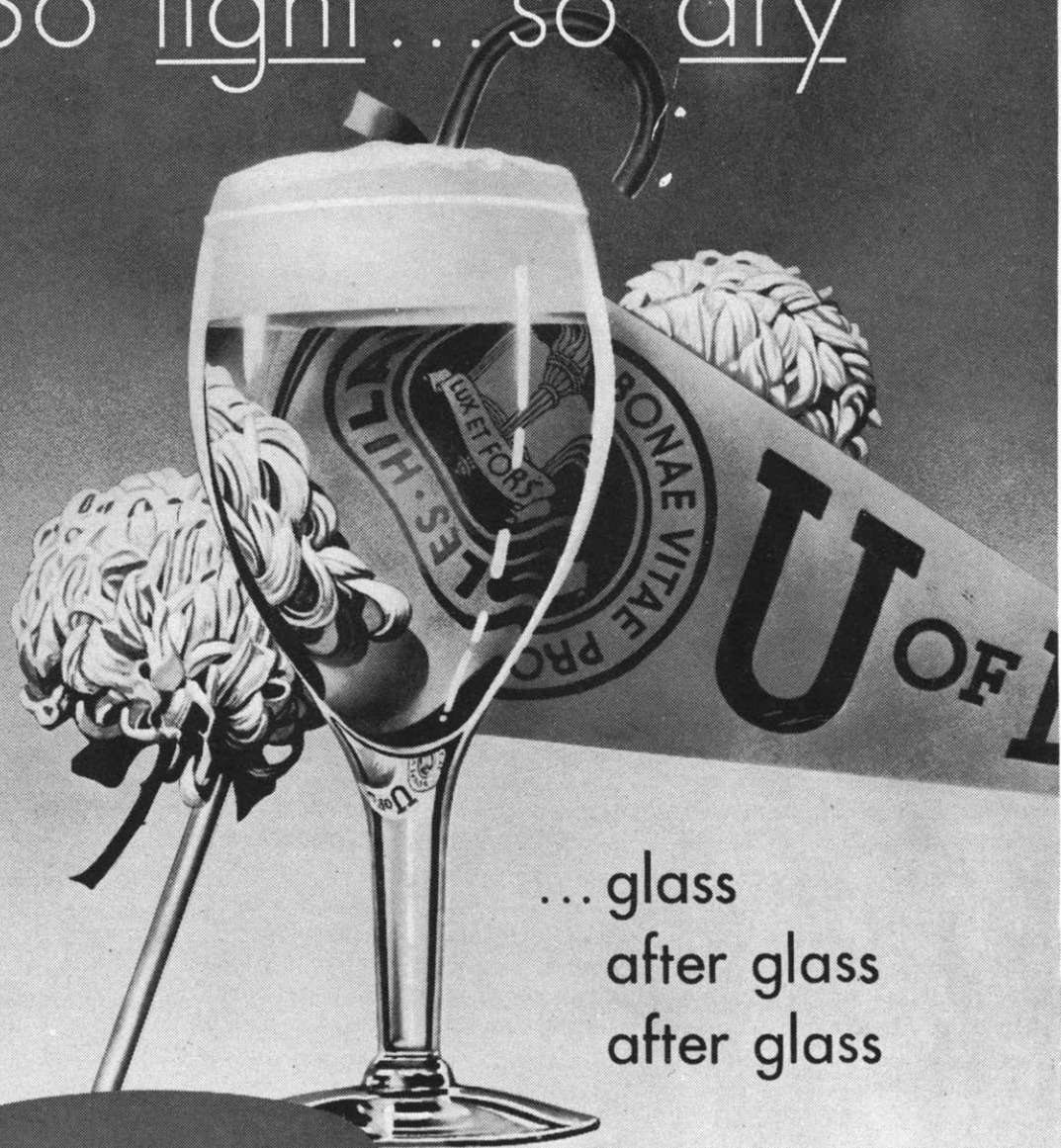
"Whoever threw that knife," he said, "I congratulate you. I believe that you at least belong to that gentle brotherhood which has learned to bear its liquor like gentlemen and its children like ladies. As a matter of fact, friends, you're not quite as black as I paint you. Some of you are pretty bright, and get to be major generals and millionaires and the like." The door flew open and the general manager dropped in, heavily, a glassy stare in his eye, and in his hand a torn brassiere.

"I tear her battered ensign down!" he shrieked.

"That," said Phos, "sounds like the place



So light...so dry



... glass  
after glass  
after glass

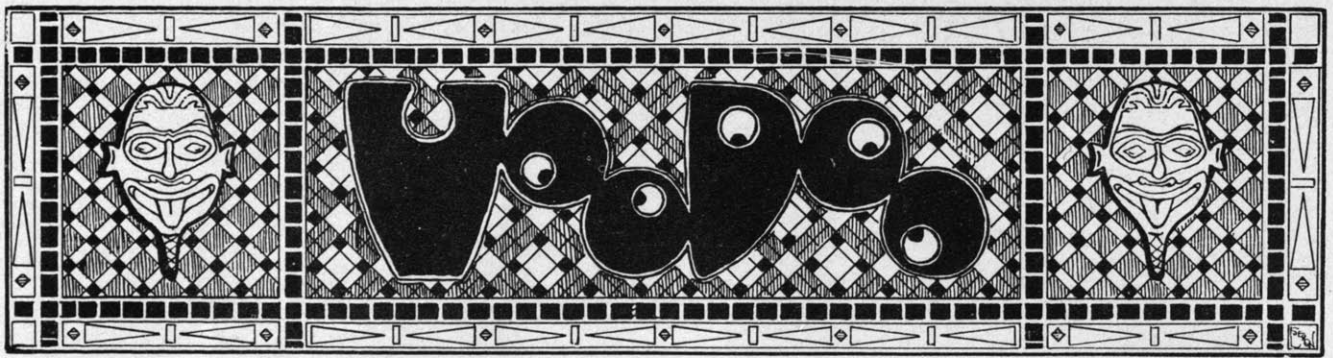
*Schaefer* *Pale Dry*

the new beer that's both light and dry

The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., New York

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL





# VOO-DOOINGS . . .

*Phos presents on these pages a selection of VOOdoings dating all the way back to those days when a Republican smiled in public, and there was a turkey in every pot and two quarts in every baby carriage. Here they are, carefully shoveled from the top of the pile, every one fetching up a happy memory or three.*



Phosphorous took a holiday and went to the movies the other night, mostly on account of he knew that he could slip in as the collar on some lovely lady's coat. He rather likes this pose, and is usually sorry when he gets inside and has to slip down. But to cut a short story long, Phos saw "Midsummer Night's Dream," which mystified and amazed him very much. And being a clever cat, with his wits sharpened from years of figuring out Voo Doo jokes, he unearthed a pretty subtle joke dating back to Shakespeare.

In the course of the story, by means of a clever machination of the notorious Puck, an unfortunate actor (James Cagney) finds his head turned into a very realistic donkey, and by further enchantment, a very beautiful fairie finds herself in love with said donkey, leading to a rather terrific love scene. But the king of the fairies,

taking pity on the poor girl's plight releases her, while the lovers are asleep, from her spell and awakens her. She, reclining on the moss, recounts her dream, the conversation being as follows:

Queen: "I dreamt I was enamored of an ass."

King: "There upon the ground lies your love."

And the donkey's name was Bottom.

—1492



Prof. Wiener stopped at a small resort this summer, we hear. One morning he walked to the general delivery window of the tiny post-office, hesitated a few seconds there and then slowly turned away with a countenance graced by a combination of embarrassment and bewilderment. As he reached the door, he was greeted by an acquaintance, "Good morning, Professor Wiener," spoke the latter. Hardly taking time to return the greeting, the good Prof. turned on his heel, strode briskly and bravely back to the window and asked innocently, "Is there any mail for Professor Wiener today?"

—1932



Being thrifty souls by nature,

we attended one of the double feature programs which are a weekly event at Keith's Memorial. You know how it is—you see last week's show and then next week's, and walk out feeling exhausted.

As is usual, the theatre was crowded, and we were faced with the unenviable necessity of standing up for four long hours. But after walking around the dim reaches of the balcony for a little while we at length found a place to sit down. Far, far up in the primeval wilderness of dim lights and carpeted stairways we found a railing of solid marble.

Now this railing didn't look very comfortable, but we were rather weary, and reasoned that if the ancient Romans could rest on marble slabs, then so could we. So there we sat in solitary splendor, peering at a diminutive screen over rows and rows of human heads.

We were rather lonely at first, but the railing gradually filled up, and before we knew it a jolly feeling of being in the same situation, a strange kind of bonhomie existed among us. We sang the songs of the picture in an impromptu chorus, and made comments on the technique displayed by the amorous couples in the back row. It was all very chummy. We began to think that there was something in this Roman idea after all.

—1936



Almost invariably when we attend the movies, we find ourselves seated beside the strangest people. It seems a kind Providence picks our prize characters just to titillate our erratic fancy. (The nasty thought also creeps in that maybe Providence is doing the same for the people we sit beside).

At any rate we found ourselves in Loew's State one night, seated beside two elderly ladies. They had highpiled hair, a matronly manner, and bore an air of quiet respectability. During most of the show they remained courteously silent.

At length we came to the part in the newsreel which showed the services for his beloved majesty, George V. It was very impressive, and the two ladies were obviously moved. As the bagpipes wailed out a weird Scottish lament, we noticed how attentive they were. Finally the wild howling came to a close. After a respectful interval one of the ladies leaned over to the other.

"I always love that," she said. "Chopin's funeral march, you know."

—1936



We chanced to notice a svelte, smooth, young lady in one of the newer of the new short skirts approaching us on Beacon Street the other day. We had just jotted down a mental note regarding the shapeliness of her calves when two dowagers in front of us caught our eye. They had both turned to follow her with their combined gaze, and as we passed one remarked to the other in a dark green tone, "My dear, did you ever see such a pair of gams."

—1937



Some people insist that honesty

is the best policy, but sometimes people can go a little farther than necessary. For example there is a certain bright spot on a darker street off Broadway. It has a prominent sign. Three Shows Nightly — No Cover.

—1935



The girls of Smith College have a delightful custom which we feel is worthy of the Institute's notice. Each year on some beautiful day a bell is rung without warning and classes are dismissed for one day. This startling procedure is known as Mountain Day, the original purpose being to give the ladies an opportunity to have a try at climbing a nearby hill. The truth of this tale was confirmed for us by the recent arrival of a Smith girl who dropped in unexpectedly on a Tech friend. Outside of seeing a handy way to have Smith dates in these tire-less times, think of the possibilities that lie here if we were to institute such a day at Technology. We would of course go in a much more spectacular manner. The President would cut a satin ribbon, our factory whistle would give a blast, and all power and machines would be turned off. Then after a parade by the freshmen and free beer for all, the Institute would be dismissed to allow us to swim the Charles River. We could call this River Day, and with patience and time it might become one of the most colorful bits of pageantry in the town. Picture, if you can, scores of engineers pushing the water ahead of them as they churn madly across the river to the Esplanade and freedom, to the shouts of a multitude of enthusiastic Cambridge urchins. The matter is being presently discussed with the proper authorities.

—1942

We had to celebrate Christmas vacation — just because everyone else was doing it, not that it wasn't our own idea, too. But at one of these country club dances where there is always a terrifically mixed up crowd, the orchestra leader started calling for the Big Apple and the older crowd — mothers and fathers, started swinging out in gay fashion, but when it came to getting enough of the younger group together, he ran up against a stone wall. He tried coaxing one of the sub-debs and her escort out, and she practically slapped him down. "Do you suppose I want to make a perfect fool of myself doing that crazy stuff?" she said as she and her partner went into an animated version of peckin'.

—1938



It was in one of those joints where the waitress behind the counter shouts, "Two cups of Java and sinkers" to some invisible person that we found this inspiring little poem.

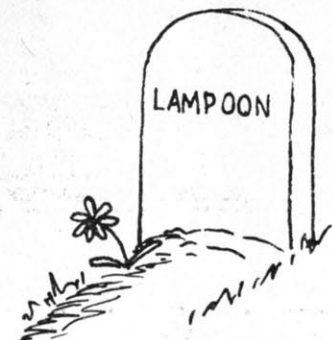
As you ramble on through life,  
Brother —

Keep your eye upon the doughnut  
And not upon the hole.

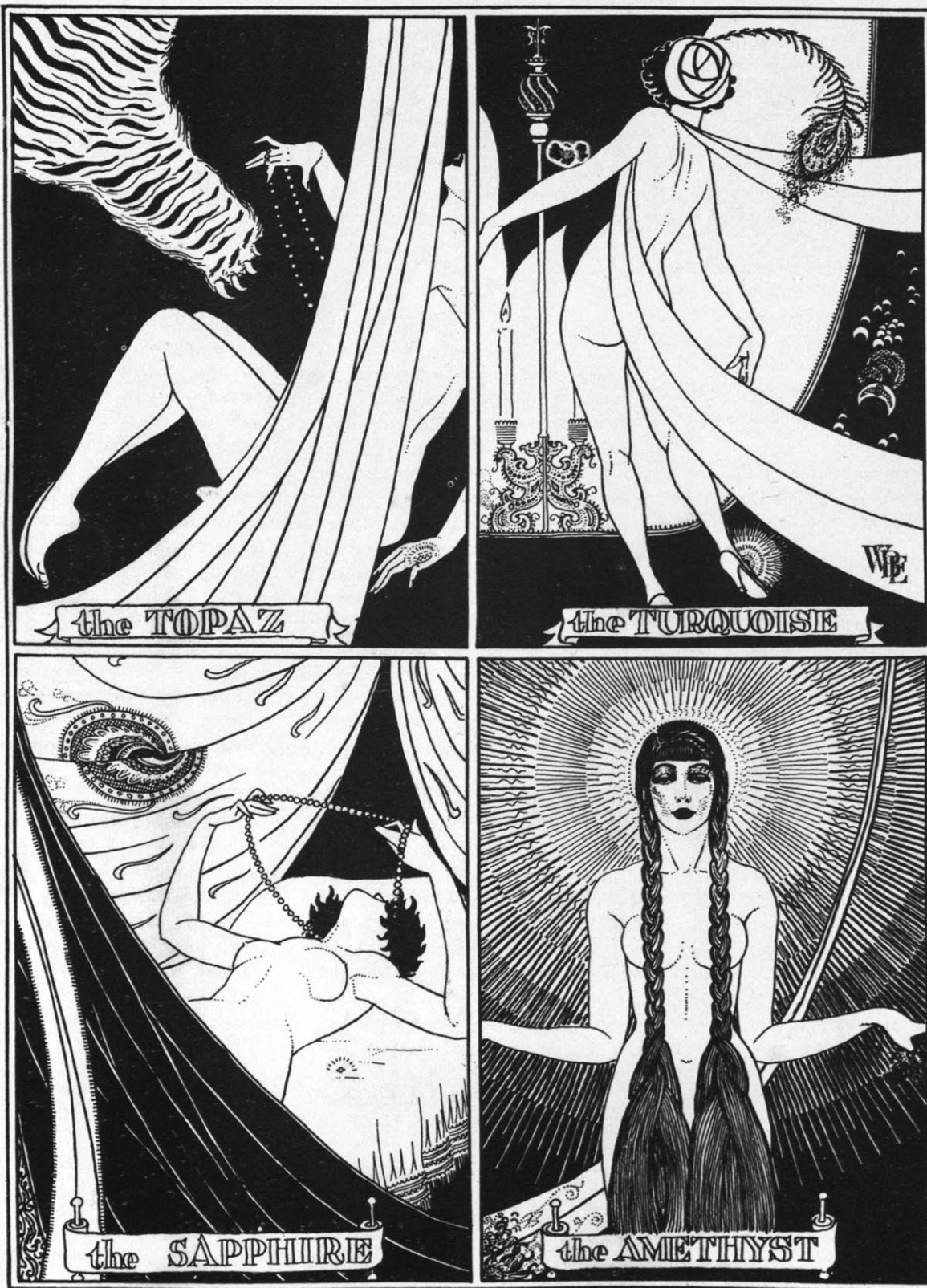
As we were leaving the same restaurant of sorts, a rather tough looking person stopped beside the cashier and said, "Hey, Bob, when's me and you going out to lunch?"

Good advertising.

—1924.







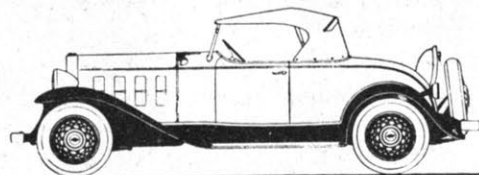
1920

FOUR STUDIES IN THE MODERN STYLE



When three's  
*not* a crowd

And just as the Chevrolet Six never cramps your technique, it never cramps the allowance, either. Gas, oil, and servicings can be paid for, with plenty of change left over for cover charges and refreshments. And as for first-cost—well, bless your soul—just snap on the bifocals and take a look to the right!



## NEW CHEVROLET SIX

*All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.*

# DRY DAZE



## HEAR YE —

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



Sailor (travelling cross-country):  
"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."

Porter: "Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo' ice, dat corpse in de baggage car ain't goin' to keep."

—1925



Stooge: "What does 'non-transferable' mean on this dance bid?"

Stewed: "It meansh that no pershon'll be admitted unlesh he comesh hisself."

—1937

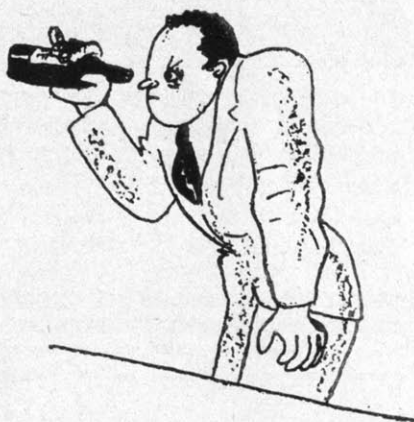




A man was fumbling at his key-hole in the small hours of the morning. A policeman saw his difficulty and came to the rescue.

"Can I help you to find the key-hole, sir?" he asked.

"Thash ald right, old man," said the other cheerily, "you just hold the house still and I can manage."



"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?" asked the judge.

"Well," replied the officer, "I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street, then look up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church and shout, 'Gawd, I've lost fourteen pounds!'"



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



May, 1933

"A little hair tonic, sir?"  
"Yes, I'll take a glass."

—1933

DINE AT THE

## HONEY BEE CAFE

fast table service — air conditioned

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS

700 Mass. Ave., Cambridge

phones: ELiot 4-8683, 4-8835

## SAM SING

Hand Laundry

*fast service . . . . . and  
convenient to fraternities*

49 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
BOSTON

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

## FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

Next to Loew's State Theatre

*NATURALLY... For the most complete Liquor Stock in Boston*

**TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY**

CO 6-2103

SEE US FIRST

# THIS GOT US BANNED

*"The Veil of Bigotry, Shame, Falsehood, Etc. Is Torn Aside," quoth Phos in January, 1929. "The Truth Revealed," he prophesied, "In the BACK BAY NUMBER." The Truth, as revealed in the issue of February, 1929, sold completely out in a couple of hours, started investigations by everyone except the League of Nations, and resulted finally in a completely new Senior Board, Phos having gone in hiding in a Back Bay h-s.*

*We've selected and reprinted here some of the items that made up Voo Doo's most resoundingly (and almost disastrously) successful issue.*

## HANDICAPS

*A one Act Play in the One and Only Back Bay Garment Shop*

**Time:** The present. 11:30 Tuesday night. The one and only store supplying ladies' unmentionables. Purveyors to Back Bay's elite young ladies.

**Scene:** The small store is devoid of customers, and the two female attendants are rearranging the pretty pink and blue dainties on the supports prior to going home.

Enter a young man, rather well dressed, yet showing the effects of a hard evening. His tie is awry, hair mussed, and many creases in trousers and coat.

A look of disgust is written on his face. Addresses first young lady.

**Man:** "Got any ladies' bloomers?"

**Clerk:** "Certainly. What size?"

**He:** "Don't know. Let's see some."

She goes behind counter and pulls out a box, takes out a nice pink pair and holds them up.

**She:** "Will these do?"

**He:** "I guess so, I'll take 'em. Got any more?"

She takes out another and last pair in the box. Holds them up again and starts elaborating on their fine elastic, etc.

**He:** "Fine. I'll take them. Wrap 'em up. Got any more?"

She goes poking around counter and finds another box. Opens box and starts to display another dainty pair.

**He:** "Good, I'll take the box full if I may. Wrap them up. Got any more?" When she starts for another box a worried look crosses his face, but just for an instant.

Clerk rummages around behind counter for some time, finds more, and goes to store room. Comes out with three more boxes.

**She:** "I'm afraid this is all I have. Would you care to see them?"

**He** (a broad grin passing over his face): "No, don't bother, just wrap them all together. How much?"

She, while wrapping starts calculating mentally, gives up, pulls pencil out of hair and calculates on box. Announces result as \$27.32.

He passes her three tens and looks well satisfied.

**He** (as he takes bundle): "You are sure you have no more?"

**She** (calling to manageress): "Sue, there ain't no more bloomers 'cept those that were on left shelf?"



He (unconsciously): "Drive slowly through the park."



Sue: "Sure not. All those gone?"  
She (mumbles): "Yes."

He starts to go out and gets as far as the door when the girl who waited on him calls to him:

"Say, mister, Wouldya mind telling me just what you want with all them bloomers?"

He (about to close the door from outside): "Burn 'em. I hate the godam things!"

—1929



First Distance Swimmer: "There's a rip in your suit, Honey."

Second Ditto: "That so? Hand me the grease gun, will you?"



I'm just all hot and bothered."  
"Well, I'm hot, now if I could only be bothered."

### THE LOWDOWN

Here lieth ye dapper remains of  
ye flapper,  
Whose ways were so racy and  
rough —

She made her abode down on Audobon Road,  
And God! How that kid knew her stuff!

She died with her shoes on; I'll  
give you the news on  
The ending of this baby's life;  
She tried — she could not get a  
Harvard man hot,  
So she ended it all with a knife.



Tourist: "How do you get out of this Back Bay district, anyhow, young feller?"

VI-A: "Well, lots of 'em goes down to Gainsborough Street and passes out quietly."

### SUNRISE SONG

"Let's dew it!"



"What makes people walk in their sleep?"

"Twin beds."



Collegian: "Have you an opening for a bright young fellow?"

Manager: "Yes, but don't slam it on the way out."

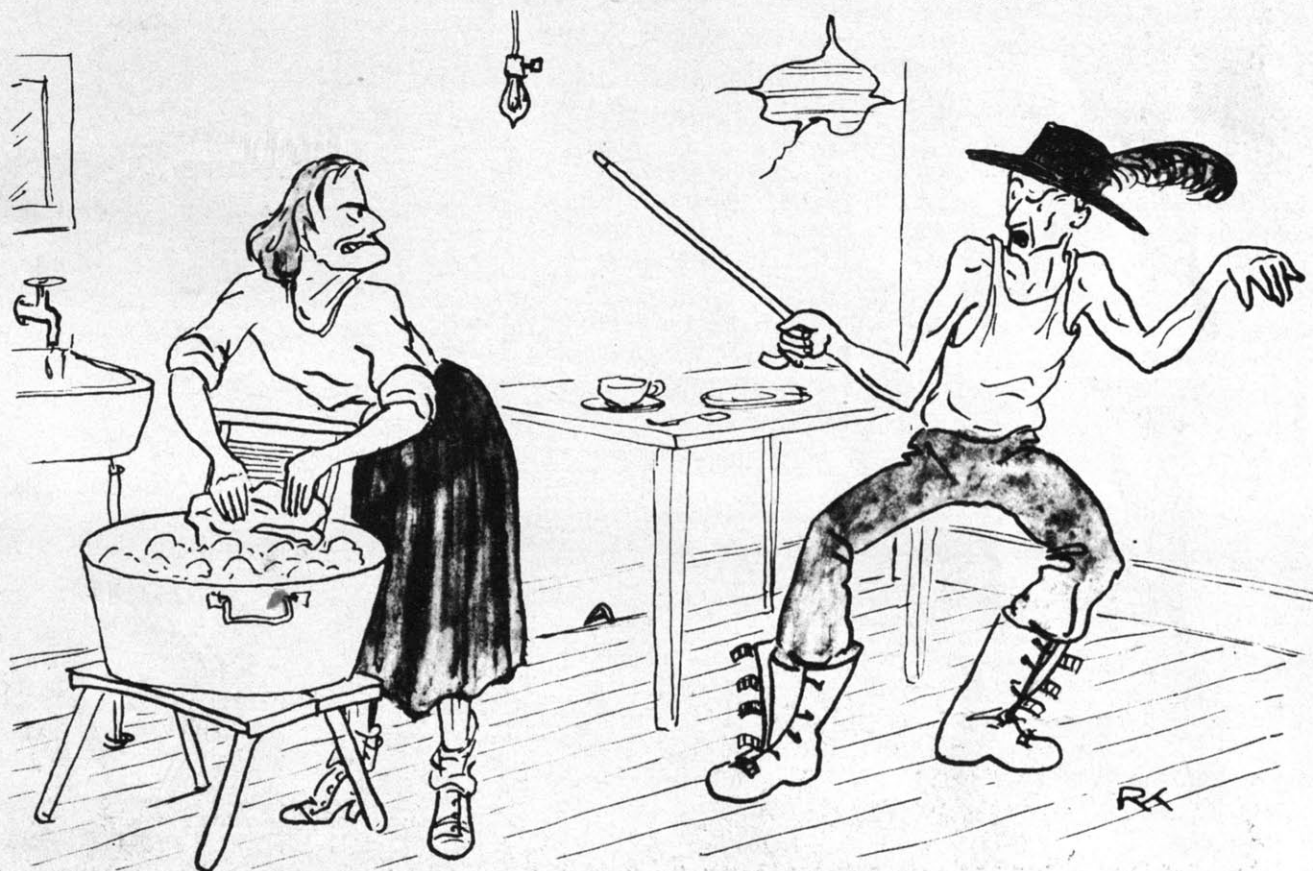


Dean: "Don't you know you shouldn't play strip poker?"

Sweet Young Thing: "Oh, it's perfectly all right. It's not really gambling."

Dean: "What!"

S.Y.T.: "No; you see we get our clothes back."



"Lissen, D'Artagnan, you do that again and I'll slap yer ears off!"

## THE COWARD

She lay quietly on the bed, looking at him with appeal in her eyes — those wide eyes, so unafraid, so inviting. He returned her gaze, not without passion, and arose from the cushioned divan on which he had been reclining.

"Oh, beloved," he whispered, "do you really want me to do this thing?"

She, in her demure fashion, said nothing. The magic of her eyes became, if possible, a bit more alluring, more compelling. Her breathing became more rapid.

He remained standing for a minute, as if torn between two choices. He seemed about to relax in this upright demeanor, and to rush to her to perform that which she craved above all else, and which even so stern a man as he admitted was very vital.

Her soft, virginal bosom rose and fell with quickening rhythm. A low, thrilling moan escaped her lips.

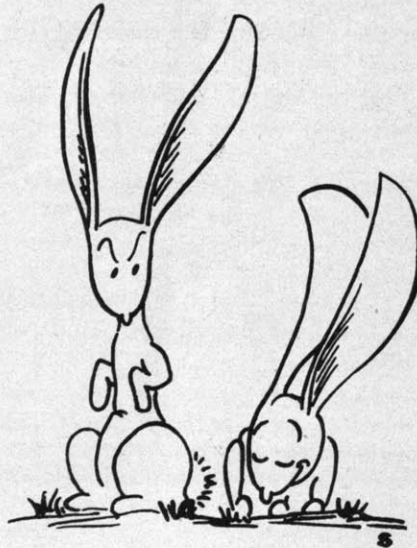
He was unable to forestall this critical episode, evidently.

Seeing this, he advanced toward her, leaned over her and caught her in his arms. Her hands caressed his cheek and entangled themselves in his hair. Slowly, gently, his hand crept downward and seized the bottom of her skirt.

Then, at the last minute, a wave of compunction swept over him

— a chilling effect, which damped his ardor, cleared his brain, and made him see that this thing, was impossible. He tore himself from her.

Lifting his head, he called out down the stairs, "Mary, will you come up here and change the baby?"



"What! Again?"



Marry in haste and beget at leisure.



"When my girl began acting high hat I asked her to please take off her brassy air. Now she won't even speak to me. I wonder."

"Won't you wear my pin? I want you to be mine forever. I may not be on the football team like Jake Smith and I won't have as much money to spend on you as Smith would, but honey, I love you more than any girl I've ever met."

"I love you too, sugar, but where is this Smith fellow?"



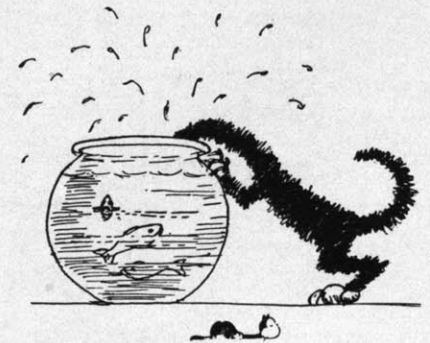
She: "Let's go places and do things."

Cayo: "Say, kid, we don't need to go places."



"Is this a dress rehearsal, Mr. Carroll?"

"No, keep your shirt on, sister."



She: "Is Back Bay expensive?"  
He: "Silence is golden!"



THE BACK BAY SKY LINE

Levon Seron



# GIN-CRAZED YOUTH KILLS THREE!



PATRONIZE YA NABORHOOD DRUGGIST

AN EPIC POME

About the price of doubtful liquor  
I do not feel inclined to bicker.

Two-fifty is the price of gin  
in this age we're living in.



GUNGA GIN

THE BEACON STREET BLUES



SCOTCH AND RYE  
AND BACARDI

I AM A STAUNCH DEFENDER

BUT MAKE MINE GIN

JUST BACK BAY GIN

ANOTHER GIN BARTENDER!



HAILLELUJAH! O-LAWD

A SPIRITUAL IN TWO QUARTS



there's lemons inna ice-box

an' there's cracked ice inna sink

and gin in the bathtub

Wont you pour yourself a drink?



EEYAH TO YOU MR GERSHWIN!



I HAV'N'T GOT A RELIGION

I'M AGNOSTIC AS

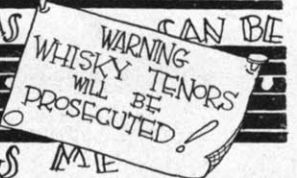
CAN BE



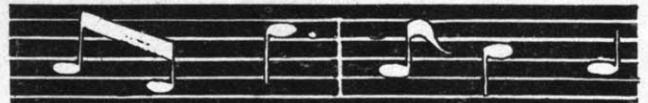
BUT EVERY SING OF

BACK BAY GIN

BRINGS ME



GRAPEFRUIT FOR  
THOSE CROONERS



NEARER MY GOD TO THREE



## B. & S. LAUNDRY

55 CARLETON STREET  
CAMBRIDGE  
Trowbridge 2830

The B. & S. Girls Do the Laundry  
Work for M.I.T. Boys

—1931

← They come  
and Go →

at the

**Kenmore  
Barber Shop**

Hotel Kenmore  
Kenmore Square



—1928

## WHERE DO YOU EAT?

### Cafe de Paris

12  
HAVILAND  
STREET



Near  
Boylston Street  
and  
Massachusetts Avenue

is the place where you get full value for  
your money in food and service

*All Home Cooking*

Just think of getting a

**Seven Course Dinner  
for 50 cents**

Our lunches for 35 cents are unsurpassed

Also a full Course Sunday Chicken Dinner 75 cents

*Tables reserved for Parties*

BACK BAY 70103

—1922

IT'S  
SMART  
TO  
**DANCE**  
AT  
**COSMOPOLITAN**  
**CASINO**

HALL

**ATTENTION GENTLEMEN!!**

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

*Couples Invited — Dancing FREE*

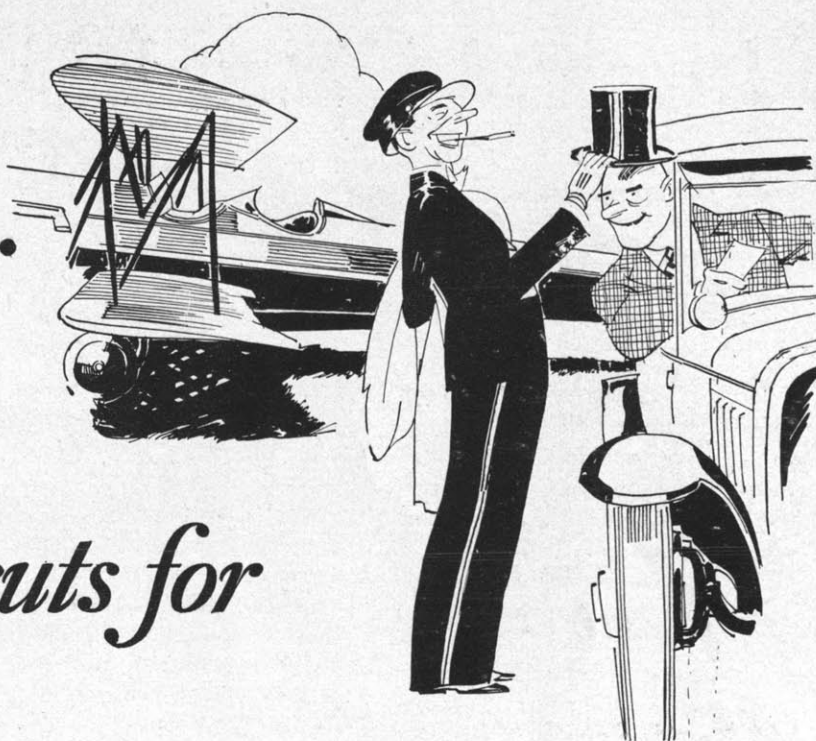
**FESS WILLIAMS** — Sepian "King  
of Jazz" and His Brunswick-  
Victor Orchestra — and  
**GOLDIE LUCAS**  
and His Cosmo-Capers Orchestra

**WORLD  
FAMOUS  
BANDS**

**48th STREET** Between BROADWAY & 7th AVE  
NEW YORK CITY



# Now... week ends hold no Monday cuts for Cuthbert



CUTHBERT had a weakness for week-ends. Friday night means fish to some people, but it was just a train ride to him. And Mondays—it was simply shameful how that boy treated his Mondays. His assortment of cuts looked like a hand of Stud, with the Dean's as the buried card.

Suddenly everything was changed. Mondays would find Cuthbert sitting on the chapel steps waiting for the janitor to open up. On two slightly hazy occasions he peered through the mullioned doors and said cautiously, "You know me, Emil."

His friends were even more amazed than if Cuthbert had answered the waiter in French. Pressed for an explanation of his amazing reformation, Cuthbert uttered the cryptic word, "COMMAND-AIRE."

"And how," we rise to remark, for our COMMAND-AIRE plane does command the air. In stability of control, it has no equal. We have photographic proof of how our pilot left the cockpit, straddled the fuselage and the COMMAND-AIRE flew placidly on without, as the biscuit advertisements say, the touch of human hands.

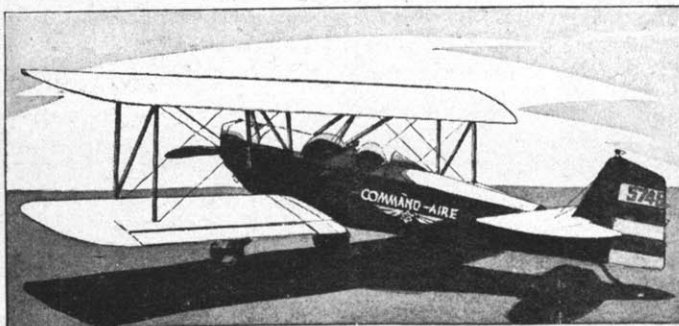
That's what air-minded people call stall speed control. Should your engine go dead, or when

you throttle back the motor to land, you still have the same uncanny control.

When you combine this amazing stability with the power of the COMMAND-AIRE 90 to 150 H. P. motors, and the vivid beauty and efficiency of our custom-like job, our buyers invariably say, "Why didn't you think of it sooner?"

We did. Our imported designer has been working for years. Now we have production up and price down. Only \$3,250 f. o. b. Little

Rock. Write for our booklet, and watch for demonstration at the University.



COMMAND-AIRE, INC., Little Rock, Arkansas

# COMMAND-AIRE

# LIFE WITH GOTTLIEB

Nobody knows how many billions of human beings inhabit the earth. Perhaps a million or so live in or about Boston. Several odd thousands attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of which we are on speaking terms with about one hundred. Think of the mathematical odds, the combinations and permutations.

Who do I live with? Gottlieb?

Six feet two of sin, bones, and disease, Gottlieb is the prototype of all that is loathsome and incompatible. Gottlieb has a small collection of black-widow spiders and keeps an octopus in the wash-basin. Every night he locks himself in the pantry to get his instructions from Mephistopheles.

The following is a brief sketch of the normal day with Gottlieb.

6:50 a.m. I am awakened by sounds of hacking, hawking, and spewing from the adjoining bed. Gottlieb is having his morning consumption. The room is soon permeated with hordes of ravenous bacilli and micro-organisms. I can hear the soft humming of their voracious little teeth as they champ away at the walls of my lungs. I lurch into the living room, atomize a quart of lysol, and collapse on the couch.

7:00 a.m. I am dreaming of a litter of armadillos playing leap-frog in the chandelier. I awake to the sound of bone rattling against porcelain. Loud thumps ensue. Gottlieb is taking a bath.

7:10 a.m. Gottlieb emerges from the bathroom, a threadbare and haggard Venus Anadiomenad, a

gnarled and bony Phoenix dripping fetid water on the living room rug. Salvatore Dali should know what he is missing.

7:15 a.m. Gottlieb is pouring breakfast. I am watching, rapt and eager, when a low moan emerges from beneath the arm-chair. Scraping and bumping follow. A gartered and hairy leg protrudes from below. I fling aside the chair to encounter the repulsive features of Gottlieb's crony, Alphonse Hoofschabel. I am put in mind of a day in my youth when, hiking through the swamp, I lifted a large, flat stone to spy a fat, white slug thereunder. Our limacine friend opens one swollen and bloated eye, belches reproachfully, and returns to intellectual obscurity.

8:30 a.m. Routine discussion of futility of attending classes.

9:00 a.m. Gottlieb and I are now resplendent with baggy clothing. My hair is combed; Gottlieb's skin well polished. Hoofschabel is swept into a neat pile. We sally forth in quest of our respective vehicles.

9:30 a.m. We discover mine. It is attached to a fence. We debate whether to leave part of the car there or take part of the fence along. We resolve to let fate decide. The result is a little of both.

9:50 a.m. Gottlieb's car; eureka! He wipes a bit of nerve-tissue from the door handle and climbs in. Several glands are lying on the seat; these he contemptuously disposes of. I accommodate by removing part of a stomach and

someone's battered appendix from the hood. We race to the nearest bar.

10:00 a.m. Lo! The Esplanade.

11:00 a.m. Discussing our 11:00 class over a beer.

12:00 a.m. Discussing our 12:00 class over a beer.

12:00 noon. Lo! Hoofschabel. And a Hoofschabel rakishly attired in Gottlieb's blue serge pants and my last clean shirt. Gottlieb and I console ourselves with the thought that into every life a little Hoofschabel must fall. We watch in awe and genuflection as he dunks his doughnut in a cup of gin.

1:25 p.m. We rush back to the apartment for the daily icebox derby. This derby is practically unique among sporting events. It is based on the competitive estimation of refrigerator travel during excitation. Let me explain.

Gottlieb has procured for us a phenomenal piece of refrigeration mechanism: every day at 1:40 p.m. it indulges in an epileptic orgy. The technique of icebox derby is to mark the initial position with a piece of chalk on the floor. Estimates are recorded. Then all dishes, bottles, glasses, and other smashables are removed from the kitchen and the door locked. Gottlieb, Stempf, and Hoofschabel crouch behind the day bed in abject reverence of the cosmic forces soon to be unleashed. At 1:40 sharp a wild shriek of primeval exultation assails our ears. We cower. Billows of soot and brimstone seep through the tran-



som. Earth and cosmos shake in a spasm of physical law unshackled



At least the cataclysm is spent. Muffled sobs of agonized mechanism alone remain. Gottlieb gingerly tries the door. We encounter a shambles of metal parts and powdered masonry. Gottlieb's guess of six feet wins. We return the still shuddering machine to the origin, sweep up the floor, and indulge in a stiff sedative.

2:00 p.m. Time for lunch — Hoofsnabel pouring.

3:00 p.m. Routine discussion of inadvisability of exposing ourselves to the jibes of professors at afternoon classes.

4:00 p.m. Gottlieb is getting "that look." He condescendingly declares that if I will get my woman and Hoofsnabel will get his, he, Gottlieb, will get another bag. Hoofsnabel and I are not exactly men among men, but Gottlieb is not even a mouse among mice. We squat on his head and stomach and amuse ourselves by playing at "she loves me not" with the sparse hair on his concave chest. Gottlieb's chest is so sunken that every time he takes a deep breath he gets hunchbacked.

4:30 p.m. We have dug up two dates.

5:00 p.m. Still only two.

5:30 p.m. Hoofsnabel leaves for the Old Howard.

6:15 p.m. My date accounted for, Gottlieb descends upon Wellesley like the wolf on the fold. Vanishes into a stately brick edifice.

6:30 p.m. Gottlieb emerges with Amnesia Flatbush (bound and gagged) and deposits her on the front seat. Amnesia turns to greet us. I wince. My date is staring in sheer incredulity. Amnesia is like a breath of foul air.

6:45 p.m. As we roar off, Amnesia adjusts her hair and teeth. Suddenly Amnesia emits a charming, ear-piercing little gasp. We have to go back to Wellesley. Amnesia has forgotten her eye.



7:30 p.m. Supper in the Statler bar.

8:00 p.m. Routine discussion of inanity of preparing for classes we don't go to.

10:00 p.m. Back at the apartment. Gottlieb is making unnecessarily obscene noises into the telephone in response to the fourth consecutive complaint. Hoofsnabel, who has meanwhile oozed in, screams something into my ear about bigots who can't tolerate a little innocent fun. Amnesia, who is executing a horrible variety

of voo-doo drum dance on my desk, screams some similar remark.

11:30 p.m. The party is dissolved by three ganglions of the management bearing revolvers and bull whips.

12:30 p.m. Dates safely in arms of waiting house-mothers, Hoofsnabel inserted head first in waste basket, Gottlieb and I prepare to retire. We brush the beer bottles off the beds.

1:00 a.m. Sleep that soothes the tattered bosom.

1:05 a.m. Lights on. Gottlieb wants a drink.

1:09 a.m. Sleep.

1:15 a.m. Gottlieb lands on floor. Thumping and thrashing. Snakes again.

1:20 a.m. The pause that refreshes.

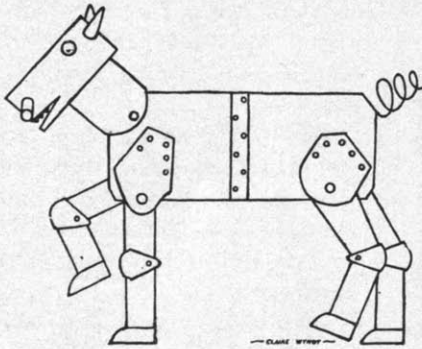
1:37 a.m. Swishing noises, several crashes, followed by noises of breaking glass, and a splat right over my head. Bats. Gottlieb returns to bed, pushing the corpses on the floor.

1:50 a.m. Sounds of a fire siren winding up nearby. Good, Hoofsnabel is asleep.

2:00 a.m. Noises reminiscent of a freight train loaded with empty tin cans sideswiping a cattle train. Gottlieb is in the arms of Morpheus. I sleep.



# THE ROARING TWENTIES



*The answer to the street-cleaner's prayer*



Professor: "How was Alexander II killed?"

Student: "By a bomb."

Professor: "How do you explain that?"

Stude. "It exploded."

— 1921



"Your forefathers made you a better man."

"It's a good thing my old man didn't hear about the other three."

— 1927

"Marie is getting quite modern! Some time ago she said when she got married she was going to have two children. Now she's changed her mind."

"What about, the kids?"

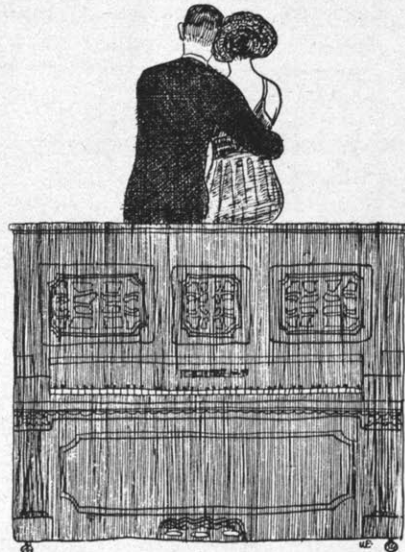
"No, about getting married!"

— 1927

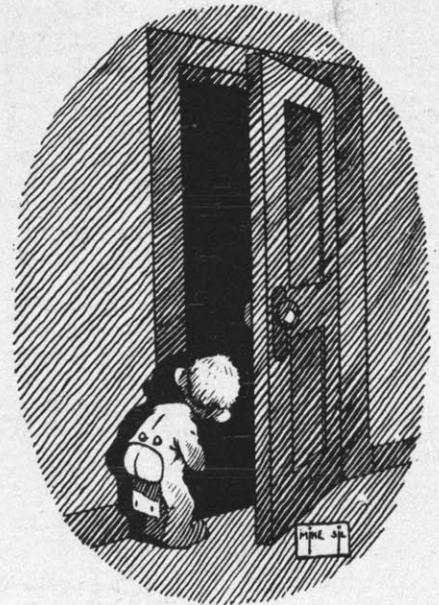


"Who's that?"  
"Girl I used to sleep with."  
"Shocking! Where?"  
"Physics lecture."

— 1926



*Try this on your piano*



*"Pardon me, Lady Astor"*



Sweet Young Thing: "But I've never been kissed before."

Unbelieving Young Man: "What?"

Sweet Young Thing: "Before breakfast."

— 1921



How sad the story of Jane McCleek, Her will was strong, but her won't was weak.

— 1923



*Day Before Yesterday, Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow*



## Prosperity Was Just Around the Corner

"Yep, I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

"Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard."



A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

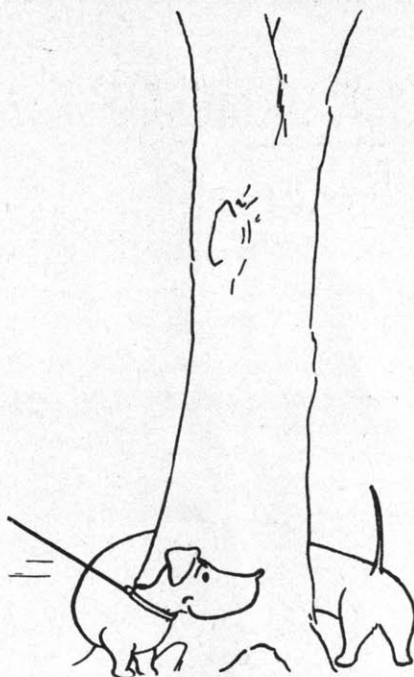
"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said, as he looked in the mirror. "I never knewed he had his pitcher took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he was asleep she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."



"Sergeant, somebody stole my car"



"Oh, what a funny looking cow," the chic young thing from New York told the farmer. "But why hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied, "why a cow does not have horns. Some are born without horns, and some do not have them until late years in life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns. The reason this cow does not have horns is that it is not a cow at all, but a horse."



American college student touring Europe tries to pick up a little Spanish

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

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



Sweet Young Thing: "I'm in tears, positively in tears. I haven't any bathing suit to wear."

Innocent Spectator: "Did you lose it?"

S. Y. T.: "No, a moth ate it."

—1928



# THE ROARING TWENTIES

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.

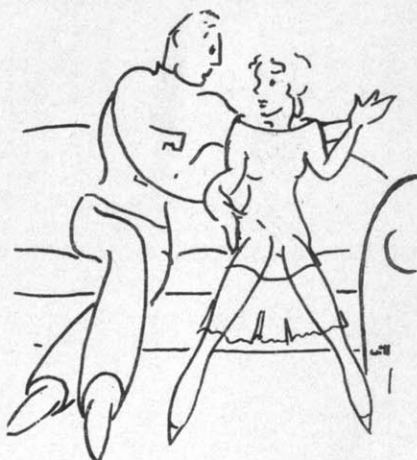


Fast young ladies, like fast race horses, often win by a bare neck, and yet with this difference — the horse's victory is due to space covered quickly — the young lady's to space not covered at all.



"Guess who?"

The month's best music hit: "I don't mind your looking up my family tree, but let my limbs alone."



"But I stroked the crew"

She wants to get married just to prove that she can.

She doesn't want to get married just to prove that she doesn't have to.

If she doesn't, they'll say she can't.

If she does, they'll say her career is ruined.

— 1920



Train Robber: "Out with your dough. I'll kill all men without money and kiss all women."

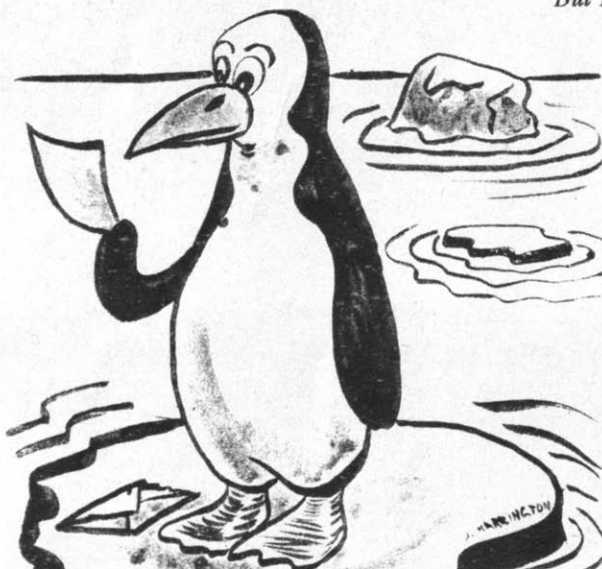
Elderly Gent: "You shall not touch these ladies!"

Old Maid in upper berth: "You leave him alone. He's robbing this train."



— 1922

In a cigarette it's the taste; in an Austin it's impossible.



"Dear Charlie,

We should have been more careful for I am with Byrd.

Love,

Mabel."



"... and on a biplane it's impossible."



## Murgatroyd



*This is Murgatroyd  
Murgatroyd is a Tech coed.  
See the maggots.*



*This is Varicose.  
Murgatroyd loves Varicose. He is  
a freshman  
See his M S uniform? Whew!*



*This is Treponema. She is a nazi,  
bulgar spy. Murgatroyd hates  
Treponema.*

Tech Del



*Look! Treponema has tured Varicose.  
She will ply him. She will spy him.  
Treponema is bad.*



*Treponema wants to know what is a  
cadet officer. Varicose does not know.  
Varicose has foiled Treponema.*



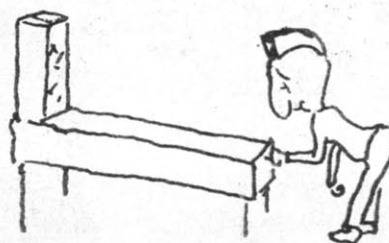
*Treponema is mad. Look what she is  
doing. We said she was bad.*



*Oh! Look! Here is Murgatroyd!  
Will Murgatroyd see Treponema?*



*Murgatroyd has seen Treponema!  
She has also pilfered the potion.*



*Murgatroyd has saved Varicose.  
Murgatroyd will be all right.  
She will vomit.*



# The Gospel According to Saint Joe

Translated out of the Original Greek and with the Former Translations diligently compared  
and revised by Special Command

**V**erily, I say unto you, marry not an engineer for the engineer is a strange being, possessed of many devils; yea, he speaketh eternally in parables which he calleth "formulas", and he hath but one Bible,—a handbook.

He talketh always of stresses and strains, and without end of thermodynamics. He sheweth always a serious aspect and seemeth not to know how to smile; and he picketh his seat in the car by the springs therein and not by the damsel beside him; neither does he know a waterfall save for its power, nor the sunset except for her absorption spectrum.

Always he carrieth his slide rule with him and he entertaineth his maiden with steam tables. Verily, though his damsel expecteth chocolates, when he calleth he brings samples of iron.

Yea, he holdeth his damsel's hand, but only to measure the heat content thereof, and kisses but to test the viscosity. In his eyes shineth a faraway look which is neither love nor longing—but a vain attempt to recall a formula.

There is but one key to his heart, and that is the Tau Beta Pi key; and one love letter for which he yearneth and that an "H"; and when to his damsel he writeth of love and signeth with crosses, take not these symbols for kisses but rather for unknown quantities.

Even as a youth, he pulleth a girl's hair to test its elasticity, but as a man he discovered different devices; for he would count the vibrations of her heartstrings and reckons her strength of materials; for he seeketh ever to pursue scientific investigations, and inscribeth his passion in a formula; and his marriage is an equation involving two unknowns and yielding diverse answers.



## FAMOUS LITTLE SPEECHES

1. Juliet to Romeo:  
Ah, perjure not the love you swore  
In former times, nor wreck,  
With new vows, faith you've pledged before;  
But come on up; let's neck.
2. Sir Walter to Elizabeth:  
I care not that you've soiled my coat,  
Sweet lady that you are;  
But ah, to clutch your pretty throat —  
You've crushed my last cigar!

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,  
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,  
Bare are the limbs of all the shameless trees;  
No wonder that the corn is shocked. 1923



"I don't understand women. They never seem to mean what they say. Take the other night, for instance. I goes over to call on Mary. When I gets there, she tells me the brother has lent her the car for the evening. "Would I like to go for a little ride?" "I would!" So we starts off, Mary driving. Well, we gets about ten miles from town when suddenly the car gives one last wheeze and stops — and not a house in sight! "Goodness," says Mary, "What can be the matter?" and she sinks back sorta helplessly. "Mebbe I can do something while we're waiting for a car to come along!" says I. "You might try, anyway," she retorts, sarcastic-like. So I climbs out and starts tinkering with the engine. Then she says she's cold and don't I know what to do — and me up to my neck in grease trying to find out! But I gives her my coat and keeps right on working. Well, after I've fooled around with the carburetor for about an hour, I, darned if she doesn't discover that the switch had got snapped off somehow!! So I climbs in, and back we drives; she muttering under her breath all the way about "Dumbbells who don't know anything" — and after I've done everything I could think of — and it being all *her* fault anyway!! I don't understand women. They never seem to mean what they say!" 1928

Out-of-this world!

That's **Mansfield**  
**Jogs**



**You'll be singin' a song as ya' roll  
along in these easy-action, casual  
Mansfield Jogs. Reet for feet and  
hep to step. Out-of-this-world  
comfort... style... long wear, at a  
down-to-earth price. **\$995****

**Other Mansfields \$9.95 to \$13.95**

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**Patronage Refund to Members**



When your hair has turned to yellow

I will love you just the same;

Even tho I liked you brunette

I have only style to blame.

If you use an orange lipstick

Of that ultra-violent hue,

And you wear skirts to your ankles,

I can even stand that too.

But the first day that I catch you

Playing backgammon on the sly,

Or listening in on Rudy Vallee

Then it's goodbye, my sweetheart,

goodbye.

1931

**HUNTER HAIG**

**only**

**\$35** the sportcoat

**\$58** the suit

**and the best of course**

- cashmeres
- handwoven shetlands
- harris tweeds
- sharkskins
- flannels
- tropicals
- gabardines

**HUNTER HAIG**

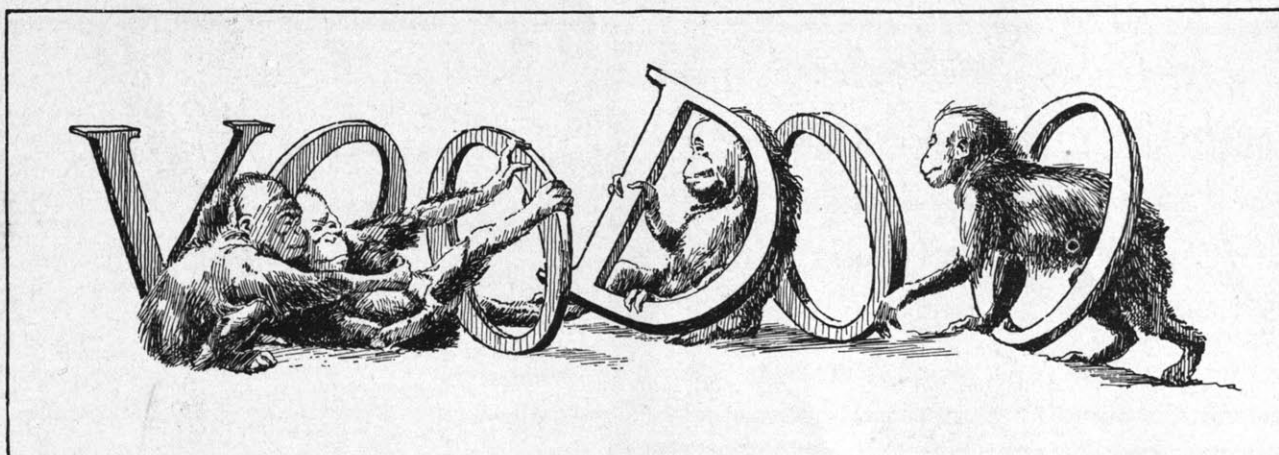
30A PLYMPTON ST.  
CAMBRIDGE  
— near Harvard —



“You, too, will  
like the fresh,  
minty flavor  
and relaxing  
refreshment of  
**Beech-Nut  
Gum**”







The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father. "And all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."



"I understand that Norwegian boys and girls go on skiing parties that last for weeks."

"That's all right — if they keep their skis on."



Wife: "Oh, you needn't explain about that last escapade! I'm divorcing you because of your table manners."

Husband: "What do you mean?"

Wife: "Last night I saw you in a night club with a fried chicken on your lap."



"My Dad takes things apart to see why they don't go."

"So what?"

"So you'd better go!"

—1930

## LEARN TO DANCE "THE SHAG"

New York's dance craze which is sweeping the country. Also "The Swing," "La Conga," "Westchester," Tango, Waltz, Rhumba, Fox Trot. You will enjoy learning from Boston's foremost instructors. Over 35, male and female. Beginners and advanced pupils never too old to learn even if you are a beginner. A staff of experts — dependable — teach you how to lead or follow — balance — poise — position — and give you confidence to move smoothly and lightly. **SPECIAL RATES — 15 PRIVATE LESSONS \$5.00.** Hours 10 A. M. to 12 P. M. Dancing to orthophonic — radio — orchestra music.



Blue eyes gaze at mine — Vexation.  
Soft hand clasped in mine — Palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine — Expectation.

Red lips close to mine — Temptation.

Footsteps — Damnation.



"The boys in the fraternity must be out. The lights are not on."

"No. They are giving a party."

—1929



"How did you happen to tip the canoe? Did you change your seat?"

"No. The girl changed her mind."

—1926



He: "Jack had tough luck in court, this morning."

She: "How's that?"

He: "He was arrested for kissing a woman. The judge took a look at her and fined him \$10.00 for being drunk."



"Ma, can I go out to play?"

"What, Willie! With those holes in your trousers?"

"Naw, with the kids across the street."

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Flowers for All Occasions

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*Our Specialty*

Special Service to Tech Students



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MEN'S FORMAL CLOTHES  
AND ACCESSORIES FOR HIRE

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near Leow's State Theater

## HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT STARTED THE BOSTON TEA PARTY



Keep looking, men! There must be  
Life Savers aboard!



...only 5¢

## LIKE TO STUDY ABROAD NEXT SUMMER?

You can earn full credits on an all-expense,  
university-sponsored study tour via TWA

Now's the time to start planning for one of the most interesting and profitable summers you've ever spent... sightseeing and studying in Europe while you earn full university credits. Again in 1951, TWA will participate in the tours that proved so popular for the past two years... in cooperation

with the "Institute of University Studies Abroad." And you'll have a chance to learn at *first-hand* the new concept of air-age geography... traveling by luxurious TWA Skyliner. Remember, half your time will be devoted to touring Europe and the other half in residence study as indicated below.

Look at this list of study-tours being planned for next summer (from four to nine weeks abroad), and check the ones that interest you:

- ☐ **SWITZERLAND** ☐ University of Geneva  
☐ University of Zurich, School for European Studies  
☐ University of Lausanne  
☐ Fribourg Catholic University
- ☐ **FRANCE** Sorbonne (Paris) ☐ Lille (at Boulogne-sur-Mer) or  
☐ Toulouse (at Nice)
- ☐ **AUSTRIA** University of Salzburg
- ☐ **BRITISH ISLES AND IRELAND** Study at various universities
- ☐ **SPAIN** Madrid and Barcelona
- ☐ **ITALY** Florence and Siena
- ☐ **GENERAL EUROPEAN** Study and Travel Tours
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C-11

## FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS for the best wisecrack!

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students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-  
wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Reporter: "I've got a perfect news  
story."

Editor: "How come? Man bit  
dog?"

Reporter: "No, a bull threw a pro-  
fessor."

Ned Curran  
M. I. T. Dorms,  
Cambridge 39, Mass



# BUGS AT HIS BEST



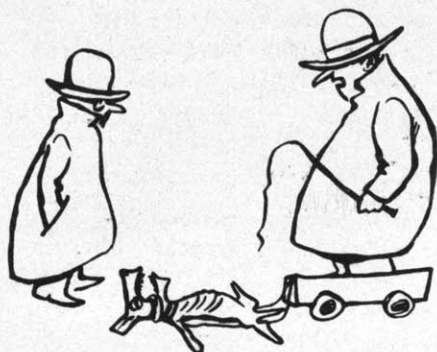
"My pen leaks."



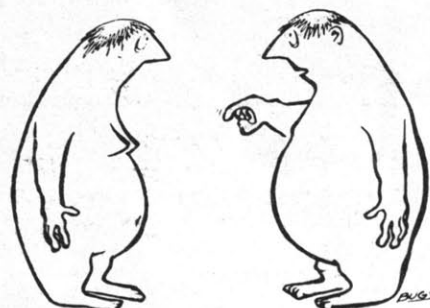
Here I come, ready or not.



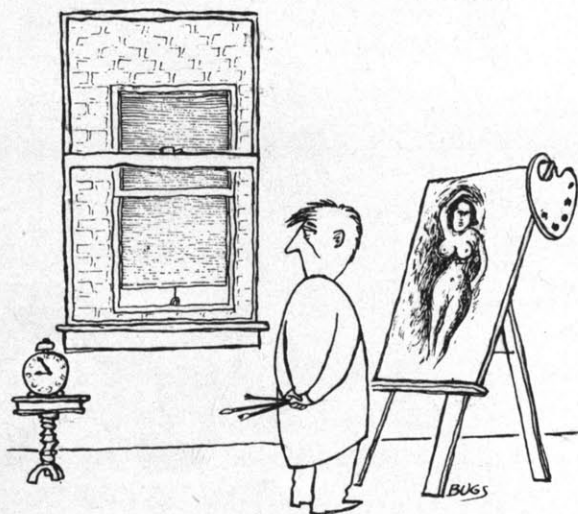
"OK! OK! — A pterodactyl brought you. Now, are you satisfied?"



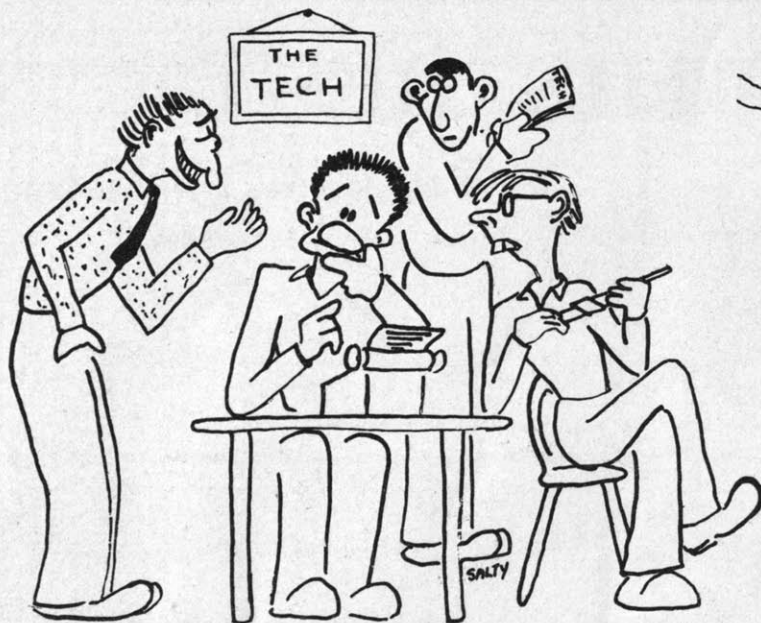
"Damn dog died!"



"ME TARZAN—YOU JANE"



T'hell with this: it just goes in one ear and out the other. I'm saturated.



"We'll run an editorial to raise enthusiasm so that other activities can get good men, too."



Chorus Girl: "How did you find your new Harvard friend?"

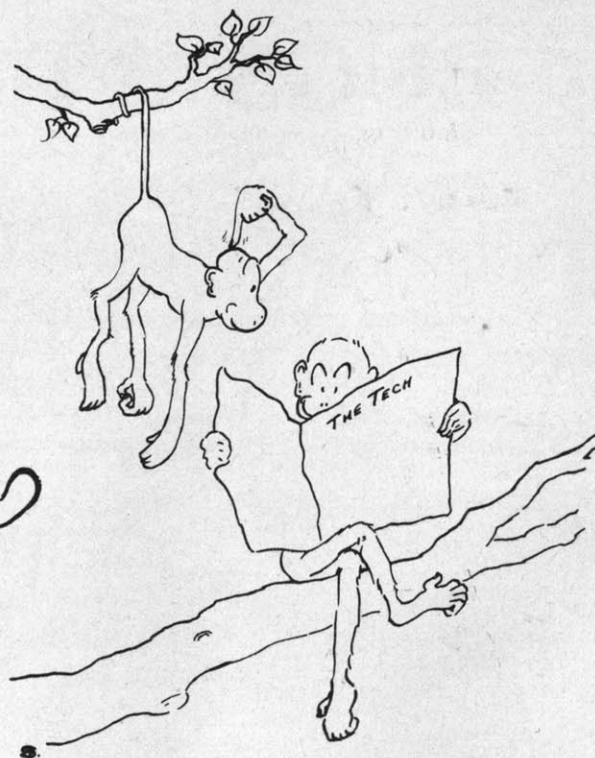
Second Glorified Girl: "I just unbuttoned his coon-skin coat and there he was."

—1928



Prof to Soph: "Your work is terrible. Your themes lack interest, unity, coherence, and logic. What do you do in your spare time?"

Soph: "I'm a reporter for *The Tech*, sir."

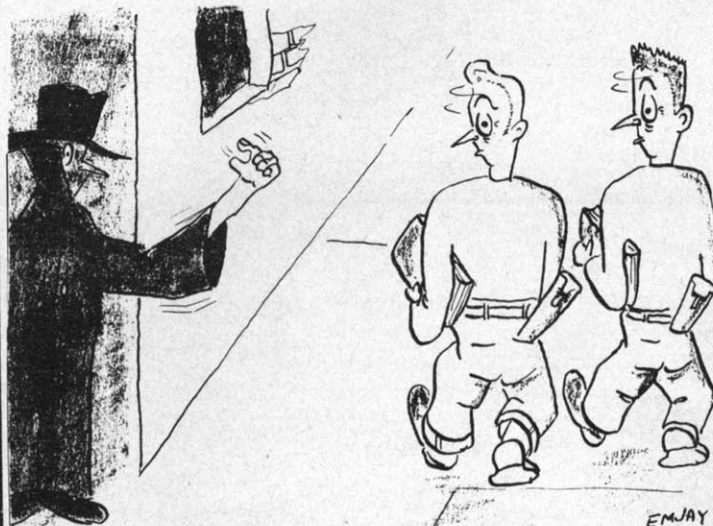


LOOK, MA, JUNIOR'S BEEN MADE EDITOR OF THE SCHOOL PAPER.



A cousin of Siegfried Sassoon  
Once wiped out half a platoon  
By making them choke  
On a horrible joke

Which he clipped from the *Harvard Lampoon*.



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EMJAY

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