



100-0000

25

FRESHMAN
NUMBER.

Announcing Pressureless Touch

In a Pen that Ends Breakage—Brings
Jewel-like Beauty—28% Lighter Weight

*Can't go wrong if you treat
it right, or we make it good free**

You here behold Parker's new model Duofold Pen. In reaching this goal, we spent 35 years on 47 improvements. We made sixteen million pens. We own 32 pen patents.

Now the Barrel is made of Non-Breakable Permanite instead of rubber as formerly. It is 28% lighter.

It comes in lustrous Jade, Lacquer-red, flashing Black and Gold, Mandarin Yellow, and Lapis Lazuli Blue—5 color combinations—all gold trimmed—all black-tipped—jewel-like in their beauty.

It comes in 3 sizes—Over-size, Junior, and slender Lady Duofold. They are shapely, symmetrical, perfectly balanced to aid the hand's dexterity.

Each size in six graduated points—Extra Fine, Fine, Medium, Broad, Stub and Right and Left Oblique.

We discovered a way to make them write without pressure—by using capillary attraction combined with gravity flow. This requires a special ink channel, hand-ground between the prongs of the point.

It increases our cost but we haven't increased our price.

The Duofold point, though tempered to yield to all hands, can't lose its shape. It needs no breaking in—it knows no wearing out.

Not for \$50 could you get a finer pen than Parker Duofold at \$7. More money would only add some extra ornament. And the first cost is the last cost—see our offer below.

The fresh fall assortments of these new models are ready at all good pen counters. Dealers invite you to come and give your hand a taste of this new treat.

Look for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD"—then imitations can't deceive you.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
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***No Trouble
or No Charge**

To prove Parker Duofold Pens will stay in perfect order, Parker agrees to make good free, if one should fail, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to Parker with 10c for return postage and insurance.

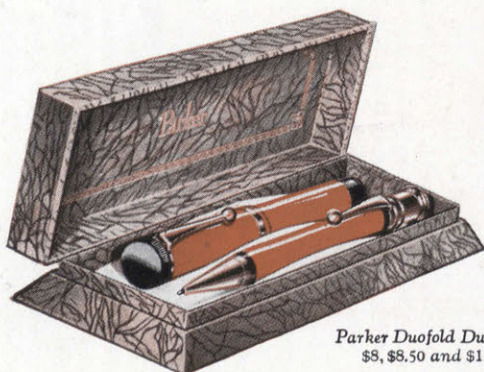
Red and Black
Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
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Parker

Duofold

OVER-SIZE \$7

Duofold Jr. \$5 Lady Duofold \$5
Duofold Pencils to match, \$3, \$3.50, \$4



Parker Duofold Duette
\$8, \$8.50 and \$11



EVENTS OF THE MONTH

SPORTS

Cross Country

- October 22 Holy Cross at Franklin Park
 October 29 New Hampshire at Franklin Park
 November 5 Tufts at Franklin Park
 November 14 New England's at Franklin Park
 November 21 I. C. A. A. A. at New York

Soccer

- October 8 Brown at home.
 October 15 Northeastern at Northeastern
 October 22 Worcester Tech at Worcester Tech
 October 26 Bradford Textile at home
 October 29 Clark at Clark
 November 5 Springfield at home
 November 15 Harvard at home
 November 19 New Hampshire at New Hampshire
 November 23 United States Military Academy at West Point

- October 5 T. E. N. meeting for candidates in office

- October 7 **ALL-TECHNOLOGY SMOKER**

- October 13 Tech Show Smoker in North Hall

- October 26 **Voo Doo Smoker**
In the Walker Grill for
all Voo Doo Candidates

- November 4 Field Day
 Freshmen v. Sophomores
 Crew
 Tug-of-War
 Football
 Relay Race

Shh-h-h!



The young lady
 Whose back is toward you
 Has just whispered something
 To the young man
 Who is facing you.
 He does look a little pleased
 You'll have to admit.
 You can't blame the lad for that.
 She has just told him
 That she will cancel a previous
 Date any time
 He will take her to —

The smartest place to dine and dance in Boston

MUSIC BY LEO REISMAN

The NEW EGYPTIAN ROOM

OF 1927

Hotel Brunswick

Boston

Finchley

CLOTHES TAILORED TO ORDER FOR
 SPORTS AND CAMPUS USAGE. AN EX-
 TRAORDINARY SELECTION OF HABER-
 DASHERY, HATS, SHOES AND WOOLIES.

EXHIBITIONS ARE CONDUCTED
 REGULARLY AT YOUR COLLEGE.

THE
FINCHLEY
 Establishment

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-SIXTH STREET
 NEW YORK



All wet, man!—except your

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

—and that's always dry!

Never gurgles, drips, or trickles juice!
No bite—either!

Just a clean, fresh, sweet smoke you
enjoy as you never enjoyed anything
in your life!

It's the "Drinkless Attachment" that
does it—keeps juice away from your
lips—keeps 'em pure, unstained and
perfectly cherubic!

"Which is as it should be," as Stella
would say.



Ask to see the famous
Drinkless Kaywoodie at your
pipe shop. Don't miss it, man!

Drinkless KAYWOODIE \$3.50
Unconditionally Guaranteed **UP**

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc., 120 Fifth Ave., New York

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.. not a cough in a carload

15¢



SYLVIA SIDNEY in CRIME
WILBUR



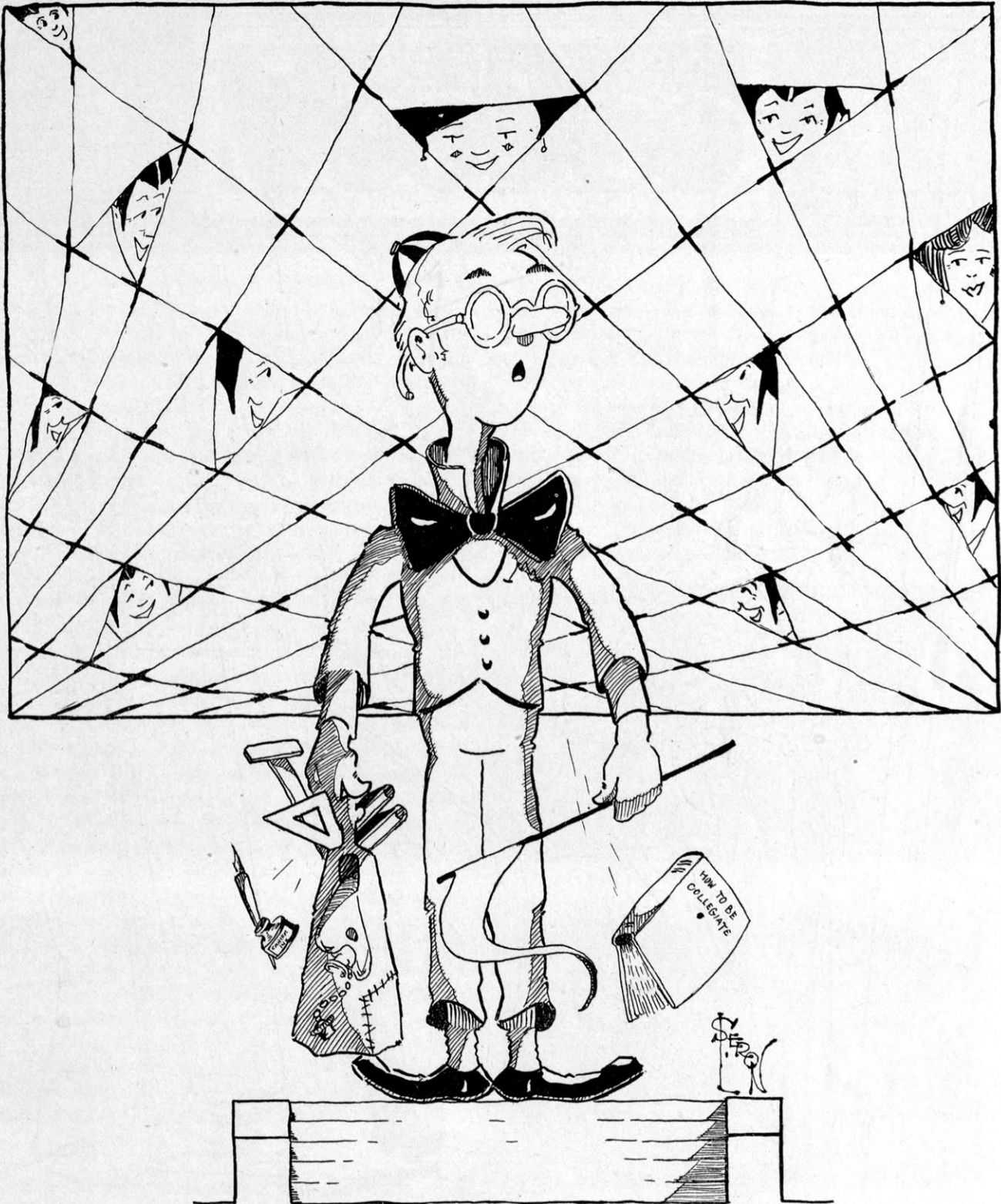
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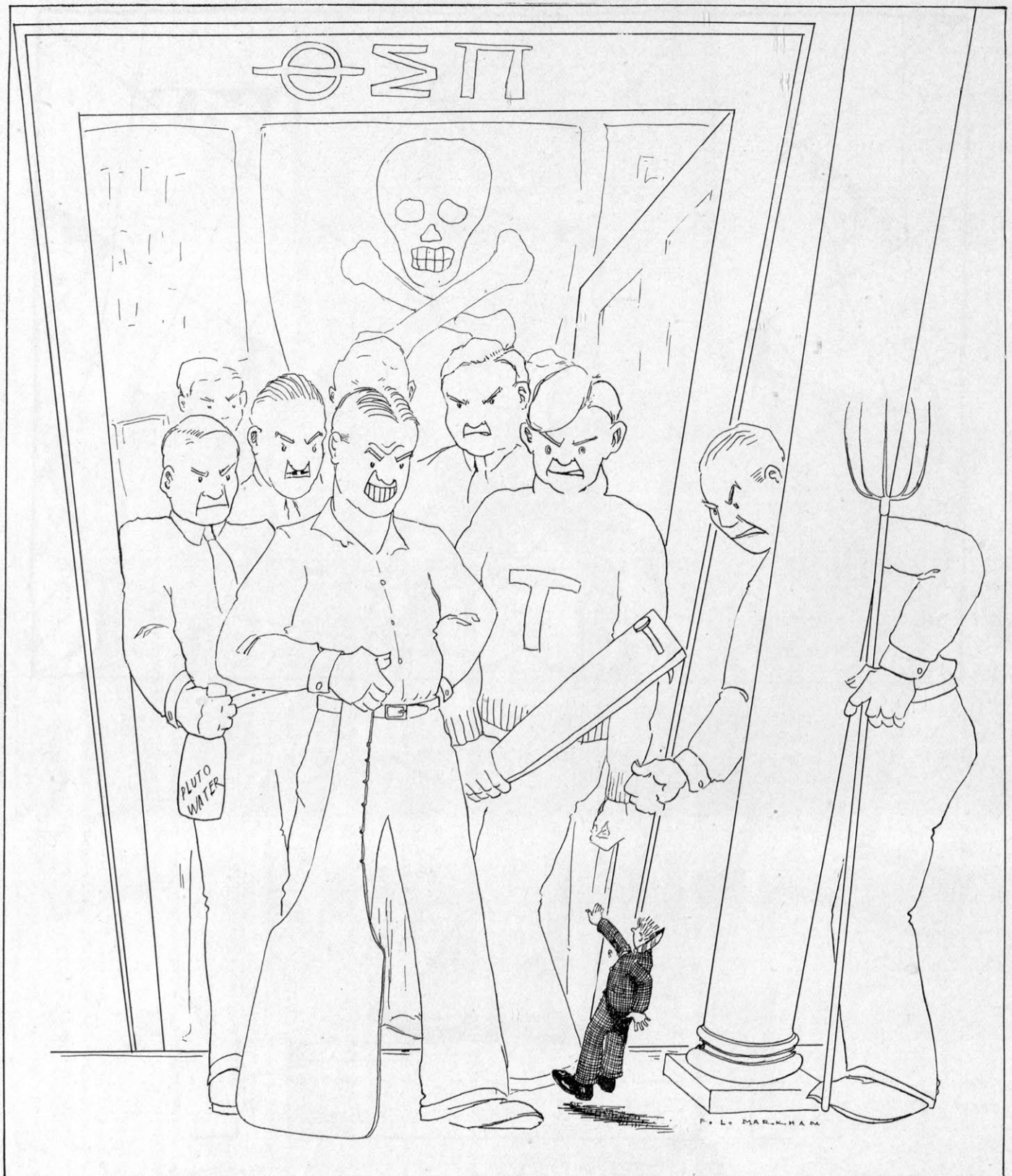
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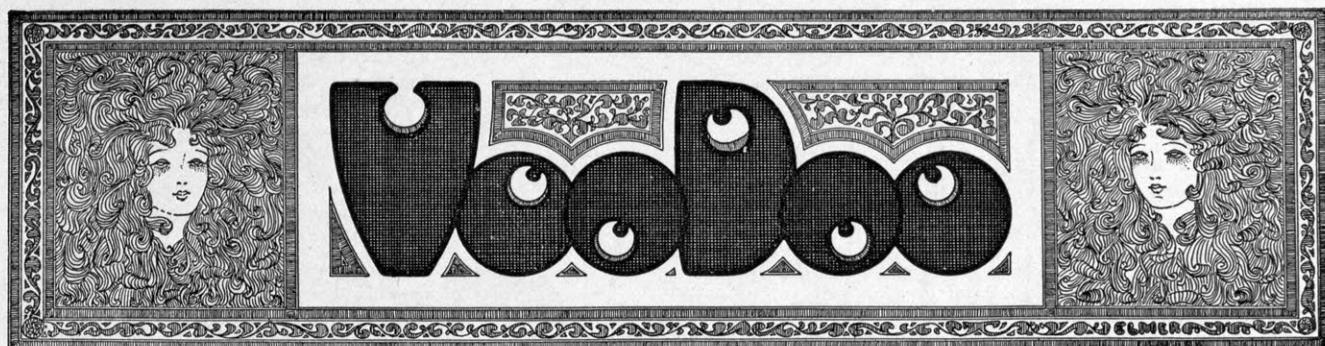


"DOODLES" WAINFORD and FAMILY in
THE CIRCUS PRINCESS - STUBBS



THE FRESHMAN MASTERPIECE.





INNOCENCE A BROAD

The long rays of the morning sun found Sam already out of bed. Rapidly he dressed and hurried out of the house to fill his eager lungs with that fresh mountain air. For a long time such a pleasure had been unknown to him, but now he was on his vacation. A dew lay heavy on the grass; the fragrance of fresh flowers scented the crisp air; the narrow little road intrigued him to search out its wonders. As the dust began to cake on his wet shoes, and his weary head became invigorated with the country atmosphere, he heard the low rumble of a wagon and the light jingle of milk bottles. Then, rounding the corner way up the road, appeared a horse laboring with milk-cart, but the greatest surprise to Sam was that this peculiar paraphernalia was led by the prettiest of milkmaids. Enthusiastically he rubbed his hands; what an interesting occasion this was going to be. How often he had longed to meet a girl from God's country, undefiled by the mechanical ways of the city. Her pretty white dress seemed like a little patch of heaven against the deep green of this flourishing dell. Daintily she tripped along before the horse. Sam hardly knew whether or not to hide in the bushes lest he frighten the shy little maiden. On second thought he decided to make the best of this rare opportunity. He never budged from his path, and there was not room for either to pass. She halted. They stood motionless. He gazed plaintively into those light blue eyes, all the brighter because of those rosy cheeks. For a while they said nothing, then he spoke. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" Fire shone in her eyes. "Listen here, kid, I seen enough of you damn college boys around Boston and Cambridge. Mind your own business or I'll crack you over the head with a quart bottle."



Frosh: "Professor, you must have made a mistake in giving me an 'F' on this paper."

Prof.: "Young man, I very seldom make mistakes. Have you seen my secretary?"

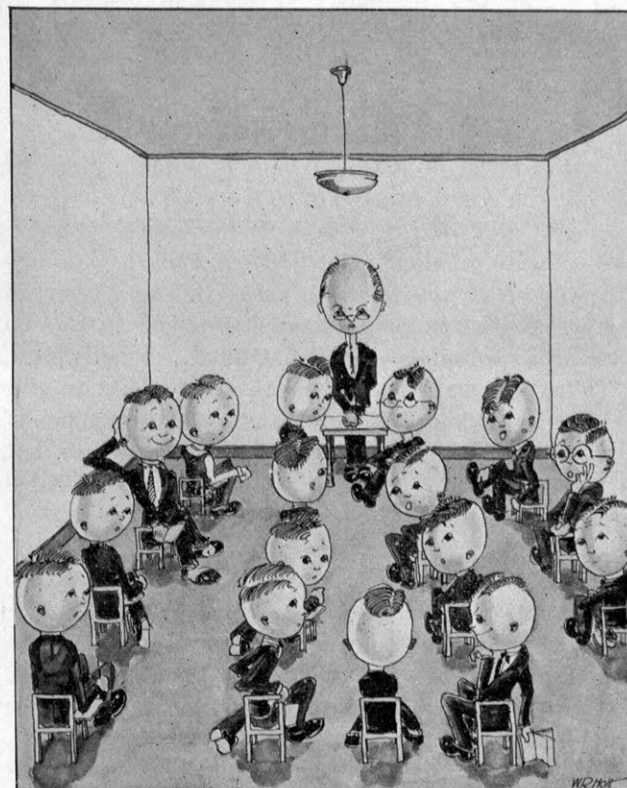
Frosh: "Oh boy, have I!! — I guess you're right."

It was the twenty-fifth reunion of a class at Yale University. The class president was calling upon the various members to rise, state whether or not they were married, and the number of children.

One by one they rose, stating as follows: "Henry Evans, married, son at Princeton, daughter at Vassar." This continued until the last man was reached. He eased himself from his chair, cleared his throat and said, "Cyrus Walker, bachelor, two sons at Harvard."

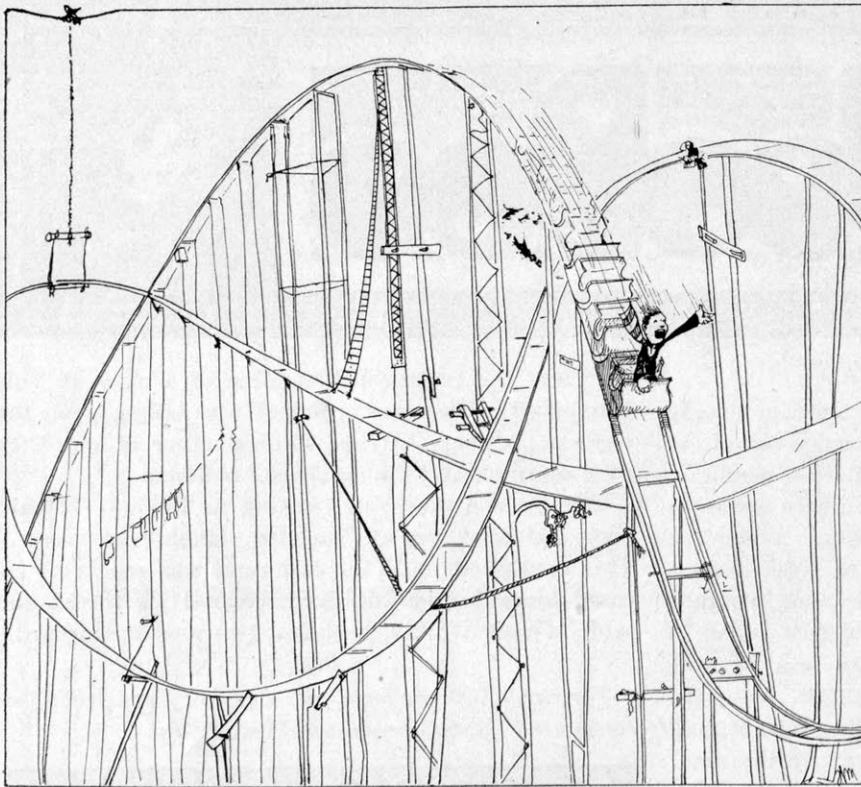


For tired Tech students with that low-down feeling we recommend the embracing air of Back Bay.



Prof: "Now that we know what element and a compound are, can anyone name a good mixture?"

'31: "Yes teacher, I can. Orange juice, sugar and gin."



PAUL'S REVERE RIDE

A FACULTY MEETING

In the midst of a thick cloud of smoke, could be discerned a group engaged in conversation.

"Yep," said one of these, "I didn't know what I was going to do about it at first. It looked as though the whole class was going to pass. But finally one of my assistants thought up a swell problem to give on a Saturday morning quiz. That fixed 'em, all right."

"I had a tough time trying to decide what to give one senior a while ago," spoke up another member of the group. "I kind of thought he ought to pass, but my secretary hated to see him graduate, so I handed him a double F. You have to humor 'em, you know."

"That's right," remarked a third. "Say, but I sure pulled a good one on one fellow. He was trying to make an H. He used to spend all his spare time on the thing and they told me he used to sit up all night writing up reports. And then I slipped him just a P. Ha! Ha! I'd like to have seen the look on his face when he opened his report!"

This evoked a series of loud chuckles, and then the smoke became so thick as to render further conversation impossible.

"Watt's in a name?" sneered Mrs. Voltampere.

Rushee: "Do ya mean to say, all the big activity men are in your fraternity?"

Brother: "Absolutely, besides we have a bunch of men in the faculty."

Rushee: "And none of the other fraternities rate at all?"

Brother: "No!"

Rushee: "Then I think I'll join one of the others and help them along."

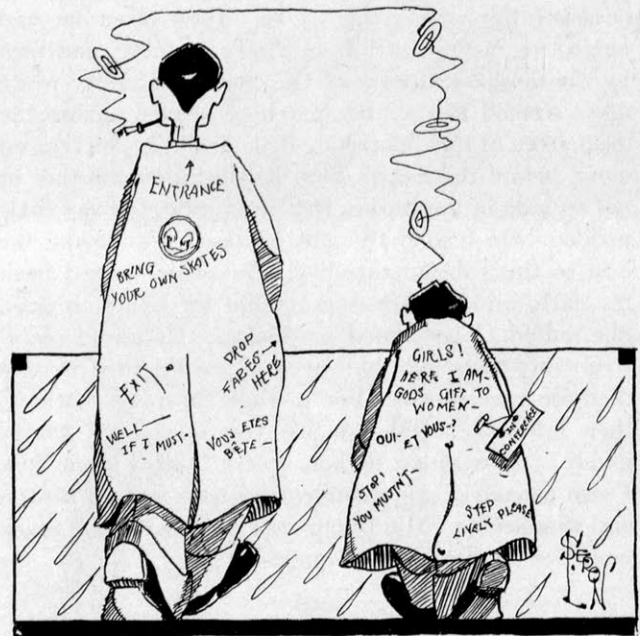
"Can ya gimme the price of a drink, Bud?"

"What kind are you selling?"

"Now that you've seen our Fraternity House, and met all the boys — will you accept?"

"No sah! Thass too much work heah foh one waitah."

We heartily agree that "It's a wise father that owes his own son."



"I hear that Evelyn moved next door to your Fraternity House."

"Yes! She says she loves her neighbors."



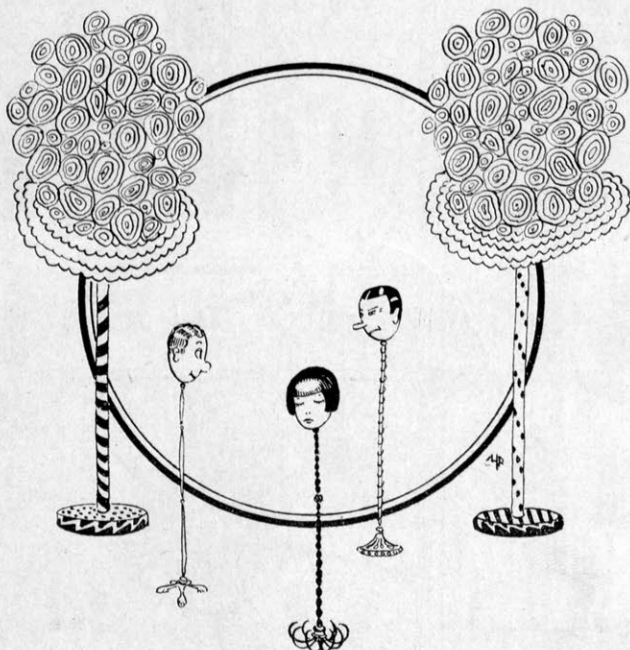
"Are you an Elk?"
"No, but I don't mind drinking."

Frosh: "Hey, coach, how was my leg motion and my time in that last half mile?"

Coach: "Two flat."

Frosh: "Minutes?"

Coach: "Feet!"



"This new song, 'Me and My Shadow' is an awful steal."

"That so? What's it a steal from?"

"I want to go where you go and do what you do."

OVERHEARD AT THE FROSH CAMP

Sleeping in an upper bunk is all right if you get on to it.

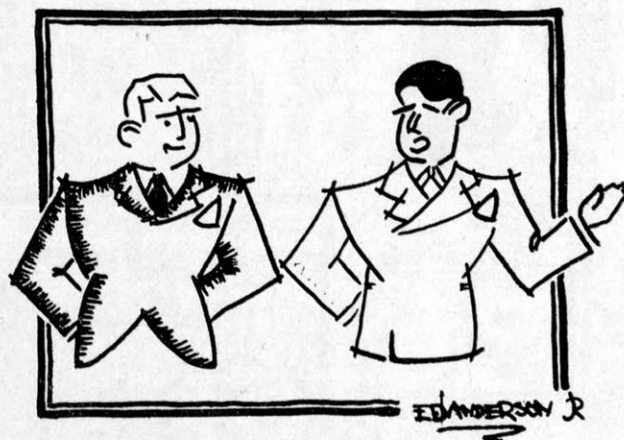
Some freshmen were swimming à la Lifebuoy at the T. C. A. Camp when several girls arrived on the scene. "Oh damn," they cried, but were quickly redressed.

There are only two times at Tech that a bunch of men get out into the open air and act like real freshmen; once at the Frosh Camp and once at the Senior Picnic.



"Do you believe that spirits will return?"

"Well, if everybody voted like I did we'd have light wines anyway."



"How do you know she's a lady?"

"Oh, 'cause when I necked her she made me take off my hat."



IMPRESSIONS OF SUMMER

As it sounds:

Sun; sand; beach; Marie; boat; swim; rocks; ride; tennis; sundown; clubs; dance; Adeline; palms; ride; moon — m-m-m-m.

As it is:

Six o'clock; work; sweat; eat; work; blister; sweat; eat; nothing; sleep — hell!



"They say Tunney is only a shade of his former self."

"Forsoothe, what shade?"

"Marine, of course!"

"SMOKE TALK"

Do you know that:

If all the tobacco used in making cigarettes were extended end to end, it would not reach very far? That if all the hay, grain, oats, straw and grease used in cigarette manufacture were extended end to end it would reach nine times around the globe in a path ten miles wide? Most people smoke by brand, but a Scotchman will smoke any given cigarette? When the day is long and dreary and your feet are dog tired, your mouth is parched and your brow is hot, in this condition would you walk a mile for a camel? Of course you would because the "flavor is there." When you are up before the judge for speeding and he sentences you to thirty days in the jug would you calmly puff a butt and exclaim, "It satisfies?" Of course you would because "there's not a cough in a jug full." If your watch is in your overcoat, and your overcoat is in hock, what would you say if you happened to sit on a red hot stove? The logical answer would read "it's toasted." When the road is long and narrow, hot and dusty, with a feminine ancient driving in front at the clip of eight miles per and kicking up dust, would you out and exclaim, "Blow some my way"? Of course you would because "It clears the throat," and "does not tickle."



It was on an inky black night that a poor defenseless woman sped down the dangerous streets in her roadster. At last Jack Dalton approached close to her in his racing car and defendered her.



She: "Why do you make Freshmen wear those silly caps and horrible ties?"

Soph: "They do it themselves, but we can tell them in any disguise."



LET'S NECK SHE SAID SOFTLY AND ACTING KINDA FUNNY LIKE * * * * *

Gawd, the other day I nearly tore out six stitches. Jeremiah Snuff (the ticket seller at the Olympia) wants to get a scuttle of beer so I tends the ticket window. Well who should pop in but fat old lady Smithers and ask for a seat in front. So I ups and says to her, "What row d'yer want lady?" W'all she was purple when she came to the next day.



"I feel very much put out," snuffed the wet cigarette.



The association of surgeons was holding its annual meeting in Chicago. Several of the more prominent ones had been asked to speak on miraculous operations which had been performed in their respective communities. A doctor from San Diego rose and said, "Last winter, a man had his leg amputated, but by grafting the leg of a dead man in its place, he is now able to walk as well as formerly."

Immediately following this remark, a doctor from New York spoke of an operation in which he had seen a pig's eye grafted into a man with excellent results.

Then the doctor from a blue-lawed southern state arose and said, "Gentlemen, these are truly marvelous operations, but I fear they do not equal what has occurred in our state. We have taken a jackass and made a governor out of him."

Voo Doo

Vol. X

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 2

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Phosphorous Advises '31 Oh '31, you will receive so much useless advice that Phosphorous takes it upon himself to join in the gang. You can no more escape this ordeal, than escape the subscription peddlers on registration day. Most of the *hot tips* will be in the form of "don'ts." They will start with *don't fall asleep in a coop barber chair, don't buy a descript book*, and end up with the infallible *don't wear the khaki shirt they give you in military science*. Few freshmen realize what a vast collection of experiences have gone into compiling this list. It is the glorious memorandum of Tech life. All year the upper classmen jot down axioms of personal behavior, so that their sons will have an easier time at Tech than the old man. Of course, every year there are some Frosh, with that great pioneer spirit, who insist on ordering eggs in Walker, or who simply must put out their cigarettes before entering the buildings, but even they learn the great secrets of life eventually. By December, the sight of a man knocking before entering a prof's office will be as rare as current newspapers in Walker Lounge.

Since the wise words of Phosphorous are as important as a condition in an intelligence test, he feels it his duty to entrust a few of the most precious, never-failing, slices of "low-down" to his newly made friends. Mark well and at all times, dear thirty-oner, keep a smile on thy lips. This is especially important, for no one knows at what moment a Voo Doo photographer will dart out from some corner and snap your picture for publication. If your math prof hands you an "F," smile, because it means nothing in his life, and he'll be glad to meet a student with the same viewpoint. If they catch you doctoring the figures in a chem experiment, smile, because they'll think you were only fooling. If the prof wakes you up with a piece of chalk in a physics lecture, smile, because he'll think it's a compliment to his marksmanship. In other words, Voo Doo's panacea for all trying experiences and situations boils down to five letters of the alphabet. Its most famous application comes when you are approached by a "brown-bagger" who tells you that undergraduate activities are the bunk, *then smile, and nonchalantly dust the corridors with his carcass.*



'31 What Will You Do? Undergraduate life at Technology has long been at death's door. Frequent rallies and riots have caused a temporary recoup to apparent health, but beneath it all an anæmic condition was very apparent to keen observers. Obviously there was a necessity for prompt and concerted action. This year Freshmen Rules have been adopted as a stay. Such things as these are all a part of a program, the success of which depends entirely upon the attitude of those affected. If the Class of 1931 accepts and lives the rules set for them; they are not only moulding a firmer character for themselves, but also are taking an important part in the building of traditions at Tech and the preservation of undergraduate life.



We warn you all that there are only fourteen more weeks of school before examinations.

In
Memory
of the
25% of 1931
Who will Discover
that 60%
Is a High Mark

HELP THE POOR SOPHOMORE

Say, buddy, ain't you a freshman?
Well, I've got a book here to sell.
Hold on! You'll need it in physics.
A used one will do just as well.

All the important parts red-lined
And I got an "H" in the course.
Everything's "Oh Kay" about it —
I'll sell at a two-dollar loss.

Here, take a look at this bargain —
The cover will stay on with paste.
What are a few little grease stains?
Those ink blots are eas'ly erased.

Not many pages are missing —
And those ain't important — so much.
What if it's last year's edition?
It's got stuff the new book don't touch.

Yours for the price of four-fifty!
You'd pay at least five in the store.
Who said a two-dollar discount?
Awright! — You can have it for four!

Don't make that check out in my name!
Write "cash" where you see the word "pay."
Where did you say that the bank was?
That's queer, I'm just going that way.



At first he liked being pledged, but he got sore in the end



She: "Do you enjoy Fielding?"

He: "Why, I don't play baseball."



NOTICE TO FRESHMEN

All Freshmen entering the Institute are required to take the following psychological examination:

Questions

1. Observe carefully the list of words below. One of the words contains more than three letters. Pick out this word.

cat
elephant
dog

2. Solve this problem: If a boy has six dollars and spends eight of them on his girl friend, how many will he have left?

3. The following is a test in mental association. In the two lists below, pick out from the second column the proper expression to go with each of those in the first column:

Dad
Girl
Lectures
The Bursar
FF's

Sleep
— — — !!!
\$5
Necking
Money



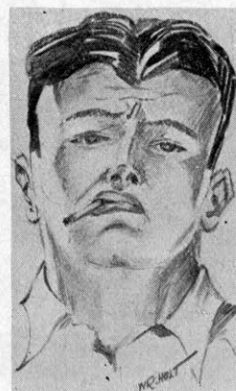
Reginald Squibb will be
On the spot for all the
Harvard Dances and Tech
Elections. He feels sure
Of a tremendous ovation
From the Wellesley Seniors
But will receive a much
Bigger one from the Dean.
He owns a wonderful car
But can't seem to keep any
Women in it very long.
Reggie is a good man
For rushing until he
Starts talking. However
He is great at talking
A professor out of an FF.

Here's the dear boy who
Considerately hooks up
His confounded radio
To the dormitory lights
And causes flickering at
Night. He hopes to be



A great asset to Tech if
They realize his true
Worth. He talks to all
The foreigners in their
Own language and seems
To like to study until
Three every morning. His
Favorite pastime is to
Eat soda-crackers and to
Attend all the Smokers
Where they have free eats.

Our original Prep School
Bone-crusher. He played
And starred at all the
Football games last year
And will probably end
Up as anchor man on the
Tug of War team. He's the
Type that plays a banjo
When the rest of the
Boys are trying to study.
He borrows a woman from
Any one without asking
And borrows money for



No apparent reason. He
never studies and then
Surprises everyone with
A string of C's.

Rodney put down T. C. A.
For an activity and will
Be very glad to lead a
Troop of boy scouts. He
Invariably asks a foolish
Question which makes the
Whole class laugh at
Him. He's crazy about
The movies because at
Home mother wouldn't let
Him go. He went out on
A date the other night
And stole a handkerchief.
Now the boys can't keep
Him in the house. The
Professors paternally
Let him by.



"You don't know what it means to be broke at school."

"Oh, yes I do, I used to be a professor."



Dear Mr. President:

For sometime, sir, I have been contemplating sending my boy to your school. At last I have decided in favor of it. Although he is a bit late in registering, I know that you will be only too glad to have this conscientious youth in your institution. He stands unexcelled in scholastic honors at his high school. His alertness in the activity line can do nothing but give honor to Tech. All his life has been dominated by a spirit of unmitigated integrity. His influence should be a fine thing for the less gifted boys with whom he may choose to associate. Please do everything possible to make his sojourn a pleasant one, for I am certain that you can afford this promising youth no attentions which will not prove inconceivably fruitful.

Sincerely,

A. J. SMITH.

Wasn't it Dewey who once said, "Damn the mosquitoes, go to bed!"?



Dear Mr. Smith:

Your promising son returns this Christmas, having promised most every merchant in Boston and Cambridge enough to keep you on the jump for some time. The seventy-five per cent of his work that he completely failed is insignificant when compared to the drunken nuisance he has proved to be. Repeated warnings have been unsuccessful in arousing that unmitigated integrity to the point where he would cease throwing stones through the Institute windows in the early hours of the morning. During his stay here he has stolen six math examinations and done serious damage to the reputations of at least that many stenographers. We sincerely hope that his sojourn at home will be of indefinite length and that his fruitfulness will be as inconceivable as ever.

Gratefully yours,

THE PRESIDENT.



"Are you majoring in Military Science?"
 "Nope, just Second Lieutenanting."

EXTRACTS FROM "THE BLOATED BUGLE"

"Simon Jones, son of Silas Jones, our leading citizen, departed yesterday for Boston Tech. Simon says he feels confident of being elected class president. The Ladies Aid presented Simon with a pair of ear muffs and a Bible."

"Simon Jones at Boston Tech writes that he has pledged the best of the two local fraternities. We knew he would make good."

"Simon Jones says he has been studying astronomy at Wellesley College. His father, Silas, is thinking of endowing the course at Boston Tech so Simon will not have to make the trip every night. Meanwhile Simon has been given a handsome 1922 Ford Roadster."

"Our Simon at Boston Tech recently moved into an apartment on Hemenway Street in an exclusive residential section. He says his roommate is charming and they study together until late at night."

"Simon Jones has returned to town after a long illness. The dean advised him to rest for a year before attempting to resume his studies."

If all the bridges were toll bridges all Scotchmen would be good swimmers.

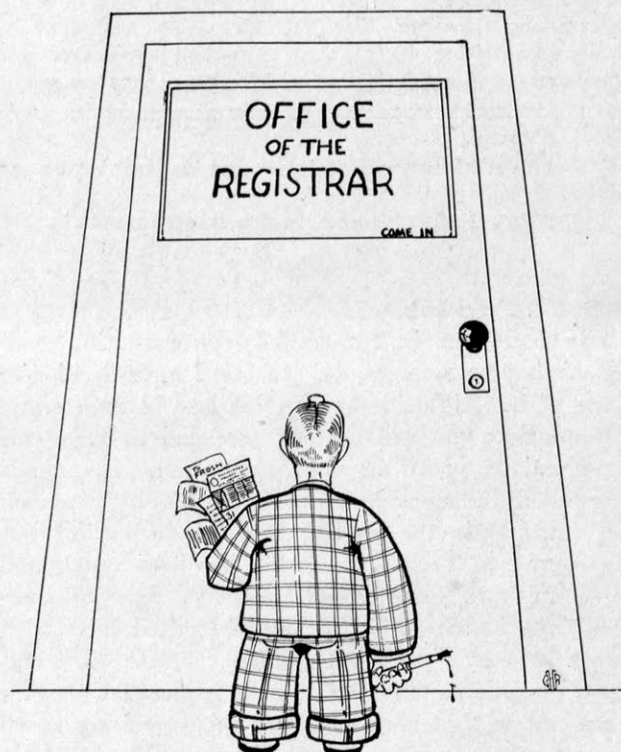
FRESHMAN ADVICE

Because of the fact that you have decided to come to M. I. T., it clearly shows that you have not listened to good advice in the past. However, we will try to pass along a little knowledge that might be to your benefit, however useless.

The pretty girls, for instance, that you see walking the corridors of the "Stute" for no good reason, are not coeds; far be it. The coeds you will find in Waldorfs or in the Dean's office. The spick and span, good-looking men in white are not professors; the professors you will find at the bowling alleys. Another thing that you will notice are the various signs around the buildings. Evidently you have seen the "No Smoking" signs. Other signs that may be as well and as easily disregarded are "Drink Moxie," "Pay the Bursar," "Private," "Do not play the piano," "Books may be borrowed for two weeks," "Women." Last, but not least, be ready to cheer the upper classmen and the victorious tug-of-war teams.



"Hey Jekyl, how's your Hyde?"



Freshman (at restaurant, after getting through registration at Tech): "What are the required courses here?"

"In that case, it's different," observed the druggist, as he opened the second box marked "Hair Tonic," and took out a bottle of fire water.



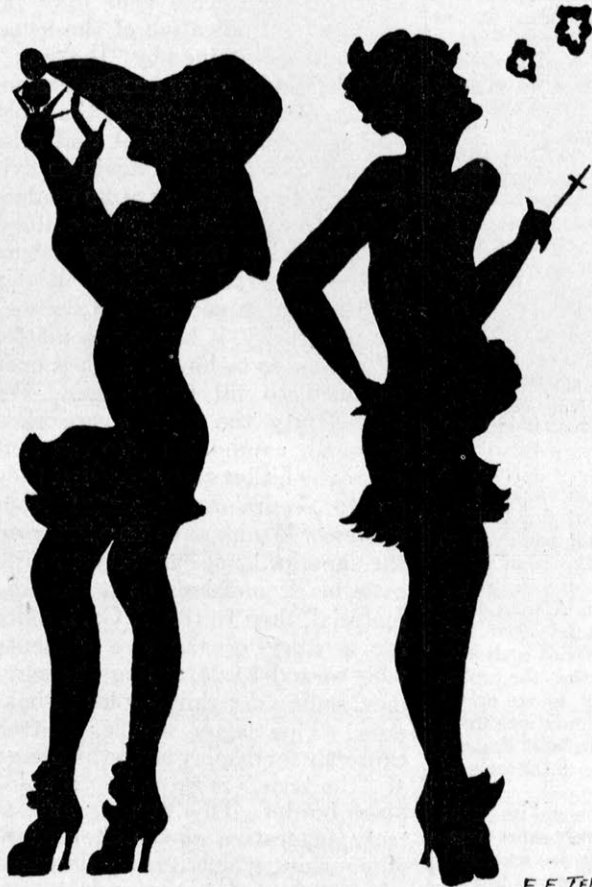
Spain has her matadors.
The United States has her senators.



First Bottle: "Who is your favorite Parent?"
Second Bottle: "Pop!"

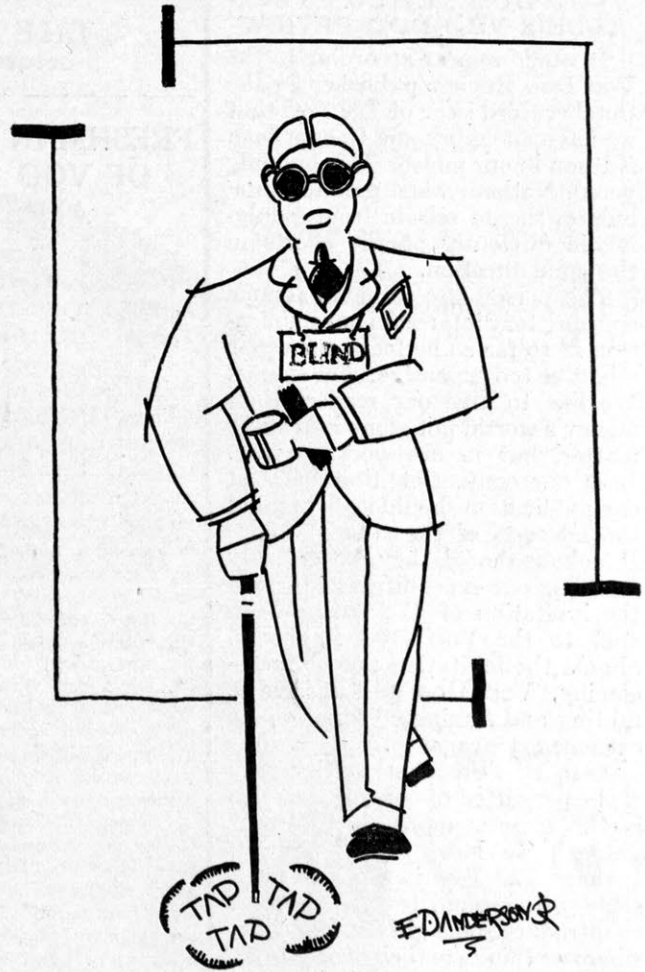


Ford says that all the people in this country need cars. That's true as far as Ford owners are concerned.



E.F. TERRY

"I think that fresh young fellow is following us."
"I'll tell him where to — No, he's turning off."
"Hell!"



Prominent Editor of *The Tech* going out on a blind date.



"What's your idea in bringing that up anyhow?"
said the steward to the chronic rail bird.



"There goes Bib, that guy never cracked a book all year."

"Really! How does he do it?"
"He buys them second hand."



Phosphorus suggests Paris and Reno as the most famous last resorts.



"Shut off dot wireless, Izzy."

"But, Papa, it's a swell piano solo."

"Eggsactly. Dun't be wasteful. Oider tune in on a full orchestra or toin it off."

**VOO DOO REVIEWS THE
TECH'S VOO DOO REVIEW**

It would appear according to the Voo Doo Review published in the October third issue of *The Tech* that we have an embryonic George Jean Nathan in our midst. This budding young Nathan, when panning bum humor, should refrain from indulging in obviously puerile efforts in the same direction.

This person also seems to assume a proprietary interest in our publication in so far as he fears our cover might be too expensive. For shame! We like to give our readers their money's worth, not alone in reading matter, but in art work as well. It is our contention that at least one publication should keep in mind the interests of the student body. It looks as though they are jealously guarding our expenditures to insure the invitation of the entire Tech staff to the Voo Doo Banquets. Should the invitation not be forthcoming, Voo Doo will receive a ranting and fuming editorial on its extreme extravagance.

As to Miss French's identity, may we be permitted to observe that this is the closest approach to "sour grapes" we have ever heard of. Perhaps *The Tech* is eager to meet some girls around town. Allow us to introduce some girls at Radcliffe, whom we think are their proper type.

This number of Voo Doo would make the same impression on a freshman brain whether seen through freshman or senior eyes. Permit us to be trite with the observation that many a freshman walks about in senior clothing.

For the information of the literary genii on *The Tech*, allow us to observe that the quality of a humorous publication necessarily centers about its art work, whereas the efficiency of a news writer depends entirely on his ability to make an absence of news into a front page story.

The reviewer who purports to know all about the past of Voo Doo remarks about the unusual shortness of this issue. As a matter of fact it is four pages larger than we have been publishing for several years.

In closing, we advise *The Tech* to open a competition for the Editorial Staff. There are undoubtedly several capable freshmen who could easily fill all the senior editorial positions.

THE TECH

OCTOBER 3, 1927

**FRESHMAN NUMBER
OF VOO DOO WILL
APPEAR TUESDAY**

The Class of 1931 will experience their first contact with Phosphorous tomorrow. For the benefit of those who have not already heard of Phosphorous we will explain that the animal so called is a very mysterious, dirty-looking black cat who is credited with all the bum humor which appears in the columns of our Technology comic, which is nicknamed Voo Doo for no good reason at all.

This first number of Voo Doo is called a "Freshman Number" and as such it contains page after page of advice designed for the enlightenment of the members of the entering class. The cover of the issue pictures a very dumb looking freshman looking ahead with mouth open to the mysteries of Technology. It is by far the most colorful cover that Voo Doo has attempted for some time and we suspect that the cat is a little worried over the printing costs of such a page.

Between the front cover and the Arrow Collar advertisement on the back page there is an unusually good assortment of art work of which our friend the cat ought to be justly proud. The most outstanding drawings are credited to Seron, Markham, Holt and Hammond. We notice that "Babe" French is back with the Voo Doo boys again and has a featured full page drawing. We take this opportunity to voice the curiosity of a great number of upperclassmen concerning the identity of Miss French. We believe that it is Phos' duty to his reading public to reveal the actual person who signs herself thus. **A picture would be very appropriate!**

If we had been looking at the "Freshman Number" through freshman eyes we believe that we would have been much more favorably impressed by some of the jokes which adorn its pages. A great number of them are built around often told tales of Technology men and as such lack originality, but we realize that the probable purpose of the issue is to so orient the entering man to the foundations upon which Voo Doo's humor is built that he may successfully follow the intricacies of its retelling in future issues.

The issue is not a long one and its pages can be read in a comparatively short time. Here and there among them are scattered some really good gems of humor, but to our mind the grade of art work in this first issue is much superior to that produced by the literary department.

**THE DIRTY BLACK CAT
REVIEWS THE TECH**

In order that the long-suffering perusers of our estimable thrice-weekly exponent of rabid journalism may have the opportunity of seeing an impartial review of the aforementioned mistake, known as "the tech," we submit this to their attention. (We might have yielded to the Lounger's childish notions of humor, and spelled it "weakly," but we refuse to descend to such depths.)

The staunch spirit of "the tech"; its never-failing coöperation and its concern for the general welfare of Technology activities are all above question. With this in mind, we extend to it our hearty appreciation for the exquisite bit of critical literature published in the issue of Monday, October 3. It is with no small feeling of self-satisfaction that we point out this as the prize feature of the issue. This gem may be accepted as indicative of the usual standard maintained by "the tech." The delightful air of condescension, the use of choice slang and the exercise of feeble, incoherent and misleading speculation is again in evidence to the great joy of its readers and editors; or at least of its editors.

Considering the superior nature of the material published in our worthy contemporary, and its consequent rarity, it becomes a matter of wonder as to how enough is ever obtained to fill four pages. We indeed pity the poor, overworked freshman candidates who are sent scurrying hither and yon. First they go to secure a statement from Professor Wump as to his opinion on the superiority of curdled sour milk over black molasses as a building material, then to the T. C. A. office for a story of the two students who earned \$1.25 during the summer, selling doughnut-holes to bakeries. This latter article, written expressly for display on the first page of "the tech," is set off by a bold, black border. This we may take as truly suggestive of the deep sense of mourning which its long-deceased and impotent state demands.

It is indeed pitiful that we must accept such moronic attempts at the fine art of journalism for our "official news organ."

VOO DOO



Phosphorous enjoys the privilege of presenting Miss "Babe" French whose clever artistic work in Voo Doo has attracted much favorable editorial and undergraduate comment.

N.B. Miss French's address is on file at the Voo Doo office and will not be furnished on request to members of "The Tech" editorial board.

THE BURGLARS OF BURGANCE
An Utterly Frivolous Opera by Silbert and Gullivan

ACT ONE
A Bedroom

Alisia

(Snapping on the lights, throwing off the bed clothes and dancing over to Sing, her pet monkey):

"I'm just a social butterfly,
A worldly, soulless butterfly,
Of sixty vagrant, misspent years,
But through the charm of Cosmo's Salve,
My chins still number only one,
The boys, ha, ha, the boys, ho, ho,
Still think I go to Wellesley."

(In turning around she becomes aware of twelve men in evening clothes, who have entered from the rear, and are all pointing revolvers at her.)

Alisia

(Feigning anger but really very pleased): "Ho, your presence must be explained, ho, how dare you, and who the, ho, hell are you?"

First Burglar:

"Burglars, Fair Fawn, whom all occasions privilege to . . ."

Alisia:

"But not even a burglar is privileged to stand on my slipper! Lout!"

Chorus:

"Burglars, burglars, bad are we,
We prey upon society.
Our minds are low and very base
But cultivated is our taste,
Have you anything to drink in the house?"

Alisia

(Extracting several bottles from her bed and filling thirteen glasses): "A vos santés, messieurs."

The Burglars

(Not ungallantly): "Et à la vôtre, madame!"

First Burglar:

"Come, come, to business is our mind. This sack of gold, this box of jewels, are yours. Accept them not and you'll incur our dreadful wrath!"

Alisia

(In tears): "Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh! What awful day is this . . . you look not so unkind!"

Chorus:

"We're bad, we're bad, we're awful bad,
We have no compassion."

(The Burglars courteously turn their backs while the lady weeps.)

ACT TWO

Two Cigarettes Later

(Enter the maid, who has collared a policeman and heaves him roughly into the room.)

The Maid:

"Madame will regret to learn that I found this prowling in the yard." (She leaves, while the policeman cringes before Alisia.)

Alisia

(Excitedly): "A policeman heaven sent! Look, sir, look, look . . . they're burglars!"

(Upon perceiving the burglars, the policeman frowns and swings his stick menacingly.)

The Burglars

(Dropping their revolvers and cringing before him):

"Oh, fatal day, Oh, sign of Fate,
That swoops upon us unawares!
We of our wayward trade lament,
We weep in pain, our hearts repent."

Policeman:

"Not a word, accept your lot like men. The judge should give you at least ten years in Scotland."

First Burglar:

"Consider, officer . . . be not harsh. Our wives drove us to it: they were overrich and insisted on our dissipating the family fortunes."

Policeman

(Bursting into tears): "Oh sad, sad tale. My heart is touched. Go in peace, my friends!"

First Burglar:

"Noble sir, I speak for us all. Yours is the first kindness we've ever known. Accept you, then, some token of our high esteem?"

Policeman:

"Perhaps, my friends, I might."

(They relieve him of his watch and valuables, at which the policeman is so touched that he turns to dry his tears.)

Policeman:

"This is too much, you are too good!" (He turns back to the burglars but finds they have quietly left.)

ACT THREE

One cigarette and a soda later

Alisia:

"Corporal, that proves they were kind men after all. But tell me, how came you to be so moved at first?"

Policeman:

"Madame, you see I'm married myself . . . to your maid."

Alisia:

"My splendid fellow!"
(They turn out the lights and embrace.)



He: "Aw, gimme a kiss."

She: "Why, boy, I am old enough to be your mother."

He: "Yeah, but not smart enough."



She: "So, you told all the boys you took me out because I was a good party."

He: "Well, I had to tell them something."

TECH '31 THINKS THAT

"*Journalist*" is highbrow for paper boy.
 "*Walton's Spa*" is a summer resort.
 "*Childs*" is only for children.
 "*Economics*" is the history of Scotland.
 "*Necking*" is a new kind of neckwear.
 "*Surveying*" is a big word for "looking over."
 "*They'll*" get through Tech in four years.
 "*Poker*" is something to stir the fire with.
 "*Cribbing*" relates to babies' beds.
 "*They*" are hardboiled when they are only half-baked.
 "*Scratch-paper*" is a cure for the itch.
 A "*Civil Engineer*" is one who is polite.
 An "*Electric Engineer*" is a motorman.

It's an ill wind that doesn't blow up any skirts.

"Have you seen the new Rolls?"

"Now, I don't eat at Walker."

Drunkard: "Shay, do you own thosh shnakes there?"

Cop: "Fool, there aren't any snakes here."

Drunkard: "Thanksh, officer, thas all I wanted to find out."

Teacher: "Willy, what is Lincoln's immortal slogan?"

Willy: "America's finest automobile."

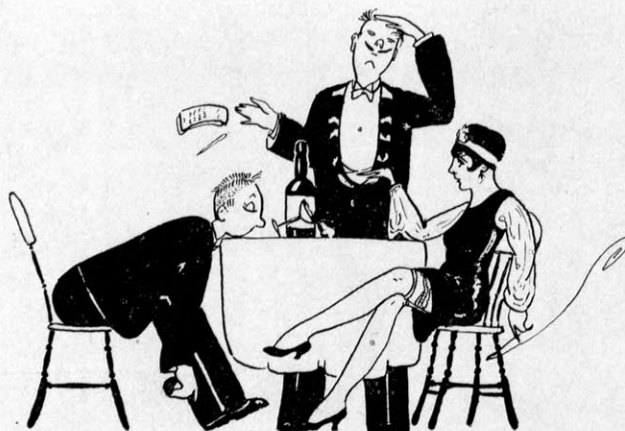
Chem. Prof.: "Miss Jones, what's an affinity between two bodies?"

Coed: "Ha, ha, what's a husband between two friends?"

Two darkeys were standing on Harvard Bridge and viewing the gold dome of the capital in the distance:

Rastus: "Am dat the city's gas works?"

Celum: "No man, dat am the gas works fo do whul state."



The Wellesley freshman orders water in a Paris cafe

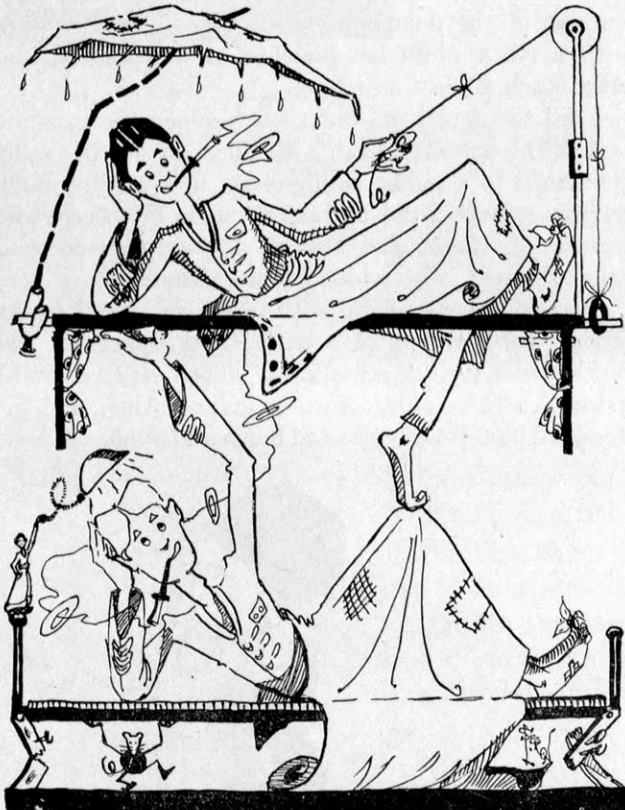
WHO'S WHO

I'm a prudent,
Clever student,
And a funny fellow when I start to josh,
Though I wear this silly tie
And I look so meek and shy,
I am really quite a genius for a Frosh.

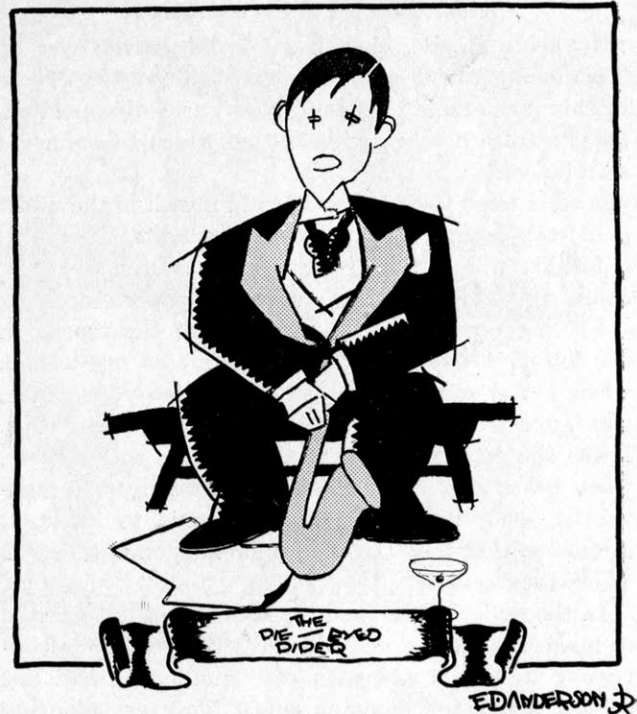
You're a misfit;
And a nitwit!
You're the kind of guy that people like to scoff.
You're a sight for ailing eyes
With that "Prep-School Sheik" disguise.
By the way, I guess you know that I'm a Soph.



"Is this a second hand store?"
"Yeah."
"Well, give me one for my watch."



"Hear of shoe college?"
"No!"
"It's higher than Oxford."



SUGGESTIONS FOR FRESHMEN

Do not fail to assert yourself at all times, from the first moment you arrive. This will give you a distinctive personality.

If some of your classmates are somewhat timid and retiring, then it is your duty to your class to even up matters and make up for this deficiency by talking as loudly as possible upon every possible occasion, etc.

Remember that everyone is always anxious to hear all about the wonderful prep school you attended. Above all, don't forget to tell them all about the class play, in which you took a leading part.

Do not feel embarrassed in the presence of upper classmen. You, as a newcomer, are naturally entitled to every courtesy. If this is not shown you by them, the proper thing to do is to make a few witty and pertinent remarks, which will serve to put them in their places. They will then doubtless see their error, and will probably apologize at once.



Teacher: "Willy, did you write on the blackboard 'The principal is as dumb as the teacher'?"

Willy: "Yes'm."

Teacher: "Well, young man, march right down and apologize to the principal!"

SAM PEPYS VISITS TECH

It being Registration Day, I did travel over to Technology, that I might witness the interesting events of this memorable occasion. Nor was I disappointed, for of a truth it was the like of that which I have never seen before.

As I entered the portals, I found myself in the midst of a very large number of comely youths, dressed in a fashion which did strongly bring to my mind the comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper.

Forcing my way somewhat through the throng in the lobby, I did start to walk about at my leisure, when I was suddenly accosted by three young men, who appeared to be selling little books of paper slips. I was about to inquire as to their nature and purpose, when I was assailed on the opposite side by two more youths, who simultaneously endeavored to ascertain my name, that they might inscribe it upon small cards which they carried.

In the midst of the resulting confusion I did manage to make my escape, and did leave the gentlemen conversing in loud tones with one another. I had not walked about for many minutes, however, admiring all I saw, and amazed at the great tumult all about, when I did come upon an exceedingly long line of youths, which extended down the corridor as far as the eye could reach. Curious as to the purpose of this, I did walk in the direction of this procession, that I might discover where it did terminate. After considerable walking, being hailed meanwhile by innumerable cat-calls and raucous noises, I did finally perceive that this procession did halt in front of a door, through which these individuals slowly passed in and out.

I inquired as to the meaning of this, and learned that these youths were Freshmen, and that the gaily-tinted documents which they did all seem to carry were concerned in some way with their enrollment, and that these same documents were never right, this



He: "I've come to Cambridge to earn an honest living."

Keeper: "Well, you haven't much competition."

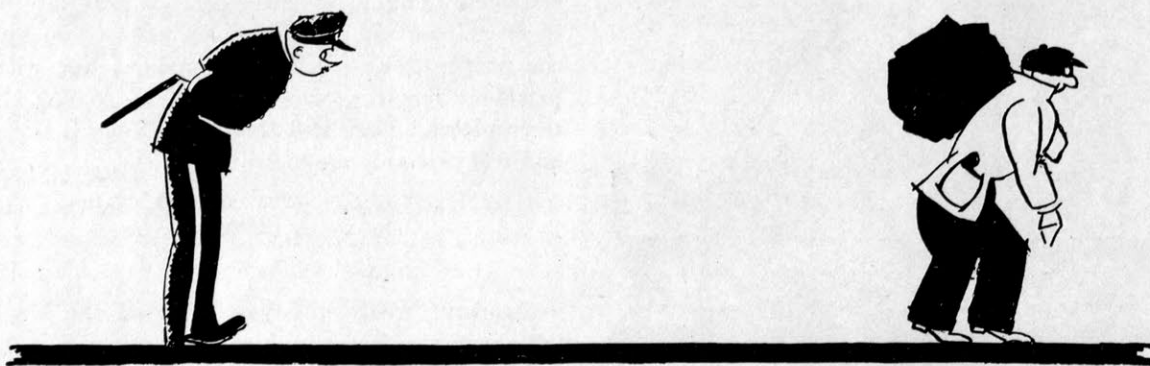


necessitating the consultations which were taking place in the room before me.

I did graciously thank my informer, at the same time observing a small, meek-appearing youngster coming out of the door, who was sadly drying his eyes with a clean white handkerchief, which was located after much diligent searching.

I did then start on, but soon feeling somewhat the lack of the noonday meal, I did then accompany some gentlemen to a public eating-place, in a nearby, large building. Here I did partake of some most excellent corned beef hash, and also of a watery concoction, called sherbert, with which I was unfamiliar.

After this repast, I did wish to return, that I might observe further, but of a truth, I at this point did experience a strange sensation of illness, so that I was indeed forced to forego further investigation, and instead did immediately proceed home and at once to bed.



ED ANDERSON

ME AND MY SHADOW



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Seller: "This book will do half of your studying for you."

Feller: "Give me two of them quick."

— Golden Bull

Judge: "Before I pronounce sentence, is there anything you wish to say?"

Doomed Man: "Naw, what's the use? You pronounced it right the first time."

— Red Cat

"Ma, baby just dropped a penny down the well!"

"I'll give him another."

"Oh, don't bother, he still has it in his hand."

— Red Cat

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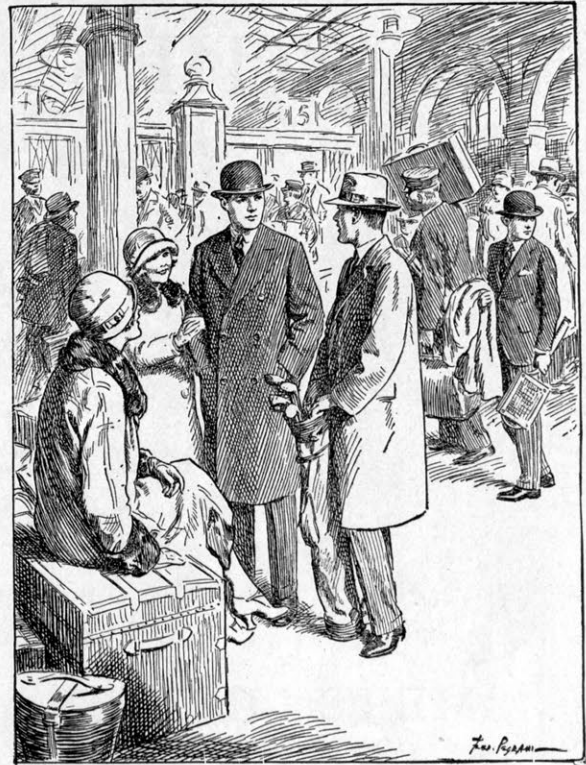
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First Roman (at a Christian massacre): "We've got a capacity crowd, but still we're losing money. The upkeep on the lions must be pretty heavy."

Second Roman: "Yes, sir. These lions sure do eat up the prophets."

— *Malteaser*



"What did Phil say when he made crew?"

"That suits me to a 'T'."

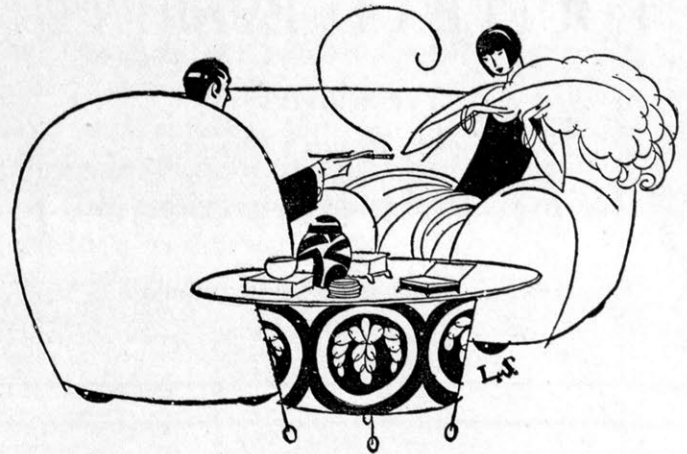


One: "Bare knees are a luxury."

Two: "Why?"

One: "Try to get hold of one."

— *The Satyr*



"Smoke all you wish, darling, but —"

But—. Guess what the but meant. Give up? Well, simply that the gentleman in question should remember to take some of those little Pep-o-mint Life Savers between smokes and make his breath pleasant and sweet.

She could tell him the truth about stale tobacco breath. It's lots easier to love a person who takes Life Savers between smokes.

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Greek: "Where's Mary?"

Letter: "She's abroad."

Greek: "I know it, but where is she?"

— *Oklahoma Aggievator*

Student: "I passed your car last night and it sounded
as though it had a miss in it."

Dented Stew: "Could you hear her squawk, too?"

— *The Pup*

Pupil: "Sheep are the dumbest of all animals, aren't
they?"

Instructor: "Yes, my lamb."

— *The Dirge*

Type: "I think that he could make a good telephone
operator."

Wright: "Well, she wouldn't be very good if he could."

— *The Dirge*



P.A. is some little cheer-leader

EVERY pipe is a Sunny Jimmy-pipe when it's packed with P.A. The tidy red tin chases the blues—and how! Why, you feel better the instant you open the tin and get that marvelous P. A. aroma. Every chore becomes a cheer, and you're sitting on top of the world.

Then you load up and light up. That taste—that never-to-be-forgotten, can't-get-too-much-of-it taste! Cool as a cut-in from the stag-line. Sweet as retaliation. Mild and mellow and long-burning, with a balanced body that

satisfies, right to the bottom of the bowl.

You find that P. A. never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how often you stoke and smoke. Get on the sunny side of life with a pipe and P. A. Buy a tidy red tin today and make the personal test. Pipes were *born* for tobacco like this.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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"Papa," asked Rolo, "what do those cannibal head hunters do with the heads after they get them?"

"Make noodle soup, of course. Now it's time for you to go to bed."

— *Punch Bowl*



Author: "Don't you think my work is original?"

Editor: "Yes, even the spelling."

— *Jack O'Lantern*



"Why do they call this God's country?"

"Because it's too cold for anyone else to live here."

— *Jack O'Lantern*



The Sot: "Your beauty takes my breath away, lady."

Lady: "I wish it could."

— *Texas Ranger*

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Light weight crushes, Choice Marine Gray or Seal Lark (Brown) shades at \$5.00

New Model, Mallory Black Derby at \$7.00

MEN'S WEAR

LOOK AT YOUR HAT — EVERYBODY ELSE DOES

TECHNOLOGY BRANCH, HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY
76 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

Moe: "She has no brains."

Joe: "Hell, when you see the build on her, you wouldn't want her to have any."

— *Jester*



Soft: "You are my Lifebuoy."

Soap: "It Lux like it."

— *The Virginia Reel*



Beautiful: "Those are pretty clocks on your nose."

So'm I: "Yes, and they don't need any more hands."

— *Oklahoma Aggrievator*



POKER ANALYSIS

Sweeney: "How do you know whether or not I've got spades?"


Dooley: "Aw, ye alluz spits on your hands 'fore you pick one up."

— *Punch Bowl*

CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order


ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
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Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
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Bearly
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The Walker Dining Service

Invites you
To eat with
All the
Upper classmen
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Is located one of the largest commercial printing firms in New England, established over twenty-five years, with the knowledge, the staff, the equipment and ability to serve in every capacity in the production of commercial and advertising printing.

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Special facilities for
Banquets, Luncheons
and Assemblies
Menu Submitted

Riverbank Court Hotel

Opposite Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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The revised epicureanism of the coed is now, "Eat, drink, and be married."



Mother: "What do you mean by flirting with that boy in your mirror?"

Daughter: "Don't disturb my thoughts, Mother, I'm reflecting."

— *Wampus*

PAPPAS BROS. & CO.

Offer Service to TECH STUDENTS

HAT BLOCKING AND CLEANING
HIGH CLASS SHOE REPAIRING
AT LOW COST

Everything in the line of novelties

Magazines, Periodicals, Stationery, Fruits, Candies

PAPPAS BROS. & CO.

3 SOMERSET STREET

1100 BOYLSTON STREET, Near Massachusetts Avenue



Prof. (during course of lecture): "Ben Franklin was very popular with the ladies. The other day I was reading a letter addressed to him which started out, 'My dear, lovable papa'."

Co-ed: "Are you sure that letter was addressed to Franklin?"

Class dismissed.

— *Wampus*

Custom-Made or Ready-Made

WE all realize that custom-made clothes of quality are costly. For this reason, ready-made clothes are favored by the well dressed man who does not wish to make too great an outlay for his clothes. But when a quality custom-made suit or overcoat is to be had for forty dollars, why wear ready-made clothes?

An unrestricted guarantee goes with each garment

M. CORVIN
128 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON
At Park Street Station

P.S. We also make a tuxedo for fifty dollars

An Englishman was seeing some "collegiate" dancing for the first time. He seemed greatly impressed, and after a lengthy pause inquired of his guide, "I say, my dear chappie, they marry afterward, don't they?"

— *Buccaneer*



Stude (to Prof.): "What's that you wrote on my paper?"

Prof.: "I told you to write plainer."

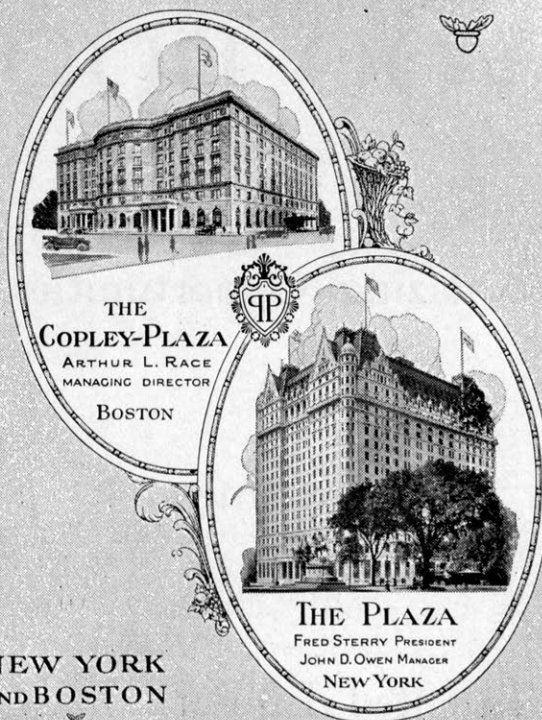
— *Beanpot*



That always reminds me of the bowlegged floor-walker who said, "Please walk this way, Madam."

— *Missouri Outlaw*

Hotels of Distinction



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ARTHUR L. RACE
MANAGING DIRECTOR
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THE PLAZA
FRED STERRY PRESIDENT
JOHN D. OWEN MANAGER
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You'll find the "high-hatted" pipe racks on the campus are frequently inhabited by Milanos.

All smart shapes. Smooth finish, \$3.50 up; rustic finish, \$4.00 up — all "insured" for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

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*A university favorite.
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A Separate Store in a
Separate Building

Jordan
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What Made Tom Late?

All set but a pair of sox! Don't let this ever happen to you. Every college man ought to have a supply on hand, of course. It's easy to trot into the street floor of the Store for Men — ten steps from Summer Street — and stock up on sox.

- Silk half hose, 1.00 to 6.50
- French lisle half hose, 2.00 to 3.50
- Other lisle half hose, 55 cents to 2.50

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PUBLICATIONS

Catalogue; Illustrated circular of General Information, Summer Session and Graduate Study and Research; and the Report of the President and the Treasurer.

WHAT NEXT?

Ah! The Girls' Number

The female friends of Phosphorus have again gathered, and the minutes of their convention will be published unexpurgated in the November number. Their talent is exceptional, and female wit is quite unusual as we all know.

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Dear Phos:

*I want to get in soft. Starting with the Girls' Number send Voo Doo
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Voo Doo, October 4, 1927



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