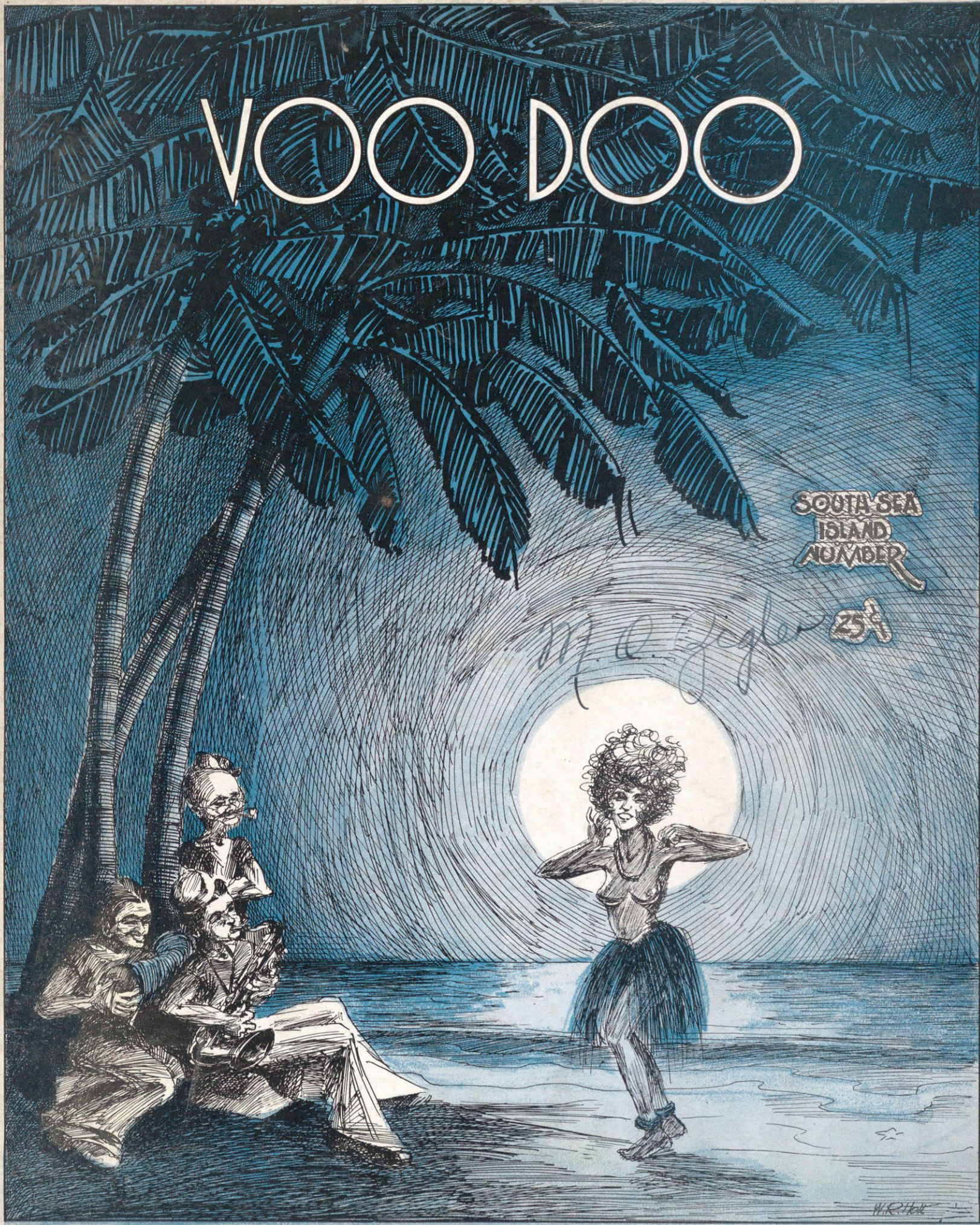


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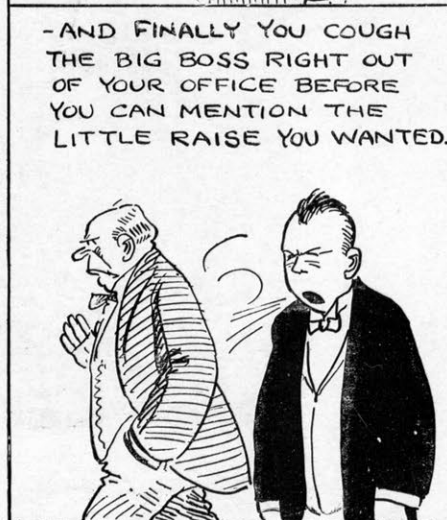
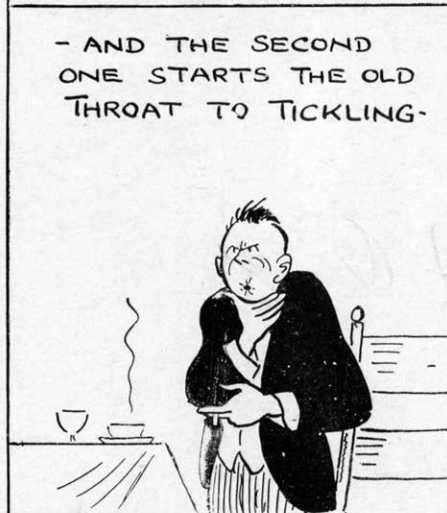
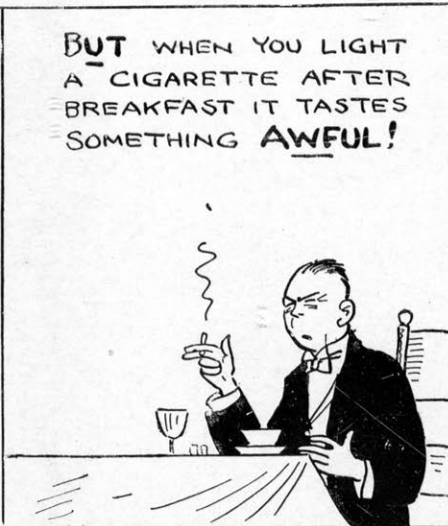
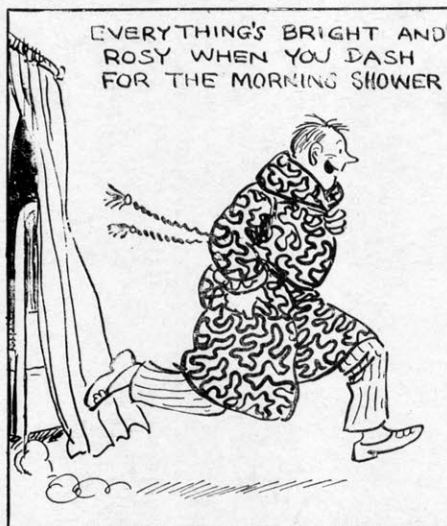
SOUTH SEA
ISLAND
NUMBER

M. Q. Ziegler 25A



How to Start the Day Wrong

By BRIGGS



.. not a cough in a carload

15¢

EVENTS OF THE MONTH

SPORTS

Baseball, Beavers

May 18 — Villanova at Home

May 22 — Tufts at Home

Tennis, Varsity

May 19 — Wesleyan at Oakley Country Club

May 21-23 — N.E.I.L.T.A. Tournament at Longwood

Tennis, Freshman

May 19 — St. Paul's at Concord

May 23 — Worcester Academy at Worcester

May 25 — Brown Freshmen at Providence

SENIOR WEEK

THURSDAY, MAY 31

Class Picnic at Pemberton

FRIDAY, JUNE 1

Tech Night at Pops

SATURDAY, JUNE 2

Banquet at University Club

SUNDAY, JUNE 3

Baccalaureate Exercises at Trinity Church

MONDAY, JUNE 4

Morning — *Class Exercises at Walker Memorial*

Afternoon — *Tea Dance at Walker Memorial*

TUESDAY, JUNE 5

Afternoon — *Commencement Exercises in Dupont Court*

Evening — *Senior Promenade at Hotel Statler*

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

Hotels of Distinction



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Copley Square, Boston
Arthur L. Race,
Managing Director



THE PLAZA
Fifth Avenue, Central Park,
New York
Fred Sterry, President
John D. Owen, Manager



THE SAVOY-PLAZA
Fifth Avenue, Central Park,
New York
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General Manager

LUXURY WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE



up the Gangplank

Off for Europe. Six glorious days on the great Atlantic. Deck games—dancing in the moonlight—big Fourth of July celebration in London—beach parties galore at Ostend—then Brussels and . . . then Paris! The entire trip which includes everything is only \$375. Reservations may still be available if you write or wire immediately.



in the
June
issue

Sailing-Sailing

Over the Bounding Main—Lew Tyler and the Ladies, by Wallace Irwin—Mad Money, about this marriage business, by Charles Brackett—The Space Getter, by Mildred Cram—The Queen Wins, and six other features in addition to the sparkling humor.



*you will enjoy
this number*

College Humor
1050 N. LaSalle St. Chicago.

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DIVINE JUSTICE

An official of the telephone company was rudely awakened from his slumbers by the insistent ringing of his telephone. After bruising his knee on a chair, he reached the telephone.

"Hello," he growled.

"Are you an official of the telephone company?" asked a voice.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"Tell me," said the voice, "how it feels to get out of bed at two o'clock to answer a wrong number?"

— Gargoyle

§

"I'm not the happiest person in the world, but I'm next to the happiest—" murmured the supreme egoist as he took the sweet young thing into his arms.

— Sun Dial

§

First Fraternity Man: "I wish to heavens they'd stop playing the piano, at least during study hours."

Second Ditto: "You said a tonsilful. Why, it's getting so up in our room that you can't even tell if a fellow is saying 'pair of tens' or 'pass the gin.'"

— Purple Parrot

§

Kookoonut: "What do you think of it, genuine pre-war stuff?"

Klookonut: "Yes, I understand they are expecting another war soon."

— Kitty-Kat

§

Aunt Mary: "The preacher is coming to call this afternoon."

Dora (who has just read Sinclair Lewis): "Do you think it's safe?"

— Life

§

"Why did Jones drop French?"

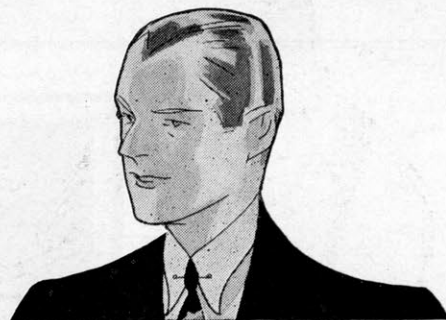
"They started printing *La Vie Parisienne* in English."

— Georgia Cracker

§

We admit the Indiana band did fairly well on spelling "Harvard," but we'd like to see them come up against "The Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

— Lampoon



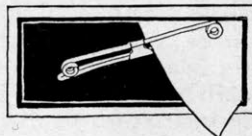
COLLAR-PINS?

Only safety-pins traveling "incog"

QUITE so! A safety-pin by any other name will perforate your collar like a Swiss cheese, and jeopardize your jugular. Safety-pins have their uses—but there's something far better for collars now. Swank!

Here's the up-to-the-minute in practical jewelry. Swank doesn't pin collars, but holds them trimly, firmly, securely. Saves time and temper for well-dressed men. If your dislike for collar-pins has induced you to wear soft collars untidily, unfastened—Swank will change your mind.

Made in gold-filled and solid gold. Plain and engraved designs. From 50c to \$5, at your jeweler's or men's shop. The Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass.



SWANK

looks like a pin, but isn't

MILLS LIMITED

The Store for College Men

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Langrock Suits and Topcoats

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*Big reduction in all accessories
at our new store*

312 HARVARD STREET, BROOKLINE
Coolidge Corner



Dolores Farris in
"GOOD NEWS"
~ MAJESTIC



Irene Bordoni in
"PARIS"
~ WILBUR



Mitzi in
"THE MADCAP"
~ SHUBERT

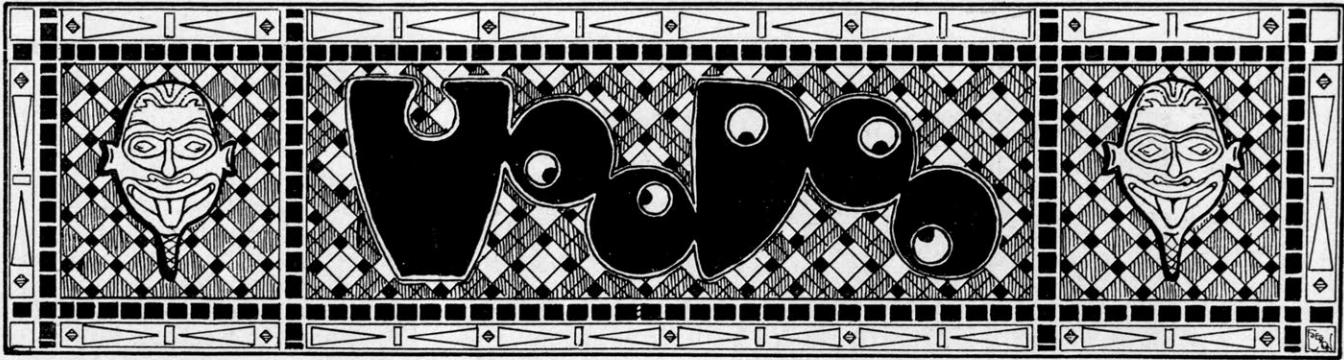


Mildred Costello
Dolores Farris
Marie Callahan in
"GOOD NEWS"
~ MAJESTIC

SOUTH SEA NUMBER



COOKS TOUR ***** SO DO BUTLERS



The hot South Sea sun beat down on the sand, and still she worked, the perspiration pouring off her pretty face. I watched her spade the dirt, then rake it and water it, in quite a large-sized plot. She took some paper envelopes and tore them open, dropping something in the neat rows she had made. Unable to retain my curiosity any longer, I went up to her and asked her why the industry. Wiping her hands on her grass skirt, she said, "Damn that Congressman, if the seeds had come a week later, I wouldn't have been able to plant my spring ensemble in time."

Dark-eyed Flower of the Antilles: "I love you, Heaven-born, I belong to you!"

British Boy-friend: "My dear girl, aren't you sort of giving yourself away?"

Cannibals like their women half baked.
We ourselves like them a little fried sometimes.

"Are you in favor of companionate marriage?"
"Yes, indeed; my southern blood boils at the very thought of a strong union."

AS IT REALLY HAPPENED

Our "he" was just a sailor lad,
Quite blue and too long shipwrecked.
The island maid was also sad.

Aha! Now what do you expect?

(Well, anyway, you are wrong, because they were on different islands.)

1st Missionary: "Prithee, why dieting? Art already as thin as the rod of Aaron!"

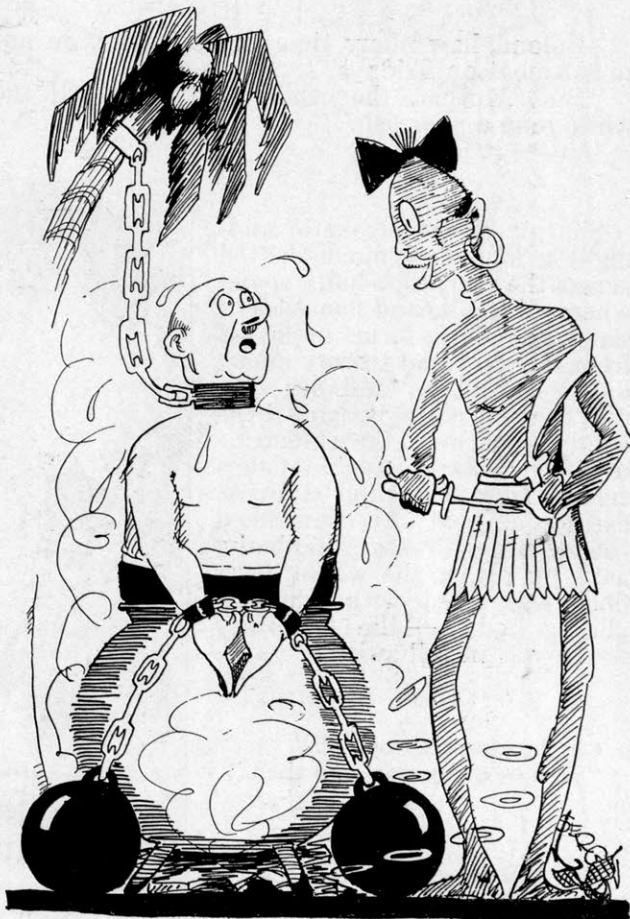
2nd Course: "Verily, do I sail for Borneo Tuesday; and 'twere evil to overly tempt the poor Heathen."

Have you heard of the vegetarian cannibal who ate only grass widows?

Heard in the Club: "My wife and I are going abroad next winter."

"South Seas?"

"I say, my wife and I are going abroad next winter."



"GET HOT, BROTHER, GET HOT!"

PANGO-PANGO
May 1, 1928

The REV. JEHOSEPHAT JONES
President, Missions Board
Shiloah, Oklahoma

Dear Sir:

It has been so long since I last wrote, that I fear you may feel yourself forgotten. Not at all. I like you. I like your Board — all of it that has come my way. That reminds me, I wish to acknowledge the arrival of your latest representative, a jolly little fat man named Smith. You should have seen how hungrily we took him into our midst. He has already joined his compatriots, and his activities were so wearing that he is in no condition to write, himself, at this time.

This man's taste was better than that of his predecessors. For it is painful to record that most of them were "stewed" when they landed. Not so, Smith. He was far too good for that. In closing, may I offer one suggestion? You cannot expect so few men to supply the wants of us all. Why not send out six more by the next boat?

Yours,

KING YUM

P.S. Six like Smith, if possible.

"Balona, how many times have I told you not to eat meat on Fridays?"

"But, Mother, the other day you called the white man a poor fish."

Girl No. 1: "Jack certainly had a lot of polish."

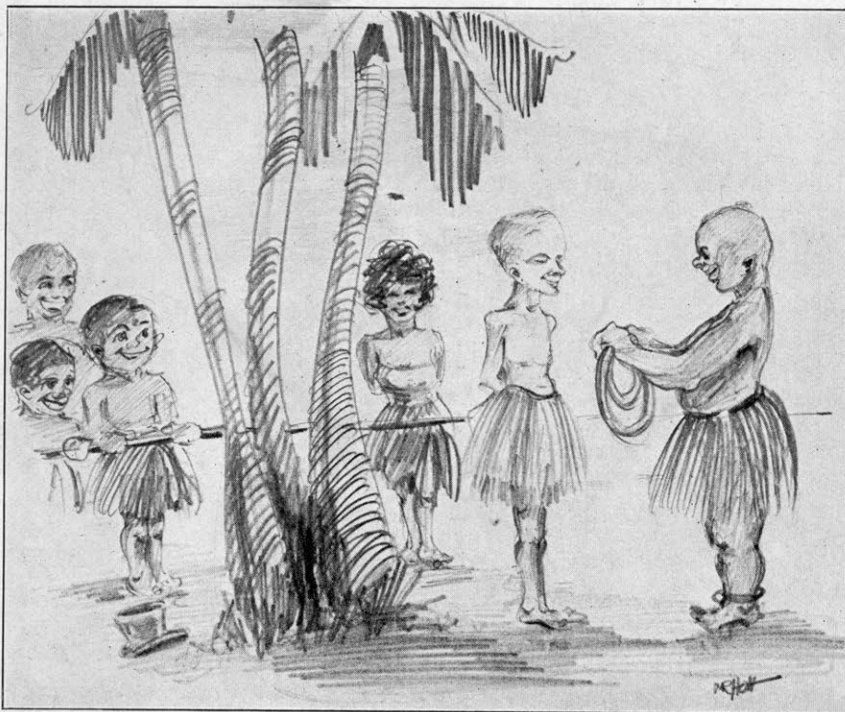
Girl No. 2: "Yes, we were on a party last night and I drank some of it."

Sharply on the stroke of midnight a long, low moan drifted across the carpetless hall; somewhere on the second floor a door slammed; filmy forms appeared from the dark and stormy night; lights flashed on and off; the rain beat unceasingly against the window-panes and the wind came in fitful gusts; heavy footsteps echoed from the spiral staircase as the dull beat of a drum filled the adjoining room; suddenly, as if by magic, the whole lower floor was filled with whirling, gliding bodies — the fraternity dance was in full swing.

"Is Jack a petty officer?"

"Well — every now and then."

Our geography may be rusty, but one thing we do know — the Virgin Islands couldn't possibly be near the South Seas.



MR. COOLIDGE, PUSHING HIS ECONOMY PROGRAM TO
THE LIMIT, MOVES TO THE SOUTH SEAS



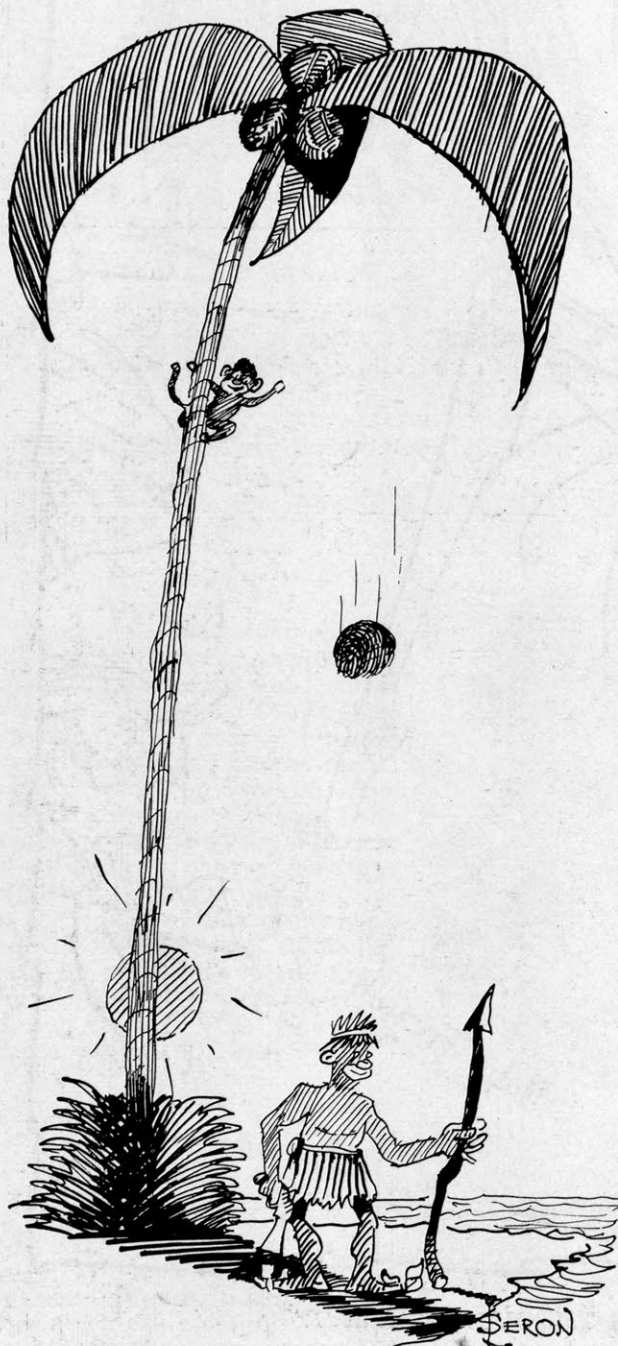
" . . . A BODY COMING THROUGH THE RYE "

Society Leader: "Oh, do tell me if it is true that a lion, coming upon a human who makes no effort to attack or escape, will walk away."

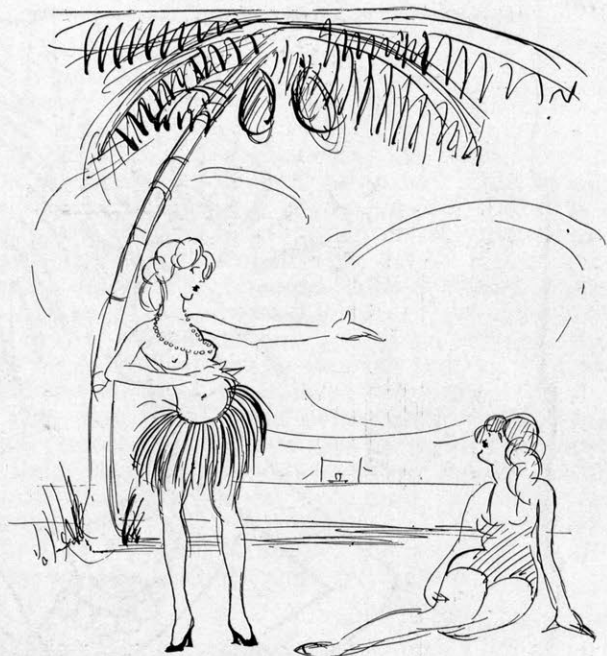
Bored Big-game Hunter: "Yes, madam, all felines go off and sleep after a heavy meal."

~

"Twenty years ago I didn't have a rag — but look at me now! — I'm all rags!!"



AN EARLY FALL



FORRELL

Island Maiden: "I positively haven't a thing to wear tonight."

Second I. M.: "That's all right, dearie, it's an informal beach dance."

~

Sweet Young Thing: "Colonel, if I were brave and strong I would go with you to the bleak deserts and forbidding mountains in far-away lands. I mean I think an explorer is so free and unbound by our petty conventions. I mean that seeing life in its primitive state is perfectly gorgeous. I mean a real live native, a virile, passionate 'head-hunter,' would SIMPLY SLAY ME!"

Her Bronzed Idol: "My dear, you are quite right."

~

Military Attaché: "May I marry your daughter, sir?"

Islander: "Never! No new-fangled customs in my family!"

~

"I think I will hit you again."

"Again?"

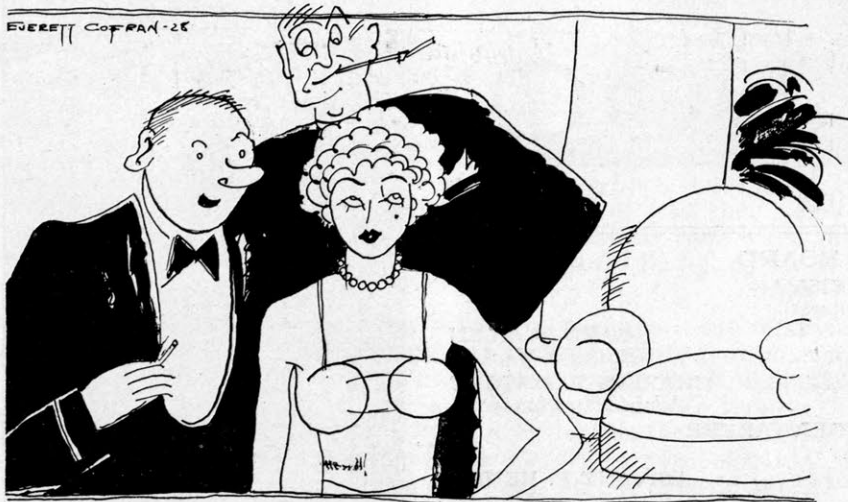
"Yes, I thought about it once before."

~

"Deacon Jones," asked Parson Jackson, "will you lead us in prayer?" The deacon was sleeping it off.

"Deacon Jones," said the parson sharply, "will you lead?" The deacon stirred.

"Lead yourself," he answered, "I just dealt!"



She: "Do you go to Harvard?"
He: "Goodness sakes, no! I'm in the chorus."

One rainy Hawaiian afternoon Sergeant Kirk was doing his best to keep a big gun at the naval base dry. (No; he wasn't holding an umbrella over the general.) Suddenly he shouted out to a dreamy private working on the big sixteen-inch bertha, "Hey, you, stop moping out there and cover the gun barrel."

"Who's moping?" came the prompt retort.

"Well, then, what are you doing?" roared Kirk.

Back snapped the reply, "I'm taking in the sights."

Beach Censor: "Say, young lady, your costume is too scanty. You'll have to take off that bathing-suit this minute."

Well! Well! Well! —
Here's the Little Old Diploma!
Who would suspect,
To look at you,
That you represented
Such erudition?
A comprehensive knowledge
Of that most perverse of Beings,
Woman;
A complete understanding
Of all the latest methods
Of Redistillation;
An unbounded *savoir-faire*
In the gentle art
Of Sponging;
A truly uncanny ability
To escape any form
Of Manual Labor;
And—oh, yes, I nearly forgot!—
A very hazy recollection
Of Differential Equations!

The fiancé of a Wellesley girl may now act in the full capacity of her chaperon. Will Judge Ben Lindsey please laugh that off.

Tropical Traveler: "I'd like a room in your hotel."

Wide-Awake Clerk: "Have you got a trunk?"

Hot Voyager: "Say, do I look like an elephant?"

Fiji Islander: "I just came back from Iowa."

'Nother Fijian: "Yeh, how is she?"



THE SOUTH SEIZE

Voo Doo

Vol. XI

MAY, 1928

No. 1

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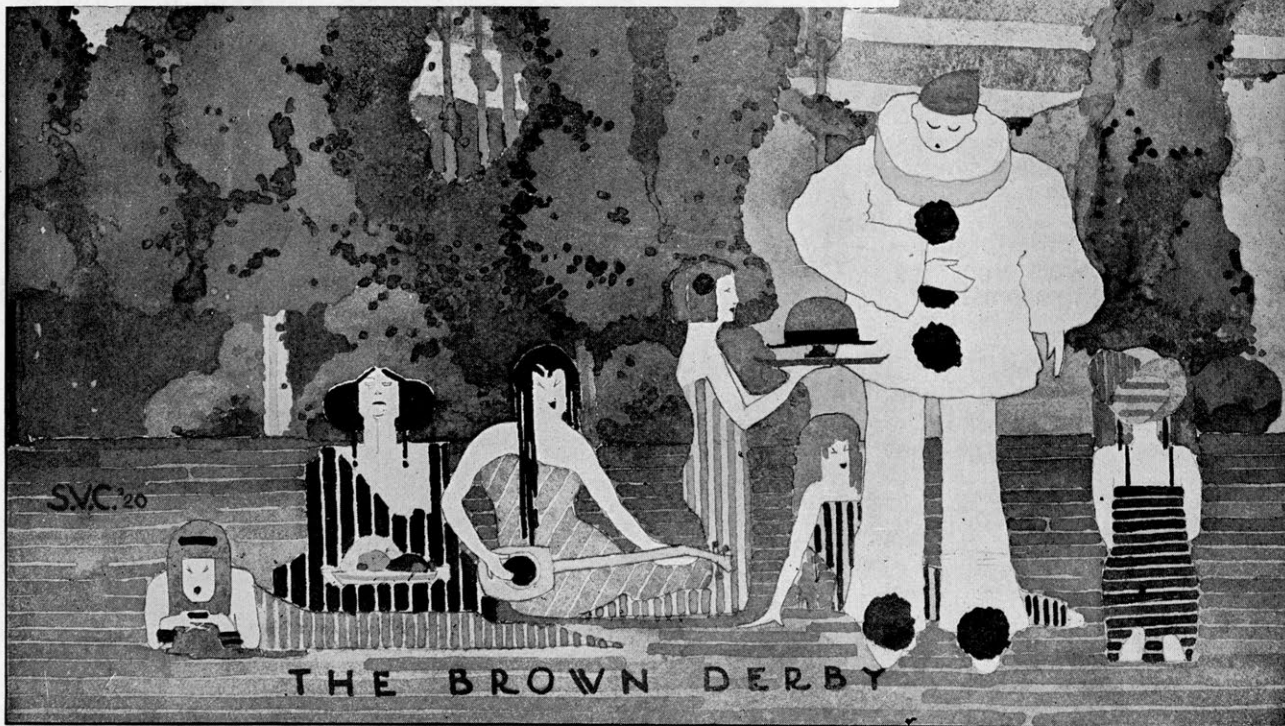
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PHOSPHOROUS has done it again, and another batch of kittens roam the third floor of Walker. Marvelously prolific, these cats. There are some things that even constitutional amendments could not prevent. A little softer on the brass, please, and louder with the wood and strings. And so in its own feline manner Volume XI of Voo Doo makes its first public bow.

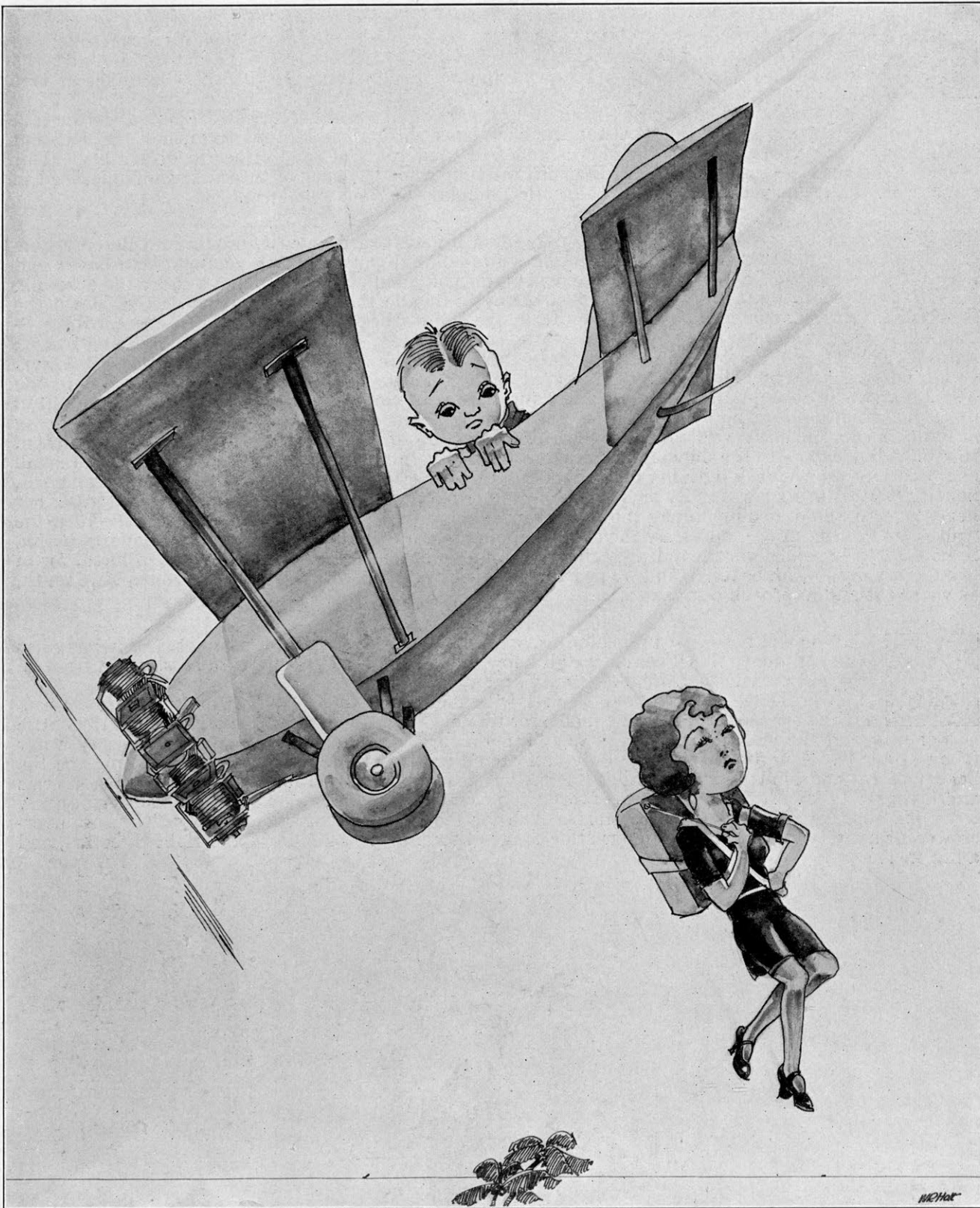
Now, with claws sheathed, they slink around purring in a contented world. But when the full, red moon is in its prime, and the howls on the back fence shrill their blatant tremoloes, the voices of Phosphorous' offsprings will join the chorus and free their souls of song either in disparagement or praise of the general landscape. Until that distant time when the pack of tutors is again unleashed in pursuit of studies, may the burdens of the world lie lightly on your shoulders.

OFF to the south, the far south, perhaps a bit westward or east, drifting on dreamy blue water, gliding and weaving through white-pointed waves, with a cool spray to flavor and temper the air — the bow ceases prying, the gangplank is drawn, midst a cheer and a waving of glossy tan arms — a half-naked Atlas to handle the bags, a hurried descent down the clattering bridge, a gasp and a chuckle, the white shoes at rest on the soil of a tropical isle — all about gaudy costumes, some spotlessly white, some spotted, some knotted, all colored and bright; parasols, helmets, and kerchiefs, and fans; here a wreath, there a necklace, of quaint southern flowers — the hotel, the old men, and the young tourist circle, then the dusk, a rare supper in nature's abode — the natives in song at their crude island dance, scant of clothes, yet not wanting, nor wanted, in dress, whirling to music, a rhythm of flesh, perfection in balance, the bobbing of shoulders, the leaping of limbs, incomprehensible yet somehow beautiful, swaying to alien tunes — the soft shadows darken, the sun disappears, still the dancing and singing to strumming guitars — and that one girl, that small one with soft auburn eyes, with her lithe silhouette thrown across the pale moon, as she artfully dances, her tireless toes bring her timidly near, as she loses her fear, with a praise to her dancing, she tosses her head, a word about strolling along the moist sands, a shy smile, a sly smile, she consents — then the walk, arm in arm, in the palms, by the shore-slapping sea, a reclining on ferns on the shadowy beach, some soft, low-spoken words, and a giggle or two, an embrace — and, oh well — and so forth, for in print every dream can be lived, and we pay fancy's visit in ink, to our isle in the sea, somewhere south, as we sweat and approach our exams.

ANEW epoch has crept up behind us, we are on the threshold of a new age. Somebody has gone and done it! Of course we all know now — the Great Court is to be changed from an arid, open waste to a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

One hears moans about Tech spirit, about lack of support to activities. And well might they moan far into the night, for it is only too true. But with a good alibi the battle is half won, and the alibi, as we see it, has been the lack of opportunity to make friends with our fellow students. A unity of spirit can only be fostered in a group of acquainted people. Imagine the beauty of a friendship culminated under the sheltering shadow of a turbine while dodging piston arms and trying to talk with the rush of water through a weir sounding in one's ears. The planting of a few trees and some grass is not going to start a rush for the formation of a Damon-Pythias Club, overcrowd our activity offices, or burden our athletic facilities; but it is a step in the right direction, and a big one.





Disappointed Aviator: "Holy Gee! — and I was going to invite her to try a transatlantic flight with me!"



TALE OF A TRAVELER

I got tired
Of the hard work and the long
hours,
So I took me down to a south-
sea isle,
Where small grass skirts were
quite in style—
Where no one claimed there was a
hell,
And they danced on the beach au
naturel.

Yet I put away these pleasing
sights,
And wild, bewitching, passionate
nights;
I left this land of heathen sin
For a place they call'd "the
land of gin"—
I got tired
Of the hard work and the long
hours.

Now that television is being
developed we may reasonably
expect the Radio Corporation to
begin negotiations for exclusive
broadcasting rights on some of
the lesser islands of the Pacific.

She was a true Hawaiian girl,
and I loved her dearly — her
cheering smile fresh as morning
dew — her deep blue eyes re-
flecting a world of wisdom —
her faultless form half concealed,
the other three-fourths revealed
beneath a skirt of grass. She
made love with the ardor of
Greta Garbo and danced with
the technique of Ruth St. Denis.
But even so I left her. She
could not play a ukulele!

Mate: "Captain, the stoke-
hold has mutinied."

Captain: "Ask them why
they are quitting, mate."

Mate: "Ah, good sir, I fear 'tis
just heaping coals on the fire."

Benevolent Spinster (seeing a
prisoner earnestly praying in the
county jail): "Tell me, my
good man, are you really pray-
ing fervently, or doing it just for
show?"

Condemned: "Lady, I'm pray-
ing to beat hell."

FROM A HULA GIRL

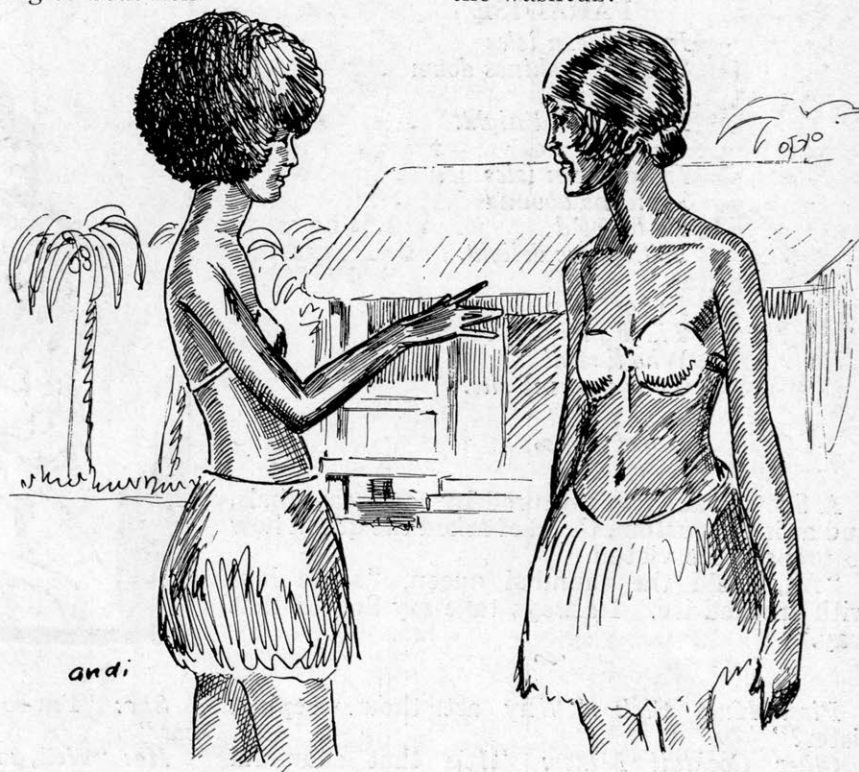
Bacchus my father,
Circe for my mother;
The moon my guardian,
My nurse-maid — the sun;
Sailors as playmates —
Blame me or the fates
That I am what I am!

A very important non-com
happened to be bawling out his
marine squad, after a recent
official review, when he sud-
denly belched forth, "What the
blankety blank was the matter
with you eggs when you were
lined up before the major? You
all looked sick when you came
to attention!"

Just then an aggravating voice
piped up from the rear, "Guess
we couldn't help it, Sarge; 'cause
we was ill at ease."

Island Visitor: "Gimme a
room and bath."

Hotel Proprietor: "I'll give
you a room; but I can't give you
a bath just now. Come around
at seven and I'll bathe you in
the washtub."



"Was that a hot dance last night?"
"Was it! My skirt positively withered."



BERT. PARADISE.

PARADISE

*In southern isles
The moon shines down
On a stark,
Impassioned night.*

*In southern isles
Maidens abound
To be lov'd
With fierce delight.*

*In southern isles
There's no one 'round
Who'll steal
Your parking site.*

A Scotchman was captured by some cannibals, and as is the custom, the chef asked the queen how to prepare the victim.

"Ah," said the cannibal queen, "serve him with cracked ice. I always take my Scotch that way."

First Hula Girl: "Why art thou weeping, sister?"

Other Cocktail Mixer: "It's that shameful American flapper. How am I to compete with a creature like that and still retain my self-respect?"

The rain poured on the little shanty. Drip, drip, splash, splash — week after week it had been this way. A heavy mist, sticky mist, shut out the dense jungle, and the oppressive heat made every breath a pain. It was weeks since he had last shaved, and he presented a miserable picture in a torn undershirt and grimy canvas pants. This fiendish climate was slowly having its effect. Once an upright, moral man, his mind was now clouding with morbid, vicious images. Sitting huddled in the corner, he tried to fight it out with himself, but the animal gained supremacy. With a wild look in his eye, and his mind on women and drink, he strode across the room, flung open the door — and then came to a stop. Biting his finger-nails he sullenly returned to his corner. He had forgotten that he had been shipwrecked on a desert isle.

Hey! Hey! Can I go out to swim?
Oh, yes, but you hadn't oughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near my daughter.



F. COUGH

She: "I'm so glad you have room for me in your car."

He: "Well, don't forget your riding attire."

She: "Oh, heavens, haven't you got room for me inside?"



"Be good girl or papa spank!"
 "If you do, I'll tell your wife."

THE M.I.T. PRIMER

A is for Alky,
Intended for flivvers;
B is for Bootleg,
Who sells it in rivers;
C stands for Chump,
Who drinks it with glee;
D is for Dead—
And I don't mean The Sea.



E is the Evening,
When students should cram;
F threatens Failure—
But who gives a Darn?
G — Ah! The Girls
They take out to ride—
H Hires a Hertz,
The Tech student's pride.

I is for Ireland,
From whence come the cops;
J is the Jail,
Where a spree often stops;
K stands for Keg
In the car when you're caught,
L is for Lucky—
You are, if it's not!



M is for Morning,
With headaches, alas!
N is that Nuisance—
A Nine o'clock class;
O is for Over
The bridge to Old Tech;
P for Professor
And Pain—in-the-neck.

Q is for Quake—
And we tremble with fear
R for Repeat
Looms up very near;
S is for Study—
We'll have to do more
T for a Tutor
Would nick us galore.



U is Unrest,
Increasing each day—
V is Vacation
So long on the way;
W is Work
(I knew I'd hear groans.)
X Y, and Z
Are three more Unknowns.



"Watch her worm!"

"That ain't no worm; that's a snake."

CANNIBAL RECIPE FOR PLANKED MISSIONARY

First catch your missionary. Leave overnight in salt water, and in the morning husk and season to taste. Parboil for an hour in coconut oil, then procure a large plank and bolt the missionary to it, and cook over a slow fire for six hours, basting with axle grease. When the missionary is cooked tender, remove from the fire, throw the missionary away, and *eat the plank*.

Hunter (two hops ahead of tiger): "Shoot, you fool!"

His Pardner: "Sorry, old man, this is an elephant rifle."

An old southern gentleman was having very poor luck fishing one day, when his small, colored friend suggested dipping the worm in the whiskey jug. So it came to pass that in a very few minutes there was a mighty tug on the line and the Colonel hauled in a beautiful sixteen-inch trout. Now the point to this story is that the fish was not on the hook. Oh, no, the worm had a strangle-hold around its neck.

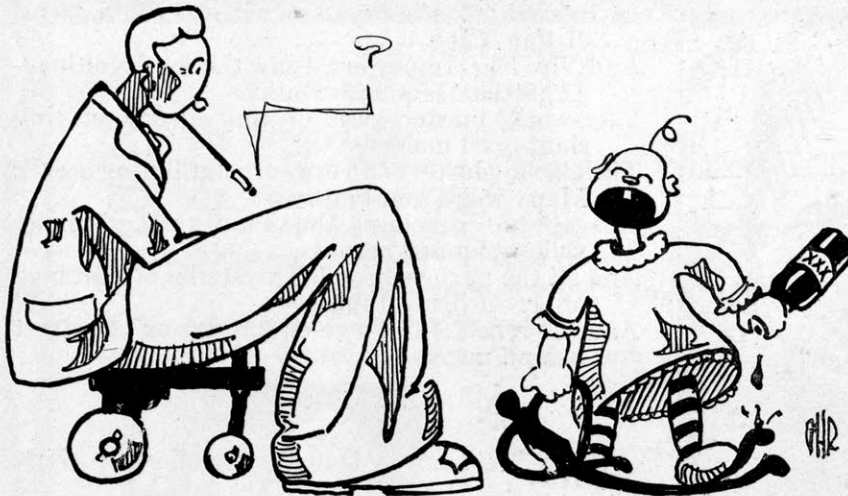
As I gazed into the fantastic window of the house of Fan Yuck
And Yim Kee, Importers, I saw the shades of long-forgotten Mandarins; Silky
Lace-work, masterpieces of tiny fingers of tiny slant-eyed maidens;
The glowing luster of an orgy of scintillating pearls;
Many weird and fantastic
Images and carvings, the handiwork of many yellow-skinned hermits,
And all the purple-shrouded mysteries of that land of lazy drifting Junks—
And the reflection of a co-ed passing on the street behind me.

South-Sea Lass: "Daughter, pull your skirts down!"

South-Sea Lassie: "I can't help it, Mother, this is creeping moss."



Though tennis is my favorite sport
The score is never my aim,
Instead of beating you on the court
I'd gladly play a love game.



"Boo hoo! Ya got my likker."
"Shut up, ya brat, I'm on da wagon."

"Sweet flower, the tropical night is firing my blood!"
"Must you have an excuse for everything?"

Taxi: "Where to, sir?"
Harvard (four A.M.): "Howsh I know, you'r drivin', aintcha?"

"Bugonia, you haven't been true to me. I never taught you to kiss that way."
"The idea! It's perfectly proper; I learned it from a missionary."

"So you just returned from the tropics? How did you find the women?"
"Cinch! I just whistled the marine anthem."

We know a guy that got into a lot of trouble with this frank and earnest business. It don't pay. He was Frank in Cambridge and Earnest in Boston.

ODE TO TRIPLE E

You can lead a horse to water,
But you can't make him drink.
You can throw an hour quiz,
But you can't make us think.

No, Geraldine, people who work for the Treasury Department are not the only ones to chew mint gum.

Ambitious Alligator: "Say, old saw-tooth, I'll race you back to shore to see who'll be first to get a bite out of that fat bather."

Brother Gator: "No, you won't, hornback, I just tore off a lap."

Rum: "I'm going to get a job in a bank."

Dum: "Well, you want to be very bold."

Rum: "What's the idee?"

Dum: "Well, if you're shy, you go to jail."

He: "Hush! What was that!"

She: "If every little noise scares you so, what will you do when my husband returns?"

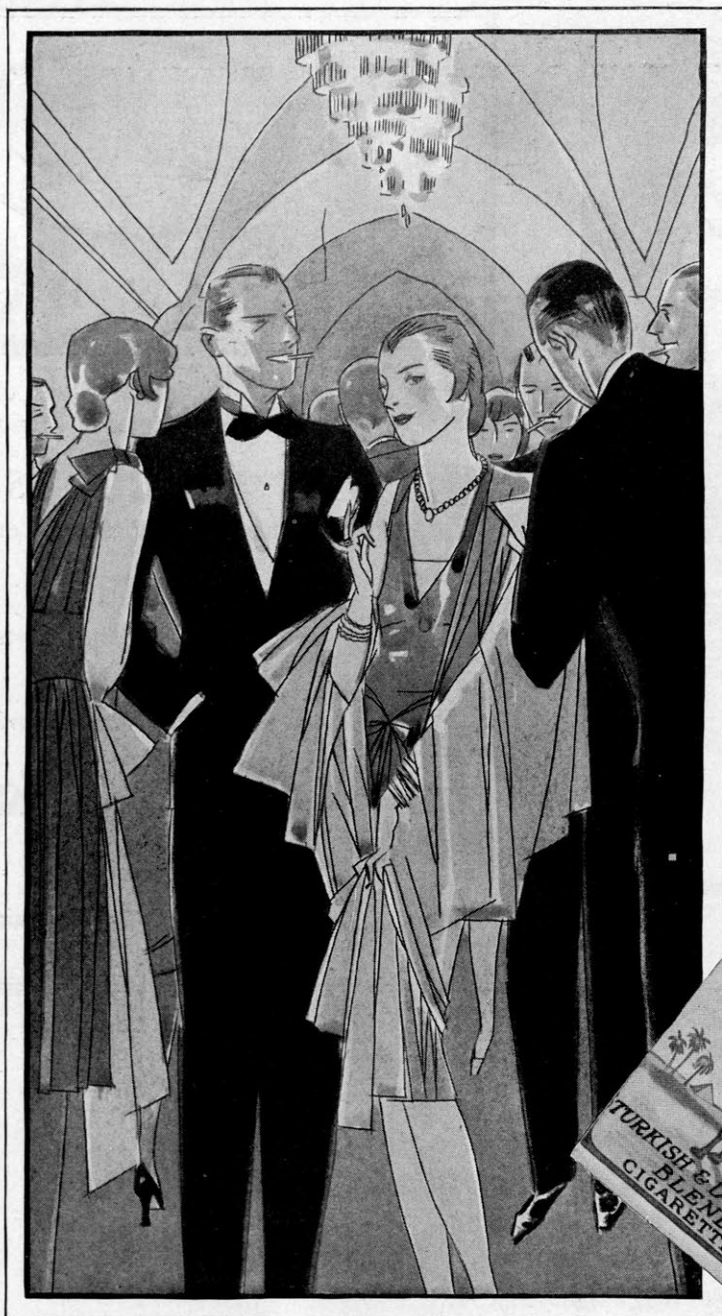
Hopeful: "I wish to marry your daughter, sir."

Father: "Have you seen my wife yet?"

Hopeful: "Yes, but I still prefer your daughter."



EV COFFMAN
AGE 9



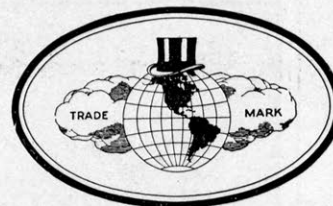
AN ADDITION TO CAMEL SMOKE-LORE

WE SUBMIT the sad case of the freshman in zoology, who, when asked to describe a camel, said, "A camel is what you wish you were smoking while you try to think of the right answers." He flunked zoology—but he knew his cigarettes. For in time of trial or time of joy, there's no friend like Camels.

The subtle influences of choice tobaccos upon the smoke-spots of mankind have been carefully studied, identified, and blended smoothly into Camels—the finest of cigarettes. And we'll bet an alkaflitch on this: Camels have just the taste and aroma to pack your smoke-spot with the "fill-fullment" every experienced smoker seeks. Got an alkaflitch you want to lose?

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Golf Hose and Sweaters

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BOSTON

Woman (hiring plumber): "Are you a union man?"

Plumber: "Gawd, no! I'm Hawvard."
— *Harvard Lampoon*

§

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of the girl with her own car.

— *Georgia Cracker*

§

She (startled by boy friend): "Well, where did you come from?"

He: "Didn't your mother ever tell you anything?"
— *Beanpot*

§

He was calling his wife on the phone. "Hello, dear, this is Jack, your husband, remember?"

— *Widow*

"Who's that?"

"Girl I used to sleep with."

"Shocking! Where?"

"Physics lecture."

— *Gargoyle*

§

"Why do you always wash your knife and fork in the finger-bowl when we come to the café?"

"Well, you wouldn't want to get egg in your pocket, either."

— *Ranger*

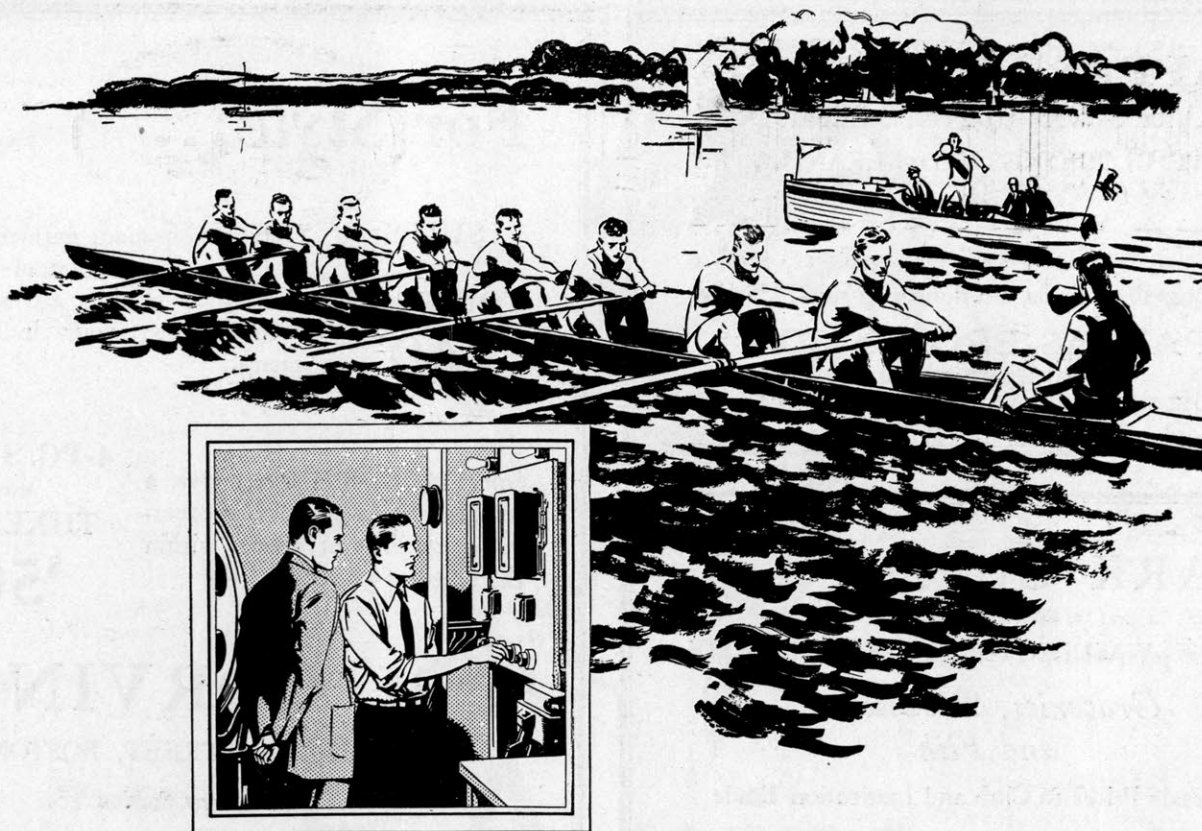
§

First Pauper: "And how many times did you kiss her?"

Second College Man: "Oh, not at all; she isn't that kind of a girl."

First Pauper: "That's funny, she was last week."

— *Malteaser*



Where “good enough” isn’t—

WAS there ever a “good enough” stroke? Was there ever a winning crew—or, in the business world, a progressive industry—perfectly satisfied with its own coordination?

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TUXEDOS
\$50

M. CORVIN

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At Park Street Station

EVERY GARMENT UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

COLLEGE BRED — A JOLLY LOAF

If education is so refining, what makes a college course?

— Awgwan

“What’s the difference between a flea and an elephant?”

“I’ll give up, what?”

“Well, an elephant can have fleas.”

— Tennessee Mugwump

We notice that Anita Loos is putting out another book: “Gentlemen Marry Brunettes.” It seems the blondes still have the best of it.

— Kitty-Kat

“What d’yuh mean, we had a cheap evening? I spent fifty cents, didn’t I?”

— Harvard Lampoon

HOW TO TELL WHO’S WHO

If he orders imported Scotch whiskey he’s a retired business man; if he orders gin he’s a tired business man; and if he brings his own jug of corn he’s a college student.

— Kitty-Kat

Shocked Old Lady: “And on the way up here we passed about twenty-five young people in parked cars.”

Young Hostess: “Oh, I’m sure you’re mistaken. It must have been an even number.”

— Cornell Widow

Kitty: “Wonder where Betty gets all her cute clothes and jewelry?”

Kat: “Goodness only knows!”

Kitty: “I’ll bet goodness has nothing to do with it.”

— Tawney Cat



P.A. wins on every count

ANY way you figure it, P.A. is better tobacco. Take fragrance, for instance. Your well-known olfactory organ will tell you. And taste—who can describe that? And mildness—you couldn't ask for anything milder.

Yes, Sir, P.A. is cool and comfortable and mellow and mild. Long-burning, with a good clean ash. You never tire of P.A. It's always the same old friendly smoke. Get yourself a tidy red tin and check everything I'm telling you!

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!



*The more you know
about tobaccos, the
more you appreciate
P.A.*

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And Cut to Order

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STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Topcoats



Charter House

"Pass your re-exam?"
"It was this way —"
"Neither did I. Shake."

— Punch Bowl

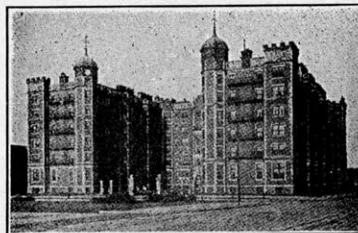
"The nerve of that guy, offering me ten dollars
a week. What does he think I am, a college
graduate?"

— Cynic

Phi Bete: "Don't you like Goethe?"
Pro-Bate: "Well, yes, but Nancy's a lot more
broad-minded."

— Stanford Chaparral

Fan: "Look — Harvard is gonna kick off."
Cynic: "Heck, they've been dead for years."
— Octopus



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Permanent
Excellent Café
Table d'Hôte and
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Special facilities for
Banquets, Luncheons
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Menu Submitted

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Telephone, University 2680 WILLIAM W. DAVIS, Manager

KEEP IT BUTTONED

Padre: "You'll ruin your stomach, my good
man, drinking that stuff."

Old Soak: "S'all right. It won't show with my
coat on."

— Widow

He: "Have you ever heard about the traveling
salesman —"

She: "Shut up! I am a farmer's daughter."
— Ski-U-Mah

Father: "How is it, young man, that I find you
kissing my daughter! How is it?"

Tom College: "Great! Great!"
— Tennessee Mugwump

"Did you hear about the Scotchman who went
insane in Chicago, yesterday?"

"Go on, if you must."
"Well, it seems he found a new lunch ticket,
but it was punched full of bullet holes before he
could run inside the restaurant door. Imagine!"
— California Pelican

"Down with liquor," cried the prohibition
agent, as he drained another glass.

He: "Then I'll see more of you soon."
She: "In the suite by and by."
— Arizona Kitty-Kat

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NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 46th Street

WE GREW UP WIT DIS

Me and My: "What am de opposite of bred-
dern, smart man?"

Shadow: "Cistern, boy, cistern."

— *Awgwan*



His mother called him Louie—he was the
fourteenth.

— *Iowa Frivol*



"Mathilda's a girl that could have married
anybody she pleased."

"Then why is she still single?"

"She never pleased anybody."

— *Mercury*



"Are you going to stag at the dance tonight?"
"Yes, I haven't any doe."

— *Rammer-Jammer*



She: "What makes Jack blush when he looks at
his watch?"

He: "There's a woman in the case."



"Is he a Harvard man?"

"Well, he goes to Harvard."

— *Lehigh Burr*

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Thirty miles from Boston on South-Shore Road

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Daily (except Sundays) during July and August

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JOHN LEO LEAHY, Director

DINING-ROOMS

Open from May 30th until Fall

For reservations telephone:
Scituate 8497-2 or Regent 3117



"What's all the excitement over in the animal tent?"
"One of the camels caught a man smoking an Old
Gold."



"I say, waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"
"Surely not, sir; maybe it's one of those
vitamine bees you read so much about."

— *Frivol*



"You were at class this morning, weren't you?"
"Why do you ask?"
"Your suit looks as if you slept in it."

— *Juggler*



"My goodness," said Madge.
"That's not much to talk about," replied Grace.
"What's not?"
"Your goodness," was the answer.

— *Pup*



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DON HOWARD

CARLOS & INEZ

CLUB KARNAK ORCHESTRA
Direction PAUL CAREY

THEATRICAL NIGHT
Every Thursday

For reservations, phone Charlie, HANcock 0943



Father: "Mary, is that young man there yet?"
Mary: "No, father, but he's getting there."
— Kitty-Kat



"Did you go to Paris when you were in France?"
"Yah."
"And Metz?"
"Yah, yah, I mets several — Oo, la, la!"
— Purple Parrot



Wire to Father: "Where is the money I wrote
for last week?"
Answer: "In my inside vest pocket."
— Witt



Caller: "Is the editor in?"
Office Boy: "No."
Caller: "Well, just throw this poem in the
waste-basket for him, will you?"
— Goblin



"Put me in cell 13."
"Why?"
"Oh, the family has been in it for years."
— Octopus



Footie: "Yoah feet suttinly mus' be built like
camels."
Ease: "Meanin' which?"
Footie: "Becuz dey can exist so powaful long
widout watah."
— Panther



He: "I'm choking!"
She: "Can't I help you?"
— Cougar's Paw

"Does she have her own way much?"
"I'll say she does! She writes up her diary a
week ahead of time."
— Buccaneer

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for College Men

"Park Fifty" Suits are intensely interesting by reason of their substantial value and recognized good style. Tailored at Fashion Park.

\$50

Other Fashion Park Suits up to \$75

JORDAN MARSH COMPANY

Note to Tourists: "When you see Mussolini talking to himself, you can be sure he is having cabinet meeting."

— Ollapod

§

Would you call the man who picks the various movie parts for actresses a "broadcaster"?

§

She: "What's that?"

He: "A pawn ticket."

She: "Why didn't you buy two, so we could both go."

— Drexerd

§

"Would you believe it, Marge, I only got forty in that history exam."

"Dearie, you don't know the half of it."

— Pitt Panther

Freshman on the Phone: "I wanna take ya to our Formal next week."

Theta: "You're only a Freshman, aren't you? I can't go with a baby."

Freshman over Phone: "Oh, I'm so sorry; I didn't know!"

— Kitty-Kat

§

Nit: "What's happier than a cat in the Canary Islands?"

Wit: "A tramp in the Sandwich Islands?"

Nit: "Naw, a co-ed in Great Neck."

— Black and Blue Jay

§

Madly: "Sweetheart, I adore you and I want you for my wife."

Infatuated: "For the love of mud, what would she do with me?"

— Illinois Siren

Day In and Day Out

*The Boston Transcript
prints all the NEWS*

NOT merely an occasional sensational scoop, but all the important happenings as they occur from day to day. And the news is carefully and intelligently edited, too; you do not have to do a lot of unnecessary reading to get at the heart of the story. This is only one of the things that make the Transcript so worth while to its constantly increasing list of subscribers, who, once they become acquainted with the paper, are not satisfied with any other.

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EUROPEAN PLAN

WM. P. LYLE, *Manager*

Kenmore 2700

THE HEIGHT OF SOMETHING

Chapter won
Glad to meet ya.
Chapter to
Hello, busy Thursday?
Chapter tree
Oh, I simply adore flowers.
Chapter fore
Ousie luf wootsie.
Chapter fife
And I promise to love, honor, etc.
Chapter sick
Da, da, da.
Chapter seben
Where the sam — dinner?

— *Bison*

§

"Hoot, Sandy, and where be ye goin' sae fast?"
"Whisht, there, mon, dinna' stop me! Me ould cow be dyin' an' I mus' be milkin' her afore she be toppin' over!"

— *Harvard Lampoon*

"Ain't this hell?"
"I dunno, but I'll look in the tourist's guide and see."

— *Yellow Jacket*

§

"Woman — are you concealing anything from me?"
"Gee! I hope so!"

— *America's Humor*

§

"How do you like your friends here at the asylum?"
"Oh, they are the nuts!"

— *Juggler*

§

"Committing suicide?"
"Well, if I ain't then I'm stringing myself."

ESTABLISHED 1818



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CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



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Messrs. BROOKS BROTHERS beg leave
to announce that they will remove their
Boston Store to their New Building,
NEWBURY cor. BERKELEY STREET
about August 1, 1928

She: "Are you dumb?"

He: "Why, no."

She: "Well, stop making love with your hands,
then."

— *Drexel*

§

Excited Freshman: "Hye, fellahs, they've discovered gold over on the campus."

Unperturbed Senior: "Well, the girls have been digging for it long enough."

— *Sun Dial*

§

"Are you a working girl?"

"No, I'm a co-ed."

"Oh! no men at your school!?"

— *Bison*

§

"Just between you, me, and the lamp-post, what do you see in that girl?"

"Not a thing. But with the girl between me and the lamp-post—well, that's a different story."

— *Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*

§

"Don't you love driving?"

"Yes, but I thought we'd get out of town first."

— *Belle Hop*

§

Once men were the bravest, but now it's the women that show the most backbone.

— *George Washington Ghost*

"Bill just met a girl who was hard as concrete."

"What did he do?"

"Took her for a walk."

— *Red Cat*

*WHEN you feel low in vacation time
about returning to the deah ol' 'stute,
and somehow you just can't feel as if
you could stand another year of it,
THEN—*

BEAR
UP



And remember —

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1928, with a world beater —

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Aeronautical Engineering	General Science
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The better high schools and other preparatory schools in the United States offer adequate preparation for the required entrance examinations given by the College Entrance Examination Board in June, or by the Institute in September.

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

The Summer Session extending from June to September includes most of the subjects given during the academic year and in addition special courses for teachers.

ANY OF THE FOLLOWING PUBLICATIONS WILL BE SENT FREE UPON REQUEST:

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Graduate Study and Research

Summer Session Catalogue

Correspondence should be addressed to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



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smokes Luckies

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William T. Tilden 2nd

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