New York, London, Paris... symbols of everything amusing, bizarre, hysterical. Moths by the thousand are drawn to them from afar, to be Shapiro of their bank rolls and peace of mind. When at last they stumble away, what have they really done? Seen half a dozen shows at $5 a ticket. Spent several dull days at the more famous and more immoral night clubs. Lived too expensively at a middle-class hotel. Eaten 30 mediocre dinners. With luck, met a few minor celebrities. Spent perhaps $2,500 for one month's incomplete entrance into only one of the gay capitals of the world. They go home wondering how they have missed so much of the advertised glamour. How pathetic! How extravagant! How much better to spend $1 for five months' intimacy with everything really amusing in all three capitals... under the expert guidance of Vanity Fair...

VANITY FAIR is your cicerone, every month, through the gay capitals of the world. Shows you a gallery of the season's most brilliant achievements in the arts. Includes flights into the future on your ticket. Brings famous men to be your couriers.

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SAVE 75 cents with this Coupon
Bought singly, 5 copies at 35c each cost $1.75... through this Special Offer you get them for $1... a saving of 75c.
A SYLLOGISM
1. Cleanliness is next to Godliness.
2. Godliness is impossible.
3. Therefore cleanliness is next to impossible.

—The Octopus

IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS

First Sailor: “Sit down, you’re rockin’ the boat.”
George Washington: “Can’t.”
Sailor: “Why not?”
G. W.: “My pants are too tight.”

Moral: “So they painted him standing up.”

—The Owl

She: “But I don’t know you.”
He: “What you don’t know won’t hurt you.”

—The Yale Record

“What’s in here?” asked the tourist.
“Remains to be seen,” responded the guide, as he led the way into the morgue.

—The Mercury

“My poor man, you have seen better days?”
“Ya, madam, I bane wan tam prance charmang ta many wuman.”
“Oh! You were a war hero?”
“Naw, I ban a moova haro before the dam vitaphone cam.”

—The Green Gander

He: “So you won’t marry me?”
She: “No.”
He: “All right, there’s plenty of fish in the sea.”
She: “Yes, but they don’t bite at shrimps.”

—The California Pelican

She: “Have you ever heard of Judge Lindsay?”
He: “If you’re going to begin to talk like that I’m going right in and tell mother.”

—Jack O’Lantern
IN THE SELECTION OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS AND IN THE CUTTING AND DEVELOPMENT OF GARMENTS FOR STUDENT USAGE DURING THE CURRENT SEASON, FINCHLEY HAS GIVEN FULL REGARD TO THE CHARACTERISTICS ASSOCIATED SOLELY WITH FINE CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHES.

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HATS, CAPS, SHOES

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Freshman (pulling a fast one on the boys): “What turns green in the spring?”
Chorus: “Christmas jewelry!”

—Colgate Banter

Englishman: “It takes you Americans much longer to express yourselves than it does us Englishmen.”
American: “How d’ya get that way?”
Englishman: “Why, you say, ‘Have you had your dinner yet?’ while we say, ‘Have you dined?’”

—Drexerd

Gardener: “Can I see the Secretary of Agriculture?”
Clerk: “Well, he’s very busy now, sir. What was it you wanted to see him about, sir?”
Gardener: “About a geranium of mine that isn’t doing very well.”

—Flamingo

A BACHELOR

“Kiss me—and I am yours.”
“I’ll kiss, but leave off the entanglements.”

—Panther

Amateur Hunter: “What is the name of the species I just shot?”
Guide: “I’ve been investigating. He says his name is Smith.”

—Royal Purple

Sophomore: “What is your greatest ambition, Frosh?”
Freshman: “To die a year sooner than you.”
Sophomore: “What is the reason for that?”
Freshman: “So I will be a Sophomore in hell when you get there, sis.”

—Whirlwind

It was a cold and stormy night. There was no fire in the furnace. They were sitting all alone in the living-room. She had no coat. Neither had he. They shuddered to think of how cold they might have been.

—The Skipper
BETH MEAKINS
"LUCKEE GIRL" - SHUBERT APOLLO

DOREY VINTORE
"LUCKEE GIRL" - SHUBERT APOLLO

FLO PERRY
"LUCKEE GIRL" - SHUBERT APOLLO

WINFRED BARRY
"THE SKULL" - MAJESTIC
PURITY
NUMBER
Woops—Sorry!
I had dined at the club that evening with my lifelong friend and crony, Silo Pants. Silo, a man of independent means, made a hobby of unravelling the knottiest mysteries. In fact, the naughtier the mystery the better Silo liked it.

After dinner we went into the sedate old salon and ordered a bit of whiskey and soda. Silo drank the soda.

As we sat chatting there before the fire, a churl shuffled in with a call for Mr. Pants. "Twas urgent, he said—Mr. Pants was wanted at once on the telephone. Silo went out, and returned in a minute with his coat on. I saw the old gleam in his eye, so I quickly got my coat.

"Shall I call a cab, Silo?" I queried.

"I ban tank dis 'yere yob doan' need none of your new fangled contraptions, wass ist?"

Silo was already deep in thought, I saw readily, and was practising upon his dialects. In one sentence he had cleverly imitated a Swede, Negro, a Baptist, and a longshoreman.

As we walked down into the street I shivered. A mighty wind was shrieking its horrid tune among the chimney-pots above our heads. A light snow had fallen, and, driven by the gale, cut at our faces like a sandblast. It was an ominous prospect, and filled me with foreboding. I felt that some strange adventure was about to befall us. Then Silo spoke:

"That call was from an old spinster who resides down on Blank Street," he muttered, swallowing cocaine, atropine, and a little tar as he said it.

"She lives alone in her mansion—a huge old structure next to the Watsis Hotel. She has been badly frightened by the strange proceedings at the hotel tonight."

After five minutes' brisk walking, we came to a tall, dark building, which, like most Boston houses, gave the impression that it was sitting on the curb and dabbling its feet in the gutter. We clambered up the steps, and Silo gave three raps with the huge iron knocker which he invariably carried. Presently a gaunt butler opened the door and allowed us to come from the raw, chilly wind into the hallway.

A tall, hatchet-faced lady, lean and cadaverous, stood waiting for us at the foot of the stairs.

"Which is Mr. Pants?" she asked, in a frightened, quavering voice.

"I am Miss Jessica Tumfie. As I said, there have been strange proceedings at the hotel. Since I live so near, I am frightened, and I want you to unravel this knotty problem, and ease my troubled spirit."

"Tell me what has happened, baby," said Silo, as he passed his hand over his brow and spat upon the floor.

"This evening, shortly after dinner, the lights in the hotel all went out. Then a crowd of men, all dressed in black, went in at the front door. For a time there was no sound, except the whining of the gale outside. I was considerably disturbed at this ominous silence. No such thing should go on in a hotel."

"Quite so," said Silo, inhaling the sour fumes from his opium pipe, and munching a bit of rat poison.

"Well," Miss Tumfie continued, "the lights began to go on and off, and in a while some awful noises came from the hotel. It sounded like the shrieking of laughter and wails of a saxophone, and the breaking of furniture. I was alarmed, and sent for you. Then, a few minutes ago, a car drew up, and after discharging a man and a woman, drove away. There have been no other people in sight—only the dark hotel and the frightened sounds."

"I see," said Silo, replacing his stethoscope. "Madam, I have solved this mystery. It is the Sophomore Prom."
The H. I. T. Voo Doo
MARCH, 1929

"All aboard!"
"Like Hell! I'm out here!"

Conductor: "All aboard!"
Furcoat: "Like Hell! I'm out here!"

Voo Doo Glossary of Engineering Terms:

**Absence**—denoted by a vacant seat in lecture which gives a strong inference of a good party the preceding night.

**Night**—period of time prescribed for study and cogitation—art of racking one's brain to think of one "femme" good enough to drag to a $15.00 prom.

**Prom**—opportunity to loaf about in some hotel while some other bozo dances with your date—evening set aside by appointment which is usually broken—past participle of break, generally spelled broke—and then means our financial condition—a foolish custom used by Tech professors to administer a "FF" gradually but to the same end—vote 12.

Desdemona: "Hark, now, my fair knight, wench goest thou?"

Parsifal: "Thou art right."

The cold, gray walls still rear their heads above the sombre river. It's springtime; at the Institute the hurrying students shiver. Oh, leaden skies; oh, blustering wind; oh, drizzling, trickling rain, an 8-02 exam today—will summer come again?

"Is that town slow?"
"Slow!—why, they shot a mailman the other day because they thought he was a Confederate soldier."

We hear that one Vassar girl answered a questionnaire thus:
"I have kissed ten men in my life—of course, this does not include Harvard students."

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

The sun shines o'er the sparkling blue waters of the Charles. The birds sing, and in their singing we detect the approach of spring. We hear the delightful laughter of innocent girlhood and the boyish tones of students earnestly discussing the next day's lessons. No thought of wickedness invades our souls. We are content, secure in the knowledge that here, 'neath the dome, the great gleaming dome (built of Indiana limestone), Father Technology lives and loves his children, protecting them from the sinister influences of the outside world.

"Professor, you have inspected my reports. What do you think of them?"
"Oh, thesis all right."

AXIOMS FOR THE PROM GIRL

"Many are mauled, but few are chosen."
"A rolling stone gathers no boss."
Voo Doo's Employment Agency for Men Receiving Vote 12

HOKUM BANANA COMPANY
Real fruity young man desired for prominent position. Salary in proportion to merit, but don't let that discourage you. Apply to janitor of Dead Letter Office.

SHRIVELLED PRUNE CORPORATION

IRON HOUSE Co.
Fine opening for promising applicant. In fact we specialize in promises. Must be able to sell to presidents. See T.C.A. Secretary.

AMALGAMATED OPTICAL Co.
Course XV man required at once to design, manufacture, and sell colored glasses to window-washers. No references—we know you can't secure any.
I. M. Week, President

Of all young maidens cruel and fair
There's none more cold than Sonia;
For it was necking her, I swear,
That gave me my pneumonia.

Hitherto Unpublished Opinions of Strucky Likes by Assorted Celebrities

Mussolini: "Da Struck' da Like damn fine butt because I, MUSSOLINI, smoka da Luck' da Strike."

The Whispering Baritone: "The husky, strangled condition of my voice is due to my having used Struckies since I was but a boy of four years. Strucky Likes, I owe my all to you!"

Amos Blutz (World's Champion Flagpole Sitter): "Struckies kept me awake during the long still watches of the night. I'd like to see anyone fall asleep amid the fumes from a burning Strucky Like."

Floyd Collins: "I'd rather smoke a Strucky Like than be buried alive in a mine."

Board of Voo Doo: "Smoke a Strucky Like while reading Voo Doo, and enjoy the Strucky by comparison. It's roasted!"
EXTRA SPECIAL EDITION

"The Tech" Not a Newspaper at All—Dark Intrigue Involved

Joe Q. Blutz, the roving reporter for Voo Doo, last week uncovered a hideous tale of broken faith, murder, mayhem, and Platform, Kentucky. As he stepped into the dreary dens of "The Tech," a hunchback by the name of Zilch hissed into our stout lad's ear the following loathsome facts:

"The Tech," humorously nicknamed "The Tech," is the work of seven brothers who are trying to pay off an election bet to the effect that if Alderman Stickup didn't carry the First Ward they would go out and marry the first seven sisters they saw. The best they could find in that line was a crowd of seven Harvard lads, so the boys gave up and decided to start a miniature "Congressional Record, or Father Jack's Almanac," which they called "The Tech."

The students at the Institute have the false idea that "The Tech" is a newspaper. How should they know; they never read it. Now that the truth is known, however, we forgive these merry fellows, and promise not to be mad if they won't do it again. Remember, boys, no more funny election bets.
El Slashers Personified

The rain fell into the gutters with a disconsolate “plish, plish,” and gurgled unhappily into the overloaded sewers as a young woman, about nineteen, stepped daintily across the dark street toward the entrance to the Subway at Arlington. As she descended the stairs she folded her rain-soaked umbrella and let it hang unobtrusively at her side.

She stepped bravely into the crowd passing through the long underground passage and hurried toward the other entrance. As she neared the center of the passage the lights dimmed suddenly. Then they were out altogether! Suddenly a shrill scream penetrated the gloom. And then another, more blood-curdling than the first. What in hell had happened to the girl? Was it the Slasher at work again?

Then, just as suddenly as the lights had dimmed, they returned to their normal brilliance (which isn’t bright anyway), and there, at the side of the passage, was the girl with the umbrella sticking in her coat pocket!

“Aren’t you out for track?”

“Sure—been out five nights running.”

A TECHNICALITY

“Wherefore all the rumpus,”
An old grad said to me.
“This Tech’ is bursting out with news
Of gross impurity.

“Phos is taking quite a ride
And Voo Doo seems ‘de trop.’
Please explain it all to me
Or hang me with a rope.”

“Tis simple, sir,” I answered him,
“‘The Tech’ is overwrought.
They are at last just learning
What their mothers should have taught.”

“Is this refined?”

Farmer: “Waal, they didn’t used to think so.”
MARCH, 1929

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Vol. XII

MARCH, 1929

No. 1

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THE inevitable has again happened! While on one of his nightly prowls, Phosphorus stumbled into a dark corner full of black, scrappy little cats. As usual, he dragged them back with him to the Holy of Holies in the Voo Doo office and, after dread, dark hours of initiation and sacred vows, left them to work out the fate of Volume XII for themselves. You will soon peruse the first fruits of their labor. With the ghostly glory of the next full moon, the world will be laid at your feet in the “Gangplank Number.”

“There shall be wars and rumors of wars.” The God of War, grim inhabitant of the far-away red planet, Martius, bestows upon this month of Cesar’s calendar its name. The mighty winds are riot and Acolus exceeds the cunning of the most clever Greek who ever laid siege to Troy. The sky is azure, the gentle breeze is warm, Spring at last is here. And looking from his cloud-chariot, he notes that we have joyfully discarded hats, scarves, and sheepskins. Presto! With a wave of his hand all the furies of both poles are loosed to roar out violence as they sweep the very breath from our mouths. Harvard Bridge shivers to its deepest foundation; engineers grab in vain at the none-too-secure tops of their Fords. When we can pick bouquets of violets in the Great Court to present to our instructors, then, and only then, will Spring be here.

And now, after bearing Voo Doo’s flaming torch over our appointed course, we unhesitatingly toss it into the firm grasp of those who are now ready to carry it still farther and higher. It is with pleasure that we unroll for you the never-ending scroll:

General Manager, Charles T. Dwight; Business Manager, Bryant F. Kenney; Managing Editor, Otis A. Sibley; Art Editor, Gordon Carr; Advertising Manager, Emilio G. Collado; Literary Editor, William Beckett; Treasurer, Warren T. Dickinson; Circulation Manager, Charles B. P. Hodge; Publicity Manager, Leslie K. Snowdon.

Elections to the staff are as follows:


"Ah," cried the villain, as the doctor examined his throat.

"Yes, I'm here for the Dyers' Convention."

"That so? Where are you stain?"

KNOW YOUR ANATOMY?

"Doctor, a man just squirted water in my eye."

"Ah—the aqueous humor."

Bill: "What's Jones doing?"

Will: "Oh, he's running a corset factory, but he calls it a bindery."

What did Cal Coolidge say when the magazines offered him a big hunk of dough for a series of articles?

Answer: "I'd rather write than be President."

"Don't you dare touch me," said the man to his wife as he came home with the pay envelope.

Proofreader: "The typesetter sure did mess up this line."

Printer: "Yeah, they tell me he was pie-eyed."

The boys in "The Tech" hangout have a new Christmas Carol. They call it "The Old Oaken Bucket That Hung In Noel."

Anxiety was rife among the members of the department of chemistry recently over the escape of an atom from the Collection of Professor B. J. Phelan. The entire faculty spent a day with bait and microscope in luring the wandering particle back to its abode in a bit of Walker beefsteak, its natural habitat, where it occupies chain No. 876, according to Commissioner of Carbohydrates Bridges. The atom, which is known familiarly by its associates about the Institute as Alphonse, is of the debonair Carbon family and speaks with a rich Spanish accent. The reason for its straying from its happy home is that it was attracted by the swaying Brownian movement of soft-eyed Helen Hydrogen, who inhabits a nearby gob of mashed potato. Irresistibly attracted by her charms, and lured onward by the gentle strains of the atomic anthem "Valencia," poor Alphonse was unable to resist. Professor Phelan was heartbroken when he discovered the loss of his pet, and was not to be consoled until the return of the prodigal. A choice feast of tender electrons was prepared, and soon Alphonse, home again, was fast asleep in his beefsteak home.

The capture of the erring one was accomplished by means of traps placed about the Institute baited with rhubarb. Experiments have shown this to be the favorite fare of atoms.
On the Origin of Soap

Prehistoric man had one failing in his otherwise Utopian surroundings. He did not appreciate the fact that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." (Perhaps we don't, either.) These antediluvian ancestors of ours at first had no need for wearing-apparel, as their shaggy "Raccoon Coats" prevented their contact with the severer elements. But they did not prevent the "Just Descended" from acquiring surplus tracts of fertile soil on different parts of their anatomies (similar to Foundry Practice at M.I.T.).

These numerous fertile meadows breed innumerable bacilli, known to our old friend "Beaker Joe" as microbes (pronounced Mike-Robes), and in turn these Irish overcoats cause, by their ceaseless activity in the pursuit of food, that peculiar and unpleasant sensation known to Chicago street-cleaners as the ITCH (ever since then man has had an itch for a niche in the Hall of Fame). However, if the Hawaiian grass crop should fail, it would cause a great increase in the influx of male tourists, sans females, to the islands, but—(whatinell was I spieling about anyway)—ya, it was the product of saponification. Well, to return to the soap: this peculiar itch, being a cause, must have an effect and must also be relieved. The following was the unique and novel (apologies to Popular Mechanics) manner in which the problem was solved by an unsung Einstein of that long-forgotten period.

1. Man has itch.
2. Leans against rock (becomes a little bolder).
3. Sweats off fat in attempt to think (similar to '32 men at Tech).
4. Fat comes in contact with sweat (potassium salts of fatty acids) and by means of body heat becomes a soap.
5. Unaware of his great invention, man decides to get in pond and scratch self.
6. Does so.
7. Soap does the dirty work—loosens grime and bacilli—man no longer itches.
8. Gets back on terra firma and process is repeated.

Well, anyway, you've wasted two minutes twenty-two and one-half seconds by the Big Ben pocket chronometer (correct weight, no springs) in reading this. Thank you one and all. But use Guest Ivory.
"She asked me if I knew any Greek myths; but I said, 'No, American girls are good enough for me.'"

---

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

**He:** "That was no lady, that was the president of the Institute Committee."

**Calf:** "Who was that bull I seen you with last night?"

**Cow:** "That was no bull, that was an udder cow."

**Hammer:** "Who was that screwdriver I seen you with last night?"

**Hacksaw:** "That was no screwdriver, that was a wench."

**Curtain:** "Who was that windowpane I seen you with last night?"

**Curtain:** "That was no pane, that was a blind."

**Voo:** "Who was that baboon I seen you with last night?"

**Doo:** "That was no baboon, that was Moses Brimberg."

---

**AND NOW—**

**"REQUIESCAT IN PACEM."**

---

**THIRD FLOOR, BACK OF "FRAT CLUB"—2:00 A.M.**

"And what soft, trustful eyes! She is the most innocent youngster this side of a convent. Just learning to dance, so I taught her a few simple steps. Believe me—some relief after these sophisticated drags I've been dating. Yes, sir! Unspoiled and beautiful! No, she won't touch liquor, doesn't smoke, and—well, I did steal one kiss. I tell you, she's the kind of girl men marry! My God! Where's my pin?"

"...Congressman Qhurp has always been known for his honest, candied opinions. . . ."

—*The Weakly Whisper*

---

"...Congressman Qhurp has always been known for his honest, candied opinions. . . ."

—*The Weakly Whisper*

---

Sweetheart, let our love be very passionate, but sanitary;
Behind that face of rose and lily
Lurk the deadliest bacilli.
Therefore, dearest, let us shun
Such unprophylactic fun;
Fumigation's so much wiser—
Darling, please, the atomizer . . .

---

"A-hunting we will go, and what care we for the sights we see"—this Voo Doo is clean we know!

---

"A-hunting we will go, and what care we for the sights we see"—this Voo Doo is clean we know!
"THE LIBERAL CLUB DISCUSSES VOO DOO"
VOO DOO’S SUMMER CAMP GUIDE

CAMP CROTON OIL

For little girls who are musically inclined, we have a splendid course in singing red-hot stuff, with thigh-slapping accompaniment. For girls who are a little more inclined, we have a swell course in finding coefficients of friction for inclined girls. For girls who are so inclined as to be almost horizontal, we have no courses. (Tough break, lady. Maybe your daughter has a chance posing for figures on radiator caps.)

Little more can be said for Camp Croton Oil. (I ban tank I said too much already.) If you are interested, send for our application-blank and patent whistle, made of genuine licorice, with solid plaster of Paris handle. Let us take care of that long-legged, spindly, loud little daughter of yours for one summer, and we will promise to return her to you in such a state of general debility as to be worth very little more than a damn.

CAMP HORSE’S NECK

At this exclusive beach resort you will find the ideal place to park your offspring while touring the White Mountains or whatever it is that you tour. The main buildings were slightly damaged by a tidal wave ten years ago and have never been repaired, but the best of quarters are arranged in the form of tents or sleeping-bags, as you prefer. Much stress is laid upon the sports, and fishing is a prime favorite. In fact, we employ a life-guard who does nothing but catch poor fish in deep water. After six weeks at Horse’s Neck your progeny will be able to knock ‘em dead in the ballroom with such nautical terms as: “Break out that thar awning!” “Get forw’d, you—!” “Belay, there!” and many more quaint old expressions.

Write today for our free booklet entitled “Don’t Send Your Boy to a Reform School, Give Him a Chance at Horse’s Neck.” With the experience he receives at our hands he can always be a beachcomber if he lacks a profession.

Whitespot—the camp ideal! Here your daughter will be under the care of those two well-known society leaders, Texas Guinan and Mae West, our camp matrons. Our alumnas include such prominent women as Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. Mills, and Tillie the Co-ed. For culture, refinement, and polish, send your girl to Whitespot.

Besides the unparalleled cultural advantages of Camp Whitespot, we have special courses in embroidering with cornsilk, making mud pies with the mashed potatoes, and building a fire with seven gallons of gasoline and a blowtorch. The social graces, so necessary in the makeup of young girls, are not neglected at dear old Whitespot. In our care your little daughter can soon become an accomplished hammer murderess, lady politician, or Turkish bath attendant.

Send your boy to Camp No-Drinks-on-the-House, the most exclusive summer camp for boys in Cook County, Illinois.

We want good, strong, virile little fellows to come here for one summer and study the fascinating sciences of sticking pins through flies, stepping on spiders, and pushing little ducks in the water. We are amply able to teach the boys these vital facts; our staff includes such eminent authorities as Bull Montana, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy, and others.

Our camp is attractively situated near the municipal dump of Blither City, Illinois. It is a pretty sight to see the boys go romping off toward the dump to play among the rubbish. We give prizes for the most valuable bits of flotsam and jetsam found by the boys in their gambols through the dump.

Send your brat to our camp! We give summer courses to children in which foot to put on the rail, how to remove the froth, where to get it, and how to act when plastered. We feed the little dears nothing but the best of Rye, Corn, and Gin. Out of the fifty at our camp last year, only twenty died, and the rest went blind. Make your reservations now!
"Give a sentence using the word 'saliva'."
"My old man is so lazy he doesn’t know whether he saliva dead."

A Tech Sorority
A suggested exclusive sorority for the "buxom, blithe, and debonair" co-eds at this here engineering college:

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I
Section 1—The name of this sorority shall be Nu Mu Mu.
Section 2—The purpose of this sorority shall be
A—To promote better feeling among the co-eds and their gentlemen classmates.
B—To increase the interest of the co-eds in such student activities as wrestling, necking, etc.
C—To provide a handy source of dates for Tech men, thus saving the latter the inconvenience of importing women from foreign dives such as Wellesley, Emerson, and Simmons.
D—To further that intimacy between instructors and co-eds, so that co-eds may sign their names to an ever-increasing amount of work done by instructors. This will not apply at Rogers—it doesn’t need to.

ARTICLE II—The membership of this sorority shall be limited to those of the female sex registered as students at Tech who are unattached, liberal, and broadminded in their views. They must be able to hold their liquor like true Tech students.

ARTICLE III—The officers of this society shall be five in number: namely, Grand Gamma, who shall act as president of all gath-ferst and other regular meetings; Big Beta, who shall record in writing her opinion of the meetings; True Tau, who shall be the custodian of the wealth of the chapter and all unclaimed and broken mirrors, lipsticks, flasks; two Mu Mu’s, who shall take charge of the members’ programs and straighten out conflicts in dates, no more than three a night allowed to any member.

(Editor’s Note: The Hangar, with its impressive front, might be converted into a fine meeting-house for this sorority.)

SPRING IS HERE
I
I floundered through the back gate
And tripped upon the stoop—
My mom was putting sulfur
And molasses in the soup.

II
I reeled into the parlor
To play the calli-ope—
The goddam cleaning woman
Was scrubbing it with soap.

III
I staggered to the cellar
To get a glass of ale—
I drank about eleven pints,
Then belched this savage wail:

IV
The merry, merry Springtime
Is here at last I hope—
Tis such a jolly singtime;
Three cheers for heliotrope.

V
O see the pretty roses,
And hear the baby’s croup;
Those funny, runny noses;
Them humming bird, how whoop.

VI
Huzzah for good old Springtime,
Our rabbit will have pups—
The birds will all be shouting,
And I’ll be in my cups.

VII
Come on outside and rassle,
While Daisy chews her cud;
I have in Spain a castle—
I built it out of mud.

L’Envoi
By all these signs about me,
Which I have lately seen,
I know that Spring’s among us—
And this is all, old bean.
(Passout)
"I could be funny,
I might be bright;
But I think of my jokes
In the middle of the night."

HOW TO MAKE YOUR LIGHTER LIGHT

1. Put lighter on strict diet; if this doesn't make it light, nothing will.
2. Drop lighter in any convenient spot; lighter will light on floor.
3. Tell lighter it isn't worth a carton of book matches; will flare up in a rage.
4. Fill lighter with synthetic gin; will get lit in short order.
5. Trade lighter for a safety match.

"That was the worst hockey I have ever seen."
"Yes, they say the game was on ice."

"Didn't Jim go to Europe on a scholarship this year?"
"No, I think it was a cattleship."

"If I had wings of an angel," I'd probably "faw down and go boom."

TRUE TALE

They say an elephant never forgets. Along this line we have one about Jerry Geisman, who has a really remarkable memory.

The little fellow was hoeing weeds in his garden one day, when he came to a bush in the middle of a row. He stopped to mop his sweaty brow, and as he stood there, out popped the Devil from behind the bush.

"Hello, Jerry," said the gent with the forked tail.


"Do you like eggs?" queried the Devil.


At that the Devil disappeared.

Seven years later Jerry was again hoeing weeds in his garden. He came to the same bush spoken of above, when out popped Satan again. Without ceremony the Devil put the question, "HOW?"

"Fried!" snorted our hero without hesitation. Imagine the Devil's embarrassment.
"Thumbs up"
the spirit of
industry...

For every race or game or debate that one team wins, another must lose... It's forever "thumbs up" or "thumbs down", according to which side you are on. But in industry there's one side only.

Enlightened industry backs every man on her teams. For it is to industry's advantage to see that every man makes good.

Here you have an inspiring picture. Co-operation. The "vet" encouraging the novice. All industry rooting for achievement.

It is not surprising then that so many men have found the interests of after-college years fully as broad and as absorbing as those of undergraduate days.

Western Electric
Since 1882 manufacturers for the Bell System
The PRIMER of GOOD CLOTHING

Lookit the Golfer!
What is the Idea?
The Idea is the Biggest Idea a Golfer can have, to Wit: To Get into One of our Fancy Cheviot 4-Piece Golf Suits.
Fabrics by Scotland; Making by Us. Coat Half-belted and completely Pleated in behalf of Bigger and Better Swings. Assisted by Correctly Cut Knickers, Trousers and Vest. All the Other Fixings, too.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY
The Best of Everything College Men Wear
NEW YORK—BOSTON

Inquisitive Old Lady: “Where did those large rocks come from?”
Tired Guide: “The glaciers brought them down.”
I. O. L.: “But where are the glaciers?”
T. G.: “They have gone back after more rocks.”
—Nevada Desert Wolf

Employer: “Is that right that you’re a Yale man?”
Applicant: “Yes, but I don’t drink during office hours.”
—The Jester

First Traffic Cop: “Did you get that fellow’s number?”
Second Same: “No, he was going too fast.”
First: “Sure was a swell-looking dame he had in the car.”
Second: “Wasn’t she!”
—Arizona Kitty-Kat

“The spiritualist was very indifferent, so I took my money back.”
“Yea?”
“Yea. She didn’t give a rap for me.”
—The Pointer

“Is your son’s education at college of any real value?”
“Yes, indeed. It has entirely cured his mother of bragging about him.”
—Punch Bowl

First Old Grad: “Hello, Joe, how’s the boy?”
Second O. G.: “Fine, how’s yours?”
—The Banter
In the clubs and at the better hotels and tobacconists' and in the pockets and handbags of people who instantly and instinctively know how and where to get the best.

BROWN and WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION, Louisville, Kentucky
Now..NEW MALLORY HATS..for Spring

Choice Black Dawn (Gray) or Monaco Burl (Brown) shades at $7.50

Choice Pelican or Walnut Filbert shades at $6.50

LIGHT-WEIGHT CRUSHES
Choice Black Pelican (Gray) or Walnut Java (Brown) shades at $8.50
New Model, Mallory Black Derby, at $7.50

Look at your hat — Everybody else does

MEN'S WEAR
TECHNOLOGY BRANCH, H. C. S.
76 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

Walton Lunch Company
Office:
1083 WASHINGTON STREET

420 Tremont Street 242 Tremont Street
202 Dartmouth Street 1083 Washington Street
629 Washington Street 44 Scollay Square
30 Haymarket Square 332 Massachusetts Avenue
42 Federal Street 19 School Street
139 Congress Street 437 Boylston Street
1080 Boylston Street 34 Bromfield Street
540 Commonwealth Avenue

ALLSTON
1215 Commonwealth Avenue

CAMBRIDGE
78 Massachusetts Avenue

“I see you’ve built a new building.”
“Yeh, we always build new ones.” —The Banter

She: “Yes, this is my first trip up here, but I’ve always been interested in West Point because my brother works in a toy-soldier factory.” —The Pointer

House President: “There will be a meeting in the chapter room directly after dinner.”
Freshman: “Are we invited, or don’t you need any money?” —The Cornell Widow

JUST A VESPER HYMN
Love me a little,
Love me lots;
I’ll throw you flowers
In flower pots.
—The California Pelican
NOW that we’re within speaking distance of the Ides of March, it seems only cricket to say a few words about the Ides of Troy.

The Ides of Troy are quite familiar. Almost personal—one might say—reaching into our sacred halls of learning and awarding the Croix de War with two Spats to our best dressed men.

In one of our weak moments, we too ran a contest. It was for the pilot most fittingly dressed for the street. It was won by the White Wings shown who qualified by singing: “I pilot here—I pilot there”.

But the subject dearest to our hearts is, after all, the COMMAND-AIRE plane. Until you’ve been up in a COMMAND-AIRE, you just ain’t flew.

COMMAND-AIRE has such flying stability that last week we sold one to a Mr. Ginsberg on lower Fifth Avenue, cable address: “Ginbuck New York”. He insisted on a plane that he could pilot and still talk wit de hends. That may sound like hooey, but the picture below shows you the faith our pilot has in his COMMAND-AIRE. He rides the fuselage and the COMMAND-AIRE guides itself.

It’s a sweet ship—the COMMAND-AIRE—graceful as a greyhound, swift as a hawk, stable as a church, and priced collegiate.

The price? Only $3,350 f.o.a. Little Rock. Write for our brochure and we’ll send you a booklet, describing the COMMAND-AIRE in terms that are touching in their unstudied simplicity.

COMMAND-AIRE, INC., Little Rock, Arkansas
“Look here, nigger. Why is you borrowing this here razor?”
“Well, Rastus, if my wife is all alone I is gwine to shave.”
—The Whirlwind

“Let’s travel on the Dollar Line.”
“It’ll cost you more than that, my heartie.”
—The Cornell Widow

The Wife: “James, I feel faint! I—I can’t take a long breath!”
Brute Hubby: “Take two short ones.”
—The Green Gander

Kitty (passionately): “Do I love him? Say, does a cat love milk? Does a cow like grass?”
Marie (disgustedly): “Aw, there you go bringing in that personal touch again.”
—The Sniper

Sponger: “I hate to seem persistently borrowing, but have you a spare cigarette?”
Spongee: “Certainly, here’s a Plucky.”
Sponger: “And you don’t happen to have a lighter, do you?”
Spongee (walking off): “Sorry, that’s the lightest I have.”
—The Pointer

“You say you always carry two flasks?”
“Yeh, one full one and one for my friends.”
—Jack O’Lantern

“What we need,” said one theatrical manager to another, “what we need is publicity—something novel and exciting to stir up the public.”
“How about having a naked woman ride down Broadway on a white horse?”
“Perfect! I haven’t seen a white horse in this town for years.”
—The Beanpot
PROBABLY no single spot in this country is more widely known than West Point, where our future army commanders receive their education and training in the arts of war.

As an army post in the Revolution, West Point's fortifications were the works that Benedict Arnold attempted to deliver into the hands of the British. Later the United States Military Academy was established and is now composed of magnificent buildings, parade grounds and athletic fields.

It is a source of pride to the Otis organization that most of the famous buildings of the world are equipped with Otis Elevators and West Point is no exception to this rule; five Otis Elevators are installed in various buildings of the Academy.

Throughout the world, in far-off places and at home in familiar surroundings, we find that people everywhere depend upon Otis for safe, speedy Vertical Transportation.
"Folks, how can I make Whoopee up here . . . when down in front the 'coughers' are whooping?"

"Maybe the audience would be grateful if I stepped to the footlights some night and voiced the above protest about the 'coughing chorus' down in front.
"But that wouldn't be kind and it wouldn't be just. The cougher doesn't cough in public on purpose. He can't help it. It embarrasses him as much as it annoys his neighbors.
"What he needs, to avoid that throat tickle, is an introduction to OLD GOLDS."

(Signed)

Eddie Cantor

Premier American comedian starring in the glorious new production, "Whoopee."

Why not a cough in a carload?
OLD GOLD Cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows. Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant. Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

EAT A CHOCOLATE . . . LIGHT AN OLD GOLD . . . AND ENJOY BOTH!

Hotel BRUNSWICK

Where College Folk Gather

There are several good reasons why this hotel is the headquarters for college festivities.

The Modernistic Ballroom
In the modern French manner—smartly sophisticated—accommodates 300 with comfort.

The Sun Room
Exclusive, isolated— an ideal room for dancing and other social gatherings.

The Jewel Room
In a perfect setting. Complete privacy for 50 to 75, and yet through its portals wafts the incomparable music of Leo Reisman direct from the Egyptian Room!

The Egyptian Room
Famous throughout the nation for its atmosphere, its dinners, and Leo Reisman, who appears in person every evening from 6:30 P. M. to 2 A. M.

Call or write the Brunswick for full particulars.

Prom Girl (looking at janitor): "Oooh! Look, an Engineer!"

Janitor: "Naw, lady, I'm a Lehigh grad!"

—The Lyre

"Can a man marry his widow's sister?"
"Why-uh, I suppose so if his wife's dead."

—The Octopus

Orator: "Fraternities are the most undemocratic, conceited, high-hatted gangs of morons, sponges, and parasites—"

Barb: "Yeh, I didn't make one either."

—The Whirlwind

Frosh: "Ought one be punished for something he did not do?"

Prof.: "Indeed not."

Frosh: "Well, I didn't do my math."

—Hulla-Baloo
MARCH, 1929

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
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NEW BOSTON STORE:
NEWBURY, COR. BERKELEY STREET

Clothes for Every Occasion

Send for Price List of
FORMAL DRESS

Palm Beach Newport
246 Palm Beach Avenue 220 Bellevue Avenue

Girl: "We want to buy a ticket."
Ticket Agent: "But there are two of you."
Girl: "Well, ain't we half-sisters? Add that up."

--- Ski-U-Mah

"Honey, I'm knee-deep in love with you."
"All right, I'll put you on my wading-list."

--- The Bison

A Jew and an Irishman were on board a ship bound for Ireland.
Irishman (catching sight of his fatherland): "Hurrah for Ireland."
Jew (riled): "Hurrah Hell."
Irishman: "That's right. Every man for his own country."

--- The Lehigh Burr

"But that's hardly fare, sir," cried the conductor, as the old gent gave him a wooden nickel.

--- The Old Maid

---

THE
REPERTORY THEATRE
OF BOSTON
264 HUNTINGTON AVENUE
Management, The JEWETT Repertory Theatre Fund, Inc.

MARCH 25
"Little Lord Fauntleroy"
By Frances Hodgson Burnett
The world's most famous play of Childhood

APRIL 8
Another Great Shakespearean Revival!
"The Winter's Tale"

---

Repertory Hall, adjoining Repertory Theatre, is available for rental for Fraternity dances, receptions or banquets.
First devil, "I have an idea. There ought to be a big demand for Life Savers down here."

Second devil, "You mean—as a relief from thirst?"

First devil, "Exactly. It ought to wow them in the Styx!"

She: "Don't you dare kiss me again!"
He (repenting): "All right, I'll stop."
She: "Don't you dare! Kiss me again!"

Sweet Sue: "Say, Charlie, all of you kids at Tech drive the same kind of cars, don't you?"
Charlie: "Why, no. What ever gave you that idea?"
Sweet Sue: "The gear shifts all feel familiar."

Social Worker: "And what's your name, my good man?"
Convict: "1313."
S. W.: "Oh, but that's not your real name?"
Convict: "Naw, that's only me pen name."

Mayor Brown: "My son graduated from college with highest distinction."
Judge Green: "That's nothing; my son wrote the story that got his college magazine suppressed."

Doctor: "I can't prescribe whiskey unless I am convinced that you need it."
Student: "I've got a blind date with a girl my aunt wants me to take to the Prom."
Kind Doctor: "How much do you want?"

Wife (to returning husband at seaside resort): "Oh, darling, I'm so glad you've come. We heard that some idiot had fallen over the cliff and I felt sure it was you!"
The Massachusetts Institute of Technology
CAMBRIDGE

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers Courses in Engineering and Science, each of four years’ duration, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in:

Aeronautical Engineering
Architectural Engineering
Biology and Public Health
Building Construction
Chemical Engineering
Chemical Engineering Practice
Chemistry
Civil Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Electrochemical Engineering
Engineering Administration

General Science
General Engineering
Geology
Industrial Biology
Mathematics
Mechanical Engineering
Metallurgy
Military Engineering
Mining Engineering
Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering
Physics
Sanitary and Municipal Engineering

The Course in Architecture is of five years’ duration, and leads to the degree of Bachelor in Architecture. Five-year Coöperative Courses in Electrical Engineering and Railroad Operation leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science and Master of Science are also offered.

Graduate Courses leading to the degrees of Master of Science, Master in Architecture, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Science, and Doctor of Public Health are offered. The Courses leading to the degree of Master of Science include Coöperative Courses in Chemical Engineering Practice and Fuel and Gas Engineering.

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 approximately to at least one year’s work at the Institute, are admitted to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training, and are given credit for our required subjects, including the entrance requirements, so far as they have been satisfactorily completed.

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:

Catalogue for the Academic Year (which includes the admission requirements)
Graduate Study and Research
Summer Session Catalogue

Correspondence should be addressed to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
“LOOK, LOOK, MY LITTLE LAD,”
laughed Lawrence

Lawrence laughed when he saw Aloysius taking Bertha for a ride, but little did he know that A and B (above) are rushing from West Newton to Cambridge for a vital purpose. They are trying to arrive in time for the

GANGPLANK NUMBER OF VOO DOO

It will be on the stands next month ... we hope Aloysius makes it
THE MORAL IS TO AVOID SITUATIONS WHERE IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF—BECAUSE WHENEVER YOU CAN'T IS WHEN YOU MOST WISH YOU COULD.

Fortunately, in normal affairs there's always a soda fountain or refreshment stand around the corner from anywhere with plenty of ice-cold Coca-Cola ready. And every day in the year 8 million people stop a minute, refresh themselves with this pure drink of natural flavors and are off again with the zest of a fresh start.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES
PARDON OUR MAIDENLY RETICENCE, BUT—

In choosing a cigarette, we doubt that you will allow yourself to get all hot and bothered. Indubitably you know what *mellow mildness* you want in a smoke. Suffice it for us to say we think Camel has just that. Filter Camel's cool fragrance through your smoke-channel, and see how it clicks. After all, nothing takes the place of pleasure.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.