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M. OTTO ZIGLER

# PURITY NUMBER

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## 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*

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FOR STUDENT USAGE  
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SEASON, FINCHLEY HAS  
GIVEN FULL REGARD  
TO THE CHARACTER-  
ISTICS ASSOCIATED  
SOLELY WITH FINE  
CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHES.

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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?'"

*American*: "Tha's nothing: 'D'J'eat?"

—Drexer

*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."

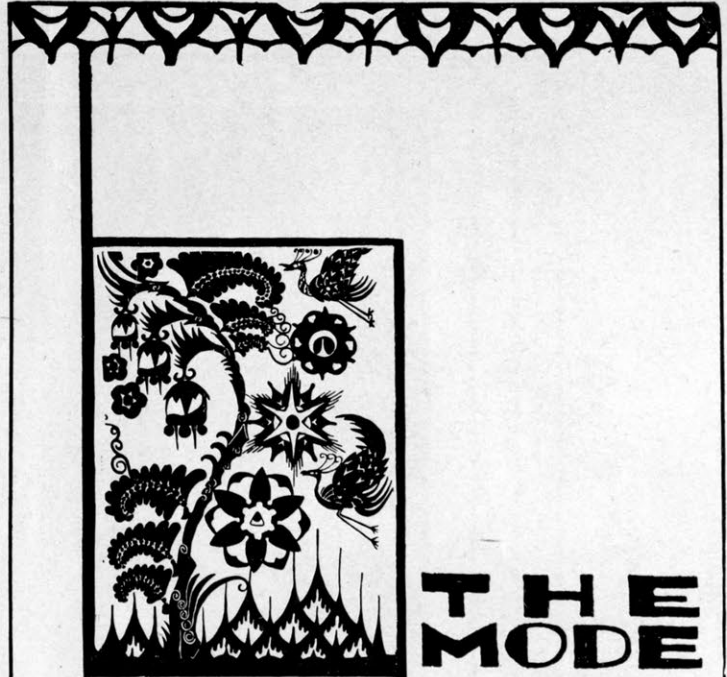
*Sophomore*: "What is the reason for that?"

*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



Every few years it is discovered readers have changed radically the fashions in magazines and books. The successful magazine today is one that anticipates the modern reader.

COLLEGE HUMOR, you will find, is often a little impudent, but its manners are perfect. It is a colorful, gay record of contemporary youth, always spiked with surprises and frequently touched with tenderness. You are invited to let it entertain you.





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"LUCKEE GIRL"  
- SHUBERT APOLLO -



DORE VINTORE  
"LUCKEE GIRL"  
- SHUBERT APOLLO -



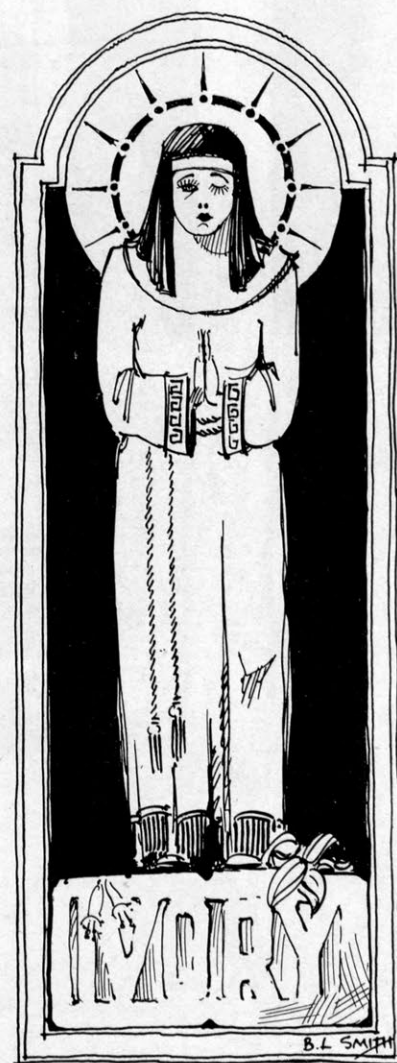
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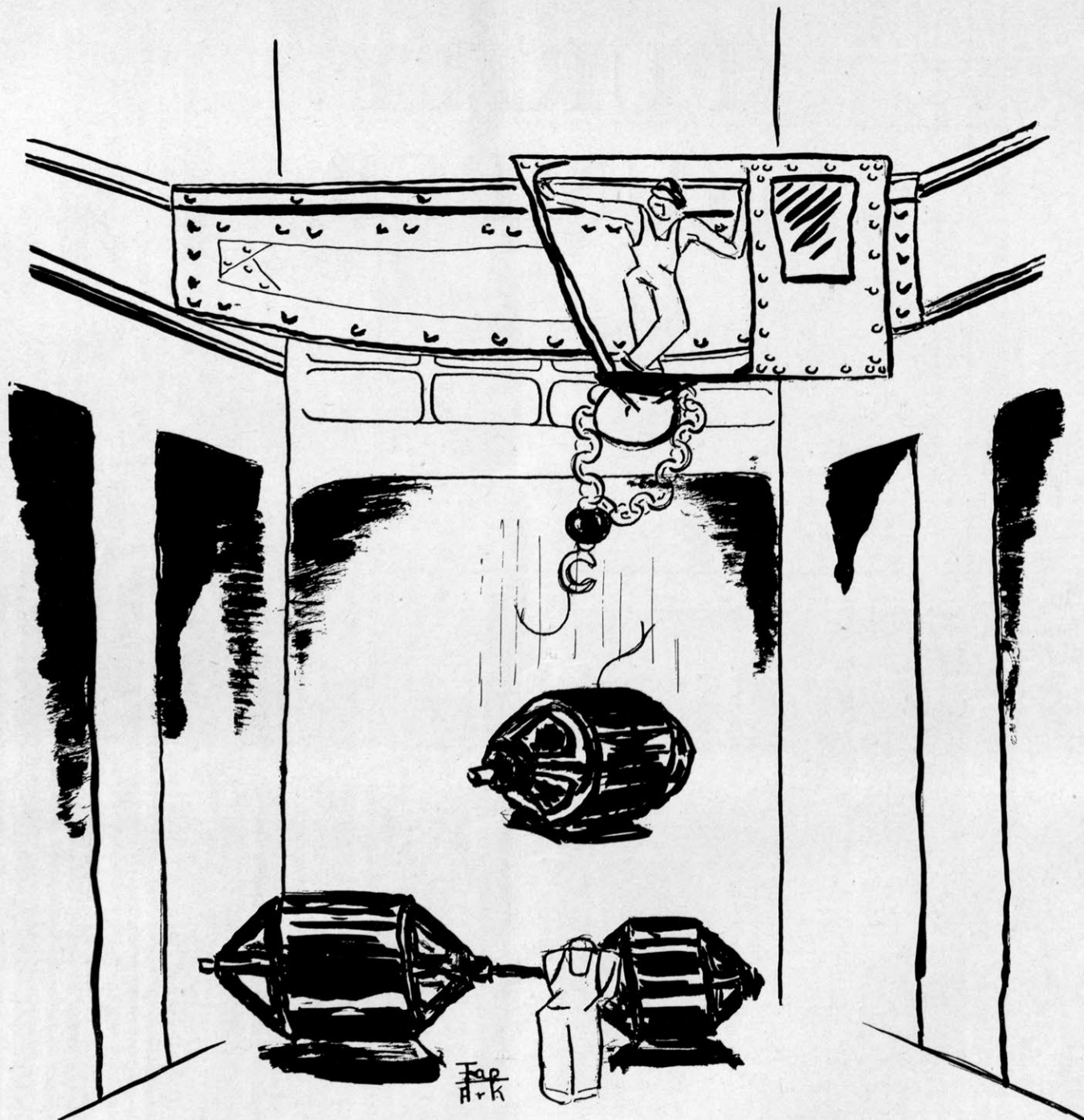
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"THE SKULL"  
- MAJESTIC -



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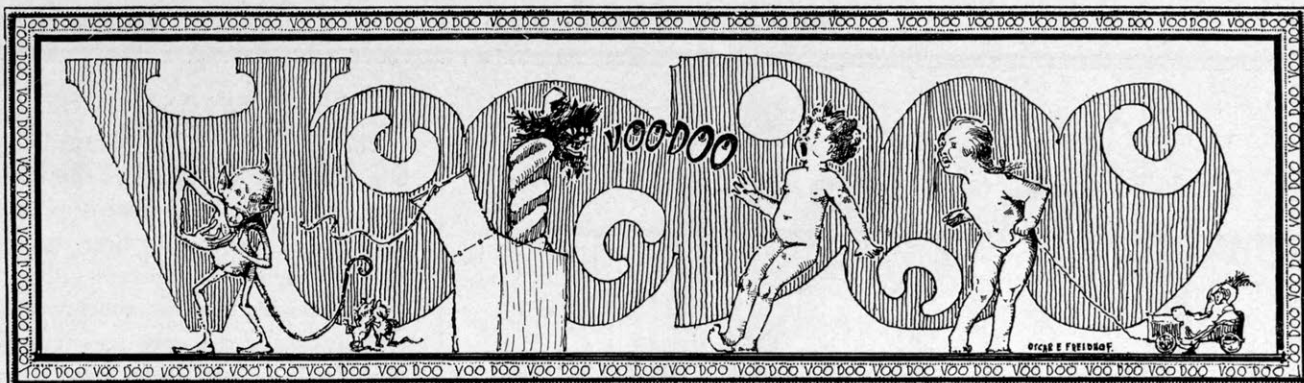






*Woops—Sorry!*





## LONE BULL'S GREAT MISTAKE

OR

### TIGER LILY WALTZ

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, madam, and at your service." Silo stepped courteously forward, then backward, one-two-three glide.

"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."





**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**—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**—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

Three engineers needed to iron out our problems. "Collar ads" need not apply. Bring your own tea-set. Hay-market: Double-o Double-o.

### 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.



He: "Are you decorous?"

She: "I should say not! I'm the feminine lead!"

## 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!"





EDITOR OF "THE TECH" IN A CRITICAL MOOD

## 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.



The editor of "The Tech" prays: ". . . and please, God, send me another VOO DOO, that I may have something to write editorials about."

REPORTER FROM "THE TECH"  
ENJOYS NIGHTMARE AFTER  
EATING AT WALKER

## INNOCENCE ABOVE

It seemed to me that I was in heaven, for the air was filled with winged angels and cherubim shooting off their golden love-darts. All around me I saw Y.M.C.A. secretaries with their beaming countenances and Simmons girls making the air ring with the sweet music from their harps. I was content and I loved everybody. Then I heard a purring somewhere down near my stomach. I awoke and saw five black cats, all lined up in a row. Then I realized that I was drunk again, as I knew damned well that there was only one Phosphorus. I dreamed no more.





Et: "Are you out for track?"

Cetera: "Sure — been out five nights running."

### 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-inell 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!

"Mary had a little lamb,"

And he did go to Harvard;  
Then Mary met an engineer—

(Since absolutely nothing rhymes with Harvard, we must needs leave the engineer to finish the whole business.)

### A TECHNICALITY

"Wherefore all the rumpus,"

An old grad said to me.

"The Tech' is bursting out with news  
Of gross impurity.

"Phos is taking quite a ride

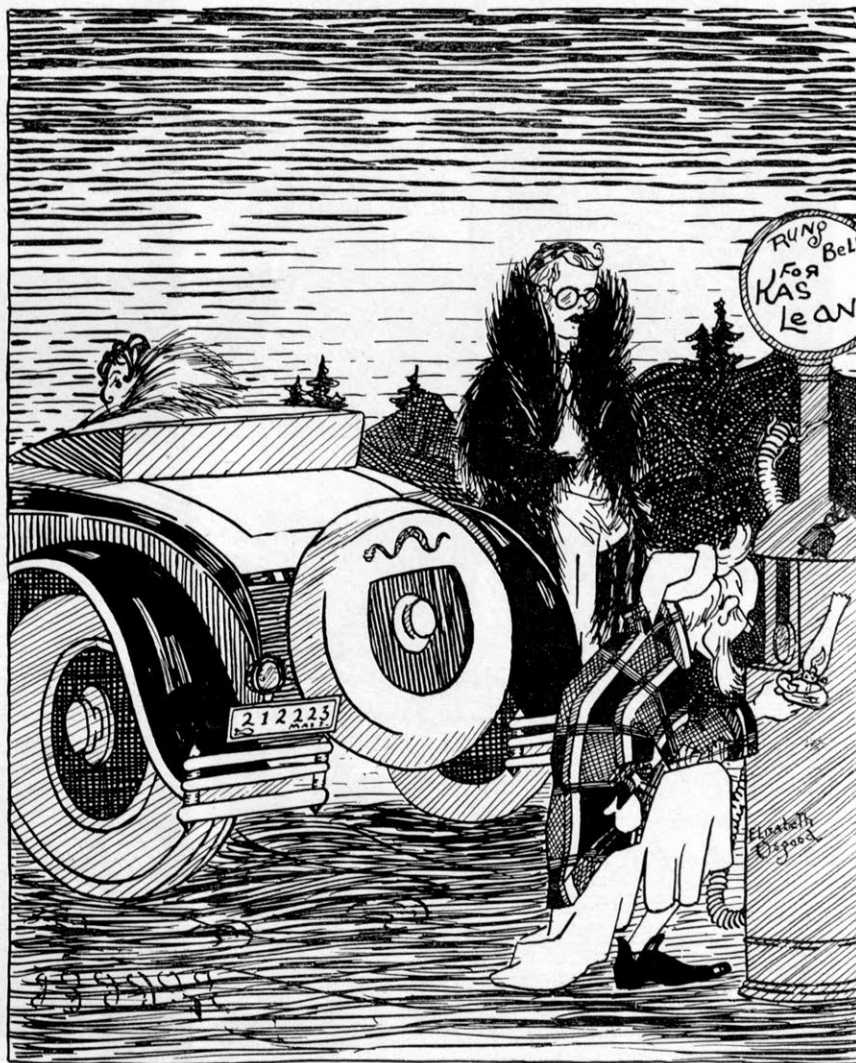
And Voo Doo seems 'de trop.'

Please explain it all to me  
Or hang me with a rope."

"Tis simple, sir," I answered him,

"The Tech' is overwrought.

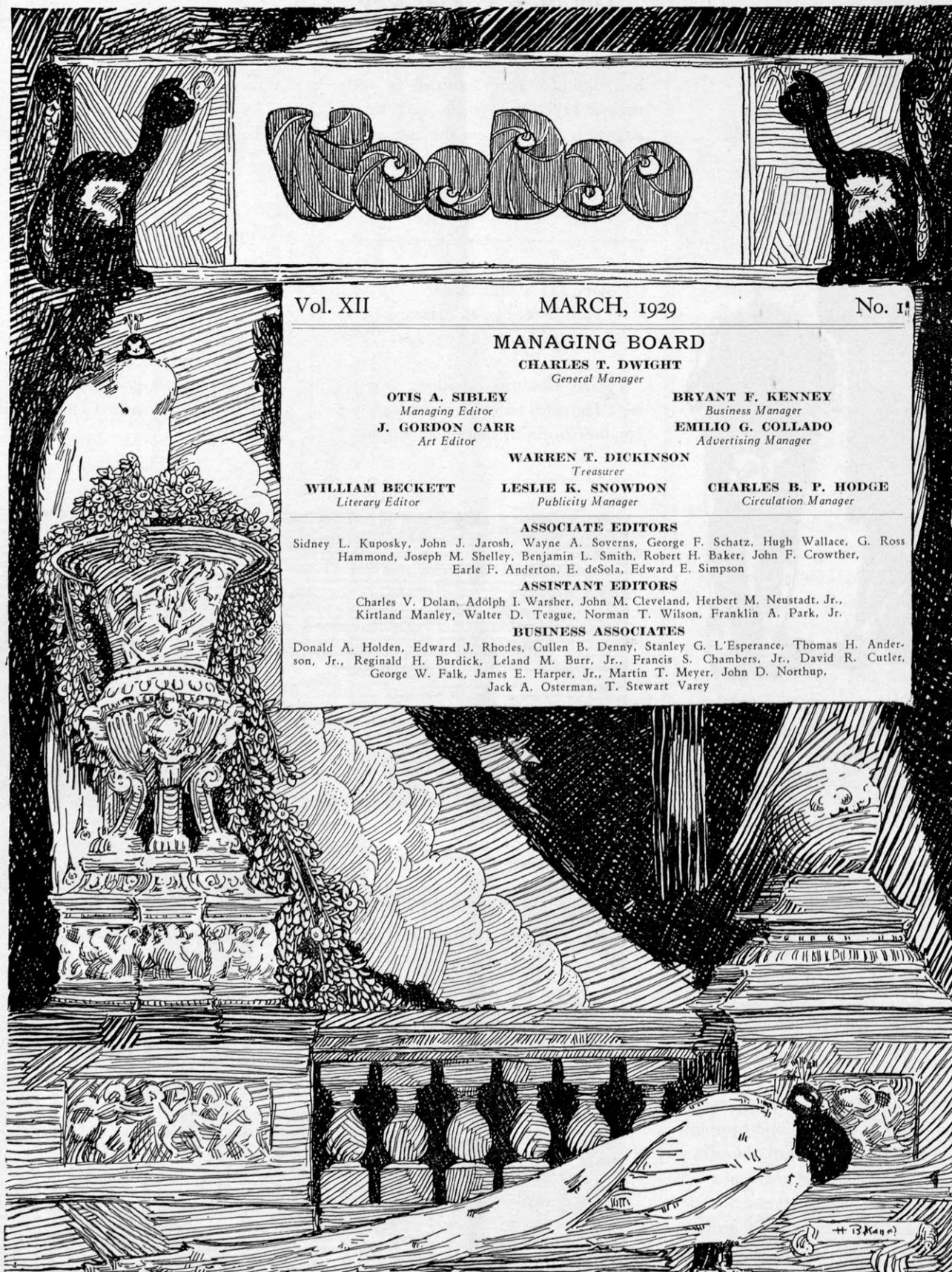
They are at last just learning  
What their mothers should have taught."



He: "Is this refined?"

Farmer: "Waal, they didn't used to think so."





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 Cæsar's calendar its name. The mighty winds are riot and Aeolus 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:

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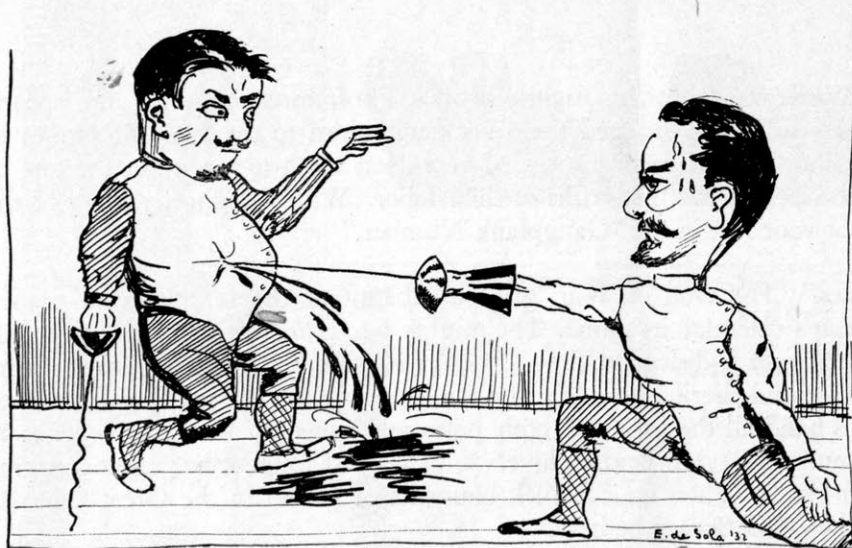
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*Captain of the Guard:* "This is no joke!"

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

#### 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."



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

"That so? Where are you stain?"

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.

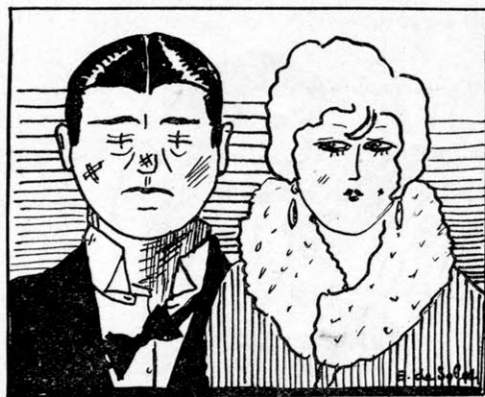
1. Man has itch.
2. Leans against rock (becomes a little bolder).
3. Sweats off fat in attempt to think (similar to '32 men at Tech).
4. Fat comes in contact with sweat (potassium salts of fatty acids) and by means of body heat becomes a soap.



HARVARD SWIMMING TEAM HAVING A LITTLE WORKOUT

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 screw-driver I seen you with last night?"

*Hacksaw:* "That was no screw-driver, that was a wench."

*Curtain:* "Who was that window-pane 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 Weekly 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!



"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 Crotonoil. (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.

### CAMP WHITES-POT-ON-THE-HAT.



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 alumnae 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.

### CAMP NO-DRINKS-ON-THE-HOUSE



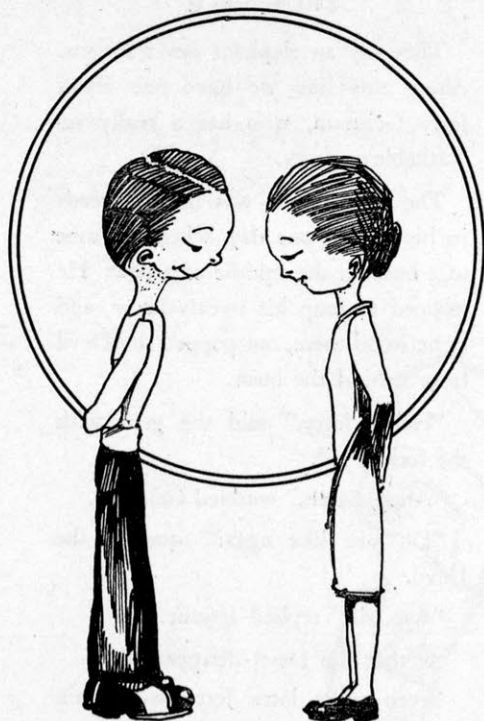
Send your boy to Camp No-Drinks-on-the-House, the most exclusive summer camp for boys in Cook County, Illinois.

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.

### CAMP WHOOPEE

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 gabfests 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.

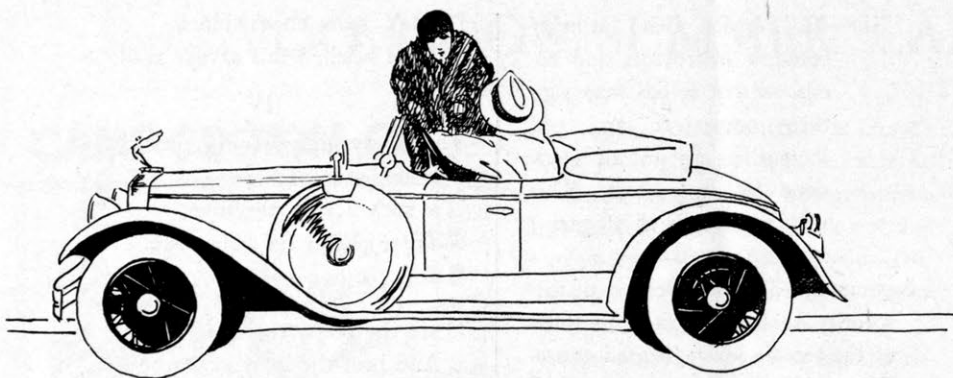
#### L'Envoi

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)*



Sailor: "Shiver my timbers!"  
She: "Sir!"





*She:* "I will go with you on one condition."  
*He:* "You are forever breaking dates."

"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."

#### DESIRE

There passes now before my eyes  
 A vision of a form most rare;  
 A masterpiece of symmetry,  
 A graceful being, light and fair.

My rapture grows and soars apace,  
 I'm fair to fall in love—alack!  
 Lord knows I'd love to have that car,  
 But there's no way to get the jack.

#### 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.

"Ahoy, Satan," warbled Geisman.

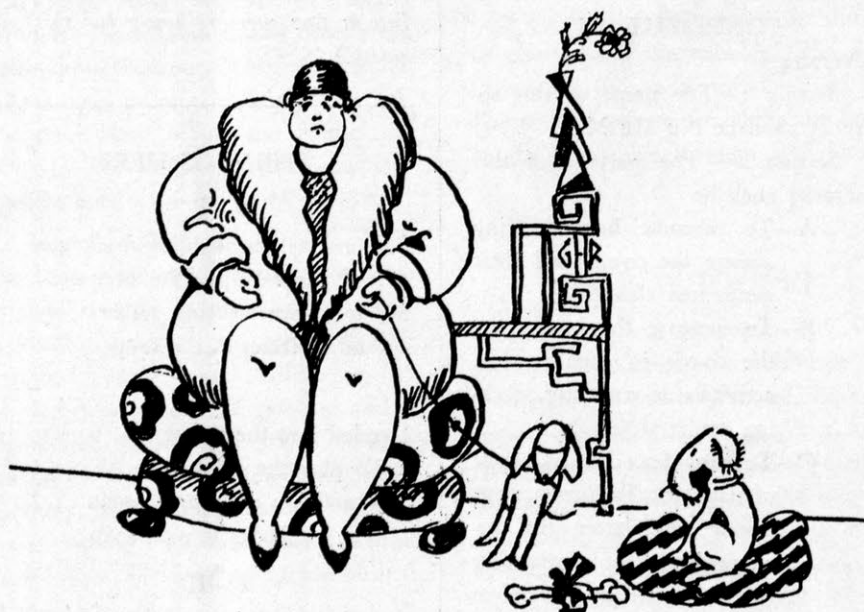
"Do you like eggs?" queried the Devil.

"Aye, sir," replied Jerome.

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.



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



**“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 backseveryman 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*

"The Redskins are coming!" shouted the pledge as he started through Hell Week.

—*The Aggievator*

*Professor:* "I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read chapter twenty-five?"

(*Nearly all the students raise their hands.*)

*Professor:* "Good! You are the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

—*The Beanpot*

"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*

# Raleigh

## Cigarettes

### TWENTY CENTS



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*



# Pilots of the street

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 Wear 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

# COMMAND-AIRE





## Beau Brummell

Failed to make good at

## OXFORD

*But*

His memory lives because he taught men how to dress. You may be as well dressed as he if you will visit the moderately priced shop of

## M. CORVIN

128 TREMONT STREET, at PARK STREET STATION

Telephone, Liberty 3414

Stanley B. Reinherz, College Representative

Kenmore 2769

Telephones

B.B. 10255  
B.B. 10251

## THE MILLER DRUG CO.

Corner Massachusetts Avenue  
and Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

GUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH  
**FABERY SALTS**

The Best Natural Laxative

A SURE RELIEF FOR CONSTIPATION. TRY IT  
AND RECOMMEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS

## FRITZ W. RITTER'S

*Beauty Salons*

Permanent Waving · Artistic Haircutting · Finger Waving  
Superior Operators At Your Service

490 and 466 COMMONWEALTH AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

HOTEL KENMORE

Tel. Kenmore 2770  
Also Men's Barber Shop  
patronized by Tech men

HOTEL BRAEMORE

Tel. Kenmore 0392-4600

"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*

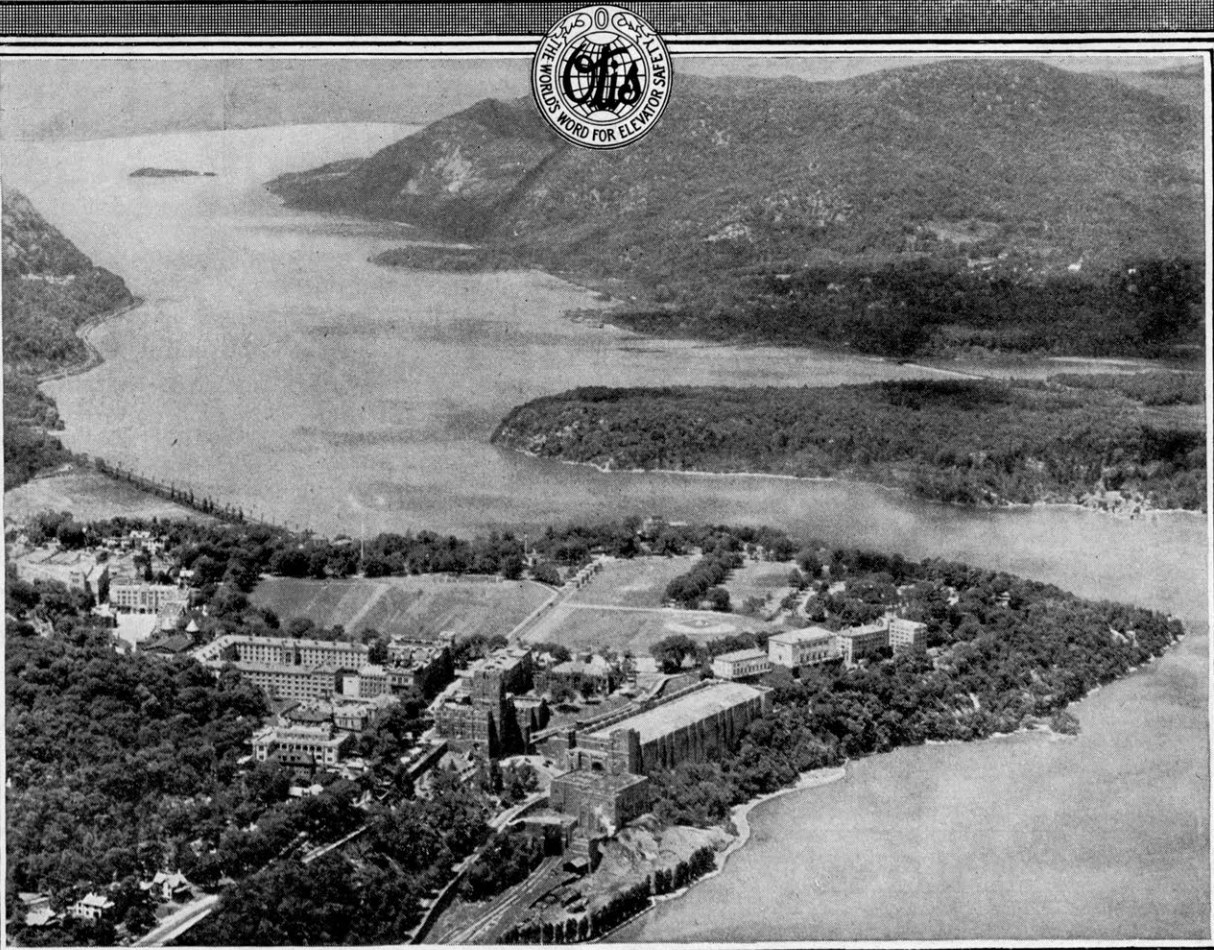
"You say you always carry two flasks?"

"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*



*General view of the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.*

**P**ROBABLY 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.



**OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY**  
OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD







EDDIE CANTOR  
Premier American come-  
dian starring in the glo-  
rious new production,  
"Whoopee."

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

"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*

**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."

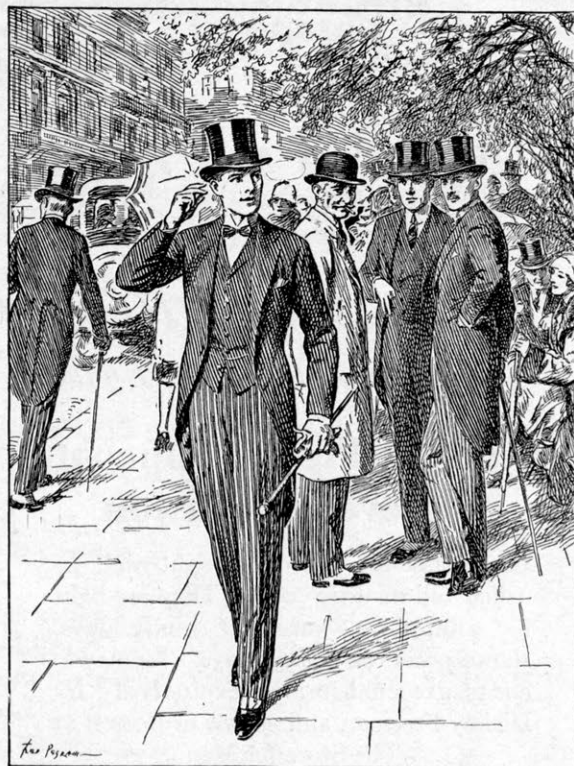
—Hulla-Baloo

ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
NEW YORKNEW BOSTON STORE:  
NEWBURY, COR. BERKELEY STREET

## Clothes for Every Occasion

Send for Price List of  
FORMAL DRESSPALM BEACH NEWPORT  
246 PALM BEACH AVENUE, S 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE

© BROOKS BROTHERS

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.



The Store  
for Men

**Jordan Marsh  
Company**

A Separate Store  
in a  
Separate Building

**C U S T O M I Z E D**

BY

**Hickey-Freeman**

*Llamando*

*No Dye except in Blue and Black — 100% Pure Llama*

**Unusual Fleece Topcoats  
for every occasion**

Our Llamando topcoats might well be called "all weather" coats. They are light for mild days, warm for windy days, showerproof on rainy days. Llamando coats are customized exclusively by Hickey-Freeman and shown in Boston at The Store for Men

**THIRD FLOOR — STORE FOR MEN**



**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!"

"Mirandy, is your program full?"

"Huh! Takes mo' dan a cup of coffee and two sandwiches to fill mah program."

—The Bison

*Question:* "How did Teller get his cold?"

*Answer:* "Oh, all the drafts in the bank go through his cage."

—The Mercury

*She:* "Don't you dare kiss me again!"

*He (repenting):* "All right, I'll stop."

*She:* "Don't you dare! Kiss me again!"

—The Jester

*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."

—The Puppet

*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."

—The Bison

*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."

—Kitty Kat

*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?"

—Punch Bowl

*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 Yale Record

# 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	General Science
Architectural Engineering	General Engineering
Biology and Public Health	Geology
Building Construction	Industrial Biology
Chemical Engineering	Mathematics
Chemical Engineering Practice	Mechanical Engineering
Chemistry	Metallurgy
Civil Engineering	Military Engineering
Electrical Engineering	Mining Engineering
Electrochemical Engineering	Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering
Engineering Administration	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 degrees 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*



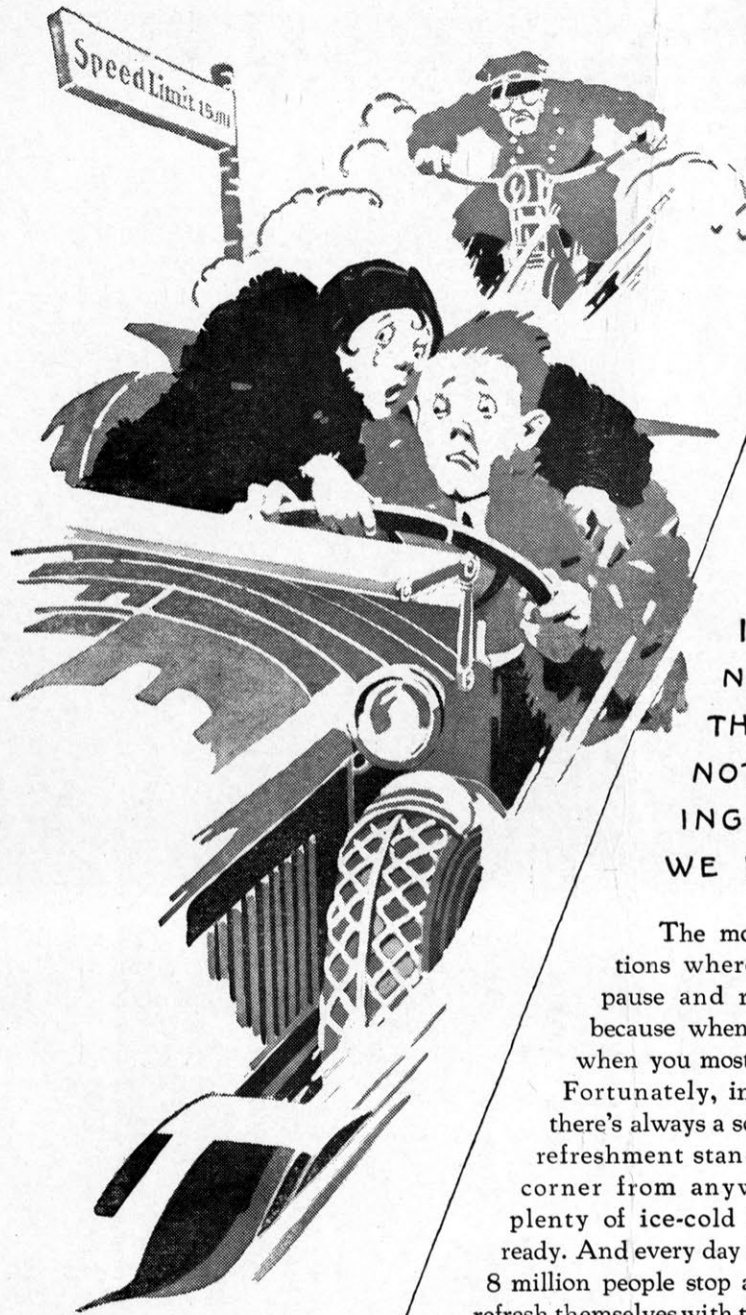
“LOOK, LOOK, MY LITTLE  
LAD,”  
*laughed Lawrence*



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*



Drink  
**Coca-Cola**  
 Delicious and Refreshing

## PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

IT WON'T BE LONG  
 NOW. AND THE PAUSE  
 THAT'S COMING MAY  
 NOT BE SO REFRESH-  
 ING AS SOME OTHERS  
 WE KNOW OF.

The moral is to avoid situa-  
 tions 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.

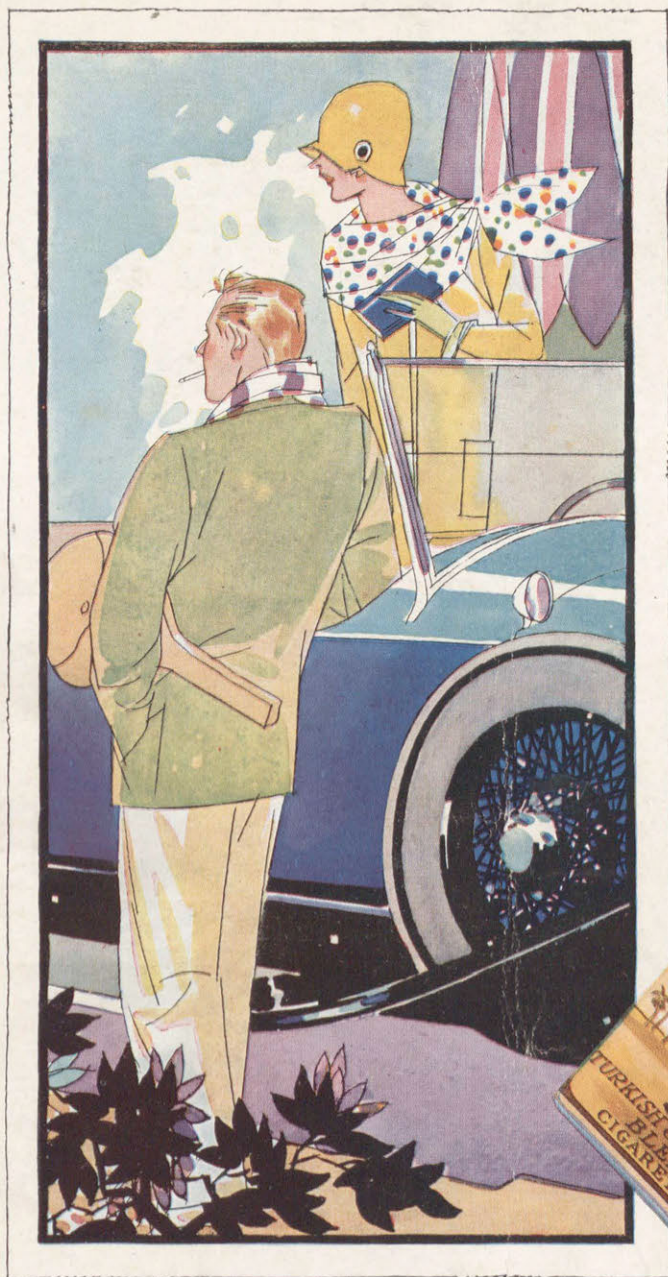
OVER  
**8**  
 MILLION  
 A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE  
 PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS





## 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.

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