It helps you write your own ticket

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THE PARKER PEN CO., Janesville, Wisconsin

*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.
EVENTS OF THE MONTH

Cross Country, Varsity and Freshman

OCTOBER 26 Holy Cross At Franklin Park

Soccer

OCTOBER 12 Brown At Home
19 Dartmouth At Hanover
26 Worcester Polytechnic Institute At Worcester

NOVEMBER 5 Harvard At Home
9 Northeastern At Boston

ALL TECHNOLOGY SMOKER—October 11

FIELD DAY—November 1

VOO DOO SMOKER

October 15

Drunk (bumping into lamp-post): "Excuse me, sir."
(Bumping into fire hydrant): "Excuse me, little boy."
(Bumping into second lamp-post and falling down): "Well, I'll just sit here until the crowd pas-h-es."

—Hulla-Baloo

Professor: "And have I made myself plain?"
Voice from Rear of Classroom: "No, God did that."

—Harvard Lampoon

"Are you an educated woman?"
"Well, I was a maid in a fraternity house for three years."

—Octopus

"Did you ever play Thibetan poker?"
"You may fire, Gridley, when you are ready."
"Well, starting with yak high, one commences Thibet from there."

—Reserve Red Cat
WITH the new college year, College Humor greets its audience and pulls back the velvet curtains on a stage alive with beauty, gayety, movement and humor.


Short, sophisticated sketches will alternate with such romances as ONE LOVELY MORON by Lucian Cary, the exciting adventures of a beautiful girl and a young professor who packed a gun; COLOSSUS by Holworthy Hall, a new triangular situation of a professional football player in love with three co-eds; and NAVY WIVES by Whitman Chambers, in which post-Annapolis officers and their idle brides meet tragedy and love at a tropical submarine base.

Listen to the music; watch youth whirl across the stage on diamond heels, skirts flashing; laugh with the comedians and smile at your generation, satirized and burlesqued. Here we have blended sentiment and romance with scepticism and mad clowning.

Announcement to All

College, prep and high school students
MAJESTIC---COLLEGE HUMOR
ESSAY CONTEST

Win one of Grigsby-Grunow's gorgeous prizes—five Majestic Electric Radios—for your fraternity or sorority houses.

The best five hundred word essays on "Why We Bought a Majestic Radio" or "Why Our Next Radio Will Be a Majestic" will receive these five radios.

First Prize—New Majestic Combination Radio and Electric Phonograph.

Contest closes November tenth. Address all essays to The Contest Editor, Grigsby-Grunow Company, 5001 Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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A thrilling moment

when the world lets go and joy begins—smooth, flowing power—a strangely fascinating something—a human love of speed at your command—a flash of sunlight on a crimson wing—the blue sky overhead—the green world far below—a fleeting phantom, two pals, the wind's own children—a sense of going somewhere—a feeling that you're on your way. That's real flying—in a Cirrus-powered Great Lakes Sport Trainer.

Of course it's rugged. Of course it's fast. Of course it's safe, maneuverable, steady, economical. It is the product of an engineering department, second to none in the industry—the product of standardized manufacturing in a complete and modern aircraft plant—of careful inspection, thorough testing.

It is a ship that gives to every student the "feel" of flying from the very instant that he takes the stick. Responsive, obedient—yet so perfectly balanced that it puts you instantly at ease.

Write for illustrated booklet and complete information.

Some day soon, two factory pilots, making a special Collegiate Flight in a Great Lakes Sport Trainer, will land like a piece of thistledown near your campus—give you an opportunity to examine the ship—and take a trial flight if you wish. Watch for them—this will be good.

GREAT LAKES AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

Manufactured under U. S. Department of Commerce Approved Type Certificate Number 167
Social and Political Grouping
of M. I. T. Students

PROHIBITIONISTS: The true believers of this faction are most prominent at dances. They can be seen hanging about the men's room, with their jaws flecked with foam and their tongues lolling out of their parched mouths. When asked if they have any liquor about them they fume with righteous indignation, but if drinks are offered them they snatch at them with eager haste, and mumble something about warding off a cold.

NON PROHIBITIONISTS: The members of this party are in evidence in public places and beneath tables. They spend most of their time rendering variations of their National Hymn, which in its original form ran thusly:

"Let me alone, I'm all right,
I don't need your help tonight;
No, I am not going to bed;
Leave me be, I'll punch your head."

SOCIALISTS: These persons have a vague idea that socialism means equal distribution of all properties and monies throughout the realm. They attempt to put their vile doctrines into practice in dormitories and fraternity houses, and are exceedingly unpopular. In 99 cases out of 100 these socialists have no properties or monies of their own.

BROWN-BAGGERS: These unfortunates are singularly gifted with an immense capacity for incessant labor. Other characteristics are halitosis, harelips, suspended animation, and complete lack of all social graces. Their favorite attitude is the stooping posture required in the kissing of professors' feet.

Soph: "Lend me your pen?"
Frosh: "Sure, why ask me?"
Soph: "I can't find it."

When all the saints are at last in Heaven,
And all the damned in Hell,
Both places will be very crowded, so,
I think I shall sit on the dividing wall,
Swing my legs, and watch the crowds.

Do you see that pitcher throw his Wonder Ball? First he throws it and then wonders where it's going.

Did you ever stumble about in a dark room looking for a match and discover that—
Doors stick out nine feet from the wall?
The desk reaches entirely across the room?
Each chair has twenty-seven legs?
The light-switch has disappeared, and the bureau where you left the matches has completely vanished?
If you have you may admit the next morning that her husband came home unexpectedly, because that is what everyone will think anyhow. Cruel world! There is no justice!

OPERETTA—IN FIVE SCENES
Freshmen, freshmen, in a row,
Where to college do you go?
Rich boy, poor boy, halt and lame,
Tell me where, in heaven's name!

"I'm the lad with pensive brow."
Quoth the second, "By Saint Paul,
Damn you, curse you, blast you well,
To hell with you, to hell Cornell."

"I'm the two-ton boy from Maine,
Perfect body, not a brain,"
The third one said, or, rather, roared,
"I get tuition, room, and board."

"I'm an urchin, weak and lean,"
The last boy said, "I'm small and mean,
And so my frenzied pa, you see,
Packed me off to M.I.T."
FAIRY STORY; GRIM

Pull up a divan little diana and you too tiny tim and I'll spin you a yarn that no dumb idiot would believe it goes like this well a young gent went to m.i.t. and he didn't arrive in a one-horse shay no he had a rolls phaeton and he went over big with the flossies and he wore swell suits from finchley's and he had a smooth line and tim keep your foot out of diana's mouth or I'll rip your tonsils out so this bloke went to tech and he was pretty smooth and terrible smart and in two years he was president of t.c.a. and god how that man could drink and he smoked three packs of between the acts every day diana quit spitting in tim's eye or I'll break your back and would you believe it this guy graduated in only seven years and was a hot shot and a big success and became a sheep stealer in mesopotamia and earns fifty grand a month and what do you think of that you little brats you are asleep I'll tweak your noses and break your dirty teeth come on get the hell up to bed.

UNCLE JACK

At a recent concert a Frosh was sitting near two very pretty girls. Overhearing an argument as to whether the piece being played was Beethoven's "Sonata" or "Poet and Peasant Overture," he got up and strolled over to the sign near the stage. Coming back he said, "Pardon me, but you are both wrong. That is the 'Refrain from Spitting'."

"COLLEGE BREAD"

The poor Freshman approached the closed door with great trepidation. Behind, in a swivel chair at a broad desk, sat the President, hard, cruel, and unsympathetic. Only one week at school and called so soon. On the threshold he hesitated, cleared his throat nervously, and straightened his tie. At last he grasped the knob blindly and entered the august presence. "Did you wish to see me, sir?" he managed to gasp. "Yes," roared his highness, "two ham on rye, and see that you are back to the house in five minutes."

Old lady (eyeing Frosh who has just been pledged): "Do you allow drunk people on this car?"

Conductor: "No, madam. But sit down and no one will notice you."
The Freshman's First Day

7:30 A. M. — Turns off alarm clock and rolls over to sleep once more.

8:50 A. M. — Awakened by Cambridge Fire Department on way to answer false alarm.

9:05 A. M. — Reaches Building 2 looking madly for 10-250.

9:45 A. M. — Arrives at desired destination pretty well fagged.

10:00 A. M. — Sets out bravely for Math class.


12:00 Noon — Lunch at Walker.

12:35 P. M. — Discovers in Walker Lounge that, according to the Boston Herald, Dewey has taken Manila.

1:05 P. M. — Accidentally stumbles on E-11 class by mistake. Wrong section, but he remains.

2:00 P. M. — Eats lunch at Walton's.

2:30 P. M. — Sets out for Chemistry Laboratory.

3:45 P. M. — Arrives at top floor of Aeronautics Building and slumps into a chair.

6:20 P. M. — Awakens and returns to Walker. Remembers at entrance and crosses river to Esplanade Restaurant.

7:30 to 10:45 P. M. inclusive — Attempts to make broads along the river.

11:30 P. M. — Station No. 16.

He: "Did you enjoy Europe?"
She: "It was lovely, but the trip over was simply divine. If you ever go to Europe don't miss that."

After an average dinner at Walker, the Frosh hailed a cab and gave an address in Back Bay. Before he could finish his after-dinner cigarette, the driver pulled alongside the curb and opened the door. Our hero bounced gaily out, but the cabby pulled him back, and he paid the bloke just to avoid a scene. His second attempt to gain access to the apartment house being more successful, he entered without ringing. (Easy! He met someone coming out!) With one hand on the door knob of his sweetie's suite (try bird seed) he stopped. What was that, a male voice? In this sanctum, this holy of holies! By the beard of the prophet, he would have this infidel's blood; his fingers twitched, anticipating the scoundrel's neck who dared invade his love-nest. Just as he was about to hurl himself headlong into the room he hesitated, stopped, and quickly but quietly slunk down the fire escape. Silence reigned, broken only by a male voice, "And if I don't get that rent by morning, out you go!"
"Wot have we here?"
"Saving your highness’ reverence, she’s not a wot, she’s a witch."

Playing the Market
_In Three Acts and Two Scenes_

**Scene:** Any drugstore, preferably a low-grade one in the front part of a speakeasy.

**Characters:**
- Oswald Glusp, a Harvard person.
- Archibald Slime, a clerk.

**ACT I**

_O. G.:_ Gimme a straight coke and a coupla cartons of Festerfields.

_A. S. (Wraps cigarettes and mixes coke):_ Dat’ll be two-fefty-five, massa.

_O. G. (Gargling coke and taking package):_ That’ll be two-fifty-five? Here’s a nickel for the coke, and how much is gin?

_A. S.:_ Two dollars und a heff, suh, and if I may sye so, it’s prime.

_O. G.:_ Sold! Wrap me up a yard of it. (Takes bottle.) I’ll take this instead of the cigarettes, if yo’-all don’t cayah; it’s the same price. (Starts to walk out.)

_A. S.:_ Hey, buddy! You didn’t pay for them there snipes!

_O. G.:_ Hell, no, I didn’t! Ain’t ya still got ’em? Fawncy! pyeing for wot one hawsn’t received; insolent puppy!

_A. S.:_ Beg yer pardon, boss; I done forgot, and I’m plumb sorry. Come in again.

_DOMES_

The knowledge of centuries safely is stored
In the shell of the Institute dome;
The volumes and manuscripts, costly and rare,
Are covered with fungus and loam.

The reptiles and insects go galloping round
In the Library’s desolate nooks;
For the hot, peppy tabloids have taken the place
Of the musty old, dusty old, books.

But the Library dome is a busier place
Than the domes of some profs that we know;
In their craniums all signs of life have decayed
And mildew set in years ago.

The men who possess all these fossilized skulls
Will gradually sicken and die;
In the meantime they’re holding down faculty jobs—
Oh, dome make me laugh, or I’ll cry!

He: “You say that only half of the student body is in this exhibition?”
She: “Yes.”
He: “Well, I can see a lot more than half of these students’ bodies.”
"Let's sit and chat," croaked Dashing Dan rakishly. "Oh, sir," countered Belle, with a nervous titter. "All hands on deck, Bos'n, and hard over to port." (Apologies to Perelman.)
In Memoriam

Voo Doo takes pleasure in announc-
ing the appointment of Augusta Gass, "72, as Technology's new Dean of
Women. The male students have long
felt that something should be done
about the Tech co-eds, but owing to
the proximity of Wellesley, they have
never gotten around to it.

When we came upon Miss Gass in
her neat little office, it was hard to be-
lieve that this trim, lithe little lass, not
yet eighty-four years old, was about to
undertake so tremendous a task as to
lead Technology's co-eds to a new and
higher life.

She pleasantly tipped her hat, and
removed her cigar for a moment to
greet the press with a smile. "Boys,"
she cackled, "we're going to make this
a real co-educational school, starting
now, and it's too damned bad if you
don't like it. Things here are going to
be so attractive that in another year
your drab halls will ring with peals of
girlish laughter, and thousands of pairs
of shining silken hose will twinkle on
your gloomy stairs.

"The no-smoking rule for you boys
go into effect next week, and there-
after only the girls will be allowed to
flick their ashes in the halls. You no-
ticed, I suppose, that the blackboards
are being taken out of the classrooms?
They're going to be replaced by mirrors
as a part of our new program. A thou-
sand gross of new test-tubes have been
ordered—in old rose, Nile green, and
dark lavender. Of course, the chemistry
courses will have to be discontinued on
account of the foul odors, but I thought
that the colored glassware would look
so pretty standing in racks in the
laboratories.

"The bare metal parts on all the en-
gines, I have decided, are too vulgar,
and so they are to be lacquered in
tasteful shades. Each building is to
have a different color-scheme, so as to
avoid the monotony which is now so
prevalent."

She knocked the ashes from her
corncob into the cuspidor, and took
time out to leer significantly at a pass-
ing janitor before she resumed her
doleful tale. "The Carnival will have
to go; I have planned a May-day Fes-
tival around the flagpole in Du Pont
Court to take its place. Êesthetic danc-
ing on the lawn and jolly games like
'Drop the Handkerchief' will be sure
to attract the demure and innocent
modern girl."

She undoubtedly would have said
more, but, poor woman! for some
strange reason, she fell out of her third-
floor window and was instantly killed.
It will be many a sad year before
Technology has another Dean of
Women like her.

"See that man staggering. He
must be drunk."

"No, he's just syncopated."

"What do you mean, synco-
pated?"

"He's moving unevenly from bar
to bar."

What lamentable heart-break might
be saved "the girl he left behind" if she
only knew that her darling little Fresh-
man will, in all probability, be back
home to stay by next January.
Voo Doo Announces Prize-Winning Letter:

"How I, as a Freshman, Placed Myself in the Limelight."

The Lucky Boy—Joseph Paul, Esq.

After carefully perusing the five hundred and fifty-six manuscripts painfully submitted by Freshmen to the "Limelight Editor" of Voo Doo, the Board of Judges, consisting of Mr. Lambirth, Col. Cloke, and Prof. Kurrelmeyer, at last reached a decision and handed down the coveted pair of silver skates to Master Joseph Paul, '32. His letter follows:

Dear Limey:

My youthful heart throbbed and regurgitated when I saw the first announcement of your contest extraordinary. Says I to Jo Paul, "Here, laddie, is a golden opportunity; heed the knock and grasp thy pen in manly determination that the school may profit by some long hidden experience."

Upon arriving at the fair courts of M.I.T., I walked leisurely up and down the walks, I strolled through the corridors—yea, I even trod upon the greensward. These actions many undoubtedly misconstrued as indicative that I was in a fog, but not so! Nay, nay, and again nay (I'll get in these two hundred words or die in the attempt)! I was not in a fog; I was unconscious, but the gods were with me, and when election day arrived, lo and behold, I was the only frosh whom everyone had seen. Of course I need not mention the gruelling task of getting my nomination signed, but that was all in the game. The true secret of success lay in the act of getting in the limelight and staying there. Since my administration this has not been so difficult, I might add.

Yours for success,

J.P.

"This is my tale," said the monkey, "and I'll stick to it."

He (as canoe tips over): "See that fellow out there, holding his hand in the air to keep his wrist-watch dry?"

She: "Yeah!"

He: "Well, let's wait until he remembers that his watch is in his pocket."

TECHNOLOGY LAMENTS

FRESHMAN LAMENT
I know my glance is keen and sharp,
Which even friends can't long abide—
But when I meet folks on the walk
It's always I who turn aside.

SOPHOMORE LAMENT
Some guys horn in from the start
And capture every pretty femme.
I, too, could say such funny things
If I could only think of them.

JUNIOR LAMENT
I sort of stumble through this life,
Flunking quizzes, missing cars—
I keep my mind on girls and things,
And thus I get some awful jars.

SENIOR LAMENT
Although I'm brave enough, I'm sure,
To meet life's gravest situations;
I lack the courage to refuse
Dean Lobby's formal invitations.

Doc: "This wine, women, and song racket is killing you!"

Soph: "I'll never sing again as long as I live."
LONG hours of summer leisure are finally at an end and the grind is on once more. Doubtless there is not one Freshman unaware of this striking fact, but Phosphorus makes the announcement anyway for the benefit of a few Juniors and Seniors. Wake up! Snap to it! Only three months before exams!!

SINCE everyone takes it upon himself to advise you, sons of '33, Phosphorus will mercifully "lay off." What you really need to know you will soon learn in a way that will impress it firmly upon your open (we hope) minds. Superfluous knowledge will very likely be acquired in a like manner, only more so. Suffice it, then, to say that what is to be will be and it all depends on you. There are Freshman Rules. Be a sport! Play the game, it won't hurt you! There are a few remaining traditions about the 'Stute. Learn them and defend them! There are undergraduate activities! Find the one you like and go after the job you want! You'll get it if you want it badly enough!

This is not meant as advice, to be taken while holding the nose. It is an attempt to show the new class the vast possibilities of undergraduate life, to broaden their interest in extra curricular affairs, and to benefit them and M.I.T. by transfusing fresh blood into the veins of our activities.

Now, '33, jump on your derbies with both feet and get busy today with The Tech, T.E.N., Voo Doo, Technique, Tech Show, Musical Clubs, T.C.A., Sports, ANYTHING — but get busy and enjoy life, even though "TECH IS HELL!"

PHOSPHORUS takes pleasure in announcing the election of Donald A. Holden, '31, to the position of Publicity Manager, to succeed Leslie K. Snowdon.
LETTER OF ADOLPH BLEEP, JR., '33, TO MRS. ADOLPH BLEEP, PLATFORM, MONTANA

Dear Mamma:

Tech is fine. There were lots of things I didn’t understand at first, but I am coming along nicely now.

Some very nice city fellows took me to their house and gave me some dinner. I live there all the time now, and all of the fellows call me “brother.” Mamma, did you or papa ever have children that you haven’t told me about? All of the boys in the house are my brothers. They told me so.

I have only got one suit now. Some of the boys took the one with the buttons on the pockets and the belt on the coat to a man in the city. They gave me a little ticket and said I could get my suit back from the man for only eight dollars. He is keeping it safely stored for me, or something.

There is an awful shortage of water in Boston, so none of the fellows drink any water. They use some stuff that comes in bottles. I tried a little, but it tasted like the stuff papa scrubs the stables with. The boys were very kind to me, mamma, and arranged to buy water for me for only ten dollars a gallon. I pay the boys and they pay the water company.

I haven’t been to the college yet. I forgot to tell you that one of the fellows borrowed my new star suit and wore it one night, and in the morning it was all torn and muddy. He said he got run over by a milk wagon. He took it to the man who has my other suit, and gave me a little ticket I could use to get the suit back, all fixed and everything. He said it would take about five dollars, which I haven’t got, so please send it to me so I can go over and see the college. The other boys go there every day, and they think it’s great.

Tech is fine.

Love,

ADOLPH

---

1st Musician: “Do you know ‘Fifty Million Frenchmen Can’t be Wrong?’”

2nd Nitwit: “No.”

1st Musician: “Well, what do you know?”

2nd Nitwit: “Fifty million Chinese can’t be Wong.”

Son: “I think I’ll be an iceman this summer.”

Dad: “Oh, no, you won’t! I didn’t raise my boy to be a Woman’s Home Companion.”

“What do you mean, they graduate from this college a little at a time?”

“By Degrees.”

“What started this Tong War, anyhow?”

“Oh, some guy tried to ‘make’ Whoopee.”
We understand the T.C.A. secretary has to write so many letters that she finishes her prayers now with "Yours truly."

The Love Life of Prof. Albert (Shorty) Einstein

Theme Song: "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier," by the Liberal Club

When I was a boy I lived with my poppa and mommer in a speakeasy in Hoboken, N. J., and my poppa was a grave robber and my mommer was also very serious, and so later on my old man became a silversmith, so that is how I got my Sterling qualities who have made me a success. My mommer died in childbirth at the age of eighty-two, and my poppa died when he was eighty-five, while playing football on the West Point team, so now I won't say no puns about them any more.

When I was ten I was sent to the Habit Camp for Problem Children, where they wouldn't let me put my hands in my pockets, and then I went to M.I.T., where I learned about this here new Einstein's Theory of Relativity or whatever. The whole theory is explained by the equation that $\mu_{\alpha} = \lambda_{\beta}$. Postscript — please excuse the writing, this pen is lousy. Love, Shorty.

Of course this new theory is going to have very important results, because from now on team captains shall be elected at a meeting called as provided for by Article III, Section 6 (d), of the By-Laws, by a majority vote of the members of their respective teams who have received the insignia of said team. Differentiating in here, we get differential of X equals differential of Y plus differential on a Ford, and so you can see the whole thing is easy as hell.

After the way the freshmen drilled on Open House Day, I moved to Germany and married Greta Garbo for her money, and I would like to tell you more about that, but I'm afraid Charlie Dwight would censor it, so now I'll say goodbye.

Goodbye,

Shorty.

The small enrollment in the college of forestry may be due to its shady reputation.

(Ed. Note: This is oak with me.)

Farmer: "Get out of that tree, son!"

Boy: "Can't, dad. Just got a letter from the Sophs at correspondence school telling me to haze myself."

Between the Devil and the Deep Sea
Review of One of Drisko's Physics Lectures

_In the style of the present-day Dramatic Critics_

The current offering of Producer W. J. Drisko at the theater in 10-250 is pretty foul. The title of the skit, "Simple Harmonic Motion," or "Who Keeps the Door Keeper's Daughter," is sufficiently alluring to merit your attendance, but don't let yourself be fooled. Mr. Drisko himself appears in the prologue and in the epilogue. His trick beard and rural dialect deceived nobody—we knew him all the time. The old boy will have to get some new gags, or by dawn he will be a back number.

The plot is pathetically weak. It concerns a pitiful little body whose birthplace, a tavern known as the Sine of Alpha, was a den of vice and a roistering-place for a villain known as Mister Y. We have seen the same thing a dozen times, and better done, too.

Mister Y is supposed to have equaled, if not surpassed, the Sine of Alpha, and to have done complete wrong by our virtuous little body. The second act ended in a hellish turmoil about the appearance of a lot of little sines and cosines. Mister Y was called in to confess, but he went off on such a tangent that we lost all sight of the vein of the play, and staggered out to fortify ourselves with a good, stout sarsaparilla. We understand that a feeble effort was made to rouse the lagging interest by the introduction of movies into the story. Inasmuch as there were no talkies, the whole thing was a fluke. Our guess is that old Sleeping Sickness Drisko is on the decline, and had better go back to playing "Little Eva" in "Uncle Thomas's Hovel."

Stay away from this.

---

Sad ends to promising careers:
The naval architect who became a designer in a china factory—building gravy boats.

---

The Freshman who knocked 'em all dead in High School meets his first Sargent girl

---

Warning

_Little Freshman, you are verdant._
_And your path's beset with toil._
_Having racked your brain to get here,_
_Your hands you'll now begin to soil._

_Mr. Hardy of Machine Tool_ _
_Laughs and grins and looks quite slick;_ _
_But turn your work a thousandth small_ _
_and he'll descend like tons of brick._

_"Old Man" Lambirth of the Forge Shop_ _
_Knows his stuff and works with ease,_ _
_But ere you finish, little Frosh, _ _
_You'll beg for help on bended knees._

_O'Neill's foundry smokes and bubbles, _ _
_Here you'll shovel, mix, and pour. _ _
_This is just a kind word-picture_ _
_To show you what your hands are for._
LITTLE RAMBLES WITH SERIOUS TECHNOLOGY THINKERS

Hard work never hurt any man. Boy, bring me another pillow for my elbow.
—Slave-Driver Smith

This course is not calculated to deceive Freshmen.
—"Beaker Joe" Phelan
(Ed. Note: Funniest joke of the year.)

Please pass the pork and beans and gravy and plum pudding, etc.
—Dean Lobdell

Frosh (rushing into infirmary): “Quick, give me something for my head!”
Doc: “Wouldn’t take it as a gift.”

It is suggested that the A.A. give honorary letters in Track to all reporters for The Tech.

We must repeal the Eighteenth Amendment for the interests of birth control.
—Dean Fuller

Youse guys has got to snap into it this year, I’ll tell the cockeyed world.
—Archer Tyler Robinson

No man will be excused from classes unless he has had a definitely disabling illness.
—George W. Morse, M.D.

Speaking of companionate marriages: Phosphorus was strolling through an alley the other night and heard a Freshman, standing under a girl’s window, sighing:

“Tell me, darling, tell me, dear, Will you try me for a year?”

Whereupon a Junior stuck his head out the window and answered:

“Beat it, son, you cannot speak, I’m on trial here for a week.”

WHY PROFESSORS GO WRONG

A Frosh in 5.01 Lab last week asked Beaker Joe the formula for cuprous arsenate. Prof Phelan informed the infant that it would do him more good if he thought this thing out for himself, and watched him as he returned to his bench. The plebe scratched his head; he gnawed the end of his pencil; his glance roamed across the new grass toward Walker. Obviously he was in undisturbed cogitation. After some minutes of this a smile appeared on the troubled one’s face. He reached for his notebook and jotted down his short memo. Curious as to the correctness of this entry, Beaker Joe read over the Freshman’s shoulder, “Back Bay 0165-J.”

Teacher (seeing Johnny standing up): “What’s the matter, Johnny, haven’t you a seat?”
Johnny: “Yes, I have a seat, but I haven’t any chair to put it on.”

Frosh: “Is M-11 harder than 5.01?”
Soph: “Bite two sour apples and tell me which is sweeter.”

Prof: “How many answers did you get for today’s problems?”
’33: “Three or four each, sir.”
Honk Honk, commercial genius of Chug Chug, introduces the Coney Island spirit in China
Once there was an inventor who made quite a goodly number of inventions, but the public did not seem very invention conscious until one day he designed a pair of shoes that would go on either foot. If one put them on wrong it didn’t make any difference, because they fit anyway and there was no trouble changing them. Well, he didn’t get much money for this invention, because the shoes didn’t look very nice when they were put on, and people soon stopped buying them.

Not to be discouraged, however, the inventor next invented a button that could be put on any place without being sewn, and in addition carried a thermometer so the wearer could tell the temperature at any time. The public thought this invention was a little too expensive, and people do not want to carry more than one thermometer. In fact, lots of people do not carry even one, so everybody went about using ordinary buttons.

As a last resort the inventor started working on a machine for counting smells, so that if one took it for a walk he would know exactly how many smells he had passed and which were nice and which were nasty. When the machine was finished the inventor tried it out in South Boston, and was overcome, so that his secret died with him. Moral: Stay out of South Boston.

Steam (reading newspaper in Walker): “My Gawd! They’ve found gold at Sutter’s Mill.”

Desk Sergeant: “You two can stay here till you agree.”

’33 and ’33: “We agree, yer Highness, we both want the same girl.”

Frosh (reading newspaper in Walker): “You say a German threw a hand-grenade at you,” gushed the slim young thing.

“Yup, he did, the dirty bomb,” rasped Sergeant Eadie.

She: “I could waltz to heaven with you.”

He: “Can you reverse?”
Maybe there's something in it, after all

Trying out for the editorial board, Simpson, '33, is all energy. Here, there and everywhere to cover events, he is busy on the write and rewrite—confident that experience will fit him for the post.

And Jones, his roommate, shows equal determination in football.

Tackling, bucking the line, practicing signals, he trusts to solid ground-work to get him on the scrub this year.

Good training, both of them. Perhaps there is something in high scholarship, too. Industrial leaders of today think so.
"Why don't you paste that picture of the Prince of Wales in your album?"
"I tried, but it won't stay mounted."
—Reserve Red Cat

"How did you learn to walk the tightrope? Just pick it up yourself?"
"Oh, no—it has to be taut."
—The Bison

"'Twas a pitiful case," said the man, as he threw the last bottle away.
—Carolina Buccaneer

*First: "Did you enjoy yourself when you were a Freshman at college?"
Second: "Did I! Why, those were the happiest years of my life."
—Stanford Chaparral*

"Say, is your dog clever?"
"Clever! I should say so. When I say, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' he comes or he doesn't."
—Harvard Lampoon

*Sergeant: "What company are you in?"
Private: "I'm by myself."
—Lehigh Burr*

*Clara: "Remember the old maid down the street who was ill?"
Belle (a Christian Scientist): "You mean the one who thought she was ill?"
Clara: "Well, now she thinks she is dead."
—The Mercury*

*Soph: "Did you post that letter that I gave to you?"
Frosh: "Yes, I put it on the notice board with the other notices."
—Colgate University Banter*
Every day you have a different face to shave.

There’s the February morning when the hot-water faucet runs cold—and the dark brown morning after the party when your face is taut and sensitive from lack of sleep—and the hurry-up morning when you have to make an 8 o’clock—all kinds of mornings, all kinds of shaving conditions, but only one kind of Gillette Blade—the one constant factor in your daily shave.

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A Pacific Coast bootleggerette was nabbed by the coppers, who found six pint flasks in her bloomers. How's that for a kick in the pants?
—Carolina Buccaneer

“When is a man like a drum?”
“Dunno.”
“When he's tight.”
—Lehigh Burr

It was a fly-by-night stock company presenting "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The moment came for the deep-throated baying of the bloodhounds as Eliza crossed the ice. The audience laughed when a weak "Yap, yap" came from the wings.
“My God!” said the stage manager, “what happened to the bloodhound?”
“Orful sorry, sir,” said the stagehand, “but he got mixed up with one o' them town dorgs last night.”
—Reserve Red Cat

Then there was the sad case of the musician who became so accustomed to playing in rising orchestra pits that he forgot to jump when the boat sank.
—The Bison

Slightly Gone: “Say, pal, where can a guy get a drink around here?”
Himself: “Young man, I am the Dean.”
S. G.: “Well, that water cooler is empty and I just wondered where there was another.”
—Brown Jug

Boss: “What's the matter, Casey? Sick?”
Casey: “No. Got a splinter in my hand.”
Boss: “Well, why not take it out?”
Casey: “What the hell? In lunch hour?”
—Virginia Reel

“So this is your dream man! Say, dearie, you ain't been eating anything heavy lately, have you?”
—Yale Record
First Livery Stable Man: “Do you bite your finger-nails, Bill?”
Bill: “Naw, it ain’t in good taste.” —Virginia Reel

Loving Wifey (handing her hubby a saucerful of white powder): “John, taste that and tell me what you think it is.”
Hubby: “It tastes like soda to me.”
Wifey: “That’s what I told Lulu, but she declares it’s rat poison—taste it again, dear, to make sure.” —Washington University Dirge

“Dear God,” prayed golden-haired little Willie, “please watch over my mamma.”
And then he added as an afterthought: “And I dunno as it would do any harm to keep an eye on papa, too.” —Juggler

And, after all, was the fellow who said that he calls his girl Federal Reserve because she puts his money in circulation so very wrong?
—Black and Blue Jay

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A hint for all who received an F on the finals: "Develop your BUST."
—Carolina Buccaneer

Stage Manager: "Can you dance?"
Applicant: "No, sir."
Stage Manager: "Can you sing?"
Applicant: "No, sir."
Stage Manager: "Do you do a monologue or specialty?"
Applicant: "No, sir."
Stage Manager: "Then what in h-ll did you come here for?"
Applicant: "My looks."
Stage Manager: "Well, you can hunt around for them a while, but I don't think you'll find them here."
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

"How about a date?"
"Indeed, no!"
"Oh, I don't mean now. Say some nasty, wet winter afternoon when there's nobody else in town."
—Virginia Reel
COMPLETE SELECTIONS OF MERCHANDISE, FOR THE AUTUMN AND WINTER OF 1929, ARE NOW ON REVIEW. THE VARIOUS IMPORTANT AND INCIDENTAL FEATURES OF DRESS ADHERE TO THE CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE AND WORTH ASSOCIATED WITH THE WORK OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT, AND IT IS HOPED THAT UPON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE FINCHLEY REPRESENTATIVE TO YOUR COMMUNITY YOU WILL AVAIL YOURSELF OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO ACQUAINT YOURSELF WITH THE VARIOUS ARTICLES PRESENTED.

Soph: “Say, Tom, I hear you failed in English Comp. Is that true?”

Frosh: “Yea, the prof asked us to write an essay on the ‘Result of Laziness’ and I sent up a blank sheet of paper.”

—Black and Blue Jay

“How’s your boy getting along at the Barber College?”

“Fine, they elected him shear leader.”

—The Bison

Dear Sir: I am engaged to a girl and I have been informed that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my frat house at 11 o’clock Friday night and make an explanation.—Leo Line.

Dear Leo: I have received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting.—Ed.

—Whirlwind

Probably at these co-ed schools less lines and curves in descriptive geometry classes are plotted on the blackboard than otherwise.

—The Pointer

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"Sandy, what would you do if your
friend MacIntosh offered you a
Life Saver?"
"Hoot mon, it would take my
breath away."

Our own private idea of carrying a joke too far is for a
professor to hum "Home, Sweet Home" when he is writing
the term exam questions on the board.

-Awgwan

I like to believe that virtue has its own reward. After
all, these homely girls deserve something.

-The Pointer

Freshman: "The world's round, isn't it, dad?"
Dad: "Yes, son."
Son: "If I wanted to go one block east I could eventually
get there by going west, couldn't I?"
Dad: "Son, I'm going to bring you up to be a taxi
driver."

-Buffalo Bison

Sweet but Not so Gaudy: "I dread to think of my twenty-
fifth birthday."
Ed: "Why, what happened?"

-De Pauw Yellow Crab
What is Your Pleasure Gentlemen?

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Father (looking in son’s closet): “Where did all these empty bottles come from?”
Son: “Search me; I never bought an empty one.”
—Washington Columns

I knew she was the milkman’s daughter because she was always laid out on the front steps.
—Carolina Buccaneer

“Peanuts are fattening.”
“Howdayaknow?”
“Why, look at the elephant.”
—Reserve Red Cat

Frosh: “Why did he soak you?”
Senior: “I said his brother looked like an ape.”
Frosh: “That’s no reason.”
Senior: “Well, they’re twin brothers.”
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah

In looking over the Fall Hats our Attention Caller has called our attention to the adroit manner in which our new felts are synonymous with modern style and good taste. More crown, less brim; browns, tans, grays, greens, blacks. So we share the glad tidings with you, just as we will share the hats for $5 and up.

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He: “Do you know my sweetheart?”
She: “Do I know what?”

—Reserve Red Cat

Children: “Papa, can we go to the movies tonight? Santa Claus is going to be there.”
Pa (absent-mindedly): “The hell I am.”

—Jack O’Lantern

City Visitor (at farm, noticing how industrious the farmer’s wife was): “Mr. Perkins, you have a very hard-working wife.”
Mr. Perkins: “You’re right; I wish I had a couple more like her.”

—Lyre

Sultan: “Wouldst go to my boudoir?”
Latest Acquisition: “With what avail?”
Sultan: “Well, the usual procedure is with no veil, but I guess something light won’t matter.”

—The Punch Bowl

Conked: “I’ve got an awful headache.”
Cracked: “It must be this damp weather. It gets in the bones.”

—Pitt Panther

“Well,” said the Creator, as he crossed a deer with a moose, “I guess that will make me an Elk.”

—Williams Purple Cow

Instructor (in Army class): “What should be done in case of drowning?”
Frosh: “Well, I should think the natural thing would be to have a funeral.”

—Yellow Jacket

“Do you know why the marriage ceremony is the most variable mathematical formula known?”
“No, why is it?”
“Because it makes two one and then three!”

—Virginia Reel
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