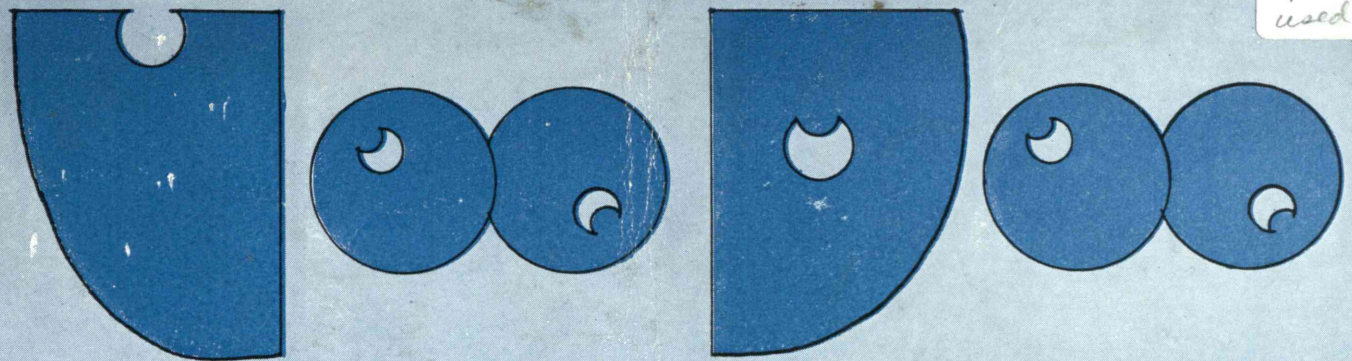


Buss by

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if you want to star in
your chosen work.

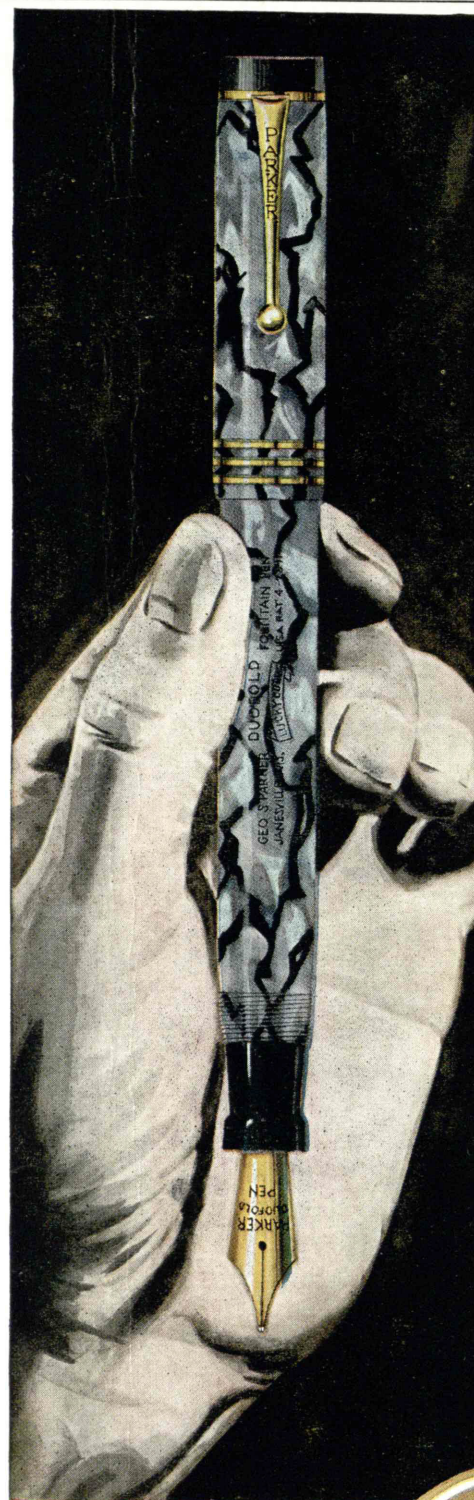
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another so handsome to
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*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of
lifelong perfection, we offer to make good
any defect, provided complete pen is sent
by the owner direct to the factory with
10c for return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



*High altitudes and high marks
are both old friends to W. How-
ard Ehmann, honor student at
New York University. Between
classes he pilots his own Curtiss
plane—and in class pilots a Par-
ker Duofold Pen.*

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\$5

\$7

\$10

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

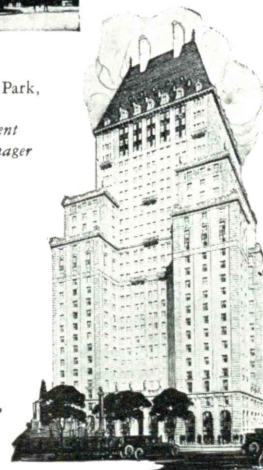
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

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Copley Square, Boston
Arthur L. Race,
Managing Director



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



THE SAVOY-PLAZA
Fifth Avenue, Central Park,
New York
Henry A. Rost,
General Manager

LUXURY WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN

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.

Its principals are the wittiest satirists and most modern dramatists of the season: Walter Winchell, Eric Hatch, Charleson Gray, James Aswell, George Brooks, Lynn and Lois Montross, Don Herold, Arthur T. Munyan, F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Morley Callaghan and Westbrook Pegler.

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, 5801 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.
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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 thistle down 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.

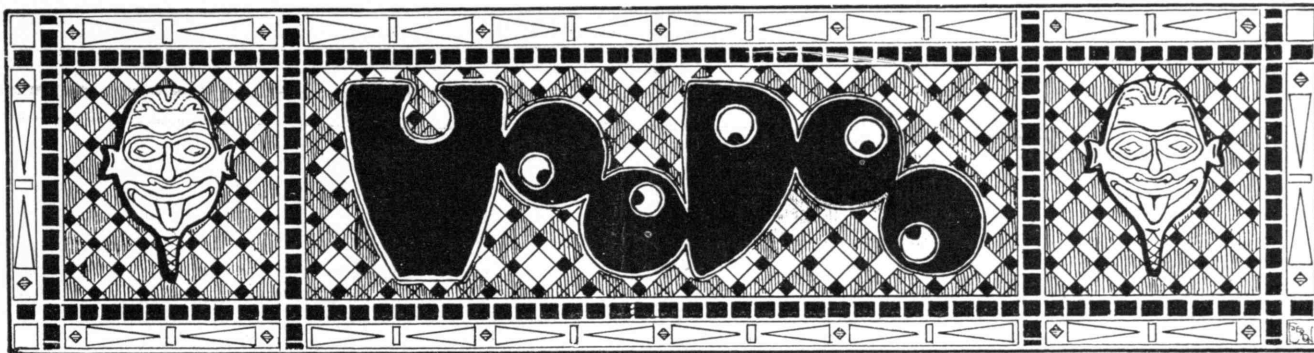
GREAT LAKES
C O R P O R A T I O N



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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."

Soph: "Lend me your pen?"

Frosb: "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.**

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.

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 as well admit the next morning that her husband came home unexpectedly, because that is what everyone will think anyhow. Cruel world! There is no justice!



OPPERETTA—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,"
Spake the first, with languid bow;
"To Harvard school I went away
No more to work, the while to play."

"I'm the most foul mouthed of all,"
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."



"Where's your father, miss?" said the gray-eyed officer kindly.
 "He's in hiding, sir," returned the tanner's daughter tartly.

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.

10:25 A. M.—Finds self in basement of Walker. Engages in game of pool.

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.—Old France. Sees a peach at next table.

11:35 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."



"Do you wish to play through, sir?"

"Yes, foresight is always better than hindsight."

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-feefty-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 dullars 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! pycing 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 announcing 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 believe 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 goes into effect next week, and thereafter only the girls will be allowed to

flick their ashes in the halls. You noticed, 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 thousand 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 engines, 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 cornucopia into the cuspidor, and took time out to leer significantly at a passing janitor before she resumed her doleful tale. "The Carnival will have to go; I have planned a May-day Festival around the flagpole in Du Pont Court to take its place. Aesthetic dancing 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, syncopated?"

"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 Freshman 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. Kurlmeyer, 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 an-

nouncement 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

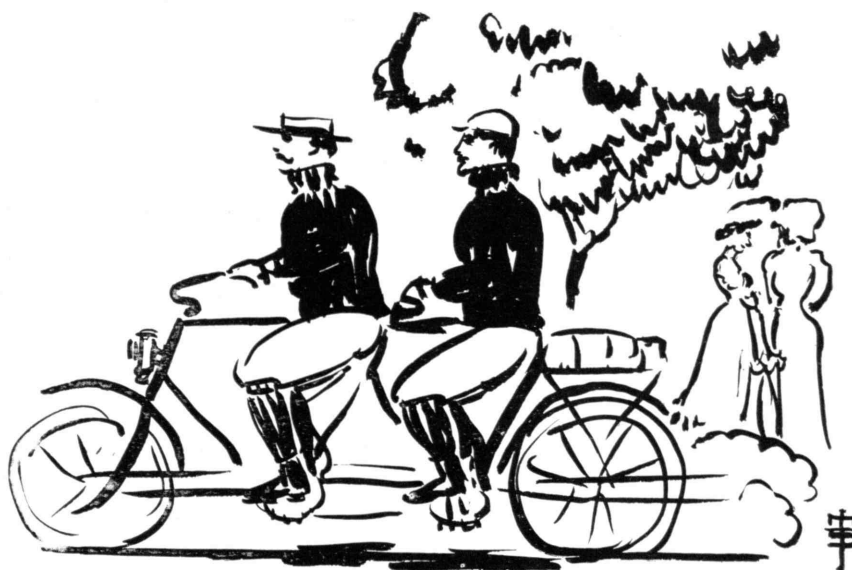
*Some guys horn in from the start
And capture every pretty femme.
I, too, could say such funny things
If I could only think of them.*

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."

Vol. XII

OCTOBER, 1929

No. 4

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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.





"What started this Tong War, anyhow?"

"Oh, some guy tried to 'make' Whoopee."

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."

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 store 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



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 Relativeness or whatever. The whole theory

is explained by the equation that mu subscript alpha equals lambda superscript 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.

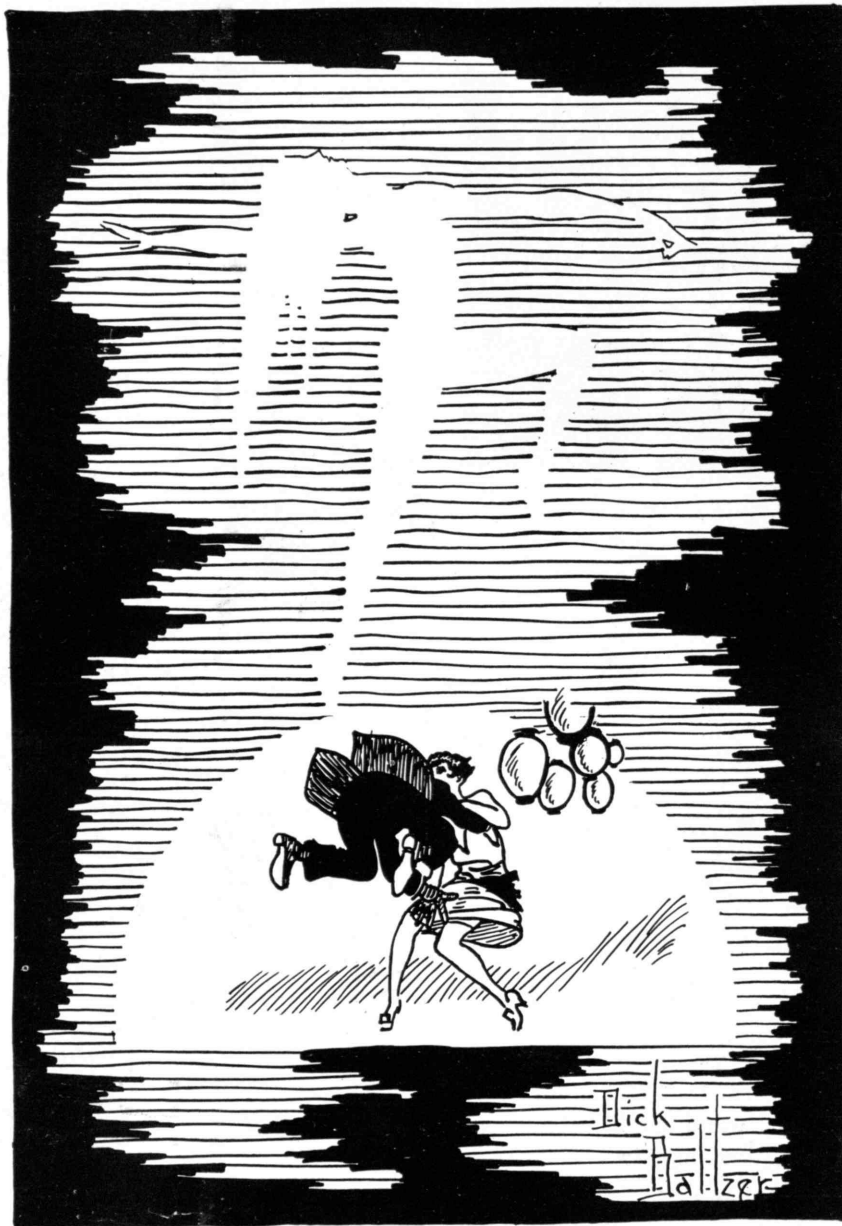
The plot is pathetically weak. It concerns a pitiful little body whose birthplace, a tavern known as the Sine of Alpha, was a den of vice and a roistering-place for a villain known as Mister Y. We have seen the same thing a dozen times, and better done, too.

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.

X. Q.

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



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

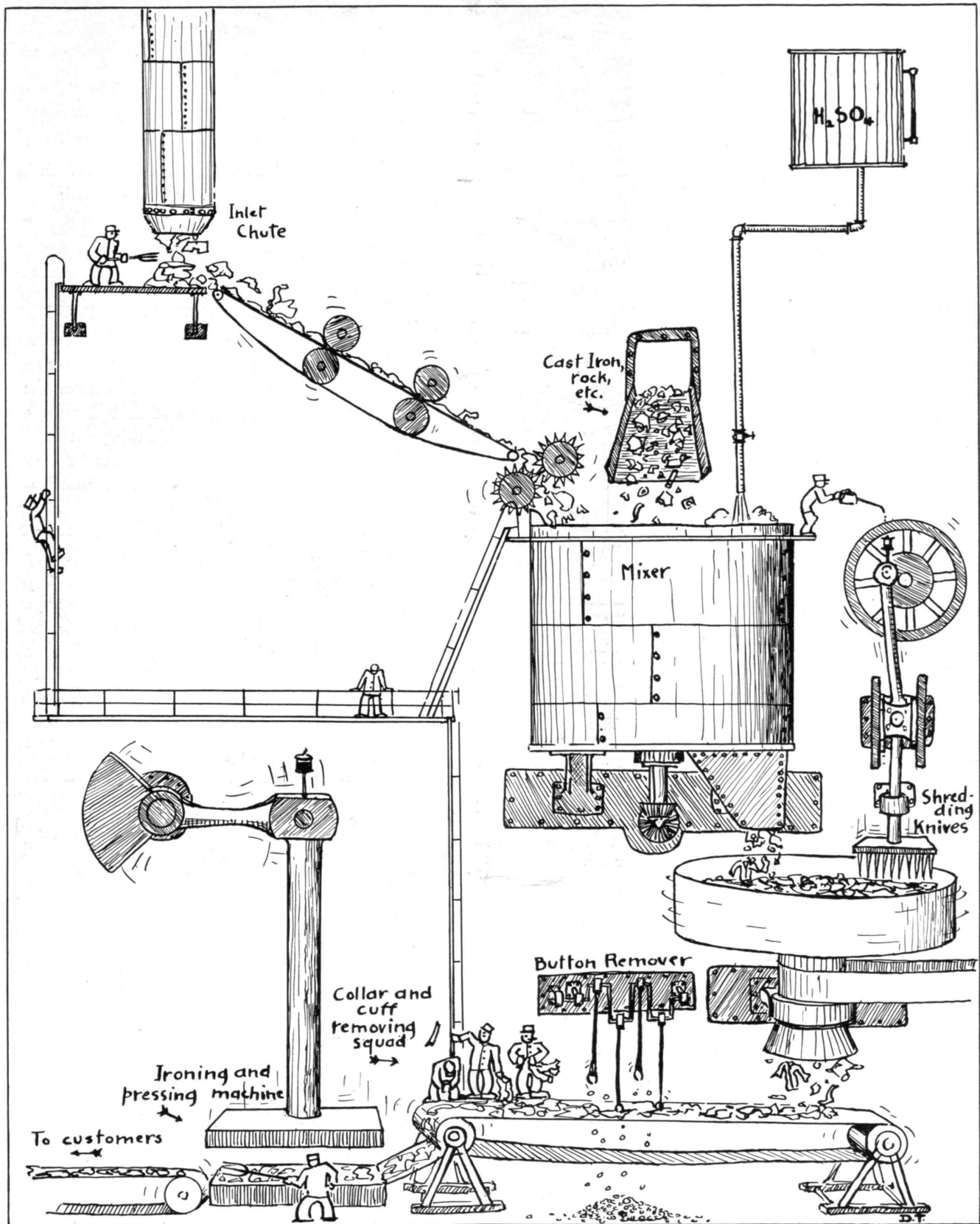
Warning

*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

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.

Frosh (rushing into infirmary):
“Quick, give me something for my
head!”

Doc: “Wouldn't take it as a gift.”

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-II harder than 5.01?”

Soph: “Bite two sour apples and tell
me which is sweeter.”

It is suggested that the A.A. give
honorary letters in Track to all re-
porters for *The Tech*.

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

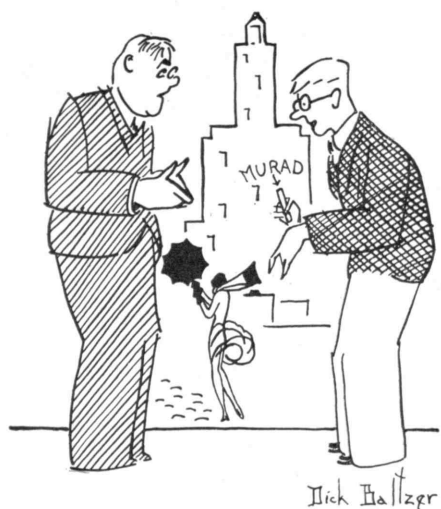
“Tell me, darling, tell me, dear,
Will you try me for a year?”

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.”

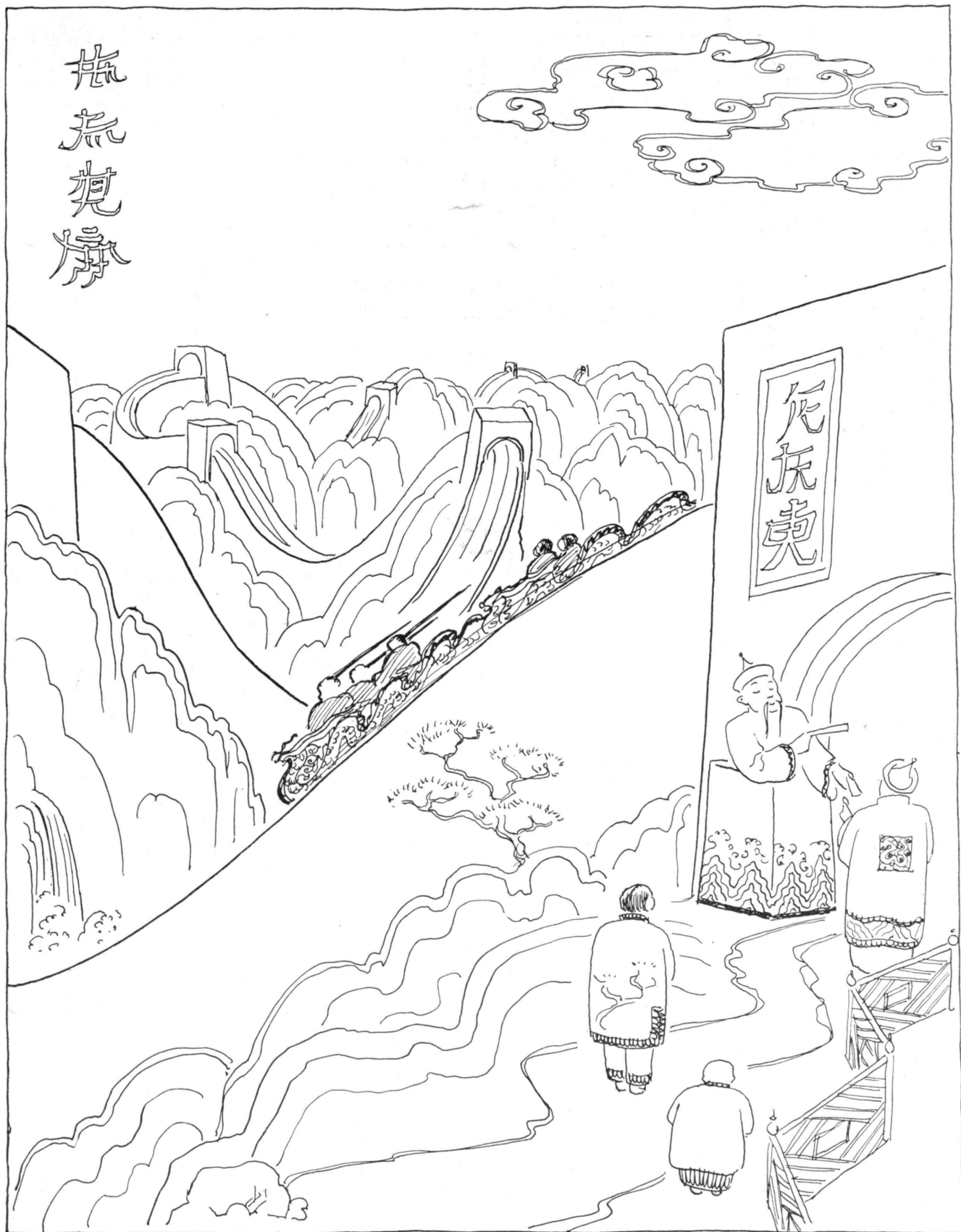
WHY PROFESSORS GO WRONG

A Frosh in 5.01 Lab last week asked
Beaker Joe the formula for cuprous
arsenate. Prof Phelan informed the in-
fant that it would do him more good
if he thought this thing out for him-
self, and watched him as he returned
to his bench. The plebe scratched his
head; he gnawed the end of his pen-
cil; 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 correct-
ness of this entry, Beaker Joe read over
the Freshman's shoulder, “Back Bay
0165-J.”



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



THE INVENTOR

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.

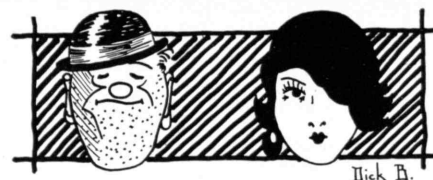
As a last resort the inventor started working on a machine for counting smells, so that if one took it for a walk he would know exactly how many smells he had passed and which were nice and which were nasty. When the machine was finished the inventor

tried it out in South Boston, and was overcome, so that his secret died with him. Moral: Stay out of South Boston.

Frosh (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."



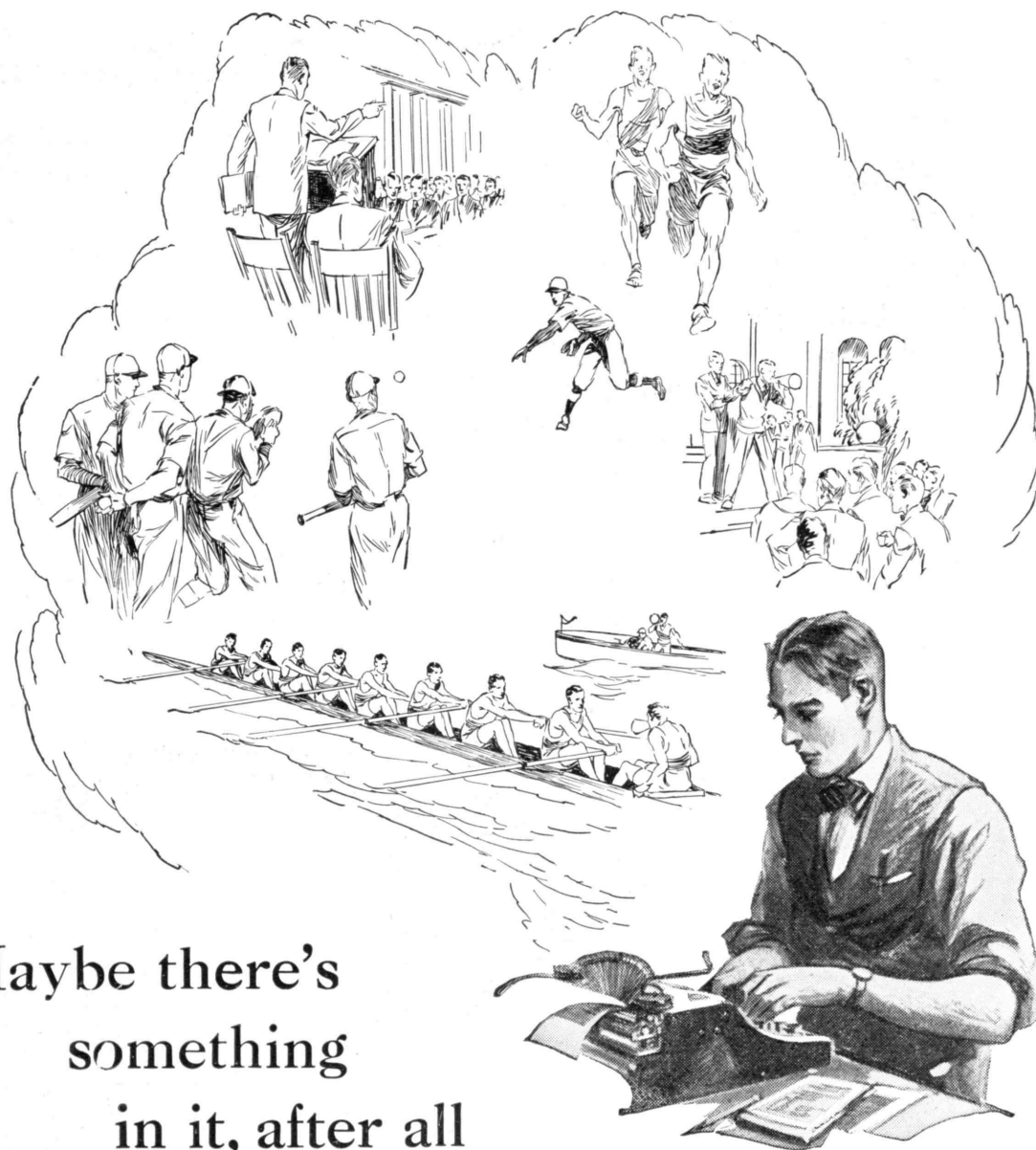
"You say a German threw a hand-grenade at you," gushed the slim young thing.

"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.



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DINING HALL

"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."

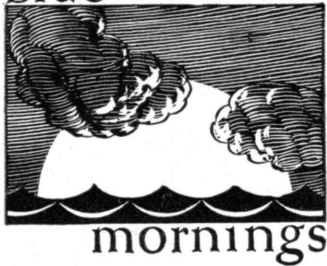
—*The Mercury*

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*

blue



mornings

bright



mornings

dark brown



mornings

play



mornings

slow



mornings



RTA
mornings

hot



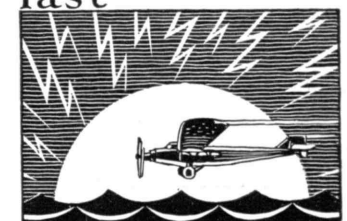
mornings

cold



mornings

fast



mornings

pay day



mornings

work



mornings

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

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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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—*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*



READY

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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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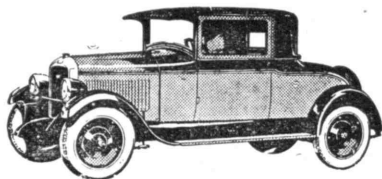
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"Hoot mon, it would take my breath away."

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—Augwan

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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1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

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

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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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

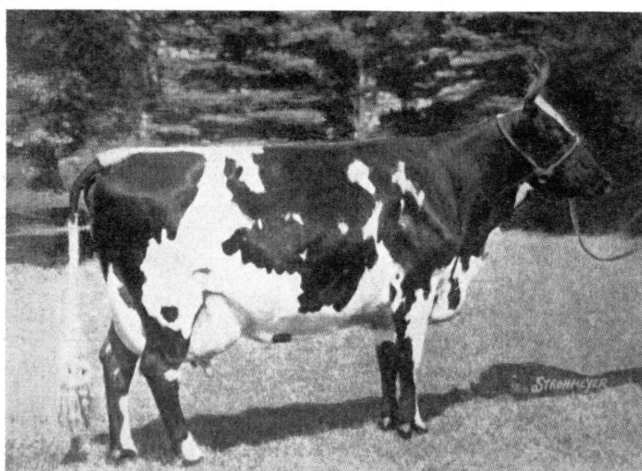
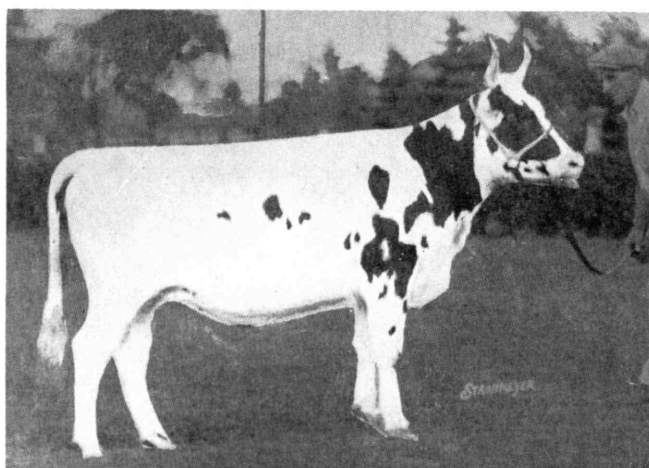
Correspondence should be addressed to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

DO YOU ENJOY FREUD? HE NEVER WENT TO SLEEP IN AN AERO-PLANE — WHY BOTHER?

ARE ROLLER SKATES YOUR AVOCATION? SNAP TO IT — THEY HAVE NO TAIL SKID !

HAS THIS MUCH OF TECH PUT YOU IN THE RUT? RIDE THE CLOUDS FOR A CHANGE !

ARE YOU "HOT AIR MINDED"? READ *THE TECH!*



IF YOUR GRANDMAMA WAS FLIGHTY AND YOUR REVEREND PA CAN KEEP ONLY ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND, YOU'LL GO STRONG FOR OUR AVIATION NUMBER IN NOVEMBER. TAKE OFF WITH VOO DOO BUT BRING YOUR OWN PARACHUTE. NO SAFETY-BELTS ISSUED TO BROWN-BAGGERS.

LOOPS WING-OVERS DIVES

CONTACT!

... off the tee it's **DISTANCE!**



... in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"PROMISES FILL no sack"... it is not words, but *taste*, that makes you enjoy a cigarette.

But you're entitled to *all* the fragrance and flavor that fine tobaccos can give; don't be content with less. You *can* expect better taste, richer aroma, from Chesterfields — because in making them, we put taste first —

"TASTE *above everything*"



MILD... and yet
THEY SATISFY

Chesterfield

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

An Ancient Prejudice Has Been Removed



"TOASTING DID IT"—

Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes—Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) from the tobaccos. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

