"They keep tasting better and better to me!"

NO matter how many you smoke! It's a fact. The last Chesterfield of the day is just as mild and sweet—as cool and comfortable—as the first. Every Chesterfield is like every other Chesterfield!

The tobaccos themselves give the answer. Only mild, ripe, sweet tobaccos—the smoothest and ripest grown—go into Chesterfield.

And the paper—notice how fine and white it is. It's the purest that money can buy! Burns without taste or odor.

All this care—to make Chesterfields taste better and milder. And they do! The millions of Chesterfield smokers—men and women both—say it in their own way: "They Satisfy!"
MONTHLY BULLETIN
M. I. T. A. A.

Week of December 13

DECEMBER 15 Basketball — Rhode Island State — Away
DECEMBER 15 Freshman Basketball — Rhode Island State — Away
DECEMBER 18 Hockey — Boston University — Boston Arena
DECEMBER 18 Wrestling — Harvard — Away
DECEMBER 18 Freshman Wrestling — Harvard — Away
DECEMBER 19 Basketball — Clark University — Home
DECEMBER 19 Freshman Basketball — Harvard — Away
DECEMBER 19 Track — Handicap Meet on Boards

"Have you found a coffin yet good enough for your son who died in college?"
"The thing that’s worrying me right now is trying to find a sports model."
— Cornell College Ollapod

He: "Don’t try to crush me."
She: "Pardon me, you’re such a perfect lemon."
— Sun Dial

"No, sir. Our Laundry does not tear your clothes by using machinery; we do it thoroughly by hand!"
— Lyre

boston’s house of international prize-winning cinema!

fine arts theatre

Special Students’ 50% Discount Cards

beginning Sunday, December 13

"OLD AND NEW"
DIRECTED BY SERGE EISENSTEIN
"Russia’s ace director says it once again with the camera"

TITLES IN ENGLISH

‘35: "Where does Joan get her good looks?"
‘34: "From her father."
‘35: "He must be a handsome man then."
‘34: "No, he’s a chemist."
— Cornell Widow

"How’s your new girl?"
"Not very good."
"You always were lucky."
— Columns

A student was arrested last week for impersonating an officer. He took two bananas from a dago fruit stand.
— Sun Dial

A fraternity man may sometimes be up a creek, but never without a paddle.
— Sun Dial

Two spinsters were discussing men —
"Which would you desire most in your husband — brains, wealth or appearance?" asked one.
"Appearance," snapped the other, "and the sooner the better."
— Wall Street Journal
It’s a wise man who knows what to buy.
But it’s a WISER one who knows where to buy it.
I call her “My Cigarette Lady,” because I picked her up on the street.

— Belle Hop

Visitor: “Where does this lane lead to?”
Native: “Well, it’s led half of the young folks around these parts into trouble.”

— Annapolis Log

He: “I hear you bought some property in Reno.”
She: “Only ground for divorce, my dear.”

— Brown Jug

Into a chain store walked an individual much the worse for a big night out, who approached the counter, leaned over it, and whispered mysteriously:

“See me come in that door?”
“Yes.”
“Know who I am?”
“No.”
“Didja ever see me before?”
“No.”
“Then howja know it was me?”

— Log

“Did she marry the janitor?”
“Yes, he swept her off her feet.”

— P. S. Froth

A chiropractor is a man who gets paid for what any other man would get slapped for.

— Buccaneer

Mystery, brotherhood and a stein of ale! Rho Dammit Rho leads all Greeks with two hundred chapters flung from coast to coast and back again. By January, 1932, we predict a chapter for every dormitory, fraternity and boarding house in the United States and Canada. And if all goes well, there will be a national convention of old Rho Dam in the National Headquarters Pent-House atop the COLLEGE HUMOR building, Chicago, next summer. All you need is a nose for beer!

And the January issue of COLLEGE HUMOR is bursting with new features:

Columbus Comes Across
Students See Red
O. O. McIntyre
Here Lies Love
Doctor Seuss
Ad Finitum
Ad Finitum
Rah!

College Humor
1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago
SHOWS ABOUT TOWN

Allan Prior
The Charming Pair in "THE STUDENT PRINCE"
Shubert Theatre

Gertrude Lang
sketched from life as Kathie

Ethel Barrymore
in the revival of
"The School for Scandal"
Plymouth Theatre

Lois Moran graces the stage at the
"Of Thee I Sing" Majestic
PHOSPHORUS
OFFERS
A
DECEMBER
Voo Doo
“Askin’ me to play a charity game, with a wife and two kids of my own to support.”
INDEX TO HONORARY SOCIETIES AT TECH

Osiris. Undoubtedly the best looking charm — suitable for a keepsake present.

Walker Club. Your guess is as good as anybody else’s as to what this is or what it does.

Beaver Club. Makes initiates give annual banquet along with smutty play. Perhaps throws a dance (or rather a brawl).

Quadrangle Club. Training for sophomore politicians who try to get all their little snubby-nose freshmen elected.

Tau Beta Pi. Iron-clad rule that no one below the upper 25,000 per cent of the senior class can be elected, regardless of color, creed or activity. Fifty dollars initiation fee to support families of national officers.

Pi Delta Epsilon. So far impotent but now stirring around.

Scroll, Stylus, Grogo, and Woop Garoo. Admittedly do nothing but election signifies a good worker. Spends profits if any for social gatherings.

Masque. Only a false face now with The Tech Show gone the way of other formerly good Technology institutions.

Hexalpha. This isn’t worth mentioning and so we shouldn’t have printed the name.

Frieze and Cornice. Prominent course IV Students as course IV Students see them.


Scabbard and Blade. The boys who make the innocent freshmen suffer. Not bad fellows as long as you don’t get a knife in the back.

Beaver Key. Such cute rain hats. Give durn good dances along with basketball games at six bits a head.

Baton. Does too much work to be a real honest-to-God honorary society.

PROFESSOR ARMSTRONG TELLS A BEDTIME STORY

“Climb up here on my lap, Jasper, and I’ll tell you all about ‘Little Red Ridinghood.’ Once upon a time — ‘time,’ did I say? That reminds me. When I was assistant cashier at the Third National Bank, Moomft, Indiana, I sure had some exciting times. One day the President comes to me with a check for ten thousand dollars, at the same time pointing to an old one-eyed guy back by the Teller’s cage. I always have been rather wary of one-eyed people — ever since Aunt Matilda lost an orb while trying to see the point on a needle. She was a great one, was Aunt Matilda — dressed in black for years after her Samonian Canary died. You see, the canary was brought to her by a sailor who had a soft spot in his heart for nice old ladies, and she took right good care of it for that reason. Then one day — but I’m getting off my subject. I looked over at the one-eyed guy and you can imagine my surprise at discovering he had a revolver, and it was pointed at me! It was a Colt .38. I recognized its type right off, because once when I was teaching at a country school in Thrimpht, Pennsylvania, one of my old cronies, the town lawyer, comes to me and says, ‘You ain’t got no contract to teach school here!’ — And just as he said that we heard a shot — But anyway, the President is all shaky and he says to me, ‘What’ll we do?’ — That was just the way he put it — ‘What’ll we do?’ — without saying anything else. It took some quick thinking all right. Once before when a local company sent in a bum check right before closing time I had to decide at the risk of my job whether to throw it out or carry it until morning, and just as I was about to make my decision — There’s nine o’clock. It’s bedtime now, Jasper, goodnight.
A MUSING

Ten thousand times I've pondered,
And ten thousand times in vain.
Why every time I have a date
It always starts to rain.

Did you ever stop to notice
Why is a purple cow?
Corinthian pillars aren't so soft,
But who cares about them now?

A jug of wine, a padded cell and thou
Twice two is four and twice four eight,
But let us tap another keg,
And fiddle briskly on the gate.

"No more dates with Delta for me."
"Why, what's wrong with the little increment?"
"Oh, she changed her coefficients and now she
takes too long to approach her limit."

"You Forgot Your Glove," themed a burly
soph as he politely removed that article from a
freshman's digits.

Add to Beacon Hill Aristocracy: The bootlegger
who had a stag rampant on a field of corn for a
coat of arms.

"Whaddaya say, Yes or No?"
“That girl of yours has some nice curves.”
“Yeah, and I’m what she calls her asymptotic boy-friend.”

“May I help myself first?” said the burglar as the policeman surprised him at the safe.

SHADES OF WELLESLEY AT “SHADOWLAND”

“Well, this is a break, imagine meeting a girl like you in a place like this.”
“Yeah?”
“Do you come here often?”
“Yeah.”
“That’s a swell dress you’re wearing, I think you are the best dressed girl here.”
“Yeah.”
“Thanks for the dance, it was good.”
“Yeah.”
“Cheese, Mame, ya can’t talk to dese college guys can ya?”

About the only things we cannot find in Hudson’s Manual are a recipe for home brew and some good telephone numbers.

Pathetic figures — the only Phi Bete who wasn’t elected to the Walker Club.
"Whaddaya mean calling me a Beaver?"
"Isn't that thing on your upper lip the pledge insignia?"

How is the freshman getting along who broke his neck trying to look sidewise at a descriptive geometry sheet?

THE FRATERNITY DANCE
(By one who has never been)

Low lights . . . beautiful women . . . gracefully floating about the floor with the most beautiful creation in the school . . . whole bevies of them about the floor . . . gentle politesse . . . cordial hospitality . . . warm good fellowship . . . gentle harmony of the most expensive orchestra in the town . . . the thrill of HER presence during the intermission . . . murmured conversation . . . exotic and charming fragrance of silken gowns . . . beautiful and original decorations . . . nectar-like punch and the dainty titbits which accompany it . . . total exclusiveness of the affair . . . the sense of being somebody . . . the ride home . . . the lingering good-night kiss . . . the pleasant memories.

(By one who knows)

The apparent lack of any decent women to dance with . . . nightmarish and feverish blaring of the fifteen dollar a night band . . . the horrible efforts of the Wellesley freshman to get in step . . . crash . . . damn these drunks anyway . . . failure to find any of the hosts . . . the near brawl with a drunken classmate . . . you never did like that sap, anyway . . . the scowls of anger as you cut . . . sickening taste imparted to the punch by the attempts of some misguided soul to spike it with twice as much alky . . . futile efforts of the dead soldiers to be decorative . . . utter lack of other decorations . . . the weak-kneed door committee . . . vain attempts to find the girl you brought . . . the screaming females during the intermission where there is no music to hide the noise . . . the soggy macaroons . . . loud talk and louder laughter . . . disgusting spectacle of "red hot youth" . . . cold nods from one or two casual acquaintances . . . that misfit feeling . . . damn the drunks, again . . . the fight on the way back to her house as she attempts to explain why she disappeared for the hour during and after the intermezzo . . . the chill farewell and the "If I ever see you again, young lady!" feeling . . . the hang-over next morning.

"What if I did join the Crusaders — I'm not gunna run around all my life."
FRATERNITY NURSERY RHYMES

Radio, our console grand,
Plays as loud as any band.
Records and dynamic speaker
Help to wake the casual sleeper.

Bell, our telephone receiver,
Rings again when e’er you leave her.
In the booth there all alone.
She gets lonesome for a phone.

Morning Glory, our new clock,
Wakes us up with such a shock
We all turn over in our beds,
And pull the covers o’er our heads.

Jack and Jill went up to Bill’s
To get a quart of gin.
Now Jack got drunk, and lost his lunch,
So somebody else had to take Jill home.

Deke: “I hear you boys have a chattel mortgage on the dorm at 143 St. Paul Street.”
Delt: “Cattle hell, they’re damn smooth babes.”

‘35: “What’s it all about, just what do they do out at Wellesley on Spring Day?”
‘32: “Oh, nothing much, merely make hoopy.”

And then there was the Tau Beta Pi initiate who broke his pledge because he didn’t like the bunch.

“That’s one of your father when he was at Tech.”
“Looks like a damn Brownbagger, I’d say.”

The engineer is supposed to be trained in logic and Voo Doo, therefore, submits this as a test.
Major premise: There is honor among thieves.
Minor premise: There are honor societies at Tech.
Figure it out for yourself! For the first ten correct answers Voo Doo will give two hexagonal collar buttons.
McHugh dopes out a way to beat Fitch at squash
Boy: “We had a tough time with the fellow who drank the pint of straight alkali.”
Babe: “Did he pass out?”
Boy: “Hell, no, he’s a Delt!”

Mary had a little slam,
Her trumps were eight in number.
It would have been a pipe to make,
But her father was a plumber.

AT THE I. F. C. DANCE
Northern Steady: “Don’t you like this ballroom better than the one at the Bradford?”
Southern Unsteady: “You’re right, girl. I wouldn’t give a Continental for that place.”

The orchestra was playing softly, the lights were low and he took the opportunity to draw his arm about her a bit more tightly.
She (involuntarily): “Ow!”
He: “I beg your pardon.”
She: “It’s a pleasure, I assure you.”

“Have you repaired the wing?”
“Yes, sir, you can bank on it now.”

Winning Crap Shooter: “Baby needs a new pair of shoes.”
Losing One: “If you don’t shut up I’ll give you a boot.”

Then there was the investor who bought stock on the Curb and the next morning found it in the gutter.

Any engineer can put an arrow through a doughnut, but it takes a member of the clergy to figure out how to put his head through one of those collars.

Town Council: “We would like you to become our Judge of the Supreme Court.”
Prospect: “O. K., buy me.”
MANAGING BOARD OF MIT VOODOO

JAMES E. HARPER, JR.
General Manager

FRANCIS S. CHAMBERS, JR.
Business Manager

DUKE SELIG, JR.
Advertising Manager

PIERRE S. duPONT, III
Treasurer

D. MALCOLM FLEMING
Publicity Manager

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
KILBY Y. SAINT
STUART T. MARTIN
ROBERT M. BUCKER

BUSINESS ASSOCIATES
ARTHUR GREENBLATT
CHARLES C. BELL
ALLISON R. DORMAN

WINCHELL REESE
DANIEL HAVENS
THOMAS H. ANDERSON, JR.
WALTER TEAGUE

LOUIS P. HOLLADAY, III
WILLIAM H. MILLS
JOHN B. DUNNING
HARRY E. HILDREITH
A CHANCE—LET'S TAKE IT

We had almost given up hope and were prepared to resign ourselves to the ranks of the unfortunates who have nothing more to remember of Tech than four long years of grind and study, when lo and behold, the Institute Committee votes to reinstate the Tech Circus! A Circus is not a spontaneous occasion of carousal and cahooting that can be classed with a Rowbottom and an old-fashioned Tech Riot as one of the undesirable parts of undergraduate life, but is a predetermined, organized evening of carnival and fun which every Tech man should enjoy. The old rampant exuberance which marked the Tech Riots, driving fear into the minds of the neighbors and terror into the hearts of the Cambridge police force, is neither desirable nor expected. But the minds of the authorities should rest easy on this point. An undergraduate body that will stand by without a murmur as Tech Show goes by the boards and will allow Field Day to degenerate into a sports competition could not frighten a fly, let alone a Cambridge policeman. The question is: have the students enough ambition and energy to put over a good Circus or will they allow this opportunity for fun and frolic, the long sought for chance to get away from 6.40 and 2.20 and Wellesley and Emerson, to slip through their fingers. By the cooperation of every fraternity, activity, and individual this Circus can be made the one bright spot to be remembered of Tech life, something to tell your children about and something to boast about to your friends without having them think you a damn fool. The task is a difficult one, of being jolly without folly, of revel without riot, and of enjoying oneself without destroying oneself.

It can be done, and Phosphorus is heartily in favor of the Circus.
"Young man, I do not see any mistletoe."
"Why should you? It's two weeks before Christmas."

When the sophomore's nearly a junior
The Beaver Club holds a confab;
Tho' it's really a smoker at which they play poker
The members attempt a wild stab
At choosing the men to succeed them
As members of that famous clan;
So they take an old hat and pull names out of that
And make Joe Zilch a Beaver Club man.

* * *

When the junior is nearly a senior
And Walker Club's outlook is drear,
They pick on some Babbitts with lady-like habits
To come to the meeting next year;
"And what do they do in between-times?"
You ask me; and I must confess:
With a charm on each vest they proceed on the quest
Of innocent frosh to impress.

THE CORPORATION'S NIGHTMARE

There is a certain part of Tech
That doesn't look alive,
It lacks the pleasing finish of
The buildings on the Drive —
And that's the crude unfinished wall
Of Building No. 5.

Now how about this little plan —
Let's let the barren space
Be used by advertisers to
Persuade the populace
To buy whatever junk they make —
From liver pills to lace.

"McGookum's lotion, Jones' soap,
Or Carter's Little Pills;
Use lots of Sloan's to ease your bones
And cure you of your ills;
And Pinkham's compounds, Zilch's salve
For fever, aches, or chills!

* * *

If advertisers like this plan
And want to get behind it,
They'll use the wall and not The Tech
— The newsies shouldn't mind it —
For then they'll have some room for news,
That is, if they can find it.

Oscar: "Cripes, I shoulda brought my own dice."
A Sock on the Dome

Don’t waste your time at Wellesley
The dying mother said;
And don’t spend dough on Radcliffe babes,
They’ll put you in the red.
Please stay away from Emerson
When you’re on pleasure bent;
But rather than at Wheelock school
I’d see you at the Tent.

One He: “Don’t drink any more of that. You have this next dance with your roommate’s sister.”
Other He: “I know it — one more drink and I can stand it.”

He (having his advances resisted not very vigorously): “I am determined to kiss you.”
She: “Well, more power to you.”
"Seen a collar button anywhere, Mister?"

That method of rubber stamping the boys' hands at the Interfraternity dance instead of having to pass out checks must have really been tattooing, as it won't wash off. Oh, well, if it lasts until the next dance, it will be a free affair.

Come to recollect it, however, the stamp which had "O. K., Course X" and then the prof's initials, was swiped about twelve o'clock and it is alleged that some Harvard men thereby got in. We are ashamed to admit that having such a good time we did not notice the presence of such inferiors. The only Greek that complained about the stamp having Course X on it was a slightly inebriated architect who, almost in tears, said, "Dammit, it's not O. K.; I am a creative man in architecture — Course IV — and not a dirty smelly chemical engineer."

On matters of ethereal ilk
We're most superbly hepped;
We cannot stoop to earthly milk,
To higher climes we've stepped.

For we are Course VIII men, you see;
Observe our upturned faces.
We'll spend our lives defining "g"
To sixteen decimal places.

SONG FOR MODERN KIDDIES

We rather like the new doll,
We love its subtle sneer;
Our "oh yeah" and "sez you" doll
Has such a wicked leer;
So take away your old dolls,
The never over-bold dolls,
The do-as-you-are-told dolls
Are toys of yesteryear.

When daddy's bed-time stories
Become a trifle stale
With oft repeated glories
He won at dear old Yale,
No longer will they bore us,
Our dolls will answer for us!
With one sarcastic chorus
In one derisive wail.

There are too many staid dolls
Who only say "mamma";
Decorous Mauve Decade dolls
Who cry or squeak "hurrah";
Give us a peppy plaything!
A cynical blase thing,
Whose repartee is scathing
With "sez you" and "oh yeah."

Oscar says: "I like this better than the Grill Room, don't you, Bernoulli?"
“Is this Mr. Burr?”
“Yes.”
“Were you at the meeting of the Institute Committee on Thursday, December 3?”
“I was not.”
“Did you make a speech about reviving the circus?”
“I did not.”
“Where did you get your information about the attitude of the authorities toward a circus?”
“I didn’t get any.”
“You are very much in favor of a circus, are you not?”
“No.”
“And that, dear children, is how the Tech reporter got his information for the astounding article about the reinstation of the Tech Circus.”

The Voo Doo artist beats Walter Winchell on the draw.

Then there was the broker who was hit so hard by the crash that he was reduced to unfamiliar straits.

Now that program dances have gone out of fashion and with them the fifth and sixth extras, the girls get rid of undesirables by promising them late dates.

There is nothing new under the sun, say the sages, and the more we read the Tech, the more we believe them right.

First Salesgirl: “Can you imagine that woman telling me that I’m dumb?”
Second Salesgirl: “Remember, dearie, the customer is always right.”
No more can Voo Doo be classed as the most risque Institute publication (dammit), after that daring article about “Sewage Disposal” in The Tech Engineering News. Because this increased the sales some articles on “Science of Eugenics” and “Private Life of the Beaver” will follow.

“How are things breaking for you, Joe?”

THE DIARY OF AN EMERSON GIRL

Note:* [It is customary and essential for a girl attending above Institution to remain in the Dormitory every week-day night. However, on special occasions she may attend musicals, concerts, or serious plays.] (The brackets are mine.)

* Extract from catalogue, page 58.

November 20 — 8 p.m.— Signed out for Symphony. Goes to Esplanade, gets orchestra seat near door. Sigma Chi enters, also obtains orchestra seat. Glances exchanged. Both finally leave; nothing happens.

November 21 — Decides her jaws were working too hard to make a good impression last night. Must order something liquid. Takes one hour to eat famous Esplanade ice cream. With spoon in mouth, smiles demurely at two Sigma Chis. They flip coin which drops in coffee. Both lose heart, smoke instead.

November 22 — Three Sigma Chis enter. Sit at same table with girl. “You go to Emerson?” (Knowing damfoolwell she must.)

“Oh, yeah,” she said.

(Sigma Chis feel certain they are on the right track.) Suddenly, go-getter student enters briskly, brown bag in hand. Orders sandwich. Sees Emerson Girl. Orders another sandwich. Puts sandwiches in pocket. Picks up brown bag and Emerson Girl. Walks out!
After all, isn't it about time your parents were made acquainted with the facts of life? And we don't mean inside information on the birds and flowers, either. We mean your crying need for a car of your own this Christmas. If you agree, why not break the news now—when holiday spirits will dull the shock of facing one of life's sterner moments?

You can make the ordeal easier for them by requesting one of those shiny new Chevrolet sixes. No mortgage on the old homestead will be required to give you this car—because Chevrolet prices are among the lowest of any on the market. The fact that it costs less to operate than any other car will also help to ease the blow. And you won't lose anything yourself by suggesting a Chevrolet, as it is smart enough and fast enough to uphold successfully your reputation as one who knows how to pick 'em. So brace yourself and do your stuff. Remember, Chevrolet expects every man to do his duty.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors

NEW CHEVROLET SIX
The Great American Value for 1932

M. I. T. Voo Doo, December 14, 1931
WHERE
—on a night like this?
—Before the SHOW?
—or at MIDNIGHT?
HERE you'll find Boston's most thoroughly enjoyable dinner and supper-dance assemblies—delicious food, delightful music and good company always! Gala programs every Wednesday and Thursday evening with Leo Reisman in person, directing.
Dinners $1.50-$2-$2.50—no cover. Supper-cover $1 every night—no minimum charge.

EGYPTIAN ROOM
Hotel Brunswick
Boylston St. at Copley Sq.

THE HARVARD ATTACK
Sport-writer: "Harvard's football team certainly had a fiery attack last Saturday."
Second Scribe: "Yeah, Wood keeps it going."
— Exchange

"Pa," said little Peter, "what becomes of a football player when his eyesight begins to fail?"
"They make a referee out of him," growled his dad.
— Kitty Kat

"Is he practical?"
"Practical? Say, he uses the skeletons in his family closet for clothes-hangers."
— Mercury

Technology Chambers
8 IRVINGTON STREET :: BOSTON

Special Rates to College Students
Pleasant Rooms Congenial Atmosphere
TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM
Kenmore 8800

Advertisement from Reading (Mass.) Chronicle:
Wanted: Small apartment by couple with no children until May 1.
— Buckaneer

"Did that course in English help your boy friend any?"
"Not a bit. He still ends every sentence with a proposition."
— Froth

"The choke is on you," he chuckled to the motor as he yanked on the self-starter.
— Mercury

"Times may be hard, but the clock manufacturers still do an alarming business."
— Widow

Temperance Lecturer: "If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he drink?"
Unconverted: "The water."
T. L.: "Right. Why?"
Un.: "Because he's an ass."
— Whirlwind

M. I. T. Voo Doo, December 14, 1931
Clothes for Every Occasion

**DINNER COAT & TROUSERS, $72.00 to $80.00**
**DRESS COAT & TROUSERS, $68.00**
**DRESS WAISTCOATS $7.50 to $18.00**

Send for "Christmas Suggestions"

**BRANCHES**
**NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET**
**BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET**
**NEWPORT PALM BEACH**

“*When can I be expecting a payment on your bill?*

“Always.”

— Siren

Angry Wife: “Very well, now I have a Frigidaire — see what you can do about a mechanical stenographer.”

— Rice Owl

Charles: “Do you have to have talent to make a living writing jokes for the humorous magazines?”

James: “No, all you need is a steady income from some other source.”

— Wampus

Eloping Co-ed: “Oh, I’m afraid father will be all unstrung.”

Dumb Frosh: “That’s all right, we’ll wire him.”

— Punch Bowl

She was only a photographer’s daughter, but she sure could develop in a dark room.

— Cornell Widow

Before: “What should a girl do when she wears her step-ins out?”

Behind: “Wear them back in, if she can find them.”

— Rammer-Jammer

“One Thousand Things for Boys to Make.”

“Ah, the directory of a large girls’ school!”

— Widow
If he asks me I'll say “Yes.” It doesn’t make much difference. He’s clever and good looking. His hands are gentle. I like to feel them in my hair. I think he would treat me all right. If he doesn’t ask me, never mind — but if he does I’ll say “Yes.”

“Shampoo, madam?”
“Yes.”

— Life

Sailor: “Hurray! Hurray!”
Captain: “What are you so happy about?”
Sailor: “I’m a father again.”
Captain: “Well, what do you know about that?”

— Owl

“I don’t know how to fill out this question.”
“What is it?”
“It says, ‘Who was your mother before she was married?’ And I didn’t have any mother before she was married.”

— Whirlwind

“You’re not living at the Phi Delt house any more?”
“No, I stayed five weeks and then found out they have no bathtub.”

— Northwestern Purple Parrot

Cadet: “If we appear together too much around here, people will talk about us.”
Co-ed: “Suppose we disappear together, then.”

— V. P. I. Skipper

“It’s not nice for you to play with my niece,” said Betty Coed as she penalized her date for holding on the garter line.

— Rammer-Jammer

Woman, capable, car, ambitious, pleasing personality, open for any legitimate proposition, etc.

Tut, Tut.

— Lafayette Lyre

Come-to-grief Airman: “I was trying to make a record.”
Farmer: “Well, you’ve made it. You be the first man in these parts who climbed down a tree without having to climb up it first.”

— Black and Blue Jay
To relieve pressing times have your pressing done at

TECHNOLOGY CLOTHES SHOP
90 Massachusetts Avenue, Opposite Tech

CLEANING: PRESSING: REPAIRING
Done at reasonable rates

Hats Cleaned and Blocked
We call for and deliver Telephone, University 5706

FULL HOUSE
Mr. Poley: “I want you to insert a notice of the birth of my twins.”
Reporter: “Will you repeat that, sir?”
Mr. Poley: “Not if I know it.”

Sam: “Mah wife done hit me wid a oak leaf.”
Bill: “Whah did she find dat oak leaf, Sam?”
Sam: “Right in de middle ob de dining room table.”

— Mountain Goat

Boss: “I'm afraid you won't do.”
Steno: “Did I say I wouldn't?”

— Banter

Football Mother: “Son, you're looking fine, but what is that behind your left ear?”
Football Man: “My right one, mother.”

— Punch Bowl

Irate father (to couple): “Say, what's coming off in there?”
Son: “Nothing damn it.”

— Widow

34 (to janitor): “Go to hell!”
Shivering Roommate: “No, not there; send him where there is no heat.”

— Jack-o-Lantern

We suggest that the brick contract for the next college building be awarded to the California Vintage Co.

— Lampoon

He calls his girl Canaan, the Land of Promise.

— Widow

Our idea of the old army game is a petting party between two octopus's.

— Dirge

Boy: “Say, honey, what have you got on for tonight?”
Girl: “Nothing I couldn’t get out of for you, dear.”

— The Cornell Widow

FRANK P. SHAW
LEON A. HICKS

HICKS & SHAW, INC.
HOTELS, CLUBS, and STEAMSHIP SUPPLIES
Wholesale and Retail
Represented by J. J. McGrath

STALLS 27-31, 31-35
FANEUIL HALL MARKET
BOSTON

Telephones, Richmond 1202
1203
1204

M. I. T. Voo Doo, December 14, 1931
WHEN it comes to de-
liciousness and food
value, Planters Peanuts are
at the top of the heap. You
can't beat them for flavor or
concentrated energy.
"The Nickel Lunch."
PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY U.S.A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Voice from Passing Auto: "Engine trouble, 
Bud?"
Voice from Parked Car: "No."
Voice from P. A. "Tire down?"
Voice from P. C.: "Didn't have to."
— Tennessee Mugwump

"Why so much mail today, Mr. Postman?"
"Well, the National Correspondence School is
having a pep meeting and they've mailed each
student a bonfire."
— Punch Bowl

Jackey: "Why is it that the Jews don't go to
heaven any more?"
Ikey: "For vy?"
Jackey: "Because business has gone to hell."
— The Scream

Sergeant (at the police station): "What! you
back again?"
Frosh: "Uh, huh; any mail?"
— Punch Bowl

Prof. (after lengthy lecture): "Now is there
anything any one would like to know?"
Voice from Rear Row: "What time is it?"
— Texas Longhorn

"How do you know that man had only one
eye?"
"I counted 'em."
— The Yowl

Most sculptors are a bunch of chiselers anyhow.
— P. S. Froth

M. I. T. Voo Doo, December 14, 1931
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
6 Pearl Street 19 School Street
540 Commonwealth Avenue 437 Boylston Street
1215 Commonwealth Avenue 34 Bromfield Street
105 Causeway Street

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:
78 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge
1080 Boylston Street, Boston

She: “Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?”
He: “No, but I’ve been slapped!”
— Brown Jug

Sweet Young Thing: “I’m going to marry an architect and a gentleman.”
Villain: “You can’t; that’s bigamy.”
— Puppet

“I just met a girl who doesn’t drink, smoke, pet, or swear.”
“Please! I bet you had a tough time keeping her amused.”
“No. I asked her what she did do.”
“And?”
“She said she told lies.”
— Brown Jug

It was after the race and the owner was giving the jockey a dressing down.
“A fine jockey you are,” he said. “Didn’t I tell you distinctly to come away with a rush at the corner? Why didn’t you do so?”
“Well,” retorted the rider tartly, “you see it didn’t seem quite fair to leave the horse behind.”
— London Opinion

Doris: “I wouldn’t let him kiss me for a minute.”
May: “No. It’d hardly be worthwhile — for a minute.”
— Punch Bowl

Never turn your back on a mule — he’ll get you in the end.
— Medley
**NEW Hotel Bradford**

**CASCADE ROOF**

**BOSTON'S MOST ENJOYABLE DOWN-TOWN DANCE ASSEMBLIES**

Before the show—or at midnight—gather 'round the Fountain of Diana! Here in Boston's loftiest, most interesting dining room, you'll find Boston's most enjoyable down-town dinner and supper-dance assemblies.

- LUNCHEON by sunlight here, 65c-85c—skyline view of city and harbor! DINNERS $1.50-$2-$2.50—no couvert! Supper-couvert $1 every night—no minimum charge.

DANCING 6:30-2 A.M. • • • FREE PARKING

**LEO REISMAN'S HOTEL BRADFORD ORCHESTRA**

Tremont Street, near all Theatres

L. C. PRIOR MANAGEMENT

---

**Hinds Laundry Co.**

"Try the Sweet and Clean Ivory Way"

50-60 WASHINGTON STREET

BROOKLINE

Special Student Prices and Service

TELEPHONE, REGENT 6187

---

**SPECIAL RATE TO TECH MEN**

**Governor Square Garage Co.**

642 BEACON STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

24 Hour Complete Service

George B. Harvey
Manager

Commonwealth 0550

---

"Sir, I'm engaged!"
The girl did wheeze;
"When you squeeze my waist
You waste your squeeze."

— Widow

Nit: "Do you work in the shirt factory?"
Wit: "Yes."
Nit: "Why aren't you working today?"
Wit: "We are making nightshirts this week."

— Washington State Cougar's Paw

Don't walk, Marge . . . he got you drunk; make him drag you."

— Mercury

An English manufacturer of motor car tires was the guest at a gathering of business men. In response to a toast he said:
"I have no desire or intention to inflict upon you a long speech, for it is well known in our trade that the longer the spoke, the bigger the tire."

— Monitor

She: "You've broken my heart."
Trackman: "You've broken my training."

— Frivol

Golfer (to member ahead): "Pardon, but would you mind if I played through? I've just heard that my wife has been taken seriously ill!"

— Dublin Opinion

M. I. T. Voo Doo, December 14, 1931
If so, we have made a special arrangement with

for your special benefit

Santa is furnishing a beautiful Christmas Card free gratis for nothing, sent anywhere you like.

Phosphorus furnishes SIX ISSUES of

Voo Doo

for just ($1.00) one dollar to go with it.

DO IT NOW!

Only (9) Nine Shopping Days Before Christmas
## Christmas Suggestions

**TECHNOLOGY PLATES**
Twelve plates to the set in blue or mulberry

The following articles furnished with TECHNOLOGY SEALS

- BOOK ENDS
- PAPER KNIVES
- BRACELETS
- PLAQUES

**MILITARY BRUSHES**

- RINGs
- LOCKETS
- PENDANTS
- ASH TRAYS

- VANITY CASES

**RUMIDORS**

- HUMIDORS
- CAMERAS
- LIGHTERS
- NECKTIES
- GLOVES
- HOSIERY
- DESK LAMPS
- SHIRTS
- BELT SETS

- GLADSTONE BAGS
- FOUNTAIN PENS
- TELECHRON CLOCKS

We will wrap your purchase in an attractive Christmas Gift package
This service is for merchandise purchased in this store only

---

“She’s called Radio Station.”
“Why?”
“Because anyone can pick her up — especially late at night.”

— West Pointer

Gus Burp says: “Then there is the girl who said she would not go to hear the lecture on appendicitis because she was tired of organ recitals.”

— Dirge

— Lampoon

We hasten to point out that while every man has his wife, only the iceman has his pick.

— Mountain Goat

Father: “Why do you have dates with that girl?”
Son: “Because I want to.”
Father (suspiciously): “Want to what?”

City Girl: “And I suppose at dusk, when the sun is stealing over the Rockies in purple splendor, you cowboys are huddled around the camp-fire broiling venison and listening to the weird, eerie, unnatural howling of the coyotes.”

Rattlesnake Gus: “Well, ma’am, not ezzackly, ma’am. Usually we go inside and listen to Amos ’n Andy.”

— Pitt Panther
PERFECTLY DUCKEY!

Co-ed (looking at pretty pictures): “Isn’t that a conning tower on that submarine?”

Worse: “Yeh, it is rather cute, isn’t it?”

— Wittenburg Witt

Father (going over son’s expense account):

“What is this thirty dollars for?”

Son: “Oh, that’s for a couple of tennis rackets I bought.”

Father: “H’m, in my day we called them bats.”

— Punch Bowl

“That fellow on the varsity crew must be crazy.”

“Well, he bumped his head on the side of the boat and has been ‘shell shocked’ ever since.”

— P. S. Froth

Gunnery Officer: “See that man on that bridge over there three miles away?”

Gunner: “Yes, sir.”

Officer: “Let him have a couple of 75’s in the eye.”

Gunner: “Which eye, sir?”

— Army and Navy Journal

She: “Isn’t the moon beautiful tonight?”

He: “I don’t know. I’m not in a position to see.”

— Royal Gaboon

“Stop! Please don’t do that, dear. Stop! Do you hear me? Stop!”

“What do you think you’re doing, writing a telegram?”

— Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

mellows your smoke... no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh “bite.” And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food. Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped “Drinkless.” Smooth $3.50, Thorn $4.

(Above, No. 54, with the new Ambera mouthpiece and Synchro-Stem.)

Here’s how it cools your smoke

In the modern refrigerator condensation causes cooling. In the new Drinkless Kaywoodie the secret alloy causes condensation and cool smoke.

And for cigarette smokers: New Tobacco Yello holder

© 1931, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City

M. L. T. Voo Doo, December 14, 1931
BUCK AND DOE RUN VALLEY FARMS
OPERATED BY

THE SAINT AMOUR COMPANY
MORTONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Record of Winnings at Eastern States Exposition, 1931

HAMPShire SHEEP

First Yearling Ram
First and Second Ram Lamb
Champion Ram
First Pen Three Ram Lambs

First and Second Yearling Ewe
First and Second Ewe Lamb
Champion Ewe (Association Special), also at Columbus, Ohio
First Pen Three Ewe Lambs

First Breeders Flock
First Young Flock
Breeders Trophy

THE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Larry: “Well, old Sock, how about pulling a joke for the dear reader?”
Harry: “Aw, whasa use? The one they want we can’t print, an’ the ones we can print they don’t want.”

— California Wampus

Junkman: “Any rags, paper or old iron?”
Student (simply): “I am a college man.”
Junkman: “My mistake — any bottles?”

— Bison

Advice to sailors in the South Seas — when out with hula dancers, keep off the grass.

— Owl

“Daddy, who do policemen shoot at?”
“Mostly at random, my son.”

— Juggler

Marriage, my children, is a public avowal of a strictly private intention.

— Beanpot

Then there’s the one about the Scotchman who was so tight he couldn’t get home.

— Kitty Kat
The
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE
OF TECHNOLOGY
CAMBRIDGE

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

- Aeronautical Engineering
- Architectural Engineering
- Biology and Public Health
- Building Construction
- Business and Engineering Administration
- Chemical Engineering
- Chemical Engineering Practice
- Chemistry
- Civil Engineering
- Electrical Engineering
- Electrochemical Engineering
- General Science
- General Engineering
- Geology
- Industrial Biology
- Mathematics
- Mechanical Engineering
- Metallurgy
- Military Engineering
- Mining Engineering
- Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering
- Physics
- Public Health Engineering
- Sanitary Engineering
- Ship Operation

The Course in Architecture is of five years’ duration, and leads to the degree of Bachelor in Architecture. A five-year Co-operative Course in Electrical Engineering leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science and Master of Science is 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 Co-operative 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.

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 BULLETIN

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS
"I protect my voice with LUCKIES"

"It's that delightful taste after a cup of coffee that makes Luckies a hit with me. And naturally I protect my voice with Luckies. No harsh irritants for me... I reach for a Lucky instead. Congratulations on your improved Cellophane wrapper. I can open it."

Who can forget Edmund Lowe as "Sergeant Quirt" in "What Price Glory?" That mighty role made Eddie famous in filmland—and he's more than held his own in a long line of talkie triumphs. We hope you saw him in the "Spider." And be sure to see him in the Fox thriller, "The Cisco Kid."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

COPYRIGHT, 1931, THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.