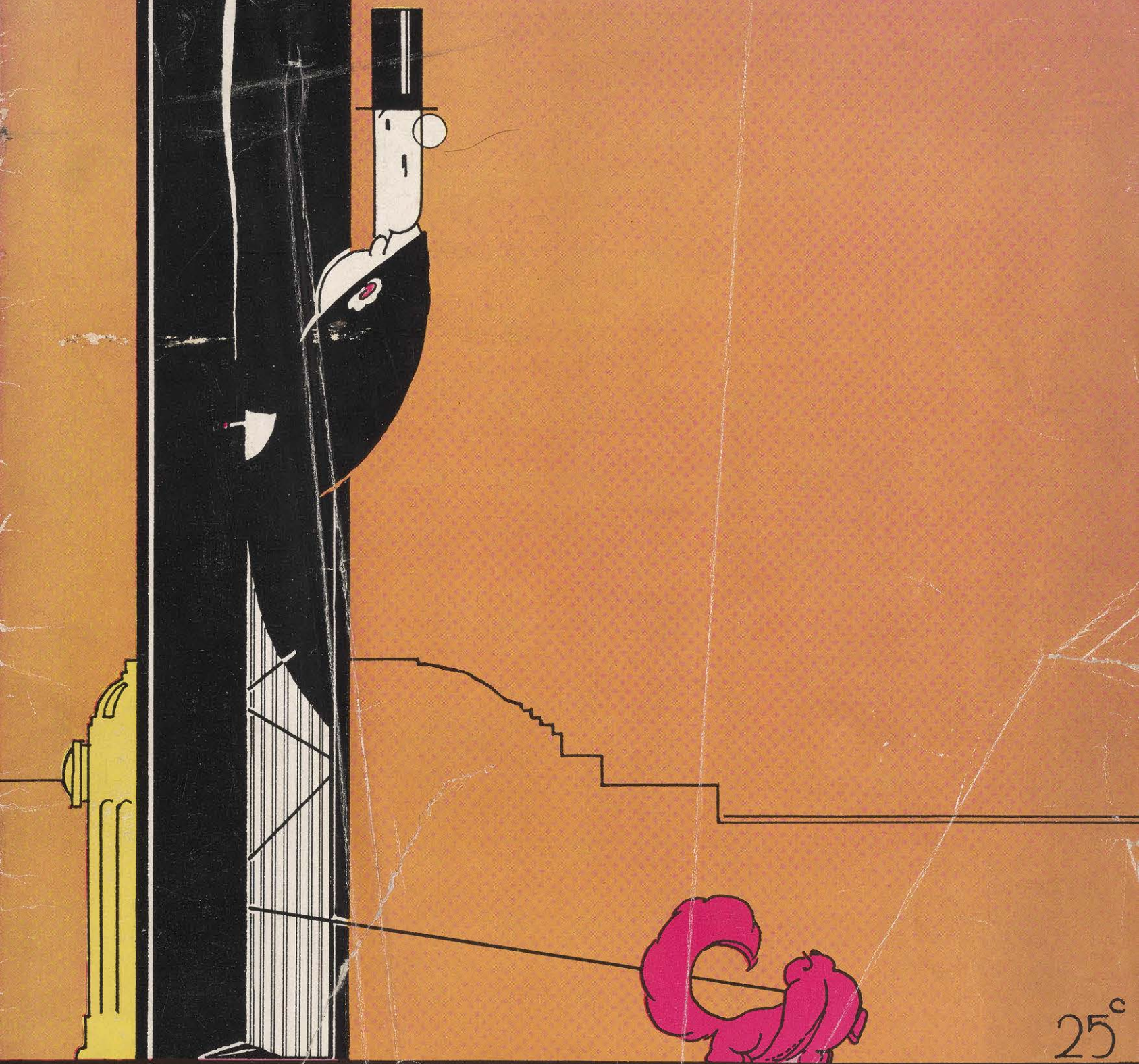


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VANITY FAIR



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Monday, June 8:

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Tuesday, June 9:

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---

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— Juggler

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— Juggler

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"Wasn't it though? And when she threw the axe at me I thought I'd split."

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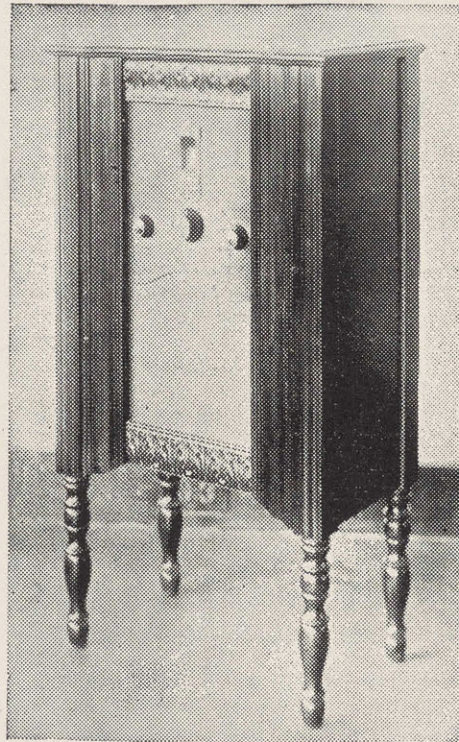
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HAL PHYFE

## Beatrice Lillie

The clever comedienne who returns to Boston in "The Third Little Show," the current play at the Wilbur



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## Dean Harold E. Lobdell

■ To Tech men he is the best of lobbies, not barring the Senate, the Copley, or the Elks. The chin was depressed by constant hammering on the part of the sensible undergrads when he was General Manager of *The Tech*. The squinting left eye is not an indication of Chinese descent, but rather the natural result of continuous winking at the pranks of the Tech boys. His roly-poly figure does not mean an excessive indulgence in beer parties, for there is a law against that, and Lobby would never help break down a law, preferring to lay it down. He's a good scout and smokes cigars, but when he offers you one don't save the wrappers, the Roebling Company doesn't give premiums



## M I T V O O D O O

## The farce that launched a thousand drips

BY A. CLOSELYN

■ It all starts with the preferential system. Maybe you don't know it, but you now vote by preference (if you vote at all) instead of voting because you want a particular man in office. It has its advantages, however. For instance, it accentuates the chance that you and I have of becoming president. In fact, almost anybody can be president, right or wrong, under this system; and in reality, almost anybody is president. Now right here is the place where we see something big come of this system; a thought that should go to immortality. Imagine the high glee of the common people when they discover some day that every one on the ballot is a third choice. Just imagine! But why should we allow a common anybody to assume the responsibility of the gruelling hours posing for the staff photographers of the publications, and the near insanity of wondering, wondering, wondering of what it is all about? Why should we let true ability as a poser and wonderer go hidden under a bushel, while some usurper occupies the swivel chair of the do-nothings? Why shouldn't we? And tell me another — why should another fraternity have the privilege of saying to the rushees, "There's J. K. Gazabous, the president of the Class of '38."? Passin' us broccoli for spinach, I say.

Now about the real faults. There is the matter of electioneering. Nowhere can a man put himself in the public eye without making himself conspicuous because of the ban of the Institute Committee. Why is it we can't have a little honest-to-goodness soap-box-on-the-corner electioneering? Maybe we'd get to know some of the men we vote for. Maybe we wouldn't vote for them in that case. Maybe we'd have a little excitement, too. Think of having the fun of a real good election-day parade with fireworks on the Coop field and speeches in the Great Court; banquets on the organization's money, and cigars and noises dear to the hearts of all would-be politicians. Think of the joys we are missing in the masterpieces of oratorical rhetoric which go unsaid — "and if elected —." Think of the glorious promises and proclamations of ambitions which go unmade in this ban on electioneering. Instead of this we have the well-known whispering campaigns which make the national whisperers look like amateurs. The whispering baritones and whiskeying tenors who have put men and men into office but must themselves remain modestly in the background, having been born to blush unseen. Achievement unrewarded!

■ And grafting — is there no one who will help us? No succor? It rends my heart strings to think of

the way in which we fail at this all-important activity. By the way, try rending a heart-string sometime, if you're ambitious enough. But about this graft business. Take Tammany, for instance. Now there's an organization that knows the art of grafting in its higher applications (view the city of New York). But what about us? Do we graft? You bet your life we do. Do we do it properly? Ask yourself this simple question and see how simple an answer you get. It will surprise you; I'm sure it surprises the committees. Instead of making a *real* graft out of it, what do our big shots do? Let the fraternity brothers in to the dances, free, in return for the loan of women and liquor. What do the dance committees do? One of them, a typical example (drop around for proof sometime and see if you can get it from me) reports a mere deficit of fifty dollars when rumor placed the profit at two hundred. Why a Tammany cop, let alone the magistrates, would hide his head in shame at the paltriness of such pursuits. Fie on us!

■ And another thing. How about this matter of political reform which we neglect? If someone would only estimate it, I would have statistics to show that bigger, better, and juicier graft can be gotten out of one good political

(Continued on page 22)



# Society lexicon

BY JOHN COLLARAD

## THE JUNIOR PROM

■ The biggest and likewise the most expensive event of the winter season. The price of attendance is always attended by much griping, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of molars, but is paid, generally at the last minute. There is always successful entertainment and intoxication. The Prom Girl is worth the price of admission to dance with, anyway. The committee aims to please. The new telephone numbers are a point in its favor, but here it fails to measure up to the Fraternity brawl.

## FRATERNITY BRAWL

■ Gin, broads, and Sweet Adeline, by Tech's best drinkers; unbeaten or equaled, or likely to be equaled any time, where, and how. Good music is furnished for those who can hear it, and the other fellow's woman to dance with. He's probably upstairs with yours, anyway. The main drinking takes place on the second floor with alcohol, gin, Scotch, rye, bacardi, and corn. The only lights in the house are here, so minor and major repairs are performed with the assistance of the inebriated brethren. As for the third floor, everyone knows what comes to pass there. The girls give name, telephone number, address and demonstration without request.

## DATE

■ A date is the direct result of a brawl, and vice versa. The victim can generally remember the name, but can't remember at all what she looks like. Consoles himself by thinking that he wouldn't have dated her up unless she was the nuts. Then immediately decides that if she was anything startling he would have remembered her anyway. After asking around the house he gets the dirt on her from one of the Seniors. The next step is phoning and making the final arrangements and at the same time finding out how she reacts to the line. Then the time and place are arranged. Followed by an anxious period of gathering all known rumors as to her reputation, drinking capacity, and turpitude.

## THE LINE

■ The line is the only literary and psychological effort of the Tech man during his whole course. It receives more attention than his thesis. It must be kept up to date, smooth, easy, and delivered without effort. It must ripple off the tongue of the liar without a catch or flaw. It must be versatile to fit any woman, and flexible for every situation. These days it is better to have no line at all rather than a poor one because the babes know all the answers. If the line is

**Our social glossator clarifies a number of terms, comprehensible until now only to the initiate Four Million**

risque, it must be easy and delivered with nonchalance. Otherwise the effect is apt to be a betrayal of naivete and total lack of success results. Flattery must be subtle and indirect, it is appreciated much more. Never discount a woman's ability to catch flattery, slams, wisecracks, and double meanings. You'd be surprised.

## THE WOMAN, BABE, GINCH, ETC.

■ There are several types of babes but they are basically the same. However, there are a few distinctions. Specific heat of brunettes is placed higher than that of blondes. Blondes depend on their line to get by for the most part, while brunettes carry S. A. in each hand and passion in, well, in their whole personality. I'm talking about naturals, not the bottle type. As for redheads, you know what they say about a red chimney. They all know as well as you do that you're handing them a line and what you are after. If you are good you'll get it. They believe in rewarding merit. Besides they like it.





■ Specimen of Homo Sapiens, or just plain sapiens, as you prefer. This is a picture of the high Muck of Mucky-muck waiting for his trusted board of voters. The voters will sit around the table and vote. Maybe he will vote, too. They all vote on affairs of the Institutè. When the Institutè is short of affairs, such as right after exams, they will vote on the students. They are much better voting on this subject than on any other, because they have had so much practice. There seems to be something very inspiring about a student which makes him excellent voting material. At any rate they never vote so well as when they vote by students. The students don't like to be voted by, for the same reason Nell doesn't like to be done wrong by. When these mucky-mucks are done voting they have to wait a whole half year before there are enough students to be voted by again. Some day they will run out of students and have to vote on themselves, all of which is the quicker the better.

## Banny of the Beaver Board



# The Theatre • by Carrie D. (Dry) Nashion

■ With the omission of the actualities that the Tech Show for 1931 included, there was at least one in every department who had long since experienced undergraduate days and nights (though to be sure they still retained their undergraduate minds), makeup men, an orchestra leader, a director, and sundry other deficiencies who would be even worse flops if asked to differentiate a constant; music which smacked disgracefully of familiarity, and a leading lady to whom the faculty had already given their final vote. "Technicalities" was most uniquely a wholly undergraduate production.

Of the more or less, and mostly more, striking difficulties of this ultradifferent offering, the nose quite rightly is first offended by the skits. Those who sign the checks, have their names on the letterheads, and otherwise pretend to be the essence of Tech Show, displayed most astoundingly infinitesimal memories by permitting that fuzzy-haired self publicist and that disjointed witty blonde who first exhibited their peculiarly negative talents in "Snobberies of 1930" to again commit their gruesome indiscretions, and the script for "Technicalities" was the result. If both, at the time of their conceptions, were not victims of that hangover taste which they were able so faithfully to reproduce in their audiences, my sense of proportion is outraged.

The hilarious lack of point and wishy-washy attempt at humor which marked the smokehousey skits had its advantages, however. With such an arrangement those in the do were able to drop off or tack on any number of lines at any point without altering any effect. There is no reason though for the frequent muddleheaded abuse of this privilege. Take for example changing the lines about "the dumb guy who thought a panhandler was an interne in the hospital" to a version which dealt with an interne who thought that a panhandler was a dumb guy. It



must have been an oversight that the Robinson Crusoe crack "call me Friday" was not rendered, "awaken me Friday."

■ The acting was in the same boat. The radio announcer raved as only a confirmed somnambulist would be able. The pair, the squirty Abyssinian cannibal Friday and the author-actor Robinson Crusoe Paul Revere drink of water, and the ex-Tech leading lady at times almost approached the finer points of histrionic possibilities, the latter seeming surprisingly at home next

to ladies' underclothing. The one hopeful characteristic which might be redeeming enough to keep the entire cast from being nominated for oblivion is their conclusion of each evening round the corner at the State Ballroom.

From the censorship standpoint, the diary of "Technicalities" is jerk, dejerk, and rejerck. Mt. Holyoke banned a filler in which last year's snob frothed a lot of hokum and piffle about the prohibition situation and which contained its disgusting element his pornographic belch. The eminent mogul of the Show deleted the remark "you smell like a nigger — through your nose" when one of the show jokers used it to play him for fish and one actor adamantly declined to utter the words "neck" and "spit" in the same sentence because they reminded him of Boston girls' schools.

The chorus might well be overlooked even though it would be asking too much to forget it. It was probably insanity to expect that someone in that undergraduate organization might have had at least a sufficiently aesthetic enough sense to select a group of chorines who were either knock-kneed or bow-legged and not a heterogeneous conglomeration of both. Other delicate effects were achieved in both the anemic grins (just a giggle-oh) of these fairies and in the transit mixer vibration

(Continued on page 22)





STRAND

## HER PRESS AGENT SAYS:

■ She is of Italian descent, twenty years old, and lives in Connecticut . . . most beautiful girl on the American stage . . . different from other girls . . . has a sense of refinement . . . she is highly cultured and well read . . . speaks two languages besides smatterings of German and French . . . she is a girl of rare charm and personality . . . truly a "very nice girl."

She has been in burlesque for several seasons . . . personality plus, *plus*, PLUS . . . has had many flattering offers to enter musical comedies and even a proposition from a movie producer . . . she is not married . . . dresses modestly and tastefully.

Among the students she has found gentlemen . . . has received many invitations and accepted some . . . found them all young men . . . her address is Hartford and New York.

## Anne Corio

Burlesque queen who has recently completed a full season's engagement at the incomparable OLD HOWARD



# News that are news

BY COREY HILL

■ Possibly one of the few things which the engineers at our great and noble experiment in Technology have failed to do, is to turn out a real scandal sheet which may vie with the *New York Graphic*. Instead of taking advantage of some of the opportunities for mudslinging which present themselves, the staff of our tri-weekly contents itself with the present insipid conglomeration of feature and sports stories which go by the name of news around the headquarters of the *Tech*. Never a line do we see about the scandalous proceedings in the East Lounge of Walker on the night of the Junior Prom; never a line about what really happened at the last Dorm Dance; never a line about the dirt on the expenditures of the A. A. Instead we find something to the effect that the chess team has scored a notable victory over Tufts or that visitors are welcome on Open House Day. Not even a good hot electioneering scandal can deter them from their resolve to give us all the news, the whole news, and nothing but the news.

The other day I had the opportunity to read an issue of the *Tech*, mainly because the classes are becoming increasingly tedious with the coming of spring, and there are no convenient distractions (if you aren't in one of the classrooms facing on the court so you can watch

the lawn mower). Now speaking of distractions, it would be a swell idea by me if the Institute would install just a few distractions. For instance, a couple of good looking co-eds in each room to sit around during classes and do nothing but distract. However, let me see. Ah yes, I was having the opportunity to read an issue of the *Tech*, wasn't I? Well, you can imagine my disgust, upon opening the sheet, to find that visitors were welcome on Open House Day (apparently I had an old copy). Now, when I open a paper I want *real* news, something in the way of a gooey love nest in the dorms, or vice in the Registrar's office (or versa in the T. E. N.), or opium dens in the infirmary, or sewer grafts in the hydraulics lab. Here I was starving for something in the way of a political exposé, and what do I get? Just a lot of Welcome Visitors. Fully one tenth of a cent's worth of my good money thrown away on a big black headline to welcome the visitors — sand in the spinach again!

■ Another thing. We never have any murders. Now I want to know why, in an otherwise perfectly good school, we can't have a murder once in a while. It certainly seems as if something ought to be done about it. I can think of lots of professors who would bear murdering, to say nothing of

**The famous bunker blasts forth his criticism of THE TECH, our famous undergraduate news organ, but replaces all divots**

some of my dear, dear fellow classmates who go about with their shiny brown bags and bright new slide rules, impressing the professors with their efforts to impress the professors and crabbing all the perfectly good courses. Now I'll bet there isn't a reporter on the *Tech* who has the nerve to go out and mess up a nice succulent brown-bagger in the mining and metallurgy ore crusher, just for the sake of a good story. No! and I'll bet there isn't a single man on the whole staff who will so much as assault the right honorable and most highly respected Dean Lobdell just so his paper would have something of interest to tell the rest of the school. And if he did, would the paper print it? Hah! Instead the front page would carry something like this:

MAN IN LABORATORY BRINGS OUT  
INTERESTING INVENTION

J. S. Sprifliewhoofers, '79 Invents  
Machine to Shear Silesian  
Sooplesnort  
Etc. etc. etc. ad infinity

Well, speaking of assaulting the Dean, would I do the same for my paper? I would not. Would you?

(Continued on page 27)



# Phosphorus nominates for the Hall of Fame

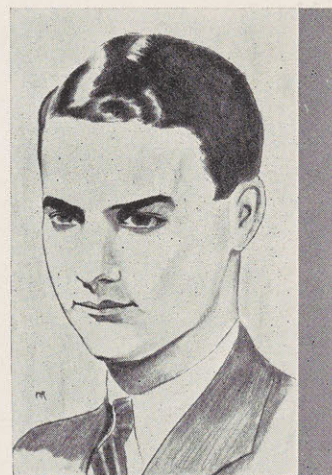
**CHARLES T. DWIGHT:** Not only because of the fact that he kept Voo Doo (Vol. XII) in almost perfect harmony with "the powers that be," but in spite of that. Not because he became violently on the third or fourth, but because such indications had no significance. Not as a graduate is he thus honored, but as a true diplomat and conspirator, par excellence, in achieving that position in life. Not because he is a friend of the Dean, but because "Lobby" was his friend, the Institute notwithstanding. And for many other reasons, too numerous to mention, the most important of which was his most convenient sense of humor exercised in passing questioned "copy." A splendid fellow, withal!

**JOHN F. CROWTHER:** Not because of his drinking aspirations, he will never attain those; not because he is seen in the best places, people seldom look under tables; not because his name ranks with the would-be powers at the Institute, but for the very good reason that wise, old Phosphorous has taken a fancy to this rising young man whose Herculean literary efforts seem to have been stifled by exacting chemistry courses. The only other excuse for this is that everyone will immediately and vociferously disagree — but who may assume to question the fine discernment and keen judgment of *THE CAT*?

**OTIS A. SIBLEY:** Because he is a baiter of Voo Doo General Managers, a perpetrator of two Back Bay Numbers, a confidante of Deans, licensed pilot, naval architect par excellence, and Beau Brummel of engineers; because his only idiosyncrasy is an overwhelming passion for moustache pomade, which he has sent in twelve-pound cartons from the Rue de la Paix; because of his generosity in donating his exclusive Riverside Apartment as a home for poor working girls; because he is, as the Dekes say (and they should know) a drinker, but not a drunkard; and finally because he never has been afraid to say what he thought of *The Tech*.

**WARREN T. DICKINSON:** Because he is the only General Manager Voo Doo ever had who wasn't afraid to say what the Dean really thinks; not because he "doesn't use them" or "it," but because he is going to graduate from the Institute; because he can never see the point of an off-color joke; because he lives in New Rochelle, N. Y.; and finally because he has never printed any of his own editorials.

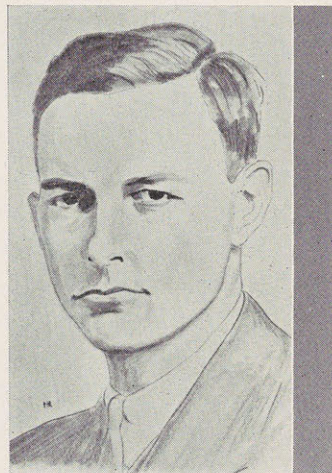
**JEROME B. GEISMAN:** Not because he was General Manager of Voo Doo (Vol. XI), the High-Mogul of the Ancient and Honorable Society of WOOP GAROO, and a member of Pi Delta Epsilon and the Institute Committee, but because he is, first, last, and always, a gentleman, thoroughly cognizant of labels and brands, and did not place a degree paramount to knowledge. Not because he failed to fall in line with musty educational ideas, but because he printed the second (and last) *BACK BAY NUMBER*. And, finally, because he does not know what happened to the missing Deke lion.



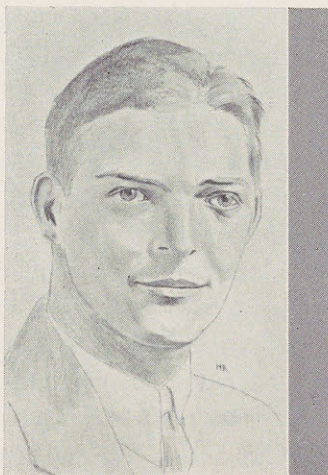
JEROME B. GEISMAN



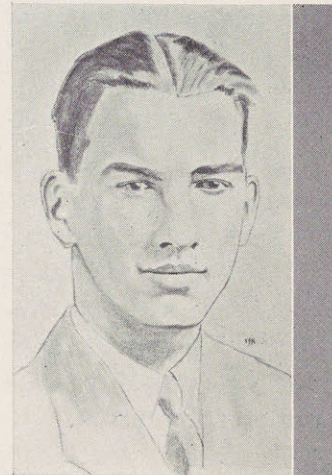
CHARLES T. DWIGHT



JOHN F. CROWTHER



OTIS A. SIBLEY



WARREN T. DICKINSON



# "How to be interesting"

BY JACK CONUNDRUM

A review of Professor Rogers' new book published by L. C. Page and Co. at two dollars with no amusement tax

- This is a comparatively short treatise on the subject of being an interesting person in five chapters, to say nothing of a Preliminary Justification and a Postscript; there are no coupons, no nothing, and all without the aid of a net or other appurtenances appertaining thereto. (Step a little closer, ladies and gentlemen, while I demonstrate.)

Chapter heads are quite interesting in themselves, and, no doubt, informative — as "Most People Have a Voice" (Chapter I) and "People Like To Keep Awake" (Chapter II). The title for Chapter III is worthy of *College Humor* or at least a Perleman article, "The Culture Club of Keokuk." Personally I prefer Kamchatka for Keokuk if we must alliterate. However, perhaps they have no Culture Club in Kamchatka. Chapters IV and V provide no convenient means for badinage, being entitled "The Will to Be Interesting" and "The Will to Be Interested" respectively and individually. By the time you have gained all this you will probably interest everyone except yourself.

A number of quaint and somewhat original phrasings deserve

especial notice: "The strong silent woman no longer exists" — (as pleasing to my male vanity as it must be to the author's) — "Far better the sturdy honest Vermontese of Calvin Coolidge than the warblings of Philo Vance" — and finally the personal touch — "Some of my colleagues say that I have never been known to finish a sentence, but that is black slander."

The naive manner in which it has been brought out that the greater part of us poor *hoi polloi* are more or less half-baked and somewhat of an impediment to progress in general, would be somewhat irksome were it not for the fact that the author makes the particular member of the common people who has the book in hand believe that that particular common person is of somewhat nobler cast than the usual. Truly a piece of diplomacy. And, speaking of naivete (one sentence back, I believe) one finds that he has even recommended one of his own books for further reading. Shades of Harvard, must we?

- The title refers to "interesting" in its more fundamental sense, and not as the superficially "interesting" of the modern cocktail party. He attempts to give us a method whereby we may acquire that somewhat vague property which is called, tritely enough, depth. His name for the same thing is culture. He adheres closely to the development of his conception of

this quality, but does allow sex to rear its ugly head for seven lines on page 123 (this is to save you the trouble of looking all through the book for it). My own particular culture (sophistication, erudition, or what have you?) was given no little impetus by a charming little gem of information which I stumbled across, quite unwittingly, on page 97. Here I found that a conversation (evidently this applies only to highbrow conversations) may be called "ersatz" (pronounced "earseats" or "ersaytz"?) upon occasion.

- Aside from the trivia, Professor Rogers has given us a book whose charm and value should be enhanced for students of this asylum by the fact that it is obviously written for, at, and to them. This is somewhat obvious when one notices the frequent references to the engineer's inferiority complex when in the society of the so-called cultured, such as come from the portal of the schools like Harvard (don't laugh, boys), Yale and Amherst. Professor Rogers has given this term "culture" a very real, and, of course, unique position by giving us his connotations of the word. It now occupies a place which is, in a way, comparable to the eminence to which he has raised his immortal (?) "snob." His advice in this case, however, is not to marry the boss's daughter, but to be — but why should I write the book for you?



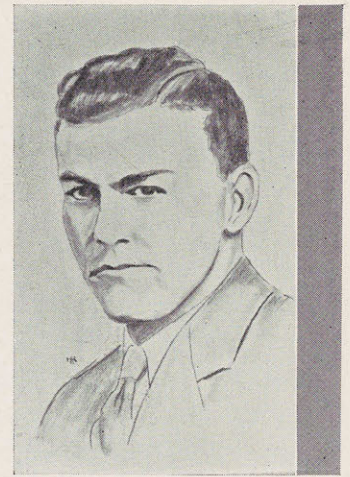


## In Hoboken

Well, this is fresh anyhow,—  
it was made last night.



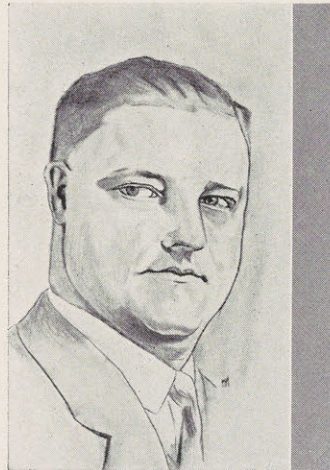
# We also nominate



ROBERT S. BACKUS

**ROBERT SMALL BACKUS:** Because he is president of the Combined Professional Society, because he writes dull articles for T.E.N., because he makes sorority girls get out of bed at 2 a.m., because of his traffic direction at Beacon and Mass. Avenue, and finally because he is a third-class scholar.

**HAROLD PERRY CHAMPLAIN:** Because he weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, because with his avoirdupois goes that jollity which typifies the big men of the world, because of the manner in which he has conducted the affairs of the Institute, and finally because he entertains the executive board of the Institute Committee in his drawing room at Munroe Dorm.



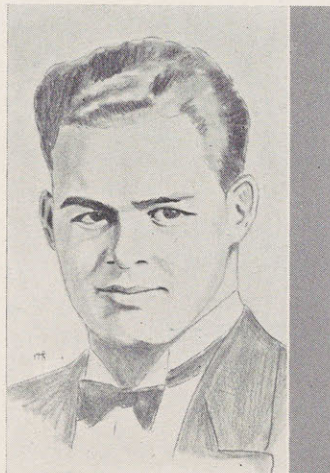
HAROLD P. CHAMPLAIN

**THOMAS PALM PITRE:** Because he is assistant dean, because he is ever willing to help the undergraduates get out of the Institute, because he is the best petition squelcher we know, because he did not go to Technology, and finally, because he is a big man for his size.



THOMAS P. PITRE

**ROBERT SANDERS:** Because he is General Manager of the Combined Musical Clubs, because he is an inveterate letterwriter whose efforts clutter the mail boxes of the fraternity houses and help fill up the space between the ads in *The Tech*, because he is the Beta Hercules and cleanses the stable for their annual Barn Brawl, and finally because he is the champion broncho-buster of Mrs. Card's stable (page Bengin).



ROBERT SANDERS

**RALPH GORTON HUDSON:** Because he teaches the most annoying course at the Institute and at that gluts his lectures with a lot of drool humor (but we love it), because he always laughs at his own jokes, because he is our only panacea for undergraduate ills, and finally because he has an affinity for jewelry and blinds us with his brilliant scarf pins and huge watch fobs.



RALPH G. HUDSON



The mechanics of it

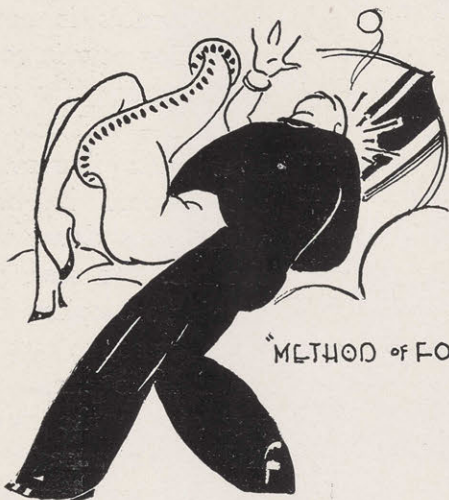
AN  
"UNKNOWN"



"RIGID BODY"



"METHOD OF FORCES"



"STRESS LIMIT"

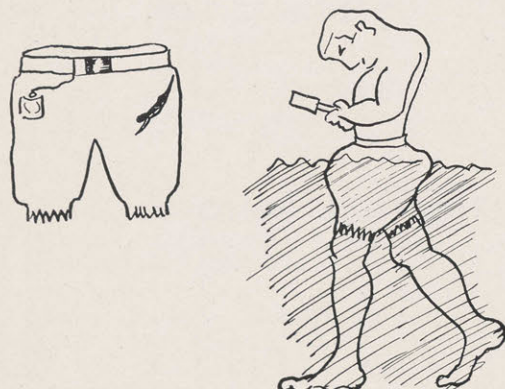
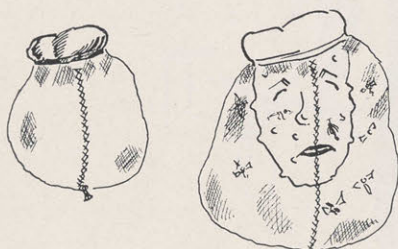
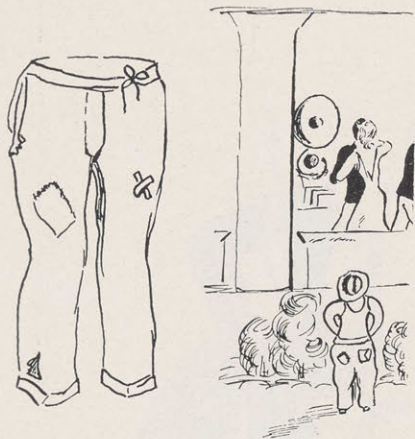


ULTIMATE STRENGTH"





# Our Cambridge Letter



■ The problem of what to wear at summer camp has baffled not only Philo Vance, but even the most fastidious and best dressed Tech men. Our Cambridge correspondent has therefore offered to supply the sophisticated readers of Voo Doo with his information gained from six summers' wasted time at East Machias taking Limnological Fieldwork (better pronounce as 7'34). The climate and environment, always very important factors in determining a gentleman's wear on all occasions, have been superseded by Lord Vogue, at this famous resort, usually the last after the promised job has pood out. Those who expect to mingle with the elite of East Machias must observe the rules laid down by milord and must not appear on the banks of Gardner's Lake in such ridiculous costumes as English tweeds (tailored at Langrock's or Gallstone's, according to your personal preference), or else suffer the haughty contemptuous glances of the aggrogant Tech gentleman. To wear a pearly grey soft felt hat,

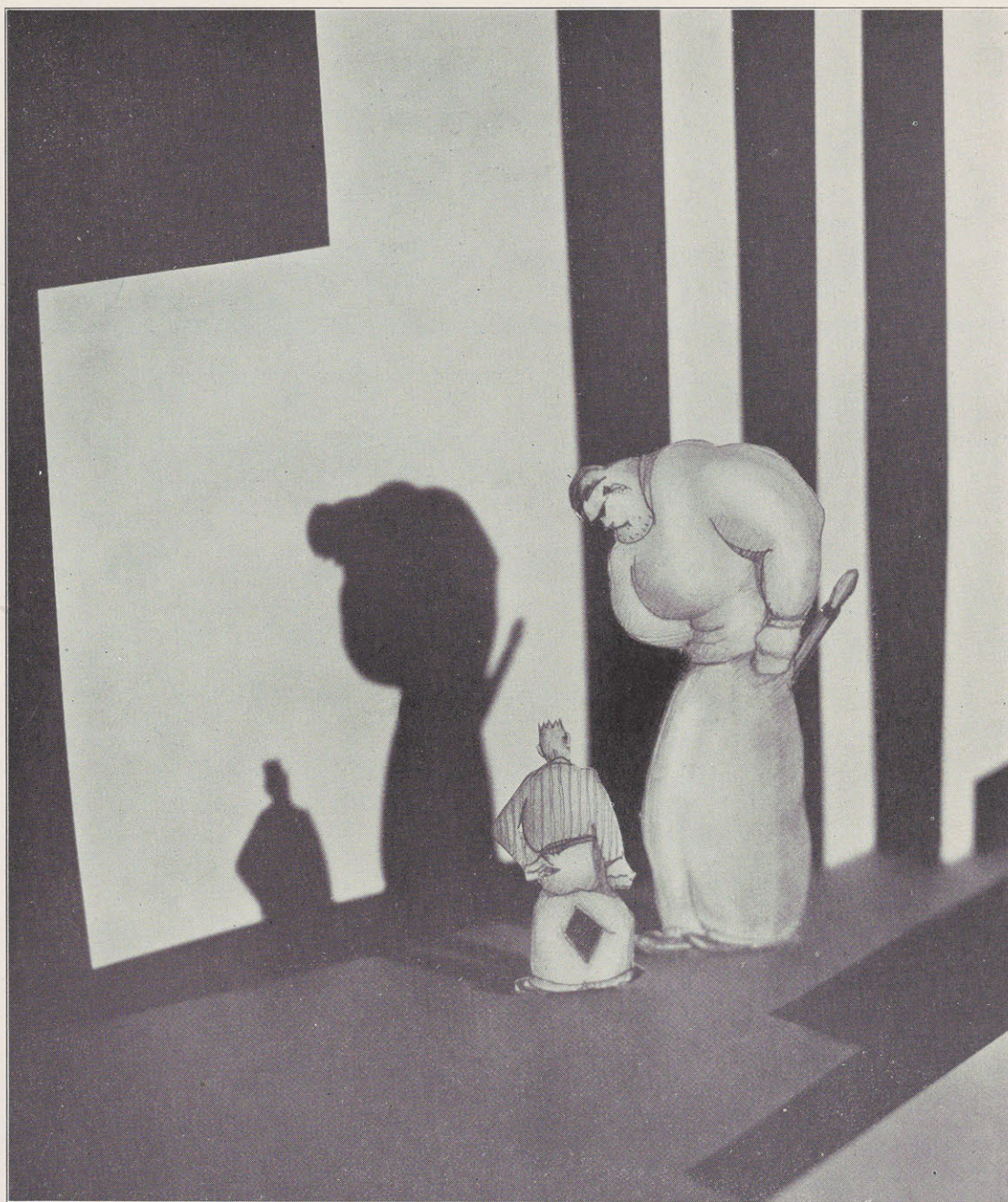
**Hints, both faddish and caddish, concerning the apparel in vogue at the smart Camp Technology**

jauntily tipped over the left eyebrow and carefully pinched at exactly the right spots in the high, but not too high crown, is categorematic and you are immediately classed with Adolph Menjou.

Raymond's is now displaying something new in collapsible mosquito netting for you fastidious dressers — and how they will collapse! As illustrated, there is a high-speed ball-bearing zipper which runs down the middle of the net. Its uses, you can well imagine, are legion. It can be used, for instance, to cart around those innumerable tennis balls; and when you get to the courts — zip! — and there you are (or mebbe you're not). Or you may use it to strain the home brew. If necessary, the net can be used as a bathing suit while that other one is drying — only if necessary, I repeat. Oh yes, in a pinch it might be used to keep mosquitoes at their proper distance while you enjoy your midday siesta (pronounced snooze by those who know how). Then if a fire breaks out or the dinner bell rings — just pull the zipper and — before you can say Aleksyey Nikolae-

(Continued on page 27)





■ Here, dear children, we seem to have the modern analogy of Jack and the Beanstalk. The obvious assumption is that the large one is the beanstalk; but, children, he is not a beanstalk, he is a wicked, wicked ogre and he is inducing the little fellow, who is a poor little student at M. I. T. to the mysteries of "Pay as You Get It," a game played by the faculty members of the Institute. In this game, children, which any of you may play if you like, the wicked ogre tells the student that he does not know enough to pass the examinations which will come at the end of the year. The ogre also says that he will endeavor to teach his stupid student enough to pass the exams, if the stupid student will pay him a certain fee, price, or tax, which is usually much more than all the ogre's knowledge is worth. The stupid student does not usually want his knowledge anyway, but does not have enough courage to whistle "Just One More Time."

"Love for Sale"



# Phosphor Essences



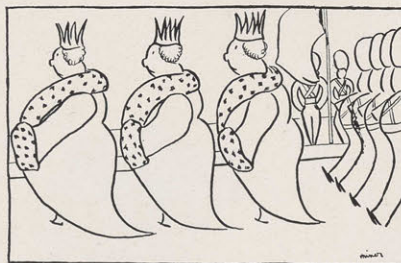
"This last drop won't be so good," said the coffee maker as he stepped up to the gallows.



"I call my girl 'glue.'"

"Why, because she sticks to you?"

"No, easy to squeeze on a warm night."



THE KING'S HORSES  
AND THE KING'S MEN



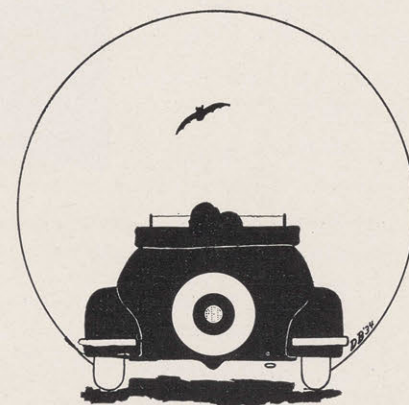
THE "KEAT" HIMSELF

"What makes you think Bill's a cheap skate?"

"Oh, he suggested halving dinner with me last night."



"GOT A CIGARETTE, BUDDY?"



He: Why won't you let me kiss you?"

She: It's the principle of the thing."

He: "Yeah. But think of the interest."





## The crime wave, too, strikes a breakwater



*An alarm! Headquarters radios it to cruising cars.*

Police Radio is "joining the force" in many a city—acting as a breakwater in checking the surge of criminal activity . . . The apparatus the police are using comes out of the telephone workshop. It is logical that

Western Electric should make the equipment, drawing on a fifty-year

experience as manufacturer of telephones for the Bell System . . . Serv-

ing this vast organization is a huge responsibility. Carrying it out means



*This engineer's "precinct" is a laboratory.*



*Caught—because the radio saved precious minutes.*

keeping an open mind on new methods of manufacture, new sources of supply, new channels of distribution. It means welcoming and taking full advantage of every worth-while aid that modern science offers.

# Western Electric

Manufacturers... Purchasers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR



THE BELL SYSTEM



## Sporting Goods that Help Win Games ... at Prices that Win Friends

Of course, we don't guarantee you'll be the hero of the game (or make a hole-in-one, if golf's your hobby) but we do say you'll play a better game with equipment that's better made!

Come in—see our wide assortment of up-to-the-minute sports equipment! Note the savings you make. You'll quickly see why we are the Sporting Goods Headquarters for millions each year.

**SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.**  
RETAIL STORE

BOSTON — Audubon Road  
Kenmore 7370

CAMBRIDGE —  
1815 Massachusetts Avenue  
Porter 4010

### The Farce

(Continued from page 7)

reform than you could ever expect to get from three Junior Proms and a Sophomore Hop combined (combining things, anyway, these dances). Now for this political reform racket. I hereby nominate anybody who would care to be nominated for anything they would care to be nominated for. The platform (platforms are so handy when it starts to rain. Didn't you ever go to one of the Esplanade Concerts?) is the following: 1 — Elimination of the preferential voting system so we are absolutely sure to have someone in office whom we don't want. 2 — Graft as will let people know there is real graft to be had for the palming. 3 — Open electioneering so everybody will get in on the free cigars, fireworks, and Prohibition enforcement. And finally, 4—A candidate that everybody will know, myself.

of that part of the anatomy made famous by Gilda Gray. It goes without saying that the chorines filled their costumes and threw shadows as only hairy-legged slipstick pushers and flag-pole-sitters could.

To the stage crew, as well, should be extended most hearty congratulations for their thunderous accomplishments. No curtains were ignited, the frequency of the traveler desistations was appallingly slight, only a few pieces of scenery were left behind on the trip to South Hadley, backstage noise never exceeded three hundred decibels; and the curtains were invariably closed and blackouts succeeded without exception within four minutes of the conclusion of each number. For these mayhems, the stage manager, being appendectomically inclined, avoids en-

### The Theatre

(Continued from page 10)

tire credit, most of it going to "Snobberies" fuse-blowing genius. The modernistic effect as advertised was in omnipresent evidence, the pointing of floodlights at the audience being the most notable characteristic.

■ Despite my few foregoing remarks about "Technicalities" which may seem to tend slightly toward exaggeration (due to the influence of their publicity department upon my style), I was sorry for the financial flop, but not as surprised at it as I was at the ability of the Show to draw audiences; the theatre being filled by paying customers the last few nights so that it was not exigent to follow the asinine procedure of the first two nights and procure good crowds by giving away tickets to any and all who were fish enough to promise to come.



*Pretty Nurse:* "Oh, Doctor! Each time I take this person's pulse it beats faster and faster. What should I do?"

*Doctor:* "Blindfold him."

— Juggler

There was Minnie who was married so often that when her tenth husband reached over to slip the ring on he found her fingers crossed.

— Masquerader

*Economics Teacher:* "Don't you know what economy is?"

*Frank:* "Sure. It's a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it."

— Frivol

*Driver of Collegiate Car:* "Do you do repairing here?"

*Garage Owner:* "Yeah, but we don't do manufacturing."

— Cornell Widow

Joe E. Brown was probably born with a silver ladle in his mouth.

— Mercury

*Agonized Father:* "Triplets? With doctors charging what the trade will bear!"

— Masquerader

## SENATE TURNS DOWN

4½ PER CENT BEER

— Globe

Oh yeah?

— Lamphoon

"What we want is a candidate who isn't too radical nor too conservative — in short, a middle-of-the-road man."

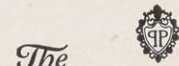
"Then Simpkins is your man: he's been a bus-driver for years."

— Drexlerd

## HOTELS OF DISTINCTION



*The PLAZA*  
New York



## *The* PLAZA

Ideally located on Fifth Avenue at Central Park. The Plaza offers the highest standards of hospitality and cuisine. Near business, transportation, theatres and shops, yet away from the noise of the city.

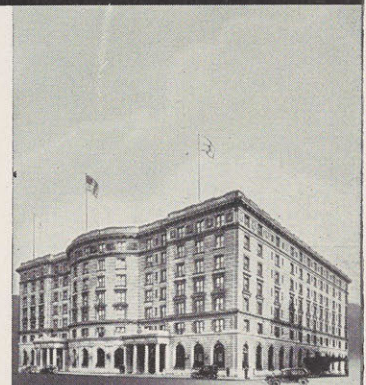
FRED STERRY, PRESIDENT  
JOHN D. OWEN, MANAGER



## *The* COPLEY-PLAZA

Recognized as one of the finest hotels in the world, richly furnished and modern in every respect . . . located in historic Copley Square, probably the most accessible and attractive spot in Boston.

ARTHUR L. RACE  
MANAGING DIRECTOR



*The* COPLEY-PLAZA  
Boston



## *The* SAVOY-PLAZA

Newer associate of The Plaza. Faces Central Park and offers the same excellence of hospitality and cuisine that distinguishes The Plaza.

HENRY A. ROST  
PRESIDENT



*The* SAVOY-PLAZA  
New York

## HOTELS OF DISTINCTION





# RENARD'S MAYFAIR

JACQUES RENARD

and his

Augmented Orchestra

*Brunswick Records Exclusively*

DINNER DANCING 6 TO 9—NO COUVERT CHARGE

SUPPER DANCING 9 TO 2

Theatrical Guest Night Every Wednesday

54 BROADWAY

*off Stuart St.*

Reservations HAN. 2900

## Outstanding!

AMONG COLLEGE DINING  
HALLS IN THE GREAT  
VARIETY OF SERVICE  
RENDERED



## THE TECHNOLOGY DINING HALLS

Walker Memorial

"I could have read all afternoon in the Tower Room, but Jack had some Japanese prints to show me."

— Jack-o-lantern

### A Compliment

She: "You've been drinking whisky."

Amateur Distiller: "Thank you."

— Carolina Tar Baby

Famous last words: "Mr. Mussolini, I'm afraid there was some cheating that last time you were elected."

— Panther

"Name three things that come from Africa."  
"Ivory, Trader Horn, and Tarzan stories."

— Panther



ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers,

## CLOTHING,

### Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

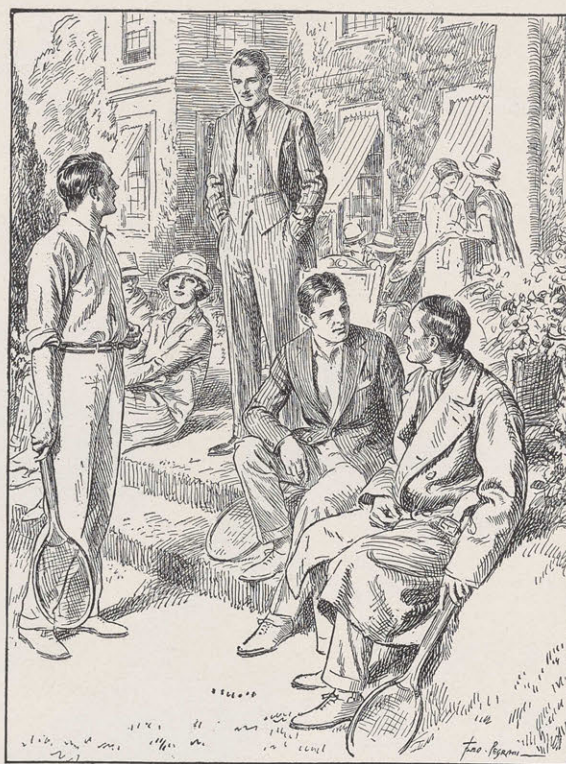
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
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## Clothes for Vacation and Summer Sport

*Illustrations of Luggage  
Sent on Request*

### BRANCHES

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



© BROOKS BROTHERS

### Passhun

The boy who's never kissed a girl  
Can scarcely breast the social whirl,  
For chivalry demands of him  
He answer woman's slightest whim.

A woman's whim is ever this —  
To snare a man's reluctant kiss,  
And snaring it, to make him pant  
For things that nice girls never grant.

— *Lampoon*

### SPANKING OF GIRL

COSTS THAW \$16,000

— *Herald*

Bottom price?

— *Harvard Lampoon*

### Necessary

"I'se berry sorry, Deacon Johnsing, to see you  
comin' outa dat bootlegger's house."

"Cain't help it, Sister Goldbug. I'se gotta go  
home once in a while."

— *Exchange*



## ENJOY THE BEST

Modern scientific equipment and  
management make it possible for  
you to enjoy the best in New  
York at the Lincoln. Bath, shower,  
servidor and the "sleepingest"  
beds imaginable in every room.

1400 Rooms—1400 Baths

NEW YORK'S NEW

\$3-5 For One \$4-7 For Two

# HOTEL LINCOLN

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Eighth Avenue, 44th to 45th Sts., Times Square





SAIL ON THE

# MOORED MANIA

BUT FIRST RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. VOO DOO, Walker Memorial Building, Cambridge, Mass.  
Please renew my subscription to VOO DOO

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW



"Is this honestly pre-war stuff?"

"Sure; it's always followed by a fight."

— Longhorn

Old Lady: "Now, Professor, I suppose that is one of those horrid portraits you call art?"

Prof.: "No, Madam, that is a mirror."

— Puppet

Mother: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter."

Engineer: "Too late, I've learned already."

— Drexlerd

The committee has announced also that special coaches will be arranged for to accommodate girls coming to the Prom.

— The Dartmouth

Need any trainers?

— Jack-o'-Lantern

**REFRESHING**  
*they take your breath away*



*try a* **LIFE SAVER**

331-COLLEGE COMICS

## News that are news

(Continued from page 12)

I'll bet you wouldn't either. Would you like to, you two-faced hypocrite? Of course you wouldn't.

The question remains as to what we are going to do about it. Several solutions have been offered. We can always consider the possibility of making the *Tech* over into America's good five-cent cigar, mainly, I suppose, because it's toasted, or rather roasted. Anyway it smells about the same as most five-cent cigars. They might publish it without any ink; then

we could use the pages for hastily-acquired telephone numbers. Perhaps the best suggested solution has been to send each issue to the poor farmers whose corn crop has been poor because of the drought last summer.

■ Only one thing is left me, before I draw to a tragic close, and that is the conception of the perfect issue of *The Tech*. After many boring moments with indifferent *The Tech*, I have at last perfected the ideal. It is something which is

guaranteed to interest nobody, which will have nothing of importance in it, and something which shall express the *nadir* (there's a word to spring on a Harvard student for which he will probably offer you combat) of journalism as we know it. Maybe you don't know it, but I do, and that puts me one up. Just what I'm up still remains to be seen, but I'm still up. I think it's a tree about this *The Tech* business.

■ ■ ■ ■

## Our Cambridge Letter

(Continued from page 18)

vich Kuripatkin — you're ready for any emergency.

One of our exclusive men's stores — Filene's Basement — is offering for your approval the very latest in elastic-bottom swimming trunks. They're so late, in fact, that we think we remember seeing

them in our old family album. Of course, you understand, the purpose of the elastic bands which run around the lower circumferences of the trunks is to keep out the water. Everyone undoubtedly knows that wet feet are extremely dangerous so that in offering these

water-tight trunks we feel that we are not only presenting the latest in Parisian and Deauville style, but we really think that we are making a distinct contribution to modern science. (Whether or not you think so is entirely a per-

(Continued on page 30)



## 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

FRANK P. SHAW

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## HICKS & SHAW, INC.

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Represented by J. J. McGRATH

STALLS 27-31, 51-55  
FANEUIL HALL MARKET  
BOSTON

Telephones, Richmond { 1202  
1203  
1204

A recruit wearing No. 14 shoes had enlisted in the army. One day the officer missed him and asked:

"Has anyone seen O'Halloran?"

"Yes," said a voice, "he's gone up to the cross-roads to turn around!"

— *Puppet*

"Oh, no. We're not superstitious at our house at all; why, we think nothing of sleeping thirteen in a bed."

— *Purple Parrot*

SAIL FOR BERMUDA ON

DUCHESS OF YORK

— *Herald*

She floats!

— *Harvard Lampoon*

*Elderly Lady (about to go up in airplane):* "Oh, Mr. Pilot, you will bring me back all right, won't you?"

*Pilot:* "Yes, indeed, madam. I never left anybody up there yet."

— *Log*

*He:* "Imagine a touch of green and a touch of blue, a sprinkling of orange, an air of grandeur over it all — aw, it's wonderful."

*She:* "A beautiful sunset."

*He:* "No, sap. A fruit salad."

— *Panther*

"Where did you get those big, tender, sympathetic eyes?"

"Oh," replied the sailor, "they came with my face."

— *Log*



Dean: "What courses will you take this half year? Accounting? Finance?"

Student: "None of your damned business."

— *Lampoon*

"You say several college men proposed to you?" he said savagely.

"Yes, several," replied the wife. "Really quite a number."

"Well, I only wish you had married the first damn fool who proposed."

"I did."

— *Texas Ranger*

"Why won't you go to the dance tonight?"

"I'm sick."

"That's an invalid reason."

— *Kitty-Kat*

"Tell me, how did the racketeer die?"

"They took him for a slay ride."

— *Lord Jeff*

"You have halitosis."

"Gee, and I thought you were my best friend."

— *Froth*

"Thanks for the hug and kiss."

"Don't mention it — the pressure was all mine."

— *Bison*



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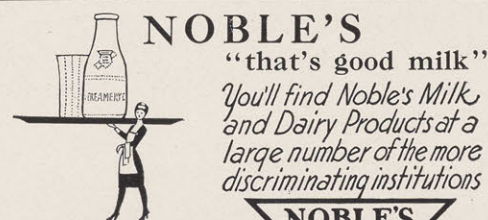
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## Our Cambridge Letter

(Continued from page 27)

sonal matter — and who are *we* to go prying into *your* personal affairs?)

Of course, flannel shirts will still be in vogue. Here is another item of camp apparel which is absolutely essential. For one thing, it *does* save one a great deal of monotonous work when the mosquitoes are at large. Anyway — drag out the old standby (make sure you shake all the moth-balls out of it) — and we're off! Yeh, so are most people who go to the country during the summer. Oh yes — if your old shirt is so hopelessly out of date as to have four buttons running down the front, you absolutely *must* drop into Macy's and get one of the

five-button shirts which will certainly be the rage this summer.

■ Felt hats will also be worn at camp by the well-dressed young man — those soft fuzzy hats that can be folded up and used as fly-swatters when necessary. The hat will be worn mostly on canoeing trips, of course, to keep the sun out of one's eyes and to keep the uke from getting wet. And then you can take off the little cloth band and use it in the game of blind man's buff which you will surely want to play when the camp lights are turned out and you gather around the fire in the quiet of the evening. When all else fails, the hat can be stood upside down

on the floor and used as a target for that horrid word. The hats of which we speak are being offered for sale at the Coop at the astounding price of eight dollars and seventy-five cents (Yeh — we were so astounded when we heard that that we nearly choked, too). Come early, avoid the rush, and obtain your dividend.

We haven't the space here to describe the other innumerable articles of apparel which will be in vogue this summer at camp, but for those who are interested, a brief trip through the basement of the more important stores in this style-setting city of Boston will be so much time wasted.



He had kissed her, hugged her, et cetera. "I'm crazy about you," he said.

"There's a method in your madness," she replied in a true Shakespearean manner.

— Kitty-Kat

Red Agitator: "Down with capitalism!"

Joe College: "And punctuation too!"

— Colgate Banter

Frosh: "What's this I hear about you flunking out of the infirmary?"

Sophomore: "Uh huh, you need 103 to stay in there and I only got 98."

— Wesleyan Wasp

Women aren't so much but unfortunately they are the only other sex we have.

— Skipper

Sigma Chi (on phone): "How are you this evening?"

Pi Phi: "All right — but lonely."

S. C.: "Good and lonely?"

P. P.: "No, just lonely."

S. C.: "I'll be right over."

— Ski-U-Mah

"Do you really think that you are doing the best thing in quitting college and getting married?"

"Sure, women and children first."

— Skipper

She: "Isn't it queer, Ted, when the life guard has a day off he goes in swimming?"

He: "Well, dearest, what do sailors do when they get a shore leave?"

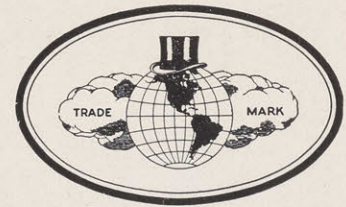
She: "Now, Ted, don't be vulgar."

— The Battalion

"Why didn't you import a girl for the Ball?"

"Too much civic pride; I always use local products."

— Juggler



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Him: "Will you marry me?"

Her: "Marry you? Why you haven't enough money to keep me in clothes!"

Him: "Listen! That doesn't take money; that takes will power."

— The Battalion

Heard after the Prom: "Aw! He's too drunk to ride in the back seat, let him drive."

— Battalion

Some girls are so hard-hearted that only a diamond can make an impression.

— Beanpot

"Hello, is this Scotland Yard?"

"Yes."

"May my children come over and play? I hate to have them playing in the alley."

— Pitt Panther

Gold Digger Nellie: "Well, Gwyn, I've had more dances this evening than you have!"

Gold Digger Gwyn: "Yes, you're just two chumps ahead of me!"

— Buffalo Bison

Big-Game Hunter: "Do you want to see an elephant hide?"

Gun-Bearer: "How are you going to scare it?"

— Pitt Panther

First Co-ed: "He may not be good looking, but he certainly has money to burn."

Jealous Co-ed: "Well, I never suffered from the heat when I was out with him."

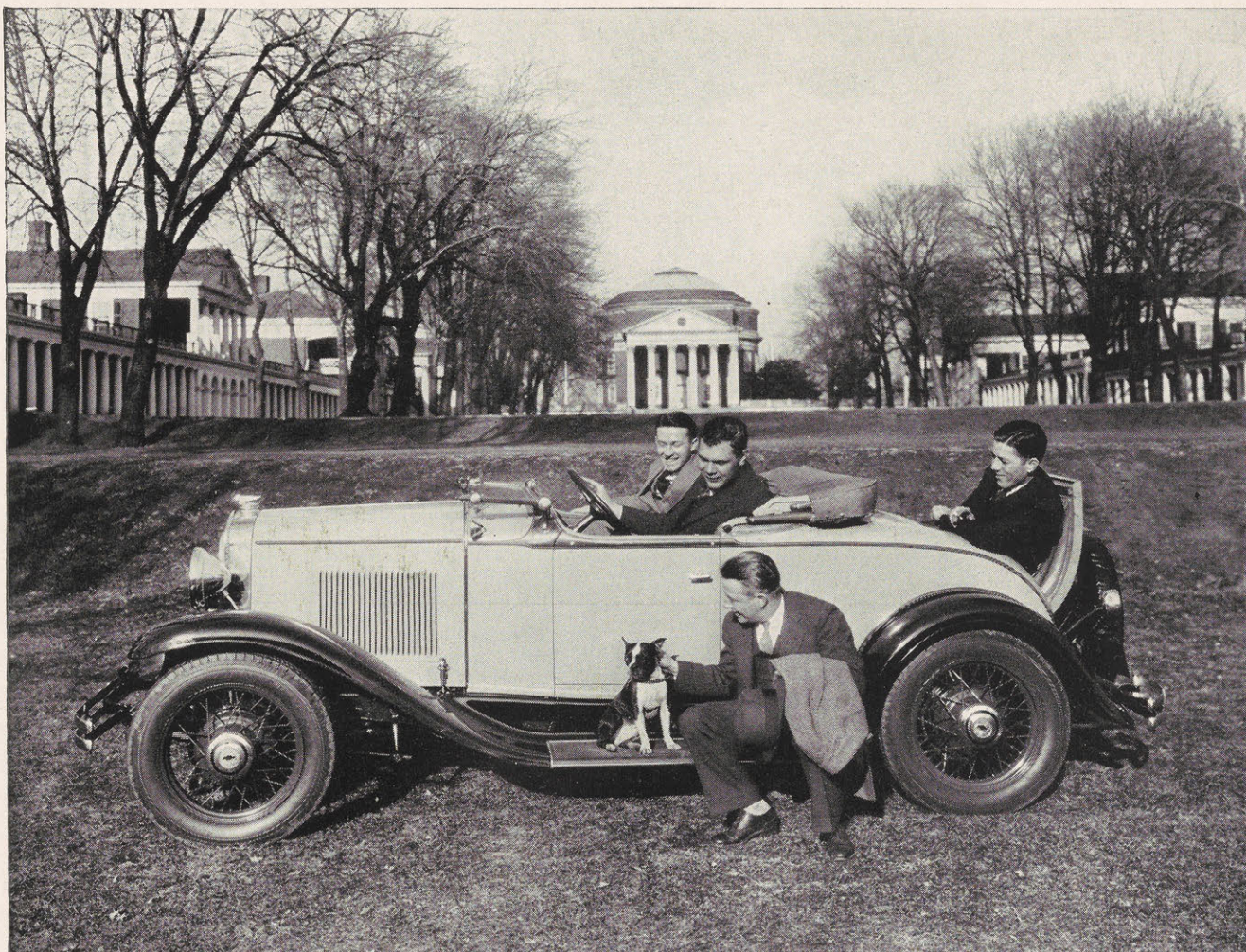
— Green Gander

"Little boy, do you know what becomes of boys who use such language when they play marbles?"

"Yes'm. They grow up and play golf."

— Puppet





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