"I liked Chesterfield right from the start"

"NO, I don't know a blessed thing about how cigarettes are made. But, of course, I do want them pure. And I've heard that the blending is very important; I want that to be just right. "Then the paper. I don't like to taste it. Or smell it when it's burning. I want that pure too.

"Another thing. I want to smoke whenever I feel like it—so I want my cigarettes mild. But the main thing, of course, is taste. I don't care for over-sweetened cigarettes. I prefer them just sweet enough.

"Chesterfield seems to satisfy in every one of these ways. That's why I'd rather have a Chesterfield."

+++
EVENTS OF THE MONTH

Week of November 14
Nov. 9 N. E. Intercollegiate Cross Country Championship — Franklin Park
Nov. 11 Varsity Soccer — Army, West Point
Nov. 14 Varsity Soccer — Harvard — Harvard
Nov. 14 Dorm Track Meet

Week of November 21
Nov. 16 Intercollegiate Cross Country Run — New York
Nov. 17 Freshman Soccer — Harvard Frosh — Coop Field
Nov. 21 Varsity Soccer — Freshmen — Home
Nov. 21 Handicap Cross Country Run

“Haw! Haw! Haw!” howled the judge, who had a sense of humor, just before delivering a death sentence. “You’ll die when you hear this one.”

— Tiger

First Bun: “Ya ain’t y’self no more. Watsa matter — sick or somethin’?”

Second Same: “Got insomnia. Keep wakin’ up every few days.”

— Burr

Sinclair Lewis showed an audience in a recent lecture how to write a great American novel. We hope they will do as much for him some day.

— Harvard Lampoon
The wise old cat, PHOSPHORUS, asks all his friends to take a look at the names listed below. He maintains that these people can fulfill your wishes to your satisfaction.

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SERVE THOSE WHO SERVE YOU

M. I. T. Voo Doo, November 9, 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: "Bill, it's impossible to drive down this dark country road without any lights."
He: "I know it."
— Reserve Red Cat

No. 1: "I have had a very trying week-end."
No. 2: "Yeah? How many times have you tried?"
— Puppet

And then there was the little boy whose parents were so poor that he had to have the measles one bump at a time
— Brown Bull

Football Season!

There have been other football seasons. You've sat in the autumn sun and cheered and groaned; you've felt the brightness of victory and the dullness of defeat.

But there's a side of the game you don't see from the stands. In THE DIARY OF A LINE SMASHER, for the first time, is pictured the real inside story of the pitiless training, the misunderstandings and the driving, smashing spirit which makes teams win. Dick Hyland's story will give you a fresh interest in football.

It's in

College Humor
SPECIAL Student Offer
Clip Coupon

College Humor,
1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois

I wish to take advantage of your special student offer of nine issues for two dollars, which sum is enclosed.

Name: ..........................................................
Address: .....................................................
City: ......................................................... State: .................................
reminiscences from "rhapsody in black"

valaida
sketched from life
backstage at the majestic "rhapsody in blue"

"st. james's infirmary"

mary philips
"the house beautiful"
plymouth theatre

queenie smith
"the little rachites"
shubert theatre
VOO DOO
SALUTES
The
FACULTY
Passano’s Fishing Trip was a Big Success
IF EDDIE MILLER WROTE THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago our boiler inspectors called forth for an expert and when I got there the boiler was a cherry red.

Now we are engaged in a great boiler test, testing whether that boiler, or any boiler so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great plate of that boiler. We have come to dedicate a portion of that mammoth water tube monster as a final monument for those who have given their lives so the nation might learn that you cannot hang a sash weight on the pop off valve. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it very efficiently. The world will little note nor long remember that you cannot run a boiler at six thousand pounds pressure and a cherry red heat, but these men now dead will never forget it. Gentlemen, there was a fire box door imbedded in a geranium bed three miles away. The explosion broke windows and shook buildings for miles around. And remember, gentlemen, under God, that a boiler of Eddie Miller's design, by Eddie Miller, and for Eddie Miller, shall not perish from this earth.

IF BILL GREENE TAUGHT EMILY POST

Oh hell, don't you know what the hell a dining room is for? You got to eat don't you, well don't you eat in a dining room or what the hell, huh. And when you eat in one of them you should remember not to flick your cigarette ash into your neighbor's glass or park your gum on the table cloth then you got etiquette, see. But what the hell, what the hell, you got to have some comfort don't you, so they let you pick your teeth with the salad fork if you know which it is and are double jointed and are Joe E. Brown and nobody is looking, otherwise it is imperlite.

And when you go, don't forget to say goodbye to the hostess, only show her you had a good time and breeze by and give her a good smack on the back only be frank and tell her to leave the cloves out of the onion soup, they keep you b—p—g half the night, that's the way to be a large social success, be frank, be yourself, I'm frank, and see where I am today I may not get a haircut and never have my clothes pressed, but — oh yeah — while I'm thinking about it clothes is etiquette too — and never wear a tie but what is snappy and hasn't more than three point four one five nine two square inches of onion soup on it there is a limit to everything, but then your nose would tell you if that was so, so why the hell should I.

Now take me, I teach a class out at Wellesley and I got to speak the Queen's English I have, oh hell yes, I got to talk real good gosh a'mighty none o'them there immigrant babes can only they do gab too damn much in the classroom just the same as you guys.
Slav e D rive r (as th e bell rin gs an d th e class stumbles out through a fog of chalk­dust): “And now, gentlemen, is that quite clear?”

One Prof to Another: “Quick, George, I've got a class in five minutes, show me how to do the problems I assigned for today.”

Things we'd like to know: What becomes of the first half of an assignment when you plunge right into the middle of it?

Do Math Teachers have seances “en masse” or is it a contagious disease to go into illustrative trances in the classroom?

WHY THEY ARE CALLED PROFESSORS

Wow! What a woman! Plenty of floating power and average wheel base. This was the girl of Mr Fess' dreams.

One night they tried canoeing for a change. After they were out for about two hours they had three dimes and a nickel and that was enough change for any damn couple, moment, or center of gravity.

From then on Mr. Fess was sold on canoeing. He liked to paddle too, three, or any given number x.

As time went on his manhood increased. He threw away his paddles and took up oars. He took his dame for many a wherry ride.

Soon he got paid for taking girls for rides, so he had to turn pro. All the girls heard about Pro Fess because he was such a teacher, instructor, and master six. College boys too came from miles around just to learn rowing and to go out in a boat with Pro. Fess.

He had a faculty too for selling oars in pairs, peaches, plumbs, and spirit levels. So famous was he for this last achievement that he opened up an oar shoppe and hung out his shingle — "Pro. Fess, OARS."

And that, males, females, and airdales is how we came to call them Professors. And it is applied to those who take girls and college boys for rides.
Here's a freshman abstract on a Tubby Rogers lecture:
You guys are a bunch of punks, as it were.
You never read any good books, as it were.
You think fiction was written for women, but it was written for guys like me, too, as it were.
Fiction is an open window on life, through which you guys ought to jump, as it were.
I'd do it too, but my stomach is getting too much for me, as it were.
(This is in two minutes what it took Tubby an hour to say, as it were.)

Professor Voss: “This drawing is hopelessly out of proportion; what scale did you use?”
Soph.: “I couldn’t find my scale and so I used the thumb rule you are always talking about.”

As “Connoisewer” Greer would have it: “Life is just a bowl of sheries.”

Armstrong: “You missed my class this morning, didn’t you?”
Head-strong: “No, not at all.”

Smoothy Sophomore: “What are my chances of getting a date with your secretary?”
“Baggy-pants” Ingraham: “The distribution of girls in this world obeys no economic law.”

“Fancy” Fiske (indignantly): “Did you say this text was of no account at all?”
Sucker Senior (taking Ec 74): “No, I merely said the cost of the text was no amount at all.”
If all the ice from electric refrigerators were placed end to end along a highway, Professor Spoford would call it the cube route.

And then there was the Course II frosh who spent three nights in the Steam Lab because he had heard that steam engines reciprocate.

Turbine Tessie tells the one about a small-town newspaper, The Bugle-Examiner, that was run by the local nose doctor.

"Poor old Professor Blanchard got all scratched up."
"How come?"
"Chasing a hydrogen sulphide molecule through a keg of nails."

THE BROWN-BAGGER'S BELLYACHE

The class had been serene and still,
As Triple-E dispensed his line,
Infringing on the total nil
With coulomb, kilowatt, and sine.
He juggled integral and dyne,
And then — it seemed a miracle —
He paused and said with grim benign:
"This formula’s empirical."

Since days when powdered wig and quill
Were used, and folks retir’d at nine,
They’ve handed us the same old pill.
We ask them: "Why?" and they decline
To tell us — while they twist and whine
And sling in accents lyrical
This song-and-dance; they just opine:
"The formula’s empirical."

When Woods and Bailey strut their skill
And scribble plus and minus sign,
It’s safer not to up and shrill:
"I think the set-up’s very fine,
But shouldn’t six and three make nine?"
For then they’ll get satirical
And boom in tones as cold as brine:
"The formula’s empirical."

L’Envoi

O Profs, we come to you supine,
And ere we get hysterical,
This phrase to Hades please consign:
"The formula’s empirical."

If All the A. M. P. Jokes were True

R. M. Becker
In a foggy fog two ghastly shapes sneaked up to the hazy Charles River Wharf. The leader, a two-toed sloth known as Woods, gave a mild exhale of "May Breath," then motioned to his pal, "Gorilla Frank," to come thither. Both integrated a moment, then leaping into a throbbing motor launch kicked the mechanician.

"Get the damn thing perculating, and atom Smith," snickered "The Sloth."

Smith, the dimpled cheek mechanic, obeyed silent and care-like.

Whoof-f-f-f

"Aw fudge," crooned the foxy scientist, "there goes the engine."

At this instant, "The Gorilla," seeing need for practical action, dashed to the stern and kicked his feet in the water. The boat leaped onto wings of sewery spray. Once on the opposite shore, the terrible three progressed on hands and knees towards the bushes. Flunk-em, flunk-em, flunk-em, beat the waves upon the beach. Suddenly Smith brought the raiders to a postmortem.

"Gosh darn," he fumbled, snapping his fingers, "I forgot my slide rule."

Fresh: "My chemistry instructor must be a graduate of Yale?"

Fresher: "How d'ya know?"

Fresh: "He's always talking about the Mighty Atom."

Students: "What happens when you raise the boiler pressure, take the load off the engine, and blow the safety valve?"

Eddie Miller: "It really don't make any difference to me, gentlemen, but it does change the complexion of the pipes."

One Student Who Gets Something out of Lantern Slide Lectures.
Bill Greene's griped. His mail is cluttered up with these pants-to-match advertisements. So much so that he has a hard time finding his confession letters from the young ladies in his class out at Wellesley. Incidentally, we wonder who is learning more, Willie or his charges.

One good thing (at least) about Course XVII is that the studies consist of less theoretical matter and more concrete.

A certain member of the English department, one day was expecting a guest on whom he wanted to make a very favorable impression. His small son was in the cellar getting table dainties for the missus. As the doorbell rang the prodigal shouted from below decks: "What kind of jam are you going to give him, Ma?"

The first words to greet the honored guest, as he entered the house, were: "Give him the raspberry, stupid."

Bill Hall and Doc Lewis Illustrating the Winter (Summer, Spring, Fall) Fashions for the Smartly Dressed Professor.
It seems to me that we must be getting old. Yes indeedy, we certainly must be getting old. In fact, by the process of a posteriori and a priori thinking, applied both as the rationalization of my prejudices and to your creative thinking, I have arrived at the conclusion that we must be growing older. Day by day, we get older. Yes sirree, as I said before, we are getting older, so to speak.

It was only yesterday that I remarked to my class in the course of the perusal of the methods of herd instinct and tough and tender thinking, that the sailors sing chanteys while pulling up the sheets, so to speak, and the little brutes laughed right in my face. Unfortunately it was not until later in the day while perusing their themes that I discovered I had again made history and the talk of the school by telling off-colour stories in the classroom. I am getting old!

Sometimes while perusing that expressionless example of a posteriori journalism, I am struck with the horrible futility of it all and the lewd gregariousness of the human brute. Perhaps while you are engaged similarly you are struck by the same thing, a priori or vice versa. Perhaps it is best to call it a posteriori, for the following reason, which may be logically derived from the fact that the writers sit on their posteriors to think, but usually get no further than the first part. That particular piece of wit I deduced by a combination of herd instinct, habit, tradition and rationalization of prejudice to spring in the next freshman lecture, only to find that there are no more freshman lectures, oh the unutterable futility of it all.

However, perhaps I have been futile enough and should pass to other topics. Sometimes I wonder if it would not be best to merely pass or flunk them all. Perhaps I should say, sometimes I wonder, which is a prerogative of the American citizen under the existing statutes although bound by tradition and authority to do otherwise.

Upon perusing the foregoing I discover that I have omitted one of my pets of the classroom and lecture platform, namely self-interestedly, a priori and a posteriori. In other words, I am both a tough and tender thinker; in fact I am both tough and tender. Tough when on the lecture table, marking themes, addressing the class, at home, at school and at meals; otherwise I may be caught unawares as tender. It is this same distinctive tendency which makes me appear, against my will and tender nature, so mournful when first viewing the lecture room. Many people have wondered at this and few have inquired. It is my earnest opinion that what this country needs for better lectures is a good five-cent bier, so to speak.
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THE MANAGING BOARD OF VOLUME XIV
TAKES THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS ITS SORROW
AT THE PASSING OF

Samuel Wesley Stratton
Brown Bagger (buying liquor): "Say, this case is only half full."
Bootlegger: "Yeah, it's a brief case."

"Holed everything!" said the moth as he flew from the closet.

First Naval Arch. Student: "Do you have Jack?"
Second ditto: "No, Owen."

"Why did that co-ed fail her exam on purpose?"
"Because she's damn good on the make-up."

An Outline of the Elements of G-75
THE ENGINEER

If you want a receipt for that quite egotistical Person that’s known as the “great engineer”
Take lots of data that’s seemingly mystical —
Throw it at someone apparently queer:
A whole flock of integrals, sine-curves and alpharays,
Symbols which look like some primitive script;
Formulas giving the speed of the beta-rays —
See that you have him completely equipped.
Sky-scaper, steam engine, turbine and factory,
Cram ’em all into the poor fellow’s skull;
Tell him of forging and metals refractory —
Fill him with facts that are deadly and dull.
Expect him to know about salts and hydrolysis,
Thermodynamical laws, electrolysis —
See if he catches the drift of petrography,
Show him the mysteries of metallography;
What if he balks and displays his precocity? —
Tell him that light has an awful velocity!

Take of these elements all that are suitable,
Put each away in its own little niche;
Then you will have (this is quite irrefutable)
A man who could probably dig a good ditch.

Of all the game
That’s shy and wary
The hardest to get
Is a Prof’s Secretary.

A lot of this dirt Dr. Gilboy teaches in Soil Mechanics is as clear as mud.

Mush-mouth: “Shee right reactshon ish equal
to shee loads timsh shee distanshe from shee pole, divided by shee length of shpan. D’ya all shee shat?”
Students: “Yes, sure.”
Mush-mouth: “Don’t mock me, you shipper-shnappers.”

“What are your limits, sir?”
“Well, er, it depends on who I’m out with.”

M. I. T. ’32: “How do you feel?”
Simmons ’35: “You should know.”
"Hell, that ain't Art."
"Naw, it's Mamie."

Voice Over Phone: "Is George there?"
Frat Club: "Sorry, he's out."
Voice: "Will he be out long?"
F. C.: "No, I think not, when you first rang the boys were just putting him under a cold shower."

Gentleman in Sporting Goods Store: "I want a pair of white linen knickers."
Clerk: "Very well, sir, and could I interest you in a set of matched clubs?"
G: "Hell, no, I'm a football referee."

As an Englishman would tell Eddie Miller's favorite story: "When I entered the boiler room, would you believe it, gentlemen, the pipes were in the pink of condition."

Col. Eddy: "What experience have you had to warrant your promotion to the rank of sergeant?"
'35: "Well, I have Bill Greene for English, and"
Col. Eddy: "You're just the man we want, here's your commission."

Here's to you, Swellheaded pledgee —
Just now you think you're quite a man;
A term from now right where you're sitting
Will be a nice fresh coat of tan.

Mighty hypocritical subject this Electrical Engineering, what with the three phased currents and all. Oh Archibald, do say some more, you are so clever.

We hear they are all up in the air about this Course XVI, but then, it's all a matter of ground work.

FROSH FROSH!
There was once a boy who dunked a hunk of sodium. Moral: Don't dunk!

And why shouldn't the kid who has just seen his first pint of bathtub gin for the second time be called a New Yorker?
THE FATAL MURDERS AT SOUTH BURLAP

By EDMUND PEARSON with ukelele accompaniment by ROBERT BENCHLEY

PERSONS WHO FIGURED IN THE CASE:

Horace Beep, an itinerant flypaper salesman
Jasper, his valet (later his wife)
Ethyl O'Sulphate, his paramour
Villagers, messenger boys, and apple-sellers

Few people would believe that the above innocent-sounding individuals could figure in one of the most baffling mysteries in the annals of Cambridge crime. As a matter of fact they didn't. The list of names was merely put here to attract your attention. Wait a minute — don't go! Here's a murder mystery that will make even the most cold-blooded reader grip his chair and pant heavily to keep from falling asleep.

It was in the little-known suburb of Cambridge sometimes known as South Burlap, but better known to the police as "South Burlap" that the dastardly murder was committed in 1928 which was to keep tongues wagging for several minutes, at least. Homer P. Nertz, the recipient of the murder, awoke at midnight to find himself cruelly slain and lying in the conventional pool of blood, with his right leg horribly twisted. Pausing but a moment to untwist the member, he pulled frantically at the bell cord to summon Succor, his Oriental manservant, or curator. To his chagrin, however, he found that the other end of the rope was tied in a neat granny-knot around his own neck. Consequently, when Investigator Smilch appeared on the scene shortly after, he discovered that the cadaver was suffering from a mild form of discomfort which he diagnosed as death. Then the fun began!

When the coroner, E. Chilton Schnapps, was called in out of the rain he discovered that the far-famed Nertz collection of Oriental laundry checks which was so fabulously priceless as to be actually worthless, was missing. After much cogitation it was decided that the motive for the robbery was theft, and the quizzing of the servants began. Investigator Smilch commenced by prodding the cook, a Mrs. Gribble, for a confession. He was promptly slapped on the face. "Don't prod me,

(Continued on page 23)
Dear Editor:

Today we sighted our first icebergs, or maybe they were Goldbergs, their passport photos were taken by the Technology Photographic Service. The lookout has just sighted seals, so I am continuing this letter in one of the torpedo tubes. . . .

Every time I see a seal, it has a summons attached to it . . . but that's the way of a wayward world. It's awfully cold down here, but being in this torpedo tube makes me feel like a big shot, so what the 'ell. Yesterday we went through, or rather under, a tremendous field of ice. We tried to come up once to test our ice-drill, and about half way up the drill broke, however having plenty of corkscrews aboard, we met the emergency in manner befitting intrepid men.

Some of the men on board became restless today. They complained of the open plumbing — it is rather cold on deck — and there was a noticeable lack of Ginger Ale. Last night was clear and fair, but I had a little eye soreness from gazing at the (?) stars, so I went up on deck and looked at the Aurora Boric Acid.

Aside from a few mutinies on board, four or five murders, three men eaten by polar bears, a leaking water pump, and no funny papers, things are quiet and serene. I think I will now go to sleep, even though the cooties have been bothering us a great deal. Hoping you feel the same.

Yours sincerely,

Hummy.

We have previously heard of Lobby's food chart. Evidently he's mistaking those allowable calorie numbers for British Thermal Units.

Then there was the dumb Dora who thought that the Marx brothers were German bankers.
Insulated
... but not against new ideas!

Even the method of insulation is not insulated against improvement at the Western Electric telephone cable shop. For a generation wires have been wrapped around with a narrow ribbon of paper but now the wire has the paper made right on it while passing through an ingenious paper making machine... This new revolutionary process saves time and lowers the cost of cable. But perhaps the most important thing about it is that it illustrates an attitude of mind of your Bell telephone makers: keeping receptive to innovation... Only by doing so, they realize, can they carry out properly their functions as manufacturers, purchasers and distributors for the Bell System.

Western Electric
 Manufacturers ... Purchasers ... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

M. I. T. Voo Doc. November 9, 1931
"Have you heard the song about Greta Garbo?"
"No, what is it?"
"Swede and lovely."
— Widow

On a time a pale student from Ga.
Was pinched for being a fa.
Said the Judge with a smile:
"Young man fora while
Free of charge we are going to ba."
— Yale Record

A policeman brought in a negro woman. The desk sergeant scowled and roared at her.
"Liza, you've been brought in for intoxication."
"Dat's fine," beamed Liza. "Boy you can start right now."
— Skipper

Mlle. Lupescu, known in fame
Is very seldom seen,
Roumanians discredit her
For she finessed their queen.
— Harvard Lampoon

Nt. t·ngt., Jsphe . . .
— Jack O'Lantern

Excessive morals
Get no laurels.
— Lampoon

Whether you come to New York
for intellectual nourishment ...
or intellectual relaxation, you'll find the Astor . . . in the heart of
this great metropolis . . . makes an
ideal starting point for either.
you *) $%,” she bellowed with true lady-like restraint. This brought the quizzing to a virtual impasse and we girls decided to adjourn the meeting with the collection of back dues and the singing of the camp song: "Dear old Wish-ga-moork-nych-gup, We Love You.” Miss Ophelia Donavan was unanimously elected monitor for next week.

Part II

The rising sun revealed a gruesome sight in the henyard of the old Potts estate next morning. A pair of legs, owned and operated by old man Potts, the constable, protruded feebly from an abandoned well. Maw Potts broke the window to get a clear view and shrieked: “What air ye doin’ thar, Paw?” By this time the rain was falling quite steadily and the figures of two clam-diggers were barely discernible on the clam flats at Revere Beach. They were motionless. Perhaps they were mussel-bound.

Part III

Now let us take you back, dear reader, to the wilds of the African epis. What, you don’t want to go back? Aw, be a sport!

Inspector O’Grady looked up. He fixed the three suspects with a stern glance. “C’mon outside and fix my Ford with that stern glance, I dare ya,” muttered Al Caphoney, a repulsive looking individual with overlapping ears and a wet snout. Suddenly, from across the still waters of the Danube, came the haunting strains of “Around the Coroner and under a tree.” The five attentive listeners stiffened audibly and joined the stirring chorus with a will, the contents of which were later read to friends and relatives: “To my beloved Aunt Abigail I leave my collection of Oriental laundry checks,” it read. “Let that be a lesson to her.”

Nobody spoke. Nobody was listening. They had all gone out for a glass of beer. Perhaps it is high time that we, too, went out for a glass of beer. Come with us, dear reader, and we’ll introduce you to Luigi. And with these few final admonitory words of warning we must close our thrilling story of — lemme see, whatinnell was it, anyway? — and say good-bye.

Good-bye.
TENNIS SHOES
Oxfords at $1.50 and $3.00
White Gym Socks at 25 cents and 50 cents
RUNNING PANTS

For SQUASH or GYM
High at $2.00 and $2.50
SUPPORTERS
Bike and Pal
CREW PANTS

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GLOVES
Pig Skin, Cape, Gray Mocha, Fur, Wool and Sheep lined

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White, Black, Blue and Brown

TECHNOLOGY BRANCH
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Remember Your Dividend

OH, SAID HE
Man Accosting Girl at Piano: “Do you play?”
Said Girl: “Well, I dare you to turn out the lights.”

— Reserve Red Cat

Mother (to precious infant): “Johnny, go wash your face and neck.”
Johnny: “Neck who, mama?”

— Reserve Red Cat

Mid: “What fo’ yo’ name yo’ baby Electricity, Mose?”
Night: “Well, mah name am Mose, ma wife’s name am Dinah, an’ if Dinahmose doan make electricity, what does dey make?”

— Longhorn

WHJOOPS, MY DJEAR!
GJET A BJARREL!
Bjornson Bjornsternee was swimmin’—
Hjis costume he jlooked vjery sljim in.
Sjome djames hjappened bjy —
Tjook hjis djuds on thje sljy —
Njow he’s shjouting, “to JJJJ wjith thje swimmin’!”

— Jack-o’-Lantern

“There was a thief in my room last night and I thought it was my husband.”
“Did he get anything?”
“Well, I didn’t miss anything.”

— Gaboon

Tar: “You say your girl is like a comma?”
Heel: “Yeh, it doesn’t mean a complete stop.”

— Punch Bowl
Delt: “What do you plan on doing when you get through school?”
Delta Gamma: “I’m going to join the Passion players.”
Delt: “How come?”
Delta Gamma: “Well, I’ve had four years experience.”

— Frivol

“Now that England is off the gold standard, darling, I guess the only thing for us is to get married.”
— Columbia Jester

If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant — take a bath.
— Log

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

Everyone’s heard of the mailman who spent his day off taking a walk, but how many have heard of the professor who spent his free day blowing up toy balloons?
— Owl

MOTHER JUICE
Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espied her and plied her with cider
And now she’s the forest’s prime evil.
— Lyre

She: “And all women are not playthings.”
Reporter: “That doesn’t sound like a broad statement.”
— Banter

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE
NEW Drinkless KAYWOODIE 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. 46, with the new Ambera mouthpiece and Synchro-Stem.)
In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been beaten badly on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."

— Christian Advocate

"Just got back from a trip around the world."

"Great. Did you stop in Egypt?"

"Oh, yes."

"Go up the Nile?"

"Sure. Swell view from the top."

— Red Cat

Kind O. M.: "And do you know why Santa Claus didn't bring you anything, little girl?"

Doll-Faced Child: "Yes, damn it, I trumped father's ace in the bridge game last Christmas eve."

— Punch Bowl

The flapper co-ed went up to the young prof and said, "Profy, dear, what are my marks?"

He put his arms around her and whispered sweet nothings in her ear.

— Wasp

"The little girl who used to want an all-day sucker, now just wants one for the evening."

— Log

Cub: "What's all the row about?"

Another: "Aw, just the advertising manager and the art editor scrapping about who does all the literary work on this magazine."

— Beanpot
Maid: “Shall I take this little rug out and beat it?”
Man: “That’s no rug, that’s my roommate’s towel.”

— Brown Jug

“Sir, I want your daughter for my wife.”
“And I, sir, am not willing to trade.”

— Satyr

Frosh: “What is a slide rule?”
Engineer: “Wear thick pants and avoid splinters.”

— Humbug

Broker: “American Steel broke 102 today.”
Phi Ep: “I know, my old man was one of them.”

Absorbtometer; alias Thingamawhichit, a compound of Hg. plus electric motor plus Stutz 1922 carburetor, designed and constructed by pupils Stewart and Phillips of Course XVII. Its other qualifications besides measuring graphically rate and amount of water absorbed by bricks are:

1. Distinguishes between brick and bric-a-brac.
2. Measures alcoholic potential of wine bricks.
3. Detects fake gold bricks.

a. Squeals on gold brickers in course (just discovered).

Therefore, said Stewart and Phillips are going to dismantle it.
THERE, now, wasn’t that funny? It wasn’t? Aw, nerts to you, Pitre, who asked you, anyway? You would strike a little child!

People are always saying to us,“Well, that may be funny, but I guess I haven’t got a sense of humor.”

The Next VOO DOO

Will be built to specification for just those people.

OUT DECEMBER 7

Save Your Pennies

Study Hints -- Telephone Numbers -- Apple Butter
The widow deliberated a long time before she decided what inscription to have on her husband's grave. Finally she decided upon this:
"The light of my life has gone out."
This proved quite satisfactory for a time, but the widow fell in love again and wanted the inscription changed so that the epitaph would be truthful. She had this phrase added:
"The light of my life has gone out — but I have struck another match."
— Green Griffin

Voice on police station telephone: "Officer, a burglar broke into the Old Maid's Home and they caught him. Could you send someone down to take him into custody?"
Cop: "Sure. Who's this calling, please?"
Voice (now with a Helen Morgan tear): "The burglar."
— Michigan Aggrevator

Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship rail): "Weak stomach, my lad?"
Boy (nervously): "Why, ain't I putting it as far as the rest of them?"
— Texas Ranger

First: "Name an electric unit, Mr. Gadget."
Fourth: "A kilo."
First: "A kilo what?"
Fourth: "Yeah, that's what I mean — a kilo-watt."
— Log

By: "What do you think of the Napoleonic period?"
Heck: "I never knew a durn thing about grammar anyway."
— Beanpot

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"My kingdom, my kingdom for a horse."
"Will a jackass do?"
"Yes, come on down."
— Sour Owl

He: "May I hold your hand?"
She: "Well, I suppose we'll have to start with the preliminaries."
— N. J. Law Troubadour
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 Coöperative 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 Coöperative Courses in Chemical Engineering Practice and Fuel and Gas Engineering.

The better high schools and other preparatory schools in the United States offer adequate preparation for the required entrance examinations given by the College Entrance Examination Board in June, or by the Institute in September.

Graduates of colleges or of scientific schools of collegiate grade, and in general all applicants presenting satisfactory certificates showing work done at another college corresponding approximately to at least one year's work at the Institute, are admitted to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training, and are given credit for our required subjects, including the entrance requirements, so far as they have been satisfactorily completed.

The Summer Session, extending from June to September, includes most of the subjects given during the academic year.

*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
“How much is this hat?”
“Fifteen dollars, sir.”
“Where are the holes?”
“What holes?”
“The holes for the ears of the jackass who would pay that much for it.”

— Lampoon

In a cigarette it’s taste; in an Austin it’s impossible.

— Log

Garage Attendant as Auto Drives Up: “Juice?”
Motorist: “Vel, vat if we are?”

— Beanpot

The guy whom we will throttle
With joy, and lots of zeal
Says, “Well, I liked the sample . . .
And now, bring on the meal!”

— Beanpot

Troubled Private: “Giddap! Gawd, them mules is stupid!”
Disgruntled Sergeant: “Listen, bud; if them mules had any brains, they wouldn’t be in the army.”

— Lampoon

“Do you think debutantes conceal their knowledge?”
“No!”

— Lampoon

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“Do you think debutantes conceal their knowledge?”
“No!”

— Lampoon

“What caused that explosion on Si’s farm?”
“He fed a chick some ‘Lay or Bust’ feed and it turned out to be a rooster.”

— Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay

“Dear, you seem so hot and tired. Was your office sweltering?”
“No, but I’ve been handling figures all day.”

— Banter
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 Yearling Ewe
First Breeders Flock

First and Second Ram Lamb
First and Second Ewe Lamb
First Young Flock

Champion Ram
Champion Ewe (Association Special), also at Columbus, Ohio
Breeder's Trophy

First Pen Three Ram Lambs
First Pen Three Ewe Lambs

"Are you a sailor's sweetheart?"
"No. I don't like salt with my mush."

— Log

"Have you drunk any cotton gin?"
"What is it?"
"Two drinks and you are spinning."

— Zip 'N Tang

My analyze over the ocean,
My analyze over the sea,
My analyze over the ocean,
O bring back my anatomy.

— Log

She: "How do the Freshmen keep those dinky little caps on?"
He: "Vacuum pressure."

— Longhorn

Preacher: "Young man, don't you know you will ruin your stomach by drinking?"
Inebriate: "Oh, trash all right, it won't show with my coat on."

— Yellow Jacket

"How much did you say them apples is?"
"Fifteen cents a peck."
"What do you think I am — a bird?"

— Sun Dial

Shelley: "Say, Wentzel, do you like those Oxford Bags?"
Wentzel: "Boy, you don't know anything. Oxford isn't a co-ed college."

— Drexerd

"Bread line be damned! Where the hell is your pride?"

— Growler
Rumor has it that a Chevrolet six has been placed on a pedestal in the very heart of Edinburgh. 'Round about it, day and night, you can see a circle of agitated Scotch whiskers. For on the pedestal are carved these words: "Chevrolet defies all Scotland to match Chevrolet's record for economy."

And rumor concludes by saying that the defy still stands!

Exaggerated? Well, at least it's no exaggeration to say that the Chevrolet will actually cost you less for gasoline, oil and upkeep than any other car you can buy. That's been proved so often that there is no longer any need to keep it secret. Take the case of Joe Zilch of Burning Stump, Okla. Or rather don't take it, because it's too long a story to tell here. Take a ride in a Chevrolet instead, and note the mileage you get on every gallon of gas you buy. If you still feel mercenary after that experience, remember Chevrolet's low prices. They simply remove every reason why you can't own one of these handsome sixes—smart as a Winchell wisecrack and even faster than that!

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The Great American Value
Something worth cheering about

If you really want to know how hugely enjoyable a fine cigarette can be, just try Camels in the Humidor Pack!

It isn’t only that Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended. . . .

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It’s that all the goodness of these fine, clean tobaccos—all the rare fragrance, all the delightful aroma—reaches you factory-perfect—prime, mild, fresh!

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So just try Camels—fine cigarettes kept fine—as a relief from stale, parched, dried-out cigarettes.

Then you’ll see why millions of folks like you are finding the cool, smooth, throat-friendly pleasure of Camels something well worth cheering about!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons—Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard—Columbia System—every night except Sunday.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette

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