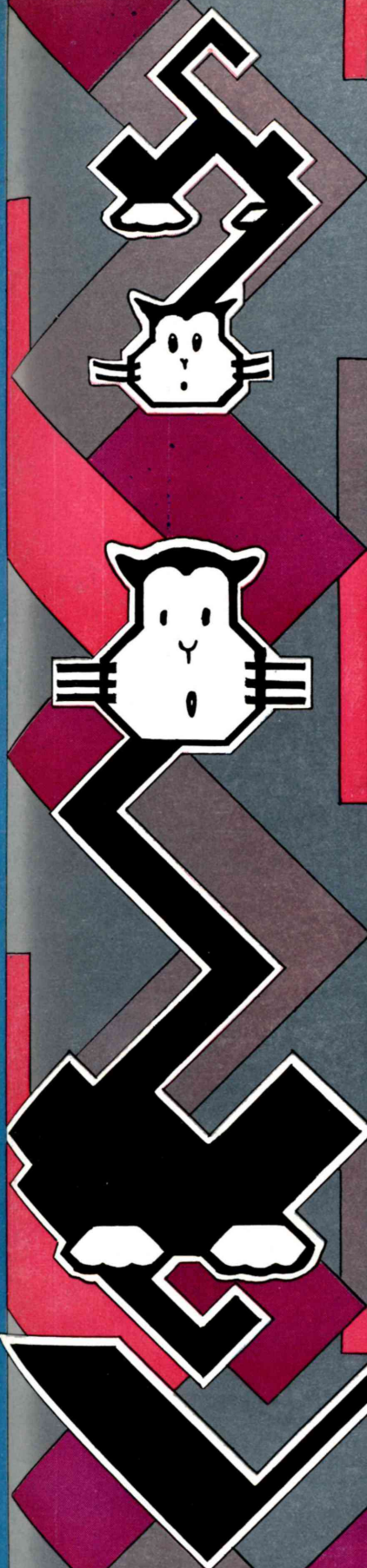


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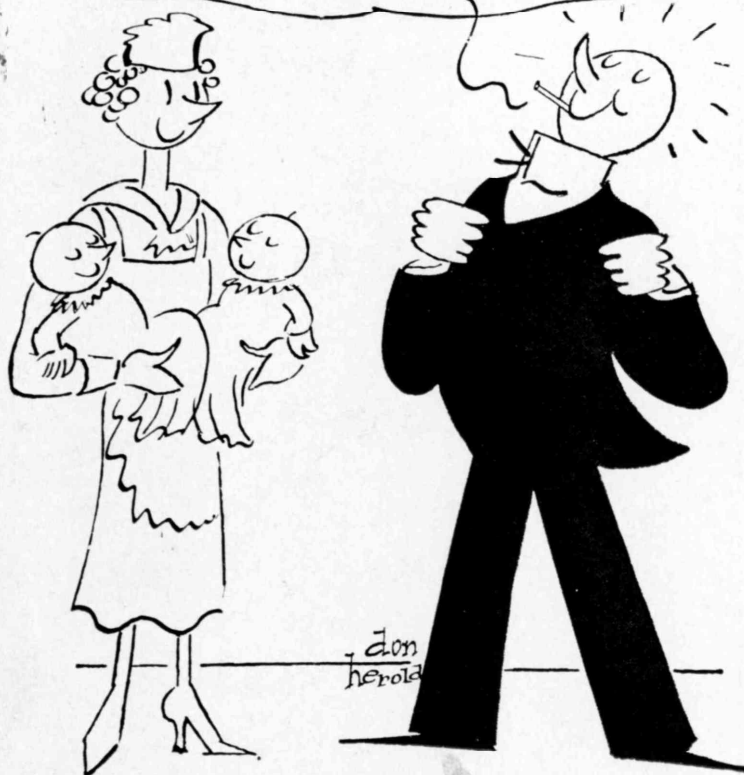
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25 CENTS

Vacation Number



Pardon my poise  
-but I'm keeping cool  
with OLD GOLD



**When you're in a Hot Spot  
—light a cool OLD GOLD**

Finer tobacco, that's the answer.  
Queen-leaf tobacco from the heart of  
the stalk. The choicest and coolest  
burning of all Turkish and domestic.

Get this, folks:  
**OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT**

**not a cough in a carload**



Old Maid—I bet that man was embarrassed when you caught him looking over the transom!

Second O. M.—Gosh, yes; I thought he'd never get over it.

—Rammer Jammer.



“Well, that’s one thing the depression hasn’t effected.”

“Whazzat?”

“The crematory’s urning power!”

—Exchange.



“Another combination shot,” said the co-ed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

—Augwan.



Why is he always so silly? Farce of habit I guess.

—Exchange.



“I fainted and they brought me to. So I fainted again.”

“Why?”

“Well, they brought me two more.”

—Oklahoma Aggievator.



Travelling Salesman’s Wife: Bobbie, this is your uncle from St. Louis.

Young Bobbie: Yea, for a dollar he is.

—Frivol.

## Hotel Kenmore

“Naturally” — *The College Headquarters*  
... *The* ...



Four Hundred  
Parking Space  
Luxurious Rooms  
each with  
Ice Water

Ample  
Circulating  
Bath · Tub · Shower

The best private functions rooms  
in Boston for College  
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COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE

DURING THE PAST YEAR OVER SIXTY-FIVE  
COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAMS AND THREE  
THOUSAND COLLEGE STUDENTS AND  
FAMILIES HAVE MADE THE KENMORE  
THEIR BOSTON HOME.

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Aristocrats at the new Deauville  
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324 NEWBURY STREET

A smart, secluded spot where  
you may enjoy the evening, with  
selected entertainers.

Popular College and Football Nights  
Moderate Prices · No Cover Charge

Open at 8 P.M.

Call Kenmore 6477



GEORGIE RAFT very naturally takes the part of "UNDER-COVER MAN" at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE, starting Friday, Dec. 16.



### HOLD EVERYTHING

It was the eventful day of the opening of the Kentucky derby season. The crowds were more than a milling mass, all shoving and straining to see how the sweepstakes were to turn. The jockeys were up and their chargers were gesturing with the nervous equestrian smartness that is ever present just before the start. Everywhere the spectators were jumping up and down to view the get-away. Just then the horses were lined up at the barrier. A woman grasped her husband by the arm and hysterically asked for a safety pin, meanwhile grabbing after something about her knees. The tape was raised and someone in the crowd yelled, "They're off!" . . . . And the woman fainted.

—Battalion.

Girl (at show): "Somebody is fooling with my knee."

Escort: "It's me, and I'm not fooling."

—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.



"Washington was 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

"Yep, if he hadn't married a widow his record would have been complete."

—Cajoler.



And there's the story concerning a Chepachet clergyman, who, at a dinner, had to listen to a talkative young man, who had much to say on Darwin and his "Origin of the Specie."

"I can't see," bawled the young whippersnapper, "what difference it would make to me if m' grandfather was an ape."

"No," skirmished the clergyman, "I can't see that it would. But it must have made a great difference to your grandmother."

—Brown Jug.



He: "I like to take experienced girls home."

She: "I'm not experienced."

He: "Well, you're not home yet, either."

—Rammer Jammer.



Active: "Hey, freshman, what the hell's the idea of running the other way when I call you?"

Quick thinking pledge: "The echoes in this big house are so confusing."

—Sun Dial.



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Irate Father: "What's the idea of bringing my daughter home at eight-thirty in the morning?"

Voice over the phone: "Well, you see, sir, I had a nine o'clock class."

—Boston U. Beanpot.



Harvard Man—Who knocked on the door of my bath house?

Attendant—It was me.

H. M. (to second H. M.)—What is he trying to say?

—Lyre.



A little bee was flying merrily around in a field of clover. The little bee lighted on a very nice piece of clover and started sucking the honey therefrom. A big cow grazin' in the field gobbled up this piece of clover and the bee.

The bee, finding itself in the cow's stomach with no means of egress, rolled over and went to sleep.

—When the bee woke up, the cow was gone.

—Exchange.



Artist: Are you a college woman, young lady?

Model: Yes, sir.

Artist: Then you won't do. I want to paint a picture of the Virgin Mary.

—Arizona Kitty Kat.



Mae—"Bob gave me some lipstick for my birthday because he took it off every date we had."

June (absent mindedly)—"He gave me bloomers."



"Whose picture is that?"

"Oh, that's a picture of me when I was a baby."

"Oh, you were a nice bald-headed baby."

"Hey, you're looking at that picture upside down."

—Rensselaw "Pup."



"THERE'S  
ALWAYS  
JULIET"

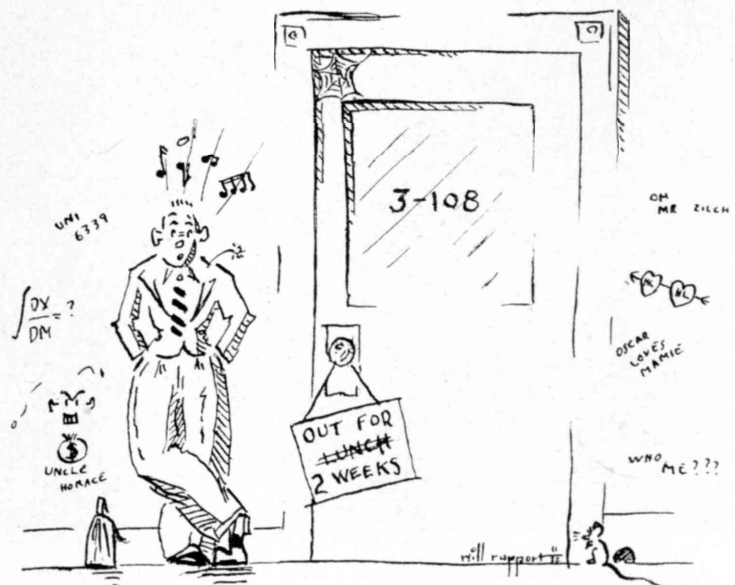
AT THE  
PLYMOUTH  
THEATRE  
JAN. '9

will raphael

BUT  
THERE'S  
ONLY  
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VIOLET  
HEMING



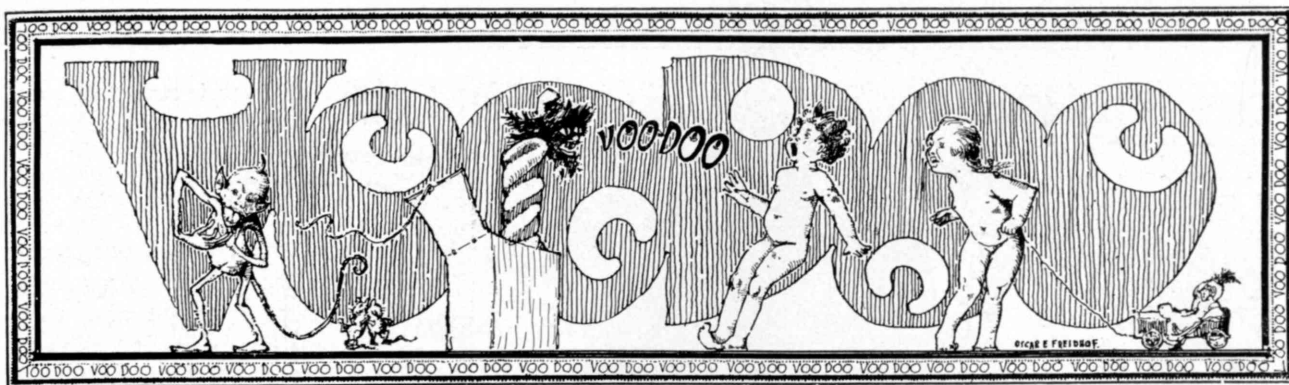
# Phosphorus Wishes You A Glorious 4th of July





(Voo Doo presents the third of a series of drawings by local talent. Save this page for future reference.)





## Vacations: Their Cause and What to do Before The Doctor Comes

For some unknown reason, it seems inevitable that the boys who have to remain in Boston over the vacation relegate themselves to a week or more of constant griping, to say nothing of downhearted moping. This seems to be an utter waste of time, however, as the Voo Doo survey on vacation pastimes indicates. We are glad to be of assistance to any vacationers who remain in town by printing the following list of things to do, the result of our extensive survey which was started some seven minutes ago, at least.

Your mornings will be the least troublesome part of the day, we think, being spent either in peaceful slumber or in yelling to the guy next door to shut up, or whyin hell doesn't he hire a hall? (It has been definitely proven that vicious thumping on the wall does absolutely no good in this case.)

Thus you will only have the afternoon and night to worry about. After lunch you can visit all the historical and otherwise repulsive places in Boston that everyone says you really *must* see. Bunker Hill Monument, Paul Revere's house, and Faneuil Hall will easily fill an afternoon and you can think of any number of other places—if you care for that sort of thing. And there's always the Arnold Arboretum.

And now we have only the evenings left. (You see, it's really easy to find something to do if you put your mind to it.) The evenings are somewhat more difficult to dispose of but we're always willing to make suggestions.

One thing for which Boston is famed is the large number of lectures and open forums (or is it fori?) that it supports. It's a rare evening that you won't be able to find Mrs. Q. K. Clydde-Winterbottom regaling an audience with a first-hand description of the sex-life of the Tibetan yak; or Ferdinand Archibald Hetherington holding forth on the virtues of Dr. Quiggle's Pink Pills for hardening of the dandruff.

But then, we realize that some few of our readers may not be interested in lectures. To these benighted individuals, we suggest going to the Boston Public Library where, if they are lucky, they may induce the librarian to lend them the unexpurgated edition of Peter Rabbit.

So, dear reader, between lectures and lurid fiction, you should find no difficulty in spending your evenings pleasantly. At least, it's not our fault if you do.



"Pardon me, may I borrow some sugar?"



Prof.: "We will now discuss sex."

German student: "Ya, mein lucky number."



First director: "But think of the expense."

Second director: "To hell with the expense, we've got plenty of them already."

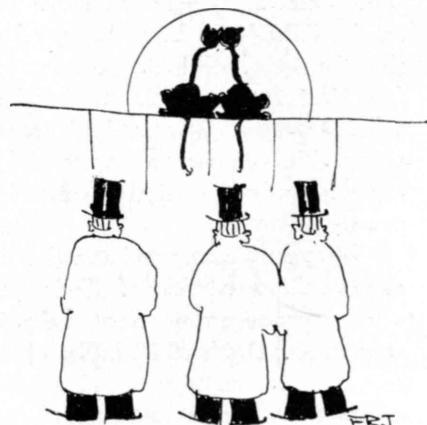


It seems that the poor oppressed farmers have acquired a theme song, to wit: How Am I Doin', Hay, Hay.



Frosh: "They tell me that goldfish frequently have eczema."

'33: "Yes, but it's only on a small scale."





She—"Are you Ray from the Beta house?"

He—"No, I'm the Gamma Ray."

### "Gentlemen . . ."

Just to prove that Voo Doo really Sees All—Knows All, we are happy to be able to print at this time a hitherto unpublished story from the memoirs of that master of thrilling—albiet imaginative stories, Prof. Edward (Eddie to you) Miller. (All names used in the story will be fictitious—not that there ever *were* any real characters.)

"Speaking of the universal gas constant, gentlemen, reminds me of something that happened when I was in Vladivostock at a convention of the International Society for the Prevention of Excessive Lengthening of the Valve Spindle, jokingly referred to as the I.S.P.E.L.V.S. You see, gentlemen, Brother Heffelpiffle, a delegate from Germany, was demonstrating the value of writing a new text-book every year and he was using a Corliss triple expansion marine vertical steam table as a model.

"Well, gentlemen, you know that it don't make a particle of difference whether you turn your eccentric ahead or back. But Brother Pifflehoffle didn't know that and he was about to lengthen cutoff by decreasing the lead on

the crank end. Well, there I was, about twenty feet from the speaker; I knew the danger he was in and I didn't have no time to think.

"I leaped over the heads of about twelve delegates who were standing between me and the speaker and with one healthy wallop I send Hifflehoffle spinning across the room where he fetched his head up against an old steam table that someone had left there.

"About two hours later, gentlemen, Pifflepoffle came to. I happened to be standing in the steam chest of a mercury-sulphur dioxide engine at the time and I saw him come at me brandishing a dashpot menacingly. Well, gentlemen, it was perfectly evident that he meant business, so I had to think fast. I divided the heat of his wrath by 778 and before he had a chance to say 'It's perfectly evident' I grabbed one of the governor balls, changed my entropy, and vanished through the exhaust port.

"But speaking of exhaust ports, gentlemen, I don't think I told you the one about . . ."

"In Union there is strength," runs the old gag. How about those cigars that carry Union labels?

Father: "Once upon a time a porcupine and a skunk were looking for a place to spend the night when they came upon a lion's den. It took them a long time to decide which one should go in first. Finally the porcupine entered and was immediately devoured. Now why did the porcupine go in first?"

Young son: "Because the skunk had better scents."

### Engineer's Love Song

My darling, your eyes are so bright that they scorch

Like the flame of an oxy-acetylene torch.

Your lips are as red as the ruby's red glow;

(They make them synthetic'ly now, dear, you know.)

Like crystals of calcite your white teeth appear—

(The stuff that is doubly refracting, my dear.)

Your skin is as flawless and clear as the face

Of a high-powered lens, just removed from its case.

Your hair's so unruly and fluffy, my dear,

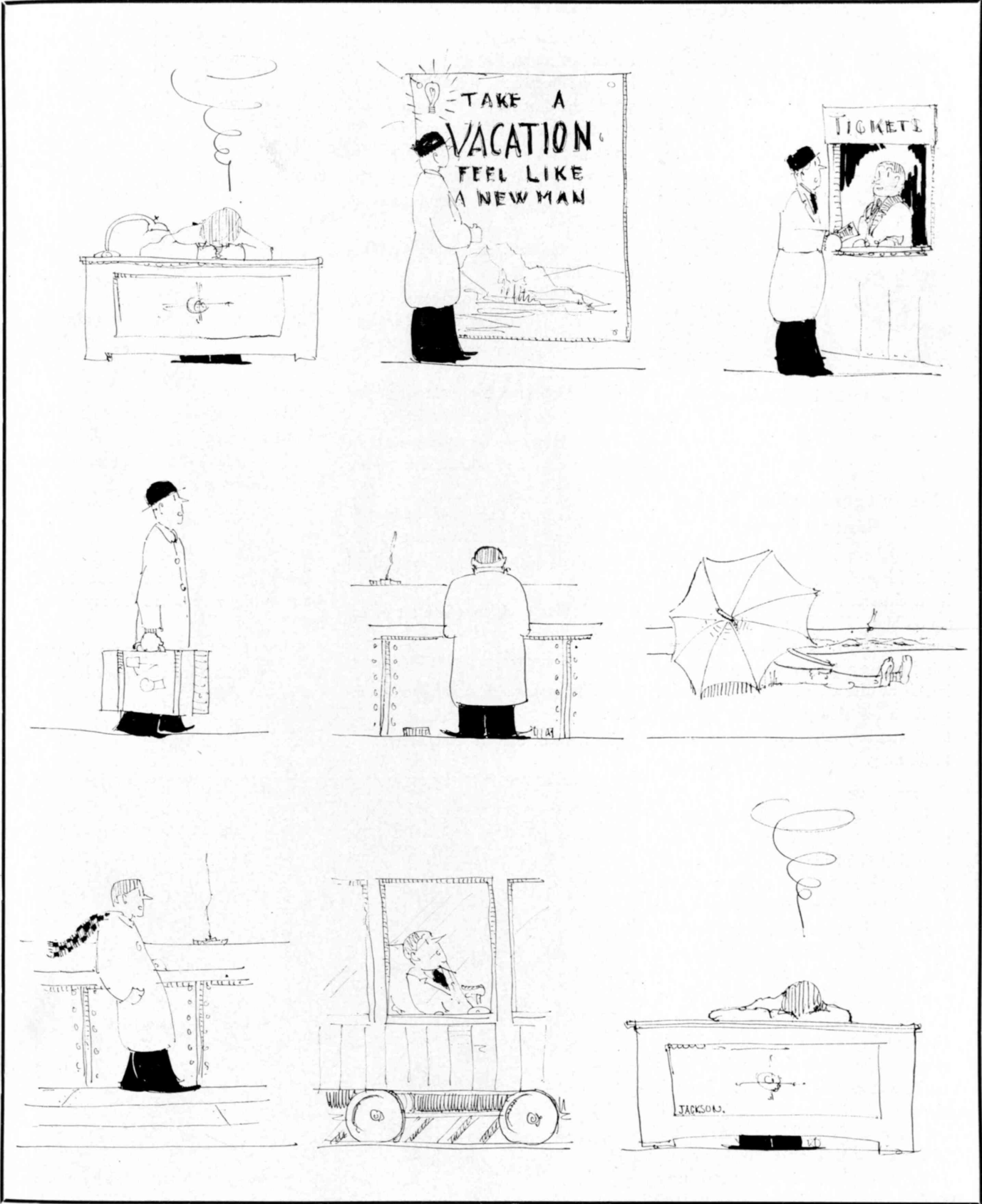
That it looks like the foam on a seidel of beer.

And your form, gee, it's perfect—at least nearly so—

(For I figured it out on my slide-rule, you know.)









"What th' Halliburton!!"



### De Organization Writes Santa a Letter

Say Jake who is dis Sanny Clauz? Wots his racket? Wots his district an hows chances fer muscling in. Check up on him. He's been gettin' a lot uv publicity lately. Say I seen a pitcher wit him in a phony get up drivin a bunch of the damndest lookin mules pullin a big sled good fer a hunnert fifty cases any day. Lena take a letter to dis mug.

Sanny Clauz

Dis is Big Dick broadcasting, punk, so frame it. My distric runs frum Canada tuh Mexico, an deres no musclin in. De Chrismus trade is gonna be lousy enough now. America is safe for the Democrats widout no competition. From yer pitchers ya look kinda old, well cut in on the racket an ya won't get no older I'm tellin ya. Now I've taken over de Marine corpse I doan take nuttin from nobuddy spechully beefy ole dukes wit sleds an mules wit aerials onto em. Jus tuh show ya I ain't such a bad guy I'll cut ya in on de Chink an dope racket. Yeah an 456 is a good number on de pool. I've played it two years now and it ought tuh be along presently. Keep in touch wit me. Hopin you feel the same.

Big Dick.

### Xmas Presents We'd Like to Give the Faculty

With time hanging heavily on his hands last night, Phosphorus gathered his wits together (both of them), wiped the dust off his typewriter, and composed his little Christmas list. All those whose names are omitted will receive a silver-plated cumulative rating.

Prof. Phelan: One carton assorted cough drops.

Prof. Holmes: A pocket folding step-ladder.

Prof. Miller: A composite Congressional, Carnegie, and leather medal for deeds of valor amongst the engines.

Prof. Doten: A complete set of Joe Miller's Joke Books (1872-1908).

Prof. Howard: A combination level, transit, and alidade for taking moon shots.

Prof. Rogers: A bound volume of the Boston Evening American.

Prof. Townsend: A gilt-edged cuspidor.

Prof. Frank: A complete set of assorted vectors.

Prof. Kurrelmeyer: A megaphone.

Prof. Passano: A window micrometer.

Prof. L. S. Smith: Raspberry.



"So you're still brown-bagging?"



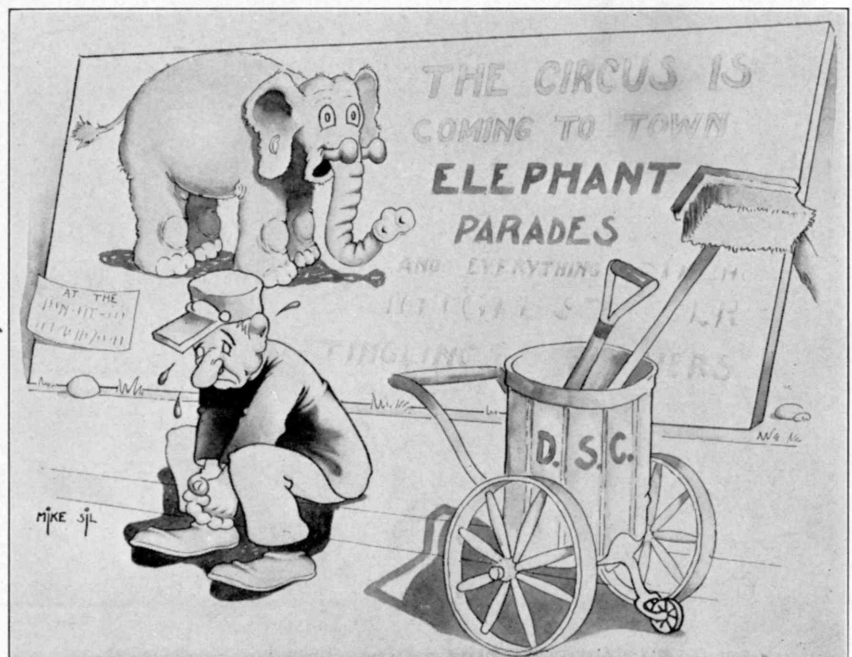
"Can you use the word disguise in a sentence?"

"If you don't quit disguise gonna knock hell out of you."



Man (in department store): "I want to buy a brassiere for my better half."

Sales girl: "Yes sir; now do you want something for the other half?"







"Mrs. Sprat had all the fat,  
Mr. Sprat the lean."

She: "Did you give that cab driver a tip?"

He: "Yeah, I told him to do his Christmas Shopping early."



He: "Can you take it?"

Stenographer: "Sure, 90 words a minute."



She (after auto accident): "James, my temper is a bit ruffled."

Chauffeur: "Yes, madam, and so is the car."

### Let Lie-Lax Open the Doors to Your Soul By FIRE SALES

Wal folks, youall probly remember old Zach, the fireman. Wal he uster set around the firehouse and didn't never git much exercise. He'd jest set around the station playing checkers with all the old timers. Wal he'd jest about sprouted tuh that air box he uster set on, and didn't even git up tuh eat. The sitation war gittin plumb serious whin Zach started taken Lie-Lax. Now yuh never did see such a spry ole timer. He's on the run all the time. He even had to leave the only fire we had in the last ten years. Yessir I could tell yuh any number of movin tales about Lie-Lax.

The science of romance should be a part of scholastic work, according to Dr. W. W. Whitehouse, dean of Albion College, Albion, Michigan.—*News Item.*

"In this age of light and science  
Never place your full reliance  
On the coldly unromantic facts they  
teach you here at school.  
Things like physics, French, and German  
Are quite useless (as are vermin)  
And altho you know the lot of them  
you still will be a fool.

"All the books, and every lecture  
(Be it Greek or architecture)  
Won't be worth the filthy lucre your  
tuition set you back;  
For the thing you will be missing  
Has to do with love and kissing—  
And you can't get very far with it  
unless you have the knack.


"So forget your Chem and Spanish  
And enroll for something mannish  
Take my romance course—at least it's  
worth a stab;  
(By the way, I think I'll mention  
Something worth your close attention—  
You supply the raw material to work  
on in the lab.)"

"In the Walker Grill a young man's  
fancy lightly turns his stomach."



She—"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

He—"If it's not along a rifle barrel."



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# Phosphor Essences

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## NIPPED IN THE BUD

WITHIN the next few weeks there will probably be a drastic revision in the Interfraternity Conference. Such a revision has been deemed necessary by those in charge in order for the Conference to fulfill its purpose. Last year several houses voluntarily resigned and this year the general attitude has been one of disinterest.

The fault lies not with the executives of the Conference, but with the individual houses. The members of each house elect one man to represent them at the meetings of the Conference. We are sorry to say that in most cases these delegates are elected because they are good mixers and not those who understand the internal machinery of such a group. In order to remedy the above situation the Executive Committee of the Conference has recommended that each house be represented by its President and one active Junior Member. This is a logical suggestion and we hope that each house will conform with it. Several other important recommendations have been made, all of which are designed to revive interest in a fast fading organization.

At present the Conference is overtaxed with numerous contests such as basketball, squash, indoor baseball, bowling, and bridge. All of these are good games but the strain is too great. The motions to adopt such competitions are made and passed with very little thought. The winner of such a tournament is given only a small amount of publicity and the spoils of the victor go unnoticed. No wonder the participants lose interest.

Interfraternity Conferences at other colleges are active groups. Within a short time we expect to see the one at Technology also fulfill its purpose. The first step has been in the right direction.

---

### CONTRIBUTORS:

D. M. LEWIS, JR.

MISS CLAIRE WYNOT

DON RUSSEL

MIKE SIL

E. DE SOLA







We would view with great elation  
Thoughts of spending our vacation  
With that blonde whose appellation  
Is Marlene.

"On to Hollywood's" our motto  
(And it isn't *voce sotto*)  
For we've absolutely gotto  
See Marlene.



It has been rumored that Prof.  
(Triple E) Hudson has been heard  
singing that new electrical song—  
Ohm, Sweet Ohm.



She's the girl whose legs are rated  
As a menace unabated  
Well—what of it if she's mated?  
I don't care!

She's been called "The Girl With  
Garters"  
And I know a dozen martyrs  
Who would die for her like Tartars  
On a dare.



She: "Good night."  
He: "If anything turns up, spank  
it."



This space was reserved for the best  
pun of the year but we were afraid  
Ed Wynn might see it.

### A Freshman at Christmas Dinner or Back from the Big City

Yeah Ma, it's a real institute . . .  
it says so right over the door and it's  
the biggest thing you ever saw. You  
know they put 33,000,000 bricks in  
it, too . . . yeah, I read all about it  
in the *Tech*. . . . It's a funny thing  
Pa, all the upper classmen think it's  
pretty lousy, but I don't think so. . . .  
It's just like our high school paper and  
everybody said *that* was good. . . .  
Pass the blood Ma. . . . Oh, but you  
don't know what I'm talking about—  
sure—that's what all the men up at  
school call ketchup. . . . I know it  
sounds sort of unrefined but you know  
when you get out in the world and  
run up against the tough things, you  
get kind of hardboiled. . . . You just  
got to be able to take it. . . .

. . . I paid a dollar and joined the  
Coop and I buy everything I can there  
because you get a 10% dividend and  
you know I just figured it up and I  
already have twelve bucks coming to  
me . . . And they gave us the best  
looking uniforms. . . . I brought it  
home so I could put it on and show all  
the folks how swell it is . . . And  
we drill with real army rifles just like  
they did in the war and they've got  
real barrels and everything . . . When  
you get to be a senior you can carry  
a sword and be a general or something  
. . . Oh it's a swell place . . . Could  
I have more horse Ma . . . That's what  
they call meat and the upperclassmen  
say it's real horse you get in Walker,  
but I don't believe it. . . . And pa, some  
fellows came over to my room and  
asked me over to their place for din-  
ner and then they took me to a show  
and then they said I was an excep-  
tional young man and they wanted me  
to live with them . . . They gave me  
a pin to go in my coat too . . . See it  
here, it didn't cost me a thing . . . It  
doesn't cost me but about a hundred  
dollars a month to live in the house  
and when I get initiated it only costs  
fifty bucks and then I can live around  
there all the time and they tell me some  
secrets too . . . Gee Ma it's a swell  
place . . . You know high school just  
isn't in it. . . .



# "Singin' in the Rain"



I FORGOT my galoshes, but I'm going along in the rain... having a good time... smoking my Chesterfields.

Just downright good cigarettes. They're milder and they taste better.

Just having a good time. *They Satisfy.*







Prof. Holmes makes a New Year's Resolution.

A bigamist is a man who likes to keep two himself.

Yes: "There is a baby born every three minutes in New York."

No: "Doesn't he ever get tired of it?"

## Overheard at the Christmas Concert and Dance

Ooh—Mabel, what's that? . . . I dunno, guess a fuse musta blown out . . . Gee, it's dark . . . Why, Adolph P. Gribble! I thought you knew better than *that*! . . . And I'll have you know, sir, that's my pocket . . . But John, I've never been kissed before . . . You *know* mother would disapprove . . . I wish they'd hurry and turn the lights up again . . . Eee-e-e-k! . . . Well, if it isn't my old school teacher, Miss Fiditch! . . . Think of my reputation, Edward, suppose the lights should go on now . . . Shall we sit this one out, Doris? . . . (*a la Eugene O'Neill*): And me with my roommate's kid sister! . . . But, Hortense, Freud says it's perfectly natural . . . And besides, Frank, I've seen the gym before . . . Then again, Isabel, the Industrial Revolution didn't occur until . . .

Perhaps it's all for the best that the lights went on at this point. We couldn't stand this *much* longer.

## THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

Two hearts.  
One diamond.  
Seven no trump.  
One club.  
Two spades and a pine box.

"And now," shrieked Coach Ricks, "if you'll show me how to do an in-side-cross-face-outside-body-slam-strangle-nelson, I'll do your damned elliptical integrals!"

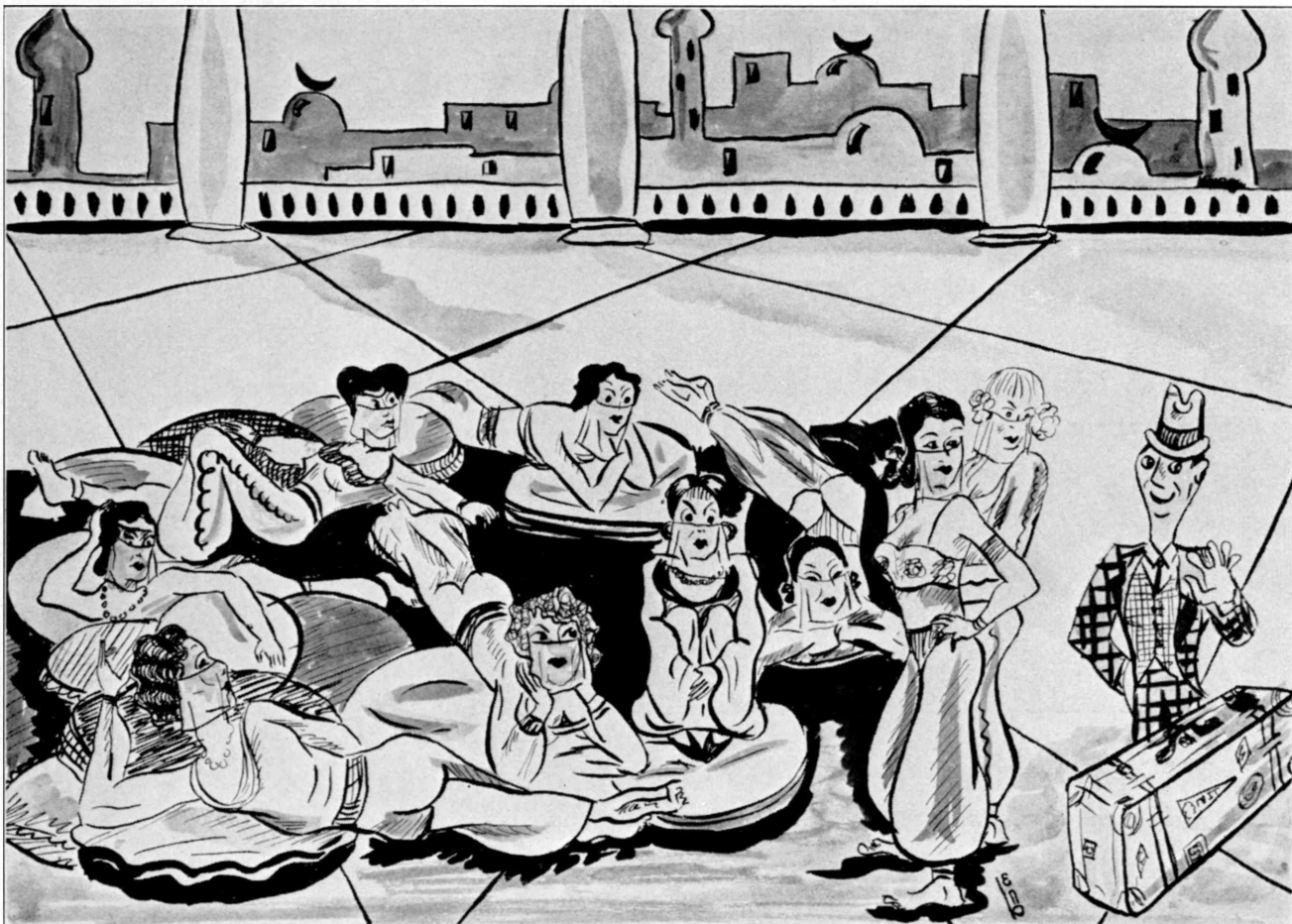
DS: "Which side should you milk a cow on?"

DT: "The udder side, dope."

She: "Is your name Santa Claus?"

He: "No."

She: "Well, leave my stockings alone."



Tech-in-Turkey representative—"Sorry girls you'll have to wait until the T. C. A. sends more funds."



## De Arte Poetica

(Ballade)

In Tin Pan Alley, one Vallee  
 A lyricist, essayed to brew  
 A song concoction that might pay  
 For lodging bills long overdue.  
 He thought a while to get a cue  
 To make his song a hit and sell.  
 The bland refrain he chose was new:  
 "I love ya more than I can tell!"

In Paradise (in Adam's day)  
 When men were far between and  
 few,  
 —And but a step removed from clay—  
 Was not this good old hokum true?  
 —When archeopteryxes flew  
 And serpents wove their cunning  
 spell—  
 Did Eve and Adam never coo  
 "I love ya more than I can tell!"

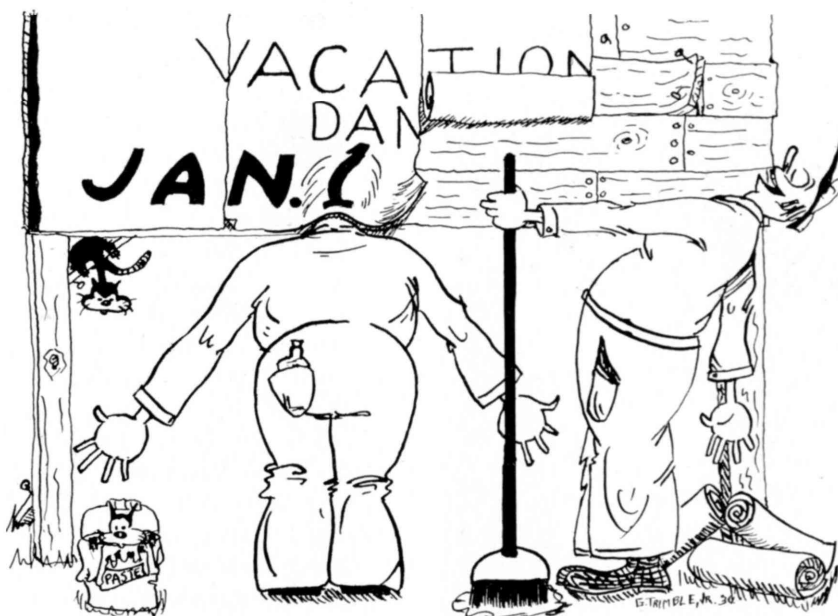
But then, what more can lovers say?—  
 Now jump a thousand years or  
 two—  
 See—how, impatient for the fray,  
 Brave Launcelot bids Elaine adieu;  
 —Or mark young Antony, shirt  
 askew—  
 Embrace his Cleo fond farewell;—  
 Perhaps this was the line they threw:  
 "I love thee more than I can tell!"

## ENVOY

Oh men, from Adam to Menjou;  
 Oh maids, from Eve to Little Nell;  
 These words shall dupe more souls  
 like you:  
 "I love ya more than I can tell!"



"When do you Webber College  
 girls go back to Boston?"



"Guess I put 'one' over on you this time, Joe."

## Advt. Advt. Advt.

Pursuing our policy of allowing only tried and tested products to be advertised in our columns, we are happy to testify to the quality of the GREAT AMERICAN NON-SKID JELLYBEAN, the virtues of which are listed in the following advertisement.

Our guaranteed over-size, non-skid, trouble proof jellybean is sweeping the nation like a broom (heh-heh, thought we'd say wildfire, didn'tcha?). The nation, the world—nay, the universe has been crying for this vastly improved confection for years—nay, for days. Never again will you, you and you have to suffer the inconveniences of the ordinary slippery jellybean. With our patented corrugation about its center, our GREAT AMERICAN NON-SKID JELLYBEAN eliminates the dangers of tangled tonsils and lacerated larynxes. The whole nation is jellybean conscious. Strike now while the iron is hot and the jellybean is stuck in everyone's teeth!

Our jellybeans are never touched by human hands; they are made by our imported Afghanistan Pifflehounds who use only their ears (and an occasional toe). Remember, spit is a horrid word.

Send for our free illustrated booklet

describing a hundred and one ways of using the GREAT AMERICAN NON-SKID JELLYBEAN. All you have to do is send us the wrappers from seventeen boxes of jellybeans and a thousand word letter describing the merits of Scremo cigars, together with seven dollars and ninety-two cents (to cover mailing and handling expenses). Our jellybeans are admirable for stopping the ears when attending the opera (especially Ed Wynn's). When you stroll through the woods, take along a bushel to mark the trail for the rescue party. Then again, by applying our patented Gadget No. 37469-D, one can quickly turn the jellybean into an efficient collar button (front or back). Brownbaggers are advised to carry a peck or two in their brief cases. Then, if you are ever shipwrecked (you never can tell) feed them to the sharks; any self-respecting shark prefers a jellybean to a brownbagger.

Husbands of two-timing wives can use our jellybeans in their shotguns, thus marking the culprit for future identification. In fact, they can even make a game of it and see how many times the same home-wrecker can be shot without duplicating a color. Great sport, great sport! Tell the little woman about it and get her into the spirit of the game.

IT'S SMART TO GORGE ON  
 JELLYBEANS!



Anyone driving to North Pole. Will share gas and oil. Apply at Chimney at Runkle.



"And this is where I draw the line," shrieked Professor Rutledge, as he grabbed his straightedge and connected points A and B.



"I'm sorry, Ma'am, but it's my duty," mumbled the Customs Inspector, as he fished a pearl necklace out of the lady's shoe.



Actor (coming off stage): "Well, I'm off for ten minutes. I think I'll change my pants in the interim."

Manager: "Oh no you don't! You'll do that in the anteroom."



Doctor: "I can't give you a liquor prescription unless I am sure that you need it."

Student: "I've been asked over the Phi Gam house for dinner and—"

Doctor: "Will two quarts be enough?"

### Minutes of a Tech Board Meeting

Night was settling on the dreary scene in a dark subterranean dungeon as the Tech staff assembled, slunk in, or just arrived in the underhanded method typical of the Tech reporters—and feature writers. Another member appeared. The chairman gave him a vacant stare, so he sat down on it. The secretary chewed wistfully on a *mangel-wurzel* which he had picked up in a corner.

Red "Features" Martin opened the meeting with the fervent prayer, "The Lord save us from the Voo Doo." Strong-Arm Whitton complained that the staff and candidates were not using sufficiently impenetrable disguises and if their identity could not be kept a secret, they would have to quit the

yellow sheet. Hotcha Hayes then rose to make a motion that the Tech organize a football team. Seven typewriters were thrown at him and his inert cadaver was later dropped into the incinerator.

Cutie Clewell asked permission to write one, just one, accurate, truthful account of anything. Mr. Clewell was immediately shouted down, and a cut was made in his beer allowance.\*

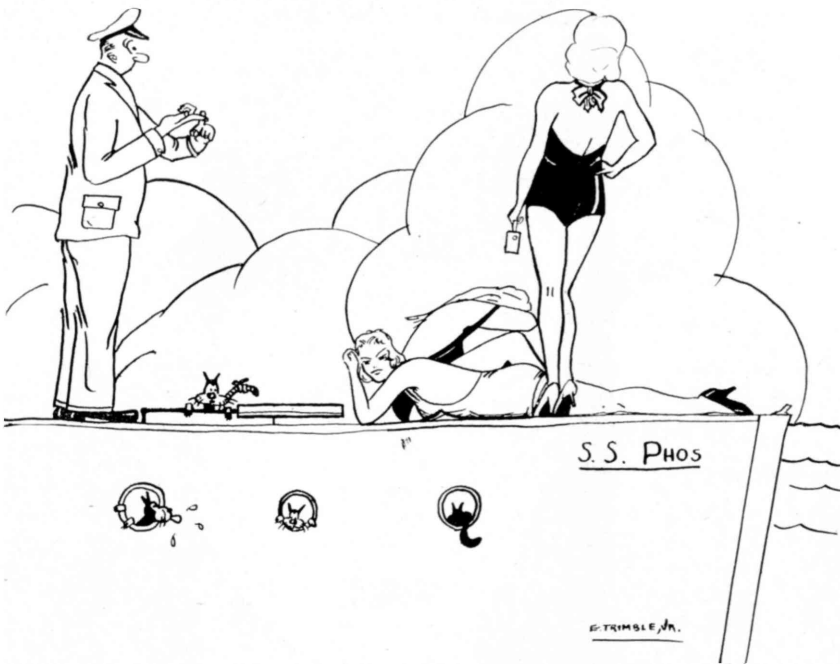
The meeting was suddenly interrupted by a long, low me-o-o-o-w and the erring youths broke into chaotic disorder as Phosphorus, disguised as a second trombone, entered the drab hangout.

Soon only the satisfied sound of the sagacious feline knawing on the *mangel-wurzel* broke the silence.

\*Probably the only reason why the paper continues to eke out its miserable existence.



"These Course XIII men don't know anything. What we want is real sailors."



Counting th' chickens before th' hatch.

The room was a wreck. Newspapers covered every inch. Smoke oozed through the keyhole and fell to the floor outside in steady blobs. Handfuls of hair cluttered the wide expanse of newspapers. And in the center of it all, a nearly bald young man crouched, staring at a newspaper upside down. From time to time, he scratched hastily on a piece of paper with an eraser. Suddenly he stopped and stared, gibbering, at the blank sheet. Weaving to his feet, and flinging the paper from him, he cried, wildly, "To hell with the girl-friend's Christmas present."



Saint Peter—"Nope, no lab deposits refunded this year."

And then there was the ditch-digger whose throat was cut by broken English.

Appropriate title for birth notice column—WINCHELL IT BE.



Give me suite sixteen and she better be blonde.

Voo: "Gimme a light."

Doo: "Hell, old man, you're already lit."

She: "But it says no parking here."  
He: "Well — I'm willing to go as far as you say."



Fortune Teller: "For a dollar I'll tell you what happened between you and the girl friend last night."

M. I. T.: "I know *that*, but I'll give you five if you'll tell me the outcome."



Then there's the new Hydraulics lab song—Weir-y River.



Eskimo—"How do you like our women?"

Tech '33—"Great, my motto is the North Polar bust."



He: "You do look better in the dark."

She: "Yes—and I feel better, too."



Then there was the absent minded co-ed who kissed the quiz and socked the professor.



One: "They tell me your music teacher is in the hospital."

Two: "Yeh, it was a terrible accident."

Three: "Howzat?"

Sold: "Oh, she just struck a new Cord."



### PARDON MY STARING

She: "Laugh, you cad! I can plainly see you are no gentleman."

He: "Madam, I can see you're not either."  
—Batallion.



Wife—"The couple next door seem to be very devoted. He kisses her every time they meet. Why don't you do that?"

Husband—"I don't know her well enough yet."  
—Yowl.



Pi K. A.: Where are you running so fast?

Kappa Sig: I'm running away from my girl.

Pi K. A.: What's the matter?

Kappa Sig: She's got that far-away look, and I want her to notice me.

### No Extra Charge for One Day Laundry Service

Special service at 15% discount  
rendered M. I. T. students

### Charlie Mun Hand Laundry

88 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

Telephone, Kenmore 9472

Called for and delivered daily from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.



Winsome HELEN HAYES contributes all her charm and ability to "SON-DAUGHTER", M-G-M picture at LOEW'S STATE and ORPHEUM theatres, Dec. 23.



Wanted: Burly beauty-proof individual to read meters in sorority houses. We haven't made a nickel in two years. The Gas Co.

—Yowl.

85th YEAR

*Thos. F. Gavin*  
INC.  
**FLOWERS**

SPECIAL CONCESSIONS TO M. I. T.

::

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EFFICIENT SERVICE  
OUTSTANDING QUALITY  
CONSERVATIVE PRICES

### BOSTON

Downtown . . . . . 152 FEDERAL STREET  
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Uptown . . . . . COPLEY SQUARE  
Telephone HAYMARKET 0255 Connecting All Stores

AGENTS IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD

ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers,

## CLOTHING,

### Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
NEW YORK

#### DRESS CLOTHES

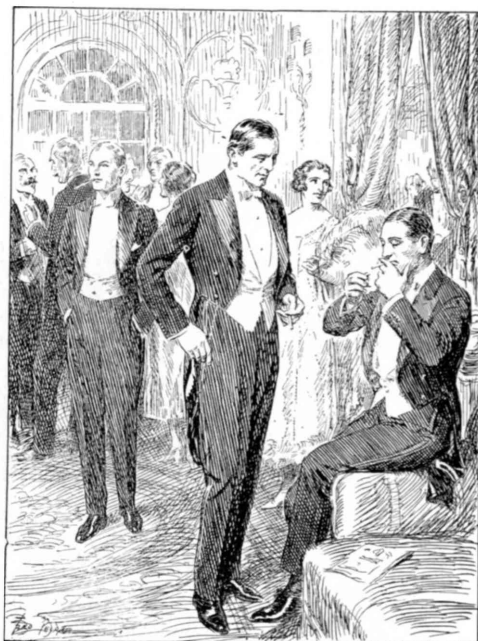
Brooks Brothers' clothing for formal wear is made with more than a century's experience in meeting the most exacting requirements. Our ready-made evening clothes are made from specially imported materials. They are cut on our own patterns, made in our own workrooms, and are sold only by our own stores and travelling representatives. In style and workmanship they consequently maintain a degree of distinction and correctness usually associated only with clothes made to measure.

Dress Coats . \$70      Dinner Jackets . \$50 to \$60  
Dress Waistcoats . . \$7.50 to \$16  
Dress Trousers . . \$15 & \$18

Send for "Christmas Suggestions"

#### BRANCHES

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



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Passionate Pedro—"Ah, senorita, you are divine! I loff you! I weesh your embrace! Geef me your keess!"

Fair Tourist (blushing)—"There's no need—my apartment is never locked."

—Froth.



"Oh, don't get up Mrs. Van Asterbilt, I only want to shave."

—Rammerjammer.



News flash:

WOMAN BOOTLEGGER NABBED  
WITH SIX FLASKS CONCEALED  
IN BLOOMERS.

How's that for a kick in the pants?

—Cajoler.

Telephones, Kenmore 4051-3277

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**Frank A. Mattie & Co.**  
CUSTOM CLOTHES

154 BOYLSTON STREET



OPPOSITE THE NEW  
WALDORF ASTORIA

*Home of the famous swimming pool.*

**THE SHELTON**

at 49<sup>th</sup> and Lexington NEW YORK.

## FAIR PRICES

Our appeal for more guests at the Shelton is not because our prices are so much lower than at other hotels; our desire is to portray the advantages not obtainable at other houses; also to quicken the aspirations of young people to a better and more satisfying way of living. The atmosphere of the Shelton is homelike; also it answers the demand for respectability which our permanent guests regard as of utmost importance. Room from \$2.50 per day and \$50.00 per month upward.

## SPECIAL OFFER

Combination Dinner and Swim \$1.50—  
available to both women and men  
(suits free).

Club features (free to guests); Swimming pool; Gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium; library and lounge rooms. Also bowling; squash courts and cafeteria. Reasonable prices.

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to the most modern  
**PRESCRIPTION LABORATORY**  
IN GREATER BOSTON

Come in and see for yourself how carefully your prescriptions are filled. We employ expert pharmacists, graduates of Colleges of Pharmacy.

*Bring your Prescriptions to*

**MILLER'S APOTHECARY**  
493 BEACON STREET BOSTON

"Hey you birds, cut out that swearing; I've got a lady in my room!"

—Buccaneer.



"I think you are a pain in the neck."

"Well, thanks for moving me up."

—Missouri Showme.

## Hinds Laundry Co.

50-60 Washington St., Brookline

### *Special Student Bachelor Service*

- All starched, hand finished, at a very economical pound rate.
- Repairing and one-day service at no extra charge.

**Everything Ivory Washed - Tel. Long 6186**

*Tailoring • Cleaning • Pressing  
Repairing*

Special Prices on Contract Work

## TECHNOLOGY CLOTHES SHOP

90 MASS. AVE.

CAMBRIDGE

UNiversity 8589

*Across The Street From Tech.*



# Christmas Suggestions

## TECHNOLOGY PLATES

Twelve plates to the set in blue or mulberry

*The following articles  
furnished with*

## TECHNOLOGY SEALS

BOOK ENDS

PAPER KNIVES

BRACELETS

PLAQUES

RINGS

LOCKETS

PENDANTS

ASH TRAYS

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MILITARY BRUSHES

RUMIDORS

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NECKTIES

HOSIERY

SHIRTS

HUMIDORS

LIGHTERS

GLOVES

DESK LAMPS

BELT SETS

GLADSTONE BAGS

FOUNTAIN PENS

TELECHRON CLOCKS

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

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HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, INC.

## Walton Lunch Company

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202 Dartmouth Street

629 Washington Street

30 Haymarket Square

6 Pearl Street

540 Commonwealth Avenue

1215 Commonwealth Avenue

105 Causeway Street

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1083 Washington Street

44 Scollay Square

332 Massachusetts Avenue

19 School Street

437 Boylston Street

34 Bromfield Street

*Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology  
Are:*

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

## Riverbank Court Hotel

Opposite Technology

Transient Rates for Our Suites  
Special Rates Weekly and Monthly

*"We cater to friends and relatives of Tech men."*

EXCELLENT DINING ROOM AT POPULAR PRICES

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

AT HARVARD BRIDGE

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## BELGIUM TAILORS

786 BEACON STREET

Cor. MOUNTFORD STREET

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CLEANSING : PRESSING  
and REPAIRING

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO M. I. T. STUDENTS

*We Call and Deliver*

H. ALBERT, Prop.

# BUCK AND DOE RUN VALLEY FARMS

—OPERATED BY—

## THE SAINT AMOUR COMPANY

MORTONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

### *Record of Winnings at Eastern States Exposition, 1931*

#### HAMPSHIRE SHEEP

First Yearling Ram

First and Second Ram Lamb

Champion Ram

First Pen Three Ram Lambs

First and Second Yearling Ewe

First and Second Ewe Lamb

Champion Ewe (Association Special), also at Columbus, Ohio

First Pen Three Ewe Lambs

First Breeders Flock

First Young Flock

Breeders Trophy

When the plumber looked he flushed—but silently, for he was a good plumber.”

—Exchange.



The auctioneer's son walked into the sumptuous fraternity house and looked about.

“Do I hear any bids?” he murmured.

The diner was reading the latest sensation in the morning paper and looked up to talk to the waitress.

“How would you like to be buried in a snow drift for eighteen hours with your sweetie?” he asked.

“Say,” retorted the lady, “if me an' my sweetie was buried in a snow drift we'd be swimmin' in twenty minutes!”

—Cajoler.

FRANK P. SHAW

LEON A. HICKS

### HICKS & SHAW, INC.

HOTELS, CLUBS, and STEAMSHIP SUPPLIES

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Represented by J. J. McGRATH

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### SUPERIOR TAILORS INC.

DRESS COTHES OUTFITTERS  
CUSTOM and READY-TO-WEAR  
CLOTHES

111 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
Opposite Mass. Station  
BOSTON · · · MASSACHUSETTS

# *The* MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

CAMBRIDGE

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

AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING  
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BUILDING CONSTRUCTION  
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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  
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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.

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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

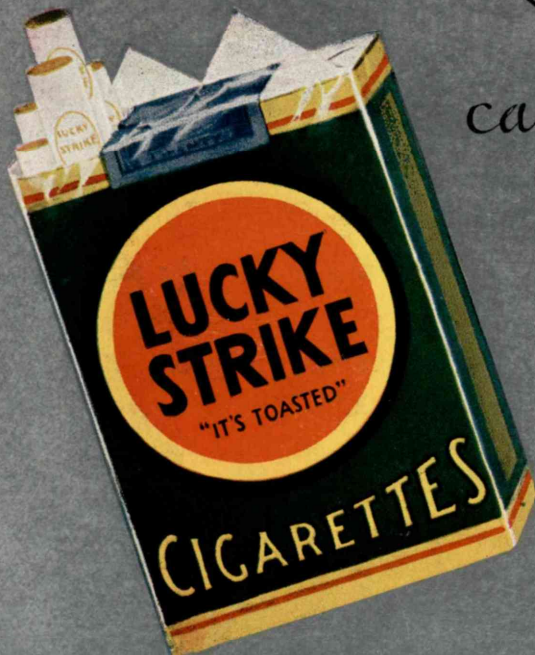
(Which includes the admission requirements)

GRADUATE STUDY AND RESEARCH

SUMMER SESSION BULLETIN

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS





Give a Christmas  
carton of LUCKIES—the  
mildest of Cigarettes

**"It's toasted"**

That package of mild Luckies