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Lovely MARY CARLISLE needs that caution in "SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE", with ALICE BRADY and LIONEL BARRYMORE, at LOEW'S STATE, week of Thurs., Dec. 7.

(Taken from the stage success, "The Vinegar Tree")

Florence: "Mamma, do pigs have babies?"
Mamma: "Why of course, my dear."
Florence: "Someone told me they had little pigs."

—Cougar’s Paw

DON’T BOTHER US

Prof.: “Will you men stop exchanging notes in the back of the room?”

Stude: “Them ain’t notes, them’s cards. We’re playing bridge.”

Prof.: “Oh, I beg your pardon.”

—Yellow Crab

Psi U: I hear your girl was thrown out of Smith.

Deke: Yeah, she was expelled for gambling.

Psi U: Gambling?

Deke: Uh, huh, she took a chance on a couch.

—Wasp

Meet the dean of them all

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Baton wielders come . . . baton wielders go . . . but Meyer Davis goes serenely on . . . coaxing tantalizing tunes from his talented crew . . . setting the pace for smart dancers.

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She was a sweet and helpless blonde
I taught her golf one day,
She slipped and fanned the air—
She'll never learn to play!

I tried to teach her tennis then—
The lovely stupid child,
She missed the ball and hit the air
And fairly drove me wild!

At last I concluded she was dumb
I missed my guess I'll say—
She failed at golf and tennis, but
The wedding is in May!

"Mr. Smith, I saw your wife kiss the iceman this morning."
"Great Scott, wasting her time on him when we owe the grocer twenty dollars."

—Punch Bowl
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Co-ed (just operated on for appendicitis): "Oh, doctor, will the scar show?"
Doctor: "Not if you are careful."
—Rammer-Jammer

"If you want to kiss me, squeeze my hand. If you don't want to kiss me, don't squeeze my hand. If you want to kiss me and don't want to tell me, squeeze my hand—"Ouch; Hey, get off my foot!"
—Rammer-Jammer

Night Watchman—Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?
Young Man—No.
Night Watchman—Here, then, hold this lantern.
—Black and Blue Jay

Wife (to drunk husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."
Husband: "Might as well. I'll catch hell when I get home, anyway."
—Mountain Goat

STRONG BREATH

She (coyly)—You bad boy. Don't you kiss me again.
He—I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin in this party.
—The Log

Curious: "Have you been in an accident?"
Battered One: "No. I complimented my wife and slipped."
Curious: "Slipped?"
Battered: "Yeh. Said I never saw anyone look as nice in underwear as she did."
—Owl.
"One Sunday Afternoon"

Lloyd Nolan as "Biff" Grimes

Francesca Bruning as Amy Lind

Percy Helton as "Snappy" Downs
HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE . . .
**VOO-DOOINGS . . . .**

Skol . . .

**Quaint** and varied are the customs of our brothers-in-learning up the river a bit. But then, calories are calories, and punch is not milk, to wit:

They were holding a formal dance—a very formal dance—at Harvard's Kirkland House a while ago. At the usual hour the usual intermission was called and the guests gathered around the festive board for a bit of a snack and a drink.

Beautiful women in striking gowns stood beside tall handsome sons of Harvard, resplendent in gleaming shirt fronts and long tails. About the table, heavily laden with dainty morsels of caviar and melba toast, the lovely ladies chatted gaily and sipped their punch. But never a ladle came from the brimming bowl to fill the cup of a tall handsome son of Harvard, for they were each one daintily drawing milk through slender straws from small white bottles.

Shades of John Harvard!

Smoke . . .

We were listening to Professor Rogers throw his usual line in E-11.

"In writing a theme," he said, "be sure to write on something you know. Some of the subjects you men have picked out seem to be things you have found in books. For instance, Mr. Fiditch has chosen to write on 'Smoke'. What do you know about smoke, Mr. Fiditch?"

Mr. Fiditch seemed hurt to have his knowledge called into question. He drew himself erect and, a slight touch of hauteur in his tone, replied, "Sir, I come from Pittsburgh."

No Roto . . .

An interesting and enlightening story has been going the rounds recently. Strangely enough, it concerns The Tech. Those of us who have been out of short pants long enough remember that it has been customary each year for The Tech to print a rotogravure supplement with the issue following Field Day. This year that edition of The Tech consisted of white pages only—no roto.

The intentions were good, however, for the staff sat up late one night, composing the ill-fated rotogravure section of 1933. Finally it was finished and one of the boys was delegated to take it to the engraver—pronto. O. K., said he—but—

It seems that one of the staff members was a freshman co-ed. The hour was late. And with true gallantry, the carrier of the roto insisted on taking the co-ed home before delivering the newly-born rotogravure section to the engraver.

The story has a simple ending. The roto got to the engraver too late and the class of '37 must wait a long, weary year to see the next one.

* * * *

At least—so they tell us.

Nude . . .

One of the German classes was proceeding in full swing, the students listening to their instructor's description of conjugations and syntaxes. While his voice purred the tricks of the language out over the class room, one lad scribbled. There was no malicious intent in his mind, he just had the habit, that's all. And, as he was more or less inclined to the artistic side of life, the things he scribbled were usually females, and, as he was quite artistic, they were usually pretty good nudes. The boy is really all right at drawing such pictures, so perhaps we shouldn't say scribbling.

Throughout every hour his pencil never left the paper in front of him.
That paper might be almost anything—a notebook, quiz paper or what have you. It happened, that on this particular day he had a homework paper before him that was to be handed in at the end of the hour.

The result of his labor was really quite good. It was a cute little nude, coyly stepping out of a pair of very feminine panties. The pose was excellent and he felt very proud of his work.

The following day, he got the paper back. The work on it was duly corrected by the prof in the omnipresent blue-crayon. Underneath the little work of art covering the back of the sheet, the instructor had calmly written in the same blue crayon: “This is too good to be just pure imagination.”

Phos is of the opinion that this matter ought to be investigated more thoroughly. For instance, what would Beaker Joe say if we drew nude women all over our homework papers. Or Professor Frank? Or Bill Greene or Professor George? As a student body, we really ought to organize and find out.

The Calculus . . .

While traveling home last vacation, we engaged in conversation with a fellow passenger on the train. He turned out to be a freshman at the Harvard Engineering School. Being curious as to the nature of their courses, we asked him if they used calculus in their first-year physics. “No,” he replied brightly, “we don’t need it, you see, we use slide-rules.”

Squirter! . . .

We’ve been wondering whether the Institute is full of left-handed gents, or if the idea is to save on water bills. Have you ever felt so thirsty you would welcome a drink of water? Well, strange to say, we did the other day, so we stopped in front of one of these white-enameled holes in the wall purporting to be a drinking fountain. At least, they try to make you think so by putting a bubbler prominently within the cavity. Well, at any rate, here you are so thirsty that fog on a window pane makes your tongue hang out, and confronted with no less than two faucets. “Which to turn?” says you. Dimly you remember that the cold water faucet on a bathtub, a wash bowl, in fact everywhere that cold water can be found, is on the right. So you open your mouth in anticipation, being careful not to dislocate your jaw or hit your head on the top of the fountain, and twist the right-hand knob. Well, there is one advantage, you don’t have to open your mouth in surprise, it’s wide already. But no water comes—so you glare fixedly at the contraption and find a little stream trickling out of a queer little spigot away in under the shut-off. And the most pathetic sight in the whole Institute is an arid soul trying to get his mouth under this same little spigot.

Alma Mater . . .

Several weeks ago the T. C. A. put up a poster in the main lobby. It said something about helping out “our boy’s work.”

Noting the location of the apostrophe, Phos has a rather—that is—er, intimate question lurking at the back of his mind.

Is the T. C. A. a mother?

Nuts . . .

Practical engineering has its applications, apparently, even at the Institute. The other day we were not a little surprised at the sight of a disciple of this branch of study, covered with much grease and a dungaree shirt, engaged in replacing the engine pan of his car. The parking space for yards and yards around was littered with tools and spilled oil. In spite of the evident lowering of certain hypothetical standards, we point with pride to the fact that the present generation of Tech men can still be useful.

Alma Mater . . .

Several weeks ago the T. C. A.
A young man, whose fiance was a rather simple minded young lady, was about to leave for the big city on business that would keep him away for a year. They were driving to the station in a wagon. “Will you correspond with me?” he asked her.

“Of course,” she replied happily, “but do you think there’s room enough in the back?”

**VERSES**

I’m the physical wreck from Cambridge Tech,
McCarty has ruined me,
He’s made me jump and he’s made me run,
He’s been at me constantly.
He’s ruined my health forever—
Thank God I’ll soon be free,
I’m the physical wreck from Cambridge Tech,
Because of that damned P. T.

I call my girl hangover—I always wake up with her after a wild party.

Then there was the co-ed who came to the make-up exam with rouge and lipstick.

“Remove him to the bowelng alleys,” said the doctor, indicating the intestinal case on the table.

Speaking of military things, there was once a girl who was so dumb, that she thought a rear guard was a bustle.

**Recipe for Hangover Hootch**

2 Quarts Cotton Gin
4 Eggs
3 Lbs. Butter
2 Pints Engine Oil
All old photo negatives from your last trip abroad.
All unpaid bills.
Mix eggs, butter, flour, water, and toothpaste into a smooth batter in a ten gallon hat. Add everything else except engine oil and bills. Allow to stand in a very dark place for three months.
After the mixture has stood for three months, remove the scum from the top with an icepick, and throw the remaining liquid away. Boil the hat in an aluminum pan for ten minutes, adding the engine oil bit by bit.
Serve with lady fingers. It’ll give you a helluva hangover.

**FEELING** zoological one afternoon, we logically visited the Franklin Park Zoo (’scuse it please) with the intention of seeing the monkeys. We hung around and hung around but no monkeys showed up. Finally hunting up a keeper, someone asked him,

“Aren’t the monkeys coming out today?”

“No,” he replied, “this is their mating season.”

“Won’t they come out for peanuts?” we continued.

“Would you?” said he.
Well, perhaps we wouldn’t.

We don’t mean to cast any aspersions on the British Nobility, but we’re afraid there isn’t a peer in England that doesn’t have piles.

"But after all, Mimi, a man owes *something* to his wife!"
To the ranks of the notorious members of the faculty which includes Beaker Joe, Tubby Rogers, and Professor Wiener, the group about which every person at all connected with the Institute knows three-hundred and sixty anecdotes to tell his relatives when he gets home on Christmas Vacation, Phos proposes to add another member. He is no other than the head of the 8.03 course.

It all started the other day in a Physics Lecture, when Professor Page was telling us all about thermo-currents and different kinds of effects.

"The man who wants a good thermo-couple," he said, "turns to bismuth and antimony."

Probably everyone within miles has heard the tale of the unsuccessful artist who gave up water colors and turned to bronze. But we must admit that Professor Page has improved the accepted version. These lectures of science—Oh, well, you just never can tell. We might also mention the story of the gentleman who sat down on the spur of the moment or the poverty-stricken old lady who, as a last resort, fell back on her needle.

All of which tempts us to make rhyme. Electricity lectures are inclined to make you get poetic anyway, so we composed the following on the flyleaf of our notebook:

Professor had a little Gauss
The Gauss did lay some ergs;
With an erg-erg here, and an erg-

Here an erg, there an erg
Everywhere an erg-erg
El El El Ohm.

It doesn't take finesse at all
To make a girl with alcohol.

He (in auto): "Good gosh! We've got a puncture. I hope I can find a patch somewhere."

She: "You'll do nothing of the kind! Any petting we do will be right here in the car."

"But I'm sure the cork came over here."

Hepburnly Daze

I think she's a positive scream, that Hepburn
Person,—lots funnier even than Webber'n'
Fields,—or the Marx brothers with Garbo for a stooge;
And I don't think I'll ever understand her hoopoe
Success; but such is the way of fame and fortune
That this esoteric young lady's opportune
Appearance should captivate the fans who clamor
Endlessly for a strange something called glamour,
Why, the girl is absurd, with her pixyish brows,
And her gait like a farmhand fetching the cows;
I sometimes think that a good solid feed
Is just what this hollow-cheeked naiad must need.
Huh?—she's appearing in person tonight at the show?
Hot damn!—outta my way,—I gotta go!!

Voice over phone: "Are you the girl I spanked last night?"

Fanny Aiken: "Just a moment, I'll have to think back."
Well done, good and faithful servants.
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Mr. Robert M. Becker,
Managing Editor,
The M. I. T. Voo Doo,
Mass. Institute of Technology,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. Becker:

COLLEGE HUMOR, as you know, is granted exclusive reprint rights for humor by all the better comics in the country. For eleven years now this magazine has printed the cream of the humor from college publications.

It is a pleasure for me to tell you that since my association with COLLEGE HUMOR one of the college comics to which we look for the best material is the M. I. T. Voo Doo. There are few comics rank with your publication in the quality of material printed and none which surpass it.

Cordially yours,

COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE

Contributors to this issue: Marion G. Jones, Sylvia Rapoport, Warren Thompson, Harry M. Gallay, Ernest Linke, F. R. Haigh, Leo J. Kramer, Aleck Fine, Howard Greene, Mike Sil.
THE POOR CAT

Now that the second edition of the cat's scratching is in the hands of the victims who paid their quarters, we are beginning to hear those wails that were suppressed after the first issue in the hope of better things. Voo Doo's second masterpiece is a bitter disappointment. It contains but one or two good original jokes and a number of fairly funny ones cut from other college papers. The rest is just filler.

It must be that old Phosphorus is dead. If he is counted among the deceased, he must certainly must be revolving slowly in his grave. For the modern Voo Doo is certainly only a shadow of its former self.

The haughty attitude that was so becoming to the cat in his early days still remains. In the recent issue he advises that THE TECH refrain from printing an occasional joke. Then he adds that his job is to tell jokes, not give advice. He ought to tell some jokes for a change! Just look some time at the college comics that sell for only fifteen cents. They are often far better than our Voo Doo. If the cat cannot improve the quality of his issues, he certainly ought to get off his high horse and cut the price.

THE ENGINEER CONSERVATIVE

Once there lived a man who owned a wolf, a goat

In its issue of November 3, The Tech published an editorial dealing with Voo Doo. A reproduction of the editorial appears above. On the opposite page is a reproduction of a letter from Mr. Robert W. Mickam, Editor of College Humor and Sense. Read both and compare them.

Those who judge and attempt with their judgments to mould the opinions of others are faced with a grave responsibility. Before forming and presenting their judgment, they should place themselves in a position to know all the facts on the subject. But does the editorial in The Tech name any of the fifteen cent college comics that are "often far better than our Voo Doo?" No. Facts are conveniently omitted under cover of a barrage of dogmatic opinion.

The Tech has set itself up as an intelligent and all-knowing judge once too often.

In addition, those who judge must have experience on which to base their judgment. Is it reasonable to assume that the editors of a college newspaper have the experience necessary to judge college comics? We think not.

On the other hand, Mr. Mickam, being in close contact with nearly every college comic in the country and editing a comic magazine himself, has the knowledge and experience enabling him to judge fairly. The result of his judgment is on the opposite page. The result of a very limited knowledge and an even more limited experience, together with a strong bias and a headstrong editorial policy, is illustrated above.

The editorial column of The Tech has stepped outside its province; it has been turned into a medium for foisting on that portion of the student body that reads The Tech the personal opinions of one person, unsupported by a background of facts and practical experience.

The editorial policy of The Tech is in urgent need of complete and drastic revision.
ODE TO AN OLD FLAME

When gazing at a motion picture star
Of shapely form and comely face,
On whitened screens in theatres
Dark and cool;

When Walker's hall vibrates with muted sound
Of resonant horns, and trumpets shrill,
While maidens fair dance with their swains
From Tech,
I think of you?
Like hell I do.

Kind old lady: "My man, how on earth did you come to this miserable state?"

Hobo: "Pickin's is pretty miserable, Mum. I come on the eight-fifteen freight."

"Say, what's that fellow doing under the table?"
"Oh him? He's either drunk or the waiter is bringing the check."

MUCH as we hesitate to bring the faculty more into the public eye, we cannot resist this little incident which happened in 10-250 a short time ago. It seems that a stray dog, doubtless motivated by the desire for higher education, 8.03 in particular, had strayed into the room a short time before Prof. Page himself. To maintain the sanctity of the lecture period, the good professor found it necessary to eject this most flagrant of the inattentives present. Our glee lies in giving your imagination the chance to paint a picture of N. C. as, after some struggle, he seized the offender by the good old back of the neck and posterior and hove him out in the manner of an experienced bouncer.

And have you seen Prof. Passano as he potters about among his flower pots with his water pot? Very pastoral and relaxing after the turmoil of Calculus classes, we imagine.

Little Often Annie says that if you give a Chicago gunman an inch, he wants a rod.

Girls who resist
Don't know what they've missed.

There was a young guy from Brazil
Who fed himself one C. C. Pill;
He said like a man
As he ran to the can;
"Never another pill."

—Exchange

I say there, young man from Brazil,
You should know the effects of that pill;
It's action is drastic
As well as bombastic
But by this time you've been through the mill.

Wench: "How did your boy friend get the black eye?"
Damsel: "Well, you see, it was this way—He made a forward pass, I intercepted it—but after the second down, I kicked."

She was only a farmer's daughter but she was worth cultivating.
Of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

You know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it. But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is the cigarette that's milder, the cigarette that tastes better.

Chesterfield

They Satisfy...just try them
GEEZ, IT'S AWFUL!

Hello, Mabel. H'yah, keed. Where'd ya drop in from? Glad to see ya. Aw, don't be formal or buttin'; jes' drop yer duds on the chair and make yerself at home. Y'know me, always meetin' lotsa people.

Last night—Gosh, what a night, Mabel—I wuz out wit a couple o' de bums. Sure, collitch boys. How'd ya guess it. One of 'em tried gettin' fresh wit me, see. Tought he could get away wit sumpin'. But I loined 'im.

Foist, he takes me up an alley wit 'im, see. Geez, it wuz awful. Den he sits down on de steps. But dere ain't no chivalry no more—de flower of yout—dat stuff, it's all gone. Me, a lady. And kin ya imagine, Mabel, he wouldn't give de seat to me. But I loined 'im.

"Mister," I says, gettin' all haughty-like, "you ain't no gentleman."

I guess dat put 'im in his place, Mabel, 'cause right away he gits up and flares like and says to me sorta quick and sore:

"Whatcha mean I ain't no gentleman!"

Mabel, I tell ya he wuz boilin' mad. But leave it to me to handle dose smart boids. I told him.

"Mister," I says, "de only polish you got is on yer shoes."

I guess dat didn't shut him up for a while, huh, Mabel!

THE MICROSCOPE

On the fourth floor of Building Ten is a bulletin board which has given relief to many a questionable impulse on the part of the men in Course VII. For instance: not so long ago we saw there a newspaper clipping telling how an employee in a pathological laboratory buttered his lady love's luncheon sandwiches with typhoid germ cultures, merely because she refused his hand. She seems to have been justified; the passionate gentleman killed himself with a more common agent—good old illuminating gas, and the girl came to an untimely and uncomfortable end. The implication to Course VII men is self-evident: "Go thou and do likewise."

W H O S E job is it to dig out the defunct cats, dogs, rats, and other wild life which fall down the big flume in the hydraulic lab? Is this service in any way connected with Walker?

W INT E R is in our midst, friends, and the Division of Laboratory Supplies is doing a fine business in alcohol, Prestone, etc. If you need any piston rings or such, you might try the Machine Tool lab—they will doubtless follow the commercial trend exhibited in Building Four.

Y OU must have heard about the persistence and courage of those rugged crew men whose afternoon relaxation consists of rowing Bill Haines around the river in a double-oared shell. Do these supermen pursue their sport in defiance of the seasons merely because of their unquenchable ardor? Ah, no. It is because of the newspaper reporters and cameramen who flock to the spot whenever the floating refrigerator appears.
Oh, Mary had a little lamb
While dining at the Ritz
It took my watch—my hat and shoes
And left me on the Fritz

Waiter: “What will you two gentlemen have?”
1st: “Paradise.”
2nd: “Grape-Juice.”
1st: “What?”
2nd: “Grape-Juice.”
1st: “What’s the matter, are you sick?”
2nd: “You heard me, Grape-Juice.”

(Second round)
Waiter: “You wish something else, gentlemen?”
1st: “Another Paradise.”
2nd: “Nother Grape-Juice.”
1st: “Good Lord, man.”
(Third round)
Waiter: “And again, gentlemen?”
1st: “Still another Paradise—a strong one.”
2nd: “Sh’till ’nother Grape-Juishh, shtrong as ‘ell.”
1st: “Say, what kind of Grape-Juice is that?”
2nd: “Sh’gud shuff.”
(Fourth round)
Waiter: “Gentlemen?”
2nd: “Lishen waiter, ol’ boy, jush wumore Grape-J-Juiish-h.”
1st: “Make it two.”

Keep your shirt on, Margaret!
To secure cozy nights
It is well known that clothing close upon the body is much warmer than that which permits spaces or treacherous drafts of air, although that is seldom acted upon except under a physician’s orders.
The principle of attaining warmth is even truer during the night. I therefore wear, first, a cotton chemise made fully long by a scant flounce added to the shortness of ready-made ones; then a high-necked, long-sleeved drilling nightgown; then a very thick flannel wrapper.
This last is the most difficult as bushy flannel is not often on sale now. But doubtless an eider-down wrapper would answer. I also put my feet and the lower part of my body and all of these gowns, into a sort of large pillow-case open at both ends, of thick flannel. I wear a cap.
If, in spite of all this, you get cold in spots, warm those spots; that is, put on, say, golf stockings, or pull on similar warmers above the knees; or something on the upper arms; or for the back have on hand (keeping it under cover, therefore warm) an old knit shawl which you can bunch tight over the coldness.
All this is a little intricate, but only at the beginning; and comfort-
Men who drink liquor
Get thiquor and thiquor

The Walker janitors are suspected of running a racket. Otherwise we wonder what becomes of all the fractional bottles of distilled spirit parked behind the curtains, under tables, etc. on dance nights after their owners have become indisposed.

Here lies Oscar Bainbridge Shelley,
He gorged himself on vermicelli.

And then there was the cannibal’s daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.

MEDIEVAL SCANDALS

“And Joan of Arc’s mail fit like a glove” ... tsk, tsk.

Girls who wear long woolen panties,
Are sure to be old maiden aunts.

As a matter of policy, Voo Doo feels duty bound to reprint the following communication from a long-suffering student. To wit:

Gentlemen:

It has been pointed out to your correspondent that the none too infallible Institute has been guilty of yet another error. It is, in fact, an error which approaches a vice yet a bit nearer than even the calculations of the august Professor Wiener could approach the much-to-be-admired curves of a star that reigns at present in the celluloid heavens. But I digress . . . .

In the rear of our great seat of culture (biological and otherwise) there unhappily exists a misguided strip of concrete, which, under the name of sidewalk, so closely approaches the looming posterior of our beloved factory that the hapless student wandering thereon is driven forthwith for lack of what I may crudely term elbow room to the tender mercies of the gutter. (As if there were not already ample influences urging him in that undesirable direction.)

Think of it. One of the grossest and most flagrant of crimes being committed, so to speak, under our very proboscii. Such a situation has not arisen since last the perspicacious Mr. Rogers launched his devastating doctrines—and ten thousand magnates’ daughters were doomed for life (or Reno) to the click and hiss of their husbands’ slide rules.

It is therefore our humble suggestion that the aforementioned error be rectified by moving the Institute a matter of some two feet, eleven and nine sixteenths inches in the direction of the Charles. This widening, plus the present dimensions of the walk would permit the arm in arm maneuvering of one brawny Tech man and one co-ed of moderate dimensions . . . and, if we may add, proportions.

Respectfully submitted,
Andrew Q. Horsestall.

Q.—When it is said that the average family is 4.5, how is it possible to have a family composed of four and one-half persons?

D.J.

—I’ve solved lots of problems in physics,
And figured out stresses and strain;
I’ll solve any truss without worry or fuss
For I’ve done it again and again.
There’s only one problem that stops me—
It seems to deride me and chaff:
How a man can exist
And proceed to insist
That he’s really a man and a half!

I’ve heard of a number of people
Who do things by halves—just for fun,
And some (as a farce) even drink demi-tasse
Because half a loaf’s better than none.
Such actions are easy to fathom—
They frequently hand me a laugh,
But my weakening brain
Simply will not explain
The man who’s a man and a half!

But wait!—it begins to unravel,
The light is beginning to shine—
No more shall I ponder—and worry and wonder,
Once again peace and quiet are mine.
For while I sat deep in reflection
I gazed at a small photograph:
Voilà!—it is clear,
She is facing me here:
The girl who’s a girl and a half!

"But I stroked the crew."
1/e—"If I had known that tunnel was so long I would have kissed you."

Sweet young thing—"Why, wasn’t that you?"

—I.og

"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom," said the clerk, "but there is a lady in the opposite corner, and if you don’t make any noise she will be none the wiser."

"Fine," said the tired man, and into the ballroom he went.

Five minutes later he came running out to the clerk.

"Say," he cried, "that woman in there is dead!"

"I know it," was the answer. "But how did you find out?"

—Punch Bowl

Where is the best place to hold the world’s fair?

About the waist.

—Sun Dial

MONARCH FOODS

Quality for Eighty Years

SOLD THROUGH INDEPENDENT GROCERS

REID, MURDOCH & CO.

350 MEDFORD STREET, SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Importers - Canners - Coffee Roasters

AUTOCAR TRUCKS

are the choice of the experienced transportation engineer.

Built for heavy duty work.

THE AUTOCAR SALES AND SERVICE CO.

ARDMORE, PA.
INJURED GROOM TO WED IN BED
—Boston Post
Imagine tying a can to a bed!

WIFE'S LOVE, UNDIES LOST
—Boston Post
It's an ill wind . . .

Cambridge was a "no license" city prior to prohibition, and hence no hard liquor was cold in the college.
—Boston Traveler
Probably it was kept warm in a fur coat.

BABY'S LEG BROKEN BY FALLING RELATIVE
—Boston American
He wouldn't say "uncle."

DEPRESSION HITS ESKIMOS
Furs Scarce, So Poverty Is Pinching Them
—Boston Post
We should blubber!

BLACK HEN CAUSES ARREST OF TWO MEN
—Boston Post
If a hen a day laid an egg a day . . .

Dr. Compton, a brother of President Karl T. Compton of Technology, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1937.
—Boston Transcript
How's the depression, Doctor?

SAFETY ISLAND NO. 343 MASHED IN CAMBRIDGE
—Boston Herald
Gravy?

"Coop number, please."

HONOR HUG GIRLS AT BRYN MAWR
—Boston Traveler
Boston—the Hug of the Universe.

BELIEVED MAN HIT WAS DOG
—Boston Post
Every bone was broken.

FOUND DROWNED IN SAUERKRAUT
—Boston Post
Maybe it got in his hair.

GOV. ELY SEEN RUNNING AGAIN
—Boston Traveler
Cheese it, the cops!

Some idea of the magnitude of this Ziegfeld "Follies" is suggested by the need for three theatres to assemble the production, put the finishing touches on the horus numbers, and polish up the sketches . . .
—Boston Traveler
Why not let Boston do it?

MOONSHINE STILL EXPLODES, 2 DEAD
—Boston Traveler
Amazin'!

"HE TOOK MY LIFE," WOMAN ASSERTS
—Cincinnati Times Star
Voice from the grave.

No, Montmorency, a weekend bag is not necessarily a small suitcase.
The hostess was talking to one of the football men as the two sat listening to a chimes recital.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" remarked the hostess.

"Pardon?" inquired the football man.

"I say they're beautiful, aren't they?"

"I'm sorry," he roared, "but I can't hear a word for those damned chimes."

—Owl

Prof.—I say, Mr. Jones, didn't you miss my class the week end of Senior Ball?

Phi Delt—Not at all, professor, not at all.

—Froth

Two deaf old folks met at a reunion and were talking about their childhood. Said the old lady to the old man: "Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"

"Heh? Oh, yes, you would hardly recognize the old place, would you?"

—Carnegie Puppet.

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Naturally"—The College Headquarters

. . . The...

Hotel Kenmore

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE

Four Hundred Luxurious Rooms each with Bath—Tub—Shower; Circulating Ice Water

Ample Parking Space

The best private functions rooms in Boston for College Social Affairs

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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"TO US STEADY SMOKERS"

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W
HEN a man smokes a pipe as steady as I do, mildness alone isn't enough in a pipe tobacco. FLAVOR'S the important thing. That's why I smoke Edgeworth. It's mild—sure. But it's got a rich, full-bodied flavor, too." Right you are! Edgeworth is made from only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. The unique blend and treatment of these leaves that is Edgeworth, is the result of more than half a century of experience. It "tastes good" with every pipeful—and you never tire of it.

Write for FREE Booklet on the Care of Your Pipe

To get the real satisfaction of pipe smoking, send for a free copy of "The Truth About Pipes." It contains much practical and useful information for pipe smokers.

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. Sold everywhere. All sizes, 1st pocket package to pound humidor tin. Also sizes in vacuum packed tins.

EDG EWORTH MADE FROM THE

Mildest pipe tobacco

THAT GROWS

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"TO US STEADY SMOKERS"

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The MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

CAMBRIDGE

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

AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING
ARCHITECTURAL ENGINEERING
BIOLOGY AND PUBLIC HEALTH
BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
BUSINESS AND ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING PRACTICE
CHEMISTRY
CIVIL ENGINEERING
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
ELECTROCHEMICAL ENGINEERING
GENERAL SCIENCE
GENERAL ENGINEERING

GEOLGY
INDUSTRIAL BIOLOGY
MATHEMATICS
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
METALLURGY
MILITARY ENGINEERING
MINING ENGINEERING
NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MARINE ENGINEERING
PHYSICS
PUBLIC HEALTH ENGINEERING
SANITARY ENGINEERING
SHIP OPERATION

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

Graduate Courses leading to the degrees of Master of Science, Master in Architecture, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Science, and Doctor of Public Health are offered. The Courses leading to the degree of Master of Science include Co-operative Courses in Chemical Engineering Practice and Fuel and Gas Engineering.

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

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

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

Any of the following publications will be sent free upon request

CATALOGUE FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR
(Which includes the admission requirements)

GRADUATE STUDY AND RESEARCH
SUMMER SESSION BULLETIN

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS
He: “Some dew outside.”
She: “Yeah, but I don’t.”

Rammer-Jammer

“The first year I was married I lived in Cleveland, Denver and New York.”
“I’ll bet you like Cleveland the best.”
—Brown Jug

Then there’s the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to the bank was asked to endorse his check, and wrote, “I heartily endorse this check.”
—Purple Cow

“You say she scratched your face when she found you watching her take her bath?”
“Yeah; nature in the raw is seldom mild.”
—Penn State Froth

ARE WE RIGHT WHEN WE SAY
that when you come to a New York Hotel, there are certain requirements you consider essential, certain conveniences you expect, and still other features that, while not imperative, do add immeasurably to your comfort.

YOU WILL APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT
our rooms are bright and airy, our beds are superlatively comfortable, there is an R.C.A. radio in every room and reading lamps, full length mirrors and other conveniences. Our baths are immaculate.

IF A CONVENIENT LOCATION IS IMPORTANT
when you stay here you are within a few minutes walk, not taxi, of all theatres, Radio City, Madison Square Garden and innumerable restaurants and night clubs, all transportation lines, subway, elevated, surface cars and busses. Excellent garage facilities are immediately adjacent.

YOUR MEALS WHILE YOU ARE WITH US
there are few spots in New York that are more thoroughly home-like than our new Grill and Restaurant. Excellent meals, served at most reasonable prices. The special combination breakfasts, luncheons and dinners are most attractive.

A MESSAGE TO MANAGERS
We invite inquiries from managers of teams, clubs and other groups regarding special accommodations and rates.

RATES
Daily: From $2.00 to $3.00 Single; or $3.00 to $4.00 Double. Special weekly and monthly rates.

ALL EXPENSE EXCURSIONS
Room, food and lots of outside entertainment for the week-end, or any two days $5.50
Or for any three days—a full program of activity—day and night $10.00

When writing for descriptive circular “C,” please mention this publication.

HOTEL
TIMES SQUARE

Under Direction Wm. S. Brown
TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK
"Where are my glasses, Mother?"
"Right where you emptied them last night, dear."

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah

Maid: "There are two men outside watching you dress."
Madam: "That's nothing. You should have seen the crowd when I was younger!"

—Buccaneer

Curious Old Lady: Why, you've lost your leg, haven't you?
Cripple: Well, damned if I haven't.

—Kitty-Kat

She: "What kind of a tree is that?"
He: "A fig tree."
She: "Oh—My, I thought the leaves were larger."

—Bison
WHERE TO DINE AND DANCE


COPLEY PLAZA—(Kenmore 5600)—Meyer Davis' orchestra for supper dancing in Sheraton Room. Cover Charge Friday and Saturday evenings $1.50. Must dress. Music from 9:00-1:00. Tea dancing Saturday only, from 4:30-7:00. Charge $1.25 per person.

TOURAINE—(Hancock 3100)—Supper dancing in Club Touraine with Houston Ray's orchestra. Minimum check $2.00 per person Friday and Saturday evenings. Music from 7:00-2:00. Not necessary to dress.

WESTMINSTER—(Kenmore 5100)—Supper dancing Friday and Saturday evenings in the Everglades Room. Charge $1.50 for dancing and dinner. Billy Dooley's orchestra playing from 6:30-1:00. Floor shows at 7:30 and 11:15.*

BRADFORD—(Hancock 1400)—Joe Rines' orchestra playing in the Cascades from 7:00-2:00. Cover charge 75 cents and minimum check of 50 cents per person Friday. $3.00 per person Saturday evening. Not necessary to dress Friday evenings. Must dress Saturday.

BRUNSWICK—(Kenmore 6300)—Supper dancing in the Egyptian Room Friday and Saturday evenings with Leo Reisman's orchestra. Cover charge $1.00 after 9:00. P. M. Dancing from 9:00-1:00.* Also dancing in the "Cellar." Cover charge $1.00 per person. Not necessary to dress. Russian orchestra.

CLUB MAYFAIR—Dancing from 9:00-2:00. Minimum check Friday and Saturday evenings $2.00 per person. For those who want something different.

AMERICAN HOUSE - RATHSKELLER — (Capitol 4480) — Orchestra playing from 6:30-1:00. Two floor shows 7:30 and 11:30. No cover charge. Not necessary to dress. With a German atmosphere.

COCOANUT GROVE — (Liberty 3256) — Ranny Week's orchestra with floor shows at 7:30 and 12:00 on Friday evenings. Music from 6:30-2:00. Cover charge Saturday evenings $2.00 per person.*

STEUBEN'S RATHSKELLER — (Hubbard 3620) — Music by Jack Fischer's orchestra from 9:30-1:00. Minimum charge $1.00 per person. Not necessary to dress.

* Better to dress, but not absolutely necessary.

Note: Music in Hotels and Clubs stops at 12:00 Saturday evenings.

Have You Heard The Latest?

Something Had To Happen—Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (24455)
The new Otto Harbach-Jerome Kern musical comedy "Roberta" has given us those two delightful numbers played by Paul Whiteman on a Victor.

Let's Begin—Touch Of Your Hand (24453)
Also from "Roberta" and played by Paul Whiteman. Ramona sings the catchy lines of the former in her own individual style.

Gather Lip Rouge While You May—Be Careful (24397)
Two pieces from the Fox film "My Weakness" very well rendered by Don Bestor.

Just A Year Ago To-night—Three of Us (24411)
Both played by Jan Garber in Lombardo's delightful style.

How Could We Be Wrong—It's Bad for Me (B-6396)
Cole Porter has written two more splendid numbers to add to his extensive list. They are played by Ray Noble on a Victor Red Seal and are from the latest London success "Nymph Errant."

It's Only a Paper Moon—Night Owl (6648)
Both played by Hal Kemp on a Brunswick with his inimitable trumpet background.
MAY THE BEST OF GOOD THINGS BE YOURS

For Christmas

and for Always
Compton Extends Welcome to Raymond Unwin
Nominated Officials and Members of Faculty Attend Dinner in Sir Unwin's Honor

ALDERED LECTURER

Dr. A. E. Kennedy

To Give Second Aldred Lecture
Internationally Known for Work in Engineering

ASSISTANT TO EDISON

Dr. A. E. Kennedy, distinguished electrical engineer and professor of electrical engineering at University of Illinois, will discuss "The Relations of Engineering to Our Modern Civilization" in the second Aldred Lecture at the Institute this afternoon. He will read his lecture at 2:10.

Internationally known for his work as consulting engineer, college professor, author and lecturer, Dr. Kennedy has been active for nearly 40 years in the various phases of engineering. From 1911 to 1913 he was chief electrical engineer at the University of Illinois. From 1915 to 1917 he was electrical engineer at the Institute, where he was professor and director of the electrical engineering department until 1919. In 1919 he was appointed chairman of the department and professor of electrical engineering at the University of California. He is now chief engineer at the Federal Trade Commission.

The lecture will be in the Newberry Memorial Building.

Election of Liberal Club Officers Held
Subjects Are Suggested for Social Group Discussions

Officers were elected for the remainder of the academic year by the meeting of the Liberal Club yesterday. The officers are: President, Richard Armitage; Vice President, W. A. Boyd; Secretary-Treasurer, Paul J. Bancroft; Corresponding Secretary, A. J. C. Blackbird; Librarian, E. H. C. Blackbird; Reporter, H. A. J. Blackbird; and Assistant to the Librarian, R. J. Blackbird.

The meeting was opened by Professor and Mrs. James R. Jack. The motion of entertainment was made by Mr. Blackbird and seconded by Mr. Bancroft. The motion was unanimously carried.

The officers were then elected. The following were elected: President, Richard Armitage; Vice President, W. A. Boyd; Secretary-Treasurer, Paul J. Bancroft; Corresponding Secretary, A. J. C. Blackbird; Librarian, E. H. C. Blackbird; Reporter, H. A. J. Blackbird; and Assistant to the Librarian, R. J. Blackbird.

The meeting adjourned at 2:30.

FRESH ROOM COMPLETED

Demolished as a Warning

A quiant way of warning the members of the Freshmen Club, when they enter the room in the Freshman building, will be shown by the Freshmen Club. The "Freshmen Club" will be shown by a long, narrow and high mirror, which will be reflected in the room, giving the illusion of a very long and high room.

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Circulation Soars as Voo Doos Dearth Caps Off to Avoid Possible Suit

Gullible Students Buy Magazine Because of Reported Truth, But Find Usual Conclusions From Other Sheets

It has been leaked through reliable sources that Voo Doos were being printed. This rumor was caused by the fact that Voo Doos have been printed, but are not used in the usual manner. In other words, the Voo Doos are not used to convey a message, but simply as a device to create a certain amount of interest.

The picture from which the caption was taken was inserted in the frontispiece of the magazine. The caption itself was "Get up, you sleepyheads, and go to work," which may remember, was printed some time ago in the "New York Times." There is a lengthy history connected with this line. Shortly after it appeared, the author was found guilty of perjury and was sentenced to ten years in prison. He was released after serving one year because of an error in the trial. Upon his release, he wrote a book, "The Stalking of the Voo Doos," which was sold out everywhere. The book was a best-seller, and was later made into a movie. The movie was also a great success, and has been shown in theaters all over the country.

The caption has been printed in various forms, and has been used by politicians, advertisers, and other persons as a way of getting attention. It has been used to promote everything from cigarettes to election campaigns. It has also been used as a way of creating a sense of urgency or excitement.

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