

# V O O D O O



WICKLING

PROM NUMBER



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by the Woopgaroo Society for the Students  
of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.  
Member A. C. C. E.

THE M. I. T. VOO DOO  
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"Get something in your eye?"

"No, I'm just trying to look through my thumb."

—Skipper.



"What were you doing after the accident?"

"Scraping up an old acquaintance."

—Skipper.



"Do you rhumba?"

"No, that was my stomach."

—The Orphan.



"Do you love me?"

"I love everybody."

"Let God do that: we should specialize."

—Log.



"Consomme, Bouillon, Hors D'oeuvres, Fricassee Poulet, Pommes de Terre au gratin, Demitasse, des Glaces, and tell dat mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see!"

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet.



"And what can I do for you, my little man?" asked the kindly old second-hand furniture man.

"Please, sir," stammered the freshman, "I would like to buy a log table."

—Indiana Boardwalk.



He closed his eyes in ecstasy,  
And spoke as he stooped to kiss—

" 'Tis many and many a draught I've had  
But not from a mug like this."

—Sun Dial.



## On Easter Vacations

# THE SEAGLADE

When you feel like doing a tricky routine on a perfect floor, why not take your best dance date to the Seaglade?

## VINCENT LOPEZ

syncopations, with a hey nonny nonny and a ha cha cha. Novelty singers bobbing up among the traps with chansons.

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Dinner \$3 (no couvert at any time for dinner guests) . . . supper \$1.50. Couvert after 9:30, \$1.50 . . . Saturdays \$2.50.

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St. Regis College Club

**HOTEL**  
**ST. REGIS**  
6th Avenue at East 55th, New York





WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
why Sandy looks so sad when he's in the  
arms of ALICE WELLMAN, the charm-  
ing leading lady in "THE RED MILL,"  
Musical show at the COPLEY THEATRE.



Blacksburg, Virginia,  
March 10, 1932,  
Number 1 Barracks.

Dear Joe:

The half-gallon of gin which you promised me arrived about ten minutes ago. Thanks a lot for the liquor, Joe. It is certainly pleasing. As a matter of fact, I have the bottle here in front of me now. It is standing sentinel beside my typewriter, and as I said before, it is damn good.

I mean the gin is good, not the bottle. You know what I mean, Joe. You're my pal, and you would know what I mean. It takes a pal to send a pal a half-gallon of gin to a pal. Your mupal, Joe, and you kknowe what I meann, Joe. If there wass anxthing I can't do fo yu, lets menose—its itchy nowe, because youre mupal Joasdfghj kloiytrewcvb —!!!

—Skipper.

Man: "I'm getting a new siren for my car."

Girl: "Oh, Alf, does that mean it's all over between us?"

—Phoenix.



Soph: "You want to keep your eyes open around here today."

Frosh: "What for?"

Soph: "Because people will think you're a damn fool if you go around with them shut."

—Brown Jug.



A sailor is usually a man who has the same thing on his mind that he has on his chest.

—Phoenix.



It may be destiny that shapes our ends, but many a co-ed has found that those electric reducing machines help.

—Cornell Widow.



Mr. Sappy—"The milkman told me he necked every dame on this route, with the exception of one."

Mrs. Sappy—"That must be that stuck-up Mrs. Ritz, next door."

—Owl.



If all the girls wore split dresses, it'd be better than a side show.

—Punch Bowl.



He: "They tell me the Colonel is a Sexagenarian."

She: "The old fool! And at his age, too!"

—Ski-u-Mah.



Mary had a little lamb; the doctor fainted.

—Yale Record.



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1933

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Catalog

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usual. New ideas in dance favors  
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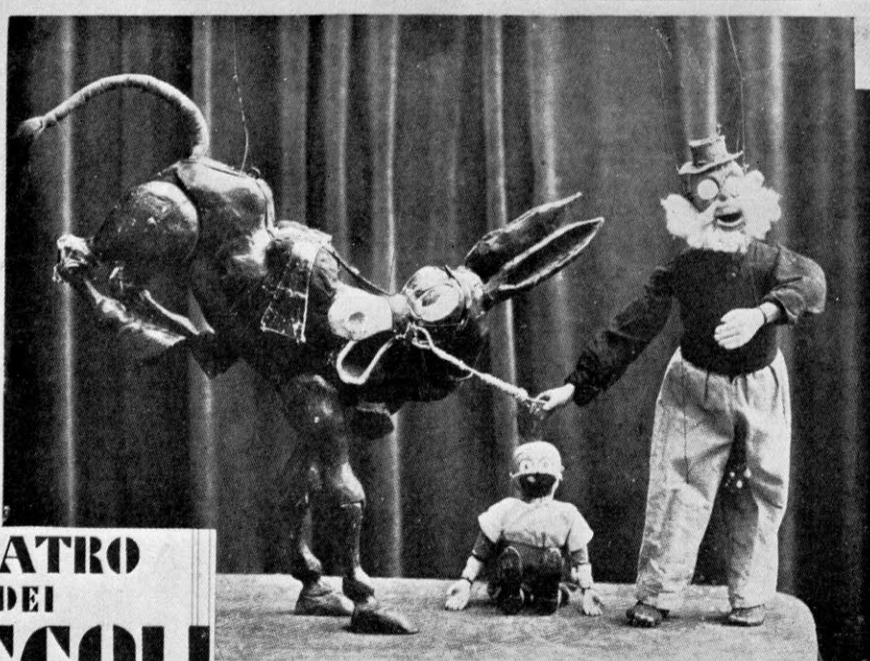
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# TEATRO DEI PICCOLI



## TEATRO DEI PICCOLI

"Master Marionette Show of the Era"

# PLYMOUTH THEATRE

## MARCH 20



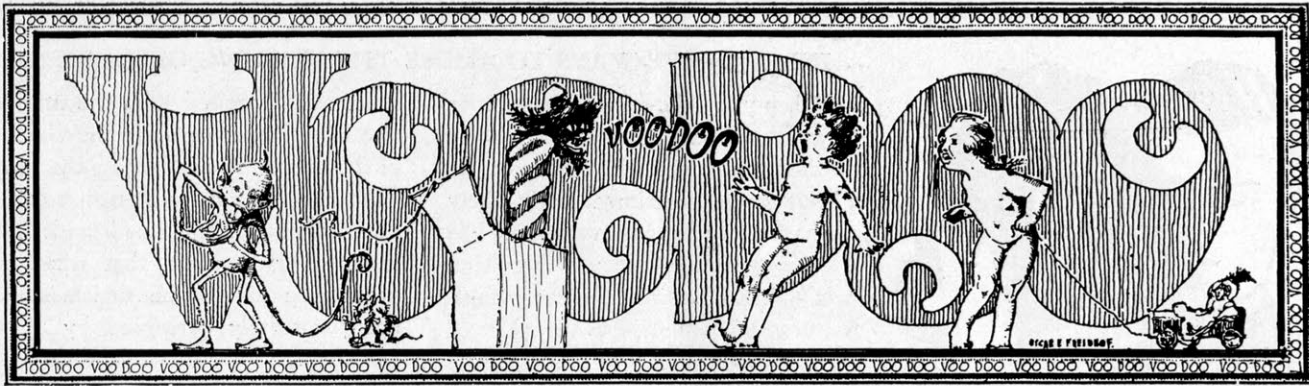
“EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY

FOR TOMORROW — — ”









# CLOSE TECH SHOW!!

## Wash and Wipe Society Intervenes!

### Lurid Plays Must Stop, Says Director Schnapps

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 16 (VP)—Swooping down unexpectedly on the opening performance of "Fancy That," the musical show presented by the undergraduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology last night, a car-load of Cambridge police caused the curtain to be lowered prematurely as the audience, composed mainly of students and their guests, ran panic-stricken from Walker Memorial, the auditorium used by the alleged law-breaking actors.

Clad in weird and outlandish costumes, the showmen and "girls" gathered around the intruders and demanded to know the reason for the sudden entrance and stopping of the show. Police Captain Ezra Hetherington refused to divulge any information and the entire group, including the faculty censor, one Prof. William C. Greene, was hurried to the street where a fleet of Police Wagons was waiting to transport the sinning showmen to Police Headquarters.

On arrival at Headquarters, the company was ushered into the guard room where Chief of Police Hornpipe was sitting surrounded by five middle aged men. "Gentlemen," said Chief Hornpipe, "may I present Mr. Herman

Liverwurst Schnapps, Director of the Wash and Wipe Society; and his associates, Messrs. Gribble, Crunch, Klotz, and Hemingway. These gentlemen attended the first act of your performance tonight and came here to demand that I take action immediately and close the show. They allege that the performance violates Paragraph 59, Section 638, of the Laws of the City of Cambridge, Act of 1893, which states that. . ."

Suddenly Chief Hornpipe's speech was interrupted by a resounding crash which seemed to emanate from the floor under Mr. Hemingway. Inspection of the site indicated that a bottle of whiskey had undoubtedly fallen from Hemingway's pocket and smashed on the floor.

"Why, you low down &a\*\*\$.\*\*," yelled Mr. Klotz. You remind me of the story of the clumsy traveling salesman who. . ."

A chorus of, "Do we *have* to hear that one again?" caused Klotz to blush and sit down dejectedly.

Chief Hornpipe, completely bewildered by the proceedings, stared wide-eyed at the motley assemblage. Prof. Greene, however, with his typical presence of mind, raised his baton

as without further ado the orchestra struck up a tune while the entire company marched out of the station house while the chorus sang:

"Sing a song of six pence  
And strum your old guitar  
What this burg needs is better gin  
And a good five cent cigar."

He was in the heaven of his dreams; all about him were couples dancing to the delicate rhythm of the Junior Prom. A soft and dreamy light filled the Walker cafeteria. All about were couples, just now pausing in the midst of heavenly dancing. He smiled at her, as he held her in his arms. His fingers rested on her graceful form. He could not help but admire her smooth sweeping curves, as his hands gently caressed her. He looked at her pretty, round mouth. The music started, and, in the sudden burst of song, he pressed her to his lips. His fingers played on her shapely body. The number had started and the saxophone player had to follow his cue.



A cautious man is Major Sledd,  
He never wears his spurs to bed.



He: "Have you noticed the euphony in one of our modern songs?"

She: "No."

He: "Love, Euphony thing."



#### HEARD AT THE PROM

"Geez, look at the babe Jack's got! What a wheel-base and no-draft ventilation!"—"Say, big boy, when do we chow? I'm darn near dancin' on my stomach."—"You engineers are so grand; I just love your little Sophomore dance." (This from the Prom Girl)—"Aw, come on out to the lounge, honey. You're ruining my dancing."—"Who's Bert Lown anyhow?" "I dunno, what Course is he in?"—"And she says to me, I wouldn't be seen—" "Why isn't Mr. Walker buried under this building, it's his Memorial, isn't it?"—And, at this juncture, the girl-friend is bound to up and ask you if this magazine is supposed to be humorous. When this occurs, please rise and request the orchestra to play a funeral march.



Then there was the story of the lady hairdresser who became a tailor so that she could press hirsute.



Freshmen at M. S. C., when asking upper-classmen about the nature of Economics, are always answered by the chorusing of the ditty, How Many Hogs in Ioway? (We would suggest that Prof. Doten purchase this outstanding opus to play on his broken-down, six pipe organ—Ed. Note)

#### INEXPENSIVE WAYS TO AMUSE THE VISITING GIRL FRIEND

When you find yourself at a loss as to what to do with the girl from home on the afternoon before the Prom, let Phos suggest something. Most likely she has never before seen anything like the City of Cambridge; so there's no need to break her in at this early stage. So turn your attention to the sights of Puritanical Boston.

For a quiet little hour amidst benevolent nature try Franklin Park. Here you can show your bravery by glaring murderously at the lions and leopards, and even leaning over the railing for the expressed purpose of seeing the "vicious" beasts better. But a word of warning,—keep away from the squirrels.

But if you are not impressed by the above possibilities (and who would be?), how would a quiet trip to the Art Museum sound? Here are beautiful and instructive displays of the queerest junk you ever saw. Busted pottery from an old shack in South

Boston is decorated with the impressive label, "Spittoon from the Garden of the Eden." The only thing that they haven't got is the tooth brush used by Charlemagne during the Crusades. (It is rumored, however, that what appears to be this self-same article is now being carefully preserved by Prof Hudson).

However, if she's not that kind of a girl, take her to the Scollay Square Theatre, or—using your own judgment—to the Old Howard, and have a good time.



The prom committee showed unparalleled courage when it slashed the price to eight bucks, or just about three weeks allowance as it were.



He: "Well—he isn't handsome, but he looks like a strong brute."

She: "Hell no, it's only his pipe that's strong."



# "FRENCH GENERALS WARNED TO BE SEEN, NOT HEARD—"

—News Item.

The general was sitting  
Upon his dashing steed;  
He watched the battle's progress  
As the battle did proceed—  
He uttered not a syllable  
Nor whispered any word,  
For he'd just received an order  
That he "must be seen, not heard."

No "nom d'un chien!"—no "sacré  
Dieu!"

No even "whatinhell!"  
One single sound, one little lisp  
Would sound his parting knell—  
—And so he sat and gnashed his teeth  
And likewise tore his hair;  
While all around the cannons roared  
Amid the bugles' blare.

But finally he weakened some—  
He'd take the awful chance!  
His reputation was at stake  
And, incidentally, France—  
So, waiting for the proper cue,  
His mouth he opened wide,  
And, in a momentary lull—  
"Vive La France!" he cried.

My tale is sad from this point on—  
(You won't believe it's real)  
The General was sent in chains  
To France's old Bastille.  
He languished there for weeks and  
months,  
In fact, for quite a while—  
Until the military board  
Decided on a trial.

And so at length it came about  
His sentence was prepared—  
The judge arose and cleared his throat  
And then these words declared:  
"We sentence you, old general,  
(You'll rue this woeful day)  
To utter silence when the talkie  
News-reels bid you play—  
For not an English word or French  
Must evermore be heard—  
When you're before the camera  
You must be *scene*, not heard!"

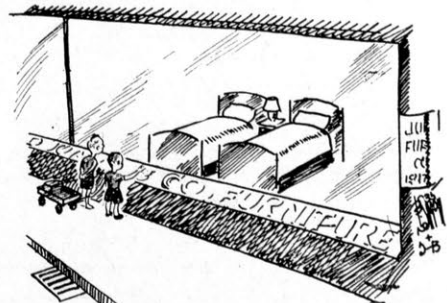


He: "So you are a skeptic, eh?"  
She: "Oh no, just an antiskeptic."

## AFTER THE SHOW or REMINISCENCES OF A TECH SHOW DANSEUSE

Thank God, I'm out of that straight jacket! I feel as though I'd been through a three-stage compressor. And when I think of that pile of used razor blades, my legs actually freeze. Even now my pants feel like burlap bags. But at that, they're better than those insanely conceived, ten-year old tights. Damn it all, I didn't want pink from the first! But I'd have gone on without any tights at all, if I could have left off that set of triple-annealed, no-spring, two bar bumpers. I felt as though I was hiding behind a stone wall. I couldn't see the floor. I couldn't see the orchestra. My gaze could only travel out over that wide expanse of

er,—well, you'd be surprised at what they were made of, too,—and into the startled and open-mouthed stares of the audience. I trembled. The audience trembled. Then the tremble suddenly grew to a roar. Literal pandemonium broke loose! My frantic gaze flew up my legs, over the pink tights (damn 'em), and, in horror, took in a wide expanse of bare middle that certainly shouldn't have been there. My flight was complete and, I might even say, precipitous.



"Some of these modern ideas are  
ridiculous."

### Chaperones in The Grill Room

Dr. and Mrs. Karl Taylor Compton  
 Prof. and Mrs. James Robertson Jack  
 Prof. and Mrs. Leicester Forsyth Hamilton

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sayford Ford  
 Mrs. Kathryn M. Wiswall  
 Dean Harold Edward Lobdell

### Committee in The Silver Room

Edward Lee Asch  
 Henry D. Humphreys  
 Edward P. Bromley  
 E. Philip Kron  
 Charles H. Lucke, Jr.  
 Henry W. Eagan

Grace M. Smith  
 Blanche Oelrichs  
 Ruth Hancock  
 Marion G. Jones  
 Agness Eaton  
 Dorothy Graham

William C. Pleasants  
 Fred W. Vaughan  
 Thomas Shaughnessy

Fred Feustal  
 Winold T. Reiss  
 John D. Sweeney

### Ushers

## GUESTS

### MAIN FLOOR, EAST

#### Table A

Herbert W. McKeague, Dorothy Seaciff  
 Cornelius J. Griffen, Jr., Elaine Crowley  
 Gordon C. Pearson, Jean Ross  
 John Pearson, Ruth Lyon

#### Table B

Paul Wing, Claire Morse  
 William Coleman, Anne Claflin  
 Clarence Davis, Jane Finch

#### Table C

Lennox H. Lindsay, Jr., Cornelia Lunt  
 Leonard B. Gifford, Harriet Coffin

#### Table D

George G. Bull, Carolyn Norris  
 Arthur Manson, Barbara Taylor  
 John M. Hitchcock,

#### Table E

Dane Wells  
 Russell MacDonald, Frances Scutter  
 Robert Grosjean

#### Table F

Julius Stern, Jean Rothschild  
 Morris Mandelbaum, Doris Cowan  
 George Stearns, Helen Bradshaw  
 Richard Moses,  
 Marvin Silberman, Jane Wesel

#### Table G

Adrian E. Ross, Ruth Hill  
 Eric J. Isbister, Zulma Harding  
 Walter Hederman, Dorothy Rising  
 William R. Haseltine, Eleanor Campbell  
 Edward Taylor, Mildred Campbell

#### Table H

Charles Parker, Frances MacPherson  
 Paul Niciewsky, Agnes Peterson  
 Lorimer West, Mary Leonard  
 Mr. and Mrs. Cassius C. Beldon  
 W. H. D. Shewbridge, Hellen Barry

#### Table I

Graydon Abbott, Mary Rodgers  
 James Sweeney, Irene Cronin  
 Edward Fleming, Charlotte Gove  
 Thomas Donlan, Eileen Healy

#### Table J

Stanley M. Bebler, Peggy Driscoll  
 Robert Stanhope, Anne Cleary  
 R. Frederic Barrett, Frances Place  
 Charles Wright, Evelyn Kelly

#### Table K

Sulo E. Paananen, Aura Dibona  
 Dominic Chiminello, Helena Engeno

#### Table L

Morten Hansen, Julia Drake  
 Frederick Schappert, Patricia Scharton  
 Edward R. Clark, Jr., Monica Reynolds  
 John A. Lowry, Florence Guild

#### Table M

James Evers  
 Gerard Kinkade  
 Heraclio Alfaro

### EAST BALCONY

#### Table A

Charles J. Hunt  
 Donald G. Fink, Mary Jane Hungerford  
 Beverly Dudley, Mary Spence  
 Richard L. Fossett, Barbara Stanley

#### Table B

Joseph Seligman, Ruth Dove  
 Halfred McKeever, Mary Huston  
 Charles C. Bell  
 Donald K. Lister, Eleanor Poland  
 James Wadhams, Ethel Beckert

#### Table C

Freeman B. Hudson, Jr., Ruth Smith  
 Gordon Day, Eleanor Greenlaw  
 John Hopkins, Alice Schuyler

#### Table D

Fred Johnson  
 Fred Kaiser, Helen L. Dolle

#### Table E

Ivar Lemon, Katherine Seidensticker  
 Knute Luthropp, Jeanette Wheeler  
 Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rising  
 C. Wallace Bohrer, Dorothy Jones

#### Table F

James Craig, Emma Miller  
 William Ely, Alma Millere  
 Robert Jordon

#### Table G

Edward Sieminski, Felicia Podsiadlo  
 Henry Kaweck, Helen Glowinski  
 Wilfred Rapport, Erma Carp

#### Table H

Paul Lappe, Jeanette Baum  
 Leonard Shapiro, Ruth Dane  
 Irving Kusinitz, Rose Schleifer  
 Hal Belinson

#### Table I

Julius W. Tumavicus  
 Holland F. Staniek, Emily Richards  
 James Kendrick, Dorothea Gleason  
 Richard Babcock, Edith Wolfe  
 G. D. Gibson, Helen Glover

#### Table J

Justin Kearney, Mary Harte  
 Carl Wilson, Adelaide Hall  
 Guillermo Mora  
 Gerhard Ansel, Ada Dante  
 Fernando M. Gallardo, Catherine Worden

#### Table K

Herbert Grundman, Dorothy Davenport  
 Richard Bell, Marjorie Hill  
 Randolph Churchill

### MAIN FLOOR, WEST

#### Table A

Melvin Sousa, Georgia Flint  
 James Camp, Dorothy Brackett  
 Samuel Loring, Ann Fisher

### Table B

W. J. McAvoy, Ann Hurley  
 Edward K. Dougherty, Eleanor Robinson  
 Frank S. Walters, Leola Reuter

### Table C

Edgar Chiswell, Barbara Goodridge  
 Robert C. Becker, Marion Fiske  
 Max M. Levy, Estella Blaisdale  
 Robert Goodman, Irma Lomberg  
 G. Roy Thompson, Elisabeth McNally

### Table D

Robert Moody, Natalie Smith  
 Lincoln Paige, Madeline McDermott  
 Oscar Cantor, Florence Belonsky  
 Robert Lutz, Faith Stevenson

### Table E

Walter Bird, Betty Johnson  
 Robert Ebenbach, Jane Taylor  
 Joe Simendinger, Clara Simendinger  
 Frank G. Richards, Babs Grover  
 Winton Brown, Mary Ellen Weir

### Table F

Robert M. Emery, Ruth Callahan  
 Charles Fulkerson, Mary Louise Black  
 James Norcross, Bobby Thomas  
 William Hartz, Bobbie Smith  
 Melvin Gesell, Betty Briggs

### Table G

Arthur B. Ellenwood, Claire Wynot  
 Robert M. Becker, Doris Cohen  
 Jacob Platt, Harisse Belson  
 Ewald Andresen, Margaret Donahue  
 Joseph Fishman, Frances Blank

### Table H

Edward B. Locke, Vallija Kronberg  
 Carl R. Stratton, Millicent Scott  
 Gustave Maass, Nancy Logan  
 Carelton Cook, Dorothy Bond

### Table I

Frank H. Lobdell, Amanda Parsons  
 Herbert R. Plass, Martha Hathaway  
 G. Kingman Crosby, Carol Cook

### Table J

G. Willard Patch, Jr., Luscinda Parsons  
 Earle McLeod, Louise Cooper  
 Edward F. Hillenbrand,

### Table K

Mary Elizabeth Olson  
 Robert Roethlisberger, Dorothy Deitz  
 George F. Garcelon, Margaret B. Hartt

### Table L

Bradford Hooper, Helen Thompson  
 Neil Putnam, Virginia Hyde  
 Charles Hill, Ruth Knowlton  
 Charles Jerome, Dorothy Poole  
 John Westfall, Annette Mowatt

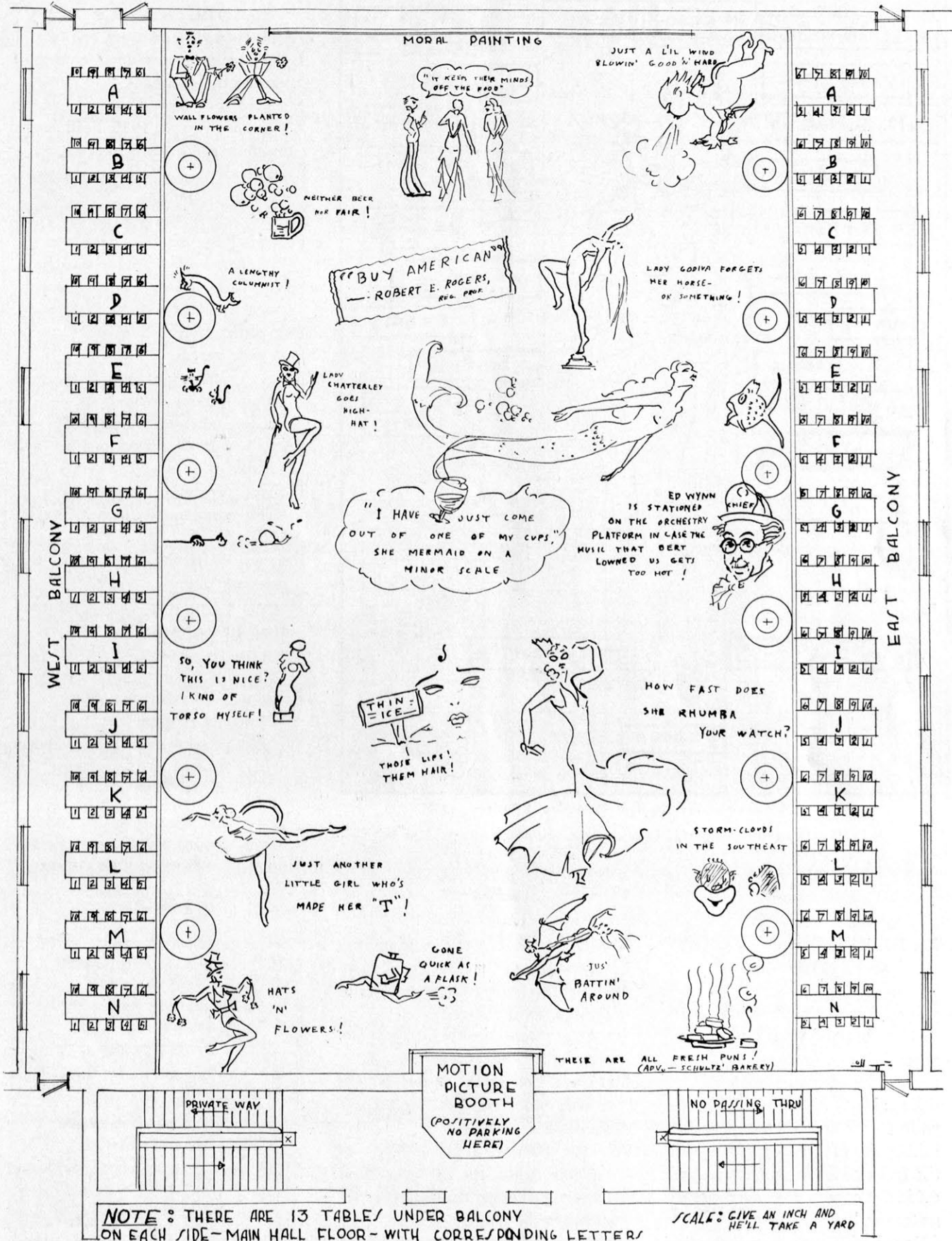
### Table M

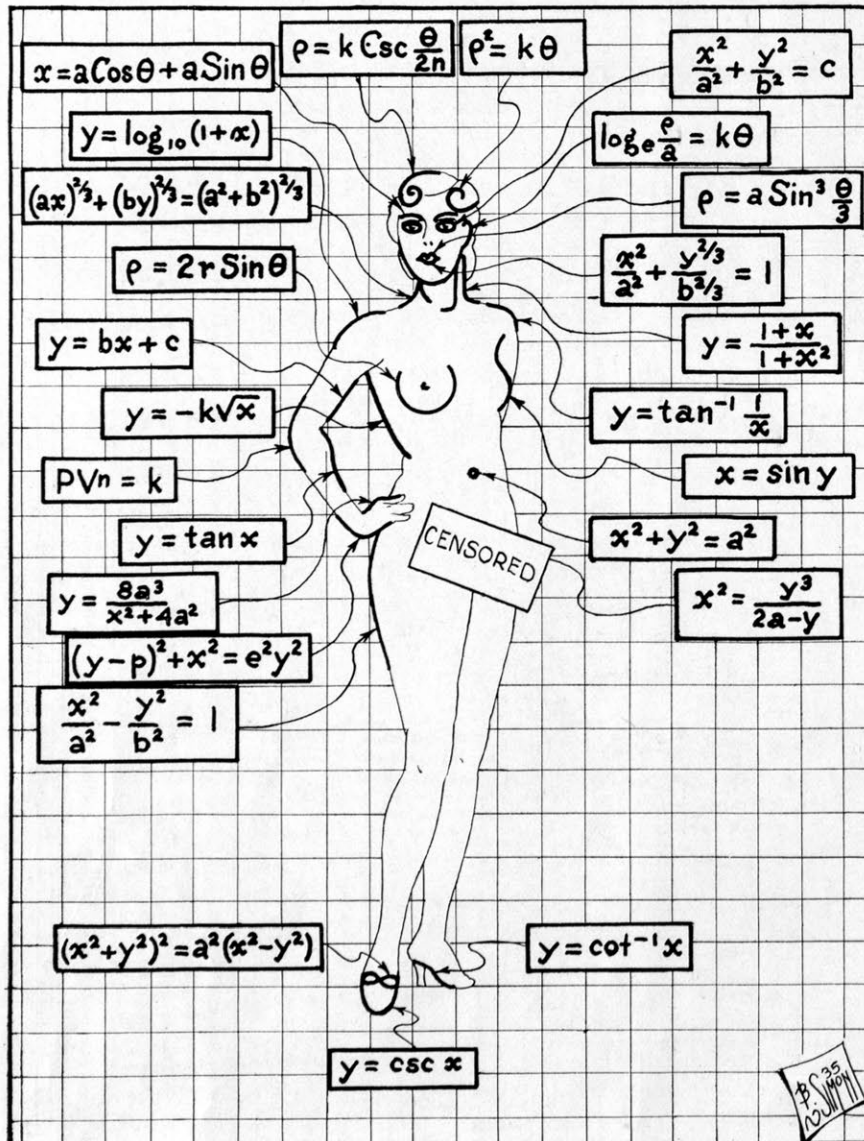
Francis S. Doyle, Letitia H. Duffy  
 Leslie Lockman, Eleanor Troccoli  
 J. Godfrey Borger, Ruth Scheffer

(Continued on Page 14)



# JUNIOR PROM—SEATING PLAN





Visual Reference Guide for Graphical Solutions.  
(No Hudson's Manual is complete without one.)

### OUR IMPRESSION OF A GRAFT INVESTIGATION

1st Day: Party No. 1 accuses Party No. 2 of libel, petty larceny, larceny, grand larceny, great-grand larceny, assault, battery and murder.  
2nd Day: Party No. 2 lays bare home and past life of Party No. 1, embellishing the pleasing little tale with the fruits of his imagination, which evidently consisted of over-ripe tomatoes and ancient eggs.  
3rd Day: Both Parties dare each other to appear before the District At-

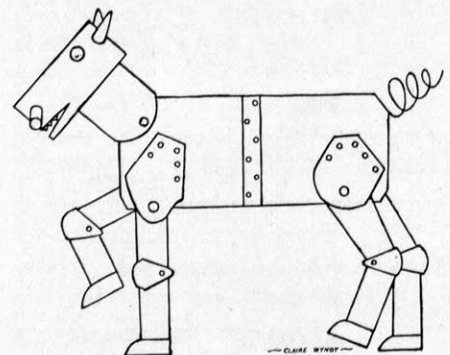
torney (who is away on a month's vacation).  
4th Day: State Legislature resolves to conduct an investigation.  
5th Day: State Legislature appoints committee to investigate the case.  
6th Day: Committee meets and has trouble with lobbyists (and ticket scalpers).  
7th Day: Sunday, a day of rest;—in the Blue Laws, the Sabbath. Both Parties discovered drinking beer together in the D. A.'s office.  
8th Day: Investigation called off on account of rain.

### AN ECONOMIST'S DICTIONARY

Asset: turns litmus paper red.  
Ledger: story handed down from generation to generation.  
Machine age: time since purchase of machine; e.g. A 1930 Ford has a machine age of three years.  
Consumption: an infectious disease; pulmonary phthisis.  
Capital: seat of the government.  
Federal Reserve: box held for the President in Washington theaters.  
Stocks: large birds, commonly supposed to be the source of babies.  
Bill: contraction of William.  
Par: male parent.  
Taxes: automobiles hired to take people to their destinations.  
Trade: an inherent characteristic.  
Profit: a man who lived long ago and foretold the future.  
Budget: pertaining to motion; e. g. "This stone is too heavy; I can't budget."  
Income: Variation of "come in," meaning "enter".  
Journal: a trip, e. g. "I just returned from a long journal."  
Loss: Inebriated form of "lots", e. g. "Sure, I got loss and loss of dough."  
Account: a member of nobility, e. g. "I just met account."  
Whatnot: Synonym for any of above.

And then there was the colored mammy who named her son Jig-saw because he was just a little cut-up.

The modification song: "Just a Little Foam for the Old Folks."



The answer to the street-cleaner's prayer.



# Dance or Die; or The Junior Prom Murder Mystery...

DICK DEADSHOT sat and pondered. It was dark in the West Lounge and, strangely enough, he had the entire room to himself. But a rapid resumé of the events of the past half hour will serve to clear up the unusual exodus from Walker's prize rendezvous.

Precisely at midnight on the night of the Junior Prom, Dick Deadshot was strolling around the balcony in search of some light fiction when he suddenly heard a faint groan issuing from the direction of one of the waste paper baskets that lined the balcony. Pausing but an instant to read the last three chapters of the "Rise and Decline of the Roman Empire," Dick threw off his coat and vest and dashed in the direction of the noise.

There, half hidden in the shadow of an arc light, Dick discerned the shape of a man's leg protruding from the basket. Again he heard the groan, as the basket stirred restlessly. Hurriedly Dick produced his sketching book and pocket magnifier and went to work on the case.

Finally, after half an hour's toil, he straightened his back, pulled his lower shirt stud out of his right ear where it had mysteriously lodged, and shouted in an ear-rending whisper: "Hey, there's a corpse up here!"

No one answered. There was no one in the hall. In fact, Dick had been so engrossed in the analysis of the case that he had not taken any note of the time. A glance at the sun dial soon told him, however, that it was five o'clock and the dance was over. Dick smiled sheepishly and walked slowly down to the West Lounge. And so, dear reader, it happens that Dick is alone at the beginning

of our narrative.

Sitting in the gloom of the Lounge, Dick Deadshot was totally unaware of the giant figure of a man stealing along the wall behind him. With the stealth of a cat, the sinister monster advanced slowly on our hero and then, quick as lightning, a hairy arm flashed through the air and tightened like a steel band around our hero's neck.



Dick Deadshot gasped—and everything went black before him. . . .

Slowly he came back to consciousness. Something stirred beside him. He tried to turn his head but the effort weakened him so that he lapsed into a coma from which he emerged toward the end of June. Again something stirred beside him. This time he remained motionless. Instead, he called softly: "Who's there?"

"It is I," returned another weak voice, "Come and take me out of this waste paper basket."

As though the words had touched a hidden spring, Dick Deadshot jumped to his feet with the agility of a kan-

garoo which he had taken with him for just such an emergency. Grabbing the left foot, which protruded from the basket, Dick gave a mighty tug and succeeded in extracting the form of the unfortunate victim.

"B-b-but I thought you were dead," he stammered wonderingly.

"So did I," returned the man, "but your friend, Prof. Sweetmeat, worked on me for a few weeks with the Revitalizer that you and he perfected just before the Prom. He managed to bring me back to life but he couldn't get me out of the basket until a beautiful young girl came along singing 'Die Wacht Am Rhein.' That alone could break the evil spell which Oscar the Ogre had cast over me."

"Look," shouted Dick excitedly, "Here comes the Prom Girl; remember her? And she's singing! . . . she's singing 'Die Wacht Am Rhein!'"

And sure enough the Prom Girl was walking toward them. "My fairy princess," cried the late murder victim, "You have saved my life. Will you marry me?"

The Prom Girl dropped her eyelids coyly. Quickly, with the chivalrous blood of generations of Deadshots pulsing through his veins, Dick picked them up and returned them. And without waiting for a verbal answer, the would-be cadaver clasped the Prom Girl to him as Dick modestly turned his eyes and walked slowly away, another mystery solved, and another happy ending. . . .

(But where was Oscar the Ogre and what evil fate did he have in store for our hero? Don't fail to read the next installment of Dick Deadshot, entitled "Dick Deadshot's Dungeon Days; or The Treachery of Oscar the Ogre.")

'35: "What's the difference between the Junior Prom and the Sophomore Hop?"

'34: "Oh,—about six dollars!"



Caveman father: "Just take the family dinosaur one more time and I'll bounce a boulder off your bean!"

Modern father: "Daughter, just get caught speeding one more time and see if I don't make you go to the prom."

And then there was that famous New England family that came across on the courtship of Miles Standish. Get it?



## GUESTS

(Continued from Page 10)

## WEST BALCONY

## Table A

Hugh W. Healey, Emily Long  
Thomas J. Rinaldo, Catherine O'Hearn

## Table B

Phillip Goodwin  
Edward Nowell, Curtis Sibley  
Willard Chandler, Barbara Cherry  
Harold McKay, Jr., Marjorie Armstrong  
Gordon Glover, Rhoda Robinson

## Table C

William A. Baker, Ruth Stuart  
W. Olmstead Wright, Dorothy Sholz  
Henry N. Andrews, Esther Hodgdon  
Howard L. Reichart  
Lyman Allen, Frances Hyde

## Table D

Draper W. Williams, Roberta Wall  
John D'H. Hord, Sally Sherburne  
William R. Main, M. Lucile Miller

## Table E

Walter Read, Frances Drake  
Carroll Fentress, Harriet Thurman  
John Hawkins, Patricia Boynton  
Dan Sheppard, Jean Arrowsmith  
W. C. Schumacher, Grace Hoyer

## Table F

Abraham Rosenfeld, Evelyn Druskin  
Daniel Smith, Matilda Rosenfeld  
Theodore Steinberg, Irene Collin

## Table G

William G. Ball, Jr., Lois Pringle  
Thomas Burton, Elsie Benoit  
W. Franklin Baxter, Delight Davis  
Edward John Geittman, Betty Turner

## Table H

Theodore Rimbach, Betty Muther  
Walter Wrigley, Christine Engelke  
Robert McKay, Ruth Gordon

## Table I

Merlyn Richardson, Eleanor Low  
Earle Murphey, Eleanor Cox  
Harry Tracy, Margaret Joseph  
Gustav Liljegren, Betty Smith

## Table J

Gordon K. Burns, Gertrude Gill  
Gordon Danforth, Dorothy Creelman  
Eugene B. McBride, Ethel Smith

## Table K

Phillip F. Clark, Dorothy Whitner  
Eugene S. Clarke, Alma Welch  
Arthur Conn, Katherine Levine  
Richard de l'Etoile, Nina Troccoli  
Ken Dorman, Kathie Fellows

## "CAMERA!"

The following extracts from Captain Poofintittle's log-log duplex were found under a seven foot pile of unexpurgated material in the north east corner of the Tech office. Phos, disguised as a bright idea, gained easy access to the office, and was nearly swept off his feet by wanton reporters. While in the office, Phos discovered that Capt. P. was paid a helluva price for ripping two pages out of his log-log duplex). Escaping by the harsh irritants on his teeth, Phos brought the following reports to his office.

While the good ship Tugapoop was sailing north on the Charles River, and Capt. P. was below decks running a sand-blast test on his teeth with a bowl of spinach, the first mate, confounded, tripped over a red herring and picked himself up off the Walker lounge floor, with a blitheness only a first mate can demonstrate.

Blow me down, an' a cluster of raisins, if it wasn't the night of the Junior Prom. The room was dark. From every corner, sofa, table, window-sill and chandelier, came mutterings, — outboard mutterings. My Gawd, thought the first mate,—mutiny, an' on my ship!

Belayin' pin in hand, he advanced,



"Oh, I'm so thrilled! I've wanted to meet a Mineralogical and Mining Engineer, Option B, all my life!"

like all good first mates will. Behind him a voice boomed, "Gwan over in a corner, and rope yourself off!" Obeying the most primitive of primitive impulses, Capt. P. spun around only to get tangled up in a sofa leech. As he picked himself up from the floor by the back of the neck, . . .

A flash of brilliant white light, feminine screams, scampering feet;—and a conglomerate aggregation of Tech boys, Prom girls, Profs, Janitors, gin bottles, cameras, co-eds, and other worthless pieces of furniture, were piled in the center of the floor.

"Splat," and Captain Poofintittle's duke met the unassuming map of the nearest camera-bearing scum.

And that, Sir, is the story. Yes, that is the story, Sir. The story of how the good ship Tugapoop saved the reputation of a goodly number of lounge leeches who were taking a makeshift course in anatomy.



A perverted lad is Willie Sound,  
He thinks alcohol makes the  
world go 'round.

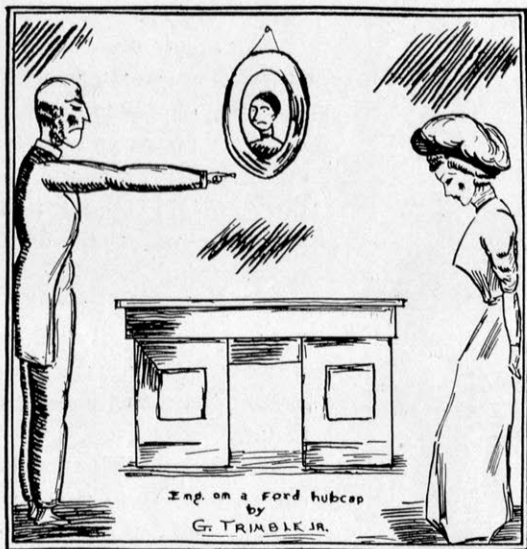
An irate farmer narrowly missed his disobedient boy with both barrels of his shotgun. Doubtless the lad owed his escape to the fact that the old man was shooting at the sun.



# A JUNIOR PROM SAGA

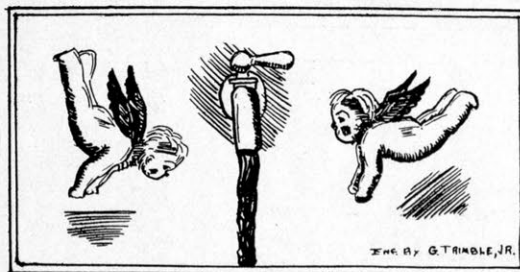
## I

The band was playing sweetly  
The lights was red and blue  
The boys and girls danced to and fro  
And likewise fro and to,  
'Twas Junior Prom that evening  
And people they was gay  
When suddenly a piercing shriek  
Rose high above the fray—  
There stood a ragged ragged gent  
And every dancer's heart  
Felt inklings of impending doom  
As thus he spoke in part:



## CHORUS

"My daughter, oh my daughter—  
She's here among the bunch  
With some wild college feller  
A-drinking spik-ed punch;  
I never raised my daughter  
To thrive on rum and gin  
And highballs — not to mention  
Iniquity and sin!"

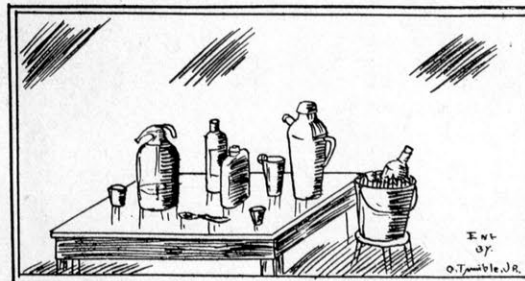


## II

The Prom Committee chairman  
Was bold as forth he stepped—  
At calming irate fathers  
He was, it seems, adept.  
"Come join our dancers merry,"  
These words to him said he,  
"Just take a sip of spik-ed punch  
And join our happy glee."  
The old man then he wavered  
And took a sip of rye—  
Then often, through the e-ven-ing  
These words to them did cry:

## CHORUS

"My daughter, oh my daughter,  
She's here among the bunsh —  
I never never learned her  
To gushle shpik-ed punsh,  
There'sh water in thish liquor,  
It ain't not got no kick—  
I let my daughter use my flashk—  
'N' I've gotta find 'er—HIC!"





Boston Common



## SPRING SONG

The whatzis bird is singing  
Upon the whoozis tree;  
Each plaintive note is bringing  
A thought of joy to me.

The trees are slowly blooming  
To brighten up the scene;  
The bumblebees are zooming  
From rose to butterbean.

The burning grass-fires smoulder,  
The sky's a brighter blue;  
The goldenrod is golder  
Than ever—whoops—achoo!

The flower-beds, once fallen  
To disrepute and pot  
Now strew their clouds of pollen  
All o'er the blooming lot.

The cows and sheep together  
In grassy banks do play  
While horses wonder whether  
To chortle yes or neigh.

The love-birds in seclusion  
Are petting 'way the time  
While poets, in confusion,  
Set BILLETS DOUX to rime.

So—here's the Springtime season  
With all its life and love  
That makes men lose their reason—  
As can be seen above.



She was only an artist's daughter,  
but she was beautifully framed.

## IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEWS

No. 1:

PROFESSOR WIENER AND  
BABE RUTH

(It is on the cliffs of Jutland that we find these two stalwart figures, Professor Wiener and Babe Ruth, one fine spring day in 1791. Both are near the edge of a precipice and it is not unlikely that they might topple over any minute. For this reason Professor Wiener is wearing his heavy spring suit, while the bambino has taken adequate precaution by donning his light fall coat.)

The Babe: "Lovely weather we're having, Professor."

Professor Wiener: "We certainly are. Notice the beauty of the scenery. Look at the grace of those fluffy clouds on yon horizon. Their top edge has all the beauty and grace of a hyper-cycloid."

The Babe: "I remember another day like this. It was the time there were two and two on me, and the umpire called the next one I clouted a foul. It was a day like this, I recall. And it was just after the last game of the series. And what a series! . . ."



There's no telling how long the Prom will last without a-Lown for interruptions.



"Number 31—Acidosis."

P. W.: "Fourier's or MacLaurin's?"

B. R.: "Landis'. A great game though."

P. W.: "Ach, yah, but you have been having trouble with the twentieth power of the double integral involving the force of a heavily struck mass of combined cotton and rubber."

The Babe: "Of course. So I says to the boss: '\$75,000 and no less'. Say, what did you think of yesterday's game?"

P. W.: "To be sure, the fourth dimension is not at all a definite division between the interlocking interstices of matter. That is why you struck out in the fifth."

The Babe: "That cock-eyed liar robbed me! Why that last one was outside a mile. But I got a hold of one in the seventh."

P. W.: "The combination of the vector representing the velocity of light thru crystallized plagioclase should be at an angle theta whose tangent is pi squared over mu, making the score 7 to 3."

The Babe: "Boy, professor, what an ump you'd make. Why don't you come over for dinner some night and we'll talk over old times. Remember the time we were at the Technische Hochschule together . . ."

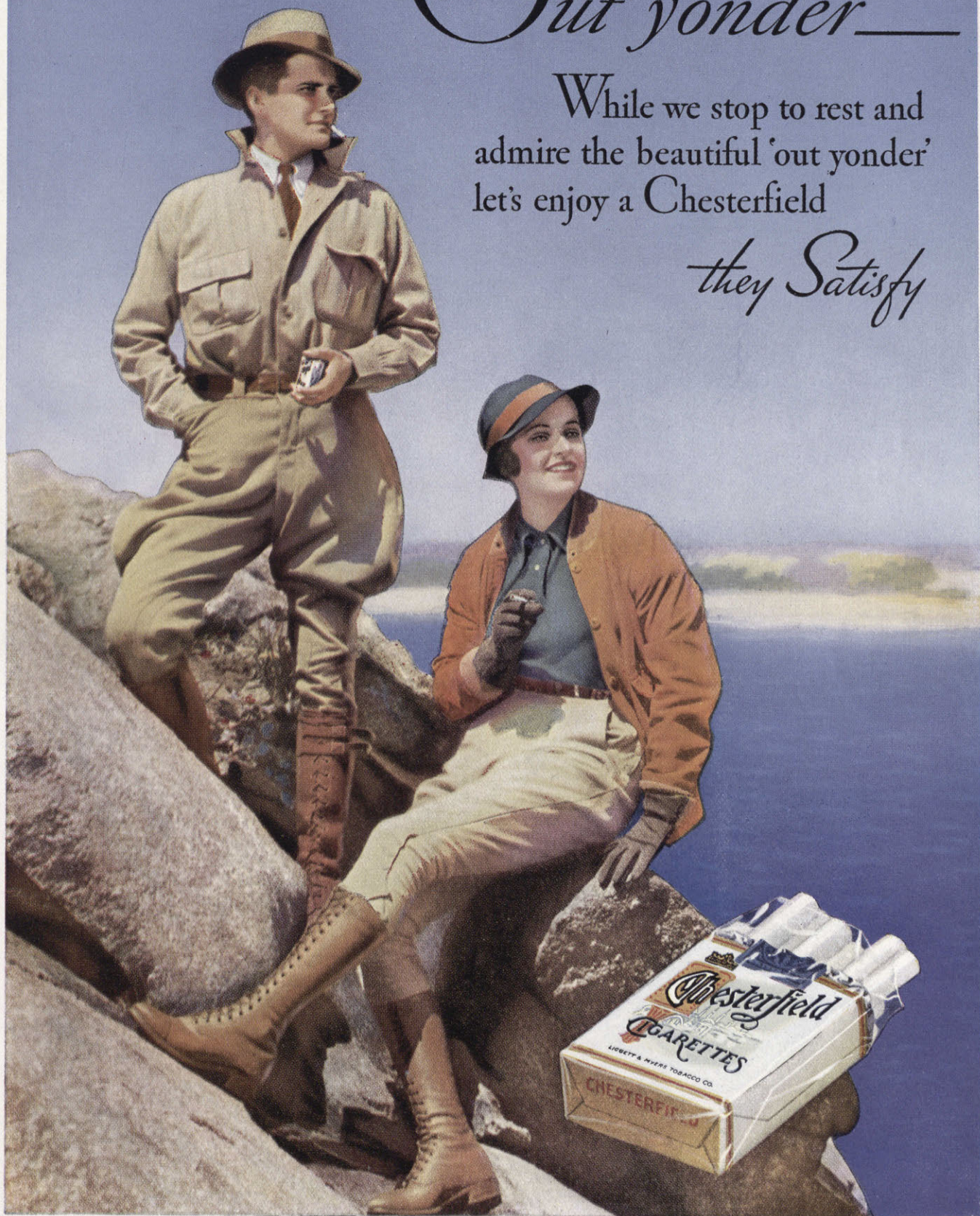
And so far into the night.



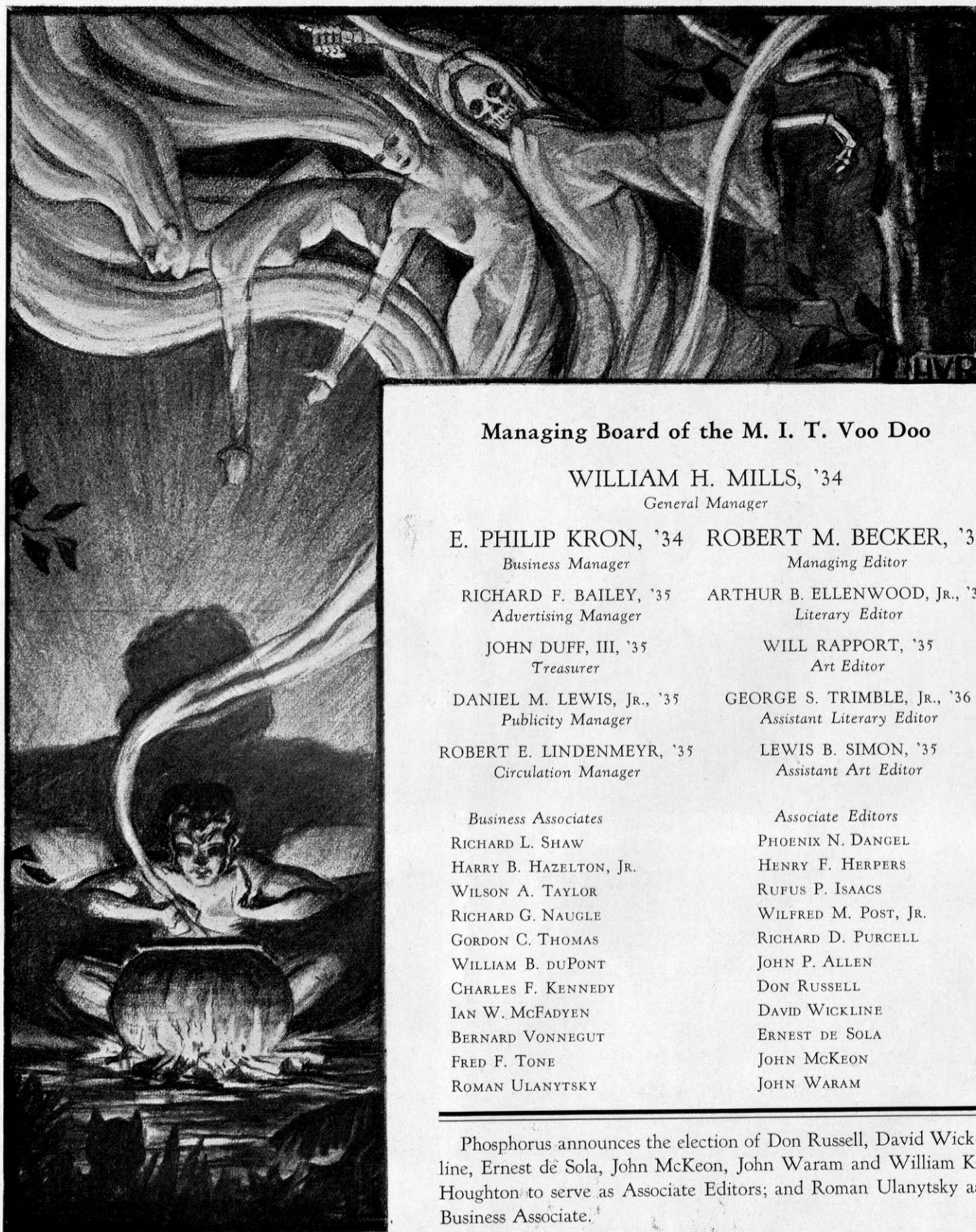
*Out yonder—*

While we stop to rest and  
admire the beautiful 'out yonder'  
let's enjoy a Chesterfield

*they Satisfy*







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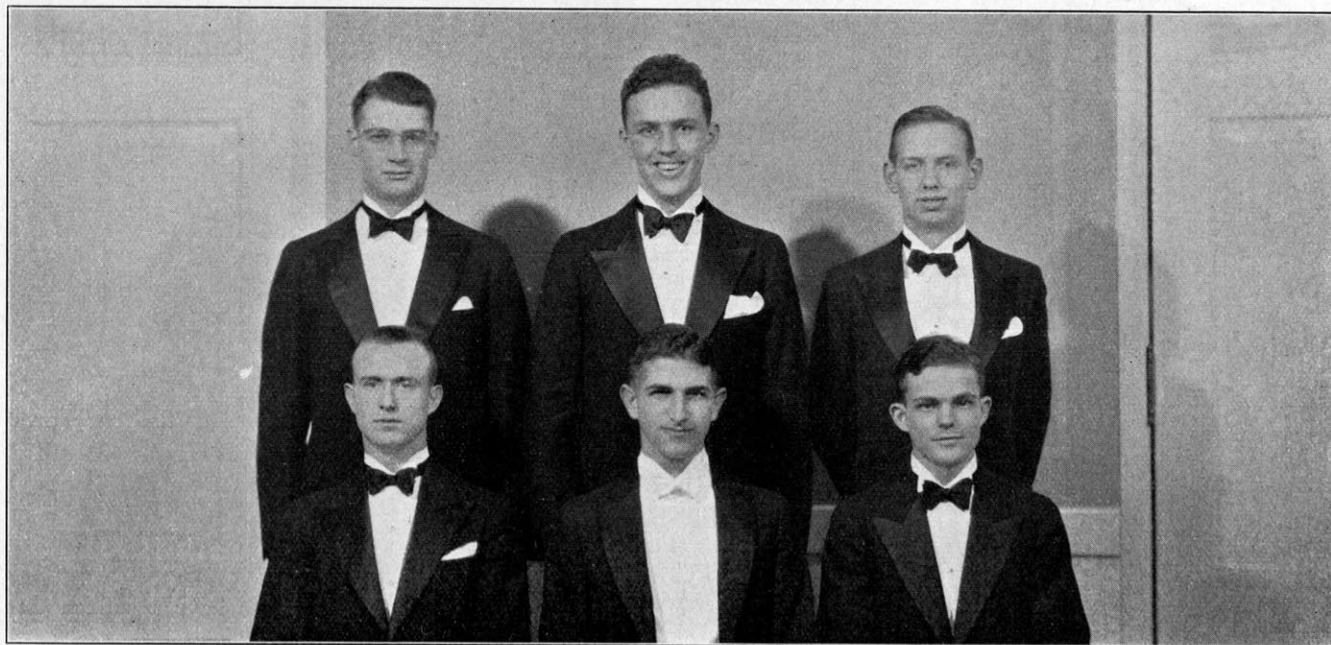
ERNEST DE SOLA

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JOHN WARAM

Phosphorus announces the election of Don Russell, David Wickline, Ernest de Sola, John McKeon, John Waram and William K. Houghton to serve as Associate Editors; and Roman Ulanytsky as Business Associate.



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HENRY D. HUMPHREYS

—VANTINE

## PHOSPHORUS CRASHES THE PROM

Keeping step with the rhythmic strains of melody that drift up to him, Phosphorus stalks solemnly around the balcony. Occasionally he pauses to peer over the railing, down into the maelstrom of dancing couples. He smiles contentedly as he slinks noiselessly past an alcove where, in semi-darkness, a boy and girl are—well—looking for something to read.

Having checked up on the balcony situation, the Inky Feline trips nimbly down the stairs (carefully avoiding several pairs of silver slippers) on his way to the West Lounge. There, disregarding for a moment the fact that he is creating a nuisance, Phosphorus climbs up onto a convenient soap box and in stentorian tones renounces any relationship to Karl and Horace, the alley cats sponsored by Ye Continuous Newsies.

Then, the Cat stalks into the East Lounge, offering bits of constructive criticism en route. Finally he settles himself in a comfortable corner near the door, and keeping one eye out for flashlight-bearing photographers and other low forms of life, he drops off to sleep, happy and contented.

Junior Prom is a success—at least as far as Phosphorus is concerned. Slide-rules and Triple-E problems are forgotten, and on the only annual occasion of its kind, Tech men forget that they are just engineers and act as human beings.



*Contributors to this issue:*

MISS CLAIRE WYNOT

ROBERT K. WEAD



### SONNET TO THE FAIREST PROM GIRL

"To be not jealous, give not love!  
Nor rate thy fair all fair above,—  
Or decked in green thy ways will be,  
In robes the hue of jealousy . . ."  
Thus reads the counsel of the wise:—  
"That silky hand, those flashing eyes,  
And those twin garnet lips may be  
Sought after where it pleaseth thee  
To roam,—so roam and be not mad—  
Oh, there's MORE beauty to be had . . ."

I listen, but my heart cries: "No!"  
It may to crabbed age be so,—  
For only they could weary of delight  
That never stumbled, blinded by YOUR  
beauty's light.



A Harvard man is a daffodil,  
He never would and he never will.

### INVITATION TO THE DANCE

#### Characters:

HE, a hard, calloused, college youth who has invited the girl of his dreams, but has been refused.

SHE, a sweet, innocent young thing who has never been to a Tech Prom—no wonder.

SCENE: A parked car, someplace, sometime.

HE: Lovely night, isn't it, Sally? (Golly, why did Helen refuse! Now I'll have to ask her.)

SHE: Simply gorgeous. (How I hope he asks me to the Prom!)

HE: Have a cigarette? (Is she worth spending all that dough on?)

SHE: Thanks. (I'd better take one, or he'll think I've never been anywhere.)

HE: There's something I want to ask you. (Guess I'd better ask her now and get it over with. Oh why, Helen, couldn't you have gone?)

SHE: Yes? (Maybe . . . maybe my dream will come true!)

HE: (Draining flask) There's going to be a Prom at school. (Oh Helen, why are you making me do this?)

SHE: How lovely. (Oh, he's going to ask me!)

HE: Would you like to go with me? (The die is cast! I couldn't take you now, Helen, even if you did change your mind!)

SHE: I'd love to—but—let me see . . . what week end is it? I'm pretty busy . . . (Better make him think I'm not sure. Oh, this is the happiest moment of my life!)

HE: March seventeenth. (Well, I get a chance to see Helen the next week, anyway.)

SHE: Isn't that funny. I just happen to have that night free. (If he only knew how I've waited for that night.)

HE: That's all settled, then, you're coming? (I guess I'll have to hock my slide-rule and sax now.)

SHE: I guess so. (It will be the biggest event in my life.)

HE: I'll let you know later when to expect me. (I'll get Helen to go next year if it's the last thing I do!)

SHE: Thanks ever so much. (Won't my friends be jealous!)

CURTAIN



"And what did the carpenter say when he fractured his skull?"  
"Just a chip off the old block."



"You seem to have a sudden distaste for Louise lately."

"Yeh,—she's poignant."



"Gosh damn," shrieked the poor atheist as he hit his finger with a hammer.



Now let us get to the core of the matter, said the worm as he climbed aboard the apple.



"On with the dance—let joy be unrefined!"



# LAUGHS FROM "FANCY THAT!"

I JUST BID  
TWO CLUBS

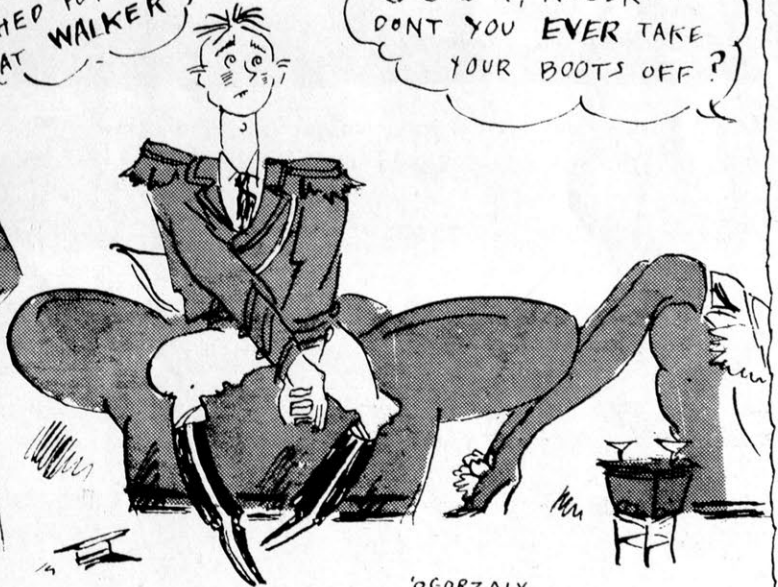
SPEAKING OF CLUBS,  
IT SAYS HERE IN  
THE TECH --

'EMERY  
& WING'

WHERE DID YOU GET  
THIS INFAMOUS PICTURE?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT--  
I FOUND IT IN THE  
MASHED POTATOES  
AT WALKER

O-O-O-H, ROGER--  
DONT YOU EVER TAKE  
YOUR BOOTS OFF?



'GORZALY  
& EMERY'

'APPLEGARTH  
& PUTNEY'

GGPS!  
VEDDY  
TEDDIBLY  
SODDY



Mist' MEXH4N1ER



Left: "And whom would you nominate as prom sponsors?"

Right: "I'd put my money on Tom Collins and Mr. \* \* \* Hennessey."

### THE MYSTERY OF THE LOUNGE

We have secured the report of J. Gumshoe Glotz, a detective hired by "The Tech" to spy into the more private doings at the Junior Prom. After careful expurgation, we present it below.

"I first procured a scale map of the premises, a slide rule, and a pair of dividers, for I always make sure of my ground before running clues to earth. For a disguise I was undecided between the likeness of some obscure campus personality like the Lounger or that of some harmless article like a flat tire. In this latter guise I managed to gain admittance to the Prom.

"Realizing that my work lay in the dimly-lighted lounges, I left the milling dance floor in search of material. The dimly-lighted lounges, however, were

in utter blackness when I entered them, and to my dismay, one room proved to be exactly 0.5375 inches too short. This ghostly discovery overwhelmed me, and as I fell into a neighboring armchair a hand seized mine in a powerful grasp.

"Before I could move or speak, I was enveloped in a powerful embrace, wrenched violently about, and thrown to the floor, together with my assailant. Hours later, when my overtaxed mind began again to function, I discovered that my attacker had vanished, together with my police badge, my shirt stud, and one pint of very excellent rye.

"Although I have made every effort to discover the identity of the person, and incidentally the rye, I have been unsuccessful."

Signed, J. Gumshoe Glotz.

### EMILY BOST ON JUNIOR PROM

Advertised as and commonly supposed to be the most glamorous social function of the year, Junior Prom is one occasion where one wants to be sure that he commits no *faux pas*. It is with this in mind that Voo Doo presents that eminent authority on etiquette and social conduct, Miss Emily Bost. Miss Bost will tell just what to do and what *not* to do in her own language (Czechoslovakian):

There are many polite ways of obtaining a seat in one of the lounges. Entering the lounge shouting: "Fire!" is not one of them. Neither is entering the lounge carrying a camera and flashlight outfit; in fact with this outfit you may be arrested for impersonating The Tech. Social usage demands, then, that you do only one thing. Grab the nearest person (or persons) to you as you enter the lounge and shove him (or them) gently but firmly into the fireplace. Thus, before you know it, there will be a vacant seat (or seats) and no one will have any hard feelings.

The conduct of the gentleman when another gentleman cuts in is a very important matter. (For convenience we will hereafter refer to the gentleman who cuts as the *cutter* and the gentleman who is being cut as the *cuttee*.) Now, when the cutter interrupts that dreamy waltz, the cuttee shall stand back, smile agreeably, and give his consent. Under no circumstances shall the cuttee kick the cutter's shin surreptitiously as he takes his leave. This is an unforgivable breach of etiquette.

The gentleman's conduct toward his lady is another matter of prime importance: When the young lady goes off and dances with that big blond brute at the next table, the gentleman shall not put strychnine into the big bum's coffee. This is not considered good practice. And when the young lady continues to dance the next four numbers with the big he-man, the gentleman may amuse himself by tossing bread crumbs in the air and attempting to catch them in his mouth. This will serve admirably to pass the



time and will not permit the gentleman to brood, a practice in which only chickens and other low forms of life indulge.

By observing all of these rules (and any others you may happen to think of) Miss Bost is sure that you will all enjoy yourselves to the utmost without fear of committing any social misdemeanors. And in case any other questions of etiquette occur to you during the dance, Miss Bost has consented to be present at Walker from 11 to 4. She may be consulted during these hours in the Library where she will amuse herself between questions by reading excerpts from Gurgles "Elements of Biology" in preparation for a quiz in G75 on the following day.



"Have you any free bromine?"

"No! What do you think we're running, a charity booth?"

A small boy saw an elephant in his yard and immediately called the police.

"Chief," he said, "there's a queer animal out here in my back yard. He's picking flowers with his tail."

"Yes," said the Chief, "and what does he do then?"

"Never mind," was the answer, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you!"

"My, my," chuckled the Warden, "what can I sell you?"



Prohibition, so they say, is doomed. "Rye not, boys, rye not?"

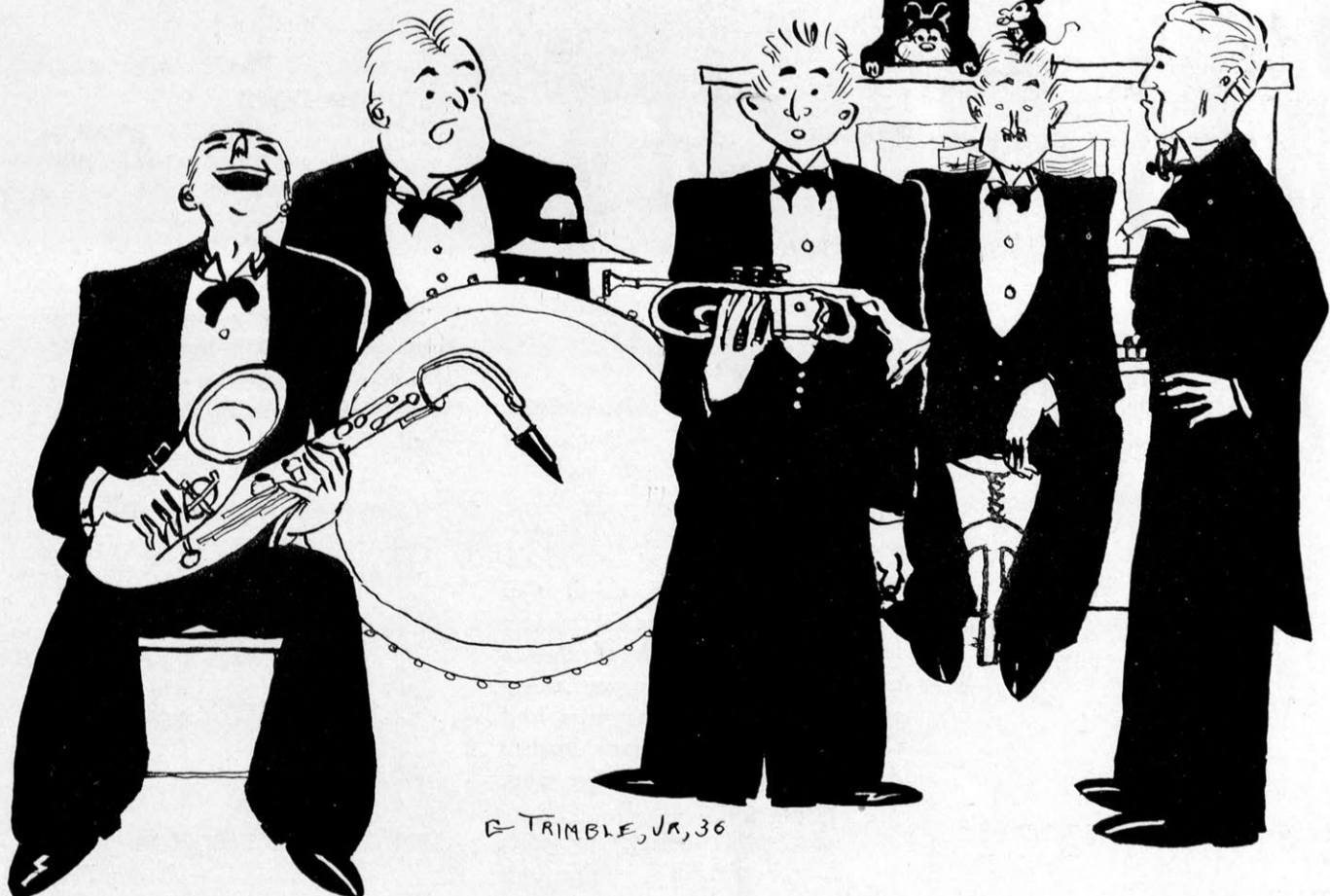


Wife (at 2 A.M.): "Is that you, Henry?"

Late Henry: "Jush' minute, honey, 'till I look at m'ol' shnapsnot 'n fin' out!"



At Harvard, they're trousers; at Tech, they're pants; but in the Boat-house, they're just plain drawers.



You would try to play the "Bugle Call Rag."

# Phosphor Essences

Mrs. George Earl, who gave birth to a 9-year-old daughter is reported to be getting along fine. A. J. Dill, of Farley, who suffered a broken leg in the same accident, is recovering.

—Waycross, Ga., *Journal-Herald*  
From the shock?



**INSISTS ON CORRUPTION  
IN SENATE**  
—*Boston Post*

Gentlemen!



**DITCH-DIGGING LESSON  
GIVEN CITY COUNCIL**  
—*Boston Globe*  
More dirt for the council.



**BROILING CHICKENS  
IN MARKET**  
—*Boston Post*  
Quick, the S. P. C. A.!



**FELL HEIR TO  
PAIR OF FORTUNES**  
—*Boston Post*  
Size 10?



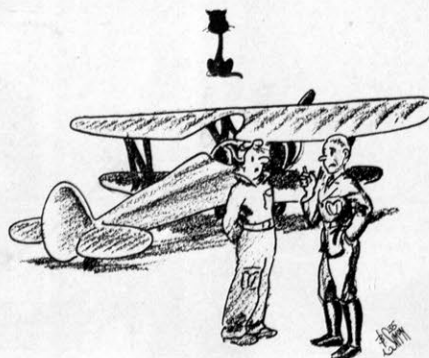
**\$200 FOR 12 SANDWICHES**  
—*Boston Post*  
We'll bet they weren't even toasted.

**BEER EXPLODES  
AS JUDGE TALKS**  
—*Boston Herald*

Burp!



"But you say, don't he ever play?"  
—Damon Runyon in *Boston Sunday Advertiser*.  
Sure, Damon, he do.



"Yeh, the boss gave me the air."



**TAKES HIM 35  
YEARS TO APOLOGIZE**  
—*Boston Post*  
And they say chivalry is dead!



"Another thing I think you should emphasize is the fact that a lot of those cheap punks that place a couple of bucks on a sure thing and something goes haywire and their favorite leather pusher doesn't come through on top. They're the guys. . ."

—Excerpt from letter to sports editor, *Boston Sunday Advertiser*.  
Yeh, them guys!

**PLEA FOR LATER HOURS**  
Oklahoma A. & M. college students petitioned to be allowed to stay out until 11:30 instead of 11 p. m. on Friday and Saturday nights.

—*Boston Post*

Come, come Dean, you too were once a gay young dog!



**HOWE SEES  
CRIME JUMP**  
—*Boston Globe*  
Turning Pro?



**RAID FOR DOPE  
NEAR HARVARD**  
—*Boston Post*  
News?



Dr. Koussevitsky once shifted his first and second violins at Eddie Dunham's suggestion, and the Symphony people think he does a smell job.

—*Boston Transcript*  
Such praise must be deserved! !



**BITES TOP OF  
MAN'S EAR OFF**  
—*Boston Post*  
As a change from cauliflower.



**MORE BABIES FOR NEWTON**  
—*Boston Post*  
Do your bit; put men to work.



ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers,

## CLOTHING,

### Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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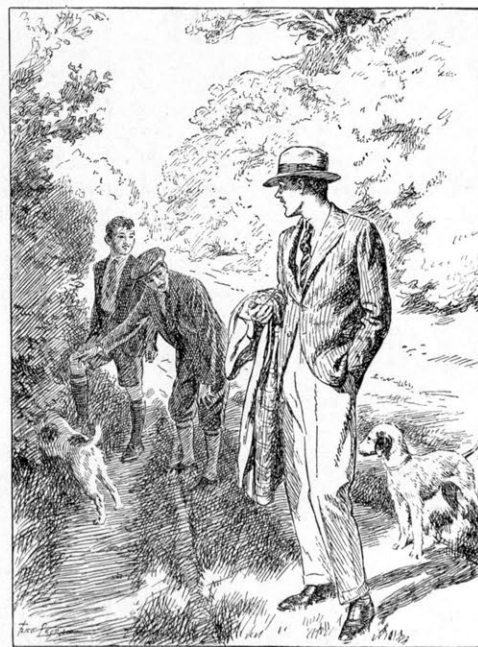
## Clothes for Spring Term

Suits \$45 to \$65

Overcoats \$48 to \$85

*Illustrated Folder on Request***BRANCHES**

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



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Stude: "I'd like to buy a shirt."

Female Clerk: "Neck?"

Stude: "Yeah, but right now I want a shirt."  
—The Student.



"That goalie's old man is a millionaire laxative king."

"Hah—a Plutocrat."



The way to a man's stomach is through his heart—  
The Mayo Brothers, fancy surgery.

—Wampus.



PRESTO!

"Boy, oh, boy! That was some blonde with you last night. Where did you get her?"

"Dunno. I just opened my billfold and there she was."

—Punch Bowl.

"This dress doesn't quite come up to my expectations."

"Oh, but madam, we couldn't make it any shorter."  
—Cajoler.



Prof.: "What do you know of Latin Syntax?"

Frosh: "Did they have to pay for their fun, too?"

—Reserve Red Cat.

FRANK P. SHAW

LEON A. HICKS

## HICKS & SHAW, INC.

HOTELS, CLUBS, and STEAMSHIP SUPPLIES

Wholesale and Retail

Represented by J. J. McGRATH

Stalls 51-55

FANEUIL HALL MARKET  
BOSTON

Telephone, Cap. 7654

## NEW . . . LOW ROUND TRIP RATES

**NEW YORK . . . \$6.00**

**ONE WAY . . . \$4.00**

Round Trip Ticket Good for 30 Days

## SPECIAL WEEK-END EXCURSIONS

**Boston to New York and Return  
\$4.50**

(via Gray Line Motor Coach to  
Providence, thence Colonial Line  
Steamer)

## ORCHESTRA and DANCING

**All outside rooms, running  
water, \$1.00 up (for 1 or 2  
persons.)**

**Table d'hote Dinner \$1.00**

Motor Coach leaves Colonial  
Line Ticket Office, 158 Sum-  
mer Street, 5.15 P.M. or NY  
NH & H RR train leaves So.  
Sta., at 6.00 P.M. connect-  
ing with Colonial Line steamer  
sailing from Providence 7.30  
P.M.

**Boston Office**  
**Tel. HANcock 4458**  
158 Summer St., Boston

**Providence Office**  
**Tel. Gaspee 5400**  
South Water St., foot of Tock-  
wotton St.

## COLONIAL LINE

Movie Actress: "I'll endorse your  
cigarettes for no less than \$50,000."

Cigarette Magnate: "I'll see you  
inhale first."

—Malteaser.



"I like mathematics when it isn't  
over my head."

"That's the way I feel about  
pigeons."

—Penn Punch Bowl.



She: "Do you care for pink step-  
ins?"

He: "Now let me see . . ."

—Red Cat.



The boy sat on the moon-lit deck,  
His head was in a whirl;  
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,  
And his arms were full of girl.

—Scope.



SHES

I think that I shall never see  
A tree as funny as a she,  
Upon whose marcelled hair is sat  
A modish Second Empire hat.  
A she that looks askew all day,  
Because the hat is made that way,  
A she that must, in fashion, wear  
A nest of robins in her hair  
From which the ostrich feathers fly  
To jab the unsuspecting eye;  
By g—, you must admit it's queer  
To drape a derby on the ear.—Joy  
Killer.

—Punch Bowl.

"If that's catnip  
I'm a caterpillar!"

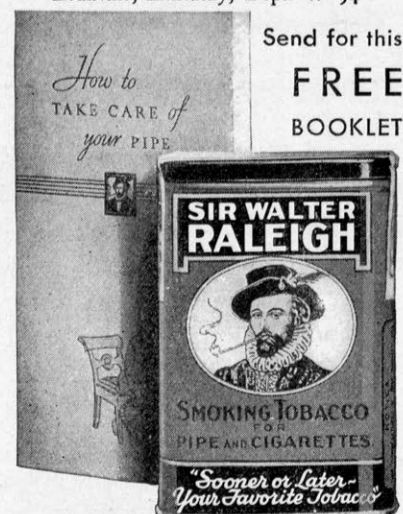


THE Colonel tried to be kittenish  
... but the result was catastrophe!  
There is one tobacco that domestic  
pets (from wives to kittens) run  
towards, not away from!

With Sir Walter Raleigh you are  
almost guaranteed a perfect smoke.  
Why the "almost"? Simply because  
no tobacco can overcome the handicap  
of a foul, unkept pipe. In a well-  
preserved briar there is just nothing  
like the satisfaction you get out of  
Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, mild  
mixture, kept fresh in gold foil.

Your nearest tobacconist has this  
orange and black tin of rare Kentucky  
Burleys. You'll agree with thousands  
of particular smokers that it's the cat's!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-34



Send for this  
**FREE**  
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



A survey gathered data to show that 50,000 girls have recently returned to cotton top hose. When at its height, this investigation must have been interesting.

—Green Griffin.



"Dearest Hortense," wrote Budd, hopelessly in love, "I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your little hands. I would leap the widest stream in the world for a word from your lovely lips.

"As always,  
Budd."

"P.S.—I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain."

—Medley.



"He says I look like the best dancer on the floor. Wonder if I should give him a dance?"

"Nope, better let him keep on thinking so."

—Penn-State Froth.



"If your daughter in tonight?"

"No, and get out and stay out."

"But I'm the Sheriff."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Come in. I thought that was a Sigma Nu pin."

—Texas Ranger.



Through the darkness, through the blinding snow, she struggled on—each struggling footstep a heart-rending effort. Wild thoughts surged through her brain. Her father, her mother—were they still alive? Would they forgive and forget? Would they?

At last. The old home. The old door. She stumbled on—to collapse in a faint on the threshold.

"My daughter!" sobbed the mother.

"Mother!" murmured the girl.

"Where—where is your child?" demanded her father.

"Father," she stammered, "I—I have no child."

"No child?" shrieked the old man. "Ain'tcha got no respect for tradition?" And the old man booted her back into the cold, cold night.

—Brown Jug.



OPPOSITE THE NEW  
WALDORF ASTORIA

Home of the famous swimming pool.

**SHELTON**

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

## A SHELTER FOR STUDENTS

When the Shelton opened (8 years ago) we began catering to college men and women. Gradually their patronage has increased; we feel safe in asserting that more students make the Shelton their New York home than at any club or other hotel. One reason for this is the free recreational features plus a desire to serve on the part of Shelton employees. 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.

# 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

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!  
WATCH FOR THE . . .

# VOO DOO

## PRIZE CONTEST

MORE DETAILS

in the

### 15th BIRTHDAY NUMBER

**Prizes!**

**Fun!**

(Not a Jig-Saw Puzzle!!)

Purchasing Agent: "Let's play the game called building and loan."

Student Salesman: "How do you play it?"

P. A.: "Get the hell out of the building and leave me alone!"

—Sour Owl.

~~~~~

Chinese Patient over Telephone: "Doc, what time you fixee teeth for me?"

Doctor: "Two-thirty, all right?"

Chinese Patient: "Yes, tooth hurty me all right, but what time you want me to come?"

—Tiger.

~~~~~

Says the barber to the patron: I'll bet you had ketchup for dinner today. No? You're sure? Gawd, then I must have cut your neck.

—State Lion.

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We recently waited in vain all during one of those popular "All Barkie" comedies for the canine general to give the command "To your posts, men."

—Belle Hop.



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WITH THE MONEY I SAVE ON CLOTHES I'M GOING TO BUY A  
SUBSCRIPTION TO

# Voo Doo

*Says the Little Lady,—*

**I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE APRIL  
FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY NUMBER!**



YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF HUMOR BY SIGNING AND MAILING  
THIS COUPON

DETACH HERE

M. I. T. Voo Doo  
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find check, money order, or old kippered herrings to the  
value of \$1.75. Please send Voo Doo for one year to

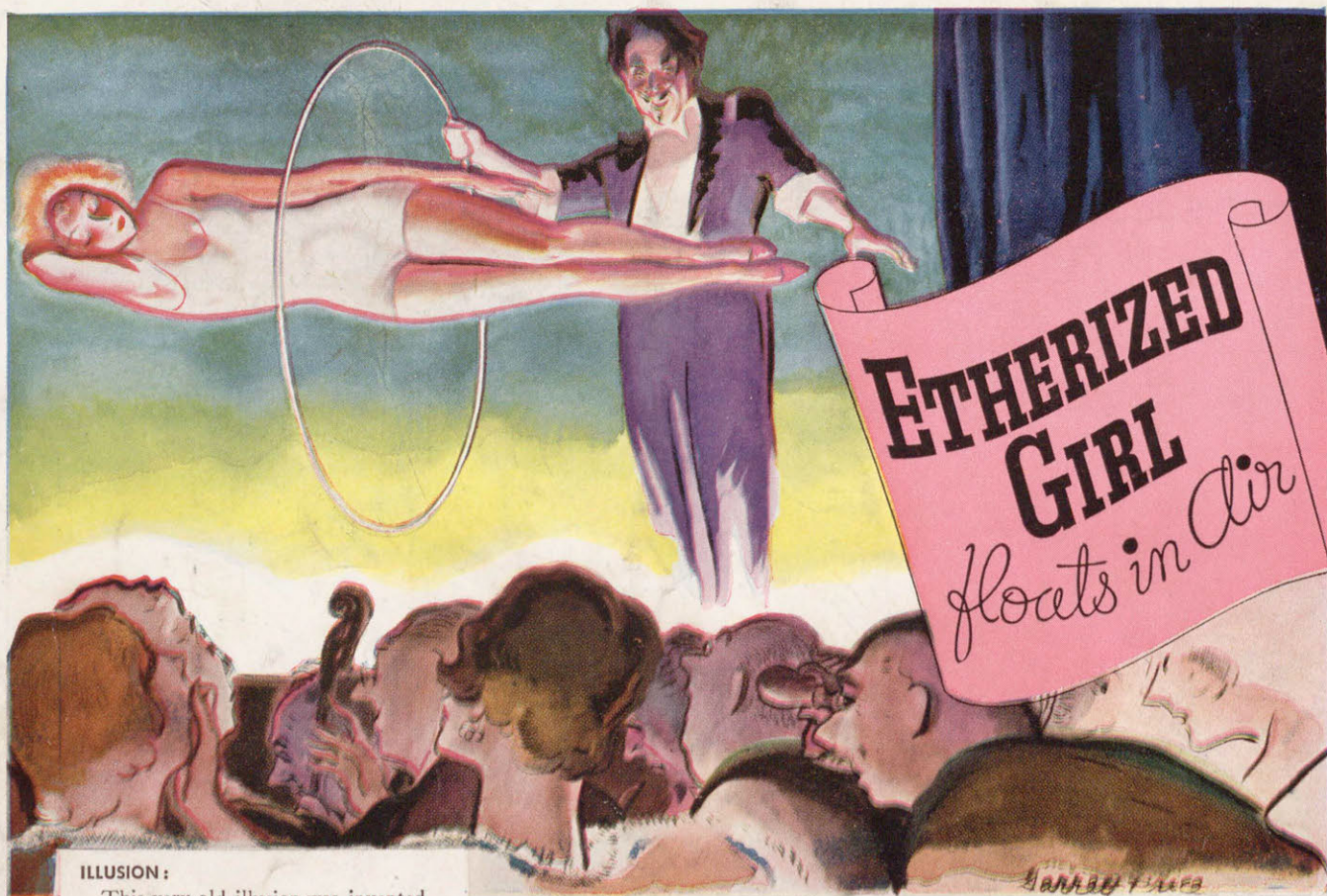
NAME

Telephone (if Female)

ADDRESS

OR HERE





#### ILLUSION:

This very old illusion was invented by Indian fakirs. Robert-Houdin used it in claiming that ether could make people light as air. He caused his subject to rise into the air, passing a hoop around the body to prove there were no wires or supports.

#### EXPLANATION:

One version: The girl wears a concealed harness, which ends in a socket between shoulder blades. This is attached to invisible mirror-covered piston. Piston is pushed up from below, raises girl in air. Hoop is cut in one place to pull apart when passing piston.

SOURCE: "Modern Magic" by Professor Hoffmann . . . George Routledge & Sons

## IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Another "magic show" is the illusion that cigarettes can be made miraculously "MILD" through manufacturing methods.

**EXPLANATION:** All popular cigarettes are made with modern machinery. *All are heat treated*—some more intensively than others, because inferior, raw tobacco

require more intensive treatment than choice, ripe tobaccos. But these processes do not explain or achieve mildness.

Cigarettes differ in the costliness of the tobacco used. The better the tobacco, the milder it is.

*It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.*

This is why Camels are so mild. It's the secret of Camels' rich "bouquet"...their cool flavor...their non-irritating mildness. They are kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Your CAMELS are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.



*No Tricks — just Costlier Tobaccos*  
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND