

Voo Doo

M.I.T.



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WHISKY

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Rufus P. Isaacs

"The Tech"

A Revelation

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POEMS

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By Local Talent

THIS COVER

by G. S. Trimble, Jr.

FRATERNITY NUMBER

Fifteen Cents



The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves
They Taste Better!

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A good girl follows the path of lust resistance.



She was only a ragman's daughter, but she wasn't a bit frayed.



She was only a lanternman's daughter but she never got oiled.



D. U.'s dances are the nuts
To swipe their girls' friends and their butts.



"You know, I don't really mind the cold weather, but I sure do hate to have the wind rub it in."

VOO DOO

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IN BOSTON! AT THE HOTEL BRADFORD



Miss Florence Gardner, featured dancer at

JOE RINES AND HIS ORCHESTRA! THE BEST REVUE

THE CASCADES

No matter how you treat this world you never get out alive.



Sigma Nu's get on the spree
By drinking orange pekoe tea.
(The sissies)

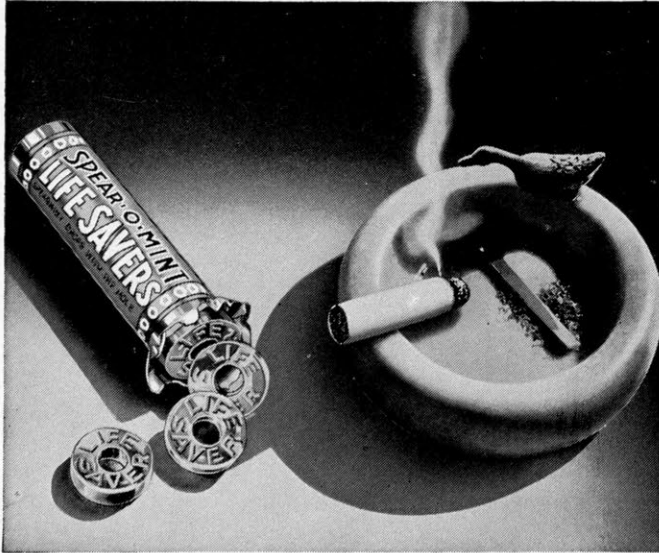


Prof. Greene: "How old is a person now who was born in 1900?"
Quickwit: "Man or Woman?"



First Frosh: Do you think that Professor Rogers is very old?
Second Frosh: He must be—my brother says he taught Browning and Shakespeare.

AT THE END OF A PERFECT SMOKE



When you lay down your cigarette,
pop a Life Saver on your tongue.
These cooling rings of mint take
away the *burn* and leave only the
yearn . . . for another cigarette.

THRILL YOUR TASTE WITH SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS...THEY'RE NEW

Mabel: "Doesn't that Scottish boy ever take
you to the cinema, now?"

Phyllis: (Bitterly) "No, I think he must
have found a girl who can see pictures in the
fire."

—*Boston Evening Transcript*



Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except Tuesday which comes once a week.

—*Puppet*



You hear a lot
Of "Love's Refrain" . . .
But
What is it that lovers
Refrain from?

—*Kitty Kat*

Librarian: "Young man, we are about to
close the desk, is there anything you would like
to take out?"

Frosh: "Why yes. How about the tall one in
the tan dress?"
—*Purple Parrot*



Betty: Did you lose much in that poker
game last night?

Letty: I was reduced to my last quarter.
—*Purple Parrot*



Salesman: "Is the lady of the house in?"

Maid: "Yes, but she's in her bath."

Salesman: "That's all right, I'm selling
soap."
—*Purple Parrot*



Mrs. Delight: "I've heard a great deal about
you."

Politician: "Possibly, but you can't prove
it."
—*Ottawa Citizen*

PHOS IS A TRUE FRIEND



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careful buyers, he has taken pains
to lead them in the direction of
maximum value at moderate price.

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these pages are recommended for
your earnest consideration. They
warrant your complete confidence,
and will serve you well.



"I TELL YA
NOTHING
COULD GET AROUND
THAT END EXCEPT A
FORD V-8"

SO MANY



PATHS

MAJESTIC
THEATRE

NATALIE SCHAPER



NANCY SHERIDAN

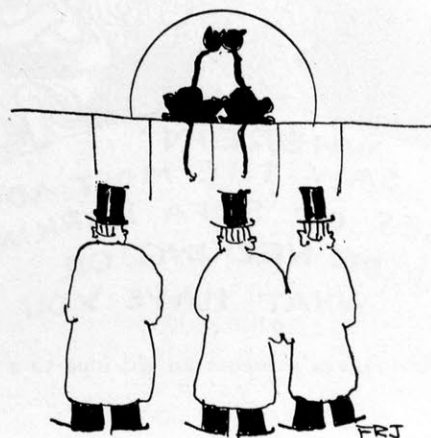


MILDRED BAKER



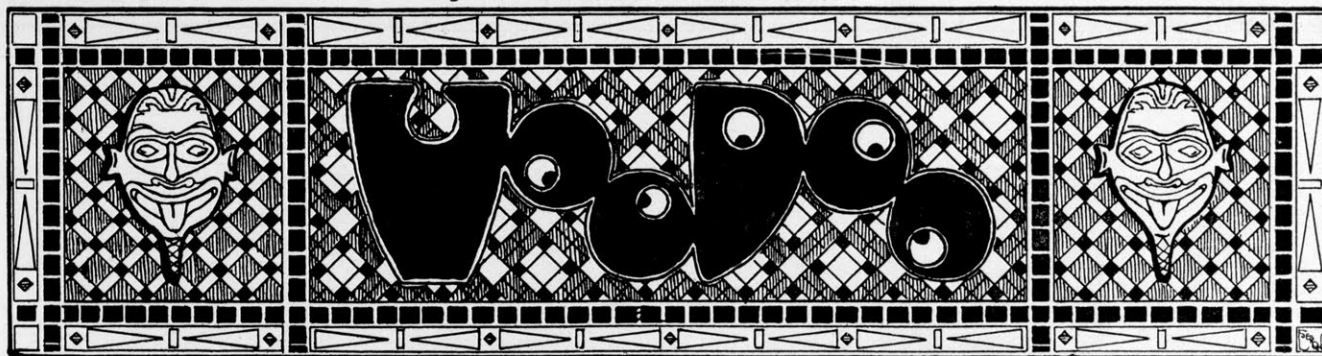
NORMA TERRIS

BEWARE !
'TIS THE
FRATERNITY
NUMBER





Phosphorus presents an old idea to a knew public: The Theme of this Fraternity Number



VOO-DOINGS

Wrong Stall . . .

This really happened in the first class of the term. It was a balmy day in E21, and the inimitable Tubby Rogers was discoursing on the intricacies of the coming year of Randall option. After explaining for the better part of the hour, just what the course consisted of, he asked if there were any questions. After a short pause, a hand went up in the rear of the room.

"Yes," said Tubby.

The student spoke up and said, "I just wanted to know where I can find the room for the American History Option."

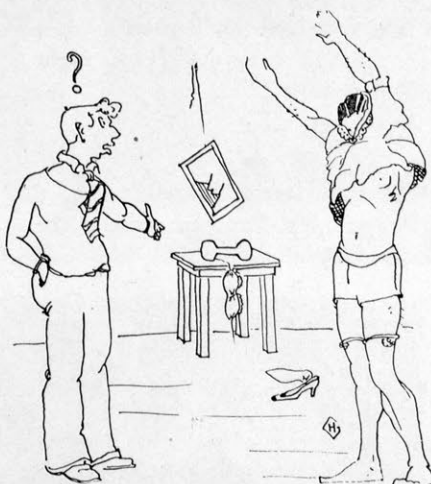


War Report . . .

Among the various happenings on that far-famed occasion called Field Day, we feel that this incident deserves more than passing notice. One of those strange beings, (Genus Photographerus) equipped with the latest in movie cameras, squatted down in front of the Sophomore group, aimed his camera carefully at the group, and shouted loudly for a little action. No sooner said than done. From somewhere in the closely-packed ranks of the Sophomores, there rose a large chunk of a squash, Hubbard or otherwise, and smacked the aforementioned photographer square on the forehead, with a resounding thud. For some reason, this seemed to dampen his spirits, and he decided not to take any more action pictures of Sophomores.

First Question . . .

There was a certain class in Building 2 who had been promised a math quiz on the following day. They sharpened their pencils as well as their wits, and opened Mr. Philips' treatise on differential equations and prepared to blossom forth in integrals and natural logarithms. Lights burned over paper-cluttered desks until after two, while embryo mathematicians waded through



1st Deke: "So she wore your tux home.

2nd Deke: "Yeah, maybe they'll let me in her Dorm with her clothes on."

all the consecutive assignments that they should have had done long before.

It was a tired assemblage that sporadically entered the classroom the day following. They took their seats like condemned men who have just found that they will not be electrocuted, but hung instead. The pro-

fessor entered with an expression that was the height of something on his face. He started to write on the blackboard. A Roman numeral. A one. Then "What is the shortest cross-sectional area that can be cut from a conoid . . ."

The boys of M22 looked puzzled. Sheer engineering instinct told them something was amiss. One raised his hand. He snapped his fingers to draw his professor's attention, but the man continued writing undisturbed. At length he turned, and recognized the boy.

"Sir, this is an M22 class," said he of the raised hand.

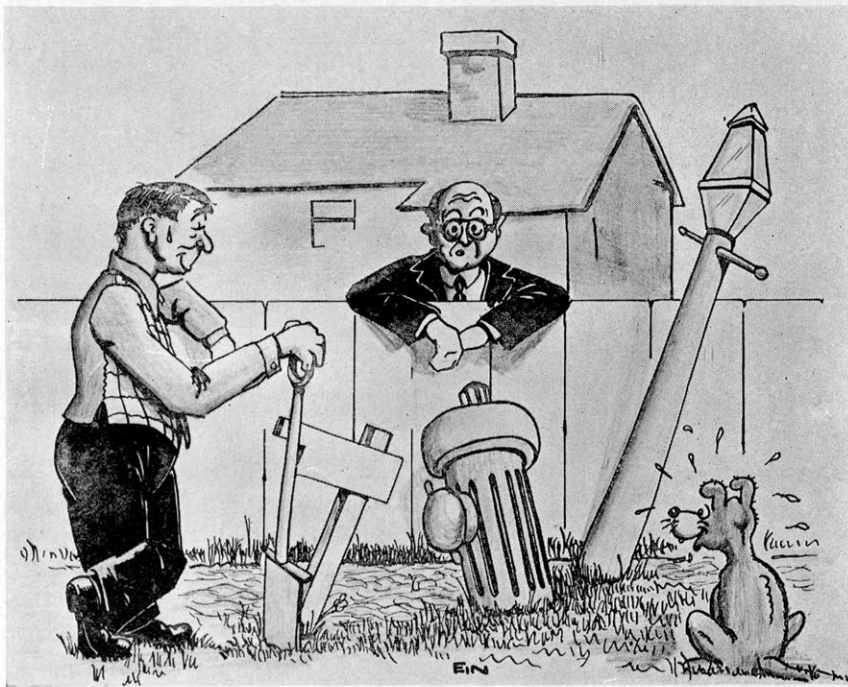
The class tittered, snickled, and chuckled. So it was an M22 class. And the professor had written a freshman M12 calculus quiz on the board. He grew very embarrassed and erased it.



Denser den dense

A lecturer in thermodynamics was talking the other day, and the thing he was talking about was density, and the thing he most strikingly illustrated was the density of the class. Density is weight per cubic foot, but he said and kept saying weight per pound. He did tricks, made formulas, in fact did everything a lecturer could do, and still kept using the term weight per pound, and nobody noticed anything wrong.

Maybe there isn't anything to it, but it reminds us of the old story: "Which is heavier: a pound of feathers or a pound of tomato juice?"

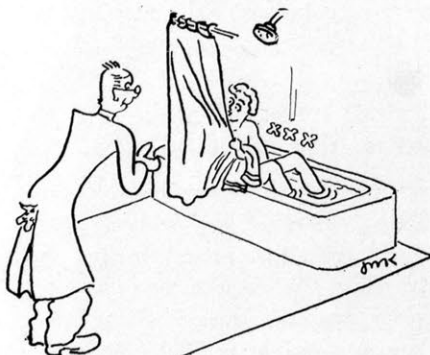


"That's all right, I planted dogweed."

I call my girl Nitric Acid—She's so unstable when hot!!



*Don't be alarmed when rasslers get rough,
It's just their quaint way of making luff!*



"Fuller brush, lady?"

She was only a mailman's daughter, but she sure delivered the goods.



Then there was the man who overcame his enemies by brewed force.

Alpha Beta Kappa: I heard you were playing golf with the co-ed champ, yesterday.

Kappa Beta Alpha: Oh, she can't be a golf champ!

Alpha Beta Kappa: What do you mean?

Kappa Beta Alpha: Well, I never saw her use a brassie.



"This is one Hell of a choke," said the cop, as the gangsters strangled him from behind.



Then there was the biology student who crossed a sine with a cosine and was surprised to get a tangent. This shows that Mendal was not always right.



"Momma, where do little babies come from?"

"Such a silly question, Junior. Run and ask your father."

A minute or so later, "Momma, daddy says you haven't told him either—and we'd both like to know."

—Tiger

"My girl is going to give me a final exam tonight."

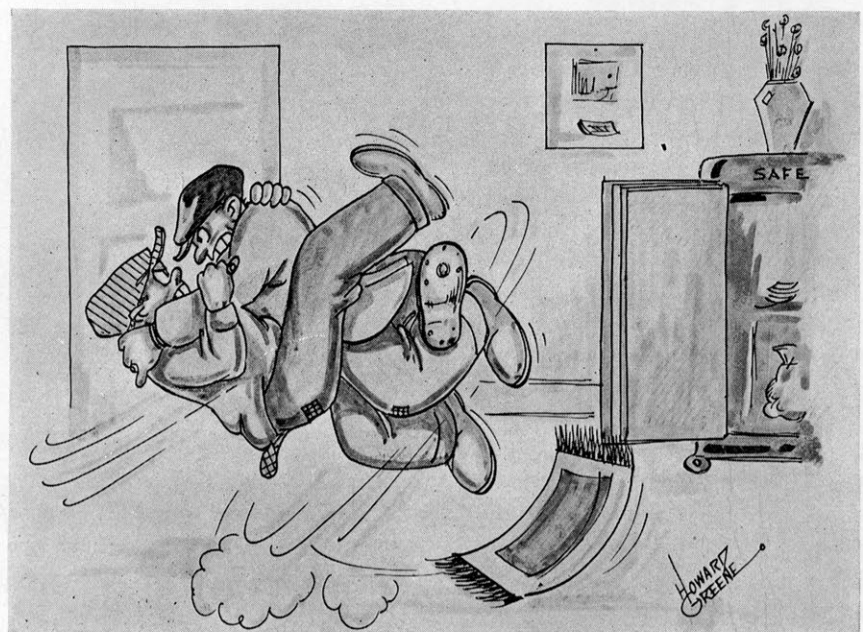
"Do you think you'll pass?"

"Yes, I've been out every night studying for it."



Pledge: Have a blowout?

Senior: No I'm just giving the tires an airing.



Scrambled Yeggs.



JUST AS A FOOTBALL PLAYER NEEDS *Both* LEGS

**A GOOD
PIPE TOBACCO
MUST HAVE *Both*
MILDNESS
and
FLAVOR**

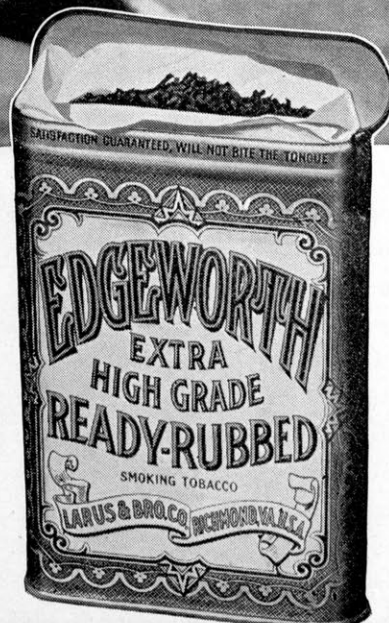
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**EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR**

Phosphorous Presents WHISKY

Or the Wrongs of the Math Department

BY RUFUS P. ISAACS, '36



His brown beard was a sterling badge of learning.

YOU would be hideously wrong if you tried to spell it *Whiskey*, for that implies a beverage, and nothing could be further from the significance of such an esteemed title than a beverage. Yet no one could blame you for being wrong, for I doubt if anyone had ever written it to say nothing of having tried to spell it. Whisky was a label, oral in extraction and oral in existence. Yet even so, its existence was limited, for although it was old and widespread, it was furtively old and furtively widespread. Never, never, never (except once) was Professor Pringle ever called Whisky to his face.

Whisky and freshman calculus are inseparably one. For fourteen lengthy years—eleven good years and three bad years—Whisky had been carrying to successive batches of freshmen the

conception of a derivative, which he wrote on the board as $\frac{dy}{dx}$ and to fourteen different classes he had told why that symbol was not d times y divided by d times x , and he has gone through the whole business a good many more times than fourteen because recently the classes have become very dumb, and he had to go over it twice. Every freshman learned it, and with even a greater amount of certainty, he learned that Professor Pringle was called Whisky.

Whisky was by no means a good teacher of mathematics, nor was he popular. And the reason that his classes seemed to be annually growing dumber was not due to the lower mentalities of succeeding academic generations, but to the fact that Whisky's teaching was growing worse and worse. Nobody could follow his explanations, nobody liked him, and everybody cut his classes. He was dry, they said. The name, Whisky, went with dryness, the dryness went with the mathematics, and nobody liked either the subject, the teacher, or his name. When anybody mentioned the sound of Whisky to you, you couldn't help thinking of something tiresome, monotonous, and uninteresting. When you were in one of his classes the name of Whisky was in the room, on the blackboard, in your desk, between the pages of your book, and even inside of you; the very wretchedness of its sound made every ounce of faith and hope you had cen-

ter on the bell that brought to an end the misery of the hour.

It hadn't always been that way. Once there had been a time when Whisky was the soul itself of the math department. The head could chastise or dismiss what professors he pleased for whatever reason he pleased, for as long as he had Whisky the department had a salvation. If you couldn't get a thing through your head, you were told to cut your regular class and sit in on one of Whisky's. If there was something mathematical that somebody asked you, all you had to say was that Whisky would know, and you were spared. Everybody thought he was a grand old gent, and everybody kept a store of things in the back of their heads that they would ask him next time they had the chance.

(Continued on page 21)



All night he struggled.



People who live in glass houses
shouldn't cast reflections.

THE STUDENT'S LAMENT

In silent contemplation
I review the situation
And my heart begins to suffer more
and more.
Oh, that last configuration
With its random declination
Causes me to wonder if it is a four.
Then with mute felicitation
My head begins gyration
And I rise with murmurs of impending war.
I set down the stipulation
That my constant compilation
Has caused within myself a constant roar.
My own determination
For complete elimination
Makes me rush with hurried steps
along the floor.
A great ejaculation
Of surprised imagination
Shakes the souls around me to the very core;
For my final destination
To my utter consternation
Has NEMOW in large letters on the door.



Students who
Live fraternally
Never kiss
Girls paternally.

THE MENACE

Bashful Dan was a Kappa Sig man,
But he only had had one affair.
When it came to girls
They left him in whirls—
And, so to speak, "up in the air."

His friends said in passing
He had "bashion"—not passion,
And laughed 'mongst themselves at
his shyness.
When a woman came near
Dan would scoot off in fear
With a face which "bespoke naught
but wryness" (wow!)

When it came to the women Dan
was surely a freak,
So the boys brought him round for a
drink.

With a couple of ryes
Dan got lit to the skies,
And spoke thus: "Boys—it's not what
you think."

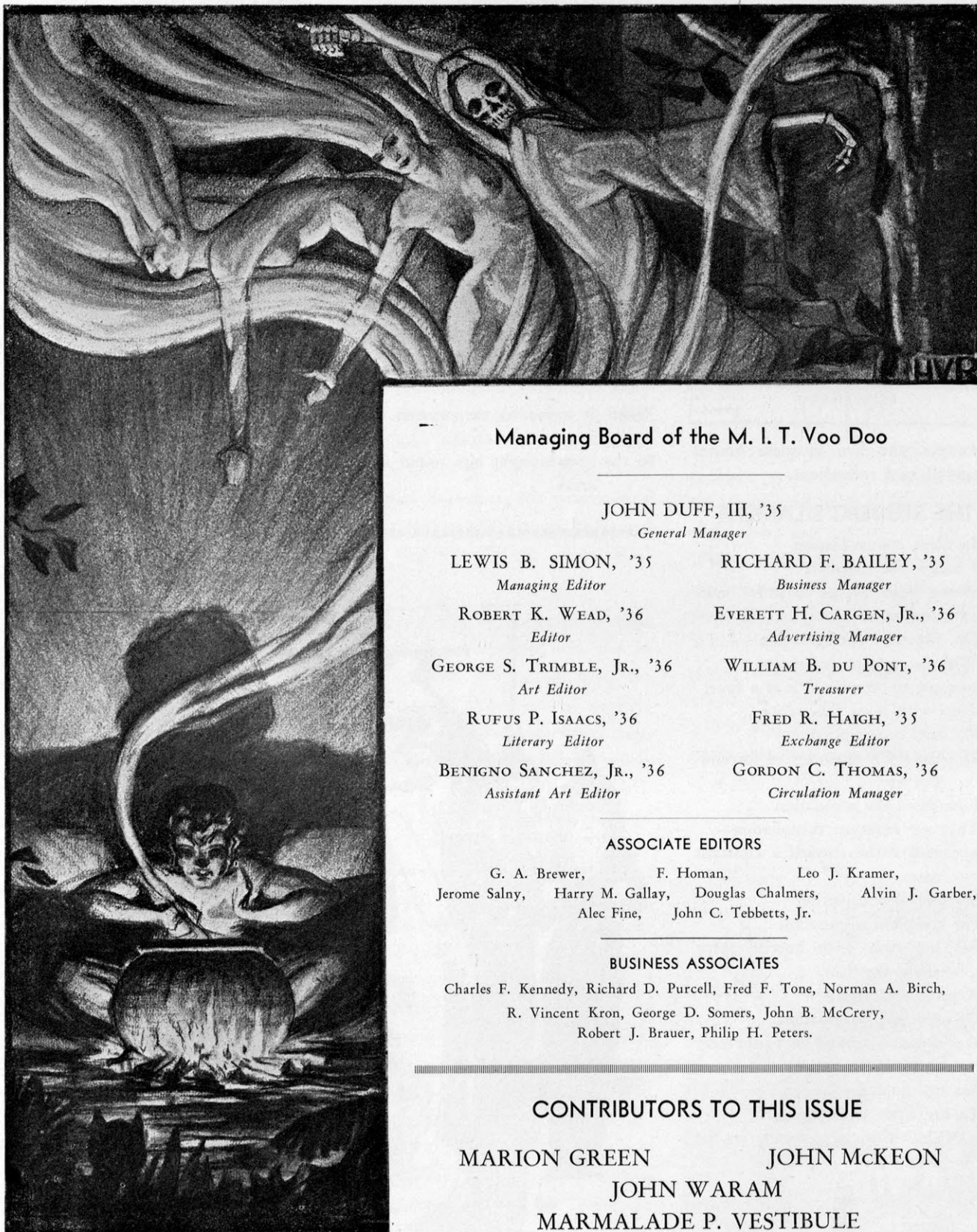
"It's not that I'm bashful—
It's not that I'm shy—
But it's true that I dislike the dames;
I detest 'em—and hate 'em,
I simply won't date 'em,
I think they are"
(odious names). (Ed. note)

"I am done with all wenches (Dan
wiped off a tear)—
Oh (*curses*) on all female heads;
My first and last woman (you'll
understand now)
Was one of Tech's (*censored*) co-eds.



M. Green

Prof. Timbie: "Hand me that paddle, Prof. Wiener."



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Voo Doo Presents

The Voo Doo

M.I.T. Established 1881

It has recently come to our attention that our disreputable old scurmudgeon, our priceless old cat, Phosphorus, has been relegated to at least partial oblivion by a certain local Organ. The obvious flaw in any such theory—let it come from any source whatsoever—is the old adage concerning the fact that a cat always comes back. Not that our Phos has been away, you understand; oh, no: that we emphatically deny. But Phosphorus has had a bit of a rest since the hectic days of 1929, and he feels now that some good warm limelight would take that rheumy and dusty feeling out of his well-worn joints.

With this aim in view, Phos inspired a little group of devoted followers to accomplish his return to the firing-line. Night and day they toiled, and the result is apparent, even to the most skeptical. Phosphorus is back in circulation.

The New VOO-DOO, inaugurated last week, is, we are certain, the answer to the needs of every undergraduate in Technology. In it the requirements of every personality are studiously met: the cynicism of the Biology senior, the romance of the freshman Co-ed, the soulfulness of the Brown-bagger. Phosphorus has provided a corner for all.

And he has gleefully noted, too, the sufferings of the followers of that Organ, who so merrily talked football a short time before the blow fell. Oh, yes, the cat is back with a vengeance; and let his enemies beware, lest he deal with them in his ancient and adequate manner.

Phosphorus controls his gloating long enough to announce the election to the Editorial Staff of G. A. Brewer, '38, artist; and F. Homan, '38, writer.

HOW TO GET EVEN WITH THE COOP

Hullo. I want some note-book paper . . . Well, I don't know the exact size, but it fits my green note-book . . . That's right, you wouldn't know. Silly of me. Perhaps if you showed me some . . . Gosh, what a *weird* color! Bet that would make a hit with ol' Magoun. Him always bleating about white paper. Heh, heh . . . Oh—oh yes. No, I don't see any just like it. It had two holes punched, I think—or maybe three . . . No, I never bought any here before, but I just took it for granted that you would have some. I mean, you're supposed to carry everything Tech fellows need . . . Well, almost everything then. I suppose there are some things—Heh, heh . . . What of it, if there are customers waiting? I had to wait my turn, didn't I? The customer is always right isn't he? Well, I'm the customer . . . I *am* trying to remember. Don't look so disgusted. Don't Let It Bother You, de de da dum—did you see 'The Gay Divorcee'? Oh well, don't get sore. Skip it . . . There, that looks like the kind I want—up there the top shelf . . . No the pile next to that. On top of that yellow stuff. There. Let's have a look at that . . . Oh, gosh, no. Nothing like that at all. I'm afraid you'll have to



Bust or Busted?



b.sanchez

"Waiter, there's a cherry in my beer."

"Waddaya want me to do—charge you for an Old Fashioned?"

put it back. You don't mind do you? . . . What do they use this kind for? I know, to write on—heh, heh—But what kind of a note-book? . . . Like that, huh? Pretty tricky. Got to get me one of those some day. Well, we still haven't found that paper, have we? . . . No, the spaces were wider than that. Haven't you got some not so dinky? No-o-o, those are too big, there . . . What do you mean, only two spacings made? I guess I know what kind of paper I've been writing on for years and years! Hmph! For a store *supposed* to answer the needs of

college men, you haven't much to choose from . . . How much does this kind cost? . . . *Thirty cents!* It's *robbery!* I do *not* want any. I thought, if it was cheap, I'd take some on the chance it might fit. But, migawd, *thirty cents!* . . . All right, let's see. It was something like this—Jeez, look at that clock! Four minutes to make a class. I've fooled away twenty minutes in this crazy joint . . . Well, after class I'll come back and we'll hunt around until we absolutely find that paper . . . Won't we? . . . O. K. . . . So long!

I'm no dirt farmer
but I was brought up on a
tobacco farm and I know
mild ripe tobacco . . .
have a Chesterfield

*Down where tobacco
is grown folks say . . .*

"It's no wonder that so many people
smoke Chesterfield cigarettes.

"To begin with they buy mild ripe
tobacco . . . and then they age it.

"It costs a lot of money . . . but
it's the one way to make a milder, bet-
ter-tasting cigarette."





"Henry, did you forget your suspenders again?"

THE BASEBALL UMPIRE TEACHES PHYSICS

Now, listen, you mugs, you're gonna learn this stuff,—get me? That means *you*! I made the decision and it stands, see!

Who made that noise? Yeah? One more crack outa you, an' you'll be outa the recitation! What I say goes! You flap-eared bunch of slap-happy nit-wits!

Now that seventh problem. It's a vector. What have *you* got your hand up for, dopey? Listen here! I called it that way and that's the way it's gonna stay! I don't care how much the class boos me—I'm not changing my mind, see? I was calling 'em when you were wearing three-cornered pants and I'll still be calling 'em when you fade back into the sticks, see?

Come on, you guys, quit your stallin'? I'll forfeit the whole quiz for you, so help me! *What?* All right, you—outa the room. You won't feel so smart when I send in my report. *Skeramm!*

And the rest of you mutts. Any more cracks like that an' I'll throw the whole tribe out. The sooner you guys learn who's boss in this classroom the better for all concerned. O. K. now. Play ba—I mean, let's take up the next problem. And snap it up!



*Your love, my dear, recalls delights
Of nights, and the enchantment a
sweet kiss lends,
Your love, my dear, recalls delights;
But so too, to all my friends.*

A DIRGE FOR FRESHMEN

He's a woeful wreck—
He snoops for The Tech—
It's a helluva lousy career,
A helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva,
helluva lousy career.
He's a "turned down" and an outcast
Throughout the whole school year—
For he lost his respect
And went out for The Tech—
But—Freshmen *are dumb*, I fear.



"Can anyone distinguish unanimous from anonymous?" asked the English prof.

"Sure," answered somebody. "Just ask your fraternity brothers who borrowed five bucks from you. He's anonymous. But just try asking to whom it is you owe five bucks."



May we point out for the benefit of the Alpha Kappa Pi's that there is considerable difference between Mae West and the State of Montana—inasmuch as Montana has only one Butte—(watch the pronunciation—Brother!)



"Here comes the General Manager of The Tech."

"Let him in, quick, he's had trouble enough."

TO BERENICE

We heaped our love in mountains high,
And hand in hand across the hills we
roamed.

In sunlit valleys by quiet nooks
We watched the torrents as they
foamed.

But that, my love, was the year just
past,
And fleeting fancy seeks fields anew.
And so, my darling, all your kisses,
Are grown as asinine as this is.



"So you go to M. I. T. eh? Well, say, do you know a guy by the name of Tom Jones up there?"

"Why sure, he's a fraternity brother of mine."

"Well, how about Jerry Smith, do you know him?"

"Sure, he's a fraternity brother of mine too."

"And Joe Brown, and Harry Adams, and Lynn Bennett, they're not fraternity brothers of yours are they?"

"Why sure they are."

"By the way, what house did you say you joined?"

"Oh that, well it's Tryan Bumma Buck."



"I'd give my life for one hour with you!"

"Sold!"



"Migawd, Son, what a finessel!"

She looked up at him under her long lashes and he smiled. Shyly she smiled back. He was really a very attractive young man.

"But I can't," she said, regretfully. "It wouldn't be right."

"I don't see why not," he retorted. "After all, it's such a little thing. I swear that you will never have cause to regret it."

"I really shouldn't," she said, in a soft voice. "I don't know what mother would think—"

The young man continued to plead. His melodious voice painted beautiful pictures. She was greatly stirred, but remained resolute.

"No," she said, "I've made up my mind. Perhaps, you'd better go now."

He turned his back slowly. Something in the dejected cast of his shoulders caught at her heart. She

stood for a moment in indecision. Then she called out.

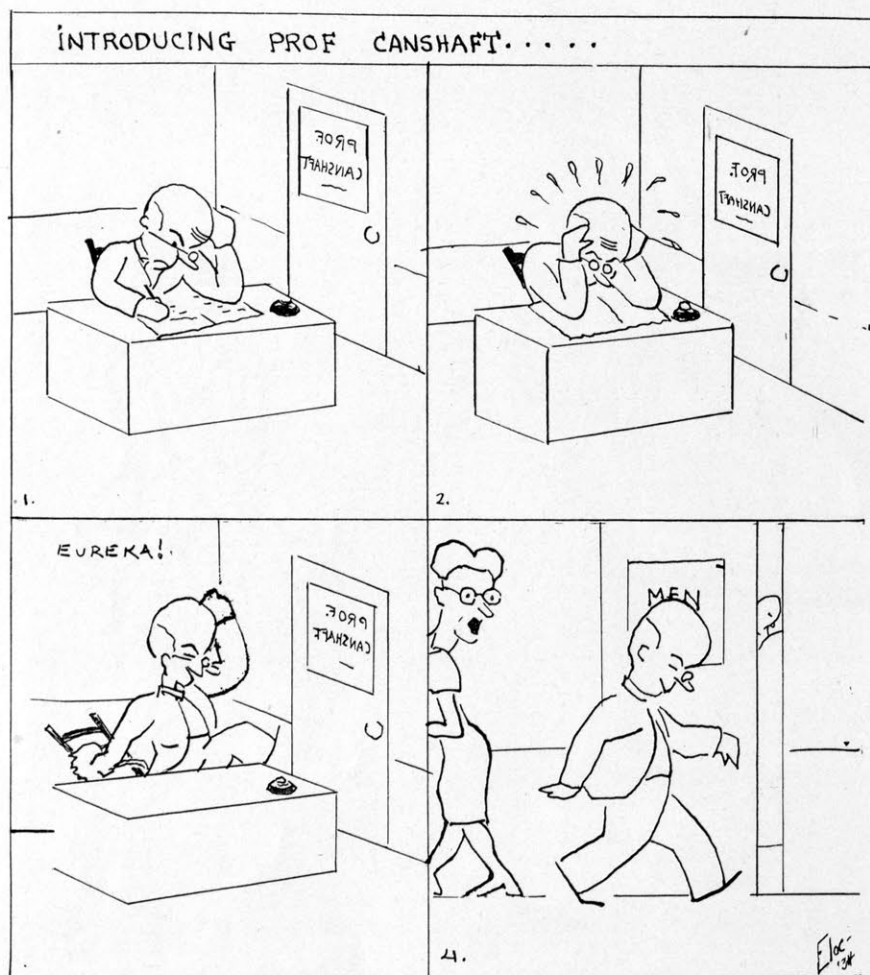
"Come back," she said. "I've changed my mind."

He spun around quickly, amazed. Then he moved toward her with a little glad cry.

"After all," she said, "I've a right to decide things for myself. I didn't realize, until just now, how much it means to you."

"I knew you'd see it my way!" he cried, almost deliriously. "I knew you would!" He looked at her expectantly.

"It was a hard decision to make," she said. "I'm still not sure. But I guess I'll take the one with the wire handle and the stiff bristles. I think mother would like that one. I'll get you the money in a minute."



FLOYD GIBBONS COVERS FIELD DAY

Hello everybody! Been over to the good old Field Day. Yes, sir, good old Technology field day. The Sophs and Frosh had their old scrap. Great old scrap, folks. Fruit flying, men yelling, fish stinking, ushers screaming, eggs splattering—it was a swell scrap. Well sir, I saw it all. Right in the middle of it, folks. The very old middle. Even got slapped with a herring. Yes, sir, folks, a real old herring. Anything for a story, folks. I spoke to the b——; to the fellow who did it, though. Told him the works. Straight from the shoulder—yes-sir-ee! Dignity of the press and all that sort of thing. Yes sir, folks. Great old dignity. Great old scrap. Great old herring. Great old field day. Well folks I have to tear. Have to race over to see about that story about Corey Hill. So long folks — See you in the next edition.

The traffic on some of our Boston streets is so congested, that no matter how much you try to dodge the autos, one will get you in the end.



PHYSIQUE

or—impressions of 8.01

Fresh languid cool physics profs
shouting in the rooms
Rooms filled with plentiful illucid
languid physics profs
Noise—Nothing—Blank—Thoughts
of Love—You my love
Fresh languid cool physics profs
shouting in the rooms
Oblivion

—Gertrude Steen '88

IF—(with apologies to Kipling)

If you can do your math when all about you
Are raising hell and tempting all the fates—
If you can write a theme while classmates flout you
And never think of liquor, or of dates. —
If you can plug and grind and work and study,
And thereby make the Dean's almighty list—
Then you'll know more than almost anybody—
But, dammit, think of all the fun you've missed.



"I like men who are virile," she said softly to the pledge.

He seemed puzzled for a moment.

"Some people," he said, "just don't care for children."



Phos Philosophizes:

A depression is a time when the fellow with the appetite has no money, and the fellow with the money has no appetite.



Senior approaching a biology teacher after a lecture, "You said plenty of exercise kills germs?"

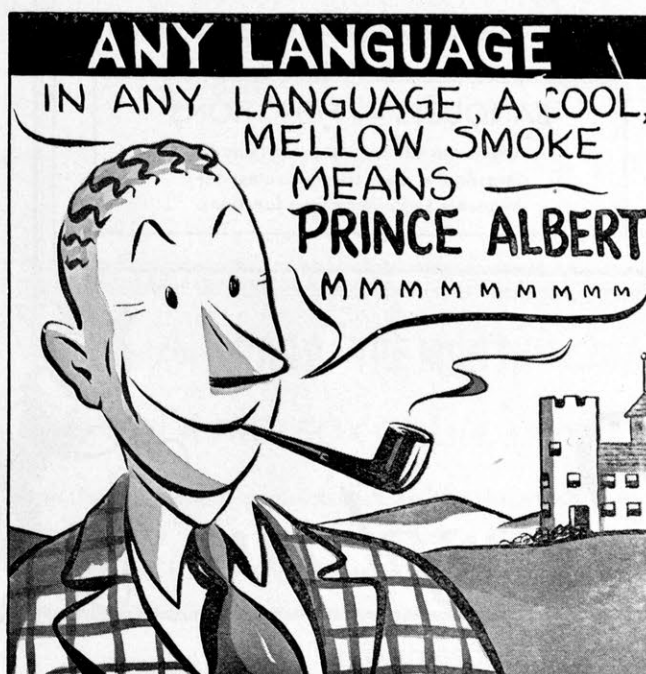
Professor: "Most assuredly, most assuredly, my young man."

Senior: "Yes, but how in the hell are you going to get them to exercise?"



TIE THE STRING

Have you ever played in the sand?
Come, wake up the birdies
I hath but two of these, my land
We wish to rake the lawn
Come hither you wither
It snows all day
Vingetti



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AFTER EVERY CLASS IT RINGS THE BELL!

PIPE SMOKERS! Here is a fact to bear in mind about Prince Albert. Prince Albert is blended by a special process which removes every hint of "bite" or harshness from the tobaccos. So try this mild, mellow tobacco. Discover for yourself why Prince Albert is known among men everywhere as "The National Joy Smoke."

PRINCE ALBERT

*the national
joy smoke*



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- CHOICE LIQUORS

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BANQUETS — FUNCTIONS

We invite M. I. T. organizations to investigate our special rates for banquets and other group functions.

IN MEMORIAM

I miss you so. The tumult of the wind
That blusters through dim pathways of the
night
Mocks my attempts at slumber; sombre flame
Consumes my soul; and in my ears is dinned
A sullen thunder of oppressive night
As gods of darkness play their awful game
I miss you; yet beneath it all, I know
I would not bring you back, e'en if I could.
To greater heights you've won; 'tis well, although
Our present porter isn't half as good.

Phosphor Essences

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE DEBATE TO BE HELD

... they will hold a debate on the question, resolved: "Freshmen and Sophomore battles shall be eliminated. Two sophomores and two freshmen will comprise the opposing sides."

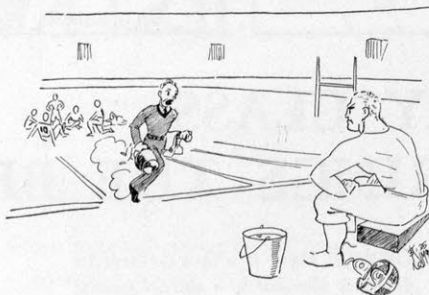
—"The Tech"—October 5, 1934
What! No REFreshments?



U. S. GIRL OUT OF RACE; 18 HOP ON

—Boston American

There is more in this than meets the eye.



"Joe says he won't play; they're not taking enough pictures on his side of the line."

MILK-FED HARVARD MEN

—Boston Globe

Where do they get it?

Q. Please give me some information about the author of "Lamb in His Bosom." A. Caroline Miller, author of "Lamb in His Bosom," attended Waycross, Ga., High School. She did not attend college. Her making wooden casks, barrels and tubs? A. Cooper.

Q. What is the name for persons engaged in address is Baxley, Ga.

Q. Which State first employed lethal gas as a mode of executing the death sentence? A. Nevada.

—N. Y. World-Telegram

We can suggest one good use for it.

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BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET



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Paul Brown

WHISKY

(Continued from Page 10)

For the eleven good years, Whisky was good, and for the three bad ones he was bad.

Although Whisky was in no remote or obvious way connected with the beverage, neither was the name related to whisk brooms nor was it a vocal contraction of the word whist. It meant and was unconnected with none of these things, and of the many students who used it daily, few if any knew what it really did mean. And still fewer of them had any idea whether or not Professor Pringle was cognizant of his nickname. Each freshman assumed its use among the intimacies of student society, and accepted it as unconcernedly as he did the integrals that Whisky taught. During the three bad years, they cared not nor bothered about one or the other. But perhaps you have guessed its origin by now. It was a descendant—lineal and direct—from the more formal and more accurately descriptive—Whiskers.

(Continued on Page 23)

Join the "GAG OF THE MONTH" Club

WIN A FREE BOX OF LIFE SAVERS

Get in on this prize contest and let your pet "grin snatcher" win you more than just a laugh. PHOSPHOROUS wants to know who really are the wits of the campus this year.

Each month a snappy cellophaned box of assorted LIFE SAVERS will be awarded for the best grin getter submitted by a student. All pet jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. Their decision is final, and the right to publish any joke is reserved.

Don't waste that good joke on your roommate, send it in and tickle your sweet-tooth with your funny bone.

Mail contributions to Editor, VOO DOO, Room 303, Walker Memorial, or leave them in the Editor's box at the office.

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Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

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420 Tremont Street	1083 Washington Street
202 Dartmouth Street	44 Scollay Square
629 Washington Street	332 Massachusetts Ave.
30 Haymarket Square	19 School Street
6 Pearl Street	437 Boylston Street
540 Commonwealth Ave.	26 Bromfield Street
1215 Commonwealth Ave.	105 Causeway Street

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

Editor—What made you so late in quitting to-night?

Secretary—I wasn't doing anything, and I couldn't tell when I was through.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



Maid—I'm sorry, but she said to tell you that she is not home.

Caller—Oh, that's all right, just tell her that I'm glad I didn't come.

—*Log.*



Advertisement: "Eskimo Spitz Pups for ten dollars apiece."

—*Satyr.*

THEN PEACE AGAIN

"There I was, without a thing on, and he came barging in. He looked at me and said, 'Well, what are you up to now? You can't go on like this, raising the roof, and keeping the whole place awake every night. I have a good notion to take this up with the authorities. Or do you want to settle with me privately?' Well, I thought, if he's so nice about it, I might as well fix it up with him, and have it over with. So I gave him a cigar and promised not to make any more noise," the Freshman said to his girl, telling her about the dorm. cops.

—*Punchbowl*



Mother: "Mary, why did it take you so long to say good-bye to that boy?"

Mary: "But Mother, if a fellow takes you to a movie the least you can do is kiss him good-bye."

Mother: "I thought you went to the Coconut Grove."

Mary: "Yes, Mother."

—*Exchange*



—ANNA— AND —FREDRIC—
STEN MARCH
IN
"WE LIVE AGAIN"
LOEW'S STATE
NOV. 16

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Entrance TIMES SQUARE

THAT'S NEW YORK!

Fred A. Muschenheim

CONTENTS

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WHISKY

(Continued from Page 21)

When Whisky had started to teach, he had had whiskers. And they were life's chief point of pride both to him and his classes. He was a scholar, you thought, as you walked in and took your place; his brown beard, six inches of proud, haughty growth, was a sterling badge of learning. He felt it, too; perhaps more than you did. When he walked, his entire stride centered about that growth, and he walked with his head held nobly back so that the beard stuck out and away from his chest in a remarkable and imposing manner. It was like a banner that fluttered majestically when he talked. It was a beacon that you stared at steadily and admiringly throughout the period. When Whisky explained how you divide a volume into little elements called differentials and integrated them all up to get the mathematical measure of the volume, you saw it at a glance. Each hair in his whiskers was a differential, and when you integrated them all, you got Whisky. You admired him more than you could tell, and when you were outside the classroom, you knew from all the delighted smiles that everybody else felt the same way.

When Whisky had taught eleven years, and during the time he had grown better and better every day, Fortune grew cruel and placed in his class one who never should have been there. He was as impudent and annoying a youth as has ever lived, and his liking and ability for mathematics was nil. Whisky, patiently and painstakingly, went through that bit of knowledge, particle by particle, to make it digestible. Whisky was a good cook, for the portions were small, and finally chopped, and mildly flavored. Whisky even volunteered to hold the spoon, but the lad just refused to eat.

"Whisky," he said, and it is the first, last, and only time anybody can remember the name used to his face, "when you sleep, is your beard under or over the covers?"

Whisky dismissed the boy at once, and settled

(Continued on Page 27)

Boston's Smartest Rendezvous
CAFE TOURAINE

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DON HOWARD
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THE HOTEL TOURAINE
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Rates Upon Request

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BOSTON

COULON-LA FRANCHE MANAGEMENT
George A. Turain Gen. Manager

Dear People:

We're on the up and up, having just added four more kittens to the brood. Pretty fine work I calls it. You should go up and hear about me some time. It'll take eight generous installments and one hard-earned sawbuck—but I'm worth it. Here they are:

Marcia Bohn—Stratton Hall—Tufts College
Peggy Kendal—Martha Wilson House—Smith College
Helen Wigglesworth—Noanette Hall—Wellesley College
Margaret Cotsworth—Parrish Hall—Swarthmore College

More Next Time

Phos

P. S. If you must be dainty and take little bits,
try these—

FLAGG & CO., 566 Washington St., Wellesley

THE COLLEGE PHARMACY, Wellesley

THE CAMPUS, Wellesley

SHEPARD PHARMACY, 1662 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge

NORRIS DRUG CO., 289 Huntington Ave., Boston

FIFTEEN CENTS WILL DO THE TRICK HERE

TIME OF THE FRATS

Sing to tune of "The Beat of My Heart"
Luncheon dates and evening fetes and monthly
rates
Of boarding and rooming are all a part of the
rushing time of the frats
Meals you eat are each a treat, it's really sweet,
The saving of money, that comes with every
rushing time of the frats.
When it begins, the day they shake your hand in
such a charming way,
All of them then say, "For want of you, our
house is filled with longing."
Brotherhoods are just the goods for frosh in
woods
As to what they shall do when gone is all the
rushing time of the frats.
Campus greets who each relates who his house
rates
Consume a lot of rushing time of the frats,
And when you've joined, you'll find the line is
coined
With words purloined,
And you'll hand the line with the things that are
fine with
Every gushing, rushing time of the frats.

—*Panther*

A small lad hurrying to school one morning,
began to pray for aid: "Dear God, please don't
let me be late; please help me to hurry!"

He traveled but a short distance when he
stumbled and fell. Then he said: "Dam it, you
didn't have to shove me!"

—*Puppet*

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Does 'ou 'ove me?
T'ourse I do.
Put 'ou 'ips up
Tiss I 'ou.
Is 'ou told, dear?
Simpwe fwozen.
Want my toat, dear?
Dust the seeves.

—Puppet

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M.I.
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BENITA HUME IN THE BRITISH PRODUCTION—
"POWER"

Current this month at the
FINE ARTS THEATER

After having snoopd around the dorms in quest of information, PHOS became very much interested in a radio program which was leaking out from under the door of a frosh's room. Having no time to linger, he proceeded on his weary way only to discover that from every room boasting a radio came the same program.

In one room he could see (through the key-hole) a young gentleman, sporting a flaming red and gray tie, listening with a passionate "yearn" to Annette Hanshaw. Another was practicing the latest dance steps with the pillow as a partner to the strains of Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra.

Oh, haven't you heard?

The Camel Caravan is back with Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, and Ted Husing. Naturally Glen Gray is leading his Casa Loma Orchestra with its all-inspiring rhythm.

And this year as a special treat they are broadcasting twice a week: Tuesday at 10 P. M. and Thursday at 9 P. M.

Yes, you can hear the program over WNAC or any other of the Columbia stations.

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BIG CASH REWARD!

Are you so homely that you always look at the reverse side of a pocket mirror to keep from scaring yourself to death? Do you sleep with your face in the pillow just to be kind to burglars? Do men dodge you when you walk down the street instead of Packarding or Rolls-Roycing you? Are you knock-kneed, cross-eyed, pigeon-toed, and hawk-nosed? Do you have to pretend that every day is Hallowe'en before you have the courage to go downtown? Are you the kind of a girl that jealous wives like their husbands to go out with? Are you lantern-jawed and droop-lipped? Do you pray for rain so that you can hide behind an umbrella? Are you sweet sixteen and never been kissed? Do crooners swoon when you look at the radio? Do your hands dangle below your knees and do your pair of shoes equal one cow? Are you called to the 'phone every five minutes to turn down a side-show offer? Do you protect yourself from Peeping Toms by leaving the shades up?

Now then, take stock of yourself? Get a toe-hold in the carpet and crack the mirror with one good stare. Are you the female described above? If so, sister, I'll pay you fifty dollars spot cash for an answer to this article. All you have to do is drop me a line and tell me the hiding place of that dizzy, long-eared bum who dug you up for me in a blind date last Saturday night.

—Punch Bowl



A SHORT DRAMA

He: Who's our iceman?

She: We don't have an iceman, we have a Frigidaire.

He: How about the Fuller brush man?

She: They don't have any out here.

He: Are you pestered much by salesmen?

She: I haven't seen any yet in this community.

He (trembling): My god! Then I'm a father!

Three Shots and a Curtain.

—Siren



Man: I'll have a scotch and soda.

Waitress: Straight or with Ginger Ale?

—Banter

WHISKY

(Continued from Page 23)

down to correct tomorrow's papers. But the mischief had been done, the furies had been let loose, and Whisky's career was over. He corrected papers and concentrated upon them, and corrected and concentrated some more, and altogether was the dutiful professor. But his shroud hung over him. His doom was in the air, it flitted tauntingly about him; it approached and teased him, at last it provoked him. When he went to bed, was his beard under or over the covers?

That night was Whisky's crisis. He got into his pajamas feverishly and sprang under the covers with his beard already clutched in his right hand. He pulled the covers up to his chin in a frantic effort to reach a conclusion. He put the beard under. It itched and rubbed him. He put it outside. He couldn't move his head. Under again. That was terrible. Over. Much worse. All night he struggled. First under, then over. He seized the beard in both hands and tried to hold it out straight, but soon realized he could never sleep that way. He held the tip in his mouth, but that was the cruelest extreme.

In the morning, Professor Pringle, haggard and sleepless, staggered into the bathroom, rubbed his red eyes, and grabbed his razor. Then, reeling from lack of sleep, he cut off his growth of eleven years and dropped it into the toilet. He staggered back into bed, slept for a solid eight hours, and missed the first math class of his life.

He isn't the same now. He has an angular, bumpy chin that isn't the least bit mathematical. When he talks he looks weazened, and you can't keep your mind on the limits of his integrals. The name Whisky is a superfluous appendage, and only suggests to you something wry, dry, and dull. You look at his sallow bare cheeks and wait for the class to be over. Everybody leaves and feels sullen.

And for the past three years, he's been getting worse and worse.

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Individual Moulds, Ice Cream Cakes, Melon Moulds, Special
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Phos gets his eats in Walker and he's growing rapidly (four more pages this month). Follow his example and keep healthy in body and wealthy in purse.

Prices are **Right!**

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Angry Wife: Very well, now I have a Frigidaire—see what you can do about a mechanical stenographer.

—Rice Owl.



"Last summer I had my hand taken off at the wrist—by an axe."

"That's nothing. I had my hand taken off at the knee—by a woman."

—Punch Bowl.



Serious young man (after talking at length): "Yes, we certainly owe a lot to inventions. For instance, what would we do without electricity?"

Extremely bored Femme: "Neck!"

—Octopus.



King Solomon's theme song: A Thousand Good Nights.

—Rammer-Jammer.



"How'd you like the steak at the fraternity smoker?"

"It was fine after I stropped the knife on it."

—Red Cat



ONE ON THE ARMY

Lawyer: You want to divorce this woman? Can you name any co-respondent?

King Solomon: Not offhand, of course, but I strongly suspect the 97th Regiment of the Royal Light Infantry.

—Yale Record



Diner: Have you any wild rabbit?

Waitress: No, but we can get one and irritate it for you.

SOAR TO THE HEIGHTS

It is not necessary to keep your head in a mist . . .
and your mind in a quandary . . . just because you
wish to soar to the heights . . . now and then.

If you are a sybarite . . . no doubt you will welcome
and appreciate a little informality . . . for a change
. . . and during your frantic and busy investigation
of Bostonian smart hide-outs . . . note once and for
all . . . the Victoria "English Hunt Room" . . . where
all cocktails have a double meaning—even to an ex-
tremist—just order a few short ones . . . and see
how quickly you reach the heights . . .

IN THE THE VICTORIA *English* HUNT ROOM

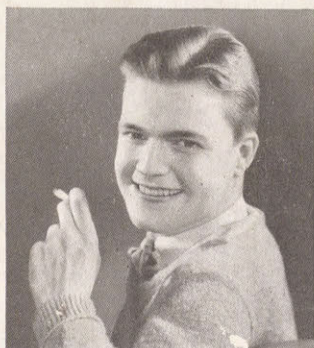
COPLEY SQUARE ZONE
BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE A. TURAIN
Manager



**WHEN YOU FEEL
"ALL IN" —**

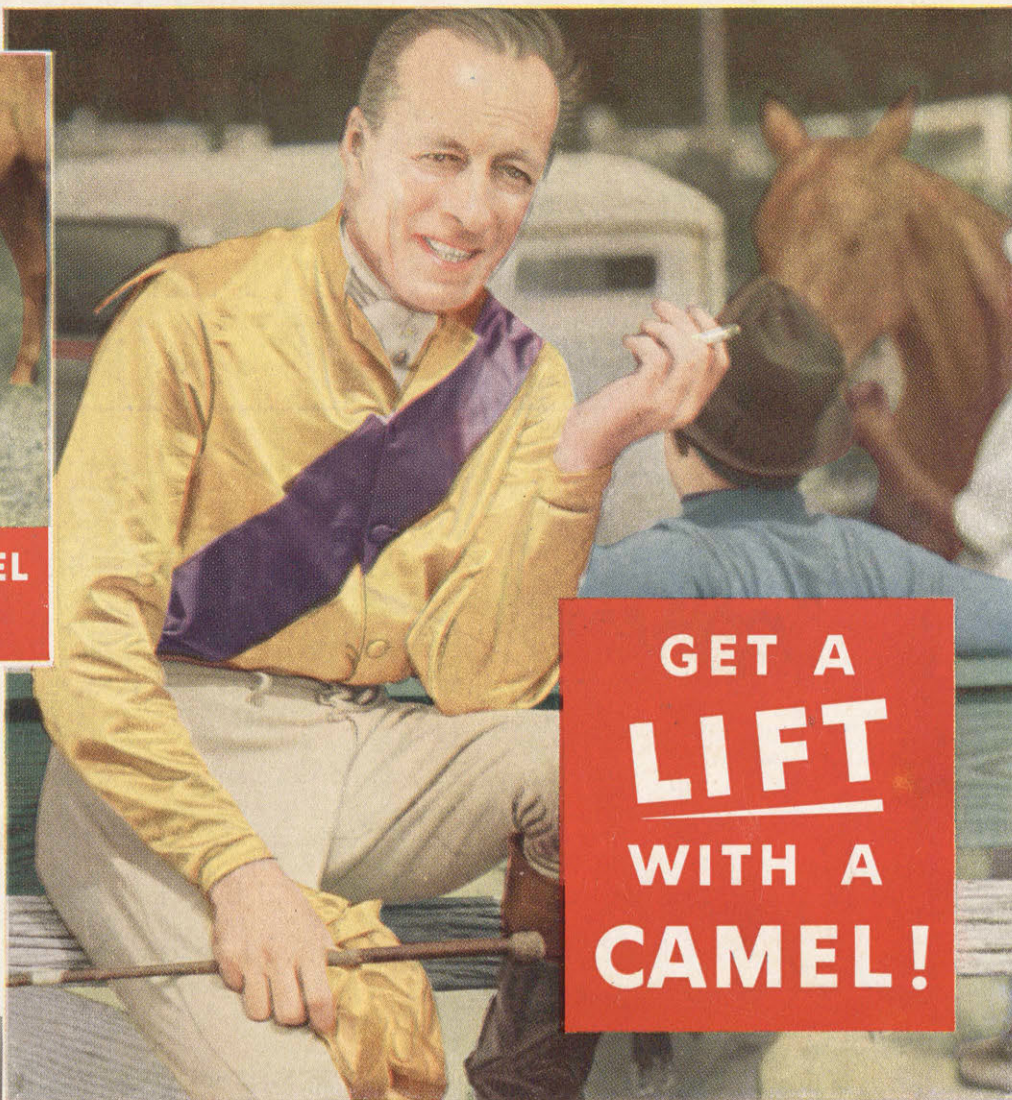
CRAWFORD BURTON, gentleman rider, twice winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup, dean of the strenuous sport of steeplechase riding... a Camel smoker. Everyone is subject to strain. Hence the importance to people in every walk of life of what Mr. Burton says below about Camels.



COLLEGE STUDENT. "When mental fatigue sets in," says John Birgel, "I just smoke another Camel and soon have the energy to concentrate again."



REX BEACH, famous sportsman, says: "When I've gotten a big game fish landed I light a Camel, and feel as good as new."



**GET A
LIFT
WITH A
CAMEL!**

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HAVE YOU TRIED THIS ENJOYABLE WAY OF HEIGHTENING ENERGY?

As this magazine goes to press, reports pour in from all parts of the country...showing that thousands of smokers are turning to Camels...and that they do "get a lift with a Camel."

Here's a typical experience. Mr. Crawford Burton, the famous American steeplechase rider, is speaking:

"Whether I'm tired from riding a hard race or from the pressure and tension of a crowded business day, I feel refreshed and restored just as soon as I get a chance to smoke a Camel. So I'm a pretty in-

cessant smoker, not only because Camels give me a 'lift' in energy, but because they *taste so good!* And never yet have Camels upset my nerves."

You have heard the experience of others. Science tells us that Camel's "energizing effect" has been fully confirmed.

So try Camels yourself. You can smoke as many as you like. For Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. They never taste flat...never get on your nerves.

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"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand."



**Camel's costlier Tobaccos
never get on your Nerves**