

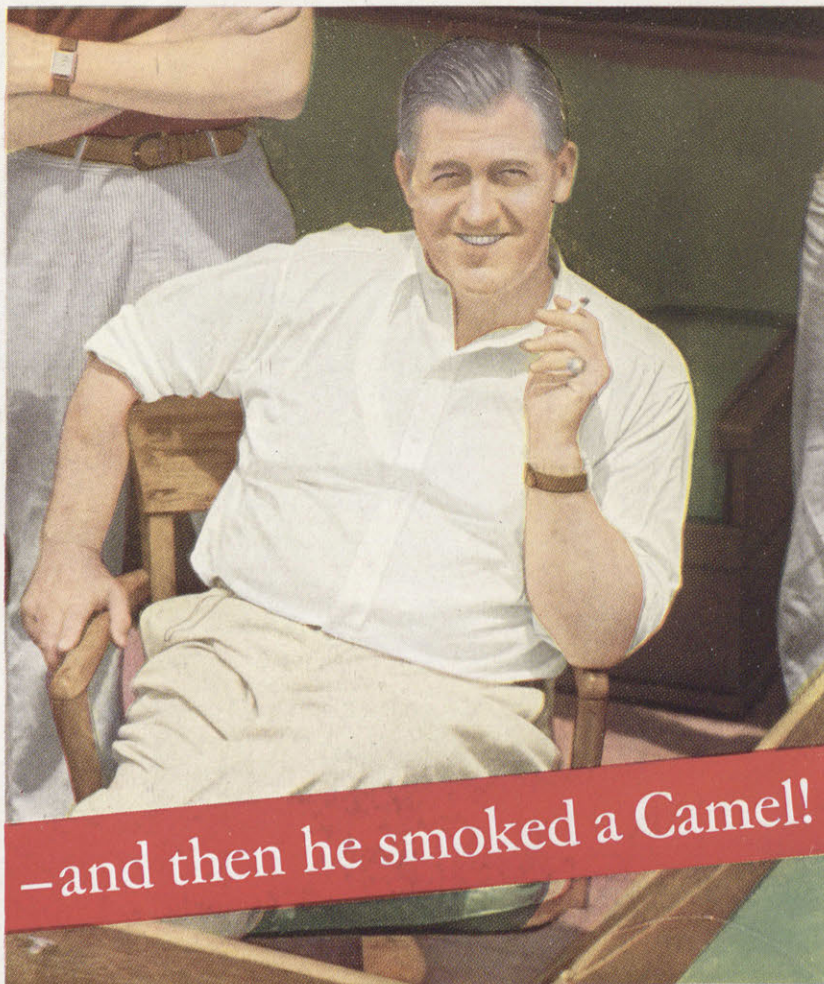
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FRESHMAN NUMBER

15 CENTS



FROM LONG KEY TO NOVA SCOTIA, the famous sportsman and writer, REX BEACH, has matched his skill and vitality against the big game fish of the Atlantic! Below he tells how he lights a Camel after fighting it out with a heavy fish — and soon "feels as good as new."

REX BEACH EXPLAINS

how to get back vim and energy when "Played Out"

"Any sportsman who matches his stamina against the fighting strength of a big game fish," says Rex Beach, "has to put out a tremendous amount of energy before he lands his fish. When I've gotten a big fellow safely landed my next move is to light a Camel, and I feel as good as new. A Camel quickly gives me

a sense of well-being and renewed energy. As a steady smoker, I have also learned that Camels do not interfere with healthy nerves."

Thousands of smokers will recognize from their own experience what Mr. Beach means when he says that he lights a Camel when tired and "feels as good as new."

And science adds confirmation of this refreshing "energizing effect."

That's why you hear people say so often: "Get a lift with a Camel." Camels aren't flat or "sweetish." Their flavor never disappoints. Smoke Camels steadily—their finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS do not get on the nerves!

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never get on
your Nerves**



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VOO DOO

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OCTOBER, 1934

NO. 4

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He—"May I have some stationery?"

Clery (haughtily)—"Are you a guest of the house?"

He—"Heck, no. I'm paying twenty dollars a day."

—Log



If a canary refuses to use his bird bath, try sprinkling a little sand in the bottom of the bath before filling with water. The bird's refusal is often due to a slippery bottom.—(Plainfield, N. J. Courier News)

Or let the little fellow keep his pants on.

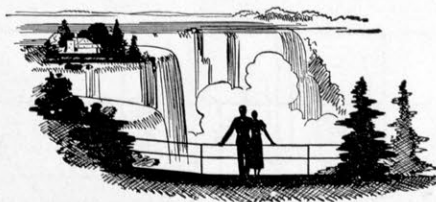
—Lyre



Bull Prof.—"Now when the canary ate a frankfurter it began to chirp, and the cat, hearing the bird, sprang upon it and devoured it. What do you learn from this?"

4/c—"Keep your mouth shut when you are full of baloney."

—Log



BECAUSE WE KNOW

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T.
VOO
DOO

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advertisements
be your
DIRECTORY
to the best

M.I.
T.
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DOO

First Author—Have you heard about my new book
dealing with sex life of the Indian?

Second Author—No, what's it called?

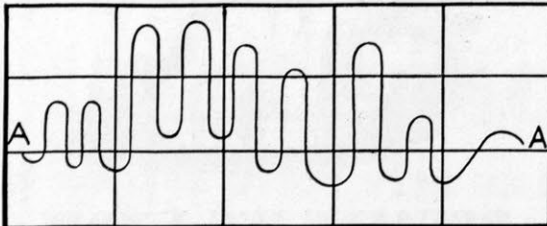
First Author—The Lust of the Mohicans.

—Lyre



Tell us this: "Does a doctor doctor a doctor according
to the doctored doctor's doctrine of doctoring, or does
the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor
according to his own doctoring doctrine?"

—Purple Parrot



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SOME HARD LINES FOR OGDEN NASH

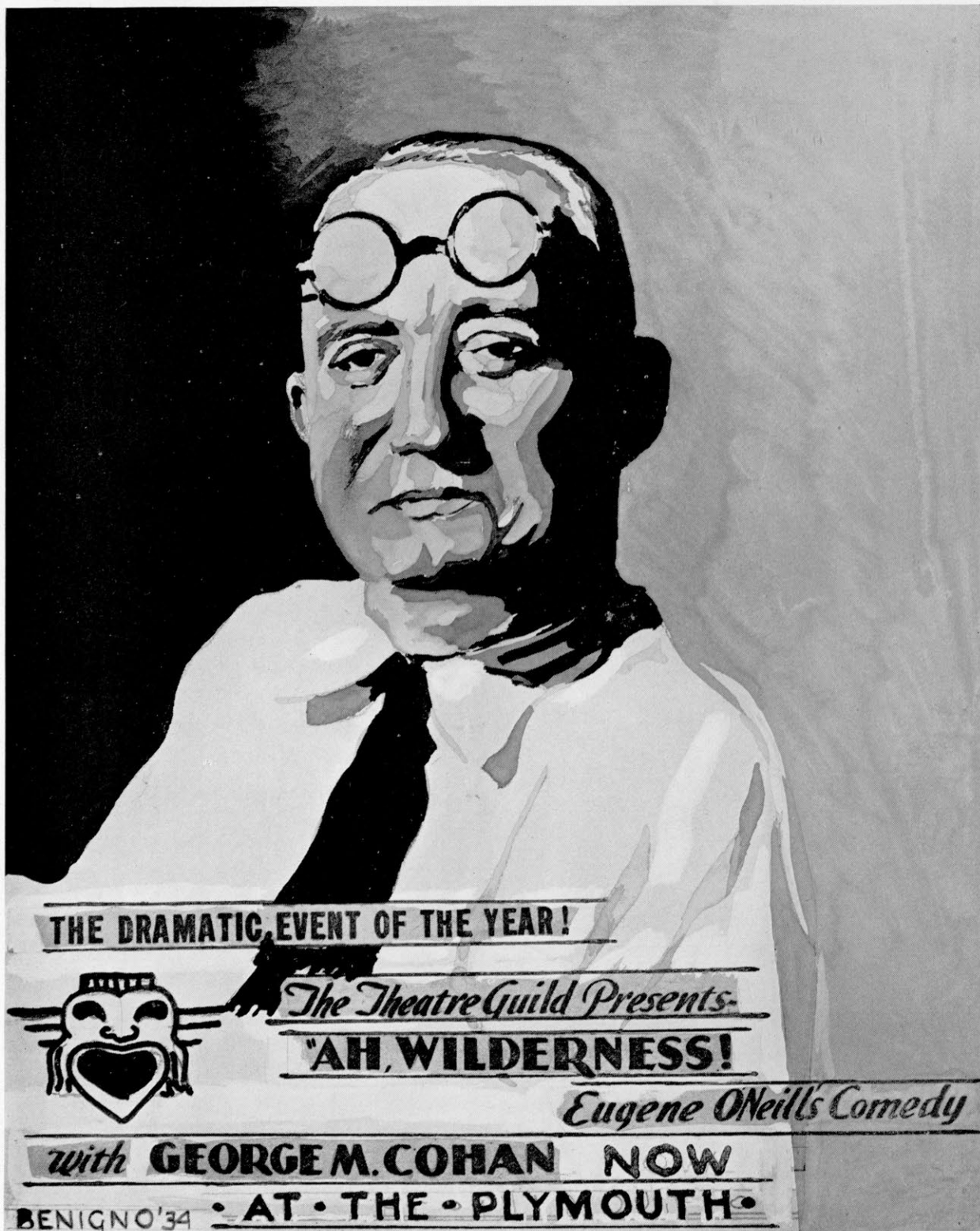
By Count Kinrev

In Nashville, Kalamazoo, and even Philadelphia,
And Manhattan, (which is wealthia),
In the baggage of every tourist
On his way to the Exposition opened by light from
Arcturus,
In Vladivostock and Peloponnesia
In Amsterdam and far Rhodesia,
Are thousands of books by Ogden Nash,
The poet who spins his dreams for cash.
Now even people who shun James Whitcomb Riley
And don't hold Eddie Guest too highly,
Call Nash's distortions "very effectual"
(It is so very intellectual!)


It is remarkable how people who are intelligent
Are taken in by this poet-gent.
The guy can mouth the most obvious hot-air
And critics will shout, "A modern Voltaire!"
It would seem very logical deduction
To put the blame on mass-production.
Yet Mr. Nash's verses sell
While mine don't do so very well.
I don't own even a Ford machine,
Yet Mr. Nash has a limousine
In which he can ride to Vladivostock and Peloponnesia
Amsterdam, Paree, Rhodesia,
Nashville, Kalamazoo, and Philadelphia,
And even Manhattan, (which is wealthier). —Froth



"Yeah! I know they've got a bigger house, a bigger mortgage, and a football captain, but one of our brothers has a **FORD V-8**"



THE DRAMATIC EVENT OF THE YEAR!

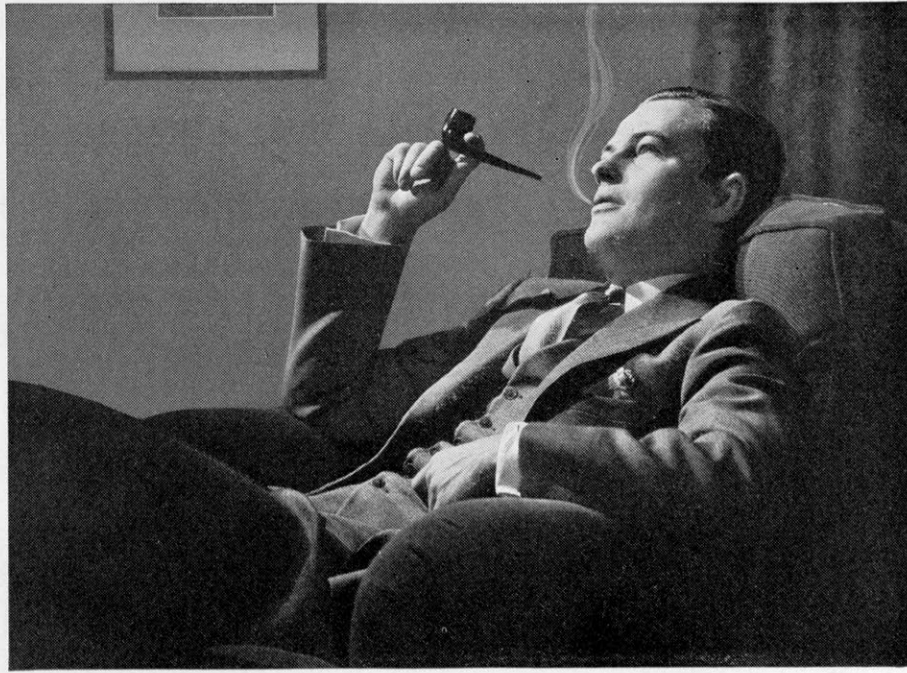
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Eugene O'Neill's Comedy

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FLAVOR I LIKE"**



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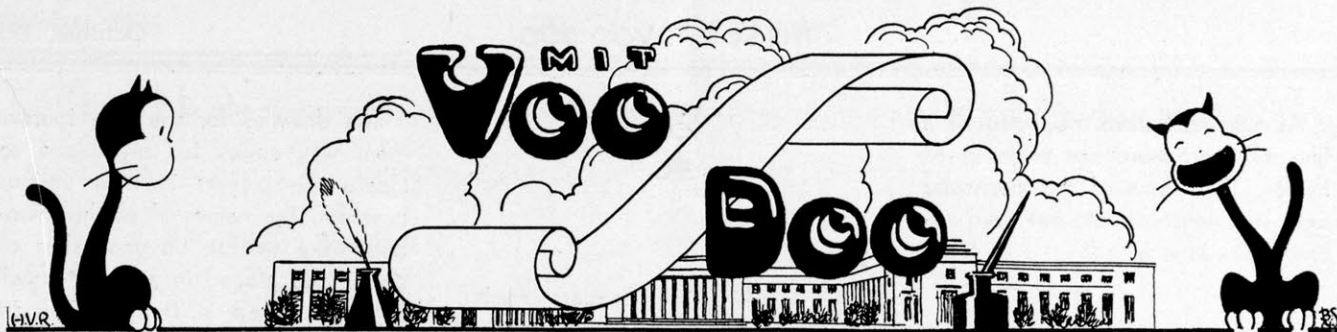
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NOTICE

Excellent opportunity for undergraduate with fraternity affiliations to sell fast moving line on a straight commission basis. 'Phone HUBbard 5485 for appointment.



VOO-DOOINGS

Information

This story comes from that always prolific source of anecdotes—the Mil. Science boys. It seems that those in the Ordnance group were taken to witness the firing of huge naval cannons. So during their internment at summer camp, the group was loaded on busses and driven to the nearest emplacement and given instruction as to how to nullify the tremendous roar of the guns. Soon they were ready to fire. The men stood on their toes, put their fingers in their ears, opened their mouths. The first twelve-inch gun roared and the men staggered back from the blast. Amidst the dust that rose from the ground, came a stentorian voice to the men's ringing ears, "Gun number one has fired one round."



Future

We have always been a bit hazy about what happens to engineers once they get past the stage of being educated. They drift somewhere into the great world and most of them get lost track of. Our interest in the question bore due fruit, and the fruit was found upon the door of a vacated bank building in the neighborhood of where we live at. On the door of this dusty, barren building was painted in neat black and white letters:

Entrance to the Engineer of the
Building

Here was a professional brother, and for a moment we felt a pang of communion. We almost decided to enter him, but thought better of it.

The Fine and Applied

OUR On-The-Campus theatrical movement, which is included in the drama option of sophomore English, bills no posters for its stage spectacles; they open cold in 2-190 without even a trial run in Atlantic City. These little dramas have some touches all their own; even Zeigfield, Carroll, or Tech Show cannot equal all their achievements.

The last Thespian pearl required three portraits to be hung upon the rear wall of the stage. The scene was an old-fashioned interior. At a crucial point of the play, the father of the house turns with a heart-tending gesture to the pictures, and declaims, with a heart bursting with remorse, the grief he feels for his long lost children.

"Oh, Euphemia, come back to me!" he exclaims.

But the portrait of Euphemia remains immobile, placidly and solidly ignoring his moving plea.

But, on second thought, it is really a wonder how the portrait can remain so immobile. Why don't the eyes sparkle from the canvas just one little bit? Why isn't there just one speck of recognition to greet the tearful father? That picture had no excuse for being calm.

Reubens or Rembrandt never painted pictures like that. They used oils. Pennell etched. Gibson used the pen. They couldn't get life into their pictures. This picture was not done in oils or pastel. It was painted in beer.

Water color was the selected medium. When the artist (unknown, but among the truly great) searched for water he could find none. A bottle of beer suggestingly reposed upon

the window sill. Being a very resourceful person, he used that.

Liquor filled chocolates marked a milestone in the confectioner's craft, but this achievement stamps the dawn of a new era, a great and new movement inaugurating a new and vaster school, in the fine arts.



Instruction

Pedagogy is a fine art, and one of the instructors in surveying revealed one of the subtleties of his craft as he explained to his little group in Building one of the mysteries of the transit.

"The transit is a very vital part of surveying," he said, and explained its use and the high degree of precision with which it was to be used.

He startled his class with unbelievable examples of accuracy like the measurement of ten miles accurate to three inches, and followed them up with descriptions of how it was necessary to hold sunshades over instruments and not bring watches near compasses, they were so very accurate. As a climax to his session, he passes around the cross hairs of a transit sight for everybody to examine. These were made of actual spiderwebs, the class learned, and they gasped at the invisible fineness of the sights as they were passed around. Each boy held them up to the light, and indicated to his neighbor how he could just make out the webs and how terribly fine they were. His neighbor squinted, then took the piece and in turn told his neighbor how slender the lines were.

As we said before, pedagogy is a fine art, and there are tricks to all trades. The frame of this particular sight was empty. It did not have any cross-hairs in it at all.



Correspondence

We will call him Henry Williams, because that is not his name and we aren't feeling frivolous enough just now to make up a better one, but the fact is he corresponded with a fellow student all summer. Phos thinks the following *coup de wit* which took place amid it all ought to be reported.

The letter was correctly addressed to him, Henry Williams on one side. Turning it over, he found his rollicking correspondent as filled in the return address:

Mrs. Henry Williams

Home for Abandoned Women

Cambridge, Mass.



Tradition

An English class had turned into a discussion, as English classes frequently do. This time, the instructor was spending the period telling his class the history of the Institute. He began by saying that it was founded by William Barton Rogers, and worked up to the present from there. When he had faithfully enumerated all particulars, he invited discussion. Numerous questions about Institute personalities were asked and were answered. At length it happened.

"Who were Emma Rogers and Margaret Cheney?" asked a student.

The instructor was stumped. He looked around the class room for help, but met only silent faces.

Nobody seemed to know.

Science

AMAZING, this modern physics. And even more amazing are these physics profs of ours. There seems to be nothing they cannot do. Professor Frank gave the freshmen an example of his prowess the other day in an 8.02 lecture. He was blowing out candles with smoke rings and probably having a lot of fun watching the amazed and amused expressions on the faces of his pupils. Finally, we imagine, the great man must have wearied of this child's play; at any rate, he shifted his aim slightly, shot a magnificent smoke ring out of the machine, and bingo! blew out the arc light. What a man!

The Cat

The drawing for the club tournament was about to take place to locate the players in their various brackets. The names of all the members were written on small slips of paper and placed in a hat. A small boy was called in from outside to make the draw.

He drew out a slip and astonished the anxious listeners by saying, "seven and one-eighth."



He: "This dance hall is surely crowded."

She: "I'll say so. Half an hour ago I fainted and had to dance around four times before I could fall."



And then there was the frosh who thought that pipe courses were taken by those studying to become plumbers.



"Have you had a good education?"

"Well, I was married to a Tech student for three years."



"One or two lumps, Professor?"

The two men who had met earlier at a downtown bar and had too many drinks, were now parting in a decided alcoholic state.

"And if you should forget my name," said one, while ponderously shaking the hand of the other, "just look it up in the telephone book."



Some ambitious neophyte tried to catch a Course XVIII man on one of those arithmetical tricks in which you ask somebody to pick a number, multiply it by 3, add 6, divide by something, subtract something, and you wind up by telling him the answer's 2. The victim in this case let out a little sneer of disgust and made a counter attack. He gave his friend a pencil and paper and told him to pick a number; then issued the following orders:

"Square it."
 "Add the number."
 "Add one."
 "Add the number again."
 "Extract the square root."
 "Add still another number."
 "Add 9."
 "Subtract the first number."
 "Add 6."
 "Subtract the second number."
 "Divide by 2."
 "Take the cube root."

He didn't stop there, but he managed to keep it up for almost a full hour, bringing in other numbers, bringing in roots, powers, and God knows what, and after the neophyte was completely exhausted, the Tech man calmly told him the result.

"It's all absurdly simple, and to do it, you don't have to memorize any processes at all. Common sense and algebra are all you need. Tell your friend to pick a number. Call this number x , and write it on a piece of paper. Then whatever you tell him to do, do yourself with the x . Here's how:

Tell him to "square it."
 Write down x^2 .
 "Add the original number."

Which makes $x^2 + x$.

"Add one."

$$x^2 + x + 1.$$

"Add the number again."

$$x^2 + 2x + 1.$$

"Extract the square root."

$$\sqrt{x^2 + 2x + 1} = x + 1.$$

"Add still another number."

$$x + 1 + y.$$

"Add 9."

$$x + y + 10.$$

"Subtract the first number."

$$x + y + 10 - x = y + 10.$$

"Add 6."

$$y + 16.$$

"Subtract the second number."

$$16.$$

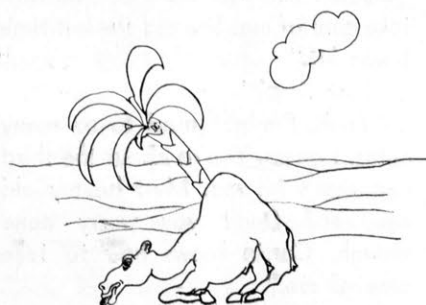
(At this point you have him. You can stop but it is better to go on a little while.)

"Divide by 2."

$$8.$$

"Take the cube root."

$$2.$$



"I'd walk a mile for a camel."

(This is a good check up against mistakes. If he tells you it won't come evenly, something is wrong.)

Now, if you like, tell him to add 5, and say the answer is 7.

Or, tell him to add a third number, double it, and keep going as long as you feel like it."

This about exhausts the number tricks you hear every once in a while, and the best way to fool your friends, it seems to Phos, is to just make them up as you go along.



Frosh: "Whaddeyamean, I get my books at the Coop? Do they have chickens around here?"

"No, but they do plenty of plucking!"



Hickory, hickory dock

The mouse ran up the clock

The clock struck twelve

The mouse went out for lunch.



WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN WILL ULTIMATELY LEARN

1. That the number of miles of corridor in the Institute is very great. Each will have a definite number, but no two will agree.

2. That Professor Weiner eats peanuts and that they traverse parabolas.

3. That Professor Rogers once said something to somebody about snobs.

4. That the boys in Engine Lab know everything about the engines but how to turn them on.

5. That "Brown-bagged like hell" must be said with vehemence to be impressive.

6. That Phosphorous is a fiery element—and not only in chemistry either.

7. That the coop is run for the sole purpose of reducing the costs of living at Technology.

8. That "taking physics" does not imply the use of laxatives and jokes to the same effect are not appreciated.

9. That copies of **The Tech** can be discarded. The Institute lavatories are thoroughly equipped.

10. That Tech is Hell.

The Conscience and the Mattress

"You know," said Mrs. Whithers, "I'm really glad it rained so much last week. That means it ought to be clear for the next few days."

Mr. Whithers gave the car more gas, so that the shrubbery on the roadside appeared to be suddenly yanked backward as if all the landscape were attached to a snapping whip.

"I hope so," he said, "This is the only vacation we get this year and heaven knows we both need a little rest."

"Yes, George," she continued, watching the glistening black road roll with a furious continuance back under the windshield, "it ought to be about perfect. I like to think of things that way. Always believe everything to be perfect. It makes things seem so much nicer."

George watched the trees, an occasional bit of white fence, or a patch of dirt appear from the distance, approach the car steadily, and then snap past it. Spot after spot was pulled back under his whirling tires. Always some disappearing; always some new ones making their approach. One of these, George observed, was a man carrying a rake over his shoulder. The man, although walking away from the car, came toward it with the same sureness of everything else on the road. The horn wailed its raucous warning and George waited for the man to step off the road like every other sensible creature.

The man didn't. The bumper caught him in back of the knee, made him walk a few forced little steps forward, and, to the pitch of straining brakes and skidding wheels, he let go of the rake and fell. Mrs. Whithers uttered the first syllable of a scream; George yanked at the handbrake and stepped out.

"Are you hurt much?"

The man was sitting in front of the bumper dully rubbing his stubby grey hair.

"No, not so terrible much, I guess,"

he said, staring solemnly at the bumper as if that chromium strip was a mischievous fly that ought to be swatted.

"I'm terribly sorry," George said, "I blew my horn."

"Y' did? Musn't 'a heard it, I guess. I was walkin' along, feeling sort of sleepy and wasn't thinkin' of much, when—"

"I really am sorry. If there's anything I can do—," said George, picking him up and stooping for the rake.

"Oh, doncha bother," the man stopped him and picked up the rake himself. "I'll be all right, I guess. Must be gettin' a bit absent minded in my old age, eh?"

He chuckled. George offered him a ride to wherever he was going, but he only chuckled again.

"Oh, it's all right, it's all right. I live right over there," he said, pointing to a yellow wooden house. "Guess I can walk that, eh? Carrie'll take care of me. She did the last time I was hit."

"Last time?"

"Yeah. I'm not used to so many autos, I guess. You're about the third one that's hit me. Must be my old age, eh? Don't you worry none though. Carrie knows how to take care of me."

Mrs. Whithers got a glimpse of Carrie petulantly standing in the doorway of the yellow farmhouse. As the car drove off, she dragged her husband in as though he were a naughty schoolboy.

"Quite a character," George observed, "Funny types they have in these mountains."

"Very typical," Mrs. Whithers agreed, although she didn't say of what. "You don't suppose he was hurt?"

"Hurt? How could he be? You saw him get up and walk away, didn't you?"

"Yes, I guess I did. There's nothing to worry about, I don't think. I hope it doesn't rain."

"That'll mean no golf, I suppose,

but what can you do?"

"I hate staying in hotels when it rains. Especially when you don't know anybody. There's not a thing in the world to do."

It was Mrs. Whithers who selected the tourist camp they stayed at that night. It looked clean, she said, and she like clean places.

"You know," she said to George, as he sat on the edge of the bed and untied his shoe, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if that old fellow had never been inside a car."

"Maybe not."

She turned out the light and pulled the covers over her. They instantly grew hot and became still hotter, so she threw them off again. Tomorrow they would be at Pinebrook Lodge that the Bradleys had thought so much of last summer. It had been a tiresome day riding all the time. It was odd how weary you could grow from just sitting in a car all day long. Even now the road was coming toward her and under her—toward her—toward her.

She started to doze.

A rake flying through the air, its iron fingers scooping at something!

She awoke and started to think again.

She thought of the old man sitting in the middle of the road and felt thankful. Suppose they had hurt him. Suppose he hadn't been able to get up again. That would have been something to have had on their conscience. To say nothing of the whole vacation spoilt. Oh, what a fine thread a human life can hang on! How close we are to something dreadful all the time! If we only knew how close! How close all sorts of danger was! The old man. Suppose he had lain there writhing—blood—crushed flesh—a wheel print through his middle—. The whole picture appeared clear and vivid.

Mrs. Whithers felt a tremor of thankfulness and resolved firmly and decisively not to think about it. She was so sleepy that it all seemed

jumbled anyway. For a moment she dreamed she was in the old man's place. A car jolted into her, and her head went banging into the concrete. The wheels were rolling her over and over—and over. And the concrete was banging and banging. Not concrete, asphalt. But it hurt anyway. She rubbed her hand over her forehead. It was all so silly; the old man was home now; Carrie was taking care of him.

The mattress was too hard; that was all the trouble. No wonder she was having nightmares. She was rolling on black asphalt now—bumping and bumping. She sat bolt upright; she seemed nervous. She fell back on the bed. It was the bed, it was the road. She was lying on it—tires would come along any minute—mercilessly. The mattress was rough. Tire treads in it—she could never sleep that way—.

"How did you sleep last night, dear?" Mr. Whithers asked, when morning had carried him to the point of tying his tie.

"Not so good. And you?"

"All right. Better hurry a bit, dear."

"You know, George," she said, "I was thinking. Maybe we should have gone back into the house with that old man and made sure that he was all right."

"You didn't let that keep you awake?"

"No, of course not. I was only thinking. It was the mattress."

"'Tis sort of stiff," he acknowledged, feeling it.

It was while they were scouring the borders of the road for a breakfast, Mrs. Whithers uttered the beginning of a cry she hadn't meant to utter, and then said calmly:

"George, there's a motorcycle cop following us."

"Us? We're not doing over thirty."

"Yes, he is following us. He's motioning for us to pull over."

(Continued on page 21)

He: Do you like to drink with a chaser?

She: You know that I never go out with that kind of man.



Latest statistics by well-known dietitians claim that spinach will give you stamina. Judging by the brand that they serve at Walker, it will give you plenty grit too.



Girl: "Mother, I feel so queer."

Mother: "My dear, what has been getting into you lately?"

Girl (blushing): "Why, Mother!"



OPEN LETTER TO OUR READERS

Dear dubiously great future leaders of American industry:

WHEREAS the undergraduates of the great, gray-green, greasy Massachusetts Institute of Technology seem of a patriotic turn of mind, judging by the numbers of men taking advanced R.O.T.C. (Who mentioned pay checks?) it would be a damned good idea to make them live up to the following rules, which emulate the great work of General Johnson, Franklin D. and their sundry henchmen.

Code for the School Year 1934-35

Article 1. The price tags on the courses in the departments of the Institute shall be adjusted to reflect existing conditions. Courses, heretofore, marked 5-5 shall with few exceptions be raised to 5-8 pending rigid adjustment. (Attention Prof. Frank et tu Prof. Huntress.) Such misleading advertising and indiscriminate selling shall in the future not be tolerated in the Catalogue.

Article 2. It shall be considered good judgment for students to attend lectures—in moderation. The steward shall have the privilege of cutting every other Saturday class, and quizzes on such date shall be null and void. (Attention Doc. Lewis.)

Quizzes are considered important. Not more than half may be cut ex-

cept with due provocation. (Attendance at the Old Howard will not be considered, nor a date with a coed.) Courses whose only grade is based upon a final examination shall obey the following rule:

The student must be impressed with relevance of examinations. Where an examination is missed, under no circumstances shall a grade of C or higher be given—for males. Female students sufficiently well-put-together to merit a rating of 4.3 on the Lappe scale may, if the judgment of the Prof. sees fit, receive special considerations.

Article 3. Publication of the Tech will hereby be suspended.

Article 4. Special Professorial Restrictions

A. A member of the faculty shall be duly reprimanded for use of the following expressions, and upon repeated offense may be asked to resign his chair.

1. Good morning, welcome, dear student. I apologize for beginning my class on time.

2. Take the next 20 problems.

(It is against our policy to mention names but please don't do it this year, Prof. Frank)

3. Read the next six chapters.

4. I'm sorry, Gentlemen. I haven't had a chance to correct your quizzes. They will certainly be ready next week. Attention Faculty!!

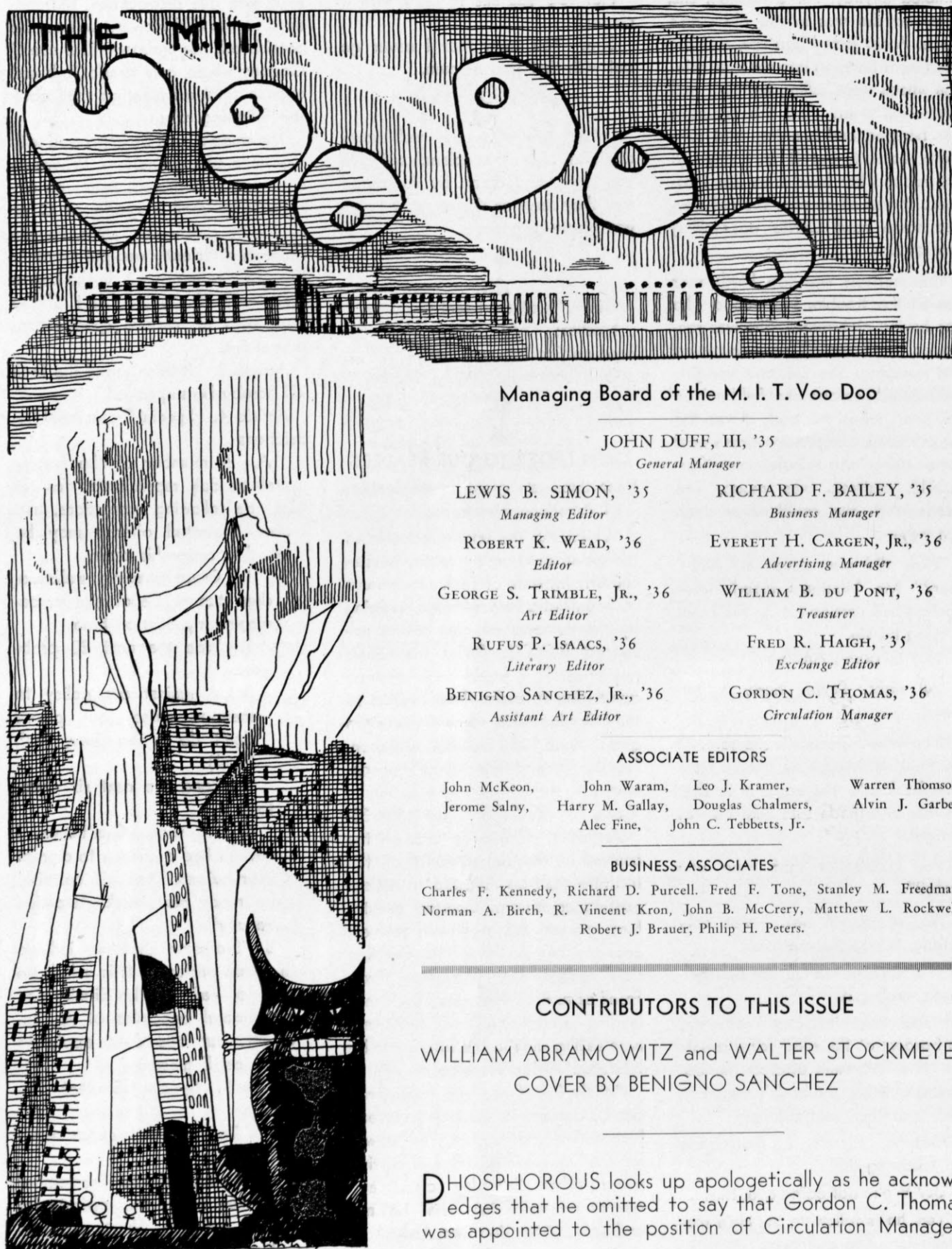
B. Professors shall not indulge in undue profanity. It is unladylike and not befitting the dignity and high moral principles of an engineer. But this does apply to Chemical Engineers.

Article 5. Special Student Restrictions

A. The Tech will cease publication.

B. Coeds should remember that they are in the Institute for serious purposes. Shorts are permitted only after proper examina-

(Continued on page 20)



Managing Board of the M. I. T. Voo Doo

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

WILLIAM ABRAMOWITZ and WALTER STOCKMEYER
COVER BY BENIGNO SANCHEZ

PHOSPHOROUS looks up apologetically as he acknowledges that he omitted to say that Gordon C. Thomas was appointed to the position of Circulation Manager.



SINE MENS ET MANUS

It has ever been the policy of the Scientific Mind to disillusion—thoroughly and devastatingly—from their fondest beliefs and principles a long-suffering public. In the holy fervor of this noble work, and in an humble spirit of thankfulness for the grace we have been granted to see these things, we offer the following analysis of Technology In Practice. A few of the outstanding Engineers' Commandments should cover the situation.

Work shall be thy God forevermore: thou shalt have no other Gods save **Work**. And the direction thy efforts shall take in this labor is not confined.

Saving that thou prepare not thy assignments more than three days in advance, taking no heed for the morrow, which is another day.

Saving that, upon quiz days, thou secure not a copy of thy catechism beforehand, diligently memorizing same to confound thy preceptor. Go thou in fool, and do thine own cribbing.

Saving that thou faithfully attend thy first class on the morning after a dance, no matter what thy condition, legislation to the contrary notwithstanding.

Saving that, when in search of relaxation over the week-end, thou work not over six hours at any one task; sweets turn sour on a full belly.

Moreover, thou shalt throw no acid down the drains but in an appropriate manner; neither shalt thou turn, or cause to be turned, any valves, switches, or the like, saving that no harm can come to you through such action.

And thou shalt respect and honor thy fellow students, since their lot is thine and since another of thy number is born every minute.

"Why do you like me, honey? Is it because of my brains?"

"It's hard to say, sugarplum. You've got a head, but so has every coin."



She: "I'm all through with those college boys."

Her: "Me too. They start out by holding your hand and pretty soon they're trying to shuffle the whole deck."



Girls who go 'round with young Technicians,
Should not be burdened with Inhibitions.



She was only a Course IV student, but she never drew the line.



Girls who are subject to easy Panics,
Should not mess 'round with young Mechanics.



"I'll put a stop to your misbehavior!" said the father as he hauled his son over his knee.



Coed: Has college given you a passion for books?

Senior: Yep, check-books.



And then, Anita, bear in mind that it's a great life if your **don'ts** weaken.



1st Coed: "I understand there's a lot of bad feeling among the Alfalfa Betas."

2nd Coed: "Yeah, and their kissing is almost as bad."

M. I. T.
Cambridge
Mass.

Dear Mater,

I am now quite properly enrolled as an undergraduate at this institution. I have secured a lovely room on patrician St. Botolph St. in historic Back Bay. My landlord assures me that only the best people live here.

Now I don't want you to worry about me; you see, I am well taken care of, and I am careful to avoid bad company and vicious habits. For my diversion I attend light opera performances at the Minsky Park Theatre, a charming little playhouse with a talented and dignified personnel. I take my meals at the Rathskeller, which I find has a refreshing and restful atmosphere. My intimates are carefully selected from the highest circles. We sometimes play bridge and drink tea at my place until quite late. I find I never have to take them

home; they seem well able to take care of themselves.

My studies are very easy, in spite of the stories we heard. I have only two classes a day and practically no assignments. Naturally, I am using my spare time to better myself in all the branches of learning I can get instruction in, a task I am sure you would approve of.

I know you will understand if I ask for more money. You see, my social position is one which I am sparing no pains to maintain, and to do this it is necessary for me to entertain a bit more than I had at first planned. However, it is all to good purpose, so I know you won't mind.

Don't bother to come on to visit me, as I can make out very well alone and as I do not want you to put yourself to all that bother on my account. I may not be home for vacation at Christmas because I intend to take some extra work.

Your dutiful son, WILBUR.



"You really must see my home now. I cleaned hell out of it this morning."



*"All clear
they Satisfy"*

"To me a cigarette is the best smoke. It's a short smoke... and then again it's milder.

"I notice that you smoke Chesterfields also. I like them very much."



"I HAD A BERTH in the ninth sleeper. It was a heavy train and a cold night—snowing—and I thought about the man with his hand on the throttle. I admire and respect those men."

HOW TO TAME WILD PROCTORS

Research Dept.
U. S. Zoological Society
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

In response to your letter of recent date, I am honored to comply with your request to present a brief treatise upon the present and accepted methods of coping with the wilder and the more uncontrollable species of the most ferocious of all beasts, the final examination proctor (*Annoyus Humanus*). The brief follows, and I will be delighted to hear from you if I can be of any future service.

Very truly yours,
JOHNSON MARTIN.

The most prevalent species of the Proctor inhabits the desolate and unbearable regions of 2-440 and 2-460. He can readily be recognized by his prominent characteristics. It is his habit to do nothing else but walk and walk, while the other natives of the region remain placidly seated. The Proctor is carnivorous, these other inhabitants being his prey. He is noted for the cruel and merciless manner in which he hunts and devours them, as his severely regular periods of hibernation make him especially vicious during the interims of January and May when he appears from nowhere and starts to walk and stalk.

Proctors may be divided into several categories. The Spotting Proctor is the most common. He can be read-

ily identified from his fellows by the little smile of gloating glory which he is never without. He moves from side to side as he walks, stopping toward his victim and giving him the inevitable smile in the most discouraging way. In the same family belong the Processserver and Billcollector, inhabitants of other regions, but equally as ferocious beasts. He has a habit of standing behind his prey, in the manner of the-wolf-and-the-lamb-theme, which is very annoying.

The Proctor Kibitzas is the most dangerous. The first variety was peevish, but not, in truth, as harmful as this breed, which possesses a belligerent nature in the extreme. He is liable to break into the lair of his prey at the most unexpected times, and chat before he strikes. He makes a raucous grunt which sounds like:

"Are you finding this exam difficult. I made up this question myself."

Probably the best method of attack is basically the same as that used for duck, the decoy. Imitate his sounds as near as you can, and this will either humor or discourage him. In either case, he generally goes away. Make a noise something like the following:

"Do you read the listerine ads."

or

"Does your wife hold you at bridge games."

If this procedure fails, and you have not a .45, resign yourself to fate.

The Proctors Kibitzas frequently travel in flocks. Very often a group

of them will congregate in the very thick of their hunting grounds. Another will approach and make a characteristic sign of approval, thus:

"I lost two bits at poker last night."

Whereupon the entire pack will break out in sounds of the same nature, and steps are now being taken for a means of combatting this worst enemy of mankind.

One of the most effective methods for dealing with the creatures is that of trapping. Prepare your traps carefully, for the instinctive cunning of the Proctor makes him wary of all that bears the slightest semblance to human scent. First, the selection of bait. An ideal thing to use is a sheaf of paper with random scribbling and pencil marks on them. If you have a younger brother, he is just the means. Place these in a fairly prominent corner of your desk. The Proctor will pass warily two or three times before venturing closer. Suddenly he will leap forward, growling savagely:

"No note books or papers allowed on the desk during examination period!"

With this, he will seize them. Have the papers below the top layer smeared liberally with wet ink or mucilage. This will generally rid you of the worst Proctor. A small vial of H_2S or a spoonful of red pepper make good weapons when this procedure fails. The U. S. Coast Guard will be only too glad to supply you with a compact form of hand grenade. One of these should always be kept in readiness under the desk in the case of extreme emergencies.

The function of some Tech alumni
Seems to be to throw calumny



FEATHERS CAN'T FLY

UNLESS ON BIRDS

By Arthur ('Bugs') Baer.

By Arthur ('Bugs') Baer.

—N. Y. Journal

Tails can't walk
Unless on dogs
Unless on dogs

"Is the Secretary of Agriculture in?"

"Not just now, Madam. What did you want him for?"

"Well, I have a geranium that isn't doing so well."



Force Equals Mass

Times Acceleration,

Divided By Time.

—Sat. Eve. Post

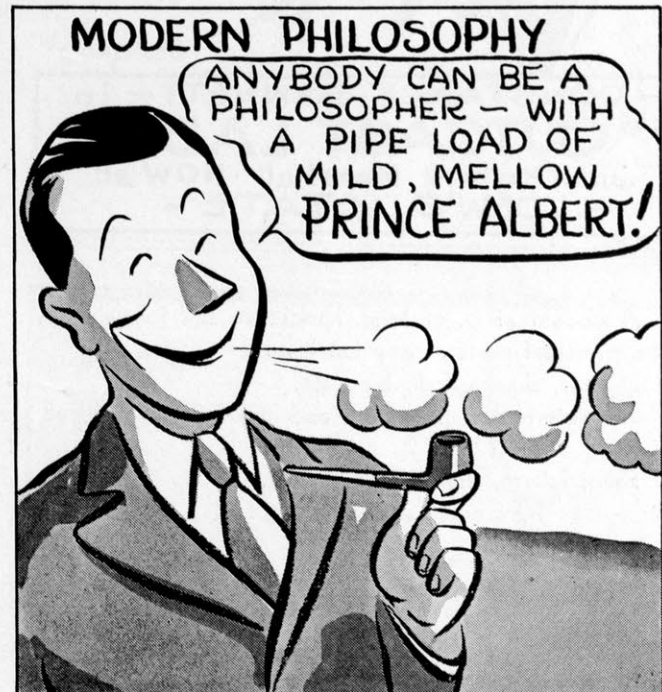
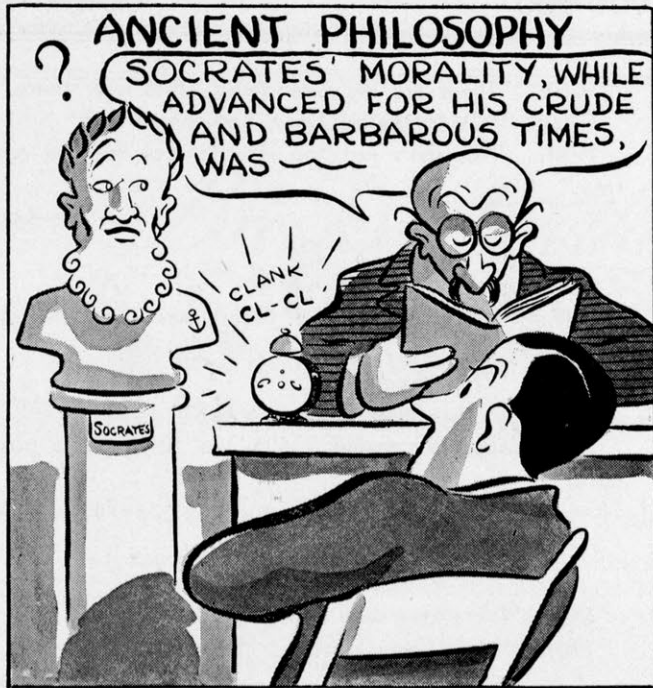
It divides our time anyway.

"Inertia causes centrifugal force. Inertia is not relative but absolute, and not dependent on any other matter. The space-time metric is anchored in matter but is not generated by matter, although, according to Dr. Einstein, it is completely determined by matter."

Well, who do YOU like in the fifth race at Rockingham?

—Prov. Bulletin

It's still a matter of relativity.



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PRINCE ALBERT earned its title, "The National Joy Smoke" by being a blend of the choicest, top-quality tobaccos—tobaccos from which all the "bite" is removed by a special process. That's why Prince Albert is such a cool, mild, and mellow smoke. Try it! One pipe load of Prince Albert will open up new vistas of pipe pleasure for you!

PRINCE ALBERT

*the
national
joy smoke*





- CONSTANCE BENNETT - in
"OUTCAST LADY"
 with Herbert Marshall NOW at
- LOEW'S STATE -

A student at U. of Miss. handed in the following as the principal parts of any Latin verb:

Slippeo, slipere, falli, bumptus.

The returned paper contained the following correction:

Falio, failere, fluncto, suspendum.

—Kitty Kat



Dean: "So you're back in school. I thought that I expelled you last week."

Upstart: "You did, but don't do it again because my dad was plenty sore."

—S. California Wampus



Q.: "My Doctor sent me a bill for \$5 for medicine and \$50 for visits. What must I do?"

A.: "Pay him for the medicine and return the visits."

—Exchange

Host: "There are my Grandma's ashes over there."

Guest: "O, so the poor soul has passed on?"

Host: "No, she's just too lazy to look for the ash tray."

—Log



Bellhop (making Lady and Gentleman comfortable): "Anything else, Mr. Smith?"

Guest: "No, thanks."

Bellhop: "Anything for your wife?"

Guest (absentmindedly): "Why yes, bring me a post card."

—Purple Cow



She: "It's a long way to the ground."

Pilot: "Naw—only a stones' throw."

—Pitt Panther



The genteel motorist had just pulled into the gasoline station for the inevitable gasoline. That being over, the attendant was going through his little ritual.

"Check the oil, sir?"

"Naw, it's O.K."

"Got enough water in the radiator?"

"Yep, filled up."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Yes, would you please stick out your tongue so I can seal this letter?"

—Pitt Panther



Found—Lady's purse left in my car while parked. Owner can have same by paying for this ad. If she will explain to my wife how the purse got there I will pay for the ad myself.

Phone M-123 League City.

—Malteaser



Baa, baa, black sheep! Have you any wool?

Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full.

One for my master and one for my dame,

And one for college students to pull over the eyes of 37,473,890 professors.

—Pitt Panther



"There's a mouse in my room."

"Make him come down and register."

—Exchange

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CLOTHING,

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MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Brooks Brothers' Suits for Fall

Soft-rolled lapel suits with natural shoulders, so characteristic of Brooks Brothers' style and workmanship, are being cut this Fall from a wide assortment of English, Scottish and domestic materials—tweeds, cheviots, worsteds and saxonies. This style—continuing as heretofore—is supplemented by other models of identical quality, which are a little squarer in the shoulders and fit more closely—yet in their careful avoidance of extremes are equally characteristic of our standards. All suits are made in our own workrooms.

\$55 to \$85

BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET



"Found!"

Housewife: "How did you fall so low as to go across the country, begging?"

Tramp: "It's a long story, mum, and it's now in the hands of my publishers. I'm on my way to New York to correct the proofs."

—Kitty Kat



If Cleopatra made Mark Anthony the mark he was, if Julius Caesar made Brutus the brute he was, who made Lydia Pinkham the pill she is?

—Buffalo Bison



He: "Just bought a nickel eraser."

She: "I'd think a rubber one would be much better."

—Exchange



Radio stations should start off the morning broadcast with: "Who the hell left the radio on all night?"

—Reserve Red Cat

PHOS IS A TRUE FRIEND



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

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

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BANQUETS — FUNCTIONS

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

(Continued from page 11)

tion of the points in question.

A female student may not enter the office of a member of the faculty in shorts, unless permission is given her to do so by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting of the Institute Committee.

Freshmen seen disporting themselves with coeds will be summarily dealt with. (Probably by the coeds.)

C. A student may no longer use the following alibis.

1. I did my homework but I forgot to bring it.
2. May I have another week in which to type my theme?

Article 6. Dormitory Regulations

A. Harvard Square and Memorial Drive pick-ups shall not be brought into the Burton Room when intoxicated—

B. All ladies must leave the dorms before 3:A.M. Women until 4. Cows may stay all night.

C. Wellesley, Radcliffe and Simmon's denizens may enter the dorm rooms only on Open House night and must leave on or before 12: Tech men who cannot reach the necessary conclusions by that hour will not be tolerated among decent dormitory society. [Nor at Wellesley, Radcliffe, and Simmons, either.]

"If you'll drive me ten miles to the next town I can walk the rest of the way and I'll give you a kiss," said a pretty blonde.

"Sure thing sister," said the motorist, "but I'll go a little farther and save you walking the rest of the way."

—Reserve Red Cat



TIME OUT

Kappa: "What's the matter, don't you love me any more?"

Phi Gam: "Sure I do, I'm only resting."

—Sour Owl



Fuzzy: "Dad, do you remember the story you told me about how you were kicked out of college?"

Dad: "Sure, why?"

Fuzzy: "Isn't it funny how history repeats itself?"

—Battalion

Frank P. Shaw

Leon A. Hicks

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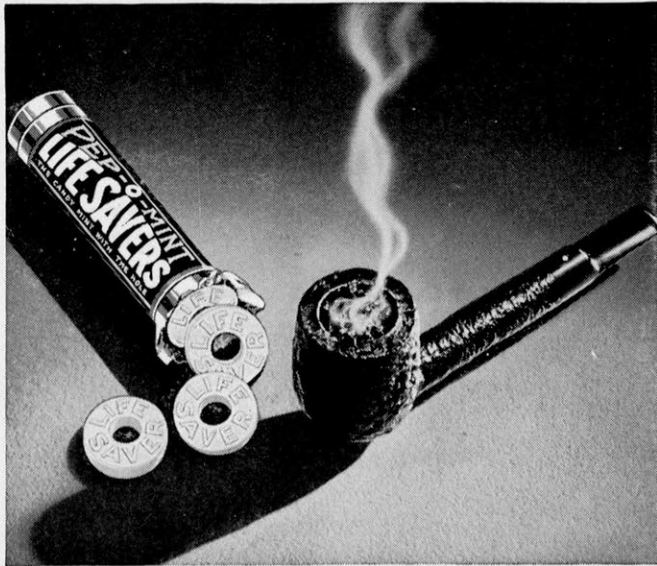
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SUDDEN DEATH TO SMOKER'S BREATH



Two of these 'holesome, minty rings of fine candy make a complete disguise for any pipe-smoker. They take your breath away!

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE ... IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

(Continued from page 11)

The officer was new and he descended from his motorcycle with a distinct effort to make the movement seem as majestic and imposing as possible. He approached the car with the air of a boy-scoutmaster for the first time commanding a cavalry brigade.

"Your name George Whithers?"

"Yes, but—"

"You're under arrest."

"What? But I wasn't doing over thirty—"

"I'm not giving you a ticket. I said you're under arrest."

"Arrest?" Mrs. Whithers gasped. "Arrest. What for?"

"You'll find out. Just follow me."

"But officer," begged George, "tell me what I've done."

"I have my duty to be done. You will follow me."

The car, picking up the trail behind the erect officer on his motorcycle, seemed to tremble with anxiety.

"I told you, George, I told you," sobbed Mrs. Whithers.

"Told me what?"

"We should have seen if that man was all right. We shouldn't have left him lying there on the road."

"But we didn't leave him lying there on the road. You

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.

saw him get up and go into his house as well as I."

"Oh, I know, George, but that doesn't mean anything. He might have been—he might be—oh, anything might have happened."

Consoling one's wife, and driving one's car are occupations, either of which, George discovered, take up all of one's time. Besides, God knows what he was in for now. The old guy had said he had been hit three times by cars. Suppose he made a profession out of that. A lawsuit on his hands would be just what he needed just now. He might have known any vacation he'd take would end up this way. George said nothing.

"We're a couple of hit-and-run drivers, that's what we are," sobbed his wife. "We deserve everything they'll do to us. I don't blame them a bit. I told you we shouldn't have done it. We never should have done it."

"Too late to talk now."

"Oh, think of it, George, that man might even be dead."

"Dead?"

"Just think, George. . . ."

"Don't be silly. You saw him get up and talk to me."

"I know. But there's a kind of paralysis. I can't think of the name; I've known other cases. A person's dead—They

(Continued on page 23)

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10-12 HARVARD SQUARE, BROOKLINE**170-174 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE****BOSTON, MASS.**

One of the freshmen, bless his little heart, was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R. O. T. C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the Captain without saluting.

"Say, Buddy," said the captain, with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeh," said the rookie, looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "Look at the damn thing they gave me." —Boston Bean Pot



If it's funny enough to tell it's been told, if it hasn't been told it's too clean, and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.

—Kitty Kat



Guide—On our right we have the palatial home of Mr. Gould.

Old Lady—John Jay Gould?

Guide—No, Arthur Gould. And on the left is the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt.

Old Lady—Cornelius Vanderbilt?

Guide—No, Reginald Vanderbilt. And in front is the First Church of Christ. (To Old Lady): Now's your chance.

—Log

(Continued from page 21)

get up and walk—then they really die. You hit him pretty hard."

"Not that hard."

"You never can tell. Then, he might have gone into the house and died afterward! Suppose we get there just as he's dying. Oh, George, turn around; I couldn't bear it!"

"Maybe he's hurt, but I think he'll live."

"Do you really think so? But suppose—just suppose he doesn't—."

"He will."

"We can go to jail. I heard of a woman—it was just like this—she got sent to jail—ten years, I think. You can get more. What do you call it?"

She hugged George's shoulder desperately.

"Manslaughter," he said.

"That's it, George, that's the word. Oooh, it's terrible."

"Calm yourself. Maybe he makes a profession out of getting hit."

"Maybe. His wife must have known the license number. I—"

"Keep calm. You won't go to jail."

That's right. It had been George who had been driving and would have to face the music. She was safe. She took guilty consolation in the thought for an instant, and then a pang of self-reproach made her cling even more tightly to her husband's shoulder. She felt his arm turn the wheel, and looked up to see the cop off his motorcycle. The tourist camp was there, not the yellow farmhouse, but she was too excited to notice.

"All right, get out," the policeman commanded.

"Now would you mind telling me what we're here for?" George asked.

"Larceny, that's what. The lady over there," the cop said pointing to the indignant owner of the tourist's camp, "claims two blankets are missing from your room, and I was sent for you."

"Blankets! I haven't—. Well, if I've got them, I haven't swallowed them. Search the car if you like."

The officer started to. He lifted the front seat, the rear seat, and

started to grapple with the trunk in back.

"Wait a minute, Officer," Mrs. Whithers interrupted. "The lady will find her blankets under the sheets of my bed. I put them there last night because I couldn't sleep."

Both looked at her.

"The mattress was so hard," she said.



WET FLY-IN-SOUP JOKES TO END ALL WET-FLY-IN-SOUP JOKES—

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"That's all right, sir, it won't drink much."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"That's quite all right, sir, it can swim."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"That's all right, sir, it's not hot enough to burn him."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"It will be all right, sir, if you'll strain the soup with your teeth."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"Well let the poor thing have a little fun."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"I might add that it's a *Drosophila Melonogaster*, sir."

"Waiter, there's a gnat in my soup!"

"It's 'flies' to me, 'gnats' to you!"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"You'll usually find them quite tasteless, sir."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"You see, sir, our cook used to be a tailor."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"Not so loud, sir, everybody'll want one."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"That's all right, sir, he's house broken."

—Lyre



Making love is like making pie. All you need is crust and a lot of apple-sauce.

—Reserve Red Cat

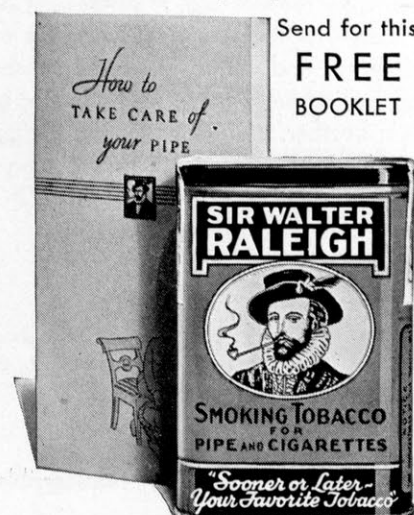
K.O.'D BEFORE HE LEFT HIS CORNER!



STAGE-FRIGHT? No, sir. Dirty work in the dressing room? No, sir. Two or three whiffs of that over-stale pipe and heavyweight tobacco did what fifty-seven opponents couldn't do . . . floored him!

A good pipe, like a good athlete, should be kept in good condition. A few moments' daily exercise with a pipe cleaner and a steady diet of mild, gentle Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco will keep any man's briar right in the very pink. We think we've found a milder combination of fragrant Kentucky Burleys. We think we've discovered a cooler, slower-burning blend. A large and growing army of contented pipe-smokers think so, too. Try one tin of Sir Walter and see what you think!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-410.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

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78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

I sank down into the red leather upholstering of my low, cream-colored, chromium-fitted roadster, nodding to pedestrians of my acquaintance. This was real, I said to myself, as I looked out over the long, glistening hood covering a purring, high-powered motor. This was real.

Suddenly I looked into the handsome mirror of my roadster and noticed a car just exactly like mine following me. I swerved a little. It swerved too. I accelerated. It accelerated. I zig-zagged. It zig-zagged. Everything I made my roadster do, this other car did.

Losing patience entirely, I shot a mean glance at the other car and was so shocked I swallowed my hand. The car behind me was my new roadster being driven by my twin brother, and looking again, I discovered that I was seated in a red wheelbarrow being hauled along the road by a team of dirty pigeons. Oh, doctor, don't say that!

—Froth



What was the result of that terrible fight the Duchess had with her husband.

She retains the title.

—Exchange

Customer—"Have you a book called 'Man, the Master of Women'?"

Salesgirl—"The fiction department is on the other side, sir."

—Log



Deege: "A month ago I was crazy about George, but now I can't stand him."

Alphi: "Yes—isn't it strange how changeable men are?"

—Kitty Kat



No. A234876—"You in for life?"

No. A234877—"Yeh, but there's damn little of it here."

—Froth



She laughed when I sat down to play.
How did I know she was ticklish?

—Dirge

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