

MIT

DEC.

VCO

DCO



25¢



*“They keep tasting better
and better to me!”*

NO matter how many you smoke!
It's a fact. The last Chesterfield of the
day is just as mild and sweet—as cool and
comfortable—as the first. Every Chester-
field is like every other Chesterfield!

The tobaccos themselves give the
answer. Only mild, ripe, sweet tobaccos
—the smoothest and ripest grown—go
into Chesterfield.

And the paper—notice how fine and
white it is. It's the purest that money
can buy! Burns without taste or odor.

All this care—to make Chesterfields
taste better and milder. And they do!
The millions of Chesterfield smokers—
men and women both—say it in their
own way: “They Satisfy!”

MONTHLY BULLETIN

M. I. T. A. A.

Week of December 13

- DECEMBER 15 Basketball — Rhode Island State — Away
- DECEMBER 15 Freshman Basketball — Rhode Island State — Away
- DECEMBER 18 Hockey — Boston University — Boston Arena
- DECEMBER 18 Wrestling — Harvard — Away
- DECEMBER 18 Freshman Wrestling — Harvard — Away
- DECEMBER 19 Basketball — Clark University — Home
- DECEMBER 19 Freshman Basketball — Harvard — Away
- DECEMBER 19 Track — Handicap Meet on Boards

“Have you found a coffin yet good enough for your son who died in college?”

“The thing that’s worrying me right now is trying to find a sports model.”

— Cornell College Ollapod



He: “Don’t try to crush me.”

She: “Pardon me, you’re such a perfect lemon.”

— Sun Dial



“No, sir. Our Laundry does not tear your clothes by using machinery; we do it thoroughly by hand!”

— Lyre

boston’s house of international prize-winning cinema!

fine arts theatre

Special
Students’
50% Discount
Cards

direction, george kraska
loew’s state theatre building
massachusetts avenue
at norway street
telephone kenmore 5584

Continuous
Daily 1 to 11
Sunday
3 to 11

BEGINS
SUNDAY
DECEMBER 13

“OLD AND NEW”

DIRECTED BY SERGE EISENSTEIN

“Russia’s ace director says it once again with the camera”

T I T L E S I N E N G L I S H

’35: “Where does Joan get her good looks?”

’34: “From her father.”

’35: “He must be a handsome man then.”

’34: “No, he’s a chemist.”

— Cornell Widow



“How’s your new girl?”

“Not very good.”

“You always were lucky.”

— Columns



A student was arrested last week for impersonating an officer. He took two bananas from a dago fruit stand.

— Sun Dial



A fraternity man may sometimes be up a creek, but never without a paddle.

— Sun Dial



Two spinsters were discussing men —
“Which would you desire most in your husband — brains, wealth or appearance?” asked one.
“Appearance,” snapped the other, “and the sooner the better.”

— Wall Street Journal

It's a wise man who knows what to buy.
But it's a WISER one who knows where to buy it.

E. D. Abbott Co., Inc.	32
American Tobacco Company	<i>Outside Back Cover</i>
Brooks Brothers, Inc.	23
College Humor	3
Collins & Fairbanks Co.	24
Fine Arts Theatre	1
General Motors Corp.	21
Governor Square Garage Co.	28
Harvard Coöperative Society	30
Hicks & Shaw, Inc.	25
Hinds Laundry Co.	28
Hotel Astor	26
Hotel Bradford	28
Hotel Brunswick	22
Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.	31
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	<i>Inside Front Cover</i>
Life Savers, Inc.	27
Massachusetts Institute of Technology	<i>Inside Back Cover</i>
Murray Printing Co., The	24
Planters Nut and Chocolate Co.	26
Saint Amour Co., The	32
Technology Chambers	22
Technology Clothes Shop	25
Walton Lunch Co.	27

SERVE THOSE WHO SERVE YOU

I call her "My Cigarette Lady," because I picked her up on the street.

— Belle Hop



Visitor: "Where does this lane lead to?"

Native: "Well, it's led half of the young folks around these parts into trouble."

— Annapolis Log



He: "I hear you bought some property in Reno."

She: "Only ground for divorce, my dear."

— Brown Jug



Into a chain store walked an individual much the worse for a big night out, who approached the counter, leaned over it, and whispered mysteriously:

"See me come in that door?"

"Yes."

"Know who I am?"

"No."

"Didja ever see me before?"

"No."

"Then howja know it was me?"

— Log



"Did she marry the janitor?"

"Yes, he swept her off her feet."

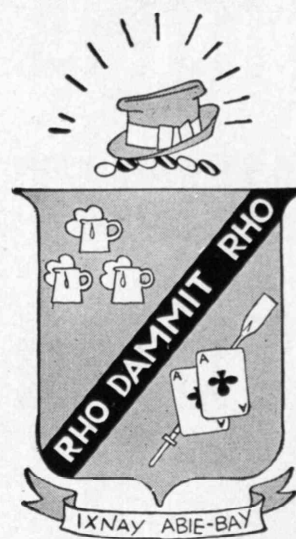
— P. S. Froth



A chiropractor is a man who gets paid for what any other man would get slapped for.

— Buccaneer

Lux et Veritas



NO BYLAWS, NO DUES

Mystery, brotherhood and a stein of ale! Rho Dammit Rho leads all Greeks with two hundred chapters flung from coast to coast and back again. By January, 1932, we predict a chapter for every dormitory, fraternity and boarding house in the United States and Canada. And if all goes well, there will be a national convention of old Rho Dam in the National Headquarters Pent-House atop the COLLEGE HUMOR building, Chicago, next summer. All you need is a nose for beer!

And the January issue of COLLEGE HUMOR is bursting with new features:

*Columbus Comes Across
Students See Red
O. O. McIntyre
Here Lies Love
Doctor Seuss
Ad Finitum
Ad Finitum
Rah!*

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

SHOWS ABOUT TOWN



Allan Prior

The Charming Pair in
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"
The Shubert Theatre



Gertrude Lang
sketched from life as Kathie



Lois Moran graces the stage at the
"Of Thee I Sing" Majestic



Ethel Barrymore
in the revival of
"The School
for Scandal"
Plymouth
Theatre

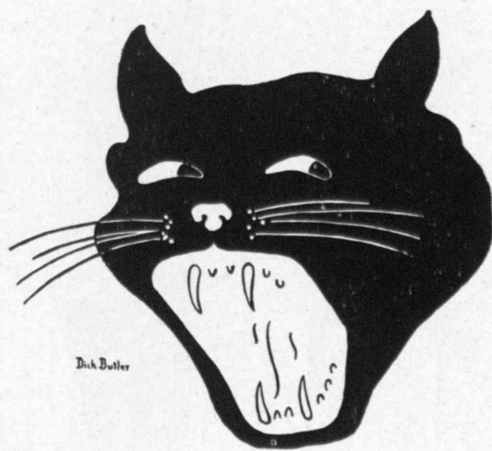
PHOSPHORUS

OFFERS

A

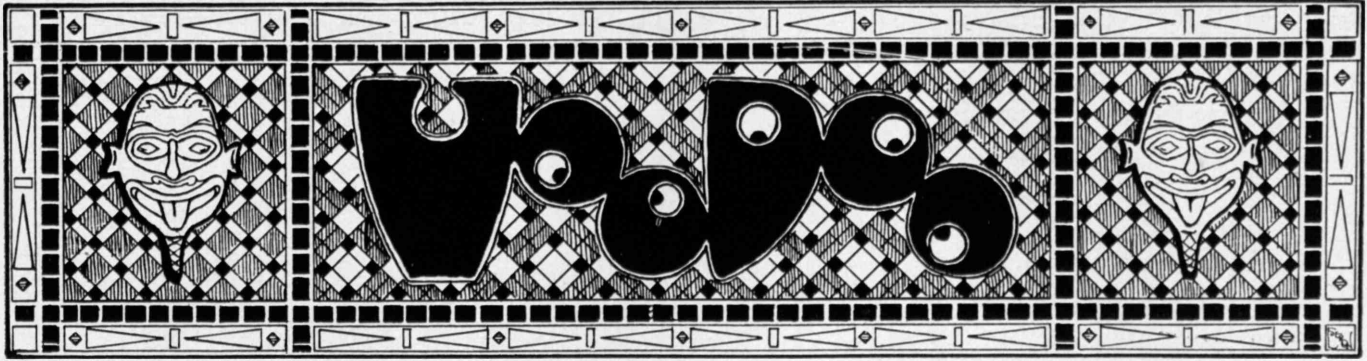
DECEMBER

Voo Doo





“Askin’ me to play a charity game, with a wife and two kids of my own to support.”



INDEX TO HONORARY SOCIETIES
AT TECH

PROFESSOR ARMSTRONG
TELLS A BEDTIME STORY

Osiris. Undoubtedly the best looking charm — suitable for a keepsake present.

Walker Club. Your guess is as good as anybody else's as to what this is or what it does.

Beaver Club. Makes initiates give annual banquet along with smutty play. Perhaps throws a dance (or rather a brawl).

Quadrangle Club. Training for sophomore politicians who try to get all their little snubby-nose freshmen elected.

Tau Beta Pi. Iron-clad rule that no one below the upper 25.000 per cent of the senior class can be elected, regardless of color, creed or activity. Fifty dollars initiation fee to support families of national officers.

Pi Delta Epsilon. So far impotent but now stirring around.

Scroll, Stylus, Groggo, and Woop Garoo. Admittedly do nothing but election signifies a good worker. Spends profits if any for social gatherings.

Masque. Only a false face now with The Tech Show gone the way of other formerly good Technology institutions.

Hexalpha. This isn't worth mentioning and so we shouldn't have printed the name.

Frieze and Cornice. Prominent course IV Students as course IV Students see them.

Tech Boat Club. Dese brawny guys.

Scabbard and Blade. The boys who make the innocent freshmen suffer. Not bad fellows as long as you don't get a knife in the back.

Beaver Key. Such cute rain hats. Give durn good dances along with basketball games at six bits a head.

Baton. Does too much work to be a real honest-to-God honorary society.

"Climb up here on my lap, Jasper, and I'll tell you all about 'Little Red Ridinghood.' Once upon a time — 'time,' did I say? That reminds me. When I was assistant cashier at the Third National Bank, Moomft, Indiana, I sure had some exciting times. One day the President comes to me with a check for ten thousand dollars, at the same time pointing to an old one-eyed guy back by the Teller's cage. I always have been rather wary of one-eyed people — ever since Aunt Matilda lost an orb while trying to see the point on a needle. She was a great one, was Aunt Matilda — dressed in black for years after her Samonian Canary died. You see, the canary was brought to her by a sailor who had a soft spot in his heart for nice old ladies, and she took right good care of it for that reason. Then one day — but I'm getting off my subject. I looked over at the one-eyed guy and you can imagine my surprise at discovering he had a revolver, and it was pointed at me! It was a Colt .38. I recognized its type right off, because once when I was teaching at a country school in Thrimpt, Pennsylvania, one of my old cronies, the town lawyer, comes to me and says, 'You ain't got no contract to teach school here!' — And just as he said that we heard a shot — But anyway, the President is all shakey and he says to me, 'What'll we do?' — That was just the way he put it — 'What'll we do?' — without saying anything else. It took some quick thinking all right. Once before when a local company sent in a bum check right before closing time I had to decide at the risk of my job whether to throw it out or carry it until morning, and just as I was about to make my decision — There's nine o'clock. It's bedtime now, Jasper, goodnight.

A MUSING

Ten thousand times I've pondered,
And ten thousand times in vain.
Why every time I have a date
It always starts to rain.

Did you ever stop to notice
Why is a purple cow?
Corinthian pillars aren't so soft,
But who cares about them now?

A jug of wine, a padded cell and thou
Twice two is four and twice four eight,
But let us tap another keg,
And fiddle briskly on the gate.

"No more dates with Delta for me."
"Why, what's wrong with the little increment?"
"Oh, she changed her coefficients and now she
takes too long to approach her limit."



"You Forgot Your Glove," themed a burly
soph as he politely removed that article from a
freshman's digits.



Add to *Beacon Hill Aristocracy*: The bootlegger
who had a stag rampant on a field of corn for a
coat of arms.



"Whaddaya say, Yes or No?"



“That girl of yours has some nice curves.”

“Yeah, and I’m what she calls her asymptotic boy-friend.”

“May I help myself first?” said the burglar as the policeman surprised him at the safe.



SHADES OF WELLESLEY AT
“SHADOWLAND”

“Well, this is a break, imagine meeting a girl like you in a place like this.”

“Yeah?”

“Do you come here often?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s a swell dress you’re wearing, I think you are the best dressed girl here.”

“Yeah.”

“Thanks for the dance, it was good.”

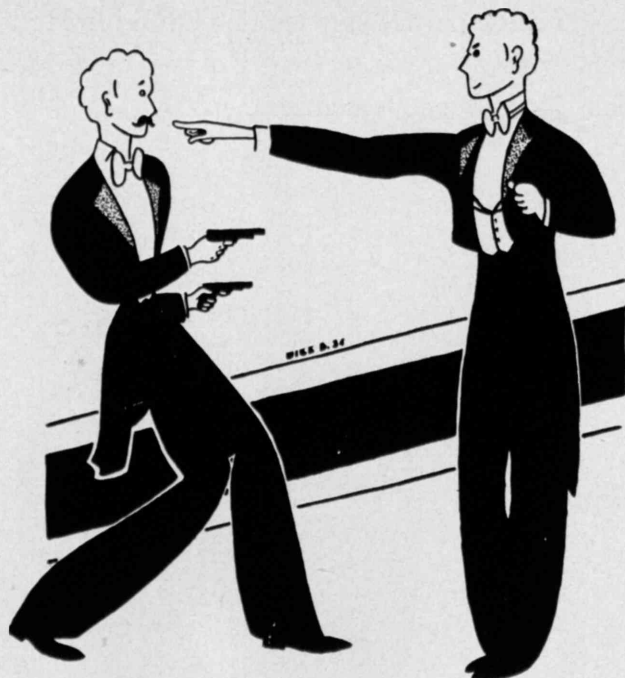
“Yeah.”

“Cheese, Mame, ya can’t talk to dese college guys can ya?”

About the only things we cannot find in Hudson’s Manual are a recipe for home brew and some good telephone numbers.



Pathetic figures — the only Phi Beta who wasn’t elected to the Walker Club.



“Whaddaya mean calling me a Beaver?”
 “Isn’t that thing on your upper lip the
 pledge insignia?”

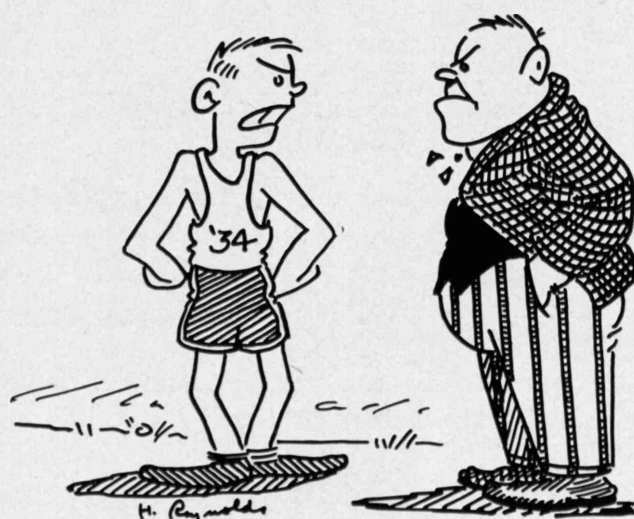
How is the freshman getting along who broke
 his neck trying to look sidewise at a descriptive
 geometry sheet?



THE FRATERNITY DANCE

(By one who has never been)

Low lights . . . beautiful women . . . gracefully
 floating about the floor with the most beautiful
 creation in the school . . . whole be vies of them
 about the floor . . . gentile politesse . . . cordial
 hospitality . . . warm good fellowship . . . gentle
 harmony of the most expensive orchestra in the
 town . . . the thrill of HER presence during the
 intermission . . . murmured conversation . . .
 exotic and charming fragrance of silken gowns
 . . . beautiful and original decorations . . . nectar-
 like punch and the dainty titbits which accom-
 pany it . . . total exclusiveness of the affair . . . the
 sense of being somebody . . . the ride home . . . the
 lingering good-night kiss . . . the pleasant memories.



“What if I did join the Crusaders —
 I’m not gunna run around all my life.”

FRATERNITY NURSERY RHYMES

Radio, our console grand,
Plays as loud as any band.
Records and dynamic speaker
Help to wake the casual sleeper.

Bell, our telephone receiver,
Rings again when e'er you leave her.
In the booth there all alone.
She gets lonesome for a phone.

Morning Glory, our new clock,
Wakes us up with such a shock
We all turn over in our beds,
And pull the covers o'er our heads.

Jack and Jill went up to Bill's
To get a quart of gin.
Now Jack got drunk, and lost his lunch,
So somebody else had to take Jill home.



And then there was the Tau Beta Pi initiate
who broke his pledge because he didn't like the
bunch.



"That's one of your father when he
was at Tech."
"Looks like a damn Brownbagger, I'd
say."



Deke: "I hear you boys have a chattel
mortgage on the dorm at 143 St. Paul
Street."
Delt: "Cattle hell, they're damn smooth
babes."

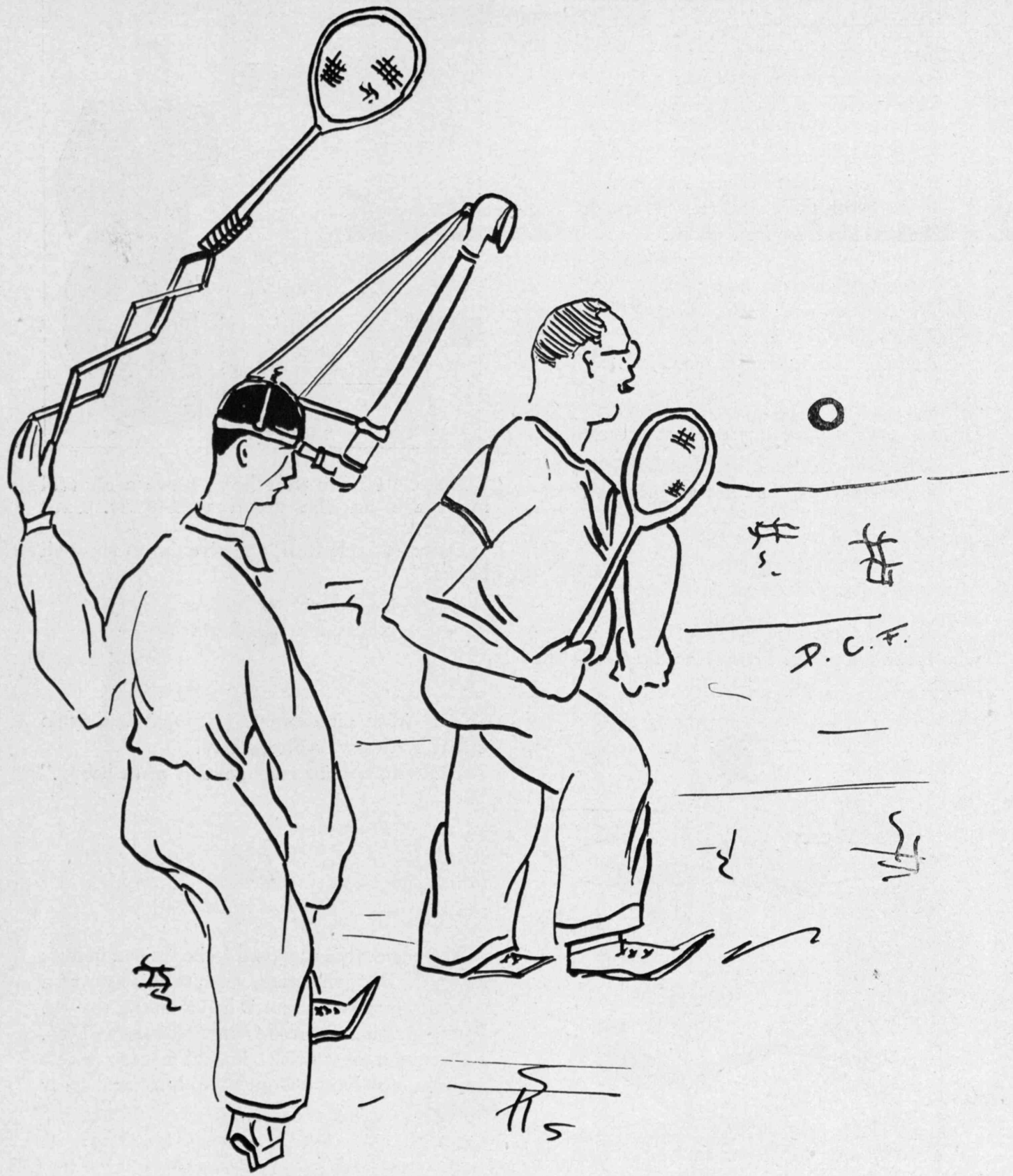


'35: "What's it all about, just what do they do
out at Wellesley on Spring Day?"
'32: "Oh, nothing much, merely make hoopy."



The engineer is supposed to be trained in logic
and Voo Doo, therefore, submits this as a test.
Major premise: There is honor among thieves.
Minor premise: There are honor societies at Tech.
Figure it out for yourself! For the first ten correct
answers Voo Doo will give two hexagonal collar
buttons.





McHugh dopes out a way to beat Fitch at squash

Boy: "We had a tough time with the fellow who drank the pint of straight alki."

Babe: "Did he pass out?"

Boy: "Hell, no, he's a Delt!"



Mary had a little slam,
Her trumps were eight in number,
It would have been a pipe to make,
But her father was a plumber.

AT THE I. F. C. DANCE

Northern Steady: "Don't you like this ballroom better than the one at the Bradford?"

Southern Unsteady: "You're right, girl. I wouldn't give a Continental for that place."



The orchestra was playing softly, the lights were low and he took the opportunity to draw his arm about her a bit more tightly.

She (involuntarily): "Ow!"

He: "I beg your pardon."

She: "It's a pleasure, I assure you."



Winning Crap Shooter: "Baby needs a new pair of shoes."

Losing One: "If you don't shut up I'll give you a boot."



Any engineer can put an arrow through a doughnut, but it takes a member of the clergy to figure out how to put his head through one of those collars.



"Have you repaired the wing?"

"Yes, sir, you can bank on it now."



Then there was the investor who bought stock on the Curb and the next morning found it in the gutter.



Town Council: "We would like you to become our Judge of the Supreme Court."

Prospect: "O. K., buy me."

Voo Doo

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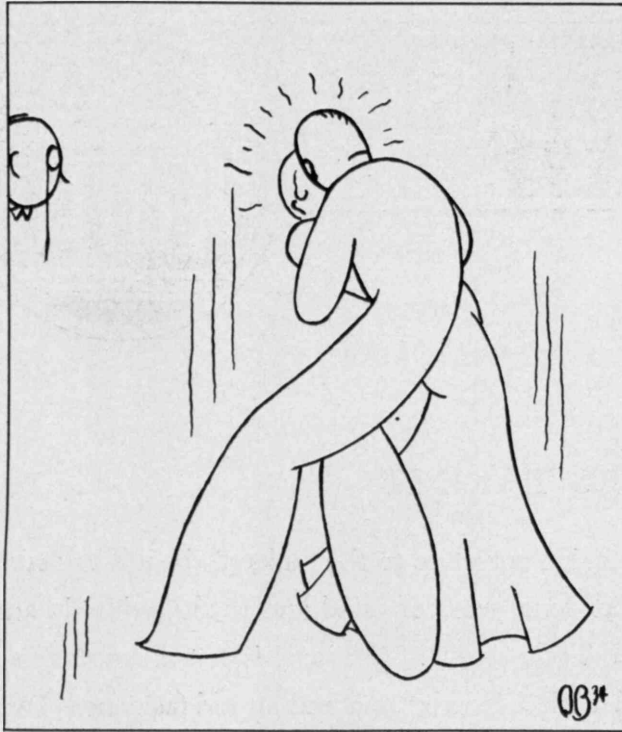


A CHANCE — LET'S TAKE IT

We had almost given up hope and were prepared to resign ourselves to the ranks of the unfortunates who have nothing more to remember of Tech than four long years of grind and study, when lo and behold, the Institute Committee votes to reinstate the Tech Circus! A Circus is not a spontaneous occasion of carousal and cahooting that can be classed with a Rowbottom and an old-fashioned Tech Riot as one of the undesirable parts of undergraduate life, but is a predetermined, organized evening of carnival and fun which every Tech man should enjoy. The old rampant exuberance which marked the Tech Riots, driving fear into the minds of the neighbors and terror into the hearts of the Cambridge police force, is neither desirable nor expected. But the minds of the authorities should rest easy on this point. An undergraduate body that will stand by without a murmur as Tech Show goes by the boards and will allow Field Day to degenerate into a sports competition could not frighten a fly, let alone a Cambridge policeman. The question is: have the students enough ambition and energy to put over a good Circus or will they allow this opportunity for fun and frolic, the long sought for chance to get away from 6.40 and 2.20 and Wellesley and Emerson, to slip through their fingers. By the coöperation of every fraternity, activity, and individual this Circus can be made the one bright spot to be remembered of Tech life, something to tell your children about and something to boast about to your friends without having them think you a damn fool. The task is a difficult one, of being jolly without folly, of revel without riot, and of enjoying oneself without destroying oneself.

It can be done, and Phosphorus is heartily in favor of the Circus.





“Young man, I do not see any mistletoe.”

“Why should you? It’s two weeks before Christmas.”



When the sophomore’s nearly a junior
The Beaver Club holds a confab;
Tho it’s really a smoker at which they play poker
The members attempt a wild stab
At choosing the men to succeed them
As members of that famous clan;
So they take an old hat and pull names out of that
And make Joe Zilch a Beaver Club man.

* * *

When the junior is nearly a senior
And Walker Club’s outlook is drear,
They pick on some Babbitts with lady-like habits
To come to the meeting next year;
“And what do they do in between-times?”
You ask me; and I must confess:
With a charm on each vest they proceed on the quest
Of innocent frosh to impress.

THE CORPORATION’S NIGHTMARE

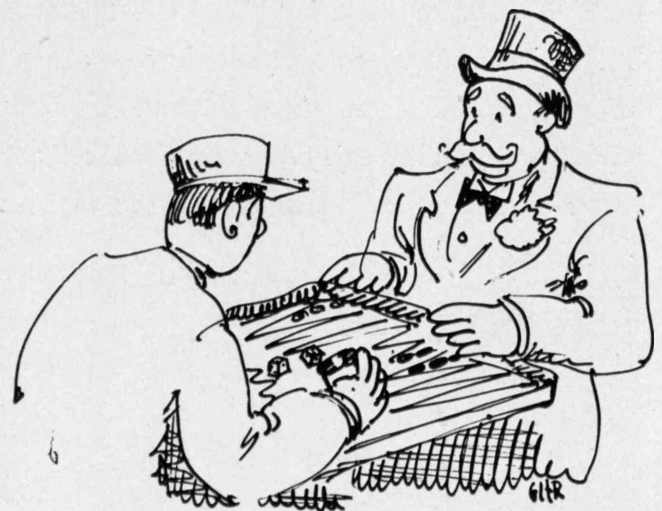
There is a certain part of Tech
That doesn’t look alive,
It lacks the pleasing finish of
The buildings on the Drive —
And that’s the crude unfinished wall
Of Building No. 5.

Now how about this little plan —
Let’s let the barren space
Be used by advertisers to
Persuade the populace
To buy whatever junk they make —
From liver pills to lace.

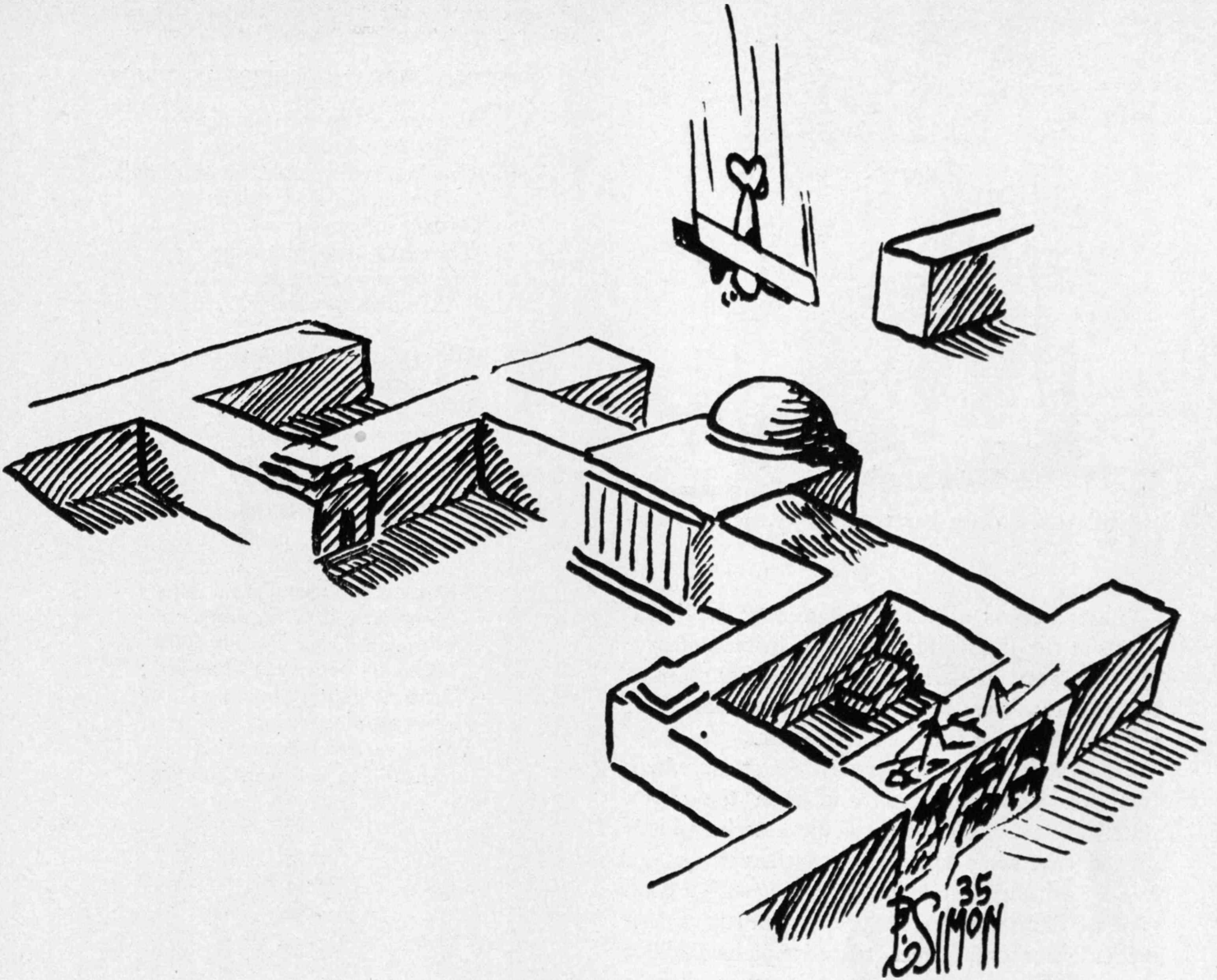
“McGookum’s lotion, Jones’ soap,
Or Carter’s Little Pills;
Use lots of Sloan’s to ease your bones
And cure you of your ills;
And Pinkham’s compounds, Zilch’s salve
For fever, aches, or chills!

* * *

If advertisers like this plan
And want to get behind it,
They’ll use the wall and not The Tech
— The newsies shouldn’t mind it —
For then they’ll have some room for news,
That is, if they can find it.



Oscar: “Cripes, I shoulda brought my own dice.”



A Sock on the Dome



Don't waste your time at Wellesley
 The dying mother said;
 And don't spend dough on Radcliffe babes,
 They'll put you in the red.
 Please stay away from Emerson
 When you're on pleasure bent;
 But rather than at Wheelock school
 I'd see you at the Tent.

One He: "Don't drink any more of that. You have this next dance with your roommate's sister."

Other He: "I know it — one more drink and I can stand it."



He (having his advances resisted not very vigorously): "I am determined to kiss you."

She: "Well, more power to you."

Among this year's gifts for children, one shop is featuring talking dolls which say "sez you!" and "oh yeah?"—*News Item*



"Seen a collar button anywhere, Mister?"

That method of rubber stamping the boys' hands at the Interfraternity dance instead of having to pass out checks must have really been tattooing, as it won't wash off. Oh, well, if it lasts until the next dance, it will be a free affair.

Come to recollect it, however, the stamp which had "O. K., Course X" and then the prof's initials, was swiped about twelve o'clock and it is alleged that some Harvard men thereby got in. We are ashamed to admit that having such a good time we did not notice the presence of such inferiorities. The only Greek that complained about the stamp having Course X on it was a slightly inebriated architect who, almost in tears, said, "Dammit, it's not O. K.; I am a creative man in architecture — Course IV — and not a dirty smelly chemical engineer."



*On matters of ethereal ilk
We're most superbly hepped;
We cannot stoop to earthly milk,
To higher climes we've stepped.*

*For we are Course VIII men, you see;
Observe our upturned faces.
We'll spend our lives defining "g"
To sixteen decimal places.*

SONG FOR MODERN KIDDIES

*We rather like the new doll,
We love its subtle sneer;
Our "oh yeah" and "sez you" doll
Has such a wicked leer;
So take away your old dolls,
The never over-bold dolls,
The do-as-you-are-told dolls
Are toys of yesteryear.*

*When daddy's bed-time stories
Become a trifle stale
With oft repeated glories
He won at dear old Yale,
No longer will they bore us,
Our dolls will answer for us!
With one sarcastic chorus
In one derisive wail.*

*There are too many staid dolls
Who only say "mamma";
Decorous Mauve Decade dolls
Who cry or squeak "hurrah";
Give us a peppy plaything!
A cynical blasé thing,
Whose repartee is scathing
With "sez you" and "oh yeah."*



Oscar says: "I like this better than the Grill Room, don't you, Bernoulli?"

"Is this Mr. Burr?"

"Yes."

"Were you at the meeting of the Institute Committee on Thursday, December 3?"

"I was not."

"Did you make a speech about reviving the circus?"

"I did not."

"Where did you get your information about the attitude of the authorities toward a circus?"

"I didn't get any."

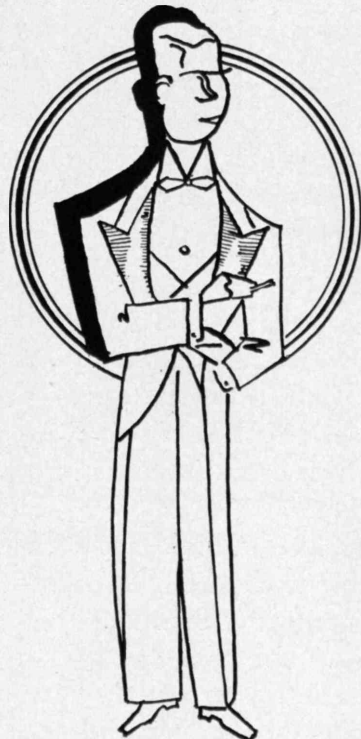
"You are very much in favor of a circus, are you not?"

"No."

"And that, dear children, is how the *Tech* reporter got his information for the astounding article about the reinstatement of the Tech Circus."

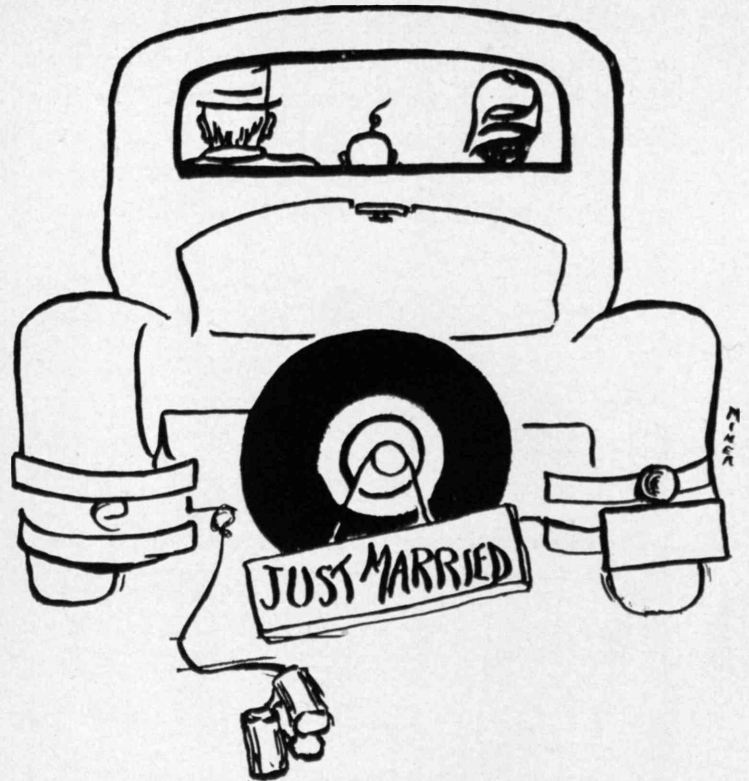


How - come - a - girl - is - called - a - Lucky - Catch - when - it's - the - boy - who - gets - hooked.



Mr. Butch

Pathetic figures — a Theta Chi trying to appear self-possessed.



The Voo Doo artist beats Walter Winchell on the draw.

Then there was the broker who was hit so hard by the crash that he was reduced to unfamiliar straits.



Now that program dances have gone out of fashion and with them the fifth and sixth *extras*, the girls get rid of undesirables by promising them late dates.



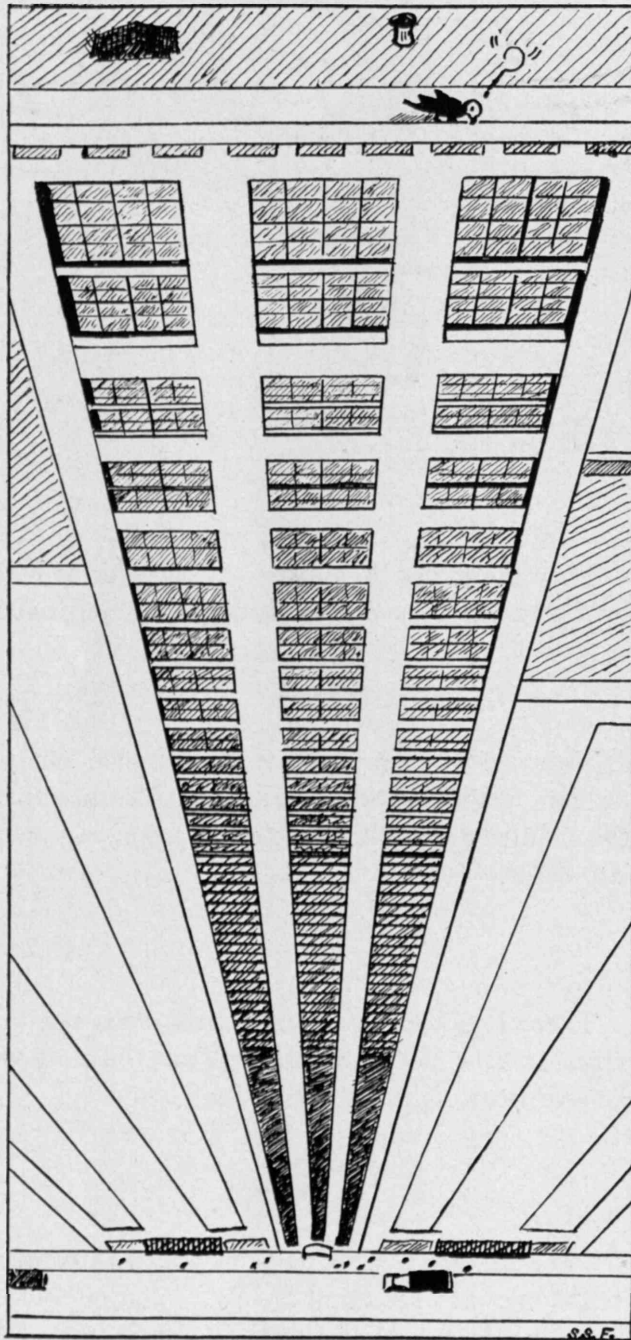
There is nothing new under the sun, say the sages, and the more we read the *Tech*, the more we believe them right.



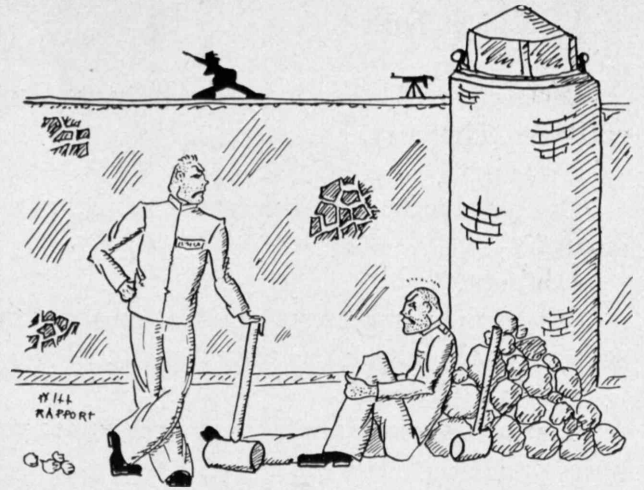
First Salesgirl: "Can you imagine that woman telling me that I'm dumb?"

Second Salesgirl: "Remember, dearie, the customer is always right."

No more can *Voo Doo* be classed as the most risqué Institute publication (dammit), after that daring article about "Sewage Disposal" in *The Tech Engineering News*. Because this increased the sales some articles on "Science of Eugenics" and "Private Life of the Beaver" will follow.



"Aw, shucks!"



"How are things breaking for you, Joe?"

THE DIARY OF AN EMERSON GIRL

Note.* [[It is customary and essential for a girl attending above Institution to remain in the Dormitory every week-day night. However, on special occasions she may attend musicals, concerts, or serious plays.]] (The brackets are mine.)

* Extract from catalogue, page 58.

November 20 — 8 p.m. — Signed out for Symphony. Goes to Esplanade, gets orchestra seat near door. Sigma Chi enters, also obtains orchestra seat. Glances exchanged. Both finally leave; nothing happens.

November 21 — Decides her jaws were working too hard to make a good impression last night. Must order something liquid. Takes one hour to eat famous Esplanade ice cream. With spoon in mouth, smiles demurely at two Sigma Chis. They flip coin which drops in coffee. Both lose heart, smoke instead.

November 22 — Three Sigma Chis enter. Sit at same table with girl. "You go to Emerson?" (Knowing damfoolwell she must.)

"Oh, yeah," she said.

(Sigma Chis feel certain they are on the right track.) Suddenly, go-getter student enters briskly, brown bag in hand. Orders sandwich. Sees Emerson Girl. Orders another sandwich. Puts sandwiches in pocket. Picks up brown bag and Emerson Girl. Walks out!



It
isn't
Christmas
yet—
but this will
do
for the present

After all, isn't it about time your parents were made acquainted with the facts of life? And we don't mean inside information on the birds and flowers, either. We mean your crying need for a car of your own this Christmas. If you agree, why not break the news now—when holiday spirits will dull the shock of facing one of life's sterner moments?

You can make the ordeal easier for them by requesting one of those shiny new Chevrolet sixes. No mortgage

on the old homestead will be required to give you this car—because Chevrolet prices are among the lowest of any on the market. The fact that it costs less to operate than any other car will also help to ease the blow. And you won't lose anything yourself by suggesting a Chevrolet, as it is smart enough and fast enough to uphold successfully your reputation as one who knows how to pick 'em. So brace yourself and do your stuff. Remember, Chevrolet expects every man to do his duty.

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THE HARVARD ATTACK

Sport-writer: "Harvard's football team certainly had a fiery attack last Saturday."

Second Scribe: "Yeah, Wood keeps it going."
— Exchange



"Pa," said little Peter, "what becomes of a football player when his eyesight begins to fail?"
"They make a referee out of him," growled his dad.

— Kitty Kat



"Is he practical?"
"Practical? Say, he uses the skeletons in his family closet for clothes-hangers."

— Mercury

Technology Chambers

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Advertisement from Reading (Mass.) Chronicle:
Wanted: Small apartment by couple with no children until May 1.

— Buckaneer



"Did that course in English help your boy friend any?"

"Not a bit. He still ends every sentence with a proposition."

— Froth



"The choke is on you," he chuckled to the motor as he yanked on the self-starter.

— Mercury



"Times may be hard, but the clock manufacturers still do an alarming business."

— Widow



Temperance Lecturer: "If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he drink?"

Unconverted: "The water."

T. L.: "Right. Why?"

Un.: "Because he's an ass."

— Whirlwind

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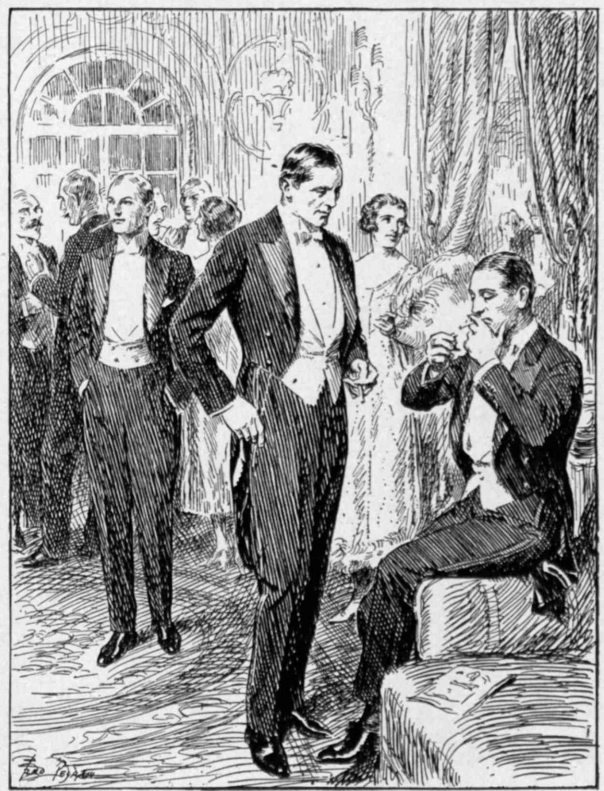
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"When can I be expecting a payment on your bill?"

"Always."

— Siren



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

— Rice Owl



Charles: "Do you have to have talent to make a
living writing jokes for the humorous magazines?"

James: "No, all you need is a steady income
from some other source."

— Wampus



She was only a photographer's daughter, but she
sure could develop in a dark room.

— Cornell Widow

Before: "What should a girl do when she wears
her step-ins out?"

Behind: "Wear them back in, if she can find
them."

— Rammer-Jammer



Eloping Co-ed: "Oh, I'm afraid father will be all
unstrung."


Dumb Frosh: "That's all right, we'll wire him."

— Punch Bowl



"One Thousand Things for Boys to Make."
"Ah, the directory of a large girls' school!"

— Widow



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If he asks me I'll say "Yes." It doesn't make much difference. He's clever and good looking. His hands are gentle. I like to feel them in my hair. I think he would treat me all right. If he doesn't ask me, never mind — but if he does I'll say "Yes."

"Shampoo, madam?"

"Yes."

— *Life*



Sailor: "Hurray! Hurray!"

Captain: "What are you so happy about?"

Sailor: "I'm a father again."

Captain: "Well, what do you know about that?"

— *Owl*



**The
Murray
Printing
Company**



At
Kendall Square
Cambridge

"I don't know how to fill out this question."

"What is it?"

"It says, 'Who was your mother before she was married?' And I didn't have any mother before she was married."

— *Whirlwind*



"You're not living at the Phi Delt house any more?"

"No, I stayed five weeks and then found out they have no bathtub."

— *Northwestern Purple Parrot*



Cadet: "If we appear together too much around here, people will talk about us."

Co-ed: "Suppose we disappear together, then."

— *V. P. I. Skipper*

"It's not nice for you to play with my niece," said Betty Coed as she penalized her date for holding on the garter line.

— *Rammer-Jammer*



Woman, capable, car, ambitious, pleasing personality, open for any legitimate proposition, etc.

— Ad in *New York Times*.

Tut, Tut.

— *Lafayette Lyre*



Come-to-grief Airman: "I was trying to make a record."

Farmer: "Well, you've made it. You be the first man in these parts who climbed down a tree without having to climb up it first."

— *Black and Blue Jay*

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FULL HOUSE

Mr. Poley: "I want you to insert a notice of the birth of my twins."

Reporter: "Will you repeat that, sir?"

Mr. Poley: "Not if I know it."

— *Buccaneer*



Sam: "Mah wife done hit me wid a oak leaf."

Bill: "Whah did she find dat oak leaf, Sam?"

Sam: "Right in de middle ob de dining room table."

— *Mountain Goat*



Boss: "I'm afraid you won't do."

Steno: "Did I say I wouldn't?"

— *Banter*



Football Mother: "Son, you're looking fine, but what is that behind your left ear?"

Football Man: "My right one, mother."

— *Punch Bowl*



Irate father (to couple): "Say, what's coming off in there?"

Son: "Nothing damn it."

— *Widow*

'34 (to janitor): "Go to hell!"

Shivering Roommate: "No, not there; send him where there is no heat."

— *Jack-o-Lantern*



We suggest that the brick contract for the next college building be awarded to the California Vintage Co.

— *Lampoon*



He calls his girl Canaan, the Land of Promise.

— *Widow*



Our idea of the old army game is a petting party between two octopus's.

— *Dirge*



Boy: "Say, honey, what have you got on for tonight?"

Girl: "Nothing I couldn't get out of for you, dear."

— *The Cornell Widow*

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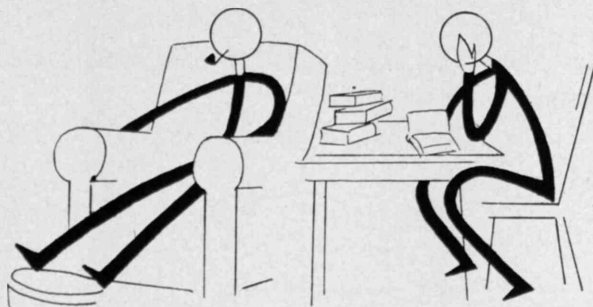
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Voice from Passing Auto: "Engine trouble, Bud?"

Voice from Parked Car: "No."

Voice from P. A. "Tire down?"

Voice from P. C.: "Didn't have to."

— Tennessee Mugwump



"Why so much mail today, Mr. Postman?"

"Well, the National Correspondence School is having a pep meeting and they've mailed each student a bonfire."

— Punch Bowl



Jackey: "Why is it that the Jews don't go to heaven any more?"

Ikey: "For vy?"

Jackey: "Because business has gone to hell."

— The Scream



Sergeant (at the police station): "What! you back again?"

Frosh: "Uh, huh; any mail?"

— Punch Bowl



Prof. (after lengthy lecture): "Now is there anything any one would like to know?"

Voice from Rear Row: "What time is it?"

— Texas Longhorn



"How do you know that man had only one eye?"

"I counted 'em."

— The Yowl



Most sculptors are a bunch of chisellers anyhow.

— P. S. Froth

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1215 Commonwealth Avenue	34 Bromfield Street
	105 Causeway Street

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Are:

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1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON



She: "Have you ever been pinched for going too fast?"

He: "No, but I've been slapped!"
— Brown Jug



Sweet Young Thing: "I'm going to marry an architect and a gentleman."

Villain: "You can't; that's bigamy."
— Puppet



"I just met a girl who doesn't drink, smoke, pet, or swear."

"Please! I bet you had a tough time keeping her amused."

"No. I asked her what she did do."

"And?"

"She said she told lies."

— Brown Jug

It was after the race and the owner was giving the jockey a dressing down.

"A fine jockey you are," he said. "Didn't I tell you distinctly to come away with a rush at the corner? Why didn't you do so?"

"Well," retorted the rider tartly, "you see it didn't seem quite fair to leave the horse behind."

— London Opinion



Doris: "I wouldn't let him kiss me for a minute."

May: "No. It'd hardly be worth while — for a minute."

— Punch Bowl



Never turn your back on a mule — he'll get you in the end.

— Medley

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**CASCADE
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 DOWN-TOWN DANCE ASSEMBLIES

Before the show—or at midnight
 —gather 'round the Fountain of
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Commonwealth
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"Sir, I'm engaged!"
 The girl did wheeze;
 "When you squeeze my waist
 You waste your squeeze."
 — Widow



Nit: "Do you work in the shirt factory?"
 Wit: "Yes."
 Nit: "Why aren't you working today?"
 Wit: "We are making nightshirts this week."
 — Washington State Cougar's Paw



"Don't walk, Marge . . . he got you drunk;
 make him drag you."
 — Mercury



An English manufacturer of motor car tires was
 the guest at a gathering of business men. In
 response to a toast he said:
 "I have no desire or intention to inflict upon
 you a long speech, for it is well known in our trade
 that the longer the spoke, the bigger the tire."
 — Monitor



She: "You've broken my heart."
 Trackman: "You've broken my training."
 — Frivol



Golfer (to member ahead): "Pardon, but would
 you mind if I played through? I've just heard that
 my wife has been taken seriously ill!"
 — Dublin Opinion

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"She's called Radio Station."

"Why?"

"Because anyone can pick her up — especially late at night."

— West Pointer



Gus Burp says: "Then there is the girl who said she would not go to hear the lecture on appendicitis because she was tired of organ recitals."

— Dirge



"Sir," said the fortune-teller, "you will travel a great deal, especially in the Far East. There you will meet your dream woman, whom you will marry. She will be very beautiful."

"And young?"

"Yes, and very wealthy."

"Thank you," said the recipient of this good news. "Now will you tell me how I am to get rid of my present wife?"

— Lampoon

We hasten to point out that while every man has his wife, only the iceman has his pick.

— Mountain Goat



Father: "Why do you have dates with that girl?"

Son: "Because I want to."

Father (suspiciously): "Want to what?"



City Girl: "And I suppose at dusk, when the sun is stealing over the Rockies in purple splendor, you cowboys are huddled around the camp-fire broiling venison and listening to the weird, eerie, unnatural howling of the coyotes."

Rattlesnake Gus: "Well, ma'am, not ezzackly, ma'am. Usually we go inside and listen to Amos 'n Andy."

— Pitt Panther

PERFECTLY DUCKEY!

Co-ed (looking at pretty pictures): "Isn't that a conning tower on that submarine?"

Worse: "Yeh, it is rather cute, isn't it?"
— Wittenburg Witt



Father (going over son's expense account):
"What is this thirty dollars for?"

Son: "Oh, that's for a couple of tennis rackets I bought."

Father: "H'm, in my day we called them bats."
— Punch Bowl



"That fellow on the varsity crew must be crazy."

"Well, he bumped his head on the side of the boat and has been 'shell shocked' ever since."

— P. S. Froth



Gunnery Officer: "See that man on that bridge over there three miles away?"

Gunner: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "Let him have a couple of 75's in the eye."

Gunner: "Which eye, sir?"
— Army and Navy Journal



She: "Isn't the moon beautiful tonight?"

He: "I don't know. I'm not in a position to see."
— Royal Gaboon



"Stop! Please don't do that, dear. Stop! Do you hear me? Stop!"

"What do you think you're doing, writing a telegram?"

— Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

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KAYWOODIE**

**mellows your smoke...
no other pipe does it**

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth \$3.50, Thorn \$4.

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BOSTON

Marriage, my children, is a public avowal of a strictly private intention.

— *Beanpot*



Then there's the one about the Scotchman who was so tight he couldn't get home.

— *Kitty Kat*

THE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Larry: "Well, old Sock, how about pulling a joke for the dear reader?"

Harry: "Aw, whasa use? The one they want we can't print, an' the ones we can print they don't want."

— *California Wampus*



Junkman: "Any rags, paper or old iron?"

Student (simply): "I am a college man."

Junkman: "My mistake — any bottles?"

— *Bison*



Advice to sailors in the South Seas — when out with hula dancers, keep off the grass.

— *Owl*



"Daddy, who do policemen shoot at?"

"Mostly at random, my son."

— *Juggler*

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

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(Which includes the admission requirements)

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SUMMER SESSION BULLETIN

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Edmund Lowe

Who can forget **Edmund Lowe** as "Sergeant Quirt" in "What Price Glory?" That mighty role made Eddie famous in filmland—and he's more than held his own in a long line of talkie triumphs. We hope you saw him in the "Spider." And be sure to see him in the **Fox** thriller, "The Cisco Kid."

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And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh



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You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Mr. Lowe to make the above statement. Mr. Lowe has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 6 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to him and to Fox, his producers, as his endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

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The American
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