The smoothest incense to the green-eyed goddess since the introduction of Cutting In ... cigarettes that really SATISFY!

Chesterfield
Milder... AND BETTER TASTE
EVENTS OF THE MONTH

Week ending March 21

MARCH 21
Boxing — Intercollegiates — away
Gym Team — Intercollegiates — away
Fencing — I. F. C. Semi-Finals — Boston

Week ending March 28

MARCH 27
Fencing — Vermont — Home

Week ending April 4

APRIL 2
Fencing — I. F. A. Finals — away

Week ending April 25

APRIL 24-25
Varsity Track — Penn Relays — away

APRIL 25
Freshman Track — Andover — away
Varsity Tennis — Boston University — Riverside
Freshman Tennis — Exeter — away
Crew — Navy — away

Cop: "Hey, Cap, what are you trying to do?"
Inebriate: "I'm trying to pull this lamp off of the bridge — 'cause my wife wants a bridge lamp."

— Juggler

He (sentimentally): "Don't you ever feel a longing for tenderness?"
She: "Sure — when I order steak."

— Longhorn

Prof: "Do you remember the discussion we had in class concerning the corn borer?"
Frosh: "No, it probably went in one ear and out the other."

— Lafayette Lyre

Proud Mother: "Yes, he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eight months."
Bored Visitor: "Really? He must be awfully tired."

— Lafayette Lyre

Dinner Dances
in the Della Robbia Room
Dancing from 7 to 12 including dinner at $3.50 per person
Music by the Vanderbilt Orchestra
Every Evening but Monday (Evening Dress Required if Dancing)

Sunday Evenings
Concerts in the Della Robbia Room
Distinguished Artists
Dinner de Luxe
$2.50 per person

WALTON H. MARSHALL
Manager

M. I. T. Voo Doo, March 20, 1931
College Humor was the first publication to attempt a selection of honor teams in inter-collegiate basketball and hockey. And today College Humor’s selections of All-American stars in these two sports are recognized as official and authentic.

No other national magazine has undertaken to scrutinize the hundreds of college quintets in search of the five or ten most accomplished and consistently brilliant performers . . . or has endeavored a study of the different hockey conferences.

The counsel of college coaches the country over has been employed by Les Gage, Sports Editor, to assure an impartial and complete treatment of the subject. The May issue of College Humor, on sale the first of April, will announce the All-American cage team and hockey sextet for 1931 in conjunction with two comprehensive stories by Les Gage.

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

- Aeronautical Engineering
- Architectural Engineering
- Biology and Public Health
- Building Construction
- Chemical Engineering
- Chemical Engineering Practice
- Chemistry
- Civil Engineering
- Electrical Engineering
- Electrochemical Engineering
- Engineering Administration
- General Science
- General Engineering
- Geology
- Industrial Biology
- Mathematics
- Mechanical Engineering
- Metallurgy
- Military Engineering
- Mining Engineering
- Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering
- Physics
- Sanitary Engineering

The Course in Architecture is of five years' duration, and leads to the degree of Bachelor in Architecture. Five-year Coöperative Courses in Electrical Engineering and Railroad Operation leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Master of Science are also offered.

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

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

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

The Summer Session, extending from June to September, includes most of the subjects given during the academic year, and in addition special courses for teachers.

*Any of the following publications will be sent free upon request*

- CATALOGUE FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR
  (Which includes the admission requirements)
- GRADUATE STUDY AND RESEARCH
- SUMMER SESSION CATALOGUE

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
HELEN HAYES
AS SKETCHED BY STAFF ARTIST WILL RAYPORT
PETTICOAT INFLUENCE AT THE WILBUR

"WELL IF IT ISN'T MY OLD SCHOOL TEACHER," SAYS CRAIG WILBUR TO GLENDIA FARRELL IN "ON THE SPOT AT THE WILBUR.

GLENDIA FARRELL IN "ON THE SPOT AT THE WILBUR"

ANNA MAY WONG GIVES ALLAN WARD A BREAK IN "ON THE SPOT AT THE WILBUR"
"Who, me?"
To the Editor of Ye Techy:

After intensive research, I have discovered that you, or anybody like you, have viewed with alarm the protruberance of the “brown bagger” at M. I. Teched. Now take me. I’m a “brown bagger” and I think it’s pretty swell of me, too. In fact, I consider the “brown bagger” to be the cause of halitosis, Cremo cigars, Life Buoy soap and others which go to make the foundation of our civilization. All the men who have furthered civilization to the point where it can appreciate Rudy Vallee were the “brown baggers.” Not Washington and Napoleon. While they were still graduating to Camels, we were preparing ourselves for the aesthetics of advanced accounting. The true contributors to Voo Doo, Life, Vanity Fair and those others that go to make society, were Tycho Brahe, Kepler, John Held, Jr., Perleman. Silverblatt, and Peter Arno; in short, most of those men who never went to Technology. These men were the “brown betties” of their time (no hard sauce, please). They asked the world only for the right to live, eat, drink and make whoopee; they had no time for sports, because the training would cut down on their pool game; these men brought progress (pronounced “brown bagging”) into the world. (Some son of a gun, hey lady?)

Today, more than ever, we find men, women, and even Harvard students ashamed, yes Throgmorton, actually ashamed, of habitual chastity and moderation. We find men, great, big, strong, husky engineers ashamed of a dislike for the taste of synthetic gin (prepared by their own “brown baggers”) and pyro-ligneous acid (pronounced tobacco smoke).

I maintain that no amount of movies, amusement or pyroligneous acid (pronounced perfect by discriminating smokers) will bring America into future greatness as a nation whose “brown baggers” will have their names engraved on the walls of the Institute until the continued washings of the soap-laden rains from the Lux factories shall have erased their glory therefrom. It is for the “brown baggers” to put their lily-white and slipstick stained fingers to the wheel and push America out of the mud of normal life into the free cleansing air and broadened horizons of the true, “brown baggers,” while the Washingtons, Napoleons, and writers for Voo Doo paddle with mud pies and make appropriate remarks. Why then are the “brown baggers” so ashamed of themselves and their slipsticks, to say nothing of their superior intelligence and chastity? The reason is that the molds of Technology opinion try to discourage “brown bagging” and they do this, no doubt, because of an early grudge against the Coöp, sellers of brown bags par excellence.

The “brown bagger” is the falling arch of the instep of a beerless country and our social structure. The artist, the athlete’s foot, the Don Juan, the New Yorker are the ornaments. Let Harvard supply the decorations (and the music, the Technionians play the Symphony in E Log-Log so poorly) while we enjoy ourselves. Let Technology provide the adding machine artists for this generation as she has previously. The basic reason why America will never be famous, or even great, the “brown bagger.”

Yours with hard sauce,

Y. SCHLOSSENPOOFLE ’53

Who is a Brown Bagge with Straps.
“Hermann, that reminds me. I must send for a new Sears-Roebuck catalogue.”

“I guess I don’t rate here,” said the bottle of alky, mournfully, “this makes the third time this evening that I’ve been cut.”

Fishing, we think, is or is not a great sport, depending upon which end of the line you’re on.

Prominent Alumnus Solves the Mystery of the Baby Grand

She was only a tailor’s daughter, but she had the goods.

My girl’s so dumb, she thinks a primary cell is a jail for little children.

Did you hear what the dean pulled on me?
Yeah, I don’t blame you for being sore at him; but what can you do about it?
Hmm, if I were only a bird.
Jim: “Why is Tillie so popular with the boys?”
Nasium: “Did you ever see the way she signs her name?”
Jim: “No.”
Nasium: “Well, she always puts T.N.T. after her name.”
Jim: “Does that mean she is dangerous?”
Nasium: “No, that stands for ‘Tillie never tells.’”

Wasn’t it Professor Kurrelmeyer who said: “Stop making mistakes in English, speak German.”

“Oh, yes,” as the Chinaman cabled to the American, “it may be a sunset for you, but it’s a sunrise for me.”

The morning after the night before
Our bottles are dry and our bones are sore
And the babe last night that drove us to drink
Is just another —— I think.

Slips Don’t Count

Last night my girl had a platinum ring;
Tonight no ring I see;
With only one installment paid,
Oh, baby, woe is me.
AFTERTHOUGHTS OF A
TECH SHOW CHORINE

As I glide over the floor at the Prom tonight what thoughts flood the celestial acres of my cerebellum! Never-to-be-forgotten reminiscences strike plaintive tunes from my heart chord. The awful mess of the last dress rehearsal. So nervous at dinner that a fork had to be used on the peas. Frantic dash to the theater with a color-blind taxi driver. The costume mix-up. Final emergence from it with a size 42 ping-pong net and a too small pair of tights. “Where’s my other sponge! Here it is! Some low-down son of a which-one-soaked-this-in-milk.” The last minute adjustments. A hurried parking of gum. And the show is on! Dance numbers come and go, skits go over or under. Then comes the finale! Up goes the curtain and down goes my er, ah . . . bodice. A sponge (not the soggy one) trips lightly downstage and rolls into the bass horn. A deep blush pervades me as the girl-friend’s giggle is heard above the rising pandemonium. Bouquets smelling strongly of asfoeiditie are handed to the principals and so ends another Tech Show.

Janitor: “Yeah, another gigilo!”

I thought I was lucky when I found the co-ed in my Physics class to be beautiful, intelligent and friendly. Yet I had to give her up. I found her waiting for the elevator, and only a Freshman is dumb enough to do that.

She: “Edith is a true friend. She helped me in distress.”
Sheik: “What’d she do? Hold your head?”
She: “No, pinned my strap.”
“During the latter part of his confinement in prison, Mahatma Gandhi subsisted on a diet of parched Indian corn, California raisins and birdseed.”

— News Item

I see by the papers that Gandhi
Eats bird-seed like babies eat candhi—
No doubt it tastes perfectly dandhi
To heathen like he.

And folks who dread getting too fat may
Subsist on such vittles; and that may
Be swell for themselves and Mahatmay—
But hardly for me.

Entrance Examiner: “Are you well acquainted with Virgil?”
Stupid: “No, I just know him by sight.”

“What did the censor have against the revue?”
“Said it was nothing but one takeoff after another.”

“How come you staggered it at Prom?”
“Forgot my promise.”

L’il Worldly Wise: “Are you on the vice squad?”
Ossifuh: “Begorry, and that Oi’m not!”
L’il W. W.: “Then will you please hook my dress?”

Roger Babson, the Wellesley seer, tells us that hard times are like the measles. We were under the impression that measles only came once.

Oh, see the pretty baby
Squawling with the cat.
I jus’ loves to be with babies
(The — — — little brat!)

Enamoured: “I think June is the ideal Prom girl.”
Disgusted room-mate: “Yeah, prominent ears, prominent teeth, prominent chin.”
Enamoured: “True, but go on.”
ON THE EVE of the 1931 Junior Prom, our anticipation is dimmed by thoughts of the almost forgotten Junior Week. To the majority of us, Junior Week is an event of ancient history along with the Tech Circus. We have never witnessed these events and there is not one among us who would not admit that the Institute was a far better place than it is today. Junior Prom is still a big event — one long to be remembered — but how can it compare with Proms of past years which climaxed a week of brilliant activity? Phosphorus and the whole of Voo Doo congratulate this Prom Committee. They have worked, planned, and lived for this supreme moment, but despite their efforts Prom is slowly sinking to the level of other class dances. Then who knows what will happen? One by one the few earmarks of a college life are leaving us. The Circus is gone, the Filter paper is dying. These may be too rough and uncouth for the modern engineer, but how can anyone say that of Junior Week? Tech life is ebbing. What will follow in its place, we hate to think.

Why can’t we be collegiate? We do not have to ape the rah-rah boys, but we can have a few events of our school life worthy of weeks of anticipation and weeks of memory. Then will Tech life flourish! Then will our four years be a lifelong memory instead of a bone-bending preparation!

Again we want to congratulate the 1931 Prom Committee for their untiring efforts, at the same time hoping for the return of Junior Week, and a Junior Prom in a setting worthy of such an event.
AND WHAT ARE YOUR GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE?

"SNOW McKENZIE SMITH"

"GOT YOU NOW! AN UNEXPURGATED COPY OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTELOIY"

"THAT BRUTE" still believes in the stork!

"FRIDAY-WHAT TIME IS IT?"
"CRUSOE-WEDNESDAY"
"FRIDAY-HO HUM! CALL ME FRIDAY"
"CRUSOE-GLAD TO MEET'CHA! MY NAME'S CRUSOE"

"Cleveland Art Co."

"HEEEEE"
MANAGING BOARD OF M. I. T. VOODOO

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PHOSPHORUS WATCHES PROM

FROM his point of vantage on the balcony rail, the black cat views the scene with satisfaction. For each and every one he has an understanding glance. He sees the martyr, dancing with "someone's sister," searching hopefully in the stag line for abetment; for him the Cat sheds a sympathetic tear and offers moral support.

Leaping nimbly from the rail, Phos leads the way for his brood, and treads lightly towards the stairs. His path is blocked by a swain and his lady fair, but he brushes by, and always helpful, suggests East Lounge. To prove his good faith Phos wanders to the West himself to see his friends and to continue his good work. He enters the lounge and, so that he shall not scare the coy femmes, turns aside his bright eyes and settles down in a much-populated corner to survey the situation. Here he finds the true spirit of Technology. There is no Brown-Bagger hastily pushing his slide rule to get the answer to next week's problem. The Literary Digest and Review of Reviews have miraculously disappeared. The occupants are not exactly lounging, but nevertheless they have grasped the spirit of the occasion and are enjoying the event.

With everything to his gratification, Phosphorus purrs complacently and goes to sleep near the fireplace.

RANSOM

THE muffled cry of the captive as voiced by The Tech has reached the haunts of Phosphorus and has stirred him so that he pounces into the fray. The boast of the Institute has long been that its instructing staff is large in proportion to the number of students attending. This being true, we should take advantage of this opportunity for more harmonious coöperation between the students and the Faculty. The tutoring which is helpful in many cases for the successful completion of a course should be done either free of charge or for a much smaller sum than the present extortion.

The lack of coördination between Voo Doo and The Tech in the past has been due to unavoidable differences of opinion. The opinion of the student body on this question of policy, however, has not changed in its travels from the basement of Walker to the third floor where Phosphorus roams.
CONVENIENCE FOR ENGINEERS

Not more than a half-mile distant, the city of Boston has placed the far-famed Esplanade especially for us. This has lately become strictly a summer resort because of the softening of the younger generation from too many soda-pops and Oh, Henries, and also because of the decadence of the well-known but somewhat unpopular red flannels. Besides this we have at our disposal those halls of culture and fame which have made Boston the center of erudition of the Eastern and Western seaboard. I speak now of those such as the Copley Plaza, the Met, “Charley’s,” Sam’s Barbecue, and, of course, Walton’s.

However, all these pale into insignificance when one considers the facilities for the enjoyment of an evening which have been provided by the old Fathers of Boston Town. They were wise! Knowing the need of the Technology undergraduates for dancing, wine, women, and pooh-pooh-pah-doo, they have obligingly located all the lovely girls’ schools which one may find around the city. There is always the menace of Hahvud men to be combatted (these are strange birdlike creatures who abide somewhere in the wilds of Western Cambridge) but they are usually frightened away without much trouble and only add to the zest of the chase. If one desires his femme a la soiree to be demure, he has only to call on Wellesley; if he wishes her intellectual, he must needs go to Radcliffe; if he wants her maternal, he may try either Wheelock or Lesley; if he wants her to dance, he goes to Emerson; if he wants her brawny, he has only to call Sargent; if he wants her hard-working and knowing of the ways of the world he goes to Simmons; but if he wants her intelligent, he must go to the Prom alone.

Wheelock matrimonial bureau. Our matches have no afterglow. (Adv.)

Among those things which contribute to the fame of the city of Cambridge, swamps on its so-called sidewalks is not the least important.

We know where Diana carries her bows and arrows, but does she carry the quiver on her lips?

It has been noticed that the fraternities have been helping the depression by “giving till it hurts.”

Among those things which contribute to the fame of the city of Cambridge, swamps on its so-called sidewalks is not the least important.
GIN-CRAZED YOUTH KILLS THREE!

PATRONIZE YA' NABORHOOD DRUGGIST
AN EPIC POME-
About the price of doubtful liquor, I do not feel inclined to bicker.
Two-fifty is the price of gin in this age we're living in.

GINZA GIN
THE BEACON STREET BLUES
SCOTCH AND RYE
AND BACARDI
I AM A STAUNCH DEFENDER!
BUT MAKE MINE GIN
JUST BACK BAY GIN
ANOTHER GIN Bartender

EYYYY TO YOU MR. GERSHWIN!

I HAV'N'T GOT A RELIGION I'M AGNOSTIC AS CAN BE
BUT EVERY SING OF BACK BAY GIN BRINGS ME
NEARER MY GOD TO THEE
They laughed at me when I stepped before the footlights, but it didn't bother me. Wasn't I a comedian?

Servant: "Sire, they are hanging two Persians on the north wall."
King: "Fools! And I told them I was saving that wall for the Rembrandts."

PROM GIRL

We'll sing a song to the Prom girl
And the boy that takes her arm.
Even though her name is Aggie
And she's six months off the farm.

Her lips are painted scarlet
And her line is most complete;
The way she says "you big strong man"
Would make any Junior bleat.

The Prom girl has got this and that
And these and those and how.
And the right amount of it and if
To make any girl a wow.

She's simply what they all call smooth
With a seventeen jewel movement;
No stag with any eye at all
Could see room for improvement.

And then, my boy, when you take her home
With everything set all right,
And you're thirsting for a good long kiss,
She says: "So long, GOOD NIGHT."

Her father was just a failure,
But boy, oh, what a bust!
GUIDE FOR
WALKER MEMORIAL BUILDING

EAST LOUNGE: Lots of nice, soft couches, but it's a popular place. First come, first served.

LIBRARY: Here you will find even more spacious accommodations than below. However, the lights are out and the room is filled with more than darkness so that, unless you are lucky, you will be forced to move on.

FACULTY ROOM: Unfortunately, only professors may enter it. If the femme grows ultra-curious to view its inner mysteries get your favorite prof to take her in. If they’re not out in half an hour yell “Fire.” If that doesn’t get them out, you know she was no good anyway.

NORTH HALL: If you get a break and the chilling zephyrs are coming in through the cracks she might cuddle closer for warmth.
N.B. Watch out for Bill Carlyle.

THE BALCONY: Here you will find several delightful nooks, that afford you a view of the dance floor. If anyone comes upon you suddenly you can always pretend you were looking for a book.

GYMNASium: If your girl is athletic, it’s a good idea to take her there first. You will find out how far you can safely go with her.
"AS-IS"

ARCH

MECH

CHEM

ELEC

AS ADVERTISED.
After the Prom is over,
And the last gay dog is hung,
The lady homeward lingers,
To see that her “fling” is “flung.”

And her escort wearily wonders
At what the day will bring,
And hopes to hell and Heaven
That she’ll hurry and have her fling.

Then, when the dawn is breaking
And he finally breaks away,
Homeward he dizzily rushes
To sleepily hit the hay.

After the Prom is over
And the last dead soldier is sunk,
The sun rises peacefully over
The lame, the halt, and the drunk.

“That bozo has consumed more than a gallon of
that stuff this evening.”
“Hmm — almost beyond the pail.”

“Yes, I’ll take the case,” the doctor
replied to his bootlegger.

Here’s some news from a prominent alumnus:
Q. Gerard Albumen, who graduated as a Sanitary
Engineer, is now employed by the Daily Bugle as
their Society Ed., because of his ability to dig up
the dirt.

Oscar says: “You dogs always get the blame.”
Phi Bete: “— but I am pure.”
Satan: “Yes, and simple, too.”

And then there was the Tech Show girl who used hairpins instead of garters.

’32: “So you’re taking Ruth to Prom. Why, she is old enough to be your mother.”
’31: “That’s all right. I have an Oedipus complex.”

First Choriness: “How does Ginny come to be the owner of a greenhouse?”
Second Choriness: “Well, that timid sucker she went out with last night promised her an orchid for every kiss.”

Editor: “No, your gags are too atomic.”
Would-be Contributor: “Howsat?”
Editor: “I can’t see them.”

FROM SPATTERINGS PANTOUM
“Looks like a big night tonight.”
“Gee, there’s a mob out there dancing.”
“Look at Louise — she’s a sight.”
“That music sure sets people prancing.”

“Gee, there’s a mob out there dancing.”
“Looks as though Eddie is pickled.”
“That music sure sets people prancing.”
“Stop, I can’t stand being tickled!”

“Looks as though Eddie is pickled.”
“Those lights make the place look real nifty.”
“Stop, I can’t stand being tickled!”
“I’ll get you a pint for two-fifty.”

“Those lights make the place look real nifty.”
“Let’s sit in the lounge for a moment.”
“I’ll get you a pint for two-fifty.”
“I can’t understand just what Joe meant.”

“Let’s sit in the lounge for a moment.”
“Hell — this switch only turns ‘em up brighter!”
“I can’t understand just what Joe meant.”
“But I hadn’t intended to slight her.”

“Hell — this switch only turns ‘em up brighter!”
“Which orchestra d’you think is better?”
“But I hadn’t intended to slight her.”
“I thought it would be a lot wetter.”

“Which orchestra d’you think is better?”
“Look at Louise — she’s a sight.”
“I thought it would be a lot wetter.”
“Looks like a big night tonight.”

“Is Bill well off?”
“Fifty-fifty, not very well, but quite off.”

“Brute,” she said, slapping him smartly, “I’ll have no more of your mouth.”
Afterwards the floored one claimed that his one big comfort was that his face hit his opponent's fist with an equal and opposite force.

Your kisses make a flaming torch
Seem as cold as ice,
And no man having kissed you once
Can help but kiss you twice.

In your body there is passion
That turns cold men to fire;
One could hardly call it love,
Perhaps it is desire.

PHOSPHORUS MOURNS
THE PASSING OF
THE GOOD OLD DAYS
WHERE HAS THE FILTER PAPER GONE?
Honor Soc. of Tech

THE COURSE X POLECATS

Happy indeed are the Polecats,
They toil not, neither do they spin,
They’re out for the Wildcats’ women
With a jug of absinthe and gin.

The loyal order of Polecats counts
among its founders two men, of loyal
blood and true. Organized by these loyal
men to surpress the opression of the
nefarious order of Wildcats, a bunch of
brown bagging Mechanical Engineers,
who by their dastardly inroads had even
crumbled the foundations of the lofty
Cleofan. “A noble venture, well ex­
hibiting the high ideals of Chemical
Engineering” (W. K. Lewis in the New
York Times, Page 1, column 4, Feb. 31,
1930). “Adjectives fail to apply to this
highest of accomplishments” (E. B. Mil­
lard, in the Daily Mirror). Here are but
two of the thousands of acclamations,
which heralded the debut of the Pole­
cats from Greenland’s icy mountains to
India’s coral strand. The heathen, in his
blindness, bows down to wood and stone
(apologies to the Hymnbook, Edition of
1776). Wood and stone are the Wild­
cats, light eternal for the Polecats. Hail
the noble odor, may it long prevail!

Editorial Comment. This is the first
of a series of articles on “Honor Societies
at Tech.” In the issues following will
appear similar articles on the Wildcats,
the Course XII Rock Crushers, Tau
Beta Pi over two $\frac{(TBH)}{2}$. 

---

The Exalted Big Stink

The Sublimed Odor

Our Ethel Mercaptan

Phone Hay. 0606
No Sisters
For Pictures, References and
Guarantees — See Beilstein, Vol. XIV

Monday Morning

Friday Night

---

Anything
The cars that collided on purpose—
for a laboratory test!

Crash! A flat car loaded with reels of cable slams into a standing freight train. A movie camera grinds away. Watching intently is a group of men—Western Electric engineers... What did such a test show? Just this—that the new steel reel for telephone cable does not break under severe impacts—and the old style reel may... The staging of this collision is just one more evidence of Western Electric's never-ending quest for certainty... It is a part, too, of a policy of giving new ideas a thorough trial—a policy which enables Western Electric to meet its ever-growing responsibilities in the Bell System.

Western Electric
Manufacturers...Purchasers...Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

M. I. T. Voo Doo, March 20, 1931
Liza, the negro cook, answered the telephone one morning, and a cheerful voice inquired, “What number is this?”

Liza was in no mood for trifling questions, and said with some asperity, “You all ought to know. You called it.”

— Bison

Vassar: “Many of our graduates are working girls.”
Smith: “Well, quite a few of ours are working men.”

— Lampoon

Professor Barnes (in mechanics class): “A collision is when two things come together unexpectedly. Now can anyone give me an example of a collision?”

Bright Student: “Twins.”

— Lehigh Burr

We hear that in the next Harvard Varsity Show they’re going to hire some real chorus girls to give the affair a little tougher aspect.

— Stone Mill

There would be no unemployment situation if the unemployed were employed at storing away the statistics gathered about unemployment.

— Lion

“Can you multiply?”
“Do I look like a rabbit?”

— Medley
Kay: “Why did the new file clerk get sore and quit?”
Mae: “Because the auditor asked her to let him look at her pink slips.”
—Burr

“Where did I come from?” asked the rosebud.
“The stalk brought you,” answered the rose.
—Rice Owl

“Those must be pretty fancy pink undies you have under that frock.”
“Wrong, again, brother; that’s sunburn.”
—Boston Beanpot

Many a girl who gets tight, becomes loose.
—Owl

“He has a monumental memory.”
“How do you figure that?”
“So lifeless.”
—Sun Dial

“Pardon me, were you ever in a circus?”
“No, I got this way walking past the Beta House every day.”
—Sun Dial

He: “Did you go to the Prom?”
She: “What do you think these scars are — pockmarks?”
—The Gargoyle

“Hurry up, Junior, or we’ll be late. Have you got your shoes on?”
“Yes, mama; all except one.”
—Log
DO YOU LIKE BOOKS AND LETTERS?
IF SO
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“A jug of bread—a loaf of books—and thou”... But what kind of books, is the problem... Would you try to bring a copy of Ludwig’s Napoleon into your cabin, knowing that it wouldn’t fit under the berth... Can you deal a deck of cards while getting the meat out of Ulysses... Do you think The Black Venus, by André Salmon, is a soft lead pencil—or a colored laundress... Just what is a Dorothy Parker... Did you know that John Riddell wrote a book called Through the Panama Canal with Gun and Halliburton... Did you know that John Riddell writes for Vanity Fair, and so do most of the best American authors...

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books... to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies... to visit the London tailors... to see the best new works of art in Paris... to attend the world’s great sporting events... to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes... to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge... to go to the opera: in short, to know what’s what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.

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**ESPLANADE CAFETERIA**

Massachusetts Avenue near Beacon Street

**BOSTON**

"You are the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said Jim College, as he shifted gears with his foot.

—Panther

The prison visitor was going 'round the cells, and was asking rather fatuous questions. "Was it your love of drink that brought you here?" she asked one prisoner.

"Lord, no, man," replied the man, "you can't get nothin' here."

—Log

"You look rather broken up, what is wrong?"
"I wrote home for money for a new study lamp."
"Well, what of it?"
"They sent me a study lamp."

—Siren

Collegian: "What's wrong with these eggs?"
Waitress: "Don't ask me, I only laid the table."

—Puppet

Mother: "Why don't you wear that beautiful underwear you got for Christmas?"
Daughter: "Oh, I'm saving that for a windy day."

—Purple Cow

Model: "I'm vaccinated where it doesn't show."
Artist: "Did you take it in a capsule, baby?"

—Rice Owl

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M.I.T. Voo Doo, March 20, 1931
HOUSE FOR SALE
Suitable for Fraternity
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KENMORE BARBER SHOP
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Beauty Salons
AT HOTELS KENMORE AND BRAINTMORE

He: “Listen you golf bug.”
She: “Where do you get that golf bug stuff? I don’t play golf.”
He: “Well, you try to go around in as little as possible.”

—Moonshiner

Cop: “What is your trade?”
Arrest: “I’m a locksmith.”
Cop: “Well, what were you doing in that saloon?”
Arrest: “When you came in I was making a bolt for the door.”

—Pup

“What am de name of yore child, Sister Prunella?”
“Ah calls him ‘Death.’”
“‘At am a funny name; wherefore you call ‘at child ‘Death?”
“Ain’t you heard dat ole saying, ‘The wages of sin am Death’?”

—Mountain Goat

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JACQUES RENARD
and his
Augmented Orchestra
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Theatrical Guest Night Every Wednesday
54 BROADWAY
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Reservations HAN. 2900

M. I. T. Voo Doo, March 20, 1931
Figg: "What do you think of my argument before the Lodge last night, Fogg?"
Fogg: "It was sound — very sound — (Figg is delighted) — nothing but sound, in fact."
—Burr

Generous Host: "Have a drink?"
Guest (slightly under the weather): "No, have you?"
—Widow

He: "Did you ever see such a beautiful night? Honey, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could just float off the mountain together into the night, on and on, catching stars as we go along?"
She: "Sure we can take another drink if you want to."
—Mountain Goat

"I know a fellow who fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running."
"Oh! Did the tub overflow and ruin the floor?"
"No — he sleeps with his mouth open."
—Log

Women are like a pack of cigarettes. You can't enjoy more than one at a time.
—Panther

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M. I. T. Voo Doo, March 20, 1931
Phosphorus will show you
the new method in the

MODERNISTIC NUMBER

Don’t stand back in envy. Learn the truth about wild youth

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON UNTIL

APRIL 15
We don’t exactly disagree with the vegetarians, but we do think that the taste of an onion is improved greatly by adding a pound of steak to it.

— The Drexerd

“Quick, Gaspard, what is the lowest thing on the social scale?”
“Easy, Pollack, a note from the dean.”

— Pitt Panther

Cen: “Does your boy friend play the piano?”
Tennial: “He should— he’s got a wonderful touch.”

— Rammer-Jammer

Gushing Clerk: “That coat fits you like a glove, sir.”

Purchaser (dryly): “So I see. The sleeves cover my hands.”

— Log
The figure illustration accompanying this article shows a golfer wearing one of the new golf jackets. About the lines of the jacket there is nothing very new. It has a knitted collar (in this sketch, turned back), knitted cuffs and knitted waistband. The sleeves are set in like shirt sleeves.

But its material is waterproofed woolen gabardine, lined for greater comfort and practicality. Usually jackets of this type are leather windbreakers, but here we have a woolen one impervious to wind and rain alike.

With a jacket of this type is worn a light-weight pull-over sweater without sleeves. The shirt is fine French flannel or possibly a wool taffeta.

Knickerbockers — or long trousers — are tweed, either Harris or Shetland, and the cap is of the same material as the knickers, but in a different pattern and different color.

Stockings or socks are heavy brushed wool to harmonize with the knickerbockers or slacks. Shoes are stout, waterproofed and made of heavy Zug leather.

This is an ideal outfit for early spring golf or general outdoor wear in the country toward the close of the winter season when only a few patches of snow are left and the ground is apt to be soft in spots.

(Copyright, 1931, by Vanity Fair)
Lil: “I just saw Grace out in the park with a new boy friend. It’s the first time she’s been out since her illness.”
Phyll: “Yes, she’s picking up again.”

— Frivol

Assistant to the Sword Swallower: “Will you be using the saber?”
Sword Swallower (himself): “No, I’ll take mine straight tonight.”

— Froth

He (nervously): “Margaret, there’s been something trembling on my lips for months and months.”
She: “Yes, so I see: why don’t you shave it off?”

— Witt

Garbo: “What makes that yacht jump about so?”
Gob: “It’s on a tack, I guess.”

— Froth

Farmer: “I would like to buy a double-barreled shotgun, please.”
Clerk: “Why, Mr. Jones, I didn’t know you had a daughter.”

— Froth

“Grandpa, where did you ever play football?”
“Why, son, I never did play any football in all my life.”
“That’s funny, Grandpa, Dad said we could get a new car when you kicked off.”

— Pointer

A Chicago actress came into a lawyer’s office and said, “I want a divorce.”
“Certainly,” said the lawyer. “For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings.”
“What is the nominal fee?”
“Five hundred dollars,” he replied.
“Nothing doing,” retorted the lady. “I can have him shot for ten.”

— Froth

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HENRY A. ROST
PRESIDENT

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M. I. T. Voo Doo, March 20, 1931
Young Men's Hats
in Distinctive Styles
of Foreign and Domestic Manufacture

COATS
Agents for Burberrys, London

SUITs
for Dress and Sports Wear
Caps Gloves Neckties
Golf Hose and Sweaters

HEH!

Haughty Lady (entering sea food market): "My man, three two-pound lobsters, if you please."
Fish Man: "Yes, ma'am, shall I wrap them up?"

Haughty Lady: "I think you had better, my man. I don't believe they know me well enough to follow me home."

— Banter

Business Man: "Well, Miss Smith, how would you like to take a business trip with me next week?"
Miss Smith (chewing hard): "Say, I may be your typewriter, but I'm not portable."

— Purple Parrot

Cub: "What's all the row about?"
Another: "Aw, just the advertising manager and the art editor scrapping about who does all the literary work on this magazine."

— Beanpot

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