

MECHANICS

ARCHITECTURE

CHEMISTRY

JANUARY 1932
PRICE 25 CENTS

Published monthly from October to May
by the Woopgaroo Society for the Students
of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Member A. C. C. E.

THE M. I. T. VOO DOO
309 WALKER MEMORIAL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office
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Subscription \$1.75 per year

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The Bulletin Board

Sports

- JANUARY 13 Freshman Basketball: Boys' Club at Hangar Gym
Varsity Hockey: Brae Burn at Brae Burn
Varsity Swimming: Harvard at Harvard
Freshman Swimming: Harvard at Harvard
- JANUARY 15 Varsity Basketball: Brown at Hangar Gym
Varsity and Freshman Wrestling: Tufts at Tufts
- JANUARY 16 Freshman Basketball: Brown at Hangar Gym
Varsity Hockey: Williams at Williams
Varsity and Freshman Swimming: Brown at Brown
Freshman Track: Andover at Andover
Varsity Boxing: Army at Army
- JANUARY 23 Varsity Track: Boston College at Tech
- JANUARY 30 Varsity Hockey: New Hampshire at New Hampshire
K. of C. Games, Varsity and Freshman Track: Boston Garden
- FEBRUARY 3 Varsity and Freshman Boxing: New Hampshire at New Hampshire
- FEBRUARY 5 Freshman Wrestling: Taft at Taft
- FEBRUARY 6 Varsity Track at Millrose Games: New York City
Varsity Wrestling: Army at Army
- FEBRUARY 9 Varsity Hockey: Amherst at Amherst
- FEBRUARY 12 Varsity Swimming: Williams at Williams
Varsity Gym: Navy at Walker Gym
- FEBRUARY 13 Varsity and Freshman Track, B. A. A. Games: Arena
Varsity Swimming: R. P. I. at R. P. I.
Varsity Basketball: Lowell Textile at Hangar Gym
Freshman Boxing: Yale at Yale

Social Events — Walker Memorial

- JANUARY 12 Society of Military Engineering, Smoker, 7 to 10 p.m.
- JANUARY 13 Alpha Chi Sigma, Supper
- JANUARY 15 Senior Class Dance
- JANUARY 16 Basketball Dance
- JANUARY 19 Chi Epsilon, Supper

Shows

- "The Good Companions." An elaborate English comedy. Nice if unexciting. Shubert
- "Three Little Girls." With music. Wilbur
- "Mrs. Moonlight." With Edith Barrett and Sir Guy Standing. Perfectly safe. Plymouth
- "Marina." The only operetta in town. New and good. Colonial
- "This Thing Called Love." A comedy staged by a stock company in the usual manner. Copley
- "Cloudy With Showers." Laughable in spots. By the authors of "Little Accident." Hollis
- "Blossom Time." A revival. The story of the life of Schubert the composer, with music. Majestic



Exquisite Ann Harding

Adds "PRESTIGE" to the Movie of that name at R.K.O. KEITH THEATRE, week of January 15.

Supper Dancing

CASCADE ROOF, Hotel Bradford, 275 Tremont Street (Hancock 1400). Colorful roof garden overlooking the city, Reisman's music and Reisman in person two nights a week.

COCOANUT GROVE, 17 Piedmont Street (Liberty 3256). Elaborate show, good food, and Joe Solomon's music. Dress optional.

EGYPTIAN ROOM, Hotel Brunswick, 250 Boylston Street (Kenmore 6300). Leo Reisman's original band and Leo in person two nights a week.

HOLLYWOOD INN, 243 Tremont Street (Hubbard 6048). Colored band, colored show. The hottest spot in town. Go stag the first time.

MAYFAIR, 54 Broadway (Hancock 2900). Broadway atmosphere in Boston. Renard's original band. Elaborate revue and good food. Better dress.

SALLE MODERNE, Hotel Statler (Hancock 2000). Strictly conventional. Lew Conrad's band.

SEAGLADES, Hotel Westminster, Copley Square (Kenmore 5100). Mickie Alpert, Billy Paine and good music.

SHERATON ROOM, Copley Plaza, Copley Square (Kenmore 5600). Still the favorite. Joe Smith leading the best band in Boston. Better dress.



Cyclonic Eva Tanguay

Once again tells the world "I DON'T CARE" in "Stars of Yesterday" on the METROPOLITAN Stage, week of January 15.



One: "Did you hear about the girl in the cotton stockings?"

Two: "No, what happened to her?"

One: "Nothing."

— Pennsylvania Punch Bowl



"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"There are numerous theories, sir," she said.

— Notre Dame Juggler



He (phoning): "Do you have a date tonight?"

She (frigidly): "Yes, I have."

He: "Oh! Congratulations!"

— The Old Line



"have you heard—

that there's still time to win \$3000? It seems that COLLEGE HUMOR and Farrar and Rinehart have extended the annual Campus Prize Novel Contest, and the new closing date is June 30th, 1932!"

"Wonderful! I wanted to enter, but last summer was so hectic—"

"I know. That's just what happened to me. By the way, the rules have been changed, too. The new ones are in the current issue. Let's run around the corner and get a copy and look 'em over."

"Oke . . . I feel this way about it—if Betty White and Cleo Lucas can do it, we can do it!"

College Humor's Campus Prize Novel Contest

**has been extended
to JUNE 30, 1932**

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SERVE THOSE WHO SERVE YOU



"What's the difference between Hoover and Santa Claus?"

"They both have beards except Hoover?"

"No, children still believe in Santa Claus."

— *Jack-o-lantern*



OPEN CONFESSION

"I'll be frank with you," said the young man when the embrace was over, "You're not the first girl I've ever kissed."

"I'll be equally frank with you," she answered, "You've got a lot to learn."

— *Lehigh-Burr*



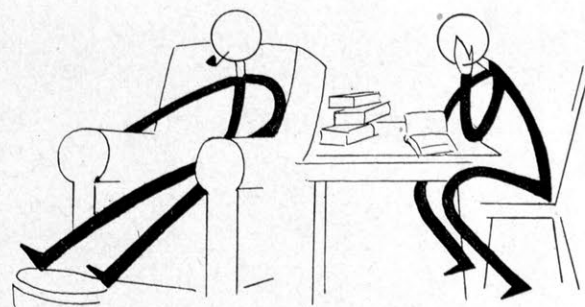
Bill never swears in the presence of women — because he can't compete with them.

— *Brown Jug*

Hotel Astor

TIMES SQUARE

NEW YORK CITY

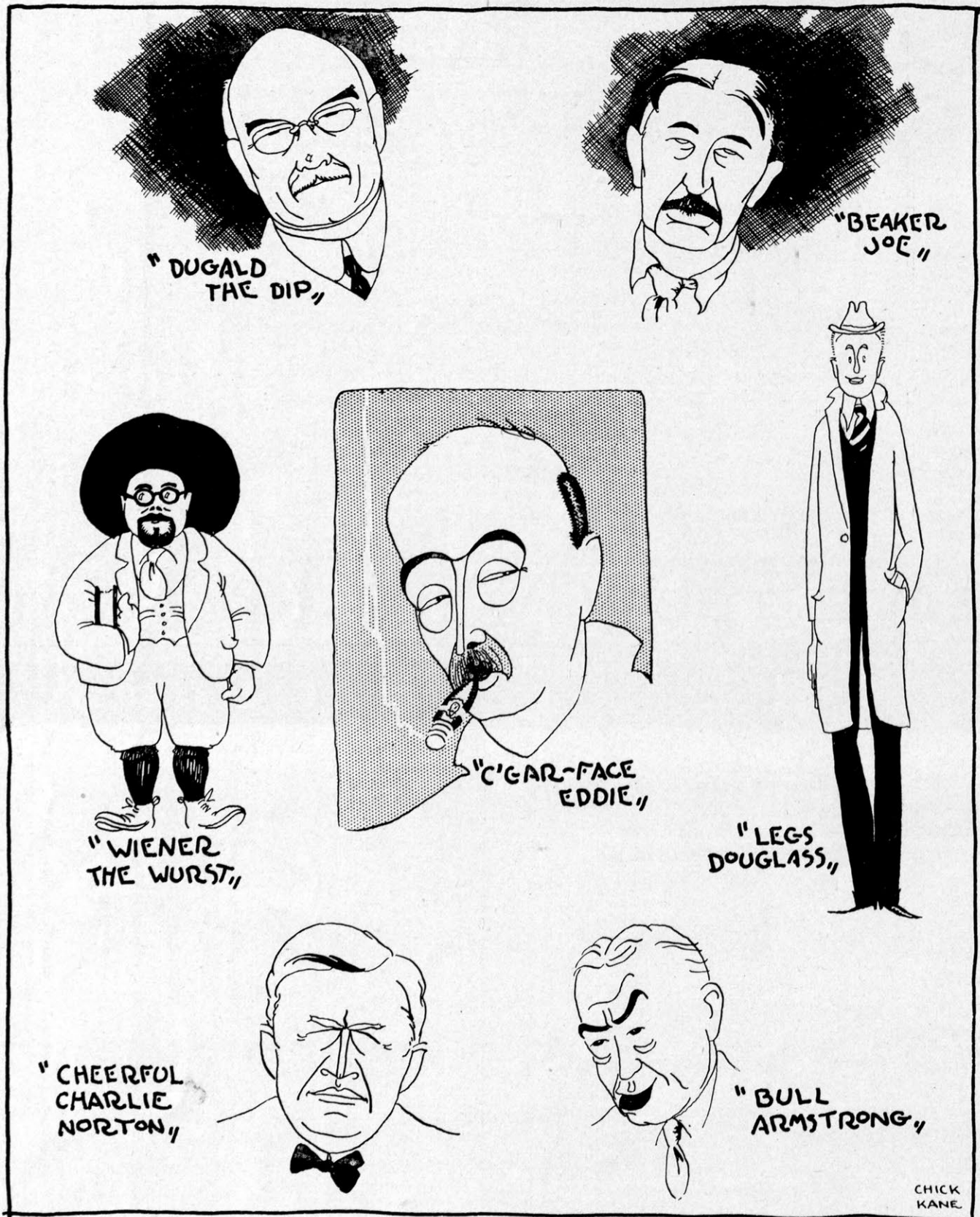


CONSISTENT CENTRALITY

Whether you come to New York for intellectual nourishment . . . or intellectual relaxation, you'll find the Astor . . . in the heart of this great metropolis . . . makes an ideal starting point for either.



FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM



....OUR RACKETEERING PROFS....

These Racketeering Professors

Prof. William C. Greene, Jr.

Ed. note: Prof. William C. Greene, Jr., A. B. Brown '21, M. A. Oxford '24, ex-coach of the late Tech Show, painter of nudes, poet, mountain climber, builder and sailor of boats, etc., has, himself, given up racketeering in disgust. Nobody buys his paintings. Nobody buys his poems. And his last tutoring job, five years ago, has never been paid for. It is, therefore, with a certain bitterness of heart that this spicy little snack has been dished up for the enlightenment of those poor souls who call themselves the undergraduates of Technology.

■ ■ ■

THOSE WHO BUY Listerine, and others who ought to give it a try anyhow, seem to accept the prevalent credo that a college is run to give its students knowledge, an education, or whatever you wish to call that for which a diploma is reported to stand. This, of course, is boloney. This is like saying the first duty of a mayor is to serve the people he represents, or that movie stars perform for the amusement of the Great American Public. True, without residence in his city a mayor would have a lonely job cheating himself at solitaire; without the G. A. P. the movie star would be a stenographer, — or worse; and truest, without students a college would be a lot more fun.

But you will notice that the advertisements of the Institute: are carefully worded: "The Massachusetts Institute of Technology offers courses in Engineering and Science." There is nothing about education in that; it promises nothing but that courses be offered in certain subjects. And have a look: aren't the courses offered? Oh, well, you might have a quibble or two

over the word "in". But lets cut out quibbling for a week and see if we don't sleep better. At any rate there are courses.

This advertisement just guarantees the student that he can take courses over and over if he wants to, or until the faculty gets goose-flesh looking at him,— and the goose-flesh curve holds up well in the present depression. Nothing further is implied, least of all something incommensurable like an education.

And the Institute doesn't ask you impertinent questions like "What are you coming here for?" What Lobby or Mr. Pillionel or your registration officer asks you is extra-legal, and can the Institute be expected to watch every one of its intellectual and moral janitors? And you can refuse to answer. Yes, you can, or he. All the Institute really asks of you is that you pay your tuition. Now and then, with enormous humanity and some financial loss it tries to see that poor fathers don't go on wasting their money on sons who couldn't even graduate from a fireman's institute. And the fathers and their sons appreciate it. How many times has Lobby been told by executives gelatinous with gratitude, "Thanks, old man, for firing me. That was the push that made me the man I am today!" And the president has to have a special secretary to handle the mail begging, "Send me all the men you can fire."

Nothing much guaranteed, no questions asked, pay until it hurts to see the money wasted — that's how the Institute regards the relationship.

"Oh, but all that is silly," you will say. "Who the devil asked for knowledge anyhow? What we come to the Institute for is good jobs." Ah! Now the whiskers are

off. Now we can get right down to the dinner table. Draw up a chair and we'll show you how we eat.

Well, well, we recognized you all along. Perhaps you thought you were fooling us? Oh, no, the faculty hasn't thought for years that you wanted an education. It's only the alumni who never graduated who have that idea, and the president has to talk once in a while about the services of education to such of the boys who sold short. And you really thought education was an issue and you ought to get one? Ha! ha! how naïve! No, we're all honest racketeers here. We aren't in this game for our health, are we? That's the right answer — have a Croix de Guerre.

But no wonder you had that stupid look on your face all this time, trying to find an education. If I may be pardoned a metaphor, undergraduates are merely the excuse for a college, like bridge to a woman, or a dance to a Deke. And surely you must have met a woman or a Deke in your life; there are lots around. Now do you see where you stand?

It isn't easy for the faculty, of course. There are boys who really want to know things now and then. Youth is so earnest. But what the faculty tells them won't hurt them. The faculty are in a tough hole, though — no, don't bother to borrow a handkerchief; just let the tears fall unashamed. What I mean is: the faculty can't seem to get together and vote themselves bonuses, and there isn't any easy graft in the account books; no golden stream passes through their fingers whence a little gilt can be extracted. And they can't go out hog-calling the suckers as a business firm. They have to be far more circumspect than a bootlegger; they have almost to be gentlemen.

Of course, what the faculty chiefly lacks is nerve. There was a professor once who, when asked a question outside his course by a student, retorted, "It costs one hundred dollars to ask me a question." There was true democracy: no favors to anyone; business men or students or widows with orphan children were all alike to him. And that was honesty too. But nerves such as that are born but seldom and live only a short time.

The students are the nearest and easiest suckers, of course, and those who play

that market now and then do well. But it takes coöperation. Now, is it the faculty's fault if you seem to be flunking in math? Well, let's phrase that a little differently: do you believe it impossible to pass math? Well, well, what I mean is: have you never seen a man who passed math the first time? Well, well, well, don't you suppose the math department gets tired of tutoring, maybe now and then, and lets some man through just on his own? Ah! there we have it. Whose fault it is that you aren't that man they

let by? Well, then, don't blame the faculty if you have to be jacked up to pass the courses.

But this is picayune stuff, hardly worth the necessary close association with the undergraduates that it involves. Larger fields and other suckers are needed — and found in business men who hand in pieces of rock and expect to be told that it would make a good base for barley candy. That's where the big money comes from. If you stay up nights and stand quietly in a corner of the long grey corridors of the Institute, you will hear the patter of little golden feet running to the doors of this eminent consulting engineer and that. It makes a lovely sound. Drink deep of that melodious clink and you, too, will wish to join a faculty.

For the professor has decoyed the suckers. And the hardheads of business hold out a purse — not a very large one sometimes, but what can one expect for a report, that would flunk in Win Prescott's course, on how to speed up the manufacture of alarm-clocks. Tear up the rain-checks for the Institute if you will and invent a brick more lucrative than Professor Norton's on your own hook, in that little shop you fitted up in the cellar. Meanwhile Professor Norton — not to mention Professor Armstrong, manipulator of millions — is on view. And that is something your cellar, whatever its qualities, cannot boast.

How many of you are going to get your wistful faces plastered in the upper left-hand corner of the *American* every day? Now, don't be nasty and retort "How many want to." We know you. Some of you will even sell insurance. And very few of you thereby will manage to keep the skin swelled out to its most efficient shape (and efficiency is scientific, you say) as Professor Rogers does.

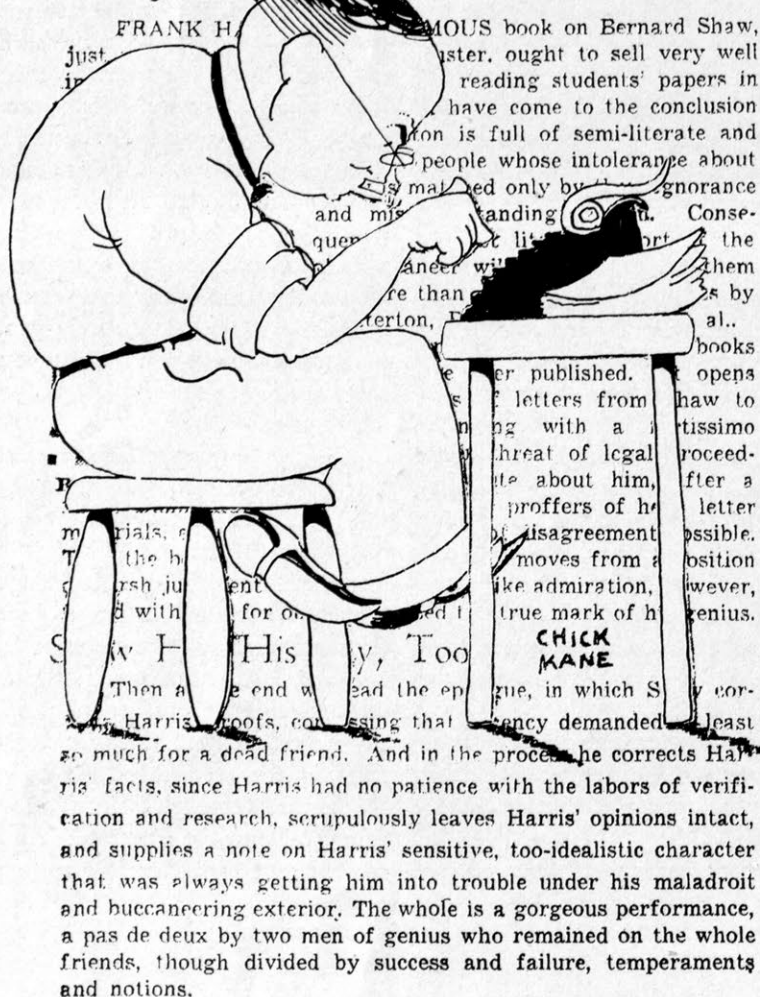
And lecture tours and junkets to Europe to speak English to Germans who don't get you at all and to attend dinners to departed dead who have left behind them mystic symbols to confound the world — are these to be sneezed at? Would you refuse them? How many of you will send in lists of five-letter words made out of "Phillips Magnesia Paste" in the sophomore hope of a trip on a rum-boat to liquid and lovely France? Whatever you say, these grapes are not sour.

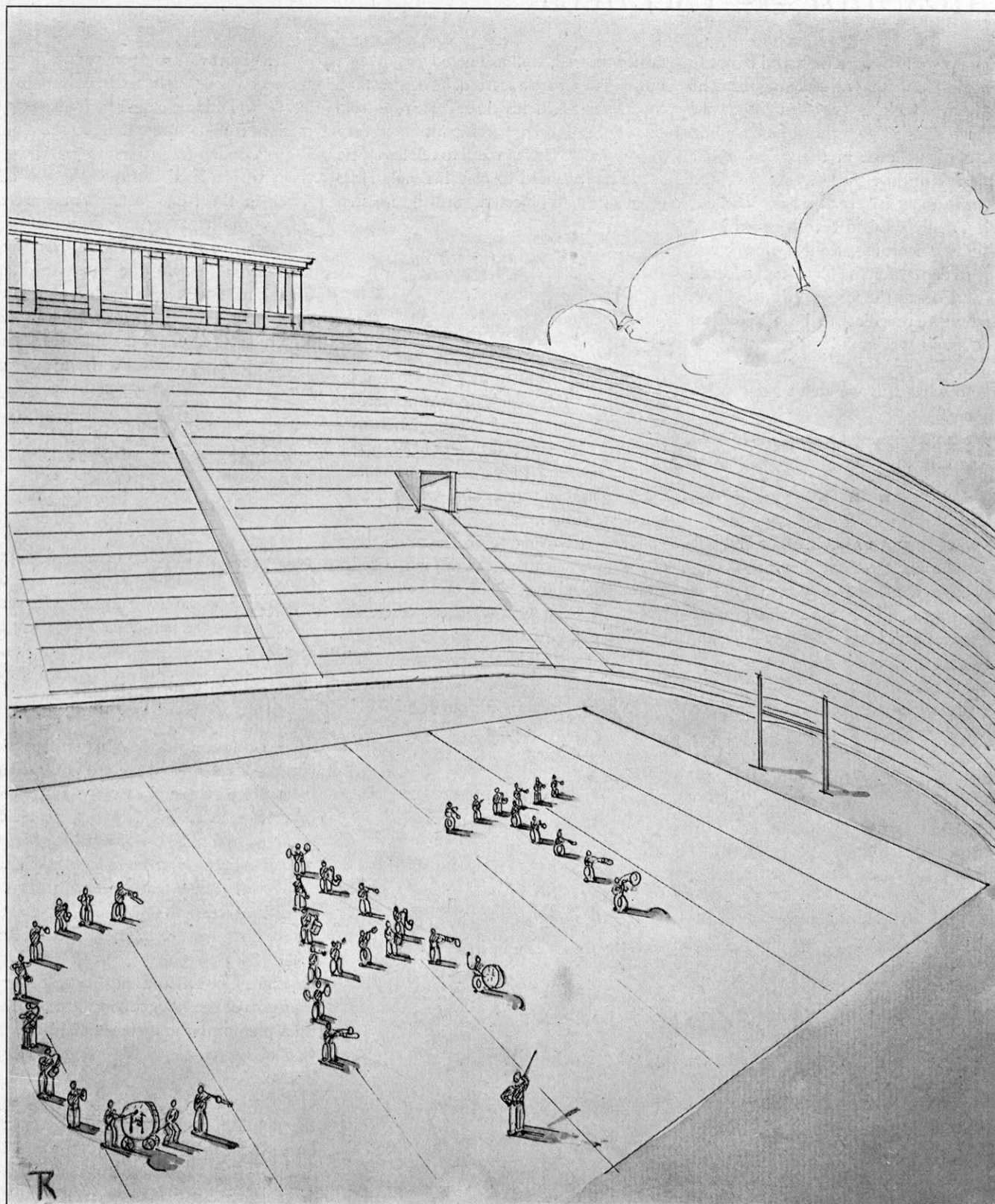
(Continued on page 23)

THIS IS LIFE

PROF ROGERS INVITES
WORLD TO KNOW
PROF ROGERS

By ROBERT E. ROGERS





The Harvard Band Starts Spring Training

Phosphor escences

A CERTAIN PROFESSOR (he asked us not to tell names) has a six-year-old daughter who had been naughty, very naughty. She had been sliding down the grass terrace in front of their house in a most unladylike manner. Not only that but she had been spoken to about it several times. Without avail. Finally she had been spanked.

The next morning as our professor was about to depart for the Institute he leaned over and kissed the young lady good-bye.

"Now we're going to be a good girl today, aren't we?"

"Yes, daddy."

"And what is it we aren't going to do any more?"

"We aren't going to slide down that damn terrace any more!"

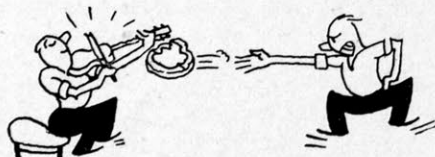
■ ■ ■

IT WAS A SERIOUS AFFAIR. The first out and out he-man fist fight that the dormitories have witnessed in years. And it had its tragic end. A chair was broken. A door was smashed. And a table lamp, a glass ash tray, and a violin were swept up among the debris.

The two men were called to Professor Hamilton's office. They came in, tall,

neatly dressed, well-mannered young men, but slightly battle-scarred. The first and taller was asked his name. He was told that he had been participant in a very grave affair. He was asked to tell his story.

He had wanted to play his violin. His roommate had objected. Still he insisted



that he had a right to play his violin if he wanted to. His roommate was persistent. With the courage and determination of a true artist the young man set out his music and commenced to play. His roommate flung a glass ash tray at him, which demolished the violin.

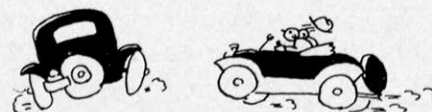
The artist rising to the occasion, bore down on his assailant. Blows fell. Chairs were knocked over. The door was splintered. A lamp was smashed. Professor Hamilton said that that was enough. He said that the case was very grave indeed. He turned to the second young man.

"What," he said, "is your name?"

"Oh, I'm his brother . . ."

THE NIGHT WAS SOFT; white and glorious, the moon rode high; romance was in the air. Two budding engineers from a certain room in Runkle succumbing to the night's allure, decided to go a-hunting. Ahead of them was a Ford sedan with two dark forms in the front seat. "A-ha, meat," they murmured.

Down one road and up the next went the quarry. Down the same road and up the next went the Engineers. Slowly the front car rolled along as the now thoroughly aroused chasseurs pursued. Then at last up to the curb drew the mystery car and flushed with victory and expectation,

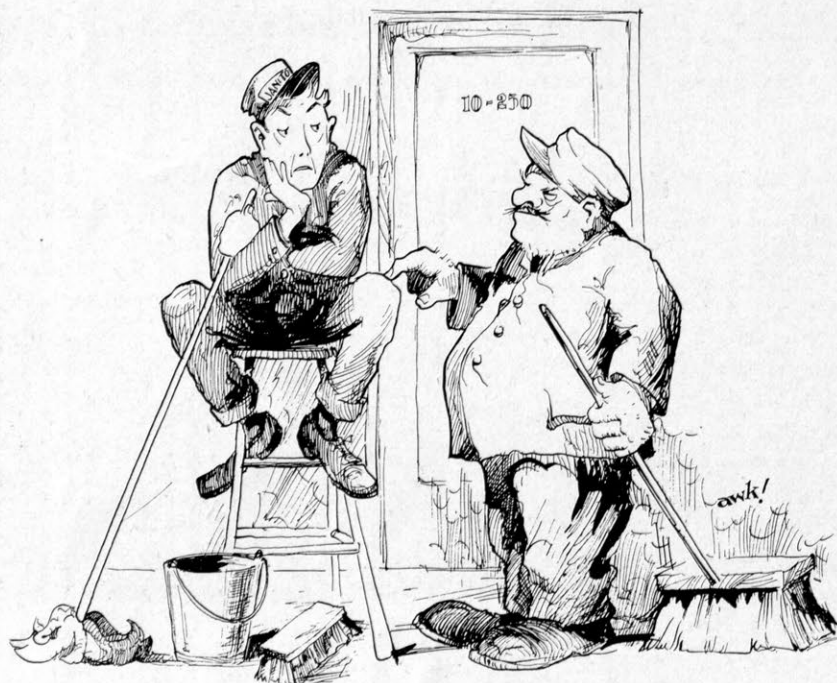


the Engineers pulled up beside. Abruptly the door of the sedan swung open and out stepped two large, capable policemen. "Well, what the hell do you guys want?"

■ ■ ■

THIS UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF reaches to all corners of the nation, even to the Institute Committee's treasury. Recently a concord of college undergraduate representatives gathered to discuss the advisability of making contributions to the relief fund. Technology ever ready for a little advantageous publicity, decided to kick in with \$500, and to do so before either Harvard or Radcliffe. So Don Gilman, president of the Institute Committee, and Carrol Wilson, chairman of the budget committee, cooked up a pretentious and ceremonial presentation of the check to the mayor of Cambridge.

To carry the details out in harmony with the nobility of the entire affair, the duo borrowed the classiest car at the Deke house — a tan and maroon LaSalle. They travelled to City Hall to call upon the mayor. He was out, but was expected back at four o'clock. So after rehearsing their speeches and cultivating a polished air, the "Greeks bearing gifts" returned at



"Personally, give me Jean Harlow every time."

the specified hour, parked in a "no parking" place as befits emissaries of state and went after hizzoner. Again they were turned away with a "not at home."

Well, there was the check, but where was the receiver? After due and mature deliberation the generous ones decided that mayor or no mayor there would be a presentation. On the trail of Professor Hall, chairman of the relief committee, they went. He was not in. Next was the



treasurer, Mr. Hathaway. Again disappointment was the result. But with their courage ebbing fast and the check burning their consciences like an unwanted orphan, Don and Carrol went after the secretary, a chap named Downey. He, too, was out.

In desperation the two went to Hall's residence, planning a front porch presentation. The maid came to the door. "Professor Hall? No suh. He ain't tuh home." There went the last glimmering hope! But with characteristic persistence they decided to have that ceremonial the absence of the mayor, chairman, treasurer, and secretary, notwithstanding. With glaring eyes, clenched teeth, and furrowed brows, the gift bearers rattled off their speech and with all due pomp and ceremony presented Technology's contribution to the nation's relief problem to one humble dusky parlor maid.



EVERY MAN seems to feel a certain tinge of regret as he pops a nickel into a pay station phone and bids it farewell forever. Perhaps no monetary gain is more joyfully hailed than that surge of unexpected pleasure experienced when the nickel is returned to its former owner with a loud and soul-satisfying rattle. A little judi-



"Well, are we as trite as usual this week, Mr. Glymph?"

cious prompting often helps the return along.

Our mechanical expert reports the following: One dime serves as an excellent screw driver and may be used to loosen the cover over the lower assembly of the common genus of public phone. The nickel is dropped as toll for the call and conversation established and concluded. Before hanging the receiver in its ordained position, the dime is shorted across the red and green terminals of the exposed terminal board and the nickel drops back into the return slot. Simple is it not?

Great ideas have bugs (just as all bugs have great ideas) and there is a bug in this one as our committee of technical experts soon proved. The arch conspirator who

reported the system together with the president of the Institute Committee and that seer of evil, the Lounger, went out to try the scheme out. It worked perfectly, but the bug in the case was the ultimate realization of financial return because the damn nickel refused to return.

■ ■ ■

THE AVERAGE UNDERGRADUATE has often wondered where the Lounger gets his material and inspiration for his column. Being no more than an average undergraduate, Phos attempted to find out. The result of his investigation was that there simply wasn't any material, and as for the inspiration, it all came from a bottle — of milk, and sour at that.



■ ■ ■
IT WAS A CONVENT TRAINING which led Norah Wyn Clare, who is now playing in "The Good Companions," to the footlights. She is the daughter of the noted English theatre manager, George Clare, and had as godmother and godfather, Winifred Emery and her famous husband, Cyril Maude. Educated in a French convent, she was sent home at the outbreak of the war, only to have her home destroyed by the bombs of a hard-pressed Gotha airplane. She then turned to the stage, appearing with Owen Nares in "The Charm School," followed by a musical comedy "The Golden Moth," and then Charlot's Revue, with which she came to Hollywood. Her last appearances in this country were in 1928 and 1929 when she played in Noel Coward's "This Year of Grace" and the same author's "Wake up and Dream."

Wedding Present

W. R. Houk

ROBERT WILKEY was sweeping out his radio shop. Ordinarily he wouldn't be doing that — sweeping was one of the things Wilkey just couldn't be bothered with — but this was a special occasion. An opened telegram lay on one of the cabinets:

BOB

DOCK AT NOON WILL COME TO
STORE DIRECTLY STOP AUNTIE
ALSO STOP LOVE

LAURA

Auntie also — the seemingly insignificant phrase was of great importance, for Auntie was scheduled to play a prominent part in Wilkey's scheme of things. A pleasant part, the thought of which filled Wilkey with a sense of opulence and security.

That was why he was sweeping — he fancied Auntie might be finicky about that sort of thing. Wilkey himself didn't care if the floor went dirty. People came to a radio shop to hear radios, not to survey the surroundings. Stupid to bother how the place looked, anyway.

But perhaps Wilkey's business theories resulted from immature experience. He hadn't been a shopkeeper long — only about two months. Before that he had done different things.

First had been the real estate business, begun by the sale of an Oklahoma swamp to a New York society matron for a sum running well into five digits. In that instance it had indeed been helpful to assert that the tract, for which Wilkey had swapped a third-hand rifle some years before, was invaluable oil land — people who bothered about trifling questions of ethics died in the poorhouse, anyway. And from so auspicious a start he had risen to a high place in the trade; Wilkey was known to deal in such properties as the Brooklyn Bridge and the Woolworth Building.

But in time all that had become less profitable, and Wilkey had turned to professional travelling. This meant journeying about, with quite apparent aimlessness, on the better conducted, and therefore

more affluently patronized oceanic cruises. Though minus visible support, Wilkey was rarely uninstalled. He was fond of cards, and could almost always be found in the gaming rooms.

It was on the Westphalia's 'round the world cruise that Wilkey had met Laura. Laura was pretty, pert, and nineteen. She had been attracted by the open smile and very honest brown eyes which were Wilkey's stock in trade: Wilkey, for his part, had been attracted by the whole

darn business. An immediate acquaintance between the two had progressed rapidly, and before long Wilkey had learned many interesting things. He had learned, for example, about Laura's Aunt, whom Laura had been on her way to join in the Orient. He had learned that Auntie was a widow, possessed of an apparently inexhaustible inheritance, and strongly attached to her niece — an attachment which expressed itself in fine clothes and expensive schools

(Continued on page 21)



Professor Timbie: "What! The February Hooey not out yet?"

Peanuts

Robert F. Allen



Only the janitors of Building Two fail to appreciate Prof. Norbert Wiener. But who can blame them when, struck with a brain wave, this gentleman rushes into a vacant classroom and completely covers their carefully washed blackboards with meaningless integrals and equations, only to dash back out again with never so much as a thank you. But, compared with the postulate theory, the functions of a real variable, trigonometric expansion, and the probability theory, janitors' ruffled feelings rather pass out of the picture.

In fact this wallowing, broad-shouldered little gentleman seems to have a comeback for every reproach one might enter against him. As compensation for originating in such an obscure locality as Columbia, Missouri, he presents for inspection a real family tree. His grandfather was a professor back in Europe. Leo Wiener, his father, is professor emeritus at Harvard, and no Who's Who would sell a copy without mention of this well-known master of Slavic, Semitic, and who-knows-what languages.

Perhaps it is from his father, that our Professor Wiener acquires his faculty for picking up languages so easily. It is said that he can learn to speak a new tongue by merely conversing with a person for a short time. Being particularly interested in Chinese students he manages to keep up quite a constant jabber with them.

But this combination of ready intellect and eccentricity, the true signs of a genius, do not appear quite so astounding if we

glance for a moment at the history of this man, who, in a short thirty-seven years, has come to be recognized as possibly the third ranking mathematician in the country. Sent to Tufts to acquire an education, he emerged at the age of fifteen with his A.B. degree. Cornell then entertained him for two years, from whence he journeyed to Harvard to earn his A.M. and Ph.D., and to be elected Sheldon Travelling Fellow. In the latter capacity he studied for two years at Göttingen and Cambridge, and then returned for a year at Columbia. (The University, not the home town.)

As a teacher, his career has been equally brilliant. After a year as assistant in Philosophy at Harvard, he drilled Maine students in Math. Then, coming to M. I. T., he rose from instructor in 1919 to Assistant Professor, and thence to Associate Professor. Students in his classes not only receive a thorough course in Math, but in a variety of subjects ranging anywhere from aeronautics to a discourse on S. S. Van Dyne's latest. An airplane passing during class will break up the entire hour, for he immediately rushes to the window to watch it, and then spends the remainder of the hour discussing airplanes. S. S., on the other hand, must disappoint him terribly, for he not only solves the mystery after the first chapter, but picks out the

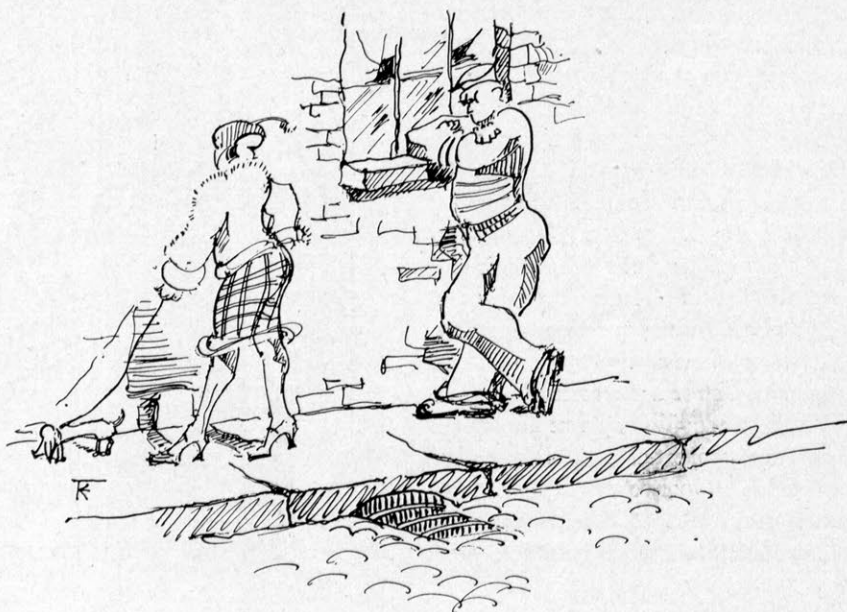
author's mistakes in presenting the evidence.

With all his accomplishments, Professor Wiener is no snob. Membership in the Mathematical Society, the London Math. Society, and le Societe Mathematique de France, never impaired his passion for peanuts or his method of eating them — the method consisting of walking down the corridor, tossing them one by one into the air, and catching them in his mouth. Nor, having been Bowdoin Prize winner and Docent Lecturer at Harvard, and a staff writer for the Encyclopedia Americana, has his taste in automobiles changed.

The Beach Wagon has been his only car, and will probably continue to always have that honor. One may often see it, conference bound, with a full and ridiculous load of Technology's oldest and most dignified professors. When driving alone, it is his pet trick to spread a newspaper across the wheel and read. Traffic regulations, then, do not in the least concern him. Once, he was seen driving serenely through a red light, completely taken with the latest news.

In fact, stories about Professor Wiener and his Beach Wagon are almost too current. Once, while riding with Professor Bush, the latter noticed him swaying his

(Continued on page 24)



"Do you find it an advantage to use your maiden name in business?"

Money

G. Q. Thornton

Money — What is it?
Something to get?
Listen I'll tell you:

Something to haggle your life away for if
you haven't it.
Something to squander your life on if you
have it.

We measure a man by the money he makes.
It takes nerve — you've got to be clever
to get the breaks.
It's a cut-throat game — anything's fair.
You've got to make money — what do you
care
Who you bust. Get his money — to Hell
with the rest.

You are becoming respectable.
People look up to you.
You can put up a front,
Buy fine books, go to the opera,
Give to Charity.

But are you happy?
Oh no you're not.
You've got to go on,
You can't stop yet.
Once in this game you've got to play
'Till the very last breath of your dying day.

It's in your blood.
You just can't stop,
Even though you are on top.
It haunts you, hounds you,
Day and night.
You fight against it with all your might.
You've got to stop. To live. To play.
Oh no old boy it's too late now,
To live? To play? You never knew how.

Money — What is it?
Chase it, lust for it —
It doesn't pay.
You can't be happy with it.
You can't have your way.
Money — what is it?
It breaks you I say.





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THIS SEEMS TO BE AN ERA OF REVIVALS, the Musical Clubs are reviving the Christmas Concert, the Institute Committee is reviving the Circus, the Dekes are reviving the Delts, in fact everyone is reviving something or someone. It has occurred to Phos to propose one grand revival to end all revivals. Why not a return of Junior Week? What is Junior Week, you say? The question is not surprising, inasmuch as no class in school has witnessed the grand week of parties and entertainment — the Tech Show, Musical Clubs Concert, tea dances, crew race, and Prom, all jammed into one hectic week of Spring Recess. Spring Recess, too short to go anywhere, too long to stay here and sleep, too near exams for resting and yet too far away for cramming. The brief respite has proved unsatisfactory in every respect since Junior Week was abolished. It cannot be lengthened without seriously upsetting the Institute curriculum which, with true engineering and scientific foresight, has been determined for decades in advance.

The only solution is Junior Week! Even if it doesn't solve the problem of Spring Recess, it may get people to go to the Spring Concert.



SOME THREE MONTHS AGO, when Phos was feeling generous and unusually benevolent, he gave permission to publish this January issue to a group of undergraduates desirous of putting out a different Voo Doo. The results of their labor at writing, drawing, and soliciting is now before you; for, other than on this page, Phos has stifled his cat calls for this month.

Voo Doo will appreciate any comment by the student body and if favorable, will include this style in future issues.



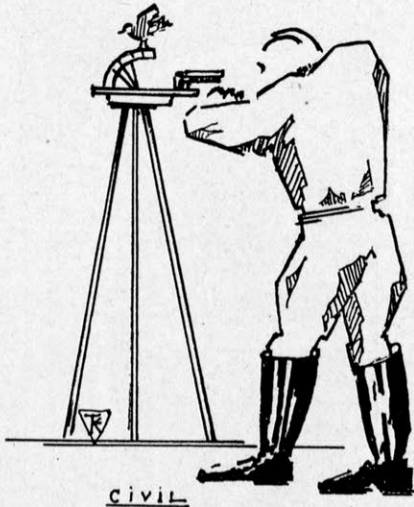


■ ■ ■ MARIE STARNER IS STARRING in the revival of "Blossom Time" at the Majestic with J. Charles Gilbert. This operetta centers about the brief life of the composer, Franz Schubert. The melodies, taken from the six hundred odd songs which Schubert composed during his lifetime, have given the show its well deserved popularity.

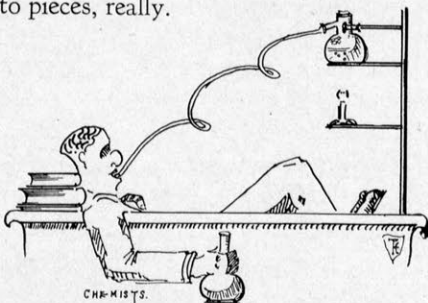
Party Girl

W. Hall

OH, MR. THAYER, you're a civil engineer! I'm so thrilled! I've just been dying all my life to meet a civil engineer. They look so rugged and manly. I think they're just darling. And so romantic. Out in the great big open with those darling hats and great big boots, and smoking their pipes

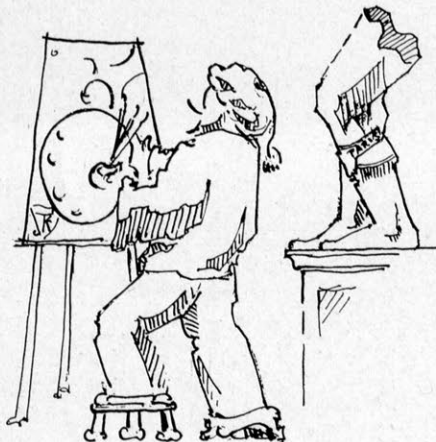


and looking through those spy glass things they look through. They're so big and strong. I just adore big strong silent men—like civil engineers. What? Do you really think we ought to go upstairs? Well—just a very little one. Oh dear, there's Mrs. Jackson looking for me again. She always shows up at the wrong time. I'm afraid I'll have to leave you. I'm terribly glad to have met you. I'm simply thrilled to pieces, really.



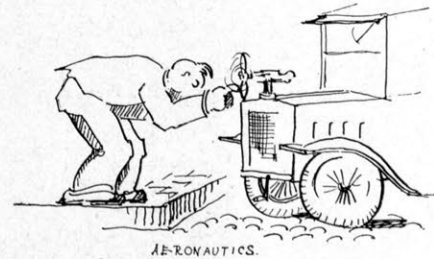
How do you do, Mr. Crowther, I'm simply thrilled to meet you. Mrs. Jackson said that you were a chemist and I've been just dying to meet a chemist. I've been having a perfectly miserable dance with a civil engineer. Such a bore. I can't under-

stand why anyone wants to be a civil engineer and go off and bury himself in the country somewhere and wear those hideous old hats and things. I think chemists are so much nicer. They seem to know so much about everything. I mean, really, though, they're so smart and clever and always do things just right. It seems as though a chemist could do almost anything. I'm just wild about big silent men like that who can do anything almost that they want to. Could you actually blow this whole house up right this very minute if you wanted to? But you wouldn't, would you? Because there are so many helpless little creatures like poor little me that you have to look out for. What? But do you think that we ought to go upstairs? I'd rather—is it cold out? Oh dear, here comes Mrs. Jackson looking for me. You don't see her? She's right over there. I'm sorry, I'm afraid I'll have to go. I'm terribly glad to have met you. I'm just thrilled to pieces—really.



Mr. Martin, at last I've met an architect! I'm so excited! I've been dying to meet an architect all evening. I've just had a perfectly miserable dance with a chemist who thought he was drunk. A terrible bore. I can't understand why anyone wants to be a chemist and bury himself away in a smelly o'd laboratory and spill things all over his hands and clothes and everything. It must be dreadfully tiresome. What I like is a man who is really an artist like an architect. I adore architects. They're so clever and original. They never do things like plain ordinary

people. And they say the cutest things. I think they're darling. They're so free and unrestrained. They sit and think so much more and dream and have ideas. An architect must know simply oodles more about love than other people. And they're so wild and passionate. What? Do you really think we ought to go upstairs? I'm



simply dying to. — Oh dear, there's Mrs. Jackson looking for me. No, I'm afraid I'll have to go. I'm terribly sorry. I'm awfully glad to have met you, really, I'm simply thrilled to pieces.

Oh! Mr. Lawrence, you're an aviator! I'm so thrilled! I've been just dying to meet an aviator all evening. Well, an aeronautical engineer—that's the same thing, isn't it? I've just had the most miserable dance with an architect. Such a bore. And so terribly uncouth and ill-mannered. I simply cannot stand architects. They're so sloppy and aimless and never seem to know what they're doing. What I like is a man who is big and strong and does big things and has everybody watching him all the time. I just adore aviators. They're so brave and manly. I don't think an aviator would ever be afraid of anything, would he? I think they're grand. I mean, really, aviators are so fast about everything and so modern and up to date. And they're so impetuous and overwhelming. It must be simply wonderful to be made love to by an aviator. What? Do you really think that we ought to go upstairs? I love to—oh dear, here comes Mrs. Jackson. No, I'm afraid we can't. I'm sorry. I'm terribly glad to have met you. I mean I'm simply thrilled to pieces, really—

For God's sake, Amy, let's duck this brawl and go down to Tony's for a couple of good highballs.

"I say."
 "What?"
 "I say."
 "Well?"

"I say. I'm in an awful fix and I wonder if you'd do me a favor. I mean its rather awkward and all that, you know — perfect stranger and what not. But you see my bank has failed."

"It has?"

"It has. Rotten thing you know. Gets you right under the gills."

"Yes."

"Puts you down."

"Yes."

"Not the sort of thing, you know — not at all."

"No."

"Gives you the pip."

"Yes."

"Gad."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose if it's happened, it's happened. More or less. You can't go flitting about and buzzing to and fro forever. Got to settle down and buck it awhile."

"Yes."

"Sort of gets you though."

"Yes."

"I say, old man, I'm in a rather awful jamb though. I wonder if you'd do me a favor? Of course I mean what ho and all that."

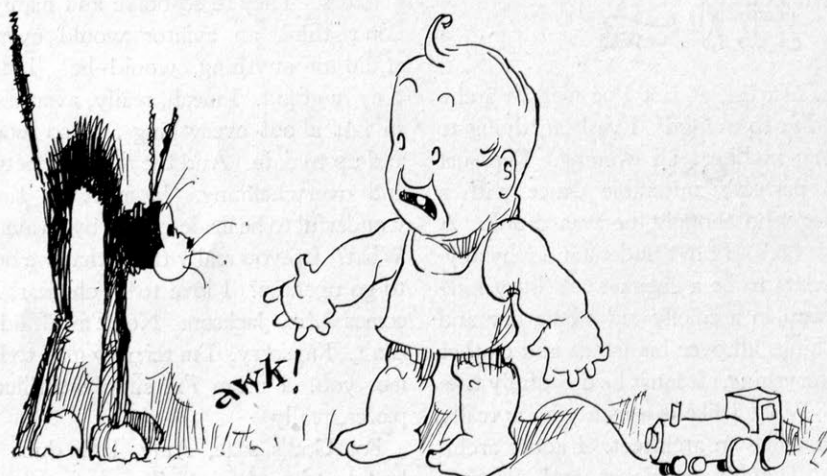
"Yes, of course."

"Well you see it's getting on towards four and one thing and another and I wonder if you could spot me five cents for a dish of tea?"



CHICK KANE

"Well, I never . . . !"



"Git off my beat!"

A FRIEND OF OURS was tussling with a Triple E lab report in his room in the Dorms the other afternoon. The telephone rang. It was an outside call. It was his lab partner wanting to know whether the load had been 150 pounds or 1500 pounds. Was he sure? He was sure. He said the fellow was welcome, and went back to his room again.

The telephone rang. It was another outside call. It was his lab partner wanting to know why. Our friend summoning all his reserve told him why, and once more returned to his room.

The telephone rang. Another outside call. He strode savagely down the corridor and seized the receiver. "Hullo," he said, "what the God-damn-hell do you want now?"

"Ah — ahem — this is Dean Lobdell speaking —"

Something *New* and *Exciting*



Shortly after Mr. Machamer finished sketching this scene, four men actually fell out of the window! But as they landed on the well-cushioned seat, nobody was hurt. Thank heaven, no bloodshed stained this historic occasion—the first appearance of the new Chevrolet Six on the streets of dear old Whatsis.

And, by the way, have *you* seen the car that's causing all this furor? But that's a foolish question. Everybody has who gets around at all. It's the sensation of the season—beyond question the most stunning automobile you'll see this year. The performance is just as exciting—exceptional speed delivered with amazing smoothness and quietness. Yet prices remain as low as a gigolo's I. Q.

If you have the price, you'll buy the new Chevrolet Six on sight. If you haven't—well, we aren't worried about that. Once you've seen this car, you'll find a way to own one.

The new Chevrolet Six, just announced, offers driving thrills you have never had in any low-priced car. Its new features include: the famous silent-shift Syncro-Mesh transmission—simplified Free Wheeling—60 horsepower—65 to 70 miles an hour speed—smart new Fisher bodies—even greater six-cylinder smoothness and quietness, and even faster pick-up. It is available in 20 distinctive models, priced as low as \$475, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

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wanted a period at the end of every sentence? Why,
what's wrong with that?"

Steno: "Plenty . . . he wanted recreation periods."
— Rice Owl



First D. K. E.: "What's the name of the man we
just pledged?"

Second D. K. E.: "Gallen."

First D. K. E.: "His name, I said, not his capacity."
— Lafayette Lyre



Salome, the first woman to discover the relation
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— Blue Baboon

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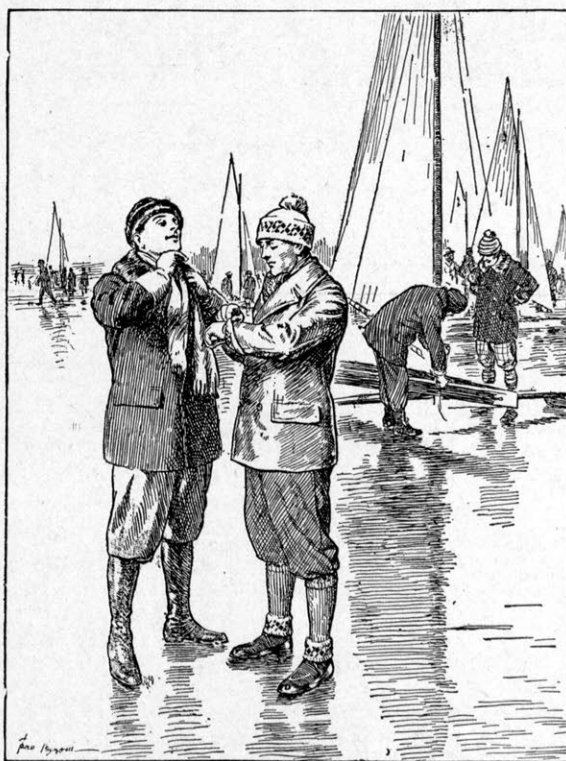
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(Continued from page 11)

and all sorts of pleasant, costly things. It had further appeared that Auntie was childless, and that Laura would ultimately become an heiress in a genuine and connotative sense of the word.

These facts, at least, Wilkey had deduced from a series of more or less indefinite allusions. In reality, Wilkey's knowledge of the situation was limited to these deductions, for Laura was no more spontaneously communicative than Wilkey was inquisitive — an attitude which he was at great pains to avoid. It didn't matter, anyway, because Wilkey was good at deducing things. Professionally good.

At any rate, Wilkey's friendship with Laura had assumed serious aspects with a speed which would have surprised those who had known him for a distinctly unromantic young man. The pair had been companions in London; intimates in Paris, and the first night out of Naples they had become engaged. Then, after basking in his position for two Mediterranean days and nights, Wilkey had suddenly left the

ship in Cairo. This action had been explained to Laura as necessitated by a business emergency; it could, perhaps, have been materially explained by the company detective who had commenced to sit in on Wilkey's card parties: in reality, it had not been explained at all, for Wilkey had long been both devoid of business connections and contemptuous of ships' detectives.

But Wilkey had returned to New York, where he had at once purchased the radio shop. Assiduously avoiding familiar faces and locales, he had taken an apartment on West Eighty-Second Street; had quickly, even hurriedly, assembled an acquaintance-ship of varyingly successful but uniformly and eminently respectable middle class individuals in which there was none to recall Wilkey's past exploits; no one, to be sure, who had ever heard of the erstwhile leader in the city's fly-by-night groups. The shop had proved a somewhat doubtful financial enterprise, but Wilkey had not worried. The financial situation would shortly be clarified from another source.

And now the occasion had arrived. Laura and Auntie, having completed the cruise together, were returning home. Playing safe, Wilkey had excused himself from meeting the boat; had received the cabled reply only a day earlier.

He now finished his sweeping, pushing a last pile of dust into the obscurity of a corner. He put the broom away, washed, put on his coat. He looked at the clock: it was nearly twelve-thirty.

A car drew to the curb in front of the shop, and Wilkey moved toward the door. He started to open the portal as the disembarked figures turned toward him, then stopped short, stared for a moment; suddenly turned and bolted through the shop, out a rear door into an alley. A car was standing in the alley — the owner was quite unknown to Wilkey, but the keys had been carelessly left in the switch. Climbing in, he drove rapidly to a dilapidated dock in an obscure section of the waterfront. From this dock a small schooner would shortly sail; papers, forged;

(Continued on page 23)

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First and Second Ewe Lamb

Champion Ewe (Association Special), also at Columbus, Ohio

First Pen Three Ewe Lambs

First Breeders Flock

First Young Flock

Breeders Trophy

(Continued from page 21)

cargo, unmentionable; destination, unknown. Wilkey was leaving the country, and he did not contemplate immediate return . . .

"You don't mean," insisted the girl, as they entered the shop, "that you'll give us an oil field for a wedding present? Not a real, honest-to-goodness oil field?"

"Very real indeed, my dear. We've struck four times in the last few months. We have, in fact, the two best wells in all Oklahoma."

■ ■ ■

Our Racketeering Profs

(Continued from page 6)

Cast your eye upon that long, luscious expanse of days between the first week of June and the last of September. The professor has wangled that out of an earnest world, and if he work then, he gets paid extra for it. At the very top of the business puddle a few men get away with that, but the professor assumes it by right: "If

we don't get much money, we have a lot of fun."

I don't wish to color the professorial portrait with too attractive a glaze. Heaven forbid that I should stir any more of American youth into a field of asphodel where the picking is pretty well watered by division already. Against the howling of the young, I would simply offer this, "papa knows best" in the name of amity, silence, and the restoration of that proper respect youth should show for maturity.

Education? Knowledge? I remember — yes, there were those words once. How did you ever hear of them? They went out with the "fine old Sothern gentlemen" and never came back alive. We don't mention them any longer.

Racketeers? but, as the French on occasion murmur, of course. Or in the English fashion, aren't we all?



A WAITER in a downtown club is a friend of ours. He is a jovial, talkative sort and tells us lots of stories.

One day two youngish couples came in and seated themselves at one of his tables. In due course he appeared before them with the cocktails, but was abruptly waved aside. They would have the finger bowls first.

Without a word the table was cleared and the finger bowls produced. Next they would have the demi-tasse and mints. They were served the demi-tasse and mints. Then the ice cream; the entree, roast duck; the fish course; the soup; the hors d'oeuvres; and finally the cocktails.

The meal was concluded and one of the young men, his face flushed with anger, rose menacingly from his chair and beckoned to our friend the waiter. What in all hell kind of a waiter was he? Serving a meal like that and not asking a single damned question:

"Do you realize, my fine fellow, that by your damned thick-headed stupidity you have lost me just one hundred dollars?"

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(Continued from page 12)

body violently backwards and forwards as they were having difficulty in climbing a hill. Asked whether he thought his antics were helping the car, Wiener answered that he was certain the swaying was of no appreciable value in an equation of the first order, but that it might have some effect in the nature of a second order equation.

Another time, he drove to a meeting in the Beach Wagon, and then forgetting how he had come, returned home without it. Imagine his dismay at not finding the car in its accustomed place. (His love for that car is great.) Accordingly, it was immediately reported stolen to the police. Late the following afternoon it occurred to him where he had left it.

His absentmindedness does not cease with his car. A student once stopped him between Walker and the Main Buildings to ask him a question. After a brief conversation, the student thanked him and started off, only to be called back by Wiener, who was still standing in the same place. "Which way was I going when you stopped me?" he asked. "Towards

the Main Buildings, sir." "Ah, then I must have had my lunch — thank you."

The professor does a colossal amount of work writing and computing. In fact he has probably written more accepted mathematical works than any other man in the country. But no one has ever discovered when or where he does it all. He is never in his office, though one may often find him along the corridors eating peanuts, or walking with a widespread newspaper so that none can pass him on either side. If not doing these, he might be frantically running about looking for the mailman.

Mail of any form seems to hold a great interest for him. On his constant visits to other offices, he usually picks up any mail lying on the desk, opens it, and proceeds to read it. Nor is mail the only thing unsafe in his presence. Because of his great love for "gadgets" of any description, paper punches, staple machines, and the like, must be hidden away to keep from having them broken. One day, in Professor Keyes' office, he broke a typewriter, and like a small child, had to be scolded. All this causes him great concern, and he continually worries about what the other pro-

fessors must think of him. But occasionally he amuses himself without bothering anyone, as the time he was seen to stop, fascinated by a "propellor" radiator cap. For fifteen minutes he enjoyed himself by blowing upon it, and then standing back to watch it whirl.

But those broad shoulders of his were not developed by any such trivial play, nor by membership in the Walker Chess Club, for which he never pays his dues. Skiing and mountain climbing are his favorite forms of exercise. His idea of a good time is to get off in the woods somewhere, and scale a cliff — at which he is very expert. It would be too bad, if on one of these trips he managed to lose his glasses. For, without them he cannot see a foot away.

His health, too, he looks after, never wearing hat or coat, eating in Walker, and never touching either meat or eggs. All considered, one must admit Professor Wiener is a most remarkable man. And evidently the family honor will continue in the next generation, for already his four-year-old son is the most remarkable child on the face of the earth.

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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.

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 BULLETIN

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See radio page of local newspaper for time

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