



T-2  
V94



Where Turkish tobacco comes from



# Let's all go to Turkey...



In every important tobacco-growing center of Turkey, Chesterfield has its own tobacco buyers.

Eastward ho! Four thousand miles nearer the rising sun—let's go! To the land of mosques and minarets. Let's see this strange, strange country. Let's see the land where the tobacco\* grows in small leaves on slender stalks—to be tenderly picked, leaf by leaf, hung in long fragrant strings, shelter-dried and blanket-cured. Precious stuff!

Let's taste that delicate aromatic flavor—that subtle difference that *makes* a cigarette!

## XANTHI • CAVALLA • SMYRNA • SAMSOON Famous Turkish Tobaccos

\*Turkish tobacco is to cigarettes what seasoning is to food—the "spice," the "sauce."

You can *taste* the Turkish in Chesterfield—there's enough of it, that's why. Four famous kinds of Turkish leaf—Xanthi, Cavalla, Smyrna, Samsoun—go

into the smooth, "spicy" Chesterfield blend. Just one more reason for Chesterfield's *better taste*. Tobaccos from far and near, the best of their several kinds—and the *right* kinds.

That's why Chesterfields are GOOD—they've got to be and they *are*.



Wrapped in No. 300 DuPont  
Moisture-Proof Cellophane...  
the Best Made

Music that Satisfies  
Every night (except Sunday), 10:30  
Eastern Time, Columbia Coast-  
to-Coast Network.

Finest Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos Blended and Cross-Blended



## EVENTS OF THE MONTH

### Week of March 14

- March 17 Fencing — Bowdoin — Home
- March 18 Boxing — Intercollegiates — Syracuse
- March 19 Gym — Springfield and Army — Home
- March 19 Freshman Swimming — Roxbury Boys' Club — Away

### Week of March 21

- March 26 Freshman Swimming — Boys' Club — Away

"Waiter, I'll have pork chops with French fried, and I'll have the chops lean."

"Yes, sir; which way?"

— Beanpot

■ ■ ■

"What are your grounds for divorcing this man?"

"I had to wash his back every Saturday night."

"Do you consider that a sufficient reason?"

"No, but his back was clean last Saturday night."

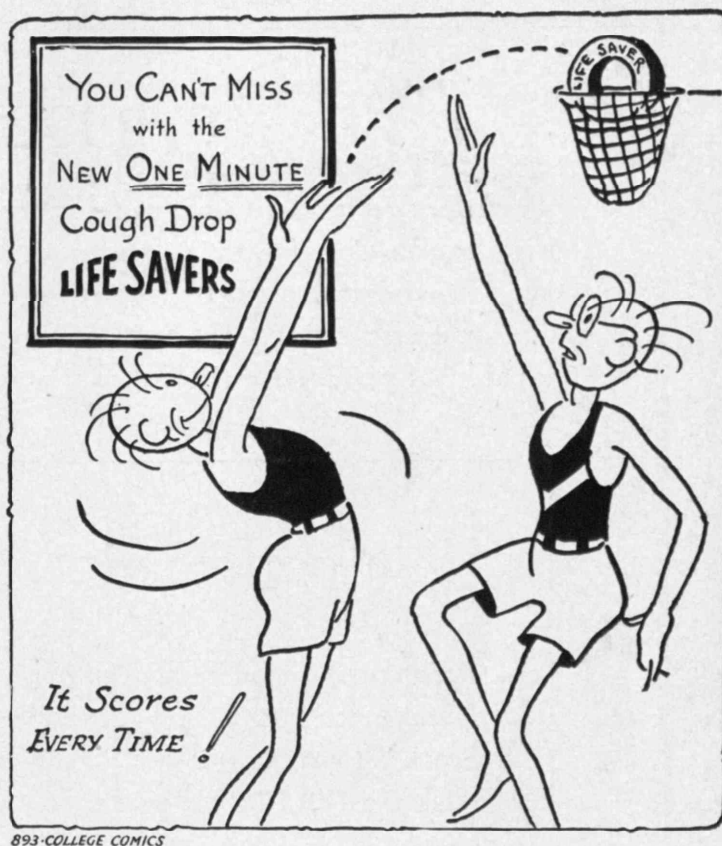
— Wampus

■ ■ ■

Sign on a Scotch golf course:

"Members will kindly refrain from picking up lost golf balls until they have stopped rolling."

— Pen Punch Bowl



893-COLLEGE COMICS

OPPOSITE THE NEW  
WALDORF-ASTORIA



*Home of the famous swimming pool*

# The SHELTON

at 49<sup>th</sup> and Lexington NEW YORK

When the Shelton opened (7 years ago) we began catering to college men and women. Gradually their patronage has increased; we feel safe in asserting that more students make the Shelton their New York home than at any club or other hotel. One reason for this is the free recreational features plus a desire to serve on the part of Shelton employees. Room rates have been greatly reduced. Rates from \$50 per month upward. A room from \$2.50 daily.

Club features (free to guests) are as follows: Swimming pool; completely equipped gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium. Restaurant and cafeteria service at reasonable prices.

# PHOSPHORUS

That modest and unassuming feline, nonchalantly flipped the ashes off his Corona-Corona, (50c), and poured himself another beer. Then in his lazy Southern drawl, he began to pour forth words of wisdom. He said, among other things, that these people are dependable, reliable, and fully capable of rendering the best of service.

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SERVE THOSE WHO SERVE YOU



SPECIAL RATE TO TECH MEN

# Governor Square Garage Co.

642 BEACON STREET  
BOSTON, MASS.

24 Hour Complete Service

George B. Harvey  
Manager

Commonwealth  
0550

First Cow (to other in stockyard): "Why did you choose this for a career?"

Second Kine: "I didn't — I got roped in."

— Dirge

■ ■ ■

"My wife just ran away with my best friend."

"Was he good-looking?"

"I don't know. Never met the fellow."

— Whiz-Banz

■ ■ ■

"I never kissed a girl in my life."

"Well don't come buzzing around me. I'm not running a prep school."

— Exchange

■ ■ ■

In these times of jobless alumni fraternities are receiving a thorough demonstration of improved free-mealing.

— Showme

■ ■ ■

Soph: "Will you give us ten cents to help the old ladies' home?"

Frosh: "What, are they out again?"

— Wataugan

■ ■ ■

A bachelor is a man who never has any children to speak of.

— Buccaneer



RANNY WEEKS, Melody Man of the Microphone, who will be at the Prom. He is now in his ninth entertaining week at the Metropolitan Theatre.

College girls and chorus girls are almost alike. The former get their education by degrees and the latter by stages.

— Whirlwind

■ ■ ■

## ADVICE TO CO-EDS

When sitting on the ragged edge of despair, be nonchalant — buy a new pair.

— Utah Humbug

■ ■ ■

A bowl of milk is the lap of luxury to a pup. Many a son beams with moonshine.

— Sour Owl

■ ■ ■

"Want a ride, lady?"

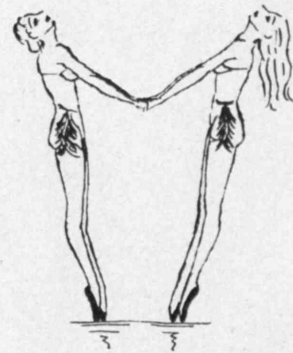
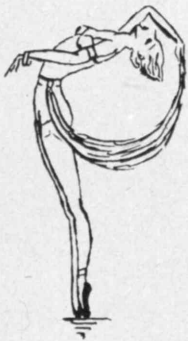
"No thanks, one is all I can walk back from in one night."

— Sour Owl







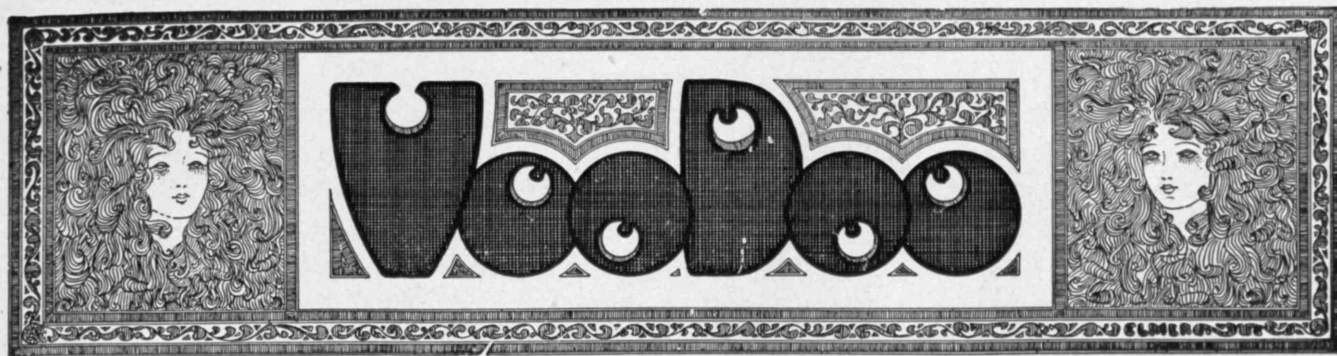






What would my mother think if she knew I were going to dance in a cheap cafeteria?





## A Prom—to End All Prom Girls

A rolling of the drums, I mean drum! (Only one orchestra this time.) Attention! (You can pick out the R. O. T. C. men at once.) Enter! a pretty, petite, peroxide, Prom Girl. No one knows her name, not even the guy who dated her. Picture the confusion! Ushers, leaving their loved ones, rush over to be the first one to present her to the chaperones.

From then on the Prom is a complete flop.

"Hello, Bill, have you danced with the Prom Girl?"

"Whaddya think of her Chippy."

"What show did you say you were from?"

Such tid-bits can be heard above the faint rattle of dishes at the far end of the room. The rest of the phillies have been ditched. Whatta shame!

Why, then, can't we have some other type of animal for a mascot? Possibly a horse or a goat. As a matter of fact goats are about the only thing I like nothing better than. There's much less unnecessary confusion when a nice white goat comes charging in. Girls will cling to their

escorts, escorts will cling to their girl friends, stewies will cling to their flasks, patronesses will cling to patrons! — But let's quit before this goes too far.

There will be no confusion of "sorry but I didn't catch the name." Anybody knows a goat is always named "Nanny."

After a Prom girl finally gets there she doesn't do much except look pretty. Think how much a goat could help out, such as eating up the extra lady fingers that lie around on plates after dinner. She could clean up all the cigarette butts on the floor. And then along about three o'clock, if she's still hungry, she could begin to nibble on compacts or a section of the bass horn.

Remember more Proms, but less Prom girls.

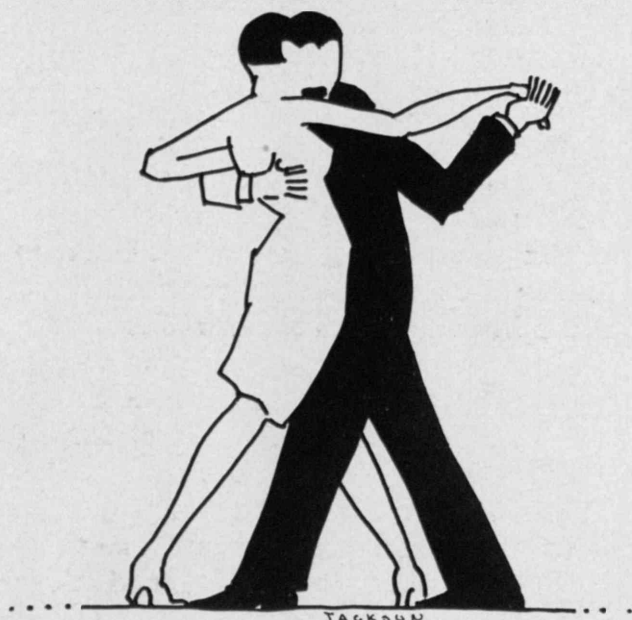


He (in West Lounge): "This is where we have our Athletic Association meetings."

She: "Well, wrestling seems to be the only sport represented."

First Member of Committee: "Shall we go over to the Prom and help?"

Second ditto: "Yes, let's go over to the Prom-enade."



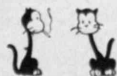
She: "I like one-stud shirts better."



### PROM GIRLS WILL BE—

The flare of the trumpets had just died out, Miss Harriette Lake, Soph Prom girl, had just been introduced to the gaping mob, and the Prom was beginning to resume its melodious course. Then someone had the brilliant idea of introducing Harriette to the assembled patrons and patronesses. In due course she was presented to Professor Slater and the ears of the guests were treated to the following (in a high falsetto): "Oh, dear, a *real* Professor! I'm so thrilled; really, you have no *idea*! I've *always* wanted to meet a *real* Professor!"

Well, they managed to stumble through the rest of it somehow, but Phos, who was lurking in a nearby punch-bowl, has had red ears since Friday night.



A prominent cigarette company is considering placing the cellophane inside the package instead of using the present method. — *News Item*.

We seem to think this modern plan  
Is better than the old;  
And every smoker, to a man  
Will very soon be sold.

The older type of cellophane  
Kept getting torn and ripped,  
But now we shall remove the bane  
That keeps the smokers pipped.

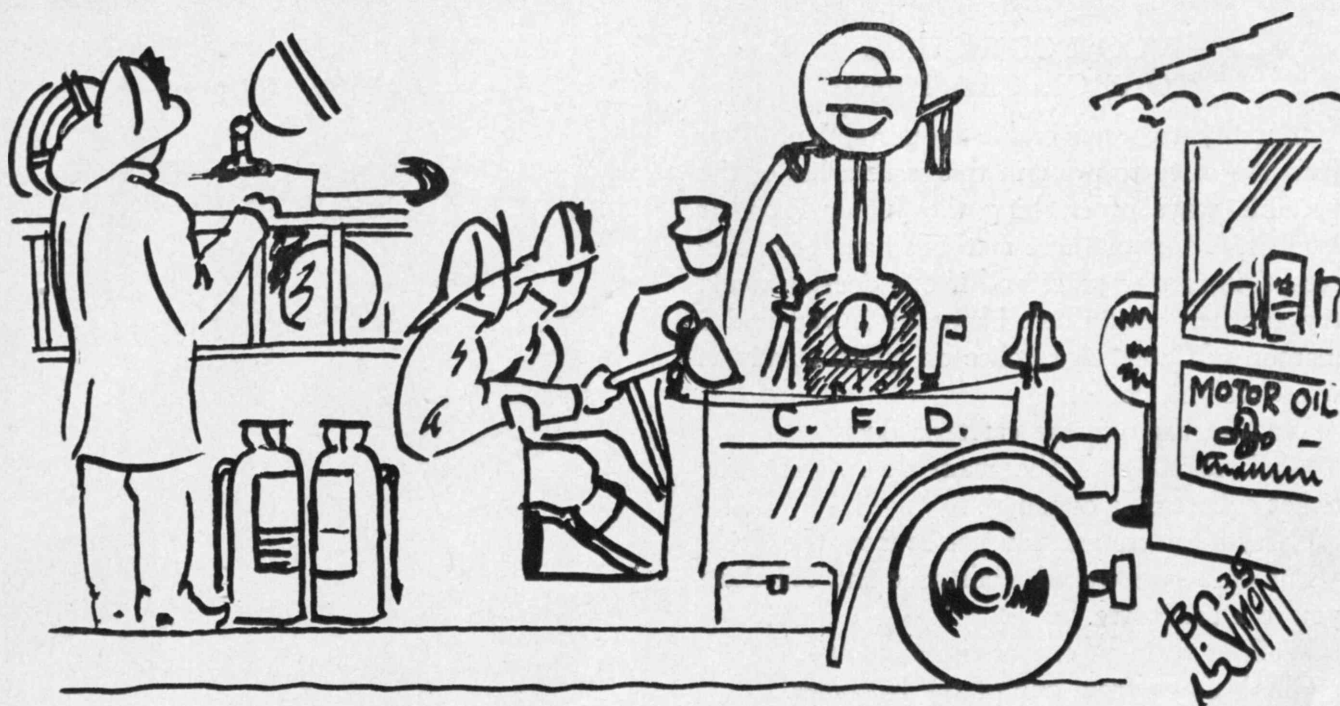
So — now that things are pretty spry  
And everyone's content.  
We'd like the company to try  
This plan — they won't repent:

The stuffing of each cigarette  
Makes all of us see red;  
So here's the new idea — eh what?  
Use cellophane instead!



"Do you like tea dancing?"  
"Well, I'd rather have it sitting down."





"WHERE'S THE COMFORT STATION?"



Alpha: "Have you made the date?"

Beta: "Yes, and vice-versa."



The clothes that make the women are the clothes that break the men.



"THE JAPS ATTEMPTED TO DRIVE OUT THE CHINESE BY HEAVY BOMBARDMENT AND TERRIFIC SMELLING."

—Boston Traveler.

Tsk, tsk, and they said they wouldn't use poison gases.



Then there was the fisherman who wanted a coast to coast net work.



Frosh (at the Cenco joint): "Lemme have a 10 mfd. condenser."

Salesman: "Will you pay for it now?"

Frosh: "Naw; charge it."

## VOO DOO'S GUIDE TO PROM-CRASHING

In reply to innumerable requests, Voo Doo feels it a duty to print in this issue a list of the possible ways of crashing the Junior Prom at Walker. Most of these methods have been successful in former years and if one doesn't work, try another. But don't blame us if you find a platoon of Cambridge Police on guard at all the windows and doors.

Walk in through the cafeteria door.

Walk in through the main door (while the ticket collector is dancing).

Carry a camera and say you're from the Tech.

Put on a fake waxed moustache and tell them you're Doc. Rowe.

Walk in through one of the windows.

Climb down from one of the balconies.

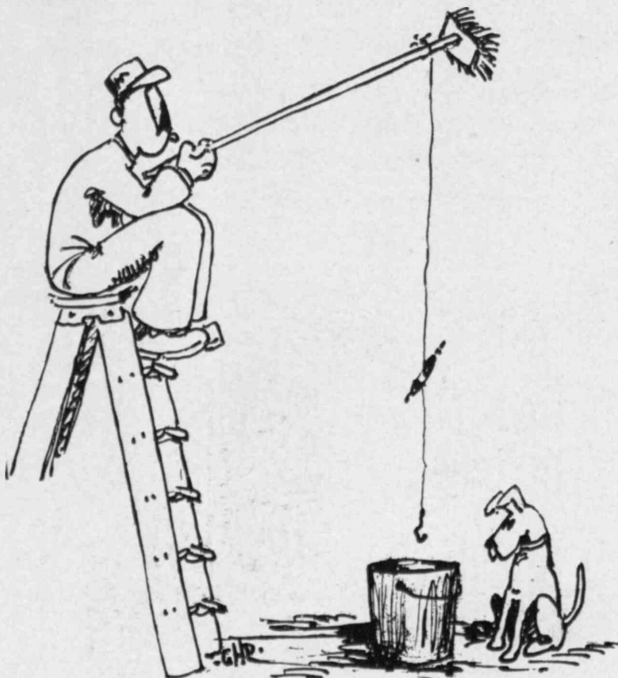
Open a window and walk in.

Put some powder in your hair and tell the doorman you're Willie Jackson.

Walk in through a window.

Walk in through another window.

This can go on for forty more times — once for each window, but buy a ticket, you cheap skate, and come in like a man!



Oscar says: My wife was once a Prom girl too.



**DICK BUTLER**

He: "How do you like the drummer?"

She: "I never did care for travelling men."



He (*New Yorker*): "Do you know the name of the piece they are playing? It makes me feel on the top of the world."

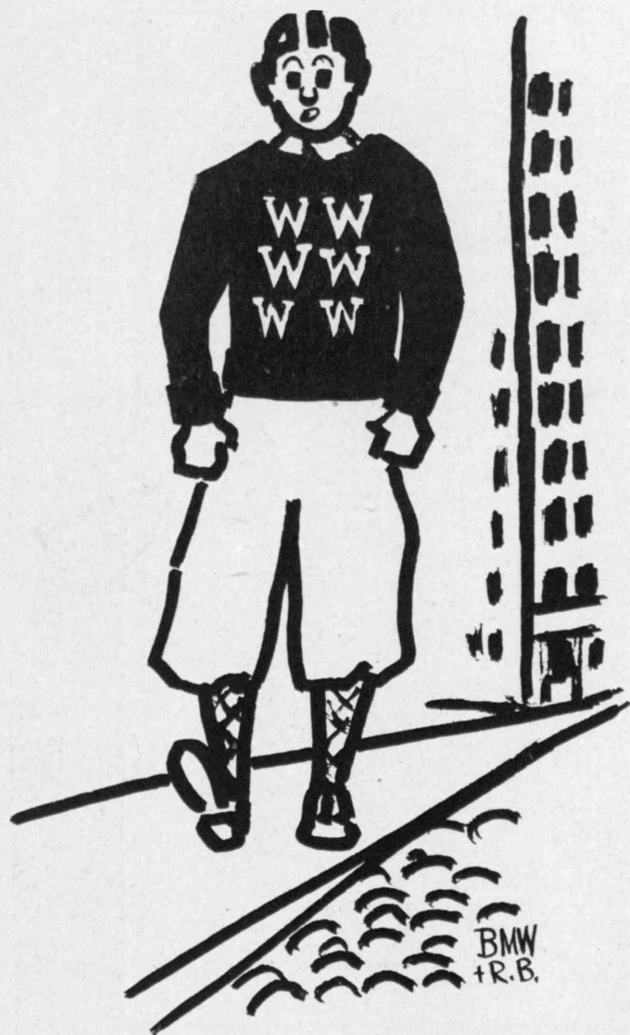
She: "It's the 'Pent House Serenade,' but there are no pent houses in Boston."



He (*at Olympics*): "Let's go over and see the finish."

She: "I'd rather see the Swedes."





'32: "What's all the decorations for?"

'33: "That fellow's a great athlete; he made the basket ball team."

'32: "Yeh — where?"

'33: "At Wellesley."



SAIL FOR BERMUDA ON  
DUCHESS OF YORK — *Herald*.

She floats! — *Harvard Lampoon*.  
Because she's 99 44-100 per cent pure.

Arrangements have been made to allow advance R. O. T. C. students to charge the price of the Junior Prom ticket to the April 1 check.

— *The Tech*

*In session solemn and sedate  
Our Congress pondered long and late  
On what funds to appropriate  
For projects quite diverse.*

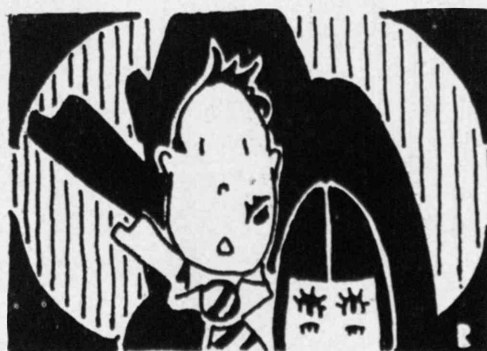
*A weighty problem was in hand  
Before the solons of this land —  
They had to take some kind of stand  
For better or for worse.*

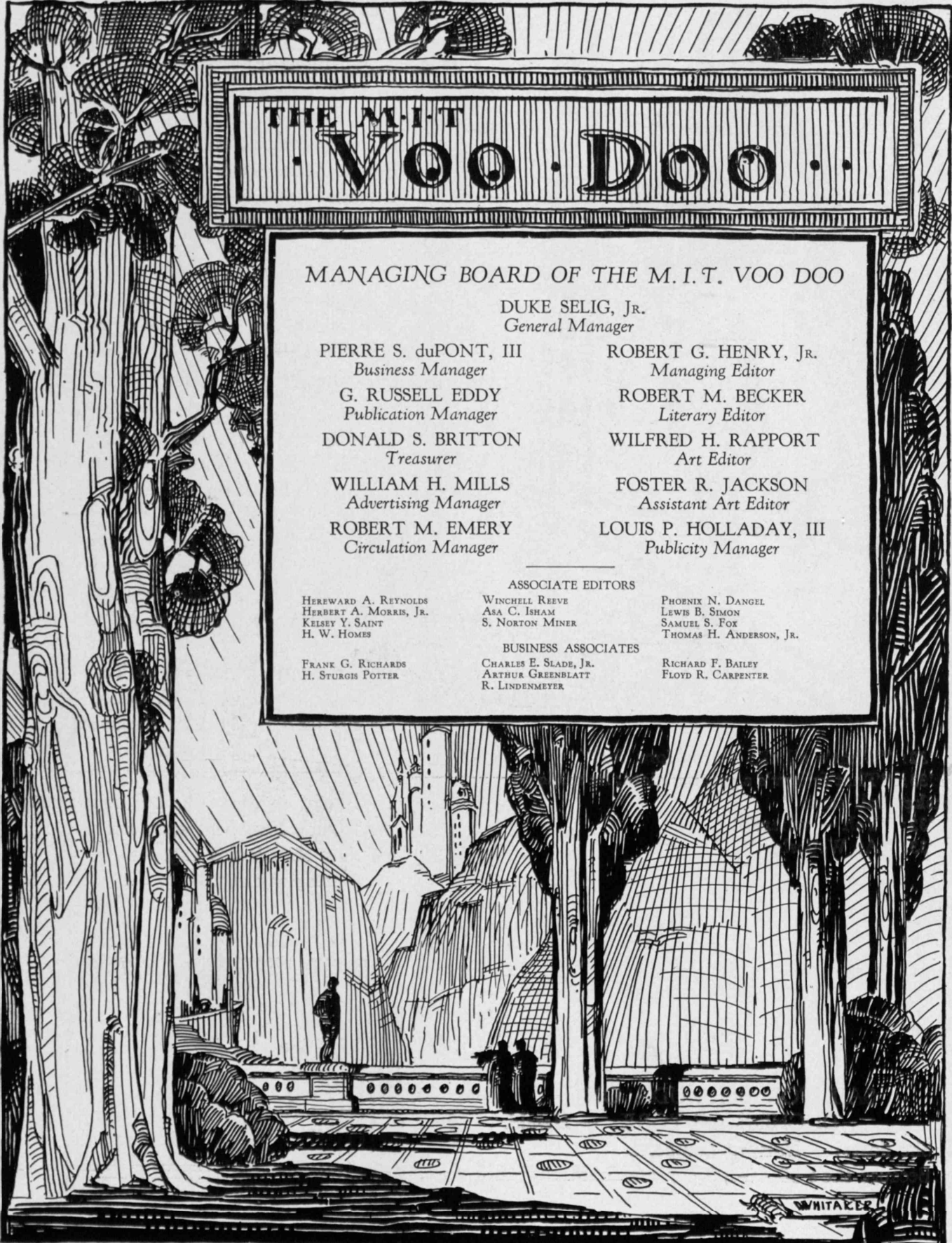
*"A tax increase is what we need  
To make this urgent bill succeed,"  
— One senator was heard to plead,  
"We've got to put it through."*

*"We can't refuse the pressing cry  
Of Majors and the smaller fry  
Who either dance or else they die —  
There's just one thing to do."*

*We'll have to let the boys at Tech  
Employ their R. O. T. C. Check  
Or else we'll surely cause the wreck  
Of Junior Prom instead."*

*And thus, my dears, the bill went through  
And Uncle Sam pays every sou  
To shun the dreaded bugaboo  
Of going in the red.*





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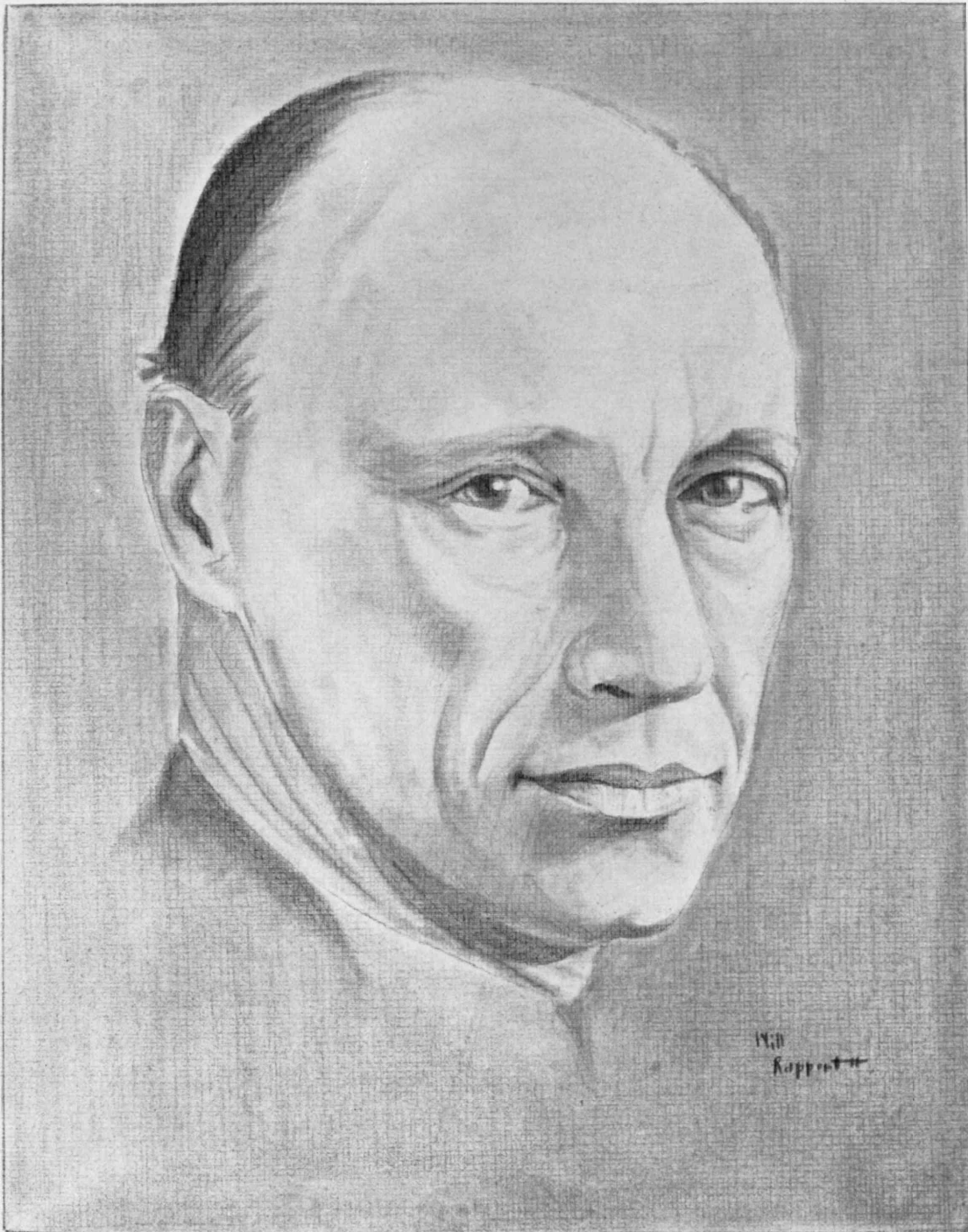
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**The Managing Board of Volume XX**  
regrets deeply the passing of  
**Windward Prescott, A.M.,**  
its advisor and sincere friend

Oh Mother, may I go out with Jim?  
 Why, yes, my darling daughter.  
 But when he fills it to the brim.  
 Tell him you want water.

Did you see where the man from San Francisco  
 and the Hollywood girl were married by tele-  
 graph?

Yeah — it was a western union.



"That girl has a nice figure."  
 "Too tall — I like round numbers."

Prof. Chapman of Building V: "Have you  
 heard about my ship operation?"



"MAYBE IT'S UNDER THE BUREAU."



# If You Belong to an Organization—Read This!

[[Confidential suggestions for your Booth at the Circus.]]

## 1. SQUEEZE BLOOD OUT OF A TURNIP

This is a suggestion for an organization that is familiar with the country. Only old turnips can be used. All the members with moustaches can be placed in the rear of the booth (suggested size 4 x 18 feet). A nickel is deposited and each patron picks up three turnips. They face the men in the back of the booth. Raise their right arms and see if you can eat all three turnips. Suggested prize—a gill of turnip juice.

## 2. GUESS OUR COOP NUMBER

This would make an excellent booth with very little expense. All you need is a couple of old check books, a pot of beans, a Mollier diagram, and a slide rule. Take the balance in one of the check books and multiply it by the first four-place number you can find on the Mollier diagram. The answer will very often be zero, but don't let that worry you. Go over to the bean pot and estimate how much it would cost to replace it if you broke it. Then break it. Square this estimate on your slide rule twice; if this figure corresponds to the coop number of the next guy in line nobody gives a damn anyway.

## 3. BEARCAT

Bearcat would be a good game for brown-baggers. All you need is a small booth. Just enough room to hang up a combination cork-screw and tire gauge. The patron places the tire gauge in his mouth and burps. Those with the highest scores yell, "Bearcat." Only scores above two thousand will be counted.

## 4. GO TO FRESHMAN CAMP GAME

This would be a good money maker for the Sigma Chis. Charge a nickel. Have each drunk put down on the wall each successive route number up there. The prize for the winner is two old pledges that nobody wanted anyway.

## 5. "GUESS WHAT" GAME

(Not to be confused with the old "guess who" game). All you need is ten gallons of straight alcohol. Divide it up into quart bottles with different shapes and labels. Have a list of selected liquors (such as Rye, Scotch, Cognac, Brandy, etc.) on the wall. The contestant is allowed one swig. If he is unable to speak, have him point to his selection. The winner is awarded one wrench to loosen up tight freshmen. If used squarely between the ears only one application is necessary.

Rules: 1. No Dekes allowed.

2. If the game is played a second time, no blindfolds are necessary.

3. Out of bounds, if you point in the wrong direction.

## 6. THE CYCLE GAME

A reviewing stand is placed near the door. Charge a dime to sit on it. The drunks are walked around in cycles. If you see a path that looks familiar yell out "Nitrogen Cycle" or "Oxygen Cycle," etc. (Courses V and X excluded.) If this gets at all tiresome, break up the bleachers and turn the game into a six-day bicycle race.

Suggested prize: one-half dozen assorted spots to place before your eyes.

Our speakeasy department unearthed a comeback of the innocent bystander. Along East 51st Street of this nation's foremost city it is scarcely a cream-puff throw from one becurtained mansion to the next. The few sober families residing among these dignified whisper-lows have evidently become bored by having gay blades confide at 3 a.m. that "Sharlie Shent me." One of these unfortunate inhabitants has just recently plastered the front of his brown-stone with a large sign: "Private House."



There is a girl to whom I write,  
And she's the best I've ever met.  
She is so kind, so sweet, so nice,  
I think a lot of you, Nannette.

I see her now as clear as day,  
Her eyes so blue, her hair brunette.  
Oh why is she so far away?  
I think of you a lot, Nannette.

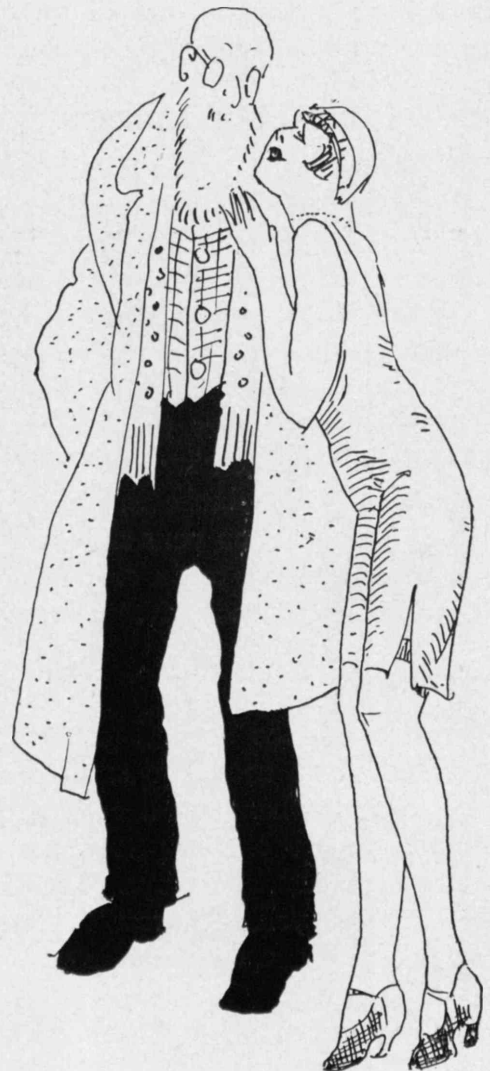
But then I asked her to the Prom.  
She answered promptly, "I regret."  
I'm not the only one she loves.  
A lot I think of you, Nannette.



We happened to pass the Heat Treatment Lab  
the other day and saw a pretty fair looking wench  
inside conversing with one of the boys. Come on,  
boys, tell us all about your thesis.

# WANT ADS

Wanted: To help increase our sales, young man  
to write humorous articles. Must have had  
experience with *The Tech*, preferably with the  
Lounger Department. Please bring references.  
Apply to Phos.



JACK

Prof.: "Don't budge. I'll go find some help."



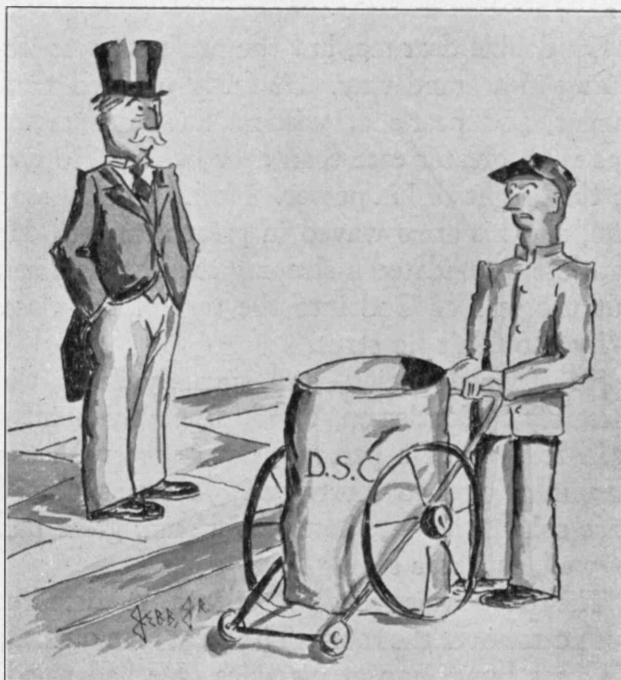
## The Old Tragedy

Algernon Beep was going to the Prom. The hour of departure was drawing nigh as, for the last time before donning it, he admired his tux. Rented for \$1.50, it surely was a gorgeous thing. The sharply creased pants were only worn on the knees and seat. The coat — ah, the coat — a perfect fit, but for a slight shortness in the sleeves and a tightness across the shoulders.

As he struggles into the boiled shirt, worn to glory by his granddad, he pictures himself as the outstanding male, swaggering amongst beautiful women who admire strong he-engineers. Finally, snapping himself out of his reverie, he reaches for his collar and buttons. "Curses, only one button, and a rear one at that! The other must be handy." A hasty search of drawers reveals nothing. A glance at the shelf. "Not there! Oh, cripes! in the collar itself!"

With his face now glistening with beads of cold sweat, Algy proceeds to fasten the collar. His fingers slip on the shiny gadget, and out it flies. It strikes the floor and rolls. Long and loud he curses, and then the hunt begins. Beneath the dresser, behind the door, under the bed, all the obvious places, and even in the ink bottle, he searches. Getting down on his knees to reach under the bookcase, he is startled by an ominous sound. Reaching back timidly, his hand encounters bare skin. The seat is ripped! He jumps up quickly, his glance falling to his knees, — rips there too! Something white shows under his foot. His only collar! As he stoops to pick it up, a cold stream runs down his front, — ink, from the open bottle, on grandpop's sheet metal shirt! He dashes to wash it off, and, falling over the coat rack, knocks his coat to the floor and trips on it, sprawling on the floor with a sleeve on each leg.

"Dammit, now the coat's gone, too. Now how can I go to the Prom? — no coat, no collar, no shirt, no — Aw hell, I'll call the roommate's sister and tell her I'm sick. I didn't want to go to the damned dance anyway!"



"I see your cumulative dropped quite a bit last term!"



"Look! Tom Rhines in the front row."

# "THE ORDEAL OF FLOYD ARMSTRONG"

Oh double dear me, but the professor was lecturing in a grand way. He fairly bubbled with humor, and pearls of wisdom flowed from his lips with greater ease than ever before. He was at the height of his power. Nothing could stop him, and his arms waved in great abandon. He had just intimidated a sleeping student, and had put the fear of God into the rest of the class. Why shouldn't he strut?

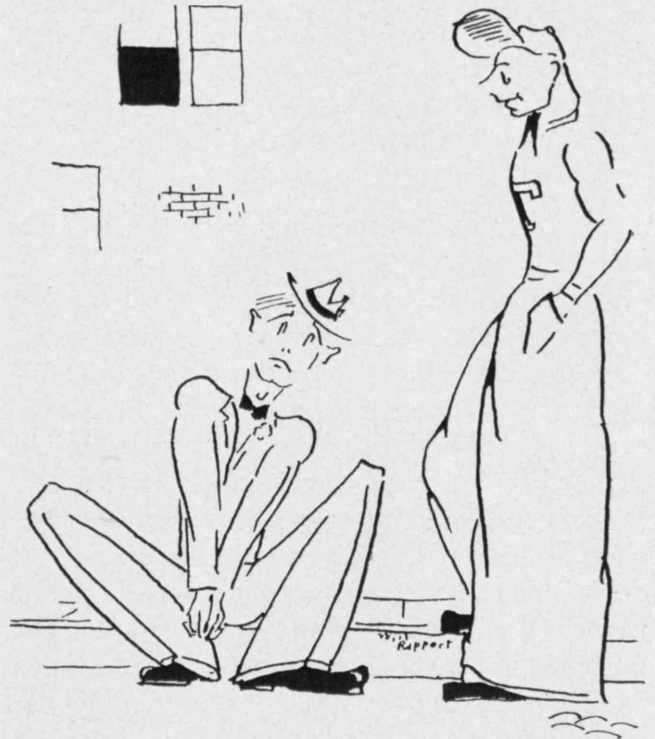
He stopped pacing, and squarely faced the assembly, "Gentlemen, to illustrate my point I shall tell you of a personal experience with the law in regard to mortgages. It seems that I once sold Ed —, there was a man, great pal, — well, as I was saying . . ."

The deep voice became silent. A dreadful hush came over the room. The great man quaked; his arms hung limp at his sides. He had paled, and great beads of sweat stood on his forehead. At last, after what seemed an eternity, he pulled himself erect. At last he spoke, but the words barely were audible, and his voice was husky. "Gentlemen," he said, "the Voo Doo goes to press in a few days, and in the last issue I took such an awful ride that maybe I'd better not tell my story, and I had set my heart on it because . . ." The man swayed and then fell to the floor. He had swooned.

The sissy!



"Did you or did you not read the assignment?"  
"Yes."



(After the Prom.) Two brokers talking it over on the curb.



Patient: "I came to you for treatment many years ago."

Chiropractor: "I thought your base was familiar."

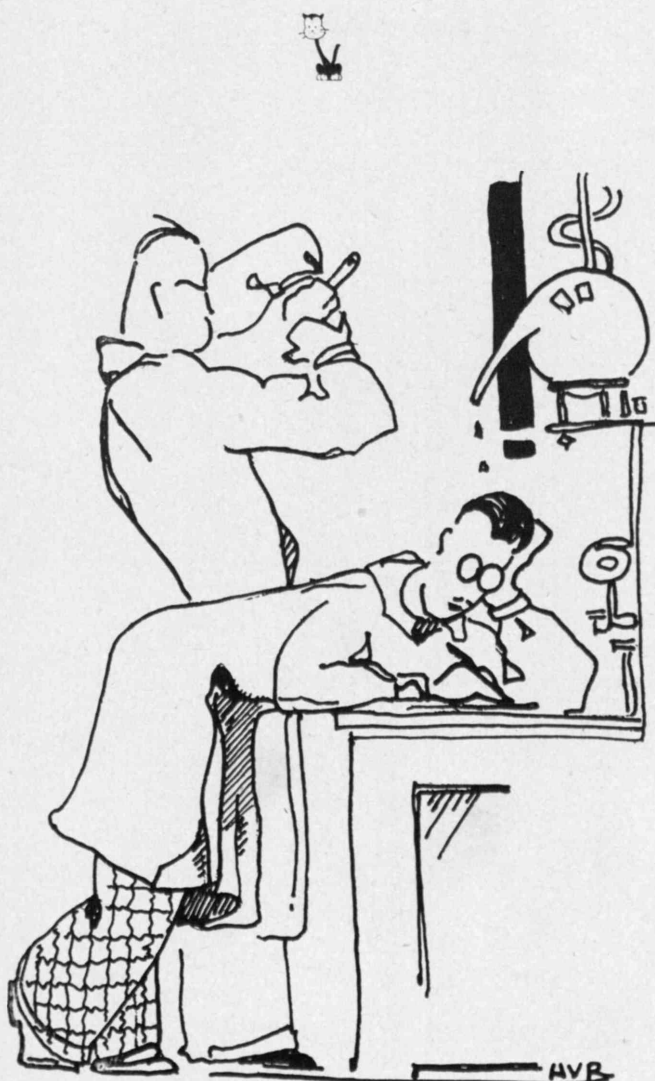


He to Roommate: "See those two girls over there with the nice long curly hair. Let's get a double date."

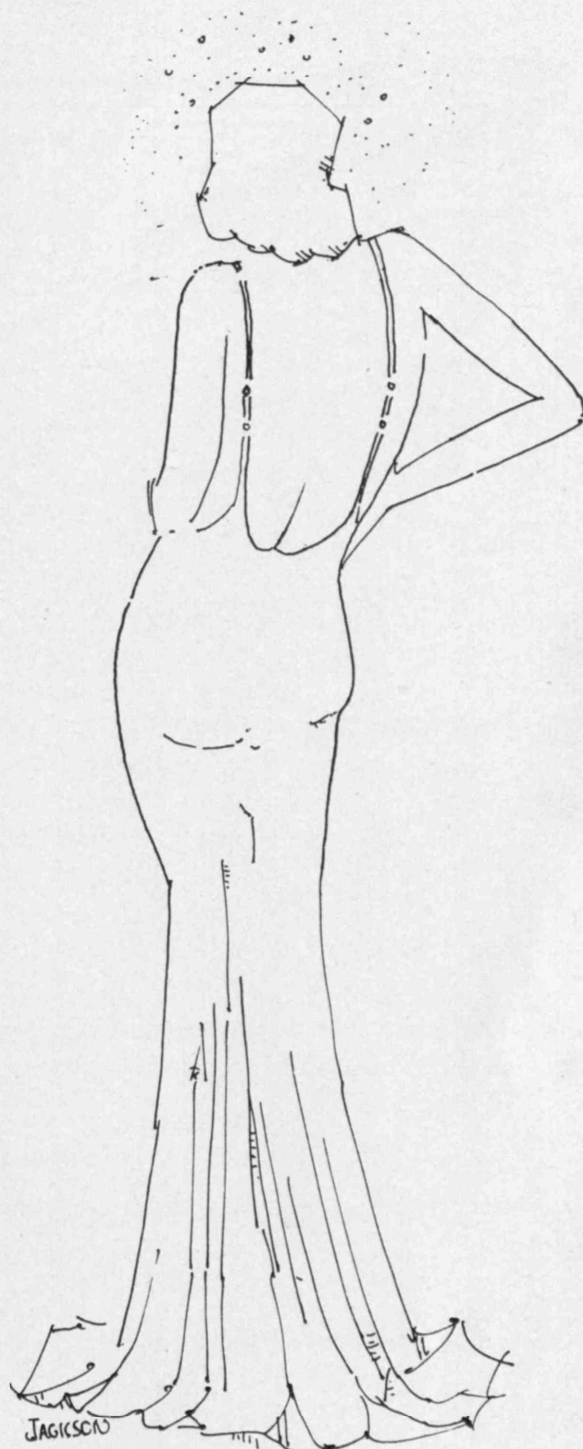
Roommate to He: "No, I prefer a shingle."



Again helpfully criticising our hotel system we regard their care in warning patrons of the profoundness of violating the Eighteenth Amendment. Just as we had become accustomed to the little statements under the glass bureau-top, we find now every ginger ale bottle wears a collar with the same advice, to wit: "that this bottle is sold with no intention of its being used as an accessory to the imbibing of intoxicants." Our conscience is not hurt, but we hate to have to pay such a large printing bill for every "magnum" (should we say "parvum"? ) of ginger ale. We do like the spirit of the hotel people, however, in having a corkscrew placed in the wall just above these disturbing notices.

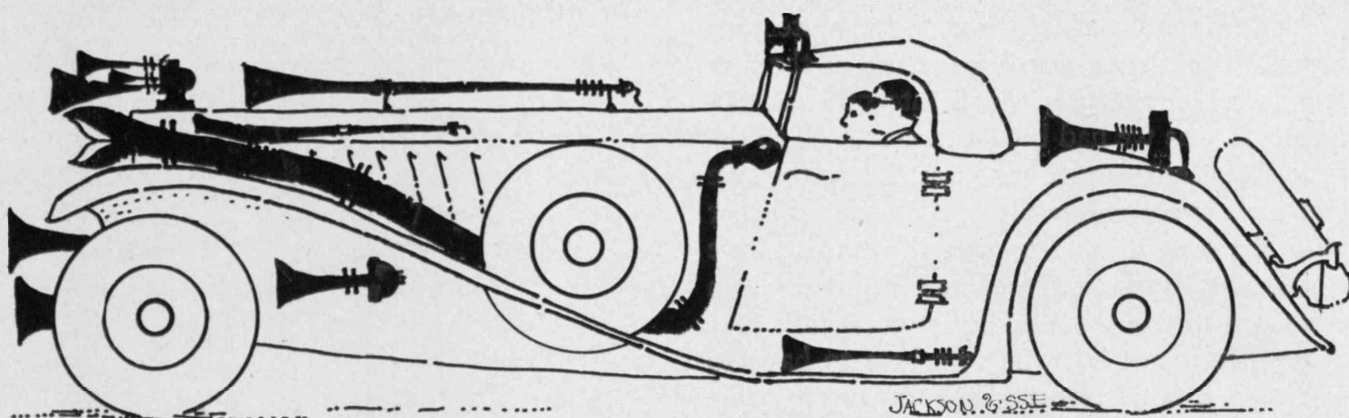


My girl is so dumb she thinks a ring-stand belongs in a jewelry store.



She was only a millionaire's daughter, but that suited me fine.

They had to call her "tooth" because a dentist always took her out.



Stop me if you've heard this one.



Too many Cooks spoil the tourist.



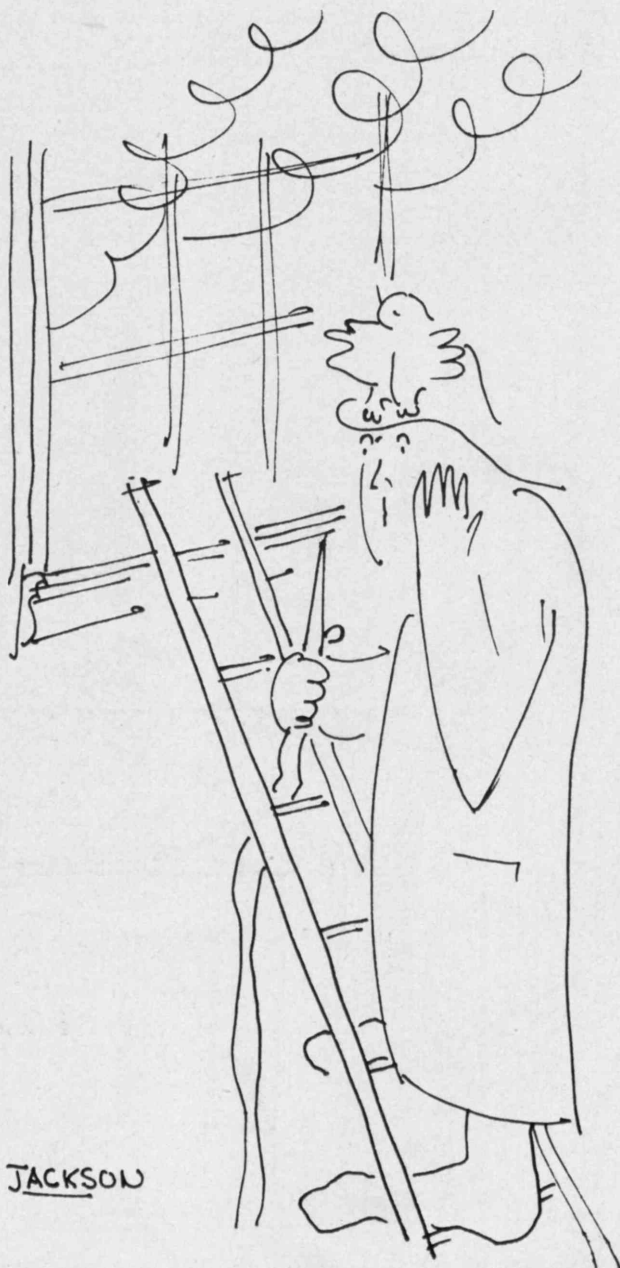
She: "I thought that was a cuckoo clock."  
He: "Yeah, 'The Greeks had a bird for it.'"



Two wongs often make a fight.



If you said that you layed in bed, that would  
be fowl procedure.



"Never mind, Joe, just a flaming youth."



## AN URGENT CASE

Mr. Headquarters

U. S. Armory,

Dear Mr. Headquarters:

My husband was induced into the surface long months ago and I ain't received no pay from him sense he was goned. Please send me my elopment as I have a four months old baby and he is my only support and I kneed it every day to buy food and keep us enclosed. I am a poor woman and all that I have is at the front. Both sides of my parents are very old and I can't suspect anything from them as my mother has been in bed thirteen years with one doctor and she won't take another. My husband is in charge of a spittoon. Do I get any more than I am going to get. Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application written to Pres. Wilson and get no answer and if I don't hear from you I will write Uncle Sam about you and him.

Very trooly,  
MRS. PAUL SMITH.



One of our early settlers.



Salesman to Hotel Clerk: "My name's Fuller.  
May I brush up?"

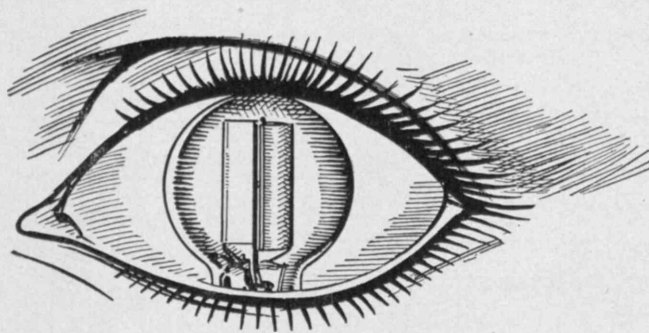


# Watch for Phosphorus

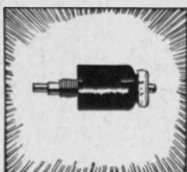
at the

## CIRCUS

### Friday, April Fools Day



# One eye that sees better than two



*Heat coils act as tiny circuit breakers, protecting delicate and sensitive equipment from effects of stray currents.*

Makers of telephone equipment cannot rely on their eyes in testing a certain type of coil used by the million in central offices. For greater accuracy they utilize the "electric eye" or photoelectric cell.

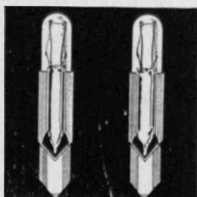
At Western Electric this uncanny piece of apparatus

"stares" all day long without fatigue recording galvanometer readings.

It forms a vital part of a machine for automatically separating perfect from imperfect coils. Its use is typical of the way this organ-



*One heat coil every second — tested by the "electric eye" at Western Electric.*



*The human eye can detect no difference between these switchboard lamps but the "electric eye" can and does.*

ization puts science to practical advantage. Here is no blind following of tradition. And yet new methods must prove themselves worthy—must be tested as carefully and as thoroughly as the telephones and telephone equipment manufactured for the Bell System.

## Western Electric

Manufacturers . . . Purchasers . . . Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR



THE BELL SYSTEM



ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers,

## CLOTHING,

### Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
NEW YORK

## Clothes & Accessories for Spring

SUITS \$50.00 to \$75.00

*Illustrated Folder on Request*

## BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET  
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET  
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

© BROOKS BROTHERS

A lipstick is merely something that gives a new flavor to an old pastime.

— Missouri "Showme."

■ ■ ■

You may be somebody's Wild Irish Rose, but you're just a weed in my garden of memories.

— Log

■ ■ ■

Teacher: "Willie, what is an adult?"

Willie: "An adult is one who has stopped growing except in the middle."

— Green Gander

■ ■ ■

A FLOWER OF ...?

Have you any pansies for an old lady?

Just a moment, mum. I'll call the floorwalker.

— Sun Dial

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

— Buccaneer

■ ■ ■

"Hey!" cried Satan to the new arrival, "you act as if you owned this dump."

"I do. My wife gave it to me."

— Drexel Drexerd

■ ■ ■

Despite the depression, girls without principle draw interest.

— Belle Hop

■ ■ ■

Judge: "Why did the defendant try to kiss this girl?"

Lawyer: "He pleads insanity, sir."

— Froth

# The MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

CAMBRIDGE

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY 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  
BUSINESS AND ENGINEERING ADMINISTRATION  
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING  
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING PRACTICE  
CHEMISTRY  
CIVIL ENGINEERING  
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING  
ELECTROCHEMICAL ENGINEERING  
GENERAL SCIENCE  
GENERAL ENGINEERING

GEOLOGY  
INDUSTRIAL BIOLOGY  
MATHEMATICS  
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING  
METALLURGY  
MILITARY ENGINEERING  
MINING ENGINEERING  
NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MARINE ENGINEERING  
PHYSICS  
PUBLIC HEALTH ENGINEERING  
SANITARY ENGINEERING  
SHIP OPERATION

The Course in Architecture is of five years' duration, and leads to the degree of Bachelor in Architecture. A five-year Coöperative Course in Electrical Engineering leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science and Master of Science is 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.

*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

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS



"See the beautiful virgin pines."

"Yeah, and I know what she's pining for."

— *Green Gander*

■ ■ ■

Bill: "Didn't I see you wearing a bathing suit at the Fancy Dress Ball last night?"

Doris: "Gee, you must have left awfully early."

— *Mink*

■ ■ ■

"Mistuh Johnson, I has discovered I can get yo' divorce on the grounds that yo' marriage ain't legal, on account of her father, he had no license to carry a gun."

— *Judge*

■ ■ ■

You can easily distinguish between asthma and passion — asthma lasts.

— *Purple Parrot*

■ ■ ■

Said Dino Grandi to Mahatma Ghandi,  
You maka tu mucha propagandi;  
Said Mahatma Ghandi to Dino Grandi,  
What's good for the Duce is good for the Ghandi.

— *Exchange*

■ ■ ■

"Who was Stephen C. Foster?"

"He wrote the 'Old Folks at Home.'"

"Why didn't he telephone?"

— *Pitt Panther*



## Presidential Timber!

▼ What this country needs is an all-around, all-wet president. Homer Bru, banker, business man, farmer and statesman, is that man. Mr. Bru's modesty is shown in his answer to his party's request that he throw his hat in the ring in the forthcoming election. His answer was simply, "Who, me?"

A play-by-play and plank-by-plank story of Homer Bru's campaign is being published in COLLEGE HUMOR. As citizens of these (we hope) United States, it is your duty to keep your finger on the pulse of the hectic politics of the aforesaid States. Bru's spotless record will inspire you. Read about him in

### College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago



# RENARD'S MAYFAIR

FRANK CORNWELL  
conducting the  
FAMOUS MAYFAIR ORCHESTRA

SUPPER DANCING AND SELECT ENTERTAINMENT  
IN DISTINCTIVE ATMOSPHERE  
AT POPULAR PRICES

CHARLES FORSYTHE • MASTER OF CEREMONIES

*Friday is College and Debutante Night*

(\$1 couvert after 9 p.m.)

54 BROADWAY - BOSTON

Reservations, Hancock 2900

*Little Johnny:* "Look at that rhinoceros."

*Little Willie:* "That ain't no rhinoceros; that's a hippopotamus. Can't you see it ain't got no radiator cap?"

— *Blue Bucket*

■ ■ ■

"What makes the Dean stagger that way?"

"Oh, that's just the Dean's list."

— *Lampoon*

■ ■ ■

*Prof.:* "How many people are there in this country?"

*Student:* "Er-r-r-r —"

*Prof.:* "Hurry, hurry. Every second you dilly dally the number grows larger."

— *Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern*

■ ■ ■

"Yes, we shot a good many rapids while we were in the North woods."

"Did you find them good eating?"

— *Siren*

*Sailor:* "All that goes up is bound to come down."

*Seasick Passenger (wearily):* "Haven't you got that a trifle mixed?"

— *Tiger, 1914*

■ ■ ■

And if all the co-eds in the world were laid end to-end, some would still go farther than others.

— *Green Gander*



## OUTSTANDING!!!

Among College Dining Halls  
in the great variety of  
Service rendered

TECHNOLOGY DINING HALLS  
WALKER MEMORIAL

*Eve* (from the bushes): "Adam, dear, close your eyes so I can come home."

*Adam*: "What's the matter, my own?"

*Eve*: "I've been A. W. O. L."

— *Dirge*

■ ■ ■

*Boy*: "But mister, you can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in North Carolina."

*Cop*: "That's all right, buddy. I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes."

— *Buccaneer*

■ ■ ■

*Teacher to Class*: "Now children I want you to write your names in your primers."

*Little Abe*: "What — and kill the resale value?"

— *Brown Jug*

■ ■ ■

"For Goodness Sake," sighed the young modern as she wearily trudged home from an auto ride.

— *Gargoyle*

■ ■ ■

"Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

"No, and it's awfully exasperating. He only smiles."

— *Ollapod*

■ ■ ■

Here's to the girl who steals, lies and swears — steals into your arms, lies there, and swears she'll never love another.

— *Puppet*

## "or What Have You . . ."

A FRATERNITY DANCE  
OR A DINNER PARTY ?  
TONIGHT

May we invite you to

**The Gralyn Hotel**

20 CHARLES GATE WEST, BOSTON  
Just off Commonwealth Avenue Kenmore 3000

FRANK P. SHAW

LEON A. HICKS

**HICKS & SHAW, INC.**  
HOTELS, CLUBS, and STEAMSHIP SUPPLIES

Wholesale and Retail

Represented by J. J. McGRATH

STALLS 27-31, 51-53  
FANEUIL HALL MARKET  
BOSTON

Telephones, Richmond { 1202  
1203  
1204

*Darkie*: "I wants a marriage certificate."

*Clerk* (noticing three kids with him): "Whose children are these?"

*Darkie*: "They're mine."

*Clerk*: "But why did you wait until you had a family before you got married?"

*Darkie*: "Sorry, boss, but the roads out our way are shore bad."

— *Red Cat*

■ ■ ■

*Reformer*: "Stop, friend! Do you believe that a glass of that vile stuff will quench your thirst?"

*College Lad*: "Nope. I'm gonna drink the whole jug."

— *Texas Ranger*



Charming KAREN MORLEY plays the feminine lead in the thrilling "ARSINE LUPIN" now at LOEW'S STATE THEATRE, which brings the BARRYMORE brothers together in the films for the first time.



*First Negro:* "What fo' dat doctah comin' outa youah house?"

*Second Negro:* "Ah dunno, but Ah think Ah's got an inklin'."

— Mercury

■ ■ ■

"Dear——: Should a father of fifty-five marry again?"

"No, that's enough children for any man."

— Yellow Jacket

*She:* "You remind me of Nero."

*He:* "Why?"

*She:* "Here I am burning down and you're just fiddling around."

— Longhorn

■ ■ ■

"Taking your car to college this fall?"

"No, the faculty won't allow it so my kid brother is taking it to prep school."

— Tiger

■ ■ ■

"Waiter, two orders of Spumoni Vericelli, please."

"Very sorry, sir; that's the proprietor, sir."

— Tiger

■ ■ ■

*Cleopatra:* "Gee, it's way past midnight. You had better get started."

*Anthony:* "O. K., blow out the candle."

— Mountain Goat

■ ■ ■

Height of indecency: A chorus girl disrobing for a physical examination.

— Green Gander

■ ■ ■

*Teacher:* "William, what are the two genders?"

*William:* "Masculine and feminine. The feminine are divided into frigid and torrid, and masculine into temperate and intemperate."

— Longhorn-Ranger

■ ■ ■

Brassieres, Algernon, are articles of feminine underclothing, which coeds wear for two obvious reasons.

— Whirlwind



## Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

420 Tremont Street	242 Tremont Street
202 Dartmouth Street	1083 Washington Street
629 Washington Street	44 Scollay Square
30 Haymarket Square	332 Massachusetts Avenue
6 Pearl Street	19 School Street
540 Commonwealth Avenue	437 Boylston Street
1215 Commonwealth Avenue	34 Bromfield Street
105 Causeway Street	

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology  
Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE  
1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

"Naturally"-The College Headquarters

... The ...

## Hotel Kenmore

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE



Four Hundred  
Luxurious Rooms  
each with  
Bath—Tub—Shower  
Circulating  
Ice Water

Ample  
Parking Space

The best private functions rooms  
in Boston for College  
Social Affairs

DURING THE PAST YEAR OVER SIXTY-FIVE  
COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAMS AND THREE  
THOUSAND COLLEGE STUDENTS AND  
FAMILIES HAVE MADE THE KENMORE THEIR  
BOSTON HOME.

Advertisement: "You get the girl, we'll do the rest."

Groom: "That's hardly fair."

— Dirge

■ ■ ■

Her: "I see where a young wife presented her eighty-five-year old hubby with a baby boy. What do you think about it?"

He: "The same as you."

— The Green Gander

■ ■ ■

"I know the secret of popularity."  
"So do I, but mother says I mustn't."

— Masquerader

"Mother," said the freshman, looking at the stork in the zoo, "I believe he is trying to see if he can remember me."

— Blue Gator

■ ■ ■

"Do you write jokes?"

"Yes, what's your address?"

— Drexerd

■ ■ ■

Technical definition of a doughnut: A cookie with sex appeal.

— Purple Parrot

■ ■ ■

Hospital Nurse (to impatient magician): "Congratulations; it's a fine bowl of goldfish!"

— Lampoon

## Technology Chambers

8 IRVINGTON STREET :: BOSTON

### Special Rates to College Students

Pleasant Rooms      Congenial Atmosphere

TELEPHONE IN EVERY ROOM

Kenmore 8800

## No Extra Charge for One Day Laundry Service

Special service at 15% discount  
rendered M. I. T. students

## Charlie Mun Hand Laundry

88 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

Telephone, Kenmore 9472

Called for and delivered daily from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Little Jane walked into the corner drugstore and said her mama wanted some tissue paper. The clerk wrapped up three rolls and handed them to her.

"Charge them please," she lisped.

"Certainly," replied the clerk, "but who are they for?"

"All of uth," sighed the little girl, as she walked out.

— Mountain Goat

■ ■ ■

"I curse the day I was born."

"That's strange. I didn't curse until I was three years old."

— The Red Cat

## Trade at THE MILLER DRUG CO.

21 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

Kenmore 2769 or 4483

We have served Tech Students for ten years, and will appreciate your patronage in the future.

Delivery service.

SPECIAL FOR THIS MONTH

All \$.50 Tubes of Tooth Paste or Shaving Cream  
THREE FOR ONE DOLLAR

Rose's are red, Violet's are blue, but my girl's are just plain white.

— Exchange

■ ■ ■

Mabel: "Did you quit playing strip poker last night when the boys had finally trimmed you?"

May: "I should say not! That's when we just began to gambol!"

— Exchange

■ ■ ■

She (in middle of first quarter, second half):  
"Let's go, John; this is where we came in."

— Panther

■ ■ ■

Automobile Driver (to girl who has succeeded in begging a ride of him): "How far are you going?"

She: "I knew there was a catch in it."

— Vanderbilt Masquerader

■ ■ ■

She: "It don't matter whether I wear chiffon or velvet, you like me anyway, don't you?"

He: "I'll always love you through thick and thin."

— Wampus



## FRATERNITY DICTIONARY

**Rushee:** A desired individual to whom one says, "Have a cigarette."

**Pledge:** A lowly creature to whom one says, "Gimme a cigarette?"

**Pledge Button:** The sole means of distinguishing the recently elect from the scholars.

**Desirable Prospects:** Anything with rich papas and sympathetic mammas.

**Darned Good Fellow:** Term used to describe a prospective member who has insufficient personality to make any of the initiates dislike him.

**Frat Pin:** An emblem which takes a dumb boy several years to get, and a shrewd girl only a few minutes to get away from him.

**Brotherhood:** A word that has an annoying use with reference to ties, toilet articles and textbooks.

**House Manager:** One of the brothers who is inefficient unless heartily detested by the entire chapter.

**Loyalty:** Not talking about a brother member behind his back, unless one happens to go with his girl.

**Sorority:** An organization which would have no incentive to existence without fraternities.

— Wittenberg Witt

■ ■ ■

"But, Dad, don't you believe that two can live as cheaply as one?"

"Yeah, your mother and I are living as cheaply as you."

— Mugwump

■ ■ ■

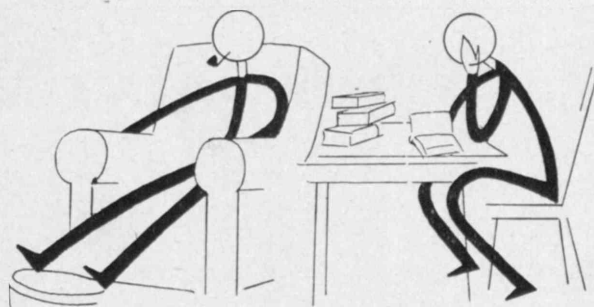
Many a rose has blushed unseen.  
'Cause of lack of Listerine.

— Ski-U-mah

## 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

*Soph:* "What kind of an instrument do you play?"

*Scotch Frosh:* "My bagpipes."

*Soph:* "I don't care what she plays — what about yourself?"

— Widow

■ ■ ■

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon placed so as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

— Battalion

■ ■ ■

Advertisement in a newspaper: "Eskimo Spitz Pups for ten dollars apiece."

— Louisville Satyr

# BUCK AND DOE RUN VALLEY FARMS

— OPERATED BY —

## THE SAINT AMOUR COMPANY

MORTONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

### *Record of Winnings at Eastern States Exposition, 1931*

#### HAMPSHIRE SHEEP

First Yearling Ram

First and Second Ram Lamb

Champion Ram

First Pen Three Ram Lambs

First and Second Yearling Ewe

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

H: "I hear there is going to be a wedding in the chapel today."

S: "Compulsory?"

— Tiger

■ ■ ■

Little Boy (to parson): "Please pray for my father's floating kidney."

Parson: "But I can't pray for any one thing like that."

Little Boy: "Well, you prayed for the loose livers the other day."

— Log

■ ■ ■

'32: "Would you care for a cigarette?"

Girl: "Sir! I will have you know that I am a co-ed."

'32: "Pardon me! Have a cigar."

From the *New York Times*: Girl — lately landed, wishes housework or children. G. Sullivan.

— Dirge

■ ■ ■

The difference between a Spinster and a Bachelor Girl is that while a Bachelor Girl has never been married, a Spinster has never married — or anything.

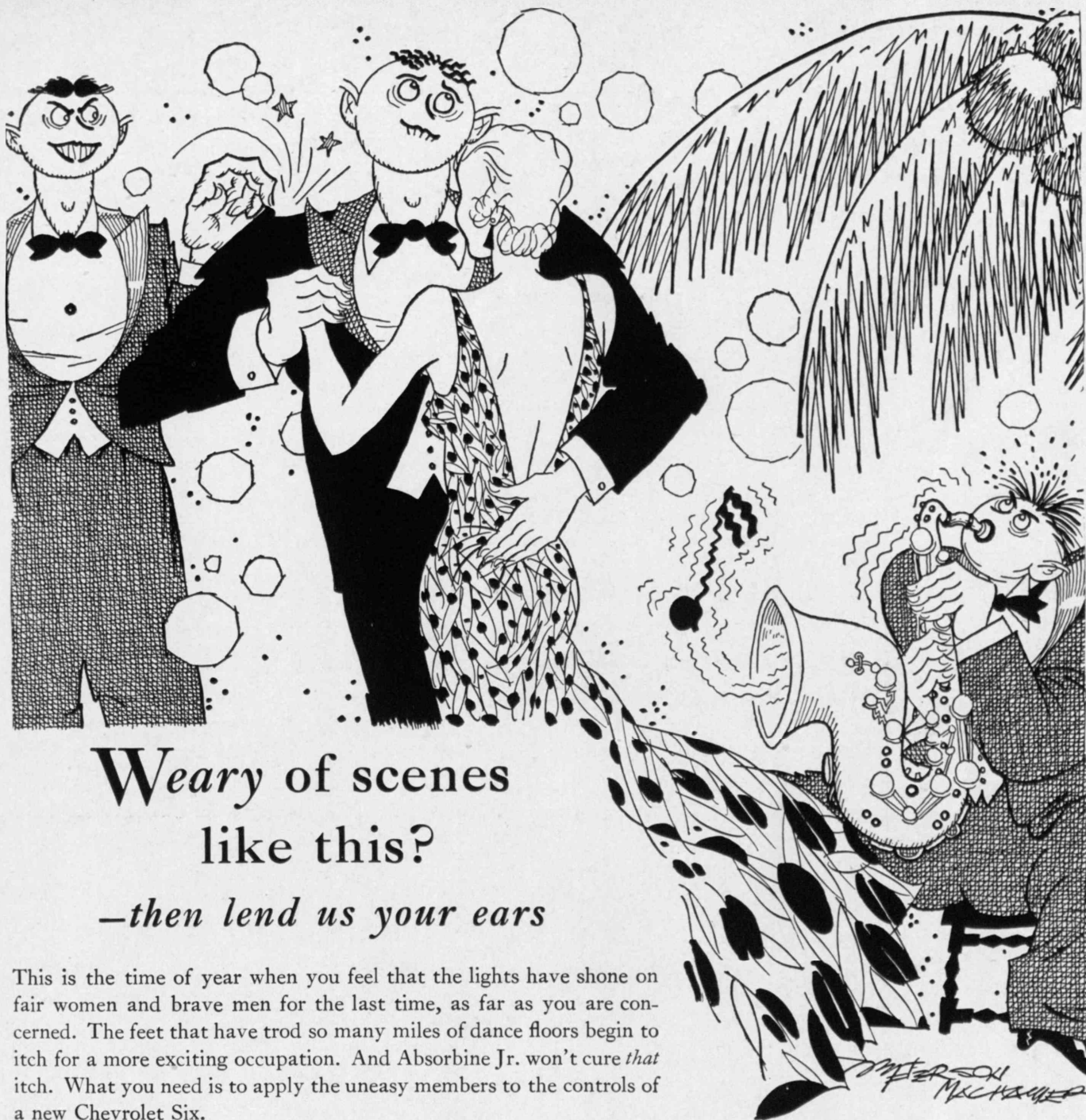
— Princeton Tiger

■ ■ ■

Then there is the story about the baby born with blisters on his feet trying to keep time with the wedding march.

— Mountain Goat





## Weary of scenes like this?

*—then lend us your ears*

This is the time of year when you feel that the lights have shone on fair women and brave men for the last time, as far as you are concerned. The feet that have trod so many miles of dance floors begin to itch for a more exciting occupation. And Absorbine Jr. won't cure *that* itch. What you need is to apply the uneasy members to the controls of a new Chevrolet Six.

And what a thrill that is! At the lightest pressure on the accelerator, the Chevrolet leaps ahead like a startled fawn (ah there, Keats), devours the miles like a ravening tiger (howdy, Byron), and skims along as smoothly and quietly as a bird in flight (and you, too, Shelley).

To be less zoölogical, you get places in a hurry, laughing mockingly at heavy traffic the while. For Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting combined with Free Wheeling makes the new Chevrolet Six as responsive to your touch as a generous parent. And wherever you go, heads turn, for the new Chevrolet Six is one of the smartest cars on the road. Moreover, you won't have to pawn those discarded dress clothes to pay for one, since Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which motor cars are sold!

So climb into a coat—anybody's coat—and go down and see the new Chevrolet Six. It's a guaranteed sure-fire cure for winter jitters.

Twenty beautiful new models, at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division General Motors.

## NEW CHEVROLET SIX

*The Great American Value*



# "You like them **FRESH**? So do I!"

You don't have to tell the woman who has switched to Camels the benefits of a *fresh* cigarette.

She knows all about it—that's the reason she stays switched.

She has learned that the fine, fragrant, sun-ripened choice tobaccos in Camels have a perfectly preserved delicate mildness all their own.

She knows by a grateful throat's testi-

mony what a relief this smooth, cool, slow-burning *fresh* cigarette means to sensitive membrane.

Camels are fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack because they are *made* fresh, fresh with natural moisture and natural flavors—they are never parched or toasted.

If you don't know what the Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat so as to avoid parching or toasting means to the smoker—switch to Camels for just one day—then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time



● Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

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# CAMELS

**Made FRESH—Kept FRESH**