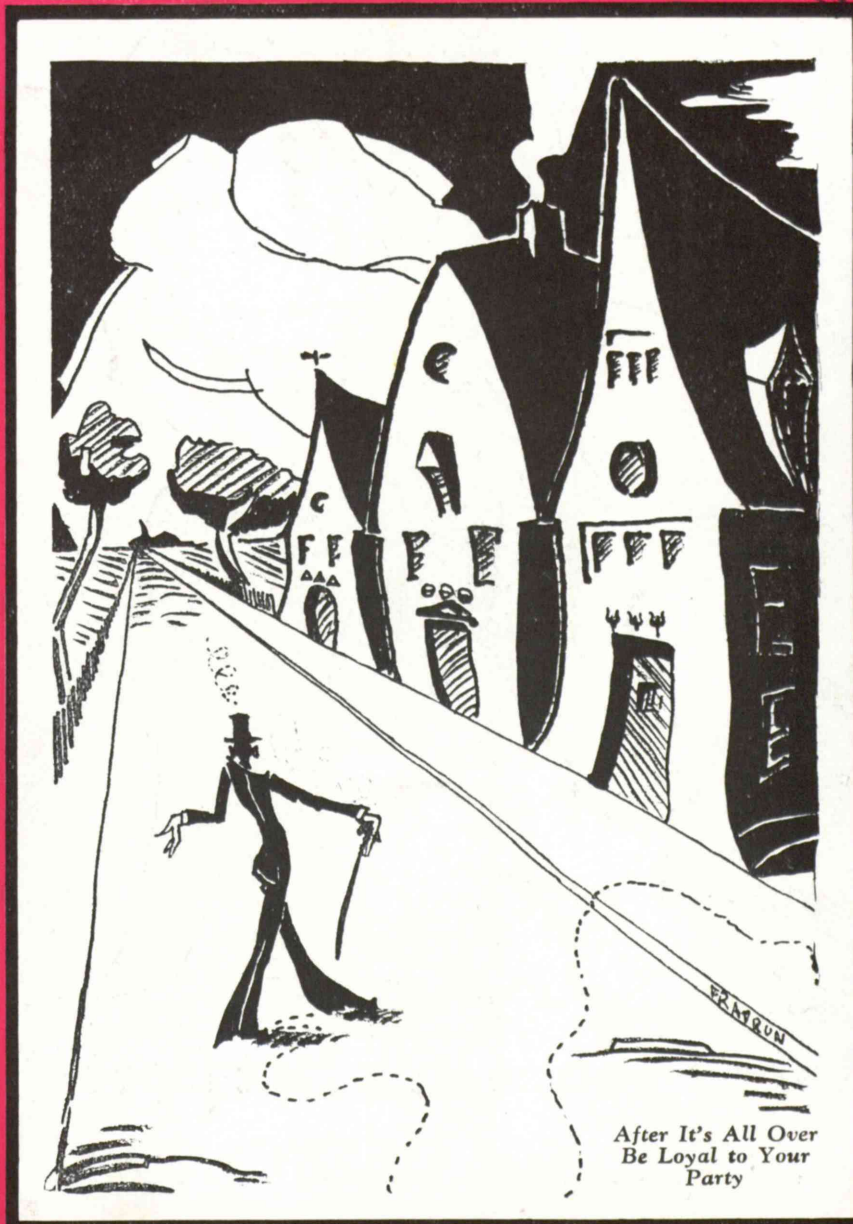


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After It's All Over
Be Loyal to Your
Party

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25 CENTS

Political Number



**When you're in a Hot Spot
—light a cool OLD GOLD**

Finer tobacco, that's the answer.
Queen-leaf tobacco from the heart of
the stalk. The choicest and coolest
burning of all Turkish and domestic.

Get this, folks:
OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT

not a cough in a carload



Waiter: "And what about the crab, lady?"

Lady: "He'll order for himself."

—Kitty-Kat.



He: "Baby, you've the prettiest legs in captivity!"

She: "They're not in captivity; I'm single."

—The Log.



"How much did you say them apples is?"

"Fifteen cents a peck."

"What do you think I am—a bird?"

—Ohio Sun Dial.



Taxi Driver: "My, what a clutch!"

Voice from the Rear: "Say you—watch the road. This is none of your business."

—Lyre.



A wealthy client insured her valuable wardrobe while traveling in Europe. Upon reaching London she found an article missing and immediately cabled her broker in New York: "Gown lifted in London." Her broker replied, after due deliberation, "What do you think our policy covers?"

—Exchange.



"What have you done," St. Peter asked

"That I should admit you here?"

"I ran a paper," the editor said,

"Of my college, for one long year."

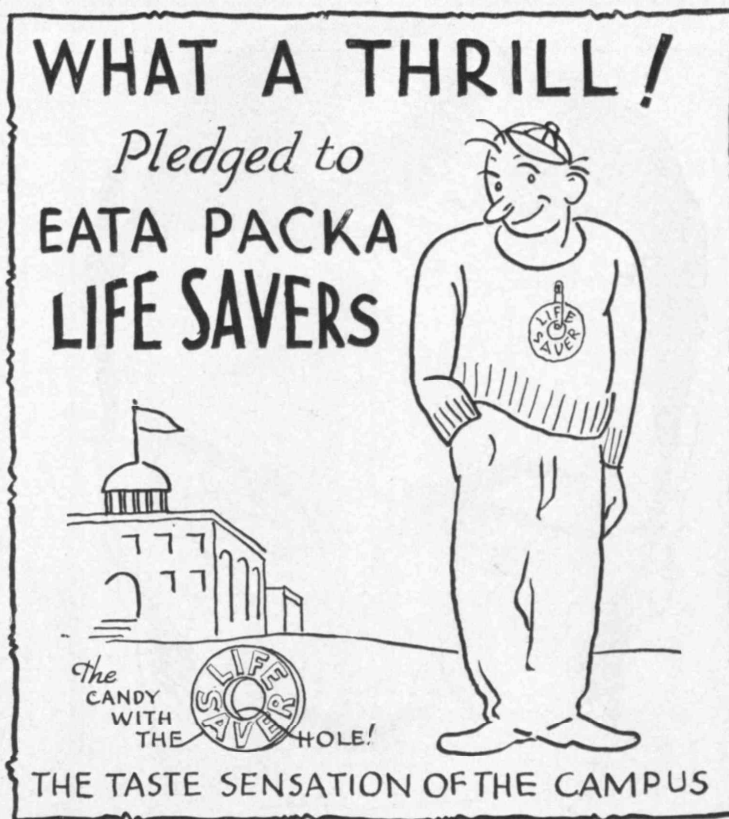
St. Peter pityingly shook his head

And gravely touched a bell.

"Come in, poor thing, select your harp,

"You've had your share of h——."

—Annapolis Log.



The DEAUVILLE Dine and Dance

to the music of the Colored Aristocrats at the new Deauville in residential Boston and adjacent to Tech.

324 NEWBURY STREET

A smart, secluded spot where you may enjoy the evening, with selected entertainers.

Popular College and Football Nights
Moderate Prices • No Cover Charge

Open at 8 P.M.

Call Kenmore 6477



Clive Brook's mobile eyebrows recall the unforgettable, quizzical "Sherlock Holmes", to be shown soon at the Metropolitan Theatre.



"Did you find the condition of the People worse in Prague than in Moscow?"

"Well, I'll admit that I passed a good many bum Czechs there."

Lampoon.



Two co-eds sauntered through the Aggie building, picking out their courses by the names on the doors.

First Co-ed: "I'd like to take these two; comparative anatomy and animal husbandry."

Second Co-ed: "And I'd like to take this one here, marked 'Men.'"

—Arizona Kitty Kat.

Dear Son:

I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make much higher grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about. Father.

Dear Father:

I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact I would rather smoke and drink and make a C. Furthermore, I would rather smoke and drink and neck and make a D.

Dear Son:

I'll break your neck if you flunk in anything. Father.

—Kansas Sour Owl.



Sandblower—"They laughed when I sat down—they thought I was sitting down all the time."

—Exchange.



"What's the difference between the fraternity man and the old fashioned knight?"

"Once a frat man always a frat man, but once a knight is enough!"

—Malteaser.



Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

The voice from the rear: "Where's his sled?"

—Annapolis Log.



FASHION NOTE

There will be slight changes in infants' wear from day to day.

—Jack-o-Lantern.

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"Naturally" — *The College Headquarters*
... *The* ...



Four Hundred
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each with
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Bath · Tub · Shower

The best private functions rooms
in Boston for College
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DURING THE PAST YEAR OVER SIXTY-FIVE
COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAMS AND THREE
THOUSAND COLLEGE STUDENTS AND
FAMILIES HAVE MADE THE KENMORE
THEIR BOSTON HOME.

She: "How are we going to get home?"

New Yorker: "Oh, there must be subway!"

—*Iowa Frivol.*



Bing: "What do you mean kicking my dog?
He don't even bite."

Bang: "Yes, but he raised his leg, and I thought
he was going to kick me."

—*Ram Morgue.*



Many fraternities are planning to abolish their
regular "Hell Week" this year and make their
pledges attend all of the sorority pledge dances.

—*Dirge.*



Phi Gam (wanting a loan)—Do you remember
the old saying, "A friend in need is a friend in
deed?"

The other Phi Gam—Yes, stranger.

—*Burr.*

AU COMÉDIE



CLAIRE TREVOR KEEPS US
"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"
AT THE PLYMOUTH

ERNEST TRUEX & CLAIRE TREVOR
GETTING LATE ELECTION RETURNS
IN "WHISTLING IN THE DARK"

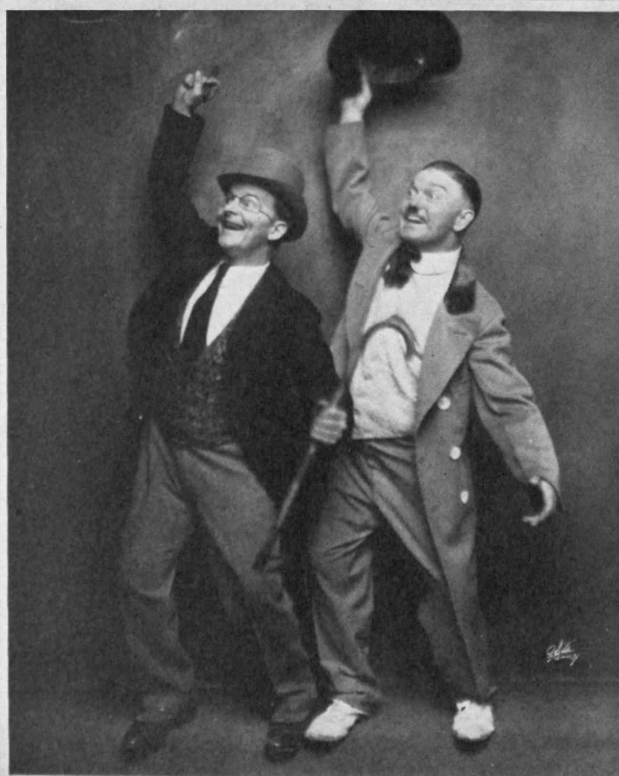
AT THE PLYMOUTH NOW



h.v.c.

CLARK
& McCULLOUGH
SAY "HYDY"

TO BEATRICE LILLIE
(SHE WAS LATE FOR THE PICTURE)
IN "WALK A LITTLE FASTER"
NOW AT THE MAJESTIC

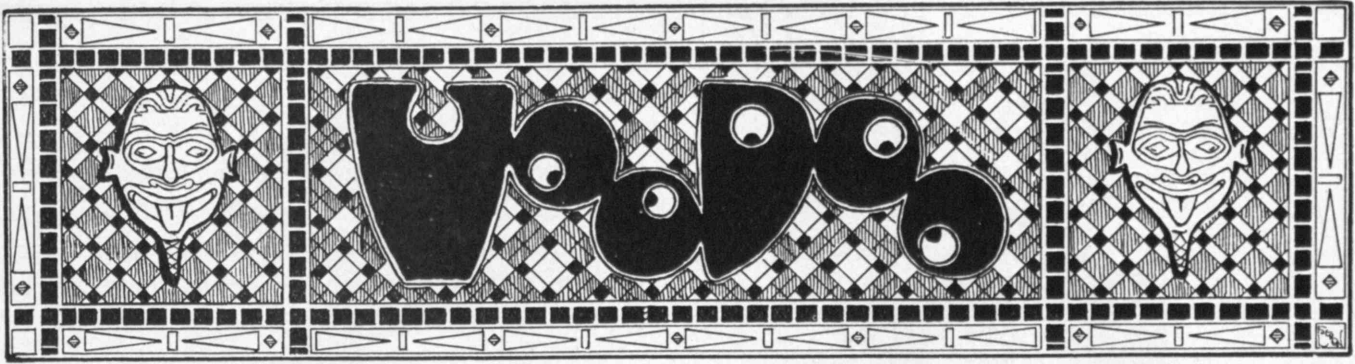


Voo Doo Presents
A Political Issue





(Voo Doo presents the second of a series of drawings by local talent. Save this page for future reference.)



THE FAMOUS ELECTION DAY MURDER; or, WHY PETER RABBIT HAS A FUZZY TAIL

The recent election brings to mind the never-to-be-forgotten story of the gruesome and blood-thirsty murder of the campaign of 1884. No doubt a few of our readers have forgotten the intimate details and for that reason Voo Doo is glad to present the facts again.

The Ward 6 polling place had just closed after a hectic day of voting in an election where political animosity and hard feeling between the candidates had run high. Ajax Q. Gilhooly, an official, was opening the ballot box to begin the work of counting the votes when suddenly he stopped, horror-stricken—and not a little chagrined—to find the dismembered corpse of a man stuffed into the box. The victim was, it seemed, quite dead. Gilhooly rushed from the building, calling the police frantically. The police, accustomed only to being called cops, declined to comment on the case. Sergeant O’Ginsburg commented vociferously, however, that he would do all in his power to catch the guilty person. “There has been too much political horseplay in this ward lately,” he chortled, “and stuffing the ballot box is just about the last straw.” With this O’Ginsburg collapsed and was carried away.

All was quiet in the Glotz mansion . . . Mervin Swinburne Glotz paced the floor nervously as

the doorbell emitted a querulous ring. “I wish you weren’t so querulous,” muttered Glotz as Jaundice, the old family retainer, tripped over a piano as he went to open the door. “And if anyone wants to see me,” he added as an afterthought, “I’m out!”

It seemed hours—nay, minutes—before Jaundice finally returned, hitting his eye on the door-knob as he entered the salon. His face was ghastly white and he quivered as with the palsy. “What’s happened?” cried Glotz, “Come, tell me, honesty is the best palsy!” But Jaundice said nothing and sat as though he had fallen into a stupor. And with a piercing scream, Mervin Swinburne Glotz, unaccountably driven into a maniacal rage, leaped into the roaring fireplace where he was toasted to a crisp. . . . Then came the Civil War.

And thus, the ball is on the six yard line, second down, one yard to go. Only ten more seconds to play with the score tied 6-6. What would you do in a case like that?

So, dear readers, send in your solution to this momentous problem—don’t wait, every momentous valuable—and the winner of the contest will be accorded the honor of being notified when another article of this type is to appear in Voo Doo—so that he can cancel his subscription in time.

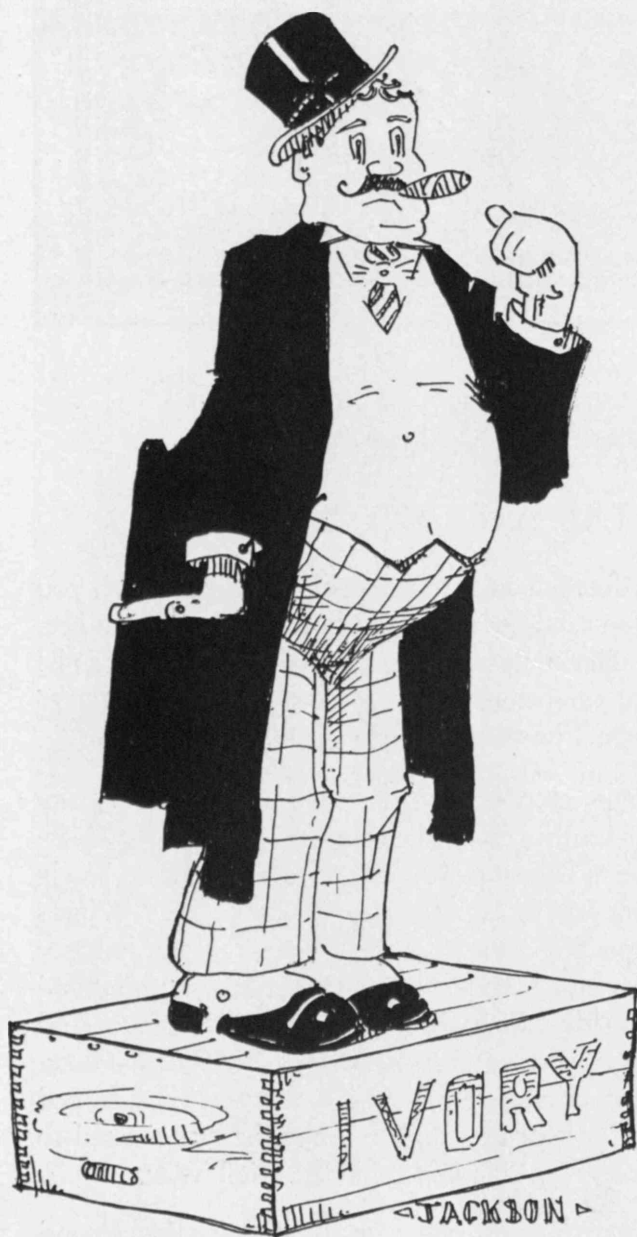
“Are you a Politician?”

“No, I ripped my pants on that box over there.”

“Who was that politician I seen you with last night?”

“That was no politician that was a Democrat.”





"We are approaching a new era, gentlemen, I promise you 'two vests on every pot'."



Mark Antony: "Here are some flowers for Cleopatra, I understand she is in bed with laryngitis."

Servant: "That's what you and about fifty college comics think."



WE CHOSE TO RUN

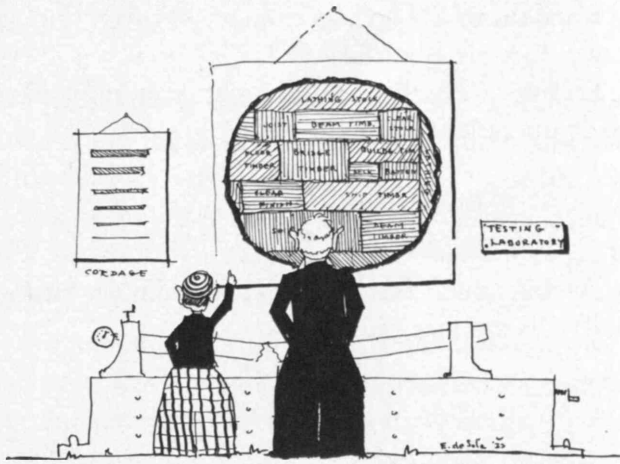
Now that the election is over and there is no danger of disturbing the union of the major parties, Voo Doo feels safe in publishing the platform of its candidate, Phineas Gooch. (Mr. Gooch's name did not appear on the ballot due to the fact that he had been under the impression that the election was to take place next year.)

MR. GOOCH'S PLATFORM

1. Two chickens in every rumble-seat.
2. Bigger and better depressions.
3. Protection of the American public from the evil influences of yellow journalism, with the abolition of *The Daily Record* and *The Tech* as the immediate program.
4. Two dinner-pails in every chicken.
5. Banishment from society of all illiterates who force the ill-begotten products of their brains and pens on the defenseless public, the Lounger being the first to go.
6. A varsity football team for Technology, with female cheer leaders.
7. Two pails in every dinner-chicken.
8. More and softer sofas in the Walker lounges.
9. Fewer and dimmer lights in the Walker lounges.
10. Less perfectly evident propositions by Eddie Miller.
11. More ads for *The Tech*. (Then they won't have to write *anything*.)
12. Two chicken dinners in every pail.
13. A new hat for Mr. McSweeney.
14. No more pigs at the Theta Chi dances.



You can't improve on nature.



Freshman—"I don't see any Presidential timber."



Habitue: "Have you heard the new tire salesman's song?"

Son of habitue: "No, spill it."

Habitue: "Isn't it pneumatic."



The reason why speakeasies are enjoying prosperity is because they are just around the corner.

Orthopedic surgeons in Chicago say that the bigger a woman's feet, the prettier the woman.

—News Item.

My girl friend's hair has beauty rare

Her eyes are azure blue;

That silky skin and dimpled chin

Are things to come and view.

Her ruby lips and slinky hips

Are—well, they're simply neat.

Her beauty's so mysterious

She drives me quite delirious

But then—I stop and ponder that—

She has enormous feet.

Her well-bred poise attracts the boys

From near and far away—

They doubt the truth but then, for sooth

They change their minds and stay.

Her praise is sung by every tongue

But none of it's complete—

Some folks are so forgettable

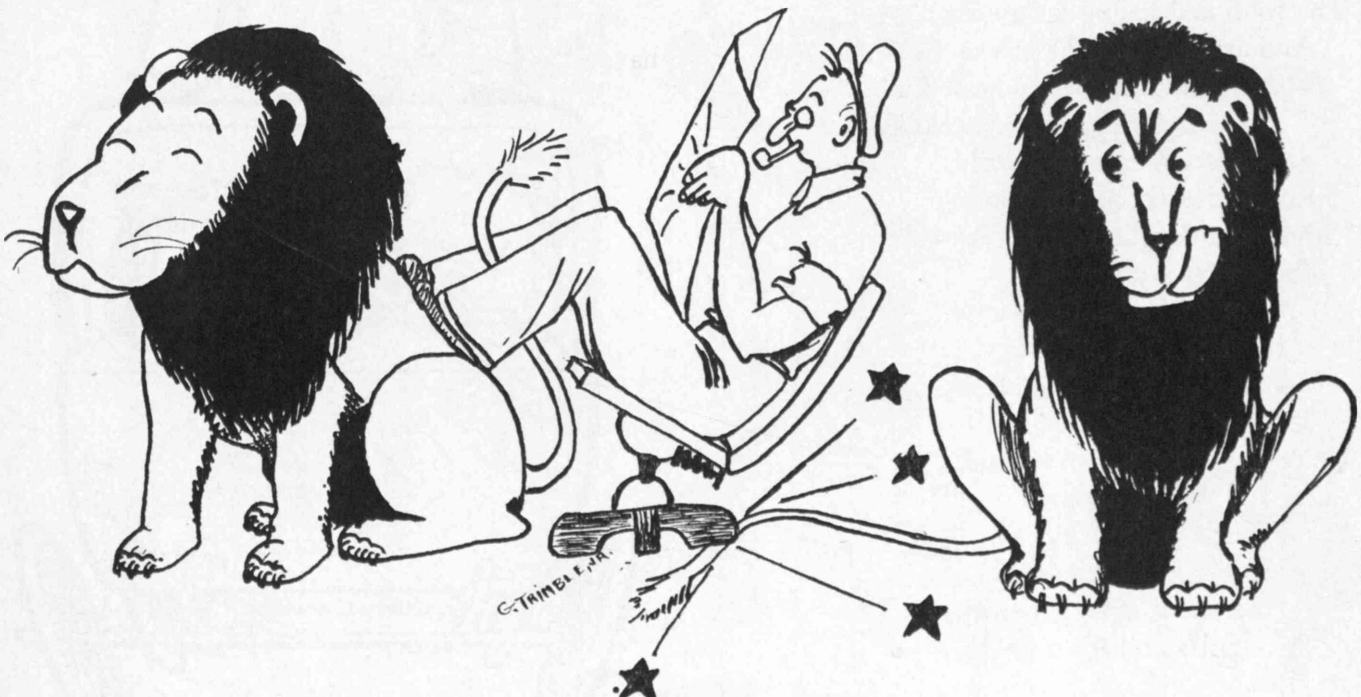
But then—it's not regrettable,

They all omit *this* gruesome fact:—

She has enormous feet.



If all the Politicians were laid end to end some would lie still while others would still lie.



Reading between the lions.



She—"Dear, you shouldn't have listened to the election returns all night."



Father trades daughter to suitor for team of mules.

—*Boston Traveler.*

The fond and loving father sat
And argued with the groom
They raised their voices heatedly
And bargained quite conceitedly
While epithets repeatedly
Resounded through the room.
"I hold my daughter in esteem
She's quite a pretty lass
She may have no capacity
For learning or sagacity
But sir—it's plain audacity
To offer *just one ass!*"
He reconsidered—then he said:
"If you will only show
A little reciprocity
I'll lose my animosity
And show some generosity—
Two mules and it's a go!"



Republican (boarding train): "Porter, I'm in lower 3, is my berth ready?"

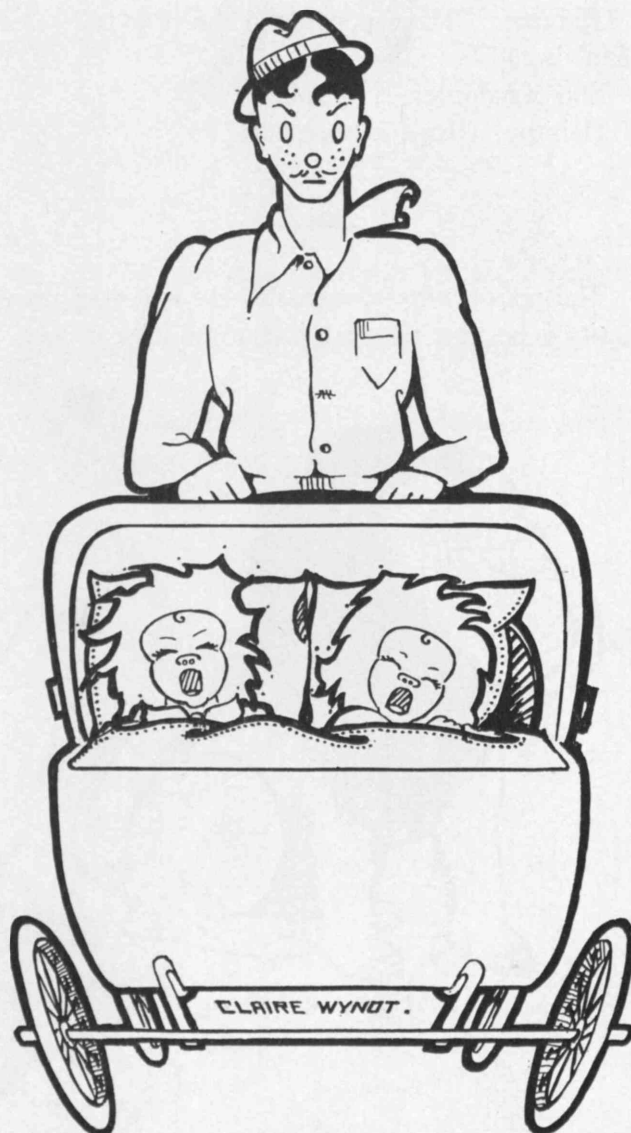
Porter: "No Sir. I thought you politicians made up your own bunk."



As big chief Rain-in-the-Face said to Sitting Bull: "Is my face red!"



President Hoover (at Carpenter's Union): "And in conclusion, gentlemen, what this country needs is a good five-cent ruler."



The Resultant Couple

THANKS, IT WAS A DELIGHTFUL PARTY

Way back in the year of our Lord Speaker there was a gal named Mammie. But due to the fact that all of us boys would always talk about her with a potato in our mouth we had to call her "Mame" for short. Of course if Short wasn't around we didn't have to call her at all.

One night after all the hens had gone to roost (Roost was a small town with a very congenial group just across the border into Vermont). Well as I was saying before all these parenthesisises got in my way, no sooner had the other gals left for Roost when Mame heard a "gentle knocking at her door." Of course she thought it was the Raven so she opens the door and holds out her hand, full of bread crumbs. The bird, however, was just the kind she had been wanting to see, so in he comes with swallow tail in double wing-back formation. The first pass he tried was grounded and he was penalized for trying two in succession.

He then decided to play a line game and told her all about his job as a Steel Treater and about all his buddies in the Street Treater's Union. In about a month's time the whole Union would come around to see Mame and some would get somewhere while others were still talking about the tensil strength of iron.

Mame, one night, ups and went to Roost with the other chickens so as to get away from the Union boys. But Ladies and Gentlemen the sad, sad part of it was—"As goes Mame, so goes the Union."



Steamship passenger: "When you were in Ireland last summer, how did you like Dublin?"

Bridge fiend: "Not much, I was always redoubled."





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EDITORIALS

YELLOW JOURNALISM

Is The Tech fulfilling its purpose as the Undergraduate News Organ of the Institute? We think not. One glance at the misrepresentation published in the issue of November 7 is enough to convince us of that. Such a practice is touching on the borders of "yellow journalism."

Whether or not the fraternity men are superior to the dorm men is a matter of little consequence. However, the way in which it was played up by The Tech is, indeed, humiliating to the majority of those involved. Certainly there is no better way to break off relations between these two groups of men. We hope that this is not their purpose.

We accuse The Tech management of attempting sensationalism — a practice which is found only in the cheaper newspapers of the country. Possibly a few members of the Board are desirous of gaining personal recognition among their fellow students. If so, it is, indeed, a poor attempt.

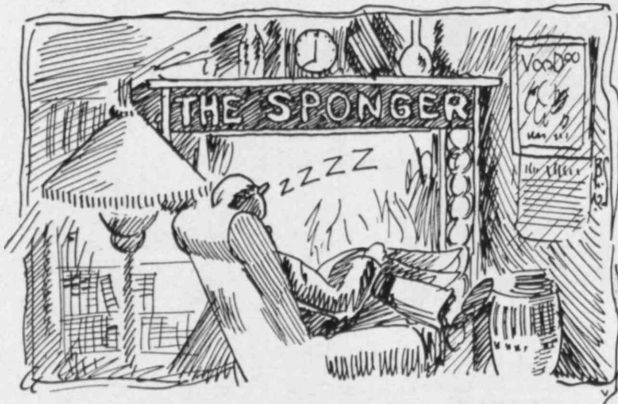
If it so happens that they do not have enough legitimate copy to fill each issue, we suggest that they become a bi-weekly again. Certainly no one would be disappointed. If the management thinks that the publication of such "rot" will help increase their circulation, we would like to point out their shortsightedness.

The continuation of such a policy will not be tolerated by the student body.

Contributors to this issue — Whiting Brewer, Henry Herpers, Miss Claire Wynot, and E. de Sola.

Arthur B. Ellenwood has been promoted to Editorial staff. Phosphorous extends his congratulations.





EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF
STUART T. (Likes-to-raise-a-stink) MARTIN, JR.

Went down to the St. James Infirmary to see my sweetie (age 18) from Oshkosh, Wisc. She is suffering from an attack of loneliness.

Attended a tea this afternoon (Sunday). Met a very charming belle from Wellesley. Ann Hog, I think her name is.

Found out that physical has two different meanings. That gives me an idea. I worked it out all by myself too. (Turns bowl of pipe down).

Have come to the conclusion that "unmitigated plagiarism" is a good phrase. Possibly I can work it in with my work on college paper.

I think I will get somewhere on the paper this year. It's too bad my past two years experience with publications didn't amount to much.

Possibly if I write a punk review of the Voo Doo I will start something and get my name in print.



"Why is a single-barrel gun like Shakespeare?"

"I'll bite."

"Because it never repeats."



Mach. Draw. Prof.: "And if the centers are an inch and a half apart, where would the line be?"

Voice from rear: "Off side!"



"I wonder why Gus keeps having pains in his stomach?"

"Probably because of that big bay-window of his."

Frosh: "Ed Wynn certainly has been a humorist for a long time."

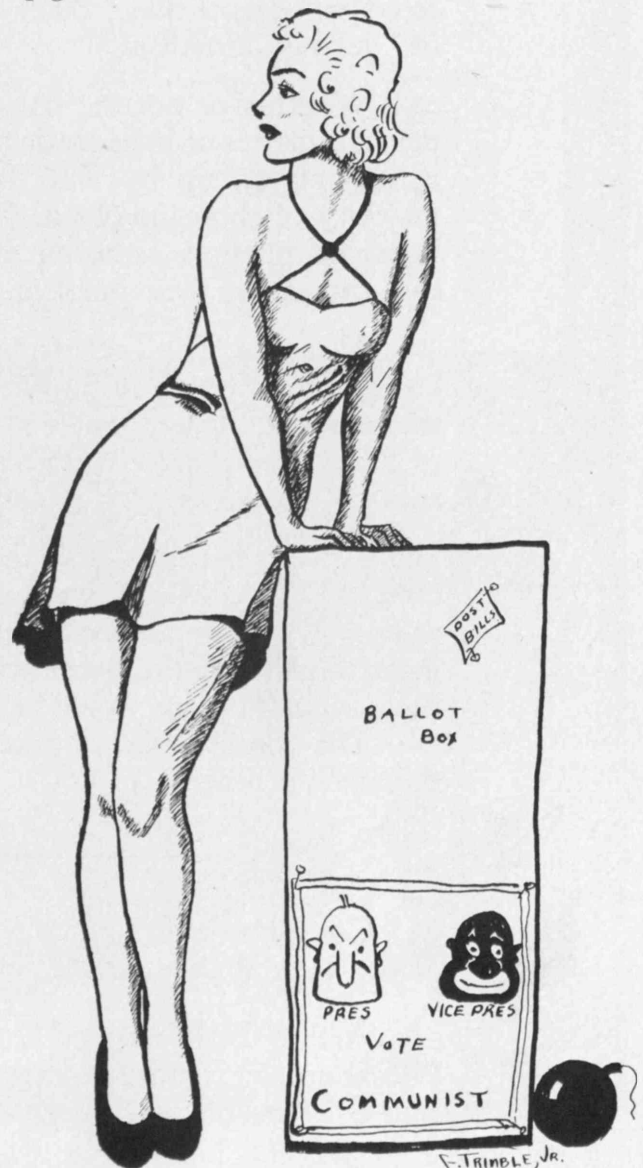
Soph: "Yes, just the other night he was celebrating his twentieth mirth day."



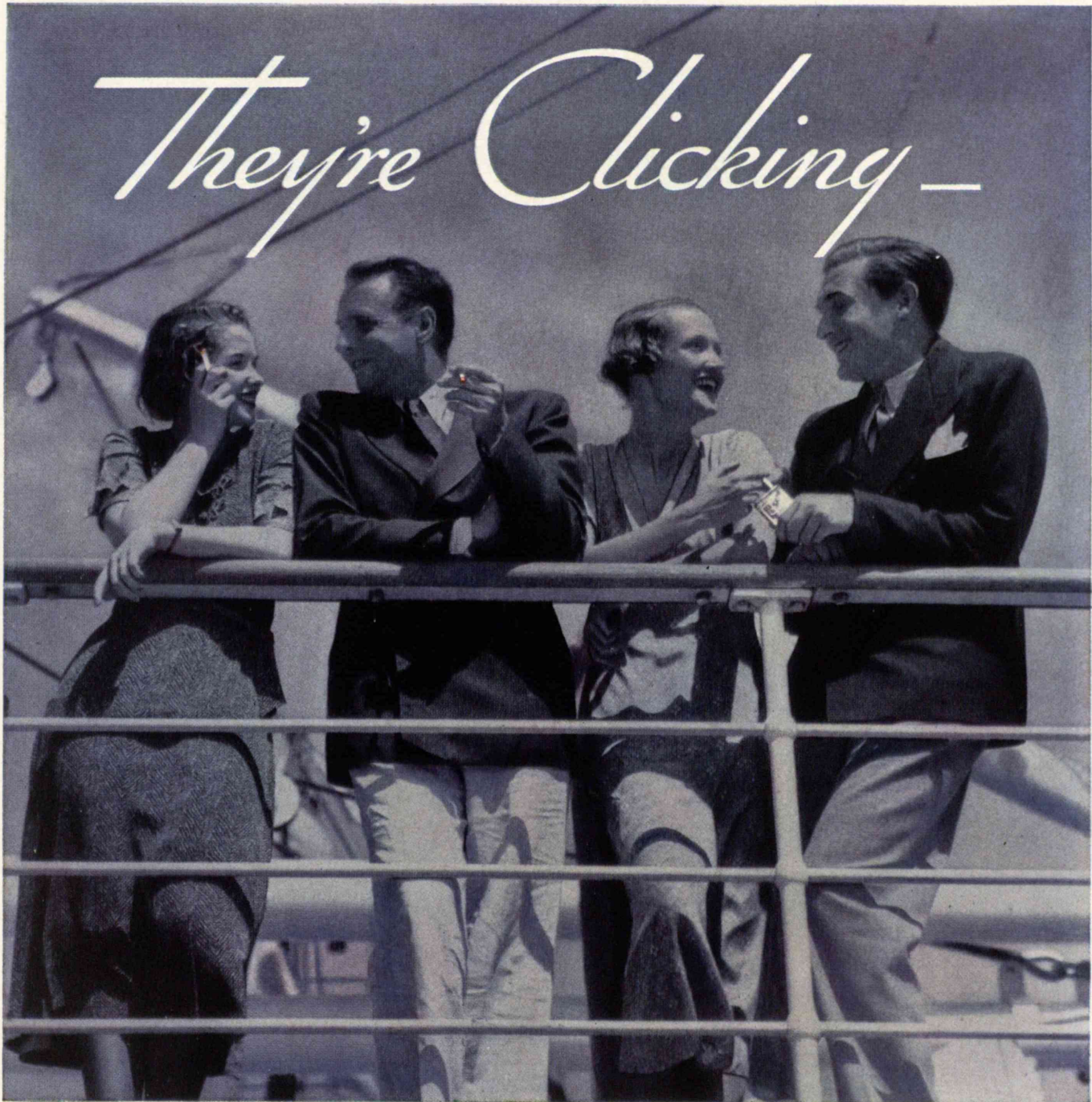
Remember when you are out driving and sitting on the front seat he who laughs last is just seeing the choke.



It was rumored that a freshman appeared at Field Day with a young pig. However, Field Day at M. I. T. is where most of us wouldn't even take a pig.



Yes, the Communists made a good showing.



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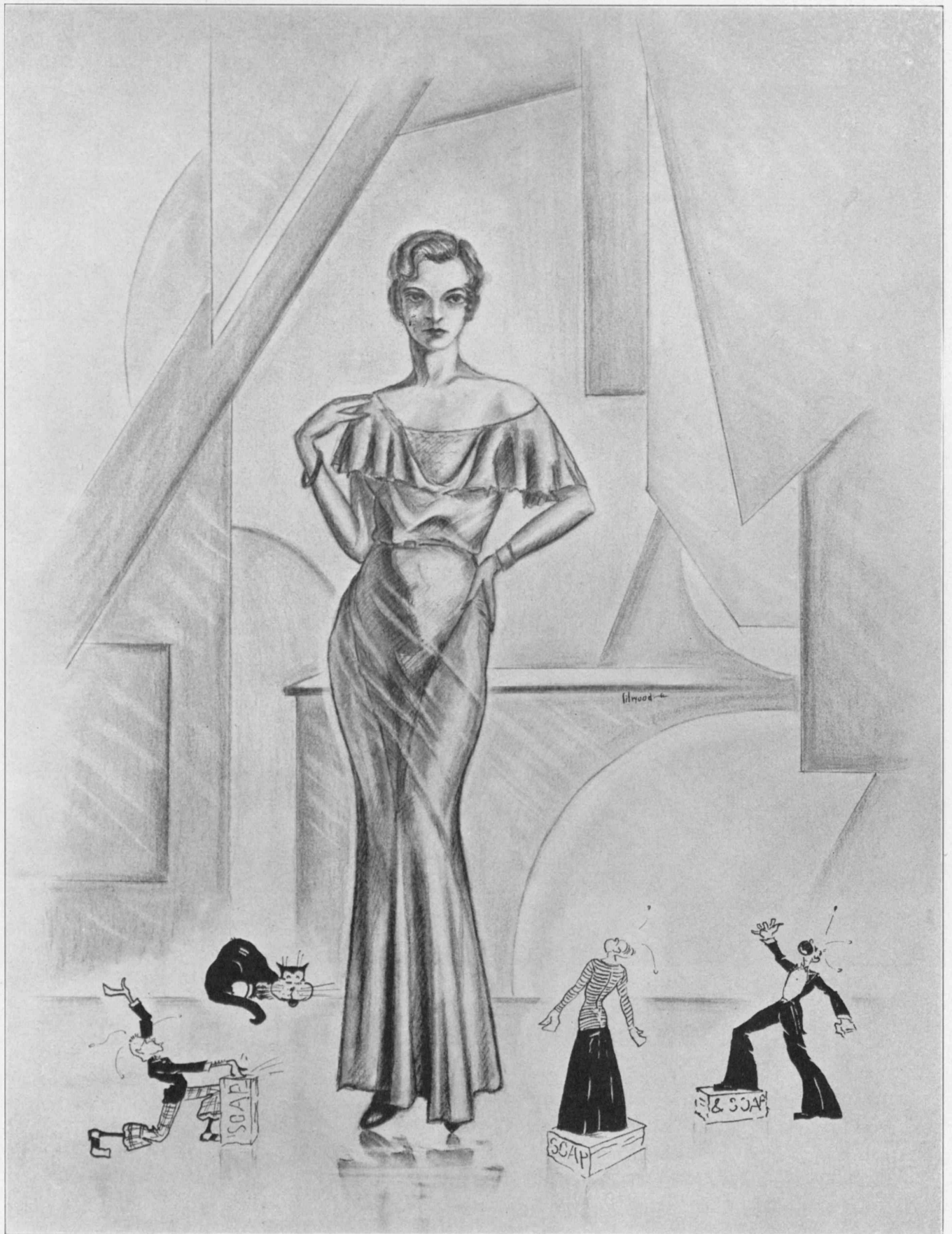
"Sailing, Sailing, over the Bounding Main"

IN OVER eighty countries . . . no matter where you may go, by land or by sea or by air . . . you can always buy Chesterfields.

Their reputation for Mildness and Better Taste is international. Just ask for the cigarette that *satisfies*.

The cigarette that's Milder
The cigarette that TASTES BETTER





"Here's to Miss Prosperity, our forgotten woman."



"What! No Techs?"

The President was again in hot water. In fact, for the second time that month he was taking a bath, for tonight he was going out. "Tonight I'm going out," said the President, "Mrs. President to the contrary notwithstanding." Ah—that familiar phrase! How it reminded him of his campaign, not so long ago, when he had beaten out twenty-six other candidates for the office of town garbage collector. Then his cry had been "A Chicken in Every Garbage Can."

And now he was President—and he was going out if he wanted to. He'd see if the President didn't have some rights in his own home. He'd tell his wife just what he was going to do—that he was going to play cribbage with his Cabinet. "In fact, he'd do it right now," he muttered as he flung himself from the tub, and, landing on a piece of soap, slid into the main hall. Disentangling himself from the works of the grandfather's clock which he had met on the way out, he proceeded more cautiously in his search. Ah, there she was entertaining in the tea room. Well, he'd go right in and tell her. "Wife,"—he began. A feminine scream startled him. "You go right back and put your clothes on."

And wasn't he President?



"Is there a doctor in the audience?"



One of the Freshman coeds says that until she went to the Rodeo she never had known how a cow made butter.



"You can't improve on denature."



ben

Machado about nothing.

Extract from an English theme: The performers at the gym meet must have been inspired by acrobatic spirits of ammonia.



"Is there any ladies maid in Walker?"
 "Yeah, but you mean 'are' instead of 'is'!"



"Er, am I early?"

The Sophomores have not yet received their 6 marks but most Freshmen have gotten their 5 weak ones.



Speaking of rivets, Bill, a butt joint is not a cigar store.



"I don't give a dam," says Roosevelt. Of course he didn't, it was Mr. Hoover who gave the Dam.



She was a big politician's daughter but I wasn't up to her rally.

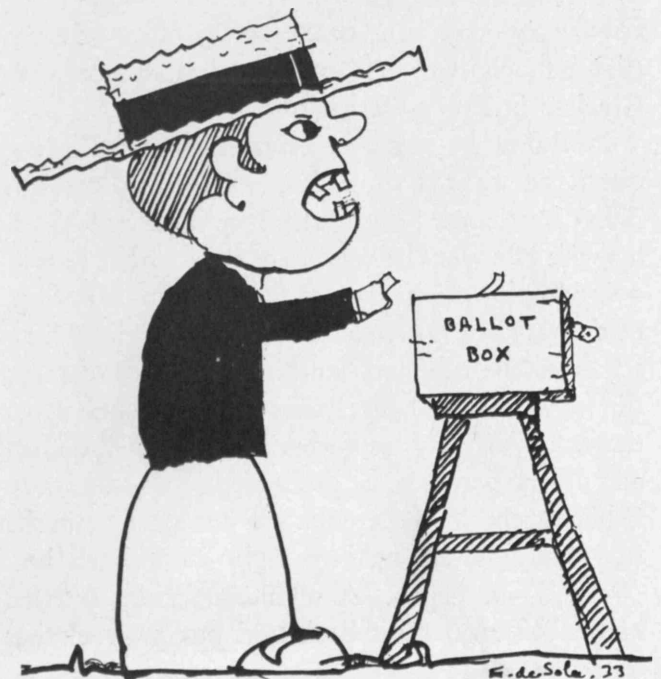


"I couldn't sleep a bit last night because the window shade was up."

"Why didn't you pull it down?"

"Do you think I can reach across the street?"

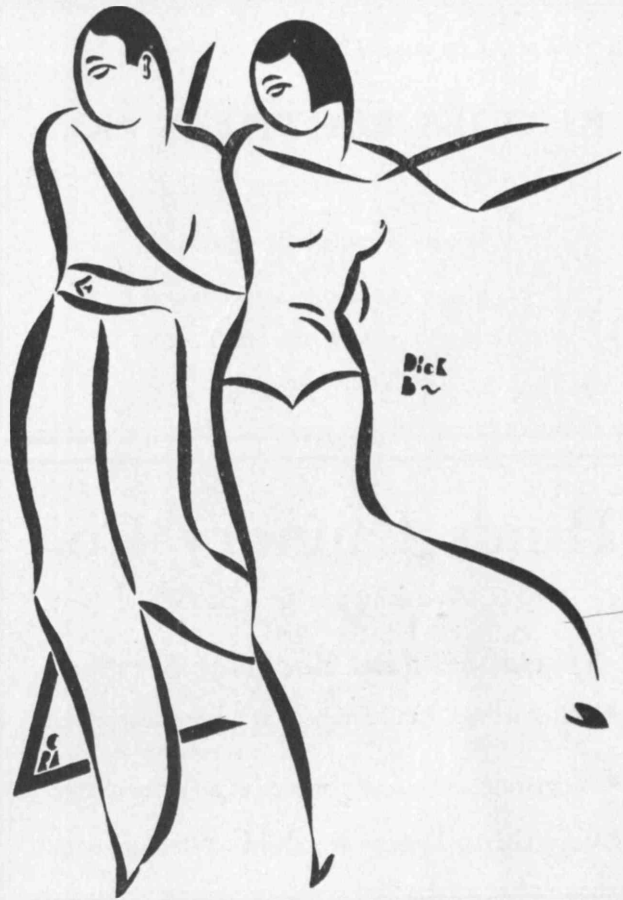
—Exchange.



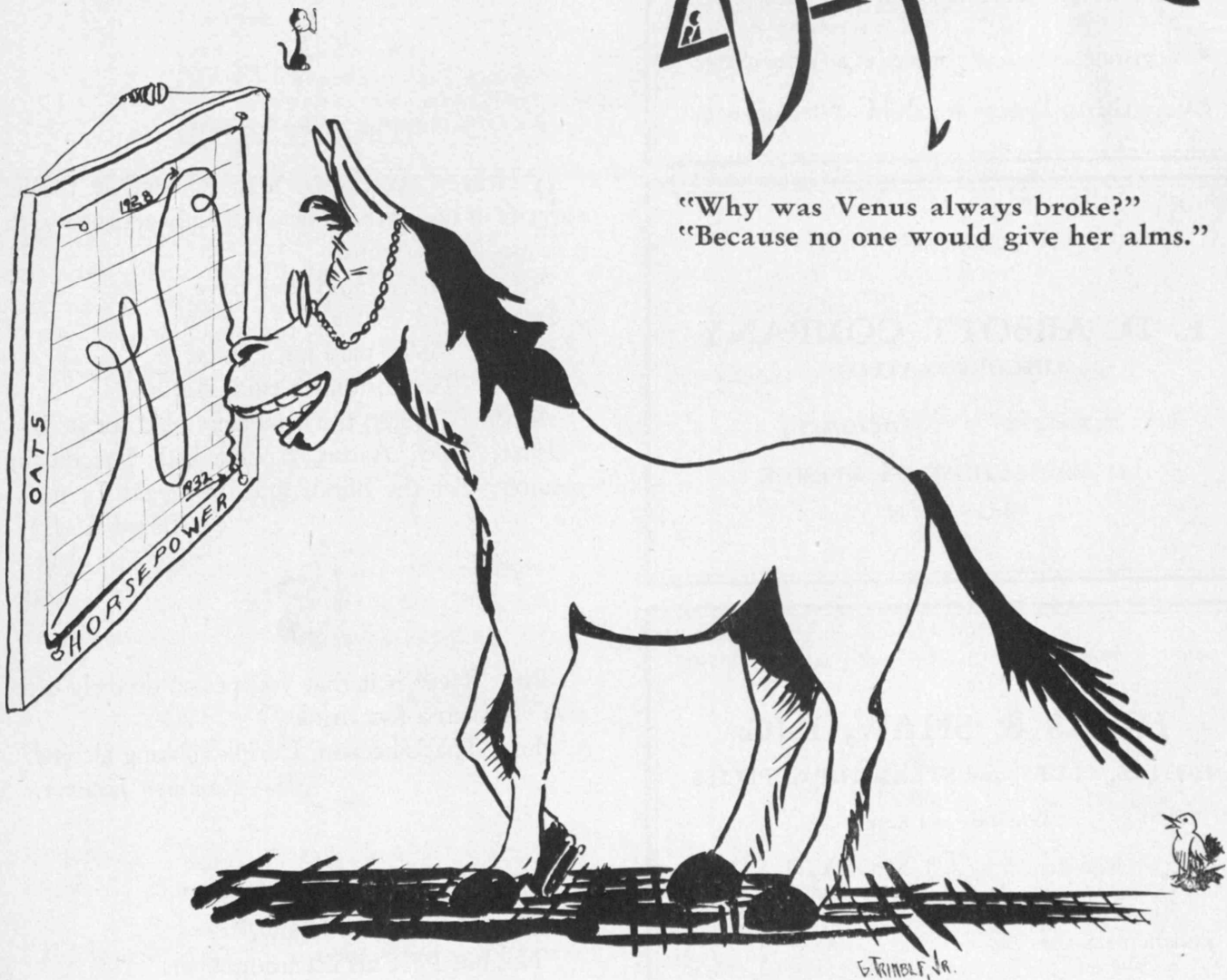
Just a straw voter.

W. de Sola, '33

A certain gent from the institute was pondering on the unbalanced forces of an internal alcohol bath. The hypothesis was that since four balls made a pass, the fifth ought to be on the house. The pros and cons having been discussed at great length and with little success with the bartender, the gent ups and demands a free drink. The tender says they ain't no arsenic in the damn house. The gent makes a pass that ends in a magnificent solar display. When the clouds pass there he is in the middle of a harem with a mess of beautiful girls around. Being certain, therefore, that he wasn't at Wellesley, and not being on the Tech or abnormal in any other way, he follows certain inherited instincts. Since he lacks the up and coming ways of even the lesser VOO DOO men, he gets tired and goes to sleep. He wakes up back in the bar, and demands to be hit again. The tender tosses him out, and dejectedly mops the floor.



"Why was Venus always broke?"
 "Because no one would give her alms."



Putting the chart before the horse.

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THE ORPHAN

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly: "It's a boy, sir."

The professor looked up from his desk and said: "Well, what does he want?"

And there's the story about the absent-minded college boy who shifted his sweetie and stripped his gears.

—*Rammer Jammer.*

Student (translating passage in German class): "I fell to the ground humbly and clasped her by the knee—and that's as far as I got, Professor Hatfield."

—*Parrot.*



FOR THE BLIND

A Hebrew storekeeper's show window to the surprise of his brethren was suddenly adorned with a gorgeous new blind.

Aaron: "Nice blind you have."

Isaac: "Yes, Aaron."

Aaron: "Who paid for it, Isaac?"

Isaac: "The customers paid, Aaron."

Aaron: "What, the customers paid for it?"

Isaac: "Yes, Aaron, I put a little box on my counter, 'For the Blind,' and they paid for it."

—*Bored Walk.*



She: "How is it that you pet so divinely after you've taken a few drinks?"

He: "That's because I drink rubbing alcohol."

—*Rammer Jammer.*

"My car was stolen last night."

"Get a look at the fellow?"

"No, but I got his license number."

—*1925 Record.*

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He was a bit shy and, after she had thrown her arms around him, etc., for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I'm sorry if I offended you," she said.

"I'm not offended: I'm going for more flowers."

—Illinois Siren.



Husband: "What kind of a day did you have?"

Wife: "Rotten. The iceman didn't come, there were no canvassers, and now you come home dead tired."

—Kitty Kat.



Passenger: "What are you slowing up for?"

Driver: "Thought I heard the lady say 'stop,' sir."

"She wasn't speaking to you; drive on."

—Purple Parrot.

Here lies a young salesman named Phipps,
Who married on one of his trips,

A widow named Block,

Then died of the shock,

When he saw there were six little chips.

—Syracuse Orange Peel.



"Say, haven't you gotta horn?"

"Sure—wanna blow it?"

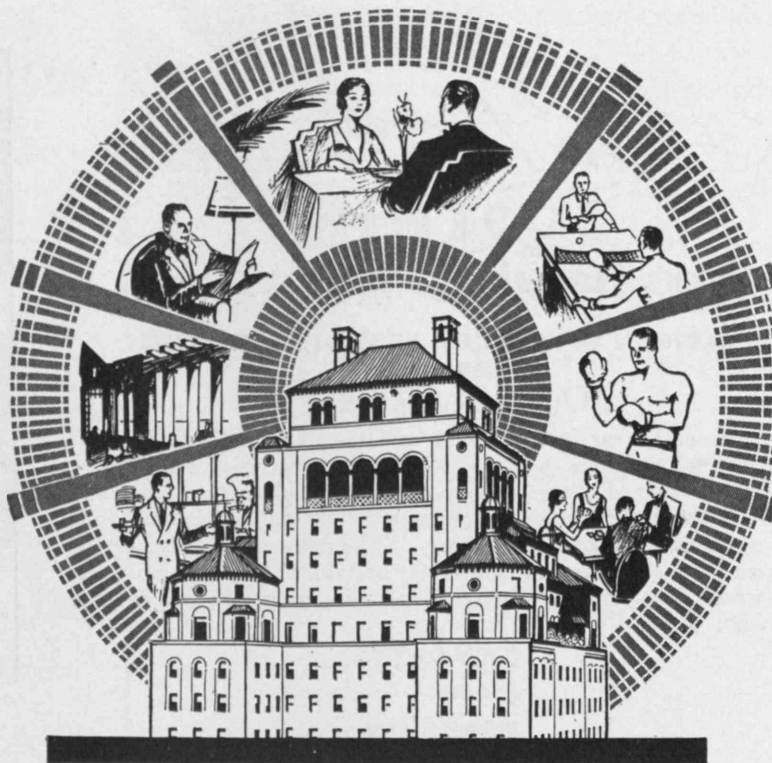
—Rice Owl.



Everything may have a hidden meaning. Yea,
even the little red schoolhouse may have some-
thing behind it.

—Bison.

*Pay for
1
Room . . .
Live in
9!*



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Fraternity Clubs Building
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Luncheon, 65c and 75c
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Here are the fellowship and facilities of the finest club . . . rest and reading rooms, gymnasias, game rooms, solarias, dances . . . and at rates adjusted to present day, common sense standard. You share all these privileges—pay only for your room!

The locations were selected with extreme care for convenience, accessibility and desirability. You live in the restricted East Side district, where you can stroll in comfort to midtown business and social activities.

If you desire to maintain a high standard of living, without maintaining high expenses, find out today what the Allertons have for you.

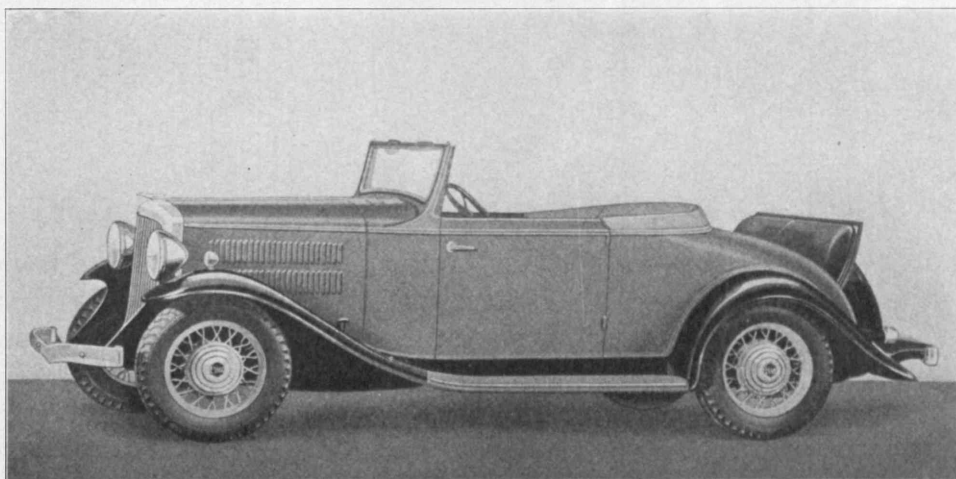
Inspect the Allertons. Note their advantages. Discover for yourself the economy and desirability of Allerton living.

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A New Value

One glimpse of this fleet beauty poised at the curb or skimming the highways and you too are likely to exclaim "Let's go Terraplaning". It is just the last, bright word in smart, low lines, handling alertness, comfortable snugness — backed by extra power which outperforms all other cars.

"You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt, too?"

"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."

—Showme.



He: "You see if we enter a companionate marriage we can live together a while and then, if we find we've made a mistake, we can separate."

She: "Yes—but—what'll we do with the mistake?"

—Wataugan.



The Betas best rush argument is that they have many different things to eat at each meal. They are right, they have hundreds of different things to eat, and all of them are beans.

—Aggravator.

"My, I didn't know that you had electricity way out here."

"We generate it ourselves."

"I see. Ohm talent."

—Punch Bowl.



Man (getting a shave): "Barber, will you please give me a glass of water?"

Barber: "What is the matter, a hair in your throat?"

Man: "No, I want to see if my throat leaks."

—Green Griffin.



"Darling, you're all the world to me."

"Well, that's no sign you're going to make any Cook's Tour tonight."

—Ohio Green Goat.

Walton Lunch Company

Office:

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EXCELLENT DINING ROOM AT POPULAR PRICES

MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
AT HARVARD BRIDGE
University 2680

Co: "Your friend has the funniest knees."

Ed: "Oh, they won't seem bad once you get onto them."

—Rice Owl.



SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Los Angeles was crowded to its boundaries. Olympic spectators had filled every hotel and rooming-house in the city. Not a room was available, but the young college student had to find a place to sleep that night. He had worked hard, trying to sell to the huge crowd, and he was thoroughly exhausted.

"Anything will do," he said to a hotel clerk.

"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom," replied the clerk, "but there is a lady in the opposite corner, and if you don't make any noise she'll be none the wiser."

"Fine," said the tired man, and into the ballroom he went.

Five minutes later he came running out to the clerk.

"Say," he cried, "that woman in there is dead!"

"I know it," was the answer. "But how did you find out?"

—Punch Bowl.



SOLD SHORT

College Senior: "I would give five dollars for just one kiss from a nice little innocent girl like you."

Innocent Freshman: "Oh, how terrible."

College Senior: "Did I offend you?"

Innocent Freshman: "No, I was just thinking about the fortune I gave away last night."

—Pelican.



OPPOSITE THE NEW
WALDORF-ASTORIA

Home of the famous swimming pool-

The SHELTON

at 49th and Lexington NEW YORK

Abundant Health

The best physicians advise regular exercise. No hotel in New York offers so many advantages for healthful and pleasurable indoor sports. You can select a room at the Shelton for as little as \$2.50 per day and \$50.00 per month upward, and have the same free recreational privileges as others occupying a magnificent suite.

SPECIAL OFFER

Combination Dinner and Swim . \$1.50

Available to both men and women . . . (suits free)

Club Features (free to guests): Swimming pool; gymnasium; game rooms for Bridge and Backgammon; roof garden and solarium; library and lounge rooms.

**ALSO BOWLING; SQUASH COURTS AND CAFETERIA.
REASONABLE PRICES.**

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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

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First Young Flock

Breeders Trophy



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AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING
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CHEMISTRY
CIVIL ENGINEERING
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
ELECTROCHEMICAL ENGINEERING
GENERAL SCIENCE
GENERAL ENGINEERING

GEOLOGY
INDUSTRIAL BIOLOGY
MATHEMATICS
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
METALLURGY
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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



Anita Page looking like a million dollars in "Prosperity" with Marie Dressler at Loew's State Theatre, Nov. 21.



And who was it that said, "If you can't sleep move to the edge of the bed and see if you can't drop off?"

Boston "Beanpot."



He: "I was kicked out of Vassar."

She: "But Vassar is a girl's school."

He: "Sure, I was kicked out of Vassar."

—Sour Owl.



Ma: "Dad, I'm kinda worried about our daughter."

Dad: "How come?"

Mother: "Well, when she started going on auto rides I gave her a pair of roller skates, and they don't seem to show any wear."

—George Washington Ghost.

A Scotchman, an Irishman, a German, and a Jew were eating dinner together. When the meal was finished and the waiter came with the bill the Scotchman promptly said that he would take it. The next day a Jewish ventriloquist was found murdered.

—Puppet.



Absent-minded sales girl (as date kisses her good-night): "Will that be all?"

—Texas Battalion.



Co-ed: "Are you trying to pick me up?"

'32: "Do I look like a street cleaner?"

—Widow.



Abie (waving hand): "Please, teacher, may I be excused?"

Teacher: "No, Abie, you stay in and fill up the ink-wells."

—Purple Cow.



Otto Helmenglutz has recently plotted a graph, showing that if wishes were horses, approximately half of the world's population would have to be street sweepers.

—Battalion.



"I wanna quarter's worth of rat poison."

"Okay. Will you take it with you?"

"Oh, my, no! I'll send the rats down here after it."

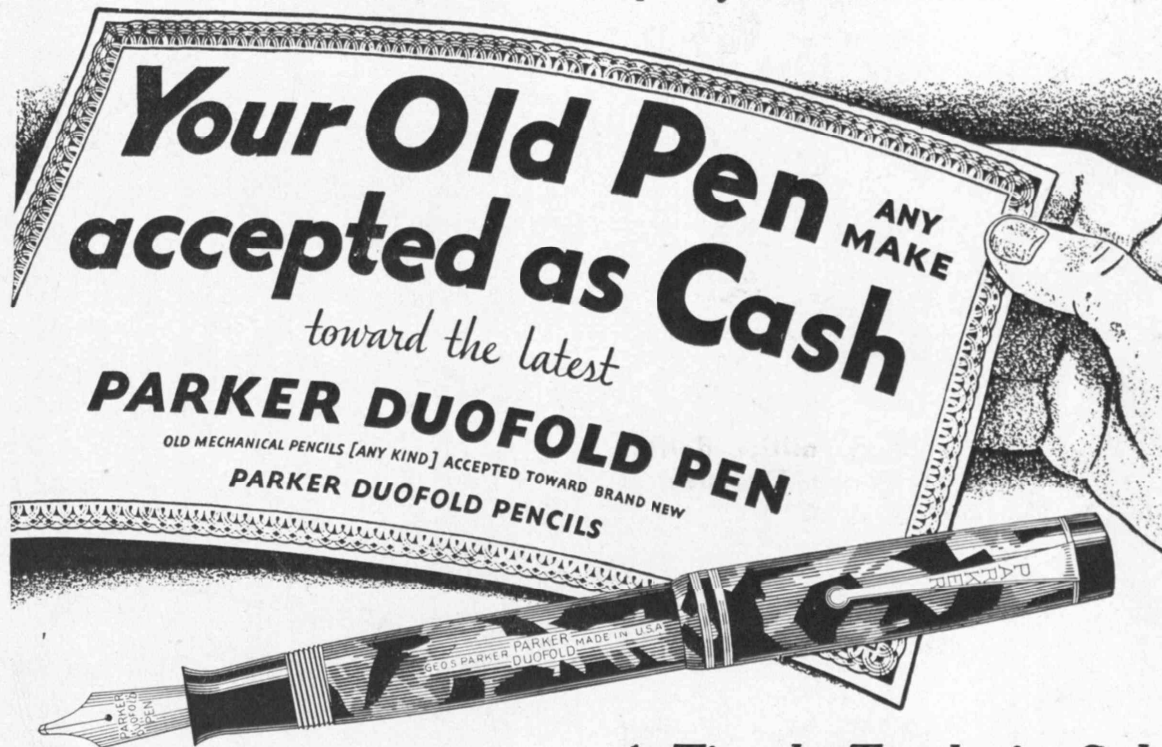
—Ski-U-Mah



The difference between a train wreck and a car accident is that the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman.

—Owl

The Parker Pen Company Announces:



A Timely Trade-in Sale

Look at these liberal allowances:

- \$5 Duofold or Lady Duofold Pen,
only **\$3⁷⁵**— and an old pen
- \$3.75 Pencil to match,
only **\$3⁰⁰**— and an old pencil
- \$3.25 Lady Duofold Pencil,
only **\$2⁵⁰**— and an old pencil
- \$7 Parker Duofold Sr. Pen,
only **\$5⁰⁰**— and an old pen
- \$4.25 Pencil to match,
only **\$3²⁵**— and an old pencil
- \$10 Duofold De Luxe Pen,
only **\$7⁵⁰**— and an old pen
- \$5 De Luxe Pencil to match,
only **\$4⁰⁰**— and an old pencil

for the New Term of School
and the New Business Upturn

To reduce retailers' stocks for late fall and Christmas shipments, Parker offers you a \$1.25 to \$2.50 cash allowance for your old pen on the new streamlined Parker Duofold Pen, or 75c to \$1.00 for an old mechanical pencil on a fine new streamlined Duofold Pencil.

The Duofolds offered are NOT discontinued models, but Parker's finest and latest—exclusive jewel-like colors in non-breakable Permanite—Sea Green and Black, Black and Pearl, Black, Jade, and others—all gold mounted, and all with Parker's super-smooth, "special-order" Duofold point, extra ink capacity, and quick-starting, non-clogging feed.

The Pens and Pencils you trade in do not have to be Parkers. We only require that the old pen have a 14k gold point.

So ransack the home and office for old pens and pencils. Take them to the nearest pen counter, trade them in, like cash, and walk out with a brand new Parker Duofold Pen or Pencil, or both. But hurry—Parker reserves the right to withdraw this offer at any time. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin. ²³⁴

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Po-lease, a Camel!

IF there's anything fresher than the freshman's first plea for a kiss, it must be a Camel. These fine cigarettes of blended choice Turkish and mild sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos are made fresh — never parched or toasted — and kept fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack. That's why every puff of their mild throat-friendly fragrance will prompt you to say, "Here is perfection in smoking enjoyment."

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Never parched or toasted
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Made FRESH — Kept FRESH