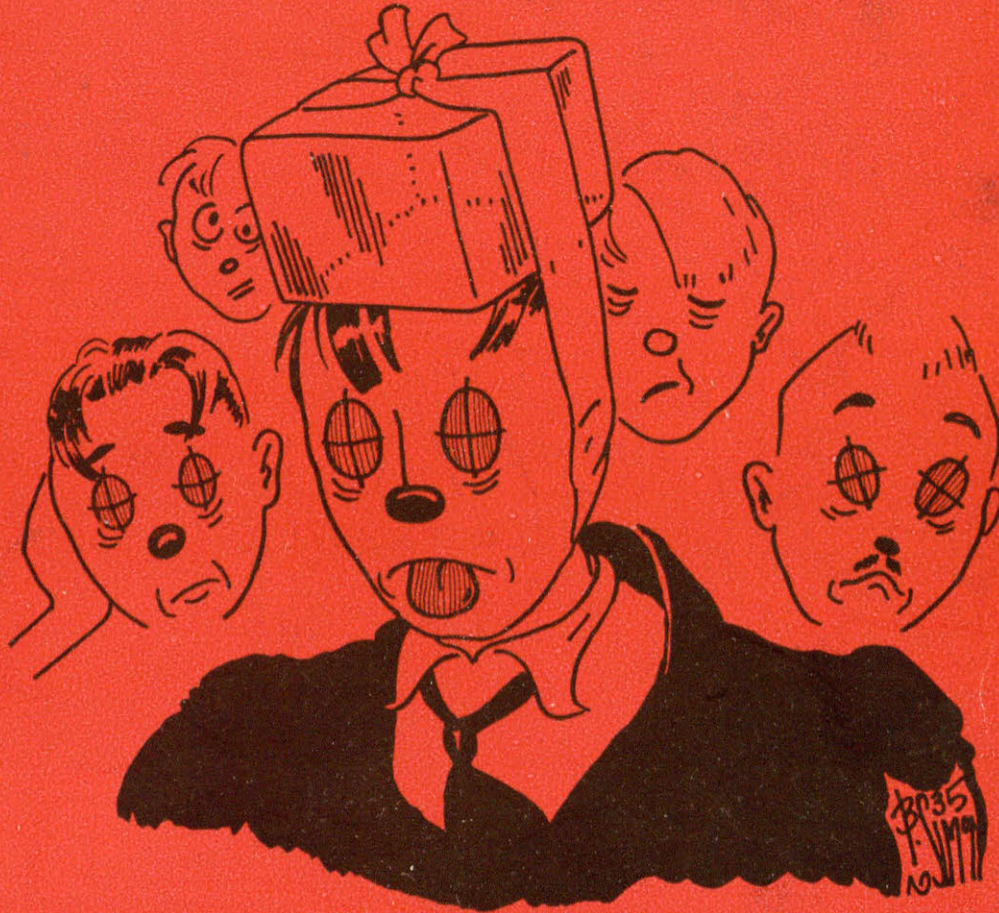


B01-739-01-

# VOO DOO



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ON DECEMBER EIGHTH

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MUSIC BY RUBY NEWMAN

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### LADY, BEHAVE!

Lovely MARY CARLISLE needs that caution in "SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE", with ALICE BRADY and LIONEL BARRYMORE, at LOEW'S STATE, week of Thurs., Dec. 7.

(Taken from the stage success, "The Vinegar Tree")

Florence: "Mamma, do pigs have babies?"

Mamma: "Why of course, my dear."

Florence: "Someone told me they had little pigs."

—*Cougar's Paw*



### DON'T BOTHER US

Prof.: "Will you men stop exchanging notes in the back of the room?"

Stude: "Them ain't notes, them's cards. We're playing bridge."

Prof.: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

—*Yellow Crab*



Psi U: I hear your girl was thrown out of Smith.

Deke: Yeah, she was expelled for gambling.

Psi U: Gambling?

Deke: Uh, huh, she took a chance on a couch.

—*Wasp*



Meet the dean of them all

## MEYER DAVIS

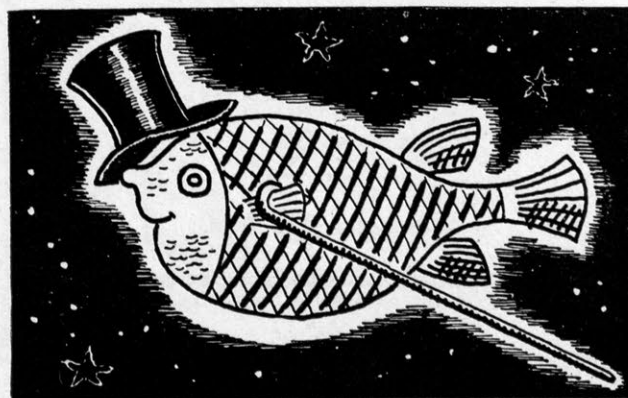
Baton wielders come ... baton wielders go ... but Meyer Davis goes serenely on ... coaxing tantalizing tunes from his talented crew ... setting the pace for smart dancers.

Mr. Davis (ably assisted by Maximilian Bergère) is now at the Seaglade ... with a brand new set of rhythms to make you wonder how he does it. Come on up and wonder ... and dance ... and dine. Smooth entertainment. Novelty dances. Special dinner, \$3; supper, \$1.50. Couvert after 9:30, \$1.50; Saturdays, \$2.50 ... dinner guests excepted. Rooms, from \$4.

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We have an assortment from which a selection can  
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Sometimes called the Mystery Lighter. Touch the  
lighter to cigarette, take a long pull—Presto, instan-  
taneous light.

•  
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IT PAYS YOU A DIVIDEND

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*Wholesale Grocers Canned Goods*

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You need "ax" no questions when you take  
HATCHET BRANDS, *always the best*

She was a sweet and helpless blonde  
I taught her golf one day,  
She slipped and fanned the air—  
She'll never learn to play!

I tried to teach her tennis then—  
The lovely stupid child,  
She missed the ball and hit the air  
And fairly drove me wild!

At last I concluded she was dumb  
I missed my guess I'll say—  
She failed at golf and tennis, but  
The wedding is in May!

*Rammer-Jammer*



"Mr. Smith, I saw your wife kiss the iceman  
this morning."

"Great Scott, wasting her time on him when  
we owe the grocer twenty dollars."

—*Punch Bowl*



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Co-ed (just operated on for appendicitis): "Oh, doctor, will the scar show?"

Doctor: "Not if you are careful."  
—*Rammer-Jammer*



"If you want to kiss me, squeeze my hand. If you don't want to kiss me, don't squeeze my hand. If you want to kiss me and don't want to tell me, squeeze my hand—

"Ouch; Hey, get off my foot!"  
—*Rammer-Jammer*



Night Watchman—Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?

Young Man—No.

Night Watchman—Here, then, hold this lantern.

—*Black and Blue Jay*



Wife (to drunk husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well. I'll catch hell when I get home, anyway."

—*Mountain Goat*



## STRONG BREATH

She (coily)—You bad boy. Don't you kiss me again.

He—I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin in this party.

—*The Log*



Curious: "Have you been in an accident?"

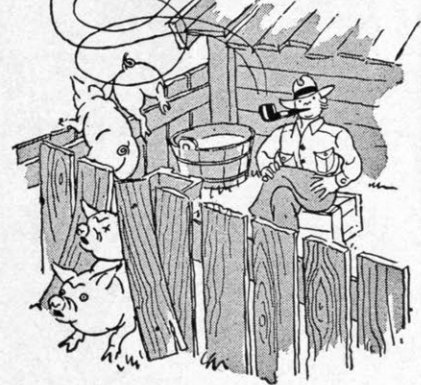
Battered One: "No. I complimented my wife and slipped."

Curious: "Slipped?"

Battered: "Yeh. Said I never saw anyone look as nice in underwear as she did."

—*Owl.*

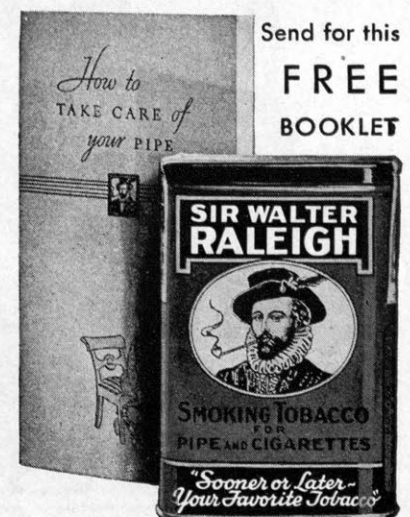
Page the  
S. P. C. A.!



**S**PEAKING of farm relief, what about the poor pigs? When *they* complain about an odor, boy, it's some odor! Less particular things than pigs shy at foul pipes. Yet so gentle a person as a lady loves to have pipe smoking in her presence—that is, with the *right kind* of tobacco. For instance, no living thing, pig or person, ever drew away from Sir Walter Raleigh's mild, fragrant mixture in a smooth, well-kept pipe.

Those rare Kentucky Burleys satisfy the smoker, and delight nearby non-smokers. Try a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh on your next store visit—the tin wrapped in gold foil. You'll see why particular men have adopted this fine tobacco "whole hog."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-312



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



"ONE

SUNDAY

AFTERNOON"

PLYMOUTH THEATRE



LLOYD NOLAN  
"AS"

"BIFF" GRIMES



PERCY HELTON  
"AS"  
"SNAPPY" DOWNS



FRANCESCA BRUNING

"AS"  
AMY LIND

will report

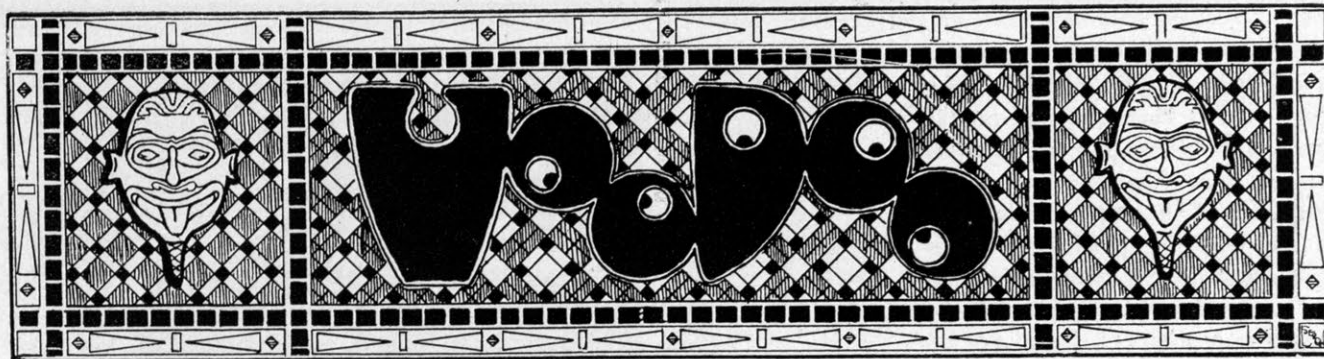


HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE . . .









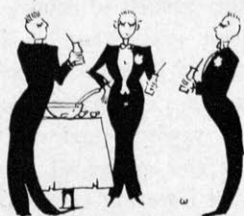
## VOO-DOOINGS . . .

*Skol . . .*

QUAINT and varied are the custom of our brothers-in-learning up the river a bit. But then, calories are calories, and punch is not milk, to wit:

They were holding a formal dance—a very formal dance—at Harvard's Kirkland House a while ago. At the usual hour the usual intermission was called and the guests gathered around the festive board for a bit of a snack and a drink.

Beautiful women in striking gowns stood beside tall handsome sons of Harvard, resplendent in gleaming shirt fronts and long tails. About the table, heavily laden with dainty morsels of caviar and melba toast, the lovely ladies chatted gaily and sipped their punch. But never a ladle came from the brimming bowl to fill the cup of a tall handsome son of Harvard, for they were each one



daintily drawing milk through slender straws from small white bottles. Shades of John Harvard!



*Smoke . . .*

WE were listening to Professor Rogers throw his usual line in E-11.

"In writing a theme," he said, "be sure to write on something you know.

Some of the subjects you men have picked out seem to be things you have found in books. For instance, Mr. Fiditch has chosen to write on 'Smoke'. What do you know about smoke, Mr. Fiditch?"



Mr. Fiditch seemed hurt to have his knowledge called into question. He drew himself erect and, a slight touch of hauteur in his tone, replied, "Sir, I come from Pittsburgh."



*No Roto . . .*

AN interesting and enlightening story has been going the rounds recently. Strangely enough, it concerns The Tech. Those of us who have been out of short pants long enough remember that it has been customary each year for The Tech to print a rotogravure supplement with the issue following Field Day. This year that edition of The Tech consisted of white pages only—no roto.

The intentions were good, however, for the staff sat up late one night, composing the ill-fated rotogravure section of 1933. Finally it was finished and one of the boys was delegated to take it to the engraver—pronto. O. K., said he—but—

It seems that one of the staff members was a freshman co-ed. The hour was late. And with true gallantry, the carrier of the roto insisted on tak-

ing the co-ed home before delivering the newly-born rotogravure section to the engraver.

The story has a simple ending. The roto got to the engraver too late and the class of '37 must wait a long, weary year to see the next one.

\* \* \* \* \*

At least—so they tell us.



*Nude . . .*

ONE of the German classes was proceeding in full swing, the students listening to their instructor's description of conjugations and syntaxes. While his voice purred the tricks of the language out over the class room, one lad scribbled. There was no malicious intent in his mind, he just had the habit, that's all. And, as he was more or less inclined to the artistic



side of life, the things he scribbled were usually females, and, as he was quite artistic, they were usually pretty good nudes. The boy is really all right at drawing such pictures, so perhaps we shouldn't say scribbling.

Throughout every hour his pencil never left the paper in front of him.



That paper might be almost anything—a notebook, quiz paper or what have you. It happened, that on this particular day he had a homework paper before him that was to be handed in at the end of the hour.

The result of his labor was really quite good. It was a cute little nude, coyly stepping out of a pair of very feminine panties. The pose was excellent and he felt very proud of his work.

The following day, he got the paper back. The work on it was duly corrected by the prof in the omnipresent blue-crayon. Underneath the little work of art covering the back of the sheet, the instructor had calmly written in the same blue crayon: "This is too good to be just pure imagination."

Phos is of the opinion that this matter ought to be investigated more thoroughly. For instance, what would Beaker Joe say if we drew nude women all over our homework papers. Or Professor Frank? Or Bill Greene or Professor George? As a student body, we really ought to organize and find out.



### The Calculus . . .

WHILE traveling home last vacation, we engaged in conversation with a fellow passenger on the train. He turned out to be a freshman at the Harvard Engineering School. Being curious as to the nature of their courses, we asked him if they used calculus in their first-year physics. "No," he replied brightly, "we don't need to, you see, we use slide-rules."



### Squirt! . . .

WE'VE been wondering whether the Institute is full of left-handed gents, or if the idea is to save on water bills. Have you ever felt so thirsty you would welcome a drink of water? Well, strange to say, we did the other day, so we stopped in



"Drinking imported stuff! Why, where's your patriotism, my good man?"

front of one of these white-enameled holes in the wall purporting to be a drinking fountain. At least, they try to make you think so by putting a bubbler prominently within the cavity. Well, at any rate, here you are so thirsty that fog on a window pane makes your tongue hang out, and confronted with no less than two faucets. "Which to turn?" says you. Dimly you remember that the cold water faucet on a bathtub, a wash bowl, in fact everywhere that cold water can be found, is on the right. So you open your mouth in anticipation, being careful not to dislocate your jaw or hit your head on the top of the fountain, and twist the right-hand knob. Well, there is one advantage, you don't have to open your mouth in surprise, it's wide already. But no water comes—so you glare fixedly at the contraption and find a little stream trickling out of a queer little spigot away in under the shut-off. And the most pathetic sight in the whole Institute is an arid soul trying to get his mouth under this same little spigot.



### Alma Mater . . .

Several weeks ago the T. C. A.

put up a poster in the main lobby. It said something about helping out "our boy's work."

Noting the location of the apostrophe, Phos has a rather—that is—er, intimate question lurking at the back of his mind.

Is the T. C. A. a mother?



### Nuts . . .

Practical engineering has its applications, apparently, even at the Institute. The other day we were not a little surprised at the sight of a disciple of this branch of study, covered with much grease and a dungaree shirt, engaged in replacing the engine pan of his car. The parking space for yards and yards around was littered with tools and spilled oil. In spite of the evident lowering of certain hypothetical standards, we point with pride to the fact that the present generation of Tech men can still be useful.



A young man, whose fiance was a rather simple minded young lady, was about to leave for the big city on business that would keep him away for a year. They were driving to the station in a wagon. "Will you correspond with me?" he asked her.

"Of course," she replied happily, "but do you think there's room enough in the back?"



### VERSES

I'm the physical wreck from Cambridge Tech,  
McCarthy has ruined me,  
He's made me jump and he's made me run,  
He's been at me constantly.  
He's ruined my health forever—  
Thank God I'll soon be free,  
I'm the physical wreck from Cambridge Tech,  
Because of that damned P. T.



I call my girl hangover—I always wake up with her after a wild party.



Then there was the co-ed who came to the make-up exam with rouge and lipstick.



"Remove him to the boweling alleys," said the doctor, indicating the intestinal case on the table.



Speaking of military things, there was once a girl who was so dumb, that she thought a rear guard was a bustle.

### Recipe for Hangover Hootch

2 Quarts Cotton Gin

4 Eggs

3 Lbs. Butter

2 Pints Engine Oil

All old photo negatives from your last trip abroad.

All unpaid bills.

Mix eggs, butter, flour, water, and toothpaste into a smooth batter in a ten gallon hat. Add everything else except engine oil and bills. Allow to stand in a very dark place for three months.

After the mixture has stood for three months, remove the scum from the top with an icepick, and throw the remaining liquid away. Boil the hat in an aluminum pan for ten minutes, adding the engine oil bit by bit.

Serve with lady fingers. It'll give you a helluva hangover.

FEELING zoological one afternoon, we logically visited the Franklin Park Zoo ('scuse it please) with the intention of seeing the monkeys. We hung around and hung around but no monkeys showed up. Finally hunting up a keeper, someone asked him,

"Aren't the monkeys coming out today?"

"No," he replied, "this is their mating season."

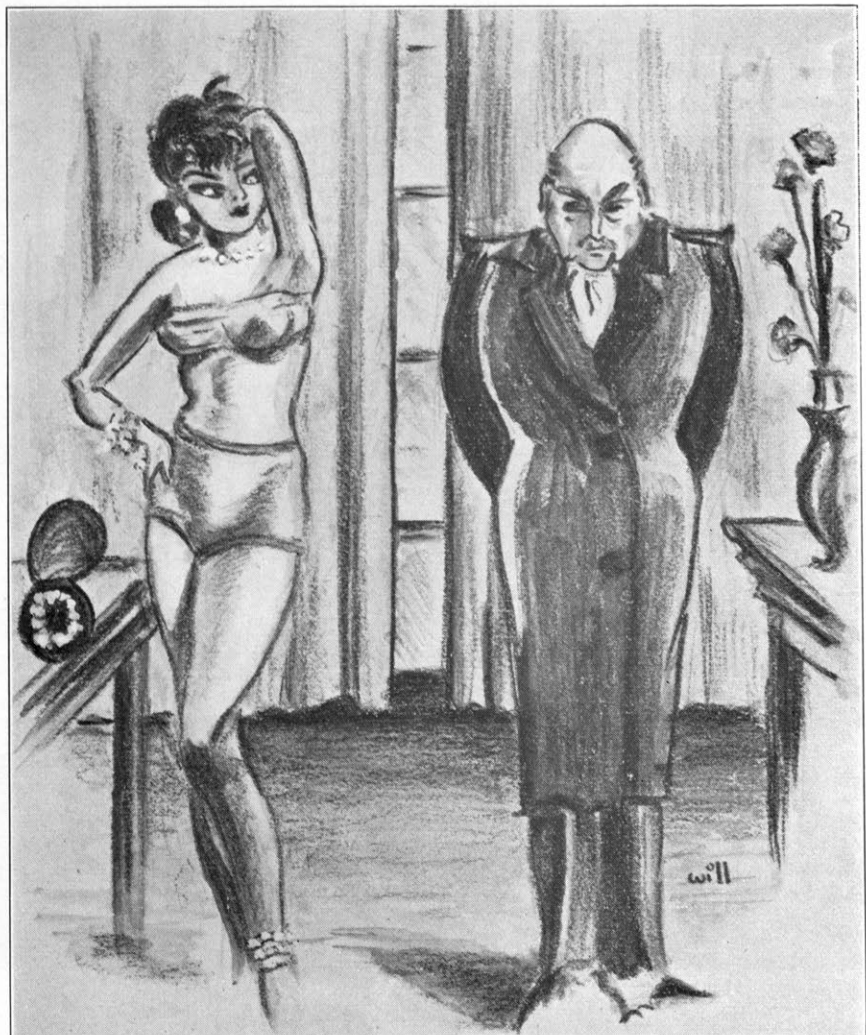
"Won't they come out for peanuts?" we continued.

"Would you?" said he.

Well, perhaps we wouldn't.



We don't mean to cast any aspersions on the British Nobility, but we're afraid there isn't a peer in England that doesn't have piles.



"But after all, Mimi, a man owes *something* to his wife!"



TO the ranks of the notorious members of the faculty which includes Beaker Joe, Tubby Rogers, and Professor Wiener, the group about which every person at all connected with the Institute knows three-hundred and sixty anecdotes to tell his relatives when he gets home on Christmas Vacation, Phos proposes to add another member. He is no other than the head of the 8.03 course.

It all started the other day in a Physics Lecture, when Professor Page was telling us all about thermocurrents and different kinds of effects.

"The man who wants a good thermo-couple," he said, "turns to bismuth and antimony."

Probably everyone within miles has heard the tale of the unsuccessful artist who gave up water colors and turned to bronze. But we must admit that Professor Page has improved the accepted version. These lectures of science—Oh, well, you just never can tell. We might also

mention the story of the gentleman who sat down on the spur of the moment or the poverty-stricken old lady who, as a last resort, fell back on her needle.

All of which tempts us to make rhyme. Electricity lectures are inclined to make you get poetic anyway, so we composed the following on the flyleaf of our notebook:

Professor had a little Gauss  
The Gauss did lay some ergs;  
With an erg-erg here, and an erg-erg there.

Here an erg, there an erg  
Everywhere an erg-erg  
EI EI EI Ohm.



*It doesn't take finesse at all  
To make a girl with alcohol.*



He (in auto): "Good gosh! We've got a puncture. I hope I can find a patch somewhere."

She: "You'll do nothing of the kind! Any petting we do will be right here in the car."



"But I'm sure the cork came over here."



### Hepburnly Daze

*I think she's a positive scream, that  
Hepburn*

*Person,—lots funnier even than  
Webber'n'*

*Fields,—or the Marx brothers with  
Garbo for a stooge;*

*And I don't think I'll ever under-  
stand her hooge*

*Success; but such is the way of fame  
and fortune*

*That this esoteric young lady's op-  
portunity*

*Appearance should captivate the fans  
who clamor*

*Endlessly for a strange something  
called glamour.*

*Why, the girl is absurd, with her  
pixyish brows,*

*And her gait like a farmhand fetch-  
ing the cows;*

*I sometimes think that a good solid  
feed*

*Is just what this hollow-cheeked  
naiad must need.*

*Huh?—she's appearing in person to-  
night at the show?*

*Hot damn!—outta my way,—I got-  
ta go!!*



Voice over phone: "Are you the girl I spanked last night?"

Fanny Aiken: "Just a moment, I'll have to think back."



Well done, good and faithful servants.



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College Humor  
and Sense

PARAMOUNT BUILDING  
NEW YORK

November 11, 1933.

Mr. Robert M. Becker,  
Managing Editor,  
The M. I. T. Voo Doo,  
Mass. Institute of Technology,  
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. Becker:

COLLEGE HUMOR, as you know, is granted exclusive reprint rights for humor by all the better comics in the country. For eleven years now this magazine has printed the cream of the humor from college publications.

It is a pleasure for me to tell you that since my association with COLLEGE HUMOR one of the college comics to which we look for the best material is the M. I. T. Voo Doo. There are few comics rank with your publication in the quality of material printed and none which surpass it.

Cordially yours,  
COLLEGE HUMOR and SENSE

*R. W. Mickam*  
R. W. Mickam,  
Editor.

TWM/LW

MEMBER A. B. C.

Contributors to this issue: Marion G. Jones, Sylvia Rapoport, Warren Thompson, Harry M. Gallay, Ernest Linke, F. R. Haigh, Leo J. Kramer, Aleck Fine, Howard Greene, Mike Sil.

N.M.F.  
Dubbs, '35      W. P.  
J. L. Everett, '37      A. M.

### THE POOR CAT

NOW that the second edition of the cat's scratching is in the hands of the victims who paid their quarters, we are beginning to hear those wails that were suppressed after the first issue in the hope of better things. Voo Doo's second masterpiece is a bitter disappointment. It contains but one or two good original jokes and a number of fairly funny ones cut from other college papers. The rest is just filler.

It must be that old Phosphorus is dead. If he is counted among the deceased, he most certainly must be revolving slowly in his grave. For the modern Voo Doo is certainly only a shadow of its former self.

The haughty attitude that was so becoming to the cat in his early days still remains. In the recent issue he advises that THE TECH refrain from printing an occasional joke. Then he adds that his job is to tell jokes, not give advice. He ought to tell some jokes for a change! Just look some time at the college comics that sell for only fifteen cents. They are often far better than our Voo Doo. If the cat cannot improve the quality of his issues, he certainly ought to get off his high horse and cut the price.

### THE ENGINEER CONSERVATIVE

ONCE upon a time there lived a man who owned a wolf, a goat

IN its issue of November 3, The Tech published an editorial dealing with Voo Doo. A reproduction of the editorial appears above. On the opposite page is a reproduction of a letter from Mr. Robert W. Mickam, Editor of *College Humor and Sense*. Read both and compare them.

Those who judge and attempt with their judgments to mould the opinions of others are faced with a grave responsibility. Before forming and presenting their judgment, they should place themselves in a position to know *all the facts* on the subject. But *does* the editorial in The Tech name any of the fifteen cent college comics that are "often far better than our Voo Doo?" No. Facts are conveniently omitted under cover of a barrage of dogmatic opinion.

The Tech has set itself up as an intelligent and all-knowing judge once too often.

In addition, those who judge must have experience on which to base their judgment. Is it reasonable to assume that the editors of a college *newspaper* have the experience necessary to judge college comics? We think not.

On the other hand, Mr. Mickam, being in close contact with nearly every college comic in the country and editing a comic magazine himself, has the knowledge and experience enabling him to judge fairly. The result of his judgment is on the opposite page. The result of a very limited knowledge and an even more limited experience, together with a strong bias and a headstrong editorial policy, is illustrated above.

The editorial column of The Tech has stepped outside its province; it has been turned into a medium for foisting on that portion of the student body that reads The Tech the personal opinions of one person, unsupported by a background of facts and practical experience.

The editorial policy of The Tech is in urgent need of complete and drastic revision.



## ODE TO AN OLD FLAME

*When gazing at a motion picture  
star  
Of shapely form and comely face,  
On whitened screens in theatres  
Dark and cool;*

*When Walker's hall vibrates with  
muted sound  
Of resonant horns, and trumpets  
shrill,  
While maidens fair dance with their  
swains  
From Tech,  
I think of you?  
Like hell I do.*



Kind old lady: "My man, how on earth did you come to this miserable state?"

Hobo: "Pickin's is pretty miserable, Mum. I come on the eight-fifteen freight."



"Say, what's that fellow doing under the table?"

"Oh him? He's either drunk or the waiter is bringing the check."

MUCH as we hesitate to bring the faculty more into the public eye, we cannot resist this little incident which happened in 10-250 a short time ago. It seems that a stray dog, doubtless motivated by the desire for higher education, 8.03 in particular, had strayed into the room a short time before Prof. Page himself. To maintain the sanctity of the lecture period, the good professor found it necessary to eject this most flagrant of the inattentives present. Our glee lies in giving your imagination the chance to paint a picture of N. C. as, after some struggle, he seized the offender by the good old back of the neck and posterior and hove him out in the manner of an experienced bouncer.

And have you seen Prof. Passano as he potters about among his flower pots with his water pot? Very pastoral and relaxing after the turmoil of Calculus classes, we imagine.



Little Often Annie says that if you give a Chicago gunman an inch, he wants a rod.

*Girls who resist  
Don't know what they've missed.*



There was a young guy from Brazil  
Who fed himself one C. C. Pill;  
He said like a man  
As he ran to the can;  
"Never another pill."

—Exchange

*I say there, young man from Brazil,  
You should know the effects of that  
pill;*

*It's action is drastic  
As well as bombastic  
But by this time you've been through  
the mill.*



Wench: "How did your boy friend get the black eye?"

Damsel: "Well, you see, it was this way—He made a forward pass, I intercepted it—but after the second down, I kicked."



She was only a farmer's daughter  
but she was worth cultivating.





# *—about* Cigarettes



Of all the ways  
in which tobacco is used  
the cigarette is the  
mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

*the cigarette that's milder  
the cigarette that tastes better*

# Chesterfield

*They Satisfy...just try them*



## GEEZ, IT'S AWFUL!

Hello, Mabel. H'yah, keed. Where'd ya drop in from? Glad to see ya. Aw, don't be formal or nuttin'; jes' drop yer duds on the chair and make yerself at home. Y'know me, always meetin' lotsa people.

Last night—Gosh, what a night, Mabel—I wuz out wit a couple o' de bums. Sure, collitch boys. How'd ya guess it. One of 'em tried gettin' fresh wit me, see. Tought he could get away wit sumpin'. But I loined 'im.

Foist, he takes me up an alley wit 'im, see. Geez, it wuz awful. Den he sits down on de steps. But dere ain't no chivalry no more—de flower of yout—dat stuff, it's all gone. Me, a lady. And kin ya imagine, Mabel,

he wouldn't give de seat to me. But I loined 'im.

"Mister," I says, gettin' all haughty-like, "you ain't no gentleman."

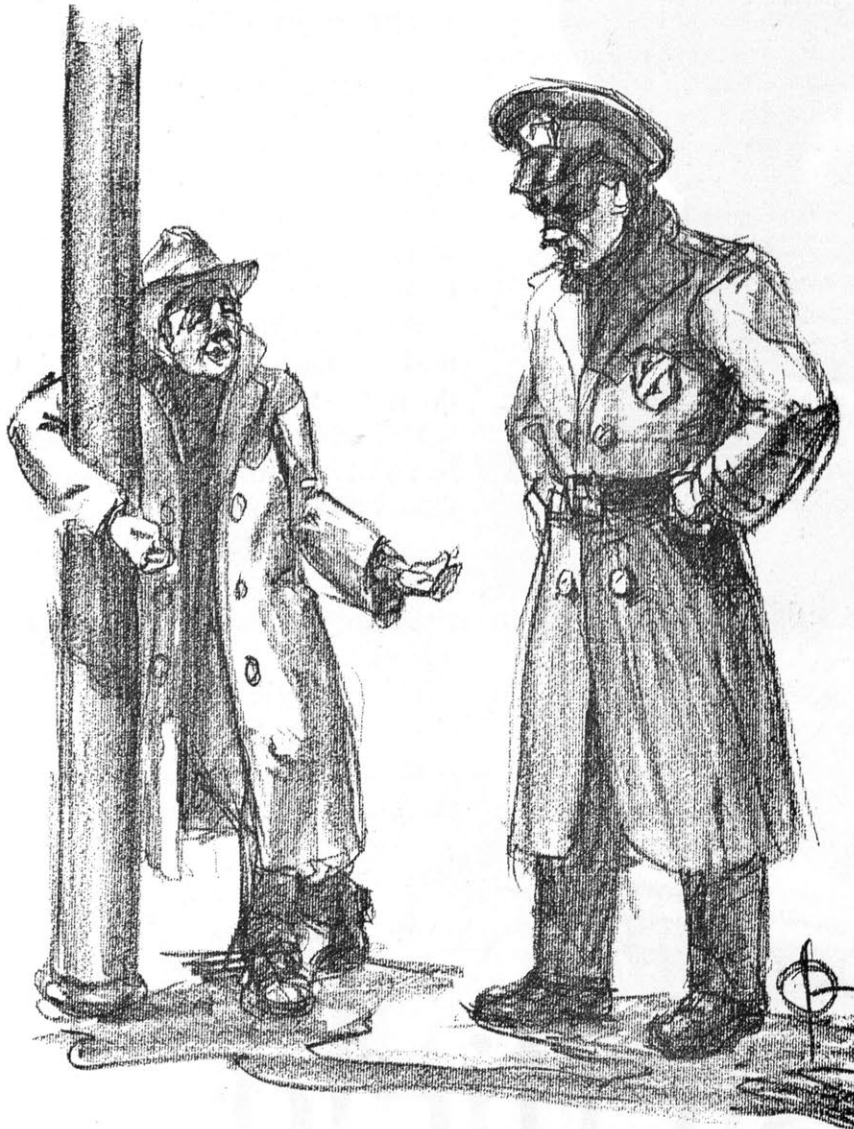
I guess dat put 'im in his place, Mabel, 'cause right away he gits up and flares like and says to me sorta quick and sore:

"Whatcha mean I ain't no gentleman!"

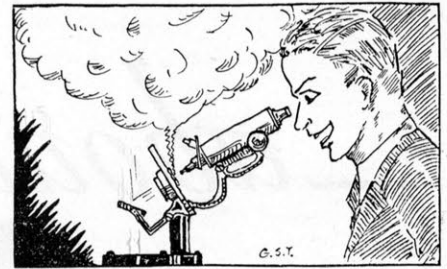
Mabel, I tell ya he wuz boilin' mad. But leave it to me to handle dose smart boids. I told him.

"Mister," I says, "de only polish you got is on yer shoes."

I guess dat didn't shut him up for a while, huh, Mabel!



"Coop number, please."



## THE MICROSCOPE

ON the fourth floor of Building Ten is a bulletin board which has given relief to many a questionable impulse on the part of the men in Course VII. For instance: not so long ago we saw there a newspaper clipping telling how an employee in a pathological laboratory buttered his lady love's luncheon sandwiches with typhoid germ cultures, merely because she refused his hand. She seems to have been justified; the passionate gentleman killed himself with a more common agent—good old illuminating gas, and the girl came to an untimely and uncomfortable end. The implication to Course VII men is self-evident: "Go thou and do likewise."

WHOSE job is it to dig out the defunct cats, dogs, rats, and other wild life which fall down the big flume in the hydraulic lab? Is this service in any way connected with Walker?

WINTER is in our midst, friends, and the Division of Laboratory Supplies is doing a fine business in alcohol, Prestone, etc. If you need any piston rings or such, you might try the Machine Tool lab—they will doubtless follow the commercial trend exhibited in Building Four.

YOU must have heard about the persistence and courage of those rugged crew men whose afternoon relaxation consists of rowing Bill Haines around the river in a double-oared shell. Do these supermen pursue their sport in defiance of the seasons merely because of their unquenchable ardor? Ah, no. It is because of the newspaper reporters and cameramen who flock to the spot whenever the floating refrigerator appears.



Oh, Mary had a little lamb  
While dining at the Ritz  
It took my watch—my hat and shoes  
And left me on the Fritz



Waiter: "What will you two gentlemen have?"

1st: "Paradise."

2nd: "Grape-Juice."

1st: "What?"

2nd: "Grape-Juice."

1st: "What's the matter, are you sick?"

2nd: "You heard me, Grape-Juice."

(Second round)

Waiter: "You wish something else, gentlemen?"

1st: "Another Paradise."

2nd: "'Nother Grape-Juice."

1st: "Good Lord, man."

(Third round)

Waiter: "And again, gentlemen?"

1st: "Still another Paradise—a strong one."

2nd: "Shtill 'nother Grape-Juishh, shstrong as 'ell."

1st: "Say, what kind of Grape-Juice is that?"

2nd: "Sh'gud shtuff."

(Fourth round)

Waiter: "Gentlemen?"

2nd: "Lishen waiter, ol' boy, jush wumore Grape-J-Juicsh-h."

1st: "Make it two."

## KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, MARGARET!

### To Secure Cozy Nights

It is well known that clothing close upon the body is much warmer than that which permits spaces or treacherous drafts of air, although that is seldom acted upon except under a physician's orders.

The principle of attaining warmth is even truer during the night. I therefore wear, first, a cotton chemise made fully long by a scant flounce added to the shortness of ready-made ones; then a high-necked, long-sleeved drilling nightgown; then a very thick flannel wrapper.

This last is the most difficult as bushy flannel is not often on sale now. But doubtless an eider-down wrapper would answer. I also put my feet and the lower part of my body and all of these gowns, into a sort of large pillow-case open at both ends, of thick flannel. I wear a cap.

If, in spite of all this, you get cold in spots, warm those spots; that is, put on, say, golf stockings, or pull on similar warmers above the knees; or something on the upper arms; or for the back have on hand (keeping it under cover, therefore warm) an old knit shawl which you can bunch tight over the coldness.

All this is a little intricate, but only at the beginning; and comfort-

able, safe nights mean health and happiness.

—Margaret Meredith in  
*The Delineator*, 1910



Bird in tree: "Here comes that farmer who chased us out of his garden yesterday. I wonder if he'll recognize us?"

Second ditto: "Don't know. I'll see if I can catch his eye."

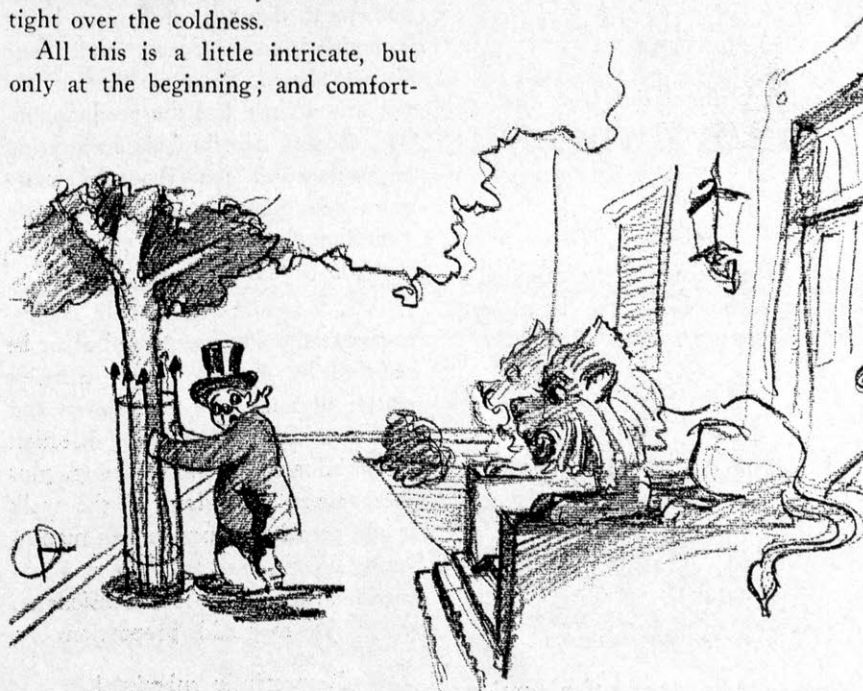


*Girls who go to Wellesley  
Needn't be guarded jellesley*



Proprietor: "Before you arrest me, officer, I want to say that this speak-easy of mine is only an incident in my life."

Officer: "Oh, yeah? Well, from now on, consider the incident closed."



"Migawd, I'm locked in the lion cage!"





Men who drink liquor  
Get thiquor and thiquor



The Walker janitors are suspected of running a racket. Otherwise we wonder what becomes of all the fractional bottles of distilled spirit parked behind the curtains, under tables, etc. on dance nights after their owners have become indisposed.



Here lies Oscar Bainbridge Shelley,  
He gorged himself on vermicelli.



And then there was the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.



#### MEDIEVAL SCANDALS

"And Joan of Arc's mail fit like a glove" . . . tsk, tsk.



Girls who wear long woolen panties,  
Are sure to be old maiden aunties.

*As a matter of policy, Voo Doo feels duty bound to reprint the following communication from a long-suffering student. To wit:*

Gentlemen:

It has been pointed out to your correspondent that the none too infallible Institute has been guilty of yet another error. It is, in fact, an error which approaches a vice yet a bit nearer than even the calculations of the august Professor Wiener could approach the much-to-be-admired curves of a star that reigns at present in the celluloid heavens. But I digress . . . . .

In the rear of our great seat of culture (biological and otherwise) there unhappily exists a misguided strip of concrete, which, under the name of sidewalk, so closely approaches the looming posterior of our beloved factory that the hapless student wandering thereon is driven forthwith for lack of what I may crudely term elbow room to the tender mercies of the gutter. (As if there were not already ample influences urging him in that undesirable direction.)

Think of it. One of the grossest and most flagrant of crimes being committed, so to speak, under our very proboscii. Such a situation has not arisen since last the perspicacious Mr. Rogers launched his devastating doctrines—and ten thousand magnates' daughters were doomed for life (or Reno) to the click and hiss of their husbands' slide rules.

It is therefore our humble suggestion that the aforementioned error be rectified by moving the Institute a matter of some two feet, eleven and nine sixteenths inches in the direction of the Charles. This widening, plus the present dimensions of the walk would permit the arm in arm maneuvering of one brawny Tech man and one co-ed of moderate dimensions . . . and, if we may add, proportions.

Respectfully submitted,

Andrew Q. Horstall.

**Q.**—When it is said that the average family is 4.5, how is it possible to have a family composed of four and one-half persons?

**D.J.**

—Boston Traveler Question Box.

*I've solved lots of problems in physics,  
And figured out stresses and strain;  
I'll solve any truss without worry or  
or fuss*

*For I've done it again and again.  
There's only one problem that stops  
me—*

*It seems to deride me and chaff:*

*How a man can exist*

*And proceed to insist*

*That he's really a man and a half!*

*I've heard of a number of people  
Who do things by halves—just for  
fun,*

*And some (as a farce) even drink  
demi-tasse*

*Because half a loaf's better than none.*

*Such actions are easy to fathom—*

*They frequently hand me a laugh,*

*But my weakening brain*

*Simply will not explain*

*The man who's a man and a half!*

*But wait!—it begins to unravel,  
The light is beginning to shine—  
No more shall I ponder—and worry  
and wonder,*

*Once again peace and quiet are mine.*

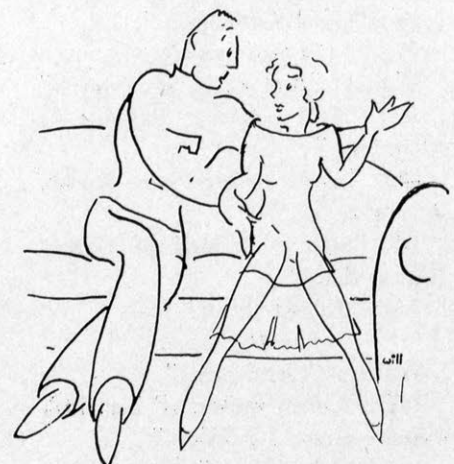
*For while I sat deep in reflection*

*I gazed at a small photograph:*

*Voilà!—it is clear,*

*She is facing me here:*

*The girl who's a girl and a half!*



"But I stroked the crew."

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NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET  
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET

1/c—"If I had known that tunnel was so long I would have kissed you."

Sweet young thing—"Why, wasn't that you?"  
—Log



"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom," said the clerk, "but there is a lady in the opposite corner, and if you don't make any noise she will 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



Where is the best place to hold the world's fair?

About the waist.  
—Sun Dial

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are the choice of the experienced  
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*Built for heavy duty work.*

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ARDMORE, PA.



# Phosphor Essences

## INJURED GROOM

### TO WED IN BED

—*Boston Post*

Imagine tying a can to a bed!



## WIFE'S LOVE, UNDIES LOST

—*Boston Post*

It's an ill wind . . .



Cambridge was a "no license" city prior to prohibition, and hence no hard liquor was cold in the college.

—*Boston Traveler*

Probably it was kept warm in a fur coat.



## BABY'S LEG BROKEN BY FALLING RELATIVE

—*Boston American*

He wouldn't say "uncle."



## DEPRESSION HITS ESKIMOS Furs Scarce, So Poverty Is Pinching Them

—*Boston Post*

We should blubber!



## BLACK HEN CAUSES ARREST OF TWO MEN

—*Boston Post*

If a hen a day laid an egg a day . . .

Dr. Compton, a brother of President Karl T. Compton of Technology, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1937.

—*Boston Transcript*

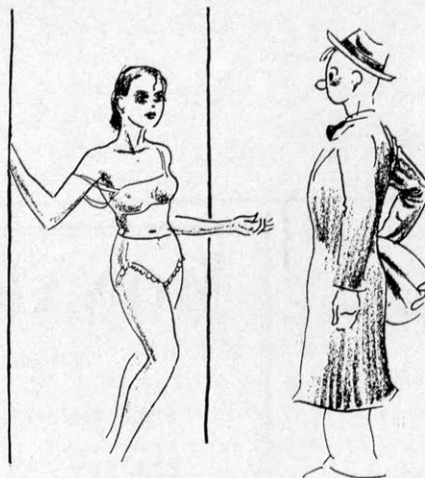
How's the depression, Doctor?



## SAFETY ISLAND NO. 343 MASHED IN CAMBRIDGE

—*Boston Herald*

Gravy?



"Coop number, please."



## HONOR HUG GIRLS AT BRYN MAWR —*Boston Traveler* Boston—the Hug of the Universe.



## BELIEVED MAN HIT WAS DOG

—*Boston Post*

Every bone was broken.



## FOUND DROWNED

### IN SAUERKRAUT

—*Boston Post*

Maybe it got in his hair.



## GOV. ELY SEEN RUNNING AGAIN

—*Boston Traveler*

Cheese it, the cops!



Some idea of the magnitude of this Ziegfeld "Follies" is suggested by the need for three theatres to assemble the production, put the finishing touches on the horus numbers, and polish up the sketches . . .

—*Boston Traveler*

Why not let Boston do it?



## MOONSHINE STILL EXPLODES, 2 DEAD

—*Boston Traveler*

Amazin'!



## "HE TOOK MY LIFE," WOMAN ASSERTS

—*Cincinnati Times Star*

Voice from the grave.



No, Montmorency, a weekend bag is not necessarily a small suitcase.

The hostess was talking to one of the football men as the two sat listening to a chimes recital.  
 "Beautiful, aren't they?" remarked the hostess.  
 "Pardon?" inquired the football man.  
 "I say they're beautiful, aren't they?"  
 "I'm sorry," he roared, "but I can't hear a word for those damned chimes."



—Owl

Prof.—I say, Mr. Jones, didn't you miss my class the week end of Senior Ball?

Phi Delt—Not at all, professor, not at all.

—Froth



Two deaf old folks met at a reunion and were talking about their childhood. Said the old lady to the old man: "Do you remember how we used to play together when we were young, and how I used to spank you when you didn't behave?"

"Heh? Oh, yes, you would hardly recognize the old place, would you?"

—Carnegie Puppet.

"Naturally"—The College Headquarters

... The ...

## Hotel Kenmore

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE



Four Hundred  
Luxurious Rooms  
each with  
Bath—Tub—Shower  
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•  
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



"TO US  
STEADY  
SMOKERS

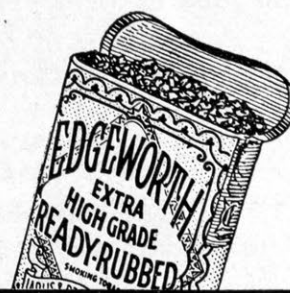
*flavor*  
IS THE  
IMPORTANT THING"

"WHEN a man smokes a pipe as steady as I do, mildness alone isn't enough in a pipe tobacco. FLAVOR'S the important thing. That's why I smoke Edgeworth. It's mild—sure. But it's got a rich, full-bodied flavor, too." Right you are! Edgeworth is made from only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. The unique blend and treatment of these leaves that is Edgeworth, is the result of more than half a century of experience. It "tastes good" with every pipeful—and you never tire of it.

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*Mildest pipe tobacco*  
THAT GROWS



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GENERAL ENGINEERING

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INDUSTRIAL BIOLOGY  
MATHEMATICS  
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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

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS

He: "Some dew outside."

She: "Yeah, but I don't."

*Rammer-Jammer*



"The first year I was married I lived in Cleveland, Denver and New York."

"I'll bet you like Cleveland the best."

*—Brown Jug*



Then there's the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to the bank was asked to endorse his check, and wrote, "I heartily endorse this check."

*—Purple Cow*



"You say she scratched your face when she found you watching her take her bath?"

"Yeah; nature in the raw is seldom mild."

*—Penn State Froth*

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### ARE WE RIGHT WHEN WE SAY

that when you come to a New York Hotel, there are certain requirements you consider essential, certain conveniences you expect, and still other features that, while not imperative, do add immeasurably to your comfort.

### YOU WILL APPRECIATE THE FACT THAT

our rooms are bright and airy, our beds are superlatively comfortable, there is an R. C. A. radio in every room and reading lamps, full length mirrors and other conveniences. Our baths are immaculate.

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when you stay here you are within a few minutes walk, not taxi, of all theatres, Radio City, Madison Square Garden and innumerable restaurants and night clubs, all transportation lines, subway, elevated, surface cars and busses. Excellent garage facilities are immediately adjacent.

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there are few spots in New York that are more thoroughly home-like than our new Grill and Restaurant. Excellent meals, served at most reasonable prices. The special combination breakfasts, luncheons and dinners are most attractive.

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We invite inquiries from managers of teams, clubs and other groups regarding special accommodations and rates.

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Daily: From \$2.00 to \$3.00 Single; or \$3.00 to \$4.00 Double. Special weekly and monthly rates.

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Room, food and lots of outside entertainment for the week-end, or any two days ..... **\$5.50**  
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day and night .....

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TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK



# VOO DOO

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Published by the Woop Garoo Society for the Students  
of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial  
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from October to May  
Subscription \$1.75 per year

Office hours: 2 to 5.30 P. M., Monday to Friday  
Member A. C. C. E.

Entered as second-class matter at the  
Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

VOL. XVI      DECEMBER, 1933      No. 6

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College Humor  
and Sense

Telephones, Kenmore 4051-3277

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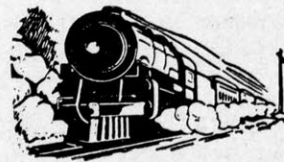
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## OVERLAND

THE Outstanding Cigar

of New England



The Better Quality  
That You Expect

S. S. PIERCE CO.

"Where are my glasses, Mother?"

"Right where you emptied them last night,  
dear."

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah



Maid: "There are two men outside watching  
you dress."

Madam: "That's nothing. You should have  
seen the crowd when I was younger!"

—Buccaneer



Curious Old Lady: Why, you've lost your leg,  
haven't you?

Cripple: Well, damned if I haven't.

—Kitty-Kat



She: "What kind of a tree is that?"

He: "A fig tree."

She: "Oh—My, I thought the leaves were  
larger."

—Bison

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# WHERE TO DINE AND DANCE

**STATLER**—(Hancock 2000)—Supper dancing in Salle Moderne Friday and Saturday evenings. Jack Denny's music with Paul Small and Jeanie Lang. Music from 9:30-1:30. Cover Charge \$1.50 per person.\*

**COPLEY PLAZA**—(Kenmore 5600)—Meyer Davis' orchestra for supper dancing in Sheraton Room. Cover Charge Friday and Saturday evenings \$1.50. Must dress. Music from 9:00-1:00. Tea dancing Saturday only, from 4:30-7:00. Charge \$1.25 per person.

**TOURAINÉ**—(Hancock 3500)—Supper dancing in Club Touraine with Houston Ray's orchestra. Minimum check \$2.00 per person Friday and Saturday evenings. Music from 7:00-2:00. Not necessary to dress.

**WESTMINSTER**—(Kenmore 5100)—Supper dancing Friday and Saturday evenings in the Everglades Room. Charge \$1.50 for dancing and dinner. Billy Dooley's orchestra playing from 6:30-1:00. Floor shows at 7:30 and 11:15.\*

**BRADFORD**—(Hancock 1400)—Joe Rines' orchestra playing in the Cascades from 7:00-2:00. Cover charge 75 cents and minimum check of 50 cents per person Friday. \$3.00 per person Saturday evenings. Not necessary to dress Friday evenings. Must dress Saturday.

**BRUNSWICK**—(Kenmore 6300)—Supper dancing in the Egyptian Room Friday and Saturday evenings with Leo Reisman's orchestra. Cover charge \$1.00 after 9:00 P. M. Dancing from 9:00-1:00.\* Also dancing in the "Cellar." Cover charge \$1.00 per person. Not necessary to dress. Russian orchestra.

**CLUB MAYFAIR**—Dancing from 9:00-2:00. Minimum check Friday and Saturday evenings \$2.00 per person. For those who want something different.

**AMERICAN HOUSE - RATHSKELLER** — (Capitol 4480) — Orchestra playing from 6:30-1:00. Two floor shows 7:30 and 11:30. No cover charge. Not necessary to dress. With a German atmosphere.

**COCOANUT GROVE** — (Liberty 3256) — Ranny Week's orchestra with floor shows at 7:30 and 12:00 on Friday evenings. Music from 6:30-2:00. Cover charge Saturday evenings \$2.00 per person.\*

**STEUBEN'S RATHSKELLER** — (Hubbard 3620) — Music by Jack Fischer's orchestra from 9:30-1:00. Minimum charge \$1.00 per person. Not necessary to dress.

\* *Better to dress, but not absolutely necessary.*

*Note: Music in Hotels and Clubs stops at 12:00 Saturday evenings.*

---

## Have You Heard The Latest?

### **Something Had To Happen—Smoke Gets in Your Eyes (24455)**

The new Otto Harbach-Jerome Kern musical comedy "Roberta" has given us those two delightful numbers played by Paul Whiteman on a Victor.

### **Let's Begin—Touch Of Your Hand (24453)**

Also from "Roberta" and played by Paul Whiteman. Ramona sings the catchy lines of the former in her own individual style.

### **Gather Lip Rouge While You May—Be Careful (24397)**

Two pieces from the Fox film "My Weakness" very well rendered by Don Bestor.

### **Just A Year Ago To-night—Three of Us (24411)**

Both played by Jan Garber in Lombardo's delightful style.

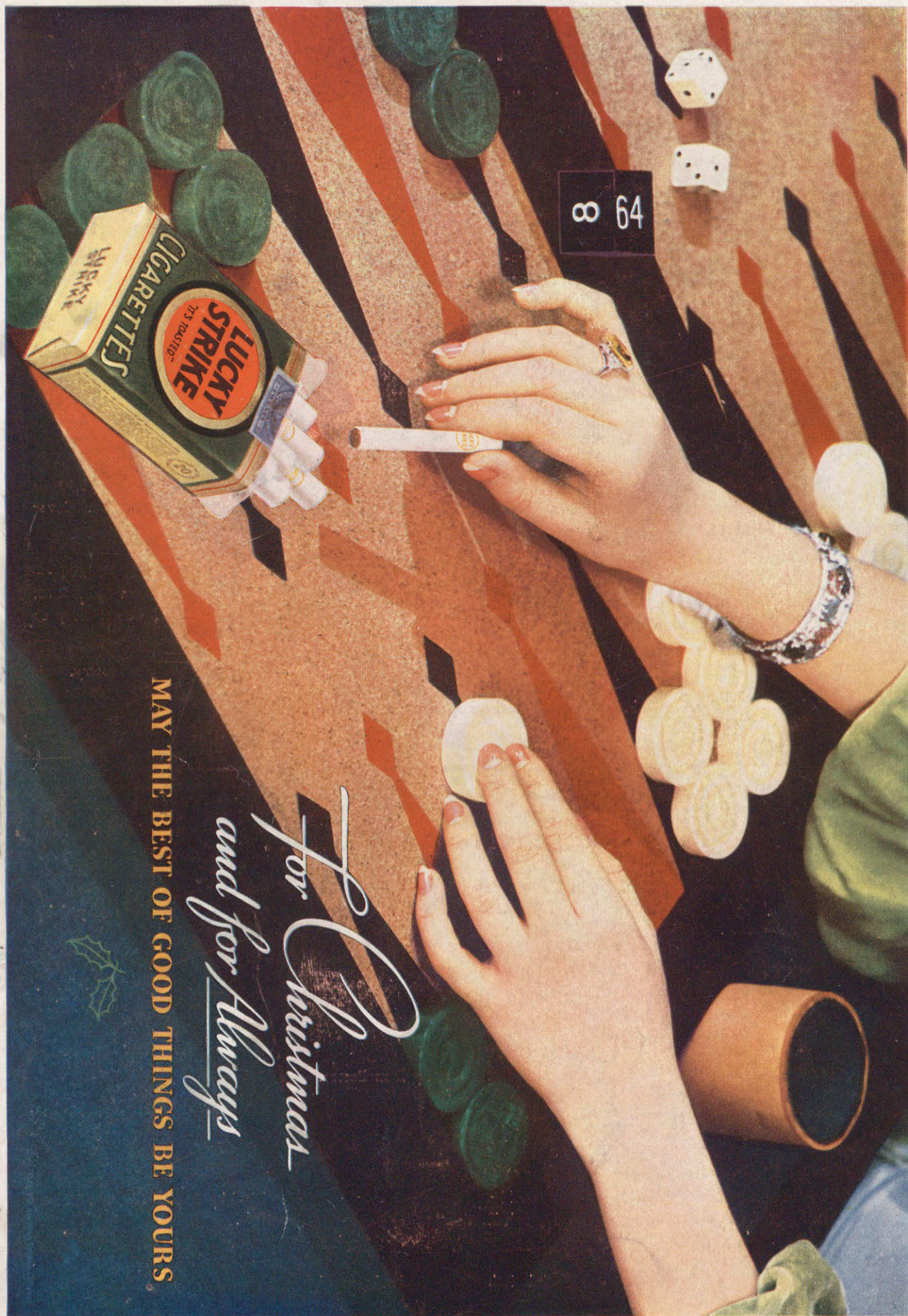
### **How Could We Be Wrong—It's Bad for Me (B-6396)**

Cole Porter has written two more splendid numbers to add to his extensive list. They are played by Ray Noble on a Victor Red Seal and are from the latest London success "Nymph Errant."

### **It's Only a Paper Moon—Night Owl (6648)**

Both played by Hal Kemp on a Brunswick with his inimitable trumpet background.





64

MAY THE BEST OF GOOD THINGS BE YOURS.

*For Christmas  
and for Always*



## Compton Extends Welcome to Sir Raymond Unwin

Noted Officials and Members  
of Faculty Attend Dinner  
In Sir Unwin's Honor

### IS EMINENT ARCHITECT

Sir Raymond Unwin, distinguished British architect and authority on city planning, will be the guest of Technology at a formal dinner to be given in his honor at Walker Memorial next Monday evening.

President Karl T. Compton will preside, and Harry T. Carlson, a member of the corporation and chairman of the advisory committee of the school of architecture, will be the first speaker. He will introduce Robert D. Kohn, director of the housing bureau of the public works administration in Washington, who will speak on problems of modern housing. Thomas Adams, consultant to the Regional Plan of New York, and Charles D. Maginnis, first vice-president of the American Institute of Architects, also will speak, followed by the address of Sir Raymond Unwin.

Among the guests will be many prominent architects of New England, as well as members of the architectural staffs of various educational institutions.

Sir Raymond, who comes to this country to deliver a series of lectures in the Institute's new course on city planning at the school of architecture, will give the first of five public addresses next Monday afternoon. He will speak on "The City as an Expression of Corporate Civic Life," at 2:30 p. m. in Rogers Building. Next Thursday at the same hour and place he will speak on the topic "Nothing Gained by Crowding."

Technology's new city planning course, perhaps the most comprehensive of its kind, was introduced this fall by Dean of Architecture William Emerson in response to the growing demand for men trained in the design and execution of town and regional projects. The pressing importance of this work is indicated by the recent creation of such bodies as the National Planning Board and the Tennessee Valley Authority, and by the nationwide interest in slum clearance and plans for subsistence homesteads.

Internationally known as one of the foremost practitioners in the field of city planning, Sir Raymond during the world war acted as director of the housing branch of the British Ministry of Munitions, after which he was appointed chief architect to the Ministry of Health. In 1929 he became technical adviser to the Greater London Regional Planning Committee. He is a former head of the Town Planning Institute, and a fellow and former president of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

## XYLOPHONE SOLOS TO BE PRESENTED AT XMAS CONCERT

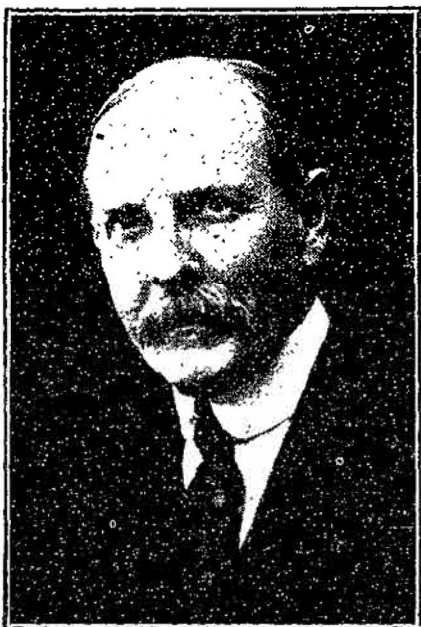
Musical Clubs Start Ticket  
Sales Monday; Admission  
Is Two Dollars

Selections on the xylophone by Barton Neill will be presented in addition to the concert by the Glee and Menjo clubs and the Orchestra at the Christmas Concert and Dance presented by the Combined Musical Clubs 8:30 Friday, December 15, in Walker Memorial.

After the concert of an hour and a half, dancing will continue until 2 o'clock to music furnished by Don Paul's Orchestra. Don Paul broadcasts regularly on the Yankee Network.

Ticket sales for the event are scheduled to begin Monday noon in the Main Lobby, with the price at two dollars a couple, a reduction of fifty cents from the price last year. Ticketation will include every section of the student body. Members of the Commuters' Association will be sent written cards requesting their attendance at the concert, while residents of the dormitories and fraternities will receive a personal call. As in former years, the dance will be formal.

### ALDRED LECTURER



DR. A. E. KENNELLY

## Tatania Kurz Is Institute's Guest

Wife of Soviet Ex-President  
Makes Study of American  
System of Education

Tatiana Kurz, wife of Comrade Kurz, member of the Central Executive Committee of U. S. S. R., visited the Institute last Tuesday in her tour of American colleges to study the system of organization of education in the United States. Since she speaks nothing but Russian, she is conducted around the various universities throughout the U. S. by Russian students.

Comrade Kurz, accompanying his wife on the tour, is making a study of the travel bureau system of America. Comrade Kurz was formerly President of the German Republic of Russia, and later was Vice Secretary for Education. He now is an active member of the Central Executive Committee, which corresponds to the U. S. Senate.

He and his wife are the first members to be sent by the Russian Government to America for the purpose of studying our system of education. Comrade Kurz was honored by a reception last Monday at the Hotel Statler at which several hundred people were present.

## Menorah Society to Hold Dance

First Joint Meeting Held by  
Boston Council

The combined Menorah Societies of the Boston Council will hold a meeting and dance tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock in the main hall of Walker. Rabbi Joseph Shubow will be the guest speaker. The Tufts String Quartet will provide music for dancing after the meeting. All members of the M. I. T. Menorah Society are invited to attend. A membership card is the only ticket required.

The Boston Council is composed of Menorah Societies at Harvard, Radcliffe, Simmons, Portia Law School, Boston Teachers College, Tufts, and Technology. The officers are: president, William Jedd of Tufts; treasurer, Harold Bellinson of Technology; and secretary, Pearl Andelman of Radcliffe. Members of the Technology society are invited to whatever functions may be held at the other branches.

## RAILROAD CLUB TO VISIT HUMP YARDS

The Railroad Club will visit the Mystic Junction hump yards this Saturday, where Mr. W. E. Barrett, Superintendent of the Terminal Division, will conduct the group through the towers where the retarders and switches are operated. Members will meet in the main lobby at 2 o'clock.

Next Wednesday, after the business meeting at which officers will be elected, movies of the Milwaukee, Great Northern Cascade Tunnel and other electrification projects, automatic substations, the Illinois switcher No. 11000, the assembly of an electric locomotive and a historical sketch will be shown.

## Dr. A. Kennelly to Give Second Aldred Lecture

Internationally Known for Work  
In Numerous Branches  
of Engineering

### ASSISTANT TO EDISON

Dr. A. E. Kennelly, distinguished electrical engineer and professor emeritus at Technology and Harvard University, will discuss "The Relations of Engineering to Our Modern World" in the second Aldred lecture at the Institute this afternoon. He will speak at 3 o'clock in Room 10-250.

Internationally known for his work as consulting engineer, college professor, author, and lecturer, Mr. Kennelly has been active for nearly 60 years in the development of many branches of engineering. From 1913 to 1914 he served as professor of electrical engineering at the Institute, where he was chairman of the faculty and director of the electrical engineering research during the years 1917-19. He was for seven years principal electrical assistant to the late Thomas A. Edison. In 1921 he went as exchange professor to France and in 1931 lectured in the universities of Japan. He is the author of numerous volumes on engineering subjects.

Dr. Kennelly holds honorary degrees from the University of Pittsburgh, Harvard, and the University of Toulouse. He has received, in addition to British and Egyptian awards, the gold medal of the Institute of Radio Engineers and two medals of the Franklin Institute. He is also a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor. On several occasions he has represented the United States on international missions, and has served as officer in many national societies.

## Dorm Christmas Dance Tonight

Calligraphic Expert Will Ana-  
lyze Handwriting of Females  
to Determine Tax

With all indications pointing toward a record attendance, the Dormitory Dance Committee is completing plans for the second informal dance of the year, to be held in Walker Memorial tonight from 9 to 2.

The affair will be in the nature of a Christmas celebration, with appropriate yuletide decorations. Santa himself will be present to lend color to the setting.

The admission price will depend upon the handwriting of the Tech man's fair damsel. A calligraphic expert will be present, under an oriental setting, to analyze handwriting samples. Should he decide that the possessor of the script is fairly intelligent, her escort will pay only a small amount above \$1. On the other hand, he may have to pay \$1.50, if her mental capacity is not so high.

Earle Hanson Makes Tech Debut  
The occasion marks the first Technology appearance of Earle Hanson's Greenwich Village Orchestra.

The Dormitory Board has decided to hold Open House at the Dormitories from 7 to 11 on the occasion of the dance.

## CIRCULATION SOARS AS VOO DOO TEARS CAPTION OFF TO AVOID POSSIBLE SUIT

Gullible Students Buy Magazine  
Because of Reported Filth,  
But Find Usual Conglomeration  
of Clippings From Other  
Sheets

It has been learned through reliable sources that the last issue of Voo Doo was censored to avoid possible suit, and not, as was generally believed, because of an obscene sentiment.

The picture from which the caption was torn depicted a couple in bed. The caption itself was "Get up, you bum. We're being married this morning," which you may remember, was a creation of Peter Arno, and appeared some time ago in the "New Yorker."

There is rather a lengthy history

## Frosh Room Completely Demolished as a Warning

A quaint way of encouraging a freshman to abide by Freshman Rules was shown last evening when a group of Sophomores pillaged a room on the third floor of Munroe Hall.

The "stacking" was the most thorough seen in the dormitories for some time, not one article in the room having been left undisturbed.

The only thing left in the room was a freshman tie above the wash basin. It was a very new tie, and showed no signs of wear. Underneath it, on the mirror, was the laconic message "Freshman Tie" inscribed in tooth paste.

An ironic note was sounded when one of the pillagers, addressing the crowd of students which had gathered in the room, said "Be careful, or you'll break the slide rule which is under those papers on the floor."

The purpose of the demonstration was to provide an incentive for dormitory freshmen to wear the prescribed ties. Enforcement of the ruling has been lax lately, and advantage was being taken of this fact.

## Election of Liberal Club Officers Held

Subjects Are Suggested for  
Semi-Monthly Group  
Discussions

Officers to serve for the remainder of the school year were elected at a meeting of the Liberal Club yesterday afternoon. Those chosen were as follows: Douglass Hawks, Jr., '36, president; Milton Silverman, '36, secretary; David Horvitz, '34, treasurer; Lawrence C. Ebel, '34, and Joseph S. Clark, '36, member-at-large of the executive committee.

The meeting was opened by John F. Longley, G, who had previously been elected Temporary Chairman. Upon his election, President Hawks outlined the program for the coming year, which, he said, is to consist of "bull sessions every two weeks" on such subjects as lynching, birth control, R. O. T. C. war, etc.

Will Continue Bulletin Board  
The club voted to continue the maintenance of its bulletin board, located opposite the cashier's office, which features newspaper clippings on controversial subjects. Beside each of the clippings is a timely and humorous comment. In addition to the news department there is an editorial section and also a portion of the board devoted to humor.

To Discuss Lynching  
It was decided to hold meetings on every other Tuesday, the next meeting to be held on December 19, with "lynching" scheduled as the topic for informal discussion.

The Liberal Club was formed several years ago for the purpose of promoting discussion on timely and liberal subjects. Since that time it has broadened its scope of activities extensively to include such projects as: the sponsorship of a presidential straw vote in 1932, the investigation of the dismissal of Oakley Johnson from C. C. N. Y., in the same year, and the adoption of a petition protesting the persecution of the Jews in Germany, last spring.

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## C. W. Ball Star at Opening of Milne Play Last Night

The Ivory Door, Fall Dramashop  
Play, Lacks Touch of  
Amateur

### ROSENBAUM SUPPORTS

Starring in Dramashop's fall play, "The Ivory Door," by A. A. Milne, which opened last evening at the Commons Room of the Rogers Building, was Charles W. Ball, '34, who gave an enviable performance. Playing the lead role of King Perivale, he carried the play throughout, with able support from Mortimer Rosenbaum, '35.

Playing before a small first night audience, the cast presented a production which would do honor to the average amateur company. The play chosen, a medieval phantasy, was readily adaptable to the stage and personnel of Dramashop. Under the direction of Prof. Dean M. Fuller, the play retained few of the flaws so common to the amateur.

### Ball Gets Interpretation

Mr. Ball's interpretation of the young king of a "very remote country in a very remote age," was such that it took the audience directly to his throne room, without even a faint illusion of chairs in rows. He entered into the spirit of the part wholeheartedly, and for two hours he governed his lands exactly as one would have imagined them governed under a wise and prudent monarch of the tenth century. Too much cannot be said about his performance.

L. Priscilla Bunker, '35, although she had only two short scenes in the entire play, portrayed the mad woman with finesse in the latter of these. Rosenbaum, who had a difficult character part, did the "Mummer" ample justice.

Philip Dreissigaker, Jr., '37; Virginia D. Davidson, '34; and Frances C. Blackwood, '37, also gave commendable performances.

R. J. M.

## Room in Walker to be Set Aside for Commuters

Tech Show Will Not be Pre-  
sented on the Night of the  
Junior Prom

### FIELD DAY SATISFACTORY

Conversion of the pool and billiards room in Walker into a meeting place for commuters was approved by the Institute in a letter from Dr. Vannevar Bush read at the Institute Committee meeting last night. The letter stated, however, that "some of these tables will undoubtedly be available in other locations."

The letter was in answer to one sent by the Institute Committee, following its approval of a petition of the Commuters' Association at its last meeting. Preparations have

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## E. C. DANCE TO BE HELD TONIGHT

Reservations Are Limited and  
Nearly Sold Out

Professor and Mrs. James R. Jack, Professor and Mrs. Henry E. Russell and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace M. Ross will be chaperones at the Intrafraternities Conference Dance tonight at the Club Barclay, 46 Winchester street, Boston. Application for registrations will be closed at four o'clock, so those who have purchased tickets should get them before then in Voo Doo office.

All reservations are in the name of each fraternity house, guests should give the name of their house to the head waiter on arrival. The ushers will be: Edward L. Wemple, '35, head usher; Hoyt P. Steele, '34; Richard L. Shaw, '35; John D. Gardiner, '36; and Marshall M. Holcombe, '35.