

PO-6-800A-1-

# MIT WoDee



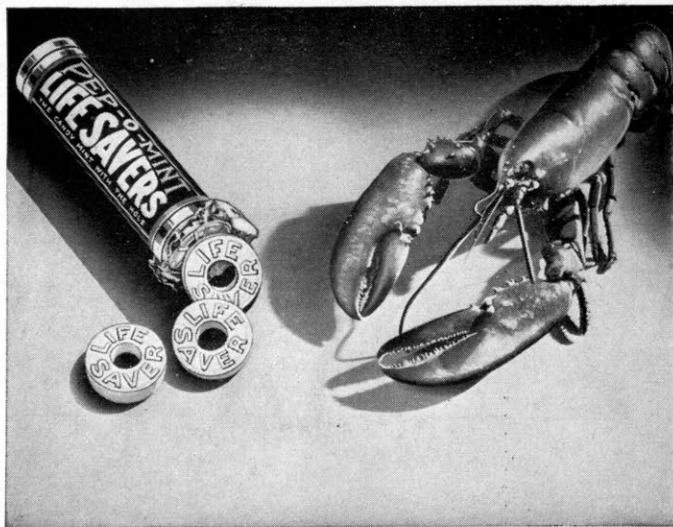
PRICE—15c

PROM NUMBER



**LOBSTER . . .** "Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That's me."

**LIFE SAVER . . .** "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"



Amazing what a couple of Life Savers will do to ease digestion after a heavy meal. Ever try'em?

A FAMOUS FLAVOR AT ITS BEST . . . PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

Our hunch is that something really interesting to overhear would be Ripley telling a friend about a nightmare.

—Life



"A traveling salesman like yourself got pretty fresh with me last night."

"Did you finally get the upper hand?"

"Yes, but I couldn't do a thing with the one he had on my knee."

—Skipper



Two stuttering blacksmiths had finished heating a piece of pig iron, and one placed it upon the anvil with a pair of tongs.

"H-h-h-h-hit it," he stuttered to his helper.

"Wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the other.

"Ah, h-h-h-h-hell, we'll have to h-h-heat it again, now."

—Whirlwind

First Collegian: "Gotta match?"

Second Ditto: "Sure."

First Collegian: "Gimme a cigarette."

Second Collegian: "Want me to light it for ya?"

First Ditto: "If ya don't mind."

Second Ditto: "How ya fixed for spittin'?"

—Carolina Buccaneer



Prof: "Young man, this is the fifth time this week I have called on you and you haven't known the lesson any time. What have you to say?"

4/C: "I'm glad this is Friday, sir."

—The Log



Mrs. Smith: "Is your husband fond of apple pie?"

Wife of Traveling Salesman: "Indeed! Why it's the second thing he asks for when he gets back from the road."

—Exchange

## Wisecrack Yourself a Free Box of Life Savers!

Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.



### SPADES ARE SPADES

but a queen's a king when GARBO portrays  
"QUEEN CHRISTINE" at LOEW'S STATE  
Theatre week of March 16.

Ryan: "I'm forgetting women."

Ross: "So am I. I'm for getting a couple as  
soon as possible."

—Chaparral



Joe College (during final exam.): "Are you  
sure question six is in the text?"

Professor: "Certainly!"

Joe: "Well, I can't find it."

—Texas A. & M. Bat.



Math. P.: "Now, Mr. Zilchguard, if I lay three  
eggs here and five eggs here how many eggs will  
I have?"

Mr. Zilchguard (with a questioning glance):  
"I don't believe you can do it, sir."

—Exchange

# A double hit!



**SUE:** That smells good. Wish I could say  
the same for all pipe tobacco.

**SAM:** Tastes good, too. And you can't  
say THAT about all pipe tobacco  
either.

**SUE:** That makes it a double hit—  
pleases the ladies, pleases the  
men. What's the secret?

**SAM:** Edgeworth is a blend of only the  
tenderest leaves of the burley  
plant.

**SUE:** So what?

**SAM:** In those leaves you get the mild-  
est pipe tobacco that grows.

**SUE:** You mean Edgeworth is made from  
the mildest pipe tobacco that  
grows?

**SAM:** Right.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edge-  
worth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to  
pound humidor tin. Several sizes in vacuum  
packed tins. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

## EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE

*Mildest pipe tobacco*

THAT GROWS



## TRUE LOVE

The davenport held the twain,  
 Fair damsel and her ardent swain,  
     Heandshe;  
 But then, a step upon the stair!  
 And father finds them sitting there  
 He.....and.....She.

—Yellow Jacket



Q.: "What's the best way to silence an infant?"  
 A.: "A bust in the mouth."

—Red Cat



"What big eyes you have, grandmother!"  
 "And that, my dear, is how I caught your grandfather."

—The Log



Old Lady: "Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

Child: "Sure. What the hell else could I be?"

—Tiger



"Daughter, is that young man down there yet?"  
 "Damn right I am. What's it to you?"

—Punch Bowl



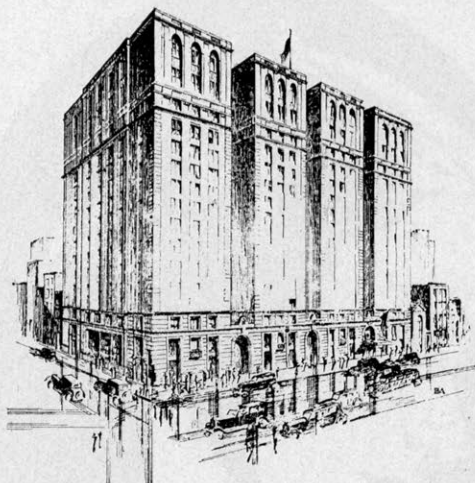
She: "Promise you'll love me as long as you live."

He: "Cross my heart and hope to die."

—Jester



The duke of York  
 Removed the cork  
 And tilted up the flagon.  
 The label read  
 Trevedentscherreinerweusmmunchengenachte  
 So now he's on the wagon.



## 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.

## IF A CONVENIENT LOCATION IS IMPORTANT

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.

## YOUR MEALS WHILE YOU ARE WITH US

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.

## A MESSAGE TO MANAGERS

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

## RATES

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

## ALL EXPENSE EXCURSIONS

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

Or for any three days—a full program of activity—\$10.00 day and night .....

When writing for descriptive circular "C," please mention this publication.

# HOTEL TIMES SQUARE

Under Direction Wm. S. Brown

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK





**MME. MARIA JERITZA**, the world-famous Viennese opera star, who is thrilling Boston audiences at the new Rudolf Friml operetta, "ANNINA," now playing the SHUBERT Theatre.





#### GIVE HEED TO THE IDES OF MARCH

bringing tidings of the greatest Roman Holiday of them all, with opening festivities Monday, March 19, at Minsky's PARK THEATRE. JOAN DARE and DOLORES DAWSON are prominently displayed in this sparkling spectacle.



#### FIE UPON THEE LITTLE GIRRL

Quoth the brave and righteous censor  
To a chaste young Minsky dencer,  
"You have made a god of 'Hot-cha',  
Worshipped him in gay debauch,  
But oft-repeated sins have gotcha;  
And I'm here to close the show."

\* \* \*

But there were men distinguished,  
Asked that it not be extinguished,

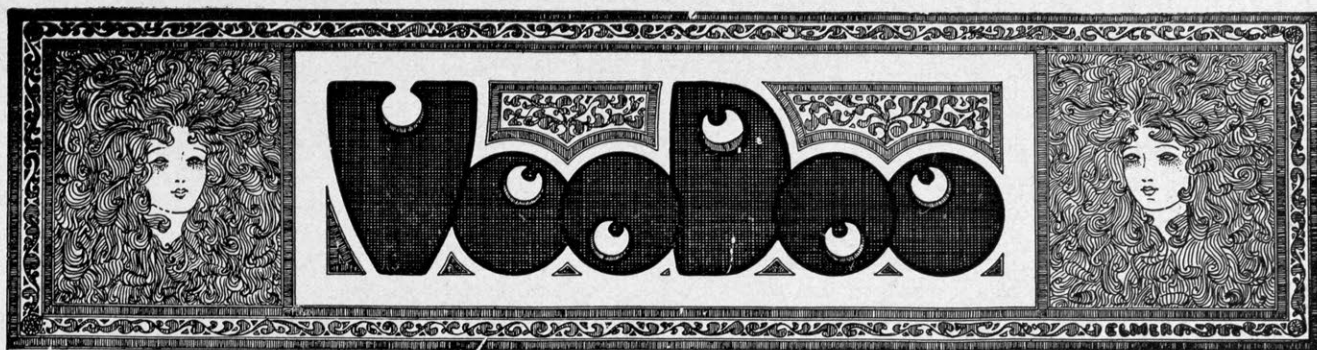
Said, "We've got to see our Nannie  
Dance and shake her little fannie,  
Censor must not be so banny."  
So the Burlecue holds sway.

\* \* \*

The lady boldly answered, "Nuts!  
The cops and lawyers got their cuts."  
So she burst balloons and shouted,  
Gave a thrill to fans devoted;

Even standing-room was crowded,  
'Cause her public loved her so.  
And then there came the reckoning,  
The law's long arm was beckoning;  
The shambles cleared, the doors were  
closed,  
"Asbestos" hid the nymphs who  
posed,  
A lonely doorman sat and dozed,  
And mice came out to play.





# VOO-DOOINGS . . . .

## Please Reserve . . .

WE have always liked to think of Walker cafeteria as sort of a homey place just for our own students and professors. And so it grieved us considerably to see a student walk in, and bring with him a touch of the cold professional. Save for us and two or three other diners the place was empty. The available capacity made no difference to our subject. Before ordering his food, he walked brusquely to a chair and tipped it. Tipped it, mind you, to reserve that particular seat.

A cold, professional habit, it seemed to us, borrowed straight from Horn & Hardhart.



## En Garde . . .

WHILE hanging around the Walker Gym with nothing in particular to do, we beguiled the time by watching the freshman fencing team in dress rehearsal. Throughout the length of a long corrugated rubber carpet, they attempted to stick each other with the points of their swords, or foils, if that's what you call them. We stopped a young dualist and quizzed him upon the sport.

"It's quite a sport," he told us "You can't appreciate it unless you know something about it."

He left us with that. We, feeling we were not getting the most out of life, continued to brood moodily wondering what wonders were in those twisting foils that we were missing because we couldn't appreciate them. But our eyes lifted up, and alighted

upon the rear of our departing friend. We positively felt a blush stealing over our cheek at what we saw! The entire seat of his pants was ripped—one long rent from buttock to buttock. That was the inspiration! Ripped fencing pants! It all came to us then.

"*Touché!*"

Now we knew.



## Filled to capacitance . . .

WHILE we were looking over the Commuters' Lounge the other day the well-seasoned awe for the Technology spirit hit a new low. Sophomores, mind you, not beardless freshmen, were scuffling the rugs and with devilish glee touching off sparks onto the ears of unsuspecting victims. Of course we frowned on the whole business and muttered something about perennial boys, but to tell the truth we were thoroughly intrigued by the idea, and as soon as we were alone we gave it a try. Naturally we made a scientific study of it, and accumulated the following data.

By shuffling five 10 cm. shuffles the shuffler develops enough potential to discharge across a 5mm. gap between his forefinger and the ear of victim. This will cause a healthy victim to jump 15 cm. . . . Cauliflower-eared victims jump 30 cm. and throw from one to three fits. (This will explain the fits that were seen flying out into the hall the other day. Part of the boxing team was in.) The degree of rage into which the victims fly has been found to obey the equation  $R = K S N$  where S is the length of shuf-

fle, N the number of shuffles, and K is a constant that is different for different individuals.

Now that we have this relationship we feel that we have done our part, and we trust that some enterprising scholar will be inspired to carry on for us while we seek new fields.



## Tempus Glowit . . .

A CERTAIN clockmaking student from Ohio tells this story:

It seems there once existed an enterprising young student of the fascinating study of time. He lived long before the electric clock era, and so was very much annoyed by the regular duty thrust upon him by misunderstanding fate of having regularly to wind his clock.

He was a lover of the automatic side of life. He didn't want to have to wind the clock every day. Besides he often forgot to wind it, and he discovered that when the clock didn't go it was not of any particular use. He worried over the problem and finally worked out a solution. His method was one of honorable antiquity. Here it is:

He procured a number of lenses and mirrors and devised a neat little arrangement whereby a beam of sunlight would be reflected, refracted, and transmitted across his eyelids at exactly 8:15 each morning. He was just a light enough sleeper to be awakened by this ingenious sundial, and he was tickled by his own stark originality. He went to bed that night with expectations of a pleasant awak-





"— But the whole town knows blue isn't my color."



ening by merry sunshine in the morning.

Morning came and the device worked beautifully. It worked swell the next day, too, and for a few days thereafter. Then came the rub. Being more of a clockmaker than an astronomer, he had forgotten that the sun changes his position from morning to morning, and he would have to put some kind of a compensator on his solar alarm clock. This was the cause of grave perplexity, and it caused him many hours of puzzling and brooding.

But his cunning was by no means

exhausted. All problems that came his way must be met, he resolved, and this one was to be among the met. He bought an alarm clock, took out the works, and connected them to his sundial so that it compensated just right. Again the sun peeped in at dawn, and he was very happy.



With no girls around, poor Willie  
Bail  
Is like a dog without his tail.



A gold digger is a gal who can  
make or break a guy—or both.



*I like grid men  
Says Sally Sasses  
Because they're always  
Making passes.*



## O ALMA MATER

Is there ought that's consequential  
 In equations differential  
 Or condensers of a fixed capacity?  
 Why must there be fanatics  
 Who talk of Kinematics  
 And dream of political economy?  
 Elementary surveying  
 Is really quite dismaying  
 When interspersed with bits of chemistry;  
 From tangent galvanometers  
 To temporal chronometers  
 We have alpha, beta, gamma instead  
 of ABC.  
 There is nothing energetic  
 In each static and kinetic  
 When their moments of inertia I  
 glean;  
 Mathematical analysis  
 Brings cranial paralysis  
 Plus an average deviation of the  
 mean.  
 There ought to be a scandal  
 About the option Randall  
 Or courses that begin with E or G;  
 There is nothing quite so boring  
 As engineering drawing  
 Or the sine or cosecant arc-tangent  
 phi.  
 In geometry descriptive  
 Circles project elliptive  
 Reluctantly revolved about the axis  
 X;  
 There is something undramatic  
 About functions logarithmic  
 When the quizzing prof you to his  
 dais becks.  
 No apology, Technology,  
 Pause, stop, and hear the truth  
 Stop this crass stupidity.  
 Give us back our liberty!  
 Return to us our almost wasted  
 youth!



Through no INTEGRALS  
 Will he DIG AND DELVE  
 When PROFESSOR GEORGE  
 Teaches them M12  
 He keeps THE CLASS  
 In a PERFECT SPASM  
 With one FULL HOUR  
 of SARCASM  
 He thinks at NIGHT  
 Of remarks TO HOARD

With THE COMMITTEE  
 In complete DISCORD  
 When he CEASES  
 PERIPATETICS  
 Perhaps HE'LL TEACH  
 Some MATHEMATICS.



*At the Prom, O maiden fair  
 I like your blonde and flaxen hair  
 But when I dance with you, my sweet,  
 I think I'm eating shredded wheat.*



"Did you know that stuff on your lips is  
 made out of iron oxide?"

## INVICTUS

I've hocked my watch; I've sold my  
 books . . .  
 To get me to the Junior Prom.  
 I've acquired a tux (not much for  
 looks)  
 By treating a pal with chloroform.  
 I've borrowed a car . . I've got the  
 girl,  
 What a time we're going to have,  
 by Geez.  
 And so I'm off for the Junior whirl  
 Hoping the boys back home don't  
 freeze . . .  
 (For I sold the doors from off  
 our Dorm  
 To get me to the Junior Prom.)

## THE BALLAD OF THE BAWTH

Imagine a dainty Wellesley miss just  
 stepping from the showers;  
 Imagine a fragile Hawvard lad at  
 bath in Hawvard's towers;  
 Imagine a hairy engineer beneath Mc-  
 Carthy's sprays,  
 And realize . . do you like this phrase  
 . . that the student pays and pays.  
 This story is not of a nudist cult —  
 nor is it a tale that's lewd,  
 For the Hawvard lad and the engi-  
 neer and the lovely Wellesley nude  
 Are face to face with a tragedy of  
 worry and secret dread,  
 . . . But the Institute has slain the  
 cause on which their anxieties fed.  
 Why yes, the scientific mind played  
 savior to the college,  
 And thanks pour in from divers in-  
 fected seats of knowledge,  
 For now they all hang up this sign  
 to ease the students' doom:  
 "AVOID ATHLETES' FOOT—  
 USE BATH" . . . (see Walker  
 shower room).



## MS22

gives us really plenty to  
 know what in the war they do  
 to the cannon fodder who  
 know MS22  
 It seems the coast artillery  
 Deprives us of *la joie de vivre*  
 We've no desire to enlarge  
 Our knowledge of the powder charge.  
 Perhaps we much prefer clam chow-  
 der  
 To the properties of smokeless pow-  
 der.  
 When verbal explanation  
 Knowledge no more abides,  
 Colonel Arthur stops his talking  
 To show us lantern slides.  
 Pictures of percussion fuzes  
 Give us quite a lark;  
 Especially when the sergeant  
 Checks attendance in the dark.





The loneliest man on earth is the guy who didn't go to the Junior Prom on the morning after

"Maw... our son writes he wants \$15 for the Junior promenade. Seems to me that's a lot of money just to take a girl for a walk..."



Co-ed: "My father put stained glass windows in my bedroom so that nobody could look through them."

Second Co-ed: "It sure is going to be cold dressing with your windows wide open."



"Are you really a Grand Duke?" she breathed. "And I suppose all your ancestors were dukes."

"No. Only half of them."

"Only half of them? Why, what do you mean?"

"The other half were duchesses, Madam."



He was an all Tech man, absorbed in engine lathes and Force vectors. She realized something ought to be done about it.

"What is that town in Long Island?" she asked. "Little—, Little —, Little something."

"Little Neck?"

"It's all right with me," she murmured.

Here lies a stude from N.Y.U.  
He supported the W.C.T.U.



When "certain thing" girls  
Wear a gridle  
It always makes  
My blood curdle.



Professor: "And what do you intend to do when you graduate?"

Student: "I intend to put my slide rule over my shoulder and keep on walking and walking and walking away from here. And when someone stops me and says 'What is that thing you've got there?' Proffy, that is where I stop."



G. TRIMBLE, JR.

Why do things like this happen?



He: "I'm a veterinarian."

She: "My uncle doesn't eat meat either."



Little Mary from Boston, Mass.  
Stood in the ocean up to her ankles.  
(It doesn't rhyme now, but it will when the tide comes in.)



She: "Give me one more kiss like that and I'll be drunk with love."

He: "Then we better cut the next one."



Here's to the blue-eyed cabin boy  
who sailed aboard the clipper.

He stood around in his nightgown,  
And horrified the skipper.



I'm conscientious, courageous, persistent,  
Not easily turned from my course;  
I love nature and many dumb animals,  
The cat, the dog, and the horse.  
I'm witty, well liked by the women;  
There's not a thing I don't know.  
Now please don't think that I'm boasting,  
The weighing machines told me so.



### LITTLE CASANOVA AT THE JUNIOR PROM

GOSH, Marion, I think y'dance swell. You move around the floor so smooth like. Sorta graceful I mean. Smooth as—as—well, did you ever see the crosshead of an oscillatory steam engine? No? Well, it's ground to an accuracy of plus or minus 0.0001 inches. I think you dance as smooth as all that. Honest, honey, I do. Yes, sure that's a compliment. What d'y'think I meant?

I think your a pretty kid, too. You got nice eyes, too. They glow soft and warm sorta like two thoriated filaments. Yeah, Marion, an' prettier than a vacuum discharge. Really, they are. I should forget that kind of stuff for a while? All right, honey, I will. We'll just forget Tech tonight. We'll simply say that your eyes shine with almost three candle power and let it go at that.

I like the color of your dress. Swell shade. What d'y'call it? Orchard Pink? Do I like that color? Sure, Marion. It's about the same as sodium dichromate when it precipitates from a dilute solution. It's pretty handy in qualitative; you can recognize all the dichromates by it—Your dress never was a dichromate? Ha ha. No I guess it wasn't. It is an aliphatic cellulose though. Ha ha.

Now take the color of your lips f'rinstance. All right, don't get peeved. We won't go into it, if you say so. But I was just admirin' how pretty they were. Do I really mean it? Say, kid, I think the world of you. Those are the poutiest, prettiest, cutest pair of lips in the world. Yes, sir, that's what I think. They look so nice with the top of them shaped like a cissoid—, Kissoid. Ha, Ha! Catch on? Don't you know what a cissoid is? I'm surprised. Y'oughta know that. Well, it's a curve with equation  $y$  squared equals  $x$  cubed over the square root of —. What! You say your lips aren't like that? Well, maybe not. No of course there's no  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's in you mouth. Whoever said there was? It's not even a cissoid either. You're glad I changed my



You're a Parisian Fantasy,  
a vivid Soubrette;  
You're a Colonial Cameo,  
a Georgian Silhouette;  
Then a Persian Garden  
of Oriental Devotion,  
Or a Spanish Dagger  
in sinuous Motion.

You're a Nipponese Cherry-blossom  
wet with Dew;  
Then you're the Lorelei  
with a Thrill ever new.  
I differ with Washington's  
political Science  
That warns us to avoid  
all foreign Alliance.

mind about that? Well, y' see the edges of your mouth don't look like they had asymptotes —.

You don't feel well? Gosh, honey, I'm sorry. Might be a little too much  $\text{CO}_2$  on your stomach. All right, Marion, I'll take you home. Gee, I was enjoyin' the dance, too. Well, all things have their turnin' points, you know. I suppose this is the derivative

of dance with respect to time equals zero.

All right, honey, we'll go home.



"You dance divinely," he whispered to her, "You must have been born in dancing slippers."

"Yes," she answered, "and if you don't keep off them, I'll die the same way."







– somehow  
I just like to  
give you a light

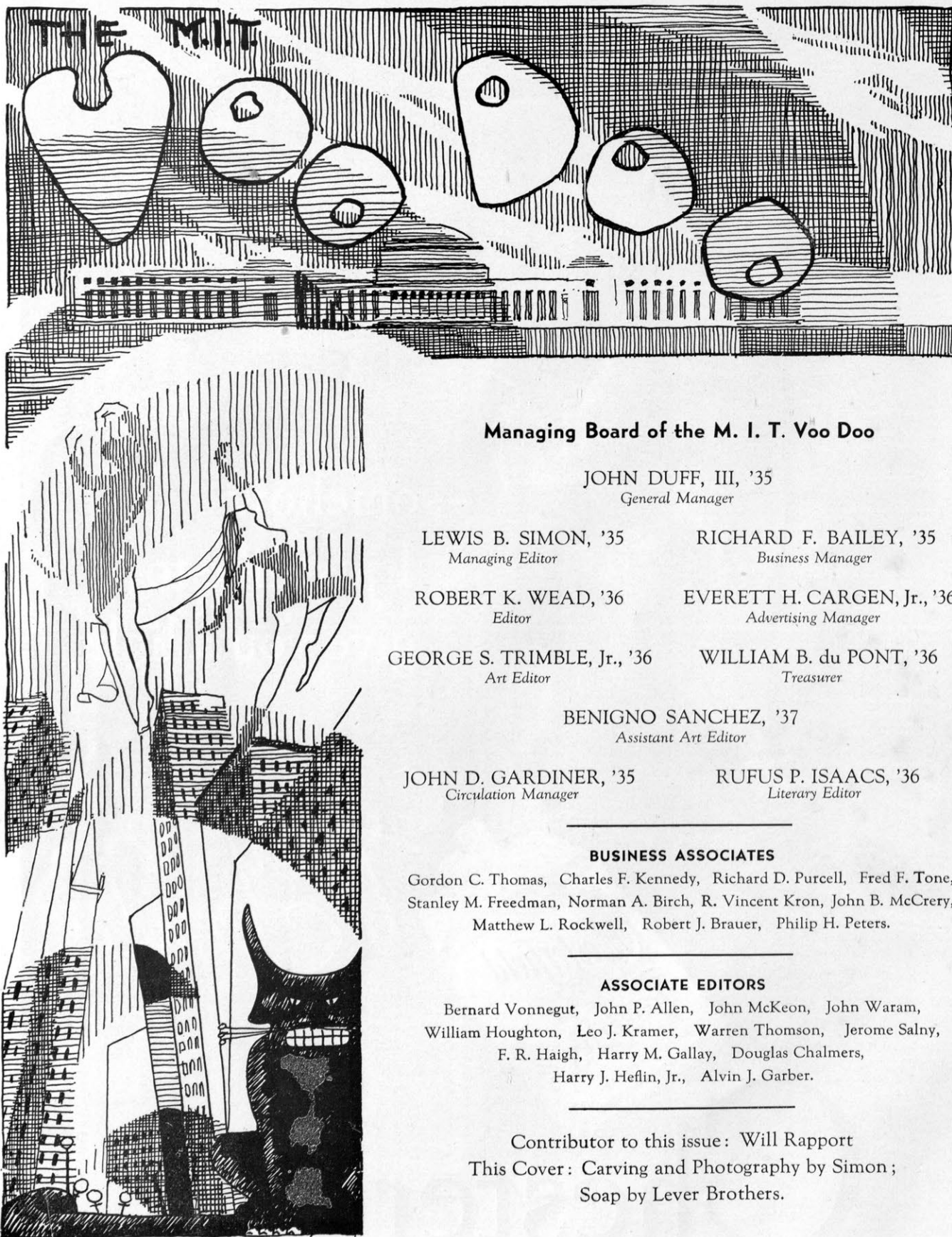
*They  
Satisfy*

# Chesterfield

the cigarette that's Milder • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

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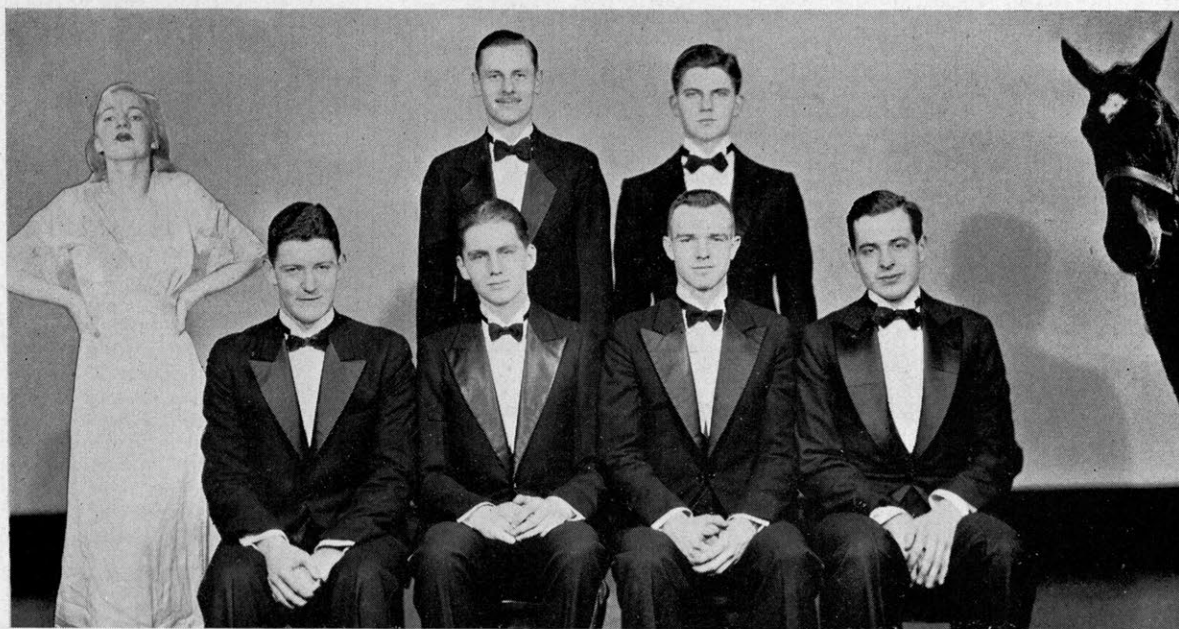
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## THE JUNIOR PROMENADE



The Committee, including (front) Henry Fiske King, Walter Hugo Stockmayer, Paul William Daley, Wesley H. Loomis, IIIrd, and (rear) Louis William Pflanz, Jr., and Thonet Charles Dauphine.

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Dr. and Mrs. Vannevar Bush  
Prof. and Mrs. James Robertson Jack

Prof. and Mrs. Leicester Forsyth Hamilton  
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George E. Agnew, Frances Eady  
Robert J. Lutz, Faith Stevenson  
Walter W. Bird, Elisa Midelfart  
K. H. Achterkirchen, Alice Brazely

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Charles F. Barrett, Amalia Raspe  
James L. Camp, Ann Fisher  
Sam J. Loring, Winnefred King  
Edward Asch, Betty Wheeler

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James D. Parker, Mary Libby  
Roy. P. Whitney, Dorothy Sleeper  
Fred P. Cotton, Adrienne Briggs

##### Table 4

E. E. Goodman  
Albert J. Ullman, Betty Berne  
M. S. Silberman

##### Table 5

William W. Cross, Welthea Stark  
Samuel S. Fox, Betsy Byron  
Cason Rucker

##### Table 6

Dick K. Anderson, Mildred Stenstream  
Louis V. Baldwin, Barbara Woods  
Don. C. Gutleben, Billie Foster  
Robert P. Landis, Mildred Crowley  
Ernst A. Nordberg, Natalie Krosske

##### Table 7

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Edgar B. Chiswell, Hester Rayner  
Allan Q. Mowatt, Marian B. Hubbell  
Don. B. Wood, Felicia Townsend  
Arthur L. Haskins, Phyllis Rodenhiser

##### Table 8

Barney Freiberg, Margaret Levi  
Julian Stern  
Bernard Schulman, Mickey Evans  
Alfred Altschuler, Polly Spiegel

##### Table 9

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Warren Devine, Virginia Williams  
Wilfred Grosser, Barbara Ford  
Beverly Dudley, Mary Spence  
Seth Nickerson

##### Table 10

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Murray Brown, Gladys M. Brodhead  
Frank P. Wilkins, Dorothy Gottoni  
Utey W. Smith

##### Table 12

Elmer J. Roth, Evelyn M. Ramsay  
Elmer J. Roth, Linnnet M. Gow  
Albert deRoode, Virginia Major

##### Table 13

Stan Freedman, Elaine Apfelbaum  
Leo Beckwith, Leanore Stark  
Henry Stampleman, Sylvia Breskin  
Murray Waxman, Babette Judson  
Maxwell Jacobs, Ruth Katz

Table 14

Lewis B. Simon, Dorothy Chapman  
Frank R. Trifari, Evelyn Campbell  
Ermano Garaventa, Virginia Finneran  
Donald Gittens, Ruth Sawyer  
Leo F. Epstein, Violet Wood

Table 15

Robert Goodman, Edna Morrison  
Robert C. Smith, Dorothy Mason  
Julian P. Perry  
Robert Dalton, Alice Barry  
Alfred Boyajian  
John Talbert, Edith Shepard

Table 16

William Keefe, Barbara Shay  
C. MacAllister, Mary Keefe  
Alfred Greenlaw  
Ed Bromley  
H. D. Humphreys

Table 17

Bernard Whitman, Dorothy Telfer  
Damon Francisco, Pearl Ivers  
Herb Matchett, Helen Van Dusen  
William Peterson, Ruth Bowman  
Roger Needham, Lois Chapman

Table 18

W. Whitney Stueck, Dorothy G. Kinsella  
W. Gregg Fry  
William Klehm, Ruth McCabe  
Alfred Reed  
Edward Collins

Table 19

B. Bloomgarden, Gladys Strongin  
F. Goldsmith, Marian Phillips  
S. Seelman, Mildred Goodman  
Charles Kahn, Ann R. Cohn  
Jack Ostrer  
Alex Frank

Table 20

Darwin Stolzenback, Laura Curran  
Chester Brown, Mary Ramsdell  
Bill Brockett, Elenor Vaughan  
Tom E. Foley  
George Fowles  
George Somers

Table 21

W. W. Hartz, Barbara Muhlburger  
Alfred Wagner, Peggy Howe  
Gerald Farr, Helen Marden  
Guy Haines  
John Miller, Jean Crocker  
Tom Burton

Table 22

Leon Temple, Gwyneth Johnson  
M. S. Herbert  
Ray Brown  
Philip Goodwin

Table 23

John Howell, Dorothy Michie  
Emerson Kron, Grace Smith  
Henry Eagan  
A. F. Hamilton, Mary Lou Black  
J. A. Bradner, Leah Coleman

Table 24

Everett Beede  
Lincoln Paige  
W. W. Prickard

Table 25

R. Roethlisberger, Dorothy M. Dietz  
Milton McLeod  
E. Hillenbrand  
Merton S. Neill, Winnifred Turner  
John G. Benson

Table 26

Palmer Koenig, Mrs. Palmer Koenig  
James Killian, Marjorie Trant  
Joseph Lancor, Beverly Miller  
Lucius Packard, Eleanor Bates  
Holbrook Smith, Mrs. Holbrook Smith

Table 27

C. P. Rousenfell, Jane W. Irbye  
Gerald Rich, Verna Mackay  
H. H. Everett, Alice E. Adams  
J. Flower, Adelaide Wilbur  
John Sage

Table 28

Stanley Lane, Yvonne McDonald  
Lew Goldberg, Thelma Scotch  
A. F. Sanderon, Jane Rohrer  
Robert Olsen, Louise Watson  
Frank Lovering, Ruth Golding

Table 29

Reid Ewing, Alice Larson  
W. R. Walker, Ida Callaghan  
E. Megathlin, Mary Rich  
Charles Bowen, Velma Leitch  
Herb Anderton

## WHAT? AGAIN?

'Tis a glamorous picture of pulchritude. Twinkling toes—dancing lady—what a man hero—no wine but women and song and a story.

## WHAT! AGAIN?

It's the name of the Tech Show—on the boards at Walker Memorial, March 14, 15, 17. Tickets in the main lobby and at the door.

## WHAT! AGAIN?

No. It's the first time. Brand-new, Different, Mysterious, Rollicking, Frolicking. New - New - New, and yet—

## WHAT! AGAIN?

Special costumes glitteringly new, special dances that augment the costumes. The plot is a satire, jazzy lines, a futuristic outlook. Something different—Something new!

## WHAT! AGAIN?

No. It's new. It's It. The Tech Show for Nineteen Thirty-four and its name is "WHAT!

AGAIN?"

Seats are going — going — Hurry — they'll be gone.

—Advt.

Table 30

Kenneth Young, Isabelle Williams  
P. R. Hanson, Thelma Jones  
E. E. Van Ham, Barbara J. Erickson  
John Thorpe, Jean Morrison  
Alden Packard, Ruth Rice

Table 31

Morgan Rulon, Mary Hickey  
W. Godchaux, Susan Godchaux  
W. G. Cragin, Edith Magna  
Thomas Blair

Table 32

James Notman, Peggy Gould  
Arthur King, Dorothy Ilg  
Richard Shaw, Barbara Livermore  
John Duff, Eleanor Collins  
William Mills, Phyllis Barry  
Fitz White, Isabelle Rogers

Table 33

Edward Clark, Monica Reynolds  
J. E. Orchard, Margaret Loblein  
R. Fassolis  
G. H. Snyder

Table 34

Richard Lawrence, Eleanor Ode  
D. C. McIntosh  
Charles Taylor  
Marcy Sperry  
W. Mathesius, Beth Sealey

Table 35

Harry Scowcroft, Margaret Mont  
David Buckwalter  
Weldon M. Ray  
Carl S. Smith, Dorothy Hallett  
John Teasdale

Table 36

Dudley Williams, Helena Strickler  
Gardner Murray, Suzanne Edwards  
G. Donald Fenton, Ardis H. Morgan  
Allan Creighton, Midge Belcher  
Richard Whitmore, Anne Beagarie

Table 37

G. Fred Lincoln, Barbara Noyes  
Warren Clapp  
John Brosnahan, Hazel Webster  
Leon Lombard  
H. William Parker, Phyllis Brown

Table 38

R. M. Becker, Sylvia Rapoport  
Arthur Ellenwood, Alice I. Telfer  
John S. Holley, Louise Holley  
Paul D. Germond, Alice Pruyn

## Balcony

Table 51

Richard Rosenberg, Sydnee Straus

Table 52

William Rothen, Elizabeth Wakefield  
Fred D. Mathias  
Thomas Welles, Helen Withers  
J. Godfrey Borger  
Warren Schott, Evelyn Jones

Table 53

John D. Loomis, Anita Flanders  
Edward L. Pratt, Phyllis Needham  
Verner Kreuter  
Paul B. Beal  
John Hossfeld, Rita M. Hatje

Table 54

John V. Salo  
Richard Gouchoe

Table 55

Prescott Smith, Helen Wilmarth  
George Peterson, Florence McCarthy  
Edward Woll, Estelle Mayers  
Waldron Smith, Janet Lane  
Joseph Haggerty

Table 56

Thomas Rinaldo, Catherine O'Hearn  
Vincent Fopiano  
Vincent Sorrentino, Martha Lord  
John P. Carey, Getrude M. Callahan

Table 57

Irving Banquer, Josephine Klein  
Hamilton Dow, Francis Goonyep  
George Glaskaws, Eleanor Zaletskas  
Edward Prohaska, Frances Brunswick  
Milton McLeod  
Leon Simons, Shirley Banquer

Table 58

Theodore Pomeroy  
Bert Summers  
George Priggen, Arria Glidden  
John Hagburg  
William Coleman, Louise M. Sullivan



*A senior at work on a thee-sis  
Was covered with glory and gree-sis.  
And the frosh going past  
Were stricken aghast  
To the point of exclaiming—"By  
Jee-sis."*



I call my girl Geometry—she says  
she'll play square but she's always  
making a triangle of it by going  
round with some other fellow.

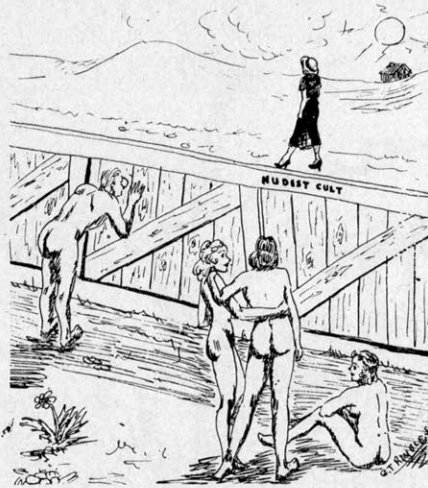


*Mary had a little drink  
While dining at the Prom;  
And tho I didn't drink myself,  
Yet her drink made me—warm.*



Father: "What are your boy's in-  
tentions?"

Daughter: "I don't know—he  
keeps me pretty much in the dark."



*Nice girls at a dance  
Will always wear pance.*

± ± ±

*Penguin does not rhyme with genu-  
ing*

*So this verse will have no enduing.*

± ± ±

*Imagine recording such stuff  
As the dribble recorded abuff.*

*There was a young man from Paw-  
tucket  
Who went for some steam with a  
bucket;  
But the steam sort of scalded,  
And what the guy called it  
Was said to resemble "Aw—Nuts!"*



"I think Tech boys are terribly ef-  
feminate, Mable. I asked Fred what  
they do to solve hard math problems,  
and of all things! He said they use  
lipsticks."



**HOW CLEAN IS YOUR MIND?**  
*"Mary had a little ———,  
Its ——— was white as snow.  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
That ——— was sure to go."*

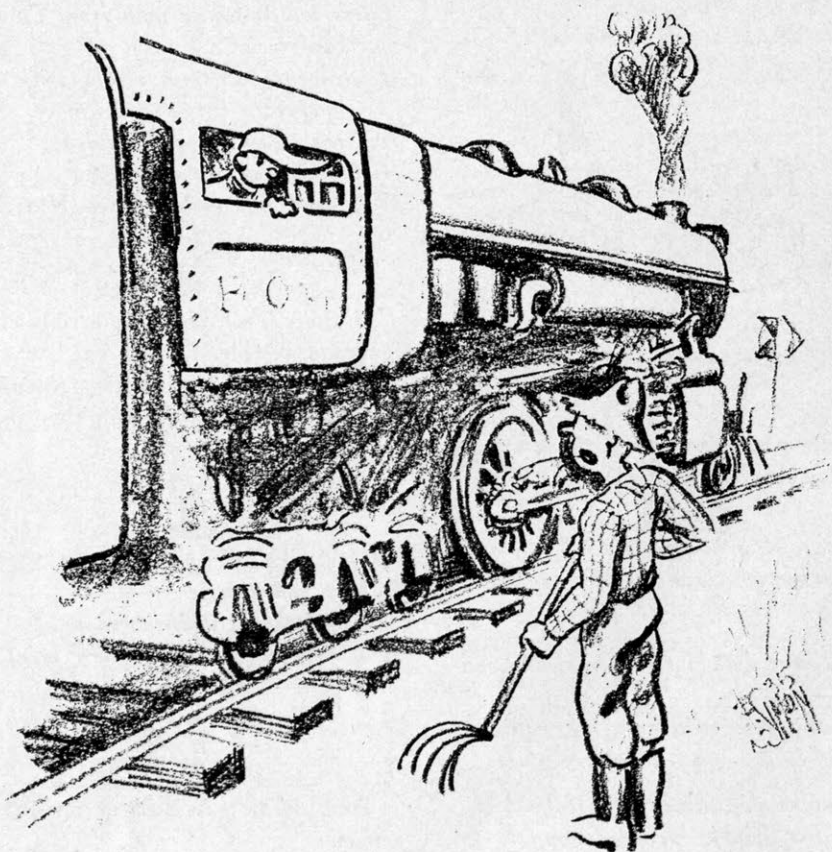


Add similie: As full as an 1890  
corset.



G. TRIMBLE, JR.

Aqueous Tension



"Take your second left and you can't miss it."



Jawn Hawvard had two engineers  
Besieging some involute gears;  
The longer they battled,  
The more they got rattled,  
'Til they classically chanted "Oh  
Spheres!"



I call my girl Margin, because she  
always needs more when I take her  
out.



Female voice from lounge: "No  
more tomfoolin' . . ."

Male ditto: "This isn't Tom; this  
is Jack . . ."



Joe Bloop left the dance in a hustle.  
In the future, he's wearing a muz-  
zle:

To his broad he did tell:

"Your Bustle looks swell!"

—But the broad wasn't wearing a  
bustle.

Her eyes were jet black  
Her blond hair silk fine.  
Her old man had jack,  
But my God what a line.  
Her smile was delicious  
Her kisses like wine  
She'd even do dishes  
But she'll never do mine.  
Her life was just lousy  
Or simply divine.  
Gin made her drowsy  
All drinkers were swine.  
And so she continued  
To feed me the brass.  
Now she spends evenings,  
At home with a book.



Salesman: "Would you like to  
purchase a set of Dr. Eliot's Five  
Foot Shelf?"

Customer: "No thanks, I've got  
a copy of *Anthony Adverse*."

A policeman came running in just  
in time to stop the turmoil in front  
of the check room. He grabbed a  
young man by the arm and asked  
him why he struck the young lady  
who lay moaning on the floor.

"But she asked me to hit her,"  
the young man replied.

"What do you mean by that?"  
queried the limb of the law.

"Well, she asked me to fetch her  
a wrap."



*Girls who wear corsets  
Are known as war horsets*



### The Prom Girl's Toast

Here's to what God gave me;  
And what God gave me is mine . . .  
If you'd like to know what God  
gave me,  
Why dontcha come up sometime?



**Prom Committeeman  
Caught with his plantz down.**



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# Brooks Brothers,

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Frosh: "I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

(No answer).

Frosh: "I say, I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than me, haven't you?"

Co-ed: "I heard you the first time. I was trying to think."



—Malteaser

Mae West isn't so hot, she just puts up a good front.



She: "Hold me tight."

He: "Who's tight?"



—Red Cat

Finals, finals everywhere,

With drops and drops of ink,  
And never a prof who'll leave the room  
And allow a guy to think.

—Phoenix

#### PROMISCUOUS PROXIMITY

There once was a pretty lassie  
Whose manner was really classy,  
Her boy friend, one night,  
Held her real tight,  
Then said: "Don't you wear a hairnet?"

—Red Cat



First Father: "What, your son is an undertaker? I thought you said he was a doctor."

Second Father: "No, I said he followed the medical profession."

—Exchange



Mother: "What did you do when your horrid husband hid the can opener?"

Bride: "I opened the cans with his razor."

—Showme

# Phosphor Essences

**SAYS HE NEVER  
PUNISHED GIRL**  
Denies Forcing Her to Sit on Hot  
Air Register

—*Boston Post*

"Please, Mr. Hemingway, but I  
don't wear 'em in the winter."



**DOG BITES BOY TWICE  
IN 2 DAYS, POLICE ACT**  
—*Boston Traveler*

They should!



**NEWLYWEDS IN  
CHILLY HOUSE**  
—*Boston Post*

What to do about it . . .



**6-INCH BULLFROG EATS  
AN 11-INCH ALLIGATOR**  
—*Boston Traveler*  
Sure it wasn't a pink elephant?



Versailles, Mo., Jan. 3 (AP)—  
One of the largest hogs raised in  
this section was slaughtered here  
recently. The animal weighed  
more than 800 pounds and was so  
big at the time of the killing that  
it was unable to stand up to eat.  
—*Boston Traveler*  
Perhaps it had lost its appetite.

**SHY ON NICKELS, SO  
HE GOT ARRESTED**  
Financially embarrassed no doubt.  
—*Boston Post*



**DEMIJOHN OF GIN  
FAILS TO START CAR**  
—*Boston Herald*  
Some choke, eh boss?



**SAYS POLICEMAN-MATE  
BANGED HEAD ON WALL**  
—*Boston Herald*  
Lost his billy, perhaps?

**MAN FALLING ON  
SIDEWALK CAUSES  
QUINCY EXCITEMENT**  
—*Boston Globe*  
Quick, Henry, the banana peel!



**LIVES WELL AND  
DOESN'T USE MONEY**  
—*Boston Post*.

Ah-ha . . .



**FEAR MOST OF LAWS  
IN CINCINNATI ARE VOID**  
—*Boston Traveler*  
Tell us it ain't true!!



**TWO GIRLS ON DRIVER'S LAP**  
Sets New World's Record of  
Some Sort  
—*Boston Post*  
Broad knees.

**PUTS MAN IN BATH  
TUB TO ROB HIM**  
—*Boston Post*  
Vanishes down drain.



**TAILORS HEAD  
FOR HARVARD**  
—*Boston Post*  
What's wrong with the present  
head?

(Continued on page 19)  
we don't care either



**PHOSPHOR ESSENCES***(We can keep this up as long as you can)***'GHOST' FLIGHTS****WORRY FINLAND***—Boston Traveler*

Just flights of fancy.

**ALICE BEGINS****LIFE, NEAR 50***—Boston Traveler*

She was born at an early age.

**FLOATING ICE****HITS SHIPPING***—Boston Traveler*

Bang!

**REVERE FIREMEN RIDE ON  
PUNG TO SAVE DWELLING***—Boston Herald*

Whata-man Eddie!

**PAIR MURDER MAN,  
DIDN'T LIKE FACE***—Boston Traveler*

Wouldn't lifting it have been easier?

**HUGGER IN WORCESTER****MAY BE MAD***—Boston Post*

He'd have to be mad in Worcester.

**PROMINENT ARTISTS ON  
HANGING COMMITTEE***—Boston Herald*

Hang the expense.

Telephone Operator: "Is this 1749?"

Maid (very black): "Yassum."

T. O.: "Is this Mrs. Blotz' residence?"

V. B. M.: "Yassum."

T. O.: "Long distance from Washington."

V. B. M.: "Heh! Heh! Yassum, hit sho' is."

*—Rammer-Jammer*

Lady in pet shop: "Has this parrot ever been around people that swear?"

Clerk: "Hell no, lady, Hell no."

*—Phoenix*

How about the Scotchman who told his little children ghost stories instead of buying Ex-Lax?

*—Punch Bowl*

She was only a dentist's daughter, but she ran around with the worst set in town.



Wellesley cop: "You'll have to go a little slower, young fellow."

Young fellow: "Hell, I've had three dates with her."



Sign in restaurant window: "If your wife can't cook, don't shoot her—eat here and keep her as a pet."



"Who's your favorite playwright?"

"Oh, Shaw!"



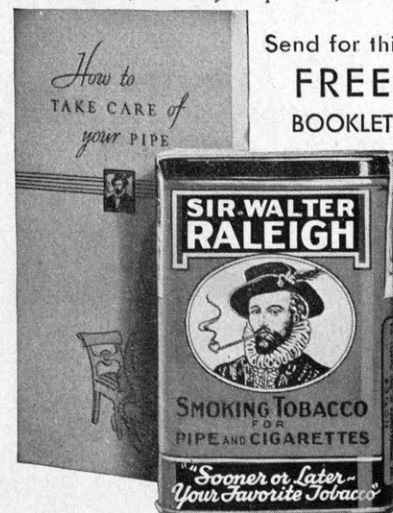
1st Stude: "Would you care to lay any odds?"

2nd Stude: "I never knew any Odds."

*—Sour Owl***"I CAN USE A  
GOOD STOKER"**

**D**EVIL TAKE the unpopular soul who neglects his pipe till it's gooey and offensive. Bliss is reserved (at 15¢ the tin) for those pipe lovers who tend their briars and fill them with sunny tobacco... like Sir Walter Raleigh. This heavenly mixture of mild Kentucky Burleys brings everlasting happiness to a man's tongue. It's well aged and seasoned. Fragrant—but eternally mild. Try it. It may be the smoke you hoped you'd some day find. (Kept fresh in gold foil.)

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Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-43.



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**FREE**  
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## INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

NAME	PAGE
Brooks Bros. . . . .	17
Brown & Williamson . . . . .	19
Cafe de Paris . . . . .	I. B. C.
Edgeworth Tobacco . . . . .	1
Foxboro Printing Co. . . . .	I. B. C.
Hicks & Shaw . . . . .	I. B. C.
L. A. Johnson Co. . . . .	I. B. C.
Kaywoodie . . . . .	20
Life Savers . . . . .	I. F. C.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. . . . .	11
Loew's State Theatre . . . . .	1
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. . . . .	B. C.
M. Stoll & Co. . . . .	I. B. C.
Times Square Hotel . . . . .	2
Walton Lunch Company . . . . .	I. B. C.

Clothing salesman: "I can spot a good suit any time."

"Well, why not use a napkin?"

—Froth



If all the horses say: "Nay," where do little horses come from?

—Punch Bowl



Kay: "Do you dance?"

Cub: "No, but I can hold you while you dance."

—Malteaser



"What town in Connecticut reminds you of a Biblical character?"

"I don't know."

"Middletown, Conn."

"How so?"

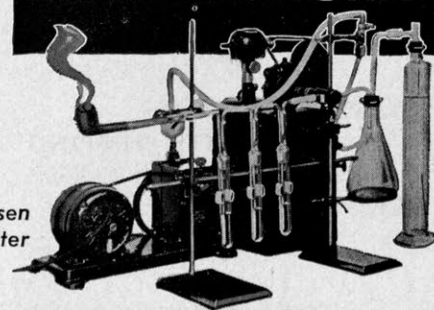
"Simple. Just drop the i-d-d-l-e-t-o-w-n and add o-s-e-s and you have Moses."

—Malteaser

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See whether you scribble things on bits of paper, bite your nails, jump at unex-

pected noises—they're signs of *jangled nerves*.

So be careful. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And make Camels your cigarette.

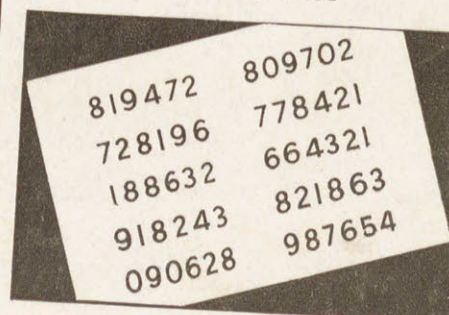
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Here is a series of numbers. Two numbers in this series contain the same digits... but not in the same order. See how fast you can pick out these two. Average time is one minute.

Frank J. Marshall (Camel smoker), chess champion, picked the two numbers in thirty seconds.

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