

POB-300A-81-

1-



THE
 B
 E
 G
 I
 N
 N
 I
 Z
 I
 N
 G
 O
 F
 T
 H
 E
 D
 N
 E

FIFTEEN CENTS

*Take the
Primrose Path*

Everything in this world is not ethereal — and it is indeed nice to take the primrose path to enjoyment now and then.

The Victoria "English Hunt Room" is neither grand nor pretentious — but it does smooth the path and make easy the way to enjoyment.

The casual informality of the "English Hunt Room", sometimes called (Hunt Club), always provides you with a keen zest for just another small one — so install your friends (feminine) chicly in a hunt booth and immediately you have an important discovery on your hands — an antidote for the swift passing of time.

There are places aplenty in Boston in which to spend your time but only a comparative few that live up to their standards.

However, you'll make no mistake at the Victoria . . . it's that smart-looking English place, you know, located in the Copley Square zone . . . and managed by George A. Turain.

"It's raining cats and dogs outside."
 "I know, I just stepped into a poodle."

—Red Hen



FOG

(With apologies to Carl Sandburg)

The fog comes
 on little cat feet—
 about the time
 of Examinations—
 It sits looking—
 over desk and chair—
 on silent haunches;
 Then moves on—
 And sometimes it stays.

—Purple Cow



"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"
 "I don't know. I only laid the table."

—Show Me



Tourist (having looked over historic castle, to
 butler)—"We've made a stupid mistake. I tipped
 his lordship instead of you."

Butler—"That's awkward. I'll never get it now."
 —Wall Street Journal



The teacher was testing the knowledge of the
 kindergarten class. Slapping a half dollar on the
 desk, she said sharply, "What is that?" Instantly a
 voice from the back row said, "Tails."

—The Mutual Magazine



Old Maid (phoning from her hotel room)—This
 room has a chink in the wall.

Hotel Clerk—Well, what do you want for two-
 fifty, a couple of gigolos?
 —Very Old



LORETTA YOUNG
 Ronald Colman in
 CLIVE OF INDIA
 Loew's State
 Beginning Friday, February 8

Pilot: "The ship's out of control. What shall I
 do?"

Co-pilot: "Can't you get it under control?"

Pilot: "No!"

Co-pilot: "Well, then, try and land on something
 cheap."



A decrepit old woman from Glasgow
 Required a lot of tabasco.

For her blood it was cold

And the sauce made her bold

And now you can see her—run around the block.



Thirty days hath September, June, July, and
 my dad for speeding.

—Red Cow.

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 \$1.00 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. XVII JANUARY, 1935 NO. 7

Copyright, 1935, by the Woop Garoo Society

SANCTUARY

Moaning has been going on now for many years,
And great, big, strong men are shedding tears
Over the emancipation of the female who invades
Barber shops and makes her shameless raids
On all men's strongholds until there is no place
One cannot see a pretty, empty, lip-rouged face;
But I venture to say there will never come a time
when
Women will be found behind the door marked
"Men."

—Ski-U-Mab



Clerk—"What's the matter sonny?"
Lost Kid—"Please sir, have you seen a lady with-
out a little boy that looks like me?"

—Owl

HOT STUFF

Press me closer, all mine own—
My heart warms for thee alone;
Each caress my longing fills,
Every sense responsive thrills;
'Neath thy touch I live—thy slave,
Thou my happiness mayst save;
Thou dost reign upon my breast
With thine own fierce ardor blest;
Closer still, for thou art mine;
My heart burns, for I am thine!
Thou the music, I the lyre,
I the servant, thou the master—
Thou the furnace, I the fire!

Roaring,

Red hot

Mustard

Plaster!

—Exchange



History Prof.: "How can you explain the great in-
crease in population which occurred after the indus-
trial revolution?"

History Shark: "Everybody went to town."

—Red Cat



A rolling stone gathers no moss.
But it gets damn smooth.

—Tiger



A man wandered into a tennis tournament and sat
down on the bench. "Whose game?" he asked. A
shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hope-
fully. "I am," she replied.

—Mugwump

LATEST DEFINITION FOR A BABY
CARRIAGE—BLUNDERBUS.

—Red Cat



A honeymoon is over when the bride notices the
apartment is cold.

—Punch Bowl



And I call her seven days because she makes
one weak.

—Log



"Did Mary blush when she tore her skirt on the
car door?"

"I didn't notice."

—Malteaser



"That girl from Georgia you're dating is rather
sexy."

"Yes, I know. But I like her Southern assents."

—Froth



Mother (entering room)—Why, Mabel! Get right
down from that young man's knee.

Mabel—No! I got here first.

—Texas Ranger



There was a professor called Chesit
Who, though we are loath to confess it,
For a nice leg he praised 'em,
For a bare knee he raised 'em,
For a—oh, you never would guess it!

—Froth

Boston's Smartest Rendezvous
CAFE TOURAINE

— featuring —

PAYSON RAYE and his **MUSIC**

•
DON HOWARD
Star of Radio and Stage

•
THE HOTEL TOURAINE
Remodeled and Improved, Once Again Takes Its
Place Among the Leading Hotels of America

LUNCHEONS DAILY — CONCERT MUSIC

BANQUET AND FUNCTION ROOMS
For All Purposes — For Any Size Group
Rates Upon Request

HOTEL TOURAINE

BOSTON

COULON-LA FRANCHE MANAGEMENT
George A. Turain Gen. Manager

One: I hear you're married pal. Who did
you marry?

Two: A woman you sap. Did you ever hear
of anybody marrying a man?

One: Yes, my sister, you dope.

—Reserve Red Cat.



Teacher (in history class)—Johnny, for what
was Louis XIV chiefly responsible?

Johnny (positively)—Louis XV, ma'am.

—Burr.



"Are you positive that the defendant was
drunk?" asked the judge.

"Well," replied the officer, "I saw him put a
penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street, then
look up at the clock on the Presbyterian Church
and shout, 'Gawd, I've lost fourteen pounds!'"

—Burr.



Dwight Deere Wiman and Auriol Lee, present

SYBIL THORNDIKE

in John van Druten's Comedy of Women

"THE DISTAFF SIDE"

with Estelle Winwood and Viola Keats

Now at the

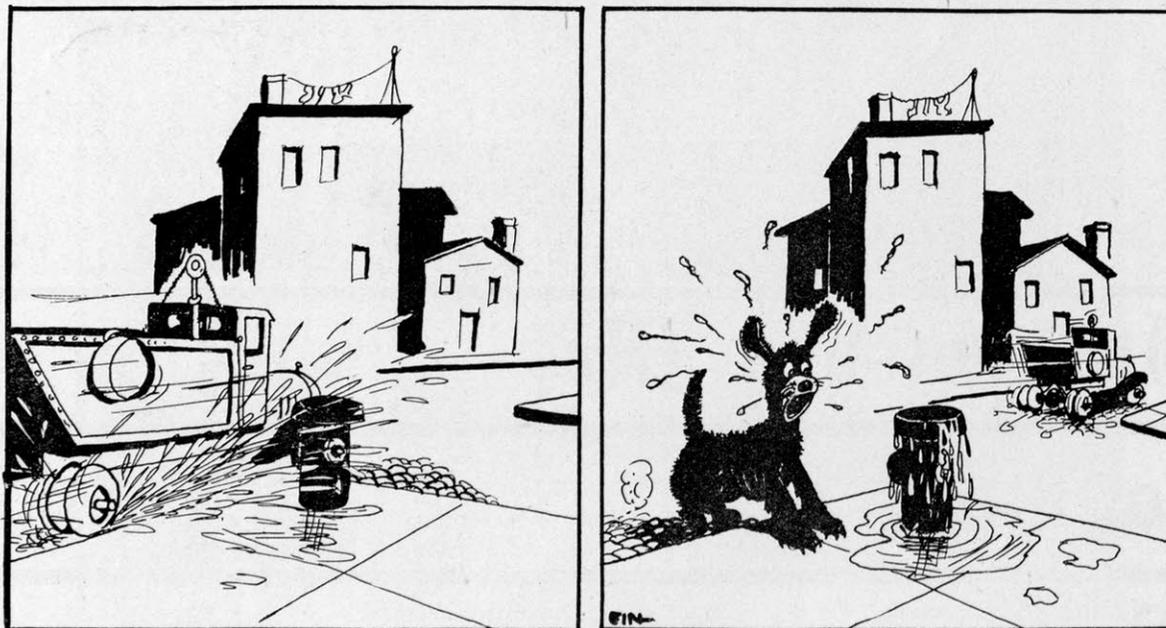
SHUBERT THEATRE

It Grieves Me

to Hear of

Your Distress —

Whos



My God—That "Great Dane" Again!

CHARLIE

My brother, Charlie, and I once were the best of pals. When we were very young, our unbroken, unquarreling, unchanging friendship was pointed out to all the children of the neighborhood as an example they might be expected to follow halfway on their very best behaviour. We ate, slept, and went out together; we were like milk and cream after the bottle's been shaken up.

But all that is changed. Charlie has been to a technical school and we're far apart now. As Charlie would put it, like the stator and rotor plates of a variable condenser; they just don't touch. It all started one day when I had finished taking a bath. The water had started to gurgle out through the drain, and I was trying to enshroud myself in a towel, when Charlie came bursting into the bathroom, with a watch in one hand and a piece of graph paper in the other. I watched him mumble under his breath while he timed the time it took for the water to run out.

"What's this for?" I asked.

He mumbled something about 2gh and started computating. Apparently it was all wrong.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I wish

you'd wait until I get a bit drier before you start your researches. What are you going to do with the answer when you get it anyway?"

"It's physics," he said.

We both used to drink a glass of ginger ale every afternoon. But that, too, has passed. Charlie will not pour it unless it runs down the edge of a glass tube. Chemists do that, he says. He makes a lot of graphs, too. He's got the weather for the past two months done on a curve as well as the hours of sleep he gets each night. I gave up smoking after Charlie made two attempts to catch the smoke of my cigarette and dissolve it in soda water. He puts weights on the piano stool and sees how long they'll spin. He gets a fanatical sort of pleasure out of it.

Charlie and I don't live together any more. His room is painted a hideous shade of purple. Charlie likes it. He says he knows the wave-length of the light it reflects.

There was a young man from Belgrave
Who kept a dead horse in a cave

He said, "I'll admit
It doesn't quite fit,
But it saves me from digging a grave."

Freshman: "O Lord, I cannot find my way
About this foul building . . .
I wish I knew
What fraternity to pledge.
My, these fellows look smart—



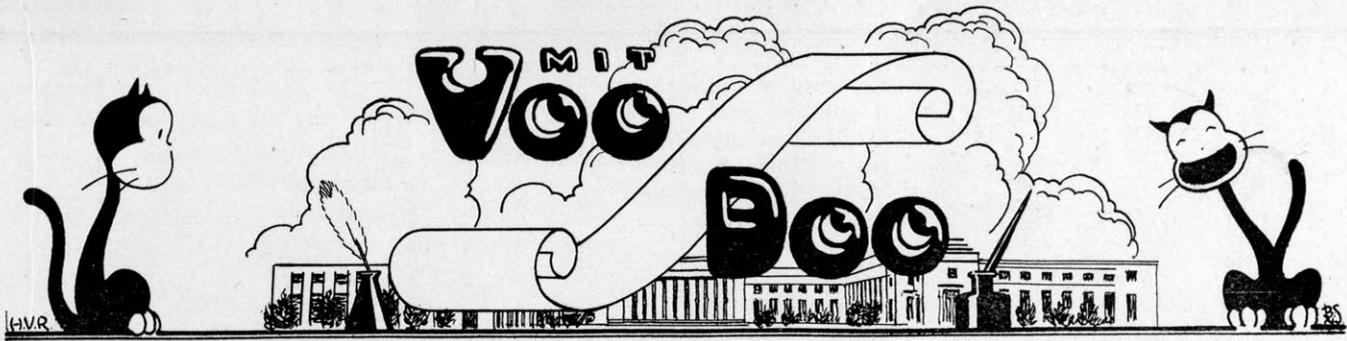
Sophomore: A red-hot date.
I wish I'd known the answers
On that quiz.
Anybody want to go to
The Old Howard?



Junior: Baby, I want you to wear
This pin . . .
(She looks good—two more
Dates and she's mine)
I wish I hadn't drunk that rum.
Good morning, professor.



Senior: Order, please, brothers.
The thesis will be a little
Late, sir.
I got a run for my money
What the hell boys.



VOO-DOOINGS

Di-Jester . . .

Professor Page had a great deal of difficulty impressing a young man with the more basic concepts of 8.04. He repeated his exposition several times, still not making the desired impression. Whereupon he concluded with a little pearl of wit.

"You ought to be able to digest facts like that," he said. "That's why you take physics."



Progress . . .

We, having ever a keen interest in Institute affairs, were very interested to note an addendum to the departments of *The Tech* the other day. Way down in the bottom of one of the columns was a brand new feature, a journalistic innovation, so to speak.

It was a little item about something or other being for sale, and was put all by its lonesome into a column bearing the imposing head of CLASSIFIED AD. That is just ducky. We are seriously thinking of submitting a contribution for that column. Perhaps it would go like this:

Wanted: An assorted nut.



Adam and Eve were naming the animals of the earth when along comes a rhinoceros.

Adam—What shall we call this one?

Eve—Let's call it a rhinoceros.

Adam—But why a rhinoceros?

Eve—Well—because it looks more like a rhinoceros than anything we've named yet.

Vectors . . .

Through browsing eyes, we watched the chalk marks on the blackboard. The class was Applied Mechanics, and the chalk marks conveyed to our technically aesthetic mind a portrait of a beam. Chalk marks with arrowheads on them, force vectors, were pushing on the thing from all sides, and the idea was, the prof explained, that in spite of all the complications involved the beam was still held in equilibrium. The forces all added up to zero, he said, and we believed him, as we make a policy of believing professors. Forces, forces, all over it, and still the beam stood immovable as the chalk



marks it was made of, because the resultant force was zero.

He was a good professor; he made the point clear. But he was not an executive, and hence not used to office chairs like the one he was sitting on. He had just about reached the climax of his explanation, when some derelict vector he hadn't and still can't explain hit the bearing joint under his seat, and the prof toppled over backward. He calmly picked himself up and continued explaining the chalk marks on the blackboard. The beam was in equilibrium then, and remained without moving until the janitor wiped it off at the end of the period.

What in Tarnation? . . .

You can imagine the feelings of a dormitory resident, a young, clean-cut, upstanding lad—upon coming across the following. In the dormitory halls his eye was caught by a bit of yellow paper in front of one of the rooms, his discretion not permitting him to notice which one. The paper, maybe a discarded note, was found about noon one Sunday, and had written upon it in scrawled pencil:

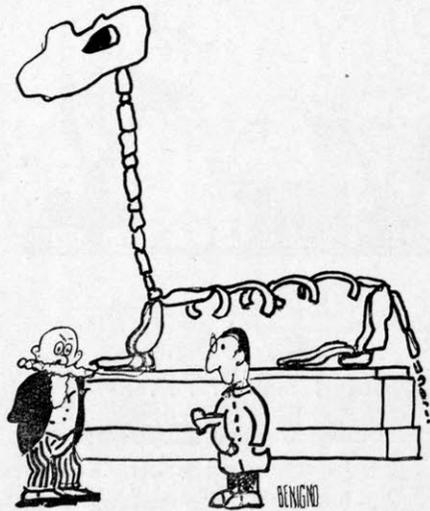
"Goodbye. Thanks for swell bed. See you again soon. Bernice."



Terminal Velocity . . .

We offer as a prize answer to a question on a final exam, that bit of wisdom from "Oracle Butch." The question concerned methods and difficulties involved in testing for the terminal velocity of a diving plane. Butch's difficulties, besides not knowing the score, ran to the theme that this bit of testing would be liable to involve insurmountable difficulties, since if the plane wasn't structurally sound, the wings might fall off. The terminal velocity would go up and up while the plane went down and down, and who in hell would ever be able to compute the final results.

Good old horse-sense.



Horse? I thought I was Building a Dinosaur!

MIRACLE

A hermit once dwelt
In a beautiful dell—
No legend or myth
Is this tale that I tell.
For my sire's sire
Knew him full well.
This hermit.

Decoctions of herbs
For his health he would make
For he lived all alone
In a cave by the lake
And only of fish
Would this old man partake.
On Friday

When his birthday came 'round
He'd go down by the lake.
And plenty of towels
And soap he would take
He would splash like a seal
Ah, this bath was no fake.
Not a bit.

One day as he rose
All dripping and wet
His horrified vision
Two fair maidens met.
Now at feminine business
He wasn't a vet.
So he blushed.

He reached for his hat
That lay on the beach
And covering all
Its broad brim would reach
He cried to the girls
In a horrified screech
"Go 'way!"

When all of a sudden
A villanous gnat
Made the old man forget
Just where he was at
He swung at the creature
And let go his hat.
Oh, horrors!

'Tis now that I come
To the thread of my tale
The old man turned red
And then he turned pale
He uttered a prayer
And prayers never fail
('Tis said.)

That my story is true
Pray don't doubt at all
The Lord heard the cry
His pitiful call
He let go the hat
And the hat didn't fall
THE MIRACLE!!!

There was a young dope from Dubuque
Whose love life turned out as a fluke.

While munching a crust
He said, "Why, I must
Have read the wrong page in the
buque!"



Professor (concluding lecture):
"And now gentlemen, are there any
questions?"

Voice: "Yup. Where is the nearest
Socony filling station?"



He: "Don't you try to scream."
She: "Why not, pray?"
He: "All right, pray if you want to,
but it won't do you any good."

1st Drunk (regarding empty bottle):
Jees, look at the poor dead soldier.

2nd Blotto: And I never even got
a shot at him!

Addenda: What the hell are you
smoking, grapenuts?

Rejoinda: No, this is a White Owl,
but I forgot to take the feathers off.

And then there was the man who
got so mad that he tore his hair, just
because he lost his toupe.

Nux: Who hit you on the back of
the neck?

Vomica: Nobody. I was taking a
drink and the lid fell on me.



So I led the three of spades . . .

BENIGNO

BUSINESS 102

IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, WE MUST STUDY CLOSELY MARKETING, ADVERTISING, MERCHANDISING AND MANY OTHER THINGS.



NOW, A COMPANY'S MARKETING SITUATION IS NATURALLY SUBJECT TO CONTINUAL CHANGE SO IT MUST KEEP IN TOUCH WITH A POTENTIAL MARKET FACTOR..

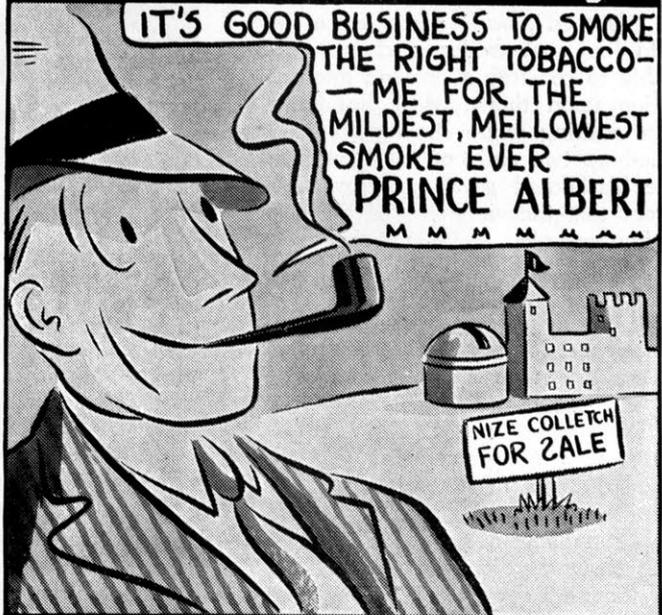


THE COMPANY MUST ALSO KEEP IN CONTINUAL TOUCH WITH THE PRICE FACTOR AND THE STYLE FACTOR AND THE CHANGING CONSUMER — IN FACT, IT IS KEPT VERY, VERY BUSY, NO END. TSK, TSK, TSK!



PLEASURE PDDQ

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO SMOKE THE RIGHT TOBACCO — ME FOR THE MILDEST, MELLOWEST SMOKE EVER — PRINCE ALBERT



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

2 OUNCES OF PIPE JOY!!!

YES, SIR, IT'S PRINCE ALBERT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, THE MILD, SMOOTH, CRIMP-CUT SMOKING TOBACCO THAT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE. MAN, WHAT A SMOKE — AND 2 FULL OZ. IN EVERY TIN. NO WONDER "P.A." IS THE LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO IN THE WORLD!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



THE REVOLT OF THE PENDULUM

A Non-Technical Fantasy on a Technical Faculty. The Freshmen Weren't Surprised, but You Will Be.

This story concerns three characters: Professor Thruggleby, an angel named Miss Smith, and God. It begins on the day when Professor Thruggleby was rendering to a note-taking body of in-absorbed freshmen a mathematical analysis of the pendulum. The chalk in Professor Thruggleby's fingers and the chords in his larynx were cooperating to a diligent extent to connect the motions of a piece of iron on a string with the postulates of Sir Isaac Newton.

"The matter in hand," explained the professor, "concerns the phenomenon known as the damped wave."

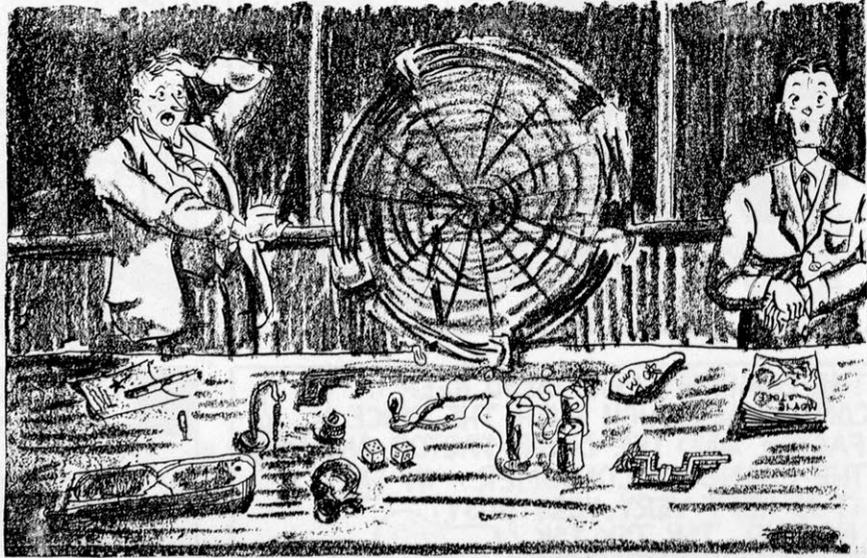
He laid careful emphasis on the p in "damped", because experience had told him that freshmen classes were liable to construe a profane interpretation upon the word if he didn't. The striking white chalk marks that filled up two and one-half panels of the blackboard gave incontrovertible proof that the vibrations of the pendulum grew less and less as time went on. Why shouldn't they? He had been teaching the same proof in the same place for years and years, and other professors had been teaching it in other places for years and years before.

"Are there any questions?"

There were none.

It is to be presupposed that the numerous sets of notes taken by his pupils were intended purely as digestion stimulants not to be taken until the consumptive danger of a quiz was on the next day's menu. They were certainly not intended for comprehension on the spot. This fact may have been the cause for the lack of questions. But there couldn't be any questions. Professor Thrugglesby had attempted an exact proof, and he had succeeded. Nobody had ever questioned the proof. Nobody ever could. It was exact. It was explicit. The equations asserted with rigor—with absolute rigor—that the pendulum bob came to rest in accordance with the equation written on the third blackboard panel. It had to come to rest; there was nothing else for it to do.

High in heaven, God chuckled and crossed His celestial knees. With the omnipresent trait that becomes a respectable deity, He had attended spirit-



Greater and greater grew its strokes.

ually every one of Professor Thruggleby's lectures. Sitting in on them, even if in only an ethereal sense, was to Him a distinct change from the routine of heaven, if only by sheer contrast. He looked at Miss Smith, the angel He employed as His personal secretary, and chuckled again. He was able to chuckle, for only a creator with a decided sense of humor could ever have created this world of ours.

"Miss Smith," He said with a slight touch of thunderbolt in His voice, "Take a memo. A memo for a Minor Miracle."

And He chuckled again.

Professor Thruggleby had concluded his proof. He now proceeded to the actual demonstration, and triumphantly fingered a piece of cast iron with a hook on one side and the imprint, "5 kg.", on the other, dutifully placed thereon by the farsighted physics department who realized the need of impressing upon the students the value of quantitative work. This weight he suspended from a ring stand with a piece of string, and held it poised for one moment, a performer anticipating his climax. His pupils leaned forward anxiously, not so much from the desire to see an actual demon-

stration of Newton's laws as from the primitive instinct to see something move. All eyes were fixed on the piece of cast iron which was presently to swing to and fro and verify Professor Thruggleby's equations.

"Now," said Professor Thruggleby, with triumphant confidence, "we have the opportunity of witnessing the process I have just outlined. You will observe how the bob will soon come to rest due to the damping medium of the air."

The room was tensely silent as he released the iron weight. All eyes intently watched it as it swung its arc and then swung back again. All eyes anticipated its gradual deceleration and its final, unspectacular stop. It was proven that pendulums stopped, and pendulums always complied.

But this one didn't.

It swung in a wider arc the second time than it had on the first. And the third was wider than either of the other two. And the fourth swing verged on the point of being violent.

Professor Thruggleby's fists clenched; his mouth went dry; his eyes bulged; his mouth opened. But the pendulum kept on swinging.

(Continued on Page 20)

GLOOM

In the early morning dreary
With my eyes bloodshot and weary
With a breath that's more than beery
I review my fate.

All the formulas I've mastered
Am I right, or simply plastered
Boy, this course is sure a _____
What I need's a date.

With tomorrow's orgies ended
Mental energy expended
Hopes and all to Hell descended
Then we get the gate.

One more crack at friend the bottle
Then to bed and dreams we'll toddle
Fast forget this dizzy twaddle
Damn inebriate.



Famous last words: "I believe a little rum would go with that gin."

"Call me up some time . . ."

"I'll have four thousand words by Friday, Professor."

"Hey! Turn out and let that bridge go by."

"Officer, you're drunk . . ."

"Sorry, I left my cigarettes in my overcoat."

"That oughta be a pipe course . . ."

"Go right in there and tell the boss what you think of him."

"Five cents for three minutes, please."

"I had my wallet when I came here, waiter."

"Give the night-watchman a drink, he'll let you in."

"They all love it. Don't pay any attention when they say no."

"Bend over, freshman."

"Watch me beat the light . . ."

"That's a mushroom; go ahead and pick it."

"Sergeant, you're a liar."

"Do you go to Harvard?"

"Hell, it's only ten volts."

"No!"

As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina: Hello!

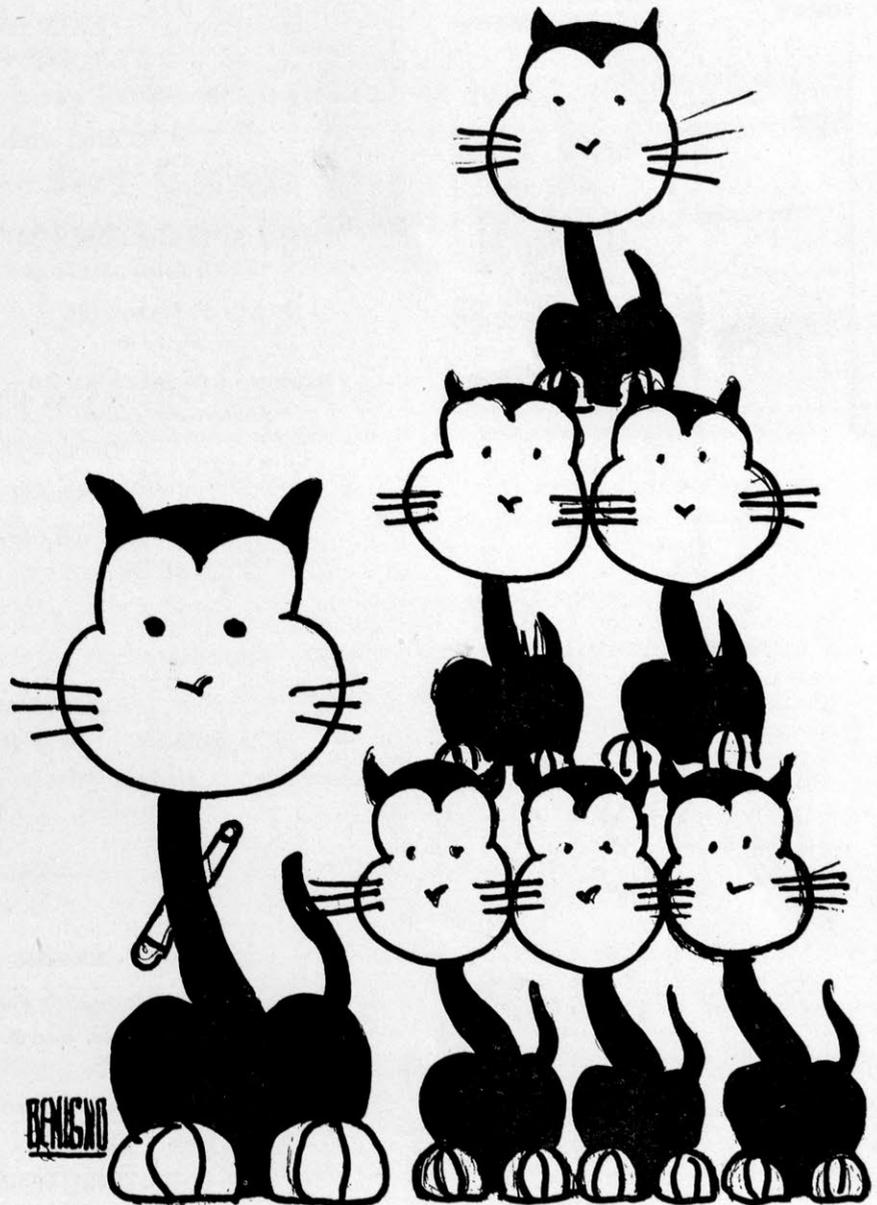


She was only a public school teacher but she had no principal.

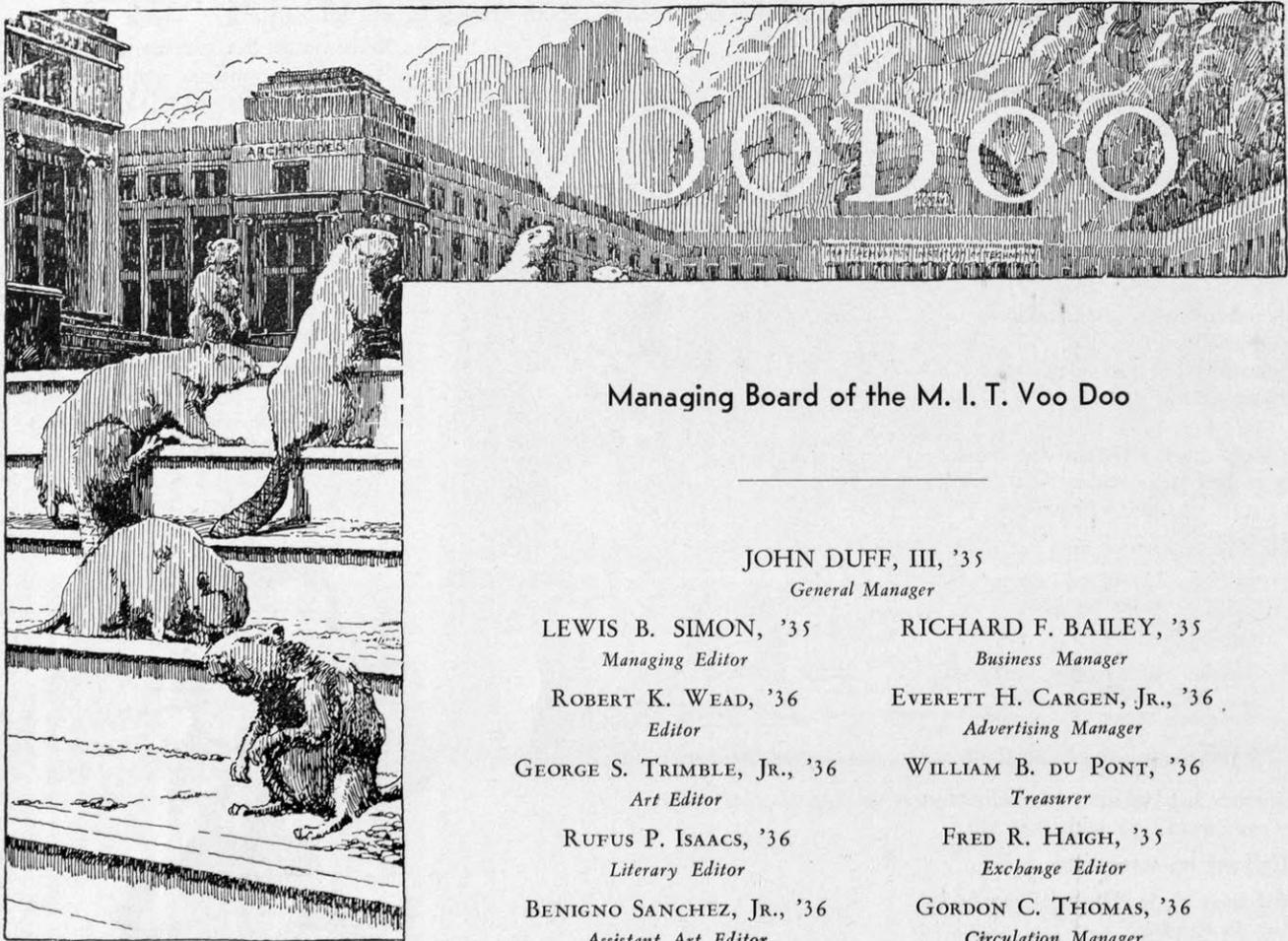


Theme song for the surgeons: The Sawing is Ended, But the Malady Lingers On.

I would I were a pagan
On a lonely isle.
With South Sea breezes blowing
And dusky maidens' smile.
I'd lie upon the beach—all day
I'd never, never work.
I'd have a high-class harem
Like a pagan Turk.
And then I'd think of you
My lads.
Plowing thru the snow
With ears all red and noses blue
In the nor'easter's blow.
I'd call my oldest son from play
I'd think of you and laugh
I'd have him get my kodak
And send you a photograph.



Phosphorus also is a great admirer of Gertrude Stein.



Managing Board of the M. I. T. Voo Doo

JOHN DUFF, III, '35

General Manager

LEWIS B. SIMON, '35

Managing Editor

RICHARD F. BAILEY, '35

Business Manager

ROBERT K. WEAD, '36

Editor

EVERETT H. CARGEN, JR., '36

Advertising Manager

GEORGE S. TRIMBLE, JR., '36

Art Editor

WILLIAM B. DU PONT, '36

Treasurer

RUFUS P. ISAACS, '36

Literary Editor

FRED R. HAIGH, '35

Exchange Editor

BENIGNO SANCHEZ, JR., '36

Assistant Art Editor

GORDON C. THOMAS, '36

Circulation Manager

GEORGE D. SOMERS, '37

PHILIP H. PETERS, '37

Assistant Circulation Managers

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

G. A. Brewer, F. Homan, Leo J. Kramer,
 Jerome Salny, Harry M. Gallay, Douglas Chalmers, Alvin J. Garber,
 Alec Fine, John C. Tebbetts, Jr.

BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

Charles F. Kennedy, Richard D. Purcell, Fred F. Tone, Norman A. Birch,
 R. Vincent Kron, John B. McCrery, Robert J. Brauer.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

BOB LUTZ, DEL CAMPBELL, DICK STANFIELD

GLOOM

Gloom! The prospect of the solid, solid weeks between now and spring vacation; snow and work and sleep in classes.

And that isn't the only reason Phos is gloomy.

He has to read a million lousy campus humor magazines, with five new jokes in a lot. He has to be greeted by a hundred fatuous saps in classes welcoming him back and asking what kind of a time he had. He has to pat the contributor on the back and tell him how dam' good his stuff is. He has to listen to a lot of would-be humorists who never had a funny thought in their lives pan the magazine. (Why don't you come out and try to be funny regularly once every four weeks?)

He has to read the *Tech*.

All of which is unnecessarily personal, but it's off his chest.

All of us have to listen to the NSL and the communists on one side and the guys who don't like them on the other, equally bad. We have to listen to the profs, trying to be funny. We have to listen to the brothers bragging how tight they got and how fast they drove the last forty miles—"Forty-two minutes, by God!"

So Phos offers this humble prayer: Deliver me please, from those heels, bores, panners, drunks, teetotalers, boobs, windy profs., communists, capitalists, women radio announcers, *The Tech*, people who want something, people who want to give you something, women who say, "Isn't that too divine," and this snow.

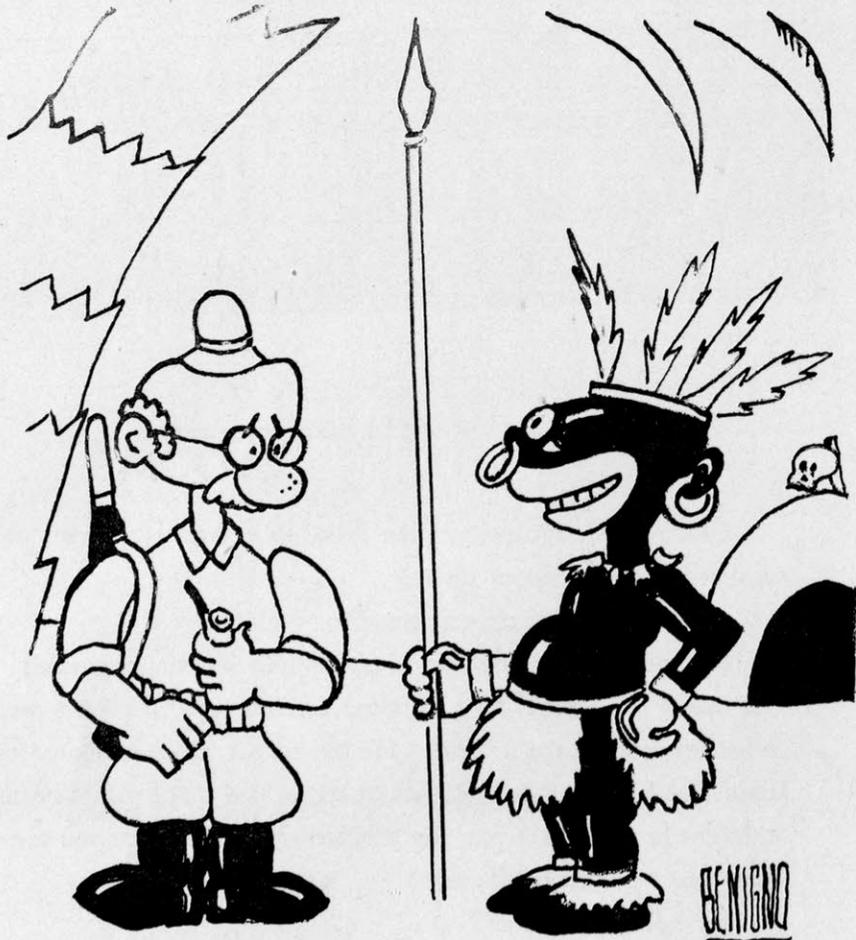
FISH FANTASIE

Oh, the goldfish counter! I simply must have a few fish. You know, the ones I bought last week died. That is, two of them died. I was most upset about it, really. I spent the whole morning in bed I was so upset. One of them was the sweetest little . . .

Which ones do I want? Oh, yes, I pick them out, don't I? Let me see. That frisky one over there . . . fourth from the edge. Oh, dear, now he swam away and he's sixth from the end. There he goes. See him. The one with the black feet. What's that? Goldfish don't have feet? Of course, how stupid of me. Flippers, then. Well, the one with the black flippers. That one . . . Oh, where did he go now? He must have swam away. Don't tell me I've lost him. I did have my heart set on him so. Oh, dear. See if you can find him, won't you, Miss? No, don't wait on that lady over there. You're waiting on me now.

Can't you find the one with the black flippers? Will you watch out for him, and save him for me when you do. Oh, that's sweet of you to promise. Well, I'll take . . . oh, this little one is cute, isn't he. I must have him! No, not that one, this one. Can't you catch him? Or is it a her? How do you tell? I've always wanted to know. Ooh, look, he won't even stay in the net. Vivacious little rascal, isn't he? Oo go get in the nice big net, or Mama spank as soon as she gets oo home. There, Miss, you've got him at last. Ooh, let me have a look at him. Just one little peek. He looks a lot bigger now than he did in the water, doesn't he? My husband likes big fish, but I can't abide them. The little ones are so much more adorable, aren't they. No, I don't think I want him after all. My, doesn't he look happy being back in the tank with all his old friends! Oo does like to be back, doesn't oo. There, I'm glad I didn't take him after all.

That one is nice. If only he'd swim around to the front of the tank where I could see him. Can you make him



"What the hell did you do with the baggage checks?"

swim around, Miss? There, now he's in your net. I wonder how long it took you to learn to catch them that way. I'm sure Herbert would be good at that. He goes fishing every summer.

Oh, look, he's going after that little tiny fish! You big bully, you, go pick on a fishy your own size. Put him back, Miss, I wouldn't have that old meanie in my tank. But that little one in the corner is adorable. And so pretty, too. May I have him? Now, if you'll put him in one of those cardboard things . . . Pick out one that doesn't leak, won't you, Miss. Now if you just deliver that to 232 Huntington . . . What! You don't deliver goldfish?

Well, I'm on my way to my bridge game now. Yes, over at Mrs. Stearn's. I guess I'd better not take them with me now, then. Well, I'll be in again soon, Miss. Good afternoon. And try to keep an eye open for the one with the black feet—I mean flippers. Save him for me, won't you?

Steam Lab. Instructor: Mr. Goldberg, please explain the cutoff ratio.

Mr. G.: Professor, can I see you in your office?



She wasn't a foreign visitor, but she sure came across.



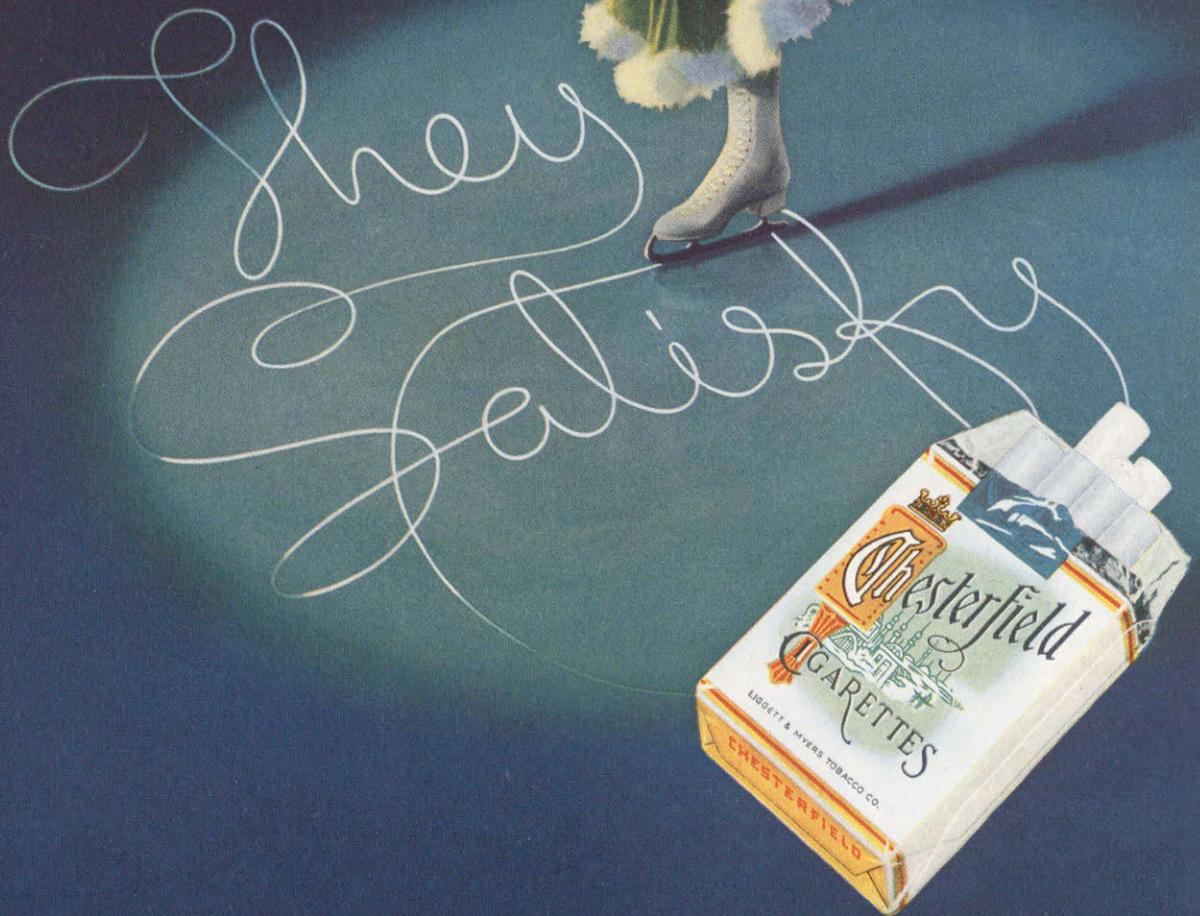
"I have the key to her heart."

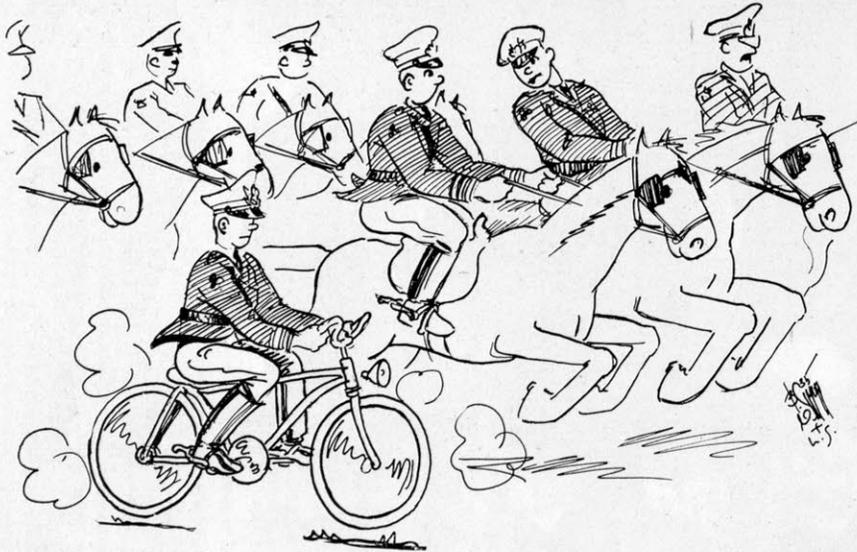
"Is zat so?"

"Well, it was protected by a combination the other night."

—Sundial

Here's the way I write
Chesterfield —





"Him? He always was tender."

THE WHISPERING PROCTOR

No, they are not extinct. As usual we were afflicted with that travesty of manhood, the whispering proctor. This peculiar parasite is never found alone, but usually in groups of three, for a reason as yet unknown, and the net result of which is that it makes it impossible to determine which is the male of the species and vice versa.

His habitat is the fourth floor of Building Three, and altho the Superintendent of Buildings and Power manages to keep the pests exterminated thru most of the school year, they come out of their holes during the last two weeks of January and first week of June for their bi-annual mating season.

It has been suggested to high Institute officials that final exams be moved so as not to coincide with these dates so that the students are not forced to contend with the droning annoyance of these lice while they are at the same time giving their all to the great and noble purpose of remaining within these cloistered (sic) walls.

Unfortunately finals are over and it is a sad but unavoidable certainty that we once more had these vermin with us. Recognizing this fact, the Institute Committee has prescribed the following rules of conduct to be employed by persons afflicted with these lice in the future.

(1) When the droning becomes sufficiently loud so as to annoy a student he should stop working.

(2) Then he should peer vacantly around the room.

(3) He then should slowly and

surreptitiously roll back his cuff and examine it.

(4) He should then roll down his cuff and write furiously, preferably in his examination booklet.

Repeat until the attention of one or more whispering proctor is engaged. Such is the officious nature of these creatures that they will immediately stop droning and hurry over to your desk and say "Ha!" (They always say "Ha!")

The Institute Committee then suggests the following line of conduct by the student.

(a) Ha, Ha.

(b) Ha, Ha, yourself, you flat-faced buzzard (any variations are acceptable).

(c) Bronx cheer.

(d) Thumb nose.

(e) Laugh (nastily).

If these directions are followed explicitly it is guaranteed that the pests will concentrate on being officious rather than droning and furthermore such action will probably cause these misconceptions to become annoyed if it is possible for them to feel, and that would make any final a success.

These suggestions are not recommended for students who have notes written on their cuffs.

Officer, to colored artilleryman:
Now, clean your breech.

Negro: But, cap'n, I wa'n't even skeert!

There was a young man from Quebec
Who fell down the stairs on his neck
Exclaiming, "Oh dear!
I am losing my beer.
Waiter, please pass me the check."



Reporter (to visiting Frenchman):
And why do you visit this country,
duke?

Duke: I weesh to veesit the famous
Mrs. Beach, who had so many sons in
France during the war.

—Exchange



Baby Ear of Corn: "Mamma, where
did I come from?"

Mamma Ear of Corn: "Hush, dar-
ling, the stalk brought you."

—Pointer



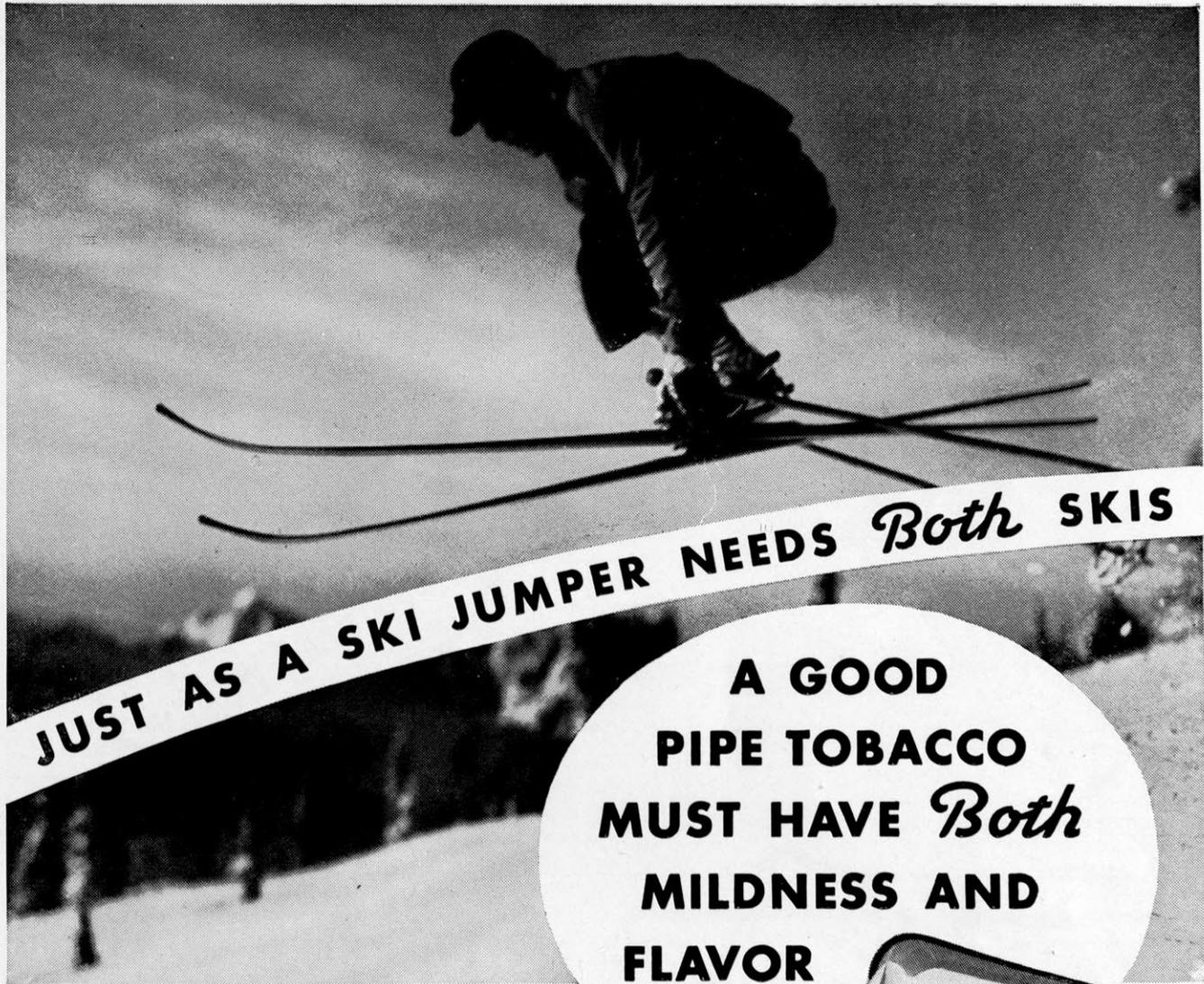
Johnny and Mary went out into the
country to pick wild flowers. Mary's
mother went with them so they picked
wild flowers.

—The Battalion



Professor Serduc was having a re-
view in his class and in order to show
some of the students in back of the
room the extent of their ignorance
he began to question them on periodic
motion. Finally he turned to a
"bright" student and said "What
would happen if you took your physi-
cal pendulum and hung it on its cen-
ter of oscillation?"

To the bewilderment of the pro-
fessor the student replied, "WHY
PROFESSOR."



JUST AS A SKI JUMPER NEEDS *Both* SKIS

A GOOD
PIPE TOBACCO
MUST HAVE *Both*
MILDNESS AND
FLAVOR

UNDERGRADUATES—here's a logic lesson that's a "pipe"! (No pun intended!) Your tobacco may be mild or it may be flavorful. In either case you say, "It's good!"

But if it had mildness AND flavor *both*, wouldn't you say, "It's *better!*"

Yes. And that's what you get in Edgeworth, the blandest, mellowest, tastiest blend of fine old Burley you've ever stoked in a pipe!

Try a 15¢ tin! You'll go for it! Not alone for its mildness AND flavor, but for its slow-burning economical quality as well. Pipe-smokers report to us that one pipeful has lasted them as long as *one hour and ten minutes!*

There's a record to shoot at, fellows! Light up today! Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., down in Richmond, Va., where they know good tobacco.



EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR

Phosphor



Essences

Whereas Merriam in the lead there.
Farley Dubbed Dumb Stenographer Expert
Washington, Oct. 27 (AP)—
Jumping into the administration
mix-up over the

Be more explicit, Mr. Farley. Expert at what?
—Boston Herald

...stanie
Jimmy Jo
Jan Parla
Donna
RTY G. FAY
DANCE TO BENEFIT SOUTHERN WOMEN

Stars aren't the only things that fall in Alabama.
—N. Y. Times

ough the au
and that it be eig
teuity. This was so
mut street houses could have the right of
themselves and their cattle and carriages.
row—The house that could be built no
an three stories.
AWAKES TO FIND MONEY AND CLOTHES GONE
Benjamin R. White, a sailor from the
coast guard cutter Cayuga, hired a room
at 200 Main street, Charlestown, late
Saturday night, paid \$3 to a man who
represented himself as the landlord, and
then went to bed.

—Boston Herald
Didn't mama tell you to keep away from St. Botolph Street?

NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY
66 Killed by Lightning At Beer Party in Africa
By The Associated Press.

—N. Y. Times
The Beaver Club at it again?

Pullman Sleeper Falls Head First from Berth
NEW YORK, Nov. 18 (AP)—Isaac
St. 32, of West Hartford, Ct.,
and

—Boston Herald

Bah! No technique.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
 Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

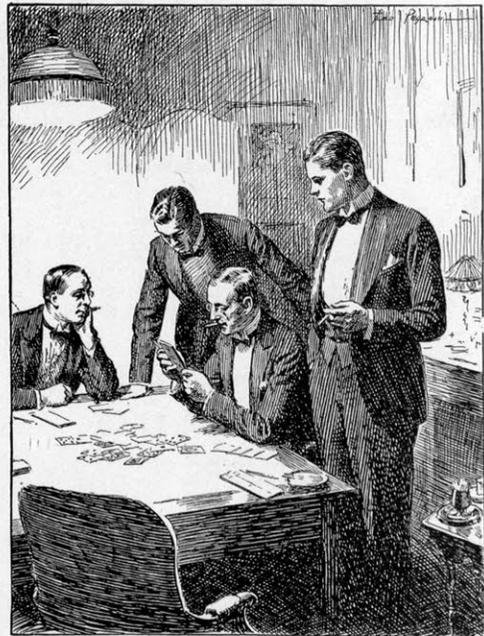
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
 NEW YORK

Evening Clothes

Evening clothes are so highly standardized in general type of materials that details apparently trivial become extremely important. There is, for instance, a vast difference in the way black vicunas cut, tailor and wear . . . we import a special grade from England. There is, in our opinion, a similar distinction between all-silk satins such as we employ, and synthetic substitutes. And finally, the fact that we make the clothes in our own workrooms insures certain advantages of Brooks Brothers' workmanship . . . as well as exclusive styles in the best of simple good taste.

BRANCHES

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



© BROOKS BROTHERS

OUR ENGINEERS

The Rhet. instructor and the Engineering professor were dining together. During the course of the meal the former spoke:

"I had a peculiar answer in class today. I asked who wrote The Merchant of Venice, and a pretty little Freshman girl said: 'Please, sir, it wasn't me'."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Engineering prof., "and I suppose the little vixen had done it all the time."



COLLEGE DICTIONARY

- Lunge—Noontime meal.
- Mayonnaise—French National Anthem.
- Nipple—To take a small bite.
- Onyx—Trustworthy.
- Orphan—Frequently.
- Purpose—Large fish.
- Penthouse—Tailoring establishment.
- Quill—A game bird.
- Rosin—A dried grape.
- Saddle—To decide.
- Salary—A vegetable.
- Sapling—A lighter-than-air craft—
 e. g.: the Graf Sapling.

—Phoenix

PHOS
 IS
 A
 TRUE
 FRIEND



Knowing that Tech Students are careful buyers, he has taken pains to lead them in the direction of maximum value at moderate price.

The Advertisers represented in these pages are recommended for your earnest consideration. They warrant your complete confidence, and will serve you well.

There's Never a Dull Moment at

AMERICAN
★ **HOUSE** ★
RATHSKELLER

- LEO HANNON and his
AMERICAN HOUSE ORCHESTRA
- WALTER DONAHUE
MASTER OF CEREMONIES
- BIG FLOOR SHOW
- 7-COURSE DINNER \$1.50
- CHOICE LIQUORS

NO COVER CHARGE — FREE PARKING

BANQUETS — FUNCTIONS

We invite M. I. T. organizations to investigate our special rates for banquets and other group functions.

Frank P. Shaw

Leon A. Hicks

HICKS & SHAW, INC.

HOTELS, CLUBS, and STEAMSHIP SUPPLIES

Wholesale and Retail

Represented by J. J. McGRATH

Stalls 51-55

FANEUIL HALL MARKET
BOSTON

Telephone, Cap. 7654

**CAFE
DE
PARIS**

Real Home Cooked Food

Luncheon 35c-40c

Dinners 40c-50c-70c

Sunday and Holiday Dinners 50c-70c

Our New Home and Only Boston Restaurant

165 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

The Revolt of the Pendulum

(Continued from Page 10)

Greater and greater grew its strokes. By the sixth swing it was covering 180° with ease. And the seventh and the eighth carried it still further. Professor Thruggleby went through all the symptoms of astonishment, rami-fication, mortification, and surprise that man is heir to. He gripped the edge of the table and tried to speak, but he could not.

On the tenth stroke the pendulum bob had practically described a complete revolution, and before long it had. It was traveling with such speed that the class saw nothing but a blurred metallic circle.

"Isn't science wonderful!" they breathed, and made an entry into their notes that what the professor had proved could be also "Proven by experiment" or "derived empirically."

The magnitude of the swing increased. Now the bob was making five or six revolutions on every stroke. The ringstand, fortunately clamped to the table, was being bent like a reed. Round and round went the pendulum, with terrific velocity in terrific strokes. Each

one was so great that the string wound and unwound round its support like the cord of a top. And the pendulum continued increasing its strokes with the mad vigor of a fiendish whirligig.

Its rotational career was brought to a terminus only when the string broke, and the pendulum bob went crashing through the window of the lecture hall, across the court, and into Professor Gillistrom's classroom. It narrowly missed Professor Gillistrom's head, but it managed to hit and crack the black-board instead. Professor Gillistrom was considerably disturbed. He had been trying to explain to his class the conservation of energy law, and he had enough on his hands to make his students grasp the concept without distractions such as this. He was quite annoyed over the disturbance, and raised a complaint against Professor Thruggleby at the next faculty meeting.

The lecture supply department sided with him in his complaint, concluding with the emphatic reminder that the apparatus was not the professor's prop-

erty and was to be used by him only to demonstrate points relevant to the course. The more conscientious of Professor Thruggleby's students memorized his blackboard proof of the damped wave, and so were able to reproduce it on their next quiz papers, adding that it had been proven to be true by lecture experiment. Professor Thruggleby himself made up a new proof, proving beyond a doubt that a pendulum's motions were not damped, and that an ever increasing amplitude was in perfect accordance with the precepts of Newton. But the research department, realizing how silly the institute would look if a name like Thruggleby were to become famous in connection with it, did not accept his labors. The professor offered to change his name, but they would not hear of it.

In Heaven, God uncrossed his celestial knees and chuckled. If he expected an answering chuckle from Miss Smith he was mistaken, for she was busy with her hand-mirror, adjusting her halo at a more rakish angle.

Need More Be Said?

A reduction of ten percent from each estimate is offered by one of Boston's largest and most progressive printing plants if they are supplied with FOLSOM halftones.

"It pays," they claim, "because FOLSOM plates require less makeready, are always type high and squared up, and the deepness of their etch assures maximum productive press time."

Need more be said?

FOLSOM ENGRAVING CO.

470 Atlantic Ave., Boston Han. 5390

Prof: Your wife has a new dress.

Scoff: No she hasn't.

Prof: Well, something's different.

Scoff: It's a new wife.

—*Banter.*



He never had dated
He never was wed
He hardly would speak to a fem
But he followed the hosiery and lingerie ads
And he learned about women from them.

—*Pel-Mell.*



Mabel: "What's worryin' you, David?"

David: I was just wonderin' if dad would see to the milkin' while we're on our honeymoon, supposin' you was to say "yes" if I was to ask you.

—*Lord Jeff.*

A tramp paused outside of a farm house and knocked timidly.

"Clear out," shouted the woman of the house. "I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nothin' you could do around here."

"But there is, madam," retorted the wayfarer with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."

—*Battalion.*



"What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party?"

"I don't know, but I think it was checked."

"Boy, that must have been some party."

—*Exchange.*



If some of the girls in this town had the power in their eyes that they think they have, they could stir their coffee with a dirty look.

—*Yellow Jacket.*



"THREE SONGS
about LENIN"
Russia's latest contribution to
the cinema.
English Titles
FINE ARTS THEATRE
Beginning Thursday, February 7

RHYME

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except Tuesday which comes once a week.

—Puppet



An engineer friend of ours, who was in the class, vouches for the truth of this story: The students in a mechanics class at a Virginia university were watching their professor outline a problem on the board. He had just headed a column "Excess stresses on the bridge," when the class suddenly came to life. First a snicker, then a laugh, and soon the whole class was rocking ecstatically in its seats. The professor, confused, searched the board for a cause of this unseemly merriment, and discovered, to his dismay, that he had omitted the "g" in bridge."

—Cornell Widow

Dear Dad:

Have decided to join Sigma Nu, your old fraternity. The boys have possibilities, and they have plans all made for a new house that will be the best on the campus. Love, junior.

Dear Son:

Glad you liked my fraternity. Grandfather drew those plans when he was in the chapter there, so you can be sure that the house will be a good one. Love, Dad.

—Exchange

THE ART-CRAFT TAILORS

•
For your cleaning and pressing
•

SUITS AND OVERCOATS CUSTOM
MADE AT VERY LOW PRICES

Phone FRANK MATTIE at MYSTic 5791

If all the students who sleep in classes were laid end to end, they would be more comfortable.

—Exchange



"When I squeeze you in my arms like this honey, something seems to snap."

"Yes, pardon me a moment till I fasten it."

—Malteaser

ICE CREAM

for all occasions

Individual Moulds, Ice Cream Cakes, Melon Moulds, Special Centre Bricks, Biscues, Puddings, Fruit Punch

EVERYTHING IN ICE CREAM

Catering specially to College and Fraternity social events

Ask for Illustrated Price List and
Calendar of Suggestions

NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM COMPANY

TEL. UNIVERSITY 7460

CAMBRIDGE

AND THE SAME TO YOU

Twas the day after New Year's
 And all thru my head
 Not a brain cell was stirring,
 I wished I were dead.
 The bottles were ranked
 On the table with care;
 There were glasses and ashes
 And such on the chair.
 The neighbors were snuggled
 All safe in their beds
 While visions of Christmas bills
 Danced thru their heads.
 When up in my brain
 There arose such a clatter,
 But you couldn't fool me,
 I knew what was the matter!

Boy, was I hung over!

!!!!

So I piled on more cracked ice and went back to bed.

—Peggy

Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

655 Tremont Street	242 Tremont Street
420 Tremont Street	1083 Washington Street
202 Dartmouth Street	44 Scollay Square
629 Washington Street	332 Massachusetts Ave.
30 Haymarket Square	19 School Street
6 Pearl Street	437 Boylston Street
540 Commonwealth Ave.	26 Bromfield Street
1215 Commonwealth Ave.	105 Causeway Street

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

M. I. T. MEN

**"On that visit to
 NEW YORK"**

Beekman Tower is preferred by college men and women . . . its modest rates give them more to spend on other things . . . its smart midtown location is convenient to all the important parts of the city . . . five minutes' walk from Radio City, Grand Central and Times Square zones.

Modern in structure and facilities . . . all outside rooms, enjoying a marvelous panorama of the city and the East River.

•
 Single Rooms from \$2 a day
 Attractive Weekly or Monthly Rates
 Roof Solarium Game Rooms
 Cocktail Lounge Restaurant
 Send for Schedule "B"

BEEKMAN TOWER

(Panhellenic)
 3 Mitchell Place
 49th St., one block from East River
 NEW YORK

Bellhop (making Lady and Gentleman comfortable): Anything else, Mr. Smith?

Guest: No, thanks.

Bellhop: Anything for your wife?

Guest (absentmindedly): Why yes, bring me a post card.

—Purple Cow

"How did you get that cut on your face?"

"Hic—musta—hic—bit myself."

"Gwan. How could you bite yourself up there?"

"Must have stood on a chair."

—Ranger



Famous songs:

Gertrude Stein: "No, no, a thousand times no."

Dione Quintuplets: "Tiny little fingerprints."

Gen. Hugh Johnson: "Oh come, all ye faithful!"

"AT THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE WORLD"

Consistent centrality. The only hotel with its entrance on Times Square. Engineers, oil barons, movie stars, New Deal-ers—everyone from everywhere stops at the Astor. They stop to meet, eat, talk, dance and sleep.

HOTEL ASTOR

Entrance TIMES SQUARE

THAT'S NEW YORK!

Fred A. Muschenheim

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed home;
This little pig had roast beef,
French fried potatoes, and a cup of coffee.

—Exchange



"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."
"Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo' ice, dat co'pse
in the baggage car ain't goin' to keep."

—Blue Gator



Abie (waving hand)—Please, teacher, may I be excused?
Teacher—No Abie, you stay in and fill up the inkwells.

—Christian Science Monthly

Wise Ray says: "Many men smoke, but Fu Man Chu."

—Bear Skin



It was an exciting race and the winning horse and jockey were over to one side. The woman society editor approached the jockey and inquired, "What is your name?"

The jockey answered, "Strap—and is my face red?"

—Yellow Jacket



College boy: "Say, what's your hurry?"

Second Idiot: "I've got a date with a chiffoner and I'm late."

C. B.: "A chiffoner? Say, do you know what a chiffoner is? It's a classy dresser with drawers."

S. I.: "Well?"

—Exchange

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Name	Page
American House	20
Art Craft Tailors	22
Astor Hotel	24
Beekman Tower Hotel	23
Best Printing Co.	I. B. C.
Brooks Bros.	19
Cafe de Paris	20
Edgeworth Tobacco Co.	17
Fine Arts Theatre	22
Folsom Engraving Co.	21
Hicks & Shaw	20
Loew's State Theatre	3
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	15
Neapolitan Ice Cream Co.	22
Prince Albert Tobacco Co.	9
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.	B. C.
Shubert Theatre	4
Touraine Hotel	1
Victoria Hotel	I. F. C.
Voo Doo	2
Walton Lunch Co.	23

COMPLETE PRINTING SERVICE

BOOK, CATALOG AND COLOR PRINTING

PRINTERS OF THE M. I. T. VOO DOO AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS



THE BEST PRINTERS

145 HIGH STREET

TELEPHONE

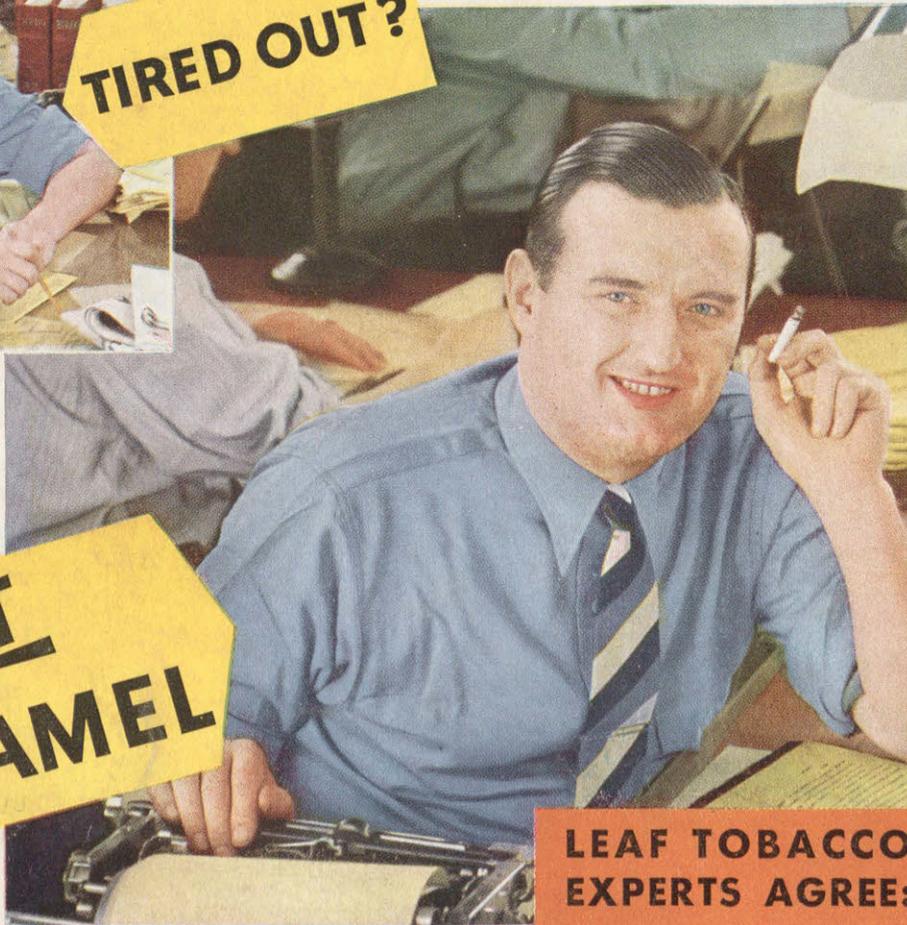
BOSTON, MASS.

LIBERTY 7596



TIRED OUT?

ACROSS HIS DESK flows the news of the world: Ray Baker of International News Service. Telegraph wires . . . cables from foreign countries . . . flash 100,000 words a day to Baker . . . to be quickly judged and edited.



**GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL**

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES THAT POINT THE WAY TO INCREASED ENERGY!

Newspaper man—hockey star—business woman—wherever smokers are placed in life, they notice a positive energy-refreshing effect from smoking Camels when they are tired or "out of sorts."

As Ray Baker says regarding his own experience: "The man on the INS news desk has a high-pressure job.

"Whenever I feel 'all in' Camels bring back my pep, and I can tackle

the next story with renewed energy! For over ten years I've preferred Camels. They have a rich, distinctive flavor that just suits me. And I can smoke Camels continually without jangled nerves."

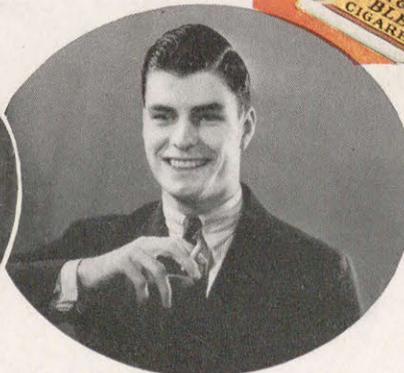
Science confirms the experience of smokers regarding Camel's "energizing effect." You can smoke them freely since Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos never upsets the nerves!

LEAF TOBACCO EXPERTS AGREE:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."



HOCKEY STAR. "Bill" Cook says: "I smoke only Camels. Their taste sure hits the spot! I smoke a lot and I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."



COLLEGE STUDENT—Majoring in chemistry. "After a hard session a Camel tastes simply swell," Richard Whitney says, "and what is more important, it refreshes my energy."

Camel's costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!