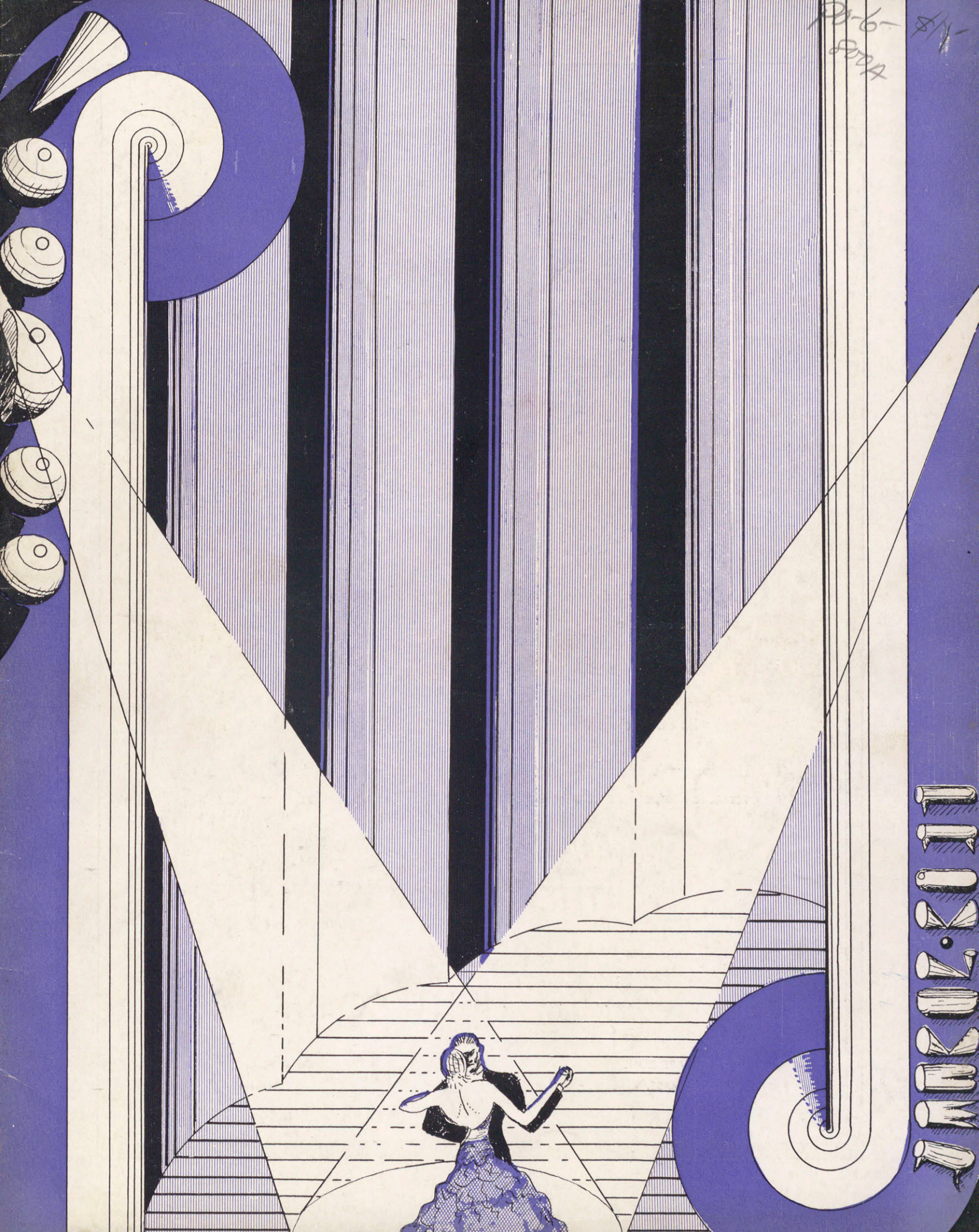


PS-6-
SODA



ILLUSTRATION

To All
RESTIVE, WORLD-JADED
MODERN PROM SOULS:

"Ye Olde Victoriae Englysshe Hunte Roome" is cosmopolitan and smart . . . and it is so essential to be a cosmopolite these days . . . particularly during Prom Week.

If you have a playtime partner and ideas combined with a limited income . . . why not character-build your "gin"—by indulging in an English Hunt Room Martini. . . .

The Hunt Room makes no pretense of being super-swank . . . but it is the right atmosphere if your date wants to be partied during Prom activities (and who doesn't). . . .

However, without any telling, you have no doubt, discovered that all your versatile companions usually have the time and inclination to dash with you to:

THE VICTORIA
PROM
English HUNT ROOM

COPLEY SQUARE ZONE
BOSTON, MASS.

GEORGE A. TURAIN
Manager

The golfer gazed at his caddy indignantly. "A driver for this hole? Only 160 yards? Why, it's just a mashie and a putt for me!"

Confidently he stepped up to the ball, mashie in hand. "Chug!" the ball dubbed off the tee amid an eruption of clouds. There was an instant's silence, broken by the murmur of the caddy.

"Now for a heckuva long putt!"

—Columbia Jester



Old Lady (in bookstore) — What's that large book over there?

Clerk—That' madam, is "Songs the Fraternities Sing."

Old Lady—And what is that little volume beside it?

Clerk—That's the expurgated edition.

—Purple Parrot



"LITTLE FRIEND"

featuring

NOVA PILBEAM

now at the

FINE ARTS THEATRE

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. XVIII

MARCH, 1935

NO. 2

Copyright, 1935, by the Woop Garoo Society

Radio stations should start off the morning broadcast with: "Who the hell left the radio on all night?"

—Reserve Red Cat



"Don't you think the frosh are lousy this year?"
"Yeah, we didn't get many pledges either."

—Lyre



"What is love?"

"Love is when two people use the same piece of chewing gum."

—Buccaneer



He: "What nationality are you?"

She: "Pole."

He: "My gawd, run! Here comes a dog."

—The Cherub



Gilbert Miller presents America's Foremost Comedienne
INA CLAIRE
in
"ODE TO LIBERTY"
with
Walter Slezak
A comedy adapted by Sidney Howard
from Michel Duran's "Liberte Provisoire"
now at the
PLYMOUTH THEATRE

THE SCIENCE OF KISSING

WHO - WHEN - WHERE - WHY

Within recent years several prominent bacteriologists have tried to spoil the little enjoyment human beings get in life by publishing lengthy editorials in our Sunday papers, claiming that osculation is a dangerous pastime. They have written column upon column telling us how our lives are shortened and how our general health and well being is endangered by each and every kiss. Medical men disagree with the bacteriologists and further state that kissing is more advantageous than harmful. They also claim that it is an excellent tonic for curing dyspepsia. They further claim that a health microbe as well as a disease bacillus nidificates on the osculatory apparatus and that added failure to absorb a sufficient quantity of these germs into the system causes old maids to look jaundiced and bachelors to die sooner than benedicts. Kisses when taken with due care and taken on the installment plan, will not only restore a misplaced appetite, but are especially beneficial in cases of hay fever, as they banish that tired feeling, tone up the liver, invigorate the heart, and make the blood sing through the system like a giant harp.

It has been found by close observation and little patient experiment that the health microbe becomes alive at fifteen, reaches maturity at twenty, be-

gins to lose its vigor at forty, and is quite useless as a tonic



when, as someone has tersely expressed it, a woman's kisses begin to "taste of her teeth."

Thin bluish lips are scarcely worth harvesting; but a full red mouth with cupid curves at the corners will yield enormously if the crop be properly cultivated. It has not yet been discovered whether the blonde or the brunette variety is entitled to preference in medical science, but most authorities incline to the opinion that a judicious admixture is most advisable from a therapeutical standpoint.

Great care should be taken when collecting germs not to crush them by violent collision or blow them away with a loud explosion of sound like hitting an empty barrel with a wet cloth. The practice still prevailing in many parts of this country of chasing a young lady over the furniture and around the house like an amateur cowboy trying to rope a maverick, rounding her up in the presence of a dozen people, unscrewing her neck and planting, almost any place, a kiss that sounds like a cow pulling her hind foot out of a barn yard mud hole, and which jars the putty off the window panes, possesses no more curative power than dunking cream puffs. When a girl runs from a kiss you may take it for granted that either the germ crop is not ripe or you are poaching on somebody else's private preserves.

The best results can be obtained about midnight hour when the dew is on the rose and the mourning dove is trilling a last good night to his drowsy mate. You entice the fair maiden into the garden to watch Venus' flaming orbs hanging like Kohinoor pendants from the crescent moon. You pause beneath a rose and honeysuckle covered arbor, their sweet perfumes descending upon your olfactory organs. She watches the fireflies respiring in phosphorescent flame amid the rose blooms, while you watch her and twine a spray of honeysuckle in her hair. Your clumsy fingers unloose the guards and her fragrant tresses, caught up by the cool night wind, float about your face. Somehow her hand gets entangled with yours, and after a spasmodic flutter, there remains a willing prisoner. The fireflies are failing to interest her and she is studying the stars. You move your shoulder forward and give her head a rest and get hold of her other hand. Be patient. When she wants you to kiss her, she will find means to make it evident, and a maid worth kissing despises a forward man.

She looks very beautiful with her face upturned in the moonlight; but don't say a word about it, for there's a little of the poseur about all the daughters of Eve. She withdraws her eyes from the stars, slowly turns them dreamily upon yours, and you note that they are filled with astral fire. They roam idly over the shadowy garden, then close beneath a weight of weariness. Her head rests more heavily upon your shoulder and her bosom trembles with a half audible sigh. There is now really no occasion for further delay. Do not swoop down upon the health germs like a hungry eagle on an osprey, but incline your head gently until your carefully deodorized breath is upon her lips. At that point pause, for the essence of enjoyment is in anticipation. The man who gulps down a glass of old wine without inhaling its sweet odor and feasting eyes on its ruddy splendors, is simply a sot. Wait until you have seen the dark lashes lying upon her cheek, like sun-flushed snow, the throat of alabaster, the dimple in her chin, the wine tint of her half-parted lips with their glint of pearl. Wait until her eyes half open, look inquiringly into yours, and close

again, then cincture her gently but firmly with one arm, support her chin with the other hand, and give the health germs ample time to change their home.

A kiss, to have any scientific value, should last between one and two minutes by Shrewsbury clock, and be repeated several times, not in swift succession, but with the usual interval between wine at a symposium.

Byron did these things differently, but the author of "Don Juan" is not a safe example for young people to follow. He pictures Mars laying his head in the lap of Venus,

"Feeding on thy sweet cheek,
while thy lips are
With lava-kisses melting
while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids,
brow and mouth,
As from an Urn."

That may have been eminently satisfactory to Mars but scarcely proper to Venus. It is exciting, but not scientific. It suggests charity children gorging themselves with plum pudding, rather than poetic natures drunken with beauty and fragrance.

There is no human ill unless it be hypocrisy for which nature does not provide a remedy, and doctors recommend the health germ which builds its nest on lovely women's lips as worth more than the whole materia medica. They do not know whether it will raise the dead, but they always doubted the story that Cleopatra kissed the cold lips of her Roman Anthony. Also, they have suspected that it would have brought them back to life and love had they been dead a month. The unscientific catch-as-catch can kiss has no more beneficial effect that slapping yourself in the face with a raw beefsteak. It is but a slight improvement on the civilization of Ashantee, where a man proposes marriage by knocking his Dulcine down with a club and dragging her through the backwoods' pasture by the hair of her head; but kisses properly taken beneath the stars and among the roses, are the perennial fount of youth for which Ponce de Leon sailed the far seas in a vain search for the blessed Bimini.

OPEN HOUSE

"But will it work? Will it work?" he cried, his eyes shining with feverish excitement.

His co-worker, a valiant pioneer of science, ran his trembling fingers through his gray and matted locks, but said nothing. Both realized the significance of the moment. Slowly his anxious hand turned the dial. A delicate, hair-line adjustment. A pair of lights, red and green, lit brilliantly. A weird buzz and clacking came from behind the complicated network, the glass tubes glowed with a ghastly violet light that made the two concerned faces look like phantoms in the night.

"We're getting there! We're getting there!" shrieked the first speaker in tones of hoarse emotion.

He seized a screw driver, and carefully maneuvered the point between intricate coils of copper tubing and made an adjustment upon the support of a retort containing bubbling scarlet fluid. Instantly the machine responded, like a thing alive. A bell echoed a piercing note throughout the laboratory, and a thin green vapor arose from the nozzle of a bulb condenser. The scientist stood back, satisfied. He affectionately polished the gleaming surface of an illuminated sphere, which changed colors as it revolved. A touch of the control knob, and thin, blue sparks played around the iridescent globe.

The young scientist turned at the sound of an opening door. He waited anxiously while the head of the department entered.

"What do you think of it?" he asked, his eyes shining with emotion.

"Really a very nice piece of work," replied the authority, stepping closer to inspect the piece. His fingers sought a chromium plated dial.

"Hands Off!" said the second worker, "that dial controls the very nucleus of the machine."

"But it isn't connected to anything."

"Isn't that good judgment on my part. I have an analytical mind, you know."

"Do any of these knobs mean anything?"

"No. You see, you pull this piece of string at the back to start it all going."

"Excellent work, men. Open House would be a much better success if we had more like you. By

the way, can I have some of that tubing after you're through with the thing? I could use it to patch up the leak in the bathroom sink."

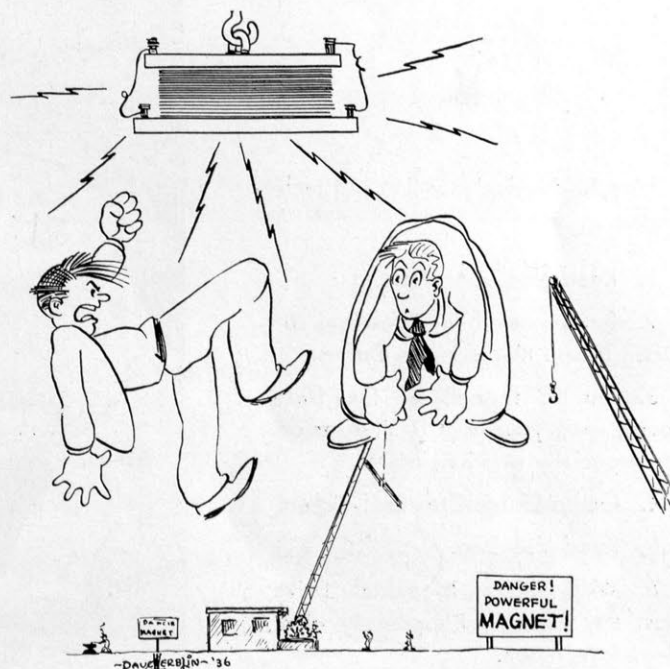
"That you can have, and gladly," said the scientist, "but not much else. My wife is a bit afraid of having nothing to decorate the Christmas tree with next year. I promised her I would return all the ornaments in good condition, so we'll have to put a sign on this telling what a delicate mechanism it is."

All three paused, thinking of the surging crowds on Open House day — the marvels of science.

"My men," said the beaming head of the department, "I am proud of you. You've caught the spirit of the thing to perfection."



Blessings on thee, little grind
With thy narrow, studious mind.
How could I be free to caper
If I could not see thy paper.



You Would Recommend Zipper Flies

Thapologieshto Tennyshen . . .

I shtagger carelesh inna fog;
I shtubb my toesh on curshed shills;
'N all at wunsh I shee a crowd,
A hosht of dizzy Daffodilsh,
Along the curb, beneath the eavesh
Thumbing their noshes inna breash.

Continuoussh ash electric shignsh
In New Yorksh well known great white
way,
They bob like cap-lampsh down in
minesh.
If they don't shtand shtill there'll be
hell to pay!
Ten thousand shaw I in their danshe,
Botanic Burlecues on the pranshe.

I've seen the Burlieshe danshe, but they
Outdid the Burlieshe from neck to knee;
No one could help be a little gay
In shuch a sozzled shtate ash me.
I gazed and gazed but couldn't
focush—**!
Now itsh a daffodil, now a crocush.

Now when upon my couch I lie
A little vacant, shtill some shtewed,
I think about that minch meat pie
And blame on that my preshent mood.
Then my shtummick, chocked with
pillsh
Loops the loop with the daffodilsh.



How to develop your line and technique:

1. Read Voo-Doo (Advt.).
2. Buy yourself a telescope on Open House nights in the Dorms.
3. Go to formals at the Deke house; keep your eyes on the seniors for especially good pointers.
4. Go to Gable-Crawford flickers.
5. Read Voo-Doo.
6. Walk down Memorial Drive most any night, but especially when there is a moon.
7. Read Voo-Doo (Advt.).

RESOLVED: THAT BROWNBAGGING SHOULD BE ABOLISHED

Affirmative:

A. Injurious to health.

1. Statistics:

1. 4 out of 5 brownbaggers are unable to attend more than three dances per week because of weakened physical condition.
2. 95.6% of student body of our most famed institutions for the weak-minded is composed of former Technology brownbaggers.

B. Effect on social standing.

1. Nobody loves a brownbagger.

1. Possible exceptions:

- a. Father.
- b. Mother.
- c. Dog.

d. Profs.

II. More statistics.

1. 699 out of 700 people in Who's Who for 1935 will be non-brownbaggers. The other one will be the man who finances its publication.

C. There's no future in brownbagging.

1. Horrible fates of some notorious brownbaggers:

1. Four became professors at Harvard.
2. Six married Radcliffe women.
3. Eight became Chinese missionaries.
4. Ten joined The Tech staff.

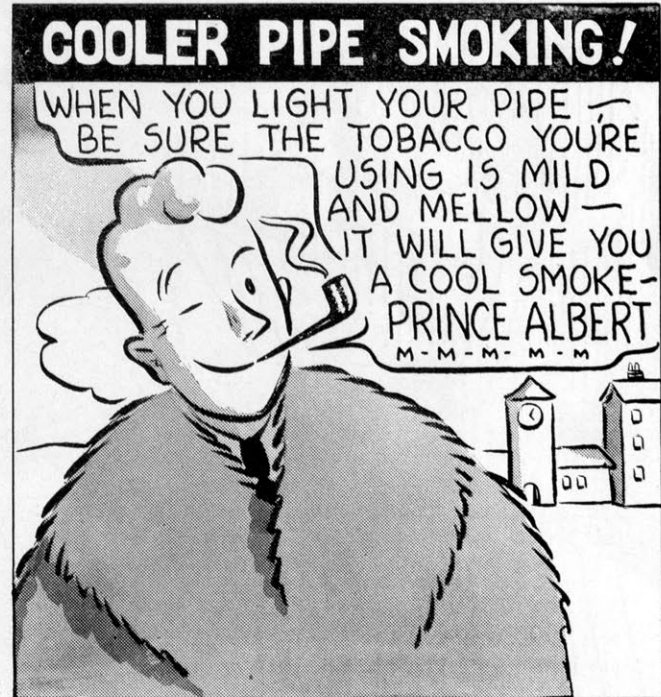
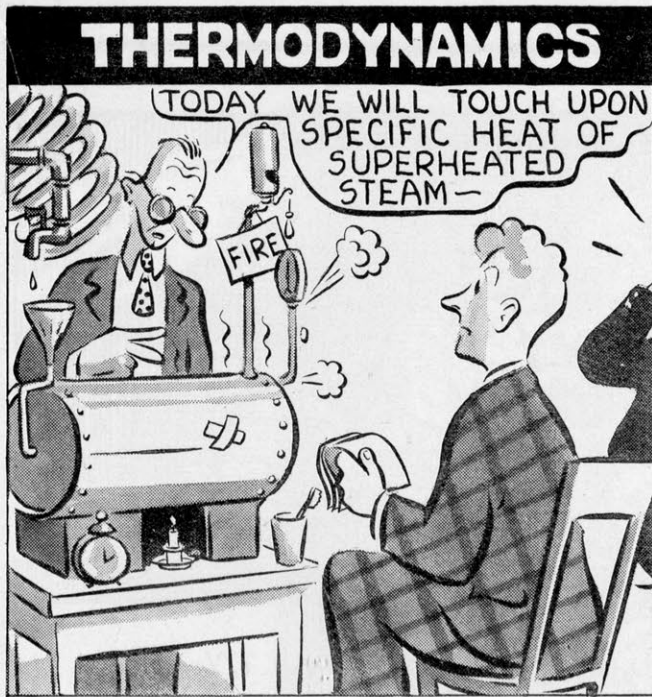
D. Conclusion:

Phooey on brownbagging.

Negative:

Suggestions will be appreciated.





Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

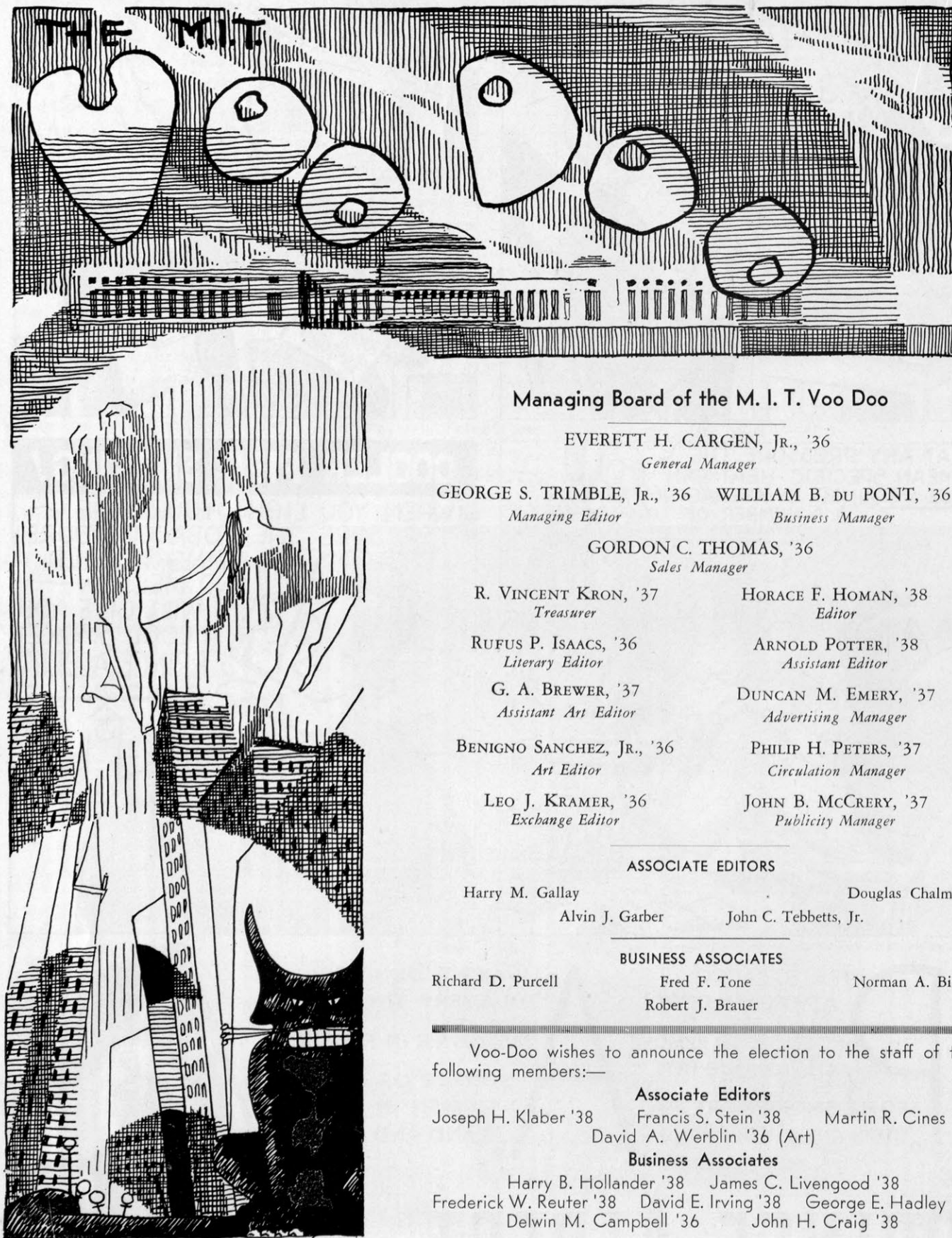
P = PIPE TOBACCO
AT ITS MILDEST!
P = PROCESSED TO REMOVE
ALL "TONGUE BITE"
P = PEOPLE SMOKE MORE P.A.
THAN ANY OTHER BRAND

A = ALWAYS 2 OUNCES
IN EVERY TIN!
A = MELLER IN FLAVOR!
A = SOURCE OF JOY
TO MEN IN EVERY
LAND AND CLIME!

PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*



2
OUNCES



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

EVERETT H. CARGEN, JR., '36

General Manager

GEORGE S. TRIMBLE, JR., '36

Managing Editor

WILLIAM B. DU PONT, '36

Business Manager

GORDON C. THOMAS, '36

Sales Manager

R. VINCENT KRON, '37

Treasurer

HORACE F. HOMAN, '38

Editor

RUFUS P. ISAACS, '36

Literary Editor

ARNOLD POTTER, '38

Assistant Editor

G. A. BREWER, '37

Assistant Art Editor

DUNCAN M. EMERY, '37

Advertising Manager

BENIGNO SANCHEZ, JR., '36

Art Editor

PHILIP H. PETERS, '37

Circulation Manager

LEO J. KRAMER, '36

Exchange Editor

JOHN B. MCCRERY, '37

Publicity Manager

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Harry M. Gallay

Douglas Chalmers

Alvin J. Garber

John C. Tebbetts, Jr.

BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

Richard D. Purcell

Fred F. Tone

Norman A. Birch

Robert J. Brauer

Voo-Doo wishes to announce the election to the staff of the following members:—

Associate Editors

Joseph H. Klaber '38

Francis S. Stein '38

Martin R. Cines '38

David A. Werblin '36 (Art)

Business Associates

Harry B. Hollander '38

James C. Livengood '38

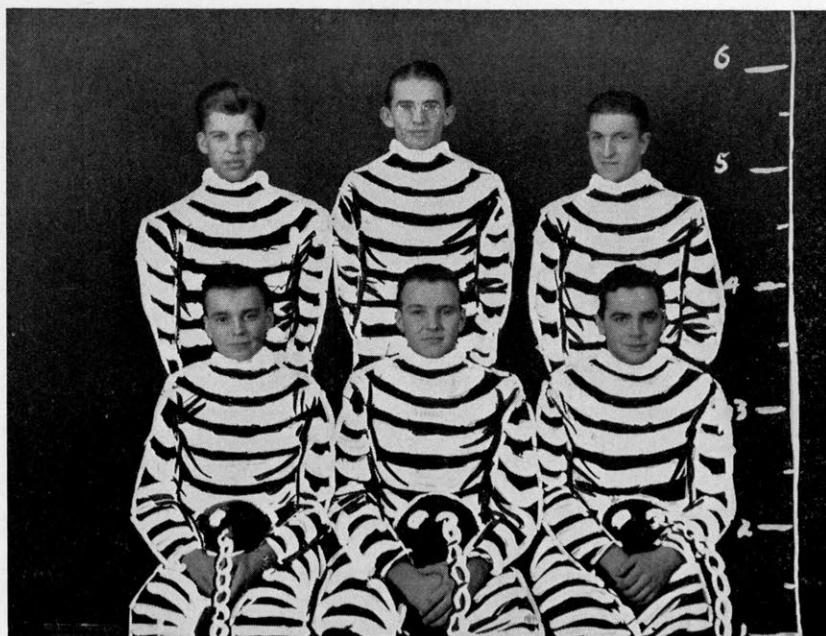
Frederick W. Reuter '38

David E. Irving '38

George E. Hadley '38

Delwin M. Campbell '36

John H. Craig '38



F. P. Thornton,
J. C. Austin,

C. R. Holman,
M. A. Kuryla,

R. A. Denton,
W. B. duPont

Committee

Michael A. Kuryla
John C. Austin
Richard A. Denton
William B. duPont
Fletcher P. Thornton
Charles R. Holman

Eleanor Foster
Shirley Williams
Peggy Kendal
Noel Smyth

Chaperones and Invited Guests

President and Mrs. K. T. Compton
Prof. and Mrs. L. F. Hamilton
Prof. and Mrs. J. R. Jack
Mr. H. E. Lobdell and Mrs. Wiswold
Dr. and Mrs. Vannevar Bush
Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Rhind

GUESTS

Table 1

W. H. Stockmayer, Marie McGeorge
P. W. Daley, Helen Fagan
H. F. King
W. H. Loomis, III
L. W. Pflanz, Jr.

Table 2

A. E. Whitcomb
R. K. Patterson, Marjory Smith

Table 3

Table 4

Table 5

E. S. Holfmann
M. A. Gilman
W. R. Laylor
G. B. Payne

Table 6

E. A. Boyan
O. W. Muckenhirn
A. M. Lotowycz
F. B. Lellev
R. I. Ulanytzky

Table 7

E. D. Wade
H. R. Wilsey
R. S. Robinson

Table 8

Table 9

J. H. King

Table 10

W. O. Nichols, Norma Hewitt
L. B. Smith, Rowena Hamilton
A. R. Peel
A. Musschoot, Violet Chaussabel
K. Packard, Ruth Perkins

Table 11

J. S. Lukesh, Alice Hamilton

Table 12

C. W. Shubart
A. A. Carota
R. Halloran
P. S. Vincent
Mr. Thremalgio

Table 13

A. M. Stone
L. P. Cohen, Evelyn Mines

Table 14

R. U. Bryant, Elizabeth Bramhall
J. U. Bete, Mary Morris
W. G. Scott
C. L. Bouchard

Table 15

R. B. Fox, Marjorie Gordon
J. H. Harvey
L. Kanter, Rosalie Wienstien
G. C. Moustakis

Table 16

W. V. Osgood, Betty Morse
G. S. McMahon
H. G. McGrath, Natalie Houseman
W. H. Rothen

Table 17

M. C. Rulon
W. Godchaux

Table 18

E. R. Faelton, Lillian Pollard
J. A. Sawyer

Table 19

A. A. Thomas, Avis Mappeson
H. C. Runkel, Adelaide Bender
F. H. Lessard, Virginia Luther
V. J. Dobrochowski, Irene Prysmont
L. B. Simon, Dorothy Dickinson

Table 20

W. J. Budd
R. F. Johnson
K. Engstrom
J. B. Henderson
W. Sherburne

Table 21

C. H. Wilson, Gertrude Knowles
C. M. Peterson
J. B. Bulkley, Doris Pumbo
N. J. Carlson
J. H. Carr, Rita Brennan

Table 22

W. K. Fitch, Gertrude Seagrave
B. B. Fogler, Kate Thursfield
L. B. Chandler, Ruth Livermore

Table 23

C. H. Betts
R. E. Sawyer

Table 24

R. W. Hannam
K. A. Gelpke
W. H. Hope

Table 25

Table 26

G. P. Villafior, Eusebia Villafior

Table 27

R. C. Dawe
B. J. Cosman, Helen Hills
H. N. Brown, Martha Johnson

Table 28

F. S. Klock, Mrs. F. S. Klock

Table 29

J. H. Colby
J. E. Orchard, Sigrid Lassen
R. L. Hughes

Table 30

W. A. Creswell, Rita Sullivan
C. C. MacAllister
T. P. Norton
R. H. Roethlisberger
W. G. Selvestrovich

Table 31

E. L. Pratt, Phyllis Needham
E. R. Pettebone
J. D. Gardiner

Table 32

C. D. Cairns
L. C. Smith
E. H. Cargen, Dorothy Ilg
M. W. Wallace

Table 33

Table 34

J. A. Newman
J. B. Lees
B. W. Hodgkinson
F. M. Boulware, Katharine Tweedy

Table 35

H. Easton, Mary Dwyer

Table 36

J. H. Werner
J. A. Miller, Jean E. Crocker

Table 37

H. E. Nietsch, Marion Speed
L. Lombardi
E. L. Dashefsky, Bernice Fries

Table 38

J. G. Baker, Lois Proctor
H. E. Essley, Eleanor DeVilbiss
J. D. Parker
G. S. Trimble, Jr., Ruth Ashton

Table 39

F. R. Milliken
W. Wilkinson

Table 40

F. W. Paul, Marcella Compton
H. C. Johnson
W. F. Shuttleworth
A. W. Jaeger
C. N. Endweiss, Florence Kellough

Table 41

A. R. Hunt, Virginia Major
H. F. Herpers
H. Christensen
G. R. Young

Table 42

G. Maass, Nancy Logan
E. B. Snow
W. J. Bates

Table 43

R. S. Mabey
L. L. Robinett
Peter White
T. N. Wilcox
R. E. Williams, Kay Williams

Table 44

R. S. Gillette, Marian Chapman
R. S. Reichart, Beverly Gillette
W. B. Beckwith

Table 45

J. L. Camp, Anne Fisher
A. A. Loomis
J. V. Sharp, Norma Jane Rice

Table 46

C. R. Johnson
R. A. Scribner, Faith Crossman
K. L. Cook, Madeline Young

Table 47

A. L. Larvis
L. Reday
F. A. Pahl
G. Grant

Table 48

L. Paige
W. W. Prichard, Ann Mumford



EDDIE DUCHIN

AT THE

PROMENADE

Mathematical Rhapsody

My friends tell me I have changed a lot since that night. I seem to have faded, they say, to have lost my animation. No longer am I a good mixer. I have become a man apart, morose, cynical, weary of life. Of course it is partly because of my heart. I no longer can enter into any sports or do anything which might strain it. The doctor even insisted that I move from the fifth floor to the first floor.

Mostly, I guess, my mental depression is due to the shock of that awful discovery, coming as it did when I was worn out from the struggle with The Problem. It is that shock which weakened my heart and almost drove me insane. The nurse told me before I left the sanitarium that I had been raving mad for three days. And I know myself that I had spells at intervals for the next few months. Even now I sometimes feel myself slipping, but I manage to control myself. But it is pretty hard when I hear that song. My friends now turn the radio off when it is played, and they are swell about not singing it. But I guess I might as well tell you all about it.

No doubt you all remember the song, "Take a Number From One to Ten." It was that song which caused all my misery. I had just heard it for the first time and couldn't get it out of my mind. The words kept running through my head:

Take a number from one to ten;
Double it, and add a million.
That's how much I love you.

It was annoying to be unable to stop humming the song, but the real trouble came when I did as the song suggested. My number was 7, so I got 1,000,014. I suddenly realized that I had been humming, singing, and whistling "I love you 1,000,014." You might think that when I realized how silly the words were, I would have stopped singing the song. But I didn't. The fact that there were no units in the song preyed upon my

mind. If the song had only said "I love you 1,000,014 kisses," I might have been content. But it didn't; there was nothing.

That is just the beginning of the story. I couldn't get rid of the obsession that there had to be more to the song. I couldn't sleep nights. And when I finally got to sleep I would dream about The Problem. It was then that my friends began to notice a change in me. I didn't confide in them because the whole business seemed so trivial, and because I was determined to win my fight alone.

Well, I finally did solve the problem. About a week had passed, and things were looking blacker all the time. I was falling behind in my work, and there were even rumors among the rest of the fellows that I was flunking out. The solution to The Problem finally burst upon me while I was flunking a math exam. All that I had to do was derive the units in which the love should be expressed, and I would be relieved of the burden on my mind.

All the rest is history. I spent twelve hours that night, deriving what to me was a satisfactory result. With exultation I showed it to a friend the next morning. He was amused by the formula and by my story. With a smile he turned to me and said, "But you know, don't you, that you had the words wrong?" I collapsed.

The next thing I remember was that I was in the sanitarium; some one was saying, "He seems to be coming around." I was. For what happened in the interval, I have only the nurse's word. I recovered slowly, but the doctor said that there is not much hope of my heart ever being normal again. People generally are sorry for me; they murmur sympathetically about its being too bad. I have no entertainment; I can't go to dances any more; I miss all the popular music. But I'm not sorry. You see, it isn't popular with me any more.



PROGRESS

Freshman, first month, first term:

"Hey, Joe, where you running to?"

"See you later (puff, puff). Can't stop now. I've only got ten minutes (puff, puff) to get to my seat in Chem. lecture. S'long."

* * *

Freshman, last month, first term:

"Hey, Joe, hurry up, we've only got two minutes to make that lecture."

"Take your time. The prof doesn't get down to business till a quarter after, anyway."

* * *

Same frosh, first month, second term:

"Hey, Joe, make it snappy. We're late for the lecture."

"Well, well, so we are. I guess there's no point to going now. I'll play you a game of ping-pong."

* * *

Same dope, last month, last term:

"Hey, Joe, get up. Aren't you going to the lecture?"

"What lecture?"



Admiring Visitor—"How do you account for your success as a futuristic artist?"

Artist—"I use a model with the hiccoughs."
—Belle Hop



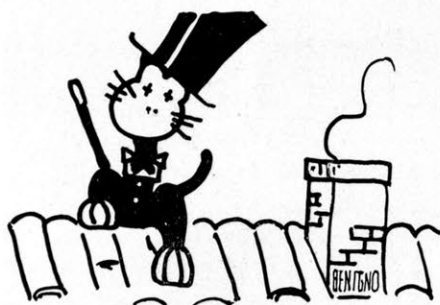
Thornton looks over Prom Girls



*-take it from me
Chesterfields are Milder*

*-take it from me
Chesterfields Taste Better*





PHOS STEPS OUT

Voo-Doo presents a new feature to its readers—a survey of Boston's night life as seen by personal experience. Phos submits to you his candid opinion of the following establishments. Look them over.

The Monarch Club

A good bet for smooth, modern entertainment. It is favored by a clientele which includes those members of the local campuses who know their way around the bright spots.

The management is especially cordial. No cover, no minimum.

Club 43

Better known as the Napoleon Club. Has a real speak-easy door and everything. The trick effect of the downstairs room is done with mirrors. Quality of liquor above average.

Club Mayfair

Swanky, colorful, and popular. The cocktail room is well done, with pleasing sculpture and modern lighting. Joe Rines' rhythm is pleasingly smooth and Archie Robbins is one master of ceremonies you can hear without longing to throttle. The floor show is usually good. Minimum charge of a dollar and a half.

The Old Fashioned

Here you can enjoy yourself with a minimum of strain on your pocket-book, and be served by the best-

looking set of waitresses in Boston. The name of the master of ceremonies is Jack Cameron, and not Walter Huston. The large number of beautiful girls without escorts is a compliment to the management's standards.

San Sousa Cafe

Nothing much to say about this, as we went there at an odd hour. The manager was openly suspicious of our questions and was almost belligerent in his declaration that the cafe's only feature was its sea food. What we saw wasn't worth going upstairs for.

Royal Palms

Average negro dine - and - dance place with an average orchestra and an average floor show. The crowd is usually alcoholic and friendly, but the liquor is poor. One dollar minimum.

This feature will be continued next
(Continued on page 18)





Sketches from
the Prom—
trim



With appreciation
Margo
"35"

FANTASIE MEXICAIN . . .

Eyes of smouldering heat, like the fiery tequila . . . Lips
burning with the fragrant spices of tamales and tabasco . . .
lithe body twisting to the rhythm of the rhumba . . . a flaming
dagger drawn from the heart of a people who walk with eyes
down and backs bent, but whose spirit glows with an eternal
fire of passion, music and silent laughter . . . Turn up the
glasses to Margo, daughter of Mexico!

LAUGHS FROM "HIT AND RUN"

YOU SAY THE
SULTAN OF
PATTIBUM
SENT FOR
ME
?



YES, HE SAID
THOSE COURSE XI
MEN TRIED TO
INSTALL A
MEN'S ROOM
IN THE
HAREM!



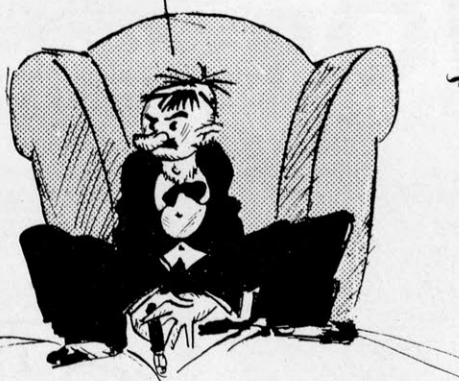
-AN' I PROMISED ME-
WIFE A REMBRANDT
FER THIS YEAR

WELLS
AND
PUTT

AW GIT HER
A CADILLAC!



KLASER
AND
WERBLIN



DON'T YOU BELIEVE,
PROFESSOR, THAT
DESTINY SHAPES
OUR ENDS
?



AUSTIN
AND
EPSTEIN



VEDDY SODDY
TO CRAMP
YOUR STYLE,
MIST'
TACHAMER-



DAVE VERBLIN '36

The A. C. A. A. T.

Perhaps those of you who have been so fortunate (?) as to live in the dormitories have noticed the rich fragrance of oniony hamburgers, burnt toast, and God knows what, come wafting down your local cell block? Well, those odors just indicate that the members of the A. C. A. A. T. are at work. Let me explain that that row of symbols is not a division of our Federal government, nor a new calculus formula. It stands for "The Amateur Chef's Association At Technology." Perhaps instead of being an association, it should be an assassination.

All that is necessary to belong is merely the possession of an electric grill (97 cts. at Woolworth's—adv.), a fry pan, and some tableware. All of the table-ware is available at the Walker Dining Service free (if they're not looking). Most members of this fraternity are recognizable by their pledge pins—grease down the front of their clothes.

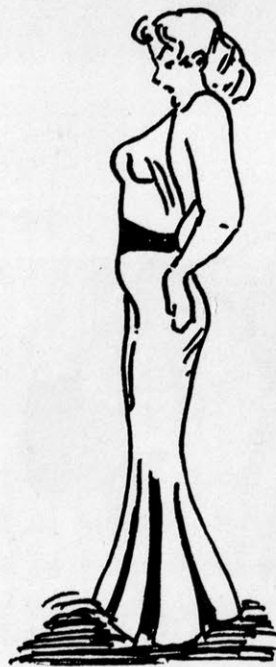
The members of this fraternity usually prepare two meals a day at home, the first of these being breakfast. Breakfast, as prepared by the elect, usually consists of coffee, which exactly resembles one of Prof. Blanchard's 5.01 lecture precipitates, nigger toast (black all over), porridge (obtainable at night as "pea soup"), and finally scrambled eggs, **a la field day**.

Lunch is not prepared by the fraternity brothers, because the grills display strikingly feminine characteristics—they take a while to get hot.

Supper is the second meal to be prepared on the grill by the members of the brotherhood. It usually begins with a can of Mr. Heinz's excellent soup heated in a pot of boiling water. Then the amateur chef gets down to work. First, he opens his door so that his fellow dorm residents may enjoy his food, or at least the odor thereof. Then the aforementioned odor of hamburgers and onions begins to wend its way down the halls. Into the fry pan are dumped slivers of potatoes supersaturated with grease. For an

hour afterward the smell of burnt fat haunts the hall. The meal winds up with a can of peaches or pears, and some tea reminiscent of certain freshman teas held in the Burton room. All in all, although this meal may sound unappetizing, it is very tasty in comparison with the Walker Dining Service standards.

Unfortunately, the members of the A. C. A. A. T. do not stop at cooking meals. Their creative activities go on to the preparation of cookies and candies. The candies are usually sticky masses of unattractive brownish goo. However, once I was walking down the hall when I smelled one of the brothers hard at work on fudge. According to my usual custom I clipped his head off with an axe and demolished his electric grill. Some fiendish devil in me tempted me to try his preparation. Gingerly I tasted it, then a bit more, until there was no more left. He had his revenge, though, because shortly after I had an acute case of stomach trouble, and had to be operated on. After the doctor had made the incision he put his hand in, and out came a—Jack Horner, Hell. There was a mass of fudge.



Prom Girl overlooks Thornton

Phos Steps Out

(Continued from page 14)

month. Watch for it and become a man about town.

In case you've forgotten, the Monarch Club is on Stuart Street at Huntington Avenue, Club 43 on Piedmont Street, the Mayfair on Broadway, Old Fashioned at Bowdoin Square, San Sousa Cafe on Tremont Street, and the Royal Palms on Massachusetts Avenue.

While seeking material for the night life column, Phos was sidetracked to a dingy dive in North Cambridge, operating under the alias of "Athletic Association." One is supposed to be a member to gain entrance, but the bouncer has a convenient memory and can always remember someone as "having been here before."

It was quite by chance that Phos gained the undying friendship of a large drunk, who was completely unable to maintain his balance. He was quite ready to be "rolled" for his money, which would have been a considerable loss, and it was just as Phos was trying to disentangle him from the check-room girl, when in walked the police!! They were escorting a couple of battered young fellows who claimed they had been separated from their dough by violent methods, and the cops were looking for the assailants at this hole. Nice place!

Phos was worried, not only for himself, but for his inebriated pal. However, it was this worthy gent who extricated Phos from the whole mess by quietly showing the raiders his **gold Captain's badge!** He was bowed out to his car, in which sat his chauffeur patiently waiting, and invited Phos to ride with him to the latter's place of lodging. All the way home he tried to persuade us to "forget all about it."

Which we did.



AS A BOXER NEEDS **BOTH** FISTS

So a pipe tobacco needs
BOTH
mildness and flavor

THERE are a lot of one-armed pipe tobaccos on the market. One gives you the tobacco flavor you want—but it's *strong*. Another gives you mildness that lets you smoke as much as you want—but it's *tasteless*.

Buy a can of Edgeworth today and *find out for yourself* that

there is one pipe tobacco that has **BOTH** mildness AND flavor.

How do we do it?

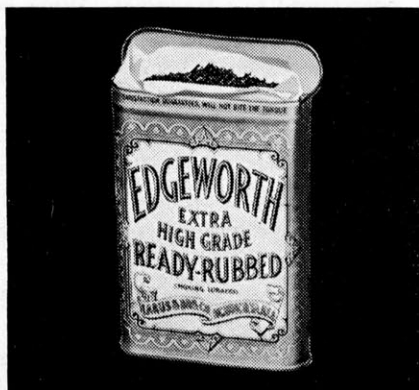
This way: *First*, we use the best

pipe tobacco that's grown. That gives the rich tobacco flavor that every pipe smoker loves. *Second*, we use only the tender leaves. That gives mildness.

★ ★ ★

Edgeworth is made for pipes—and pipes alone. That is why it is a better pipe tobacco—and why many smokers say that Edgeworth's long-burning qualities make it cost less than cheap tobacco. They get more smoking hours per tin.

Buy Edgeworth today and enjoy mildness *plus* flavor *plus* economy! It is made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.



EDGEWORTH HAS BOTH MILDNESS AND FLAVOR

Death and Charlie

By R. P. ISAACS

The dormitory room next to mine had never occupied my particular attention until one day when I saw a hangman's noose hanging in front of it. I learned it was a hangman's noose from Charlie, after I had knocked at the door and called his attention to it.

"Oh, yes," he said, patting the rope that was thumb-tacked to the outside of the door, "it's a real gallows noose. Come inside and I'll show you how to make one."

That was how I made Charlie's acquaintance. He was tall, lanky, with an even more lanky nose, and hair that somehow seemed lanky, too. He laughed a laugh as he bade me come in that he wanted to sound like one of those sinister trains of chuckles which announce the end of an installment of a radio drama. I tried to smile acquiescently as I entered his room.

"Look," he said, and pointed to the wall.

I looked. Along the wall were strung nooses starting with one of fine thread and progressing to one of thick hemp rope. I nodded approvingly.

"I made them all myself," he said. "There are exactly thirteen of them."

"All hangman's?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," he said, "and I bet you don't know how a person dies when he's hung. Most people think it's strangulation, but it's not."

"What is it then?"

"See this knot they use to make the noose? That's the real hangman's knot. There's thousands of people who have died by one of those. Yes, sir. Well, this knot is laid on the victim's left shoulder right behind his left ear."

Charlie paused. He laid his finger on the spot behind his left ear and grimaced.

"Then when the trap under them is opened," he went on, "and they drop through, the knot comes up and hits them in the temple. The blow breaks their necks, and they die. Most people don't know that, though. They think it's strangulation."

Two evenings later Charlie paid me a visit. He talked rapidly with his hands in his pockets, and then, finding something in the room that caught his eye, he shouted. I'll never forget that cry. It was a mixture of discovery and inspiration.

He dragged my desk chair under a reading lamp, one that had a small metal shade, and after a search around the room for a few minutes, put my humidor on one arm of the chair and a screw driver on the other.

"Know what that is?" he said.

I told him I didn't. He laughed one of his radio drama laughs.

"It's the chair they have at Sing Sing. Heh, heh, heh, heh. The victim's hands are soaked in a salt solution and placed on the contacts. He's strapped in the chair tight—good and tight—so tight—heh, heh, heh—so tight—"

Charlie had sat himself in the chair with one hand over the humidor and the other over the screw driver. He manoeuvred his head until it was inside the lampshade. He was right in the spirit of the thing now. His face was contorted and his voice was as dire as he could make it.

"The current is turned on," he continued eerily. "The prisoner knows that death is approaching. Death! Death! He grows white. **He stiffens!** Heh, heh, heh, the heat of the current dries up the water in his brain-cells. That's what brings death! You know, most people don't know that."

He went through a piece of writhing and convulsing that would have done credit to a tragedian. When he was finished, he started to explain in more detail how the current brings on death. I stopped him.

He cast a regretful look at the electric chair and sat slowly down on it again. I realized it had resumed its role of an ordinary piece of furniture. Charlie slumped down in the chair, and this time his voice was low and melancholy.

"I was only near death once," he said sadly. "That was the time I fell in the river. The water was about twenty feet deep, or maybe a little less. I got really scared and splashed

around. It seemed a long time before I was pulled out."

He paused. He was very sad, regretting that it had not been more melodramatic.

"Good-night," he said.

My father visited me two weeks later. While he was there, a weird and horrible chanting came from Charlie's room.

Death comes quickly, oh so quickly,
When you're goona be hung.

The song was followed by the sound of a slap.

"What's that?" my father asked.

"Just the fellow next door," I explained. "A fraternity song."

I said that to my father glibly, for I didn't want him to know the truth. I felt uneasy about it all the same. I knew what was going on very well.

Charlie had swatted a fly.



While on her first Canadian visit, Mae West held a reception. The stag line was long and patient, each man waiting his turn to be introduced.

The dialogue went on something like this:

"Mae, meet Mr. Jones."

"Glad to know you. Why don't you come up and see me some time?"

"Mae, meet Mr. Smith."

(Same answer.)

"Meet Mr. Dionne."

"Glad to know you."



Student—"Can you tell me what they mean by 'selling short' in Wall Street?"

Professor—"It means buying something you can't get, with money you haven't got, and then later selling what you never had and did not pay for at more than it costs."

—Oklahoma Aggievator

PUSHOVER

—She is?

—Sure.

—No kiddin'. I musta had her all wrong. I thought she was all wet.

—No, she's o. k. Of course, you've gotta take it easy at first. You know—sort of feel your way along—and for gosh sakes don't try to rush her. That woman's got a will of her own. Then, too, you've got to have that certain something like I have.

—Well, if you can do it I ought to be able to. I'm gonna try, anyhow. I'll be seein' ya.

—So long, Bill.

—(TWO DAYS LATER)—

—Hi, Ed.

—'Lo, Bill.

—Well, I did it.

—Did what?

—Remember what we were talkin' about last time?

—No kiddin'. Hawja make out?

—Great—I put it over all right.

—Whatja do?

—Believe it or not, I sold her one of our most expensive washing machines.

—Lafayette Lyre



So

I'm still

A Freshman.

I was last spring—

But that's a thing

Of the past,

I'm still a Freshman.

It seems the stoin old dean,

Allowed I had not been

So very loined—

In words most long and poignant.

So

I'm still

A Freshman.

—Awgwan

Have You Noticed
the **BIG SWING to**
PIPE SMOKING

It's

KAYWOODIE

Super Grain
\$5
5117—Overall size—6 1/8 in.

Drinkless
KAYWOODIE
\$3.50
7705—Overall size—5 3/8 in.

The GREATEST NAME in Pipe-Smoking

There's a new love of Tobacco—"in the bowl"—because there's a great pipe in the world. It's KAYWOODIE.

KAYWOODIE is a revelation to seasoned pipe smokers—an amazing discovery to young men. Nothing else like it exists. It has the pick of the choicest, oldest briar roots in the world. It has the famous Drinkless Attachment. In 400 smoking tests (scientifically precise) it has been proved best-smoking pipe in the world.

And what do Smokers think of it? Since its introduction, more men have bought KAYWOODIE than any other pipe. Not because it's cheap. It isn't. Not because it's expensive. It isn't. But because *it's great*, and nothing else is like it.

There's a big swing to pipe smoking. It's KAYWOODIE. And you want to be in on it.

Send for Handbook and actual Briar
Nugget (Sample) of KAYWOODIE

The 1935 edition of the only handbook of its kind, showing more than 100 Kaywoodies in colors. The nugget lets you see first hand the beautiful clear grain-structure of Kaywoodie Briar. Enclose 10¢ for mailing. Address: Dept. X

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Established 1851
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

PUPS

7791
Actual Size 4 7/8"
About 1/2 the size
of standard pipe

DECISION

He slammed the front door and strode down the walk so fiercely that the grass, already heavy with dew, bent down even more as though to hide, and the flowers, already half closed, withdrew farther yet into themselves, as though seeking refuge from his silent fury. He walked into the night—

* * *

Within him, a small voice in his heart and a hard one in his head were arguing:—

"This is the end. She can't stay with me if she's going to feel that way — so reasonless — so downright misunderstanding — a man can put up with just so much and no more. The way she looked at me, as if I were something mean and low—"

"But don't you love her any more? You used to say that nothing could ever come between you two; you, yourself used to be so much easier to get along with, too."

"Of course, she used to treat me differently."

"You're right—but you also used to act quite differently towards her, remember? Do you recall the first letters you used to write her—before she came to live with you? They were fine and clean—that's why she came—you poured out your heart to her on paper and made her see you at your best. That is why she loved you, but since she's come, you've changed for her; you've shown her only silly childishness and empty attempts at 'cleverness' in place of the beauty and simple sincerity which are the reasons for her being in your room, even now. This is why she looked upon you with scorn tonight."

"It's true—all of it—I can't deny it—but why? Why have I changed without trying, even when trying not to? I shall always remember tonight—I sat there looking at her—and she at me. We said no word, but I felt that she was seeing into me, and I was uncomfortable. I shouted at her, and she persisted, and so—oh, I know it's true—I've seen myself in my true

light before and dared not admit it, but now I must. How has this change taken place in me? Tell me; you are the only one who would know, for you are my heart."

"Yes, and you are the brain, but cannot reason why. Surely is it not for wanting her so much that you have made yourself foolish — is it not through desire alone that your being has been made to seem hollow in her eyes? Of course it is—and for that reason alone—remember, I know—I, who alone knows all your secrets."

"Then must I stop wanting her to keep her? How paradoxical! Ever since first I saw her, ever since those first few lines she wrote me, have I wanted her—then, when she came to me at last—I shall never forget the joy of those first few weeks—but now I realize the truth; by adoring her I have raised her beyond my reach, and by my worship have I lifted her, all the while lowering myself. Oh, what unhappiness I have caused myself—myself—I have no one but myself to blame—not you—not her—only myself. . . . And to think that only a few moments ago—I still feel it on my hand—I struck her down—cruelly—and was glad that she fell—glad—Oh, God! What have I done? What have I done?"

"Go back to her—she may be unhurt—she will forgive you—go back—hurry!"

The lonely figure straightened suddenly, turned quickly, hesitated, then dashed madly back along the road he had come—ignoring all passers-by, his coat tails flying, his pant legs flapping in the breeze of his own wind.

* * *

The night was dark and foreboding. The lamp post on the corner glowed dully on the crossing of two empty streets. The starless sky seemed ominous and dreadful. The youth ran into this scene and brought with him Life. He had lost his hat on the way—he had loosed his scarf and it trailed behind him—he was too tired to run, but walked with a desperate sort of quickness, gasping for breath as he crossed the street, mounted the stairs of the large house rapidly, all the while mumbling to himself half-aloud, "Please, God, let her be all right—don't let her be hurt—in any way—let it be me, instead!"

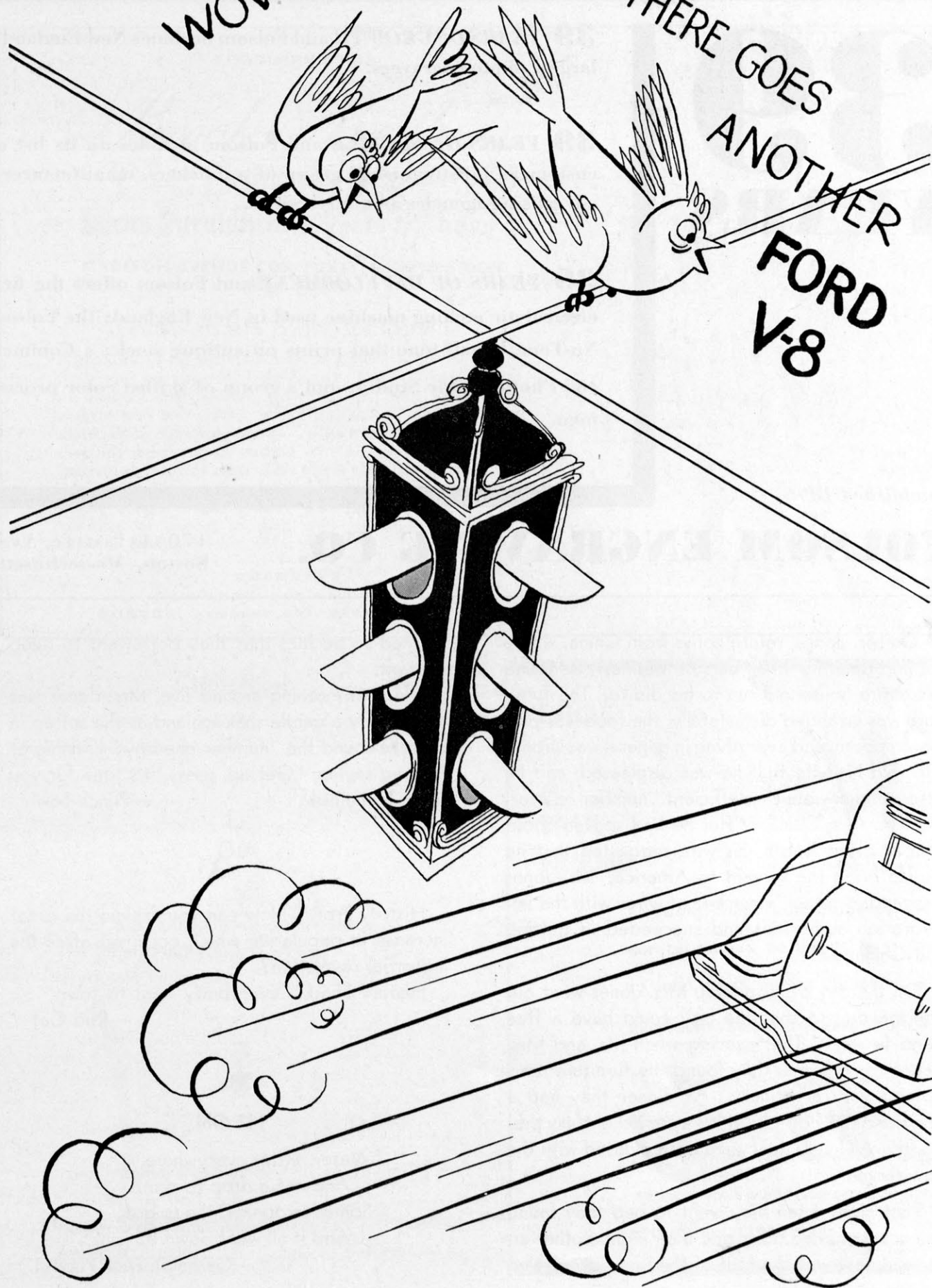
Once inside the house, he runs up the stairs two and three at a time . . . the third floor . . . he bursts into his little room . . . a chair . . . a dresser . . . a rumpled bed . . . he rips off his coat and drops it to the floor . . . he dashes to the farthest corner of the room and drops to the floor—he rises with a picture in his hands, a picture of a young girl—a beautiful girl—and kisses it with all the fervor of a boy who has found his soul in manhood.



"I'm a non-sectarian myself."

WOW

THERE GOES
ANOTHER
FORD
V-8



39 YEARS

Established 1896

FOLSOM ENGRAVING CO.

470 Atlantic Ave.
Boston, Massachusetts

39 YEARS OF GROWTH and Folsom becomes New England's largest photo-engravers.

39 YEARS OF SERVICE and Folsom includes on its list of customers a distinguished group of publishers, manufacturers, advertising agencies and universities.

39 YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT and Folsom offers the first electrolytic etching machine used in New England; the Folsom Nu-Tone, a half-tone that prints on antique stock; a Commercial Photographic Studio; and a group of skilled color process men.

On Mr. Jones' return home from China, where he had been for five years on business, he found his entire household run to his dislike. The furniture was arranged distastefully, the food was prepared poorly and everything in general was wrong. He told his wife that he was displeased, and he also told her about his efficient "number one servant boy" in China. After he had spoken about him at great length, his wife suggested that he should bring the servant to America. Mr. Jones proceeded to pull a number of wires with the immigration authorities and succeeded in getting the Chinaman.

On the day of his arrival, Mrs. Jones went out for the day so that the boy could have a free hand to work. That evening when Mr. and Mrs. Jones came home, they found the furniture rearranged very artistically. At dinner they had a number of new dishes, which were delightfully prepared. All in all, they were both pleased with the new servant.

That night when they went to bed they found the covers turned down and their night clothes arranged neatly at the foot of the bed. Everything

seemed so perfect that they both went to sleep content.

The next morning around five, Mrs. Jones was aroused by a gentle shaking, and as she sat up in bed she found the "number one boy" grinning at her and saying, "Get up, missy, it's time for you to go home now."

—Punch Bowl



History Prof.: "How can you explain the great increase in population which occurred after the industrial revolution?"

History Shark: "Everybody went to town."

—Red Cat



H2 Oh!

Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink.
Someone opened the spigot
And it all went down the sink.

—Carnegie Tech Puppet

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Ready-made Suits for Spring

Almost all of the materials used in Brooks Brothers' ready-made suits are imported from England and Scotland. Those of domestic manufacture are purchased from well-known makers who are willing, where possible, to confine certain materials to our requirements. All patterned goods are then carefully restricted in cutting . . . so many suits of this pattern, so many of that. This means that Brooks Brothers' ready-made suits present the advantage of exclusiveness to a degree seldom found in other ready-made clothing . . . in addition, of course, to their well known advantages of superior wearing quality and style.

BRANCHES

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



How Nice!

Miss: "Are you secretly married to her?"

Mr.: "No—she knows it." —Wampus



"What are you thinking about, Jack,

"The same thing you are, Jane."

"If you do I'll scream." —Sun Dial



Drunk (seeing snake under his bed)—Wha'sha doin' unner my bed, huh?

Snake—S'all right, old man. I'm just looking for a spot to hiss in. —Red Cat

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.

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

"How was that likker I gave you Rastus?"

"Jes right, Massah Joe, jes right."

"What do you mean by just right?"

"Well, suh, ef hit had been any bettah, you wouldn't have give it tuh me; and ef hit wus any worser, hit would've killed me. Yes, suh, hit was jes right."

—Punch Bowl



Quack, Quack!

And then there's the story about the little duckling who was so embarrassed because his first pants were down.

—Pitt Panther



"Mother, can little girls have babies, too?"

"Yes, dear."

"Dammit!"

—Widow

Why, Grandmother!

Grandmother was a diabetic patient, and, although put on a strict diet, she would not play the game, and was "cheating" all the time. After numerous violations, she was sent to the hospital.

Owing to the crowded condition of the hospital, the only available room was in the Maternity Ward. After she had been there a few days, her little granddaughter paid her a visit and was lolling in front of the door of her grandmother's room when some visitors walked past.

"What are you doing here, little girl?"

"I'm visiting my grandmother."

"Grandmother!" said one of the visitors in astonishment. "What is she doing here?"

"Oh," said the youngster, "she's been cheating again."

—Burr

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

Telephone, Capitol 3433

M. LINSKY & BROS.

Uniform Makers of every description

1 Washington St., (Haymarket Square)

BOSTON, MASS.

Then there's the story told us the other day about the small-town kid who played hookey from school. His absence wasn't noticed and probably never would have been, had not one of the school authorities seen him leading a cow down the street. The boy was finally overtaken by the school's principal, only to be asked why he was associating with the bovine when he should have been diligently pursuing the three R's. Though somewhat embarrassed, the kid tried to explain that his absence was due to the fact that he had to take the cow over to his uncle's place, the uncle being in possession of a bull.

"Couldn't your father do that?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, I reckon so," replied the truant, "but I ain't sure that he's registered." —Buccaneer



Salesman—"These stockings are the very latest pattern, fast colors, hole-proof, won't shrink, priced far lower than elsewhere and a very good yarn."

Co-ed—"Yes, and you tell it well."

—Southwestern



Suitor: I wish to marry your daughter, sir.

Father: Young man, do you drink?

Suitor: Thanks a lot, sir, but let's finish this other matter first.

—Punch Bowl

CAFE DE PARIS

Real Home Cooked Food

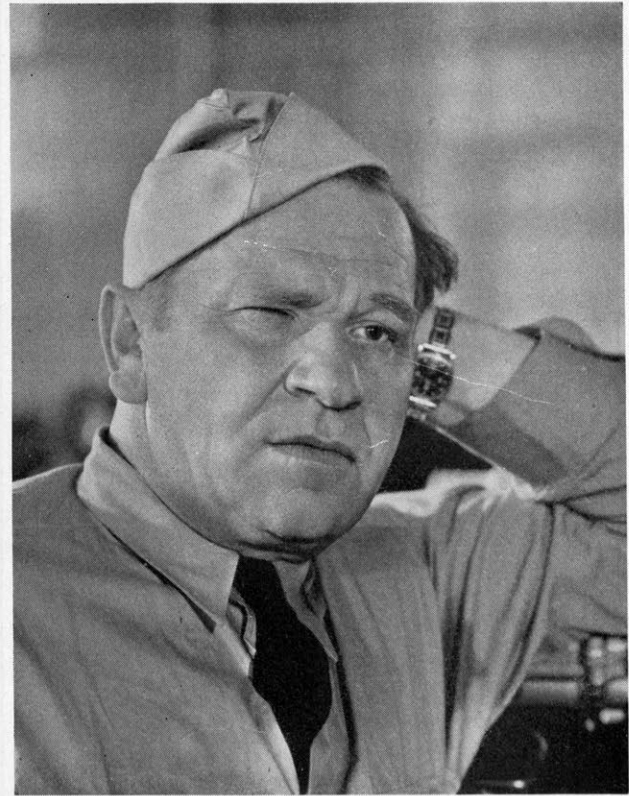
Luncheon 35c-40c

Dinners 40c-50c-70c

Sunday and Holiday Dinners 50c-70c

Our New Home and Only Boston Restaurant

165 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE



WALLACE BEERY

in

"WEST POINT OF THE AIR"

with

Maureen O'Sullivan

Robert Young

now at the

LOEW'S STATE

Anthology

She: "How did you ever learn to kiss so divinely?"

He (underline one desired): "I used to blow the bugle in the Boy Scouts."

I used to siphon gas from tanks.

Clucking after horses.

Saying "tsk, tsk," after hearing dirty jokes.

Making a noise like Eddie Cantor.

Eating peas off a knife.

Drinking gin out of a jug.

Ordering "prunes" for breakfast.

Blowing smoke rings.

Spitting between my teeth.

Eating caramels.

Eating spaghetti without a fork.

Swallowing raw eggs (or raw oysters). —Burr

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.

An absent-minded prof. took a course in memory work and finally passed. One day his wife sent him to the drug store on an errand, and when he got there he had completely forgotten what he needed. Following his course of study, he questioned the clerk.

"Name things on the water."

"Islands, boats, ships, navies—"

"That's it! Navy. What are the officers?"

"Captains, ensigns, petty officers, commanders, admirals—"

"Right. Admirals. Now let's see. Oh, yes. What naval men are explorers?"

"Peary, Shackelford, Scott, Byrd—"

"Yes, this course is a marvelous thing. My wife wants a pound of bird seed and charge it."

—Punch Bowl

"Where's the ladies' rest room, please?"

"It's just around the corner."

"Don't give me any of that Hoover stuff—I've really got to go."

—Frvol



A weazened little Irishman applied for a job loading a ship. At first they told him he was too small, but finally they gave him a trial. He seemed to be making good, so they gradually increased the size of his load until he was carrying a 300-pound anvil under each arm. When he was half-way across the gangplank it broke and Pat fell in. With a great splashing and sputtering he came to the surface.

"T'row me a rope!" he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose to the surface.

"T'row me a rope!" he shouted again. Once more he sank, but rose struggling.

"Say!" he sputtered angrily, "if one uv you shpalpeens don't hurry up and t'row me a rope I'm going to drop one of these things!"

—Mentor



Hint to Sots: Left-handed beer mugs can be made into right-handed ones by walking around the counter.

—V. P. I. Skipper

Start Spring Training
by drinking a quart of
HOOD'S MILK each day.



You'll enjoy its Creamy richness and
Countryfresh flavor.

Say . . . **HOOD'S MILK**

A dentist we know tells a story about a very cocky lad from Iowa State. When he graduated, by some ill chance of fate he landed a job with the **New York Times**. Of course, this made him all the more cocky. In due time he began to bother all the men around the office. Finally, one day the editor sent him to get a statement from Irvin S. Cobb.

Busting into the privacy of Mr. Cobb's suite he began with his customary ego: "Mr. Cobb, I'm Hicks from Iowa State. I've accepted a position with the **Times** and thought I'd drop over and see if you had a statement for the press."

The humorist was in a bad mood, so he growled back: "Do you know what we do with hicks in New York?"

"Mr. Cobb," replied this conceited lad, "I don't give a damn what you do with Hicks in New York but I do know what we do with Cobbs in Iowa!" —Sundial



Yokel: "Give me a bird-cage with a perch in it."

Clerk: "You don't want a bird cage. What you mean is an aquarium." —Cornell Widow



"Hey, where in hell's that chicken I ordered an hour ago?"

"It'll be along soon, sir—the cook hasn't killed it yet, but she's getting in some nasty blows." —Exchange



A kind-hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach the doorbell. He rang the bell for him, then said: "What now, my little man?"

"Run like hell," said the little boy, "that's what I am going to do." —Frivol

"I called at the hospital and they told me that I had another mouth to feed."

"Congratulations! Is it a boy?"

"No, a tapeworm."

—Punch Bowl



Most people don't know:

1. That collegiate flivvers have been "out" for at least three years.

2. That slickers and pennants are almost never seen on college campuses.

3. That balloon trousers haven't been worn since the Harding administration.

4. That most collegiate jokes are written by people who wear slickers and balloon trousers and ride in collegiate flivvers. —Octopus



We point with pride to the purity of the white spaces between our jokes.

—Lyre



INDIFFERENCE

Her face is sweet,
Her eyes are blue,
And when she smiles up at you,
You want to sink
Straight through the floor,
Exhilarating!

She's just a kid,
But ah, her form!
Ecstatic, sensuous, and warm
With life—she's 5 ft. 4,
and devastating!

Now I know you'll be
Surprised to hear
That, often though I've kissed her,
It gives me hardly any thrill—
You see, I am her brother.

—Kitty Kat

CAL CAMPUS defines "GANGPLANK"



"There's our gang's plank!"

WHILE SAILING AMERICAN TO EUROPE



CAL isn't so very smart when ship terms face him—but the boy certainly knows *how* to travel! In fact, anyone who sails American in these palmy days shows intelligence plus! For these great

American ships have what it takes to journey in the smart American manner!

The *Washington* and *Manhattan*, in service but a short time, have proved the sensations of the sea! People seem to like their broad decks, air-conditioned dining salons (an *exclusive* feature in transatlantic travel), unusually spacious cabins—all with real Simmons beds, tiled swimming pool and many other features so distinctly *American*! Rates are surprisingly low for such great comfort and luxury, too! Cabin Class \$176 one way; \$326 round trip. Tourist Class \$119 one way; \$215 round trip.

On the popular *Pres. Harding* and *Pres. Roosevelt*, informality, ease and comfort are stressed. In Cabin Class—highest on the ship—you enjoy the top decks, the finest cabins—the very best the ship offers—at remarkably modest fares! \$133 one way; \$247 round trip.

Weekly sailings to Cobb, Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg. Apply to your travel agent. His services are free.

UNITED STATES LINES

Associated with American Merchant, Baltimore Mail Lines to Europe; Panama Pacific Line to California; Panama Pacific and United States Lines cruises, 563 Boylston St., Boston

SPORT SHOES

\$3.50

in

Brown - White

and

White with Black Saddle

TENNIS SHOES

\$1.00 and \$1.45

Technology Branch

H. C. S.

76 Mass. Ave.

Mirror Reflection

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost. "Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked in the mirror. "I never knew he had his pitcher took." He took the mirror home, stole into the house and hid it in the attic; but his actions did not escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept, she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "MMM," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasing."

—Pell Mell



"Here," drooled the drunk in the music store. "Here's a nice double-barrel shotgun."

"Liar," said his sozzled friend. "It's a single-barreled gun."

"Hey, you two," shouted the clerk, "get away from that pipe organ!"

—Exchange

He—Know how to tell a he bird from a she bird?

Him—Nope. Give up.

He—Pull its tail. If he chirps, it's a he bird. If she chirps, it's a she bird. —V. M. I. Sniper



Phi Kap: "Can you stand on your head?"

Phi Delt: "Nope, it's too high." —Widow



Salesman: Do you wear nightgown or pajamas?

Young Lady: No.

Salesman: My name is Bower. Jake Bower.
—Bored Walk



First Mosquito: "Hooray! Here comes a new arrival."

Second Mosquito: "Good! Let's stick him for the drinks."
—Wampus

"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

Captain: "Don't give up the ship."
Seasick Passenger: "I didn't eat that."
—Owl



Joe: "I can't eat this soup."
Waiter: "Sorry, I'll call the manager."
Joe (to manager): "This soup, I can't eat it."
Manager: "I'll take care of it at once. Call the chef."
Joe (to chef): "I can't eat this soup."
Chef: "What the matter with it?"
Joe: "Nothing only I ain't got a spoon."
—Purple Parrott



Prof: "Wake that fellow up beside you."
Stude: "You do it Prof, you put him to sleep."
—Green Griffin



"Do you mean to say you posed nude for that?"
"Oh, that's all right, nobody was there!"

Food for Thought

I started eating wheaties for breakfast every morning and got to like them fine. But pretty soon they began taking effect. One morning I tried to pull myself out of bed and tore the sheets to bits. Last week the steering wheel of my car crumbled under my hands and we turned over three times in the ditch. This morning I banged on the door of my fraternity and the house collapsed. Just a little while ago I tried to kiss the only girl I ever loved and broke her neck.

Tomorrow morning I'm going back to grapenuts.
—Iowa Frivol



Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses
And all the king's men
Laughed like hell.

WHEN A SMELLER NEEDS A FRIEND!



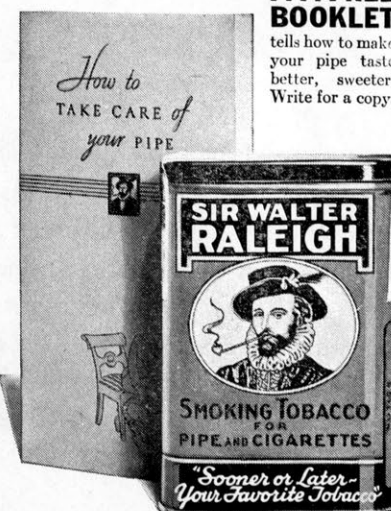
THE hound's nose was keen and alert. The hunter's pipe was strong and neglected. So the rabbit trotted safely back to his home and missus.

A few pipe cleaners and a tin of mild, fragrant tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh would have put a happier ending to the hunt. Sir Walter's an extremely gentle tobacco, a blend of Kentucky Burleys fragrant as the woods in spring and mild as a May morning. Well-aged, slow-burning, it has become a national favorite in mighty short order. Try a tin. You'll find it kept fresh in heavy gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-53

.... FREE BOOKLET

tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

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

A shipment of college boys were visiting an insane asylum and one of them asked an inmate his name. The man replied, "George Washington."

"Why," said one who had visited the place before, "the last time you said your name was Abe Lincoln."

"Yeah," the inmate explained, "that was by my first wife."
—Redcap



Toward the end of last semester an English professor decided to spring a character quiz on his Chaucer class. Among the questions was one asking: "Who laughed and sang all day?"

After much squirming and struggling, one student wrote, "the second little pig," and handed in his paper.

It came back a week later marked as follows: "Triple credit will be taken off because the answer is wrong, your attitude is too supercilious, and besides it was the first little pig."
—Pelican

Judge—"On what grounds do you ask for a divorce?"

Wife—"Insanity, your Honor. I put crackers in his bed, and he ate them all."

Judge—"Is that all?"

Wife—"No, your Honor. After he had eaten the crackers he wanted to know who stole his soup."
—Buccaneer



At a social function one evening it was decided to hold a hunt. Various and sundry articles of clothing belonging to different persons were put on the list, as well as other things difficult to obtain. It was well after midnight when all the participants straggled in, and all of them had forgotten or missed something—all but one. It had been his job to get a blonde to appear at the party nearly nude, and sure enough, he showed up with her.

"How did you manage to get her?" they asked.

"Married her," was the reply.
—Jester

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Name	Page
American House	28
Astor Hotel	30
Beekman Tower Hotel	26
Best Printers	IBC
Brooks Bros.	25
Brown & Williamson Tobacco	31
Cafe de Paris	27
Coop	30
Edgeworth Tobacco	19
Fine Arts Theatre	1
Folsom Engraving Co.	24
Ford Motor Co.	23
Hicks & Shaw	26
Hoods Milk	28
International Mercantile Marine	29
Kaywoodie Pipes	21
Liggett & Myers Tobacco	13
M. Linsky & Bros.	26
Loew's State Theatre	27
Prince Albert Tobacco	7
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco	BC
Shubert Theatre	2
Victoria Hotel	IFC
Walton Lunch	32

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

TO BANISH
TIREDNESS QUICKLY...



GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL!



SPEAKING OF THE EXCITING SPORT with which his name has so long been associated, Ray Stevens says: "When the last heat has been run, it's mighty comforting to light up a Camel. That 'let-down' feeling fades away. I enjoy the pleasure of smoking to the full, knowing that Camels *never* bother my nerves!" (Signed) **RAYMOND F. STEVENS**, North American Bob-Sled Champion

"I'M A CAMEL SMOKER. Camels restore my 'pep' when I've used up my energy. They taste so good, too. There's nothing like a Camel!" (Signed) **JACK SHEA**, Olympic Champion Speed Skater



"AS A MASTER BUILD-ER, I have learned that any real work that requires 'push' calls for Camels. They give me new energy when I'm feeling tired and list-less." (Signed) **FRAZIER PETERS**



COLLEGE GIRL: "When tired, a Camel makes you feel refreshed." (Signed) **MARGUERITE OSMUN**

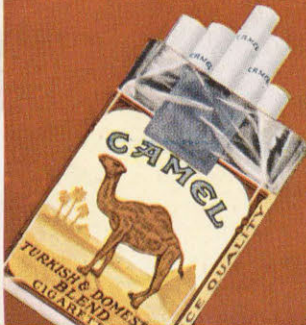
LISTEN IN

You'll like the Camel Caravan starring Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra over coast-to-coast WABC-Columbia Network.

TUESDAY { 10:00 p.m. E.S.T.
9:00 p.m. C.S.T.
8:00 p.m. M.S.T.
7:00 p.m. P.S.T.

THURSDAY { 9:00 p.m. E.S.T.
8:00 p.m. C.S.T.
9:30 p.m. M.S.T.
8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS IN CAMELS..



"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS - Turkish and Domestic - than any other popular brand."

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

Copyright, 1935
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.