

SS. VOODOO



M.I.R.

TRAVEL
NUMBER



WHO GOES THERE?

17,000,000 dead—17,000,000 soldiers and sailors killed in the last war!

Who are they? Statesmen? Politicians? Big-navy advocates? Munitions manufacturers? Business leaders whose factories hummed during war times? Editors whose papers love to stir up international bad feeling, because it helps circulation?

No — not one!

Just average citizens. Young men with their lives before them.

They were told it was glory, and look what they got. Look what *all* of us got! Back-breaking taxes.

Economic disorders that have not yet been righted. A bitter defeat for one side, a bitter victory for the other.

Yet the world is drifting toward another war right now. And those who *profit* by war will encourage that drift unless we who *suffer* by war fight them!

What YOU can do about it —

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

This organization does not claim to have solved the world's troubles or to be able to cure all the world's ills. It does feel, however, that intelligent efforts can *and must* be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so, too, we invite you to write for a copy of the World Peaceways program. It will show you how *you* can do your share, however small, in a modern, practical effort to build up a strong public opinion against war. WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York.

Voo Doo

TRAVEL NUMBER

April, 1937



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Voo Doo

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M. I. T. VOO DOO

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The Issue

While methods sometimes incur Phos's disapprobation, the general idea of a column which has as its avowed objective the criticism of the Institute's too-long established customs is a thoroughly praiseworthy achievement, and Phos hands The Tech a figurative medal for its courage, along with a lemon for its lack of taste.

Spring

The dorm dwellers want their windows washed . . . the sailors are on their river, threading their way among the shells . . . the birds twitter . . . the grass chortles as it thrusts its greenness upward . . . the co-eds wear filmy dresses, and look more beautiful than usual . . . it's spring, the swan song of the universe.

Art

At least one page in the following reflects a desire to present, in VooDoo, something more worthwhile than a book of jokes and cartoons of girls. If possible, there will be included in subsequent issues other sketches and drawings of worth, more artistic than humorous.

Travel

Knickers, Leica and guide book with him, Phos embarks in this issue upon a voyage of exploration, cut somewhat short by curricular exigencies, but showing him in the end that it is not necessary to go far afield to uncover material for thought, reflection and study. His next issue may show the results of this discovery.



VIVIEN FAY

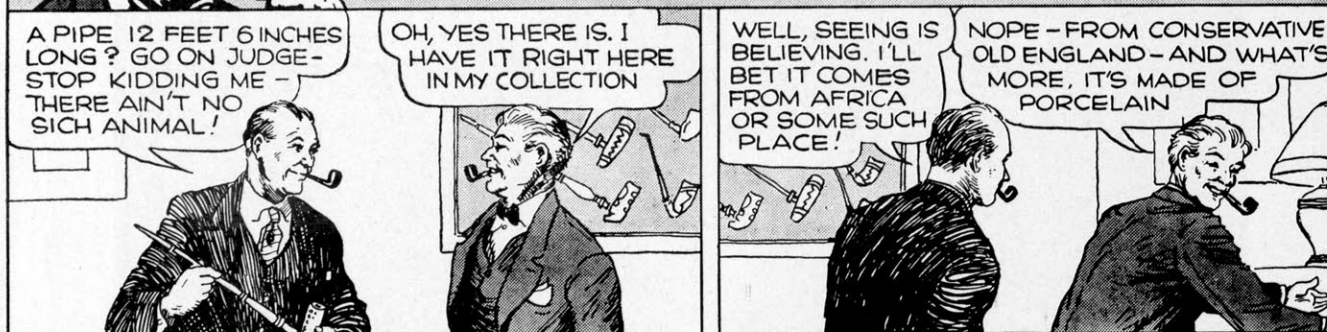
principal dancer with Max Gordon's huge four star musical play

"THE GREAT WALTZ"

Returning to the Boston Opera House on Monday,
April 12th, for a two weeks' engagement.

JOL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AIR-COOLED PIPE



SEE, THE STEM IS CURVED AND INTERTWINED IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN. STRETCHED OUT STRAIGHT, IT WOULD MEASURE TWELVE AND A HALF FEET. ITS PURPOSE WAS TO COOL THE SMOKE AND SAVE THE SMOKER'S TONGUE FROM 'BITE'



PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL 'MAKIN'S TOO!



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

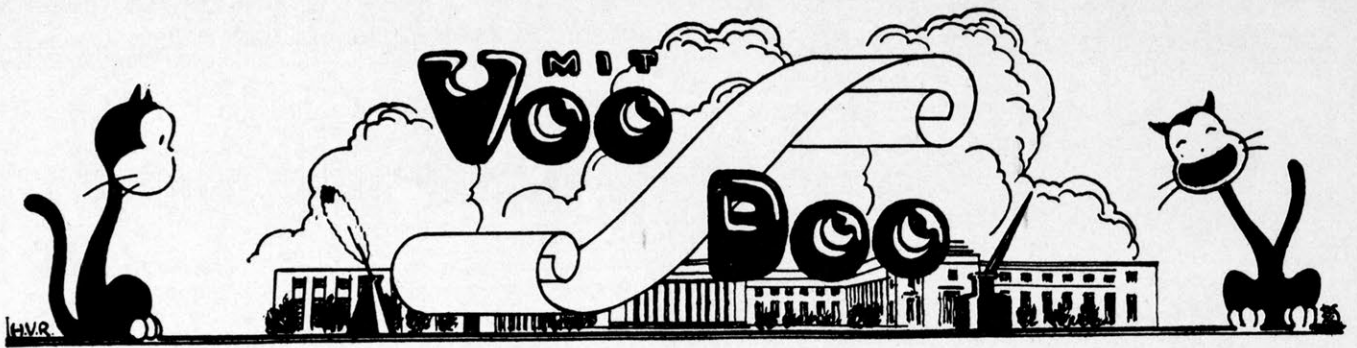
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY TIN OF P.A.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Phos Goes Travelling





Voodooings . . .

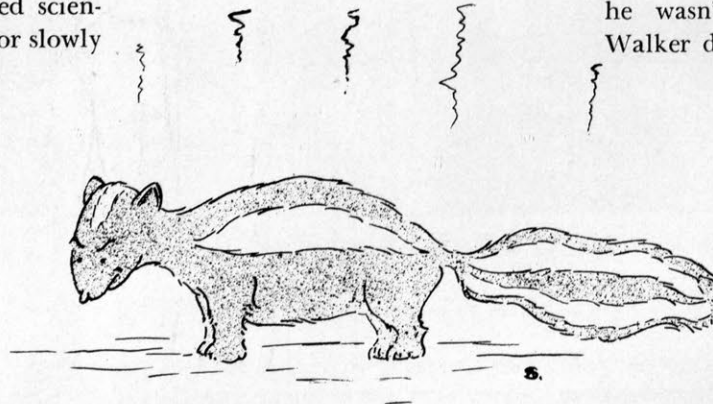
RESEARCH

We don't know why Chemical Engineers have a right to the messiest lab in the Institute, but it may be a little free entertainment for Freshmen on their way to and from classes. It's fascinating business to stand and watch the seniors working on theses. Everyone hurries around on important research. The other day we spent a lot of time watching the floor scrubbed scientifically, and a patient senior slowly scraping rust off a pipe.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Students have been kicking about Walker food ever since the building was constructed and probably before. In fact, we do more than our share, too. There really must be something wrong with the food — for the other day we saw the manager, or he looks like a manager, eating his lunch in Walker's most powerful rival across the river, and he wasn't eating anything that Walker doesn't serve.



WISHFUL THINKING

There are several fraternity men who have never signed W.C.T.U. pledges, but they have suddenly found that several beers give them a much better appetite for dinner. And most every evening they spend an hour sitting at the bar watching the door for a certain blond to walk in. They never speak to her and she doesn't even wave to them. They just sit and watch.

That —
is no
Ferret !

AS CO-EDS GO—

Whenever freshmen run out of conversation, there are always co-eds to talk about. The other evening a freshman with a big opinion of himself was giving the co-eds the verbal once-over. Finally he conceded them one point. "Now about this skating co-ed — She's not so hot compared to Vassar, but for Tech-boy! She's beautiful."



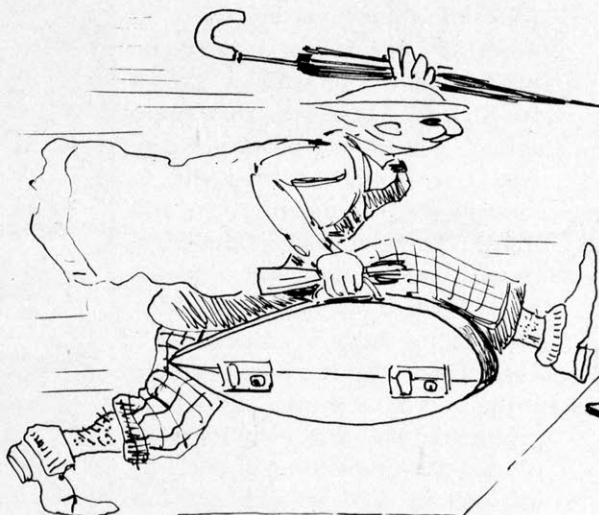
HIGHEST FASHION



Full Dress for Bwana



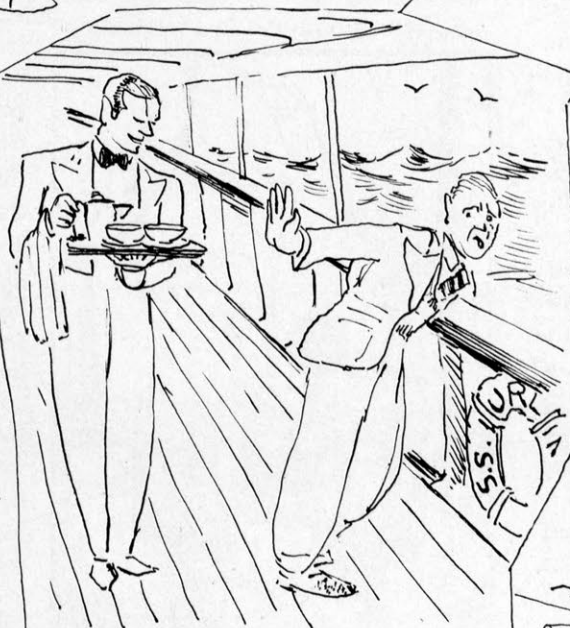
South Station Speedster



Sleeveless Linen Tux for Florida. Note the cuffless Trousers.

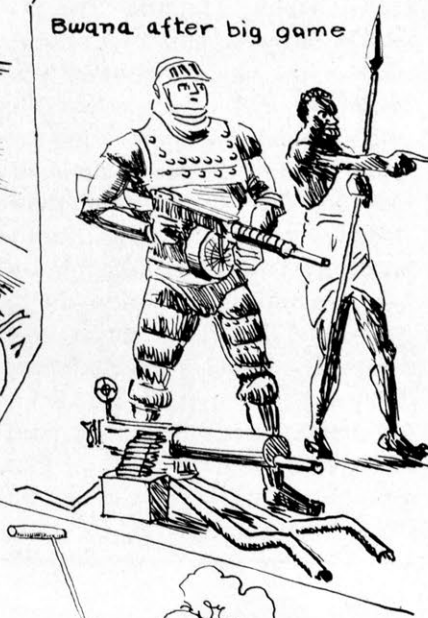


If you must see Spain



South-sea-sick city-slicker spurns smiling, sincere service

Bwana after big game



Water-wings at Waikiki — are not correct. Nor are large waist lines.



But see America first — in this outfit. Equipped with no-draft ventilation.

TAK.

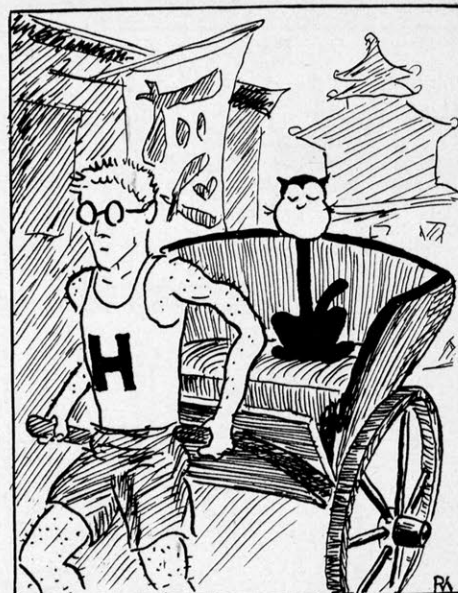
Thither Yucatan - Sure You Can

by bill gibson

About this time of the year, with spring along into, and nearly through its second month, and the little red robins twittering (I hope they'll be twittering) the travel fever begins to get into people's blood. Now a great deal has been said about things getting into people's blood, and I suspect, though I cannot, of course, prove my statement, that the largest part of it is the most preposterously absurd hokum. As nearly as I can remember from my physiology class in prep school, the blood consists only of white corpuscles, red corpuscles, and a mysterious stuff called lymph. Humph. The possibility of there being a lot of other stuff in the blood was never even hinted at, and while perhaps I'm putting undue emphasis on my early training, it seems decidedly unlikely that if all these queer things were really getting into the blood that we say are, the fact would be so completely ignored by the instructors. But then, maybe they don't get around very much, and don't hear about travel and other impurities in the life-giving crimson stream. Anyway, be all the foregoing as it may, it is the custom, since time immemorial, for those

who style themselves writers to sit down and say, in the longest and most involved phraseology known to Roget's Thesaurus, that something is getting into people's blood. And I see from the cover that it must be travel. So here we go, and the only thing (readers excluded, of course) which may suffer is the blood. Which takes a very considerable beating anyhow, and can probably absorb the increment of woe without even a petulant gurgle.

One of the first symptoms of travel is the preparation of one's acquaintances. "Oh yes, old man, I'm off for the Continent in a fortnight"



or "Ah, mon brave, je vais a Biarritz demain huit jours" or "Yeah, I'm hopping a plane to Chi day after tomorrow". Here at the Institute we hear "Well, I gotta go, I have to go to a spelling bee in 2-190 in five minutes". Such are the expressions of travel which waft their winsome way about on the soft April showers. (No, I should say May flowers - but that's a month too soon—perhaps you'd better skip this sentence.)

The next thing is, of course, a bit of luggage. If you read the magazines like Esquire before picking out your grips and trunks, you'll probably have to include a light truck to take the things to the dock,

but if you're smart you won't get any, there are always a couple of bags hanging around a railroad station, and if you pick up one of these, you will probably find your needs satisfactorily taken care of at a much better price. This expedient also saves tips to porters. Then again, you don't have to select the clothes you take, as someone else has already done this for you. Of course, you want to select a bag that looks as though it would suit a person about your size, it has usually been my experience that a bag selected from some check room at random will be more appropriate for a short, fat man, or even a slightly plump lady. Luggage, wardrobe and accessories thus easily taken care of, we next must determine what places to see, and more important, what ones to read about so we can say we've seen them. Of course, if we go to the Continent, Paris will be the first stop. That is, the first voluntary stop, there'll be plenty on the boat train. If you're hungry you can get sandwiches and wine from a guy on the train, and before you've succeeded in making a dent in the crust on either, you'll be in the Gare du Nord. If you have to mention this, you want to be careful about pronunciation, the French, a provident race, have two other words pronounced almost the same way, one of which means war

(Please turn to Page 24)





ye TRAVELLER'S DIARY of EUROPE

TRAVELOGUE

THE MAN IN THE STREET GOES TRAVELING THROUGH THE PAGES OF PERIODICA AMERICANA, MACFADDENE PULP, AND HEARSTIAN SHEETS; THROUGH THE MICROPHONE AND HOLLYWOOD'S HOEY



Hawaii THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC WHERE PINEAPPLES AND UKULELES GROW ON TREES, FLOWER LEIS ON BUSHES, BANANAS AT ARM'S LENGTH WHERE PEOPLE SWING GRASS SKIRTS SO VIGOROUSLY THAT FORTY OR MORE FIND THEIR NAMES IN "WHO'S WHO

IN AMERICA" ~ WHERE AMERICAN CITIZENS OF A CERTAIN STOCK ARE SO DISLOYAL AND SO PERILOUS TO THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. THAT STATEHOOD FOR THE ISLANDS IS AWKWARD ~ WHERE THE SUGAR INDUSTRY IS SO INSIGNIFICANT THAT CONGRESS PREFERS TO LICK CUBAN AND PORTORICAN SUGAR.

Japan — THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

THE LAND OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND TORTURE CHAMBERS, WHERE AN ARMY GROVELING IN OBSOLESCENCE ["LIFE"] CAN MARCH 50 MILES ON A MEAL OF FISH AND RICE, TOPPED WITH "A BOWL OF SUKIYAKI" AND BIRDS' NEST SOUP, WHILE THE OFFICERS EXHORT THE BARONS OF INDUSTRY TO CRACK THE WHIP OF TYRANNY OVER COOLIES, WHO, IN THE SWEAT OF THEIR BROWS AND FOR THREE CENTS A DAY, CATER TO FOREIGN GOBS BENT ON PLEASURE WITH "MESDAMES BUTTERFLIES" OF THE GEISHA CASTE, WHO, BEING DISAPPOINTED, SING "NAGASAKI" AND LEAP INTO THE BOILING CRATER OF FUJIYAMA, OVER WHICH A GLIDER CANNOT SOAR WITHOUT BEING MISTAKEN FOR A MILITARY 'PLANE BY THE EDITORS OF "LIFE"

THIS THE LAND WHERE A BELLY-SPLITTING CONTEST IS HELD, TO SEE WHO HAS THE MOST INTESTINAL FORTITUDE, BECAUSE THE KID NEXT DOOR'S GOT THE MUMPS ~

WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE SO RESOURCEFUL ["LIFE"] THAT THEIR FAVORITE PASSTIME IS GOING ON RIDES IN HUMAN-CARRYING BOIMBS AND TORPEDOES, WHILE OLYMPIC SWIMMERS TRAIN ON OXYGEN [DON'T WE ALL!] WHERE TOP-HEAVY BATTLESHIPS AND A GENEROUS DEFINITION OF THE TON DISTURB FOREIGN NAVAL EXPERTS AND MR. C.C. GREY, WHO SULK, BUT CANNOT CAST THE FIRST STONE.



Merry England THE COUNTRY IN WHICH

HUMOUR IS 24 HOURS OUT OF PHASE, LAGGING, SO THAT THE "VOODOO" AND "PUNCH" ARE BANNED FROM NEWS STANDS ON SATURDAYS ~ WHERE FOUL AIR AND FOG NECESSITATE GAS MASKS ~ WHERE THE ROYAL AIRFORCE IS UNDERGOING AN "EXPANICSION" WHERE EVERYONE, EVEN AN ETONIAN AND OXONIAN [ONE WHO HAS TASTED "OKO"] DROPS HIS "H's."



FROM WHENCE COME AMERICAN MEN'S HIGHEST FASHION — INCLUDING HUMOUROUS HORSEMANSHIP



WHERE THIS IS A BOWLER — AND THIS A DERBY

IT IS WRITTEN: "THE SEED OF TRUE HUMOR TAKES ROOT ONLY IN THE EDUCATED MIND" Tak.

The Day the Moving Man Came

The day the moving men came, Paw and Maw were out on a bender, and Grandpaw was out takin' in a burlesque show, so Grandmaw, I and the dawg Herman was home alone. When the moving men came, and said they had come to move the house, Grandmaw threw up her hands, caught them neatly as they came down, and said, "Lawd amercy! Such goings-ons." Rather a neatly turned phrase, I thought.

But the moving men paid no attention, because they were used to it. So the dawg Herman went up to the moving man chief, and sniffed at his leg. "What's his

and there was no telling where they would take our house to. I told her that she'd be a fool if she didn't take advantage of this opportunity, because she didn't like the neighborhood. "But then," she argued, "what about when Grandpaw came home? He won't be able to find the house." She didn't care too much about Paw and Maw because she was tired of supporting them, but she would feel kind of bad about losing Grandpaw, because he had a kind heart. I explained that some day she'd have to lose Grandpaw anyway, because after all, no one, not even an old sot like Grandpaw could live forever, and she might as well lose him this way as any other.

That decided her. Besides, maybe some one would notice a house going down a street, and direct Grandpaw to it, unless of course he had too much Hashish, in which case he would think he was an I Cash Coo man and get lost.

So she told Herman the moving man to go ahead, and with the dawg Herman trotting alongside, we went rolling down the street.

On the way, about halfway down the block, we met Grandpaw, who had taken too much Hashish and who did think he was an I Cash Coo man. "Herman!" called Grandmaw. "I Cash Coo," announced Grandpaw, and the dog Herman bit him. "What's the big idear?" asked Grandmaw. "I Cash Coo," said Grandpaw, and the dawg Herman bit him. "You otto be ashamed of yoreself," denied Grandmaw, "A big boy like you." "I Cash Coo," said Grandpaw, and bit the dawg Herman. Then everything went black.

When I came to, I felt something wet on my face, and saw the dawg Herman and Grandmaw. Sure enough, Grandmaw was licking my



face and the dawg Herman was sitting by my bed knitting. "I Cash Coo," said the dawg. "How do you like cashing coo?" I asked, and the dawg Herman purled two and dropped one. "Not very much," said the dawg Herman, bending over and picking up the one he had dropped.



name," asked the moving man chief. "What's yore name," I countered, quick as a flash. "Herman," he replied, "what's yores?" "Herman," I said. "And the dawg's name?" he continued relentlessly. "Herman," I answered guilelessly. "And Grandmaw's name?" he said, by way of inquiry. "Hermina," was my witty response.

Grandmaw didn't want to let the men move the house, because, as she explained, they were perfect strangers, and although I said that no one is quite perfect, she said that they were strangers anyhow,



CHAPTER II

Standing arm in arm to leeward of the pillar under the double T on the front of the limestone labyrinth which composes the Institute, Tank Ferriwell, the genius from Hell '38, and his comely (or is it homely? The print is blurred. Oh, there's a gin bottle on the m's? Thanks. The word is comely, of course) bride-to-be gazed languidly and blearily at the sun as it cast its sulphurous rays into the Charles.

Tank started to breath deeply, groping with his palsied hands at the dank morning atmosphere, trying to separate the stink from the soap factory from the stench of the chocolate works, but being unsuccessful, thought better of it and breathed shallowly instead. For Tank could think in a mild way, and although I won't say that he didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain, I must in honesty add that someone else first had to point out that it was raining.

"Darlingest Girl," sighed Tank, "you're perfect. Your father's cook is the seventh wonder of the world, not to mention the summer home. If you could only push a slipstick."

"Dear, handsome, lovable boy, I'll try so hard. It's the goddam logarithm scale that pains me where I become parabolic", she said softly.

"I'll say you do", whispered Tank, taking his eyes off the sun for a moment.

Mac just came in and asked where is Chapter I, and would I mix them with water for a while? Because my freshman has pretty well had the legs run off him lately getting ginger-ale, and wants to go to bed. I'll answer the first question first. No.

In regard to where is Chapter I Mac, I can only say that same is omitted with malice aforethought as follows. I awoke with a shock in a Dynamics class last Wednesday, and while waiting for the Prof to explain how to calculate the tangential force on a contraption that looked like Mt. Rainier melting

down into the Pacific, I read over the first Chapter.

In it was a character named Frank Merriwell who is (or rather was, praise Allah), a course fifteen man. (The "man" is conditional). Now, this guy Merriwell was some character, what I mean is he was something phenomenal. His favorite quotation was "God loves Tech men" but just lately since the Institute began competing with Lewis in making Industry eat out of the hand, Frank changed it a little, so now he says "God loves Tech's super-men".

Well, that's neither here nor there, because the Boston Evening Bulltossor says all Tech men are super-men, and even if Frank is the apple of my eye I'd take the B.E.B.'s word instead of his any day in the week.

I said Frank was '38. Any questions, or is it all clear so far? Frank came to the Institute in '34 with a steely glint in his eye and a thirty-nine inch vacuum in his wallet. All right, so you say there's no such thing as a thirty-nine inch vacuum, and I dashed well say there is. Go over to the Cashier's office in the week before Fall registration and you'll find the pressure's so low it'll knock the bottom out of your barometer.

He came raring right up the gravel in the Great Court that day in September, and announced to all and sundry that he was here on business. Yes, sir. None of this whirling dervish relaxation in the Beantown fleshpots for him. No nights on the stormy sidewalks over by the Vee Fair, or Jake's, or the Merry-Go-Round. No sir. This is where they had the Tea Party isn't it? and that was okay with Frank.

So he got out a set of log tables, and right there in broad daylight produced his slide-rule and began plotting a deviation curve for it. God, boys, it was heartbreaking, it was awful. Vectors were buzzing around his head like the flies on Field Day before they civilized the

Coeds Cry for Super Men

place and substituted songs or whatever it was they did substitute for the dead fish and rotten eggs we used in our day, Mac. Products, sums, and quotients were lying in blood soaked piles moaning for release.

It was right then that the Vision came. We all saw it. Twenty horny-handed, disillusioned, pessimistic worshippers at the altar of $F=MA$ saw it and will swear it's true.

This co-ed was crossing the Court from Building Three to number Four I guess it is. To say she was heavenly is to give heaven more that its due. She was the type of girl whose undraped portrait would caress the pages of the Summer Session's catalog if Ziegfeld ran the place. She had a motion as sleek and rhythmic as a Corliss engine running on full cut-off; her eyes were the color of boiling sulphur and deep like the inside of a condenser; and Brother, when she smiled it was like watching the boat you've designed float. You know how it is; when you've designed it yourself you can stand with your mouth open and just watch it float.

(Please turn to Page 26)



The Roué

Henri Ruttée
1937

Grand Central at 5.30

Out of my hotel I sauntered,
Bag and baggage (bell-boys tottered).
And I flopped into a taxi
At the door.
“Driver” —
To the Grand Central.

The cab was off in a terrific roar
And through the city streets we tore
Dodging people
Making lights
— That mad dash —
To the Grand Central.

Up the Avenue we went it
At 60 per, I'll never forget it
Past shops
And traffic cops
Shrieking whistles.

Around a corner — gripping brakes
We stopped within a two-foot space.
The door swung open
And red-caps scrambled
To make a dime.

I paid the driver an outrageous fee
And hurried through the door to see
A solid mass
Of humanity.

Up and down the ramps they tumbled
Pushing, squirming . . . disgusting bustle.
I bit my lip
And hemmed and hawed
There was plenty of time
To make my train.

A few steps at a faster pace
And right into some fatty's face.
We picked ourselves up
Set ourselves down,
“Pardon me”
Swish —
And on she wound.

A shorter pause to grab my hat
And someone poked me in the back.
Up I sprang and turned around
“Oh you — — dirty rat.”

My ears began to shake and shimmer
As the din and noise grew grimmer.
Everyone was jabbering
Yelling, crying, laughing —
Babble!

Thus I stood a bit perplexed
Wondering — what should I do next?
Of course —
The information booth.

On I wandered through the mob
And stumbled over a stooping broad
Tying her shoelace.
I tipped my hat —
She smiled —
And that was that.

Around a gentleman the people gathered
For info that was willingly granted
Concerning trains —
And other things.

“On track 2 at five-five madam”
And another guy was at him.
“Take it easy”
“What's the rush”
Someone almost bit the dust.

To a sympathizing fellow
All my troubles I did bellow
Desperately.
He pointed
And waved his arms —
“Over there”.

The Century Limited on the 16th track
About five minutes could I grab a snack?
No —
Not time.

(Please turn to Page 28)



What? Tibet for six months!

R. P.

WE
NOMINATE
for
Men of the Month



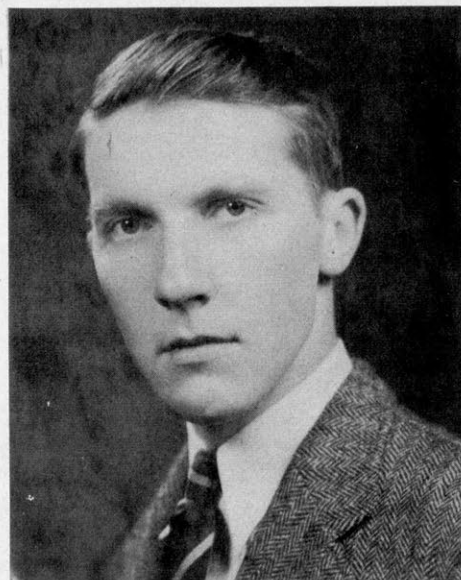
Henry H. Guerke, '37 — Tech's Don Lash, for his excellent work during the recent indoor track season. Took seconds in the Boston A.C. 1000 yard run and in the I.C. 4A 2 mile run. Has broken and re-broken Institute records. Among other things, is Captain of Track and Cross-country and President of the Catholic Club.



Cleon C. Dodge, '37 — Probably Tech's greatest swimmer. Holds records in the 100 yard freestyle and backstroke, 220 yard freestyle, and is a member of the record-breaking relay team. Has earned seven straight T's and is Captain of the Swimming Team. Learned the backstroke in two weeks — well enough to beat the then New England Champ.



Philip H. Peters, '37 — the new Cadet Colonel of Technology R.O.T.C. One of six winners of the coveted nation-wide Tau Beta Pi Fellowships, he was the recent General Manager of this magazine. Was Field Day Marshal, and frequently I.F.C. Chairman. Is President of Tau Beta Pi, President of Gridiron, President of A.I.E.E., and a member of the Institute Committee. A member of the Honors Group of Course VI-A, he can pick one of half a dozen jobs on leaving the Institute. Incidentally, he was also a track and football star in high school.



David A. Wright — The newly elected President of the Technology Christian Association. Rose from the ranks through the medium of T.C.A. blotters, freshmen advisors, and the book exchange. Was Division Manager in charge of such things. A member of the prominent 1938 class of Course XIII-C.



Leonard A. Seder, '37 — for his column "Issues" in The Tech, the Institute's country daily, in which his derogatory opinions of Institute "mores" served as a perhaps much needed purge, and his lightly shaded attacks on campus personalities put the Tech in a peculiarly partisan position in relation to those elections about which he talked so frequently.



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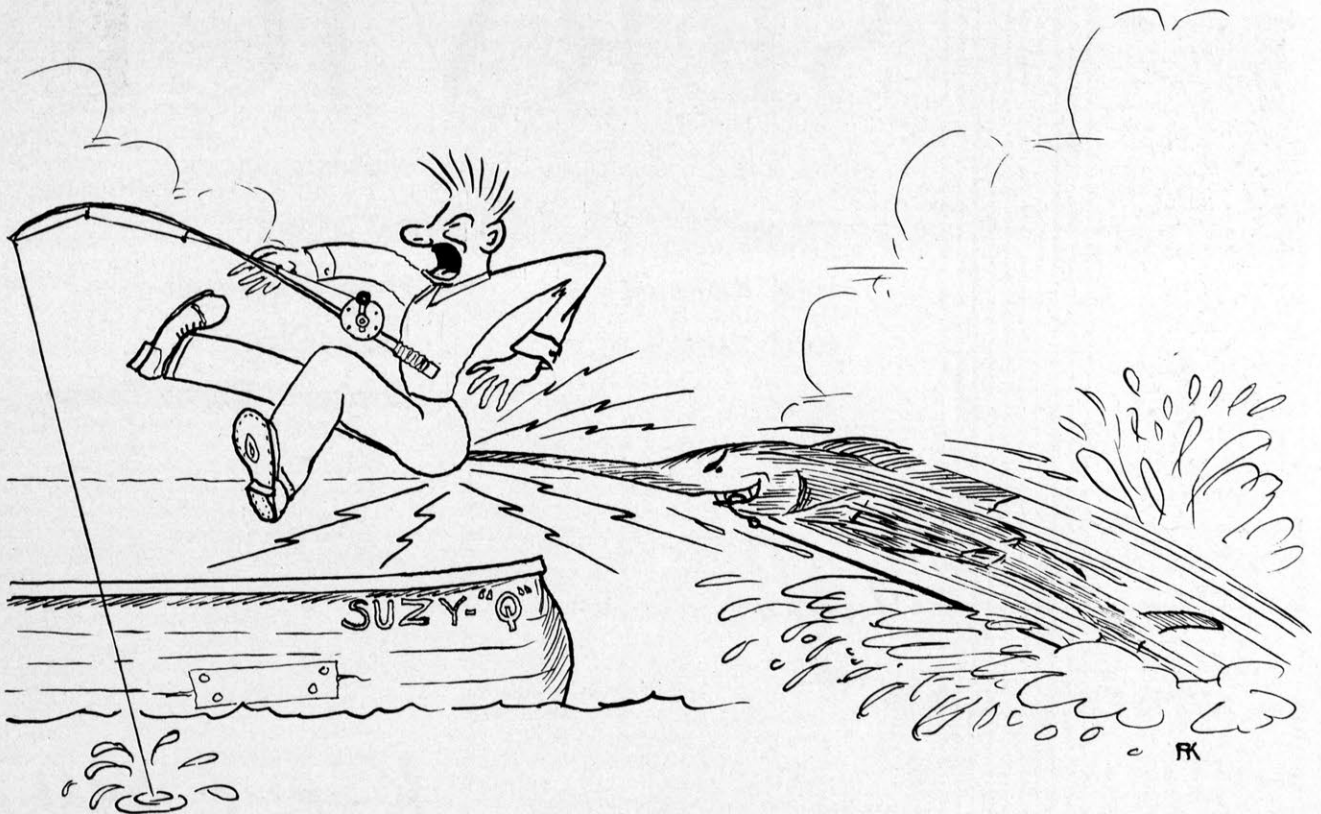
If you will write to our New York store, we shall be glad to send you a copy of the current itinerary, together with a copy of BROOKS-Illustrated.

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RECORDINGS



Honeysuckle Rose Roseland Shuffle

(Decca)

Count Basie and His Orchestra

An old favorite, combined with the Count's unique piano work, heralds a new and dynamic negro style. While the band as yet has a trace of the negro ruggedness, it offers a pleasing contrast from the Goodman influence of today.

Swinging At The Daisy Chain Pennies From Heaven

(Decca)

Count Basie and His Orchestra

The orchestra plays with much more finesse and with more and better arrangement throughout these last two sides. The powerful tenor saxophone solo by Lester Young in "Swinging At The Daisy Chain" warrants its being in every swing library. Young has come to the foreground to be recognized as a truly great musician.

Some of the personnel played with Basie in Benny Moten's Kansas City Stompers in the pre-depression days. Some of these old Victor recordings have been repressed on Bluebird records as a comparison to the present organization. Migrating from Kansas City, the band has attracted widespread attention, and bids fair to take its place at the top of the list.

Love Is Good For Anything Was It Rain?

(Brunswick)

Art Shaw and His Orchestra

Still building his arrangements around the contrast of the flowing string quartet with fiery swing, Art Shaw continues to gain in popularity. This latest recording is a masterpiece of the Shaw style, with Peg LaCentra approaching the perfection in song of a Mildred Bailey.

Love Song of a Half-Wit

(In Two Parts)

(Brunswick)

The Hudson-DeLange Orchestra

Six minutes of stereotyped music. Messrs. Hudson and DeLange sit late at night inventing different nondescript titles for the same tune; they're all organ grinds. If you've bought one of their records, you have the entire album. Save your money for better things.

Study In Brown Whoa Babe

(Decca)

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra

These two solid numbers characterize a new era for the Casa Loma orchestra. Awakening to the fact that their music was beginning to be tiresome, the "meaningless-note-blowers" began to consult the masters of improvisation. Combined with more fruitful arrangements, they have arrived at a happy result. With Glen Gray directing for the first time since the band organized, the change should be even more marked.



Song of India Marie

(Victor)

Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra

The "Song of India" is the most unusual arrangement since the solvency of the Dorsey Brothers' Organization. The score is from the pen of Tommy, himself, who has arranged with the most unusual figures, and given the band depth that is seldom heard. The reverse side is very satisfying; the Three Esquires and Jack Leonard are very much alive on the vocal.

I'll Dream My Way To Heaven Thanks For Everything

(Victor)

Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra

This latest popular recording should appeal even to the "Lombardo class"

Jivin' The Vibres Stomp

Lionel Hampton and His Orchestra

Breaking away from the Goodman regime, Lionel Hampton has assembled most of Goodman's men with two of the darker race's best tenor saxophonists to record things, finally, in his own way. His drumming in "Stomp" is the most exhilarating ever heard. On the first side is an extended improvisation by Hampton for the entire record. It is very inspirational, and never becomes tiresome with a full orchestra supporting the solo work.

Underneath A Bamboo Bridge How Could You?

(Brunswick)

Miff Mole and His Orchestra

Coming as a complete surprise, Miff Mole, the originator of the swing trombone, returns after years of oblivion. The orchestra plays in the best modern style, but still might possibly be a studio recording orchestra. While Mole's trombone solo in "How Could You?" is a bit dated, he still retains his old vitality and inspiration. Let's hope that this is the beginning of the revival of a great personality in swing music — may it not fall on the rocks, as the Original Dixieland Five did only recently.

Chloe (Song of the Swamp) Ida

(Victor)

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra

A desperate attempt at salesmanship is made by combining the full orchestra's "Chloe" with the Quartet's mildly interesting "Ida", to truly make it a bargain day. One cannot overlook the fact that the monotonous, loud brass section has not the happiest effect, while the blatant arrangements completely subdue the individual talent of the musicians. The King of Swing might someday find himself as another Selassie.

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TONGUE BITE is the bane of pipe smokers. We guarantee that Edgeworth will not bite the tongue.

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3—Edgeworth Jr.—the same tobacco also Process-Aged, but cut for a milder, more free-burning smoke.



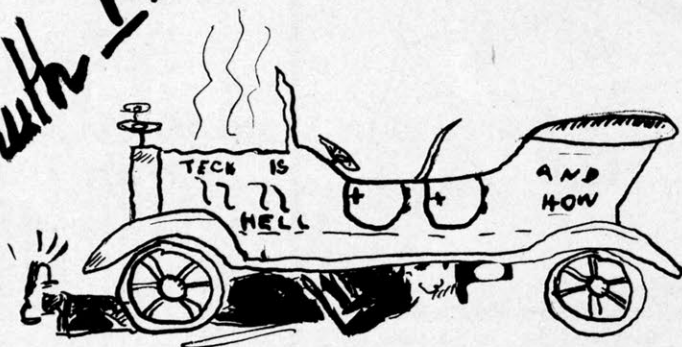
Please accept 50¢ Gold Plated Collar-Pin for only 10¢ when you buy Edgeworth. Merely send inside white wrapper from any tin of Edgeworth with your name and address and 10¢ to Larus & Bro. Co., Dept. 100, Richmond, Va.

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The Truth Is A



This man will be late for a date

GET A

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Instead of at 12 you'll be there at 8

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HN

Representative Joke of Other Lands

Spain

Ella: Soy perfecta.

El: Soy práctico.

Germany

Sie: Ich bin der Meister.

Er: Ich bin die Übung.

France

Elle: Je suis parfaite.

Lui: Je suis l'usage.

Old Rome

Perfecta sum.

Pracitus sum.

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THE TECH

She: I'm practice.

He: I'm perfect.



Life is but a passing spasm
In an aggregate of cells;
Kiss me, pretty protoplasm,
While your osculation dwells
Glucose-sweet, no enzyme action
Or love-lytic can reduce
Our relations to a fraction
Of hereditary use.
Nuclear rejuvenation
Melts the auricle of stoic;
Love requires a balanced ration —
Let our food be holozoic;
Let us live with all our senses
While anabolism lets us —
Till — with metaplastic fenses
Some katabolism gets us,
Till, potential strength, retreating
Leaves us at extinctions chasm;
And since time is rather fleeting,
Kiss me, pretty protoplasm.



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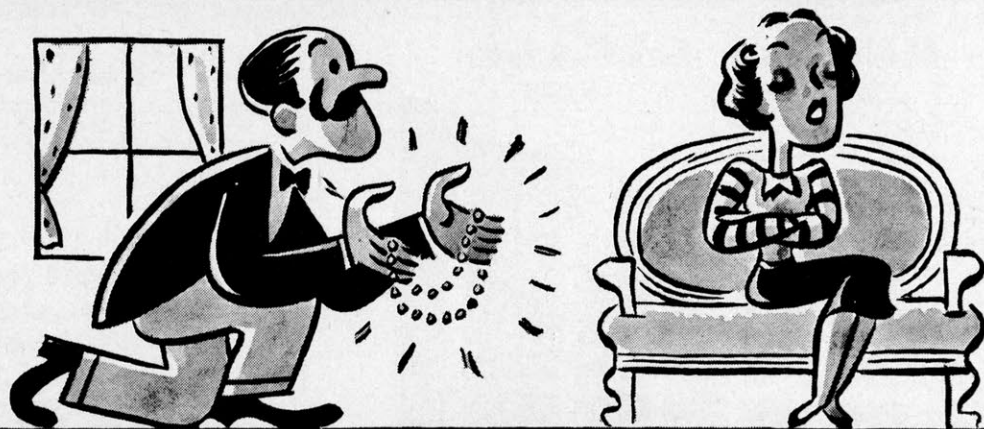
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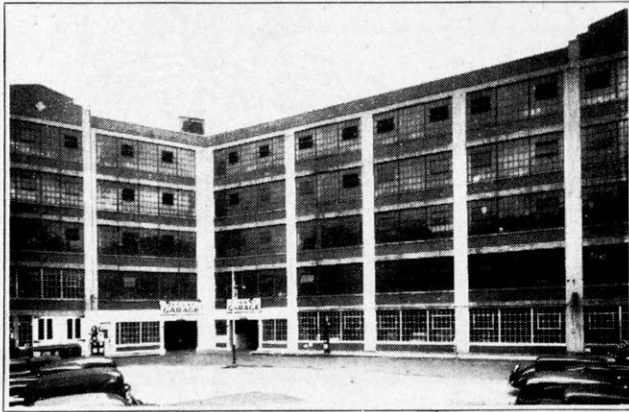
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Dine and Dance

Jear this "Ad" Out . . .

NEW CASINO Management courtesy to M.I.T. Students will entitle bearer of this ad and party to removal of minimum charge on any night except Friday and Saturday.

LEE SHELLEY and his orchestra
 in Boston's Most Beautiful Room

Continuous Entertainment
 No Cover Charge

The New Casino . . .

HOTEL BRUNSWICK · COPLEY SQUARE
 Minimum Charge, Mon. to Thurs., \$1.00; Friday and Saturday, \$1.50 — Ken. 6300

"The Drunkard"

Taking a cue from New York Night Clubs like the Old Red Barn and the Gay Nineties, the Brunswick Casino is presenting this week, "The Drunkard", a miniature melodrama with a cast of professional performers. Lasting only 25 minutes, the feature is presented as somewhat of an experiment this week; but if it attracts sufficient interest, it will probably continue for the rest of the season.

Among the inducements offered by the management of the Brunswick to its patrons is a special theatrical dinner served on week-ends, which entitles the guests to return later in the evening to dance, at no extra charge. The music is by Lee Shelley, who is presenting autographed copies of his published theme song to all patrons, including M.I.T. students, who wish them.



ALE! ALE! THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

Little Willie fell into *Anneusher Busch* and tore his pants to *Schlitz*. He *Pickwicked* himself out and returned home a sadder *Budweiser* boy. *Pabst* so, *Pabst* not.

Certain people don't care very much about their English as long as their Scotch is good.

I call my girl "peninsula" because she's such a long neck. . . .



Wise guy (to taxi driver): Taxi?
 Taxi driver: Yep.

Wise guy: That's what I thought it was.



1st Kid: Be you got fleas?

2nd Kid: Of course I am, everybody does.

FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

She: I'm perfect.

He: I'm sleepy.

Submitted by
GEORGE ESTES

THREADBARE

By C. W. Freeman

Pity the poor and threadbare bear

Though he doesn't seem at all to care

There's nothing to his hide but hair

Just think yourself how you would fare

Oh, pity the poor and threadbare bear.

Yes, pity the poor and threadbare bear

For when he tears forth from his lair

In search of rare and handsome hare

He hasn't got a thing to wear

Of clothes and stuff he's ne'er a pair

Pity the poor and threadbare bear.

Do pity the poor and threadbare bear

It's only when he's on a tear

Or when the air is extra fair

That he dares fare from his lair

But I ask you "Sharley, vas you dere?"

Yes, pity the poor and threadbare bear.



BIG TIMES for the

SPRING HOLIDAYS

Pinehurst has a B-I-G Holiday Program. Some fun! Afternoon and evening dancing, sports features for college men and women, something going on every minute. Bring your golf clubs, tennis racquets, riding togs, or gun, and revel in active enjoyment of all outdoor sports in a mild and equable climate — one of many advantages that place Pinehurst in a class by itself as a southern resort.

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a half bottle

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a bottle

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a half bottle

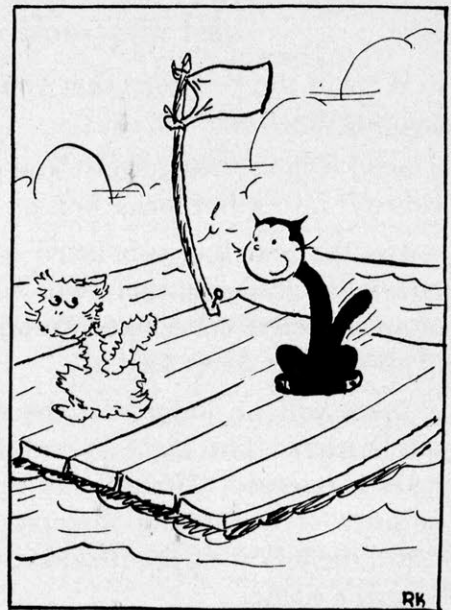
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grassy steppes swish past us, we see, swinging a wide arc on the northern horizon, the pole, its summit topped in fog. We toil up a great plateau of shale to a more firm calcium deposit, mapping carefully the routes daily, and, if our guides are faithful, and no warlike janitors deter us, we may, in a year or so, cross the hither halls, and drop into a hard wooden valley for a while, home at last. There's nothing so stimulating as travel.

Thither Yucatan—Sure you can

Continued from Page 8

and the other scarcely. So if you ask for the station and find yourself being kissed on both cheeks by a flock of generals, you'll know why. Don't make the same mistake the first time, and you'll get by. If you want by. Having seen Paris

(Ed. note—We can't go into that here, it's better to go into it in Paris — see me for addresses and prices) we next determine our route thence. Following the route in the second paragraph, for no other reason than that, we can hire a car and drop down to Biarritz. Don't be encouraged by that "down" to cycle, when you're on a bicycle there's only one direction in France, and that's up. Biarritz is quite a place, wasn't it. The only way to get very far is not to wait until we get there to see it, but to look first and then not go. Turning a little to the west and donning bathing trunks — you can dress on the beach, everybody does it — we soon arrive in Chicago. While we're in Chicago we can drop in on my room mate and Kay — 6032 Ingleside — and have a drink. The other landmark in Chicago is the Trianon, the most ballroom in the world, and after Paris we'll need it. From here it's only a short brisk walk, more brisk than short, to the goal of our journey, 2-190. As the



As We See Them

Radio Comics

JACK BENNY (Sunday, 7:00 P.M.).

They say that his contract has been extended until 1940. And with good reason. Benny is undoubtedly the best comedian on the air today.

PHIL BAKER (Sunday, 8:00 P.M.).

Phil, Beetle, and Bottle plod along regularly every Sunday. Nothing exceptional but good for an occasional laugh.

EDDIE CANTOR (Sunday 8:30 P.M.).

We can remember back to the days when Eddie was a comedian. It seems that his main interest in life now is to see that old truck horses get their apple a day. Comedians should make us laugh, not cry.

JACK PEARL (Monday, 9:30 P.M.).

The old Baron trying to make a come-back. Sometimes his dialect is funny but more often it's monotonous.

JACK OAKIE (Tuesday, 9:30 P.M.).

About the only movie comedian who hasn't got a radio program of his own is Harpo Marx and it's rumored that he, too, will start a series soon. Oakie's College is good for a few laughs but that doesn't make it a first rate comic hour.

FRED ASTAIRE AND CHARLES BUTTERWORTH (Tuesday, 9:30 P.M.).

The Astaire personality is somewhat lost over the radio but enough of it gets through to make his program enjoyable. The same may be said of Butterworth.

BURNS AND ALLEN (Wednesday, 8:30 P.M.). Been going for quite a while now but can't seem to get up the momentum necessary for top flight stuff. Most of the dialogue is funny.

FRED ALLEN (Wednesday, 9:00 P.M.). Rates second to Jack Benny. Personally we think that the variety show doesn't help the program out any. But the strictly

professional part is often very good. At times this program represents the best satire on the air.

Other Good Programs

Vox Pop (Tuesday, 9:00 P.M.).

This, in our opinion, takes the cake. They set the microphone up in the lobby of some large public building and ask the passers-by tough questions. You ought to hear some of the answers.

FORD AND GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (Sundays, 9:00-10:00 and 10:00-11:00 P.M., respectively). High grade classical music very well played by large orchestras. The guest artists are always good. Put these on your "must listen" list.

METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA (Saturdays, 2:00 P.M.). If you are near a radio on Saturday afternoon and don't listen to the opera, there is something wrong with you. But Saturday afternoon is a hell of a time to sit indoors for anything.

GUY LOMBARDO (Thursday, 8:30 P.M.). Seems to be on the decline in popularity but the quality is still tops. Guess the public wants new blood.

BENNY GOODMAN (Almost any night). The most popular swing band on the air today and apparently with good reason.

Movies

MAYTIME — M.G.M. (MacDonald-Eddy). An excellent singing team set to a good composer. We look forward to more Eddy-MacDonald pictures. This one will royally entertain you or we miss our guess.

THE GOOD EARTH—M.G.M. (Muni, Rainer, Losch). We are not partial to seeing pictures at legitimate production rates preferring to wait until they come around to the local movie houses — which
(Please turn to Page 30)

MAN'S PIPE BITES DOG!



... then he switched to the brand of grand aroma



THAT'S news, all right—and a dirty trick on Fido! Pipes need a good Spring cleaning now and then to cure their bite. And for your throat's sake—if not for Fido—try switching from your old hot-and-heavy brand of pipe tobacco to mild Sir Walter Raleigh. It is milder. That's no idle boast—it's a cool-burning, fragrant-smelling, Kentucky Burley fact! 15¢ for two full ounces buys you and Fido a million dollars' worth of fine, full-flavored smoke aroma!

UNION MADE

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN)
NBC BLUE NETWORK, FRIDAYS 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Co-Eds Cry for Super Men

Continued from Page 12

I like Applejack better than women myself, so I was looking at Frank all this time. (You'd forgotten him, hadn't you?) In the three minutes it took this vision, this high-stress steel projectile of coordinated femininity, this Balm from Gilead to cross the Court, Frank found the lost chord, finished Mozart's Fifth Symphony, and solved the riddle of the sphynx. Then he looked her up and down and said, "Boys, there is the girl I'm going to marry".

So he hurried through the four years, passing quizzes right and left, looking up references in the library, and not only buying but reading all the damn books the authors re-edit every year. His dividends from books at the coop were as big as yours or mine would be Mac, if they ran an all-night cabaret with a balloon dancer and if we got our hair cut now and then.

That's the way Frank's life at Tech was. He drove his professors hard, Frank did; like the time when in a Physics lecture, one of those intermediaries between you and me and the Power that the bible wrote about but couldn't describe, was giving the lads a harangue on interference rays. Just casually and for rhetorical effect this prof asked were there any questions? Well, so help me, Frank stood up and said yes there were questions, and began spilling them off like a machine gun. For two days and nights (that was the weekend you and I got snowed in over at Simmons, Mac, and would have frozen to death if ninety-proof whiskey could freeze). Frank asked one question after another until finally Mr. Butts, the prof, shot himself. But I'll say this for Frank; if he did drive the profs he certainly didn't spare himself.

Twenty hours a day Frank was either over at the plant asking questions or up sitting at his desk tearing the fundamentals out of courses that are just numbers in the catalog

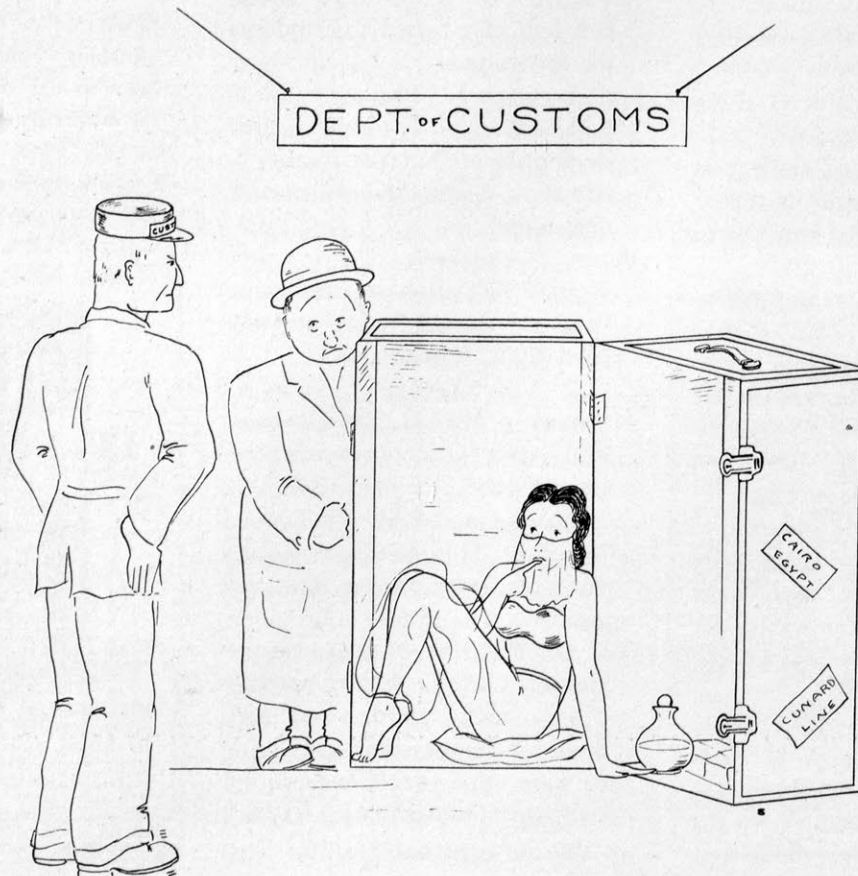
to you and me.

And all the time he was working, this lovely vision, this blonde co-educated goddess, this Circe of Aeaea was sitting in his lap running the slide-rule while Frank thought up the equations.

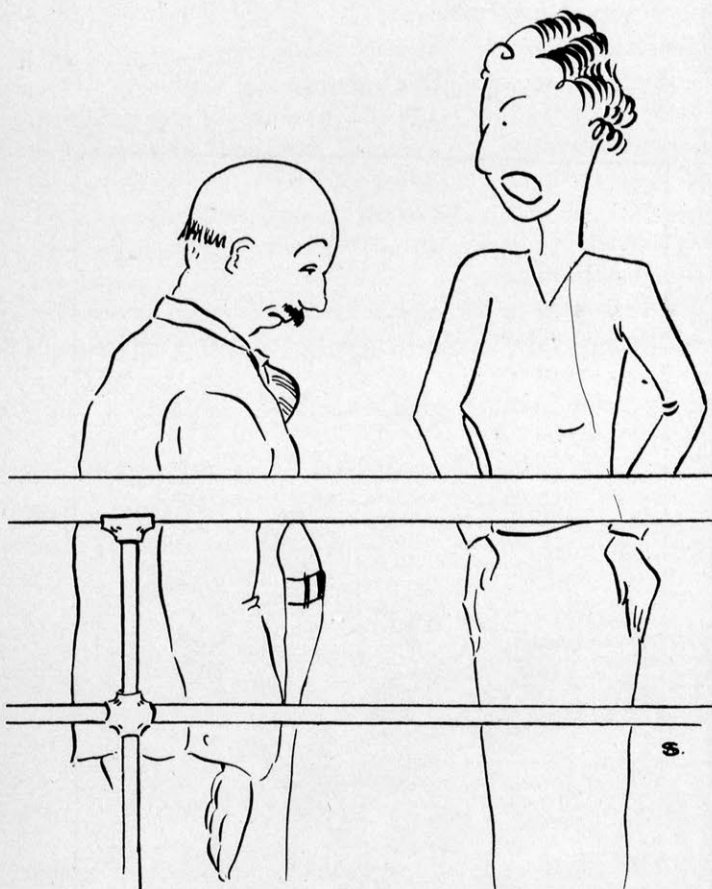
Every week or so she'd whisper in his ear and say "Frank, you're marvelous", and a couple of diamond studded tensors would go rocketing off into the night. Frank's life at Tech was like that, and I might add Mac, barring the twenty hours work, Frank's lot was wonderful and at that I'm a conservative.

That, brother, is what I had to contend with in Chapter I, but I come from a long line of To-Hell-with-this-and-Thatters, and anyway, I'm an engineer so I write facts only, not fiction. If points obtained through the rigors of empirical derivation don't fall along a smooth curve, by Zeus, I'll rear back and show they don't. I won't use Bugger Factors or Perkin's Coefficients or what have you.

So I decided to scrap Chapter I



and make Chapter II which shows how the other ninety-eight per cent lives. (Maybe so Mac. Ninety-eight per cent is a slight overestimate, but Mr. Roosevelt and myself both don't bother much about ninety per cent one way or another.) Therefore we find one Tank Ferriwell standing arm in arm with his bride-to-be, which is a coed. And that's enough said so you and I can understand Mac. Sure he's crazy, but half the time he can't see anyway, so what difference does it make if the horses do shy away when she walks down the streets and her morning's glass of milk curdles when she puts her face into it?



I can't understand why you're so changed after seeing Bali.

for

M. I. T. Undergraduates *only*



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Evening Dress requested at
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The Barber Shop

IS NOW LOCATED IN THE

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40 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

Directly Opposite the Building of Naval Architecture

GRAND CENTRAL AT 5:30

Continued from Page 14

I reached the spot within a jiffy
To hear the starter yell his ditty
"Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo,
Cleveland, Toledo,
And Chicago."
"All aboard."

Through the gate to Pullman 4
George was waiting at the door
Silently.

A two-bit tip
And he tripped
Up the steps.
"Yassah — right this way."

No sooner had I found my seat
When there was a crack and creak
And we were off —
I wiped my brow.

We left the Grand Central.

J. A. West.

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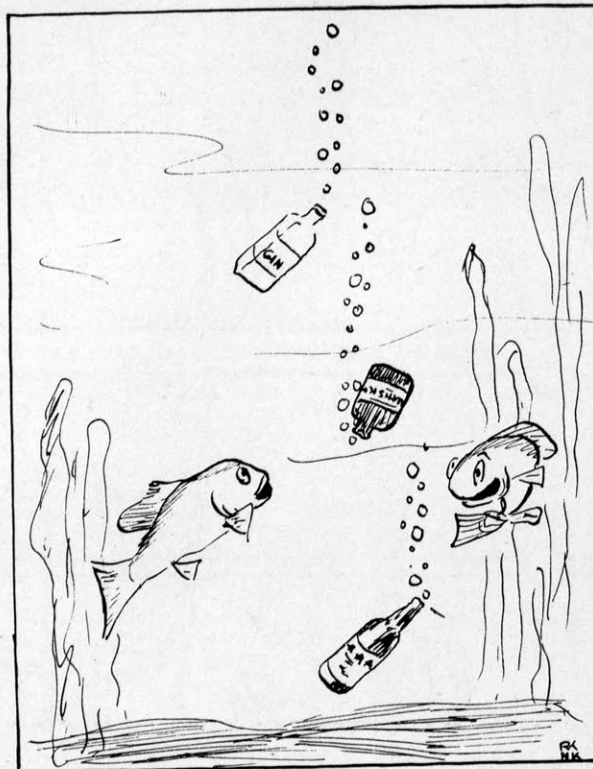
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Bermuda Bound

They Had To See Wellesley or Paradise Lost

(No Reward Offered)



E. Killigrew Blutz had been a fast worker over the shorter distances for the Spearfish Normal track team, but when women entered the picture he was strictly a distance man. At any rate, after the scandal of his affair with the bubble dancer whose costume had insufficient surface tension he went into hiding as a naturalist.

It was after his last field expedition that the great metamorphosis in Killigrew was noticed. The only thing he brought home that time was the lady bug; and as for the flora and fauna of the district, our naturalist knew only that Flora already had roots in three fraternities. Then too, Flora was an old-fashioned girl — but she liked her Old Fashioned in a glass. A nice girl for late dates too; everyone was used to seeing her slide in with the morning male. The chief objection seemed to be that ever since learning where bad little girls go she had been trying to get some one to take her there.

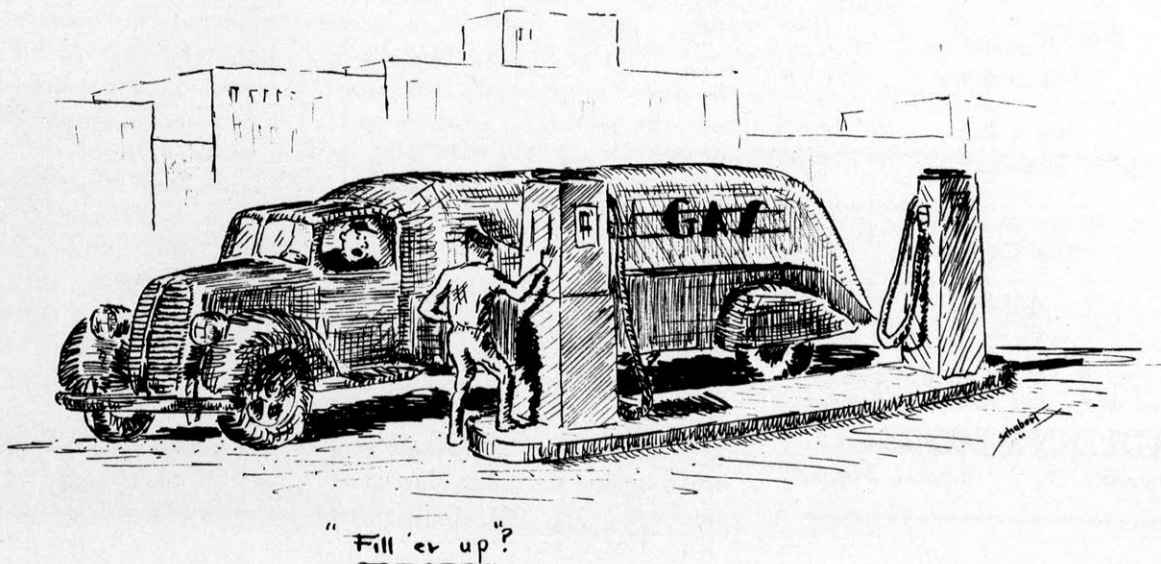
It was to investigate these vicious rumors that the Voo Doo Safari was outfitted and sent out in the direction of Wellesley. Trinkets were

loaded in an old water-wagon left around by the Hoover administration, and the trek got under way with fifty of the stronger brown-baggers as porters. The boys were looking around for a camping site when the sight came up and hit them in the face like a .065 cumulative. In the distance it looked like coeds on a man-hunt, but one of the porters lived across from a sorority and owned a pair of field glasses which brought the subject into sufficient focus to prove that the apparition was a group of Wellesley aesthetic dancers doing their lab work. And the worst of it was that they had, cornered in their midst, one of the Tech cross country runners who was just finishing one of the previous season's races. Now everyone of the Expedition's members was tops as a humanitarian; all of them would have given the poor runner the shirts off their respective backs if he wanted to take the trouble to redeem the pawn tickets. Yes sir, every one was a manly fellow — as frank as Mechanics and Heat and as brave as a Military Science lecturer — but that tragic spectacle bleached their skins so white with fear that you'd have sworn that knighthood was still in flour. The Voo-dooers suddenly remembered that it was time for the Jello program and that they'd have to hurry back if they were to copy their jokes for the next issue, but

before anyone could say special-dynamics-of-a-mass-point a shrill whistle was blown and the expedition was surrounded by hundreds of whirring, spinning, wheels. With a precision born of habit the boys swallowed their dice, broke up the roulette wheel, and replaced the whiskey still as part of the truck's carburetor, — but when they turned around they saw not the cops but hundreds of bicycles. And the bicycles wouldn't have been so hard to take if it hadn't been for the fact that there was a Wellesley girl at the controls of every one. Now you've heard of the Light Brigade, the Battle of the Marne, and of the man who voted Republican in Alabama, — but you never saw a braver fight against odds than those boys waged for freedom and the Golden Rule. All except one escaped into Boston and the safety of the subways. The lone victim was a good fellow in a male bull session but as a ladies' man he always proved a bum steer. So he was sent home postage due, but only after the girls had evidently tried to correct his deficiencies — at least he was all covered with red pencil marks.

When the next freshman class rolls around we can doubtless find sufficient believers in the rights of man to organize a punitive expedition. 'Till then we'll have to trust in the vigilance of the house mothers.

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AS WE SEE THEM

Continued from Page 25

they invariably do. But this is an exception. It is certainly worth all the press agent says it cost.

LOST HORIZON — Columbia (Colman, Wyatt, Margo, Jaffe). At last Hollywood is realizing that sticking closely to the book yields a better picture than rewriting the entire theme. This picture follows closely the best-seller from which it was adapted except for the happy ending that is tacked on. Result: A damn good picture.

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL — Warner Bros. (Fernand Gravet, Blondell). A musi-comedy take-off on the Simpson affair. Groucho Marx helped write it which is in its favor. The star is a dead ringer for the Duke of Windsor.

MICHAEL STROGOFF — R.K.O. Radio (Anton Walbrook). Herein another romantic hero is added to the Gable, Taylor, Flynn, Colman gang. A blood and thunder picture retaining the vigorous action of Jules Verne's book.

Other Pictures Which May Still Be Around

ON THE AVENUE. We liked Madeleine Carroll better in the British picture from whence she came but between Dick Powell, Irving Berlin, and ****The Ritz Bros., this is one of the best and funniest movie musicals in a long time.

CAMILLE. We personally think Garbo and Taylor highly overrated but the picture is easily worth seeing.

The Legitimate Theatre In The Offing

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. Sylvia Cecil is no Muriel Dickson but in other respects the D'Oyly Cartes are as good this year as ever. Marjorie Eyre is the prettiest girl in the company. Martin Greene is just as good as he was two years ago when he first started to take leading parts. The rest of the com-

pany is excellent. If you have never seen a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, your education is sadly lacking and this may be the best opportunity you will have in your life to make up for it. If you are already a G. & S. fan you will welcome this opportunity. If you are a beginner, see one of these: *The Mikado*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Pinafore*, *Iolanthe*. If you have already seen some but not many, see *Patience* and *The Gondoliers*. The presentations of *Princess Ida*, *Ruddigore*, and *The Yeomen of the Guard* are opportunities which present themselves rarely even to the most rabid Gilbert and Sullivan fan. The Company comes to the Colonial Theatre soon. You will probably find it advisable to make early reservations for the lesser known works because of the limited number of performances scheduled.

VICTORIA REGINA. Laurence Houseman's plays ably presented by Helen Hayes are due in Boston in the near future. We saw the group over a year ago in New York and intend to see it again when it comes to town. You will especially like the shaving scene. All the plays presented are the cream of the dramatic crop.

WPA OPERA. People who are inclined to scoff at the work of the WPA on the stage must feel pretty insignificant after they have seen a WPA performance. The best results of the Federal Theatre in Boston have been achieved by the Music Project's Grand Opera. The principals are not so hot but even the Metropolitan could take lessons from these folk where it comes to ensemble work. The best WPA performance was Wagner's "Flying Dutchman." It was something to be enthusiastic about. The Pagliacci was not so good but Carmen made up for it even though the admission price was doubled. There will be more WPA opera this week and our advice is to watch for it.

BOO-HOOEY

Boo: If you met an Earl on the street, how would you address him?

Hoo: I'd say, "Hello your Lordship."

Boo: And how would you address his wife?

Hoo: "Your Ladyship."

Boo: Then would you call an admiral, "Your Flagship"?

Moral — in addressing a peer you might say, "Hi! Dock."

Everyone was surprised when I addressed the waiter in French . . . so was the waiter, *he was a Greek.*

ODETTE

Lovely creature,
Who was it that forged thy breasts
And cast thy legs?
"God?"
Say not God,
For He
Can only make a tree.

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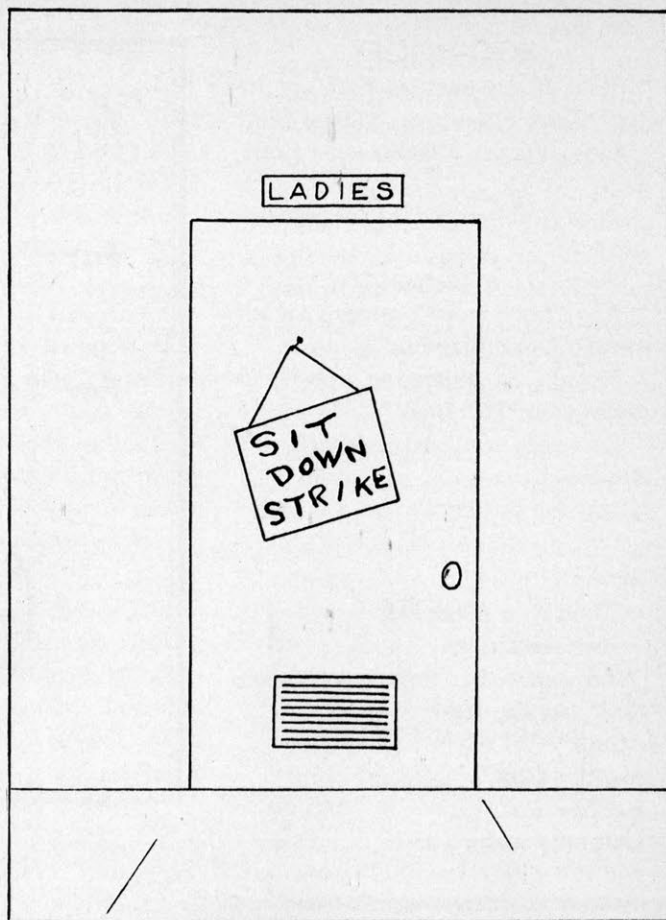
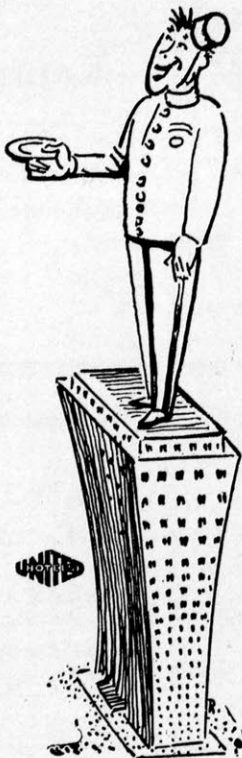
Everyone is dropping in to the Roosevelt now, it's really the thing to do. You see, we pay particular attention to college men and women, so that if you find you've forgotten pajamas, a toothbrush, or other little odds and ends we'll take care of them.

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are in the Grill every evening, and they'll play any tune you want from college songs to waltzes. Besides, the dance floor is smoother than ever this year.

P. S. If it's awfully cold out, raining, sleeting, or snowing, don't forget that you can reach the Roosevelt by an underground passage from the Grand Central Terminal.

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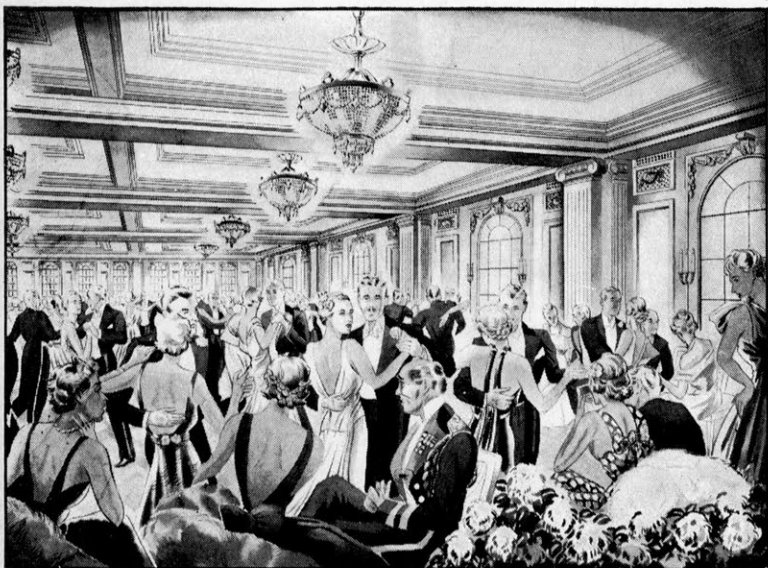
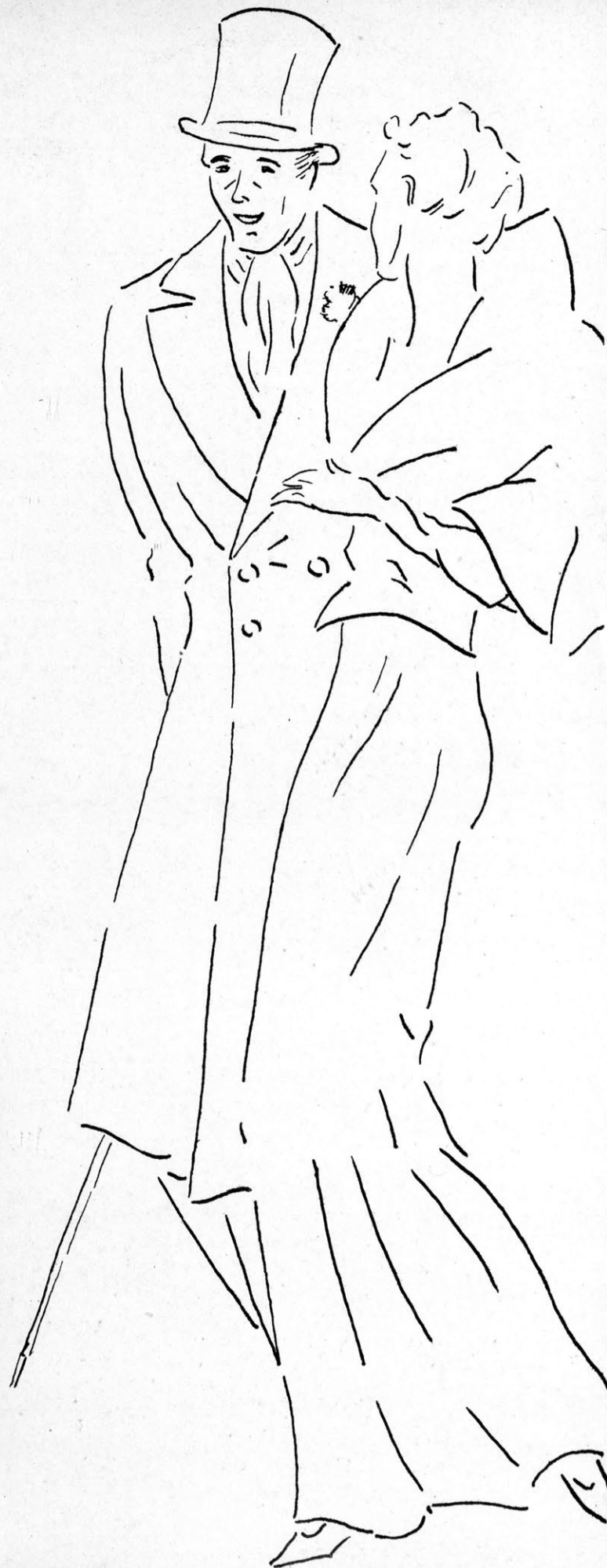
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