

LOVE



LOVE

"Why I choose Camels...."

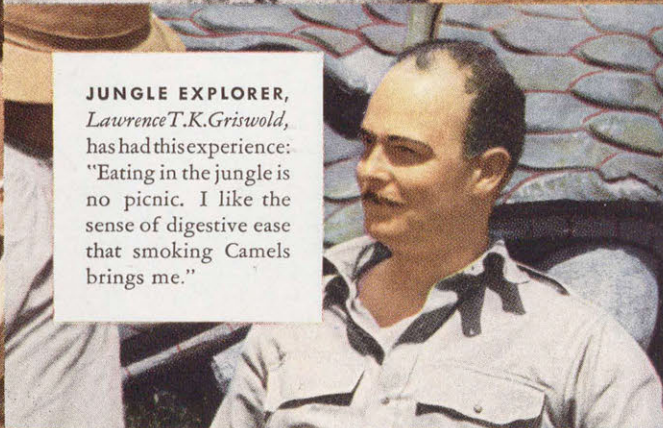


NAT'L OPEN GOLF CHAMPION, record-smashing *Tony Manero*, says: "I had healthy nerves and good digestion on my side. Naturally I would. I'm a hearty Camel smoker. Camels don't get on my nerves. And 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' hits the ball right on the nose. When I enjoy Camels, I feel cheered up, enjoy my food more, and have a feeling of ease."

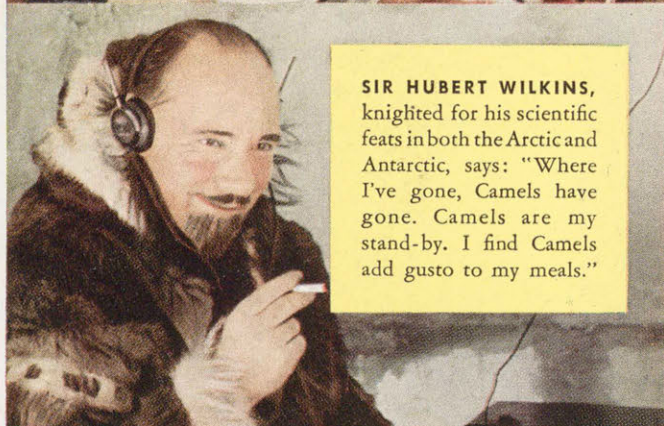
Take up Camels yourself. Enjoy Camel's costlier tobaccos the whole day through. At mealtime, smoking Camels aids digestion—speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—increases alkalinity.



GLOBE-CIRCLING REPORTER, *Miss Dorothy Kilgallen*. She carried Camels on her record dash. "I ate all kinds of food," she says, "but Camels helped to keep my digestion tuned up."



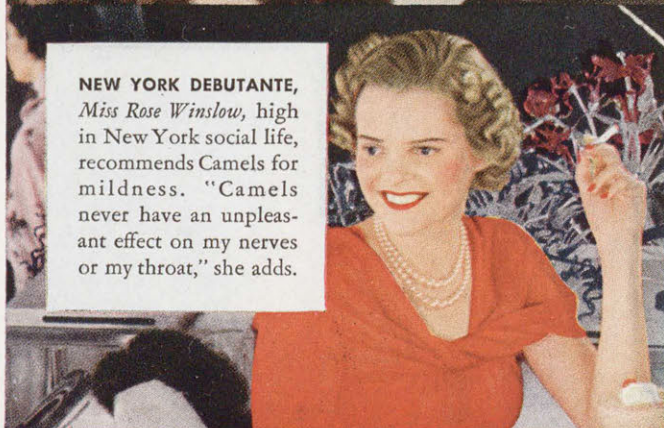
JUNGLE EXPLORER, *Lawrence T.K. Griswold*, has had this experience: "Eating in the jungle is no picnic. I like the sense of digestive ease that smoking Camels brings me."



SIR HUBERT WILKINS, knighted for his scientific feats in both the Arctic and Antarctic, says: "Where I've gone, Camels have gone. Camels are my stand-by. I find Camels add gusto to my meals."



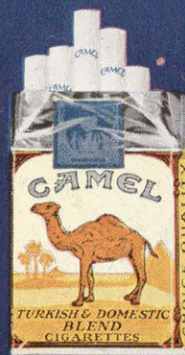
INDIANAPOLIS RACE VICTOR, *Lou Meyer*, enjoying his Camel after winning the gruelling 500-mile Auto Classic. As Lou says: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights."



NEW YORK DEBUTANTE, *Miss Rose Winslow*, high in New York social life, recommends Camels for mildness. "Camels never have an unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat," she adds.

TUNE IN EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

Hear "Jack Oakie's College" — with Jack Oakie in person! Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! George Stoll's Concert Orchestra! Hollywood stars! Special college talent! Tuesdays—9:30 pm E. S. T., 8:30 pm C. S. T., 7:30 pm M. S. T., 6:30 pm P. S. T., WABC-Columbia Network.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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

"CAMELS SET ME RIGHT"—STEADY SMOKERS SAY

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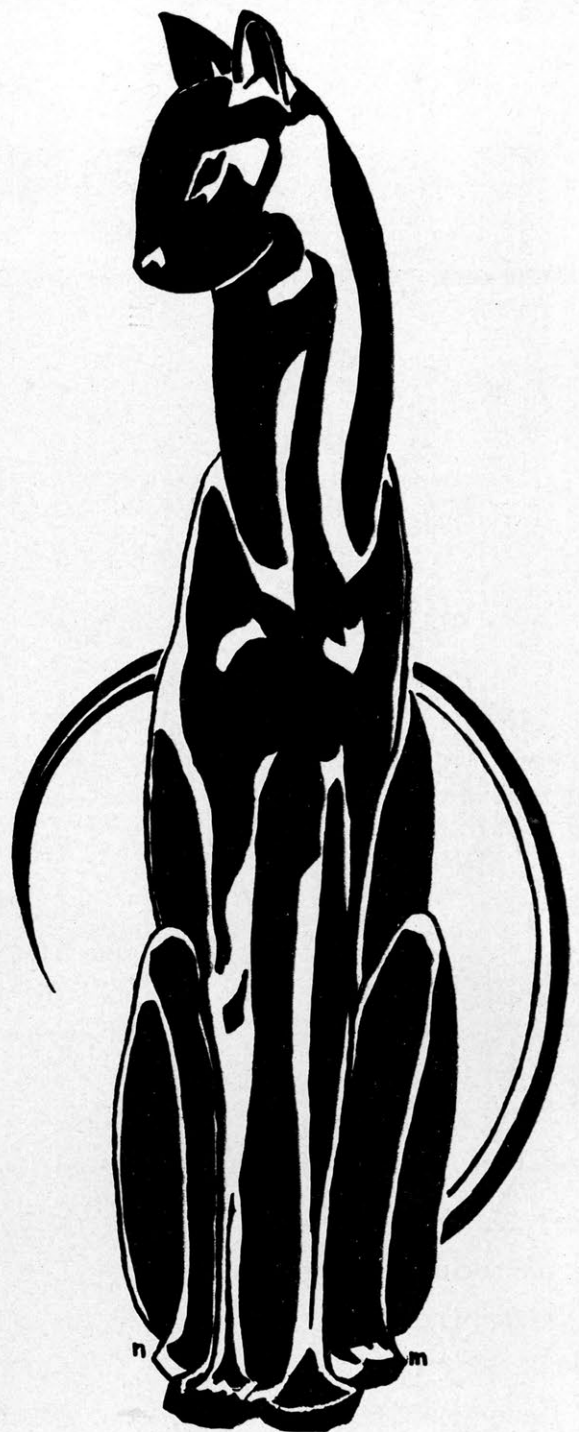
Voo Doo

PROM NUMBER

March, 1937

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Voo Doo

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No. 2

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M. I. T. VOO DOO

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PHOS GOES TO A PARTY

Emulating his rather more distinguished contemporary "Life", Phos extends his range of activity into the social sphere, takes the moth balls out of his pretty white tail coat, and with the prettiest little blond kitten of the season, hies himself off to the Junior Prom. The most expensive, if not the most popular of the Institute's social functions, the Prom was something which our popular fuzzy cat could not resist and so here he is, and what a time he's having. We had never before realized how versatile the little fellow is.



CHANGE OF PACE

The antics of our rival for the humor crown of the Institute are sometimes, we freely admit, quite beyond our comprehension. First we hear from their sonorous editorial column that great things are to be expected of Phos because of his change, this fall, to the planographing process. When, however, the clever fellow gets around to really showing what planographing will do, we find those merry jokesters in the office downstairs willing, in fact eager to jump into print with a condemnation of the scrap book idea. Our only consolation after the thought that there is no pleasing them is that, after all, when the Tech doesn't like the Voo Doo, the issue of the latter promptly sells out.



MARIE BROWN

one of the principal players in

George Abbott's production of the comedy

"BROTHER RAT"

by John Monks, Jr., and Fred Finklehoffe

Now playing at the Plymouth Theatre



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

CURIOUS AFRICAN PIPE

HELLO, JUDGE —
HELLO, CHUBBINS —
A BIT OF A
SURPRISE,
WHAT?



SIR CLEVE — I THOUGHT
YOU WERE IN
AFRICA! COME IN,
MAN, COME IN!

BY GEORGE, **THIS** IS
A SPLENDID NATIVE
PIPE YOU'VE BROUGHT
ME. IT'S A
WHOPPER
TOO!



OF COURSE IT'S
ONLY **ONE** OF
THE MANY TYPES
OF AFRICAN
PIPES

NATURALLY IT'S LARGE — IN
THE DARK CONTINENT
'BIGGER' MEANS
'BETTER'



I'VE SEEN CHIEF'S PIPES
TEN FEET LONG, A REAL
'TOP-HAT' PIPE, SO TO SPEAK



YOU WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THE
TIME I DISTRIBUTED **PRINCE ALBERT**
TO MY BOYS, JUDGE. OF COURSE
THEY HAD NEVER SMOKED
ANYTHING SO TASTY,
MILD AND MELLOW.
P.A. WAS A SENSATION



— IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE, THEY
CALLED IT 'TOBACCO LIKE HONEY
FROM STINGLESS BEES'

— AND THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE
DESCRIPTION OF COOL-SMOK-
ING 'NO BITE'
PRINCE ALBERT



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

THIS NO-RISK OFFER
TAKES YOU STRAIGHT
TO SMOKIN' JOY, MEN!



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, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE!

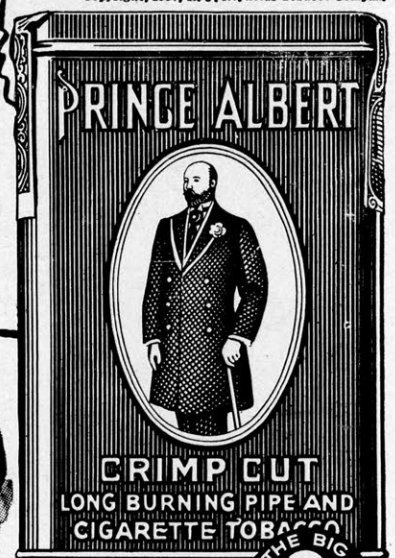
'CRIMP CUT
PRINCE
ALBERT
GIVES YOU A
NEW SLANT
ON COOL
SMOKIN'



MY HAT'S
OFF TO
P.A.
IT HAS
YET TO
BITE MY
TONGUE



AND,
PARDNER,
IT'S A MIGHTY
FINE
'MAKIN'S'
TOBACCO
TOO.

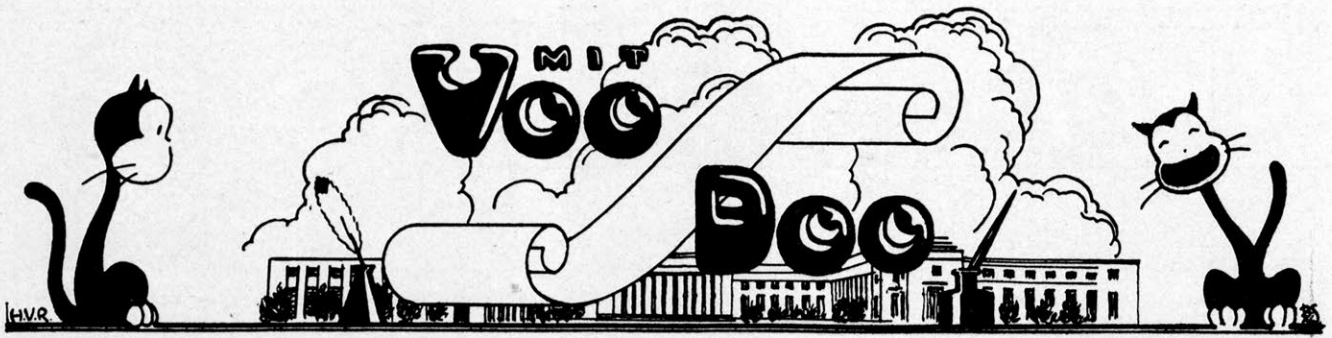


50

pipefuls of fragrant
tobacco in every 2-oz.
tin of Prince Albert

THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN





Voodooings . . .

OMNIPRESENCE

We have unearthed a choice bit of scandal about one of our own (s'help me) co-eds which seems to rate the attention of the whole student body—viz:

It seems that the room of one of the freshman co-eds faces on a rather similar room of one of the fraternity houses; and, as co-eds are wont to do, this one never pulled down the shade. All of which made things rather nice for the fraternity boys. At any rate, one night this heroine of ours was entertaining a gentleman friend, which in itself is all right, we suppose. But the variations she added, which were doubtless her own, were both highly informative and a joy to behold. During the intermission after the second act, one of the boys at the house called our pal on the phone and when she answered, said, in deep and sonorous tones, "This is God! That's a hell of a thing to be doing on Sunday night". Came the crash of receiver meeting telephone and the shades haven't been up since.



NO NUTHIN!

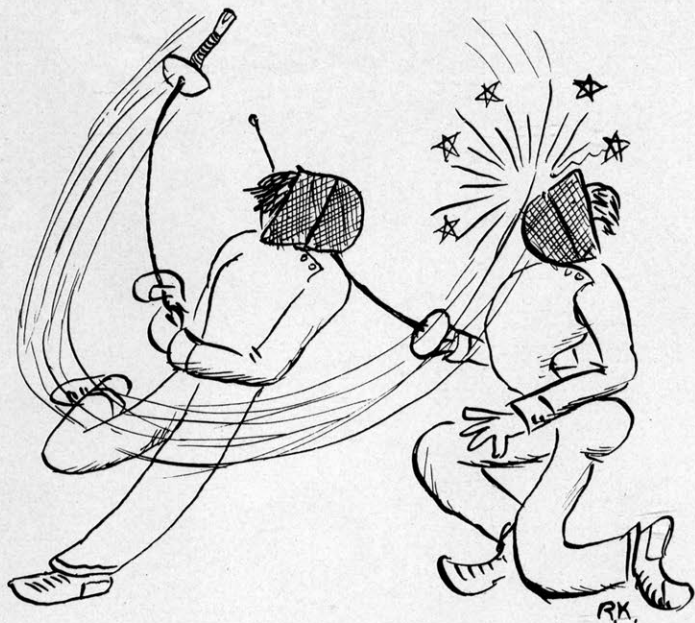
Some people insist that honesty is the best policy, but sometimes people can go a little farther than necessary. For example there is a certain bright spot on a darker street off Broadway. It has a prominent sign. Three Shows Nightly—No Cover.

TUT-TUT!

Toward the end of the month students, particularly sophomores, never seem to have much money. After finding himself a little bit more broke than usual one bright boy pleaded and begged and finally threatened a fraternity brother into letting him double date for a Friday night. It was unusually quiet up by Harvard Stadium, even the chaperoning police men had disappeared, until all of a sudden he yelled from the back seat, "Hey, be careful and don't get lipstick on my collar, my Mother won't like it."

BARNYARD FROLIC

Because Tech seems rather backward in its social life we listened very carefully to someone's sister explaining the importance of being in a certain Greek pageant that her school gives each year. She was one of the first in the rush to have a physical examination and had high hopes of being a goddess of something or other. The doctor punched her a couple of times and after saying Ah at least twenty more, he said "Pretty good" and wrote at the bottom of the report, "OK to be a horse."



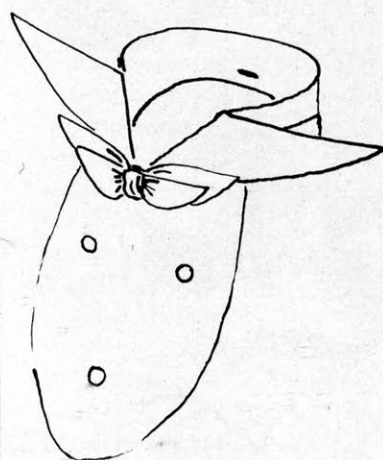
"Touché!"

HIGHEST FASHION

FULL DRESS FOR
THE LENT TERM

STREAMLINED OPERA HAT FOR JACK;
SKUNK-SKIN WRAP

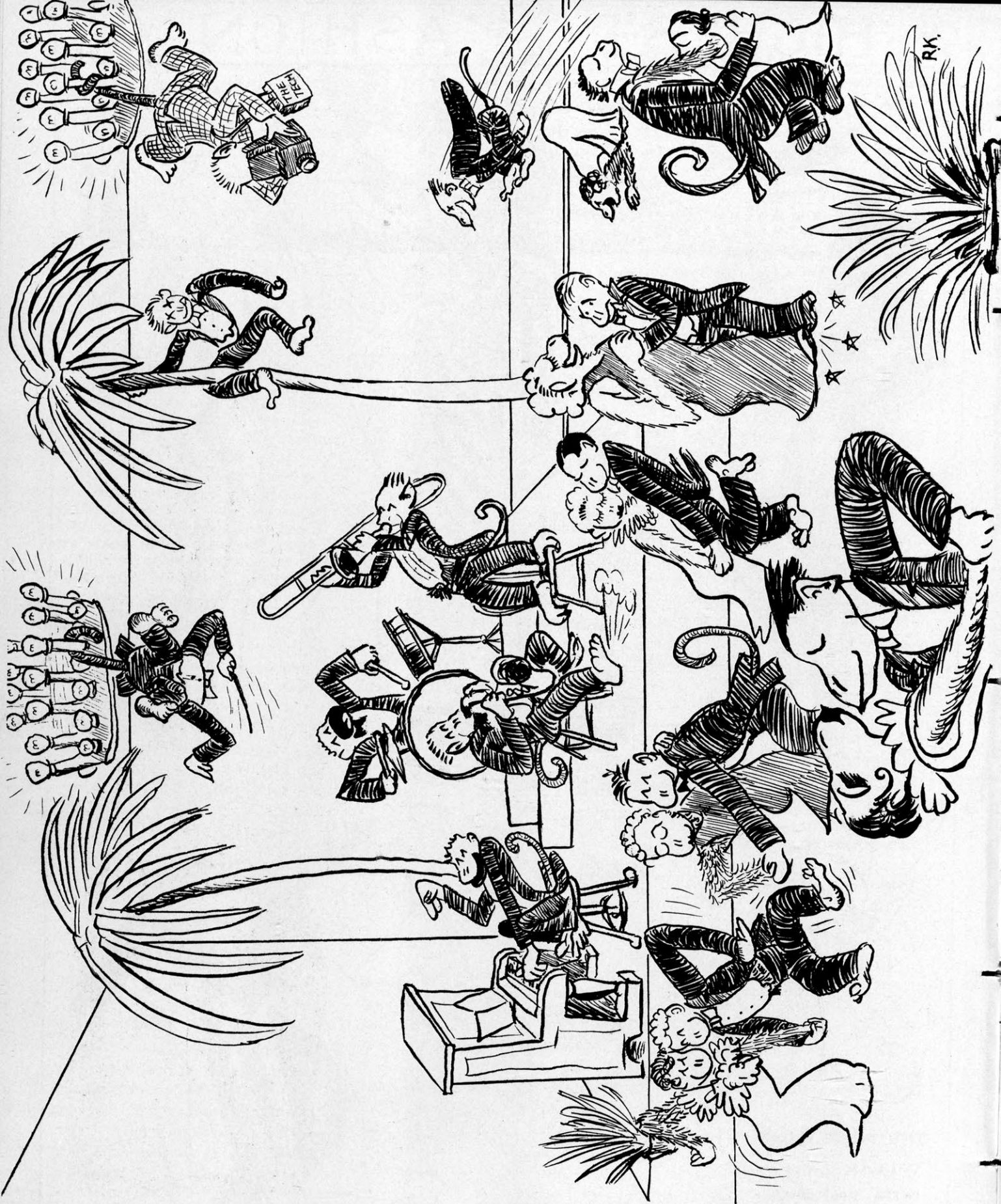
FOR JILL
(SKUNK-SKIN BY
NECK & NECK OF
FIFTH AVENUE)



THE TRUE WING-
COLLAR ... CORRECT
WITH THE WING
BOW

A NOBLE STAG AT
BAY. HE IS GOING DOWN
FIGHTING IN A QUADRUPLE-BREADED
DINNER JACKET — THE LATEST FOR HIS BREED.

Tak.



Phos Tells the Boys

To those of you who are at the prom and upon whose hands time hangs heavily and whose tonsils strain at their membranous leashes, Phos presents this guide to some of the better and closer bars, etc., that this town has to offer. And to those unfortunates who were unable to get to the Prom and who may read this in future years, he also submits this Baedeker. Incidentally, Phos had a hell of a fine time making this survey—such a fine time in fact, that he was unable to cover more than six spots per night, and had to be piped home.



COCOANUT GROVE, 17 Piedmont St. (Just off Broadway)

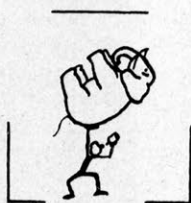
A really good place to go, whether for an evening or just for a little snork. They serve really good likker there at the largest bar in Boston—seats 85 sober persons with accommodations on the floor for 32 drunks. Walter is the bartender—ask him to mix a Ronrico for you; it's a subtle rum drink that sort of stacks up on you and then lets you have both barrels at once. Downstairs is the Melody Lounge, where they sing songs discreet and songs indiscreet and everybody knows everybody else. The cigarette girl is called Dot, and is one of the best in the business; a little wax-mustached head-waiter named Angelo will take care of you, and might even open the trick roof so that you can see what stars there be.



Where to Head In

THE MAYFAIR, 54 Broadway

On a par with the Cocanut Grove, plus one of the most beautiful bars in Boston. Gus, the bartender, serves a rum drink he calls a West Indies Daiquiri that is about like the aforementioned Ronrico. Sonya, the cigarette girl, was formerly at the Vanity Fair, complains because she has to get up at eleven o'clock every morning to go to school; when told that Tech men have to get up at eight o'clock, she replied that she was of the weaker sex, which seemed to explain things. It seems that that phrase is used to explain too damn many things nowadays. The head waiter, Paul, will endeavor to make you comfortable and help you create a glow.



THE CIRCUS CLUB

A new place that just opened up at the end of a little alley just across from the Met theatre. The joint has some pretty novel decorations in the circus motif, the drinks about average. A gent named Flynn is the manager, and if you tell him that you're from Tech, he'll either make you very comfortable or throw you out.

THE CASINO — Hotel Brunswick, 530 Boylston St.

Always a good place to go, although it is a better place for an evening than for a quick one. Right now, Lee Shelley is passing out the music, and doing a good job of it, too. If you go there, you want to speak to Mimi Park, the singer—she can give you the lowdown on all sorts of stuff; tell her that Simmons sent you. The bar is one of these sit-down affairs, only about two feet high, but over it pass fairly good drinks.

by bob casselman.



THE PENT-HOUSE — atop the Hotel Bradford, 275 Tremont St.

A fair-to-middling jernt that tries to hold a candle to some of New York's night clubs and can't do it. They have a very danceable orchestra headed by Frankie Ward, who is a pretty good gent. The bar is small, and the head-waiter is not much help, but he's pretty harmless. Phos didn't like the elevator idea—found that the deleterious effects of a rapid descent increase as the square of one's inebriation.





God!

The Prom Queen

by

ARNOLD and
CASSELMAN



For some reason, the Prom committee this year has neglected to choose what to us seems to be the main joie de vivre of every prom — a Prom Queen. Breathes there a Tech man with soul so absolutely petrified that he never to himself has said, "Awkjezxwwtfxkzitz — Wow!" as the Prom Queen ankled by? When confronted by an indignant query as to why we had no Prom Queen, the committee just shrugged his shoulders and said something about coeds being what they were. Upon perusal of this edifying statement, we found that a queen chosen from the ranks might leave much to be desired. And if an exhaustive study of Technology's finest can be considered as grounds for presenting that lady, we herewith give you an exclusive portrait of the Coed Prom Queen. She would undoubtedly be rather large — allright in an up and down direction, but a wash-out from right to left. For some reason, the women of this place have a marked pro-

pensity to resemble some form of truck. She would be rather under-slung, with a very low center of gravity. Her legs would be about 180 degrees out of phase, with feet to match. To get up to her face, her hair would stream from her pate in thin wisps which would get in everybody's way. Her head would be simply bursting with dee vee dee tee's, etc., and she'd know more than you do about most things, which would make you pretty damn mad. And you'd say you admire them for what they do over at school, but why the hell do they have to come to dances? And you'd spend the rest of the evening apologizing to your date for not having her chosen Prom Queen. Yes, a Prom Queen selected from among our coeds might fall a little flat. Next year's Prom committee will pay actual money for suggestions as to where to find a Prom Queen what is a Prom Queen (exclusive of Wellesley, The Raymore, etc.).



Damn!

Rate Your Date . . .

Tech Students: Send in your scores together with his or her full name, address, and telephone number. After investigating the truthfulness of your claims we will award to the person possessing the highest score a life subscription to the April, 1936, Voo Doo.

HE

1. Was he:
 - a. Virile 10
 - b. Average 8
 - c. 100% American 3
 - d. A Tech reporter 0
2. Did he eat:
 - a. Noisily 2
 - b. Ahelluva lot 9
 - c. With his knife 0
 - d. With his mouth open 2
3. Did he drink:
 - a. Tea 0
 - b. Vodka 10
 - c. Milk 1
 - d. Scotch 10
4. When dancing, he:
 - a. Used you as bumper 3
 - b. Danced 9
 - c. Crooned 0
 - d. Waved at people 4
5. He talked about:
 - a. F. D. R. and the Supreme Court 0
 - b. 8.01 0
 - c. Her 10
 - d. His last date 5
6. When driving, he:
 - a. Drove a Packard 10
 - b. Ran out of gas 10
 - c. Drove 6
 - d. Went to sleep 1
7. Vices, he:
 - a. Chewed tobacco 4
 - b. Didn't shave 2
 - c. Worked on The Tech 0
 - d. Succeeded 10
8. Departure, he:
 - a. Sped the parting guest 0
 - b. Was glad 3
 - c. Made the most of it 8
 - d. Said good-by 10

SHE

1. Was she:
 - a. A Petty girl 22
 - b. A Tech Co-ed 0
 - c. A femme fatale 9
 - d. An O.H. gal 10
2. Did she:
 - a. Butter her celery 7
 - b. Tell dirty stories 9
 - c. Belch 1
 - d. Peck at her food 0
3. Did she drink:
 - a. Like a sponge 9
 - b. Gin 10
 - c. Water 0
 - d. As much as you 6
4. When dancing, she:
 - a. Tried to lead 0
 - b. Cuddled 10
 - c. Talked 2
 - d. Wore a train 4
5. She talked about:
 - a. Your roommate 0
 - b. The Harvard dance 0
 - c. You 10
 - d. Birth-control 9
6. When driving, she:
 - a. Played with the throttle 0
 - b. Looked out the window 4
 - c. Wanted to stop 8
 - d. Went to sleep 9
7. Vices, she:
 - a. Smoked a pipe 5
 - b. Wore transferable lipstick 8
 - c. Flirted with roommate 0
8. Departures, she:
 - a. Left in a hurry 0
 - b. Kissed your friend 2
 - c. Stalled for time 7
 - d. Didn't 10

Scores:—

100—Perfect

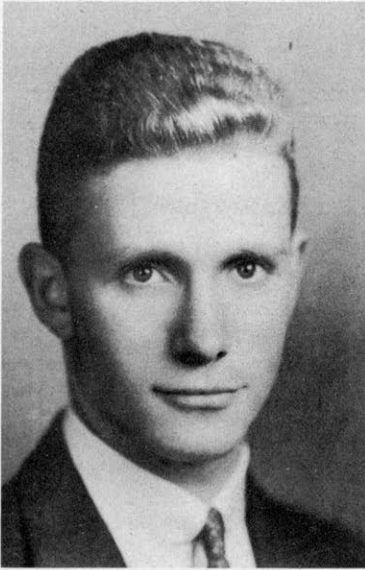
90—Passing

70—Try again

50—Better luck next time!

A. W. V.

Junior



On this and a number of other pages hereabouts Phos presents, in fact takes pleasure in presenting, a number of things. We see around us the quaint, quaint faces of the Junior Prom Committee, organizers of that super-special affair at which you are now if you are one of the two hundred (we hope) special subscribers at the prom, or at which you were not, if you are one of the two thousand

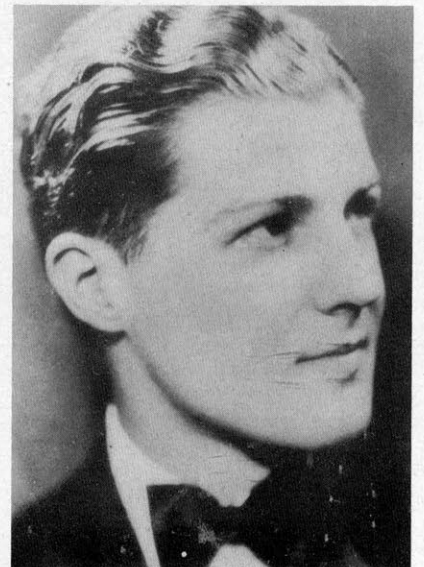


who didn't go. If you went to the Prom, you're probably sorry, cause oh boy, what that eight bucks wouldn't do next week-end. If you didn't go you're certainly sorry, cause believe me, it was (those at the Prom read is) a swell dance, and you missed (aforementioned read would have missed) a lot of fun. Beside, think of the advantage of getting your name in the Voo Doo. It's not everybody, believe me, who gets his name in the Voo Doo. "Not nearly everybody" says Mr. Kolb over there, who had to pay the bills out of the proceeds from the tickets most of you didn't buy. In fact, few are the people who get their names in the Voo Doo. Our country's leading name-getter-in-the-public-press hasn't had his name in Voo Doo this year. Roosevelt. There, that makes it all right, and maybe I'll be in line for a job in the air mail now. Look, Mr. Roosevelt, it's me, hello, Mr. Roosevelt, hello.

Speaking of names, you see that lovely blonde over there? Well, if you look around very carefully, and are more than usually lucky, and know who she's with, and on which side of him she's sitting, you can find out, from Voo Doo's special copyrighted list of the names of Prom guests, yes, you lucky thing, you can find out what her name is. And if she's as good as you think she is (Say, how many times have you been at that bottle, anyhow) you can come up to the office some day last month and we will have had her address, and if you were wrong, we'll give it to you. And the chances are at least good that you are wrong, they're never as good as you think they are. Which, we must confess, somewhat restores our faith in the fitness of things. And if all went well at the printers (hello, Mr. Judd) you will find, a couple of pages south of here, a list of the names and numbers of all the players. Why, folks, it's bet-



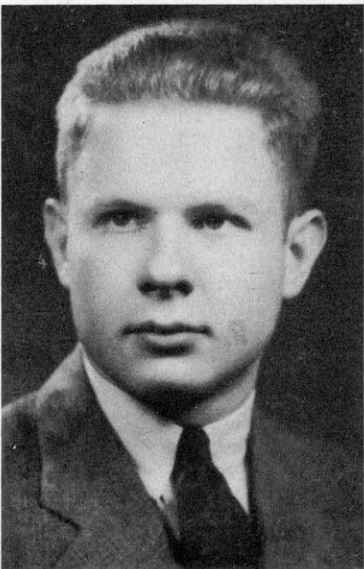
ter than a three ring circus, this dance-fight, cause here we have fifty-one, count 'em folks, fifty-one rings, and seats around all of them. And listen folks, there are people in those seats, and what people! The elite of Technology, the cream of the Institute, the two hundred richest men in school. And over them all wield the millionaire orchestra leader, Charlie (Play Charlie, Play) Barnet. See him, he's



Prom



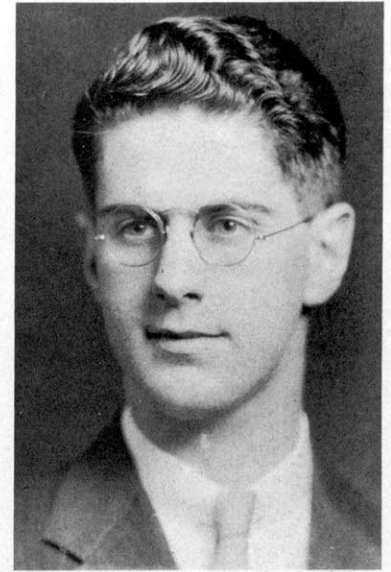
right up there, no, no, he's in front of the orchestra, not under it, that's a dias you're looking at. His picture is around here somewhere, too, good looking feller, what. No, he's over here, that's Kolb you're looking at. Ladies and Gentlemen (and Peters) presenting Mr. Frederick J. Kolb, Jr., Chairman of the Prom Committee and President of the Junior Class. Now you find his picture, and if you look like



that you too can run a successful Prom. By the way, do any of you know if it's true that the Prom was named after Prometheus, who had the first one. For each thousand word answer, accompanied by a new spare tire for my Ford, Voo Doo will give one second-hand Life Saver (adv.) Lemon or Lime, your choice.

All these other guys whose pictures are in here are the rest of the Prom Committee. There's Edouard R. Bossange, Jr., and over there in the corner is John R. Cook, and also, but not in the same corner, C. Kingsland Coombs, while Richard Muether is looking mournful cause there's no more ice cream with fudge sauce, and D. Donald Weir is perplexed on account of he's still trying to remember what the D. stands for. It's also possible that somewhere in the crowd of happy faces, would be those of Dave McLellan and Dick Young, last year's committee members, whose pictures were taken from last year's Voo Doo.

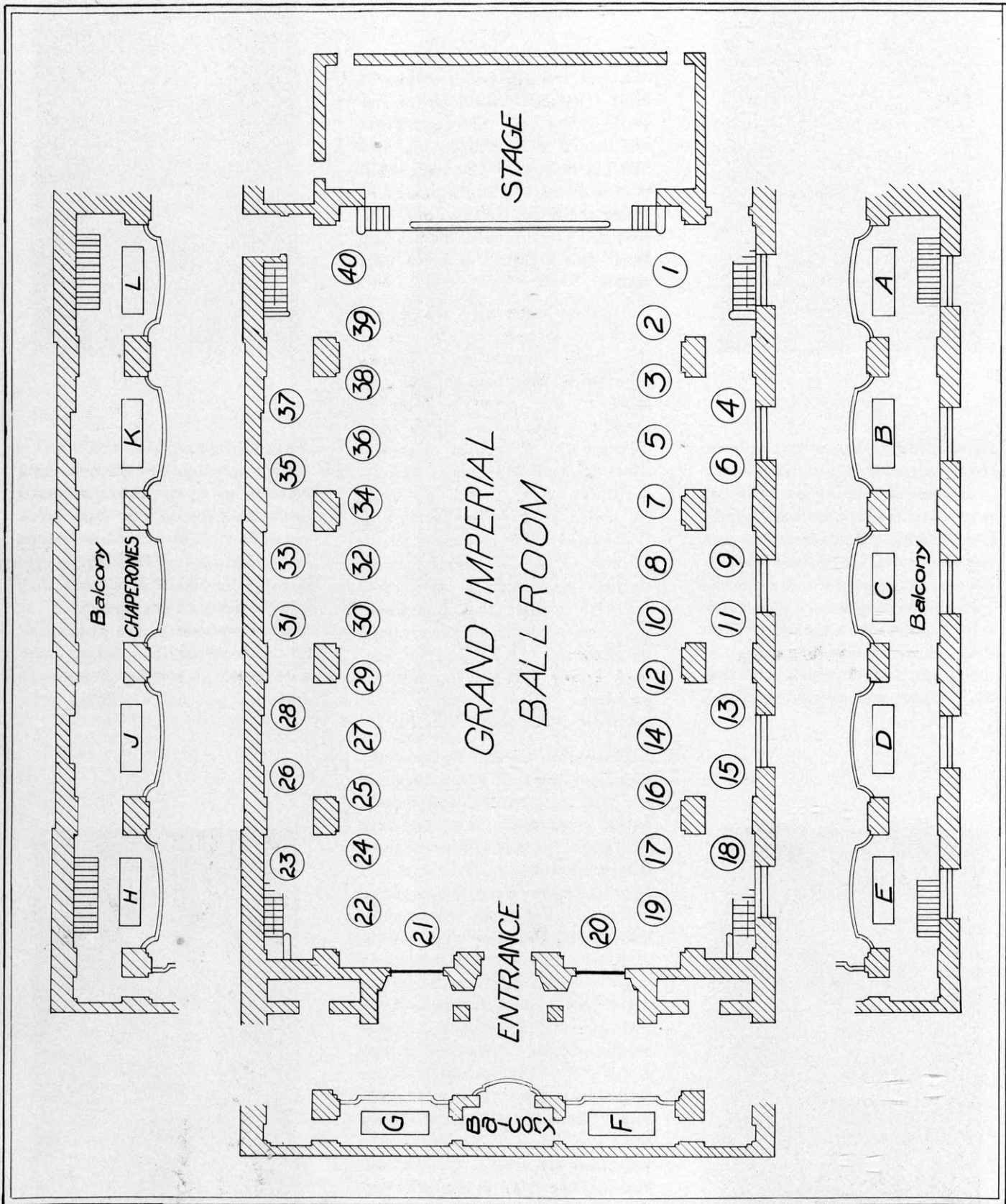
Highlights of the Prom: . . . Charlie Barnet thinking this was the Williams Carnival and appearing in a ski suit. . . . Tarz complaining because the waiters stopped serving liquor at one. . . . Peters kicking about the corkage charge. . . . Kolb sleeping all through it, the first night's sleep in a month. . . . Shrill screams from the girls on getting the favors, square gold compacts with a Tech seal on them. . . . The confusion of the dances, "This is the seventh," "No, it's the eighth". . . . Barnet thinking this was the Williams Carnival and appearing in linen golf pants, "There won't be any snow anyhow." . . . An unknown Voo Doo writer (the author) looking all over the Statler for the Merry-Go-Round bar (it's at the Kenmore). . . . The Prom Committee under the table. . . .



Sorta nice under here at that. . . . Some warped person in a bathing suit, sitting in the top of a potted palm laughing at Voo Doo jokes. . . . Funny how soon those palms get potted. . . . The ushers who couldn't be picked until after they hadn't bought any tickets. . . . The committee. . . . The band. . . . The Prom . . . taking your date home . . . and bed at last. . . .

W. G. G.







© Brooks Brothers

Brooks Brothers' materials, which are specially imported from England and Scotland, would, in themselves, distinguish Brooks Suits and Overcoats from other ready-made clothing. There are, however, additional points of equal distinction . . . in style, in workmanship and in clientele. Now being shown by our travelling representatives in 50 cities all over the United States.

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

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. • NEW YORK

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Class of 1938, Junior Promenade

Hotel Statler, Boston

March 5, 1937

GUESTS:

Dr. and Mrs. Karl T. Compton
Governor and Mrs. Charles F. Hurley
Dr. and Mrs. Vannevar Bush
Dean Harold E. Lohdell
Mr. and Mrs. Horace S. Ford
Mr. and Mrs. Delbert L. Rhind
Professor and Mrs. Leicester F. Hamilton
Professor and Mrs. James R. Jack

TABLE NO. 1

Donald G. Mitchell
Marilyn Lent
Frederick J. Hurley
Eleanor Hickey
Frank A. Knight
Jean Phippen
Frederick H. Sachs
Mayble Meyer

TABLE NO. 2

John F. Downing
Jean Charlton
L. Frank Dowding
Elizabeth Balcom
Oliver J. Kangas

Frederick E. Ray
Marjorie Burns
Edgar R. Faulton
Lillian D. Pollard

TABLE NO. 3

Horace H. Homer

Jack F. Chapin
Alice Magnuson
Arnold F. Kaulakis
Patricia Donahue
Richard H. Koehrmann, Jr.
Maxime Sheldon
Peer J. Cody

TABLE NOS 4

David E. Irving
 Susanne Haag
 Dudley A. Levick, Jr.
 H. Frederick Schaefer, Jr.
 George R. Mitchell
 Walter N. Brown

TABLE No. 5

Isadore Schwartz
 Cecilia Lacritz
 Stanley M. Ginsburg
 Pearl Kamins
 Solomon Kaufman
 Marcia Brown
 Anthony W. Innamorati
 Constance Arpano

TABLE No. 6

Harold James
 Helen Ederheimer
 Allen E. Schorsch
 Ellen Levine
 Bernard Zuckerman
 Phyllis Finkelstein
 Ernst G. Stopler
 Jane C. Fenton
 Rudolf Vogel
 N. L. Gordon
 Irving Finkelstein
 Syra D. Tarshis

TABLE No. 7

Stuart G. Stearns
 Lee Stephenson
 Philip E. Sellers
 Janet Whitten
 James K. Gilmore
 Katherine Richardson
 Morris E. Nicholson

TABLE No. 8

George B. Wemple
 Eleanor Blevins
 William B. Burnet
 Cecil Pendleton
 G. Richard Young
 Marjorie Brown
 David S. McLellan
 Jean Jefferson
 Philip H. Peters
 Leta Elliott
 William G. Gibson
 Gertrude Hawes

TABLE No. 9

John A. Wilson, Jr.
 Barbara Adams
 Jonathan R. Roehrig
 Muriel Saulpaugh
 Irving S. Underhill, Jr.
 Marion French
 Winthrop A. Johns
 Clinton W. Tylee, Jr.
 Nancy Sutherland

TABLE No. 10

Nicholas L. Barbarossa
 Edward P. Martin
 Dorothy Gillis
 Thomas Evans
 John F. Glacken
 Mildred Doherty
 Albert W. Minott
 Winona Wildes

TABLE No. 11

Abbott S. Maeder
 Edison Powers
 Marjorie Crewe
 Edward J. Kuhn
 Patricia Rush
 Robert E. Sessler
 Arline Reilly

TABLE No. 12

George H. Morel
 Winona Reilly
 Ciro R. Scalingi
 Carl G. A. Nordling
 Dorothy Lagerstedt
 Harding B. Leslie
 Ada Haynes
 James Maguire
 Catherine Smyth

TABLE No. 13

Edward K. True
 John R. Gray
 Elizabeth Finn
 William L. Sweet
 Marcy Wallers
 Wellesley A. Earl

TABLE No. 14

Fred P. Forman
 Edna Tichendorf
 George W. Ewald
 Marjorie Forman
 Willard Roper
 Margaret Fogler
 Harvey F. Phipard, Jr.
 Betty Robinson
 William H. Roddis

TABLE No. 15

Stuart V. Arnold
 Helen Darrow
 George L. Estes, Jr.
 Cornelia V. Geyer
 Robert C. Casselman
 Dorothy Voss
 Fred W. French
 Jane Lundquist

TABLE No. 16

Richard B. Young
 Abner A. Towers
 Elaine Guthrie
 H. King Cummings

TABLE No. 17

Jay P. AuWerter
 Jean Placak
 Chauncey F. Bell, Jr.
 Kitty Fiske
 Frederick B. Grant
 Mary Louise Mitchell
 Newell McCuen
 Anna Tiebout
 Ralph B. Chapin
 Virginia Lee Topping

TABLE No. 18

John C. Heintzelman
 Elizabeth T. Howlett
 George A. Moore
 Milton E. Nelson
 Gretchen Van Stratum
 Arthur S. Douglass
 Constance V. Carter

TABLE No. 19

Charles S. Wetterer
 William H. S. Preece
 Anne Hicks
 Archer S. Thompson
 Beverley Clark
 Justin P. Lavin
 Marjorie O'Toole
 Leonard Gately
 Beulah Provost

TABLE No. 20

John W. Aldrich
 Muriel Brady
 Alwyn F. Marston
 Barbara Leavitt
 Theodore E. Burke
 Betty Guernsey
 Richard K. Cunliffe
 Eleanor Brown
 William S. Quigley
 Dorothe Stillwell

TABLE No. 23

Norman Fook Cheung Li
 Andrew J. Dufourd
 Wellington I-tsuang Sun
 Marjorie Li
 Sho-hao Charles Tsiang

TABLE No. 24

Frederick J. Kolb
 Dorothy Elfreth
 Edouard R. Bossange
 Cameron Jellife
 John R. Cook
 E. Susie Cook
 C. Kingsland Coombs
 Norma Taylor
 Richard Muther
 Myra Ann Graf
 D. Donald Weir
 Edith Wahn

TABLE No. 25

Paul J. Shirley, Jr.
 Joanne Sargent
 Harry B. Hollander
 Ruth Washburn
 Harry B. Goodwin
 Mell Ford

TABLE No. 26

Samuel A. Steere, Jr.
 Phyllis Albrecht
 Robert L. Johnson
 Cornelia Harrison
 Gordon L. Foote
 Eleanor White
 W. Harison Phinzy
 Josephine Taft
 Robert Foote
 Anne McCall

TABLE No. 27

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 Dorothy Merrill
 Norman C. Bedford
 Alice Messier
 Ira H. Lohman
 Mary Elizabeth Wunderle
 Frank S. Gardner
 Audrey Slawson
 John B. Corbett
 Margaret Thompson

*My compliments on your
very good taste, sir*



*for the good things
smoking can give you*

Chesterfield
Wins

TABLE No. 28

Robert C. Eddy
Catherine Couch
Adam C. Gamble

Welles Worthen
Mary Hector
Frank J. Kearny
Annette Randlett
N. Leroy Hammond
Hilda C. Morrison

TABLE No. 29

Joseph J. Donovan
Jean Hull
Charles V. F. DeMaily
Elsie E. Clark
William W. Townner
Jean MacMillan
Wendell F. Jacques
Ruth Wiley
Albert W. Earl
Inez Rowland

TABLE No. 30

David A. Bartlett
Theo Stark
Harry O. Saunders
Flora Crockett
Thomas B. Akin
Marguerite Weaver
Richard A. Novak
Frances Smith
Robert A. Stone
Patricia Armstrong

TABLE No. 31

Leo C. McEvoy

Charles P. Haley
Marion Taylor
Bernard W. Mehren
Patricia Hilbert
F. Lawrence Moore, Jr.

Joseph M. Vallone
Agnes Doyle

TABLE No. 32

John A. Hilkin

George S. DeArment
Janet Owens
Frederic W. Reuter, Jr.
Virginia Snow
Robert N. Robbins

John R. Robbins
Dorothy Schrock

TABLE No. 33

Enver Muratzade
Geraldine Avery
Sungu R. Soyak

Sheref Hilmi

Irfan Tumer

TABLE No. 34

Burton D. Aaronson
Hilda Warshaw
Walter C. Kahn, Jr.
Vera Schapiro
Lawrence R. Steinhardt
Florette Cohen

TABLE No. 35

Richard S. Stresau
Marion Hubbard
Frederick G. Schmitt
Virginia Lichtner
Martin R. Cines
Elinor White
Harold W. Butler
Madeline Dunne

TABLE No. 36

Gifford Griffin
Betty Jane King
Howard Banzett
Edna Anderson
Franklin S. Atwater
Betty Spring
John B. Cunningham
Arnett Atwater
Livingston S. Smith
Eleanor Mumford
Meredith C. Wardle
Sarah Patterson

TABLE No. 37

Robert R. Wylie
Elizabeth Roper
Herbert A. Wiley
Harriet Ulrich
Walter A. Johnson

Irving W. Forde
Marjorie E. Elliott
Raymond H. McFee
Phyllis Crafts

TABLE No. 38

George E. Hadley

John R. Summerfield
Marjorie Burns
Richard G. Vincens, Jr.
Margaret Jackson
Francis A. Fisher
Marjorie Emerson
Joseph L. Hewes
Marian Gibbey
Arthur M. York
Ida Rovno

TABLE No. 39

A. Thomas Rossano

Lincoln J. Herzeca
Isabelle Chrisholm
Henry J. Sieradzki
Gertrude Winstanley
Chester C. Lawrence
Virginia Pope

TABLE No. 40

H. Erich Nietsch
Elizabeth Sellers
Harold R. Shailer
Arleen Wishart
Andre Deglon
Winifred Culick
C. William Guy
Elaine Fraser
Leonard A. Merrill
Marjorie Ernst

TABLE A

Creighton B. Olson
Barbara Harve
Henry C. Littlejohn
Jeanette Cochran
John A. West

Charles N. Levy
Nalmi Lasker
Herbert F. Stewart
Charlotte Toppin

TABLE B

Robert M. Alexander
Tony Martin
Roswell L. Finlay
Vivian Delaney
Marshall M. Algor
Vicky Quamme
Ames Bliss
Peggy Clayton

TABLE C

Alfred P. Heintz
Priscilla N. Brown
Walter F. Kaufman
Ruth Fegley
Samuel Rudginsky
Sue Walback
John H. Gander
Helen Johnson
Norman W. Stewart
Clara Bradley

TABLE D

Donald F. Halloway
Winona Reilly
Bernard B. Langton
Eleanor Croftwell
Robert D. Flynn
Margaret Delaney
Paul B. Black
Ruth Corbett
Fred J. Viles

John F. Mahoney
Mary Collins

TABLE E

TABLE F

Howard E. Milius
Lucille Silva
Arch A. Copeland
Ann Stellings
David W. Beaman, Jr.

TABLE G

George A. Heinemann
Adelaide Burr
Albert W. Gabriel
Doris Chalmers

TABLE H

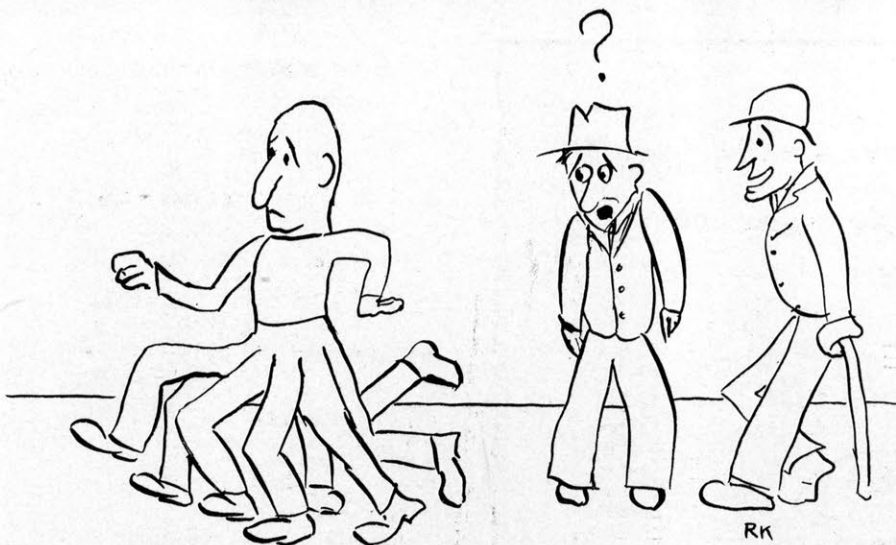
TABLE J

George A. d'Hemecourt, Jr.
Dolly Dingle
Theodore E. Dinsmoor
Betty Jamieson

TABLE K

Gilbert E. Moos
Barbara Kirkpatrick
Glen R. Sloninger

Copeland MacAllister



"They say his mother was frightened by a spider"

PUBLIC NOTICE TO ALL PIPE SMOKERS

THE CONFLICTING and bewildering claims made for pipe tobacco make it our duty, we believe, to publish this straight-forward statement.

For 60 years we have been making fine pipe tobaccos, which we guarantee against tongue bite. Now for the first time we divulge the methods which have made this guarantee possible.

Pipe tobaccos may be rushed through a plant at a great saving in expense. Every tobacco expert knows this.

Or they may be made by the slow, patient method used in Edgeworth. This method we call Process-Aging. There are twelve required steps, each under laboratory control. It takes 4 to 7 times as long as might seem necessary.

This prevents tongue bite as no other method will. We invite you to prove this statement to your own satisfaction at our risk. You are the only judge.

Edgeworth is made in three forms for the two types of pipe smokers.

Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are cool, long-burning tobaccos preferred by seasoned smokers.

Edgeworth Jr. is the same tobacco, also Process-Aged, but cut for a milder, free-burning smoke. We ask you to try Edgeworth under our money-back guarantee.




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. 200, Richmond, Va.

LARUS & BRO. CO.

M.I.T. VOO DOO



"Well, stupid—what're you gaping at?"

... And even if you don't own a magic
like little  you can trade in your old 
on a new

FORD V-8



— at —

Lalime & Partridge

1255 BOYLSTON STREET

AN ODE TO ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN

Her dad drove the
Largest machine in our town.
He drove it all day,
And ne'er did he frown.

Now every one knew him
And admired his work,
For he was a man
Who never did shirk.

He stopped at each house,
Helping more than a few—
Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Bingle,
And Mrs. Bloom, too.

He worked for the biggest
Concern in the city
From eight in the morning
So late 'twas a pity.

He collected rare objects,
Aged with the days,
But it wasn't his hobby,
Nor the nation's new craze.

Still his life was no more
Than an old pot and pan.
Here's to a great fellow—
The old garbage man!!!

PERETRY

My lover him have gone away
My lover him have went to stay
Him won't come to I
Me won't went to he
Don't it awful?

—Columbus.

When we were gay young men
roads

The were ve rough,
ry

And all the springs our buggies
had

ne
Were ver nough;

quite e
But now we sail along
h n

ills and i

Up to vales;

A he cu

r t r

ound ves and

straight ahead,

Unless the motor fails.

e

l

o

And if we hit a p

Our journey stops right there,

Or if we bump another car

the air.

to

We sail in

The safest thing I know

To save ourselves from shock

Is to sit in a rocking chair

A ka ka k.

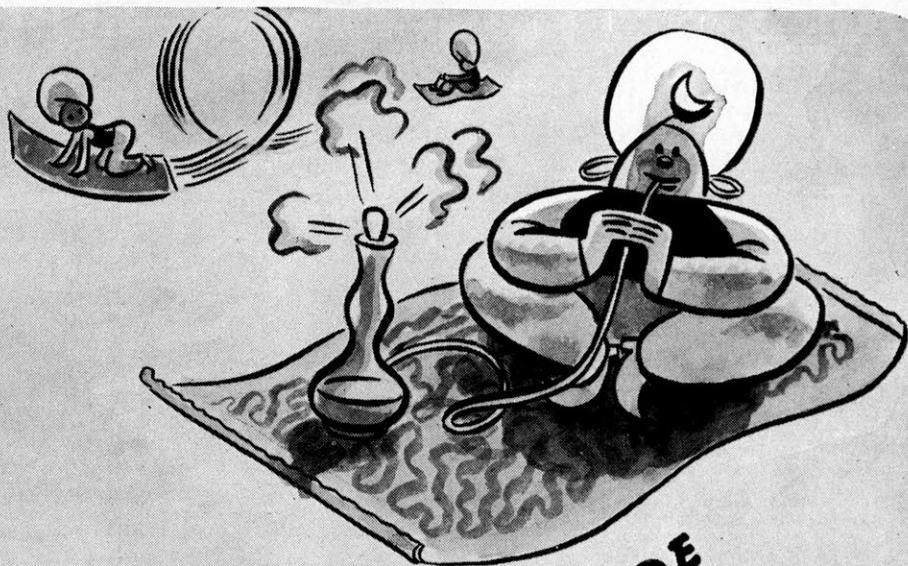
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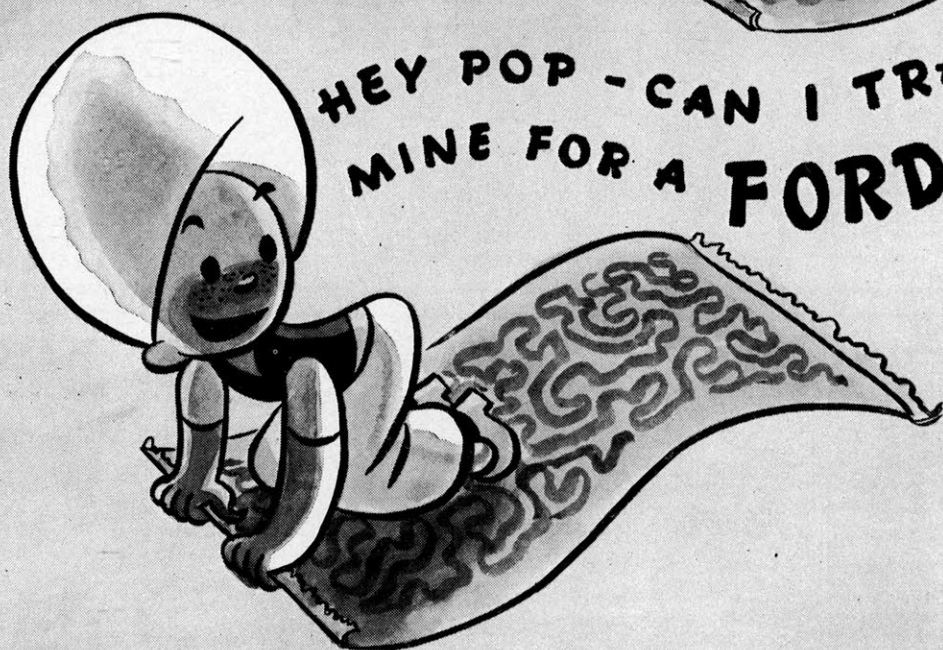
—Punch Bowl.



“Piece de Resistance”



HEY POP - CAN I TRADE
MINE FOR A **FORD V-8?**



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FINE ARTS THEATRE

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SCHOOL**
of MODERN
DANCING

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MISS SHIRLEY HAYES
BOSTON'S FOREMOST,
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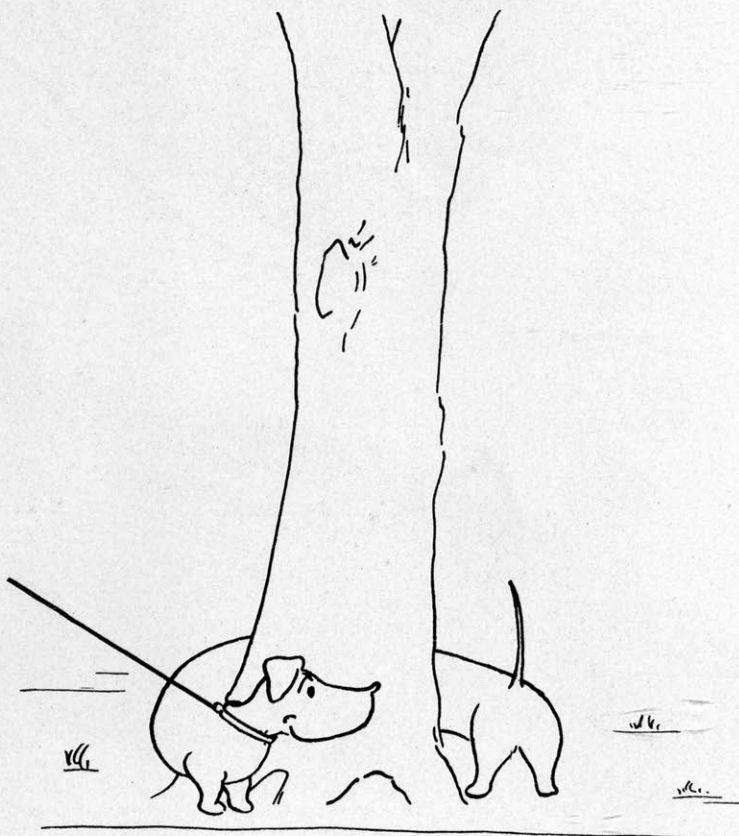
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330 MASS. AVE
AT HUNTINGTON AVE.

"Come Adolf, stop kidding yourself"



Quizz

Realizing that the Prom is liable to work you up into a good old fashioned dither and that you might overlook many important things which really demand your attention, Phos, that experienced Tech socialite, provides a questionnaire to help you over the rough spots. Take a pencil, a pen, a lipstick, or a phrumph and check over the list below; it may help you a great deal but it didn't do us a damn bit of good.

Yes No

1. Are you fully dressed?
2. Are you here with your date?
3. Did you buy a VOO DOO?
4. Did you see the General Manager of VOO DOO and THE TECH at table 38?
5. Did you admire the girl friend's dress?
6. Did you wipe the spoon off before putting it in your pocket?
7. Did you buy a VOO DOO?
8. Did you do that damned assignment for tomorrow?
9. Are you still with the date you came with?
10. Did you buy a VOO DOO yet?

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS!



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



A SOUPY PIPE plus strong tobacco will K. O. any copper. All motorists should use pipe cleaners regularly and smoke only a certain mild fragrant mixture. Like Sir Walter Raleigh? Uh-huh. Sir Walter is a grand combination of well-aged Kentucky Burley leaf that burns cool, slow, while giving off a delightful aroma. This easier-on-the-tongue brand has become a leader in a few short years because it really *has* the mildness that pipe lovers since Adam have patiently sought. Test it in your briar.



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-73.

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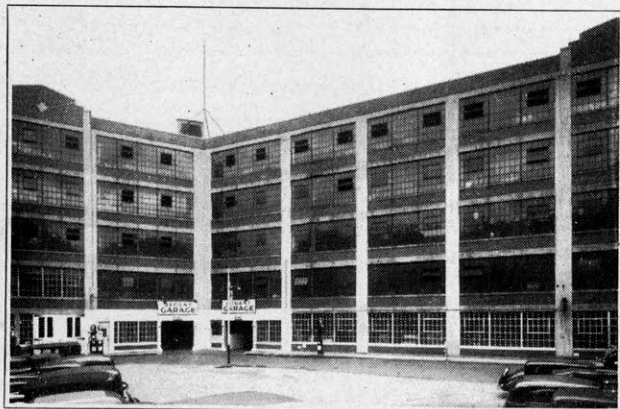
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What is It? Number 1

In his arms there is—no one. His attire is faultless and in his button-hole a bleeding red carnation. He gazes about with an air of ultra-boredom bordering on contempt. Suddenly the glaze falls from his glassy gray orbs, and with a whispered innuendo he sallies to the fray.

But wait. His face has become cynical but sophisticated. A few words are exchanged.

Now in his arms there is a willowy maiden with wistfully appealing eyes. In his mouth there is silky blonde hair. (No it isn't a morning after.) Her soft young body clings to his, warmly, while his feet perform jerky motions. "Ahhhhh Divine," he murmurs, and half closes his eyes in ecstasy. He presses her closer to him; suddenly he starts; then, with a murmured "thank you," and a sigh of regret he glides back to his corner. "A nii-ice piece of goods," he mutters to his henchmen. (No, it isn't Joe Louis.)

Once more he performs the above procedure, and then with a gasp of disbelief he rushes forth, and with a "thanks pal" he again goes into his act. But now he leaves and goes into the air with a glamorous wench in his arms. He visits various night spots, and then parks in the moonlight only to kiss her rapturously.

And then — he takes her home.

With a short, "I'll call you up soon," he says good night.

Now his face bears a pensive muddled look, and—a lot of lipstick. He comes home and enters his room; suddenly a fist explodes on his chin and a voice says as he sinks into oblivion, "You LOUSE".

What Is It?

For answer turn to page-24

Answer—The stag at the prom who stole his room-mate's date.

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AND HIS ORCHESTRA

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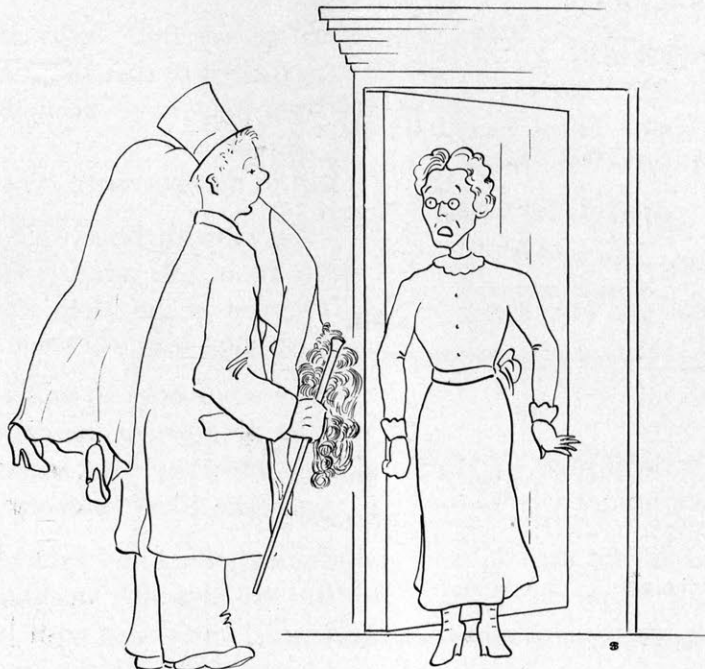
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and their friends at this smart rendezvous . . .

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Monday—Thursday, Friday—Saturday \$1.50

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL "ANTHONY", KEN. 6300

Prices gladly given on Fraternity Parties and Activity Groups



"What's a matter? Ish it after one?"

Which One Are You?

I came to the Prom with a lemon,
The biggest droop I know.
But he was the only chance I had,
And I really wanted to go.

As long as I got there 'twould be all right,
I'd have a good time then.
'Cause with my new gown I'd slay them,
I would have plenty of men.

I thought so, but I found that I was wrong.
There were plenty of men all right.
But the thing I hadn't counted on
Was the group of their hearts' delight.

There were sleek brunettes and snappy blondes,
Now and then was hair of red.
What chance had I with my mousy brown?
I should have stayed home in bed.

I danced with the droop, I sat with him,
I walked him up and down.
He didn't have a friend in sight
With whom I could go to town.

My dress was completely bare in back,
I called it a daring gown.
But to cause a sensation with this crowd
I would have had to turn it around.

I stood my ground, I didn't flinch,
'Til finally 'twas two o'clock.
The droop got sleepy, yawned in my face,
Stepped on my train and ripped my frock.

I finally said, "Come on, we'll go."
My ego had taken a slump.
I suddenly realized I wasn't divine,
I was just another frump.

Why can't I be the type of girl
Each man wants for his own?
Why can't I be beautiful, ravishing?
Someone he'd like to take home?

Why don't the Tech men fall for me?
Won't anyone love me but Mom?
But until the time comes when men fight over
me
I'm through with the Junior Prom.

I came to the Prom with my Bobbie,
The only man for me.
I could have been just as happy
Sitting at home on his knee.

I was in the clouds, was walking on air,
My head was in a whirl.
To think he had chosen me for the Prom
When he could get any girl.

We entered the hall, we danced a few steps,
Then someone cut in on me.
He danced very well, but what did I care?
It was Bob that I wanted to see.

He finally came back to claim me.
I thrilled at the sight of him
To make him enjoy this evening
I would cater to his every whim.

We started dancing once again,
My heart content 'mid the din.
The way I dance with my honey
Makes dancing a cardinal sin.

My joy didn't last 'cause a drunken Deke
Came and took me out of his arms.
Then a Phi Gam, Sigma Nu, Delta Tau Delt
Tried to win me with all their charms.

Where was Bob? Why didn't he come for me?
I was tired of this awful mess.
They may have been Big Shots around the
school,
But to me they were far from the best.

I danced with Bob twice that evening,
For about five minutes each time.
The rest of the night was spent dancing
With men who were not worth a dime.

Why was I born so beautiful?
Why do all men want me?
Why must they seek me at every dance,
And take every moment I'm free?

I was thrilled and excited the first hour,
But my joys blew up like a bomb.
Until I can dance with just Bobbie,
I'm through with the Junior Prom.

Tarz

LAST MONTH'S
WINNING JOKE

She: I'm perfect.
He: I'm practice.

Submitted by
ROBERT B. WOOSTER, '39.



My love has flew,
Him did me dirt.
Me did not knew,
Him was a flirt.
Let's love forbid,
Lest you get doed
Like I been did!
— Battalion.



A kiss is a peculiar proposition.
Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss
to two. The small boy gets it for
nothing, the young man has to lie
for it, and the old man has to buy
it. The baby's right, the lover's
privilege and the hypocrite's mask.
To a young girl, faith; to a mar-
ried woman, hope; and to an old
maid, charity.

— The Pup.



She: I'm perfect.
He: I'm practice.

I'M GOING OUT FOR
A BREATH OF
FRESH AIR.

NOT NECESSARY-
FRESHEN UP YOUR BREATH
WITH A **LIFE SAVER!**

MORAL:
Everybody's breath
offends sometimes...let
PEP-O-MINT save yours after
eating, smoking and drinking

← They come
and Go →
at the
**Kenmore
Barber Shop**
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WHITING MILK BOTTLE

"Waiter, there's a fly in my
jelly!"

"Are you sure, sir?"

"Yes. Why?"

"He seems to be in rather a jam,
sir."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my pie!"
"Some crust, eh, keed?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my cof-
fee!"

"Add a little more cream, sir, he
appears undernourished."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my
steak!"

"It's a rare steak, sir."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my
Grape-Nuts!"

"The power of advertising is ex-
traordinary, isn't it, sir?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my
hash!"

"Yes, sir."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my
meat!"

"A horse-fly, sir?"

"Waiter, there's a dead fly in the
sugar bowl!"

"Sweetmeat, eh, sir?"

"Waiter, I think there's a fly in
my soup."

"Well make sure. I can't be both-
ered by rumors."

"Waiter, there's a fly on my
pretzel!"

"Yes, out on a bender, sir."

—Octopus.

"Where yo'all goin', niggah?"

"Ah's been rushed by Tri Kap-
pah."

"What yo'all mean, Tri Kap-
pah?"

"K.K.K., niggah!"

—Cornell Widow.

After the Prom

by Jeanne Kitenplon

Oh dear, my poor feet. And after I bought these slippers knowing that they were big enough for me. I should have remembered that at least three other people would want to try to get in them too. I wonder why my toes seem to make a better dance floor than the Statler. I won't be able to walk for weeks. . . . My poor neck. It must have become public property or else the only Tech people that I know are wrestlers. You'd think that they were afraid I might run away by the grip on the back of my neck. Maybe it's only Spring and they were practicing their golf grip. Am I stiff!!!! Darn Him. He stepped on my dress and tore a tremendous hole in it. I'll fix him. Just wait until I find me a Harvard Man. At least they can dance even if they can't run a slide rule. . . . But Tech men, when it comes to dancing they are babes in arms. Or maybe I am. The first one barely touches you and you can't possibly have any idea of what his feet are doing until you find him on yours. Maybe I scare him to death or maybe he is afraid of smashing his shirt front. The next one tries a bone-crushing act and leaves black and blue marks from his studs. And he has the nerve to be mad about lipstick on his necktie. Just wait until he tries that again. I'll tell him a thing or three. Gee whiz even my face is all scratched up. You'd think that some one would tell him that if he must dance cheek to cheek that he ought to shave first. And those horrible socks, not even black ones. Besides I don't give a darn about this Thermo business and sensible heat. What's sensible about a prom. Well, neither am I. Tech men are such dopes.

Hmmmm. I wonder if he'll ask me next year.

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and Display of Female Beauty" Published
by Lea and Blanchard in 1839.

D. M. COLE, JR.

Never be afraid to blush when the feeling is genuine, but never affect to blush when you do not feel it—remember that blushing is more frequently the attendant of innocence than of guilt.

When seated, she ought neither to cross her legs nor take a vulgar attitude. She should occupy her chair entirely, and appear neither too restless nor too immovable.

A lady ought not to present herself alone in a library, or a museum, unless she goes there to study, or work as an artist.

Custom allows ladies at the end of an entertainment to dip their fingers into a glass of water, and to wipe them with their napkins; it allows them also to rinse the mouth, —using their plate for this purpose.

It is well that a half corset should precede a full corset . . . ; for it is bad taste for a lady not to be laced at all.

To suppose that great heat of weather will . . . permit you to go . . . with your legs and arms bare . . . is an error of persons of a low class, or destitute of education.

Ladies should make morning calls in an elegant and simple "negligee", all the details of which we cannot give. . . .

Ladies should avoid talking too much; it will occasion remarks.

The rules of politeness ought to decide as to the expense of postage. They require us to defray the expense of the letter, if it is written to distinguished persons, or to those of whom we ask any favour; but it would be an incivility, and sometimes a want of delicacy, to do it when we write to a friend, or an acquaintance, or to persons of little fortune, whose feelings we should fear to wound.

The use of red paint upon the cheek, although not generally so deleterious as the white, is yet to be avoided by every respectable lady. The practice is objectionable even when it goes no further than the slight tinge of vegetable rouge upon the cheek of pallid beauty. But what language of censure can sufficiently express the condemnation of its habitual and immoderate use? A violently rouged woman is one of the most disgusting objects to the eye. The excessive red on the face gives a coarseness to every feature, and a general fierceness to the countenance, which transforms the elegant lady of fashion into a vulgar harridan.

The same censure is applicable to the practice of pencilling and painting the eyebrows. Such clumsy tricks of attempted deception can scarce excite other emotion in the mind of the beholder, than contempt for the bad taste and wilful blindness which could ever deem them passable for a moment. There is a lovely harmony in nature's tints, which we can seldom obtain by our added chromatics. The exquisitely fair complexion is generally accompanied with blue eyes, light hair, and light eye-brows and lashes. So far is all right. The delicacy of one feature is preserved in effect and beauty by the corresponding softness of the other. A young creature, so formed, appears to the eye of taste like the azure heaven seen through the fleecy clouds on which the brightness of day delights to dwell. But take this fair image of the celestial regions, draw a black line over her softly tintured eyes, stain their beamy-fringes with a somber hue, and what do you produce?

VOODOOINGS

It happened one night last week. The lights had gone out, and Phos was settling down to an evening's enjoyment with "Brother Rat" when he noticed three dark forms creeping from seats way up yonder in the second balcony, down past the first balcony, and into one of the boxes. Here they slyly took possession and began to act as if they owned the place, or at least the seats they were sitting in. Just before the end of each act they would quietly sneak down the stairway and out of sight, only to make their appearance after the beginning of the next scene. At the end of the play they calmly arose and nonchalantly walked out. Phos investigated, and discovered that they were just a few Tech boys getting the most for their money.



Q. What is the moment of inertia of Boston?

A. It's the torque of the town.

Q. What do they talk about in the District of Columbia?

A. The Washington Mo'ment.

Sorry, I alpha go now.



"Why is a corset like an ashcart?"

"Because it goes around gathering up the waist."

— Ohioan.

Two roosters in the rain — one drowned;

The other took a duck under the porch.

— Southwestern Magazine.

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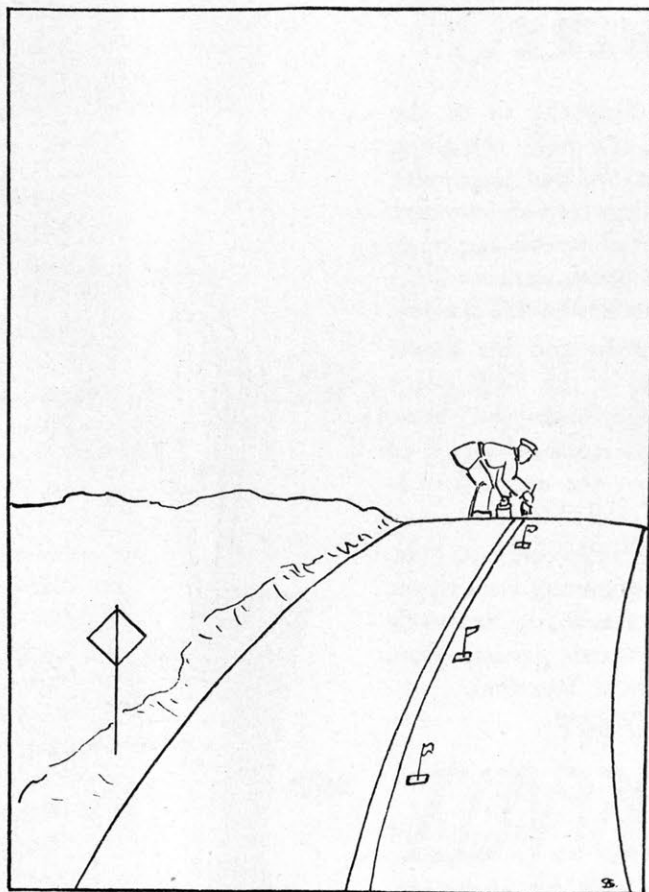
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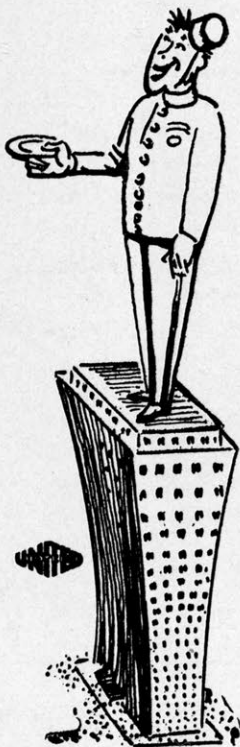


Everyone is dropping in to the Roosevelt now, it's really the thing to do. You see, we pay particular attention to college men and women, so that if you find you've forgotten pajamas, a toothbrush, or other little odds and ends we'll take care of them.

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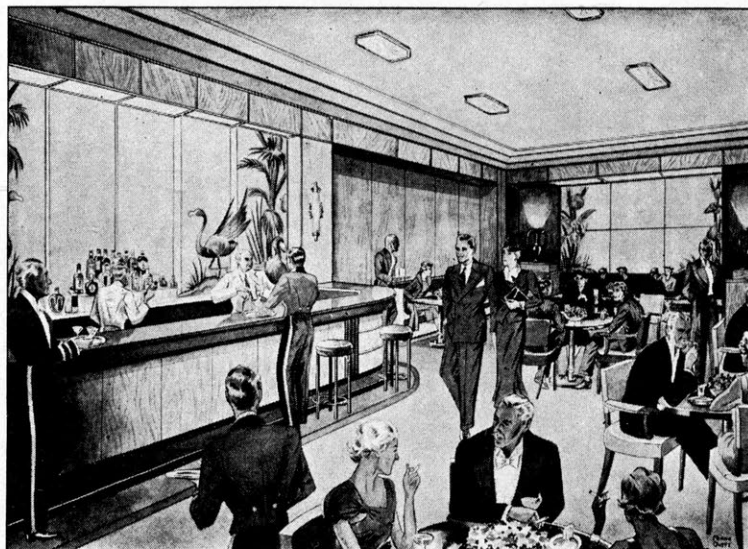


"Jocko's a damn brown bagger"

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