

THE M.I.T. Voo Doo



OPEN HOUSE ISSUE

**11,000
VOLTS**

**What a power-line
"trouble-shooter"
is up against**

AL Taft works in a maze of high-voltage wires. Around him—11,000 volts lurk. A tense job that will test digestion if anything will! Here's Al's comment: "Sure! Working among high-voltage cables isn't calculated to help one's digestion. But mine doesn't give me trouble. I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels set me right!"

Make Camels a part of your dining. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* fluids. Being mild, Camels are gentle to your throat—better for steady smoking.



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JACK OAKIE'S
COLLEGE**

A gala show with "President" Jack Oakie in person. Fun and music by Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Tuesdays—8:30 pm E.S.T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C.S.T., 6:30 pm M.S.T., 5:30 pm P.S.T., over WABC-Columbia Network.



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"I have my hands full," remarks Mrs. Richard Hemingway, housewife. "When I feel tired, I smoke a Camel and get the grandest 'lift' in energy."



PRIZES HEALTHY NERVES. Fred Jacoby, Jr., National Outboard Champion, says: "I smoke Camels regularly. They're mild—and never get on my nerves."



**FOR
DIGESTION'S
SAKE...
SMOKE
CAMELS**

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

Voo Doo

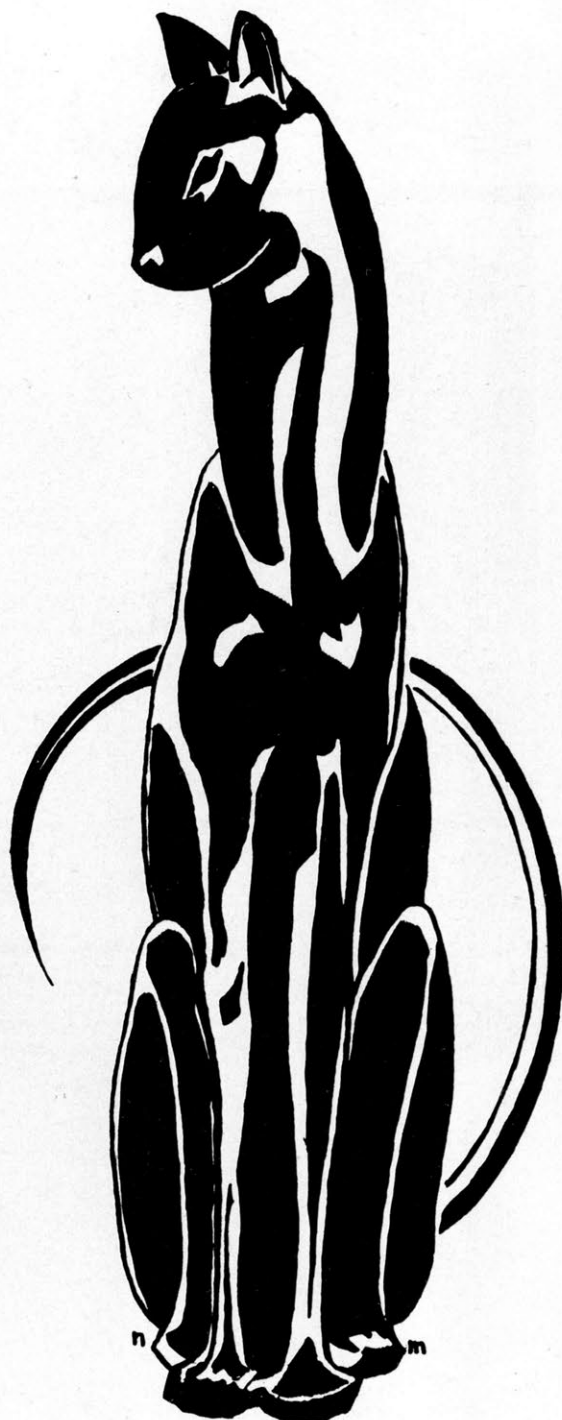
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May, 1937



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Voo Doo

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Open House

In place of an actual visit to the interminable corridors of Tech, and the innumerable machines and exhibits which are the subjects of interest during the usual open house, Phos offers you in the following pages a quiet and gently sarcastic view of the Institute. Settled deep in a comfortable armchair, with a good pipe in his mouth and a long drink at his elbow, the visitor can wander at will through the imaginary buildings, and jump from Building One to Building Two by a mere flicker of a few pages, without all that walking in the hot sun or the hotter shade indoors. Here is presented for every eye to see the ramifications and parturations of each and every course and peculiar theses which are being developed, and the sly jokes and funny happenings which are the inevitable attendants of any such colossal exhibition.

The Devil Laughs

Phos in this issue brings to light and to solution a small mystery which has been puzzling a few people around the Institute for nearly two months. Back in March an anonymous book, "The Devil Laughs", was circulated and purported to be by an Institute professor. Granted a long and favorable review by The Tech, the little book excited some interest, because of the rabid heresies in it, and the peculiar style and content. Phos quietly set about discovering the identity and history of the author, and at last presents it for the pleasure of his readers. While in no way humorous, the life story of the author holds considerable interest for a sympathetic student of social problems, and as such Phos presents it, and trusts that the interest of the countless VooDoo readers will reward him for his efforts.



MARJORIE KAUFFMAN

in George Abbott's Comedy

"BROTHER RAT"

now playing in its 4th Month

at the Plymouth Theatre



FOL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THE JUDGE TAKES A TRIP — HE IS WITH CHUBBINS SEEING THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK

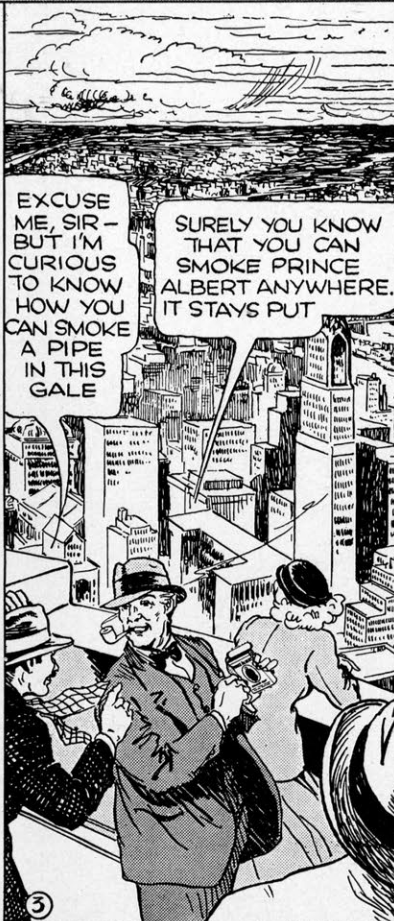
OH, DADDY — WHERE SHALL WE START OUR SIGHT-SEEING?

WELL, 'SPOSE WE FOLLOW THE METHODS YOUR GRANDFATHER WOULD HAVE USED



EXCUSE ME, SIR — BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU CAN SMOKE A PIPE IN THIS GALE

SURELY YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT ANYWHERE. IT STAYS PUT



YOU SEEM TO HAVE REACHED A NEW HEIGHT OF ENTHUSIASM FOR PRINCE ALBERT, DADDY

WELL, I SURE APPRECIATE BEING ABLE TO SMOKE AND ENJOY THIS VIEW AT THE SAME TIME



HOW DO YOU MEAN — LIKE GRANDFATHER?

HE WAS A FRONTIERSMAN. WHEN HE WAS IN STRANGE TERRITORY HE WOULD CLIMB THE HIGHEST TREE AND RECONNOITER. SO WELL GO UP IN THE TALLEST BUILDING THE EMPIRE STATE, AND LOOK AROUND

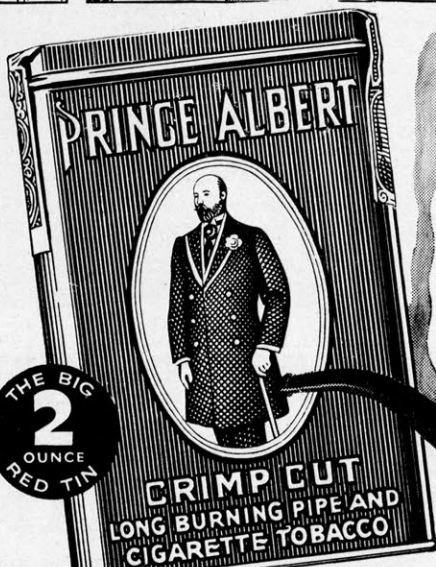


I'LL BET GRANDFATHER NEVER — IMAGINED A BUILDING LIKE THAT

NO — NOR A PIPE TOBACCO AS CHOICE AND MILD AS THIS MODERN SMOKE — P.A.



"THAT PRINCE ALBERT 'CRIMP CUT' CERTAINLY PACKS AND DRAWS TO PERFECTION"



TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

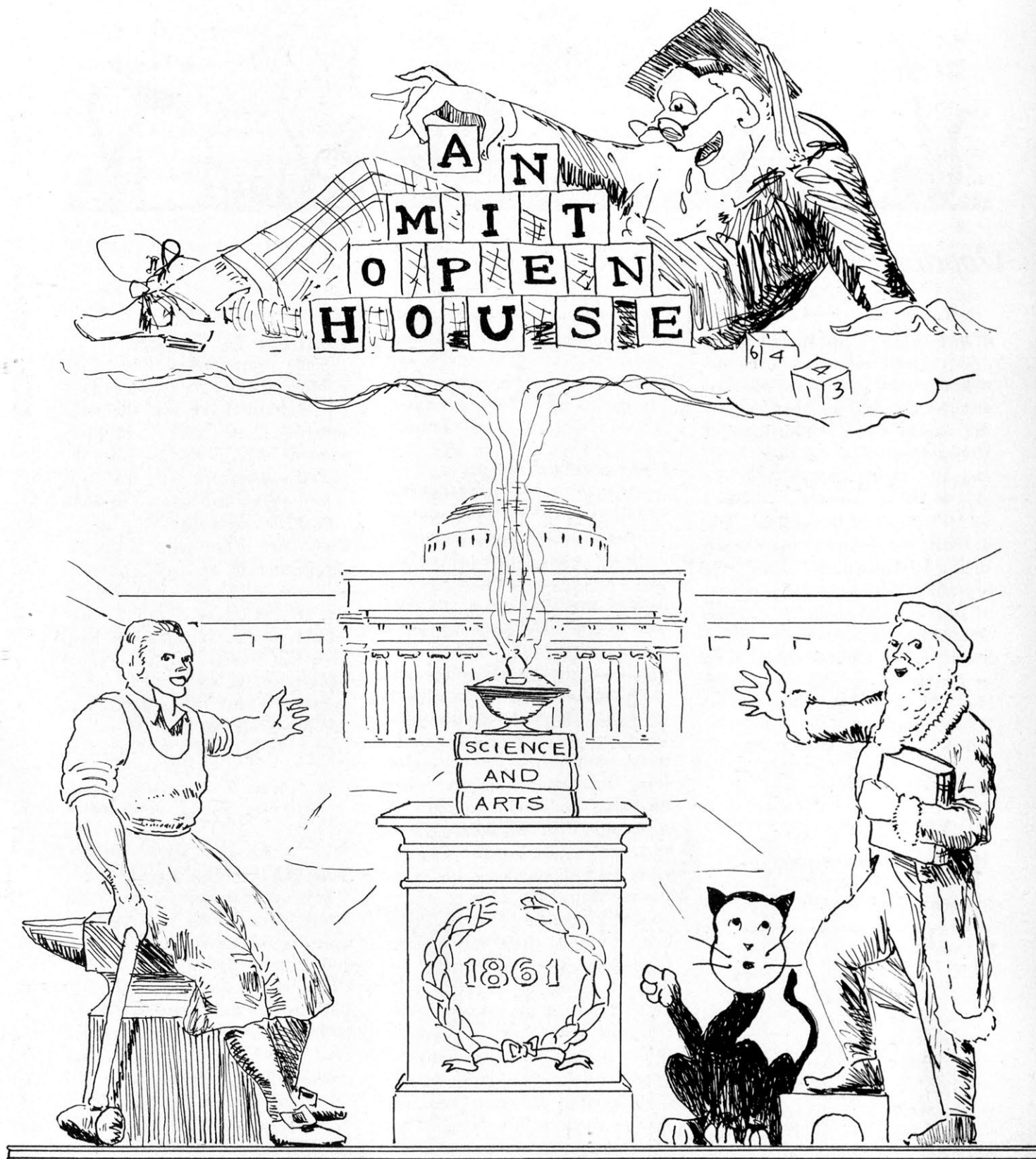
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

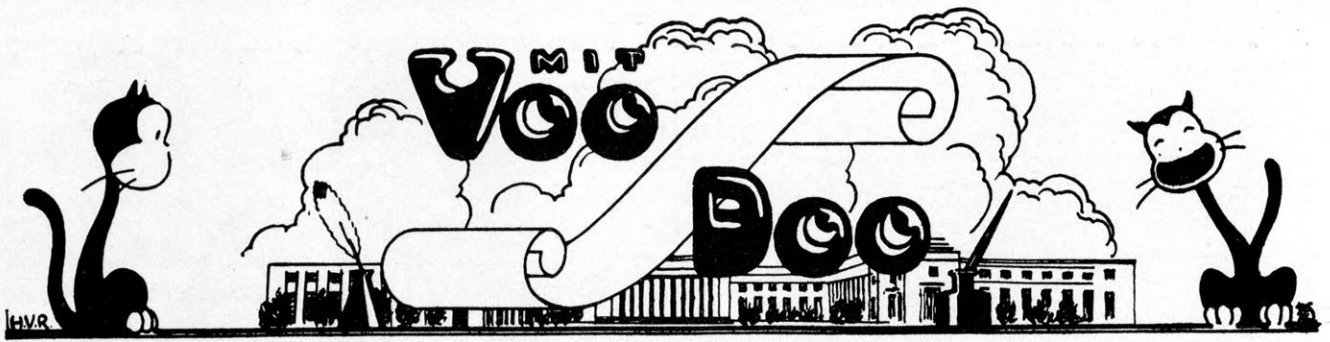
ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



MENS ET MANUS
TAK



Voodooings . . .

What Size Coat?

Some freshmen are lazy, a few are ingenious, and all of them like free service. The lad in question was the original 3-in-1 combination. It was raining when the class ended and all us guys and gals (or the gal) picked up our coats. "Where's yours?" we asked the genius. "Oh, my coat," he chortled, "that's down in the Superintendent's office. It's too much trouble to carry around all day, so I leave it in the corridor where some janitor may find it, and at the end of the day I pick it up at the office on my way out."



Mutual Delinquence

Spoke the E 12 professor to an innocent victim of the Class of '40: "Did you keep your 3 o'clock conference appointment with me yesterday?" The voice was low and full of the sarcastic menace carried by instructors' voices when the phenomenon of politeness pervades their manner. The hapless student paled to the gills, with the consummate craft of long experience hid the copy of "Life" under his seat, and managed to gurgel out a hopeful, "Well, you see, sir—" Cut in the prof: "Never mind looking for a hole in the floor, because I forgot the appointment and wasn't in my office at the time."



Over-Specialization

Just to prove what happens when a student goes to Tech and acquires a knowledge of things scientific, listen to what happened at the Colonial Theater last week. A Tech student arrived on the second floor with his fair, and they, espying a water cooler against the further wall, decided to imbibe some of the sparkling fluid. Our hero, being a gentleman, reached for one of the Dixie cups that were hanging in the usual manner from the long glass tube. Imagine his surprise when he found no handle to pull! A little thing like this didn't bother him, however, for he was a scientific man. Immediately he sought other means. He twisted the tube and he twisted the holder; he pushed this and he pushed that. Still nothing happened. Time passed. He became flustered and began to wish he'd paid more attention in class. The girl got thirstier. Several people paused to watch. Finally the usherette noticed the gathering and came over to see what went on. With a single glance she sized up the situation. Walking over to the container, she firmly pushed the budding scientist aside and calmly released the cup by simply pulling it out. After a hasty gulp of water, the pair proceeded to their seats.

Pantless In Walker

Some funny sights, it must be granted, wander into Walker Dining Hall for food, and the long-suffering murals shake and shiver at many of them, but last week the plaster was strained to the utmost as into the great hall strolled an individual of nerve-shattering attire. Fresh from a fast game of squash, this gentleman, apparently ravaged by hunger, hadn't bothered to change, but bounded into the cafeteria as he was. Which would have been bad enough, but his idea of a court costume was a pair of underdrawers. Think of the blushes of the pretty naked nymphs on the walls. Oh customs! Oh morals!



The Sky is the Limit

Phos was sitting in the Grill Room of the Hotel Roosevelt the other day with a young lady friend and thoroughly enjoying himself when he saw two men of the cloth walk in and seat themselves in the table behind his. They ordered a glass of soda water apiece and sat down to watch the revellers. The seats were so arranged that Phos's back was toward the clergymen and his young lady friend was facing them. After a while Phos felt a pinch on the arm and turned around. "Tell the young lady," said one of the spreaders of truth, "that this is our day off."

The poor privates in the R.O.T.C. never have a chance. The officers get all the breaks. The case in point took place a few weeks ago when the companies were still in the armory. One squad was marching to and fro, as squads do in the armory. It had just marched fro and had stopped for a moment's rest before marching to again, when the men saw the dime. Almost simultaneously the eight noticed it lying there on the floor. It was tails. It shone temptingly, but with heroic self restraint the men stood motionless in ranks. Each laid plans to come back to look for it after drill. Then they were torn away from the coin as the lieutenant gave "squad right about". Several more times they marched to and fro. Each time as they marched fro they could see the dime ahead of them, tantalizing them. Each time they silently prayed that the lieutenant would march them far enough for some one to get the dime without leaving ranks. Then, heartbreak, the lieutenant himself glanced down and saw the coin. He hesitated hardly at all; taking advantage of his freedom and superiority he moved quickly forward and seized the precious dime. Unfair, we call it.

Kennel Club DeLuxe

The Stork Club, that famous and very swanky New York Nightery, like Walker Memorial, probably sees some strange sights, and has to cope with queer situations. For instance, there is the lady who wanted fried goldfish for her pet cat, and refused to dine until the cat was fed on his glistening supper. And there is the gentleman who demanded a real Japanese bird's nest for the piece de resistance. But we wager that these are as nothing to the very recent request of VooDoo's General Manager, who shall be nameless here, for a hamburger and a glass of milk. He got it, too, though the hamburger cost a dollar and a quarter.

M.D.C. Ally

The chief of Phos' kittens, being driven to the North Station with his lovely secretary and an observer from The Tech by his chauffeur, came, in the due course of following Memorial Drive, to a right turn protected by a red light. As the car came toward this light, underneath which was a green arrow legitimizing the right turn our chief so intently desired, a car popped out from the middle lane and stopped, blocking the turn provokingly. The driver of the VooDoo car, thinking it not unreasonable to expect the car ahead to pull up far enough to permit passage, tooted gently on his horn. The nut holding the steering wheel in front, however, far from being helpful, or even interested, hunched his head into his shoulders and stolidly stood. Incensed at this brutish rudeness, the chauffeur gently bumped him, twice. The man looked around, the picture of apoplectic anger, reversed his machine and bumped our hero. At this the light turned green, but instead of proceeding across the gentleman ahead got out. Our chauffeur also got out, in time to hear:

"Young fellow, you're too fresh. I'm going to take your number and turn you in to the police."

By now equally mad, the driver replied:

"You've got no business being in this lane unless you're making a right turn. I'm going to take YOUR number". They got back, the out-of-lane driver saying, "I don't give a damn for anybody."

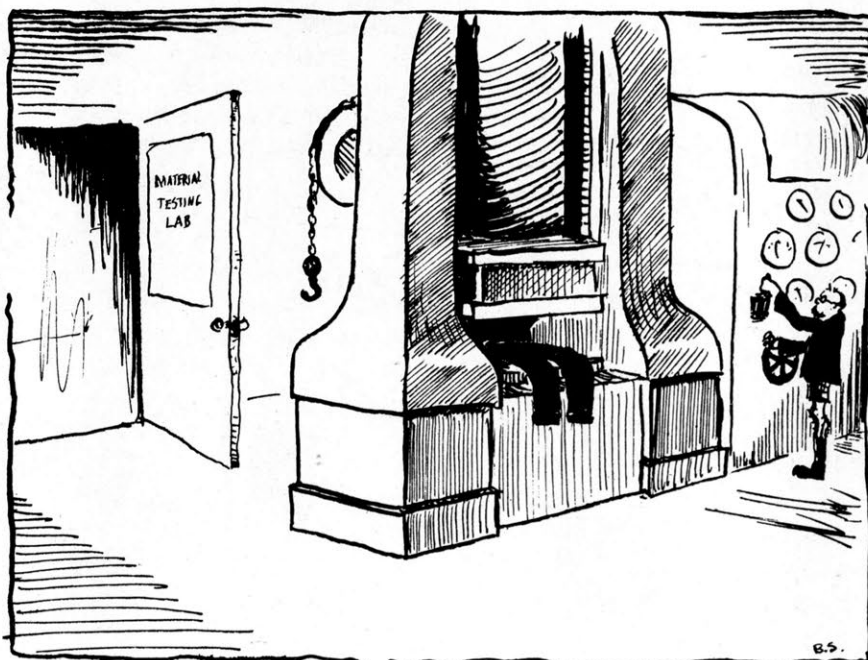
Before he could start, the light, with a wicked grin, turned red again, and they sat, the VooDooers stewing angrily. Then along came a grey uniform, and like a bat the chauffeur of the Tech car was out telling his story. With a snort, the officer strode up to the stubborn traffic-blocker and

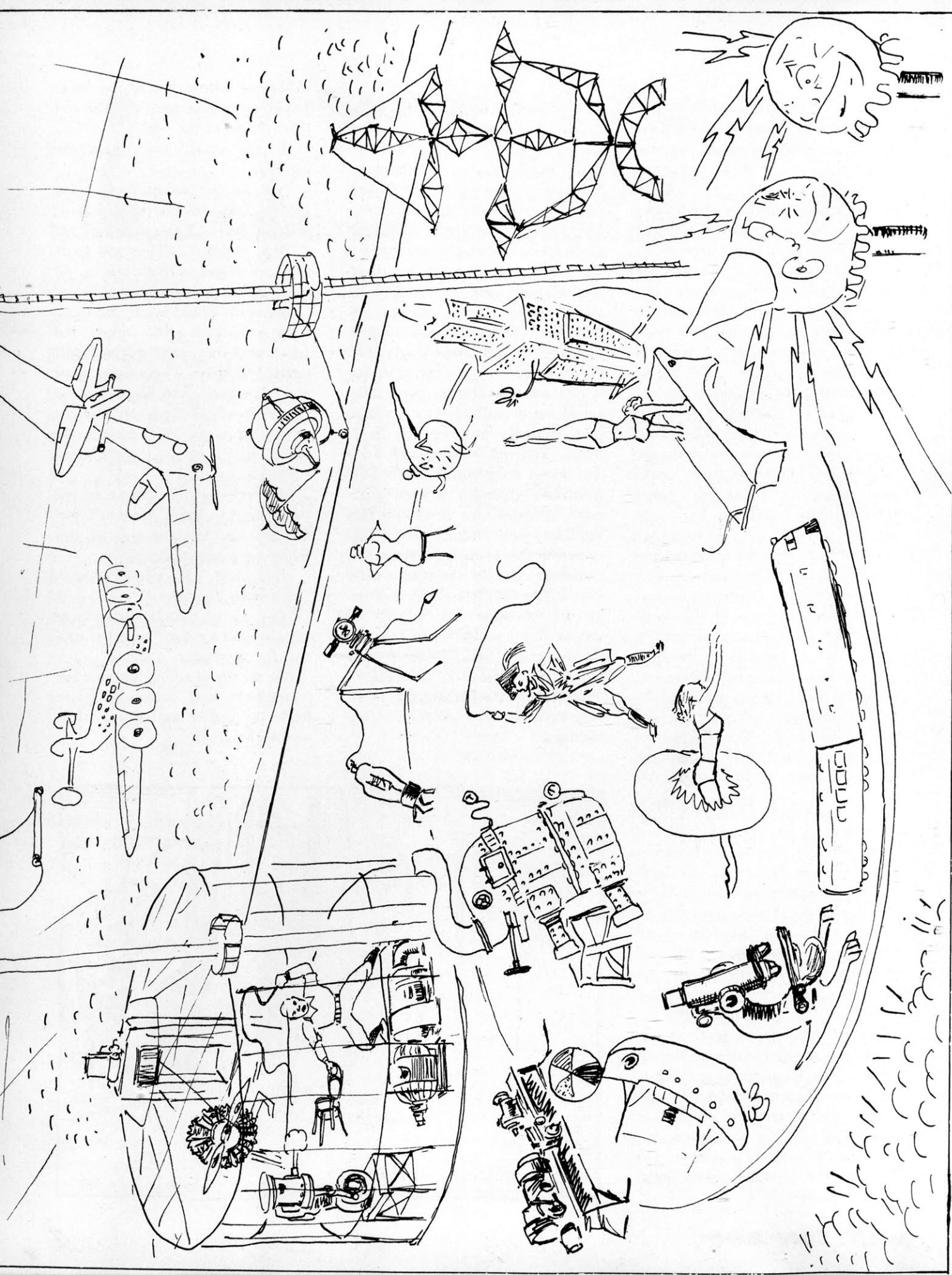
"Do yuh see that green arrow? Well, do you know what it's for? Get out of that lane and let this fellow past, and hurry up."

"But officer," our villain whined, "He's been hitting me."

"Get out of that lane quick, or I'll give you a ticket," said the cop, and the man got.

But the joy of giving him one last triumphant and victorious glare made the matter well worth while to the chauffeur.





Extra-Curricula



VooDoo

VooDoo's comic proclivities are well known. Filled monthly with a mass of excruciatingly funny jokes, interspersed with witty and superbly executed cartoons and drawings, the whole supported by a network of clever, clever ads, VooDoo supplies that fund of humor for which Tech men are so widely noted. But, if the truth be known, VooDoo is also the guiding light of the serious side of the campus. Founded by the faculty in 1769 to ease the load on the instructorial shoulders, VooDoo has guided the destinies of the Technology undergraduate ever since. Pages and pages of brilliant editorials form an important clue by which the undergraduates, graduates and administration of the Institute guide their steps in all affairs of policy and conduct. It has been well said, "Go build your castle on a rock", and it might have been added — "For Technology VooDoo is that rock".

The Tech

The Institute's sandpile since time immemorial, this country bi-

weekly has provided an amusing playground for those undergraduates who find their talents a little too pressing of exploitation to be satisfied by writing anonymous letters and putting mustaches on billboards. If we were writing play reviews we should entitle this "A Comedy of Errors". The experience gained on the Tech is invaluable, for it proves that people can take almost anything seriously. In conclusion, the best thing about the Tech is the fact that there are five days in the week when it doesn't appear, and you never have any pennies on Tuesdays and Fridays.

T.E.N.

Published a week after the Technology Review, and containing all the material in the previous issue, the Tech Engineering News is a fine catalog of trade advertising and a lovely scrapbook to keep the pretty pictures of all the big machines going around, and the curious antics of a small drop of milk, selected by fate and Dr. Edgerton to perform in its nubile nudity for the edification and delight of thousands of sensuous scientists. Selling because of its tricky cover, good pictures and interesting material, the T.E.N. gives its readers so much that it has its annual banquet in a cafeteria.

Technique

Every college and institution has a year book, and therefore Tech has one. Sold every year on the reputation of its predecessor and collected for by the Institute's strong arm bursar gang, Technique can't lose, and doesn't. Filling a large office with desks and hard-working board members, it is amazing that so much energy goes to the production of only one opus. Depending for its literary material on the contributions of fraternity

scribes and for its art work on VooDoo cartoonists, the only original contributions are the ads, and these are swiped. Owing its popularity to the fact that it contains the name of every man in the Institute, and the picture of most of them, it lives solely on the promise that it will appear every spring, and every spring, like the flowers and the April showers, it pops up.



No doubt many of our guests today are youngsters in whom has been fired the noble ambition of attending the greatest technical college in the world. And we do not doubt also that many of you who have been fired by this noble ambition find only one drawback (besides the \$600) and that is what uninformed persons have told you about the "exacting curriculum" of the Institute. We can but chuckle when we are told this, for we, as well as any other brownbagger, know that these are all lies—yes all, and that if we have some bad points, why there are so many good that they are easily counterbalanced.

Someone has, no doubt, told you that "Tech is Hell." Admitting that it does smack of phosphorous and is well heated, so what? The phosphorous comes from the third floor of Walker and the heat from the boiler. So you see, you have been lied to and deceived. And no doubt you have been told that the courses are tough. Well, even we can't say that they're any bowl of cherries. But what of that? Think of all the clubs you can go to for recreation.

The largest club in the school is the 7:17 club. Fun? Why you don't know what fun is until you've

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The Gauze of It All

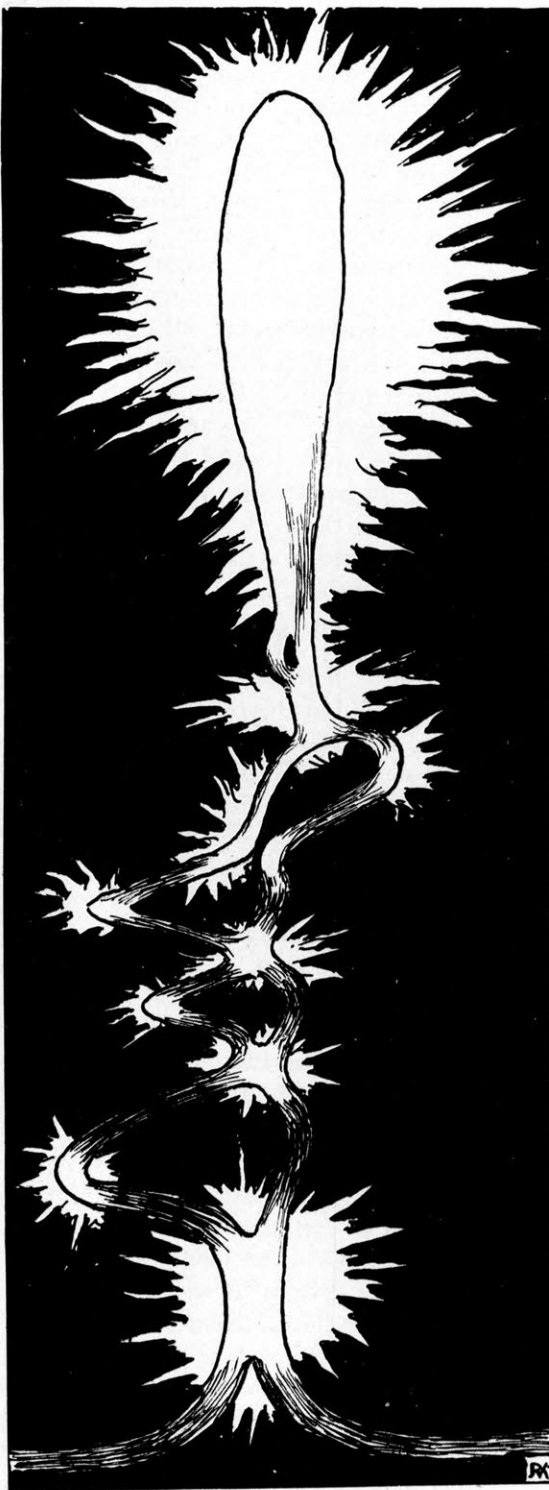
SURREALIST ANALYZER

When they took Professor Vladimir Schlatz away from his workshop to the states, science lost one of its most beloved specimens. Ah, well do I remember him when, as boys, we used to shoot crap behind Slattery's old junk heap — he always used to beat me because he cheated so well. People thought he was crazy because he killed his brother and ate his sister, but I knew that Schlatsie (I called him Schlatsie because I liked him so well) was just more individual than the rest of us. I'll never forget the time he fed dynamite caps to old Miss Tillinghast's cat and blew it all over the city — he almost died laughing at that. I loved him like a brother — he even shot me in the head once, but he laughed so hard I had to forgive him. Yes, sir, they don't come any better than old Schlatsie — But I must get on with his Surrealist Analyzer.

For many a moon Prof. Schlatz lived in the sub-cellar of building 30, existing on nothing but pork chops, applejack, watermelon seeds and hardtack, while he planned the greatest invention since 1935, when he completed his computator for solving trigometric identities. Although his identitimizer consisted only of an empty box, Schlatz should be complimented for that job, for however hard a problem was put into the machine, the final answer was always correct.

This year's contribution, however, is not so simple, and demonstrates this great man's superhuman intelligence.

The apparatus seems to be a mixture of a steam shovel, gin still, linotype machine, vacuum sweeper and slot machine. It is a large con-



traption, looking sort of like a donkey-engine with the mumps, bespattered with gauges, gears, ratchets, pistons, lightning rods and flyswatters of various sizes and shapes. On the top of all that contraption is a queer shaped knob which, after closer examination, proves to be Prof. Schlatz's head.

To make the darned contraption work, it is usually necessary to remove Schlatz from its interior, for he gets stuck there and goes to sleep if you don't pay any attention to him. Once Schlatz has been extracted, the machine is ready to function. A picture painted by any modern artist is dropped in a slot in the top and the switch is thrown. At first the machine seems to sizzle a little, then to shriek; steam gurgles and hisses, lights flash on and off; the machine begins to rumble and roar, to shiver and shake, and finally to quake like a herd of hippopotomi doing the "Lindy Hop." That racket, as Prof. Schlatz says, is merely the mechanical brain wrestling with itself. At last, after knocking down three of the four walls of the building, the machine makes up its mind and shoots up a large jet of steam. Then amid the clash of cymbals and the refrain of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," a name appears on the screen in front of the contraption. This is the name of the picture inserted in the slot.

Schlatsie's Surrealistic Analyzer is indeed a godsend to those crack-brained artists who daub canvas with gaudy colors with their eyes closed. At last they can daub to their hearts' desire and not have to lie awake nights thinking of a title.

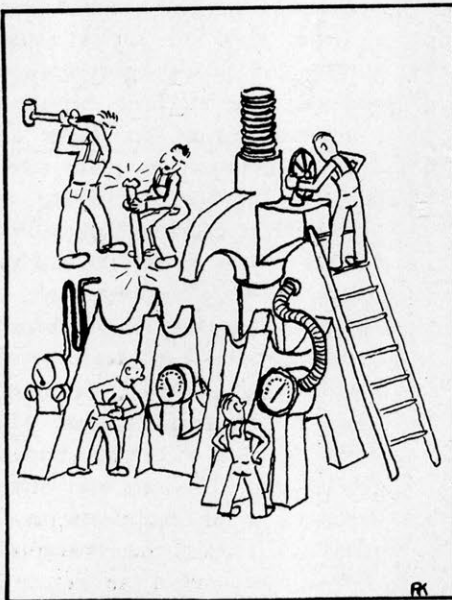
Analizer's first test — Result — Tuesday's Dorm Riot

Educational Opportunities at TECH

"If you ain't seen the Institute, you ain't seen nothin'!" Thus spoke Col. Cornelius Vestibule (who sent two sons, Marmalade and John, to Technology, and gave those parts of the buildings which bear his name, the Vestibules). He it was who favored co-education at Technology; he endowed the Margaret Cheney Vestibule, as well as the numerous other Little Margaret Cheney Vestibules which are so conveniently located throughout the school. Yes, we can thank him for many of the things which make life at the Institute so happy and carefree (he also gave the East Wing, the West Wing, and the Dome. The Corporation is working on him now for a golf course, a stadium, and a battle-ship). And when a man such as Col. Vestibule endorses the Institute so heartily, it's not be-

cause he has sunk several millions into the place and would hate to see it go to hell — goodness no! — it's nothing to him if the Institute folds up. He, like countless thousands of Technology men, loves the place that took most of his money.

Accordingly, in order that all may see what wonders this great institution is working every day, an opportunity to visit the Factory (as it is lovingly called by the students) is extended to the man on the street, the average dizwit who doesn't know one day from the next. Come and ogle to your heart's content, suckers, and send your kids to Technology, the place for men to wonder why the hell they came and for boys to steer clear of.



COURSES

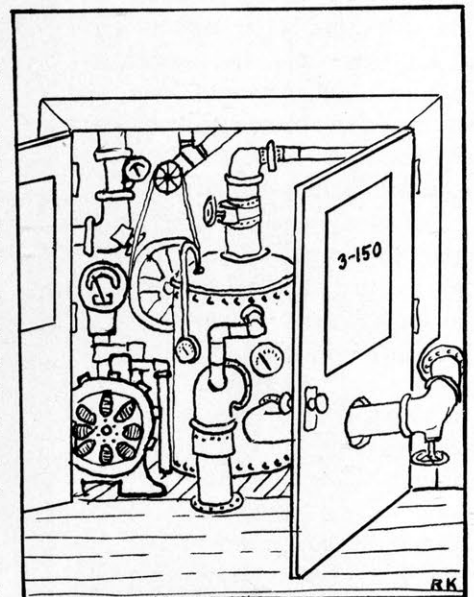
Course I

The Civil Engineers are busy learning manners under Prof. Breed, author of that anonymous pamphlet, "The Art of Breeding", and playing bridge (bridge, bridge, who's built a bridge) on the side, and in back of the room. Joe Smaginslow, whose brilliant thesis on the construction of a non-collap-

sible hole is pictured herewith, has been amusing the course this year with some old jokes and a three foot steel straight-edge, all imported from Dartmouth. He expects to improve nautical stuffing-boxes with his developed hole, but in case he fails to win the acclaim he expects, he says, "I can always have a hole to crawl into." It is said that samples of the developed hole may be obtained in the center of the lobby on June 18th of this year, after the invention has undergone a thorough and severe testing.

Course II

Conducted in a hectic and chaotic fashion by the instructors who only just graduated, the mechanical engineering division is best exemplified by the gleeful manner in which a group of these happy problem-markers set the valves on a slide-valve engine awry, and tell the student to fix them. No thesis has been completed in this department for years, all the time being taken by the students in setting up their apparatus, but the most compli-



cated set-up, which won the Walker-Gordon Exasperated Milk Cup, was made by John Wernerons, who succeeded in so thoroughly disarranging the Engine lab. that Mr. Cheney was lost for three years, being fed by monthly trips of a faithful, if blind, St. Bernard dog. For this achievement Mr. Wernerons was sentenced to from three to three million dollars by the Breakax Corporation.

Course III

Course Three consists of five men and seven professors who disappeared in a mine freshman year and haven't been heard of since. It is rumoured by the underground railway that one of the men, named Old, is doing a thesis on how to get out, but theses being what they are, it is extremely doubtful if it will ever be read.

Course IV

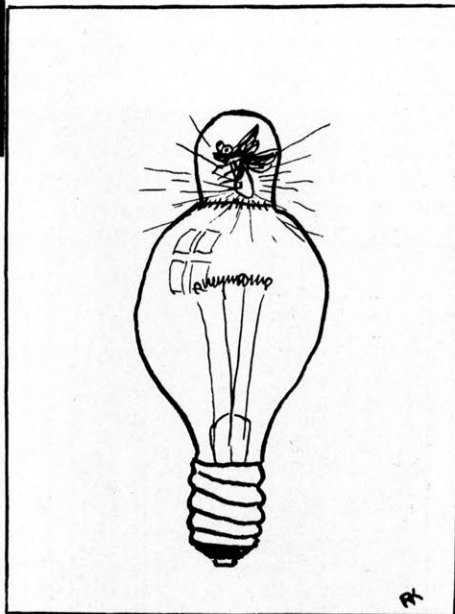
Theses in architecture vary from a tracing of a rear view of the Venus de Hi-lo bending over picking up her drape to a revised window plan of the Technology underground hockey rink. The artists are said to have a wild time over in Rogers, and we have fun too, so why let a Ferret worry us.

Course V

The chemists are always with us. They can't be seen, they can't be heard, yet their insidious influence permeates the entire Institute, wreathing down in curling worms from the ventilators, under the doors and through the corridors. Joe Glotz is doing a good job at inventing a smell-proof gas mask, but is far excelled in his service to humanity by his brother, Bloie Jlotz, who has nearly completed his lethal chamber for chemists.

Course VI

Reports from the electrical engineering department reveal that the labs are still too long, and no man in the course has been out since last fall. A flashlight bulb with a caged lightning bug as auxiliary is the outstanding thesis this year, as it was last year and the year before. The current edition (several amps) has been developed by a very well-known gentleman named Vestibule, M.P.



Course VII

The Biology and Public Health Department has been suffering lately from a serious epidemic of sleeping sickness, the Technology disease, coupled with artificially induced typhoid (see the M.S. department) but things are going as well as could be expected. Somewhat ostracized by other students for only singing two "Ologies" in the Tech Song (Biology, get it?) they are now coming back to a more healthy situation, and in a few years should be one of the leading courses and the only one to establish a cooperative with Wellesley.

Course VIII

An off-shoot of Course VII (see above) this course was the direct result of the narrow-mindedness of certain diagnosticians, in prescrib-

ing for another frequent Institute disease, brought about by the hard seats and the shocks from the drinking fountain. Physics is perhaps the most powerful and active course in the Institute.

Course IX

The General Engineering course combines engineering with Military Science to produce, upon graduation, a man with the title "General Engineer", an official who is just under a Colonel ashore, and considerably lower than a wiper at sea.

Course X

The difference between Chemistry and Chemical Engineering is simply one of the practical mind, and being a visionary, the author chooses to skim over this course with the lightness of a lead-bellied swallow in a volcano.

Course XI

Since the sanitary engineers are VooDoo's greatest enemies, it seems only fair to be polite to them, as well as good business and policy not to hurt their feelings. Therefore "Hello, Sanitary Engineers, how are all you fellows?"



Course XII

The geologist wanders about paleontologic China with a hammer in one hand and a pocket memo in the other, and produces fragments

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Technology Zoo

This year the Open House Committee presents a new feature, the Technology Zoo. The specimen in the cages are shown to introduce the prospective freshman to some of the interesting inmates of the Institute and to acquaint the residents of Boston and Cambridge with some of the native fauna. Below is a description of the exhibits.

SPECIES: *Homo dormitoriens*.

HABITAT: Usually found in burrows in the mud cliffs lying east of the Institute buildings.

REMARKS: Of nocturnal habits. Note the peculiar yellow color of the flesh caused by a continued diet of Walker food.

At this time of year the entire colony is seized by strange urges. During the evenings they lean from the mouths of their burrows and give forth strange cries, regarded as mating calls by some theorists. However, better authorities hold that the *Homo dormitoriens* does not mate, but is reproduced by spontaneous generation.



The structure in the middle of the cage is a reproduction of the opening of the burrow of the dorm man and was specially installed in order that the *specimine* might rest upon it and demonstrate his cries. Please stand well back from the cage for the *specimine* sometimes attempts to throw water through the bars.

SPECIES: *Coedae Technologicae*.

HABITAT: Margaret Cheney Room.

REMARKS: The less said, the better.



SPECIES: *Brownbaggerum superum*.

HABITAT: Who cares?

REMARKS: Wears glasses; is round shouldered from carrying brief case. The *specimine* was captured by placing on a table in the library an "Introduction to Mechanics and Heat" opened at one of the formulae for which "the simple proof may be given by the student." When the beast approached and sat down to do the problem he was seized by three of our hunters hidden under the table.



SPECIES: *Commuterus veritas*.

HABITAT: Specimines found anywhere in eastern Massachusetts.

REMARKS: Those visitors fortunate enough to be in the zoo at 5:15 P.M. can observe the most peculiar habit of the *Commuterus*. Daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at this time, and also at about 7 A.M. each morning, the animal grabs a large leather bag from the corner of the cage and begins running around in circles. This habit was developed by running for trains, and, though the specimen in captivity no longer needs to catch trains to live, so strong is the instinct that twice daily it runs and runs until exhausted.

SPECIES: *Homo fraternicus*.

HABITAT: Found in large colonies on the south bank of the Charles River, but also elsewhere in the vicinity.

REMARKS: A very gregarious animal. Unfortunately there is no specimen on exhibit since the trappers made the mistake of going out on a Friday night.

The Voo Doo Laughs

by
bill
gibson



Perhaps because we read too many detective stories when we were young, we find that mysteries intrigue us unduly. Thus it was that when, on March 10th we walked into the office and found a little red book addressed to the Voo-Doo, we viewed it with some suspicion. Dedicated to Professor Robert E. Rogers, "The Devil Laughs" by Lazzaro Spallazani (misspelled, by the way, the original physiologist, born at Scandiano, Modena in 1729) attempted to convey the impression that it had been written by a member of the Institute staff, revolting at convention, but hiding behind anonymity. Although The Tech was fooled, the first impression was not strong, and our written by some freshman. Considerable detective work, both professional and amateur, was required to bring to light the real author, but the final clue was furnished

after he had been knocked around for thirty years or so—his attitude is quite understandably cynical. Unfortunately, he attacks nothing definitely, his tirades against religion are pointless to the modern reader, and his attitude toward sex is almost pitiously realistic and unromantic.

"They always told me to wait until I had something to write, and about before I tried too long." Certainly I think I've waited too long. I think Mr. Williams has lived a varied life, if we are to believe his written life story and the mass of true stories offered to, and rejected by various magazines. He trustingly lent the present writer his most important work, "The Technique of Love" in manuscript. A long and involved work tracing two strains of cross breeding through successive generations, this story, while devoid of any pretense of literary style, does show some understanding of human problems

when one of the publishing firms, which, through its Washington office of the National Association, had gone to the copyright office, gave the name and address of the publisher, who is also the author. Warner W. Williams (the W. stands for Wesley), Lazzaro Spallazani to the public, was born in Valparaiso, Indiana, in 1875. His life story, which he gave me in a bulky manuscript, rambles from joining a "Gang of thieves" as a boy, through chemistry at High and Normal schools, bumming, a job in a rolling mill, another stay in an insane asylum, "to study the inmates" to a five months' stay in a professional asylum. Mr. Williams says that if it hadn't been for his interest in chemistry he would have been a professional crook now, "and sometimes I wish I were". Obviously living a frustrated and unhappy life — "Those were the first kind words in my life" he says of a Welsh mill foreman's promise to make a job for him

but it unfortunately stops abruptly when it comes up to date, with no climax of any kind.

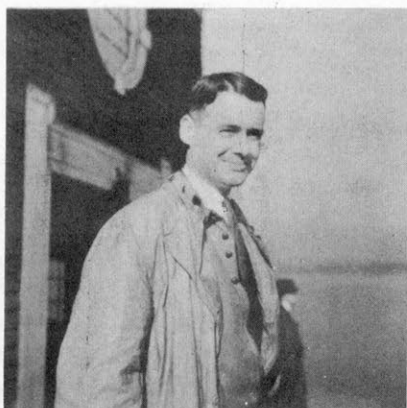
It was in order to raise money for the publication of this that "The Devil Laughs", which he started to write about three years ago, was published. He hopes to succeed in this, but so far has not sold a single copy of the little thirty-six page book, which he prices at five dollars.

Professor Rogers, whose notoriety from his column in The American apparently attracted the dedication, was goaded into reply by a series of letters from "Spallazani" and devoted a day to the settling of the book's destiny in a review far more accurate and less merciful than that of The Tech. The most we can say for the volume is that our interest was attracted far more by the mystery than by the content. The anonymity was a challenge which we accepted, perhaps successfully.

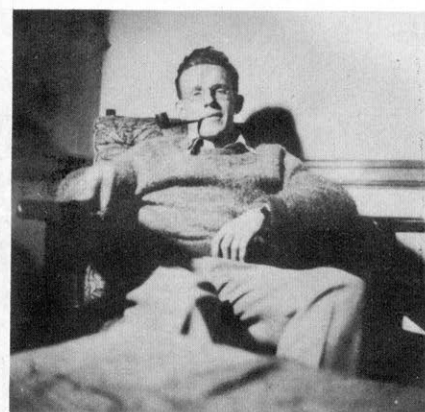
M.I.T.

Voo

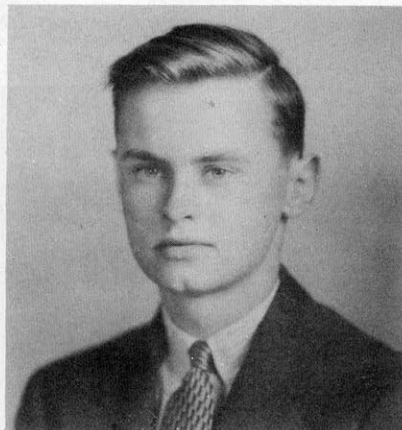
Doo



**WE
NOMINATE
for
Men of the Month**



CEDRIC VALENTINE, '26—Our 150 pound crew coach. His crew rowed to an unofficial record on Lake Carnegie in beating the Princeton light-weights in the good time of 7:06. A big factor was the boat, lightest in the world, designed and built by Coach Valentine. While at Tech, he rowed four years, was a wearer of the "T". Is now head of the Cambridge Boat Works.



JOHN JAFFRAY WALLACE, '38 — The newly elected senior class president for next year. Besides holding down this responsible job he was chairman of the recent Peace Meeting, was on the Managing Board of the A.E.S. his sophomore year, and is now president. Was a member of the Budget Committee and is a member of the Institute Committee. Also Tau Beta Pi.



RUNYON COLIE, JR., '40—A transfer from Dartmouth, he has made an enviable record in dinghy-racing. Has won every series of races this Spring but one, and was the mainstay of Tech's successful dinghy-racing team. Was high scorer in the Intercollegiate Championships, accounting for most of Tech's points in winning the team championship over eight competing colleges.



PAUL ANDREW VOGEL, '37—Who, with Howard Schlansker, won the Eastern Intercollegiate Debating Championship, is captain of the team. At high school, his team won the High School Debating Championship of the United States. Was a member of the freshman golf team, played varsity his sophomore year. A member of Tech Union and Alpha Chi Sigma.

Photographs by McGinniss

HOWARD IRVING SCHLANSKER, '38 —As President of the Debating Club, he with Paul Vogel, won for Tech, the Eastern Intercollegiate Debating League Championship two weeks ago — the first time it has been won by a technical school. Winning five debates and losing only one, the society has had an unusually successful season.

*After a man's
heart...*

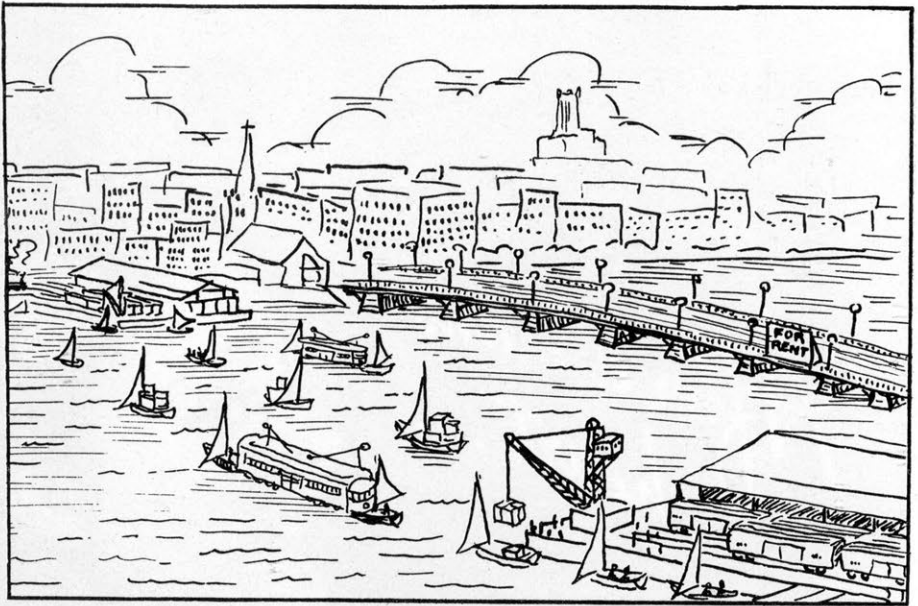


*...when smokers find out the good things
Chesterfields give them*

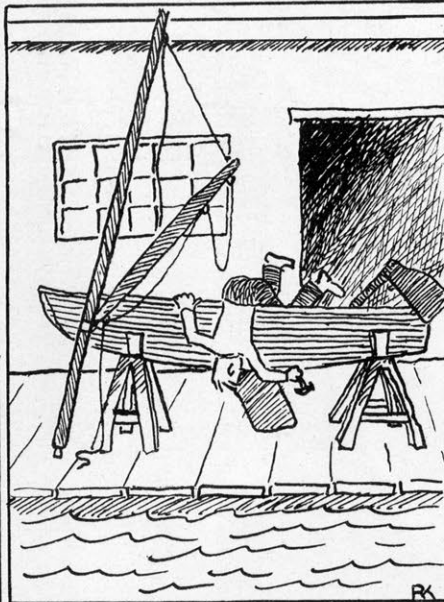
*Nothing else
will do*

Drippings From The Deep

After playing with the electrically operated blackboard and curtains in the Eastman lecture hall, catching a glimpse of one or two of our infamous co-eds (to satisfy himself that such an unlikely creation can exist), taking a cautious bite of food in Walker, ascending four flights of stairs on pilgrimage to the Shrine of VooDoo (the Mecca of the Mealy-mouthed), observing the shambles of The Tech office, and reading the copies of Esquire in the Infirmary waiting room, many of our Open House day visitors will be so filled with the awe and majesty of science that some lighter phase of The Big Factory's activities may appeal to them. From the main building perhaps one of the khaki clad freshmen on duty could direct you to the banks of the Charles, some fifty yards distant. Possibly some wholesale fish dealer will be arguing price with the crew managers for the batch of crabs collected by the Tech crews that raced in the morning. But, more important, they should wander into the lair of the Nautical Association and observe the wonders of this new form of diversion for the institution's inspired intelligentsia. With this in mind we are printing these few clubhouse clues to accustom the reader to the vagaries of animal life around a yacht club.



The Offshore Sailor is a great, hairy, unkempt brute who is never happy unless a mile away from the nearest land, horizontally and vertically. It avoids the female of the species when contemplating long trips, but upon landing again is a definite menace to womankind.

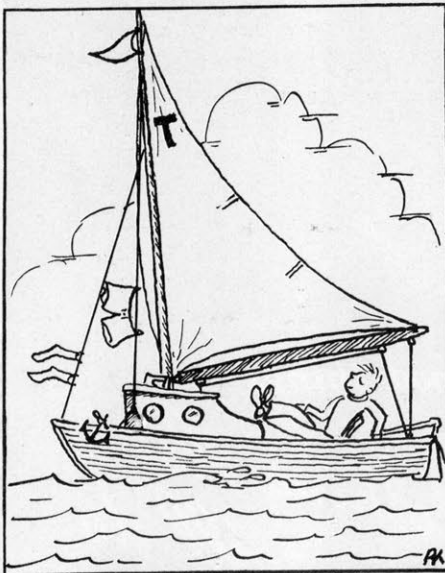


The Putterer is an inoffensive form of low marine mammalia that seldom ventures far from home. It has swivel eyes and spends so much time looking for squalls that it never gets away from the harbor. It is usually mated to a female of the species with a powerful thumb to keep things under.



The Porch Sitter is found around yacht-clubs, a type of porch-parasite. The class suffers the peculiar delusion that it is the remnant of a mighty race that once ruled the sea. They seldom speak except to say, "Steward!" and hold out an empty glass hopefully. Their interest in the female is satisfied by frequent use of binoculars. They are seen only in warm weather and probably hibernate in cracks in the veranda during the winter months.

(Please turn to Page 19)



SPRING SUITS AND OVERCOATS



All those characteristics of materials, style and workmanship which make Brooks Brothers' ready-made clothes so instantly distinguishable from others, are as apparent this Spring as ever—and our restriction of all patterned materials insures an individuality of choice most unusual in ready-made clothes.

Brooks Brothers' travelling representatives are now visiting 51 cities from coast to coast. If you will write to our New York store, we shall be glad to send their current itinerary, together with a copy of BROOKS—Illustrated.

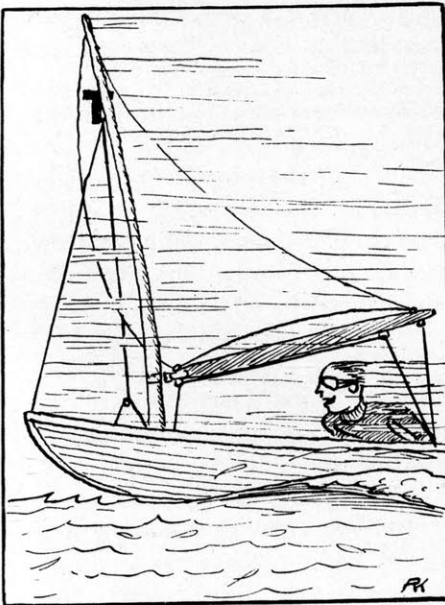
BRANCH STORES:

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NUMBER ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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



The Racer is a noisy and energetic type of creature of a highly competitive nature, whose sole object in life seems to be to leave a given point ahead of his fellows in order to get back to the same point before he starts. His is a queer religion, founded upon a holy trinity

of the Port Tack, the Overtaken Boat, and Buoy Room. He travels in schools, and collisions are frequent, always being followed by long squawking noises.

The Dinghy Sailor is a cunning little cuss, and 'tho related to the Racer has definite peculiarities, including an unusual hardness to all vicissitudes of weather. It sometimes tips over in the water during winter sports, whereupon its fellows haul it out, fill it full of alcohol, and roast it before an open fire.

The Cruiser is a leisurely, philosophical beast, often found loafing in quiet pools. He fishes for his food and after starving for the first week gives up his great ideal and frequents the "A. & P."s along the sea-coast. It is a gregarious animal, and is given to gathering in pleasant harbors, where its strange attempts at singing, accompanied by sound as of bottles being tossed overboard, may be heard late at night. ★ ★ ★

Extra-curricula

joined the 7:17. A normal person can't go near the 7:17 room without some protection against all the fun that streams from its doors. Here you dance, sing, play, and study without a care in the world. It is a pleasure to belong to the 7:17.

Sword and Sheath has a local chapter at M.I.T. Here the future conquerors of the world get together and plot. Here they decide which gun they will use to civilize the poor Zulu. Do you thirst for blood? Join Sword and Sheath.

Have you a neck? Do you want to keep it whole? Then don't join the Outdoor Club. But seriously, fellows, the Outdoor Club is a swell place for fresh air. If you do break your leg while skiing, why worry? Your clubmates will send flowers. And it isn't every club that will send its members flowers.

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buy at Price Bros. Established
for over a quarter of a century
as wine and liquor merchants
to discriminating people.

Telephone orders given prompt
attention. Just call KENmore
3813. Free Delivery.

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141 Mass. Ave., Boston

WE RECOMMEND

Lord Newbury
Gin — \$1.25 a qt.
*made from select
grain*

Ballor Vermouth
\$.99 a bot.
Imported

Brenton Club
\$1.90 a qt.
\$1.00 a pt.
Blended Whiskey

Sanderson's Special
Reserve Scotch
\$2.85 a bot.
7 Years old

More Rags

and

Less Riches

The I.F.C. went off in grand style. The next social gathering of the entire school is scheduled at the end of this month and is being sponsored by the professors. Examinations, you dope!!

Of course you have heard the one about the fellow who was in love with a woman, figuratively speaking.

Recent headline in the local Herald—

600 SITTING DOWN
IN KANSAS CITY

You don't say so!!

Speaking of newspapers, Little Orphan Annie is rated as the tops in comics by a group of supposedly intelligent adults. Anything for a thrill even if a perpetually youthful child does it.

The Dorm men will go from the ridiculous (riots) to the sublime (dancing) when they trip the light fantastic at their coming Spring Dance. These social affairs that the dorms are throwing are like wine, they improve every year.

Have you ever eaten at Hartwell Farms? If you haven't, you're due for a treat. It's the nearest thing to heaven, when it comes to food.

Did you know that the Boylston Street Police Station has a pasture for grazing horses in its back yard?

The English will take the prize this year for the biggest show on earth when the "bally" coronation comes on and off. The Tech Open House wasn't so bad either, from what I hear. I suppose shooting high voltages is more fun than shooting royalty. I wonder?



PK

He's been following me since New Year's Eve

RECORDINGS



A Jam Session At Victor

Dorsey, Berigan, Waller, McDonough, Wettling

One of the greatest impromptu recordings of all times. This quintet of uncensored jazz have recorded a performance not to be outdone so soon. Seldom is seen a group of musicians, who are not only the best in their respective fields, but who can improvise equally well at the same time. "Fats" Waller, while seemingly clashing with the styles of Tommy Dorsey and "Bunny" Berigan, shows how two directly opposing ideas can meet without the loss of either. It is musical arbitration.

Too Marvelous For Words

Now You're Talking My Language

(Variety)

Chu Berry and His Stompy Stevedores
Chu Berry, Fletcher Henderson's tenor sax, has assembled for this, some really competent musicians, without rehearsal and badly out of tune. It is one of many hasty recordings, in what appears to be the start of the worst record war in history. In one week's time, some thirty odd discs have padded the market. Without a doubt, they cannot even begin to compete with the best of the dime store classics.

Gin Mill Blues If I Had You

(Decca)

Bob Crosby and His Orchestra
Here is a band capable of the best interpretation of swing. The rendition suffers from the loss of its top-notch pianist, Joe Sullivan, who wrote "GIN MILL BLUES". In this, there are many tasty variations of the beautiful melody, belittled only by a rather stiff piano execution.

Blue Danube Dark Eyes

(Victor)

Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra
This latest transfusion of the classics into jazz will drive the non-thinking people to slander. Strauss' immortal oompah-pah has profited by it. This waxing is the best of Dorsey's present series, and is the product of the best rehearsed band at the present time. While the sales of these records mount higher, the Goodman has become the forgotten man.

Tarantula

Champagne Cocktail

(Decca)

Ambrose and His Orchestra
From across the pond comes an echo of American swing. From what was thought to be a true-to-form "British dawnc bawnd", has come one of the most colorful bits of the day. The arrangements are ostensibly a rehashing of the Tommy Dorsey ideas. Facing defeat, the English have aped the American style! They'll do well to try it again.

My Last Affair

Trust In Me

(Vocalion)

Mildred Bailey and Her Orchestra
These two currently popular hits are sung admirably by that finest of all white singers, Mildred Bailey, who is supported by a group of Norvo's select musicians. The tenor sax releases on both sides sound like music of another world.

All Dark People Are Light on Their Feet Wanted

(Victor)

Bunny Berigan and His Orchestra
Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra
For the most part, the two sides are recorded by the same personnel. The first is a fine execution of a difficult arrangement, while "WANTED" is a smooth flowing rendition of a popular tune, destined for oblivion.

Liza

I Would Do Anything For You

(Brunswick)

"Red" Norvo and His Orchestra
Tired of being dictated to, Norvo has at last been allowed to record a bit of his own free style. Herb Haymer's tenor sax predominates with a vitality that is seldom heard. It is the best performance the organization has yet recorded.

The Love Bug Will Bite You On The Isle of Kitchy-Mi-Boko

(Brunswick)

Hal Kemp and His Orchestra
Full of tone color and infinite precision, this waxing marks the most successful performance by Kemp in many months. Freed from the monotony of previous attempts, we can appreciate the full extent of Kemp's tact and inventiveness.

Process-Aging Prevents Tongue Bite



Here's Edgeworth's Guarantee

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

The use of the finest Burley tobaccos will not prevent tongue bite. It's the processing that does it. As every tobacco expert knows, pipe tobacco can be rushed through the plant and save big sums of money. It is pipe tobacco, but it is *not* Edgeworth.

Our method is Process-Aging—a process as vital as the aging of old wines. There are twelve required steps, each under laboratory control. It takes 4 to 7 times as long as might seem necessary. But in no other way can we guarantee that Edgeworth will not bite the tongue.

We ask you to try it under our money-back guarantee. If Edgeworth bites your tongue, return it and get your money back. You can't lose.

NOTE: There are three kinds of Edgeworth for you to choose from:

- 1—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed—a cool, long-burning tobacco preferred by seasoned smokers.
- 2—Edgeworth Plug Slice—for the smoker who likes to crumble the tobacco in his hands until it's just right for him.
- 3—Edgeworth Jr.—the same tobacco also Process-Aged, but cut for a milder, more free-burning smoke.



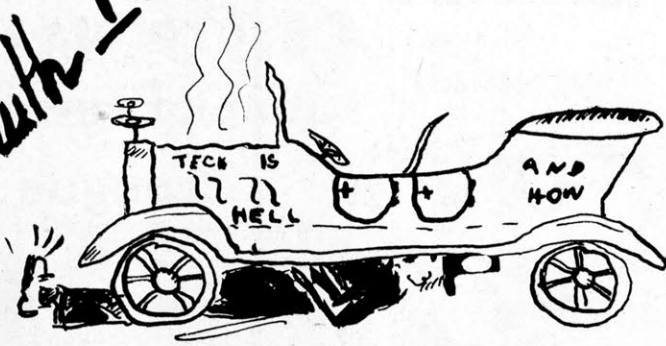
Please accept 50¢ Gold Plated Collar-Pin for only 10¢ when you buy Edgeworth. Merely send inside white wrapper from any tin of Edgeworth with your name and address and 10¢ to Larus & Bro. Co., Dept. 400, Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH AND EDGEWORTH JR.



*Smoking
Tobacco*

The Truth Is



This man will be late for a date

GET A

1937 Ford V-8

Instead of at 12 you'll be there at 8

LALIME & PARTRIDGE

1255 Boylston Street, Boston

HN

FARLEY USED

"INVISIBLE INK"

BOSTON, March 27 (AP).—Postal inspectors today examined the commissions of recently appointed postmasters in Massachusetts to determine how many had been signed by Postmaster General Farley in "disappearing" ink. Inspectors explained that through a defect the green ink used in the inscription faded when exposed to light and left a blank where the Postmaster General's signature should appear. The defective commissions will be returned to Washington for new signatures.

—N. Y. Times.

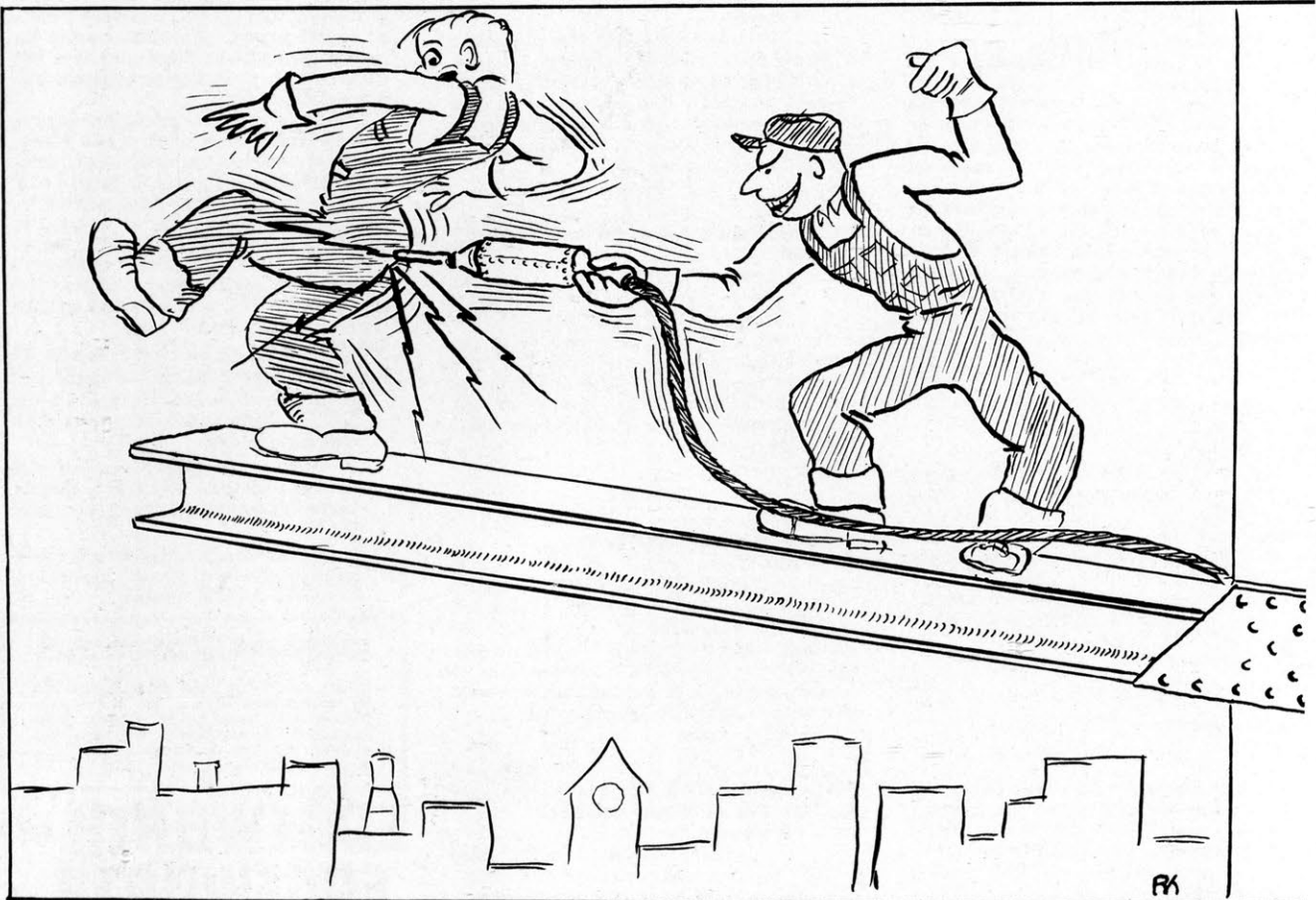
Next a silent speech, please.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

Stunning, attractive girls, size 12, height 5' 8", hips 35"; must be thoroughly experienced; steady position.

—N. Y. Times.

Even 5' 7½" would do.



FK

"Touché!"

"I thought you said there was
plenty of room for three in a
FORD V-8!"



For Your Dance

- THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN

For Your Date

- THE MANDARIN LOUNGE

For Your Mom 'N Pop

- THE ENGLISH ROOM



The MYLES STANDISH
Bay State Road at Beacon Street
BOSTON

NORDBLOM MANAGED

Educational Opportunities at Tech

of history, as other people dig up a garden. Some day a geologist will dig up a garden, and then we common people will be finding little old men (and "little old ladies", too) at our feet in every worm hole. Heaven help the geologist who picks us up, however.

Course XIII

One of the most, if not most important aspects of this course is the Marine Transportation Division. Composed of men who have proven their ability by walking in the rain, this group, small though it be, is busily engaged in finding out how to get away from wherever they are, and back to somewhere else, at a cost cheaper than it would cost them to get somewhere else and back, or perhaps it should be the other way, it's hard to see out of this press box.

Course XIV

Here, in electro-chemical engineering we have a peculiar phenomena, an example of typographical cross-breeding. One day, years ago, in the spring, a proof of page 63 of the Technique, describing course ten, was left too close to page 92, which contained a similar account of course six, and the result was Course Fourteen, which was immediately baptized as it appeared in print.

Course XV

The hard-headed practical men who want to make money drift to this course and learn how to write reports on the experiments and investigations they would be doing if they were in any other course. Subordinating to the adding machine the famous differential analyzer, they tap keys none the less, and have no tapping machine to do it with, either. The economics department does its job here, being supported in a practical way by the candy store in the office.

Course XVI

George Sberk of this department is constructing, for his next year's thesis, a motor driven butterfly,



which, he claims, will carry more butter at a higher rate of speed, quicker port turn-around and only slightly increased fuel cost. Of course, special butterflies will have to be built for port facilities at any stopping places of this super-giant butterfly, but Sberk is very confident of his ultimate success.

Course XVII

The Building Engineers build houses so the Civil Engineers will have to tear them down to build roads to let people get more easily to the houses that people, being attracted by the roads, will build in the way of more roads, which the Civil Engineers will make room for by tearing up more houses. (Stop—no wonder the VooDoo rocks.)

Course XVIII

The mathematics course is thronged with co-eds, perhaps because of their greater familiarity with figures, and their more extensive experience at shaping and producing curves. Having a profound impression on anything with which they come in contact, the co-eds exert a constant pressure on the Institute's undergraduate force, which, they say, equals ma.

Course XIX

As somewhat of an anti-climax we have here, in Metallurgy, the study of eutectoids and other instances of metals in baths of other metals. Phos thinks he'd prefer a co-ed in a bath of clear water.

W. G. G.

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

"That cop can't yell at you, he's got a whistle in his mouth."

Submitted by W. H. Hagenbuch, '40



May we suggest—

SAILORS IN BRITAIN GET STRONGER GROG

Sheets Also Will Be Issued if
Seamen Think They Make
Ships More Homelike

—N. Y. Times.

WINDSOR REDUCES NUMBER OF SERVANTS TO SIX; MOVES TO MODEST TYROL RETREAT TOMORROW

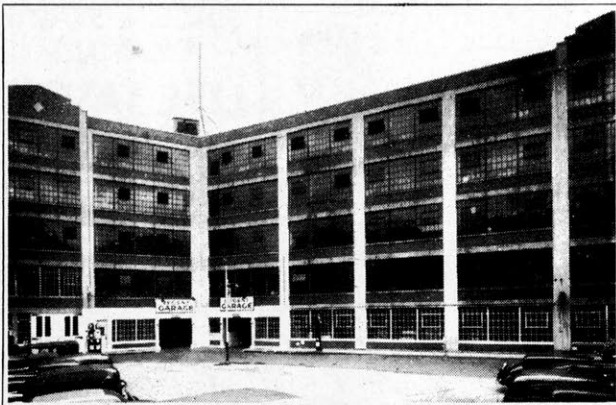
—N. Y. Times.

TRAFFIC JAMS ENDED BY DEAF-MUTE POLICE

Bucharest Automobilists Have to
Take "Tickets" Without Argu-
ment, Says London Paper

—N. Y. Times.

REGENT GARAGE



Latest Model PACKARD LIMOUSINES with Livered Chauffeurs
 Special Rates for Theatre and Dinner Parties
STORAGE • ACCESSORIES • LUBRICATION
 Floor Reserved Exclusively for Tech Students
16-18 Stoneholm Street, Boston, Mass.
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New Products and Inventions by Tech Men — To Be on Display at Open House

SLICKUM STICKUM (glue)

Slickum Stickum goes on the market as the only all molasses glue. Unlike most glues, Slickum Stickum is not a glue at all. Its inventor, Q. P. Fizzletwizzle, says it sure works fine, only you have to glue it onto whatever you want it to stick to.

FANG (tooth powder) —with apologies to Ballyhoo

Unlike most tooth powders, "Fang" is not a powder at all. Its makers describe it as "a powder in the form of a paste." Yet unlike most toothpastes, it is not packaged in tubes. Rather it is put up in bricks like ice cream, and you gnaw it, like a rat.

OHWOITHHELL FISH FOOD (fish food)

This marvelous new diet is not for fishes at all, as its cute name implies, but is for people to eat. Its lovely fishy taste reminds one of swimming in the Charles River —

need we say more?

INKY DINKY CIGARETTES (???)

If you've smoked an Inky Dinky you'll know what we mean when we say that "they are the nertz." Its co-inventor, who died after smoking a pack, used to say "Fume your way to social success with an Inky Dinky. Startle your friends with the clouds of black smoke you may get from an Inky Dinky (if it lights). You can use an Inky Dinky to hide your expressions while playing poker or other strip games. A very handy little thing to use.

Ed. note. Our Analytical Dept. found the new cigarette to be composed of:

Ink: 5 parts
 Sawdust: 3 parts
 Ground glass: 1 part
 H₂S: 2 parts

LADY HESTER'S FACIAL CREAM (gun powder)

Rub some of this concoction on your pan and see if it doesn't "lift" your face. Composed of gunpowder, salt, pepper, gin, and wood alcohol, it can't fail. Does the trick every time.

Advertising slogan: "Beautification or Burification."

Excerpts from our Encyclopedia Nauticana

BEACHCOMBER: An employee of the beach club who rakes the beach and smooths off the sand daily before bathing time.

BAR: Where sailors at sea go ashore and where sailors ashore get wet.

PORT and STARBOARD TACK: Left and righthanded nails for fastening on the respective sides of the boat.

LUFF: The thing to which in the Spring a young sailor's fancy turns to (or is my English English).

RACE COMMITTEE: A small body of men entirely surrounded by complaints.

BOAT-HOOK (see boathooking): Maritime larceny comparable to stealing automobiles.

KEELHAUL: To tow a boat during a race by means of a rope attached to the keel — generally declared illegal amateur competition.

"PINCH HER": A nautical command meaning to steer more closely on the wind, and perfectly legal for use in mixed company.

SPANKER: The fore-and-aft sale on the after mast of a bark — also refer to "Pinch Her".

RATLINE: A rope from deck to dock to make it easier for rats to get aboard.

SIMON SIMONE: Pronounced Sea-moan sea-moan — possibly not a strictly nautical term, but enough to take the wind out of anyone's sails.

WARP: Italian seaman.

BUNK: You can put down a Voo-Doo, but sailors have to sleep in it.

REEF POINTS: The sharp edges on rocky marine obstructions.

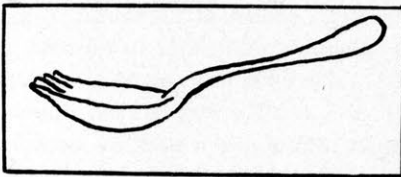
"Burlesque House Stripped of Payroll by Gunmen."

—*New York Times.*

Strippers Stripped?

VooDoo's Invention of the Century

In these days of airplanes, radio, television, VooDoo's and strip acts, in these days of hurry, worry, and blurry, the VooDoo staff decided something must be done to save time and labour — to save those precious minutes that Tech boys never seem to have. They found the answer to their problem in an old backhouse in New Hampshire — a little article that exceeds their wildest dreams, an article worth its weight in gold (though it's only tin plate) This article will revolutionize industry — yes, even life itself; it will do everything that F. D. R. had been doing, at one million billionth of the expense. Industry will be on its collective feet — people will be under their collective tables.



You ask, "What is this invention that will so invade Technology's cloistered halls?" Gentlemen, it is our new combination fork, spoon, and knife, commonly called the spork or foon. The contraption consists of the handle of a fork, the bowl of a spoon with prongs on the end, and knife edge cleverly fitted on one edge of the bowl. You can do everything that ordinarily requires three unwieldy tools. What a work-saver, time-saver, gravy-saver, and life saver! It certainly is a great invention. Even the editor of "The Tech" says (and we quote), "The 'foon' is a boon. Why, it's even going to be on display at Open House this year, only there isn't any Open House. The spork or foon, being three tools in one, will cut down the time required for the consumption of a meal to one-third its original length. People and even brown-baggers and Tech editors, will save

twenty minutes a meal, an hour a day. 'And what will they use this time for?' asked this chap with the crazy cranium. 'Why, they'll use it for recreation,' he answered. (The Tech always answers its own questions). 'It's all very simple—they'll buy books, cars, trinkets, trucks to use in this new free time. All this increased buying can mean but one thing! Prosperity will come out from behind its corner; even the demand for the material to make the one hundred and thirty million sporks required in the United States alone would set the world running right again. War will be eliminated. Utopia will be achieved, and all because of VooDoo and its little combination.'"

This is our invention, folks. "The foon is sure a boon."

Mind Over Matter

A source of constant irritation to many students is a method which the pros use to obtain various formulae. Viz.—the manner in which they drop quantities from equations because they are so small that they wouldn't make any difference in the end. To prove how risky this method is, let us consider the following proposition. Let us place our apple on the table before us. We are absolutely sure that it's there because we can see and feel it. But suppose we use the Physics Department's method and divide the fruit into infinitesimal pieces. Now, let us consider one of these motes. If we took it away from the apple, it would make no measurable difference in either the weight or size of the apple. Therefore, it is perfectly possible to disregard it entirely, to consider it as not being there at all. Applying this same reasoning to every other particle, we can prove that the apple isn't there. If we think we see it, it's an optical illusion. If we think we can eat it, we're candidates for the wagon. Think what would happen if we applied this same reasoning to other objects.

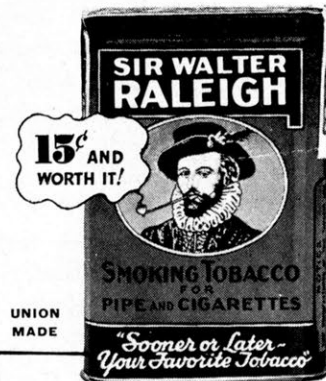
THE CHARGE OF THE PIPE BRIGADE!



.. then they switched to the brand of grand aroma



SMOKY Joe and Cinder Pete took the hint! They invested in some pipe cleaners, and then bought a *mild* tobacco. And when we say *mild*, we mean Sir Walter Raleigh, the one smoking tobacco that really justifies that important adjective. Blended of selected Kentucky Burleys, Sir Walter spares you the misery of tongue bite. It has a sweet, full-flavored aroma that is a positive delight. Try a tin!



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.

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As We See Them

Concerts

THE POPS (Symphony Hall, every night at 8:30 P.M.). Once again Arthur Fiedler conducts ninety members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a series of light classical and semi-classical music. The repertoire of the Pops includes everything from Saint Saens' "Danse Macabre" to the "Carioca." As you know, the regular seats are removed from the floor of Symphony Hall and small tables are put in their place. During the concerts, refreshments are served at these tables. Since we go solely to hear the music, our preference is for seats in the last few rows of the first balcony. Any of the concerts is well worth attending.

The Legitimate Theatre

KATHERINE CORNELL'S Boston engagement of Maxwell Anderson's *Wingless Victory* and Shaw's *Candida* is worth attending. Per-

haps the greatest controversy now running in the world of the stage is whether Helen Hayes or Katherine Cornell is America's greatest actress. We suggest you see them both and decide for yourselves. Cornell is here now; Hayes is coming in the fall.

KING RICHARD II. While in New York recently, we took in Maurice Evans' production of this little-known Shakespearian work. Needless to say, it was very well acted and in a way was rather timely for Richard II was the last English king before Edward VIII to be forced to abdicate. Out of four Shakespearian revivals this season, only Gielgud's *Hamlet* and Evans' *Richard II* were successes.

Movies

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS — M.G.M. (Bartholomew, S. Tracy, L. Barrymore). This is a truly great pic-

ture and goes to show what Hollywood can do if it tries hard enough. It is worth seeing at any cost.

ROMEO AND JULIET — M.G.M. (Shearer, Howard). As we told you, this is finally coming around to the local theatres at decent prices. Whether or not you have seen *Romeo and Juliet* on the stage, you ought to see this cinema version of it. No stage production can offer you the excellence of cast and production given by the movies.

THE GOLEM — A-B Film (Baur, Karl, Aussey). Based upon an old Hebrew legend. The Golem is a monster who was supposed to free the Jews when their troubles were bitterest. This is one of those pictures that makes a deep impression that cannot be shaken off. Highly dramatic and exciting.

ELEPHANT BOY — Alexander Korda (Sabu). Filmed in India by Robert Flaherty of *Man of Aran* it is the Kipling story of the son of a mahout who loses both his parents and is cared for by his elephant. The high spot of an excellent picture is the elephant charge.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER — Warner Bros. (Mauch twins, Flynn, Rains). Another super film, based this time on one of Mark Twain's most popular works. Another film for your "must" list.

CALL IT A DAY — Warner Bros. (Hunter, de Havilland, Inescourt, Brady). It was a hit on Broadway last year and will undoubtedly prove a mild motion picture success.

MARKED WOMAN — Warner Bros. (B. Davis, Cianelli, Bogart). A cinema version of the recent trial of Lucky Luciano, New York vice king. A very effective movie.

Other Pictures Which May Still Be Around

TOP OF THE TOWN. Somebody evidently spent a lot of money on this picture but it cost us a

quarter which was much too much.

MAYTIME. If you haven't seen it yet, drop everything and go.

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL. Swell!

THE SOLDIER AND THE LADY (Michael Strogoff). Stage calls it "an epic bore."

WAKE UP AND LIVE. One of those pictures that can always be counted upon to give pleasure and little else.

Classical Records

DECCA. We had a mild surprise recently when we found out that Decca is retailing classical records in the United States at half the Victor price. On Decca record 23025 Lottle Lehman sings an aria from *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and on record 23014 Lily Pons sings selections from *Lakme*. Kerstin Thorborg sings selections from *Orpheus and Eurydice* and *Sampson and Delilah* on record 23029. All of these records cost \$1.00. The technical excellence cannot, of course, be compared to that of Victor, or even Columbia for that matter.

VICTOR. The season 1936-37 was a great one for Wagner and Victor has capitalized upon it. Victor record 14181 presents the high priestess of the Wagnerians, Kirsten Flagstad, singing "Dich, teure Halle" from *Tannhauser* and "Elsas Traum" from *Lohengrin*. Eugene Ormandy conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra in the "Dance of the Apprentices" and the "Entrance of the Mastersingers" from *Der Meistersinger* on record 1807. Coming to Tschaikowsky, record 12006 presents Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra in a new recording of *March Slave*. A new Caruso disc, number 14234, lets us hear the greatest tenor in "O Paradiso" from *L'Africana* and the Flower Song from *Carmen*.

Free!

GALA EVENING

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STORK CLUB

🦉 The Stork Club invites Massachusetts Institute of Technology undergraduates to enjoy a free gala evening in New York.

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🦉 Your letter will be judged on its originality, accuracy and cleverness. It must be accompanied by your *home* address, and your entry must be postmarked not later than midnight on May 20th, to be eligible. The contest starts immediately and the decision of the judges will be final in determining the winner. All letters must be sent to the STORK CLUB, 3 East 53rd Street, New York City.



THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

Heime Wurst, Teutonic brave,
To, Sacre Fou, that Gallic knave,
An extra special Courier sent.
Fleet as the wind this Mercury went
To Castle Blah and asked for Fou;
The latter, incensed, demanded who
Had sent him there. The name
Of Wurst a blow it came
To Sacre's evil ears.
Right well he knew thru all the years
That Heime on the day he was born
A terrible oath to kill him had sworn.
The Frenchy knew that his end was near
But, nevertheless, with a horrid sneer,
From the Wurst envoy the letter took.
He read it through and the walls they shook
At the yells that issued from his greedy lips
As that horrible Gall tore the letter to bits.
The messenger into a dungeon was led,
And tortured till he nearly bled.

When Heime heard of his follower's plight
He let loose an oath as dark as night.
Calling for his Damascus sword,
He got on his horse and rode toward
Castle Blah, the seat of Fou
And, followed by his peasants true,
He soon arrived before the gate
And summoned the coward to meet his fate.
Sacre appeared upon his black charger;
His army grew, too, larger and larger.
He was ready to battle when Heime raised his
hand

And indicated to Fou their gallant band.
"Es ist night fitting," said he, "dass these brave
men
Should die fur uns." "Eh, bien,"
Said Fou, "We'll fight a duel
Till death o'ertakes you!" "Fool!"
Exclaimed the German, "Do you not know—
Is it necessary I should tell you so;
That with me to fight for you is death?"
"Ha! Ha!" laughed Fou, "preparez! You won't
draw another breath."
"Enough," shrieked Wurst, "Shall we say at
dawn
At the break of day — in early morn —
In a sylvan glade which well I know
There to meet your doom we'll go
With sword or pistol — I don't care which —
The loser to die the death of a bitch —
We'll maul each other till you're quite dead
And I alone remain?" This he said
With haughty mien and lordly air
To the froggy who answered with a glare
Of great contempt and the words, "At your
glade
With all my heart and my Sheffield blade
Shall run you thru like a sheet of silk;
That Hapsburg blood will turn to milk
Ere I am done with you —

* * * *

And here my children we are through.
The rest of this tale, too sad to relate
Has remained a secret from that date.
And I can not tell you more.

—Sam Omansky.

Russian Meals with Hors d'Oeuvres



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She knows all about men, and all the men who know
anything about her are dead."

—Sour Owl



ALL 2 TRUE

Chaste—never chased.
Chased—never chaste.



"Jade Throne Is Found in a Mayan Pyramid; Rulers Used Flaming Red Seat Centuries Ago."

—*New York Times.*

We didn't know they had Fraternity initiations then.

"Picked Worms for Tuition."

—*Boston American.*

So the Bursar went fishing!

When Did They Leave Heaven?

HALOS—25c

Sign in ten cent store.



Poor little fly on the wall,
Ain't got no sister,
Ain't got no brother,
Ain't got no father,
Ain't got no mother.
Poor little bastard.



"If Tax Is Fixed to Building's Earning Power."

—*Boston Herald.*

They even tax the "If's" now.

"Cornell Crews Dingy Favorites."

—*New York Globe.*

The outlook is pretty black.

"Hostess Ends Life as 400 Guests Wait."

—*New York Times.*

Just what were they waiting for?

"Sea Lion Bites Woman."

—*New York Times.*

We hope he got a nice piece.

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—*N. Y. Times.*

Lord Chesterfield a publisher? The three numbers will be published April 18, May 22, and May 29, *respectfully*.

Phos slipped downstairs the other evening to enjoy a little good music from the new phonograph. While he lay there indulging his better self, he was amused to see the typically Tech reactions of the men who came past to inspect the recent gift. Naturally, each one first stood a moment admiring the fine tones of the instrument, but then, without exception, they ducked behind the speaker cabinet to see what made the noise. Only after they had satisfied themselves about the mechanics of the phonograph could they settle down and enjoy the music.

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He gazed admiringly at the beautiful but extremely revealing dress of the leading chorine in a rather risqué show.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think the police."
—*Exchange*



We hasten to point out that while every man has his wife, only the iceman has his pick.

—*Mountain Goat.*



Stude: "Don't shoot, I'll marry your two daughters. Don't you think that's bigamy?"

—*Widow*



He: I'm not feeling myself tonight.

She: You're telling me.



"It was a balmy evening at the State Insane Asylum."

Jester.



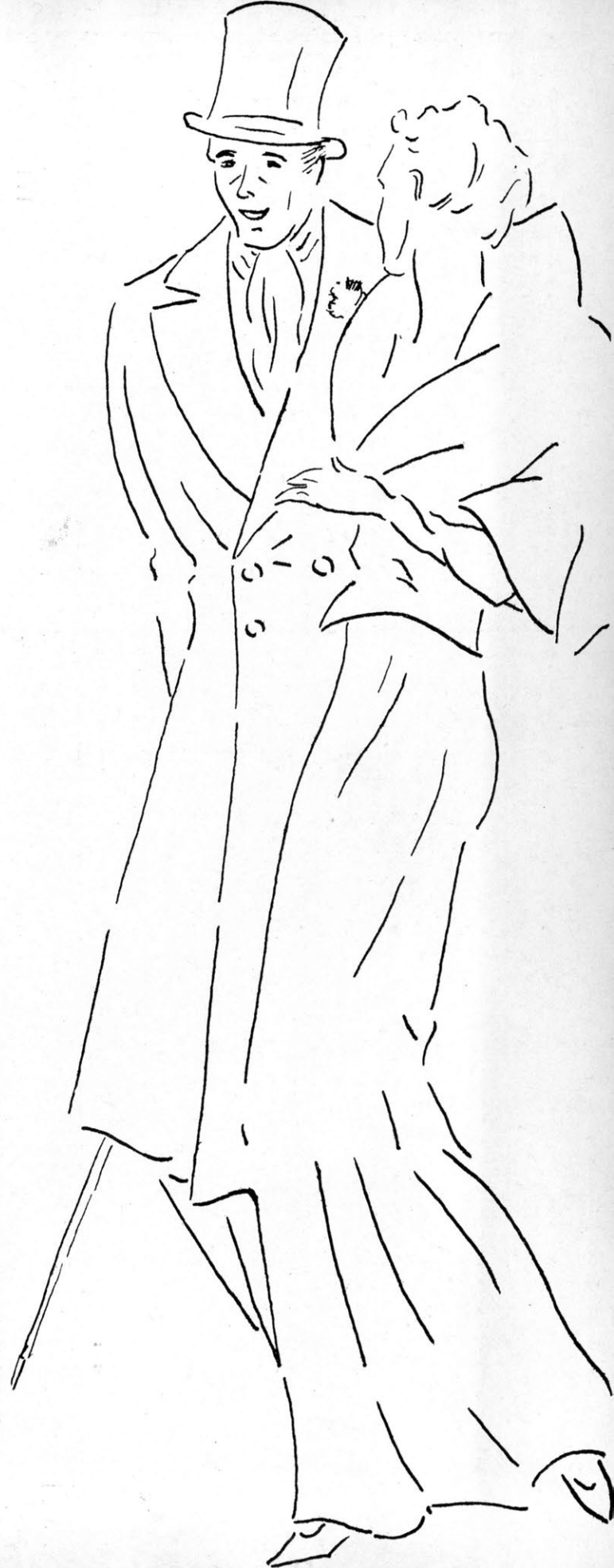
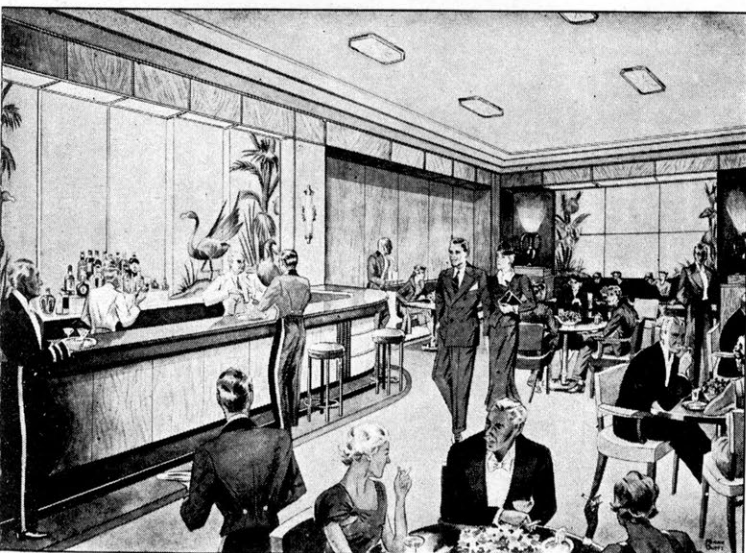
If every boy in the United States could read every girl's mind, the gasoline consumption would drop off 50 percent.

Texas Battalion.

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Janet Gaynor says:

"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"

"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

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The Finest Tobaccos—
"The Cream of the Crop"



An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

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AGAINST COUGH