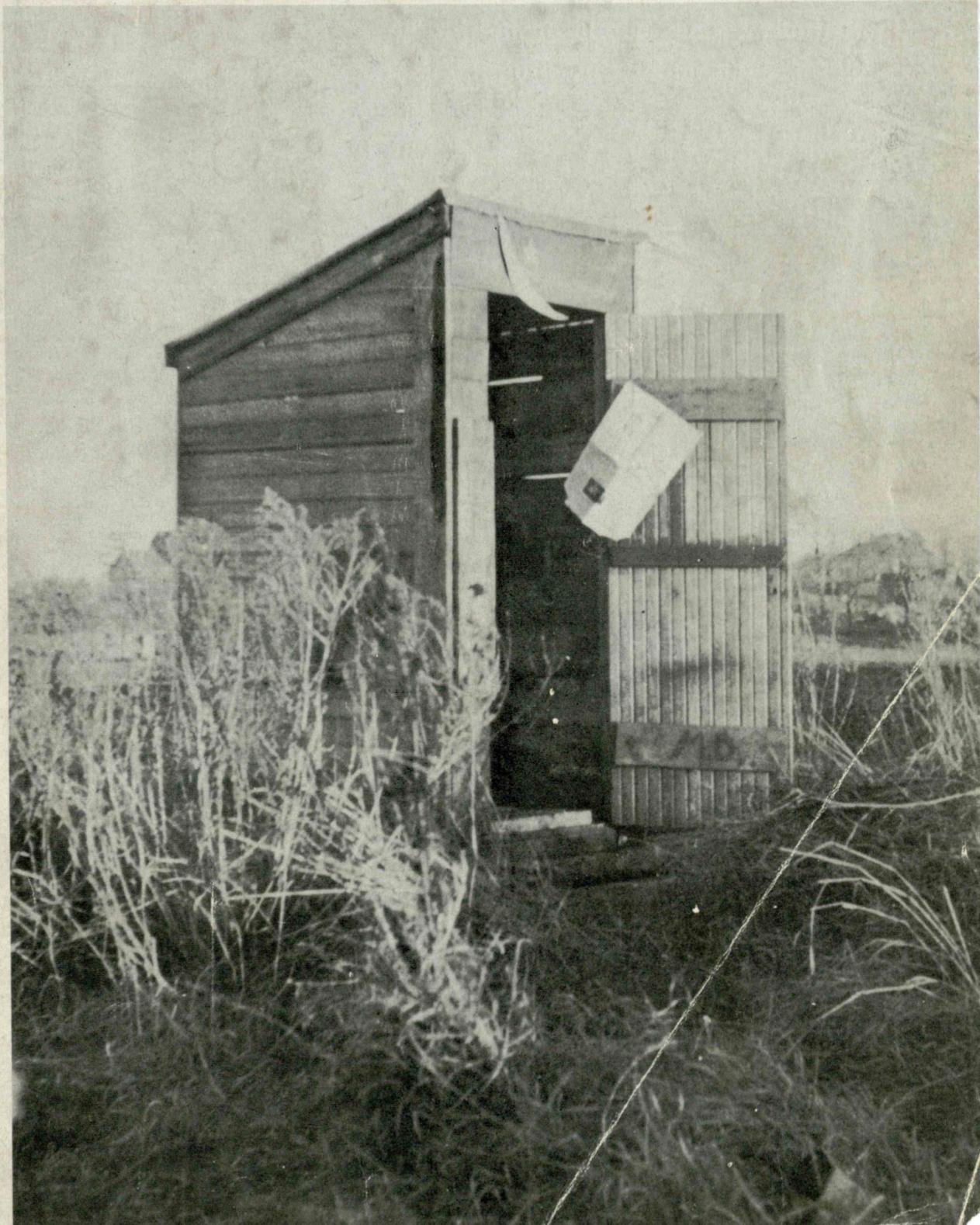


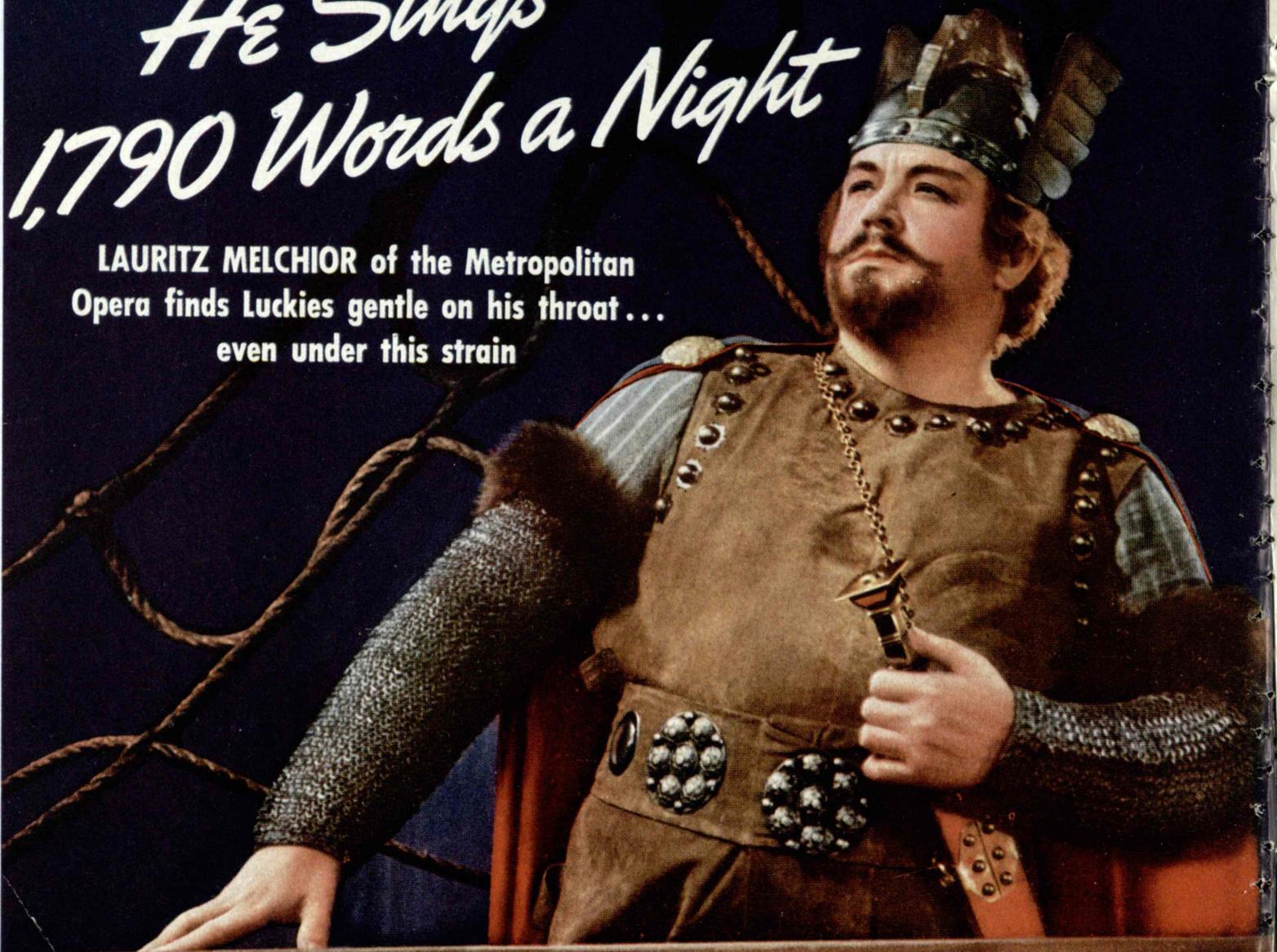
# THE TECH ENGINEERING

*The M. I. T. Voodoo Presents —* NEWS *November, 1937*



# He Sings 1,790 Words a Night

LAURITZ MELCHIOR of the Metropolitan  
Opera finds Luckies gentle on his throat...  
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2 to 1



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**Luckies—A Light Smoke**

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"

# OUR AUTHORS

**LEWIS LASCHEVERLEWIS** was born in Lucas, Iowa, in 1880, and was educated in the Public Schools. Early in life he became interested in the cause of labor, and his rise to the leadership of the national labor movement was meteoric. In 1909 he became a legislative agent of the United Mine Workers of America; from 1911 to 1917 he was a representative of the American Federation of Labor; during the years 1917 and 1918 he was elected Vice-President of the United Mine Workers; and since 1920 he has been the President. He is a member of the Labor Advisory Board, as well as the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences. He was formerly connected with the National Labor Board of the N. R. A. Recently, he was elected General Chairman of the Academy of Arts and Sciences.

**NORMAN LLEWELLYN DAHL** '40, the author of *The Diesel Engine*, was graduated from Weaver High School in Hartford, Connecticut, in February, 1936. He is registered in Course VI-A at Technology. He is an Assistant Managing Editor of the *TECH ENGINEERING NEWS*.

**BURTON LEDERER** is Chief Engineer of the Aero Insurance Underwriters. He holds a Mechanical Engineering degree from the College of Engineering of New York University. He took the aeronautical option during his senior year there in 1924, and supplemented this by a year of wind tunnel work at the same institution. He qualified for his present position by service as Aeronautical Engineer with the original United States Air Mail Service and by acting as consultant to a number of aircraft manufacturers up to 1929, when he took his present position. He is a member of the

Tower Hill School. He is a member of Psi Upsilon and Phi Delta Kappa, a Trustee of Sarah Lawrence College, a Director of the Delaware Chapter of the American Red Cross, and a member of the National Educators Association.

**JEROME P. FOWLER**, a prominent educator, has been Headmaster of the Tower Hill School in Wilmington, Delaware, since 1923. He was born in South Butler in 1887, received his A.B. from Syracuse University in 1907, and his A.M. from Columbia University in 1925. His career started when he was a biology teacher in Syracuse High School; he was next the Principal of Oneida High School, and several other schools, and in 1923 was chosen Headmaster of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences, the Society of Aeronautical Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and the Royal Aeronautical Society. He serves on the Aviation Committee of the American Engineering Council, and is Secretary of the Aeronautical Section of the National Safety Council.

**O. G. C. JOHN** wrote *Scientific Research*. During the war he served in the Norwegian Navy, and in 1919 was a Lecturer at the Norwegian Naval Academy. He came to the Institute in 1921 as an Electrical Research Assistant and in 1931 was made a Professor of Electric Power Transmission. He is now an engineer with Jackson and Moreland, Engineers, of Boston. He is a member of Sigma Xi, and a Fellow of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and the American Committee for Industrial Organization, and figured largely in the settlement of the steel and auto strikes. His home is in Springfield, Illinois.

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PROFESSOR RANDALL IS OUT STUDYING GRINNELL GLACIER. HE'LL BE HARD TO FIND, SIR

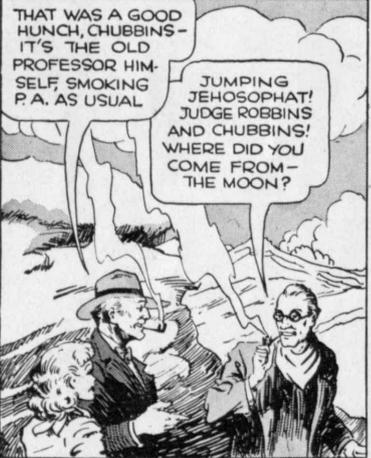
WELL, WE'LL TRY, ANYHOW. THANKS

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



PHEW! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP OUR SEARCH, CHUBBINS

DADDY, THAT SMOKE SMELLS GOOD LIKE YOUR PRINCE ALBERT!



THAT WAS A GOOD HUNCH, CHUBBINS - IT'S THE OLD PROFESSOR HIMSELF, SMOKING P.A. AS USUAL

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WE-L-L, THE ICE FIELD YOU SEE HIGH UP THIS VALLEY IS A GLACIER REMAINING FROM THE ICE AGE, WHEN AVALANCHES OF FROZEN WATER, ROCK, AND EARTH ALMOST 3000 FEET THICK CARVED THESE U-SHAPED VALLEYS FROM MOUNTAINS AND ROCK



PROFESSOR I THINK YOU ENJOY GEOLOGY AS MUCH AS YOU DO PRINCE ALBERT

WELL, JUDGE, PRINCE ALBERT GOES ANY PLACE THAT I GO. IT'S GOT THE MELLOWNESS AND GOOD FULL BODY TO KEEP A MAN CONTENTED NO MATTER WHAT HE'S DOING

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# PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# THE TECH ENGINEERING NEWS

NOVEMBER, 1937

No. 6

Vol. XX

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Leica Picture by—George D. Cremer

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Picture by—Franklin Kolk

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G. EDWIN HADLEY  
*General Manager*

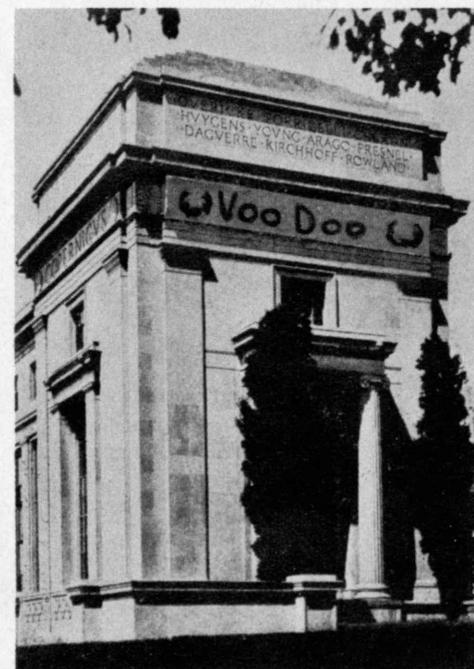
WILLIAM G. GIBSON,  
*Managing Editor*

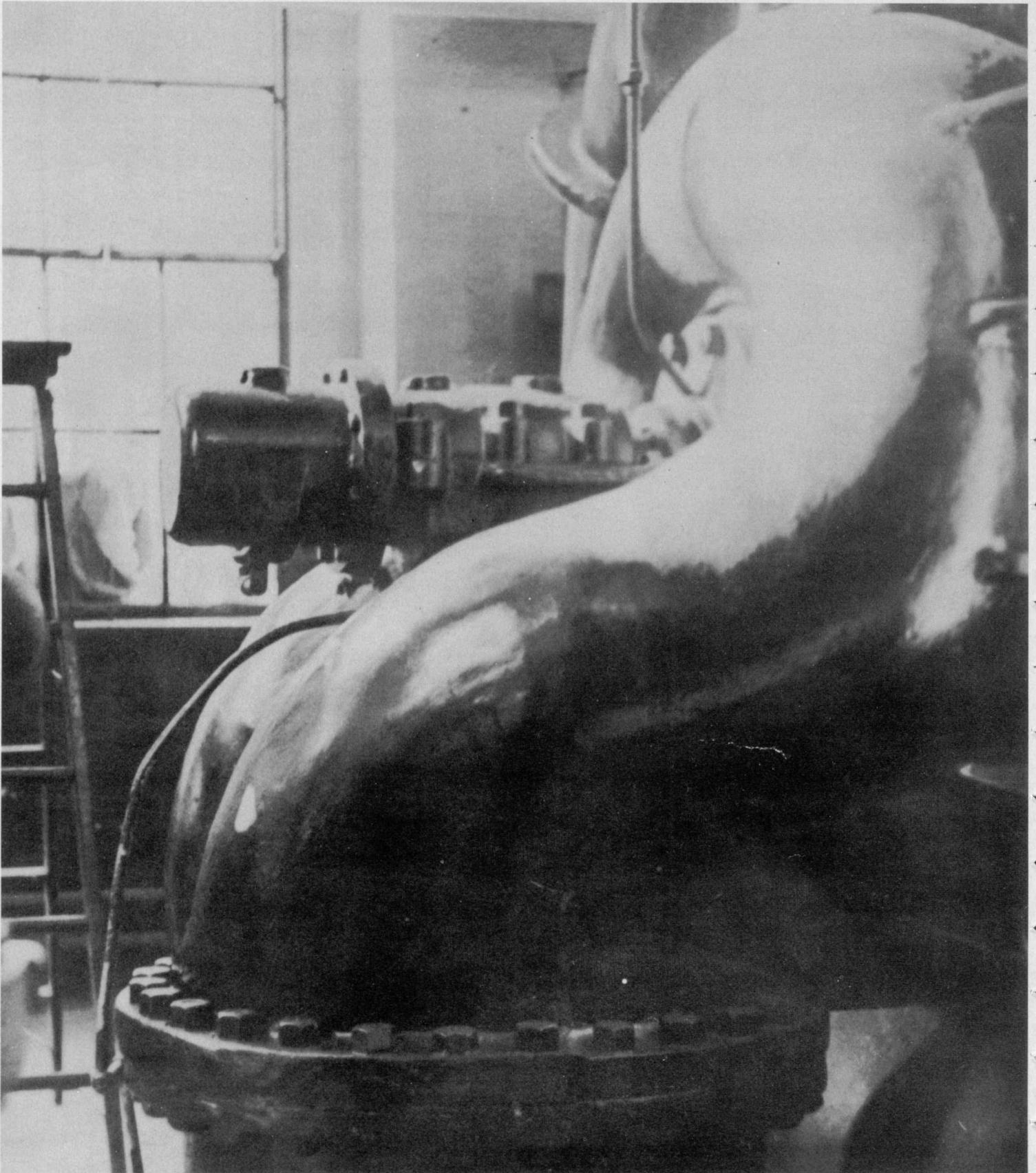
HARRY B. HOLLANDER  
*Business Manager*

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SUMP PUMP

# Is the Institute Sinking?

## *We Give You the Dirt About the Mud*

IN recent years there has been small talk about some dirty old mud that had been sneaking up on our college since 1915. At various times during the period 1915-1937 there have been opinions evidenced as to the cause and cure of this too too awful state of affairs; and now, at long last, the Tech Engineering Gnus is determined to bring you and you and you the truth about the whole bloody mess. Rumors have been rife about this altogether too important question; the T. E. N. presents fervidly the awful truth. So be it.

First of all, and of prime importance to the millions of undergraduates of our university, is the question "how much longer will this Institute of ours remain above board?" To which we can only answer, "till 1950". Our estimates show that the Institute is sinking at the alarming rate of three feet per year; at this rate the Institute will be wholly submerged by the spring of 1950. That is, all except the new Architecture building which, according to our calculations, will take till 1961—if finished by then. A very simple analysis shows that all the present undergraduates will have graduated by then; they will unfortunately be known as graduates of a *hole in the ground!*—unless something can be done. And we of the T. E. N. propose to arouse such a mess of adverse criticism that *something will be done!* So be it.

But we must get on with the facts of the case. To begin with, the construction engineers made a simply awful mistake in the first place—they built our University on mud! Any fool knows that a building that is built on mud has a hell of a time keeping its very friezes out of the soup. And this is the underlying cause of why our Institute is not on the rocks. But if it had been built on the rocks, it would be on the rocks now, and we wouldn't be going to school here and wouldn't be worrying about all this. It has been established then that M.I.T. is not on the rocks but is on the mud, and we can't do anything about it.

But *surely* there is something that we can suggest that will help this deplorable slinking sinking that is going on before our eyes! Surely the T. E. N. will not be daunted by the thought of several thousand tons of College giving way to the earth whence she sprung. Surely.

There are, naturally, numerous ingenious suggestions that occur to the naturally ingenious minds of we T. E. N. fellows. That is only natural. Among the best of the slightly more immortal suggestions that have presented themselves is that of addition of increments of college on top of the present building to such an extent that the alarming slinking sinking will pass by almost unnoticed. This suggestion has been tried with undoubtable success in the case of the flagpoles. Unknown to the average undergraduate

and the less-than-average alumnus, there have been added to the flagpoles of our lamentable institution three feet of joyous old concrete per year, such quantity having been deemed sufficient by our illustrious corporation. By this seemingly nefarious ruse, the undergraduate body has been kept in the very blackest of ignorance about the aforementioned slinking sinking of our nefarious Institution. Had this not been done, the average undergraduate would be awakened from the slumbers of applied mechanics class by the sight of Old Glory semi-waving less than two feet above the muddy  $\frac{3}{8}$  acre that we so proudly call OUR CAMPUS. And this sight would boil the blood of any American who fully realizes his duty to his country (adv.). Credit is due the aforementioned illustrious Corporation for having obviated the necessity of such a rude awakening. This plan, if carried out to the utmost capacity would result, in time, in a veritable sky-scraper below ground—a building that would be absolutely unique and would take its place beside the seven or eight wonders of the ancient world.

A second and possibly less immortal suggestion has come before our gaze. While this plan is asymptotic to numerous insurmountable (or seemingly so) difficulties, it does present a means whereby the present freshman could still graduate from an institution that has the reputation of being overworld (as contrasted from underworld, which gives a bad impression). This remarkable thesis consists of excavating the campus surrounding our lovable jernt to such an extent that the buildings would always be at a definite height above the semi-ground. This would mean the continual presence of a corps of steam-shovels working day and night to shovel existing and somewhat over-abundant effluvia into the Charles whence it efflued. Such an exhibition of activity would present the students with year-round entertainment and would doubtless spur them on to bigger and better accomplishments in the form of mass mud-and-stuff slinging. The seemingly insurmountable difficulties which present themselves are those of persuading the limpid and vapid waters of the glorious Charles to get the hell off of our campus. Even the untrained mind can visualize the possibility of the excavation being made to a depth that would be irresistible to the lurking waters of the above Charles. In that case the Institute would be out of lurk, one might say. Things would become damp to an alarming degree, and people and stuff would start to float away. This situation might quite possibly develop into a state of affairs that would be far from peachy; but the plan has merits as a temporary ruse to keep the Institute out of the sediment. The sedimental attraction at present is terrific; something must be done.

The third and final suggestion is perhaps the least

*(Please turn to Page 27)*

# Science Turns to Women

## *A Little Advice Now May Save Trouble Later*

**N**OWADAYS with the increasing adaptability of the scientific method to all fields of modern activity, engineering training is becoming more and more valuable to the technician in every walk of life. Not only do we have science in industry, as well as its reverse, industry in science, but we have science in private life as well. This is frequently called "popular science" and sells for a quarter. The applicability of research is becoming more and more popular in such sociological fields as economics, psychology, sociology and humanics. Whenever anyone wants to write on the Jukes family, the raising of carrots, or the identification of twenty-three red breasted songbirds living in barns, he begins with a discussion of the scientific method, and then proceeds to lay out a complicated and highly impersonal program of research and investigation.

The prevalence of the scientific method in affairs around the Institute is, naturally enough, pretty much taken for granted. Nearly every problem is met by an adoption of impersonal and prescribed scientific methods of investigation. Not only do embryo scientists keep their study schedules in a scientific manner, buy their meals in a schedule in accord with the latest approved and postulated rules of dietics, dress in a highly regimentated and healthful manner, usually running to red and grey striped neckties, and even attempt to sleep with the modicum of assistance in the form of specially arranged droning lullaby-sounds which are delivered to them in large groups by specially trained and highly paid technicians whose success in inducing slumber is nothing short of phenomenal—this would make a good subject for a thesis.

One field, however, has been rather lamentably neglected in the application of the scientific approach to its happy solution, and that is the subject of women, sex, or the art of right living. Some few attempts have been made to reduce this ultimate gain of all to a mere matter of science. We have our test tube babies and other genetic finds which may, some day, lead to an elimination of the problem. And we have the attempts of the 5:15 club, so far not particularly successful, to reduce the analysis of the problem of valuation to the output of a single and deplorably simple machine, for purposes of charging admission to dances. But on the whole, however, the field has been neglected.

Because of this great opportunity considerable care was exercised by the author in planning his research, in carrying on his investigations and in drawing the conclusions resulting from the experiment. By way of clarifying the problem, and also of finding justification for the investigation, an attempt was made to determine the uses of the object in question. A questionnaire was sent out by THE TECH, under the

auspices and at the suggestion of the author, to determine what, if any uses were to be assigned to women, as such. These naturally divided themselves into two classes, genetic and non-genetic uses. Under the latter division were found: cooking, sewing, dancing, wearing clothes, decoration, ornament, stenography, eating hamburgs, entertainment, etcetera, etcetera and so forth. Breaking these varied uses down, they divided themselves again into three very definite classes, Production, Consumption, and Otherwise. Under each heading a long column was set down, and promptly erased, and the investigation proceeded in an attempt to clarify the problem.

And right here, gentle reader, came one of the salient difficulties of the whole research. There seems to be so much problem to the subject that its reduction to any simple terms was of great arduousness. For the purpose, the engineering staff was called in and asked to invent a machine to quarter and sample problems, so that some simple problem, readily soluble in the reagent of earnest endeavor be brought forth. The machine was, after some time, prepared, and consisted of a modification of the device for the scrambling of speech on transatlantic radio telephone circuits. After exhaustive tests, it was installed in a voting booth in the lobby, surrounded by suitable publicity placards prepared by THE VOODOO, and various students and faculty were asked to dictate to it their conception of the problem of women. The first result, played back after a week of postulating questions, was somewhat unsatisfactory, and is reproduced below to show the method more than for any other purpose:

### WOMENWOMENWOMENYAH

After extensive adjustments to the frequency of the machine, another week's run was attempted, and the result was considerably better, as may readily be seen:

### WOMENWOMENWOMENBAH

Much encouraged by the results of these tests, the investigators determined to base their conclusions on something else, preferably jello, and so continued to run tests as long as the weeks held out. The third:

### WOMENWOMENWOMENFOO

This variation in rhyme appeared encouraging, and the problem seemed postulated, in fact it could be reduced to a single word (i.e., WOMEN). With this to work on, the investigation proceeded just famously, and a large laboratory was obtained, equipped with all necessary gadgets, and furnished with a

*(Please turn to Page 31)*

# Your Automobile and Winter

## *A Little Advice Now May Save Trouble Later*

**T**HERE are still several million people in this vast country of ours who believe that the "horse-less carriage" is here to stay and it is to these people that the following article is directed. However, this paper is not a discussion of the relative merits of the "hay-burner" as against the "oil-burner" but rather a treatise on the dangers of operating an automobile in the winter and how to avoid these dangers.

First of all, is the question of fuel. Without the least bit of doubt, gasoline of an oil base is most satisfactory. However, in order to give the maximum measure of power, this gasoline must be of "winter consistency". What is "winter consistency"? I don't know but the Soak-only Oil Company does and offers for sale a fuel of this type. I asked one of their station attendants what it meant and he replied "It is what sells gas in the winter." He went on to explain that the gasoline market resembled the women's ready-to-wear in that the product sold was awfully expensive and after you used it once, it was worthless. Also in that in the women's ready-to-wear, it was cottons in the summertime and furs in the winter (with bills all year) while in the gasoline market it was a summer fuel in the summer and a winter fuel in the winter. Sounds like a lot of fuel to me.

I said that it appeared to be an exploitation of the consumer but I was told that Capitalism did this.

Perhaps a few words should be said about the automatic choke gadget. If you can convince me that a little metal spring is a better indicator of the cold than my Aunt Hettie's bunions, then I'm willing to take a chance. Those mornings spent in the garage, trying to and over-choking a car are worth their weight in gold. G'd d'mm't, a fellow has to remember the fine points of profanity.

Next to be considered is the problem of oil. For years now, automotive engineers have been trying to persuade people to use a lighter oil in winter. It appears to me that the people who make autos and those who keep them going (the oil companies) are in cahoots with each other. Speaking from experience, I never bothered to change the oil in my model T and have never had any trouble with it after the first year, since which time it has been jacked up in our garage away back in Van Buren, Arkansas. Automobile manufacturers are all the time talking about close-fitting rings and cylinders. Well, if these cylinders are such a good fit, why use any oil at all? That's something to give some thought to.

With this in mind I approached a fellow by the name of Slone who makes a swell-tasting liniment and automobiles as a side-line. He said "Mr. Rocking-fellow," (Of course, I wasn't using my real name) "Do you realize that your idea would save the American public millions of dollars and would prevent the Soak-only Oil Company from paying off their direc-

tors with million dollar bonuses." (This guy Slone is no piker.) I replied that I was well aware of the fact. Slone then went on to say that if the oil barons ever got near me, my neck wouldn't be worth a Tech Co-ed. (Blackout.)

The next point up for consideration is that of tires. I don't claim to be well-versed in this particular field, but I do know something about the practical side of the question. For years now high school and college youngsters have been trying to perfect a really good winter skid. The number of people who have lost their lives to this cause runs into thousands and I think that it is about time for the tire manufacturers to aid in the solution of this problem. We must realize that the day of the skid-proof tire is Gone with The Wind (Harx Brothers—\$3.50). No longer must we head for an intersection, jam on our brakes and stop!! No, no, a thousand times no, we must be able to jam on our brakes and skid gracefully into the nearest telephone pole!! Everybody who believes as I do should tear off the casing from a new six-ply tire and mail it to The Get-rich Tire Company in Akron, Ohio. Enclose with it a plea for non-non-skid proof tires.

Having discussed oil, gasoline, chokes, and tires, we now come to the fourth item on our list, the automobile heater. Maybe I'm a bit old-fashioned about it, but I like a wood heater and these hot air heaters are just no good, whether it be a college girl or mechanical variety. So instead of putting a miniature heater up in front, I build a roaring wood fire in the rear seat of my car. Several insurance companies have kicked about my method, they insist that it is un-American and smells of communism, burning rubber, and arson.

While on the subject of heat, it would be well to consider the problem of the coated windshield. If one does have a heater in the car, the windshield covers over with a coating of moisture which can only be removed by opening a window. With the windows open, the heater is no good. If you want to close the windows, then you must turn off the heater. Where is it going to get you — in the end?

We have discussed and cussed in much detail the heating of an automobile. What about the cooling of the engine of the automobile. Now, this is something. First of all we invent all sorts of things for cooling our cars such as air cooled and water cooled systems. Then when winter comes, we throw the left-overs from our summer booze parties into our radiators to prevent the engine from cooling too much and then on top of all this we cover up our radiators to prevent the air getting to the engine which should cool the liquid which is there to prevent the engine from getting cold sometimes but is really there to prevent the engine from heating up. It usually ends in a taxi and at the end of winter we have no liquor left to show for our efforts.

*(Please turn to Page 31)*

# THE TECH ENGINEERING NEWS

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## EDITORIALS

### LAUGH AT LIFE

MODERN civilization is giving every evidence of crumpling to an ineffectual and inglorious dust. The map of human culture is being eaten away at two far-removed points now, as Spain and China writhe beneath the disintegrating influence of modern war. Cowering beneath the awful fear of bombs, shells and bullets, millions of people are not living, only existing, in these countries. The pestilence is spreading rapidly from these disease spots to other points on the still brand-new chart of mankind. Unless things take a totally unlooked for and unprecedented turn soon, the whole world will be embroiled in a great military struggle. And while it is in the throes of this struggle, weakened by the effort of striving against an enemy outside, it will turn on itself in a mighty class revolt, and the order will change so vitally that civilization may never recover from the shock.

For the forces at work within our tottering social structure are so strong that when they clash, the irritation will be profound, and the effects lasting. The cost of a war will be terrific, and enough to ruin, in itself, the slender bank account of mankind. But how much greater will be the cost of class revolution! Those who see this as the only means for remedying the existing defects must, because they owe it to mankind, think carefully about what they are planning. The world is a different place now from what it was a generation ago. Any disturbance whatever will be magnified and spread by the wonders of communication to every part of this sphere, and even a local disturbance, occurring at a time of strain and crisis because of national war, will lead to unlooked-for complications internally. Millions of men, oppressed by the economic conditions of our life, will need only such a chance to turn the world inside out with their lust for something better, and while for a moment gratifying their own needs, will instead condemn themselves and everyone else left alive to years of misery.

The world is in struggle between those who have and those who have not. The nations which need land, raw materials and room to expand are trying to take it from these which do not lack these things. They are all greedy for something they haven't got, and they will do anything to get it. In times of strain and emotional thinking, farsightedness becomes a

lost virtue, and the mental horizon narrows to the width of a boundary line. Let those who have, and those who have not, think and look ahead, and blindly struggle in the morass of greed and fear.

Not only nations, but people within those nations are in a struggle, and have always been so. But now they are getting closer and closer to a unified struggle. For years there has been a strife between the capitalists and the socialists, the upper dog and the under dog. Books have been written, speeches made and martyrs hung because of the fierce inter-class struggle. But never before have the sides got control of nations. Now, however, we have the spectacle of two capitalist or fascist states opposing a communist state for the class dominion over a fourth state which had been communist. The struggle has broken through the crust, and crusts tear completely away very easily.

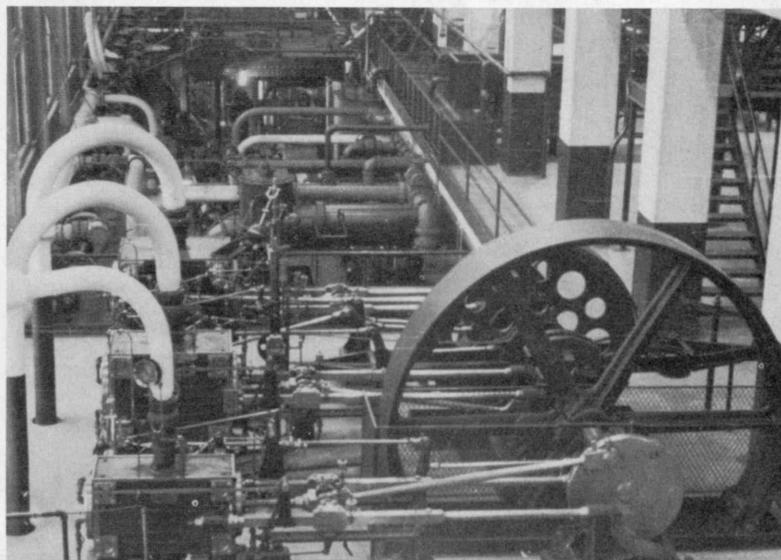
We have called upon the under dogs to think before they turn too strongly upon the upper dog. But now let the upper dog think too, and to him falls the need for action. Against him is focused all the resentment of the down-trodden would-be socialist for his poor estate. Possibly it is the fault of the economic system, but you can't blame a system. Or at least, if you do, you can't do anything about it except fight the proponents of that system. And that is what the under dogs want to do. They can be held off, possibly, as long as the lines of strain do not become too pronounced at any one point. But when cracking begins, the rift spreads rapidly.

What this world needs is a sense of humor. Everything taken too seriously leads to trouble. We should not become a race of laughing sluggards, but a race of happy, humorous workers. It has been said truly a myriad of times, but for that none the less truly, that a smile wipes away the world's wrongs. If more people smiled, more would laugh, and if more laughed, fewer would weep.

### INTERPRET AND EDUCATE

ONE of the greatest needs of science today is an able interpreter. What with little tiny particles of matter coming out of tremendous balls, and having far-reaching consequences, as in the Van der Graaf generators and other phenomena, and what with chemists making dyes which become gunpowder after the addition of water, lapsing into radio cabinets after being evaporated, and what with telescopes being built so large that scientists can add to the list of stars which they don't know anything about another list eight times as long; when magnetism becomes so great that instead of having a magnet through which it is impossible to pass a butcher knife, we build one through which it is impossible to pass an ax; when, as we were saying, all these things come to pass, it is necessary that there be an interpreter for science. Somebody must step in and explain these incomprehensible mysteries to the laity (who, contrary to public opinion, are not necessarily immoral) and convince them that merely because they don't understand something, that nevertheless it is true.

Upon the modern scientific publications of the modern day devolves this duty. And true to its traditions, the T. E. N. refuses to shirk its duty. Without modesty and yet without foolish pride, it points to itself with staid, dignified self-confidence and offers itself as a mentor in all scientific questions. T. E. N. takes great pleasure in presenting, for Mr. Einstein and other savants of his ilk, the glad tidings that Science is not difficult, it is not mathematical, it is not abstruse, it is not remote, it is not incomprehensible, it is not complicated, it is not necessarily mathematical nor capable of being expressed in a formula, it is not baffling nor requiring an erudite mind, nor does it drain the mental resources of a genius—no, rather than all this, it is a simple tool of mankind by means of the use of which, mankind can make itself more comfortable, can make for itself, and at the expense of the loss of initiative of others of itself, more time for leisure, more time to invent more ways to get more time to invent more ways to get—and thus it goes. All this the T. E. N. can present its readers, and this is the duty and the heritage of the scientific magazines, *Fortune*, *Popular Science*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Snappy Stories*, *Film Fun* and the T. E. N., this is what these illustrious magazines, and many more of the same high type, can and will do for its readers. All this these magazines will do, and can do, but only under the leadership of the great *Technology Empirical Nurseryrhyme*. For T. E. N., admittedly a pioneer in its field, will be only too glad to give to these roistering publications the benefit of its experience under slave-driver, under profanity, and under Foolish Fred, the happy interpretation of science. Send no money, simply write out a coupon, send it to an address, and when you don't get the bill, don't be mad because it was for something you never got, but send them no check, or no other type of payment, but happily accept what you aren't getting free, and be satisfied with your own staid life, and be again glad that, far from not costing you anything, you actually save money by not advancing in life, for there are all the subscriptions which other people aren't paying for either, and that is why science has to prostrate itself before newspaperdom, and the T. E. N. fall into the competent hands of *The Tech*. So long, folks.



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# RESEARCH IN REVIEW

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## COURSE I

### Course Project

THE course project which the Civil Engineers are undertaking can be seen along the East side of the Institute, bordering on Massachusetts Avenue, and is rapidly taking shape. Ten of the Juniors, with a little help from four Seniors, seven professors and Messrs. Stone and Webster are busily constructing a new concrete dog-house for the housing of the dogs and mice which the department of biology is now maintaining for the study of diseases in Civil Engineers. Many interesting problems are being studied in connection with the construction of the new edifice, which is rather large for the purpose for which it is intended but according to leading members of the Civil Engineering course, it was the aim of the department to provide for any reasonable expansion. Among puzzling problems which confronted the tyro builders was that of driving piles into the mud fast enough so that more than one blow could be got in before the pile had sunk out of reach. Also an elaborate system of records had to be devised so that the position of every pile could be instantly and accurately determined from a chart, in order that not more than one would be driven in any one position. Among other problems arising was that of getting the pile driver out of the building when it is completed, as the pile-driving crew is so far behind on its schedule that it will have to continue driving piles after the walls are up and the roof on. That problem has not yet been questioned being "We'll cross our bridges when we get solved, the general attitude of the department on the to them, if not later".

## COURSE VI New Electrical Laboratory

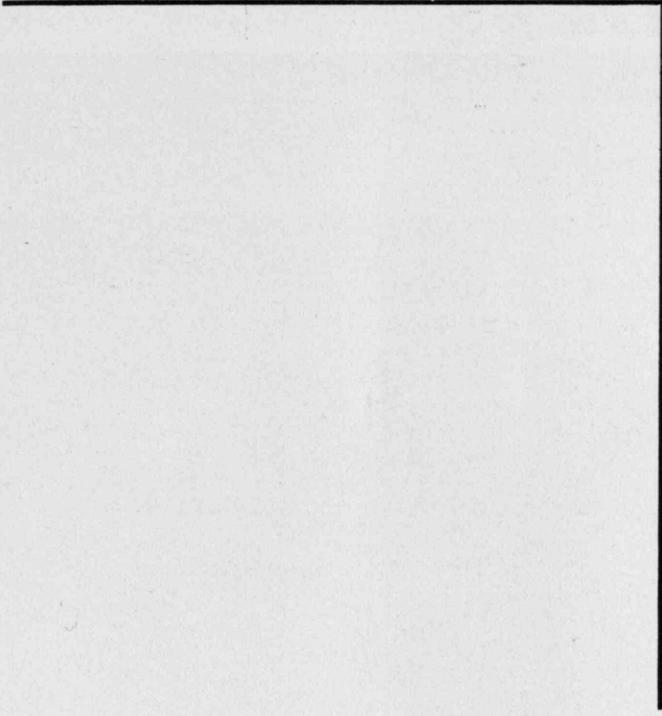
THE electrical engineers are looking westward with interest these days, toward the as yet non-existent roof of their new electrical engineering lab, being built as an extension of Building Five on Massachusetts Avenue. The new Laboratory, which will be among the largest at Technology, will contain many pieces near and dear to the heart of the Electrical Engineer. For instance, there is projected for the first and second floors of the new building the most extensive model electric toy railroad in the world. Seven miles of track, composed of fourteen inch sections will be grouped in the first two floors, getting from one to the other by means of tunnels climbing up a scale model of the Alps in the North end of the building. There will be enough trackage, on an estimate, to allow all of the members of Course Six, and nine ringers, in groups of one, to operate a train apiece, and not to have more than one serious and one minor wreck an hour.

The second floor, in addition to housing the railroad, or at least the top half of the railroad, will contain part of a stairway leading to the third floor. On this floor there is projected a laboratory equipment for the testing and rehabilitating of used and burned-out light bulbs. It is expected that by rebuilding light bulbs and using them again in the long halls of the Institute considerable saving will be made, and in addition much valuable experience will be gained by the Electrical Engineers, who will thus be able to take their place in industry making new light bulbs, thereby displacing a large number of girls now doing the work at \$20 a week, it being generally considered that the girls are greatly overpaid. There is also projected for the basement of the new building a comfortable and commodious men's room.

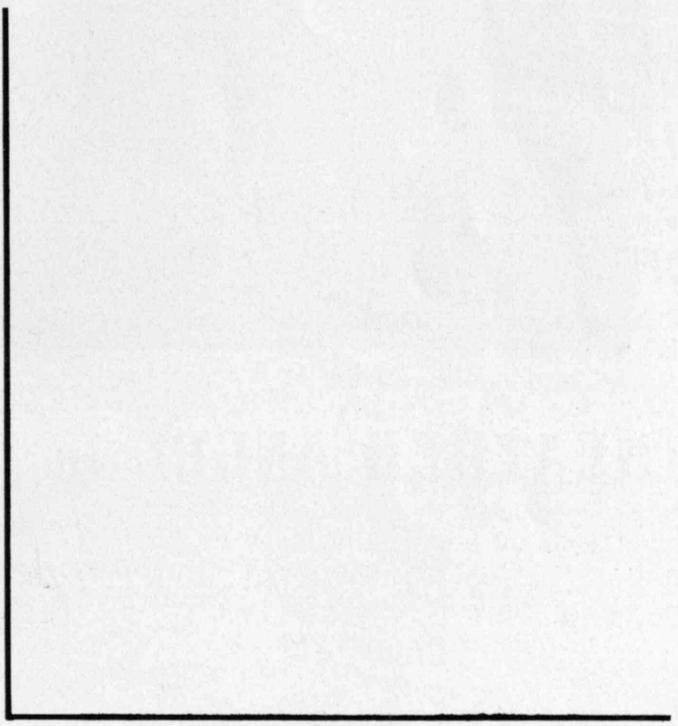
## COURSE XIII

### Towing Tank

THE need for a towing tank has been felt for a long time in building five, and at last the members of the Naval Architecture courses decided that they would do something about it. So they banded together and decided to put on a drive for a towing tank. Knowing that possibly one percent of the Institute would be interested in such a tank, they decided to disguise the drive as a drive for a new gymnasium. They therefore proceeded to get out an elaborate pamphlet with drawings of the Pratt and Whitney Gymnasium at Yale, and with this as a goal, and with the help of the Institute Committee, it was no problem at all to raise \$1,650,000 from undergraduates and alumni. With this they proceeded to erect a building, now in process of construction along Massachusetts Avenue as an extension to the present Pratt Building, which will give an unlimited scope for the tank of several hundred feet. The plans provide for the tank being in the basement, with the first and second floors given over to a gallery for spectators, and the classrooms on the fourth and fifth floor. Stairs will be installed to allow access to these latter. It is planned to run a series of model yacht races in the new basin, and there is a possibility that the crew can learn much by watching the performance of the model shells towed in a seaway, the waves for which will be created by tossing professors into the pool from the third floor, which is expected to be a lot of fun. Present plans call for the inclusion of a roof on the new building, and if this plan is carried out it is possible that a tennis court will be constructed on the roof for the use of members of the course and selected members of the faculty. A door will be fitted to the building opening on Massachusetts Avenue, and the possibility of a fire escape has been dismissed.



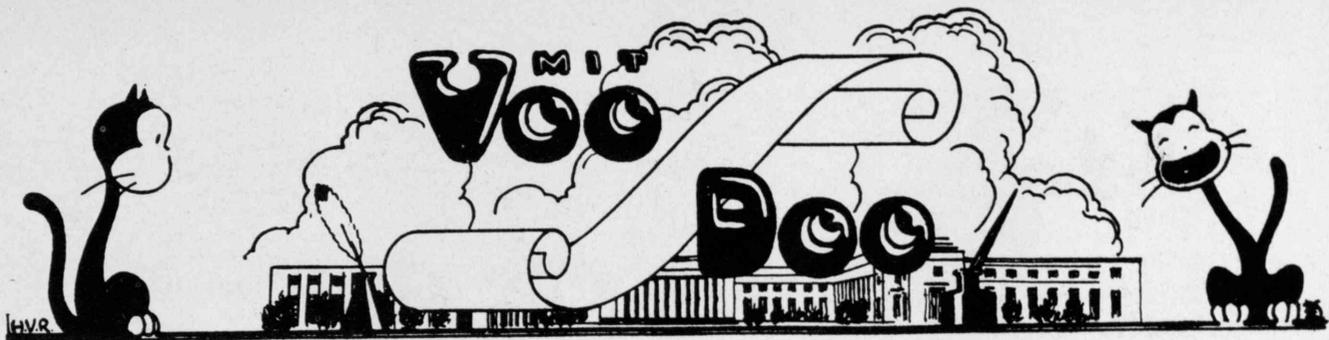
Feeling that the scientific method, no matter to what it is applied, cannot fail to produce improvement, the staff of T.E.N., as the Institute's leading exponent of the scientific method, and desiring to demonstrate its versatility, herewith turns its hand to the humor field and attempts to present its version of what the ideal Voo Doo would be like. T.E.N. earnestly hopes that you will like it.





**HEATHER ANGEL in "LOVE of WOMEN"**

*Appearing at the Wilbur Theatre*



## Uoodooings . . .

### PARTICULAR

Word comes to us of a certain freshman who, during the rushing season this year, evinced a determination to be pretty particular about just which house he was going to bless with his personal. The tale has trickled in bit by bit and we thought that maybe we could make somebody feel bad by printing it in its entirety. From the Chi Phi's comes the lament that said freshman would not even consider their house because, as he so coyly put it, "they have a pool table there." The S.A.E.'s lost because they sang songs at the table; the A.T.O.'s lost him because they admitted that somebody drank spirits; and the prize comes from the Phi Kappa Sigma's, who were dropped because he happened to see a woman in the house. The guy ended up by pledging Phi Delta Theta, after turning down the Salvation Army because he didn't like the class of people there.

### HARVARD GIRL

One of the better known girl's schools around Harvard Square offers a course in English grammar which some people actually take. At the first meeting of the class the instructor wrote some nouns on the board and asked the students to give the gender of the word and then to give the word of the opposite gender. One bright stude got up and recited "Swaine, masculine. Feminine, (pause) swine."

### COMPLAINT

We hate like hell to say anything about this Dream Girl poll that our illustrious contemporary, The Tech, conducted. But we must say that things are going a little too far. The other night we were out with a very beauteous lady from out Wellesley way. After an exceedingly wondrous evening, during the process of saying good-night, we happened to mention that she was just what we had been waiting for—in fact, she was the girl of our dreams, our Dream Girl. Whereupon she let go with her free arm and smote us a sound one, all of which took us back no little bit. It seems that she had evidently found out the kind of a creature a Tech man's dream girl is.

Something like this is extremely dangerous, we think, and The Tech should be taken to task for having printed such a thing. In future years, when we feel like taking unto ourself a wife, the question "will you" is going to mean a lot more than just "we should get married." It will come to mean not only "will you?" but "are you?" and "can you?" And a situation like that is very, very bad, we think.

### FISH WITH A PORPOISE

One of Phos' innumerable spics took a West Indian cruise this fall. On board ship that trip was a new negro steward. In the Gulf Stream one morning, the ship ran into a school of flying fish, the first the darkie had seen. For a while he stood and watched them with great interest, then he turned excitedly from the rail and said, "Suh, suh, look at them suicide birds! They fly along a while, an' then just dive in the water and never come up!



### FEMININITY

Strange, the kind of femmes who use Ames Street as a thoroughfare. One hot day last summer, some boys with an altruistic spirit decided to keep the passersby cool by throwing water bags out of the windows (all sorts of bags go out of windows at the dorm), while another decided to keep himself cool by sitting on the window ledge with just shorts on. In the normal course of events a young lady passed by but received the unexpected shower with very ill humor. She proceeded to harangue the boys, their manners and the Institute in general for a while, then catching sight of the boy in shorts she shouted, "and that goes for you too, dirty drawers."



# Me

and

# Bert

and the

# Formula

This physical culture and body beautiful stuff may be O.K. Personally I haven't a thing against the Thirteen Day Diet and vitamin "D" beer, but I know from experience that the amateur damn well better watch out how he goes around building himself up. What I mean is, he better be careful what he goes around taking for his muscles.

Take my pal Bert, for instance. Bert Smirch was — and, as far as I know, still is — his name, and a better natured, well-liked Joe you'd never hope to meet. The only trouble with Bert is he's always worrying about keeping himself up to law in the muscle department.

At that things wouldn't have been so bad, and Bert would probably have gone ahead blowing his dough on exercise gadgets and books like, "How I became The World's Most Perfect Male"; but along comes this business with Horace and Mabel and "The Formula".

Mabel is Bert's steady, and what I mean she had the works and Bert is all primed to unload the "Will You" on her when this bird, Horace, blows into town with a line of toilet soap and sweet nothings you could hang your hat on. The guy works out of K.C., and to the squabs in our dorm he's an A-1 ball of steam.

Bert doesn't say much when Horace begins seeing an awful lot of Mabel — the same being five nights a week after she's through setting 'em up at Charlie's Place — because, as I say, Bert is a mighty easy-going cuss; but finally he wakes up to the



idea that Horace is stealing his thunder and he better get busy and do something in a hurry. Being a man of action once he gets started, he doesn't waste time, and the next Sunday he finds the villain on the beach with Mabel and engineers an argument. Things finally work up a head and Bert takes a swing at Horace, only he trips over one of these beach chairs just as Horace uncorks a haymaker, and, when it lands, he taps out without a peep.

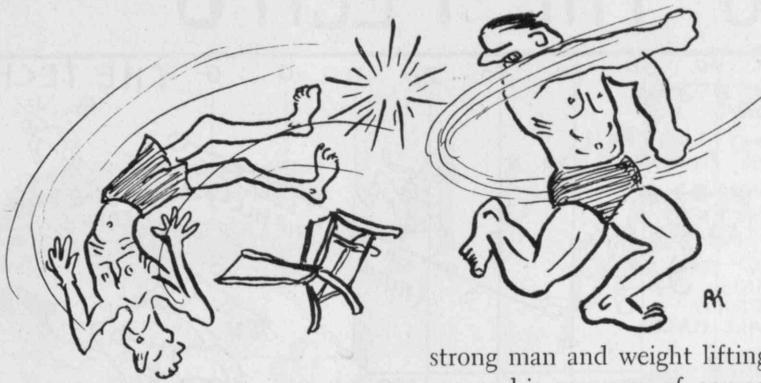
Well, this fixes him with Mabel as she is the kind that likes her men rugged, to say nothing of virile, and it comes within a hair of finishing Bert. That night he is sitting in my two-roomer with a face as long as J.P.'s credit, when he happens to spot this ad on the back of a thriller I been reading. There is a bunch of pictures of a little guy getting sand kicked in his face by a big lug, and there is a judy off to one side laughing fit to kill. Down at the bottom is a blurb shouting, "Fishbeer's Famous Formula" and some other lines telling how the dope will make a man-killer out of you in two quarts or your money back. At this point Bert has no more sales resistance than a souse getting one on the house, and the next day he has spent next week's scratch on a mail order for a couple of bottles of the goo.

I don't hear much from Bert for three days, and I figure he must be getting along O.K. with the gargle when, one morning while I am under a gow taking up a set of rods—I'm a knuckle buster at Joe's Garage at the end of Central Street—Bert

comes in. I know it's Bert because of the white shoes he is wearing, but I get tough anyway, because he has slammed the front door too hard and busted out all the glass. I'm just asking him if he is born in a barn when the whole dammed car sort of raises up on one side and I look up and see Bert standing there with the screwiest look on his face holding the heap up with one hand. He really is a sight too and is looking kind of scared and half lit at the same time, so I crawl out from under and ask him what the hell?

As soon as he sees me out of the way, he lets go of the fender and the heap flops back on even keel both right tires letting go at the same time as they hit. Before I can get my marbles back, Bert whispers, "Oh Lord," or something like it. It sounds like the Don Cossacks doing the "Anvil Chorus", but I know it is a whisper because I have since seen him forget and break every window on the square with a good yell.

I finally get organized and learn the story. It seems that Bert finishes off the last of the second bottle the night before, and this morning things start happening. He begins by pulling off the front door of the filling station where he works, and the boss gives him holy hell not knowing what is the matter. This is O.K., but Bert accidentally leans against the side of the hut, and the whole thing gives way, the boss get-



ting caught in the mess when the roof falls in. The chief is in the hospital now and Bert figures it won't be long till he is able to talk.

The upshot of it all is that I take the poor kid home with no more damage to the house than a busted stair bannister as I am very careful to open the doors myself. I put him to bed with a good shot of Crow figuring that he will be O.K. when the jolt wears off. I am only whistling in the dark anyway, because he keeps getting worse. Every time he snores a picture comes off the wall, and slats keep breaking out of the bed when he turns over. I can see right off that he'll have to leave Horace alone, because I don't want him in court on a manslaughter rap, only, if he keeps getting worse, there isn't a bastille in the country will hold him.

I sit and fure for over an hour as to what we can do, and it isn't any daisy picking either as the set-up is somewhat radically new. Who ever heard of a buy being too strong? I knock off a couple of short ones to quiet my nerves, Bert's snoring having developed into a bass-drum cadenza, and I am sitting there trying to forget the whole works when it comes to me like a flash. If Bert is going to go around tearing things up he might as well get paid for it. My idea is that the two of us strike out for the big town as soon as we can sneak away, and go into the Vaudeville game with a general

strong man and weight lifting turn, me as his manager of course. We can play all over the country and pick up a bit of cash instead of worrying about who will sue us next.

As soon as we hit State Street, I look up a Joe I know, and he steers me around to a hip-and-hoof merchant. This fellow knows his stuff O.K., but he won't have anything to do with me at first, as there is very little life in the strong arm game at this instant. He is still leery after I have Bert toss a desk around his office, so we churn up to Grant Park and sign a con after Bert has pulled up a good-sized elm by the roots.

We open at the Capitol on a Saturday night, and close the next morning. It isn't that Bert doesn't do his stuff, but he is so good the money is yelling fake from the first turn on. It just isn't possible for a guy to be that strong, and the show doesn't look kosher enough to fool a near sighted stew-bum. We try taming down the act, but when Bert eases up he looks like any other run-of-the-mill pusher. We knock around for a fortnit trying to salvage something from the mess, but it is no go, as at the end of the week we are out of dough, me having spent my stake on chow and repairs to the hotel like the time Bert accidentally shoves the bar through the restaurant floor and they are two hours finding the bar-keep in the mess it makes with the heating plant.

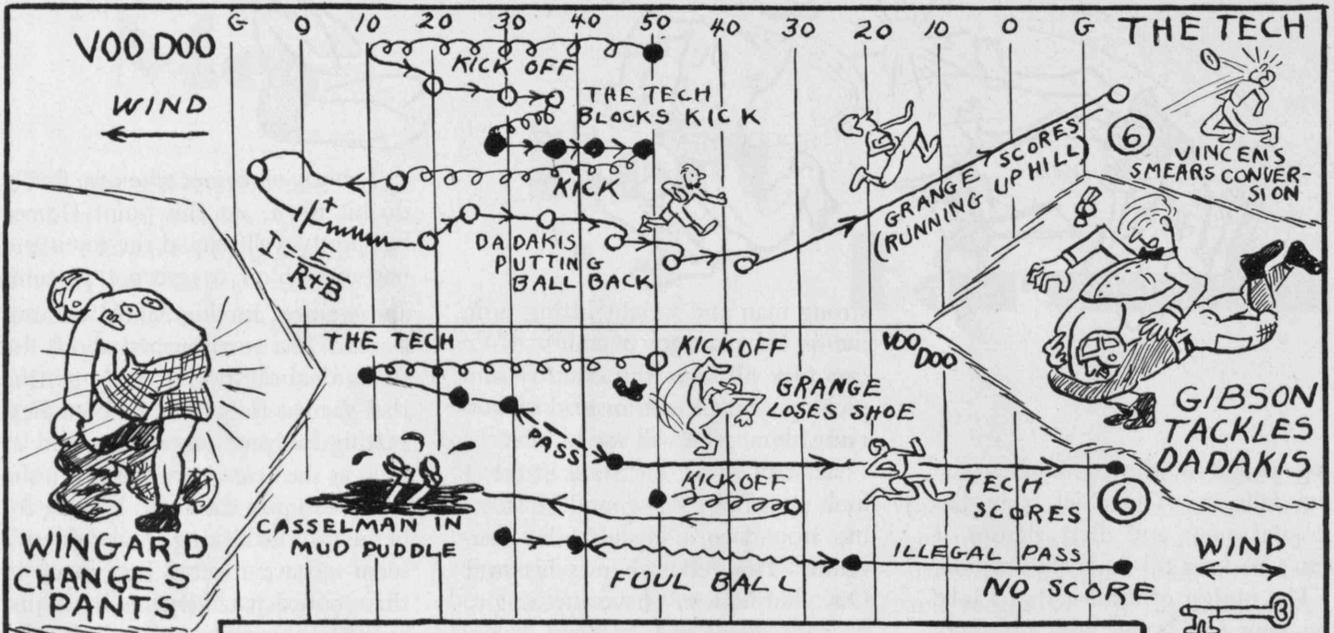
Anyway, we finally decide it is better to face the local constabulary than slow starvation, so, as soon as I can touch this citizen I know for the price of two ducats, we are on our way home.

The pay-off comes when we finally do hit town. At this point Horace has pretty well soaped the town and has moved on to greener pastures and women, leaving Mabel without a man. She is so burned about the shady deal she thinks she is getting that she has forgotten all about Bert getting his puss shoved in, and as soon as she hears we are in town, she bee-lines up to the room looking for her man. The kicking around doesn't seem to have affected Bert much in the wood department, as he is just as nutty about the kid as before he left, so, when Mabel walks in the door, he sort of looks foolish for a minute, and then, before I can untangle my tonsils, he grabs her in his arms and gives her a *great big hug*.

Well, they bury Mabel two days later as is usual in such cases, and, as soon as the fall term of court can get around to it, they fix Bert up with free board for the next two depressions. My alibi for the whole thing gets me nothing but a lot of razzberries and a reputation of being minus a few marbles, as Bert is so broken up he won't even lift a finger to back my story. At that I figure I am lucky to get off without being rung in as accessory.

The funny part of it is that last year, when things were so low in the iron business, I figure that, what the hell, I might as well take a chance on some quick chips, so I send my ten washers and get me two bottles of this hypo. A week later I have nothing to show for it but a slight hangover; so I send a sample in to the Bureau of something or other, and all that happens is the guy that makes the stuff gets pinched for sending booze through the mails. Anyhow, that's the story and, if you take my advice, you'll go damned easy on this body building stuff.

# VOO DOO-18 ~ THE TECH-6

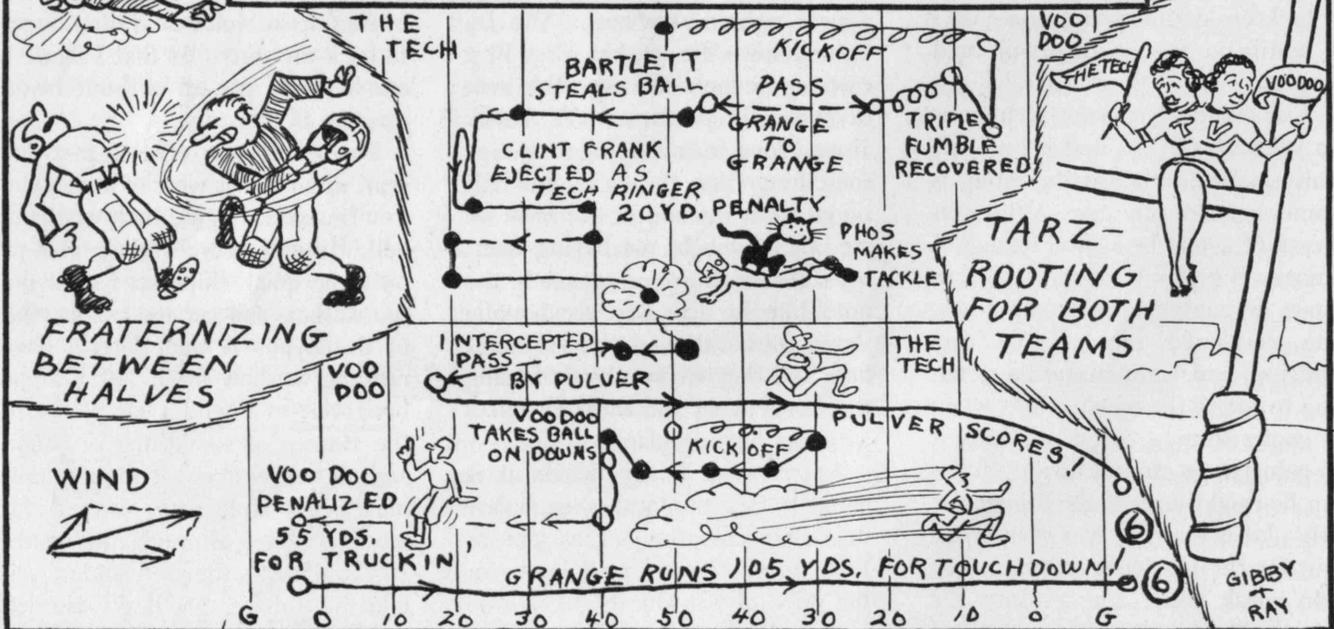


In a thumping, hard-fought tussle against overwhelming odds (Referee Dadakis), the VooDoo football team decisively defeated the aggregation claiming allegiance to THE TECH, Sunday morning on Tech Field, 18 to 6. Hotly contested physically and vocally, the game was characterized by slugging, roughness and fouls, and by the miracle that no permanent injuries were sustained. Starring for VooDoo were "Bob" Casselman, "Bill" Hailey and "Red" Grange. "Timmy" Vincens

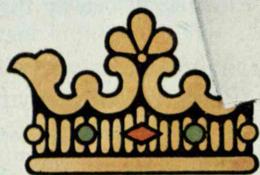
was the only star for the losers. Dadakis and other TECH men acting as officials were able to keep the score to 18 by constant application. VooDoo drew first blood on a score by Grange. THE TECH then tied, but VooDoo turned on the heat and "Willy" Pulver, intercepting a pass, ran 60 yards for another score. Not content with this lead, the humorites hurled the newsboys back, and "Red" Grange ran 105 yards for the concluding touchdown after picking up a punt in the end zone.

**KEY**

- VOO DOO
- THE TECH
- KICK
- ← PASS
- - - PENALTY
- ☁ DUST
- ☁ MUD



*A pack o'  
pleasure*



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- Break the Bag and It's All Ready to Wear
- Repairing and Mending

25c per lb. Shirts—12½c  
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# Hinds

## LAUNDRY

*& dry cleaning*

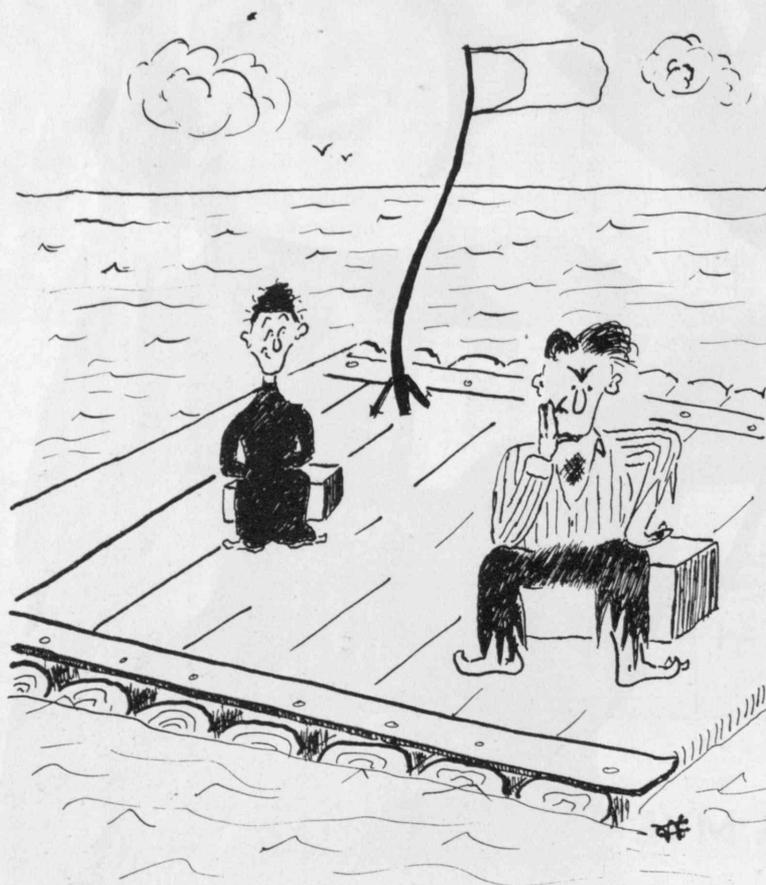
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BROOKLINE



Foo — !

## But He Was Too Tired

Why am I always the peppy type  
Who never wants to sleep,  
Who wants to play from dawn to  
dawn  
With never the time to weep?

Why am I full of Vitamin X,  
Or maybe Y or Z,  
When all the snappy men I know  
Must be in bed by three.

There's one man who's a timid soul,  
Who takes 'til nearly two  
To get the courage to whisper  
"Honey, me for you."

Now what's the fun of having  
A man from two 'til three  
If, when you're feeling in the mood,  
He's even too tired to see.

Then there's my Paderewski  
Who brown-bags all the night.  
But when I want some music  
The time just isn't right.

"Nine o'clock for music?  
Why that's too late, my dear.  
You should be heading homeward,  
Not spending your time around  
here."

Why do men think that I should  
sleep  
When there's so much time to play?  
Why can't I always go to bed  
When I'd rather turn night to day?

There's the man who takes me home  
with him.  
What a disappointing Mister!  
He says I'm tired, let's go to bed,  
And I sleep with his sister!

But the man who takes the prize for  
all  
Is the man who was just too tired.  
I'd better not tell you any more  
Or I know I'll surely get fired.

Oh, give me a man who can stay up  
late,  
Who has some pep and vim.  
Give me a man who is never tired,  
And I'll give my all to him.

TARZ.

# Then Followed Quiet

[The authors of this story wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to their fraternity brothers, without whose invaluable aid and assistance this story might have been accepted by a paying magazine.]

A deafening roar resounded through the hangar building. There was a tinkling of glass and a splintering of wood. A gaping hole, framed in curls of smoke, had magically appeared where, but a moment before, had been an unbroken expanse of tarpaper and wood. The big gun had fallen from its carriage and lay as though expecting another shock. The class looked expectantly at the captain.

"My God!" he whispered. "It went off . . . one hundred fifty pounds of shell at a muzzle velocity of fifteen hundred feet per second. . . ." His voice had risen in a shrill crescendo until he fairly screamed. Then he murmured resentfully, "It would have had a recoil of forty-one inches if the material department had supplied me with the oil I requisitioned. . . ." As an afterthought he added, "The shell should have gone twenty thousand yards." He turned away.

Up spoke a callow local with advanced ROTC gleaming in his eyes. "Would not the presence of cigaret ends and an old shoe in the barrel of the piece impede the progress of the projectile somewhat, sergeant?"

The captain, ignoring the demotion, thought rapidly. Then he counted the cigaret butts, felt the weight of the tennis sneaker, glanced at his tables, and turned to the class. "Gentlemen," he announced in stentorian tones, "that shell landed in room 33-127 of the aeronautics building."

The shell had, in fact, landed in the main library. It landed in the card catalogue room, to which two NYA students were forthwith dispatched to put the shell into its

proper category. No damage was done except to the 1908 and 1909 files of the *Fur Trade Review*. The usual lethargy of the library was not disturbed.

A few minutes later, the frail voice of a freshman, aspirant to THE TECH, hawking the official Institute Organ, was heard calling, "READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THIS WEEK'S THE TECH, CAPE COD CANAL RESEARCH BUILDING BOMBED — HERE'YARE. READ ALL ABOUT IT."

The MS department was in a turmoil. The colonel was too old a hand not to know that something had happened. "So it's War!" he screamed. "Well, we'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

He pointed a quivering finger at two people standing in the hall way. "Take an estimate of the situation and report the enemy's position," he ordered. The two scurried into the Emma Rogers room.

An aide dashed in, saluted, and gave the colonel a note. The colonel read aloud, "Captain X—, of the seventh battalion, eighth regiment, seventeenth division, sixth brigade, on special duty, presents his compliments, and begs to inform the Military Science Department, M.I.T., that the GPF 155 mm, at present located on the floor of the hangar building at MIT, has just fired one round. The sixth brigade awaits further orders."

The colonel blanched visibly. Then with military presence of mind, he dictated the following terse note: "Cease Firing Immediately." He sank back in his chair.

*Brod and Benenson.*

"DO I MAKE MYSELF  
CLEAR, GENTLEMEN?"



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



THE glassy-eyed students can't listen to *reasoning* until their prof will listen to reason about his *pipe!* In plain English, professor—it smells bad! Why not give your briar a good cleaning? Then switch to a milder, more fragrant tobacco. Try Sir Walter Raleigh. It's blended of mellow, slow-burning burleys grown in the famous Blue Grass country. Fifteen cents buys *two full ounces*... and a hearty vote of approval from pipe-wise students. Try a tin and see.



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

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra  
NBC Blue Network, every Friday 10.00 P. M., E. S. T.

# Henry and the Airy Heiress

The sun sneaked over the roof of the "Home of Shwartz's Dainty Biscuits", streamed over to the Imperial (rooms and board) and began to send it's rays down the face of that noble structure to warn everyone of the arrival of a new day. One ray, more ambitious than its companions climbed down to the third window to the right of the northeast corner of the fourth floor; and penetrating the interior of the room came to rest upon the pillow of Henry W. Foss. Simultaneously a villainous old alarm clock began to shatter the A.M. peace; and cause the covers of the Foss bed to quiver violently. Shortly afterwards a human arm slithered from beneath a pile of blankets and began to raise havoc among the ash

tray, lamp, books and other assorted gadgets and stuff that covered the top of the bedside table. Having no success at locating the infernal machine, the owner of the arm emerged from beneath the covers and decided to get up.

After the formality of setting-up exercises, teeth brushing and general priming he prepared to leave on a quest for breakfast. The sunshine in his heart deserted him the moment, when opening the door, he was confronted with a newspaper picture of Josephine Foo, heiress to the Foo millions, his elusive dream girl, which he had pasted on the door panel.

Henry shuffled into "The Greasy Platter," dejectedly ordered his usual

ham and eggs, coffee and grapefruit and wearily stumbled over to his favorite end of the counter. There, however, he got the shock of his life. Perched on the next stool was none other than the streamlined super subdeb, the sylph-like sleek siren, the airy heiress, Josie Foo.

"Hullo", said Henry.

"Oh Hell-o," she said coyly, "how's life at the Massachusetts Inst. of T.?"

"Oke", said Henry.

"I was just telling Myrtle Botts, she was my roommate at Vassar until we got bounced, that I just a-dore Tech men, they're so big and strong and cute. . . . Are you listening?"

"Yes," said Henry, as he poured cream on his grapefruit, salted his coffee, and sugared his ham and eggs.

"Do you like blondes?" she asked meaningly.

"Uh, sure," said Henry, "Why are you so beautiful?"

"'Cause I eat Krispy Wispies, see my dentist twice a year, Lux my undies, eat yeast, and my friends tell me when I have halitosis."

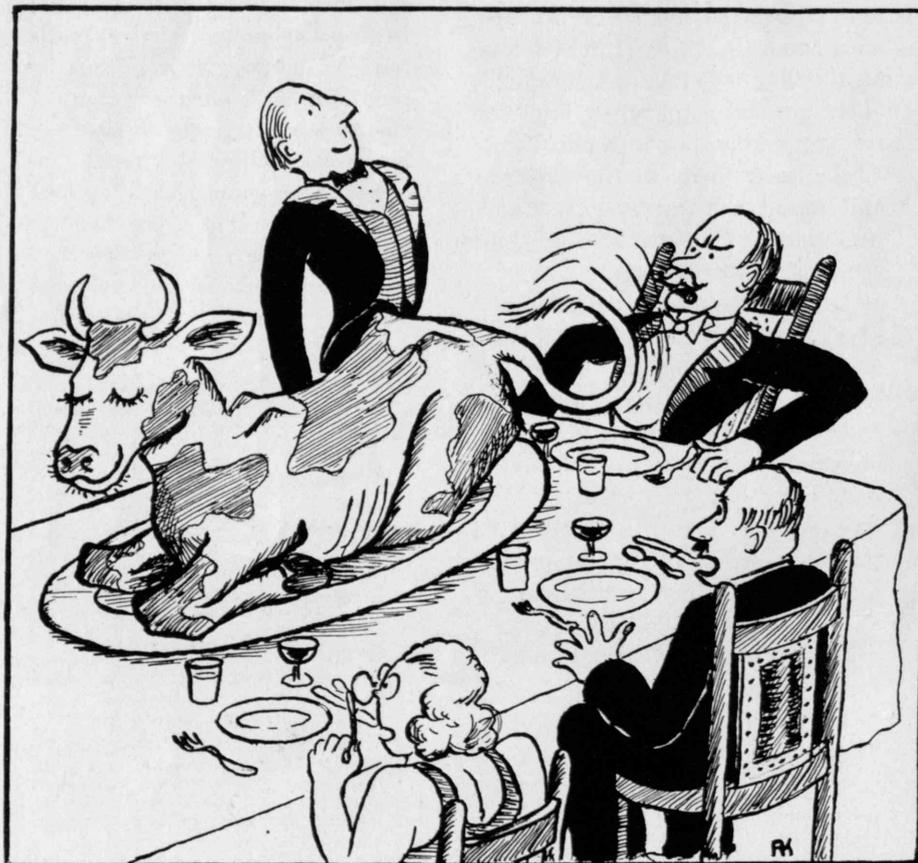
"Is that all?" asked Henry, as he glanced at his watch and noticed that he had just three and two-fifths minutes to get to his first class.

"Oh no, quite to the contrary," she cooed. "I make it a practice to play three sets of tennis, nine holes of golf, and ride horseback every morning with a friend of mine from Harvard every morning before breakfast."

Henry's vision of an irate prof. got the best of him, so he reluctantly left his fair companion and streaked for class.

That evening, although the sun had retreated behind the west subway, Henry's heart was full of the stuff. . . . He had replaced the picture by a cartoon from VooDoo.

He didn't mind loving an heiress, he could tolerate pre-breakfast tennis, golf, etc.; he was partial to blondes, but he just could not stand anyone who had friends from Harvard.



"Dammit, Godfrey, - not THAT rare!"

# Elmer Again

'Zat yew maw? . . . Yeh, it's Elmer again. . . . Sure ah'm still at Tech. . . . Ah been hyar a munth now, don' ah sounds edjicated like already? . . . Wall, ah tell yew maw, this ain't no place tew git edjicated talk . . . Naw . . . yew jest lcerms tew figire hyar . . . yeh, figirs, yew know, tew an' tew makes foah an' stuff like thet. Ef yew wansta git edjicated talk larnin', yew gotta go tew a nuther collitch they got up hyar. . . . Yeh, it's up that same road a piece. They calls it Havud. . . . Yew ain't never heerd talk of Havud? Thass funny, 'cause Jed Meechems' youngest brat's up thar, been thar foh nine years. . . . Yeh, the Meechems down at Catnip Gulch . . . thass tha one . . . Ashbel . . . him borned with tew haids. They got him pickled in alkyhol up at Havud. . . . No maw, they aint all pickled up thar . . . Sure ah seen some a walkin' around up thar. Yeh, thass a lotta corn tew be a wastin' on one man, but don' forgit, Ashbel had tew haids . . . Naw, maw, they aint all tew haided at Havud. . . . Sure Havud's a big collitch . . . lots up tha biggest men in tha country . . . yeh in that city tew, grajooated from Havud . . . Yeh, big men . . . Ham Wortle's boy was six foot nine an' he went to Havud. . . . Yeh, ah knows it didn't do him no good, but he was a big man. . . . An' lissen maw, we all had a big fite up hyar t'other day. . . . They calls it tha field day. We all went to tha pasture behind tha school buildin', an' fust off they only had a couple dozen of tha fellas a kickin' each other around, an' when they was all wore out, we all went in tha fite. They done gimme a red glove but thar was no bull in tha pasture tew scare it with. . . . Uv course thar was no cows nuther if there was no buls . . . ah sad no bull. Then tha fust thing

ah knowed, fifty-seven fellas jumps on me . . . wall, mebbe thar was three fellas thet piled on . . . don' make no difference nohow maw, 'cause when they got done pullin' me around, all mah clothes was tore off . . . Sure ah was about nekked an ah got mah pitcher took foh a noospaper — naw, not tha collitch paper, ah said a noospaper. . . . Yeh, they done tore up mah red unnerwear tew, now ah aint got nuthin' tew sleep in. An' lissen maw, we won tha day . . . naw, ah don' know how much it was, we aint dev'd up yit. . . . Wall, we musta won somthin' after all thet fitin'. . . . Vittles? . . . Wall, about vittles, maw . . . ah was a eatin' at Sammy's Soup Salon, but one that fellas brung me to the eatin' house thet the school runs. . . . Yeh, it's alright. Fust off, yew stands in line foh about a half hour an' work up a good appetite, then yew gotta buy a lotta stuff 'cause yew gits so hungry a waitin' in line . . . Sur yew gotta pay foh tha vittles. An' ah'm tellin' yew maw, it's a good thing thet Uncle Jim's got a lotta money, 'cause tha way ah eats an' tha way it costs . . . Whatzat operitor? Times up? Wall g'by now maw, an' tell pa ah called up ef he wakes up befoh next summer.

VAHEY KUPELIAN.



"You left somethin' behind."  
 "What?"  
 "Your foot-prints."  
 "Don't want 'em. They're dirty."

—Yellow Jacket.



## A New Way of Burning Tobacco

This patented new way of burning tobacco does it *better, cooler and cleaner*. Carburetor Kaywoodie pipes take in drafts of air *from the bottom*—producing a new kind of smoke:

- 1 UPDRAFT keeps pipe-bowl absolutely dry inside.
- 2 PERFECT MIXTURE (of air and smoke) takes rawness out of any tobacco, makes it *mild*.
- 3 CARBURETOR ACTION burns tobacco evenly and completely, producing better flavor.
- 4 CARBURETOR ACTION keeps smoke cool at all times.

No change in appearance—Carburetor Kaywoodie looks just like other Kaywoodies—its Carburetor is hidden in the bottom of the bowl. It has the famous Drinkless Attachment in the stem. This Carburetor principle has endeared these pipes to thousands of men who find it adds much joy to pipe-smoking. Even cigarette-smokers like it because it's so mild. Try it!

Send for 1937 Kaywoodie Book in colors. Pictures 158 pipes. Enclose 10c for mailing.

**KAYWOODIE COMPANY**  
 Rockefeller Center  
 NEW YORK and LONDON

# Baby Prevention

The right idea prevails in colleges which provide courses in marriage, but instead of preparing the students for matrimonial bliss, the professors should initiate the neophytes in the mysteries of the infant. In short, babies are a torture that continues for years, and prospective parents should be warned.

History is rife with the methods adults have used to alleviate the problem of rearing children. A sort of half-cure is the practice which operates in the United States under the alias of "scientific upbringing". Here timid parents send their offspring to day nurseries, give them early suppers when they get home, and pack the moff to bed at seven-thirty. In England and France the governess is the escape. In Germany and Italy the kids are sent out to drill. In Russia the state supervises the upbringing. That is why there is so much mutiny in the Soviet Army these days. The generals don't want to take care of any more babies. In China they used to kill or sell the girl babies, which partly solved the question. Did Mrs. Dionne squawk much when the government took charge of her litter? Not she! She'd probably have liked to turn over the rest of the bunch.

Perhaps you think that I am a little biased on this subject. Maybe I am, but if you'll just listen to my tale, you'll see I have good reasons.

First of all you must plan to do all your sleeping at night, not in the morning, for, no matter what hour you wake up, baby will be awake an hour earlier. If you're lucky, you're awakened with a gentle pinching or pulling. But you are more likely to be aroused by having baby leap on some exposed portion of your anatomy accompanied by a cannon-ball under each arm, or so it seems. Follows a scream of childish delight that

bores its way into your head and races around in little circles at the base of your brain. You're awake and you're awake to stay. Now you have to get up in order to assume a position less vulnerable to sudden attacks.

Baby often tries to be helpful. If you are out trying to rake the leaves up and leave the lawn in some semblance of neatness, along comes baby and baby's rake to assist. Baby at once starts raking your pile in the wrong direction and effectively spreads it out over the section which you have just cleaned up. To get the rest of the leaves out of baby's way before it does too much damage, you start to pile the leaves in a basket. Baby immediately drops its rake and comes over to help you. He picks up an armful and starts across the lawn, but the leaves gradually slip out and are strewn all over the grass again. This amusement finally palling, baby

dives into the nearest pile and kicks and throws it in every direction. At this point you decide to quit until the brat is safely removed.

The baby generally has a few phonograph records of its own. This is the real torture. You are forced to play these records over and over again until you could throw the discs out the window and do all the songs yourself. The "Uncle Jimmy" who sings all the damned things has a forced laugh that is peculiarly irritating. After a while you begin to suspect that he is not laughing with the kids, but is laughing at you. Mayhem would be a pleasure if you could only see him man to man.

Baby's powers of "monkey-see-monkey-do" are something else to be watched for. You can be assured that when baby sits down to watch you do something, he will be doing that same thing the first chance he gets. One of his best acts is the



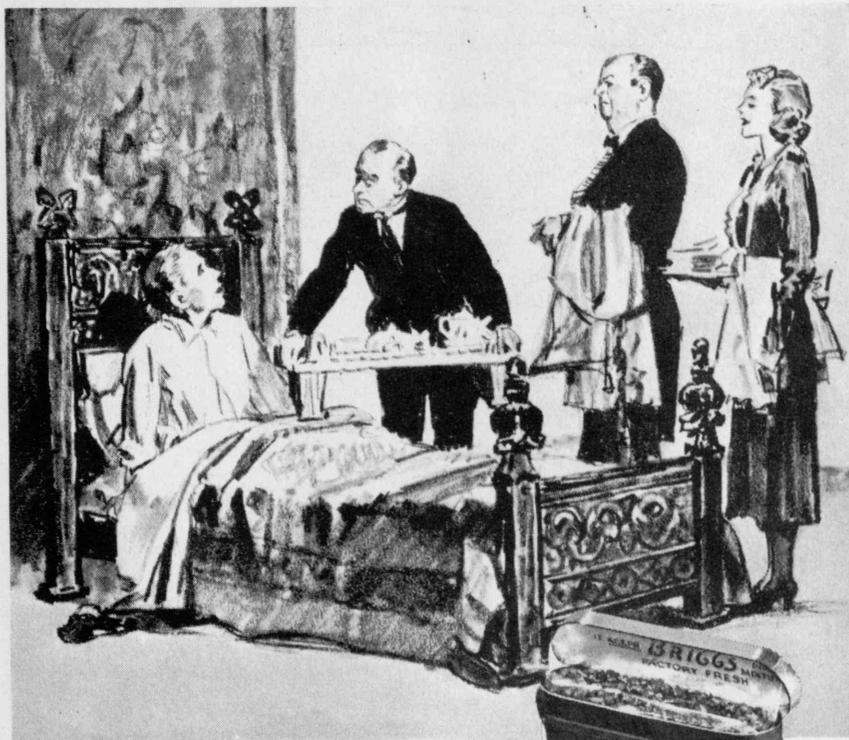
"Touché!"

shaving performance. He squeezes oodles of cream onto the brush, and adds quite a bit to the interior decoration of the bathroom. The lather he works up completely covers his face and runs all thru his hair. Unfortunately, the days of the straight razor have almost vanished so there is no chance for him to learn a lesson by cutting his throat. Then he washes off all the lather with a bottle of your best lotion. He next powders himself from head to foot with talcum and spreads the rest of the can around the floor to make the floor a little less slippery. All in all, he does a pretty thorough job of messing himself and the bathroom up and incidentally succeeds in wasting almost all your shaving soap and lotion. So the next time baby comes in to watch you shave overcome that feeling of being flattered and throw him out.

Another big problem is the task of getting baby to bed at night. It is generally easy to coax him into his night-clothes, but at that point all co-operation ceases. He does not want to go to bed and employs every device to prevent you from putting him there. First he yells for a drink of water. You bring it in the hope that that is all that he wants. But no, he is not thru. "Potty", is his next cry. "Baby go potty!" You are forced to take him to protect the bed-sheets. Next on the list is a little bouncing on the mattress. Finally he promises to go to sleep if you will stay in the room with him. After about five minutes of quiet you tiptoe out and ensconce yourself for an evening of book-reading. Just as you begin to be interested, a step is heard at the door and there stands baby, beaming triumphantly at the clever trick he has played on you. This game of tag goes on until you have to go to bed yourself out of sheer exhaustion.

I could go on for hours telling you more reasons why all children should be born at the age of fifteen, but if you can't see my point yet you never will and you're probably destined to be a doting parent who will spoil all the children.

# Sleeps 4 Years . . . Wakes Up Rich!



*Drowsing 4 winters and  
summers in oaken casks,  
BRIGGS waxes wealthy  
in mellow pipe charm*

**A** FOUR-YEAR NAP, with a wealth at the end! That would be news, if it happened to a man. It's twice the news, when it happens to a tobacco!

That's just what *does* happen to Briggs. For 4 long years it rests in oaken casks, accumulating a fortune for your pipe. Growing rich from a longer siesta of seasoning than is given to many blends selling at \$5 to \$10 a pound.

But, then, Briggs is fortunate to start with. Blended from only



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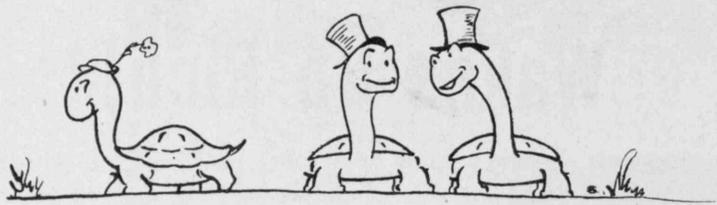
the choicest pipe tobaccos that Nature grows. And of those tobaccos, only the mildest and most flavorful leaves.

At 15¢ the tin, richly aged Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary tobaccos. But those extra pennies are *miracle pennies* . . . in the extra quality and enjoyment they put in your pipe!

# BRIGGS

**THE BITELESS BLEND**  
*When a feller needs a friend  
. . . page Briggs*

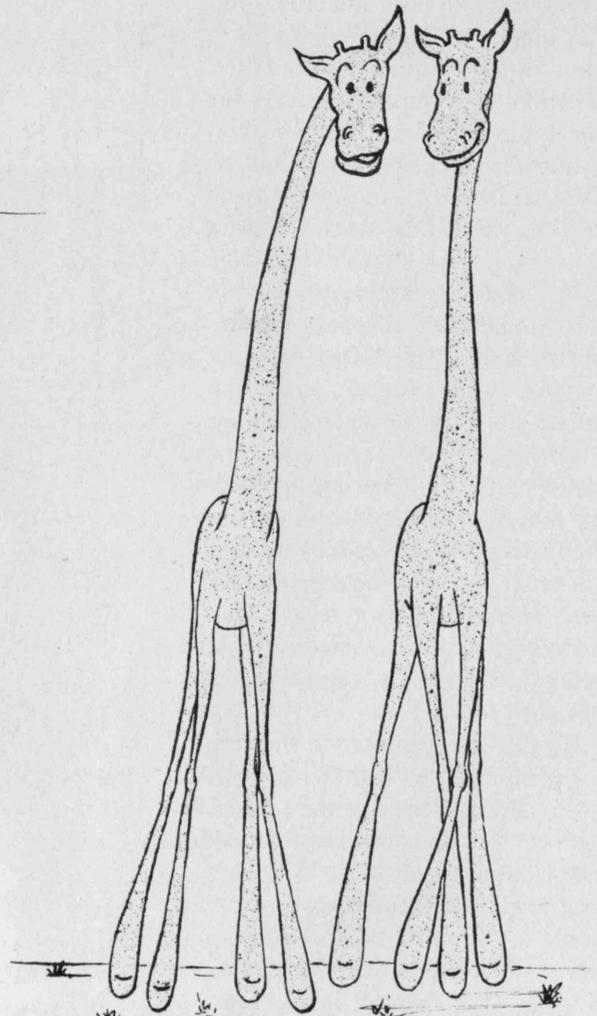
**BRIGGS . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS**



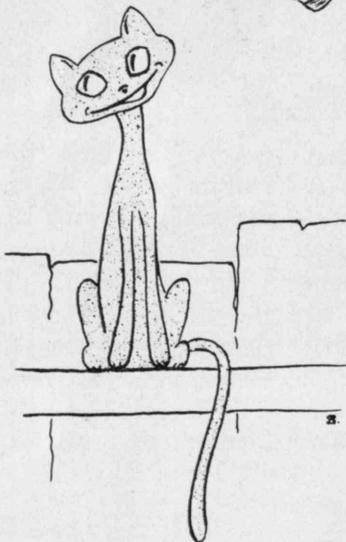
"Plenty fast!"



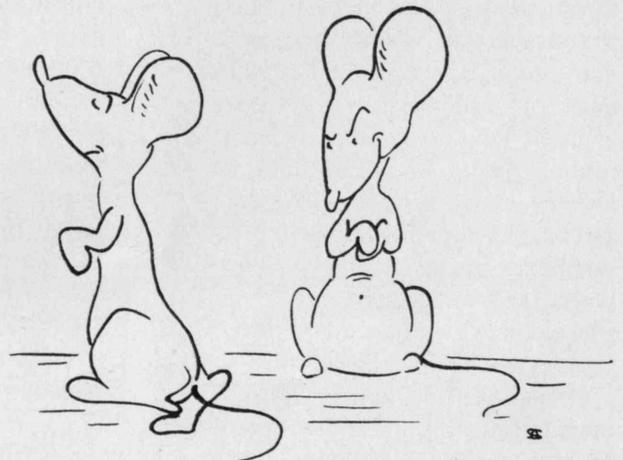
"Our house got raided last night."



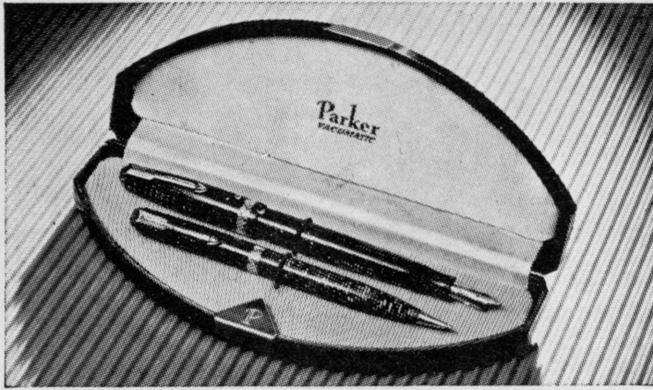
"Wanna neck?"



"Tsk!"



"Lust."



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*over any two others combined*

A Wholly New and Superlative Model  
of the Revolutionary Sacless Pen  
—Parker's Speedline Vacumatic!

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Here's a new all-time high in ink capacity, yet size reduced to a slender, restful Speedline.

A Pen that shows the ENTIRE ink supply—shows when to refill—hence one that never runs dry in classes or exams.

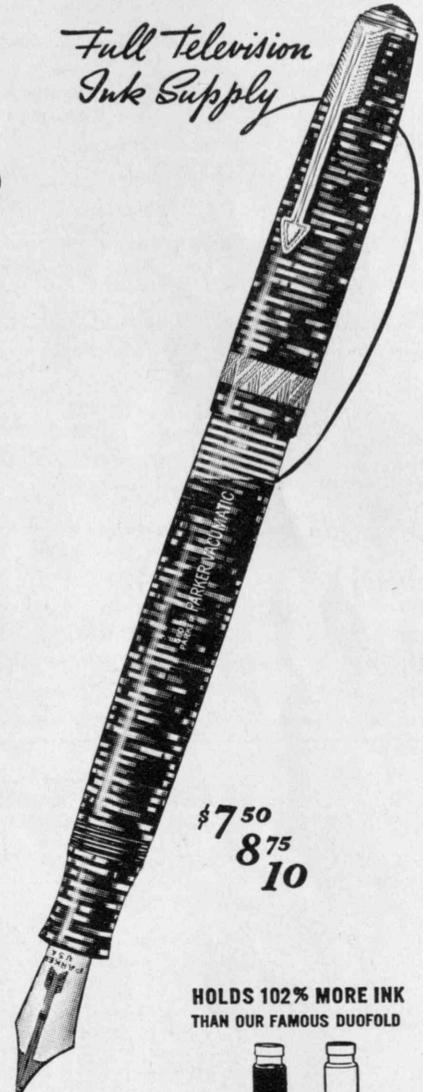
The world's smartest style—Parker's exclusive laminated Pearl and Jet—wholly original.

And not merely modern in style, but modern also in mechanism. Its revolutionary SACLESS Diaphragm Filler radically departs from earlier types, whether they have a rubber ink sac or not. A patented invention—GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

Once you try this pedigreed Beauty, with its marvelous Scratch-Proof Point, you'll feel sorry for anyone who doesn't have it. Go and see and try it today. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

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MILK — CREAM — BUTTER and ICE CREAM  
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Telephone CHARlestown 2860  
or leave a note in your neighbor's empty  
WHITING MILK BOTTLE

## Phosphorescences

The 21-year-old Princess Baba, otherwise known as Valeria Brooke, became engaged to Gregory after a whirlwind courtship.

—Boston Traveler.

Four students with two sacks, each containing 0 cats, were located. The students were released by police.

—Boston Traveler.

How about the cats?

He is a doctor in the medical chore of the navy.

—Newton Transcript.

Hard working man?



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The B. & S. Girls Do the Laundry  
Work for M.I.T. Boys

If she wants chocolates—Feeder.

If she is too fat—Reducer.

If she is too thin—Amplifier.

If she gets excited—Controller.

If she gets too cold—Heater.

If she is out of town—Telegrapher.

If she is a poor cook—Discharger.

If she cheats on you—Detector.

If she wants to be an angel—

Transformer.

If she'll meet you half-way—

Receiver.

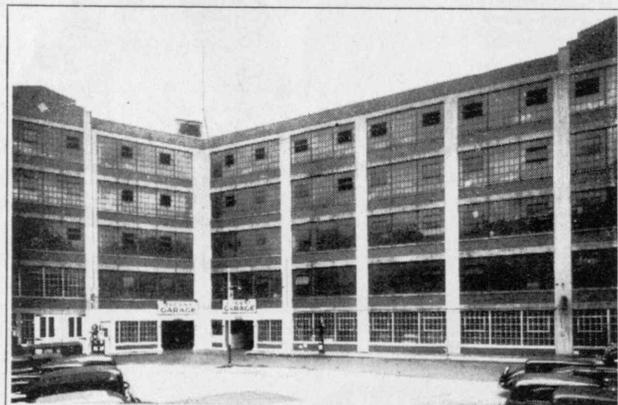


## DEFINITION

Great men are born not made.

Great women are born —

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Special Rates for Theatre and Dinner Parties

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A little colored boy was sitting slumped down in a chair with his feet resting on top of the table, when his mammy came into the room and said: "Lord, yo' is a lazy boy; youse zackly like yo' pappy. Thank God I didn't marry dat man!"

—Exchange.

## 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

First Cow: Where's the rest of the girls?  
Second Contented Cow: They're over in the other lot in a bull session.

Submitted by HARRY O. SAUNDERS

## IS THE INSTITUTE SINKING?

*Continued*

sensuous and most practical of any. This plan consists of moving the school as a hole to some other place more noted for its highness and dryness. While this would entail considerable expense, it would presage a new era in large house-moving. We are only too willing to admit that this presents a bit of a chore for someone, but after all, Rome wasn't built in a day and neither was Boston, so what is the difference? Surely present day methods of transportation are equal to such a task—the horseless carriage has replaced the horseful carriage and something is bound to turn up which will replace both of them. The choosing of a site is a problem which is really no problem at all, because it is so simple. We of the T. E. N. suggest Wellesley as a possible location because we know a nice girl named Dorothy out there, and we are sure that she'd be glad to have us. But Wellesley is not the only possible location—gracious no. Harvard has a couple of acres that aren't being used now and they'd be only too glad to have us out there with them. In fact we know a nice boy named Evelyn out there and he would be thrilled to have us nearby. All that needs be done is to move the damn thing. That is a problem.

However, we have presented several quasi-feasible

**M.I.T. VOO DOO**

ALL RIGHT, MAYBE HE IS SHORT AND SCRAWNY, BUT HE SURE TAKES MY BREATH AWAY!

YOU MIGHT HAVE BETTER LUCK IF YOU'D TRY THESE **LIFE SAVERS**...THEY'D REALLY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY!

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

approaches to this bogey man of mud that is haunting us. Some of them are doubtless more practical than others; some of them approach heights of thought never before attained by the average mind. And we think that the Corporation would be a bunch of heels not to adopt one or more of these sure-fire suggestions. Are we going to be overrun by a bunch of goo from the Cambridge water-front? We hope not. And we are inclined to say, "Down with this slinking sinking; put our College on the rocks!"



### THE DIPLOMAT AND THE LADY

If a diplomat says "yes" he means "maybe."

If he says "maybe" he means "no."  
But if he says "no" he's no diplomat.  
If a lady says "no" she means "maybe."

If she says "maybe" she means "yes,"

But if she says "yes" she's no lady.  
—Sour Owl

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## Quality Wines Liquors and Cordials

All the leading imported and domestic brands —  
prices to fit every pocketbook. . . .

Open until 11 P.M.

Telephoned orders given prompt attention.  
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141 MASS. AVE.  
BOSTON, MASS.

Across the Bridge  
Opp. Fenway Theatre

### To a Corset Ad

Her figure is perfect, her face passing  
fair,

She hasn't an equal I'm sure.  
She sits among battleships, airplanes  
and such

Every week in the rotogravure.  
I gaze at her beauty and venture a  
sigh,

For she is a picture of grace.  
She poses reclining, she bends, and  
she kneels

With never a curve out of place.  
In spite of your poise and your fairy-  
like charm,

I say little one "Pas du tout,"  
For I coldly, dispassionately wonder,  
my sweet

Without "Form-Fit" just what  
would you do.

DICK CROSSAN.

— COUNTERPOINT —

"My word but I'm thirsty."  
"I'll get you some water."  
"I said thirsty, not dirty."

### Shadow Boxing

Sergeant (during a war game): "Pri-  
vate Hurja, don't you realize you are  
exposing yourself to an imaginary  
enemy only 250 yards away?"

Private: "That's all right, Sergeant  
Bjones: I'm standing behind an imagin-  
ary rock 25 feet high." —*Flagon.*



"Damn these termites!"

### MR. ARBUTHNOT

(Apologies to the New Yorker)

Q. I am advised, Mr. Arbuthnot,  
that you are an expert in the cliché  
of the physical culture correspon-  
dence course. Upon what facts to  
you base this contention?

A. I have received absolutely free  
of charge a plainly wrapped pamph-  
let containing instructions for the  
development of a mighty physique.

Q. "Absolutely free," you say?

A. Absolutely free — only \$1.50  
enclosed to cover the cost of packing  
and mailing.

Q. What were your reasons for  
investigating this remarkable offer?

A. I was a 90 lb. weakling; I was  
ashamed to be seen in a bathing-  
suit; even Hart, Schaffner, and Marx  
were baffled.

Q. What, Mr. Arbuthnot, was  
the course you followed in develop-  
ing your present magnificent body?

A. For only \$10, post-paid, I re-  
ceived sufficient apparatus to estab-  
lish powerful triceps in my left arm.  
Equipment for the entire course cost  
me a paltry \$150. But today I am a  
man.

Q. I see. Now, Mr. Arbuthnot,  
would you please demonstrate your  
unusual physical prowess by lifting  
this 500 lb. weight in the crook of  
your pinkie?

A. My deepest regrets, but I am  
afraid I can't reach it. You see, I am  
muscle-bound.

C. STEMPF.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend with bottle."

"Pass friend. Halt bottle."



"Is there much food value in  
dates?"

"That all depends on whom they  
are with."

# Initiation

I remember the first time I tried it,  
I was only a kid of fifteen,  
And even though she was much younger than I,  
She was far more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward,  
Uncertain of how to proceed,  
But she seemed not to notice the hesitance  
With which I prepared for the deed.

It was out in the barn, I remember,  
At the close of a lush summer day,  
And the evening was scented with clover and bloom,  
And the fragrance of fresh mown hay.

I remember she made no objection,  
Showed no evidence of alarm.  
For I loved her, and I'm sure she loved me,  
Since she first came to live on our farm.

I remember I spoke to her softly,  
As I cuddled her face on my hands.  
And I saw in the depths of her eyes the look  
Of a loved one who understands.

I remember she moved a bit closer,  
And the touch of her body was warm,  
And my fingers moved awkwardly over her throat,  
While she nestled her head on my arms.

Looking back on it now I remember,  
How I stood while my head seemed to spin,  
With the thought of the thing I was going to do,  
Yet reluctant somehow to begin.

And her eyes seemed, I thought, to rebuke me,  
For waiting—for being afraid,  
And even old Nellie, our ancient plow horse,  
Looked over her manger and neighed.

Long later I stood up uncertain,  
Of whether to stay or to run.  
A tingle of pride, yet shaken and awed,  
As I knew at last it was done.

I remember, it seemed hours later,  
How my heart hammered under my blouse  
With the joy of boy that's turned into a man  
As I made my way back to the house.

Twenty years have gone since that evening  
But I've never forgotten I vow,  
The thrills and the joy I felt as a boy  
On the day when I first milked a cow.

*Bud Hurst*



THE STORK CLUB

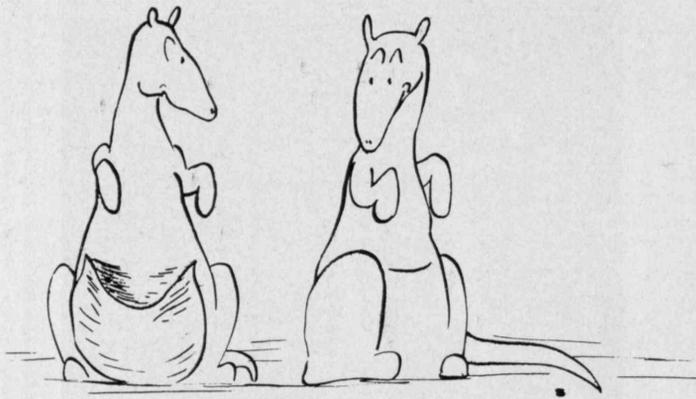
*Announces*

No Couvert or Minimum.

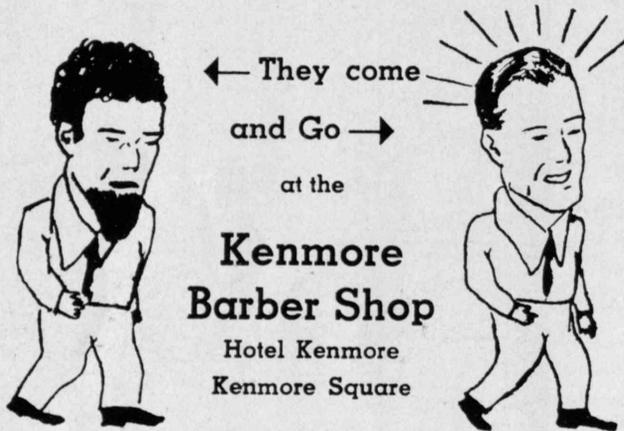
Evening Dress requested at

Supper. Sunday Evenings

Informal.



"It was those damn quintuplets!"



← They come  
and Go →  
at the

**Kenmore  
Barber Shop**  
Hotel Kenmore  
Kenmore Square

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Smartest Rooms for

**Cocktails • Luncheon  
Dinner or Supper**

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**Don Julio's Rhythmic Strings**

Complimentary Hors D'oeuvres  
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Moderate  
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**MISS SHIRLEY HAYES**  
BOSTON'S FOREMOST,  
RELIABLE DANCING SCHOOL

» **NEWEST** «  
**BALLROOM STEPS**

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Beginners Guaranteed  
to Learn Here. Private  
Lessons 10 A. M. to  
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## SCIENCE TURNS TO WOMEN

*Continued*

large stock of specimens. These were regularly fed, bathed and given sun-lamp treatments, and it was possible to keep them in a reasonably healthy condition in captivity. Great difficulty was found, however, in the rigid adherence to the scientific method from this point on, and many lapses are to be observed in the report. These were caused, it was felt, by the increasing restlessness and the abundance of energy which the specimens showed in the laboratory. There was, for instance, one red-head . . .

After another week of extensive research, it appeared that, far from being a good idea, the whole thing was a mistake. Not the research, oh my no, that was just swell, and probably will be eagerly continued for years. No, the mistake was in assuming that women are any problem. Women are no problem, there they are, and oh boy, they're just swell. So why make it hard, just let them have their way, but don't spoil them; be eager in seeking them, but don't seem too interested; be gentle and polite, but show them that you're the boss; and—(Ed. note—Apparently a blonde entered the laboratory, the report stops, and here comes another blonde—).



## YOUR AUTOMOBILE AND WINTER

*Continued*

A number of various anti-freezes have been put on the market, each surpassing others in its all-around qualities. Being a scientific man, I get a big kick (Uh!) out of the system by which one gallon of the fluid will your car down to 15 degrees, two gallons, down to 5 degrees, and three gallons, to Smith, if you have a model A. The best system is to drain the water from your radiator and leave it empty so that there is nothing to freeze. Quite simple, isn't it? Is there any danger of the car heating up? Well, I hardly think so. Going back to my Model T on jacks, that car hasn't had a thing in its radiator for the past ten years and it still looks all right. Of course, the damn thing isn't running any more, but that's no test.

So far in this paper I've made a number of suggestions on what to do to your car this coming winter. Now, all of these things represent an expense which can be avoided by a simple measure. We never put tires on old Bess, we never had to give her gas or oil or anti-freeze, and she had no semblance of a heater. Just a few things to consider between an oil-burner and a hay-burner. Give it some thought.

Then, on the other hand, there are other alternatives for winter locomotion such as ice-skates, sleds, skis, and that part of the human body which faces south when one faces north. This last item is worth considering because it alone has stood the test of time. How long have we had automobiles? How long have we exploited the horse? How long has man had an—as I said before, it is worth some thought.

In conclusion, let me remind you that this was sponsored by the "Boston EL", goodnite and much fun.

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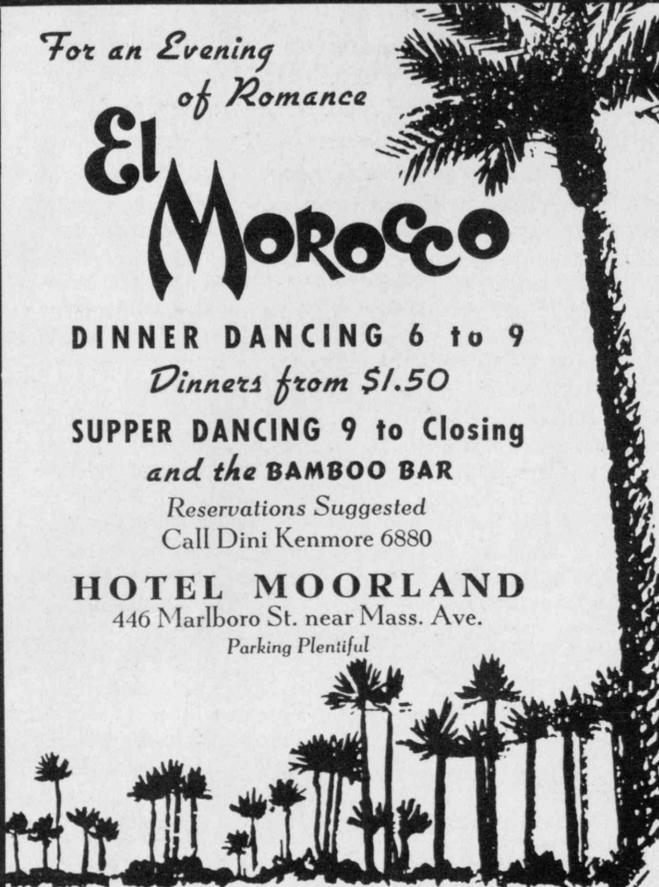
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