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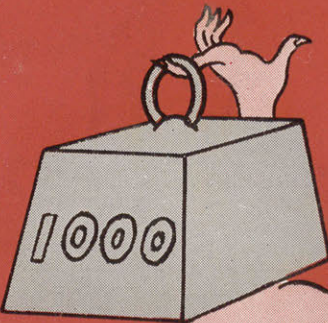
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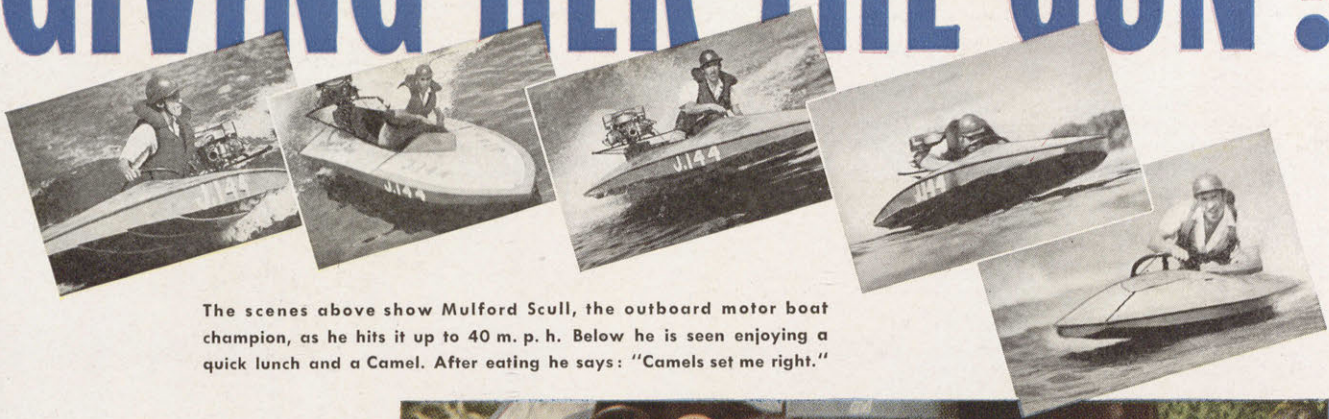
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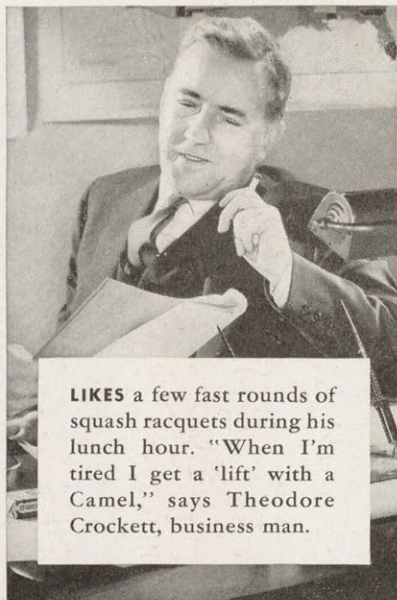


# GIVING HER THE GUN!



The scenes above show Mulford Scull, the outboard motor boat champion, as he hits it up to 40 m. p. h. Below he is seen enjoying a quick lunch and a Camel. After eating he says: "Camels set me right."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



**LIKES** a few fast rounds of squash racquets during his lunch hour. "When I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel," says Theodore Crockett, business man.



**I**N 1929, Mulford Scull became National Amateur Champion. This year he made a clean sweep of the Class "A" Outboard events at the Miami Regatta. The trophies he's won in his years of racing fill a room.

Jolts, vibration, nervous tension—are all part of what an outboard driver undergoes. In Mulford Scull's own words:

"The way these outboards bounce knocks the daylight out of digestion. Yet when chow comes around, I'm right there—all set with Camels. They help keep my digestion on an even keel. And they never jangle my nerves."

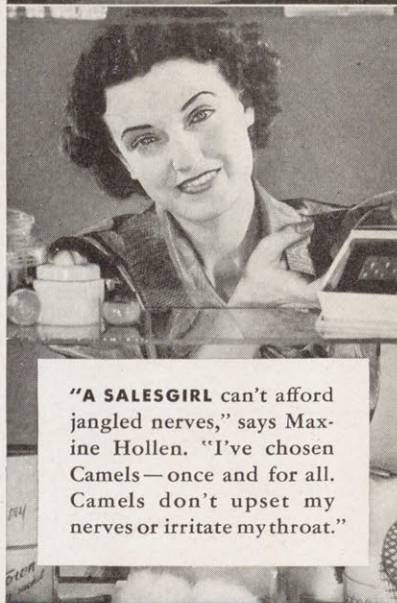
## JACK OAKIE IS BACK ON THE AIR!

Tune in on the fun-making President of Oakie College and his college variety show, including *Benny Goodman's Swing Band*, this Tuesday night at 9:30 p.m. E.S.T., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T., 7:30 p.m. M.S.T., 6:30 p.m. P.S.T.—WABC-CBS.

## Costlier Tobaccos are Naturally Mild!

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**...

Turkish and Domestic  
...than any other popular brand.



**"A SALESGIRL** can't afford jangled nerves," says Maxine Hollen. "I've chosen Camels—once and for all. Camels don't upset my nerves or irritate my throat."

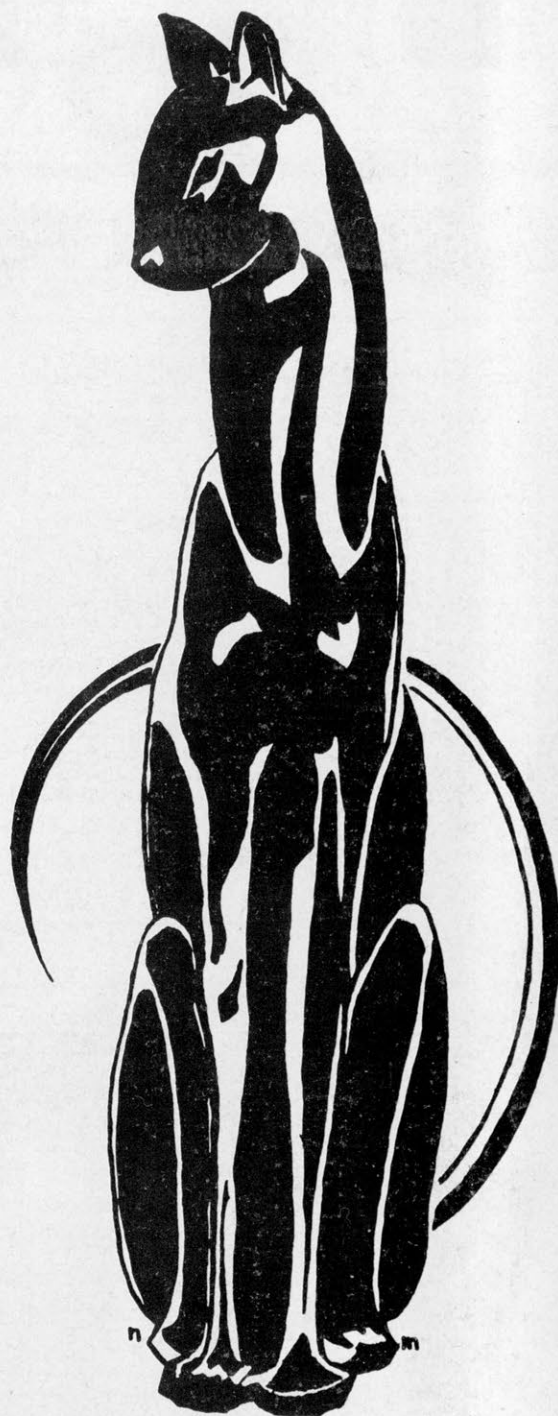
# FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!



# VOO DOO DRIVE NUMBER

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## Voo Doo

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No. 5

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# M. I. T. VOODOO

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## **ANOTHER WELCOME**

From time immemorial Phos has stood on the steps of Building Ten and waved a happy greeting to the hordes of newcomers to the grey walls of Technology. This year he first waved under the sarcastic banner of "The Tech", but his welcome was none the less warm. Now that he appears in his true colors once more he is happy to have another opportunity to wish the class of 1941 a successful, valuable and happy four years, and to hope that most of them will be spent at the Institute.

## **AND STILL ANOTHER**

And you sage wise men who, by virtue of one or more years at the Institute, have been raised from the ranks of the freshmen, take care that in losing the greenness which they bring with them you haven't also lost the eager freshness.

the wide-awake curiosity, and the youthful desire for knowledge which you had when you entered the long corridors of Technology. To you Phos also sends the greeting of a new school year, he will do his best to keep you happy and amused.

## **PHOTO CONTEST**

Phos is following the trend of affairs this issue with a contest for Candid and other Camera fans. He hopes that it will stimulate the taking of pictures around the Institute, where so many picture opportunities present themselves, and also that it will lead to a wider dissemination of visual knowledge of the Institute and other views of interest. Pictures will be printed and given credit, and some day, who knows, perhaps Phos will go into the picture magazine field.

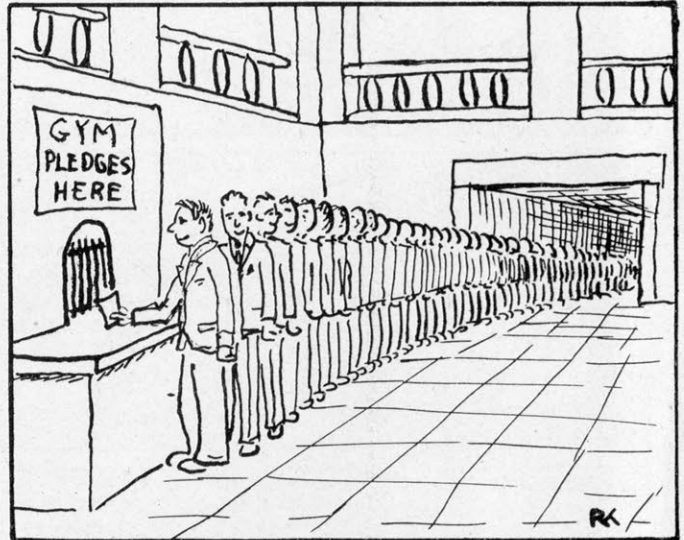


## PHOS WAKES UP

Phos woke up last Monday with a bad hangover and a sore leg, and bounced out of bed with a feeble groan and the thought that he would be very, very late indeed for his nine o'clock. A glance at his wrist watch, which said eleven fifteen, confirmed this, and only the thought of the mail awaiting him below kept him from getting back into bed and the quiet of his pillow. Drawn, however, by the hazy lure of a letter from Tabby, he staggered downstairs and looked in his mail box. There was no letter. All of his soul took a violent slump, which found its counterpart in a physical drop which left the soles of his feet burning. A large envelope with "Phos — VooDoo" on it only served to intensify the loss he felt at having no letter from Tab. However, he picked it up and settled despondently into an easy chair, his feet hanging over the arm, and slowly opened it. At first he thought it was a joke; nothing in it. Then he found, gummed to the flap, a pamphlet. Puzzled, he drew it out and looked at it. A red cover showed him Tech, but in front of the building a horde of black figures were doing the most extraordinary things with their very muscular bodies. Below this remarkable group was a caption — "Design for Enriching Student Life." Phos, too weak to open the pamphlet, gazed at it speculatively. Finally curiosity overcame inertia, and he pried open the leaf. A magnificent building, hovering over a picture of the hanger gym, faced a question in red; "This or This?" Phos began flipping pages; some type, a pair of pink cartoons, another cartoon — a funny little fellow clad in wrestling trunks and boxing gloves spearing a medicine ball with a foil or saber held in one mit, while he swung with the other from a flying ring. Phos chuckled and sat up with a start as he turned the next page and saw the double page spread of — of course you've guessed it — the new gym. As he first skimmed through the pamphlet and then read it more slowly, he began to get the idea; the Alumni were going to build a new gym for — Whee! \$1,650,000. That's a lot of money, but Phos had to admit that the gym, with the cage and its subordinate auditorium was a lot of building.

The more Phos thought about it, the more it grew on him. Yes, Sir, this was going to be a lot of building! He began to wonder what was going to happen to the Institute with this new and super special body-building plant. Gone would be one of the excuses for losing teams. No longer could the beaten Tech

athlete hide behind the valid excuse that there was no equipment to practise on, in or under. The only excuse left would be the exigencies of study, and with all the instructors playing squash in the thirteen new courts, they wouldn't have much time to give out assignments any more. The plans looked pretty sinister because of the wrestling, boxing, fencing and rifle rooms. The new Tech athlete could now grab the instructor who had given him a double FF in Physics, and after



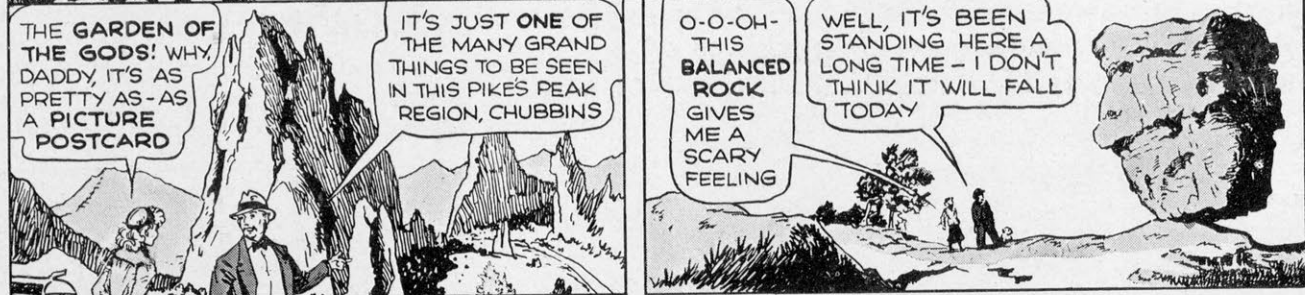
blackening both his eyes, breaking his nose and cutting his lip in the boxing room, drag him next door and break his back, one leg and one neck in the wrestling room. A short jaunt to the fencing room would give ample opportunity to groove and pierce him with foil, saber and epee, while if he were not sufficiently ventilated, fifteen minutes propped against a target in the range would make of him a veritable learned sieve. Contemplating thusly, Phos began to see much, much merit in the plan, and reflecting on the possibility of pledging a really sizable sum, since his VooDoo would probably be running the usual substantial profit in two years, he picked up his fountain pen and solemnly pledged half of his worldly wealth, twenty-five cents.

So fellows, if you will follow Phos' example, and pledge half of your wealth, and if you pay that much when the pledges come due, or before, you may have a chance to spit your favorite prof in the gizzard in a nice fencing room. Think of that, isn't it worth giving up four dates, three scotch and sodas and your chances of getting a new Oldsmobile? Dig down, men, and pay, pay, pay. And that means you, and you, and you, and even you ever there in the shadow, you cute thing, you.



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AT PIKE'S PEAK



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

THE GREAT THING ABOUT **PRINCE ALBERT** IS THAT SUCH A **MILD** TOBACCO CAN BE SO **RICH** AND **FULL-BODIED!**

**PRINCE ALBERT**

CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

SO MILD!

**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 Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.**

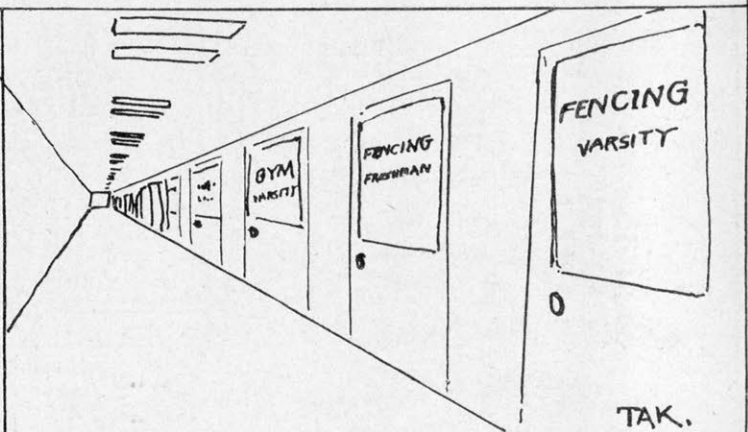
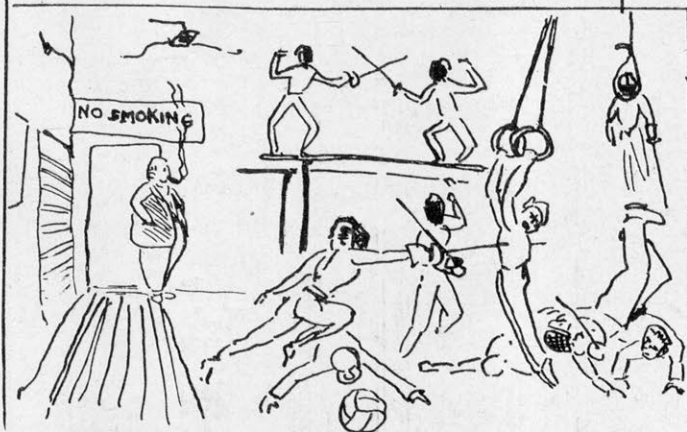
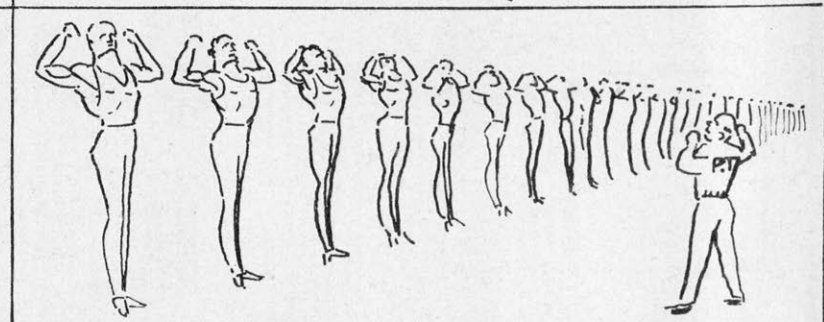
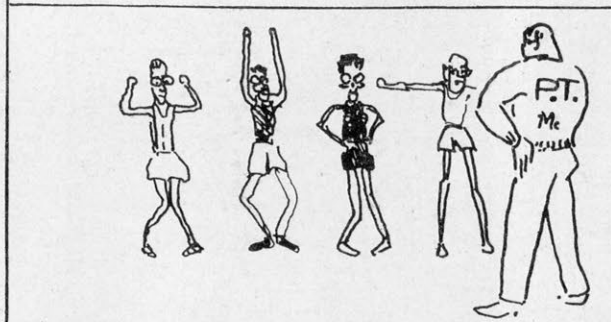
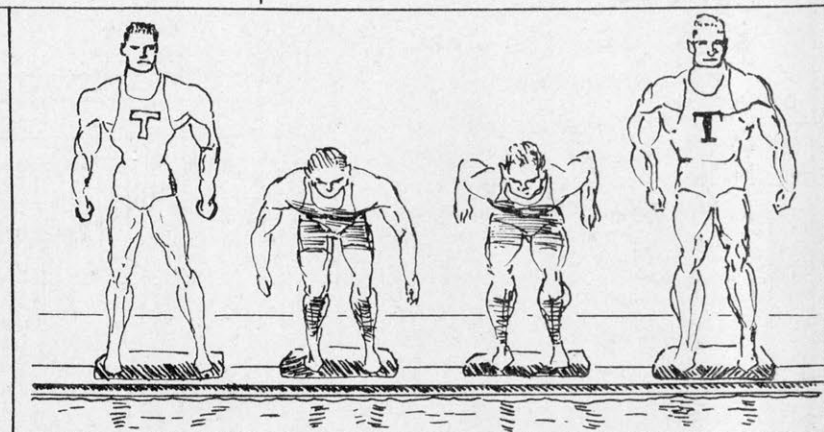
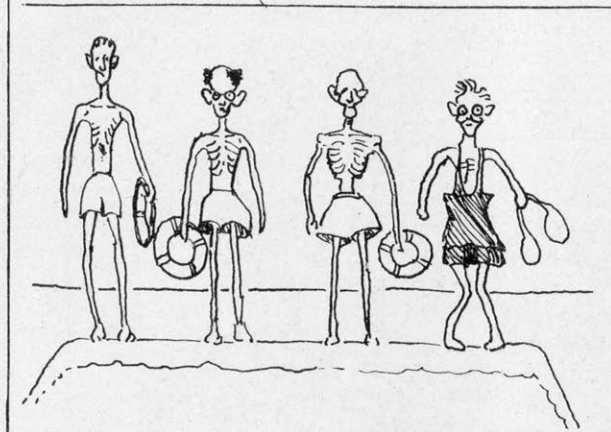
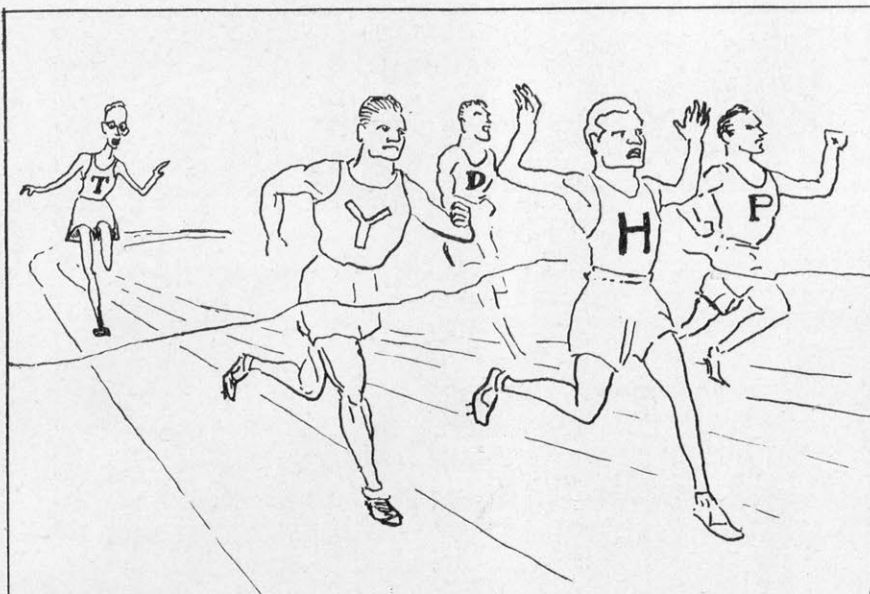
**50**

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

**PRINCE ALBERT**

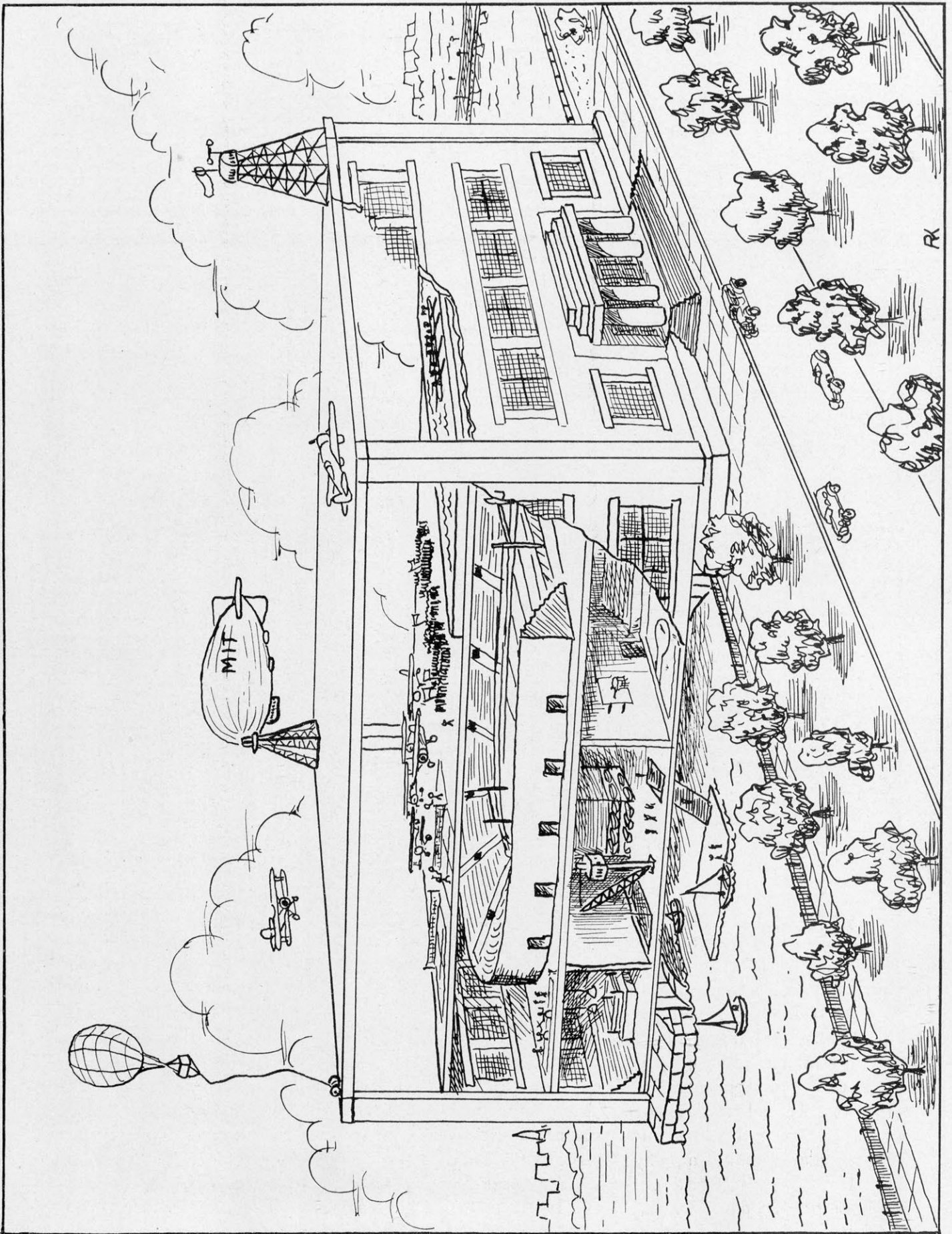
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE





TAK.







# Phos's Ideal Gym

We have, in the past few days, managed to learn quite a bit about this drive for a new athletic plant that is being carried on now. And we want to say here and now that we think it isn't such a bad idea to intersperse a little brawn here and there among the brains that pollute this



place. But we do think that the Alumni Association has been just a teeny weeny bit picayune about the whole thing. Don't get the idea that Voo Doo isn't one hundred per cent behind this drive — such would be nothing short of a grave misapprehension. However, we feel that as long as we are going to get a sort of somewhat gymnasium, why not do a real job and get an honest-to-goodness by-god

athletic factory! Why should not we of M. I. T. have a gymnasium that we can write home about, one that we can throw out our chest about, one that will make men out of mice and gods out of men? Why not? We ask you.

Working on this idea of a super-factory, we have had our architect draw up a rather rough sketch of the *ideal* home for Technology teams — a home that every one of us deserves and needs. While this sketch may seem to portray something rather meagre, we feel that we cannot ask for too grandiose a project right off the bat. Such a structure would probably fill the needs of the present users fairly well, and would pave the way for a really adequate building which we hope to secure sometime in the future. Therefore, we present this plan as a temporary device to give the world and the Alumni an idea of what we want and need here at Technology.

Our plans are for a three-story building to be placed out over the Charles River. The main reason for this choice of site is that we contemplate a building which is a little large for any ground the Institute has available at

present. By placing the building here we may have both the space and the accessibility. Besides, the Basin is so big that we ought to be able to rent a part of it from the M. D. C.

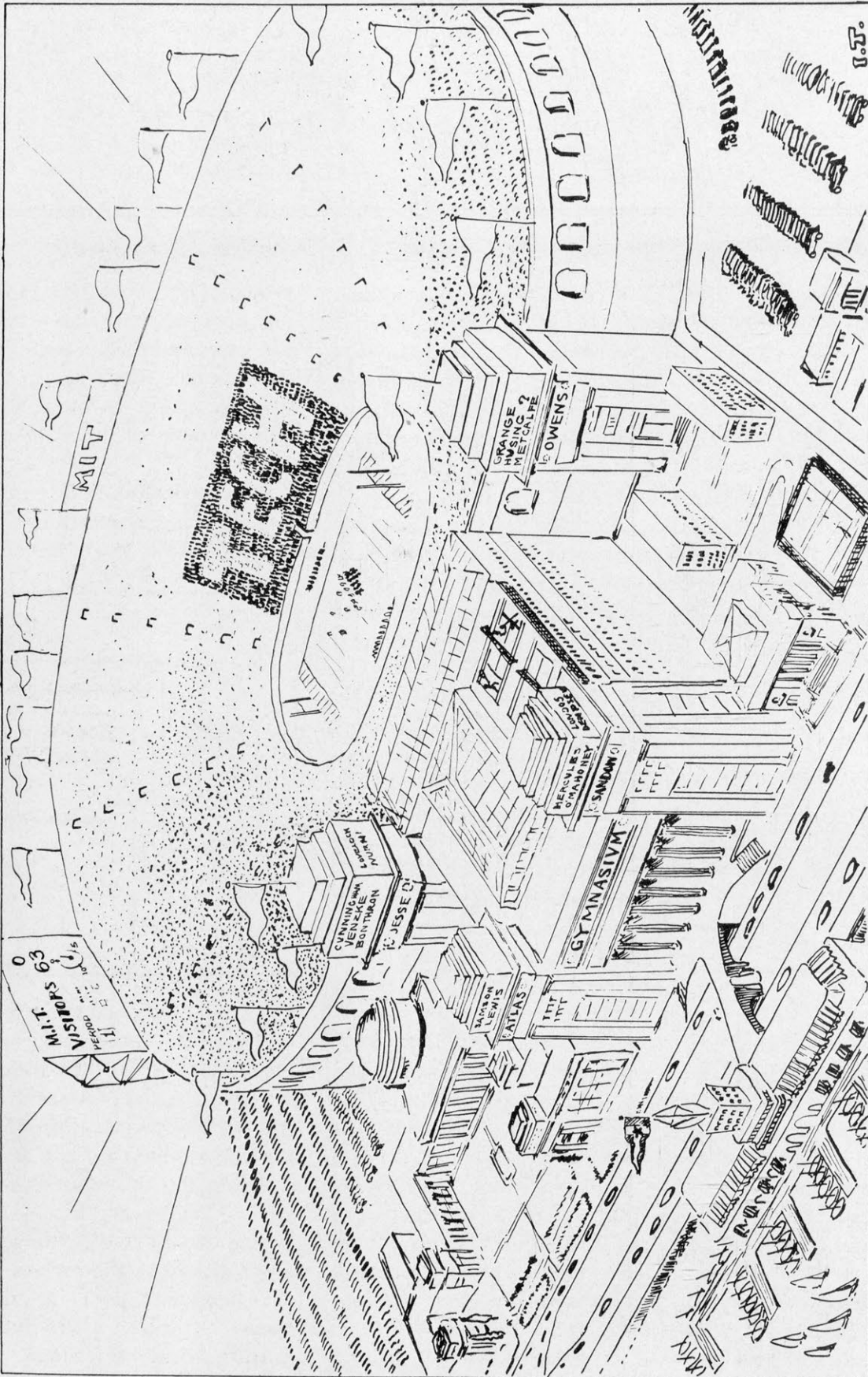
On the bottom floor will be a boxing ring, a wrestling ring, a basket ball court, a volley



ball court, an ice-skating rink, and a roller-skating rink, each complete with its own stands. If the Nautical Association will consider giving up their present pavilion for use as an Elysium for the couples who park their cars along the Drive, we will give the dinghys a space all for themselves on the basement floor, so that they can lower their boats onto the river by a crane.

The main feature of the sec-





A DREAM COME TRUE



ond floor will be an indoor stadium seating three hundred thousand spectators and two hundred thousand inebriates. The bowl will be shielded from vagaries of the weather, the jinx of all college outdoor sports. Thus, for football we will have the perfect football day, for baseball, the perfect baseball day, etc.

On the third floor will be a storage hangar for planes. This will give the AES its long-awaited chance for expansion in the power plane line. Other features of this floor will be several tennis courts, a parade ground, and a rowing tank. The special idea about the rowing tank will be that the water in it can be pumped through at various speeds, enabling the crew to work out at different rates.

The roof will be given over completely to use as a landing field for commuters from out-of-state and AES members. In one corner will be a mooring mast for a dirigible with which students may take dates on weekend excursions about the country.

Now, don't for a minute assume that we pose as critics of the athletic program. At risk of boring you with repetition, we reiterate "just a teeny weeny bit picayune." And it isn't that the new plan wasn't well thought out. It was, as far as it went. Damn good logic they used.

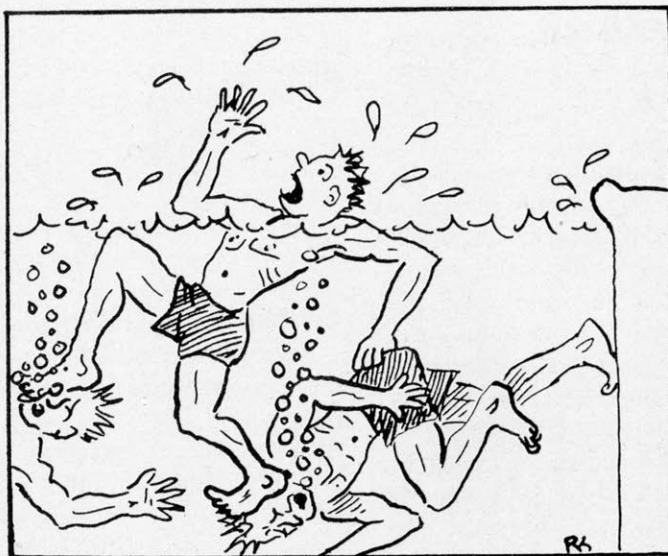
But what thesis cannot be better proved with twice as much logic, unless it's no thesis? So gathering what few brains (really great brains) that exist we evolved a sure-

fire reasoning why Technology should have an even better brawn laboratory.

Like every other good idea it had to have its basis in history. Technology from the first was a brain factory and to prove the proverbial saying that brains triumph over mat-

stream triumphantly stench in our own front yard.

Here is the logic. What is left of that river, only the Basin. Blot it out! With what, a building, a laboratory? What kind of a building? This is the logical *coupe-d'etat*. If you blot out the Charles, you have



ter (another word for brawn) the Faculty set out to conquer the Charles by filling the Back Bay to build a school which would stand out as the victory of mind over the mud flats.

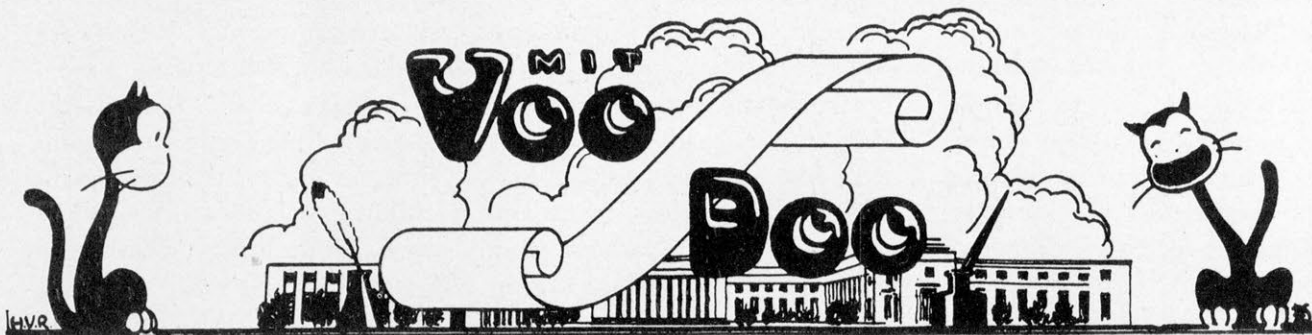
The Charles retaliated by letting others settle on its expansive flats. What could the Institute do but try again? And try it did with vengeance, built a bigger school on the Cambridge bogs. This time there would be no fooling, so all of the bogs were bought so that others might not duplicate this masterful feat.

But that slimy old river was not going to be outdone. She shifted her muddy bottom like an old maid shifting her bustle. And mud oozed out, and the Institute sank. Now that dirty

succeeded in proving that mind triumphs over matter. You have used up all the mind in winning; there is no longer need for mind. Build bodies (the Fishers made a fortune). Build a brawn factory. Technology men can then be stupid, they should not be otherwise, their cause is won, the Charles is beaten.

We are not ridiculing when we brand the Alumni plans as trite. Just think of the greater possibilities! Tear down Harvard Bridge, then you'd know you couldn't get across. So would everyone else. Then you would also know you couldn't get near Cottage Farm. And you would go out for a sport, in fact that's the only place you could go.





## Voodooings . . .

### BATTLE

The other night we were making our way to one of the numerous town taverns where we do our studying (we always study better with a glass of beer in our hand) when we chanced upon one of those little dramas that make life so worth living. Across the street there had occurred an argument between two automobiles about who was going to park in a space where there was just room for one car. When we got there the fight was about to lapse into a stalemate, with the two cars stopped abreast of the space. One was loaded with four beauteous damsels who were beginning to become just a little bit pained at the whole thing. The other was being driven physically by a man and mentally by his wife, who was sitting next to him pouring invectives into his ear. We sat down on a fire plug that wasn't being used at the time, and commenced applauding any pretty sarcasms and blasphemies that were being passed around. In about ten minutes we had a sizeable crowd collected and many wagers as to the outcome were being made. Tiring of this passive onlooking, we sauntered up to the front, with an olive branch in one hand and a white flag in the other. In about two minutes we had the whole thing straightened out, with the girls in the parking place and the guy driving off very, very full of invective by this time. The girls thanked us profusely and we went away feeling very, very proud of our ability as arbitrators.



### GRIND

After being waked up several of the nicest mornings by strange, unbelievable moans, groans, and wheezes, we stopped over to the neighbor's house to find out which had killed whom. "Oh", said the lady, "it's just a little pipe organ my husband picked up cheap. You can't open the door, but if you look in the window you'll see that it takes up only half the room."

We were ready to ask her if he'd buy a refrigerator if it were a fire sale—but then we thought better of it.



### DOG

Prosperity, that elusive critter, stuck its head out from behind the mysterious corner in the swankiest ten-cent store on Fifth Avenue—monogrammed finger-bowls for the greasy fingers of the hoi polloi. Furthermore, those pesky little boys don't scream at you to "Buy a gardenia for your girl friend"—now they simply howl "Get an orchid for the lady". Why the sudden refinement?

### ADD SIGNIES

Among the more amazing things one sees along the street, movie signs are often the best. One of Chicago's lesser movie houses featured a double feature, "History is Made at Night" with "My Woman", and there were no Adult Only signs on it. Very educational!



### BARBER

The Course XV students might learn a bit in the art of salesmanship from the Coop barbers. This particular tip has to do with breaking down sales resistance. After the barber had nigh lulled us to sleep with his hair-cutting rigmarole, he massaged the scalp to remove loose hair. While he was in the midst of this performance he asked if we'd like to have a shampoo. Normally, we scoff at such an idea, but at this particular moment his fingers were making seductive itchings on the scalp and our will-power was at an ebb. The promise of further such treatment was almost too much; until we remembered that we had only fifty cents along. With a return of strength we managed to squeeze out a "no" to the proposal. We continued to glance enviously, however, at the man in the next chair who was having an electric buzzer treatment.



## COURTESY

The hospitality of Stone and Webster strikes a pleasing note in our hearts. The lengths to which they go to accommodate their brothers, the sidewalk engineers, is evidenced at the site of the new Architecture Building. On the side facing Mass. Avenue they have erected a fence for the convenience of spectators. The particular things about this fence that caught our eye were the extra boards nailed along it. One on the top, nailed horizontally so that patrons might lean with maximum comfort, and another lower down at just the right level for a foot rest.



## MOCKERY

A certain young luminary of Tech (I should say uncertain, for the gas gauge in this fellow's car is out of order, and he calculates the amount of gas in the tank solely by means of a pocket notebook and some very involved mental computations) was soundly sneered at by Nature recently. Nonchalantly he was driving along the broad highway, when his reverie was broken by a sputtering protest from the motor and he found himself out of gas. Still attempting nonchalance, he clambered out and began the usual long walk to the gas station. No more than ten paces from the car his downcast eyes fell upon, of all things, a four-leaf clover. Looking further he netted about five more of these precious omens. Still unconcerned, he pocketed his finds, gazed ruefully at the car for a moment, and resumed his weary trek in search of fuel, which proved to be a long hike. Some people have all the luck.

## CLEVELAND, MISSOURI

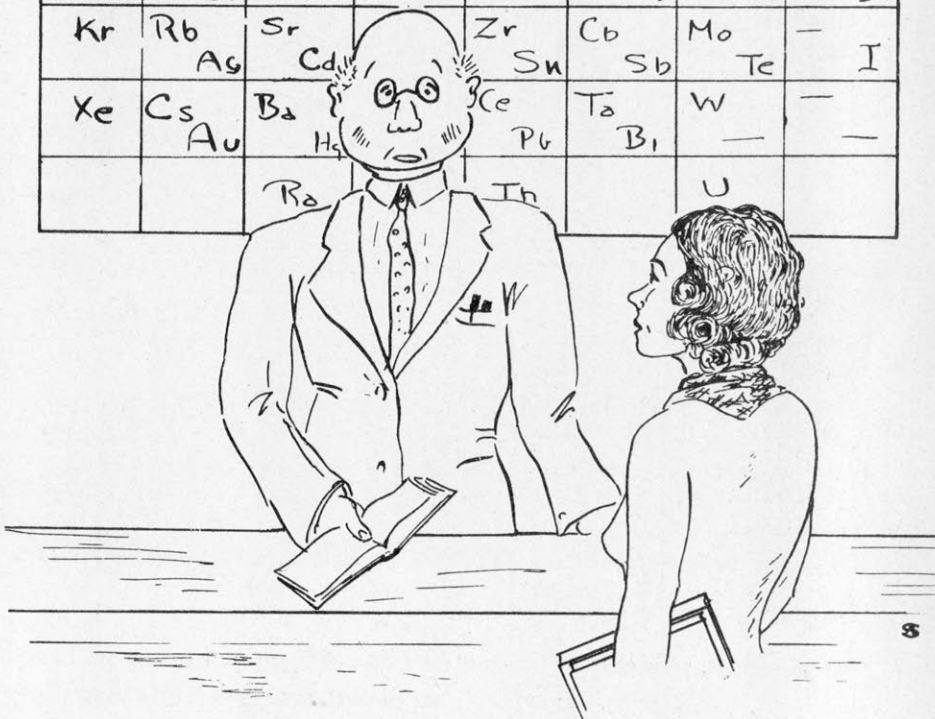
This one might have come out of the joke book, but, knowing Dorchester girls as well as we do, it sounds perfectly plausible. According to our version of the story, two of the local studes became involved one night during rush week with two girls from the previously mentioned suburb. After exchanging the usual small talk one couple left the table to dance, and, upon their return were greeted with a hearty, "How's the old Ohio kid doing?" At this one of the girls turned to the boys, and in a very, very suspicious voice said, (so help me), "Just what is this anyway? First you say you're from Cleveland and now you say you're from Ohio."

## RUSH-WEEK

We have come to the conclusion that the State features those Silly Symphonies just for the Tech boys—or what have you. Well, anyway, the other day we were watching the adventures of Billy the Bulldog—or Philip the Pup—when in walked the dog catcher quietly stalking his prey—"Aha", shouted the freshman sitting in the next row, "A Phi Delt looking for a pledge."



PERIODIC CHART OF THE ELEMENTS							
O	I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII
He	Li	Be	B	C	N	O	F
Ne	Na	Mg	Al	Si	P	S	Cl
A	K	Ca	Sc	Ti	V	Cr	Mn
	Cu	Zn	Ga	Ge	As	Se	Br
Kr	Rb	Sr		Zr	Cb	Mo	
	Ag	Cd		Su	Sb	Te	I
Xe	Cs	Ba		Ce	Ta	W	
	Au	Hg		Pb	Bi		
		Ra		Th		U	



"Professor, do elements have periods?"





Augusta Wallace is one of the young pretties in George Abbott's stage farce, "Room Service," now running at the Shubert Copley Theatre.

# This Hyar Collitch

## ELMER TELLS MAW ABOUT TECH

Lissen hyar opirator, when are yew a gonna git Skunk Holler on this hyar telephone? I gotta talk to my maw and tell all about this hyar Tech place. Boy, it's some school, nothin' like Skunk Holler. There aint practically no women and . . . Whatzat? . . . Oh, yew got Skunk Holler . . . Who do I want? Don't make no difference, They'll all be a lissenin' on the party line nohow, . . . 'Zat yew maw, . . . yeh, it's Elmer . . . yeh, I'm a callin' from this hyar Tech place . . . yew know, where uncle Lem is a sendin' me to git more larin'. . . What? . . . Yew never heerd talk of Tech? Well maw, it's got 'nother name. . . . yeh, it's a long name but I can't say it. . . . Yeh, it's writ on front uv the school house on big rocks but I cant say it. It's got too many V's in it. . . . No, 'taint no furiner name, I think mebbe the stone-cutter misspelled it. . . . Sure I leerned readin', writin' and rithmatic at Skunk Holler, but uncle Lem wants me t'be one of them engineer fellers, . . . yew know, them fellers that were a buildin' that dam acrost Dead Snake Creek, . . . yeh, that's him, the feller a lookin' through them three-legged eye-glasses . . . Oh yeh, I gotta do a lot uv figirin' and readin'. I'm a readin' a book now called physics, . . . No, 'taint nothin' like yew gits at Hank Ord's drug store. This hyar is a book. . . . Yeh, and I gotta do a lot uv figirin' too, . . . sure it's sompthin' like 'rithmatic, only the professor . . . Whatzat? . . . Oh, a professor is one uv them teacher fellers which has stuck around for a long time . . . No, 'taint like Skunk Holler where we tosses 'em out the winder every other week. They lasts purty long hyar. I heerd one say he

been hyar nigh onto two years. Yeh, and some even longer. And maw, I'm a learnin' what they calls chemistry, too. . . . Sure . . . When I gets home next summer, I'll be able to tell if uncle Sim's corn likker was what kilt his mule . . . no, not Violet, it was Daisy, the one with the slit ear and short tail. And I'm a learnin' to be a sojer too, got me a rifle and a fancy uniform, but the cap'n says I gotta wear shoes with it. . . . No I aint a gonna kill nobody, yit. Yew all still a feudin' with them Bolivers? This hyar sojerin' is like a lotta people a feudin' but nobody gits kilt. . . . No, they aint all bum shots, but they don't use no bullits in they rifles, . . . I dunno, mebbe they costs too much. And did I tell yew maw, they done sold me a long hunk uv rag, looks like old Eb's barber pole in a fog.

They said I gotta wear it around my neck 'cause I'm a freshman. . . . No maw, no, 'taint nothin' like a fresh cow, freshman is us that's just gettin' a started hyar. And maw, when I aint a readin' my lessons, I'm a writin' for the Voo Doo. . . . Oh, it's a magazine, yew know, one uv them things we tears pages off uv, like tha one them Sears-Roebuck people sent us. . . . No, the pages aint as thin and ther aint as many. . . . and they aint no pink ones, nuther. . . . Well, I'll send yew one nohow and yew kin take it over to Parson Fuddy and hev him read my name off'n it. . . . Sure it's got pichers in it. But this other noos-paper they got hyar, wall 'taint no . . . Whatzat opirator? . . . Times up? Wall, G'by now maw and chase the pigs off'n my bed by next summer 'cause I'm a commin' home a engineer and I gotta sleep, and if paw wakes up before then, tell him I said hullo . . . well, g'by now maw.

VAHEY KUPELIAN.



"Touché!"



# Ah, Love!

[AUTHOR'S NOTE] The greatest word in the English language is "love". It is the second in the French language (*femme leads by a close margin*). We won't go into these aspects, however. It seems that women here in America just can't get along without it. Not that they ever get it; they just read about it and throb with it in the movies. That's all they need or want. Therefore, the novelists have evolved the great love story and the light romance. The movie magnates enlarged upon the field and produced dramas that play to millions of unsatiated females. It is my pleasure to present a typical plot, known as "The Great Love Story." Though the setting varies, the characters and the theme remain the same.

(The story opens with a lengthy and poetic description of the locale. The first character is introduced by gradually creeping up on him or her. The name does not appear for several sentences, perhaps a couple of paragraphs.)

Night hovered over Manhattan like a great black bird, while the city below shot up defiant shafts of light. In a poverty-ridden section on the East Side one window blinked dark and opened to let in the sounds of the busy metropolis. (The author forgot that the sounds come in anyway.) To the window came a young girl: the penurious daughter and forsaken orphan familiar to that section of the city. (Note

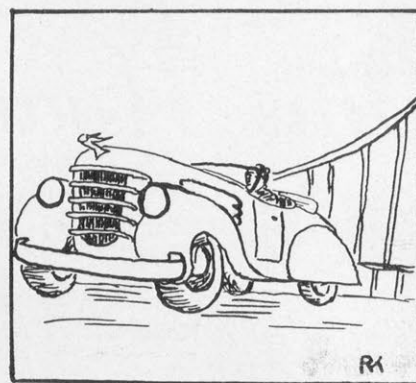


big words.) As she rested her dimpled chin on a shapely hand, a fleeting expression of thought passed over her exquisitely carved features. Her fawn-like eyes suddenly became moist and a stray tear trickled down a peach-blown cheek. (Note subtle manner in which the comeliness of the heroine is hinted at.) A look of decision replaced the momentary weakness and, setting her jaw in a determined line, Celice turned back into the room. (The author now works up a feeling of pity for the heroine.) On the bureau lay a drab hat and a soiled pocketbook. Searching the pocketbook hurriedly, she found only the five pennies that



she had known were there. "Well, that would be enough for the subway", she mused. (This is the New York subway, not that Boston outfit.) She snatched up her hat, crammed it on her spun-gold head (Her hair, not her head, you dumb-bell!) and ran down the stairs to the street. In the subway the crowd jostled this colorless girl and scarcely glanced at her, except for a couple of drunks who leered meaningly. (This adds a dash of realism, a la *Esquire*.) Disregarding the pair, Celice took a seat in a corner of the car. The train rumbled onward through the Stygian tunnels to lower Manhattan.

After a seemingly interminable ride she got off and walked up to the nearly deserted street. From there it was only a short walk to the Brooklyn Bridge. In ten minutes



she was standing at the center of the span, gazing back at the twinkling lights of Manhattan as they died before the first roseate flush of the dawn that rose from the Streets of Brooklyn. Shaking these thoughts from her mind, Celice gazed down at the dark waters flowing under her feet. (Reader now fears for life of heroine.) (The reader is being put in a more mellow mood in preparation for the entrance of romance.)

While her mind was thus engaged, a sleek white roadster drew up behind her and a tousled young man jumped out. (Stock words in descriptions of the hero are: tall, tanned, bronzed, lean, tousled, and blue-eyed.) Without hesitation he vaulted the fence (this shows youth and athletic prowess) and ran up to her. The first intimation Celice O'Harrigan had of his presence was when he grabbed her and said in a quiet voice, "Please don't do it; it isn't worth it." (Hero is always a mind-reader.)

Celice turned around and took in his powerful six-feet-six frame (He's tall! I told you so!) and lean, tanned face, (See? What'd I tell you?) then turned back to her contemplation of the river. "Why not?" she replied. "It's my life, and who are you to tell me?" (Note her acceptance of the hero without a formal introduction: the modern girl.)

"I'm Montgomery Richard Pierpont, VI, if that makes any difference," the young man snapped back. "But I do know how you feel. I came down here this morning with the very same idea." (What a coincidence.)

"You?" she rasped. "Why should

you want to do such a thing? You, the scion of the Pierponts and the fiance of a beautiful girl who is the heiress to millions more! You have no reason to commit suicide!"

(Note self-control of our hero.) "Because," Montgomery replied quietly, "I had grown tired of the purposelessness of my life. Come, won't you condescend to step into my car and let me tell you about it while we ride eastward to greet the dawn that is even now thrusting upward?"

Celice nodded, for she was interested in this young man who changed his mind so rapidly.

They rode out Long Island for fifty miles, discussing coldly, as befitted the intelligent couple they were, the facts that had led each of them to the bridge that morning. (Ability of characters to rationalize is frequent; they are always intellectual.) Unsuspectingly they were falling in love with each other; drawn together by their common despair. Finally, by a little roadside nook (word is nook, not neck) Montgomery halted his car and gently enfolded the quivering Celice in his muscular arms. (Note the gentleness with which strength treats beauty.) Her head went to his shoulder, and there they sat, neither daring to break the silence with speech. After a few moments of this heavenly bliss, Celice sat up. (If you don't mind my saying so, that was rather soupy.)

"Montgomery, when were you to be married?"

Montgomery dropped his arms as the full impact of the question hit him. His head sagged and a stray curl fell upon his forehead. (Heroes always have curly hair, and they never brush it.)

"This afternoon", he replied.

"This love of ours cannot be," Celice went on. I am only a poor orphan from the East Side, while you are the scion of a millionaire. (The heroine displays great strength of character and self-denial.) On your shoulders will rest some day the management of a great business

institution. You will need the assistance of your fiancee when this time comes. I could be of no help to you, as I do not fit in such a world. We must give each other up, darling. There is no other way."

While Celice had been saying this, Montgomery had sat erect again. "You are right, love. I can see your point. I must give you up to accept my burden in life. (Duty before pleasure is a code-word.) We must be brave, my dearest, and face facts with a firm stance and a sensible outlook." So saying, he started the car and turned back to town and his duty, forgetting his love.

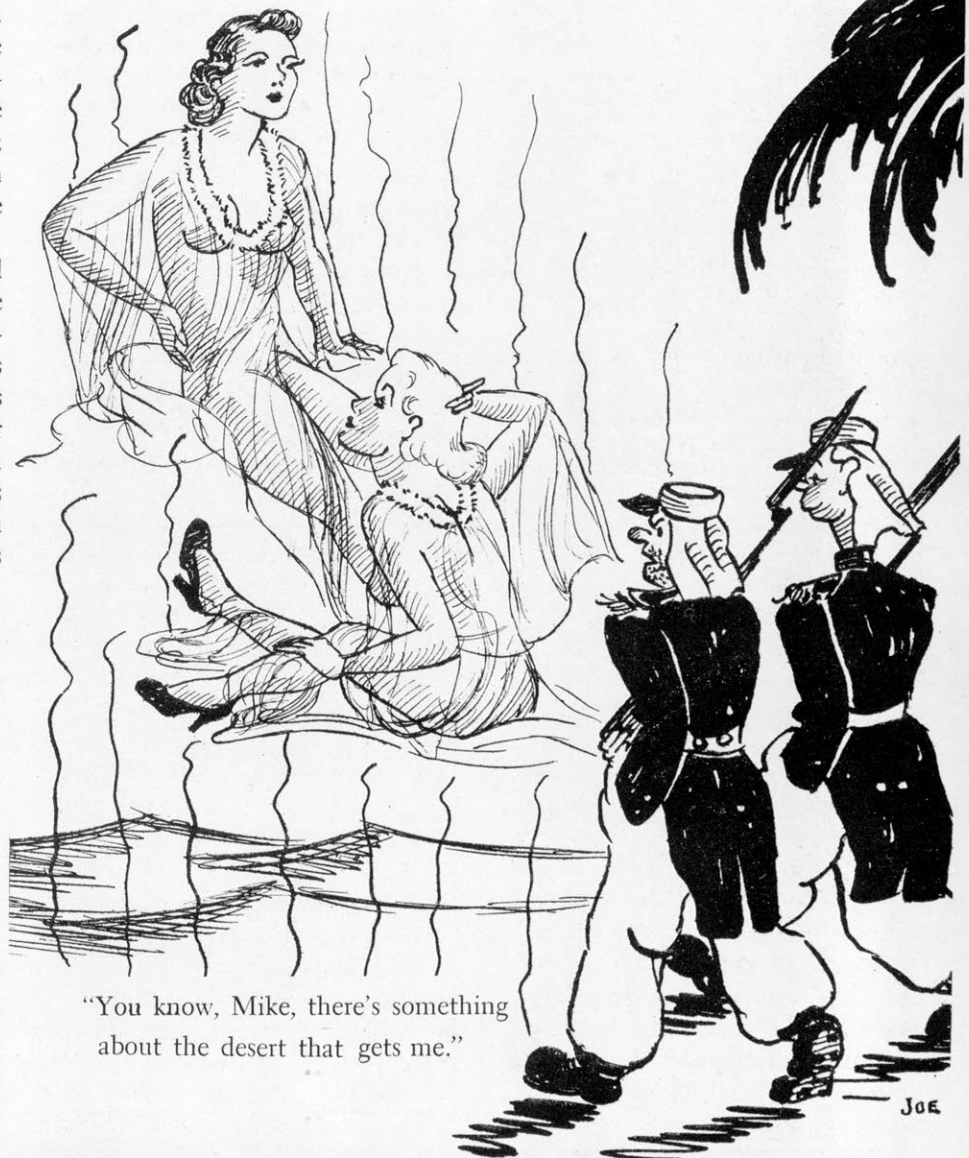
The next morning's issue of the *New York Times* contained two news notices. The first read:

NEW YORK—M. Richard Pierpont and Janice Wentingworth merged two of America's largest fortunes when they were married at St. Patrick's yesterday afternoon. The bride wore lace with . . .

The second read:

NEW YORK—Police dragged the body of an unidentified woman from the East River this morning. She had blonde hair, was about five feet, five inches tall and . . .

(Authors love to use tricks like this, so that the reader knows what happened by very simple deductions, which makes said reader feel intelligent, imbues him with a friendly attitude toward the author and makes him anxious to buy the next book.)



"You know, Mike, there's something about the desert that gets me."



# The Discovery of the B.T.U.

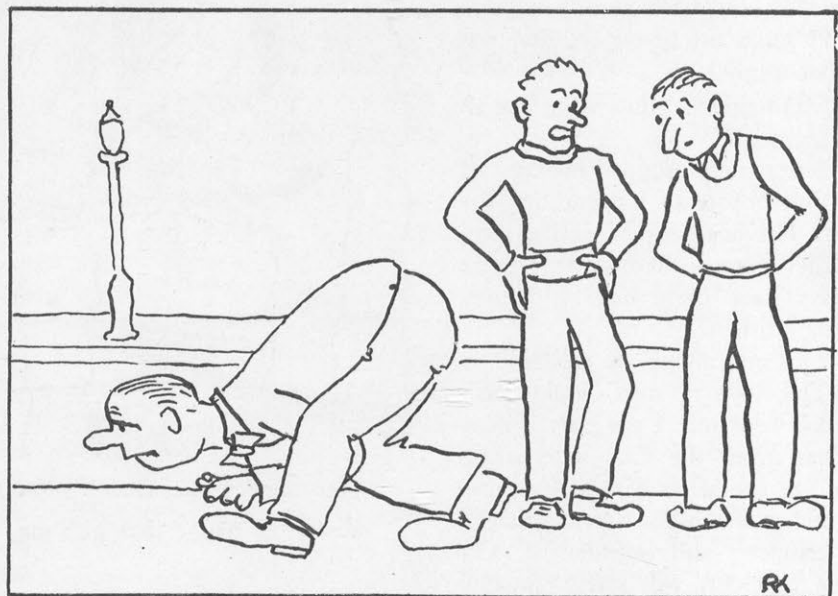
One foggy evening I was sitting in my study drinking cider and absorbing Peter Arno's latest opus, "Fun in Siberia," when my attention was attracted to a small add in THE TECH, with a copy of which I was kindling a fire, which read "Men wanted for an expedition to hunt the mysterious BTU. No qualifications necessary." Since the last fitted me perfectly, I thought it might be fun, so I read on. "Mass meeting in 10-250 Wednesday." I realized that it was Thursday already, but thought I would try, so showed up half an hour late on Friday. And with that move the even tenure of my whole life changed.

The beginning, however, was anything but auspicious. On entering the great room my attention was immediately distracted by the hum and murmur of the voices of the great mass of people which weren't gathered there. In fact, at first glance the room seemed empty. But after patiently waiting a day or two, I finally discerned a foot behind the desk, and hopping over, was confronted by the most peculiar character I had ever seen. At first appearance, one would never suspect that here was one of the most powerful personalities of the age. And why should one, for he later proved to have practically no personality at all. He looked at me in amazement, his jaw dropped open, and he seemed surprised. "Are you by any chance interested in my expedition?" he said, in an incredulous tone. Upon my informing him that my presence seemed to indicate that I was, he admitted that this might be true, and said "Well then, come with me and we will get your equipment, and you can meet the other members of the expedition." However, I never did meet the other members, and on the infrequent times that we were together we all called each other Joe.

The equipment, however, was another thing. For the next month or so it seemed that life was one trip of testing equipment, talking to salesmen, and rejecting their offerings. With Joe always with me, I wandered from sporting goods store to sporting goods store, and occasionally back. At last, however, we were ready to start. My arms consisted of a sixteen pound .45 Mannlicher, a 30-30 Springfield, a sub-machine gun and two French 75's. After much discussion we had decided that weight was not as important as comfort, and hence must be kept down. To prevent our having to carry much, we each had a trailer coupling forged to our backbone, and towed a trailer for the guns, and in which to sleep. However, it appeared that with all the equipment loaded in the trailer there was no room left for sleeping. Then began an intensive and scientific reorganization of equipment, with the avowed intention of finding for each man a place to sleep. The reorganization was only partially successful, but we did get to a point where, after two weeks, enough food would have been displaced to allow one

man to sleep each night. The packing schedule was so arduous, and the many movements required in getting every piece of equipment in place, that weeks of rehearsal were required before we could with certainty duplicate the process. This done, another two weeks' dieting was required in order to get the members of the expedition, few of which I'd seen so far, in shape, and accustomed to the peculiar food which we had to carry, because of the space in the trailer, which wasn't.

Finally, however, it seemed that we were about ready to start, but suddenly one of the members, named, if I recall correctly, Joe, developed a sick aunt, and we had to wait another thirteen days. At the close of this final period, it became all too evident that we had delayed too long, and that the approaching winter, very severe in the walls of Technology, was upon us. With reluctance the expedition was abandoned, after each of us had spent several thousand dollars and nearly a year of time, with the promise that we would get together as soon as spring made traveling possible.



"He got that way looking for collar buttons."



*The Three Musketeers  
of Smoking Pleasure*

...refreshing MILDNESS  
TASTE that smokers like  
Chesterfields SATISFY



**Chesterfield**



# Relentless Research

POME

It was his first year at Tech so of course he couldn't be judged too harshly. Still, he was certainly in a forbidden spot and he could foresee nothing but quick expulsion should he be discovered. It all resulted from that cursed streak of curiosity, and he swore at himself as he considered his predicament.

All his life he had heard of the "Institute", as the old boys affectionately called it, and of the marvelous, sometimes revolutionary discoveries, that had been made by its tireless corps of scientists. It was only natural then that, when he chanced upon that little room with the number 6—something and the word "Research" printed in black on the frosted glass, he should step furtively inside for just a short glimpse of a real cradle of science.

Everything would have been fine had he not become so interested in the intricate arrangement of tubes and wires that he forgot his position, and here he was, hiding under a table while two men of science went busily about the final preparations for a new experiment. An experiment that would rock the very foundations of the scientific world. This much he had gathered from random conversation, and he heartily wished that he had not heard a word. His stomach felt hollow and his knees became weaker as he thought of a possible court-martial as a foreign spy.

There was no doubt that something big was afoot. It was evident from the tones of the two men as their work proceeded. He speculated inwardly as to the nature of the experiment. Some deadly gas? A new explosive? Perhaps it was a secret formula, one that the men before him would dare anything to keep secret. Dare anything. That phrase had a definitely sinister sound and he put it out of his mind at once.

Suddenly everything was silent. The air seemed to vibrate with excitement. One of the men spoke, and his voice was little more than a whisper. "All set at your end Fenway?" "Ready here, Botts." "Then this is it. Light the burner." The sound of a flaring match broke the silence and a burner hissed into flame "Easy old man. Don't let it get out of control." At these words the freshman almost cried aloud. The burner hissed on to be joined suddenly by a new sound. A sort of moaning sigh accompanied by a steady drip, drip, drip. . . .

His nerves had reached the breaking point. He couldn't keep quiet. He knew that in a moment. . . .

A joyous shout rent the air "By God, Fenway, we've done it. We've done it." "Steady old man. Are you sure? We must be sure." "Sure? Why man, try it yourself. It's a complete success. And they said we couldn't make decent gin out of potato peelings."

DICK CROSSAN

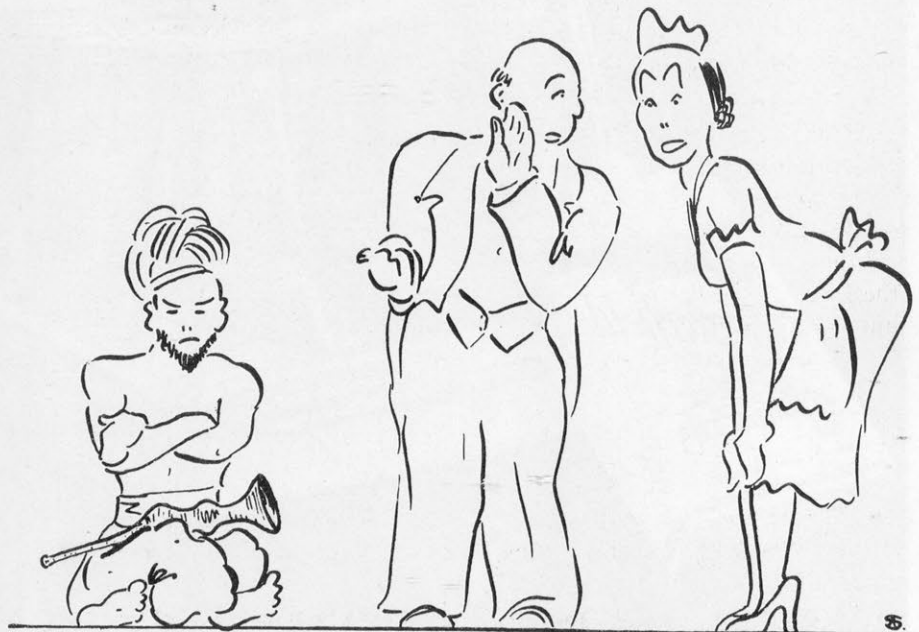
Her form was like the figures that  
you see in corset ads,  
Her smile was like the sun upon the  
sea,  
Her face would make the heart of  
any famous artist glad,  
And there was no one there to talk  
with her but me.

We sat close to each other, and there  
wasn't much to say  
For I knew that I loved her and she  
loved me.

It really didn't matter that she took  
my heart away,  
Because I knew that mine she'd al-  
ways be.

So now I shun the Night-clubs and  
the haunts I used to know  
And I go to bed real early for it seems  
That no matter where I look and no  
matter where I go  
I meet a better class of woman in my  
dreams.

DICK CROSSAN.



"The master picked him up in India — wants him around  
in case he starts seeing snakes again."

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## The Coming of Leif-Green Freshman —

(Done out of the original Norwegian with a cold chisel. Heartiest apologies to Mr. Longfellow.)

1 Bravely the Fresh-Man came,  
Bent on a glorious name;  
Wooing immortal fame,  
Onward he traveled.

2 Light was his heart, and gay,  
As, at the break of day,  
Trode he the level way  
On into Cambridge.

3 There stood the Building white,  
Gleaming in morning light,  
Shining with lustre bright,  
Splendor eternal.

4 Forth to the river's marge  
Rushed he—a thund'rous charge  
Calling to by and large,  
Claimed he possession.

5 Soft came the Soph-o-more  
Down to the Charles's shore.  
Saw Leif, and loudly swore,  
Dashed into battle.

6 Calling the gods on high,  
Shrieked he his battle-cry;  
Fighting with murd'rous eye,  
Crushed he the Fresh-Man.

7 Bound him with strange design;  
Red tie with silver line  
Must he wear, as a sign,  
Promising servitude.

8 Out came the Juniors hoar,  
With the gray beards they wore  
Sweeping the grounds before  
Them as they walked.

9 Forth marched the Seniors old  
Who had, for years untold,  
Waited, this to behold,  
Solemn in conclave.

10 Then came the Fac-ul-ty  
Unmoved by sympathy,  
Gazing with fiendish glee  
On the sad spectacle.

11 Finally passed the day,  
Till fully bored were they,  
Left him, and went away,  
Leaving him weeping

12 Calculus, and such stuff,  
English class, dry as snuff,  
Helped him forget the rough  
Treatment he'd suffered.

13 Now stands he 'fore the door,  
Another Soph-o-more,  
Guarding the Charles's shore;  
Thus tempus fugits.





# Discovery

BY ALBERT W. DENHAM

"Must this Hell on Earth go on forever?" This he asked his weary soul as he plodded on and on in his endless search that, so far, had been fruitless. "It can't escape me. I must find it. The torture of this uncertainty is driving me mad,—Oh, Dear God, please let me find my goal before I die. Grant me just that, nothing more. I shall be grateful eternally. Don't desert me now." Each moment,—every step,—he became more and more incoherent. Jumbled thoughts and phrases flashed through his brain and still he plunged, on and on. Now his throat was becoming parched, and the visions of water before his eyes were maddening. Water! Sweet cool water! Silvery tinkling water! He almost slipped under the increasing strain, and walking became more and more difficult. Still those taunting thoughts raced across his mind. Visions that traced his life from the cradle to the start of this expedition. "God", he spoke, half aloud, "Am I dying?—Am I losing my mind? Come on, old boy, get a grip on yourself now!" Gritting his teeth he resumed his weary way.—On and on he trudged. His feet got heavier and heavier and he seemed to be carrying a burden that threatened to crush him under its weight. Still he plodded forward, trying to wipe those tantalizing visions from before his eyes. It was a losing struggle, though, and bit by bit his mind became hazy and confused. His tortured body ached to the very core. Why had he chosen this remote goal? Surely there was some place easier to reach that he could have chosen. Now it was too late to turn back. He had gone too far to even hope to return without first reaching his destination. Trying once more to compose himself, he threw back his shoulders, lifted his head and

(Please turn to Page 23)

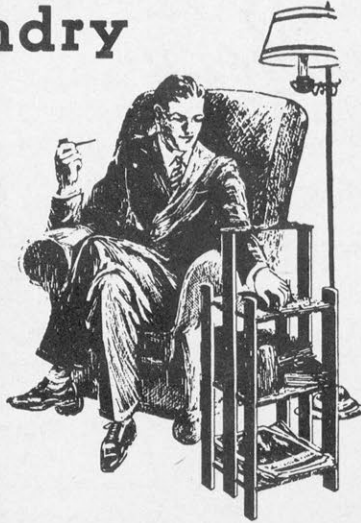
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# RECORDINGS



## Symposium of Swing (VICTOR)

Obviously the most important current release, Victor's new album includes discs by the four leading swing ensembles of the moment—Dorsey, Goodman, Waller, and Berigan.

## Stop, Look and Listen Beale St. Blues

(Tommy Dorsey and Orch.)

The distinguishing feature of Dorsey music seems to be an ability to preserve at least a fragment of the original theme. Whether this can be considered an asset or not is, of course, a matter of personal taste. At any rate, this is Dorsey at his best.

## I Can't Get Started With You The Prisoner's Song

(Bunny Berigan and Orch.)

Assorted trumpet-notes — labeled for ease of identification.

## Honeysuckle Rose Blue, Turning Gray Over You

(Fats Waller and Orch.)

There is a flexibility in Waller improvisation which cannot be found in any white orchestra. Whether this flexibility is due to the dusky complexion of the orchestra or to the fact that the orchestra is led by a pianist is not definite. Maybe it's just his atmosphere of true experiment that appeals to a Tech student. In your correspondent's opinion, it's worth the price of the entire album.

## Can I Forget You Afraid To Dream

(VICTOR)

(Jean Sablon and Orch.)

Sablon's oily voice and two or three jerky violins and harps convey the impression of a well-lubricated grind-organ. The pathos is increased by an occasional terrified gasp from the brass section.

## Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day Bob White

(VICTOR)

(Benny Goodman and Orch.)

Perfunctory. Martha Tilton doing good vocalization, but save your money.

## In the Still of the Night Who Knows

(VICTOR)

(Tommy Dorsey and Orch.)

Two new Cole Porter ditties from M. G. M.'s "Rosalie." Capably played.

## Everybody Loves My Baby I Just Couldn't Take It

(VICTOR)

(Lionel Hampton and Vibraphone)

Expertly arranged classics with vibraphone interpretations and typical Hampton verve.

## Sing, Sing, Sing Christopher Columbus

(Benny Goodman and Orch.)

Just which side is "Christopher Columbus" is hard to tell; on both, however, the noise is gloriously confused and unidentifiable.

## NOW GRADUATE TO KAYWOODIE

The World's  
Finest Pipes

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**Kaywoodies**  
smoke better and  
taste better because—

- ① Kaywoodie briar is more perfect. Costs three times as much as the briar in ordinary pipes.
- ② The famous Drinkless Attachment, pipe-smokers' greatest boon, keeps Kaywoodies sweeter, cooler and drier.
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- ⑤ Balance — A Kaywoodie feels right in your mouth. There is absolutely perfect balance between stem and bowl.
- ⑥ Style — Kaywoodie pipes are graceful, ordinary pipes are clumsy.
- ⑦ It takes 120 operations to make a Kaywoodie pipe — ordinary pipes take about 50.
- ⑧ We started making pipes in 1851 — Today we are the largest pipe-manufacturer and largest user of briar.

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

Kaywoodie Company  
Rockefeller Center, New York...and London



WE  
NOMINATE  
for  
Men of the Month



Pete de'Tiere, '39, seen above resting after his activity at Freshman Camp, because he succeeded in jamming a whole year's activity into four days' work at camp, and did an excellent job at it too, and because he works for the T. C. A.

Karl Taylor Compton, because in addition to being President of the Institute, a job which, as he says, "would require three men on an eight hour day basis," and as President has the ticklish job of being nice to everybody, but at the same time getting things done, besides maintaining and using a research laboratory in his spare time, besides traveling all over the country speaking to Alumni associations, industries and other groups, besides sailing one of the Tech dinghies well enough to beat all comers, besides having been an athlete and being a regular fellow, pitches for the faculty in the annual game at Freshman Camp, as the picture to the right shows, and keeps the hits well down, too.



Ray Foster, '40, shown below, who in addition to substituting as Sophomore President, manages to control *The Tech*, act on the Institute Committee, consume his share of foaming ale, and occasionally write for Voo Doo, because at Freshman Camp, although his name is Vincens, he entered into the spirit of the hoax, and because he admits that Voo Doo can put out a better *Tech* than *The Tech* can.

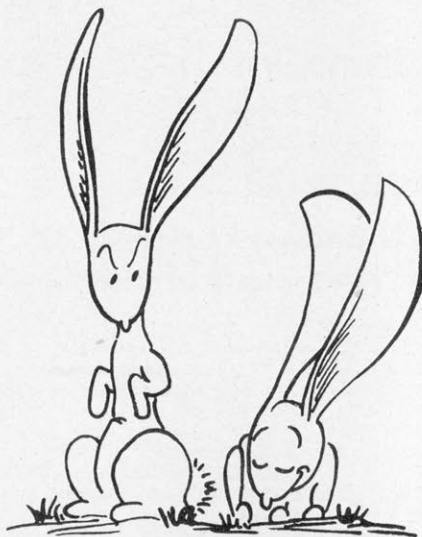


Stuart Paige, '39, left, who as Chairman of the Freshman Welcoming Committee (Theta Delta Chi House), took upon himself the difficult task of greeting and providing a home for all entering freshmen, and became so famous at it that he called for candidates at Freshman Camp, or at least somebody did.



[ Continued from Page 20 ]

plunged forward again. "What was that?"—Looking around him he remembered the landmarks that people who had been there and returned to tell the tale, had described upon their homecoming. Surely these were the same landmarks. They fit the description in every way—or was it a trick of his mind. Hoping for the best, he searched further. There could be no doubt about it now. Yes! At last, this was his goal. Through tear-dimmed eyes he saw it, shining out of the darkness, the absolute proof that he had finally reached it. Yes, there it was, a small illuminated sign reading: "Men's Room."



"What! Again?"



A certain dusky lady walked into a bank in a small southern town and placed a new fifty dollar goldpiece before the receiving teller.

The teller, wishing to frighten her a bit, said in a rather severe tone:

"Have you been hoarding, Mandie?"

"Oh no suh," replied the old lady, "I earned this money doing washings."

# Pipe Smokers, please accept this generous free offer



**We'll gladly send you at our expense, a full day's supply of this tobacco, which most men claim to be the finest blend they've ever tried**

Dear Sir:

Probably, like most pipe smokers, you are constantly on the lookout for a finer tobacco than any you have ever smoked.

We believe we have achieved such a winning blend in Briggs Pipe Mixture and most of those who try it agree with us.

But we don't ask you to accept their verdict. We don't ask you to spend a cent. Instead, we offer you free a full day's supply of this unique tobacco and ask of you only the simple favor of trying it at our expense.

We believe in the short space of 1 smoking day you will become a Briggs fan. We believe you will readily see that Briggs surpasses other pipe-tobaccos in these 4 ways.

## In 4 Ways Superior

There is nothing unusual about these 4 claims we make for Briggs. The difference is, smokers tell us, they are *true*. Most men who try Briggs find in it these 4 advantages:

1. More delightful in flavor. 2. Cooler burn-

ing (mellowed 4 full years). 3. Utterly biteless to tongue and throat. 4. Keeps pipe cleaner and sweeter.

## Now Mail the Coupon

Won't you give us a fair chance to prove our case for Briggs? Remember it is at our expense, it costs you nothing. And this free full day test of Briggs may easily introduce you to the pipe tobacco you have always sought. The coupon is for your convenience. Won't you fill it in now, please, before you forget?

Copr., 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

**1 full day's smoking FREE**

Mail to BRIGGS, 119 W. 40th Street, New York City, for a generous supply of Briggs Pipe Mixture.

(Offer good in United States only.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

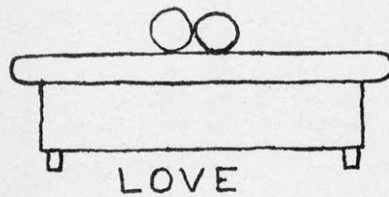
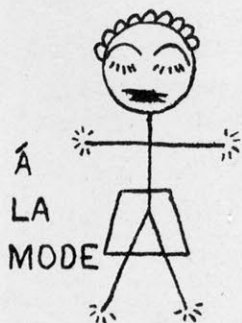
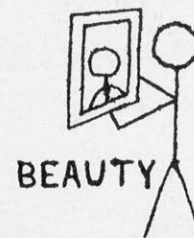
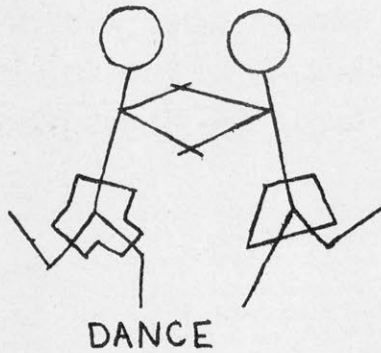
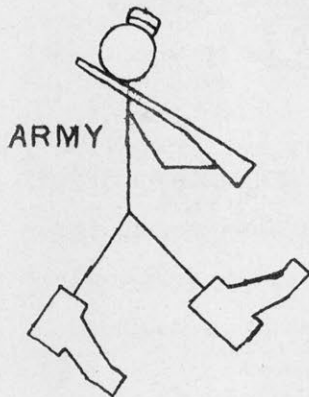
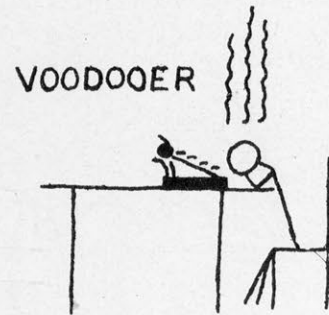
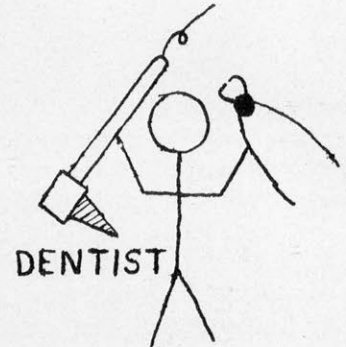
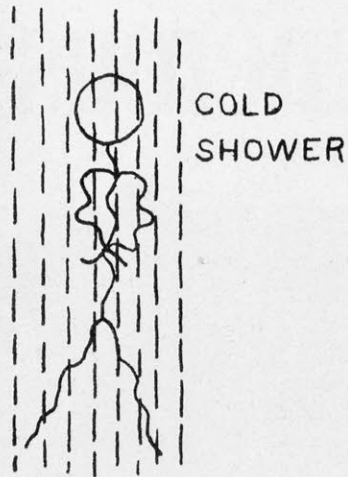
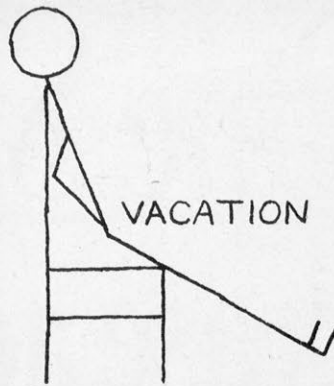
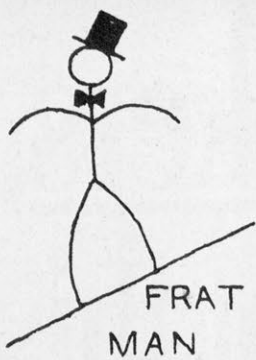
Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

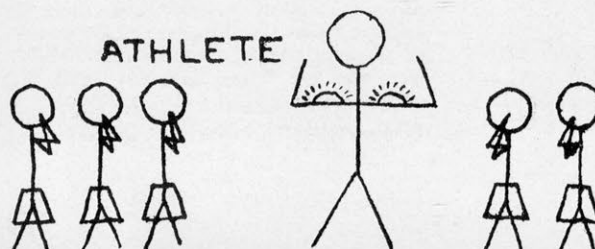
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(This offer expires Dec. 15, 1937) 34A



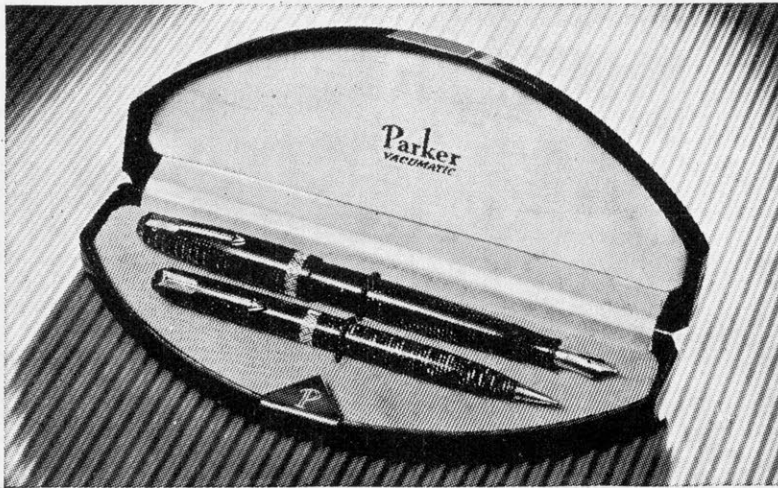


**M.I.T. VOO DOO**



# It's Got What It Takes

*to help you rate!*



## The Revolutionary Pen That Won't Run Dry In a New and Superlative Model—the *Speedline*

It's not how much a person has in his pocket that determines whether or not he selects the new 1938 Parker Speedline Vacumatic—it's how much he has above his shoulders!

Some other pens cost as much as this revolutionary invention, yet no one having the "low down" on pens wants to pay these prices without getting these new-day advantages. For example:

A new all-time high in ink capacity, hence a Pen that never starts anything it cannot finish. A Pen that shows the ENTIRE ink supply—shows when to refill

—hence one that never runs dry in classes or exams.

An utterly exclusive Style—laminated Pearl and Jet—now with slender Speedline shape—the most restful ever conceived.

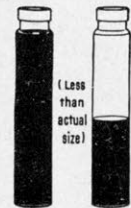
And not merely modern in Style, but wholly modern in mechanism, too. Its SACLESS and patented Diaphragm Filler radically departs from all earlier types, regardless of whether they have a rubber ink sac or not.

Be sure to see and try this pedigreed Beauty today at any good pen counter. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wisconsin.

*Makers of Quink, the new pen-cleaning writing ink, 15c, 25c and up.*



FULL  
*Television*  
INK SUPPLY



HOLDS 102% MORE INK  
THAN OUR FAMOUS DUOFOLD

# Parker

*Speedline* VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Pens, \$5, \$7.50, \$8.75, \$10

Pencils to match, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$5

\$7<sup>50</sup>  
8<sup>75</sup>  
10



# SHOES

*featuring*

## BOSTONIAN

See the new chestnut brown in a wing tip . . . this shoe has just the right color and style to be popular with Technology men.

**\$9.50**

## MANSFIELD

This shoe has style and the proper shade of brown.

**\$5.50**

# HATS

*featuring*

## STETSON PENCRAFT

With snap brim.

**\$5.00**

## STETSON BANTAM

One that you will like because of its weight and durability.

**\$5.00**

## WILSON FIFTH AVENUE

You will like this one because of its smart lines.

**\$3.50**

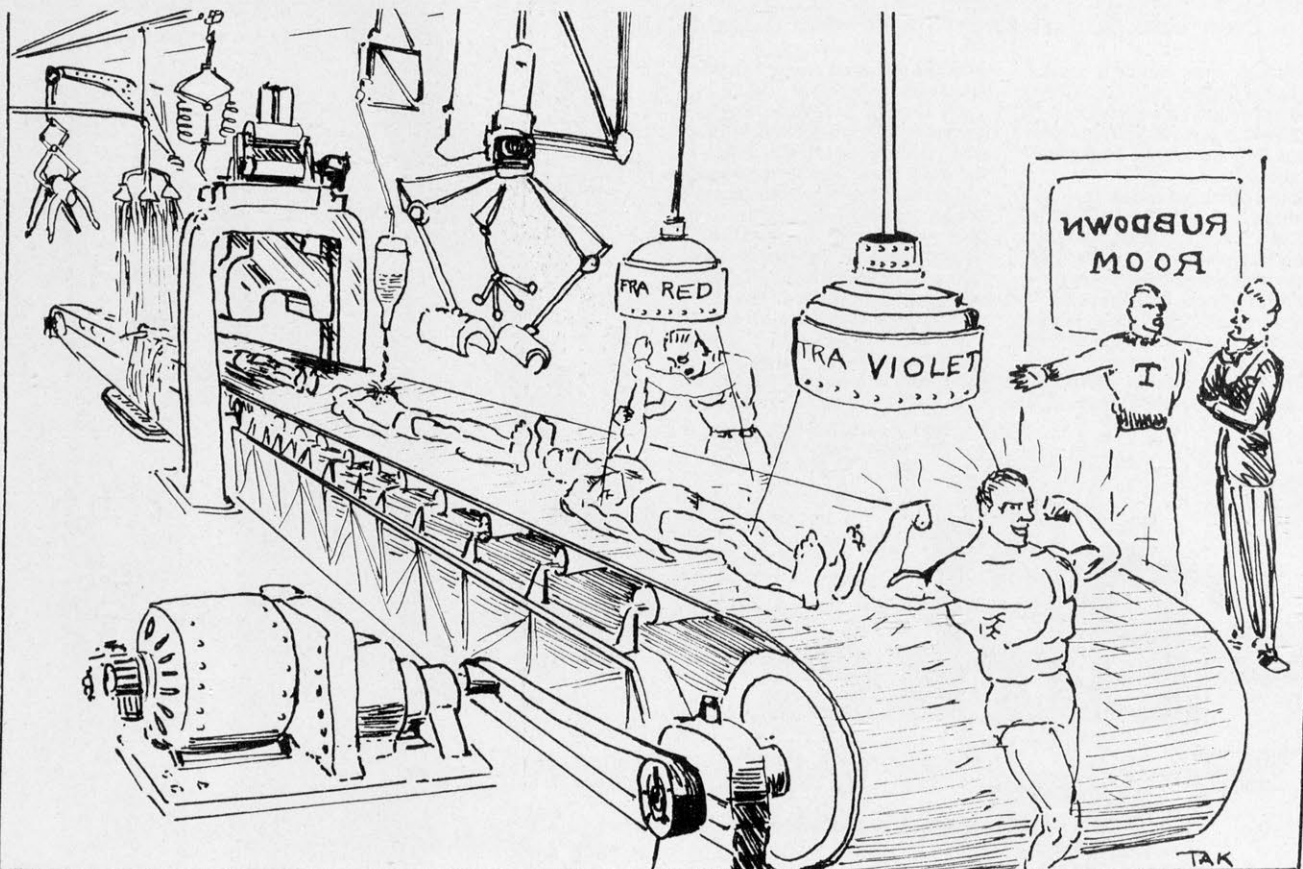
## MALLORY CRAVENETTE

**\$5.00**

# TECHNOLOGY STORE

HARVARD COOPERATIVE SOCIETY

Remember Your Dividend



# El Morocco . . .

When you're stepping out, make it a point to visit EL MOROCCO . . . Back Bay's smart new room for dinner and supper dancing. Dinner from \$1.50 till 9 P.M. No minimum charge except Friday and Saturday.

*Hotel Moorland*

446 Marlboro Street, near Mass. Avenue  
For Reservations, Call Dini, KENmore 6880



NOW—ACCEPT

# FREE

AT ALL STORES SELLING INK

THIS 20,000-WORD, 192-PAGE

# WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY

GEE, BILL, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT KEEN WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY?

With the Purchase of a 15c Bottle of

# Parker Quink

—the amazing new writing ink that cleans a pen as it writes. Made 2 ways—WASHABLE for home and school—PERMANENT for accounting and permanent documents. Made by The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis. Get Quink and free dictionary at any store selling ink.

THEY'RE FREE WHEN YOU BUY A BOTTLE OF PARKER QUINK!

Offer good only in U.S.A. and only while Supply of Dictionaries Lasts

# PHOTOGRAPHERS

# WIN A PRIZE!

If you have any interesting pictures of the Institute or its activities submit them in

## VOO DOO'S MONTHLY FOTO CONTEST

Entries will be judged each month by Samuel Chamberlain, well-known architectural photographer

FOR DETAILS OF CONTEST, PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 31



## Walton Lunch Company

Office:

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655 Tremont Street	242 Tremont Street
420 Tremont Street	1083 Washington Street
202 Dartmouth Street	44 Scollay Square
629 Washington Street	332 Massachusetts Avenue
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## WHITING'S MILK SERVICE

Has Been

TECH'S

Choice For Many  
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Our daily delivery service covers the dormitories and popular dining halls every morning.

Several generations of Tech Graduates can testify to the high character of

## WHITING'S

MILK — CREAM — BUTTER and ICE CREAM

### WHITING MILK COMPANIES

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WHITING MILK BOTTLE

## SEVEN SIMPLE RULES FOR TELEPHONING A DATE

1. Give the number distinctly. Nothing is more embarrassing than to find out that you have dated the wrong number.
2. While waiting for the call to go through, draw pretty pictures on the wall of the telephone booth.
3. Address the girl courteously. Be sure you use the right name. Failure to do this has lost many a date.
4. Don't say, "Guess who?" It makes you feel better not to know how many fellows she thinks of before she gets to you.
5. Be frank about wanting a date. You didn't call her up to talk about the weather. Tactfully ignore any other dates she may say she has.
6. Ask her what she wants to do, but don't let her answer. You may not be able to borrow that dollar.
7. Be indifferent throughout the conversation. After all, the telephone book is full of nice numbers.

—Pup.



## From the Woodwork

Two gentlemen from Harvard, arriving at a debutante party recently, noticed a large number of their compatriots, naturally. One of them, for sheer lack of anything else to do, remarked to the other that, "This place is lousy with Harvard men." Whereupon, from nowhere at all, emerged a man who corrected, dogmatically, "Any place is lousy, with Harvard men," and then disappeared into the obscurity from whence he came.

—Tiger.

## BATCHELDER & SNYDER CO., Inc.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

*Producers and Distributors of Fine Foods*

## 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

JOE: "I want to change my name, your honor."

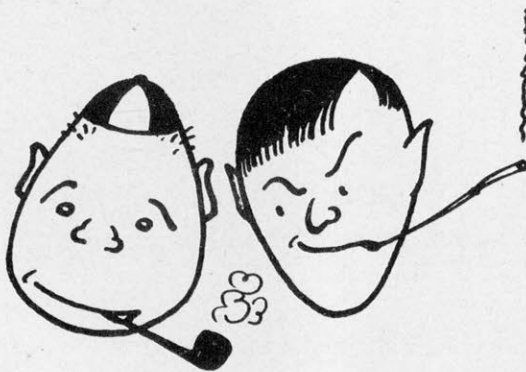
JUDGE: "What is your name?"

JOE: "Joe Stinks."

JUDGE: "I don't blame you, what do you want to change it to?"

JOE: "Charlie."

—Submitted by George Dadakis, M. I. T. Dorms.



FIRST STUDE: Didn't you ever have a fairy god-mother.

SECOND STUDE: No, but I have an uncle I'm not so sure about.

RAWTHER BREATH-TAKING, EH, WOT?

WANT SOMETHING REALLY BREATH-TAKING? WRAP YOUR LIPS AROUND ONE OF THESE SWELL **PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!**

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

**ROAST-BEEF 90c lb.**

But imagine . . . a new 1937 Ford V-8 for only 23c a lb.

**LALIME & PARTRIDGE**  
1255 BOYLSTON STREET · BOSTON





# HELP TECHNOLOGY

Build the man as well as the mind  
Build the gym as well as the man  
Build the cage as well as the gym  
Guild the cage

VOO DOO has pledged its full support to the gymnasium fund.  
A subscription now means \$1.75 in the fund.  
Use the form below.

---

The VOO DOO Gymnasium Committee  
303 Walker Memorial

Enclosed find \$1.75 for my subscription to VOO DOO from October 1937 to May, 1938. It is understood that the proceeds from these sales will be given to the fund.

Name.....

Address.....

## VOO DOO FOTO CONTEST

### RULES

1. The contest is open to the entire Institute — students, faculty, and staff. Photographs by members of the Voo Doo staff, however, will not be eligible for the monthly prize.

2. Pictures of every type and variety will be eligible. Those easily identified with the Institute or Institute life will be particularly welcome.

3. Each contestant may submit as many photos as he desires each month. Not more than three pictures by one photographer will be published in any one issue, unless they tell a connected story.

4. Pictures received after the month's deadline will be automatically entered in the following month's contest.

5. All pictures should be contrasty, detailed, and printed on glossy paper. No negatives should be sent unless requested.

6. All pictures submitted will be returned. Those held for publication at a later date will be returned immediately after publication.

7. The reverse side of each entry should contain the sender's name, local address, and a description of the foto.

8. Each entrant, in submitting a photograph, agrees to give the M.I.T. Voo Doo sole rights to the publication of all pictures submitted.

9. Each entrant will receive full credit for every picture published.

10. The decision of the judges will be final. Each month's winner will be announced in that month's issue.

11. The deadline for the November contest will be November 5th.

12. Entries should be mailed to  
PICTURE CONTEST EDITOR

M.I.T. Voo Doo

303 Walker



## B. & S. LAUNDRY

55 CARLETON STREET

CAMBRIDGE

Trowbridge 2830



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

Telephones, Kenmore 4051-3277

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(INCORPORATED)

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BOSTON



← They come

and Go →

at the

**Kenmore  
Barber Shop**

Hotel Kenmore

Kenmore Square



## THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY

KENDALL SQUARE

CAMBRIDGE

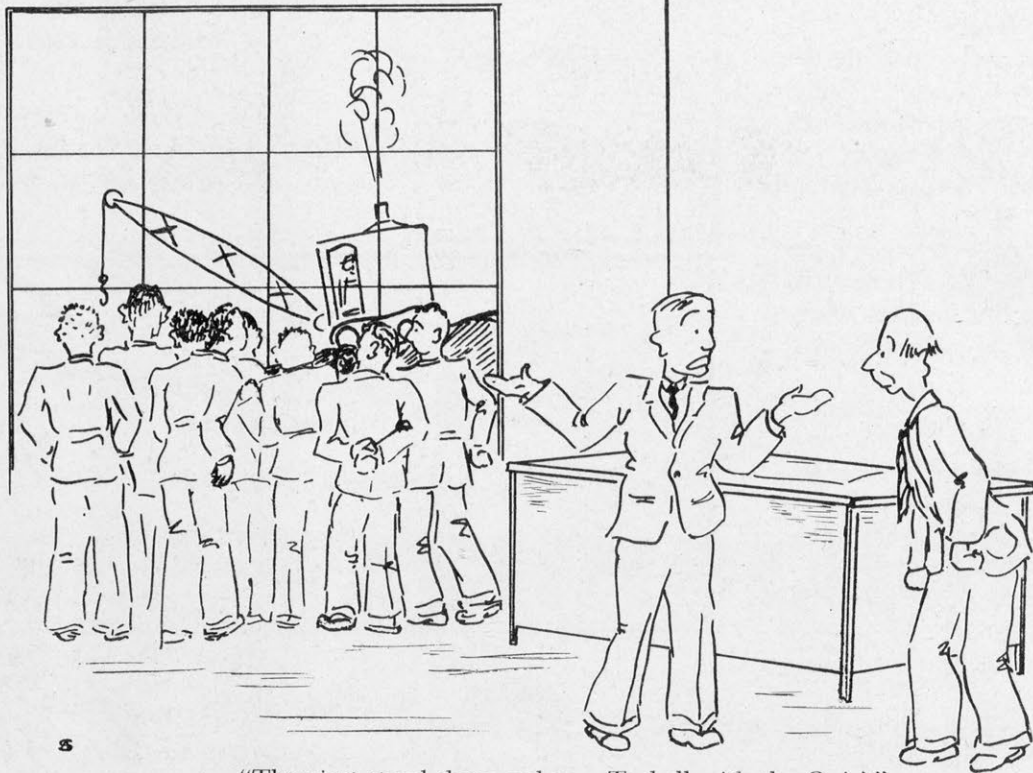
Telephone Trowbridge 5650



In the spring a young man's fancy;  
In the fall he's plain. —Old Line.

LACKADAISICAL LIMERICK  
While dining in Walker one day  
I heard a young Tech fellow say  
Of the steak, which was raw,  
"I've seen cows hurt befaw  
Worse than this, and yet walk away."





"They just stand there and say, 'To hell with the Quiz!'"

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Smartest Rooms for

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**Don Julio's Rhythmic Strings**

Complimentary Hors D'oeuvres  
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Moderate  
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AVENUE

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**Biology and Public Health**

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**Chemistry**

**General Science**

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### **School of Engineering**

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**Building Engineering and Construction**

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**Options: Engineering based on Physical**

**Sciences**

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**Sciences**

**Chemical Engineering**

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**Conditioning**

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**Mechanical Engineering—Coöperative  
Course**

**Metallurgy**

**Mining Engineering**

**Options: Mining Engineering**

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**Engineering**

**Sanitary Engineering**

Each of the above undergraduate Courses is of four years duration, with the exception of Architecture, City Planning, Biophysics and Biological Engineering, and the coöperative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years, and City Planning Practice which covers a period of six years. In addition to the Bachelor's degree, the above five and six year Courses, with the exception of Architecture, lead also to the Master's degree.

Graduate study, leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees, is offered in Ceramics, Meteorology, and in all of the above professional Courses with the exception of General Engineering and General Science.

A five year Course is offered which combines study in Engineering or Science, and Economics or other social sciences. This leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the professional field, and to the degree of Master of Science in Economics and Engineering or Economics and Science.

The Summer Session extending from June to September includes many of the undergraduate subjects given during the academic year.

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

Any of the following publications will be sent free on request:

**Catalogue for the academic year.**

**Summer Session Bulletin.**

**Educational Opportunities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.**



# Her Singing Coach Advised A Light Smoke

**CAROLE LOMBARD<sup>\*</sup> PREFERS LUCKIES  
BECAUSE THEY'RE EASIER ON HER THROAT**

"WHEN I had to sing in a recent picture," says Carole Lombard, "I considered giving up smoking. But my voice teacher said I needn't if I'd select a light smoke—Luckies.

"I soon found that even when singing and acting 12 hours a day, I can smoke as many Luckies as I like . . . without the slightest throat irritation."

The reason Luckies are easy on Miss Lombard's throat is because the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

In the honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco . . . with men who know tobacco best . . . it's Luckies—2 to 1.

**\*Star of the new Paramount  
production "True Confession"**

## A Light Smoke

**EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"**



**WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS...  
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST**

*It's Luckies 2 to 1*