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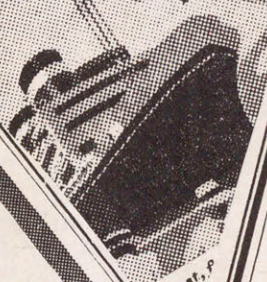
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**SOMETHING**  
**ISLAND**



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"YES, SIR, in any bunch of expert shots — Camels are the favorite cigarette," says *Ransford Triggs*, one of the foremost marksmen in America. "Marksmen know that it takes steady nerves to make high scores. And the fact that Camels don't frazzle my nerves goes over big with me. I smoke plenty of Camels every day, too."

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{ ABOVE }

Head-on view of *Ransford Triggs* on the firing line. His .22 calibre rifle is equipped with hand-made sights. He uses the sighting 'scope beside him to help get his sights set exactly for the centre of the bull's-eye. The glove helps protect his hand.



Camel pays millions more for **COSTLIER TOBACCOS!** Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** — Turkish and Domestic.

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# CAMELS THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



# Voo Doo

January, 1938



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# Voo Doo

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## SWAN SONG

“‘The time has come,’ the walrus said, ‘to talk of many things.’” For us too, the time to talk of many things has come, and very nearly gone. For the last time we take our typewriter in hand to wander on in our happy foolish fashion to so many friends whom we don’t know. The thought leaves us with a tear. It has been great fun this past year. We of the Managing Board of Volume Twenty have had our sorrows, but we have had our triumphs. Our associations with each other and with our beloved sire, Phosphorus, have been enjoyable and instructive. It is with a lump in our throats that we bid good-bye to all this.

It has been a good year, and a few milestones have crept slowly into the dust in our wake as we have wavered past them. Planographing, introduced by our predecessors, has seen its first year under us, reaching its culmination in the Scrapbook Issue. By its use, many more drawings have entered the shiny pages of Voo Doo. Men of the Month is among the new features which have appeared. A new format, new makeups, and new illustrations have come into the picture.

As we turn the keys to the offices, and to our secretary, over to Volume Twenty-One, we trust that they will go on to better things. Phos, the guiding light of all Voo-Dooers, will be on hand to aid them. May they hear and correctly interpret his counsel. For Phos is a wise kitten, and as he smiles his inscrutable grin, he seems to know all the problems and all the mistakes into which his furry offspring wander, as well as all their joys and triumphs when they manage to worm themselves out.

And so we say good-bye; to Phos; to the many loyal Voo-Dooers who have worked with us; to the printers, compositors, pressmen and planographers who have, month after month, assisted in the birth of a new issue and have read it, sometimes, we hope, grinning, in the wee small hours of its first birthday, beside their whirling presses. Good-bye to the advisory board; Mr. Killian, Mr. Fassett and Mr. Fitch, for their kindly aid, advice and tolerance; and finally, gentle reader, good-bye to you, and may you be as generous to the coming volumes of the Voo Doo as you have been to this one.



## STAFF MEETING



● "It's about time that we had a little get-together," said the editor to his staff that thought no more of him than he had thought of the preceding editor. "Our magazine," he went on, "is all right in its way, but it doesn't weigh enough." He paused for the laugh which he knew would follow whether or not they thought the last crack funny. "The trouble with our magazine seems to be that it lacks sophistication—not enough class. Our next issue has just got to be a corker, and I want you all to concentrate on a very special feature—something high-class with a lot of ritz in it. You've just got to forget all this bunk you've

learned under my preceding editors. Now, I have no intentions of telling you what to write, but merely to give you an idea of what I want, I'll outline a simple story.

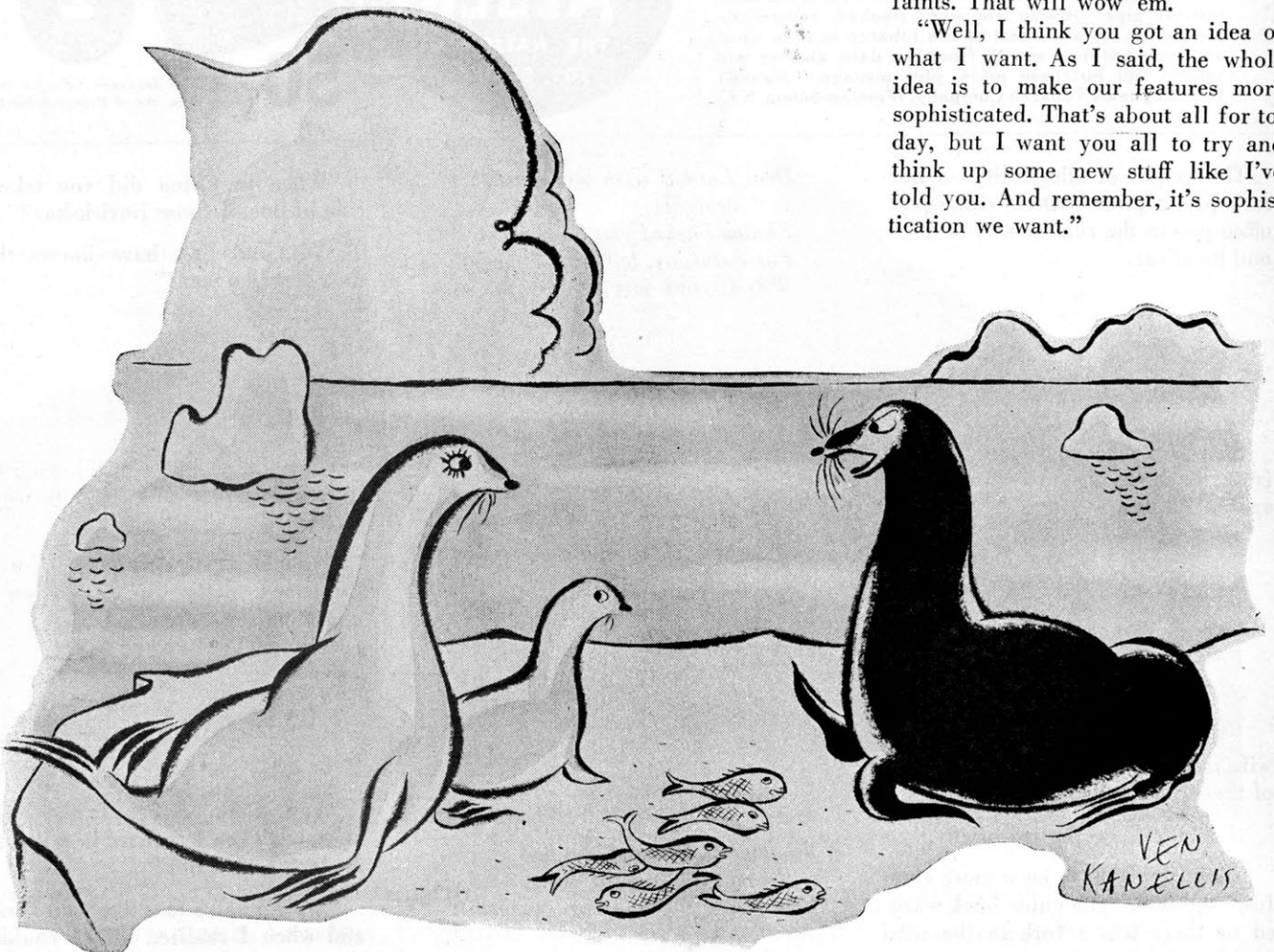
Let's say the scene is a prom. You can have three couples seated at the same table. One of the dames can be a big fat baby who is sore because no one asks her to dance except her escort, a little skinny guy, who is at least two heads shorter than she. Then, you can have one of the other dames on the make for the remaining girl's beau who is a husky, good-looking football player. This immediately gives you a chance to use a lot of football and dumb athlete jokes. For instance, the dame on the make asks the football lug outside and starts to put on the act for him when she spies her own boy friend looking for her, and so she shoves the big boy under the couch, that is

except for one foot which happens to stick out when the boy-friend enters. She immediately says to him, 'Have you heard about my athlete's foot?' That's a laugh right there.

"Then for the comedy relief, you can have the three couples leave the prom and go to a restaurant to get a bite to eat, and you can have one of those dumb waiters there. You can work up a lot of sophisticated comedy for that waiter. When he brings in the drinks, he can drop a piece of ice down the fat girl's neck. That's a real laugh. Then as he walks away, he can knock off the professor's wife's wig. Can you imagine what a laugh that'll bring as she goes on eating without noticing her wig is off. Say, you better jot this stuff down as I go along; they're all sure-fire gags.

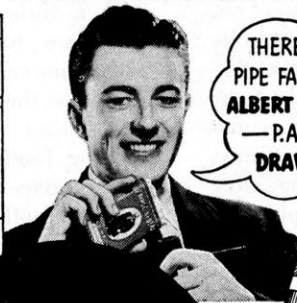
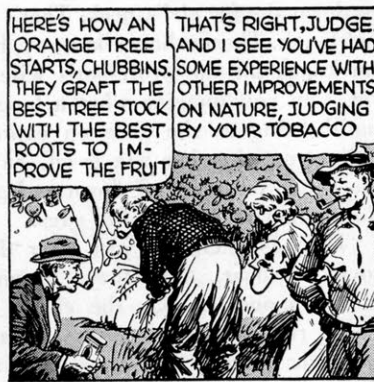
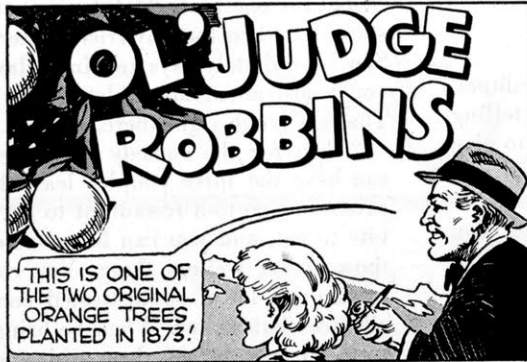
"Then as a climax, just after the boys discover that they haven't enough money to pay the check, a mouse runs across the floor and all the girls scream. The boys start to chase the mouse, but it runs under the professor's wife's skirt and she faints. That will wow 'em.

"Well, I think you got an idea of what I want. As I said, the whole idea is to make our features more sophisticated. That's about all for today, but I want you all to try and think up some new stuff like I've told you. And remember, it's sophistication we want."



● "Fish for supper again?"





THERE'S ONE SWELL FRATERNITY ALL PIPE FANS SHOULD JOIN—THE **PRINCE ALBERT JOY-SMOKERS**. THEIR MOTTO IS —P.A. FOR **GOOD PACKING, SMOOTH DRAWING, Milder, YET TASTIER, SMOKING!**



**SO MILD!**  
THE BIG **2** OUNCE RED TIN

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

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**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** 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.

The height of illegibility—a doctor's prescription written with a post-office pen in the rumble seat of a second hand car.

*Dear Lord, I wish you'd get this straight:  
I know I asked you for a date  
For Saturday, but what I meant  
Was ANYONE BUT the guy you sent.*

"When in China did you take a ride in one of those jinrickshas?"  
"Yes, and they have horses that look just like men!"

He was a great musician. He went from Bach to Bethoven and Bach again.

First Thug: Got a penny, Bud?  
Old Man: What do you want a penny for?  
Second Thug: We wanna flip to see who gets ya watch 'n' who gets ya pocketbook!

The aviation instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded:

"And if it doesn't open — well, gentlemen, that's what is known as 'jumping to a conclusion.'"

# HARD FAIR WARNING

"What's happened, George?" the wife inquired as her husband got out of the car to investigate.

"Puncture," he replied briefly.

"You should have been more careful," she said. "The guide book warned us there was a fork in the road at this point."

*Whatever trouble Adam had  
No man in days of yore  
Could say, when Adam cracked a  
joke,  
"I've heard that one before."*

"Yep, I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

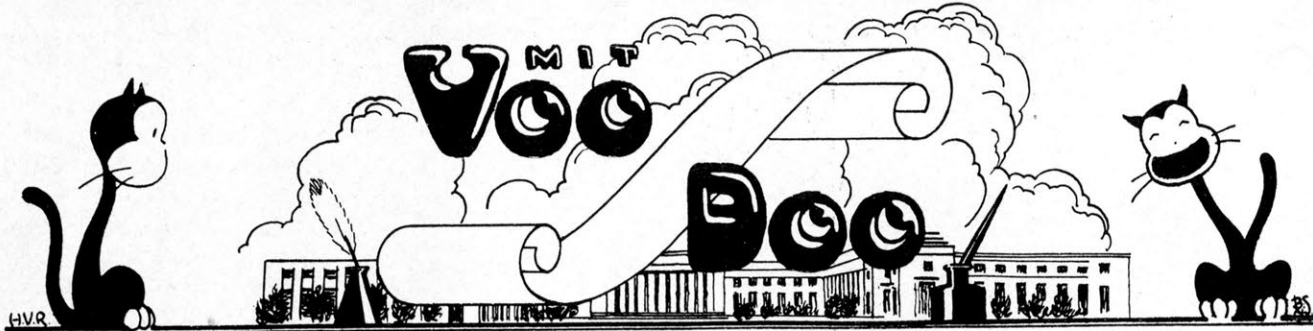
"Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard."





Charlotte Greenwood, top ranking American comedienne, returns from her success at Drury Lane, London, England, to star in the comedy thriller stage success "Leaning on Letty," — at the Wilbur Theatre.





## Uoodooings . . .

### PULLMAN PORTERS

Consider the life of a pullman porter!! He practically spends his life in and out of beds. Most pullman porters, especially those on the western runs in and out of New York, make up the berths from six at night and are busy with these berths till twelve at night. Beginning at seven in the morning, these same berths must be taken down, which takes till eleven.

It takes a porter about five minutes to make up a berth. During the summer, the air-conditioning apparatus lengthens the time to fifteen minutes. To take a berth down takes four to five minutes.

All porters have to go through a training school before they are permitted to have "runs," the name for an assignment. Any man who can not show his ability to do the work in a definite time is notified that he will not have the privilege of working for Pullman, Inc. We've often wondered where the porters slept at nights. Well, when there are empty berths, they occupy them. No berths, then there are accommodations in the men's room.

Not much fun, eh! Oh well, there never was much fun in a bed anyway.

### LOVE

At one of the holiday parties we were stuck at a table with a young man who turned out to be a freshman and his awfully cute date. They sat there gazing blankly at each other holding hands, obviously too in love to say a word. With her extra hand the little girl began playing with the cube sugar, lining it up and then trying to pick it up. He sighed deeply and said, "Darling, I'll bet you can't tell me what the stress on each one of those cubes is." "No, Johnny," she said. He pulled out a pencil, and worked out an answer on the table cloth and then they went back to holding hands.

### APPLES

We had to celebrate Christmas vacation — just because everyone else was doing it, not that it wasn't our own idea too. But at one of these country club dances where there is always a terrifically mixed up crowd, the orchestra leader started calling for the Big Apple and the older crowd — mothers and fathers, started swinging out in gay fashion,

but when it came to getting enough of the younger group together, he ran up against a stone wall. He tried coaxing one of the sub-debs and her escort out, and she practically slapped him down. "Do you suppose I want to make a perfect fool of myself doing that crazy stuff?" she said as she and her partner went into an animated version of peckin'.

### DOGGY

The other day we were walking down the street and not very far ahead of us was a female — not exactly the sort of person you would introduce to your family. Anyway, trotting along behind her was a dilapidated bulldog — Boston style, dressed in a pale blue sweater tied up in pink ribbons. "You know," she screeched to the individual beside her, "Baby was cold and so I wanted to buy him a sweater, but those dog sweaters are too common so I took him to the baby department and I actually had to go to three stores before the saleswomen would let me try a sweater on him so I could see how he looked."



## TELEPHONE BOOKS

Bell Telephone crashed through with another best seller this month in the form of a new telephone book. There are more copies of this book than any other publication, barring none.

The book is rapidly replacing the Sears Roebuck catalog for versatility. One can use the book for a seat raiser, wall paper, scrap paper, paper weight, space filler, and social purposes, friendly and otherwise. Not only that, but the new editions contain in addition to telephone numbers, maps of the localities, postal information, civic facts, and traffic regulations.

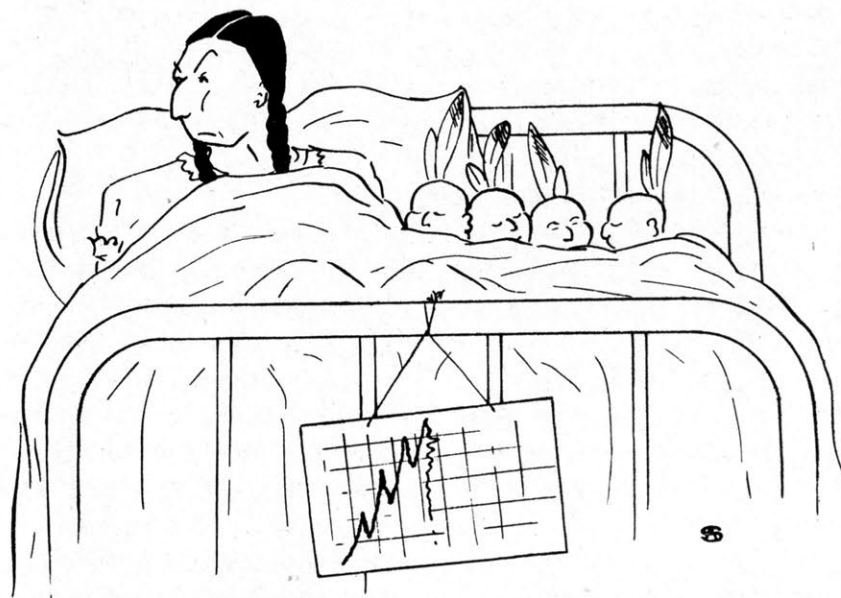
The average book has one page for every hundred inhabitants of the city. The Cleveland, Ohio, directory has well over a thousand pages, or enough paper to make 8.85 average daily newspapers of thirty pages each. Each page has four columns which average ninety-four names to a column. The print is the same size as that used in the daily newspapers. The book is consulted once for every two calls made; figure out the number of telephone calls made every day and you get an idea of the usefulness of the book. Some books, like those placed in public phones, wear out after a week of use and have to be replaced as often.

And, its free!! So just call up your nearest telephone exchange, five cents, please, and have your copy delivered.



## MILITARIST

As we drowsed in our very best M.S. class stupor, a choice bit of question and answer repartee startled the sleepy sophs. The minion of the M.S. department was gurgling something about chemical warfare and the undesirability of leaving mustard gas around where the children can get at the stuff. Said the major: "Consider this problem. The enemy lays down a frontal barrage on the defender's position, and throws a wave of mustard gas on each flank. What would you say about the enemy's intentions, Mr. Smythe?" Whereupon, to the amazement of all concerned, this brownbagger Smythe guy flashes back, "Strictly dishonorable, sir." Once again American youth has asserted itself.



*Red litter day.*

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

It wouldn't be called sophistication: maybe its the top example of nonchalance among us Tech-ites so far this year. 'That limit doesn't leave much time for error, does it? 'N' maybe our species has slow reflexes. Anyway, the brethren were in bull session enlarging upon their New Year's Eve activities.

"Have a good time, Henry?"

"Nope."

"See any nice girls, old man?"

"Naw."

"Didn't you do anything over the holiday?"

Henry, really opening up: "Uh, uh."

"Good God, man — at midnight on New Year's Eve — when the old bells rang out and we kicked 1937 through the back door — didn't you even notice that, you thick skull?"

"Sure — I set my watch."

Henry is now resting comfortably in the infirmary.



Maybe I'm wrong; maybe like Mabel says, I haven't any Viking blood coursing through my veins (those are Mabel's words). Maybe I'm not the outdoor type, but, mister, my motto has always been leave well enough be, and I intend to stick to it in the future like a park bum's socks.



Now exercise is all right, don't get me wrong, but what I mean is leave it to them that haven't anything else to do. Now me, I get my toning up twisting bolts down at Mac's Garage at \$18.50 per week and walking two miles to work every day to save carfare so Mabel and I can get tied before we are too old to enjoy it.

Oh yeah, Mabel is my personal Judy, and while she's not the prettiest babe that ever wore a \$5.98 formal and never graduated from Vassar, she's got a lot more class than lots of the squabs you see decorating the bars now days.

But what I'm getting at is the time I almost quit Mabel and this piece of dirt because of this outdoor busi-

ness. It's like this: I'm sitting in the Schmidt's — that's Mabel's folks — parlor one night waiting for her to come down and figuring should I take her out to a show or save the money for a new overcoat when she walks in and without even giving me a chance to say howdy says she has the most wonderful surprise darling.

Now this is nothing to get goose pimples about as Mabel's surprises usually run to a plate of fudge or a new hat from Bergman's, so I say what is it. Mabel beams like a Japanese



flag and in a voice like Jim Farley giving away another Post Office tells me we are going on a sheeing trip. At this I am quite nonplussed, not to say stymied, as sheeing is a new one in my book. I ask her to try once again slow and easy, but it still sounds like sheeing, so she explains that sheeing is what the fellows in

the news reels are doing with those boards on their feet. At this I say, oh, you mean sKiing, and she says, no that is wrong as it's sheeing. Since I do not feel equal to an argument I let it pass and besides I happen to remember the last news reel I see at the Bijou in which a fellow is carted off after landing on the back of his neck at the bottom of a hundred foot toboggan slide. In fact the memory is so good I tell her that if she has any ideas of me repeating the act she is not only off her base but wrong too, to which she replies that we don't do that with skis. I remark that it was a mighty fine job of trick photography then but she laughs and says that they leave those things to the experts, and the beginners just mess around on shee trails and hills that are safe like a coal mine in a cyclone.

I am still what you might call under-enthusiastic but I





## WHEREIN AN AMATEUR LEARNS THAT THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT YOU'RE CRACKED UP TO BE

ask her for the set-up and she tells me that she and Elsie have the trip all planned. At this I shudder like a Model-T on a steep hill as I have had experiences with Elsie before. Elsie Bremer is what a sailor would call a Jonah. She is good for a cloudburst on a picnic in the middle of the drought season and her boy friend has got so that he has a boy scout follow them when they go for a stroll through the park. This puts the clinchers on any ski trip for me until Mabel turns on the tears and the next Friday night we are off.

I will pass over the trip to the camp where we are staying as being of little or no consequence in the light of later events except that Fred looks like a man caught in a union barber shop at closing time with all the tape on his jaw which he gets when he fails to duck as a lady with skis on her shoulder turns around

suddenly.

Anyways, we finally make the camp where we are to spend two delightful days, free of the city's cares; free to revel in the untrammelled beauties of NATURE. (That came out of the travel folder we picked up on the train.) As far as I can figure out there are only three things nature lacks: hot and cold running water, steam heat, and sidewalks. I never was one to gripe at the hardships of city life and I say, leave nature to the farmers as they're used to it.

didn't come down here to listen to a political rally, but this is a called-strike on me as they turn out to be things you do on the skis. The girls have a fine time messing around in

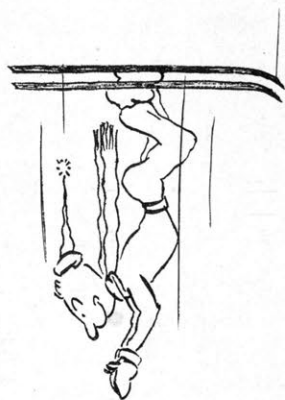


the snow, but Fred and I have to stand there like a couple of overgrown third-graders and listen to a bird that can't even speak decent American. After a couple of hours of this stuff, we get so that we can go down the hill and even do turns around a couple of flags they have stuck up at the bottom without straining anything, and the foreign Joe tells us we are very quick to catch. This makes me feel like I have won a medal and I begin to wonder if maybe I can't try one of those jumps, say twenty feet for a starter. So I look around for Mabel and spot her over in a snowdrift talking to a crummy looking citizen I've never seen before.

Now if there is one thing I won't stand it's for other guys

(Please turn to Page 22)

The girls have everything arranged. In fact we don't even have time to take a cold preventative, but are rushed right out to a practice hill where a bird with a sauerkraut accent is telling us about Tellmarx and Christy. We have the first guy tagged for a communist and the second sounds like a Scotchman, so I say, we





# News from Miami

BY BILL GIBSON

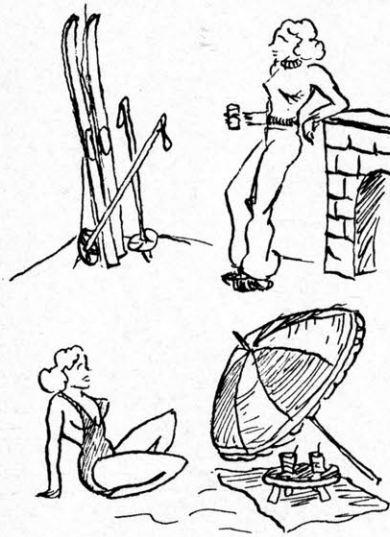
Down here the sun wakes you up every morning at noon, and after that you can't sleep any more because it's too hot, but even if you get up it's so late after you've shaved and had breakfast that when you go swimming you don't get much tan because the sun is pretty low. So then you swear to go to bed early that night, and maybe you do and maybe you don't, but even if you do the sun wakes you up at noon still — you can't get up early in this country.

So when you do get up, if you want to get a tan, you hurry onto the beach after breakfast, and maybe if you get there before three o'clock it's still hot. Maybe you take your mail out, unopened, to save time. And so you lie on the beach after a lazy swim and a couple of dives, and then you roll over and grunt and begin opening your letters.

The first envelope is from the Emerson Inn, Intervale, New Hampshire, and its manager is happy to announce that it has lots of rooms for the skiing season, and rejoices in a ski-tow in the back yard. You look up at the rippling water, and the hot sand, on which, a dozen feet away, a hotter blonde lies, apparently nude, looking at you archly. . . . Returning to your mail, which was abundant today, you find a letter from two Dartmouth men, with the happy tidings that, at Glenwood-on-the-Saco there will

be a crowd of college people skiing all winter. You look at the blonde again, and smile. Another letter from Intervale, this time from Castner's Camps, with cabins and a clubhouse, and fine skiing country at every window.

By way of variety here's the Old Howard — nope, wrong, it's the Howard Hotel at Bartlett, which specializes in suites for large parties at no additional cost. And here's our old friend, the Plymouth



Inn, at Plymouth, "less expensive, excellent food." Also at Plymouth and near the ski school is the Pemigewasset Inn, with a college crowd. It's getting cold down here, time to move the windbreak over, and catch the last rays of the sun, and then go for another swim.

Every day is like this, swimming, lying in the sun, looking at blondes and the new bathing suits, drinking Scotch in a bathing suit out-

side the cabana (and falling over backward out of the damn deck chairs) and reading literature about winter sports. There's something provocative about sitting in a bathing suit looking at pictures of pretty girls in woolly clothes swishing down chilly snow-covered slopes. The blonde has rolled over, these silk shorts are really something, or more correctly, nearly nothing. Look, more letters. "The Barracks," at Gilford, with an open slope in the back yard, and more college crowd. Here we have Kearsage Hall, presumably near Mt. Kearsage, which, besides being in business for one hundred years, offers a beautiful New England home complete with antiques. Back to Gilford and the Arlberg Inn, with its homelike atmosphere and its German cooking, and back to the blonde, who appears to need attention again.

The only trouble with this is, that after too many Scotches and too many blondes you find sand in your typewriter, and while this gives atmosphere, it's not the atmosphere I'm supposed to put in here. You guessed it, this is supposed to be a winter sports story. But aren't Scotch, sand and blondes winter sports in Miami? The blonde is a sport, anyway!

Two more letters and then another swim. They're both from Intervale — if you look on a map you will find Inter-

(Please turn to Page 27)





*"Would you show me how to do a 'sitz-platz'?"*

# Voo Doo Presents Its FINALS

*Six hours and thirty-three minutes allowed for each exam.*

*Do not put your names on the papers.*

*Do not implicate the profs in this messy business by mentioning their names.*

*\*Do not doodle on the examination sheet.*

*No unnecessarily loud communication will be tolerated.*

*No references other than Institute texts will be allowed.*

*\*All illiterates will be excused from these final exercises.*

## M21

*(Choose one of three)*

1. Draw an integral sign.  
*n.b.* (No suggestively curved figures will be tolerated).
2. *a.* Tech, *b.* coeducation, *c.* M21, is really Hell.  
*n.b.* (Those finding three possible answers may leave the exam early).
3. The integral of  $u \, du$  may be found
  - a.* In the work on the brownbagger's paper directly in front of you.
  - b.* By experiment.
  - c.* In your tables.
  - d.* In the Deke house.
  - e.* Where the last guy left it.
  - f.* Accidentally, if you're lucky.

**8:03**

*(Answer yes or no)*

1. The left hand rule is:
  - a.* A southpaw slip-stick.
  - b.* A safety axiom for one-arm drivers.
  - c.* Nazi idea of government.
  - d.* A horrible mistake.
2. A thermo-couple:
  - a.* Not what your suggestive mind hopes.
  - b.* Twins weaned on a thermos bottle.
  - c.* You suggest something — and the dean is watching.

## TRUE OR FALSE

3. A magnetic field is one in which north poles are grown.
4. Polish Siamese twins are known as dipoles.
5. Flux is a popular brand of soap powder.

6. Maxwells per square centimeter refers to the amount of coffee (of the popular "good to the last slop" brand) spilled on a given tablecloth.
7. The Barkhausen effect translated from the original German means — doghouse effect.
8. Electrolytes are the usual modern means of illumination.
9. A magnetic dip is a nut whose mind doesn't make a closed circuit.
10. The I. F. C. beer party was an outstanding example of the loop rule.

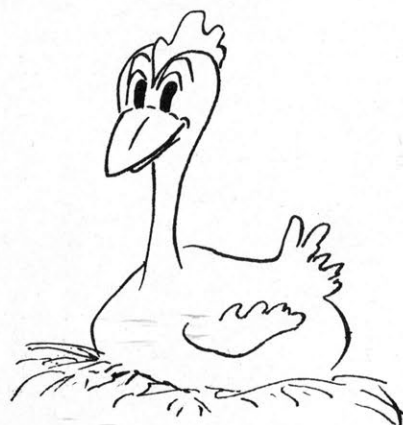
## ALL OTHER COURSES

- |                           |          |                                 |
|---------------------------|----------|---------------------------------|
| <i>a.</i> I have been     | } a good | { boy. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>b.</i> have not been   |          |                                 |
| <i>c.</i> will be         |          |                                 |
| <i>d.</i> wish I had been |          |                                 |

*(Check one only).*

*(Leave blank if in doubt).*

*DeMailly*



*"Ooooooh! Sit still, Junior!"*



# Rate Your Prof.

Below you will find a list of incomplete statements and with each statement a group of phrases. In each case check the one which seems to best fit your favorite nasty-man.

1. He comes to class:

- a On time . . . . . 1
- b Five minutes late . . . . . 3
- c Never . . . . . 10
- d Occasionally . . . . . 6
- e Plastered . . . . . 0

2. His clothes are:

- a His own . . . . . 2
- b Indecent . . . . . 1
- c Conservative . . . . . 6
- d Nondescript . . . . . 10
- e Like esquire . . . . . 10

3. He discusses:

- a The assignment . . . . . 0
- b His book . . . . . 2
- c Your ignorance . . . . . 6
- d Nothing . . . . . 10
- e The latest *Petty* . . . . . 5

4. His lectures are:

- a Stimulating . . . . . 2
- b Restful . . . . . 8
- c Informative . . . . . 5
- d Funny? . . . . . 8
- e Lousy . . . . . 10

5. He believes in:

- a The honor system . . . . . 10
- b Roosevelt . . . . . 0
- c Himself . . . . . 7
- d Nothing . . . . . 6
- e Santa Claus . . . . . 1

6. His quizzes are:

- a Simple . . . . . 0
- b Impossible . . . . . 2
- c Illegible . . . . . 6
- d About his thesis . . . . . 4
- e Oral . . . . . 10

7. He marks quizzes:

- a Never . . . . . 4
- b By shaking dice . . . . . 10
- c From intuition . . . . . 6
- d By reading them . . . . . 0
- e He doesn't . . . . . 8

8. He speaks:

- a Broken English . . . . . 3
- b Coherently . . . . . 4
- c Often . . . . . 5
- d With his hands . . . . . 2
- e On anything . . . . . 10

9. His best friend is:

- a You . . . . . 10
- b Himself . . . . . 0
- c Mahatma Ghandi . . . . . 2
- d Einstein . . . . . 1
- e Myrna Loy . . . . . 10

10. He is:

- a Married . . . . . 6
- b Single . . . . . 8
- c A prof . . . . . 0
- d Bald . . . . . 2
- e A fraternity brother . . . . . 1



PERFECT PROF. . . . . 100    A REGULAR %\$#''@\* OF A PROF. . . . . 25  
 A DECENT LAD. . . . . 50    MY IDEAL PROF. . . . . 0  
 NICE PROF. . . . . 75

BUD HURST

# Course Eight Fantasie

Professor Milton Frobisher, head-of-the-department, settled himself more comfortably in his chair, and, in his best well-it-has-to-be-done-some-time manner began to thumb through the pile of final exams before him.

Professor Milton Frobisher disliked his task intensely. He knew what was coming. Ogilvie would get one of the four questions approximately correct. Carruthers would be little better. Ganzemeyer would miss a "P" by virtue of several errors in simple arithmetic, while Arnovitch would fail to finish in the allotted four hours.

The blue pencil flicked back and forth across the papers as they were dropped one by one in a neat pile on the other side of the desk. Some of them seemed to receive only a cursory examination while others illicit an occasional grunt or sardonic laugh.

The grading continued in this fashion for some time. The movements of the blue pencil became almost automatic but suddenly the professor leaned forward and almost reverently lifted the last paper from his desk. It seemed much like the others. True, the script was more legible, the figures more neatly arranged, but Professor Milton Frobisher was not one to be stirred by such trifles.

Professor Milton Frobisher, head-of-the-department, had reason to be interested, for this was Barkingham's paper.

Barkingham the magnificent; Barkingham, protege of Professor Milton Frobisher himself; Barkingham whose name was already a by-word among the lesser lights of the course. The Professor was tempted to place an "H" at the top of the paper without bothering to so much as open it, but a sense of fairness stayed his hand. With a thrill of anticipation he turned the first page.



Foo — !

The first question was:

"Using the vector model show what  $L$  values are to be expected by the combination of a ' $p$ ' electron and an ' $f$ ' electron."

Barkingham's answer was simple and direct. The Professor read under the Roman numeral I:

"There's no Foo like an oiled Foo."

He gazed blankly at the page, and then, with a strangled gulp reread the answer. The result was the same. Beads of perspiration dotted his forehead as he turned to page two, and under question 2:

"Describe in some detail one type of mass spectrograph suitable for the exact determination of the masses or relative abundance of isotopes." and read:

"A Foo in the hand is worth Two."

Surely there must be some mistake, he thought. This couldn't be Barkingham's paper. True, the writing was authentic but a clever forger in the class. . . .

Feverishly he pawed through the papers again, but only one bore the name Barkingham. He even turned the rest of the pages in the book, but except for answer 3:

"Too Foo are better than Too Too Foo."

And answer 4 (perhaps the worst of the lot):

"When a Foo turns to Goo say Poo"

For the first time in his life Professor Milton Frobisher was panic-stricken. The thought of Barkingham . . . , but no, there must be some simple explanation.

"Foo — I mean Miss Ventnor, *Miss Ventnor*."

At the Professor's shout, Miss Ventnor, secretary-of-the-department, peered cautiously around the door, and, deciding the venture was safe, stepped into the room.

"Get me Barkingham at once. Get him if it takes every N. Y. A. man in the Institute. I must see Barkingham. Well, . . ."

Miss Ventnor shuddered slightly and almost whispered,

(Please turn to Page 27)



# Diary of a Stomach

10 a.m. Oh, dear. Another warm day. Wonder if I'll be abused as I was yesterday. If I am, I'm going to strike. Just disposed of a half-chewed breakfast. We ran for the train, which meant that I was so jiggled about it took twice as long to do my work. Hope she gives me an hour or two to rest before more is sent my way.

10.30 a.m. Two glasses of ice water have just arrived. It will take all the energy I can pump in the hour to warm me up to normal again.

10.50 a.m. That half-chewed breakfast did not satisfy her, so she bought me some peanuts and started again.

12.30 p.m. Decided she wasn't very hungry, and instead of a light lunch sent me down a cold malted milk heavy with chocolate. Could have managed it all right if it hadn't been so cold.

1.10 p.m. More ice water.

1.40 p.m. Was mistaken about the peanuts; she found another handful in the bottom of the bag, and now I have them to tend to.

2.05 p.m. More ice water.

3.20 p.m. Someone has brought her a box of caramels and she's started on that.

4.20 p.m. Have received something like half a pound of sticky caramels since last entry. She has just said, "Oh, dear, I don't feel well. I know the milk in that malted milk was sour."

6.00 p.m. We were invited out to have a soda before going home. Had a lemon phosphate and then ran two blocks for the train.

7.00 p.m. Dinner: Veal, fried potatoes, cucumbers, bread and butter, canned blueberries, cake and coffee. What do you know about that?

7.50 p.m. We're going down for chocolate ice.

8.20 p.m. Got home and found someone had made lemonade. She drank two big glasses. That, on top of the ice, settles it. I STRIKE!

8.30 p.m. Have sent back the ice and lemonade.

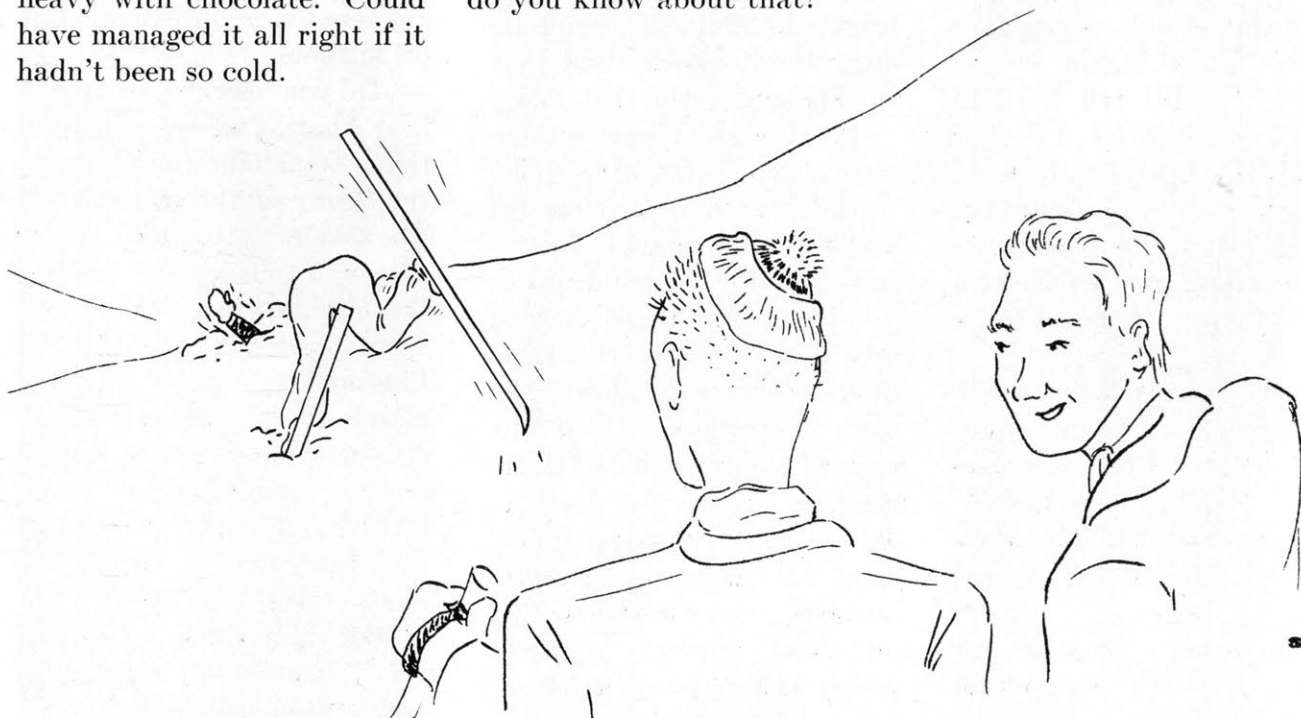
8.40 p.m. Returned the blueberries and cake.

8.50 p.m. And the veal.

9.10 p.m. She has sent for the doctor. Says the ice must have had something the matter with it. Her mother says it is more likely just a weak stomach she inherited FROM HER FATHER.

9.30 p.m. That fool doctor says I'm just a little upset, due to the weather. GOOD NIGHT!

BUD HURST.



"Yep, that's Mabel."

# True Confession

The white-hot light of the battery of arc lamps seemed to scorch into insignificance the focal point of its fiendishly all-revealing brilliance. Its outline blurred by the very intensity of the illumination, the thing stood — staggering as though actually buffeted by the rays of light that struck it from every side.

On the fringe of this damning electric circle appeared a shadow — a substantial, burly figure with a shiny badge decorating the white shirt that oozed out of a pair of blue trousers. For the first time a spontaneous movement shook the body of the trapped Thing. Its head snapped back and a pair of reddened orbs fought back at the relentless glare; a snarl faded from the features of a cornered animal, to be replaced by the terrified gaze of an immature young face. “Don’t do it again — get away — I’ll tell — I’LL TELL — I DID IT — I KILLED him — I, I—” And the scream’s mad crescendo was suddenly throttled to a sobbing gasp, as the remnant of a man dropped to the floor.

There was an efficient bustle of blue-coats — some mumbled orders — “the stenographer” — “Get the Chief —” The arcs dimmed. The crumpled heap lifted a tear streaked face.

“I’m sane — listen to my story — I’ll tell everything. Then get me away from this hell. I killed a man. Take me

to the death house — the loneliness, the fear, the helplessness of it — I don’t care. I’ve been through it all before — I’ll burn for this — it doesn’t matter — Some morning I’ll wake up and they’ll march me off to, to — Once before I tossed all night, hardly closing my eyes as a berserk mind raced over and over the horrible end to come on the morrow.



Morning came in all its bright hatefulness, stripping away the hours of night that shielded me from that doom — No, I wasn’t alone — there were others — few of us spoke — the hour was too near for words — The usual hearty breakfast for the condemned. — Then we were herded into little rooms — Overseers marched up and down the aisles — free men — God how some of us envied, hated them for their remoteness from it all. — Little mimeographed sheets of paper — blue-lined booklets — pencils forced into paralyzed fingers — a mind racing as though on a treadmill — the clock ticking away those precious minutes of my

being — the horrible end of it all creeping up and I — oh, I was struggling, — but what good —

I whispered to the victim beside me: ‘It’s a killer of a final, isn’t it’ — His glance barely flickered back to me through the fog — And we sat there, praying for divine inspiration — sat there in a blue flunk — sat there as a patter of feet came down the aisle. An hour and a quarter had passed — and it was my roommate who approached — one of us. A wave of pity flooded us as we sat there. Poor kid — he’d given up — damned tough — probably we wouldn’t be any better off for staying — Great Lord — How could the guy smile — He paused by my desk — ‘Easy little quizz, hey son? Finished it ’n’ checked all the answers ten minutes ago. I’m off for home’ —”

“Do you hear me — do you hear what he said — can your thick, law abiding skulls sense the agony of the moment —” The voice dropped to a throaty murmur: “Yes, — that desk leg was cast iron — it was bolted to the floor — I’m not very large and my muscle doesn’t extend below my neckline — But I killed him — you hear me — I KILLED HIM — And you, you ask why, — WHY — WHY — WHY —”

“Put him under observation,” said the Chief. “He’s mad, — obviously nuts.”

*DeMailly*



# Chesterfield

*Let me wish you*  
**MORE**  
**PLEASURE**  
*for '38*





# Incident on the Boston and Albany

"Ahem — er-uh-pardon me, for presuming to — that is, I don't know — I mean we haven't been introduced, but are you going to Boston too?"

"Why yes, how did you know?"

"Well I just . . ."

"Oh, you Harvard boys are so clever. I always liked Har-

vard boys because they are so clever. You are from Harvard, aren't you?"

"Oh, how silly of me. Of course, you're from B. U. I remember now, I met you at the Tri-Chi house after the Holy Cross game. Let's see. There was Joe Radjnski, and Pete, and Hal, and some La Selle girls. Remember how funny Joe was with that lampshade on his head trying to get that little brunette to go upstairs with him to look at his etchings?"

"Oh, you don't go to B. U. You are a college boy, aren't you?"

"Of course, Boston Tech."

"Well what's the difference? Boston Tech — M. I. T.?"

"Say do you know Lummy Frobisher?"

"That's funny, I thought everyone knew Lummy."

"No he doesn't live in a Frat. He comes in on the train every day. He really is the smartest boy, he gets a 2.5 rating he says. Isn't that nice?"

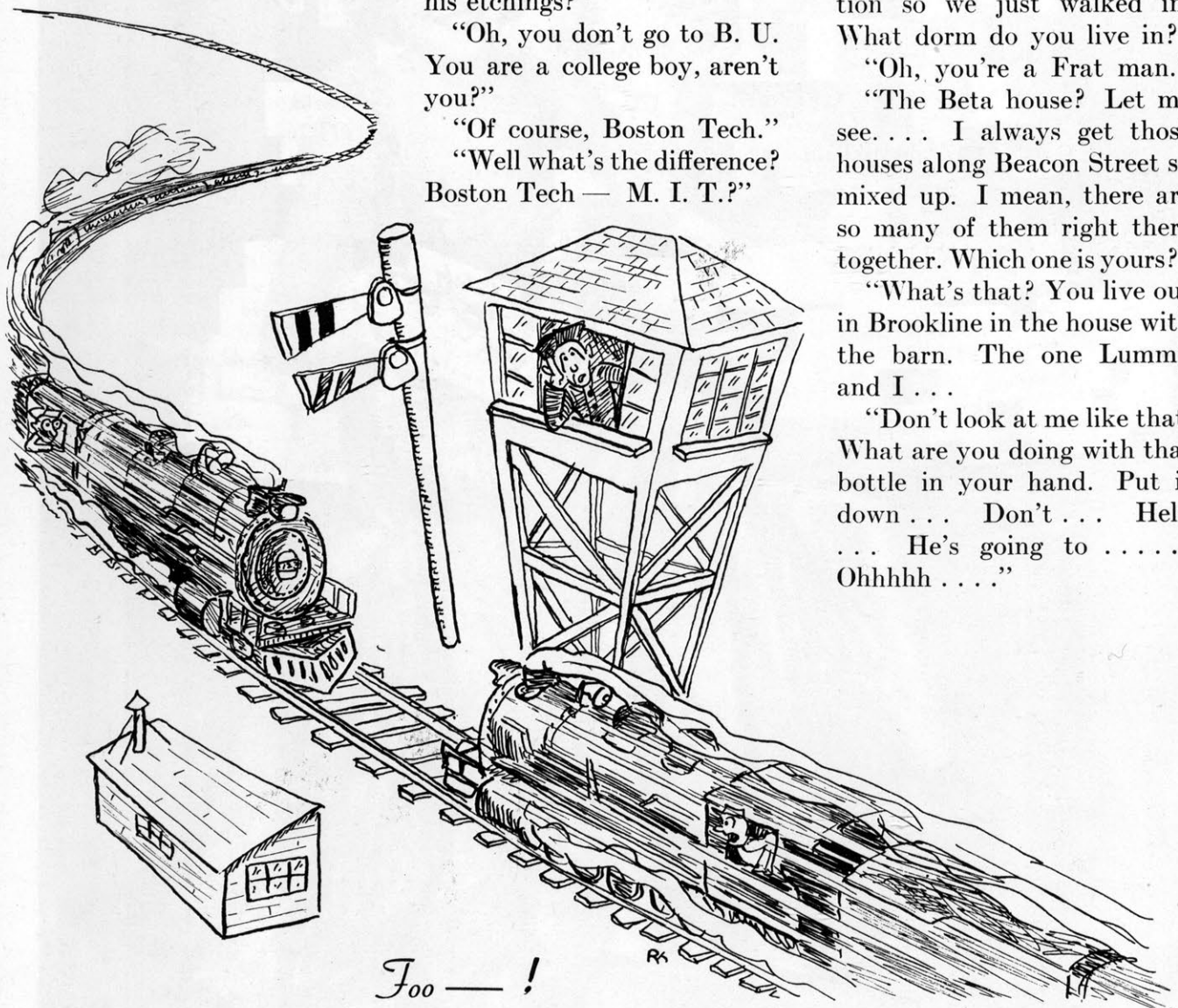
"I went to a dance with Lummy last fall out at the Sigma Chi house in Brookline. They had a big barn and Lummy didn't have an invitation so we just walked in. What dorm do you live in?"

"Oh, you're a Frat man."

"The Beta house? Let me see. . . . I always get those houses along Beacon Street so mixed up. I mean, there are so many of them right there together. Which one is yours?"

"What's that? You live out in Brookline in the house with the barn. The one Lummy and I . . ."

"Don't look at me like that. What are you doing with that bottle in your hand. Put it down . . . Don't . . . Help . . . He's going to . . . . . Ohhhhh . . . ."



Too — !



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NEW YORK

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## One Really Does, You Know

It's merely to enlarge one's brain,  
The earth's phenomena to explain;  
And perhaps a bit of raising cain —  
Mann darf gehen zu college.

To prove at length the world is round,  
And where the planet, Mars, is found,  
And why some steamships go aground —  
One has to go to college.

To learn the screwiest kind of stuff,  
To find out why smooth stone ain't rough,  
To see what makes some steels so tough —  
One has to go to college.

To bull until the hours are wee —  
Pay for faculty members' tea;  
On theorems to disagree —  
Ire debes college.

To spend pa's dough on formal dates;  
Learn to handle future mates —  
To formulate some new pet hates,  
Il faut qu'on va au college.

And reader, dear, if you should try  
To figure out, in God's name why  
I write such stupid poetry —  
You'll have to go to college!

SAM OMANSKY



### **Bessie Smith<sup>®</sup> Memorial Album**

In memory of Bessie Smith who died recently, Brunswick, under Columbia's label, has re-issued some of her best recordings. These records are old to be sure, but they contain some fine artistry, the best in jazz. Backed by such musicians as Colman Hawkins, Louis Armstrong, and Buster Bailey, to name only the most prominent, Bessie Smith really gets off some fine vocals. They show fine feeling and musicianship. Among the numbers are "St. Louis Blues," "Alexander's," and "Careless Love Blues." They are valuable not only for their historical interest, but also for truly great swing.

### **Rockin' the Town My Heaven on Earth**

(Hudson-de Lange)

Will Hudson fans will like this disc, but it is not up to the usual style. Betty Allen, the vocalist on the disc, is a disappointment after Ruth Gaylord. She is merely one of average "sweet" singers and does not fit into this band. In "Rockin" the ork departs from its customary arrangement and the result is hodge-podge. However, it may mark a change in the band and as such, to the followers of the band, it is worth getting.

(BRUNSWICK)

### **Snake Charmer**

(Larry Clinton  
and his Orchestra)

### **Toy Trumpet**

(Jack Harris  
and his Orchestra)

These two new novelties combine to make a pretty good mess of music. The two bands are not unknown, though they are not in the Goodman-Dorsey bracket; Harris is a European outfit and leads us to believe that they don't do so badly over there in the way of danceable swing. Clinton's "Snake Charmer" is about the neatest arrangement of this piece we've heard so far, and the other side, though not as free-and-easy, is still rather nice to listen to.

(VICTOR)

### **Take a Tip from the Tulip Speak Your Heart**

(Hal Kemp  
and his Orchestra)

Two of the very newest tunes are played in the very typical Kemp style. Bob Allan does a nice job on the vocals of "Take a Tip," and Rosalind Marquis matches him on the other side. If you like Kemp when he's good, you'll like this. Incidentally, if you haven't heard his "Powerhouse," also on Victor, you ain't heard nothin'.

(VICTOR)

### **I'm the One Who Loves You A Little White Lighthouse**

(Tommy Dorsey  
and his Orchestra)

Here we have two Dorsey interpretations of one new and one old tune — nothing extra special, but nice and smooth and sweet. We sort of like Dorsey better when he gets off some real swing and musses 'em up, but he's pretty fancy on the slick stuff too. Jack Leonard does the vocals in that mean voice of his.

(VICTOR)

### **Between the Devil Don't Blame Me**

(Teddy Wilson)

Teddy Wilson shows that he is the master of them all. His phrasing, technique, and ideas are superb. He has the knack of playing a piece the way the author meant it to be played. Although this is a piano solo it belongs in your private collection of swing records.

(BRUNSWICK)

### **Free for All Monsoon**

(Art Shaw)

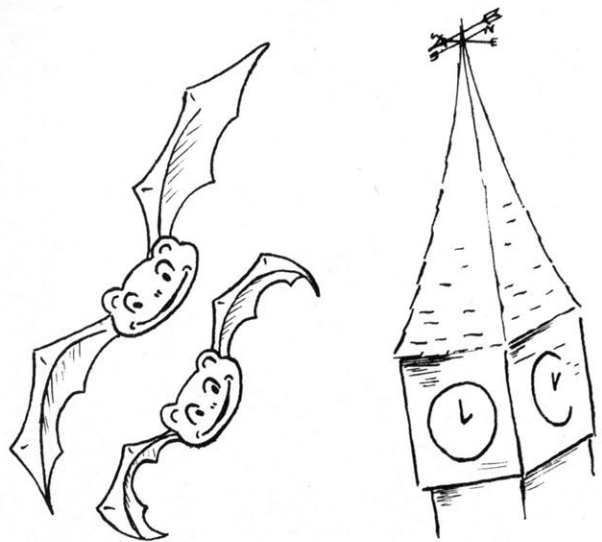
"Free for All" is a series of terrific solos dominated by the masterful playing of Art Shaw on the clary. The tempo on "Monsoon" is in direct contrast and is played in the slow, low-down, swing beat. It is highly arranged and swell for dancing. Art Shaw, in our opinion, has come further during the past year than any other band.

(BRUNSWICK)

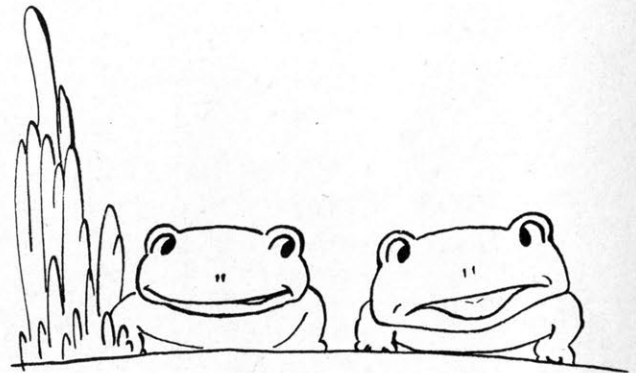




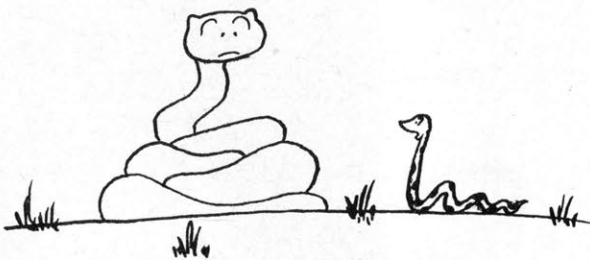
*"Ya want a boot in the man?"*



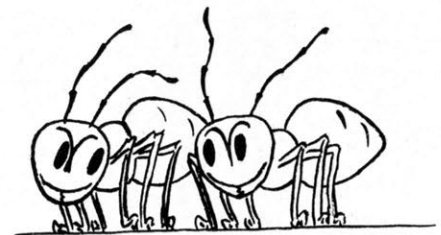
*"You've got men in the belfry."*



*"I've got a man in my throat."*



*"Pop's drunk and seeing men!"*



*"I've got men in my pants."*

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and unpretentious

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from Boston

American Plan, \$3.00 a day  
European Plan, \$1.00 a day

# SKI-HAW!

*Continued*

mousing around Mabel, so I ankle over and make myself known. I smell sand in the bearings right off, because Mabel has hold of the guy's arm and is soaking up a line of guff which sounds like a mimeographed copy of the stuff the Dutchman has just tossed Fred and me. After five minutes of standing around first on one ski and then on the other I begin to get pretty salty. I am even thinking at length about what Louis did to Carnera when Mabel says, my, isn't it wonderful. Mr. Hapgood is going to win the amateur race tomorrow. Ain't that nice, I answer, because I was thinking of winning it myself.

This surprises no one more than me as this is the first I hear of it myself. The more I think of it, though, the better it sounds as I figure I can get down that practice hill as fast as any amateur in the camp and with a couple more hours of practice I should be burning up the snow.

My announcement pretty well takes Mabel's mind off Hapgood, but my laugh lasts about as long as it takes Hapgood to show his stuff for the girls, because he is good. My spine gets colder than a last year's race tip when I find the race isn't going to be held on the practice course. I happen to hear two well-meaning lads hashing it over at dinner, and after they run the course over the soup I am feeling like a

Bengal Lancer in a Hindu snake pit.

I finally take my story to Fred, and right here I want to say that he is nobody's Charlie McCarthy even if he does go with Elsie. It takes him about five minutes to case the situation and come out with the answer, and it's not his fault that things work out as they do. He says just to forget the race and leave it to him. He says I may not win but it's a cinch Hapgood won't. He tells me later what he does, but I'll give it to you as it happens.

The events up to the race aren't enough to worry about except Mabel isn't the same sweet girl. It is easy to see that the guy that wins the race will be aces but the other one won't be any higher than a busted straight.

The course isn't as bad as I had expected. It isn't tough like the ones the champs do, but for amateurs it is plenty stiff. I'm only worried about Hapgood and he isn't worried about anything. We finally get the gun and start off down the trail. It is pretty smooth and straight at first but pretty soon it ducks into the trees and then it's every man for himself. I don't even know where the finish is, but then I don't expect to get that far. This isn't a timed race, see. It's the first man across the line wins and, with all those Joes on the job at once, anything can happen.

I didn't know it then but Fred has really taken care of things. He has crawled out of bed at three bells and spent



two hours on Hapgood's skis. What he's done is, he's taken a knife and cut a big groove diagonally across one ski from end to end. Then he's plastered it up with some stuff and put a good coat of wax on top so that it doesn't show.

Here's what happens. If I am bad the rest of the field is lousy. For this reason Hapgood and I pull away from the field at the turn and duck into the trees right together. We make the first bad spot o.k., but on the second things happen fast. It is this turn that takes the filler out of the crack and when Hap comes busting into the second straight-away the groove catches the snow. One ski heads for Atlantic City and the other stays at its work. Hap looks like a ballet dancer on roller skates and I am laughing so hard I forget that I am right behind. There he is with his head stuck right in the middle of the trail but I see it too late. I hit him like a runaway bobsled and they unwrap me from two trees that happen to be in the vicinity about an hour later. I am in no condition to worry about my next life insurance premium and it is a week before I get all my marbles back and the butterflies quit my hull.

The funny part is, Hap is married and his wife and four kids join him the next day.

Oh Mabel. Yeah, she and I are getting married next month. I made her promise no more winter sports. She is thinking about the mountains for a honeymoon.

DICK CROSSAN.

"It takes guts to do this," said the moth as he popped on the windshield.

—*Jack O' Lantern.*



One stormy evening in Harlem, two mahoganies were settling a dispute. For a while there was no sound but heavy breathing and the swish-swish of razors. Finally, one of the gentlemen made a lunge at the other.

"Ha, ha, you missed!" cried the lungee gleefully.

"Oh, yeah?" replied the other, "just try turning yo' head."

—*Red Cat.*

FROSH: "I just brought home a skunk."

ROOMMATE: "Where ya gonna keep him?"

FROSH: "I'm gonna tie him under the bed."

ROOMMATE: "What about the smell?"

FROSH: "He'll have to get used to it like I did."

—*Awgwan.*



POOLEY: "Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

KELSEY: "Naw, I enjoy them."

—*Royal Gaboon.*

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BARTLETT, N. H.

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and Stanton's Slopes

Excellent Table

Rooms with Bath or Running Water  
Enjoy comfort at moderate rates

E. M. LANE, *Manager.*

THE BARAKS, a new headquarters for Winter Sports lovers, is six miles from Laconia. It is located on the edge of the Belknap Mountains Recreational Center, in the heart of the Beautiful Lake Region.

RATES: \$3.50 per day and up,  
American Plan.

For reservations and information  
write

THE BARAKS

R. F. D. 4

LACONIA NEW HAMPSHIRE

## MURPHY'S LODGE

Located within walking distance of a number of ski trails and one of the finest ski slopes in New England. Our Lodge accommodates up to fifteen people with fine beds and home-cooked food aplenty. Free transportation to and from the railroad station for our guests.

Apply for Rates

INTERVALE, N. H.

Telephone North Conway 62-2

## FOR TECH MEN

MAPLE VILLA SKI TRAIL  
FLOOD-LIGHTED INTERVALE  
SKI SLOPE  
TWISTER TRAIL

•

All within walking distance of

THE EMERSON INN  
AT INTERVALE, N. H.

## KURTZ'S DINER

EXETER, N. H.

## HEADLANDS INTERVALE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

### CENTER OF EASTERN SLOPE REGION

Special conveniences for skiers.  
Our own slope and trail.  
One mile from a sporty slope with  
modern tow.

Rates: \$2.75 to \$4.75  
Special rates for parties

FRANCIS HEAD      *Proprietor*

## A FEW THINGS WE NEVER KNEW TILL NOW

That milk shake in Boston is just milk and chocolate. Any place else, it is milk, chocolate, and ice-cream.

That there are four and a half million people in "metro-politan" Boston.

That Wellesley girls marry more Harvard men than from any other school.

That there have been over a hundred variations of the name of the famous English bard, Shakespeare. I know, you spell it differently.

That the Dartmouth Ice Carnival has been moved to a week later so as to avoid the rush of people that don't "be-long."

That it is cheaper to haul an amount of coal nine hundred miles than it is to transmit electric power (equivalent

amount of energy) two hundred miles.

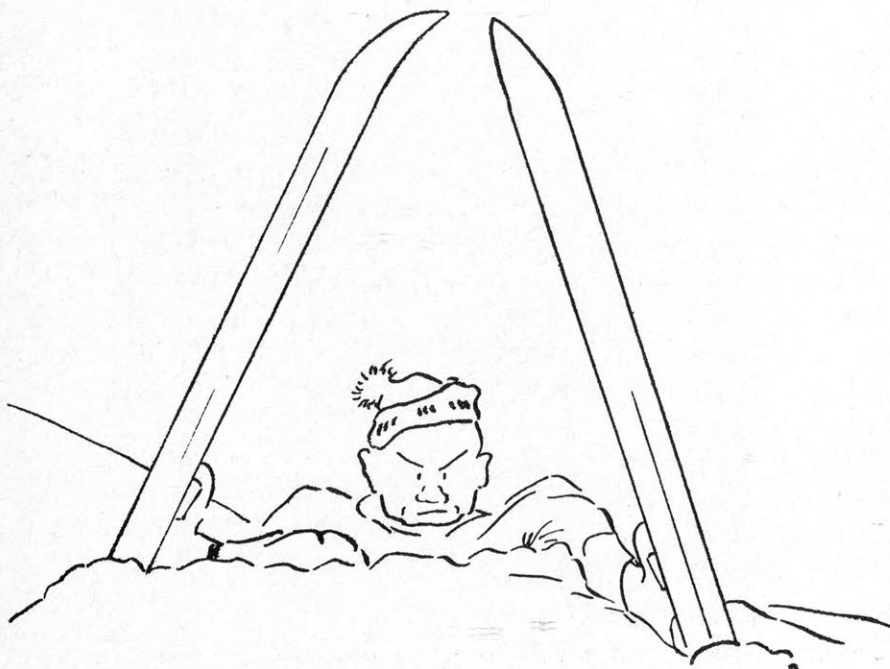
That there are ordinarily only ten days each winter when it is cold enough in Boston to permit ice-skating on the Charles.

That the Orange Bowl game was a hoax. Oranges don't appear in Florida till later in the year.

That the trend in smoking today is away from the cigarette towards the pipe.

That although Boston is looked upon as the book center of our country, the Tech textbooks are printed in New York.

That Mr. Ford used the same dies on his '38 standard model as was used on the '37 model. Also, the new over-drive featured by a leading automobile manufacturer contains over three hundred different parts.



*Dammit, I must have used the wrong wax.*

A sophisticated girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

—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

#### A SHORT SHORT STORY

Diluted  
Denuded  
Polluted  
Deluded

*Submitted by Roger Z. Weithoff, '41*

### VARIABLE VERBS

A boy who swims may say he swum,  
But milk is skimmed and seldom skum,  
And nails you trim, they are not trum.  
When words you speak, these words are  
spoken,

But a nose is tweaked, and can't be twoken,  
And what you seek is seldom soken.  
If we forget, then we've forgotten,  
But things we wet are never wotten,  
And houses let cannot be lotten.  
The goods one sells are always sold,  
But fears dispelled are not dispold,  
And what you smell is never smold.  
When young, a top you often spun,  
But did you see a grin e'er grun,  
Or a potato nearly skun?

BUD HURST



JOHN, DO I  
TAKE YOUR  
BREATH  
AWAY?

NAW - BUT  
LIFE SAVERS  
SURE DO!

CRYST-O-MINT  
LIFE SAVERS

**MORAL:**  
EVERYBODY'S BREATH OFFENDS SOMETIMES...  
LET CRYST-O-MINT SAVE YOURS AFTER  
EATING, SMOKING AND DRINKING



A hobo won't work. If he  
won't work, he's a politician.  
If he's a politician, he gives  
away cigars. If he gives away  
cigars, he lights them for you.  
If he lights them for you, he  
is a cigar lighter. If he is a  
cigar lighter, he won't work  
and if he won't work he's a  
tramp.

—Exchange.

Rockabye baby in the treetop,  
Don't fall out.  
It's a hell of a drop.

—Royal Gaboon.

*For an Evening  
of Romance*

# El Morocco

**DINNER DANCING 6 to 9**

*Dinners from \$1.50*

**SUPPER DANCING 9 to Closing**

*and the BAMBOO BAR*

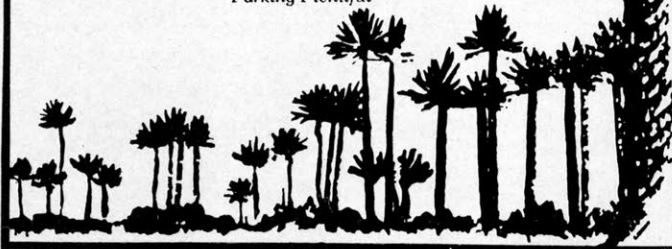
*Reservations Suggested*

*Call Dini Kenmore 6880*

**HOTEL MOORLAND**

446 Marlboro St. near Mass. Ave.

*Parking Plentiful*



YOUNG MAN: "Er — sir —  
I — er — that is, I came to  
say that your daughter tells  
me that she — er — loves me."

PARENT: "And I suppose  
you have come to ask permis-  
sion to marry her?"

YOUNG MAN: "No, sir. I  
came to ask you to make her  
behave herself."

—Battalion.



REPORTER: "I've got a per-  
fect news story."

EDITOR: "How come? Did  
a man bite a dog?"

REPORTER: "No, a hydrant  
sprinkled one."

—Pup.




They tell us that the differ-  
ence between Harvard and  
Princeton is that at Harvard  
they have private bathrooms  
and you never get to know  
anybody.

—Gargoyle.



Once upon a time there were  
two Irishmen. There are lots  
of them now.

—Royal Gaboon.



**THE  
KEYHOLE**

*"A Cocktail Lounge  
with Dancing"*

**Dinner \$1.25**  
Vin Vincent's Orchestra

**No Cover or  
Minimum Charge**

**Copley Square Hotel**

**HUNTINGTON AVENUE AT EXETER STREET**



## Course Eight Fantasie

*Continued*

"I'm afraid that's impossible, sir. You see, Barkingham's gone."

"Well, woman, out with it. Don't stand there like a dummy. What's happened?"

"Yes, sir. They found him last night, sir. I mean the police, sir. He's under observation now, sir. They found him last night on the corner of Beacon and Massachusetts Avenue waving at cars and saying — let me see — I think it was 'Nov Smoz Kapop' sir. They said it wasn't serious though. They have many like that lately. They said they just got him in time though, because pretty soon he would have begun saying 'Foo' or something like that and then it would have been too late."

## News from Miami

*Continued*

vale, Glen, Bartlett and North Conway on the same road within fifteen miles of each other, right in the heart of the American skiing region, with Intervale perhaps the most popular, but all good — and here we see that the Headlands, although managed by a former Harvard man, is a good place in spite of this, and down the road a piece is Murphy's Lodge, for those who have one eye on the pocketbook. And here we go for another swim, and since we leave tomorrow it's probably our last, and the next blonde we see will be sipping hot toddy in ski pants, and we'll be with a brunette, and here's wishing you the same.

# SPORTSMAN WHISKEY



2 Year old Straight  
RYE or BOURBON

Full-bodied, good whiskey. Reasonably priced. Be sure to ask for it the next time you order.

A Price Bros. Co. Product  
**\$1.90** a qt. **\$1.00** a pt. **\$.50** a half pint

For good liquors, buy at Price Bros. Co., established for over a quarter of a century.

**OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 11 P. M.**

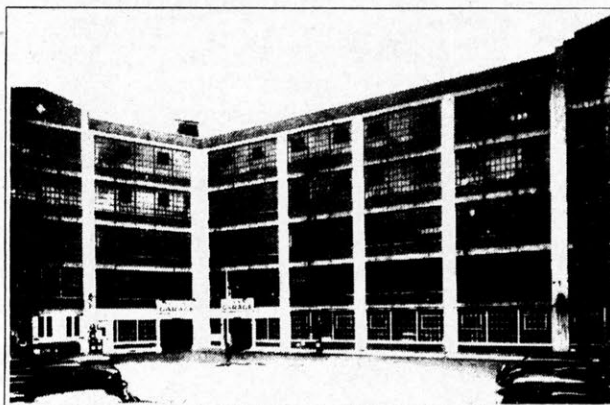
Telephone KENmore 3813 for prompt delivery

## PRICE BROS. CO.

141 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
(OPPOSITE FENWAY THEATRE)

BOSTON, MASS.

## REGENT GARAGE



Latest Model PACKARD LIMOUSINES with Livered Chauffeurs  
Special Rates for Theatre and Dinner Parties

**STORAGE · ACCESSORIES · LUBRICATION**

Floor Reserved Exclusively for Tech Students

**16-18 Stoneholm Street, Boston, Mass.**

Off Norway Street

Telephone KENmore 5500



## B. & S. LAUNDRY

55 CARLETON STREET  
CAMBRIDGE  
Trowbridge 2830



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

"Help!" cried the little  
wheat field, "I've been  
reaped."

—Froth.



CALLER: "Is your mother  
engaged?"

LITTLE BOY: "I think she's  
married."

Royal Gaboon.



## THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY

KENDALL SQUARE  
CAMBRIDGE  
Telephone Trowbridge 5650

A backwoods mountaineer  
one day found a mirror which  
a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old  
dad," he said, as he looked in  
the mirror. "I never knowed  
he had his pitcher took."

He took the mirror home  
and stole into the attic to hide  
it. But his actions didn't  
escape his suspicious wife.  
That night while he slept she  
slipped up to the attic and  
found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, look-  
ing into it, "so that's the old  
hag he's been chasin'."

—Yellow Crab.



## Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

655 Tremont Street	242 Tremont Street
420 Tremont Street	1083 Washington Street
202 Dartmouth Street	44 Scollay Square
629 Washington Street	332 Massachusetts Avenue
30 Haymarket Square	19 School Street
6 Pearl Street	437 Boylston Street
540 Commonwealth Avenue	26 Bromfield Street
1215 Commonwealth Avenue	105 Causeway Street
1016 Commonwealth Avenue, Brookline	

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

Roses are blue,  
Violets are pink,  
After you've had  
The thirteenth drink.

—Royal Gaboon.



## TO PERSIST IS TO SUCCEED

To persist is to succeed. Nips had read the advertisements and learned a secret of success.

Every so often he would pause in his work, or while he was walking through the company's big establishment, and pick up a pin. Wasn't that Benjamin Franklin's advice? Wasn't it the proper way to get ahead? Nips thought it was.

For years he did this without any one noticing him. Then one morning Nips stooped to pick up a pin as the manager happened to be watching him. A few minutes later Nips was called into the President's office.

"Mr. Nips," said the president, "you were seen to pause during work today to pick up a pin. I don't believe anyone else in this organization ever did that."

Nips was ashamed. He tried to grin shamefacedly, but all he could do was look down and sigh.

"Nips, how many pins do you suppose you have picked up in the nine years you have been with us?" the president continued.

"Oh, probably three or four hundred," replied Nips modestly. "I've saved them all, too. I have them home."

"Nips," said the president, "I'm sorry that little habit of yours has gone unnoticed so long. An employee of a large jewelry store like this who will pick up pins deserves something."

Nips got from ten to twenty years.

He: Now that we are married, perhaps I can point out a few of your defects.

She: Don't bother, dear, I know all about them. It's those defects that kept me from getting a better man than you.



"I told Anne that each hour spent with her is like a pearl to me."

"And what did she say?"

"She told me to stop stringing her."

Chit: Why in the world did you want to elope anyway?

Chat: Well, I had hopes that her family would never forgive us.

Father (reprovingly): Do you know what happens to liars when they die?

Johnny: Yes, sir. They lie still.

Young Wife: Before we were married you said mother could stay with us whenever she pleased.

Hubby: Yes, but she's never pleased yet.

"Is your girl a good cook?"

"Is she? Why she serves a meal that warms your heart—in fact, it gives you a heartburn."

Hobo (to lady): I walked forty miles today, lady.

Lady of the House: That's wonderful. You really must go on and try to make a record.

Son: How can you tell when a man's drunk?

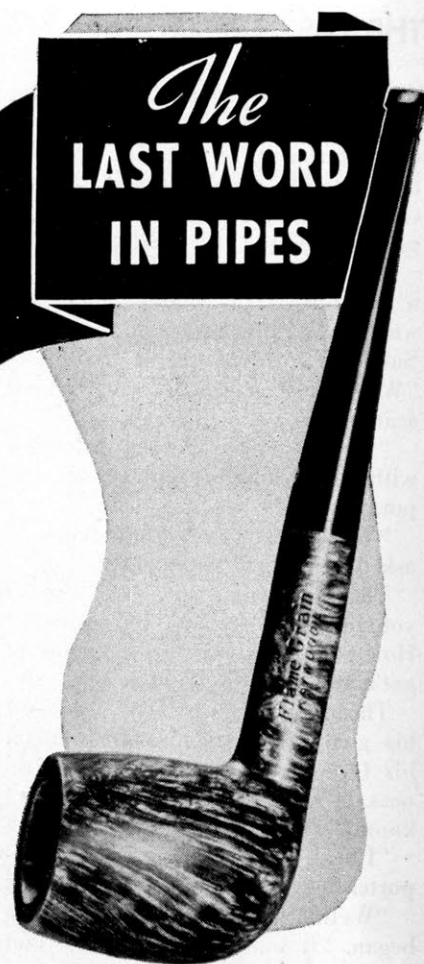
Pop: Well, you see those two men over there? When those two men look like four, then we know we're drunk.

Son: But, pop, there's only one man over there.

Patient: Is it a fact that married men live longer?

Doctor: No, it only seems longer.

## The LAST WORD IN PIPES



## FLAME GRAIN KAYWOODIE

**\$10**

THIS is the Pipe everyone's talking about. Why?

Word came to us, years ago, that there was beautiful briar of enormous size growing in the desolate mountains of Albania, which had lain untouched for centuries because it was so remote and inaccessible. We went after it, and finally we got it—Flame-Grain is it, with a beauty and quality of graining never before obtainable.

**It Has Been Growing  
Since the Early 16th Century**

Other pipe-makers knew it was there—but would not spend the time and money to get it out. The risk was big, but because we are the world's largest pipe-maker, we had the resources to overcome Natural difficulties and primitive conditions and secure this rare briar—very finest of the entire briar (bruyere) species. Flame Grain is "King of Pipes." Nothing else has such beauty of grain-pattern. Nothing else smokes as sweet. Each one is individual, like your thumb-print. The oldest, finest briar you ever smoked.

**KAYWOODIE COMPANY**

*Rockefeller Center*

NEW YORK . . . . and LONDON

## THE LAST LETTER

The reporter entered the massive mansion and immediately felt ill at ease. It wasn't, he thought, right for the editor to have sent him, a mere cub, out after an interview with the publicity hating bachelor, Mr. Pinch.

The butler coldly ushered him into a gigantic sized library where the wealthy Mr. Pinch was sitting quietly. Suddenly, Mr. Pinch bellowed "What do you want?" and almost scared him out of his wits.

"I was sent to get an interview with you," finally replied the reporter.

"What is it you want to know?" asked Mr. Pinch impatiently.

The reporter gazed about, "Aren't you lonely living here by yourself? How come, a rich guy like you never got married?"

The question threw Mr. Pinch off his guard. The angry expression on his face changed to one of pensiveness. "Would you really like to know?" he asked.

"I really would, Pop," said the reporter feeling at home.

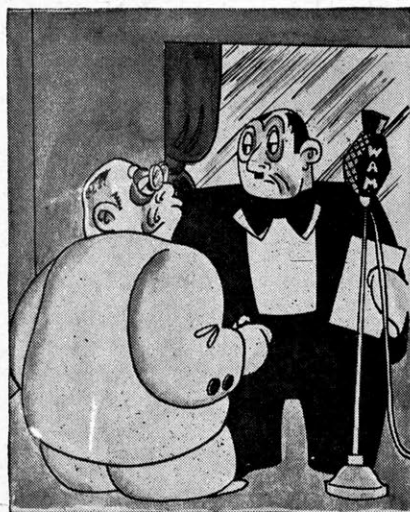
"Well, it was like this," Mr. Pinch began. "It was thirty years ago that I met Nadine—she was a real woman. She loved me—they all do—but her love was different—it was pure; not like these modern girls who like you a little and your money a whole lot.

"Yes, it was thirty years ago. She came to teach me how to play the violin." Mr. Pinch stopped and sighed.

"Well?" prompted the reporter.

"I treated her badly," Mr. Pinch went on. "I knew she loved me, and yet I let her down. Listen, she used to come three times a week to tutor me on the violin. We used to hold each other's hands and speak with our eyes, while I occasionally ran the bow over the strings to fool the old man who was working right here in this room. One day, the old man blew up and insisted that I give up taking violin lessons, but I carried on so that he gave in and Nadine continued to give me lessons three days a week. They were days of heavenly bliss. I still dream of them. I didn't marry Nadine, but I will always be true to her. I just couldn't ever think of another woman as long as I have the memory of my Nadine's beautiful disposition and utter unselfishness.

"I knew the old man would cut me



• "Look here Williams, we don't mind your occasional 'hello' to the wife, but this 'what's for dinner' business must stop!"

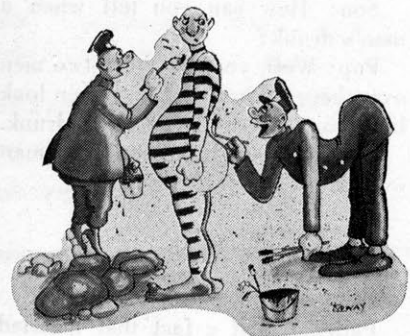
off without a cent if he ever found out that I was in love with the simple but sweet Nadine, so I wrote the girl telling her that I had nothing. I told her I offered what to her would be the biggest treasure—myself. 'Write to me, my love,' I penned to her, 'and thus show me all that you feel for me—all that you think of me. If you are afraid to share poverty with me for a few years, do not reply.' " Mr. Pinch stopped talking and lowered his head.

The reporter sadly suggested, "And she never replied?"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Pinch exclaimed. "I knew she loved me for myself. I knew she wouldn't fail me. Her letter came the next day."

"Then," asked the reporter, "why didn't you marry her?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you, but I lost my nerve when the letter came. I just couldn't get myself to open it. I kept staring at it over and over



• "You refuse to wear clothes, because you're a nudist, eh? Well, well, well."

again, but I couldn't get myself to open it. Then I heard my father approaching, and I grew panicky and folded the envelope and slipped it down the neck of this flower-jar." He pointed to a flower-jar standing on an adjacent end-table.

"When the old man left, I ran over to get my letter, but to my utter dismay, I discovered that the letter had slipped down the narrow neck of the jar and had unrolled itself flat on the bottom. I tried every trick possible to get the letter out but none succeeded, and I didn't dare break the flower-jar for it is a family heirloom. Besides it's an ideal burial place for my unrequited love. It is very satisfying to know that in that jar lies a testimony of what my Nadine thought of me. I never wrote to her again. Somehow I felt it would be better that way—easier for Nadine to forget."

And then it happened. The reporter went over to look at the flower-jar and accidentally dropped it. It cracked into thousands of fragments, and an old sealed yellow envelope fell to the floor. Mr. Pinch was too excited to yell at the clumsy reporter. "It's my letter," he cried, "it's my letter!"

With shaking hands he ripped open the fraying envelope and began to read:

*"For twenty one lessons on the violin . . . . \$75.00  
An early remittance would oblige."*

Diner to Headwaiter: By the way, did that fellow who took our order leave any family?

"Why did they evict the medical student from the library?"

"They caught him removing the appendix from the book he was reading."

Traveller: When I was in England I saw a bed twenty feet long.

Friend: That sounds like a lot of bunk to me.



## MY WIFE AND I

As my wife and I at the window one day  
Stood watching a man with a monkey,  
A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"  
Who was driving a stout little donkey.  
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,  
"There's a relation of yours in that  
carriage;"  
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,  
"Ah, yes,— a relation by marriage."

BUD HURST



Scene in the counting room  
of the election committee in a  
small town in Georgia.

Time: Two hours before the  
closing of the polls.

OFFICIAL COUNTER: "Say,  
what do ah do with this heah  
Republican ballot?"

—*Analyst.*



A man came into a railroad  
station and then remained  
standing at his ease not far  
from the window. A federal  
agent near by chanced to no-  
tice the stranger had something  
in his coat pocket from which  
drops were falling in slow  
trickles. The dry agent walked  
over, put his finger out under  
the drops, caught one and  
tasted of it. Then he spoke to  
the man.

"Scotch?"

"No," was the reply. "It's  
just an Airedale pup six days  
old."

—*Puppet.*



## THE STORK CLUB

### *Announces*

No Couvert or Minimum.

Evening Dress requested at

Supper. Sunday Evenings

Informal.

**To be Sung to the Tune of "Trees"  
or not at all.**

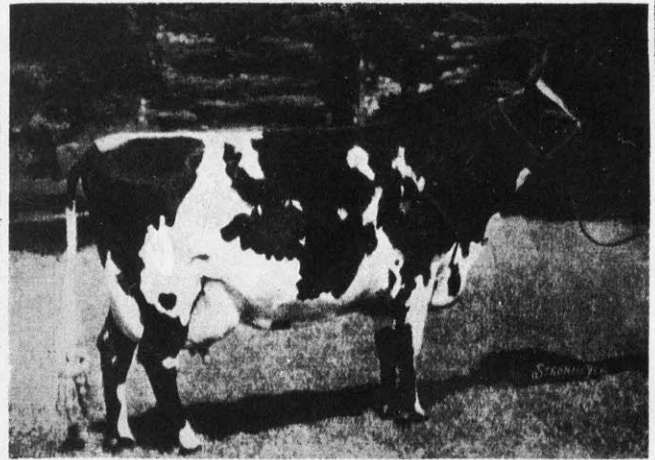
I think that I shall never see  
A Grade as lovely as a C.  
A C, that ever sought-for grade  
Upon the page proudly displayed.  
A C in colors blue or red  
Denoting knowledge long since fled.

A grade that unto labr'ing me  
Is far more lovely than a P.  
A grade that will, I hope and pray,  
To 2.8 my rating raise.  
The L's are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a C.

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**CHEAP TRANSPORTATION**



**But who would ride a cow when a  
new Ford V-8 costs so little?**

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

*The Nippon Room*

One of Back Bay's  
Smartest Rooms for

**Cocktails • Luncheon  
Dinner or Supper**

Featuring

**Don Julio's Rhythmic Strings**

Complimentary Hors D'oeuvres  
at Cocktail Hour and Supper

Moderate  
Prices



**HOTEL VENDOME** *Commonwealth*  
AVENUE





## Nice fresh babies .. 79c a pound!

***Several of the world's leading nations have put bounties on babies.***

Several of the world's leading nations have put bounties on babies.

They are not hypocritical or evasive about the reason behind this golden impetus to breeding. They want more babies now for bigger armies later . . . babies to be fattened up for sixteen or

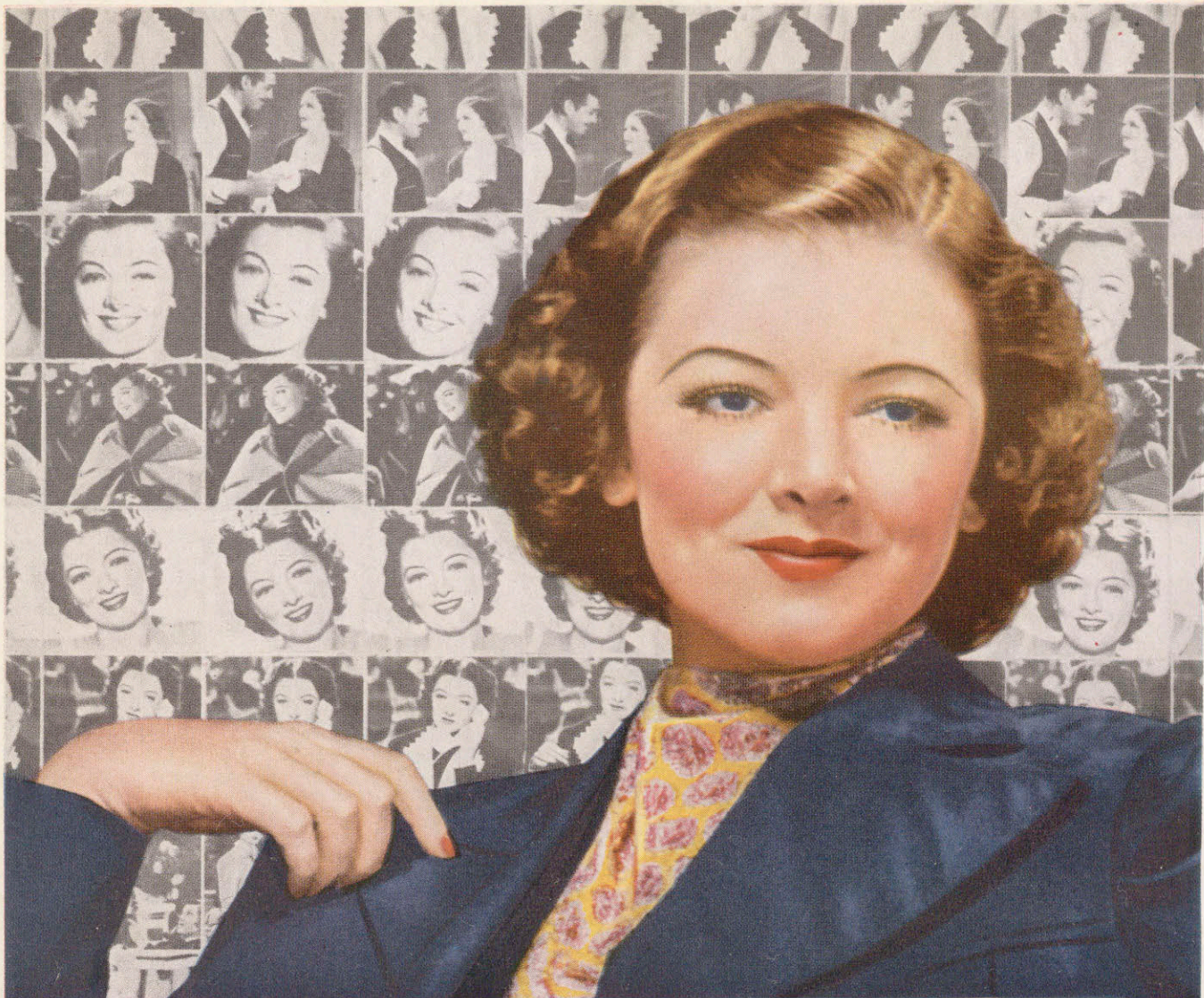
seventeen years, then delivered on the hoof for slaughter!

This baby-bounty business is one of the more revolting indications of the war insanity that afflicts the world today. We may consider ourselves here in America as removed from it all, but war insanity is a horribly infectious disease. And if war breaks out any place in the world, we'll find it terribly difficult to stay out.

We have made it our job to keep people who want peace as fervently as we do, enlightened on what's going on in world politics. We foster, in every way we know how, the cause of peace. We have plans we hope may help keep us out of war.

But it's a monumental job, that needs the help of all decent people. We'd like your support. We need your support. Write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.





## "LAUGH, Miss LOY!"

Even after "turning on a laugh" 100 times a day,  
Myrna Loy\*—MGM star—finds Luckies easy on her throat..

### A word about your throat—

"Laughing before the sound camera is hard on the throat," says Myrna Loy. "After scenes of this sort, it's clear that Luckies are *the* cigarette for anyone who wants a light smoke that's easy on the throat!" Here's the reason in a nut-shell: the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain irritants that are found in *all* tobacco!

### A word about tobacco—

Aren't men who spend their lives buying and selling tobacco the best judges of tobacco quality? Then remember . . . sworn records reveal that among independent tobacco experts Lucky Strike has *twice* as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined. With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies—2 to 1.

\*STAR OF MGM PICTURE "MAN-PROOF"

## Luckies—A Light Smoke

Easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"



WITH MEN WHO  
KNOW TOBACCO BEST

*It's Luckies 2 to 1*