LUCKIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER! They are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in recent years. As tobacco experts like Mr. Burnett point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today... And remember: Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts — auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen— Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Try Luckies for a week and then you'll know why . . .

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With Men Who Know Tobacco Best—It's Luckies 2 to 1
EDITS

Once again, Phos tries his hand at something new. Time was when the camera was a simple thing, known to young and old as a "Brownie." If you pointed it in the right direction and remembered to turn the film, you got a nice fuzzy picture from the corner drug store. Last month, however, Phos found that the camera has met with progress in its turn. Now, what with range finders, filters, angles, photometers, etc., the taking of a simple picture requires the patience of Job and the mental mathematics of a pari-mutuel calculator. However, Phos got the pictures and presents them for your approval herein.

Phos wishes to give credit, here, to his head cameraman, A. W. Denham, '41, whose long hours in the dark room have been duly noted on the office time sheet.

Phos also points with pride to the Ec. Book parody on pages 10 and 11. One of the best jobs he has seen yet is the verdict. Benenson, '40, is the author.

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MAY, 1939

No. 4

Copyright, 1939, by the Woop Garoo Society
You'll like my Brand and I "dude" mean You!

Here's a straight Steer on that O.G. branding iron Betty Petty is toting. It's reserved exclusively For thorobred Double-Mellow Old Gold ... The cigarette that Wins its spurs With finer Smoother tobaccos, Aged extra long For added flavor And O.Cs are Doubly protected From hot weather Dryness and Wet weather Dampness ... Double wrapped to Keep extra fresh Their extra goodness. So if you want To corral the Extra delights Of a truly Fresh cigarette Say "O.G." ... The brand that Holds its friends For life!

ATTENTION! YOU PETTY FANS!
Send 10¢ and 2 Old Gold wrappers for a beautiful 4-color reproduction of this picture of "Betty Petty," without advertising, suitable for framing. Address: OLD GOLD, 119 West 40th St., New York City.

For Finer, FRESHER Flavor... Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

ON THE AIR every week: "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra
PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-RISK OFFER SAYS: 'MELLODEST, TASTIEST.' AND, MAN, I SOON SAID THE SAME—AND HOW!

STEP RIGHT UP. HERE'S THE GOOD WORD ON P. A.

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 Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Radio Salesman: Madam, you pay a small down payment and then you pay no more for three months.

Mrs. Snapper: I'll bet that snoopy Mrs. Quiz told you all about us.

Two women had just come out of a local theatre after seeing "Robin Hood."

"I liked it," said one, "except that they didn't show the part where he shoots the apple off his son's head."

"That wasn't 'Robin Hood,'" corrected her companion. "That was 'Arrowsmith'!"

Capt. (to private): Why are you always behind the rest of the marching soldiers? Are you yellow?

Soldier: No, sir, but someone has to stay behind to pick up the brave heroes.

There should be no monotony
In studying your botany.
It helps to train
And spur your brain—
Unless you haven't got any.

Edgar: That's a fine suit you're wearing. What's your tailor's address?
Charlie: 124 West street.
Edgar: Why, that's where you live!
Charlie: Yes, he's living on my doorstep.

"Scot: Are you a good caddie?
Caddie: Yes, sir.
Scot: A real good caddie?
Caddie: Yes, sir.
Scot: Are you good at finding lost balls?
Caddie: That's my forte, sir.
Scot: Well, then, go and find one so we can begin the game.

Judge: So you beat your wife, kicked her, hit her with a chain, and threw her down the stairs. What would you say if I sentenced you to a year in jail?

Man: Well—if you want to break up a honeymoon.
Judge: I'll give you a suspended sentence, but next time I'll fine you.

"Do you sell dog biscuits in this rotten little shop?"

"Yes, sir. Will you eat them here, or shall I send them around to your kennel?"

Employer (to new bookkeeper): Why, you've entered all your debit items on the credit side of the ledger! What does this mean?
Bookkeeper: I always do it that way. I'm left-handed.
Sole survivor of former bloodthirsty hell-weeks at M. I. T. is Beaver Club's biennial greeting to sophomore neophytes. Nominally an activities organization, the club tops its program with a spring initiation picnic at which junior and senior members avenge previous indignities, welcome new members with box lunches and beer.

Initiation ceremony is simple and direct. Pledges must show talent in scavenging and dramatics, also must absorb plenty of punishment. Objects turned up in the hunt ranged from a wagon wheel to folios of "life pictures." Highlight of the evening was the paddle-line, longest in years, in which 15 initiates took the combined offerings of 35 odd members.

VOO DOO’S photographer, protected by overcoat and padding, suffered informally after the ceremonies.
When the six-foot searchlight poked its finger into Boston’s skies last week, a few Tech men, more from East Cambridge, came to watch an anti-aircraft battery in action. Because of local noise, the sound detectors were not hooked into the remote control system, but when a plane from the Squantum base flew over at 6,000 feet the light crew got on target to the cheers of the citizenry, many of whom thought, “Suppose they weren’t playing?” Because they had to operate their light by hand, crews had trouble finding the plane, raised doubts in observers’ minds.
IT TAKES FIVE INSTRUMENTS, SEVENTEEN MEN TO FIND

THE TARGET

1. Network of civilian observers over a hundred miles out warns defenders of approaching planes. As reports are received, listeners' positions are plotted on a map and general course of attackers is determined.

2. Sound locators are turned in general direction indicated by reports and operators search for planes. A good operator can distinguish the sound of enemy motors from local noises and the hum of defending planes.

3. Comparator and searchlight control are in one unit. Comparator corrects data from locator and control unit moves searchlight accordingly. Light is operated by remote control to protect personnel, since it will be subjected to enemy strafing.

4. When searchlight has been pointed from control station, the beam is switched on. Only a little movement is generally necessary to find the plane. Thus the position of the battery is not disclosed until last minute.

5. Stereoscopic height finder picks up plane in beam and tracks it. Range and altitude are transmitted to director. The stereoscopic principles of this instrument are also employed to spot bursts.

6. Director, also tracking target, determines rest of data and makes correction necessary to place burst at future position of plane. The director can be easily altered for horizontal fire.

7. All this is complicated, but it works. Sperry spent several years developing the corrector, later simplified it so that seven men now follow the plane. Information from the corrector is sent electrically to the gun where it registers on two dials, one for height, one for azimuth. Gun pointer twists handles to keep two white pointers on the dials together (see page 6). Purpose of the gun is to drive enemy bombers so high that accuracy is impossible. Machine guns flanking the battery are 50 calibre, water-cooled and have an effective range of several thousand yards. Gunners do not use sights, get on target with tracer bullets. Since tracers burn out at 6,000 feet, accuracy is limited to that range. In actual practice, lights are not located at gun emplacements because enemy always tries to destroy them. Three lights provide a safety factor in case one should go out. Guns are completely mobile, can be set up in five minutes, taken down in ten. Gun cannot work on cloudy nights: neither can the enemy.
The Track Team Wins
As Others Say
"We Haven't Time To Train"

On the same day that the crew rowed a bad last in the Compton Cup races on the Charles, the Track team moved toward a second undefeated season, dedicating the new field and track with a win over Bates. Much was said about the crew's loss, little about the track team's win. Reason: Tech track teams seldom lose.

Last week the string was broken by Brown, only team to defeat Tech in three years. Last Brown win was in '37. Last defeat in '38. Coached by Oscar Hedlund, part time insurance broker, the team sends picked men to the 4-A Meet in New York, seldom wins there. Freshman string went to eleven before last Saturday's loss.

Below: Jester and Taylor, in that order, lead Bates across the first of the 220 low hurdles. Kyllonen finished third making it a sweep for Tech. Later, both placed in the 120 high hurdle event.
At the second turn of the half, Wood of Tech was in third out. At the finish line Bates was on top all the way taking one, two, three. Wood later took the 440 in 51.6.

Clark of Tech is shown finishing third in the 100. Tech took all three places, Hensel first, Mengel second. Mengel's shadow just made the picture. All three placed again in 220.

Wood worked harder than he had to in winning the quarter; the 51.6. Hailey and Kyllonen finished behind. All times were best records since Bates was the first visitor to run on the new field.

Concentration in a flannel shirt. Oscar Hedlund, track coach and sometime prognosticator adds up the score as Professor McMillan, Math, checks. Ooie's boys swept four events on the track, fared not so well in the field. Lost last week to Brown.
DIMINISHING RETURNS

CHAPTER I

Economics is the study of economic relationships. (a) Without going too deeply into the meaning of the above terms, it may be proven that the reverse of the preceding proposition also holds true. Thus the study of economic relationships constitutes economics. Up to this point we have employed our terms loosely; it is necessary that more rigorous definition fix the exact meaning. Thus the term "Economics" is often misused in popular thinking and has come to mean the study of economic relationships (sic). The economist, on the other hand, would make no such statement. He defines each word he uses with exact denotation, so that all the basic fundamentals may be expressed in as precise a terminology as language will permit. Thus he expresses "economic" as "economic relationships"; furthermore, the reverse holds true, and consequently the two cancel out, leaving dirty brown residue. We come to the concept of free goods.

(b) Free goods have been termed goods which are free. This is not true, at least but partially true, but not in the least applicable. A free good must be scarce also, not merely rare, but scarce, inasmuch as not everyone who wants a free good may have this free good, in the majority of cases; at least in those cases where the free good (scarce) in competition with the good (rare) becomes generally prevalent. Thus a man (A) grows potatoes, B and C. In competition with him, man B grows potatoes, A and C. Potato C is determined to undercut his competitors and thus reduce his price on men, A and B, so that it does not cover the cost of production, D and the cost of plant management, F. This last factor is constantly increasing at a rate which is constantly increasing whereas the cost of production is constantly decreasing at a constant rate; therefore, where the curves cross is the point where a good (scarce) may be purchased, which is not to be confused with the good (rare). This simple case illustrates the concept of utility, i.e., the value of a good in relation to the value of a good; in other words, price plotted against price in the following diagram.

L. A. Benenson dropped this article on our desk the other day. We picked it up with misgiving, read the first paragraph, and called for the staff. It's the best thing of its type we've seen yet. That's why we included it among the pictures.
foot on. Neglecting these two possibilities, people in general are glad to get rid of walnut shells.

On the other hand, the production of paper frills so that you can pick up lamb chops in restaurants is constantly increasing, although the production of lamb chops has reached a standstill. Without directly blaming the lambs it appears that their management and advertising have not been keeping pace with the management and advertising of the paper-frills-to-put-on-lamb-chops industry. Small children, often termed potential consumers, sometimes put toothpicks in used walnut shells and make believe that they are boats. Experiments have been tried by the Peoria, Illinois, High School Physics Club in their laboratory to test the efficacy of paper frills for lamb chops in their relation to making walnut shells to look more like boats. They capsized immediately, much as the downward sweep of our units of production plotted against costs of factors curve. The reasons for this immense change in the buying and selling marginal discrepancy of these products and factors may be discarded along with the remainder of the paper frills. This reaction may be explained by the following simple diagram.

By adding the cost of production, since factors can be had for the asking, to the above diagram, we may weight down one side of the thing so that it is unable to revolve, at least not noticeably. We now have:

Of course, until the costs of production reach the optimum point, P on figure two, it gets larger and production drops.

However, a slight amount of underpinning at the market value would preclude such an eventuality. The exact determination of this selling value is comparable to the concept of rapidly receding price.

CHAPTER III

Price levels maintain themselves throughout the economic cycle through the demand of perverted spending. (a) If the above statement seems apocryphal to the student a simple example will suffice to confuse further the issue. We shall consider the problem of a person buying goods at a fire sale. The exchange rate may be assumed as a constant throughout the transaction, excepting, of course, minor burns. The influence of this cycle on the skin disease industry is practically incalculable, if at all. From this simple case we may understand the activity throughout the whole economic world. It may be summed up in the analogy of two small boys on a see-saw. In our analogy, however, there is no fulcrum. The boys just sit there glaring at each other. The analogy is even more striking when we consider the remarkable technological changes made in the see-saw. Can Business supply the necessary impetus to move the see-saw? Can the Man in the Street swing the pendulum to normalcy? Can the Man in the House? How about the Man in the Porch just coming into the House? Science says “yes,” emphatically “yes”; but there’s a woman in Brooklyn that writes in to say “no.”
Festival Day; Der Fooey, Albert Ruge, announces new marriage laws, prohibiting non-Aryan marriages.

Appoints a Secretary of Sex, Lisa Minevitch. The hero and heroine, Ray O'Connell and Janet Norris, meet, fall in love.

Separated in a crowd, they meet again at the Dictator's Ball, announce their engagement.

The efficient Secretary of Sex discovers the heroine is a Laplander, forbids the marriage.

But the hero finds Der Fooey and the Secretary of Sex in a compromising situation.

To avoid exposure, Der Fooey permits their marriage, then announces his own engagement, to the Secretary of Sex.

THE DICTATOR...
When Sophomore drama classes took over 2-190 last term, Dramashop was left sans stage, sans play. Three weeks later, work was started on "The Dictator" (for story see next page) M. I. T.'s first home talent movie. Scheduled for release in early September, "The Dictator" is now in the cutting room, film titles and editing yet to be done. The picture was rushed to completion in record time in order to be on the screen before Charlie Chaplin's picture of the same name, now making in Hollywood. Box-office of the Hollywood production will probably not be hurt, however.

Produced by Edward Kingsbury, '40, and Burton Eddy, '41, "The Dictator" is an all-silent, un-censored account of life behind the scenes in a totalitarian state, comparable in many respects to T. A. Edison's famous "Great Train Robbery." Altogether, the action occupies some 600 feet of film and is expected to show for about 17 minutes on the screen. Chief difficulty was finding a suitable balcony for some of the vital scenes. Easiest problem, making M. S. students look like Storm Troopers.

How to direct motion pictures. Director-Producer Eddy, above, steers cast through delicate spot. Working without megaphone, riding pants or canvas-backed chair, Eddy directed scenes, wrote script, cut film.

Cast and director, below, confer before shooting a scene. Costumes, scenery and sets were homemade. M.S. uniforms were made alien by addition of Swastika (Note R.O.T.C. emblem above). Total cost of production, about $20.
While up at Cornell two weeks ago on the crew trip, we saw what we think is a really great swing band, Glenn Miller and his boys and girl. The girl, by the way, is Marion Hutton, sister of the famous Ina Ray Hutton of jitterbug fame. Marion has as much on the ball as her sister and also has a very lovely voice. Glenn’s band is another to get its start at the Roseland, here in Boston, and he really has managed to get a good solid bunch together. His arrangements are every one of them done very neatly and with a great deal of originality. As far as originality goes he has Larry Clinton passed by far and his solid stuff packs almost as potent a wallop as Mr. Fletcher Henderson’s. Since Glenn is a trombonist by trade, his arrangements, of course, feature this instrument, the way he works in his six man brass section on the close of some of his hot jobs is really thrilling. This month Glenn has made three sides that are good solid swing, his theme song “Moonlight Serenade” which is good slow stuff, a new number being pushed by Glen Gray, “Sunrise Serenade,” very cleverly arranged, and a swell waxing of “And the Angels Sing.” Listen to these Bluebirds and see why we think this is a coming band.

Charlie Barnett also waxing for Bluebird, who has been featured lately at the Famous Door down 52d Street way, has recently pressed an original, “In a Mizz,” that features a swell solo by Charlie and a super vocal by Judy Ellington. Side two of the same dish is “Night Song,” a really fine slow swing job. Don Redman has marketed a number, “Class Will Tell,” that seems to be popular with all the colored outfits although the number does not seem to have much to it. His other release is “Jump Session” that seems a bit on the commercial side. Don is a fine clarinetist but his band seems to lack the drive necessary to a great bunch.

Harry James, who is currently pumping them out for Brunswick, has let his Boogie Woogie trio run wild again on two James originals, “Home James,” which is a fine example of open horn technique, and “Jesse,” which also is clever swing. With the full band Harry has waxed “And the Angels Sing” and “Got No Time.” It is interesting to compare Harry’s work with Ziggy Elman’s job on “Angels” but aside from that, there is little that can be said about this record. Patricia Norman of “Old Man Mose” fame has made a couple of new sides, “Debutantes Lament” and “I’m Sorry I Made You Cry,” which feature her very distinctive style of vocalization. Count Basie has made a couple that are very excellent relaxed colored swing; side one “If I Could Be With You” and side two, a Basie original “Taxie War Dance.”

Art Shaw who is recovering from a serious illness has made one corny number in a style that is beginning to be a formula with Shaw, “I’m in Love with the Honorable Mr. So and So” and a swing dish, one of Artie’s many originals, “One Night Stand.”

Recording the Classics . . .

Victor . . .
...the catch of the season for more smoking pleasure

In every part of the country smokers are turning to Chesterfields for what they really want in a cigarette...refreshing mildness...better taste...and a more pleasing aroma.
THIS THING CALLED SWING

In any art ideas, execution, arrangements and technique are the factors that differentiate between good art and the run of the mill hash, served up for instantaneous consumption without too close a scrutiny. So it is in swing music today. No matter what psychology professors or any stuffed shirts say, swing music is an art and is to be considered as a definite part of modern American music. Therefore, when discussing swing music, personalities, sex, and jitterbugs must be eliminated; and the discussion should resolve itself around the elements that constitute good music.

The one general statement that covers most of the swing music today is that it is commercial. This accounts for the rapid rise and fall of orchestras; for one idea, worked to exhaustion, is not permanent. Benny Goodman stayed at the top of the heap so long because he refused to cater to the mental invalids who paid to hear him. His ideas were good and many continued to watch him to see what he would do next. But, now that he has hit the skids, he has turned commercial in an attempt to hold these mental pygmies.

Artie Shaw is slated for an even quicker fall because he has followed in BG’s path; and though he has passed him going up, his descent will be as spectacular. Commercial swing and women’s fashions have the same characteristics. Both make money by preying upon the gullible public; both are transient.

All of the elements of good music are closely related, but foremost is the necessity of original ideas. Following the ideas comes the need for their execution. Ideas that are but a gleam in the mind’s eye are worthless; for who can know what goes on in any person’s mind? Of course, technique is the *sine qua non* for the accurate expression of those ideas. “Clinkers” during a solo by a top musician ruin completely the effect of the solo. Glaring examples of this type are Tommy Dorsey and Harry James; both are top men in their fields; but, all too frequently, they blow their brains through their horns; all that comes out is a little dribble. Too harsh criticism isn’t fair to the men, however, because they are often overworked and for unfair wages. Colored bands are afflicted by these evils more than other musicians.

There is a good reason for this, which is a sad reflection upon our civilization. It is an interesting fact that most of the truly great musicians of the present time come from Kansas City, where the Negro...
Tech coeds last week lead nine girls' colleges over the finish line to win a female intercollegiate dinghy race. This is the first chance the girls have had to "do or die for dear old alma," and they came through with skirts flying. The visiting collegians were conspicuous by their looks rather than their ability.

Girl at left in right-hand picture broke rules by smoking on dock. This is strictly verboten to Tech students, but special dispensation is evidently given to pretty girls. The two girls in left-hand picture were cheering section for their school, although skippers could not hear them.
Above: Modern touch at the Deadwood bar was a white enameled beer cooler. As in most cases, decorations made up in quantity what they lacked in quality. No one as yet has made a fraternity house look like anything else.

The hat above topped most costumes. Dressing for the Cowboy Party was easy. Most guests had costumes left over from other years. Moreover, lack of a uniform opinion of range clothes allowed wide discretion.

**PHI GAM COWBOYS DANCE AS HITLER HEILS**

Highlight of Phi Gam's cowboy party was the effigy of Hitler, below left. Costumed as King's Guardsman he blessed proceedings from a place of honor on the famous spiral staircase.

Below: Rye, Rum, Muscatel, and Schnapps were on the house. One of the big Fraternity dances, the Cowboy Party generally draws to capacity though bids are at a premium.
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

O: “What was the explosion on Si's farm?”
K: “He fed his chickens some ‘lay-or-bust’ feed and one of them was a rooster.”

Submitted by Jack West, '39

HE: Boy! Doesn't this take your breath away!
SHE: Here's something that'll really take your breath away. Try a Pep-O-Mint Life Saver!

MORAL Everybody's breath is apt to offend, now and then. Let Pep-O-Mint Life Savers sweeten yours after eating, drinking or smoking.

ITTERBUGS ON THE BEAM AT THE LAMBDA CHI GOLF BALL
THE MOVING FINGER WRITES

A CHAPTER IN TECH HISTORY IS COMPLETED

When officers of the corporation sold historic Rogers building last year to New England Mutual, and announced Building 7 plans, many a sigh was heaved as Course 4 pondered life among the engineers. Early last fall, more signs resulted when Dean Emerson, School of Architecture, announced his retirement, effective this June.

Rogers was a part of Tech from the beginning; Dean Emerson since 1919. Both will be missed and remembered. Known to faculty and students as "EMMY", the Dean holds a place in his department seldom accredited a staff member. Present commons room in Building 7 was named THE WILLIAM EMERSON ROOM in his honor at traditional faculty dinner last spring.

DEAN WILLIAM EMERSON

COURSE FOUR

1919 1939

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BOSTON
On these steps architects once ate peanuts at noon. It was here that the greatest of Tech riots started when it was "Tech on Boylston Street." Some suggested bringing steps across the Charles, placing them in front of the new Building 7.

The spire of Trinity Church rises behind Rogers' remains. Wreckers have almost completed what generations of Tech men could not. A modern office building will soon rise, adding to Boston's skyline. Terms of sale precluded destructive tactics by architects.
terribly underprivileged. The radio has not yet penetrated this district very deeply, and the men are free to develop their own ideas without outside influence. Some shyster then gets them under a contract in which they practically sign away their lives for a few dollars. Little wonder the Negro music is at once terribly good and yet terrible.

One thing that develops top flight musicians is practice. When, for instance, Charlie Barnet holds a note and that note wavers all over, it just shrieks, "I don't practice." But then why should they; no one listens to them anyway. Listeners are all too busy jumping about like a drop of water on a hot plate. Next time you hear a band notice carefully the attitude of the men to the people who shriek, jump, and call for the hit tunes; but don't be shocked if some of the sounds that come through the horns sound like profanity. "Hold Tight" is a pet hate of Dave Mathews (alto with Harry James). His solo is eloquent!

The foregoing discussion eliminates almost all of the now existing bands. But a few really worthwhile bands are in existence. In the white class there are Jimmy Dorsey and Bobby Hackett. Both play white music and are backed up by a fine group of musicians. Hackett's cornet is truly thrilling. In the colored group is Count Basie and the still unformed band of Lionel Hampton which should prove (from what little is known of it) to be a really great band. Since the death of Hershal Evans, Basie's band hasn't been quite up to its usual standard, but it still is the best band today.

Continued to page 23
The reason that most of the other favorite bands have been so summarily dismissed is that commercialism doesn't mark the great bands, it only earns someone some money. Goodman, Artie Shaw, and Tommy Dorsey have been omitted on this point. Larry Clinton has yet to have an honest idea, while Duke Ellington has so many that his music is just a hodgepodge.  

Continued to page 27
Closest finish in Tech dinghy history was the win last week as the skippers competed against 17 college teams, some as far distant as Michigan. Tech placed first with 123\(\frac{1}{2}\) points to Brown's 122. Above left is the start of fifth race, Red division. Above right, Hanson of Tech wins fourth race standing up to clinch the meet. Brown, runner-up, consistently gives Tech trouble, often wins.

As high pressure areas arrived at Boston and Spring made tentative gestures toward the Campus, Profs were moved to leniency and classes were moved out doors. Not the least of these was Robnith's 15.52 (Accounting) section. On the steps of Building 2 they tanned in the sun, watched the photographer and forgot the answers. Said Prof. Robnith, "It's only a little bird."
“Just a haircut—I always shave at home. Skin’s too tender.”
“Could you also trim the hair a little while you shave the neck?”
“You should gimme half price—I’m nearly bald.”
“The last barber cut my hair for ten years. I don’t go to him because he just died.”
“What do you do with all the hair you cut?”
“Gimme the same haircut you gave me last year.”
“Once over twice.”
“Don’t take too much of my blood. I’m anemic.”

Fortune Teller: I see a tall, stout woman following your husband.
Client: I’m sorry for her, then ... he’s a postman!

Polly Voo Frawsay?
Whatcha say?
Do you speak French?
Yes—oh yes.

He: And I’ve got a gold medal for running five miles, an’ one for ten miles; a silver medal for swimming; two cups for wrestling, an’ badges for boxing an’ rowing!
She: You must be a wonderful athlete.
He: Athlete? I run a pawnshop.

The landlady brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.
“Did you cut these, Mrs. Brown?” asked one.
“Yes—I cut them,” came the stern reply.
“Oh,” went on the boarder. “All right—I’ll shuffle and deal!”

J: How was the horseback riding the other day?
T: It was all right, but the trouble was that I had such a polite horse that when we came to a fence, he let me go over first.
IT'S A JUMBLED WORLD, gentle lady, into which you have brought a new life.

It's a world in which human lives—
even very new lives like the one cuddling next to you—are regarded rather lightly. It's a world where men are still deluded into believing that killing is a more satisfactory way of working out differences than reasoning. It's a world where people still haven't quite learned that war is not a necessity of civilization but a destroyer of civilization!

If, as a mother, you plan to accept
this kind of world meekly, then all we can do is offer our condolences to you
and your unfortunate baby.

But...if you realize that decent people can and should do something about the whole indecent business of war—then we at World Peaceways congratulate you heartily and offer you our help!

World Peaceways is an aggressive, business-life force for peace and against war. We refuse to accept the defeatist philosophy that "war is inevitable."

We're realistic enough to favor proper armaments, but idealistic enough to believe that nations, in their dealings with other nations, need not continue to act as if they were intent to prove that man is descended from the ape.

If you, too, feel that war is stupid and pointless, we'd like to hear from you. The job to be done is tremendous and naturally we need help—a lot of help—your help! So if you feel in your heart as we do in ours—that another war would bankrupt America physically, morally, and economically, whether we won or lost—we urge you to sit down this minute and write to us!

Address World Peaceways
103 Park Avenue, New York City
This is not to be taken as a gospel; for Hughes Panassié had nothing to do with the above listing. Swing music is played for you, and it is your demands that determine the type of music played. As in any art, fullest appreciation is only gotten by a complete understanding of the art, and since swing has definitely attained the ranks of the arts, don't stand by and be duped. Gold bricks are good for ballast, but bad music is absolutely worthless.

When Agenda co-eds strolled the corridors last week Tech men paused to stare, stayed to laugh. At long range the effect was good, closeups were unconvincing. One Professor requested that the young lady leave the room thinking he had a visitor. Reports, later denied, had pledges making dates on the Esplanade.
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