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From January 1938 through June 1940, Lucky Strike has averaged
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Lucky Strike's nicotine content averaged 2.01 parts per hundred.

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Luckies—the smoke tobacco experts smoke

Voo Doo

NOVEMBER, 1940

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Voo Doo

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NOVEMBER, 1940

No. 6

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GENE KRUPA PLAYING AT SOPH PROM



Gene Krupa is without a doubt the greatest showman in dance-bandom. The remarkable thing is that his gesticulations and gyrations do nothing to detract from his music; in fact the musicians of the country have overwhelmingly voted him, again and again, the world's greatest drummer.

Just how Gene discovered his ability as an exhibitionist is a matter of some dispute, but the story goes that it all happened one night at Milton Point Casino at Rye, New York. It seems that Genie had a little too much to drink. Accordingly he started snarling and growling at his hide beating. Getting madder he began chucking himself around. But instead of appearing foolish, he became in the eyes of the female bandwatchers a symphony of rhythm, every movement calculated to produce the ultimate in syncopation. In developing this auxiliary technique, Krupa has now reached the state where it is necessary for him to change his sweaty clothes as much as once a set.

Krupa left Benny Goodman in a huff several years ago. Gene wanted to keep playing the killer

swing, the kind that wowed the crowd. Accordingly, in forming his own band, Krupa built it around a nucleus of super-hot musicians (such as Vido Musso). Also hired to arrange was Benny's killer orchestrator Jimmy Mundy. The arrangements were too difficult for the caliber of men in the band, and to make matters worse, the band wasn't woodshedded (rehearsed) long enough. Then to cap it off, this "disorganization" had opening nights in the major swing centers of the east.

To break down this reputation has been a difficult task, and more recently Krupa has found (three years after Goodman) that the moneyed crowds no longer want a continual diet of "drive" swing, even when played well. And so Krupa has been forced to modify and remodify his outlook in keeping with commercial aspects.

This present band is a finished product, the blend of sections is fine, and the intonation and balance are as good on the whole as any band today. It is highly questionable though, as to whether this band is truly in keeping with the spirit of true hot music, the music that Krupa likes.

SENIOR AND JUNIOR ELECTIONS

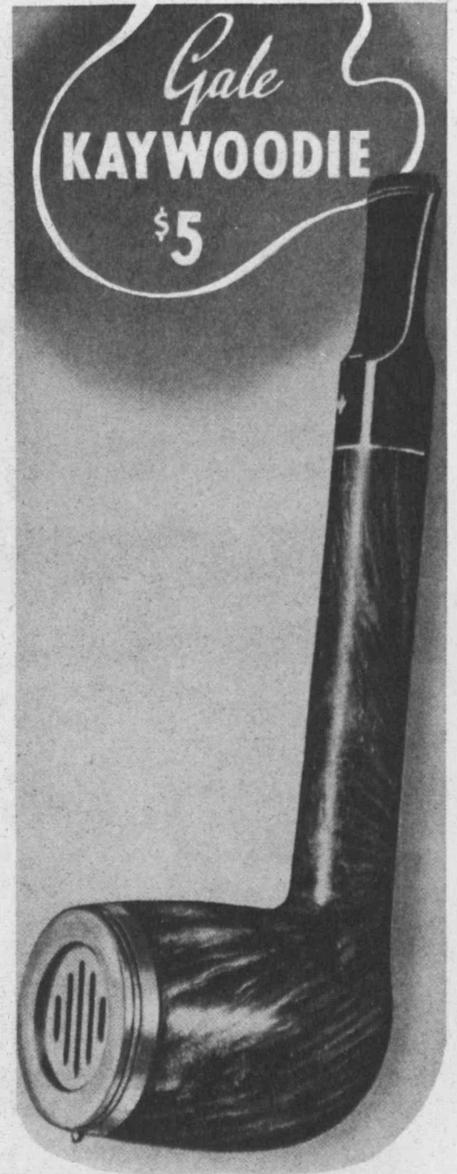


Reaching its zenith in the stormy sessions of the Institute Committee — democratic student government at Tech is really Democratic, as contrasted with the various forms of faculty dictatorship found at many of our contemporary educational institutions.

Does the average Tech man appreciate this democracy — or use it to its fullest extent? Does he know, for instance, that Institute Committee meetings are open to all undergraduates? Will he express his opinion when a referendum of all students is held? Does he vote in the elections?

At many other schools, dance committees and activity officers are nominated by the faculty — then “elected” by the students. It can happen here — but not unless we permit our democracy to become obsolete.

Provision has been made for expression of student opinion in Open Forums — where opposing leaders on controversial questions may be heard — and questioned by students in open discussions. All that is needed now is your interest in activities, athletics, and student government. New ideas create controversies.



*The Outdoor Pipe
that operates perfectly*

This pipe you've just got to have. The “watch-case” top keeps the wind from tearing into the pipe-bowl and “emptying” it. Protects the briar (and your clothing) from burning. The slotted grill controls the draft perfectly, and slides back sideways for filling and emptying. The whole pipe is trim as a watch and tight as a clam—



makes all other covered pipes like the Gay Nineties. The smartest thing for hunting, fishing, sailing, motoring. Many shapes, at dealers. Shown above, No. 04.

*Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac
21 interesting facts about pipes*

KAYWOODIE COMPANY

Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue, New York

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● **LIFE WITH FATHER** was last year's smash hit on Broadway. So successful was it that several troupes have been organized to play it in the nation's large cities. (Chicago and Boston.)

This play is an adaptation of

the book of the same name by Clarence Day who, though a bed-ridden cripple, manages to turn out some of the best humor today. This book is said to be a reflection of his own childhood experiences.

●



VOO DOO

TECH TALK



We think that President Compton's gardener is a Willkie man, and will remain so to his dying day.

At tea with the Pres. the other afternoon, he told us that the National Defense Program was being bottlenecked. Aghast, we perked up our ears. They perk, you see. What Fifth Columnist was loose in Tech? What horrible fate awaited us?



The Pres. let his statement sink in awhile. Then he told us. Some spy in the Senior House spent his time throwing used Roosevelt buttons into the formal garden, where the gardener got the stuffing knocked out of him every time his lawn mower caught on one of the darn things. He couldn't cut the grass, and the garden went to pot in less time than it takes to write this. Pres. Compton cannot think clearly unless he looks out his window into the beautiful garden, ignoring the Senior House. The garden was awful. Pres. Compton could not think for the National Defense Commission.

Ergo, bottleneck.

It seems (it always does, doesn't it) that one Willie Mott, one of the lesser lights in the Inst. Comm., and his date, the daughter of a well-known professor in the Dept.

of Mathematics, were just leaving a frat house one Friday night. Good for them. As Willie politely opened the door for Charlotte, a vision daintily whipped down the steps and out the door with Miss D. As Vice-Pres. M. followed them out the door, she turned and asked him, in a low but well-modulated voice, if He could give her a lift to the drug store. The gentleman, as always, Willie hemmed and hawed, but came out with a feeble "Yes." In the car, she asked him to lend her a quarter (no mad money, the dope. And at a frat party at that!!!) for taxi fare home. Instead, Mott (the little tightwad) offered to take her home, which she, having no other alternative, accepted. The conversation fell off to an embarrassing silence on the way home. Except once, when the refugee muttered under her breath, "My God, what a frat house!"

Among the more routine things that we do around here is to go to classes. Some are routine, some are profound mysteries. But occasionally a charitably minded professor will give his students a glimpse into the world beyond the Bronze Gates that are a material manifestation of the Caste barrier separating us from the Outside.

He has, this professor, a daughter, aged nine, who has a playmate, also tender-aged. As everyone had been doing for the weeks before election, these two innocents had been discussing the various merits (?) of the two more important

candidates in question. Our little friend's companion, who, blessed with the name Cynthia, happened to favor Franklin Delano Roosevelt, waxed loud and long over the virtues of her choice. No oratorical ability could sway her, but when things finally came to a showdown, she made an announcement which would make any self-respecting Republican reel in his place. Quoth she, "When I'm twenty-one, I'm going to vote for Roosevelt too." *So there.*

All of us have at some time or another come to the conclusion that Tech men are — shall we say "unusual," for lack of something to describe them better? Sometimes this quality manifests itself in a very concrete form, as it did the other day in a student who chose, no doubt after weighty deliberation, to come to the Institute from another "school."



It seems that this fellow still had some of the old school spirit left in his manly breast, pulling for the old team to win, and all that sort of stuff so alien to the average brownbagger. Well, to get on with a very good story, this gent, unable to attend a game of his erstwhile alma mater with Yale, rigged up his room to resemble the

Yale Bowl. Couches were moved to simulate stands filled with wildly cheering fans, chairs were put up as goal posts, and he moved himself to a lofty position, no doubt to simulate the two-bit seats, put on his fur coat (or his girl friend's) (or somebody else's) put a bottle of Scotch in one hand, a pennant in the other, and was almost as uncomfortable as in a regular stadium. Then, perfectly oblivious of the little men in white coats who were watching him, turned on the radio to the game. Of course he cheered like hell when his team gained a yard, and sat back in dejected gloom when old Eli got ahead. (No doubt by means of some dastardly trick, suh). And so on to the end of the game.

We can't at the present cook up an appropriate comment with which to end this little tale, but we think it speaks for itself.

By the way, we don't know who won.

We are about to weep for the passing of the old order. If you should chance upon a few tear stains upon this printed page, worry not, for we may shed yet many a tear before this thing is through.

Agenda — that fearful name — is to be filed away under "inventory" if the hard-hearted dorm committee is to have its way. To those trusty stalwarts who run the undergraduate dorms, we say a lusty "fah", for were they not once members of the Society for the Prevention of Kindness to Freshmen. How can they sit there in their plush-lined chairs and even *think* about throwing out the Society, etc., without letting pass through their minds the horrors that they once meted out to freshmen — the Agenda Girls, the Compulsory Dates, The Incident of the

Carbon Black, the broken desk panels, cannonballs, cats — Ah me, we weep.

What do these Lords of the Privy Seal think they are anyway? Do they want to destroy the last remaining vestiges of the spirit that made Tech what it is today? Do they want to make Harvard "men" out of us, or differentials? Or what?

And while this column still has the strength to do so, we fling down the gauntlet to them. Let them pick it up and meet us on the field of honor. Another loud and lusty "Fah" to them.

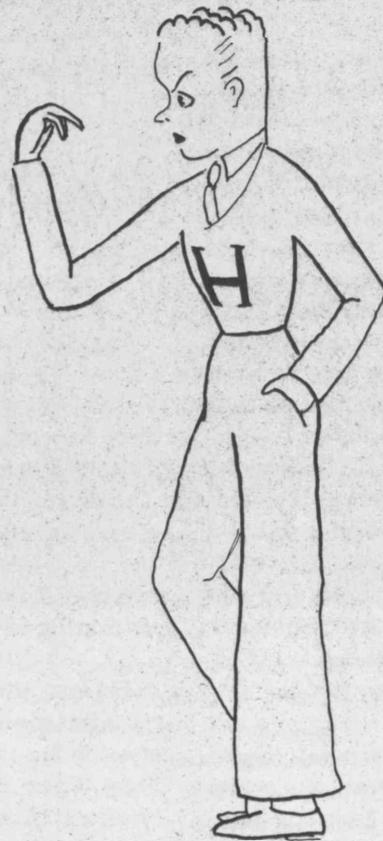
In times like these, it hardly seems appropriate to mention the fact that once upon a time the nations in Europe were not at war with one another, but we feel that

it is high time some of us were reminded of the fact.

We were once — and we wonder what the FBI will do about it (when we say it) — in Berlin. In fact, we were there during the 1936 Olympic games, at a time when international friendship was still being seriously discussed in *all* of Europe. We had purchased tickets in the United States for the opening day, and had been assigned to a section in which there were only Americans.

Tickets to the opening day had a value of their volume in gold on those particular days preceding the opening ceremonies, and only good NSDAP members among the Germans could get them at that.

Let us draw the picture for you as we saw it then, and as we can still see it.



Darn! There goes another fingernail!

Several minutes before the youth of each nation was to parade through the stadium and present itself officially, every seat was filled. There was a profound quiet. Everyone sat tensely waiting for the athletes to begin their march. The loud speakers suddenly were turned on. One could hear a gentle hum as the current warmed up the units. A baton clicked against a podium. Quiet. The melodies of the Olympic Hymn filled the huge bowl — everyone stood, out of genuine respect for the theme underlying the Olympic Idea. When it was over, everyone was seated, but an air of tenseness still prevailed. A moment or two of silence. Then the first athletes appeared beneath the huge portals that were a gateway — the Argentine delegation, proudly carrying its flag, marched slowly into the stadium. The ovation was tremendous, and continued as they marched in. They moved toward the reviewing stand, followed by Brazil, Czechoslovakia, Chile, and so on in alphabetical order. Each nation received a stirring ovation as it entered the arena. The French contingent moved in. As before, they were applauded and cheered as they stepped impressively toward the reviewing stand. Then, without warning, the flag bearer dipped his flag, and each member extended his arm in the Nazi salute. The crowd went wild. They cheered, they threw their hats into the air, they embraced one another, cheering wildly. We foreigners who had come from all over the world to see the Olympic games were moved as we never had been before. We wept, because here we thought we saw a concrete example of a new world that was to be formed. Two nations that had been fighting a bitter war only a few years before, were binding themselves into friendship. Everyone knew that

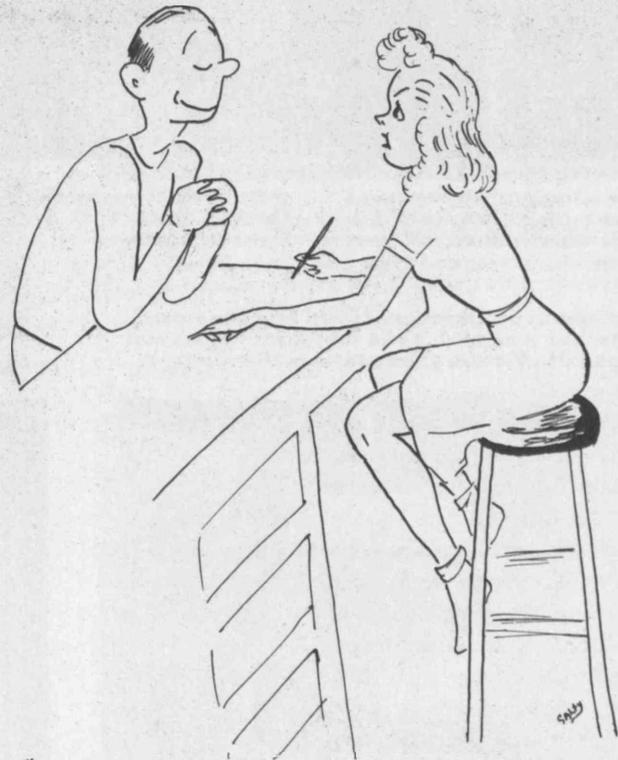
the French did not like the Nazi philosophy, nor did the Germans like Blum at the head of the French government, but here we saw that the French respected the Germans, and that the Germans were deeply moved because of it.

The remainder of that day was impressive, but we shall never forget those few moments when two nations sealed a friendship, sincerely, and not by the stiff and treacherous writing on a treaty.

In this age of regimentation and mechanization we are frequently given to wondering which is the master — the machine or the man. We are pleased to note that man has not yet given up the fight against the relentless machine and point with pride to the following example in which man's ingenuity proved victorious over the unthinking machine.

The case of the stapling machine. One of the more prominent residents of Memorial Drive reports that a stapling machine has become an important accessory to the wardrobe of the well-dressed man — particularly if he also possesses a room-mate who knows the location of the only collar buttons and cuff links in the possession of the pair. We understand, however, that the collar becomes so permanently attached to the shirt, and both become so firmly attached to the wearer, that, unless help is available, the combination serves admirably, though uncomfortably, as a pajama coat.

In passing, we note that because of the low influx of passes this season, the Globe-trotters Club of Beacon Street and the Fenway for the Following of the Legitimate (?) Stage has been a little delayed in organizing its activities for the fall season.



"WHY, I'D LOVE TO COME UP AN' SEE
YOUR BLUEPRINTS!"

FIELD DAY

Trimmed, as was predicted by Sage Hedlund, on Field Day, the lowly class of 1944 bowed before a mighty Sophomore steamroller combine, to the tune of 12 to 3 points. Hedlund the Hermit predicted, to be sure, a score of 15-0, but the neophytes pummeled the sophs in the glove fight — here numbers counted more than brains or skill.

With numerous impromptu scuffles and fisticuffs, the day proved not dull for both spectators and participants, but no blood and many pants were shed.

Much trouble was made and handled by marshals and ushers, after disputing among themselves for the privilege of carting evildoers off the field.

To an unprecedented extent, missiles were tossed from one faction at another. Objects included tomatoes, rival's shoes and marshals.

Coaches and judges were abundant, as was informality and noise.

As a result of the outcome, frosh must wear humble red and gray ties until Christmas.

1943 won this dinghy race — the third — as well as all the others, sweeping the sailing event with the same lack of difficulty experienced in most of the Field Day contests. The crowd in the foreground represents the total number of spectators.

Sophomore attempts to regiment the Frosh went up a tree with the former's pants when the second-year

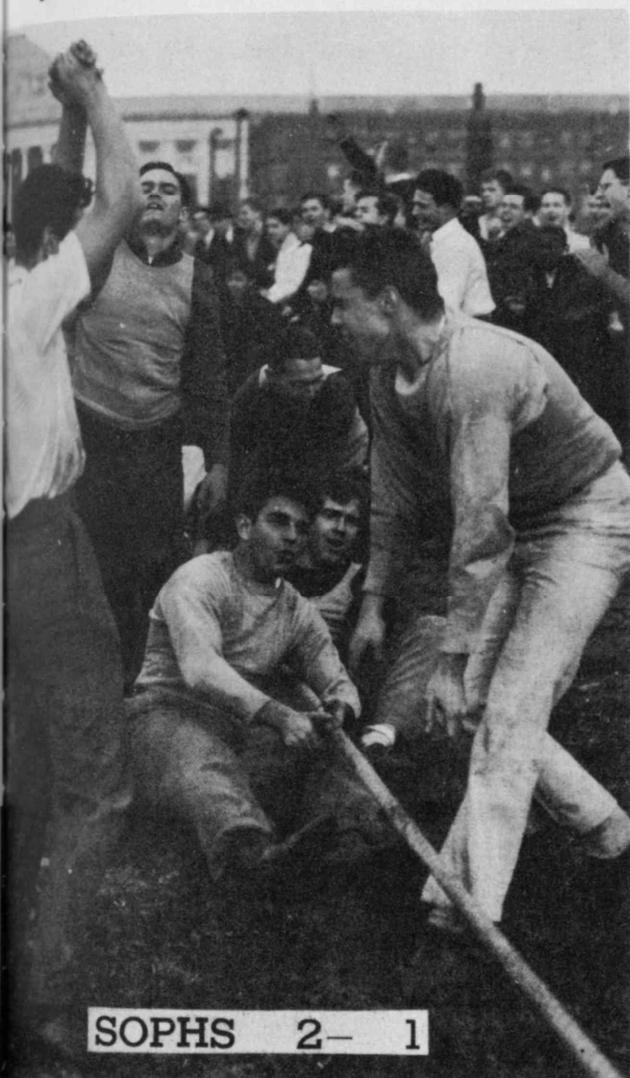
men tried to make the neophytes go through R. O. T. C. drill in pre-Field Day maneuvers.

Frosh being absent on traditional Field Day Eve errand, Dorm sophs stacked rooms. Juniors joined in, helped run up \$900 damage bill. Picture shows sample room job.



Freshman making futile line buck during football game. Sophs won easily, mature co-ordination obviously

evident. Coach Sexton is being sought by Harvard.



SOPHS 2- 1

Sophs shown winning third, and final, pull of tug-of-war. Pulling was much confused by spectators attempting to shout rhythm for pulls. After first few pulls, rhythm was ignored and brute oomph triumphed. Crews dug trenches for feet of men on rope, but these hindered as often as helped.



FROSH 144-127

Weight of numbers and the alacrity of marshals in staying out of combat gave the Frosh their only win of the day. Coach Hedlund, who forecast a blackout for the first-year men, had nothing to say after the event.

Marshals of the Inquisition dragging luckless participant for field. Evidently enjoying authority, white-sweated marshals cleared field of belligerents during fights. Man in brown sweater is ringer.





Dr. John Rockwell, well known football enthusiast, presenting ball to Soph team captain at Field Day Ban-

quet. President Compton is seated to right of passer. Silver bowl is empty, Walker having no liquor license.

Stockholders at Field Day Dance enjoying one another. Rare in Field Day Dances, event showed slight profit. See

THE TECH for minor details. Jan Savitt soothed day's bruises.



SIC ITUR AD ASTRA

By Earl Singleton

R₄

The business of dying has not been given sufficient attention; this, in spite of the fact that almost anyone will agree that dying is the most important thing that can happen to a man, next to getting born; except, adds Professor Magoun parenthetically, getting married; except, notes the student subconsciously, getting graduated. But wait a minute! We are already born, and have no control over that; there is no such thing as a scientific marriage—Professor Magoun deludes himself (besides, there is always divorce); and finally, graduation will take care of itself. This leaves the most important subsequent event of our lives, death, unworried about because we are too busy worrying about less momentous occasions; and such a situation is downright lamentable. Again, our incredible indifference to this personally incredible phenomenon—witness Stevenson's respectable married people with umbrellas relishing their cheese and salad on the side of a fiery mountain in South America—is all the more unreasonable in the face of our evident fear of it. Although the strong may scoff, men do fear death, as Milton recognized in christening it with the shuddery appellation, "the Grisly Terror"; and Bacon feared death "as little children fear the dark."

About the most unpleasant death imaginable is that caused by torture. There are numerous stock methods of torture which do not cause death, and so are worthless for discussion. But some methods are more noteworthy. A powerful warlord's latest and youngest bride, the Chinese relate, lovely as moonlight on the summit of Mount Fan-Ko, was condemned to death by torture. The reason why, while

interesting, is not here as important as the kind of torture used. A huge, ravenous gray rat was imprisoned under an inverted copper bowl, which was bound, by means of a brass strip, tightly to the barren beauty's belly. The rat had already begun to feed, as was evident from the girl's jerks and screams, before the fire was built on top of the copper bowl. . . . Sundry other procedures that are less hideous, but that last longer and may be even more painful, are known to us via the Inquisition, the American Indian, and so on: among them are breaking on the wheel, drawing and quartering, stretching on the rack, etc. Also, burning at the stake has been often used; very lately, in fact as late as 1692, the settlers in America were busily engaged in anticipating an orgy of witch burning at Salem (they finally decided on hanging). The cannibals in Africa, it is said, boil their enemies in the fat of previous enemies; other oil imparts a less delicate flavor.

In contradistinction to this forthrightness, Poe devised an exquisitely diabolical form of torture (*The Pit and the Pendulum*), from which, fortunately, he finally allowed himself to emerge alive. Jack London, on the other hand, related a thought-provoking story of how quick wit and a willingness to pay what had become an entirely negligible price saved a hardy northern lumberjack from the unendurable agonies his two companions had to suffer at the hands, and knives, of their fiendish red-skin captors. After listening to his

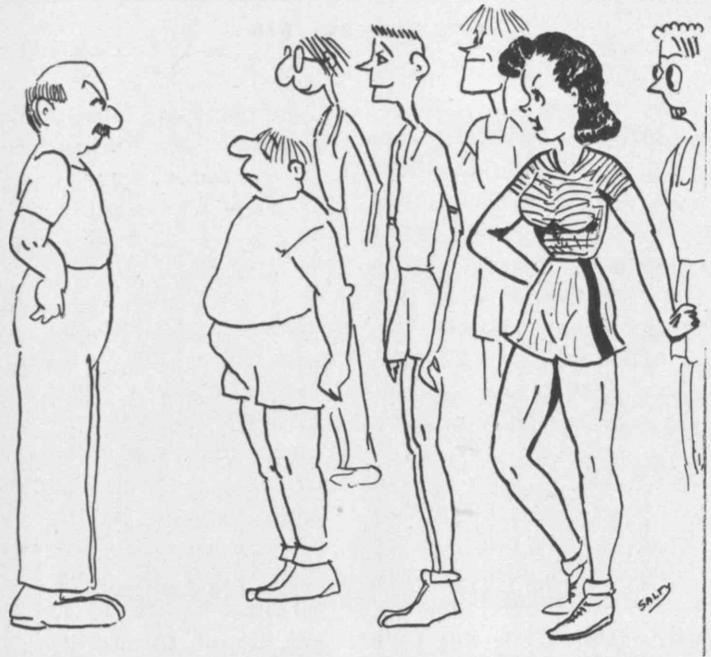
partners shriek their lives out, one at a time, during the whole of three days, our hero was invited to take his turn. However, he called upon the chief, and told him that he was a medicine man; that he could make from certain roots and herbs a salve that would possess the property of rendering a man's skin impenetrable to the sharpest steel; and that he would trade his secret for his life. The chief took him up, whereupon London's clever bargainer boiled some roots, rubbed the salve on his neck, and placing his head on a log, invited the chief to test the magic ointment's resistive powers. The chief swung mightily.

That was suicide of a sort. There are a profusion of other ways to commit suicide: gas, gun, rope, river, plunge, and poison are the most usual instruments for the purpose, but drugs that induce sleep before death are coming into favor. In some methods, such as slashing the throat or wrists, or stabbing a vulnerable spot, knives, which may be improvised, come into play. Hara-kiri, or disemboweling, was much practised by the Japanese, especially among the nobility. In England the nobility have more unusual methods; I am told of one monarch who was drowned in wine at his own request. Over in Persia, it appears that Omar the Tent-Maker employed wine for a somewhat similar purpose, if in smaller per-unit quantities; very blissful, that, if one's stomach can stand it. What is, I suppose, an even more ecstatic method of suicide is outlined in Stanley G. Weinbaum's posthumous novel, *The New Adam*. Here the hero, a mutant who is a superman mentally, is so disgusted with the world in which he finds himself stranded, that he decides

to do away with himself; and knowing himself to be quite incapable of keeping up sexually with a woman, not a superwoman, he marries the girl to whom he is attracted at the time. Letting himself go, he is used up in short order. . . . A very novel suicide was carried out by a friend of a friend of mine, by means of a procedure even more nerve wracking than that employed by the members of Stevenson's *Suicide Club*. Every morning when this damn lunatic got up he would put a bullet in a single one of the chambers of a six-chambered revolver; then, without looking at the gun, he would give the chamber a twirl, place the muzzle to his temple, and pull the trigger. He did this for a week and two days.

Some suicides, of course, are forced ones; thus, a person is judged guilty and condemned to death with the option of suicide, the form of which is sometimes specified. For examples, there are the Japanese committing harakiri; Socrates drinking the hemlock; and in every third mystery novel the murderer being allowed the graceful exit of dispatching himself in the next room. Closely allied to this kind of suicide, although it may not seem to be so at first, is that which used to occur when a sea captain insisted upon going down with his sinking ship for no apparent good reason. The Japanese, by the way, formerly used men instead of gyroscopes in their torpedoes; and the Japanese sailors considered it a great honor to sacrifice themselves in this way.

But suicide, on the whole, is decidedly depressing, although it is the only form of death so far considered that could by any stretch of the imagination be called pleasant. It seems significant that no actual suicides are ever very elaborate, unless performed by someone definitely insane; the generalization sometimes



but, sir, it's freshman rules!

heard that insanity is a prerequisite to suicide being ignored as false. An appropriate frame of mind is necessary, however. A person contemplating suicide will agree that a superb description of such a frame of mind is presented by Count Leo Tolstoi, in the scene in which Anna throws herself beneath the wheels of the train; and if the person should carry out his design, Schopenhauer would justify him, for Schopenhauer seemed to be in favor of suicide for other people, although he himself lived to a ripe old age.

Another violent form of death, different from suicide in that it is ordinarily unexpected and is not self-inflicted, is homicide. Most homicides are also murders, as are the sub-cides: matricide, parricide, fratricide, regicide, infanticide, foeticide, aborticide, uxoricide, vaticide, insecticide, and so on, to which most people are unsusceptible. Doubtless a -cide might be constructed from almost any personal noun. A homicide is considered to be disagreeable, and the word itself has an unpleasant connotation; I always think of an

ape-man with a hatchet, splitting some poor devil's skull, although most murders are actually carried out in other ways. Sub-machine guns, trunks, and spades may be added to the list of popular instruments of homicide, and the most useful tools of murder are obtained. Some highly specialized instruments such as tanks, battleships, bombers, and poison gas are also being employed from time to time — and at rapidly diminishing intervals. Surprisingly, it is only necessary to go a short way back in time to discover people who seemed to enjoy being murdered. Death in battle was pleasant Valhalla's rigid entrance requirement, and the warlike Norsemen desired nothing so much as admission to Valhalla's heavenly splendors. Also, the Mohammedans who made it their business to repulse the Crusaders believed that any end other than death by Christian swords would be fatal to the peace of their souls. In this connection, I once read a story of a woman who had religious prejudices against suicide, as well as an intense dislike for prolonged pain.

She informed her husband that she was to have a baby by another man. After he had shot her, he discovered that she had told the lie in order to avoid having to live any longer with a cancer of the stomach that had been recently revealed to her. . . . Her reason seems to be a better one than that of the Norsemen and the Mohammedans — and further, she was only a woman. But murder, or its equivalent, abounds in literature. Perhaps the most touching example of the latter may be found in the moral murder of distracted and finally demented Lear, or in the parallel story of pathetic Pere Goriot.

A particularly vile kind of murder is capital punishment. It is also unfortunately very prevalent. Dickens knew how vile and how prevalent: moving beyond description is the stream of blood that flows through the pages of *A Tale of Two Cities* and swells to a torrential climax at its conclusion. Capital punishment has not been carried out in many different ways; aside from the devices of torture previously mentioned, there remain only the gallows, electric chair, lethal chamber, firing squad, and guillotine as generally accepted instruments of execution. The garrote, walking plank, impalement stake, and noyade were once prominent, but are not in favor at present. Crucifixions, *autos-da-fe*, and similar elaborate procedures have also declined in popularity.

The fact of the matter is, almost everybody dies in his bed or in his automobile, which doesn't sound so bad when compared to being murdered. The newspapers incessantly call attention to many other unexpected misfortunes that go with automobile wrecks to help the Accident maintain its position as chief jester at Death's court. Yet it is useless to try to avoid that

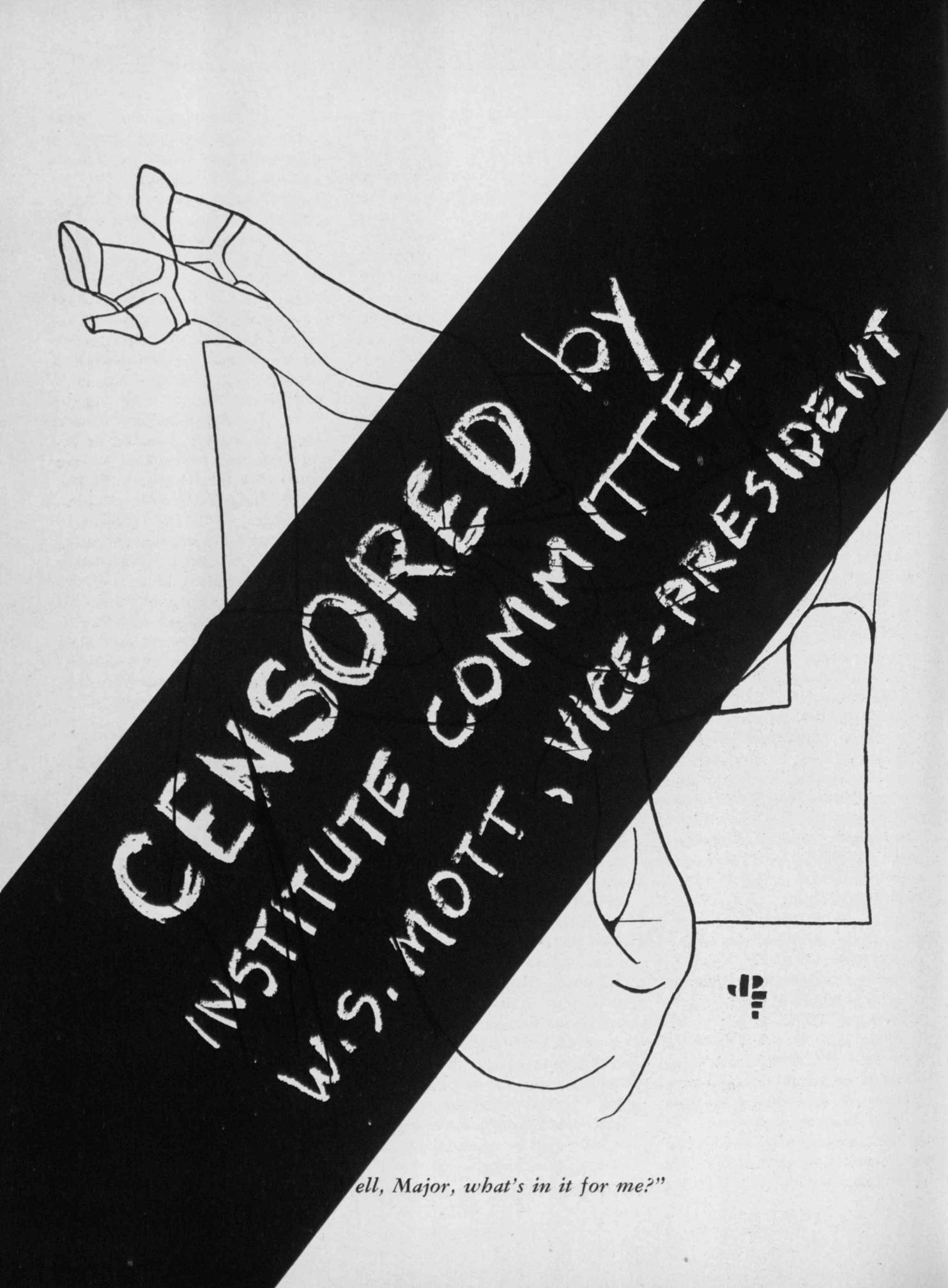
jester, as Hardy observed in that novel of futility, *The Return of the Native*. Since fate, in the form of accidents, was too much for Hardy, let us examine something more predictable, the ways and means of ending in bed. As Shakespeare wrote, there are a "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to"; or, putting it more concretely, a person may succumb to any one of a myriad of diseases, visitations, or infections such as fevers, eruptions, sores, heart troubles, wasting diseases, colds, indigestions, or venereal diseases; or he may even be taken by insanity. . . . It begins to look as if dying in bed might not be any too pleasant either. Maybe Omar Khayyam and Fitzgerald, coming and going willy-nilly with a book of verse and a jug of wine, had the right outlook after all.

An odd point may be uncovered in reference to disease in literature; the most favored diseases being insanity, tuberculosis, and the plague. Of them all, tuberculosis is the most popular. Tubercular was Levin's brother, living with a street walker, perishing in the most nauseating circumstances yet imagined by the mind of man. On the other hand, tuberculosis was often conceived to be the epitome of everything romantic in dying. Among others, Camille, Violetta, Ligeia, Eleonora, Berenice, Madelein, and Morella were all pale, pining women, victims of the fashionable consumption. But with the advance of medical science, tuberculosis is no longer romantic; and it may be that at some time in the future, disease will be so rare as to have no place at all in literature, unless rarity should place a premium on it. The same can not be said of murder, which is more common now than ever before; and certainly it is carried on in a more organized, wholesale manner.

Looking back over the whole

field, it appears that while some ways of dying may be more appealing than others, none at all can be called enticing. For the seeker after happiness, a callously logical argument points to suicide as the only suitable exit; suicide undoubtedly affords a relative sort of pleasure, or it would never be resorted to. A problem now arises as to when the suicide should be carried out. Without going through all the steps in the deduction, it is evident that if such a person is generally unhappy, the suicide should be immediate; and if he is generally happy, it should be delayed as long as possible. As long as possible is of course until just before some other form of death intercedes. This theory leads to the picture of a happiness-hunting parachute jumper plummeting earthward. His 'chute fails to open. Undismayed, he yanks his ever-present jack-knife and death's-head out of his pocket; and while he slits his throat with one, he thumbs his nose at the other, and gleefully gibbers—and gurgles. . . .





CENSORED by
INSTITUTE COMMITTEE
W.S. MOTT, VICE-PRESIDENT

ell, Major, what's in it for me?"



*Double and redouble your
pleasure with the
Smoker's Cigarette*



Chesterfield

COOLER Milder BETTER-TASTING



*Do you smoke the
cigarette that
Satisfies*



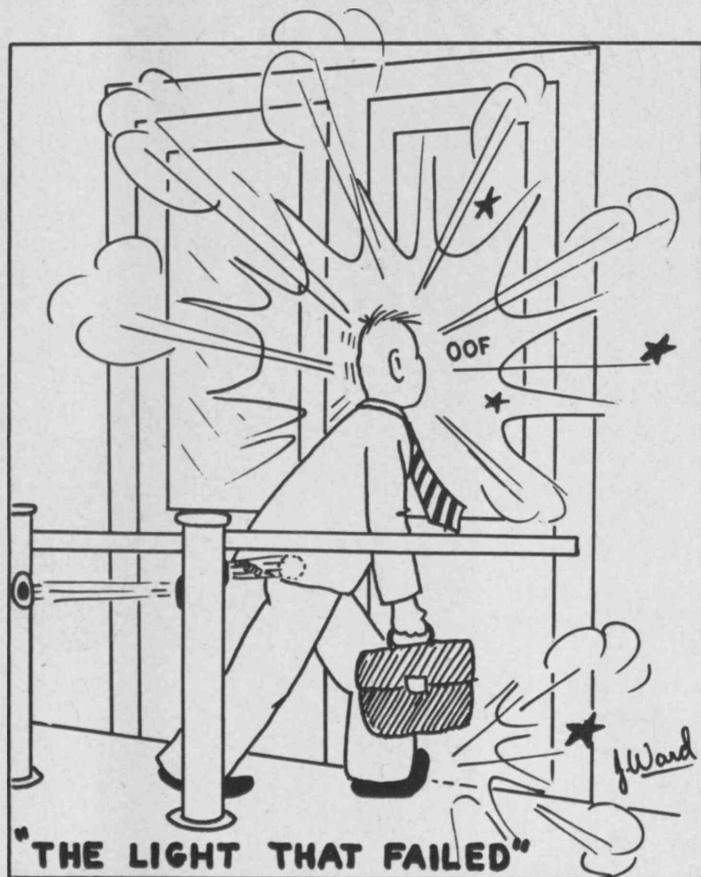
GENESIS 8.01

In the beginning, the world was created by that immortal group of men: Newton, Kepler, and Lord Kelvin. These men said in one great chorus, "Let there be electrons!" and, by heaven, there were electrons, swarming and buzzing all over the place. This led the boys to reconsider, and they hit upon the idea of putting the electrons together into some kind of shape to get them out of the way. Then Kelvin had a brilliant idea. He piped up before the other two had a chance, with "Let there be a slide rule!" And sure enough there was a brand new log log decitrig duplex in a shiny new leather case, and Kelvin had made the first thing in the world. Now the other two titians were just a little bit peeved at having this very notable honor snatched from under their very noses, so to speak, and they

went off in a corner and hatched up the laws of motion and began, with the aid of these, to turn things out at a great rate. First they created a dome, a great big, grey stone dome, and when it was done they were just a wee bit puzzled as to what would be done with it. But Kelvin stood alone, a little way off, watching them. They didn't want him to think that they couldn't make something every bit as good as a little old slide rule; so Newton said in a very off-hand way (Newton was always the man to get the others out of a jam because of his good old laws of motion which he soon found could be used for almost anything.) "I guess we could put an Institute under it if we wanted to." and Kepler looked very wise and nodded his head. "Yep, that's just what we could do." So before

you could slip a slip stick they did. And the evening and the morning were the first day. Now Kelvin was still peeved at the others, but when he saw what a splendid thing they had done and how puny his slide rule looked beside it he saw that he had better get on the ball before everything was made.

There was a slight period of argument between the boys at this point and this evening and the morning were the second day. Finally they decided to make a student for the fine new institute they had just created. So they worked very hard indeed and finally after much use of Newton's Laws and a new little thing called First Law of Thermodynamics they managed a student. Now this was the first student they had ever made and though they were a little proud of him; still, they knew, each one in his heart, that this queer creature just wasn't good enough to go into the beautiful Institute; so they whipped up a place a little way off and called it Harvard and put the new thing in it. And the evening and the morning were the third day. Now they set about making students, each one turning them out as fast as he could get the right formula. At first all of them were rather below what they had hoped for, but this did not bother them because they knew they could always put them in Harvard. This got to be a habit after awhile. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day. Now Newton who had been working over in the corner made a slip somewhere and the thing he was working on didn't come out like a student at all. It was all dried up and queer looking, worse, if anything, than the Harvard students. Not wishing to let the others know he had slipped, Newton only smiled a sly smile and said, "Look,



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Pan! Brown

I just made a Prof!" And so profs came to be made and Newton had done it again, and the evening and the morning were the fifth day. Finally they were really getting on the ball and it looked as if at any minute they might get something really worth while. Kepler was getting a little fatigued and was about to suggest that they lay off for awhile when Kelvin, the old fox, slipped the last item into his newest attempt and straightened up with a "Well, I guess this is it, men." And there sure enough was the best possible student. New and shining, he was the best yet. And this was the first Tech man. Kelvin did it and got back at the others for making the dome and the Institute without him. The Tech man walked over to Newton and the first thing he said was "What formula was that?" They told him and he took the slide rule, the one that had been

made only a few days before and before they could stop him he went off working the thing and mumbling to himself. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

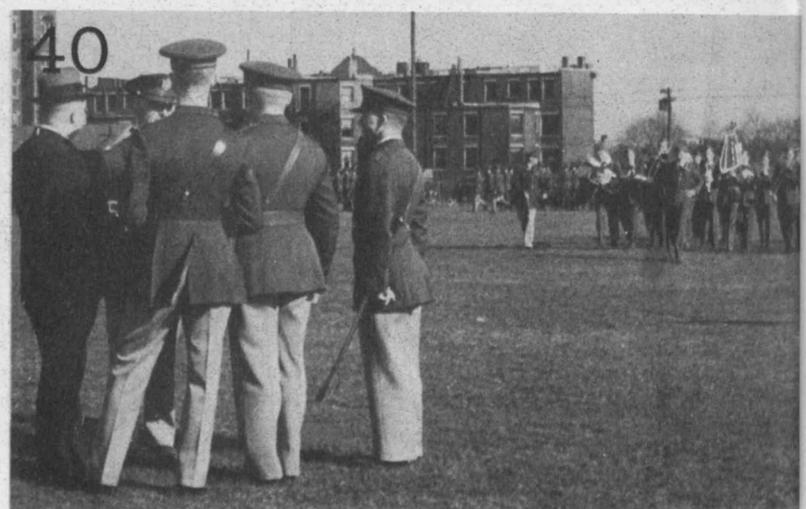
And the three worked and the Tech students came at a great rate and they were all very pleased except that once in awhile they did slip ever so little due to not using the right bugger factor. When this happened they called the result a co-ed. But it didn't happen very often. And the evening and the morning were the seventh day.

Now they were all getting very tired and things had been going so well that they decided to stop. As Keppy put it "No use overdoing it." So they stopped for a glass of dark and a little rest on the way. They met the first Tech man they had made who was busy by now with graduate work and asked him

to come. But he only laughed a hard, dry laugh and said, "And leave my work? Don't be foolish." So they had to go off without him.

And this is the way the world was made from which it can be seen that it all came out fairly well. Or did it?





SNOOTIN' THE 'STUTE

Really, I don't give a hoot,
But I warn you fair Institute,
Gray and glorious,
Slightly notorious,
Sitting so stolid by river of muck.
It's only a matter of luck
That you weren't previously ruined
By maidens,
By matrons,
By morons,
And such.
As I've said once before,
I don't really care much.
But I hate to see the Institution
Reduced into a pink solution.
When Frank need only give us
A "P" in eight-o-three-plus.
I just took a quiz.
Egad! Did I fizz!
And
Go
Out,
Like a light.

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What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best gag 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.

Now, in my face you will flout
My grade, which is low beyond doubt,
'Till I bellow a scream and a shout.
With my knees on the floor,
For a "P" I implore.
Should this fail to impress, I suggest, that you add a
huge lock to your door.
For there is attainable,
Easily gainable,
Gasoline,
Kerosene,
Oil,
Stocks of inflammable stuff.
Which if lighted,
Simply ignited,
Would go up with a puff.
But,
I am a schemer
Only a dreamer.
For only just now did I learn
That this damn place refuses to burn.

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ON GETTING A DATE

The art of asking for a date by telephone is indeed replete with difficulties. It may be broken down into seven (7) fundamental steps: (1) obtaining the telephone number; (2) calling; (3) waiting for the girl to come to the phone; (4) opening the conversation; (5) leading up to the request; (6-a) naming the time and place of meeting; (6-b) graciously accepting the refusal of the invitation; (7) saying goodbye.

To many of the expert men-about-town, getting a satisfactory phone number is the most difficult step in the entire process. The number itself is not the spectre to be feared, nay, but the spectre which might answer the phone is the fly in the ointment.

The more conservative askers-for-a-date make a policy of never calling a prospective feminine companion until they have thoroughly inspected the goods. Only after they have met her at a party or dance, or have surveyed the situation as she delicately sipped a stein of The Dark at Jake Wirth's, will they even consider swelling A. T. & T.'s income by calling her.

Of course, this all hinges upon the caller's ability to extract the desired number from either the girl or one of his friends who knows her.

Step (2), the art of calling, breaks down into several parts. First, the caller-to-be should always arm himself with a pocket full of nickels, or reasonably accurate facsimiles thereof. He will never know how long the process is going to take, and it is most annoying to reach a crucial point in the conversation, hear the operator say, "Anothah niakul, pleeuz," and find oneself without the means for carrying on.

The approved method of actual phoning is to hold the little black address book, with a pencil, in the right hand. Before anything more is done, find a comfortable position in the booth (I assume you are in the booth) from which you can write, and hold the book in one hand. The wall, at about eye level, is an excellent place to rest the book.

Next, place the nickel in the five-cent slot. Many of our modern phone booths are provided with ten and twenty-five cent hazards, and, in the semi-gloom, many a luckless phoner has placed his money in one of these. The proper receptacle is invariably the farthest right. Remove the receiver and listen for the buzz. When it comes through, allow the receiver

to dangle, and, with the left hand, which is the only one free, dial the desired number. With the same hand, pick up the receiver. Without listening, hang up. The line is always busy. Remove yourself from the phone booth, walk around the block twice, buy one package of cigarettes, and return to the booth.

Repeat the above performance; only this time you may place the receiver to your ear. The chances are that the line will not be busy and you will get: (a) her older brother; (b) her mother; (c) the colored maid; (d) the zoo; (e) her father. The odds on talking to her at once are the same as those on getting unasked-for money from home.

While waiting for Gwendolyn (let us call her by that name for convenience) you may find that you have a great deal of time on your hands. First, read the list of exchanges so kindly provided for you by the telephone company. These, together with directions for phoning, have a reading time of four minutes and 54.39 seconds, if you read slowly. About now, the soles of your feet will begin to burn. This burning will be slightly alleviated by standing first on one foot, and then on the other. When shifting your weight, do so, carefully. Haste makes waste, you know, and too much eagerness to get off one foot and onto the other may even result in a dislocated hip, especially if it's loose.

After four nickel's worth of waiting time, Gwendolyn will answer by saying the magic phrase "Hello." Don't "Hello" back — it is too banal. The conversation should go something like this:

Gwendolyn: "Hello."

You: "How've you been, Ginnie?"



She: "Oh me, fine, and you?"
(She doesn't know who is speaking from Adam, and you should take no pains to enlighten her before this time — it breaks down resistance.)

You: "Not so well."

She: "Why not?"

You: "Haven't seen you in a month of Sundays. (About this time you get ready to lay it on thick. She knows it, but she loves it.) Where've you been for the last few thousand ages?"

She (trying to find out who is speaking): "Where you been?"

You: "Oh, hanging around Jake's. (Now you start hinting as to who you are.) Remember the night Joe got that wonderful edge on?"

Gin (finally catching on): "You weren't doing so bad yourself."

You: "You neither. (Do not end this sentence with 'Babe.' You might think it, but don't voice it — very bad psychologically.) By the way, you doing anything Saturday?"

Gwen: "Not a thing."

You: "How about the Flamingo? Pick you up about eight."

Gwen: "Good enough."

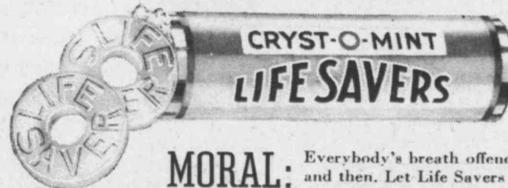
You: "O. K., Gin, take care of yourself."

That's all there is to it. Remarkably silly and simple, isn't it? Of course, if you'd been refused, you might have had to say something like "You're breaking my heart, Ginnie, but I'll see you in a couple of weeks — huh?" This line, really, is slightly insipid, but it's good ninety per cent of the time.

On the average, speaking to a telephone is harder than speaking to the girl. But if you know what you're going to do before you go into the little black booth, success is assured, for, as a French bard once spake, "Cherchez la femme," which is exactly what you're doing.



Once distance lent enchantment to
A bad-breathed girl named Mary Lou.
But she sipped Cryst-O-Mints so now
Men hold her on their laps, and how!



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

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FRESHMAN CAMP

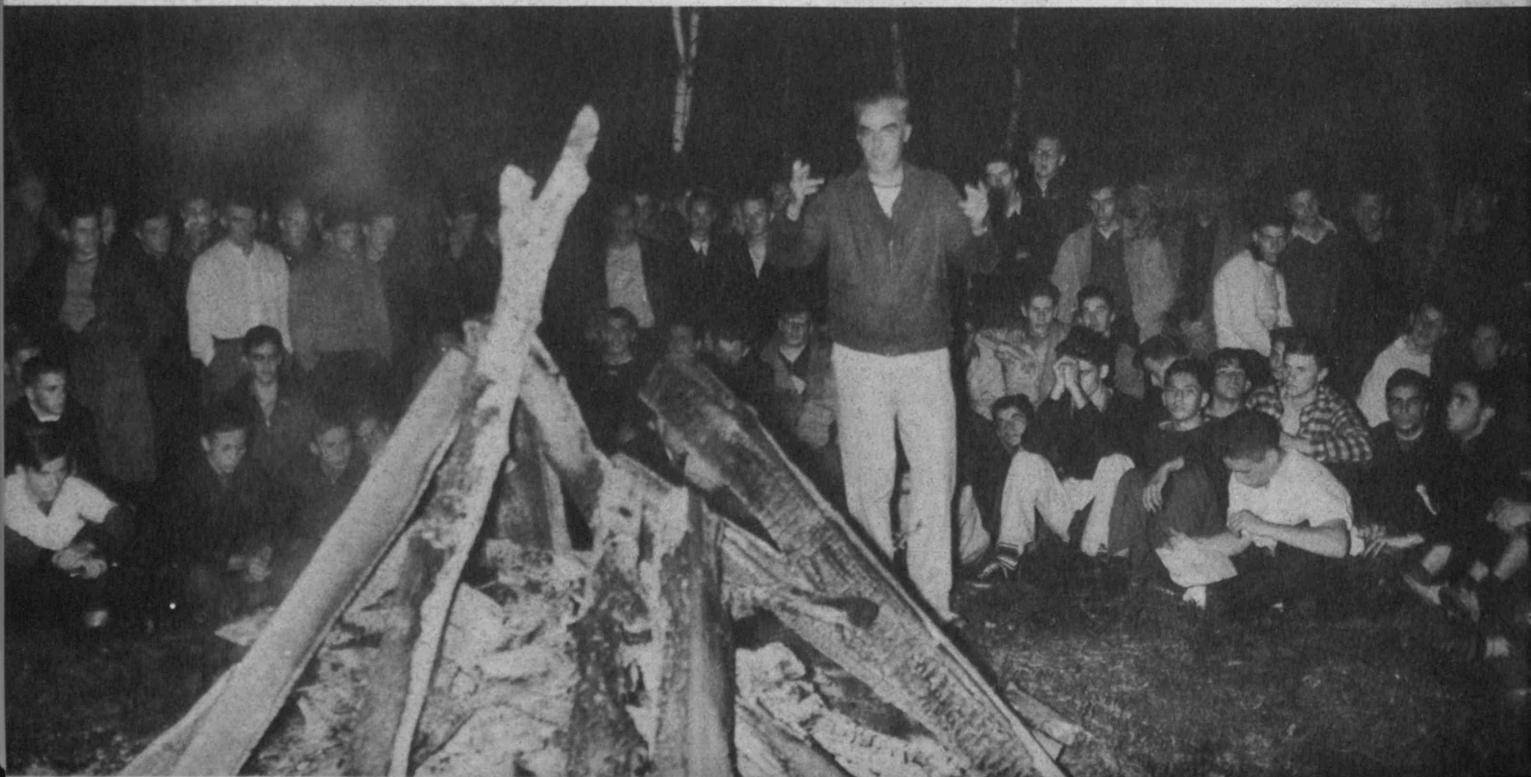
Introducing freshmen and activity men to Institute life, Freshman camp is run by T.C.A. during first three days preceding opening of Institute year. '43 men staged two major raids, were frustrated by shivering '44 sentries. Score of sophs were dunked when trapped by wily frosh. Various notables among faculty are shown off to awed frosh. President Compton even going so far as to swing at ball during faculty vs. Councillors game (see cut). Highlight of camp is baptism of soph president in chilly Lake Massapoag. Freshman camp registration increases every year. Camp is always run at loss, increased by disappearance of blankets and counsellors.



Boys play beneath the hallowed name of Francis Amasa Walker as the frosh get their first taste of underclass warfare while registering for Freshman Camp. The Sophomores lived up to tradition, supplying the banners, water bags, firecrackers, noise necessary for a proper send-off.

Obie Dennison, '11, known to generations of Tech men for "Women, Women, Women" and "Three Brass Balls," initiates a new group of first year men into council fire

singing. Obie, as much a fixture of Frosh Camp as the Sophomore raids, hasn't missed a Massapoag adventure in years.





Crew brought a boat 35 miles to camp, put on their uniforms, put the barge in the water and themselves in

the barge. Then they got out to give the Frosh a chance to catch a few crabs of their own.

President Compton tells Frosh not to have open minds on moral issues, points with pride to work of Institute in

National Defense, and expresses fervent hope that M.I.T. will remain isolated from stewing world. Frosh listen with open minds.





Dyspeptic gentlemen in this picture are such activity leaders who remained as counsellors for the full Freshman Camp period. Only gentleman with a broad smile left was

T. C. A. president Ivison who had to. Others had cold water thrown on their spirits by the lack of hot liquid for shaving and other purposes.

Toupee dyed a violent crimson, '43 president Reebie was caught on Saturday morning of Frosh Camp. Hustled to the lake for the traditional ducking, Reebie was defended by Frat-brother Meyers, T.E.N.'s fair-haired boy.

Meyers, white-sweatered and visible in the foreground of the first picture, closely followed the Soph President into the water and then reappeared wet and shivering to give his activity pep-talk. Total ducked in this melee were one Frosh, one Soph, and one Senior.



MUSIC

By Bob Marshall

ART SHAW — "Special Delivery Stomp," "Keepin' Myself for You."

In these two records Artie features a small and supposedly intimate combination called the "Gramercy Five." Its really a "pick-up" combination featuring the following: trumpet, Butterfield, an ex-Crosby dixielander; traps, Nick Fatool; harpsichord, John Guarnieri (the two latter are ex-Goodman).

The harpsichord does not seem to be well adapted to swing music, as it is impossible to accent sufficiently to make it "dig." Teddy Wilson (whom Guarnieri idolizes) gives several harpsichord concerts (classical) a year in Town Hall. Incidentally, these harpsichords are not resurrected relics. Modernized versions are still being made in this country by Claude Chiasson who lives in Boston. If you are interested in hearing a modern harpsichord, Chiasson gives periodic free concerts in the Boston Museum.

Getting back to Shaw, his playing clearly reveals, in the "technical sense," the need of Lana Turner. (She went home to mother.)

"MORE" SHAW — "Love of My Life," "A Handful of Stars."

Here are two show tunes played by Shaw's "augmented" dance band. Besides this increased tonality, there is the sparkling clear trumpet of Ziggy Elman. Ziggy unsuccessfully fronted Goodman's orchestra for awhile this summer, but unfortunately he just does not look like a band leader. This is particularly unfortunate as there are few people better equipped musically to lead a band than Ziggy.

When B. G. discovered him, he

was fronting his own band in Atlantic City, playing trombone (and every other instrument). Since then, Ziggy's recognition has been tied down by the presence of Harry James. But now that he's out free-lancing, he ought to go places.

LIONEL HAMPTON — "Pig Foot Sonata."

Lionel combines his efforts with three members of the Six Spirits of Rhythm. Also featured on piano is Marlowe Marrio (now playing at Nick's in N. Y. C.).

JACK TEAGARDEN — "Peg of My Heart," "Rippling Waters."

"Peg" features Jackson T's brass choir in some astoundingly sonorous harmonies that are bound to get you. "Rippling Waters" is an arrangement by John Van Eps, now playing saxophone in the band. Van Eps is one of the best hot composer-arrangers. Remember his "Stop, Look and Listen" for the Dorsey Brothers?



hi-hat

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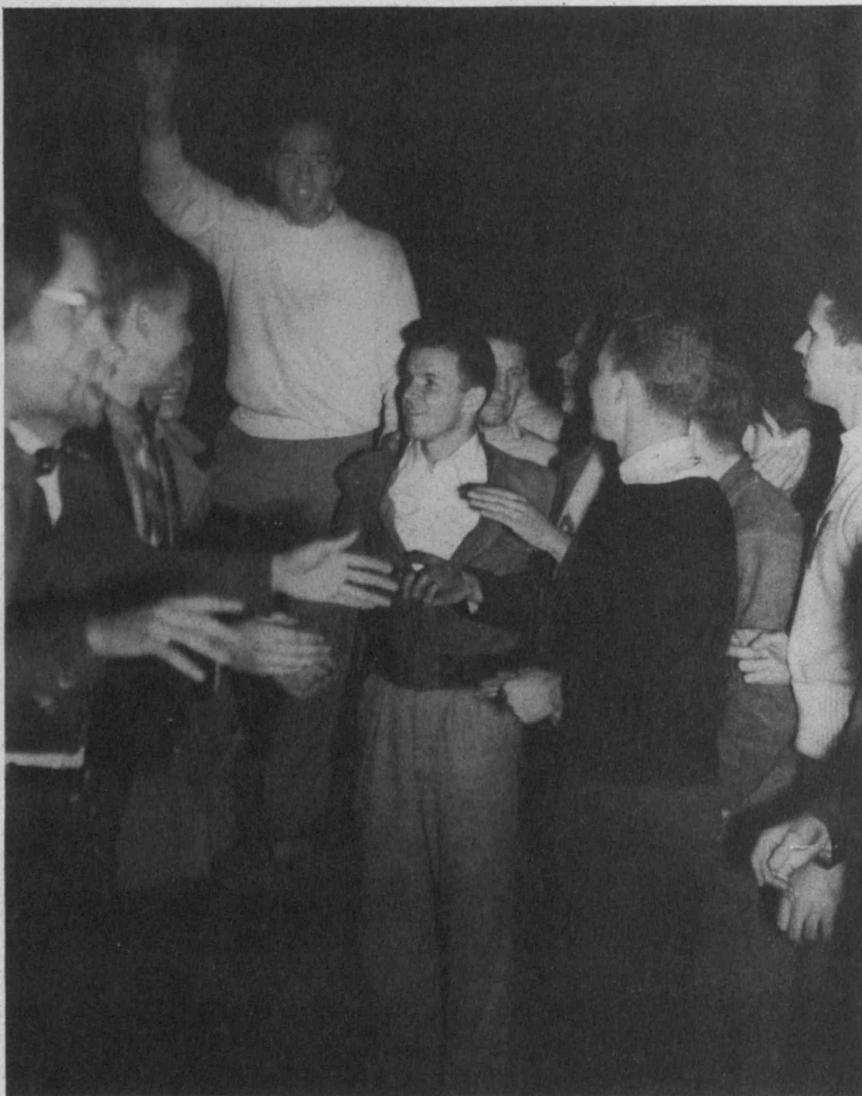
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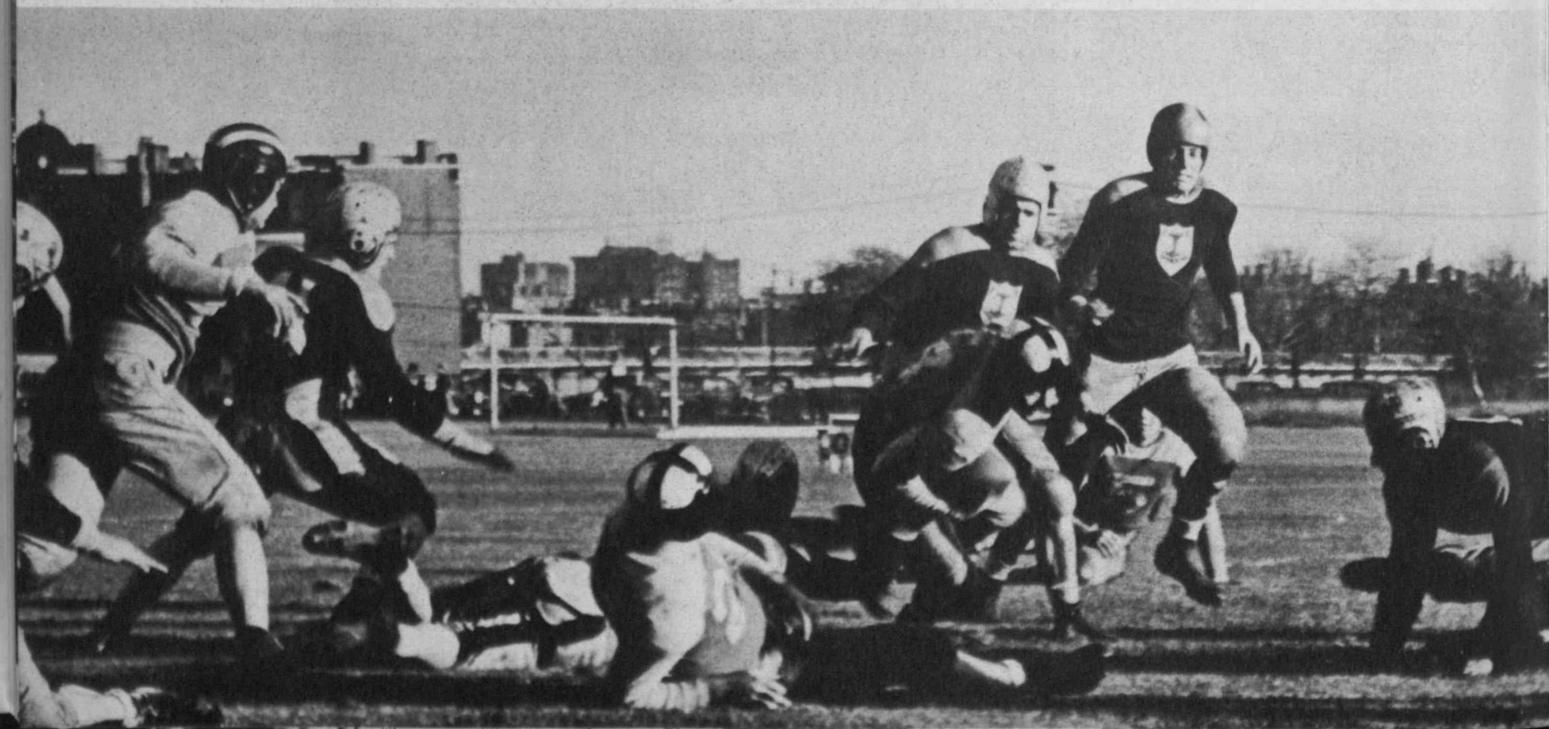
TECH PRODUCES FOOTBALL TEAM

For the first time in God knows how many years, M.I.T. has graced a gridiron with a school football team. Other parasitic schools such as Harvard, Yale, etc., have varsity teams, but Tech is different, having a non-varsity team composed only of Juniors and Seniors. Some opposition has been encountered, but the team carries on. Student spirit is shown by huge bonfire reminiscent of middle-western college rallies.

Record of team is not impressive, but consider that Tech men ruin their health by late hours, bad food, and lots of beer; also, Tech has no athletic scholarships. Coordination of plays is hampered by lack of practice. Coach Sgt. Hunt seldom has a whole team together because of classes, a thing unheard of in other ringer schools.

At rally, each frosh brought one wooden box, piled them in pyramid. Spies from Cambridge fire dept. forced students to get bonfire permit before event.

Tech team playing Fore River Apprentice School of the Bethlehem Steel Company team. Score 6-6.



EDITORIAL



With this issue Phos is licking its coat clean and is taking a new lease on one of its many lives. What is presented here is the product of Institute Committee action, born amidst great meowing and caterwauling.

It must be realized that this issue was produced during the toil and turmoil of a transition period. Naturally, therefore, it has not attained that perfection which may be expected in the future.

In order to appeal to a greater variety of tastes, Phos now undertakes the herculean task of utilizing the literary, humoristic, photographic and artistic ability that is undeniably present at the Institute.

It is fully realized that everyone will not be satisfied. Phos hopes that those who are not will be sufficiently interested to suggest changes and improvements. The success of any publication at the Institute depends on its ability to receive constructive criticism and to act accordingly. The success of the new VOO DOO particularly depends upon such help. Phos wishes to draw in the future upon every available bit of talent now latent at Tech. Those who wish to help in developing the new magazine will be eagerly welcomed in our offices. This is your VOO DOO.

Phos purrs in anticipation of better things to come.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."

Submitted by

RICHARD F. COTTRELL '41,

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**DORCLAN INITIATES**

threw their annual "good stunt" as they beat their drums for both political parties among the staid columns of

Building Seven. DORCLAN, the dormitory junior and senior honorary society, has initiations similar to those of its sister society, AGENDA

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

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

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

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

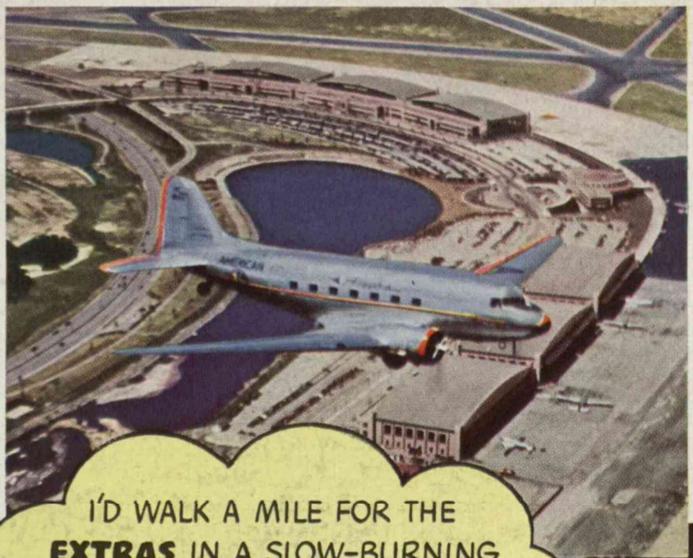
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**Summer Session Bulletin.**

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

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