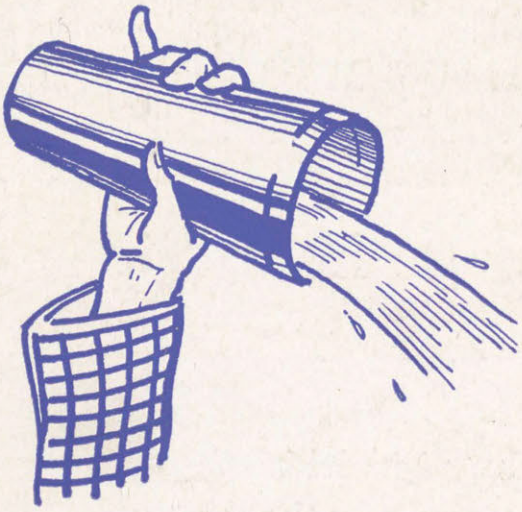


CONSUMER'S NUMBER



PRICE—25c

Who will make the greater impression on history—the messenger who carried the message to Garcia or the message he carried?

Let the sterling qualities of your printed messengers — the layout, the printing, the paper, the ink — do their part in creating an impression so that the message is better received and longer remembered.

Printer of:
1933 Technique
Voo Doo, Vol. XVI

FOXBORO PRINTING COMPANY

FOXBORO, MASSACHUSETTS, Telephone 236

And then there was the persistent lawyer who spent a whole evening trying to break a girl's will.

—Phoenix



Oh—"I found out Garbo doesn't love me."

Yeah—"Oh, do you know her?"

Oh—"No, I just tried it on a daisy."

—Dirge



Heebe: "Did you know that women were in politics many thousands of years ago?"

Jeebe: "No, where did you get that?"

Heebe: "Well, it is stated that Salome's motion was received by the house with loud applause."

—Exchange



Dean—"Don't you know you shouldn't play strip poker?"

Sweet Young Thing—"Oh, it's perfectly all right. It's really not gambling."

Dean—"What!"

S. Y. T.—"No; you see we get our clothes back."

—Utah Crimson



It was on top of a crowded bus in Chicago.

"Low bridge!" shouted the conductor to the passengers. "Everyone keep his seat and face to the front."

A gay little flapper up forward turned around, smiled sweetly, and said, "My dear, you know that can't be done."

—Log



Why do you suppose Kipling said he'd rather have a pipe than a woman?

Dunno—unless it's because it's easier to get a pipe hot.

—Log



SKETCHED FROM LIFE AT THE AQUARIUM

GUIDE TO NEW YORK

Chapter 1

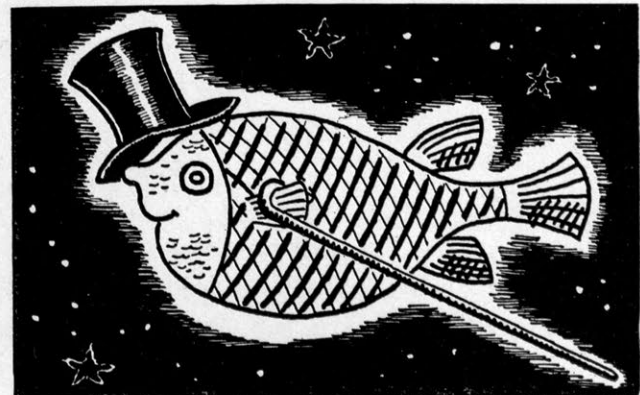
The Aquarium's down at the Battery. You may miss it if you like, and it will never miss you. But don't miss the Seaglade at the Hotel St. Regis. Deep-sea atmosphere by Joseph Urban. Rippling rhythms by Meyer Davis himself, aided by Maximilian Bergère. Entertainment that really entertains. Oceans of fun, if you like being with a lively young crowd. Dinner, \$3. Supper, \$1.50. Couvert after 9:30, \$1.50; Saturdays, \$2.50...dinner guests excepted. Rooms, from \$4.

THE SEAGLADE

at the Hotel St. Regis

FIFTH AVE. AT E. 55TH ST., N. Y.

:: DRAWN FROM IMAGINATION AT THE SEAGLADE ::





STOUT FELLA,

or, more appropriately, "GALLANT LADY"; none other than ANN HARDING, coming to LOEW'S STATE Theatre January 19th; with Clive Brook and Otto Kruger.

Optician—Weak eyes have you? Well, how many lines can you read on that chart?

Patient—What chart?

—Exchange



1: "That's a pretty dress you have on."

2: "Yes, I only wear it to teas."

1: "Who?"



Toastmaster, introducing speaker: "I'm sure Mr. Jones, of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will give us a pleasant half-hour. He's just full of his subject."

—Whirl Wind



And we always have that frosh who thinks smelling salts are sailors with B. O.

M. I. T.
VOO DOO

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Published by the Woop Garoo Society for the Students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from October to May
Subscription \$1.75 per year

Office hours: 2 to 5.30 P. M., Monday to Friday
Member A. C. C. E.

Entered as second-class matter at the
Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

VOL. XVI.

JANUARY, 1934

No. 7

Copyright, 1934, by the Woop Garoo Society
Exclusive reprints rights granted to

College Humor
and Sense

"Naturally"—The College Headquarters

. . . The . . .

Hotel Kenmore

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE



Four Hundred
Luxurious Rooms
each with
Bath—Tub—Shower
Circulating
Ice Water

•
Ample
Parking Space

The best private functions rooms
in Boston for College
Social Affairs

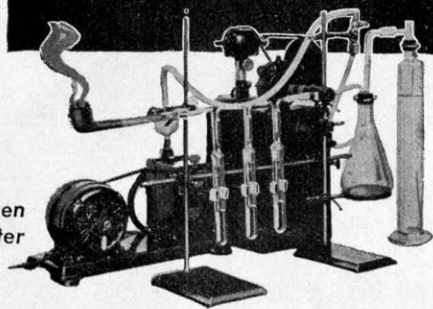
DURING THE PAST YEAR OVER SIXTY-FIVE COLLEGE ATHLETIC TEAMS AND THREE THOUSAND COLLEGE STUDENTS AND FAMILIES HAVE MADE THE KENMORE THEIR BOSTON HOME

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Bradford Hotel	22
Brooks Brothers	19
Cafe de Paris	19
Edgeworth Tobacco	23
Harvard Cooperative Society	21
Hicks and Shaw	22
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	15
L. A. Johnson Co.	24
Kaywoodie Pipes	3
Kenmore Hotel	2
Loew's State Theatre	2
Park Burlesque Theatre	4
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.	B. C.
Smith Patterson Co.	23
S. S. Pierce	21
St. Regis Hotel	1
Walton's Lunch Co.24

NEW
Drinkless
KAYWOODIE

PROVED
THE BEST SMOKING
PIPE IN THE WORLD



on the Jensen
Smoke Tester

There's one pipe that is actually better-smoking than any other. **University scientists, recently, made over 410 tests with every well known pipe in the world and proved new Drinkless Kaywoodie best.** By actual laboratory measurement, 51% purer smoke, 51% better taste! Let your own taste confirm it. Get a new Drinkless Kaywoodie. It will bring you the kind of enjoyment that is a revelation. For the first time, you'll know the real pleasure of pipe smoking.

Send for the Proof
Get the only Handbook of its kind—shows 106 different pipes in full colors including the newest styles. Also booklet describing the 410 pipe tests. Enclose 10c for mailing.

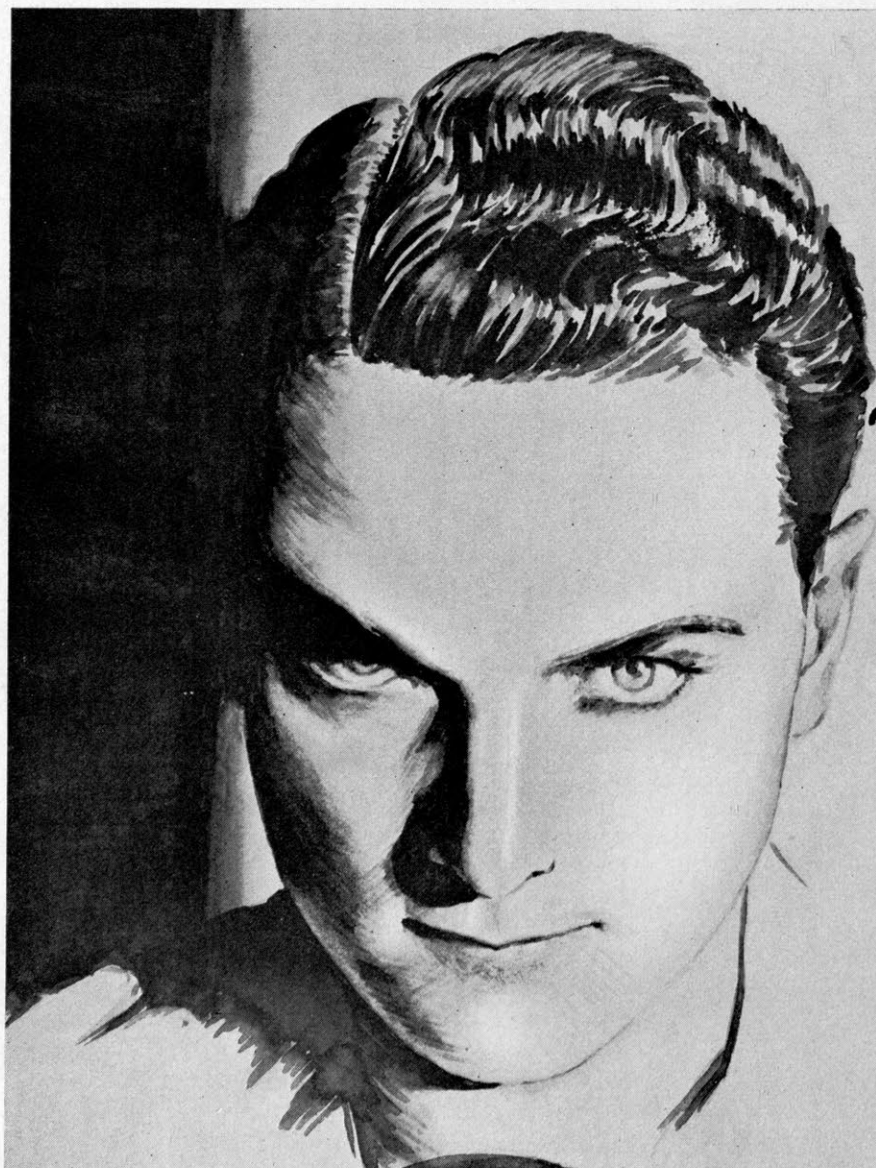
Dept. X

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc.
Empire State Building
New York City.
Established 1851



\$3⁵⁰

51% PURER SMOKE
BETTER TASTE

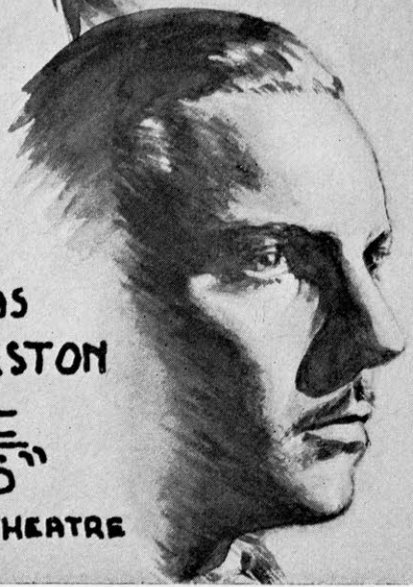


GUY
ROBERTSON

WHO RIDES HIGH ON

"ALL THE
KING'S
HORSES"

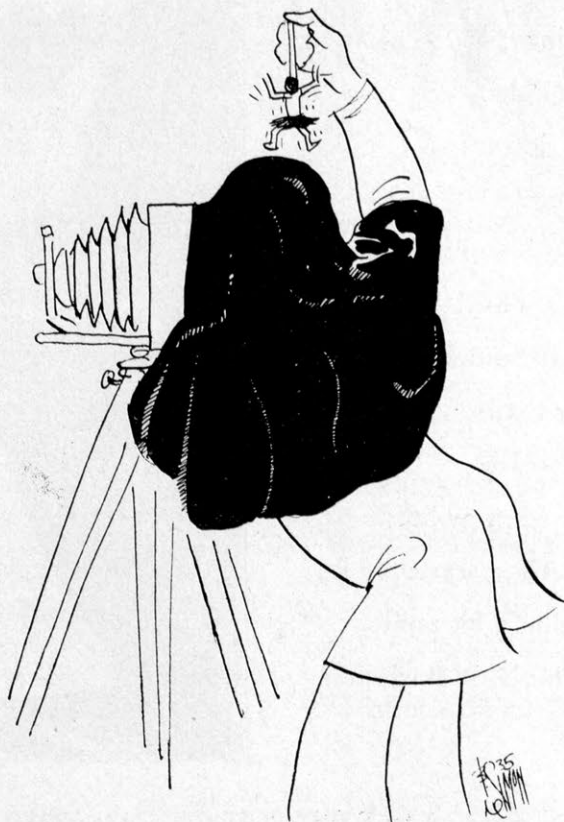
SHUBERT THEATRE



MELVIN DOUGLAS
AND RUTH WESTON
IN
"NO MORE
LADIES"
PLYMOUTH THEATRE

Will Rappert

PHOS LICKS HIS CHOPS . . .



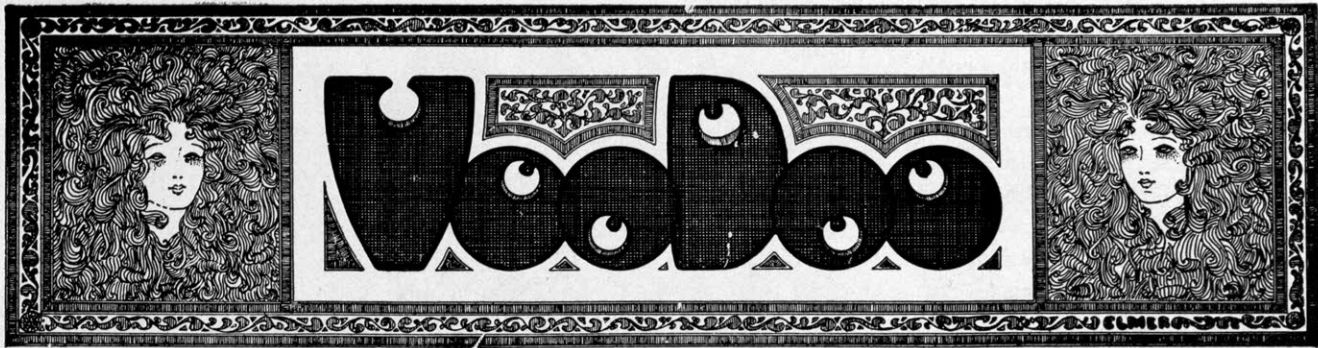


Bom-Bom-Burlecue

Brazen Blare
 From the orchestra Pit;
 Footlights' Glare
 Where the Bald-pates sit;
 There she weaves
 From behind the Wings,
 Baudeau of Leaves,
 Girdle of Strings;
 Panther-like Glide
 Out on the Midway;
 Giving a Ride
 To the old Boy whose Hey-dey
 Is past; with a Thrill
 For the ardent Schoolboy,
 Wide-eyed and still;
 Bringing a new Joy
 To the jaded Metropolit;
 Painting the Air a scarlet Hue;
 Really not being a bit polite,
 But then,—who is, in Burlecue?



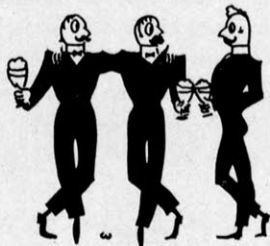
Sketches posed for by GYPSY ROSE LEE and the REED SISTERS, of the current "Burlesque Moderne," at Minsky's PARK THEATRE.



VOO-DOOINGS . . .

Amen . . .

ONCE we found a fellow who knew a gent who knew the words to *Take Me Back to Tech*. He told us that one line in that famous song was: "And chapel and all that —" And since that time we've had visions of old Tech back on Boylston Street with its ivy-covered chapel hidden under the stately old elms and telegraph poles; and the student body marching solemnly in



through the majestic Gothic arch and the maze of horse-cars and carriages.

But alas, to say nothing of alackaday — fate held a sorry surprise in store for us. We were talking to one of the old grads a while ago — he had graduated from "The Tech on Boylston Street." We mentioned the old chapel casually in the course of the conversation.

"Chapel!" he roared, and then he laughed a mighty laugh. "That chapel, son," he said, "referred to the cellar of the Brunswick Hotel. We used to drink beer there between classes!"



Down, please . . .

A FRESHMAN was beset by two difficulties. He solved them both and emerged with triumphant achievement.

The first of his troubles was financial.

The second was 8.01.

Using the latter as a means to an end, he propounded the following theory. Everytime we walk upstairs we use up so much work. If we took the elevator up we would have that much more potential energy. If we took the elevator up twice, we would have twice that much. That is, providing you walked downstairs. Or in general: If we made n trips we would have n times that amount of potential energy.

The frosh worked out all the calculations and discovered how many times he would have to ride up and walk down to gain the correct amount of calories necessary for a day's sustenance. The rest was comparatively easy. Now he could derive all his nourishment free from the Otis people and so he could dispense with eating and sleeping.

The results of his experiments escaped publication. He is now a sadder and wiser man.



Fair and Warmer . . .

WE are not by nature eavesdroppers, but we all must acknowledge those occasional moments when we can't help hearing things. It happened while we were strolling behind a couple of graduates along the concrete path that runs between Building 8 and the rear left-hand corner of Walker Memorial.

The time was just after Boston had been the victim of one of those sporadic nightmares of the weather man.

Snow had been falling heavily for two consecutive days, and on the third the sun's rays were upon it busily melting it away again. The green grass of our campus was soaked in puddles of the disappearing frost, and only an occasional dash of whiteness was visible.

Now our two scientists noted shrewdly that of the scant snow that remained about seven-eighths of it was



right close up against the walk.

"What was the cause of this phenomena?" they asked.

"It must be convection currents in the concrete," they answered. "Or perhaps the difference of absorption coefficients between cement and soil?"

"No," they continued, "that couldn't be so. Because if you integrated both rates of melting, you would be bound to end up with the same result."

"Well, in all possible cases there must be a lack of heat near the walk. Whether it was mechanical energy losses or conductivity losses is the question."

"That must be it! The friction of people walking."

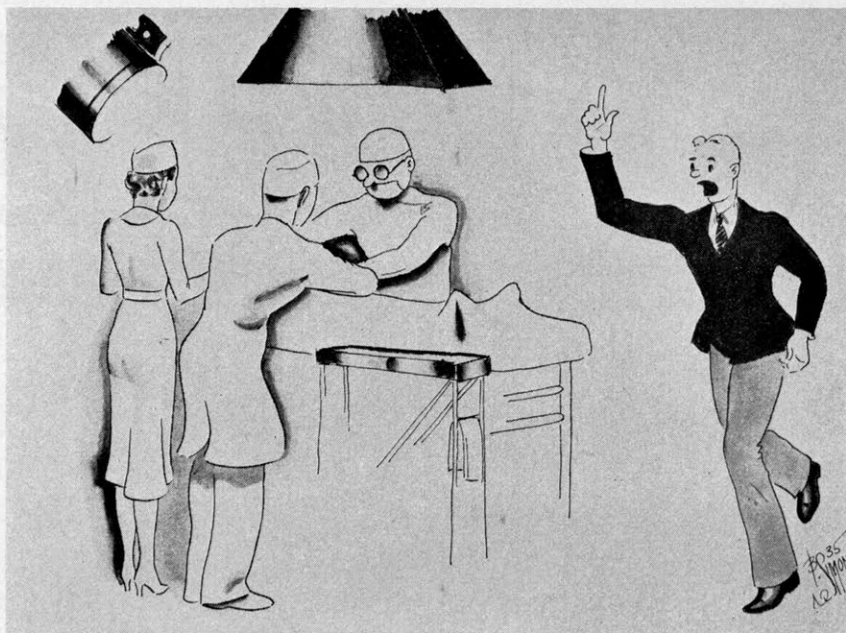
The remainder of the discussion reached into the realm of thermodynamics and partial differentiation and went right over our head. We left

the two scientists to decide the matter at the next colloquium.

But after the expounding of such plausible theory, we really feel a bit abashed when we offer our unfounded solution. It's only a guess, we admit, and has not been checked and re-checked by research methods, but here's what we think.

As soon as the snow was good and deep, the janitors got busy and shoveled it off the walk. First premise: It seems logical that they might have piled it along the borders of the walk. Authority: They would have no other place to put it. Second premise: The snow would remain there longer when melting. Authority: There was more of it there.

Are we wrong?



"Hey, got an opening for me?"



Le Lait . . .

WE noticed something that, to us, seemed a bit mysterious. It was the morning after the big snowstorm. After quite some effort, when we finally got our heads out from under the covers far enough to take a look out the window, there we saw an individual (and a Freshman tie, too) carefully picking his way between Wood and Goodale. This, in itself, was not too peculiar, but the quart bottle half full of milk tightly clasped in his arms, and the hour, eight o'clock, was too much for us.



"War is Hell . . ."

FRESHMEN, don't gripe about having to take MS21 next year; it's more fun than the Architects' Brawl. Things are always happening in the lectures. One thing clings to our mind in particular.

We had just completed a lecture on landmarks as they are represented on maps, and long, good-natured Captain Hyde thought he would find out just how bright and militaristic the

boys were. Referring to a certain sector on the maps that had been passed around, he asked different fellows to find and identify the objects represented. Soon all the fences, hills, trees, roads, bridges, fields, and streams were named and the boys called on were hard put to find new objects. One bright faced lad after hard thinking answered "a house" when our brave captain pointed to him. The next fellow, being pointed to in turn, brought on the climax. Above the rumble of two hundred voices he shouted, "Somemorehouses!" Well, people swooned, Sarge Frey dashed for the door to fetch smelling salts, but he never reached it. He was mowed down by a wave of rising clamor that surged forth from the bellowing mob. But that didn't satisfy the hungers of the pleasure-bent Sophs. They tore up the seats and piled them in the middle of the floor. Fifty Ronsons, no less, flashed as one and in a split second great hungry flames licked the calcimine off the ceiling. Some one shouted, "We want Frey"! The basses echoed in chorus, "Try and get him"! An awful scramble followed; twenty men were trampled under foot, and in a moment

the Sarge was on top of the heap of burning chairs. But he didn't care; he smiled and cried, "War is Hell"! Just then the bell rang, and everyone marched out lock-step while the band played *Nellie Was a Lady*.



Ye Sophs . . .

EVIL mutterings are commencing to make themselves heard, regarding the very questionable social urge which has overcome the Sophomore class. Rumor has it that they contemplate a Speakeasy Dance for their perennial splurge. They expect to have a suitable orchestra from somewhere to provide atmosphere, together with appropriate decorations. What we are wondering is: what law will they expect to break, and how can they replace that illegal thrill of prohibition days?



ODE TO A HAYSEED

*Mebbe we're only country bumkins
We've sowed our oats an' we're
some pumkins.
You city fellers think we're dumb
'Cause we don't stay out till twelve
or one.
You laff when I say I al'ays bin
To bed and asleep by ha'past ten.
Now look here, feller, an' get this
right,
An' you'll see this thing in a dif-
ferent light.*

*We've never spent a single dollar
T'see how much our gals cud swal-
ler,
Takin' 'em 'round till the crack o'
dawn
Then not gettin' what we counted
on.
At 'leven o'clock you jest begin,
When, Bub, we're through by the
stroke o' ten.*

*I know you city fellers well,
Comin' out our way with things to
sell,
Messin' 'round an' doin' wrong by
Nell
Then leavin' an' sayin' yer sorry
as hell.
You say yer sorry and that you rue it,
Why you durned old dudes . . .
we beat you to it!*



Frosh: "How come you started playing ping-pong?"

Soph: "Well, my girl gave me a cigarette lighter, and since I stopped using matches, I thought I needed the extra exercise."



Harvard (Who has been jostled in Park St. Station): "Have a care sir, have a care!"

Roxbury Tech: "Do you think I'd take the subway if I had one?"



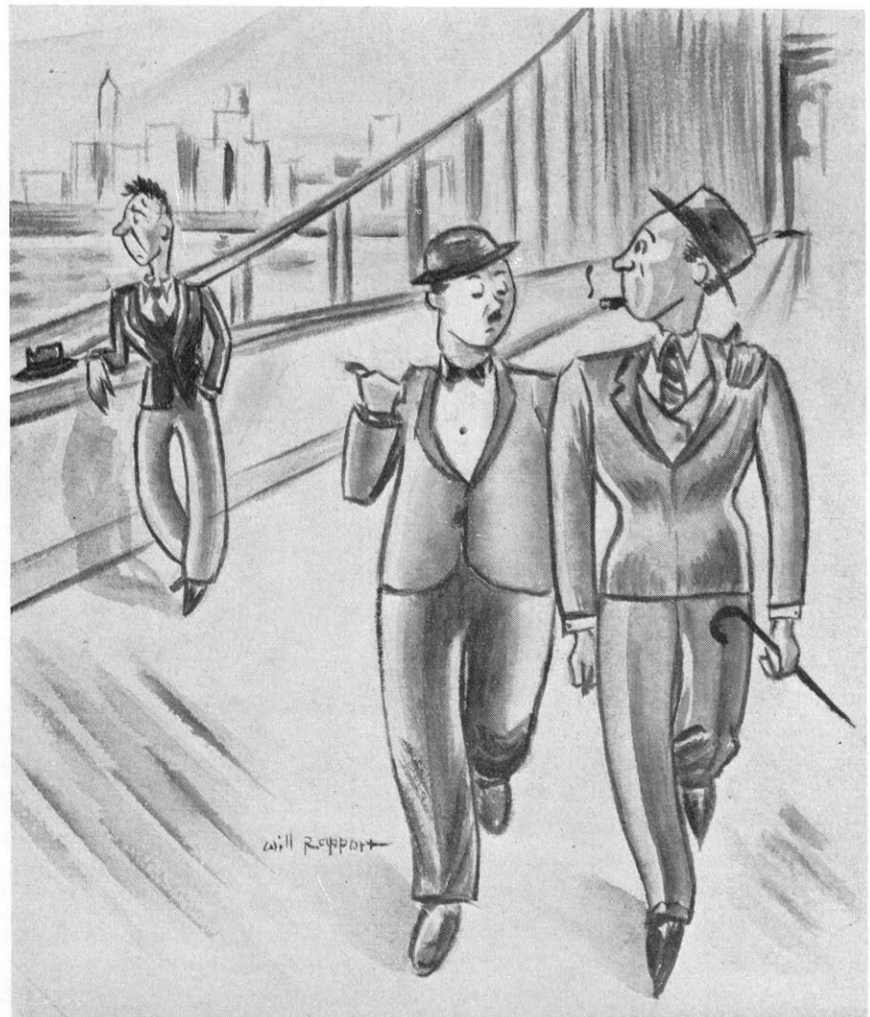
THAT'S THAT

I DON'T know, life's pretty drab now that repeal has returned. The other night I went down to 22 Huntington to see what was doing. A big bull stood in the doorway sloshing his feet in the thin sheet of wet, newly-fallen snow on the doorstep. He looked like he was there for a purpose; so I didn't try to get by him but waited on the opposite side of the street until he went to answer a call from the telephone on the corner. Then I slipped up the stairs to safety. No one tried to find out if I belonged; no one asked for a card.

I walked over to the bar, where Harry in his usual white apron, the only soul in the place, was slouching over the bar looking at a picture of Mary Pickford in the Daily Mirror. I just about stopped myself as I was

going to blurt out, "How's tricks, Harry!" Instead I opened with "How about a Martini." He mixed it as if he were preparing for communion, and I thought there was a tear in his eye. I felt a lump in my throat as I thought of poor Harry and of the change.

A few weeks before you had to sort of squeeze up to the bar in order to get a drink. There were hundreds of people you knew, and every one was merry. People kidded Harry and he always had a comeback. Now it was cold and still as a morgue. I shivered when I drained my glass. As I walked out my voice had a funny sound and I don't remember whether it was "Good night" or "Merry Christmas" I said. All Harry returned was, "Yah."



"Him? Oh, he never read *Little Women*."



1st Stude: "Beaker Joe says he can teach a lamp-post chemistry."

2nd Stewed: "But lamp-posts are bright."

REPEAL

"H ANGOVER, Joe? . . . Oh sure. Y'see, we went the rounds of the places last night . . . y'know . . . to get a line on what this new repeal stuff is like? Well, we dropped in at the cellar . . . y'know, over at the Brunswick . . . and had a coupla highballs . . . made with some red eye called Johnnie Walker or something like that. Supposed t'be pretty good stuff . . . aged ten years and all that sort of thing. Then we went around to that little place on Stuart St. . . . y'know where I mean, Joe . . . and had several Martinis . . . real Martinis . . . y'understand. Well, we went to a whole lot of high places all evening . . . and every place we ordered real stuff . . . and made damn sure we got it, too. What a night . . . what a night."

(Long pause)

Oh . . . but the hangover, Joe?

Well, we finally went down to Mike's speak and got some cut alky . . . and had a *real* drink . . . y'know how it is, Joe."

A MORAL FOR THE MORALE

Listen my children and you shall hear —

But wait—I don't mean Paul Revere.

*I'm speaking of a time gone by
When men were brutes and maids
were shy.*

*T'was on a sunny afternoon,
Tho' not in joyful, welcome June,
When Dan the Duffer dressed in
black*

*Drove up the street in a handsome
hack.*

*And stopping at the first saloon
Commanded in a deep bass tune,
"Come hither, slinking knave of hell,
And serve me from thy bubbling
well.*

*I'll have a drink of potent ale
Mixed with a spirit that'd kill a
whale.*

*And if I'm standing when I'm
through*

*I'll throttle you and curse your brew.
So bring it on and step aside,
Pull in your ears — here comes the
tide."*

*So, saying that, the Duffer drank —
And slowly to the floor he sank.*

*With awful mien and moanings loud
He terrified the awe struck crowd.*

*The moral is my children dear
Don't blush if you are offered beer.*

Harvard: "You know, one thing that always had the power to move me was Brahms' first symphony. There is something in those chords that conclude the first movement, that gets hold of something inside of you, — that — grasps you in its mood —. Well, it gives you the feeling of wilderness; it loosens up something — well, — something inside of you."

Tech: "Yeah, Brahms is swell, but didja ever try Ex-lax?"

Many a modern girl gets down to business without living uptown.

Girls with zippers on their dresses should be careful with their yesses.

This incident took place on a train: A certain young man was entering the diner early in the morning when he was stopped by several fellow-passengers, who asked him in chorus, "Where did you get that eye, my boy?"

"Oh, that? Why that's a birthmark," he replied.

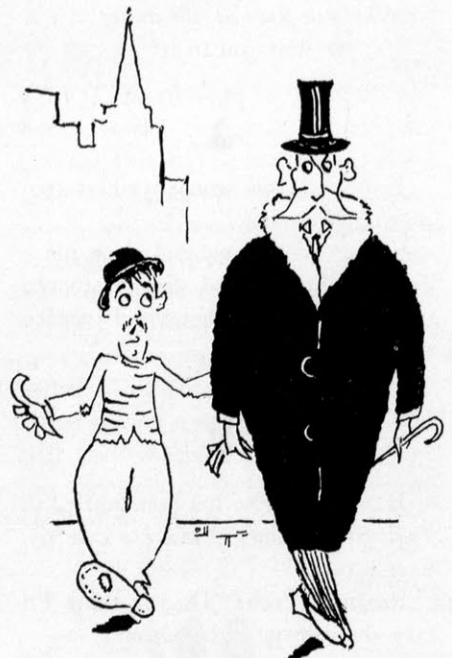
"Birthmark be darned! That's a black eye."

"But I tell you it's a birthmark, boys. It happened this way; I tried to get into the wrong berth last night!"

1st Stewdent: "You don't wanna date Jane . . . she's a proverb girl."

2nd Ditto: "Whadda ya mean . . . 'proverb girl'?"

1st etc: "You know . . . 'Many a slip t'wixt the hand and the hip' . . ."



"Did you say Mrs. Smith's waitress could swim?"

"No. She's a mere maid."

" --- this glamorous personality of stage and screen --- "
" --- an aura of glamor surrounds her --- "

--- Excerpts from 39,641 newspaper and magazine reviews.

"Oh, it's not the city's 'ubbub as wot 'urts me bloomin' 'ead;
It's the "glamor, glamor, glamor" on the gay white way!"

Veiled mystery
Under long lashes; history
Of passion in her low-pitched
Voice; fathom bewitched;
So blow the fife and beat the drum,
Or maybe soon "she t'ank she go hum!"



Lots of stuff
That's rough
On healthy nerves;
Breathtaking curves
That throw off balance
The best of nonchalance.



Sophisticate;
Destined by Fate
To scale the heights
Of glamor; name in lights
And on every tongue; tops the pile,
--- For a while.

Burning eyes
Evoking sighs
Of desire; compelling lips;
And hips
With a "devil-may-care" swing; -
--- She's got that thing!

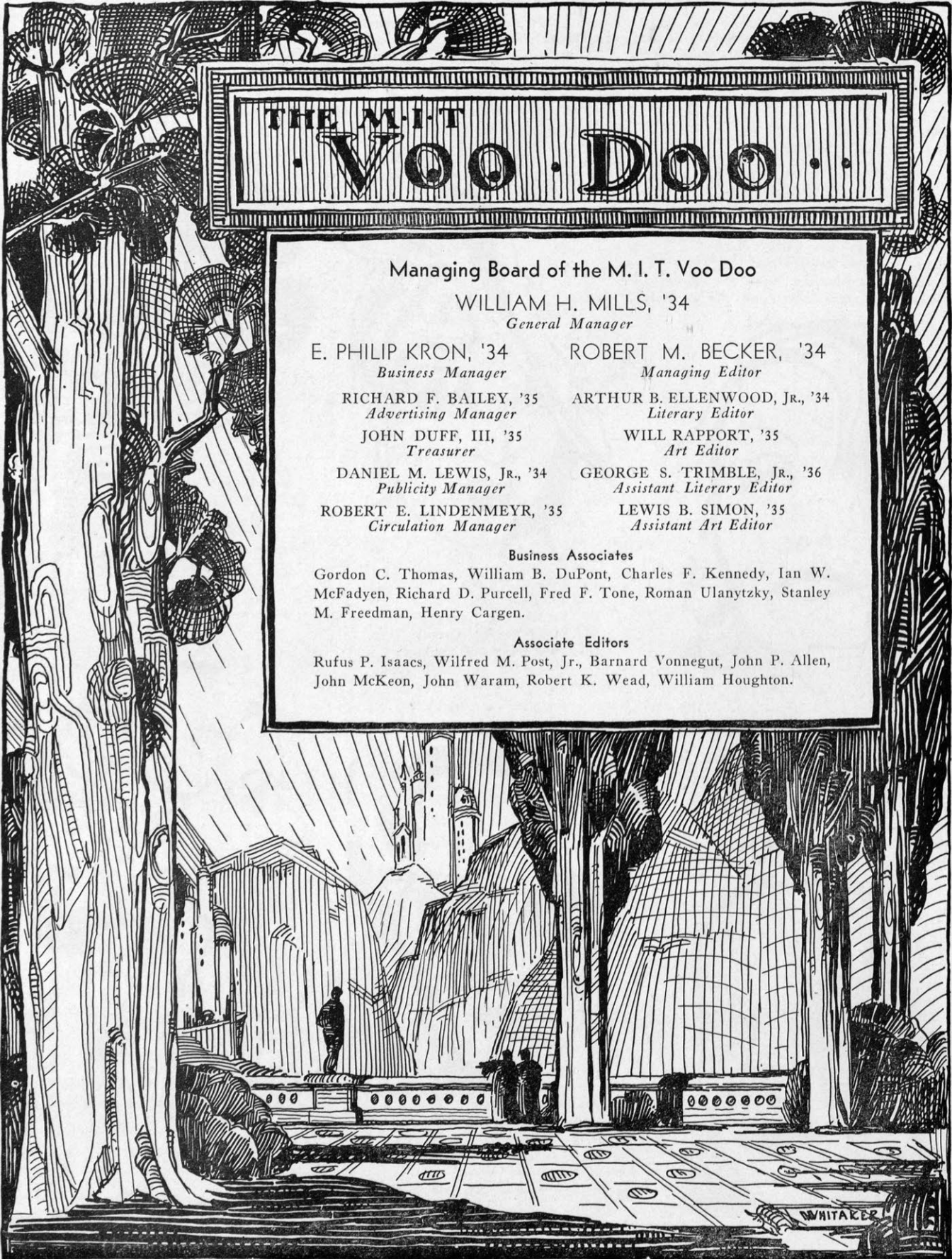


A momentous occasion,
This Teuton invasion
Of Hollywood;
For I never could
Resist the siren, nohow,
As she murmurs, "You had better go now."



Too, too sexy lady,
Doing rôles quite shady;
Flaunting platinum tresses
And exotic caresses;
Ghandi'd forget he's effete
When she turned on the heat.

will Rapport



THE M-I-T Voo Doo

Managing Board of the M. I. T. Voo Doo

WILLIAM H. MILLS, '34

General Manager

E. PHILIP KRON, '34

Business Manager

ROBERT M. BECKER, '34

Managing Editor

RICHARD F. BAILEY, '35

Advertising Manager

ARTHUR B. ELLENWOOD, JR., '34

Literary Editor

JOHN DUFF, III, '35

Treasurer

WILL RAPPORT, '35

Art Editor

DANIEL M. LEWIS, JR., '34

Publicity Manager

GEORGE S. TRIMBLE, JR., '36

Assistant Literary Editor

ROBERT E. LINDENMEYR, '35

Circulation Manager

LEWIS B. SIMON, '35

Assistant Art Editor

Business Associates

Gordon C. Thomas, William B. DuPont, Charles F. Kennedy, Ian W. McFadyen, Richard D. Purcell, Fred F. Tone, Roman Ulanytzky, Stanley M. Freedman, Henry Cargen.

Associate Editors

Rufus P. Isaacs, Wilfred M. Post, Jr., Barnard Vonnegut, John P. Allen, John McKeon, John Waram, Robert K. Wead, William Houghton.

WHITAKER

STORMY WEATHER

A LOW rumbling can be heard in the nearer distance. We suck our forefinger and raise it into the air to get the wind's direction; and we discover that there is no one direction. The wind is converging on us from all quarters. Storm-clouds are gathering.

A Freshman scurries by, laden with books, bound for a quiet spot where he can master the intricacies of conic sections. Only another week to midyears. A most perilous storm is brewing, and he navigates in little-known waters.

Now a Senior hurries by with a handful of letters, heading for the nearest mail box. He is Making Contacts. He can already see the lightning flashes of his particular storm. It will break in June. Other than that, he knows little of the nature of the storm or its intensity.

The rumbling draws nearer.

* * * *

And do the young engineers wait in awe and terror for the approaching storms to break? Some do. But others have even more pertinent problems on their minds:

How about serving beer in Walker?

And that check from home. Will it come in time for that dance?

And Eddie Pung's billiard room—gone. Something seems to be missing in Walker now.

* * * *

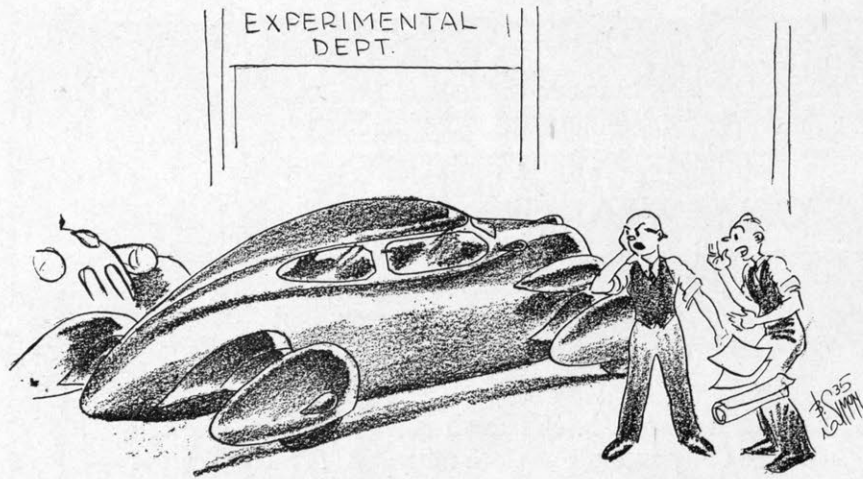
Weighty problems, indeed. But this is as it should be. *Carpe diem*, boys—or, as F.P.A. once translated it, "Cop the day." For, strange as it may (or may not) seem, we know people who pay no attention whatever to storms. They just sit around and work and play and—this *is* strange—the storms never seem to wet them.

But then, perhaps they were born wearing raincoats.



Phosphorus licks his chops and, flashing his new set of teeth, announces the election of Ernest A. Linke, Leo J. Kramer, Warren Thomson, Jerome Salny and F. R. Haigh to the position of Associate Editor; and Norman A. Birch, Thomas H. Mathews, R. Vincent Kron, John B. McCrery and Matthew L. Rockwell to the position of Business Associate.

Contributors to this issue: Ruth A. Powers, Claire E. Wynot, Howard Greene, Leo J. Kramer, Warren Thomson, F. R. Haigh, Henry Gallay and Jerome Salny.



"Migawd, we forgot to put doors on it!"

BOOLA BOOLA, OR: HOW THE CAT GOT HIS TAIL

LONG ago in the great domain of the sun, sometimes known as Bagdad, it is written, the Good King Kong held sway. King Kong was a merry king, and only was he displeased by two things. He was unable to think of an original way of disposing of his daughter among the many suitors who came from far places to carry her away, for she was good to look upon and more. King Kong was wroth with the desert hords that came to besiege his happy land. Finally after many sleepless nights, he found an idea and did send his heralds forth proclaiming after this manner:

"Hear ye! and be it known that the exalted, His Majesty, doth offer and will redeem the wish of any of you who will destroy by use of the King's Army the hosts that do besiege our Kingdom. Death for him that tries and fails!"

And on the third day there came to the King a great number of young men of strong bearing and the King knew that they did think not upon the safety of the kingdom but his daughter. But his heart was glad and he did send the first forth to do battle. But he was slain. And likewise was it with all of them and the King was sore grieved. And after many months the hosts of the besiegers were still without the city walls. At

last there came to the Palace of the King a youth of goodly stature but withal he was but a shoemaker's son and the King scorned him saying, "Go butter thy ear, thou art naught but the brat of a cobbler, and unfit to lead a King's army". But the King's daughter was nigh and she saw that this youth was very desirable and he caused her breath to come and go with difficulty. And she did beseech her father to let the youth try and he gave in. The youth thereupon went forth with the King's army and smote the enemy until there remained not even their garments. When the youth returned from the field of battle the King ran and clasped his knee and rent his garments, saying,

"My son, thou hast proven thy worth and I know thy wish. All have desired my daughter, but thou hast won her and shalt have besides part of my kingdom!"

And the youth did give answer with sighing, "Oh King, it is not thy daughter that I desire, though her beauty is known throughout the entire Kingdom, and she is more to be desired than much fine gold. Nor do I desire a part of your Kingdom, oh King! Give me but that indescribable and most lavish of all gifts; only, oh King, give me a Camel, my nerves are on edge."

*She wore the purple dress to tease
And so aroused his ire;
And 'spite her father's urgent pleas
He takes the midnight flyer.*



It is reported that the nuduist cults will tolerate no childishness . . . in fact, one lad was kicked out for insisting on playing "Here we go round the mulberry bush."



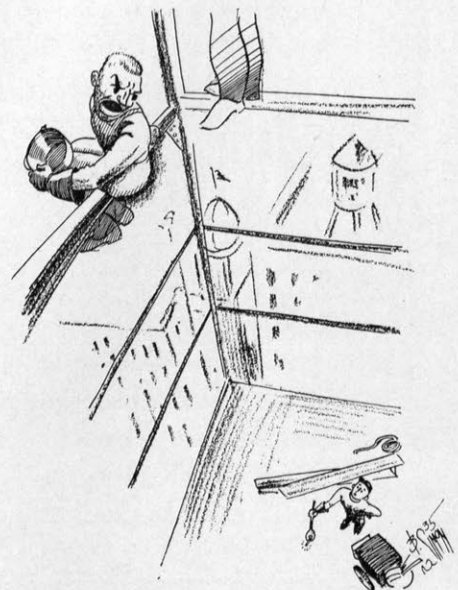
"It's not the woman, it's not the man; it's the consumer who pays and pays and pays."




He: "What kind of fish works on a piano?"
She: "Any poor fish?"
He: "No. Just a Tuna."



At last — a name for that strip of ground between Munroe and Goodale: not the Campus — but — THE CRAMPUS.



"How many times do I have to tell you to serve from the left?"



*Chesterfield -
I enjoy them a lot*



*...to me they're Milder
...to me they TASTE BETTER*

They Satisfy

ADAM LOOSELIP'S

JOURNAL

IT'S all ready well into the Newe Yeare and do I still pen the datum with an three where an four should be, causing of great necessity the much cumbering erasing and jitter-jiggling of foolscap and ink for to producing a noteworthy writ.

And this even' hath I incurred wroth of my little pigeon which wroth is like unto the stinge of a viper, also, from my Chemistrie set, like a drop of the acide of vitriol. She did discover my foolhardy attempt to light the fyre in the kitchen range with an set of Newe Year resolutions. Vainly plead I that these were formed under duress and much bickering and back-biting from her tongue, which verily is an pointed needle. She did have another and like copie which perforce must I keep under pillow and read each morning before arising to let out the dogge.

So do I find peace and succor from the pyrotechnique mouthings of my sweet pea proceed to bookekeeping. Hath I decided to nicely budget incoming monies for the year which doth follow. So sat down with both black pencil and red pencil to hand, and an beautifully lined book with mottled cover. Then did I discover that my love doth appropriate all weekly monies but a sum of four bits which enormous quantity spend I upon wild drinking escapades and roisterous living. Being desirous of putting by an little nest-egg for biscuites for the dogge when I am left of this earth, have I apportioned out an tenth to this noble purpose, an tenth to nicotine, an tenth to the Church, four tenths, no less, for badde debts, and six tenths for pleasure. But do I find that of tenths have I some thirteen so decide to spend 50 pennies, and that is all, on pleasure per week. Thus hath I now no need of an budget so do I draw an funny cartoon on my dove's pillow slip with red pencil which doth surprise her mightily.



"Last tag!"

Won't some kind soul please write us a letter giving us the address of a good speakeasy that hasn't closed since repeal? We don't enjoy visions of the face on the tavern floor.



"Tom told me a capital story last night."

"What was it?"

"He said he was worth a million."



"Say, do you run around with that little blonde any more?"

"Oh, she's married."

"Answer my question!"

Shades of Mother Goose!

Oh, someone proved the earth is round.

(And in this thought I revel)

*We needn't have this proof to know
That nothing's on the level.*



There was once an appropriate fireman: he married a stocking salesgirl.



Repeal is here

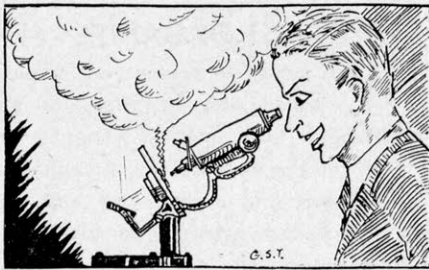
And so is beer

So let's all give a rousing cheer

From the burly wolf to the lowly skunk

The cry rings out:

"Let's all get drunk."



THE MICROSCOPE

THIS number supposedly having to do with consumers, it would seem quite appropriate to present the story of a friend of ours who, in keeping with the spirit of the times, did a little consuming himself. In fact, he increased the federal revenue for a certain night by no small amount.

We discovered him about two of the following morning, perched disconsolately on a curbstone on historic Beacon Street.

Parked in front of him was a large moving van.

"Hello," we offered politely, "waiting for something?"

"No, thanks," was the bright and ready response, characteristic of the Engineer, "I'm just wondering who in hell put the house on top of my car!"

* * *

The recent slippery weather has had its effect on the speeds of most drivers. However, at least one of our number stops not for the paltry artifices of nature. Perhaps you saw the incident: one *very* slippery morning our friend roared up Mass. Avenue and swung grandly into the driveway — and continued to swing. After a half-turn to the right he reversed and executed a beautiful three-quarter to the left. Rear wheels madly spinning, he straightened out and, with a final magnificent swoop, disappeared in the direction of building 35. There ought to be a law . . .

* * *

Rumor has it that the Sophomore Class has quite a novel plan up its sleeve regarding its approaching dance.

Those who are "in the know" shake their heads wisely and prophesy big doings. Careful research should uncover the mystery which shrouds this first class dance of the year.

* * *

We wish to offer a congratulatory greeting to our unofficial circulation at the better women's colleges. Their expressions of appreciation are too hearty to be ignored. Nice work, girls; we hope the boy friends keep it up.

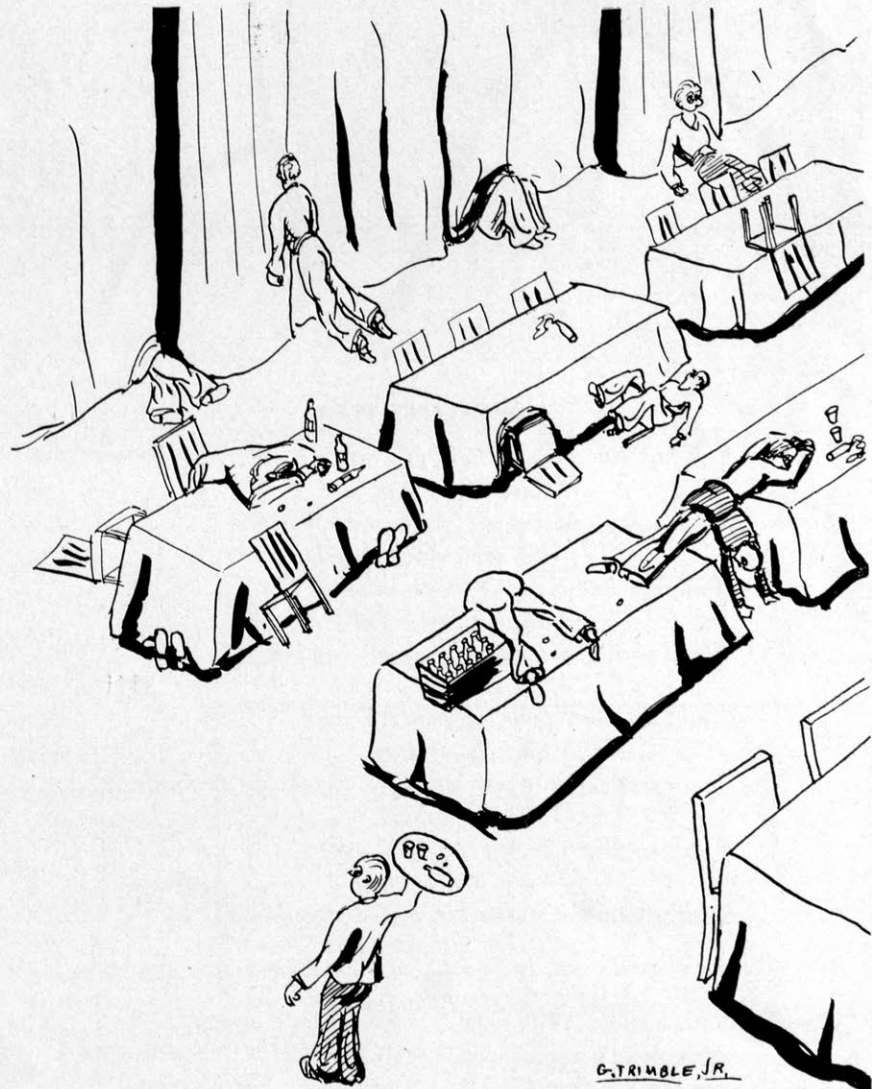
* * *

The heavy snowfall of last December has introduced a new sport which, we hope, will soon die out in favor of more healthful practices. This quaint

little game is called *Forgot My Chains*, or *Looks Like I'll Have to Spend the Week*. The players, two or more, arise late in the morning and sadly gaze at colossal drifts blocking the right of way. There is no conversation to indicate a departure previously agreed upon; in fact, a marked tendency is exhibited to the contrary. This game generally changes around seven P.M. to another: *What Was the 'Phone Number of That Girl I Met Last Night?*

* * *

At grave risk to his own reputation, your correspondent wishes to report the presence of one of our very human faculty at a performance in that Boston playhouse whose popularity greatly exceeds its reputability.



Lobdell's Nightmare



A WOMAN'S PLEA

*Kiss me. But kiss me lightly, Love;
Such is my soul
That, when you kiss me much, my spirit flies
To some dream goal.
Hold me. But hold me gently, Love;
Such is my mood
That, when you hold me close my rapture falls
To something crude.
Claim me. But claim me boldly, Love;
Such is my way
That, when you plead with me, my fickle thoughts
Slip far away.
Win me. But win me slowly, Love;
Such is my fright
That, when you startle me, my wayward heart
Takes instant flight.*

We crave information. Will some one tell us where there's a good dog fight so that we can use that Christmas tie?

■
"The team's mascot
Is Cora Beck;
They tackle her
Around the neck."

WE MUST ORGANIZE - - !

WE herewith present our impassioned plea in behalf of an embryonic organization designed to perform the ultimate in attempts to counteract and disrupt law and order. All such attempts to date have been unsuccessful to varying degrees. We gotta show 'em we're the meanest crowd on earth.

A brief review of our notorious forerunners will suffice to bring out our aims. The most outstanding failures of the lot are the Black Shirts, under Mussolini. They have become so dismally decadent that in Italy they *are* law and order, a most unfortunate situation. Hitler's Brown Shirts have been scarcely more successful, for they, too, have become the law; but there is still a glimmer of hope for them; they remain enemies of order. In Ireland and New York there have been the Blue Shirts and the Red Shirts respectively, both groups having attained a marked degree of success that was abjectly short-lived. One more attempt deserves some recognition; that is the rather flimsily and inanely planned union of the Silver Shirts. The entire organization consists of its organizer, but you've got to give *him* credit for trying.

And so, we finally return to our objective, the answer to the challenge advanced by the aforementioned groups. Gentlemen, the Dirty Shirts!

Why are we here? Well, for one thing, we're all being given the bird. This is best illustrated in the words of Guissepi, the corner fruit vender; quote, "*Wot d'ell, man from goovermen' tella me, 'Tony, you gotta have Blue Eagle over 'a fruit stand.' 'Joostawanaminoot', I say, 'I gotta plent' troobla to kip away da pidge'.*" He's going to be pledged as an honorary member in the group headed by J. P. Morgan (the old dodg — oops, we mean codger!)

Yes Sir! The Dirty Shirts want members, and we want 'em bad, wicked; we want 'em lawless, living in unbirdled sin. Kid McCoy, Jesse James, Machine Gun Kelley, and Bluebeard had *their* fun. Why not you?

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
 Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

**MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
 NEW YORK**

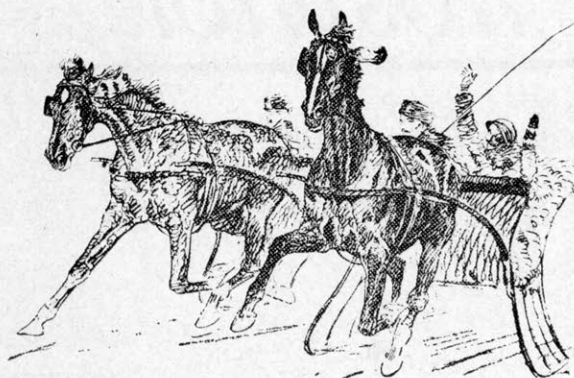
Ready-made Suits

Our policy of making in our workrooms the suits and overcoats that we sell in our own stores, means that they are exclusive models in exclusive materials. Sold only by Brooks Brothers, worn only by Brooks Brothers' customers. Unlike that of most manufacturers, our clothing is not available in retail establishments scattered all over the country, unlike many others, we have no agents.

Ready-made Suits \$50 to \$85

BRANCHES

**NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
 BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET**



© Brooks Brothers

Paul Brown

EMOTION

A man was discovered by his wife one night standing over his baby's crib. Silently she watched him. As he stood looking down at the sleeping infant, she saw in his face a mixture of emotions—rapture, doubt, admiration, despair, ecstasy, incredulity. Touched and wondering alike at this unusual parental attitude and the conflicting emotions the wife with eyes glistening arose and slipped her arms around him.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said in a voice tremulous. He blurted them out:

"For the life of me, I can't see how anybody can make a crib like that for three forty-nine."

—Exchange



Rastus: "Brothaw president, we needs a cuspidor."

President of the Eight Ball Club: "I appoints Brother Brown as cuspidor."

—Burr

He: "You've a faculty for making love."

She: "Oh—no—only a student body."

—The Satyr



COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN

She: "But remember my modesty!"

He: "Oh yeah—remember?"

—Malteaser

**CAFE
 DE
 PARIS**

Real Home Cooked Food

Luncheon 35c-40c

Dinners 40c-50c-70c

Sunday and Holiday Dinners 50c-70c

Our New Home and Only Boston Restaurant

165 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

Phosphor



Essences

\$3500 TATUE STOLEN FROM BACK BAY STORE

Skinning 'em alive these days.
—*Boston Herald*



AUTO SPEEDING STRAINS EYES

So does Sally Rand.
—*Boston Post*



ROOSEVELT FINDS CONGRESS LINED UP BEHIND HIM

Signals!!
—*Boston Herald*



HENS AT POULTRY SHOW ON EGG-LAYING STRIKE

But the show must go on!
—*Boston Herald*



HULTMAN NOT NAMING NAMES

Would you?
—*Boston Post*



HARVARD ISSUES CARDS FOR BEER

"Ye Harvarde Clubbe."
—*Boston Traveler*



WHERE TO PUT 9000 DOZENS OF EGGS AND 9000 RECEIPTS PUZZLES CITY AIDS

Put the receipts in the eggs.
—*Boston Globe*



MONKEY MEAT PROHIBITED BY CANTON GOVERNMENT

Not cannibals, huh!
—*Boston Traveler*



"So she married that Scotchman after all. How does he treat her?"
"Reluctantly."



WILD LIFE COMMITTEE NAMED; TO EMPLOY 10,000

Whoops! Line forms on the left.
—*Boston Globe*



BREWERY STOCK WILLED TO W. C. T. U. HEAD

Gesundheit!
—*Boston Herald*



Stenogs with undulating hips
Go with the boss on business trips.

GOOSE HONKS AT RIGHT TIME TO CAPTURE THIEF

Ducky!
—*Boston Traveler*



GOV. ELY ORDERS DeWOLF TO KEEP AWAY IN THE FUTURE

He wasn't afraid.
—*Boston Herald*



15 B. U. LAW STUDENTS TAKEN INTO WOOLSACK

Fifteen children of the Boston University school of law were formally inducted into Woolsack, honorary society at the school, last night at a banquet meeting in Durgin Park restaurant.
—*Boston Herald*

And were presented beautifully engraved safety pins.



MONKEYS PLASTER CROWD WITH EGGS AS BEAR RAIDS BARROOM IN CHICAGO

Quick, Henry, the Martin Johnsons!
—*Boston Herald*



TRAIN WRECKS WRECKING CAR

Thus making a record.
—*Boston Herald*



When did you last buy a Dress Shirt?

BAT WING
TIES

DRESS COLLARS

DRESS SCARFS

GLOVES

GARTERS



DRESS STUDS

DRESS LINKS

BLACK SILK
HOSE

COLLAR
BUTTONS

SWANK
KEY CHAINS

Styles change in DRESS SHIRTS, too! Come in and see what the new 1933-34 line is like. Just arrived!

Made by ARROW! And that means they're *right*—correct to the very last stud.

Every shirt is *Sanforized*, of course. . . . No shrinking—holds its true size *always*. A new shirt free if one ever shrinks.

Technology Branch H. C. S.
76 Massachusetts Avenue

MUCH PREFERRED

Co-ed: "Would you like a drink?"

Elderly Woman: "Most certainly not. I would sooner commit adultery than drink that vile stuff."

Co-ed: "Well, who wouldn't?"

—Exchange



"Curse it, curse it," hissed the villain, snatching at the girl's waist.

"No it aint either," she retorted. "It's only a girdle."

—Punch Bowl



Under the spell of a summer moon
I asked a maid to wed me soon;
The maiden, sighing, answered "No,"
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!

—Green Griffin

Pullman Conductor: "Boy, what's the idea of the red lantern on that berth?"

Over-Zealous Porter: "Look here, boss. Here in rule thirteen it says—always hang a red lantern, when the rear of a sleeper is exposed."

—Exchange



"Do you believe in the stork?"

"Why should I? I've been pretty lucky so far."

—Purple Parrot

OVERLAND

THE Outstanding Cigar

of New England



*The Better Quality
That You Expect*

S. S. PIERCE CO.

DINE AND DANCE

STATLER—(Hancock 2000)—Supper dancing in Salle Moderne Friday and Saturday evenings. Jack Denny's music with Paul Small and Jeanie Lang. Music from 9:30-1:30. Cover Charge \$1.50 per person.*

COPLEY PLAZA—(Kenmore 5600)—Meyer Davis' orchestra for supper dancing in Sheraton Room. Cover Charge Friday and Saturday evenings \$1.50. Must dress. Music from 9:00-1:00. Tea dancing Saturday only, from 4:30-7:00. Charge \$1.25 per person.

TOURAINÉ—(Hancock 3500)—Supper dancing in Club Touraine with Houston Ray's orchestra. Minimum check \$2.00 per person Friday and Saturday evenings. Music from 7:00-2:00. Not necessary to dress.

WESTMINSTER—(Kenmore 5100)—Supper dancing Friday and Saturday evenings in the Everglades Room. Charge \$1.50 for dancing and dinner. Billy Dooley's orchestra playing from 6:30-1:00. Floor shows at 7:30 and 11:15.*

BRADFORD—(Hancock 1400)—Joe Rines' orchestra playing in the Cascades from 7:00-2:00. No cover charge except Saturdays and holidays. Not necessary to dress Friday evenings. Must dress Saturday.

BRUNSWICK—(Kenmore 6300)—Supper dancing in the Egyptian Room Friday and Saturday evenings with Leo Reisman's orchestra. Cover charge \$1.00 after 9:00 P. M. Dancing from 9:00-1:00.* Also dancing in the "Cellar." Cover charge \$1.00 per person. Not necessary to dress. Russian orchestra.

CLUB MAYFAIR—Dancing from 9:00-2:00. Minimum check Friday and Saturday evenings \$2.00 per person. For those who want something different.

AMERICAN HOUSE - RATHSKELLER — (Capitol 4480) — Orchestra playing from 6:30-1:00. Two floor shows 7:30 and 11:30. No cover charge. Not necessary to dress. With a German atmosphere.

COCOANUT GROVE — (Liberty 3256) — Ranny Week's orchestra with floor shows at 7:30 and 12:00 on Friday evenings. Music from 6:30-2:00. Cover charge Saturday evenings \$2.00 per person.*

STEUBEN'S RATHSKELLER — (Hubbard 3620) — Music by Jack Fischer's orchestra from 9:30-1:00. Minimum charge \$1.00 per person. Not necessary to dress.

* *Better to dress, but not absolutely necessary.*

Note: Music in Hotels and Clubs stops at 12:00 Saturday evenings.



Miss Betty Butterworth

snapped during a Lou Walters Cascade Revue

CASCADES

Boston's smartest supper club, located on the roof of the Hotel Bradford.

Call "JIM" at HANCOCK 1400 for reservations.

FRANK P. SHAW

LEON A. HICKS

HICKS & SHAW, INC.

HOTELS, CLUBS, and STEAMSHIP SUPPLIES

Wholesale and Retail

Represented by J. J. McGRATH

Stalls 51-55

FANEUIL HALL MARKET

BOSTON

Telephone, Cap. 7654

"Say, mister," said a little fellow to a next door neighbor, "are you the man who gave my brother a dog last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, ma says to come and take them back."

—*Log*



"I understand Mrs. Smear objects to the traffic light outside her windows."

"Yes, she says the red light casts such a reflection on her apartment."

—*Life*



Prisoner (to mate): "I asked the warden for a radio in our cell tonight. Lucky Strike is broadcasting our stick-up."

—*Annapolis Log*



"I was out fishing yesterday with my girl!"

"Catch anything?"

"My goodness, I hope not!"

—*Phoenix*



Valet (to master): "Sir, your car is at the door."

Master: "Yes, I hear it knocking."

—*Owl*

How
MILD
do you
want your
PIPE TOBACCO?

We think much of the talk about mildness is a bit beside the point.

We maintain *flavor* is the quality that makes you like or dislike pipe tobacco.

Of course you don't want a tobacco that will bite your tongue. Who does?

But, if you love your pipe, put real tobacco in it—get a tobacco with flavor, character, individuality. That is Edgeworth, the blend you never tire of.

Is it mild? Yes! Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows. It has genuine mildness—a combination of gentleness and body that is most difficult to secure. It does not just happen. It is a real achievement. We found the way to put it in Edgeworth and keep it there.

Try Edgeworth next time. Remember, its flavor-mildness has carried it to pipe smokers in every land. Are you not curious to try such a tobacco?

Sold everywhere in all sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH
MADE FROM THE MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO THAT GROWS

Compliments
of
SMITH PATTERSON COMPANY
Diamond Merchants and Jewelers
52 SUMMER STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

420 Tremont Street	242 Tremont Street
202 Dartmouth Street	1083 Washington Street
629 Washington Street	44 Scollay Square
30 Haymarket Square	332 Massachusetts Avenue
6 Pearl Street	19 School Street
540 Commonwealth Avenue	437 Boylston Street
1215 Commonwealth Avenue	34 Bromfield Street
	105 Causeway Street

*Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology
Are:*

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE
1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

1/c: "Have you heard the slaughter house song?"

2/c: "Slaughter house song?"

1/c: "Yes,—'Butcher Little Arms Around Me'."

—*The Log*



"Men," he cried, "there is an announcement I want to make. Last night my wife presented me with a son."

The men broke ranks, cheered, threw their hats in the air, and general pandemonium reigned for nearly five minutes. When order had been restored, the Colonel, pleased with the enthusiastic reception of his announcement and the congratulations, indicated that he had another announcement:

"Men and officers," he cleared his throat, "I thank you."

—*Bored Walk*

About the only thing that can lay down on the job and get results is a hen.

—*Grinnell Malteaser*



"What's the difference between a snake and a flea?"

"A snake crawls on its own stomach, but a flea's not so particular."

—*Purple Parrot*



He used to walk in the moonlight with one arm full. Now he walks in the bedroom with both arms full.

—*Green Gander*



He bowed his head, while his faithful servants filed from the room. Then turning to his God, he knelt as in prayer. Slowly he raised his eyes to the idol. Softly his lips parted, and then as if in prayer, he intoned, "Buddha, can you spare a dime?"

—*Penn State Froth*



The young midshipman with no stripes on his arm was teasing a pretty crab for a kiss.

"Tell me," she demanded, looking straight into his eyes, "Have you ever kissed a girl before?"

The midshipman hesitated a moment; then he answered bravely, "I cannot tell you a lie, I have."

"All right" she said, presenting her lips, "I wasn't going to have you practising on me."

—*Log*

CAPITOL 6295

LAFAYETTE 8708

L. A. JOHNSON CO.

INCORPORATED

Dealers in

FINE PROVISIONS

Hotel, Restaurant and Family Supplies a Specialty

84-86 FANEUIL HALL MARKET

BOSTON

CONSUMER'S RESEARCH

CAFE de PARIS

A restaurant whose atmosphere is surpassed only by the hotels. Here one may partake of a leisurely meal in quiet, homelike surroundings, or, if in a hurry, may get a quick bite. Prices are reasonable, and "specials" may be ordered at every meal. Technology students are flocking to this restaurant in ever increasing numbers.

THE KENMORE HOTEL

The Kenmore is one of the most familiar spots in Boston to the Tech man and a swell place to take the girl friend, your folks, and your friends. It has long served Technology and we hope it always will be one of the havens for our friends.

S. S. PIERCE

Anyone who knows Boston knows S. S. Pierce, the grand old establishment where you get the best money can buy in the way of groceries, cigars (good old "Overlands") and now the best of imported "spirits". If you desire the highest grade of anything in the grocery line, S. S. Pierce has it. You will always recognize S. S. Pierce by their attractive and distinctive displays and layouts.

WALTON LUNCH

Excellent cafeteria service. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Good place to contact your prof for a little lunch-time tutoring. Specials at every meal. Purveyors to Technology men for many years, Walton's has consistently maintained a high quality of service.

SMITH PATTERSON

Do you know what will make the little woman happy? A beautiful little ring or bracelet from Smith Patterson's—you can't go wrong there. When you are in town stop at the Summer Street store and let your mouth water before the jewelry that has made Smith Patterson's famous. You may get advice on THE ring for the asking.

HICKS AND SHAW

Take a trip to historic old Faneuil Hall deep in the market district of Boston. There you will find Hicks and Shaw established in four of the white stalls in the good old New England manner, selling meats, wholesale and retail. They have been serving Tech fraternities for years, and those that have partaken of their meat will vouch for its high quality. There's nothing like a tender, juicy piece of tenderloin from stalls 51-55, Faneuil Hall.

THE BRADFORD HOTEL

If you have not been to the Cascades, you have yet to see one of Boston's most popular dine and dance rendezvous. The Bradford will be remembered by many as the locale of the Senior Prom last year. There you are always sure of the excellent service of the United Hotels.

L. A. JOHNSON & CO.

Have you tasted a really fine southern fried chicken or does your mouth water for a luscious juicy steak? L. A. Johnson and Co. is one of the best of Boston's dealers in delicious meats. For prompt, courteous service call Mr. Hall.

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER



IRVING JAFFEE

Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of

their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder...have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!



IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

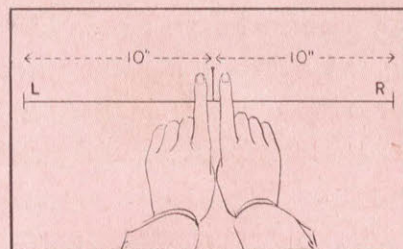
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS



HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

TRY THIS TEST



Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes...try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilly (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE
YOUR TASTE