

# Voo Doo

JANUARY, 1936

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



Leap Year Number

# M. I. T. VOO DOO

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

EVERETT H. CARGEN, JR., '36  
*General Manager*

WM. B. DU PONT, '36  
*Business Manager*

GEORGE S. TRIMBLE, JR., '36  
*Managing Editor*

GORDON C. THOMAS, '36  
*Sales Manager*

H. Frank Homan, '38  
*Editor*

Rufus P. Isaacs, '36  
*Literary Editor*

Philip H. Peters, '37  
*Circulation Manager*

Leo J. Kramer, '36  
*Exchange Editor*

R. Vincent Kron, '37  
*Treasurer*

David A. Werblin, '36  
*Art Editor*

Given A. Brewer, '37  
*Assistant Art Editor*

John B. McCrery, '37  
*Publicity Manager*

Harry B. Hollander, '38  
*Advertising Manager*

## Literary Associates

Joseph Klaber	Francis S. Stein
Martin R. Cines	Alvin J. Garber
Douglas Chalmers	Norris F. Dow
Frank A. Knight	Ed. H. Olmstead
W. E. Thomson	G. A. Heinemann

## Art Associates

Ichiro Takahashi	John Noyes
Harrison Phinizy	Leo Kirshner

## Business Associates

Frederick W. Reuter	Norman A. Birch
Delwin M. Campbell	Robert J. Brauer
James C. Livengood	John H. Craig
William Pulver	George E. Hadley
Millard Hodgson	David E. Irving
Abraham Patashinsky	
Leo N. Kabacinski	
Gus Griffin	



## EDITORIALLY SPEAKING —

We would like to register an informal protest against that moronic tendency which causes a slightly insane public to seize upon some silly ditty and temporarily adopt it as a national anthem. Back in 1923, if you didn't know the words to "Yes, we have no bananas," you were a social misfit. A couple of years ago the life of the party was he who could warble "Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore" in a tremulous voice. "Who's Afraid of The Big Bad Wolf?" can be excused, so we have been told, on the grounds that it, and a couple of economists, have pulled us out of the depression.

And now, a few weeks ago, during the Yuletide season, when good spirit and spirits were in abundance, a wolf in publisher's clothing took advantage of the prevailing benevolence by passing off on unsuspecting orchestra leaders, a fiendish little creation called "The Music Goes 'Round and Around." Now everything goes "'round and 'round." Like other plagues it has swept everything before it. Newsboys shout it, amateur programs present it in 68 different forms, radio comedy skits are based on it, even pros have inserted it in their repertory of standard wisecracks.

So, Comrades, let us assert ourselves. Shall we suffer the slings and arrows of a thousand injustices or something?—Well, it is a rather catchy tune to sing after the fourth beer. Maybe we'd better let it blow over by itself.

**VOO DOO**  
**January, 1936**

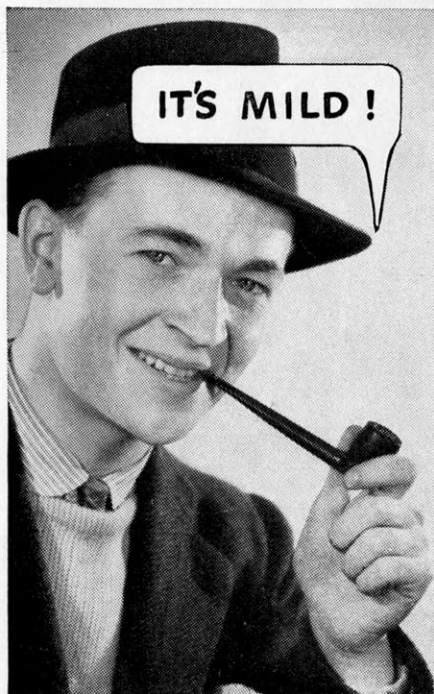


FEATURE	PAGE
Voo Doings .....	5
Diny .....	6
Fun in Firebugging .....	8
Life Among the Eskimos .....	10
Phosphor Essences .....	12
The Introvert Falls in Love .....	14

**Voo Doo**  
THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

<p>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.</p>	<p>Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.</p> <hr/> <p>VOL. XVIII                      JANUARY, 1935                      NO. 9</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Copyright, 1935, by the Woop Garoo Society</i></p>
---	---

# THIS NO-RISK OFFER ATTRACTS PIPE SMOKERS BY ITS FAIRNESS!



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

Read the money-back offer carefully. We simply ask you to give Prince Albert a fair and square trial. For we want more college men to know this famous brand of mild tobacco. And we willingly take the risk of pleasing you.

In smoking P.A. you will notice, we believe, an unusual mildness, a distinctive flavor, a delicate aroma.

That's because we use choice, top-quality tobaccos. Ordinary grades will not do. Then we take out the "bite" by a special process.

Note the way P.A. burns — mellowly and slowly. That's because of the special "cut" used, "crimp cut," it is called.

### *The big red tin*

Prince Albert is packed the common-sense way—in a big 2-ounce economy

## OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS:

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

tin. Hence no fuss or bother, no spilling or waste. Your tobacco keeps in prime condition to give a smoke that is mild—yet with plenty of real man-sized good taste. So try Prince Albert and be the judge of its appeal and quality. Get it at your dealer's now.



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

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

---

*Till Exams*

*Do Us Part*





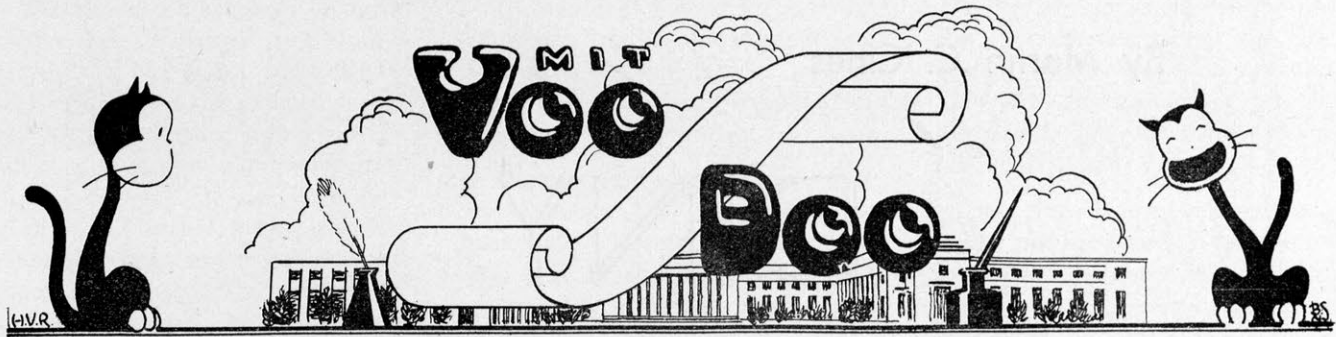
**WALTER HAMPDEN and KATHARINE WARREN**

in a scene from Act 2

**CYRANO de BERGERAC**

One week beginning January 27th

**SHUBERT THEATRE**



## VOO-DOOINGS

### Geographer

We managed to pick a gem of educational conversation in Radio City during vacation. In the motion picture, "Magnificent Obsession", there is a moonlight scene of Paris with the river shimmering in the center.

Came a voice from the screen: "From here one can see all Paris."

A voice from behind us added very informatively, "The Thames, isn't it?"

We managed to remain politely silent.



### Show Off

We were at a dance. She was one of these entertaining blonds, the hit of the party. He was a youthful and enthusiastic Romeo, Harvard style, one of her many admirers. She was dancing with another. He dashed up to cut in, slipped, landed sitting at her feet. She laughed. He blushed, arose, retired in disgrace. The dance went on. We didn't see him with her again that evening.



### Funny Man

Fate is unkind to us. Being professional humorists, we are always looking for a chance to be funny for once. In 8.03 lecture recently we thought we saw a chance coming. Professor Page was explaining the secret inner

mechanisms of the watt-meter. He explained how the torque produced by the voltmeter was added to that of the ammeter, all of which made the watt-meter deflection proportional to the right answer. When he finally announced that he would not demonstrate the real thing, we were all set to become humorists, if the experiment failed. We eagerly awaited the moment when the balky watt-meter refused to deflect. But all went off as scheduled, there were no slip-ups, we were foiled. But for the benefit of future generations we pass our gem of humor on, to be used if ever the occasion presents itself: "Oh, so you won't torque!"



### Realist

In one of the lower of the low dives into which we ventured in search of Night Life, we met and danced with a somewhat unrefined and over-stimulated example of womanhood. She seemed to be quite worried about losing her ride home, because her sister (we're sure it was her sister!) had on her hat and coat. In spite of her sister's repeated avowals that she was not leaving, our partner continued to fret. We remarked that she seemed quite worried. Her answer was quite illuminating and not a little surprising: "Well, you know how it is. She's my real sister." All we said in answer was: "oh." We have not seen her since. We don't want our daughters to make any such remarks.

### Victim

As a subject for future experiment, we would like to suggest that the research department produce a non-removable, acid-proof, non-inflammatory, unbreakable door for use in the dorms. The door to one room in the dorms has served in its intended capacity for approximately eight out of the last twenty-one days. It was bodily removed once, the panels were kicked out several nights later, the lock itself has been thoroughly bugged several times, and a few nights ago, the antagonists of this door built a fire under it. How do we know all the details? It is our door.



### Live Wire

Imagine the embarrassment of the two Tech boys who, after dining in one of the slightly better restaurants on Boylston, found that their waitress had included her name and address on the check, with no extra charge. Come on down sometime, Fellers, and if you don't see what you want, ask for it.



By Martin C. Cines

# DINY

It all began on one of Archie's field trips. Being a geology student, he had to go out on these trips every week. On this particular day, he was feeling very happy. It was spring. While wandering over the ground, Archie's mind was far from the intellectual pursuit, geology. Soft brown hair, big limpid brown eyes, and other details of his O.A.O. (the young lady on whom his affection was deeply centered) were occupying the better part of his mind. With matters of such importance to consider, he did not pay much attention to the condition of the ground over which he moved. While in the midst of these reveries, an obstacle loomed in his path. Not being prepared, Archie could not overcome it. As a result he suddenly assumed a seat on the ground. The jolt so shocked him that he immediately returned to normal, uttering such words and phrases as our censor would not let us print. After having given vent to his annoyance in the censored words and phrases, he gave the obstacle some attention.

It was a dirty grey rock. Its shape was what distinguished it from the rest of the rocks laying around there. It was ovular in form, looking very much like over-developed hen fruit. Our hero was a scientist good and true, when he got round to it. Thus his interest was roused when he viewed the cause of his downfall. He picked it up and took it back to school with him.

By the time he got back to his room with the specimen, it was late. He had no time to examine it. He would have to hurry getting dressed to be on



time for his date with HER. He carefully wrapped up the rock and put it in his closet. As it kept rolling off the shelf, he jammed it behind the steam pipe. Then he dressed and left.

The rest of the week he was very busy, and could give no time to the

examination of the specimen. So it lay on the shelf next to the steam pipe. It was awfully hot in the closet, and hottest next to the steam pipe.

Archie took the specimen out on the next week-end. He would examine it carefully and turn in a report on it. After unwrapping it, he carefully washed it clean. It changed from a dirty grey to a milky white color. It resembled an egg more than ever. When he picked it up again, it seemed to him that there was something inside it. He held it up before a powerful light and lo, he could see through it. It was indeed an egg, but of such size as he had never seen nor ever heard. He determined to see if he could hatch it and find out what would lay an egg of those tremendous proportions. It was returned to the closet, as before.

It was several days later, when, while studying, Archie heard a noise from the closet. He jumped up and ran to it. Throwing open its door, he looked into it. He shouted in surprise when he saw that the egg had hatched. He took the creature of the egg into his hands to examine it more carefully. It was a scaly thing, and seemed to be a baby alligator. Not being a biologist, he accepted it as such. He thought that it nice to keep it as a pet. The problem was how could he keep it without being found out. He finally decided that the closet would be a good place. He could drill some holes in the bottom of the door to give it air. Its food consisted of fruit and milk and bread. He did not think it wise to give such a little thing meat.



The reptile did not seem to thrive on the diet for it grew very slowly. However, it had grown sufficiently by the beginning of the summer session for Archie to realize it was not an alligator. As it grew, a conviction grew in Archie's mind. It was not an alligator he had hatched, but a prehistoric dinosaur which had been strangely preserved throughout the ages. As the summer progressed, the dinosaur was let out of the closet. It had the liberty of the room when Archie was in it. He was always locked back in the closet when Archie left the room. The dinosaur grew more rapidly now that he had more room in which to exercise.

The added freedom gave the dinosaur a chance to make friends with Archie. The long ages that had passed between the laying and the hatching of the egg seemed to remove the savagery and carnivorousness from the Tyrannosaurus, for such it was. Archie had been lucky when he refrained from giving it meat. It seemed to thrive on the vegetarian style diet. By August, Diny and Archie were great friends. Diny was then five feet from tip to tip. He had a fine set of teeth, broad shoulders, big brown eyes. Any female dinosaur would have fallen head over heels in love with the handsome brute. He would have been the Gable of the dinosaurs. But his beauty was evident only to another Tyrannosaurus. In fact, he presented rather a terrifying sight the first time one saw him. Diny was really a very lovable reptile. When Archie came back from class and let Diny out of the closet, Diny would leap with joy and lick Archie's hands and face.

Towards the end of the summer, Archie took Diny out at about four o'clock in the morning for walks. Only once did they meet anyone. That particular individual was exceedingly under the influence of Demon Rum. He came round a corner suddenly and almost ran into Archie and Diny. He cried out in alarm. He began begging someone to take them away. If they did, he swore that he would never touch another drop.

The result of the walks was that Diny grew 'til he measured ten feet from tip to tip and stood six feet upright. The closet was beginning to become a bit uncomfortable.

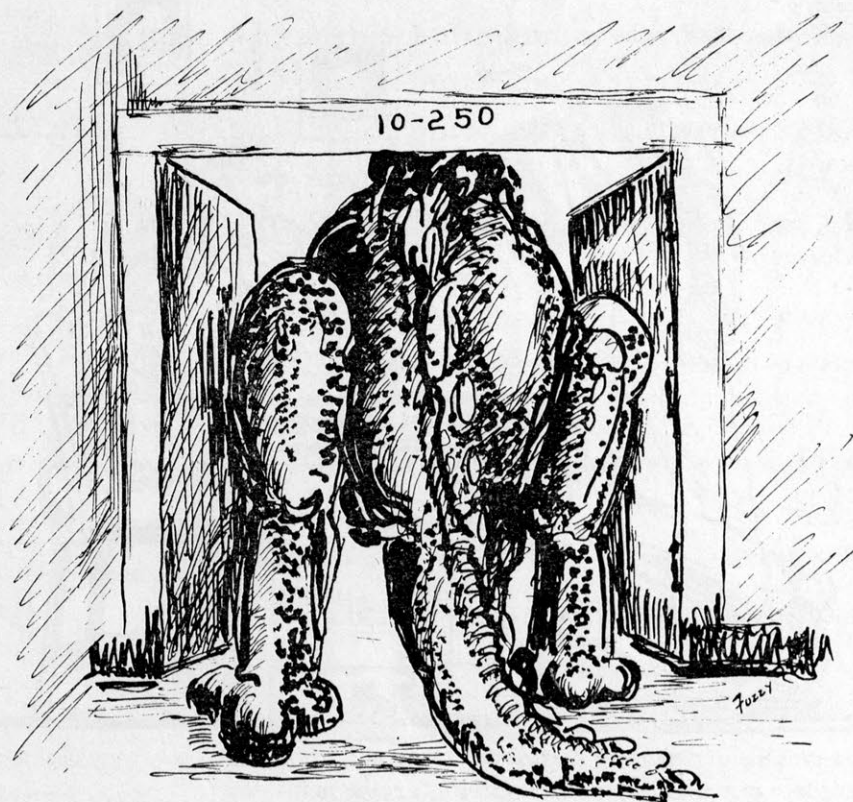
The two spent a very pleasant summer together. They were still in the same room when the fall term of the next year began. They were rather gloomy about it for that meant the end of their early morning strolls.

On the second day of the new term, Archie, for some reason, was very late in getting up. He was so late that he could just get dressed and run off in time to make class. He forgot to lock Diny in the closet. When he left his room in a great hurry, he failed to slam the door shut. About half an hour later, Diny felt an urge to follow Archie. He fussed around the door and suddenly it swung open. He was very surprised, but ventured boldly forth. Down the stairs he went and out of the building. He headed for the large building towards which he had seen Archie go.

Being the second day of the new term, the freshmen were still unacquainted with the numerous professors. They were all beginning to assemble in a large lecture room to meet another one of their profs.

Diny came into the building through a door that had been left open because of the warm weather. No person ventured to interfere with his progress. In fact, all the people who saw Diny either collapsed on the spot or went home to be examined by their doctor. Diny ambled down innumerable corridors and up and down innumerable flights of stairs. Suddenly an awful clamoring started. The ringing of the bells startled poor old Diny. Seeing an open door that resembled his closet, he darted through it.

Three hundred freshmen turned, at the ringing of the bells, towards the door. Their new professor would enter through that portal. Suddenly through the door dashed Diny. From three hundred freshmen throats—"My God! the Professor!"



# Fun In Firebugging

*The Second in the Series of Articles  
for the Broods of the Institute*

Firebugging, oh firebugging—but no, a serious firebug does not take his hobby so lightly. For the experienced firebug the first thrills of the game are past. He has known the adventure of sneaking up the dark alley to set his first fire. He has surged with the joy of attainment to see his first major conflagration go roaring skyward. He has cackled in ecstasy with the pungent smell of burning flesh in his nostrils. He has roared with delight to see hapless women and babes perched upon some searing rooftop, ready to take the leap which they know will be fatal. Beginner, all these pleasures lie before you. So what?

To start a large fire properly requires as much technique as the extinguishing of same, or at least almost as much technique. First, and most important, avoid looking suspicious. Experience has taught that it is bad policy to crawl on one's hands and knees, ride around in ashcans, descend elevatorless elevator shafts, and bum rides off hearses. Which reminds us to remind you to see "Three Men on a Hearse." Which in turn reminds us that "She Married Her Hoss" wasn't such a bad show either. Returning to the subject of firebugging, let us suppose that you have selected a building containing sufficient women, children, valuables, and inflammables to make it a good project for our first lesson. To avoid suspicion, don't sneak up the

alley beside the building, especially if there is no alley there. Also don't climb up the fire escape; you're too liable to get interested in the scenery. If you must play with the fire escape, take the thing off, being careful not to drop the thing on your head or most any part of your body. Next drift into the place on a transient piece of wind. We agree that it's a difficult proposition to drift in through a crack in the wall without looking suspicious to the house detective, but like practically everything else practice makes perfect, you know. Yes, yes. Now proceed to blow your nose and absent-mindedly let the kerchief fall to the floor. Be sure to step on one corner of the rag so that some hussy won't pick it up for you and try to form a chance acquaintance. They do that, you know. Next, nonchalantly take out your quart-sized cigarette lighter and innocently spill its contents over everything in general, including your previously-dropped kerchief. When you are through smoking drop the butt on the rag and calmly run like hell. That's all there is to it.

If you want to add a bit of finesse to your job you might try locking all the doors and windows, shutting off the water supply, and speeding up the ventilator system to assure a fine draft. A sure-fire way to throw suspicion away from yourself is to soak yourself in gasoline and then light up. Try it. Then wait for our next article entitled, "The Tricks in Treason."



BOB - "I think Mary's pretty dumb."  
 ROB - "What makes you think so?"  
 BOB - "She thinks 'vice versa' is a naughty poem."



# CHALLENGE

To ALL TECH MEN, and  
 TECH WOMEN, Too  
 CAN YOU DO THIS PROBLEM?

Good Time: 3 Hours

Five men—Acker, Barber, Calhoun, Daniels, and Engels are married to Fanny, Georgia, Hannah, Irene, and Joan—live in Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, New York, and Georgia—own Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Ford, Cadillac, and Buick cars—are Barber, Broker, Farmer, Laborer, and Lawyer—and are 40, 42, 45, 47, and 50 years old. The above facts are not necessarily in their correct order.

- a. The man from Louisiana has the smallest car.
- b. The laborer doesn't appreciate jokes or puns about his sister's first name.
- c. The barber knows only one of the women besides his wife.
- d. The man who is 40 knows only his wife and owns a Buick, and is not the broker.
- e. Acker's wife told Joan that the man who was 42 had said that the barber owned a car which did not have a turret top.
- f. The Louisiana man does not know the owner of the Oldsmobile, or the Broker or the Farmer.
- g. Calhoun's brother-in-law is 50.
- h. Georgia knows only Barber's wife and the man from Georgia besides her husband.
- i. Barber is not a barber.
- j. Engels is older than Barber and healthier than Daniels, perhaps because of the climate of the Far South.
- k. The woman whose husband owns a Pontiac knows everybody except the man from New York.
- l. There is only one case of blood relationship in the group.
- m. The wife of the man from Kentucky has not yet been mentioned, and Fanny and Irene have been mentioned only once each.
- n. Calhoun is suspected of an affair with his manicurist.
- o. In e., f., and h. no two of the same family are present in any one of these three statements.

From these facts, deduce the wives, homes, cars, occupations and ages of all the men.

Now in Progress

Kennedy's Semi-Annual

# MARK

# DOWN

# Sale

\$25 Men's Suits and Overcoats	\$20.75
\$30 Men's Suits and Overcoats	\$24.75
\$35 Men's Suits and Overcoats	\$29.75
\$40 Men's Suits and Overcoats	\$34.75
\$50 Men's Suits and Overcoats	\$42.75
\$35 Camel Pile Overcoats - now	\$29.75
\$29.50 Reversible Coats - now	\$24.75
\$25 Leather Jackets - - - now	\$19.75
\$7.50 Odd Trousers - - - - now	\$5
\$2 Men's Shirts or Pajamas - now	\$1.65
\$1 Men's Neckties - - - - -now	79c
Cooperative Shoes - - - -now	\$4.84

# KENNEDY'S

Summer & Hawley

Charge it . . . pay one-third the 10th of February;  
 one-third the 10th of each two following months.

## NIGHT LIFE AMONG THE ESKIMOS

### CHARACTERS

IGLAK... Buxom young Eskimo girl  
 BLUBBER..... Her fiance  
 GLUB..... Iglak's father  
 SLURP..... Can't tell  
 LIPPITY }  
 SLUSH } ..... Local boys  
 ZAZUZAZ }

### ACT I.

As the play opens we find Iglak and Blubber walking home from church or somewhere, or rather she is pulling him on a slight dog-sled. Iglak (affectionately), "a refxcpud slupbt gradspish herny herny zz." Blubber, "grabble snabble twolp snup."

### ACT II.

The two have finally reached Iglak's igloo where she collapses in front of the door from exhaustion. Blubber kindly drags her into the abode where we find Glub waiting for his daughter and supper. (We'll translate the rest of the play.)

Blubber: "Ah, how do you do, sir. I have just rescued your daughter from an icy grave."

Glub: "Oh, icy. Haha. Some pun. Well, hang her up by the fire and we'll have some supper as soon as she recovers enough to scrape something together."

Blubber: "I guess I'd better not stay, thanks. I'm supposed to bring home a seal for supper."

Glub: "In that case so long, kid. Thanks for saving my daughter."

Blubber: "Oh well, I'll stay a while if you insist."

### ACT III.

Iglak has thawed out and served them their supper, consisting of grease soup with candles for dessert. Glub yawns and stretches while Iglak and Blubber busy themselves washing the dish.

### or IGLAK'S SIN

### or MARRY THAT GIRL

### or ELSE

Glub: "Well, I suppose you'll be hurrying home when you get the dish done. Night is falling fast."

Blubber: "Yes, I'll visit your daughter a short while this evening and then scam, I imagine."

Glub: "Oh, you don't have to hang around on my daughter's account; I'm sending her to bed early tonight, at least by the middle of March."

Blubber: "Why, thank you, I'll be glad to stay."

Glub: "Hell, I might as well turn in."

Iglak: "Good night."

Glub rolls out of his seat onto the floor and falls asleep.



### ACT IV.

Two months of the long Arctic night have gone by. Glub still sleeps where he fell. Iglak and Blubber have finished the dish and proceeded to sit down for a bit of hasty love-making on the sly. Blubber has mustered up the courage to hold one of her hands.

Iglak: "Teehee."

### ACT V.

Two more months have passed; Blubber is holding both her hands.

Iglak: "Teehee."

### ACT VI.

The final two months of night have passed and dawn is beginning to break through. The two have decided to stop at nothing and are now fervently rubbing noses.

Iglak: "Teehee."

This wakes up Glub who immediately sees what has been going on in his household.

Glub: "I thought you were going home in March, you rat. Here it is July and I find you rubbing noses with my daughter. I'll show you." Whereupon he spears Blubber on his seal-spear and throws him out. Then Glub turns to his shame-faced daughter.

Glub: "And as for you, young lady, you must know there is no place in this family for a girl who sits up all months of the night rubbing noses with some yokel just because he saved your life."

Iglak: "I thought I loved him, father; I guess I was just carried away with passion."

Glub: "Oh, phooie on that stuff. Get out of this igloo." He points. Iglak takes out her handy little pocket sextant and sights in the direction he points.

Iglak: "Iglak will go. According to my rough calculations, if I go in the direction you point I will pass nearer M.I.T. than Harvard. I always wanted to meet some real men. I'm sick of rubbing noses anyway, so there."

She grabs up her pocketbook and crawls out the door.

Slurp, Lippity, Slush, and Zazuzaz: "So long, Iglak."

THE END



Chesterfields . . .

*a corking good cigarette . . .  
they've been hitting the trail  
with me for a long time*

They are milder . . . not flat  
or insipid but with a pleas-  
ing flavor

They have plenty of taste  
. . . . not strong but just right

*An outstanding cigarette  
. . . no doubt about it*



# Phosphor



# Essences

## MAN DENTS FENDER TWICE WHILE MOVING 1 BLOCK

—*New York Times*

Redundant.



## EXCHANGE HEADS AT BANQUET

—*Manchester Union*

Try this on for size.



## \$25,000 FOR A WOMAN SEWER

Lone woman on Ill. relief project.

—*Boston Post*

It gutter down.



## POPE MOVES FOR PEACE: 300 ETHIOPIANS KILLED

—*Boston Traveler*

Well, all he's got to do is keep moving.

## SITTING ON NEEDLE SPOILS HER BIRTHDAY

—*Boston Traveler*

Among other things.



. . . Professor at Boston University says that New England has more variations of speech than any other section of the country. For instance:

The Connecticut farmer says: "The Hervd Stewnt pulza wheelbarr."

The Gloucester fisherman says: "Th' Harvurd stoodent pulls th' wheelbarra."

The Maine farmer says: "Th' Harrvid studdent puhlls th' wheelbarrer."

The Boston blue-blood says: "The Hawvud styudent pulls the wheelbarrow."

And pretty soon they'll all say: "tharvdstoontpulzweelbarra."

—*The March of Time*

But at Harvard they don't say anything. They're too busy pulling wheelbarrows.



## EXPLORING UNDERGROUND HARVARD

—*Boston Globe*

Rumored ruins of ancient culture.

## WOMEN PREY OF GAS FUMES Partially Overcome in Holbrook at Sewing Circle

—*Boston Post*

'Nuf said.



## "HELL FREEZES OVER" AT THE RITZ THEATRE

—*New York Post*

What the Devil?



## WHAT HO DEPARTMENT Pacifists Find Pacifist Trend Among Pacifists

—*Boston Transcript*



## MERCURY PLUNGES TO 14 DEGREES

Drop to 15 Forecast Tonight—White  
Yule Prospects Good

—*Washington Star*

Cold wave in reverse.

LINDBERGH'S SLIP QUIETLY  
INTO ENGLAND

Leave Ship Through Two Lanes of  
Policemen and Speed to  
Liverpool Hotel

ELUDE PHOTOGRAPHERS

Crowd at Dock Cheers as Colonel's  
Wife Appears with Baby in Arms

—N. Y. World-Telegram

So quiet they could hear themselves  
shout.



The elevator under construction will  
be self-leveling, and will run at a speed  
of 300 feet per second as compared  
with the 200 feet per minute.

—The Tech

Wheeeee—



HITLER TO BE HEARD  
LESS FREQUENTLY

—N. Y. Times

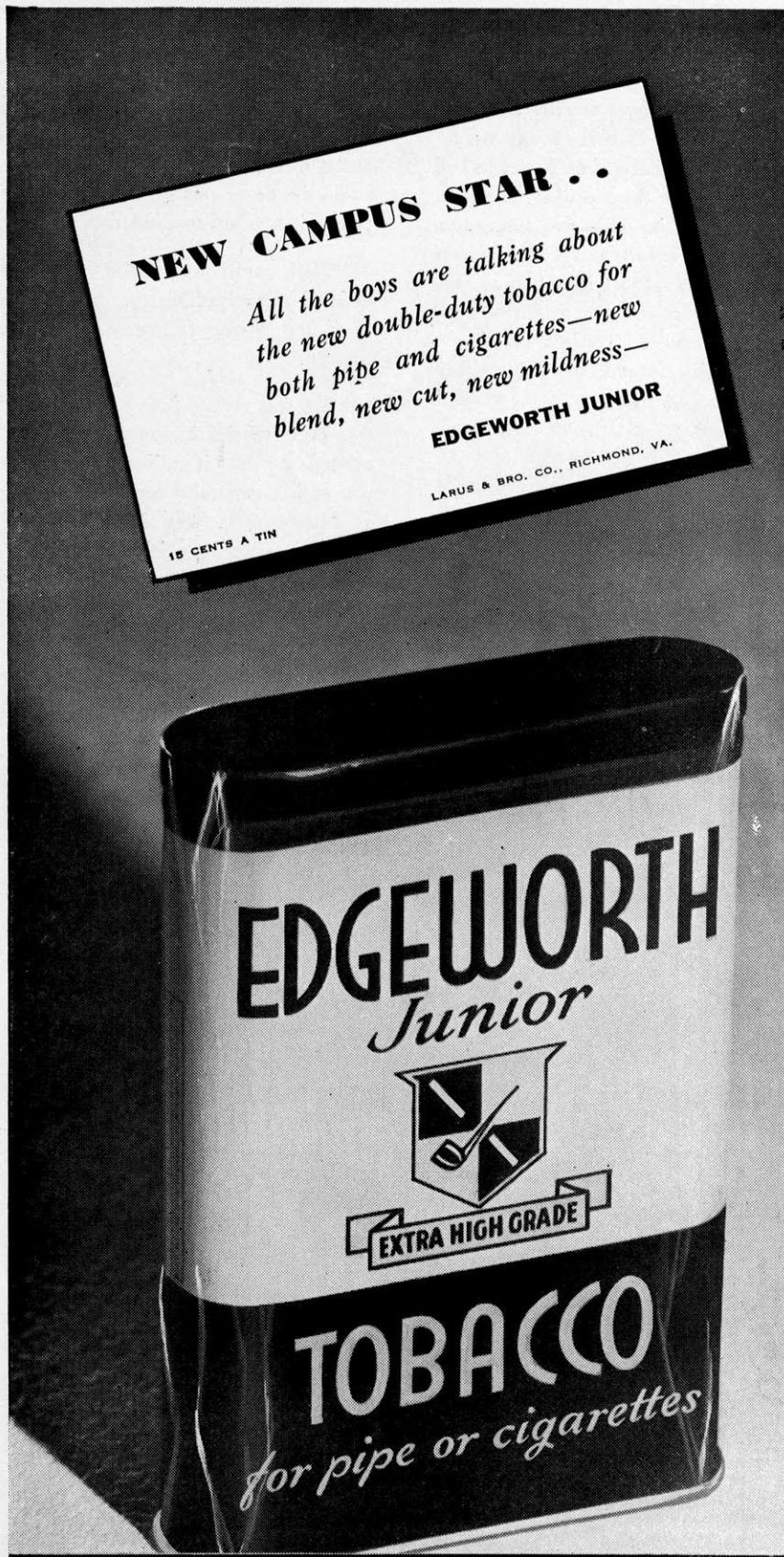
Is that a promise?



General Sherrill said his good fiend  
and neighbor Franklin D. Roosevelt  
might erect as lasting a monument to  
himself as Theodore Roosevelt.

—N. Y. Times

Who goes, fiend or foe?



MILD . . . LIGHT . . . FOR PIPES . . . CIGARETTES

★ CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA ★

Back on the air . . . Crossroads fun, frolic and old-time music.  
Every Saturday Night at 10:30 (Eastern Standard Time) over  
coast-to-coast NBC Red Network, direct from Richmond, Va.

## The Introvert Falls in Love

I pulled the sheet wearily about me and stretched. "Gosh, I am tired," I thought. "What a time to get to bed—six o'clock in the morning. Yes, but I had enjoyed it. That was funny too. Every dance before this I had always had to leave at midnight because my face muscles were sore from continued attempts to smile. Tonight my cheeks felt perfectly normal. I even realized that I was enjoying myself when I was enjoying myself, not afterwards when I had thought it over and decided that I had had a good time. I had even liked Mabel.

"Oh now Jack," I told myself, "don't be absurd. The idea of you of all people liking a girl. Mabel, too, she's skinny, and a rotten dancer, and a brunette. You've always said you preferred blondes and then only at a long distance.

"She was rather pretty though, and

the way she kept getting her hair in your mouth when she was dancing was rather nice, and her dancing wasn't too bad—she never put her foot on top of yours; it was always underneath.

"Well, well, well, Jack. Quite a defense you're putting up. You watch your step, young fellow, or you'll be hooked."

That was rather funny too. I tried to picture myself in love, but I failed miserably. "But if falling in love gave you such a generally contented feeling as I have now, why is it revolting? Why not encourage it?

"Yes, and you'll encourage it a bit too far, and one of these days you'll find yourself engaged."

I had become rather drowsy, but this horrible thought had me wide awake in an instant.

"Listen, Jack," I warned myself, "you know all the disadvantages there are in getting married. I've told you over and over again and you've assented every time.

"Yes, but marriage is rather remote. After all I've got another year of college—I'm only twenty . . . why so I am."

The thought rather startled me. I hadn't been considering myself young for at least two years. I was surprised and disappointed.

"And how often you've told yourself that you'd never think yourself any older than you were. You see, that's what women do to you."

I sighed and yawned in the same breath. "Forget it and go to sleep," I ordered, and turned over onto my other side. But my mind wandered back over the evening.

"That was another funny thing too. You didn't have any trouble talking nonsense tonight. And you didn't mind when Mabel didn't look where she was going and bumped into the couple dancing next to us."

This final thought convinced me. I had fallen in love with Mabel. There was no question about it. I had all the symptoms. It was a critical situation. "I must analyze my predicament very carefully. Obviously being in love would be enjoyable but I must be careful not to forget myself and let the affair become too intense. Ah, I have it. I'll stay away from Mabel for six months and just think about her. That is the obvious solution. And then if anything went wrong and I found myself getting too far in love I could go and see her and the chances were ten to one that from then on I'd loathe her."

I yawned again and as I dozed off the thought came to me that Mabel might not love me. It was an amusing thought and left a smile on my lips as I went to sleep.



Leap Year



ESTABLISHED 1818

*Brooks Brothers,*  
**CLOTHING,**  
 Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
 NEW YORK

Overcoats at Brooks Brothers

THE BROOKS ULSTER just introduced . . . a long double-breasted coat falling 10 to 12 inches below the knee, in bold over-plaid Scotch Cheviots.

THE DORSET, a fly-front model with notched lapels . . . entirely suitable for both town and country.

THE SALISBURY . . . double-breasted with long sweeping lapels and fitted at the waist, for general wear.

THE CHESTERFIELD . . . conservative and useful as ever.

Others ranging from English Covert Cloth to Harris Tweeds lined with muskrat or wallaby.

*Overcoats \$58 to \$110*

*Fur Coats \$160 to \$500*

BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET

BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET



© Brooks Brothers

Bureau of Missing Freshmen

We have had so many letters from worried parents whose children are freshmen at M.I.T. that we feel justified in devoting a bit of space to the problem of recovering the children in question and returning them to their rightful owners.

Case No. 1. Was found hanging on the rings up by the ceiling of Walker Gym. Had evidently been playing on the rings when they were hoisted up for the night. Was unable to identify himself in any way. Evidently a freshman. On exhibition at 10-100. Anyone knowing anything about him can have him.

Case No. 2. Found jammed in one of the lavatory doors; said he had pushed one of the buttons which said "PUSH" and was blown across the room by the force of the spray. Story doubtful, sanity likewise. Apply at 10-100.

Case No. 3. Found drifting in the sluiceway in the Hydraulics Lab. Unconscious at time of removal from water, difficult to tell when he is conscious and when he is otherwise. Mumbled something about thinking it was a corridor before they turned the water on. May be seen in the Infirmary; will be thrown away if not called for in 30 days.

Case No. 4. Found sitting in the Main Lobby during Christmas vacation. Said he didn't want to be disturbed; was left there until January 2 to humor him. Finally had to be removed, violently protesting that he was only trying to derive a formula found in "Introduction to Mechanics and Heat" about which the author had written, "The simple proof is left to the student." Author has taken the case in his own hands in hopes of finding out how to derive the formula.

Explanation

In a little pamphlet,  
 Enclosed with the ten weeks' marks  
 Sent to both flunkers and sharks  
 Is explained, or partially,  
 The complex system of indicating  
 Whether a student is mistaking  
 In going to Tech.

In this little pamphlet,  
 Beside a complicated explanation,  
 Two gentlemen, without appellation,  
 Are used as examples.

In this strange means of indicating  
 When the students are belating  
 And behind in their work.

What of this pamphlet?  
 Only this I choose to mention  
 Since it's been brought to my attention  
 That both of the examples,—  
 Of this involved way of indicating  
 That the supreme fates are fating,—  
 Flunked out.



You must have heard of  
our delicious dollar din-  
ners in the

English Room . . .

**The whole town is  
talking!**



As the home of the  
*Mandarin Lounge*,  
you know the fame  
of our cocktails.

- For dances and banquets we submit Boston's most unique rooms:

*The Captain's Cabin*

*The Patio*

*The Silver Lagoon*

**The MYLES STANDISH**

**30 BAY STATE ROAD Tel. Com. 4500**

NORDBLOM MANAGED

—Boston's Foremost, Reliable Dancing School—

**UPTOWN SCHOOL**  
of  
**MODERN DANCING**

**330 MASS. AVE. at HUNTINGTON**

**Tel. Circle 9068**

Personal Direction of **MISS SHIRLEY HAYES**



Newest Ballroom steps — Fox Trot, Waltz, "400", Rhumba, The Piccolino, etc. Beginners guaranteed to learn here. Be popular! Become a good dancer. Learn for: Football dances, Ballrooms, Proms, Parties, Affairs, etc. Hours 10 A.M. to 12 P.M. Private Lessons anytime. No appointment necessary.

15 Private Lessons for \$5.00

**Special Attention to Tech Students**

NOTE: Class and social dancing every evening 9 P. M. to 12 P. M. featuring "Miss Evelyn Arden" and her 35 young lady instructors. "Johnny Johnson's Colored Orchestra" playing very danceable music. Fun for all. Come and enjoy yourself. A wonderful opportunity to improve your dancing. Price \$1.00 for all evening.

## FIVE BUCKS for UNCLE HORACE

Mr. B. F. Horner

January 10, 1936.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Included in the booklet of class roll cards for the present term was a printed extract from the general regulations of the Institute as follows:

"Every male undergraduate student is required to report to the Medical Director for a complete physical examination during the first term of each academic year, and every male graduate student is required to report for such an examination during his first term of residence as a graduate student in the Institute."

This notice contained the further statement that arrangements had been made . . .

"by the Medical Director to give physical examinations *without charge*, providing an immediate appointment is made at the Homberg Infirmary. A fee of \$5.00 will be charged to defray the cost of each appointment made after November 1."

The Medical Director informs me that, up to yesterday, you had made no appointment for this required physical examination and this letter is to, therefore, notify you

*First*, that such an appointment must be made at the Infirmary without further delay, and in any event not later than noon on January 17, and

*Second*, that the Bursar has been advised that, by reason of your failure to make such an appointment prior to November 1, you have incurred a fee of \$5.00 for the examination.

Very truly yours,

After reading this, we immediately popped down at the nearest typewriter, and started in:

My dear Dean:

You simply can't imagine my elation in finding a letter from the Institute waiting for me this morning, nor can you visualize my subsequent chagrin upon reading it.

As I recall, there *was* a notice reading, "Every male undergraduate . . .," etc., and the further statement that arrangements had been made "by the Medical Director . . . providing an immediate appointment is made . . ."

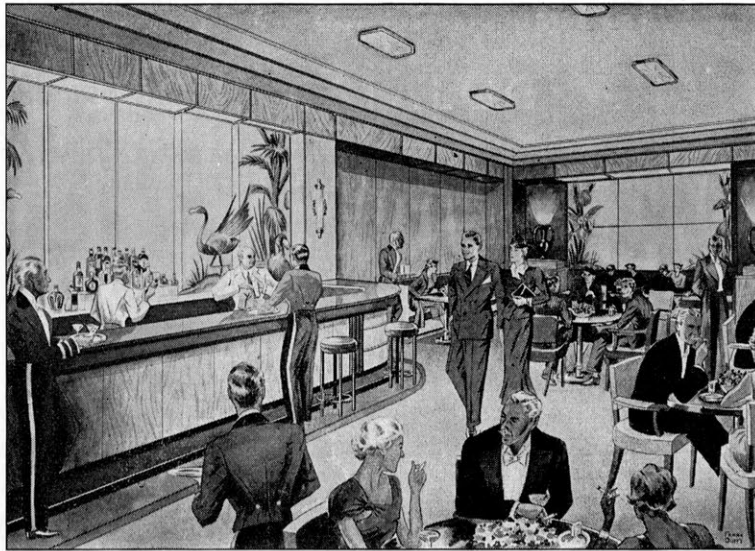
Well, I was a very green newcomer at the time.

OPENING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18th

*Boston's Most Beautiful*  
LOUNGE BAR

★ AIR CONDITIONED

★ STREET ENTRANCE



Hotel  
Kenmore

(Just across the river)



NOW

Six Air Conditioned Private  
Rooms for  
Dances  
Frat Parties  
Teas, etc.

We invite you to patronize this fine  
Hotel

and seem to have made the mistake of taking that "immediately" seriously. As a result, against the advice of some of my companions, I went, immediately, to the Homberg Infirmary, stood in line an interminable length of time, and made an appointment for the near future. My second big mistake seems to have been not preserving my appointment card, both as a souvenir of a long wait in line, and as an insurance against the disaster I am now facing. At the proper time—it seems to me that it was 8:30 in the morning or some such hour—I made my dutiful appearance, and was allowed first to reveal all of my life history except my opinions on companionate marriage and hedonism. Then I was ushered into a cell and allowed to disrobe. For fifteen minutes, then, I was triumphantly prodded and thumped—in the nude, you understand—in the search of some hidden sin. Then I was allowed to re-robe (had a deuce of a time stooping enough to see to get my tie straight in that mirror) and proceed merrily on my way.

The next few days, of course, I spent in reminding the rest of the boys that I was just a little brownbagger at heart after all—that I had put my

Physical out of the way.

How foolish I was! How little did I dream that some villain would tell me that after all I really hadn't taken my Physical, and that it was going to cost me five nasty old dollars to be reinstated in the Institute!

The purpose of this letter, therefore, is to

*First*, suggest that the Medical Director check his infallible records. Perhaps I'm listed as Burton F. Horner instead of B. F. Horner.

*Second*, request that the Bursar be readvised that by reason of my *not* failing to make such an appointment before November 1—and in addition, by reason of my undergoing the humiliation of the Physical, also long before November 1,—that I have not incurred a fee of \$5.00 for the examination after all.

Gratefully yours,

I re-read the letter, and then filed it in the wastebasket. The final card read,

Dear Dean,

I took that Physical Examination, as the Medical Director will now testify. Will you please fix things up with the Bursar?

Sincerely yours,

THIS VACATION  
*remember:*



## Voo - Doo Service . . .

- Very reasonable trips to Lake Placid Via Bus. Skiing, Skating, Dancing. Especially this vacation in conjunction with well known Boston **girls** schools.
- Tickets for Orpheum Dance Palace on Sale at Voo-Doo Office — **Half Price.**
- **Special Student** Discount Rates on all (AAA) Hotels in United States and Bermuda.
- Boston has some very inexpensive enjoyable cocktail lounges.

For further information CALL KIRKland 6339

## THE ART OF GETTING OUT OF BED

*Another Timely Disgussion by VooDoo's Health Adviser, Dr. R.E.D.*

It has been repeatedly called to the attention of this department (don't ask us what department this is) that Americans on the whole know very little about the intricate art of arising in the morning. The chief trouble seems to be that we bound out of bed too quickly, thus shooting our blood-pressure away up and endangering ourselves to a marked degree. Numerous cases have been sent to me concerning normal, full-blooded American citizens who, upon jumping out of bed, changed their blood-pressure so quickly that they literally broke their hearts and were embarrassed to find themselves corpses in practically no time at all.

The first lesson in bed-getting-out-of is CONTROL. For the first few mornings you must practice restraining the desire to rush from the bed to face the new day with all its glorious sunshine, soap-stink, and hour-exams. When you have finally reached the stage where you find it possible to remain under the covers 10 (ten) minutes after

awakening, you are ready to master some of the intricacies of the art. Always bear in mind your purpose, to raise your blood-pressure as gradually as possible. Rufus P. Snort, an experienced bed-getter-outer, can climb out in the morning in such a fashion that his rise in blood-pressure would trace out a peachy little straight-line if plotted against time which he doesn't.

Having awakened gently and naturally as the result of 14 hours' slumber or whatever number of hours slumber you require, start the fluid coursing through your veins, arteries, condensing-coils, resistance boxes and the like by twiddling the fingers and toes. Then cautiously poke one (1) foot out from beneath the covers and with it close the windows, lay out your clothes on the bed, and start things generally. If you happen to be one of those individuals fortunate enough to be born with detachable feet, you can send your foot out to accomplish all these pre-

*(Continued on Page 20)*

(The following article was "borrowed" from the "Tech", which was going to use it, but found that they could fill the space with some "news" instead. We dug this out of their wastepaper basket on our recent raid of their office.)

## Walker Eaters Licked Spoons Reach Moon

The Walker Dining Service has recently released some intensely engrossing figures concerning the main cafeteria. Because of the overwhelming general interest in this subject we are relaying these important facts to you. However, you must remember that they are of the utmost tactical significance, so keep them secret. Firstly, about 2500 people eat at Walker every day, a truly remarkable fact, all things considered. Of these, about 8.592 per cent eat sandwich lunches. In fact, if all the bread used in these sandwiches were stacked one slice on top of another, as they usually are, the pile would reach very high. Careful investigation has revealed that these sandwich eaters rarely use their silverware, a great saving to Walker. However, the saving is lost again on the napkins, which are twice as dirty as a result of the dribbling of the excess mayonnaise from the lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches. About 24.99999 per cent of the diners eat breakfast. This is so close to 25 percent that we are tempted to believe that there is somebody who eats his breakfast at lunch time, accounting for the difference. The eggs eaten at breakfast, if all broken in one crate, would resemble Field Day, except that eggs are now banned for Field Day. Another sprightly little fact is that Tech men consume more Wheaties than Skippy, a remarkable achievement, since Skippy is paid for it. The special suppers served by Walker are very, very popular. With each dinner, one gets dessert, drink, and rolls. It is estimated that only five diners remember to get an extra spoon to eat their dessert, so this means that the rest of the 47.000 per cent who eat these dinners must lick their spoons. To this must be added the extra licks of those who drink coffee. A liberal estimate states that there are about 159,683,240,342 spoons licked in Walker every year. Our master mathematician has calculated that if Walker could spare the spoons for a day or two,

(Continued on Page 27)

LOCKE-OBER CO.  
3 AND 4 WINTER PLACE  
BOSTON

## Locke Ober Café.

One of the Oldest Restaurants in Boston.  
Established in 1875

3 and 4 Winter Place  
between Winter Street and Temple Place  
One Block from the Park Street Subway

Business Lunch served from Noon to 2<sup>30</sup>  
à la Carte all day

Small Private Dining Rooms for parties of 4 to 20

Telephone Liberty 1340



HERE IT IS

*Our new*

# Midnight Blue TUXEDO

"FOR RENTAL"

Single and Double Breasted

## READ & WHITE

111 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

WOOLWORTH BUILDING, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



## Student Laundry Rates

with  
quality  
and  
intelligent  
service

- A special low priced student rate, including repair, buttons replaced and socks darned.
- Regular 3 day service, one day service on request. Shirts hand ironed.
- Special rates to fraternity houses.

## Hinds Laundry & dry cleaning

Brookline

Longwood 6186

### THE ART OF GETTING OUT OF BED

(Continued from Page 18)

liminaries without exposing your leg to the chill air. Very few people are born with detachable feet, however; in fact nobody is born with detachable feet so don't get jealous. Having proceeded this far, roll over three times in bed thus depositing yourself on the floor. By this time your heart is pumping at the rate of several gallons a day, at which rate the natural-gas supply of the Texas oil fields will be exhausted in comparatively few thousand years unless we find some more efficient way than a pipe-line to Chicago. Crawl into the bathroom on your hands and knees; crawl out of the bathroom on your hands and knees. Crawl into your clothes and down the laundry chute. If two men in white uniforms don't appear by this time to give you a ride the rest of the way we miss our guess.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY

"Swimming Around the World"

Richard Bellibutton, Gin Phiz & Co.

### FIZZLE

'Twas forty hours after New Year's Eve,  
Far longer than it seemed to many men  
And women too, although they knew  
That Forty hours was all it was to then.

'Twas a little flat in Cambridge near the Charles  
An apartment—not a lack of hills—  
Within, a nose of red, and aching head—  
'Twas a professor, green about the gills.

Bitter was his fate; indeed it was,  
A chem lecture in a half an hour  
His to deliver, and endeavor

To keep the class's attention 'in full flower.

"It is the dumbest class I've ever taught,  
"And it's the sleepest that I've even seen,  
"It even snores," the prof deploras,  
And thinks of other classes that have been.

The hour comes. With shaky step  
The poor man finds his way across the street,  
Through the door, to the second floor,  
He makes his way with very languid feet.

The class, at his appearance, jumps awake.  
The professor then commences to intone,  
But nose of red and splitting head,  
Cause sounds far nearer to a groan.

"Mercuric chloride in this jar,"

The lecturer tries to explain,  
"If mixed with ice, reduces twice,  
"And then is oxidized again."

"To secure this end within the hour  
"Some sort of catalyst is needed,  
"A pinch of fluorine, a drop of iodine  
"By a gram of bromine are succeeded."

Alas the poor professor was  
A little tipsy still, and dizzy.  
He dropped the fluorine, pinched the iodine,  
And grammed in bromine till all was fizzy.

It fizzed and fizzed and fizzed some more.  
Expanding, oh most mightily,  
It broke the jar, spread near and far  
All hard things left most flightily.

All hard things left, the class remained,  
Escaping injury and pain—alas!  
You do not see how this could be?  
It was a Harvard class.

I.

January comes but once a year.  
 February comes once a year too.  
 March is the same.  
 I could fill up twelve lines like this, but what the  
 hell—I'm not paid by the line.  
 I'm not paid at all, even.  
 That's what's wrong with this magazine—no pay.  
 Not even any graft.  
 Not much anyway.

II.

January is a month in which you are sort of hung  
 over  
 From Christmas holidays  
 And wondering what's going to happen in midyears.  
 And a lot of other things happen in January,  
 But I can't think of them now.

III.

June is a nice month  
 Or September—'cause it rhymes with "remember",  
 But try and think of anything to rhyme with January.  
 You try it—I'm tired.  
 If I were writing something which had to rhyme,  
 I sure would be in a jam.  
 But I'm not.  
 So I don't give a damn.  
 I don't imagine you do, either.



The Whiffle is a mangy beast  
 That wanders west and wanders east.

It never stops to talk at all  
 Not even in the spring or fall.

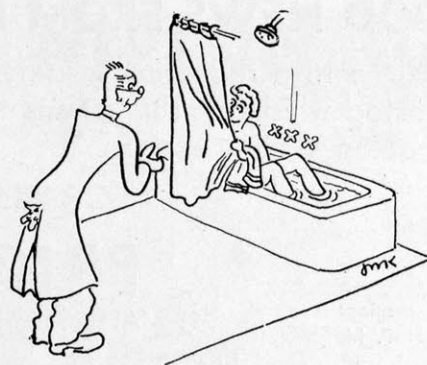
It warbles sweetly like a rooster  
 Just like in days of yore it used to.

It snarls at you with cheerful mein  
 And shows its palate in between.

It eats its Grape-Nuts every day  
 And stars in football every way.

It is content and very smug  
 Just like the tiger on the rug.

I'd say that it were very tall  
 Except it don't exist at all.



". . . and also — Lalime & Partridge have just  
 delivered our NEW YEAR

**FORD V-8**

Make your NEW YEAR'S Resolution: A V-8 at a  
 very Reasonable Price

and

ANY AUTOMOBILE REPAIRS . . . LASTING  
 Minimum Price — Reliable

**LALIME and PARTRIDGE, Inc.**

1255 BOYLSTON STREET

Tel. Ken. 2760

**"The BLUE TRAIN"**



*Boston's Most Colorful Cocktail Salon*

**ABROAD without leaving the city**

Check your cares at the little French Railway  
 Station and board the Blue Train for an evening  
 of adventure. A new and diversified program of  
 entertainment will enliven your journey. Don't miss  
 this trip.

OPERATING DAILY FROM 5 P. M.

**Hotel Lenox**

Walter Seaver  
 Managing  
 Director

## GOOD NEWS FROM PRICE BROTHERS!

Due to a reduction in duty, lower prices are going into effect this month on all imported whiskies. This means that you can get a bottle of superb Scotch, Irish or Canadian Whisky at a REALLY low price!

FOR RELIABLE LIQUORS, BUY AT  
**PRICE BROTHERS**

Open evenings  
until 11 P. M.

141 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Tel. No.  
KENmore 3813

### THOUGHT

To write a poem's easy  
If you don't especially care—  
When you're writing out the poem—  
About getting anywhere.

If I didn't have to waste my time  
In trying to be clever  
I could string together phrases and  
Go on like this forever.

### LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

Gawd, I feel like writing something funny for this magazine. I flunked that physics exam yesterday cold. Ha! Ha! I haven't got the chance of a snowball in June of passing the math final. That's rich! I'm sure in the mood for writing something that will roll them in the aisles. Ha, ha, ha, ha! And, oh boy, wait till that guy from the liquor store comes around tomorrow to collect that bill like he said he would! Me, with 35c left from this month's allowance. Ha, ha, ha! This is killing me. I sure could write a scream of an article right now. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha . . .



## Famous for

GOOD FOODS  
FINE WINES  
CIGARS and TOBACCOS  
CANDIES  
GIFT BOXES  
COLLEGE SPREAD BOXES

Ask For Our Catalogue

## S. S. PIERCE CO.

Established 1831

SIX STORES KENMORE 7600 — LONGWOOD 1300  
MAIL ORDERS WE SHIP EVERYWHERE



Try this one—

### SONG OF THE E. E. LAB

Press the first switch down  
And the current goes round and round,  
Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeee—  
And the power comes out here.

Now press the middle switch down  
More current goes round and round  
Pooooooooooooow—  
And the breakers go out here.

Now press the last switch down  
The instructor goes round and round  
Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay  
And now you go out here.



## PHOS REVIEWS CURRENT FLICKERS

Our candid opinion of the newer pictures which it has been our good fortune or misfortune to see.

### ANOTHER FACE

Brian Donlevy ought to sue the producers. His parts in "Barbary Coast" and "Show Them No Mercy" were nice and nasty, but in this he simply stinks. So does the picture.

### TALE OF TWO CITIES

Magnificently done. Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Basil Rathbone, and a batch more I can't remember. I liked it a lot.

### MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

Irene Dunne is pretty and pathetic. Robert Taylor is just pretty, Betty Furness talks as if she just came out of a ten-cents-a-dance palace. Charles Butterworth and Arthur Treacher remain the same as ever. Good-hearted souls cry a bit, people are deeply moved, and I say "Phooey."

### AH WILDERNESS

The movies make an awful mess out of a fine tender play, but as a low comedy it is worth seeing. Don't expect too much.

### I DREAM TOO MUCH

Lily Pons, with a charming French accent, dominates the picture, with Henry Fonda being excessively wooden. Miss Pons pesters poor Mr. Fonda interminably about a baby she wants when he gets time. She sings "Caro Nome" from Rigoletto very beautifully and displays interesting parts of her anatomy in the "Bell Song" from Lakine. Added to this we have Osgood Perkins, Eric Blore, and a trained seal. Something for everybody.

### THE BRIDE COMES HOME

Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, and Robert Young in a descendant of "It Happened One Night" out of "She Married Her Boss." It ought to be as gay and flippant as anything, but turns out only to be forced.

## THE NIPPON ROOM



Fine Food

and

Fine Liquors

*Served in an unusual atmosphere*

Luncheon \$.50-\$.75

Dinner \$1.00-\$1.25

Supper Specials Till Closing

**FOR THOSE VERY  
SPECIAL OCCASIONS...**

*You will find the NIPPON ROOM the most unique and enjoyable room of its type in Boston.*

## HOTEL VENDOME

Commonwealth Av., at Dartmouth St. - Just off Copley Square  
Ample Parking Space

### COLLEGIATE

A bunch of chorus girls march down the steps of Walker Memorial, blow trumpets, and the movie version of a girl's college begins. Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, Ned Sparks and a few more college executives blunder about and create a great hub-bub, some of which is funny but most of which isn't. Frances Langford is still okay with me, although "You Hit the Spot" lacks what "I'm in the Mood for Love" had. There is a nice shot of Betty Jane Cooper taken from beneath as she tap-dances on a glass table. I'll bet that a lot of ladies who used to fawn over Jackie Coogan will be cluck-clucking when they see Betty Grable, his fiancee.



"You give me such crazy kisses."

"That's because my lips are cracked."

—Punch Bowl.

## ROSOFF'S

Luncheon  
40c, 50c, 60c

Dinner  
60c, 75c

Roast Chicken Dinner (55c)  
(A Regular Saturday Feature)

CHOICE LIQUORS

Rosoff's Restaurant Co.

97 Summer Street, Boston  
Conveniently located to all theaters.

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

### I'M NO HYPOCRITE

If you didn't have a flashy car,  
If you weren't a tasteful dresser,  
If you didn't resemble a movie star,  
If your social position were lesser,

If you didn't have a Harvard drawl,  
If you couldn't afford an ermine wrap,  
Do you think I'd care for you at all?  
Don't be a sentimental sap.



Then there is the story of the gentleman visiting in Washington, but who wanted to phone someone in Baltimore. It proved annoying when the operator said, "Deposit twenty-five cents, please."

"What," he cried, "twenty-five cents to call Baltimore? Why, at home we can phone to Hell and back on a nickel."

"Oh yes," she replied, "but that's a local call."

Half: Then there was the sad case of the poor girl who got some bath salts for Christmas, and there was only a shower in the house.

Wit: So I suppose she became a salt seller?

Half: No, she was a shaker already.



And then there's the nudist who said he was willing to bare arms for his movement.



### A FRESHMAN'S PRAYER

God bless mother and father. Bless my little brother and sisters, and friends. And good-bye, God, I'm going to college.

—Tiger.



A.: Why are you crying?

B.: Father called mother a waddling goose.

A.: Well?

B.: Mother called father a stupid ass.

A.: But why are you crying?

B.: Well, what am I?

—Red Cat.



### EPITAPH

Here Lies an Athiest

All Dressed Up and No Place to Go.

—Lyre.

VERY FITTING

"They had quite a bit of trouble at the jail the other day. It seems that they were getting ready for a hanging. The prisoner was led forth from his cell to the gallows, the usual prayers were said, and he was asked for his last words and gave them. Then they suddenly found out that the hanging rope was gone. They looked all around, but couldn't find it. So they had to go to the store and buy a new one. While they were doing it the prisoners began to sing."

"A hymn for the dying man, I suppose?"

"No. They sang 'The Lost Chord'."

—*Punch Bowl.*



And then there was the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.

—*Princeton Tiger.*



First Republican: "Why did Nero fiddle while Rome burned?"

Other: "Because he didn't have a battleship to go fishing on."

—*The Widow.*



Ambitious Writer: "Professor, I want some special training. I'm just itching to write."

Prof.: "Well, why not sit down and scratch off a little?"

—*Ollapod.*

Sober (to inebriate who is trying to strike the wrong end of a match): "Why don't you try the other end?"

Not-so-sober: "Aw, anybody can do it that way."

—*Punch Bowl.*



PARODIES

(*With no apologies to nobody*)

I hope that I shall never see  
 Another parody on "Trees,"  
 A poem that tries to tear apart  
 And ridicule a work of art.  
 It's pretty sickening to see  
 "An elbow lovely as a knee."  
 Or lines referring oft to girls  
 Upon whose bosoms have lain pearls;  
 Or girls whose lovely arms are pressed  
 Against pink orchids at their breasts.  
 A glance at verse on such a theme  
 Has always made me want to scream.  
 For though fools write them every season,  
 Only God can know the reason.

—*Jester.*



COME ALONG, ALBERT

Most depressing are those neat  
 Rancid spinsters that you meet  
 Scolding poodles on the street.

Nothing makes me go to pieces  
 Like old ladies whose disease is  
 Reprimanding Pekineses.

—*Jester.*

## "AT THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE WORLD"

Consistent centrality. The only hotel with its entrance on Times Square. Engineers, oil barons, movie stars, New Dealers—everyone from everywhere stops at the Astor. They stop to meet, eat, talk, dance and sleep.

## HOTEL ASTOR

Entrance TIMES SQUARE

THAT'S NEW YORK!

Fred A. Muschenheim



It seems that one of the fresher Freshmen was in need of a date to something or other, so what does he do but call up the wench with whom he was something more than friends. With a determined throb in his voice, he wraps his hand around the nearest phone and ensues himself in conversation:

"Hello, Mary Jane, whatcha doing Saturday night?"

"I gotta date."

"Anna Saturday after that?"

"I gotta date."

"Anna nex' Saturday?"

"Gotta date."

"Good Gawd, woman, doncha ever take a bath?"

—*Humbug.*

## THE BRIDEGLOOM

Will you take this woman  
For your lawful wedded wife?  
Will you honor and obey her  
Throughout your natural life?

Will you let her drive your car?  
Will you give her all your money,  
Go to parties every night?  
Will you always call her honey?

Will you support her mother,  
Father and her brothers,  
Uncles, aunts, cousins,  
And a half dozen others?

He gazed queerly at the parson,  
Then he gave his head a tilt,  
And hopelessly he raised his eyes,  
And weakly said, "I wilt."

—*Sundial.*



King Arthur: "How much'll you take for this suit of armor, Lance?"

Lancelot: "Three cents an ounce, Art. It's first class mail."

—*Tiger.*



## DUAL POISONALITY

Frosh (to fraternity brother): "Someone wants you on the phone."

Frat Brother: "Well, if it's a girl, tell her I'll be there and, if it's a man, tell him I'll take a pint."

—*Frivol.*

THESIS

I adore men. They're so convenient, inexpensive, and easy to feed. They love eating the cake you forgot to put baking powder in, that is, if you're diplomatic enough to insist that you baked it just for them. They have commodious pockets for storing lipstick, compacts, and garters which are *hors de combat*. The big ones seem to be preferred stock, but the little ones are terribly handy for climbing in pantry windows when you've forgotten your house key. The more attractive ones are definite assets to a girl's personal appearance. Although she can't wear them as she would a dress, she can always take them along as she would an umbrella, to shield her from soused or otherwise unpleasant things or persons. They're also nice to send into a dark room first because, having awfully tender shins, you can tell by their muffled (no nice man swears) exclamations where the furniture is. All in all, men are very useful in a dark room.

—Indiana Bored Walk.



COMING AND GOING

In Montana there is a town named Eurelia. Trainmen differ as to the pronunciation of the name.

Passengers are often startled, upon arriving at this station, to hear the conductor yell:

"You're a liar! You're a liar!"

Then, from the brakeman, at the other end, comes the cry: "You really are. You really are."

—Tiger.



BOOK LARNIN'

The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting Governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the Governor. "And all Democrats, I suppose."

"All but one," said the father proudly. "They're all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."

—Drexerd.

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

*Walker Eaters Licked  
Spoons Reach Moon*

(Continued from Page 19)

they could be placed end to end all the way to the moon. What would then be done with the spoons is still something of a problem, but it has been suggested that a special commission, comprising President Compton, Dean Lobdell, and Professor Frank, be sent to the moon to remove the spoons from that end.

**ORPHEUM**  
DANCE PALACE  
BROADWAY & 46th ST. NEW YORK CITY

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS YOU LOVE TO DANCE WITH

SNAPPY MUSIC YOU LOVE TO DANCE TO

A RENDEZVOUS FOR ALL COLLEGE MEN  
CONTINUOUS DANCING 8 P. M. TO 3 A. M.

COLLEGIAN CONTEST EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

THE PLACE TO SEE AND TO BE SEEN

16 YEARS AT THIS LOCATION

## Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

- |                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 655 Tremont Street     | 242 Tremont Street     |
| 420 Tremont Street     | 1083 Washington Street |
| 202 Dartmouth Street   | 44 Scollay Square      |
| 629 Washington Street  | 332 Massachusetts Ave. |
| 30 Haymarket Square    | 19 School Street       |
| 6 Pearl Street         | 437 Boylston Street    |
| 540 Commonwealth Ave.  | 26 Bromfield Street    |
| 1215 Commonwealth Ave. | 105 Causeway Street    |

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON



### MEN ONLY READ THIS

Out of ninety thousand women there will be eighty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-four who will read this. The other six will be blind.

—Record.



"Daggone, I can't wake him up," panted the pledge to the president of the chapter. "I've been hitting him with a baseball bat for fifteen minutes and he just keeps on sleeping."

—Rammer Jammer.

Grit: "George comes from a very poor family."  
Dirt: "Why, they sent him away to college, didn't they?"

Grit: "Yes, that's why they got so poor."

—Pup.



*Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake,  
All right for you, God.*

—Awgwan.

### INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

<i>Advertiser</i>	<i>Page</i>
Brooks Brothers .....	15
Best Printers .....	I.B.C.
Camels .....	B.C.
Chesterfield .....	11
Edgeworth Tobacco .....	13
Hicks & Shaw .....	27
Hind's Laundry .....	20
Hotel Astor .....	26
Hotel Lenox .....	21
Hotel Vendome .....	23
Jones' Liquor Mart .....	25
Kennedy's .....	9
Kenmore Hotel .....	17
L. A. Johnson Co. ....	24
Lalime & Partridge .....	21
Locke-Ober Cafe .....	19
Myles Standish Hotel .....	16
Orpheum Dance Palace .....	27
S. S. Pierce Co. ....	22
Price Bros. ....	22
Prince Albert .....	2
Read & White Co. ....	19
Rosoff's Restaurant .....	24
Uptown School of Modern Dancing .....	16
Voo Doo Service .....	18
Walker Dining Service .....	20
Walton's Lunch .....	28

---

---

**COMPLETE PRINTING SERVICE**  
**BOOK, CATALOG AND COLOR PRINTING**

---

---

PRINTERS OF THE M. I. T. VOO DOO AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

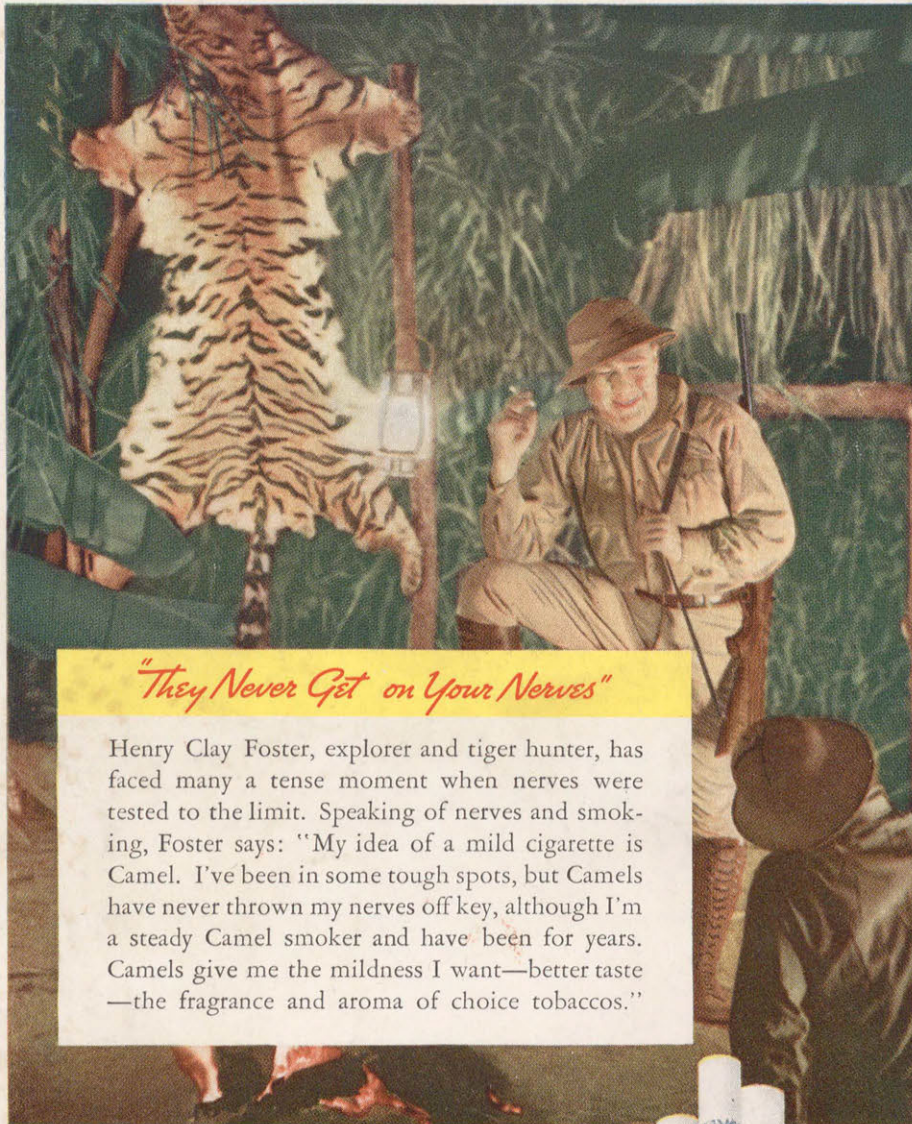


**THE BEST PRINTERS**

**145 HIGH STREET**  
**TELEPHONE**

**BOSTON, MASS.**  
**LIBERTY 7596**

# HERE'S WHY CAMEL'S MILDNESS APPEALS TO OUT-OF-DOORS PEOPLE



## *"They Never Get on Your Nerves"*

Henry Clay Foster, explorer and tiger hunter, has faced many a tense moment when nerves were tested to the limit. Speaking of nerves and smoking, Foster says: "My idea of a mild cigarette is Camel. I've been in some tough spots, but Camels have never thrown my nerves off key, although I'm a steady Camel smoker and have been for years. Camels give me the mildness I want—better taste—the fragrance and aroma of choice tobaccos."



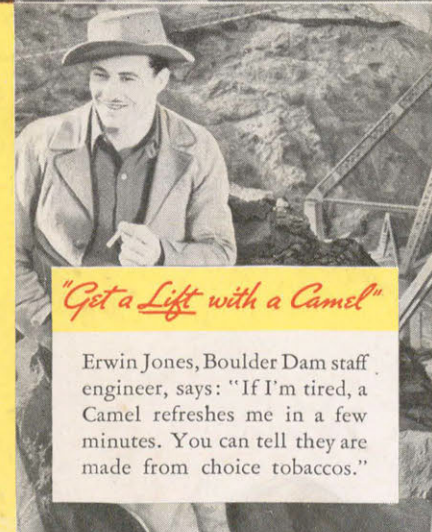
## *"They Never Tire Your Taste"*

Lt. Commander Frank Hawks, holder of 214 speed records, says: "Camels taste better—mild and mellow. They are never irritating to my throat."



## *"Camels Don't get your Wind"*

Miss Judy Ford says: "Wishing to keep in the best of condition, I prefer Camels! They are so mild that they never disturb my wind or fray my nerves."



## *"Get a Lift with a Camel"*

Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam staff engineer, says: "If I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me in a few minutes. You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos."

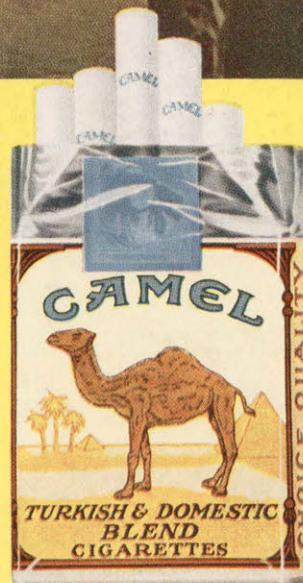
## COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.



906-800A-71-