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MADE INT. TECH
5 MAY 1937
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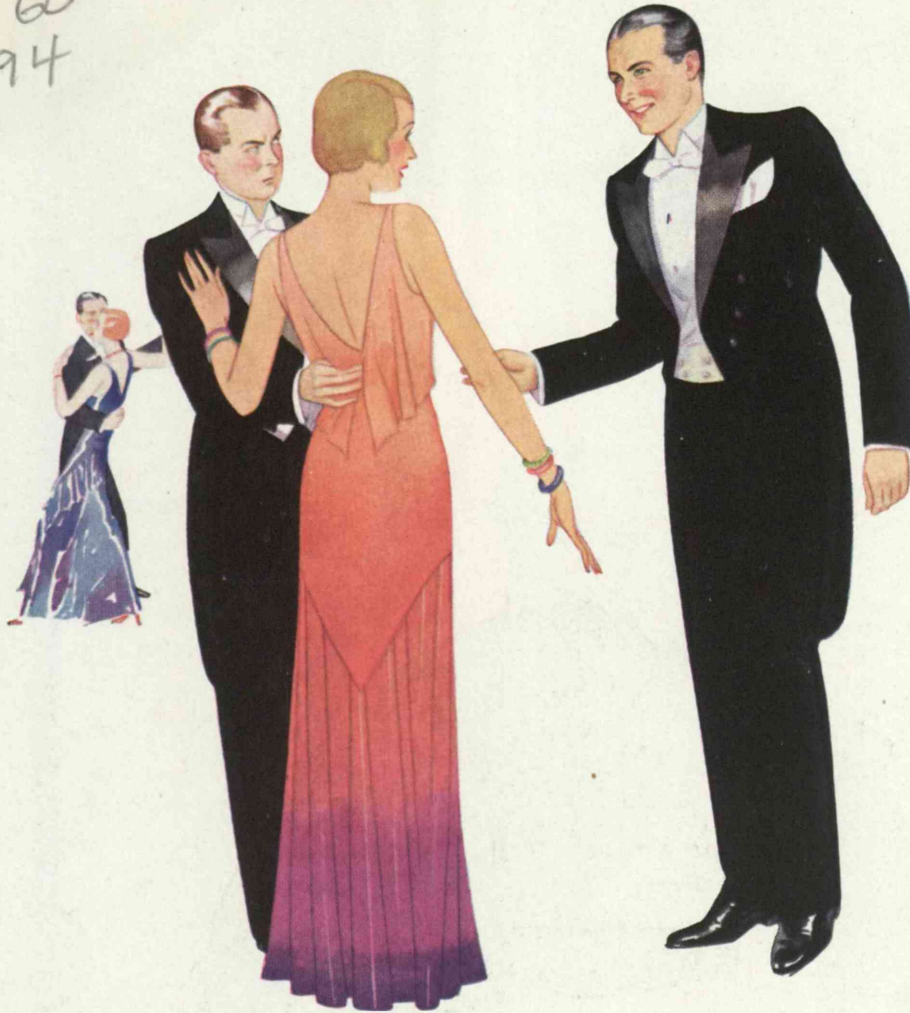
MARCH 25^c



A DEPRESSION IN SPIRITS

JUNIOR PROM

T-2
V94



The smoothest incense to the
green-eyed goddess since the introduction of
Cutting In . . . *cigarettes that really SATISFY!*



Chesterfield

MILDER . . AND BETTER TASTE

EVENTS OF THE MONTH

Week ending March 21

- MARCH 21 Boxing — Intercollegiates — away
 Gym Team — Intercollegiates — away
 Fencing — I. F. C. Semi-Finals — Boston

Week ending March 28

- MARCH 27 Fencing — Vermont — Home

Week ending April 4

- APRIL 2 Fencing — I. F. A. Finals — away

Week ending April 25

- APRIL 24-25 Varsity Track — Penn Relays — away
 APRIL 25 Freshman Track — Andover — away
 Varsity Tennis — Boston University — Riverside
 Freshman Tennis — Exeter — away
 Crew — Navy — away



Cop: "Hey, Cap, what are you trying to do?"
 Inebriate: "I'm trying to pull this lamp off of the bridge — 'cause my wife wants a bridge lamp."
 — Juggler



He (sentimentally): "Don't you ever feel a longing for tenderness?"
 She: "Sure — when I order steak."
 — Longhorn



Prof: "Do you remember the discussion we had in class concerning the corn borer?"
 Frosh: "No, it probably went in one ear and out the other."
 — Lafayette Lyre



Proud Mother: "Yes, he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eight months."
 Bored Visitor: "Really? He must be awfully tired."
 — Lafayette Lyre

The VANDERBILT HOTEL

NEW YORK
 Thirty-fourth Street East at Park Avenue



Dinner Dances

in the Della Robbia Room

Dancing from 7 to 12 including dinner
 at \$3.50 per person

Music by the Vanderbilt Orchestra
 Every Evening but Monday
 (Evening Dress Required if Dancing)

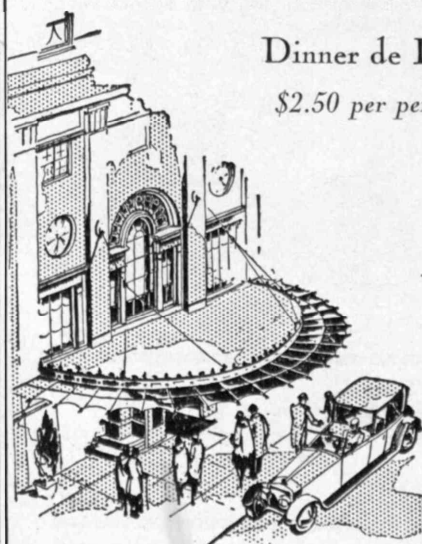


Sunday Evenings

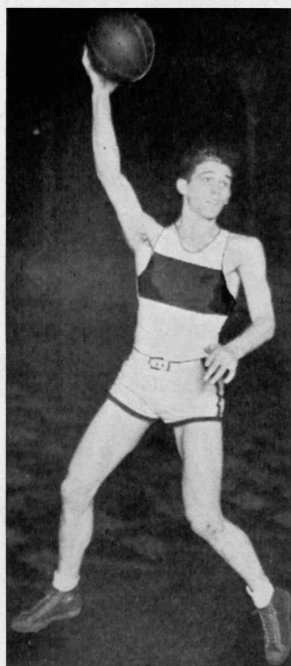
Concerts in the Della Robbia Room

Distinguished Artists

Dinner de Luxe
 \$2.50 per person



WALTON H. MARSHALL
 Manager



College Humor's ALL- AMERICANS

Basketball AND Hockey

IN THE MAY ISSUE

College Humor was the first publication to attempt a selection of honor teams in inter-collegiate basketball and hockey. And today College Humor's selections of All-American stars in these two sports are recognized as official and authentic.

No other national magazine has undertaken to scrutinize the hundreds of college quintets in search of the five or ten most accomplished and consistently brilliant performers . . . or has endeavored a study of the different hockey conferences.

The counsel of college coaches the country over has been employed by Les Gage, Sports Editor, to assure an impartial and complete treatment of the subject. The May issue of College Humor, on sale the first of April, will announce the All-American cage team and hockey sextet for 1931 in conjunction with two comprehensive stories by Les Gage.



College Humor

M A G A Z I N E

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The MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

CAMBRIDGE

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers Courses in Engineering and Science, each of four years' duration, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in:

AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING
ARCHITECTURAL ENGINEERING
BIOLOGY AND PUBLIC HEALTH
BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING PRACTICE
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GENERAL SCIENCE

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NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MARINE ENGINEERING
PHYSICS
SANITARY ENGINEERING

The Course in Architecture is of five years' duration, and leads to the degree of Bachelor in Architecture. Five-year Coöperative Courses in Electrical Engineering and Railroad Operation leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Master of Science are also offered.

Graduate Courses leading to the degrees of Master of Science, Master in Architecture, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Science, and Doctor of Public Health are offered. The Courses leading to the degree of Master of Science include Coöperative Courses in Chemical Engineering Practice and Fuel and Gas Engineering.

The better high schools and other preparatory schools in the United States offer adequate preparation for the required entrance examinations given by the College Entrance Examination Board in June, or by the Institute in September.

Graduates of colleges or of scientific schools of collegiate grade, and in general all applicants presenting satisfactory certificates showing work done at another college corresponding approximately to at least one year's work at the Institute, are admitted to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training, and are given credit for our required subjects, including the entrance requirements, so far as they have been satisfactorily completed.

The Summer Session, extending from June to September, includes most of the subjects given during the academic year, and in addition special courses for teachers.

Any of the following publications will be sent free upon request

CATALOGUE FOR THE ACADEMIC YEAR

(Which includes the admission requirements)

GRADUATE STUDY AND RESEARCH

SUMMER SESSION CATALOGUE

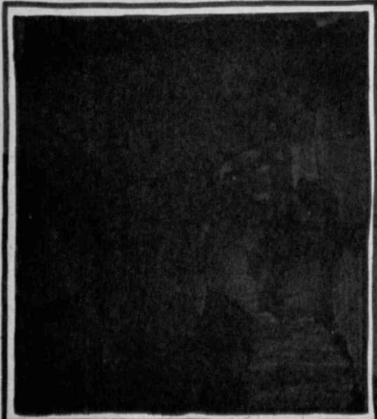
CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY



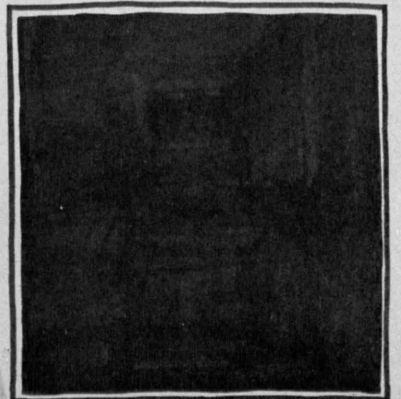
HELEN HAYES
AS SKETCHED BY STAFF ARTIST WILL RAPPART
PETTICOAT INFLUENCE AT THE WILBUR



GLENDA FARRELL
IN ON THE SPOT AT THE WILBUR



ANNA MAY WONG
GIVES ALLAN WARD A BREAK
IN ON THE SPOT AT THE WILBUR





PROM

NUMBER

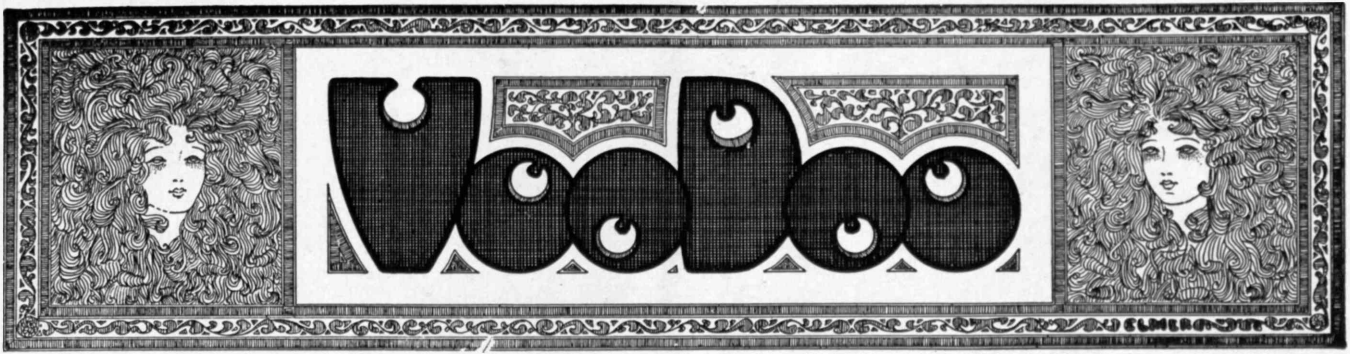


Dick Datzler, '31



Dick Baltzer

“Who, me?”



BROWN BAGGERS TO ARMS (WHOSE ARMS?)

38
y

To the Editor of *Ye Techy*:

After intensive research, I have discovered that you, or anyway somebody like you, have viewed with alarm the protruberance of the "brown bagger" at M. I. Teched. Now take me. I'm a "brown bagger" and I think it's pretty swell of me, too. In fact, I consider the "brown bagger" to be the cause of halitosis, Cremo cigars, Life Buoy soap and others which go to make the foundation of our civilization. All the men who have furthered civilization to the point where it can appreciate Rudy Vallee were the "brown baggers." Not Washington and Napoleon. While they were still graduating to Camels, we were preparing ourselves for the aesthetics of advanced accounting. The true contributors to Voo Doo, *Life*, *Vanity Fair* and those others that go to make society, were Tycho Brahe, Kepler, John Held, Jr., Perleman. Silverblatt, and Peter Arno; in short, most of those men who never went to Technology. These men were the "brown betties" of their time (no hard sauce, please). They asked the world only for the right to live, eat, drink and make whoopee; they had no time for sports, because the training would cut down on their pool game; these men brought *progress* (pronounced "brown bagging") into the world. (Some son of a gun, hey lady?)

Today, more than ever, we find men, women, and even Harvard students ashamed, yes Throgmorton, actually *ashamed*, of habitual chastity and moderation. We find men, great, big, strong, husky engineers ashamed of a dislike for the taste of synthetic gin (prepared by their own "brown baggers") and pyro-ligneous acid (pronounced tobacco smoke).

I maintain that no amount of movies, amusement or pyroligneous acid (pronounced perfect by discriminating smokers) will bring America into future greatness as a nation whose "brown baggers" will have their names engraved on the walls of the Institute until the continued washings of the soap-laden rains from the Lux factories shall have erased their glory therefrom. It is for the "brown baggers" to put their lily-white and slipstick stained fingers to the wheel and push America out of the mud of normal life into the free cleansing air and broadened horizons of the true, "brown baggers," while the Washingtons, Napoleons, and writers for Voo Doo paddle with mud pies and make appropriate remarks. Why then are the "brown baggers" so ashamed of themselves and their slipsticks, to say nothing of their superior intelligence and chastity? The reason is that the molds of Technology opinion try to discourage "brown bagging" and they do this, no doubt, because of an early grudge against the Coöp, sellers of brown bags par excellence.

The "brown bagger" is the falling arch of the instep of a beerless country and our social structure. The artist, the athlete's foot, the Don Juan, the New Yorker are the ornaments. Let Harvard supply the decorations (and the music, the Technonians play the Symphony in E Log-Log so poorly) while we enjoy ourselves. Let Technology provide the adding machine artists for this generation as she has previously. The basic reason why America will never be famous, or even great, the "brown bagger."

Yours with hard sauce,

Y. SCHLOSSENPOOFLE '53

Who is a Brown Bagge with Straps.



"Hermann, that reminds me. I must send for a new Sears-Roebuck catalogue."



Prominent Alumnus Solves the Mystery of the Baby Grand

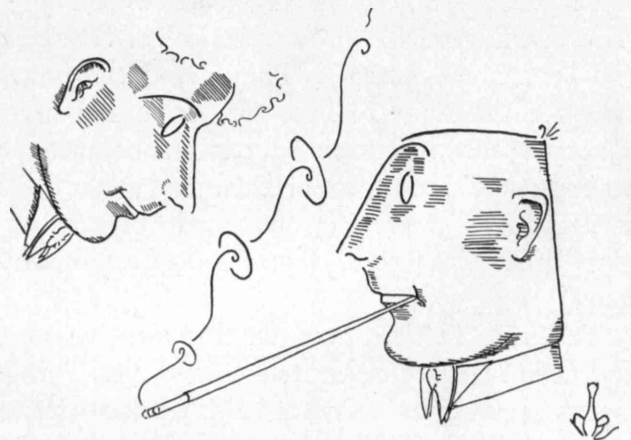
She was only a tailor's daughter, but she had the goods.

My girl's so dumb, she thinks a primary cell is a jail for little children.

"I guess I don't rate here," said the bottle of alky, mournfully, "this makes the third time this evening that I've been cut."



Fishing, we think, is or is not a great sport, depending upon which end of the line you're on.



Did you hear what the dean pulled on me?
Yeah, I don't blame you for being sore at him;
but what can you do about it?
Hmm, if I were only a bird.



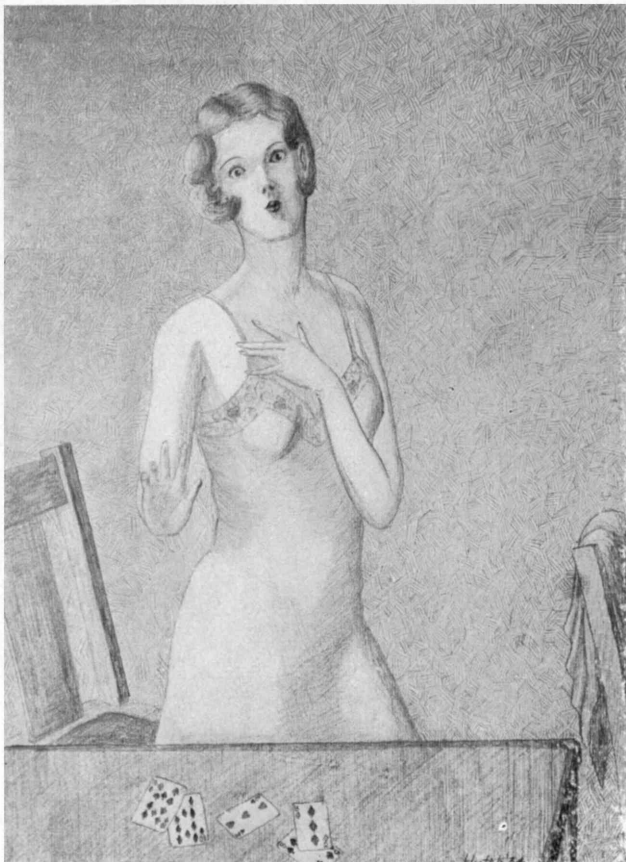
Jim: "Why is Tillie so popular with the boys?"
 Nasium: "Did you ever see the way she signs her name?"
 Jim: "No."
 Nasium: "Well, she always puts T.N.T. after her name."
 Jim: "Does that mean she is dangerous?"
 Nasium: "No, that stands for 'Tillie never tells.'"



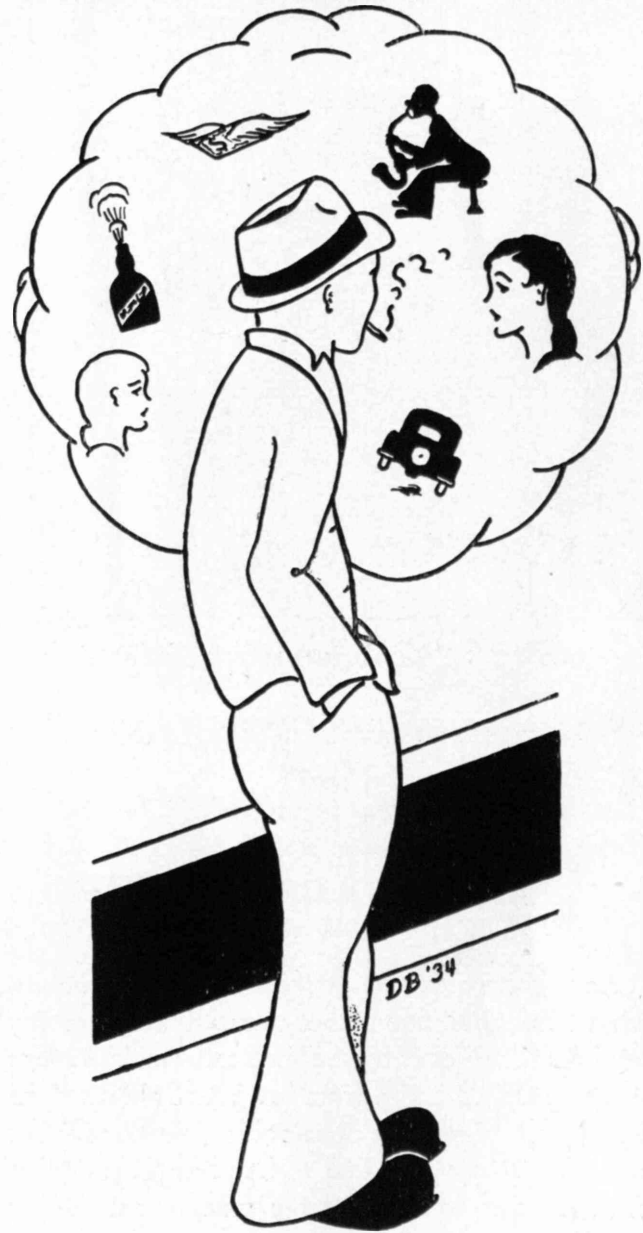
Wasn't it Professor Kurrelmeyer who said:
 "Stop making mistakes in English, speak German."



"Oh, yes," as the Chinaman cabled to the American, "it may be a sunset for you, but it's a sunrise for me."



Slips Don't Count



The morning after the night before
 Our bottles are dry and our bones are sore
 And the babe last night that drove us to
 drink
 Is just another — I think.



Last night my girl had a platinum ring;
 Tonight no ring I see;
 With only one installment paid,
 Oh, baby, woe is me.



Janitor: "Yeah, another gigilo!"



AFTERTHOUGHTS OF A TECH SHOW CHORINE

As I glide over the floor at the Prom tonight what thoughts flood the celestial acres of my cerebellum! Never-to-be-forgotten reminiscences strike plaintive tunes from my heart chord. The awful mess of the last dress rehearsal. So nervous at dinner that a fork had to be used on the peas. Frantic dash to the theater with a color-blind taxi driver. The costume mix-up. Final emergence from it with a size 42 ping-pong net and a too small pair of tights. "Where's my other sponge! Here it is! Some low-down son of a which-one-soaked-this-in-milk." The last minute adjustments. A hurried parking of gum. And the show is on! Dance numbers come and go, skits go over or under. Then comes the finale! Up goes the curtain and down goes my er, ah . . . bodice. A sponge (not the soggy one) trips lightly downstage and rolls into the bass horn. A deep blush pervades me as the girl-friend's giggle is heard above the rising pandemonium. Bouquets smelling strongly of asfoziditie are handed to the principals and so ends another Tech Show.



I thought I was lucky when I found the co-ed in my Physics class to be beautiful, intelligent and friendly. Yet I had to give her up. I found her waiting for the elevator, and only a Freshman is dumb enough to do that.



She: "Edith is a true friend. She helped me in distress."

Sheik: "What'd she do? Hold your head?"

She: "No, pinned my strap."



"During the latter part of his confinement in prison, Mahatma Gandhi subsisted on a diet of parched Indian corn, California raisins and bird-seed."

— News Item



I see by the papers that Gandhi
Eats bird-seed like babies eat candhi—
No doubt it tastes perfectly dandhi
To heathen like he.

And folks who dread getting too fat may
Subsist on such vittles; and that may
Be swell for themselves and Mahatmay—
But hardly for me.



Entrance Examiner: "Are you well acquainted with Virgil?"

Stupid: "No, I just know him by sight."



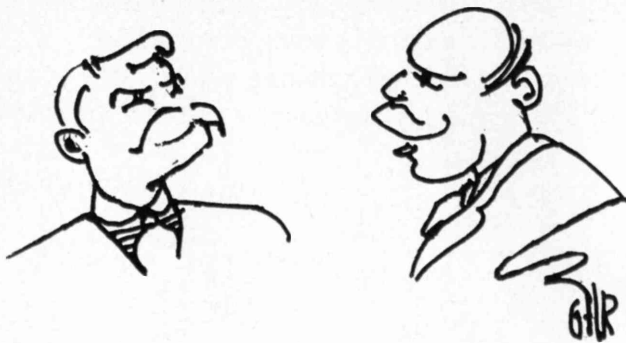
"What did the censor have against the revue?"

"Said it was nothing but one takeoff after another."

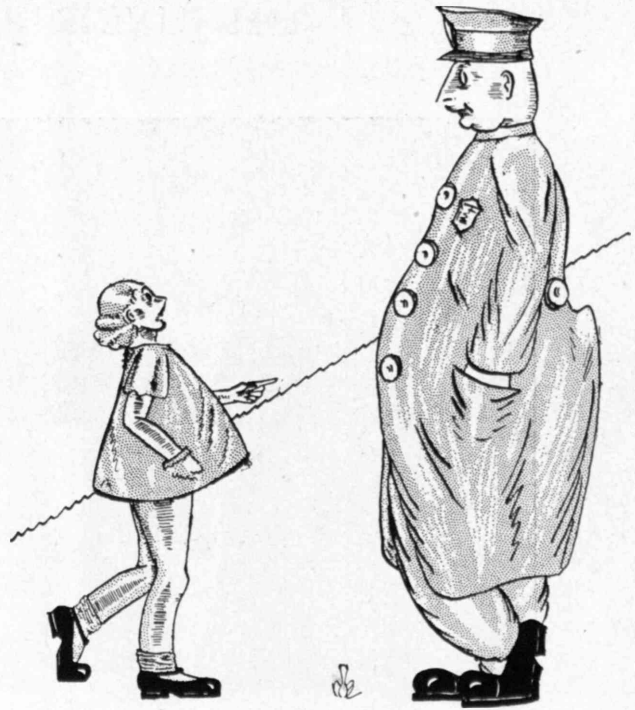


"How come you staged it at Prom?"

"Forgot my promise."



"Don't get crabby just because you're a crew coach, Mr. Haines."



L'l Worldly Wise: "Are you on the vice squad?"

Ossifuh: "Begorry, and that Oi'm not!"

L'l W. W.: "Then will you please hook my dress?"



Roger Babson, the Wellesley seer, tells us that hard times are like the measles. We were under the impression that measles only came once.



Oh, see the pretty baby
Squawling with the cat.
I jus' loves to be with babies
(The ——— little brat!)

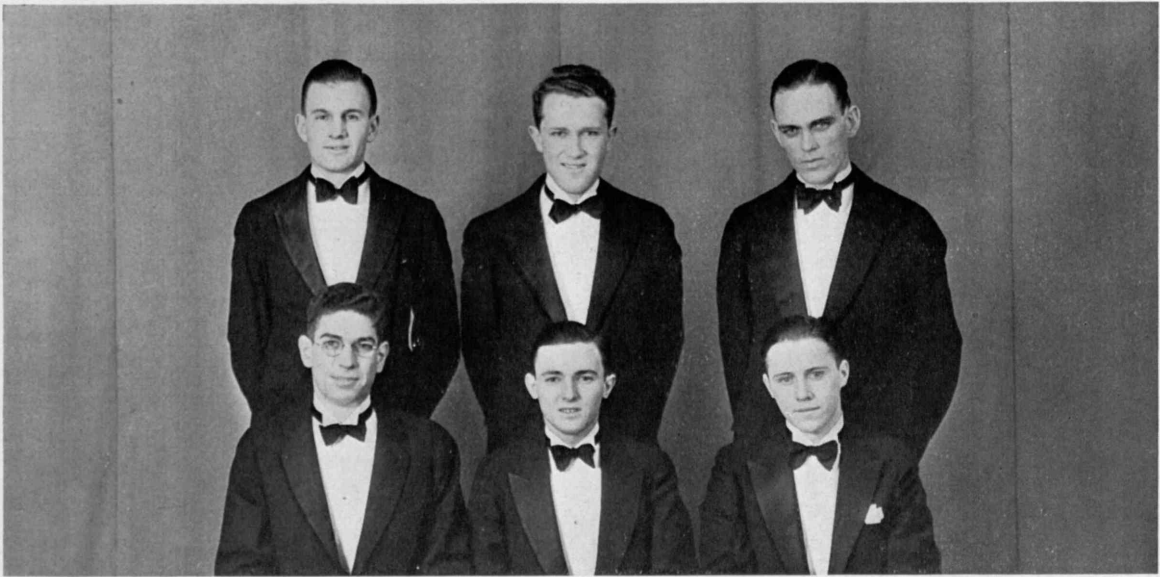


Enamoured: "I think June is the ideal Prom girl."

Disgusted room-mate: "Yeah, prominent ears, prominent teeth, prominent chin."

Enamoured: "True, but go on."

1931 JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEE



WILLIAM H. BARKER ROBERT B. SEMPLE THOMAS H. JENKINS, JR.
JOHN LAWRENCE DONALD B. GILMAN (Chairman) JOHN A. FINNETY

ON THE EVE of the 1931 Junior Prom, our anticipation is dimmed by thoughts of the almost forgotten Junior Week. To the majority of us, Junior Week is an event of ancient history along with the Tech Circus. We have never witnessed these events and there is not one among us who would not admit that the Institute was a far better place than it is today. Junior Prom is still a big event — one long to be remembered — but how can it compare with Proms of past years which climaxed a week of brilliant activity? Phosphorus and the whole of Voo Doo congratulate this Prom Committee. They have worked, planned, and lived for this supreme moment, but despite their efforts Prom is slowly sinking to the level of other class dances. Then who knows what will happen? One by one the few earmarks of a college life are leaving us. The Circus is gone, the Filter paper is dying. These may be too rough and uncouth for the modern engineer, but how can anyone say that of Junior Week? Tech life is ebbing. What will follow in its place, we hate to think.

Why can't we be collegiate? We do not have to ape the rah-rah boys, but we can have a few events of our school life worthy of weeks of anticipation and weeks of memory. Then will Tech life flourish! Then will our four years be a lifelong memory instead of a bone-bending preparation!

Again we want to congratulate the 1931 Prom Committee for their untiring efforts, at the same time hoping for the return of Junior Week, and a Junior Prom in a setting worthy of such an event.



LAUGHS FROM "TECHNICALITIES"

AND WHAT ARE YOUR
GROUNDS FOR
DIVORCE?

"THAT BRUTE"
STILL BELIEVES IN
THE STORK!

"SNOW
MCKENZIE
SMITH

"I GOT YOU NOW!" AN UNEXPURGATED COPY
OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTELROY"

FRIDAY - "WHAT TIME IS IT?"
CRUSOE - "WEDNESDAY"
FRIDAY - "HO HUM! CALL ME FRIDAY"
CRUSOE - "GLAD TO MEET'CHA!
MY NAMES CRUSOE"

SNOW
AND
CLEVELAND

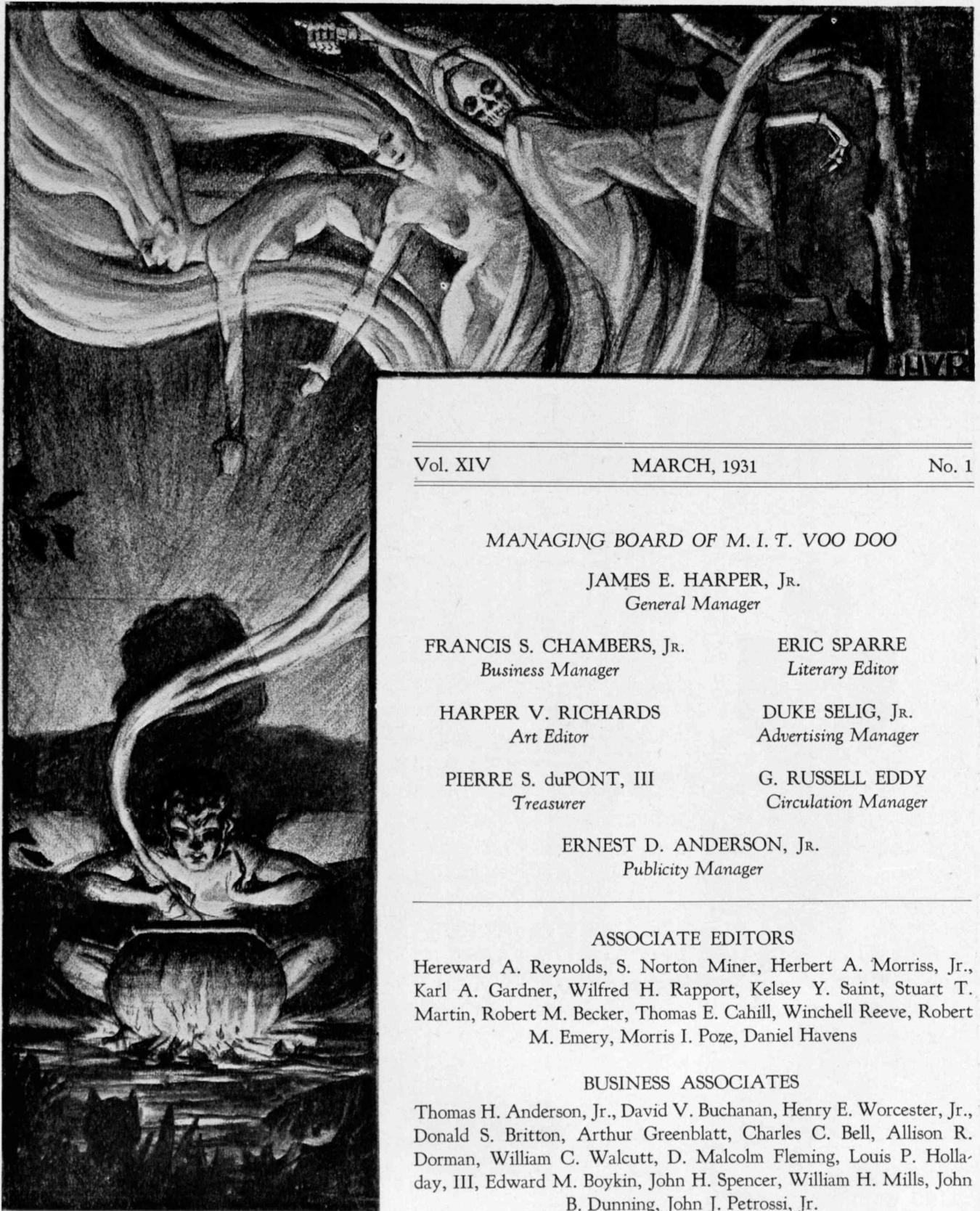
CLEVELAND
AND
COOK

GRREE

"HERTS"

H.V.R.





Vol. XIV

MARCH, 1931

No. 1

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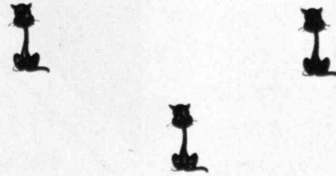
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PHOSPHORUS WATCHES PROM

FROM his point of vantage on the balcony rail, the black cat views the scene with satisfaction. For each and every one he has an understanding glance. He sees the martyr, dancing with "some-one's sister," searching hopefully in the stag line for abetment; for him the Cat sheds a sympathetic tear and offers moral support.

Leaping nimbly from the rail, Phos leads the way for his brood, and treads lightly towards the stairs. His path is blocked by a swain and his lady fair, but he brushes by, and always helpful, suggests East Lounge. To prove his good faith Phos wanders to the West himself to see his friends and to continue his good work. He enters the lounge and, so that he shall not scare the coy femmes, turns aside his bright eyes and settles down in a much-populated corner to survey the situation. Here he finds the true spirit of Technology. There is no Brown-Bagger hastily pushing his slide rule to get the answer to next week's problem. The *Literary Digest* and *Review of Reviews* have miraculously disappeared. The occupants are not exactly lounging, but nevertheless they have grasped the spirit of the occasion and are enjoying the event.

With everything to his gratification, Phosphorus purrs complacently and goes to sleep near the fireplace.



RANSOM

THE muffled cry of the captive as voiced by *The Tech* has reached the haunts of Phosphorus and has stirred him so that he pounces into the fray. The boast of the Institute has long been that its instructing staff is large in proportion to the number of students attending. This being true, we should take advantage of this opportunity for more harmonious coöperation between the students and the Faculty. The tutoring which is helpful in many cases for the successful completion of a course should be done either free of charge or for a much smaller sum than the present extortion.

The lack of coördination between Voo Doo and *The Tech* in the past has been due to unavoidable differences of opinion. The opinion of the student body on this question of policy, however, has not changed in its travels from the basement of Walker to the third floor where Phosphorus roams.

CONVENIENCE FOR ENGINEERS

Not more than a half-mile distant, the city of Boston has placed the far-famed Esplanade especially for us. This has lately become strictly a summer resort because of the softening of the younger generation from too many soda-pops and Oh, Henries, and also because of the decadence of the well-known but somewhat unpopular red flannels. Besides this we have at our disposal those halls of culture and fame which have made Boston the center of erudition of the Eastern and Western seaboard. I speak now of those such as the Copley Plaza, the Met, "Charley's," Sam's Barbecue, and, of course, Walton's.

However, all these pale into insignificance when one considers the facilities for the enjoyment of an evening which have been provided by the old Fathers of Boston Town. They were wise! Knowing the need of the Technology undergraduates for dancing, wine, women, and pooh-pooh-pah-doo, they have obligingly located all the lovely girls' schools which one may find around the city. There is always the menace of Hahvud men to be combatted (these are strange birdlike creatures who abide somewhere in the wilds of Western Cambridge) but they are usually frightened away without much trouble and only add to the zest of the chase. If one desires his *femme a la soiree* to be demure, he has only to call on Wellesley; if he wishes her intellectual, he must needs go to Radcliffe; if he wants her maternal, he may try either Wheelock or Lesley; if he wants her to dance, he goes to Emerson; if he wants her brawny, he has only to call Sargent; if he wants her hard-working and knowing of the ways of the world he goes to Simmons; but if he wants her intelligent, he must go to the Prom alone.



Wheelock matrimonial bureau. Our matches have no afterglow. (Adv.)



Among those things which contribute to the fame of the city of Cambridge, swamps on its so-called sidewalks is not the least important.



We know where Diana carries her bows and arrows, but does she carry the quiver on her lips?



It has been noticed that the fraternities have been helping the depression by "giving till it hurts."



Stage Fright

GIN-CRAZED YOUTH KILLS THREE!

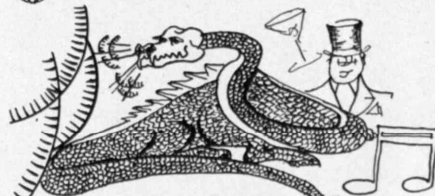


PATRONIZE YA NABORHOOD DRUGGIST

AN EPIC POME

About the price of doubtful liquor
i do not feel inclined to bicker.

Two-fifty is the price of gin
in this age we're living in.



GUNGA GIN

THE BEACON STREET BLUES

G SCOTCH AND RYE
AND BACARDY

I AM A STAUNCH DEFENDER!

BUT MAKE MINE GIN

JUST BACK BAY GIN

ANOTHER GIN BARTENDER!



HAILLELUJAH! O-LAWD

A SPIRITUAL IN TWO QUARTS

there's lemons inna ice-box

an' there's cracked ice inna sink

and gin in the bathtub

Wont you pour yourself a drink?



A
HYMNE

CYNIC RAILWAY

BY
FAGIN

EEYAH TO YOU MR GERSHWIN!



I HAV'NT GOT A RELIGION

I'M AGNOSTIC AS

CAN BE

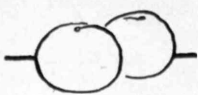


WARNING
WHISKY TENORS
WILL BE
PROSECUTED!

BUT EVERY SING OF

BACK BAY GIN

BRINGS ME



GRAPEFRUIT FOR
THOSE CROONERS



NEARER MY GOD TO THREE



PROM GIRL

We'll sing a song to the Prom girl
And the boy that takes her arm.
Even though her name is Aggie
And she's six months off the farm.

Her lips are painted scarlet
And her line is most complete;
The way she says "you big strong man"
Would make any Junior bleat.

The Prom girl has got this and that
And these and those and how.
And the right amount of it and if
To make any girl a wow.

She's simply what they all call smooth
With a seventeen jewel movement;
No stag with any eye at all
Could see room for improvement.

And then, my boy, when you take her home
With everything set all right,
And you're thirsting for a good long kiss,
She says: "So long, GOOD NIGHT."

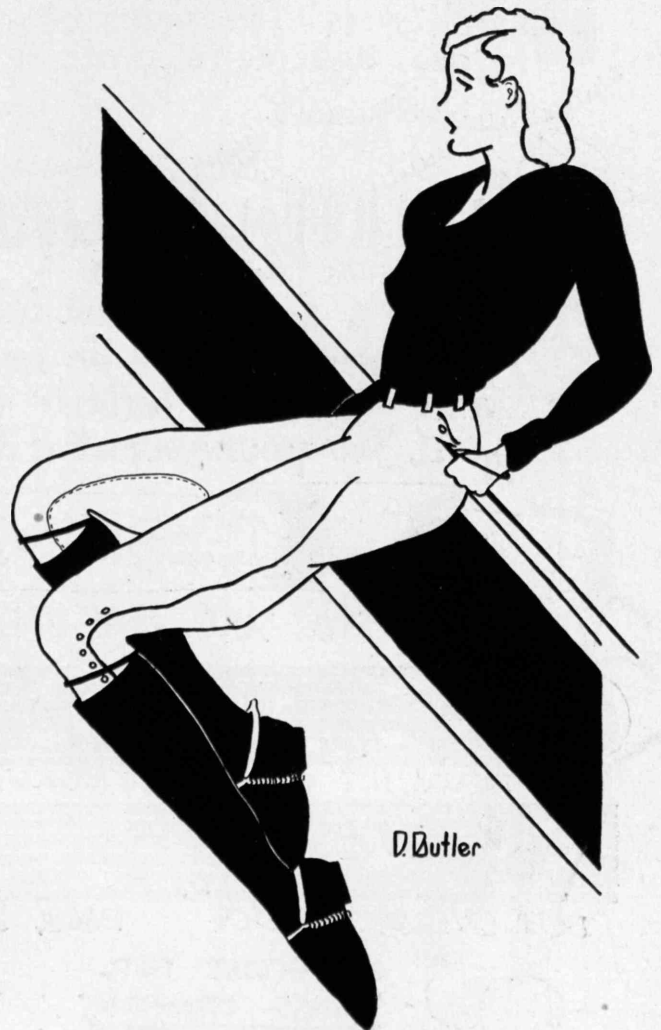


They laughed at me when I stepped before the
footlights, but it didn't bother me. Wasn't I a
comedian?



Servant: "Sire, they are hanging two Persians on
the north wall."

King: "Fools! And I told them I was saving
that wall for the Rembrandts."



D. Butler

Her father was just a failure,
But boy, oh, what a bust!

GUIDE FOR
WALKER MEMORIAL BUILDING

EAST LOUNGE: Lots of nice, soft couches, but it's a popular place. First come, first served.

LIBRARY: Here you will find even more spacious accommodations than below. However, the lights are out and the room is filled with more than darkness so that, unless you are lucky, you will be forced to move on.

FACULTY ROOM: Unfortunately, only professors may enter it. If the femme grows ultra-curious to view its inner mysteries get your favorite prof to take her in. If they're not out



Just a Dinge on a Binge



in half an hour yell "Fire." If that doesn't get them out, you know she was no good anyway.

NORTH HALL: If you get a break and the chilling zephyrs are coming in through the cracks she might cuddle closer for warmth. N.B. Watch out for Bill Carlyle.

THE BALCONY: Here you will find several delightful nooks, that afford you a view of the dance floor. If anyone comes upon you suddenly you can always pretend you were looking for a book.

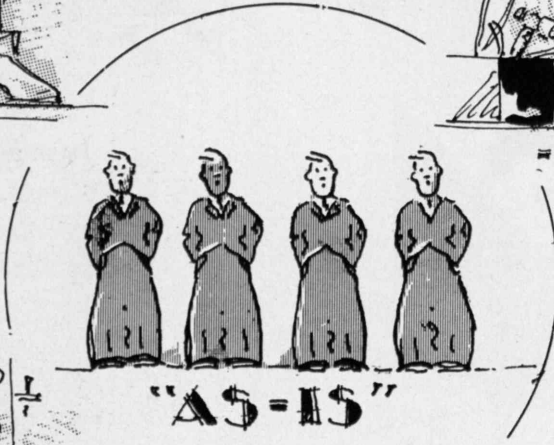
GYMNASIUM: If your girl is athletic, it's a good idea to take her there first. You will find out how far you can safely go with her.



-ARCH-



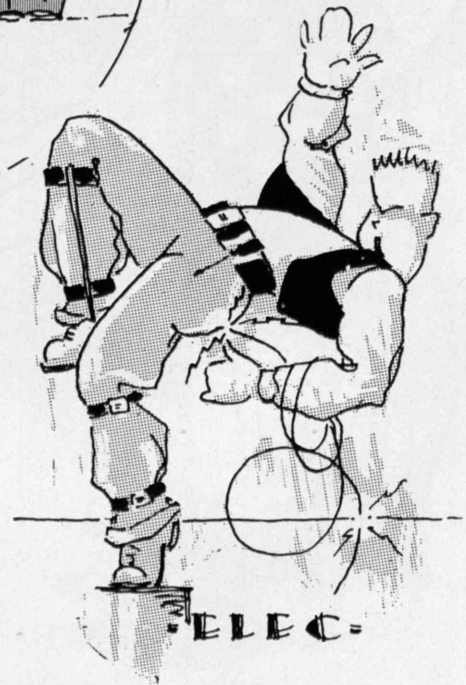
-MECH-



"AS-IS"



-CHEM-



-ELEC-

• AS ADVERTISED •

After the Prom is over,
And the last gay dog is hung,
The lady homeward lingers,
To see that her "fling" is "flung."

And her escort wearily wonders
At what the day will bring,
And hopes to hell and Heaven
That she'll hurry and have her fling.

Then, when the dawn is breaking
And he finally breaks away,
Homeward he dizzily rushes
To sleepily hit the hay.

After the Prom is over
And the last dead soldier is sunk,
The sun rises peacefully over
The lame, the halt, and the drunk.

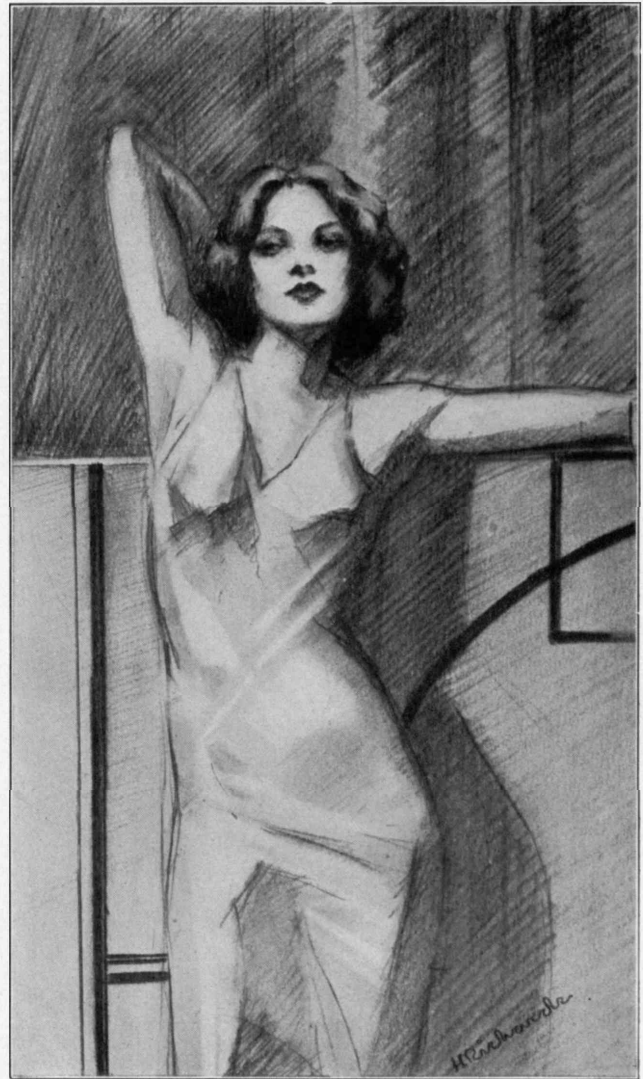


"That bozo has consumed more than a gallon of
that stuff this evening."

"Hmm — almost beyond the pail."



Oscar says: "You dogs always get the
blame."



" 'Nough said "

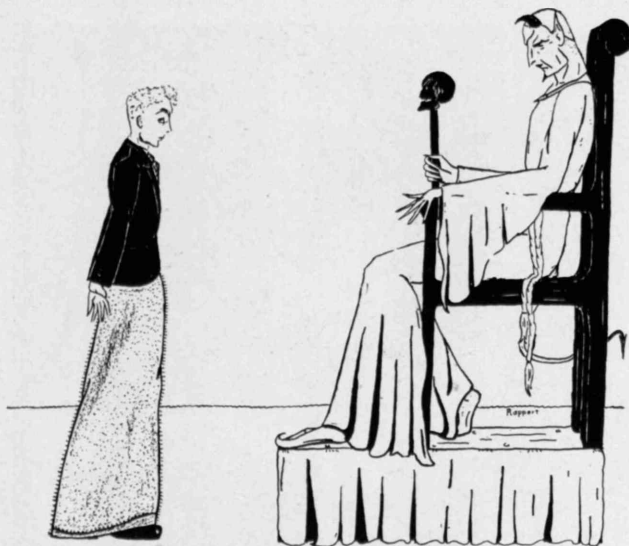


"Yes, I'll take the case," the doctor
replied to his bootlegger.



Here's some news from a prominent alumnus:
Q. Gerard Albumen, who graduated as a Sanitary
Engineer, is now employed by the *Daily Bugle* as
their Society Ed., because of his ability to dig up
the dirt.





Phi Bete: "— but I am pure."

Satan: "Yes, and simple, too."



And then there was the Tech Show girl who used hairpins instead of garters.



'32: "So you're taking Ruth to Prom. Why, she is old enough to be your mother."

'31: "That's all right. I have an Oedipus complex."



First Choriness: "How does Ginny come to be the owner of a greenhouse?"

Second Choriness: "Well, that timid sucker she went out with last night promised her an orchid for every kiss."



Editor: "No, your gags are too atomic."

Would-be Contributor: "Howsat?"

Editor: "I can't see them."

FROM SPATTERINGS PANTOUM

"Looks like a big night tonight."

"Gee, there's a mob out there dancing."

"Look at Louise — she's a sight."

"That music sure sets people prancing."

"Gee, there's a mob out there dancing."

"Looks as though Eddie is pickled."

"That music sure sets people prancing."

"Stop, I can't stand being tickled!"

"Looks as though Eddie is pickled."

"Those lights make the place look real nifty."

"Stop, I can't stand being tickled!"

"I'll get you a pint for two-fifty."

"Those lights make the place look real nifty."

"Let's sit in the lounge for a moment."

"I'll get you a pint for two-fifty."

"I can't understand just what Joe meant."

"Let's sit in the lounge for a moment."

"Hell — this switch only turns 'em up brighter!"

"I can't understand just what Joe meant."

"But I hadn't intended to slight her."

"Hell — this switch only turns 'em up brighter!"

"Which orchestra d'you think is better?"

"But I hadn't intended to slight her."

"I thought it would be a lot wetter."

"Which orchestra d'you think is better?"

"Look at Louise — she's a sight."

"I thought it would be a lot wetter."

"Looks like a big night tonight."

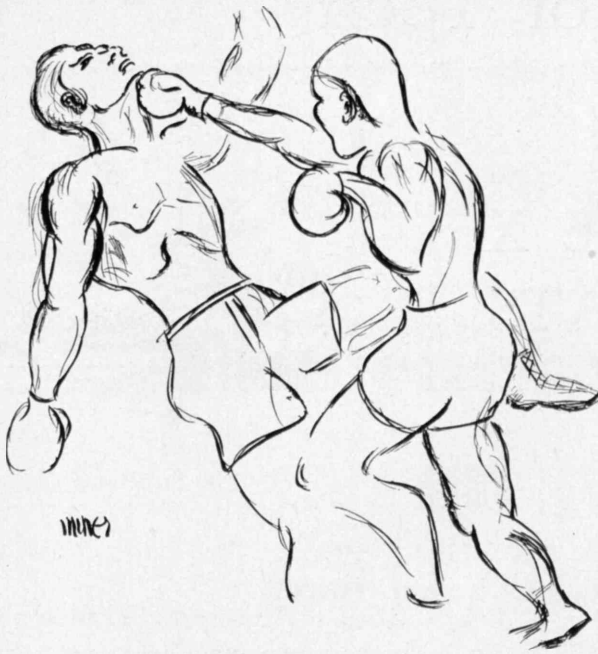


"Is Bill well off?"

"Fifty-fifty, not very well, but quite off."



"Brute," she said, slapping him smartly, "I'll have no more of your mouth."



Afterwards the floored one claimed that his one big comfort was that his face hit his opponent's fist with an equal and opposite force.



*Your kisses make a flaming torch
Seem as cold as ice,
And no man having kissed you once
Can help but kiss you twice.*

*In your body there is passion
That turns cold men to fire;
One could hardly call it love,
Perhaps it is desire.*



PHOSPHORUS MOURNS

THE PASSING OF

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

WHERE HAS THE FILTER PAPER GONE?

Honor Soc. of Tech

THE COURSE X POLECATS



The Exalted Big Stink

[Song]

Happy indeed are the Polecats,
They toil not, neither do they spin,
They're out for the Wildcats' women
With a jug of absinthe and gin.

The loyal order of Polecats counts among its founders two men, of loyal blood and true. Organized by these loyal men to surpress the oppression of the nefarious order of Wildcats, a bunch of brown bagging Mechanical Engineers, who by their dastardly inroads had even crumbled the foundations of the lofty Cleofan. "A noble venture, well exhibiting the high ideals of Chemical Engineering" (W. K. Lewis in the *New York Times*, Page 1, column 4, Feb. 31,



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No Sisters

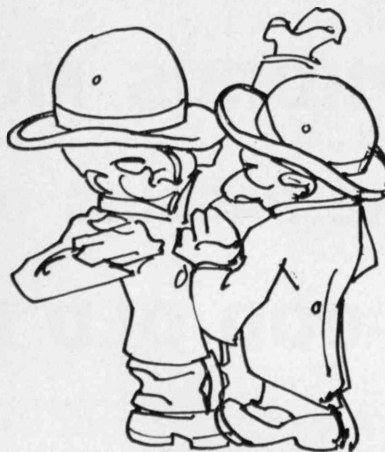
For Pictures, References and
Guarantees — See Beilstein, Vol. XIV

1930). "Adjectives fail to apply to this highest of accomplishments" (E. B. Millard, in the *Daily Mirror*). Here are but two of the thousands of acclamations, which heralded the debut of the Polecats from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. The heathen, in his blindness, bows down to wood and stone (apologies to the Hymnbook, Edition of 1776). Wood and stone are the Wildcats, light eternal for the Polecats. Hail the noble odor, may it long prevail!

Editorial Comment. This is the first of a series of articles on "Honor Societies at Tech." In the issues following will appear similar articles on the Wildcats, the Course XII Rock Crushers, Tau Beta Pi over two $\frac{(TBI)}{2}$.



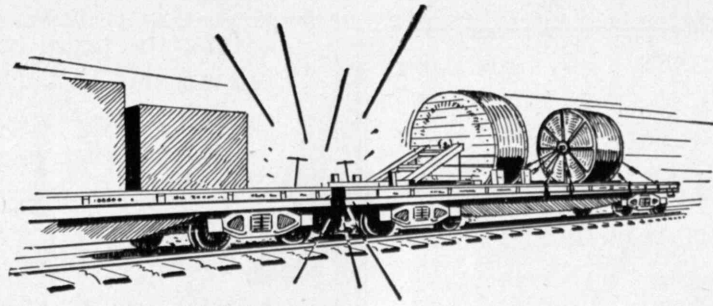
Friday Night



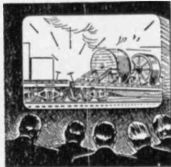
Anything



Monday Morning



The cars that collided on purpose— for a laboratory test!



Slow movies of the test caught what no eye could.

Crash! A flat car loaded with reels of cable slams into a standing freight train. A movie camera grinds away. Watching intently is a group of men — Western Electric engineers . . . What did such a test

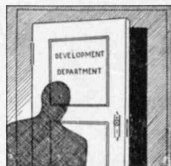
show? Just this — that the new steel reel for telephone cable does not

break under severe impacts — and the old style reel may . . . The stag-

ing of this collision is just one more evidence of Western Electric's



Changing a familiar scene. Steel reels replace wood.



Always open to new ideas and better methods.

never-ending quest for certainty . . . It is a part, too, of a policy

of giving new ideas a thorough trial — a policy which enables Western

Electric to meet its ever growing responsibilities in the Bell System.

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Liza, the negro cook, answered the telephone one morning, and a cheerful voice inquired, "What number is this?"

Liza was in no mood for trifling questions, and said with some asperity, "You all ought to know. You called it."

— *Bison*



Vassar: "Many of our graduates are working girls."

Smith: "Well, quite a few of ours are working men."

— *Lampoon*



Professor Barnes (in mechanics class): "A collision is when two things come together unexpectedly. Now can anyone give me an example of a collision?"

Bright Student: "Twins."

— *Lehigh Burr*



We hear that in the next Harvard Varsity Show they're going to hire some real chorus girls to give the affair a little tougher aspect.

— *Stone Mill*



There would be no unemployment situation if the unemployed were employed at storing away the statistics gathered about unemployment.

— *Lion*



"Can you multiply?"

"Do I look like a rabbit?"

— *Medley*

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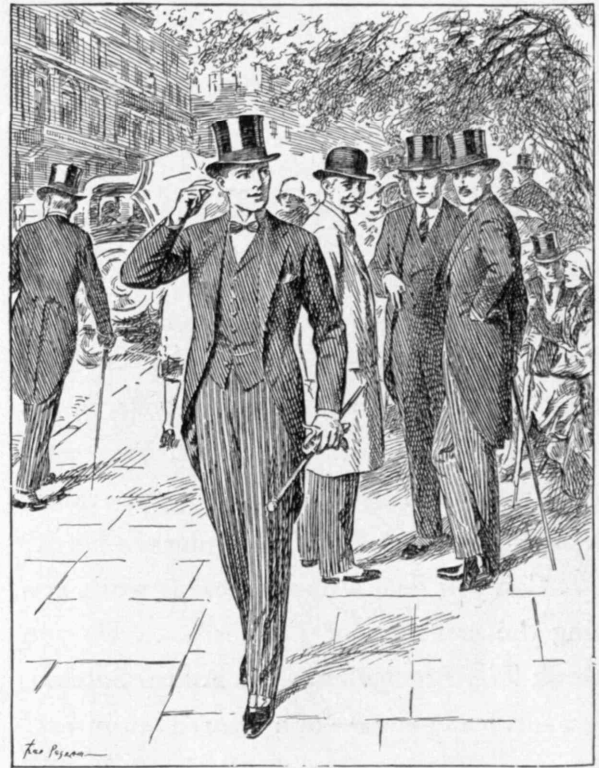
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Kay: "Why did the new file clerk get sore and quit?"

Mae: "Because the auditor asked her to let him look at her pink slips."

—Burr



"Where did I come from?" asked the rosebud.
"The stalk brought you," answered the rose.

—Rice Owl



"Those must be pretty fancy pink undies you have under that frock."

"Wrong, again, brother; that's sunburn."
—Boston Beanpot



Many a girl who gets tight, becomes loose.
—Owl



"I hate dumb women."
"Aha — a women hater!"

—Beanpot

"He has a monumental memory."

"How do you figure that?"

"So lifeless."

—Sun Dial



"Pardon me, were you ever in a circus?"

"No, I got this way walking past the Beta House every day."

—Sun Dial



He: "Did you go to the Prom?"

She: "What do you think these scars are — pockmarks?"

—The Gargoyle



"Hurry up, Junior, or we'll be late. Have you got your shoes on?"

"Yes, mama; all except one."

—Log

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"A jug of bread—a loaf of books—and thou". . . . But what kind of books, is the problem. . . . Would you try to bring a copy of Ludwig's *Napoleon* into your cabin, knowing that it wouldn't fit under the berth? . . . Can you deal a deck of cards while getting the meat out of *Ulysses*? . . . Do you think *The Black Venus*, by André Salmon, is a soft lead pencil—or a colored laundress? . . . Just what is a Dorothy Parker? . . . Did you know that John Riddell wrote a book called *Through the Panama Canal with Gun and Halliburton*? . . . Did you know that John Riddell writes for *Vanity Fair*, and so do most of the best American authors?

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.

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That Old Fashioned

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"You are the first girl I ever kissed, dearest,"
said Jim College, as he shifted gears with his foot.
—Panther



The prison visitor was going 'round the cells,
and was asking rather fatuous questions. "Was it
your love of drink that brought you here?" she
asked one prisoner.

"Lord, no, man," replied the man, "you can't
get nothin' here."
—Log



"You look rather broken up, what is wrong?"
"I wrote home for money for a new study lamp."
"Well, what of it?"
"They sent me a study lamp."

—Siren



Collegian: "What's wrong with these eggs?"
Waitress: "Don't ask me, I only laid the table."
—Puppet



Mother: "Why don't you wear that beautiful
underwear you got for Christmas?"
Daughter: "Oh, I'm saving that for a windy
day."
—Purple Cow



Model: "I'm vaccinated where it doesn't show."
Artist: "Did you take it in a capsule, baby?"
—Rice Owl

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He: "Listen you golf bug."

She: "Where do you get that golf bug stuff? I don't play golf."

He: "Well, you try to go around in as little as possible."

—Moonshiner



Cop: "What is your trade?"

Arrest: "I'm a locksmith."

Cop: "Well, what were you doing in that saloon?"

Arrest: "When you came in I was making a bolt for the door."

—Pup



"What am de name of yore child, Sister Prunella?"

"Ah calls him 'Death.'"

"'At am a funny name; wherefore you call 'at child 'Death'?"

"'Ain't you heard dat ole saying, 'The wages of sin am Death'?"

—Mountain Goat



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Figg: "What do you think of my argument before the Lodge last night, Fogg?"

Fogg: "It was sound — very sound — (Figg is delighted) — nothing but sound, in fact."

—Burr



Generous Host: "Have a drink?"

Guest (slightly under the weather): "No, have you?"

—Widow



He: "Did you ever see such a beautiful night? Honey, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could just float off the mountain together into the night, on and on, catching stars as we go along?"

She: "Sure we can take another drink if you want to."

—Mountain Goat



"I know a fellow who fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running."

"Oh! Did the tub overflow and ruin the floor?"

"No — he sleeps with his mouth open."

—Log



Women are like a pack of cigarettes. You can't enjoy more than one at a time.

—Panther

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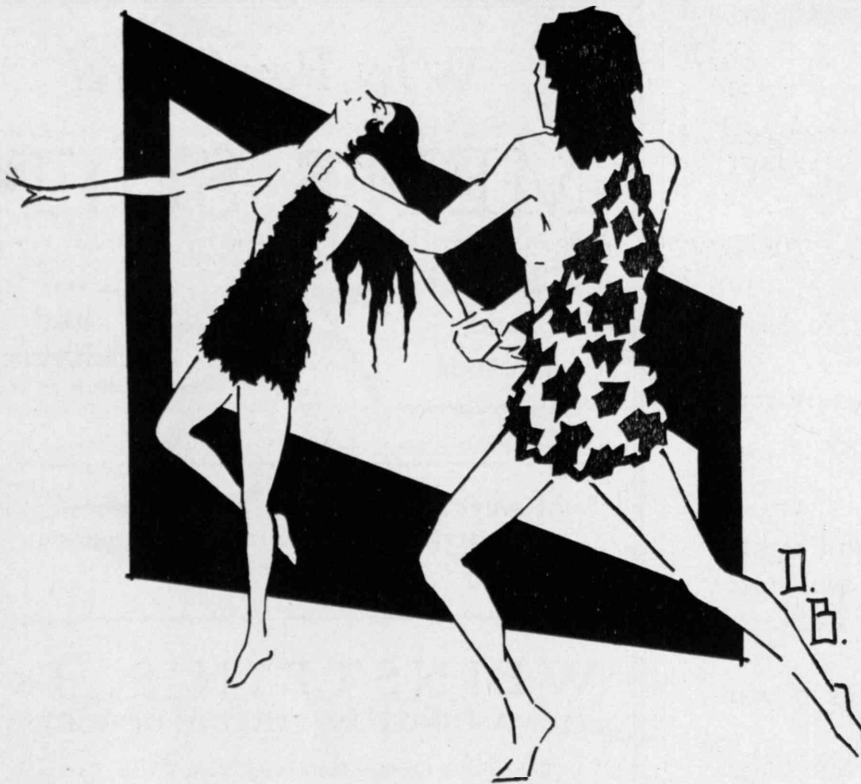
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We don't exactly disagree with the vegetarians,
but we do think that the taste of an onion is im-
proved greatly by adding a pound of steak to it.

— The Drexerd



"Quick, Gaspard, what is the lowest thing on
the social scale?"

"Easy, Pollack, a note from the dean."

— Pitt Panther



Cen: "Does your boy friend play the piano?"

Tennial: "He should — he's got a wonderful
touch."

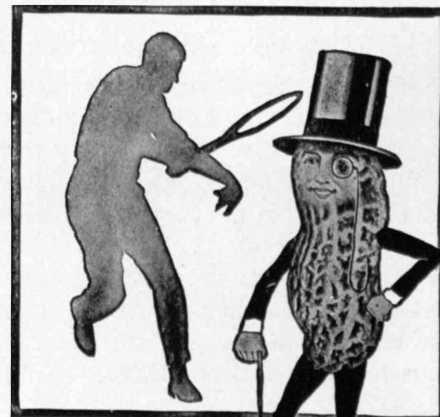
— Rammer-Jammer



Gushing Clerk: "That coat fits you like a glove,
sir."

Purchaser (dryly): "So I see. The sleeves cover
my hands."

—Log



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A New Golf Jacket

The figure illustration accompanying this article shows a golfer wearing one of the new golf jackets. About the lines of the jacket there is nothing very new. It has a knitted collar (in this sketch, turned back), knitted cuffs and knitted waistband. The sleeves are set in like shirt sleeves.

But its material is waterproofed woolen gabardine, lined for greater comfort and practicality. Usually jackets of this type are leather windbreakers, but here we have a woolen one impervious to wind and rain alike.

With a jacket of this type is worn a light-weight pull-over sweater without sleeves. The shirt is fine French flannel or possibly a wool taffeta.

Knickerbockers — or long trousers — are tweed, either Harris or Shetland, and the cap is of the same material as the knickers, but in a different pattern and different color.

Stockings or socks are heavy brushed wool to harmonize with the knickerbockers or slacks. Shoes are stout, waterproofed and made of heavy zug leather.

This is an ideal outfit for early spring golf or general outdoor wear in the country toward the close of the winter season when only a few patches of snow are left and the ground is apt to be soft in spots.

(Copyright, 1931, by Vanity Fair)

One of those Dear Old-Fashioned Gentlemen:
‘May I kiss your hand?’

She: “What’s a matter, is my mouth dirty?”
—Rammer Jammer



She: “It don’t matter whether I wear chiffon or velvet, you like me anyway, don’t you?”

He: “I’ll always love you through thick and thin!”

—Wampus



“Is your roommate broadminded?”

“Say, that’s all he thinks of.”

—Bison



“The evidence seems to show,” said the detective, “that the thief wore rubbers and walked backward.”

“Then we must look out for a man with receding gums,” murmured one of the force.

—Herald and Presbyterian



“How old are you?” inquired the visitor of his host’s little son.

“That is a difficult question,” answered the young Boston lad, removing his spectacles and wiping them reflectively. “The latest personal survey available shows my psychological age to be twelve, my moral age four, my anatomical age seven, and my physiological age, six. I suppose, however, that you refer to my chronological age, which is eight. That is so old-fashioned that I seldom think of it any more.”

—Exchange



“You know, I think George is the most efficient man I know.”

“How’s that?”

“In order to save on his laundry bill he hides his socks in the pockets of his pajamas.”

—Malteaser

Lil: "I just saw Grace out in the park with a new boy friend. It's the first time she's been out since her illness."

Phyll: "Yes, she's picking up again."
— Frivol



Assistant to the Sword Swallower: "Will you be using the saber?"

Sword Swallower (himself): "No, I'll take mine straight tonight."
— Froth



He (nervously): "Margaret, there's been something trembling on my lips for months and months."

She: "Yes, so I see: why don't you shave it off?"
— Witt



Garbo: "What makes that yacht jump about so?"

Gob: "It's on a tack, I guess."
— Froth



Farmer: "I would like to buy a double-barreled shotgun, please."

Clerk: "Why, Mr. Jones, I didn't know you had a daughter."
— Froth



"Grandpa, where did you ever play football?"
"Why, son, I never did play any football in all my life."

"That's funny, Grandpa, Dad said we could get a new car when you kicked off."
— Pointer



A Chicago actress came into a lawyer's office and said, "I want a divorce."

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings."

"What is the nominal fee?"

"Five hundred dollars," he replied.

"Nothing doing," retorted the lady. "I can have him shot for ten."
— Froth

— Froth

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of Foreign and Domestic Manufacture

COATS

Agents for Burberrys, London

SUITS

for Dress and Sports Wear

Caps Gloves Neckties
Golf Hose and Sweaters

Collins & Fairbanks Co.
383 WASHINGTON ST
BOSTON

HEH!

Haughty Lady (entering sea food market): "My man, three two-pound lobsters, if you please."

Fish Man: "Yes, ma'am, shall I wrap them up?"

Haughty Lady: "I think you had better, my man. I don't believe they know me well enough to follow me home."

— *Banter*



Business Man: "Well, Miss Smith, how would you like to take a business trip with me next week?"

Miss Smith (chewing hard): "Say, I may be your typewriter, but I'm not portable."

— *Purple Parrot*



Cub: "What's all the row about?"

Another: "Aw, just the advertising manager and the art editor scrapping about who does all the literary work on this magazine."

— *Beanpot*

**The
Murray
Printing
Company**



At
**Kendall Square
Cambridge**



Protect the top of
your car with . . .

**No. 7
Auto Top Finish**

DEVELOPED BY DU PONT CHEMISTS

Five Other du Pont Products
To Beautify Your Car

No. 7 Duco Polish removes traffic film, brings back the original lustre to finish on your car.

No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream is used after polishing to preserve the lustre and protect the finish against weathering.

No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens the radiator and lamps.

No. 7 Touch-Up Black is for re-touching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders.

No. 7 Radiator Cleaner is for removing dust and scale from auto cooling systems.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.
General Motors Building, Detroit, Michigan
Canadian Industries Ltd., Paint and Varnish Division
Toronto 9, Canada.

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (Good only in United States and Canada.)

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AUTOMOBILE tops will suffer during the next few months. Beaten by rain and snow, constantly vibrated by the wind and the road, the top of your car will probably become dull and lifeless.

Sooner or later tiny checks and cracks will appear which will gradually grow larger and deeper. No. 7 Auto Top Finish will stop this deterioration and protect the top from the weather. All you need is a small can of this glossy, durable waterproof finish. You can brush it on in half an hour. Or if you prefer, your garage man will apply it for you.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco and the world's leading manufacturers of auto top fabrics. It is for use on all types of coated fabric auto tops (open or closed), and for side curtains, trunk covers and tire covers. You can get No. 7 Auto Top Finish at good dealers everywhere.

Send for the Sample Beauty Kit

Send us coupon below (with 10 cents to help cover mailing cost) and we'll send you small sample cans of No. 7 Duco Polish, No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream and No. 7 Auto Top Finish — du Pont products to make your car more beautiful.