

THE M.I.T.



MASS. INST. OF TECHNOLOGY
18 NOV 1931
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IPROF NUMBER

"I liked Chesterfield right from the start"

"NO, I don't know a blessed thing
about how cigarettes are made.
But, of course, I do want them PURE.
And I've heard that the blending is very
important; I want *that* to be just right.

"Then the paper. I don't like to
taste it. Or smell it when it's burning.
I want that *pure* too.

"Another thing. I want to smoke
whenever I feel like it—so I want my
cigarettes MILD. But the main thing,
of course, is TASTE. I don't care for
over-sweetened cigarettes. I prefer them
just sweet enough.

"Chesterfield seems to satisfy in every
one of these ways. That's why I'd
rather have a Chesterfield."

+++





EVENTS OF THE MONTH

Week of November 14

- Nov. 9 N. E. Intercollegiate Cross Country Championship — Franklin Park
- Nov. 11 Varsity Soccer — Army, West Point
- Nov. 14 Varsity Soccer — Harvard — Harvard
- Nov. 14 Dorm Track Meet

Week of November 21

- Nov. 16 Intercollegiate Cross Country Run — New York
- Nov. 17 Freshman Soccer — Harvard Frosh — Coop Field
- Nov. 21 Varsity Soccer — Freshmen — Home
- Nov. 21 Handicap Cross Country Run



“Haw! Haw! Haw!” howled the judge, who had a sense of humor, just before delivering a death sentence. “You’ll die when you hear this one.”

— Tiger



First Bum: “Ya ain’t y’self no more. Watsa matter — sick or somethin?”

Second Same: “Got insomnia. Keep wakin’ up every few days.”

— Burr



Sinclair Lewis showed an audience in a recent lecture how to write a great American novel. We hope they will do as much for him some day.

— *Harvard Lampoon*

HOTELS OF DISTINCTION



*The PLAZA
New York*

The 
PLAZA

Ideally located on Fifth Avenue at Central Park. The Plaza offers the highest standards of hospitality and cuisine. Near business, transportation, theatres and shops, yet away from the noise of the city.

FRED STERRY, PRESIDENT
JOHN D. OWEN, MANAGER

The 
COPLEY-PLAZA

Recognized as one of the finest hotels in the world, richly furnished and modern in every respect . . . located in historic Copley Square, probably the most accessible and attractive spot in Boston.

ARTHUR L. RACE
MANAGING DIRECTOR



*The
COPLEY-PLAZA
Boston*



*The SAVOY-PLAZA
New York*

The 
SAVOY-PLAZA

Newer associate of The Plaza. Faces Central Park and offers the same excellence of hospitality and cuisine that distinguishes The Plaza.

HENRY A. ROST
PRESIDENT

HOTELS OF DISTINCTION

The wise old cat, PHOSPHORUS, asks all his friends to take a look at the names listed below. He maintains that these people can fulfill your wishes to your satisfaction.

Brooks Brothers	23
Buck and Doe Run Valley Farms	32
Charlie Mun Hand Laundry	31
College Humor	3
General Motors	<i>Inside Back Cover</i>
Governor Square Garage	31
Harvard Coöperative Society	24
Hicks & Shaw, Inc.	26
Hinds Laundry Co.	26
Hotel Astor	22
Hotel Bradford	22
Hotel Brunswick.	27
J. Frank Facey	26
Kaufman Brothers & Bondy, Inc.	25
Kenmore Barber Shop	26
Life Savers	29
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co	<i>Inside Front Cover</i>
Massachusetts Institute of Technology	30
Plaza Hotels.	1
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.	<i>Outside Back Cover</i>
Reid, Murdock & Co.	29
The Saint Amour Co.	32
Technology Chambers	31
Walton Lunch Company	3
Western Electric Co.	21
Y. D. Motors	27

SERVE THOSE WHO SERVE YOU

Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

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

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology
Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE
1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

She: "Bill, it's impossible to drive down this dark country road without any lights."

He: "I know it."

— Reserve Red Cat



No. 1: "I have had a very trying week-end."

No. 2: "Yeah? How many times have you tried?"

— Puppet



And then there was the little boy whose parents were so poor that he had to have the measles one bump at a time

— Brown Bull



Football Season!

There have been other football seasons. You've sat in the autumn sun and cheered and groaned; you've felt the brightness of victory and the dullness of defeat.

But there's a side of the game you don't see from the stands. In *THE DIARY OF A LINE SMASHER*, for the first time, is pictured the real inside story of the pitiless training, the misunderstandings and the driving, smashing spirit which makes teams win. Dick Hyland's story will give you a fresh interest in football. It's in

College Humor
SPECIAL
Student Offer
Clip Coupon



College Humor,
1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois

I wish to take advantage of your special student offer of nine issues for two dollars, which sum is enclosed.

Name.....

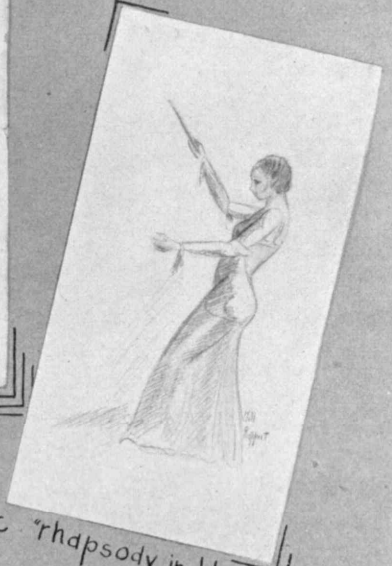
Address.....

City.....State.....

reminiscences from "rhapsody in black"



"st. jame's infirmary"



"rhapsody in blue"

valaida

sketched from life
backstage at the majestic

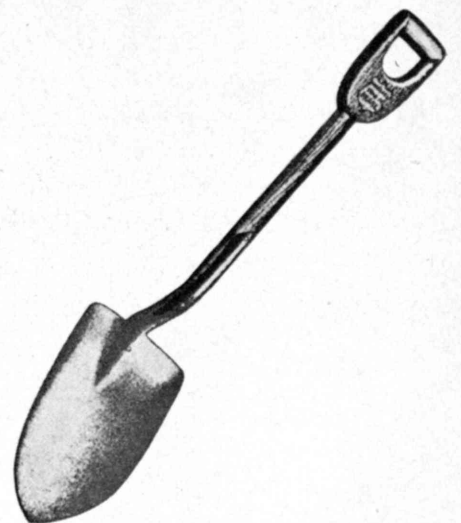


mary philips
"the house beautiful"
plymouth theatre



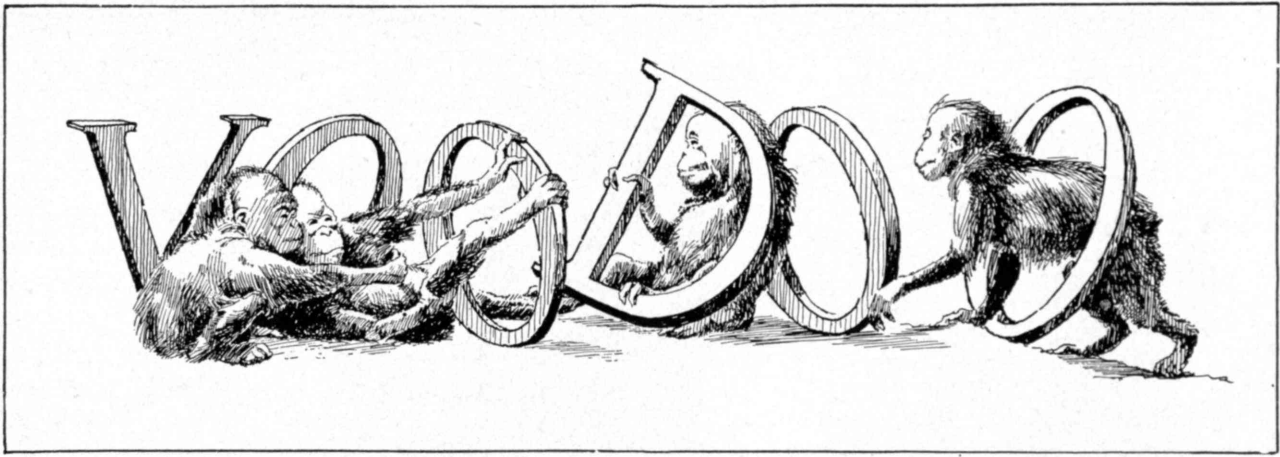
queenie smith
"the little racketeer"
shubert theatre

VOO DOO
SALUTES
The
FACULTY





Passano's Fishing Trip was a Big Success



IF EDDIE MILLER WROTE THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago our boiler inspectors called forth for an expert and when I got there the boiler was a cherry red.

Now we are engaged in a great boiler test, testing whether that boiler, or any boiler so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great plate of that boiler. We have come to dedicate a portion of that mammoth water tube monster as a final monument for those who have given their lives so the nation might learn that you can not hang a sash weight on the pop off valve. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it very efficiently. The world will little note nor long remember that you cannot run a boiler at six thousand pounds pressure and a cherry red heat, but these men now dead will never forget it. Gentlemen, there was a fire box door imbedded in a geranium bed three miles away. The explosion broke windows and shook buildings for miles around. And remember, gentlemen, under God, that a boiler of Eddie Miller's design, by Eddie Miller, and for Eddie Miller, shall not perish from this earth.

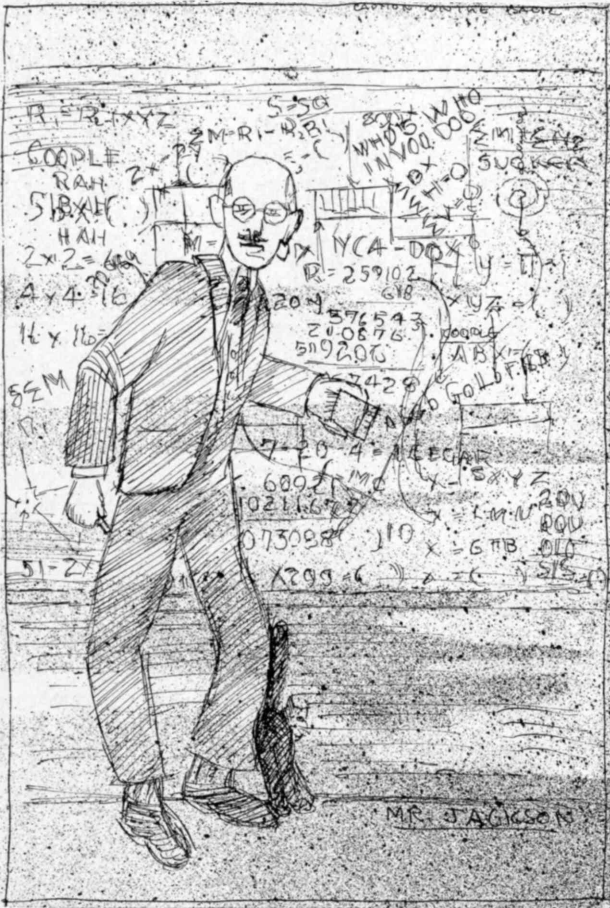


IF BILL GREENE TAUGHT EMILY POST

Oh hell, don't you know what the hell a dining room is for? You got to eat don't you, well don't you eat in a dining room or what the hell, huh. And when you eat in one of them you should remember not to flick your cigarette ash into your neighbor's glass or park your gum on the table cloth then you got etiquette, see. But what the hell, what the hell, you got to have some comfort don't you, so they let you pick your teeth with the salad fork if you know which it is and are double jointed and are Joe E. Brown and nobody is looking, otherwise it is imperlite.

And when you go, don't forget to say goodbye to the hostess, only show her you had a good time and breeze by and give her a good smack on the back only be frank and tell her to leave the cloves out of the onion soup, they keep you b—p—g half the night, that's the way to be a large social success, be frank, be yourself, I'm frank, and see where I am today I may not get a haircut and never have my clothes pressed, but — oh yeah — while I'm thinking about it clothes is etiquette too — and never wear a tie but what is snappy and hasn't more than three point four one five nine two square inches of onion soup on it there is a limit to everything, but then your nose would tell you if that was so, so why the hell should I.

Now take me, I teach a class out at Wellesley and I got to speak the Queen's English I have, oh hell yes, I got to talk real good gosh a'mighty none o'them there immigrant babes can only they do gab too damn much in the classroom just the same as you guys.



Slave Driver (as the bell rings and the class stumbles out through a fog of chalk-dust): "And now, gentlemen, is that quite clear?"



One Prof to Another: "Quick, George, I've got a class in five minutes, show me how to do the problems I assigned for today."



Things we'd like to know: What becomes of the first half of an assignment when you plunge right into the middle of it?



Do Math Teachers have seances "en masse" or is it a contagious disease to go into illustrative trances in the classroom?

WHY THEY ARE CALLED PROFESSORS

Wow! What a woman! Plenty of floating power and average wheel base. This was the girl of Mr Fess' dreams.

One night they tried canoeing for a change. After they were out for about two hours they had three dimes and a nickel and that was enough change for any damn couple, moment, or center of gravity.

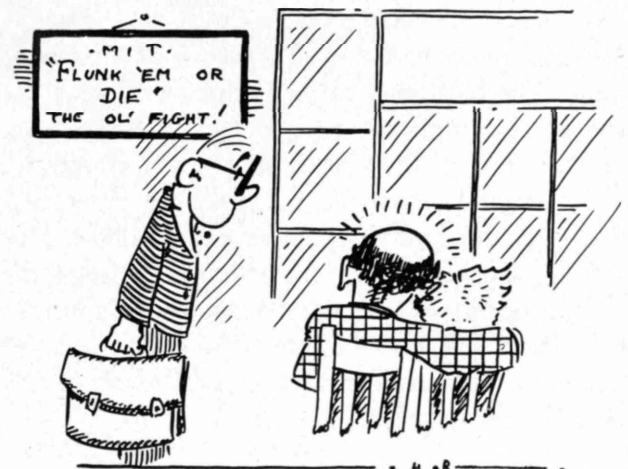
From then on Mr. Fess was sold on canoeing. He liked to paddle too, three, or any given number x.

As time went on his manhood increased. He threw away his paddles and took up oars. He took his dame for many a wherry ride.

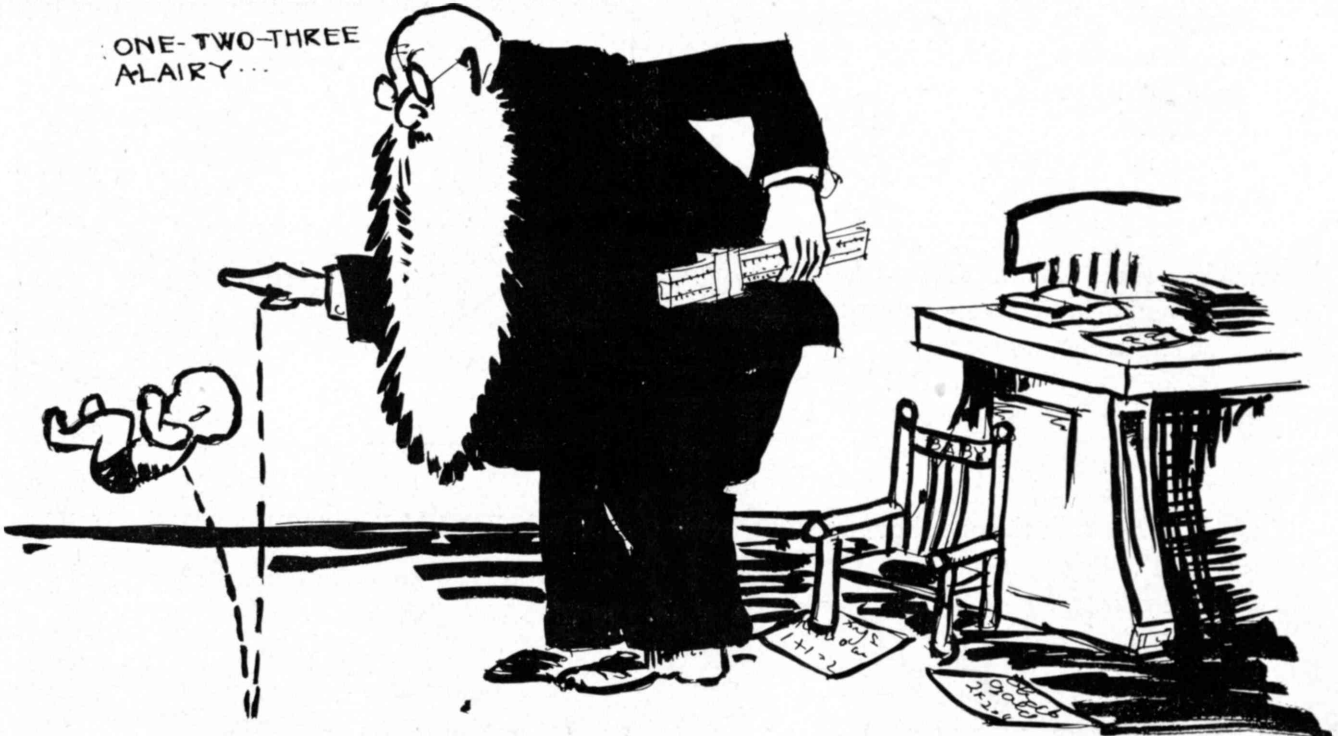
Soon he got paid for taking girls for rides, so he had to turn pro. All the girls heard about Pro Fess because he was such a teacher, instructor, and master six. College boys too came from miles around just to learn rowing and to go out in a boat with Pro. Fess.

He had a faculty too for selling oars in pairs, peaches, plumbs, and spirit levels. So famous was he for this last achievement that he opened up an oar shoppe and hung out his shingle — "Pro. Fess, OARS."

And that, males, females, and airdales is how we came to call them Professors. And it is applied to those who take girls and college boys for rides.



Here's where my English professor drops an "H."



MISTER JAGKSON COURSE IV

Early Experiments in Elasticity, No. 1: The Bouncing Baby
Next Month: Rubber Checks

Here's a freshman abstract on a Tubby Rogers lecture:

You guys are a bunch of punks, as it were.
 You never read no good books, as it were.
 You think fiction was written for women, but it was written for guys like me, too, as it were.
 Fiction is an open window on life, through which you guys ought to jump, as it were.
 I'd do it too, but my stomach is getting too much for me, as it were.
 (This is in two minutes what it took Tubby an hour to say, as it were.)



Professor Voss: "This drawing is hopelessly out of proportion; what scale did you use?"
 Soph.: "I couldn't find my scale and so I used the thumb rule you are always talking about."

As "Connoisewer" Greer would have it: "Life is just a bowl of sherries."



Armstrong: "You missed my class this morning, didn't you?"
 Head-strong: "No, not at all."



Smoothy Sophomore: "What are my chances of getting a date with your secretary?"
 "Baggy-pants" Ingraham: "The distribution of goils in this woild obeys no economic law."



"Fancy" Fiske (indignantly): "Did you say this text was of no account at all?"
 Sucker Senior (taking Ec 74): "No, I merely said the cost of the text was no amount at all."

If all the ice from electric refrigerators were placed end to end along a highway, Professor Spoford would call it the cube route.



And then there was the Course II frosh who spent three nights in the Steam Lab because he had heard that steam engines reciprocate.

R. M. Becker



Turbine Tessie tells the one about a small-town newspaper, *The Bugle-Examiner*, that was run by the local nose doctor.

R. M. Becker



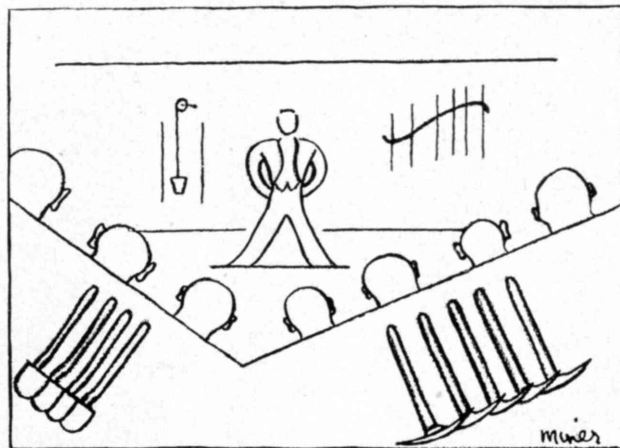
"Poor old Professor Blanchard got all scratched up."

"How come?"

"Chasing a hydrogen sulphide molecule through a keg of nails."



If All the A. M. P. Jokes were True



THE BROWN-BAGGER'S BELLYACHE

The class had been serene and still,
As Triple-E dispensed his line,
Infringing on the total nil
With coulomb, kilowatt, and sine.
He juggled integral and dyne,
And then — it seemed a miracle —
He paused and said with grin benign:
"This formula's empirical."

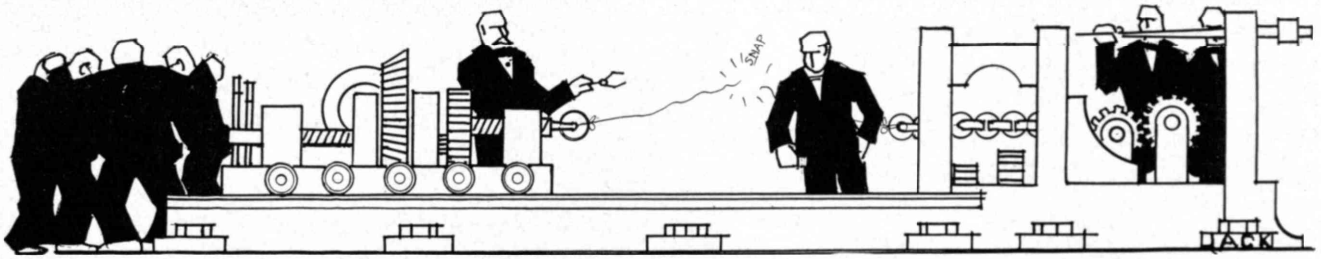
Since days when powdered wig and quill
Were used, and folks retir'd at nine,
They've handed us the same old pill.
We ask them: "Why?" and they decline
To tell us — while they twist and whine
And sling in accents lyrical
This song-and-dance; they just opine:
"The formula's empirical."

When Woods and Bailey strut their skill
And scribble plus and minus sign,
It's safer not to up and shrill:
"I think the set-up's very fine,
But shouldn't six and three make nine?"
For then they'll get satirical
And boom in tones as cold as brine:
"The formula's empirical."

L'Envoi

O Profs, we come to you supine,
And ere we get hysterical,
This phrase to Hades please consign:
"The formula's empirical."

R. M. Becker



Interesting Processes in Great Industries — Testing Shoulder Straps for Lingerie.

ALL IN A FOG

In a foggy fog two ghastly shapes sneaked up to the hazy Charles River Wharf. The leader, a two-toed sloth known as Woods, gave a mild exhale of "May Breath," then motioned to his pal, "Gorilla Frank," to come thither. Both integrated a moment, then leaping into a throbbing motor launch kicked the mechanic.

"Get the damn thing perculating, and atom Smith," snickered "The Sloth."

Smith, the dimpled cheek mechanic, obeyed silent and care-like.

Whoof-f-f-f

"Aw fudge," crooned the foxy scientist, "there goes the engine."

At this instant, "The Gorilla," seeing need for practical action, dashed to the stern and kicked his feet in the water. The boat leaped onto wings of sewery spray. Once on the opposite shore, the terrible three progressed on hands and knees towards the bushes. Flunk-em, flunk-em, flunk-em, beat the waves upon the beach. Suddenly Smith brought the raiders to a postmortem.

"Gosh darn," he fumbled, snapping his fingers, "I forgot my slide rule."



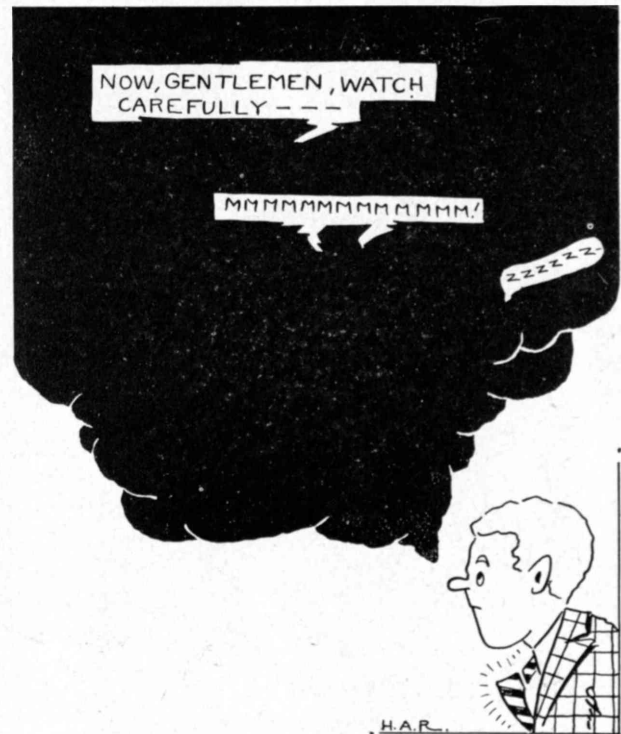
Fresh: "My chemistry instructor must be a graduate of Yale?"

Fresher: "How d'ya know?"

Fresh: "He's always talking about the Mighty Atom."

Students: "What happens when you raise the boiler pressure, take the load off the engine, and blow the safety valve?"

Eddie Miller: "It really don't make any difference to me, gentlemen, but it does change the complexion of the pipes."



One Student Who Gets Something out of Lantern Slide Lectures.

Bill Greene's griped. His mail is cluttered up with these pants-to-match advertisements. So much so that he has a hard time finding his confession letters from the young ladies in his class out at Wellesley. Incidentally, we wonder who is learning more, Willie or his charges.



One good thing (at least) about Course XVII is that the studies consist of less theoretical matter and more concrete.



A certain member of the English department, one day was expecting a guest on whom he wanted to make a very favorable impression. His small son was in the cellar getting table dainties for the missus. As the doorbell rang the prodigal shouted from below decks: "What kind of jam are you going to give him, Ma?" The first words to greet the honored guest, as he entered the house, were: "Give him the raspberry, stupid."



Bill Hall and Doc Lewis Illustrating the Winter (Summer, Spring, Fall) Fashions for the Smartly Dressed Professor.

THIS IS BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
By ROBERTA RODGERS



It seems to me that we must be getting old. Yes indeed, we certainly must be getting old. In fact, by the process of a posteriori and a priori thinking, applied both as the rationalization of my prejudices and to your creative thinking, I have arrived at the conclusion that we

must be growing older. Day by day, we get older. Yes sirree, as I said before, we are getting older, so to speak.

It was only yesterday that I remarked to my class in the course of the perusal of the methods of herd instinct and tough and tender thinking, that the sailors sing chanteys while pulling up the sheets, so to speak, and the little brutes laughed right in my face. Unfortunately it was not until later in the day while perusing their themes that I discovered I had again made history and the talk of the school by telling off-colour stories in the classroom. I am getting old!

Sometimes while perusing that expressionless example of a posteriori journalism, I am struck with the horrible futility of it all and the lewd gregariousness of the human brute. Perhaps while you are engaged similarly you are struck by the same thing, a priori or vice versa. Perhaps it is best to call it a posteriori, for the following reason, which may be logically derived from the fact that the writers sit on their posteriors to think, but usually get no further than the first part. That

particular piece of wit I deduced by a combination of herd instinct, habit, tradition and rationalization of prejudice to spring in the next freshman lecture, only to find that there are no more Freshman lectures, oh the unutterable futility of it all.

However, perhaps I have been futile enough and should pass to other topics. Sometimes I wonder if it would not be best to merely pass or flunk them all. Perhaps I should say, sometimes I wonder, which is a prerogative of the American citizen under the existing statutes although bound by tradition and authority to do otherwise.

Upon perusing the foregoing I discover that I have omitted one of my pets of the classroom and lecture platform, namely self-interestedly, a priori and a posteriori. In other words, I am both a tough and tender thinker; in fact I am both tough and tender. Tough when on the lecture table, marking themes, addressing the class, at home, at school and at meals; otherwise I may be caught unawares as tender. It is this same distinctive tendency which makes me appear, against my will and tender nature, so mournful when first viewing the lecture room. Many people have wondered at this and few have inquired. It is my earnest opinion that what this country needs for better lectures is a good five-cent bier, so to speak.



Oscar: "Well, Fido, here's one I beat Eames to over in the steam lab."

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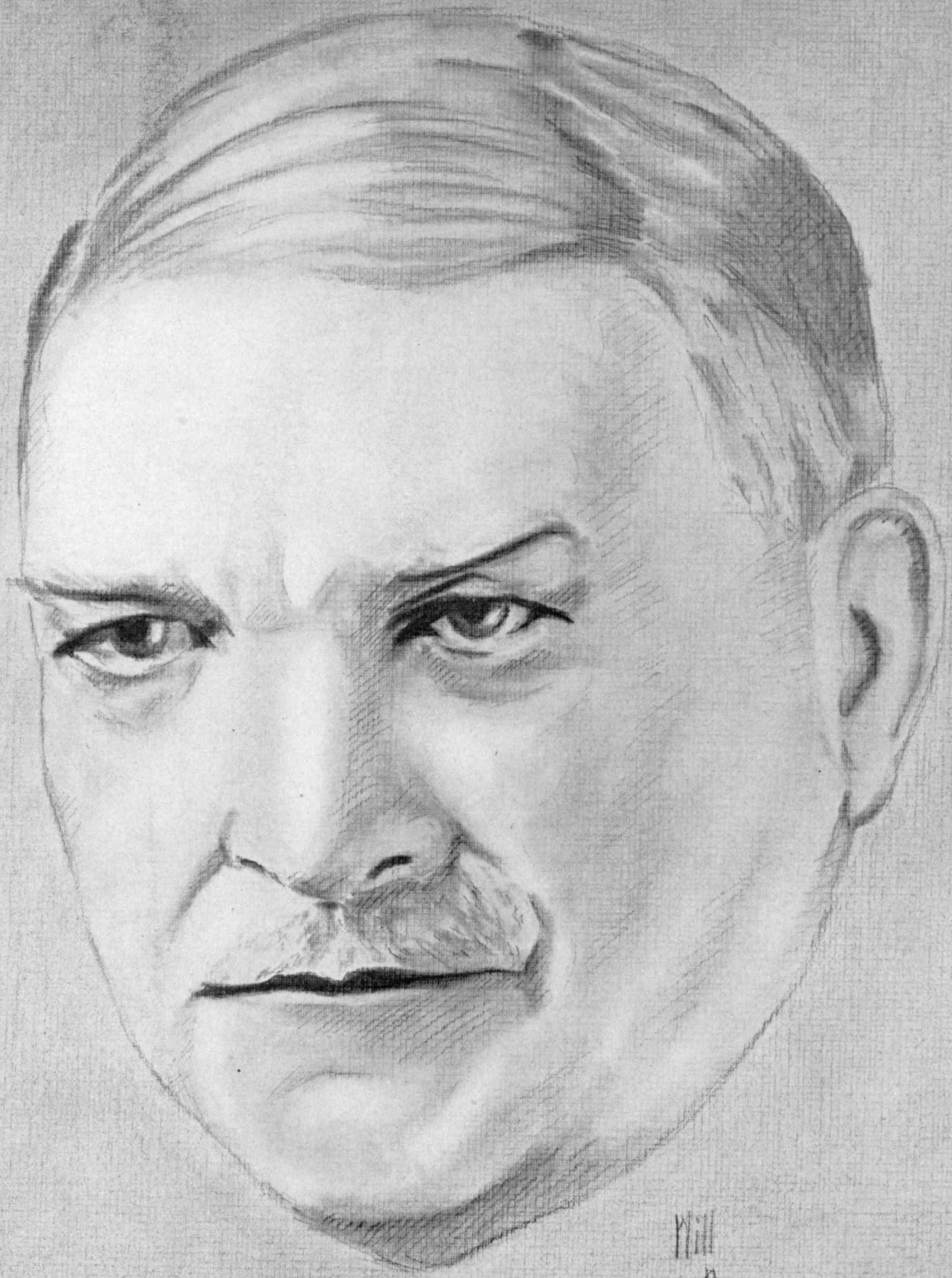
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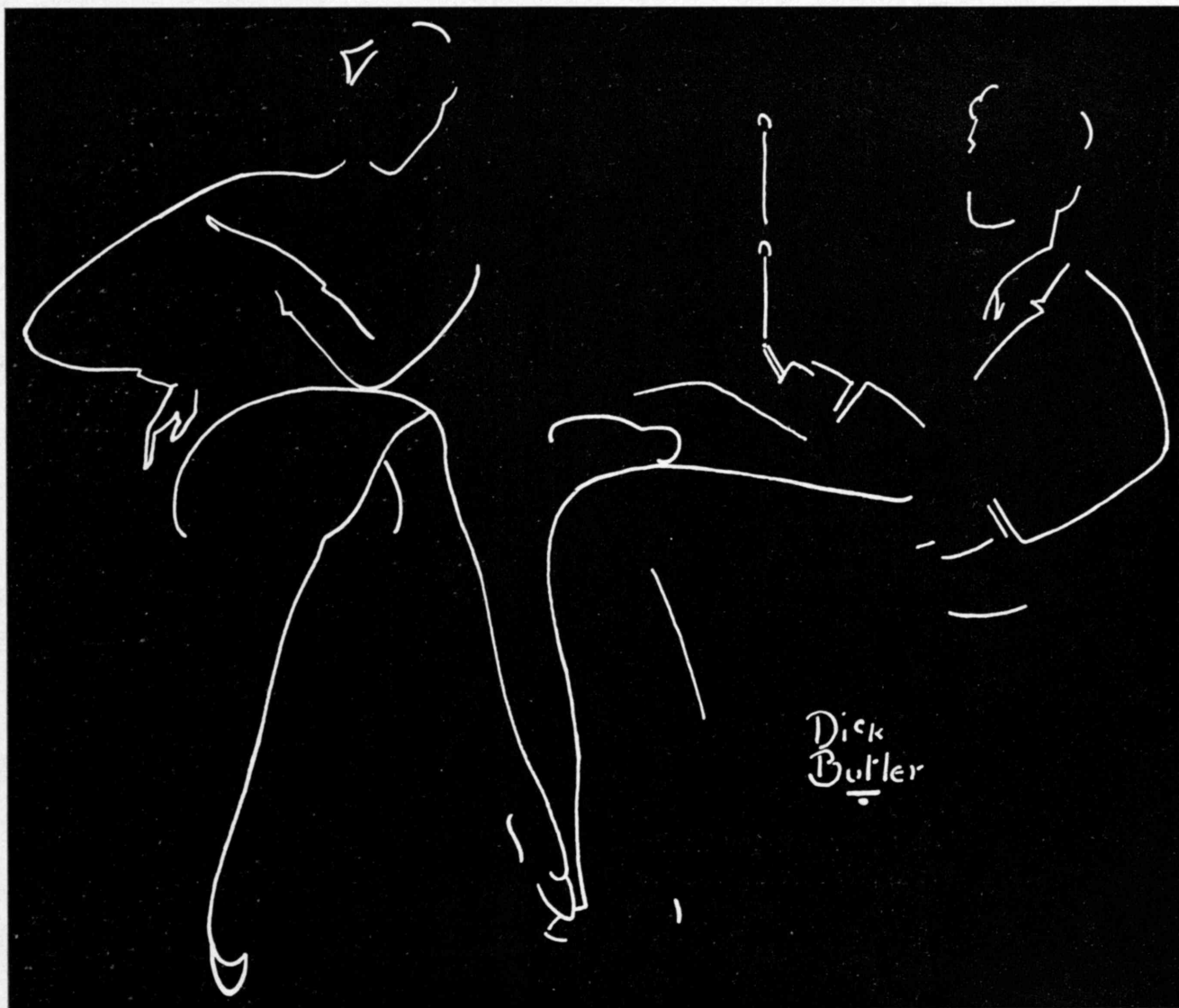
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An Outline of the Elements of G-75



Brown Bagger (buying liquor): "Say, this case is only half full."

Bootlegger: "Yeah, it's a brief case."



"Holed everything!" said the moth as he flew from the closet.



First Naval Arch. Student: "Do you have Jack?"
Second ditto: "No, Owen."



"Why did that co-ed fail her exam on purpose?"
"Because she's damn good on the make-up."

THE ENGINEER

If you want a receipt for that quite egotistical
 Person that's known as the "great engineer"
 Take lots of data that's seemingly mystical —
 Throw it at someone apparently queer:
 A whole flock of integrals, sine-curves and alpha-
 rays,
 Symbols which look like some primitive script;
 Formulas giving the speed of the beta-rays —
 See that you have him completely equipped.
 Sky-scraper, steam engine, turbine and factory,
 Cram 'em all into the poor fellow's skull;
 Tell him of forging and metals refractory —
 Fill him with facts that are dead and dull.
 Expect him to know about salts and hydrolysis,
 Thermodynamical laws, electrolysis —
 See if he catches the drift of petrography,
 Show him the mysteries of metallography;
 What if he balks and displays his precocity? —
 Tell him that light has an awful velocity!

Take of these elements all that are suitable,
 Put each away in its own little niche;
 Then you will have (this is quite irrefutable)
 A man who could probably dig a good ditch.



Of all the game
 That's shy and wary
 The hardest to get
 Is a Prof's Secretary.



A lot of this dirt Dr. Gilboj teaches in Soil
 Mechanics is as clear as mud.



Mush-mouth: "Shee right reactshon ish equal
 to shee loads timshe shee distanshe from shee
 pole, divided by shee length of shpan. D'ya all
 shee shat?"

Students: "Yes, sure."

Mush-mouth: "Don't mock me, you shipper-
 shnappers."



M. I. T. '32: "How do you feel?"
 Simmons '35: "You should know."



"What are your limits, sir?"
 "Well, er, it depends on who I'm out
 with."



“Hell, that ain’t Art.”
“Naw, it’s Mamie.”

Voice Over Phone: “Is George there?”

Frat Club: “Sorry, he’s out.”

Voice: “Will he be out long?”

F. C.: “No, I think not, when you first rang the boys were just putting him under a cold shower.”



Gentleman in Sporting Goods Store: “ I want a pair of white linen knickers.”

Clerk: “Very well, sir, and could I interest you in a set of matched clubs?”

G: “Hell, no, I’m a football referee.”



And why shouldn’t the kid who has just seen his first pint of bathtub gin for the second time be called a New Yorker?

As an Englishman would tell Eddie Miller’s favorite story: “When I entered the boiler room, woud you believe it, gentlemen, the pipes were in thle pink of condition.”



Col. Eddy: “What experiance have you had to warrant your promotion to the rank of sergeant?”

’35: “Well, I have Bill Greene for English, and —”

Col. Eddy: “You’re just the man we want, here’s your commision.”



*Here’s to you, Swellheaded pledge —
Just now you think you’re quite a man;
A term from now right where you’re sitting
Will be a nice fresh coat of tan.*



Mighty hypocritical subject this Electrical Engineering, what with the three phased currents and all. Oh Archibald, do say some more, you are so clever.



We hear they are all up in the air about this Course XVI, but then, it’s all a matter of ground work.



FROSH FROSH!

There was once a boy who dunked a hunk of sodium. Moral: Don’t dunk!



THE FATAL MURDERS AT SOUTH BURLAP

By EDMUND PEARSON with ukelele accompaniment by ROBERT BENCHEY

PERSONS WHO FIGURED IN THE CASE:

- Horace Beep, an itinerant flypaper salesman
- Jasper, his valet (later his wife)
- Ethyl O'Sulphate, his paramour
- Villagers, messenger boys, and apple-sellers

Few people would believe that the above innocent-sounding individuals could figure in one of the most baffling mysteries in the annals of Cambridge crime. As a matter of fact they didn't. The list of names was merely put here to attract your attention. Wait a minute — don't go! Here's a murder mystery that will make even the most cold-blooded reader grip his chair and pant heavily to keep from falling asleep.

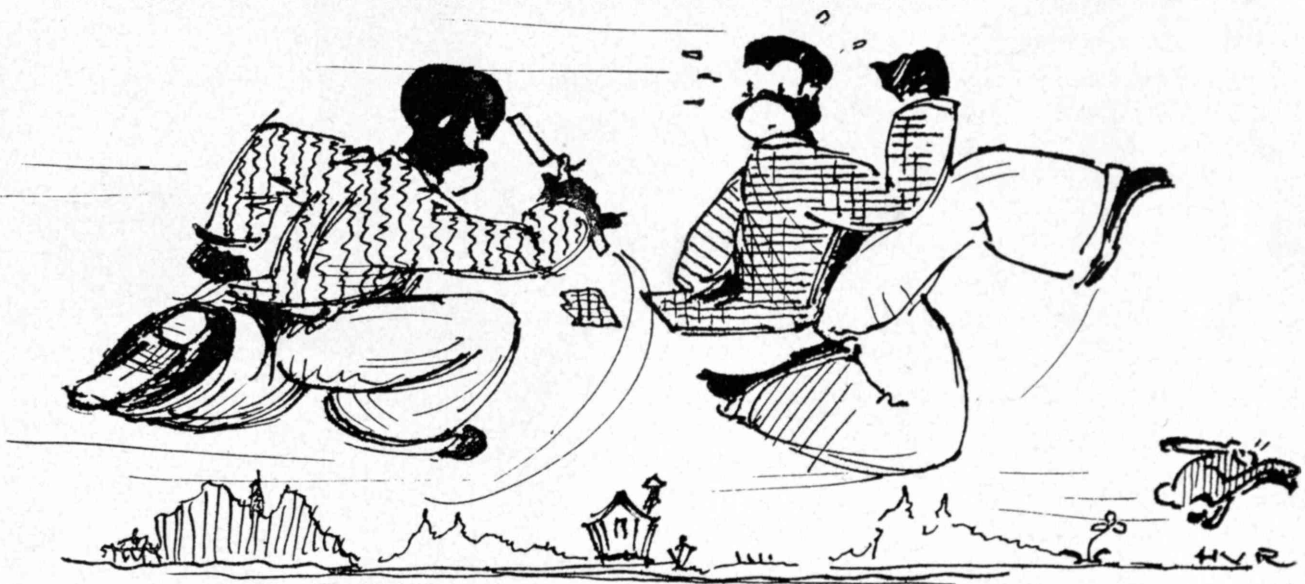
It was in the little-known suburb of Cambridge sometimes known as South Burlap, but better known to the police as "South Burlap" that the dastardly murder was committed in 1928 which was to keep tongues wagging for several minutes, at least. Homer P. Nertz, the recipient of the murder, awoke at midnight to find himself cruelly slain and lying in the conventional pool of blood,

with his right leg horribly twisted. Pausing but a moment to untwist the member, he pulled frantically at the bell cord to summon Succor, his Oriental manservant, or curator. To his chagrin, however, he found that the other end of the rope was tied in a neat granny-knot around his own neck. Consequently, when Investigator Smilch appeared on the scene shortly after, he discovered that the cadaver was suffering from a mild form of discomfort which he diagnosed as death. Then the fun began!

When the coroner, E. Chilton Schnapps, was called in out of the rain he discovered that the far-famed Nertz collection of Oriental laundry checks which was so fabulously priceless as to be actually worthless, was missing. After much cogitation it was decided that the motive for the robbery was theft, and the quizzing of the servants began. Investigator Smilch commenced by prodding the cook, a Mrs. Gribble, for a confession. He was promptly slapped on the face. "Don't prod me,

(Continued on page 23)

R.M. Becke



“Wait up, dahk cloud, ah wants to see yo’ silvah linin.”

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER
FROM SIR HUMBUG SWILLCANS

The Naughty Lass, Enroute

October 31, 1931

Dear Editor:

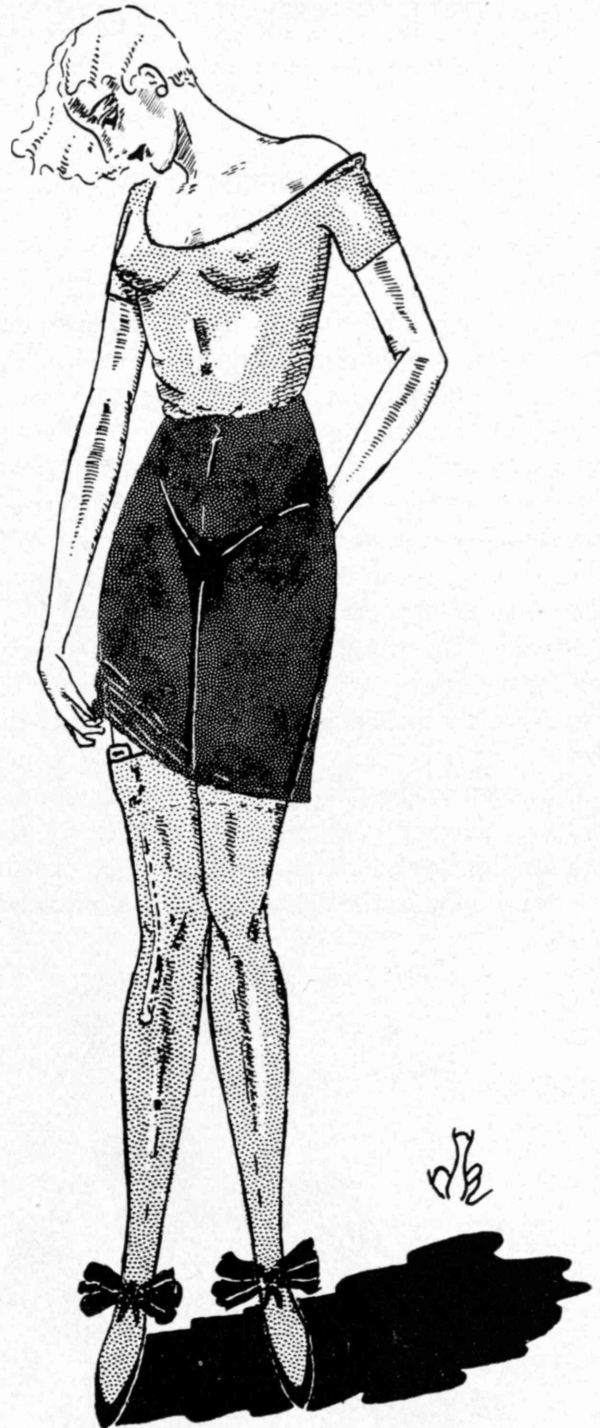
Today we sighted our first icebergs, or maybe they were Goldbergs, their passport photos were taken by the Technology Photographic Service. The lookout has just sighted seals, so I am continuing this letter in one of the torpedo tubes. . . . Every time I see a seal, it has a summons attached to it . . . but that's the way of a wayward world. It's awfully cold down here, but being in this torpedo tube makes me feel like a big shot, so what the 'ell. Yesterday we went through, or rather under, a tremendous field of ice. We tried to come up once to test our ice-drill, and about half way up the drill broke, however having plenty of corkscrews aboard, we met the emergency in manner befitting intrepid men.

Some of the men on board became restless today. They complained of the open plumbing — it is rather cold on deck — and there was a noticeable lack of Ginger Ale. Last night was clear and fair, but I had a little eye soreness from gazing at the (?) stars, so I went up on deck and looked at the Aurora Boric Acid.

Aside from a few mutinies on board, four or five murders, three men eaten by polar bears, a leaking water pump, and no funny papers, things are quiet and serene. I think I will now go to sleep, even though the cooties have been bothering us a great deal. Hoping you feel the same.

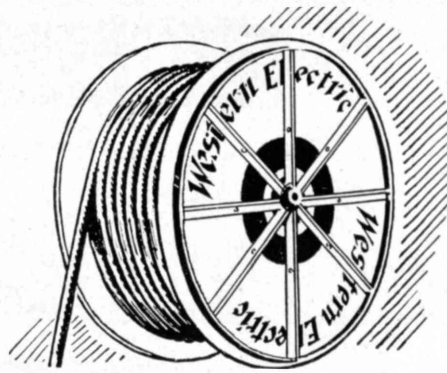
Yours sincerely,

HUMMY.



We have previously heard of Lobby's food chart. Evidently he's mistaking those allowable calorie numbers for British Thermal Units.

Then there was the dumb Dora who thought that the Marx brothers were German bankers.



Insulated **. . . but not against** **new ideas!**



*High quality wood pulp
now used to form a sleeve
around the wire*

Even the method of insulation is not insulated against improvement at the Western Electric telephone cable shop. For a generation wires have been wrapped around with a narrow ribbon

of paper but now the wire has the paper made right on it while passing through an ingenious paper making machine. . . . This new revolutionary process saves time and lowers the cost of cable. But perhaps the



*Three steps now in one —
paper making, slitting and
insulating*

most important thing about it is that it illustrates an attitude of mind of your



*Always searching for
new ideas*

Bell telephone makers: keeping receptive to innovation. . . . Only by doing so, they realize, can they carry out properly their functions as manufacturers, purchasers and distributors for the Bell System.

Western Electric

Manufacturers . . . Purchasers . . . Distributors

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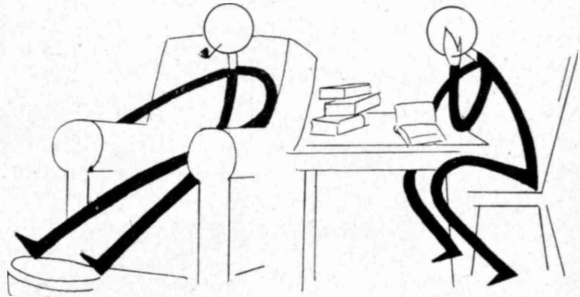
Before the show—or at midnight
 —gather 'round the Fountain of
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 supper-dance assemblies.

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 for intellectual nourishment . . .
 or intellectual relaxation, you'll
 find the Astor . . . in the heart of
 this great metropolis . . . makes an
 ideal starting point for either.



FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM

“Have you heard the song about Greta
 Garbo?”

“No, what is it?”

“Swede and lovely.”

— *Widow*



On a time a pale student from Ga.

Was pinched for being a fa.

Said the Judge with a smile:

“Young man fora while

Free of charge we are going to ba.”

— *Yale Record*



A policeman brought in a negro woman. The
 desk sergeant scowled and roared at her.

“Liza, you've been brought in for intoxica-
 tion.”

“Dat's fine,” beamed Liza. “Boy you can
 start right now.”

— *Skipper*

Mlle. Lupescu, known in fame

Is very seldom seen,

Roumanians discredit her

For she finessed their queen.

— *Harvard Lampoon*



24th, N., 835 — 2 nicely furn, 2d-flr.-front
 hskpg. rms., cont. h. w., all convs., nr. cars;
 reas.

— *Public Ledger*



Nt. t-ngt., Jsphne . . .

— *Jack O'Lantern*



Excessive morals
 Get no laurels.

— *Lampoon*

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NEWPORT PALM BEACH



© BROOKS BROTHERS

1818 AND TO-DAY

THE FATAL MURDERS AT SOUTH BURLAP

(Continued from page 19)

you *) \$%," she bellowed with true lady-like restraint. This brought the quizzing to a virtual impasse and we girls decided to adjourn the meeting with the collection of back dues and the singing of the camp song: "Dear old Wish-ga-mook-nych-gup, We Love You." Miss Ophelia Donovan was unanimously elected monitor for next week.

Part II

The rising sun revealed a gruesome sight in the henyard of the old Potts estate next morning. A pair of legs, owned and operated by old man Potts, the constable, protruded feebly from an abandoned well. Maw Potts broke the window to get a clear view and shrieked: "What air ye doin' thar, Paw?" By this time the rain was falling quite steadily and the figures of two clam-diggers were barely discernible on the clam flats at Revere Beach. They were motionless. Perhaps they were mussel-bound.

Part III

Now let us take you back, dear reader, to the wilds of the African epis. What, you don't want to go back? Aw, be a sport!

Inspector O'Grady looked up. He fixed the three suspects with a stern glance. "C'mon outside and fix my Ford with that stern glance, I dare ya," muttered Al Caphoney, a repulsive looking individual with overlapping ears and a wet snout. Suddenly, from across the still waters of the Danube, came the haunting strains of "Around the Coroner and under a tree." The five attentive listeners stiffened audibly and joined the stirring chorus with a will, the contents of which were later read to friends and relatives: "To my beloved Aunt Abigail I leave my collection of Oriental laundry checks," it read. "Let that be a lesson to her."

Nobody spoke. Nobody was listening. They had all gone out for a glass of beer. Perhaps it is high time that we, too, went out for a glass of beer. Come with us, dear reader, and we'll introduce you to Luigi. And with these few final admonitory words of warning we must close our thrilling story of — lemme see, whatinell was it, anyway? — and say good-bye.

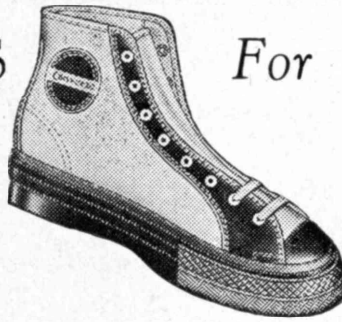
Good-bye.

TENNIS SHOES

Oxfords at \$1.50 and \$3.00

White Gym Socks at
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High at \$2.00 and \$2.50

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Bike and Pal

CREW PANTS

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These rackets are furnished by WRIGHT and DITSON

GLOVES

Pig Skin, Cape, Gray Mocha, Fur, Wool and Sheep lined

SWEATERS

White, Black, Blue and Brown

TECHNOLOGY BRANCH

HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, INC.

Remember Your Dividend

OH, SAID HE

Man Accosting Girl at Piano: "Do you play?"*Said Girl:* "Well, I dare you to turn out the lights."— *Reserve Red Cat**Mother (to precious infant):* "Johnny, go wash your face and neck."*Johnny:* "Neck who, mama?"— *Reserve Red Cat**Mid:* "What fo' yo' name yo' baby Electricity, Mose?"*Night:* "Well, mah name am Mose, ma wife's name am Dinah, an' if Dinahmose doan make electricity, what does dey make?"— *Longhorn*

WHJOOPS, MY DJEAR!

GJET A BJARREL!

Bjornson Bjornsternee was swjimmin'—

Hjis cjostume he ljooked vjery sljim in.

Sjome djames hjappened bji.—

Tjook hjis djuds on thje slji.—

Njow he's shjouting, "to JJJJ wjith thje wjimmin'!"

— *Jack-o'-Lantern*

"There was a thief in my room last night and I thought it was my husband."

"Did he get anything?"

"Well, I didn't miss anything."

— *Gaboon**Tar:* "You say your girl is like a comma?"*Heel:* "Yeh, it doesn't mean a complete stop."— *Punch Bowl*

Delt: "What do you plan on doing when you get through school?"

Delta Gamma: "I'm going to join the Passion players."

Delt: "How come?"

Delta Gamma: "Well, I've had four years experience."

— *Frivol*



"Now that England is off the gold standard, darling, I guess the only thing for us is to get married."

— *Columbia Jester*



If you are caught in hot water, be nonchalant — take a bath.

— *Log*



First Co-ed: "He may not be good looking, but he certainly has money to burn."

Jealous Co-ed: "Well, I never suffered from the heat when I was out with him."

— *Green Gander*



Everyone's heard of the mailman who spent his day off taking a walk, but how many have heard of the professor who spent his free day blowing up toy balloons?

— *Owl*



MOTHER JUICE

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it

In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espied her and plied her with cider
And now she's the forest's prime evil.

— *Lyre*



She: "And all women are not playthings."

Reporter: "That doesn't sound like a broad statement."

— *Banter*

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

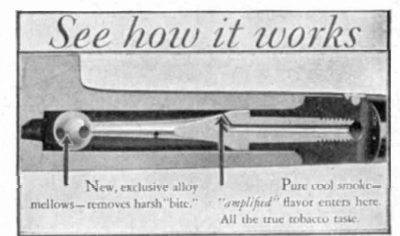


NEW Drinkless KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke...
no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth \$3.50, Thorn \$4.

(Above, No. 46, with the new Ambera mouthpiece and Synchro-Stem.)



And for cigarette smokers: *New Tobacco Yello holder*

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Where Tech Men Go
KENMORE HOTEL

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chapter papers; also in all Tech
activity printing.

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been beaten badly on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."

— *Christian Advocate*



"Just got back from a trip around the world."

"Great. Did you stop in Egypt?"

"Oh, yes."

"Go up the Nile?"

"Sure. Swell view from the top."

— *Red Cat*



Kind O. M.: "And do you know why Santa Claus didn't bring you anything, little girl?"

Doll-Faced Child: "Yes, damn it, I trumped father's ace in the bridge game last Christmas eve."

— *Punch Bowl*



The flapper co-ed went up to the young prof and said, "Profy, dear, what are my marks?"

He put his arms around her and whispered sweet nothings in her ear.

— *Wasp*



"The little girl who used to want an all-day sucker, now just wants one for the evening."

— *Log*



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*



WHERE
—on a
night
like this

?

—Before the SHOW?
—or at MIDNIGHT?

HERE you'll find Boston's most thoroughly enjoyable dinner and supper-dance assemblies—delicious food, delightful music and good company always! Gala programs every Wednesday and Thursday evening with **Leo Reisman in person, directing.** Dinners \$1.50-\$2-\$2.50—no couvert. Supper-couvert \$1 every night—no minimum charge.

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<p>TRIP RATE 8 cents a mile 75 cents service charge</p> <p>DAILY RATE \$2.00 per day 5 cents a mile 75 cents service charge</p>

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COMMONWEALTH 4160-1-2-3
Connecting all Branches

Y-D MOTORS at 97 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, has a number of used Ford Roadsters and Sport Coupes for sale at very attractive prices.

Maid: "Shall I take this little rug out and beat it?"

Man: "That's no rug, that's my roommate's towel."

— Brown Jug



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

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

— Satyr



Frosh: "What is a slide rule?"

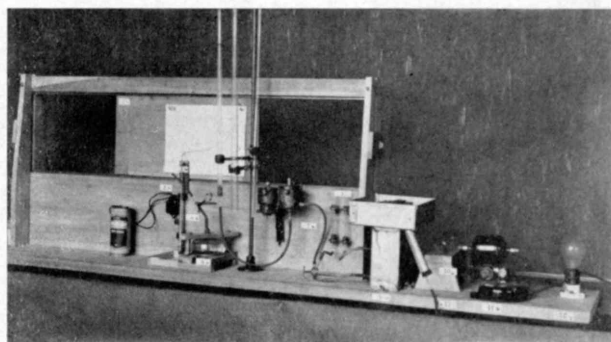
Engineer: "Wear thick pants and avoid splinters."

— Humbug



Broker: "American Steel broke 102 today."

Phi Ep: "I know, my old man was one of them."



Absorbtometer; alias Thingamawhichit, a compound of Hg. plus electric motor plus Stutz 1922 carburetor, designed and constructed by pupils Stewart and Phillips of Course XVII. Its other qualifications besides measuring graphically rate and amount of water absorbed by bricks are:

1. Distinguishes between brick and bric-a-brac.
2. Measures alcoholic potential of wine bricks.
3. Detects fake gold bricks.
 - a. Squeals on gold brickers in course (just discovered).

Therefore, said Stewart and Phillips are going to dismantle it.



THERE, now, wasn't that funny?
It wasn't? Aw, nerts to you, Pitre,
who asked you, anyway? You would
strike a little child!

People are always saying to us, "Well,
that may be funny, but I guess I
haven't got a sense of humor."

The Next VOO DOO

Will be built to specification
for just those people.

OUT DECEMBER 7

Save Your Pennies

Study Hints -- Telephone Numbers -- Apple Butter

The widow deliberated a long time before she decided what inscription to have on her husband's grave. Finally she decided upon this:

"The light of my life has gone out."

This proved quite satisfactory for a time, but the widow fell in love again and wanted the inscription changed so that the epitaph would be truthful. She had this phrase added:

"The light of my life has gone out — but I have struck another match."

— Green Griffin



Voice on police station telephone: "Officer, a burglar broke into the Old Maid's Home and they caught him. Could you send someone down to take him into custody?"

Cop: "Sure. Who's this calling, please?"

Voice (now with a Helen Morgan tear): "The burglar."

— Michigan Aggrievator



Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship rail): "Weak stomach, my lad?"

Boy (nervously): "Why, ain't I putting it as far as the rest of them?"

— Texas Ranger



First: "Name an electric unit, Mr. Gadget."

Fourth: "A kilo."

First: "A kilo what?"

Fourth: "Yeah, that's what I mean — a kilowatt."

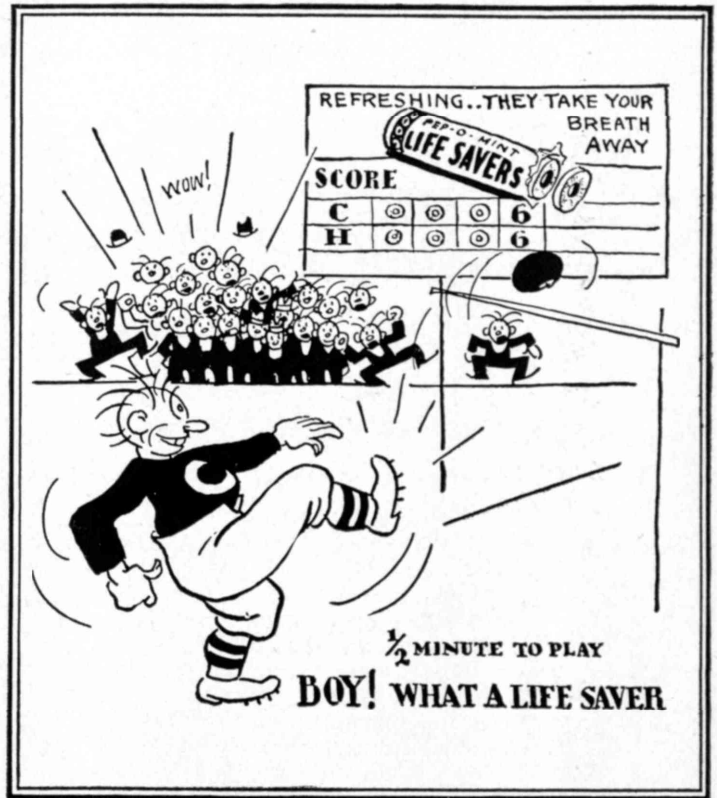
— Log



By: "What do you think of the Napoleonic period?"

Heck: "I never knew a darn thing about grammar anyway."

— Beanpot



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Canners, Importers and Coffee Roasters

"My kingdom, my kingdom for a horse."

"Will a jackass do?"

"Yes, come on down."

— Sour Owl



He: "May I hold your hand?"

She: "Well, I suppose we'll have to start with the preliminaries."

— N. J. Law Troubadour

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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:

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CHEMISTRY	NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MARINE ENGINEERING
CIVIL ENGINEERING	PHYSICS
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GENERAL SCIENCE	SHIP OPERATION
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The Course in Architecture is of five years' duration, and leads to the degree of Bachelor in Architecture. A five-year Coöperative Course in Electrical Engineering leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science and Master of Science is 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.

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 BULLETIN

CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS

"How much is this hat?"

"Fifteen dollars, sir."

"Where are the holes?"

"What holes?"

"The holes for the ears of the jackass who would pay that much for it."

— *Lampoon*



In a cigarette it's taste; in an Austin it's impossible.

— *Log*



Garage Attendant as Auto Drives Up: "Juice?"
Motorist: "Vel, vat if we are?"

— *Beanpot*



The guy whom we will throttle
With joy, and lots of zeal
Says, "Well, I liked the sample . . .
And now, bring on the meal!"

— *Beanpot*



Troubled Private: "Giddap! Gawd, them mules is stupid!"

Disgruntled Sergeant: "Listen, bud; if them mules had any brains, they wouldn't be in the army."

— *Lampoon*



"Do you think debutantes conceal their knowledge?"

"No!"

— *Lampoon*

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Governor Square Garage Co.

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BOSTON, MASS.

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"What caused that explosion on Si's farm?"
"He fed a chick some 'Lay or Bust' feed and it turned out to be a rooster."

— *Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*



"Dear, you seem so hot and tired. Was your office sweltering?"

"No, but I've been handling figures all day."

— *Banter*

BUCK AND DOE RUN VALLEY FARMS

— OPERATED BY —

THE SAINT AMOUR COMPANY

MORTONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Record of Winnings at Eastern States Exposition, 1931

HAMPSHIRE SHEEP

First Yearling Ram

First and Second Ram Lamb

Champion Ram

First Pen Three Ram Lambs

First and Second Yearling Ewe

First and Second Ewe Lamb

Champion Ewe (Association Special), also at Columbus, Ohio

First Pen Three Ewe Lambs

First Breeders Flock

First Young Flock

Breeders Trophy

“Are you a sailor’s sweetheart?”

“No. I don’t like salt with my mush.”

— Log



“Have you drunk any cotton gin?”

“What is it?”

“Two drinks and you are spinning.”

— Zip ‘N Tang



My analyze over the ocean,
My analyze over the sea,
My analyze over the ocean,
O bring back my anatomy.

— Log



She: “How do the Freshmen keep those dinky little caps on?”

He: “Vacuum pressure.”

— Longhorn

Preacher: “Young man, don’t you know you will ruin your stomach by drinking?”

Inebriate: “Oh, thash all right, it won’t show with my coat on.”

— Yellow Jacket



“How much did you say them apples is?”

“Fifteen cents a peck.”

“What do you think I am — a bird?”

— Sun Dial



Shelley: “Say, Wentzel, do you like those Oxford Bags?”

Wentzel: “Boy, you don’t know anything. Oxford isn’t a co-ed college.”

— Drexerd



“Bread line be damned! Where the hell is your pride?”

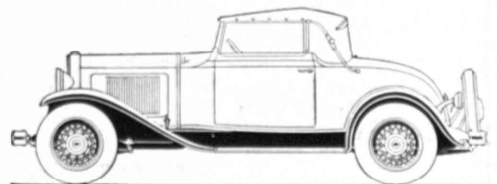
— Growler

The
American car
with a
Scotch
reputation



Rumor has it that a Chevrolet six has been placed on a pedestal in the very heart of Edinburgh. 'Round about it, day and night, you can see a circle of agitated Scotch whiskers. For on the pedestal are carved these words: "Chevrolet defies all Scotland to match Chevrolet's record for economy." And rumor concludes by saying that the defy still stands!

Exaggerated? Well, at least it's no exaggeration to say that the Chevrolet will actually cost you less for gasoline, oil and upkeep than any other car you can buy. *That's* been proved so often that there is no longer any need to keep it secret. Take the case of Joe Zilch of Burning Stump, Okla. Or rather don't take it, because it's too long a story to tell here. Take a ride in a Chevrolet instead, and note the mileage you get on every gallon of gas you buy. If you still feel mercenary after *that* experience, remember Chevrolet's low prices. They simply remove every reason why you can't own one of these handsome sixes—smart as a Winchell wisecrack and even faster than that!



The Convertible Cabriolet, \$615

Twenty beautiful new models,
at prices ranging from \$475 to \$675
All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low
delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet
Motor Company, Detroit, Mich. Division of General Motors.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

Something worth cheering about

If you really want to know how hugely enjoyable a fine cigarette can be, just try Camels in the Humidor Pack!

It isn't only that Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended. . . .

It isn't only that these fine tobaccos are cleaned by a special vacuum process that whisks away all the peppery dust.

It's that *all* the goodness of these fine, clean tobaccos — *all* the rare fragrance, *all* the delightful aroma — reaches you factory-perfect — prime, mild, *fresh!*

The Humidor Pack does that — seals within germ-safe, moisture-proof Cellophane *all* the natural freshness — seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

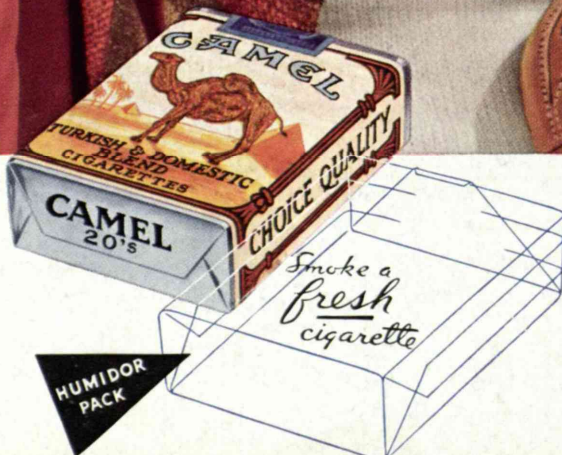
So just try Camels—fine cigarettes kept fine — as a relief from stale, parched, dried-out cigarettes.

Then you'll see why millions of folks like you are finding the cool, smooth, throat-friendly pleasure of Camels something well worth cheering about!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday



Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette



● Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

CAMELS

Mild . . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE