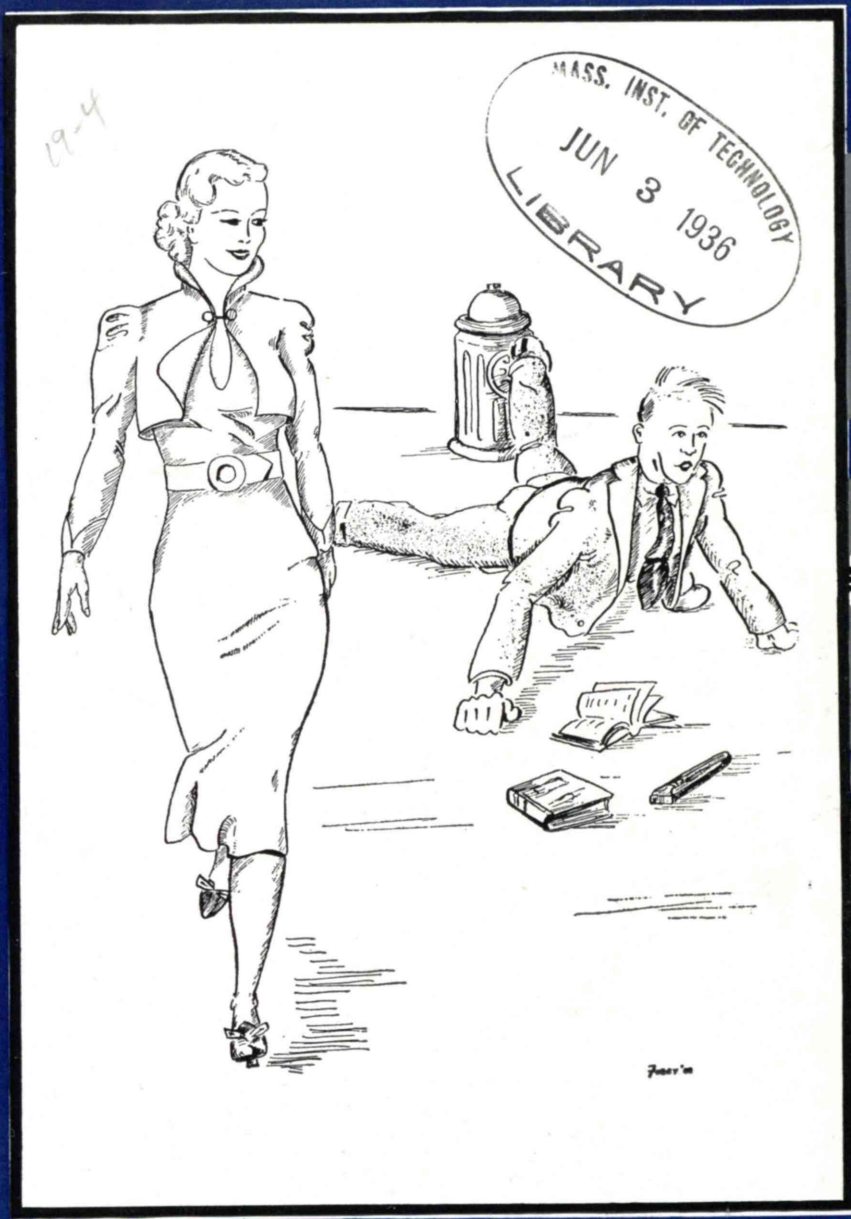


M I T



WOOD

5 CENTS

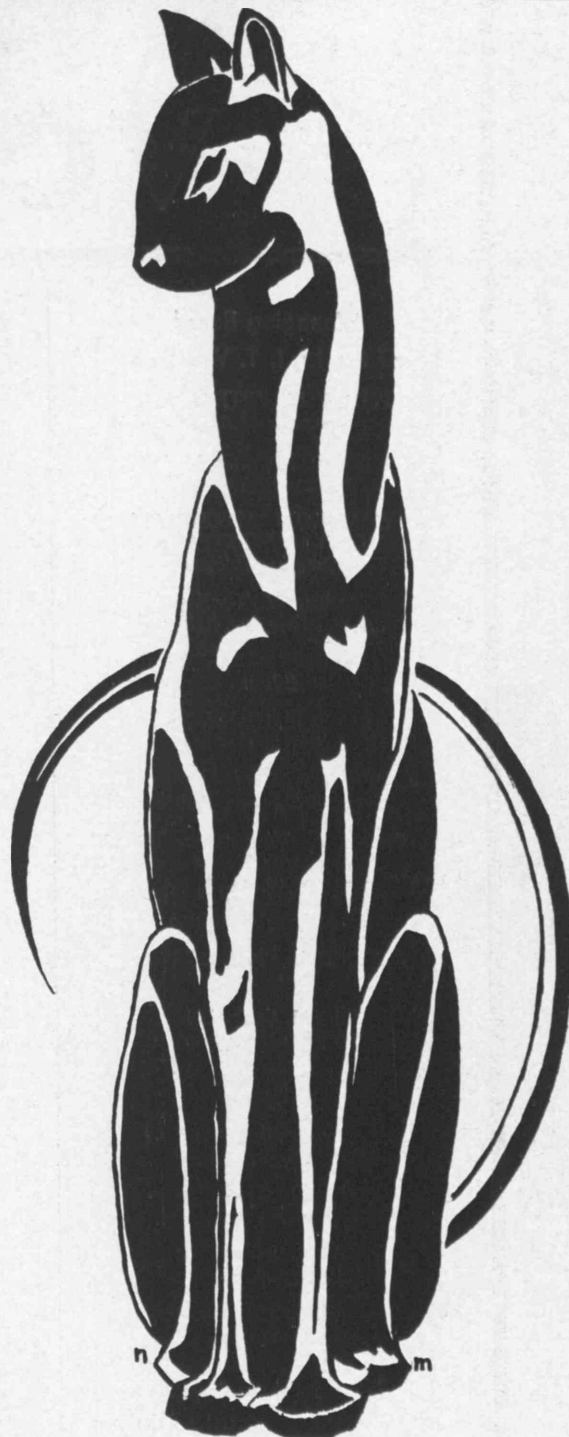


*It's the Tobacco that Counts  
and Luckies are less acid*

# VOO DOO

## June, 1936

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# Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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# M. I. T. VOO DOO

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## EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Somewhat of an honor has recently been bestowed upon Phos as an organization by the American Association of College Comics at one of its late conventions in New York, at which time Phos was voted a member of the executive council of this body. The A.A.C.C. is one of the foremost intercollegiate association, and has done much to unify and collaborate the college comics of all the more important schools of the country and to establish a high precedent for publications of this type.

☆

In looking ahead toward the coming 1936-37 season, as is ethical and customary to do upon the publishing of the last issue in the spring, the editors of this staff wish to assure those who may be wondering about it that next year's Voo Doo will definitely continue in the more genuine vein into which the magazine, under the present staff, has tended to be raised. We trust this to be in accordance with the tastes of the majority of our future supporters, as we know it to be with the ideas of a very important minority. In order to realize this hope we shall need much encouragement and assistance, and inasmuch as it has been said in our hearing that there are a great number of our students, not engaged in some major activity at the present, who possess commendable art and literary ability, we accept the hint, and would be very pleased should they feel free to put in an appearance on third floor Walker sometime prior to October first, next. The Voo Doo is one of the oldest college comic publications, and there remains no reason why it should not be the best.

# CANNED STUFF

# VOO DOO'S HALL OF FAME

## EIGHT BARS IN SEARCH OF A MELODY

Hudson-DeLange

A lively bit of swing by the very competent Hudson-DeLange outfit. This band, which is going places in a big way, is worthy of plenty of interest. The disc in question is an excellent example of their style. Will Hudson, co-director of the orchestra, who will be remembered as the writer of "Moonglow," has been turning out some amazing arrangements and the finished renditions are quite up to anything the better-known bands have to offer. During their stay in Boston Hudson-DeLange's rehearsals were attended by most of the musicians in town and they are attracting more and more attention as people hear of them. The outfit has made a new recording, as yet unreleased, of "You're Not The Kind." It is a tune, in the popular vein, by Will Hudson. And for it the said Mr. Hudson has high hopes. In the recorded version Ruth Gaylor, a lass with plenty of personality, and, strangely, a voice, sings the vocal. All releases by this organization, at least for the present, will be on Brunswick.

Brunswick

## BASIN STREET BLUES

Benny Goodman

The King of Swing et al. turns out a superb rendition of Spencer Williams' old favorite. The recording was not made by the outfit Benny has at present, but was done some years ago under the name of The Charleston Chasers and recently repressed. The ever-welcome trombone of Jack Teagarden is handsomely evident in addition to the unsurpassed work of Goodman on the clarinet. This pressing is one of the best available examples of the famous Benny at his peak. Incidentally, there is a new recording of this on Victor with the present Goodman band. Joe Harris emulates Mr. Tea on the trombone with some success, but the Columbia is the one to get.

Columbia

## KISSING MY BABY GOOD-NIGHT

Duke Ellington

The one and only Duke turning, for the nonce, to popular music. The slightly reconstructed Ellington band sounds somewhat different from the former outfit. If you like Ellington this will satisfy, as always. If you usually don't like the Duke it may still appeal because of its more restrained attitude. The bass work on both sides is worthy of note; the Ellington band is the only one we know of, in the popular class, using two "bull" fiddles.

Brunswick

## ALONE AT A TABLE FOR TWO

Guy Lombardo

Is Lombardo still alive?

Decca

## DINAH

Ray Noble

A rather jam-ish version of an old favorite by the usually dignified Noble band. Ace saxophonist Bud Freeman takes a swell chorus in front of a double time background while the rest of the aggregation walks off to attend to other business. Everyone joins in at the end for a swing finish. Noble has been rightly accused of over-arranging on occasion and the "Dinah" recording is a welcome change. This number belongs in every record collection.

Victor

## HE'S A RAG PICKER

The Embassy Swing Eight

A free-for-all jam session by a section of the superlative Ambrose orchestra. Those who like swing without too much arrangement will go for this in a big way. Both sides of this disc feature commendable bass playing and we hear rumors to the effect that Reginald Forsythe is at the piano. Much similar stuff will be found on other Champion records; they are a twenty-five cent job by the Decca company.

Champion

## SIX BELLS STAMPEDE

Spikes Hughes and his Orchestra

This is not a recent release but seems worthy of mention. It was recorded in England before the appearance of the American Decca records. The band, which has made several pressings not released in this country, is a very able outfit about which little can be learned. The saxophone work in all their discs is excellent. "The Six Bells Stampede" and "Sirocco" (on the reverse side) are representative examples of the Hughes style.

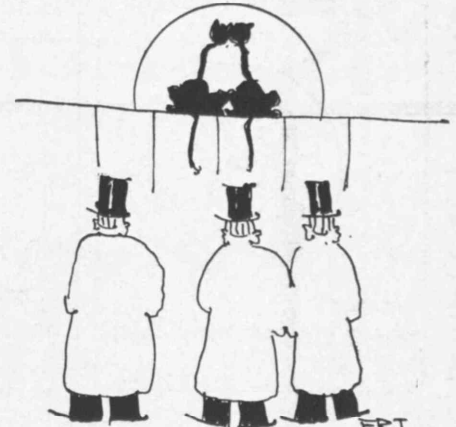
Decca

## MY BLUE HEAVEN

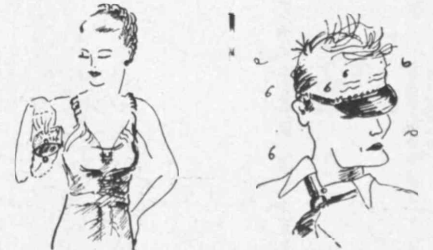
Jimmie Lunceford

Another new version of an old tune, this time by the very adept Lunceford band. Lunceford's reeds have always had a really distinctive technique which is evident in this number. The brass has been somewhat sloppy of late but always manages to stick together on recordings.

Decca



Technique, the Tech, T.E.N.



The (proposed) Co-ed

The Brownbagger



The Stenographer



The Spendthrift



The Administration

# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



IN THE "HORSELESS CARRIAGE" DAYS

OH-H, THE COLONEL LEFT HIS TOBACCO HERE. HE TOLD ME HE HAS IT SPECIALLY MIXED UP FOR HIMSELF. NOW WHAT ARE YOU CHUCKLING ABOUT, DADDY?

WELL, CHUBBINS - I LEARNED ABOUT MIX-UPS OF ALL SORTS YEARS AGO WHEN HORSELESS CARRIAGES WERE IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE

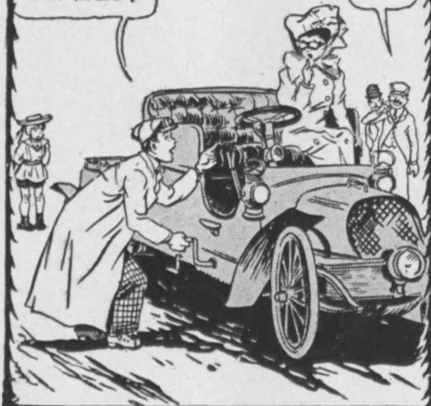


ROBBINS, YOU MIX UP THIS NEW CHEMICAL OF MINE WITH THE GASOLINE IN YOUR AUTOMOBILE - I KNOW IT WILL INCREASE YOUR SPEED 75 PER CENT - MAN, IT WILL MAKE US RICH! I'LL LET YOU IN ON IT



ANNABELLE - YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MOST SURPRISIN' THING YOU EVER SAW! YOU'LL BE AMAZED!

GIT A HOSS!



AND SO - I BLEW UP MY CAR, LOST MY GIRL AND A CHANCE AT A FORTUNE - ALL BECAUSE OF A MIX-UP. BUT PRINCE ALBERT IS NO UNTRIED EXPERIMENT. IT'S COMBINED RICHNESS, FLAVOR, AND MELLOWNESS ARE EVERYTHING A MAN WANTS IN HIS TOBACCO



## Meet the prince of pipe tobaccos - Prince Albert

Introduce yourself to Prince Albert at our risk. Prove to yourself that there is no other tobacco like P. A.

As a tobacco fancier, notice how P. A.'s "crimp cut" makes for a longer, cooler smoke. Enjoy steady pipe-smoking that doesn't bite the

tongue. See how evenly Prince Albert cakes in your pipe. How mellow and fragrant and comforting it is! Prince Albert is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. Try it at our risk. Below is our man-to-man offer. P. A.'s grand "makin's" too.

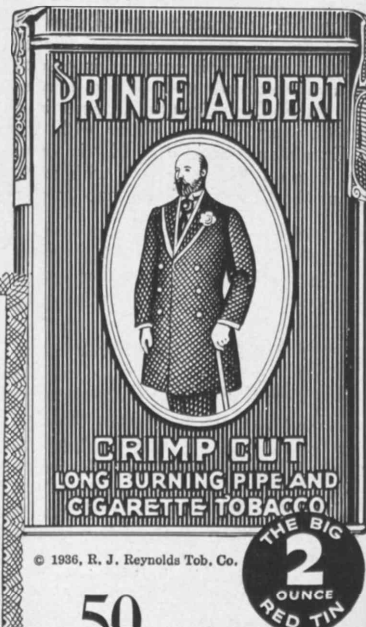
## OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

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

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

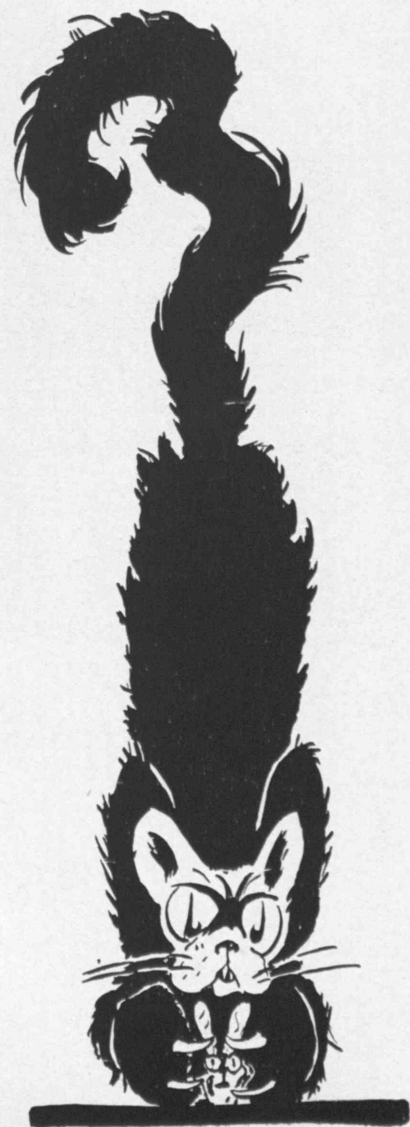
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

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# Personality

by

Phos





KATHARINE CORNELL

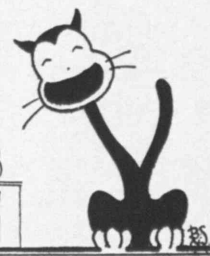
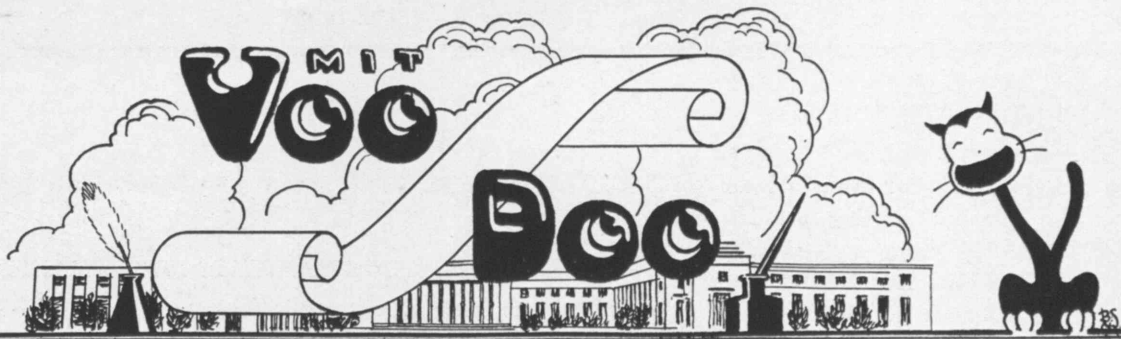
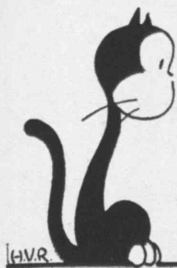
In

Bernard Shaw's "SAINT JOAN"

ONE WEEK beginning Monday, May 25

Boston Opera House





# VOO-DOOINGS

## Let-Down

At one of the recent fraternity dances, one of the guests who had begun his week-end celebration early Saturday morning was more than a little high by eleven. The house president who had announced a dry party was worried over how long it would take for this particular noisy dancer to be thoroughly saturated. The very clever officer with a couple of brothers decided to give his date a big rush so that eventually the drunk would get mad and go home. Instead he fortified himself with a bottle of scotch in one of the fourth floor rooms. Along about one o'clock he was very happy again and went to find his girl. At the top of the second floor stairs he tripped over his feet, turned three somersaults and landed in the orchestra with two trombones around his neck. He went home in a hurry.



## Question Overruled

It has been brought to our attention that an article in the *New York Times* quotes a Tech officer as saying that former Tech coeds are now using their Technology training in the raising of a family and solving of other domestic problems. This will probably bring forward a new race of supermen who have been weaned with a piece of glass tubing and who have teethed on a gear tooth. The question which the *Times* article overlooks, however, is to us the obvious one in the case. Where do the female Tech graduates get the babies to practice with?



## Dime a Dozen

We never cease to be enthralled by those yellow trucks that dash about town gathering in business for the Dy-Dee Laundry. (We like to wash them—you don't.) When we were very young our triangle pants were known by the virile and sound name of Diaper. But when our children are born will they wear Diapers? Hell, no. They probably won't even wear Dy-Dees. By that time our practical scientists will have come forth with something new in the way of infant toggery that will be called Dandy-Dabs or something. Astringent and triple ventilated. The day of the Diaper has departed. The day of the Dy-Dee has dawned. Down with dirt and drudgery! Let the laundry do it!



## Time Marches On

We were sitting in a local grab-it-yourself eatery during the recent vacation with a friend of ours, when he turned to us and said, "What day is today?"

"Wednesday," said we.

"Wednesday?" said he.

"All day," we answered.

"Right in the middle of the week?" he asked.

"Right," was the perplexed rejoinder.

"Then where in the hell did that guy over there get the Sunday funny paper?"



## Social Climber

During Spring vacation one of the more fortunate seniors hied himself off to Bermuda for one swell time. Like all the rest of the visitors he had to try bicycle riding instead of driving around in a car. After a day or two of hard work pumping up the hills, his engineering training got the best of him and he took the bike into the shop to have a larger sprocket arrangement fixed. He went back to dress for a cocktail party and hurried to call for the bike. Just as he reached the top of a hill and started to coast down to the house at the bottom, he realized that there were no brakes on the bike. He was going faster and faster toward the open door of the house at the bottom of the hill. He headed straight for the door and just as he was entering the house, he let the bike go and grabbed the door frame above his head. The bike went to the cocktail party alone, leaving a very embarrassed guest playing monkey for a more surprised hostess.



## Petty Good

We have noticed in the latest number of our distinguished contemporary, *Esquire*, that George Petty's favorite model is his daughter. She has, says George, a knack for striking a pose. She needs, say we, no further recommendation.

## Wanted: Television

Not long ago we heard the height of something or other in radio broadcasting. The late evening broadcast was emanating from a New York night club. Every now and then some celebrity would be called forth from among the guests to do his stuff before the microphone. However, the announcer was up the proverbial creek without the paddle when one of the artists called upon proved to be a pantomimist. But the brave soul did his best, which consisted of laughing heartily and saying over and over again, "Ha Ha. Gosh, but he's funny! I wish you could see him! Ha Ha."

There oughta be a law.



## Rifle Practice

Whenever a foreign dignitary is ferried to these hospitable shores the United States government displays its feelings in the matter by firing a salute of twenty-one guns at considerable expense. This may be all right, but it seems to have had the effect of putting unhappy ideas in the heads of some midwestern citizens. Is it kosher, they ask, to fire a twenty-one gun salute for the First Lady of the land, the President's wife? Much ado has been aroused by this momentous question, and an unprecedented amount of worrying has been expended. It would seem that they have previously never had a President's wife that they felt like shooting.



## Doggone

The latest thing in aristocratic folderol is apparently to leave your Cadillac parked with a little cast-iron terrier leashed to the door-handle as a safeguard against pilferers of automobiles. Maybe the Chinese, who shoot firecrackers to ward away evil spirits, had the right idea, after all. Or maybe the Japanese, whose homes were built with an architecture designed to preclude the admittance of devils, were right. Or maybe Barnum and Darwin were both right. Or maybe we're wrong.



## Up, Please

News comes from across the continent at Cal Tech that the giant eye being ground out there will be able to discern the beam of a candle one-sixth of the way to the moon. Loath as we are to repeat dinner table conversation, which seems to reach subterranean heights when we are in the neighborhood, we offer the following for your amazement: "How," asks the gentleman on our right, "are they going to get the candle up there in the first place?"



## Cut-ups

We all have our suppressed desires. Some of us would like to run down Mass. Avenue throwing bricks through plate-glass windows. Others of us could only consummate our desires by standing in the center of the library, where a sign says, "Quiet," and suddenly yelling "Boo!" Conventions being as they are, we only think about these things. But it comes to our attention that a couple of Simmons gals have that intestinal fortitude which we lack. While attending a dance at the Statler, it suddenly occurred to them that crawling across the ballroom floor would be good fun. So without further ado, the lasses assumed the proper position and crawled, plotting their course as they advanced. Furthermore, the girls told us, they hadn't had a drop. Anyhow, we admire their philosophy of "self-expression at any cost," or their rugged individualism, or something.



## Somnambulism

We know one gentleman in the Dorms who would be much obliged if someone could tell him where he was between midnight and 7 A. M. on a certain night a few weeks ago. On this particular evening, as usual, he donned his pajamas, set the alarm for seven, and retired. At seven he was aroused by a slight click instead of the usual jangle. A little research showed that the alarm had been turned off. But this was only a minor phenomenon. Whereas he had retired in pajamas, he now found himself clad in his underclothes. The lad is at a loss to account for this amazing transformation. But what really worries him is where he went or what he did while thus attired.



*Everything Stops for Tea*

# Vacation Rating of Tech Men

Tech men don't always have the generally bad reputations that they acquired around Boston. As a matter of fact, they are usually quite somebody in their home towns. Sweet young things go out of their way to meet them, and a Tech man is definitely some sort of asset during summer vacation.

Of course, the fact that he comes from M. I. T. ought to suggest that he might be above the average intelligence, but no one is particularly interested in brains in the summer time. Maybe his popularity is partly due to the fact that there are always more girls than fellows and she will take anything as a last resort, but no one is going to tell him that.

In the first place, an engineer should be tough, so he doesn't shave. Instead of keeping the girls off, they flock around. They love having little scratches on their cheeks—spoils of war or something. Then, too, he should look like a college man so he has his hair cut crew style after letting it grow long for three months to save money. He begins to wear the pink shirts, checked jacket, bow ties, and striped socks that his mother once sent him after she had read in *Esquire* that they were stylish. Besides he can keep right on wearing the brown and white shoes that he had at school all last winter. As a whole he looks pretty much of a mess, but he is fine material for an unattached female.

He is extremely handy around a sail boat since he once saw the dinghies on display in the lobby, and he can talk for hours (if you let him) in nautical—no puns, please—terms. The girls can always be helpless when he is around. Though his dancing is, to be frank, lousy, it's better than none at all, and one can always sit the dances out. Now, he excels at this past time. Why shouldn't he, after seeing all the mushy movies that ever came out of Hollywood. His technique may be

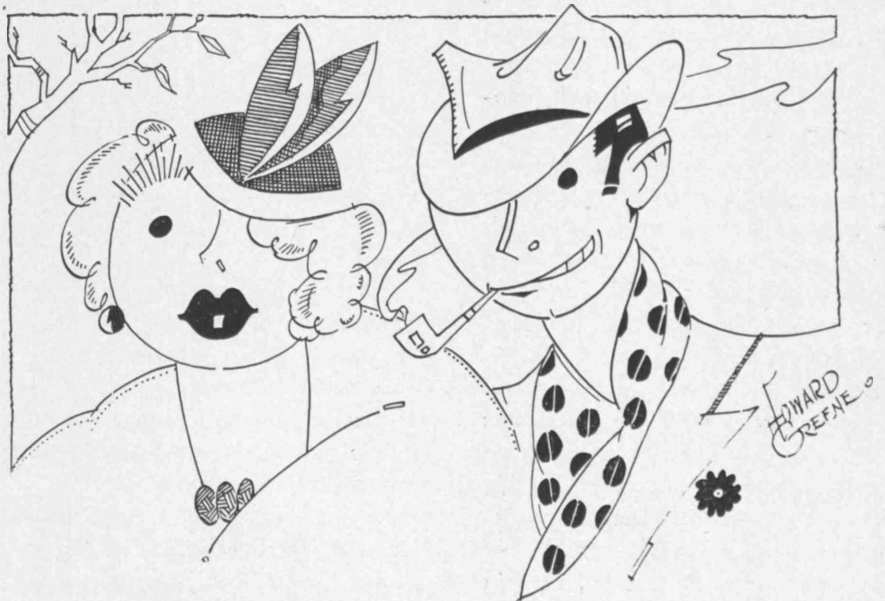
rough, but without a doubt it's effective.

His great talent is telling about how wonderful he is. Whether he was the greasiest grind or the greatest dope, the occasional riots, fraternity scandals, and Tech gossip make up most of his conversation. You see, it is very easy for him to make himself the hero of the situation. It might have been he who thought of putting the car in the fraternity house or on the dorm roof. Girls like the dashing sort of fellow. The chances are that she'll never know the difference even though she didn't believe him anyway.

Now from the girl's point of view a fraternity man is a better prospect than a dorm man or a commuter because a frat pin is a nice piece of jewelry and it is a great asset in any collection. The non-frat man can easily

fix this by a trip to any pawn shop. Furthermore the chances of a week end in Boston are greatest where a frat man is concerned, and he might introduce her to some of his more desirable brothers. The best idea is for him to show her his *Technique*. There is the greatest temptation to point out the big shots as his bosom buddies. She is sure to hint around for the week-end in Boston and when she gets there he will have to make good his bluff about those fellows. If she was any sort at all, he'd be without a girl again.

The biggest and best asset that any Tech man has is that he is very good company. It may be that he's too lazy to think of doing something that the girl doesn't want to do or maybe he is easy to fool. All in all a Tech man is very useful in the summer time. I wish they were during school, too.



He—Hello, Baby.

She—I'll have you know I'm nobody's baby.

He—Well, wouldn't you feel like hell at a family reunion?

—Burr

# Fraternity Men



A fraternity, as defined by Webster, is "a body of men associated together, as for their common interest or pleasure." But even in his weakest moment Webster did not attempt to define a fraternity man. So we step in where angels and Webster fear to tread.

A fraternity man is a diverse character of many and conflicting ideas and emotions. But he has been the innocent victim of the public's wild imagination and conjecture.

In the eyes of the unblessed (non-fraternity men), a fraternity man is a strange and awe-inspiring creature. He is generally pictured as a sleek-haired Adonis who spends all of his time outside of a tux in gray slacks, a black and white checked coat, a shirt which comes equipped with a swell shiny pin and a watch chain with five or six keys. In all fairness to fraternity men, these statements must be denied. Their coats are brown and white checks, not black. The big brass pin is a matter of economy. Besides announcing to the world that there goes a fraternity man, the pin serves to divert attention from the shirt, thus enabling the man to wear the same shirt for several weeks.

A fraternity man is well-read and well-informed, and a brilliant conversationalist. He has read *Little Women*

and the last issue of *Esquire*; he has seen the *Scandals*, the *Vanities*, and Gilbert O'Sullivan Minsky's light opera, *Pirates Without Pants*; he discusses intelligently and unbiasedly any subject from his fraternity to himself; he has real musical ability, and will, on the slightest provocation, render, "The gir-r-rl of mah drea-amsti-ta-tra-la-ppht shez a sweetheart of SIGMA CHI!!!" And this proves that fraternity men are not shallow, lame-brained fellows.

The fraternity lads are, by nature, activity men. Where nature has slipped up, a well-placed paddle, while the subject is still a neophyte, will inject the desire for activities into him.

Part of the popular misconception concerning fraternity men is that they are unduly addicted to drink. This is nothing but the most deliberate libel. If you see a fraternity man, sprawled in the gutter, do not get the wrong impression. He has not indulged excessively. He has merely overestimated his capacity slightly, having had two *Pink Ladies*, or one jigger of whiskey, or two beers.

Every noon time a group of the species are to be found in the main lobby on benches, under dinghies, or inside the showcases. At a given signal, they rush madly out a side door,

and pile groups of ten into five-passenger cars. At another signal all the cars putt-putt forward in a wild race to get on to Mass. Ave. first. By means of running down a few thoughtless pedestrians and passing a few stop-lights, one car usually gets home first. The procedure is reversed and every one falls out of the car and into the house, where they find that the fellows who have cut classes have eaten the lunch. So everyone sits around and smokes someone else's cigarettes. Then some guy says that he got a check that morning, so someone says let's play poker, so they play poker, as poker is more fun than classes.

And life goes on. And comes June. The fraternity boys give each other the old handclasp, and say, "So long, Brother, have a swell vacation, and incidentally how about the 5 bucks you owe me," and the other guys say, "So long, Brother, have a swell vacation, and I don't know what you're talking about." And then each guy drives, flies, thumbs, or swims home, and quick starts taking sun-baths on the roof of an apartment house in the Bronx, Peoria, Podunk, or somewhere, so he can come back in September and tell his brothers what a swell time he had at an exclusive beach with a debutante.

# Personal Lamp-Lightings

## E. H. K.

Fashion-plate Koontz they call him—immaculate gent if there ever was one. It is said he has had several offers to pose for Esquire, but so far he has only satisfied his worshipful public by endorsing Edgeworth Jr. He talks to his women like a father, and, boy, do they like it. He's not married yet as far as is known, but he's had several offers; he had one close call, but fortunately it was settled out of court—he sicked Boulware on her and she left town. Great guy for that sort of thing, Boulware is. Elwood is a great gent, though, and he'll go far if the women will let him.

## F. M. B.

When Tex floats dreamily up to the speakers platform to receive his degree in June, it would be fitting for all assembled to arise and cheer loudly. For truly, Tex has accomplished a miracle in that he has gone through four successful undergraduate years at Tech and has remained sound asleep throughout every minute. We have read of cases where a person in a state of coma has been bed-ridden for years. But our Tex is made of sterner stuff and has continued valiantly. To be sure, now and then he forgets to show up at a meeting or two, or maybe he loses some necessary papers, but all in all considered, Tex has been doing a remarkable job in just staying on his feet.

## S. C. R.

Big Stuff Rethorst would give the impression that he was a strong, silent man. We don't vouch for his strength, but would be willing to lay even odds that Scott is one of the better bull artists of his age. He belongs to almost every organization recognized by the Institute Committee. Those poor struggling groups to which Scott does not pay dues are not recognized by

Institute Committee because Scott doesn't approve in so many words. Page Mr. Hearst!

It might also be recorded that this arch enemy of that stalking Red Menace dislikes the throwing of over-ripe fruit and vegetables as a Field Day exercise. So there you have him. No frivolity in his make-up. Stern, realistic, and grim, Scott moves through the halls unsmiling. He will make an ideal warden.

## D. A. Mc.

Here's the case of a chap who got going so fast that he can't find time of the place to stop. Mac started tearing on the cinders, ran plumb into politics, and all the gent can do now is to continue the speed with which he started, because he is at present pretty close to being on the well-known top. Dave is the sorry individual who got himself thrust into the Presidency of the Juniors, and automatically received the Junior Prom and all its worries into his lap. He will tell you that he knew little about any dance—he still wonders who threw in the \$88.65 profit, and we're not positively certain that he was sure just when the Prom was ended. As the big chief of the Seniors, he'll continue his flying feathers, a bewildered look, and a determination to keep going—but where? When the year is over, he will have come through, and the finish, we trust, will be a real victory for '37.

## F. A. P.

We've found this person of authority on all degrees of ancient and modern Fords to dwell among the Phi clan across the river, although (in the past) his presence has been greatly appreciated by the owners of the big neon sign on Mass. Avenue. Another good place to find him occasionally is on the third floor of Walker, where

his heel-marked desk displays evidence of his long hours of cogitation relevant to the success of the engineer board-treaders, commonly known as the Tech Toe-Tripping Troop and Scenery Shoving Society. Being the man for the job, he went, and as he went, he was rewarded. The only graft seemed to be the high percentage of Phi population in the group. This fellow, "Freddie" has been well blessed, it would seem, by some goddess or other, with a good mixture of wit and generous consideration, doubtless the explanation for the length of the list of his faithful cronies, nearly as numerous as steel posts and trucks on Atlantic Avenue. He vaguely boasts his possession of an impervious vest whenever mention is advanced of the marksmanship of one Dan Cupid, though none believe him, and continue to raise their eyebrows concerning his week end address, New Hampshire.

## J. C. A.

Jack portrays "clear eyed American youth at the helm." In his four years, he has managed to enter into every form of extra-curricular activity established at Tech and has never taken anything seriously excepting himself. His class-mates finally became disturbed with his vague attempts and elected him Senior Class President just to keep him out of the way. So now, Jack can write letters on very official looking stationery and feel important. His true talent lies in promoting, and we do heartily recommend him to Prof. Schell as an understudy. Sail-Ho!

## Prof. E. H. S.

If you should see a cigarette come around a corner over there in Building 1, followed some seconds later by a gentleman attached to it by a holder

*(Continued on next page)*

# Watching the Construction of a Boathouse

Like all other pseudo-sciences, that of boathouse-building-watching has a definite group of unwritten traditions which must be borne in mind. The watching of boathouse construction is also unique in its advantages. First let us discuss the similarities between this sport and the observation of other kinds of construction. Then, if you are still awake, maybe we will attempt to find out what makes boathouse-construction-watching so much peachier than stuff.

Boathouse construction resembles other kinds of construction in that something is being constructed in both cases. The truth of this statement may not be apparent from a cursory examination (chance for a pun about cursing examinations), but if you will read it over a few times you will find yourself in concord with its principles (chance for a pun about being in Concord). Or you may prove this fact for yourself by flitting across the street sometime to observe the goings on. Men are rushing about with implements, hammering things to things; others are running machinery; others are sculling around in boats; still others are boring holes; and the other 97% are resting. It certainly looks like a construction job, doesn't it? All right, don't argue.

Now that you are safely across Memorial Drive, you might as well be informed concerning the method of watching the proceedings. First we must ascertain your general personality type. That is, an introvert will not want to make himself conspicuous and will not venture out into the front row of onlookers. That is just his fate. Now an extrovert, or whatever the opposite of an introvert is, will tend to force his way to the front where

he can see and be seen. That is just his fate, and he probably writes for the Tech and only dares to sign his initials to articles in which he mentions VooDoo disparagingly. Also it may be his fate to have his face pushed in. But we are straying from the subject, are we not?

Supposing you are an introvert. You have to find this out for yourself. Your best friends won't tell you about it, especially if they don't know what it means. At any rate, the procedure for you to follow is to thrust your hands deep into your pockets and to hover about, say perhaps six (6) feet from the fence. Once in a while you can crane your neck up to see what is taking place, but don't be too obvious about it. People will crowd in front of you and push you around, but you can't help it. You're an introvert, you poor bugger.

As for the extrovert, he generally needs little instruction. He carelessly saunters up, elbows through the film of introverts, and, bending his hips to an angle of 120°, he rests against the fence. His arms are folded in front of him, and as he expectorates upon a workman, you can tell he is thinking up an article to write in the Tech. (There we go, mentioning that rag again.)

We hope you have gained enough from this article to appreciate the possibilities of boathouse-construction-watching as an Institute activity. Present indications seem to be that there will be ample opportunity to watch a boathouse being built during the next few years. Perhaps we can prevail upon members of the alumni to furnish us with another boathouse to watch after the present one has been completed. —F. Knight.

## Personal Lamp Lightings

(Continued from Page 11)

that looks like the oral end of a seventeenth century Siamese water pipe, the gentleman is either the pride and joy of Course XV, Prof. Erwin Haskell Schell, or his buddy and sidekick, Professor Karl Dickson Fernstrom, Room 1-178. Professor Schell, the golden-voiced manager-maker of M.I.T., was graduated from Course II 'way back in '12 or '13, after which he rested for a few years, while studying at Harvard. He bummed around for a time, becoming a personal friend of every industrial executive from the rock-bound coasts of Maine to the—oh, why should we be trite? With this unsurpassed background, it was an easy matter for him to get a steady job as an Institute professor, and now he runs the show as far as Course XV is concerned.

Besides keeping away from tobacco and running things, Professor Schell's chief pastime is buying sailboats and building swell houses to put them in. Said he in substance, when he first conceived the idea of making Tech dinghy-conscious, "We have a river. We have a river-front, affording ample space for a lovely boat-house. We even have a few men who know one end of a boat from the rudder. All I want is thirty-six dinghies and a star to steer them by." Alumni came through by the dozens. Undergrads subscribed pennies. The wheels of Industry began to turn, and Papa Herreshoff coined money for a while. Tech men began to sing "Ol' Man River" at their work. Tech was definitely water-wise.

E'en now, if you should happen down by the boat-house near the Cottage Farm Bridge, perhaps you will see a distinguished-looking young man leaning on the back of a park bench. Tiptoe up behind him and listen to what he is saying under his breath as he watches the purple sails flit past in the spring gloaming. If he says, "I done it!" it's not Professor Schell.

## INTERPRETATIONS

by George Heinemann

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!  
How I wonder what you are;  
Up above the world so high  
Like a diamond in the sky.

by Walt Whitman

I see a star glimmering in the Heavens—  
A small star, scarce visible through the bright  
beams of the mellow moon.  
O the muddy murk of night! O the blended  
beauty of the dawn!  
A star you are—but are you?  
A jewel fallen from the crown of God you are.  
God!

by Edgar Allen Poe

Ah! The vivid phosphorescence!  
Ah! The gleaming incandescence!  
Of the smiling, glowing star  
Hanging in a gloaming sky;  
Like an iridescent jewel  
Burning rich, refulgent fuel.  
A meteoric molecule  
That makes me question, "Why—oh, why  
Do men thy opalescent luster  
Seek to bring down from on high?"  
God kens the answer, but not I.

by Joyce Kilmer

I know I'll never see afar  
A thing so fruitless as a star.  
  
A star that burns just like a candle—  
Too hot for anyone to handle.

A star that doesn't give much light,  
And less when there's a moonlit night.

A star that shines up there on high  
Just like a cow's unblinking eye.

Poems made by mortals are,  
But only God can make a star.

by Ogden Nash

One of the queerest forms of inspiration  
Ever to inspire the poets of more than one un-  
lucky nation  
Is the star.  
Many a disillusioned toper, while draped over  
his favorite bar,  
Has remarked to himself, "They all think I'm  
no good, but I'll show 'em!"  
And has forthwith set himself to writing a poem,  
And, as we poets are wont to do, has taken for  
his theme the first thing to come into his  
sight,  
Which, under ordinary circumstances, would be  
quite all right.  
However, our hero, being in a somewhat dazed  
condition, is quite likely to see before him  
myriads of constellations or some forgotten  
galaxy,  
Which fact has given rise to the international  
fallaxy  
That a star, as a heavenly body, is an object over  
which the geniuses who write our poems  
get rapturous.  
They think that as they can intrigue old ladies  
in women's clubs they can capture us.  
But they can't, and if it's all the same to you,  
for mine  
I'll continue to get my inspiration from the  
nearest neon sign.



"Does your husband snore in his sleep?"  
"I can't tell. He hasn't slept yet; we've only  
been married a few days."

—*Sour Owl.*



Mother—Were you discreet, daughter?  
Daughter—Oh, Hell, yeah! We locked the  
door.

—*Ccny Com-mirth*

# Phosphor



# Essences

3 DRINKS IMPAIR  
ABILITY TO DRIVE  
CAR, TESTS SHOW  
—*Atlanta Journal*

That's not all they do.



2 Imbibers Pull the Cork;  
Building Topples on Them  
What! No pink elephants?



4 BRIDGES COLLAPSE  
AND ROAD OFFICIALS  
CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY  
—*Pittsburg Gazette*

Course I men—no doubt.



CHARGES WPA PAYS  
HIM TO DO NOTHING;  
ASKS FOR A LEAVE  
—*Birmingham News*

At least he's honest about it.



TICKET REDEMPTIONS  
FOR JUNIOR PROM ARE  
EXTENDED TO FRIDAY

Dance Committee Announces  
List of Chaperones  
And Ushers

Redemptions for the Junior Prom at four dollars are to be extended to Friday, March 6, at 1:00 p. m., in the Main Lobby, the Prom Committee announced, for the convenience of those holding sinups. After the deadline, the remaining redemptions will cost five dollars at the Statler Hotel on Friday evening.



Gay—I suppose you dance.  
Kitty—Oh, yes. I love to.  
Gay—Great. That's better'n dancing.

—*The Drexlerd*



ORDERS HITLER BOOK,  
'MY STRUGGLE,' GIVEN  
EVERY BRIDE, GROOM

What's hard about it?

B. U. Students Revive Spasm  
—*Traveler*.

Anything to liven up the party.



Relics of Eugenic Reign  
Gathered for Museum  
A Bonapartist Museum dedicated to Empress Eugenie will be opened here in the spring.  
—*Herald Tribune*.

Something like the Virgin Queen?



ETCHINGS WILL GO ON  
SALE THIS WEEK

Signed Proof of Anders Zorn's Work, "Bather (Evening)", in Group to be Auctioned.  
—*N. Y. Times*.

And vice (squad) will be doubled?



The codfish lays a million eggs,  
The barnyard hen but one;  
The codfish doesn't cackle  
To show what she has done.  
We scorn the modest codfish,  
The cackling hen we prize,  
Proving that, beyond a doubt,  
It pays to advertise.

—*Old Line*.



*... a match  
can tell you a lot*



*Chesterfield's mildness and better taste  
give smokers a lot of pleasure*

## THE SILENT SEX

We feel inclined to say something about the very quiet, reserved type of girl, so we are saying it. She may be one of the nicest things in the world, a smooth dresser, a good dancer, and all that, but she may also be very, very trying. After calling for her, you immediately start in on your tried and tested line which is guaranteed to slay them. After being most sparkling and witty (at least you think so) for five minutes, you look at her to see what impression is registering. She looks back with a sweet, sad smile. This makes you feel decidedly foolish, so you step harder on the accelerator and drive like hell to cover your embarrassment. And all is silent, save for the rattles of the buggy. Having once been repulsed, it's hard to start again, but you search through the old mental repertory for a new opening. Several times you start to say something, but on second thought it doesn't sound so well, so you choke it back. This results in a strange gurgling noise like "Glub" or "Arumph," and makes her look at you rather queerly. So you leer at her in a sweet sickly sort of manner, and she leers back again in kind. This is then a good time to see if the crate can do over 70, or to tinker with the windshield wiper, or maybe to just look the scenery over.

It seems like a helluva long way to the dance, but you finally get there. Things are somewhat easier at the dance, as you can confine your entertaining endeavors to just dancing. As the second number begins, you steel yourself for another attack, and you leer again, this time suggestively, and say, "Have you seen the moon this evening?" and she says "Yes," so you dance. Then some guy cuts in on you, and you retire to a corner to sit and mutter to yourself. This causes your pals to look at you sort of anxious like. And thus, in this manner, you spend the evening dancing and sitting.

On your way back from the dance, she touches your sleeve shyly, and you look around expectantly. Her beautiful eyes shining with a deep, dreamy glow, she whispers, "I'm awfully

tired," and rolls over into the other corner and goes to sleep.

Whistling relieves a mental strain, so you grip the steering wheel more tightly and whistle "Gloomy Sunday" or "Twenty-one Years, Dear, is a Mighty Long Time," or any other song you feel like whistling.

It's even farther back to her home than it was coming down. But, finally, back at the house, you jiggle the key around for a few minutes in your attempt to open the door for her. Then for the want of something better to do, you look at her again, and she giggles nervously. So you politely say "Heh, heh." Collecting yourself for one last mighty effort, you ask if you might kiss her good-night. She says, "Why?" You say good-night.

★ ★ ★

There are those who consider Tau Beta Pi the highest honor obtainable at Tech. Others deem being elected to the Institute Committee the epitome of achievement. But these biased gentlemen have overlooked the most exclusive clique of all, the Technology Toreadors, the Faculty honorary society. Perhaps the term "exclusive" is misplaced, for the majority of Profs, Instructors and stooges whom we have thus far encountered are, in our opinion, eligible for membership if not already members.

With true scholarly ingenuity, the charter members of this institution have devised an infallible scheme for assuring themselves of only worthy brothers. The neophyte is suddenly confronted with a dog and asked, "What is this?" The men who are definitely not up to the standards set for Technology Toreadors will naively reply, "This is a dog." Such a man is not only refused admission to the fraternity, but is also summarily dismissed from the Institute staff.

However, a man of true Toreador caliber will look at the animal, seat himself, park his feet on a desk, gaze vacantly out of the window, and recite in a droning monotone, "We have a most interesting specimen with us this morning, gentlemen—or am I wrong, Heh, Heh. If you will observe

closely you will see a true *Canis Familius*, of the family *Canidae*, or in words of the vernacular, a carnivorous, domesticated vertebrate, etcetera, etcetera, which reminds me of a story, etcetera."

He will then suddenly leap to his feet and feverishly cover a blackboard with diagrams and equations pertaining to forces, stresses and strains acting upon the quadruped.

Amidst much back-slapping and hand-clasping, such a man is welcomed into this solemn and sacred organization. The High Imperial Toreador stands back with a satisfied glint in his eyes, already sensing a head of a department in the making.

The Toreadors are divided into different classes, according to their ability. A first degree member is one who knows not of what he speaks and gives not a damn, but keeps his classes until five minutes after the bell.

Second degree men are well-versed in their particular field but will first see themselves surrounded by temperature coefficients in Purgatory before imparting their knowledge in such a manner that some student may walk out of the class feeling enlightened. These esteemed gentlemen are known as Squires of the Math or Physics Councils.

The final division is the Third Degree, and very appropriately so. These members sit like tyrants, upon their thrones, and glower and growl at the vassals before them. They grow even more fierce if the vassals do not cringe and appear properly frightened. But 'neath those formidable exteriors lie hearts of gold. These men are too tender-hearted to flunk anyone, and so are not really admitted to full membership even though they possess the obvious qualities required of a Toreador. In keeping with their act they are titled Exalted Slave-Drivers of Applied Mechanics.

And such is the composition of Technology's most venerable organization. A toast to the Technology Toreadors! Long sling the Toreadors! May they rave on forever!

"If you don't raise my salary," announced the minister, "you can all go to hell."

—Wataugan.



Reporter—I've got a perfect news story.

Editor—How come? Man bit dog?

Reporter—No, a bull threw a professor.

—Aggievator



Guest (to host in new home)—Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?

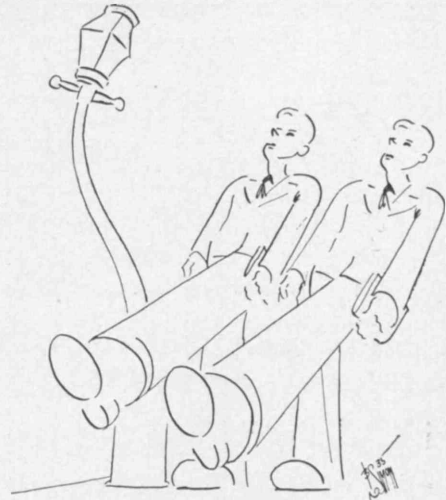
Host—Walk right upstairs, and then two doors to the left.

—Siren



Steve says he'll be right up

—Rambuller



First—See that girl? That's my girl.

Second — Uh-huh — Good looking fox scarf she's got on.

First—Yeah, I gave her that.

Second—She's a good looking mama. Pretty hat.

First—Yep, I gave her that.

Second—In fact that whole outfit she's wearing is swell—elegant.

First—Shore it is, I gave it to her.

Second—And say, that's a cute little boy she has with her.

First—Yeah. That's her brother.

—Pilfered.



Mother—"Son, I don't want to see you going around with that wild girl any more."

Son—"Aw heck, Ma, she ain't wild; anybody can pet her."

—Humbug.



Wife—O, you needn't explain about that last escapade! I'm divorcing you because of your table manners.

Husband—What do you mean.

Wife—Last night I saw you in a night club with a fried chicken on your lap.

—Exchange.

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### Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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### English Flannels and Shetland Homespuns

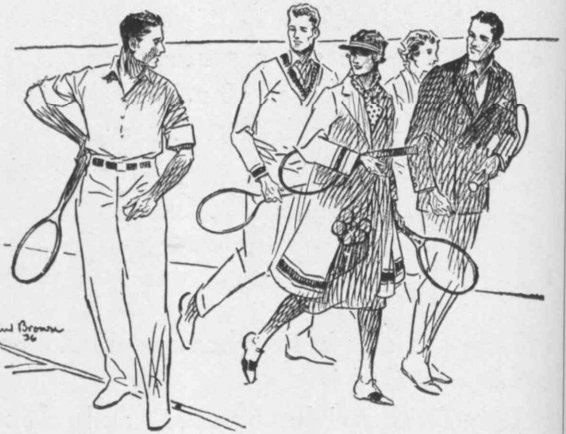
The materials in Brooks Brothers' ready-made suits have always been recognized as maintaining an unusually high standard. Our materials this Spring not only support this reputation . . . but may well advance it to a still higher point.

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### IN OLD KAINUCKY

Mon. A. M. "Say, Zac, was ya over t' other side o' the' maountain yestiddy?"

Tues. A. M. "Yep, Maw."

Wed. noon. "Did ya see Uncle Ezra?"

Thur. A. M. "Yep, Maw."

Fri. A. M. "Haow wuz he?"

Fri. noon. "He wuz a hangin'."

Sat. A. M. "Did ya cut him daown?"

Sat. P. M. "Naow, he warrent daid yet."

—C. C. N. Y. Com-mirth



"Please, just one."

"Nay, nay, sir!"

"Please may I—"

"Nay, nay."

"Say, was your mother scared by a horse?"

—Jester



It doesn't cost much to produce a burlesque, because raw material is so cheap.

—Punch Bowl



"To think they were Tech men"



THE CHARLESGATE  
Just Across the River

## When visiting Boston . . .

Why not look forward to the comforts of a COZY COMFORTABLE apartment with a DELIGHTFULLY PLEASANT living room—where you can live as you would at home?



SENIORS — commencement will soon be here —

Engage inexpensively an apartment — near "Tech" —  
for your parents and friends coming from out of town

## THE CHARLESGATE HOTEL

Beacon Street

He—Since I met you I can't eat, I can't sleep,  
I can't drink.

She—Why not?

He—I'm broke.

—Medley.



"Frequent water drinkings," says the specialist, "prevents you from becoming still in the joints."

"Yes," says Imogene, "but some of the joints don't serve water."

—Exchange.



"Is your daughter in tonight?"

"No, get out and stay out."

"But I'm the Sheriff."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Come in. I thought that was a Sigma Nu pin."

—Exchange



Sailor (traveling cross-country)—Porter, get me another glass of ice water.

Porter—Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo' ice, dat co'pse in de baggage car ain't goin' to keep.

—Shipmate

## SANDERSON'S SPECIAL RESERVE SCOTCH

now only

**\$2.85** a bottle    **\$1.49** a half bottle

a fine old Scotch, aged seven years in the wood . . . smooth  
and mellow as liquid amber.

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141 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
Just over the Bridge

Open evenings  
until 11 P. M.

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KENmore 3813

### STEIN SONG

There's a notable family named Stein,  
One named Gert, one Ep, and one Ein.

Gert's verses are punk

Ep's statues are junk,

And only the Lord understands Ein!

—Widow.

### BASHFUL

"How bashful you are," a pretty girl said to  
a young man.

"Yes, I take after my father in that respect."

"Was your father bashful?"

"Was he? Why, mother says if father hadn't  
been so darned bashful, I'd be four years older."

—Stooge.



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- Regular 3 day service, one day service on request. Shirts hand ironed.
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REMEMBER YOUR DIVIDEND

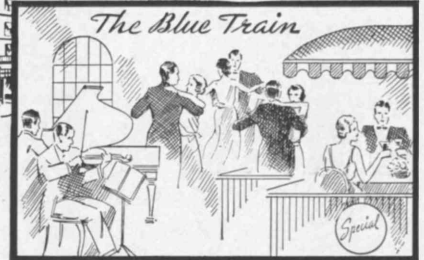
MAIDEN'S PRAYER

Breathes there a man  
 Around this school  
 Sufficiently  
 Restrained and cool,  
 Enough to limit  
 His demands  
 And say "Good night,"  
 Just holding hands,  
 Who has the decency  
 To wait  
 Until at least  
 A second date  
 To reach a warm,  
 Romantic state,  
 And give a girl  
 Some preparation  
 Before expecting  
 Osculation  
 At least an hour  
 In duration?  
 If such there be  
 Go mark him well,  
 I'll date the guy  
 And make him tell  
 Me what the hell  
 He had for dinner, that makes him so sick.

—Reserve Red Cat.



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**HOTEL  
 LENOX**



**Congenial Surroundings**

- \* Large, comfortable, airy rooms . . . all with outside exposure.
- \* A delightful grill where an interesting variety of delicious food dishes plus meticulous service has made it famous.
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Drink  
 a glass  
 of milk  
 with  
 every  
 meal.

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# DUTCHLAND FARMS STORE

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Sandwiches — Waffles  
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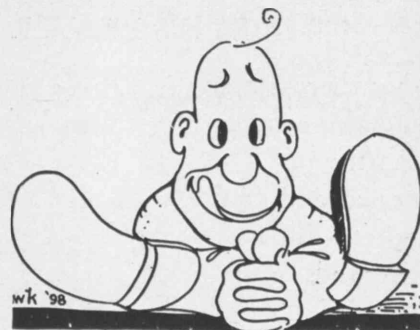
are served

## SPECIAL LUNCHEONS

Delicious Home-cooked Food in a  
welcome variety at moderate prices

Large Parking Facilities

*"Let's Go To Dutchland!"*



## BETRAYAL

I saw him coming down the street,  
A great big fellow, 'most six feet.  
His pants pulled up, his hat pulled down,  
He walked as though he owned the town.

He might have gone to Harvard.  
I saw him at the Biltmore Grill,  
The deb he had looked fit to kill.  
And even from the very start—  
They danced about a yard apart.

I thought he came from Harvard.  
I saw him take some ice cream next,  
Then scan the table quite perplexed.  
He called the waiter: "Here garcon!  
An ice cream fork! And don't be long!"

*I knew he came from Hav-vud!*

—Brown Jug.



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

English Room . . .

**The whole town is  
talking!**



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

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

*The Captain's Cabin*

*The Patio*

*The Silver Lagoon*

## The MYLES STANDISH

30 BAY STATE ROAD Tel. Com. 4500

NORDBLOM MANAGED





She—Stop!  
 He—I won't!  
 She (sighing with relief)—Well, at least I did my duty.

—Student



Professor—You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?

Unsubdued Student—Not in the least, sir, not in the least.

—Purple Parrot



"I beat my roommate up this morning!"

"What was the trouble?"

"Eight o'clock class."

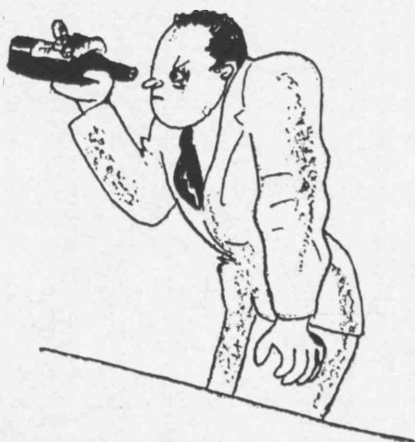
—Pelican



Butler—Do you know the story about the master's bed?

Maid—I ought to, I made it.

—Punch Bowl.



# Where To Live In New York

## Hotel ENDICOTT

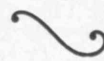
When you decide to make that visit to New York it will pay you to make this fine inexpensive hotel your headquarters.

The Endicott's rates appeal to the thrifty. Its location is something to consider also. Just a block from Central Park opposite the American Museum of Natural History and Hayden Planetarium.

*Daily Rates:*

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| Room, Running Water ..... | \$1.25 |
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Dine with a plutocrat — A la Ritz  
in the Walker Grill or tote your tray  
with the gang — you can't go wrong

*Napoleon was right*

Get a Walker steak under your belt  
and Tackle that Triple E . . . . .

Your dining service  
at WALKER

The prominent business man was rubbing Listerine on his head.

"Must have dandruff," commented a visitor to the office boy.

"No," was the reply. "Mental halitosis."

—Punch Bowl



LOST—One lead pencil . . . by blond, blue eyes, height five feet, weight 112, age 20, very good dancer. Reward if returned. Dial 45984.

—Tiger



Dear Mr. Palmolive:

I bought a tube of your shaving cream. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,

Oscar Zilch.

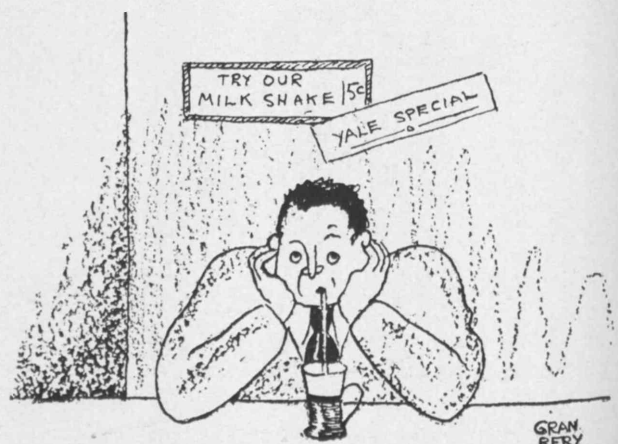
—Analyst



"How can I avoid falling hair?"

"Jump out of the way."

—Texas Ranger



# A Tower of Hospitality

## Hotel Manger

A delightful, modern hotel right on the "line of march" to Boston's athletic and social activities.

Direct entrance to Boston and Maine Railroad and Boston Madison Square Garden.

Beautifully furnished guest rooms are equipped throughout with every thought to comfort and convenience. Unusually moderate rates.

SINGLE ROOM, BATH: \$2.50 — \$3.00 — \$3.50  
\$1.00 for Extra Person.

*Excellent Banquet Facilities*

*North Station*



*Boston, Mass.*



500 ROOMS

each with tub and shower, radio, servidor, circulating ice water, electric clock, French telephone and full-length mirror.

### HIZTRY

"You in the back of the room, what was the date of the signing of the Magna Carta?"

"I dunno."

"You don't eh? Well let's try something else. Who was Bonny Prince Charley?"

"I dunno."

"Well then, can you tell me what the Tennis Court Oath was?"

"I dunno."

"You don't! I assigned that stuff last Friday. What were you doing last night?"

"I was out drinking beer with some friends."

"You were! What audacity to stand there and tell me a thing like that! How do you ever expect to pass this course?"

"Wal, I don't, mister. Ye see, I just come in to fix the radiator."

—Exchange.

## THE NIPPON ROOM



**Fine Food  
and  
Fine Liquors**  
*Served in an unusual atmosphere*

**Luncheon \$ .50-\$.75**

**Dinner \$1.00-\$1.25**

**Supper Specials Till Closing**

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

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

## HOTEL VENDOME

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

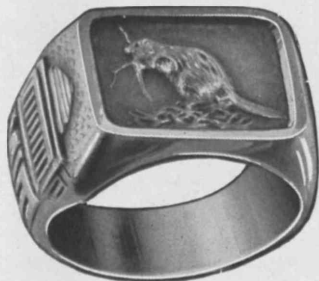
## A BALLAD

Not in a romantic moonlit cove,  
Not with bright stars above;  
Beneath a table at the Cocconut Grove,  
'Twas there that I met my love.

The sloe gins were strong, the green  
dragons worse,  
So beneath the table I slid,  
And my ears were smote by a horrible curse  
From the lips of a brunette kid.

"Get offa my lap, you drunken sough,  
I found thish place firsh.  
Washa think thish ish, Open Housh?  
I think myshelf that ish worsh."

"You're shweet like a l'il prairie flow'r,"  
I whispered into her ear.  
But she just guzzled a whiskey sour,  
So I ordered another beer.



*Class Rings for*  
**SENIORS AND ALUMNI**

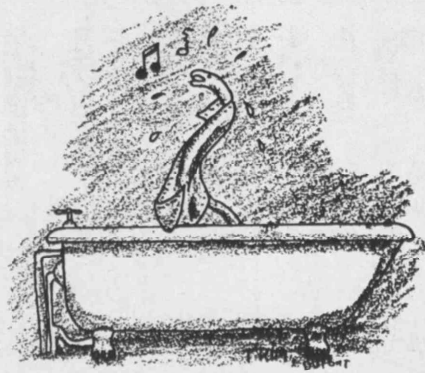
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BATON SOCIETY KEYS  
GRIDIRON CLUB KEYS  
PROM FAVORS**

*Our designs original  
Craftsmanship high grade  
Prices reasonable*

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**BATES and KLINKE, Inc.**

*Situated in*  
**Attleboro, Mass.**



**WHEN  
THE  
EEL  
SINGS  
SUMMER  
IS  
HERE**

**And THEN is the time  
when you'll want your V-8  
FOR  
COOLNESS - COMFORT - CLASSINESS**

**\$25 a month = A NEW V-8**

at

**Lalime & Partridge**

1255 BOYLSTON STREET

Telephone Kenmore 2760

Two quarts of scotch and one of rye—  
And she said I was divine.  
And another gin (we were very dry),  
And she promised to be mine.

But as I reached to kiss her lips  
She changed into a snake,  
A slimy thing with hipless hips—  
A horrible mistake.

I proudly drew away and cried,  
"Never let it of me be shaid  
I took a sherpent for a bride,—  
No shnake shall ever share my bed."

"Ma'mshelle," I said with dignity,  
"Thish evening hash been very gay,  
But no girl can play tricksh on me,  
Sho now musht I bid you good day."

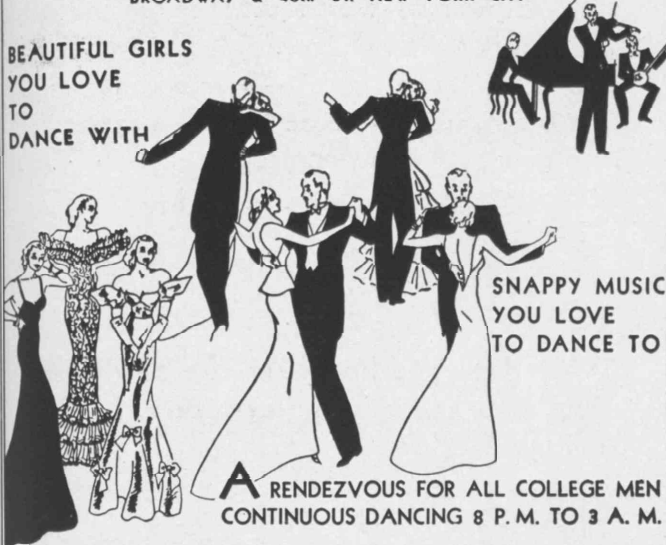
And now upon thish midnight dreary,  
I shwear off women for all time,  
And if my eyesh are somewhat bleary,  
Itsh caused by women, not by wine.

# ORPHEUM

## DANCE PALACE

BROADWAY & 46th ST. NEW YORK CITY

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS  
YOU LOVE  
TO  
DANCE WITH



SNAPPY MUSIC  
YOU LOVE  
TO DANCE TO

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

COLLEGIAN  
CONTEST  
EVERY FRIDAY  
NIGHT

THE PLACE TO SEE  
AND  
TO BE SEEN

16 YEARS AT  
THIS  
LOCATION

"Dishes for Summer—Stuff It."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*

Also we might add, shove it. —*Punch Bowl*



Beggar—Say, buddy, can you give me two dollars for coffee?

Stew—I thought you always asked for ten cents for a cup of coffee.

Beggas—Yeah, I know, but I'm putting all my begs in one ask-it.



Finals, finals everywhere,  
With drops and drops of ink,  
And never a prof who'll leave the room  
And allow a guy to think.

—*Phoenix.*

# Hotel Kenmore

(Just across the river)



NOW

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

We invite you to patronize this fine  
Hotel



## Famous for

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

Ask For Our Catalogue

# S. S. PIERCE CO.

Established 1831

SIX STORES  
MAIL ORDERS

KENMORE 7600 — LONGWOOD 1300  
WE SHIP EVERYWHERE

## Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

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

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON



“What have you done?” St. Peter asked,  
 “That I should admit you here?”  
 “I ran a comic,” the editor said,  
 “Of my college for one long year.”  
 St. Peter pityingly shook his head  
 And gravely touched the bell.  
 “Come in, poor thing, select a harp,  
 “You’ve had your share of hell.”

—Witt.

“Is your roommate broadminded?”

“Say, that’s all he thinks of.” —Ranger.



Her (at prom)—Wait right here for me, Bill,  
 while I go powder my nose.

Her (three dances later)—Been waiting long?

Him—No, but I’ve been looking all over for  
 you to give you your compact. —Lion



“Why don’t you buy yourself a new pen?”

Why, I’ve had this one ever since it was a  
 little Schaeffer.”

—Punch Bowl.

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# VOO DOO SERVICE

## AT TECH:

25 per cent Discount on Flowers

Student Discount Rate on all AAA Hotels

## IN NEW YORK:

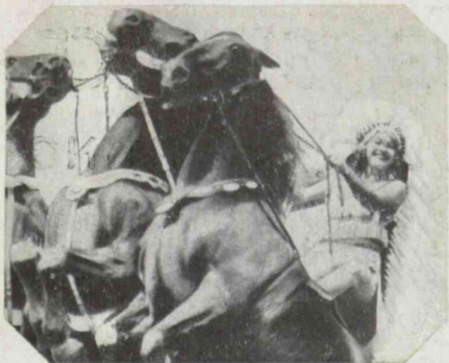
50 per cent Discount on Orpheum Dance Palace

Large Discount Rate on AAA Hotels

*For further information*

CALL

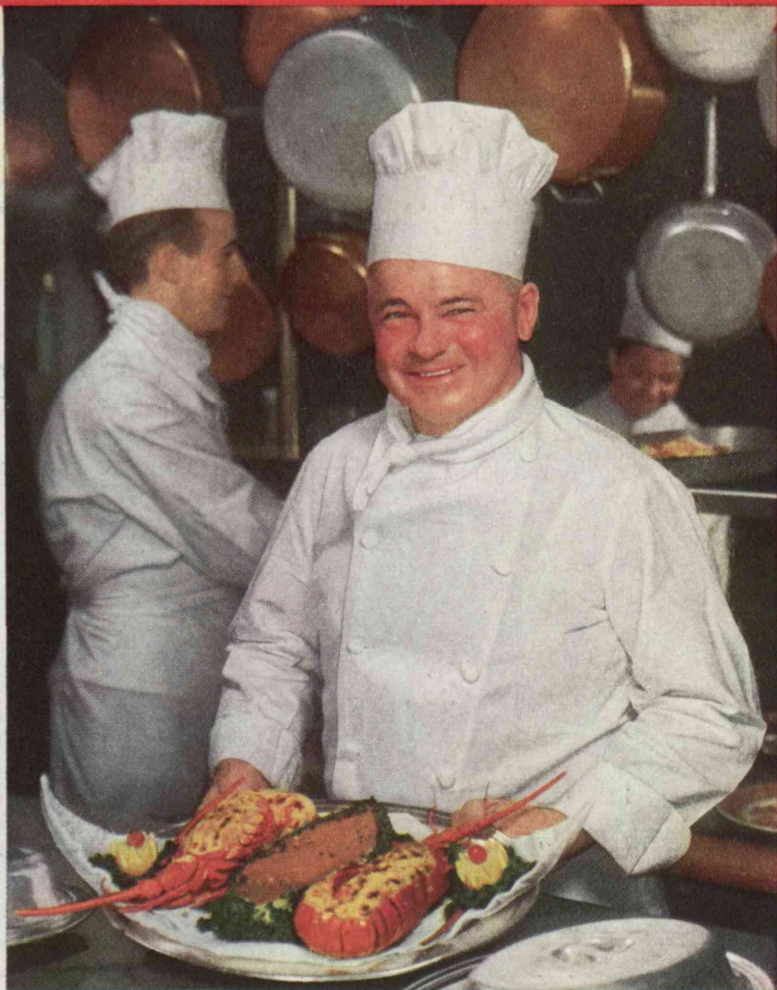
KIR. 6339—VOO DOO SERVICE



**UNDER THE BIG TOP.** Watching Miss Dorothy Herbert of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey, you marvel at her poise. Miss Herbert says: "I'm a devoted Camel smoker. Smoke all I want—eat anything I care for. Camels make food taste better and digest easier. And have a royal flavor!"



**STOP PRESS!** A day's action is crowded into minutes as the reporter works to beat the deadline. "It's a life of hurry, hurry, hurry," says Peter Dahle, crack newspaper man, "and a life of irregular hours and meals. That's one good reason why I smoke Camels. It's swell the way they make food taste better and set better."



**BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE BROWN DERBY.** The chef is putting the final touches to a Lobster *Thermidor*, while within the restaurant proper the glittering stars of Hollywood gather to chat...to dine...and to enjoy Camels. Here, the mildness and flavor of their costlier tobaccos have made Camels an outstanding favorite. As Mr. Robert H. Cobb, the man behind The Brown Derby's success and host to the great personalities of Hollywood, remarks: "Camels are the choice of the majority of our patrons."

*For Digestion's sake  
...Smoke Camels*

Smoking Camels stimulates the natural flow of digestive fluids...increases alkalinity

Life sometimes pushes us so hard that we feel too worn-down really to *enjoy* eating. Science explains that hurry and mental strain reduce the flow of the digestive fluids.

Evidence shows that smoking Camels increases the flow of digestive fluids... alkaline digestive fluids... so vital to the *enjoyment* of food and to *good digestion*.

Camel's rich and costly tobaccos are mild beyond words. Enjoy Camels steadily. Camels set you right! And never jangle your nerves or tire your taste.

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

**COSTLIER TOBACCOS!**