

Voo Doo



Daye Deebly '36

Dream Numbers

. . . Les accidents ont lieu inévitablement mais dans les affaires il faut travailler pour obtenir des résultats . . . Le meilleur moyen d'atteindre L'acheteur futur est par le milieu des journaux.

Le "TECH" est l'organe officiel des étudiants de M. I. T. . . .

VOO DOO SERVICE

Offers for Prom Number

- Flowers at student rates (cheap).
- Hotels in Boston to Lodge Prom invite at special Discount Rates.
- Ice Cream for parties or Dances at special rates.
- Not going to Prom; Try Lake Placid Club—skiing, skating, dancing.

For further information

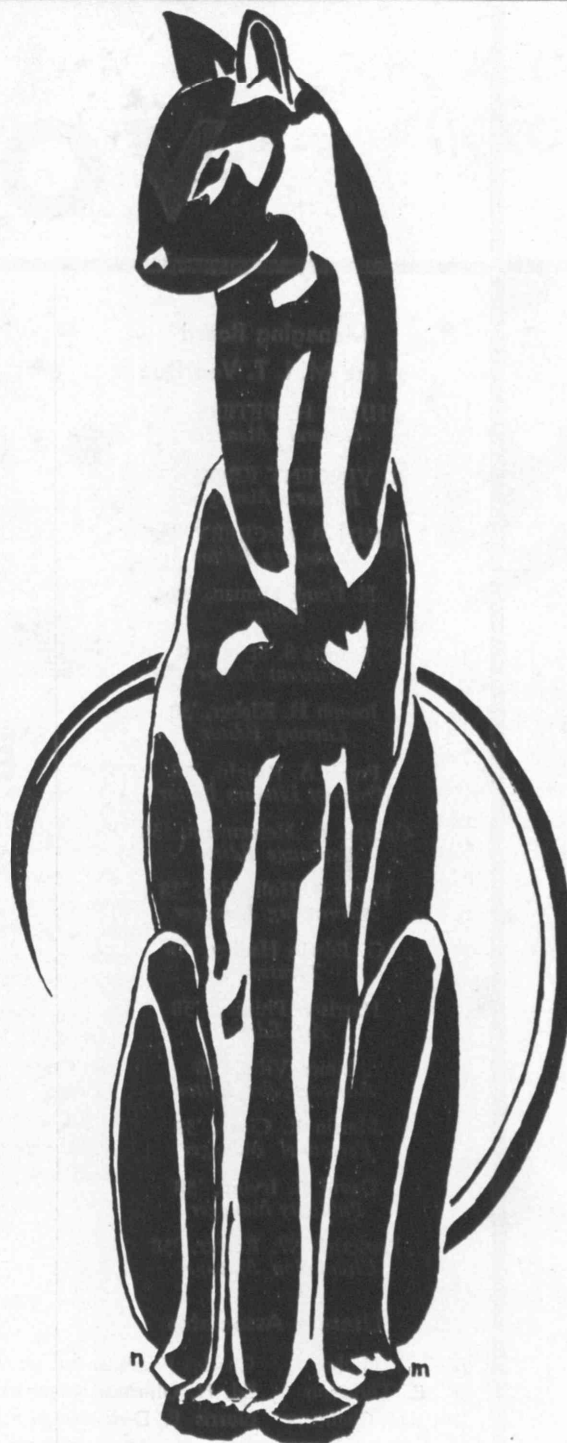
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VOO DOO

March, 1936

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Voo Doo

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MARCH, 1936

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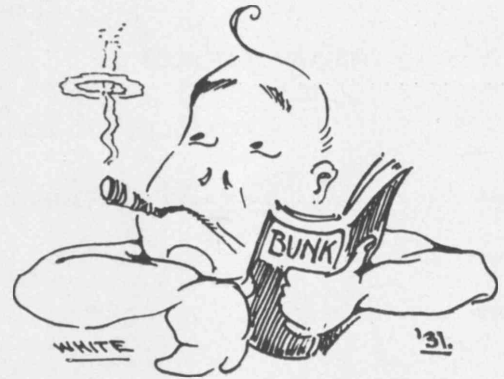
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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

In answer to anticipated inquiries, the artist who drew this month's cover wishes to announce that the name of the model for the cover is Miss Evelyn Chapman of Belmont. Miss Chapman's address will not however be furnished upon request.

Voo Doo announces that with the next issue there will be given away, absolutely free, no strings attached, two cartons of Edgeworth Junior Smoking tobacco. Enclosed in each copy of the April issue there will be a numbered slip of paper. The tobacco will go to the holders of the lucky numbers, to be announced after the two days of sale. This offer is not open to members of the Voo Doo staff or their families.

The Board of Volume XIX wishes to thank David A. Werblin of the Board of Volume XVIII for his aid in sending the new Volume off to a good start by drawing this month's cover.

Phosphorus takes pride in announcing the birth of a new kitten, Jack Krey, '40, a new Business Associate.

MOVIE REVIEW

COMING ATTRACTIONS AT BOSTON THEATERS:

Loew's State and Orpheum Theaters:

"Little Lord Fauntleroy," with Freddie Bartholomew and Dolores Costello Barrymore.

"The Music Goes 'Round," with Harry Richman and Rochelle Hudson.

"Wife vs Secretary," with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Myrna Loy.

"Small Town Girl," with Robert Taylor and Janet Gaynor.

Metropolitan Theater:

"The Country Doctor," with Dionne Quintuplets, Jean Hersholt, and Dorothy Peterson.

"Desire," with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper.

"Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, and Fred MacMurray.

"Colleen," with Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

The Quints continue their march to fame and fortune, this time in the motion picture, "The Country Doctor." This is a story built around the character of Doctor Dafoe, who brought the quintuplets into the world. The part of the doctor is played by Jean Hersholt, while Dorothy Peterson appears as one of the nurses. The quintuplets alone are, of course, reason enough for seeing this picture, and they are ably supported by an excellent cast and story.

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

"The Music Goes 'Round" is something just a little different, and better, in the line of musicals. It stars Harry Richman, erstwhile of stage, radio, and night club, with Rochelle Hudson as his most charming leading lady. Also featured in the picture, and perhaps the reason for its title, are those arch-criminals of the air, Riley and Farley, composers of "The Music Goes 'Round and Around." All-in-all, this is one of the best pictures in many days. We'll be seeing you there. Wo-ho-ho-ho-ho.....

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

The new all-Technicolor picture, "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," is quite an improvement over the last, "Becky Sharp." No attempt has been made to use as strong colors, and the result is less discordant to the eye unaccustomed to color. Instead the natural colors of nature add great beauty to the picture, and it is certainly worth while seeing.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

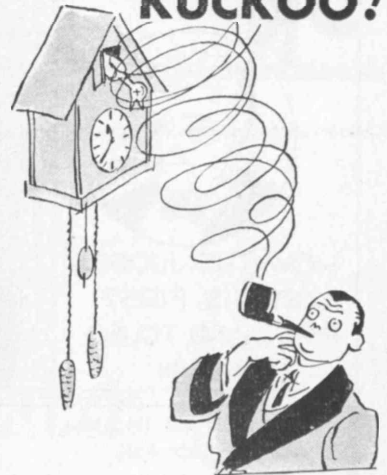
Another one of our childhood favorites has joined the ranks of fildom. This time it is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the book which, once a curse upon American Boyhood, is now a happy memory. This is not the first time this book has been filmed, if our memory is correct, Mary Pickford having played it in the silent days. But even if you saw "Little Lord Fauntleroy" those many years ago, we advise you to see it again. Starred is Freddie Bartholomew, who made such a hit in "David Copperfield," and who upholds his reputation worthily in this picture. The part of his mother is played by Dolores Costello Barrymore, who makes a welcome return to the screen after several years absence.

WIFE VS SECRETARY

The luxurious rooms of an ultra-modern penthouse are the scene for most of the action of this elaborately staged production. Clark Gable is the wealthy young publisher for whose affection Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy are rivals. The fact that Myrna is his wife and Jean only his secretary means nothing to Gable, who very impartially allows them both to start from scratch in the battle royal. The wife, of course, wins out, when Miss Harlow becomes very noble and self-sacrificing. We should be very radical if we attempted to describe Miss Loy as anything but exotic,—and exotic she is. Jean Harlow—well, she is as Harlowish as ever, which is plenty. An admirable

(Continued on page 29)

PIPE K. O.'S KUCKOO!



WHY—oh why!—will otherwise estimable gentlemen stroll about polluting the air with chokey tobacco in a dammed-up pipe? The only plausible reason is that they haven't yet discovered the innocent pleasure of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe! Sir Walter is a well-bred mixture of fragrant Kentucky Burleys selected to smoke milder and smell sweeter. Try your first tin. Birds will chirp, men and women welcome you with open arms. It's 15¢ —wrapped in heavy gold foil for extra freshness.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W -63



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



HOW THE JUDGE
LOST HIS FIRST
PIPE...AND FOUND
IT AGAIN

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION! I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST A KID THEN — ONE DAY I LOST MY FOOTING —



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WAS A GONER!



GOSH, IT'S LUCKY YOU HEARD ME YELL FOR HELP!

HEARD YOU? SAY, NOBODY HEARD NOTHIN' IN ALL THIS UPROAR —



THE BOSS LOGGER HAD SEEN MY PIPE COME FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER — THAT'S WHEN HE FIRST FIGGERED I WAS IN TROUBLE—

A CORNCOB — EH? THAT'S THE KIND I SMOKE MYSELF — LOADED WITH PRINCE ALBERT!



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It was Prince Albert that popularized the improved, scientific style of cut — "crimp cut." And Prince Albert that brought forward the special P. A. process that banishes all harshness and "bite." It is made from choicest tobaccos and recognized as

the world's leading smoking tobacco. So expect mildness from P. A. and a soothing mellowness. Try Prince Albert on the trial terms given below—100% refund if you're not delighted with Prince Albert. Great for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

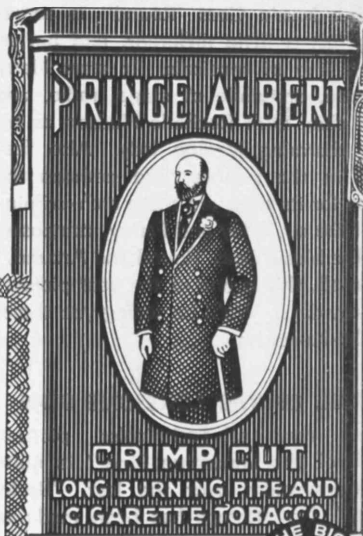
OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"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!

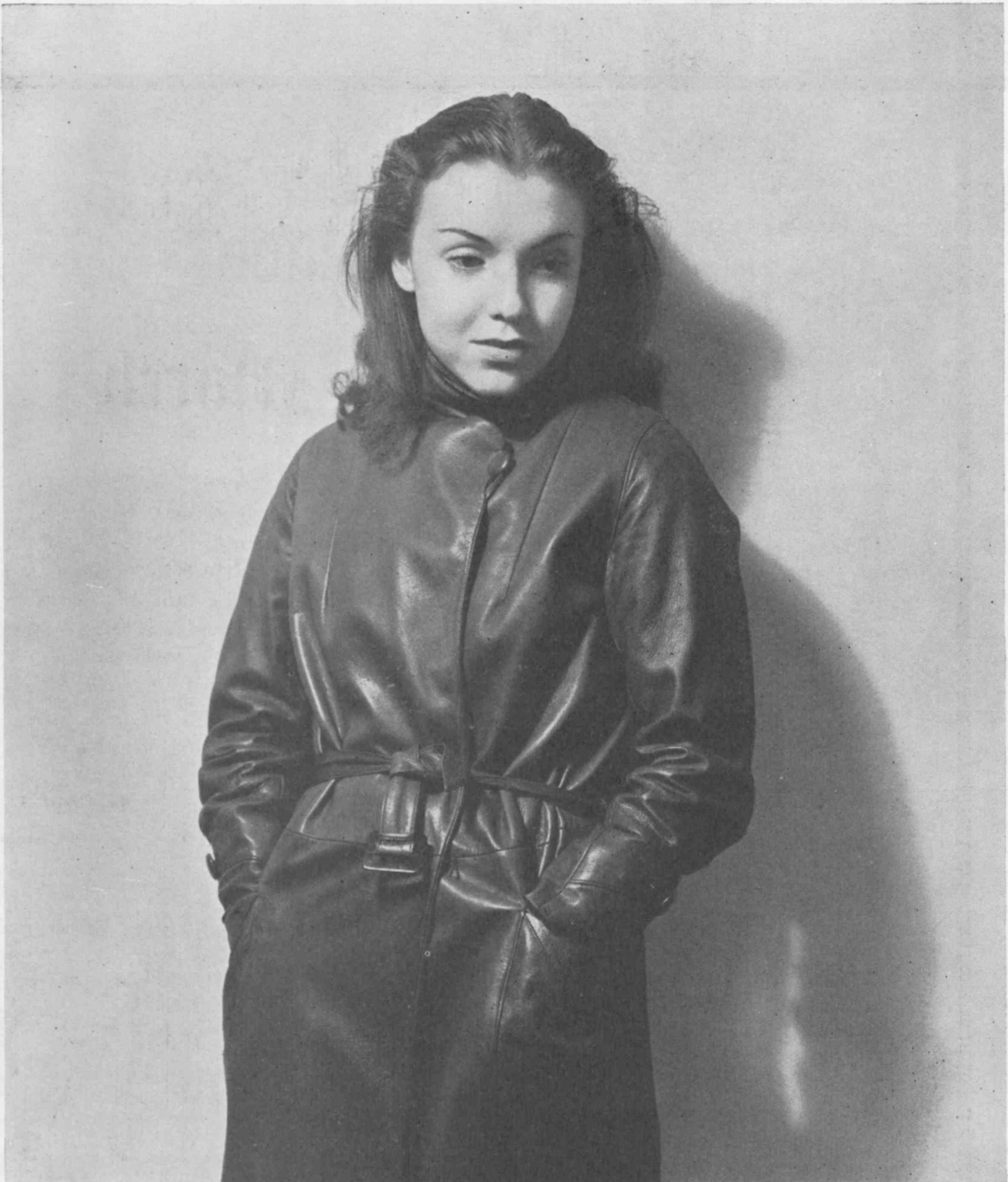


THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN

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

Phos Leads
The Grand March





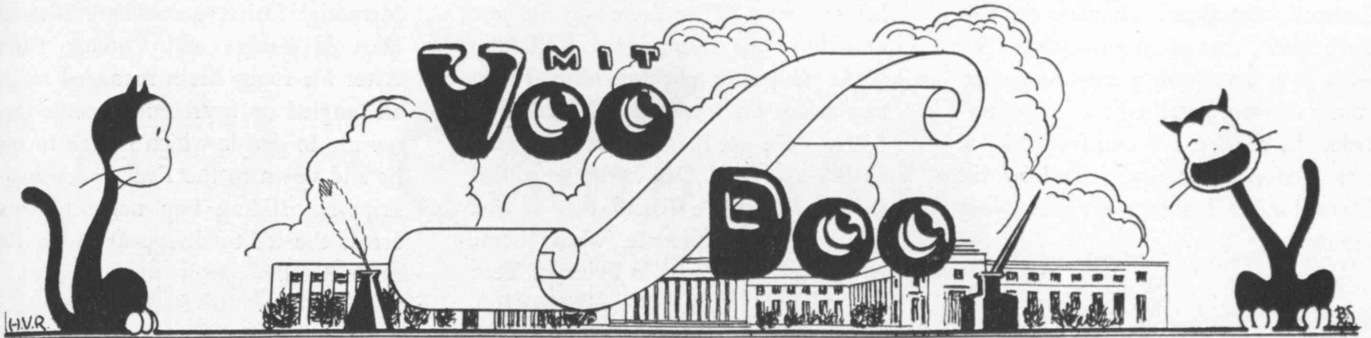
Guthrie McClintic presents

MARGO

in Maxwell Anderson's

WINTERSET

Now at the Shubert Theater



VOO-DOOINGS

Debs and Debts

Last summer a group of Memorial Drive fraternity men were rather surprised when a Boston debutante with nothing else to do called them up and offered, sight unseen, to take them out.

After appraising the young lady from a distance, the six drew straws to choose three for taking her out at her expense. Of course, in the manner of Tech men they took her to one of the more expensive and exclusive places. At the end of the evening the waiter



presented the check to the most sober member of the group, and the young man promptly gave it to the deb. She was very nonchalant about the fact that she didn't have enough money. Pooling resources they were still a few dollars short of the bill. The very dignified waiter, more embarrassed by the proceedings than the rest, offered to pay the remainder, and the party calmly went on their poverty-stricken way.



Fame

A group of four freshman tired of heckling their instructors decided to become famous via the Hearst sheets.

They spent several hours making up a masterpiece about the college man's ideas on love and marriage, and they signed themselves four Technology students. About a week later they discovered their beautiful letter in the Advice to the Lovelorn column and much to their surprise learned that they were ten Harvard graduates.—Clever these columnists.



Gay

We recently heard of a new form of foolish parlor game, this one more foolish than most. Entitled "Between the Sheets," it consists of appending to gag-lines taken from ads this little phrase. A typical result is "Ask the man who owns one between the sheets." Occasionally the lines are quite unprintable, but we really can't feel that we recommend this game wholeheartedly. We just wanted to let you know how some Tech men waste their time.



Mental Telepathy

A few of the boys in the dorms have been doing some psychic research lately. The idea is that one man writes down ten numbers, all between 1 and 9, inclusive. Then he concentrates on the number successively while the other man calls out the number whose impression he "receives." It has turned

out that ability to receive impressions varies in different people, but a good pair can produce some remarkable results. One night recently, in a set of twenty tries, the receiver had 30% once, 40% twice, 50% three or four times, and all the rest higher, ranging up to 80%. There must be something more than luck in all this, since the average should be 11%. But we personally don't seem to have the ability. In two tries, comprising twenty numbers, we hit one.



Nice Girls Don't Smoke

We dropped into a downtown theater the other night to see Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire give one of their debonair performances. Coming out of the theater, something in the lobby attracted our attention. The "something" was a display, designed like a shutter.



the faces of Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire. What really made us look, when opened it announced the name of the picture; when closed, it showed twice, was the fact that between the shutters that formed the scarlet lips of Miss Rogers, was a piece of paper folded so that each time the shutters closed it seemed as though a cigarette

drooped from them. Showing the true Tech spirit, that of inquisitiveness, we went over and with a most ungentlemanly motion, snatched the "cigarette" from the shutters. We unfolded it. It was a laundry receipt, issued by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Dormitory Office.



Fulfillments

About a year ago we ran an article entitled "Phos At Work." Although we had never seen the job done, we described how the magazine is assembled. We have come a long way since then. We now know exactly how true to life that description was, our description of last minute rush-



ing hither and yon, desperately trying to assemble a magazine. But we never imagined anything like we have experienced the last few weeks. Returning from vacation on February tenth, we were faced with the task of producing two issues in less than a month. Well, we've done it, at the expense of our studies, and we are now seriously considering hibernation as a profession.



Information

"Fun With the Telephone" is the title of a game played the other day by a couple of the editors. It consisted of playing all the tricks that rumor has it that one can play on a dial phone. For example, you can really tap out the number on the receiver hook, but the tapping must be rapid, with distinct pauses between numbers. We tried dialing ourselves, and got the busy signal. Then we tried dialing and then putting down the receiver. About half the time, our

bell did ring. Then there was the case of calling the dormitories, KIRKland 5300. Guessing that they have at least two trunk lines, we dialed KIRKland 5301. We got them. But 5299 gave us the operator. Of course, we called information. We found that if you call up your roommate, whose home is in Miami but who is living at Tech



just now, on a *person-to-person* call, giving his Miami number to the operator, if you finally reach him at a number here in Cambridge, you pay only the local call. If you don't get him, though, you have to pay the report charge.

Yes, Information will tell you lots of things, but when we asked her if she was married, she just giggles.



Can't Be Done

As those few of you who read "The Tech" know already, VOO DOO held a farewell banquet for Volume XVIII, while welcoming Volume XIX to the helm. We had an excellent and interesting speaker, Commander Bent, at the banquet. We enjoyed his speech from beginning to end, with but one lapse. That was when he told us a funny story. Of course, we all laughed, but he should have known better than to tell a joke to a college comic magazine.



Eliza

During mid-term vacation one of the moister Teck stewdents decided that walking around would sober him up enough to get back to Boston. He sort of vaguely realized that he was on

Memorial Drive, somewhere between Harvard Bridge and Cottage Farm. After his foggy brain managed to get all tangled up over eenie meenie minie mo to decide which bridge to use, he slid down to the river and using a skipping, sliding hop made his way across the ice to disappear down Bay State Road.



Maternal Complex

We just can't resist the temptation to repeat a little story we read in our most excellent contemporary, the "New Yorker." The story concerns the man who was very much surprised when a truck driver stopped him to ask the way to one of the dormitories of the Harvard Business School. He was surprised because the truck was owned by a firm specializing in the cleaning of babies diapers. What ho, sons of Harvard!



Hell Week

It happened during "Hell Week" in one of the Freshman math classes. The instructor had been going for some time on some topic dealing with integration, illustrating his lecture with innumerable problems. Suddenly, without turning from the blackboard, he said: "Mr. —, how would you continue from this point." No answer. He repeated the question. Still no answer. Turning from the board, he walked over to where the young man sat, slumped in his seat. Softly he spoke the young man's name. No reply. Then the instructor gently touched him. With a start the man sat up. He had been sound asleep.



By Frank A. Knight

Commuters

Perhaps you have never thought much about the reason for commuters and what they represent. At any rate it is about time somebody realized the importance of the commuter on the "campus," for they go to make up a large fraction of 1% of the student body.

First let us get ourselves oriented. What is a commuter and how does it differ from the ordinary human being? Surprisingly enough there have been found several of these commuters who bore a remarkable resemblance to the human being. However, we must not bother ourselves here with a discussion of such exceptions. To generalize, we can safely say that the ordinary run of commuter, or traveler-back-and-forth, will carry a sort of brownish sort of a bag in which he sort of carries all the materials he expects to have call for during the next few terms. The keynote of the daily traveler is HURRY. Just at present the infirmity report if there is one lists the names of several dozen poor devils who had the misfortune to be coming through a door at the same time one of these commuters was steaming through in the other direction. Which all leads us up to the all-important question, "Where did commuters come from, Mother?" There are several theories on this subject, all of which have their own merits. First there is the Commuters-Springing-From-Antelopes - While - The - Rest - Of - Us - Were - Springing - From - Monkeys Theory. The title of the theory is almost self-explanatory. It was one of the first ideas advanced along that line and contends that while humanity was in the process of developing from the monkey commuters were being developed from antelopes so that in later centuries they would be able to run fast enough to catch the 3:25 after being released from a 3:00 o'clock

English class at 3:10. Another and more recent theory is the Commuters-Coming-By-Motorcycle Theory which brings us to the old riddle of "Which came first, the commuter or the motorcycle or the hen or the egg or Prof. Passano?"

So the next time you see a commuter don't step on it or kick it aside, but instead try to realize that there is probably a reason for the wide-spread epidemic of inferiority complex among that class. Try to imagine the commuter to be a fellow-man.

In connection with this particular field should be mentioned the newly-formed Society for the Prevention of

Cruelty to Commuters, the covenant of which provides for legislation to abolish the points on ladies umbrellas and overhead racks for dropping bundles on people's heads. The Society plans to wind up their first season's campaign with a smash bang week of excitement for the commuters, including such remarkable features as an all-night dance in a mud-scow anchored in front of Walker and Open House in the locker rooms for a whole week. Hurrah for the S.P.C.C.!!!

Stick around, maybe in the next issue we'll tell you about the inner workings of what is known as a dorm man.



"De snob, he knows de warden"

TRY DANCING — IT'S FUN

By: Arthur Hurray

To: Voo Doo's Demon Interviewer

Every once in a while (said Mr. Hurray), when I have cast off my dancing shoes and am resting in my office to the dreamy strains of "Tiger Rag," some over-avoidupoised lady comes tripping into my office and says, "Oh, Mr. Hurray!"

I, of course, spring to my feet, and putting my right hand, palm inward, on my stomach, my left hand, palm outward, behind my back, my other hand in my pocket, weight evenly distributed between the soles of my feet—shoulders back, knees stiff but not rigid—anyhow I make her a deep bow.

She is inevitably impressed. Usually she says, "Oh, Mr. Hurray."

"My dear lady," I say, "I am delighted. If you will just step this way." About this time I twirl my waxed mustache and get wax all over my fingers.

We then enter a private, elegantly furnished room, equipped with a radio, a chair, twin beds, and an operating table.

"Now," I say, "Mademoiselle, just relax."

No matter what kind of an old bag she is, I say "Mademoiselle." She is inevitably impressed. Usually she says, "Oh, Mr. Hurray."

"The first step," I say, "is learning to stand properly." Thereupon, I pinch her and poke her here and there, just to get an idea of her general contours. She is inevitably impressed—but I said that before.

"Now," I say, deftly flicking the radio, which begins to pour forth the coquettish strains of "The Broken Record," let's try dancing—it's fun! Then I roll my eyes, and she says, "Oh, Mr. Hurray."

I get pretty damned sick of this "Oh, Mr. Hurray" business sometimes, but I say to myself, Arthur old boy, I say, what the Hell—it's a living.

As I was saying, the radio blares out "The Broken Record," and I seize the

old—the lady lightly about the waist, or shoulders, or neck, or whatever's handy, and we dance. Last month I invented a tricky new step to dance to "The Broken Record"—I called it "The Arthur Hurray New Deal Broken Record Stomp"—and it was a sure fire hit. But it involved a hop every time the record repeated itself. So after paying for three new chandeliers I had to stop teaching it.

Mr. Hurray wiped a tear from his eye. At this time Voo Doo's demon interviewer excused himself—having a date with Professor Lerner at four.

"Anyway," said Mr. Hurray, "Try dancing—it's fun!"

"Oh, Mr. Hurray," said Voo Doo's demon interviewer.

Diary of A Frosh

Dearest Diary:

Oh, my, but today was thrilling for me. First, in English class, dear Professor Rogers was very, very funny. He *is* so amusing. And then in Chemistry, Professor Blanchard did the cutest experiment, changing an *absolutely* clear solution to a beautiful view. And Professor Frank said the nicest thing in Physics. Why, he said "F equals ma." Isn't that sweet. And finally we took the loveliest walk in Military Science. We walked *all* over the Coop Field. But all this excitement was *too* much, and I had to go to bed with a headache. It was a poor end for a perfect day, but I think it was worth it.

TECH SHOW

"If Wodehouse can do it, why can't I?" said Rufus P. Isaacs, '36, while listening to a radio dramatization of Candlelight. So he sat down and wrote the manuscript which has now been converted into the script for the 1936 Tech Show.

Tech Show, as yet untitled, will be given at the Repertory Theater on the nights of March 20 and 21. This is a departure from the custom of the past few years of producing it in the Walker Gym, and a step towards the glory which was once Tech Show, reminiscent of the days when crowds used to jam the larger theaters hereabouts to see it. Tentative arrangements have also been made to put the show on in Northampton and Melrose. Rehearsals have been under way for quite some time now, and a very smooth performance seems assured.

John C. Cleworth plays the part of the slightly villainous hero most effectively, and Dave Werblin, in the part of the heroine, is very feminine, very charming, and very, very alluring.

Quite a controversy was waged over the question of using girls in the feminine roles, as was done at Columbia, but it was finally decided that Tech men possessed more charm and allure than real gals.

This two-act comedy contains 13 musical numbers including the Jewel Ballet, composed by Dave Werblin, and two sure-fire song hits, "I can't be bothered," and "It's just a matter of time."

We have been present at recent rehearsals, and are inclined to share the manager's enthusiasm for "the best Tech Show in recent years."

TECH SHOW OF 1936



"EASY TO TAKE"

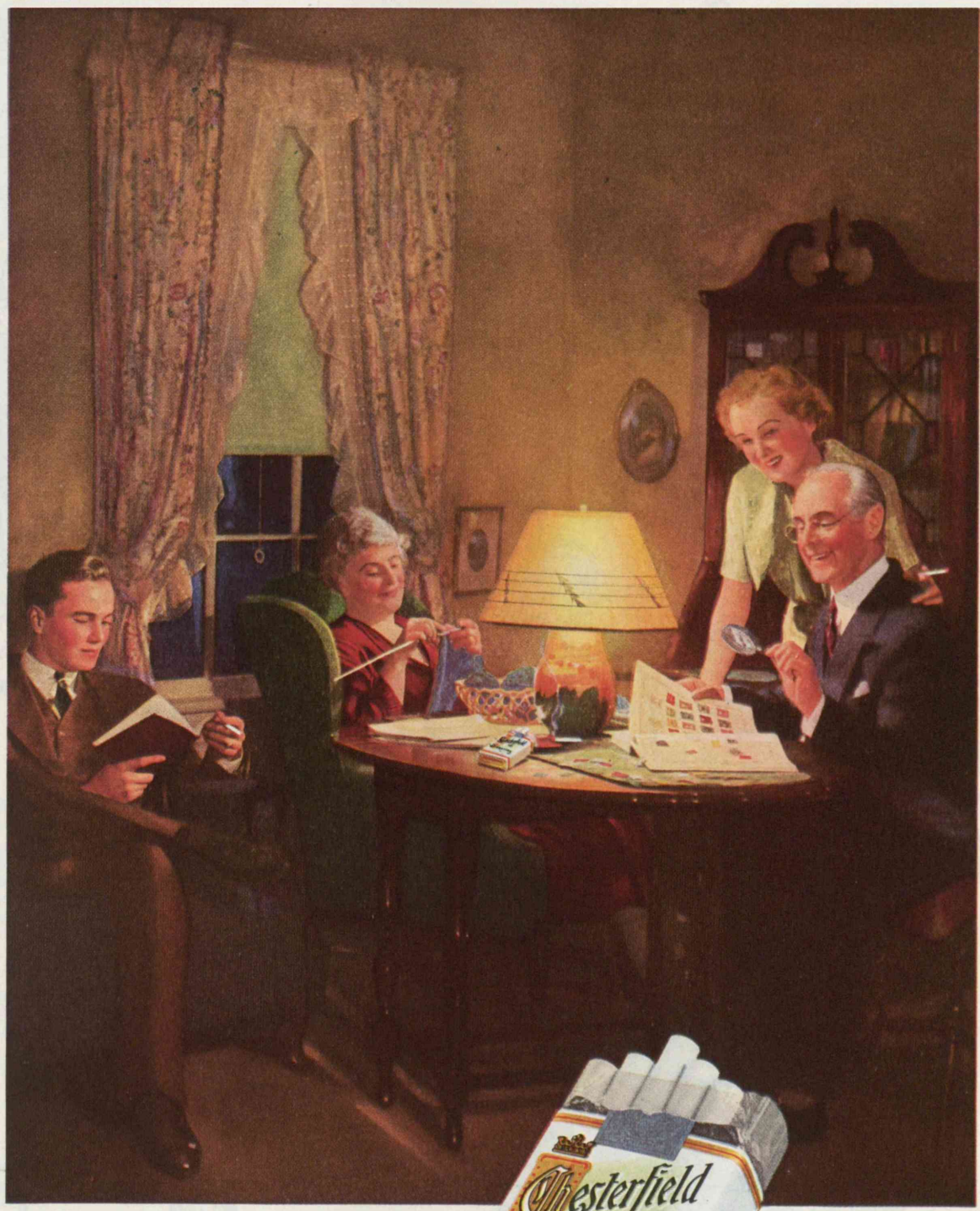
Our heroine, David A. Werblin '36; Ballinger the villian, C. H. Little;
Art True as Morton from "down east"; Milton, the jewel stealing hero, John Cleworth

CLASSIFY YOUR PROM DATE

For the best results this rating should be made two or three days after the Prom, as a better perspective is obtained when your hang-over, bruised feet, and other tolls of the Prom, have disappeared.

HE		SHE	
	Check here		Check here
	100 is perfect. Deduct the points checked.		100 is perfect. Deduct the points checked.
1. Did he dance:		1. Invitation:	
a. Like Hell	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	a. Last Junior Prom	<input type="checkbox"/> 3
b. With wild abandon (Truckin, etc.)	<input type="checkbox"/> 8	b. Blind Date	<input type="checkbox"/> 8
c. On your feet	<input type="checkbox"/> 5	c. 9:30 prom night	<input type="checkbox"/> 2
d. Well	<input type="checkbox"/> 0	d. She asked you	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
2. When dancing did he:		2. Meeting the woman:	
a. Croon	<input type="checkbox"/> 6	a. Waited four hours	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
b. Gab incessantly	<input type="checkbox"/> 8	b. Met you at the door	<input type="checkbox"/> 8
c. Dance	<input type="checkbox"/> 0	c. Called for you in her lima-bean	<input type="checkbox"/> 0
d. Wave at people	<input type="checkbox"/> 4	d. In one dark alley by Scollay Square	<input type="checkbox"/> 5
3. Did he discuss:		3. She looked like:	
a. Himself	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	a. Petty girl (whoa, there)	<input type="checkbox"/> 0
b. Freud	<input type="checkbox"/> 5	b. Wellesley May Queen	<input type="checkbox"/> 7
c. You	<input type="checkbox"/> 0	c. Minsky Fem	<input type="checkbox"/> 8
d. How hard he works at Tech	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	d. Tech Coed	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
4. Did he eat:		4. Her dress:	
a. Noisily	<input type="checkbox"/> 8	a. Slinky	<input type="checkbox"/> 1
b. Daintily (The Pansy)	<input type="checkbox"/> 3	b. Last year's	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
c. Under the table	<input type="checkbox"/> 7	c. Too much	<input type="checkbox"/> 9
d. Your food	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	d. Too Little	<input type="checkbox"/> 0
5. Did he drink:		5. She danced:	
a. Straight Whiskey	<input type="checkbox"/> 0	a. Like an acrobat	<input type="checkbox"/> 8
b. Highballs	<input type="checkbox"/> 2	b. With knee and hip action	<input type="checkbox"/> 4
c. Old-fashioned	<input type="checkbox"/> 7	c. With a rear bumper	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
d. Punch	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	d. On you	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
6. Did you ride in:		6. After drinking your liquor she:	
a. His own car; If so:		a. Passed out	<input type="checkbox"/> 8
1. Buick or better	<input type="checkbox"/> 0	b. Yelled for your roommate	<input type="checkbox"/> 8
2. Ford or worse	<input type="checkbox"/> 3	c. Became congenial	<input type="checkbox"/> 0
b. Taxi	<input type="checkbox"/> 2	d. Started crying	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
c. Hired car	<input type="checkbox"/> 5	7. At 2:00 a.m. she looked like:	
d. Street car	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	a. The devil	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
7. Was his hair:		b. Whitewashed fence	<input type="checkbox"/> 7
a. Greased into place	<input type="checkbox"/> 2	c. A painted barn	<input type="checkbox"/> 9
b. Clipped—Harvard fashion	<input type="checkbox"/> 9	d. Tech coed	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
c. Uncut	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	8. You took her home:	
d. Uncombed	<input type="checkbox"/> 8	a. 10:30 p. m.	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
8. By two a.m. was he:		b. In the Cambridge subway	<input type="checkbox"/> 9
a. Moderately exhilarated	<input type="checkbox"/> 0	c. In a sponge	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
b. Blotto	<input type="checkbox"/> 6	d. You didn't	<input type="checkbox"/> 0
c. Sober	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	9. When you got to the door:	
d. Playful	<input type="checkbox"/> ?	a. You said goodnight	<input type="checkbox"/> 9
9. Did he neck:		b. She wouldn't go home	<input type="checkbox"/> 3
a. With finesse	<input type="checkbox"/>	c. You carried her in	<input type="checkbox"/> 8
b. Mechanically	<input type="checkbox"/>	d. She carried you in	<input type="checkbox"/> 0
c. As though he meant it	<input type="checkbox"/>	10. And in you memory she remains:	
d. For keeps	<input type="checkbox"/>	a. Your roommate's girl	<input type="checkbox"/> 9
10. Do you look back upon the prom:		b. A Minsky mess	<input type="checkbox"/> 5
a. With fond memories	<input type="checkbox"/> 0	c. Your unsuppressed desire	<input type="checkbox"/> 0
b. With qualms	<input type="checkbox"/> 10	d. Somebody else's wife	<input type="checkbox"/> 10
c. As just another dance	<input type="checkbox"/> 7		
d. Sadly	<input type="checkbox"/> 8		

Rate these yourself

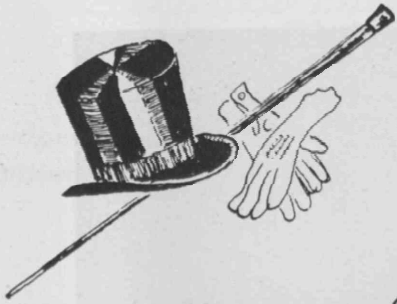


— and Chesterfields
are usually there

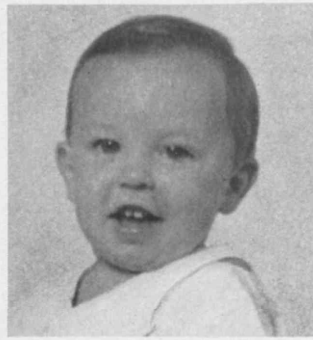


..they're mild
and yet
They Satisfy

JUNIOR PROM



Fuzzy '36



Prom Committee—McLellan, Chairman, Prouty, Burnet, Simpson, Wemple, Young

CHAPERONS

Dr. and Mrs. Karl T. Compton
Dr. and Mrs. Vannevar Bush

Mr. and Mrs. Horace S. Ford
Mr. and Mrs. Delbert L. Rhind
Prof. and Mrs. Leicester F. Hamilton

Dean Harold E. Lobdell
Prof. and Mrs. James R. Jack

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Phyllis Freeman
Arnold F. Kaulakis
Patricia Donahue
Alwyn F. Marston
Herman E. Nietsch

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Frances Hitchcock
John A. Myers
June Spaur
Paul J. Shirley, Jr.
Joanne Sargent
George T. Pew
John Lees

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Milton Lief
Rose Modest
Copeland C. MacAllister
Gilbert Roy
Russell A. Schiffman
Nancy Magee
Felix S. Klock
Nancy Klock

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Forrest T. Ellis
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Theodore J. Gramse
Millie Franz

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Conover Fitch
Francis J. Danforth, Jr.
Elizabeth Bradley
E. Raymond Bossange, Jr.
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Olive Garrity
Roger C. Albiston
Cleon C. Dodge
Mary Louise Edwards

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Adele Turner
William J. McCune, Jr.
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C. C. Dubbs
Mrs. C. C. Dubbs
Clarence R. Horton, Jr.
Dorothy Fagg
John H. Gander
Helen Johnson

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Adelaide Hogan
Charles E. Ryan
Kathleen Hogan
Bernard C. Riddell
Dorothea Buros
Robert G. Pierce
Grace MacDonald
David S. Whitaker
Ruth Kremers

TABLE NO. 13

H. Berkey Bishop, Jr.
Blaine T. Fairless
Jean McClaine
Daniel J. O'Connor, Jr.
Katherine Burke
Edward C. Peterson
Ruth Nelson
L. M. Sherman
Constance Culver

TABLE NO. 6

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Barbara Bates
Walter W. Landseidel
Betty Russell
James D. McLean
Margery Harris
Baird W. Hodgkinson
Garcia Owen

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G. Richard Young
Mary Jane Hamilton
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Alfred E. Busch
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David E. Varner
Elizabeth Entekin
Marshall M. Holcombe
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Helen Grawn
Harry B. Goodwin
Jean Jefferson
Walter T. Blake
Janet Henwood
Wilur C. Rice
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George W. Ewald
Gordon A. Pope
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Gustav R. Maass

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Dorothy Hardy
John B. Pitkin
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Lillian Pollard
Richard C. Hutchinson
Marguerite Sweeney

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Muriel Childs
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Wayne M. Pierce
Eunice Miller
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Norman A. Matthews
Arthur R. Hunt
Virginia Major
Albert V. Finn
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Anne Alice Person
Harry Corman
Dorothy Franklin
Albert S. Wynot
Dorothy Gillis
Clifford Slade
Claire Wynot
Ichiro Takahashi

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Mortimer D. Abbott
Florence Eldred
Roy W. Smith
June Thomas
George A. Randal
Grace Johnson
Charles M. Dierksmier
Alice Bennett

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Grace McInnis
Edward C. Walsh
Nancy Moran
Robert J. Brauer
Ernest A. Ferris
J. B. Cohen
Evelyn Roth

TABLE NO. 23

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E. Henry Cargen
Barbara Lumsden
Ford M. Boulware
Michaelis Kuryla
Elwood H. Koontz

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Peggy Kendal
Gordon C. Thomas
Kay Supplee
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Marjorie Hills
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Marge Cotsworth
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Margaret McGinn
Edmund R. Nalle
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Alice Randall
John I. Argersinger
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Charles K. Bishop
Walter H. Sherry

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Benjamin W. Irvin, Jr.
Dorothy Rankin
Thomas B. Oakes
Marie Connors
David L. Morse
Katharine Ronsheim
Wenzel M. Wochos, Jr.
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Paul W. Stevens
Esther Hayward
William B. Bergen
Viola Alcock
James M. Clifford
Francis Waterhouse
Richard Vincens
Phyllis Bittlecombe

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Frances Hukill
Chauncey F. Bell, Jr.
Kitty Fiske
Frederick B. Grant
Virginia Bell
Welcome W. Bender, Jr.
Elizabeth Mackey

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Albrecht E. Reinhardt
Paula Crosby
Edward L. Bartholomew
Sarah LeBlanc
Charles P. Cardani
Laura Spinelli
Walter O. Nygaard
Ada Haynes
Edward V. Corea
Marguerite Manning

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Sallie Taylor
Russell W. Bandomer
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Elinor Blakesley
Edward A. Brittenham, Jr.
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Robert S. Reichart
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M. Edward Hitchcock
Virginia King

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Winthrop A. Johns
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Harlan Turner, Jr.
Barbara Burr
Norman B. Robbins
Barbara Sewall
T. Robert Fischel
Marion Adams

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Norma Hewitt
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Rowena Hamilton
Francis H. Lessard
Virginia Luther
Charles M. Antoni
Edith Walters
Kenneth A. Packard

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John B. Corbett
Jacqueline Magroth
Joseph F. Keithley
Virginia Hamilton
Robert Y. Jordan
Virginia Plumb
D. Donald Weir
Mary Bruce Taylor

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Richard H. F. Stresau, Jr.
Marion Hubbard
Alfred E. Hale
Alma Adams
James G. Loder
Jeanne Kennard
Eugene P. Eberhard
John C. Heintzelman

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R. Vincent Kron
Honor Stanton
Robert S. Childs
Doris Goulston
David A. Richardson
Lillian Swanson
Harry M. Weese
Helen Wigglesworth
William E. Hartmann
Peggy Biggin
Richard M. Westfall
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Philip Bliss
Arlene Rutter
William L. Lovejoy
C. D. Stolzenbach
Catherine Kyes
Martin Deutsch
Betty Stitt

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Elizabeth Roper
John M. Gallagher, Jr.
Richard G. Karch
Billie Mae Lyman
Raymond H. McFee
Gladys Bonney

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Martin M. Kuban, Jr.
William E. Aksomitas
Helen Wassell
Alfred Llantada
Milena Morosini

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Mortimer H. Nickerson
Lucille Cook
Jonathan B. Cobb
John M. Gould
Marion Bowman
Andre N. Laus

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Mrs. A. R. Graustein, Jr.
Reland B. Westgate
Janet Dunbar
Edward L. Vollmer
Morris E. Ruckman
Jean Campbell

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Charlotte Miller
Louis D. Bloom
Betty Saulpaugh
Lester M. White, Jr.
Rose Castle

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Farmer L. Current
Edith Hill
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Frances Hanawald
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Janet Ellison
David Fulton
Raymond A. Dreselley
Rita White
Stuart V. Cuthbert, Jr.
Muriel Landers
Clifford A. Lytle
Senga Engels
Max S. Kendzur
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Libby Jacobs
Abner White
Leo Rosen
S. Berner
Philip Short
Paula Ashkenazy
Irwin Sagulyn
Leonard A. Seder

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Helen Wright
Robert E. Benson
Annalee Davis
H. Dudley Swain
Ruth Hansen
Wilder Moffatt
Mary Frances Loehr

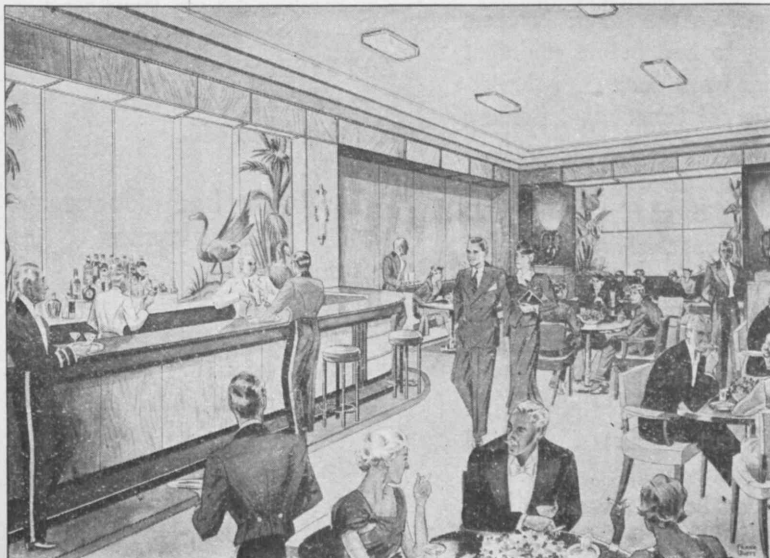
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Harold E. Prouty
Marjorie Quigley
Lloyd R. Ewing
Marion Taylor
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Dorothy Sands

Boston's Most Beautiful
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Hotel
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NOW

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

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Hotel

PROM CLOSE-UPS

Politician:

Found: Where the B. M. O. C.'s (big men on campus) are thickest.

Identification: Broad, ever-present smile, pat on the back for everybody, especially the prom committee. The one person present who shuns dark corners.

Belle:

Found: In the center of the largest group of admiring males.

Identification: Elizabeth Arden complexion which needs no touching up during the evening, sherry wine lips with just the right amount of lip rouge. Her scintillating curves need no accentuation—knows the right thing to say and when to say it.

Bennie Brownbagger:

Found: Sitting at his table or clumsily dancing along the sidelines.

Identification: Horn rimmed glasses, far away meditative look. Ill fitting dinner jacket with tie half-tied. Bored stiff.

Band Leader No. 2:

Found: Just in front of orchestra.

Identification: Decidedly lacks a center of gravity—Mildly mellowed. Imitates Joe Haymes with floppy motions of his arms. Takes a deep bow after each number.

Chaperon:

Found: At an out-of-the-way table.

Identification: Rarely seen on dance floor. Talks shops and spends the evening conversing with apple-polishers. Lord knows they're bored.

Prom Smoothie:

Found: Out where all the females can get a look.

Identification: Aloof, afflicted with ennui. Dress: a la Esquire. The girls want him and he knows it. Has that "Here I am you lucky people" look.

Crooner:

Found: With lips close to dates ear.

Identification: Closed eyes—dreamy expression. Sings off key and a measure behind the orchestra. Knows no song completely.



Life's Little Pleasures

Frances Langford singing *You Hit The Spot* . . . the cigarette girl at the Coconut Grove . . . the Statler's steak dinners . . . sleeping till noon on Sundays . . . the Marx brothers . . . getting to bed before midnight with all your work done . . . the letter from the gal friend . . . lighting a cigarette after a three-hour exam . . . Ray Noble . . . the check from home . . . smacking a physics quiz . . . the 1 a.m. snack at the "dog-cart" . . . Ina Ray Hutton, with or without her band . . . the cordiality at the Brunswick Casino . . . catching a subway as you come down the stairs . . . Harriet Hilliard, in the proper gown . . . Glen Gray's fast numbers . . . blind date turning out swell . . . last bell of the last class before a vacation . . .

warm spring-like day after zero weather . . . Osgood Perkins' insolent superiority in "End of Summer" . . . finally filling this damned space.

ODE TO THE PROM COMMITTEE

Seven bucks is seven bucks,
And seven bucks will buy
A pair of skiis—a radio—
Or a coupla quarts of rye.
For seven dollars I could get
A lovely new chapeau,
Or see a play, or start to pay
My roommate what I owe.
But double-F's are double F's,
And I do greatly fear—
Because of deans, and other means—
I shall not long be here.
So what the hell—let's have one swell
Debauch before the bomb
Of fate shall burst upon us—
See you at the Junior Prom.

Good Reading, Anyhow

'Tis my Prom Girl
Poets speak of,
When they mention
Hair like finespun gold,
And eyes whose shadowy
Depths reflect
Countless promised thrills.
Her lips need not
A fool's gushing praise
To note thei rrich sweetness,
And her lovely lithe body
Rivals the wild grace
Of the timid faun;
Ay, verily is this my Prom Girl,
Whereof the poets speak.—
And I wish to hell
One of them would include
Her name and address.

The Snow Lady Dances to Joe Haymes

Soft and white,
Daintily fine;
Pure and bright,
Simple design;
Quiet and meek,
Classic mould;
Gentle and weak,
But, oh, so cold!

COURSE NOTES

Phosphorus presents some notes he took in his courses at the Institute last term. These notes are not complete, a number of pencil sketches which originally accompanied them having been omitted for the sake of economy.

RULES OF ADVANCED COMPOSITION

A course for students who have taken elementary and intermediate composition.

A. Never write the whole theme in one sentence; this destroys clarity.

Ex. Once upon a time there lived a little girl who had a grandmother with big teeth to eat you dear but she was saved by somebody or other the end.

B. Don't make sentences too complete.

Ex. The man whose uncle who had eaten a man and who had made whoopee had asked a woman who was well known and who was not proud to marry his son's railroad engineer because he who had guts was no good was no good.

C. Don't make sentences too simple.

Ex. I am a student. I flunked. I am no longer a student.

D. Use the periodic sentence for effect.

Ex. Don't write "You are a sob," but "You are a s. o. b."

E. Never use ain't.

Ex. Ain't "ain't" a nice word? No, it ain't.

F. Use commas to set off clauses.

Ex. If you cared, for me, you would, care for me.

Suggested theme topics:

Rain as a Hobby.

Causal relations of man and mouse.

Skiing in the Bronx Alps.

Through Harlem with Gin and Camera.

Home Life in Scollay Square.

Biological Reproduction

Parents' approval must be had for registration in this course.

Basic theory: 1 plus 1 equals 3.

Methods of reproduction.

Cells: These start with one prisoner and end up overcrowded.

Worms: You chop them up and each end becomes a new worm.

Bees: When Boston Baseball teams die, they become bees.

Butterflies: These are slugs which crawl out and become butter-flies, like in a poem. (Like in lots of poems.)

Lizzards: These come from eggs somehow or other.

Storks: These come from eggs, too.

Rabbits: These come from Easter eggs.

Cats and Dogs: It rains these.

Calves: These are born from cows.

Colts: These are all "out of" and "by."

Man: Stork brings these.

Quintuplets: A secret process. (Copyrighted. All rights sold to newsreels.)

The following are actual problems taken from "Genetics", the textbook of G71. These problems will be found in the appendix of that book.

Pedigree Plotting:

1. Adam and Eve had two sons, Romeo and Remus. Romeo married Juliet and they had seven children, as follows: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Mary, Martha, and Solomon.

2. George had two older brothers and a younger sister. He married Lucy. They had a pair of twins, Amos and Andy, a daughter Susan, and two other sons. Peter and Paul.

3. Alexander and Minerva had two sons, Romeo and Remus. Romeo was an albino. Remus married Romola and they had four children, Xanthippe, Cleopatra, Noah, and Socrates. Noah married Edythe and they had a son, Shem, and afterwards twins, Ham and Lizzie. Ham was an albino.



"Say Joe get us two dates for the Prom—SS"

DRIBLETS OF THE MIND

The following items are miscellaneous thoughts that we couldn't find a place for elsewhere in the magazine. One of the items is by all rights a Voo Doing, but it arrived too late for that page. As for the title of this page, we thought of calling it Pot Pourri, but so many things have been called Pot Pourri that we decided not. So to be original, we have created a new department for Voo Doo. Whether this department will ever appear again in Voo Doo's history is somewhat problematical, but we rather imagine that it will.

Tech Men

I'd like to meet a Tech man someday who isn't conscious of his eminence as such, a man who never makes what are best described as "Tech man remarks." Of course there are varying

degrees of Techmanity, from the pest whose dinner conversation includes "Please pass the NaCl and the H₂O," to the man who, on the least provocation, gives learned discussions on the efficiency of the steam turbine. Then of course there is the nut who describes his females with everything from triple integrals to ionization constants. But of all these parasitic forms of life, the worst, I think, is the man whom we have all heard in the movies announcing loudly that all those fancy set-ups in that chem lab are useless fakes; put in for the sake of looks. WE knew that in the first place; most of those who didn't know, don't care; those who do care should not be disillusioned; anyhow nobody at all cares when the man on the screen is just being stabbed in the back with a revolver as he always is.

Mouse Fan

Phos has seen lots of queer things in his day, such as collegiate couples attending basketball games in Flowing Dress and Soup and Fish, but it will be a long time until he catches another glimpse of a set of tails buying two tickets for the Repertory Theater—playing a three-hour bill of Mickey Mouse. The tails in question were hanging in back of a Tech stude, but whether they belonged to him or not is problematical. The same crack goes for the girl who was with him.

Face Washing

One of the least known and most technical of sports there is is washing the face. Few people have any adequate idea of how this is done, and there are still fewer who can do it. In fact there is only one ten-goal face washer alive at the present time. Many people who have only a vague idea of what face washing is think that it is a simple process. Far from it. It is very difficult and takes time and practice.

The difficulty, of course, varies with the face. I have known a single small pimple on a face to lose a game for a face washer. And a wrinkled brow is practically impossible to surmount.

Of course, it is necessary to learn to overcome the natural obstacles. The nose is a terrific handicap, especially when running. The mouth is only a minor matter if the washer doesn't mind the taste of soap. And of course any washer worthy of the name is used to that. But the eyes are the big trouble. No man has ever gotten used to the inevitable soap in the eyes.

Moral: Why wash.



And then there was the little girl who signed her arithmetic paper Mae West because she "done 'em wrong."



"Oh Bilgy, I have to remember my career"

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AN INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR BLOTZ OF TECHNOLOGY

Q. Will you please take the stand, Professor Blotz? You *are* a professor, aren't you?

A. I profess to be, yes. (Heh-heh).

Q. You're a professor, all right. Will you please tell the jury just what your position entails?

A. Well, gentlemen, it's this way: I teach a course in Pure and Applied Elasticity of Crepe Paper at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for which—

Q. Just a minute, Professor. Is that all you teach—that one course?

A. Oh, my, no. I also conduct a bi-weekly seminar in The More Difficult Aspects of Curvilinear Extrapolation, which takes up much of my time, as you can see.

Q. I can see that very plainly, Professor. Continue, please.

A. Oh, yes. Where was I? Ah—my course in Applied Elasticity. For my work in that course I command a yearly stipend of—must I tell that?

Q. It is a very salient point in this investigation. Proceed.

A. Very well, then. My annual salary is \$16,500. I am almost ashamed to admit it, but I expect to do better later. One of my colleagues, who has *two* classes a week, but no seminar, receives appreciably more than that. Of course, the text in my course, written by me, costs the student seven dollars and fifty cents, of which I receive about two-thirds. This adds a few hundred dollars to my income. Then, I am frequently consulted by industrialists in my field, and for each consultation I charge between five and six hundred dollars, depending on the ability of the client to pay.

Q. Those are the chief sources of your livelihood, Professor? Tell us more.

A. Well, as a part of my job, I am compelled to do a certain amount of research in my field every year. But I usually manage to combine that with my consultations and kill two birds with one stone, as it were. Do you

Q. You sound like a Course XV man, Professor. That is sound business.

A. As a matter of fact, I did graduate in Course XV. None of us professors ever teach what we studied as undergraduates. Also, I am given certain privileges about the Institute, such as being allowed by the Trustees to park my automobile in a reserved space provided for the faculty. This often annoys the students, because the parking space is really much too large for the faculty.

Q. I think I would be annoyed, myself. One more question, Professor. Besides being an educated man, what would you say were your qualifications for being a college professor?

A. That's not a difficult question to answer. My chief qualifications are that I detest children, have no sense of humor, play an unflinching poor game of squash, and know absolutely nothing of teaching.

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Q. Those are the chief sources of your livelihood, Professor? Tell us more.

A. Well, as a part of my job, I am compelled to do a certain amount of research in my field every year. But I usually manage to combine that with my consultations and kill two birds with one stone, as it were. Do you understand?

Q. You sound like a Course XV man, Professor. That is sound business.

A. As a matter of fact, I did graduate in Course XV. None of us professors ever teach what we studied as undergraduates. Also, I am given certain privileges about the Institute, such as being allowed by the Trustees to park my automobile in a reserved space provided for the faculty. This often annoys the students, because the parking space is really much too large for the faculty.

Q. I think I would be annoyed, myself. One more question, Professor. Besides being an educated man, what would you say were your qualifications for being a college professor?

A. That's not a difficult question to answer. My chief qualifications are that I detest children, have no sense of humor, play an unflinching poor game of squash, and know absolutely nothing of teaching.

Q. Thank you, Professor Blotz.

SEEN AT THE PROM

Here's to the girls with laughing lips,
Smiling eyes and swinging hips!
Here's to the girls with golden hair,
Beautiful legs, and that certain air
Pleasingly smooth, and quite debonair
They'll be at the Prom, Will you be there?



There is a girl to whom I write,
And she's the best I've ever met.
She is so kind, so sweet, so nice,
I think a lot of you, Nannette.
I see her now as clear as day,
Her eyes so blue, her hair Brunette.
Oh why is she so far away?
I think of you a lot, Nannette.
But then I asked her to the Prom.
She answered promptly, "I regret."
I'm not the only one she loves,
A lot I think of you, Nannette.



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V-8

In Boccaccio, it's frankness;
In Robelais, it's life,
In a professor, it's clever,
And in a college comic, it's smutty.



A girl from out west of St. Paul
Made a newspaper dress for this ball
She made a great hit,
Till somehow she got lit,
And burned, funny section and all.



She: "You say they arrested that dancer for no reason at all?"

He: "No, for no gauze at all."



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AT 81 HE CAPERS IN STREET
ON 105 YEAR OLD SKATES

—*Chicago Tribune.*

My, what is this new generation
coming to.



MARRIAGE NOT A TUG-OF-WAR

—*Boston Post.*

We didn't think it was.



VENZKE NIPS CUNNINGHAM
3.49:9 FOR 1500 METERS

BEATS TIME SUPPLY;
ROSEMONT IS THIRD,
DISCOVERY IS SEVENTH

—*Boston Herald.*

Where was Weissmuller all that
time?



BOY WHO GOT LION IN LAP
'NOT OVER BEING SCARED'

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

We can't blame him!

OWNER FATHERS \$112,000 HORSE

—*Boston Herald.*

Noble Sire!



"The Heart papers are performing
a great national service in bringing
to the attention of the American
people the militant Communistic cam-
paign to instill Communism, atheism,
and class warfare into the minds of
our American youth.

You guess what Boston paper this
is from.



MAN ADMITS HE SLEW COUPLE,
BURNED BODIES WITH
TIME-CLOCK DEVICE

—*Boston Herald.*

A Tech man, no doubt.



NOSE MERITS RECOGNITION
AS AID, SCIENTIST FINDS

Sniffing Useful in Research in
Laboratories, He Says

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

'Snuff said.

CHARGES WIFE KEPT HIM
DRUNK; ASKS DIVORCE

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Well, what's he kicking about.



TRICK TO GAG

SMITH UNLIKELY

—*Boston Herald.*

Unlikely or Impossible?



WANTED BABIES, HUBBY DIDN'T

—*Boston Post.*

Had Babies!



DIGNITY OF R. I. SENATE

IS RUFFLED

—*Boston Post.*

Tut, tut, Senators!

THRILL IN STORE

FOR BOSTON GIRLS

Jumpers Purchased in Adams Will be Used for Party on Beacon Hill Tonight.

—North Adams Transcript.

Broad Junmpers?



TEMPLE DEGREE

FOR PRESIDENT

—Boston Herald

A new candidate? We thought his name was Simon.



LOCAL GIRLS

DON SNOW TROUSERS

... Nine out of ten of the young women who ventured out of doors in the afternoon and evening stalked along trying to look unconcerned in snow suits complete with pants. Those who didn't have 'em, for the most part stayed home . . .

—North Adams Transcript



HARVARD NAMES

HENRY JAMES

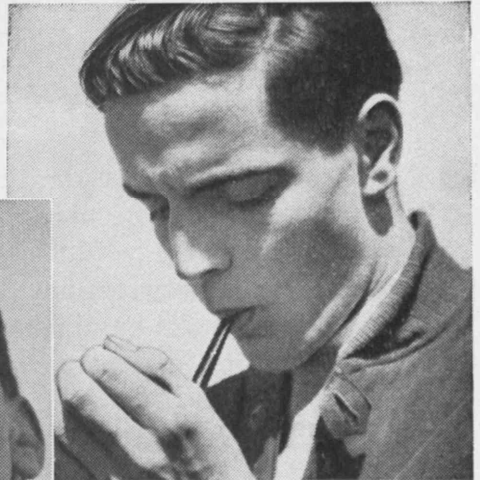
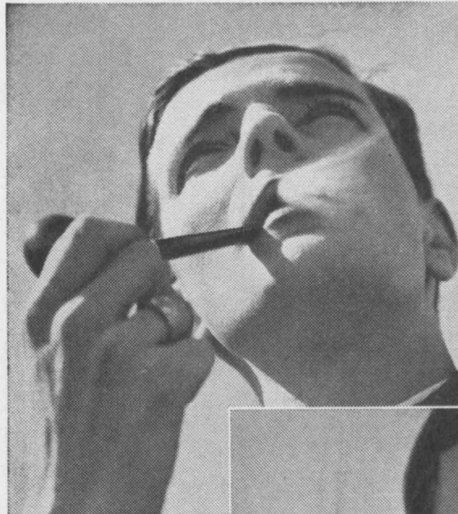
—Boston Herald

His parents did that!



Get all the Smoke you pay for!

1 "I hear Edgeworth Junior is great stuff . . . We'll see . . . First few puffs certainly taste fine."



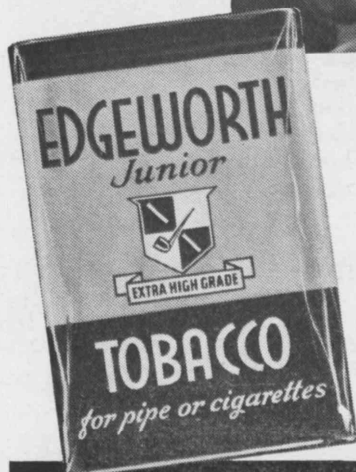
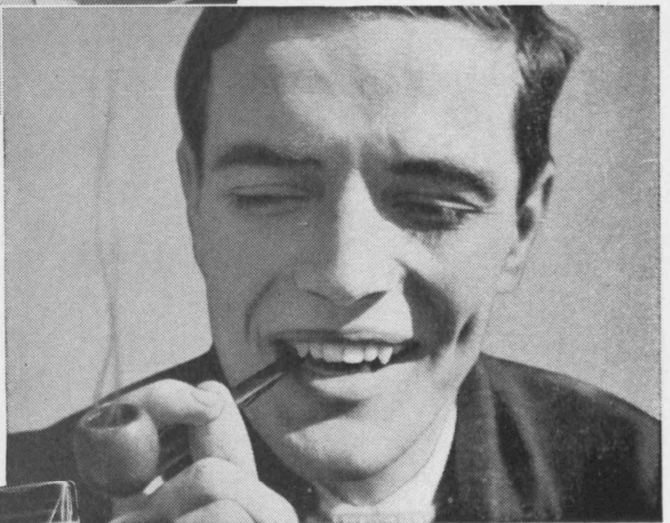
2 "Half-way and still good. I used to unload here. Maybe it's good for another drag or two."

3 "Say! . . . I'm sticking to Edgeworth Junior. It's so mild you can smoke it **ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL!**"

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A TIN



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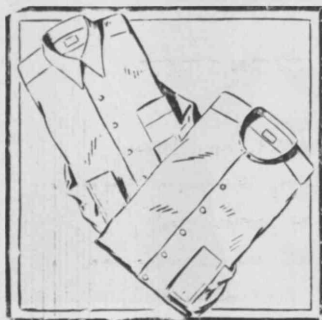
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"TECH COOP"

76 Massachusetts Ave.

Soph: "Why is a crack in a chair bottom like a traffic policeman?"

Sophess: "I couldn't say."

Soph: "They'll both pinch you if you don't park right."



"Lady, you'll have to pay half-fare for that boy."

"But, conductor, he's only four years old."

"Well, he looks like a six-year old."

"Sir, I have been married only four years."

"Lady, I'm not asking for a confession. I'm asking for a half-fare."

—*Yale Record.*



"Mother, dear," said Little Audrey, "would you mind getting up from that chair for a moment so that I can see if the kitty's still asleep?"

—*Sundial.*



She was peeved and called him "Mr."

Not because he went and kr.

But because just before,

As she opened the door.

This same Mr. kr. sr.

—*Dodd.*



DRIVER

1-c—Say, Mister, what's the difference between a male and female worm?

4-c—A male worm puts out its hand when it turns.

—*Annapolis Log.*

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of an English Inn, the George and Dragon. "D'you think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.

—*Exchange.*



Mother—"What are you reading, Johnnie?"

Johnnie—"La Vie Parisienne, Mother."

Mother—"Oh, allright then; I thought you were reading one of those college comic magazines."

—*Froth.*



Ingenious, these sophomores. When a certain bunch of sophs found the glass broken out of the door to their calc room they took advantage of the situation by chalking a sign on the outside of the door reading, "Beer-10c." However, when hundreds of grinning countenances had passed the opening a genius among the sophs in the room lettered on the INSIDE of the door a sign reading, "3 Shots—10c." A dandy time was had by all.



A young married couple started out with the baby to buy a baby carriage. They purchased one, put the baby in it and were wheeling it along the street, when they became conscious of the smiles of the passers-by and wondered thereat until they got home, when they noticed that the clerk had omitted to remove the sign from the carriage. It read, "Our Own Make."

—*Pointer.*

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629 Washington Street	332 Massachusetts Ave.
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6 Pearl Street	437 Boylston Street
540 Commonwealth Ave.	26 Bromfield Street
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Connect 20,000 volts across a pint. If the current jumps it, the product is poor.

If the current causes a precipitation of lye, tin, arsenic, iron slag and alum, the whiskey is fair.

If the liquor chases the current back to the generator, you've got good whiskey.

—Pelican.

"Gosh, but I'm overworked."
"What are you doing?"
"Oh, this and that."
"When?"
"Now and then."
"Where?"
"Here and there."
"You sure do need a vacation."

—Punch Bowl.

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NO KISSES, BOY FRIEND, TILL YOU KILL
THAT TOBACCO BREATH WITH A
CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVER

(Continued from Page 3)

staged, acted, and directed show, and highly recommended for an entertaining and enjoyable evening.

DESIRE

"Desire" sees the reuniting of Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper for the first time since "Morocco," and the team retains all of its former excellence. The story, which takes place in the Spanish Riviera, concerns the adventures of a woman accused as a jewel thief and an American automobile manufacturer whom she meets and loves. The picture is ably directed by Frank Borzage, and this, combined with excellent acting makes the picture one which should not be missed.

COLLEEN

"Colleen" is the latest of the Warner Musicals. Boasting an all star cast studded with such names as Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, and Paul Draper, a dancer, new to the movies, who dances very ably as Miss Keeler's new partner. The story as usual in musicals, is of secondary importance, but the picture is crowded with laughs, and among the new tunes from this show are: "You Gotta Know How to Dance," "Summer Night," and "I Don't Have To Dream," sung by Mr. Powell, and "Boulevardier From The Bronx," sung by Mr. Oakie. Gayety and song are the keynote of this, one of Warner's best.




Mary had a little lamb.
Its fleece was white as snow,
She took it to Pittsburgh
And now look at the damned thing.

—Cornell Widow.




Extravagance: Where a shapely girl wearing a short skirt buys an expensive hat.

—Sundial.



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The whole town is talking!



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

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SNAPPY MUSIC
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A true disciple of music is one who upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom puts his ear to the keyhole.



The storm was severe. Rivers overflowed their banks in Alabama and Mississippi and broke a dam in North Carolina . . .

—*News Broadcast.*

Yes, sir, it was some storm.



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"Operator, get me the amateur program."

"Hello. Amateur program?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think I'm out with one of your gang. Come and get her."

—*Punch Bowl.*



A big game hunter went out one morning without a gun or camera. On the trail he met a lioness. She made a jump at his head and he ducked. She jumped again and missed. Three times she overjumped. The last time she disappeared over a little knoll. He thought this rather queer, so he peeked over the hill, and there was the lioness practicing shorter jumps.

—*Columns.*



O-ED TO A CO-ED

She can cook,

She can sew.

She knows what makes this buggy go.

And when it stops

She knows the trick,

That makes it run again damn quick.

—*Widow.*



"Is this the Salvation Army?"

"Yes."

"Do you save bad women?"

"Yes."

"Well, save a couple for me for Saturday night."

—*Lyre.*



We remember hearing somewhere or other that they had to discontinue the Roman holidays because of the overhead. The lions were eating up the prophets.

—*Pitt Panther.*

Doe: "Well, so long girls, the keeper is taking me over to another cage tonight."

Deer: "What for?"

Doe: "Oh, just to have a little faun."



FOR SHESME

There was a young sport from Duquesne
Who found himself caught in the resne
Said the young fella,
"I need an umbrella,
Instead of this nobby new quesne."

—Stoic.



There once was a kettle of fudge,
And I fear it was seasoned too mudge.
'Twas put to the use
Of polishing shuse
Where it made an odiferous smudge.

—Royal Gaboon.



"Where you' all goin', niggah?"
"Ah's bein' rushed by Tri Kappah."
"What yo' all mean, Tri Kappah?"
"K. K. K. niggah!"

—The Cornell Widow.



Mrs. Brown: Our little Herby is at the top of his class this week. His father is going to take him to the zoo.

Mrs. Jones: Really? We're sending Willie to college.

—Texas Longhorn.

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HOTEL ASTOR

Entrance TIMES SQUARE

THAT'S NEW YORK!

Fred A. Muschenheim

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MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A certain young man received a telegram from an undertaking establishment of a nearby town informing him that his Aunt Minnie (a very dear relative) had died and that the body was being shipped on to him for burial. On the day that the body arrived at the station the young man was seized with an irrepressible longing to see again the face of his beloved aunt. Ordering the station agent to open the wooden case containing the corpse he gazed in upon the dead one. To his surprise he beheld the body of a general (for such it evidently was) bedecked in uniform, medals and other trappings that belong to our War Heroes. Immediately he wired the undertaker's for an explanation. Soon came a reply: "Please give general quiet funeral. Have buried Aunt Minnie with full military honors."

—Pointer.



TO OUR LAWYERS

Here lies a lawyer,
Weep if you will,
In mercy, kind providence,
Let him lie still.
He lied for his living,
So he lived while he lied:
When he could not lie longer
He lied down and died.

—Sour Owl.



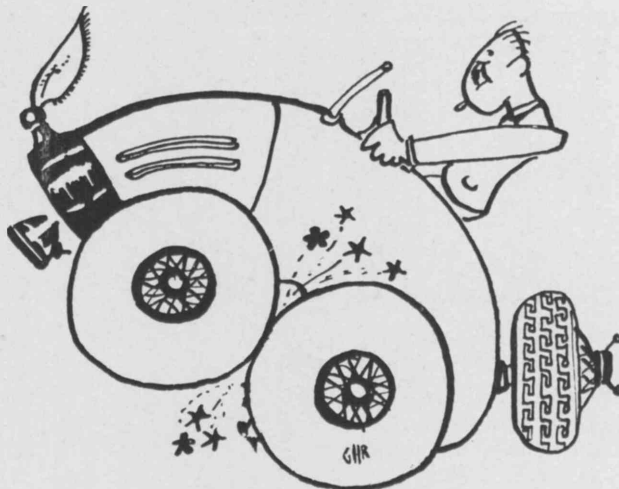
Mary had a little lamb,
A lobster and some prunes,
A glass of milk, a piece of pie,
And then some macaroons.
It made the naughty waiters grin
To see her order so,
And when they carried Mary out
Her face was white as snow.

—Aggievator.



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THAT SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM

THE ONE I WANT IS IN THAT HERD

I GO GET BEATERS

WHEW! THAT WAS A JOB — HERE'S WHERE I SMOKE A CAMEL

"SMOKE? YOU BET-CAMELS! THEY ARE SO MILD THEY NEVER GET MY WIND OR UPSET MY NERVES—AND WHAT A SWELL TASTE!"

Frank Buck

"AT A SIGNAL THE ELEPHANTS ARE STAMPEDED TOWARD THE TRAP"

"THE ENRAGED HERD, MADDENED BY THE NOISE, THUNDERS BLINDLY INTO THE KRAAL —"

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!

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