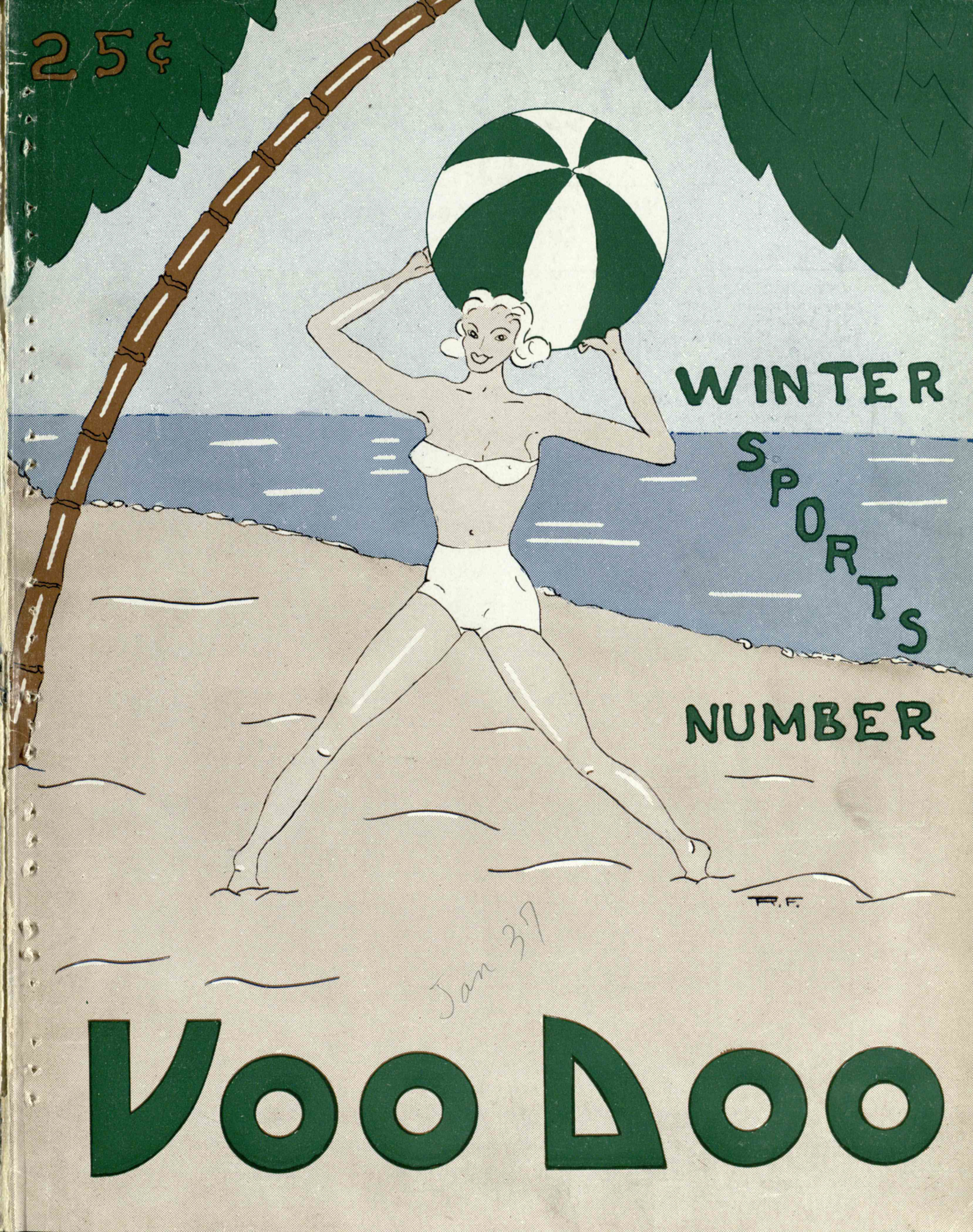


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WINTER

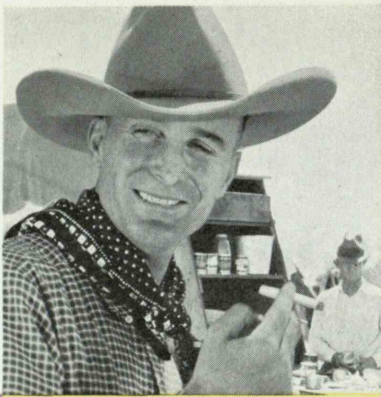
SPORTS

NUMBER

Jan 37

VOODOO

8 mg
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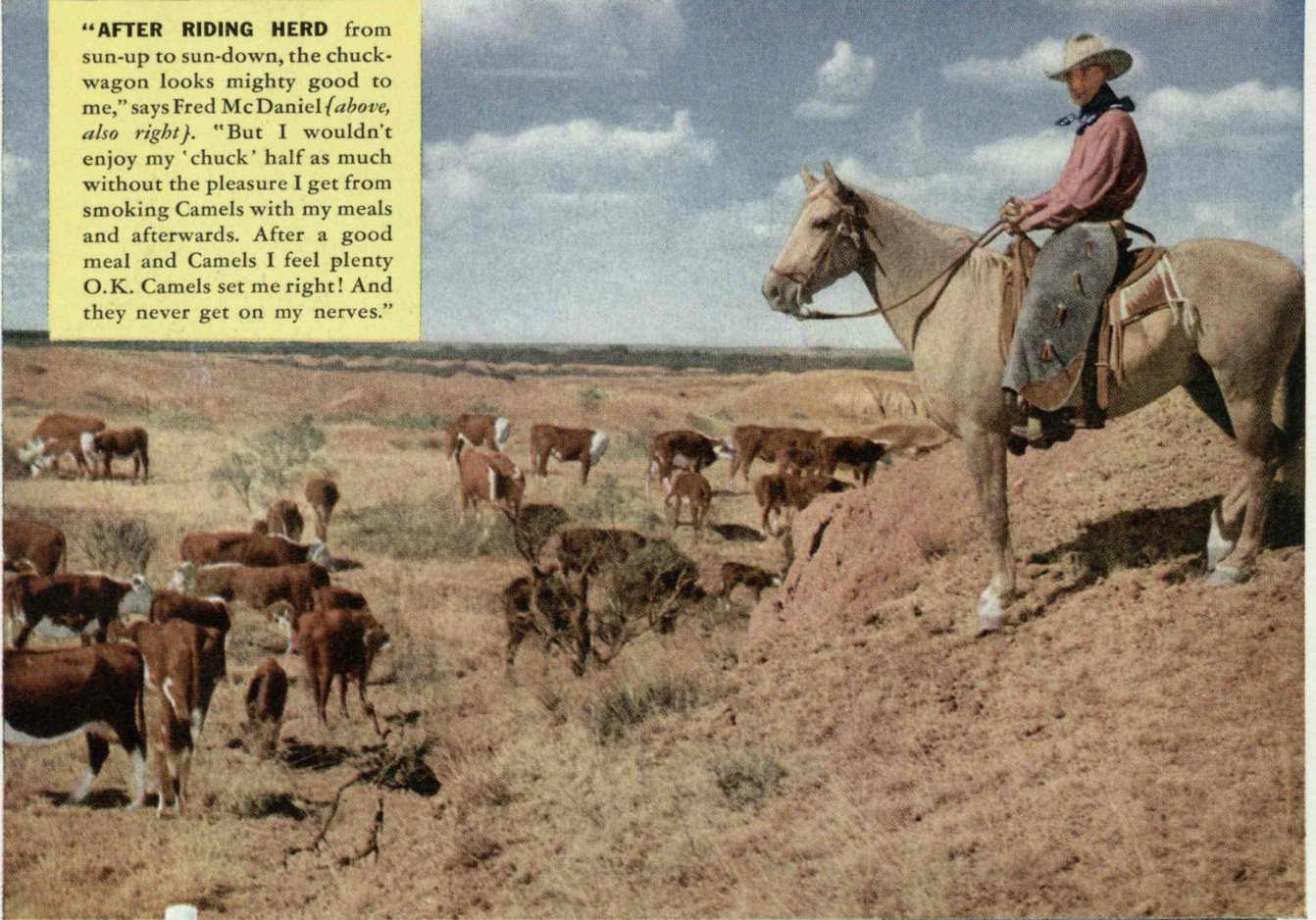


"For Digestion's Sake Smoke Camels!"

**"MIGHTY GOOD ADVICE," SAYS THIS
HARD-RIDING TEXAS COW PUNCHER**

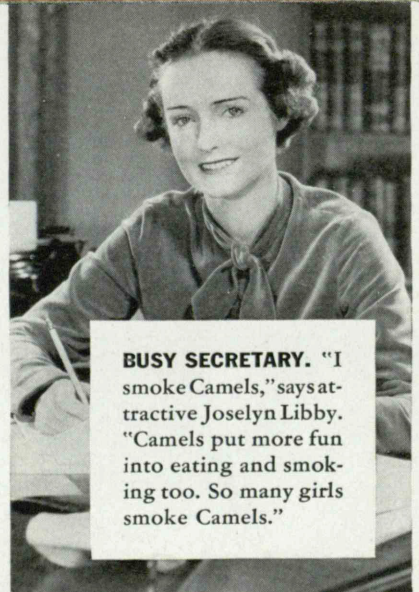
Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"AFTER RIDING HERD from sun-up to sun-down, the chuck-wagon looks mighty good to me," says Fred McDaniel (above, also right). "But I wouldn't enjoy my 'chuck' half as much without the pleasure I get from smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards. After a good meal and Camels I feel plenty O.K. Camels set me right! And they never get on my nerves."



Smoking Camels, you enjoy a sense of ease while eating, and afterwards too!

WHAT Fred McDaniel says about Camels is backed up 100% by baseball's "Iron Man," Lou Gehrig—by Frank Buck, of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame—by Eleanor Tennant, outstanding woman tennis coach—and by millions of other Camel smokers in all walks of life. Enjoy Camels at every meal. They speed up the flow of digestive fluids. Increase alkalinity. Help you enjoy food. Camels set you right!



BUSY SECRETARY. "I smoke Camels," says attractive Joselyn Libby. "Camels put more fun into eating and smoking too. So many girls smoke Camels."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

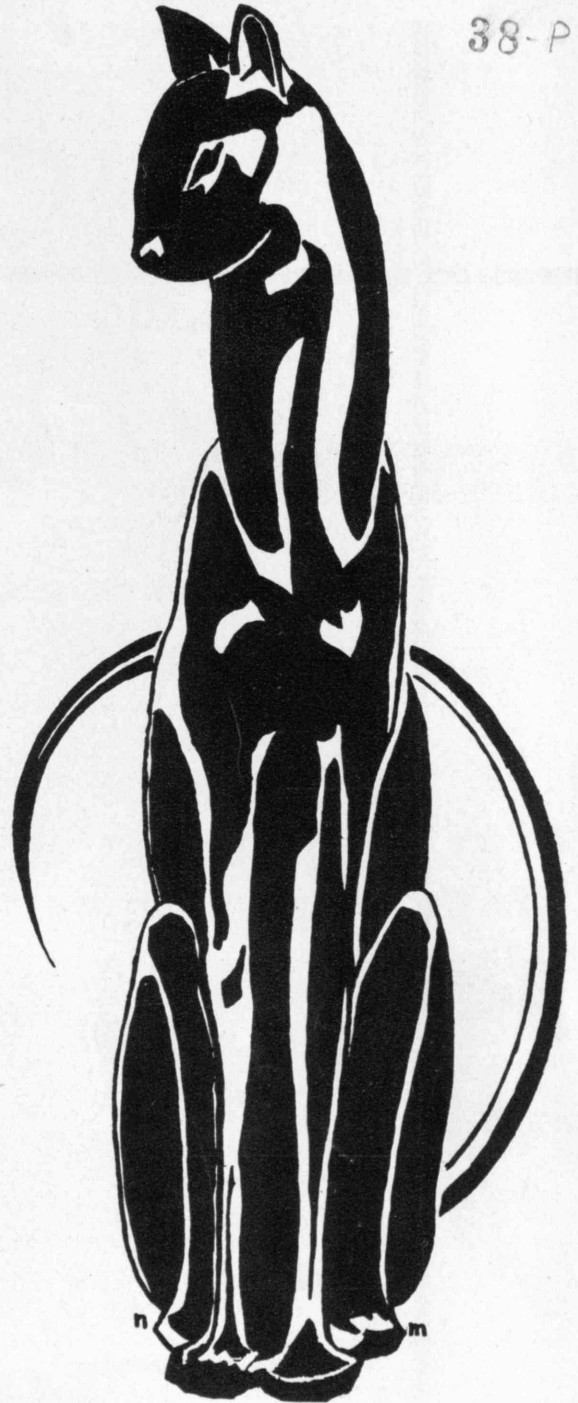
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VOO DOO
Winter Sports Number
January, 1937

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Voo Doo

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WINTER SPORTS

Realizing that the slide rule is more essential than skiis to the Tech engineer's winter sports, Phos nevertheless tries with this issue to bring to the black-boarded walls in Cambridge a breath of the wintry outdoors. If, as a result of scanning the pages following, the reader pauses on the steps of Pratt and, breathing deeply, imagines himself poised on the crest of a snowy slope with skiis on his feet and clouds about his head, Phos will be content.

BEYOND THE PALE

Restlessly climbing about the other day, Phos found himself, surprisingly, atop the Library Dome. Looking off toward the blue horizon, he saw, beyond the Charles, people millions of them. Near at hand were crowds of men in overalls and old clothes, carrying automobile wrenches and cargo booms, hurling labor disputes and strikes at a group of silk-hatted magnates who retaliated with injunctions. Beyond a narrow strip of blue water a similar crowd of men, armed with airplanes and machine guns was opposing more magnates, armed in the same manner. Behind the mobs were jesticulating men on pedestals, pushing them toward each other. As far as Phos could see were the same heaving masses, with faces of white, black and yellow. He looked down, shaken, at the happy youths below him, pursuing their tasks behind the all too temporary protection of a few acres of glass and stone wall. Scrambling down, a sadder and wiser cat, he buried his fears for his offspring in a page of VooDooings, but the memory of the seething strife outside was hard to dispel.

BLESSED EVENT

Phos returned from a date the other night with a guilty look, and this month he's passing out cigars. The reason — several midseason additions to his flock of busy kittens. Their names are listed on this page, and Phos is justifiably proud of them.



JOHN GOLDEN *presents*

PHILIP MERIVALE

in

“And Now Good-bye”

with MARGUERITE CHURCHILL

begins PLYMOUTH

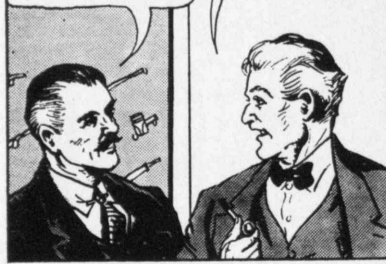
January 18—for Two Weeks

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

POLYNESIAN PIPE

I'VE SEEN PIPES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, JUDGE, BUT NONE FROM THE POLYNESIAN SOUTH SEA ISLAND GROUPS

FRANKLY, THE SOUTH SEAS ARE A POOR HUNTING GROUND FOR A PIPE COLLECTOR



SMOKING IS A FAIRLY RECENT INNOVATION THERE. LET ME FILL MY PIPE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT



PRINCE ALBERT? SAY, DO YOU MIND IF I TRY IT?

CAPTAIN COOK, THE EXPLORER, WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO DISCOVER MANY OF THE ISLANDS. NATURALLY, THE BRITISH SEAMEN CARRIED PIPES AND TOBACCO ASHORE



THE NATIVES TRIED SMOKING - LIKED IT - AND TODAY MAKE A RATHER CURIOUS PIPE ALL THEIR OWN

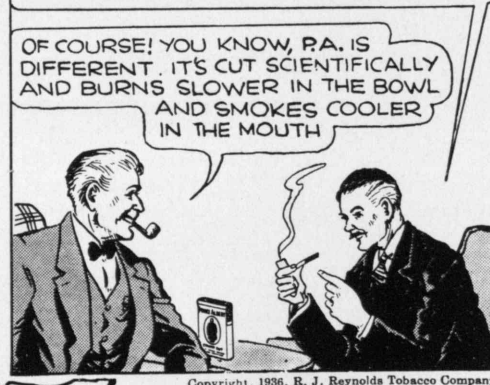


HERE IT IS - A SOUTH SEA PIPE MADE FROM A SEA-SHELL. IT MAKES A SURPRISINGLY COOL SMOKE



NO COOLER THAN THIS PIPE I'M SMOKING NOW

IT ALWAYS SMOKED HOT BEFORE, BUT WITH PRINCE ALBERT EVERY PUFF IS AS GENTLE AS A SUMMER BREEZE



OF COURSE! YOU KNOW, P.A. IS DIFFERENT. IT'S CUT SCIENTIFICALLY AND BURNS SLOWER IN THE BOWL AND SMOKES COOLER IN THE MOUTH

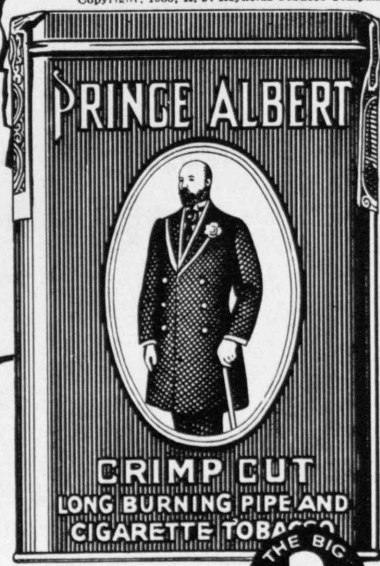
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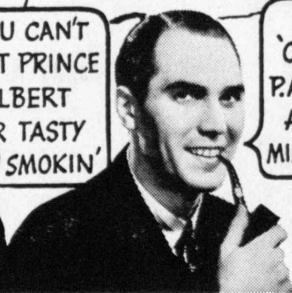
MEN, TAKE UP P.A.'S 'GET-ACQUAINTED' OFFER

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
 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 Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

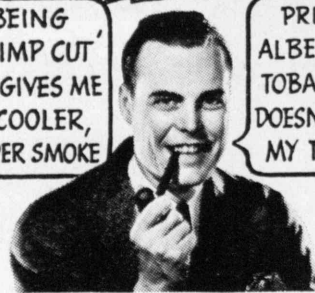
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



YOU CAN'T BEAT PRINCE ALBERT FOR TASTY SMOKIN'



BEING 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. GIVES ME A COOLER, MILDER SMOKE

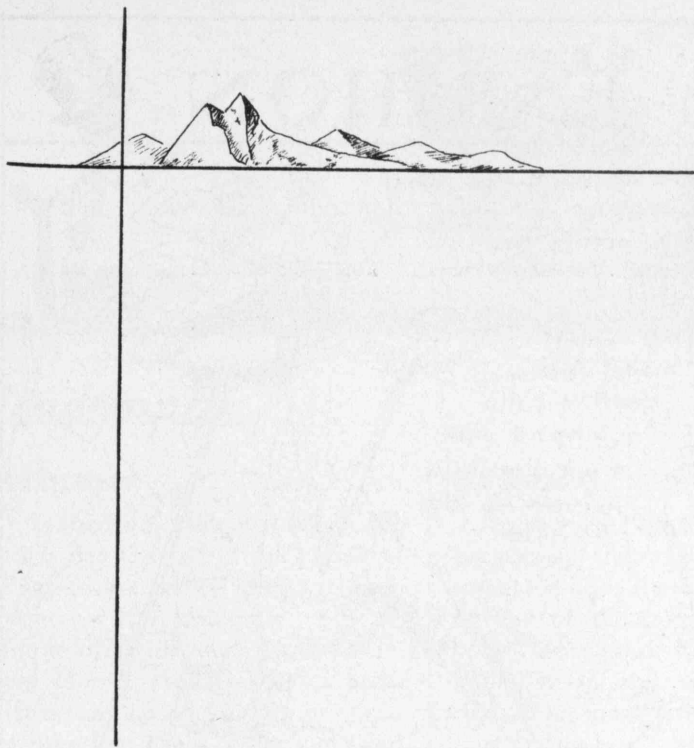


PRINCE ALBERT'S MY TOBACCO. IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE

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

THE BIG **2** OUNCE RED TIN

- AND PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL "MAKIN'S" TOO!



J. J. J.



HIGHEST FASHION



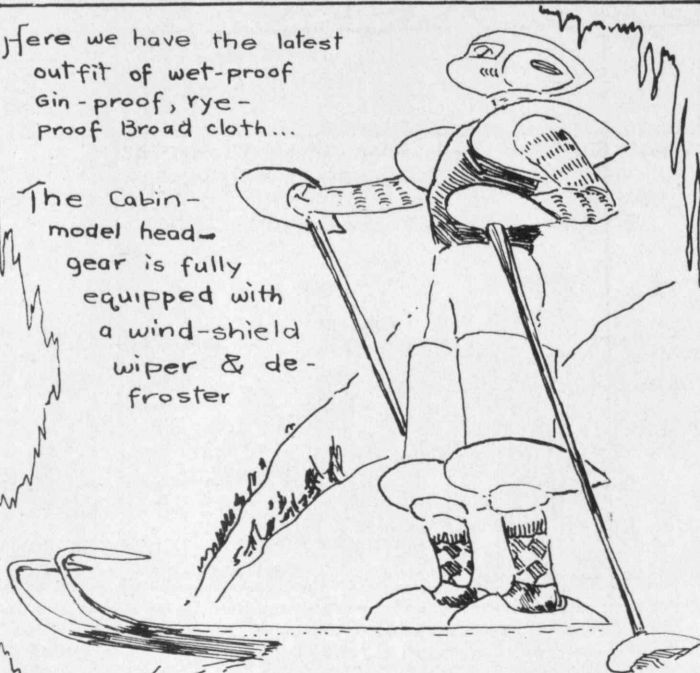
For the man from
the town.....
Cuffs on sleeves
are correct.....
The red carnation
makes him look
chique



Cutaway
Tails should
be well padded

Here we have the latest
outfit of wet-proof
Gin-proof, rye-
proof Broad cloth...

The Cabin-
model head-
gear is fully
equipped with
a wind-shield
wiper & de-
froster

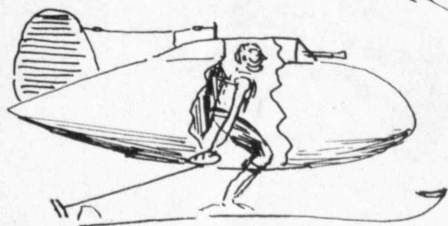
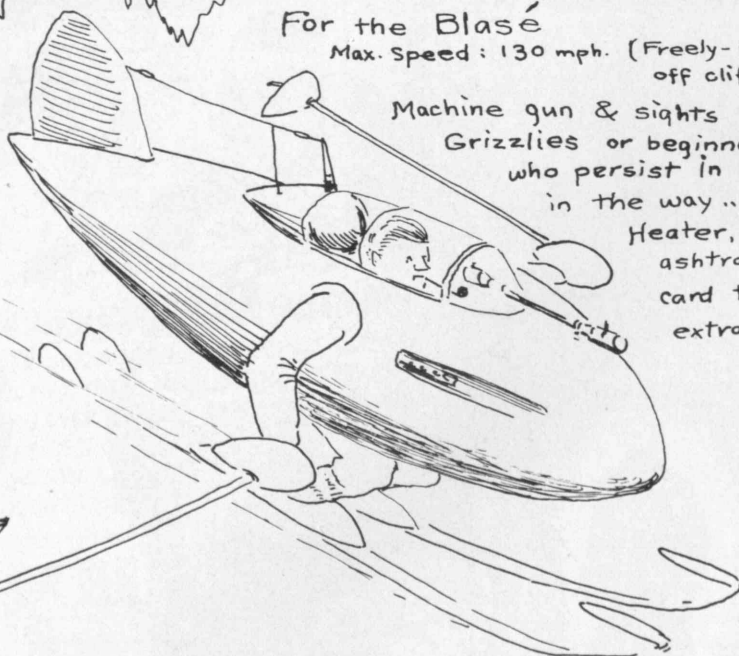


For the Blasé

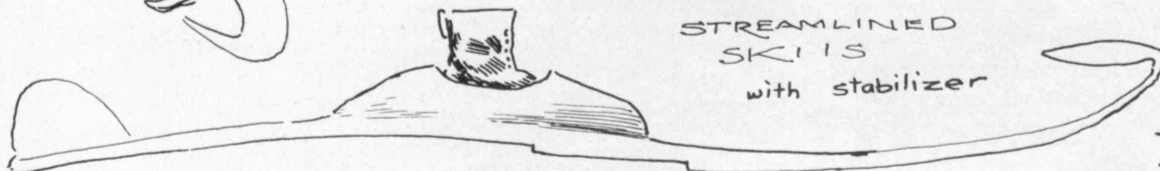
Max. Speed: 130 mph. (Freely-falling
off cliff)

Machine gun & sights for
Grizzlies or beginners
who persist in getting
in the way.....

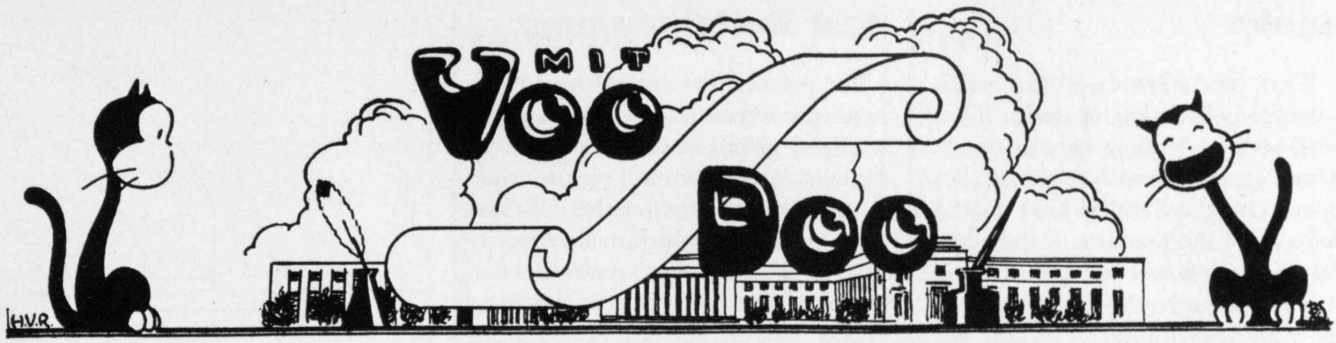
Heater, radio,
ashtray, and
card table at
extra cost.



STREAMLINED
SKIIS
with stabilizer



I.T.O.



Voodooings . . .

Stigma

A Harvard student told us the other day that all of the houses at Harvard are named after past presidents of the university. For example there is Lowell House, Dunster House, etc. Only two presidents have missed this honor. One, ex-president Eaton, made somewhat too fat a profit on the school dining table and was dismissed. The other never misbehaved, but he just plain missed the boat. He was ex-president Hoare.



Variety

A friend of ours, a Mr. Brown, stopped the other night at a small Cambridge restaurant for a glass of beer. He seated himself comfortably and presently the waitress, a pleasant, roomy sort of person, appeared and asked what would he have. Our friend said that he would like a glass of beer, please. The waitress started off to the depths of the place, then, hesitated and returned to the table to ask our friend what kind of beer he would like. Our Mr. Brown, amazed at the apparent variety the place offered, asked what kinds of beer could be had. "We have," said the waitress, "one kind. That's Ruppert's." Mr. Brown sighed and said that he would, in fact, love some Ruppert's. Vastly pleased, the waitress wrote upon her card "One beer" and went off to fill the order.

Science

It was during the Christmas shopping season that a mother took her small son into the toy department of one of the large stores. The boy's fancy was captured by a hobby horse, and he demanded a ride. The mother, not wishing to start giving him inhibitions on the subject of riding hobby horses let him do so. After a few minutes she wished to leave, but the boy still wanted to ride. She knew it would be very poor child psychology to take him away until he wanted to go so let him ride on and on. Closing time came, and the ride continued. The mother pleaded, the salesman pleaded, even the manager pleaded but the child wouldn't leave. Finally the store psychologist was summoned. He took one glance at the situation, and then whispered something in the child's ear. The boy promptly got off the horse and quietly walked out of the store with his mother. Of course the salesman were amazed and asked what he had said to the boy. "Oh, I just said, 'If you don't get down off that hobby horse, you little brat, I'll break every bone in your body.'"



Prosperity

Our nomination for the silliest song lyric of the year is the peachey rhyme of "Pennies From Heaven". Every time it rains it rains hooley from Hollywood.

Gourmets

They are two freshmen and are apparently closely related. One is a co-ed. Every day at lunch hour they go into the Walker Cafeteria as do so many other Tech Students, for lunch. Once in the large dining hall they seat themselves at a table and from a paper bag brought with them, they take out sandwiches which they calmly eat in defiance of the Walker service. When this hunger is satisfied they depart together.



The Show Goes On

During the stay in Boston of the Ballet Russe, a call was put in for 24 Tech students to take mob scene parts in Scheherazade. When the men who had signed up arrived for the performance, they were given brief instruction in their "parts." But first the director asked for two men who would have to do a little more acting than the rest. They would stand above the rest, but on the other hand there was really a certain amount of responsibility in their parts. Would anybody volunteer? Twenty-four shrinking violets immediately stepped forward. It being left to the director to choose the two men, he looked the bunch over and picked two likely looking candidates. "All of the rest of you will be soldiers," he announced, "but you two men will be Eunuchs." And by God they were Eunuchs.

Squirt

This one came from South America. One has a bulb filled with ether, with a small nozzle which can be turned on at will. In operation, the hand is held on the bulb until the pressure of the ether inside is sufficient to give a good stream through the nozzle. Then open the nozzle and bathe the leg of the person nearest who is smaller than you are. Ether is pretty cold, and the effect on the general tone of the party is tremendous.



Epicure

One of our cuter freshmen wandered into the office the other day with a most disconsolate look wreathing his usual cheerful features. Without any encouragement at all he proceeded to pour out his woes on the figurative shoulder of our Secretary. His troubles concerned a full dress suit. Preparing for a splurge into the social whirl he had ordered one, and was basking in the joy of its newness when a horrible doubt assailed him. He pulled and tugged, but to no avail. There was something wrong. The coat wouldn't meet in the front. The salesman had assured him that it fitted perfectly, but still he couldn't button it. In fact, there were no button-holes. The grim spectre of uncertainty hovered over him. At the very peak of his triumph he paused—faltered—fell back. "Er . . . But it doesn't button! Shouldn't it button?" He was assured that it shouldn't button—that they never buttoned. However, his day was spoiled—his mood had changed—the spectre still hovered. "I'll have to think it over. Er—I'll let you know."

Add Enlightenment

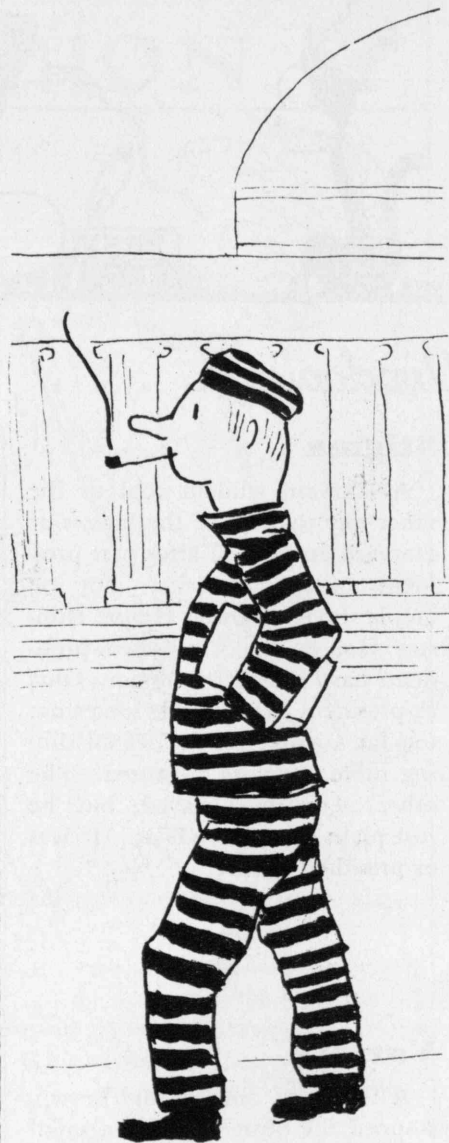
A professor in one of the larger eastern universities was lecturing to a mixed group of Eds and Co-Eds and had told several jokes and stories during the course of his talk, not one of which had so much as evoked a smile from his audience. Toward the end of his lecture, which was on applied geology, he turned his back on the group to illustrate something on the blackboard. "This," he said, still with his back to them, "illustrates a posterior section of an ancient fossil." The room resounded with gales of laughter and the professor at first thought perhaps they had at last caught on to his previous jokes. Then his astonished gaze descended earthward—his pants had fallen down.



Sure-Fire

After thorough investigation of the pros and cons of the matter, accompanied by long experience with its ins and outs, Phos submits the following formula for enjoying a date with any dame.

1. Tie her hands behind her back.
2. Attach a ball and chain to each foot.
3. Stuff her mouth with one rag and tie her jaw up with another.
4. Take her to a lonely house in the middle of a desert.
5. Lock her in a sound-proofed closet in the attic of said building.
6. Go on the date by yourself and you'll have a damn fine time.



"He says it's good"



Half-Fare

We were Christmas shopping, buying a model airplane construction kit for a small brother when a woman walked up to the same counter. She wanted, she informed the salesclerk, a model airplane for her son. "Do you mean a kit?" asked the salesclerk. "Yes," the woman answered, "he's 12 years old."



luck during exams"



Hand-me-down

We always wondered what happened to most of the Freshman ties after Christmas vacation. Well, the other day we found out. In one of the better known Boston hangouts we saw two little brothers of somebody very proudly wearing rather dilapidated red and gray ties.

Novelette

She was dressed in her simplest gown, a black dress that clung in soft silken folds to her slim supple body. About her lovely face her hair was flying like a bright banner and as she suddenly turned about her hazel eyes met those of the handsome, broad-shouldered, fair-haired young giant who was leaning toward her. He stretched out his arms toward her, "Oh, I'm so sorry, but you can't," she said smilingly as she shook her head regretfully.

"Please," he was whispering, and his deep blue eyes begged for a favorable answer. "I want it so much. It would mean new life for me. Please say yes."

"I can't, I can't possibly," she answered sighing gently, "though I would do almost anything for you. But the Boss says all double chocolate sundaes are fifteen cents. Fork over that extra nickel."



Celebrant

We were scouting around a little down near the waterfront last New Year's Eve. We passed the usual things: drunks in all stages, sailors and their girl friends, a shooting gallery, a tattoo artist's shop, and numbers of dance halls and beer parlors from which jazz bands and radios sent out strange sounds. One little dive in particular caught our eye. It was lighted by only a few bare bulbs and was practically deserted. At a large table in the center of the room sat a lone sailor, celebrating the night solemnly piecing together a jig saw puzzle.

Peep!

This was *not* overheard in a shower, night club, or sewing circle. It happened in one of the Institute's own English classes. The professor was endeavoring to explain why a paper is sometimes called a news organ. "You see," he explained, "the paper is compared to an organ which plays in loud, forceful notes, commanding attention from all." A pause while the class digested this morsel, then a voice spoke up in the rear of the room. "I guess you'd call 'The Tech' a steam calliope, wouldn't you?"



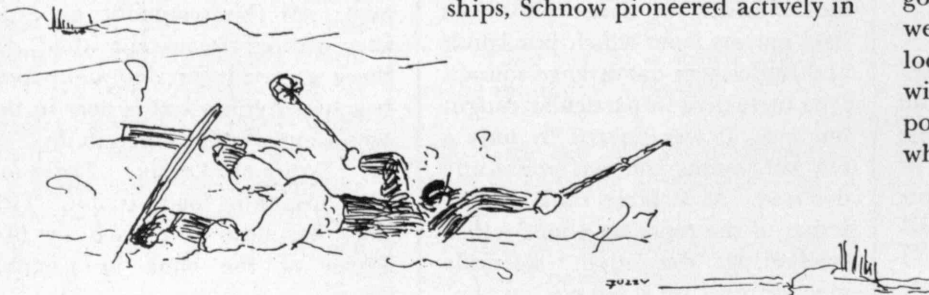
Tainted Money

Professor Whitman of the Chemical Engineering department proved an election expert last November 3. In fact, the Professor was so sure of the outcome of the election that he made several small wagers on it. When the results were made known, Professor Whitman found himself the recipient of checks for sundry amounts. One of these for ten dollars, he deposited in his Kendall Square Bank. The check went through the clearing house, and when it arrived at the bank upon which it was drawn, it was, after some hesitation and phone-calling, paid and the ten dollars credited to Professor Whitman. All this would be an ordinary procedure except that the check was made out on toilet paper. It actually exists and is now in the possession of Mr. Kenneth Bell of the National Leather Company who originally made it out. This story has been confirmed by Mr. Keeler at the bank in Kendall Square.

Winged Sticks

Mistily shrouded in antiquity, the origin of the fascinating art of skiing (or as some, confusing it with another winter sport, pronounce it, sheing) eludes all pursuit and interrogation. Extensive research in the magnificent one-book library of the Outing Club brings only to light the terse and uninformative statement "Skiing is believed to be very old". It is almost safe to assume that it originated somewhere in the North, because it requires snow, possibly not until the "Coming of Man". However an authoritative archaeological film recently released shows quite astonishing pictures of a small black mouse named Micky performing really rather creditable feats with long wooden splints on his feet. So perhaps our assumption that the species "homo sapiens" was the originator of the art is just so much unwarranted cheek.

Pursued by a horde of amatory Valkyries, Wotan fled to earth on two runners made of second growth Carolina white pine, but he was a God, and he could do it. If you try second growth Carolina white pine for your skis, you might as well abandon yourself to the amatory Valkyries. You might as well anyhow. You can't fool us. The



by **bill gibson**

first recorded use Thor, the thunderer, made of his hammer was that of nailing on ski harness for his little daughter Frieda, who promptly went out and fell on her face, as do most beginners. She was so mad that she took out her unladylike wrath on those poor victims of the god's anger since time immemorial, the mortals, and brought down on them the second ice age. This was so bad that, whether learned from the Gods or invented by them independently, the art of skiing came into general use.

The first pair of skis came to America as the luggage of a Swedish hot-dog salesman named Joe, who settled in Miami, Florida. For obvious reasons they received little use, and this had nothing at all to do with their inception in Kennebunkport (formerly Arundel) Maine, where a little fellow named I. Seemore Schnow, of Finnish descent, slipped down a large hill just to the east of town (formerly on the west) on his number twelve shoes. So delighted at the sensation was I. Seemore that he, unsatisfied with the size of his feet, first borrowed his father's size fourteen shoes, and then nailed a couple of barrel staves to the soles of his own. With this primitive equipment, and in the face of great hardships, Schnow pioneered actively in

North American skiing, his most famous trick, the barrel roll, since having been adopted by aviators. Christmas coming around on December 25th that year, Seemore traveled up to Hangover, New Hampshire, where his grandfather, also named Schnow (yes, it is a small world, isn't it) was cooking Smorsgabod for a Mr. E. Wheelock, the faculty of a small day school for Indians (since become Dartmouth College). Seemore took with him, partly because he wanted to, and partly because they were nailed to his shoes, the famed barrel staves.

The fad caught on quickly in Hangover, and in not much less than no time the Indians, always quick to pick up things, were swooping about on the staves from barrels especially imported from Cooperstown, N. Y. Even Mr. Wheelock had a pair, one of which he used to stir a great bowl of New England rum he kept on his study table, and the other of which served as a most useful bottom-whacker for unusually stupid or surly pupils. Since there were a great number of the latter (Wild Bill Hickock once said that the only good Indian was a dead Indian—well, somebody said it) Mr. Wheelock found himself frequently without a left ski, and so he imported a little fellow named Plane who had achieved a rather doubt-



ful fame as a maker of left skis. Piane's left skis bore his famous trademark, "left-over skis," because he always put the left one over the right one instead of the other way.

The production of skis grew so apace that there were more skis in Hangover than you could shake a stick at, and so Wheelock decided to get more Indians. But the Indians wouldn't come, because they didn't like being separated from their squaws so long, so he had to change it into a college, that being the only way he could get people to go so far into the woods. This he did, and in less than a hundred years Hangover was full of college youths darting around on skis, and the hospital was full of broken legs. The boys soon got so proud of their skiing that they devised an ingenious institution called Winter Carnival to give them a chance to show their skill, and to this invited just lots and lots of the country's best girls. This was such an attraction that other college boys manfully endured the trials of the long journey to Hangover for the sake of the rewards to be gained there. The return of these veterans of the north to their homes was the greatest single factor in the wide dissemination of the art of skiing. The fad spread like Mah-

Jong and the Yoho, and in no time the commercial possibilities were realized. Ski-tows, ski-lodges and ski-trains sprang into mushroom-like profusion. Gelandesprung, telemark and Christiana is on everybody's tongue, and skiboats appear with pumps on Broadway. It's as much as your life is worth to try to get around Pennsylvania or South stations on a weekend, you're just as likely to get a ski tip in your eye as you used to be in danger of losing an arm when a red-cap took your grip. And you can't see without an arm. Anybody with a thick German accent can get a very excellent living by posing as a ski instructor and picking up beginners on small snowy slopes in northern New Hampshire. Through trains to Boston are sidetracked to let the ski trains go through, and large ships are fitted up with workshops to fix the skis that cruise passengers break in the Tyrol. Skiing cinemas run for months, and surgeons and plaster-of-paris makers are doing a rushing business.

And thousands of people are finding out about the joys of skiing, the thrilling feeling of the

birds in flight, and the astounding hardness and rigidity of tight-packed snow at forty miles an hour, and the joys of broken ankles, shoulders and heads, and strained ligaments. Without doubt our little Norse goddess Frieda, first to fall on skis, and probably a wiser girl as a result, is looking down on us poor mortals staggering about on long splints of wood, and careening down incredibly steep slopes of wood covered with borax-strewn carpet in department stores in New York, and laughing. We too sometimes laugh, from our flower-garnished hospital rooms and our ether-smelling operating tables. But somehow our laughs seem to lack that heartiness which should accompany the well-laughed laugh, and our grins are frequently a bit on the wry side. For we know that as soon as we are cured we'll be off again, with our boots and our wax and our ski-poles and mittens, to try that slope, that jump or that gelandesprung again. For such is the thrill of skiing.

FUZZY

White Death

by d. m. cole, jr.

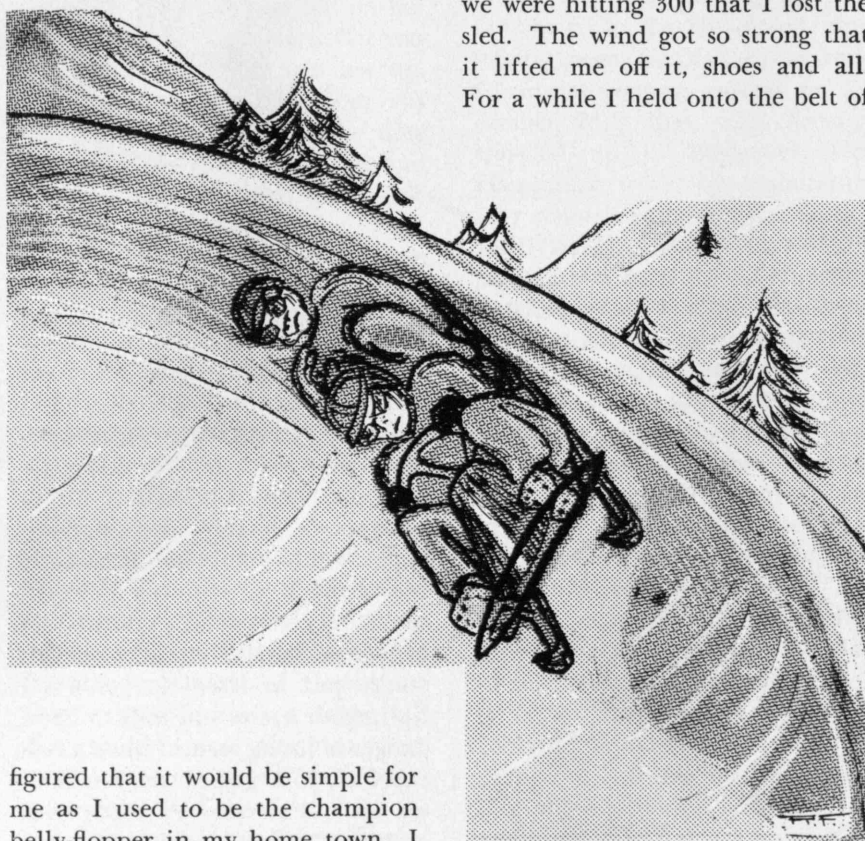
I am just an ordinary American citizen. I have a good job, pay my taxes on time, and vote for Roosevelt. But my family has an insane desire to be a jump ahead of everybody else. I have been dragged thru periods of "The Music Goes 'Round", "Monopoly", "Knock-knock", and a hundred other fads. The last was winter sports and the snow trains.

I got first notice of this latest craze when my family deluged me at Christmas time with a pile of the most extraordinary clothing I'd ever seen. Mentally steeling myself for another ordeal I examined the stuff. There was a wonderful cap that pulled down over one eye, so that I couldn't see out of it. A drooping feather on top poked into my other eye so that I couldn't see out of that one either. I figured that wasn't so bad, as I'd gone thru most of the rest with my eyes shut. Next was a jacket that was intended to be snow proof. No snow up the sleeves or down the neck. This was effected by a system of straps that also stopped all circulation and rendered breathing a real job. Swallowing was entirely out of the question. The mittens were six sizes too large (at this point I was assured that a loose fit was much warmer) and reached clean up to my shoulders. The pants were also a bad fit. They hung on me like the leaves in fall—just barely. The shoes were the prize, tho. Two sizes larger and I could have moved into them. In addition they were ballasted with lead shot to keep the wearer on his feet. Just like one of those rollie-pollies I used to have.

Taking advantage of my dismay the family pounced on me with a plan to go up to New Hampshire the next morning by train. I gave in as it was easier than arguing it out. (That's what I thought then.) The train left Boston at 11 P.M. that night to insure a full day at

the resort. I dozed under the seats, as that was the only place the passengers hadn't thought of sticking their skis. I was exceedingly lucky in that I sustained only a black eye, a broken nose, and two fractured ribs from having apparatus shoved into me.

The family insisted that the best way to learn was to start at the bottom and work up. The bob sled was the easiest because all one did was sit on it—give it a shove—and it did the rest. They reasoned correctly, it did. Before I tried it I



figured that it would be simple for me as I used to be the champion belly-flopper in my home town. I mounted a two-man sled behind a fellow who must have weighed at least 350. I asked if maybe I shouldn't get another sled for myself and not crowd him, only to be told that this was unheard of. Besides, I needed weight to keep the sled on the track. I had those shoes, I don't see what more I needed. I finally consented to being pushed over the edge with this fellow.

There began one of the most hair-curling, blood-freezing ten minutes I ever spent. Only my hair didn't curl, it stood straight on end and shoved off my hat. It was all

right until we began to pick up speed. I got fleeting glances of ice-walls that loomed before us and then shoved the sled to one side with jolts that left my false teeth a mouthful of porcelain chips; of drops that were so violent I had to cram my hand in my throat to keep my insides from spouting out. It didn't help a bit when I saw men with shovels and brooms ready to clean off the track. I'm sure they had been clearing away the pieces of previous tobogganers.

It was on a straight drop when we were hitting 300 that I lost the sled. The wind got so strong that it lifted me off it, shoes and all. For a while I held onto the belt of

my fellow-passenger, flapping behind him like a flag in a gale. It was only when I began to go to pieces like one that I let go. The last mile I traveled on my face, and I beat the sled down by three minutes. My last conscious moments were filled with glimpses of a pile of logs placed across the track to keep the sledders from going any further and getting stuck in a snow-drift.

I hear they took me home in a hearse, as the most appropriate vehicle.

It must be love

I'm a rugged individual
Who's known from far and near
As an athlete, just because my size
Is nothing very mere.

I'm supposed to enjoy all forms of sport,
Summer and winter both.
If only I could have found some way
To stop my mighty growth.

But the point of this verse is the story
Of my attempt at skiing,
When my man took me out into the woods,
But not on my usual spreeing.

He stood me at the top of the hill
And gave me a mighty shove.
I'd never have spoken to him again
If he hadn't been my true love.



I started slowly down the slope,
The hill came up to meet me,
And no matter how hard I tried to stand,
The skis were determined to seat me.

I finally lost my balance.
For onlookers 'twas a treat.
Two feet went in eight directions,
And never the twain shall meet.

I was no longer standing,
But I kept going down that hill.
My speed increased every minute,
It was more than a usual thrill.

I saw a tree before me;
Should I go left or right?
I didn't decide — I merely hit.
Oh, what a terrible sight!

My right foot went to one side,
My left foot to another.
If I ever got home in one piece
I'd never again leave mother.

I landed in one big heap of snow,
'Twas colder than ever before.
It went inside of my clothing,
Through every stitch that I wore.

My darling came sailing past me—
On skis he looked like Apollo.
His form was perfect, in fact divine;
But how could I hope to follow?

I merely sat. I couldn't move.
I ached in every joint.
A few oak splinters can still be found
On some of my well-known points.

I'm not a rugged outdoor girl,
And skiing I just can't stand!
But tomorrow I'm going skiing again—
He wants to!—Isn't love grand?

Tarz.

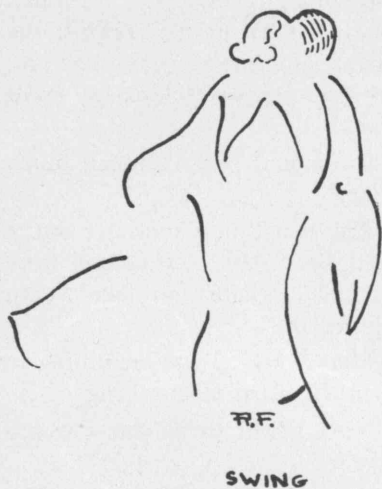


Twelve Twenty-eight, one of the best exhibits of surrealist art in VooDoo's extensive collection, was painted by Robert Flanagan during a more than usually protracted period of post-holiday delirium tremens. Believed to have been inspired by the Orpheum dance hall (adv.) it embodies all the features of the best surrealist paintings. The dripping watch, much used by Salvador Dali, is about to drip into the mouth of the bald headwaiter on the bottom, done in a style similar to that of Picasso. The violin represents an auditory impression, while the water under it conveys a sensory one. Those familiar with the school will recognize in the drawers a frequently-used symbol of

frustration. The inverted nude on the wall is a concession to the reader. Flanagan's technique, though restricted by the necessary confinement to line drawing, is superb in this piece, and the original is worth money (but not much). Surrealism grows on one, and when it does, it had best be scraped off with a sharp sterile knife, and a doctor consulted immediately. Most famous in pictures, it extends likewise to the fields of music and literature. In music it is called "swing", and in literature, James Joyce and Gertrude Stein are the best known figures. Especially is Gertrude's figure known.

DANCING

Told to look for winter sports stories, most of Phos's chubby kittens padded off to the wilds of New Hampshire or the Boston Garden, but this little kitten, with a tongue in his cheek, took the Yankee Clipper to New York. There he found America's most popular public winter sport, in all its glory, and in a multitude of ramifications. From Harlem to 42nd Street, from 2nd to 12th Avenue, the king of dancing holds sway. From the Savoy to the Plaza people go to dance and watch dancing. All over town they're doing it. From a cellar on 52nd



Street to the Rainbow Room they dance. Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night stops these happy feet in their mad hopping, sliding shuffle.

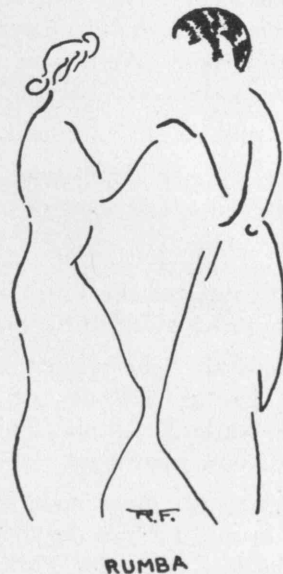
Great artists of the terpsichorean floor are the nameless couples which break from the mob in the Savoy ballroom and hurl themselves into an inspired frenzy of "truckin'" to the blaring trumpets and the throbbing drums of the black band. Soloists for a moment, they seize a clear spot and beat it out, with a thousand varieties of tapping, shagging and hopping steps which attract a momentary attention and a few cheers, to be drowned again in the mob, and in turn to lead on another couple to a display of torrid black rhythm.

There's plenty of swing among the paler dancers, too. With bands like Mal Hallet, Ray Noble, Ozzie Nelson, Abe Lyman and Benny Goodman and others alternating suave melody with rhythmic swing the tuxs and tails are fluttering in many a more swanky ballroom. More reserved than their black

by

brothers uptown, the crowds still dance. Somewhere between the two lie the dance-hall crowds. Paying in some cases as much as twelve and a half cents for two minutes of dancing, college boys swarm for the favors of the hostess of the moment, and feverishly ply her with tickets. There's some pretty good dancing done at these places, along with other things a trifle more sporty.

At the Rainbow Room and other more expensive places, the trend is toward the continental tango and



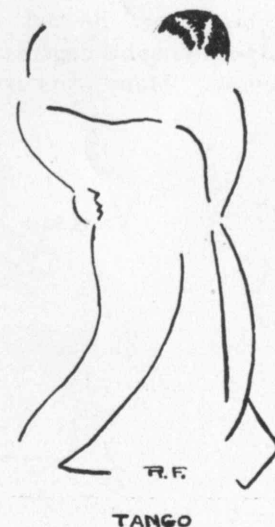
the Mexican rhumba. At each of these, a tango or rhumba band alternates with the American band, and while fewer people dance, the ones who do benefit by the increase of room, and are able to execute the more complicated steps of the tango with a more untrammelled freedom. Brought over from the Continent several years ago, the tango has become very popular with the habitues of the fashionable resorts and night clubs.

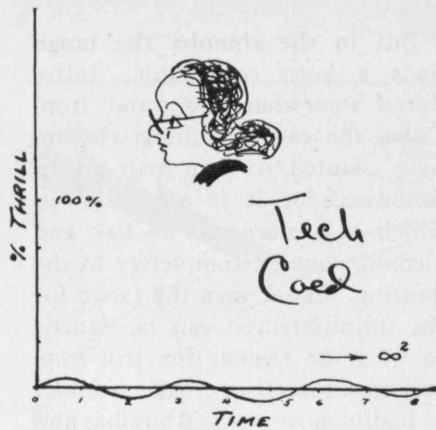
But in the rhumba the tango finds a keen competitor. Introduced somewhat later, and from Cuba, the catchy rhumba rhythm soon planted its firm grip on its followers, for it is a rhythm in which it is more easy to lose and abandon oneself completely to the dancing. Easier than the tango for the uninitiated, it can be danced to with the regular fox trot step, and requires only a greater freedom of bodily movement. Rhumbas and tangos are numerous in the repertoire of dance teams, of which a number abound in Manhattan. Perhaps the most famous and most accomplished pair of dancers is the DeMarcos, Rene and Tony, who are becoming something of an an-

bill gibson

nual affair at the Plaza. Their polished dancing serves as a background for a delightful informality of manner which endears them to the hearts of the Plaza's society clientele. At the Rainbow Room Estelle and LeRoy perform. The Hartman's at the St. Regis are noted for their modernistic routines, and Julio and Jenevieve are getting a reputation at Versailles for perfection of form.

But whether it is sitting watching one of these couples perform midtown, or strutting one's stuff in Harlem, one and all are busily engaged in America's winter sport, dancing.





"Er-r-r pardon me, Professor Bigbug," I said throwing his pint of gin out the window to attract attention.

The ruse clicked. He dropped his work and glared at me. "You nincompoop," he hissed, "that window wasn't open."

"I know it," I replied sheepishly holding my left hand in my right and then my right in my left.

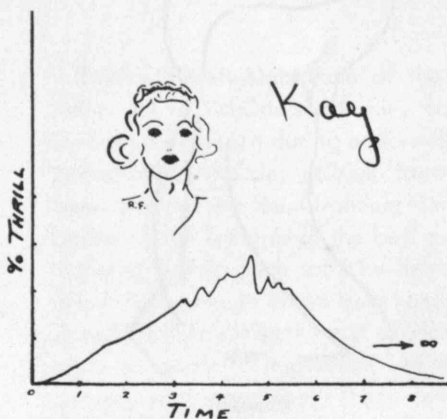
"Well what in the hell do you want?"

"I'm from the Boston Weekly, and I want a story on your new Thrill-Time graph."

"That's different," he beamed assuming a very paternal attitude towards me. "In that case forget about the window. Here, have a cigar. Yes, yes, I'm a very famous man."

"Tsk-f-f, what about the Thrill-Time graph," I cut in unemotionally.

"Ahem, er-r well. I shall start from the beginning," he said, unconsciously dunking his fingers into the ink bottle. "Many years ago I



Professor Bigbug's Latest

by frederick erdos

conceived the idea, but could do nothing with it while my wife was living."

"So?"

"I killed her." He hung his head in shame, and then continued. "It is my hope that this graph will come into universal use in memory of her."

"Yes, yes, but what is it," I asked impatiently.

"The graph, er brsk-f-f yes, it's a Thrill-Time graph, better known as an efficiency curve. You understand, human nature is different in different people. Well, some girls seek thrills, some avoid them."

"Yes, you're right," I mused.

"On the other hand, some men seek adventure, and some do not."

"So?"

"So, I conceived the Thrill-Time graph to provide perfect harmony."

"Sounds all right to me," I answered gazing wistfully at the broken bottle far below, "but I want to know what it is."

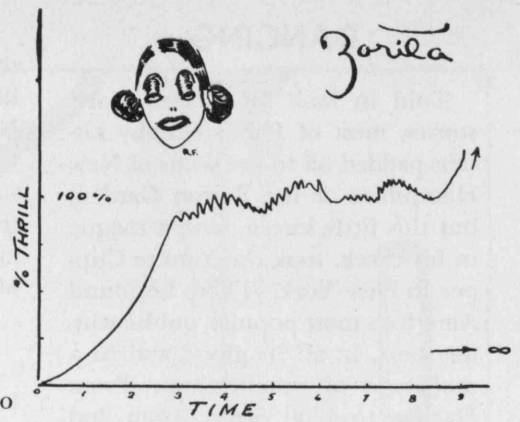
"Tut-tut, my good man, don't be so abrupt. I'm coming to that. Now the idea is to plot Thrill on one axis against the number of times you go out with a girl on the other axis."

"But I don't go out with girls."

"Well other people do," he sneered, "and people have more fun than anybody else."

Coming out of the fog, my head began to clear and I heard him continue in nasal tones.

"Now take Kay's curve, for instance."



"Don't mind if I do."

"If she necks, that counts 25%. If she pets, that counts 50%."

"What's 100%," I cut in hurriedly.

Scowling at me, he continued. "These are all plotted against the number of times you take her out. For example, we'll look at Kay's curve."

"Um-m-m. Doesn't mean much to me."

"The first time I took her out, I kissed her. After the second time we had a fight; so her curve dropped off."

"Marvelous." I was beginning to get in the spirit of the thing.

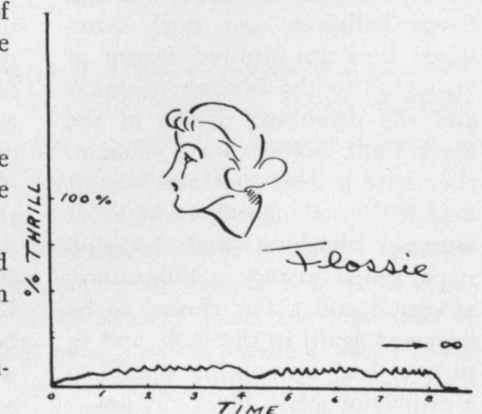
"Now I will show you Flossie's curve."

"Beautiful," I said, gazing at a picture of Zorita hanging on the wall.

"Not that, you idiot," he screamed. "This! This in my hand."

"I don't get it. That curve is flat."

(Please turn to page 21)





*Chesterfield
Dance*



*they're Milder
and they Satisfy*

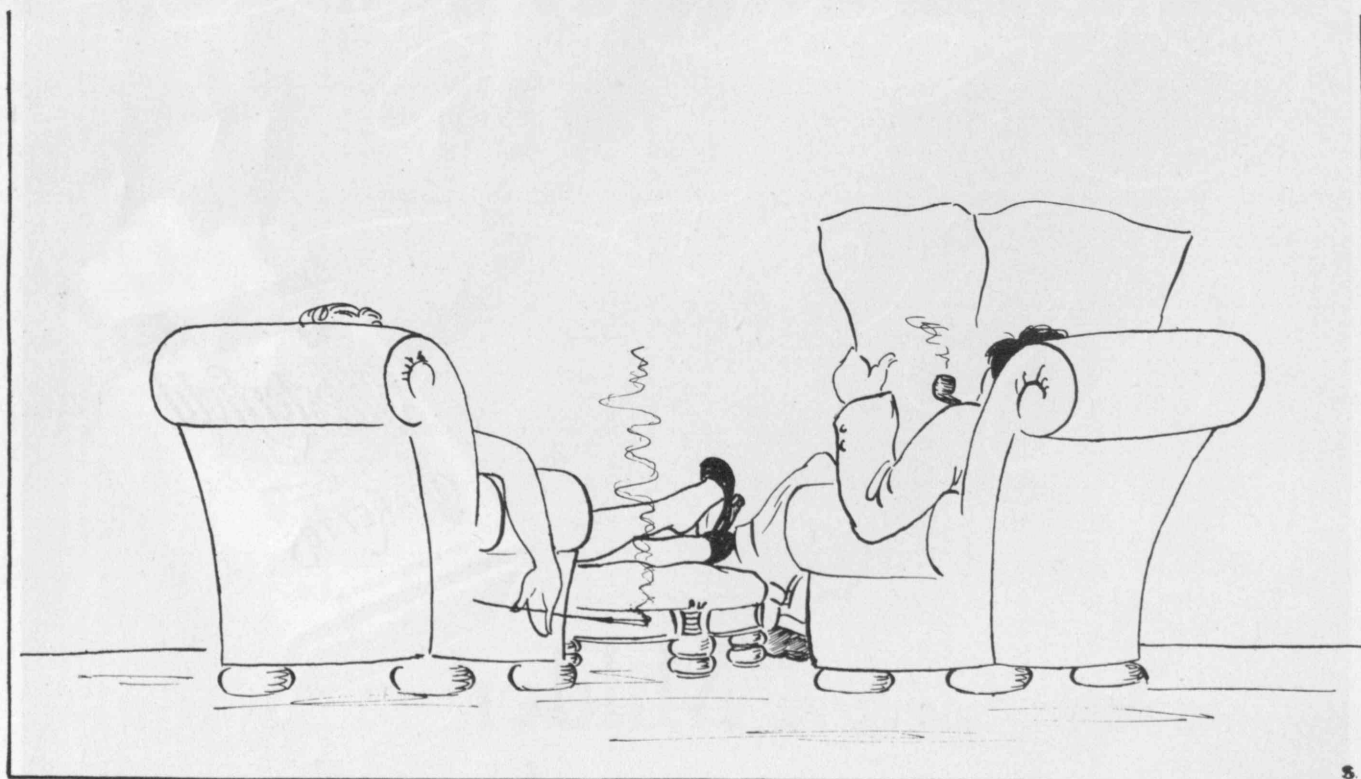
Sometimes I Wonder

Why this noble institute,
Which, it seems, is not quite destitute,
Should argue among itself,
And wrangle,
And, in fact, get itself all worked into a sweat,
Over what to do with some \$12,000,000. that
someone found somewhere.
On evenings when,
I forget to do my physics and math and Ec and
MS
Or when
Physics and math and MS are too abstruse for
fathoming,
I sometimes wander off to play Beano
And lose
Volumes
And
Volumes
Of valuable and hard earned dough.
It all goes with the greatest efficiency
While I look on with utter non commitancy.

But still the students and grads and profs and
boondogglers
At MIT get all in a stew
About what to do
With 12,000,000 dollars.

The question it appears
Is whether to build a gym
Or a auditoryim.

Now \$12,000,000. is a lot of shekels
And my credulity is sorely taxed
Because I never saw a gym
Or auditoryim
That couldn't be built for half of that
Which leaves, by slide-rule calculations,
6,000,000 for other machinations.
Such as for instance if you first build the gym
then you
Still have got 6,000,000 dollars left with
which
To build the auditoryim. . . . Or, which is
no worser, Vice versa.
Certainly there is a lack of sense in building
things too big.



"YOU LOOKED SO SILLY THE NIGHT YOU PROPOSED."

"I WAS SILLY."



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NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON

NUMBER ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK

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Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

And trying to put 12,000,000 dollars all in one place would

More than likely result in an uncommon state of affairs

Such

As having one great big huge auditoryim like Radio City which

Could do no good to anybody,

Unless maybe, in the summer we could rent it to people for picknicking

In.

So they wouldn't get rained on.

And an equally inopportune state of conditions would exist if there were

To be built a huge gym for all of the \$12,000,000.

For the place would certainly be tremendous and most financially

Unsuccessful

Unless,

Perhaps the building engineers in course whatever it is

Could destruct one of the sides of the affair and

Rent the remainder to Dr. Hugo Eckner to use As a hangar for the Von Hindenburg.

So we vote for being conservative about the matter

And building both the gym

And the auditoryim

And if the government and the AAA and PWA and CCC and other agencies

Designated only by letters the meaning of which nobody knows

Or is unwilling to admit knowing. If all these could be kept away

From the funds that we can pay.

There

Might

Be

Enough left over

To

Buy

Us

All a scotch and Soda.

Preston.

SHE NO LONGER LOVES YOU IF —

by JEANNE KITENPLON

1. You've spent your bottom dollar on gardenias for her, and at your house dance you see your room-mate sporting several of those white flowers on his lapel. He never buys flowers for himself.

2. After a very long winded kiss she sighs romantically and says, "Isn't Eddie the cutest thing!" Eddie might be your room-mate, brother, or Bosom Buddie.

3. You ask her if she's still wearing your fraternity pin. She assures you that she is, but when she tries to prove it, you find that she's a Phi Gam Sweetheart as well as the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

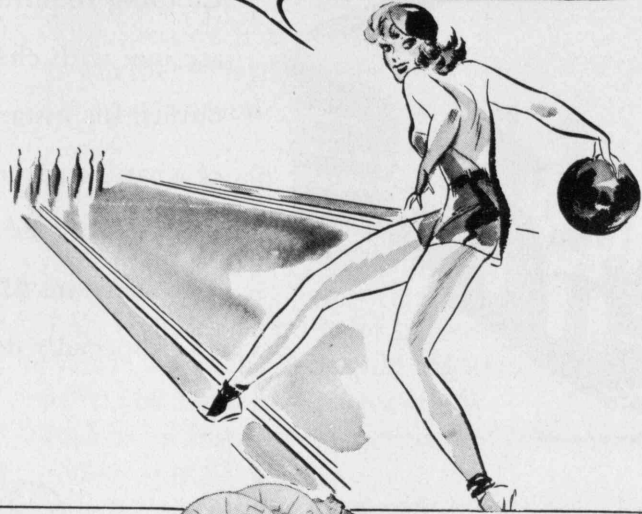
4. She's promised to visit you during mid-term vacation so that the family will have a chance to meet the maybe-someday-daughter-in-law. At the last minute she decides to go to the Winter Carnival with the Dartmouth Sophomore you introduced to her.

5. For Christmas you gave her a bracelet and she promised to wear it always. Lately she hasn't been wearing it regularly and she tells you that the clasp is being fixed. However, you're beginning to doubt that story because your room-mate, the tough one on the wrestling team, has suddenly started to wear a bracelet, that very much resembles the one you gave to the One and Only.

6. Your room-mate has borrowed your car. You ordinarily don't lend it, but he threatened to tell about a certain week-end. You're with a bunch of the fellows, and as you drive past Harvard Stadium, there is your car. "Boys will be boys", you say, until the next morning you find a handkerchief well-smeared with lip-stick and it has her name in the corner.

7. You offer to take her to a certain movie that she's been dying to see. She says that she has too much work to do that night, but she'll see you tomorrow. The next day you go out to see her to tell her about the show and instead she can tell you all about it. For some reason or other your room-mate went to the movies and he refused to go with you.

WHEN A GIRL SAYS A MAN BOWLED
HER OVER — SHE MAY MEAN
HIS BREATH KNOCKED HER DOWN



MORAL:

Everybody's breath
offends sometimes...let
PEP-O-MINT save yours after
eating, smoking and drinking



FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.



Phosphor Essences

The co-eds at Technology are indignant. And it came about because of a dance the students are putting on at the Morgan Memorial on December 18.

—Ann Marsters in *The Boston American*, Dec. 14, 1936

Come now, Ann, we're really not that hard up.



The Hearst papers do nothing secretly. They operate in the FULL LIGHT OF DAY.

—*Boston American*.

Surprise!



YANKEE FLYERS

SPRAY SPANIARDS

—*L. A. Daily News*

Quick, Henry, the flit.

Prof. Bigbug's Latest

"Flo was a little strange to me. I could only hold her hand. You notice after the fourth time, the curve abruptly stops."

"Well, we broke up. You are beginning to understand?"

"Yes," I beamed. "Marvelous."

"Now the average slope of the curve is of tremendous significance."

"Ah-h yes, yes."

"It's a measure of efficiency. Upon this, the success of my curve depends. Now, I'll show you Zorita's curve. You notice the steep slope."

"Yes, she is quite a girl. But what does a Tech Girl look like?"

"Tech girls can never forget that they are scientific. Their curve shows that. Look."

AMERICAN SIREN

TO REPLACE BELL

—*Boston Daily Record*.

Belle, possibly?



SOLDIER'S WIFE HAS BABY

WITHOUT ASSISTANCE

—*United Press*.

'S funny world.



94 YEAR RAIN IS RECORD

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

Perhaps they mean reign.



"New Harvard Dog

Joins Patrol Staff"

—*Boston Herald*.

As Professor of Canine Philosophy.

"Hum-m-m that's good. Thank you, Professor Bigbug. I gotta get back and pound this story out. I'll give it a good spread." Pausing for a moment, I retraced my step, grabbed Zorita's curve from his desk and then dashed from the room.

NEW SMOKE ENDS EXAM BLUES

WHAT'S EATING YOU, FROSH?



YOU GOTTA LEARN HOW TO STUDY GET YOUR PIPE, RELAX WITH A LOAD OF EDGEWORTH JR.

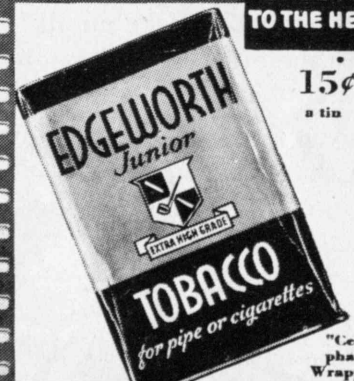


SAY, THAT'S ONE SMOOTH SMOKE!



YOU BET! THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED THE COLLEGE MAN'S SMOKE! *

*MILD DOWN TO THE HEEL



15¢ a tin

"Cellophane" Wrapped

WRAPPER AND 10¢ GET THIS \$1.00 POUCH

IN YOUR COLLEGE COLORS

We make this amazing offer of a \$1.00 English Type Folding Pouch in Rep Cloth with Rubberized Liner for only 10¢ and one wrapper to persuade you to try Edgeworth Jr. Send the inside white paraffin wrapper and your dime together with this coupon (or print your name, college and address on the wrapper)—and we will send your pouch immediately. Only one to a customer.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Enclosed find 10¢ and one inside white paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Jr., for which send me \$1.00 value silk tobacco pouch in my college colors. (Please print.)

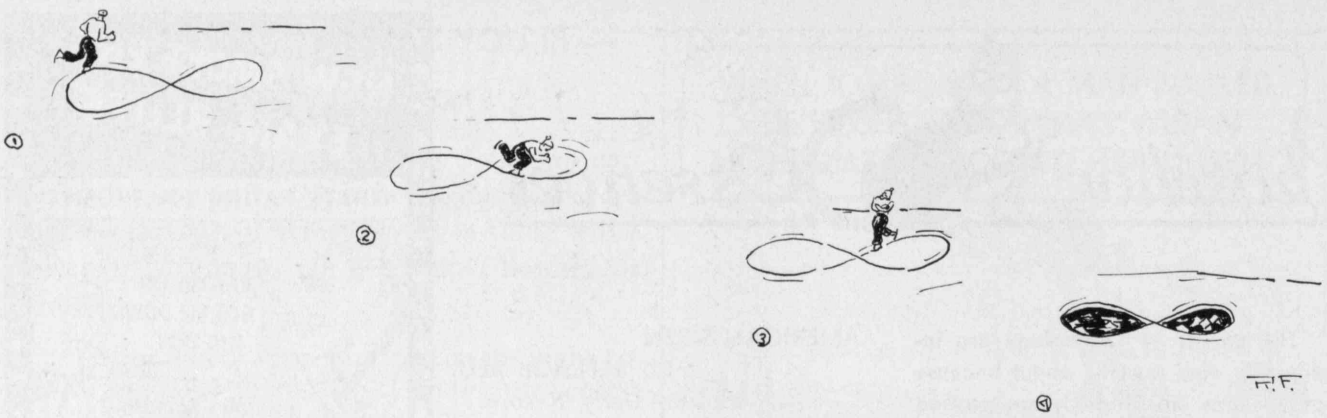
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

COLLEGE _____

Offer good for only 30 days



You're coming down the stairs
 And I can see from where
 I've been waiting for a mere hour or two
 That you're imitating
 Garbo
 Badly
 There is no resemblance
 Except that your voice will be
 Low and husky
 After a few drinks of Scotch.

Your gown is terrible.
 There is too much of you
 And you've been told before
 That red doesn't agree with your orange hair.
 It will probably make me ill
 Before the evening is through.

Soon you'll be coming up to me
 With that innocent stare
 That no longer fools me,
 I know it's a fake.

In not too long a time
 We'll be dancing—I'm afraid.
 You'll step on my feet,
 Lean on my sore shoulder,
 I'll be stuck with you.

Pleasant thought.
 Why do I stand for it?
 Well,
 Maybe I'm sorry for you.
 Perhaps no one else would go with me.
 I was just passing by.
 I can't fool you, though
 Damn it,
 I guess it's love.

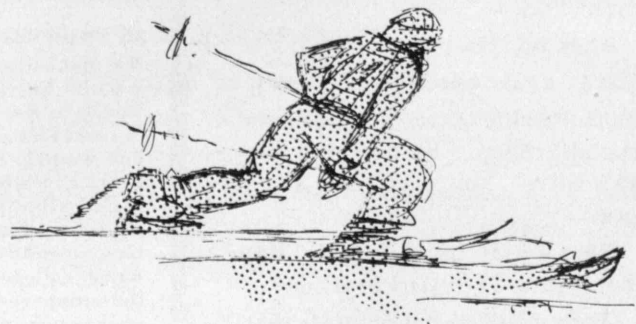
"IT'S NO FUN"




To go right straight home after
 the show . . . tsk, tsk. Drop in for
 a few dances at the BLUE TRAIN
 instead. No minimum . . .
 No cover charge

MUSIC • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
 HOTEL *Lenox* WALTER E. SEAVER
 Manager

Corner BOYLSTON and EXETER STREETS



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BRING THE
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over a quarter of a century as wine
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Telephone CHARlestown 2860

or leave a note in your neighbor's empty
WHITING MILK BOTTLE

ONE O'CLOCK
CLASS —



Dauntless On Ice Skates

Mrs. Fatso Igrin wanted to be
A fine skater of the first degree.
She gathered feathers, pillows, and pads
(Her husband just said, "What now, ye gads?")
Stuffed all around like a balloon
She set out to reach the top real soon:
So, off to a rink she turned her face,
And everyone noticed her fancy pace.
She struggled to make her middle bend
But the pants pulled tight around her end.
Finally dressed she went to skate;
When people stared, she thought, "I rate!"
But the skate slipped out when put on ice.
("My heavens, that pillow sure does feel nice!")
She picked herself up, went on in shame,
Thinking she might have bruised her frame.
Undaunted, she struck out again and again.
Time beats hell out of "pillars" of fame.
So for days and days she struggled on
And every day she had less to don.
The pillows, feathers, and pads wore through;
(Poor things, a hard death they went to,)
But at last when she stepped out on one skate
She made her edge, made her figure eight.
And so my classmates, the story ends
And hear the moral that this tale lends:
"Do not fear if at you everyone laughs,
The best you can do is fall, under the gaff."

D. R. B.

RECORDINGS



ST. LOUIS BLUES JAZZ ME BLUES

The Original Dixieland Jazz Band Victor

Since this record was pressed twenty years ago, in 1916, it is hardly last minute news. Still, with the present interest in swing music, any recordings of what is generally recognized to be the first real "Jazz" band are worth discussing. This particular disc is notable because the two selections have remained popular through the intervening years, and because the band that made the record has been newly reorganized and is, at present, touring the country playing theater engagements and making new pressings of some of their early records.

When the Original Dixieland Band recorded the St. Louis and Jazz Me Blues the equipment that was used was a far cry from the amplifiers and microphones of the present day. The members of the band, five men who could not read music, but who could improvise by ear with intense feeling, were grouped about a pair of megaphones leading to the recording apparatus. Closest to one megaphone was Larry Shields on clarinet, while the other horn led to the piano. The brass instruments, trombone by Edwards and cornet by the band's leader, Nick La Rocca, were placed nearly twenty feet from the others because of their carrying power. The traps, manipulated by Tony Sbarbaro, were also far from the megaphones. The usual procedure was to play the number a few times, adding or subtracting bits until it was satisfactory, and then make a master recording. When the record of St. Louis Blues was made, something was lacking so an impromptu clarinet chorus was added. On the test recording this proved satisfactory, so Shields, who played it, was asked to repeat on the final disc. However, due to the extemporaneous nature of the part, he could not remember just what had been played and had to have the first master played back to him so he could repeat the solo exactly.

THAT FOOLISH FEELING

Bunny Berigan Brunswick

Berigan, considered by a host of critics to be the best living white trumpeter, turns in a beautiful piece of work on his latest disc. The accompanying band is more than adequate with good reed work backing up Bunny's really superb trumpet. Incidentally, for a short time Berigan may be heard with Tommy Dorsey filling in for Bostonian Max Kominski who recently left the outfit.

TAKE ANOTHER GUESS

Benny Goodman Victor

This excellent platter is being withdrawn from the market due to contract difficulties arising over the vocalist, Ella Fitzgerald, who sings regularly with Chick Webb's stellar colored outfit. She, it appears, was under contract to Decca while this disc was made for Victor. So buy it quickly if you want it.

BLUES IN E_b BUGHOUSE

Red Norvo Columbia

The Norvo outfit of today is creating so much interest that we thought it might be well to review one of leader Norvo's earlier efforts. This recording was made with the swing sextet that operated some two years ago. Although the disc displays some of the usually excellent Norvo xylophone work, it is of note also because it contains some of the best recorded trumpet playing of Bunny Berigan. Berigan seems to be generally acknowledged as the best white trumpet man in the swing field but his recorded efforts are much too few. In *Blues in E_b*, his amazing feeling for slow swing is beautifully demonstrated as in the magnificent tone of his low register. *Bughouse* is equally well done at a somewhat slower tempo. The disc deserves to be called a swing classic and belongs in every collection.

TAP ROOM SWING LESSONS IN LOVE

Adrian Rollini Decca

These numbers may well be discussed collectively because of their similarity of treatment. Adrian Rollini is one of the best white baritone sax men of the day and these pressings show him at his best. The outfit he uses while recording is a small group that play really swell impromptu stuff. The band does not stress arrangement and usually plays at a slow easy tempo. Their solos are definitely "the goods". Rollini stars with rhythmic burpings on his baritone. *Tap Room Swing* sounds strangely like something we've heard before; it's sort of a jazzed up nursery rhyme.

WEST END BLUES

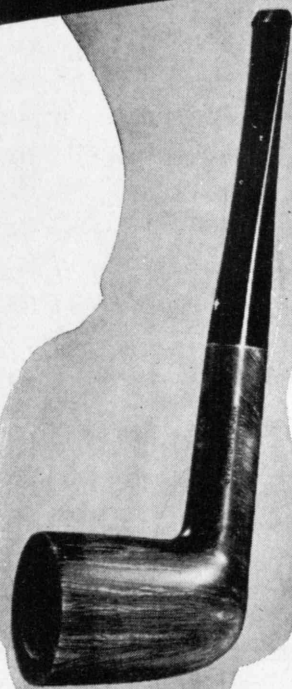
Louis Armstrong Vocalion

Here is one of the greatest jazz records ever issued. It was done years and years ago for the old Okeh company and is mentioned here because of its recent re-release on Vocalion. The trumpet work is, of course, that of Louis Armstrong while the piano is played by Earl "Father" Hines. When this disc was made Armstrong played the trumpet simply for the love of playing. The solo he takes in this number shows that beyond any doubt. His introduction, technically difficult to scare off any ordinary trumpet man, was played without music as a spontaneous extemporized passage. Louis' work would be enough, but there is also Father Hines playing his best style and exhibiting the true negro feeling of the "blues." The efforts of both artists are far superior to anything they have been doing recently.

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Shep Fields
People blowing through straws into goldfish bowls.

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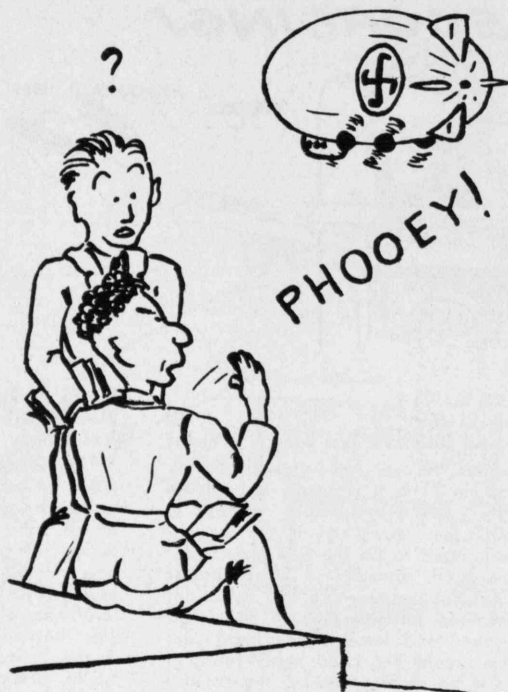
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Ode to a Lovely Lady in Electro-Chem.

Why is it my mind refuses to concentrate
On stuff like oxidation of permanganate,
Or current densities and electropotentials,
And keeps recurring to you.
And the sine waves in your hair,
And the current density in your eyes,
And the high voltage of your caress.

This business of semi-permeable membranes
With sodium carbonates and hydrates
Used in making all sorts of things except love,
Makes me think only of your shortened breath
When our lips are touching;
And the swing in your arm when you slapped
my cheek.

And then, your fascinating process of making
me care
Is so much more interesting than
The reduction of sugars to the corresponding
alcohols
Such as sorbitols and manitols; I want only to
reduce
Your sweetness into my arms again . . . Aw Hell,
Christmas Vacation was too short!

Jake.

Phos: Maybe you can use this . . . I can't send
it to HER.

He: "Would you commit adultery for one million dollars?"

She: "Why yes, I think I would."

He: "Would you commit adultery for two dollars?"

She: (shocked) "Why, what do you think I am?"

He: "We've settled that. What we are haggling about now is the price."



JOHNSON'S GRANDSTANDING AGAIN



I can't be true to one man
While he is far away.
The memories of him are wisps of smoke
That quickly blow away.



Fickle women are often scorned,
But men are like that too.
For though I was out cheating,
The idea came from you.



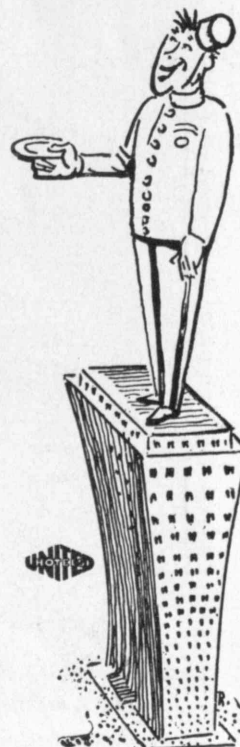
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Everyone is dropping in to the Roosevelt now, it's really the thing to do. You see, we pay particular attention to college men and women, so that if you find you've forgotten pajamas, a toothbrush, or other little odds and ends we'll take care of them.

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P. S. If it's awfully cold out, raining, sleeting, or snowing, don't forget that you can reach the Roosevelt by an underground passage from the Grand Central Terminal.

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Hot Date

"Hello"

"Hello, have you got the tickets?"

"What tickets?—I—"

"Why, the tickets you said you'd get."

"I didn't say I'd get any—"

"Oh, yes you did, and if you think you're going to get away with stalling off again, you've got another—"

"Hey, wait a minute—"

"Wait a minute nothing, I've set my mind on going to that dance and I'm going, if I have to go alone. If you don't get those tickets right now—"

"But—"

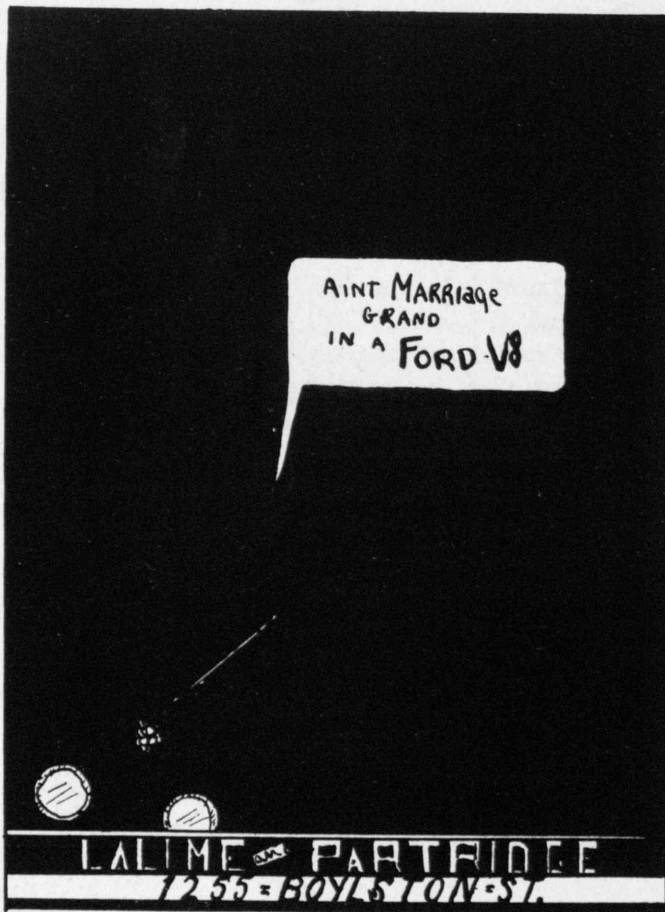
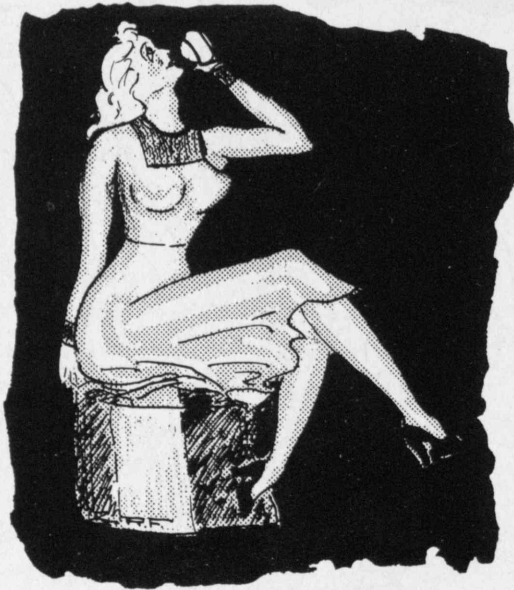
"Don't 'but' me, you worm, I don't care if I never see you again in my life—you're a good for nothing, clumsy, half-witted, lazy, faithless oaf, and if you think I'm going to stand for any more of this foolishness, you're crazy as a wall-eyed annalid—"

"But Madam—"

"Where do you get this Madam stuff?"

"But Madam, I think you've got the wrong number, this is the Fire Station!"

G. H. P.



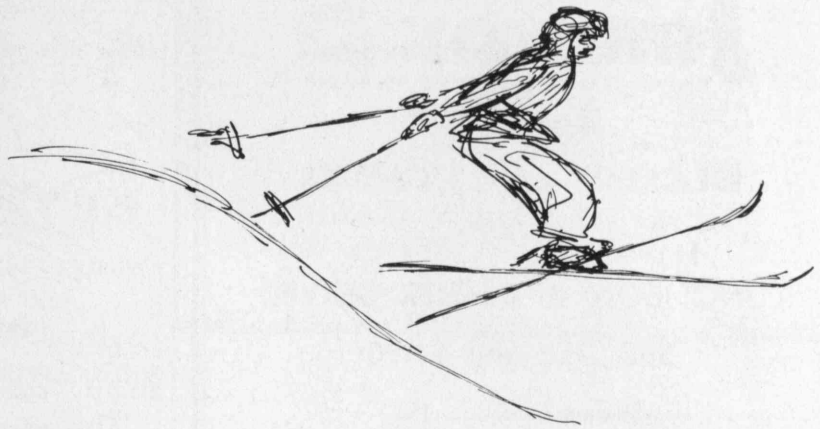


I sit
 Proposing to compose
 An article on skiing;—
 There are
 A hundred thousand different
 things
 That set my mind a-fleeing.

What makes snow white?
 Mosquitoes bite?
 Why do two and two make four?
 If girls were tallest of mankind
 What good would men be for?

What forms the glamour of a
 dance?
 What makes "Hot Music" hot?
 Is it spontaneous combustion
 Inside the saxophone?
 If not, what is it? Y'got me there,
 baby.

The time is short for winter sports
 There are but few months left
 To freeze our feet, and then
 Comes spring and young man's
 fancy
 Turns to—
 Other forms of foolishness.



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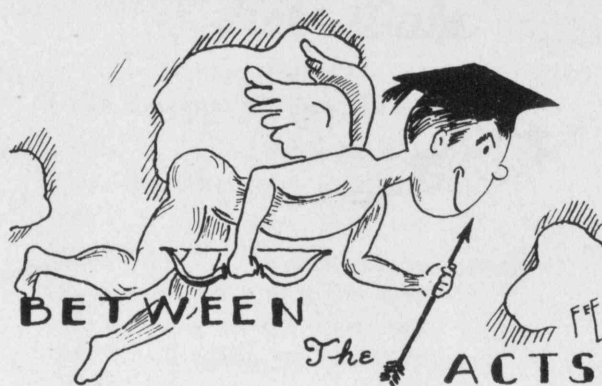
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by frederick erdos

Brain Trust—

This month, the sophomores earn a prominent place on the "brain trust". The story goes of a certain stude who hurriedly dashed into the physics lab, threw down his books, rolled up his sleeves, and then proceeded. "Well I'll be damned," he screamed half way through the experiment, "I did this one last week."

Love—

A rumble seat just built for two
A moonlit night what could I do
A sigh, a squeeze, a kiss, and then
A fond farewell, she weighed two ten.

Pin Head Impressions—

Harvard Man — High compression engine running on alcohol. . . . Tech Man — London fog. . . . Boston American Columnist — Flingo Fantastica. . . . B. U. Man — Rah!

Co-eds—

We draw a choice bit from Tech's skating Co-ed . . . "I'm real lucky," she maintains, "Look at the grand professors I've got." If that doesn't work she can give teacher a red apple.

Politics—

Advertisement we'd like to see
Wanted: Ride from Topeka, Kansas to
Washington, D. C. Must be reasonable.
A. Landon.

Eavesdropping—

Operator 57X, eavesdropping at the Napoleon Club, garnered this intriguing line . . . "Do you expect me to do things with you, Mr. Thistle?" asked the libeled lady gazing into the eyes of the Boston Brayboy. . . . Come out of it 57X.

"I'm not satisfied with this book," wailed the woman. "I want my money back."

"But, madame," replied the clerk in Jordan's Book Dept., "it is the best book of the year."

"Makes no difference. I didn't like the way it ended."

Divertissement—

Torso found in bay, Police deny suicide theory . . . girl who had X-ray taken to prove her heart was in the right place . . . last census shows 37 more married women than men . . . I'll teach some fool driver a lesson, said the tired pedestrian as he walked across the street with a stick of dynamite in his pocket . . . the fat woman in the side show who had so many varicose veins that she passed as a road map . . . five gallons of gas and a pint of gin, all they found was a mass of tin . . . if your husband kisses you in every tunnel, lady, that's love, said the conductor. But if he takes a drink in every tunnel . . . it wasn't until they found a tunnel from the sorority house leading to the fraternity house that they thought something had been up . . . operator 127-Z reports four kinds of students. Sponge, funnel, strainer, and sieve . . . the spots on the ceiling are not parts of the explosive, but parts of the inventor . . . the Pope is afraid to die for fear a protestant will get his job . . . let me off screamed the irate passenger shaking his fists at the motorman, I thought this was a dining car . . . lonesome romeo who called Kitty on the fone but found to his dismay the soft purrings of VooDoo's Phos on the other end . . . if December came in January, we would wish you all a merry examas.



Monday: "No thanks, Bill, I've sworn off smoking."

Tuesday: "Well, I might as well. I haven't had one since Sunday evening, and one can't hurt me."

Wednesday: "Thanks, Bill. I feel like a chiseler sponging off of you this way when I know I won't have any to pay you back in the future."

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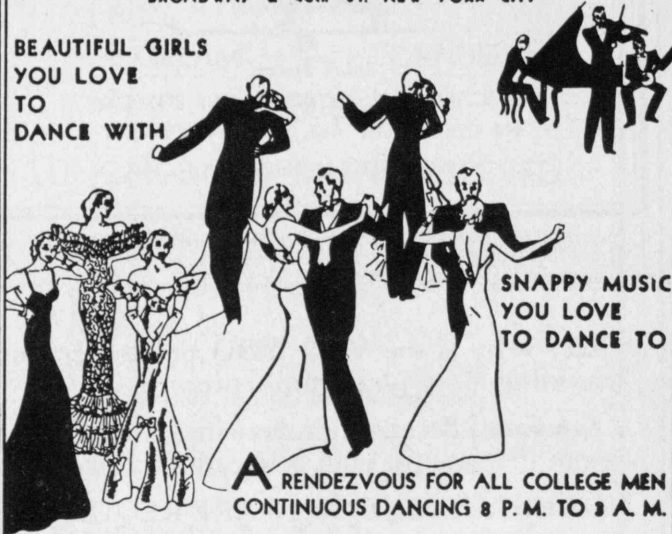
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OH LET'S PULL TAFFY!

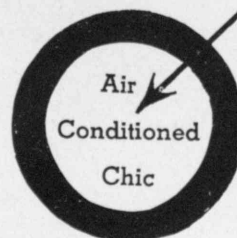
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