

M.I.T.

Voooooooo

POLITICAL NUMBER







Isabel Nimpal, dancer in "I Married an Angel," Dwight Deere Wiman's new musical at Shubert Theatre, beginning Monday evening, April 18 —

# Voo Doo

April, 1938



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# Voo Doo

## THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Published by the Woop Garoo Society for the Students of  
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial  
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from September to June  
Subscription \$2.00 per year  
Office hours: 1 to 5:30 P.M., Monday to Friday  
Member A. C. C. E.

Entered as second-class matter at the  
Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

Volume XXI

APRIL, 1938

No. 3

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# M. I. T. VOO DOO

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## EDITORIALY

## SPEAKING —

### LEMONS

Widely renowned for his sage and excellent commentaries on world-wide and local affairs, Phos uses this issue to satisfy the clamorings of his reader for more of his superbly witty dissertations on pregnant and significant situations. Outside of the weather, politics present the most talked of and least celebrated item we mortals have to put up with. And because the political situation here at Technology is little better than lousy, Phos takes this opportunity to decry in his own unique way an aspect of student life which is regrettable.

Though the presentation is humorous, let that not detract from the purpose of this appeal. Politics have no place in a school such as this; there is no need for them. The honor that comes from an election to an office by virtue of South Boston ward tactics is dubious, to say the least. In the old days, vote-getting and campaigning were at least kept under cover, but today no attempt is made to keep nefarious doings on the Q. T. Pretty soon we can expect posters and campaign funds and victory parades, and Jim Farley and his boys will give speeches.

Phos does not intend to cast doubts on the merits of those men who are candidates for offices, and he sincerely hopes that nothing herein printed will jeopardize anyone's chances, but he is determined to bring out into the light a situation which is rapidly becoming worse.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are indebted to Mr. A. W. K. Billings, class of 1923, for the cartoon appearing on page 24. Mr. Billings was one of Phos' own kittens while he was here, having been Art Editor of the VOO DOO and one of the best cartoonists the old office cat has ever had.



# ... a Young Man's Fancy turns

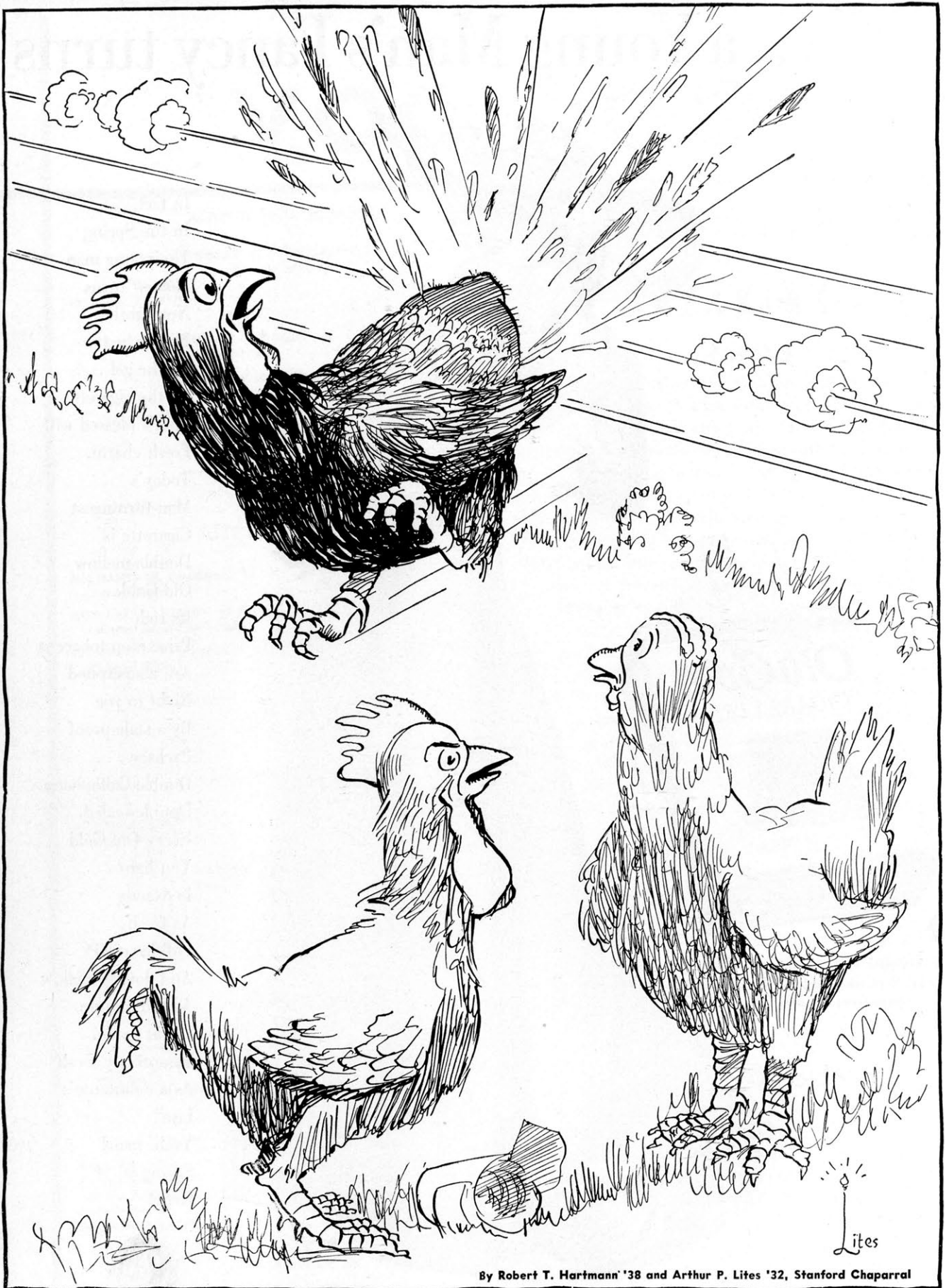
In fact,  
In the Spring  
The young man  
*Himself* turns  
Not lightly,  
But lovingly  
To the gal . . .  
Or the cigarette  
That's blessed with  
Fresh charm.  
Today's  
Man-turningest  
Cigarette is  
Double-mellow  
Old Gold.  
Its rich  
Prize crop tobaccos  
Are chaperoned  
Right to *you*  
By a stale-proof  
Package . . .  
Double-Cellophane  
Double-sealed.  
Every Old Gold  
You light  
Is exactly  
As fresh,  
Full-flavored  
And double-mellow  
As the minute  
It was made.  
Temptingly fresh  
As a debutante's  
Lips!  
Yeah, man!  
Spring is  
Here!



Every pack wrapped in two jackets  
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket  
opens from the *BOTTOM*.

**TUNE IN** on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



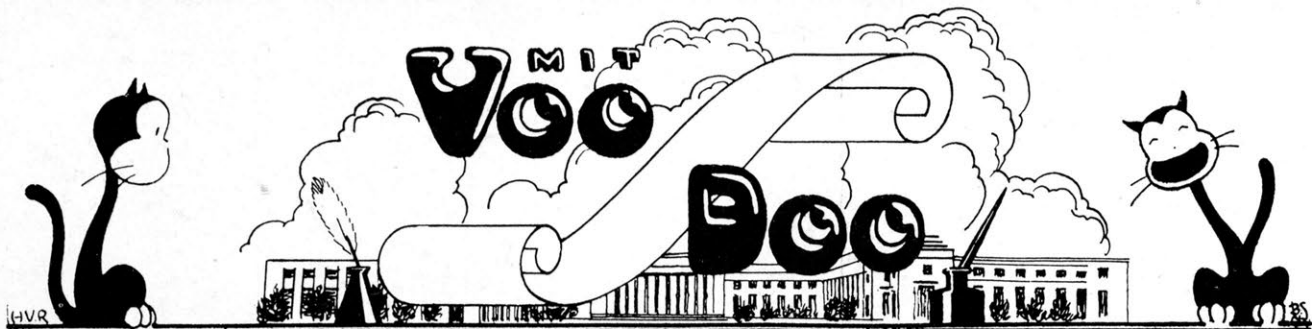
By Robert T. Hartmann '38 and Arthur P. Lites '32, Stanford Chaparral

**Won't Oscar ever learn that you can't beat a FORD V-8 ?**



*The M.I.T.  
VOO DOO  
presents its  
Political Issue*





## Voodooings . . .

### SWIFT ONE

One of Phos' many mousetraps was visiting a church in one of the Boston communities last Sunday. It was the celebration of a very auspicious occasion and all the church groups were taking part. A dignified member of the Ladies Aid spoke on the various women's organizations of the church, naming each and explaining their functions. "The Mothers' Club," she said, "is one of our biggest groups. I won't talk about it, as you can see from their name what their work is."

The last straw of the evening came when the man in the next seat started singing and then stopped in the middle of the second verse. Why? First, he discovered that he didn't have the right words; second, he wasn't singing the same tune; third, only the choir were singing; and, fourth, everybody else in the church had turned around and were staring at him.

### DRIVE

Memorial Drive has come into its own again with the arrival of spring. Things get so bad that on a Saturday night it is necessary to back into a parking space; no room to just pull in. No doubt, in a few weeks the M.D.C. will be passing out reservations for space on the delightful banks of the filthy Charles.

### DINER

One of the chief attractions over at the Grill Diner on Main Street is the waitress system. There just isn't any system and if you go there about once a week, chances are you will see a different girl every week, they just don't last. Either the greasy grinds from the dorms are too much or maybe it is just the grind and, possibly, just the grease.



### BURLESQUE

We were doing a bit of homework in E22, as sophomores do occasionally, when we came across some interesting facts about the Old Howard, where so many of our better men spend so much of their time. It was originally known as the Howard Athenaeum and only the finest of entertainment was produced. This was way back around 1875. Within a decade, burlesque raised its ruddy face, and Boston, not to be outdone by New York, had its bit at the Howard. So, according to a calendar, burlesque has been going on for over fifty years in the staid town of Boston. After a few minutes one is inclined to believe that most of the "girls" have been there for just that long.

### SCRIPT

Most of the students attend classes here primarily in the pursuit of knowledge. But there is one class where this purpose takes a back seat. That is the Stoichiometry class of Professor Lewis, Inc. (but unlimited). Here the will-of-the-wisp chasers lay down their butterfly nets and sit back for an hour of good old-fashioned fun. Professor Lewis' witticisms receive their entire attention. Here are a few jotted down during one class:

"Shades of Millard!"

"Always read the problem first."

"Let's call X the unknown quantity."

"It's kind of tweedledede, tweedlededum."

"If she don't look the way she figures, the figures is always wrong."



### DATES

The fellows had quite a bit of trouble getting dates for the week-end of the eighth and ninth. It seems that all the gals' schools called off exercises for a week or so and sent the gals home for other types of exercise. This sort of thing naturally fits right into the scheme of things for the local talent, and do they love vacations!





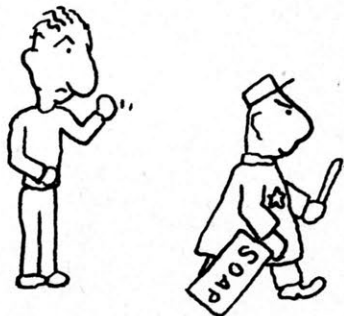
*Hello, Exodus. Exodus is now a politician. See the cigar.*



*Hello, Murgatroyd. She is campaigning. In a parade. For Exodus. He won't win.*



*Exodus holds forth. And fifth. Is it the soap that smells?*



*It isn't.*



*See the pretty smile. On Frankie. He is a ringer. For Exodus. Good-bye, Exodus.*



*This is a baby. Politicians kiss them. On the other side.*



*Exodus kissed him. On the other side. The baby is mad as hell. Smart lad, isn't he?*



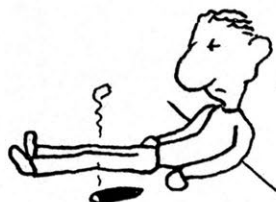
*A hand. Politicians shake them. But not this one. It belongs to a dummynamed George.*



*This is a poll. And a citizen. I wonder who he is voting for.*



*This is a pole. And a citizen. What the hell!*



*The cigar won*

# THE GREAT GAME OF POLITICS

## OR THE LAST ONE IN IS A REPUBLICAN (A POLITICAL PRIMER)

The first subject suggested by our title is, "is politics a game?" At first glance the answer may not be plain; in fact, a second glance may not do the reader any good, and it is for these second glancers and third glancers that this is written. Of course there are two sides to every question — unless you are a Republican or a Democrat, in which case you can skip this paragraph — which leaves us with no alternative but to discuss both sides and hope it is the right one.

This question may best be answered by the use of a practical illustration. Suppose, for our purpose, that A has one apple, B has two apples, C (I guess we'll leave C out of this). Now how many apples will D, who is a fur trader, have? You can see at once how this complicates the question as it brings up the question of tariff and ratification.

Leaving this question, which by now should be as clear as before we started, we turn to the actual mechanics of the political game. That is, we will if I can find my old copies of the *Medical Journal* which is rife with good information on some pretty meaty topics. The first essential to a successful campaign is a Candidate. Candidates vary as to size and shape, the average being relatively low over a period and the whole thing is pretty discouraging all around. The candidate serves many useful purposes besides being a handy thing to have around the office in case anyone calls about the platform. There are two types of candidates, Reform candidates and Machine candidates. The distinction is that Reform candidates only get elected on odd years or thereabouts. We're not quite clear on that point as the dog got the last five pages of our reference notes. The term Machine should



be clarified, I guess, because I'm not really sure about it myself. There are various definitions of machine depending on which dictionary you favor. I am a Webster man myself and the one I like best is:

"Machine (ma-shen') sometimes accented on the last syllable in seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. n. F. fr. L. machina. Machine, device, trick, means, expedient. 1, a material construction or erection, the handiwork of a divine or supernatural power. 'Thine evermore, most dear lady, while this Machine is to him.'—*Hamlet*."

which pretty well covers the subject except for this fellow Hamlet who I can't recall as being a candidate in any national election since I have been voting, which is a pretty long time considering.

The Platform which is always coming in for a lot of discussion, is made up of Planks. These Planks are things like tariff, ratification, abolition, emancipation, reciprocal, nullo contendere, and any number of others which I haven't time or space to mention. After the candidate is elected, it is the custom to discard the Planks and proceed pretty much on your own until it is time to build another Platform and get elected all over again, and let me tell you it's mighty easy to get in a rut over this whole question.

The term Lame Duck was on one of the five pages that the dog

got so I won't take up our valuable time with it. I think I lost Congress and Vice-President, too. At least I seem to remember seeing the words somewhere, but if they turn up, I'll clarify them for you.

The last element of a campaign is a Party. This may vary in size from just the people next door over for a hand of bridge (we never could get along with our neighbors, but some manage it) to a pretty swanky affair at a big down-town hotel. A word of caution about selecting a guest list too large for the available space. I recall one party I went to where a guest was murdered on the dance floor and it wasn't discovered until everyone went home and gave him room to collapse. That of course gave the criminal time for a getaway and he never was apprehended, which is a pretty sinister thought when you think of the number of murderers at large today. That isn't counting justifiable homicide either.

And now that the fundamentals are clearly in mind, we come to the piece de resistance of our discussion, "what to do on election day." Experienced voters have found it advisable to leave town over the week-end and forget the whole thing. Others, and, I must say, the more patriotic, stay in town, being careful to bolt all the doors and stuff rags in all cracks where dirt might seep through. Still another class, the don't-give-a-damn school, takes its life in its hands and sallies forth in groups of one or two to watch the fun. This is sheer foolhardiness, however, and the game is definitely not worth the candle.

Which brings us right back where we started on page 12 of the "Fur Traders Review," where I will leave you to think it all over at your leisure.



## WHO CATCHES THE SPRING WORM?

Spring is in the air! The birds sing, the flowers pollinate, all nature is putting on its mantle of green, and on the campus the political wizards are sharpening their fangs for another go at the graft. The juniors seem to have gotten into a comfortable rut, what with terrible Willie Wingard at the helm (One of the juniors was heard to remark, "We'd elect someone else if we knew anyone else.") The seniors are out of the running except for the comparatively mild tussle over the Senior Week Committee and allied topics, but the sophomores are just reaching that stage where every man who knows more than a dozen fellows outside his house has visions of being the next Messiah who will lead his fellows out of the mud of upper-class suppression.

The sophomore policies seem to be pretty well formed, what with the fine assistance that Foster and Creamer have received from that old man of the hour, Bill Roper. It isn't every budding politician who has the advice of such a distinguished veteran of the wars, and we are predicting great things for the class under the competent tutelage of

Bill. Only a minimum of objection has been raised to this plan of the sophomore powers, most of it coming from sore heads who think they should have a voice in the class elections, and you know it isn't everyone who can get into one of the Theta Chi smoke-filled-room sessions. We predict that there will be one hell of a stink if the candidates to the next political meeting are hand-picked and invited instead of being chosen by some fair system.

We are wondering if the silence from the dorms and commuters isn't a bit ominous. Those boys seem to stick pretty well together, but they can't elect a man unless they nominate him, a point some of them may have overlooked. Divo Tonti's ill-fated campaign last year may have taken some of the spunk out of the boys, too. We will say, we never saw a parade with more promise and better theory than the said drive, but you can't predict the whims of the voters in the sophomore class. Divo's manager should have finessed instead of playing for the distribution.

Anyway, here's luck to all the ambitions threatening to burst through the new summer shirts of our boys, and may the coming campaign have some of the zest and zip that is sadly missing in the others.



*"Damn these pirate submarines."*

1



2



3



4



HUMI  
HEART



# The Old Days

All this gab about politics and other rackets starts me remembering about the old Tech elections. There were days when most of the elections were decided by a one vote majority. It was usually this way—the nite before the big show-down, the poor saps running for office would hold beer parties in the different labs and see who could pass out the lousiest beer to the most suckers in the leastest amount of time with the most noise and the least number of greenbacks. Well, usually things got pretty rough, especially the time one of the instructors came down and drank up a whole barrel just to show the fellows that he was a regular guy. As a general rule, with no exceptions, it ended up with everybody laid out stiff to the gills and consequently there were no voters the next morning. Then the three saps, candidates, stooges, or what-you-will-call-them-when-you-want-to had it out in the Margeret Cheny room. The bruiser who came out on top went down in the main lobby and cast a vote. He won the election.

Of course things have changed just a bit since then. Nowadays they just promise free beer and they get put in office. A couple of

years ago the dorm men pulled a mighty slick one to put a couple of their grinds over. The story has been twisted a bit but the real facts are that when the grinds saw that their men might not get in, they tore up the bridges leading from Boston to Cambridge so that the greezers from the fraternities couldn't get over and vote. That's why the new bridges are new. Well, the greezers were a bit peeved at this so the next year they just blew up the dorms; you know, tit for tat. Some of the local Cambridgians complained about the noise so they outlawed that sort of thing in the next election.

It's been rumored around that



the Walker Memorial Committee has been ruled off the campus for violating some rules—something about placing an oversized billboard, 20 by 50 feet, on the main dome. Well, I have a pretty good memory and I can remember the day when a couple of commuters were on that committee. It sure was a long time ago, and these bozoes wanted to put a couple of plumbers in office; some course XI men. So they tripped down to the Ritz where the 5.15 Cocktail Club was holding its annual brawl and

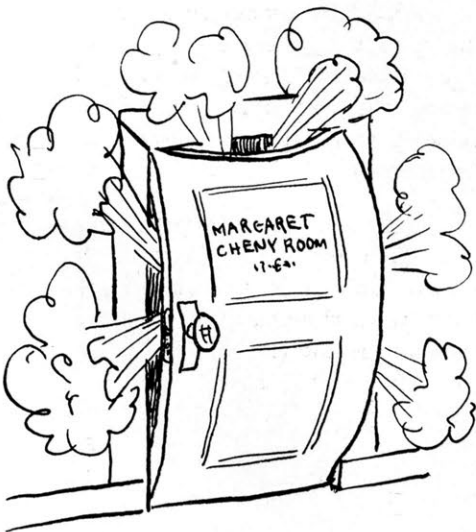
they said to the other bozoes, "we want to run for office!" Just like that. Well, this created quite an upheaval and finally the other commuters got together to agree that it was against institute rules for a commuter to hold an insti-



tute office, much less run for it. These guys were level-headed about the whole matter so they just went behind the new school of architecture and threw bricks at each other. Since then, nobody has seen a commuter around the buildings. I've often seen their ghosts.

I've heard that a co-ed got elected to office this year because the fellows thought that they were voting for bigger representation. That's too bad; better take the freshmen out of the school, otherwise they'll all be seniors some day.

The A.A.A.A.—ah!!!! (Association for Abountiful Abundance of Athletic Axependitures) is out of this year's election and that is a mighty good thing too. There was a day when the A.A.A.A. had their mits on everything and were especially notorious for throwing men into the oblivion of the Junior Honorary Society. Today things are nothing like that, no, everything is just too ducky for words, and a bit damp at that.



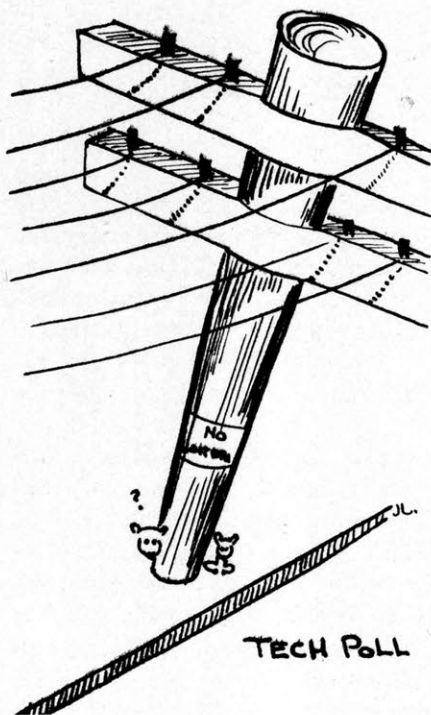
# Tom Swift Politician

"Wake up, Sleepyhead," cried Tom Swift to his friend Ned as he pushed him out the fourth floor back window.

"Today is election day and there is much work to be done ere night fall, for the results are by no means in the portmanteau." Luckily Ned had anticipated Tom's playful antics and had put on a pair of Tom's Magic Sneakers (see Tom Swift and His Magic Sneakers or Tales of The F. B. I.) and the Magic Rubber Soles had bounced him back through the fourth floor back window.

Ned removed the window sash from around his neck and the two friends hastened to prepare themselves for the day's work.

As soon as their plain but nourishing breakfast of Vintage '38 Bathtub Gin (see Tom Swift and His Bathtub or The Great American Desert) had been consumed, the two friends climbed into Tom's red airship "Collins II" and prepared for the flight across the river to the Institute.



OR

## Little Man, So What?

"Ready," cried Tom. "Ready," cried Ned, and with a roar the little machine took off the roof which was replaced the following summer before the rain had greatly damaged the interior of the house.

Tom set a compass course for the great dome which they could see gleaming brightly in the Boston fog, and in no time the boys were spiraling down for a landing in the Margaret Chiney Room, much to the embarrassment of the three co-eds who had sought refuge there during the 8.02 quiz. A few well chosen words soon placed the occupants at their ease, and after a short delay finding Ned's shirt the boys hurried down the stairs to the Main Lobby where the elections were to take place.

The great hall was already a scene of bustling election day activity. The polls had been set up in one corner and two seniors



WELLESLEY CREW

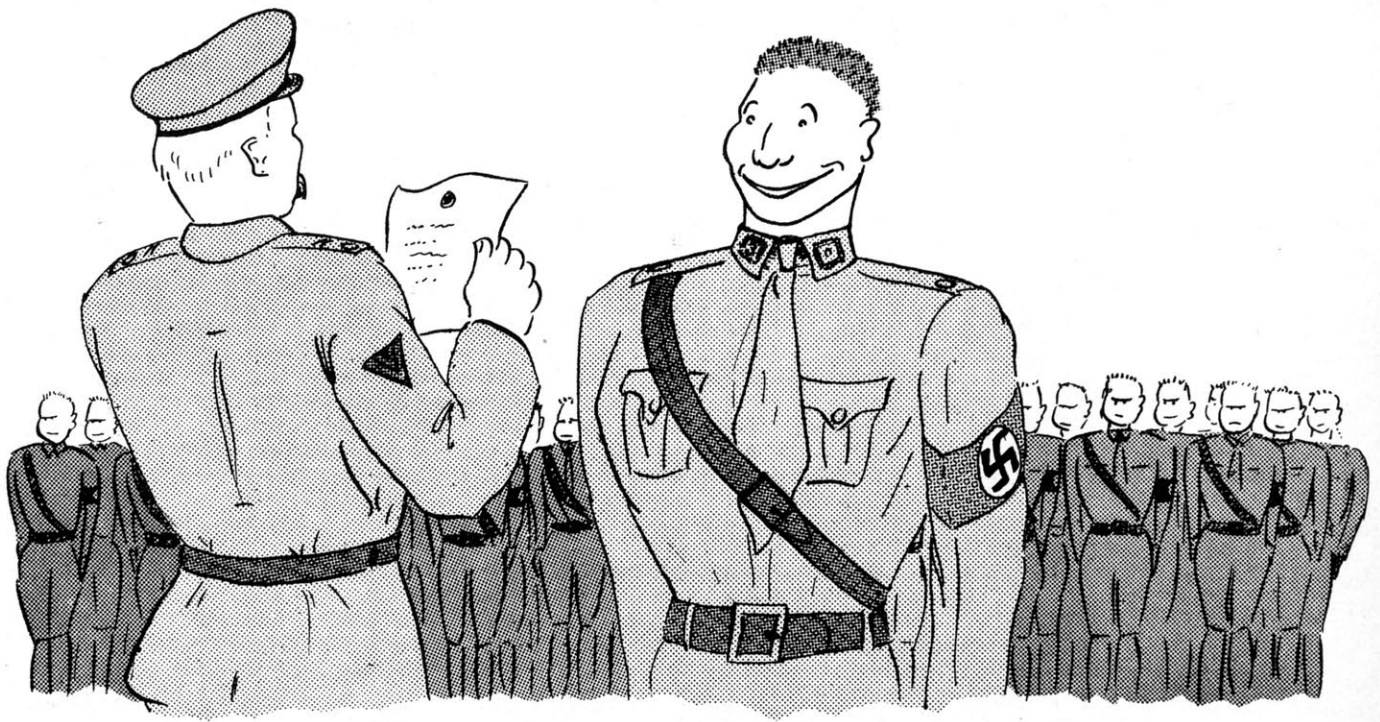
were busy handing out ballots to each other.

Tom easily dispatched them with his trusty death ray (see Tom Swift, or better still, see the new show at the Old Howard, they say it's a wow!), and our hero and his companion took their places in front of the polls, and none too soon, for at that moment two freshmen walked past the table

and would have continued on their way had not Tom motioned them to the table. Tom laughingly instructed them to write "Tom Swift" on all the ballots and this they did, under the impression that it was a *The Tech* poll on the Tech Man's Ideal Girl (see *The Tech* or "A Slight Case of Murder"). In no time at all the ballot box had been stuffed to overflowing and Tom felt sure of the results, but before the laughing pair could close the polls, who should appear on the scene but Andy Fogarty, Tom's arch enemy, and his rowdy followers from the Beacon Street houses. At the sight of Andy, Tom was taken aback, for you will remember he had left Andy to suffer a fate more horrible than death at the hands of the Wellesley Crew (see Tom Swift at Wellesley or Birth of a Nation). Tom was even more surprised when the Wellesley Crew (see above) appeared at Andy's back, ready to fight beside the boys to make the world safe for Democracy.

The sight of such devotion was too much for Tom and he collapsed sobbing in a heap on the floor (what the heap was is left as an exercise for the student), and what he found there is another story entitled "Tom Swift in the R. O. T. C." or "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier."





*"Schwartzkopf, report for duty at stud farm No. 391."*

## Men

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives; but never have more than one dollar or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material. The only difference is that some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: husbands, bachelors, and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope, and charity — especially charity!

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco-and-bay-rum-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death, and if you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you cease to be of interest to him, and if you argue with him in everything, you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool and if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge, and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out, but if you wear a little brown toque and a tailor-made suit, he takes you out and stares, all evening, at a woman in gay colors, rouge, and a startling hat.

If you join in the gaieties, and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil; if you don't approve of his drinking and urge him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are snobbish and nice.

If you are the clinging-vine type, he doubts whether you have any brains, and if you are a modern, advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart; if you are silly, he longs for a bright mate, and if you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

A MAN IS JUST A WORM of the dust. He comes along, wriggles about for a while, and finally some chicken gets him!



## New Wax

### DON'T BE THAT WAY ONE O'CLOCK JUMP

*Benny Goodman*

The band take Count Basie's tune, dress it up and send us solid, pops, solid. Both sides are killers! As ever, Harry James and Benny take top honors; but in the recent shakeup of drummers Goodman has lost Gene Krupa and you can sense the lack of his presence.

(Victor)

### COMIN' THRO' THE RYE I NEVER KNEW

*Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra*

Sometimes we like Dorsey best when he lets go with a screwy one like "Comin' Thro'" and then sometimes we like him when he settles down to a slick one like "I Never Knew," but we like him on both sides here. Pee Wee Irwin slips in a couple of very mean underhanded trumpet stuff on the first side that is good listening to.

(Victor)

### AT YOUR BECK AND CALL MR. SWEENY'S LEARNED TO SWING

*Hudson de-Lange*

Again this band comes forth with an excellent release. Each new tune has a new vocalist it seems, and each new vocalist is as good as the last; Mary McHugh is no exception. Her voice is pleasingly adapted to the type of swing this band gives out. Mr. Sweeny is cleverly done with good stop choruses.

(Brunswick)

### YOU'RE AN EDUCATION LOOK

*Larry Clinton*

Good vocals, good arrangements, and good instrumentation make this another good record by this band; not an irresistible sender but swell for the dance.

(Victor)

### MOON OF MANUKOORA I HADN'T ANYONE 'TIL YOU

*Ray Noble*

A new band and a new vocalist, but the same tricky Noble arrangements make this disc worth while. The pressing is reminiscent of the old Ray Noble, but of course it lacks the solos by Freeman that made his other records desirable.

(Brunswick)

### PLEASE BE KIND MOMENTS LIKE THIS

*Maxine Sullivan*

No ride tunes these; but simple suave numbers by a colored girl who has taken swing for her own. Backed up by a colored band that doesn't have the usual eerie wail, her voice blends perfectly. Maxine has a solid sense of rhythm and a thrilling lilt that sends us as solidly as does the most torrid ride chorus. Before this disc all other pressings seem trite.

(Victor)

### GOOD NIGHT, SWEET DREAMS, GOOD NIGHT MOONLIGHT ON THE PURPLE SAGE

*Tommy Dorsey*

This is another band that has lost its drummer and whose loss has had disastrous effects on the band. Instead of being good pops this is a sucrose disc with pleasing vocals by Jack Leonard.

(Victor)

### IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

### DARK EYES

*Maxine Sullivan*

Our pal Maxine gets off a couple of good ones here, if you enjoy hearing things like this torn up. Somehow we are getting sort of fed up with swing renditions of all of the good old songs. We're holding our breath till they get to work on "Nearer My God to Thee."

(Victor)

## PARSIFAL—PRELUDE AND GOOD FRIDAY SPELL

*Wagner*

Stokowski and  
the Philadelphia Orchestra

These two selections from Wagner's great religious music drama "Parsifal" are the best known of all of this too-little-known work. And Stokowski's rendition is superb throughout. Though there are many who criticize this conductor's freedom and daring—sometimes quite righteously—I feel sure that no one can deny that the beauty and colorful expression which is displayed throughout this performance leave the genius of this master unquestioned. He has long been acclaimed high priest of Wagner by those who like him best and such distinguished playing justifies a title such as this.

The reverent and beautiful Prelude as played by this great orchestra seems to catch every bit of emotion that Wagner put into it. The tone of the strings of the Philadelphia Orchestra is unsurpassed, and Wagner leans very heavily on them. The Good Friday Spell is more joyful, happier, and is perhaps better liked by some. We must confess that this is a recording which any music lover—Wagnerian or otherwise—should not be long without.

(Victor)

### JALOUSIE RITUAL DANCE OF FIRE

*Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orch.*

It won't be long now till the "Pops" opens another of its tremendously popular seasons. Here we have two of the best liked of all of their repertoire—the almost classical "Jalousie" and the favorite "Fire Dance." Pop goers have long awaited a good recording of these two gems, and Victor once again obliges them.

(Victor)

### SERENADE "EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK"

*Mozart*

*Pro Arte Quartet*

Many of us there are who do not like string quartets of any kind, and usually we are justified in our dislike. But here we have one of the world's most distinguished quartets in one of the most delightful of all light quartet pieces—probably the best known of all of Mozart's lighter works. We recommend listening to it if not buying it outright.

(Victor)



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Suits, \$42.00 and \$45.00    Shirts, \$2.75 and \$3.00  
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"Are you trying to seduce me?"



# HALF AN HOUR BEHIND THE EIGHT (8) BALL Or, CALKING THE SHIP OF STATE

A play in acts of little or no social significance — says the Dry Gulch “Embryo” of this production: “Never in the annals of the stage has such a . . . . The authors are obviously etaoin shrdlu. . . . No man, woman, child, or ikky can afford to — this play.”

## Cast of Characters

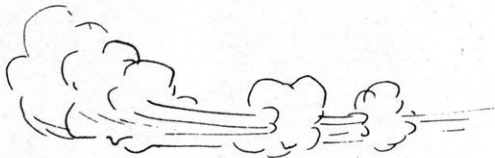
Hitolph Adler: Dictator of Inertia — a hard hombre  
Count Abdul: A bull, bull Emir  
Jeremy Sludge: A poor but honest lifer  
Ricketts: A butler  
Elsie De Smythe: A beautiful fan dancer in the service of the Dictator of Inertia — call Ken. 3106  
Jangforth: a stranger  
Izmerienne Bndwckzxynt Smith: A Theta Chi (stuffy in here, isn't it)  
Mamie Bulge: Exotic foreign spy — G 34<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> — in the pay of an alien Power  
Fetlock Whinney: Head of the Jukes, under-cover political organization opposed to existing wage scale for voters  
The Lone Wolf: A Republican  
Rosita and Young Manuelo: A couple of Tippy Tins  
\*(For a complete list of characters enclose stamped self-addressed envelope to cover costs of packing and faking.)

## Act 1 — Scene 1

The great courtyard before Hitolph's log cabin. We see our hero, one of a local tribe of Pygmies, seated on the ground picking his navel. Daniel Boone enters left.

*Dan:* Howdy, Ezra.

*Ezra* (with great emotion): Howdy, Dan'l.  
They both exit right.



## Scene 2, Fifty Years Later

Here our mood changes: The scene, a partially evacuated two liter flask. A tantalizing she is gliding

sinusoidally about. In a far corner, beneath a framed replica of Farley's hand after the New Deal, Sex is rearing its ugly head. Sssssss. . . .

Suddenly the front door Claxon purrs musically. Ricketts, the butler, hurriedly puts the piano back into its box, ambles to the door, and is engaged in picking the lock as Hitolph Adler jimmies his way through a window.

*Hitolph* (thundering — his blue Aryan blood reflecting —  $n_1 \sin i = n_2 \sin r$  — from the shiny surface of his blue serge jodphurs) Who is that . . . that . . . WOMAN??

*Ricketts:* That, sir (he blushes furiously) is . . . is . . . your wife.

*Hitolph:* Gosh all hemlock. I forgot about her in my income tax exemptions.

Two ulterior motives lead the scandalized pair away.

## Scene 3

*Scene 3.* That same afternoon in the office of the Dean of Men, Women, and Theta Chis.

(Deleted)



*Scene 4.* A busy street corner near Minsky's. Nearby sits Gran'pa Snazzy fryin' eggs.

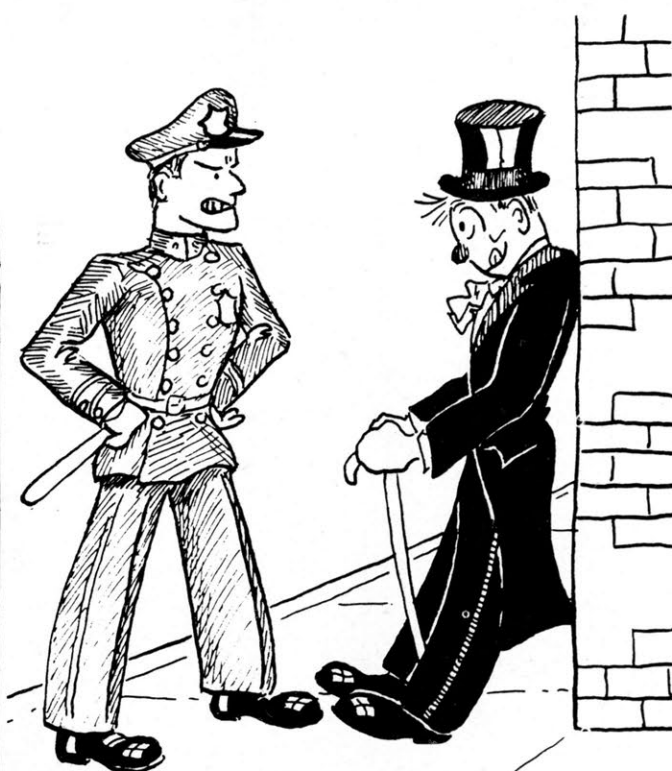
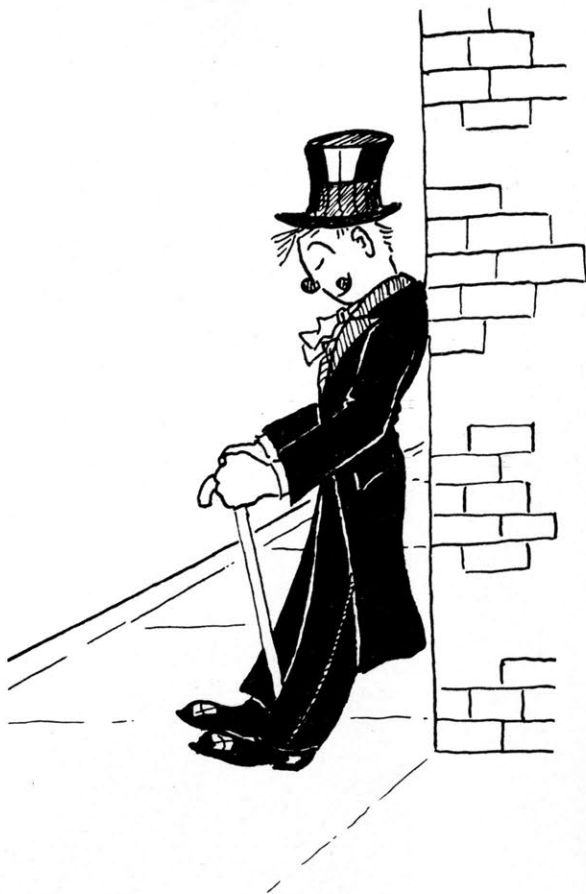
Enter left a small child wearing a sandwich board. The child ducks fearfully into the shadows as a Theta Chi rushing party thunders by, stopping only to pin a neon-lighted pledge button on Granpaw Snazzy.

*First Sailor* (to child, who is playfully tearing up a section of trolley car track): And who's little man are you?

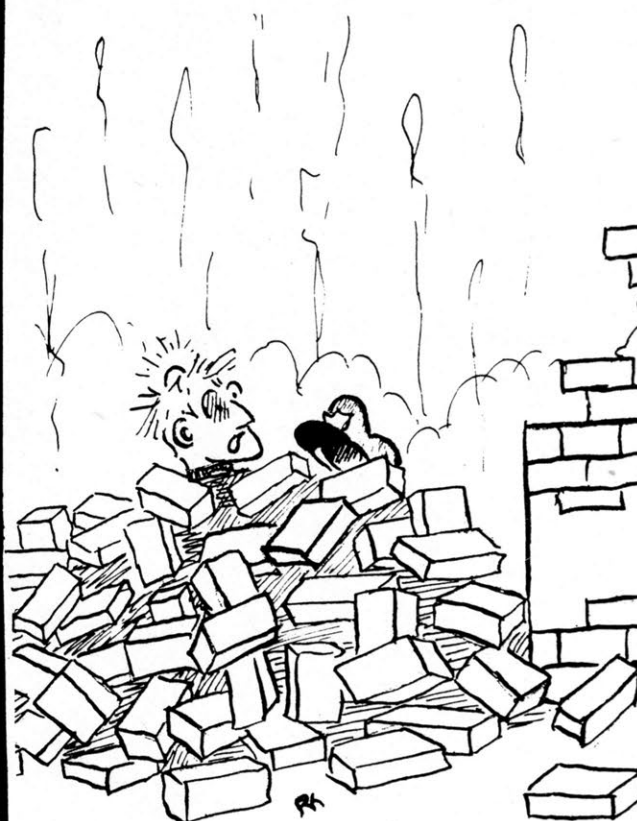
*Child:* Nov shmoz ka, Poppa.

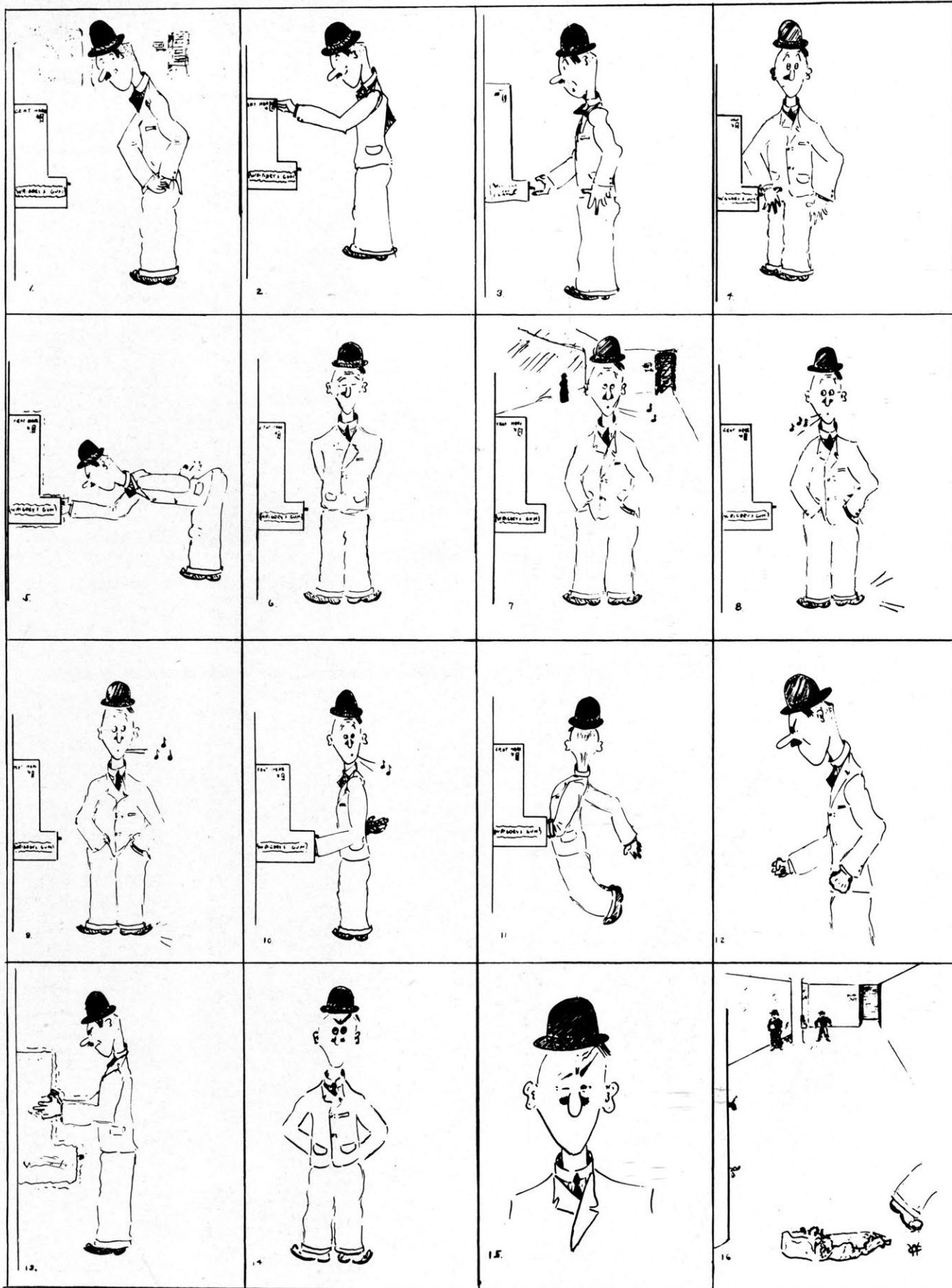
*Sailor:* Aw no I'm not . . .

Blackout. Confusion. Exit left and right. Money refunded at the box office. And above it all we realize that at last the business recession is over. Mrs. R. and Sistie and Buzzie have sold the country back to the Indians.



"('mon! — on yer way!  
— Think yer holdin' up tha buildin'?"







## THE 1938 PSALM

Mr. Roosevelt is my shepherd, I am in want,  
 He maketh me to lie down on park benches;  
 He leadeth me beside still factories, he disturbeth  
 my soul,  
 He leadeth me in paths of destruction, for my party's  
 sake.  
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of depression,  
 I anticipate no recovery for he is with me.  
 He prepareth a reduction in my salary, and in the  
 presence of mine enemies, he anointeth my  
 income with taxes;  
 My expenses runneth over;  
 Surely, unemployment and poverty will follow me all  
 the days of my life, and I will dwell in a mort-  
 gaged house forever.



"I think we're being followed."



A PHI GAMM POEM  
 or THE NUMBER SIX LAMENT  
 or THE SHIRTY DIRTY DIRGE  
 or etc., etc.

The horse and mule live thirty years  
 And nothing know of wines and beers.  
 The goat and sheep at twenty die  
 And never taste of scotch and rye.  
 The cow drinks water by the ton  
 And at eighteen is mostly done.  
 The dog at fifteen cashes in  
 Without the aid of rum and gin.  
 The cat in milk and water soaks  
 And then in twelve short years it croaks.  
 The modest, sober, bone-dry hen  
 Lays eggs for nogs and dies at ten.  
 ALL ANIMALS are strictly dry,  
 They sinless live and swiftly die,  
 But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked Men  
 Survive for three score years and ten.

— *Carrie Nation (Chas.)*

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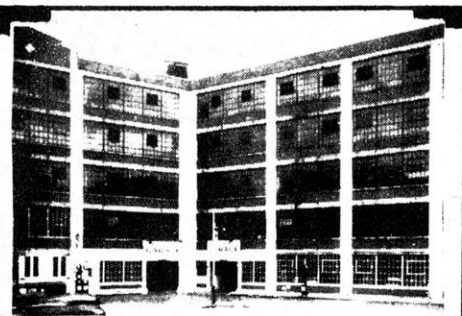
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And then there was the tug  
boat that committed suicide when  
it found out that its mother was  
a tramp and its father was a ferry.  
— *Siren*.

Young Mother: "Come quick,  
Mandy, the baby's got something  
in his diaphragm."

Mandy (on run): "Laws sakes!  
If that don't beat all. I just done  
put it on him."

— *Gargoyle*.



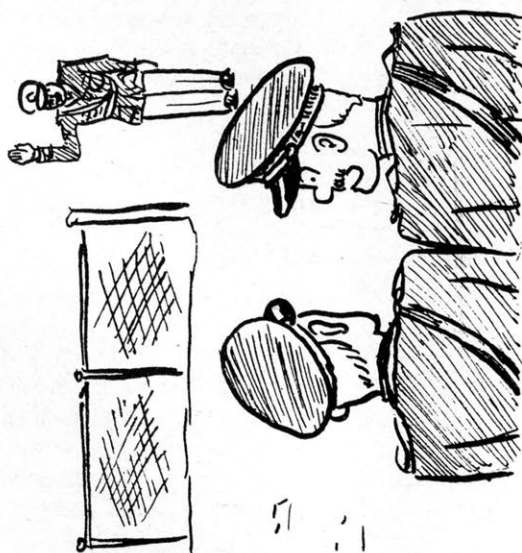
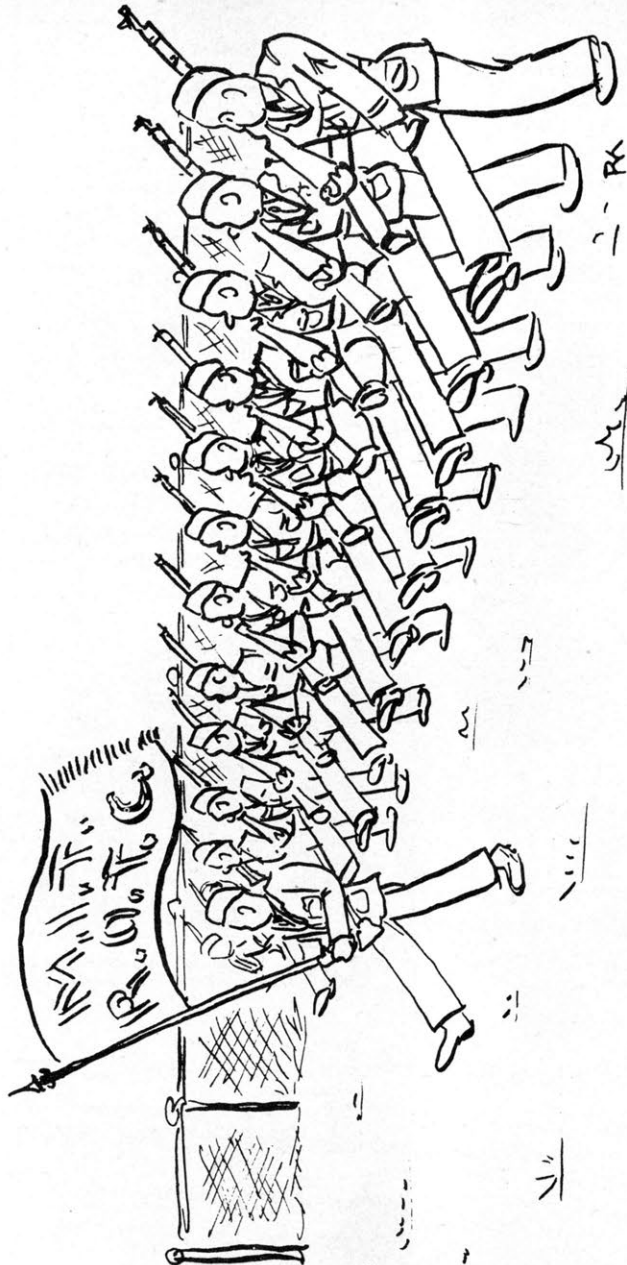
The girl I left behind me  
I think of night and day,  
For if she ever found me,  
There'd sure be hell to pay.

— *Roamer*.

The thoughts of a rabbit on sex  
Are practically never complex.

A rabbit in need  
Is a rabbit indeed;  
And his actions are what one  
expects.

— *Lampoon*.



"I don't think we can trust that new major too far."



## Carrying on "T.R.'s" tradition

ONCE you step inside the Roosevelt, the tumult and the shouting die. Around you is dignity, quiet. At your command is Service—perfect and unobtrusive.

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Guy Lombardo and Orchestra nightly in Grill.

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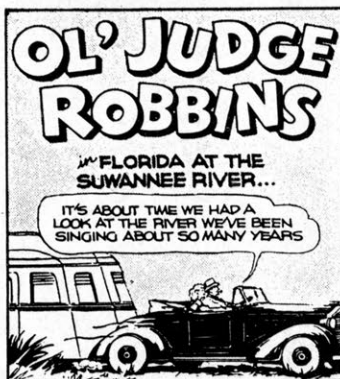


Red Cap service underground directly from Grand Central.

## THE ROOSEVELT

Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director  
Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York





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**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** 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.

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

WE'VE LEARNED THE SECRET OF PIPE JOY EARLY—PRINCE ALBERT! IT'S **QUALITY TOBACCO—NO BITE, NO RAWNESS, JUST MILD, MELLOW, TASTY SMOKING!**

**SO MILD!**

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PRINCE ALBERT  
CRIMP CUT  
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

"I had to change my seat several times at the movies."

"Gracious, did a man get fresh?"

"Well, finally."

—Owl.



"Ann's dancing is like a telephone office."

"How come?"

"Every line's busy."

—Banier.



I sneezed a sneeze into the air;  
It fell to ground I knew not where,  
But hard and cold were the looks of those  
In whose vicinity I snoze.

—Epitome.

## COMPANY

"You cruel child," declared Mr. Klotz, "why did you cut that poor harmless worm in two?"

"But, Mister, he looked so lonesome," vouchsafed Tiny Tim.

—Red-Cat.



A colored lady came into Gimble's Department Store the other day and asked for a pair of drawers.

"How do you want them to button?" asked the clerk. "Front or side?"

"Doan make no difference," the negress replied, "these here is for a corpse."

—Pup.



"I see dark spots in front of my eyes."

"Good. Let's park in one of them."

— Parrot.

Two little Negro girls were talking and one kept saying: "I don't know whether I is five or whether I is six."

The other replied: "Ain't yo' done ask'd yo' mother?"

"Uh-huh, but I still don't know whether I'se five o' I'se six, but I does know I is a virgin."

"Gal," was the immediate and disgusted reply, "yo' is five."

— Lou-Lou.

My kitty has gone a-gallivanting:  
I don't know where she's at.

Curse this city

That lured my kitty —

By dawn she'll be a cat.

— Ski-U-Mah.

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*"There's a guy out here named Roosevelt teasing the elephants."*





Customer (having a rough shave):  
I say, barber, have you another razor?  
Barber: Yes, why?  
Customer: I want to defend myself.

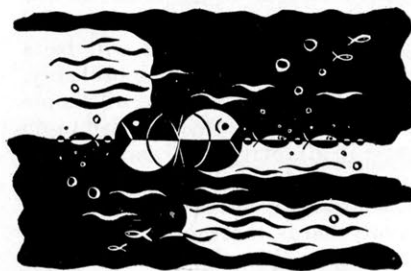
"I'll let you off with a fine today,"  
said the judge, with a gentle grin,  
"So you go your way in peace, my  
friend, commit no further sin."  
"The law, of course, must be obeyed,  
and if perchance you fail,  
"When next you meet this court  
again I'll send you straight to jail."  
"It's fine today," the prisoner said to  
the stern old judge and ruler,  
"But when I drive my car again I  
fear it may be cooler."

Wife: Every time you see a pretty  
girl you forget you're married.  
Husband: You're wrong, my dear.  
Nothing brings home the fact with  
so much force!

"Been drowning your sorrows, I  
suppose?"  
"No, but I've been giving them a  
darn good swimming lesson."

"I would like to get some alligator  
shoes."  
"What size shoes does your alli-  
gator wear?"

"Oh, Mummy," said wee Annie,  
"look at that funny man across the  
street."  
"What is he doing?"  
"He's sitting on the sidewalk talk-  
ing to a banana skin."



## OLD KING COLE WAS A SOUR OLD SOUL!

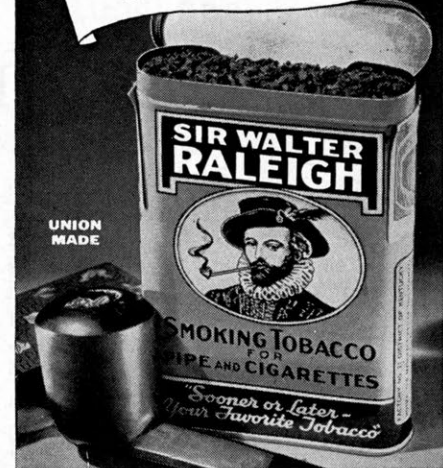


**HIS STINKO PIPE MIXTURE**  
knocked out everyone but the  
court jester, who pleaded: "Just  
clean that pipe of yours and switch  
to the Brand of Grand Aroma."



**"IT DOES SMELL GOOD!"** the  
king agreed, after he puffed those  
mild, ripe burleys in Sir Walter.  
"Give this man half my kingdom,  
and get me another 2-ounce tin!"

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND  
OF GRAND AROMA**



**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent  
survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative  
universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh  
first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos  
at a majority of these colleges.

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every  
Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Red Network.



## The children who will not come home from school

**T**HERE is one good thing about the next war, if it comes—*everybody* will be in it. And "in it" does not mean such tenuous participation as women knitting wristlets and men buying non-taxable bonds "until it hurts." It means going hungry, wasting away from disease, suffering unbelievably, dying horribly. Planes, and ships, and submarines, and artillery that can laugh at distance will see to that.

Whole cities of non-combatants will be wiped out. Children will leave for school and never return. People will die in the streets, in their offices, and their homes.

As they have in every other war, epidemics will strike where troops congregate. But epidemics also will ravage cities demoralized by bombs containing not only explosives and gas, but *germs*.

All this will bring home to the stay-at-homes the true monstrosity and futility of war, and that will be a good thing. For that alone, probably, will make the great mass of people do what so far they have failed to do—rise in all their might and *refuse to allow another war!*

There's only one drawback to this lesson: that is, that most qualified experts agree that civilization cannot

survive another war. The next "war to end wars" probably will end civilization also. The time for us all to rise in our might is *now!*

### What to do about it

Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. Write today to World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York.

## 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.

### THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

He: "Your mouth is certainly pretty."

She (proudly): "Yes, I'll put it up against anyone's any time."

*Submitted by: 1th floor back*



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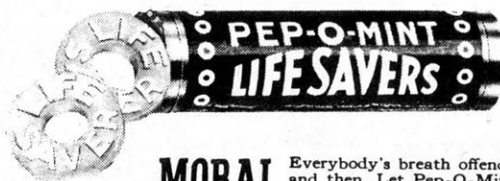
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**GIRL:** I don't have to hold my breath! I eat LIFE SAVERS.



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*There is an air  
that you'll enjoy . . .*

IN THE  
**GRILL**

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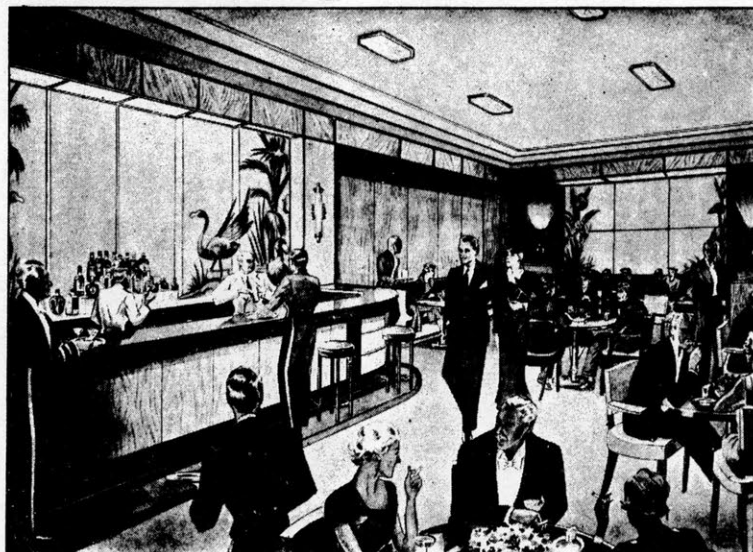
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