

VOO DOO



25c

NEW
FACES
NUMBER

HERSH-



GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. John Golden presents the distinguished International star in Rachel Crothers' brilliant comedy, "Susan and God"

Voo Doo

FEBRUARY, 1939

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Voo Doo

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M. I. T. VOO DOO

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EDITS

The old order changes. Phos sheds the usual tear for the passing of the old board and hopefully looks to Voo Doo's New Faces for wherewithal to pay the cats-meat-man.

Speaking of new deals, the one in Washington is beginning to take on the dog-eared appearance of an old hand. For nine years ill-advised public opinion has been in opposition to business progress, aggravating the effects of an era of economic turmoil and attempted reform. There is such a thing as public emotional action and reaction, and if the unwieldy pendulum of this public opinion begins to retrace its arc and gather momentum in the other direction, the effects on business may be dramatic. And the downward swing has begun.

The violent emotional waves of the public follow the pattern of a psychological cycle. When America threw itself into the last war with the words "a war to end all wars" on everyone's lips, popular fervor reached a peak where the very suggestion that to fight was unwise assured the speaker of being cursed, ostracized, or locked up. In the early days of prohibition anyone who questioned the moral value of the law was branded as a drunkard, unwilling to curb his own inhibitions for the benefit of humanity. This little field day for reformers and idealists reached its twilight when the practical effects of the law fell short of expecta-

tions. The pendulum started on the down-swing and today the mention of prohibition is not even good for a laugh.

In the same way, with government policies tending more and more to penalize initiative and protect shiftlessness, the great crusading ideal of preventing human suffering began to lose its appeal and nasty whispers of "vote-buying" were heard in its stead. Achievement through work and creative ability carries too much weight to be discredited for long. With the defeat of the Court packing plan we mark the point where public opinion began to swing away from the New Deal. This need not be interpreted as only a temporary setback because the pendulum swings slowly and its speed is not apparent until it has moved in the new direction for some time. Perhaps with the increasing impotence of the New Deal and its adoption of a conciliatory attitude, a beneficial spiral of events will develop. Perhaps private capital will come out of hiding, stimulate production, and reduce costs. Perhaps the higher tax receipts of better business days will subordinate the political appeal for "relief." At least, ambition should replace cynicism. And instead of seeking a scape-goat, perhaps the public philosophy will turn to creation and the reward of achievement.

'Snowonder she likes Old Golds!



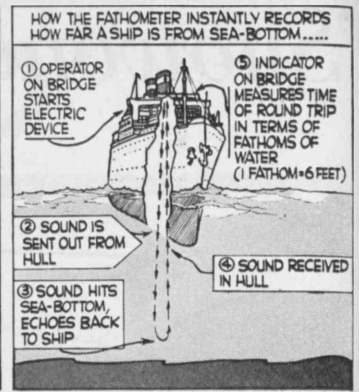
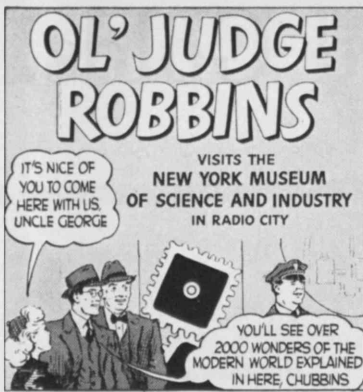
Ask
Her reasons?
Don't be
Silly!
A woman gives
Answers
Not reasons.
She likes Old Golds
Not because they're
Made of finer
Smoother tobaccos
But because their
Delightful
Double-Mellow
Flavor happens to
Please her taste
And because every
Old Gold reaches
Her lips as FRESH
As the day it
Was born.
In some countries
"Ski" is pronounced
"SHE".
But in U.S.A.,
She pronounces "O.G.,"
When she wants a
Truly fresh and
Extra-fine
Cigarette.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
opens from the *BOTTOM*.

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TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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



IF YOU'RE AFTER **RICH, MELLOW TASTE** AND A **COOL-SMOKING, SWEET-CAKING PIPE**, THEN FILL UP WITH **PRINCE ALBERT**



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THE BIG **2** OUNCE RED TIN

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

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.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

"Have you read your novel to any one?"
"No!"
"Then how did you get that black eye?"

Lawyer: I'm sorry, old man, I couldn't do more for you.
Convicted Client: Don't mention it, ain't five years enough?

Teacher: It's very deplorable, Smith; you seem unable to add up the simplest thing correctly, does your father help you?
Smith: No, he just laughs and says it's no use in business.
Teacher: Indeed, what is your father?
Smith: A waiter, sir!

"You have beautiful eyes," wrote the young lawyer, "and exquisite long lashes, and I love the way the aforesaid eyes peep out from under the aforesaid lashes."

The arithmetic class was learning about weights and measures. "What does milk come in?" asked the teacher.
"In pints," ventured Betty.
"Who knows what else?"
"I know," said Johnny, who had spent the Summer on the farm, "it comes in squirts."

A cameraman, working for the company, met a farmer in town one day and said:
"I've just been taking some moving pictures of life out on your farm."
"Did you catch any of my men in motion?" asked the farmer curiously.
"Sure I did."
The farmer shook his head reflectively, then commented: "Science is a wonderful thing."

First Holiday Golfer (writing down score): How many did you take for that hole?
Second Holiday Golfer: What about you giving your score first for a change.

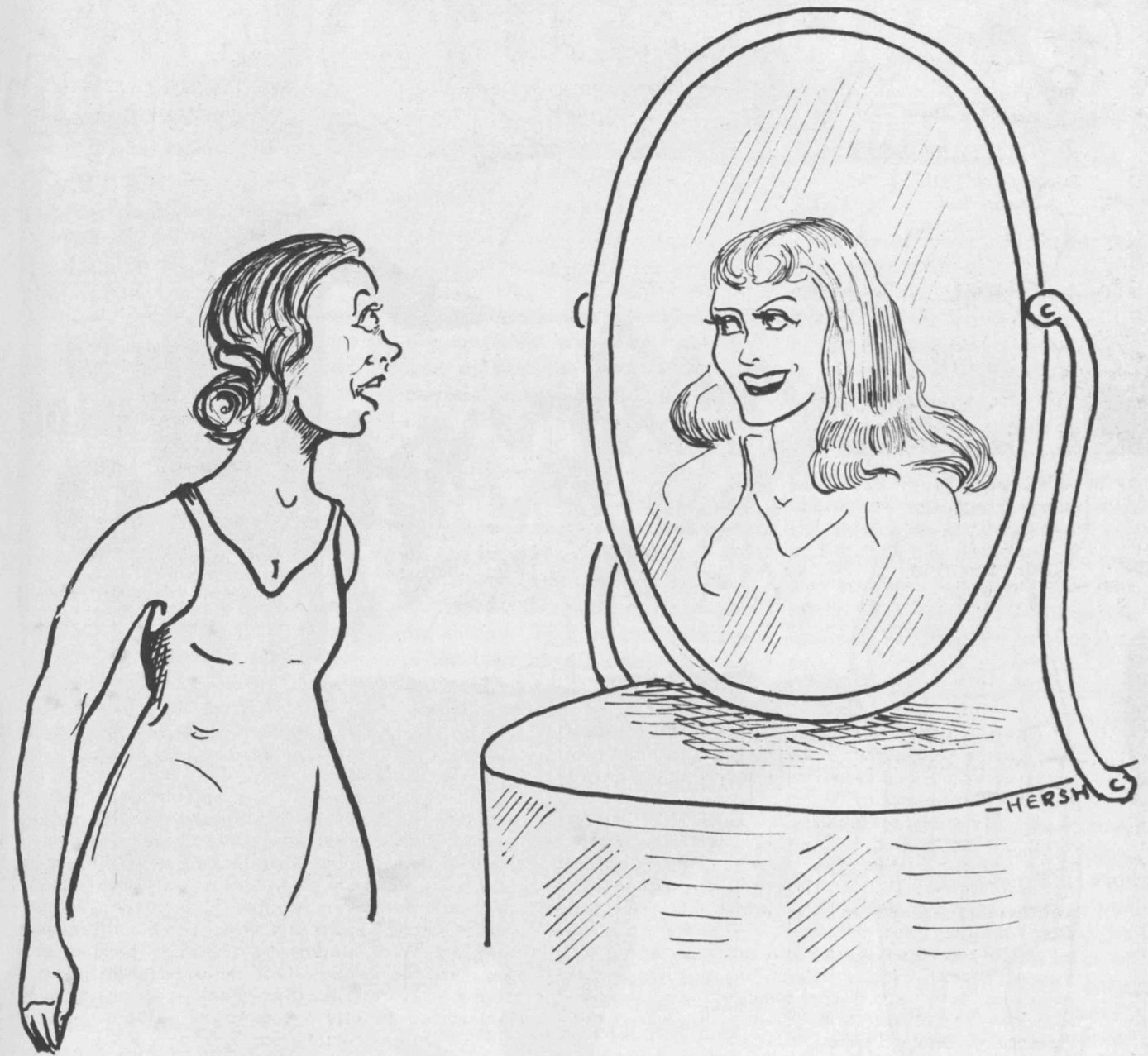
Here lie the bones of Pete McBley,
With all his double chins,
Who got plugged in a gun affray
Right where the vest begins.

Slender: Say, how would you stop a chimney from smoking?
Bulk: I'd give it one of your cigars.

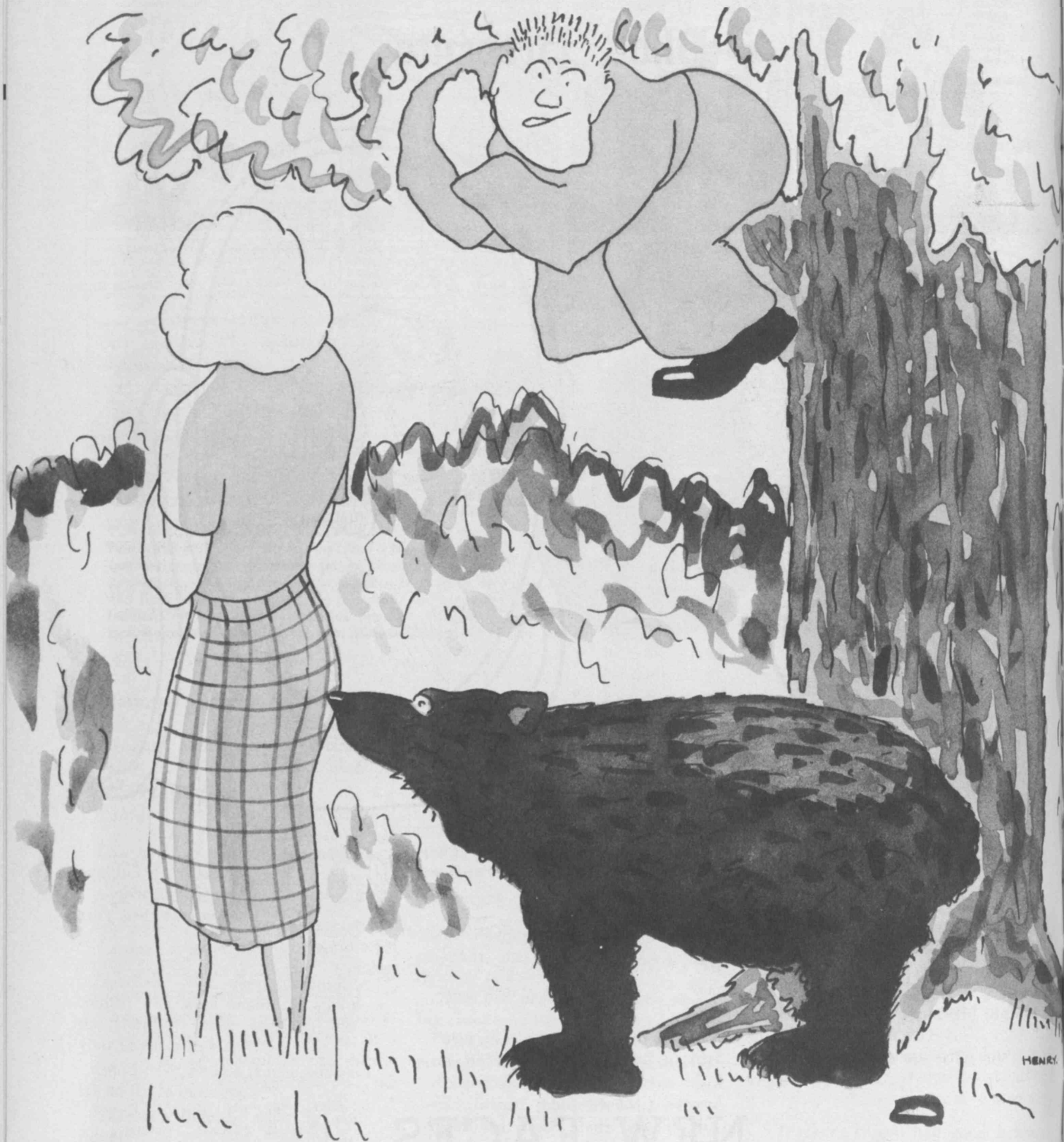
Superintendent: What we want is a night watchman that'll watch, alert and ready, for the slightest noise or indication of burglars — somebody who can sleep with one eye and both ears open, and is not afraid to tackle anything. See?
Applicant: It's my wife you'll be wanting, not me.

Teacher: If you had good brains, Tommy, what would you invent?
Tommy: Something that would do my lessons if I just pressed a button, miss.
Teacher: You lazy boy! Now you, Billy, are not so lazy. What would you invent?
Billy: Something to press the button, miss!

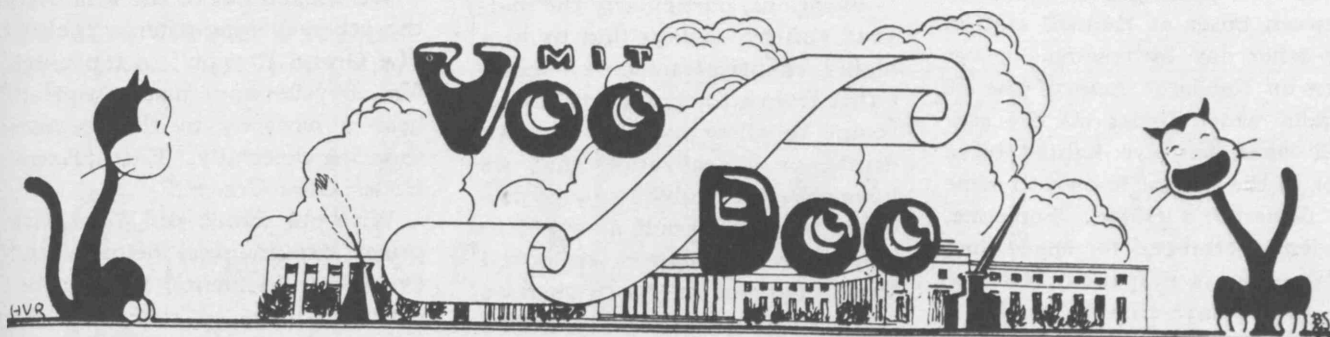
Phos Presents



NEW FACES
ISSUE



Stop your clowning, George!



Voodooings . . .

Damon . . .

The first week of the term usually produces a variety of items suitable for a column such as this, but the beginning of this one produced nothing at all of note unless it was a short comment which we noticed on the 2.686 blackboard. We were copying down the roll-card dope when we noticed below the prof's name the terse comment, "Ed: I'm going to eat. Now. Before I starve." We had all sorts of mental pictures of a lab assistant staggering weakly across the street to the coop, while Ed, unaware of the near tragedy he has caused, putters blissfully with his turbines in the basement.

And before we forget, your attention is called to page 11 and the letter printed thereon. We found it in the box marked "Contributors" the other morning and can vouch for its authenticity. If the contributor will call at the office and identify himself he will be welcomed heartily by the members of the staff.

Talk . . .

The department of overheard conversations was hard put to keep up with the sudden influx of material gathered over the holidays. All sorts of printable and otherwise small talk has come to our ears such as the comment of one business man to another during the ride home from the office on the subway. "You know," he said, "George is the funniest bird I ever saw. Keeps the office laughing all day. Why he and a couple of the boys have a season box at the Old Howard."

Then of course there were the two girls on Tremont Street whom we identified as North Cambridge stock from the broad *youse* in their speech. Obviously commenting on a movie they had just seen, one of them remarked, "Gee, I'm glad it had a happy ending. I like happy endings because I want to have one myself." "What if you don't?" asked the skeptic beside her. "Well, in that case," she answered, "I guess it's just c'est la vie."

Over in one of the Kendall Square beaneries we listened in, quite inadvertently, while an irate female tippler spoke harshly of one of her male acquaintances. "Why," she said, "do you know what he called me? A Forty-Second Street New Yorker, right in front of everybody!" We're still working on the case.

Met . . .

As far as we're concerned, the next revolution will start in the lobby of a certain downtown theater during the run of a super horse-opera starring Tyrone Power in the guise of a mid-west train robber. We stood for forty-five minutes in the geographic center of a fighting, screaming mob waiting for seats, while several smug characters who had already seen the show smirked at us from the mezzanine. We finally clawed our way to a pair in the extreme rear of the house only to find ourselves half-way through the second feature.

Any quick thinking revolutionary could have signed us up for the duration with no more than a word.

While waiting in the above lobby, we noticed several fellow sufferers passing the time with cross-word puzzles. Every few minutes their efforts would be interrupted by a sudden surge of the crowd as the head usher shouted, "Gimme a hunert more!" We peeked over the shoulder of one of the fairer ponderers and saw that she had completed her puzzle except for 56 across . . . *Personal Magnetism*. We had *Hypnotism* on the end of our tongue when a quicker thinking lad on the other side beat us to it. When several others in the vicinity put it down on their puzzles we suppressed a desire to sneer, "Cheaters."

Pen . . .

We were passing a few minutes between buses at Kendall station the other day by tracing our car lines on the large map of the El system which hangs on the rear wall when our eye lighted on a spot in the harbor known to some as *Governor's Island*. Someone, evidently cramped for space, had written on it in pencil, *Alkters*. We didn't have time to correct it so anyone who happens that way has our permission to change it to *Alctrz*.

Jug . . .

All sorts of things happen to people, as we have found out over a period of years, so we weren't surprised to hear that the Betas had received a telegram from Wilmington, Delaware, last week reading, "Wire Magistrate McCordy \$14 and get me out of jail." Oh yes, it was the house president who was in difficulty.

Bar X . . .

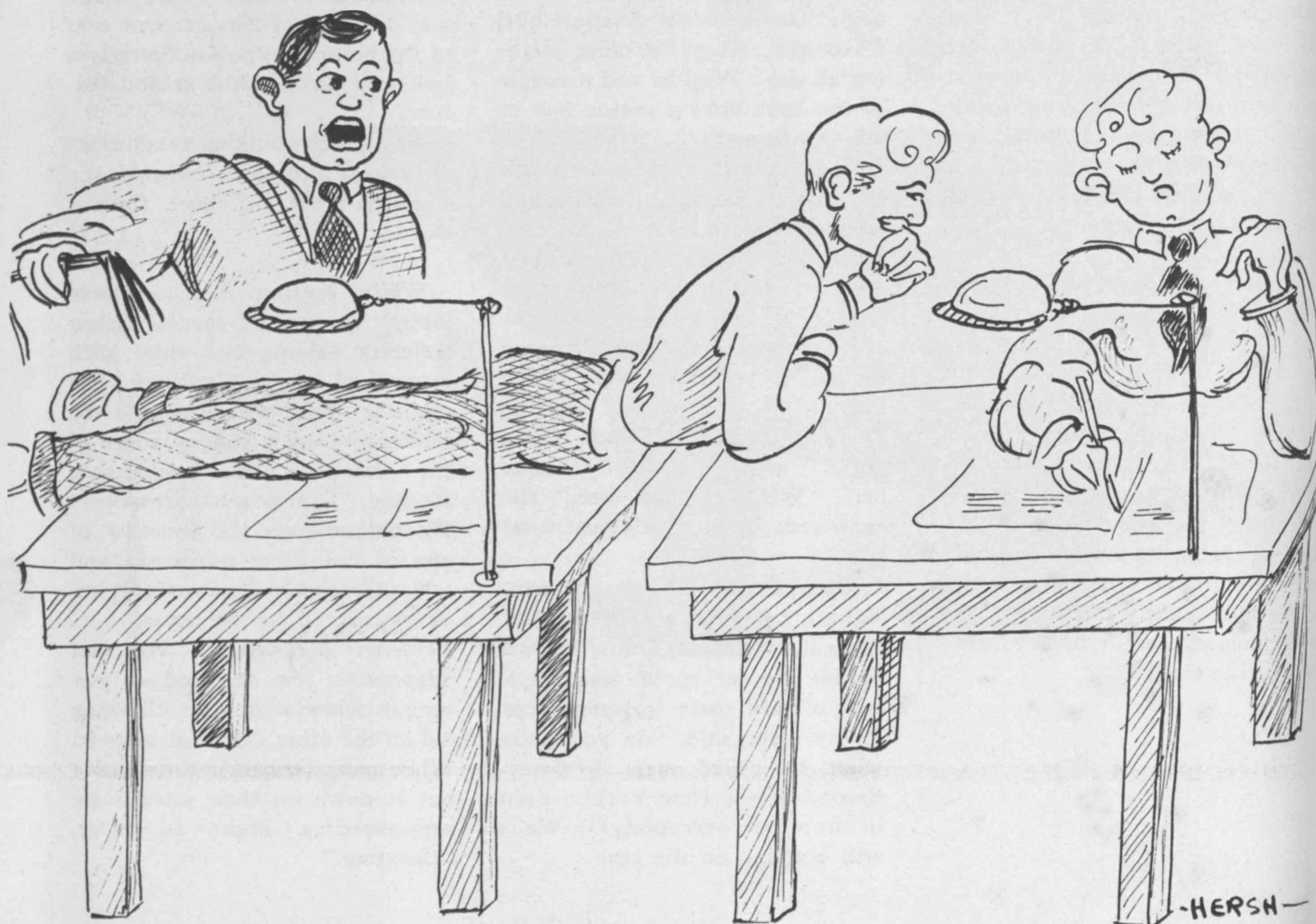
Vacations, particularly the mid-year variety, always find us in a highly skeptical frame of mind, either from a too conscientious attempt to allow for the last two drinks or a realization that we have never been able to gauge precisely the exact point at which to stop. For that reason we looked twice one night last week when we saw a cowboy in Harvard Square. The second look confirmed the first, for there he was, complete with ten-gallon hat of the low crown variety, a well-studded belt, high-heeled boots, chaps, and the standard yellow and green shirt combination.

Long years in the saddle had evidently inured him to the elements, for, although he stood waiting for some fifteen minutes in a stiff breeze, we detected not so much as a single shiver. When last seen he was boarding a Belmont bus.

Nazi . . .

We walked out of the Fine Arts the other evening after a peek at "Le Grand Illusion" (a top notch film, by the way) just in time to hear a newsboy in the distance shouting cheerfully, "Extra, Extra, Hitler Goes Crazy!!"

With our minds still filled with prison camps, steel helmets and everything incidental to War behind the lines, we rushed to the nearest news stand and thumbed madly through all the headlines. All we could find, though, was "Senate Economy Bloc Wins Test." Maybe he was practicing for an apparently not far distant day.



-HERSH-

NO WILSON — THAT'S CHEATING

The Christmas Cigar

Or The Loyal Friend



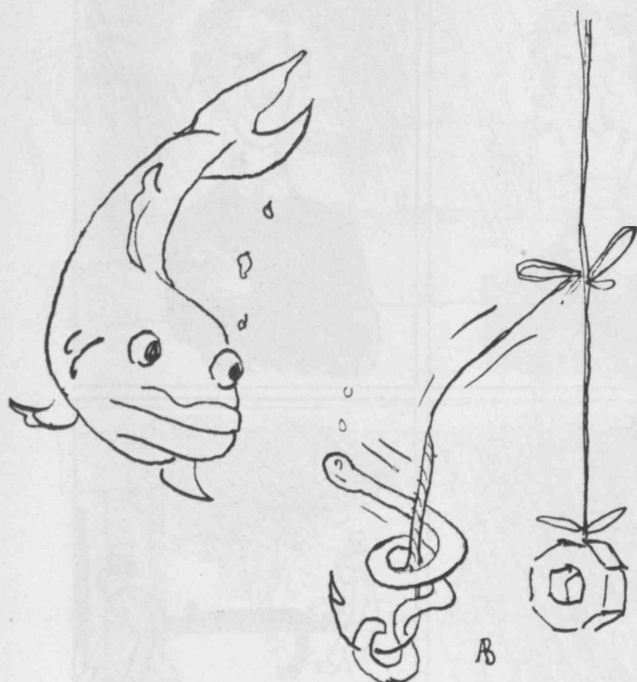
Only the Brave ...

Dear Advice to the Lovelorn Editor:

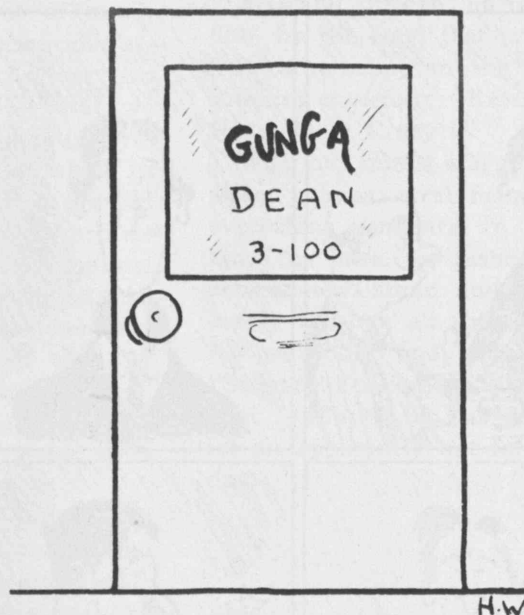
I am in a jam. I met a girl at one of those get-acquainted dances and now I don't know what to do. I noticed her watching me when she didn't think that I knew it, so I cut in on her. She thought I was a junior as I wasn't wearing my frosh tie, and she told me how swell she thought Tech men were. I had a little trouble getting her phone number and I had to ask twice for it, but she finally gave it to me and even wrote it down herself in my little book. I might stop here to say she is a cute curvy blonde and only wears glasses in the movies and when she has to see across the street.

Anyway, on our first date we went to see "Moonlight Sonata," because she liked culture, and it affected her so much she put her head on my shoulder and sighed and said, "Isn't it wonderful," and she even let me hold her hand.

The next time we went out she insisted that we don't go to an expensive show, because, like she says, any real girl knows a college man hasn't a lot of money, and she thinks girls who can't get a lot of fun out of only a fellow's company are just gold diggers. So we went to see "I'd Rather be Right," and she wouldn't even let me take her to get something to eat at the Hofbrau afterwards. Gee, when we got to her door I thought for a minute I could kiss her when she leaned against me, but I lost my balance and I had to stick out my hand to keep us from falling, so I didn't.



Don't you think we're both too young to die?



Then she invited me to a dance and we had a swell time. While we were sitting out a couple of dances, when she said she was tired, she told me what a swell dancer she thought I was. And then I told her how I'd figured out dancing was just simple harmonic motion if you looked at it right, and she was very interested and she wondered how I'd been smart enough to figure it out. I said I was pretty smart all right, the only subject I flunked was E11. On the way home she asked me to let her shift gears, and while she was sitting so close to me I put my arm around her because I didn't need it anymore to drive. When we stopped she cuddled up to me a little and looked in my face and said did I think a girl was cheap if she kissed a fellow, and I said I didn't know, it depended on how much he had to spend. Then I wondered whether she meant for me to kiss her or not, but finally I thought what the hell, so I bent down, but she wasn't looking and I hit her in the ear. It was all right though, she didn't mind, and then I kissed her right on the mouth. Boy! Did it taste good! She was chewing my favorite flavor, peppermint! Now I am coming to my problem. The fourth time we went out we came home an hour before she had to go in, by mistake, so we just sat there and she put her arms around my neck and I bet I kissed her at least ten times. Gee, even when we got out and stood on the porch, she kissed me again, and I did the same, and, when I got back in the car, I had an awfully funny feeling in my stomach. Now will you tell me, dear editor, what do I do the next time we go out?

WORRIED.

Department of Justice

United States Northeastern Penitentiary
Lewisburg, Pa.

October 24, 1938

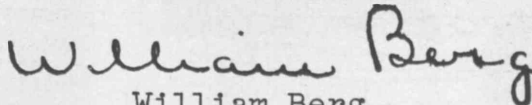
Mr. David Bartlett,
The Tech
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Walker Memorial
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Bartlett:

We can assure you that
"The Tech" will be of great use to our
inmates, many of whom are interested in
that special field.

Your contribution to our
library will be most gratefully received.

Very truly yours,
FOR THE WARDEN



William Berg,
Librarian

WB/b

Skiomaniacs . . .

Yes, sir, skiing is certainly a wonderful sport. It must be, in view of what the addicts put up with.

Frozen ears, frozen nose, frozen fingers, frozen toes. Wet sweater, wet gloves, wet pants, wet shoes, wet stockings. Snow in the face, snow in the ears, snow down the neck, snow up the sleeves, snow in the shoes. Raw face, raw wrists. Blistered hands, blistered feet. Sore head, sore neck, sore shoulders, sore arms, sore chest, sore stomach, sore bottom, sore legs, sore knees, sore feet.

Sprained wrists, sprained ankles, dislocated shoulders. Scraped faces and scraped hands. Barked shins and twisted necks. Fractured skulls, broken ribs, broken arms, and broken legs.

\$15 for skis, \$8 for poles, \$2 for wax, \$5 for bindings, \$3 for glasses, \$2 for a hat, \$1 for earmuffs, \$3 for a scarf, \$5 for a shirt, \$8 for a parka, \$9 for pants, \$3 for stockings, \$10 for boots, and \$4 for mittens. Wreck them and then replace them.

The bugs run into bushes, trees, fences, walls, rocks, buildings, and each other. They fall off cliffs and into brooks.

They must spend twenty minutes toiling up a slope they can descend in twenty seconds.

They must have no crust, no slush, no ice.

They must decide between a climbing wax that makes sliding impossible and a sliding wax that makes climbing impossible.

Yes, sir, skiing is certainly a wonderful sport. It must be, in view of what the addicts put up with.



Party . . .

We were gathered together, a happy care-free group, waiting expectantly. The first bottle was brought forth, passed around, and soon emptied. The second bottle appeared, and then disappeared. The third, the fourth, the fifth — came from hiding, and then again were gone. It was on the sixth that the first limp form eased gently to the floor. More bottles passed around, more faces disappeared. Three hours and many bottles later, our leader stood before us. He was swaying unsteadily, slightly disheveled, and his eyes seemed bloodshot. He spoke slowly: "Gentlemen, you should now be familiar with all of the gases that you will encounter in this course. I thank you."

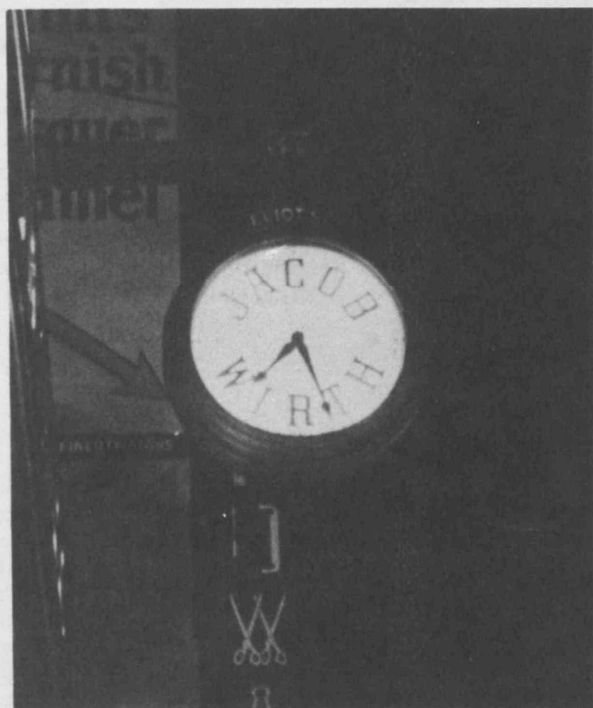
so she's going steady with someone else . . .

What's the matter old man? You look awful. Oh, your girl's going steady with someone else? Yeah, I know how you feel. Come on, cheer up. What can you do? Well, there's four things. What are they? That's easy. First, win her back. Oh, you know you can't. Hmm. Well — the second is to get yourself another. But you love her too much? This begins to be a problem. How about the third method — give up women altogether? No, that isn't much fun is it? I guess you're stuck. Oh, the fourth way — go and drown your sorrows and figure out something tomorrow. You want to? Fine let's go. Why am I going? My girl is going with someone else now.



Hofbrauhouse . . .

**Jacob Wirth's . . . Good Beer
Good Cheese, Indifferent
Service . . . A Tech Tradition**



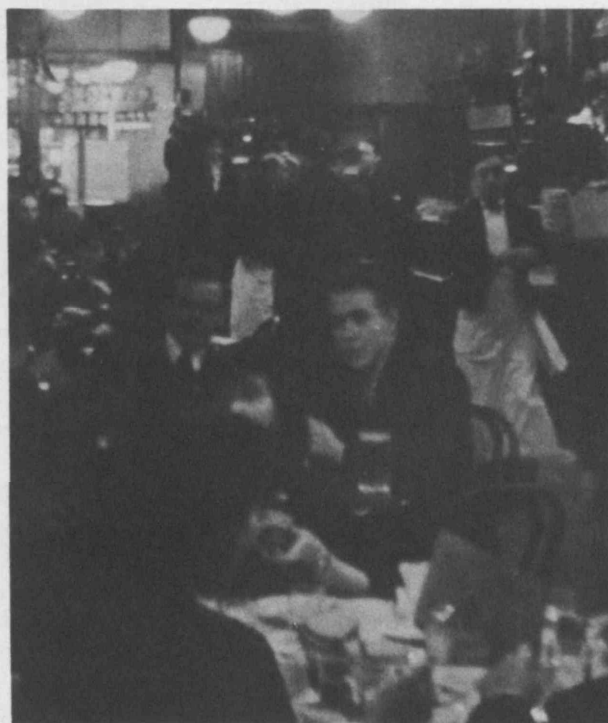
Familiar landmark is the clock on Stuart Street. Like its counterpart inside, it is kept five minutes ahead to discourage late arrivals. The one inside speeds the parting guest.



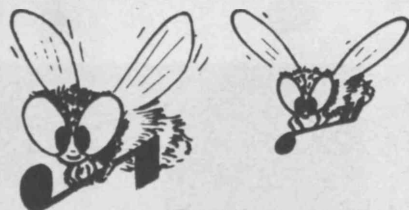
The bar. Less familiar than the tables, it is ver-botten to women. Most Tech men prefer to sit.



Seidle of dark . . .



**Phos' Photographer Got Special
Permission . . . But No Pictures
Of Clergy and Seidles**



New Wax



Rumor has it that Artie Shaw and his great swing bunch are coming out soon with a collection of new swing waxings to be marketed by Bluebird in album form. Probably by the time this goes to press this rumor will have become fact and undoubtedly this hypothetical collection will be the buy of the month. This month Mr. Shaw obliged us with the snappiest arrangement of "It Had To Be You" that we have heard to date. Side two of the same dish is graced with a solidly done rendition of "Jungle Drums." Both sides are done in Artie's usual lifting style with no holds barred when he lets go with that clarinet. Tony Pastor takes a neat sax solo on "Jungle Drums" that is worthy of mention. His other record also well done is grooved to give out "Thanks For Everything" and "Between a Kiss and a Sigh," neither of which are classics but good corn anyway. Benny, "the-reported-to-be-not-so-good," showed a reversal of form this month and pressed a new number of his entitled for some deep reason "Undecided." His second commendable piece of work are a pair of oldies presented very neatly by a combination of clarinet, vibraphone, drums, piano, and bass. "I Cried For You" demonstrates very sweetly the tone Benny can get out of that black stick of his, and "I Know That You Know" shows just as well how fast he can move his fingers. Larry Clinton this month has only one record that is representative of his best, that being a platter containing a tender little piece, "Deep Purple" and a red-hot number, "Study in Red." "Deep Purple" is perhaps the better of the two although they can hardly be compared since they are the limits of Clinton's style. His "Study" shows him off at his swingiest best whereas "Deep Purple" shows off his ickie mood.

Jimmie Lunceford, now recording for Vocalion, has a sweet pair put out a sweet disc containing a number "Le Jazz Hot" dedicated to Hughes Panassie which is pure swing and very torrid. Side two features a Duke Oliver composition "Rainin'" with a very fine vocal by Dan Grisson. Gene Krupa continues to improve although he doesn't seem to be making any startling advances in popularity. His waxing of "Never Felt Better Never Had Less" is very solid and is not over drummed. Side two of the same platter is a swingy little number going under

the name of "Do You Want To Jump Children." "Never Felt Better" is ably sung by Irene Daye and the "Jump" by Leo Watson.

Brunswick has released a good but not outstanding recording of two Ellington originals, "Battle of Swing" and "Jazz Potpourri." Neither is representative of Ellington's best, which is incidentally very good, but as is always the case with Ellington's music it is different. Another waxing of Ellington's that is better and perhaps hung together a little better is his waxing "Blue Light."

Columbia Classics . . .

It is amazing that a life as uneventful as that of Johannes Brahms should have produced such evidences of profound musical inspiration as do this composer's writings. Greatly influenced by the genius of Beethoven and Schumann and unfortunately unsympathetic to the Wagnerian experiments in tone painting, Brahms artistry has something new to express in a strongly individual technique. Columbia Records present as their Masterworks Set No. 353 his Symphony No. 3, in F Major, Opus 90. While his London Philharmonic Orchestra's performance lacks some of the flexibility and brilliance of our Boston orchestra, Felix Weingartner is especially noted in the critical world for his interpretations of Brahms and these recordings are eminently satisfying. The serene delicacy of the second and third movements is flanked by an auspicious first movement and a Finale in which the symphony reaches its peak. Here, heralded by the solemn chords of the trombones, an aggressive and enigmatic theme breaks forth and is answered by the recalling of the main theme in the strings and woodwind even while the new figure gains momentum. The movement gains in grandeur and its exultant spirit lingers on as the symphony closes in a mood of resignation.

To the informed music lover Walter Gieseking is the most popular pianist of the day, and the Columbia Masterworks Set No. 352 in which he plays Book I of the Debussy Preludes attests to Mr. Gieseking's mastery. An appreciation of Debussy must often be acquired. He does not satisfy the average longing for a tune, but the harmonic atmosphere and subtlety of rhythm in Debussy cannot fail to produce its poetic effect. The Preludes run a gamut of moods, from the highly descriptive picture of boats upon a languid sea in "Voiles," through the wistful sketch of "La Fille au cheveux de lin," to the other extreme of the capricious brilliancy displayed in "Danse de Puck." Debussy has supplied all the musical pigments and Mr. Gieseking's keyboard artistry paints the pictures in a manner which, although the listener does not completely understand the composer's impressionism, cannot fail to impress the essential beauty of Debussy's elusive work.



*Nothing else
will do—*

Chesterfields give me
more pleasure than any
cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

Best Band . . .

If you have been reading our record column lately you will have noticed that one band in particular has dominated the swing field and has also been highly recommended for some of his sweeter renditions. That band appeared on the swing horizon just in time to save popular swing from an early death. Here was something new, something interesting, a something worth listening to, that something is Artie Shaw and his colorful swing ensemble that at present are breaking all attendance records wherever they appear. Artie, like that other swingster and former swing-king, Benny Goodman, got his start with small jobs in pit bands about ten years ago. As a matter of fact he and Benny used to room together before Goodman made his climb to fame. Since his pal made good, Artie thought that he also had enough on the ball to make a name for himself. Three years ago he organized a tricky combination of clarinet and strings and made his bid. His band had trouble then for swing was just catching hold and a violin in a swing band was already considered sacrilege. Following fast in the footsteps of Benny and eager to show the music world that he also could be the life of the party Art formed a new band and began to give out with some of the trickiest arrangements the swing populace had ever heard.



From the Roseland to the top.
Phos picked a winner.



BANDLEADER ARTIE SHAW

Soon after this band was formed he opened up at the Roseland State Ballroom here in our own Back Bay. For five short months his bunch poured out their torrid tempos on the eager ears of Boston's finest and at that time VOO DOO through its record column announced that here was a band to watch, one that seemed destined for top ranking before the end of the year.

Swiftly, almost quicker than seemed possible, Art broke into the big time and recently he has been elected in various polls of music fiends by such well-known publications as *Down Beat*, *The New York Daily Mirror*, and *The Philadelphia Daily News* king of swing. Without a doubt this is the band the fraternities should choose, or try to choose, for their annual Inter Fraternity Conference dance. Last year the I. F. C. made a big mistake in their choice of band, but with bands like Shaw's around there is no reason for making the same error again. Artie, by the way, can be heard every Sunday night on the Old Gold cigarette program, providing the melody for Bob Benchley's madness.



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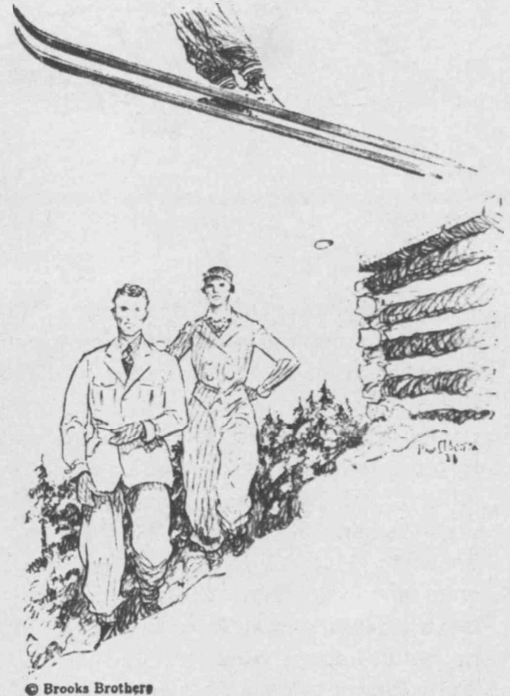
We have retained this year as consultant an experienced skier, thoroughly familiar with the skiing conditions encountered in this country and Canada. He has assisted us in creating a line that is at once practical, smart and complete.

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BRANCHES

**NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET**



© Brooks Brothers

"If I take this castor oil, do you think I'll be well enough to get up in the morning?"

"Yes — long before morning."
—Exchange.

"Would you call for help if I tried to kiss you?"

"Do you need help?"
—Sundial.

She: Love me always?

He: Sure. Which way do you want me to try first?

—State Froth.

She: If you try to kiss me, I'll scream.

He: Not with all these people around.

She: Well, let's find a quieter spot.
—Columbia Jester.

She: Do you know the things they've been saying about me?

He: Whaddya think I'm here for?
—DoDo.

Judge: Do you challenge any of the jury?

Defendant: Well, I think I can lick that little squirt on the end.
—Exchange.

First Phi Kappa Tau: "Woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Second ditto: "I say it's her eyes."

Third same: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

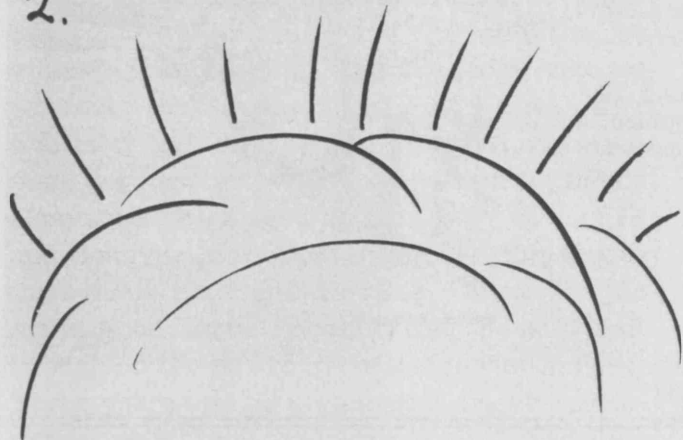
Fourth: "Fellas, what's the use of sitting here lying to each other."
—Quip.



-HERSH-



2.



Found!

The ideal place to eat . . . **WALKER**

Dine with a plutocrat — A la' Ritz
in the Walker Grill or tote your tray
with the gang — you can't go wrong

Napoleon was right

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at **WALKER**

Walton Lunch Company

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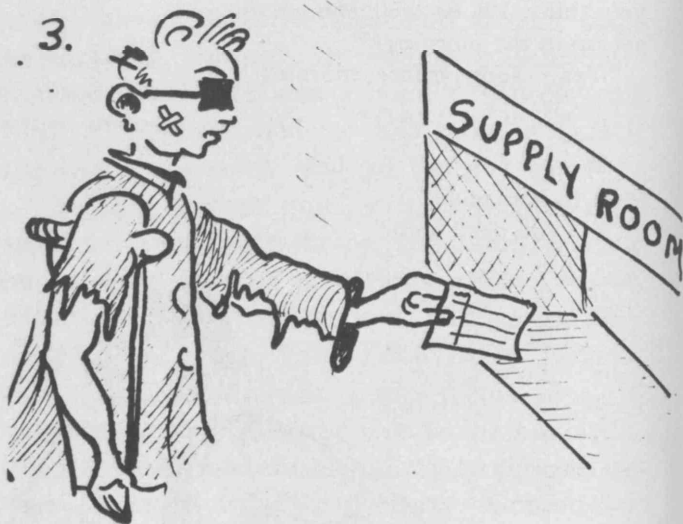
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420 Tremont Street	1083 Washington Street
202 Dartmouth Street	44 Scollay Square
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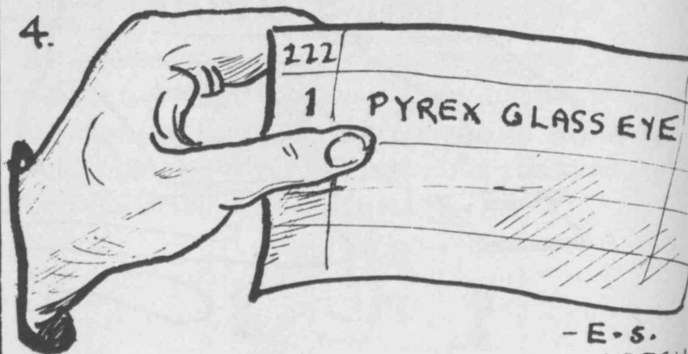
78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

3.



4.



-E-S.
-HERSH

Letters of Explanation

Here they are, ready for
your signature

Letter of invitation for the Junior Prom:

Dearest ———:

You know about the Junior Prom here at Tech. This year they are having Larry Clinton, and you like him so much that he alone should bring you here. But more than that, won't you come and make me the happiest man at Tech; for it will be a flop for me if you aren't here, darling.

The Prom is on Friday night, and will extend over the night; think of it, we'll be able to see the sunrise together — just you and I. Besides the Prom, we can go to a show on Saturday night, have dinner at the swankiest hotels, and all in all have a wonderful week-end. Dearest, I love you so, ever so much — so please tell me that you'll be able to come.

I have been working hard since I got back — I'm going to make Dean's List — all for you. I haven't been going out much, only to a few movies. Oh, Darling, I'm mad about you. Please say yes.

Give my best to your mother and father, and ask your Dad to forgive me for what I said last month.

With all my heart and love —



Letter to the family:

Dear Mother and Dad:

I'm really working hard now — I've stopped going out on Friday nights, and I'm doing all my assignments on time. I promise you that I'll do better this term than last. (If you don't, you'll be flunked out — but don't tell them that.) My new profs aren't too bad, but I'd like to have had someone else for 19.39 — anyway, I hope that they are better than the dodos I drew last term. (This starts to establish an alibi in case you do badly this term.)

There isn't a lot more to say. I haven't done much except work, and I don't think you'd be interested in a discussion of that. By the way, I need some money again. I don't like to ask all the time, but supplies and books were quite expensive this time, and I also had to pay a donation. I'm glad to hear that the house is all fixed up, and am sorry that the little mix-up ever happened. I hope you've forgiven me. I trust you're both in good health.

Lovingly,



...to the music of the one and

only

Guy

LOMBARDO

AND HIS ROYAL CANADIANS



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Nightly except Sundays



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 Every Night of Year.
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A good little girl is one who goes to bed at ten and gets up and goes home at five.

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DINNER DE LUXE
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ARTFULLY MIXED DRINKS

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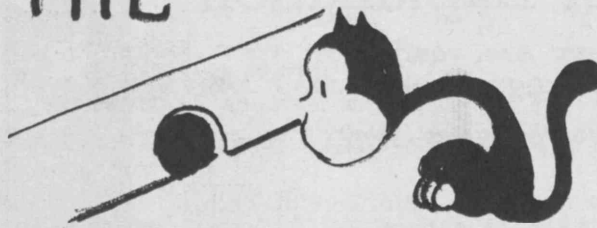
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THE



MOUSE HOLE

There's a gentleman over in the D. U. house, Gordon Fairbairn by name, who certainly ought to get spliced. It seems that his Institute rating varies inversely as the temperature of his love fever. And his fever is 4.99 now!

It is being passed around the back rows of 10-250 that Prof. Magoun is going to make use of lab assistants in his marriage lectures this year. They will be chosen from the chain-and-balled members of the stoogent body. We agree with the eminent professor: theories are all right but practical experience is much better. All the visiting lecturers will probably be animated danger-keep-off signs.

We always used to think that there was a painful scarcity of beautiful girls around Boston, including our two maleless coed schools. We had the good fortune to wander into the right door on the Fenway, recently, and discovered what is commonly known as a bevy. We would have nominated practically every one of this dazzling display of feminine pulchritude for Miss America. Talk about your treasure chests! The telephone number is Kenmore 3535. Maybe a few lucky initiates will recognize it.

While we're on the subject of females, what's this we hear about pipes at Wellesley and Radcliffe? Perhaps they're being used to keep the Harvard social lions at their distance, like people burn punk to keep the annoying mosquitoes away.

How does the TEN rate that secretary? We've never been able to see her because every time we go down the mob is ten deep around the typewriter. She claims she came here for business experience. It may be experience she's after at that.

The Harvard boys are certainly in the doghouse these days! First the debutantes slight them and then the Simmons girls give them a slap in the pantaloons. We thought that Harvard was run primarily as a cash and carry escort bureau.

One of the Course XIX boys crashed through with a process conceived in the true Tech spirit of damtheexpenz. It's a counterfeit penny that even an expert couldn't detect. He claims it costs only 2c. apiece to make them.

We used to think that Stu Paige was the one man in the Institute who could handle all sorts of women. He has just met his Nemesis, however. It was a little package who wanted him to go ice skating. But she happened to be the National Amateur champion or something. Stu has been dodging from tree to tree ever since.

What's this we hear about the Dekes having a reserved box at the Old Howard during the winter season? They ought to join AXSigma if they want a real show along those particular curves. Just ask those chemists what they know about it. It's plenty.

We hope you dear readers have noticed how Phos has washed her face. It got so that the hardened Seniors had quit chiseling and were buying copies of their own. So the Board of Censors decided to take a look for themselves and were surprised.

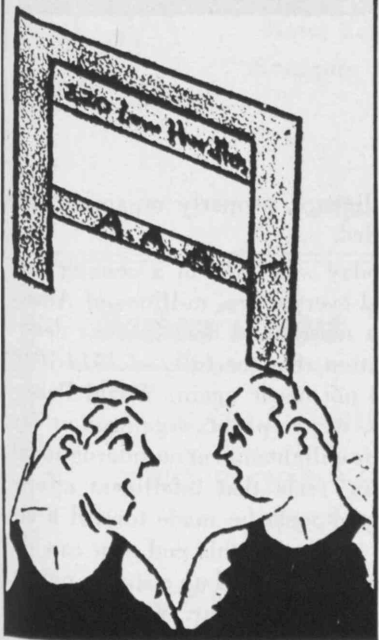


BASKET BALL

Many noted sportsmen believe that the game of basketball was suggested by the guillotined heads dropping into a basket during the French Revolution. It's a bloody thought, but not true. A careful study shows that the game originated with the ancient Greeks. One day a Grecian princess who always used to hum a native tune, "A tisket, a tasket," lost her yellow basket and began to bawl. In trying to explain what had happened, she couldn't stop crying, so all the king could hear her say is "Basket" and then she'd bawl. Basket-bawl; Basket-ball; and common usage gave us basketball. (This is what is known as a handsome hobo explanation — pretty bum.)

Basketball was introduced into the curriculum of all the better schools who could afford to buy more than one team, at the request of Big Business. Efficiency demanded an accurate aim in disposing of all advertising mail coming into the office. It is only because of basketball that college men are valuable around an office where something has to be thrown out.

Basketball is played between ten men and two baskets. The basket hangs on the wall and the men lie on the floor. The object of the game is to throw the ball through the basket, but from the results, it's obvious that the players have much more fun tossing it into the laps of the spectators who line the sides of the court. A basketball field is called a court. It's called a court because there's trouble waiting you if you ever put your foot in one.



Hotel Clerk: Why, how did you get here?

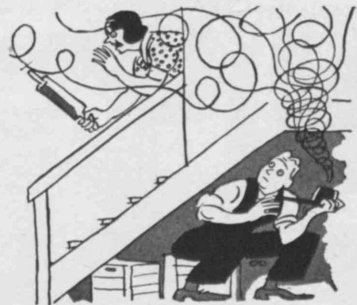
Hard Egg: I just blew in from Montana with a bunch of cattle.

H. C.: Well, where are the rest of them?

H. E.: Down at the stockyards. I ain't as particular as they are.

*A modern young flapper was Min,
She tried every scheme to get thin,
In her attempt to reduce,
She sipped orange juice,
'Til she slipped through the straw
and fell in.*

HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!



HAVE A HEART on your husband, ma'am — don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he always buys.



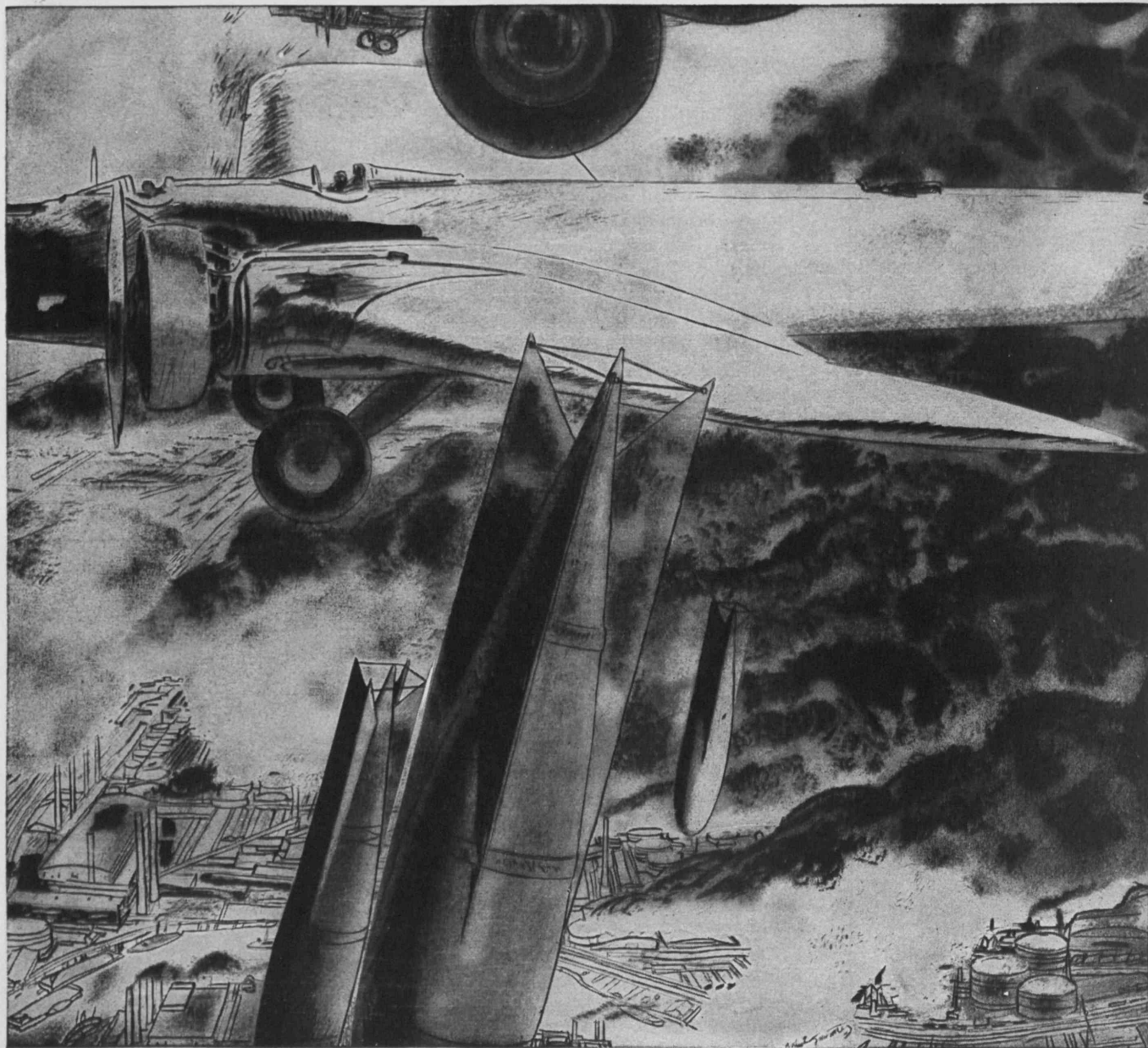
NO MORE FIGHTS. Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool-smokin' burley—so mild it *never* bites the tongue — and a wife-winner for *aroma!*

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



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, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.



DOOMSDAY

● **WHAT** if you're too old to fight . . . or if your sons are too young to be drafted . . . when the next war comes?

That will offer neither comfort nor security.

All of us will be eligible for ruthless slaughter—babes in arms, and their mothers, and their grandmothers.

Incendiary bombs have been invented, bombs so small that one plane can carry 2,000 of them, bombs so dangerous that five or ten will set an entire city on fire.

Bombing planes with silent motors can be guided from afar by radio. Submarines, with planes aboard, will find no ocean too wide. "Non-combatants" will find distance no comfort nor protection. And so-called "defenses" will be pitifully futile.

Yet the next war will come, surely, if we permit it to come. That is up to us—*all* of us.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war. Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and

intelligence, properly organized and applied.

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, millions of 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. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Lv. 222 Boylston
St. every night of
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**COLONIAL
LINE**

A tramp went over to a well-dressed man and asked him for \$18.75 for a cup of coffee. The prosperous-looking individual said, "My good man, that's a ridiculous price for a cup of coffee."

"Well, I know," said the tramp, "but you don't expect me to go into a restaurant with these old clothes on, do you?"

Wedding Guest: This is your fourth daughter to get married, isn't it?

MacTight: Aye, and our confetti's gettin' awful gritty.

—Alegrian.

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he erased the board.

—Panther.

A bird in the hand isn't worth the risk.



Myles Standish 1939
SAYS

For Your Dance
The Captain's Cabin

For Your Date
The Mandarin Lounge

For Your Mom 'N Pop
The English Room



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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

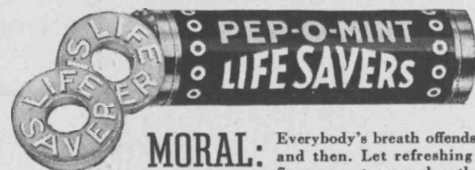
It—Who gave the bride away?

What—I could have, but I kept my mouth shut.

Submitted by C. Britt, 532 Beacon Street



Louise was lonesome and bored to death,
Till a kind friend whispered: "It's your breath!"
The boys rushed in when she took the hint,
And sweetened her breath with Pep-O-Mint!



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let refreshing Life Savers sweeten your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

"Hey, you guys! Where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"

"No."

"Sick, maybe?"

"No."

"Oh, just a gag, huh?"

"No, no gag."

"I know, he has dizzy spells!"

"Nope, been healthy all his life."

"Very tired, I guess."

"No."

"Well, what the hell is the matter with him?"

"He's dead."

—Exchange.

1st: "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

2d: "No, what good is it?"

—Jester.

Dean: "Know you? Why, I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college."

—Shoyme.

Dean: "Where did all those empty bottles come from, young man?"

Student: "I don't know, sir; I never bought an empty bottle in my life."

—Sheer.



Learn to Dance..

LEARN TO DANCE "THE SHAG"

New York's dance craze which is sweeping the country. Also "The Swing," "La Cunga," "Westchester," Tango, Waltz, Rhumba, Fox Trot. You will enjoy learning from Boston's foremost instructors. Over 35, male and female. Beginners and advanced pupils never too old to learn even if you are a beginner. A staff of experts—dependable—teach you how to lead or follow—balance—poise—position—and give you confidence to move smoothly and lightly. **SPECIAL RATES—15 PRI4 VATE LESSONS \$5.00.** Hours 10 A. M. to 12 P. M. Dancing to orthorhonic—radio—orchestra music.

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**WATER IS THE BEST OF DRINKS
—IF TAKEN IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT**

First Student: "I see Jake got an 'A' in his German final."

Second Student: "Huh! He should have! He spent the whole hour copying notes into his Blue Book."

Third Student: "Notes hell! Those were the reasons why he didn't study for the final along with their addresses and telephone numbers."



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CAMBRIDGE
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Work for M.I.T. Boys

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The Sheraton Salon**

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*For Your Friends or Relatives from
Spacious Rooms with a View \$3.50*

FRANK G. ANDERSON, Manager

"Hello there, my young fellow."

"Hiss."

"Beg pardon?"

"Hiss."

"Well, such an impertinent little man."

"Hiss."

"Deserves a good lickin'."

"Hiss."

"Got a notion to give you one. I'm coming in."

(Newspaper story: "Inebriated man crushed by a boa constrictor at zoo.")

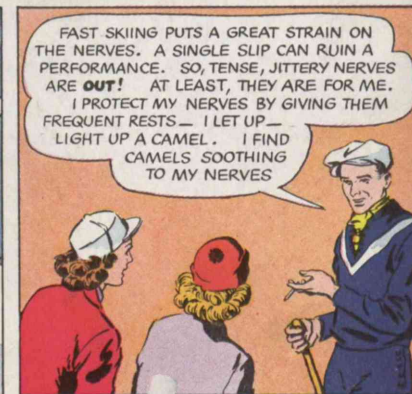
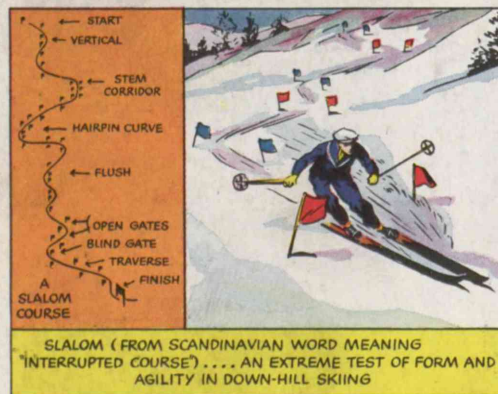
—Froth.

"SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT" WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY
KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT



HANS THORNER,
DIRECTOR
MOUNT
WASHINGTON
(N.H.) SWISS
SKIING SCHOOL



(left) THE BOSTON TERRIER, shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our own, but with an important contrast. Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down—instinctively! We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves regular rests. Do it the pleasant way—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES