

15 CENTS

NOV 35



ALL-IN-ONE NUMBER

I'm your best friend
I am your Lucky Strike



Luckies

LUCKIES USE ONLY THE CENTER LEAVES
—THE CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU
THE MILDEST SMOKE.

They Taste Better

VOO DOO'S

ALL-IN-ONE ISSUE

- 1. COMMENCEMENT NUMBER(You guess.)
- 2. HODGE-PODGE NUMBER....All over the place.
- 3. EXCHANGE NUMBER.....(same as 2.)
- 4. PHONE NUMBERpage —
- 5. HAIL AND FAREWELL NUMBER
 - (a) Hailpage 3
 - (b) Farewellpage 24
- 6. GIRLS' NUMBERpage 13
- 7. FREE VERSE NUMBERpage 8
- 8. DEDICATORY NUMBERpage 24
- 9. HERE AND THERE NUMBER....Here and there.
- 10. LEFT OUT NUMBERLeft out.



Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

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VOL. XVIII

NO. 4

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CAL CAMPUS defines "THE BRIDGE"



Well, after all, the Bridge is HIGH!

WHILE SAILING AMERICAN TO EUROPE



CAL frequently stumbles when asked to define ship-board terms. But he didn't stumble in choosing the magnificent American liner *Washington* for his trip to Europe! He had many reasons.

The *Washington* and her sister *Manhattan* are the world's fastest cabin liners. Their great popularity has made them the sensations of the sea. They are the only liners in the service providing the supreme travel luxury: air-conditioned dining salons. They are thoroughly *modern*—and offer every modern facility—vast decks, tiled swimming pool, mammoth cabins, all with real beds! Many other features! To top it off—amazingly low fares! Cabin Class \$176 one way; \$326 round trip. Tourist class \$119 one way; \$215 round trip.

Or travel Cabin Class—highest on the ship—on the popular *Pres. Harding* or *Pres. Roosevelt*. Ease, comfort, informality, the finest accommodations—yet fares are only \$133 one way; \$247 round trip!

Weekly sailings to *Cobb, Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg*. Apply to your travel agent. His services are free.



UNITED STATES LINES

Associated with American Merchant, Baltimore Mail Lines to Europe; Panama Pacific Line to California; Panama Pacific and United States Cruises, 563 Bo. Iston St., Boston



Two well oiled nuts calling for a wench.



Cross-roads Merchant—No, sir, I ain't a-goin' to advertise.

Stranger—Why not?

Merchant—I tried it once, an' it nearly ruined me. People come from miles away, an' they bought nearly all the stuff I had.

—Log.



Are you a graduate student?

No, only a senior. Why?

I don't know how you could get that shirt so dirty in only four years.

—Sundial.

HAIL!

He: "I'm coming in. How can I get this door open?"

She: "The key is under the mat, but please don't come in."
—Widow.



Bashful: "Do you mind if I kiss you?"

(No answer.)

Bashful: "Would you care if I kissed you?"

Wise Sister: "Say, do you want me to promise not to bite?"



She calls him the weather man; he has been going weather for a long time.

THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGOT!



TEN YEARS AGO the elephant caught a whiff of that old pipe, and his trunk was sore for weeks. Today the first sniff brought it all back and turned a peace-loving zoo-pet into a vengeful rogue.

Two easy steps will make buddies out of this pair. First—a thorough pipe cleaning. Second—a tin of mild, fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. This friendly blend of Kentucky Burleys is a pal to every living creature. Smokers and non-smokers like its aroma. Well-aged and cool-burning, Sir Walter has raised pipe-smoking to the *n*th degree of joy. Try a tin.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-55

... FREE BOOKLET

tells how to make your pipe taste better, sweeter. Write for a copy.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

ENGLISH ROYALTY

NAME THE STUARTS WHO REIGNED OVER ENGLAND.

JAMES I, CHARLES I, CHARLES II, JAMES II, MARY, OF WILLIAM, AND MARY, AND ANNE.

DESCRIBE BRIEFLY QUEEN VICTORIA'S PLACE IN HISTORY...

GREATEST QUEEN OF ENGLAND SINCE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

VERY GOOD — CHARACTERIZE PRINCE ALBERT.

P.A. IS MILD AND MELLOW — IT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE!

THE SMOKING ROYALTY

EVERY MAN CAN JOIN THE SMOKING ROYALTY! TRY A LOAD OF **PRINCE ALBERT** — A TRULY PRINCELY SMOKE. HERE'S TO P.A.!

M - M - M - M - M
BOY!

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

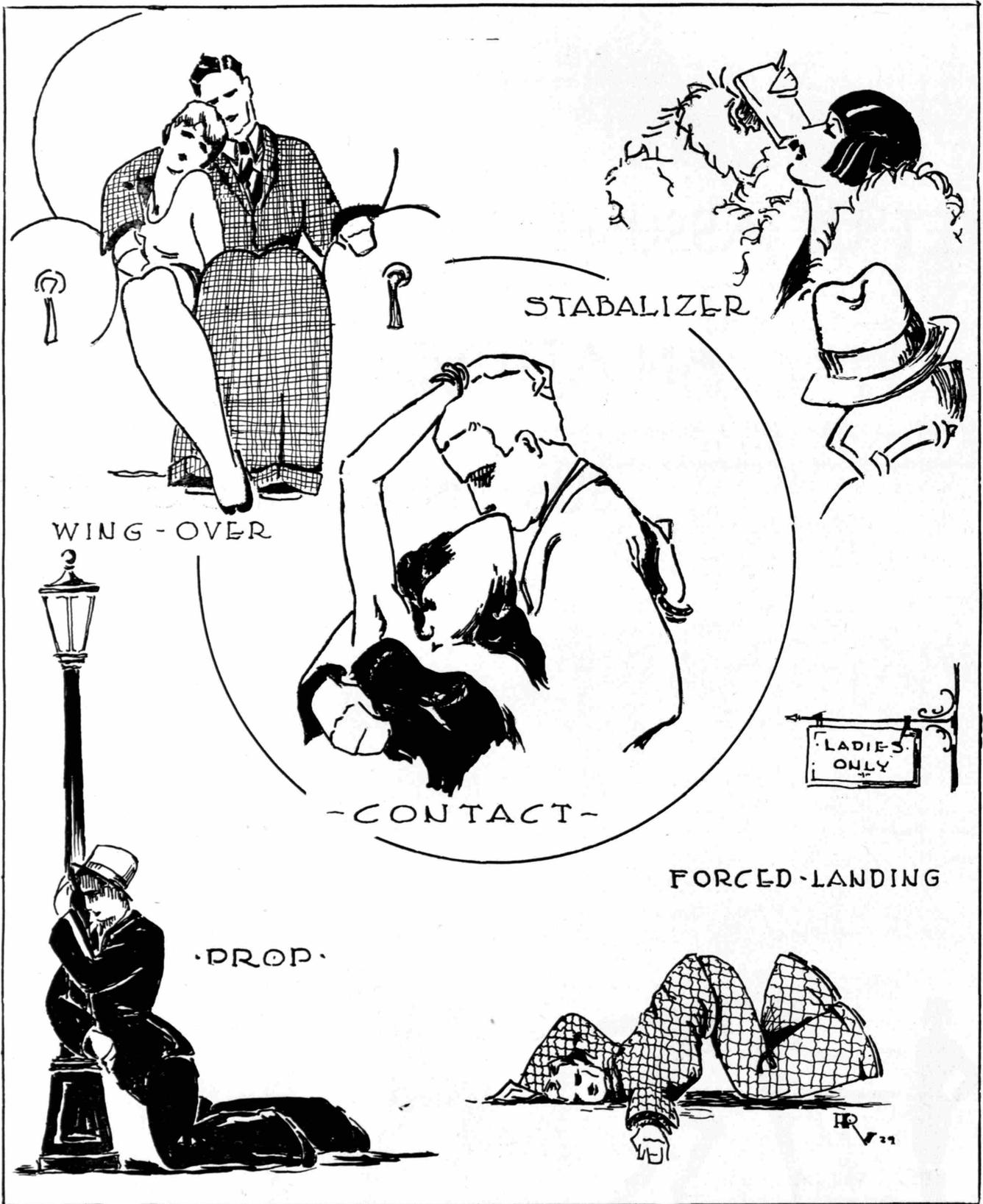
the national joy smoke

LET US ASSUME

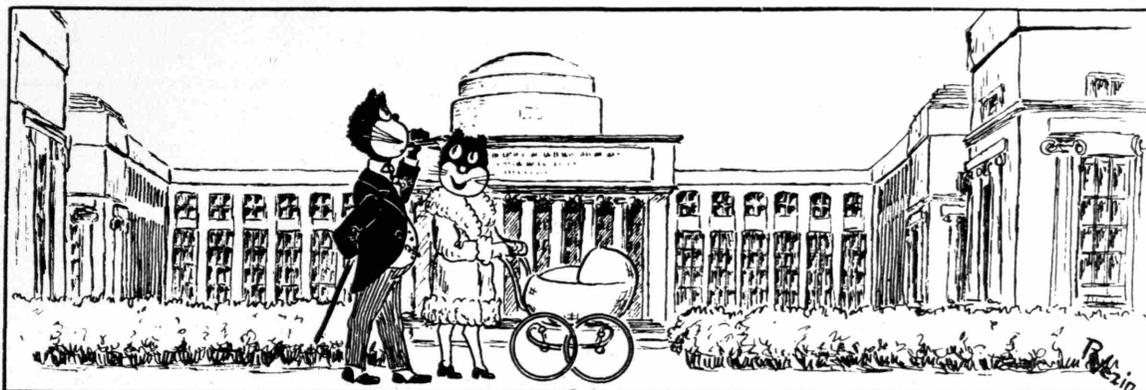
AN ATTITUDE OF

SUSPENDED JUDGMENT





Aeronautical terms Illustrated



POTPOURRI

Social Note

It is lamentable that some of the greatest intellects at Tech should have gone so long unrecognized, so Phos takes this opportunity to give some of the attention they deserve to those mental giants, those wizards of finance, those political masterminds, the dormitory porters.

Forced by some unkind quirk of fate to sublimate their real selves and take to manual labor to earn their daily bread and beer, it is nevertheless impossible not to observe the sparks of genius lurking in the depths of their soulful brown eyes. However, they are a really democratic bunch of fellows, and willingly condescend to mingle occasionally with the dormitory inhabitants, who are, after all, only students. Further than that, if they are approached tactfully and with the proper obsequious manner, the porters can even be prevailed upon to give their views of the world's economic condition, the probability of a war in Siberia, the evils of capitalism, and subjects ad infinitum. But always they end their oration in a hissing whisper, as they speak of THE REVOLUTION after which they will take their rightful position in the scheme of things.

BRING 'EM UP ALIVE

One of the most unusual little creature that I have ever come in contact with is the Side-Hill-Winder. It is a very peculiar little bug, because, you see, it has legs on one side of it which

are a good deal shorter than the legs on the other side of it. And in some cases of home-bred Side-Mill-Winders, it has been known for some of them to have legs on one side of them which are longer than the legs on the other side of them. This little bug can usually be found on the sides of hills as you have probably guessed from its name, but I'll bet you can't guess where the "Winder" part comes from. Well, it's like this. The baby Side-Hill-Winder, starting life anew at the bottom of the hill, goes round and round on his specially built legs, his direction of rotation depending on which side has the shortest legs, and as he goes round and round and round he is all the time climbing the hill. When he reaches the top after several days, he is very tired and so lies down to die, but before he does this he lays an egg. This egg being built with a movable center of gravity rolls slowly to the bottom of the hill, and when it gets there it breaks and a brand new Side-Hill-Winder comes out and starts climbing up the hill.

The life span of these little creatures depends on the height of the hill, and in some cases such as the one where an optimistic Side-Hill-Winder tried climbing Pikes Peak, the little fellow died before he reached the top. In this case the egg did not roll to the bottom, but hatched right there so that at least some of the descendants of the race could reach the top.

Next month I'd like to tell you about my new batch of Ice Worms, but

I guess I better not because you might think I'm crazy.

DISCOVERY

Hey, do you remember those darned blotters that some tutors put out a little while ago in hopes that they'd drum up some business? Well say, I found out something interesting about them the other day. I was a settin' at my desk and a fidgetin' when all t'once I started to pullin' one of the pictures from the blotter, and it was kinda hard to do and I didn't want to ruin the picture either because I think those gals and the parrots are swell. Well, anyway, when I got it off I held it up to the light and looked through it wrong side to, and I'll be darned if there wasn't another picture there, some cartoons or something. So then I started rippin' a lot of the pictures off because I had a real collection of those blotters cause I liked those girls and parrots. All but a few of them had extra pictures on them when you looked at them backwards and they were cartoons, silly darned things, of Africans playing golf, and they were entitled "Golf in Africa" and "Golf in Java." I've been tryin' to figure out why they went and pasted those pictures of the gals over those cartoons. They could have pasted them over the bottom half of the blotter, or even on the back, and then we all could have had two pictures instead of one. It's kinda silly coverin' up a good picture. But I guess maybe the tutors didn't think we Tech boys were so interested in Golf.

I

Poems are made by
fools like me and Joyce Kilmer;
But the C.C.C. boys get paid
Twenty-five dollars a month
to plant trees.

II

I wonder
How Mr. Dionne felt
When he first heard the news;
I think
It would be more fun
To have five wives and one child.
De gustibus non disputandum est.

III

The N.S.L.
Gets all hot and bothered
Because Germany is building submar-
ines and Japan is buying scrap iron,
And Mussolini and Hitler and Stalin
and company make speeches,
And Charles M. Schwab goes to France
to discuss with rail-makers,
And veterans sell flags that were made
in Japan
But we all sit down
And watch the world go to hell
And laugh.

IV

Some people
Like ketchup on ice cream
I don't.

In Dedication . . .



To a Girl Who Has Been Jilted
Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and the jury says "five thousand
bucks."



*I won't dance, why should I?
I won't dance, how could I?
My room-mate is wearing my tux.*



We view with alarm approaching ex-
ams,
'Cause we haven't studied at all.
We're sure that we're certainly going
to flunk,
If we don't start hitting the ball.

We'll study all day and all night for
a week;
We'll study as brownbaggers do.
We never will take time to stop for a
drink.
(Our pals would be shocked if they
knew.)

We know that we never will pause for
a rest.
Our friends will desert us, I fear.
But we cannot abstain from a brown-
bagging spree
If we want to remain all the year.

* * *

We brown-bagged for weeks before
the exams.
We worked and we studied, and
prayed,
But we didn't quite guess all the ques-
tions they'd ask.
'Tis goodbye, M. I. T., I'm afraid.



"It's all right. We're the dorm committee."

Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.



"Aunty sleeps more soundly since you got a FORD V-8"



He followed me up from New York,
He wants a tip or something.

Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

*Is not that is which can some do,
For all am but the very too.
Ten wish a purple summer next,
Blood are some not of for belike.
Green smudge were over up full strike.
Can but the night will full of you.
Snug glum threw smash on fullest flew.*

*The garble splew his rappy cray
As snark the lopest of the glay;
But gluff the hexa smuckle frap.
I sure do wish you'd shut your trap.*

POETIC INTERLUDE

A thousand eyes hath the night,
Also a peck of potatoes and 333 1-3 three eyed ogres.

Free Verse

Air for the tires, water for the tank,
"Comps" to the show, and sample bar of soap,
Base on balls, demonstration ride
In new model car, and your passing
Mark in the last math quiz.



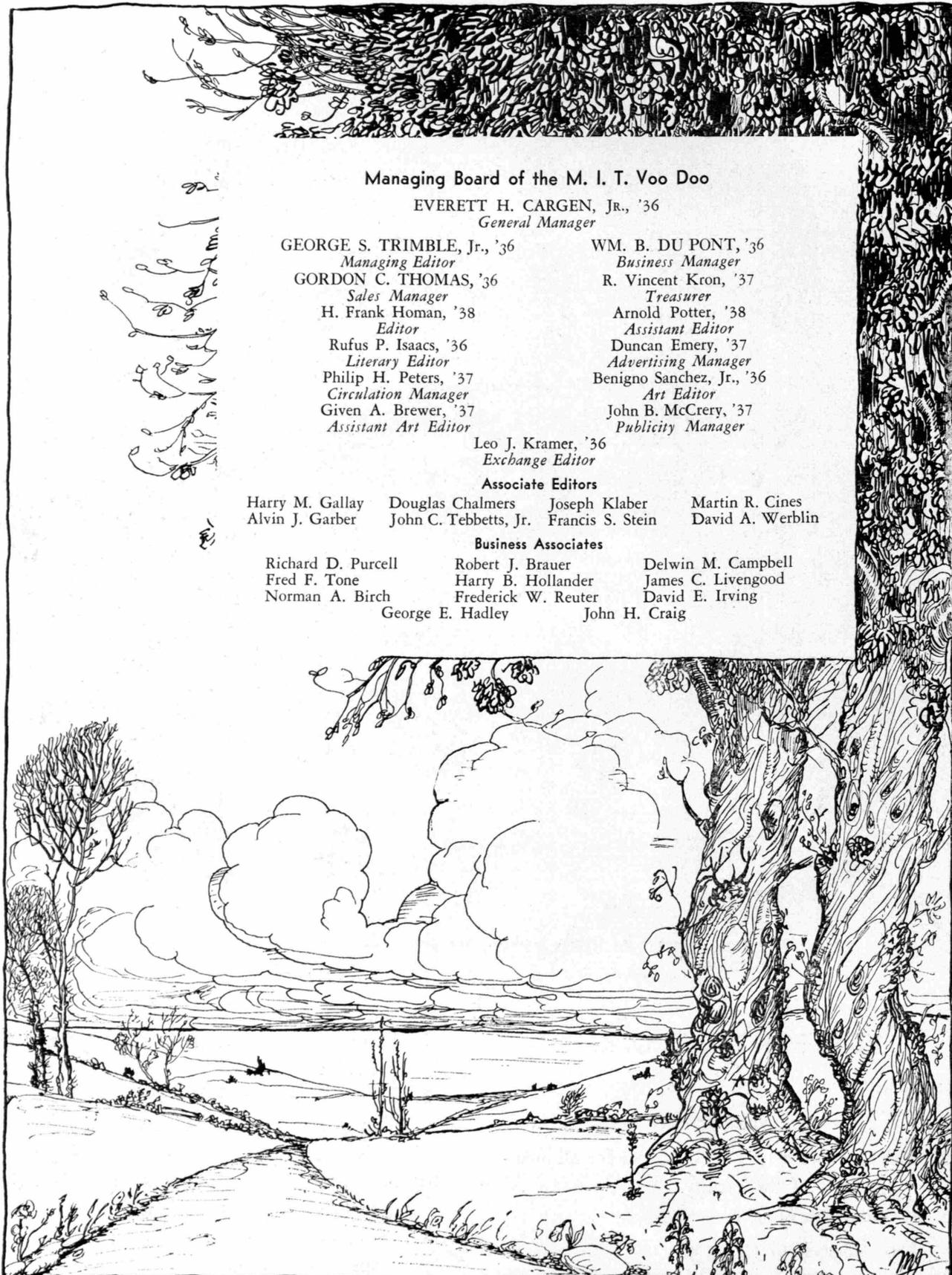
"They're the Corona brothers. We got 'em out of a vaudeville act."

Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

VOTE FOR THE G. O. K.

Our platform:

1. Five hour week, vacation every other week.
2. Minimum wage of \$10,000 a year for all members of the faculty.
3. Free beer at Walker.
4. Lab courses in G-75.
5. Divans to replace seats in lecture halls.
6. Perpetual open house in the dorms.
7. Elimination of home assignments, quizzes, and exams.
8. Date service with Hollywood.
9. Transportation to any point on earth, as a matter of courtesy.
10. Subsidized chorus-girl coeds. (No less than two for every male student.)
11. Pension of one thousand dollars a week, to be spent every week.
12. A satisfactory substitute for sleep.
13. (Go ahead—write your own.)



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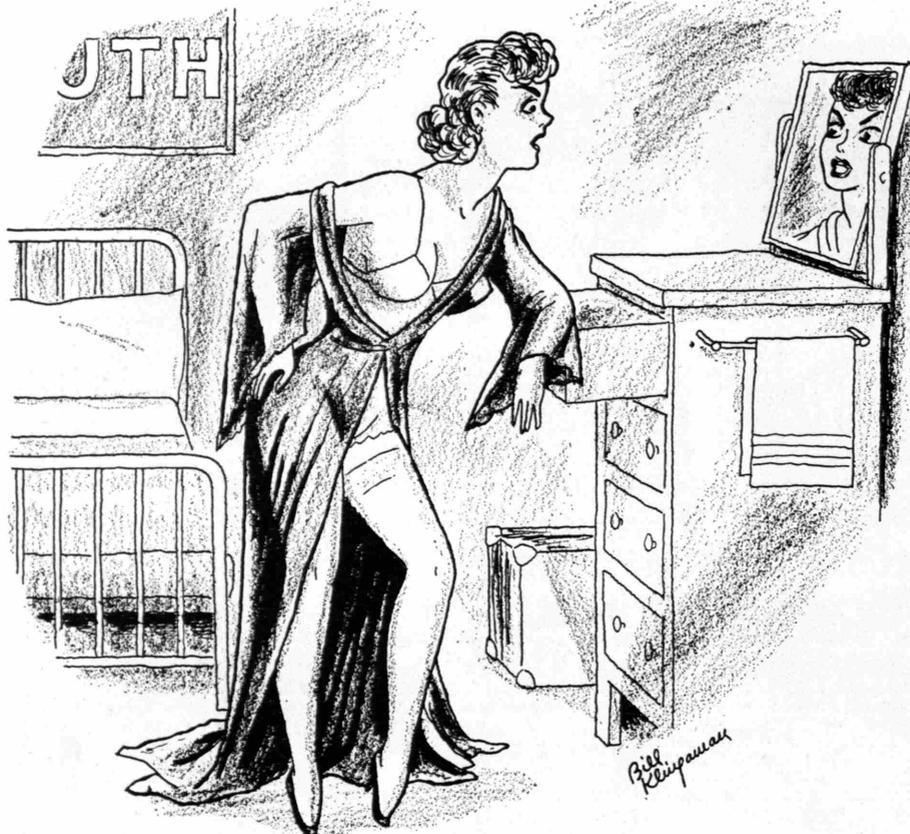
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THE FIRST VOO DOO



Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Dartmouth,
Can it be that you're getting in a rut?

Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern.

Here I sit, so glum and lonely
But I'd not be blue, if only
I could somehow do my work and still
have fun.

But with logic most amazing
At the wall I'll stay here gazing
And then wonder why I never get
things done.



Jack: "That was a beautiful girl you
were out with last night. To put it
mildly, she was in the flower of her
youth."

Jim: "Yea, she was in the flower of
her youth all right, and I nipped her
in the bud."



Noses ought to feel pretty flattered.
They're getting very good
treatment, in the evening at least.
The new evening handkerchiefs
are so lovely they leave you speechless.

—N. Y. Sun

From what? A cold id de doze?



THANK YOU, MAYHEM

Dazed and bewildered, he stumbled into the living-room of the fraternity house. The brothers, accustomed to the return of befuddled members, paid no attention—did not even look up from their reading. He stood in the doorway, aghast that they were blind to his misfortune. Finally a boy glanced at him, curious. His glance froze with horror as his eyes riveted themselves on the pitiful thing that had been a man. "Look," cried the observer weakly, "look!"

The room was in an uproar. Everyone spoke at once. "What happened?"—"Didja get his number?"—"My God, scalped! The Apaches must be loose again!"—"Disfigured for life, poor fellow!"

At last the president, firm but sad, stepped forward. "My boy," he said kindly, "whatever possessed you to get your hair cut at the Coop Barber Shop?"

Voo Doo—1930.

She sat there, completely in the moonlight,
her lovely waving gently in the breeze.

The young man felt his rising within him.

"Gladys," he said, placing his hand gently on her
., "how can you with my this
way?"

She turned away, tossing her petulantly.
He could see her lovely against the

"After you me, last night," she said, her
. trembling, "I thought we agreed never to
. again."

The young man He her
damp with indifference.

".," he said.

P.S. We fooled the censors, though. You will
find all the omitted words in order of their appearance
on page 20.



*I struck a
Match in the Rain —*

*I struck a match amid the rain drops
While there we waited you and I.
A little flame revealed we both liked Chesterfield.
You know—I know—They Satisfy.*

*You smiled and said, "They do taste better"
And I replied, "They're milder, too."
Those words just fit them to the letter.
You know—I know—They're true.*

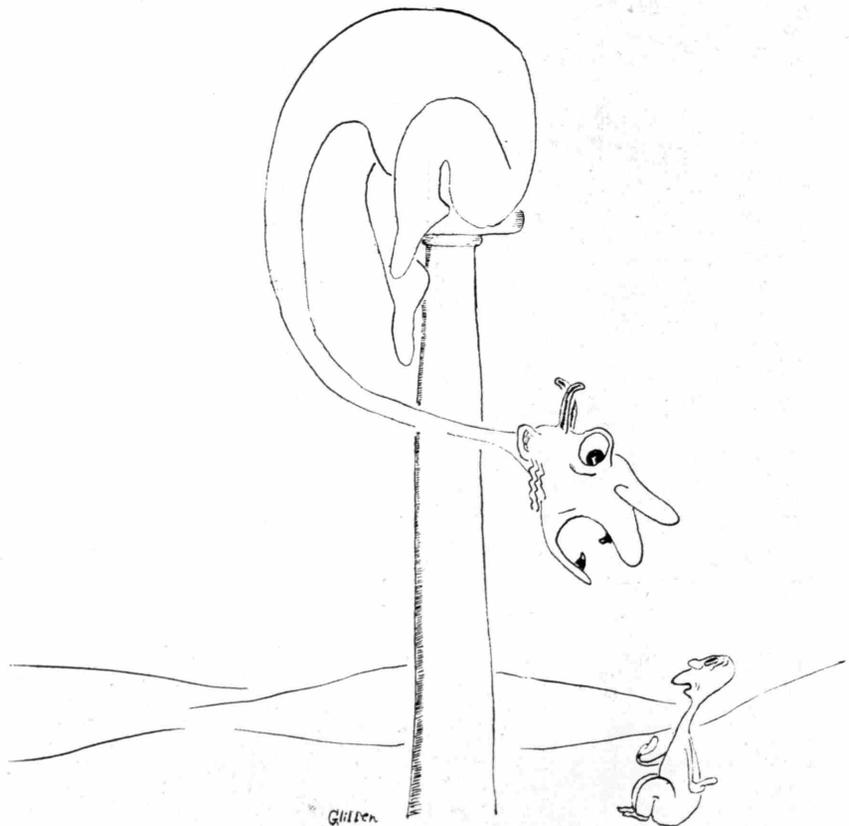
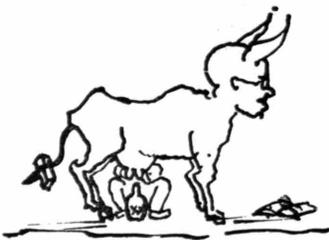
*And now we're furnishing a cottage
Where we'll be happy by and by.
Because the night we met, you held that cigarette.
You know—I know—THEY SATISFY.*

Chesterfield

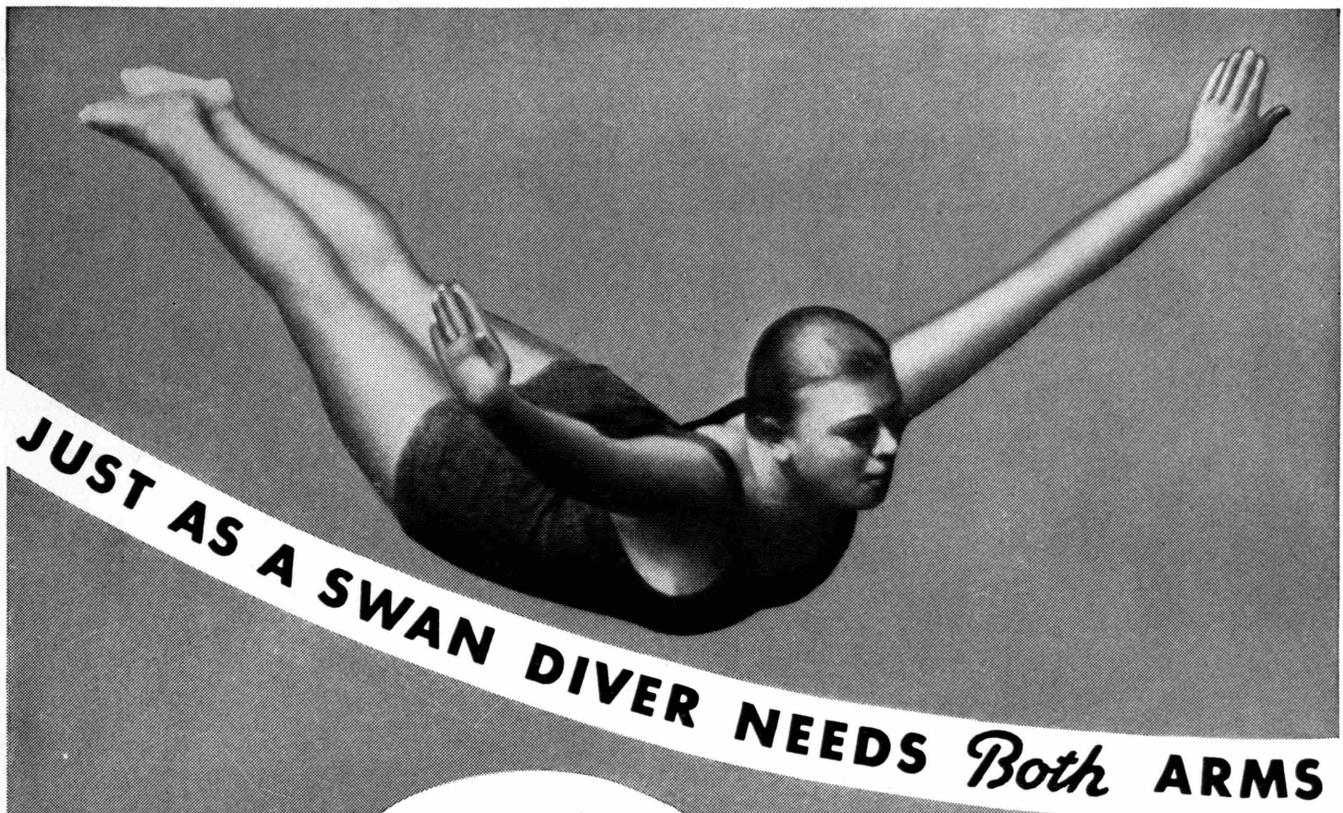


This Page from
 Our
 Cambridge
 Contemporary
 The
 Harvard
 Lampoon

"Don't take it too hard, Mike. After all, C is the gentleman's grade"

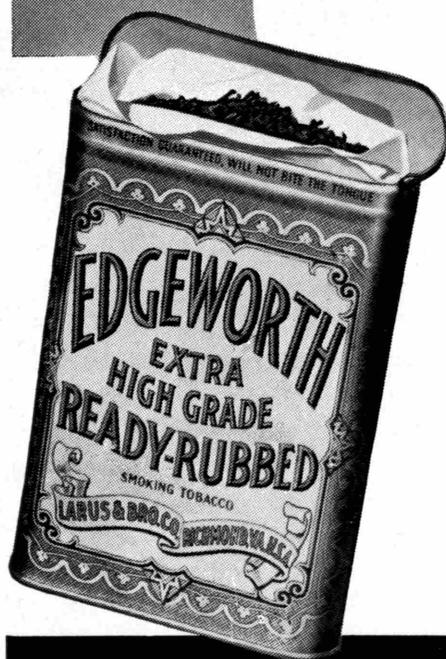


"Go away! Can't you see I want to be alone?"



JUST AS A SWAN DIVER NEEDS *Both* ARMS

A GOOD
PIPE TOBACCO
MUST HAVE *Both*
MILDNESS
and
FLAVOR



SURE—Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows—but it is packed full of rich pipe tobacco flavor. “How can it have BOTH mildness and flavor?”

Edgeworth is made from only the tenderest leaves of the best tobacco. The tender leaves keep it mild. Selecting the best tobacco gives Edgeworth the full, satisfying flavor that every pipe smoker loves.

Edgeworth is made for pipes and pipes alone. That is why it is a better pipe tobacco—and why many smokers say that Edgeworth’s long-burning qualities make it cost less than cheap tobacco. They get more smoking hours per tin.

Buy Edgeworth today and enjoy mildness *plus* flavor *plus* economy! It is made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Virginia. Tobacconists since 1877.

**EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR**



The GREATEST NAME in Pipe-Smoking

There's a new love of Tobacco—"in the bowl"—because there's a great pipe in the world. It's KAYWOODIE.

KAYWOODIE is a revelation to seasoned pipe smokers—an amazing discovery to young men. Nothing else like it exists. It has the pick of the choicest, oldest briar roots in the world. It has the famous Drinkless Attachment. In 400 smoking tests (scientifically precise) it has been proved best-smoking pipe in the world.

And what do Smokers think of it? Since its introduction, more men have bought KAYWOODIE than any other pipe. Not because it's cheap. It isn't. Not because it's expensive. It isn't. But because *it's great*, and nothing else is like it.

There's a big swing to pipe smoking. It's KAYWOODIE. And you want to be in on it.

Send for Briar Specimen and Handbook in Color 1935 Edition of only Handbook of its kind, showing over 100 Kaywoodies in colors. Also briar specimen showing natural beauty and perfection of very old Grecian briar roots used in Super-Grain Pipes. Send 10c for mailing, Dept. X.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Established 1851 Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.



Ed: . . . and when I promised to marry her she asked for something more concrete.
Red: I wonder what cement.

—Sundial.



My room-mate inquires
About my sweetheart, Bess;
He asked me: "Is she a nice girl."
And I answered "Morallless."

—Punch Bowl.



There once was a co-ed quite shy,
Who said to a student named Cy,
"If you kiss me, of course,
You will have to use force;
But, thank heaven, you're stronger than I."

—Punch Bowl.



Coed: You simply have to hand it to Alfred.
Ditto: Why?
Coed: Oh, he's so shy and backward.

—Exchange.



Southern moon
Southern Belle
Halitosis
Aw hell.

—Pell-Mell.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
 Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

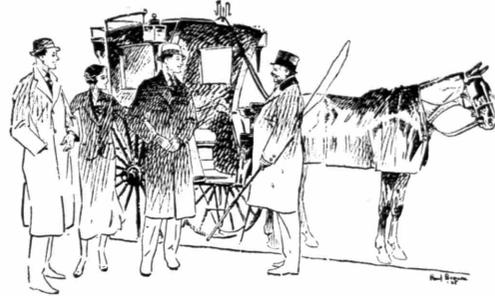
**MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
 NEW YORK**

Times Change

To a casual eye, the changes in men's clothing from year to year are comparatively slight. A new angle to a lapel, a new breadth and squareness in a shoulder, a new shaping of a jacket—these tremendous trifles never shout their arrival (or shouldn't). But taken in the aggregate and over a long period—they mean going into a completely new business every little while. (Compare the over-stuffed stiffness of the nineties, the sparse narrow lines of the nineteen-twenties, and the comfortably-draped yet accurately-fitted clothes of today.) There are few continuing standards — except, of course, Brooks Brothers' standards of taste, quality and workmanship, which do not and will not ever change.

BRANCHES

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



© Brooks Brothers

Statistics show that the largest criminal group is composed of 19-year-olds.

Moral—Come to college and stay out of jail.
 —Pelican.



"You're not going to walk home in that condition?"

"Hic! Coursh not. Gonna drive."
 —Showme.



Clara—They say that one evening's dance is equivalent to walking ten miles.

Maud—That was in the old style. Now it's equivalent to climbing one hundred trees.
 —Exchange.



We hear that they have named the quintuplets after the five vowels—Aaron, Erin, Irin, Orin, and Mike.
 —Yellow Jacket.

**PHOS
 IS
 A
 TRUE
 FRIEND**



Knowing that Tech Students are careful buyers, he has taken pains to lead them in the direction of maximum value at moderate price.

The Advertisers represented in these pages are recommended for your earnest consideration. They warrant your complete confidence, and will serve you well.

YARD COP
NO. 43
REPORTS

10.00 P. M.—Woke up Yard Cop No. 64 and took his post. At 10.14 P. M. was awakened by drunken student returning from party. Upon cross-examination he admitted he lived in A-14. Got him with much difficulty to his room and, as all the beds seemed to be occupied, deposited him on the sofa.

10.30 P. M.—Boys in A-14 informed me that a robbery had been committed in their room. Three suits and a grand piano missing. Have no theory but am hot on culprit's trail.

10.35 P. M.—Told two girls loitering on Plympton Street please to move along.

10.36 P. M.—Caught sight of very suspicious-looking person leaning against tree at Plympton and Mill. Looked definitely seedy and had furtive air about him. Evidently just the burglar I was looking for. Crept stealthily from shadow to shadow, being careful not to let even a pin drop. Stole up behind him and, pouncing like a tiger, snapped home the handcuffs. He was the most suspicious-looking character I had ever seen.

Dragged him into the light of the street-lamp. Imagine my surprise when I discovered he was Yard Cop No. 27, of the Urchinson-Roller-Skates Department!

11.00 P. M.—Ordered two girls on Plympton Street to keep moving.

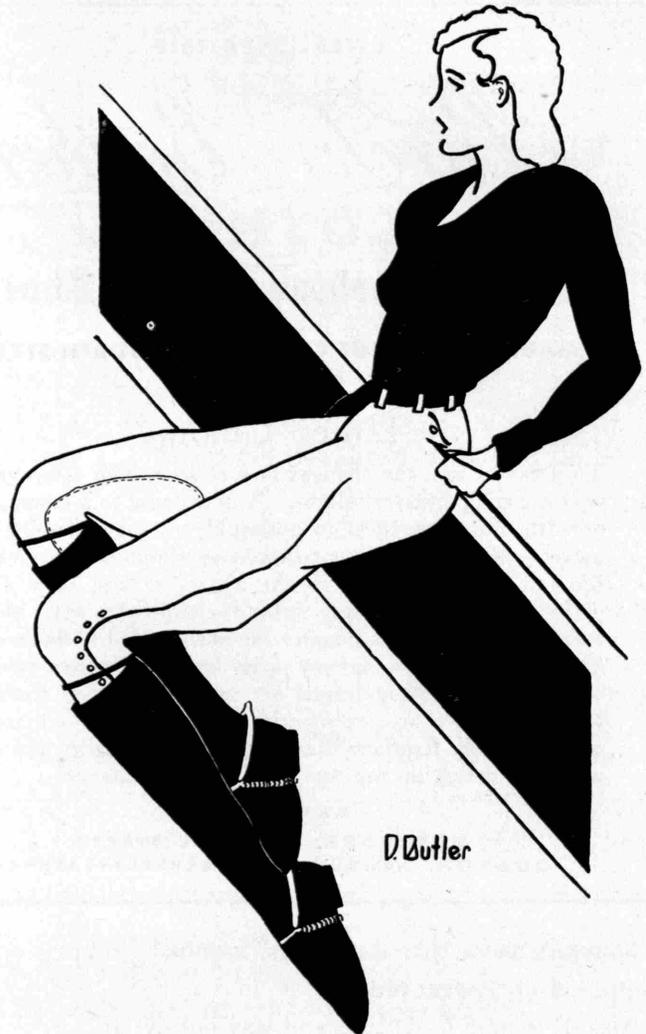
11.01 P. M.—Heard illegal radio blaring forth in Leverett House B entry. Went up to second floor and pounded on door. No answer. Pounded again and again, till student in pajamas came to the door. "What the hell?" he asked politely.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I guess the radio must be on the floor above." The radio, it turned out, was on the floor below, but I finally located it and had it shut off so the boys in B entry could get some sleep.

11.30 P. M.—Told two girls loitering on Plympton Street not to let me catch them there again if they knew what was good for them. On second thought, told them to come back at 2 o'clock when I go off duty.

Went back to my post and set the alarm for two.

Harvard Lampoon



Her father was just a failure, but boy, oh, what a bust.



Brutality (title), engrossed, hair, passions, shoulder, trifle, affections, head, silhouette, sky, hissed, voice, argue, laughed, bitterly, regarded, eyes, says you.

Compare these with the ones you figured belonged there. From this a score can undoubtedly be computed. Send it with your finest silk handkerchief and a full set of page numbers from the "Voo-Doo," and you probably will be wasting a helluva lot of time.

Sweet Young: "I think the way college men discuss necking is terrible!"

Soph (with anxious glance): "So do I!"

S. Y.: "It's unhygienic."

Soph: "Yes, indeed."

S. Y.: "—and vulgar."

Soph: "Absolutely."

S. Y. (after glaring expectantly for a few moments): "Well, we might as well go in and dance!"

—Growler.



Enthusiastic Agent: "Now here is a house without a flaw."

Harvard Grad.: "What do you walk on?"

—Chapparral.



Kit: When I get married I'm going to cook, sew, darn my husband's socks, and lay out his pipe and slippers. What more can any husband ask than that?

Kat: Nothing, girl, unless he's evil-minded.

—Exchange.



"Say, this is swell liquor. Where did you get it?"

"We just distilled the room-mate's blotter—the one we have mixed drinks on all year."



Do you know Sam Smith of Cleveland?

Where's he from?

Who?

—Sundial.

Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

655 Tremont Street	242 Tremont Street
420 Tremont Street	1083 Washington Street
202 Dartmouth Street	44 Scollay Square
629 Washington Street	332 Massachusetts Ave.
30 Haymarket Square	19 School Street
6 Pearl Street	437 Boylston Street
540 Commonwealth Ave.	26 Bromfield Street
1215 Commonwealth Ave.	105 Causeway Street

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

MARTIAL BLISS

Henry surprised me by telling me we were going to spend our honeymoon in France.

How nice, and how did he spring it on you?

He said that as soon as we were married he was going to show me where he was wounded in the war.

—Caveman.



And then there was the little boy whose parents were so poor that he had to have the measles one bump at a time.

—Brown Jug.

There's Never a Dull Moment at

AMERICAN
★ **HOUSE** ★
RATHSKELLER

- LEO HANNON and his
AMERICAN HOUSE ORCHESTRA
- WALTER DONAHUE
MASTER OF CEREMONIES
- BIG FLOOR SHOW
- 7-COURSE DINNER \$1.50
- CHOICE LIQUORS

NO COVER CHARGE — FREE PARKING

BANQUETS — FUNCTIONS

We invite M. I. T. organizations to investigate our special rates for banquets and other group functions.

FOR THE PROVERBIAL A-M PROF

The story is told of the Kentucky colonel who had an argument with the devil. The devil said that no one had a perfect memory. But the colonel maintained that there was an Indian on his plantation who never forgot anything. The colonel agreed to forfeit his soul to the devil if the Indian ever forgot anything.

The devil went up to the Indian and said: "Do you like eggs?" The Indian replied, "Yes." The devil went away.

Twenty years later the colonel died. The devil thought, "Aha, here's my chance." He came back to earth and presented himself before the Indian. Raising his hand, he gave the tribal salutation, "How."

Quick as a wink the Indian replied, "Fried."

—Lyre.



She: "Then you really love me?"

He: "What do you think I was doing, shadow boxing?"

—Golden Egg.



ANN HARDING

in

"The Flame Within"

Coming soon to

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE



"I am going to buy a \$10 brassiere for your birthday. What size do you wear?"

"Never mind. Give me the \$10, because I'm flat busted."

—Whirlwind.

**CAFE
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PARIS**

Real Home Cooked Food

Luncheon 35c-40c

Dinners 40c-50c-70c

Sunday and Holiday Dinners 50c-70c

Our New Home and Only Boston Restaurant

165 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

A man was fumbling at his keyhole in the small hours of the morning. A policeman saw his difficulty and came to the rescue.

"Can I help you to find the keyhole, sir?" he asked.

"Thash ald right, old man," said the other cheerily, "you just hold the house still and I can manage."

—Log.



In these times of depression, the best luck a person can have is not to be born, but that seldom happens to any one.

—Yowl.



Frosh (bumping into gray-haired man on campus): 'S'ay, where d'ya think you're going?"

Man: "Listen, I guess you don't know who I am. I'm the assistant football coach."

Frosh: "Pardon be, I thought you were the Dean."

—Ski-u-mah.

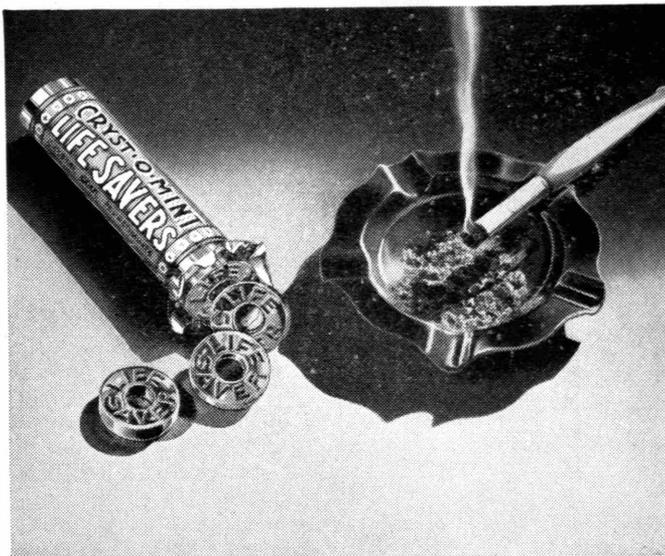


The stork is charged with a lot of things which should more properly be blamed on a lark.

—Skipper.

Frank P. Shaw	Leon A. Hicks
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SMOKER RECONCILED TO OLD FLAME



You needn't change your brand. Just follow every cigarette with a minty, *mouth-cooling* Life Saver and you'll fall in love with the old brand all over again.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

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IN DEDICATION

When in the course of human events, a few battered souls, sardonic with the thought of coming exams, take charge of the make-up of a magazine, something is bound to happen. And when those individuals realize that no one has ever put a dedication on the last page of a magazine—presto! You behold the result.

We dedicate this magazine to you and you and YOU. To Mickey Mouse and Mr. Dionne, and to Mrs. Roosevelt's cobbler. To our printer, with love and kisses. To Freud, and Gertrude Stein, and Aimee Semple McPherson. To the fan dancer at Jimmy Kelly's and the fellow at the Astor who knows how to tie a bow tie. To the ladies—God help them—including Jerry of Saint Paul, Joyce of New Haven, Dot of West Gloucester, Mardy of Williamstown, Mary of Evanston, Betty of Turners Falls, and all the others, (full description and complete addresses on request).

So with ashes on our heads and the wrath of the gods threatening us, we dedicate this magazine . . .

FAREWELL!

After that Last Exam

Rejoice in the restful air-conditioned surroundings of the

English HUNT ROOM

We guarantee to calm seething nerves and chill fevered brows by an internal application of:

- 1 A cool glass of Ale
- 2 A long, tall, iced Tom Collins
- 3 Cocktails "as you desire them"

Or what you will (even pink lemonade)

HOTEL VICTORIA

Copley Square

Boston

WE ASKED SPORTS CHAMPIONS:

"IS THIS FACT
IMPORTANT TO YOU?"

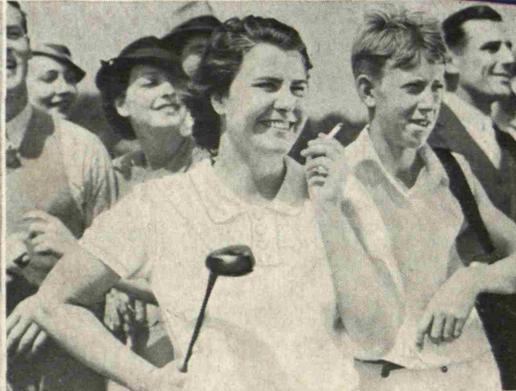
"CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — TURKISH AND
DOMESTIC — THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR
BRAND."

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

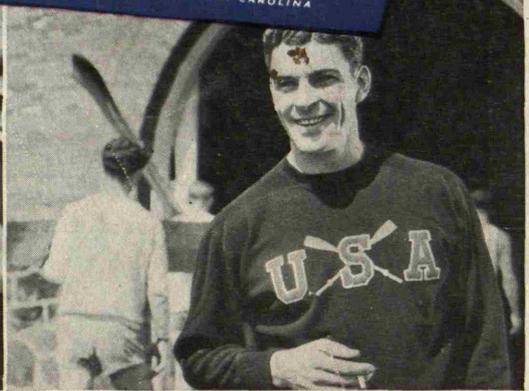
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R. J. Reynolds
Tob. Co.



FLAVOR! "A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"



ENERGY! Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"



VALUE! An answer from Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"



SO MILD! Frank Copeland, billiard champion: "I enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"



HEALTHY NERVES! HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped recently by the color camera. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says.