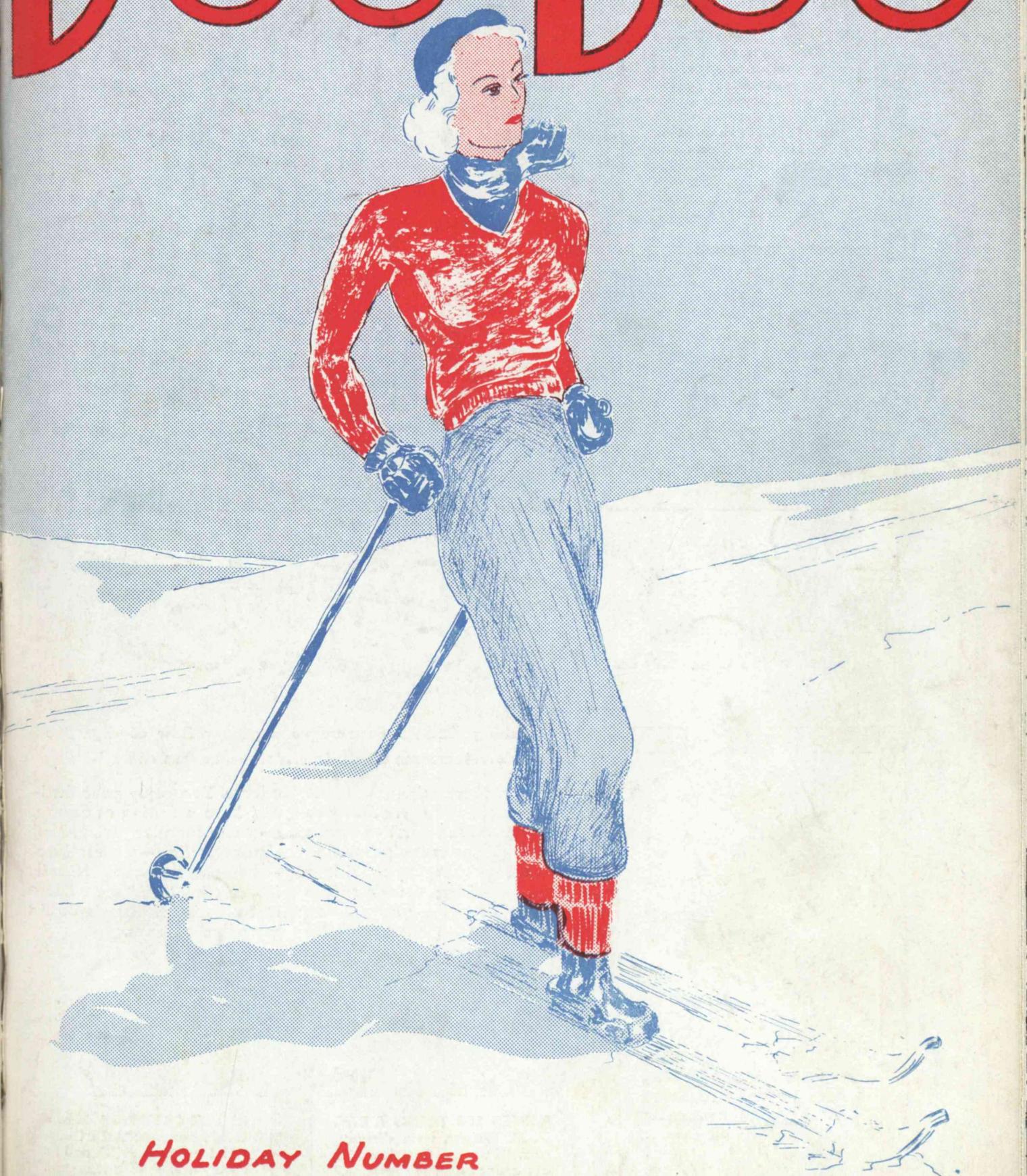


VOODOO



HOLIDAY NUMBER
25¢

N.H.P.

DEEP INTO THE WOODS.
No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch — famous Maine Guide — makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."



WHEREVER...
WHATEVER...
WHENEVER
YOU EAT—

*For Digestion's Sake...
Smoke Camels!*



Cottier Tobacco

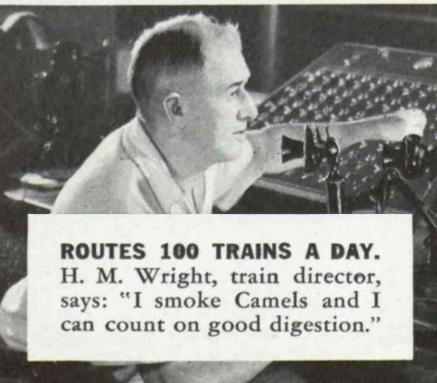
Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOES
...Turkish and Domestic...
than any other popular brand.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids... increases alkalinity... brings a sense of well-being

YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity in-

creases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Mealtime or anytime—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.



ROUTES 100 TRAINS A DAY.
H. M. Wright, train director, says: "I smoke Camels and I can count on good digestion."



GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."

VOO DOO

Holiday Number, 1936

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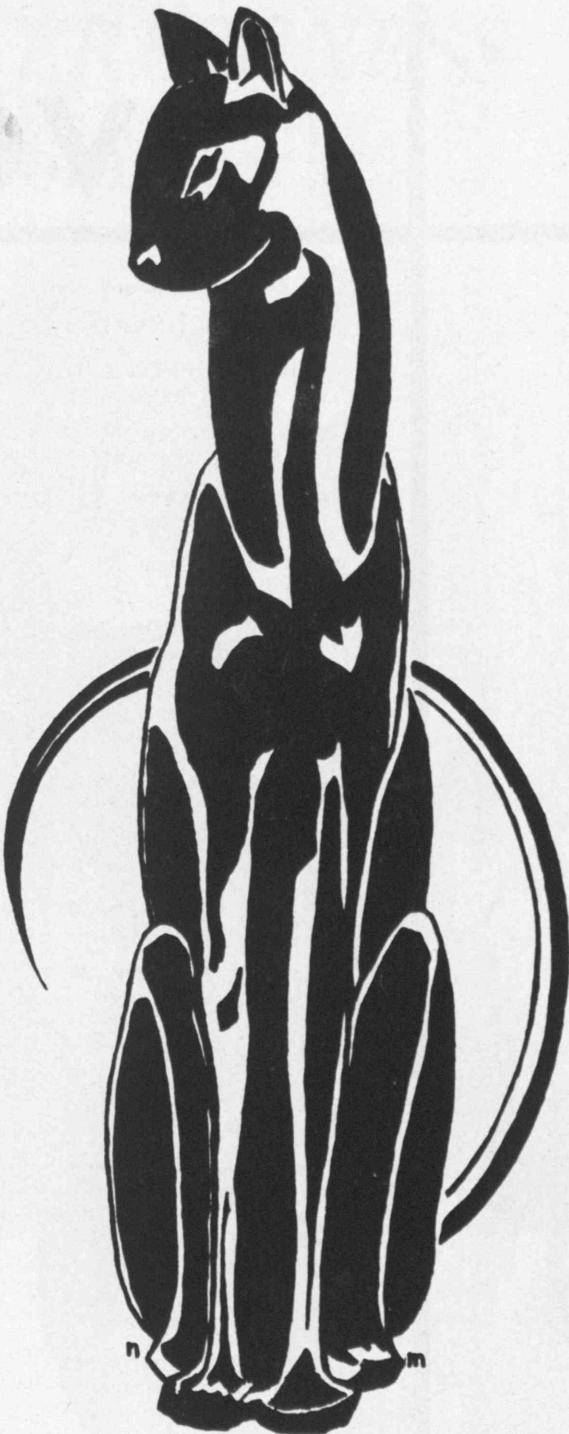
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**Voo Doo****THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY**

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SPECIAL SECTION

endeavoring to combine light humor with serious satire, Phos presents herewith a section intended to bring to the public notice the evils of the pulp magazines. Millions of words are read by America in publications of this type which make even less sense than the purrings of VooDoo's wise black cat.

REFERENDUM

By continuing his policy of omitting exchange jokes, so often clipped in eleventh-hour emergencies to fill empty spaces, Phos makes production of the magazine harder for himself, but he hopes more worthwhile for his readers. If they, in turn, disagree with his policy, he wishes they would let him know. His round black ears are always in tune for messages of criticism or approval and VooDoo can not fail to profit by the receipt of expressions of campus opinion. Equally welcome would be contributions by authors and artists who are not on the board, but feel an urge to express themselves.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

With holidays so close, Phos wishes you all a pleasant time and a thorough relaxation. To paraphrase an old quotation: "All work and no play makes Tech a dull school."

And He Learned about *FRESHNESS* from Her!



DOPENY'S delicious Delilah dished out fetching freshness with saucy sureness. Always start them off with *Double-Mellow Old Golds*. They will catch on so much quicker.

The two jackets of Cellophane is the first tip-off, and then with the first delightful puff of that mellow, sun-ripened, prize crop tobacco, the light of true freshness will dawn and he'll catch the spirit of things, Christmas included.

Yes indeedy, and you'll get a bigger kick out of that Kriss Kringle Kiss . . . it will be factory-fresh.

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.

Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

Copr., 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



A HANDY TRICK



Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



P. A. IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY SMOKIN', MEN!

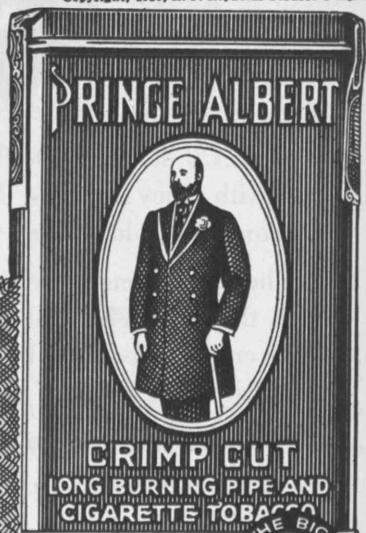
Yes, sir, Prince Albert is a real delight to steady pipe smokers. Being "crimp cut," you can count on P. A. to pack easily, burn cool and sweet, and cake up nicely. And thanks to our special "no-bite" process, Prince Albert *does not*

bite the tongue! You're in good company when you smoke Prince Albert. It's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. And it's swell "makin's" too. Try a handy pocket-size tin of Prince Albert—the "national joy smoke."

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

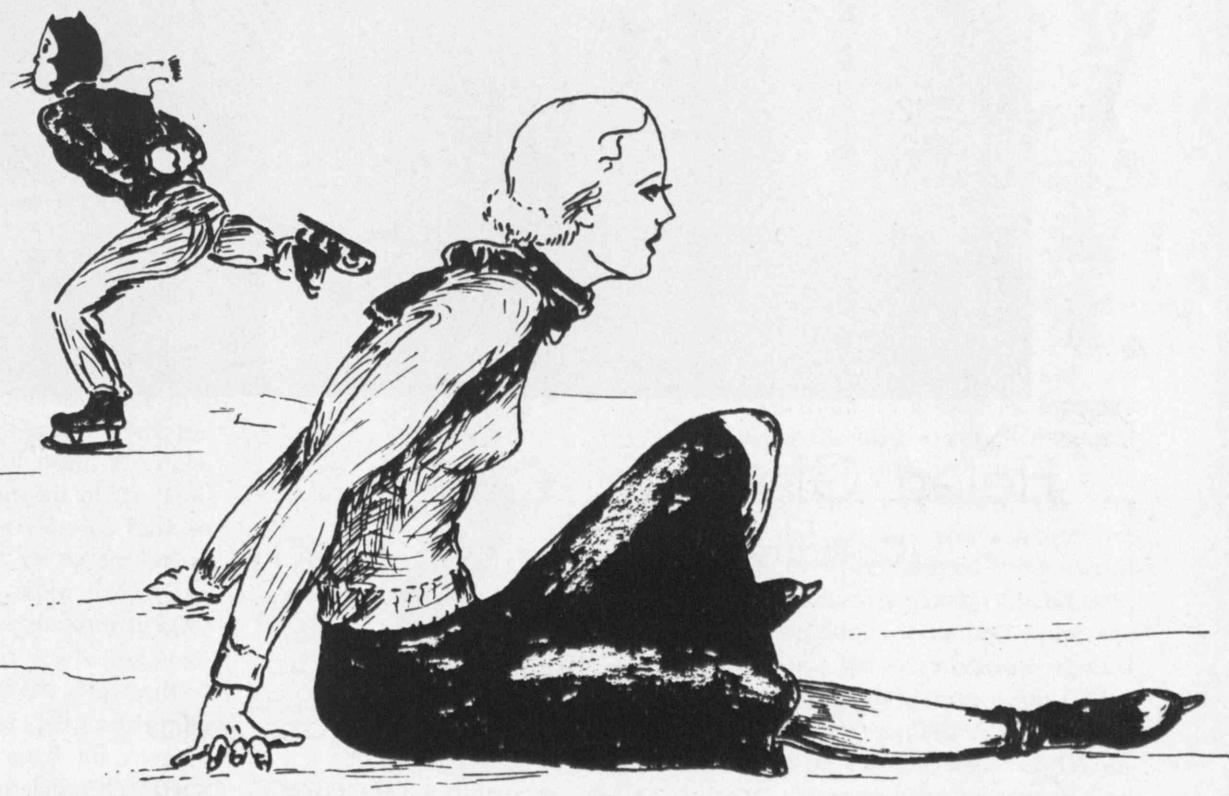
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



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







Helen Gleason

Co-starred with

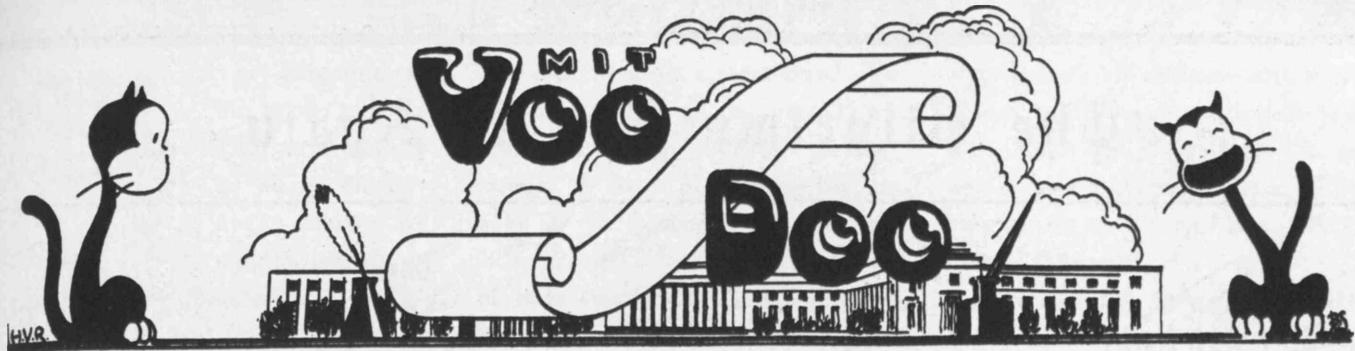
Dennis King

in "FREDERIKA"

the new Franz Lehar

operetta opening at the

Shubert Xmas night



VOODOOINGS

Old Eli

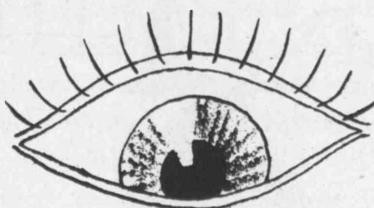
We heard this from a friend of a friend of ours. It seems that a prominent Yale alumnus is very thoroughly loyal, and one of his most prized possessions is a very typically Yale bulldog, all dressed in a blue jacket and looking like the cover of the "Record." When all the guests were assembled for dinner one evening, the alumnus posed the dog in the center of the room, and asked him, "What would you rather do than go to Harvard?"

Whereupon, the canine, well versed in Yale tradition, rolled over and played dead.

fall apart meanwhile. The performance finished, the class continued the discussion of rent when suddenly, fifteen minutes before the end of the period, the door opened and in walked the rest of the class, and took his seat. One of the original listeners remarked that he certainly should know about rent by the time the professor showed the block system again, and sure enough, for a third time the little red bits of wood contributed to the sum of human knowledge.

Fiendish

The other day we garnered an interesting bit of information from a drug store clerk. We were applying a soothing lotion to our pharynx when a man of some seventy summers strode briskly into the store and asked for a Bromo. True, there is nothing wrong in that,—but the drug clerk whispered that the foam he was sipping was the tenth of his daily twenty. He averred in solemn tones that the lad was a Bromo fiend. Seems that there are lots of 'em. Silly—but we dream with starry eyes of the glorious bender that may have been his inspiration.



Repetition

Prof. Ingraham has an ingenious and complicated contraption of wooden blocks to demonstrate that economic stomach-ache called the marginal theory of rent. He demonstrated this, with all of its ramifications, before a class of four in his office one day, or rather before 50% of the class, since two of the members were absent. Shortly after the demonstration was completed, a third member of the class walked in, and somewhat petulantly the professor ran through his routine again, the class somewhat on tenterhooks for fear the gadget might



An impression of a coed entering 10-250.

Mortification

The tall, black individual that takes care of towels, wet bathing suits and what-have-you in the locker room of a club we frequent during the blissful summer months has always intrigued us in some inexplicable way. Until the very last day of this year's season we had never been able to find a logical reason for this strange fascination, but, suddenly, as a bolt from the blue, our hazy captivation ripened into a deep and warm respect. Our towel-drying acquaintance who answered only to the name of "Whitney", apparently possessing no

(Continued on Page 27)

The Pilgrims Try It Again





We, ye Pilgrimes, did decide to leave Englannde becaus ye Kinge did decree that we should attend ye churche every Sonday at 9 A.M. We, being bed-loving men & women, did not like to arise so earlie. We therefor did decide to form a churche of aure owne, whiche we did call ye Separatist. Aure policie was churche at an honourable houre, such that a good Christian mot partake of a little extra slumber upon ye Sabbath morn.

Soe did we journie to Holland at a place called Leyden. We resided there for a goodlie time, until aure verie children spake in ye langwidge of ye Dutchman, soe that we knewe not of that whiche they conversed. Ye aforesaid Dutchmen did also give other bad habits unto aure compaignie, namelie that of laboure. We were a leisurlie peiple, not muche given unto suche customs, so that it went againste ye grain. Thus, in council, it was decided that our groupe should depart from this cursed lande of such soule cus-toms.

We did then hire ye fair shippe "Speedwelle", but were verie much gypped on ye deal as ye damne boat leaked like ye sieve. Perforce, we did leave ye vesel in merrie Englannde, & transferred over unto ye boat "Mayflower", with whiche we crost to America.

Ye journie acrost ye broade oceanne was one of muche dis-comforte unto aure passengers at first, aure stomacks having seen so muche of ye sea that they began to emulate its motione. Ye trippe oboeur was otherwise one of great

intereste to said passengers. Ye wife of onne of ye younger mem-beres of ye pilgrammes -- ye cognomen is kept in silence for ye sake of ye husbande -- did flirt with & make eies at ye captaine of aure vesel, soe that this honourable gentilmanne knew not in whiche direction he wast headed nor yet that direction from whiche he cameth. Therefor aure fair shippe did misse its destination whiche was Virginia and did come upon ye coast of Cape Cod.

We did put forth an expeditione upon ye shore, but it was soon forced to return because of ye grate multitudes of artists who did overrum and dominate said penin-sula. Ye leader did also report that he did descrie some wilde men whom he thought to be Indians, but were onlie some stelwed-dents from Harvard.

Nexte did we turnne aure boat unto Plymouth, at whiche place was ye rocke upon whiche we were to disembarke. Imagine our sur-prise and consternation whenne we did find that said rocke was completlie surrounded bie a wall on three sides and an ironne fense on ye seaward face. Aure first boatloade of immigrants did trie to sette foote upon ye boulder, but invectives were hurled at them with suche grate rapiditie & with suche profusenesse bie ye maintainers of ye lawe and ordeur, that the afore-said landing partie was forced to returne unto aure shippe.

A grate storme thenne came up & we were forced to lie at anchor in ye harbour for sevral daies. Ye radioe being busted & ye phonographe recordes worn out on ye passaige oboeur, we did cast about for some devise to passe away ye time. Finallie one of

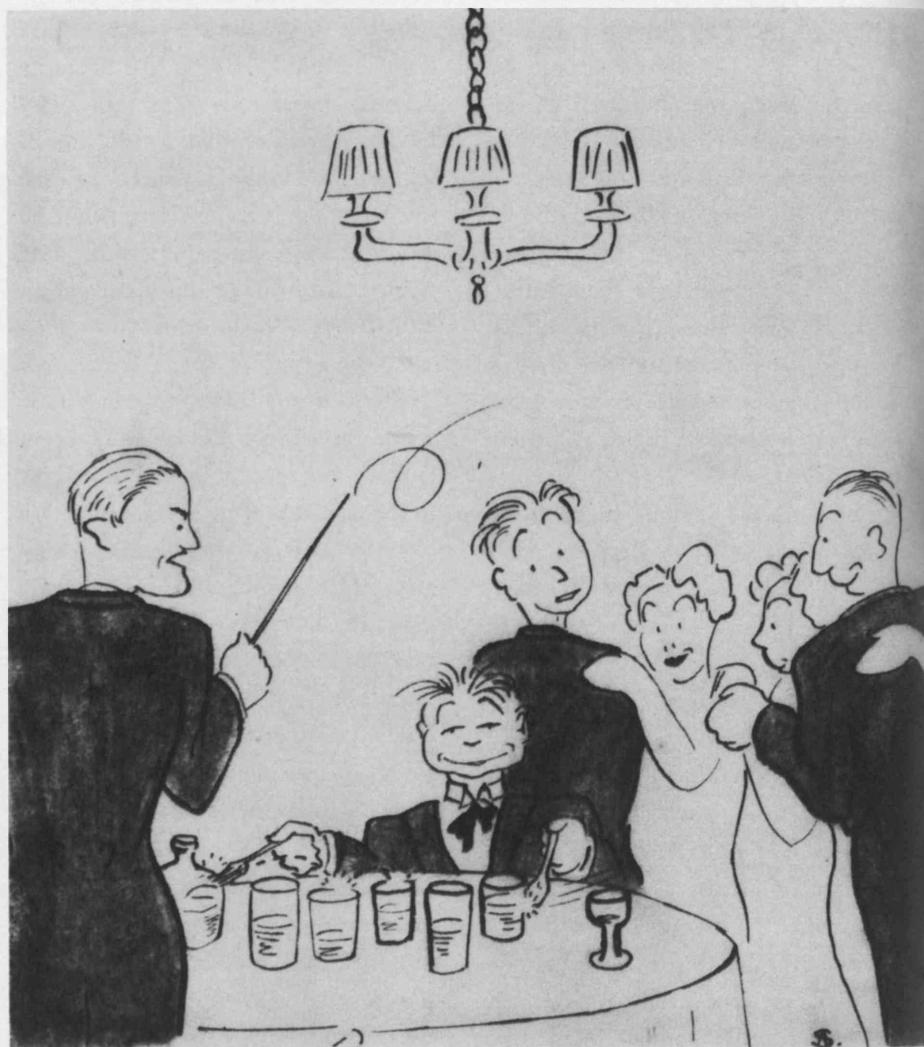
of ye date & did exclame with much noises and jumpings that it was nigh onto ye Newe Yeer & we must make our resolutions. This wee did & we did call it ye May-flower Compact.

Ye ferocious storm did at last abate & we did decide to againe put an expedition upone ye shore. This time we set out at nite, when ye moon was covered over by deepe clouds, soe that aure actions mite be concealed from ye populance. We were alsoe equipped with an assortmente of iron files, saws, and oxy-acetylene torches, with the aid of whiche we were deter-mined to cut aure waie into ye rocke, that we mot land properleie. Howeber, ye accursed wife of one of ye crewe did insiste that she accompanie us, making her de-mands in such lounde tones that we were afearred she would awaken ye inhabitants, soe that we were forced to permit her to come to keep ye silence. We did quicklie cut thru ye grille & were prepared to set foote upon ye rocke. At this auspicious momente ye afore-said offspring of Satan did leap from ye boate to ye rocke, but she did miss it and fell into ye water, wherupon she did set up such a wailing that ye coppe upon ye heet did turne in ye allarum. Before we could escape ye riote squad did surround us and lead us unto ye judge. This manne did thereupon sentence us and our entire com-paignie to ye gaol for six months for ye crime of unlawful entrie.

In ye gaol, we have added a postscript unto aure Compacte, whiche states that we shall returne to Englannde at ye first chance, even if we have to go to church before we read ye funnie papers.

Battle of Music

For some years now, swing music has interested us no end, and lately we have been trying to broaden our interests by listening to such non-swing items as those rendered by Arturo Toscanini and others of his ilk. So, a while ago, we were more than pleased to note that King of Swing Benny Goodman and Leopold Stokowski were to appear in the film *Big Broadcast of 1937*. As soon as we heard the good news we trotted off to a local cinema emporium, to see the picture. Although we like to feel that we went solely for the cultural benefits to be derived from hearing Messrs. Goodman and Stokowski, we were driven on by a burning curiosity to learn just what manner of plot could conceivably bring two so diametrically opposite individuals together in the comparative intimacy of a strip of film. And, too, we wondered just what the Goodmanites would think about the classical bits and what the Stokowskians would do to ease the tension when Benny appeared on the screen. Well, it seems that the swing fans are the most ill mannered of the lot. The King of Swing blasted forth for several minutes and not a sound was heard from the enemy. If they had produced intelligible comment it probably would have gone unheard anyway, because the rest of the audience was pounding fiercely with its feet in rhythm with the music and that, combined with the output of the overworked amplifying system produced such a stupendous racket that even Al Smith could have rasped away at maximum volume with no notice being taken. We did notice some reaction on the part of the classicists however. A few of the more resolute gazed grimly at the screen for a few moments and then, politely but firmly, marched to the exits. But for the most part they sat, paling



JOHNSON'S GRANDSTANDING AGAIN.

slightly, until the din subsided to harmless dialogue.

Eventually Mr. Stokowski appeared on the screen, with his multitudinous organization. As the Philadelphia orchestra proceeded to render Beethoven's marvelous *Fugue in G Minor* a sprinkling of laughter ran through the audience. And why? Well, as nearly as we could judge without wedging ourselves out from between the persons surrounding us to ask, the laughter was provoked by the sight of a man playing an oboe. We felt

like rushing bravely to the stage and asking each and every one of the group if he or she had ever tried to play the oboe or had any idea how they would look if they did. But we restrained ourselves. Then we fell to thinking about Mr. Stokowski. How very pleased he would have been. If we had been he, we would have wandered sadly home, buying a jews-harp on the way, upon which to twang plaintively and with infinite feeling an endless rendition of *The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round*.



MANGE PULP AT SECTION





Turned Down!

BECAUSE HE DIDN'T
HAVE H. E.*

*Hairy Ears

ARE YOU AN AURAL SMOOTHY?

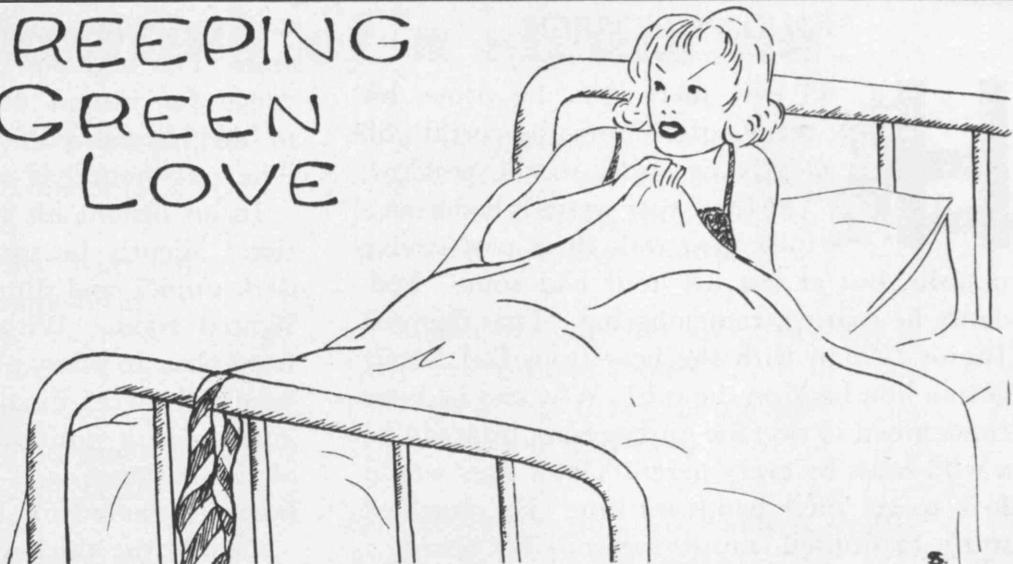
DR. PHOSS' SNAP-ON EAR SHAGS MAY
HELP YOU WIN THE GAME OF LIFE



REMEMBER: ALL ENGINEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS

DR. PHOSS EAR SHAG CO.

CREEPING GREEN LOVE



Snuggled cozily in her warm bed, she was rudely awakened by steely fingers biting into her smooth rounded perfection. He had come for her at last! He gazed tenderly into her shining eyes. Hunger burning thru his veins like fire, his blood hot with desire, he lifted her tenderly. He looked longingly at her. "God," he thought, glancing over her luscious curves, "how she has changed since I last saw her!" To think that these lascivious protuberances had developed from the scrawny thing which he had last seen just a few months ago. He clutched her madly to his breast. Lovingly he transported her through the door and placed her gently on the long oak table.

Suddenly the fire of sadistic madness burst from his crackling black eyes! He rolled her over roughly, and whipping out a gleaming knife he slashed madly until her alabaster curves lay revealed in all their voluptuous splendor!

A trembling fever of anticipation ran through his frame. His fingers quivering, his breath coming in short gasps, he continued his preparations.

But damn it, she seemed so cold! The wild light leaped higher in his feverish orbs. "Each man kills the thing he loves," he muttered. "Each man — Kills — the thing he loves!" He ran to the fire and fanned the flames into a coruscating inferno. Grasping the poker firmly, he rammed it slowly through her middle! He pushed her roughly toward the fire. He held her in the roaring flames until her smooth while perfection had become a deep tan! Withdrawing her from the flames he removed the poker and with one stroke of his glittering blade laid her open from end to end!

"Damn!" he cried, "She's wormy!" With a snort of disgust the starving tramp hurled the potato into the street.



MRS. G. WASHINGTON BROWN

KEEP YOUR LIPS YOUNG, SMOOTH, ALLURING

Use Brown's Passion Flower, the Lipstick Supreme

Passion flower brings out that youthful beauty, that tantalizing freshness so essential to the modern make up. In Natural, Tan, Brown, and Black.

**BLACK BEAUTY CO.
Harlem, New York**

HOLIDAY HORROR

HIS eyes mere slits, he drove his team quietly into the corral. Silently he slunk to the window. Yes, there they were! It had been a long hard wait these past twelve months, but at last his hour had come. Suddenly he snarled, remembering. That damned Junior G-Man with the bear traps had nearly gotten him back on the trail. Why had he been condemned to ride the outlaw trail, hunted like a wild beast by every parent? How they would love to get their hands on him! He chuckled softly to himself, muttering into his beard.

On the roof of the house at last, the bearded intruder paused. Did he have everything? Yes, all was in readiness. The sub-machine gun lay glittering in its case, the automatics gleamed dully under the stars. Filled with evil power,

tear gas bombs slumbered in their cushiony sack. The high-powered racing car, its motor tuned for instant flight, waited to be called to life. He glanced nervously at his wrist watch. The zero hour had arrived!

In an instant his well-laid plan was in motion. Silently he squirmed through the long dark tunnel, and slipped quietly into the dully lighted room. With quick motions he ran from place to place, placing small round objects here and there. Finally he set the sub-machine gun up in a position giving a full command of the entrance, and close by stacked the tear bombs prepared for instant action.

Calmly the thick-set stranger glanced about the room. Yes, all was well. "Now," he thought, "let them come." All was as specified. It looked like a fine surprise for little Willie when he came downstairs to get his long-promised detective outfit on Christmas morning.



the shooting of a sigma nu

THE SHOOTING OF A SIGMA NU

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
In the House of Sigma Nu,
When the front door opened with gusto,
And there stood the gal named Lu.

In one hand was a .44
In the other a baby's sweater;
Her pappy came close behind her.
On the stage it was never done better.

Lu scanned the boys quite anxiously
As they stood with eyes cast down.
She searched their guilty faces,
But the culprit was not to be found.

She went into a huddle with Pappy,
The question was now what to do.
They decided to wait. He'd surely come home
Before the night was through.

A heavy step upon the stair,
The door opened and in came Bill,
But the sorrow was, he was not alone,
He had brought in his new gal, Lil.

Lu grabbed her father's arm in fright;
Her lover had gone amiss.
Pappy rose up and snatched the gun,
He'd been waiting a chance like this.

"You'll marry my daughter, or else," he cried,
Or else, being his desire.
The lad laughed; they couldn't frighten him,
He knew the old man wouldn't fire.

Bill said he didn't love the girl,
He'd never marry her.
Besides, he was in love with Lil,
The one his passions could stir.

Lu was a passing fancy,
He didn't want her for life.
Coming home to her each evening
Would make living too much of a strife.

Pappy listened to him, but all the while
He was getting madder and madder,
To hear this young snip talk like that
About his own dear "datter".

He aimed the gun and said, "My boy,
Have you any last request?
I'll shoot if you'll not marry her.
You got her in this mess."

Bill laughed again — his brothers smiled,
They'd seen this act before.
Hadn't Lu and Pappy come 'round last year,
For a man who was with them no more?

But Pappy was serious this time;
He was tired of this every year;
He meant to get Lu a Sigma Nu,
Dead or alive, before he left here.

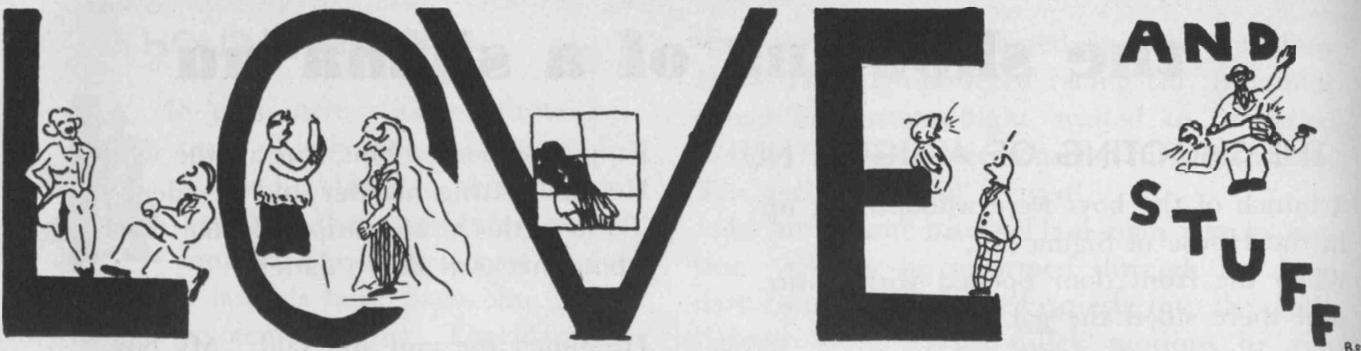
He raised his gun, he aimed it,
He fired; not once, but thrice.
Bill dropped to the floor in a crumpled heap.
He surely looked far from nice.

Lu rushed to his side, a sob on her lips,
To think this should happen to her!
Bill was shot with Pappy's gun.
He didn't even stir.

The boys gathered 'round in a mournful group,
They'd lost another brother,
But 'twas better this way than to have in their
midst
Another fraternity mother.

Lu had loved Bill, but he hadn't loved her.
The man had done her wrong.
He should have dropped her some time ago,
Before he waited so long.

Let this be a lesson to fraternity boys
When you're out with your girls — behave!
Don't let your emotions run astray
Or you'll also end up in the grave.



To all of our readers whose lives are lonely because of a lack of companionship, we offer this service. If love has never entered your life, why not gamble a three cent stamp and let Cupid find his way to your heart through the LONELY HEARTS column of BREEZEE? Write to May Murch, care of The Educational Publications, Inc., Split-lick, Nev.

Dear Mr. Whosis:

I am eighteen and an excellent fan dancer. But lately I haven't been getting much attention. Should I retire?

(Signed) AIRCOOLED.

Dear Aircooled:

Try reducing the number of fans and you'll increase your number of fans.

Dear Editor:

Last night I was out riding with a boy and he got fresh. It was raining, and I had on a new dress. What should I have done?

Ans.: Rain doesn't do a new dress any good.

Dear Mr. Barefaks:

I'm not in love with a girl but her kisses thrill me more than any others. Should she be my best friend?

(Signed) GUBBERKING.

Dear Gubberking:

My answer is emphatically no. She deserves to be known only as necks best.

Dear Miss Nerch:

I'm an old maid of sixty but still have high ambitions. What should I say at the end of my prayers?

(Signed) TIZZIE BUGEYE.

Dear Tizzie Bugeye:

Ah men.

Dear Moich,

I'm a big shot gangster from de East side of Brooklyn, and I don't take no head from nobody, see? Well, de other day some of de boys starts laffin at me cause I ain't got no moll, and dat gets me sore, see? All me pals have molls, and I'm startin to feel out of place widout one. So I want's me a classy jane with lots of guts that ain't afraid to stand up and get shot at. Let me know where I can lay me mitts on one.

Tanks,

MARMALADE P. VESTIBULE.

Ans.: Shame, shame, Marmalade, for trying to drag the womanhood of our great land into the slime of your world. I wish I had your face here so I could slap it. I'll meet you on the corner of 8th and 44th at eight o'clock tonight and give you a piece of my mind.

Dear Miss Murch,

I am a little girl aged forty-four that craves companionship—something to make my unhappy life worth living. The last time I wrote you told me to get a cat; I got one, but it fails to fill the aching void. What shall I do?

Hopefully yours,

EMPTY LIFE.

Ans.: Get an elephant, baby.

Dear Editor:

My fiancee has lost her voice. What shall I do?

TROUBLED.

Ans.: Nothing. Silence is golden.

Dear Love-letters editor:

I was sitting in the parlor on the sofa with my girl last week. She reached up and turned off the light. What would you have done in a case like this?

WORRIED.

Ans.: I would have done the same thing you did, and be worried, too.

Dear Lady Lil:

I am in love with a Siamese twin, and intend to marry her. Do you think this is a good idea?

BUTCH.

Ans.: If you marry her, you're headed for trouble. Remember, the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.

Dear Voice of E.,

I am six feet eight inches tall, and madly in love with a midget. Should I marry her?

GOLIATH.

Ans.: Sure. She's good for a half-fare any time.

Dear Mr. Barefaks:

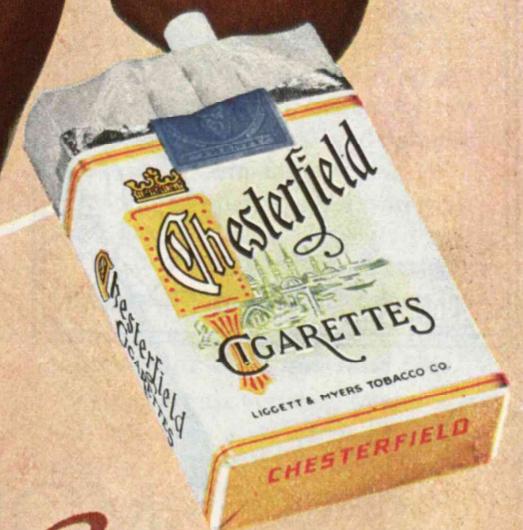
The boys at the house promised to get me a date if I took a bath. Do you think I should?

(Signed) PSI PLEDGE.

Dear Psi Pledge:

Don't take a chance. Get the date first.

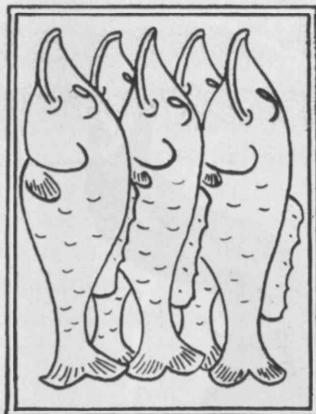
Chesterfield Wins



Know the answer? So do I
These Chesterfields -

They Satisfy

You either like Herrings tremendously, or they COST YOU **NOTHING!**



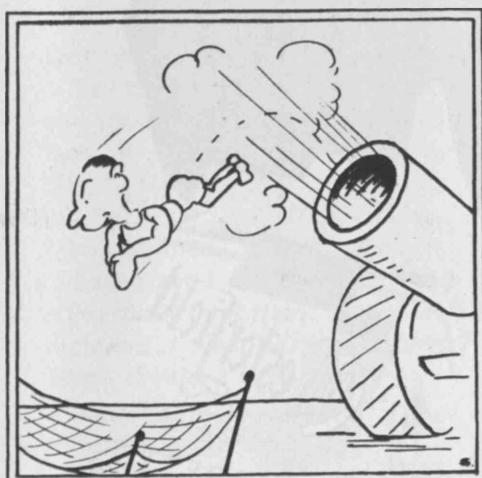
They're Roasted

Money Back Invitation to Try Herrings:

Try ten fragrant Herrings. If you don't find them the wildest, worst-tasting fish you ever smoked, return the tails to us and we will refund your money plus express.

(Signed)

G. FILTER FISH CO.



TOGO MACHINI, Noted Bomb, declares:

*"I always smoke Herrings before blowing up. Herrings and cannonade make a great combination. It takes cool nerves to smoke Herrings, but I can always rely on Bertha to give me the air."**

*This is an unsolicited statement.

SMOKE HERRINGS

They're Rich, Over-ripe Fish



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NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

Strong-arm Sam

Strong-arm Sam has been for many years the nemesis of the newspaper man. Besides being strong, he is also silent and has always refused to grant interviews. The editor of "Mythical Culture" decided to attempt once more to get at least one word from the "Man with the world's most perfectly developed right arm" to give to the admiring public. So our cub reporter was assigned to the job.

He walked up to Sam's door and knocked. Then ensued the following conversation:

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

"It's only me, to interview thee," said the "Mythical Culture" reporter.

"I'll come down and let you in," cried Strong-arm Sammy.

"Hello." (Red speaking.)

"Hello." (This is Sam talking.)

"I'm from the 'Mythical Culture' magazine."

"Issatso?"

"Yes."

"What do ya want?"

"An interview," and Red, knowing Sam's reputation as a man of few words, added, "I'll take two, they're small."

"Anything to oblige," said Sam.

"Thanks, are you ready?"

"Yep."

"When did you begin to develop your arm?"

"Three years ago. I read an advertisement, in your magazine, by Charles Hatless. He said that he could put three inches on my biceps in seven days. That sounded good, so I gambled my three cent stamp, and you see the result."

"Do you mind telling us the secret of your success?"

"Yes."

"O.K., we'll skip that. Will you state some of the advantages of having an arm like yours?"

"Well, I didn't notice any until I won my title. However, I found

it was easier for me to squeeze oranges and things. It also was fun going into restaurants and bending all the spoons. Another of my favorite pastimes was watching people squirm under my handshake. At first, I could only secure an agonizing scream, but now I can break all the fingers, and usually make my victim faint."

"What happened after you won the title?"

"After I received that, I became famous. I am now in constant demand to head reception committees, ring bells, and raise flags."

"One more question. When are you going to start on your other arm?"

"As soon as I earn enough money to buy the other half of Hatless's course."

With this valuable information, and with visions of promotion swimming before his eyes, Red took his leave, carefully keeping his hands in his pockets.

OVERCOATS FOR FALL AND WINTER

The economy of paying a few dollars more for a really good Overcoat is one of the soundest that can be practiced. Most men don't want to buy one every season . . . or even every year. Consequently the full advantages of Brooks Brothers' fine imported materials and exceptionally high-grade workmanship are particularly marked in Ready-made Overcoats. The wide choice in exclusive colors, patterns and styles is equally interesting.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

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Twelve plates to the set in blue or mulberry

*The following articles
furnished with*

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PLAQUES

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*We will wrap your purchase in an attractive Christmas Gift package
This service is for merchandise purchased in this store only*

TECHNOLOGY BRANCH

HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, INC.

*That'll learn 'im to come
"knock-knockin'" around
here.*



A group of the editors was sitting in the Club Room behind the ol' gas house the other night, putting out an issue, when Russ, sticking his feet on the stove, says, "You know, there's something funny about my feet."

Now, since Russ' feet are size thirteen, and practically look like the walls of the room when propped up on the stove, this seemed an obvious remark, and was followed by the deep silence it so richly deserved. Then Joe, from his prone position on the floor, remarked to the smoke-filled air, "They say a pair of feet is like the VooDoo, you can't look at either without laughing."

Ignoring this, Russ went on, "You see, they aren't mates."

The group cogitated on this startling remark for some moments, when Bill said with a credulous tone, "They ought to be, they've lived together long enough."

Joe turned over on his back with a groan and the editorial activity continued unabated.



ANN CORIO

When Anne Corio, of Burlesque fame, appeared at The Old Howard a while ago, it meant little or nothing in our young life until Anne "Primer For Harvard Students" Marsters got on the job for the American and produced a neat article all about Miss Corio. It was a piece of writing that fascinated us no end, and held our attention clear through Physics and Math and even Ec11 lecture. The thing was supposed to present Miss Corio's ideas about burlesque, and wondrous they were.

Miss Corio, it seemed, went at burlesque from a truly altruistic point of view. And it bothered her beyond words that she had to appear desirable to the audience. New Haven, she said, had to be left completely out of her territory, because whenever she tried to play the town the Yale boys raised such merry Cain that the show had to be stopped. But in Boston things were different. Harvard men were *such* Dears, she thought. But they did take things *so* seriously. Always they filled up the first six rows at the Old Howard and then, after the performance, they would appear in droves asking for dates and autographed photographs and the like. And Miss Corio *so* hated to refuse them. They were *such* dears.

This, of course, interested us as Tech men and we decided to venture to that cradle of artistic exposition, The Old Howard, to see for ourselves. We paid our fifty cents and hurried, with a look of harassed expectancy in our eyes, to the front of the place to see just what occupied the first six rows. Assuming that Miss Corio was correct in saying that these rows are always filled with the sons of Fair Harvard we present a rapid-fire description of the average Harvard man. He is an individual of about fifty years of age that looks as though he felt older. He wears clothes that look nearly as aged as himself and that appear to be made of dungaree cloth or something similar. These Harvard men, or at least the ones at The Old Howard, sit with a most vacant look upon their begrimed physiognomies chewing tobacco or smoking foul cigars that exude great volumes of black smoke. They sit silently for the most part, only pausing now and then to comment to the multitudes in general about the perfection of a certain member of the chorus. When the show is over they wander listlessly to the exits and emerge wearily on the street. Then they go off, expectorating chewing tobacco and cigar butts. They are, in short, *such* dears.

But despite this disillusionment our visit to the Old Howard would have been complete if only for the grammatically stimulating sign that was flashed on the screen just before we left: "Nothing is too good for Old Howard Patrons."

SOPH GIVES DAD XMAS PIPE-PLUS!

THANKS FOR THE SWELL PIPE, SON

YOU YOUNGSTERS SURE KNOW TOBACCO

YOU BET! EDGEWORTH JR. MAKES ANY PIPE TASTE GOOD--CLEAR DOWN TO THE HEEL!*

* BECAUSE IT'S EXTRA MILD, FREE-BURNING

Vacuum-fresh tins.

TIMELY TIP: If dad's a steady pipe smoker, get him a special Xmas package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Plug Slice. If he smokes both a pipe and cigarettes, get him this laminated "Cellophane" Xmas package of Edgeworth Junior.

WHILE THEY LAST! \$1.00 POUCH FOR 10¢



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Enclosed find 10¢ and one inside white paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Jr. Send me \$1.00 value silk tobacco pouch. (Please print.)

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COLLEGE _____

Offer good for only 30 days

... and one inside white paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Jr.

IN YOUR COLLEGE COLORS

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

*as suggested by
green pastures*



Lord: "Gabriel, ma chillun all looks purty happy down dere!"

Gabriel: "Ya suh, Lord, day got a new miracle, de FORD V-8."



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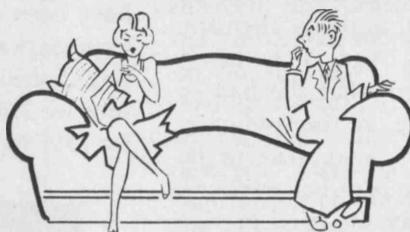
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OVERNIGHT FROM NEW YORK



*She wasn't such a bum steer—
she had nice calves.*

"YOU DON'T WANT TO
MAKE HISTORY" !!!

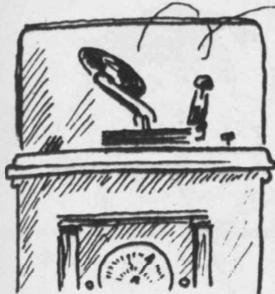


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RECORDINGS



REMEMBER WHEN

Jimmie Lunceford

Victor

This number was written and arranged by Will Hudson of the present Hudson-Delange combo. The tune was never published and this is the only record of it that has been pressed. Lately the Hudson-Delange outfit has started to plug it and it may soon rank as a popular favorite with possibly a new release by the H-D band. The Lunceford platter was released on Victor while the orchestra was at the old Cotton Club some years ago. The sax opening is superb. Also featured is a vocal by trombonist Henry Wells who has since left the organization.

* * *

FOUR OR FIVE TIMES

Jimmie Lunceford

Decca

The Lunceford recording of this number shows the band's style in a nutshell. There is nothing technically startling about the rendition, but as an example of Jimmie's style it cannot be surpassed. Just as a matter of interest listen to Isham Jones' Decca record of the same tune. The comparison shows just what it is that makes any negro band three jumps ahead of a white one, at least potentially. The vocal is by big, black, flutter-tongue trumpeter Sy Oliver.

* * *

SOPHISTICATED LADY

Jimmie Lunceford

Decca

This is a perfect example of the Lunceford treatment of a popular tune. The band sounds more polished than usual and there are no blatant notes to spoil the slow, easy swing of the number. The arrangement is a honey and the unison sax work with muted brass backing up is unusually fine.

* * *

ORGAN GRINDER'S SWING

Jimmie Lunceford

Decca

This is the finest arrangement we have yet heard of this popular Will Hudson tune. The contrast between the way Lunceford and Hudson-Delange play this number is amazing and brings out very clearly the inherent differences between a white and colored band. Sy Oliver plays the growling trumpet.

WHITE HEAT

Jimmie Lunceford

Victor

Here is the Lunceford band at its seethiest. The style and subtle swing of the outfit's slower stuff is entirely missing here and it is all a great show of fine technical ability coupled with exceeding bad taste. But the number does go to town and it shows what happens when a colored band really exerts itself on behalf of maximum volume. The high trumpet is by Thomas Stevenson who left the Lunceford outfit to join Blanche Calloway shortly after this record was made. The note is high A.

* * *

Other recommended examples of the Lunceford style are:

SWANEE RIVER

Decca

DREAM OF YOU

Decca

STRATOSPHERE

Decca

SWINGIN' UPTOWN

Decca

* * *

THE MOTEN SWING GIVE HER A PINT

Andy Kirk

Decca

The Moten Swing was written by Lunceford trombone man Eddie Durham when he was with the late Benny Moten and his orchestra. The tune must be at least five years old, but it swings in the best modern fashion. This release is a comparatively recent one by the very capable Andy Kirk outfit and features Mary Lou Williams' always outstanding piano. She, it seems to us, is one of the best pianists in the swing business today and rates with such artists as Fats Waller, Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson.

* * *

YEARNING FOR LOVE TRUMPET IN SPADES

Duke Ellington

Brunswick

These two sides are referred to by the members of the band as Larry's Concerto and Rex's Concerto because in the first the solo honors go to Larry Brown with his trombone and in the second to Rex Stewart and his trumpet. Yearning For Love has really beautiful trombone work by the aforementioned Mr. Brown. His playing is, as always, in perfect taste. Trumpet In Spades presents much technical excellence by Rex Stewart in the nature of triple tonguing and such, but as swing music it is nothing to write home about.

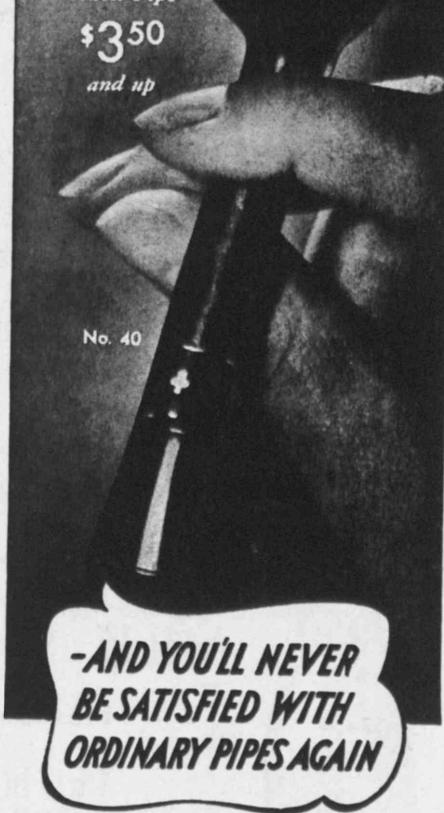


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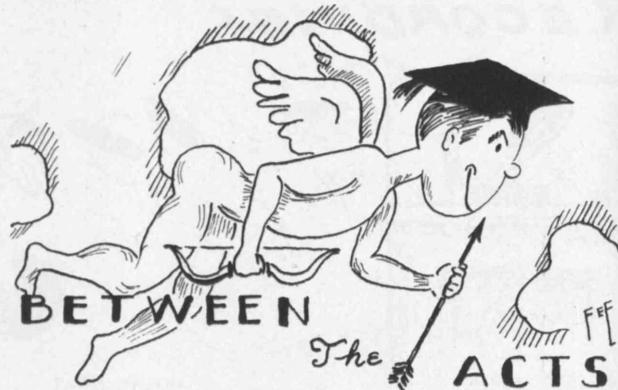
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WHITING MILK BOTTLE*Paramount, Take Note . . .*

Paris may be a glamorous and alluring city, but fifty million Frenchmen must be wrong. A recent census taken by the Parisian Old Maid's Society shows the total male population of France to be only forty million. There is no doubt of the conscientious effort expended to secure reliable figures.

Hollywood Prayer . . .

The trivialities of this old world
Have bothered many a thrifty.
Fifty wrenches cost more than one,
But one wench costs more than fifty.

Sophomorenic . . .

The freshmen have just acquired a worthy position in the "brain trust". Elevation of the class to this position was entrusted to a young luminary who wanted to know if the voltage came before the ice age. W-e-l-l —

Fancy That . . .

In a recent radio appearance, a rather self-assertive candidate was quoted as saying, "The trouble with this country is that there are too many Americans in it."

Featured . . .

Our meanie of the month . . . Ventriloquist Westfall, who passed the old maid's window and threw his voice under her bed.

Hooray . . .

The best political program of the year was broadcast over WNAC the other evening. The speaker failed to materialize, probably due to mal-adjustment of the sensory areas. The time was filled in with delightful salon music. Included in the program was "Just a Memory."

Phosphor Essences



HOLE IN SAILOR'S SUIT
DELAYS LINER'S SAILING
—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

We can't see through this one.

"There are 200,000 women in the organized army of vice."
(News Item.)

How about the organized reserves?

ODD FELLOWS COMPETE
IN DRILL WORK
—L. A. Daily News.

Must be an odd situation.

Cambridge Police Department calling car 21—"Look out your back window; boys stealing your tire."



LITERARY INDIGESTION POLL
GETS THE PULSE OF A NATION
... 24 hours late.



GYM, AUDITORIUM
TILT TOMORROW;
COMPTON SPEAKS
—The Tech.
How many rounds?



JUDGE HAS HEART
—United Press.

No foolin'.



HUSBANDS PLEDGED
TO KISS WIVES
—Daily Californian.

Whose wives?



UNDERTAKER GUILTY
OF SLAYING WIFE
—United Press.

Business must have been bad.



"GREAT LAUGHTER", "HEARST",
AND "GONE WITH THE WIND"

Reported by operator xz-21 in a Boston bookshop window.



Sign near a construction job on 59th street: "Do not exceed over ten miles per hour."

Can we wonder that the American population is not becoming increasingly more literate?



BLIND DRIVER OF AUTO
DECLARED MENACE
—L. A. Daily News.

We think so, too.



... THE PERFECT GIFT

There is no gift more perfect nor more appreciated than good wine or liquor. . . . We have many different assortments in especially attractive Xmas packings. . . . Take care of your Xmas list right now. Just call KENmore 3813 and your Xmas shopping is done.

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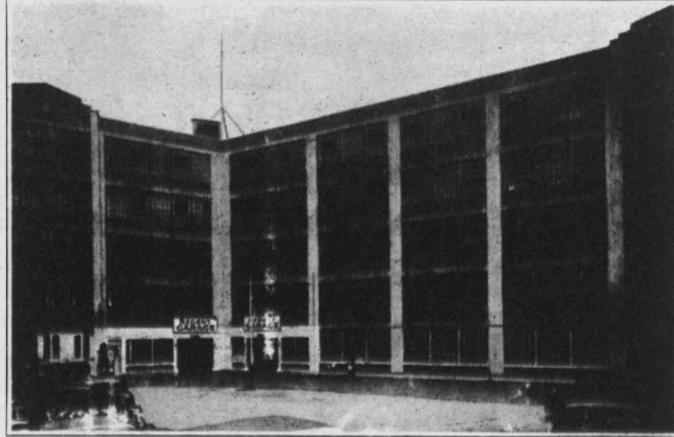
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marital meanderings

During the summer, we happened to drop into the local relief bureau, where one of our friends was working. He showed us a bunch of letters that the bureau had actually received from its "clients", from which we gleaned the following excerpts:

"I cannot get sick pay, I have six children, can you tell me why it is?"

"This is my eighth child, what are you going to do about it?"

"I am glad to say that my husband, who was reported missing, is now deceased."

"Sirs: I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children one of which is a mistake you can see."

"I am writing to say that my baby was born two years old, when do I get my money?"

"Unless I get my husband's money soon I will be forced to lead an immortal life."

"I am sending my marriage certificate and six children. I had seven one died which was baptised on half a sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas."

"Please find out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with now won't eat anything or do anything until he knows for certain."

"In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."

"You have changed my little girl to a boy. Will it make any difference."

"I have no children yet. My husband is a bus driver and works days and nights."

"I want my money quick as you can sent it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't seem to be doing me much good. If things don't improve I will have to send for another doctor."

following the flicks

COMING ATTRACTIONS AT BOSTON THEATERS

Loew's State and Orpheum:
 "Tarzan Escapes" with Johnnie Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan.
 "Garden of Allah" with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer.
 "Old Hutch" with Wallace Beery.

The Metropolitan:
 Dec. 24 on the stage: Xavier Cugat and his orchestra.

The Paramount:
 Dec. 24: "Charge Of The Light Brigade" with Errol Flynn and Olivia De Haviland.

RKO Memorial:
 Dec. 25: "Stowaway" with Shirley Temple.

RKO Boston:
 Dec. 17: "Wanted, Jane Turner"; on the stage: "Riviera Follies."

Dec. 24: On the stage: "Hollywood Hotel" with Phil Regan in person.

Dec. 31: On the stage: Ken Murray and Oswald."

Jan. 7: On the stage: Leon Errol, "Hollywood Follies."

Jan. 14: On the stage: Sally Rand in "Nude Ranch."

Tremont:
 Dec. 25, 26: Robert Taylor and Wallace Beery in "West Point of the Air." William Powell and Luise Rainer in "Escapade."

* * *

GARDEN OF ALLAH

Sex in the desert. Good!

* * *

TARZAN ESCAPES

This all has to do with people living in the jungles of Africa and swinging ape-like from tree to tree. Most venerable inhabitant, outside of the apes themselves, is Tarzan. Second most venerable inhabitant is Jane, an English girl . . . heiress to an enormous fortune . . . who prefers the primitive life of Tarzan and the apes to whatever she could dig up in England. The whole affair is adequately done and very refreshing. All,

at least, except the part where Tarzan in a cage falls off a cliff: it's that miserable F = ma, you can't get away from it.

* * *

OLD HUTCH

Wallace Beery again in one of his usual roles. This time he is a lazy old codger with the proverbial heart of gold. It all concerns what Old Hutch does with \$100,000. he finds lying by a stream. Many funny situations result. Added romance by Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden. It's all according to a time-worn formula, but reasonably entertaining and infinitely restful.

* * *

ESCAPEADE

This is not a new picture, but one we'll bet you missed. Anyway, you can see it, if you want to, at the Tremont on Christmas or the day after. You probably won't be around anyway, but it's a picture well worth seeing.. It marked, as far as we know, the first appearance of that amazing actress Luise Rainer in an American film. It was she, you will remember, who played so well as Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her performance in "Escapade" is one of the most brilliant of the past year and should not be missed. William Powell turns in one of his usual polished performances as a Viennese painter. The whole affair is a gem of acting, directing, and photography. It has to do with a painter who does a large nude picture of another man's wife. Such things were not done in Vienna in those days and all manner of trying situations result. Miss Rainer is perfect as the innocent victim of circumstances. Must see.

* * *

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

A superbly done version of Tennyson's famous poem. The leading roles are taken by Olivia De Haviland and Errol Flynn. A bit of un-Tennysonian love interest has been added by the powers that be at Warner Bros. which seem to do no harm, the final result being a healthy mixture of history and romance.

Voodooings (cont.)

other, had frequently referred proudly to the fact that during the winter months he was in attendance at school. Thinking to pleasantly pass the time in a harmless way, as we combed the sand and sea-weed from our hair, we observed that possibly he would be returning to school pretty soon. Whitney said no, that he was starting as an apprentice in November, his course having been completed the previous year. Mildly interested we inquired as to the nature of the work, thinking in terms of shopkeepers and good wholesome shoe-repair-shop-

proprietors, and preparing to offer mild approval of the choice of occupation. Whitney, however, would have none of it. "I," he said with consummate dignity, "am going to be a mortician." This, we admit, rather floored us, and, trying to look properly complacent, we submitted that such was, to say the least, a slightly unusual choice. Whitney meditated for a moment, then, peering into the overcrowded shower room with just a suggestion of melancholy longing in his expression, observed, "Well, there's one thing about it. You certainly have to like the work."

GIRLS CALLED HIM

'BLUEBEARD'!



—because every time he let out a blast of murderous tobacco from his never-cleaned pipe they couldn't help thinking of the famous gent who assassinated six wives. A pity, too—when women love pipe-smoking done in the right way. Which is? 1. Keep your pipe tidy. 2. Switch to the tobacco that burns cleaner and smells more fragrant. We modestly admit that's Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco—an uncommonly mild blend of Kentucky Burleys delightful to both smoker and audience. How such superlative tobacco can be only 15¢ is our worry. Try a tin. You'll bless us.

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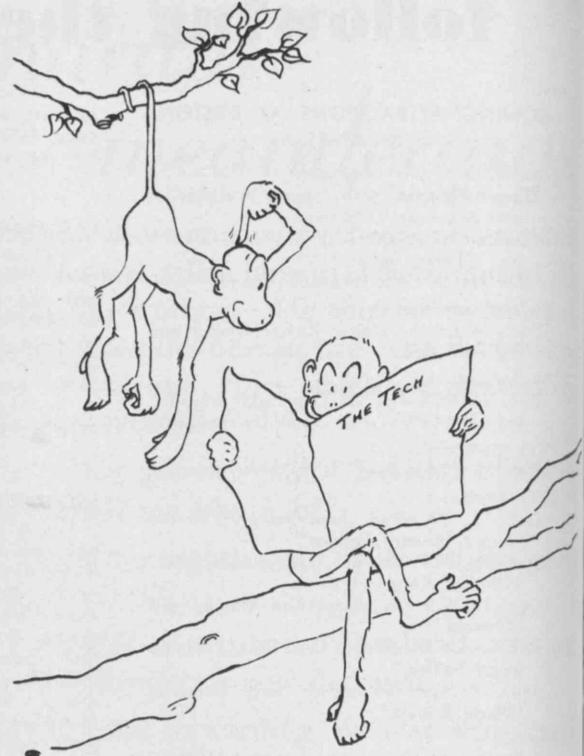
FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept., L-612.



*Not with whom thou art
bred, but with whom thou
art fed.*

—Cervantes.

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FELIX FERDINANDO PK. CENTRAL ORCHESTRA

JEAN

Jean was a good girl. It wasn't her fault that she had a figure that would arouse those primitive instincts in a wooden Indian. The demurest of dresses became suggestive, seductive robes when Jean wore them. But it wasn't her fault. The dresses merely followed the path of least resistance—and that was Jean.

Feminine legs have long been recognized as attractions, but believe you me, Jean's silk-clad legs could not be dismissed so easily. They were not merely attractive or even sensational—they were immoral. And if you don't believe legs can be immoral, all I can say is, you haven't seen Jean's. They lured, they invited, they promised. Will Hays, on viewing them, would reach for his scissors—after taking several more looks.

And Jean in a bathing suit—!!! Hanging is too good for the thoughts induced in the minds of respectable home-loving men by Jean in a bathing suit.

Jean was a menace to the welfare of the community. A successful community must be based on strong upright men of sterling character and high ideals. There just couldn't be any such men where there was Jean. The very sight of her brought out in the town-fathers all that was base and low in them.

But believe me, it wasn't Jean's fault. She really was a good girl. She couldn't understand why men always looked at her as they did.

"Don't any men in this town get enough to eat?" she once asked me, "They all always look hungry to me."

That was Jean for you. Simple and sweet, always considerate, always thinking of someone else. You see, she was a good girl.

But the folks in town believed that a girl who had what she had couldn't help but come to no good end. And they were always watching to see if she had come to no good end.

But I've been doing my best to convince you that Jean was a good girl. I'm terribly sorry, fellows, but there's no more to her tale. She married a nice chap and lived happily. There's no more to say. She was a good girl and that's all there was to it.

For Your Next Party

Be it two or two hundred—consider the

MYLES STANDISH

- **THE ENGLISH ROOM**—Stately and Tudoresque—famous for Delicious Dollar Dinners.
 - **THE MANDARIN LOUNGE**—Needs no introduction to Tech men. Subdued Oriental atmosphere in the modern manner plus your favorite cocktail in its most approved form.
 - **THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN**
THE SILVER LAGOON
THE PATIO
THE COLONIAL LOUNGE
- Unique in Boston for Dances, Banquets and other functions—atmosphere plus.



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Bay State Road at Beacon Street
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NORDBLOM MANAGED

Howard Johnson's

Home made

ICE CREAM — CANDIES
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.50c .75c and \$1.00

Student Luncheon .35c

VISIT OUR

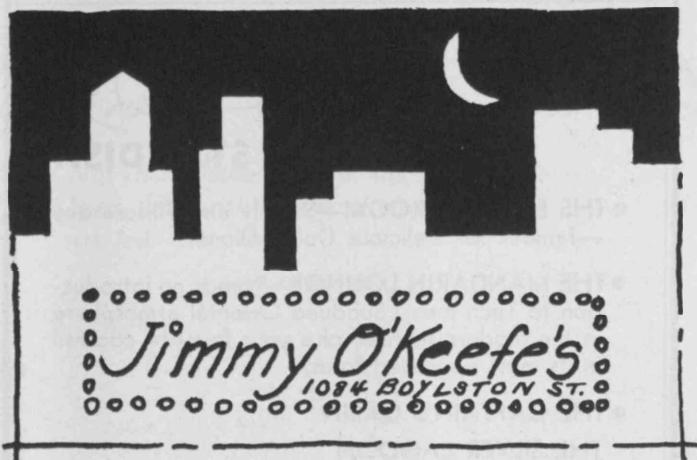
Roadside Restaurants & Shoppes

—Join Us At—

Howard Johnson's

540 Memorial Drive

Cambridge



"Jim and I are
SO PLEASED
about our ring"

"We chose it
at Smith Patterson's
PRIVATE SHOWROOMS"

**Smith
Patterson**

DIAMONDS—WATCHES
SILVERWARE—GIFTS

SUMMER STREET AT ARCH



SNOW TRAIN

Oh, Boy, look at this lad above here do a pretty jump turn. That's the nice part about pictures, they show people doing the most impossible things, and with impunity, my good sir, with impunity. But wait! You too can do a jump turn. You too can show off for the beautiful young lady in the pretty pants who has just turned away over across the page, but who will undoubtedly turn back in time to see the sad fall of our hero above. You too can become proficient on skis. All it takes is the skis, some snow, and a quart of Sloan's Liniment (adv.). And furthermore, everyone should know how to ski. There's really practically nothing to it. Why don't you try? Yea, why don't you? Well, you say, there's no snow. Oh, but

We shall have snow
And the North Wind shall blow
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?

Anyway, rumors of a heavy snow storm in northern New England will probably be around by the time this comes off the press. Weren't they? And there's even a way to get up there and go skiing, and everything. A snow train, a real snow train, for Tech only. So bring your dates, get them up from New York or anywhere, and remember, there's no liquor served on the train, but you can bring your own. We'll be there. Hurry, Hurry.

Season's Greetings

from

Spaulding-Moss Co.

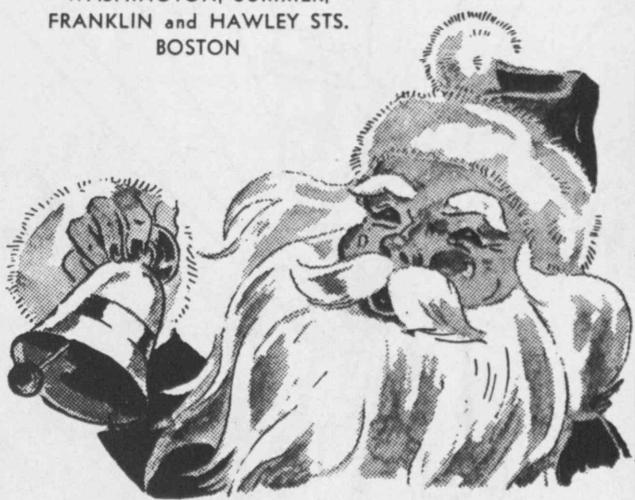
planographers of the Voo-Doo



One of the Institute's little surprises.

Filene's

WASHINGTON, SUMMER,
FRANKLIN and HAWLEY STS.
BOSTON



For the Love of Santa Claus

—just sit back, relax and continue to enjoy your smoke . . . Filene's personal shoppers will relieve you of your Christmas troubles . . .

Park that Pained Expression! Lay that frazzled brain away for Bigger and Better things! Let us devote our Youth and Beauty to those Christmas Lists that put strong men in asylums and weary women in Shopper's Heaven!

Filene's personal shoppers never give up in their search for the Perfect Present for a Trusting Soul.

They'll make your Christmas budget function respectably, sans effort on your part.

MISS WEISSMAN and her Assistants will give you leads (if you've time to do your own shopping); or she will take your list, your money, your mailing instructions, and do the job to the last elegant bow on the package.

MEN — WOMEN! Take your foot in your hand (as they say in the South) and get on up to the Fourth Floor of our Franklin-Hawley Building, and turn your troubles over to WOMEN WHO KNOW!



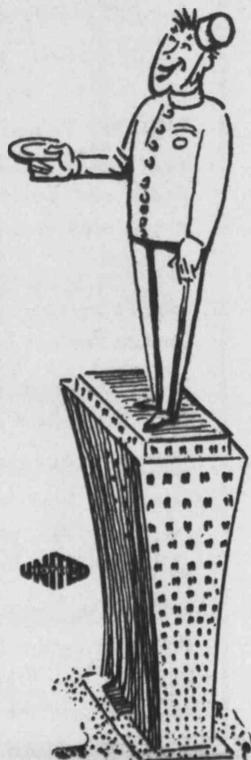
DROP IN FROM ANYWHERE

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

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are in the Grill every evening, and they'll play any tune you want from college songs to waltzes. Besides, the dance floor is smoother than ever this year.

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

**THE
ROOSEVELT**
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST.
• NEW YORK CITY •
BERNAM G. HINES • MANAGING DIRECTOR



ORPHEUM

DANCE PALACE

BROADWAY & 46th ST. NEW YORK CITY

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
YOU LOVE
TO
DANCE WITH

SNAPPY MUSIC
YOU LOVE
TO DANCE TO

A RENDEZVOUS FOR ALL COLLEGE MEN
CONTINUOUS DANCING 8 P.M. TO 3 A.M.

COLLEGIAN CONTEST EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT	THE PLACE TO SEE AND TO BE SEEN	16 YEARS AT THIS LOCATION
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BOSTON'S

Blue Ribbon

Lounge Bar...



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LEE WITNEY,

Managing
Director

We invite your inquiry

PRIZE-WINNER

Girl . . Dog . . Cigarette—Lucky Strike, of course. For "It's Toasted," a process which is private and exclusive with Lucky Strike Cigarettes, allows delicate throats the full, abiding enjoyment of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco. "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants present in even the finest tobaccos in their natural state. "Toasting" is *your* throat protection against irritation—against cough. So, for your throat's sake, smoke Luckies.



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Luckies-a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"