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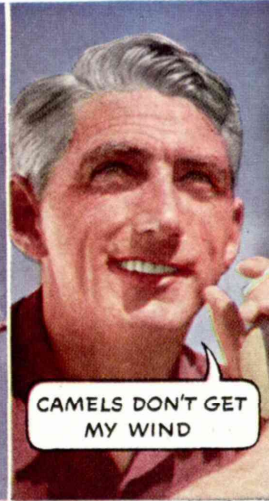
*What people are saying...about Camel's Costlier Tobaccos!*



TO RENEW MY  
ENERGY, I LIGHT  
UP A CAMEL



CAMELS ARE MILD—  
DO NOT IRRITATE  
MY THROAT



CAMELS DON'T GET  
MY WIND



CAMELS HAVE A  
MILD, DELICATE  
FLAVOR



I SMOKE A LOT.  
CAMELS NEVER  
UPSET MY NERVES

RAY STEVENS—Bob-Sled Champ    OUTDOOR GIRL—Margaret Lynam    TOMMY ARMOUR—Golf Champion    HOUSEWIFE—Mrs. Charles Daly    FRANK HAWKS—Daring Aviator

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS mean  
so much to others... we are sure you'll like them too!

**CAMELS MUST PLEASE YOU—  
OR YOU'VE SMOKED THEM FREE!**

**READ  
OUR OFFER  
TO YOU**

*Money-Back Invitation  
to try Camels*

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't  
find them the mildest, best-flavored  
cigarettes you ever smoked, return the  
package with the rest of the cigarettes  
in it to us at any time within a month  
from this date, and we will refund  
your full purchase price, plus postage.

*(Signed)*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



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What these steady Camel smokers say is confirmed by new smokers everywhere, who saw our money-back offer to "try ten"...and took us at our word!

They try ten...smoke twenty. And go on, from pack to pack, to explore a new delight...as they sense the mildness...the coolness...the unrivaled flavor...of Camel's costlier, non-irritating tobaccos.

*Attractive trial offer*

We believe Camels represent the ideal cigarette. And so repeat our money-back offer.

Try Camels. Compare them with others for bouquet, for throat-ease, for good taste. Time flies—get a pack today. Join those who say "those costlier tobaccos certainly make a difference!"

***Costlier Tobaccos!***

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

**VOO DOO**  
**February, 1936**

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

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## EDITORIALLY SPEAKING —

### ELECTIONS

Voo Doo is proud to announce the election of the managing board of Volume XIX. The old order changeth and—though your Randall professor won't believe it—each new year brings even brighter prospects. So Phos looks forward eagerly to see the antics of the new kittens.

### NIGHT LIFE

We wish to extend our gratitude and appreciation to the managers and personnel of Boston's night clubs, hotels, and bars. Without their kindness and cooperation it would have been impossible for us to have produced this issue.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

All the photographs used in this issue were taken by our own new assistant art editor, James Viles. We would be interested in your reaction to these, and to the continued use of photography in Voo Doo.



# MOVIE REVIEW

## "COMING ATTRACTIONS AT BOSTON THEATRES"—

### Loew's State and Orpheum:

Feb. 21 "It Had to Happen" with George Raft, Rosalind Russell, and Leo Carrillo; "Dangerous Intrigue" with Ralph Bellamy, Gloria Shea, and Joan Perry.

Feb. 28 "Wife vs. Secretary" with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Myrna Loy.

March 6 "Tough Guy" with Jackie Cooper and Joseph Calleia; "The Music Goes 'Round" with Harry Richman and Rochelle Hudson.

### Metropolitan:

Feb. 21 "First a Girl." English music with Jessie Matthews.

Feb. 28 "Klondike Annie", with Mae West.

March 6 "Country Doctor", with the Dionne Quintuplets, Jean Hersholt.

### Paramount and Fenway:

"Man Hunt", with Ricardo Cortez.

"The Widow from Monte Carlo", with Dolores Del Rio and Warren William.

"Soak the Rich", with Walter Connolly.

"Woman Trap", with Gertrude Michael.

"Timothy's Quest", with Eleanore Whitney and Dickie Moore.

### Keith's Memorial:

"Follow the Fleet", with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Randolph Scott, Harriet Hilliard.

"Captain January", with Shirley Temple, Guy Kibbee, and Slim Summerville.

### Keith-Boston:

Feb. 20 "Next Time We Love", with Margaret Sullavan.

## IT HAD TO HAPPEN

The progress of George Raft from the slums to the top of the political heap, and his pursuit of Rosalind Russell, who, is always just out of his reach, makes for a swiftly-paced and often hilarious feature. Miss Russell, who appeared recently in "Rendezvous", is gaining in talent with every production. George Raft gives his usual sleek performance. The supporting cast includes Leo Carrillo, Arline Judge, and Alan Dinehart.

## SOAK THE RICH

This picture marks the return of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur to the light comedy field, and proves that their pens have lost none of their sharpness. "Soak The Rich" is a lusty satire, which takes a whack at the student radical movement and the reactions of the wealthy. Walter Connolly plays the leading role deftly, and Mary Taylor, former society girl model, makes her screen debut as his daughter. John Howard, whose rise has been so swift, plays opposite Miss Taylor as the college student with radical tendencies. The plot works itself into a maze of hysterical complications, including a kidnapping, a student riot, and—almost, but not quite—a shotgun wedding. For rich comedy and timely satire this film is hard to beat.

## TOUGH GUY

One of the most remarkable features about this film is that it has no heroine and no love interest. That alone makes it worthy of note. But, besides that, the picture is fast, vivid, and exciting. Joseph Calleia remains tops among screen bad men, Jackie Cooper gives his most convincing performance in a long time, and Rin Tin Tin Jr. appears to be just as versatile as his famous forbearer. Chester Franklin, who directed "Sequoia", has done another fine job.

## THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO

A gay romantic comedy with Dolores Del Rio, Warren William, Colin Clive, Louise Fazenda, and Warren Hymer. It deals with the adventures and misadventures of Inez, Duchess of Rye (Dolores Del Rio) and Major Chepstow (Warren William) in the course of which they become entangled with a light-hearted crook (Warren Hymer) and a scheming social climber (Louise Fazenda). Miss Del Rio is still one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood and is exquisitely gowned. Warren William is debonair as usual, and Colin Clive, as the Duchess's rather prudish fiance, gives his customary well-bred performance. Warren Hymer, whom you recently saw in "Show

(Continued on page 24)

## IT WASN'T ETHER NEITHER!



IT was the paralyzing combination of rank tobacco in a pipe that needed a major cleaning operation. For wide-awake smoking happiness we prescribe regular pipe cleaning and a diet of mild Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. Sir Walter is a most remarkable combination of sunshiny Kentucky Burleys. So cool and slow-burning it heals scorched tongues and nurses grouches into grins; so delightfully fragrant it will make you and your pipe welcome in any ward or living-room. Try a 15¢ tin—see why it's become a national favorite.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND  
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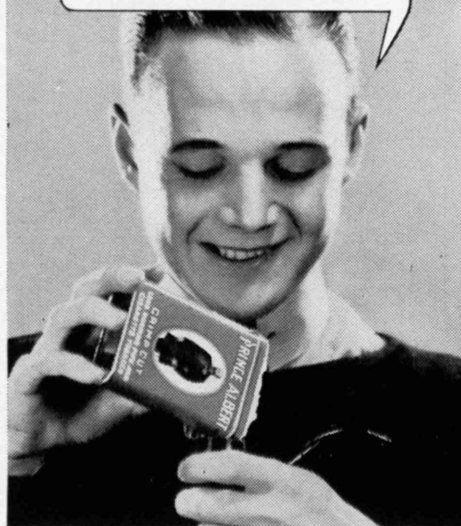


FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-62

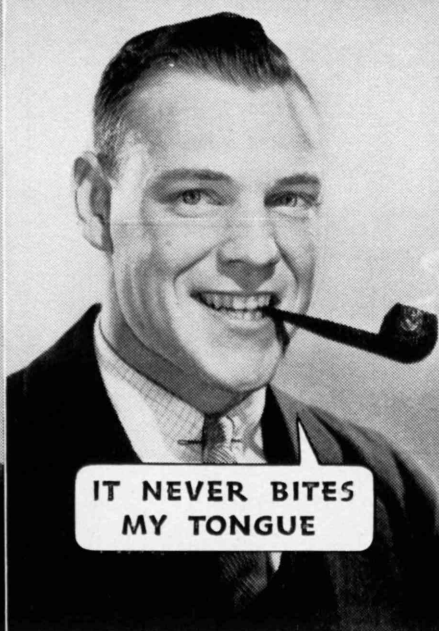


# STEP UP, PIPE SMOKERS and try 20 pipefuls at our risk!

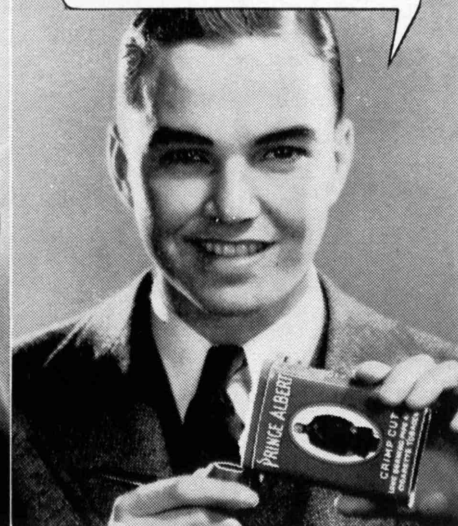
PRINCE ALBERT IS  
MILD AND MELLOW



IT NEVER BITES  
MY TONGUE



THE BIG 2-OUNCE  
TIN APPEALS TO ME!



## OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

**"You must be pleased"**

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.

This is about the remarkable "You - Must - Be - Pleased" offer...that is giving smokers a new idea of pipe-smoking contentment

We ask that you do two things...do them in your own interest.

Read the reasons we give *why* we are so confident that you will find a new smoking delight when you try Prince Albert. Then read the money-back offer carefully.

For Prince Albert, we use the choicest of naturally mild tobaccos—then they are manufactured under the P. A. bite-removing process that brings out the flavor of choice tobaccos in all their full, satisfying perfection!

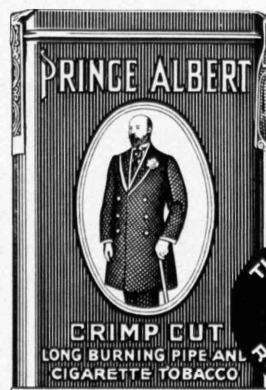
Prince Albert is scientifically "crimp cut"—packs nicely, burns slowly and richly. You'll find mildness, combined with real man-style flavor—and around 50 pipefuls in the big 2-ounce

economy tin. A more fragrant, comforting, soothing smoke you never tried!

**College men like it!**

Prince Albert was deliberately created for those who appreciate the ultimate in pipe smoking. We want more college men to know and enjoy Prince Albert. And we are so sure that P. A. will speak for itself that we make a positive offer of money back if not satisfied.

Time flies—try P. A. without delay. Get it at your dealer's now.



**50** pipefuls  
of fragrant tobacco  
in every 2-ounce  
tin of Prince Albert



# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.



Doo Doo's

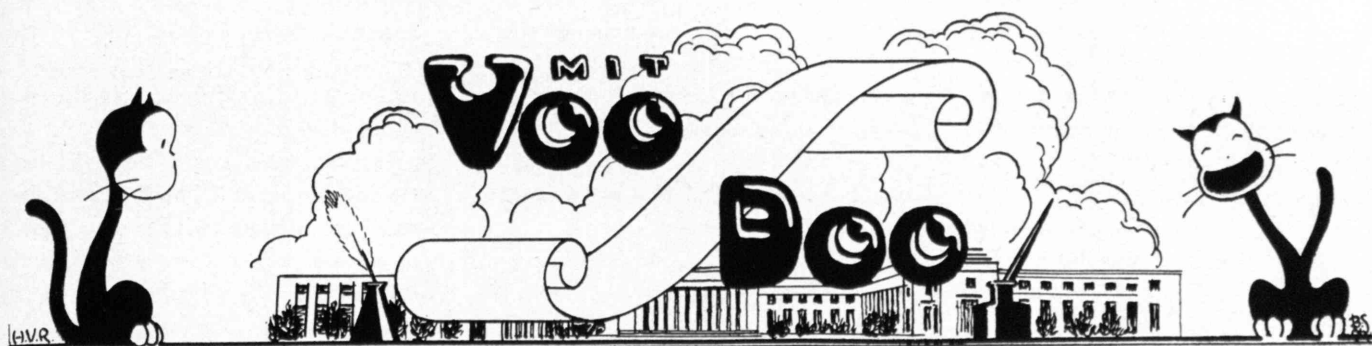
Right Life Number











## VOO-DOOINGS

### Uh-Huh

Rene Clair's picture "The Ghost Goes West" was superbly handled, and we enjoyed it tremendously. We found ourselves liking to believe in ghosts. But on one small point even our easy credibilities rebelled.

It was in the scene when the ghost first meets Jean Parker. The conversation was something like this.

"—and I was killed three hundred years ago, in a battle."

"You've been dead three hundred years?" asked Miss Parker. She didn't quite believe him.

The ghost folded his arms and smiled easily.

"Uh-huh," he said.

*Uh-huh!* We refuse to accept it! Not even so light-hearted a ghost as Murdoch Glourie would have said *that!*



### Realism

We managed to spend part of our mid-year vacation in New York, and of course we managed to take in some of the shows. It was at "Jubilee," one of the better and lighter shows, that we saw an incident, not intended for our eyes, which contributed greatly to its lightness. The scene was of a swimming pool, in which Mowgli was to teach the Queen the Australian crawl. As the scene ended, the queen was making an exit towards the dressing room, while Mowgli dived over

a low wall into the pool. It was a perfect ending to the scene, the more perfect for us because we saw Mowgli land on a waiting mattress and slide smoothly across the stage.



### Reaction

It was during intermission at Lunt and Fontanne's production of "The Taming of the Shrew." The halls were buzzing with admiration for the exuberance of the yet untamed Miss Fontanne.

Near us a mousey little woman was standing, apparently in thought. Finally she turned to a companion.

"You know," she said, "now I know how to treat *my* husband."



### Marble Slabs

Being thrifty souls by nature, we attended one of the double feature programs which are a weekly event at Keith's Memorial. You know how it is—you see last week's show and then next week's, and walk out feeling exhausted.

As is usual, the theatre was crowded, and we were faced with the unenviable necessity of standing up for four long hours. But after walking around the dim reaches of the balcony for a little while we at length found a place

to sit down. Far, far up in the primeval wilderness of dim lights and carpeted stairways we found a railing of solid marble.

Now this railing didn't look very comfortable, but we were rather weary, and reasoned that if the ancient Romans could rest on marble slabs, then so could we. So there we sat in solitary splendor, peering at a diminutive screen over rows and rows of human heads.

We were rather lonely at first, but the railing gradually filled up, and before we knew it a jolly feeling of being in the same situation, a strange kind of bonhomie existed among us. We sang the songs of the picture in an impromptu chorus, and made comments on the technique displayed by the amorous couples in the back row. It was all very chummy. We began to think that there was something in this Roman idea after all.



### Political Note

It was in the washroom of the Coconut Grove, that we heard the following little conversation. After thinking over its dark implications, we feel it to be more or less our civic duty to pass it on.

The participants were a group of middle-aged men in evening clothes, all more or less under the weather. One of the group was trying to convince the rest of the necessity for more refreshments.

"Come on, fellows," quoth he. "Just a coupla more." He staggered in our direction, and we moved quickly away, remembering the unpleasant episode at Sands Point. We don't want anyone giving us medals.

His companions remained stolidly unconvinced, much to the distress of the thirsty individual. Tears came to his eyes.

"Come on, fellows," he implored. "What the Hell! The New Deal is paying for it!"



## Attitude

In our survey of Boston's Night Clubs which we made personally, by the way, we learned that the world is suspicious of anything which pretends to be free. Time after time our requests for information were met by cold stares, which softened only after a long palaver had convinced the manager of our sincere intentions of giving him free space. Of course our reception was not so cold everywhere we went, but in all places it was amusing to see the development of friendliness as the idea of our project got across.



## Sympathy

During our work in getting out this number, we stopped one night at the Mayfair to get some pictures of the floor show. At the table next to us, a middle-aged gentleman and a much younger lady were drinking champagne.

The gentleman wasn't paying attention to much of anything except the lady, but the lady was exceptionally interested in our photography. Dance teams, singers, and acrobats came and passed on, and the lady remained an avid spectator.

The finale was a "bowery dance" which consisted of much strutting and

posturing, and which wound up with the team with their backs to the audience, and the bases of their spines forming an outstanding, if not alluring picture. Our friend turned to us and was much perturbed that we had not snapped this particular scene.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh dear!" Tears came to her lovely eyes. "Oh dear," she sobbed, "you missed it!"



## Down Our Alley

During the past few weeks, we have been quite surprised to note the increase in popularity of bowling in the Walker basement during the noon lunch hour. We realize that bowling is good fun and swell exercise, but Tech men, to the best of our knowledge, are not in the habit of spending a goodly part of their allowance on bowling because of their love of the game. After deep meditation, we wonder if perhaps the regular attendance at the alleys of the T. C. A.'s attractive new secretary hasn't something to do with it.

We expect to become very interested in bowling anytime now.



## Music Lover

Almost invariably when we attend the movies, we find ourselves seated beside the strangest people. It seems a kind Providence picks out prize characters just to titillate our erratic fancy. (The nasty thought also creeps in that maybe Providence is doing the same for the people we sit beside).

At any rate we found ourselves in Loew's State one night, seated beside two elderly ladies. They had high-piled hair, a matronly manner, and bore an air of quiet respectability. During most of the show they remained courteously silent.

At length we came to the part in the

newsreel which showed the services for his beloved majesty, George V. It was very impressive, and the two ladies were obviously moved. As the bagpipes wailed out a weird Scottish lament, we noticed how attentive they were. Finally the wild howling came to a close. After a respectful interval one of the ladies leaned over to the other.

"I always love that," she said. "Chopin's funeral march, you know."



## Ping Pong and Journalists

We noticed with interest that our esteemed adversary, THE TECH was bragging in its cute little column, the Lunger, about an escapade in which VOO DOO was deceived and wrongfully used. The claim is that two THE TECH men played ping-pong on VOO DOO's table without our knowing of it.

We challenge the veracity of this statement. Not the part about our not knowing of the circumstance—we freely admit that. A few months on the staff accustoms a THE TECH man to slip furtively about without being seen. You might even step on one in the street, and not realize it. But we do doubt the part about playing ping-pong. There never yet was a THE TECH man who could play the game, and even the Lunger should know that.

However, we are always glad to have these poor benighted individuals visit us, and enjoy a wholesome atmosphere for a change. So if any more of THE TECH's funny little hell-raisers want to enjoy any of our office facilities, we extend to them a cordial invitation to do so.







Throbbing drums . . . blaring saxophones . . . show girls . . . ladies of the chorus . . . dance teams . . . brother and sister acts. Mask-like faces . . . lithe bodies . . . swaying. Cocktails . . . glasses clinking . . . bar-



tenders . . . expensive wines . . . Scotch 'n' soda. Couples . . . stags . . . dress clothes . . . informals . . . gayety . . . touch of sadness . . . add bitters . . . try to forget . . . Boston night life.



# NIGHT LIFE REVIEW

## CLUB BAGDAD

Washington Street

Conveniently situated little place with liquor of surprisingly good quality. The room is attractively decorated and the dance music is quite pleasant.

## BLUE TRAIN—HOTEL LENOX

Exeter Street

A novel idea, nicely developed. The informality and colorfulness contribute to an atmosphere of good feeling hard to match. Entertainment to help chase the blues. Good liquor.



## BROWN DERBY

111 Arlington Street

One of the more attractive night clubs. Just about the only floor show in town with a chorus, and some of the girls are darn good-looking. The Donovans, appearing currently, are nice talented kids, and we heard a rumor that they are dickering with Hollywood. The dance team is very clever. The twin bars are furnished very attractively and the quality of the liquor is high. We spent a whole evening there drinking Sammy's Hoptoads. Minimum of \$1.50. Informal.

## BRUNSWICK CASINO

One of the most beautiful places in town. The lighting, the murals, the fixtures, the music—all combine to make an extraordinarily attractive whole. The crowd is exceptional. This is a favorite place among local and

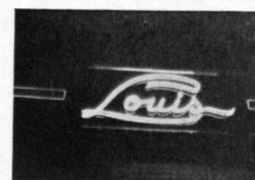
visiting celebrities. And the dance floor always seems to be overflowing with debutantes. We found the bar chairs especially inviting. Just to relax in their soft comfort, with a well-mixed cocktail, in one hand—one hates awfully to leave. Theatrical night every Thursday, with darned good entertainers. Maury Duchin provides smooth music, and Miss Leslie Blake's singing makes it well worth while dropping in. No minimum or cover charge at any time.

## CASCADES—HOTEL BRADFORD

275 Tremont Street

High up on the roof, with a real cascade in electric lights. The floor show is one of the largest in town and is good entertainment. Both liquor and food are okay.

The Bradford Cocktail Lounge is a well-fitted out room, downstairs. The liquor is above average.



## HOTEL COMMANDER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

16 Garden St., Cambridge

Furnished to represent an old English tavern. Very nice crowd and very nice liquor, for which you pay in proportion.

## CHILD'S OLD FRANCE

258 Huntington Ave.

You probably know this popular restaurant already. Very nice pseudo-French atmosphere. Al Schofield's music. Dinner \$0.50 to \$1.00. A minimum on Friday and Saturday nights. Good food and liquor.



## COCOANUT GROVE

One of the most popular night clubs in town, and quite deservedly so.

## CRAWFORD HOUSE

Scollay Square

Just the type of thing you'd expect to find in Scollay Square. Liquor is average. Music and entertainment worse than mediocre. A poor imitation of a good idea.

## THE DEN

6 Hudson Street

The best Chinese food in town. Very popular, with the theatrical and entertainment crowd especially noticeable. Attractively and cozily furnished.



## DINTY MOORE'S HICKORY HOUSE

You'll find at the end of an alley off Washington about two blocks south of the Paramount Theater. It's worth looking for. New, modern, and very tasteful decorations in chromium and unstained woodwork. Attractive furnishings. Try "The Technique," a cocktail invented for Tech men. It is both palatable and potent. The cigarette girl also is partial to Tech.



## ENGLISH HUNT ROOM

Hotel Victoria, 271 Dartmouth

A very attractive room, finished in wood, with nice murals. A quiet place to have dinner or a few drinks. A restful and enjoyable atmosphere after a day at Tech. The bartender learned his business at Sloppy Joe's in Havana, and slings a mean cocktail.

## HOTEL ESSEX

695 Atlantic Ave.

Conveniently near the South Station. The lounge bar is very well fitted up, and is the only decent place of that sort in that part of the town. There are floor shows every evening in the Grill Room.

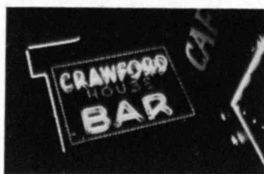
## THE GAY NINETIES

Something really different, especially along the lines of entertainment. Frank, the bartender, mixes darn good drinks.

## HI-HAT CLUB

Massachusetts Ave.

A modernistically done establish-



ment. Neon signs, chromium plating, and all the trimmings. Upon inquiring, we learned that there was no "floor show," but that there was "entertainment." A very subtle distinction but we didn't investigate any further. When the home-town gal comes down to the city bring her here if you want to impress her with a night club atmosphere, "just like what she's seen in moving pictures."

## JACK SHARKEY'S RINGSIDE

Portland Street

Abounds with fight fans, racing touts, and gentlemen representing various other sport rackets. Occasionally some celebrity in the athletic world makes an appearance, in case you are an autograph collector. Linger a while over your drink and pick up some of the real, dyed-in-the-wool sports vernacular.

## KENMORE LOUNGE BAR

490 Commonwealth Ave.

One of the newest and most tastefully decorated bars in Boston. Liquor very much above average.

## KIT KAT CLUB

Not nearly so naughty as you may have been led to believe. Patronized by a slightly different crowd.



## LANCASTER CLUB

1160 Washington Street

If you're out slumming drop in. A dive for the lower classes. A lousy floor show. If you want to dance, you can always find a partner. Liquor poor: they gave us Irish for Scotch. Decidedly not a place to take the O. A. O., but O. K. for a spree with the boys.

## HOTEL LANGHAM

1699 Washington Street

The management prides itself on its cordial atmosphere, chicken dinners and floor show. The latter is reputedly the largest (quantitatively speaking) in the city, and features a female Strangler Lewis who interprets the Terpsichorean art in a very unique torso-tossing manner. Hardly to be recommended for a date, but you could probably spend an interesting evening there with a bunch of the fellows. Don't let the 6 ft. 6 in. bouncer overawe you. He becomes very obsequious if properly approached. And, oh yes, a twenty-five cent cover charge assures a refined if not exclusive clientele.



## LEVAGGI'S

119 Massachusetts Ave.

Good food, danceable music, a cordial atmosphere—all add up to a very enjoyable evening. The tastefully decorated Flamingo Room, where Hod Williams and his orchestra hold sway with their smooth rhythms, is a popular rendezvous for the college crowd. The bar downstairs is stocked to satisfy the demands of the most particular connoisseur of good liquor. What more can we say?

**THE LIDO**

78 Warrenton Street

Chinese-American dinner and after-theatre spot. Floor shows daily, liquor, orchestra, etc. Better than average for this type of place.

**LINCOLNSHIRE  
COCKTAIL LOUNGE**

20 Charles Street

A delightful place for civilized drinking. Exquisitely comfortable chairs and sofas group about a big room with a nice fireplace. A little bell summons a waiter to bring you drinks, which are expertly mixed with quality liquor. The soft lighting, the class clientele, all combine to produce an exceedingly attractive atmosphere.

**LITTLE HARLEM**

Massachusetts Ave.

A negro club patronized by both colors. Music of Dean Earle's orchestra is pretty good and very hot, and the floor is very Harlemish, with chorus girls decked with bananas. The fried chicken, southern style, is excellent. The bar features a Porto Rico which is very pleasant tasting.

**MARIO'S  
CATACOMB CANTEN**

24 Shawmut Street

Little more than a bar downstairs, but upstairs is one of the nicest little spots we visited. Small rooms and interesting corners. A quiet restful atmosphere. The bartender is "High-ball" Wilson, ex of the Waldorf-Astoria. Try this if you want something a little different.

**MAGAZINE A. A.**

North Cambridge

A rather dingy dive with occasionally some good entertainment. Prices low, liquor so-so. It's always being raided or something.

**MAYFAIR**

54 Broadway

In our opinion the most beautiful night club in town, and certainly the most beautiful bar. It is furnished in the modern manner, but lacks the harshness which an ordinary job of mirrors and chromium so often produces. The lighting is especially good. Joe Rines takes care of the dance music in an acceptable and accomplished fashion. The liquor is very much above average, as is the food. You can always be sure of superior entertainment from the floor show. Well worth while.

**MONARCH CLUB**

477 Stuart Street

Congenial atmosphere and excellent liquor. The room upstairs is very attractively decorated. The Scotch is of high quality. Patronized by a good crowd.

**MYLES STANDISH**

30 Bay State Rd.

Delicious food at reasonable prices in the English room. The furnishings of the Mandarin lounge match the deliciousness of the cocktails.

**THE NAPOLEON CLUB**

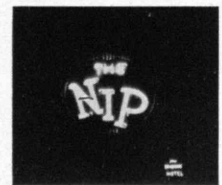
52 Piedmont Street

The entrance is a hangover from speakeasy days, complete with peephole. There is a small attractive bar, with a few tables. No form of entertainment except a tinkly little piano. A very nice place to drop in for a drink or two.

**THE NIP**

Tremont Street

A convenient little bar with friendly bartenders who really know their business.

**NIPPON ROOM,  
HOTEL VENDOME**

Cocktail room and bar, with Japanese decorations in remarkably good taste. One might almost suspect that the management burglarized the Museum of Fine Arts, so authentic does the painting appear. The nicest feature, and, so far as we know, the only thing of its kind in Boston, is the system of telephones. There is an instrument on every table, which one can use to order drinks, food, or cigarettes, to request recordings (some 800 of which are numbered on the wine list), or to call another table. The prices are very reasonable, and there is a wide selection of good wines and liquor. Dress is informal.

**THE OLD FASHIONED**

Here you can enjoy yourself with a minimum of strain on your pocket book, and be served by the best-looking set of waitresses in Boston. The large number of beautiful girls without escorts is a compliment to the management's standards.



**PADDOCK CAFE****255 Tremont Street**

Convenient little bar near the Shubert theatre. They have a neat method of naming their specials after race-horses.

**PALM GARDEN****1762 Washington Street**

A throwback to something or other, in spite of a rather pretentious front. All that's missing is a kid outside bawling for "Father, dear Father" to come home. Frank Wilson and his never-broadcasted-from-nowhere orchestra, augmented by an amateur night on Friday, effectively prevent the clientele from going to sleep underneath the tables. No place for budding engineers.

**PARKER HOUSE****60 School Street**

A very nice lounge bar, way up on the roof, overlooking the whole city. The Hawthorne Room is attractively decorated and is patronized by a good crowd.

**RED ROOSTER****11 Hudson Street**

Typical Chinatown dine and dance joint with pretty good food and average liquor. Floor show not too good, not too bad.

**ROYAL PALMS****Massachusetts Ave.**

Negro dine and dance spot with floor show and orchestra. Southern cooking a feature. Both crowd and management are friendly. Eddie Dean's music is typical negro jazz. Tom Bates mixes good cocktails.

**SALLY AND JACK'S**

Pseudo-Bohemianism all over the place. While you sip your ale, you can sing songs and fraternize with the owners. Very nice in its own way. The clientele is quiet and sensible.

**SAN SOUSA CAFE****261 Tremont Street**

Fair liquor, average food, mediocre entertainment. A hangout for all sorts of strange characters.

**SILVER DOLLAR BAR****Washington Street**

Big, noisy, crowded, and vulgar. All kinds of lousy entertainment. The volume of business allows them to serve fairly decent liquor at moderate prices.

**HOTEL STATLER**

The main dining room has a wide selection of marvelous foods and good wines. Joe Reichman provides excellent dinner music and the entertainers are outstanding. We saw the dance team of Crawford and Caskey—very accomplished performers. The lounge bar is one of the most popular in town. And the Cafe Rouge serves extraordinarily good food at popular prices.

**STEBEN'S VIENNA ROOM****114 Boylston Street**

An attractive place to dine. Nightly floor shows are better than the average



restaurant entertainment. Dinners are from \$1 to \$2 and very good. Try the Roast Duck. The cocktail bar upstairs will mix you up some very good drinks.

**TEN FRIENDS**

Fair sample of a certain type of night life. Unpretentious, but accommodating. One of the places to go if you want to make a representative survey of the clubs.

**THEATRICAL CLUB****Tremont and Warrenton Streets**

Good spot patronized by the late crowd. Decent liquor at fair prices. Professional people, especially those in show business, make up a good number of the patrons. We heard Fats Waller play the piano for several hours one night. The orchestra is small but sufficient. There is a heavy iron grill on the staircase, before which you must identify yourself before entrance.

**HOTEL TOURAINE  
CAFE ROYAL****Tremont Street**

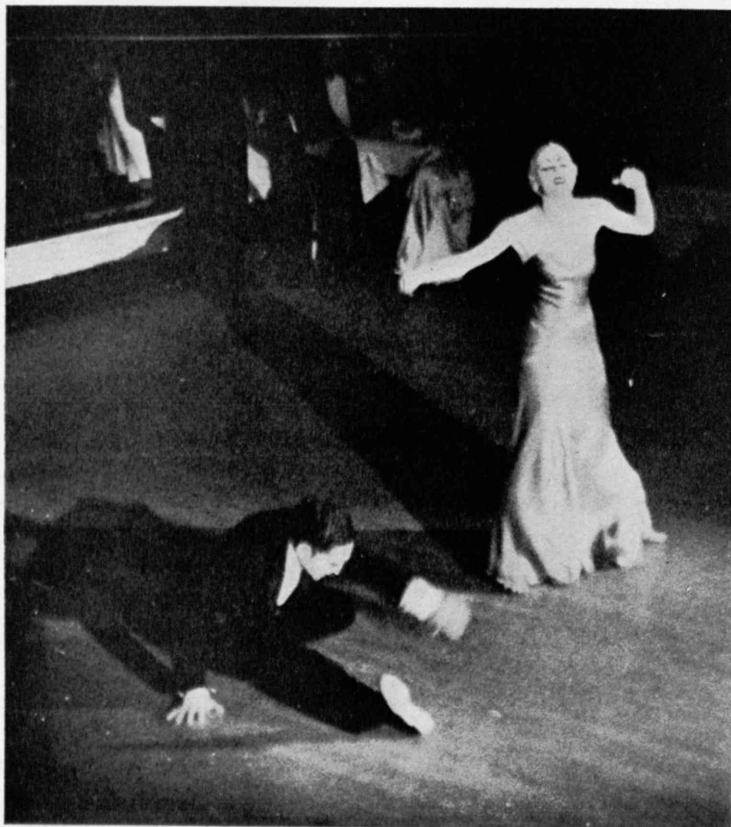
Convenient and cozy, with decent liquor at reasonable prices. We thought the murals were very good.

**THE VANITY FAIR****336 Newbury Street**

An attractive and interesting night club. A nightly floor show at 10:30. Steaks and lobsters are the featured foods, served by Ginsberg the demon waiter. And the manager is proud of his new and larger bar, with George slinging the cocktail shakers. Rudy Vallee dropped in once, and in his honor the management invented a cocktail, which really tastes very good.


## Good Old Boston Night Life

Good old Boston Night Life . . .  
 much rushing hither and thither . . .  
 taxis full of top hats and blonde heads  
 . . . feminine pedal extremities lifted  
 above respective feminine beans in  
 rapid succession . . . maddening clack-  
 ing of subway turnstiles . . . pails full  
 of very cool bottles . . . glassware  
 . . . date bureaus being rushed to  
 more than capacity . . . college boys  
 getting a taste of the gutter . . . for-  
 mal affairs too suggestive of funerals  
 . . . all the latest songs for a nickel  
 . . . shine mister . . . much bragging  
 concerning frequency and rapidity of  
 alleged trips to Wellesley . . . over-



worked censors . . . wind blowing  
 people off corner of Boylston and Tre-  
 mont . . . dancing in the street . . .  
 singing of Christmas Carols . . .  
 neon signs . . . inebriates introducing  
 each other to the lamp-post . . . bund-  
 ling . . . ladies' night at the hockey  
 games . . . wind . . . snow . . .  
 crashing of coming out parties . . .  
 slowness compared with New York  
 . . . cellar cafeterias . . . slush . . .  
 escalators . . . fog . . . \$10 waste  
 baskets . . . lone skyscraper . . . men  
 with other people's wives . . . women  
 with other people's husbands . . .  
 nobody's wives . . . crooked streets  
 filled with gray forms . . . M cars  
 butting into other people's business  
 . . . lack of delirious joy . . .





Sun-curing  
Turkish leaf tobacco.  
The tobacco is strung  
leaf by leaf and hung  
on long racks like you  
see here.



The aromatic Turkish tobaccos  
used in Chesterfield cigarettes give  
them a more pleasing taste and aroma.

CHESTERFIELD—A BLEND OF MILD RIPE HOME-GROWN AND TURKISH TOBACCOS



# BAR SPECIALTIES

<i>Place</i>	<i>Bartender</i>	<i>Drink</i>	<i>Ingredients</i>
Dinty Moore's	Joe Miron	The Technique	Bacardi, lime juice, dash maraschino, dash absinthe
Vendome Nippon Room	Ivor Mahlstrom	Nippon Special	Contents secret
Mayfair	Gus	Planter's Punch	Jamaica rum, Bacardi, Falurnum, orange and lemon juices, sugar, fruit
Mario's	"High Ball" Wilson	Mario's Special Punch	Lime juice, pineapple juice, grenadine, Bacardi
Bradford Cocktail Bar	Archie Murdock	Planter's Punch	Jamaica rum, lime juice, sugar, Angostura, fruit
Napoleon Club	Johnny	Napoleon Special	Lime, Jamaica rum, anisette, apricot brandy
Brunswick Casino	Joe de Soto	The English Spark	Lemon, sugar, bitters, grand Mariner, champagne, fruit, imported brandy
Monarch Club	Alfred Maling	New Orleans Fizz	Lemon juice, sugar, white of egg, gin, orange flower water
Steuben's	Harold Rubandt	Depth Bomb	Apple jack, lime, apricot brandy, grenadine
Hofbrau	Manny	Tech Special	Contents secret
Victoria English Hunt Room	Albert Mirrel	Bacardi Cocktail	Contents secret
The Nip	John Fleming	The Four Horsemen	French and Italian Vermouth, sloe gin, apricot brandy
Paddock Cafe	Jim and Warren	Paddock Punch	Lime juice, unsweetened pineapple juice, rum, crushed mint
Touraine Cafe Royal	Tom King	Green Devil	Green menthe, cream, gin
Statler Lounge Bar	J. H. McCarthy	Manhattan	Rye, Italian Vermouth, bitters, cherry
Vanity Fair	George Saluto	Rudy Vallee Special	Gin, cointreau, lemon juice, grenadine
Old Langham	Ned Keefe	Al Smith	Lime, benedictine, brandy
Brunswick Cocktail Lounge	Joe	De Soto Delight	Lemon juice, pineapple juice, sugar, brandy
Child's Old France	John	Old Fashioned	Fruit, sugar, bitters, whiskey
Blue Moon Grill	James Photiades	Porto Rico Fizz	Lime juice, pineapple juice, sugar, dry gin, white of egg
Little Harlem	Dick Mannis	Porto Rico	Rum grenadine, lemon juice, sugar
Royal Palms	Tom Bates	Royal Palms Special	Contents secret
Hi-Hat	Bert Ross	Hi-Hat Special	Pineapple juice, maraschino, orange bitters, white of egg, cream, grenadine, sloe gin
Palm Garden	Harry Nolan	Silver Fizz	White of egg, gin, lemon juice, sugar
Silver Dollar	John	Sunset Glow	Dry gin, claret, orange juice, Jamaica ginger
Brown Derby	Sammy	Hoptoad	Lime juice, apricot brandy
Cocanut Grove	Jack	Special	Brandy, lemon juice, anisette
Hotel Manger Bar	Fred	Peach Blow	White of egg, cream, gin, lemon juice, sugar, soda



## Junior Promenade

The Junior Class at the Institute is offering the lowest price Junior Prom in the history of the school on March 6. This record making admission charge amounts to \$7.00 and includes dancing from 10:00 to 4:00, supper, favors, and invitations in the most formal and outstanding social event of the year. Again this year, the Grand Ballroom of the Statler Hotel has been chosen for the place of the Prom.

The Prom Committee has selected Joe Haymes to play at this gala occasion. Haymes is one of the coming young orchestra leaders who will place his name among the very top this year. Starting as a pianist and arranger for Ted Weems, Haymes covered the whole country in this position for three years. His ability as a composer and arranger was recognized and he was soon leading his own orchestras. For some time he concentrated on forming new bands, developing them, and selling them to well known orchestra leaders. He soon realized that this was not the way to make a name for himself so he is now permanently leading a band which is rapidly taking him to the top of the orchestra world.

His popularity at the Steel Pier at Atlantic City is such that he is recalled there every season. At the popular Nut Club in Greenwich Village he was retained for the unusually long period of a full year. In the last year he has been playing at the Hotel McAlpin in New York and Meadowbrook at Cedar Grove, New Jersey. His short Christmas stay at Glenn Island Casino won him the privilege of playing at this famous place next summer, succeeding the Dorsey Brothers of last year and Glen Gray of the year before.

Haymes plays with a very characteristic style which makes him as one of the outstanding arrangers of the time. In the last six months he has put over 100 records, most of which have been recorded under assumed names for contractual reasons. Many of Haymes' own compositions have been recorded by Victor, Brunswick, and Columbia.

The Prom is not just for the Junior Class. While sponsored by the Juniors, everyone is invited. The Prom is already the most reasonable one ever given and promises to be one of the very best.



JOE HAYMES

### HAVE YOU HEARD?

Well, if it isn't Jim! I haven't seen you in a coon's age, Jim. Say, Jim, I've got a hot one for you! Have you heard the new Japanese song? You have, huh? Oh, I don't mean "The Japanese Sandman" or anything like that—you know, it's a joke. "Yokohama if you want me." Isn't that a ripper? Well, maybe that one wasn't so good, but maybe you'd like to hear the new Vista song. Oh, you don't think you'd care for that one either, huh? Well, listen anyway. This is one I made up myself, and, boy, it's the nuts. Here it is: "I vista was in Dixie." Oh, you wish I was too, huh? Well the newest one I made up is really a honey. You know, I lay awake nights thinking of these, and sometimes I get as many

as one a week. Don't run away, Jim. Stick around for one more. Have you heard the new Army song? I thought not—you're the first person I've told it to. Here it is: "You army lucky star." Say, where are you going, Jim? Well, I'm heading your way; I'll walk with you a coupla blocks. . . . By the way, Jim, have you heard the new Cadaver song? Whaddya mean, I better learn to sing it right away? It isn't really a song, Jim, it's just a joke. Listen, here it is: "Have cadaver been lonely?" Say, Jim, don't walk so fast, or I'll have to run to keep up. . . . I should turn off here, but I just remembered one one of the boys told me. Oh, it's no trouble at all, Jim. Have you heard the new Laundryman's song? No? Well, here it is: "Was it a dr—!" Hey, what are you tryin' to do, choke me? Leggo my necktie!



"LET'S GO TO IT, GIRLS"

SAYS DOROTHY DIX

That's the spirit, Dot!

—*Boston Globe.*

## TESTIMONIAL . . . . UNSOLICITED . . . .

On coming to Boston to live I found I needed a car. Advice from my Uncle brought me to Lalime & Partridge for their RELIABILITY and excellent stock of Fords, old and new. Fully satisfied, I am considering buying now a NEW FORD V-8.

An M. I. T. Undergrad. of '38.

LALIME & PARTRIDGE

1255 BOYLSTON STREET

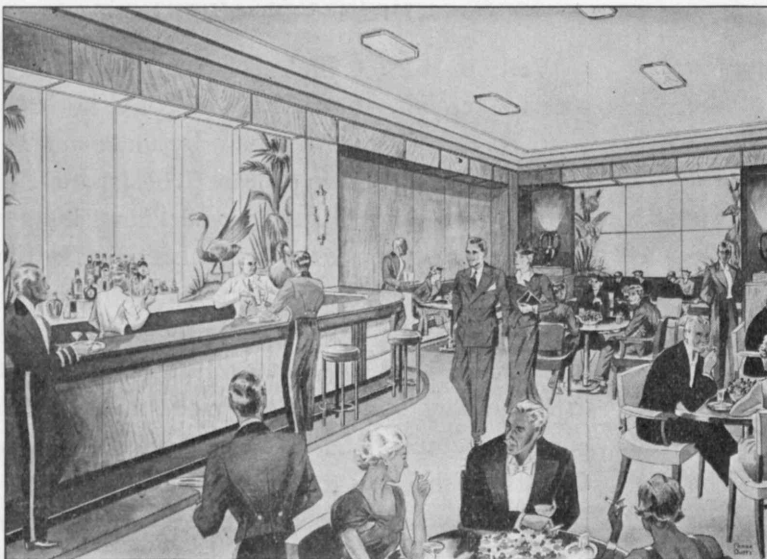
Telephone Kenmore 2760

OPENING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18th

*Boston's Most Beautiful*  
**LOUNGE BAR**

★ AIR CONDITIONED

★ STREET ENTRANCE



Hotel  
Kenmore

(Just across the river)



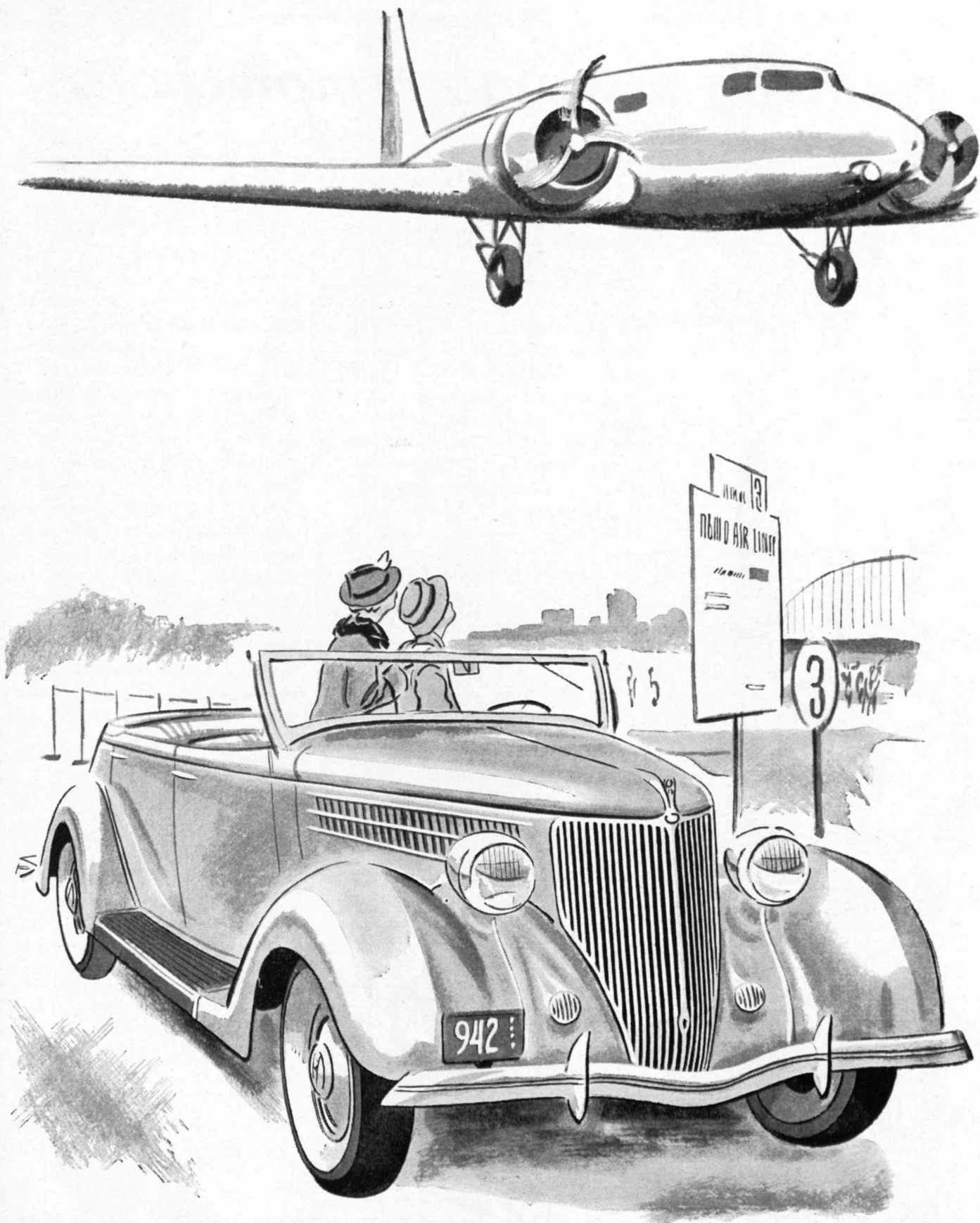
NOW

Six Air Conditioned Private  
Rooms for

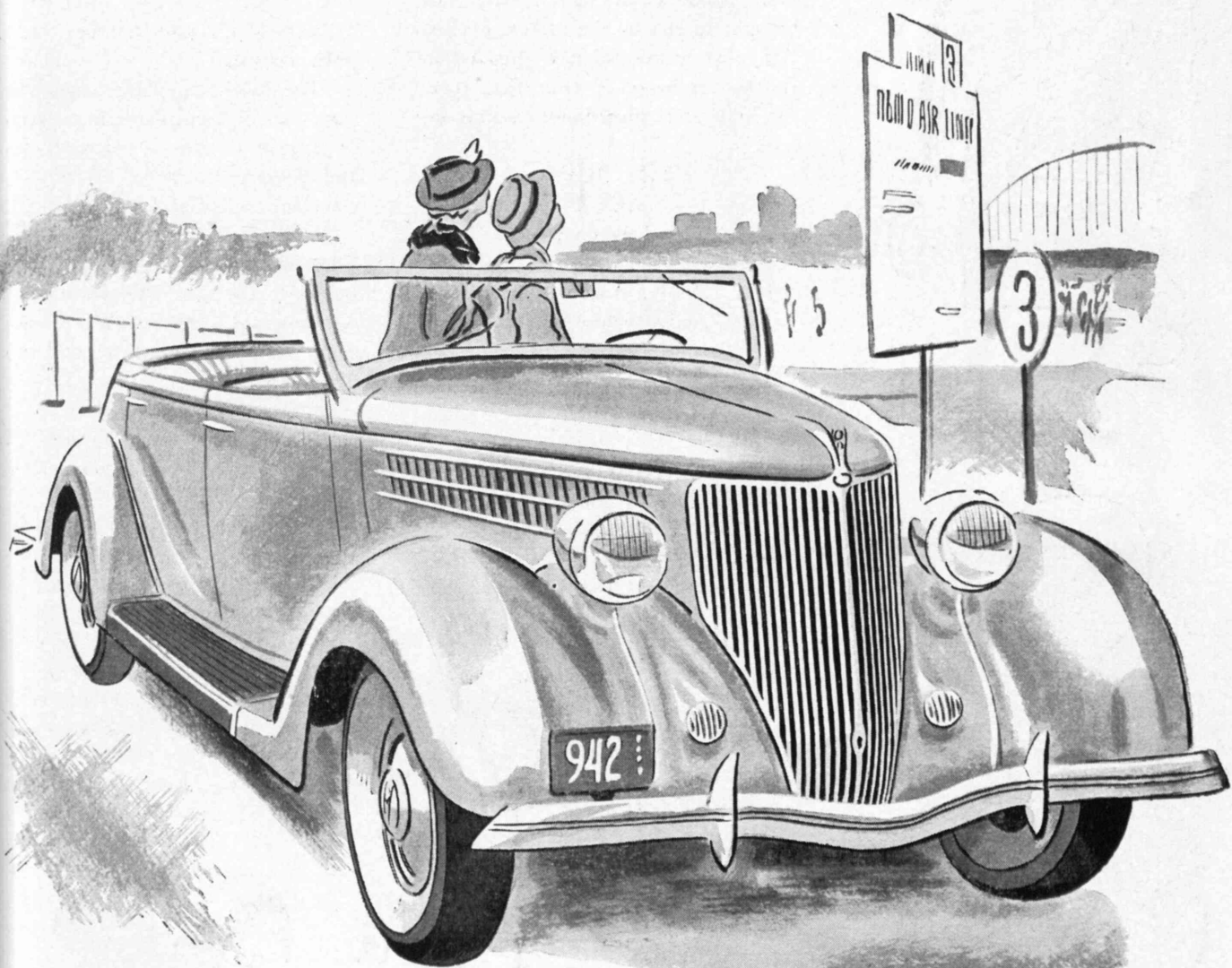
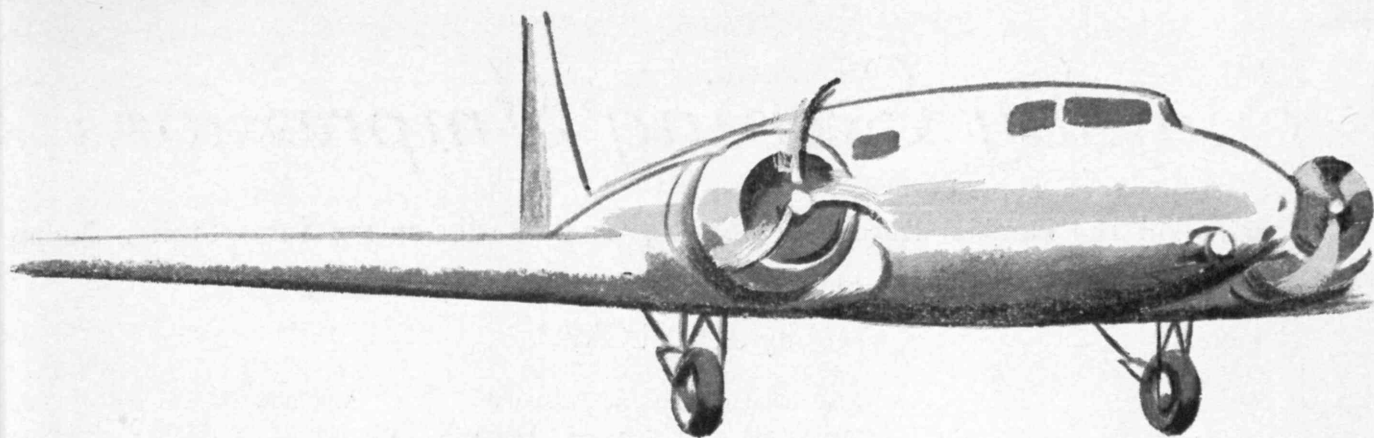
Dances  
Frat Parties  
Teas, etc.

We invite you to patronize this fine  
Hotel





*S-m-o-o-t-h! The performance of the Ford V-8. It is brother-under-the-hood to the finest power plants—on land, on water and in the air. . . . Climb in, spin the*



*S-m-o-o-t-h! The performance of the Ford V-8. It is brother-under-the-hood to the finest power plants—on land, on water and in the air. . . . Climb in, spin the prop, give it the gun and any open road is an invitation to a non-stop flight.*

# Sunday Evening Impressions

Demonstrating The Familiar Results of Leaving One's Radio on the Same Station During the Period from 6:30 to 9:00 on Sunday Evening

By JOE BLOW

6:30—"Grant Hotel, no Madam, the lounge is not open all night. You're welcome. Grant Hotel. You say your suspenders are unfastened? Just a moment, I'll connect you."

"And now we bring you another peachy play featuring Ann Seeless and Don Amoeba and an all-star cast brought to you by the makers of Lesskin, that wonderful new preparation for the removal of cosmetics, cockroaches, and superfluous mother-in-laws."

## THE PLAY ACT I

He: "Why, how do you do."

She: "How do you do."

He: "Darling I adore you."

She: "At last you're mine."

## ACT II

He: "I just met another girl."

She: "All right for you."

## ACT III

He: "The other girl is no good; it's you I adore."

She: "At last you're mine."

Audience: "At last."

"And now the makers of Lesskin ask you to try this one simple test. Buy a bottle of the new Lesskin and dump half of it on anything. If you don't get 50% quicker action send the remaining half bottle to the company and you will be out only 59 cents."

7:00—M-E-L-L-O fanfare, bang, crash, clap clap

"The Mello program, starring that comedian of comedians, that playboy of Broadway, that so and so, the one and only Jake Penny."

clapclapclapclapclapclap

"Mello again, this is Jake Penny bringing you the condensed and canned humor of the ages. We're starting off our program tonight with the sailor's song. It's Dangerous to Luff Like This'. HaHa."

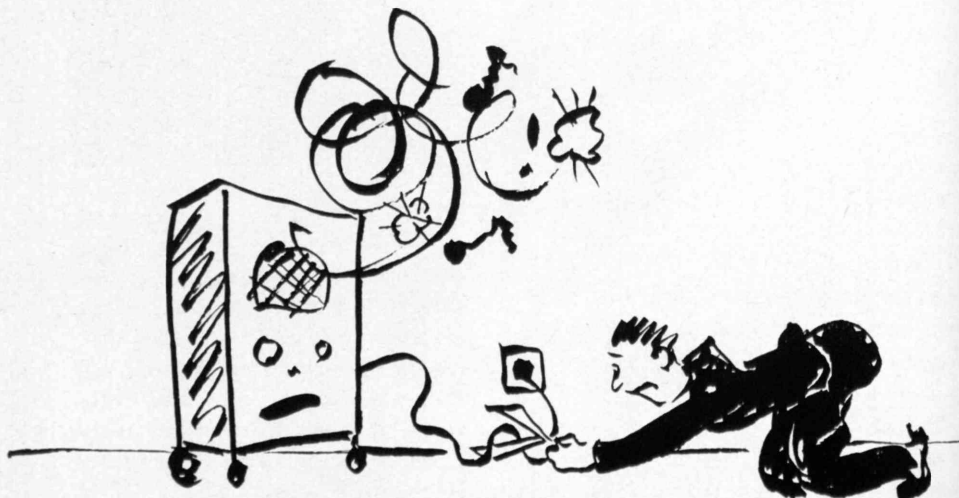
Music

"Well folks, it sure is nice to be back with you on this, our 3754th broadcast."

Female Voice: "Hello Jake."

"Oh hello Merry."

(Continued on Next Page)





Unchanged Male Voice: "Hello Jake."

"Oh hello Kanny."

"Hello yourself haha."

Somebody in the audience laughs and the rest laugh loudly at him.

"Well to get on with the program—"

"Yes to get on with the program let us remind you that Mello tastes 10<sup>8</sup> times as good as ever before with its several different names for the same flavor."

"And now Kanny Barker sings the automobile mechanic's song, 'I Push the First Valve Down'. Haha." Intense laughter.

#### MUSIC

"And now we come to our drama entitled 'Mutiny on the Penny' or 'Strained Innertube'. I will play the part of the innertube and the rest of the bunch will stand around telling jokes. We know these jokes are funny because they've gotten a great hand on all the other programs."

#### THE DRAMA

"Aha sneer sneer pun pun parody parody forced laughter finis."

7:30

"The Bakers' Broadcast starring Robert L. (Believe It or Nuts) Rippy."

#### GOOD MUSIC

"Good evening Bob and so forth and so on."

"Why good evening Ozzie and so forth and so on; tonight I'm going to tell you about Old Mother Gauss and her huge family."

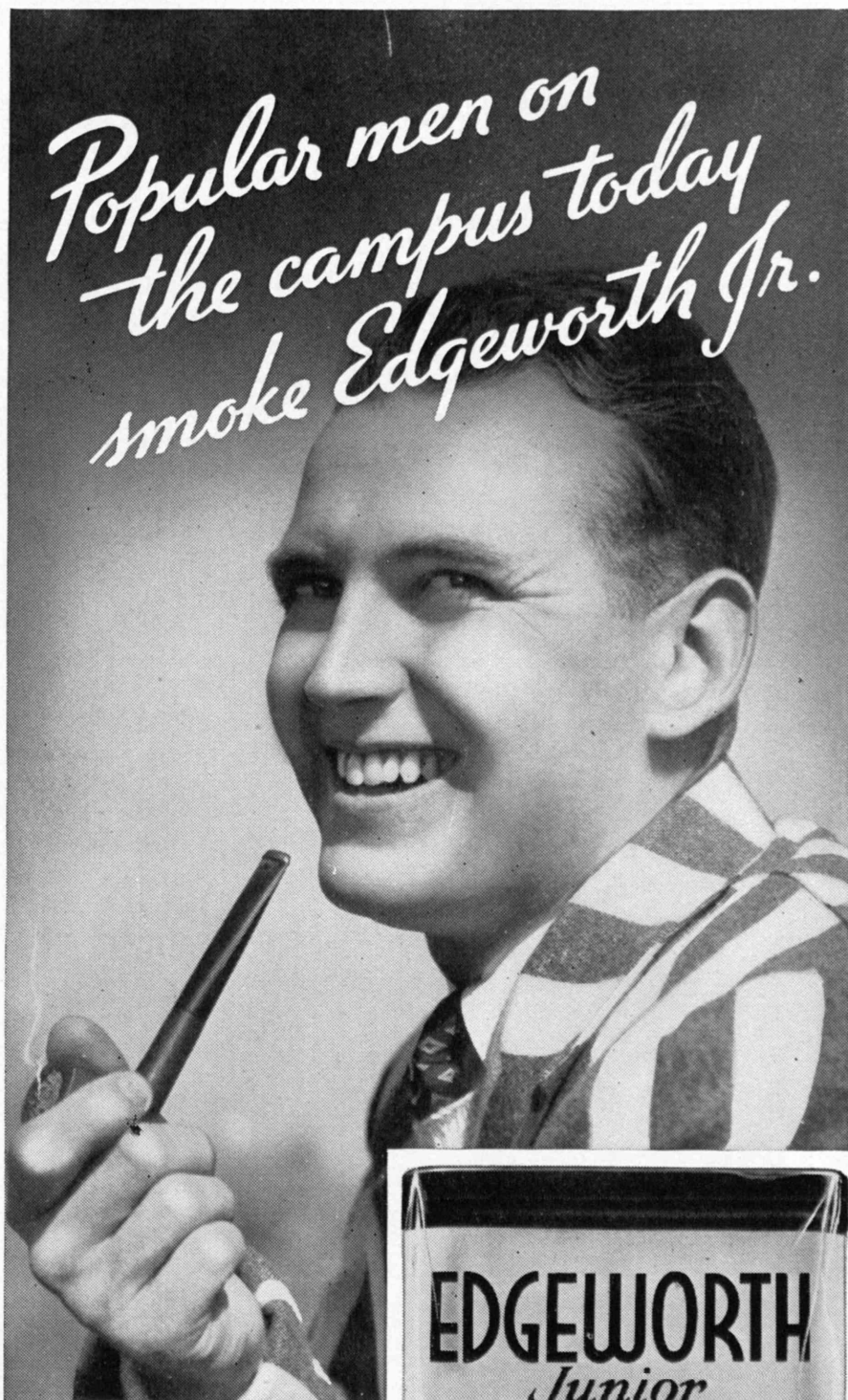
"That will be swell; in the meantime Herriot and I will introduce a brand new number called 'You Never Shoulda Done What You Did if You Did Mean to Do What I Thought You Were Going To Do.'"

Orchestra plays, male and female voices sing at each other in a manner suggestive of the way in which they are looking at each other.

"Before we hear Mr. Rippy I'm afraid we've got to listen to a drama from real life."

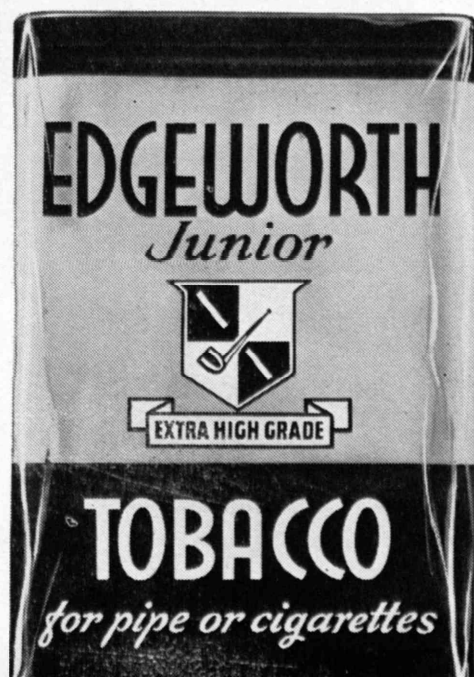
#### THE DRAMA

Junior: "Boy am I pooped, look it



CAMPUS leaders have adopted the new "boy" in the Edgeworth family—Edgeworth Jr. Although Edgeworth Jr. entered the colleges only a few months ago, the new, light, free-burning tobacco for both pipes and cigarettes is already "tops" in every class. Made by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA. Crossroads fun, old-time music. Every Wednesday.



Unchanged Male Voice: "Hello Jake."

"Oh hello Kanny."

"Hello yourself haha."

Somebody in the audience laughs and the rest laugh loudly at him.

"Well to get on with the program—"

"Yes to get on with the program let us remind you that Mello tastes 10<sup>8</sup> times as good as ever before with its several different names for the same flavor."

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"Aha sneer sneer pun pun parody ng parody forced laughter finis."

sail

L

7:30

"The Bakers' Broadcast starring to Robert L. (Believe It or Nuts) Rippy."

375

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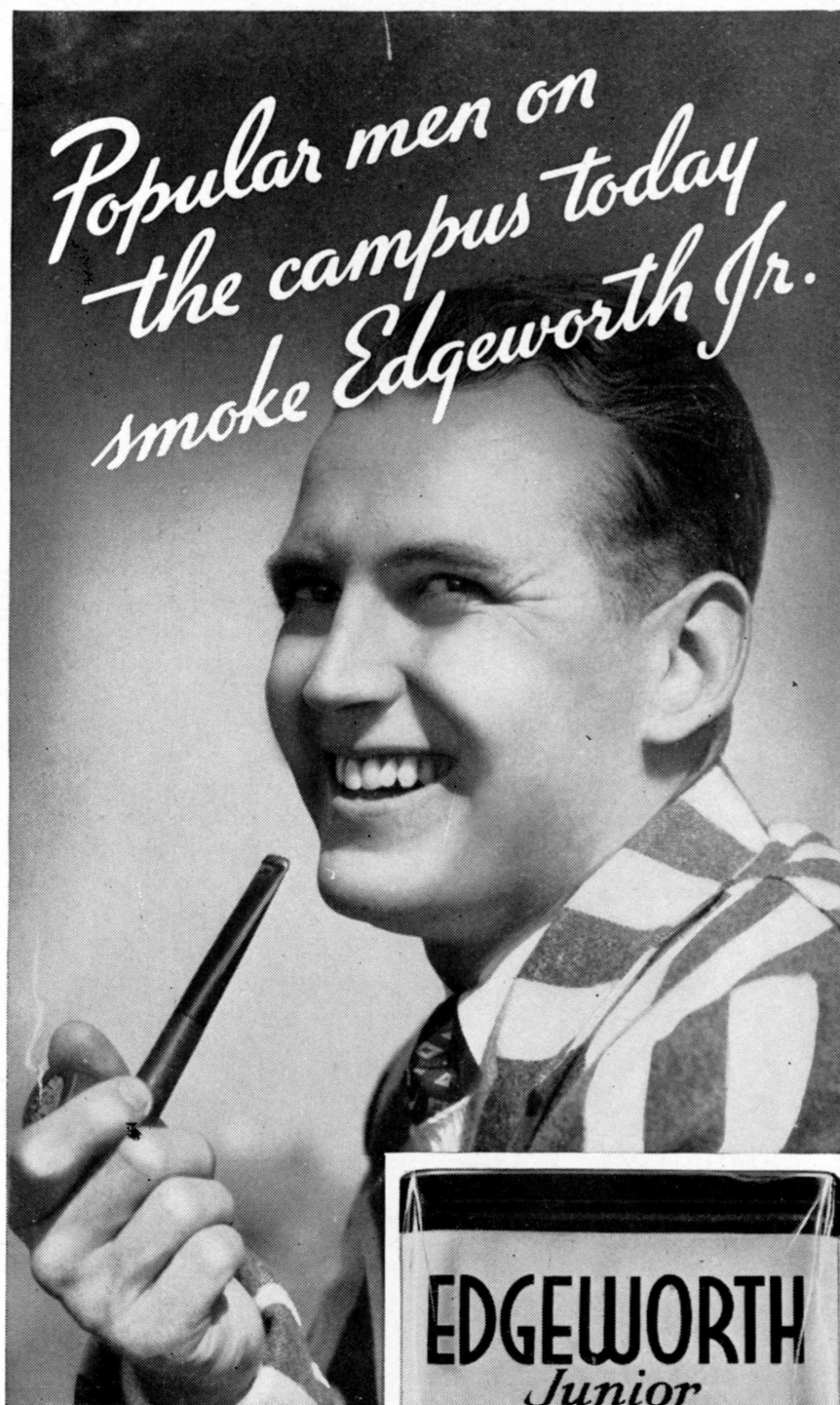
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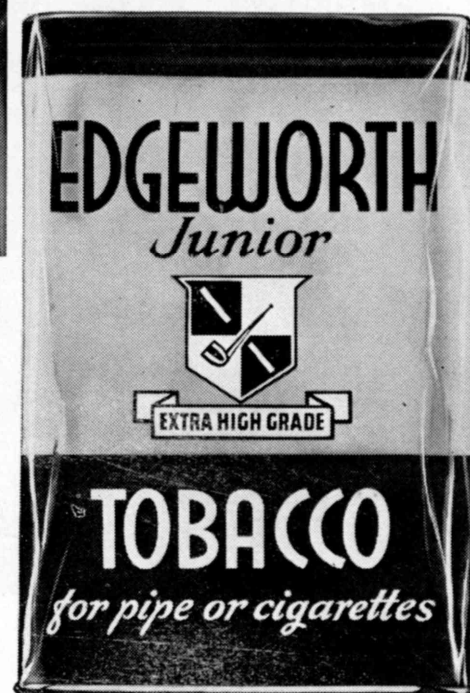
Junior: "Boy am I pooped, look it

(Continued on Page 23)



CAMPUS leaders have adopted the new "boy" in the Edgeworth family—Edgeworth Jr. Although Edgeworth Jr. entered the colleges only a few months ago, the new, light, free-burning tobacco for both pipes and cigarettes is already "tops" in every class. Made by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA. Crossroads fun, old-time music. Every Wednesday night at 9:00 (Eastern Standard Time) over coast-to-coast NBC Blue network, direct from Richmond, Virginia.



15¢ a tin. Wrapped in moisture-proof "Cellophane."



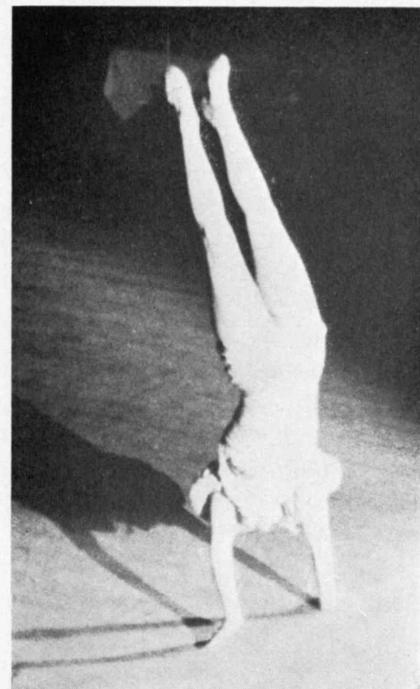
## WHY I HAD TO KNOCK MY HUSBAND OFF As Told by That Famous Night-Club Singer

MAMIE MUDDMUGG

Better Known as Dolores Duplex

Well, I might as well give you the whole story and get it over with. My husband and I met at the Swifty Club before we were married. He wasn't really my husband before we were married but I just had to call him that so's you'd know who I was talking about. Anyway I was singing there at the time which was usually quite late in the evening, and my boy friend was playing the bull fiddle in the band (we used to call it slapping the dog-house.) But to get on with what my lawyer refers to as my tragic story, Clarence (that was my husband's name) used to be so kind to me before we were married. He used to take me home after work and he was so nice to me it was almost sickening. Anyways we finally got married after a courtship of

several days and I happily changed my name to Mrs. Clarence Twush, cheerfully expecting my husband to be the same sweet boy he was before our marriage. Aha, that is where poor little unsuspecting me was to receive a great shock. I came home one night to find him with the furniture all on the ceiling and occupied by dragons and snakes. Well, naturally I had to say goodbye to my pals Joe and Herman out in the hall (they brought me home), and when I opened the door the first thing Clarence did was to accuse me of being drunk. Well, I told him it was enough to make anyone drunk the way he had the whole place turned upside down, but he insisted that everything was just the same as when I left. I didn't argue with him



much because I had a little touch of rather acute indigestion which was bothering me at the time.

As time went on Clarence became more and more unbearable; his language became positively frightful. One time when he came home and found me giving a party for a few friends he broke out into a stream of oaths that he knew would shame me in front of all those men. He was always saying, "Oh darn it all why the heck do you have to do such things?" Well, after a while I just couldn't stand it any longer and told him that I was going to divorce him. He took it bravely for a while and tried to give the impression that he took it as a joke. Finally the thought of losing me made him desperate and finally drove him screwy if I may say so. He used to take our bouncing little baby for long runs through the woods and upon returning would dribble the kid down the hall and shoot the kid through the transom. This practice had a bad effect on the bouncing qualities of the little one and the neighbors began to complain when he used to miss the transom and sometimes hit the house next to us.

Oh why go on, I bumped him off.





ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers,

## CLOTHING,

### Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
NEW YORK

## North or South

Customers going South will find Brooks Brothers' stocks of ready-made clothing and accessories equipped to meet every requirement of warm weather dress. Our New York and Boston stores are conveniently located for those going to the West Indies on steamers leaving those ports and for many going to Florida and other Southern resorts by train or motor. Our travelling representatives, of course, visit other cities all over the country . . . and our Mail Service Department gives prompt and careful attention to orders received by mail.

### BRANCHES

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



© Brooks Brothers

Paul Brown

(Continued from Page 21)

the way my weight has fallen off, the way my hair is falling out, and the way my stomach is falling in."

Mother: "I know dear, and it certainly is time we did something about it. I'm going to call up Doctor Jones the family advisor. Hello Dr. Jones, what can I do with Junior. Oh. Well besides drowning him I mean. Oh I see, thank you. The Doctor says to give you bread with plenty of iron in it; so here is a peanut-butter and thumb-tack sandwich."

Junior: "Thanks, I feel better already."

### MUSIC

"And now we present Robert L. (Believe It or Nuts) Rippy with his story of Old Mother Gauss."

"Thank you. Once upon a time there was a woman named Mrs. Gauss who had a great many small children, or charges, the normal component of the surface integral of whom turned out to be 4-Q. But to return to the story, Mrs. Gauss had so many children

that she was at a loss to know how to name them, her husband being away at the time inventing something called Gauss' Law. At any rate Mrs. Gauss finally decided to honor her husband by naming the children after some of the units involved in his work. So we find registered in the records of the town of Zcanniwqr, Denmark such queer names as Microfarad Gauss, Abhenry Gauss, Stat-Coulomb Gauss, and Volts Per Centimeter Gauss. Her husband, however, was quite angry on his return to find that his wife had mixed up the electrostatic and electromagnetic systems of units so badly believe it or nuts."

"As we leave you let us remind you that the Bakers' special bargain for this week is Itsy Bitsy Peachy Weachy Dainty Crumb Bums or rather Buns!

8:00

CLANG!! "Face and Sandbun present Col. Bowe and his aboriginal coast-to-coast amateur hour."

"Thank you, Jammy, around and

around it tears, and where it stops nobody cares. We open our program this evening with the Horrible Hill Billies, a group of two orphans and three lepers who have come all the way from Herny Herny Ky. to entertain you with their three harmonicas, one okarina, and one Wurlitzer organ. Did you have a nice trip boys?"

"Why yes Colonel except that we're almost starved having had to crawl on our hands and knees most of the way."

"What are you going to play? Hohum."

"Dina."

"Awright."

### MUSIC

"Those were the Horrible Hill Billies and the telephone number in New York is Cherry Blossoms 5580 and in No. Reading, Mass. is 0068 ring twice, turn the crank, and ask for Joe. I have here several telegrams; the first announces my honorary appointment as President of the United States for the week of Feb. 43.

# SPRING



## MITOGA ARROW

One of our stock shirts

### "TECH COOP"

## Locke-Ober Cafe

One of the Oldest Restaurants in Boston

Established in 1875

3 and 4 WINTER PLACE

Between Winter Street and Temple Place

One Block from Park Street Subway



Business Lunch Served from Noon to 2:30



A la Carte all day



Small Private Dining Room for Parties  
of 4 to 20 People.

Telephone Liberty 1340

(Continued from Page 3)

Them No Mercy" and "Navy Wife", fits the part of Dopey to perfection. The whole show is bouyed up by a lightness and a gayety which nowadays is far too rare.

### WIFE VS. SECRETARY

One of the biggest-name casts of the season, and one of the smoothest, most deftly handled pictures in some time. Mr. Gable, Miss Loy, and Miss Harlow are at their best, and the adaptation from the novel has been excellently handled.

### NEXT TIME WE LOVE

Adopted from the novel "Next Time We Love", by Ursula Parrott and in our opinion much better than the book. The original title, by the way, was discarded because the producers were afraid that the public might get the idea that the picture dwelt in the supernatural. The plot deals with the marital difficulties of an actress and a newspaper man, both intent on their professions. Miss Sullivan is still one of my favorites, and James Stewart, who plays her husband, is an attractive newcomer.

### FOLLOW THE FLEET

Fred Astaire abandons top hat and tails for a sailor's blues, and Ginger Rogers finds herself on the singer's stand of a dime dance hall, but the change of locale only serves to make the picture faster and more amusing. The dancing is, if possible, even better than that in "Top Hat". Harriet Hilliard, Randolph Scott, and Astrid Allwyn make up the supporting cast. The songs, which have some very catchy lyrics, include: "We Saw the Seas", "I'd Rather Lead A Band", "All My Eggs in One Basket", "Let's Face the Music and Dance", and "Let Yourself Go".



Slightly inebriated (to girl on Broadway)—Do you speak to strangers on the street?

Sweet Little Dove—Oh, no.

Slightly Inebriated—Well, then, shut up!—Burr.



There was an old sculptor named Phidias,  
Whose knowledge of Art was invidious.  
He carved Aphrodite  
Without any nightie  
Which shocked all the ultra-fastidious.

—Widow.

Farmer: "I raise wonderful strawberries."

Buyer: "Are they really good?"

Farmer: "Absolutely the best. Luscious, large, blood-red juicy fruit."

Buyer: "Do you put fertilizer on them?"

Farmer: "No, just cream and sugar."

—*Pel-Mel.*



The new Sunday School teacher was inquiring into the family religious habits of her pupils. All the answers so far had been satisfactory. Then, coming to Alice May, she asked: "Does your father pray, little girl?"

"Yes," came the reply. "Last night, when we sat down to the dinner table, he said: 'Good Lord! We've got beans again!'"

—*Punch Bowl.*



"I shall put you fellows in this room," said the host, "you'll have a comfortable night, for it has a feather bed."

At two o'clock in the morning one of the guests awoke his companion.

"Change places with me Dick," he groaned, "it's my time to be on the feather."

—*Puppet.*



Fox: Say something soft and sweet to me, dearest.

Flynn: Custard pie.

—*Shipmate.*



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'Twas the night before pay-day, and all through my jeans

I hunted in vain for the price of some beans;  
Not a quarter was stirring, not even a jit,  
The kale was off duty, dull edges had quit.  
Speed onward! Speed onward! O Time, in thy flight,  
Make it tomorrow, just for tonight.

—*Exchange.*



Strangely cantankerous  
Plutocrats bankerous  
From year ends to year ends  
Recline on their rear ends.

—*Pelican.*



**DENTAL DRAWBACK**

The little old gray woman bent over the cherub in the cradle.

"O-o-o. You look so sweet, I could eat you."

Baby—"The hell you could, you don't have any teeth."

—*Froth.*



The president of the local gas company was making a stirring address. "Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun I should say, 'Honor the Light Brigade'."

And a customer immediately shouted: "Oh, what a charge they made."

—*Pup.*



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It is now generally agreed that campus theatrical productions no longer need to charge admission at the door. Finances can be amply handled by merely raking up the pennies off the stage.

—*Exchange.*

Two plebes got together recently to practice for the plebe show. The first said, "Now you be my stooge, and when I say, 'We have a goat over at our house that has no nose,' you say, 'How does he smell?' D'yuh understand?"

"Yeh."

"O. K. 'We have a goat over at our house that has no nose'."

Silence . . . .

Continued silence . . . .

In exasperation—"Well, why don't you ask me how he smells?"

"I know how he smells, I been over at your house."

—Log.



#### 'NUF SED DEPARTMENT

There is no doubt about the fact that Jack Purcell who took the part of Jack, the beanstalk climber knew what he was doing when he sold a fine dancing cow for some beans for the beans turned out to be Frances Wells Barbara, Henn, Laura Mae Darling, Eddie Bimat and Reuben Moreno, all dressed as beans and looking lovely. But he had a hard decision at that for the cow was as graceful as a fairy and turned out to be a wonderful animal. This clever cow was composed of Anile Darling and Ilene Buckley.

There can be no doubt that the grammar school operetta was the outstanding success of the school history.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo.

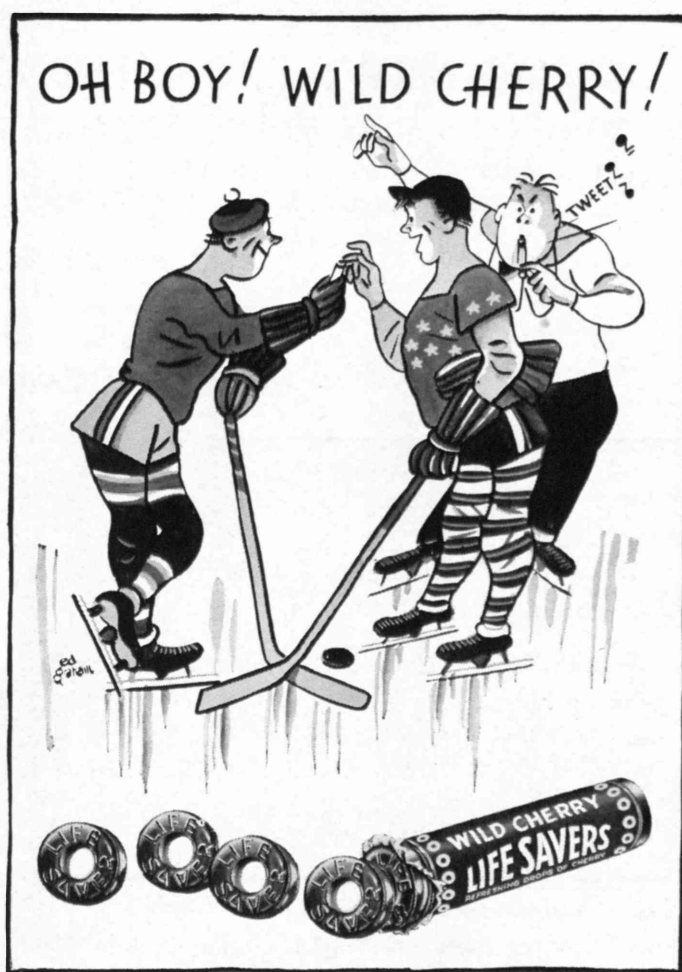


"The Sultan's son is inclined to be a bit wild."

"Harum scarem, eh wot?"

"Oh, no, he's used to them."

—Skipper.



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## GOOD NEWS FROM PRICE BROTHERS!

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Bertie: My lately deceased uncle left a legacy of five hundred clocks.

Gertie: I guess it must have taken a long time to wind up his estate.

—Growler.

"How come you're in the hospital?"

" 'Cause a guy shot me with my own dice."

"So what?"

"My dice were loaded."



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Major: Mister, what is a maneuver?

Drexel R. O. T. C. Boy: Something you put on grass to make it green, sir.

—Drexard.



When I  
Have  
Done with  
College,  
The  
Thing I'll  
Miss  
A lot  
Is technically  
Intangible;  
It's  
The sleep  
I never got.—Columns.

Robbins: What would happen if Cab Calloway should marry a Chinese?

Sitkin: All their children would be yellow cabs.

—Widow.



"Why are you washing your spoon in your finger bowl?"

"So I won't get egg all over my pocket."

—Log.



Carl (over phone)—is Emily in?

Maid (also over the phone)—She's taking a bath.

"Sorry I have the wrong number."

—Punch Bowl.



Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

—Punch Bowl.

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## PRAYER

Ask any member of last year's Freshman football team whether they remember a certain play called last year, when after a long putsch they surprisingly enough found themselves parked on Princeton's goal line. The chances are you'll get a wry smile and an awkward stammering in return. With a few minutes left to play, with the referee fingering his whistle nervously, our Frosh went gloriously haywire with anxiety and nervous tension.

Huddle was called. The boys wheeled back into a circle. The quarterback looked around for a moment, eyed his team-mates apprehensively, clasped his hands together, dropped his eyes and shakily murmured his only command: "Fellers, let us pray!"

—*Punch Bowl.*



## WALLS

A builder took a friend to see some inexpensive houses he had just erected. The friend stood in one room, the builder in the next one, and the latter asked, "Can you hear me, Bob?" in a very low voice.

"Sure!" answered Bob.

"Can you see me?"

"No."

"Them's walls for you, ain't they?" replied the builder.—*Widow.*



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I'm a little collich boy,  
I drink beer.  
And my little tummy sticks—  
Way——out——here.

Some day we hope to see a waiter with enough of what it takes to lay the check face up on the table.—*Pelican.*



Why does a girl raise one foot when she's being kissed! So she can kick the fellow if he tries to back out.—*Log.*



Still pool of my thoughts,  
I plunge to bathe,  
But crack head on shallow bottom.  
—*Old Line.*



Kadiak, the Eskimo, was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. He finished and got up.

"My tale is told," said he.—*Banter.*

First Graduate—Give me a steak, and make it thick and rare.

Second Graduate—Give me a steak, and make it thicker and rarer.

Third Graduate—Chase the damn bull through here, and I'll bite him on the run!—*Augwan.*



"So we named the baby Weather Strip because he kept father out of the draft during the war."—*Froth.*



"I've got a cow I want to sell you, Charlie."

"Yes? Would she fit into my Guernsey heard?"

"No, I dunno as she would."

"Does she give lots of milk?"

"No; I can't say as she gives lots of milk, but I can tell you this: 'She's a kind, gentle, good natured old cow, and if she's got any milk she'll give it to you.'"



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"When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I don't bother about statistics."

—*Mercury.*

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"Does she paint?"

"No."

"Powder?"

"No."

"Smoke or Drink?"

"No."

"Give me her name. My brother is studying for the ministry."

—*Old Line.*



### TOO TRUE

"What's all the hurry?"

"I just bought a text-book and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

—*Record.*

Blue eyes gaze at mine—Vexation.  
Soft hand clasped in mine—Palpitation.  
Fair hair brushing mine—Expectation.  
Red lips close to mine—Temptation.  
Footsteps—Damnation.



She: "Let's have a kiss."

He: "Not on an empty stomach."

She: "Of course not. Right where the last one was."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

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*a light smoke*

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