

M.I.T.—

VOO DOO





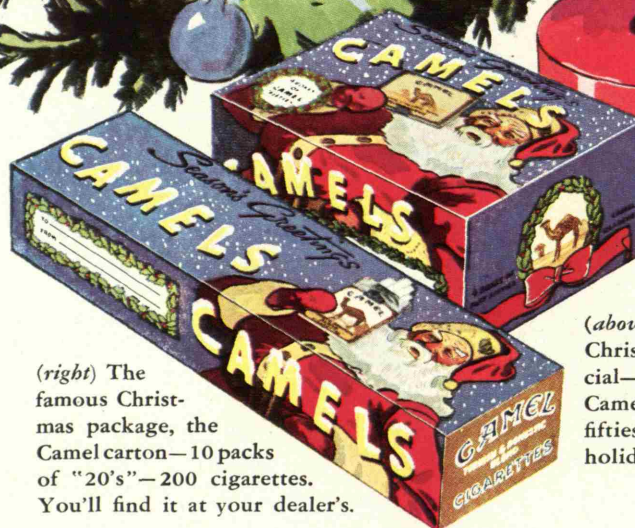
HERE'S WISHING
YOU ALL THE
HAPPIEST
HOLIDAY SEASON
EVER —



Camels

MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

Give Camels for Christmas! There's no doubt about how much people appreciate Camels—the cigarette that's made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels says: "Happy Holidays and Happy Smoking!"



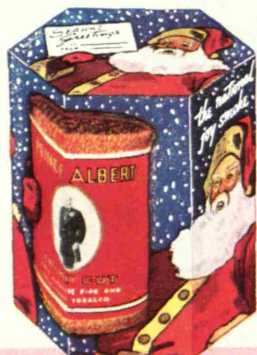
(right) The famous Christmas package, the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes. You'll find it at your dealer's.

(above) Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress.

(right) A pound of Prince Albert in a real glass humidior that keeps the tobacco in prime condition and becomes a welcome possession.



(left) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—in an attractive Christmas gift package.

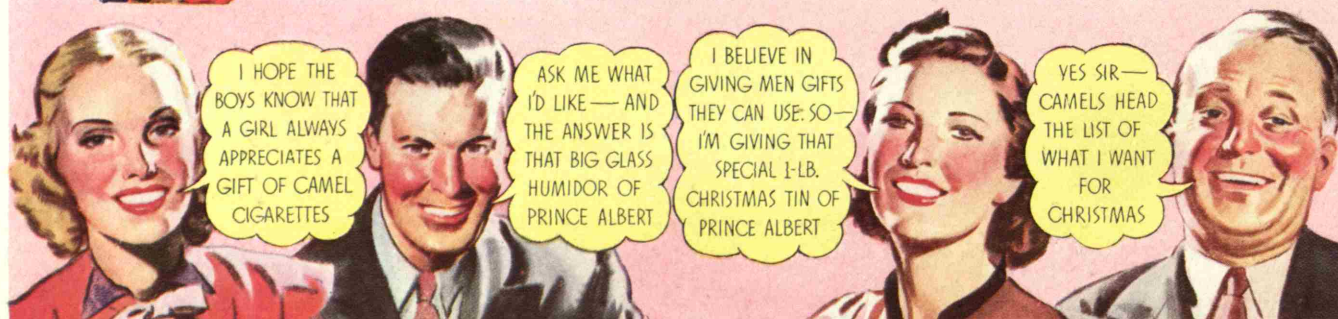


Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

If you know a man owns a pipe—you're practically certain to be right if you give him PRINCE ALBERT—The National Joy Smoke. Beginners like P.A. because it doesn't bite. Occasional pipe-smokers find it's extra cool. And the regulars think it's tops for mellow taste.

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I HOPE THE BOYS KNOW THAT A GIRL ALWAYS APPRECIATES A GIFT OF CAMEL CIGARETTES

ASK ME WHAT I'D LIKE — AND THE ANSWER IS THAT BIG GLASS HUMIDOR OF PRINCE ALBERT

I BELIEVE IN GIVING MEN GIFTS THEY CAN USE. SO — I'M GIVING THAT SPECIAL 1-LB. CHRISTMAS TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

YES SIR — CAMELS HEAD THE LIST OF WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

Voo Doo

December, 1937



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Voo Doo

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

Now is the glad, glad Holiday season, with old Saint Nicholas and his snowy beard epitomizing the spirit of the day with his happy refrain, "Give, Give, Give to the Red Cross." Giving is in the air, everybody is giving. The Japanese are giving the Chinese great stores of munitions, bayonets and fighting spirit, while the Chinese, in that happy Christmas reciprocity, are in return giving many miles of their precious land. In Spain, air mail deliveries of bombs and bullets are the rule on both sides and here the inter-family spirit is particularly exemplified. "It is better to give than to receive — and safer." The Russians, the Nazis and the Fascists are giving the whole rest of the world good cause for worry, and in return the rest of the world is giving these peculiarly unified people advice and threats. Everybody is giving something. Here at the Institute the professors are giving quizzes. Maybe the fellow sitting beside you coughing is giving you a cold. And Phos, super-extra giver that he is, is giving you Voo Doo. And a Merry Christmas to all.

REVIEWINGS

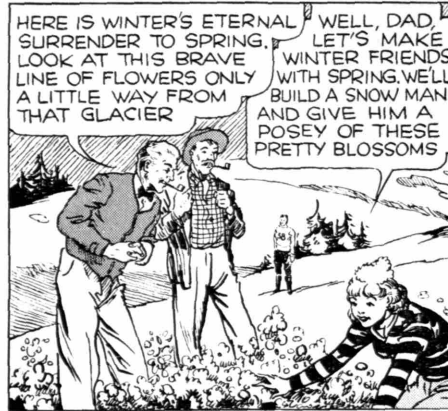
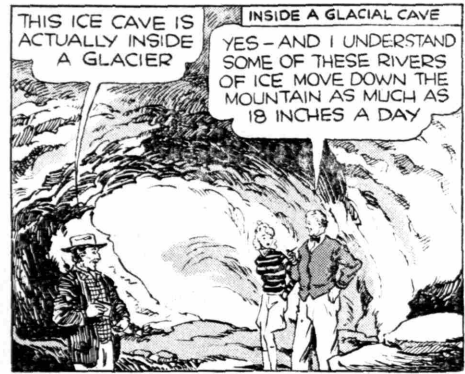
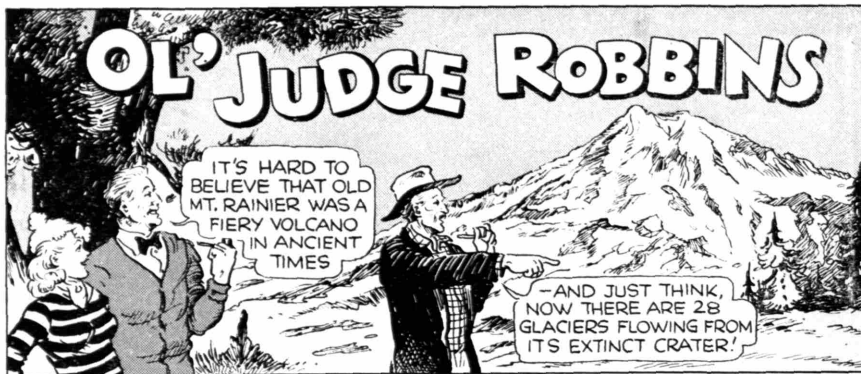
Of interest to anyone who enjoys recordings, we should like to announce the revival of our Recordings column. Arrangements have been completed with the leading record companies whereby we are able to secure their new pressings before they are released to the general public, thus making it possible to present a record review which is up to date in every respect. Because of the increasing interest that is being evidenced in classical numbers, the column will also include reviews of the latest and best classical releases. We hope that everyone who is at all interested in the wax stuff will use the new column as a guide to all that is good in the canned music line.

ANNOUNCEMENT

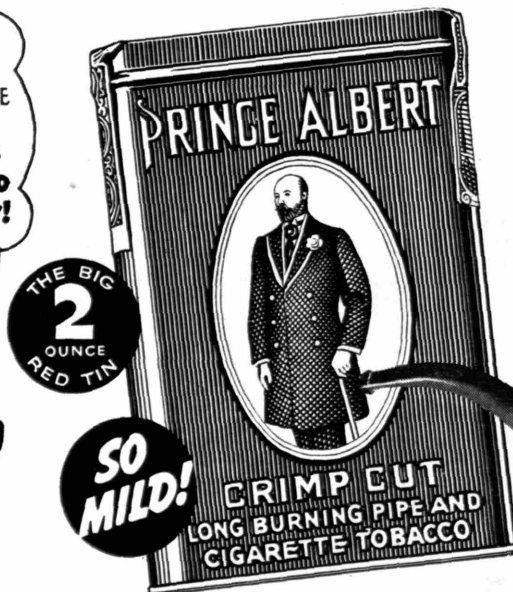
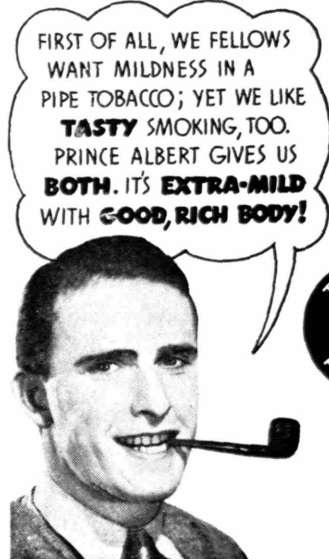
This month, Phos takes pardonable pride in announcing the election of the following men to the literary and business staffs: George D. Cremer, Photographic Associate; Richard Crossan, Literary Associate; Roland Peak, Treasurer's Assistant; Thomas Bowman, Treasurer's Assistant; and William Hailey, Circulation Assistant.



Peggy Simpson, appearing in "The Housemaster," now at the Wilbur Theatre.
A thoroughly delightful comedy, with a tinge of drama and many laughs.
Put it on your "must see" list.



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



TRY P.A. ON THIS 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 Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

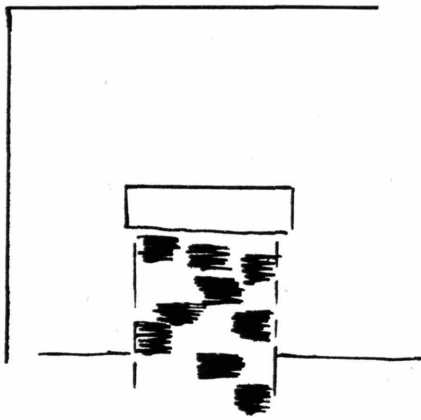
ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P.A.

50

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

PRINCE ALBERT

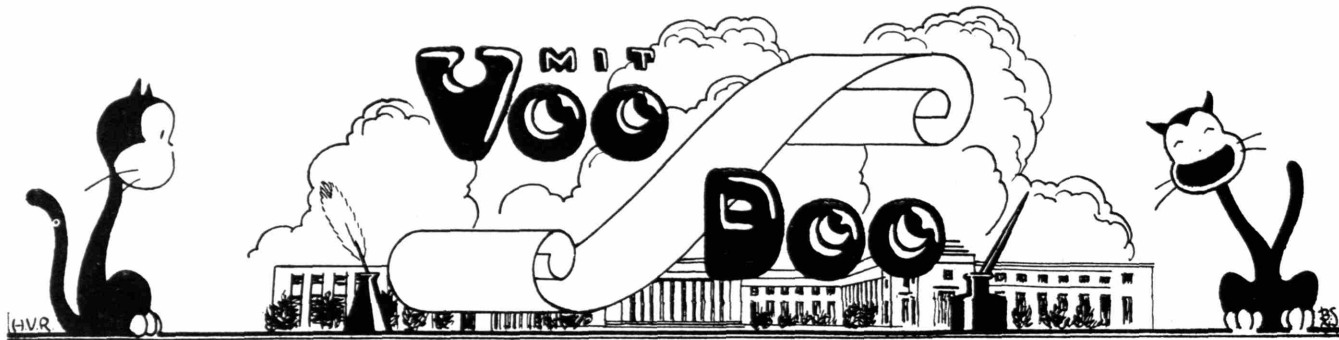
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Bringing You

The Christmas Doo Doo





Voodooings . . .

HITCH-HIKE

Our first item concerns the ingenuity of the Dorm Dwellers. One junior, in particular, seems to have every situation under control. Finding himself stranded in Wellesley with a date for the Dorm's Dance and nary a train in sight, he very "formally" hailed a passing truck and arrived at the Statler in front of a load of livestock. We haven't been able to discover just how impressed his date was, but knowing the Statler doorman as well as we do, we will wager they both felt more than a little sheepish.



OR CAN YOU?

It was during an evening session of the Dramatics Department of the New England Conservatory of Music. The class was getting a lesson in pantomime and each pupil was being called upon to portray in pantomime some simple action. Just what action it was to be was left to the discretion of the individual. When it came the turn of one attractive young miss to do her bit,

she was stumped for something to do. Suggestions from the other members of the cast came thick and fast. "What is the first thing you do when you get up in the morning?" said one. Our heroine blinked, looked at him, and then said naively: "Oh, but you can't do that on the floor!"



ORCHIDS

For sheer nerve and spectator interest the employees of the United States Postal Service stand head and shoulders above all other public servants. Three men from a Brookline house were driving down Beacon Street one night not long ago looking for a convenient mailbox when they espied a familiar green truck bowling along ahead. Without more ado the driver, with a burst of speed, overtook the government vehicle, and, at forty miles per hour, the letter was given unto the keeping of Uncle Sam for — we like to think — immediate delivery.

FASHION NOTE

We chanced to notice a svelte, smooth, young lady in one of the newer of the new short skirts approaching us on Beacon Street the other day. We had just jotted down a mental note regarding the shapeliness of her calves when two dowagers in front of us caught our eye. They had both turned to follow her with their combined gaze, and as we passed one remarked to the other in a dark green tone, "My dear, did you ever see such a pair of gambs."



WHAT WON'T THEY THINK OF NEXT ITEM

Our agents report a tidy bit of trickery that occurred during the Yale-Harvard weekend just passed. It seems there are four seniors living together not far from the campus. One of them was expecting a telegram regarding the week-end under discussion since he had managed to purchase two tickets for the big game. The stooge was in class, the telegram came, the

other members of the quartet opened it and things began to happen fast. While two of Science's children removed the address tape, the other drove post-haste to the nearest telegraph office and wired the stooge a very different message. It was a simple matter to shift addresses and reseal the envelopes so that our hero read, without the slightest suspicion, the message, "Week-end sounds dull. Army better. Some other time perhaps."



MANICURES

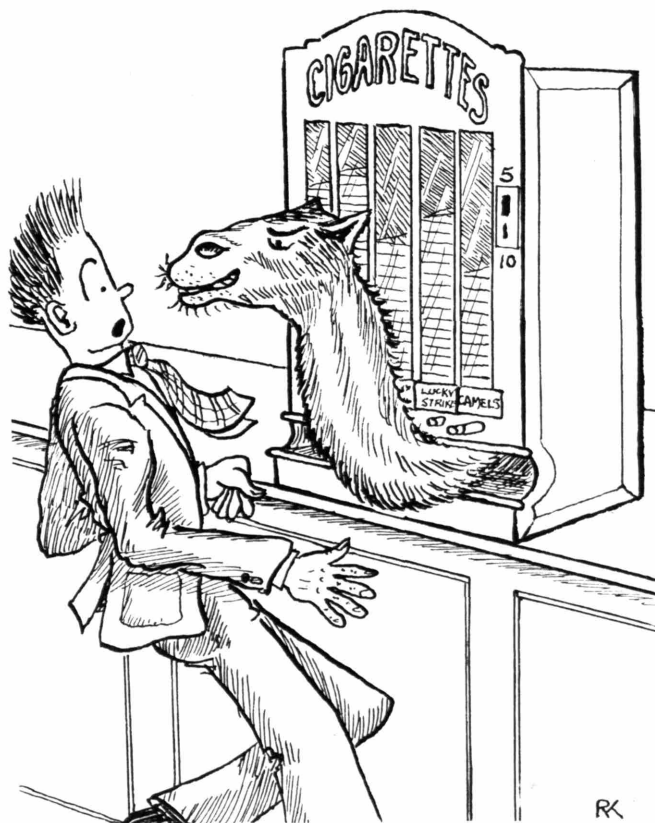
We had come out of a downtown theatre after a rather good show and decided to take a little walk before heading for home. But we had not got very far down Tremont Street when we were halted by a very strange sight. There, at eleven-thirty at night pacing the streets of the heart of this big Northeastern city were three white elephants. We shut our eyes, blinked and looked again. Sure enough they were still there. But the greatest shock of all came when, on closer examination, we discovered that their toenails were a nice bright pink.

RAPTURE

We got this one a bit second hand. It is about a close friend of a good friend of ours. This close friend of this friend of ours is a strikingly beautiful young lady and enjoys the possession of a small car which she drives about the city. Once she was stopped at a parking light and a newsboy was coming up the rows of halted cars. He shouted out the names of his papers until he came to this young lady's car. Here he looked in the window, left off his shouting long enough to exclaim: "Gosh, you're beautiful!" and then went on.

LOCAL NO. 778

The casual visitor to New York is frequently impressed by the large number of petty strikes continually going on in that city and by the pickets who parade up and down in front of the establishments which are allegedly "unfair." By no means the smallest of this series of strikes is the Horn and Hardart Automat strike and a Labor Relations Board decision against them made the pickets no less vehement. Particularly amusing and instructive were the vocal efforts outside an automat near our New York hangout to dissuade patronage. "No sir," he was saying, "you don't see President Roosevelt eating in there, nor Mayor LaGuardia either. Guys like them don't eat in such places; they don't like to be served by scabs. . . ."



EMPORIUM DEPARTMENT

The current local vogue for ice cream parlors has produced any number of elaborate "hunger hostels" opened ostensibly for the purpose of serving ice cream. We have not yet discovered whether ice cream is really obtainable in most of these places because whenever we enter one we are immediately deluged with French fries, steaks, sandwiches, fried clams, etc. But the experience of a friend of

ours who went into a newly opened Huntington Avenue ice creamery and asked for a hot dog is interesting. The clerk looked at him queerly and finally said, "Sorry, sir, we don't sell hot dogs; but I can give you a frankfurter if you'd like one."

ADVT.

A certain clothing store in downtown Boston has long been the object of our suspicions. This particular emporium occupies a twelve foot frontage between an all-nite restaurant and a subway entrance, and the doubt was engendered in our minds by a

series of sales ranging from "Fire," "Water Damage," and "Bankruptcy," to "Fall Clearance" and "Lost Our Lease." Nothing we could put our finger on but a bit tainted nevertheless.

We think now that we have caught up with them. At the moment the store in mention boasts a sign over three feet high which shouts in torrid letters, "Smoke Damage Sale." Underneath in small, oh so small, letters is the explanation, "Entire Stock, Slightly Damaged by Smoke During the Fire at the Silver Dollar Bar, etc."

This in itself is hardly damaging except that the "Silver Dollar" is a block away and on the other side of the street.



Merry Christmas

Outside, there was a dead silence. Even the river was silent tonite as it slowly pursued its course past the heavily vegetated banks. But why, tonight of all nights?

Inside, there was also silence. Not the beautiful quiet of nature, but a silence of hate and malice.

At one end of the table was the man — grim, determined, hard. At the other end was the half-breed woman — servile, stupid, and filthy. In any other part of the world she would be his wife. But not in the tropics. She cooked his meals, washed his clothes, and satisfied his emotions. Yet, he despised her and she, him; each was too good for the other according to their respective codes.

He got up; the dinner was over. Carefully, he selected a month-old newspaper and sat down beside the single kerosene lamp to read. *The New York Herald* of Friday, November 26, carried news of the holiday celebration of the previous day in all parts of the nation. Suddenly, an idea came to him. What was today? No, it couldn't be!! God, it was!! CHRISTMAS!!

A helluva way to spend the holidays, even if he was in this God-forsaken hole. "Yama!" Where is the wench? "YAMA, rum, rum!" Get a new woman tomorrow. "Rum, RUM, RUM!!" Finally, a drink, no, a toast; "to Christmas, holiday cheer, white women, and the Alum Mining

Company, damn them!"

He sat down, exhausted and surprised at his own efforts. The shimmering lamp on the table reminded him of something — yes, the lamp on his night table in the house on Grover Street. That was thirty, no, thirty-two years ago. What a Christmas! Grandpa Hines came in from the country with a large tree and gave little Joe his first pair of skis. Jokingly, Grandpa Hines remarked to Big Joe,



"Take care of the little feller, you won't have him around much longer." Everybody laughed, because little Joe hadn't even begun to go to school yet.

Then it was the party they had in the fifth grade. Everybody brought gifts and exchanged them with others. He tried to show off in front of the girl with pig-tails and put away three plates of ice cream, only to regret it for the remainder of the week.

What in hell's name followed? Oh, yes, Gorton Hall

in Connecticut, his first Christmas dance — the long dresses of the girls, the tall gawky boys in formal dress, and the stiff conversation. His first thrill — he kissed Bill Kit's sister behind the door in the music room. It hadn't been his fault; she was asking for it.

Then came college, the drunken brawls, the loud girls, and the dirty jokes about Santa Claus. New York, Times Square; a mass of white lights, white streets, and white faces. They had warned him, but he was too smart. Why work? I'm having a good time! Women, women, and more women. People you could talk to and be answered. The four shortest years of his life.

Then hell broke loose. It was Christmas in the trenches. Watching, waiting, hoping against hope, whispering, wishing, watching, waiting, watching, waiting, and more whispering. Merry Christmas, Lieutenant.

Again it was New York. This time in a uniform. Hell, a soldier couldn't go anywhere and really celebrate. The holiday just wasn't the same. A celebration to end all celebrations, wasn't it a war to end all wars?

Then followed year after year, Christmas after Christmas, each bringing new hardships, less friends, and fewer hopes. Time went by faster than he realized. No longer was he one of the boys, but one of the men. No more

AS a staunch New England conservative, we have always been, as a matter of principle, rather opposed to cults, purely as such. There was the Nudist Cult, for example. Now we are by no means against nudism; in fact, there are many cases in which we strongly advocate it—for instance, when taking a bath or being photographed for a baby picture or sleeping when married. But there has never seemed to us any particular necessity for forming a cult and publishing magazines and going zealous over the thing. Likewise with this business of miniature cameras—they're great little things, and one can have a lot of fun taking pictures with them; in fact, we have one ourselves, but that seems to create for us no desire to foregather with other Argus owners for long discussions on stops, apertures, emulsion coefficients or other embodiments of the minicamerast.

And so when swing suddenly began to seize the popular mind, and its vocabulary began to penetrate the words of the man in the street, we immediately reacted in much the same way, and said, figuratively, "Oh, Lord, now swing goes the way of all popular sports." Because, of course, like all these things, swing had been going on long before John Doe got his murderous talons into it. Bands were playing "hot" music back in 1926, and even before, and



years ago, in Paris, we sat one rainy evening with Hugh Panassie, editor of the then nascent "Hot Jazz," or, as they say in France, "Jazz

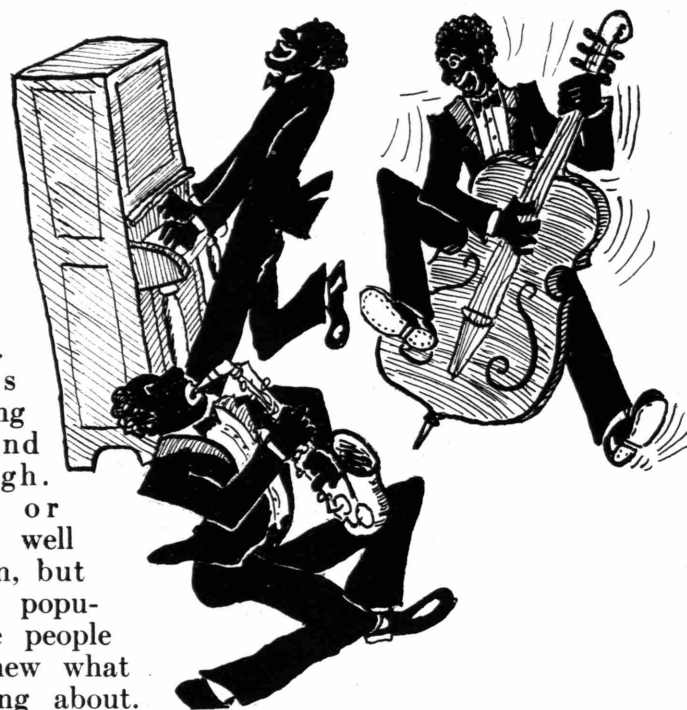
Hot," listening to the only swing band left in town that summer, outside a swank café in Montparnasse, on chairs which he kept hidden under the hedge. The musicians came out during intermissions and talked to Hugh. The "gyve," or swing lingo, was well on the way then, but it hadn't been popularized, and the people who used it knew what they were talking about. But when it got to be common terminology, we thought that here was another art being ruined by publicity.

As such, we had looked with a cynical scorn on people who made so much fuss about listening to swing bands, and particularly to people who talked endlessly about what bands they had heard. But finding ourselves, not long ago, in the same boat, we changed our attitude, and are herein apologizing to all the silly fools whom we thought such silly fools because of the way they acted about swing. The one single thing which made us change our mind so radically was the Onyx Club.

Seven brown gods weaving mystic rhythms in a dim temple of swing, while Joe and Edna College listen in absorbed and rapt silence, and the waiters crouch, motionless against the wall, and even the barman stands silent. Seven magicians, their properties shiny instruments, their magic

Swing

is here



Seven brown gods
in a dim

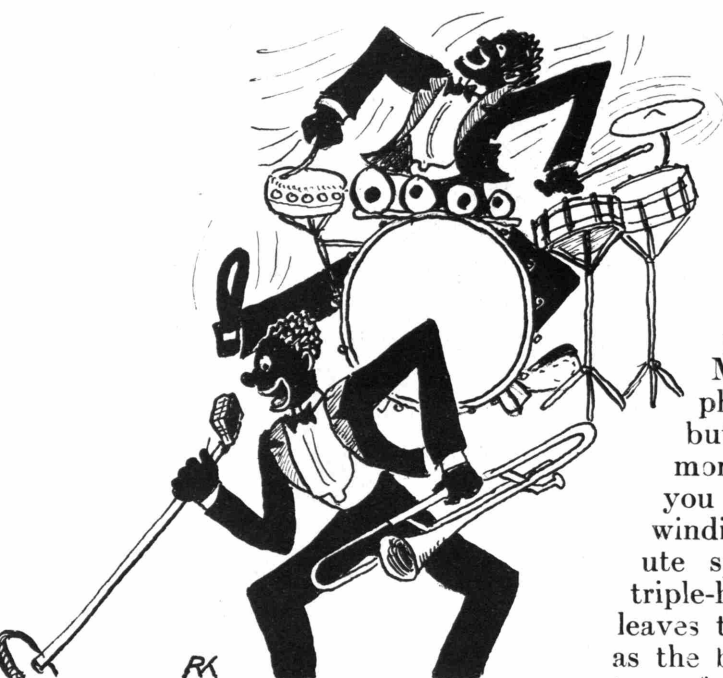
coming from mysterious clumps of brain cells, probably taking up nearly all of their brain cases with only a few cells reserved for the control of the elemental operations of eating and loving; and a concentration so awe-inspiring and powerful that its spell holds the crowd of listeners in a magic grip for five hours straight. Seven darkies,

by Bill

ordinary enough looking when seen upstairs or off the bandstand, casually taking up their horns and, without any preliminary, without any music, apparently without any thought, ripping off a chorus so fast, so intricate and so rhythm-packed that the listeners gasp with awe at its completion, always on the chord, always in perfect time, and

to

Sway



**weave mystic rhythms
temple of swing.**

all, though to all appearances playing separately, still blending his own effort, however far from the melody it may stray, into a perfect combination to form a unified whole which, as a modern swing symphony, differs from the classical symphony in that every performance is a new composition, every repetition is, paradoxical though it may

Gibson

seem, not a repetition, but a new creation, and every rehearsal simply another jam session. Seven performers who, with Maxine, form the attraction strong enough to bring several hundred people into a room large enough for half of them, packed onto each others' laps, with a minimum charge, no dancing and no floor show, while other

Broad-
w a y
spots, of-
fering
lavish
shows,
dancing,
souvenirs,
and all for less
cost, are nearly
or completely
empty.

And then there is Maxine. She has a last name, but we prefer just Maxine. Maxine would be phenomenal anywhere, but here she is even more so. Visualize, if you can, the band just winding up a fifteen minute spell of high-speed, triple-hot jamming which leaves the audience as well as the band in a dripping state of perspiration. They stop, the lights dim, and people begin to yell, "Maxine, Maxine." She appears, a slender negress with fine features, very small and slight, and steps quickly to the microphone. The crowd, in no uncertain terms, has told her what they want her to sing — "Loch Lomond," yes, the old Scotch song everybody knows. And how she sings it, straight and sweet, with a trace of darkie Southern accent, and a bit of a swing on the long notes which she doesn't hold, but sweetly nevertheless, and against an amazing background, almost inaudible, which makes you think of bagpipes and pagan rhythm. The Club is dark save for a single small white spot which, from its source in the base of the microphone stand, shines vertically upward, illuminating the front of her dress, the swell of her slight breasts, and, most strongly, her moving chin, to

end in a little white circle on the ceiling containing the shadow of her head. Unless some drunk is being unnoticeably noisy in a corner, the "Temple" is a hush of silence, and Maxine's quiet voice floats out, a bond so strong that the full and devout attention of everyone present hangs on it as to a suspended bar. And every time she appears, the crowd wants "Loch Lomond." What strange contrast from the swing they love so much makes them like also this sentimental sweet song from a remote past, whose only concession to the jazz age is an eight bar swing session at the end to wind up the number?

These are the main impressions of an evening, often repeated, which has come to mean a great deal in memories of New York, but there are, of course, other impressions which make the temple a lasting thing. For instance, O'Neill Spencer, the drummer and one of the main priests of rhythm, with impeccable tuxedo, fresh red carnation, and white socks. He sits on a high stool, and when his feet aren't on the treadles of his drum and cymbal lever, and he rarely uses his off-beat cymbal, they dance a fantastic rhythm on the edges of the wheeled platform of his drum stand, which edges, as a result, have practically lost their identity. Then there's the trumpet player, so new when we were there that he hadn't got a tuxedo yet, but after two days he played with the band as though their first jam session had been in the cradle,

(Please turn to

Page 31)



The Night Before — or — Christmas Carolyn

It was the night before Christmas and all through the Psi Pi Psi House No. 01 Commonwealth Avenue not a molecule was stirring not even a louse, except Bill Dupp who was studying for his June finals no doubt. Bill had come to the 'Stute all the way from Brookline with a serious purpose. Therefore he wasn't going to waste time traveling from No. 01 to Brookline with finals only five months away. When we say studying, we don't mean the usual procedure of casually overlooking the text. Ah, no, Bill was reading the book and understanding it. His tremendous intellect furrowed his brow with deep grooves, and his mighty muscles tensed and rippled under his pale white epidermis as he busily pushed the slide on an 89 cm. Log-Log Decitrig Vector Cube Polyphase Duplex Analytical Disintegrating "guess rod." Piled several feet deep around his desk, and on it, were weighty reference tomes and complex mathematical tables. He was indeed concentrating, we imagine.

Brother Dupp was alone as the rest of the brethren had gone home to their disrespective "jernts" for the holiday. The house was dark except for the faint glow of Bill's mercuric arc desk lamp. Is he alone? Is it dark? Is he studying? Is it quiet?

Yes — but not for long, for as we watch, the room is filled with pale rose light, a husky throbbing voice is heard saying, "Seasonable Greetings, Bill Dupp." Our student starts from his books and stammers,



CAROLYN

"Whaa---at?" Through the closed door walks a maid with lips like holly berries, eyes of pine green, and the naive look of Gipsy Rose Lee (??). "Who are you, whispering in my room?" asks Bill. "Christmas Carolyn" is the reply. "Well you'd best leave, we're not supposed to have wenches in our rooms, but give me your telephone number before you go," feebly quips friend Dupp. "I am the—made—of Christmas Eve, come forth unto the night with me Toots." Carolyn so saying, rather invitingly raised an eyebrow and a shoulder. "Damn it all, wom-

an, I've got work to do and anyhow I'm flat until the end of the month," grunted Bill. "You've got your whole life before you and only tonight with me. You must be happy tonight above all. Come with me, dear," caroled Carolyn.

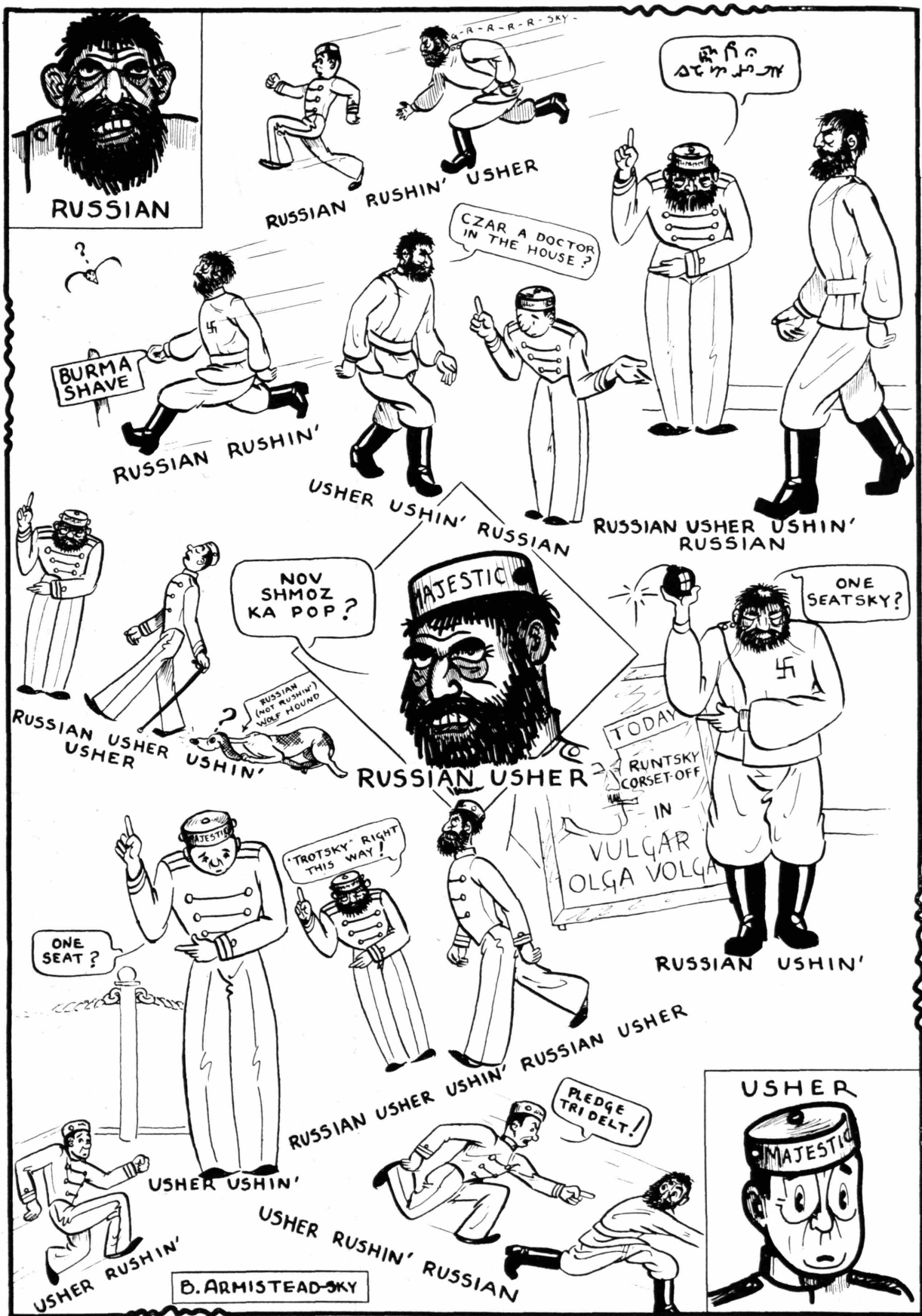
Before he knew why, or cared, Bill was lying down on a couch with her. His head softly pillowed on her warm breast. Slowly her lips came closer and closer to his. He felt his whole being filled with a suppressed ecstasy. Just a minute more and — **ROLL OUT YOU LAZY BROWN-BAGGER . . .**

Bill opened his eyes to see Don, his roommate, slamming down the windows. "What day is this?" asks Bill. "December 22 and we're heading home today," yells Don. "Helluva nice name Carolyn, don't you think?" muses Bill. "Yeah," grunts Don.

* Moral of this tale. "It doesn't pay, usually."

BUD HURST





Ushin Rushers

This is War

The day had dawned bright and clear, but about noon a light haze sprang up over the river and, by the time we were ready to move up, a wet, cold wind with more than a hint of rain had set in from the North. Jarge, my guide, was an old hand at this game, but there was a worried look on his face



as we strode out of the shelter house into the weather. We paused for a moment to get our bearings, and while we waited he turned to me and said, with more than a little concern, "Are you sure you want to try it today? It is going to be nasty up forward with weather like this. Of course there will be less activity along the lines but the going is likely to get a bit stiff further on." In spite of these words my enthusiasm for the journey was not in the least dampened; in fact, the hint of danger made the venture seem even more attractive, if such a spectacle as we were soon to see could be called attractive, so I answered as cheerfully as I could, "Not at all Jarge, we have a mission to perform and a little danger more or less won't make a great deal of difference in the long run."

Jarge shrugged his shoulders in the manner of all old campaigners and without another word strode out into the road which we were to follow for the first part of the journey. We crossed the river on a bridge that was still standing after the terrific pounding that the sector had taken during that hectic week, and soon were at the station where we had been told we could entrain for the front. It was Jarge's first trip up over the new route but I had every confidence in his ability to see us through safely.

Here was grim reality. Gone was the jovial camaraderie of the train, gone the sense of exultation at the thought of action. In its place was a gruesome, awe-inspiring spectacle of men preparing for the end. "How much longer will they go on like this?" I asked, shouting to make myself heard over the rumble of wheels and the tramp of feet. Jarge paused for a moment and replied, "Oh, I don't know. Possibly another week or longer. The big push comes the last few days, but it is always like that. I don't know why it is that people insist on waiting till the last week to do their Christmas shopping."



Much Smoke About Nothing

Jason P. Squelch was in a heluva muddle again. Here I am, with all the work that I gotta do before Xmas vacation so I can hop the freight for home, — me, — up to my neck in work — tied up tighter than an old maid's girdle — and in walks Jason P. with his grief.

He says to me, he says: "Listen Viki, you got to help me out again." Now what? Well, J. P. breaks down and says: "Here I am, about to take my leave of this colossal institution of hired learning with a degree of B.S. in Business Administration, and I can't even smoke a cigar." A what? "A cigar," says he.

Well, I don't see the set up between J. P. mangling a stogy, a B.S. in Buss. Ad. and where I creep into the cartoon. So, Jason gives me the low-down. It seems that last Saturday J. P. was too late and couldn't get into the Old Howard, so he goes to a movie which is all about a "successful business executive." Well, it appears that this successful buss. exec. and all other successful buss. execs. smoked big cigars. Sooo, J. P. Squelch must smoke big cigars too, if he was going to be a "successful buss. exec."

Now, I've been addicted to the weed for a long time, and nobody showed me how. But not Jason P., he had to be shown. So, we starts out with the lessons. I tells Jason that

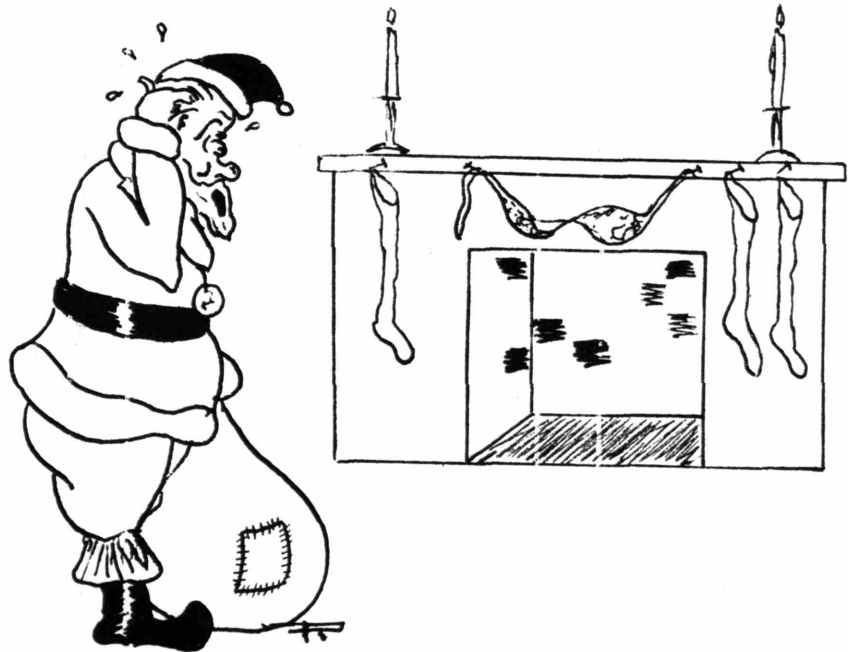
he ought to begin with a mild cigarette and gradually work up to the stronger ropes. Well, that's where poor J. P. was stuck and had come to ME for expert advice. He didn't know which brand of the "Nicotiano tabacum" to start on. So I asks him how he feels in the morning when he wakes up, and he says that his mouth tastes like the bottom of a parrot cage. So, right off I says that he ought to start draggin' on a Comhell ciggie because it not only aides indigestion, but gives you a lift, soothes jangled nerves, and Frank Bunk smokes 'em besides.

Now, J. P.'s a smarter duck than what appears on his profile. He's got the answers all ready. He says to me, he says: "I've been reading a

book by one Prof. Erb in which he states that chronic tobacco users always have some degree of deranged digestion with a bad breath, furthermore, the excessive use of tobacco causes salivation (not salvation), nausea, vomiting, mental confusion (?), vertigo, great muscular weakness and twitching, etc., etc., etc. And the effect tobacco has on new born babies wouldn't interest you."

Well, I aint stopped by that crack. Who ever heard of Prof. Erb and his lowdown on poisons in ciggies. All you gotta do to get the real and honest info is to leaf thru any rag, and there you have a full page show-off on the superiority of Lippy Sticks, which is roasted and opera stars smoke 'em because they aint got

(Please turn to Page 30)



Hat Stuff

It was just the other day that I was glancing through the columns of the morning paper and happened to notice a small item concerning the plight of a citizen who had wagered not wisely but too well on the outcome of the recent city election. His predicament was due, I believe, to the setback suffered by ex-Mayor Curley, and, as a penalty for picking the wrong man, he must consume about one and a half square feet of felt, the same constituting a new hat. As I contemplated the sad plight of this gentleman, I was suddenly struck by the thought of the thousands of other people in this country who lose bets each year requiring the consumption of a hat, and with that thought a new industry was born.

I hesitate to set my plans down in print, because I have as yet been unable to patent my scheme, but as soon as the first few trivial difficulties are ironed out we will make a fortune over night. (By "we" I mean myself and the few lucky fellows I am letting in on the ground floor for only \$1,000 each. After all, capital is the first factor in any enterprise.)

The idea is based on the relatively simple assumption that no one likes the taste of dry felt. This is, I think, self-evident. "So what," you say. So, I propose to enter the clothing field with flavored hats. "Flavored Felts. The



Taste Tells." What a relief to thousands of people to know that, no matter what the outcome of the Mayoralty contest, paying off will be a pleasure.

The start must, of a necessity, be simple. At first we will confine production to the standard flavors: chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry. But as soon as the word spreads among the dyed in the felt election bettors, the sky is the limit. As soon as the basic flavors have established themselves and we have consolidated our gains, we shall branch out into other fields. Maple-walnut and pistacio occur to me off hand, and, of course, the snap-brim coffee number should go well among the New England undergraduates. After the annual Yale game Harvard alone should pay for a new branch in the Middle West. Our first plant will be located in either Portland, Maine, or a suitable location in Vermont, depending on the offers we get. The seasons will be strictly followed; in summer we bring out something cool in a lime-sherbet

straw and in late fall and winter the chocolate-chip or butter-pecan felt line.

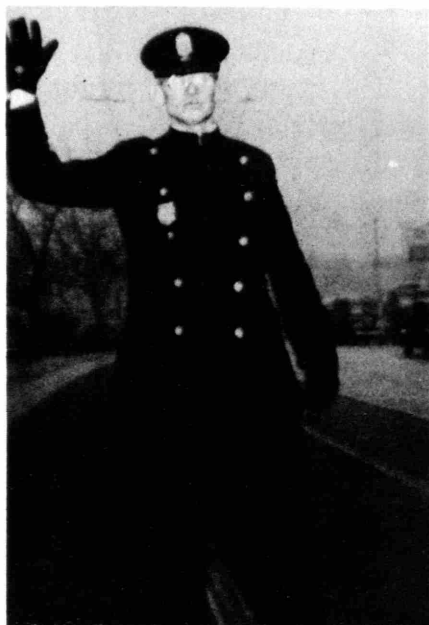
Imagine, if you can, a conversation between two of our steady customers as they meet in front of our Summer Street branch the morning after the 1940 elections. Alf has backed the Republican Party to the limit, and Norm has, as usual, given his all for the Socialists. Norm slaps Alf on the back and says, in his best morning after manner, "Well, old man, how did the voters treat you?" (It is significant to note that his tone is distinctly more cheerful than at this same time four years ago. "Flavored Felts," of course.)

Alf answers, "Well, I can't complain, although two of me biggest ones turned sour. And you?"

"Me, too. I was two thousand ahead too until Ward Eight returns came in. I was just going in to look over the new models. Have you heard of anything good lately?"

"Well, they tell me this tutti-frutti Homburg is quite good, and a narrow brim model in black-walnut is receiving quite favorable comment in *Esquire*. I don't know though. These fancy flavors don't agree with me."

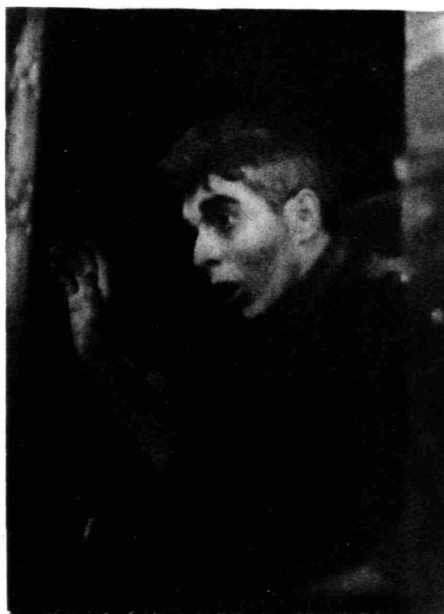
"That chocolate fedora was a mighty hard one to beat too. But at that it is certainly better than the old days. I'll never forget the winter of '31 as long as I live. That was the year —



THE LAW

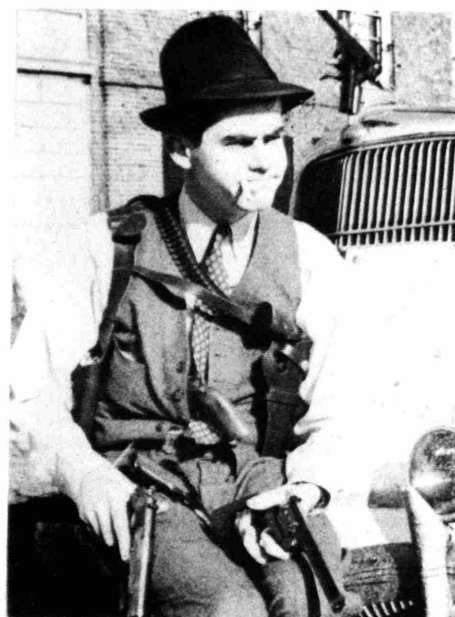
A well-known minion of the law, called fondly by those who know him, "Sleepy Jesus," who has been on duty around the Institute for approaching quite a few years or so. Not quite so cagy with fire-arms as our Wilbur, he is nevertheless feared by criminal and student alike. In recent years he has become quite deft at passing out parking tickets to students and faculty who persist in defying the law. Yet in spite of these practical jokes, he is very much liked by those who have had occasion to meet him. He acts as body-guard for the daily receipts from Walker as they are taken from the building to the Institute strong box; his drawing time has been clocked at five minutes thirty-two seconds. He says that crime does not pay.

WE NOMINATE for Men of the Month



HERO

Jim Souder, shown above in the midst of his role as Joe Morgan, hero of the Drama Shop production "Ten Nights in a Barroom," which startled the Technology world by its penetration and depth, particularly of vision, in depicting the horrors and curse of the use of alcohol. Formerly president of the Architectural Society and secretary of the Combined Professional Societies, Souder has been one of the ringleaders in the bringing back of the Drama Shop into a busy and popular activity.



THE VIGILANTES

Wilbur Horace Rice, who single-handedly routed a desperate gang of automobile thieves. Obviously embarrassed by the publicity his performance has received, Wilbur has persistently tried to avoid all news cameramen, and it was only after a chase of three blocks that our photographer was able to snap this exclusive picture. Most of his customary artillery was lacking when snapped, but his deadliness is apparent even from this simple foto. He has been clocked at 1/500 sec. on the draw. Wilbur modestly tells us that he has received an offer to become a deputy for a well-known insurance company, and says that he is considering leaving the engineering field for this vastly more terrifying work. May we say good luck to you, Wilbur, and thank you for the social service that you have performed.



Concerto in D major, Brahms

(VICTOR)

This work, one of Brahms' greatest concertos, is capably and inspiringly performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of John Barbirolli, with Fritz Kreisler as the violinist. Words need not be wasted here on the genius and colorful performances of Kreisler, who is without doubt the greatest violinist alive today. His execution of the cadenza in the first movement is masterful; the dreamy harmonies, the crisp, clear staccato, the brilliant runs and trills all combine to make the listener feel that he hears the true artist who plays with a rare mastery of his instrument.

Leonore Overture No. 3, Beethoven

(VICTOR)

The best known of the three Leonore overtures is performed admirably by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Bruno Walter, distinguished continental conductor. The pressing has been put into album form, with "The Ruins of Athens" as the filler-in for the last side.

Peer Gynt — Suite No. 1, Grieg

(VICTOR)

Probably the most popular and well-liked of all Grieg's works, "Peer Gynt" has this month been put into album form, performed by John Barbirolli and his Orchestra. This piece is neither classical nor popular, but seems to combine

(Please turn to Page 21)

Magnolia If I Could Be With You (Hudson-DeLange Orchestra)

The newest pressing to be made by this up-and-coming band, this disk is one of the best they have produced thus far. "Magnolia," a new and typical Hudson arrangement of an old tune, has the sophistication usual with this outfit plus a nice trumpet chorus in the best swing motif. The other side, though vastly different from any other recording of this overworked song, is on a par with Goodman and not quite as unrecognizable.

(BRUNSWICK)

Nice Work If You Can Get It Things Are Looking Up

(Teddy Wilson
and his Orchestra)

Teddy Wilson is without doubt the best swing pianist of the lot, white or black. This platter gives him a chance to get in some pretty good licks, ably supported by the capable Vido Musso and the rest of his outfit. Although neither of the tunes are among the best, and are not played the way Gershwin wrote them, they are nice to listen to, if for no other reason than to hear Teddy beat it out. We still like him best in Goodman's quartet.

(BRUNSWICK)

Dipsey Doodle Who

(Tommy Dorsey)

These are two of Dorsey's cleverest arrangements, and are typical of Dorsey at his best. Edythe Wright takes the chorus on "Dipsey" and does a fine job. The brass section is especially good on this number, not raucous, but truly sophisticated. "Who" is a copy of "Marie," the most popular record so far this year. It has the same clever vocal done by the three Esquires backing up Jack Leonard, followed by a stirring trumpet solo.

(VICTOR*)

* Swing classic.

Fortune Tellin' Man The Lady Is A Tramp

(Midge Williams
and her Jazz Jesters)

This job is more fun to listen to than dance to but perhaps that's because we never heard of Midge before. The Tramp business, which the Boston debutantes like to think was written for them, is torn apart in a most delicious manner — Midge knows how to dish it out on the vocals. "Fortune Tellin' Man" has a very cagy vocal and some pretty whacky choruses which ought to intrigue the genuine swing fan.

(VOCALION)



Chesterfields
for Christmas



A 4-Year Loafer Graduates with Honors

*Idling in the wood 4 full years,
BRIGGS comes forth
as the world's richest and
friendliest tobacco*

THIS IS THE STORY of the loafer that goes to the head of the class!

Briggs is *born* rich. It starts life as a blend of nature's choicest tobaccos. Then it enters college for a 4-year course in idling.

For 4 long years it loafs in stout oaken casks, getting richer, doing nothing! Just naturally maturing into the smoothest and mellowest pipe tobacco you ever touched a match to.

When it finally graduates to your pipe, Briggs has been aged longer than many fancy pipe mixtures selling at \$5.00 a pound.

At 15¢ the tin, Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary uneducated tobaccos. But those extra pennies are *miracle* pennies . . . in the extra enjoyment they bring to your smoking. Ask any Briggs smoker.

BRIGGS . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS

Then there was the Scotch housewife who always served split-pea soup two days in succession because it was a shame not to use the other half.

College Grad (to prospective boss):
Of course, you will pay me what I'm worth?

Boss: Yeh—I might even give you a small salary to start with!

"I always eat in this restaurant. You know, in lots of restaurants the waiters grab the plates away from you before you have finished."

"And they don't do that here?"

"Oh, yes they do, but here you don't mind it so much."

And what we'd like to know is when waiters go on strike how many hours it is before the diners in some places find out.

And when somebody yells "Fire" in Chicago, people don't make for the nearest exit; they duck.

Then there's the deaf and dumb husband who wore boxing gloves to bed so he wouldn't talk in his sleep.

"Gosh, what a swell dump," said the spectator as the champion wrestler threw his opponent.



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BRANCHES

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



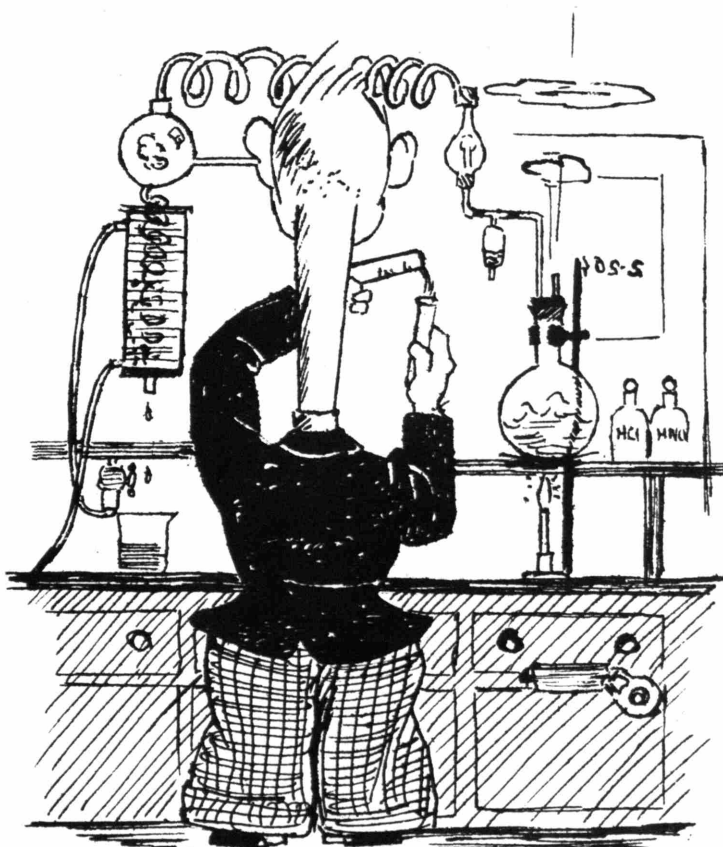
© Brooks Brothers

From "Illustrated" 37

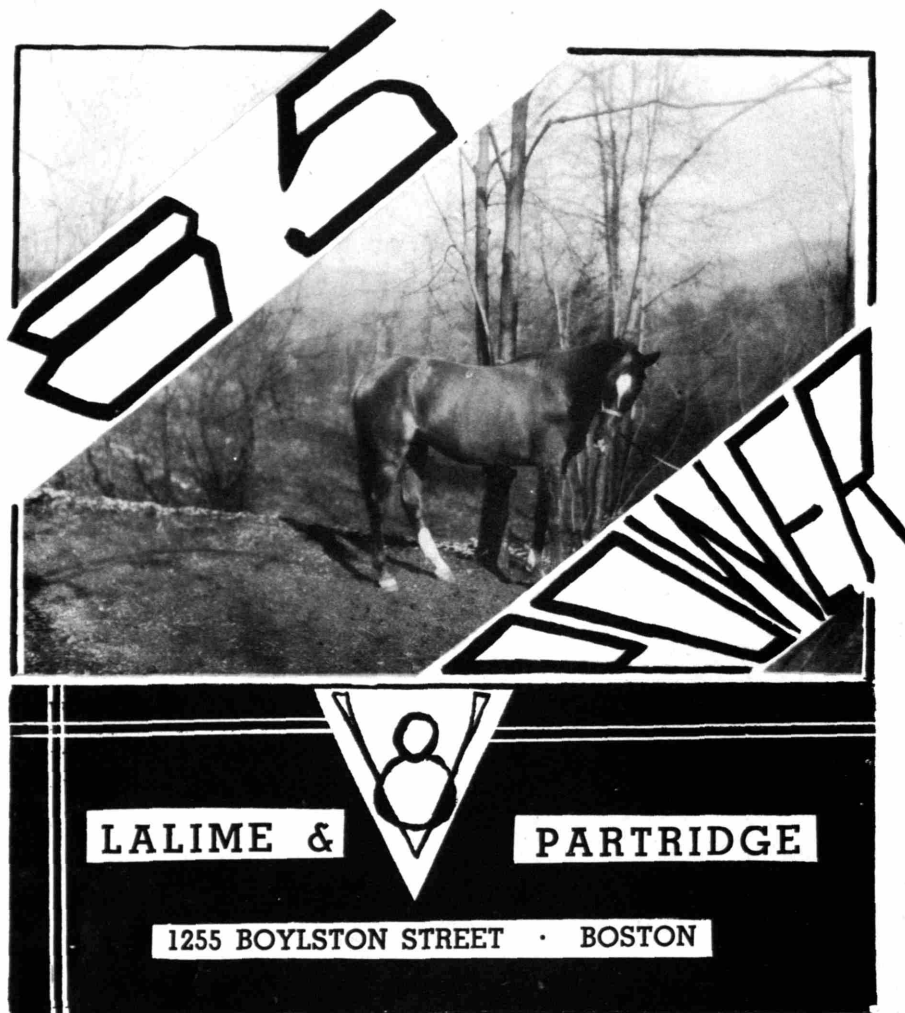
REVIEWINGS

Continued

the best features of each. Nearly everybody who has ever listened to music at all has heard and re-heard some part of this suite—the "Hall of the Mountain King," "Anitra's Dance"—both are known and liked. The former is a masterpiece in brief; the violent crescendo and crashing climax form as stirring a piece of sound as will be heard anywhere. The subtle and seductive "Anitra's Dance" envision Anitra colorfully to the hearer. "Ase's Death" and "Morning," while perhaps less well known, are both eloquent in their interpretation. The recording is, in my opinion, vastly superior to any previous one and is one to be commended.



BEST STILL OF THE WEEK "HIC"



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letter was among several received this month by the editor. Voo Doo wishes to take this opportunity to answer publicly this child's question in the hope that it will quiet the fears of other children who are faced with these same doubts.

Dear Sir:

The other day I heard some Course VI boys saying that there is no Santa. I asked my papa and he said that if the Voo Doo says it is true it must be. So please Mr. Editor tell me, is there a Santa Claus?

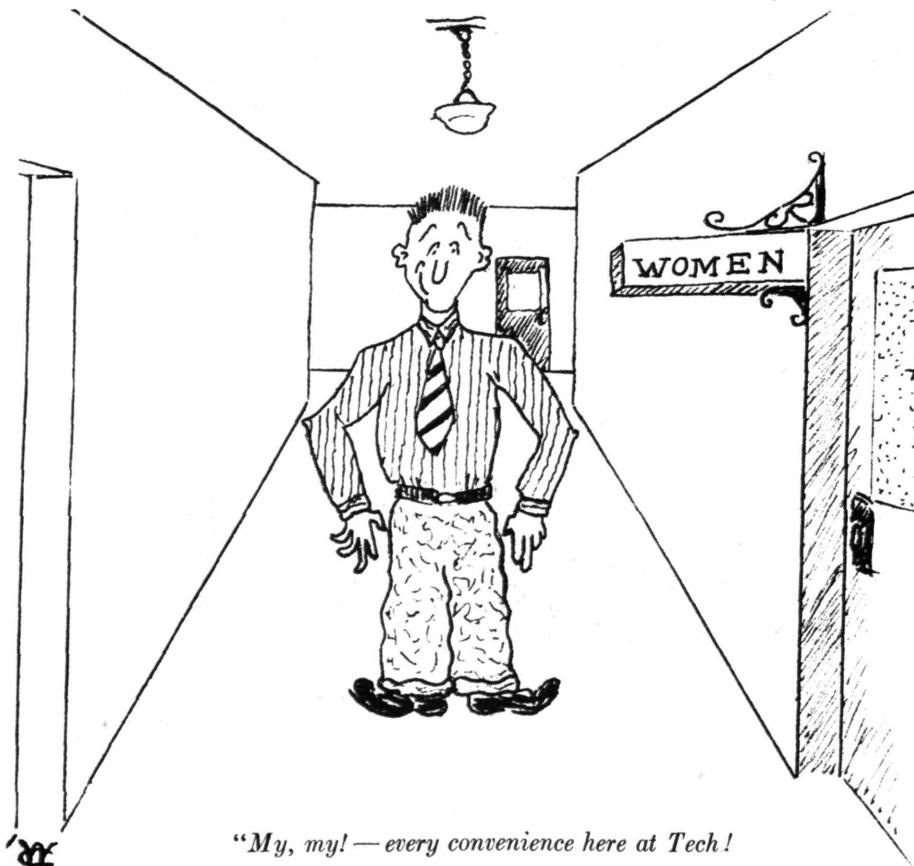
A CO-ED

Dear Co-Ed:

In these modern times we too often are blinded to the beauty and restfulness of our childhood fancies. Too many of us lose our belief in Santa and the world takes on a darker aspect for us. So anxious are we to attain those goals that we have set up as success, that we lose our sense of values and forget that not gold but love is the greatest force in the world.

Dear Co-Ed, as long as you believe in Santa you will have the dearest treasure of all — love; and as long as you tell others about him you will be helping to spread the gospel of love, but when you find that at the end of the month you have flunked two Ec-11 quizzes, then Co-Ed dear, you can say, assuredly, because you saw it in Voo Doo, "Hell no, there ain't no Santa Claus."

THE EDITOR





"It was his FORD V-8 that got her!"

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

SCHICK DRY SHAVER
\$15.00

REMINGTON CLOSE-SHAVER
\$16.00

ARGUS CAMERA
\$12.50

CHRISTMAS CARDS WITH TECH SEAL

NECKTIES HUMIDORS

HOSIERY LIGHTERS

SHIRTS GLOVES

FOUNTAIN PENS

TELECHRON CLOCKS

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TECHNOLOGY STORE

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"See that fellow over there?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"Oh, he's a terrible guy, awful low-life. Let's ostracize him."

"O.K.; you hold him and I'll do it."

—Yellow Jacket.



STOOGES: "What does 'Non-transferable' mean on this dance bid?"

STEWED: "It meansh that no pershon'll be admitted unless he comes hisself."

—Pup.



The demure young bride, her face a mask of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the aisle, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the altar, her dainty foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the dirt gravely, then raised her large childlike eyes to the old minister and said, "That's a hell of a place to put a lily."

—Ram Bulles.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown;
She was no farmer's daughter.

IRATE FATHER (discovering his daughter on young man's lap): "Jane! What does this mean?"

DAUGHTER: "Come back in about fifteen minutes, Dad. I ought to know by then."

—Reserve Red Cat.



It's little Audrey again. She found her boy friend reading "Descent of Man" and she laughed and laughed and laughed for she knew the guy had gone low enough.

—Mercury.

FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

Candidate's prayer: "God bless mother, father, sister, and brother, and good-bye, God, I'm going to college."

—Submitted by Dorothy Voss, Wellesley College



"I'd walk a mile for a camel."

JOHN, DO I TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY?

NAW - BUT LIFE SAVERS SURE DO!

MORAL:

EVERYBODY'S BREATH OFFENDS SOMETIMES...
LET CRYST-O-MINT SAVE YOURS AFTER EATING, SMOKING AND DRINKING

The Nippon Room

One of Back Bay's Smartest Rooms for

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No Couvert or Minimum.
Evening Dress requested at
Supper. Sunday Evenings
Informal.

Bull

Upon seeing a little girl lead a cow along a country road, the parish minister stopped her and asked: "Little girl, where are you taking the cow?" . . . "To the bull," replied the young lassie. . . . "Can't your father do it?" questioned the clergyman, somewhat taken back. . . . "Nope," answered the girl, "only the bull."

—*Princeton Tiger.*



"Hi, there, big boy. How'd you like a red-hot date with a cute little devil?"

"Fine, baby. O.K."

"Then go to hell, big boy, go to hell."

—*Varieties.*



"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O.K., buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

—*Exchange.*



ICEMAN (entering kitchen with cake of ice): "Hello, sonny."

LITTLE BOY: "Hey, when you say that, smile!"

—*Medley.*

Tragedy

Flora met Katrinka at the grocery store. She hadn't seen her friend for a fortnight. Katrinka was alone.

"Why, Katrinka, where's Wilberforce?"

"Hello, Flora," greeted Katrinka. "Haven't you heard?"

"No."

"Wilberforce and I are divorced."

"But I thought you two were getting along swell. What happened?"

"First promise that you wouldn't tell a soul."

"You know me, Katrinka, not a soul."

"Well, Wilberforce made me wash his back every Saturday night."

"Why, Katrinka, you should be ashamed of yourself. Divorcing Wilberforce just because he made you wash his back. You should have been glad."

"You don't understand. I was glad to do it. But last Saturday night his back was already washed!"

A Stiff Shot, or It's the Woman that Pays

Infancy: Ye-e-Ooooo blub!

Puerility: Mama, tin I have some more wawa?

Puberty: Jamey, buy me a soda.

Adolescence: Chollie, I'd larve a coke!

Young womanhood: Another shot of gin!

Maturity: Whiskey, and make it straight!

Senility: Giver a double shot of embalming fluid, Spider, the funeral's at four o'clock.

Memo for Pinehurst Trip over Christmas Holidays:

I'll need golf clubs, tennis racket, gun, riding togs, sports and dinner clothes... and not such a large check, for the boys who had such a big time there last winter say the rates at the hotels meet every student's budget.

DANCE...PLAY...or just loaf. You'll come back all ready to give those mid-year's the trimming they deserve.

For Booklet CM and information, call E. C. Mignard, Hotel Ambassador, New York. Phone PLaza 3-9320 —or write General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.



North Carolina Pinehurst

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JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

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- You'll find Chef Catinella's food just as appealing today as it was in the days of old. So for old times' sake and good food, dine at the Lenox Grill the next time you step out.

- For dancing, entertainment and a cocktail or two try THE BLUE TRAIN.

Ask any old grad about HIGHBALL JOHN SPECIAL.

'Twas a famous drink in 1920-1921 . . . and it's still called for and served. Try it.

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Merry Christmas

Continued

hilarious brawls, just filthy booze parties with even filthier women. In '30, they called the party off, in '31, he could not go, and in '32 they forgot to invite him. Then Christmas in a flop house in the Bowery. Good God, had he been through all that?

The first winter in the tropics hadn't been so bad. The snow and ice were missed, the sun and heat cursed, and the liquor was terrible. The American colony celebrated the holidays with much faked gusto and paper snow flakes. Then, came the transfer to the "Post." At first, things went along pretty smoothly. The food was wholesome, no work to do, and the native women were obliging. Then came the first shipment of rum, followed by another, and still another. When rum became too expensive, he added water. When it became too weak from dilution, he added native "coo-choo."

A stinking way to spend the holidays. Another drink, another toast, another drink. Damit, why did the room have to be so hot. Open the door. Be careful of the chair. Oh! So, so, soft on the floor —

The sun came up as usual the next morning. Yama, from habit, placed a bowl of water near his supine body. Outside, the natives went about their work in a noisy fashion. Certainly not the way to spend Christmas Day. But you forget, not everyone has reason to really celebrate the holiday.

Pre-War Stuff

DRUNK (to splendidly uniformed bystander): "Shay, call me a cab will ya?"

SPLENDIDLY UNIFORMED BYSTANDER: "My good man, I am not the doorman; I am a naval officer."

DRUNK: "Awright, then call me a boat. I gotta get home."

—Pell Mell.



"I say, Smith,—aren't you overdoing it?"

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 WESSMAN 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!

Smoke

Continued

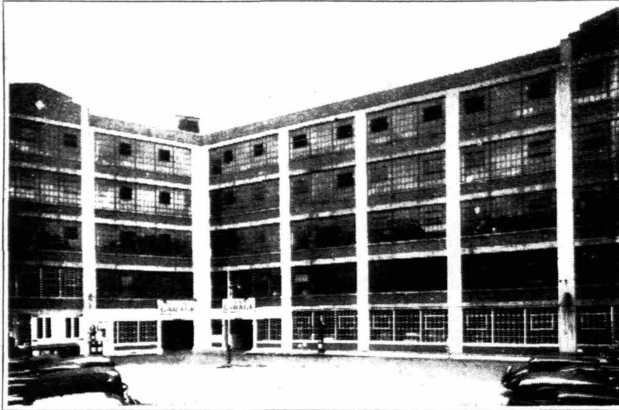
what the other weeds didn't remove by not roasting in ultra violet rays which is kind to your throat and little dogs.

But Jason P. comes back at me again and says to me, he says: "Distilling the tobacco smoke is the only way that you can remove the carbon monoxide, hydrogen sulphide, hydrocyanic acid, quinoline, ammonia, phenol, pyridine, furfural, etc., etc." I'm almost stopped by that one, but all that coin spent on the ads and radio wasn't for nothin'. So, I tells Mr. Squelch that in view of what he knows about the two previous ciggies, he ought to try Castersheids, since they are made of mild domestic tobaccos with just a touch of the Turkish species of the dope. I tells him to get going on a mild ciggie which satisfies, but to keep away from those strong Egyptian cigarettes.

By the way J. P. starts to get wound up, I knew that more of Prof. Erb's findings were about to be spread out. I was right. Jason pulls his nose out of the suds and says to me, he says: "Prof. Erb states that Egyptian cigarettes contain only 1.2 per cent nicotine, while Virginia tobacco has 7 per cent of the poison. Therefore, I shall start on Egyptian cigarettes."

I says to him that he can't do that. It aint patriotic, he ought to buy American. Remember the boycott, remem-

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Telephone CHARlestown 2860

or leave a note in your neighbor's empty

WHITING MILK BOTTLE

ber the Maine, what would your mother say? By this time, poor Jason is in a worse muddle than before we ever got started. So, as a final noble gesture, he says that he aint gonna smoke nothin', he's gonna start to chew. I says he can't do that because:

Some men smoke cigars
And
Some men smoke cigarettes
But
FOO Manchu.

V. KUPELIAN

SWING AND SWAY

Continued

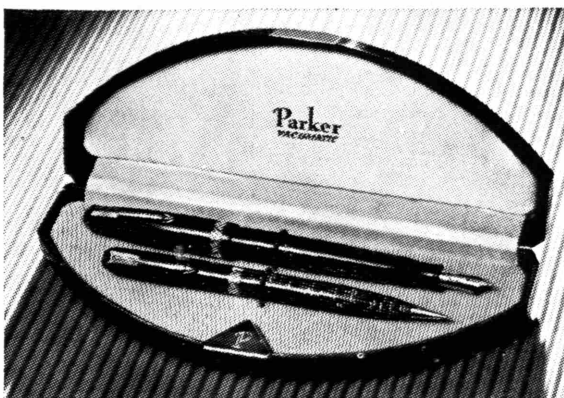
or the pantry. The fellow with the trombone is mostly singer, and scats and claps his hands most of the time, but when he plays trombone he's all right — although he has had only a few lessons, and doesn't play very much, what he does play is really hot. The glass mixing rods served with highballs are a total loss, not that they are taken as souvenirs, but they're broken by amateur drummers in the grip of the rhythm. The sad feeling as one goes out and looks back over the awe-struck shoulders of the packed mass at the weaving, dancing madmen who beat out the fast rides and hot swing, but then, nobody ever leaves while the band is playing, anyhow.



She: I'm perfect.

He: I'm practice.

One Thing That It Takes To Bring You Higher Grades



The Revolutionary Pen with *Full Television Ink Supply*

now in a new and Superlative Model
—Parker's Speedline Vacumatic!

Now—to help put your Learning on a higher plane than ever, Parker presents its greatest achievement—the new Speedline Vacumatic.

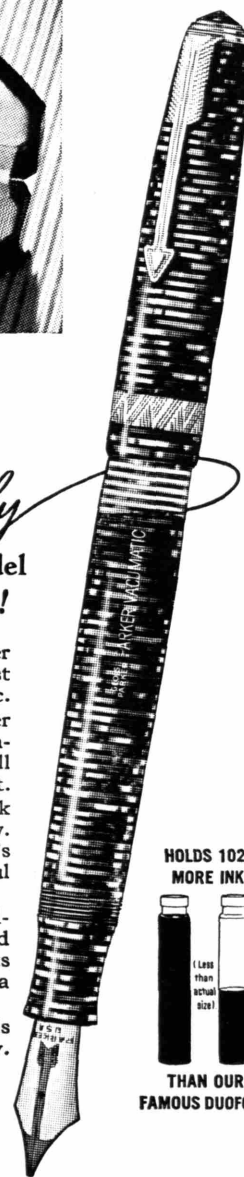
A conquering Pen is this, because it never runs dry in classes or exams. It gives you continuous year-round mileage if you merely fill it 3 or 4 times from one birthday to the next.

Held to the light, it shows the ENTIRE ink supply—shows days ahead if it's running low. A wholly exclusive and original style—Parker's laminated Pearl and Jet—now with restful Speedline shape.

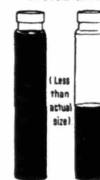
And not merely modern in Style, but modern also in mechanism. Its SACLESS and patented Diaphragm Filler radically departs from all earlier types, whether they have a rubber ink sac or not.

Good pen counters are now showing this pedigreed Beauty. Go and see and try it today. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Makers of Quink, the new pen-cleaning ink. 15c, 25c and up.



HOLDS 102%
MORE INK



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FAMOUS DUOFOLD

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10

Parker

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BOSTON'S FOREMOST,
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330 MASS.AVE
AT HUNTINGTON AVE.

"Jim and I are
SO PLEASED
about our ring"

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

**Smith
Patterson**

DIAMONDS—WATCHES
SILVERWARE—GIFTS

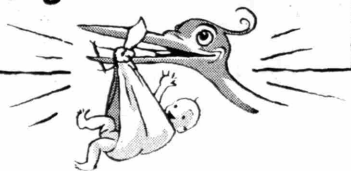
SUMMER STREET AT ARCH



PIPE STAGGERS STORK!



**...then Joe switched
to the brand of
grand aroma**



HELP! Send for the S. P. C. A. Notify the S.P.C.C. And let's start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pipes! Smoking over-strong tobacco in a gummy bowl is a mean trick to play on a self-respecting briar. Clean it out and smoke a fine, mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Fragrant. Slow-burning. Blended of the finest burleys from the famous Blue Grass country. Two full ounces, as only a 50-pipeful tin of tobacco *could* be. Try Sir Walter!



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

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra
NBC Blue Network, every Friday 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

Alice: "What would you say to a girl who kisses every man she meets?"

John: "Pleased to meet you."

—Exchange

He: "Here's how."

She: "Say when—I know how!"

—The Rice Owl

An amœba named Joe and his brother
Went out drinking toasts to each other.

In the midst of their quaffing

They split their sides laughing
And found that each one was a mother!

—Wisconsin Octopus

She: "When we get married I'm going to cook, sew, darn your socks and lay out your pipe and slippers. What more can any man ask than that?"

He: "Nothing, unless he is evil minded."

—Wisconsin Octopus

"Wish we had a fifth for bridge."

"You don't need a fifth for bridge, ya dope!"

"Well, make it a pint, then."

—Notre Dame Juggler

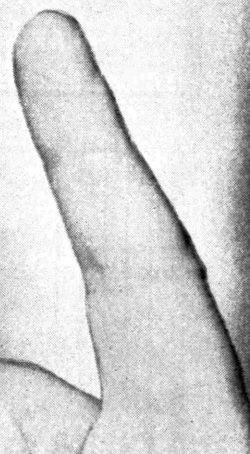
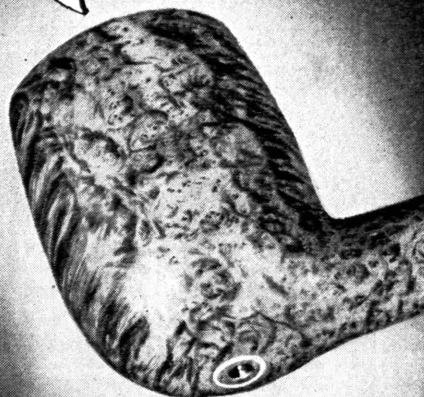
My kitty has gone a-galivanting:
I don't know where she's at.

Curse this city
That lured my kitty—

By dawn she'll be a cat.

—Ski-U-Mah

CARBURETOR U. S. Pat. No. 2,082,106 KAYWOODIE



A New Way of Burning Tobacco

This patented new way of burning tobacco does it *better, cooler and cleaner*. Carburetor Kaywoodie pipes take in drafts of air *from the bottom*—producing a new kind of smoke:

- ① UPDRAFT keeps pipe-bowl absolutely dry inside.
- ② PERFECT MIXTURE (of air and smoke) takes rawness out of any tobacco, makes it *mild*.
- ③ CARBURETOR ACTION burns tobacco evenly and completely, producing better flavor.
- ④ CARBURETOR ACTION keeps smoke cool at all times.

No change in appearance—Carburetor Kaywoodie looks just like other Kaywoodies—its Carburetor is hidden in the bottom of the bowl. It has the famous Drinkless Attachment in the stem. This Carburetor principle has endeared these pipes to thousands of men who find it adds much joy to pipe-smoking. Even cigarette-smokers like it because it's so mild. Try it!

Send for 1937 Kaywoodie Book in colors.
Pictures 158 pipes. Enclose 10c for mailing.

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Rockefeller Center
NEW YORK and LONDON

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25c per lb. Shirts—12½c all finished

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Daily Collection : Three-Day Service

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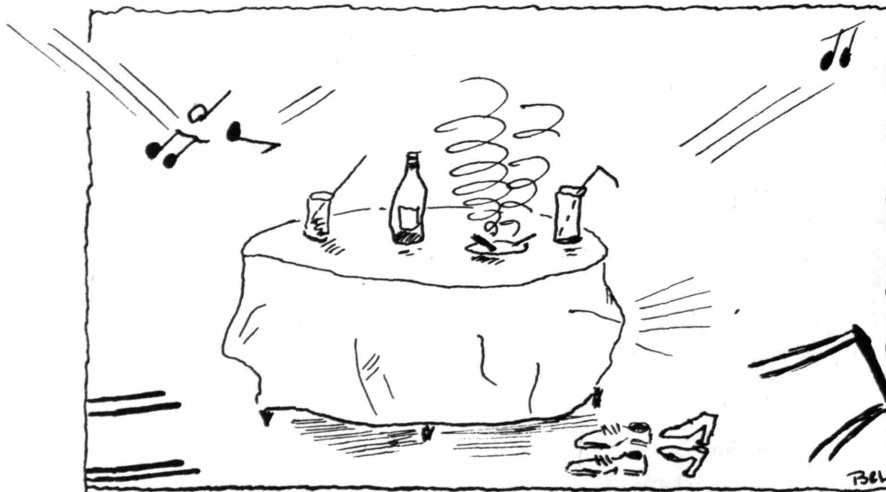
KENDALL SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

Telephone Trowbridge 5650

Evolution of a Chicken in the Dining Hall

1. Sunday: Roast chicken (creamed sliced veal on toast — no seconds).
2. Monday: Chicken salad (creamed sliced veal + salad dressing + lettuce — no seconds).
3. Tuesday: Chicken croquettes (chicken salad, lettuce + bread crumbs, fried — no seconds).
4. Wednesday: Lamb stew (chicken croquettes + gravy + water + potatoes — no seconds).
5. Thursday: Chicken soup (lamb stew + water and yet more water — no seconds).
6. Friday: Chicken broth (chicken soup + still more water — no seconds).
7. Saturday: Vegetable soup (chicken broth + water + lettuce from (2.) — seconds).

—*The Carolina Buccaneer.*



Happy New Year!

"Who ever told that guy he was a prof. He might know it, but be darned if he can teach it. The trouble is that he is too far advanced. Every time he tries to explain something he gets so far off the subject that no one understands anything about it. He oughta go back to the farm, or try teaching an advance course. . . ."

"Ye-a-a-a, I flunked it too."

—*Pitt Panther.*

Colgate Banter

STUDENT IN CAR (to sweet young thing): "Pardon me — er — but —"

SWEET YOUNG THING: "No, you've never met me at Palm Beach, Newport, or Saranac Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the New York Express last Tuesday afternoon. I know I'm good looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't ever go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a street car; I don't want a lift and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a 220-pound fiancé waiting for me. Now, were you going to say something?"

STUDENT IN CAR: "Yes, darn it, you're losing your underwear!"

—Froth.

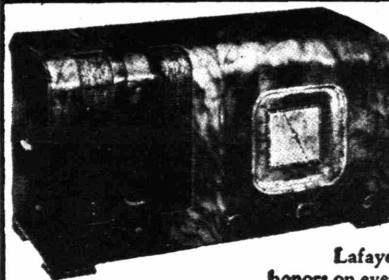


Conceit

The handsome life guard floated lazily out into the cool refreshing water — his eyes closed, his whole body relaxed and content. He suddenly felt a soft warm arm slide lovingly around his neck and still another glide tenderly, caressingly over his sleek black hair. His eyes remained closed. It was too perfect! Too romantic to stir! Slowly another arm closed around his chest. Then he languidly opened his eyes to greet this lovely maiden of his dreams. "My God! an octopus!"

—Punch Bowl.

ΦBK



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to this...
LAFAYETTE
5 TUBE A. C.
SUPERHET**

Selected by engineers
"most likely to succeed"

**\$14⁹⁵
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Lafayette Model D-21 is taking all honors on every campus. AC superhet with five latest type tubes, foreign reception, "no-fade" volume control, Model D-21 fits into any college picture—powerful as an All-American tackle, smooth as a Prom Queen. Even you will be surprised how little this set costs. 30 DAY FREE TRIAL.



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These two great FREE catalogs are yours for the asking! 220 pages of the latest radios, parts laboratory test equipment, "Ham" apparatus, public address, etc. Extremely handy volume for engineers. Special—Xmas catalog crammed full of gifts for the kid brother, the folks, and the "date."

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of Romance*

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MOROCCO**

DINNER DANCING 6 to 9

Dinners from \$1.50

SUPPER DANCING 9 to Closing

and the BAMBOO BAR

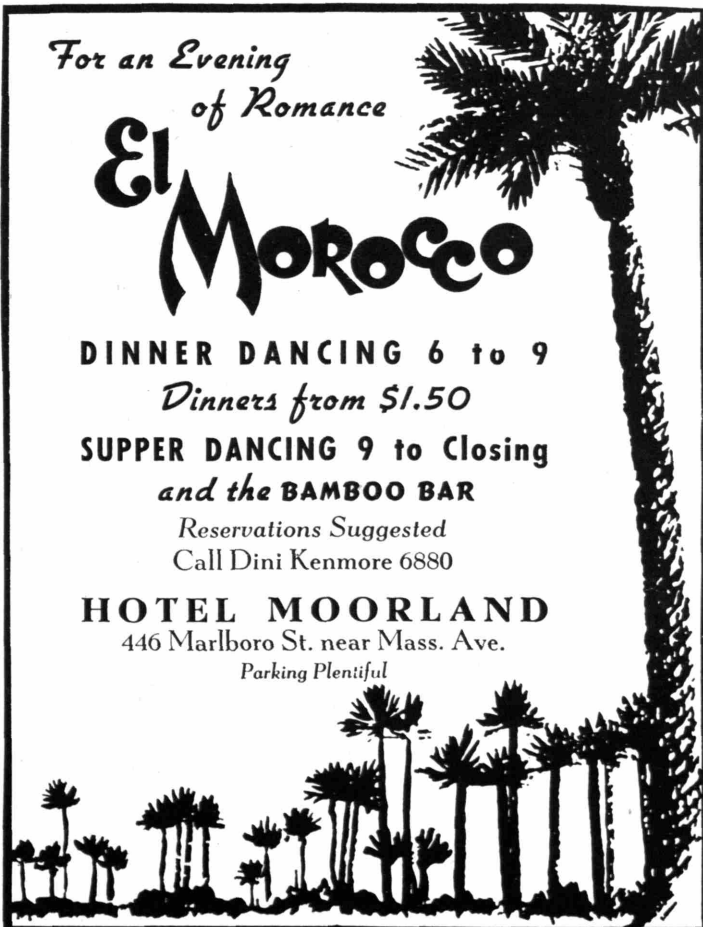
Reservations Suggested

Call Dini Kenmore 6880

HOTEL MOORLAND

446 Marlboro St. near Mass. Ave.

Parking Plentiful



Thirty days hath September,
 June, July, and my uncle
 for speeding.

—Red Cow.



DEAN (to Freshie): "Do
 you know who I am, young
 man?"

IT: "No, I don't, but if you
 can remember your address,
 I'll take you home."

—Exchange.

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"Oh, what a funny looking
 cow," the chic young thing
 from New York told the
 farmer. "But why hasn't it
 any horns?"

"There are many reasons,"
 the farmer replied, "why a cow
 does not have horns. Some
 are born without horns, and
 some do not have them until
 late years in life. Others are
 dehorned, while still other
 breeds are not supposed to
 have horns. There are many
 reasons why a cow does not
 have horns. But the chief
 reason this particular cow
 does not have horns is that it
 is not a cow at all, but a
 horse."

—Exchange.

THE KEYHOLE
*"A Cocktail Lounge
 with Dancing"*
Dinner \$1.25
Vin Vincent's Orchestra
**No Cover or
 Minimum Charge**
COPLEY SQUARE HOTEL
HUNTINGTON AVENUE AT EXETER STREET



Children's Hour — Madrid

THIS is an actual news photograph of two little girls in Madrid. That's the mouth of a sewer they're in.

They were driven there by a hero in a plane who is trying to drop bombs on them. For these little girls and their mothers, and their grandmas, and their playmates are the "enemy." They must be wiped out in order to make the World safe for Democracy, or Autocracy, or Technocracy, or Stoopnocracy, or whatever slogan

they've cooked up *this* time to justify wholesale murder.

It's all a lovely spectacle, isn't it—an enlightened way for grown men to settle honest differences of opinion? That is, if war *did* settle differences of opinion. In reality, it does nothing of the kind.

No, war is the bunk—the Old Army Game. And mister, you'll be in that game quicker than you think—in a uniform, a muddy trench, a shallow

grave—unless you keep your wits alert against propaganda, and your guard up against the tiny, but powerful, minority that profits by war.

It won't be easy. The peace lovers have always, since the world began, lost out to the war makers. Maybe this time it will be different. Let's try to *make* it different anyway. Let's put up a real fight against war this time! Are you game? Write to *World Peaceways*, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.



Joan Crawford

takes time out from her part in M-G-M's "Mannequin" to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus..Joan Crawford has smoked Luckies for eight years, has been kind enough to tell us: "They always stay on good terms with my throat."

TobaccoLand's Finest Gift

When you offer friends the welcome gift of cigarettes, remember two facts:

1. Among independent tobacco men, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.
2. Luckies not only offer you the finest tobacco but also the throat protection of the process "It's Toasted".

With men who know tobacco best...

It's Luckies 2 to 1

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