IF HE'S LUCKY, A MILLION MEN WILL DIE!

He was top man in his class when he graduated from college. It was predicted he'd have an exceptionally brilliant career.

And here he is, on the way to fulfilling those predictions. Do you know how? By working on the development of a more deadly and inhuman poison gas!

He might have been the scientist destined to find the cure for cancer. He might have saved millions from agony, and heartbreak, and twisted limbs.

But the world couldn't spare him for that. He's needed to make poison gas. If he succeeds, a million or more men will die horribly when the next war comes.

Behind the lines, planes will zoom over cities and towns, and children will fall down strangling from one breath of air that a second ago had been clean and sweet. Death will have the greatest picnic of all time...

... when and if the next war comes. Will it? That's largely up to you—you and all the other decent people of the world. You'll have to fight hard to preserve peace. You'll have to keep your wits about you in order to resist extremely clever appeals to your emotions, and extremely ingenious propaganda. You'll have to throw the weight of aroused public opinion against the handful who want war. So far, in the world's history, this handful has had things entirely its own way. And in the future???

What YOU can do about it—
World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

We feel that intelligent efforts can and must be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so too we invite you to write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York.
VOO DOO
Scrap Book Number
February, 1937

INDEX

PAGE
Editorials . . . . . . . . 2
VooDooings . . . . . . . 6
jack-o-lantern page . . . 8
Lampoon page . . . . . 10
Wampus page . . . . . 12
Yellow Jacket page . . . 14
Rasslers and Russlers . . . 16
Phos Looks Ahead
The Junior Prom . . . . 18
BACK TO THE PASTE POT

With this issue Phos suffers a slight relapse in his purpose of making the Voo Doo an all-Tech magazine. Partly because of the exigencies of exams, and partly because of a demand for more jokes, he bends a little backward in his efforts to please, and herewith presents his scrap book. Consisting of clippings from contemporary comic magazines, it is an effort to select the best material and bring it to Cambridge. Phos is indebted to the Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern, the Harvard Lampoon, the Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket, the Southern California Wampus, the C.C.N.Y. Mercury, the Carnegie Tech Puppet, the Cornell Widow, the Yale Record, the Princeton Tiger, the Colgate Banter and many others, for most of the material in this issue.

NEW COGS TO GRIND

As the years roll by, Phos, the ageless guardian of Voo Doo's fate sees men come and go. But perhaps never in his history has he seen a better group than that which has just relinquished the wheel of the gravy boat. As the new crew casts loose the lines at the start of the annual voyage, they are filled with a very real regret as they bid good-bye to the old hands. Under the skillful management of Phil Peters the Voo Doo has had a good year. If, in the coming volume, the new board can do as well, it will be content, and if it can improve, it will be most happy.

DARK CLOUD

Phos's joy at the birth of a new issue is much diminished by his grief at the loss of one of his most promising kittens. Occurring at the very threshold of what could only have been a highly successful career, the death of Millard B. Hodgson has come as an overwhelming blow to his associates on the staff. Cheerful, friendly and capable, Mill will be missed by Voo Doo as well as by his friends.
FLORENCE SUNDSTROM
in George Abbott's Production
"BROTHER RAT"
by John Monks, Jr., and Fred F. Finklehoffe
PLYMOUTH THEATRE
Now Playing
The Discovery of Tobacco

Phooey on this weather. I'd give up anything, even my pipe, if I could be warm and clothes-free like those savages Columbus discovered.

Sure— but why give up your pipe?

Because my pipe is important to me— and those west Indian natives didn't know anything about tobacco.

That's where you're wrong. They were smoking when Columbus discovered them.

One of the most cherished offerings of the natives was leaf-tobacco, well dried and ready for smoking.

Most of the natives smoked by merely inhaling the fumes, but some of them had a long hollow tube with the forked ends inserted in the nostrils.

Well, Columbus may have discovered this Indian custom but Prince Albert brings it to perfection.

You bet! In all the years I've been smoking P.A., it has yet to bite my tongue or burn too hot for comfort.

Don't miss this fair and square offer!

Prince Albert money-back guarantee: Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright 1937. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

Prince Albert is milder... the bite is removed.

Trust 'Crimp Cut' P.A. to give cooler smoking.

I roll 'em quicker and easier using Prince Albert.

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

Copyright 1937. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.
Skiis

Perhaps the most disastrous effect of the craze for winter sports is the necessity for carrying skis about in subways. We've often seen stupid people trying to carry their skis in the subway, while condemning others who do this, but after close observation of one such last week, we discovered that it was we oursevles. For a moment we had got ourselves into the midst of a five-thirty rush without a pair of skis and a German pack. But questions as to how we happened to get in general and questions as to how it happened to get out. No one knows how it happened to get in. The wiser revolvers do not open the doors and even show conspicuous a pair of skis is a feat requiring the greatest energy, and planning our destination and reaching, we felt more exhausted than if we had made a 300 foot trip under them.

Sedation

Our police correspondent tells us of a near-serious racial disturbance that occurred over the holidays right here in our own back yard. It seems that some of our boys had built themselves a ice-boat. They were quite happy with the ice-boat and sail as it had been finished, all the skipper needed was to complete her beauty. The skipper was a flag to fly bravely from the mighty mast. Unfortunately that was a flag to fly bravely from the mighty mast. Unfortunately that was a flag to fly bravely from the mighty mast. Unfortunately that was a flag to fly bravely from the mighty mast. Unfortunately that was a flag to fly bravely from the mighty mast.

Corruption

Apropos of all the recent fuss that has been made about the town's hospitals we did a little investigating on our own hook. We are glad to announce that, with a few minor exceptions, our information is free from any pernicious influence. Our deaths did manage to unearth one or two choice bits of information that managed to become quite plastered one right last term. It seems that some of the boys had smuggled in quite a bit of beer. We don't know exactly how the good nurses treated the hangovers, but we imagine they showed the perpetual thermometer down the throat, along with the inevitable white pills.
We dropped into the Waldorf the other day to get our weekly big meal, accompanied by two other gourmands, and after the usual scrutiny of the signs, succeeded in selecting and ordering a meal. Being served before our more wealthy companions, we selected a table for four and after setting down our tray, collected three glasses of water and returned to the table. Meanwhile a little old lady had possessed herself of the remaining seat. When we distributed the water, she said: “For me, oh how nice, and I was just going to get some. Thank you.” We murmured something about it’s being quite all right, and went off for another glass of water, glad to have contributed, however unwittingly, to the little old lady’s confidence in the manners of the coming generation.

Fish

Attracted to the Aquarium during a visit to New York by the economy it offered (there’s no admission charge), we wandered for an hour before the tanks of those transplanted finny fellows who stare so unwinkingly from their murky tanks. It had been a long time since the last visit, but they have some new fish there which are worthy of introduction. Reminiscent of some of the Technology brown-baggers is the Anableps anableps, of the family anableps, who is distinguished by having four eyes. At least he appears to have four, but as we learned later from Coronet, his eyes are divided horizontally in the middle, so that he can see either above or below the water. He so regulates his trim that he sails along with this division right on his waterline, and so part of his eye is above the surface, the other part below. He probably got that way looking for a blond.
Family Scientist
Mr. and Mrs. Travelogue Filler.
What do you think, Doc?
He taped.

Family Secret
Oh, what they're available.
Miss Judith Kenesey.

How Was I to Know?
Oh yes... and one thing more.
I asked God point blank.

As I was about to be born.

Don't say.

Tip the obstetrician.
SOME PREDATORY BUGS HAVE WINTERED WELL
—N. Y. Times.

Well?

DINOSAUR FOOTPRINT NEAR HOLYOKE STOLEN
—Boston Transcript.
Anything can happen—out West.

HOME of American Septic Tanks for Sanitary Sewage Disposal
Advertising Sign
—Home, Sweet Home.

The things he writes
In Boylston, nights,
In books he uses
Himself amuses,
Until his own
Wit leaves him prone.
"I may not be an oil painting, Miss Neck, but I'm a fascinating monster."

"Cripes! Orchids Again!"

"Dis cow won't give no milk."

"Dat's too bad. Ain't dere no udders?"

"You show me de parts in Ulysses and I'll show you chose in Anthony Adverse."
"You really prefer white roses, Major Whiteside?"
Soph: Hey, lug, don't spit on that floor!
Frosh: 'Smatter, is it leaking?

Boy: Hello.
Girl: Oh, well.

“I’m takin’ a course in ‘Facts of Life.’”
“Any chance of my gettin’ in the Lab?”

M.D.: “It’s a boy!”
Nurse: “This is no time to hold my fingers, doctor.”

CAMEL VERSE

What a funny little insect a camel do be,
Him neck are long and like a tree,
He back are a saddle, him tummy a tank;
Him feets are a cushion, he mind are a blank,
It do got me muddled—I cannot see why,
If him are an insect—why him can’t fly?
She: I'm perfect.
He: I'm practice.

"Hey, buddy, your mouth is open."
"I know. I opened it."

One of the college's Social Research workers tells a yarn about one of his visits to a local insane asylum. In one of the cells sat a man whose only garment was a hat.

"My good man," cried the interested student, "that's no way to be sitting around. Why don't you put some clothes on?"

"Because," replied the inmate sadly, "nobody ever comes to see me."

"But," said the student, "why do you wear a hat?"

The nut shrugged his shoulders. "Oh," he exclaimed, "somebody might come."

"But, Mama, I can't come home now—I'm right in the middle of a card game."
The Stanford Chaparral thought this up
..one of the first pleasures of 1937

Enjoy

Chesterfield

for the good things smoking can give you

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Phos Looks Ahead

Charles Barnet

In ten days, count them, ten days, Technology will be swing-an'-sway-in' in scientifically social glee to the strains of the handsome millionaire playboy "Play, Charlie, Play" up above, and his hot saxophone and similarly torrid band. In case you are one of those people who just never seem to be able to figure how many days it is to when and back, (and don't think we don't sympathize with you, we never can either) the date is March 5th, and the place the Hotel Statler. It is a sad state of affairs when a comic magazine has to take up the burden of disseminating news throughout the environs of the Technology campus, that wide expanse of frozen (or muddy—say, what do you think I am, a prophet, how do I know whether it will be warm or cold two weeks from now?) grass surrounding the flagpole, but due to the lamentable lack of a news organ there devolves upon Phos, the fuzzy messenger, to divulge the tidings. And will you listen to that baby divulge, anyhow! I'll just bet he's the bestest little divulger as ever opened his mouth in a long mew in the mews behind Beacon Street. Anyway, folks, gather 'round, and listen about how Charlie Barnet, one of the hottest reed biters that ever got blisters on his neck from the strap on his horn is going to invade Cambridge with a smartly drilled aggregation of ball carriers who are going to do their best to keep that old "debil" rhythm off the ground all night. No kidding, folks, "these boys is good". Even my old friend Hugh Panassie, who lives on the fourth floor of a flat on the Rue something-or-other in Paris, (or did two years ago) recommends this lad Barnet very highly in a bit of a book he's written called "Hot Jazz", (or, if you are on the other end of the Norman-die's sailing schedule, "Jazz Hot") and Hugh should know. His flat is like a library, only instead of books on the shelves he has victrola records, thousands of them. So take our tip and pile on the gravy boat for the Junior Prom. Bring a friend, a girl, your mother, or even your wife. For one and three-fifths the amount of that fine you got for not heeding the little yellow card around registration time, you can hear this amazing man who gave up his millions for the sake of his art, and who brings to the aching feet of scores of dancers a new verve, a new vigor, a new vim, a new—a new—well, a new half-sole. And so we'll see you at the Prom, and you, and you, and you too, you over there in the corner behind the potted palm— with— oops, sorry! Cause we'll be there, we hope.

The Junior Prom

by bill gibson

In ten days, count them, ten days, Technology will be swing-an'-sway-in' in scientifically social glee to the strains of the handsome millionaire playboy "Play, Charlie, Play" up above, and his hot saxophone and similarly torrid band. In case you are one of those people who just never seem to be able to figure how many days it is to when and back, (and don't think we don't sympathize with you, we never can either) the date is March 5th, and the place the Hotel Statler. It is a sad state of affairs when a comic magazine has to take up the burden of disseminating news throughout the environs of the Technology campus, that wide expanse of frozen (or muddy—say, what do you think I am, a prophet, how do I know whether it will be warm or cold two weeks from now?) grass surrounding the flagpole, but due to the
Men who are not yet ready to purchase Spring Suits and Overcoats are invited to inspect Brooks Brothers famous Collar-Attached Shirts in Scotch Cheviot, Neckties in English Silks, imported Foulard Handkerchiefs, British Hosiery, and Brooks English Hats and Shoes.
WHAT IS A PROM?

“A prom is something for the junior class to have a chairman of.”

Also

A prom is when a dumpy school tries to make downtown think it’s big stuff.
A prom is for chislers to get some rake-off by.
A prom is where there ain’t no more room to dance, so you go for a walk.
A prom is a vain attempt to shock the chaperones.
A prom is because what the hell else can they call it.
A prom is just one more damn dance.

—Western Reserve Red Cat.

Is the fish man here today?
How shad I know? Am I my brother’s kipper?
No, but I’ve been herring things about you.
Yeh, that’s the halibut.
Yes, sir; salmon’s been talking about you.
Did I clam they weren’t?
Pike cod, I octopus your face in.
I’ll call my father and chase you out of here.
Trout him out, I’m not afraid.
Whale I’d better go, then.—Awgwan.

Him: Never tell a secret around chairs.
She: Why?
Him: Because chairs are talebearers.

—Frivol.

Three Ways To End A Dinner Conversation

1. Ask the lady on your right if she’s married. Should she say, “Yes,” ask her if she has any children. If she says “no,” ask her how she does it.

2. Ask the lady on your left if she’s married. If she says, “no”, ask her if she has any children.

3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says “yes,” ask her if she’s married.

—I can’t pay you today—I’ve given everything I have to the ice man.”
Can't you think of anything but production, Myrtle?

He—Do you know how bad the drought is in the Midwest?
She—No. How bad is it?
He—It's so bad that the trees are going to the dogs.

-Guest (to host in new home)—Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?
Host—Walk right upstairs, and then two doors to the left.

-eynie's definition
Honesty—Fear of being caught.
Good Sport—One who will always let you have your own way.
Moron—One who is content with a serene mind.
Pessimist—One who sees things as they are.
Coach—Fellow who will gladly lay down your life for the school.
Conscience—The voice that tells you not to do something after you have done it.
Bad Girl—One who carries love to its logical conclusion.

AMAZING VALUE! $1.00 POUCH FOR 10¢

IN YOUR COLLEGE COLORS
We make this amazing offer of a $1.00 English Type Folding Pouch in Rep Cloth with Rubberized Liner for only 10¢ and one wrapper to persuade you to try Edgeworth Jr. Buy a tin today. Send the inside white paraffin wrapper and your dime together with this coupon (or print your name, college and address on the wrapper)—and we will send your pouch immediately. Only one to a customer.
This little sheep went to market.
This little sheep stayed home,
And so we have virgin wool.

"AH WOE! 'AH WOE!"

But it doesn't cost much young fella for an evening's entertainment at the fascinating BLUE TRAIN
No minimum
No cover charge

MUSIC · DANCING · ENTERTAINMENT
HOTEL LENOX
WALTER E. SEAYER
Manager
Corner BOYLSTON and EXETER STREETS

Pardon—but did you drop these?
Courtesy College Humor

"To Beta house date—" Do you care to neck with the lights on or off?"
She—"Yes."

DON'T STAY SO FAR AWAY FROM US.
THE YARN Y-B IS REALLY PRETTY ——— S WELL.

SALOME AND PARTIDO
1255 BOYLSTON ST—BOSTON
JOHN HORNER

Diminutive John Horner
Seated himself in a retired place
Masticating his Yule tart;
He thrust in his short, thick digit,
Drew out a drupe of the genus
Prunus
And enunciated, "What a socially
agreeable male child am I!"

—Tiger

There was a young flapper named Ruth,
Stepped out one night with a youth
To a masquerade ball;
Wore no dress at all.
When asked what she was, she said, "Truth!"

Punch Bowl

STRAIGHT GRAIN
Kaywoodie $10

The King of Pipes — chosen from 11 million pieces of briar wood which passed through our factories last year! The greatest collection of pipe-briar ever assembled. And every piece has to be cut into a pipe, before you know whether you have a Straight-Grain. We found only one in 3,000, selected with unerring judgment, and expert knowledge that comes from years of living with briar and making the world's pipes.

Your Straight-Grain Kaywoodie will be the envy of everybody, a pipe that is really different from the rest, and can never be duplicated—the finest and most beautiful pipe ever produced. If you love pipes (and who doesn't?) by all means go and see these pipes at your dealer's. We'll furnish names of dealers near you who have them for your inspection. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., New York and London.

"THE OLD MAN'S DRUNK AGAIN!"
NO VOICE!

Gus: "The horn on your car must be broken."
Mr.: "No, it's just indifferent."
Gus: "Indifferent! What do you mean?"
Mr.: "It just doesn't give a hoot."

—Log

"Let's go call on the Tonsil Sisters."
"Why are they called the 'Tonsil Sisters'?"
"Well, because nearly everybody has had them out."

—Malteaser

Ha, ha!

The English language is a funny thing. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes, and she'll adore you, but just try telling her that her face would stop a clock! —Exchange.
"-BUT I DON'T WANT A HUSBAND
I WANT A FORD V-8"
MARY HAD, ETC.
Mary had a little lamp,
A good one we won’t doubt.
For every time that company came—
The little lamp went out.
—Mountain Goat

ONE OF THOSE DEAR OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMEN—May I kiss your hand?
She—What’s matter, is my mouth dirty?
—Rammer-Jammer.

“The goose hangs high,” commented the fiend, as he poked at the dangling acrobat with a long pole.
—Punch Bowl

“Do you like olives?”
“Olive’s what?”

Then there’s the one about the girl who stole her mother’s corset and didn’t have the guts to wear it.
—Hopper.

“You’re not going to walk home in that condition?”
“Hic! Corksh not. Gonna drive.”
—Show Me.

Villain: "Ah, my proud Beauty, you are in my power at last!"
Heroine: "Well, what are you waiting for?"
—Frivol.

A TOAST
Here’s to happy days; any damn fool can have a good time at night.
—Rammer-Jammer.

PIPE “BUSTS’ UP” HOME!

...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

AGURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-strangling tobacco can wreck a love-nest. So keep your briar clean and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir Walter Raleigh’s fragrant, sweet-smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Burley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A supreme combination of leaf, easier on your tongue and the other half’s nose. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And quite a bit milder: we’ve blended it for the man who wants to save his throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.

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-72.

SIMPLEST DRAWING ever produced by the hand of man

SIMPLE or ELABORATE you save when you reproduce black and white drawings by SEMCO PLANOGRAPH PRINTING

NO CUTS ARE USED
Yours is the Saving

Other Advantages

Halftone Saving
Photographic Accuracy
Type-set Unnecessary
Short Run Economy
Large or Small Size Copies
Speed

VOO DOO IS SEMCO PLANOGRAPHED
Call or Write for Further Information
SPaulding-Moss Co.
42 Franklin St. Boston, Mass.
HE: There's a certain reason why I love you.
SHE: My goodness!
HE: Don't be absurd.

"Going out tonight?"
"Not completely."

HE: Do you neck?
SHE: That's my business.
HE: Oh, a professional.
SHE: I'm perfect.
HE: I'm practice.

An Englishman was seeing some "collegiate dancing" for the first time. He seemed greatly impressed, and after a lengthy pause, inquired of his guide, "I say, my dear chappie, they marry afterwards, don't they?"

—Buccaneer.

GENT: Your pooch has rather a bulging appearance—what's the matter with it?
MOPPET: I think she has stowaways, sir.

—Growler.

"I think I'll go down stairs and send Nancy's young man home."
"Now, Elmer, remember the way we used to court?"
"I hadn't thought of that. I know damned well I'd better go down and send him home."

—Log.

SHE: What lovely antique furniture! I wonder where Mrs. Smith got that huge old chest?
HE: Well, they tell me her old lady was the same way.

—Punch Bowl.

For Your Next Party
Be it two or two hundred—consider the
MYLES STANDISH

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

The MYLES STANDISH
Bay State Road at Beacon Street
BOSTON

NORDBLOM MANAGED
A census taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"
"Five," snapped the woman, "Me, the old man, kid, cow, and cat."
"And the politics of your family?"
"Mind. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry, and the cat's a populist."
—Exchange

She—"Do you think you're Santa Claus?"
He—"No, why?"
She—"Then leave my stockings alone!"
C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

First bride: Does your husband snore in his sleep?
Second: I don't know, we've only been married four days.

Tommie and Mollie
Were sitting in the sand;
The sand
Was cool to Tommie's
Tommy,
But,
Hot tamales.
—Widow.

"It has been proven that opposites attract."
"Can you give me an example?"
"Sure, loose women and tight men."
—Voo Doo
"I'm sorry," said the girl at the theater ticket booth, "but that two-dollar bill is counterfeit."

Stunned, the woman stood motionless.

"Gorsh Dammit!" she whispered, "I've been seduced."

Two deer were walking through the forest when they smelled a hunter in the distance. For a while they debated whether or not to keep on going.

"Well, I'm game," said the first one.

Just then a shot rang among the trees, and the second deer toppled over.

"I guess I am too," he muttered.

"And I says to him—okay, wise guy, you're Joe Louis. So what?"

"Here's something that will take your breath away, even after an onion sandwich... Life Savers!"

**MORAL:**

Everybody's breath offends sometimes... let CRYS~T-O'~MINT save yours after eating, smoking and drinking.

**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.

**LAST MONTH'S WINNING JOKE**

And then there's the freshman who took Electrical Engineering to learn current events.

Submitted by W. N. McGough, '40

Come on, folks, you too can win a box of these succulent disks.
Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

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

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

The pleasant penguin paddles down the shore,

With pensive penguins pacing aft and fore,

Glancing at the awful and abominable

Condition of his extra large abdominal.

"Some day," they bubble with expectant chatter,

"We'll see him rip his shirt by getting fatter!"

One of the freshmen was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary ROTC drill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.

"Say, Buddy," said the captain, with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeh," said the rookie, looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me."

—Boston Bean Pot.

Hey, Pop! I said you'd blow your lungs out some day.
An absent-minded Bull Prof. went into a shop to buy a jar. Seeing that one was upside down he exclaimed, "How absurd! The jar has no mouth!" Turning it over he was once more astonished. "Why, the bottom's gone, too!" he ejaculated.

It had been an exciting race and the winning horse and the jockey were over to one side. The woman society editor approached the jockey and inquired, "What is your name?" The jockey answered, "Strayp—and is my face red!"

There was a young lady from Rhyde Of eating green apples she died; Within the lamented They quickly fermented, And made cider inside her inside!

—Widow.

"Prenez-garde, George; quelqu'un vient."
—C. C. N. Y. Mercury
Everyone is dropping in to the Roosevelt now, it's really the thing to do. You see, we pay particular attention to college men and women, so that if you find you’ve forgotten pajamas, a toothbrush, or other little odds and ends we’ll take care of them.

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

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

**GOODY, GOODY**

It was the first date.
“Cigarette?”
“No thank you. I don’t smoke.”
“Let’s go down to the ship for a few.”
“I'd rather not. I never touch liquor.”
“Well. Let’s go out on the heights for a while.”
“No, please don’t. I want to go out and do something exciting, something new.”
“OK. Let’s go out to the dairy building and milk h--I out of a couple of cows.”

—Cornell Widow.

**ADVERTISING INDEX**

- E. D. Abbott ........................................ 24
- Brooks Brothers .................................... 19
- Camels ............................................. BC
- Chesterfields ...................................... 17
- Edgeworth Tobacco ................................. 21
- Ford Motor Co. .................................... 25
- Hicks & Shaw ....................................... 24
- Hotel Lenox ........................................ 22
- Kaywoodie .......................................... 23
- Kenmore Hotel .................................... 1BC
- Kenmore Barber Shop .............................. 31
- Lalime & Partridge ................................ 22
- Life Savers .......................................... 29
- Miles Standish ..................................... 27
- Price Bros. .......................................... 31
- Prince Albert ....................................... 4
- Plymouth Theatre .................................. 20
- Raleigh Tobacco .................................... 26
- Roosevelt Hotel .................................... 32
- Spaulding-Moss .................................... 28
- Walker Dining Halls ............................... 28
- Walton's ............................................ 31
- Whiting's Milk ..................................... 24
- World Peaceways .................................... 1FC
COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE
AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 DAYS. "It was a breathless dash," said Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, famous girl reporter, back at work (above) after finishing her assignment to circle the world by air in record-breaking time. (Right) Her exciting arrival at the Newark Airport. "I snatched meals anywhere," she says, "ate all kinds of food. But Camels helped me keep my digestion tuned up. I'll bet on them any time—for mildness, for their delicate flavor, and for their cheery 'lift.' Camels set me right!"

HEALTHY nerves and good digestion enable you to glide over trying incidents and get the full enjoyment out of working, eating, and playing. No wonder that so many who make their mark in the world today are steady Camel smokers!

At mealtimes—enjoy Camels for the aid they give digestion. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels contribute to your sense of well-being. Between meals—get a "lift" with a Camel. Camels don't get on the nerves, or irritate the throat. Join the vast army of smokers who say: "Camels set you right!"

"MY BUSINESS MAKES me careful about my digestion," says B. C. Simpson, oil-well shooter. "I find Camels put a heap more joy into eating."

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