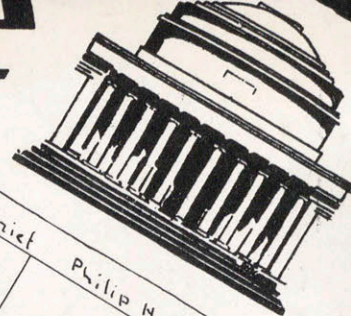
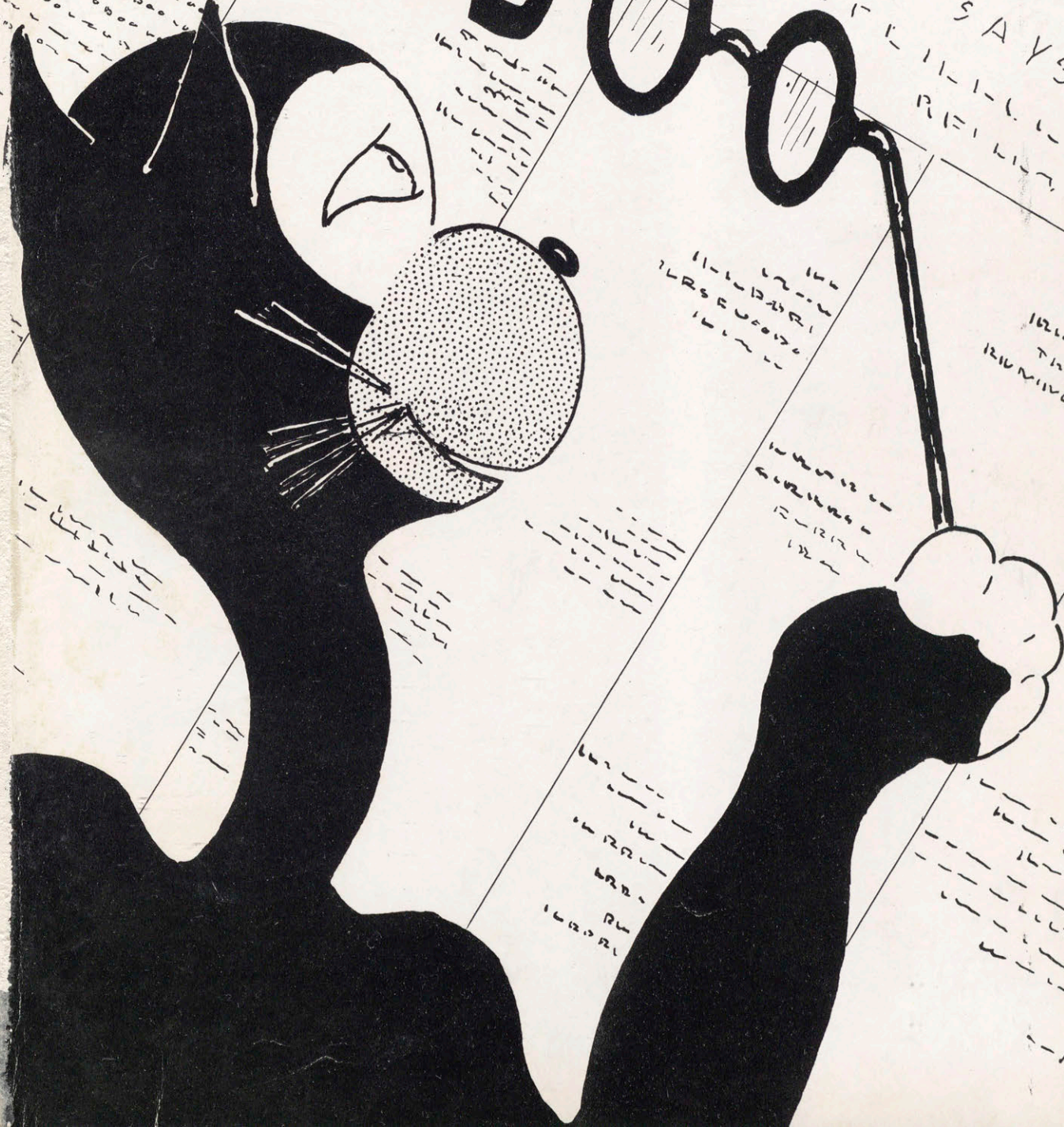


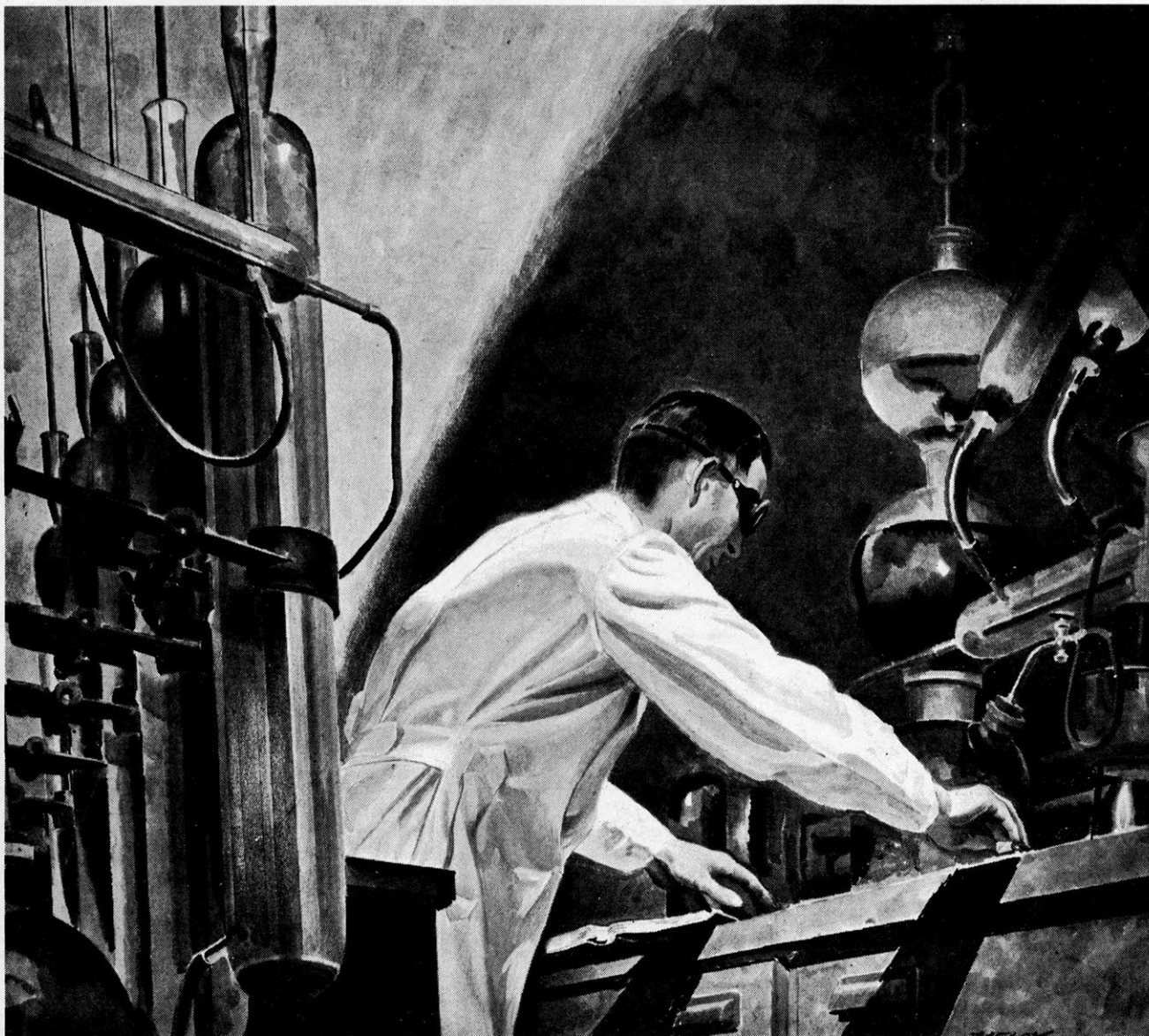
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IF HE'S LUCKY, A MILLION MEN WILL DIE!

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 held the key to the discovery of a preventive for

infantile paralysis. 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—

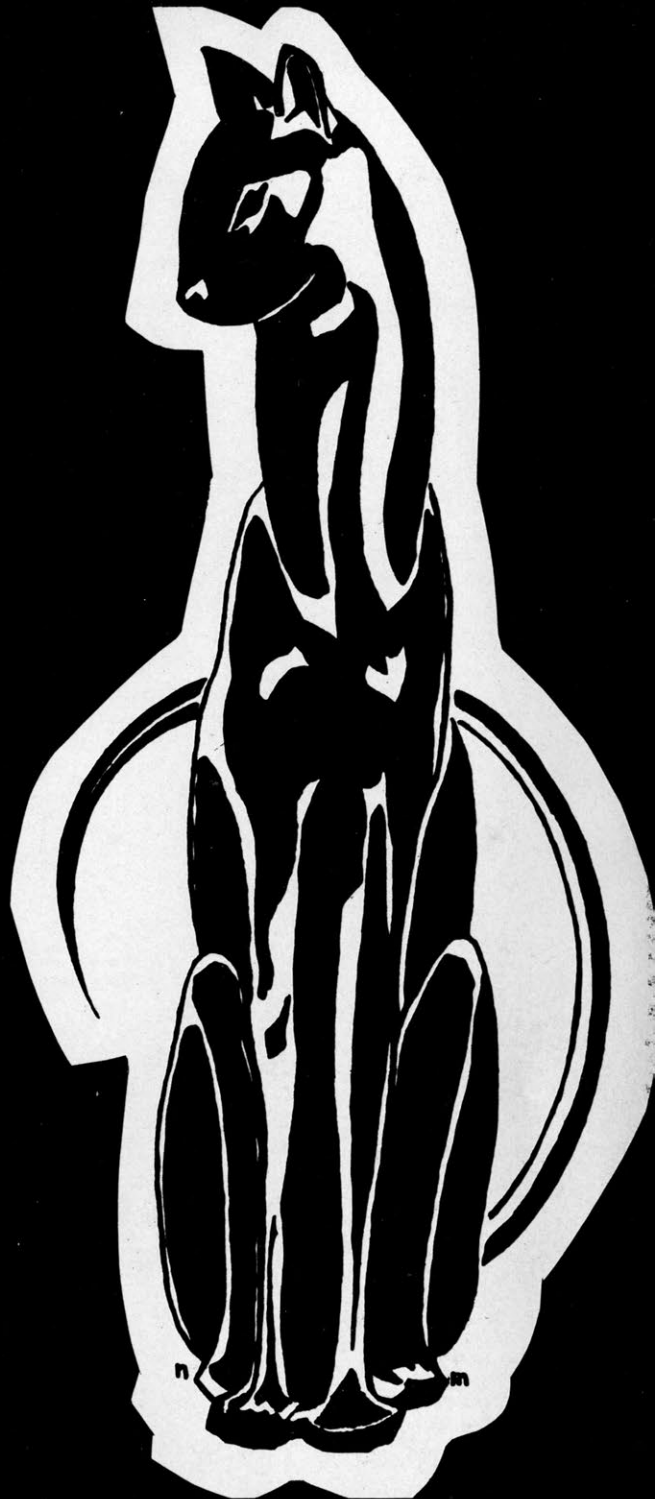
World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

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

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Voo Doo

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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



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

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?

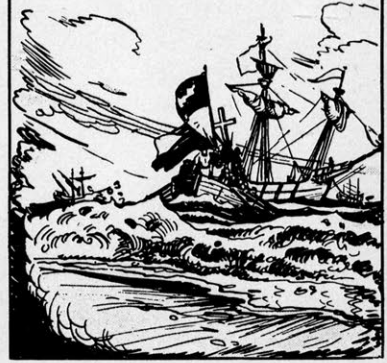


BECAUSE MY PIPE IS IMPORTANT TO ME - AND THOSE WEST INDIAN NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TOBACCO

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. THEY WERE SMOKING WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED THEM



THAT OCTOBER MORN IN 1492, COLUMBUS WAS DUE FOR SOME SURPRISES -



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 COOL ENJOYMENT



Copyright, 1937. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



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.

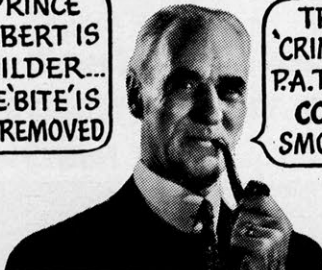
(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



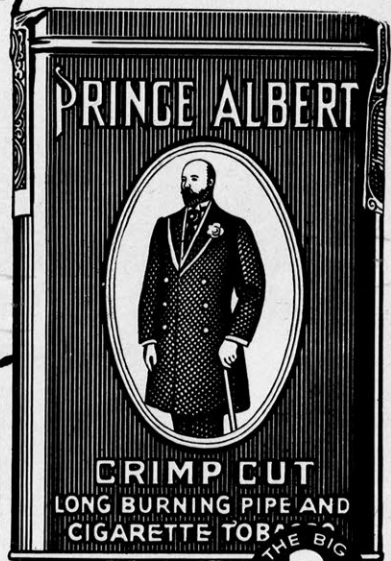
PRINCE ALBERT IS Milder... THE BITE IS REMOVED



TRUST 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. TO GIVE COOLER SMOKING



I ROLL 'EM QUICKER AND EASIER USING PRINCE ALBERT



50

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

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN



THE OWL

THE GROWLER

Wampus

jack-o-lantern



OHIO SUNDAY

THE TIGER

Supper

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

THE COR

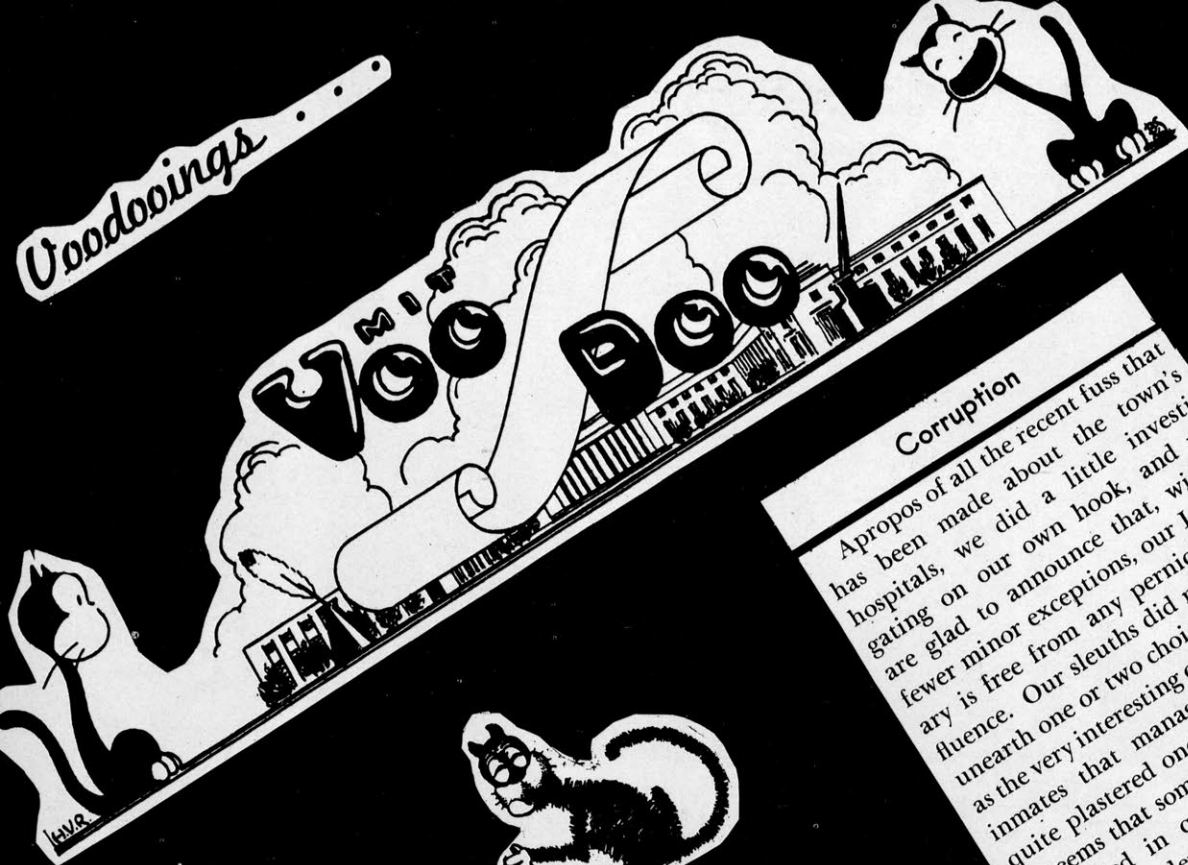
DOOR

SYRACUSAN



GROWLER

THE OWL



Skiis

Perhaps the most disastrous effect of the necessity for carrying skiis about in subways. We've often sympathized, while condemning the idiots who do this, but after close observation of one such last week, we discovered a most familiar face, and realized that it was we ourselves. For a moment we were at a loss as to how we had got ourselves into the midst of a five-thirty rush hour in New York's Times Square with a pair of seven-foot skiis and a German pack. But questions as to how it happened yielded to questions as to how to get out. No one who has not tried it can imagine how conspicuous a pair of skiis is in a crowd. And swinging, and even worse revolving doors are impregnable barriers. Getting through the turnstile is a feat requiring the greatest energy and planning. By the time we had reached our destination we felt more exhausted than if we had made a ten-mile trip on the skiis, instead of a 500 foot trip under them.

Sedition

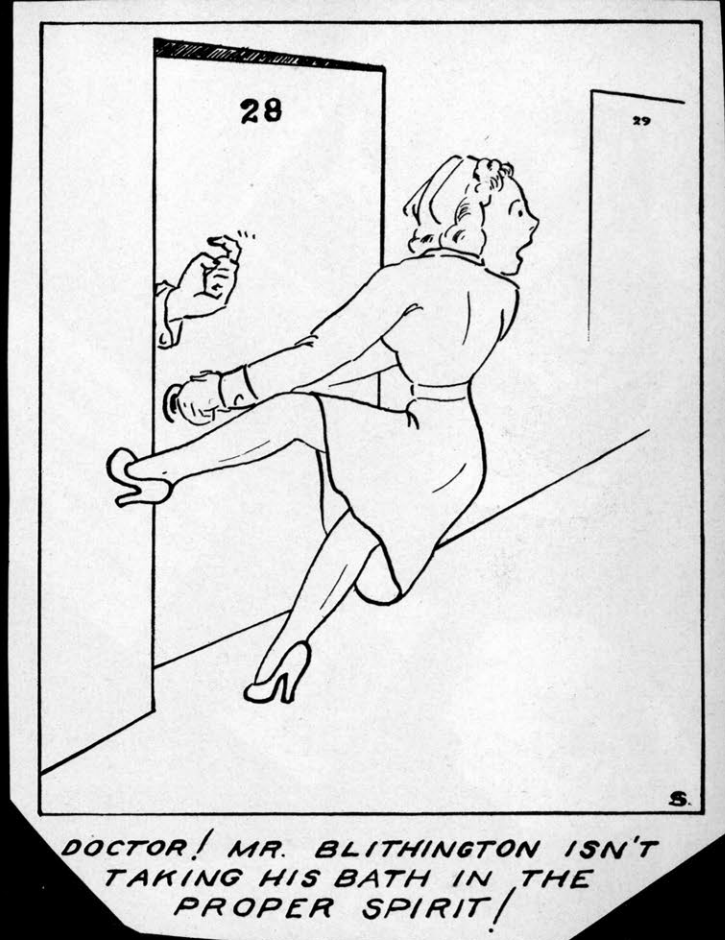
Our police correspondent tells us of a near-serious racial disturbance that occurred over the holidays right here in our own back yard. It seems that some of the boys over at one of the fraternity lodge clubs had built themselves an ice-going veritable rip-smorter of the ice-going species. When this chef-d'oeuvre of steel and sail had been finished, a she needed to complete her beauty was a flag to fly bravely from her mighty mast. Unfortunately the boys picked an emblem that usually seems to raise general hell—a huge red and white job with the Nazi swastika on it. They hoisted the thing and started heiling Hitler around in great shape; whereupon some of the more non-Aryan neighbors called the cops, who swiped the flag and gave the gents a severe tongue-lashing. It was only after a session of serious deliberation at the station-house that the boys were able to recover their flag, and then only when they had convinced the coppers of their integrity and patriotism.

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, and we are glad to announce that, with a few minor exceptions, our Infirmary is free from any pernicious influence. Our sleuths did manage to unearth one or two choice bits, such as the very interesting case of the two inmates that managed to become quite plastered one night last term. It seems that some of their pals had smuggled in quite a bit of beer, which under the circumstances proved to be too much for the boys. We don't know exactly how the good nurses treated the hangovers, but we imagine they shoved the perpetual thermometer down the throat, along with the inevitable white pills.

Courtesy

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 ad-

mission 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

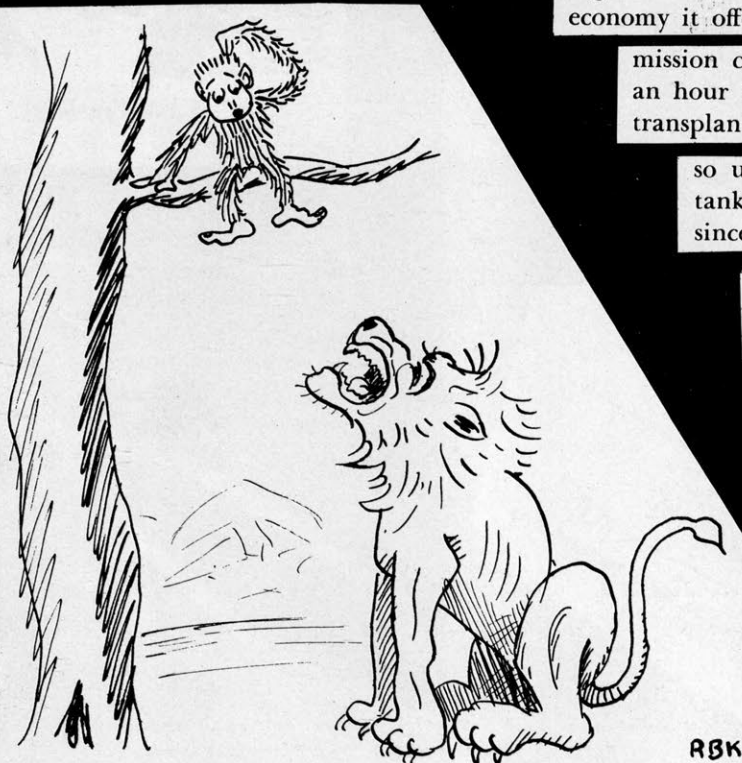
some new fish there which are worthy of introduction. Reminiscent of some of the Technology

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 hori-

zontally 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.



ABK

"IS MY FATHER IN THERE?"



"It's raining cats and people."

Vague and bitter his birth, somewhere in the reeking, coiling, ironic shadows of Chatham Square, where Pell Street plays hide and seek with the Bowery and where Chinatown jeers at the white man's world.
—Story in Liberty
And maybe blows a reeking, coiling Chinese bird.



(You'd never guess that this was once going to be a picture of a pretty girl picking up a telephone, would you?—Ed.)



"What d'ya think, Doc?"



Here we have the Foot and the Football—see the pretty flower?—A "Doris" Picture

Family Scientist
My uncle, Terwilliger Frilliger,
He taps
On, when they're available,
Fine ladies' knee caps.

Family Secret
My uncle, Terwilliger Frilliger,
Spanks cats.
Sometimes angoras, but usually
Manx cats.
—Dr. Seuss



This is the electric light bulb being mashed to a pulp by the nasty old hammer. Notice that the hammer has not yet done more than just dent the bulb. A second or two later and you would hardly have recognized the scene—absolute chaos.
—A "Doris" Picture



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

As I was about to be born.
"Do I,
Or don't I
Tip the obstetrician

THE HARVARD



"I'm going to raise hell. This radio wheezes."

Bench

LAMP

SOME PREDATORY BUGS
HAVE WINTERED WELL

—N. Y. Times.

Well?

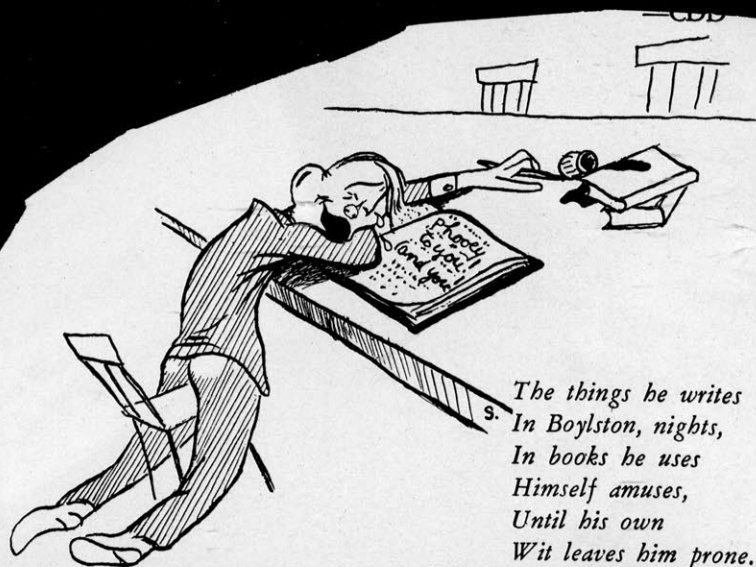
DINOSAUR FOOTPRINT
NEAR HOLYOKE STOLEN

—Boston Transcript.

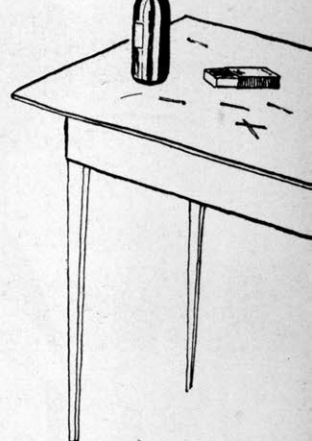
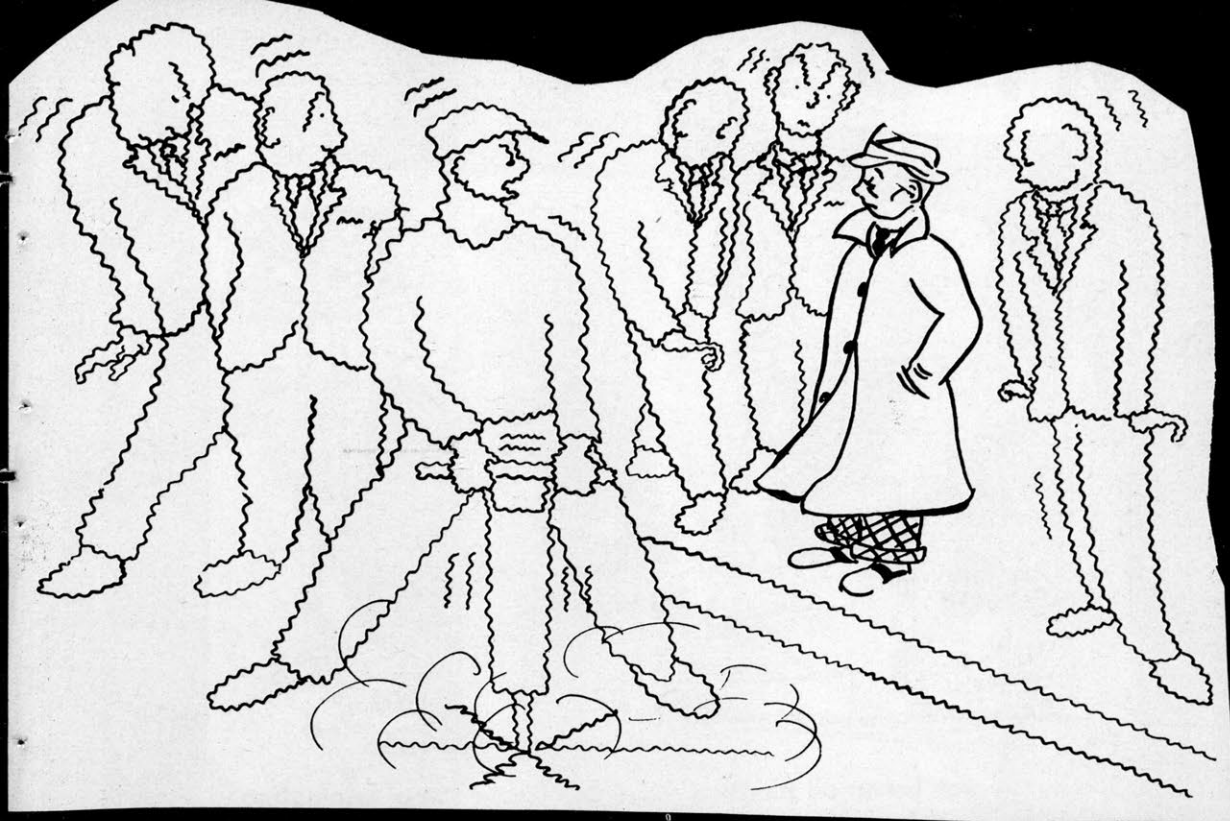
Anything can happen—out West.

HOME of American Septic Tanks
for Sanitary Sewage Disposal
Advertising Sign

—Home, Sweet Home.



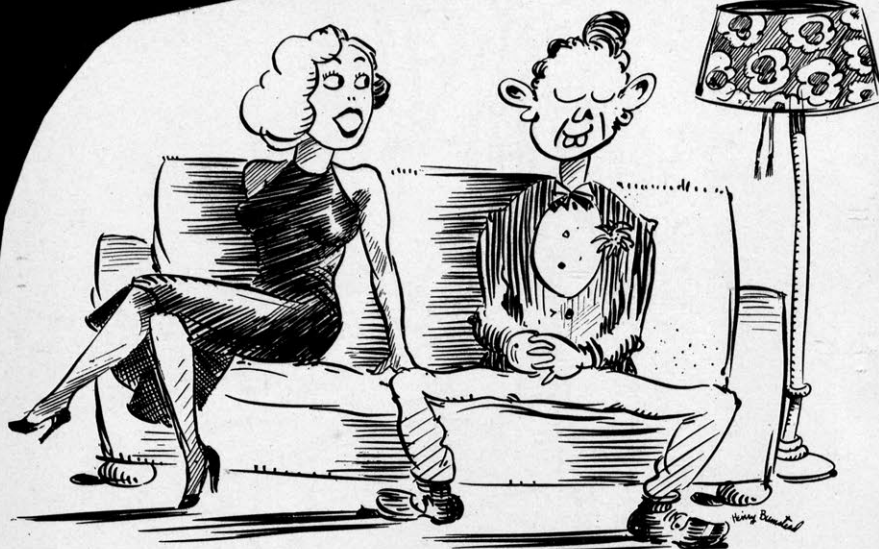
The things he writes
In Boylston, nights,
In books he uses
Himself amuses,
Until his own
Wit leaves him prone.



"Got a match?"

HAH

WAMPUS A M P U S



"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."
"Dats too bad. Ain't dere no udders?"

"You show me the parts in
Ulysses and I'll show you those in
Anthony Adverse."

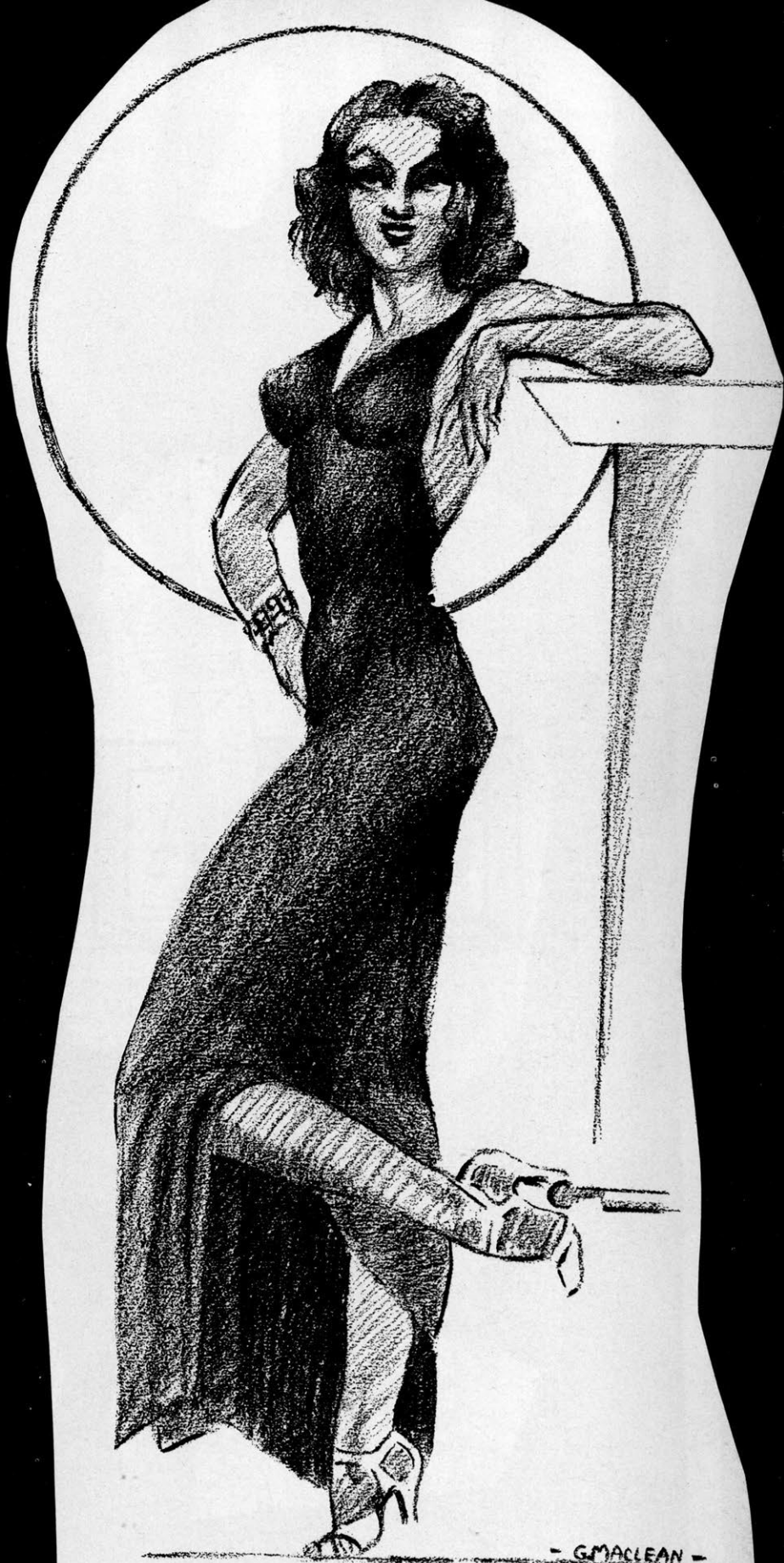


Ex-Virgin

He: "You see, if we enter a companionate marriage we can live together a while and then, if we find we've made a mistake, we can separate."
She: "Yes . . . but . . . what'll we do with the mistake?"

Cow with calf - - - Just one thing after an udder.

What'd Her Name?
Two little boys stood on the corner.
A little girl passed by.
Said One: "Her neck's dirty."
Said the Other: "Her does?"



"You really prefer white roses, Major Whiteside?"

YELLOWJACKET



*"I'm takin' a course in 'Facts of Life.'"
"Any chance of my gettin' in the Lab?"*

Soph: Hey, lug, don't spit on that floor!
Frosh: 'Smatter, is it leaking?

Boy: Hello.
Girl:
Boy: Oh, well.

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."

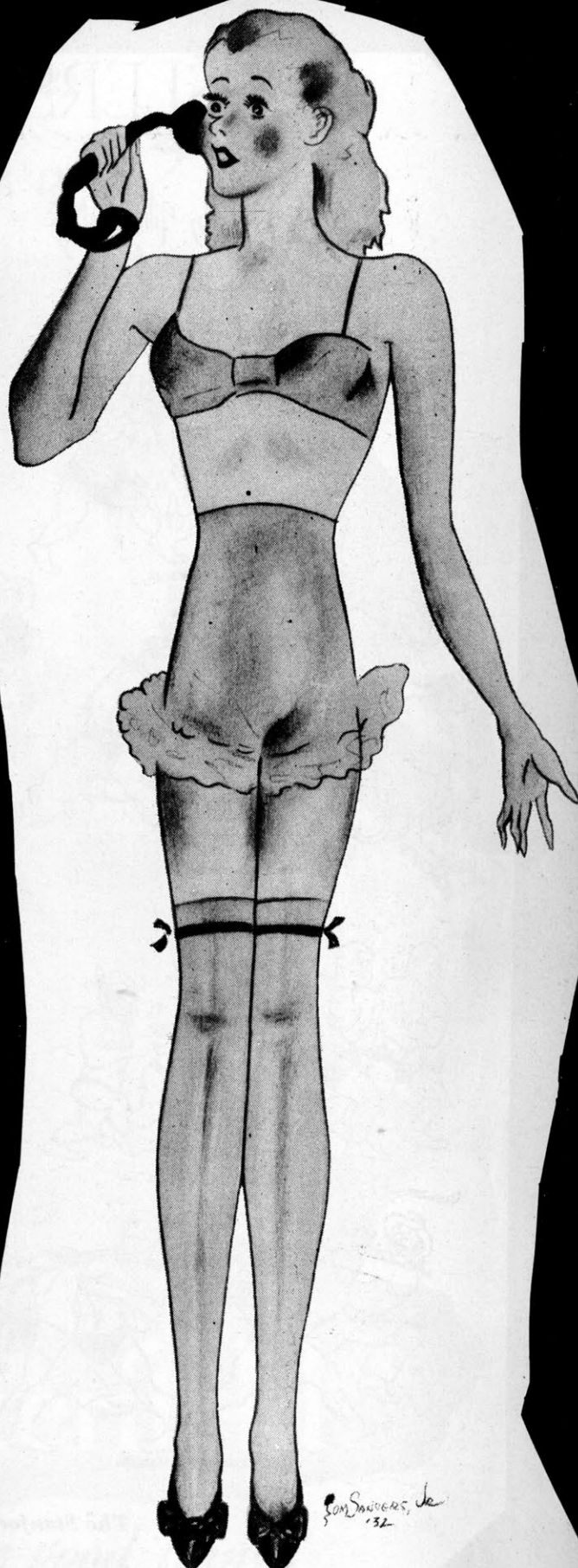
One of the college's Social Research workers tells a yarn about one of his visits to a local insane asylum. In one of the cells sat a man whose only garment was a hat.

"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."



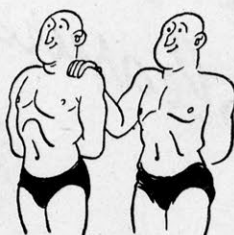
"But, Mama, I can't come home now—I'm right in the middle of a card game."

RASSLERS AND RUSSLERS

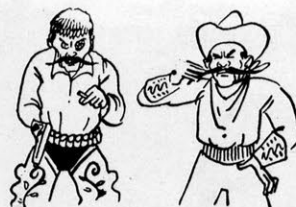
by Gilman Qist, Jr.



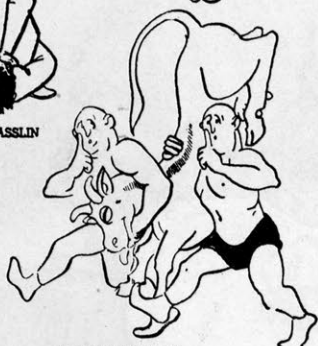
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RASSLERS



RUSSLERS



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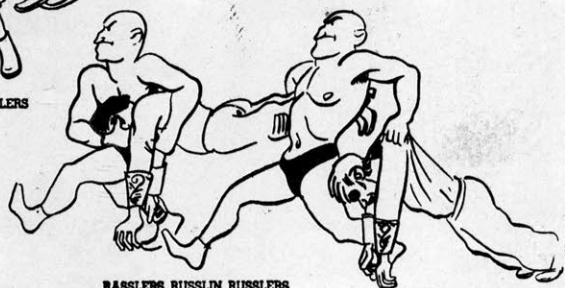
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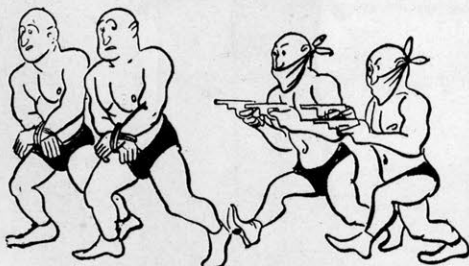
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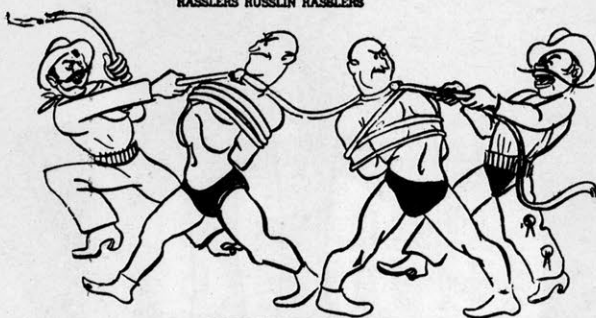
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Leaves Russlin



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RUSSLERS RASSLIN RUSSLERS

The Stanford Chaparral thought this up



*...one of the first
pleasures of 1937*



Enjoy **Chesterfield**

*for the good things
smoking can give you*

Phos Looks Ahead



Charles Barnet

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

The Junior Prom

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

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



on the other end of the Normandie'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.



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.

BRANCH STORES:

NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON

NUMBER ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. • NEW YORK



Charles Barnet and His Orchestra



FLORENCE SUNDSTROM

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — NOW PLAYING

MATINEES THUR.-SAT.

★ ★ ★ HERE'S FUN . . . BURNS MANTLE, N. Y. NEWS

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION



BROTHER RAT

A RAT-A-TAT-TAT
OF LAUGHTER!

BY JOHN MONKS, JR.

AND

FRED F. FINKLEHOFF

A Riotous Comedy of the Escapades of Student Life!

SEATS
NOW

Prices: Eves. Orch. \$2.75. Bal. \$2.20, \$1.65, \$1.10. Sec. Bal. 85c & 55c
Thurs. Mat. Orch. \$1.65. Bal. \$1.10. Sec. Bal. 55c and 85c. Sat. Mat.
Orch. \$2.20. Bal. \$1.65, \$1.10. Sec. Bal. 55c and 85c. Tax Inc.



MARIE BROWN

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 chisellers 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.

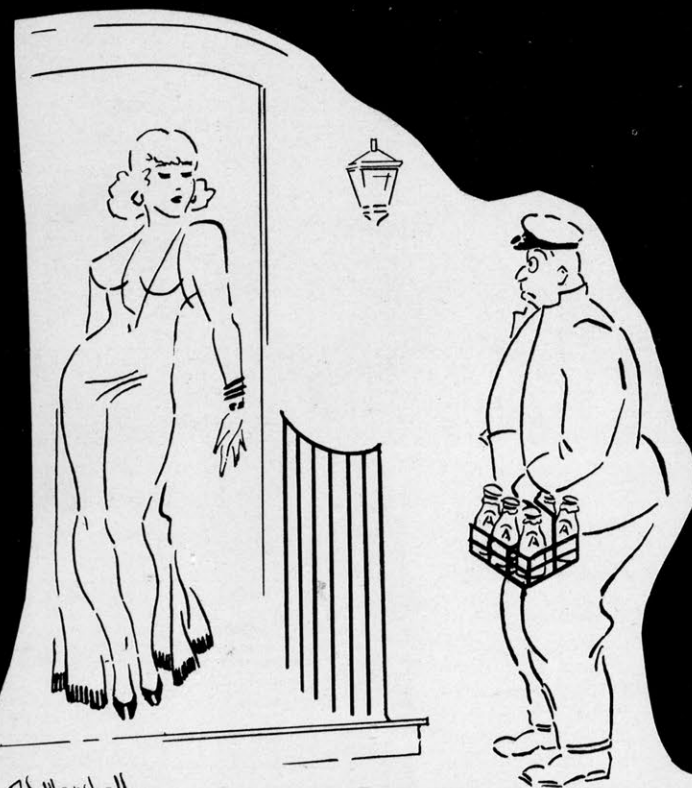
Whale I'd better go, then.—Awgwan.

Him: Never tell a secret around chairs.

She: Why?

Him: Because chairs are talebearers.

—Frivol.



R.B. Marshall.

"I can't pay you today—I've given everything I have to the ice man."

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.

—Punch Bowl



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.

—Exchange

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.

—SIREN.

cynic'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.

—Voodoo.

Willie Rose
Sat on a pin.
Willie rose.

SENIOR GETS PIPE ON SMOKE SAVINGS

SAY JACK, I
THOUGHT CHRISTMAS
WAS IN DECEMBER.

YOU MEAN
THIS NEW
PIPE?



RIGHT! HOW'D
YOU GET IT?

SAVED ENOUGH
MONEY SMOKING
EDGEWORTH JR.*
TO BUY IT



HOW
COME?

'CAUSE THERE'S NO
WASTE. SMOKES SWEET
AND MILD DOWN TO
THE HEEL. IT'S GREAT.



* THE COLLEGE
MAN'S
SMOKE



15¢
a tin

"Cello-
phane"
Wrapped

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.

SPECIAL OFFER

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Enclosed find 10¢ and one inside white paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Jr., for which send me \$1.00 value silk tobacco pouch in my college colors. (Please print.)

Name _____

Address _____

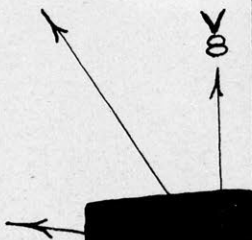
City _____ State _____

COLLEGE _____



DONT STAY SO
FAR AWAY FROM US
THE FORD V-8 IS REALLY
PRETTY ----- S W E L L

LALIME and PARTRIDGE
1255 BOYLSTON ST - BOSTON



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



This little sheep went to market,
This little sheep stayed home,
And so we have virgin wool.



We want to make sure that you have heard about
the Scotchman who gave his girl a watch case for
Christmas and the next Christmas he gave her the
Tiger

"AH WOE! AH WOE!"



But it doesn't cost much young
fella for an evening's enter-
tainment at the fascinating

BLUE TRAIN

No minimum

No cover charge

MUSIC • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
HOTEL

Lenox WALTER E. SEAVER
Manager

Corner BOYLSTON and EXETER STREETS



Pardon—but did you drop these?
Courtesy College Humor

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

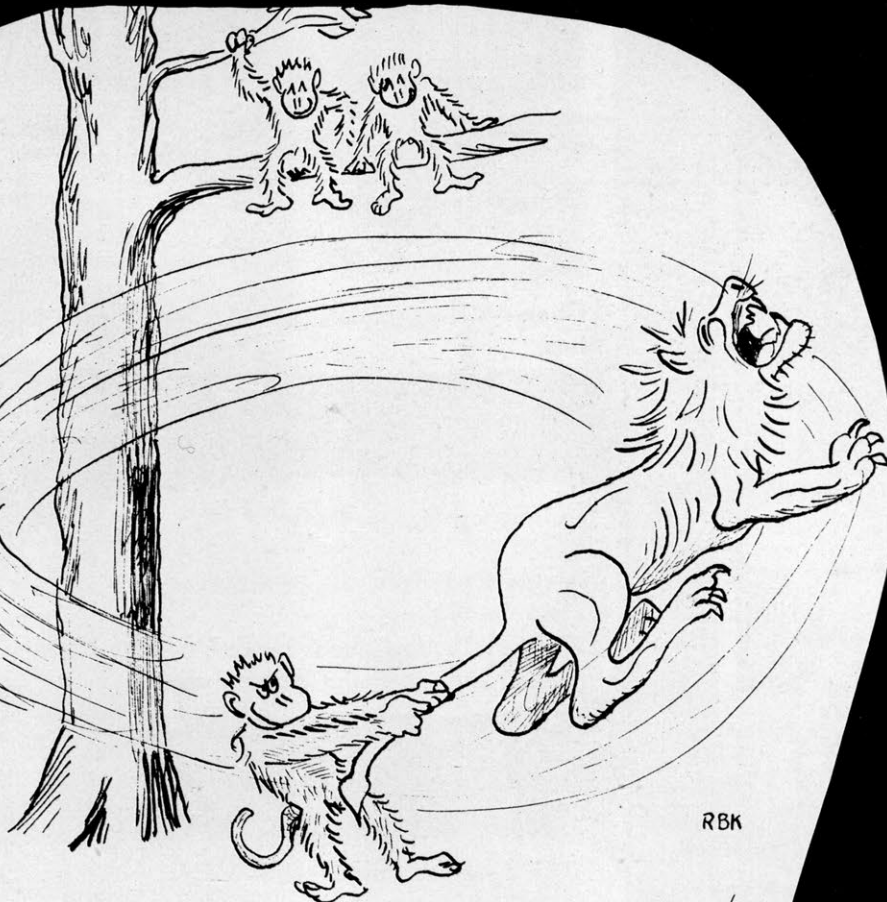
And enunciated, "What a socially
agreeable male child am I!"

—Tiger

There was a young flapper named Ruth,
Stepped out one night with a youth
To a masquerade ball;
Whe wore no dress at all.

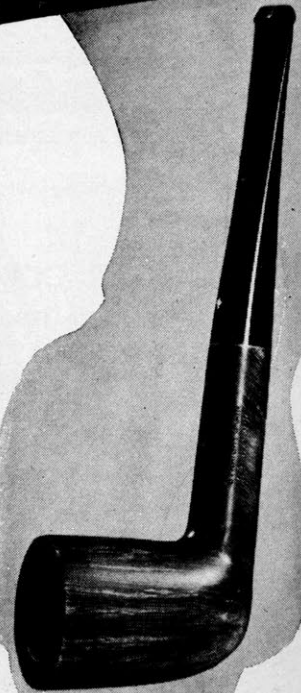
When asked what she was, she said, "Truth!"

Punch Bowl



"THE OLD MAN'S DRUNK AGAIN!"

The
**LAST WORD
IN PIPES**



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.

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Improvement
for pipe-smokers
in 50 years

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or leave a note in your neighbor's empty
WHITING MILK BOTTLE

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!



Dean—Why, fancy seeing you here, Miss Jones.

"Hello, is this you, Holt?"

"Yes."

"Is this Ted Holt, the bookkeeper?"

"Yes."

"Well, Holt, how about borrowing five bucks?"

"I'll tell him when he comes in."

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"*



PIPE "BUSTS UP" HOME!



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



A GURGLY 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.

HOW TO
TAKE CARE
of
YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN)
NBC BLUE NETWORK, MON. 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

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—Whatsa 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! Coursh not. Gonna drive."
—Show Me.

Villian: "Ah, my proud Beauty, you are in my power at last!"

Heroine: "Well, what are you waiting for?"
—Frvol.

A TOAST

Here's to happy days; any damn fool can have a good time at night.

—Rammer-Jammer.

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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

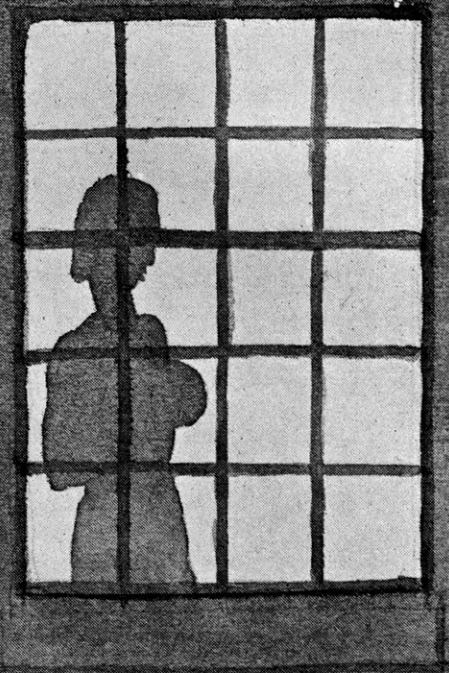
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Unique in Boston for Dances, Banquets and other functions—atmosphere plus.



The **MYLES STANDISH**
Bay State Road at Beacon Street
BOSTON

NORDBLOM MANAGED



—DAHLSTRAN

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.

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

—Cervantes.

WALKER DINING HALLS



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 tamalies.

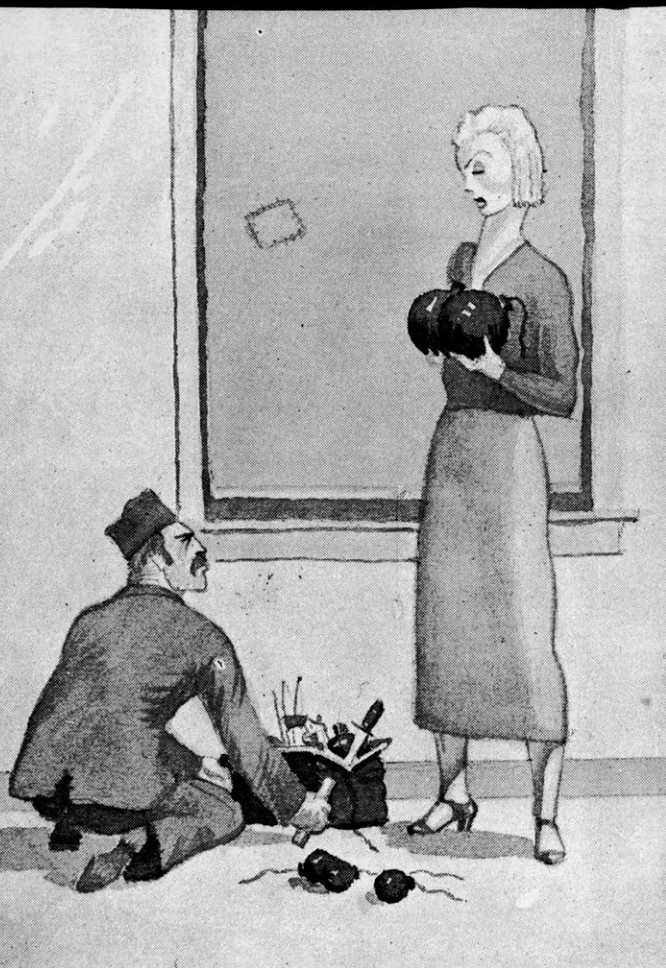
—Widow.

"It has been proven that opposites attract."

"Can you give me an example?"

"Sure, loose women and tight men."

—Voo Doo



"Will These Do, Comerade?"

"I'm sorry," said the girl at the theater ticket booth, "but that two-dollar bill is counterfeit."

Stunned, the woman stood motionless.

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

Little Audrey's father shaved her chow dog completely, leaving only a short strip of hair for a mane. But Audrey cackled with glee, because she knew her mother didn't care for chow mane.

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?"



MORAL:

Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let **CRYST-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

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1083 WASHINGTON STREET

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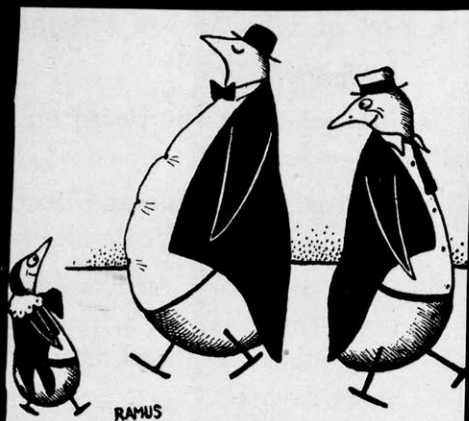
78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

"You ain't no gentleman."
"You ain't no blonde." —Exchange.



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.



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!"



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, "Strapp—and is my face red!"



"Prenez-garde, George; quelqu'un vient."
—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

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Our famous
**PICCADILLY
RUM PUNCH**
\$1.00
a pint

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← They come
and Go →
at the
**Kenmore
Barber Shop**
Hotel Kenmore
Kenmore Square





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.

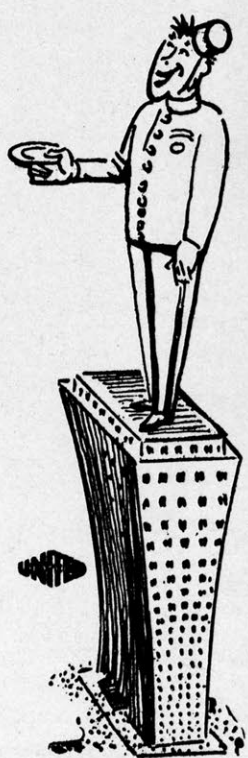


Everyone is dropping in to the Roosevelt now, it's really the thing to do. You see, we pay particular attention to college men and women, so that if you find you've forgotten pajamas, a toothbrush, or other little odds and ends we'll take care of them.

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, sleeting, or snowing, don't forget that you can reach the Roosevelt by an underground passage from the Grand Central Terminal.

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



"What does a bride think as she enters the church?"
"Aisle, Altar, Hymn."
—Red Cat.

Absent-minded Sales Girl (as date kisses her good-night): "Will that be all?"
—Mountain Goat.

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-l out of a couple of cows."

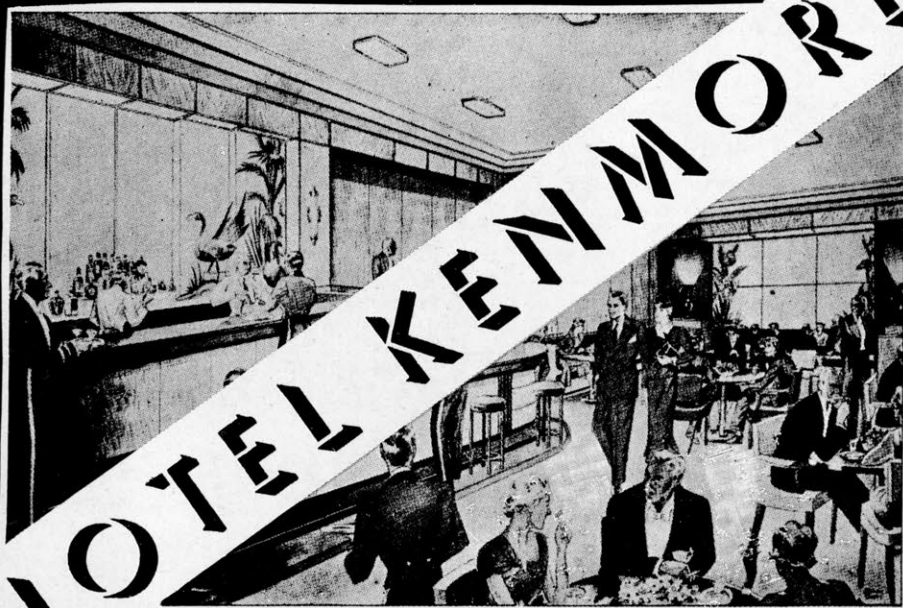
—Cornell Widow.

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COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE

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↓
Conditioned
Chic



For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels

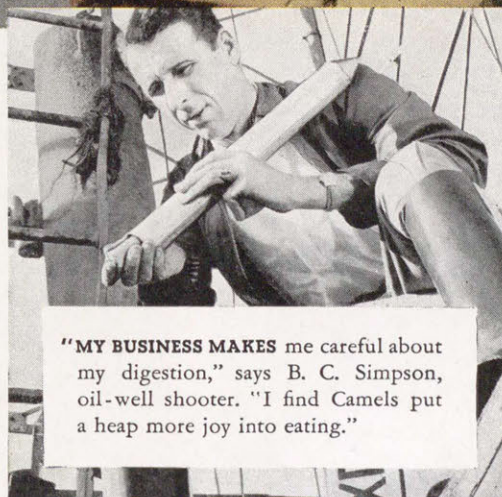
"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter

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!"

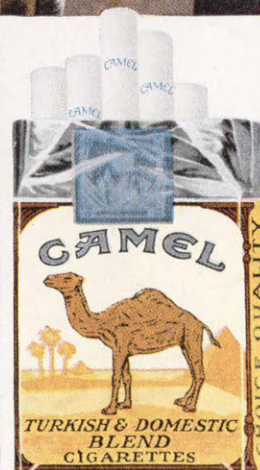


HEALTHY nerves and good digestion enable you to glide over trying incidents and get the full enjoyment out of working, eating, and playing. No wonder that so many who make their mark in the world today are steady Camel smokers!

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."



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TOBACCOS**

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