

# M. J. T. Voo Doo



De Christmas  
Spirit Issue

DECEMBER

TWO BITS



# High-tension times are hard on nerves



**BEAGLE HOUND**—English fox-hound in miniature. Solid and big for his inches, true beagle has the long-wearing look of the hound that can last in the chase. One of oldest breeds in history. U. S. standards specify 15 inches maximum height.

**He's giving his  
nerves a rest . . .**

A DOG'S nervous system is just as complex as your own. His reactions are lightning-quick. But when his nerves need a rest, he stops—relaxes. We often neglect our nerves. We press on heedless of nerve tension. Take a lesson from the dog's instinct for protection. Ease up—rest your nerves. Let up—light up a Camel. Keeping Camels at hand provides a delightfully pleasant way of giving your nerves a rest. Often through the day, enjoy Camel's ripe, expensive tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos so soothing to the nerves.

**People who know the sheer joy  
of an active, effective life say:  
"Let up—light up a Camel!"**

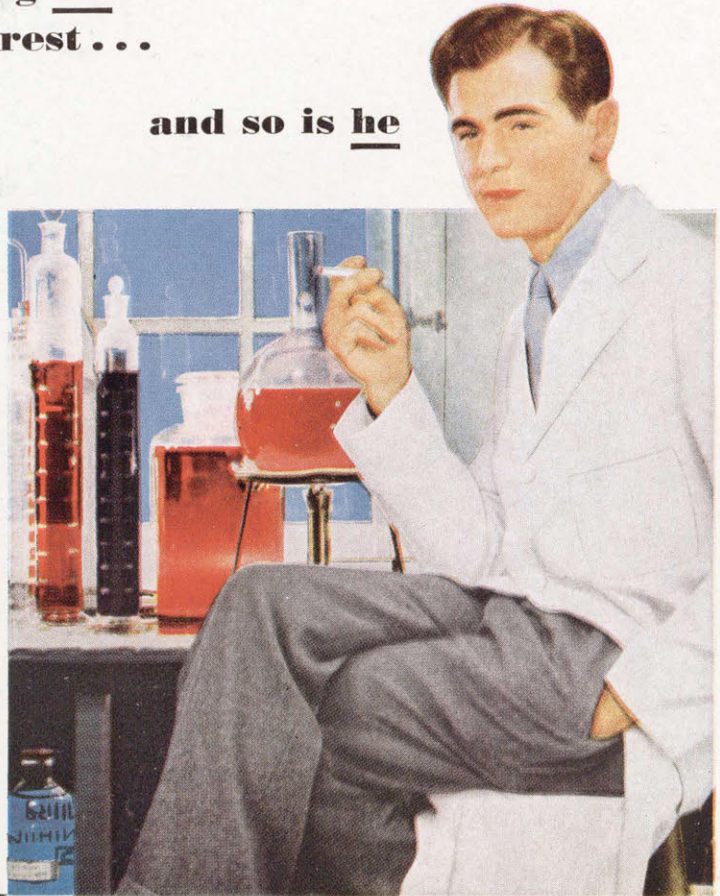


COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a big strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Erickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Erickson. "I ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."

IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."



**and so is he**



## DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco is "cured" by several methods — which include air-cured and flue-cured? Not all cigarettes can be made from choicest grade tobacco — there isn't enough! It is important to know that Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic.



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE** IN AMERICA

# Let up—*Light up a Camel*



Copyright  
1938  
R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem  
N. C.

**Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves**



# Voo Doo

## DECEMBER, 1938

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# Voo Doo

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# M. I. T. VOO DOO

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## EDITORIALLY SPEAKING YULETIDE

Once a year, the spirit of the times prompts Phos to utter Merry Christmas to all of the stoogelings that make M.I.T. their alma mater. He has various sorts of greetings to various sorts of people, each one calculated to make somebody either very happy or very angry, as the case might be. For instance, to Mr. Hitler he wishes a Merry Xmas and a Heppy Yom Kippur in hopes that it will make somebody mad as hell. On the other hand, the pudgy General Manager of *The Tech*, that opprobrious blotch on the fair name of our school, gets Best Wishes for a Beatific Christmas and a Sober New Year, with a faint bird on the end. To Father Confessor F. A. Magoun, goes a paper-bound copy of "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and a bottle without no top. Lobby, our good-natured Dean, gets a genuine Merry Christmas and a box of Ry-Krisp. Somewhere in his Christmas Greetings, Phos wishes the T.C.A. a colossal Yule Tree, decorated with Turkish fezzes and unredeemed pledge cards.

These few wishes constitute only a part of VOO DOO's pragmatic Christmas greetings; we have them for every occasion, and for all types of personalities. But to all of our loyal and patient readers, we wish that expert and well-loved bit of cliché which goes thusly:

**A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!**

## THE TEMPERANCE LEAGUE

In the past month, considerable talk has been aroused concerning the Intercollegiate Temperance League, an organization sponsored by VOO DOO in a sincere attempt to curb the reckless and unseemly drinking that goes on among the undergraduates. From its inception, it has been decried by *The Tech* as a VOO DOO publicity stunt, which it most definitely is not. Perhaps the opposition on the part of *The Tech* can be traced directly back to its General Manager, who has achieved quite a reputation as a *bacchant* from way back. Be that as it may, we feel as though *The Tech*, in view of the loose alcoholic morals of most of its members, can ill afford to make light of an organization which favors sane drinking as opposed to offensive intoxication. The I.C.T.L. is a group with a purpose, and it intends to see what it can do about a sizable group of culpable alcoholics among the undergraduate body of M.I.T.





The Girl  
 "who has a Book"  
 Gets a Book and  
 Loves it!



Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets  
 of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket  
 opens from the *BOTTOM*.



Whatever  
 Her taste  
 Is in reading  
 Here's one book  
 She'll really enjoy.  
 It's dedicated  
 To her  
 Cigarette taste  
 . . . And it's a  
 Volume of pleasure!



This Old Gold  
 Gift-book  
 Looks like  
 A rare edition.



When she opens  
 It up  
 She'll find  
 Two regular  
 "Flat-Fifties"  
 Of Old Golds  
 (100 cigarettes).



When she lights  
 An Old Gold  
 She'll discover  
 The most thrilling  
 Chapter  
 In cigarette  
 Enjoyment.

Old Gold Christmas book-  
 package now on sale at  
 all cigarette counters.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, every Sunday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



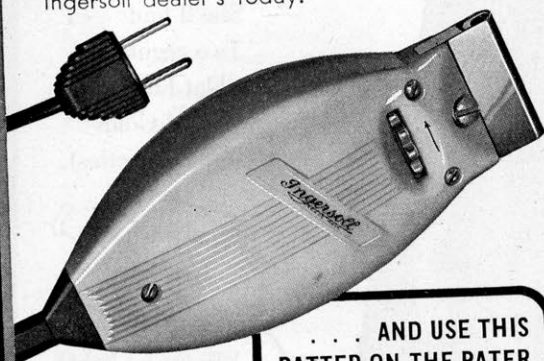


## UNBEARD THE LION IN HIS DEN



Dad, Governor, Pops . . . call him what you will, the senior deserves more than a kind thought at Christmas. Give him an Ingersoll Electric Shaver and you'll find it easier to face him when your allowance needs an assist.

Smooth as a campus co-ed, the new Ingersoll Electric Shaver whisks off a beard in record time. Snuggles right into the skin too, and leaves the face as clean as a Saturday night. Made by Ingersoll, you know it is trustworthy, efficient and low-priced. Amble over to your Ingersoll dealer's today.



**\$7.50**

Precision shaving head; self lubricating quality motor. Modern ivory Plaskon case. Complete with brush; attractively boxed. See it now.

### . . . AND USE THIS PATTER ON THE PATER

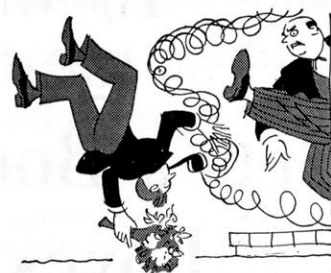
Keeping up appearances is just as important as your studies. When whiskers scam you'll have more time to cram. And \$7.50 is so little for a dependable Ingersoll electric shaver.

# Ingersoll

DEPENDABLE WATCHES . . .

AND NOW, A DEPENDABLE ELECTRIC SHAVER

**"DON'T GO  
A-WOOING WITH  
A STEWING PIPE!"**

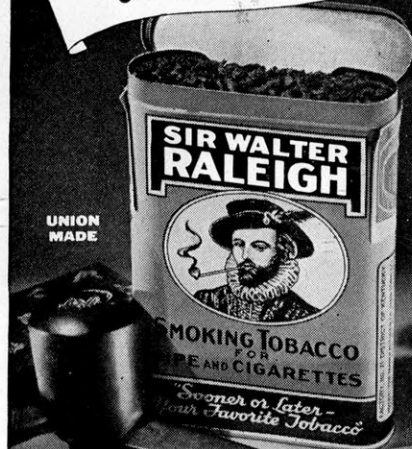


**"NO DAUGHTER OF MINE** can go with a young whippersnapper who smokes such rank-smelling tobacco. Clean that pipe! Switch to a mild, tasty blend like my Sir Walter!"



**SMART GIRL!** She swiped her father's 2-ounce tin, and now they've got the old boy's blessing —plus the world's most bite-less blend of sweet 'n' fragrant burleys!

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND  
OF GRAND AROMA**



**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.

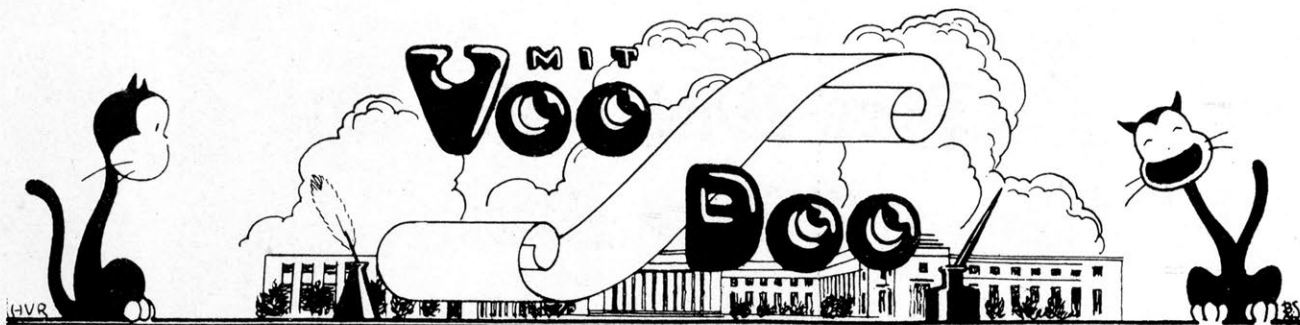
**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday night, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.



Phos Wishes You All  
A Very Merry  
Christmas







## Voodooings . . .

### FORMULA

It's a wonderful thing the way the M. I. T. spirit extends into all nooks and crannies of the surrounding countryside. One of our boys residing in a certain suburb has a sister who is attending high school. Influenced, no doubt, by the technical trend of her brother's studies, she decided to take up the course in high-school chemistry, in spite of warnings from said inspiration. So, as time went on, she came into the habit of seeking aid from the graduate of 5.01 and 5.02. Last week she brought one which was a real corker in the way of involved calculations. So brother launched into a long explanation of just how one would arrive at the correct answer. Sister listened patiently for about ten minutes and then broke in with the classical Tech query, "I know all that, but what's the formula?"

### SALE

After almost ninety years of extinction, we find that slavery is again coming into being. Not only is it in existence again, but it is being advertised at the Institute. Not secretly, mouth to mouth, nor by shady handbills, but on the bulletin board in the main building! Should such a thing be tolerated in this civilized country? Should we at Tech permit such a monstrosity to exist in front of our very eyes?

Last week a sign was promiscu-

ously placed on the bulletin board in the main lobby. It read as follows: "For Sale—One R.O.T.C. Officer." Then to give it the modern "accessory" touch, below was added, "uniform,—in good condition."

### DOORS

Again the self-opening doors of Building 7 have produced. This time it is a barbarian, one of the great middle class who furnishes us with an anecdote suitable for these lofty pages.

This particular foil was a Western Union boy who came through the "crystal palace" while in the execution of his duties as same. Being totally unprepared for electric eyes and such, he was more than a little perturbed when the doors swung back at his approach. He stopped a moment, looked long and thoughtfully and then tried it again. Sure enough, it worked; the doors opened as though to the touch of an invisible hand.

After studying this phenomenon at greater length, he turned to the interior itself. His eyes swept the lofty dome with its plaster lining. They touched on the massive columns and the words of wisdom carved thereon. Finally, at the exactly psychological moment, the lights flashed on, bathing the place in a rosy glow.

His mouth dropped.

"Christ," he breathed, "what a vestibule."

### HUNG

This one comes, by way of an informer, from the far reaches of the Middle West, where the liberal arts colleges make life worth living and hanging a pin is the equivalent of a formal engagement.

The school in question is one of the rough and ready mining colleges which turns out some of the country's better drinkers. The boy in question had just hung his pin and had been invited down to meet the family.

The day was hot and the trip long, and, to make it more horribly complete, two fraternity brothers were on the train. The three of them bought a bottle and began to meditate. One bottle led to another, and, in no time at all, the pin-hanger was stiff. Time and stations passed, and, suddenly, he realized that he had social obligations to perform when, and if, he should arrive at his destination.

Accordingly, with the assistance of one of the brothers, a window was raised, and he leaned out. Wave upon wave of nausea enveloped him. In short, he was violently ill.

The train stopped, one more convulsion shook his frame, and he looked up. There stood his girl and her mother regarding him with thoughtful mien.

His pin was returned by mail.





## GRAVY

We recently ran across this one which is currently being purveyed by one of the freshmen. The tale runs thus:

The lad in question one day found himself in full possession of a full week-end, to wit, one Saturday afternoon, one Saturday night, and one Sunday afternoon, during which he was free to go or come at his own discretion. Being the usual run-of-the-mill freshman he decided to make a week-end of it by: (a) a movie at the Met during the afternoon and (b) a meal at one of the more expensive restaurants on Park Street in the evening.

The first part of the program passed without complications, so the adventurer wandered into a well-known eating establishment, where he sat down to the festive board. In due course, a rather pretty waitress sidled up, and, while taking his order, a turkey dinner, kept looking him over with puzzled eye.

"You're Mr. Shales' son, aren't you?" she inquired finally.

Now it happens that the particular seeker after truth is from the more remote parts of the country and was not, by any means, blessed with the name "Shales." Thinking that it might be one of the charming Boston customs of which he had heard so much and being, still, a run-of-the-mill freshman, he smiled back sweetly and answered, truthfully, "No, I'm not."

The girl evidently mistook the meaning of his smile, for, after saying a few words to the effect that he was only kidding, she went off, leaving him somewhat mystified. After a short time, his dinner was brought to the table by the same waitress who deposited it without a word. However, our hero noticed his interrogator in earnest conversation with the headwaiter throughout the time he was eating. Every few minutes the pair would glance mysteri-

ously in his direction and smile.

To make a long story short, when the lad had finished his meal, he beckoned to the waitress and asked for the check.

"Oh no," replied the girl, at first horrified and then disturbed at his clumsy attempt at humor. "No, *you* don't have to pay for your meals *here*."

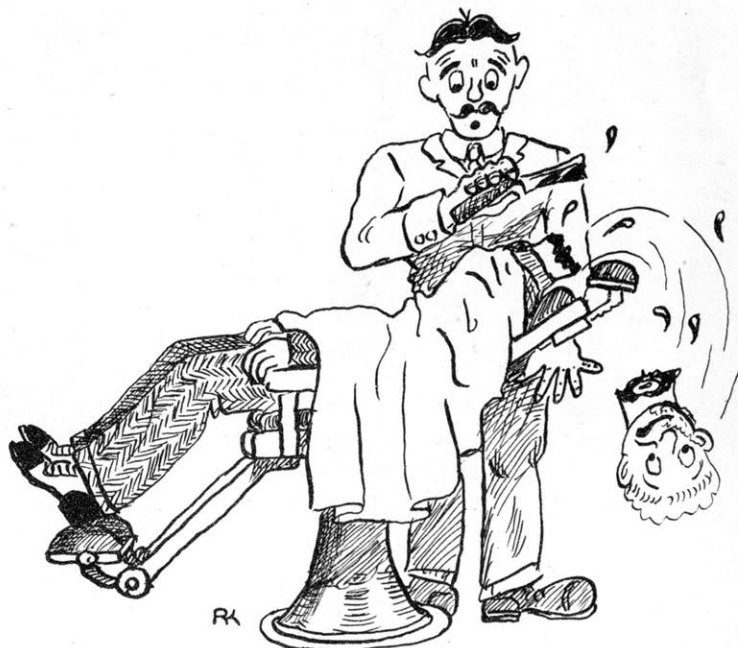
Our idealist tried to convince the waitress that he was not the son of the fabulous Mr. Shales, but to no avail. Every attempt at dissuasion was met with smiles and a confidential smirk from the headwaiter.

Finally, with great pomp and ceremony, the freshman was ushered past the cashier's desk by the waitress and headwaiter, accompanied by glances of awe from the rest of the customers.

"Drop in whenever you're at Park Street," said the headwaiter, opening the door. "You're welcome at any time."

## BIRD

At times or another we've had vague ideas on the same subject. (Speaking of what to do about the fellow in the car behind you who toots and blows his horn for no reason at all, and thereby raises your ire to supreme heights.) Our ideas ran along the possibility of putting some sort of neon sign in the rear window. The glass tubing bent into some very nasty and potent epithet. This arrangement could be switched on at the crucial moment. The real idea comes from the fellow who put a clown's head on the rear of his car. When the censored bum behind blows his horn, you simply depress a gadget in your car and the clown sticks out his tongue good and far. At the same time another of your horns blows back at him and a bell rings. In attaching the apparatus, be sure to put the head up where your opponent can get a good view of it.



"Oops, sorry!"

## NATURALLY

Being more or less a child of nature, we decided to spend our Armitice Day in the open. The sun was out, the grass was green and the birds were twittering merrily; in short, it was good to be alive in the Public Garden.

In front of us was a couple, hand in hand. The damsel was evidently a stranger in Boston, for her escort was pointing out various things of interest. Finally they came to a long, flat, unpretentious building, about which the young man made no identifying remark. The girl's curiosity was aroused. "And what's that over there?" she asked.

The boy was somewhat taken aback. "That," he explained, "is a john."

"Oh," said the girl.



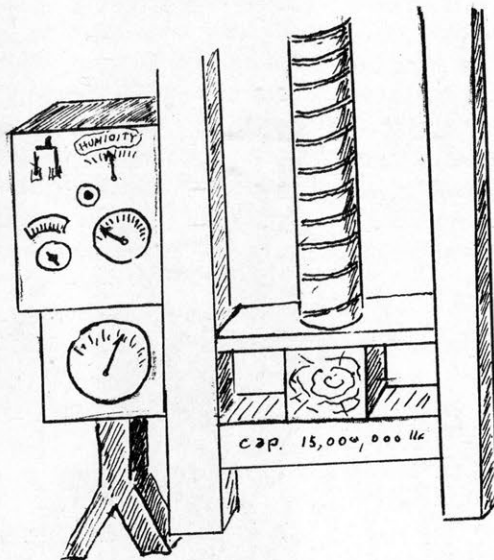
## INVITE

At the beginning of one of the 8.01 recitations last Wednesday, the teacher prepared to make an announcement. The class quieted down somewhat, so he continued.

"I'll be in room 8-108 this evening at 5.00 for those who need some help. Don't hesitate to come in, but I'll tell you right now that you won't make me happy by coming."

## BOWLS

There have come to our ears vague rumblings of discontent on the part of the Phi Gams concerning the outcome of the Beaver Key Football tournament. The Fenway lads were severely trounced by the Phi Mu Delts in the last game of the tournament, but they nevertheless feel that their team is something to be reckoned with in any sort of a sports selection. All of which brings to mind the various post-season bowl games that are played by leading teams throughout the country — the Rose Bowl, Sugar Bowl, Orange Bowl, etc. Our man Snaveley tells us that, not to be outdone by USC, Texas Christian, Duke, *et al.*, the Phi Gams have challenged the Phi Mu Delts to a Toilet Bowl match, to be played in the near future.

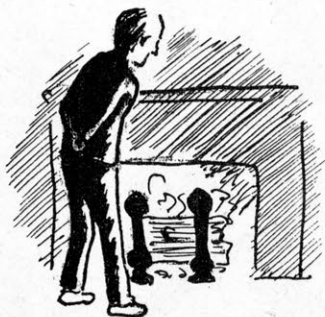






*"But darling, I CAN'T come now. I'm posing for Mr. Pettey."*

# Small Change



He stood in the window watching the snow. It was a thick, wet snow, deadening the sound of the city and vanishing as it fell, leaving drops of moisture on the sidewalks and pavement. Only the bare trees of the Common and the wooden backs of the benches along the walks kept their white outlines in the gray of the evening.

It was 6.30, the quiet hour of Christmas eve, too early for the carolers, too late for afternoon traffic. Now and then a tardy shopper, arms full of late presents, glanced up at him and hurried on.

The window jutted out from the side of the building like all the others on the hill, and from it he could see up and down the street as well as across the Common. Down hill, a stop light added its alternate reds and greens to the Christmas scene, while in the opposite direction the street vanished into darkness, punctuated by ever-diminishing street lights. Across the Common a sign flashed, "Make It A 'White' Christmas." Last week it had said, "It's Our 87th Birthday, But You Get The Presents."

The heavy draperies on either side of the window reflected the light of a log fire, tingeing his face with an unnatural tan that contrasted strangely with his unathletic figure.

He coughed harshly as a stray thread of smoke touched his throat. "Damn the fellow," he said, thinking of the man-of-all-work who had laid the fire. "Ought to know better than to use green wood. Should be fired, that's what. Would have done it long ago if there was anyone who needed the job enough to work for \$12 a week. Probably have asked more if he hadn't had a sick wife to take care of. Get another man and he'd want \$18 at least." He coughed again and looked at the snow.



"Damn nuisance," he reflected. "Costs the city money every time it snows. Costs the taxpayers, too. Too damn many taxes as it is. Valuation's too high. Take this house for instance. Anywhere but the hill and it wouldn't bring half the assessment. Have to pay to live in the right neighborhood."

He considered the snow again. "What were those figures in *The Transcript*," he wondered. "Something like \$50,000 for every four inches of snowfall. Have to look that up sometime. Take last year, for instance. Only four inches all winter. Ought to save the taxpayers money only they spend it on something else. Probably clear a slum." He smiled at the phrase. "Have to use that again sometime."



Two couples came swiftly up the street, their arms locked. "Carolers," he thought, "going up to the square. Keep everyone in the neighborhood on edge. Probably have Swiss bell ringers like they did two years ago when he was there for the first and last time." He chuckled as he thought of the senior partner who lived on the square. "Good joke on him. Keep him up all night. Likes his sleep, too. Have to kid him about it at the office Monday. Might even call him up and ask him how he's enjoying it." He laughed again at the prospect.

Suddenly, he was aware of a slight disturbance down the hill. Four figures had stopped in front of a window and were looking up as though in conversation. He watched for a minute and then raised the window a bit. Muffled by the night and the snow came the words, "Noel, Noel, the angel . . ." Even at a distance the singing was bad, but he recognized the words and music. The singing stopped, the group paused for a moment, and the tallest stooped and picked something from the ground. They turned and started up the hill toward him.

He watched them approach until he could distinguish individuals.



All were young, the oldest perhaps 16. One, the smallest, was colored. Each one wore a cosmopolitan costume of odd pants and sweaters, and all were dirty and disheveled. The colored boy wore a cap too small for him.

"Beggars," he said to himself. "Damn nuisances. Ought to keep them off the hill. Might petition the Council for an ordinance. Anyway, if they thought he would be an easy mark . . ."

The quartet stopped before the window and looked up expectantly. He started to order them away, but the colored boy had already taken a mouth organ from his jacket, and, at a signal from the oldest, they began singing. "Joy to the world . . ." The singing grated on his ears, and he stepped back from the window. A passerby glanced up and smiled benignly on the scene. He resented the implied sentiment and tried not to look at the four below, but he couldn't help noticing their obvious attempt at good cheer.

"And heaven and nature sing, and heaven . . ." He unconsciously hoped someone was watching as he stepped back from the window and drew his hand from his pocket. "Why not? Probably means a lot to them." He smiled as kindly as he could and the coin glittered in the air.

The colored boy caught it. "Christ," he sneered. "He gives us a dime."



*"She can't type, file, spell, or take dictation . . . but, what . . . the . . . hell . . ."*

# Tell Me All About It!

Every Tech man should be confronted with a little problem on his return to the old stamping grounds on or about December 25. I don't mean Christmas shopping, cramming for a quiz, or working the old man for a car. What should he tell the "little woman" when they speak the first time?

Obviously it is necessary to create a big impression on the first conversation, to sort of rekindle the old flame. (If it's still worth bothering with after all these beautiful Radcliffe and Simmons babes?) This can be done by some satin-tongued individuals over the telephone, but for the average guy a personal call is recommended.

If you know that you're on the sunny side of her parents, noisy step-climbing and a vicious bell-push will help make the occasion more colossal. The chances are

that the older sister, expecting her boy friend, rushes to the door, flings it open, and stands blankly with her eyes bulging and her jaw sagging. While your smile fades and your mind works for a quip, *la petite soeur* peeks around the door. With a shout of joy you grip her hand and words flow easily. Or, if you're that way about each other and don't mind a few chaperons, a big hug and stuff add the necessary "oomph" to make the occasion a success.

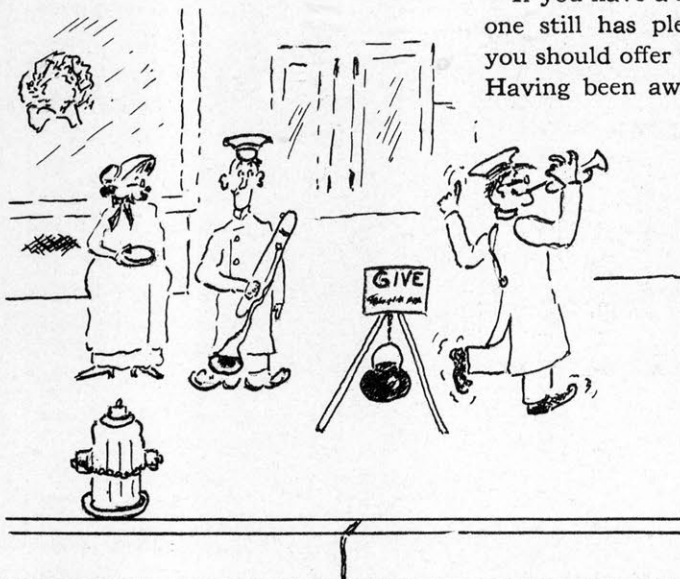
The chances are that she will ask you to sit down in the living room "cause I've got so much to tell you!" If it's cold out and you haven't a heater in your car, the answer is obvious. A more chummy talk, however, is possible without chaperons. Let us presume that you have the desirable facilities available.

If you have a new car or the old one still has plenty on the ball, you should offer to let her drive it. Having been away for some time

herself, she will probably jump at the chance. (Don't let her fall.) Try to appear at ease when she's driving. If something happens, you should worry, ish kabibble.

If she starts to reminisce about last year's smooth dances, what fraternity did Ed pledge, and did you know that Susie Glutz and Artie Schmaltz got married, just be a "yes" man.

She will probably work back to the hurricane eventually. You should have a big here-it-was-nothing story ready to tell her. Then you can sort of drift around to Boston women, and how you didn't see a one that looked worthy of your time, and sort of pile it on thick. As she sits and blushes, smiling coyly, now is your chance to ask for that big date New Year's Eve. After that's sewed up, keeping her in tow for the rest of vacation will be a snap.



"Somehow, I don't think Brother Ambrose quite gets the spirit of the thing."

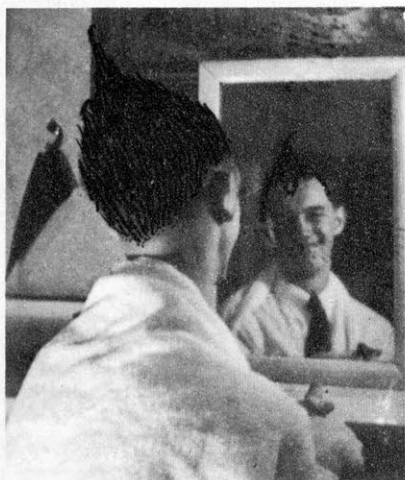






# The Fashion Parade

Well, men, here I am again with all the latest fashion news and there really is a lot of news this month, what with the girls going hoop-skirt and the new hair-do. Well, we men can't let them get ahead of us, can we now?



But I know you're just dying to hear all the latest so, I won't waste any more of your time and we'll get right down to business, as the saying goes.

The first thing I want to tell you about today is the new hair styles that are becoming simply the rage everywhere. Only yesterday I was walking through building 10 when who do you think I saw? Yes, that's right, it was that ever popular member of the English department, Prof. Rogers, and, I suppose I shouldn't tell you this, but he told me he was going to have his hair done the *new* way. I really couldn't believe it at first because he has always been very conservative as to hair, but these new styles are certainly intriguing the boys.

*By Adrienne*

And they are causing a lot of trouble too, because it certainly doesn't do to have your hair done if it doesn't become you. Yes, there are certain definite rules regarding these things so I have included some pictures this month which were taken at the last A.S.U. meeting just so you can see what often happens when the hair is allowed to run wild.

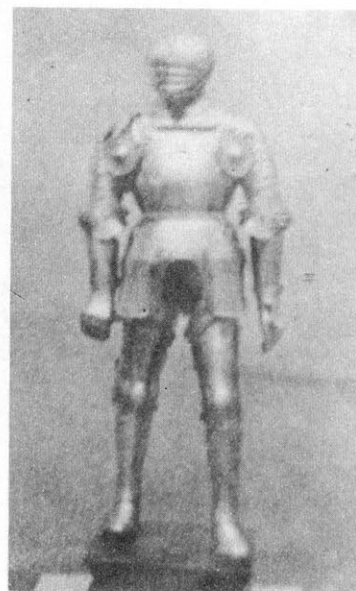
This hair is of course all wrong because, after all, just look at those curls in back, and the way it falls over at the top. Well! !



The really latest thing, though, is the coiffure which is proving very popular, especially among the course 16 men who do a lot of work around the new wind tunnel. Notice how the streamlined motif is accentuated by the middle part, and a delightful scallop in front adds just loads and loads of character, don't you think. And as for the mustache, well, no real **HE MAN** would think of being without it.

But enough of that. What we really wanted to tell you was that men's styles this year are definitely trending toward the functional. Everywhere you go, you will see that this is more and more the deciding factor in suit design.

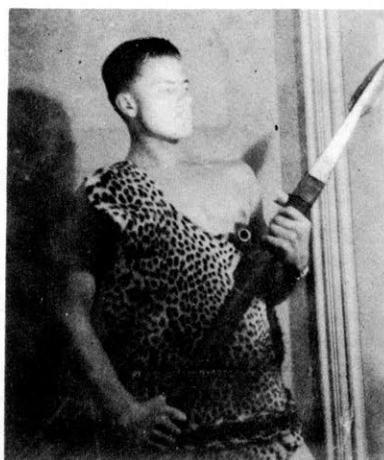
This is especially true of the new formal wear and is well brought out in the picture below. Notice how the suit is designed to catch the eye and, at the same time, give the wearer the maximum of protection, because you all know how roughly they dance nowadays, and really, its almost worth your life to be caught at the punch bowl during intermission. Notice especially how the lapels gather at the waist, accenting the manliness of the chest, and the embossing on the rivets. The pants are shirred in the rear and the whole ensemble may be had either in surgical steel or grey cast iron, soldered or spot-welded to suit the wearer.





Another trend is shown by the picture below, and now just let the girls think they know it all with their hoop-skirts, for not only does this outfit capture all the charm and grace of the Cro-Magnon era in men's styles, but it is functional as well.

This costume is designed primarily for sports wear, but it is also suitable for informal dates, and dorms dances. The entire ensemble may be carried in a brown-bag, and it is so light and sheer that you hardly know you're wearing it.



The garment gathers at the waist and a line of smocking around the hips adds a touch of the risque. For sports, it may be worn open at the neck, but a tie is definitely *de rigeure* on other occasions.

And that is all until next month, fashion followers. And until then, this is your Adrienne saying au revoir and "clothes make the women."

## By Golly, This Year I'm Gonna

Freshman	Sophomore	Junior	Senior
Smoke five a day	No more than a pack	Buy a pipe	Do more sponging
Only two beers per evening	Keep away from hard liquor	No more than one bingé per week	Nothing less than 90 proof
One date a week	No more Sunday night dates	Dates only on week-ends	One date a night
No more L's	At least one P	No more F's	At least one L
Study harder at everything	Study harder	Study	.....
Earn some money next summer	Spend the summer quietly with the family	See more of more pretty girls next summer	Have a helova lot of fun next summer
Have a car	Have a good car	Get a car that's cheap to run	Get a roommate who has a nice car
Find a nice girl	Find some nice girls	Find some girls	That's no problem, now
Budget my money	Spend less	Get a bigger allowance	Find new ways to get money out of the old man
Find a girl who can stay out after twelve	Find a girl who lives conveniently close	Find a girl who lives in town and has a nice car	Find a girl who has to be in early
Give no more than two dollars to the T. C. A.	Give the T. C. A. a real job in getting a donation out of me	Gripe about the Tech-in-Turkey plan	Get a job out of the T. C. A.
Read no more editorials in <i>The Tech</i>	Write some good editorials and submit them to <i>The Tech</i>	Not read <i>The Tech</i> at all	Write for VOO DOO



# New Wax

## VICTOR PUTS FORTH NEW BLUEBIRD SERIES

With the coming of the winter season, Victor is again caught with her fingers in the plum pudding. This time, however, she hopes to bring forth a disc that will gain the supremacy of the thirty-five cent field. Victor has changed their Bluebird label to one bearing the modified Victor trademark, and are starring outfits that would have ordinarily gone on their seventy-five cent platter. This effort on the part of Victor will merit instantaneous praise from all swingsters who eat up the solid sendings of Shaw, Savitt, Hawkins and "Fats" Waller. Shaw who is now playing at the Hotel Lincoln in New York City has risen much too fast to suit Benny-the-Good, but the fireworks were avoided when Shaw was placed on the cheaper disc. The distinctive shuffle rhythm of the Savitt congregation has set a new dance tempo the nation over, so we can expect something along this line to pour forth steadily. Having such solid combinations on their waxings, we can hardly see how the new 10,000 series of Bluebird can help but be a sell-out for Victor.

## RECORDS REVIEWED

Every so often a record is made that is definitely a hit, "killer diller," or what have you. Benny Goodman obliged us not long ago with one called "Don't Be That Way," Tommy Dorsey also had his say with that classic "Marie," Glen Gray managed to hit the groove with his "Smoke Rings," and this month Artie Shaw obliges us with one that ought to leave a long trail of broken sales records behind it. He has revived two oldies, "What Is This Thing Called Love" and another, a blues masterpiece, "Yesterdays," both of them definitely what we mean by this thing called swing and both of them expertly done.

Benny Goodman has a little number this month that was scheduled to be a hit but sad to say it is not what we expected. Previous to the waxing of this disc Goodman's arrangement of "Ciribiribin" was built up around a very fine trumpet solo by that powderhouse man, Harry James; but on this record Harry seems to be absent or well muted. Side

two is "Bumble Bee Stomp" and is somewhat better but neither are Goodman's best.

On the darker side of the swing circuit this month we have a notable duo turned out by Erskine Hawkins, that stellar hot trumpet man from out Harlem way. Mr. Hawkins specializes in hitting notes that seem entirely out of range but at the same time sound rather easy. His best performance is on side one which has been aptly dubbed "Strictly Swing." Side two has a very smooth vocal by Ida James, it being that current hit "What Do You Know About Love." Keeping on the dusky side, we find good old "Fats" Waller presenting two average numbers, one called "Shame Shame" and the other baptized "Tell Me With Your Kisses."

Also current and choice (to borrow a phrase from *Time*) are Bunny Berigan's "Rockin' Rollers Jamboree" and "Button Button," Art Shaw's "Non-Stop Flight" and "Nightmare," and Larry Clinton's "Chant of the Jungle" and "Design for Dancing."

Turning now from Victor to Brunswick, we find Brunswick repressing a pair of Bix Beiderbecke's classics of swing. On these two numbers "Rhythm King" and "Somebody Stole My Gal," however, we find little of Bix as far as solo's are concerned. It is very sad that Bix wasn't allowed to make records the way he wanted to, we might have had a few of his solo's undisturbed by the usual corny background that he ordinarily shows off against. Both sides will be interesting to the swing purest but will probably not go over with the average jitter bug who has been brought up on Goodman's commercial sandblasting.

Gene Krupa markets a pair that are filled with plenty of good hot skin beating and good instrumental work all the way. On these two "Walking and Swingin'" and "Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down" Gene begins to get some precision into his arrangements and at last his band seems ready to go places.

Also current and choice from Brunswick's press — Red Norvo's "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby" and "Just You Just Me," Gene Krupa's "Bye, Bye Blues," Duke Ellington's "Mighty Like the Blues" and "Buffet Flat" and Billie Holiday's "The Very Thought of You" and "I Can't Get Started."

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE  
(Prelude, Liebesnacht, Leibestod)  
(Wagner)

Stokowski and the Philadelphia  
Orchestra

This month Victor comes out with a new recording of the well received Stokowski arrangements of Tristan excerpts. Some years ago a similar recording was issued, yet this one is even better than the old one. The conductor has made changes in his arrangement which serve to give the selections more smoothness and coherence, and the recording is a technical masterpiece.

Stokowski has long been called the "high priest of Wagner," and in our estimation, there is no one alive today who can interpret Wagner with the touch that Stokowski gives. This performance of the tragic and beautiful "Liebestod" has no peer anywhere in the modern music world.

Victor

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN  
— Overture

TANNHAUSER — Grand March  
(Wagner)

Beecham and the London Philharmonic

Columbia puts out a new recording of The Flying Dutchman rather bravely this month, inasmuch as there are already several good recordings on the market. However, one must truthfully say that Beecham's performance is head and shoulders above most of them, and is truly a marvelous work. Columbia's excellent productions are being noticed more and more in the music world, and this particular one is bound to add impetus to the Columbia program.

Columbia

RHAPSODY IN BLUE  
(Gershwin)

Jose and Amparo Iturbi — Piano duo

The recordings of this much liked work of Gershwin are multitude, yet Victor presents this month perhaps the best performance these ears have ever heard — a witty and sparkling arrangement played by one of the greatest pianists alive and his talented sister. Without doubt, this record will appeal to classicist and jitterbug alike — put it on your must list.

VARIATIONS AND FUGUE Victor  
ON A THEME BY HANDEL  
(Brahms)

Egon Petri (Pianist)

There appears a little known work by Brahms, performed by a little known pianist, which seems to be capable of finding a place in the collections of a good number of classic enthusiasts. Petri seems to be a capable pianist, and puts a wealth of beauty and sprightliness into this performance. We strongly suggest hearing it.

Columbia





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### BRANCHES

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Frank Benson

An Indian maid long ago  
In the woods watched a buck and a doe.  
She was very surprised,  
And at last realized  
That she wasn't a maid any mo'.



Our Santa stepped down from his sleigh  
But his steps were not airy nor gay.  
His lips he did bite.  
In his eyes there was fright.  
"Where's the rest room?" he gasped. "Right away!"

A dealer in junk and debris  
By mistake walked into building  
this.

When he saw what remained  
Of the I beams they'd strained,  
He said, "My, what a junk yard  
'twould bis."

A man who was playing Othello  
Used to spit out his words with a bellow.  
All his heroines said  
They would rather be dead  
Than try to make love to the fellow.

From off his sled our Santa leapt  
And everything looked fine, except  
That rabbits gamboled on the green  
And laid eggs with a brilliant sheen.  
Our Santa blushed with downcast mien  
And muttered, "Hell! I overslept."



There was a young man named DuPree  
Who indulged in a rollicking spree.  
He woke up in a week  
Feeling tired and meek  
And so, he was told, did she.

A salesman of small boats and yachts  
Was suspected of communist plachts,  
For the boats that he sold  
Had darkrooms in the holds  
For developing minicam shachts.

## SAFETY ON THE HIGHWAY

The American Public is having its many laxities (which have heretofore been left uncorrected) brought to the fore these days. One of the most well-received of these drives is the determination to reduce the number of accidents caused by the mishandling of motor cars. Phos would like to do his part toward cleaning up this situation, but since it is a big field and has a lot of angles, he has decided to attack it only with the idea of ridding the nation of the highway boors and bunglers.

The best method of obtaining the complete ostracization of this class is to make life on the open road such a hell for them that they will either stay at home for fear of their lives or else reform their ways. All this can be accomplished by equipping the driver with sufficient apparatus to administer the proper punishment.

First of all, we have the problem of the fellow who will not dim his lights at night. The obvious thing to do here is to outshine him, but since your lights are probably no brighter than his, and since most states prohibit the use of a spotlight on the highway, the desired ends must be obtained by a round-about means. This may be accomplished either by a 60-inch M-6 searchlight (800,000,000 candlepower) mounted on the roof, or a battery of floodlights disposed about the car. (N.B.— There is not a spotlight around.) Now, when the so-and-so comes blazing down the road like a binary sun and you can't see the radiator cap on your car, blink your lights once as a request and a warning. If he refuses to acknowledge, just flip the switch on the searchlight or the floods and let nature take its course. That will be the last time he leaves his lights high, if he recovers his eyesight.

Then there is the — who refuses to get over on his own side of the road and leaves you the choice of being run down or taking

to the ditch. This kind of a driver is one of the easiest types to handle. Simply mount a sheathed knife on the under side of your left running board. When you perceive one of these half-stuffed animals bearing down on you, simply release the catch on the blade so that it projects four or five inches beyond the side of the car. Then scrape as close by him as you can manage without hitting him. You needn't worry about his moving too far away as it's part of his game to come as close to you as he can. What that knife will do to his tires will give him something to contemplate for a good while. This same method is also recommended for the fellow who won't stay in line.

A still more persuasive method of dealing with these two types of drivers is to attach a large snow plow to the left front of the car. When you see the sucker coming, simply align your radiator cap with his left front headlight, hold your course, and let kinematics follow its laws. When he recovers (we hope he doesn't) from the heap at the side of the road where you have left him, you may be sure he won't be a potential opponent until he gets another car and a little hospital treatment.

Also, there is the bird who will not pull over a centimeter to let you pass him. To deal with him, simply mount a steel plate on each of a pair of telescoping tubes and attach same to the right side of your car. When you pull alongside of the — simply start the motor which extends the arms and presses the plates firmly against the side of his car. Then shove the lever over all the ways, shooting the arms to full length and moving the co-respondent to the side of the road. In using this apparatus, it is recommended that the operator load his car with sandbags in order to prevent any accidents due to miscalculations of comparative weights of the cars.

Next we have the — who insists on riding right behind you and will not pass, no matter how much you slow down. An auxiliary exhaust pipe, running via a blower to a box containing the essences of manure and rotten eggs, and a supply of smoke bombs will suffice. Simply open the valve, start the blower and watch him jam on the brakes.

What to do about the fellow who sits in back of you tooting his horn has been treated elsewhere in the issue.

In case Neon signs cannot express your feelings to a sufficient extent and virility, you might attach a loud speaker somewhere and let your feelings out through that.

The pedestrian who ambles across the road in front of you is another problem. There are two methods of dealing with this specimen, depending on whether you want immediate results or just vengeance. For the former, simply attach a revolving baseball bat to the radiator cap and let swing at him with that. This ought to clear the road immediately. To obtain the latter, a hook or grapple attached to the right front fender will be sufficient. Simply pass close to him at a fair clip and remove some of the nether garments. This should accelerate his progress and direct his course toward the nearest secluded spot.

There is also the fellow who always speeds up when you try to pass him. The quickest way to get rid of him is to mount a shot gun on the front of the car and blast away at his rear tires when the opportunity offers itself.

Phos cautions the reader that the use of the masculine pronoun throughout this article is to be in no way considered a reflection on the male driver. All characters depicted in this article are entirely literal and any similarity to persons living or dead is intentional. (Most female drivers can be handled with a loud speaker and a mediocre vocabulary.)



## ABSOLUTE ZERO

The scene: A research laboratory in Building 6. It is the night before Christmas. Outside, the thermometer is thumping on the bottom of the scale, but inside it is warm and cheerful. A bunsen burner casts a fitful gleam over the scene, and in the corner, a cheery log fire burns, unchecked, in the sink. Two research fellows, Abadaba Dhu, a graduate of Tech in Turkey, and Alcibiades Strawbottom, one of the boys from Syracuse, are talking in low tones.

Alcibiades speaks:

A.S.: "I'm afraid it's no use, old man. Sample C7 just failed."

A.D.: "Are you sure?"

A.S.: "Positive. I immersed the vessel in a bath of liquid helium at stratospheric pressure. According to our calculations it should have stayed in a liquid state even at a temperature approaching the absolute, but it has congealed entirely."

A.D.: "And what about G1?"

A.G.: "A complete failure. Frozen solid at a mere -440 degrees F. abs."

A.D.: "And the distillation temperature?"

A.S.: "370 degrees. At that temperature, the specimen showed distinct signs of vaporizing. However, I was able, by increasing the pressure, to raise the temperature to 799 degrees and still stay in the wet region. Above that, however, vaporization was complete and a high degree of superheat was evident."

A.D.: "You are convinced then that there is no chemical compound that will serve your purpose."

A.S.: "None! I've tried them all. Those, such as compound A5, while they will stay in a liquid state at incredibly low temperatures, are, nevertheless too easily vaporized, while the opposite is true of others. In no case have I found a solution that will remain in the fluid state between -459.9 and 877.6 degrees F. abs. while at atmospheric pressure."

A.D.: "Have you tried the obvious ones? Glycerine for instance."

A.S.: "No chance. That has been definitely proved worthless."

A.D.: "Well then, what?"

A.S.: "This!"

He reaches for the telephone.

A.D.: "Your not . . .?"

A.S.: "Yes!"

There is a slight pause while he dials a number. The phone squeaks.

A.S.: "Hello, Central Square Motors? This is A. Strawbottom speaking. Put two gallons of Prestone in my car and charge it to M. I. T."

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There is a sweetheart I adore  
 She is my heart's desire  
 Each time I gaze along her curves  
 It sets my blood on fire.

She's absolutely right for size  
 She's steady as an oak  
 Her manners are above reproach  
 She doesn't drink or smoke.

Her curves are just where curves should be  
 She's satin smooth to touch  
 And for the pleasure she affords  
 She doesn't cost me much.

I've fondled every curve and rib  
 I've felt her every joint  
 And cannot seem to find one point  
 Of which to make a point.

She's sensitive though not too much  
 And like all things much used  
 Will show a little wear and tear  
 If too much she's abused.

For sleeping, say she can't be beat  
 She makes me feel at ease  
 Her gentle rolling motion  
 Is the kind that's sure to please.

The one thing I partic'ly like  
 She never answers back  
 And doesn't cry when if she's bad  
 Her bottom round I spank.



Just thoughts of life without her  
 And a lump comes in my throat  
 I still maintain she is the best  
 Of any *boat* afloat.

*Contributed by the fifth floor of the Old Dorms*



—HERSH—



## THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM OF AN ENGINEER'S SWEETHEART

"Verily, I say unto you, marry not an engineer. For an engineer is a strange being and is possessed of many evils. Yea, he speaketh eternally in parables which he calleth formulae — He showeth always a serious aspect and seemeth not to know how to smile, and he picketh a seat in a car by the springs therein and not by the damsels. Verily, though the damsel expecteth chocolates when he calleth, she openeth the packages to disclose samples of iron ore. Yea, he holdeth her hand but to measure the friction therein and he kisseth her only to test the viscosity of her lips. For in his eyes there shineth a faraway look that is neither love nor longing — rather a vain attempt to recall a formula. Even as a boy, he pulleth a girl's hair but to test its elasticity.. But as a man, he discovereth different devices, for he counteth the vibrations of her heart strings. This marriage will be a simultaneous equation evolving two unknowns yielding diverse results."



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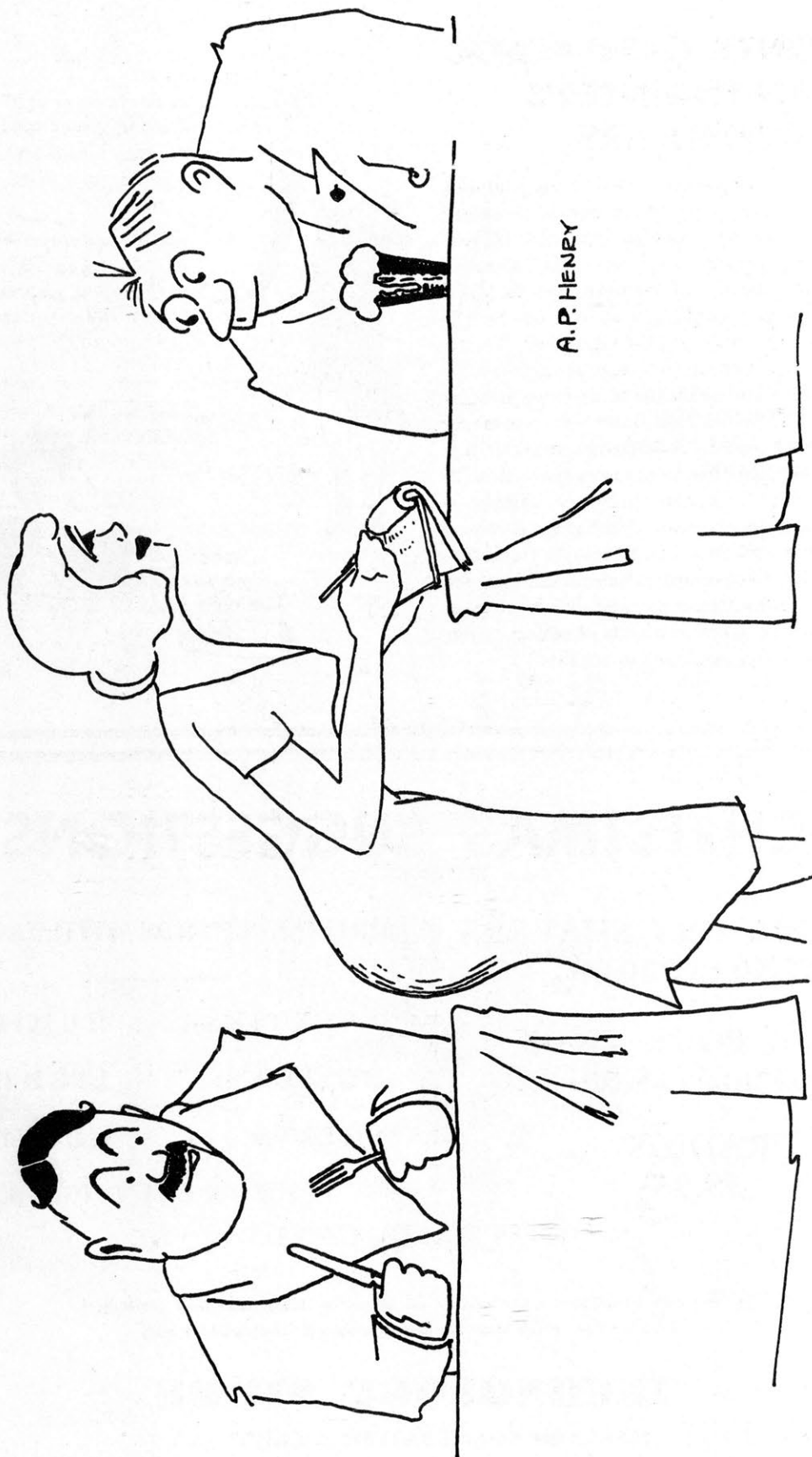
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"Lawdy, Mose," gasped Sambo, "why yo s'pose dem flies follow us so close?"

"Keep gallopin' son," said Mose. "Dem ain't flies — dem's buck-shot!"

— Quip.



"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors washed ashore," mused the cannibal chief. "What I need is a good dose of salts."

— Mis-A-Sip.



"When I was in Atlantic City I stopped at the Ambassador Hotel."

"Why the Ambassador Hotel is in Philadelphia."

"What? No wonder it took me so long to walk to the beach."

— Exchange.

Diner to Headwaiter: "By the way, did that fellow who took our order leave any family?"

— Duke n' Duchess.

Gent from West: "Waiter, take this steak out and have it cooked."

Eastern Waiter: "But, sir, that steak is cooked."

Gent from West: "Cooked! I've seen a cow hurt worse than that get well again."

— Carolina Buccaneer.

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Old Lady (to little boy standing on his head):  
"Don't you know that if you do that, you'll never  
get to be president?"

Little Boy: "That's all right, lady. I'm a Repub-  
lican."

—Punch Bowl.



## ONE-WAY FARE

They had been sitting in the swing in the moon-  
light alone. No word broke the stillness for half an  
hour until —

"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would  
you do?"

He threw out his chest, in all the glory of young  
manhood. "I'd travel!"

He felt her warm, young hand slide into his.  
When he looked up, she was gone. In his hand was a  
nickel!

—Mad Hatter.



From The Boston Herald, Nov. 16.

183 Bay State Road. Over-  
looks river, attractive, warm, small  
room.

If it's anything like the basin,  
we'd rather overlook it too.

From The Boston Herald, Nov. 26.

Wife Says Husband  
Took Razor To Bed  
Electric?

From The Tech, Nov. 18.

Among the alumni who have  
been prominent in the develop-  
ment of Institute athletic policy  
are the late Dr. Allan W. Rowe '01.  
Was they?

She: "Did anyone ever tell you  
how wonderful you are?"

He: "No I don't think anyone  
ever did."

She: "Then I'd like to know  
where you got the idea."

—Quip.



If it's funny enough to tell, it's  
been told; if it hasn't been told,  
it's too clean; and if it's dirty  
enough to interest a frosh, the  
editor gets kicked out of school.

—Kitty Kul.



"Hello, Brown! Are you using  
your skates tonight?"

"I'm afraid I am."

"Splendid! Then you won't  
mind lending me your tux."

—Exchange.



A Bostonian sub-deb named  
Brooks,  
Whose hobby was reading sex  
books,  
Ensnared her a Cabot  
Who looked like a rabbit  
And deftly lived up to his looks.



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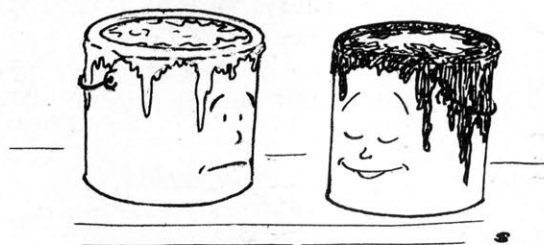
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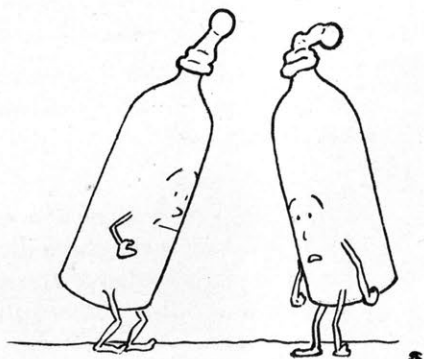
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"Darling, I've been sterilized."

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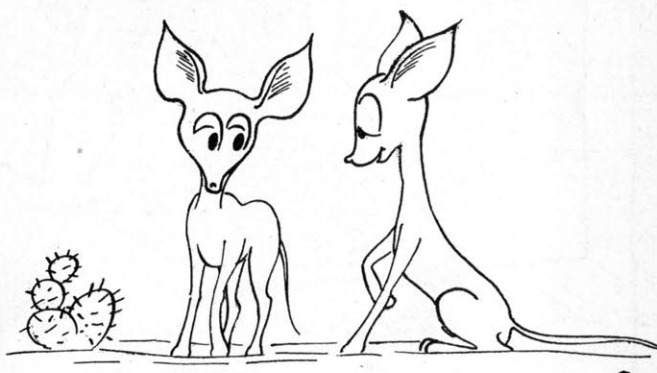
**For Your Dance**  
The Captain's Cabin

**For Your Date**  
The Mandarin Lounge

**For Your Mom 'N Pop**  
The English Room

Located Conveniently to M.I.T. Campus  
Nordblom Management

**THE MYLES STANDISH**  
BEACON ST. at KENMORE SQ., BOSTON



"Darling, I wish we had a little heir."



"I love ewes."



"When I don't want a man's attention and he asks where I live, I say, 'In the dorm.'"

"Splendid! And where do you really live, Miss Fogg?"

"In the dorm, Mr. Jaeger."

—Pumpkin.

Professor: "I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down."

Voice from the Rear: "Go home and sleep it off, old man."

—Black and Blue Jay.

Sociology Teacher: "Why do people marry?"

Student (in back of room): "Because their children demand it."

—Whirlwind.



He: "I'm feeling a little frail tonight."

She: "Will you stop calling me that?"



She: "Don't you love driving?"

He: "Yes, but wait until we get off the campus."

—Variety.

Counsel (to police witness): "But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, that does not prove he is drunk?"

Policeman: "No, sir, it does not. But this one was trying to roll up the white line!"

—Exchange.



Boy: "Hello."

Girl:

Boy: "Oh, well."

—Buccaneer.

Math Prof.: "Now watch the blackboard while I run through it once more."

—Gargoyle.



Akin to the sailor who takes a boat ride on a holiday, and to the mailman who takes a walk on his vacation, is the college student who spends his vacation loafing.

—The Froth.

Many a man has made a monkey out of himself by reaching for the wrong limb.



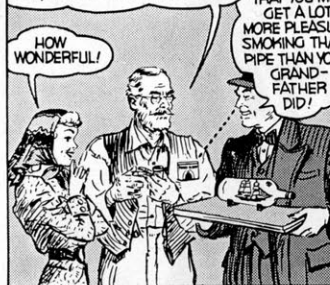


# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'

I'LL MISS THIS GRAND OLD TOWN, CHUBBINS. I WISH WE'D LIVED HERE WHEN IT WAS THE PORT OF CLIPPER SHIPS.....



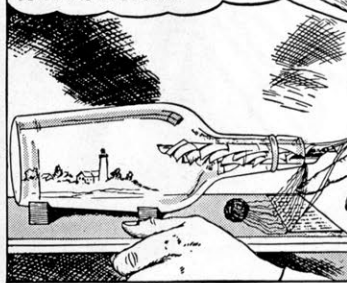
YOU'RE GETTING AN EXACT SCALE MODEL MADE OF AN OLD TIMBER FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S CLIPPER SHIP. IT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT NOW, BESIDES THIS PIPE OF HIS



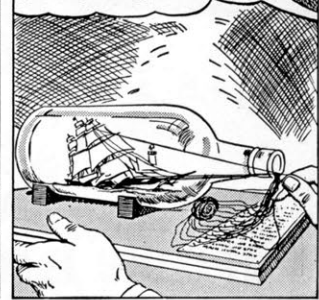
HERE'S A FINE GIFT TO SEND HOME, DAD. WOULDN'T AUNT MARY HAVE A GREAT TIME FIGURING OUT HOW THE SHIP WAS PUT INSIDE THE BOTTLE



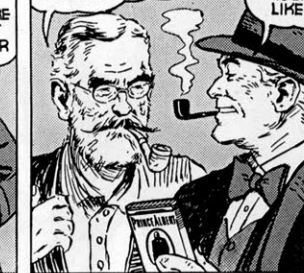
BE GLAD TO. FIRST, WE MAKE OUR SHIP MODEL IN PARTS, THEN FOLD SPARS, HULL, SAILS, AND OTHER UNITS TOGETHER SO THEY PASS THROUGH THE BOTTLE NECK LIKE THIS. EACH PART HAS A STRING RUNNING OUTSIDE TO THIS BOARD.....



NEXT, WE UNFOLD THE SHIP INSIDE THE BOTTLE BY PULLING THESE STRINGS, WHICH BECOME THE RIGGING. ANY PART CAN BE SET IN PLACE BY ADJUSTING ITS STRING OUTSIDE ON THE BOARD



HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT! BEFORE THE DAYS OF PRINCE ALBERT, I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A MILD, TASTY SMOKE WAS LIKE



WHAT I WANT IN A PIPE TOBACCO IS JUST WHAT I GET IN PRINCE ALBERT—A **COOL, MELLOW** SMOKE FULL OF **RIPE, RICH TASTE** BUT **NO BITE**

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



**SO MILD!**

THE BIG **2** OUNCE RED TIN

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

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** 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.

The billiard champion and another chap were on a walking trip and put up one night at a village inn. After dinner at the inn they went into a room with the word "billiards" painted on the door, but the table was little and rickety, and the balls were discolored.

"Game of billiards, gents?" inquired the landlord.

"I don't know," said the billiard champion. "I don't like these balls. How do you tell the red from the white?"

"O, that's easy," stated the landlord. "You soon get to know 'em by the shape."

A homely young Englishman, whose view was obstructed by the headgear of the girl in front of him, ventured to protest:

Young Englishman (leaning over): See here, Miss, I want to look as well as you.

Young Miss (in a rich cockney accent): Oh, do you? Then you'd better run home and change your face.

*There once was a liverish colonel  
Whose grouses and groans were etol-  
-onel.*

*His bitter abuse  
One could not reproduce  
In a really respectable jolonel.*

Jackson: I like the civil service.

Johnson: So what?

Jackson: It gives the job to the best man who belongs to the right party.

Husband: What would you do dear, if I should die?

Wife: I should go nearly crazy.

"Would you get married again?"

"I said nearly crazy."

*A skeptical man was Bill Feeter,  
Who wouldn't believe his gas meter.*

*He pulled out a match,*

*And gave it a scratch—*

*"Good morning," he said to St. Peter.*

Teacher: What is the name of a group of islands belonging to the United States?

Pupil: Huh? Why-ah...

Teacher: Correct.

Diner: I beg your pardon, but why are all these girls staring at me?

Waitress: I'm not supposed to tell you, sir, but we get some of our food from the school of cookery and home economics, next door, and if you get sick after that omelet you've just eaten those girls have all failed in their examination.

"I'm 60 years old," said a wealthy man to his friend, "and I want your advice. Do you think it would be better to tell a certain young lady, whom I would like to marry, that I am 50?"

"Well," said his friend, "if you want me to be quite frank, I think your chances of getting her would be better if you told her you were 75."



# To be Killed in action

## He's going to grow up to go to war?

No—he's never going to grow up at all. If another war comes, he and his mother and thousands upon thousands like them are going to "die in action."

"Impossible!" you say. "They're non-combatants." Don't be silly—there'll be no such thing as non-combatants in the next war.

Wide-cruising submarines, and bombing planes will laugh at front lines. Incendiary bombs dropped from planes will set entire cities on fire. There will be no haven, no sanctuary, no safety. *Everyone* will suffer.

And for what? *Glory*—where was it in the last war?

*Victory*—where was it in the last peace?

With that cruel lesson still fresh in mind, is another war to be forced upon us—a war infinitely

more horrible, more futile, and more lasting in its harm than the last?

*That is for you to decide!*

## What to do about it

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.





*"I feel as tho' we'd forgotten something."*

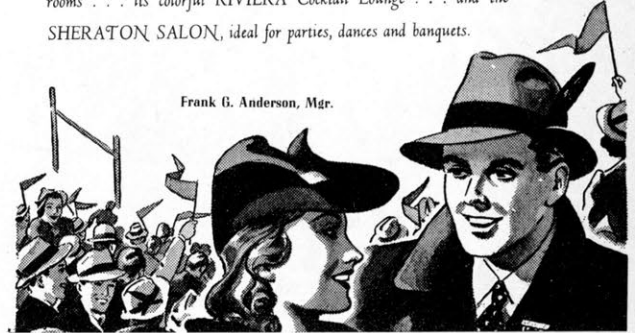


## The HOTEL SHERATON

*On the Charles at 91 Bay State Road*

... scores on every count ... for the excellence of its food ... its delightful rooms ... its colorful RIVIERA Cocktail Lounge ... and the SHERATON SALON, ideal for parties, dances and banquets.

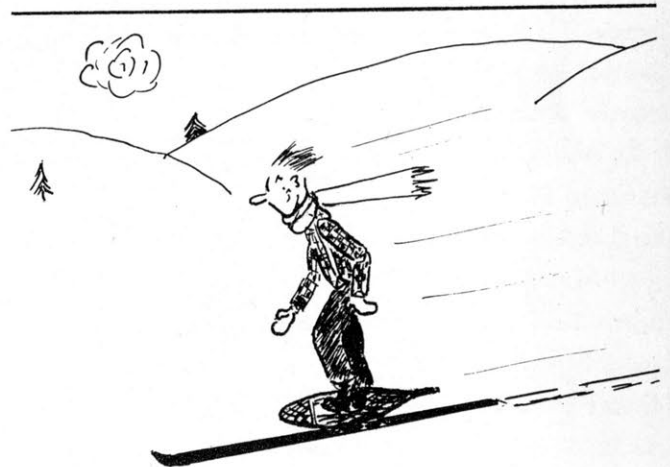
Frank G. Anderson, Mgr.



Merry Christmas  
Happy New Year

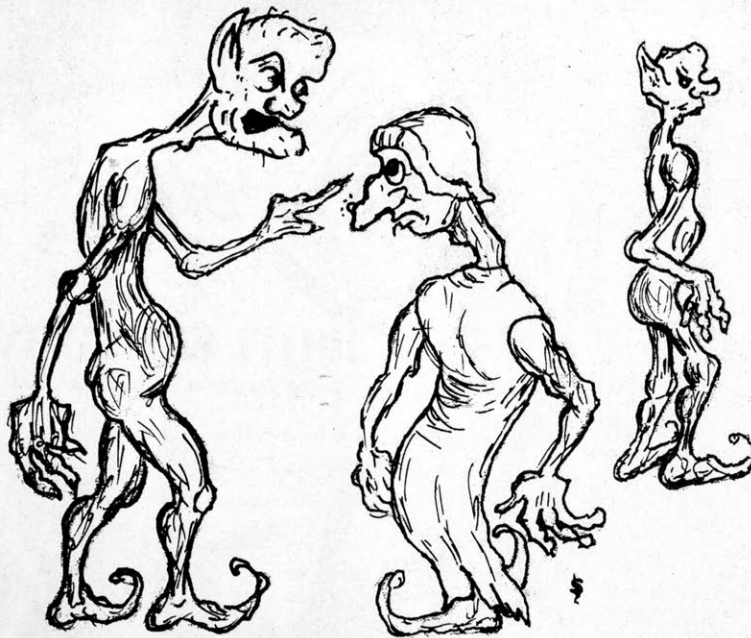


Walker Dining Service  
M. I. T.



*"He says it's a big help, going up."*

FOUR



INLAND WATER ROUTE  
**NEW YORK \$3.50**  
 Round Trip \$5.75  
 Luxury Liners, S. S. "ARROW" & "COMET"  
 Lv. 222 Boylston  
 St. every night of  
 the year 6 P. M.  
 KENmore 4230.

**COLONIAL LINE**

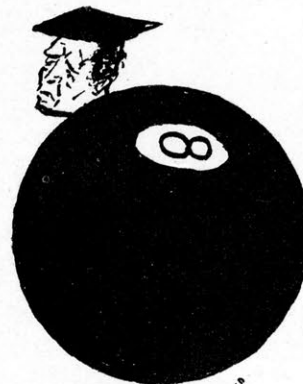
"Mike's a queer guy, ain't he?"



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TOUGH



YEARS



A-H-H-H-H





● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:  
James Walker—Independent Buyer  
—has smoked Luckies for 10 years.

# TOBACCOLAND'S FINEST GIFT

Favorite of America's  
Independent Tobacco Experts

**CIGARETTES!** An ever-welcome gift! But certainly you want to give the *best*. To be certain, give Luckies. For sworn records show that, among *independent* tobacco experts ... auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen... Luckies have *twice* as many exclusive smok-

ers as have all other cigarettes put together.

And, *only* Luckies give you the throat protection of the exclusive "Toasting" process. Toasting takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in *all* tobacco. So Luckies are a light smoke—easy on your throat.

***Sworn Records Show That-* WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

