

VOODOO



**FRAT CLUB
NUMBER**



Toby Wing, co-starring in "You Never Know," the new Cole Porter musical, presented by John Schubert at the Shubert Theatre, March 7

Voo Doo

February, 1938



INDEX

	PAGE
EDITORIALS	2
FOUR BAD BAD YEARS	6
HOUSE DRINKS	6
TOM SWIFT AT TECH	8
THERE'S ONE IN EVERY HOUSE	12
NEW WAX	14



Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Published by the Woop Garoo Society for the Students of
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from September to June
Subscription \$2.00 per year
Office hours: 1 to 5:30 P.M., Monday to Friday
Member A. C. C. E.

Entered as second-class matter at the
Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

Volume XXI

FEBRUARY, 1938

No. 1

Copyright, 1938, by the Woop Garoo Society

M.I.T. VOO DOO

MANAGING BOARD

ROBERT C. CASSELMAN '39
General Manager

WILLIAM F. WINGARD '39
Business Manager

ARTHUR W. VOGLEY '39
Managing Editor

WILLIAM F. PULVER '39
Advertising Manager

GUS N. GRIFFIN '39
Advertising Manager

LITERARY BOARD

RICHARD M. CROSSAN '40
Literary Editor

EDWARD L. HURST '40
Assistant Managing Editor

CHARLES V.F. DeMAILLY '40
Make-up Editor

STUART V. ARNOLD '39
Art Editor

RAYMOND B. KRIEGER '40
Art Editor

GEORGE D. CREMER '40
Photographic Editor

BUSINESS BOARD

ROLAND PEAK '40
Treasurer

WILLIAM B. HAILEY '40
Circulation Manager

WILLIAM T. GREEN '40
Publicity Manager

CHANGE

VOO DOO has done it again! Phos, our lovable office cat, has given birth to a new litter of kittens and a new board takes over the helm. Of course, the new board's time-honored duty is to wish itself all kinds of luck and to hope fervently that it can do at least as well as those who have gone before; it usually hopes that by some outside chance it can do maybe a little bit better. The new board does hope for all these, just as fervently as past neophytes have done. For the prospect of taking over entire control of a business such as VOO DOO is mildly terrifying. To publish a passable magazine and not lose too much money doing it is not very hard; but to publish a *good* magazine — one which will be bought because it is worth the two bits paid for it — and one which does its good bit toward fostering the spirit and pride which Tech sorely lacks — this is a job that is hard, and it's the job we earnestly intend to do. Every student at Technology admits that fifty per cent of the student body doesn't give a tinker's damn about anything save H's and C's; eighty per cent of them never do anything for four years but go to classes, study, and pan *The Tech*, VOO DOO, *T.E.N.*, and *Technique*. Is that because the publications deserve nothing better than a good year-round roasting? We think not; and we hope that all of the publications will get the support that they deserve.

That is the job of the new board of the VOO DOO, to deserve the

GENERAL STAFF

LITERARY ASSOCIATES

Norman Karasick '41
Vahey Kupelian '39
Everett Sipsey '41
Robert Sinsheimer '41
Edward Weinberger '41
Charles Stempf '41
George Young '41
Donald Cole '40

BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

Edgar Adams '41
Herman Affel '41
Addison Freeman '41
Karr Parker '41
Merton L. Richardson '41
Clifford Hahn '41
Norman Vandervoort '41
Thomas Bigelin '40
William Schuler '40

ART ASSOCIATES

William R. Candy '41

support that we hope we shall get. VOO DOO is your magazine, written for you. We hope you'll like it.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We wish to thank Miss Cay Fuller for making our cover this month. Name and address will not be furnished on request.

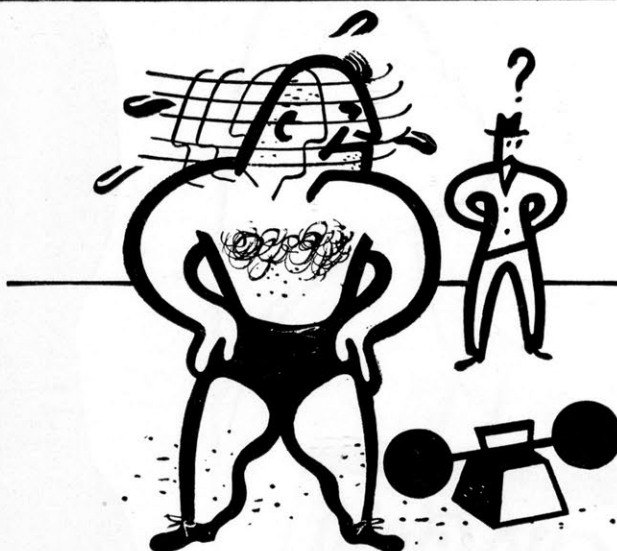
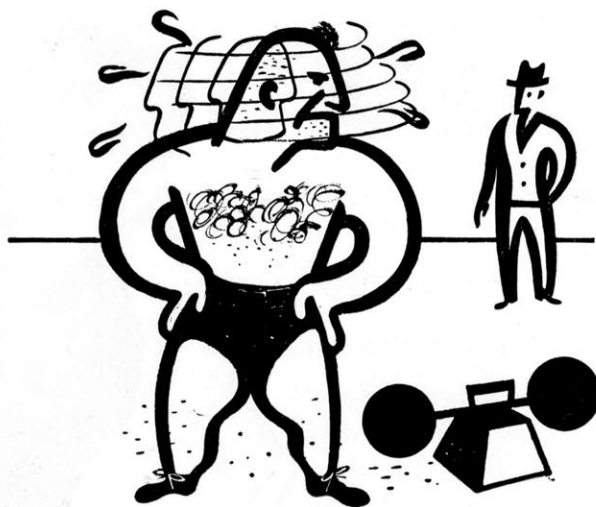
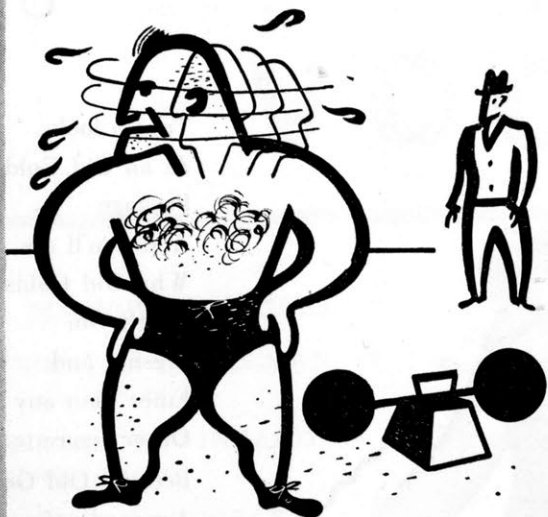
A Swell Package!



Take a look
At an Old Gold
Package
And you'll see
Why Old Golds
Reach you
Fresher and
Finer than any
Other cigarette.
Because Old Golds
Are made of
Double-aged
Double-mellow
Prize crop
Tobaccos,
We guard them
Like the precious
Jewels they are!
An EXTRA jacket
Of Cellophane
Double seals both
Package ends
So not one iota of
O.G.'s flavor
And fragrance
Can escape.
Buy your Old Golds
Where you will,
In Damp Climates
Or Dry,
You'll get them
Exactly as we
Make them.
And that's as
Fine as a
Cigarette
Can be made.
We think the gal's
A Swell Package
Too!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's
Hollywood Screenscoops
every Tues. and Thurs.
night, Columbia Network,
Coast-to-Coast.

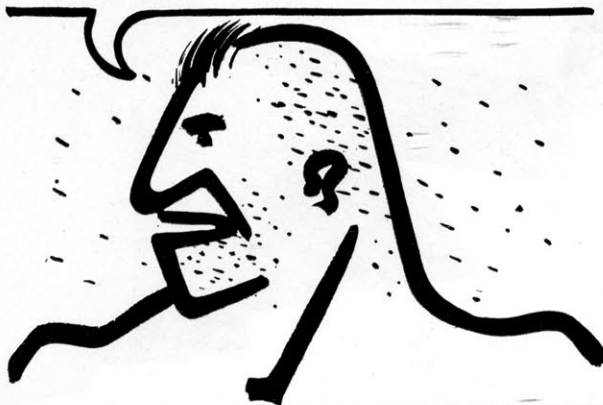
For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor... Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



**WATCHA DOIN, BUTCH -
TRAININ' FOR YOUR
NEXT BOYT ?**



**NAW, I'M JUST PRACTICIN' TO
WATCH THE FORDS GO BY**



VOODOO

Presents Its
Eatin' House Issue



A FRESHMAN BELIEVES

That it is My House.
 That 2.00 should be high enuf to get in.
 That the house should not have to be clean.
 That meals are swell.
 That the fellow with a car is a pal.
 That there is a school called Simmons.
 That every brother should have a date for the house dance.
 That the house is for dancing.
 That there should be no liquid refreshment at the dances.
 That the brothers will be brothers.
 That the house treasurer is a fellow who pays the bills.
 That Dingee should have an 8.01 class in the house.
 That he can only study in a room by himself.
 That the brothers will help him get a job later on.
 That the men in the house are friendly, helpful, and a bit foolish at times.

A SOPHOMORE BELIEVES

That it is The House.
 That 2.5 should be good enuf to get in.
 That the house should be clean.
 That meals are good.
 That the fellow with the car makes a good chauffeur.
 Simmons? Oh, yes!
 That every freshman should have a date for the house dance.
 That the house is for necking.
 That there should be liquid refreshment at the dances.
 That the fellows will be fellows.
 That the house Treasurer is a fellow who collects for the bills.
 That Dingee should have an 8.03 class in the house.
 That he can't study by himself in a room.
 That the fellows might help him to get a job.
 That the men in the house are friendly, not helpful, and foolish at times.

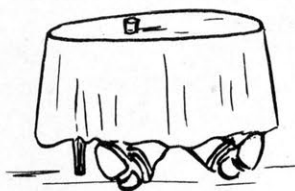
Voodoo's Bar Specials

CHI PHI COOLER

1 qt. distilled water
 ½ lb. Sal Hepatica (For the Smile of Health) advt.
 ½ lb. cracked ice
 (Mix and leave within reach before going to bed.)

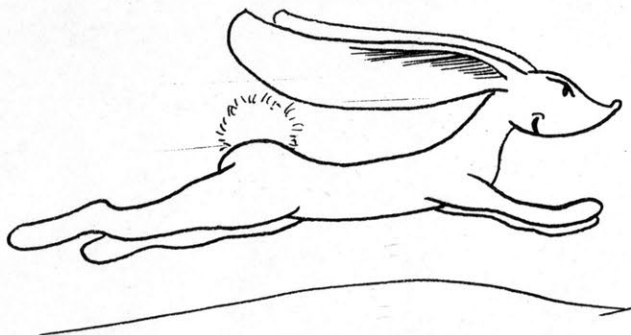
PHI KAP FIRE-CRACKER

A bottle of beer and a ham-on and keep 'em coming.



Try one (or two) of these the next time you drag a dance.

We'll guarantee they'll knock your damned head off if not before.



BETA BRUISER

1 bottle Carter's Little Liver Pills
 (They do the work of Calomel without the danger of Calomel) advt.
 1 jigger Vanilla Extract
 ½ jigger Selected Grade A Spar Varnish
 1 dash Orange Bitters
 (Don't turn the head suddenly after two of these.)

DEKE DOOZER

1 pt. Grade A Trinitrotoluol
 5 well aged cigar butts
 1 ten cent tube marine glue
 Add water to make 1 pipt.
 Serve hot in sand crucibles.

A JUNIOR BELIEVES

That it is A House.
 That a 3.00 is high enuf to get in.
 That the house is clean.
 That the meals aren't bad.
 That every fellow in the house should have a car.
 Simmons?
 That dates are a help for house dances.
 That the house is for petting.
 That there should be liquid refreshment at the dances.
 That the men will be men.
 That the house treasurer should be a real friend.
 That Dingee should be in the house around exam time.
 That he can't study in any room of the house.
 That the fellows can't help him get a job.
 That the men in the house are not helpful and are foolish most of the time.

A SENIOR BELIEVES

That it is a — House.
 That a 2.00 is high enuf to graduate with, much less get in the house.
 That the house was clean.
 That — the meals?
 That every fellow with a car should be in the house.
 Gawd!
 That every date should have a dance.
 That — Aw Hell!!
 That there should be liquid refreshment
 That the boys will be boys.
 That the house treasurer is a pain.
 That Dingee should live at the house.
 That he can't study.
 That his associations were detrimental and he is sorry he didn't stay in the Dorms.
 That all men, living or dead, funny or serious, fraternity men or commuters, are fools.



S. A. E. STINKER

Boil three tea bags in one pint water. Serve hot with sugar and cream.

This drink is made even more delightful if small tasty wafers are served on the side.

LAMBDA CHI COUSIN FANNY

Soak two old sneakers over night in salt water. Set for three hours in gym locker with old bird cage and motorman's glove. Keep well covered and in cool place till ready to serve.

A. T. O. SLUG

1 jigger Furfural
 1/2 jigger 39 cent Gin
 1/2 jigger Eau de Cologne
 Sweeten to taste with Sloan's Liniment (adv't.) or cast off underwear.

DELTS PSI FORMULA NO. 6

Boil 1 sweatshirt for five minutes in distilled water. Filter off residue and dry over steam bath. Grind in mortar with equal parts potassium permanganate and iron filings. Add water and sweeten to taste.

For best results serve hot.

DELT DRIP

1 jigger Milk of Magnesia
 1 jigger Syrup of Pepsin
 1 jigger Mineral Oil
 Flavor with 1 or 2 lumps Feen-a-Mint and serve uniced.

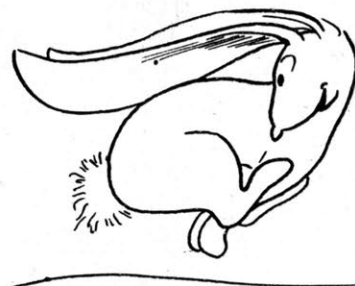
(One of these will keep you going through any dance, no matter how dull.)

THETA CHI GRAND SLAM

1 jigger nitroglycerine
 2 lumps 60 per cent Hercules Powder
 1 oz. potassium permanganate
 1 jigger conc. H₂SO₄
 Caution! Serve with long fuse.

WARNING!

Highly inflammable. Keep away from open fires!



"Chaste."

Tom Swift at Tech

or, You Can't Keep a Walker Special Dinner Down

Chapter I

"Hurrah," cried Tom Swift as he and his friend Ned Barton dashed down the steps of building ten, "classes are over."

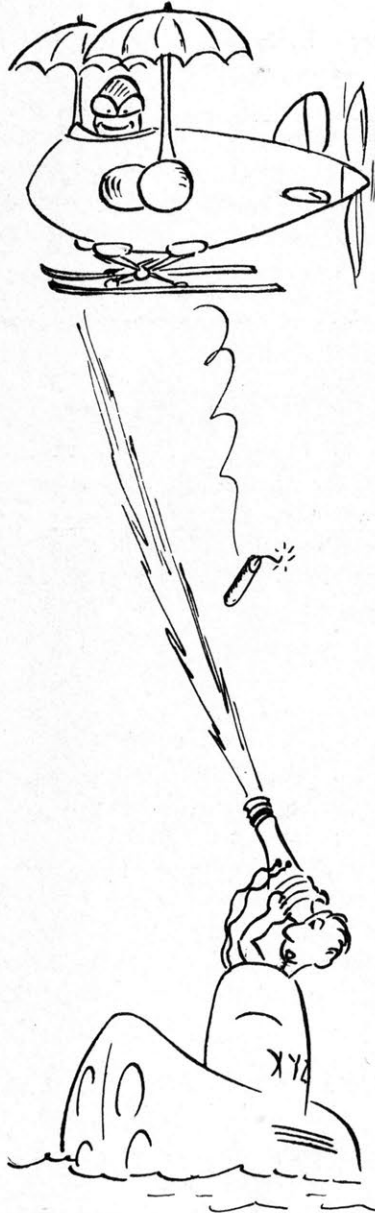
"Yes," answered Ned, "and tonight is the big Phi Gam Cowboy party." (adv't.)

The two friends ("Tom Swift at Wellesley," McMillan, \$2.50, adv't.) climbed into Tom's big yellow auto "The Whizzer" and roared away down Memorial Drive in a cloud of paving bricks. "I only hope Andy Slade doesn't try to steal my latest invention ("Tom Swift at Radcliffe," McMillan, \$.79, adv't.) tonight," said Tom, knocking over an M.D.C. as he dashed through a red light. At these words, Andy Slade, who had been hiding in the loudspeaker of the auto's radio, cursed under his breath.

"I'll have to buy some new tubes," thought Tom, and to prove his point he drove off the end of the Cottage Farm Bridge.

"Bless My Differential Analyzer," cried Mr. Damon, Tom's elderly friend who had accompanied him on many of his adventures ("Tom Swift at Simmons," McMillan, 25 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Sent in plain wrapper, check here if under 21 years of age, adv't.) as he pulled a fish out of his pocket, for he had tapped out in the rumble seat and had gone unnoticed in the rush from school.

With these words the big car was righted and the happy trio piled in with many a merry shout.



"Hold your hats, boys, here we go again," cried Tom, and they tore up Memorial Drive, which was replaced later at a tremendous cost.

Chapter II

After a hasty meal of unleavened bread and scotch the three friends dressed and prepared to join their comrades at the dance.

"Dear me," cried Tom, "we're two minutes late, and Mary will never forgive me."

"She'll listen to reason or I'll beat her damned head in," said Ned, who was Mary's brother. (Fill in coupon and receive free booklet, "Tom Swift's Twelfth Birthday," adv't.)

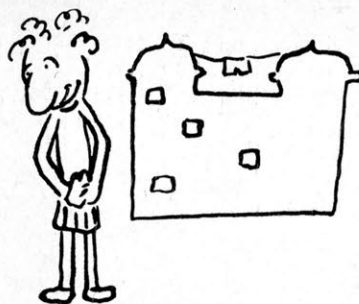
With these words the boys climbed into Tom's big red airplane "The Dart" and roared off toward the Delt, where Mary was staying with some friends. Tom negotiated a landing on the roof in a tricky cross wind; and, after a short delay in finding Mr. Damon, who had fallen out of the plane, leaving nothing behind but a shrill scream. They found Mary in the fireplace with two freshmen. After Tom had dispatched the interlopers with his death-ray (see "Tom Swift in the Oil Fields" or "All's Well that Ends Well," adv't.) the happy quartet set out for the Phi Gam house and the dance, and what awaited them there will be set forth in the new series entitled:

"Tom Swift Under Ground" or
"Mine over Matter" (adv't.)





1. This is Exodus T. Bilch. Exodus is a freshman, a fraternity man and a brown-bagger. Exodus doesn't look like much, does he?



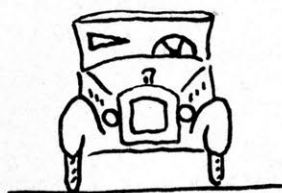
2. This is Murgatroyd. She is a Wellesley girl. See the Tower to her left? All I can say is phew!!!



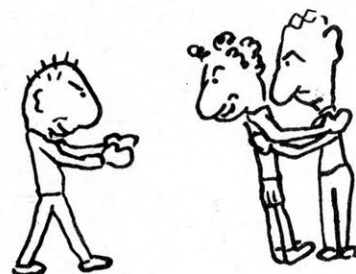
3. This is our villain Boswell. He is choking a little girl to show how tough he is. The girl isn't Murgatroyd. It should be.



4. This is the fraternity house in which Exodus and Boswell live. The thing on top is a chimney. There will be a dance here later. Nice, isn't it?



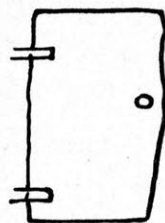
5. There is Exodus's car. It is empty. Exodus and Murgatroyd are not in it. They are in the house at the dance. (advt.)



6. Terror stalks the nite. Boswell is stalking too. He is stalking Murgatroyd. He likes her looks. I wonder why?



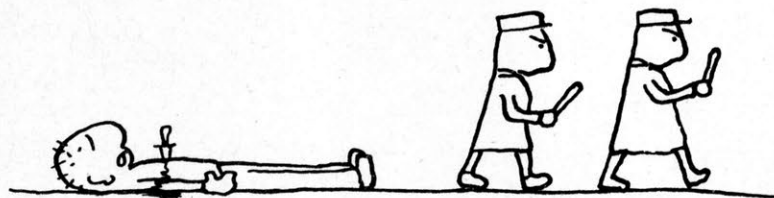
7. Boswell and Murgatroyd are dancing. It won't be long now.



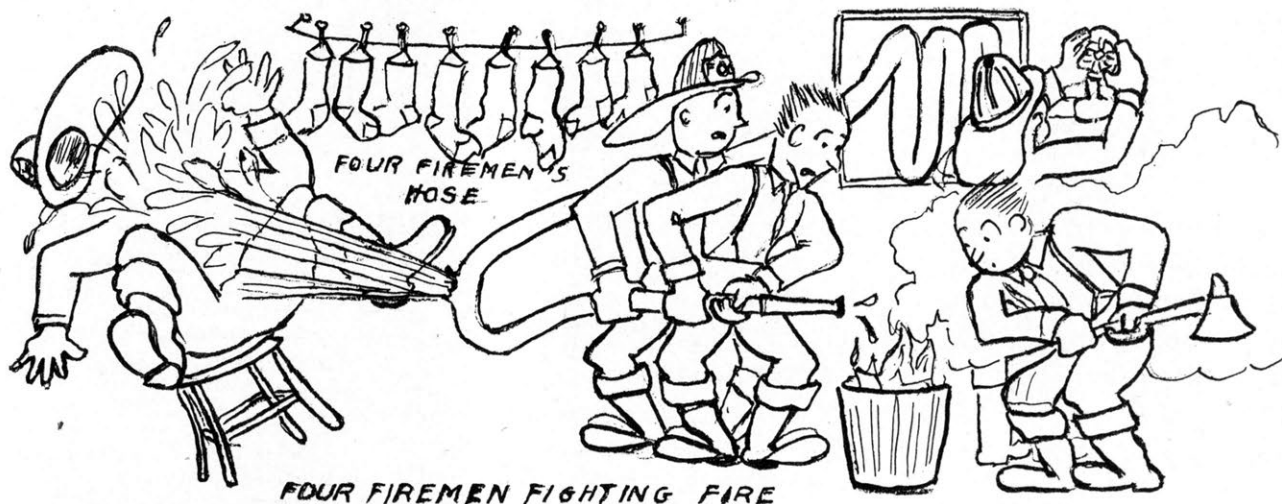
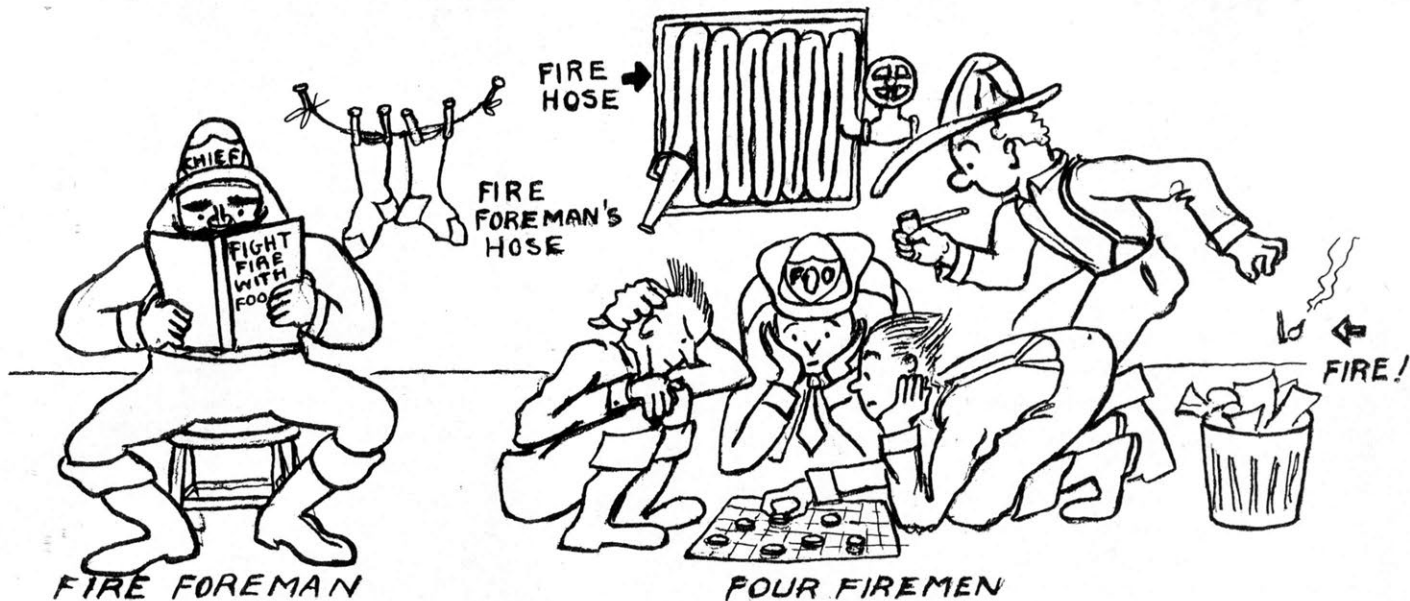
8. This is the door to Boswell's room. Sinister looking thing, isn't it?



9. This is Boswell's couch (day bed, etc.). Murgatroyd is on it. She is stewed. Boswell is around somewhere.



10. This is Boswell. Boswell is dead. Exodus killed him. See the blood. Murgatroyd has gone back to Wellesley. The police are looking for Exodus. See what happens to Stalkers.



HELP WANTED
MALE
WANTED: Four fire
men by firefore
man - Apply at

FIRE FOREMAN FIGHTING FOUR FIREMEN (FOUR FOES)

(P.S. - FIRE FOREMAN FINALLY FIRED FOUR FIREMEN)

THERE'S ONE IN EVERY HOUSE

HARD GUY

Educated in the school of hard knocks. Earned his first money on a paper route. Has bummed his way from Maine to California and laughs at anyone who hasn't been in jail for "vag." Frequents "The Imperial" and "The Royal Palms" because "uptown joints" are too tame. Is in Tech because his family always wanted him to go through college and he likes the idea of wearing riding pants and boots. Was almost scared to death by a couple of sailors on Scollay and since then has been seen more and more at the "Silver Buck."



WOMEN CHASER

Can be found talking to the cashier at the Fenway, standing alone on any Scollay Square corner, watching the stage door of the Gayety, or, if he owns an auto, cruising likely sections of the city with that certain gleam in his eye. He was on the Esplanade so much last summer, the concert audiences mistook him for a policeman in plain clothes looking for pickpockets. His activities have slowed down somewhat since the police began arresting men for approaching girls on the streets.



LOVE SICK FRESHMAN

He met his dream girl at the first dance of the season and has been in a daze ever since. He writes every day even though she lives no farther away than Wellesley, and wonders why she didn't invite him to the fall formal. He's beginning to be a bit sorry that he ended the affair with the home town girl so suddenly.

HOME TOWN BOOSTER

"Boston's O.K., but you should see Osawatomic." "Now where I come from . . ." and "Boy, for girls, give me good old Woonsocket," are his stock phrases. He is a miracle of inconsistency, for when home on vacation he delights in regaling the "gang" with tales of "Good Old Boston" and has invited all his friends up for a week-end and promised a time they'll never forget in a real town.



BROWNBAGGER

Midnight oil means nothing to this lad. He has a purpose and lets nothing interfere with the accomplishment of it. He carries four Saturday classes so that his afternoons will be free for study. He goes to the infirmary every time he sneezes, just in case. He makes no bones of his opinion of the gayer souls in the house and assiduously avoids everyone just before exams. He will probably be wondering why he didn't get that promotion to the front office thirty years after he graduates.



CHRISTER

He doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, never swears, has never held a girl's hand, and won't believe half the things he hears in bull sessions. The boys wouldn't give a damn if he would only shut up, quit being so smug, and keep his virtue to himself. He quit eating cake on Wednesday nights when he found the swell frosting was rum flavored. Is going to sneer at the souse some night and get his preachings shoved down his throat, if he hasn't moved out of the house by now because of the atmosphere.

THE TRUSTING SOUL

Never doubted that eight different houses had the highest cumulative on the campus. Even thought that the Dekes, Phi Mu Delts, Sigma Chi's, and Theta Chi's had tied for the football championship. Presents a rushing problem because the house with the biggest story and least conscience gets him. Will spend hours looking for a dozen piercing points, and will not take out a girl from Simmons because someone told him they all wore girdles and carried brownbags to dances. Is still not sure what it was he drank at his first dance under the impression that it was just some of the punch.



CAMPUS FIGURE

Man of importance with a hand in everything. Wonders how the Institute will get along after he graduates. Shines in the eyes of the pledges and shrugs expansively when his picture is pointed out in "Technique" during rush week. Has a pat on the back for everyone and calls most of the stenographers by their first names. Will never forgive "The Tech" for unintentionally leaving his name out of the elections to Beaver Club.



PANTY WAIST

Always has work to do when any rough stuff is planned. Would not move out of the house during Field Day week his first two years. Almost quit fraternities for good during Hell week, and now brags to the freshmen about the tough time they had when he went through the mill.

SOUSE

A man's man with a bottle who is proud of his ability to drink straight alcohol with gin chasers. He has his opinions of the sissies who weaken a scotch with soda and, if given his way, would limit drinking to upperclassmen because he never yet has seen a freshman who can drink. He has given up dance dates since the time a brother stuck him with a chorus girl from the "Old Howard" who finally helped him into the house and complained to the assembled crowd that college boys never would learn how to drink.



SWING FIEND

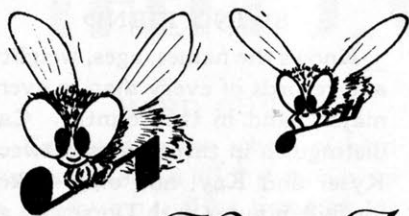
Knows the names, ages, weights and records of every man in every major band in the country. Can distinguish in three notes between Kyser and Kay, and once talked for five minutes with Dorsey on an off night at the Commodore. Calls a set of traps a "suitcase." Speaks of "plumbing," "Rock Crusher" and "Gob Stick" and would never think of calling a swing man anything but a "Cat." The happiest minutes of his life were those fifteen spent in the Onyx Club in New York when he was there for the first time visiting an uncle he never knew he had until he came East. Is a boon to the house because he saves the treasury a lot of money on recordings.



5

BRAIN

Has never been known to crack a book. Passed 240 with a C and never saw the Prof. Can speak at length on any subject under the sun and frequently does. Knows half a dozen of the foremost intellects by their first names from having won a like number of "Mind" competitions. At the age of ten was hailed as Whiffletree's boy wonder. Has never had time for girls, but wants to try a date sometime just to see what it's like.



New Wax

BEALE STREET BLUES STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN

Tommy Dorsey
(Victor)

These are merely shortened editions of the twelve-inch disks of Victor's Symposium.

PENGUIN WAR DANCE FOR WOODEN INDIANS

Ray Scott
(Brunswick)

Surrealism in swing is exemplified in these two sides. The younger brother of Mark Warnow has distinctive ideas of what swing should be like and he has gone ahead to prove that he is correct. The style he has originated has met with general approval and is being copied by a number of the better bands, but none can rival his group of musicians, all of them at the top of their field.

LOVE IS HERE TO STAY I WAS DOING ALL RIGHT

ALWAYS AND ALWAYS DR. RHYTHM

Larry Clinton
(Victor)

With Bea Wain singing, Larry Clinton arranging and directing a fine group of musicians, you can't help liking these releases. Of course they are pops tunes but it is swell to hear a band other than Dorsey that can play pops without stereotyping them.

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY NEGLECTED

"Fats" Waller
(Victor)

This is a record you should enjoy. Fats has been getting better and better; this platter really shows what a fine musician can do when he has a good band behind him. The piano solos are typical Waller, but seem much better than usual. The vocals are good, and the trumpet background and use of a Hawaiian guitar in *Neglected* are praiseworthy.

BEI MIR BIST DU SCHOEN YOU'RE A SWEETHEART

Belle Baker
(Brunswick)

We're afraid that Belle is on the skids. At one time she could give out with some fine vocals, but on this record we like to listen to the supporting orchestra and try to forget that she is singing. The orchestra, by the way, is very good. If it had more time to play, the record would be a gem; as it is, it is merely an also ran.

LITTLE WHITE LIES JUST A SIMPLE MELODY

Tommy Dorsey
(Victor)

We could rave for hours about this band. Everything about it is good: the arrangements, the solos, and the ensemble work are all above the average run of good bands. T. Dorsey is terrific! Get this record if you have to borrow to do it.

BLACK BUTTERFLY HARMONY IN HARLEM

Duke Ellington
(Brunswick)

The Duke always plays in an individual style, mainly because the composition of his band is not stock, but he generally arranges a piece so that it requires concentration to get all of its subtleties. This record is no exception; it is weird but listen closely and hear how the Duke puts a piece together. It's not a must, but you'll like it more than most of your other records.

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK ONE SONG

Art Shaw
(Brunswick)

The first number, with a good vocal by Tony Pastor, is distinguished by some fine work on the clary backed up by solid work on the drums. The second number is a smooth Art Shaw arrangement with Nita Bradley vocalizing in the style of Helen Ward. We hope that Shaw will stop looking for vocalists and hold onto this one. Of course, the usual fine clarinet of Art dominates the record.

SYMPHONY NO. 6 IN F MAJOR "PASTORAL"

Beethoven

*Performed by Arturo Toscanini and
the British Broadcasting Corporation
Symphony Orchestra*

Shortly before his recent return to America Conductor Toscanini made this recording of this *Sixth Symphony* of Beethoven, with the British Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra. To most of us Toscanini is known as one of the finest of the world's living conductors, precise, faithful, and delicate in all his interpretations. That he made this record is almost recommendation enough, of itself, but let us look at the work.

This symphony is unusual in some respects, quite different from the other pieces that Beethoven wrote at this time. It is less forceful, more compassionately loving than most of his works. He seems to be effortlessly guiding the imagination to a soothing country setting, rather than stimulating our intellect or rousing our emotions. Peaceful beauty is the fundamental theme. In this work he makes unusual and prolific use of his woodwinds, giving them much more than usual dominance, for they are his woodland voices. But the usual, majestic strings are not slighted; neither is the full orchestra forgotten, for one finds passages full of his majestic, powerful chords.

The "Pastoral" is famous in its own right, and has been for some time. Hence the only thing that need be said is that the recording is an excellent one, one in which Toscanini gives us a delicately beautiful interpretation of this masterpiece.

(Victor)

CONCERTO NO 1 IN E MINOR Chopin

*Played by Arthur Rubenstein, piano,
and the London Symphony Orchestra
conducted by John Barbirolli*

There are perhaps many of us who are reactionary in a sense that we have an aversion to piano music recordings. This feeling, not without justification, is occasioned by memories of the tinkling sounds which issued from poor phonographs playing equally poor records in times gone by, which was indeed an inadequate substitute for the tonality of a Steinway grand. But those days have gone, and nowhere do we find more concrete proof of this fact than in this new masterful recording, by Victor, of Arthur Rubenstein's interpretation of the E Minor Concerto.

This is a recording that I am sure no music lover will long be without. Even those unfamiliar with Chopin, averse to piano solos, are going to be surprised to find their impression one of enthusiastic approbation.

(Victor)

Chesterfields
satisfy millions



They'll give you
MORE PLEASURE

Professionals

PROBABLY HUNGRY

"So you call yourselves a team, do you? Why, I've seen a bunch of school kids look better on ice than you guys.

"No team work! That's the answer. You, McGruder, what's the idea of that solo dash at the end of the first period? Trying to do it all yourself, huh? Well, let me tell you for once and for all that teamwork is the only thing that wins games, and that applies to you fellows as well as anyone else. There are five other men out there trying to help you, so try to stay with them or there'll be some new faces in the line-up next week.

"As for you, Stillson. I don't need to tell you what you looked like. A big leaguer that can't even stand up on the ice! Had to fall flat on your face getting off the rink! Any farmer could beat that.

"Get this now. If there isn't a big improvement the next time you get on the ice there'll be some

fellows I know looking for jobs.

"O.K. boys, there's the bell. Now get out there and show that crowd what a big time outfit looks like. If you can't do it for me, do it for the team, boys. Now every man out there with those brooms and really get the old ice clean so the team can go to town this next period."



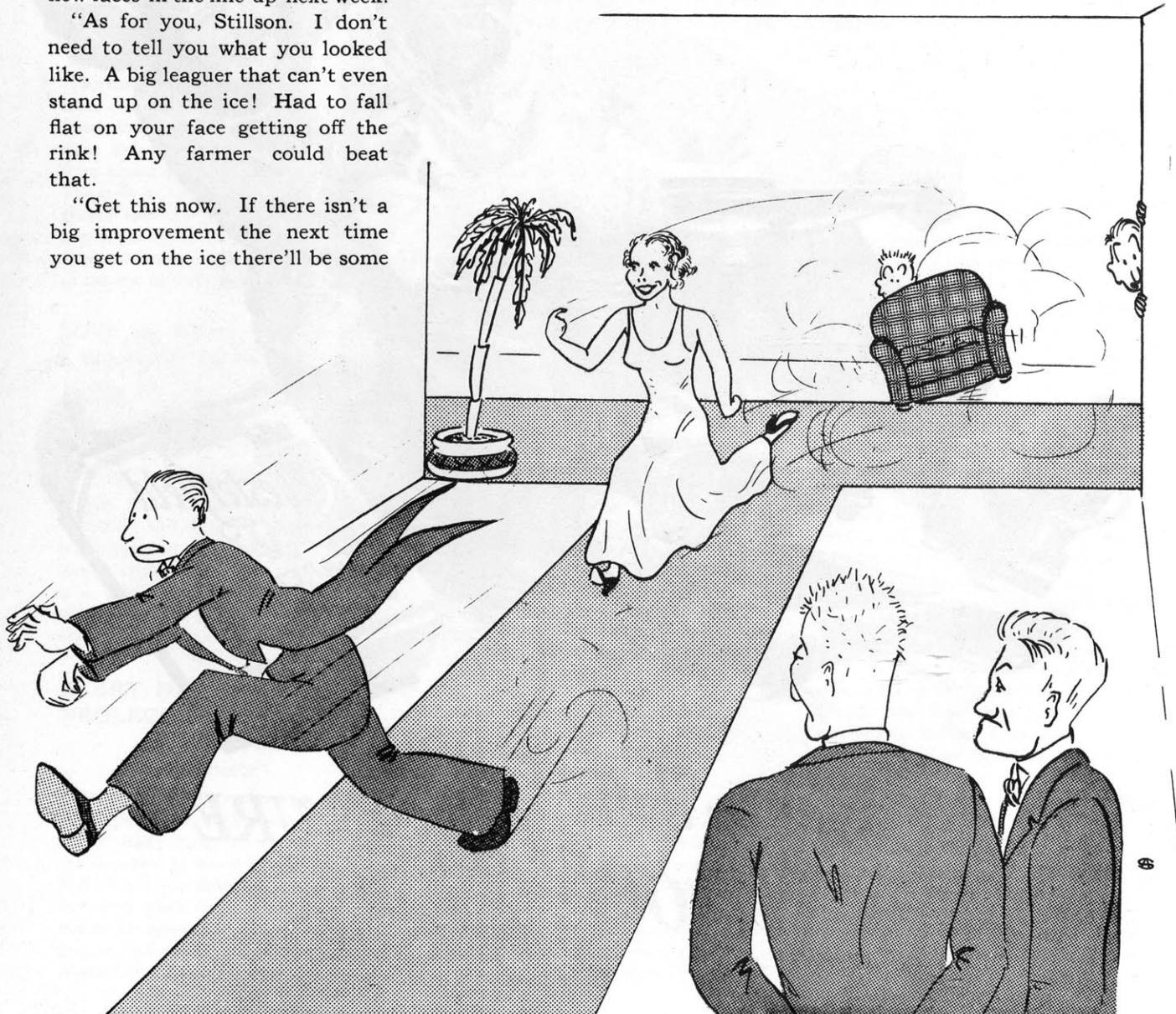
The inn looked cold and mysterious, and the traveler was not too anxious to spend the night there. A sinister-looking fellow showed him his room, and that looked haunted. The traveler turned to the man and said, "By the way, nothing strange has ever happened here, has it?"

"Not in fifty years," was the reply.

"That's good. What happened then?"

"A gentleman who spent the night here appeared for breakfast the next morning."

— Yale Record.



Sophie has never been the same since she slid down the Phi Gam's spiral banister.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Outfits for . . .
Winter Sport or
Southern Travel

BRANCHES

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



© Brooks Brothers

CONVERSATION PIECE

"Hello, Operator — Give me Walnut 9139.
(Gosh I wish I hadn't called this number in the first place.)

"Hello, may I speak to Ruth? (I wonder why she's taking so long. Probably asleep — just like her.)

"Hello, Ruth! This is Bill. How about a date Friday night?" (Come on, flatfoot, speak up. There are thousands waiting for the chance.)

"What's going on, Bill?" (Why, that conceited fool calling me this late for a date — who does he think he is?)

"Oh, the fraternity is having a dance at the house!" (What do you care? This is probably the first time you have moved out of the chair for weeks.)

"Yes, I'll go. (How I hate this!)

"Thanks." (Right you will. Your old man ought to pay a bounty for getting you out of the house for the evening.)

"Say, Ruth, it's just an informal affair." (Not that it makes any difference. You'll wear that damn red formal anyway. I bet you would wear that to a funeral.)

"What time will you be after me?" (I don't really give a hoot, you slughead, but I must be polite.)

"About nine o'clock!" (I need about three hours to get plastered so I can forget that ugly face of yours.)

"Who are we going with?" (Probably one of

those fathead brothers of yours that think they are big shots.)

"Jim and Marge!" (What do you care They'll feel bad enough when they hear I've a date with you.)

"Well, guess I'll hang up and get back to the books!" (If I don't, you'll talk all night, you old windbag!)

"So long, see you Friday!" (Books hell! Probably reading Snappy Stories or Artists and Models! (Down goes the receiver.)

Ruth: "A date with that fathead. I hope he gets drunk and passes out. Maybe I can have some fun at the dance!"

— Urchin.





Rastus: "Say, Sambo, what time in yoah life does yo' think yo' wuz scared de worstes?"

Sambo: "Once when ah wuz callin' on a married gal and her husband come in and caught me. Boy, wuz ah scared!"

Rastus: "How are yo' shuah dat wuz de worstes time?"

Sambo: "Cause her husbum turned to dat wife ob his an' he say: 'Mandy, whut's dis white man doin' heah?'"

— Buccancer.

THE
KEYHOLE

*"A Cocktail Lounge
 with Dancing"*

Dinner \$1.25
 Vin Vincent's Orchestra

★ **No Cover or
 Minimum Charge** ★

COPLEY SQUARE HOTEL
 HUNTINGTON AVENUE AT EXETER STREET

Found!

The ideal place to eat . . . WALKER

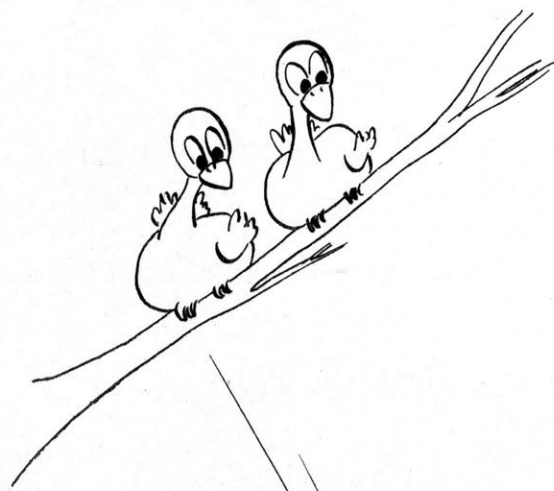
Dine with a plutocrat — A la Ritz
 in the Walker Grill or tote your tray
 with the gang — you can't go wrong

Napoleon was right

Get a Walker steak under your belt
 and Tackle that Triple E

Your dining service
 at WALKER

"Look, Mama! Junior's taken
 up dive bombing."



LAMPS

The other day during an especially dry class we were gazing out of the window into the great court and happened to notice the little figures on top of the night lamps. There probably aren't ten people in the institute who have noticed them, much less know what they are. Well, they're "centaurs" — "a fabled monster, half man and half horse." Papa Neptune is on top of some of the lamps too, lost in the sea of knowledge. With nothing else to do these fine days, you might take a walk around the great court and see how many of these figures you can spot and name.





Mechanical Drawing Prof.: "And if the centers are an inch and a half apart, where would the line be?"

Eternal Voice from the Rear: "Off side!"
— *Battalion.*

"Light or dark, sir?" the boot-black asked the absent-minded professor.

Absent-Minded Professor: "I'm not particular, but please don't give me the neck."
— *M. I. T. Voo Doo.*

Spokesman: "We are A.T.O.'s and honest men."

Judge: "Fine; the A.T.O.'s line over this side and the honest men on the other."

— *Puppet.*

"Can your girl keep a secret?"

"You said it. We were engaged three weeks before she told me."

— *Scratch.*



TESTIMONIAL UNSOLICITED

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

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



LALIME & PARTRIDGE
1255 BOYLSTON STREET
Telephone Kenmore 2760

THE MURRAY PRINTING COMPANY

KENDALL SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE
Telephone Trowbridge 5650

A woman arriving in this country after a short jaunt to Europe came to the customs office on debarking from the steamer.

"Anything to declare, Madame?" asked the official.

"No," she said, "not a thing."

"Quite positive?" insisted the official.

"Quite," she replied angrily.

"Then, Madame," quipped the official, "am I to understand that the fur tail hanging down under your coat is your own?"

— *Cherub.*

Adolph Hitler, we read, says there have been times when starvation was staring him in the face. Couldn't have been very pleasant for either of them.

— *Sun Dial.*



B. & S. LAUNDRY

55 CARLETON STREET
CAMBRIDGE
Trowbridge 2830



The B. & S. Girls Do the Laundry
Work for M.I.T. Boys

Telephones, Kenmore 4051-3277

E. D. ABBOTT COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

PRINTERS · STATIONERS

181 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
BOSTON

Walton Lunch Company

Office:

1083 WASHINGTON STREET

655 Tremont Street	242 Tremont Street
420 Tremont Street	1083 Washington Street
202 Dartmouth Street	44 Scollay Square
629 Washington Street	332 Massachusetts Avenue
30 Haymarket Square	19 School Street
6 Pearl Street	437 Boylston Street
540 Commonwealth Avenue	26 Bromfield Street
1215 Commonwealth Avenue	105 Causeway Street
1016 Commonwealth Avenue, Brookline	

Walton Restaurants Nearest to Technology Are:

78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

MAKE MINE RISQUE

She is a brown-eyed brunette, twenty-three years old, and an accomplished danger.

We prefer an inexperienced little peril ourselves.

— *Varieties.*

Old Maid: "Are you through with Fido's bath yet?"

* Maid: "Yes, ma'am, you can come in now."

— *Pup.*

Huck Finnie: "Hey, Miss, no swimming allowed in this lake."

Pi Phi: "Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"

Huck: "There ain't no law against undressin'."

— *Yellow Jacket.*

Cinderella: "Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?"

The Good Fairy: "You'll not go at all if you don't stop swearing."

— *Gargoyle.*



IN FRONT OF THE EIGHT BALL

"No, you can't take my daughter riding."

"Why not?"

"I don't allow college boys to go out with my daughter."

"But I ain't a college boy, I work over to Kelly's pool hall."

"I beg your pardon, sir, my daughter will be ready in a moment."

— *Jester.*



Coed: "Jack, are you sure it's I whom you are in love with, and not my clothes?"

Jack: "Test me, darling."

— *Buccancer.*

DELTA TAU DELTA

Located in the heart of beautiful Brookline, the garden spot of New England. Large house; completely modern; indoor toilets. Two blocks from car line. Call Lon. 8614 or write Ed Hadley, C. of D. T. D., Brookline, Mass.

SIGMA NU

Located in the heart of beautiful Brookline, the garden spot of New England. Large house; completely modern; cool, breezy, tastily decorated outdoor rest rooms. Two blocks from car line. Call Asp. 6263. If a man answers, hang up.

CLUB DEKE

The Club Deke offers the finest selection of wines and liquors on the campus. A bar on every floor! Music for dinner and late supper dancing! Excellent food, tastily prepared, and pleasantly served at Walton's, 78 Massachusetts Avenue.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA

Acquire that finished look

Safe — Not a drug

Non-habit forming

Bring a friend and reserve one of our comfy Double Joints

Don't be a piker when you can be an A. T. O. (advt.)

Let us solve your fraternity problem. *Theta Delta Chi* puts at your disposal a seasoned staff of veteran student directors. We need you, and if you join T. D. C. you'll need us.

No towel deposit. No ringers. Low food costs maintained by sale of ten-meal tickets on Phi Bet house.

"Stu" Paige, chairman of Freshman Welcoming Committee, will add *you* to his list of personal responsibilities.

Do you long for a roof over your head, a bed you can call your own? So do the brothers in the *Kappa Sig* House. This mentally compatible atmosphere is yours for the price of the mortgage and an unsullied copy of "Industrial Stokimetry."

PHI DELTA THETA

Needs young men of high ideals and worthy purpose. Opening for men in every class. Think twice before you pledge. Call Lon. 8798.

WANTED

Five pledges between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Must have references from local clergyman or high school principal. Married men need not apply. Phone Phi Mu Delt House, Com. 8318.

FOR RENT

Several completely furnished one-room apartments with inner spring mattresses and study facilities. Connecting baths. Meals if desired. Rates reasonable. No dogs allowed. Phone or write Delta Psi (Number Six Club), Kir. 0666.

F=M (?)

Fill in the missing letter (or letters) and win a pledgeship in Beta Theta Pi. It's easy! All you do is complete the formula and send it, with stamped, self-addressed envelope to Contest Manager, 241 Kent Street, Brookline, Mass. Act now! Bonuses given for promptness!

PHI GAMMA DELTA

Safety first!

Don't risk injury at the hands of our Rush Chairman.

Report unarmed at the Phi Gamma Delta's Fenway Bastile.

Don't wait for the draft. The first dozen volunteers get one of Phi Gam's big, shiny pledge buttons.

Remember — are we men or are we Phi Gams?

NOTICE!!!

You too can be a D. U. No rating requirements! Easy monthly payments. Write now for free booklet "How to Become a D. U." It's easy! Phone Com. 8214.

M.I.T. VOO DOO



FOR A GOOD GIN

Ask for
Lord Newbury

An excellent product, dis-
tilled from pure grain . . .
very moderately priced at

**\$1.35 a quart
.70 a pint**

We carry a complete line of
Imported and Domestic Liquors
Wines and Cordials

Open Evenings until 11 P.M.

Telephoned orders given prompt attention
Just call KENmore 3813

PRICE BROS. CO.

141 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts
(Opposite Fenway Theatre)

The Nippon Room

One of Back Bay's
Smartest Rooms for

Cocktails • Luncheon Dinner or Supper

Featuring
Don Julio's Rhythmic Strings

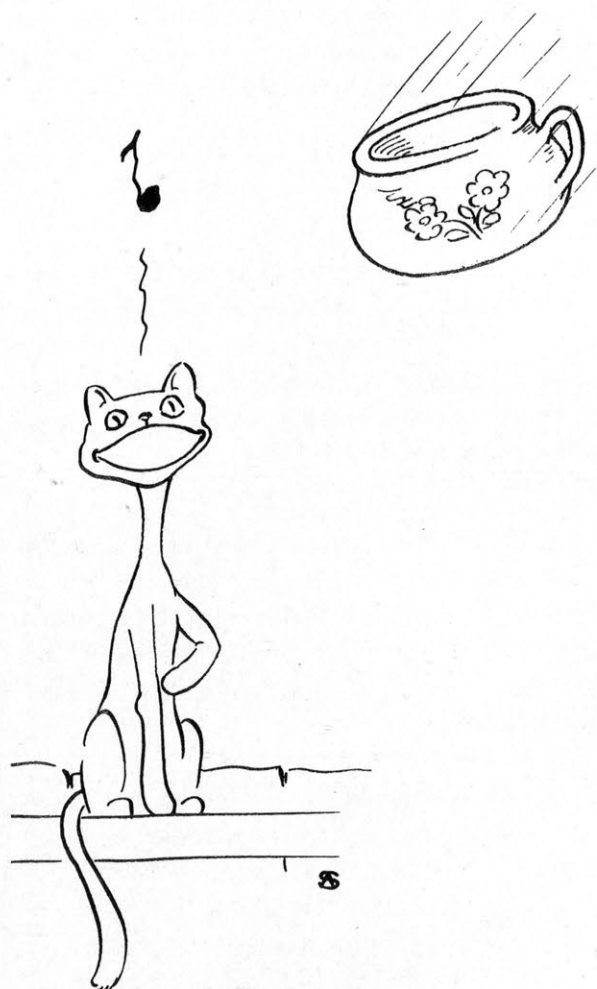
Complimentary Hors D'oeuvres
at Cocktail Hour and Supper

Moderate
Prices



HOTEL VENDOME *Commonwealth*
AVENUE

M.I.T. VOO DOO



Pot Shot

"Lady, you'll have to pay half-
fare for that boy."

"But, conductor, he's only four
years old."

"Well, he looks like a six-year-
old."

"Sir, I have been married only
four years."

"Lady, I'm not asking for a con-
fession. I'm asking for a half-fare."

— *Yale Record.*

"Melvin! Melvin!"

"What, Ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fish-
bowl?"

"No, Ma, but I'm comin' pretty
close."

— *Yellow Jacket.*

SECOND LAW

Motors roar and tires turn,
Flames shoot out and highways burn,
Because —
F equals M a.

Turbines hum and rotors spin,
Wires heat and lights begin,
Because —
F equals M a.

Waters surge and floods are made,
Buildings wrecked and cities fade,
Because —
F equals M a.

Cannons boom and rifles crack,
Humanity gone off the track,
Because —
F equals M a.

Newton, Watt, and all the rest,
Uttered so and proved by test,
That —
F equals M a.

But I blew up that 8.01,
Just forgot the phenomenon,
That —
F equals M a.

—V. Kupelian



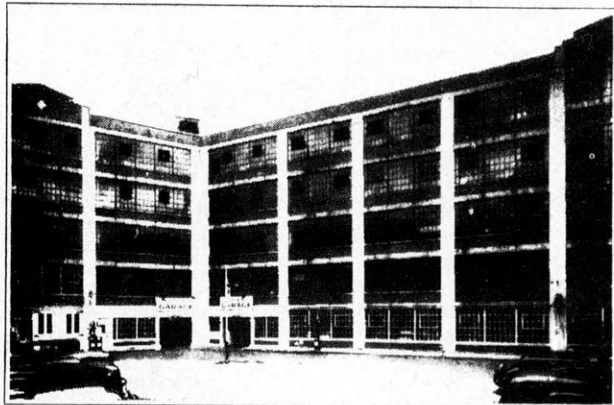
THE FIFTH AVENUE

\$3.50



The Technology Store
THE COOP

REGENT GARAGE



Latest Model PACKARD LIMOUSINES with Liveried Chauffeurs

Special Rates for Theatre and Dinner Parties

STORAGE • ACCESSORIES • LUBRICATION

Floor Reserved Exclusively for Tech Students

16-18 Stoneholm Street, Boston, Mass.

Off Norway Street

Telephone KENmore 5500

For an Evening
of Romance

El Morocco

DINNER DANCING 6 to 9

Dinners from \$1.50

SUPPER DANCING 9 to Closing

and the BAMBOO BAR

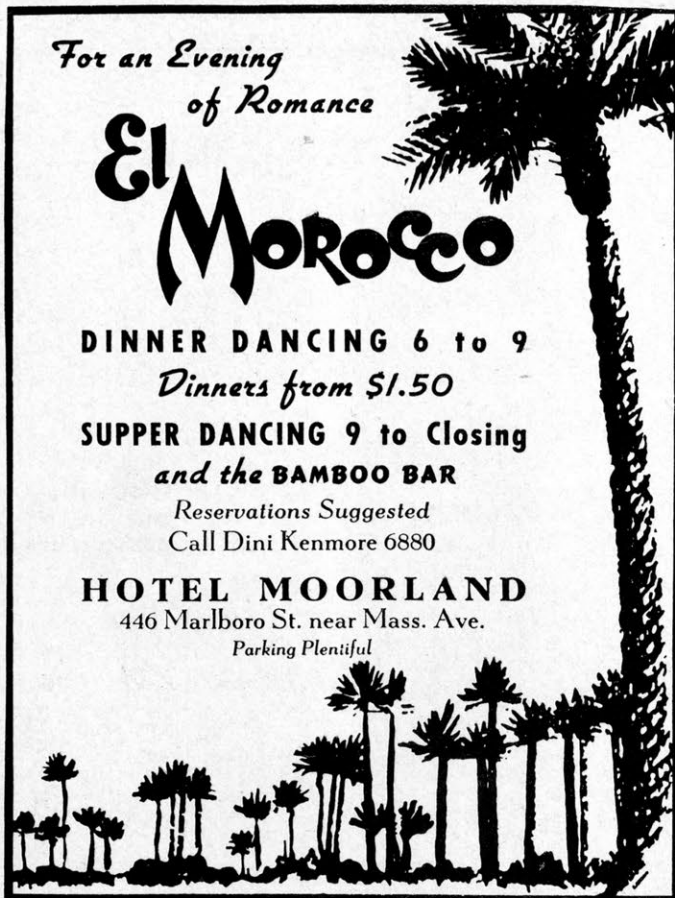
Reservations Suggested

Call Dini Kenmore 6880

HOTEL MOORLAND

446 Marlboro St. near Mass. Ave.

Parking Plentiful



JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

DINING AT THE

LENOX GRILL



- When Technology was located on Boylston Street, the Lenox Grill was by far the favorite dining place of Tech men. They relished with a gusto the food prepared by Chef Catinella.

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

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

Ask any old grad about
HIGHBALL JOHN SPECIAL.

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

Hotel Lenox

Corner of Boylston and Exeter Streets

BOSTON, MASS.



DETECTIVES

"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom," replied the clerk, "but there is a lady in the opposite corner, and if you don't make any noise she'll be none the wiser."

"Fine," said the tired man, and into the ballroom he went.

Five minutes later he came running out to the clerk.

"Say," he cried, "that woman in there is dead!"

"I know it," was the answer. "But how did you find out?"

— *Yale Record*.



FOUND: Lady's purse left in my car while parked. Owner can have same by paying for this advertisement. If she will explain to my wife how the purse got there, I will pay for the ad myself. Phone Ra. 6789.

— *Yellow Jacket*.



Mechanical Drawing Prof.: "And if the centers are an inch and a half apart, where would the line be?"

Eternal Voice from the Rear: "Off side!"

— *Battalion*.



FOUND: Lady's purse left in my car while parked. Owner can have same by paying for this advertisement. If she will explain to my wife how the purse got there, I will pay for the ad myself. Phone Ra. 6789.

— *Yellow Jacket*.

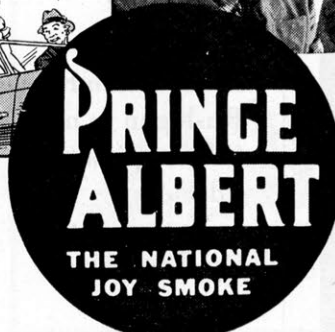
"Now," said the lad to his father at the college football game, "you'll see more excitement for two dollars than you ever saw before."

"I don't know," replied the old gent, "that's what my marriage license cost me."

— *Kitty-Kat*.



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



OUR BUNCH SKIPPED TONGUE-BITE FROM THE START. PRINCE ALBERT HAS THE **HARSHNESS PROCESSED OUT**. AND IT'S **CRIMP CUT TO PACK AND SMOKE RIGHT**



SO MILD!

THE BIG **2** OUNCE RED TIN

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

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 latest scandal provoked another crisis in the French Cabinet and there was rioting in the streets. But there was no rioting on the sidewalks, the sidewalks being reserved for the cafes. That's what makes street fighting so popular in Paris; when a fellow gets tired he can always sit down and have a drink.



"I'm a different man since I met her."

"How's that?"

"I gave her the wrong name and address."



They were trying an Irishman charged with a petty offense in an Oklahoma town, when the judge asked: "Have you anyone in the court who will vouch for your good character?"

"Yis, your honor, quickly answered the Celt, "there's the sheriff there."

Whereupon the sheriff evinced signs of great amazement. "Why, your honor," declared he, I don't even know the man."

"Observe that! I've lived in the country for over 12 years an' the sheriff doesn't even know me yit! Ain't that character for ye?"

Two Irishmen had worked in a stone quarry for years. Murphy was careless in handling dynamite one day and his friend Kelley was given the job of carrying the sad news to his widow.

"Mrs. Murphy," said he, "isn't today when the fellow calls for the payment on your husband's life insurance?"

"It is," was the reply.

"Well, now, a word in your ear. Sure ye can snap your fingers at him today."



He: If you were my girl, I'd give you poison.

She: If you were my fellow, I'd take it.

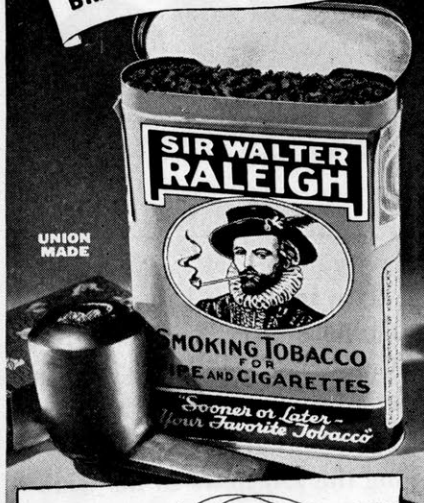
M. I. T. VOO DOO

**WHERE THERE'S
SMOKE THERE
MAY BE FIRING!**



THE OLD BOY got a whiff of Joe's stinky pipe — swore that Joe was stealing ink erasers to fill it—and fired him like *that!*

**THEN JOE SWITCHED TO THE
BRAND OF GRAND AROMA**



THE BOSS RELENTED, saying: "Any man with sense enough to find a burley blend *that* fragrant and mild can stay on my payroll forever. Get me a two-ounce tin!"

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, 8:30 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Red Network.

MARCH TIMES ON

Very Free Verse

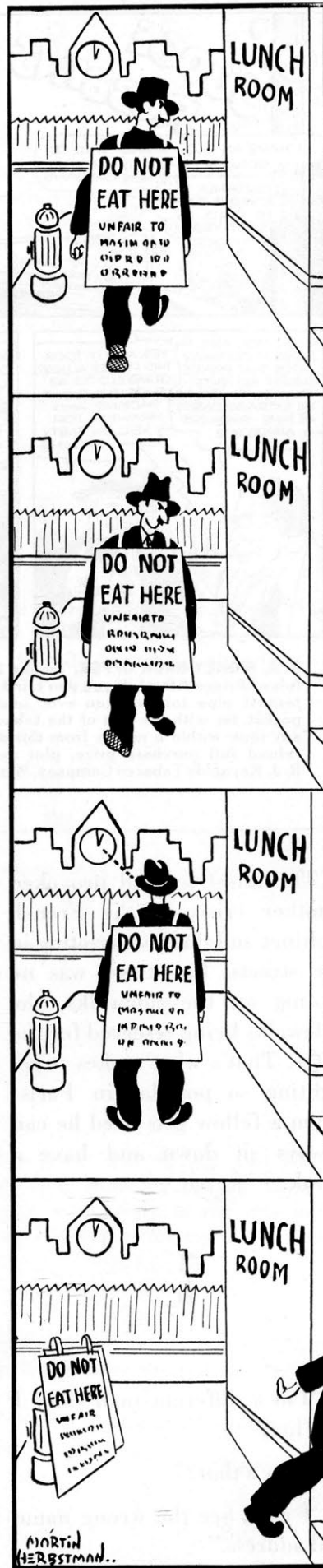
I are new college student
Take physical exam
I make round shoulders
Stand flat foot
Read chart backwards
Cough
No can hear
Doctor say I have excellent
health
I must take ROTC

I drill
In rain
In sun
In mud Man behind
Rush gun in my back
Officer spit at me
I decide
I must get out
Gym are better.

I play sick
I play dead
It no help
Maybe they like me too much
I ask Captain
He look up record
He say mistake are been made
My name are mixed with other
But he say he are sorry
No can change record
I begin to cry.

I walk in street
I stop runaway horse
On it are general's daughter
But I not know her
She ask
What you want most
I say
Want to get out of ROTC
She sore!
She like army.

Next day I go to school
I are told I now take Gym
I faint . . .



M. L. T. VOO DOO

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

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

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

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

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

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

A man, seeing another man swimming off a Florida beach, said: "Hey, aren't you afraid of sharks?"

Swimmer: "No, I'm tattooed."

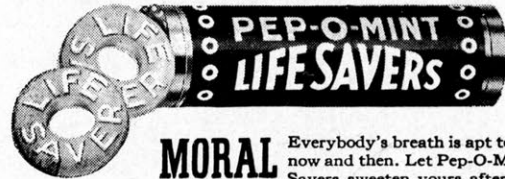
Observer: "What has that got to do with sharks?"

Swimmer: "I've got 'Harvard is the best college in the world' written on my chest, and even a shark wouldn't swallow that."



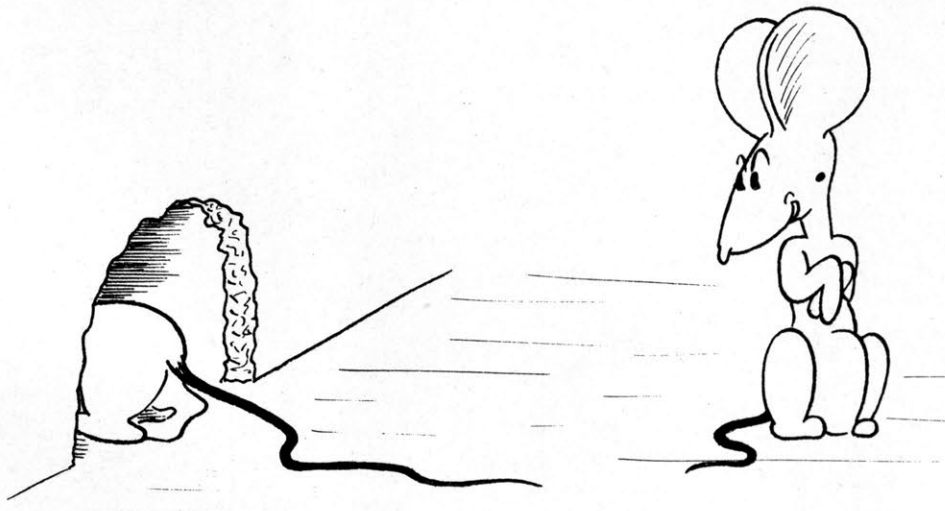
HE: Boy! Doesn't this take your breath away!

SHE: Here's something that'll really take your breath away. Try a Pep-O-Mint Life Saver!



MORAL

Everybody's breath is apt to offend, now and then. Let Pep-O-Mint Life Savers sweeten yours after eating, drinking or smoking.



Guy Lombardo

and his Royal Canadians



DANCE to the incomparable music of America's most popular orchestra—in America's most popular room. Let yourself go to the smooth "sweet rhythm", which has made Guy Lombardo's orchestra the most popular on the air waves for six consecutive years.

Playing every night except Sunday for dinner and supper dancing. For reservations call "Paul" at Murray Hill 6-9200. Cover charge—\$1.00 weekdays, \$1.50 Saturdays and holiday eves.

The ROOSEVELT GRILL

Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York

WHERE TECH MEETS TECH
IN NEW YORK

Dean (to co-ed): "Are you writing that letter to a man?"

Co-ed: "It's to a former roommate of mine."

Dean: "Answer my question."

"I can tell a real lady by the way she dresses, can't you?"

"Dunno, I never watched one."

— Pup.

"Do you know what the burglar who broke into the Deke house got?"

"Yeah . . . pledged."

— Pell Mell.

Voice from passing car: "Engine trouble?"

Voice from parked car: "Nope."

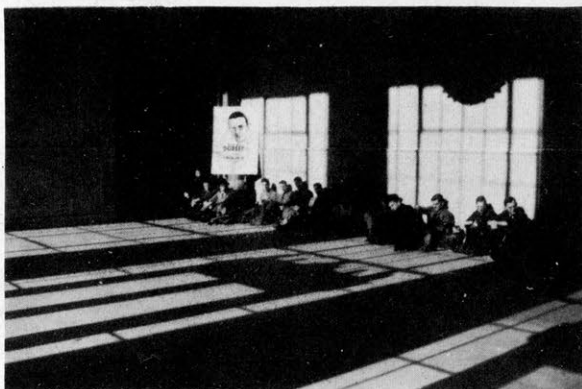
Voice from passing car: "Tire down?"

Voice from parked car: "Didn't have to."

— Mis-A-Sip.

ADVERTISING INDEX

B. & S. Laundry	20
Brooks Brothers	17
Camel	BC
Chesterfields	15
E. D. Abbott Co.	20
El Morocco	24
Ford	4
Hotel Lenox	24
Keyhole, The	18
Lalime and Partridge	19
Life Savers	27
Murray Printing Company, The	19
Nippon Room	22
Old Gold	3
Price Brothers	22
Prince Albert	25
Raleigh	26
Regent Garage	23
Roosevelt	28
Tech Store	23
Walker Dining Halls	18
Walton Lunch Co.	20



A New Model

The new 1938 model of the Junior Prom is almost with us. This year the Prom crashes into the popular-priced field stripped of its former "pomp and circumstance" and its superfluties (?), and appears with only the bare essentials — but what essentials! This year's Prom should be **THE** dance of Tech's strenuous social season.

The band is tops! Led by that sentimental gentleman with the push-pipe it should satisfy most people. Even the boys who listen to the Walker phonograph. Tommy Dorsey, who introduced us to "Humoresque," "The Blue Danube," "Melody in F," and other classics, can also turn out the best in dance and "stand around and listen to" music.

FIND OUT

FOR

YOURSELF

Remember, there'll be only one Prom this year; so if you haven't a ticket, borrow or steal one. But get one — any legitimate means allowed. If you managed to survive the riots at the ticket sales and have one of the precious, little things, guard it well.

Your ticket will be good only on Friday, March 4. And no place but the Statler will take it. If, however, we are blessed with inclement weather, there will be no rain checks.

If you don't dance, that's no excuse. Come around anyway and listen. Tommy's arrangements, Edythe Wright's and Jack Leonard's vocalizings should interest even those who "ain't got rhythm." If you do dance, then you'll probably have a lot of the floor to yourself. You can do your Big Apple, Bronx Shag, or Bayonne Hop without interruption from the crowd gathered around Tommy's ensemble.

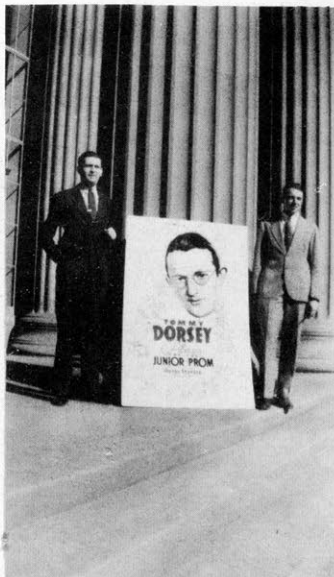
Tommy, rumor has it, wanted to be an engineer, so he should know what you dear little slide-rule pushers want and, or what's good for you. Dorsey can give you hot, itchy, or swing music with a little classical thrown in. He can even tell you about chicken-raising. He's very obliging that way. And if you don't see what you want, ask for it — except for the other fellow's date.

We'll be there with that cute little Angora from the next street, and we expect to see you.

Prom

Number

Voo Doo



"I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO PREFER CAMELS" SAYS RALPH GREENLEAF

WORLD'S CHAMPION IN POCKET BILLIARDS



"HEALTHY NERVES ARE A MUST WITH ME!"

Fourteen different times the headlines have flashed: RALPH GREENLEAF WINS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. He is counted the greatest pocket billiard player of all time. Cool under fire. Often pulling from behind with brilliant runs of 59 and 76 to win.

"Even before I won my first big championship I'd already picked Camel as my cigarette," said Ralph in a special interview during recent championship play in Philadelphia. "I'd say the most important rule in this game is to have healthy nerves. It pays to be sure of the mildness of your cigarette. And on that score, I think, Camels have a lot extra to offer. One of the main reasons why I've stuck to Camels for 20 years is—they don't ruffle my nerves."

And America as a nation shows the same preference for finer tobaccos that Ralph Greenleaf does! Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America



Fencing experts, too, appreciate Camel's finer tobaccos. As BELA DE TUSCAN, the famous instructor, says: "The fast action in fencing is very tiring, and I welcome the 'lift' I get with a Camel."

"I'm devoted to Camels," says HELEN HOWARD, top-flight spring-board diver, of Miami, Florida. "They're my *one and only* cigarette! They don't irritate my throat. Most of the girls I know smoke Camels, too."



JAMES L. CLARK, famous scientist and explorer, says: "I choose Camels for steady smoking—always carry plenty of Camels with me into the wilderness. I'm in step with the millions who say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' Many's the time I've actually done it."



"The way these light boats bounce around is enough to knock the daylight out of my digestion! That's why I enjoy Camels so much at mealtime. They help my digestion to keep on a smooth and even keel," says MULFORD SCULL, veteran outboard motorboat racer.



DO PEOPLE
APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS? —

A matchless blend of finer, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—
Turkish and Domestic



— CAMELS ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE
IN AMERICA