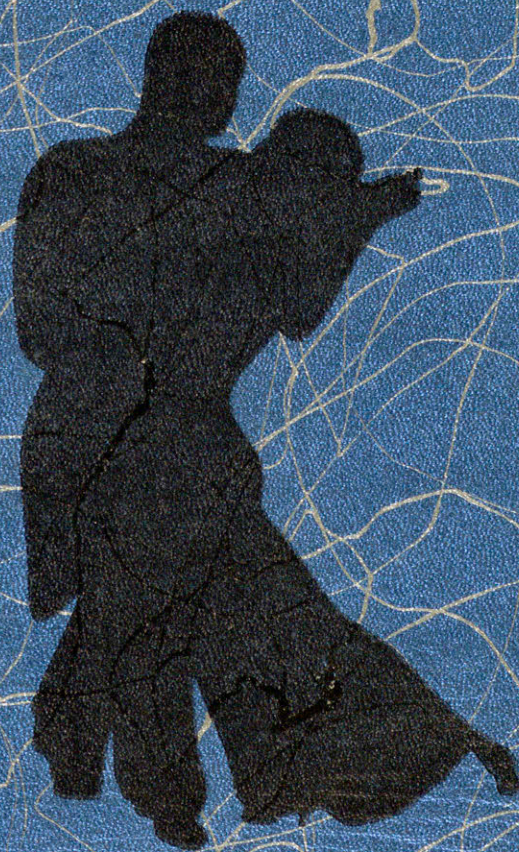


# Voodoo





BOO!



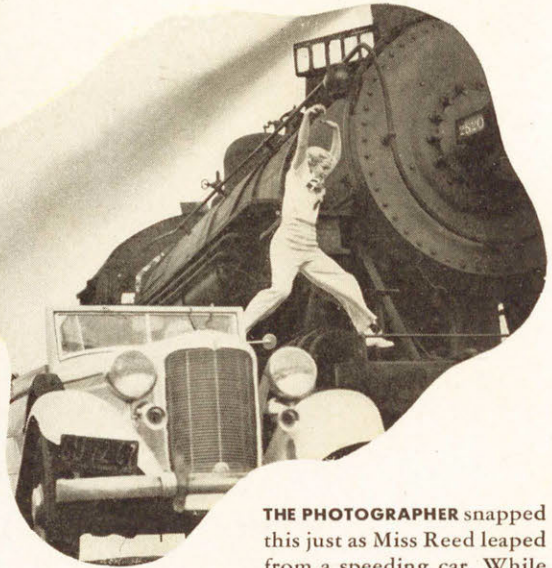
# SHE RISKS HER LIFE FOR THE

# Movies



## MISS IONE REED, DARING MOVIE STUNT GIRL, ANSWERS A QUESTION ABOUT CIGARETTES...

SHE jumps off rushing trains. She changes from speeding car to train and back again. She is the girl stunt star of Hollywood.Laughs at danger—because she knows what she is doing. Is extra careful in her choice of a cigarette, because, as she says—but read below and let her tell her ideas in her own way.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER snapped this just as Miss Reed leaped from a speeding car. While making pictures, Ione often has time for only quick snacks. "Smoking Camels always helps me to enjoy my meal more," she says. You'll find that those finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels mean much to *your* smoking.

**OFTEN MISS REED** has to go through the same danger—the same strain—five or six times before the "take" is right. "I know what hard work is," she says. "Many a time I've been thankful for that cheery 'lift' that I get with a Camel."



**FOR RECREATION** Miss Reed likes cooking...dancing...outdoor sports...and Camels! "On almost every movie lot, I notice that so many of the stars prefer Camels," she says.

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

DO PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE  
**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**  
IN CAMELS? —



— CAMELS ARE THE  
**LARGEST-SELLING**  
CIGARETTE  
IN AMERICA

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

ONE SMOKER  
TELLS ANOTHER..

*"Camels agree with me!"*



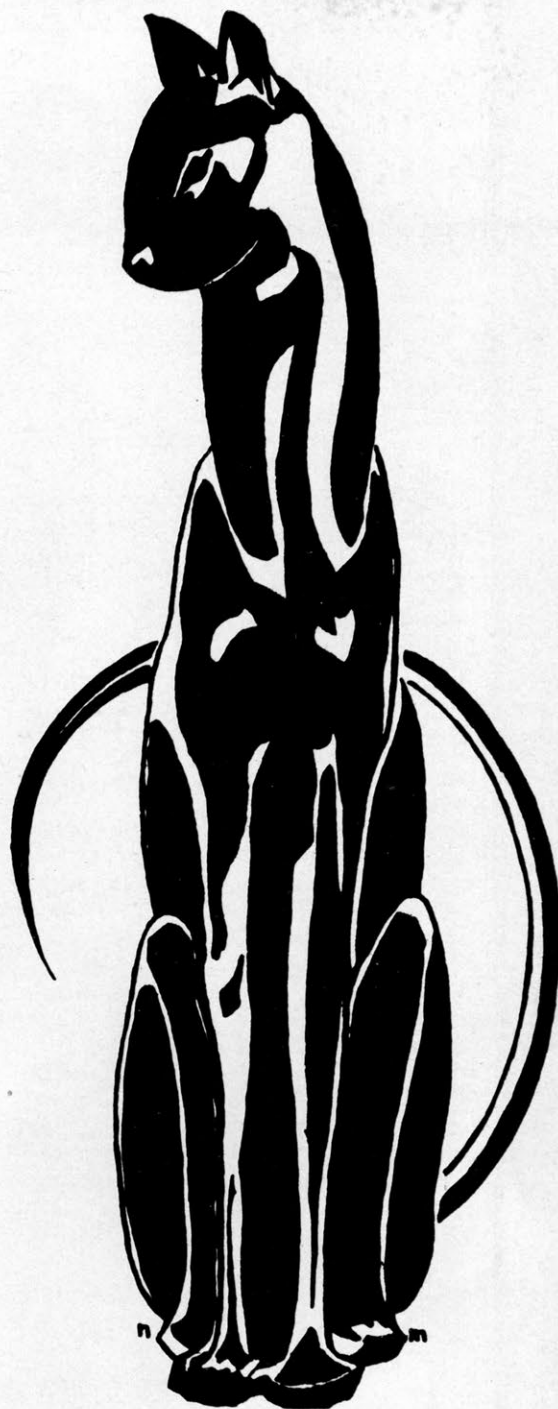
# Voo Doo

March, 1938



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# Voo Doo

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## EDITORIALLY

## SPEAKING —

### WELCOME

*Phos extends his most cordial welcome to those of you who are at the Prom, and his most heartfelt sympathies to those of you who are not. It does seem unfortunate that there isn't a large enough ballroom in this magnificent village to accommodate the thousands who were unable to get tickets, and yet the thousand persons who are here constitute considerably more than a bare handful. Congratulations are certainly in order for the Prom Committee, who seem to have bent over practically horizontally in an effort to give Technology the kind of a Junior Prom that it has been looking for for some years.*

### CHALLENGE

*For some months now Phos has been a very very tame sort of cat — some have even gone so far as to say that the venerable sage of Walker Memorial has gone sissy — Horrors! However, the urge for adventure is again surging in his hairy breast and he is out for blood once more. And again his opponent is none other than that worthless rag, The Tech, whose semi-weekly misprints are the scourge of Technology and all for which it stands. This time Phos' conceded victory takes the form of a Bock-beer-drinking bout, to be staged at any time the lesser greats of The Tech feel that they are able to hold more than one glass of beer per evening. Phos realizes that he has a semi-formidable opponent in the person of the pudgy General Manager of the rag, who has been known to stow away up to three cans of brew in one sitting; nonetheless, the fearless men of VOO DOO will go into the battle confident of victory. To The Tech we give this challenge — we shall not falter until we drop, s'help us!*



# Leading a Double Life!

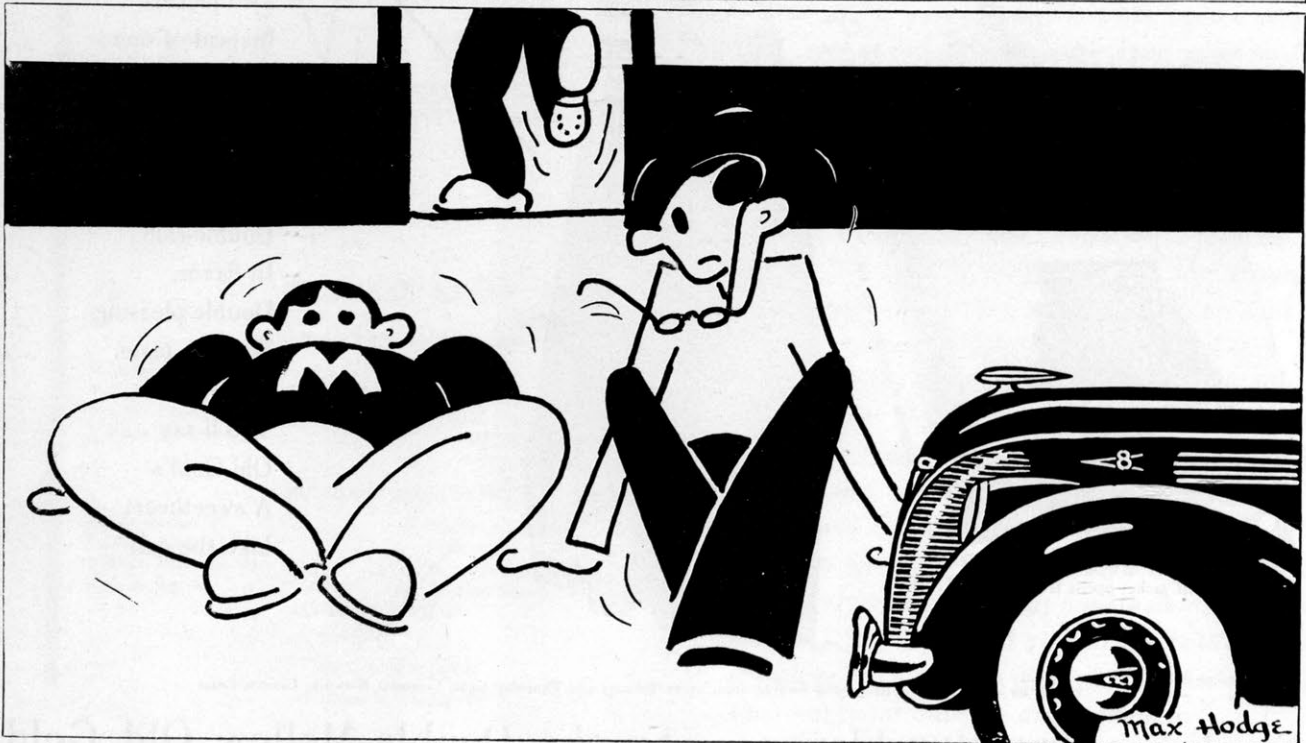
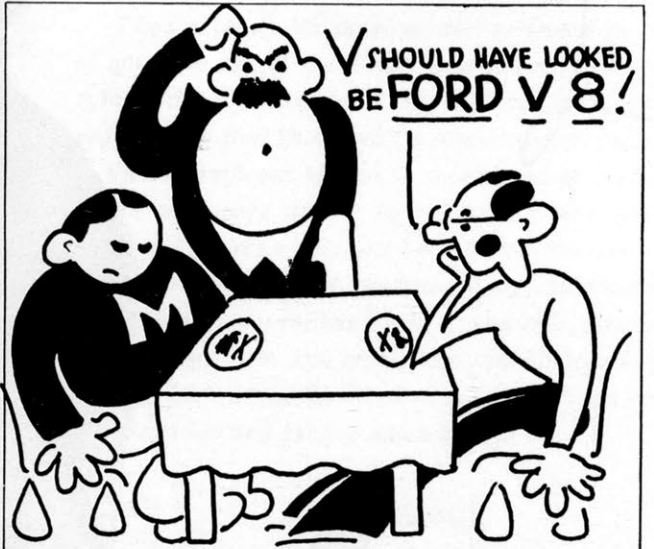
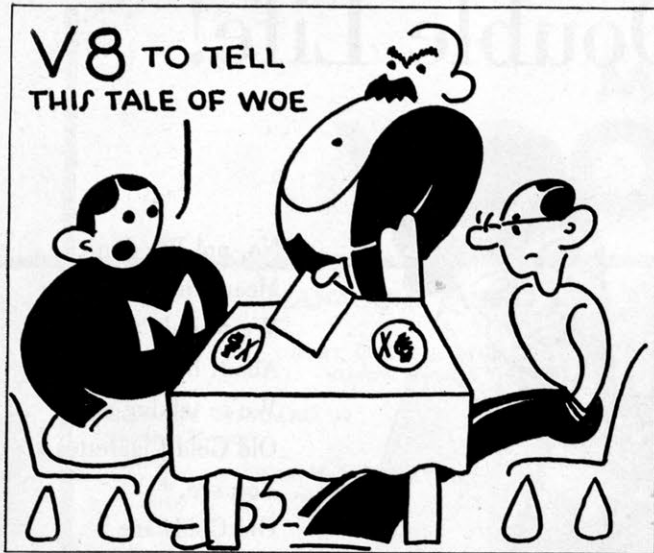


No, no! We don't  
Mean the gal!  
We wouldn't know  
About her.  
We're talking about  
Old Gold Cigarettes.  
You see,  
Old Golds are  
Double-mellow  
Because they're blended  
From double-fine  
Prize crop tobaccos.  
Really double-aged  
(3 years or more).  
And they're  
Double-delightful  
Because they're always  
Double-fresh . . .  
Kept that way  
By a  
Double-wrapping  
Of Cellophane.  
Two jackets  
Instead of one  
Double-guard  
O. G.'s freshness.  
You'll find  
Fresh Old Golds  
Double-rich  
In flavor,  
Double-pleasing  
To your taste.  
We'll bet  
You'll say . . .  
Old Gold's  
A sweetheart  
Like the gal!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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



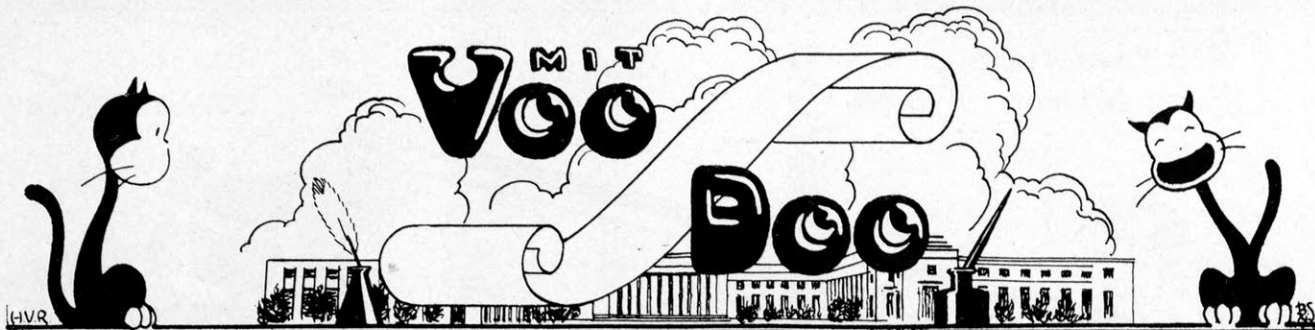






**TOMMY DORSEY**  
AMERICA'S ACE TROMBONIST





## Voodooings . . .

### THE POLE

A sure sign of something is this incident which took place in the hovel so graciously erected for the comfort of waiting trolley users at the Memorial Drive stop.

We were busily engaged in waiting for a car when we overheard two small colored boys seated beside us raise their voices in argument. "I'm takin' the pole," shouted one. "No, you're not, I'm taking the pole," answered his companion. The argument waxed hot and might have led to complications had not the trolley arrived on the scene. We were so intrigued by the meaning of the word "pole," we decided to wait for the next car and see what should happen.

The minute the car began to move, one of the boys, after a short scuffle, climbed on the back coupling and the other was forced to suffer the buffeting of the wintry blasts in a position near the side of the car.

### HOW?

Now that the steel work on the new building is almost completed, the project has lost much of its allure. We have only held on to our favorite position near the middle of the railing before the steps because of the problems offered in the removing of the hundred-odd-foot mast of the derrick from the middle of the dome.

### MEANDERINGS

The other night we were wandering around with a woman in tow looking for something a little different to do and making the rounds of the later and nicer night spots. After a whole evening of paying checks and quaffing likker, we came to the astonishing conclusion that Boston has wurra wurra few honest-to-goodness raz-a-ma-taz nightclubs. However, we did find one which we think is worthy of being passed on to our reader—the Marionette Room at the Brunswick. The place is absolutely novel in Boston—tricky telephone connections everywhere, streamlined waitresses that almost made us abandon our charge—the room is full of new stuff. It does our heart good to see Boston give birth to a new spot such as this.

### THRIFT

Speaking of street cars, the boys on Bay State Road and Beacon Street might take a lesson from some of the more astute moppets who frequent that area: When one of these children of destiny desires transportation without the formality of paying for it, he waits at the surface car entrance until a car rolls into the station. As soon as the front end of the car is around the corner, he runs beside it into the station, the side of the car effectively shielding him from the eagle eye at the change window.

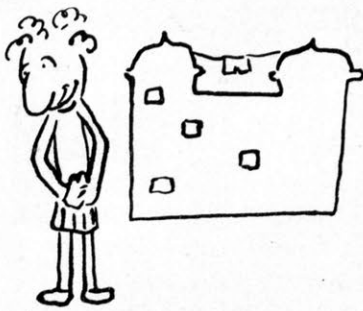
### PRESCRIPTION

It's an old gag—but the landlord is a fraternity brother. It stalled him off for all of three minutes. "Why don't you raise the rent?" we inquire in all sincerity. Landlord counters with "I can't see why you suggest it, but of course I *can* raise the rent for you." Whereupon we finish this destructive body blow with: "That will be just fine if you can, because we sure can't raise any of it."

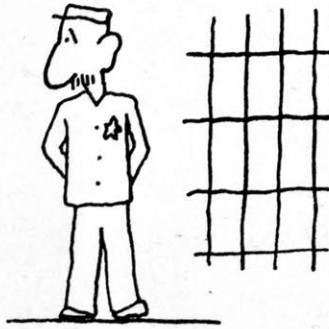
### PRESTO

It may be our eyes. . . . Mayhap the addition of a modicum of sleep to our general diet would make us a more responsible witness. But the fact remains that our roommate is a real Tech type. Not a tin type either,—solid brass. The lad fancies himself as an amateur magician, and when Bill goes into action he strives with all the intensity of a Hitler trying to coax a real mustache into blossom. We saw him grasp the egg firmly but not too firmly in his right hand: we saw him cover his hand and the chicken seed with a large handkerchief: we heard the hiss of the mystic words: but darned if we'll ever recover from the shock we suffered when the kerchief was removed showing the egg still there but Bill's hand completely vanished.





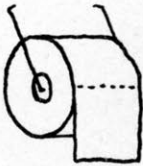
*This is Murgatroyd again. She is still at Wellesley. See the tower. She is still Murgatroyd. Phew! !*



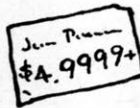
*This is a warden. This is a kind Warden. He has pardoned Exodus. Exodus was in prison. He killed a man. He is taking Murgatroyd to the Prom. Poor Exodus.*



*See the pretty doorman. In front of the Statler. He wears a thermometer. Why?*



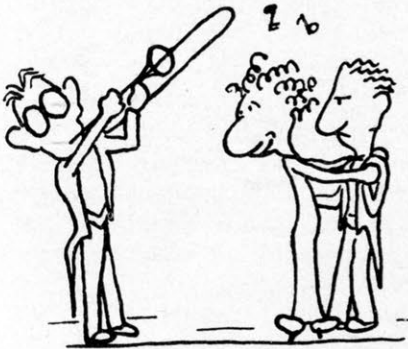
*This is the Statler. What is at the Statler? That's right.*



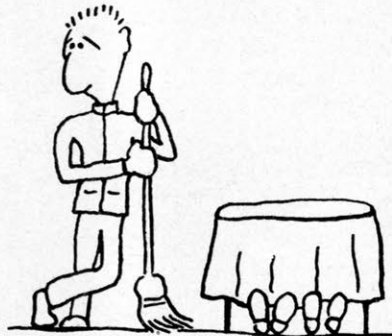
*One Prom Ticket. It cost someone \$5. \$5 buys 5 (five) loaves of bread. Or a qt. of scotch. Who wants bread anyway?*



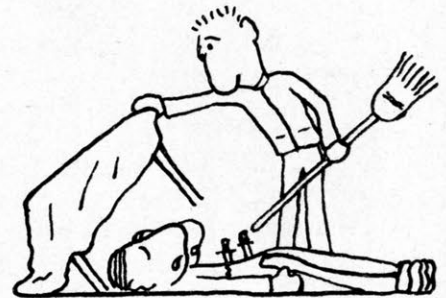
*Look at the people. They are Exodus and Murgatroyd. They dance. At the Prom. It ought to be a costume party.*



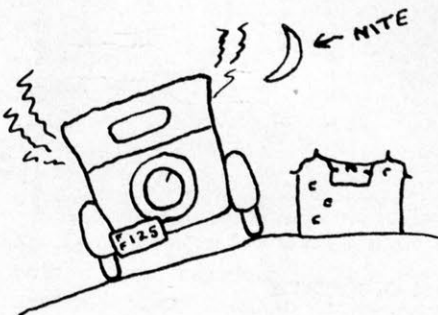
*That thing is a trombone. The man under it is Mr. D. Exodus kills men who mess with Murgatroyd. Mr. D. had better stay away from her.*



*This is Olaf. He sweeps. The floor. The people have left. The Prom is over. Only two remain. Olaf will sweep them maybe.*



*Olaf will sweep them. They are dead. They messed with Murgatroyd. Exodus did it.*



*Good-bye Exodus. Good-bye Murgatroyd.*





Lovely Edythe Wright, featured vocalist with the orchestra

# White Tie Swing

The Sentimental Gentleman of Swing has been a comparatively new star on the horizon of popular jazz. His rise to fame has been remarkable in that he has not changed his style as much as his listeners have changed their tastes. Tommy Dorsey has been pushing a slush-pump (trombone) since his childhood. Coming from a family of musicians, it was only natural that he should take up an instrument. He tried every brass instrument before finally deciding upon the trombone. Years ago he made a record of "Tiger Rag" with Eddie Lange and he still can pick the trumpet and give out as well as he did on that record. As a member of the Dorsey Brothers Band he gained a reputation as a fine trombonist. (This was not his first time with a big band; he played with Gene Goldkette's band, along with Goodman, and with Paul Whiteman.) However, it was not until then that he received popular recognition.

One night at the Glen Island Casino the two brothers disagreed about an arrangement and Tommy, tired of the role of younger brother, left the band. This break-up was only natural since they are exponents of two different schools of swing. Tommy Dorsey, with a knack for recognizing real talent, organized his own band, which now includes many men from Ray Noble's old orchestra. It is about four years since the night when Tommy left his brother, but now they are both leaders of top bands.

The band generally follows the Chicago style of playing. This accents individual talent set off by smooth arrangement and section background. The outstanding thing about this style is that the soloist is not rigidly held down and is free to develop good ideas completely. Most other styles restrict the length of solos. For a typical example of this style listen to "Marie." The beautiful solos and the smooth precision and brilliant blending of sections are the characteristics of the Chicago style.



Since sections are the basis of Dorsey's style we will discuss the band by sections. The saxophone section is the best one in the business. Led by Johnny

Mince and supported by Bud Freeman, its tone and precision are thrilling. Mince plays an inspired clarinet and ranks with Goodman and Shaw. Bud Freeman is the greatest tenor man alive and is the most consistent get-off man in the band. Even Hughes Panassie (a French critic partial toward colored musicians) admits this fact. He is always a favorite at jam sessions and his endurance unlimited, so when he takes a solo — look out!



The brass section is headed by Tommy Dorsey, whose tone, technique, and phrasing are all out of this world. His hot solos are very solid and terrific senders. In Les Jenkins the band has another trombone whose hot choruses vie with Tommy's. Pee Wee Irwin plays the hot trumpet for the band and gets off quite regularly with some fine solos. His is the trumpet heard on the more recent Dorsey pressings. (Bunny Berigan "sat in" on the records prior to "Liebestraum.") The brass section shows excellent taste by not blaring every chance they get; instead they blend with the rest of the band.

The rhythm section consists of Carmen Maestren, guitar, Howard Smith, piano, Gene Traxler, bass, and G. Vilser, drums. Together they form the solid rhythms upon which Dorsey bases his music. Individually they are all well known for their work on their particular instruments. Carmen Maestren, in addition to being a fine guitarist, is an excellent arranger.

In a recent poll taken by *Down Beat*, a swing periodical, Dorsey and Maestren led all others on their respective instruments, and all the other men mentioned rated very high in their fields. Edythe Wright and Jack Leonard also were commended for their fine work. These two voices which blend so well with the band have aided to reach the top spot which it now holds.

The arrangements which are not done by Dorsey and Maestren are made by the best men in the business, Larry Clinton doing a great many of them. It is obvious that they do their work competently.

The mellow smoothness and tantalizing rhythms of Tommy Dorsey are an irresistible invitation to the dance.

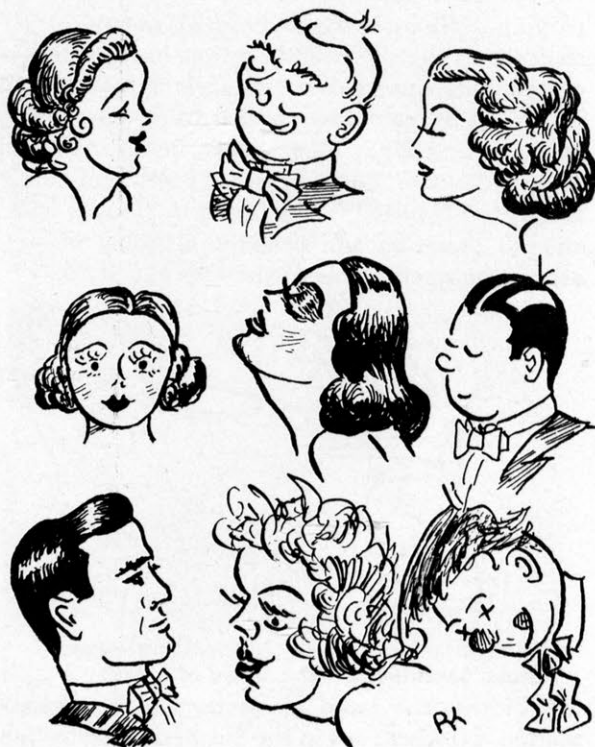
Norman Karasick '41



# Rate Your Date

HE

1. You called for her:
  - a. At home . . . . . 3
  - b. No. 22 Scollay Square . . . . . 4
  - c. In your room-mate's room . . . . . 7
  - d. During the evening . . . . . 10
2. Her clothes are:
  - a. Nondescript . . . . . 4
  - b. Transparent . . . . . 5
  - c. Adequate . . . . . 3
  - d. Her sister's . . . . . 2
  - e. A trifle gay . . . . . 10
3. Her make-up does:
  - a. Run . . . . . 5
  - b. Look it . . . . . 0
  - c. Taste it . . . . . 0
  - d. Look surrealistic . . . . . 7
  - e. Seem carbon-copy . . . . . 1
4. Her hair is:
  - a. Her own . . . . . 9
  - b. Like scrambled eggs . . . . . 8
  - c. Like an unmade bed . . . . . 2
  - d. In your drink . . . . . 0
5. She dances:
  - a. With her chest out . . . . . 1
  - b. With her hips out . . . . . 2
  - c. With chest . . . . . 3
  - d. With hips . . . . . 4
  - e. With chest and hips . . . . . 5
  - f. Like hell . . . . . 6
  - g. With abandon . . . . . 7
  - h. On you . . . . . 8
  - i. A la can-can . . . . . 9
  - j. Like a lady . . . . . 10
6. She looked like:
  - a. Petty girl (see December Issue) . . . . . 4
  - b. A co-ed (a la Tech) . . . . . 5
  - c. Voo Doo secretary . . . . . 10
  - d. Minsky Wench . . . . . 9
  - e. Vassar daisy-chain girl . . . . . 3
  - f. A bad case of the D.T.'s . . . . . 2
7. She drinks:
  - a. A taste . . . . . 1
  - b. With an eye dropper . . . . . 3
  - c. You under the table . . . . . 5
  - d. All your \$1.98 qt. scotch . . . . . 3
  - e. Her own stuff . . . . . 19
  - f. Like a camel . . . . . 0
8. She speaks:
  - a. English . . . . . 1
  - b. With her all . . . . . 2
  - c. Of you . . . . . 5
  - d. Of him . . . . . 6
  - e. Of her . . . . . 9
  - f. Coherently . . . . . 9
  - g. All the time . . . . . 8
  - h. Damply . . . . . 10
  - e. Of life . . . . . 3
  - j. To you . . . . . 4
9. When you ask her to see your etchings she:
  - a. Believes you have some . . . . . 4
  - b. Says no . . . . . 3
  - c. Knows you're a liar but goes anyhow . . . . . 2
  - d. Asks if they are Petty's . . . . . 6
  - e. Looks at the ceiling . . . . . 7
  - f. Let's go a left hook . . . . . 1
10. When you left the dance you:
  - a. Took her home . . . . . 10
  - b. Kissed her good night . . . . . 2
  - c. Necked a while . . . . . 4
  - d. Swore off . . . . . 5
  - e. Passed out . . . . . 0
  - f. Did all right . . . . . 4



## SHE

1. You rode in:
  - a. His car: if so
    - (1) Buick or better . . . . . 2
    - (2) Ford or worse . . . . . 8
  - b. Taxi . . . . . 9
  - c. Subway . . . . . 0
  - d. Egyptian ox cart . . . . . 3
  - e. Baby carriage . . . . . 1
2. He wore:
  - a. Uniform . . . . . 10
  - b. Tails . . . . . 4
  - c. Tux . . . . . 5
  - d. Long underwear . . . . . 6
  - e. Rented garb . . . . . 7
  - f. No hat . . . . . 6
  - g. Derby . . . . . 2
  - h. Rusty armor . . . . . 0
  - i. Gym suit . . . . . 1
3. He ate:
  - a. Nastily . . . . . 4
  - b. Your food . . . . . 1
  - c. Anything . . . . . 0
  - d. Daintily (Harvard spy) . . . . . 10
  - e. With verve . . . . . 0
  - f. With technique . . . . . 0
  - g. Between belches . . . . . 3
4. When he referred to women, they were:
  - a. Wenches . . . . . 2
  - b. Babes . . . . . 4
  - c. Gals . . . . . 3
  - d. Dates . . . . . 10
  - e. Of questionable repute . . . . . 2
5. He lived:
  - a. At home . . . . . 6
  - b. In the dormitories . . . . . 7
  - c. In a frat club . . . . . 3
- d. In an apartment . . . . . 2
- e. With wife and progeny . . . . . 10
- f. In an eating house . . . . . 6
6. He talked about:
  - a. Life . . . . . 4
  - b. You . . . . . 3
  - c. His school . . . . . 0
  - d. His mother . . . . . 10
  - e. Sex . . . . . 2
7. His favorite sport is:
  - a. Petting (etc.) . . . . . 1
  - b. Petting . . . . . 2
  - c. Petting . . . . . 0
  - d. Some P.T. cut job . . . . . 10
8. He necked:
  - a. All he could . . . . . 4
  - b. With finesse . . . . . 6
  - c. With anything . . . . . 10
  - d. He didn't . . . . . 10
  - e. With caution . . . . . 0
  - f. With his all . . . . . 2
9. He danced:
  - a. With vigor . . . . . 10
  - b. In his sleep . . . . . 5
  - c. Not badly . . . . . 4
  - d. A la Astaire . . . . . 3
10. On the whole:
  - a. You had fun . . . . . 10
  - b. He was a drip . . . . . 8
  - c. He was per expected . . . . . 6
  - d. He was tight all night . . . . . 3
  - e. A typical Tech man . . . . . 2

## BOTH

1. Your memories of the Prom are:
  - a. Fond ones . . . . . 2
  - b. Things to blush over . . . . . 4
  - c. Hazy . . . . . 6
  - d. Nil . . . . . 10
  - e. Sore ones . . . . . 2
2. You got home:
  - a. At twelve . . . . . 1
  - b. At two . . . . . 10
  - c. At four . . . . . 4
  - d. In time for breakfast . . . . . 5
  - e. Not yet . . . . . 6
  - f. Period . . . . . 2
3. The orchestra was:
  - a. Tommy Dorsey's . . . . . 2
  - b. Guy Lombardo's . . . . . 3
  - c. Ken Reeves' . . . . . 4
  - d. Wingy Manone's . . . . . 6
  - e. Benny Goodman's . . . . . 7
  - f. Damn swell anyhow . . . . . 8
4. Life is:
  - a. Aw, my head . . . . . 6
  - b. Like an oyster . . . . . 2
  - c. Coming along . . . . . 3
  - d. Unchanged . . . . . 10
  - e. Such fun . . . . . 10



# I. Q. for U

The Voo Doo Quiz plays no favorites — even when the odds are decent. College profs have flunked this little brain cell massage.

---

## QUIZ NO. 1

Life is just a bowl of:

etaoin shrdlu  
sub gum  
Whiffled Wheat (advt.)  
Krrispie Krrumbles  
(my, how they crackle in the  
fresh, cowey milk, kiddies.  
Send in one 200 pkge. carton  
or reasonable facsimile thereof  
and see if we get excited.  
(advt.) (posed by professional  
model)

This space purchased with the compliments of a friend  
no moss  
two in the bush  
cherries  
blondes

A bird in the hand is worth:

no moss  
cherries  
two in the bush  
blondes

A rolling stone gathers:

cherries  
two in the bush  
MV  
dust  
no moss  
blondes

Gentlemen prefer:

two in the bush  
cherries  
no moss  
blondes

Virtue is:

no moss  
cherries  
blonde  
its own reward  
you wouldn't know anyway,  
ya hypocrite

## QUIZ NO. 2

The Soviet Commissar is:

Minsky  
Red  
A bad, bad mans  
Stalin

If your answer is wrong, don't mention VOO DOO when the Ogpu comes to call.

Kremlin is:

A superior hair tonic (advt.)  
A Communist jugaroo

President Roosevelt is:

Mrs. Roosevelt's husband  
The President  
What the Republicans say he is  
The American Messiah (Democratic party advt.)  
A \*#\*'#66 ()?#''? (Republican party advt.)

The Supreme Court is:

A bunch of men  
A bunch of old men  
A bunch of very old men (at least 9)

Tech is:

Hell  
Hell  
Hell  
Yes, we said Hell

The Tech is:

A necessary evil  
A rag in which you can read the news within a week after you've heard it elsewhere.  
Lucky that Tech men are tolerant  
Lucky that there are other news sheets  
A Class C activity  
A horrible mistake

This year's Prom is:

Better than ever  
Cheaper than last year  
Nearly over  
A waste of time before taking her home

Your date is:

A rag  
A bone  
A hank of hair  
An ikky  
Hotter than anything Adam could have ever furnished raw material for.

### QUIZ NO. 3

If I had 6 apples and you had one apple and you were very hungry, how many apples would you have? Give name, weight, and biceps dimensions.

Fill in the missing number in this arithmetic series —

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, —, 9.

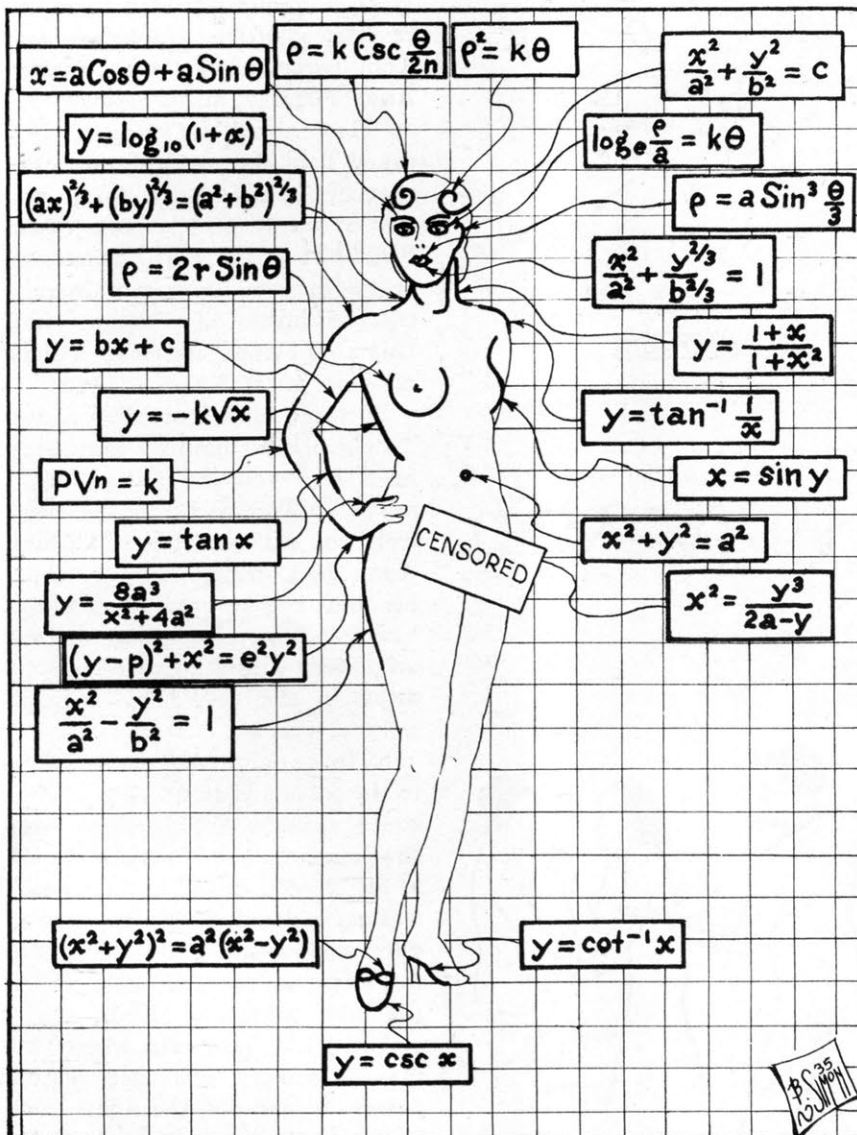
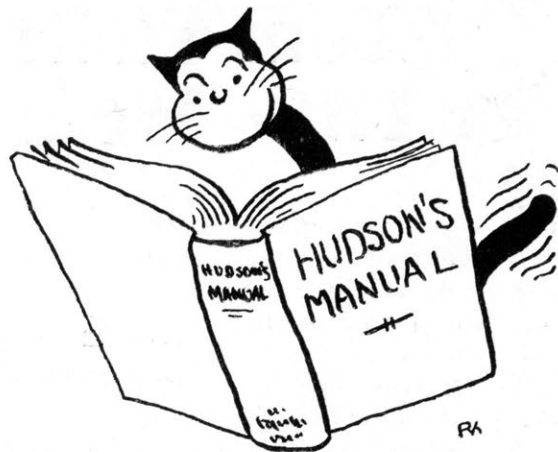
How old are you? Fill in your answer here:

———. If blonde please give references and phone number. May we reverse the charge?

Complete this word and get a free copy of our July issue:

VOO DO——.

(hint — try O)



Visual Reference Guide for Graphical Solutions.  
(No Hudson's Manual is complete without one.)

### QUEER

In beer,  
I fear,  
An en-  
gineer

Will jeer  
And sneer  
At his  
Career

And peer  
And leer  
At a dam-  
sel dear

Whose rear —  
Austere —  
Is flaunt-  
ed near.

It's clear  
The beer  
Provides  
No cheer;

It's drear  
and blear  
As his  
Career.

—Q.



# Tom Swift at the Prom or Little Women, What Now?

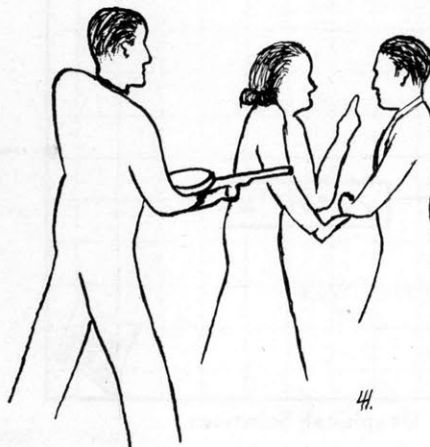
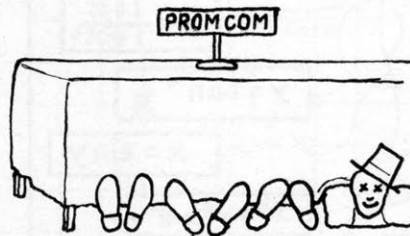
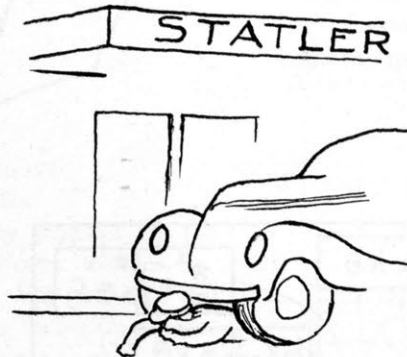
"Hurrah," cried Tom Swift (pronounced Tom Swift) as the merry party piled out of the big yellow car, "here we are at the Statler," and without pausing to extricate the doorman from his precarious position under the front wheels of the machine, the whole happy group of friends scrambled through the windows into the lobby.

"Bless my Log Log Decitrig Duplex Slide Rule," exclaimed Mr. Damon, Tom's elderly friend (see "Tom Swift at Tech," VOO DOO, No. 1, Vol. XXI advt.) as he staggered off in search of the bar with a snappy little blonde whom he had picked up in the ladies' room, for the old gentleman was subject to nasty colds and felt the need of a preventative until such a time that he could consult his local physician.

After a short altercation with the doorman, owing to the fact that all but three of the party had neglected to buy tickets, the merry crowd entered the ball room where the dance was already in progress.

All were soon seated at one of the tables reserved for the Prom Committee, partaking of excellent Scotch that someone had graciously left behind.

"Let's all truck," suddenly shouted Ned Barton, Tom's closest friend and companion (see "Tom Swift and His Mine" or "Massa's in The Coal, Coal Groun', McMillan \$2.50), and soon the couples were gliding over the floor. "What a lovely pair Tom and my sister, Mary (see Tom Swift or your local druggist) make," thought Ned, and indeed, many eyes followed the two as they danced around the floor and many hearts beat faster, for Mary had forgotten her you-know-whats in



the rush of preparing for the big night.

Tom gazed into the roguish eyes of the girl in his arms and who could blame him if his heart beat faster and his hand trembled where it lay just above her third rib, for she was the prettiest girl at the dance by far.

"O.K., break it up," a rough voice suddenly intruded upon the reverence of the moment, and Tom perceived his arch enemy, Andy Fogarty, at his elbow.

"How the hell did you get here," asked Tom, for you will remember that he had dissolved Andy in a vat of chemicals — (See "Tom Swift and His Vat of Chemicals" or "Synthetic Inorganic Chemistry," Blanchard, Phelan, and Davis. Revised Edition. Thirty per cent off at T.C.A.—advt.)

"Scram, bum," snarled Andy.

"Harm one hair of that gray head and you die like a dog," answered Tom as he backed away from the sub-machine gun which Andy had drawn from beneath his coat; but before anyone could interfere, the music had started and Mary and Andy were swept away in the crowd by a near-sighted janitor.

Nothing daunted, Tom returned to the table and as quickly as Ned could swallow the Mickey Finn that our hero had playfully placed in his (Ned's) drink, he (our hero) was again dancing with his (Ned's) date who was slightly the worse for wear and the struggle under the table with him (Ned).

And what happened when two playful seniors, who got in on passes, turned out the lights, will be set forth in a new book to be entitled, "Tom Swift and D.K.E., or Ten Nights in a Bar-room."



*Follow  
this pack*

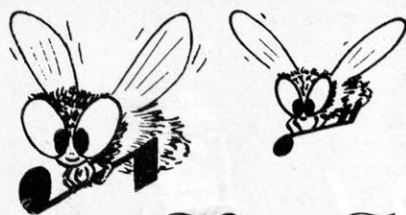
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# New Wax



## Symphony No. 1

*Beethoven*

Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra

Among modern day conductors, there are but two who excel in Beethoven interpretations — Toscanini and Ormandy. Those who know the latter know that he worships the music of this great master with passionate intensity, and it is this feeling which lifts his performances head and shoulders above most of those that are heard today. Under his hands the magnificent Philadelphia Orchestra reaches new highs in the rendition of this wholly charming symphony. The string department is exploited very heavily in this symphony and all the rather intricate demands are admirably fulfilled by the glowing tone of the massive string choirs. The second movement is especially fascinating to the lover of the classic Beethoven. This recording, in artistry and in technics, is on a par with the best of the Beethoven pressings, and is heartily recommended to all those who enjoy the great master.

(Victor)

## Symphony No. 40

*Mozart*

Sir Thomas Beecham and The London Philharmonic

This work, one of the best-liked of all of the forty-one symphonies that Mozart composed, is the one that most defies interpretation and analysis; perhaps this is why it is liked by all who appreciate good music. Its quiet melodies and lyric songs are familiar to many of the symphony goers. Columbia once more enters the ranks of good recorders, for they have secured a masterful conductor and orchestra for this work. Though Beecham is not so well known on this side of the water, his reputation in Europe is of the best, and his previous recording of Mozart's forty-first has acquainted some of us with the quality of his work. The symphony is short and inexpensive — a good one to add to your files.

(Columbia)

## Concerto in D Minor

*Mozart*

Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic

Another of Mozart's works appears this month, this time in the form of a piano-orchestra concerto. Bruno Walter appears in the form of both soloist and conductor, which is rather unusual in these days. He is a pianist of distinction and gives a performance that is filled with grace and charm and brilliance.

(Victor)

## THE SUN WILL SHINE TONIGHT YOU'RE MY IDEAL

*Lionel Hampton*

Lionel Hampton has gathered a fine group of colored and white musicians to help him swing these numbers. The results of this combination are very pleasing, due mainly to the grand work of Johnny Hodges, Sonny Greer, Edgar Sampson and Jess Stacey. Of course, Lionel does the vocals and plays a lot of vibraphone.

(Victor)

## ALWAYS AND ALWAYS I SIMPLY ADORE YOU

*George Hall*

## SMOKE FROM A CHIMNEY DID AN ANGEL KISS YOU?

Dolly Dawn once again has reverted to her raucous tones in trying to put over the number. Personally we like a little more refinement in a vocalist. The band does justice to the pieces, but the records would be much better if Dolly would take it a little easier.

(Vocalion)

## AM I IN ANOTHER WORLD MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF YOU

*"Fats" Waller*

(Victor)

If you would like to hear a Hawaiian guitar used intelligently we recommend this platter. Fats' smashing cords of course dominate everything, and very nicely. He is the god of every young colored boy who plays a piano.

## SNEAKIN' A SLEEP HEARTS WITHOUT FLOWERS

*Larry Wagner*

The disk is on the style of Larry Clinton and is quite good. One of the pieces is a parody upon "Hearts and Flowers." Both sides are interesting and very well arranged.

(Victor)

## THE NEW BLACK AND TAN FANTASY STEPPING INTO SWING SOCIETY

*Duke Ellington*

The New B. & T. is a marvel of the Duke's versatility as an arranger. Follow the clarinet — it's terrific. This is the best record that the Duke has pressed in a long time. He writes them, arranges them, and then lets his fine group of musicians interpret his ideas. With such men as Larry Brown and Johnny Hodges it is little wonder that his numbers are so successful. This record is for your private collection.

(Brunswick)

## MY DAY SILVERY MOON AND GOLDEN SANDS

*Johnny Hodges*

This record displays the wonders of Johnny Hodges supported by members of the Duke's band. Hodges plays an inspired alto. The trumpet background to Marya McHugh's vocals is weird and solid. This record is one to get when the blues have you down.

(Brunswick)

## YOU'RE OUT OF THIS WORLD STRICTLY FORMAL

*Hudson-de Lange*

(Brunswick)

Both of these sides are good; they have the tight arrangements of the band augmented by some good work on the tenor and trumpet. This band seldom features solos, but when it does the solos are plenty good. Especially, we like Elyese Cooper's hot vocal. The gal does things to us.

## I WAS DOING ALL RIGHT LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

*Ella Logan*

These two very nice numbers are made still better by the voice of Ella Logan. She has a lift and verve that really sell us her records. On "Love is Here" this is especially noticeable.

(Brunswick)

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He may get praise, he may get slams,  
But at least he's not standing alone.

The VOO DOO is right behind him.  
No matter what he might do,  
We'll write something nice about him.  
We'll tell him he's wonderful, too.

No dinner, no favors, no programs,  
Just to hear T. Dorsey swing.  
"He'd better be good," they're all saying.  
Don't worry — he's got that certain thing!

From the staid old Prom of past years  
We're having a mad jamboree.  
We'll do the Big Apple, we'll truck, we'll shag.  
Boy, will that be a spree!

Then when it's all over, we're tired,  
Our feet are sore and hot.  
We've had fun — the music was very good.  
But I ask you, what have we got?

Girls like to have some little souvenir  
To take home to show off to the others.  
Instead of a torn dress, a bruised hip or two  
To prove that Tech men are great lovers.

But maybe I'm wrong — I must be,  
Because Wingard could never be wrong.  
Ask me next week after dancing all night  
And I may sing a different song.

Who is this Dorsey guy, anyhow,  
That he should get so much money  
For tooting his horn while I truck around  
In the arms of my personal honey?

I don't care what the music is.  
They can play hot or cold for me.  
If I'm with a man who thinks I'm nice  
I'm as happy as I can be.

Take your girl to the Prom. If she can dance  
You're lucky beyond a doubt.  
But if she can't, what do you care?  
There are dark corners for you to sit out.

So have your fun, but remember,  
The music is costing us money.  
So listen to three or four numbers  
Before getting wrapped up in your honey.

— Tarz.

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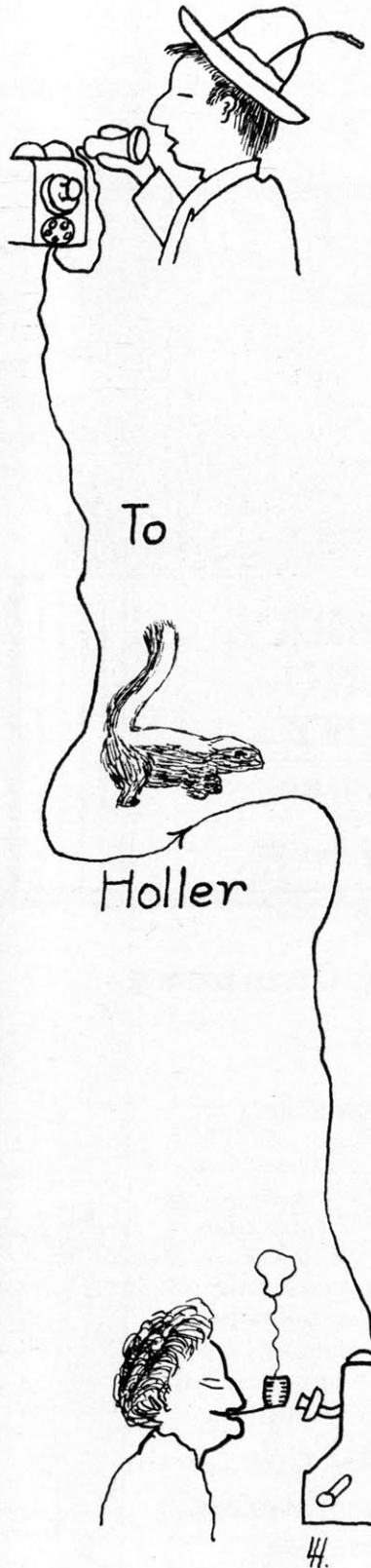
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# Elmer at the Prom

Hey! Opirator, hurry up an' gimme Skunk Holler on this hyar telephone. Ah gotta tell mah maw all about this hyar Prom we just done had. Lissen hyar opirator, yew ever been to a Prom?— Oh, yew have. Wall, ah bets it didn't cost no \$4.99 — Naw, it wasn't no firesale bargain price — Naw, it takes a slide rule to figgir it — hey, waita minit, ah ain't through yet. — Oh, hullo maw, it's Elmer acallin' — yeh, Elmer that's gettin' edjicated at Tech t'be a engineer. Lissen maw, we just done had a Prom hyar. — What? — Yew never heerd talk of a Prom? Wall maw, a Prom is somethin' like a barn dance only they don't hold it in no barn. — Sure they got lotta barns hyar, but this is a high class barn dance like, — they holds it in a hoe-tel. — Whazzat? — Oh, a hoe-tel is where people with no homes sleep at night. — Naw maw, ah didn't say we danced in bedrooms with wimmin at night when other people was trying to sleep. — Lissen hyar maw, a hoe-tel is a big place where people can sleep and dance. — Naw, not at the same time, although you'da thought so if you'da seen some of them fellers tryin' tew get around the floor. — Naw, maw, we don't do no square dancin' hyar. — We trucks, an' we pecks, an' we shakes the big apple. — Who said anythin' about picking apples off a big truck? — Naw maw, taint that either, they's all dances that the edjicated people does hyar. — Yeh, ah suppose they looks as bad as they sounds, but yew gotta do'em or else yew don't belong. — Naw, yew don't belong tew nuthin' especial, yew jist don't belong. Hyar all the time ah goes tellin' yew about other stuff an' ah forgets all about the Prom. Fust off, ah has tew git me a girl — naw, ah aint forgot Claribel but ah caint be hevvin' her hyar evrytime we gets up a shindig — so, ah gits me a genu-wine collitch co-ed from



one of the wimmin collitchs hyar — yeh, we got wimmin in our collitch too, but — Next, ah has tew git me a fancy black coat an' pants an' a white shirt with shiny buttons which comes off if yew pulls 'em kinda hard — sure yew gotta wear shoes with 'em. Then ah gits me a lotta other stuff which ah ain't got time tew tell yew about. Then it was kinda cold an' wet, an' the girl's skirt begins tew git kinda froze up, so we hadda ride tew the hoe-tel in a street-car, but yew know how ah loves tew walk in the rain. She said somethin' about ridin' on taxes or somethin', but yew know how ah hates taxes ever since the time them revenoors come up. Wall, we finally git tew the hoe-tel an' ah has a hard time tryin' tew keep some dame from takin' mah hat an' coat, but ah finally gives it tew her when ah seen others do it. We then goes tew what they calls the ballroom, but ah didn't see no balls nowheres, but right in one corner, among a lotta others, is a fella with a broken brass horn which he keeps pushin' an' pullin' an' makin' the wust awfullest noises yew ever heerd, but all the time the horn aint fixed. Some feller next tew me says that the feller with the broken horn is Tommy somebody which can swing it, but ah don't see no rope around tew hang nobody. — How yew gonna swing without no rope? Wall, all this time it's a gettin' pretty late an' way past mah bedtime, so ah sits on one of them big easy chairs tew yawn a couple of times, an' fust thing yew know, ah's a fast asleep — Yeh, ah'm commin' tew that. When ah wakes up, there aint no Prom left an' the girl's gone tew ah don't know where an' with who an' — Whazzat opirator? Times up? — Wall, g'by maw an' tell paw ah said hullo if an' when he wakes up, — wall, g'by now maw.

— vk





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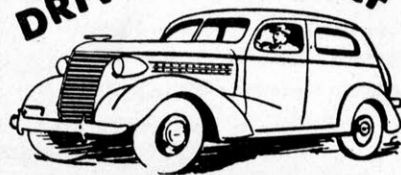
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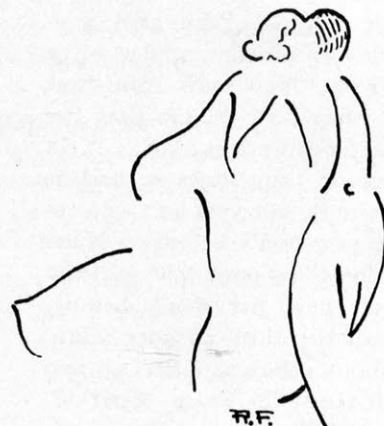
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R.F.

SWING

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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.

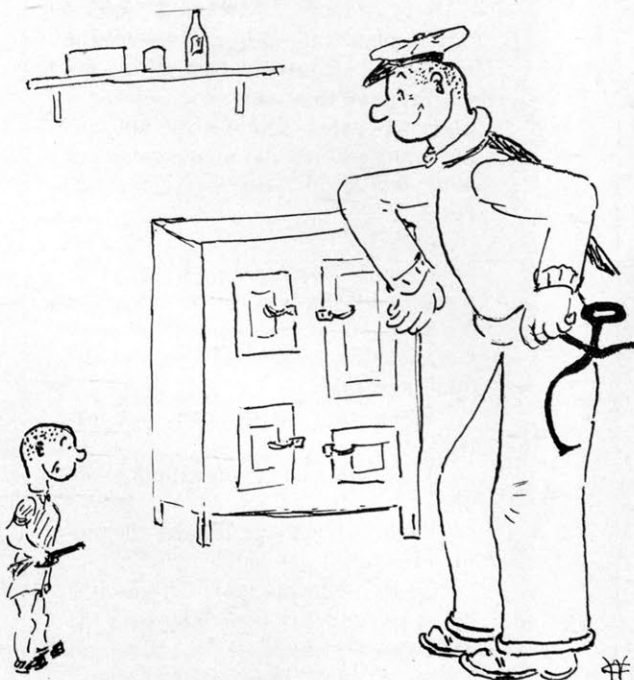
### THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

First Window Washer—"Look at that guy in there kissing another man's wife. Let's go in after the big bum."

Second W. W.—"O. K. How soon do you think he will leave?"

—Submitted by

*Elmer F. de Tiera*



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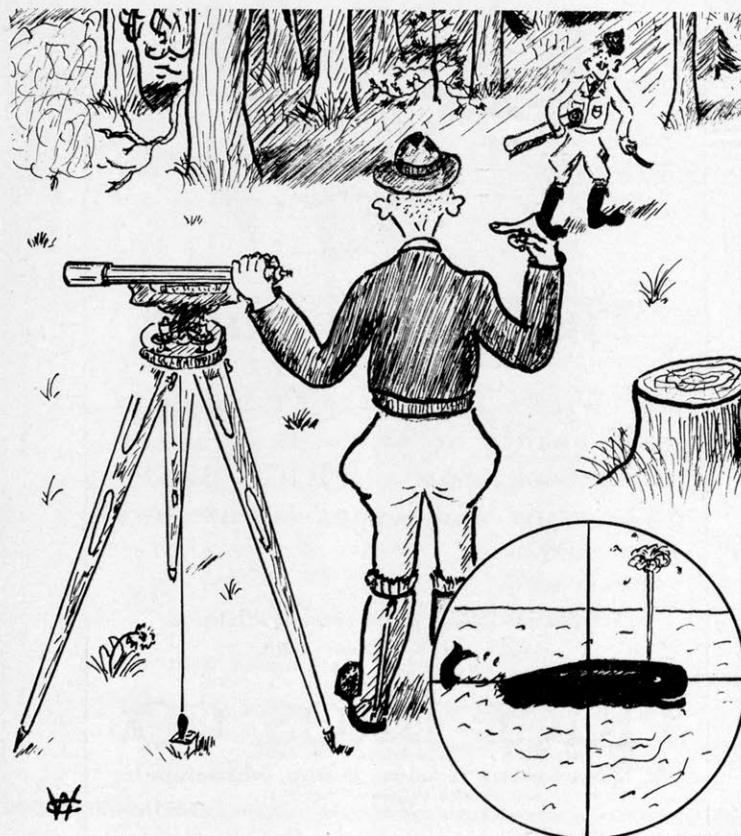


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The man walked into a restaurant ornate in its futuristic decorations. He was ushered to a table and ordered a glass of water. The waiter brought the water, which the man swallowed with one gulp, and asked for another.

While the waiter was away the man took out a small package of sandwiches and spread them on the table. No sooner was this done than a severe looking individual came to the table and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but this isn't—"

"Who are you?" interrupted the man.

"I am the manager," was the impressive reply.

"Good," said the man. "I was just going to send for you. Why isn't the orchestra playing?"

## A SECRETARY'S LAMENT

The boys that I work for are clean and sweet,  
Their minds are spotless and pure.  
The trouble with my job is not with them.  
It's the mail we have left at our door.

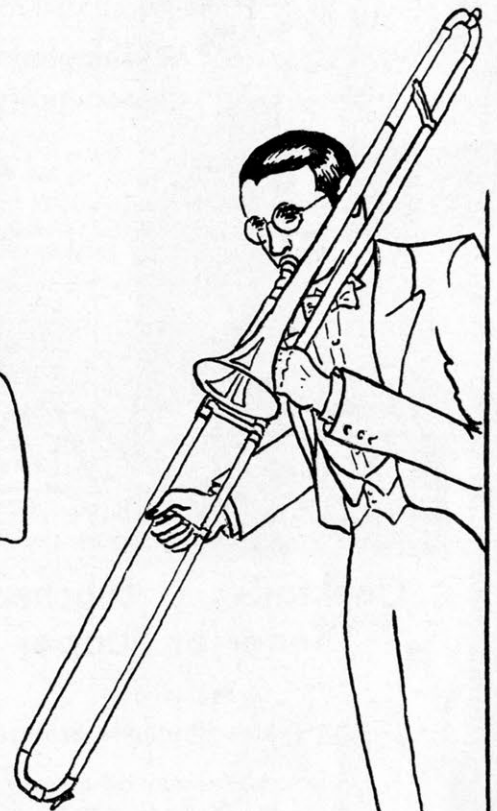
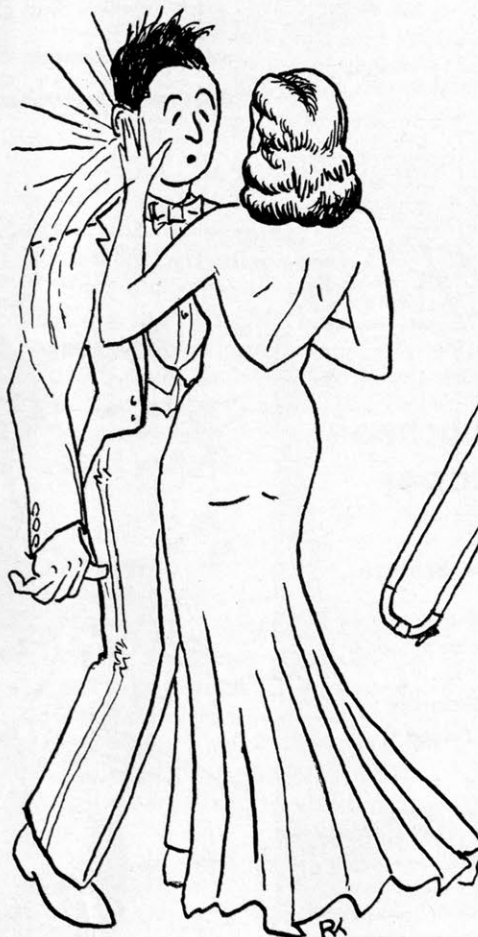
I get poems that never were fit to print.  
I have jokes censors never would pass.  
I see words that weren't meant for a lady's eye.  
Their humor is out of my class.

Every joke that's submitted is nasty.  
Seems to have no sign of a point.  
I truly think they're all written  
After too many beers in a joint.

Why can't our subscribers who feel the urge  
To write, act like gentlemen,  
So they would be able to sign their work  
'Stead of using an anonymous pen?

Clean up your thoughts when you write to us.  
Think twice before you send.  
Then I'll have no fault to find with my work,  
And my maidenly blushes will end.

— Tarz.



"Touché!"

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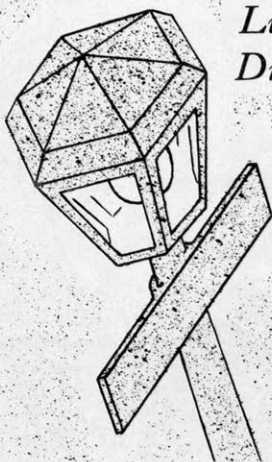
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AVENUE



## "DOING THE PROM"

As soon as the date for the Prom has been made definite, there arises the necessity of choosing chaperones so that the fair name of our school may not be blemished. Not that the students attending will do anything unethical, even when unwatched, but public opinion demands supervision, and to convention everyone bows. These chaperones are members of the faculty, and are not really chaperones, for their invitations definitely state that they are invited guests. But unfortunately the guests (remember, not chaperones) selected, are invariably unable to attend at the last minute.

During the prom, the escorts dance with the girls they brought when they can get them away from those who crashed or came in on comps. Otherwise they listen to some official tell them what a wonderful time they are having. At the half-hour rest period, between five-minute medleys by the band, the various swains unsuccessfully attempt to get within ten feet of the punch bowl. Experienced prom-goers drink their punch during one of the dances and spend the half-hour on-the-make for their friend's girl.

The Prom winds up at two when the band plays "Home Sweet Home." At that moment, all the couples who have been resting on the side lines, decide that they *just* feel like dancing and importune the band for a few more numbers. The leader has been expecting this, and has left one number out. While he is playing this number, a confederate comes and takes the rest of the music away, so further entreaties unfortunately cannot be fulfilled.

To end the evening properly, couples go to various small places, where the most delightful dishes are served at the most surprising prices (*shocking* may be substituted for the word surprising). Then there is some more dancing. After this, everyone goes home agreeing that he had a wonderful time. But no one ever asks "why?"

## IN THE SPRING

*In the spring the old man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of:*

Whether the coal is going to last through April.

Whether it wouldn't be more advisable to buy a trailer than agree to another raise in rent.

Whether daughter is ever going to to remain engaged long enough to really get married.

New remedies for incipient baldness.

The high taxes, and if it wouldn't be more advisable to chuck everything and get on some government project.

Whether Junior is going to flunk in his final exams, and why the dickens he should choose just this time to get foolish about some girl.

Whether there is going to be another war.

Why no one pays any attention to him.

Why somebody doesn't figure out this crazy existence.



"Insurance people are certainly queer," remarked a young prospect at the club one evening.

"In what particular way?"

"First they come around and convince you that you may die at any minute to get you to apply for a policy and then before they'll issue it they take every measure to convince themselves that you'll live for years and years."

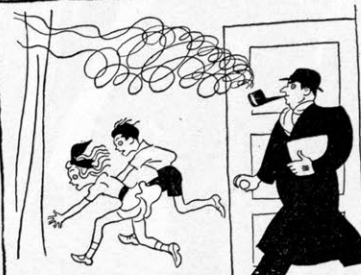


The clergyman of a poor parish was showing a rich lady around, hoping to touch her heart and so receive a big check for his people.

"We are now passing through the poorest slums," he said, as the car turned into a side street. "These people have little to brighten their lives."

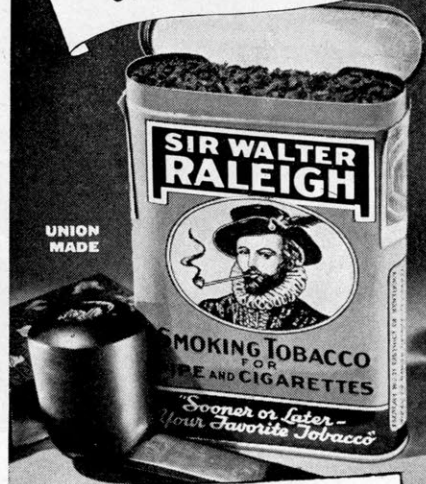
"I must do something for them," sighed the lady, adding to the chauffeur: "James, drive the car slowly, and turn on the big lamps."

## CHEESE IT! HERE COMES FATHER!



**WHAT A SMELLY PIPE!** Mother tried a dozen times to make dad throw it out. But Uncle Ted had a more reasonable suggestion. He said to clean it well, and—

## SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



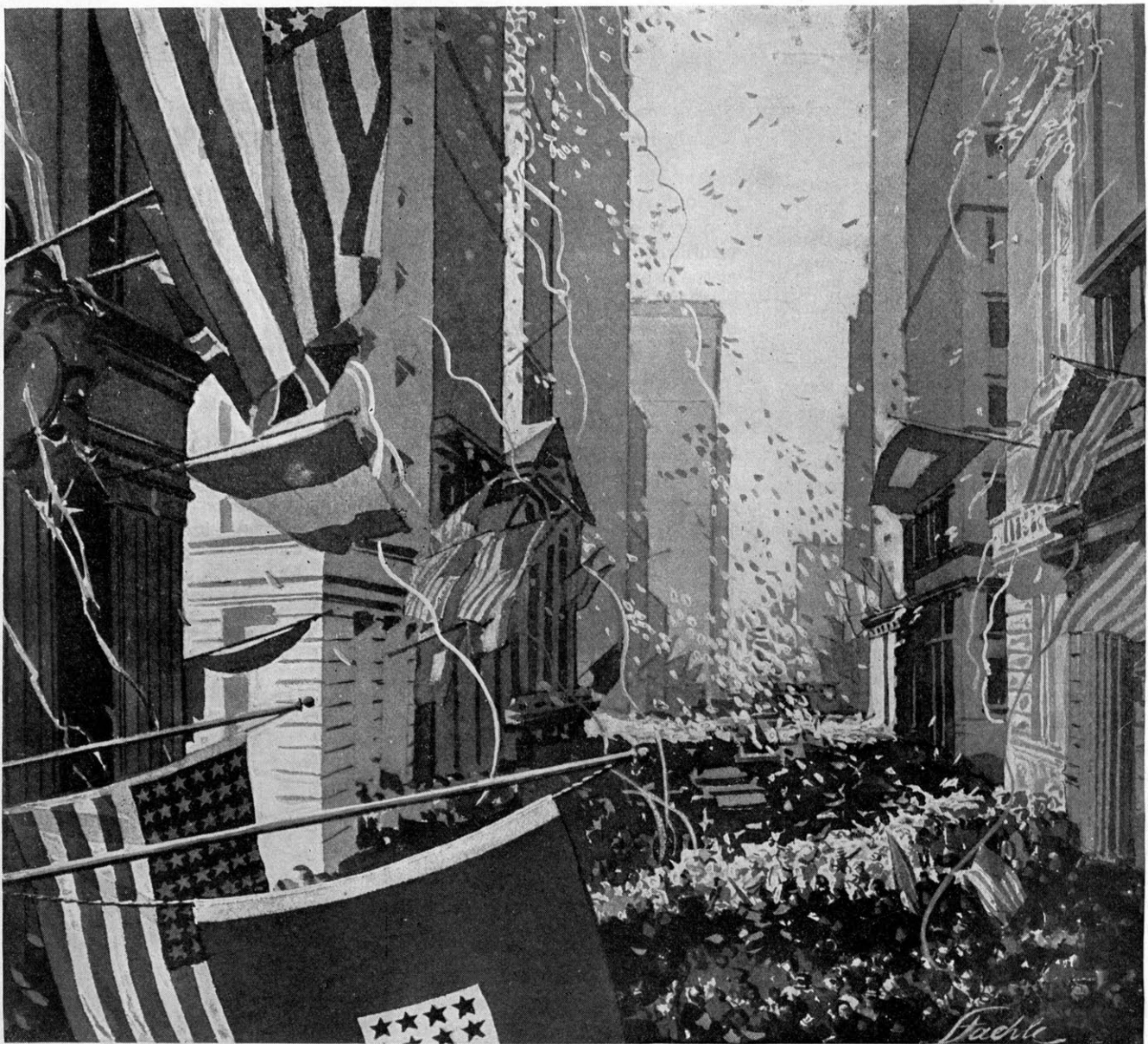
**NOW WE ALL WEAR GRINS.** Father says it's the world's mildest blend of tasty burleys. Even mother likes that sweet-and-lovely aroma. Try a two-ounce tin today!

**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.

## M. I. T. VOODOO





## HURRAY FOR WHAT?

### The war is over?

Is it over, Mother?—No, your son was killed.

Is it over, little girl with the big blue eyes?—No, your daddy was killed.

Is it over, soldier?—No, you lost a leg.

Is it over, laborer with the horny hands?—No. You, and your children,

and *their* children, and **THEIR** children must lay out their hard-earned dollars in taxes to pay for it!

*So why do we cheer?*

Only the fighting is over. Hearts will go on aching. And men will walk on crutches. And laborers will work and work, and pay and pay—for years. For years, and years, and years.

*Let's not have another war.*

### What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness".

Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

To every reasonable and intelligent man and woman in America goes the responsibility of doing his or her share to avert the coming war.

World Peaceways offers a practical plan of how you *can* help. Write for it. There is no obligation involved in your inquiry, except the obligation to your conscience and to your conviction that *there must be* no more wars. World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York City.

## I GO GREEK

"Mama," I say one day,  
"I are Pi Pi Pi."

She look  
She think I stutter.  
If not I speak bad English  
For why then I go college  
I explain.  
I are Pi Pi Pi.  
She say I are nuts  
Go call doctor  
College may be make me sick  
But I tell her  
It are Greek Club  
Frat  
She say for why I join Greek club  
I are American  
She say college are funny place.

Next day  
I come home in underwear  
For why I do such thing  
Ask mama  
Maybe Greeks borrow my clothes  
I tell her I am initiated  
I need \$100  
To become brother  
Mother tells me I are brother  
Have two sisters  
She no understand.

I bring \$100  
I are president of frat  
We make membership campaign  
We dig hole for trap  
Find seven new members;  
A dachshund  
A 1922 Dodge  
A Campus Cop  
And four freshmen  
We rush  
We kill dachshund  
Wound two frosh  
Make big smoker  
Trade Dodge in for \$41.19  
It are make president to replace me.

I are mad  
I quit  
Insulted  
And try join Magazine  
They say no

So I join news  
And write editorials  
Down with Greeks who have maybe  
Word for it, and maybe no.

# VOTED

## America's No. 1

### dance orchestra for 6 consecutive years

( *Nation-wide Popularity Polls* )



**Guy Lombardo**  
and his Royal Canadians

Now you can dance to  
America's most popular orchestra  
in America's most popular room.  
Guy Lombardo, his three famous  
brothers, Carmen, Lebert and  
Victor, and the "sweet rhythm" of  
the Royal Canadians will entertain  
you every night except Sunday for  
dinner or supper dancing. For  
reservations call "Paul", MUrray  
Hill 6-9200.

## The ROOSEVELT GRILL

Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York

WHERE TECH MEETS TECH  
IN NEW YORK



# 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.

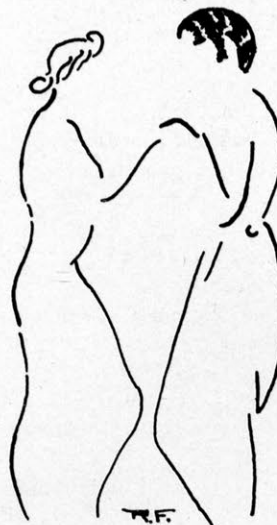
• For dancing, entertainment and a cocktail or two try THE BLUE TRAIN.

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.



RUMBA



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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

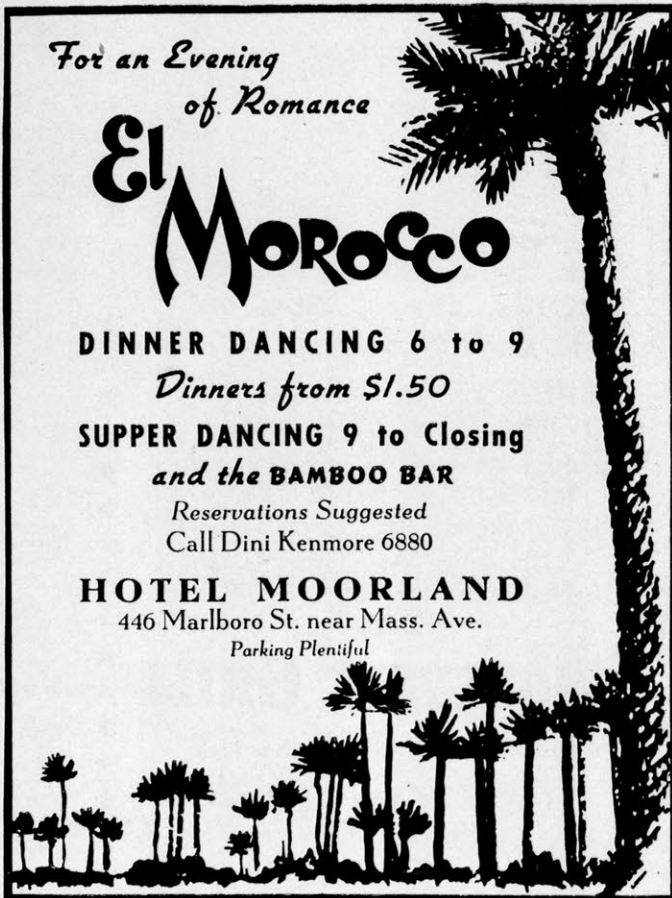
Reservations Suggested

Call Dini Kenmore 6880

## HOTEL MOORLAND

446 Marlboro St. near Mass. Ave.

Parking Plentiful





Lupe Velez, co-starring with Clifton Webb and Libby Holman  
in "You Never Know" — Shubert Now



CLAUDETTE COLBERT  
Co-starring in Paramount's  
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"



## From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds



CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the  
throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies

"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike buys, makes

for a light smoke. And he may add that the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in *all* tobacco.

Here's the experts' actual verdict... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with *any* cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

*Sworn Records  
Show That...*

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST - IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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