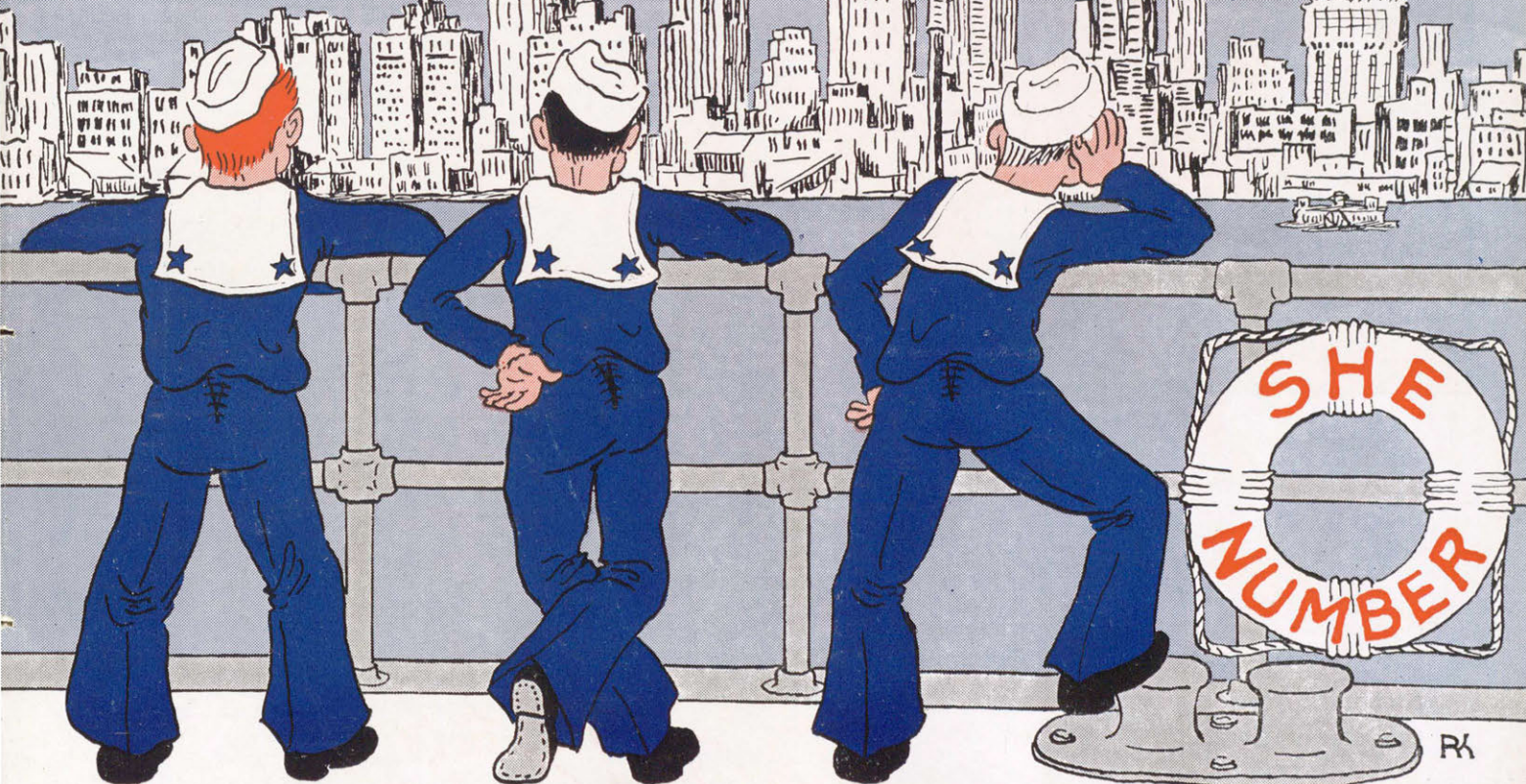


M.I.T.

WOODWARD





# That "Chant" Spells "E-X-P-E-R-T"



**DEWEY HUFFINE, tobacco auctioneer—like most other independent experts—smokes Luckies...**

● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:  
Dewey Huffine Has Smoked  
Luckies for 20 Years

**D**EWNEY H. HUFFINE, 13 years a tobacco auctioneer, *knows* tobacco from A to Z. He says: "I've seen what tobacco Luckies buy, and so I've smoked them ever since 1917."

Sworn records show that, among *independent* tobacco experts like Mr. Huffine, Luckies have *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together.

Only Lucky Strike gives you the finest tobacco *plus* the throat protection of the "Toasting" process which takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco.



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



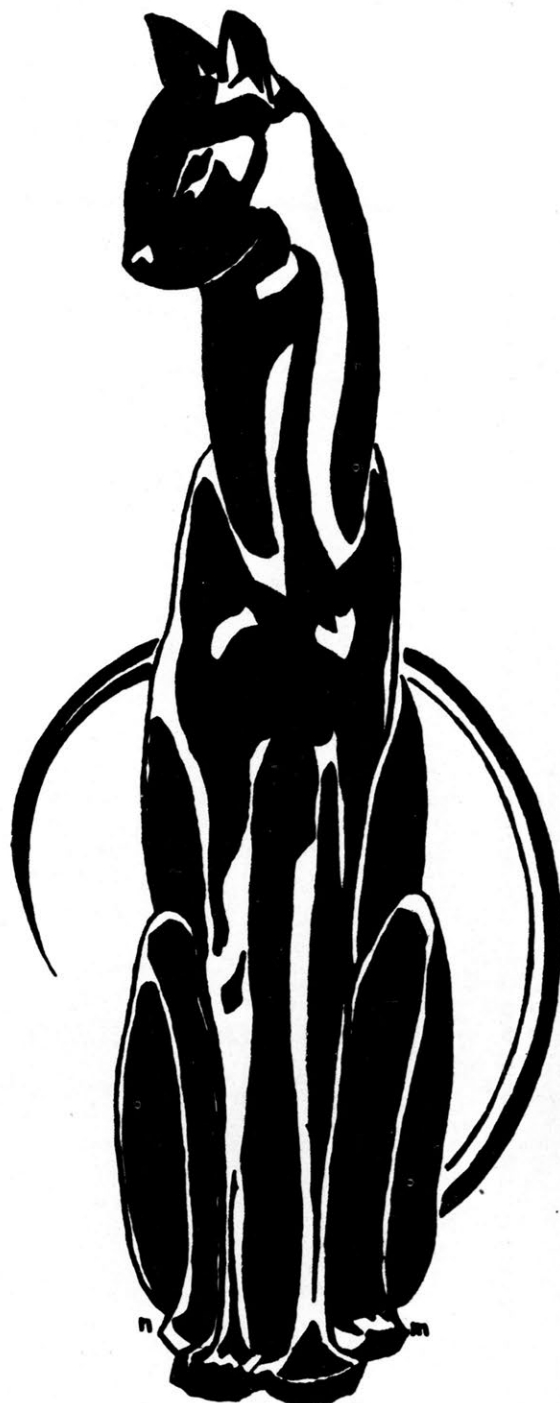
# VOO DOO

MAY, 1938



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# Voo Doo

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No. 4

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## EDITORIALLY

## SPEAKING —

### MUSINGS

*For perhaps the last time this year, Phos rounds up his litter and gives you another VOO DOO. His new managers have had fun with the job they took over last February, and they sincerely hope that the magazine has been just a bit better than ever before. As yet, the new board has not received a worried look from the ruling powers for censorial laxity, but we have hopes. It seems as though every board is entitled to make at least one mistake, and that mistake usually sells out the issue. Maybe next fall Phos will put out a killer that will take the Class of '42 by the ears.*

### CASTIGATION

*We were infinitely fascinated by the efforts of our pal The Tech in putting out their Fido. It seems as though once a year Tech men have to put up with a sadly inferior misconception of a college comic. We compliment The Tech for taking upon itself the job of furnishing entertainment at the I.F.C. but we hand them the lemon for their poor taste in cartoons and reading material. Perhaps The Tech would profit by a lesson in what constitutes humor and what constitutes lack of taste. Apply 303 Walker Memorial and get the dope.*

### FLUB-DUB

*It won't be long now till we start to work on another vacation, preceded, of course, by another horrible orgy of examinations. But it is much more fun to look a little ahead of the next four weeks and picture oneself lying on a nice sunny beach somewhere with a long cool drink in hand and a head totally devoid of dee vee dee tee's and thoughts of quizzes. Phos wishes every undergraduate an unsurpassed vacation and every senior a remarkable start in the world.*



# Just Twenty...but O. G!

What charm!  
 What freshness!  
 And just twenty!  
 Twenty Old Golds . . .  
 No more, no less  
 Than you get  
 In any other  
 Regular-size pack of  
 Cigarettes.  
 But O.G! . . .  
 What a difference  
 You'll find  
 In O.Gs!  
 What a difference  
 In the rich  
 Full flavor  
 And fragrance  
 Of their  
 Prize crop tobaccos!  
 What a difference  
 In their benevolent  
 Mildness that comes  
 From long extra aging  
 And mellowing  
 In oaken casks!  
 What a difference  
 In Old Gold's  
*Guaranteed freshness,*  
 The result of a  
 Stale-proof package  
 Wrapped in  
 Double Cellophane  
 Double-sealed!  
 Do you wonder  
 That every day  
 More wise smokers  
 Marry Old Golds?

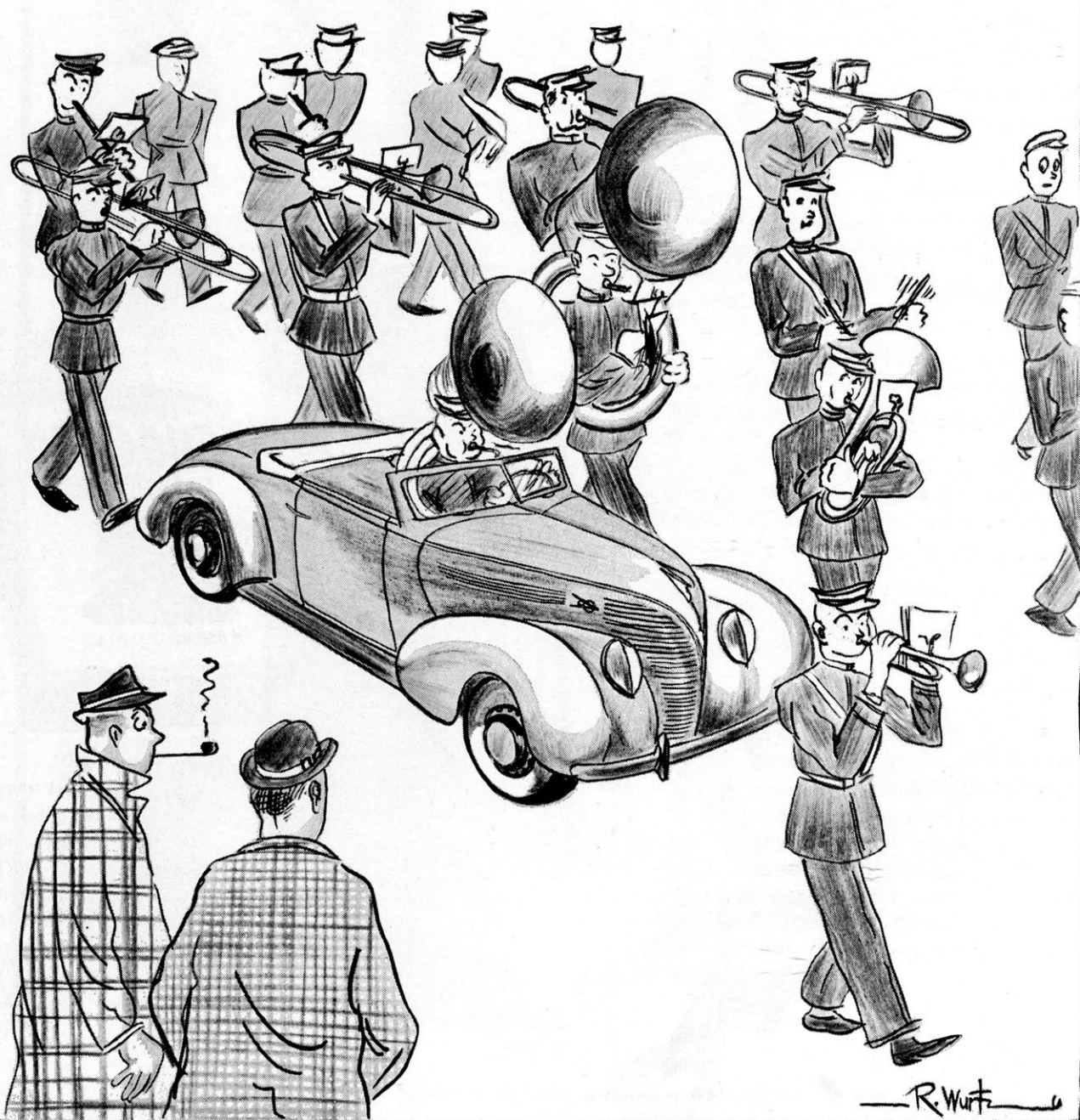


**TUNE IN** on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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



# "ALBERT JUST WON'T BE WITHOUT HIS FORD-V8"



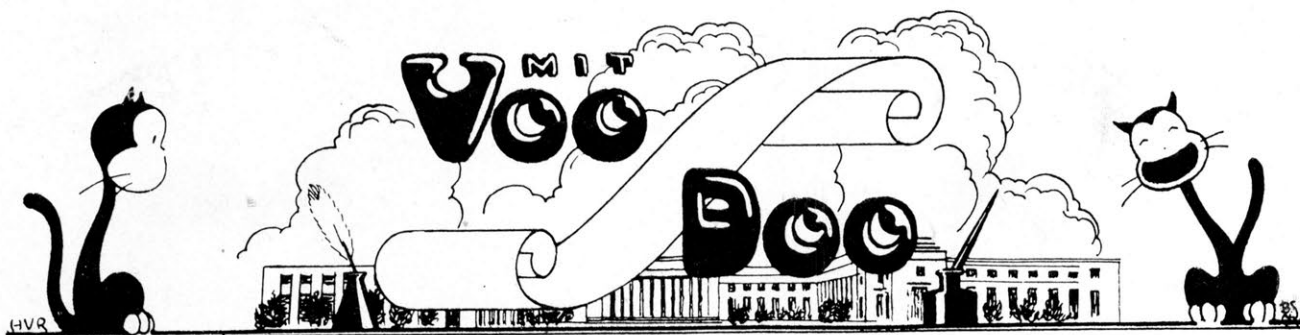
by ROGER F. WURTZ '41, Wisconsin Octopus





Ruth Rubinstein in the satiric musical revue, "Pins and Needles,"  
coming to the Shubert Theatre, May 9





## Voodoings . . .

### CHARLIE!!!

The professor of mathematics was trying to explain the theory of limits to his class. He did not seem to get it across very well, so he decided to illustrate the idea with an example all could understand.

"Assume, Mr. De Mailly, that you put on your best clothes and went to call upon your best girl Elenore. There you are in one corner of the large room and your girl is in the opposite corner. You advance half-way to the girl. Then you go half-way again. Then you make another half-way advance, and so on. Now do you understand? Theoretically you would never reach your girl."

Brother De Mailly scratched his head for a moment and pondered the proposition. Then he replied, "But, professor, I could get close enough for all practical purposes."



### GREAT GAME

The latest indoor sport to hit the town is dice baseball. The game has all the plays of a real ball game, different combinations deciding the play. The only regulations are that every player must be an actual living person, known to the manager. No player less than sixty years may be carried on the roster.

In the Beta league, at the moment, there are six teams, and the boys take the game as seriously as any big-time contest ever played. They even go so far as to compile batting averages for all the players. The most exciting incident so far is a triple play with the bases loaded in the ninth inning.

### WELL! WELL!

The following little story was told to us by a subway conductor during one of our frequent jaunts on the subterranean shuttle.

"I have come here," said the angry caller to the superintendent of the street railway company, "to get justice, sir. Yesterday, as my wife was getting off one of your cars, the motorman stepped on her dress and tore a yard of frilling off the skirt." The superintendent remained cool. "My dear sir," he said. "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do? Buy her a new dress?" An expression of fiendish cruelty spread over the angry man's contorted features. "No!" he snarled, "you're not going to get off that easy!" With a swift movement of his hand he drew from his coat pocket a scrap of colored silk. "You're going to every department store in town if necessary until you match that piece of goods — that's what you're going to do!"

### COLLEGE

Several of the more sophisticated dorm dwellers in a local girls' institution found that a few of their comrades in arms had neither learned from mother nor experience the significance of the familiar red light. As an educational feature they persuaded the trusting lasses to place a crepe-paper-covered lamp in one of the front windows. Results were even more than expected, for in no time at all the front bell rang and three semi-intoxicated gentlemen demanded entrance and entertainment. It took the combined efforts of the house mother and the entire first floor to persuade them of their error and to usher them out, still protesting and remarking about false representation, etc.



### CANDID

While under the influence of spring the other day, we invested a nickel in a dime-store glider, a simple contraption of balsa calculated to satisfy the aeronautical desires of a ten-year-old school boy. We started assembling it while waiting at a stop-light, and a passing newsboy, not over twelve years old himself, scathingly remarked, "Second childhood."





"Oh!, Mr. Bisbey — you forgot your Brushes!"



# THERE'S ONE IN EVERY COLLEGE

## *Sophisticated lady:*

Smoother than wet soap. Dresses like Joan Crawford and wears clothes like she had been poured into them. Talks a line that has fooled better men than you. Dances like a dream and makes every man on the floor over your shoulder. Has more friends than Roosevelt in '35, and meets them everywhere. Will keep you perpetually broke keeping up with the fellow she knows at Harvard. Untouchable except to the boy friend back in Biloxi.

Rating, 2.9.



## *Good Pal:*

Swell jane if you have platonic ideas yourself. Will drive you to drink eventually, especially if good looking, in case you have. Dresses plainly but attractively, talks about the things you like, and tries to help solve your problems. Will make someone a good wife. Not you, however. Knows a little about everything and is ready for everything but woo and allied topics.

Rating, 3.0 to 4.0, depending on what you want.



## *Career Woman:*

A girl with a purpose. Frequents tailored suits and conversations about the new deal. Isn't seen much because she hasn't time for that sort of thing.

Rating, 0.9.



## *Infant:*

As helpless as a one-armed wrestler. Knows nothing about anything and asks questions calculated to make you feel like a great big hero. Dresses in fluffy stuff which brings out the big blue eyes like fog lights. Will neck, but makes you feel like you had been stealing pennies from a blind man. The pay-off comes when she starts baby talk.

Rating, 2.5.



## *Sports girl:*

Hasn't caught her breath for a year. Looks like she had just finished a set of tennis with Vines or Perry and wants to tell about it. Saddle oxfords, culottes, and wind-blown hair. Can't stand being "unnatural," so will go to dinner at the Copley in a beer jacket. Dances like a truck, knows every football player who ever lived, and hates baseball and football because they cramp her individual style.

Rating, 1.4.



## *Steady girl:*

The tops in womanhood. Is very choosy until she finds what she wants, and happy the lucky man. Combines the best features of the pal and the campus sweetheart. Will eat in a dog wagon when your chips are low and never gives a wolf a tumble. If you are jealous by nature this is a good chance to rest because you haven't a thing to worry about.

Rating, 5.00.



## *Campus Sweetheart:*

Has rushed every house in the campus in alphabetical order. Is steady but for never more than three or four weeks. Never necks with anyone but friends and hasn't an enemy in the world. Drinks easily and is a fine jane on a cold night in a rumble seat. Not good if you are jealous by nature.

Rating, 4.0.



# Analysis of Humor

The joke is an institution that has come down to us from Adam. When he heard the first joke it tickled him in all but one rib, and so he had that one taken out and made into a woman. That is why, to this day, a woman can't see the point of a joke. It would be useless to trace the evolution of the joke, and besides I do enough research for English themes without doing some more that I don't have to! Suffice to say, the joke evolved along with man, changing with the times, so that today all jokes can be classified under three general types. It is the purpose of this article to describe and e.g. these classifications.

First, we will take up the jokes which can be printed elsewhere than in college comics. For instance, the American tourist joke. Said person has proclivities which make him uproarious in a foreign country.

"We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin," announced the guide.

"The hell we are," shouted the American tourist as he hopped off the sightseeing bus.

Next there is the slow ignition joke. Personally, I haven't been able to get the point of this one yet. If you can, will you please drop me a postcard and explain? I give it to you as I saw it.

The winning gag in a joke contest conducted by the Minnesota "Ski-U-Mah" was this honey.

"Are you Psychic?"

"Yes, Seer."

The State of Minnesota has been asked to withdraw from the Union.

Then we have the old joke. This, of course, may be considered to be the description of all jokes, but in this case I mean the old joke that everyone has heard before.

During the war the Germans named their battleships after jokes so that the English couldn't see them.

And now we come to the uncompleted joke. That is, one which the reader completes from experience or hearsay. This particular type, however, is printable in a public newspaper.

"Oswald called a hammer a hammer until he hit his thumb with one."

By far one of the biggest sources of "jokes," unquote, is the pun. There is the bitty pun, the slight pun, the plain pun, and the gross pun. It is the last one which makes us tear our hair and froth at the mouth.

"I've had this pen ever since it was a little Schaeffer."

Another voluminous category is the Army joke, with modifications for the ROTC, Navy, and Marines. This field is especially appreciated, for no particular reason.

Gunnery Officer: "See that man on that bridge over there three miles away?"

Gunner: "Yes, Sir."

Officer: "Let him have a couple of 75's in the eye."

Gunner: "Which eye, sir?"

Parodies of poems have always been a favorite dodge of the joke-writer. Recently a new twist has come into widespread use, mostly because it's simple. That is the practice of changing the endings of nursery rhymes.

Mary had a little lamb.  
Its fleece was white as snow.  
She took it to Pittsburgh  
And now look at the damned thing.

Dialogue between the judge and a prisoner is always good for a laugh. Though it is a popular form with many famous comedians, it also finds a big use in the literary field.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" howled the humorous judge just before delivering a death sentence. "You'll die when you hear this one!"

The second general grouping, known as Class II, contains those masterpieces which are called "delightfully risqué." This phrase covers a lot of territory now-a-days, but here it is used only to include the teensie-weensie bit naughty jokes. For instance, the little boy (girl) and lady (old man) type.

Lady: "Why are you so excited, little boy? Can't you stand still?"

Little boy: "Lady, is that any question to ask a gentleman?"

Then there is the gem from the newspaper. Sometimes it is a misprint, and again it's an unsuspected combination or interpretation. They do not always belong to Class II, but this particular one certainly does. It is the line added by the person who discovered it that puts the error over and adds greatly to the flavor.

If a canary refuses to use his bird bath, try sprinkling a little sand in the bottom of the bath before filling with water. The bird's refusal is often due to a slippery bottom. — (*Plainfield, N. J., Courier-News.*)

— Or let the little fellow keep his pants on.

Then there is the joke, known specifically as the "liquor joke," which shows gradual decomposition.

(Please turn to Page 18)



# Green Hell

## OR

### FORWARD

In the fall of 1913 a small band of intrepid adventurers headed by Dr. Fetlock Whinney, eminent biologist and man about town, set out from the men's room in Building 8 for the wilds of Greater Boston. The purpose of the expedition was to study at close range the lives and habits of the species femina, a rare, almost extinct branch of the human race.

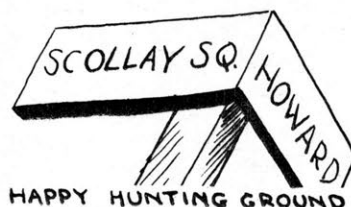
Up to the time of the expedition, little was known of this creature, and, although this statement still stands, the work of Doctor Whinney and his fellow scientists was not in vain, for they never returned to civilization. The disappearance of the party constitutes one of the great mysteries of the week of October 20, 1913. It was not until the diary and notes of Doctor Whinney himself were found in an empty beer bottle in the Charles River that the world learned the true story of "The Case of the Party of Intrepid Adventurers Led by Dr. Fetlock Whinney, Eminent Biologist and Man about Town."

### DOCTOR WHINNEY, HIS BOOK

*October 9, 1913:*

After three days of arduous hauling of supplies over steep hillsides and narrow mountain trails, we arrived at our first goal, the corner of Arlington and Boylston Streets. We will rest here a day and then push on into the interior. We have already begun to find signs of our quarry, for one of the native por-

ters reports seeing a brilliantly colored Femina Debutante in a store on Newbury Street. He was unable to approach near enough to obtain more than a cursory description, however. As yet we are interested only in forging ahead and establishing a base camp at a more advanced location.



*October 12:*

After two days of rough going we have at last arrived in the heart of the Femina country and have established a base camp on the edge of a beautiful lake between Tremont and Beacon Streets, according to our crude maps. We have named the surrounding land "Boston Common" and have claimed it in the name of the United States and Alaska. There are definite indications that we are in the heart of the Femina country, and we expect to begin our research activities soon. The only casualty so far is our head radio operator, an unidentified Course 6 man, who died from the effects of drinking unboiled, contaminated gin. We buried him upside down to ward off evil spirits and marked the grave with a cairn of empty bottles. From now on there are strict orders to boil all gin used for drinking purposes.

*October 13:*

We have been at the base camp now for two days, and, if our luck continues to hold, we should be ready to start for civilization in another month. The base camp could not have been located in a better spot. The lake is a favorite haunt of the game we seek, and each night the Feminae come down to the lake in groups of two or three to drink and feed. Their natural prey is the human being and we have had to exercise the greatest precautions to escape their attacks. They are not afraid of fire, but a barbed wire enclosure around the camp seems to be effective. The chief of a local tribe of Bostonians, who has given us invaluable assistance, informs me that it is sure death to venture out after 6 p.m. unarmed. As strange as it may seem, these creatures are only dangerous after dark and it is absolutely safe to go abroad alone and unarmed during the daylight hours.

We have laid plans to establish an advance camp and will begin that work tomorrow.



SPECIMAN FOUND  
IN THE WILDS OF  
SCOLLAY WOODS

October 18:

Tragedy has struck. Three days ago, two of my companions accompanied by four porters and a native guide pushed ahead to the site selected for the advance camp in a little known region called Scollay Square in the language of the natives. After we had failed to receive word from them for the second successive day, a heavily armed searching party set out and succeeded in reaching the camp site. Here the mute testimony of empty bottles and uprooted underbrush was sufficient to tell the native scouts what had transpired. As we know now, the Femina Scollia is much more dangerous than the species with which we were familiar. This species is dangerous at all times and it was evident that the party had walked into an ambush, feeling itself secure in broad daylight. What their fate was we can only guess; their courage we know. Salute comrades! !

*Note:* From a study of the camp site it was learned that the Femina Scollia drinks only gin and whisky, as the beer carried by the party was almost untouched.

# The Strange Case of

## Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

October 20:

Since my last entry, our work has progressed beyond our best expectations. We have built a blind on the east side of the camp, from which we have obtained



some excellent pictures of our subjects in all phases of their existence. One of our best and, at the same time, most revolting shots shows the capture of an unfortunate native by one of the Feminae. Poor man, we were too late to save him by the time we had obtained our pictures. Another martyr to science!

P.S. Our second radio operator, another Course 6 man, died last night from the effects of unboiled gin. We buried him upside down to ward off evil spirits. We now have only one left to maintain contact with the outside world.

October 21:

Tragedy has again struck. Last night I was awakened by shots and, dashing out of my tent, came upon a scene of wildest confusion. In some manner a great number

of the Feminae had effected an entrance to the camp and were wreaking havoc to the equipment and native porters. After a terrific struggle, three of us — myself, Doctor Horsetrough, and a fellow named Joe whom we brought along to fill in a fourth at contract — managed to hide under one of the folding cots with which the expedition was equipped, and we remained there till morning. When we finally ventured forth we found the camp to be totally deserted. The attackers, as nearly as we can determine, captured thirty-nine native porters and the rest of the staff except for the third radio operator, whom we found dead in one of the tents from the effects of drinking unboiled gin. We buried him upside down to ward off evil spirits and proceeded to check up on the damage to the camp. Our photographs and other data are safe, but the attackers managed to free several live specimens which we had captured after great difficulty, among them a rare Chorus Girl of the Old Howard family. Luckily we have enough supplies left to see us safely back to civilization. Our work here is done, and, as soon as we can assemble our remaining equipment, we will start for the outside.

Before we leave we will build a cairn in memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice that our work might go on.

*Editor's note:* At this point the diary suddenly ceases, and a damned fine idea too.



# Swing

Boston "jitterbugs" and "ickies" came into their own this month as the King of Swing himself, Benny Goodman, gave out with the hottest jive ever to hit the staid old town of Boston. Evidently the crowd was in a mood for swing, as it took only a few bars from this solid outfit to start the house rocking. The sending power of the band was terrific. Benny's performance definitely dispelled any rumors of his losing popularity



with the swing world due to the loss of his stellar drummer Gene Krupa. As all you swing cats know, Mr. Krupa has been replaced by that solid kitten, Dave Tough, formerly with the Dorsey outfit. Dave seems to have all the rhythm of Gene but does not let his hair down during his playing. He is certainly the better background man. Second to Benny as men of the hour were those two solid get-off men, Bud Freeman and Harry James. Of the two perhaps Harry was more in the groove on this occasion. All musicians, or perhaps it would be better to say all swing musicians, have their nights when they rise to heights that would seem almost impossible at any other time. At times the applause greeting this cat was greater than that accorded Mr. Goodman himself, and it was certainly deserved. Goodman throughout the concert was his usual modest self, allowing his men to take the show and letting himself fade into the

background. Bud Freeman is the latest addition to the band and also comes from the Dorsey band. By losing Tough and Freeman, Dorsey has lost, probably, his two best swing men and will no doubt begin to soon realize his growing lack of popularity with the swing world. Bud, although he was not as fast to warm up as his colleague, Mr. James, gave a really terrific exhibition of solid sax work.

The hall started rocking with the first few measures of that old favorite "Sweet Sue" which has been recently rearranged by the greatest arranger of them all, Fletcher Henderson, and continued to rock as Benny rolled into another of Henderson's famous arrangements, "Sometimes I'm Happy." This latter piece was one of the smoothest arrangements of the evening and brought out the band's ability to swing lightly. Closing the first group of swing masterpieces was the perennial favorite "King Porter Stomp." This piece started off with a brilliant trumpet solo, followed by the basic theme of the piece, also on the trumpet, and ending up with a driving climax of gradually mounting brass and reeds.

Bud Freeman, Benny, Vernon Brown and Bobby Hackett, who was with the band as guest soloist, then lined up to give their interpretation of the style of the original Dixie Land Band on such swing classics as "Sensation Rag," "Shine," and "When My Baby Smiles at Me." Final bit on this interpretive group was the rendition of "I'm Comin', Virginia," by Bobby Hackett, who is regarded as one of the foremost trumpeters of the day. Bobby plays in the style of "Bix" Beiderbecke, who at the age of twenty-six was the king of all white trumpeters. He interpreted superbly the feeling and

pure phrasings of this great white musician.

The Goodman trio, consisting of Lionel Hampton on the suitcase and Teddy Wilson on the piano, with Benny, of course, on the clarinet, then gave out with some swing that would please even the most ardent purist. After some inspired playing by Mr. Goodman and some solid work by Teddy, Lionel Hampton went into a drum break that surpassed anything for pure color and rhythm that Gene Krupa ever presented. Lionel's speed is amazing and causes him to leave this world entirely. Sunday night no drummer alive could have equaled his inspired efforts.

To warm up the boys for the fun to come, the band broke into their popular arrangement of "Don't Be That Way," which is being expanded each time it is played until it now seems well on the way to becoming another "Sing, Sing, Sing." This arrangement was featured by some tricky sax work by Bud, a few bars of Goodman figuration, and a terrific solo by Harry James that literally brought down the house. About this time the jitter bugs were beginning to jump and the ickies were also making no efforts to control their pent-up emotions. Benny seemed to get a tremendous kick out of it



all and then decided to cut loose with his killer diller of them all, "Sing, Sing, Sing." After a final warm-up on "Ti-Pi Tin," Dave

# Session

Tough started the ball rolling with the tom-tom beat of "Sing, Sing" and the brass began to growl. Breaking into a wild frenzy of inspired rhythm work, Dave led the boys into their parody on Christopher Columbus and led the brass out again into their terrific riffs, which brings part one of this dooser to a close. Introducing part one, Bud Freeman got off with his best solo of the evening and lifted the crowd again to a wild pitch. The band then in full flight warmed up to their famous gradual rise of growling brass and singing reed frenzy, and then relaxed as Benny went into a solid clarinet solo. The surprise of the evening came as Jess Stacey, lifted by the mood of the rocking hall, gave out with a real hot piano solo that surprised even Benny himself. The band brought part one of the concert to a close as they wound up, giving out with their usual mean brass stuff.

The band's first work after intermission was a new arrangement of Jerome Kern's old favorite, "Make Believe." This piece was arranged by Fletcher Henderson, who has been mentioned before as the greatest living arranger of swing. This arrangement is very typical of Fletcher's style of smooth rhythm backed up by well-placed instrumental work. Few arrangements show more musical genius



than this. To keep in their mood the band continued with Hoagy Carmichael's immortal "Star Dust," which, strangely enough,

was not received as enthusiastically as were the rest of the evening's performances.

Martha Tilton then made her debut in Symphony Hall and rendered "Dixieland Band" as only Martha can render it. Called back for two encores, Martha obliged with "Loch Lomond" and a "pops" tune, "You Couldn't Be Cuter."

The Goodman instrumental quartet now made its appearance with Davey Tough on the drums, Lionel Hampton at the vibraphone, Teddy Wilson at the piano, and Benny on the clarinet. This performance was an expanded repetition of the trio's work and fairly well brought the roof down. Debutantes and the common clay, both lost their sense of propriety and gave vent to their pent-up emotions in the form of wild semi-savage screams and a constant twisting and jumping of the torso and shoulders. The effect of this music is really amazing and can hardly be adequately described. As the manager of the hall said, "It was a most extraordinary and exhilarating performance."

Warming up for their final killer diller, the boys gave out with that classic of rhythm, "Big John Special." According to legend, this fellow Big John was a negro bar tender during the early days of Dixieland jazz and this tune was written in his honor. As one writer puts it, "If this work is to be regarded as a representative of Big John's bar tending, his work must have been on the heroic side." Omitting their scheduled "Roll 'Em" because they probably felt in the mood for their most solid work, the gang rolled on to "One O'Clock Jump." The crowd's reaction to this final number was such that this killer seemed like rubbing salt into an already deep wound, as far as the symphonic

atmosphere of Symphony Hall was concerned. Jess Stacey led the boys into this number with a prolonged piano solo which had the stuff in it to send brother Tough into a stretch of very terrific and sending drumming. This solid work was followed by hot solos by almost the entire band, including Ziggy Elman on the trumpet, who gave out with some inspired stuff,



and a torrid trombone solo by Vernon Brown. After taking their regular turn with solos, those of the band who felt really inspired gave out with their very best, starting the house rocking at a different beat and at the same time almost driving the violent ickies and jitter bugs crazy. Following this wild solo display the real fireworks of the evening started as the theme of the tune wound up to its climax, which lasted fully from five to ten minutes, of the solidest swing that Goodman bunch has ever given out. After the final screaming riff the crowd was left in a sort of a wild, if such a thing is possible, stupor, as Benny and his boys walked off amid the cheers, cat calls, and howls of the crowd. It was an exhilarating performance, to say the least, and I am saying the least.





## SYMPHONY IN F MINOR

Williams

Performed by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Vaughan Williams  
Conductor

This month Victor takes a bold step in presenting a thoroughly modern symphony which embodies most of the good points of modern music, and most of the bad ones, too. Vaughan Williams is a sixty-six-year-old Englishman, graduate of Cambridge with a music degree. He has written several pictorial symphonies, this one being his latest and the only one so far without a descriptive title. It was first performed in London in April, 1935, and was first heard on this side in December of the same year.

As is the case with most modern music, this work at times wanders far from the beaten path as far as themes and developments go, and even the most attentive listener is completely lost. Nevertheless, there are spots that are thrilling with bold dissonance and intriguing with weird melody. It is without doubt the best embodiment of modern trends in music, and as such is very much worth listening to.

## THE PASSION ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW

Bach

Boston Symphony Orchestra  
Assisted by the Harvard Glee Club  
and the Radcliffe Choral Society

This month Victor presents the last volume of a three-volume series of this great choral work, and the entire Passion may now be purchased. The recording was made in the presence of a capacity audience in Symphony Hall under unfavorable conditions, but the recording is a technical masterpiece.

The greatest of all of Bach's choral works presents a reviewing task which is all but insurmountable in a column such as this. Suffice it to say that this reviewer has never heard such accomplished artistry devoted to a religious drama such as this. The two choral groups constitute a choir that has few equals, and the orchestra is superb throughout.

## KAMMENOI OSTROW

Rubinstein

Performed by  
the Boston Pops Orchestra

Once again the Pops Orchestra comes through with a perennial favorite in one of Anton Rubinstein's best portraits. The orchestra seems to inject a power into the piece that few conductors bring out, making the work even more enjoyable. Though this bit is sometimes a trifle overworked, it is still popular with the thousands of Pop-goers.

## TI-PI-TIN

### PLEASE BE KIND

(Victor)

Benny Goodman

Benny proves on this record that he is still definitely the King of Swing, by turning a pair of ordinary sounding commercials into a pair of real Goodman "killer dillers." Benny's clarinet work on "Ti-Pi-Tin" is very solid, and as good as we have heard from him in a long time. Lionel Hampton, who is replacing Gene Krupa until Dave Tough gets used to his new surroundings, proves that he has everything that Krupa had except the ability to let his hair down and show his teeth. Martha Tilton, as usual, does a fine job in her rendition of the hit tune "Please Be Kind."

## I LET A SONG GO OUT OF MY HEART

### THE GIRL FROM JOE'S

(Brunswick)

Duke Ellington

The Duke really gives out on this waxing with some real hot jive, and at the same time manages to follow the general idea of his new tunes from the current "Cotton Club Revue." Side one is a catchy tune which leaves plenty of room for good improvisation by the rest of the boys. Except for a few rather moth-eaten riffs on side two, this recording is tops.

## AN OLD STRAW HAT

### LOVELIGHT IN THE STARLIGHT

(Victor)

Bunny Berigan

Bunny and his vocalist, Gail Reese, do fine jobs on both of these "pops" tunes. When Bunny gets warmed up and falls into his well-known groove, there is no white trumpeter alive that can approach him, and his friend Gail is also no mean vocalist. Too bad Victor wastes such talent on these commercial jobs.

## DIZZY SPELLS

### SWEET LORAIN

Benny Goodman Quartet and Trio

"Dizzy Spells" has been played any number of times on the Tuesday night program, and seems to be still a favorite; Lionel Hampton gets off with some solid riffs in here and the boys are fighting all the way. The other side is a too-slow fox-trot that falls rather flat for lack of background.

## WHERE HAVE WE MET BEFORE?

### LOVELIGHT IN THE STARLIGHT

(Brunswick)

Horace Heidt

Horace gives us another of his rhapsodies in sweet swing, and as far as we're concerned the record falls rather flat. After listening to this record you come to the conclusion that this sort of thing has been going on for years, and is not as new as Horace would have you believe. We wonder where Horace gets the nerve to call these records of his "swing," sweet, or otherwise.

## YOU LEAVE ME BREATHLESS SAYS MY HEART

Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra

The first side has another sugary vocal by Jack Leonard and is otherwise pretty fair. Edythe Wright does a very nice job on "Says My Heart," and the boys really let go along about the end of the record.

## STOP! AND RECONSIDER COLLEGE HUMOR

Larry Clinton and his Orchestra

These two tunes are Clinton's latest, and bid fair for a pile of popularity. Bea Wain is as good as ever, and is backed up nicely by Clinton himself on the B side. We sort of like the way Clinton manages to put most of Glen Gray's and Dorsey's stuff in his arrangements.



*— and my new cigarette  
is Chesterfield*



*Chesterfields are made of  
mild ripe tobaccos ... rolled in  
pure cigarette paper ... the best  
ingredients a cigarette can have*

*For You...there's MORE PLEASURE  
in Chesterfield's milder better taste*

*They Satisfy*



# Congratulations!

## SECURITY, 1938

Why worry about a job? This boy will give you one. Why bother working four years for a degree? This boy makes it worthless. What good is a college education if the cream of the young manhood of America is to be disposed of? This boy says none whatsoever.

This month, the M. I. T. VOO DOO takes part in a nation-wide expression of student opinion concerning war. Over twenty-five of the leading college magazines throughout the United States are united in an expression against war, and are using this same vivid picture to make the imminence of war sink into the undergraduate mind. Periodically, Technology conducts stimulating peace meetings and their effect on student thought is appreciable. Repeated stimulus is the only method of driving home the realization that war is no longer around the corner. Do some thinking about it! Remember that war plays no favorites — *you* are the one who will fight it!



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CAMBRIDGE

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Seen in Some Restaurant: "The world is coming  
to an end. Pay when served so we won't have to  
look all over hell for you!"

— Old Line.

A little city boy was telling his cousin about his  
first visit to the farm.

"You should have seen the pig," he said. "It was  
in a pen with a lot of little ones, and it seemed  
to be afraid of them, for they chased it all over.  
Finally it got so tired it just fell down — and then  
the little ones jumped down and chewed all the  
buttons off its vest."

— Navy Log.





# Analysis

(Continued from Page 9)

tion of the mental and speech faculties of the speaker.

Dear Joe:

The half-gallon of gin which you promised me arrived about ten minutes ago. Thanks a lot for the liquor, Joe. It certainly is pleasing. As a matter of fact, I have the bottle in front of me now. It is standing sentinel beside my typewriter, and, as I said before, it is damn good.

I mean the gin is good, not the bottle. You know what I mean, Joe. You're my pal and you would know what I mean. It takes a pal to send a pal a half-gallon of gin to a pal. Your mupal, Joe, and you kknowe what I meann, Joey. If there wass anxthing I can't do for yu, lets menose — its itchy nowe, becassse youre mupal Joasd fghjkloivytrewcvbn. . . . !

The Third Class is made up of those jokes which are found only in college comics. There are two subheads, the first being those which are there simply because they pertain to some aspect of college life which is unfamiliar to the outsider. The second subhead takes in all those jokes which nobody else would dare print and which often make the editors wonder at the extent of their immunity.

It seems that college comic writers, when ideas are at an ebb, delight in making cracks about other institutions of higher learning, unquote again. (The last two words are referred to by the unquote, unquote.)

Harvard Fellow: "Don't you think the yard is an intriguing place?"

Tech Man: "Yeah! A real fairyland!"

Then we have the joke which spreads itself all over the page,

sometimes in the form of a poem, sometimes not, but always meant to take up space.

Some  
girls are  
built like  
this one  
Others  
are  
more  
like  
this

But they usually end up like this.

Next we come to the you-rhyme-it limerick or poem. This is often used as a dodge to get by the board of censors, though this particular phase will not be illustrated at this time.

On a time a pale student from Ga.  
Was pinched for being a fa.

Said the judge with a smile

Young man for a while

Free of charge we are going to ba.

Next we have the irresistible dig at fraternities in general or in particular, who cares? When it comes to picking an exemplary drunk, the Dekes get it 99 times out of a 100. It can't be deserved.

Lady (from upper berth): "Porter, is that my coat on the floor?"

Porter: "No, ma'am, that's a Deke returning from the convention."

The fraternity man is noted for other things besides his liquid capacity. Specific among these is his masterly hand with the women. He's a man of wide experience, they say. If the truth were really known.

"You're the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said Jim College as he shifted gears with his foot.

We will begin at the top of Sub-head No. 2, Class III, and work our way down into the depths. After a certain point the coefficient of sliding friction rapidly approaches zero as a limit.

Bob met a wonderful girl up in Vermont last summer and had such a good time that as soon as he graduates this spring he's going to get a job down in Peru.

By far the biggest field for said college comics is the boy and girl joke and these are definitely out of the amateur standing.

"I'll be frank with you," said the young man when the embrace was over. "You're not the first girl I ever kissed."

"I'll be equally frank with you," she answered. "You've got a lot to learn."

The jumping off point is one that either rolls you in the aisles or leaves you highly incensed. I'll give it to you, and you don't need to tell me if you appreciate it or not.

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it

In a cabin old and medieval,  
A rounder espied her and plied her with cider

And now she's the forest's prime evil.

From this point on you can be your own guide, because it isn't safe to be anybody's mentor in this territory. Let me refer you to the April, 1934 issue of VOO DOO if you want to make the trip. Nature isn't mild there.

In concluding, may I present the editor's lament? If you listen carefully, you can hear the wail rising from every campus.

In Boccaccio, it's frankness;  
In Rabelais, it's life;  
In a professor, it's clever;  
And in a college comic, it's smutty.

Or:

What's the use of pulling a joke for the readers! The one they want we can't print, and the ones we can print they don't want.



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### OF AGE

It is rumored that owing to the urgent need for man-power Il Duce has forbidden the birth of any male babies under the age of 21.

— Time



**A Curved Line:** The Shortest Distance Between Two Points.

**Math:** Church Thervith.

**A Nudist:** A person who goes coatless and vestless and wears trousers to match.

**Subtle:** The train running between Grand Central and Times Square.

**A Half-Breed:** A fellow with a cold in one nostril.

**A Fan Dancer:** A Nudist with a cooling system.

**Violate:** A dainty flower.

**A Professor:** is one who talks in someone else's sleep.

**A Bolshevik:** is a brainstorm surrounded by whiskers.

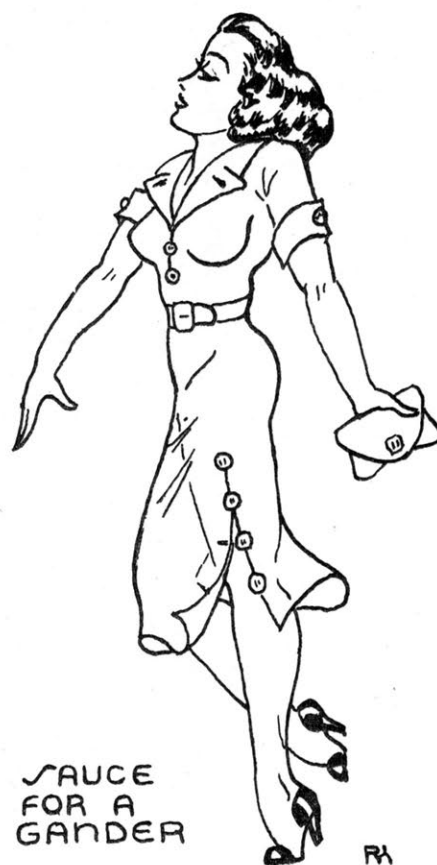
**Calf Improver:** Silk Hose.

**Coach:** A fellow who will gladly lay down your life for the school.

**Optimist:** One who expects to pass Phys.-Chem. the first time he takes it.

**Pessimist:** The same fellow one semester later.

— Medley







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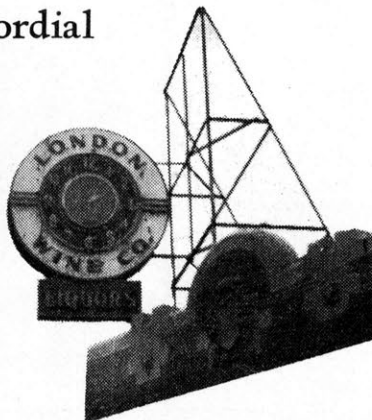
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## IDYLLS OF THE SOUSED...

A few weeks ago, at one of the local bars, one of our correspondents witnessed the following scene:

A senior was standing at the bar stewed to the gills. Finally he put down his current drink (the fifth since our correspondent had stood there sipping his nickel beer very slowly) and turned to the man at his right. "Hey, did you shpill water on my pants?" he asked him.

"No," the man answered, and then he turned away, ignoring our drunk. However, he was undaunted, and turned to the man on the left.

"Did you shpill water on my pants?" he asked him, and again he received a negative answer. The student then shook his head sadly and said, "Well, then, it must have been an inside job."

This same senior was on a binge in London twenty-four years ago, and soon he was taken before a court on the charge of drunkenness. The magistrate fixed the Bobby with an inquiring eye.

"And what caused you to think that the prisoner was in a state of intoxication?" he asked.

"Well, Your Honor, I found him in Trafalgar Square throwing his walking-stick into a fountain and cursing the lions on Nelson's Column because they wouldn't jump in and fetch it."

— Medley.

## HEREDITY WITH FANFARE

In moments of stress, in a strained situation,

Emotional scenes like a love declaration

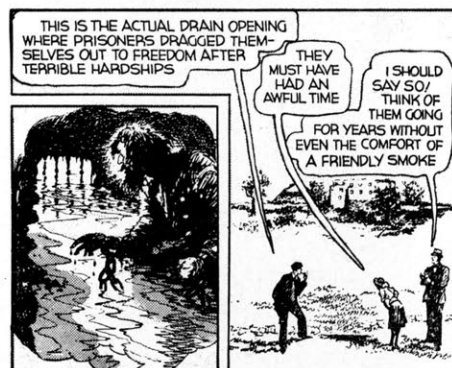
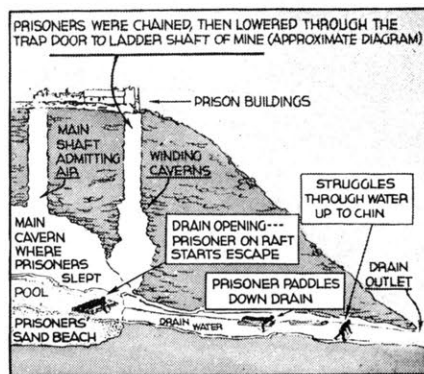
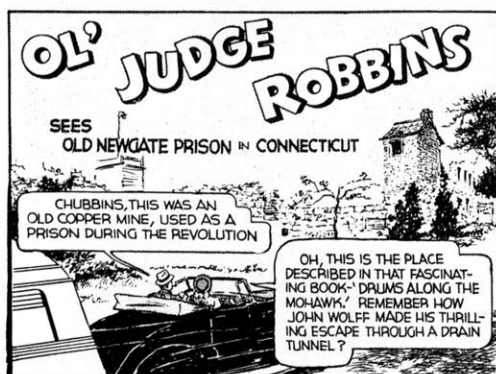
I always come through with a digestive fumble,

A long rolling peal or an ominous rumble.

These social faux pas always cause me to wonder

If maybe my mamma was frightened by thunder.

— Provost.



FOR PIPE-SMOKIN' THAT'S **EXTRA-MILD, EXTRA-MELLOW, EXTRA-TASTY** — GET NEXT TO PRINCE ALBERT. IT SMOKES **COOL** AND CAKES UP **RIGHT!**

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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**SO MILD!**

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

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**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.

## EVEN YOU MIGHT

Tech men, take heed and always keep  
Within the confines of your dorm.  
Lest from some soporific sleep  
You wake — a fiend in human form.

I too was once a normal lad  
Repressed in study's grueling strain.  
Till from a dream I woke up mad  
Yet knew not that I was insane.

Incited by some mad desire  
I started out, I knew not whence.  
A passing face set me on fire  
And all my mind was turbulence.

Then turned I in my eager pace  
And followed for an age it seemed  
Until at last I won the race  
And my potential victim screamed.

The crowd began to cheer and scoff,  
Tech's glove fight ended with a roar,  
For I had ripped the last glove off  
The final sissy sophomore.

A milling crowd had gathered round  
And yet none dared to interfere  
For my desire knew no bound  
As satisfaction hovered near.

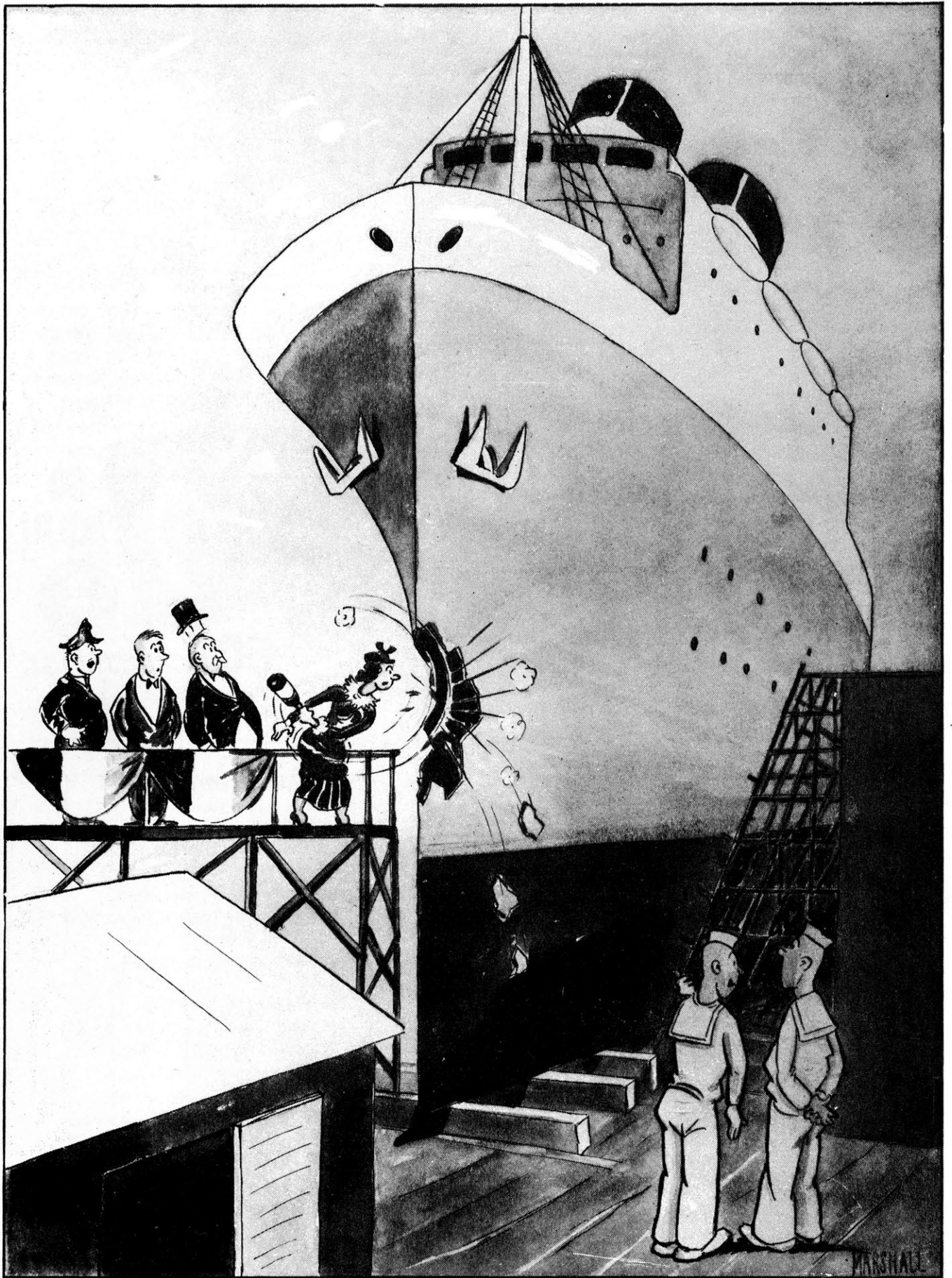
The helpless arms, the slender waist  
All whirled about and smote the ground  
As I continued on in haste  
Ignoring those who stood around.

I seized the clothing in my grasp  
And tore it till the skin was bare  
But with the prize yet in my clasp  
A piercing whistle rent the air.

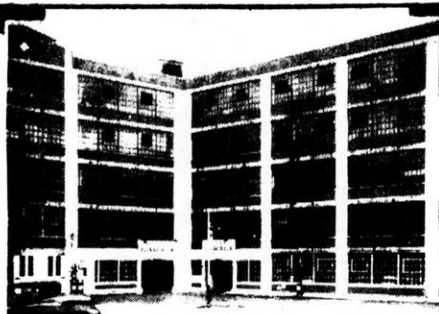
In sudden fear I laxed my grip  
And all that I'd been dreaming of  
The tender arm began to slip  
And left — oh — joy — it left its glove.

—Lloyd J. Parker.





*"That's one of those new unbreakable champagne bottles."*



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# THE TECH COOP

REMEMBER YOUR DIVIDEND

Some fellows get a big thrill out of holding their liquor — after it's in a pretty girl.

— Tiger.

"Hey, ma, where do babies come from?"

"They come in the mail, dear."

"Like hell, ma; only women have babies."

— Jester.

Wife (to drunken husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well, I'll catch Hell when I get home, anyway."

— Budding.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, 'tis said, some of the ladies liked to curl up with a good book, while others preferred simply to curl up with one of the pages.

— Widow.

She was only a janitor's daughter, but she certainly knew her lower stories.

— Meow.

Isn't Arthur gentle with the women?

Yes, he is unique.

Oh, no! Why I never even suspected.

— Exchange.

"I'm worried about my husband's eyesight," said Mrs. Barker. "Only yesterday he mistook the nursemaid for me."

"How strange," commented Mrs. Jones. "And she's such a pretty girl, too."

— Duke 'n' Duchess





## Carrying on "T.R.'s" tradition

ONCE you step inside the Roosevelt, the tumult and the shouting die. Around you is dignity, quiet. At your command is Service—perfect and unobtrusive.

You may live simply or entertain at the Roosevelt in an atmosphere as traditionally hospitable as that of the great "T.R."



Guy Lombardo and Orchestra nightly in Grill.



Dine 'neath the Hendrik Hudson Room's noted Wyeth murals.



Cocktail in any of half-a-dozen gay, intimate spots.

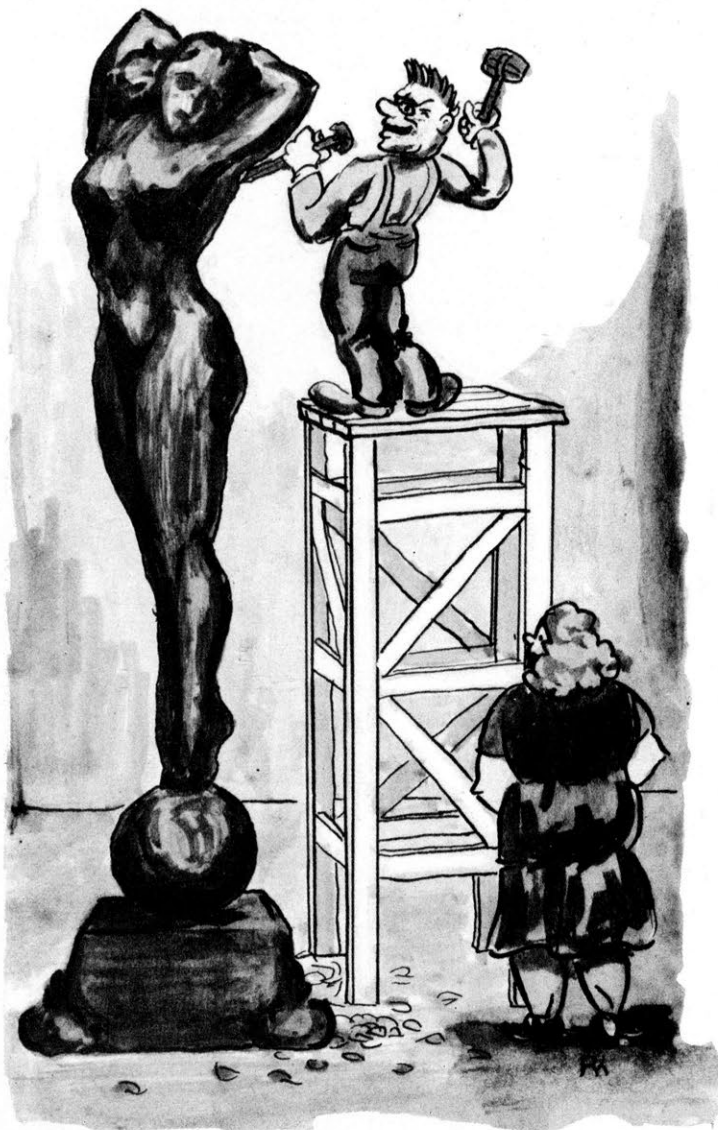
Red Cap service underground directly from Grand Central.

## THE ROOSEVELT

Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director  
Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York

The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down that keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck.

—Urchin.



"Adolph! I think you're losing interest in me!"



A girl with cotton stockings never sees a mouse.

—Budding.



Evolution of the Average American Business.

## HELPFUL BASEBALL SIMILES

The runner was as safe as a quart of grapejuice at a college prom.

The second baseman couldn't catch a cold in Siberia.

Whoosis lifted a fly that was higher than a diamond necklace at Tiffany's.

The umpire was blinder than an earthworm in a London Fog.

The home team got more runs than a pair of silk stockings in a bramble patch.

The game was tighter than a Pullman car window.

The twirler had as many curves as a group of chorus girls.

The stands were as crowded as a sophomore's runabout.

Young Mac: Father, I have to have an atlas for school.

Old Mac: Ah weel, ye'd better wait till the wor'ld's mair settled.

"What's the dfference between a fiddler and a violinist?"

"A haircut."

"So you used to make whaling trips with your father when you were quite young?"

"Sure. Out to the woodshed!"

*There was a young girl from Peru,  
Who decided her loves were too few,  
So she walked from her door  
With a fig-leaf, no more;  
And now she's in bed with the flu.*



## SHE "PHEW" HOME TO FATHER!



**NASAL CRUELTY!** Tom's harsh and heavy tobacco was too much for Polly. Home she went and home she stayed until Tom cleaned his pipe and tried Sir Walter Raleigh.



**BLISS FOR KEEPS!** Tom and Polly never squabbled from that day on. And how he enjoys those 2-ounce tins of sweet-smelling burley! Smells good to puffer and puffed-at!

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND  
OF GRAND AROMA**



**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E. D. S. T., NBC Red Network.





## "Exceptionally Good Fun"—But It's SO Expensive

A CHARMING BOOK, by the son of a great Leader, has recently been published.

It deals with the "beauties" of the war through which Papa benevolently brought civilization to a benighted people, a people so backward they knew practically nothing of machine guns, mustard gas, and bombing planes.

While flying his plane in this crusade for civilization, Papa's little soldier indulged in what he boyishly referred to as the "magnificent sport" of dropping bombs on the natives. Of one such incident he wrote:

*"One group of horsemen gave me the impression of a budding rose unfolding as the bombs fell in their midst and blew them up. It was exceptionally good fun."*

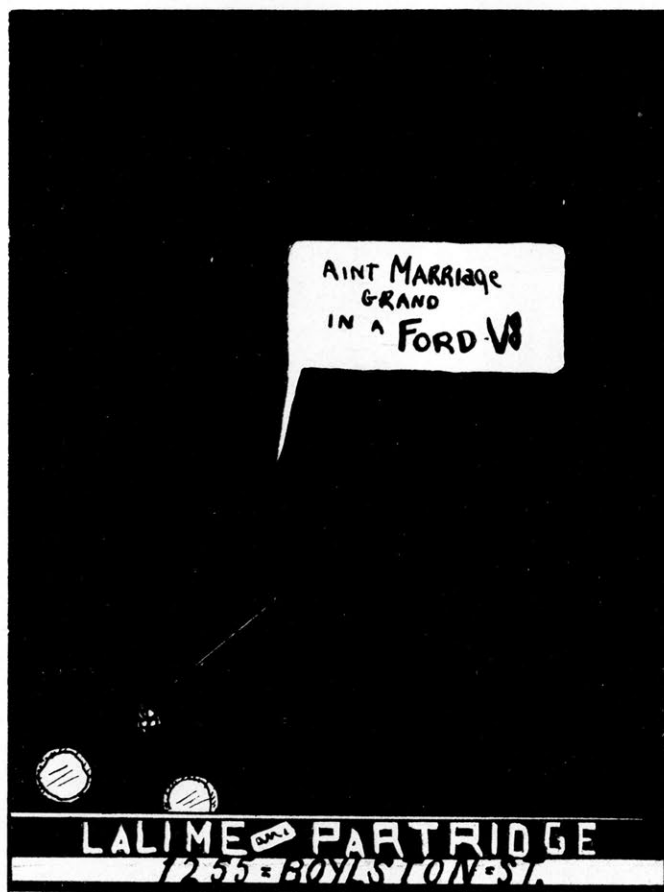
No one likes to see young people enjoy themselves more than we do.

But the sport of killing defenseless people is getting to be prohibitive in cost. Economists estimate the World War cost to be more than \$337,000,000,000!

Is it any wonder that the economic structure of the entire world has gone haywire? Is it any wonder that most of the nations of the world seethe

with unrest, stagger under terrific tax burdens, appear willing to take the most desperate steps to win markets and trade to pay their bills?

We think a world that likes to call itself civilized could find a "magnificent sport" less expensive than killing people. We believe in "exceptionally good fun" that doesn't bear such a crushing price tag. And we'd like to hear from people who feel, as we feel, that something can be done to eliminate this obscene, bankrupting, degrading business called *War!* Write to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.



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## Walter's Restaurant

THOMAS H. MURRAY, Manager

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Coolidge Corner      BROOKLINE

Doctor, will the scar show?  
M. D.: Not if you're careful.

— Judge.

Track Coach: "Time flies!"  
Spinster: "I can't. They go too fast!"

— Witt.

"You know, there's something about you that I like."

"Not really — well, try and get it."

— Yellow Jacket.

"Do any of your boy friends try to go too far when they take you out driving?"

"Yes, they drive too far, it wastes time."

— Red Cat.

Director's Wife: "Was your leading lady surprised when she found out how well the diet I prescribed worked?"

Director: "Oh, yes, it fairly took her breadth away."

— Varieties.

Imagine, if you can, the embarrassment of the newsboy who opened the door of the washroom by mistake and yelled, "Paper! Extra Paper."

— Punch Bowl.

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## 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

"Your dress is too short."  
"I don't think so."  
"Then you must be too far in it."

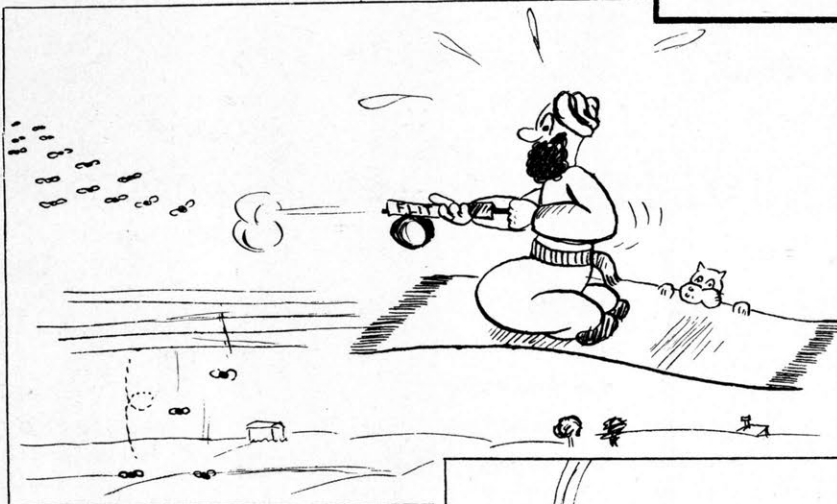
—Submitted by —Tarz.



Girls would run from Bill's embrace;  
His breath was more than they could face.  
But since LIFE SAVERS keep it sweet,  
He has girls flocking to his feet.



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



The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little dinner in a private room at a roadhouse. As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said: "E-er, er, how about a little demi tasse now, dear?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this nice for nothing."

—Kitty Kal.

### THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW

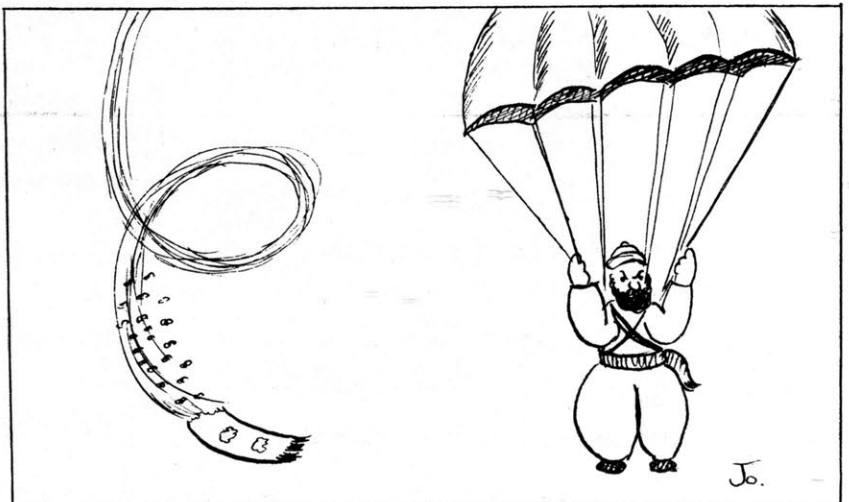
"Just one kiss and I'll be off."  
"If that's all you want you must be."

—Banter.

Kitty: "Gracious, it's been five years since I've seen you. You look lots older."

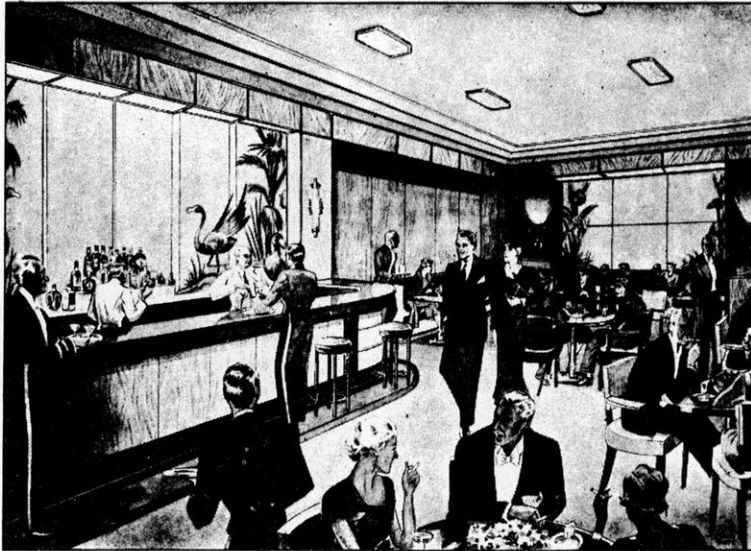
Cat: "Really? And I doubt I would have recognized you but for your coat."

Old Line.



*Now*

# BOSTON'S SMARTEST



*Air  
Conditioned*

*Street  
Entrance*

*Lounge Bar...*

## HOTEL KENMORE

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE AT KENMORE SQUARE

**FOR YOUR NEXT SOCIAL FUNCTION**

*Seven beautiful private Dine or Dance Rooms*



*We invite your inquiry*

LEE WITNEY

*Managing*

*Director*



# Joe DiMaggio

**HAS SOMETHING  
TO SAY ABOUT HOW  
DIFFERENT  
CIGARETTES  
CAN BE!**

"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"

"Any all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't jibe with my experience. There's a big difference. *Camels* have a lot extra. I've smoked *Camels* steadily for 5 years, and found that Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me in a lot of ways. Good taste. Mildness. Easy on the throat. *Camels* don't give me the feeling of having jumpy nerves."

**WHEN BILL GRAHAM** saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his *Camels*, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between *Camels* and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in *Camels* a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.



**JOE LIKES** to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!



**DURING THE WINTER**, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between *Camels* and other cigarettes."



**JOE OFTEN** dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player*. On this score he says: "I smoke *Camels* 'for digestion's sake.'"

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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



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

THEY ARE THE  
**LARGEST-SELLING**  
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



**JOE'S GRIP.** "Ball players go for *Camels* in a big way," he says. "I stick to *Camels*. They don't irritate my throat."

ONE SMOKER  
TELLS ANOTHER

## "Camels agree with me"

## "We know tobacco because we grow it..."

"When Camel says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco *know* what to smoke—*Camels*!"



"Last year I had the dandiest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers *Camels*. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke *Camels* because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."

Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for *Camels*. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I *know* that *Camels* use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke *Camels*. I know that those costlier tobaccos in *Camels* do make a difference."



Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction other planters got top prices from the Camel buyers *too* when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco growing business, I'm partial to *Camels*. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."

## "We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"

**TOBACCO  
PLANTERS SAY**