



Freshman Number



Price 25 Cents

OCTOBER • 1938

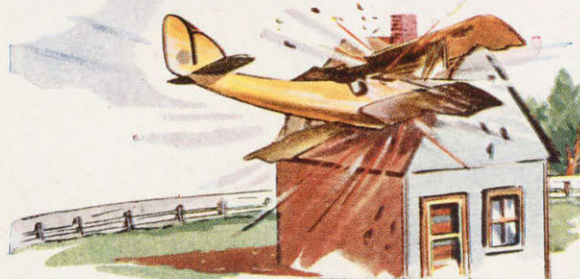
IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

Folks who risk their lives
as a matter of course
are careful in their choice
of a cigarette. They say:

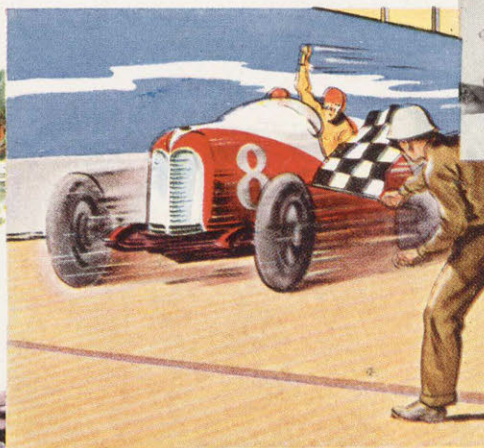
**"CAMELS
NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES"**



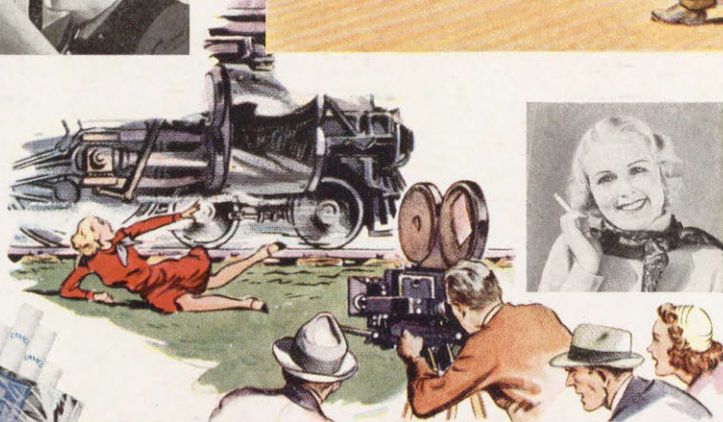
MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (left) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel knows! He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are milder—the natural mildness that's grown right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick to Camels!"



(Right) **CRASHING A PLANE** through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it 53 times—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh; never a bit jittery or upset."



(Above) **THREE TIMES** Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for *milaness!*"



(Left) **THRILLING STUNTS** for the movies! Ione Reed needs healthy nerves! Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."

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

Meet these men who
live with tobacco from
planting to marketing—
and note the cigarette
they smoke



"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"



Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture... the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."



"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."

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Voo Doo

OCTOBER, 1938

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Voo Doo

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No. 6

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M. I. T. VOO DOO

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EDITS

CURTAIN-RAISER

Once again Phos takes his typewriter in hand, wreathes his face in smiles, and proceeds to rattle Technology with his sly quips and backhand subtleties. For four months he has relaxed in his luxuriant office corner, watching a troubled world make history and not worrying about much except his three meals a day. But now, surrounded by his litter of kittens, he throws off his summer lassitude and opens up with a new VOO DOO — liturgy of the frosh, guide and inspiration of Tech men everywhere. Facetious as ever, he trusts that you will like it even better than anything before.

CHALLENGE

Every once in a while somebody around here has to do something to stir *The Tech* out of its hazy blue fog, and that despicable duty usually devolves upon its immediate superior, the VOO DOO. Last year we challenged *The Tech* to beer bouts, strawberry festivals, feats of athletic prowess, literary wars, and a host of others — in all of which the half-hearted and tottering semi-weekly went down to miserable defeat. Nevertheless, always hopeful of discovering real competition within the ranks of the Little Paper, Phos wearily extends a challenge to an honest-to-god bite-and-scratch football game at any time which pleases *The Tech*. The VOO DOO parade of All Stars will be ready to take the field at a moment's notice and soundly flog *The Tech* into athletic oblivion.

APPOINTMENT

The Senior Board takes pleasure in announcing the appointment of John H. Bech as Assistant Advertising Manager. Phos is certain that he will make a capable and needed addition to the Junior Board, and we all wish him the best of luck.

Turning to Old Gold

In the Autumn
When most foliage
Turns to old gold—
That's just Nature.
But when a tobacco leaf,
After many months
Of *Extra Aging*
And *Mellowing*
Becomes Old Gold . . .
Man! that's Distinction.
About the highest honor a
Tobacco leaf
Can attain!

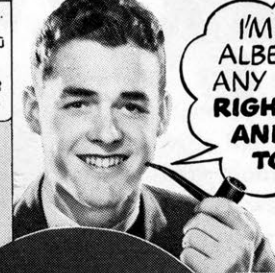
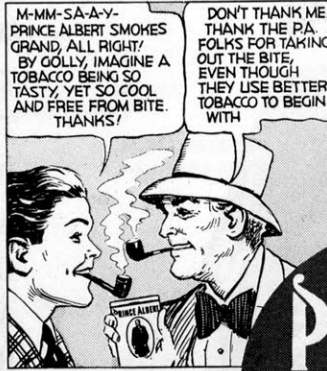
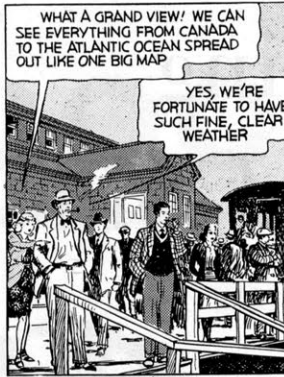
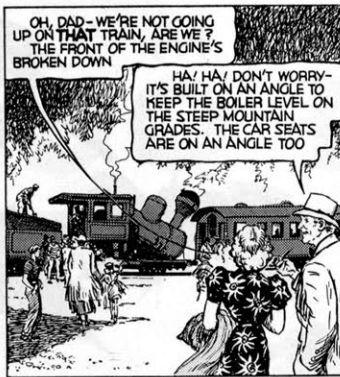
FRESHNESS INSURED . . .
by extra Cellophane wrapper,
opening at bottom of pack.



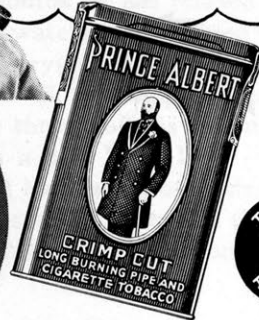
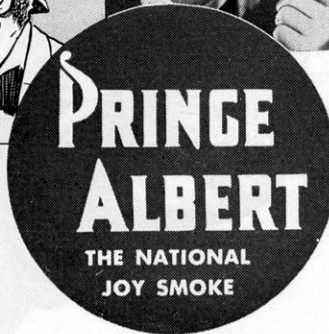
Copyright, 1938,
by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

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



I'M TELLING YOU PRINCE ALBERT PUTS **NEW JOY** IN ANY PIPE. IT **CAKES THE PIPE RIGHT, SMOKE'S EXTRA RICH AND MELLOW. THERE'S NO TONGUE-BITE EITHER!**



SO MILD!



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

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

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Judge Q——, who once presided over a criminal court, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge. A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked.

"Never, never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry," said the judge, consolingly; "you're going to be now."

Club Bore: On one side of me a lion was creeping up; on the other a tiger approached stealthily. When they were about a yard from me, what do you think I did?

New Member: Woke up?

Club Bore (indignantly): No, sir!

New Member (in admiration): Gee! I couldn't have slept on after that.

Diner: Waiter! This stew is terrible. What kind is it?

Waiter: The chef calls this his enthusiastic stew.

Diner: Why?

Waiter: He puts everything he has into it.

"This young man who calls so often, Mary—are you thinking of marrying him?"

"Yes 'm."

"Do you know enough about him?"

"Oh, yes! You see, the girl he's been engaged to for three years is a friend of mine."

Prof.: Why don't you answer me?

Frosh.: I did—I shook my head.

Law Prof.: Well, you can't expect me to hear it rattle 'way up here!

The dramatic critic started to leave in the middle of the second act of the play.

"Don't go now," said the manager.

"I promise there's a terrific kick in the next act."

"Fine," was the retort; "give it to the author."

"O look, Mabel!" said Mr. Henpeck, pointing to the circus poster. "They've got man-eating tigers!"

Mrs. Henpeck looked her husband up and down.

"Well, don't worry, Herbert, You've got nothing to be afraid of!"

"Name?" queried the immigration official.

"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly.

The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

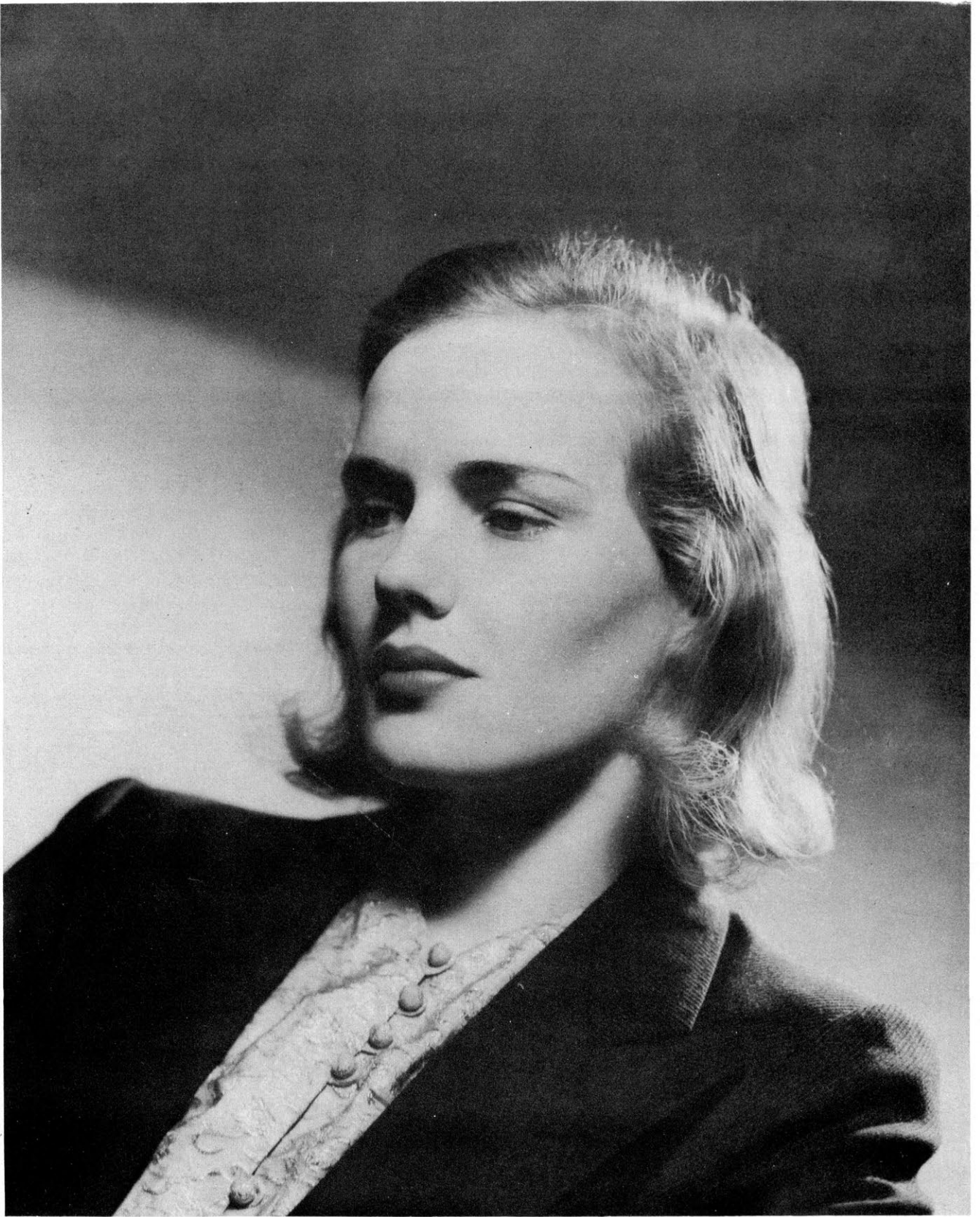
"No, Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

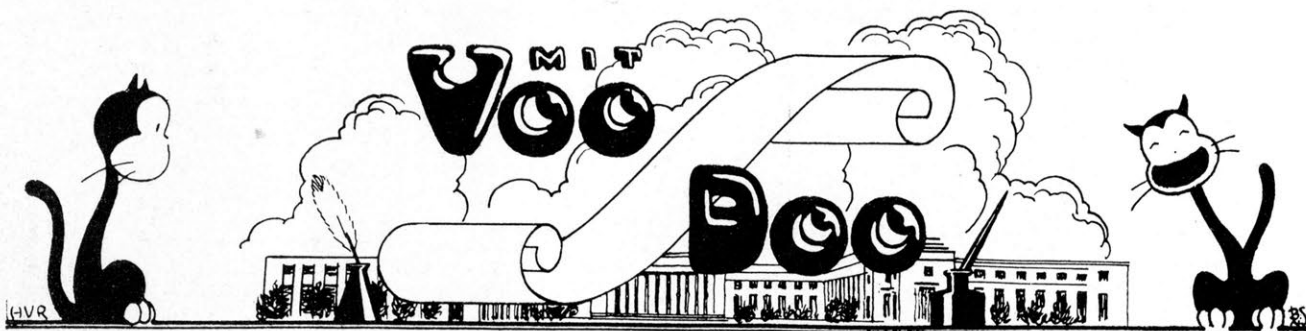
"Ah Choo."

Mr. Scribbler: How much board will you charge me for a few weeks while I gather material for my new country novel?

Hiram: Five dollars a week unless we have to talk dialect. That's \$3 extra.



Frances Farmer appearing in Clifford Odet's "Golden Boy" at the Plymouth Theatre
for three weeks only, beginning October 17



Voodooings . . .

MINOR

We have always secretly pitied the dorms freshman who, called from his couch in the middle of the night, hastens at the command of an upperclassman, into the hinterlands and god-knows-where regions on an errand, as unpleasant as it is useless.

Comes word, then, of a certain sort of poetic justice, manifesting itself in the case of one of these unfortunate lackeys. This slavey was sent near closing hour to the Espy with intentions of restocking a rapidly diminishing beer bust. To the consternation of the powers in command, he returned some time later with the catastrophic disclosure that, because of a marked beardlessness and unforeseen scepticism on the part of the bartender, he had, perforce, returned empty-handed.

LIGHT

The WPA takes no chances with the red lanterns on its projects. The new road back of the senior house had two of them on display the other night at both ends of a 50-foot section. It was a great opportunity but the two watchmen guarding them looked extremely formidable. Incidentally, the new ruling about lanterns on dorm windowsills is going to make the old place seem more cheerless than ever.

QUIP

4.471, better known as E.C. and A., has been enlivened in the past, and probably will be in the future, by the extemporaneous comment of Professor Seaver, mentor.

Latest aisle-filling crack concerned a famous female of a day now past. "Ah!" said the Prof., "There was a three dimensional woman!"



The new "crystal palace," commonly known as building 7, has supplied us with material for thought every time we have entered it. The snappiest innovations yet, we find, are the three non-opening doors. We tried one of them the other day, the one next to what will soon be the new information office. It doesn't work, and there is no reason why it should. Behind it is a solid brick wall. The other two? Directly above on floors two and three.

DOUSED

It happened at the Coast Artillery camp last summer. Two "cadets" had laid plans to douse a rival with a bucket of water from the second floor of the "squad room." One lad was manning the water bucket and the other was peering out the window across the way. He was to whistle when the victim was directly under the man with the bucket. But the flesh is weak. When everything was ready a figure came along the walk. It was the Captain, and the sentry could not resist the temptation to whistle, whereupon down came the water, followed by hilarious mirth from upstairs. Of course the Captain charged upstairs and caught the water thrower red-handed with the bucket. The boy who gave the signal was last seen leaving San Francisco on the *China Clipper*.



DARK

By far the worst sufferers from the late widely publicized wind-storm were the boys of Beta out in Brookline. Not only did these orphans of the storm lose every one of the stately trees in their yard, but they were also without heat and lights for the greater part of rush week.

WELL!

It was with mingled feelings of pity and amusement that we learned of *The Tech's* latest scheme of inducing the Frosh to come out for the paper. According to reports, an announcement was made at their smoker to the effect that the secretary would be only too glad to date each and every one of the new men who would sign up for *The Tech*.

We sincerely hope that this doesn't interfere with the young lady's labors for Phos, and that the managers of *The Tech* don't have too much trouble persuading her to play ball.

We really are sorry they can't offer something substantial, such as the publication training to be gained in working for VOO DOO. Of course, we wouldn't think of knocking home industries.

LOUNGE

In order to foster the well known when-good-fellows-get-together spirit and, at the same time, make our new-found comrades from across the river feel more at home in these precincts, VOO DOO recommends that each and every engineer in the place make it a point to drop around to the chic commons room on the fourth floor of the new hall of learning at least twice a week. The course 4 boys will be only too glad to make you feel at home. Just refrain from putting out your cigarettes on the birch paneling.

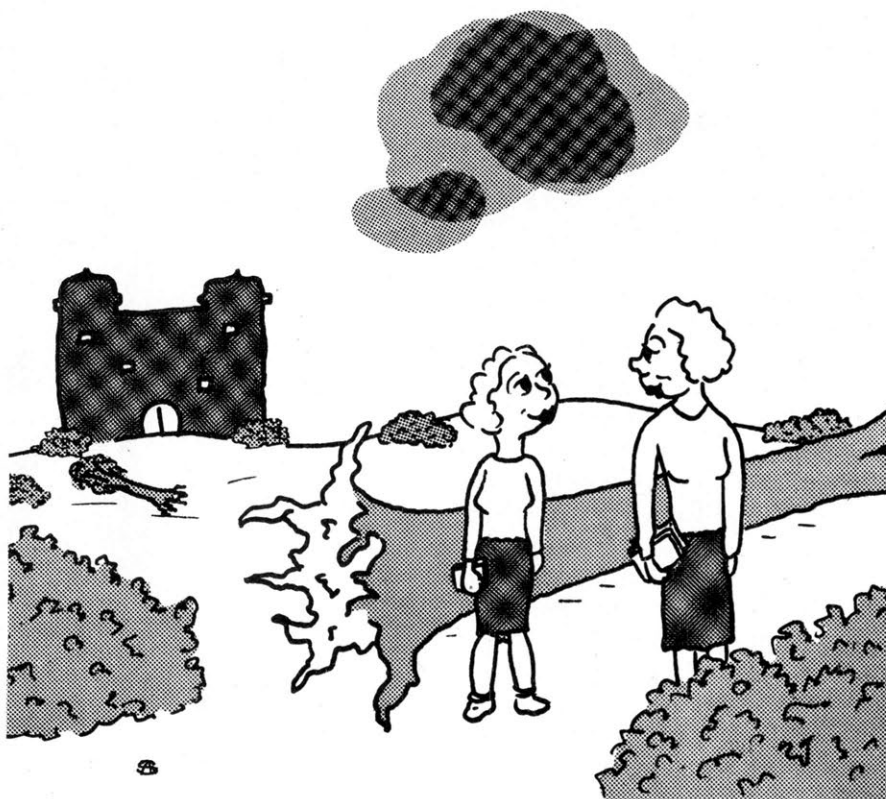


HOI POLLOI

The trend toward commercialism is becoming alarming, even invading those last strongholds of good fellowship, the fraternities. The most recent example occurred in one of the best houses. A young man and his father knocked on the door one night during rushing season and inquired politely if they could "see the house." An obliging upper-classman escorted them through the living room and the dining room. He was a little surprised when the older visitor asked what the monthly bill was, but the worst was yet to come. When they reached the upper floor the prospective student let out a groan. "Why," said he, "I had a private bath for eight dollars a week over on Beacon Street!" (He was not pledged.)

FILTY STUFF

We note with deep disappointment, but little surprise, that that deplorable little sheet, *The Tech*, has abandoned all claim to being either a newspaper or a worthwhile activity and is now relying on the power of money to lure freshmen into doing the dirty work for the managers. This became apparent at the freshman smoker which was perpetrated by the rats. The dominant note of all the speeches was the large trust fund which has been accumulated through years of graft and parental deception, with subtle references to certain "due bills" not exactly sanctioned by the W.C.T.U. We regret that our former rivals have sunk so low, but welcome the knowledge that they at last are putting their cards on the table. We have great faith in freshmen and feel strong in the knowledge that the class of 1942 will see its way clear to worthwhile activities in college.



"Thank God the bushes are left!"

DISCREET

A trim little wench we know stopped in at the White Tower the other night for a coffee and hamburger, and made an immediate conquest of the counterman. It wasn't his manner that gave him away, she told us — he remained courteously aloof all the time she was there. It was just that he remarked to his assistant, "Regardez, Bud. Elle est tres chic, pas vrai?"



CATTY

Speaking of Hitler, the president of one of our "honorary" societies is not so bad. At the first meeting of said society he announced plans for a national convention to be held on the West Coast, pointing out that the national organization had offered to pay all expenses of one delegate from each chapter. His next move was to whip through a motion providing that the local chapter pay the additional amount necessary to enable the delegate to fly to California. Everything was now set for the putsch. One of his brown shirts leaped to his feet shouting, "I move that our president be appointed delegate." Without further hesitation the president announced, "It has been moved, seconded, and passed that I be the delegate from M. I. T. I accept the honor."

JATOOTS

The value of education is rapidly decreasing. It seems that one of our classmates visited Europe this summer. Having taken L11 and L12, and having received excellent grades in both courses, he was particularly anxious to visit Germany and converse with the natives. He suppressed himself as best he could until he reached Cologne, when he could no longer desist. He was riding on a street car with three members of his family whom he wanted to impress anyway, so when the conductor came by he steadied his voice as best he could and said, "vier." The conductor looked at him somewhat condescendingly and replied, "How many d'ya want, buddy?"

ADIABATIC

We never know quite what to make of our professors. We received quite a shock recently. In our first class we were told that we should buy new books because the professor had written the book and would not receive any royalty on second-hand books sold. We laughed heartily and left the room with a new confidence in the faculty. At last, thought we, they have stopped this policy of confusing the students and are being honest with us. But the roseate glow inspired in our breast was not to last. In our very next class the presiding prof announced gravely, without a trace of humor, that "many substances become warmer when their temperature decreases."



"Peace — It's wonderful!"



"For a pledge pin? I should say not!"

I. Q. for U



VOO DOO presents another in its apparently endless series of tests designed especially to suit the type of mind these tests are designed to suit. So, turn on a fresh light, change to your winter bathing suit and don't forget the grand prize, a season pass admitting the winner *free* to *both* elevators in Building 10. (Slightly higher west of the Mississippi.)

Scoring: 100 per cent is perfect.

PART I

Completion

SAMPLE QUESTION: The energy of the universe is always constant. Its entropy is always——

- (a) Increasing.
- (b) Decreasing.
- (c) There when you need it.
- (d) 99 and 44/100 per cent pure.

QUESTION 1: 30 days hath September, April, June and——

- (a) Uncle Fud for petty larceny.
- (b) 4 eight day clocks.
- (c) 99 and 44/100 per cent pure.
- (d) Alice.

QUESTION 2: All that glitters is not——

- (a) Free, white and 21.
- (b) 99 and 44/100 per cent pure.
- (c) Foo.
- (d) A reddish-brown precipitate.

QUESTION 3: Every cloud has——

- (a) A silver spoon in its mouth.
- (b) Time on its hands.
- (c) No moss.
- (d) A reddish-brown precipitate.

QUESTION 4: The best things in life are——

- (a) Free white and 21.
- (b) Where you find it.
- (c) Better late than never.
- (d) 99 and 44/100 per cent pure.

PART II

True and False

QUESTION 1: Log log duplex is a rustic apartment house.

QUESTION 2: Mechanical advantage is anything with four wheels and a motor.

QUESTION 3: Angle is a species of worm.

QUESTION 4: A foot pound is obtained from a chiroprapist.

QUESTION 5: Tension is the first thing an R.O.T.C. student learns to stand at.

QUESTION 6: An erg is (and boy is this killing me) une ouef.

PART III

Selection

QUESTION 1: If you had a trichromatic coefficient you would——

- (a) Run, not walk, to the nearest exit.
- (b) Try to unload it on an innocent freshman.
- (c) Teach it to stay away from swinging doors.
- (d) Name it Alcibiades.

QUESTION 2: If you had a bastion you would——

- (a) Drown it.
- (b) Have it corrected for spherical aberration.
- (c) Pay it off in weekly installments.
- (d) Name it Alcibiades.

QUESTION 3: If someone called you polyphiloprogenitive you would——

- (a) Name your seconds.
- (b) And thirds!
- (c) Name your fourth Alcibiades.
- (d) Demand a recount.

QUESTION 4: If you found a variegated pachyderm in a test-tube in 5.02 lab you would——

- (a) Lay off the hard stuff.
- (b) Also find a reddish-brown precipitate.
- (c) Bow stiffly at the waist and run like hell.
- (d) Name it Al.

QUESTION 5: If you ran afoul of a cephalic-ganglion on Charles River you would——

- (a) Call a man from the homicide bureau.
- (b) Ask after dear old Joe.
- (c) Pause for station identification.
- (d) Sing "Hit the Line for Harvard."
- (e) Name it Al.

Peas; Stab 'Em or Scoop 'Em?

One of Walker Memorial's most leathery steaks has proven to be a minor obstacle when compared to those slippery, squashable spheroids; namely peas. Whether from a can or a pod, they are entirely too fresh for me. I have tried many methods for getting these elusive legumes to my mouth, and am almost determined to fall back on the grooved knife as a solution. The method is to load the groove while on the plate, and, lifting the head high, to roll the little morsels down the knife to the upper opening of the alimentary canal. However, possessing a prominent Adam's apple and not trusting my friends, I am hesitant to use this method in public.

Although this system is to be preferred in private, there are some suitable for public use. Probably the most noticeable of these is the "spearing" method, whereby the prongs of the fork serve as pea hooks. This method has one distinct advantage in that, when correctly applied, it leaves no trail of peas from the point of attack to the top of the collar. There are several kinds of spearers, though, all of minor importance.

There is the timid stabber who is content to slowly load four peas, one for each prong, and call it a mouthful. He has fewer misses, and rarely strews the tablecloth with peas. His weak point is that he has trouble finishing his peas at the same time he finishes his meat and potato. He is the only inconspicuous spearer, and probably comes closer to eating peas like a gentleman than anyone else.

The next, and most prominent type, is the vicious spearer, who leaves peas on his napkin, the floor, his trousers; and more noticeable, though less likely to get squashed, are those he hurls across the tablecloth. He frequently mashes peas, making further spearing impos-

sible, or worse yet, loses them under the rim of his plate. While he can keep the mound of peas equal to his pile of potatoes, his in-the-mouth average is very low.

There are numerous other stabbers who have methods all their own, who put "english" on the fork, or run them very carefully up each prong, but they all fit under either the timid or vicious types of spearers.



Of the scoopers, there are two types also. Some of these, through constant practice, become quite efficient, and these are really the pea eaters who would not object to being watched by an Emily Post scout. However, unless one has a lot of practice, the in-the-mouth average is inclined to be very low.

The careful type, who watch every scoop with sharp eyes, rarely

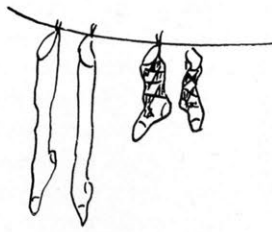
fit into the class of genteel pea eaters. Slowly, at just the proper angle, he approaches the mound of peas. He carefully plunges his fork into the middle, and the pile retreats to the edge of the dish. His head bending lower, his eyes bulging, and his mouth watering, he continues with the attack, now pushing a few peas off the edge of the dish. Quickly he withdraws his force, and with a counter attack, approaches the problem from the side, scooping a few, plowing a furrow, and spreading peas around the edge of his dish.

Then there is the scoop-without-looking type, who, when properly trained, becomes a member of the elite in pea shoveling. He has to be a rabid conversationalist, and he does not lean forward for the kill as he scoops. In fact, among the masters, at least, he uses only a slight turn of the head to unload the spheres, bringing the fork right to his mouth. When skillfully executed this is a neat movement, and the average consumption is high. There is almost no spillage, and, if the plate is looked at occasionally, the peas keep good pace with the meat and potato.

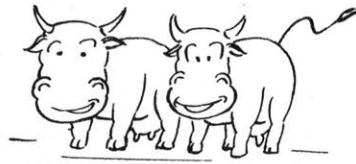
This method of pea-scooping is not advised for the novice. Practice should be done at the kitchen table, while talking to the maid or girl friend or the iceman, if you don't mind conversation with icemen. Another method is to go at noon to the back booth of a small, not overly patronized restaurant with a Charlie McCarthy dummy, and talk to it while practicing pea-scooping by the hour. If you have dyspepsia, you are normal.

However, if you like peas, and don't give a damn what people think, take a very large helping, and use the vicious-stabbing method. It's fun, wholesome, and you should worry about the mess.

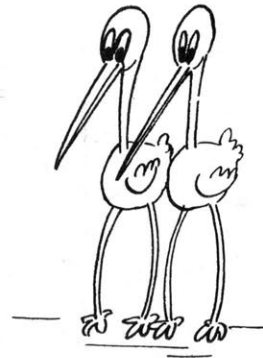
Preferred Stork



STOCKINGS



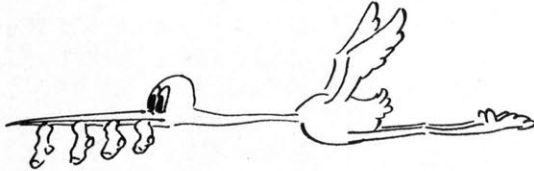
STOCK



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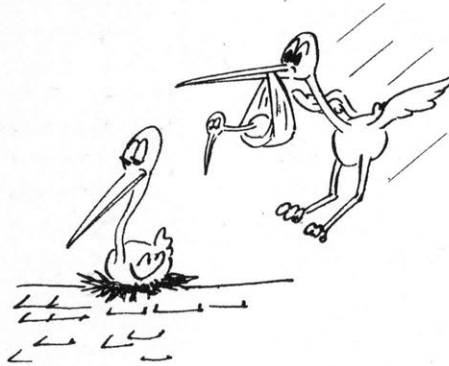
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STORK STORKING STOCKINGS



STOCKING STOCK



STORK STORKING STORK



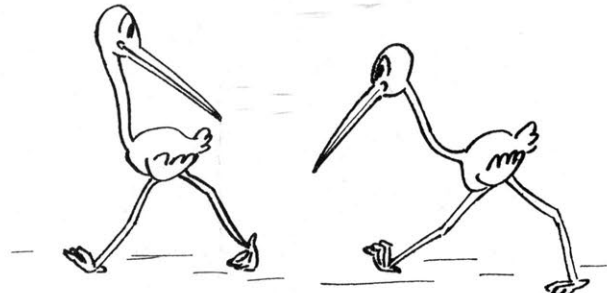
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STOCK STALKING STALK



STORK STORKING STALK

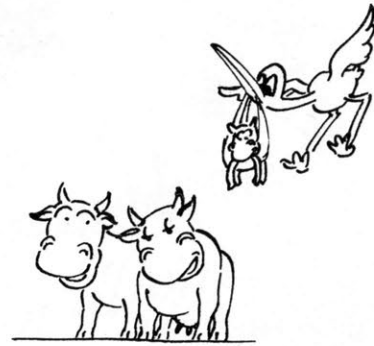
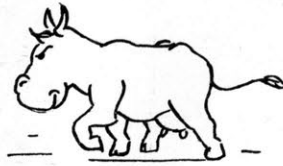


STORK STALKING STORK

Preferred Stork



STOCK STALKING STORK



STORK STORKING STOCK



STORK STALKING STOCKING



STOCK IN STOCKINGS



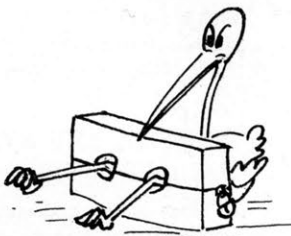
STORK IN STOCKINGS



WATERED STOCK



STORK STOCK



STORK STOCKED



STOCK STORKING STORK

\$



New Wax

OL' MAN MOSE

BETWEEN THE DEVIL
AND THE DEEP BLUE
SEA

(Brunswick)

Eddie Duchin

This waxing isn't exactly what you would call a swing "killer diller" but it certainly has got something. Walter Winchell thought that the way Patricia Norman twisted the *bucket* Mr. Mose kicked into something that might have brought about his end was all rather unnecessary. We think what she does with *bucket* is all in the name of art so we're recommending this record to every *broadminded* jitter-bug.

MY HEART AT THY
SWEET VOICE
A PRETTY GIRL
MILKING HER COW

(Victor)

Larry Clinton

Bea Wain does the vocals on both sides of this platter and both are rather fine jobs, especially her burlesque of side one, which is from the opera "Samson and Delilah." Clinton's band still has no instrumentalist who stands above the mob, but his vocalist still manages to carry him through.

BEGIN THE BEGUINE
INDIAN LOVE CALL

(Bluebird)

Art Shaw

Both sides of this recording are solid and original swing arrangements of these excellent pieces. Perhaps the better of the two is Art's arrangement of Beguine which is done in a powerful lifting style with his clarinet filling in the high spots. On side two Tony Pastor does a very original, if not too pleasing, job on the vocal and his sax solo should please all swingsters. At the Bluebird price this record is certainly a buy.

BACK BAY SHUFFLE

ANY OLD TIME (Bluebird)

Art Shaw

Back Bay Shuffle is a tricky original Shaw arrangement that gets its inspiration from the shuffling sound of the trains moving through Back Bay. It is good solid interpretive swing and should prove interesting to all the jitter-bugs. Side two is distinctly an ickie tune that is very well put over by Billie Holliday in her usual hot blues manner.



STOP BEATIN' ROUND
THAT MULBERRY BUSH

I'LL SEE YOU IN
MY DREAMS (Victor)

Tommy Dorsey

Dorsey's arrangement of side one of this waxing is very solid and turns an otherwise simple tune into a Hit Parade winner. Vocals by Edythe Wright and Skeets Herfurt make this platter complete and put it on your *must* list.



WIRE BRUSH STOMP
WHAT GOES ON HERE

(Brunswick)

Gene Krupa

Wire Brush Stomp (really I've Got Rhythm) features an almost continuous drum solo that is typical of Krupa. Irene Daye does a rather poor job on side two, which, all things being considered, makes this a record of interest to skin-beaters and extreme jitter-bugs only.



WHEN I GO A DREAMIN'
BLUE INTERLUDE (Victor)

Benny Goodman

Both sides of this disc are featured by superlative vocals by Martha Tilton and fine trumpet work by Harry James. In Goodman's band there always seems to be some man who tends to steal the spotlight from Benny, and at present the crowd seems to like the power-house trumpet of Harry James. This record is not by any means Goodman's best but is, nevertheless, good dance stuff.



BRAHMS, SYMPHONY NO. 4
(Columbia)

Performed by Felix Weingartner and the London Symphony.

The fourth and last symphony that Brahms wrote was first published in 1885, and was received with dubious acclaim in Europe. Its performances on this side of the water have been much less frequent than any of his other three symphonies — a fact which is understandable upon hearing the symphony. It does not scale the emotional peaks and penetrate the depths of thought and spirit as do the other three; rather, it is much more austere and well-regulated. Only at odd intervals does the composer release the power and stirring melody that make his First and Third so popular. However, no one will deny that this is not great music — in all of Brahms there is much to appreciate, and in this symphony Brahms exults as in no other of his works.

The performance is generally good, though in spots it falls a little short of what it sets out to do. The horns in the pleasant second movement are excellent — Weingartner blends them deftly to create "noiseless" horn music with little of the rasping and fluttering that is common among many orchestras. If you are a Brahms lover, this work is recommended whole-heartedly; if not, I should suggest Columbia's recording of Brahms' First, which is excellent.

CHOPIN, LES SYLPHIDES —
BALLET MUSIC (Columbia)

This is a charming collection of Chopin's well-known waltzes and light piano pieces, in orchestral form. The performance is excellent, and should appeal to anyone who takes even the slightest liking to Chopin at his best.

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the best ingredients a
cigarette can have ...

*that's why more and more smokers are turning to
Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste*

They Satisfy ..millions

Swing

OR

Sway

Goodman vs. Vallee, or How Tech Can Get Hep to the Jive

Much has already been written about this thing called "swing" and almost as much about its arch rival "straight" dance music, but as yet the question of which is more detrimental to youth has not been settled. Realizing that such a situation is very unhealthy and definitely out of the groove, the *Boston Evening American-Sunday Advertiser* has decided to settle this question for once and for all, and at the same time to do right by their Christmas Basket Fund.



On Monday night, October 24, Benny Goodman, the King of Swing, will hop up on his bandstand in the Boston Garden and begin a duel to the death with that icky prince, Rudy Vallee. During the time out periods, Harry Marshard and his band will fill in for you gates who never have enough. Later in the evening, in the presence of leaders from the radio, stage, and music worlds, thirty leading jitter-bug teams of New England will compete for the honor of being proclaimed King and Queen of jitter-buggery. The winners of this contest will find themselves well along the road to fame and success in the entertainment field.

Festivities are scheduled to start at 7 p.m. and continue far into the morning — you lads with work or other business to do can call it a day at 2 a.m.



All musicians agree that the band Benny Goodman has now is the best white swing band ever assembled. With Benny finding the range, Harry James blasting the way with his power-house horn, Bud Freeman screaming on his agony pipe, and Dave Tough and Jess Storey setting the beat, Rudy will have a tough time of it to say the least. At close range, Benny's reserve platoon, consisting of Dave Tough, Lionel Hampton, and Teddy Wilson, will furnish plenty of action.



The rise of Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees has been a bit slower, but none the less brilliant than that of Benny Goodman. It was during the days of



raccoon coats, short skirts, and hip gin bottles that Rudy began his climb to popular favor. With a distinctive crooning voice, an ideal master of ceremonies personality, and a love of hard work Vallee has today achieved the perfection which marks his as one of the finest sweet bands.



"Long Hairs"

To make a long story short, Phos, the VOO DOO "hep cat," thinks this is a swell chance for all Tech to lay down their slipsticks, slip on their shag boots, and get hep to this thing called Swing.

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BRANCHES

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



© Brooks Brothers



"No, that's not a mass meeting — that's the Deke senior class addressing the Deke freshmen!"

His Honor: "What's the charge?"

Officer: "Drunken and disorderly conduct."

His Honor: "Where do you live?"

Prisoner: "Harvard dormitories."

H. H.: "Turn him over to the matron."



A woman is a person who can hurry through a drug store aisle 18 inches wide without brushing against the piled up tinware, then drive home and still knock off a door of a 12-foot garage.

—Puppet.



TOO TRUE

Please, dear, don't ask me to marry you yet,
 Mother would just have a fit.
 Good Heavens, 'twas only today that we met!
 Can't you be patient a bit?
 You know how people will talk about things;
 I mean, if they aren't in good taste.
 Besides, I don't think that a girl, if she's nice,
 Would marry a man in such haste.
 I'll wed you tomorrow, my love, if you like,
 And share the same toothbrush and comb.
 But if you keep teasing me, darling, tonight —
 I'll get up and get dressed, and go home.

Prof: "I shall not keep the class any longer this afternoon. You may all leave now."

Frosh: "But I don't want to leave for home. There's a new baby just come to our house."

Prof: "A little baby — you should be happy."

Frosh: "I'm not happy — Pa'll blame me — he blames me for everything."

—Pup.



WRONG

A small boy saw an elephant in his yard and telephoned the police immediately. "Chief," he said, "there's a queer animal out here in my back yard. He's picking flowers with his tail."

"Yes," said the Chief, "and what does he do then?"

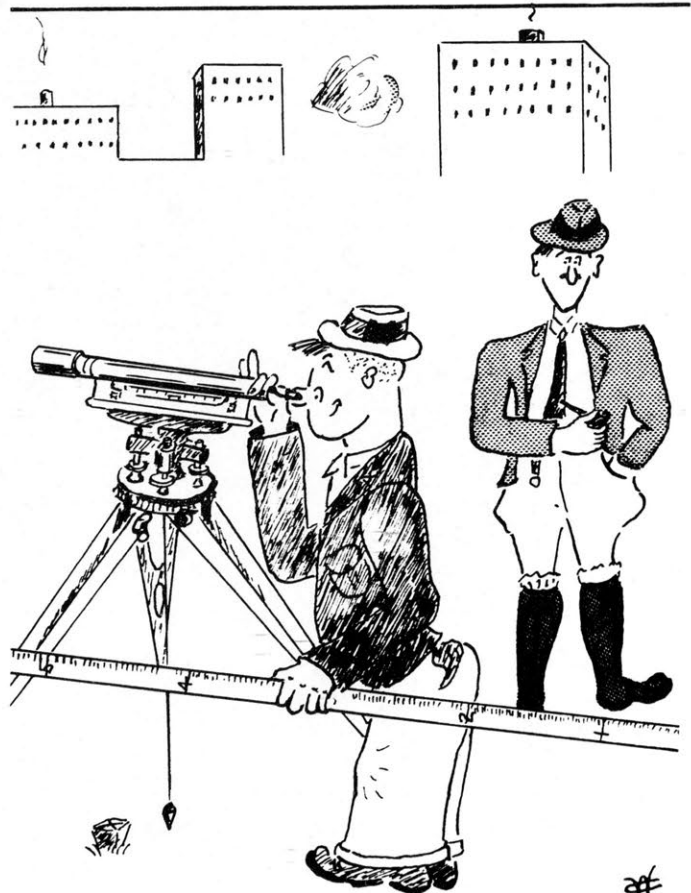
"Never mind," was the answer. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

—Red Cat.



He squeezed her in the dark and
 kissed her,
 And for a moment bliss was his.
 "Excuse me, but I thought it was
 my sister!"
 He said. She smiled and cooed,
 "It is!"

—Conger.



"Wow! Here comes her husband!"

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

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

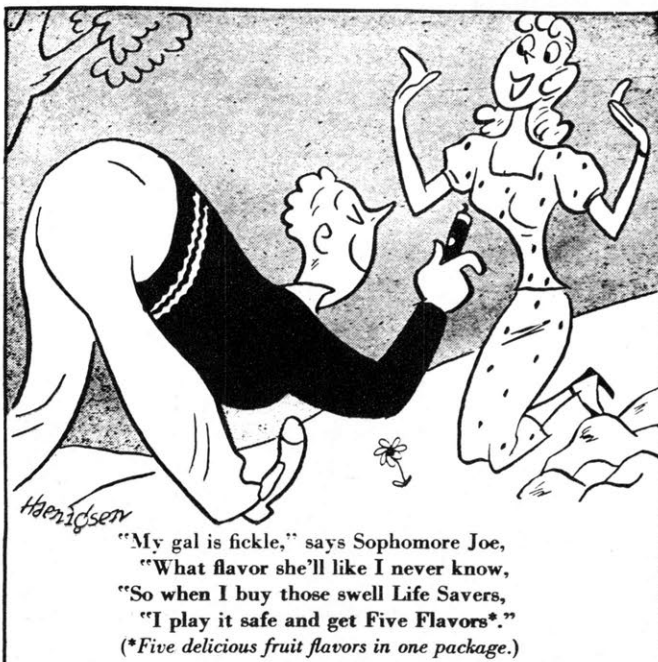
Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

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

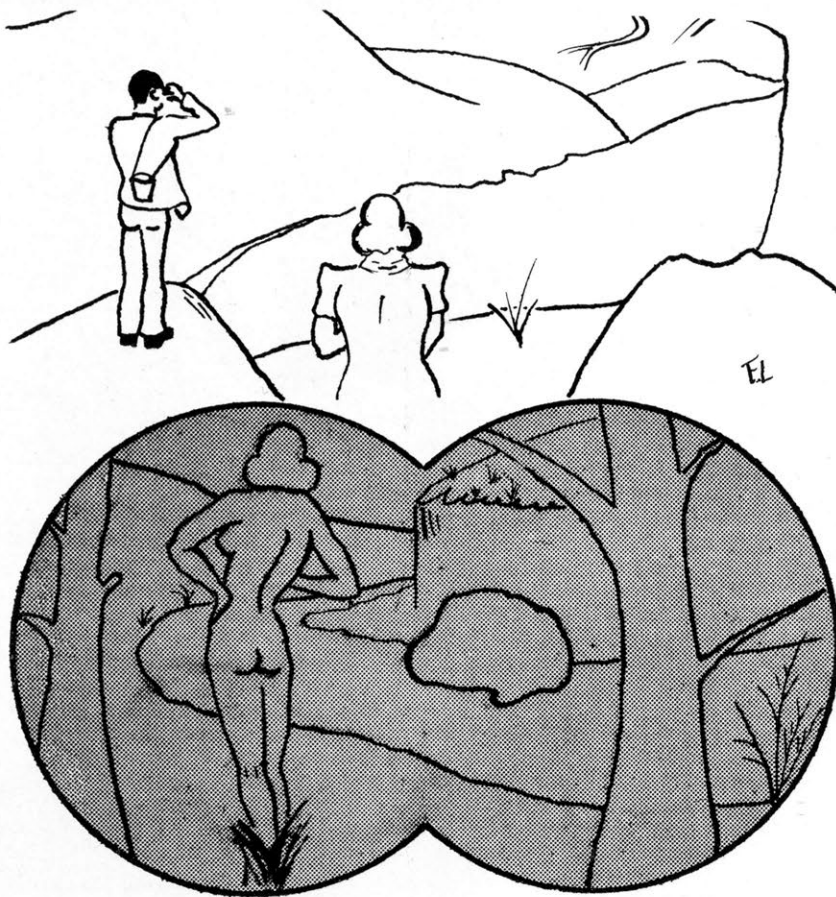
"Answer the telephone!"
"What did it say?"



CONVENIENT PUL-TAB
FOR EASY OPENING



"Heavens! — first thing you know he'll be smoking cigarettes!"



"John, dear, you miss all of the beauty of nature using those glasses!"

He: "Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?"

She: "I couldn't say — I've never —"

He: "You've never been kissed?"

She: "I've never been sick."

A girl can sing
A girl can dance
A girl can play crokay;
But she can't strike a match
On the seat of her pants
'Cause she ain't built that way.

"Mister, did you hit that little girl?"

"Yeah! What of it?"

"Gosh, what a wallop!"

TWO FINGERS

My tYpust is on her vacation,
My trpist's awau fpr a week,
My trpuat us in her vacarion
Wgile these damb keys play
hude and seej.

Chroes:

Bren Buck, bting bzck,

Oy, brung becj mub Onnie to
me ti me;

B8&ng b4xj, be-ng bicz,

Oh, brong brsk m-- beInio-lmx..

Oh helk!

dabit-dabit-dabit-dabit &x**?*!!

— Exchange.



She: "If you want to kiss me, squeeze my hand. If you don't want to kiss me, don't squeeze my hand. If you want to kiss me, and don't want to tell me, squeeze my hand —"

Him: "Ouch; Hey, get off my foot!"



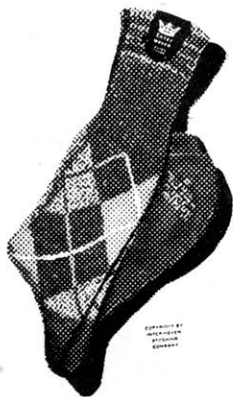
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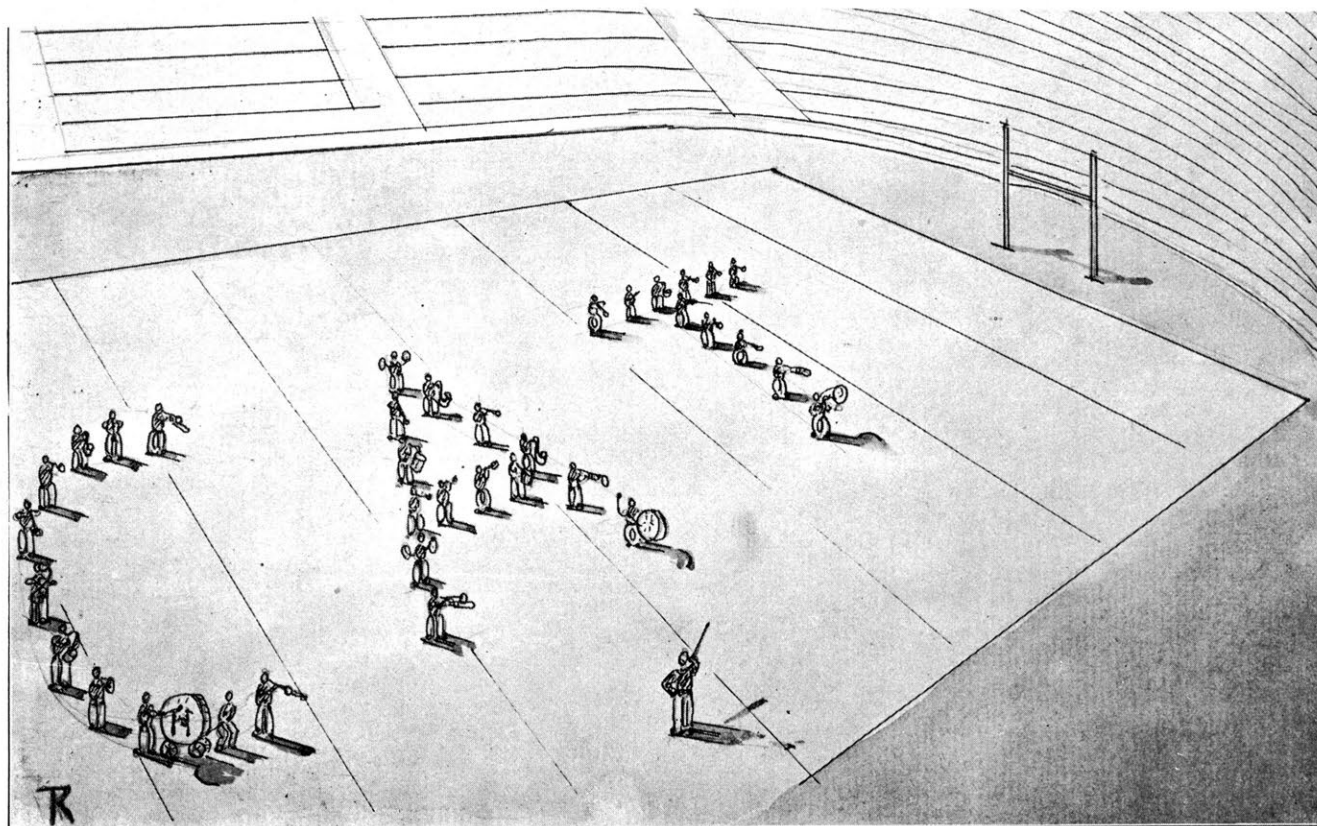
ARROW SHIRTS



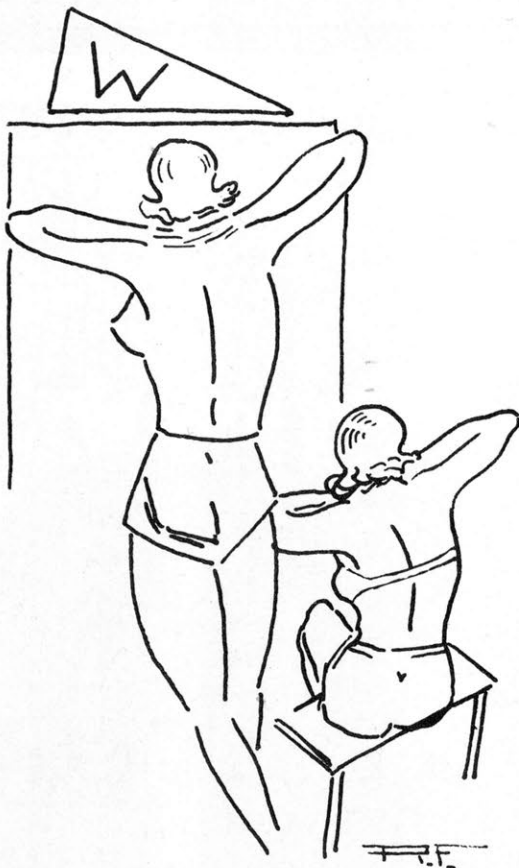
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HARVARD COOPERATIVE SOCIETY

REMEMBER YOUR DIVIDEND



The Harvard band starts fall practice.



"And then he started taking off his wrist watch"



Johnny was over visiting the Kappa Kappa Gammas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heavens, yes, of course!"

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him: "You're kissing beautifully tonight, Johnny!"

"Johnny, Hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. John's at the door taking tickets."

—Burr.



Girl: "Mother, I feel so queer."
Mother: "My dear, what has been getting into you lately?"

Girl (*blushing*): "Why, mother!"

—Princeton Tiger.



We wonder why the iceman smiles so,
When his glance happens to meet
The sign: "Please drive slow;
The child in the street
May be yours, you know."

—Varieties.

"Nobody has ever been able to neck Mary — she doesn't heat up at all."

"Made of wood, eh?"

"Hell, no! Maid of wouldn't!"

—Octopus.

"A modern girl, my son, is like a re-built automobile. The same old chassis all worked over."

—Purple Parrot.

"Know anything about Latin syntax?"

"Don't tell me they had to pay for their fun, too?"

—Sun Dial.

First She: "Oh, Gilbert has the most powerful pair of binoculars!"

Second She: "Has he? Good, I dearly love these strong, virile men."

—Cajoler.



He: "I think contrasting colors are very becoming. For instance, that combination you are wearing —"

She: "Sir!"

He: "Pardon me, is that a slip?"

—Rustlers.

A NEW ANGLE

Absence makes the mark grow rounder.

—Record.

The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father. "And all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."

—Banter.

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert;
And then she gave the wrong
address
The dirty little flirt.

—Owl.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A young lady, finding herself stranded in a small town, asked an old man at the station where she might spend the night.

"There ain't no hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "I'll have you know I'm a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man; "so is the station agent."

—Yellow Jacket.

"Do you know that girl?"

"Oh, just a nodding acquaintance."

"What do you mean — nodding?"

"Nodding doing."

—Caveman.

This depression is nothing to us compared to the way the sparrows must have felt when the automobile first came out.

—Record.



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

Heroine: "What's holding you back — fear?"

—Red Owl.

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"Gosh you're dumb. I bet you don't even know how to tell a horse's age."

"Well, how?"

"By the teeth, of course."

"Aw, who wants to go around biting horses!"

— *Arizona Kitty Kat*.

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Lady in furniture store: "I can't make up my mind whether to buy that divan or that armchair."

Salesman: "You can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable armchair."

Lady: "O.K., I'll take the divan."

— *Medley*.

"Are you a member of the Crew?"

"No."

"Then stop stroking me."

— *Columnus*.

Dean (to Frosh): "Do you know who I am?"

Frosh: "No, I don't; but if you can remember your address I'll take you home."

— *Princeton Tiger*.

Man (getting a shave): "Barber, will you please give me a glass of water?"

Barber: "What is the matter, a hair in your throat?"

Man: "No, I want to see if my throat leaks."

— *Green Griffin*.

"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"

"Oh, I jest get up an' feel the wall, an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed."

— *Yale Record*.

JUST AS GOOD

A stout Negress came before a New York magistrate, complaining that her ex-husband had made a barbarous attack upon her with a large pair of shears.

"Mistah Judge," she bellowed, "dis here man, he rushed at me wid dese scissors! Yas, suh! An' he cut an' slashed mah face mos' to ribbons. He jabbed mah eyes and carved mah face like it was sausage meat—all torn an' bleedin', it wuz!"

The magistrate looked at her broad smooth countenance, on which appeared not the slightest sign of conflict.

"When did you say this happened?" he inquired.

"Only las' night. Mistah Judge," was the reply.

The puzzled magistrate gazed at her carefully.

"Only last night! But I don't see any marks on your face!"

"Marks!" she roared. "Marks! What de debbil do I care for marks? I'se got witnesses!"

The son of a policeman was learnin' music.

"How many beats are there to a bar in this piece of music, dad?"

"Fancy, asking a policeman a question like that," said the boy's mother. "If you had asked your daddy how many bars there were to the beat, he might have been able to tell you!"

Johnnie (looking out of the window): Oh, mother, a motor car has just gone by as big as a barn.

Mother: Johnnie, why do you exaggerate so terribly? I've told you 40 million times about that habit of yours, and it doesn't do a bit of good.

9 x 1 = 9
9 x 2 = 18
9 x 3 = 27
9 x 4 = 36



"SHURE AND HIS PIPE DISTURBED TH' PEACE!"



"MARRY ME, MARY?" But before she could answer, Frank's gooey-smelling pipe floored her. She just couldn't stand that strong, rancid tobacco. But Murphy saved the day!



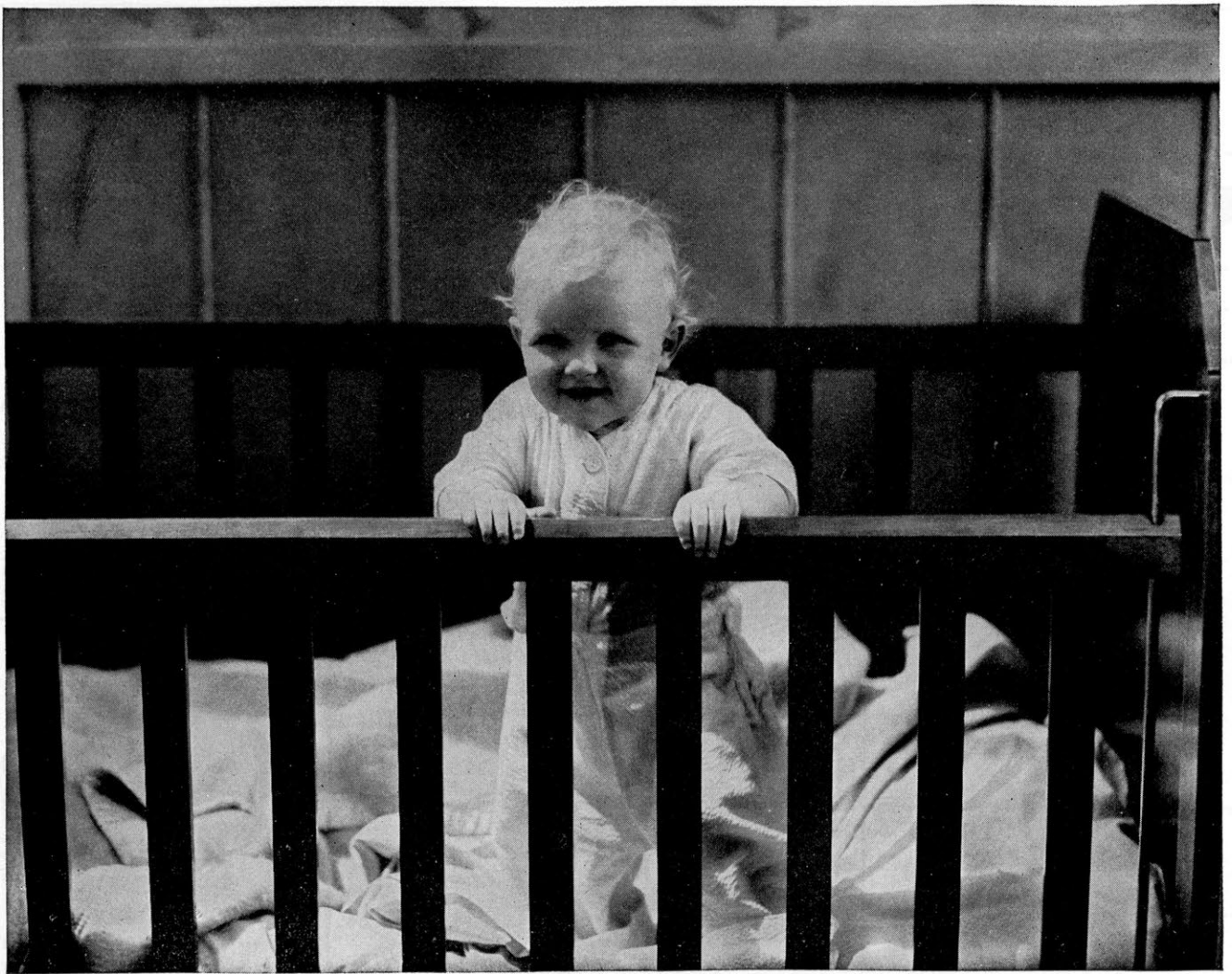
"FAITH AND BEDAD! Clean that pipe and fill up with my Sir Walter—the most fragrant blend of extra-mild burleys ever put in a 2-ounce tin!" So he did, and she said "yes."

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA



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

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



MILITARY OBJECTIVE!

TIME was when the only part children were allowed to play in war was to give up certain food their little bodies needed so that the troops could have it.

That was in the unenlightened days before airplanes and delayed-fuse bombs.

Now the kiddies are permitted to die just like their daddies. *Today* they are *military objectives* to be blown to bits by bombs, to be buried in the ruins of their schools, to be raked by machine-gun fire as they cling to their

mothers' skirts.

Thus, the world progresses. Thus, the science of mass-production murder becomes more proficient. Thus, war loses its last vestige of so-called "glamour."

With slaughter of these innocents an admitted part of military strategy, war can no longer be condoned by any sane and decent person. Yet many people still shake their heads hopelessly and say: "What can I do? How can I prevent war?"

Next time you tuck your youngster

into his crib look at him and see if your heart will accept such a defeatist attitude. Rather, accept this truth — that if enough people say: "There must be no more war!", there *will* be no more war!

World Peaceways is a non-profit, non-crank organization that has made definite progress in maintaining peace and is determined to do more. We need help — *your* help. Why not sit down right now and drop us a line? Write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

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He: "How about a little kiss, girly?"

She: "No, I have scruples."

He: "S'all right. I've been vaccinated."

During the vacation we were talking with a young school teacher from Missouri, and she kept us amused for upward of an hour with stories of her small kindergarten pupils. One of the most startling occurred when she requested a newcomer to the class to rise and recite his ABC's.

With great dignity, the little man stood up and replied, "Hell, I've only been here five minutes!"



She (cooly): "You bad boy. Don't you kiss me again."

He: "I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin in this party."

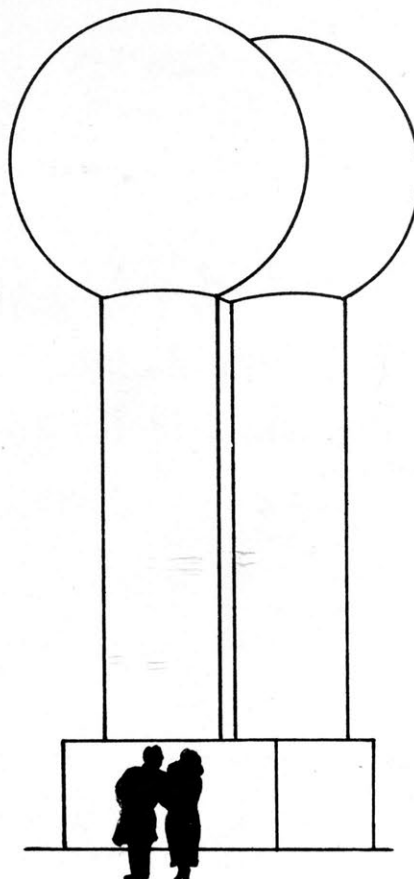
A maid in the land of Aloha
 Got caught in the coils of a boa;
 Like arms the snake squeezed
 And the maid, not displeased,
 Cried, "Go on and do it Samoa!"



She: "Let's have a kiss."
 He: "Not on an empty stomach."
 She: "Of course not. Right where the last one was."

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Aeronautical Engineering

Building Engineering and Construction

Business and Engineering Administration

Options: Engineering based on Physical Sciences

Engineering based on Chemical Sciences

Chemical Engineering

Chemical Engineering Practice

Civil Engineering

Electrical Engineering

Options: Illuminating Engineering

Electrical Communications

Electrical Engineering—Co-operative Course

Electrochemical Engineering

General Engineering

Marine Transportation

Mechanical Engineering

Options: Automotive

General

Materials and Design

Refrigeration and Air

Conditioning

Textile

Mechanical Engineering—Co-operative Course

Metallurgy

Mining Engineering

Options: Mining Engineering

Petroleum Production

Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering

Sanitary Engineering

Each of the above undergraduate Courses is of four years duration, with the exception of Architecture, City Planning, Biophysics and Biological Engineering, and the co-operative Courses in Electrical Engineering and in Mechanical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years, and City Planning Practice which covers a period of six years. In addition to the Bachelor's degree, the above five and six year Courses, with the exception of Architecture, lead also to the Master's degree.

Graduate study, leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees, is offered in Ceramics, Meteorology, and in all of the above professional Courses with the exception of General Engineering and General Science.

A five year Course is offered which combines study in Engineering or Science, and Economics or other social sciences. This leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the professional field, and to the degree of Master of Science in Economics and Engineering or Economics and Science.

The Summer Session extending from June to September includes many of the undergraduate subjects given during the academic year.

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

Any of the following publications will be sent free on request:

Catalogue for the academic year.

Summer Session Bulletin.

Educational Opportunities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"Star" AUCTIONEER FOR 16 YEARS

BILL CURRIN, Like Most of the Other Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Mr. Smoker: You say most of these tobacco experts smoke Luckies?

Mr. Lucky Strike: Yes, 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. Sworn records prove it.

Mr. Smoker: How many of these experts work for you?

Mr. L. S.: Not one! They're all *independent* tobacco men. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: Are these men the best judges of tobacco?

Mr. L. S.: You bet they are! Just for example, there's Bill Currin. He's been an auctioneer for 16 years, and has sold millions of pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Smoker: And Currin smokes Luckies?

Mr. L. S.: Yes—and has for 15 years. Not only for their fine tobacco, but because of the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco—makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on the throat.

Mr. Smoker: That sounds good to me. I'll try them.

EASY ON YOUR THROAT— BECAUSE "IT'S TOASTED"

*Sworn Records
Show That—*

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

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WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Bill Currin—Auctioneer—has
smoked Luckies for 15 years