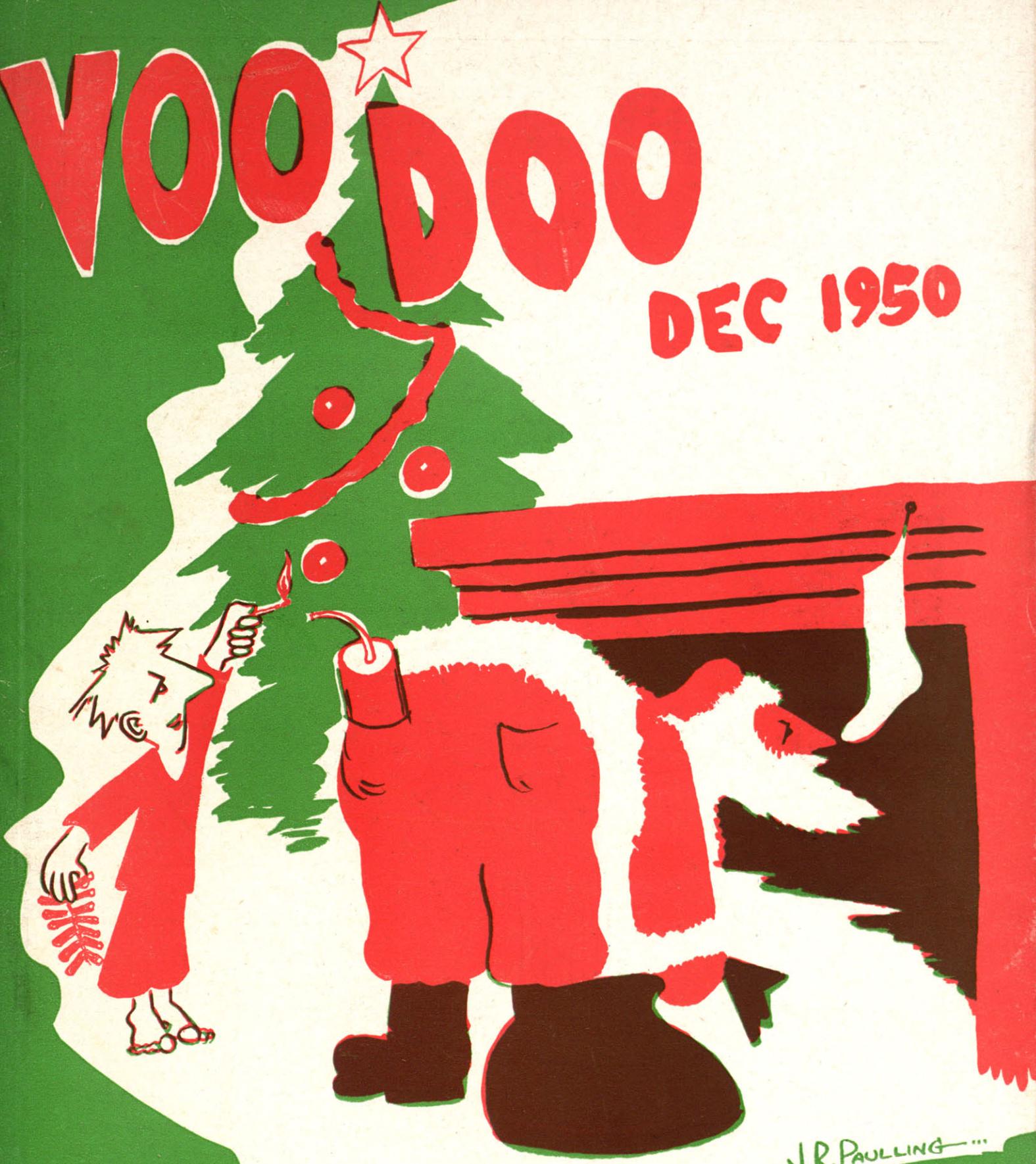


VOODOO

DEC 1950



J.R. PAULLING

25¢

SEASON'S BEST



Schaefer



The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., New York

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

The ability to pull together with the team has never been one of Phos' foremost attributes, but his actions of the past few weeks, near "precipitated a rupture" in the easy camaraderie in which the mag is tossed together. But let us relate the episode as it occurred:

There has never been too strenuous an attempt by the staff to hit deadlines on the nose. However, canned Christmas carols already filtering down from the streetsides of Central Square; Santas aimlessly ringing bells over an infinite procession of blackened pots; Big Jim's face set in the benevolent smile that goes so well with the season; all these indicated that someone had better get on the stick if an issue was to appear before the brownbaggers departed for Podunkville.

Such were affairs when Swanny showed up to report no ideas, lit, or art as yet turned in for December. He took a deep drag, meditated on the blue curling haze, and finally ventured, "Guess we'll have to coast along with the Yuletide." "Nothing exciting, but that's what it'll have to be," we mumbled in reply. And so the law sparkled forth:

Make with ink, and board; start to dream.
Christmas Holiday's our theme.

Phos had been glowering at the empty beer cooler all afternoon. Our feeble apology that cases by the score were due on the morrow, did little to assuage his ire. Upon hearing the above couplet, he exploded.

"To the devil in Hell with that hackneyed sentimentality! If your juvenile board isn't able to be novel; to produce an issue with a twist: Then lo, I, once again, must be the salvation of this sorry rag. Like unto the Falstaff of yore, he paused, summoned up a burp, (tho how he managed it on yesterday's brew we'll never figure out) and then went ranting on. Christmas . . . Christmas is never any good until July rolls around. At ninety degrees one appreciates a snowflake wafting down to gently melt upon his cheek, he longs for the fir balsam covered with tinsel and lights, the presents piled high . . . Harumph . . . Therefore by that same inexorable logic, on this above all months should we commemorate the Fourth of July. Without a further word he strode forth to communicate this gospel to the staff.

A delegation of artists soon appeared to demand a stop to the nonsense. No time now to shift from sleighbells to fireworks and such. The feline had meanwhile done a snow job and lit was solidly behind him. We ordered, protested, wheedled, and begged a halt, but the old boy was adamant. Maybe it was the three quizzes, two dates, and protracted lack of sleep that week or maybe just middle-of-the-term lethargy but anyhoo we soon capitulated.

In return for their extra patriotic endeavors, the brush wielders were awarded extra time and a sell out theme. Watch for it. Next month VOO DOO goes *Futuristic*.

H. S.

Volume XXXIV

December, 1950

No. 7

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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"This month's cover by Paulling."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Sirs:

This fall I received a subscription to VOO DOO. I find your humour magazine very entertaining (in parts), but have one question to ask in reference to the other sections. Is eight-point type more costly than two-point type? If this is not so, I can find no other explanation for your using such infinitesimal print on your cartoon pages.

Here's hoping you can afford larger print!

I remain with 20-20 vision —
A Friend

Knowest thou the meaning of the phrase "Censor with weak eyes"? Ed.



They laughed when I sat down at the piano, but when the little blonde soprano gave me the key to A flat, boy, how I accompanied her!



—Steinway

A girl shock of wheat went and slept

By a boy shock of wheat that was heaped;

On waking, 'tis said,

She found herself bread,

And shouted, "My Gawd, I've been reaped!"

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed you will find my check good for two Confederate dollars. This is to be used as bait for a subscription to VOO DOO for this year and is to be mailed to my sweet lil' Mississippi gal.

There's no need trying to get friendly with her as I have already warned her against this possibility.

I see that there are to be "eight riotous issues" this year. Why the change? Does this check also entitle me to a case of free beer?

Hopefully,
"Rebel."

How about a case of measles instead? Ed.



"Gee, pardon me for slapping your face, I thought you were trying to steal my sorority pin."



Waitress (looking at a nickel tip left by guest): "What are you trying to do, big boy, seduce me?"

—Varieties



Confucius say: Man who lose key to girl's apartment get no new key.

—Teeling



All Join
Hands!

All join hands with
Beech-Nut Gum!

Circle around and
reach for some!

To enjoy its fresh
coolness, don't be slow!

Swing to Beech-Nut,
Do-si-do.

Y' can't beat Beech-Nut
for taste and quality.
Swing to Beech-Nut...
Beech-Nut Gum!



INCOMPLETION

Backs often make passes
Where nothing but grass is.

—Ogden Nash

That darling baby belongs
To our next door neighbor
And it's an outstanding example
Of the errors of unskilled labor.

Blessing on thee, pretty miss,
Quaker maid I long to kiss,
With thy merry, wanton quips
And thy quirking, lip-sticked lips
All that sort of thing connotes,
That thee knows thy Quaker Oats.

—1928

A dumb girl is a dope. A dope
is a drug. Doctors give drugs to
relieve pain. Therefore, a dumb
girl is just what the doctor ordered.

—The Bear Skin

Dear Mom:

I'm getting fat here at college.
I don't know how I'll ever get me
a man. Why, I weigh 155 pounds
stripped. Of course, the scales at
the drugstore may not be accurate
but that's what they read.

Love, Lulu.

—Log

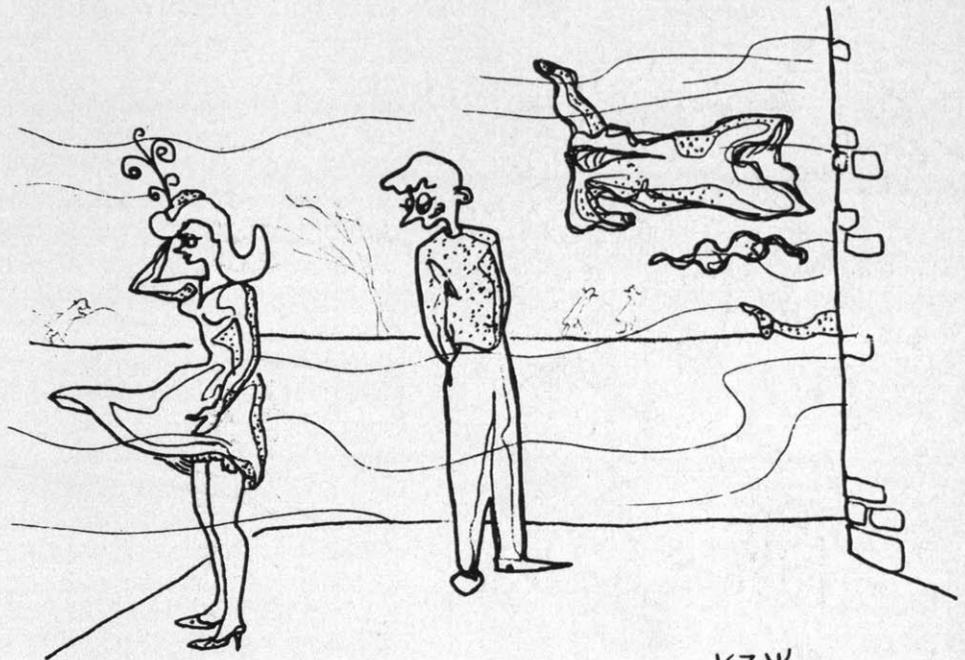
'Twas in a restaurant they met —
One was Romeo, t'other Juliet.
'Twas here he first fell into debt,
For Romeo'd what Juliet.

—1927

Soon after the newlyweds came
back from their honeymoon, the
bride cooked her first chicken.
When the husband began to carve
it, he asked, "What did you stuff
it with, dear?"

"I didn't have to stuff it," she
replied. "It wasn't hollow."

A drunk got into a taxi and asked
to be driven around the park five
times. After the third time around,
the drunk shouted to the driver,
"Faster—I'm in a hurry."



KZY

Two Indians lived on neighbor-
ing mountain peaks, and every day
they'd go to the edge of their moun-
tains, light a couple of small fires,
and cart a blanket from the wig-
wam. Then the first one would
throw some green twigs on his fire,
wave the blanket frantically, and
say, "Puff . . . puff puff puff . . . puff
puff . . . puff . . . puff . . . puff."

His friend would study this, then
reply, "Puff puff . . . puff puff . . .
puff puff puff puff . . . puff . . . puff."

And so it would go till they had
exchanged all the news of the day
that happened around the fringe
of their little mountains. One af-
ternoon one of the Indians went
out, built his little fire, and was
all set to chat a bit when there was
a blinding flash off in the west and
a large mushroom shaped thing
banging in the sky.

The Indian looked at it wistfully.
"Damn," he said, "I wish I'd said
that."

What we really want to know
is if the Russians attack us from
the rear will Greece help?

DEFINITION:

Honeymoon's End — When a
quickie before dinner is a dry
Martini.

—Teeling

When a man has more than one
wife he is a pigamist.

—Varieties

The kindergarten teacher handed
out pieces of paper to all her stu-
dents and told them to draw what
they would like to be when they
grew up. Ten minutes later, every-
one turned in his paper except
little Johnny.

"Why, Johnny," said the teacher,
"Isn't there anything you want
to be when you grow up?"

"Sure," replied Johnny, "I want
to be married, but I don't know
how to draw it."

Burglar: "Please let me go,
lady. I ain't never done nothing
wrong before."

Old Maid: "Well, it's never too
late to learn."

DOING THE TOWN

It would appear that we're here again with the brownbagger's guide to Boston ptomaine, this time with mention of some of the good Italian restaurants, of which there are many.

It seems that there are still some Techmen who haven't eaten at Simeone's. This worthy institution is located at the corner of Brookline and Green streets, in Central Square, an easy walk from the dorms. The food is fine, and the prices low enough to make a certain Tech dining hall we know of look sick. A typical dinner consists of a bowl of onion soup, two veal cutlets of generous size, plenty of good spaghetti, dessert, and coffee, and costs well under a dollar. The service, except during rush hours, is excellent, and you can buy a \$5.50 meal ticket for \$5.00. Try the spaghetti with calabrese sauce, a concoction of peppers, garlic, oil and tomatoes. Vinegar peppers are a fine appetizer, and their pizzas are beyond reproach. These pizzas are also made to take out.



Next we come to one of the most satisfactory restaurants in town, the Cafe Amalfi. The "Amalfi" is located on Westland Avenue, a half block from Symphony Hall, and is housed in an intriguing structure intended to remind one of a Mediterranean villa. After the seating ceremony you will be confronted with a menu listing five dinners from \$1.75 to \$4.00, an a la carte menu, and what is probably the most extensive wine list in town. You can never go wrong on the \$2.00 dinner. The Pork Chops Calabrese has been repeatedly listed as one of the best dinners in town. We are equally inclined toward the broiled sweetbreads and the tenderloin spezzatino en brochette, hunks of steak served in a vegetable-tomato sauce. The

dinner includes appetizer, minestrone (a vegetable soup in which you throw grated cheese), entree with two vegetables and choice of spaghetti, ravioli, or salad, dessert, and coffee. Your best bet is the salad with roquefort cheese dressing. Spumoni or tortoni, the rich Italian variants of ice cream, are an experience not to be missed, and we suggest you try Italian coffee. It's sorta bitter and contains plenty of chickory, but there's just a chance that you may like it. Be sure to ask for lemon peel to cut the bitter taste.

The wines at Amalfi are not expensive, and are truly the crown of the meal. Steaks and other red meats require a red wine, and since you're eating Italiano we can but suggest Chianti, which you will recognize by the bottle with the raffia wrapping. For veal and other white meats, poultry and fish, our personal favorite is Orvieto, a wonderful white wine similar to a sauterne, which is available either dry or semi-sweet. The semi-sweet variety is a pleasant liquid which is dandy for anything except fish. You will find that almost all good Italian restaurants keep Orvieto, even if it isn't on the wine list. We hardly need add that the Amalfi is a fine preliminary to a date for a concert, opera performance, or anything else that goes on in Back Bay.



Very similar to Amalfi is Grimaldi's, at 15 Province Street, a couple of blocks from Park Street station. The quality of the food is almost as fine, prices are about the same, and the decor is even more sophisticated, what with waiters in dinner jackets, subdued Muzak, and a faraway cocktail lounge. Grimaldi's started out in 1925 as a speakeasy.



An ideal date dinner is to be found at Boraschi, located at 21 Corning Street, on the corner of Shawmut Avenue (on the outskirts of Southie). It looks like Hell from the outside, but enter with dignity and ask for a table in the Grotto, a slightly sunken dining room with stone walls. Service is slow enough to allow plenty of time for sparkling conversation, and a piano playing in the background adds to the seductive potentialities of the establishment. The veal dishes are especially good; we are passionately fond of Baracciole, veal rolled up and stuffed with a mixture of spinach, eggs, mushrooms, and God knows what else. Dinners range from \$1.50 to 2.50; the Bracciole is \$1.75. If you like cheese and crackers for dessert ask for the chef's special, a blend of roquefort, camembert, and cream cheeses.



Another restaurant much like Boraschi's is Marliave, at 11 Bosworth Street (off Park). In the absence of any better way to start a conversation, you can always make a crack about the paintings that embellish its walls. We might also mention Freda's, on Hanover Street, where the food is praiseworthy but rather expensive. It's open all night, though, and around 3 a.m. it's usually filled with what passes, in Boston, for celebrities. The service and surroundings are on a highly sumptuous level, but don't say you didn't ask for it.

Nathan Sivin



Dressed to kill in a coat of fur,
 Lounging against a cocktail bar.
 Baby, what I wouldn't give if
 you were
 One third as bad as you think
 you are.

—Oh Yeah

Three men, named Smith, Jones, and Rheingold, all died at the same time. Rheingold was a millionaire, but Smith and Jones had just enough to get along. Smith and Jones, consequently, were buried in ordinary graves, but Rheingold was entombed in a magnificent mausoleum.

Three days after the burials, it began to rain furiously. It poured and poured. The rain began to seep into the graves of Smith and Jones, but Rheingold's tomb was quite dry. The ghosts of the three men were talking the situation over. Smith said, "Water's pouring into my grave. I'm soaking wet." And Jones said, "Yes, my grave is drenched, too." And Rheingold said, "Ah, but my bier is the dry bier."



A small boy in church was intently watching a bald-headed man scratch the fringe of hair around the side of his head. The man kept it up so long that the boy leaned over and said in a loud whisper "Hey, Mister, You'll never catch him that way. Why don't you run him out in the open?"

A little boy was worriedly relating the story of his visit to the fortune tellers. He had been told that in a week his mother would die, a week later he would succumb, and the third week his father would pass away. His parents convinced him that the oracle was a fake so he went to bed unperturbed.

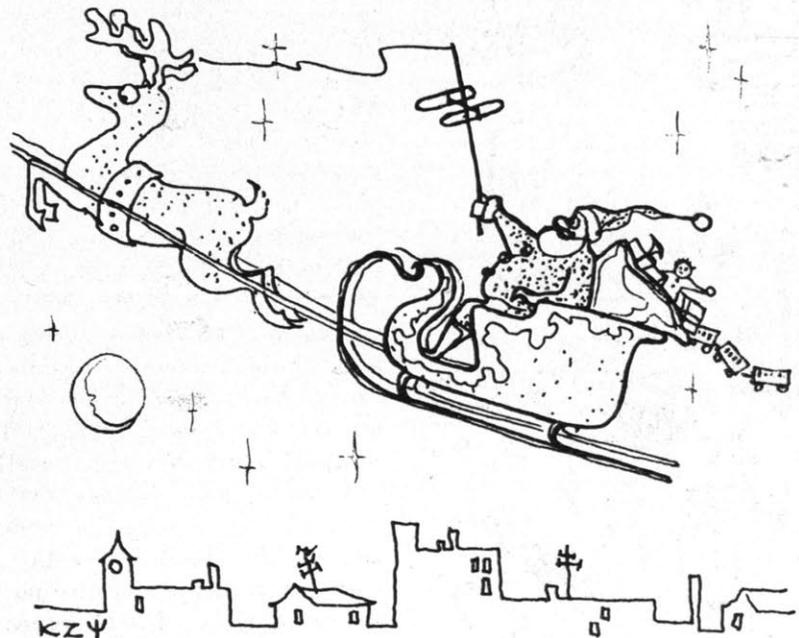
But a week later his mother died and a week after that he died. By this time his father began to worry. On the day set aside for his death he awoke chipper as ever. Firmly convinced that the other deaths had been freak accidents he went to the porch to get the milk for his breakfast. There, dead on the steps, was the milkman.



Father looked hard at his wife and then at his son: "That boy has taken money from my pocket!" he stormed.

"Ernest," she protested, "how can you say that? Why, I might have done it."

Father shook his head: "No, you didn't, there was some left."



POOR LITTLE MATCH BOY



← Little Galahad is the Scollay Square Match boy. He is the sole support of his aged mother and seven baby sisters.

Christmas Eve finds little Galahad still trying to peddle the last stinking bundle of matches. Business is lousy. →



← Even so, little Galahad must kick in the usual ten per cent to keep his corner.



Little Galahad is cold, hungry, bitter, despondent, frustrated, revolted, disgusted, frozen, and poor. →



← He is so cold that he lights up one of his matches to thaw out his poor little hands, and in the smoke appears a shadowy form.





← "What ho, Galahad, I'm your
fairy godfather, Toddy O'Tooligan."
"Migawd, I'm crackin' up."

"I'm here to solve your problems.
You say you're cold"

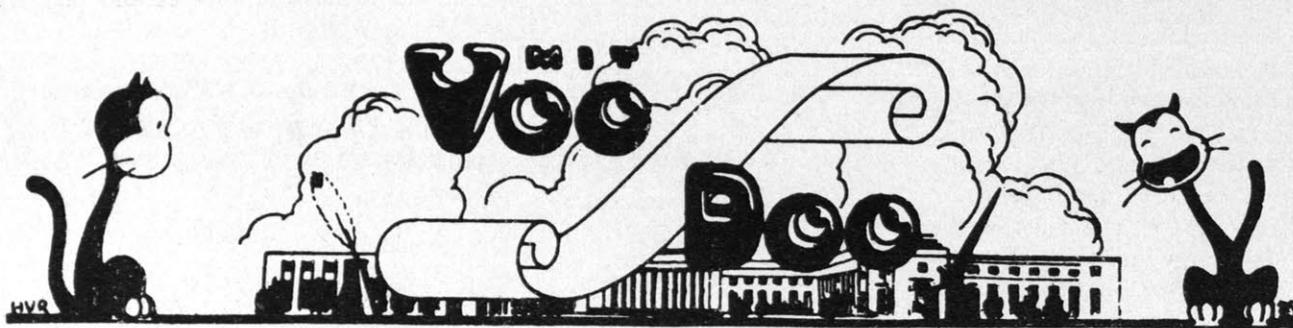


← Tooty tells hot stories to Galahad
for a few hours, to warm his blood.



Finally O'Tooligan tools off, leav-
ing Galahad with a new outlook on
life and two bits to take home to his
mother.





Most ground-breaking ceremonies leave us cold. But not so with the most recent one for the new Biology Lab. This one was done in great style under a circus tent just before high noon. The tent was equipped with a stage for the participants, a loud speaker system was set up, and a special lot of ground was prepared just in front of the stage. It was necessary to pre-break some ground for the ceremony because the sidewalks and parking lot on which the lab is to be situated is rather hard to shovel. So a hole was cut in the asphalt and some tender earth substituted.

The only sad note, and one which seems to crop up at every ground-breaking ceremony, was the fact that the ground on which the lab is to sit had already been thoroughly broken. As a matter of fact the bulldozers and scoops were working busily breaking the very devil out of all the ground they could reach.



Recently the English Department was blessed by the visit of a Yaleman, and they immediately turned him on the E21 sections to spread a few pearls. During the course of his talk he made the observation that Alexander Hamilton married a rich English girl and in this way got into the aristocracy of Europe!

Much to the Yaleman's surprise, the sophomores laughed.

This fall we have again seen an example of the undeniable benefits to the residents of Boston and Cambridge arising from the politicizing practiced hereabouts. The first lane of Boston's new super-duper highway was finished last month for elections. The job was accomplished in a period of time which leaves us breathless. It is only to be hoped that the other lanes are not left for two years so that they, too, may be rushed in a similar manner to awe those who go to the polls in 1952.



Now that the recent Harvard incident has faded into the past, we wonder if the editors of that well-known rag are not just a little disappointed. The way the whole thing shaped up suggests to us that they were trying a scheme which the tired editors of this magazine have often considered.

Burdened down by the problems of living as well as trying to be funny about it every month we have often tried to devise methods of ending it all. One method which is quite appealing is to publish an issue which is so completely in bad taste that the magazine would be immediately banned out of existence by the Cambridge Police Department. The editors, thus deprived of their jobs would be able to sit back and relax for a while.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to the editors of the rag up the river who, having tried this and failed, must once again settle down to the job of going into print every month.



The most recent example of this rare ability of those who piece our campus together is the Biology Lab which has been neatly placed on the sidewalk between the main building and the swimming pool. We understand that this building is to have a diagonal corridor for those who merely wish to go swimming rather than dissect a frog and who do not care to walk around the building.

An interesting feature of the Biology Lab is that the side facing the swimming pool's huge picture window is also to be made entirely of glass! We assume that the administration will take one of the two policies which present themselves. Either the employment of female secretaries in this part of the building will be prohibited or else it will be restricted to those who can offer some evidence that their interest in watching the swimmers is purely scientific and nothing more. Of course the swimmers can always stare right back at the secretaries.



The problem of placing new buildings on our campus is not an easy one. However, the administration deserves credit for having so skillfully nestled two new laboratories into spaces which the ordinary person would not think capable of containing such imposing edifices-to-be. We refer, of course, to the new Metallurgy Lab which slithered in between the Aeronautics Lab and Vassar Street leaving two inches of space for a beautiful green lawn next spring.



There once was a rising young Dean Who, during the full of the moon could be seen Carrying corpses away, Acquired through the day, Of students who'd riled up his spleen.



1st Man: My girl got a new car last week.
2nd: Yeah, what kind?
1st: Plymouth.

—R.K.A.S.



“Why did you steal that \$50,000?”
“I was hungry, your honor.”
Crime and Punishment



God made a machine, the machine made man,
Doctors, lawyers, priests, and then the devil got in and stripped its gears,
And turned out the first batch of engineers.



Prof.: Well, is the theory clear to you now?
Student: Yeah, just as though it had been translated into Hindustani by Gertrude Stein and read to me by a tobacco auctioneer!

Precocious five-year-old girl: “I know all the facts of life.”
Friend: “Why, I bet that you don’t even know who made you.”
First girl: “Do you mean recently or originally?”

—Rogue



Breath whizzes through the thing. Runs better too.
Up to date — current 1950 job. Built-in features . . . finger-tip control.
Air conditioned . . . running water. Yes . . . I rather like my nose. Do you?

—Tarnation



Now I lay me down to sleep
The lecture’s dry, the subject’s deep
If he should quit before I wake
Give me a poke for goodness sakes!



on your trips
use
travelers' cheques

●

Kendall Square Office
Harvard Trust Company

Good food at reasonable prices
24 hours a day—Every day

THE GRILL DINER
435 MAIN STREET

Conveniently located behind Building 20
Frank Arsenault, Manager



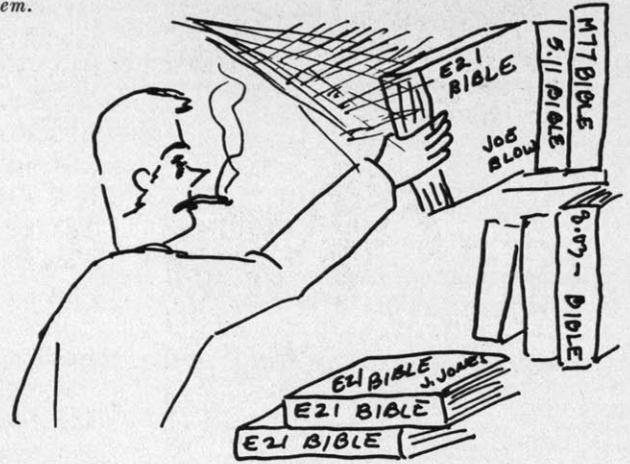
“There’s joy in cycling too.”

THE TERM PAPER

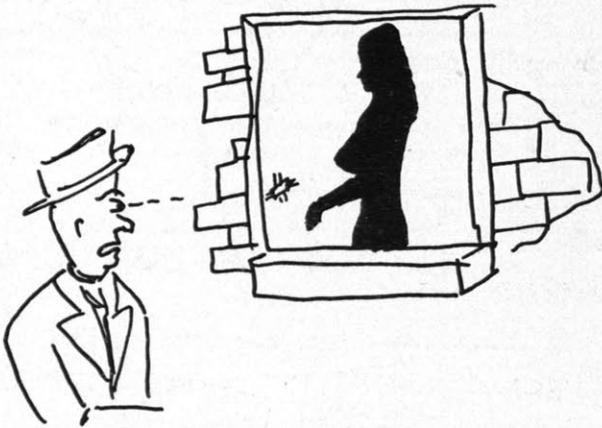
For those students of the various courses in the Institute which terminate in the confusion and frustration of a term paper, Voo Doo offers an Outline by which it hopes said students will be better prepared to cope with this problem.



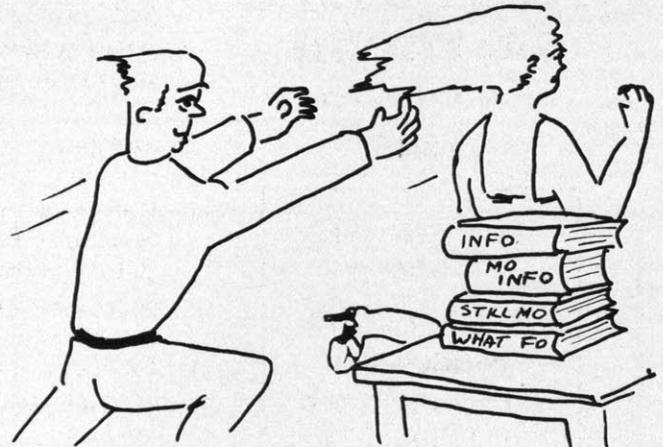
1. Spend many nights in meditation and deliberation. Look through various sources before choosing a general topic from which to select a subject.



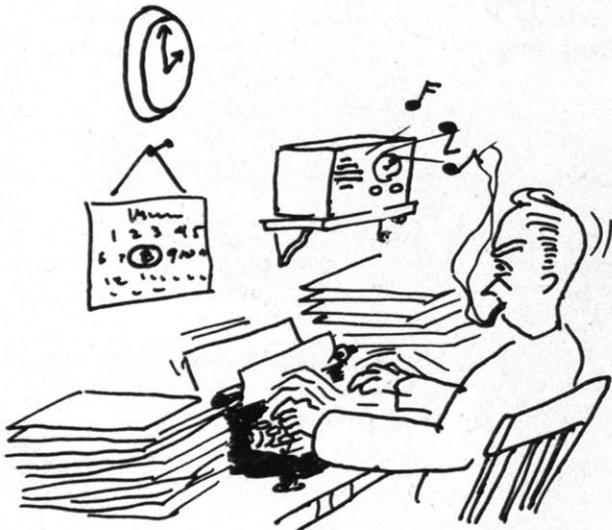
2. Carefully begin preliminary investigation, using sources which are most readily available.



3. Try to formulate a brief outline which you may use as a guide.



4. Use planned research and careful study to aid you in gathering the main body of the material.



5. After you expand your notations, it is time to settle down and compose the final draft of the paper.



6. And — at last the glorious hour arrives when the masterpiece is submitted to the instructor for criticism.

EMJAY

AMERICA'S
FOREMOST
SKI

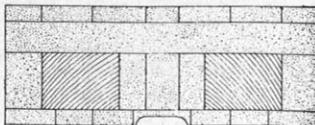


Flexible Flyer
SPLITKEIN
LAMINATED
Skis

PHOTO BY ATKESON

Now available
with
MICARTA
Plastic Soles
for greater speed
and durability

22 laminations in the patented Flexible Flyer Splitkein cross-section! Every single corresponding piece of wood in a pair of skis is taken from the same wood billet. Perfectly matched for weight, grain, camber and flexibility. Lightweight. Warp-free.



Slalom
Langlauf
Jumping

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Inc.
487 Glenwood Ave., Phila. 40, Pa.

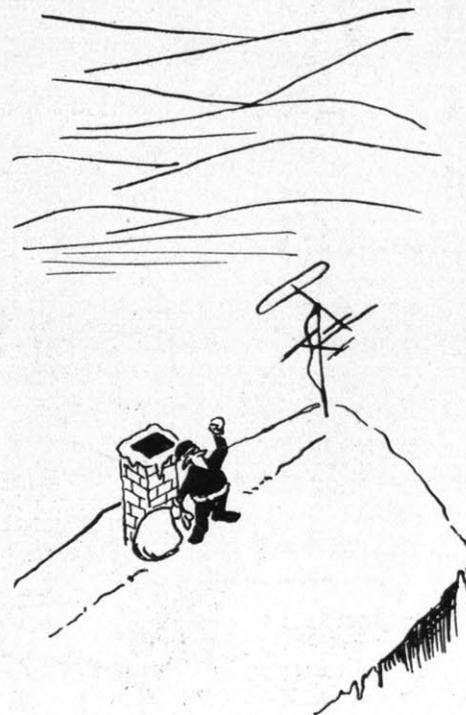
SUPPORT YOUR
NATIONAL SKI PATROL

MY NOSE is a thing which sticks
out in front of my face.
Right between my eyes.
It is invisible when I look at it with
both eyes.
It is ee-normous when I look at it
with one eye.
It is stoo-PENDOUS when I look
at it in the mirror.
It also has a bump on it.
And it droops.
Kind of.
And I follow it around everywhere
I go.
Upstairs and downstairs and around
about.
In other people's businesses and
mine too.
I can't seem to get ahead of the
nose.
It's always out front.
And it smells bad.
Smells good too.
It likes to smell — specially good
food.
And girls.
It's quite athletic, this Nose.
It runs.
Sometimes I run after it.
But not always.
Sometimes I talk through it, some-
times I talk
Around it.
Musical too, you ought to hear it
when
I blow it.
A regular bugle — sounds like a
diesel.
This Nose also likes to be rubbed
Rubbed, that is, by a pert and
feminine
Proboscis.
Can push with it too.
Push the little pert job aside.
And find a surprise.
And when that happens my Nose
works better.
Faster action.



Real Estate Agent: Now, here is
a house without a flaw.

Harvard graduate: What do you
walk on?



The Boston Tea Party



ED. NOTE: In the interests of historical accuracy, VOO DOO has commissioned noted researcher Stan Benjamin to delve into the events of the American Revolution. In this article, the first in a series of one, we bring you, in thrilling, narrative and for the first tiime the *real* story of the Boston Tea Party.

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre and gimbel in the wabe as the banana-and-orange-boat H.M.S. Golden Rind sailed into Boston harbor on the morning of December 16, 1773. The anchor

was no sooner in the water and the hawser on the quay, and the frost on the pumpkin than Master William approached the skipper, who was standing on the poop deck; it had been a long trip and he was pooped.

"Sir Smythe-Worpington and Lady Smyth-Bloomberg have asked me to ask you to tea on the fore-castle this noon," he said. "You and your first-mate simply *must* come. It shall be a frightful bore, you know, but it is customary, rather, I say it's been a delightful vwah-yaj! Pip-pip!"

Master William stifled a yawn, brought himself to attention with an audible "boingg"!, and left, tipping his very collegiate rugby bowler.

"Do you hear that?" said the captain to the first-mate. "Twelve o'clock sharp, in full dress!"

"What bull!" replied the mate. "What's that?"

"That's simply bully, sir!" said the mate, who reappeared at noon, saluted, mumbled, and snuck off by the rail, gingerly carrying a cup of (ugh!) tea. It was a jolly good tea party, if you like tea parties,

except for the time the dormouse fell asleep in his tea. On the whole it was respectably British.

"Damn," muttered the first-mate, "knocked my mug off the railing."

"What's the matter with him?" queried Smyth-Worpington, raising his eyebrows, and dropping his monocle.

"Dropped his tea in the harbor, I do believe. Deucedly silly thing to do, with tea so expensive these days," said Master William.

The first-mate rose stiffly and marched down to the galley on the pretense of getting another teacup. Actually he preferred gin slumgullion.

"How revolting!" sneered Lady Smyth-Bloomberg, whose Bostonian ancestors had made the crossing in a Polynesian war canoe.

"Eh?" Smyth-Worpington cackled.

"I say these Americans are revolting. Well, time is flitting. Let us go ashore."

But a chance happening, as so often occurs in history's important moments, changed the course of our country's history. Just as the conversation drew to its conclusion, a dock-hand of Stevedore's Union Local 439, CIO, started up the gangplank of the Golden Rind. He saw the first-mate's cup fly from the railing, and the British tea disappear in the Boston harbor. He arrived on deck in time to hear "these Americans are revolting."

"Wot!" cried he, "The strike's started already!"

And he dashed down the plank shouting the important news. And everyone he passed cried, "Odds bodkins! It's started!"

"We're revolting!"

"The British are coming ashore!"

"Who's revolting?"

"It's a revolution!"

On the dock, someone had put a scratchy version of "America the Beautiful" on the gramophone.

The first shot was fired at 11:43, and hit nothing, but scared hell out of a sleeping seagull.

"My goodness," said Francis Scott Key, as a cannonball whizzed through his drawing-room, "The revolution has begun. I'd better hurry if I want to finish the 'Star Spangled Banner' in time for the parade."

And on the opposite shore waited Paul Revere, ready to ride and spread the alarm to every Middlesex village and farm.

Cannons blazed, black burning billows of smothering smoke clouded the clamoring circumambience, masts crashed, steeples toppled, and Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

At this point the first-mate of the Golden Rind appeared on deck with a fresh cup of tea. "What in hell's the ruckus?" quoth he.

The captain shrugged.

"Revolution," he said, "Gonna form a new nation under God, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

"Say, that's pretty good, Cap. I got to remember that."

"I'm glad you like it, Abraham," answered the captain.

Yes, that young first-mate was none other than ABRAHAM SCHWARTZ!

So before long General Howe decided to chuck the whole thing, and Paul Revere had to climb the old North Church steeple and light some lanterns himself, so he could ride around Middlesex shouting "The British are coming!" But the only Englishman who showed up was a young fellow named Stafford Cripps, who wanted a foreign loan, so Revere went back to making pewter, the Redcoats went back to Britain, and the Minute Men went back to making corn likker.

And so, with the First Continental Congress well on the way

to establishing for posterity a firm and unshakeable national debt, we close this glorious chapter of American History. Hail Columbia! Hail Twentieth-Century-Fox! Movies are better than ever.

Stan Benjamin



A new bride was asked what she had found to be the biggest thrill of married life. "It was certainly thrilling when Henry took me to the license bureau. It was another thrill when the minister pronounced us man and wife. I got an awful kick out of seeing Henry sign the register 'Mr. and Mrs.' I do believe, though, that my biggest thrill was thumbing my nose at the house detective."



Admiral Perry gives a lot of credit for the discovery of the North Pole to his dogs.

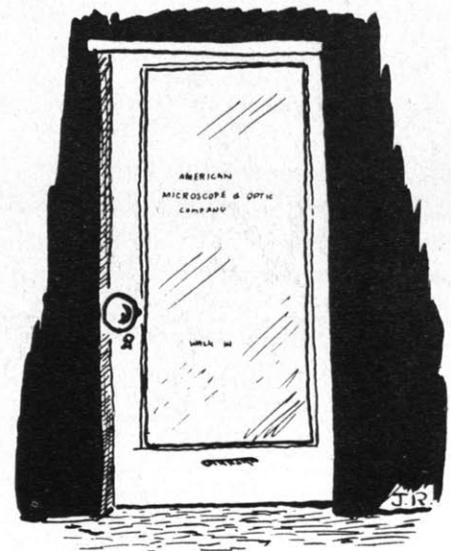
—Froth



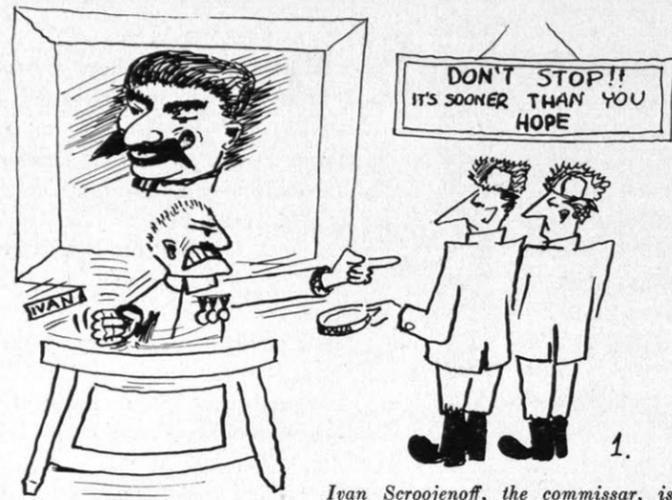
He: Say, you look like a million dollars!

She: Yeah — and I'm just as hard to make!

—Pelican



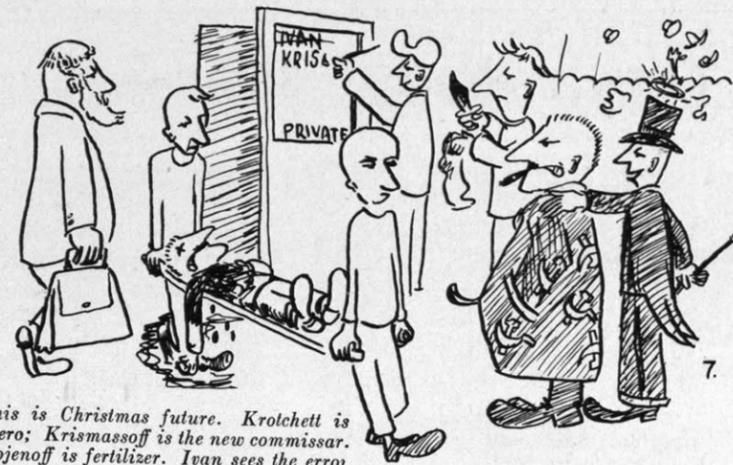
Christmas Came but Once a Year



1. Ivan Scroojenoff, the commissar, is a mean bastard. Now he is refusing a charity donation to the N.K.V.D. Chowder and Marching Society. See how surprised they are.



4. The ghost of Christmas past appeared drags Ivan back to his past. Little Ivan thinks it's Christmas — he's not too bright.



7. This is Christmas future. Krotchett is here; Krissasoff is the new commissar. Scroojenoff is fertilizer. Ivan sees the error of his ways.



2. What's this? The workers want Christmas off. They have sent Pablo Krotchett, their representative, in to ask Ivan. They should have known better.



5. Christmas present takes Ivan to the Krotchett's home. Despite poverty they are happy. The children are playing with their toys. Tiny Timsk is just playing.



8. Scroojenoff makes amends to the Krotchetts. He brings a fat turkey for dinner and a new pair of crutches so Pablo can get to work on time that afternoon. Tiny Timsk is on the phone. Did you know he is a squad leader in the N.K.V.D. Jrs.?



9. Ivan is accused of upsetting economic policy. He is tried, convicted, condemned. Tsk, Tsk, he should have known better.



3. Scroojenoff is visited by the ghost of Marley. (Some chap passing thru on his way to England.) Marley gives Ivan the hot poop on Christmas. Ivan seems skeptical.



6. Scroojenoff and the angel have crashed a party. Ivan's cousin knows how to celebrate Christmas. Ivan makes a mental note to turn him in.



10. Now Scroojenoff is visiting the angels. The angels are grinning because they have framed him. Christmas is a hoax. They only wanted a fourth for bridge. Ivan is angry. His ace has just been trumped.

J.R. PAULING

The Truth About July 4

What do you associate with the 4th of July, George Washington, Sam Adams, the Declaration of Independence? Wrong, total wrong. There are three people who make the Fourth of July what it is today, Sam Barnfeld, William Strongstout and Jacob Rogers. Known to the enlightened as Sam, Bill and Jake.

Late in the evening of the third of July, in an inn near Boston, called the Crooked Crow's Head Inn, met Sam, Bill and Jake. Sam, the leader of the group, was a joke writer for history textbooks and temporarily unemployed. Since gavels were expensive at that time, Sam called the meeting to order by banging his head against the oak table.

"Gentleman," said Sam, "as a representative of the people, I wish to announce that tomorrow we will declare our independence from England."

"Rah, Rah."

"It is my opinion that the first thing any country should have is a holiday, and because tomorrow

is the day we shall become a country I hereby decide that we shall make the fourth of July a holiday."

"Hurrah, Hurrah!!"

It us take a look at the vibrante personalities of the other two people who accepted this momentous decision without even a pause for breath as they drank. Bill was a gambler and Jake was a perfesional sadist. Bill at the moment was taking 6 to 9 odds that Georgie, George Washington as his friends knew him, would make a mistake while reading the declaration. In order to make sure that Bill won, his bets, Jake the sadist was going to put gunpowder on Georgie's foot and light it. Sam of course was to laugh. These boys were all gags.

After guzzling several quarts of liquor, the members of this select society passed out for the evening. With the coming of the dawn, three firm in mind, but not so upright citizens-to-be, trotted out to Wellesley where Georgie was to read the Declaration. (There is a lot

about the revolutionists we don't hear about. My source of information as to where the declaration was read was gotten from an old gentleman standing in the middle of the quadrangle who said he had a date with a girl at 8:30 p.m. on July 3, 1776.)

The momentous moment was at hand. There was Georgie mounted on his stallion. He picked up the declaration and started to read it. Suddenly Wham!!! His foot went up in a sheet of flame. He stuttered. . . . Three spectators' wallets disappeared and a roar of laughter was heard from the rear of the crowd. From this incident comes the myths that make our fourth of July what it is.

People got the idea that when the fourth of July comes around, the correct thing to do is to blow the foot off a public representative. (The custom of blowing his head off is a much later development) The far-sighted liberals at that time believed that blowing a person's foot off was unnecessarily messy. This concept, passed from generation to generation gave us what we now call a firecracker.

Bill, the leader of our noble troupe was captured and executed. (A great loss to humanity) His school for the humorification of textbooks was abolished and his pupils fell under the influence of Jake the sadist. The character who puts a firecracker in your pocket or pulls out of a dark street at fifty miles an hour is probably a descendant of these misguided people.

As you now enlightened people can see, everything you hear is not always the truth. There is usually a behind the scene influence that makes things what they are. Look around you. The jerk sitting next to you may be making history.

Frank J. Leeds



"Damn moth died."

THE ORIGIN OF BIBLES

The student who desires an "H"
or "C"
In any given subject will procure
The notes and homework of some-
one he's sure
Has passed it; for he knows that
they will be
A help, and he won't have to spend
the wee
Hours of the night in trying to
insure
That he has written down all the
obscure
Points of some problem in tech-
nology.
This brings us to a very trouble-
some
Enigma, which we cannot now
evade;
Your bible came from someone
down the hall;
Now if the man he got his bible
from
Used someone else's bible as an aid,
What genius wrote the first bibles
of all?

Harold Kaplan

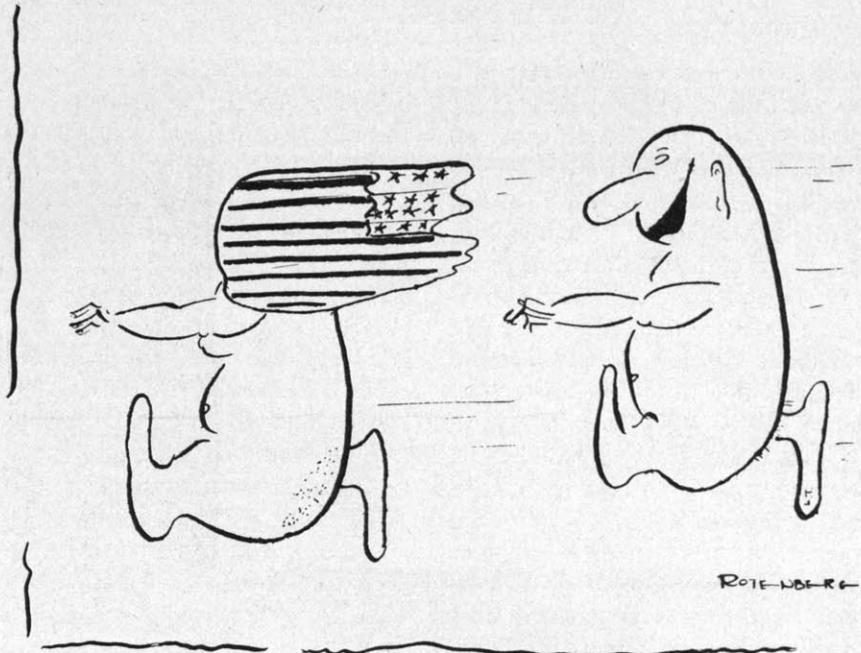


"Your feet are cold," he com-
plained to his little bride, "keep
them on your own side of the bed."

She began to sob. "You never
used to say that before we were
married."



Some girls are cold sober. Others
are always cold.



It seems that the gate broke down between Heaven
and Hell. St. Peter appeared at the broken part of
the gate and called to the Devil, "Hey Satan, it's your
turn to fix it this time."

"Sorry," replied the boss of the land beyond the
Styx. "My men are too busy to worry about fixing a
mere gate."

"Well, then," growled Peter, "I'll have to sue you
for breaking our agreement."

"Oh, yeah," said the Devil. "Where are you going
to get a lawyer?"



New England epitaph reads:

"Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to
go."



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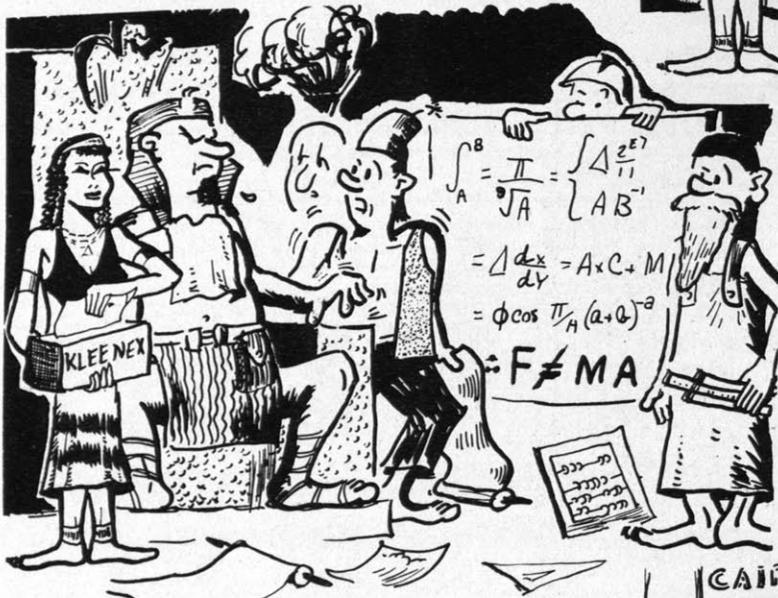
27-29 CHURCH ST. (HARVARD SQ.) CAMBRIDGE

The Fall and Rise of the Pyramids

Painstaking research by the Voo Doo "Culture From Abroad" society has finally solved the mystery of the pyramids. After months of futile trekking through the barren wastes of Egypt, a member of the party, while recuperating from the rigors of an all date diet found this amazing story chiseled on the john wall . . .

(ED. NOTE: Some liberties have been taken with the translation, but the pictures have been copied verbatim.)

Once upon a time there was a beautiful fertile country known as Egypt. Called by its neighbors the land of plenty, Egypt was certainly the most beautiful spot on Earth. Sadness was virtually unknown; everyone was happy, except. . .



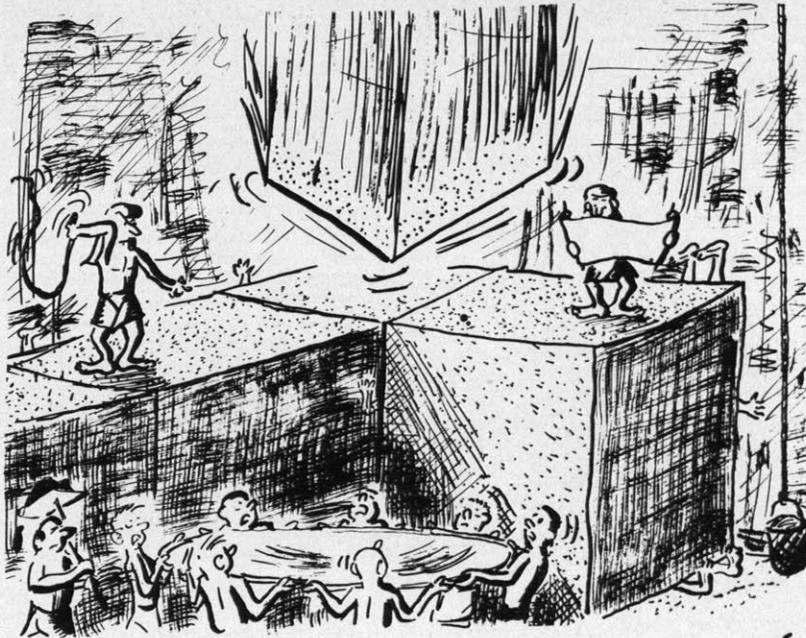
their mighty ruler, Pok Cheops, who suffered from a rare malady known to medical science as "Oygyopsis Klotzi" (hay fever). The court physicians agreed that the Pharaoh's only chance for relief was the clear air found at high altitudes. Alas and alack Egypt was as flat as a tricrepecephalus (ping pong) table. Therefore the Pharaoh called on his . . .

staff of brilliant engineers from the Cairo Institute of Technology By the Banks of the Muddy Nile to construct a mountain for him. The engineers and scientists of the Institute had already proven, on the basis of theoretical thermodynamic considerations, that to raise up a mountain is, of course, impossible. The Pharaoh, however, who had never gone beyond the First Law, was unmoved by this and . . .

issued a royal edict commissioning the Cairo Institute of Technology By the Banks of the Muddy Nile to construct his mountain. The professors, realizing the impossibility of the task, assigned it to a promising young graduate student, Asymptote IV, as a Doctors Thesis. Designing the mountain nearly drove Asymptote to his limit . . .

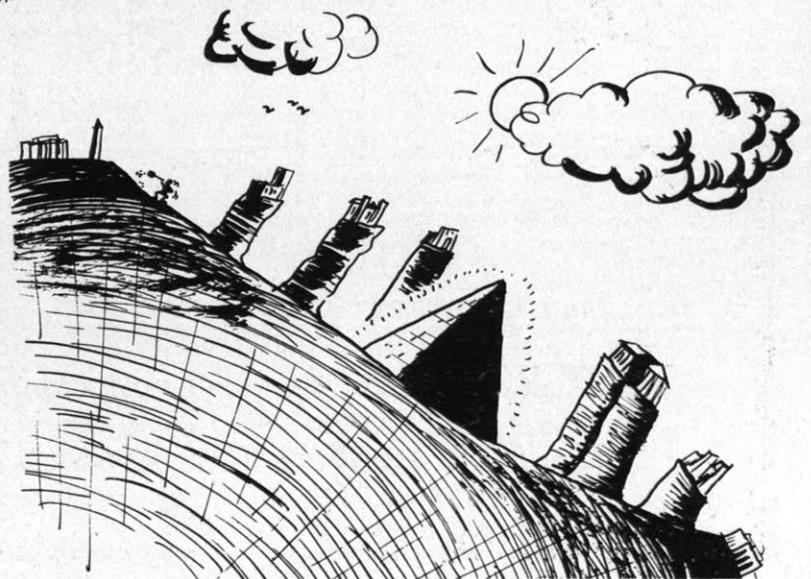


and as the weeks wore on he was forced more and more to give up his usual collegiate activities to concentrate on the problem. Then — inspiration. Remembering the immortal words of the great Roman Philosopher Bathyriscus, "Hic haec hoc, horum harum horum." (If you can't raise the bridge, lower the river.), he saw the solution. The mountain was to be built of Granite blocks, placed in position by dropping them



This was permissible as it did not violate any of the known laws of thermodynamics. Due to the willingness of the workers this was whipped off in jig time, although insurance rates were trebled.

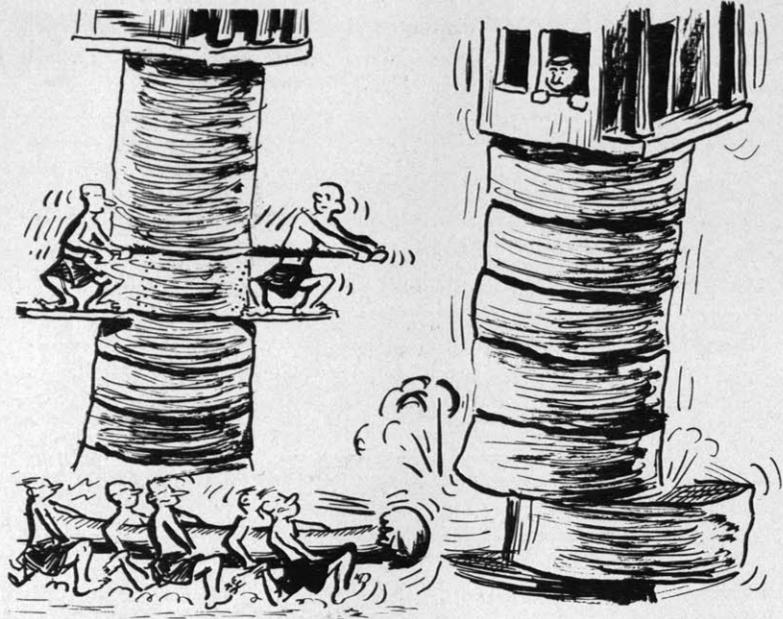
The next step was to lower the surface of the land until the excavation became a mountain. Asymptote solved the huge disposal problem by ordering the dirt dumped into the Muddy Nile, which in turn became Muddier.



Continued on next page

Continued from preceding page

All this was accomplished without disturbing the residents, which was mighty decent of old 'tote. In recognition of this great achievement Assymptote was made a full professor at the Cairo Institute of Technology by the Banks of the Much Muddier Nile.



However, as all the topsoil had been removed, fertile, cool, green, Egypt turned into a hot barren desert. Since nothing could grow there was no pollen in the air, and the Pharaoh's hay fever was finally cured. Pok Cheops could at last breathe freely, but as he slowly starved to death he realized that you just can't beat thermodynamics.

WHOLESALE

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SEE US FIRST

The much preoccupied professor walked into the barber shop and sat in a chair next to a woman who was having her hair bobbed.

"Haircut, please," ordered the professor.

"Certainly," said the barber, "but if you really want a haircut, would you mind taking off your hat first?"

The customer hurriedly removed his hat. "I'm sorry," he apologized as he looked around, "I didn't know there was a lady present!"



An atom, while busily fission,
Said, "My, what a lovely incision!
Though my family derides,
I'll split all their sides
When they see me on television!"



A tramp knocked on the door of an inn known as "George and the Dragon." When the landlady opened the door the tramp asked: "Could you spare a poor hungry man a bite to eat?"

"No!" said the woman as she slammed the door. The tramp knocked on the door a second time.

As the woman again opened the door, he asked: "Could I have a few words with George?"



Two rabbits went out into the woods and had a hare-raising experience.

—Teeling



Strauss: "I suppose now that you have a baby girl life is just one beautiful symphony?"

Beethoven: "Well, not exactly, it's more like grand opera — full of marches, arias and loud calls for the author every night."

Was that your best girl I saw you with last night?

No, necks best.



Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman who pulled up at a country farmhouse about dusk. The farmer's daughter came out to see what he wanted. "Any brushes today?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she replied, "but won't you spend the night? Father isn't here."

"I've got more work to do," he answered, and drove off.



I'm going to fire that butler. He's all wet."

"Have you been having an argument?"

"No, but my wife's been having a bath."



Indian squaw; upon returning without drink of water her Indian Chief husband sent her to get while both were traveling on a train: "White woman situm on well!"

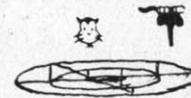


An old man had a set of monkey glands installed in his system and shortly thereafter was married. In due time his wife came to labor, and the good man waited outside the door. When the doctor opened the door, the husband besieged him. "What is it," he begged, "a boy or a girl?"

"Don't be so gol darn impatient," the doctor said. "Wait till it comes down off the chandelier and I'll tell you."



The height of bad luck — sea-sickness and lock-jaw.



LOCARNI

"He says he's the spirit of Christmas Pabst."

SUGAR AND SPICE

SUGAR AND SPICE

Dave sat up in bed, conscious of a presence in the room. He listened, hearing only the gentle fall of snowflakes on his window, and looked around, seeing only the dim outlines of his room and a soft beam of moonlight falling onto the rug. Then, shaking his head slowly, he lay back again and pulled the covers up around his neck.

He heard a soft rustling in the room. Like the sound taffeta makes when legs are shifted under it, he thought drowsily. He sat up suddenly, lunged for the light, and snapped it on.

"Hello," she said, "I had to wait for you." She shook her head in gentle reproach, blond hair glistening on her bare shoulders. Dave stared.

"Do you like the dress?" She stood up and turned once around, smiling. The gown was strapless and slashed to the thigh. She had lovely legs.

"See my bracelet?" she said, holding out her arm. A little circlet of diamonds glittered on her wrist, points of starlight on the smooth flesh.

"Don't you like it?" Her smile became a little uncertain. "I could change in a jiffy," she said. "Whatever you like." She bent toward him, her eyes asking for approval and praise.

"Oh no," Dave said at last. "You look lovely."

"Do I?" she said happily. She danced a little in the center of the room so that the skirt swung gracefully around her. "I'm so glad you like it. It's very important."

"Uh . . . excuse me . . ."

"You don't recognize me, do you, Dave?"

"Well, uh . . . no," he said, "Not at the moment. I'm sorry." He began to feel rather foolish, sitting in bed talking to a strange beauty.

Her mouth formed a little pout and she lowered her head, looking up at him. "And you won't believe me when I tell you!" Dave said nothing.

"I'm a fairy," she said. "A good fairy. It's very simple, if only you'll believe it," she rushed on. "Really it is. It's the truth, really, even if people don't believe it." She paused. "My name is Muse. And I wanted to meet you," she said wistfully. "I thought maybe we could spend part of your Christmas vacation together, Dave. If you'd like to."

The room was quite still and the snow beat against the window, insistently, gently.

"If you don't want me, I'll go," she said sadly. She stood up, the gown shimmering wildly about her.

"No," he said quickly. "No, don't go." She looked over at him her face modeling the far edge of decision. "Please don't go." And she smiled and sat down again in a chair near the bed. Dave pulled his robe from the foot of the bed and shrugged it on.

"There's only one thing," she said apologetically. "I can't drink." She giggled softly. "I'm made of sugar, sort of."

"Oh, Lord," thought Dave. "How did they ever let her get away?"

"Otherwise, I'm ready for anything." She beamed at him as if he were a combination of Adonis, Casanova, and a girl's first prom. He stood up and walked to the center of the room, watching her.

"There's a lot of parties going on." She leaned over and turned on the radio beside his bed. "Or we could stay right here." The radio came on, softly broadcasting dance music and echoes from some one-night stand. "Dance with me, Dave?" She rose and danced gracefully into his arms. She was smooth and light, dancing perfectly with him. When he pressed her back experimentally, she cuddled.



IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE —

"Let's sit down for a minute," he said. "Give me time to catch up with things." They sat together on the couch.

"No," she said after a few minutes. "Please. Not now." She pushed him firmly, gently away.

Feeling somewhat heady, Dave went to the closet and dug out a magnum and two glasses. He filled the glasses and gave her one.

"No, thanks," she said, accepting the glass and putting it carefully on the floor beside the couch. "I told you, I can't drink."

"Champagne," he said. "Saved from a wedding." He took a long swallow smiling at her over the glass. "You know, now I think I'm beginning to believe in you. My good fairy."

She smiled happily up at him as he sat down and put his arm around her again. All you need, he thought, is a drink or two, my pixillated paragon. And don't you know it.

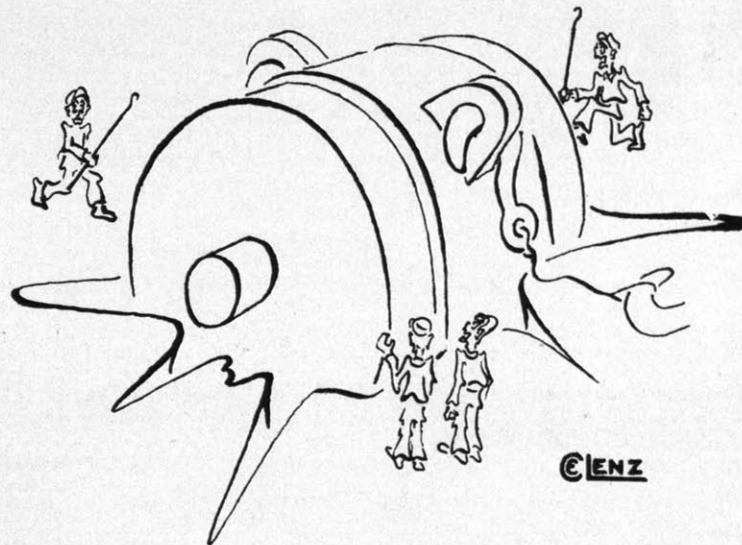
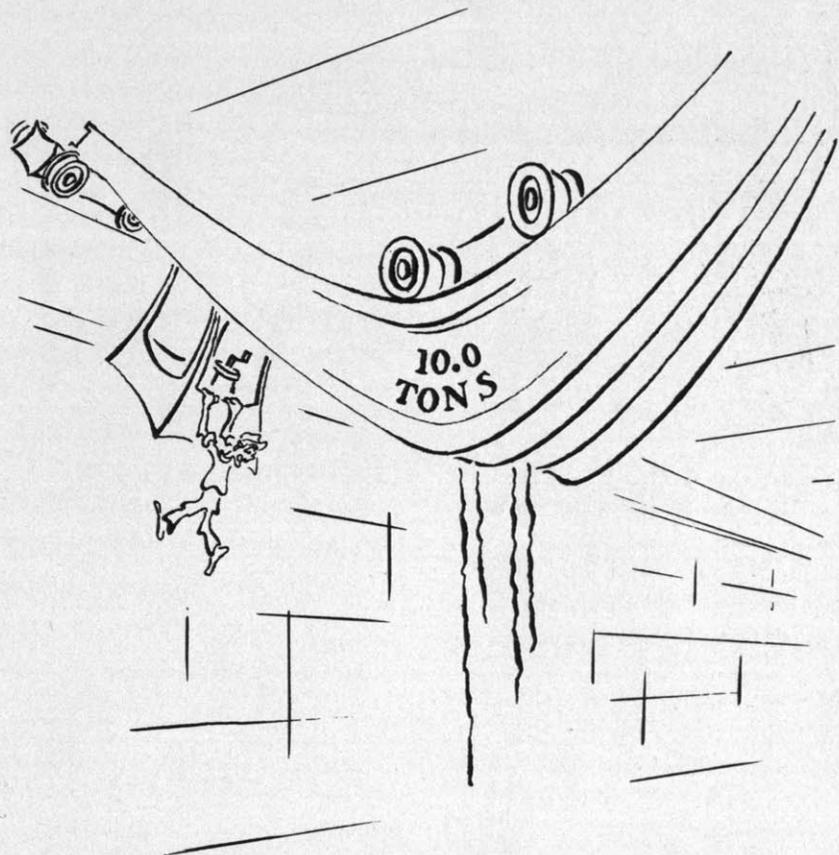
"Come on. What's a party without champagne?" He held the glass near her lips and she turned her head away. He shrugged and took another drink, tasting the golden bubbles against his palate. He turned to her again and she said nothing, and did not push him away.

A little later, as he stood up and pulled her gently toward the bed, he picked up the magnum, now almost empty, and carried it with him. He sat on the edge of the bed as she stepped out of her gown, dropping it carelessly on the floor. When he beckoned, she sat in his lap, leaning heavily, drowsily, against him.

"Just a little drink," he said, "my sugar plum fairy." And before she could try to stop him he poured it at her half-open mouth.

Like sand under water her face dissolved and ran and vanished as she fell against his arms, crying thinly against him.

Van

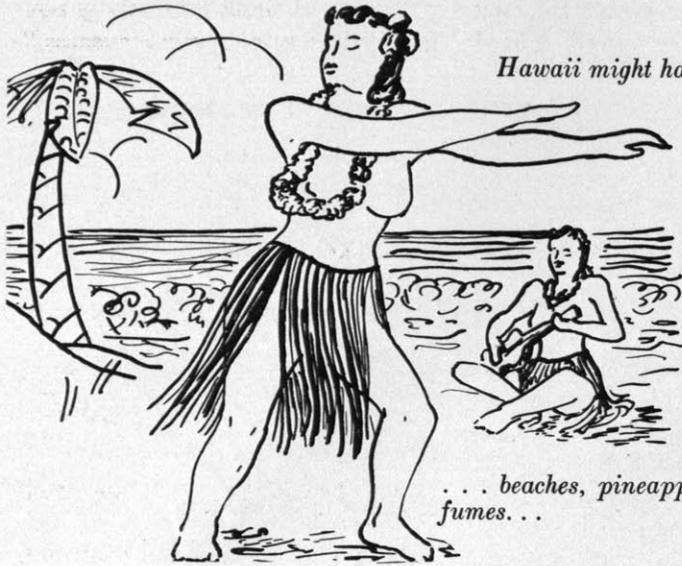


"Damn that decimal point!"

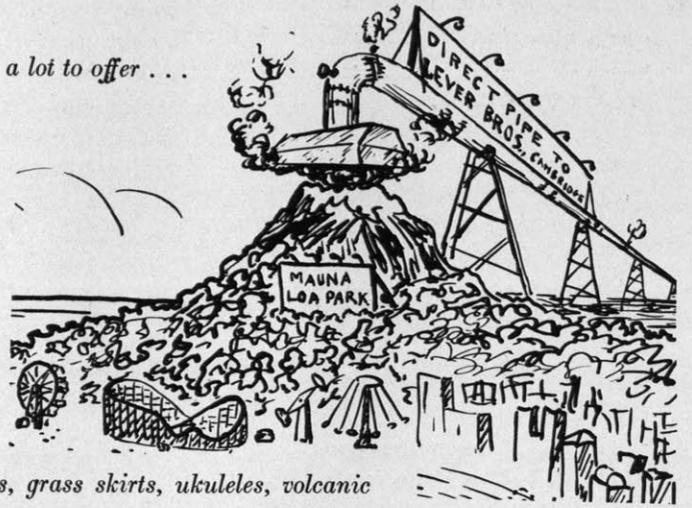


This, Gentlemen, is History

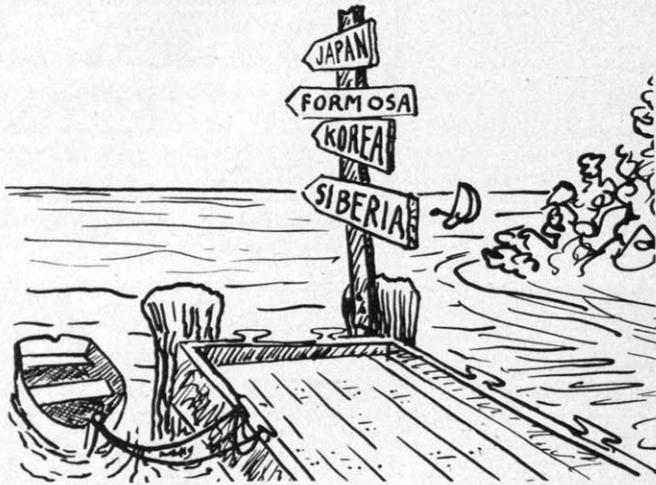
It is possible that to the ranks of our forty-eight illustrious states, two more may be added; Alaska and/or Hawaii:



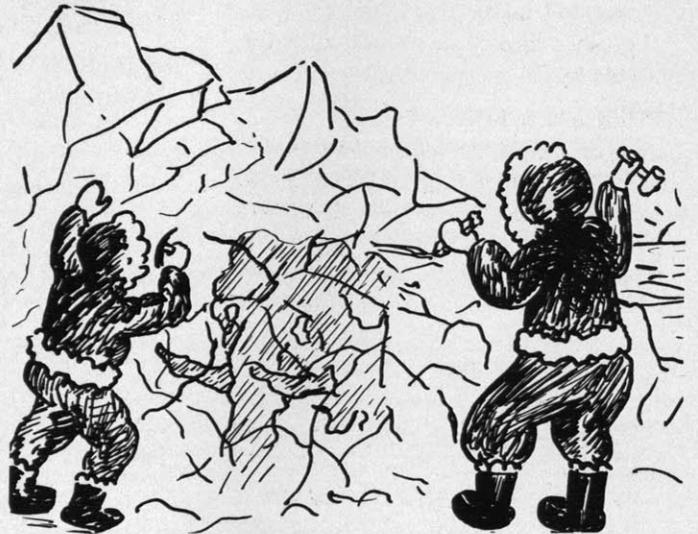
Hawaii might have a lot to offer . . .



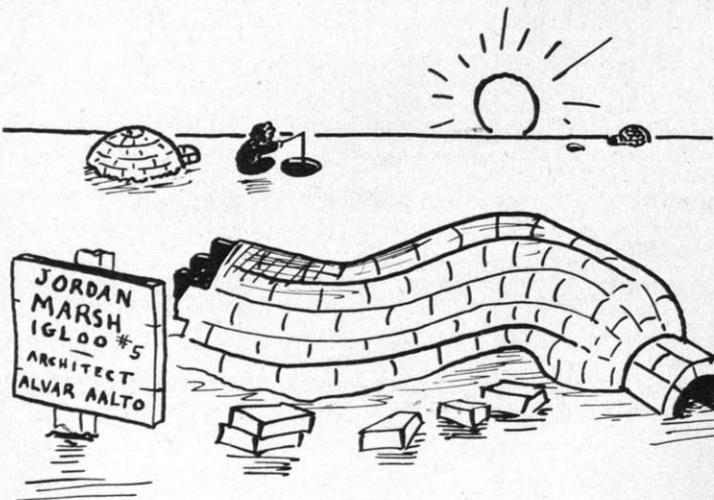
. . . beaches, pineapples, grass skirts, ukuleles, volcanic fumes . . .



. . . and it's a terrific clipper stop — if you're going in that direction . . .



While Alaska would be valuable as the world's most abundant source of ice and frozen mastodons.



And Alaska would also provide us room to expand . . .



Of course this might set a bad precedent . . . and what a lousy route for some poor mailman.

LITTLE WILLIE

Little Willie took a dart;
Plunged it into baby's heart.
Mother said, in great distress,
"You've put a hole in her new
dress."

Willie took a baseball bat
And bashed his brother's head out
flat.
His father said, "now ain't you
'shamed
Without that bat, we'll lose the
game."

Willie, with his pocket knife,
Took his baby sister's life.
Said father, "You know knives
weren't made
For acts like that. You'll dull the
blade."

Willie, in a fit of passion,
Gave his grandma's throat a slashin'.
His mother said, "You're awful
mean —
That blood-red spoils my color
scheme."

—Gini Dun



"They call that couple over there
the 'Teddy Roosevelts.'"

"Why?"

"He's always rough and she's
always ready."

—Show Me



He held up a glass in one hand
and a bottle in the other, and said
to his girl friend — "Say when." "
"Oh," she said. "Right after
this drink."



Two cats were about to have a
duel. "Let's have an understanding
before we start," said the first.
"About what?" asked the other.
"Is it to be a duel to the death
or shall we make it the best three
lives out of five?"

—Pup

Many a girl who's on the shelf
Could easily have saved herself
Numerous remorse,
If she had nabbed a wedding ring
Before she started exploiting
Her natural resources.

—Pup



On the subject of bras, someone
has said that the hook should be in
front. Budding efficiency expert no
doubt.



There is some cooperation be-
tween wild creatures. The stork
and the wolf usually work the same
neighborhood.



"Many a heaving bosom is noth-
ing more than a hope chest."



Life being what it is,
Men being what they are,
The girl who really goes places,
Is the one who will go far.



Nurse: "I think that college boy
in 312 is regaining consciousness."
Doctor: "Yes, he tried to blow
the foam off his medicine."



Jane: Does your boy friend have
ambitions?

Mary: Yes, ever since he's been
knee high.

—Chiropractor



There was a young fellow from
Wheeling
Endowed with such delicate feeling,
When he read on the door,
"Don't spit on the floor,"
He jumped up and spit on the
ceiling.



Confucius say: "Wash face in
morning. Neck at night."



Opposites attract — like tight men
and loose women, for instance.

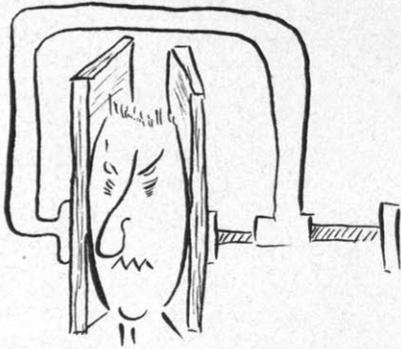


"Psssst! What in hell is ANGOSTURA?"

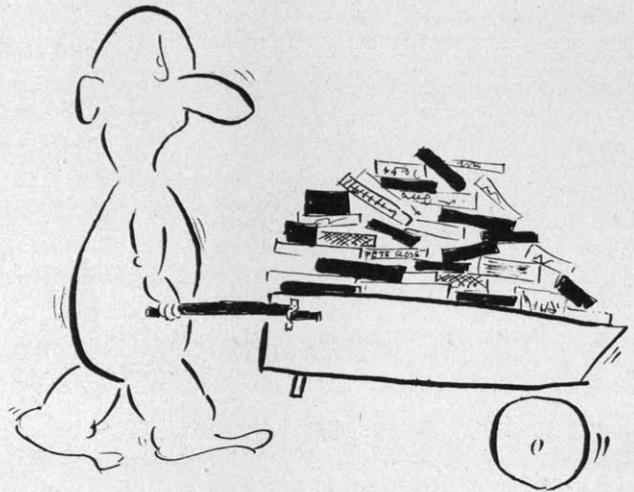
QUIZ ROOM TYPES



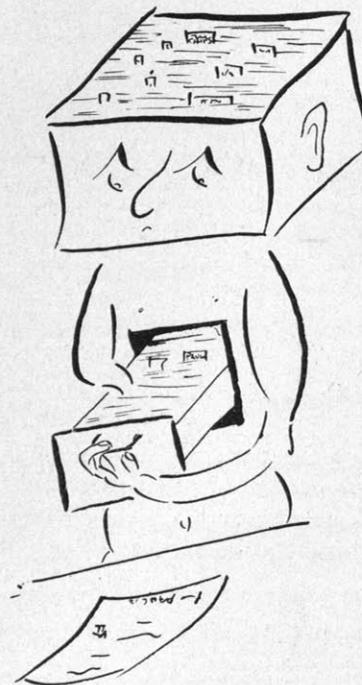
THE NERVOUS TYPE. *This type is particularly bothersome in the quiz room; the chattering of his teeth makes concentration difficult. He's had the runs for the past week and hasn't had a thing to eat for three days. He wastes the first half hour of the quiz trying to get a firm grip on his pencil, and invariably flunks because his instructor can't make out what he's written if anything at all.*



THE DIDN'T CRACK THE BOOK 'TIL THE NIGHT BEFORE TYPE. *This guy crams and crams and crams the night before. The information he's amassed is just about coming out of his ears. He keeps away from noises and tries to move smoothly so he won't forget anything. He flunks because he sneezes just before the quiz starts and finds he doesn't remember a thing.*

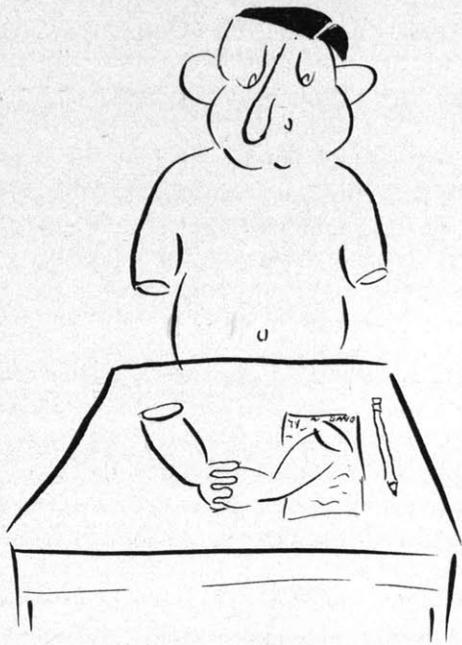


IT'S ALL IN THE BOOK TYPE. *Found only at open-book quizzes. His instructor has fooled him into thinking that all he needs to know is where to find the correct equation so he spent all night making a master index of all his, and Eastman's, books. Usually flunks because he forgets his sliderule.*



THE WELL PREPARED TYPE. *Very rare. Instructors hate him because they never ask questions. Instead, he tells them where the mistakes on the quiz paper are. Students hate him by definition. The faculty flunks him out of spite.*

QUIZ ROOM TYPES



THE TEMPORARILY PARALYTIC TYPE. *Happens to the best of us. Perfectly all right as soon as papers are collected. Administration likes him because he keeps operating costs down. Gets F anyway.*



DETERMINED TYPE. *This guy has flunked all his term quizzes but thinks he can get an H in the course by hitting the final. He flunks miserably because he can't unclench his fists.*

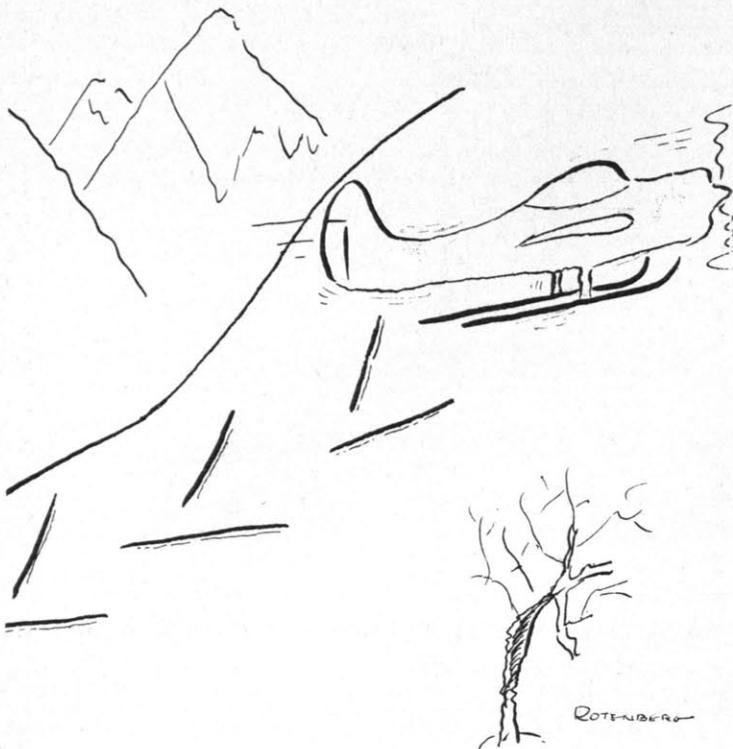


THE HYSTERICAL TYPE. *No matter if the quiz is a boat race, this character has to squawk. He wastes the entire hour complaining to the instructor . . . "but we ain't never been responsible for this here differentiation stuff . . ." Usually gets high F because he's pretty quick on that there arithmetic stuff.*



ROTEBERG.

THE LATE IN EARLY OUT TYPE. *Rare, but not rare enough. Gets drunk every night and goes to the Old Howard the night before the quiz. He never eats well, gets insufficient sleep, and he's a chain smoker (cigars). The only time he spends in school is registration day. He never uses a like rule and does the complete exam on half a sheet of paper. And he passes.*



Harv. "Don't you think our yard is an intriguing place?"

MIT: "I'll say. It's a real fairyland."



Judge: "What's the charge against this man?"

Officer. "Stealing nine bottles of beer, Your Honor."

Judge: "Dismissed. I can't make a case out of nine bottles."



The customer beckoned to the new waitress. He said, looking rather embarrassed, "Could you tell me where the smoking room is?"

"Oh," the waitress replied, "you can smoke right here at the table."



She was only a Carnival Queen, but she made a lot of concessions.



A king's jester punned incessantly until the king, in desperation, condemned him to be hanged. However, when the executioners had taken the jester to the gallows, the king, thinking that after all a good jester was not easy to find, relented and sent a messenger post haste with a royal pardon.

Arriving at the gallows just in time, where the jester stood with the rope already about his neck, the messenger read the king's decree, to the effect that the jester would be pardoned if he would promise never to make another pun. The jester could not resist the temptation of the opportunity, however, for he cackled out, "No noose is good news."

And they hanged him . . .

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The young son of the family was large for his age and for years would eat no food except cereals. There came a time when the young man started coming home from school quite late of evenings and so his mother questioned him.

"Mother, I've never told you a lie," responded the boy, "and I won't start now. Mary and I have been stopping and playing in that old house that's vacant down on Vermont street. Then we usually stop some more and play in that vacant lot with the high weeds before we get home."

The boy's father overheard the conversation from his point of vantage in the kitchen. Instantly he sprang to his feet and reached into the pantry to grab up a heavy iron frying pan.

The mother stepped between father and son saying, "I brought this boy up to tell the truth and he has told it. You're not going to strike him."

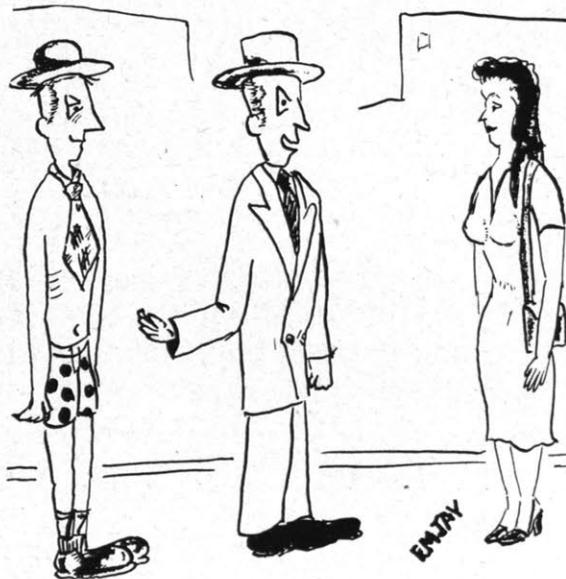
"Strike him?" said the old man. "I just started to fry him a couple of eggs. He can't live like that on nothing but cereal."

One of the young ladies in the office had on her desk a frothy volume entitled: "The Gentle Art of Seduction." Glancing through it, I came across the following passage:

"In case of deliberate seduction the gentleman, or Wolf, if the case should be very wary, and considerate. For instance, in a situation where the gentleman is only about nineteen while the lady is in the neighborhood of forty, the gentleman should exercise great caution because the lady in the case will no doubt have had more experience in the subject than he has; on the other hand, if the gentleman is in the neighborhood of forty while the lady in the case is only about nineteen, the gentleman should exercise great caution because the lady in the case will no doubt have had much more experience in the subject than he has."



Did you hear about the sleepy bride who couldn't stay awake for a second?



"Joe's the casual type . . ."

Sam and Joe were riding their camels out on the desert that was really deserted . . . no trees, no water holes, no cactus, not even a tumble weed . . . nothing but sand in any direction. But as they rode on, they noticed a dark spot far over to their left. It was out of their way but out of curiosity they rode over to see what it was.

It was a man lying there, with a huge stake driven into his chest, dried, sticky blood splattered on his clothes.

Sam and Joe got off their camels and discovered that the poor fellow was breathing and he was conscious. Sam, in a shocked, pitying voice asked, "Hey, buddy, what happened?" The fellow slowly opened his eyes and softly whispered his story.

"Robbers . . . robbers . . . they rode in and ruined me . . . burned my buildings . . . drove all my stock away . . . took all my money . . . my life savings of twenty years . . . they raped my wife . . . killed my children . . . dragged me out here and drove this stake in my chest . . . nothing to eat . . . nothing to drink . . . two or three days."

"Well," Joe says, "We've got some water and a little food here, but that stake in your chest . . . doesn't it hurt?"

"Only when I laugh." the old man gasped.

—The Rivet



Prospective mothers, sad but true,
Not only eat, but dress for two.



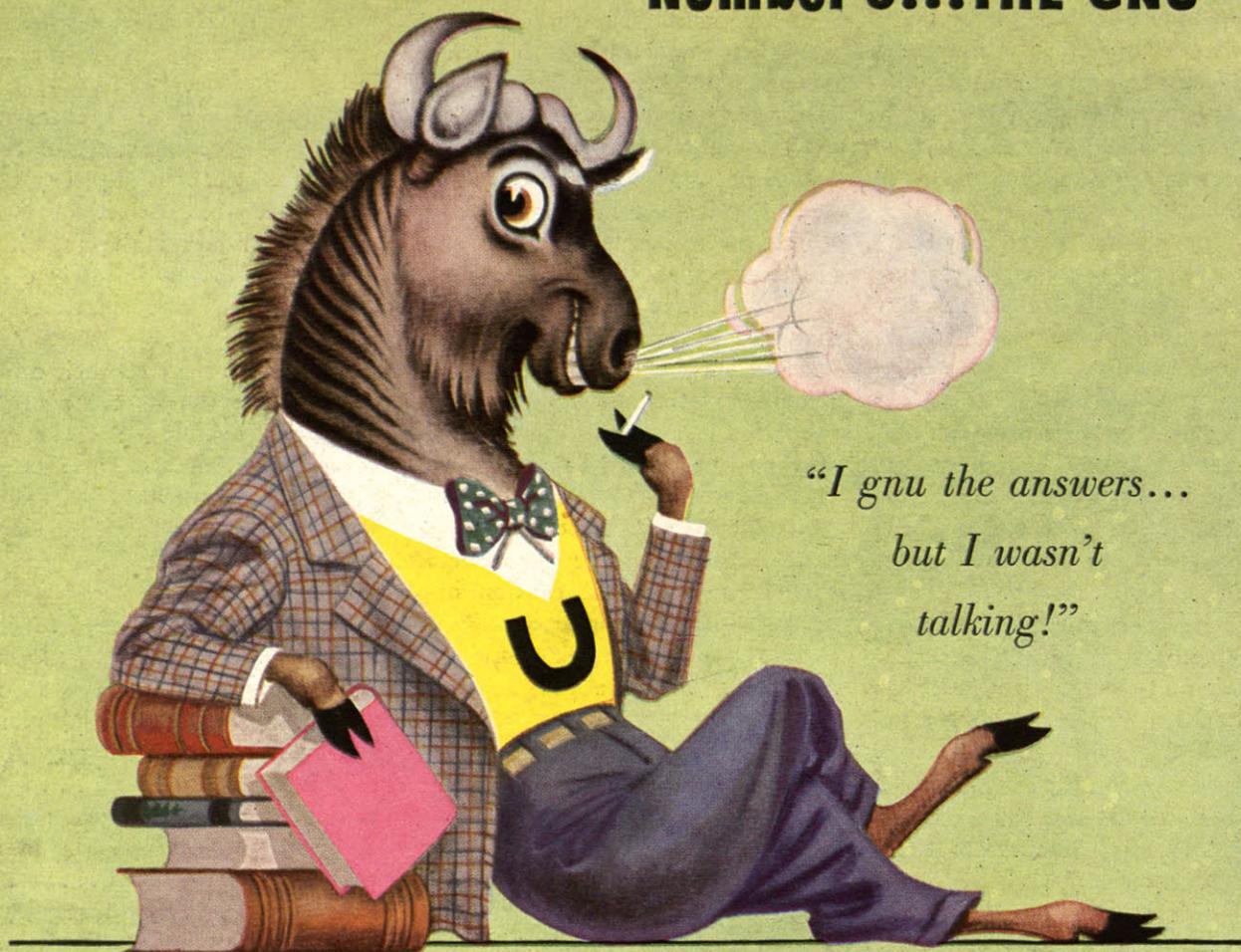
"But darling, why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin?"

"All the fellows say it scratches their hands."

—AIM Newsletter

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 3...THE GNU



*"I gnu the answers...
but I wasn't
talking!"*

The debating team couldn't make much use of this non-talkative baby . . . but one look at his "literary leanings" tells you that tests don't buffalo *him*. 'Specially those tricky cigarette tests! As a smoker, you probably know, too, that one puff or one sniff — or a mere one-inhale comparison can't prove very much about a cigarette! Why not make the *sensible* test — the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test.

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