

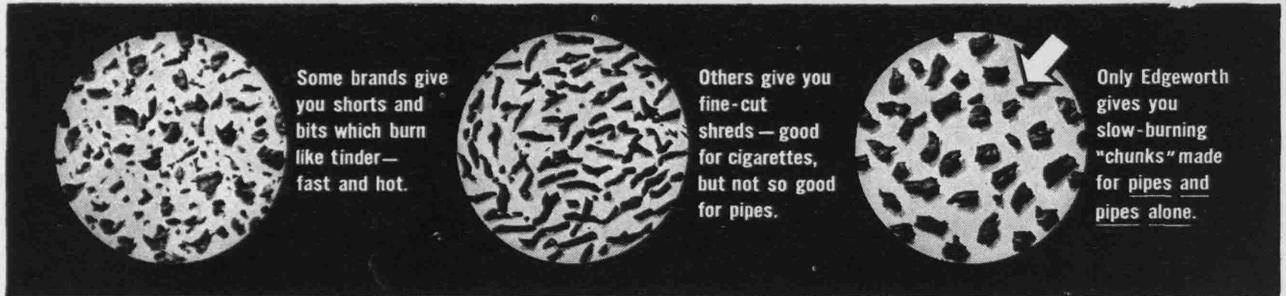
VOO DOO



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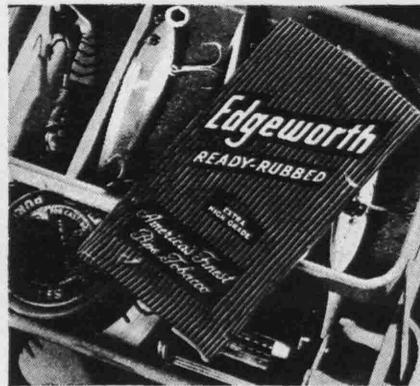
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VOO DOO

Vol. 37 No. 7

Dec. 1955

Est. 1919

Some business brought us down to Harvard Square Saturday last; seems as if the football season is in full swing there.

The contagious merriment which pervaded the place--what with the baloonmen and the pennants and the camel-coated girls--all left us more wistful than any of us there cared to admit.

What it all boiled down to, back in the drafting room, was the realization that we have not aged very graciously under that great old tradition here that M.I.T. is a Place for Men to Work not Boys to Play Dammit.

Might as well face it--we're old, old men, and it isn't becoming.

But enough of this editorializing. As for myself, I'm making it a point to get to a football game Thanksgiving Day morning--if only I can manage to get up in time.

C. B. F.

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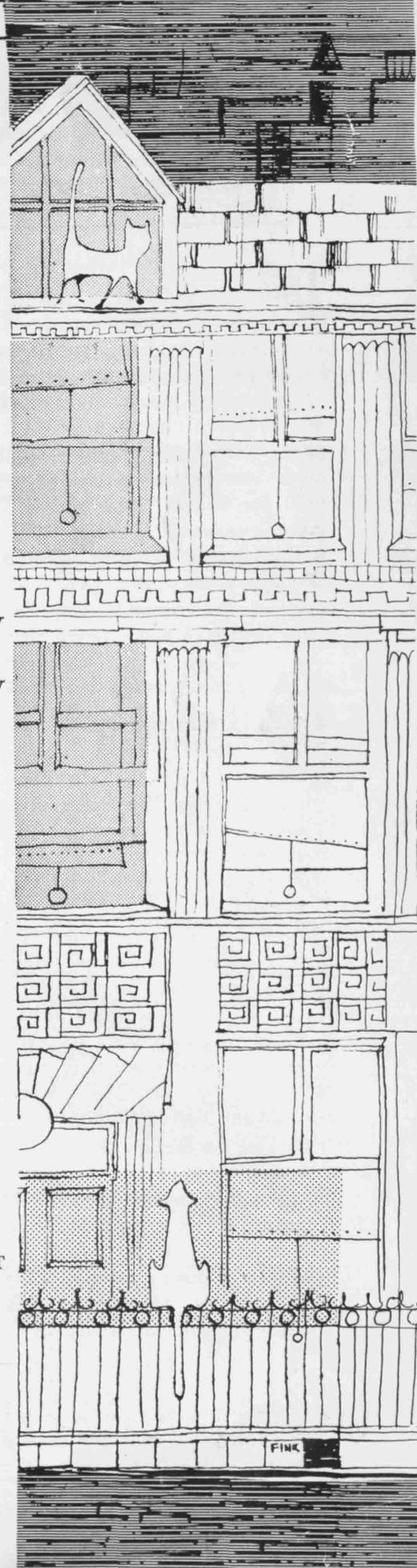
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All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

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If your name is Aaron Aardvark, first in the phone book, or Zebulon Zymurgy, last in the phone book, you no longer have any claim to fame. Actual examination of the Boston Telephone Directory shows that these two exalted positions are held by Asger Aaboe and Zillman Zzys, respectively.

How ironic are the idiosyncracies of man!

URCHIN baiting is one of the more popular sports here at the Institute. Late one afternoon, someone from the fifth floor tossed a few pennies out of the window to tempt two young Cambridge lads who lingered outside. The sight of such rare coin being irresistible to the urchins, they rushed forward to gather them up, but they were frustrated in their attempts by a deluge of water. Again they assayed forth, and once more they were repulsed by mariahs, water bombs, and various other spray. It looked as though they would never succeed.

But, in their darkest hour of despair, a figure emerged from The shadows. It was that of a familiar Techman clothed only in a raincoat, rainhat and hip boots. He strode calmly over, picked up the coins, and flung them to the waiting urchins. Then he retreated into the shadows as nonchalantly as he had emerged, an unsung hero, the courageous champion of the downtrodden and underprivileged.

I first encountered the term "intuitively obvious" in my freshman year, and its connotation has puzzled me ever since. Quite recently, however, an instructor wrote an equation on the blackboard and asserted that it was obvious. Immediately, a voice from the rear spoke up and challenged the obviousness of the statement. The instructor, having been momentarily taken aback, stutted for a moment, paused as if in deep thought, and then shyly admitted that it was not obvious. "But," he added, "if you think about it for a while it will become obvious."

Now it's completely clear.

THEY (they being the physics lab instructors) call my roommate the Radiation Kid because, in trying to become familiar with the equipment, he opened up a package to see what was inside, thereby exposing 500 sheets of X-ray paper.

AFTER last month's issue, we were greeted by a host of letters demanding to know why the sender had not received his October issue. The answer is there was no October issue; we will publish eight issues running from November to June. This is to endow the magazine with that aura of hot off the griddle-ness which usually impels otherwise undecided purchasers in the right direction.

THE pass from center was straight and true. The quarterback faked twice, kept the ball and deftly sidestepped two would-be tacklers. Then he let fly a perfect spiral far downfield. The left end, thinking of the big intramural game on the morrow, eluded the safety man, and sped to the farthest corner of Briggs Field, near Baker House. The pass was over his head, but within reach. He leaped high into the air, stretched out his arms, gathered in the pigskin, and then was violently pushed. He looked up, to see a gray tweed suit with a cocktail glass in one hand and a croquet mallet in the other. Above all this was a disapproving glance, chastising him for barging onto the croquet area.

If our football fields are already being used for croquet, what is to be the future of athletics at the Institute? What is to become of our hardier athletes? Perhaps we should use DuPont's million to provide new croquet courts so that our old football haunts will be left intact.

AT a recent Baker House acquaintance affair, a rather big and husky Techman met a petite young girl who he thought was quite refined. It was his strategy, therefore, to impress her with his essential sophistication and thus overrule any impressions of isensitivity which the sight of so hulking a frame might have stimulated within her guileless mind.

In as dainty a manner possible, he leaned forward against the water cooler which happened to be between them and began to converse in most elegant terms on the nature of intellectual freedom. Just as he became certain that he had convinced her of his native acumen and the sincerity of his ideas, he noticed the eyes of his listener focused fixedly upon the water cooler, and at that instant he became aware of a clammy sensation against his stomach. Glancing downward, he discovered to his chagrin that water was pouring steadily into his jacket pocket and cascading down to his shoes as it must have been for the past ten minutes. He straightened up just in time to hear a laughing voice exclaiming, 'You're playing it too cool.'

CONVERSATION overheard at the Northeastern book store: Prospective Purchaser: This magazine Voo Doo put out by MIT, it must be very technological.

Proprietor: No, not too technological.

PP: Well, it must be scientific anyway.

P: No, not too scientific.

P: Well, what kind of magazine is it then?

P: It's a humor magazine, dirty jokes, off-color stories, you know.

P: Gee, it's a good thing you warned me in time.

He strode to the next counter.

ANY reader of the Monday, October 10 Boston Herald was sure to notice the following bold headline which appeared in the sports section: HARVARD HAD THE TOOLS. This reminds one of a similar headline which preceded an equally dynamic article almost half a century ago, provided one is a half century old. The story concerns a dean's battle against the proposed construction of a statue in Harvard Yard and the headline read: DEAN OPPOSES ERECTION IN COURTYARD.

We walked into the Savoy the other night to find a seedy intermission pianist making his way through some tired and undistinguished chords. We asked the headwaiter quietly when we could expect the featured entertainment. "Second door to the left," he replied smartly.

Ah, but the joys of Boston; this center of inquisitive and aspiring youth! For when we did seek the consolation of the second door to the left we found among statements unnecessary

(Jeremiah was here), tasteless (), and coy (J.L. loves A.O.), the neatly pencilled contribution: Re-evaluate your basic assumptions.



The professional photographer woke up one morning with a severe pain in his neck. It bothered him so much that he decided to consult his doctor. "Do you sleep with the window open?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," he replied.

"Ah, that is the cause of your trouble," said the physician, "you may continue to sleep by an open window, but be sure your neck is not exposed. Keep covered."

When the photographer went to bed that night, he found his wife in a very amorous mood. During the course of this pleasant event, however, he was always conscious of his doctor's advice to keep his neck warm. So, as the covers would slip down below his shoulder, he would grab them in his hands and pull them all the way up over his head. This happened no less than three times when his wife finally said in exasperation:

"What is this? Are you making love or taking pictures?"

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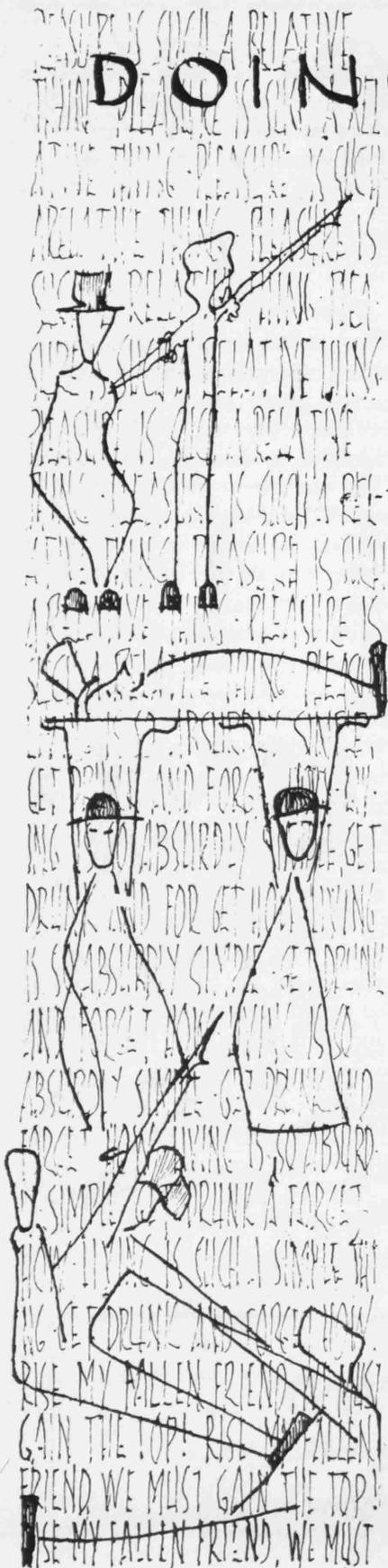
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DOING THE TOWN



Considering the recent furor stirred up on the subject of the 'whole man', we cannot help but feel that we are perhaps merely tossing another straw on the camel's already mutilated back, but for what it is worth, we are about to offer here our humble suggestions as an aid in the cultivation of a very essential part of the sophisticate — man of the world — dilettante — whole man — or what have you. This essential part is a familiarity with and a taste for fine wines.

Since wine is made from fermented grapes and a grape may be big or little, dark or light, sweet or tart, to any degree, there are hundreds of varieties of wines. The most famous are those of France. These are superior to domestic wines (we say this at the risk of being investigated) because American wines as a rule are mass produced and not prepared and aged with the care that good European wines receive.

Much of the character of a wine comes from the type of grape from which it is made. All red wines are produced from dark grapes, while white wines may be made from either white grapes or dark grapes from which the skins have been removed. If the grape skins are allowed to remain in contact with the

juice during part of the fermentation process and then removed, some color is imparted to the wine and a true rosé results. Other rosé wines are produced by mixing both red and white grapes for pressing or by blending red and white wines. The most important factors in determining the essence of a wine, however, are the soil and growing conditions where the grapes are cultivated. For example, the Muscat grape produces a rich, sweet wine in Southern France, while the same grape, when grown in Alsace to the north, produces a fairly dry wine. The difference in climate accounts to some measure for the difference in wines.

To try to generalize the nature of wine produced by a particular area is nearly impossible, but the wines of Bordeaux (called 'Clarets' by the English) tend to be relatively soft and have a balanced delicateness. The wines of Burgundy, under the influence of its hot growing season, tend to be heartier and full-bodied. Within these areas the wines vary so greatly that the name given prominently on the bottle is not the general area (e.g., Bordeaux or Burgundy) but smaller sub-regions whose wines have similar characteristics. Some of the more familiar wines from

the Bordeaux area may display the names *Médoc*, *Haut-Médoc*, *Graves*, *Sauternes*, *Barsac* or *St. Emilion*. A total of 24 place-names are recognized legally in Bordeaux. Burgundies may appear under such names as *Côte de Nuits*, *Côte d'Or*, *Chablis*, *Côte de Beaune* or *Beaujolais*. Similarly *Tavel* and *Hermitage* are familiar wines from the Rhône Valley. Usually a vineyard or château producing a great wine will display its name most prominently on the bottle. For example, wine labeled *Château Haut-Brion* is a famous red wine coming from a château in Graves and *Château d'Yquem* is the producer of a great Sauterne.

In addition to the area producing the grape, the year in which the wine was produced is another important factor in determining the quality of the wine. Differences in the growing season affect the character of the grape. Wines containing only the juice of grapes grown during a particular year are called vintage wines and the bottle is labeled with that year. If the name of a specific château also appears on the label, the grapes were developed by only one particular estate as well. If the vintage wine is not estate-bottled, it is usually a combination of wines from several areas. Non-vintage, non-estate-bottled wines are usually blends of poor wines with a somewhat better wine.

In selecting a wine, one should not be a slave to a vintage chart. A good year does not necessarily imply a good wine from all châteaux. However, generally in a good year the wine from a poor château is usually reasonably good; in a poor year the wine from the good château is fair while that of the lesser

château is poor. On the other hand even in only fair years a good shipper can create a fairly good wine through a careful blend of several wines, each lacking in a specific desirable quality. The estate-bottled wines are usually best because since they contain only the grapes from one vineyard they possess a distinctive character and uniqueness.



To guard against fraud, France passed a set of rigid laws establishing local boards to check the authenticity of wines. On the label of a bottle the name of the area producing the wine is therefore followed by *Appellation Contrôlée*. The estate-bottled wines also bear the statement *Mis En Bouteilles Au Château*, often followed by the name of the grower. In addition, the vineyards in certain areas have been classified, after careful samplings of their wines, according to a 1 through 5 rating system (known as first growth, etc.) in order of decreasing quality. Some labels may therefore carry such statements as *Première Cru Classe*.

Finally, a word on the drinking of wine. Here the more independent readers might be tempted to flip ahead to the dirty jokes with the grumble that nobody is going to tell them how

to guzzle wine. Let us, therefore, quickly make it clear that a good part of what may seem to be dogma is actually solid sense.

Red wine should be drunk at room temperature since a good part of its enjoyment resides in its bouquet and this is more readily released if the wine is not chilled. (For those who are technically-minded, the vapor pressure of these volatile products, principally ethers, is an increasing function of temperature.) White wines, however, should be well chilled. They have a certain roughness which is suppressed, bringing the wine to a better balance, when chilled. Rose wines are best if slightly chilled.

Wine should always be drunk either before or with food. (We can recommend no better midnight snack than a large glass of red Bordeaux and some dark bread and garlic cheese.) As to the much memorized formula relating the color of the wine to the food, in capsule form, red wines go best with red meats, white wines with white meats and fish. The main reason for this is that red wines contain a large amount of tannin which interferes with the proper digestion of fish foods. In selecting a wine to go with a particular food, the most important thing to remember is merely that a delicate wine cannot be fully appreciated with a strongly flavored food and vice versa.

Now, hoping you are suitably inspired, let us wish you *Bon Appetit* or, as the case may be, *Bon Soir*. And if your roommates accuse you of having turned alcoholic, sneer---the average per capita consumption of wine in France is forty-two gallons per year.

————— *Bernie Wuensch*

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The father and mother were distressed one day to learn that their seven year old son had been naughty with the little girl from next door. That evening they confronted him.

"Johnny," said his father, "is it true that you've been doing these things?"

"Yes, father," the boy replied, "I cannot tell a lie."

Pleased with the boy's honesty the parents could not punish him and the mother rewarded his truthfulness with some cookies.

Several days later, Johnny reported himself and his affair with the neighbor, and again he was rewarded with cookies for his honesty. And soon there followed a confession a day from the lips of the honest child each time with the reward of cookies.

When Johnny confessed his tenth episode with the little girl, his father finally arose from his chair and started back to the kitchen.

"What are you going to do?" asked the mother.

"I'm going back here to fix some eggs," was the reply, "that boy can't keep that sort of thing up on cookies."



Two residents of the backwoods country greeted each other one morning.

"Say," queried the first, "what did you give your mule when he had heaves?"

"Turpentine," offered the other helpfully.

Two weeks later they met again.

"What did you say you gave your mule when he was sick?" again asked the first.

"Turpentine," answered the helpful one.

"Well, I gave it to mine and it killed him."

"Killed mine too," said his pal.



"I don't want any callers this afternoon," said the chairman of one of the university departments to his secretary.

"If they say their business is important, just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon a lady called and insisted on seeing him. "I am his wife," she exclaimed.

"That's what they all say," replied the secretary.

The little island in the South Pacific was in an uproar when the American missionary visited the chief of the tribe.

"What's the commotion?" demanded the missionary.

"There's a white baby been born in the village," replied the savage, "and you know we don't like no white man messin' around with our women. Since you is de only white man on de island dey is fixin' to fry you alive."

The missionary was in a state of nervous collapse when he spied a flock of sheep on the hillside behind the village. Turning to the chief he cried, "Look there on the hillside chief, you see that flock of white sheep?"

"Ah sho do," replied the chief.

"Well," said the missionary, "Do you see the black sheep in the middle of the flock?"

"Ah see it," responded the chief.

"There's no other black sheep and there never has been, has there?"

"Well?"

"Well."

The chief beckoned the missionary aside and whispered in his ear, "You not tell, me not tell"



The sexy redhead was telling her roommate about an unusual experience she'd had on a date the night before.

"George asked me to pose for him," she said, "in the nude."

"And of course you told him you're not a model," countered the roommate.

"Of course," said the red-head, "but he said that didn't matter, because he's not an artist."



A lovely little old lady contributed a pair of pajamas to the Red Cross. "I made them myself," she said proudly.

They were perfect in every detail—except that there was no opening in the front of the pants. When the inspector explained the error, the old lady's face fell. Suddenly she brightened.

"Couldn't you give them to a bachelor," she suggested.

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He listened for a moment to the short buzzes, and then slowly replaced the receiver on the hook. It really wasn't worth the effort, he reflected, mechanically dialing again; no girl ever went out with him twice. Sometimes they made their lack of enthusiasm for his company clear at the end of the first date; but for the more polite ones he had to suffocate in a phone booth and wear out his dialing finger for the privilege of being told off. It was still busy; he put the dime back in and began wondering what it would be like to someday tell some girl where to go instead of its always being the other way around.

Just as he was deciding that it would be wonderful, he heard the satisfying sound of the longer buzzes. Three minutes later he was saying, "Oh? You're busy two weeks from next Friday, too?"

He searched his pocket for the scraps of paper with other phone numbers on them — there was no sense in carrying a little black book; he never needed a number that long. He smiled momentarily at the thought of a friend of his who wrote telephone numbers on the money in his wallet and whose sole comment on other people's dates was "I've spent better girls than her." Then, remembering the serious business at hand, he reached for another dime and began dialing again.

An hour later he stumbled out of the phone booth, cursing the whole damn opposite sex, and wandered back to his room where he silently took his physics notes away from his roommate who was using them for scrap paper.

"What did she say?" asked his roommate.

"The usual."

"Want me to get you a blind date?"

"No."

"Want to lend me your car?"

"Get me a blind date."

Saturday night came and the gods smiled on him. She was beautiful and he stood staring at her, recovering just in time to prevent his roommate from switching dates. They went to a dance and it was wonderful; he was able to keep time with the orchestra, his jokes were funny and, by ten o'clock, he was in love.

The two of them left the dance early and went up to his room. He mixed drinks and they began to talk. It turned out that they liked the same music and that his favorite books were her favorites also. At last he had found The Girl.

They reached her dorm with a minute and a half to spare. After a last lingering embrace she told him she had had a wonderful time and then asked softly if he would call her the following week.

"No, I won't call you," he replied savagely, this is the lousiest date I've ever had." Fearless and strong he walked into the night.

—Vic Teplitz

An elderly Chinese who was not yet educated in the ways of American finance went to a bank with a \$100.00 draft that he had received from a wealthy relative in the old country. The teller handed him \$98.75. The Chinese stood there obviously puzzled, so the teller went on to explain that money in America and money from another country was not always the same. It depended on the fluctuation in the market. Sometimes it would be higher and sometimes it would be lower.

About two weeks later the Chinese gentleman was back again with another \$100.00 draft and this time the teller handed him \$97.50. Again he hesitated before leaving, so once more the teller tried to explain the principle of fluctuating values. Two more weeks passed and the Chinese was there for the third time with a \$100.00 draft; he was given \$96.85; and the teller was about to go through his routine when the Chinese stopped him and said "I know, fluct again."



Davis, after a busy day with his young daughter finally got her off to bed, and he and his wife did likewise. During the night his bedroom door was opened by his daughter, who stuck her head in and said, "Daddy, get me a drink of water." "Not now," he answered. "Later."

A few minutes later, she again said to her father. "Later, later," he said.

"Daddy," she persisted, "if you will go and get me a drink of water, I will shake the bed for 'Mama.'"



Our unabashed dictionary defines 'Toll House Cookie' as a "cute prostitute."



Three smart girls walked into a bar one night. The first smart girl held up four fingers and the bartender gave her Four Roses. The second smart girl held up three fingers and she got Three Feathers. The third smart girl held out a crooked finger horizontally. The bartender gave her Old Grandad.

Three French boys, ages eight, ten and twelve, were walking together down a Paris street and, passing an open window where a young bride and groom were consummating their marriage, stopped to watch. "Observe!" said the eight year old. "That lady and gentleman are fighting!"

"You are mistaken," said the ten year old, both older and more sophisticated than his comrade. "They are making love."

"Oui," said the twelve year old. "And badly."



Pierre and Henri were old buddies who hadn't seen each other in years. They met on the streets of Paris one day, and the conversation went as follows:

"How are things going?"

"Fine, and with you?"

"All right. By the way, are you doing anything tonight?"

"Why no, come to think of it."

"I'm having a party at my place. Why don't you come?"

"What will the party be like?"

"There will be drinking and dancing and singing and kissing and all sorts of lovemaking. It will be a real orgy."

"And who will be there?"

"Just you and me."



A wealthy gentleman was badly bitten by bugs while riding on a certain railway line. Arriving at his destination, he wrote the company an indignant letter and received a prompt reply. It was, said the letter, the first complaint the company had ever had of this nature. Inquiry had failed to reveal any explanation for this unprecedented occurrence. Nevertheless, a number of new precautions were being taken to make absolutely certain such an unfortunate incident never happened again. The letter was signed by a high official of the railway.

The gentleman was well satisfied with this reply and was returning it to its envelope when a slip of paper fell out onto the floor. The hastily scribbled note on it read: "Send this guy the bug letter."



"Is this the De Molay Meeting?"

While visiting our country, a lovely French maiden found herself out of money just as her visa expired. Unable to pay her passage back to France she was in despair until an enterprising sailor made her a sporting proposition. "My ship is sailing tonite," he said. "I'll smuggle you aboard, hide you down in the hold and provide you with a mattress, blankets and food. All it will cost you is a little love."

The girl consented and late that night the sailor snuck her on board his vessel. Twice each day, thereafter, the sailor smuggled a large tray of food below decks, took his pleasure with the little French stowaway, and departed. The days turned into weeks and the weeks might have turned into months, if the captain hadn't noticed the sailor carrying food below one evening and followed him. After witnessing this unique bit of barter, he waited until the sailor had departed and then confronted the girl, demanding an explanation. She told him the whole story. "Hm," mused the captain. "A clever arrangement, and I must say I admire that young seaman's ingenuity. However, miss, I feel it is only fair to tell you that this is the Staten Island Ferry."



Seems George was playing his usual 18 holes one Saturday afternoon. Teeing off from the 17th hole, he sliced into the rough over near the edge of the fairway. Just as he was about to chip out, he noticed a long funeral procession going by on the nearby street. Reverently, George removed his cap and stood at attention until the procession had passed. Then he continued his game, finishing with a birdie on the eighteenth. Later, at the clubhouse, a fellow golfer greeted George.

"Say, that was a nice gesture you made today, George," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked George.

"I mean it was nice of you to take off your cap and stand respectfully when that funeral went by," the friend replied.

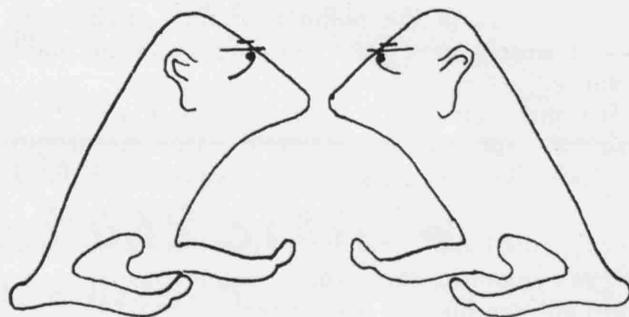
"Oh, yes," said George. "We would have been married thirty-three years next month."



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



still only 5¢



WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE

PROJECT GULLIBLE

I met Garry the first week of my extended stay at the Institute. Perhaps it was the mournful look in his eyes, but I felt sorry for him almost immediately. He seemed like a man without a purpose and desperately searching for one. For two years his expression rarely changed, breaking into a smile only when he was listening to stories handed down from class to class. He would sit motionless for hours intent upon tales of statue-painting at Harvard, the glorious cane rush, fake Brinks robberies, and other classics. A gleam would invade his eyes and he would spend days secluded in his room poring over large sheets of paper covered with rough drawings and hastily scribbled notes. He would work at fever pitch, neglecting studies and friends, until finally he would rip up the sheets and sink back into the old familiar mood.

Late last term Garry again started on another insane project. I awarded it a life expectancy of a week, but to my surprise it still commanded his imagination at the end of the term. The unusual aspect of it was that he went about the campus with a broad smile spread over his habitually morose countenance. I felt he really had something this time. When he asked me to his room one night, I quickly agreed. I had hopes of finding out what was taking form in the maze that was his brain.

I returned late that night knowing little more than I had for the past month, but I did manage to see what sort of literature he had been reading those many nights normally spent on cramming for finals. They were all references on seagulls. He had volume upon volume concerned with their feeding, habits and training. Certain sections of each book were marked off with the word 'vital'. I inquired as to the purpose of this gullmania, but he merely gave me a knowing smile and said nothing.

It turned out that he flunked out with a new all time low, but when I saw him a while later he did not look like a man who had just squandered away many dollars by flunking out in his junior year. He appeared quite happy. He informed me that he was spending the summer in the Boston area. I did not see him the rest of the summer.

Shortly after I returned to Boston preparatory to starting the new and final year, I ran into Garry down on Atlantic Avenue. He was carrying an enormous bundle of fish that he had just purchased at one of the wharfs. To my amazement he of-

fered to let me in on his big secret. My car was parked nearby and as we walked to it, he unfolded his story.

He had always been fascinated, he explained, by the stories of the good old days when Tech men spent their waking hours dreaming up bigger and better tricks to play. By the time he became a sophomore, it was more than a whim: it was the motivation of his life. His all-consuming goal in life was to perform a stunt of such proportions as to go down in the Hall of Fame with those episodes of yesteryear. Today, he concluded, was to be the final test before G-day. He kept repeating 'It's all a matter of conditioning.'

My interest thoroughly aroused, I pressed the car into greater feats of acceleration. Upon reaching Cambridge, he motioned me to drive toward Harvard. We fought traffic on Memorial Drive until we found ourselves in the vicinity of Harvard Stadium. Under his direction, I rolled the car into a lone parking space undoubtedly vacated by an MG. Garry immediately leaped out and began to peel off his jacket. I stared fascinated as I caught my first glimpse of the shirt he was wearing. It was the familiar shirt bearing black and white vertical stripes.

He donned a white cap and set out at a merry clip across the grass toward the stadium with me trailing behind.

It was then I noticed the astounding number of seagulls circling in the sky overhead. While I was contemplating this abnormality, Garry reached down into his pocket and withdrew a whistle, the ordinary type with the little wooden ball inside. He let loose a shrill blast and then ran like Lucifer himself into the stadium while all the time holding firmly onto the package of fish.

The gulls swooped down en masse and caught up with him by the midfield stripe. I have no idea where they all came from, but the field was white them. The first few nailed the fish with terrifying accuracy, while the others cluttered up the field chasing Garry. After several minutes, the shirt had been given up for lost, and the gulls fought each other for the privilege of carrying it aloft. We watched them for quite a time. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely.

As we drove back along the Drive, the full implication of Project Gullible slowly settled into my numbed brain. Truly my friend was a genius. When I left him, we said not a word but

merely exchanged knowing glances.

Garry is still living somewhere in the area, sitting back, waiting. I, too, am waiting. I already have my ticket to the next Harvard home football game. I hope those seagulls don't get too restless over not having their daily entertainment for a week or so.

Jim Robertson

Adjusting to marriage sometimes poses problems. We met a good friend of ours recently, the morning after his wedding, brooding over a drink in a local bar.

"What's the trouble?" we asked. "I should think you'd be the happiest man in the world today."

He shook his head sadly.

"What creatures of habit we are," he said. "This morning when I rose, half asleep, without thinking, I pulled a five dollar bill from my wallet and left it on the pillow."

We tried to console him--told him his wife wouldn't think anything of it.

"You don't understand," he said. "Half asleep, without thinking, she gave me three dollars change."



The flashy looking dame passed through the lobby several times. Finally a polite young air force officer stepped up to her and inquired, "Pardon me, but are you looking for someone in particular?"

"Oh, I'm satisfied," she said, smiling, "if you are."

An aging farmer who had little patience with prankish children finally succumbed to the wiles of his young and attractive housekeeper, the mother of a seven-year-old brat. Soon after the marriage she took off for the big city to do some personal shopping. Upon her return some days later she asked her son how he got along with his new father.

"Just fine," exclaimed the boy. "Every morning he took me out on the lake in a row boat and let me swim back."

"Heavens - isn't that a long distance for you to swim?" his mother gasped.

"Oh, I made it all right," said the boy. "Only trouble I had was getting out of the bag."



A married man we know quite well relaxed on a recent business trip by enjoying a lively weekend with a lively blonde. Not long after returning to the home office, however, a rather shifty individual paid him a visit and said, with the nasty innuendo of a professional blackmailer, "Remember that trip you took? Remember that blonde?" The answer to both questions was "Yes."

"Well, mister," said the unsavory one, "it just so happens that I have photographs of everything what you and her did."

"Everything?" gulped our friend.

"Everything! See," He spread a half dozen highly detailed snapshots on the desk and after giving them a chance to make the proper impression, asked, "What are you gonna do about it, mister?"

"Well," drawled our friend coolly, "I'll take one of these, two of those, and five of this one over here. Can I have them tinted?"

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KENDALL SQUARE ROTARY

Dear Readers:

Adverse circumstances have forced us to disperse with our usual hilarious center spread, in place of which we humbly offer the following explanation.

Seems that Ron Gower, who is the chief center spread man of our organization, is presently appearing before a N.Y.C. civil court, charged with being a hit and run equestrian, gaining for himself the distinction of being the very first thusly charged.

Astride a demented mare, barrel assing around a corner of a Brooklyn bridle path last summer, Ron found himself much too close to an automobile parked across the path to even think of avoiding a collision with it.

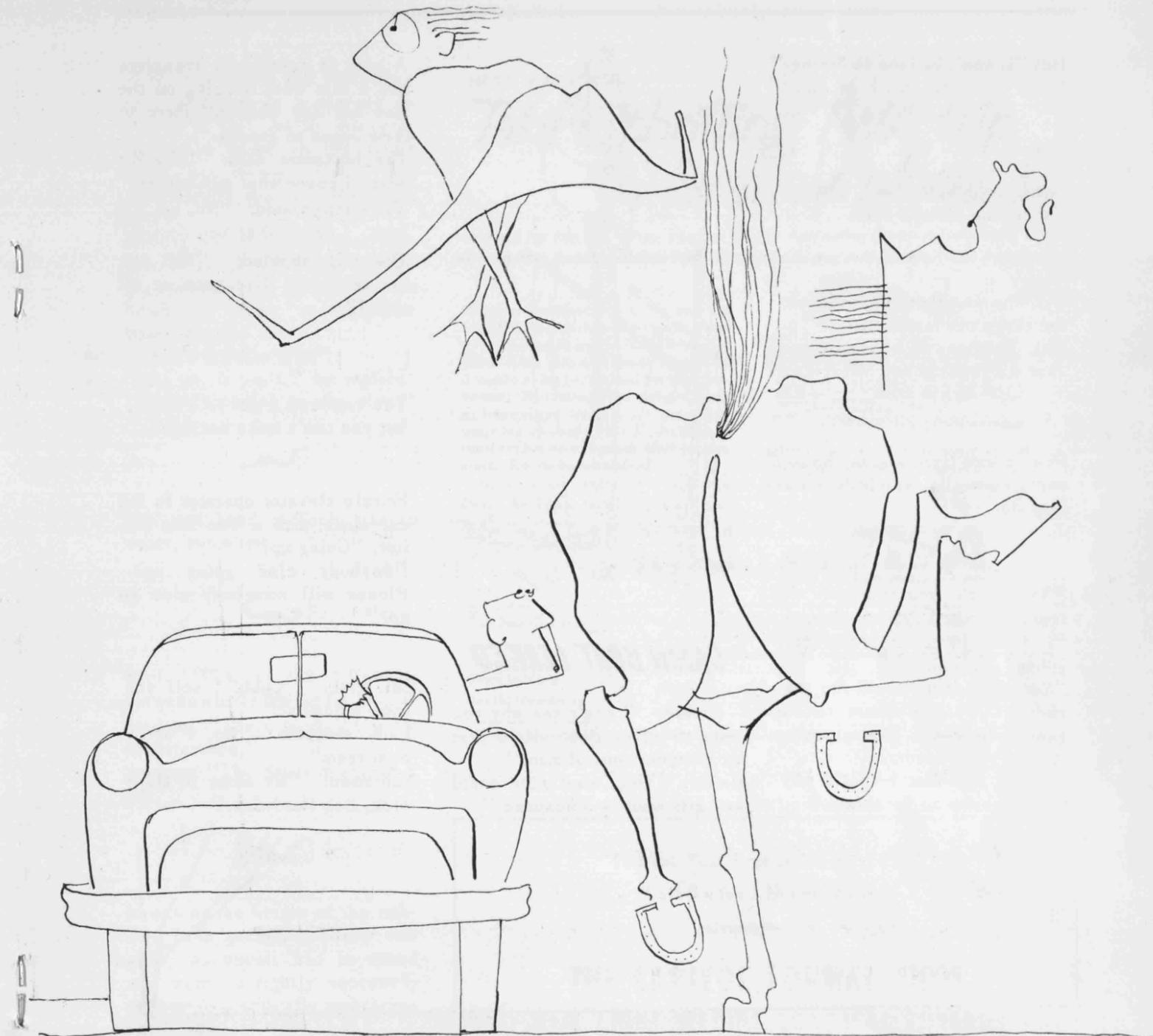
As it turned out, the mare succeeded, but Ron didn't. As a matter of fact, he somehow managed (and all by himself) to spring the frame, crush the roof and crumble two doors.

Crawling away to nurse his wounds, he accidentally encountered the owner of the vehicle, who, entirely beside himself, delivered an inspiring and fiery lecture on how it was a hell of a stinking situation when you couldn't park on a bridle path any more, and what was the world coming to anyway.

The owner is suing Ron for damage incurred, which was considerable, and is in turn being sued for illegal parking, but those who know say that our boy hasn't got a chance.

In any event, we're all plugging for you, Ronny boy.

The Staff



finch

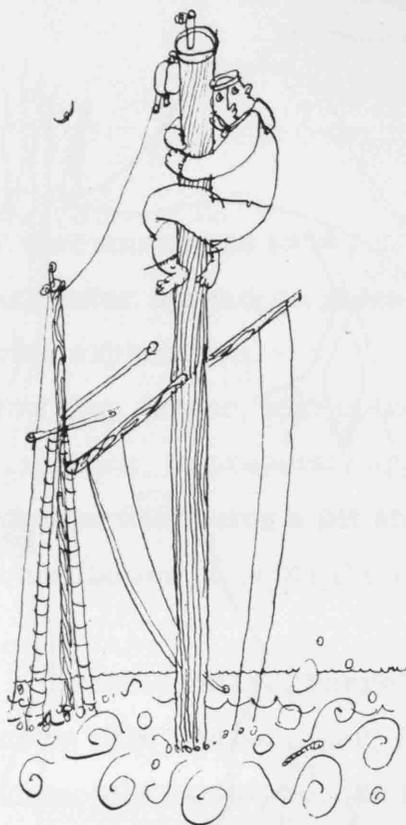
He: "It won't be long to Spring."
 She: "How long will it be then?"

Some girls are cold sober.
 Others are always cold.

Pi: Who was that bill collector
 we threw out last night?
 Phi: That was no bill collector,
 that was our chapter supervisor.

People who live in glass houses
 might as well; everybody knows
 they do.

"Why don't you smile?" the
 teacher asked young Johnny.
 "I didn't have no breakfast,"
 Johnny replied.
 "You poor dear," said the tea-
 cher. "But to return to our
 geography lesson, Johnny: where
 is the Polish border?"
 "In bed with Mama--that's why
 I didn't have no breakfast."



DAMN BOAT LEAKED

Sophie: "I can't see why you
 want to marry Bob. He's just
 an everyday sort of man."
 Hattie: "Gee, what more could
 any girl want in a husband."

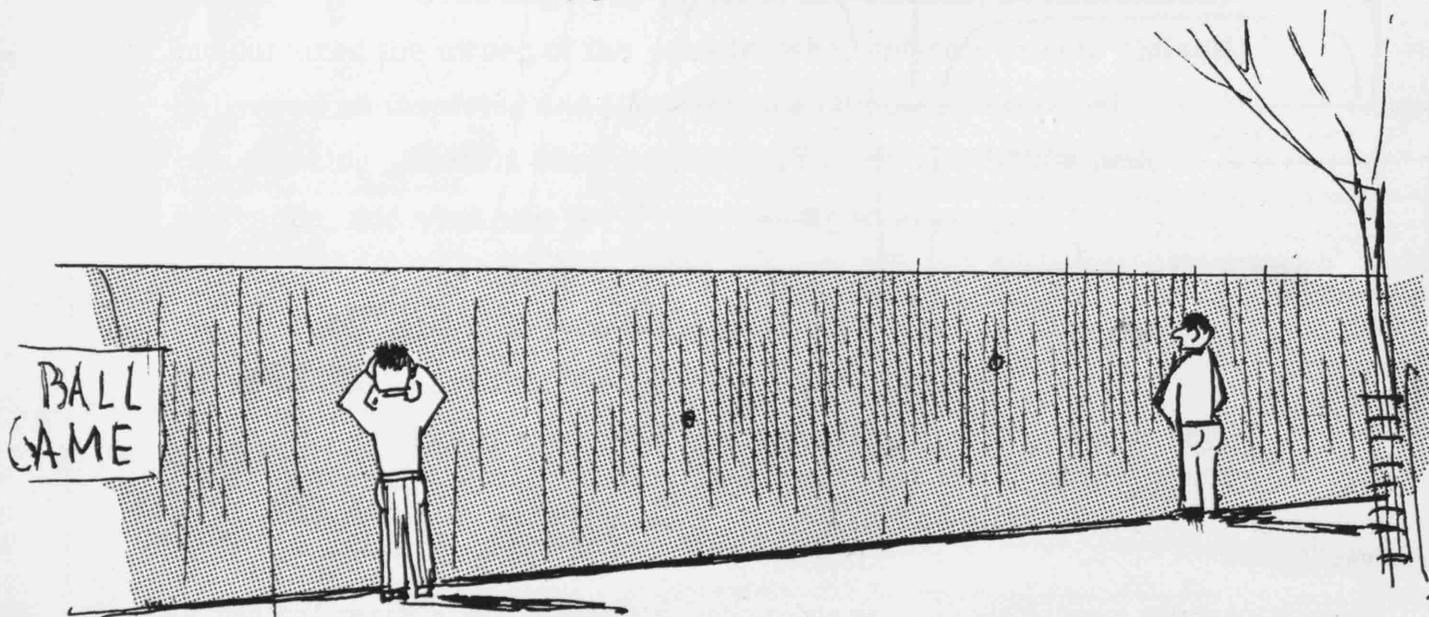
A pair of panties, a brassiere
 and a slip were hanging on the
 line one day when all three of
 them began to gossip.

The brassiere said: "I'm the
 best; I cover what men admire."
 The panties said: "No, no, I'm
 best; I cover what men desire."
 The slip shouted: "Will you
 two be quiet. I've been up all
 night!"

You can lead a girl to Vassar,
 but you can't make her think.

Female elevator operator in the
 car alone with a Voo Doo Ed-
 itor, "Going up?"
 "Anybody else going up?
 Please will somebody else go
 up?"

Salesman: "Could I sell you
 some pajamas?"
 Lady shopper: "No, I don't
 wear them"
 Salesman: "My name is Hard-
 wick, Bob Hardwick."



A big executive was travelling to Washington in a sleeper on the B. & O. As he was preparing to retire in his upper berth, his toupee slipped and accidentally fell into the berth below.

Hoping not to disturb that person, he reached his arm through the curtains and groped for his headpiece when suddenly he heard a voice say:

"That's it, that's it!"

"Oh, no, it isn't," he replied.

"Mine is parted on the side."



You can lead a Tech man to water, but why?



Prof: "What is the difference between a little boy and a Dwarf?"

Student: "There might be a lot of difference."

Student: "The dwarf might be a girl."



It was at the height of the subway rush period. These two girls, as usual, had to stand and were so tightly squeezed, they were practically embracing each other.

"Say, Shirley," said one, "is the man behind me good looking?"

"Well, he's young," said Shirley.

"But is he handsome?" insisted the first girl. "I know he's young!"



Bob isn't as good as he once was, but he's as good once as he ever was.

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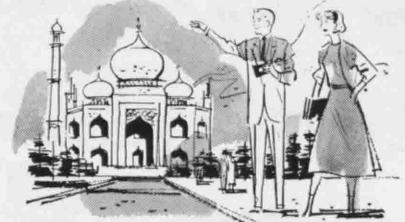
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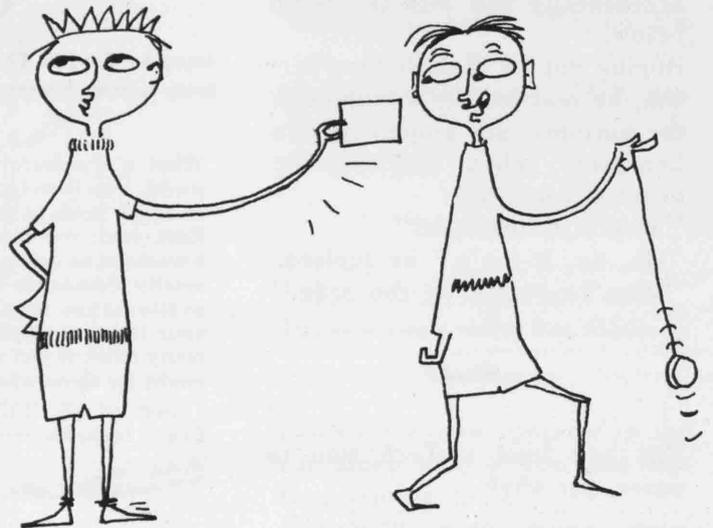
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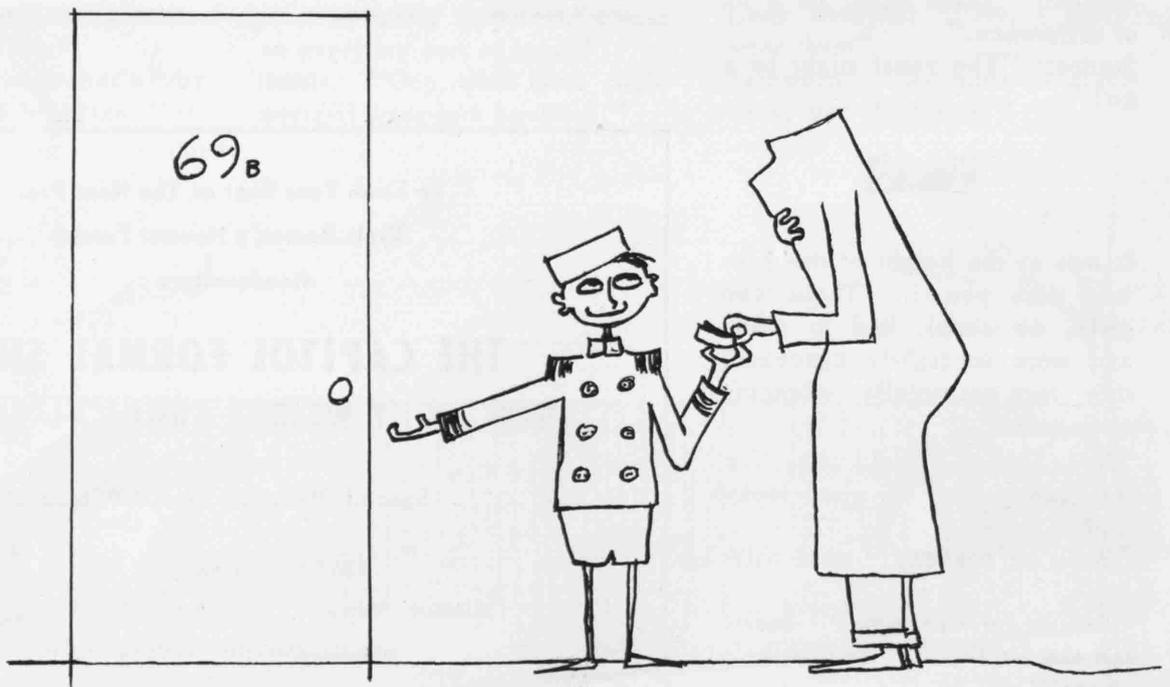
Plenty of Free Parking

ADOLESCENT ACTIVITIES

Want to have fun and earn some loot to boot kids? Well, here are some valuable suggestions that Phos has exerpted from that fascinating new book, "Fun for Boys (and Girls)" now available in a plain cover at that little store just around the corner.



You can gain valuable experience about the world and be a hit among your friends if you sell interesting art pictures. Just ask for Mike who runs the little store just around the corner, and he will give you complete details.



Working in a hotel offers many opportunities for the enterprising fellow. Especially, if you know lots of girls, around school or otherwise, you can make an admirable amount of money as a bell hop.

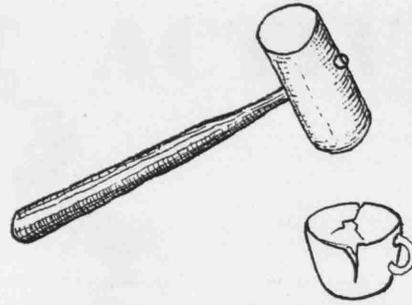
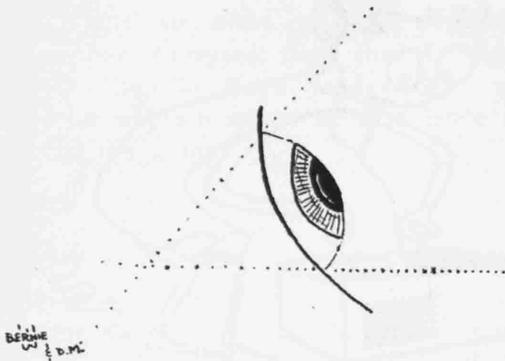


If you are fortunate enough to have neighbors nearby, you can turn them into a welcome source of income. First devote a few evenings to listening and watching attentively at their windows. When you think you have heard enough, get busy and write a threatening letter. The money will just come pouring in.



Don't forget the old lemonade stand, kids. The whole secret is in mixing the right kind of lemonade. Once you have this mastered you can really get down to business.

THE THIRD EYE



OF CRANE LAMONT

They found him -- or rather what was left of him -- out behind the barn. When the doctor arrived, they were past needing a doctor and past needing a priest. Two words they heard him say which were 'Burn it' and then his claim to life was renounced.

The doctor's perceptive eyes consumed the entire case as quickly as it takes to relate them. The boy had been young -- no more than 20. The old farmer and his son were unable to give any information concerning their visitor. The son was only now able to coax the bull which was still excitedly pawing the ground back into the enclosure. There was a spot of crimson on each of its horns. When he had calmed the bull, he attempted to lead the cow into the barn. There were two features noticeable on her: she was soon to give birth; she had several fierce red welts on her swollen underside. The boy had been gored in the abdomen with such ferocity that his pants had been almost completely torn off. His belt lay on the ground beside him. He was wearing a red jacket from which oddly whatever letters or symbols had been sewn on the back were now torn off. From the boy's now unresisting fingers the doctor withdrew a black notebook.

(The book features on the cover the words 'For the year beginning Jan. 1, 1955'. It is close to half filled. The doctor starts to glance through it. Nothing in it furnishes any sort of clue until almost half-way through. The only things repeated often enough to appear at all important to the author are the symbol M62 and the name Patti. At one point he observes Patti and the words 'rotten bitch' on the same line. One interesting line reads: 'coeds -- I hate them; they're trying to beat me at my own game.' Fin-

ally something catches his attention. From there, here are the important passages.)

Item dated March 3: Had the same dream again last night. First time I've ever had a repeat. Can't figure out the meaning. In this dream, Rita Crane and I were swimming in a stream. We were holding hands and wouldn't leave go. For just a moment we sank to the bottom. Something happened while we were submerged because there was a fierce rippling in the water above us. I was not afraid of drowning. There seemed to be no danger to either of us. When we left the stream we were both naked but neither of us was ashamed to look at the other. She seemed quite happy.

March 10: Have just seen Rita. She was feeling out of sorts. Says she's not sure but she suspects. Could it have been me? Am trying to remember when. Rita's sweet. I think I love her.

March 19: Of all the rotten things, tonight I saw Rita with Kirk Mallon. They seemed to be having a good time. Damn it, doesn't she realize he's nothing but a sex maniac.

March 20: Had a long talk with K.M. Almost came to blows. These Texans are a snotty race. Mallon thinks he's a big shot just because he makes more noise when he walks than most people. I made him confess though. Now he says he's been seeing Rita for longer than I have. That's not hard, I countered, since I've known her less than a month myself. But that's not the bitch. Of all the sneaky things, *he's also been taking Patti out on the sly*. This is too much to take. He was very smug about the whole thing. Said he was giving them a lesson in the things I couldn't teach them. The rat. He's doing it purposely because he hates me. One of these days

I'm going to lay him out on the floor. I don't care if he is bigger than I am. Rita's a great kid. She wouldn't take the likes of K.M. if she knew what he was after. She'll ditch him soon. Patti's beautiful but she's a goddamn bitch. I warned him not to go near her. I hope they catch it from each other.

March 26: Rita's sure.

April 1: Saw Denise Lamont again. She's a nice kid for a coed. Strictly Platonic of course.

April 2: Goddamn that Patti anyway. Tonight she ignored me completely. Just wanted to say hello. Mallon had a smirk I felt like slugging off. What the hell, if I can't get near her how does he stand a chance? I don't think I'll ask her out for another month. That'll teach her.

Told Rita it's getting pretty obvious. What a girl. She isn't even mad at me. She just smiles. I might be in love with her.

April 4: Took Denise to the movies. Wanted to get away from the books for one night. Very willful girl, always has her wits about her. Told her about the dream I had. Figured maybe she'd get a kick out of it. She wears a brooch that her mother gave her -- something that's been in the family for generations. I remembered the pride with which she described its history to me. Well, in this dream she gave the brooch to me. I wasn't going to take it but she insisted on it. Finally, I accepted it. When I told this to Denise she gave me a very strange smile.

April 6: Bombed the M62 quiz. Boy, I really hit it this time. Left 15 minutes before the hour was over. Bet everyone hates me. Am not going to flunk it this term, that's for sure. Have a date for Sat. with Denise.

April 10: Wow, what a night! Never expected anything like this. Guess a coed's life does get lonely. Suddenly as we were on the couch talking about (what? can't remember now) our relationship lost its Platonic aspect. Before I knew it the lights were out and we were on the bed. She gave in so easily...When it was over we slept. At 3 she woke me and I had to smuggle her out. Wow, what a night!

Why do I feel cheated?

April 11: Saw Rita. She hasn't left the house lately. Says her mother is planning a trip for her. I'm gonna miss that girl.

April 17: An evening I'll remember for the rest of my life. Took Patti to a sixth floor party. I bought her a corsage of white roses to wear in her hair. I was proud I remembered how much she loves white roses. They go well with her jet black hair. She was dressed completely in white -- like purity. I couldn't take my eyes off her...

Eventually everybody got bombed. Along about 12 O'clock we started singing. Learned some new songs. Everything was great until Mallon walked in. He was wearing his cowboy boots as usual and he clop-clopped the length of the room over to me. Right away he asks me Have you heard the latest about Rita? I says yeah, a long time before you did. Well, there's one thing I knew, he says, before you did. I was feeling pretty sick by this time so I didn't answer him. I just sat down to catch my breath. When I looked up Mallon was dancing with Patti. I remember jumping up. I was really fuming. I don't remember what happened then. The next morning Nick from next door explained to me how he carried me to bed. He told me I threw a bottle of Vodka at Patti and it missed her by an inch and shattered against the wall. I must have blacked out then. They handed me the same story last New Years Eve and I don't remember that either. That damn Patti's getting off easy. The third time I won't miss.

Nick says Mallon took her home. Damn it, I hope the bottle was empty. I hope he trips on his g--d---spurs.

April 18: Of all the luck. I completely forgot about the M62 quiz. Who gives 2 quizzes within 2 weeks? Who? I flunked this one so cold you'd have to square my mark in order for me to pass. How could a thing like this happen? That instructor gets on my nerves. She walks around and looks over my shoulder while I'm writing. I'd swear she wants me to fail. Who the hell wanted a woman for a teacher anyway? As if she could teach me anything close to what I could teach her. She is the lousiest teacher I have ever had. Next quiz if I don't get 100 things are gonna pop. I'll show her. Boy, will I show her.

April 19: Couldn't sleep at all last night. I just couldn't for the life of me get Patti out of my mind. It must have been close to 5 o'clock before I even closed my eyes. I just laid there looking at the ceiling and seeing her face and her body shimmering in the shadow. I knew that if I reached out to touch her she would disappear. I imagined I could hear her taunting laugh coming from the floor above. But her figure on the ceiling was not laughing. I know it was not laughing.

I was thinking of things I have done with Patti. I am taking her drink to her. She always makes me bring her her drink. Then she remembers something else and sends me back for it. I wait on her hand and foot just to see her smile and say thanks. Once I asked another girl to dance. Patti had gone to the ladies' room and I thought it was O.K. When I turned from the girl I saw

Patti with some other guy. She wouldn't dance with me the rest of the evening. When I took her home she wouldn't let me kiss her goodnight.

April 21: Another crazy dream. There was a bowl of milk and a kitten lapping at it. Then there was no milk no kitten only a bowl and I was standing over it with a mallet. With all my might I brought the mallet down upon the bowl. I could have sworn that the bowl was in a million pieces but when I looked it was the same as before. Then Kirk Mallon took the mallet and brought it down upon the bowl and as it shattered abruptly it turned into one of those test your strength machines that you see at carnivals and the bell rang and people applauded. The manager awarded him a prize for his feat. The prize was Patti. As I slunk dejectedly away everyone laughed.

Then the scene changed. I had challenged K M to a duel and we were holding our guns waiting for the signal to fire. Strangely but smoothly as tho everyone understood and agreed it turned into a contest to see who could shoot further. Out in the distance a bird was flying and Mallon said Watch me hit it and he fired and down fell the bird. As it hit the ground it began to undergo a strange metamorphosis. Mallon started to run towards it. Before he reached it and before the metamorphosis had progressed to the point where I could tell what the new species would be I lifted my gun and shot him in the back. Everything disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

April 23: Patti stood me up tonight. This is about the end of the line for her. Am seeing her Thurs night. Told her she wasn't worth a weekend night when I could take out somebody decent. Haven't asked anyone yet for Fri or Sat night tho. In any case Thurs is showdown day. Either she cuts the comedy or else she's finished. My mind is perfectly made up on the whole goddamn matter. Damn it if that....broad thinks....Goddammit.. just goddammit.

April 23: God why are her eyes so blue?

April 25: Withdrew \$50 from bank.

April 26: Withdrew \$50 from bank.

April 27: Withdrew \$50 from bank.

(Here the writing becomes visibly unsteady.)

April 28: I am in a railroad station in New Jersey. I have just gotten off the train. I dont know how long I was traveling and I cant remember where I started out from. All I am aware of is that my head is killing me. It feels as though it was pounded with a mallet.

I have just searched through my wallet. I have \$140. But here is what scares me. There are several personal papers in there although I am

sure at one time I had more but wherever a name or address appeared on these papers it is now cut away. I have completely lost my identity except for this book which I now covet more than I do my life.

After having read through the previous pages none of which I truly remember but much of which is like a haze out of the dim past I can attempt to reconstruct some of the events of the preceding day. I am reminded of an argument in which I cursed Texas. I keep hearing a clop-clop-clop through the episode. One thing is clear. There were two of us and we went together to the house of a third but when we got there no one was home. We walked in and decided to wait. The idea was that this third party could settle the argument. I kept shouting I'm the one and he kept countering No I'm the one. I had the feeling that under any other circumstances he would have sworn that he wasn't the one. I have no inkling now of what it was we were fighting over but at the time I suffered the extreme fright that the arbitrator who was about to make an appearance was going to decide against me.

The house was in great disorder as though someone had grabbed what he could and skipped out. I recognized on a small table in the study a woman's knitting. It was a tiny sweater and it was almost finished. The needle was thrust through a small roll of wool. My opponent pointed to it in triumph and said I am the one. Once again I took up the chant screaming with all my might that I was the one. Stop shouting he said perturbed. When I saw how angry it made him I hollered even louder. He kicked me with his big heavy Texan boot and I leaped towards him and shouted in his ear.. All right he must have said you asked for it because he whipped off his belt -- a huge thick leather monster with a hefty steel buckle. I backed away as he hit me. Again and again he swung at me twice striking me in the temple. Blind with rage I seized the knitting needle from off the table and plunged it through his neck. At this moment I can see it quivering in his Adams apple. The force of his blows must have smashed memory and awareness alike out of my head because I have no idea of what happened before or after this incident. I dont know what I will do now.

April 29: I am in a hospital under the care of a psychiatrist. He is asking me all sorts of questions to try to stimulate my memory. I cannot for the life of me recall my name or anything connected with school or even home. I do not have a head concussion. I have minor bruises. That is the biggest surprise of all. I'm sure they must be mistaken. I dont imagine I thought when I began

this diary that it would some day be a medical history. The psycho read it this afternoon and told me I was a remarkable case. I sure am glad to hear that.

April 30: They have told me they are trying to check the origin of the papers in my possession. One of them says bursar's remittance another key receipt \$1. If I am unable to remember myself then these papers may be the only clue.

I discovered something strange in my wallet. When I looked through it two days ago I couldn't find a single snapshot although I feel certain I once had quite a few. Then today I came upon a tiny photograph in a corner of a pocket. The picture was of me wearing a tuxedo and a girl in a white gown. The girl's face had been cut out of the picture as with a knife. I have no idea who she is.

May 1: I am outraged with the inability of people to speak of or to me and especially with my own inability to focus on my identity. Lack of a name is a torment.

May 2: Have decided to go by the name of Crane Lamont for the time being since these are the only two names which evoke any sort of favorable associations to my mind. It's working fine so far. The doctors call me Crane and I respond immediately.

May 3: The psycho is trying to maneuver me into remembering the week of Apr. 25. When he repeats \$50 withdrawal over and over I seem to remember that I actually did take out \$50. Doctor says I did it 3 days in a row Mon. Tues. and Wed. OK by me. Then he loses patience when he asks me to remember Thurs. and I tell him sure Thurs. that's the day I had the fight and wound up in the railroad station and that same night I remember clearly I was picked up and brought to the hospital. He keeps telling me that they brought me to the hospital Friday night. What the hell, who's crazy around here anyway? He keeps making me describe the fight and when I do over and over in the same words he's never satisfied. My God he should be happy I remember something. It's annoying me all to hell.

May 5: I have just slept one day completely thru. Their drilling has exhausted me and I am getting nowhere. From now on I cannot allow them to see this diary because I can see that they mean to keep me here indefinitely and I do not mean to stay. I am going to break out of here. I have money. I can go far and start a new life.

May 6: I am looking for the opportunity.

May 7: I asked Doc how soon they were going to let me out. He says soon but it's never any sooner than it was the day before. He always starts grilling me along the same line. I don't

think he has any intention of letting me out. I am going to slip out when they aren't looking. I think I'll go to some quiet place with no distractions and no worries none of *them* around.

May 8: Have made up my mind. Tomorrow I'm leaving.

(The rest of the page is blank. Turning the page the doctor finds a large transition in time.)

June 2: Have arrived in Colorado. Am on a small farm near a small town in the vicinity of Denver so they tell me. Have been traveling a long time. I'm weary. The folks here are good-natured. I have room and board for doing my share of the chores. The old lady insists I call her mom. She's a fine woman. The only other people on the farm are Zeke and his son.

June 3: There are a lot of animals on this farm. I am contented taking care of them. I seem to feel very at home tending to their wants. This certainly is a fine place. I'm better already.

June 9: A week has passed and I am getting along fine. Bessie is going to give birth.

June 16: I am beginning to feel a need. There is a lack of some kind in my life. I feel I have experienced this need before but I am unable to act upon it now.

(At this point the writing becomes excessively unsteady. Along the margins there appear designs and tiny figures. The most prominent of these is an object which must be a mallet poised above a shattered dish.)

June 18: Life is an endless succession of meaningless time. Something inside of me has been battling for recognition. Yet when I am on the verge of uncovering it I break into a sweat and my insides are clutched with panic.

June 20: I went into town for the first time. It is peaceful at 5 in the evening. I did not tell Zeke or ma I was going. The minute I saw one of *them* I recognized the terror and the despair of life. I ran all the way back to the farm without once looking back.

June 22: I feel a vast hollowness inside.....

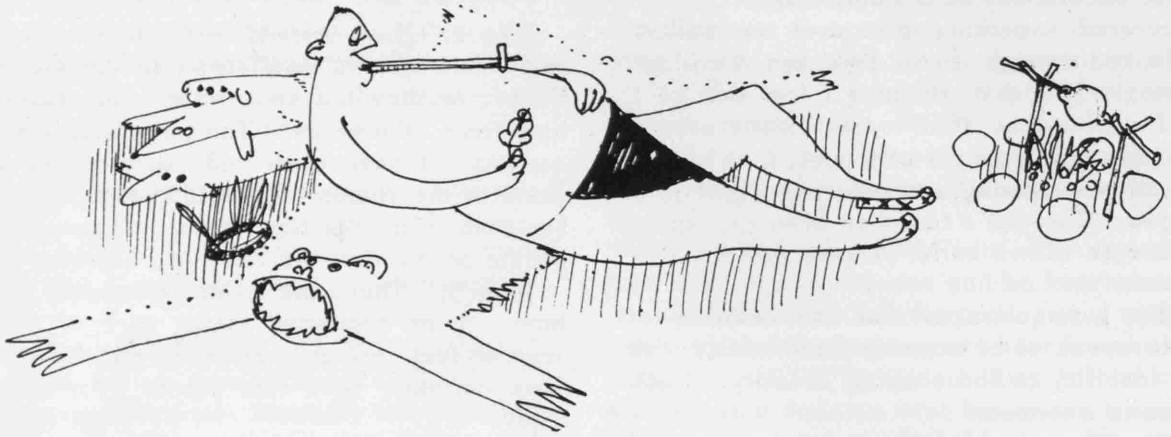
June 24: I am afraid...

June 26: I could neither eat supper nor sleep. It is now somewhere close to 4 in the morning and I have been sitting here at my writing table for hours without stirring.

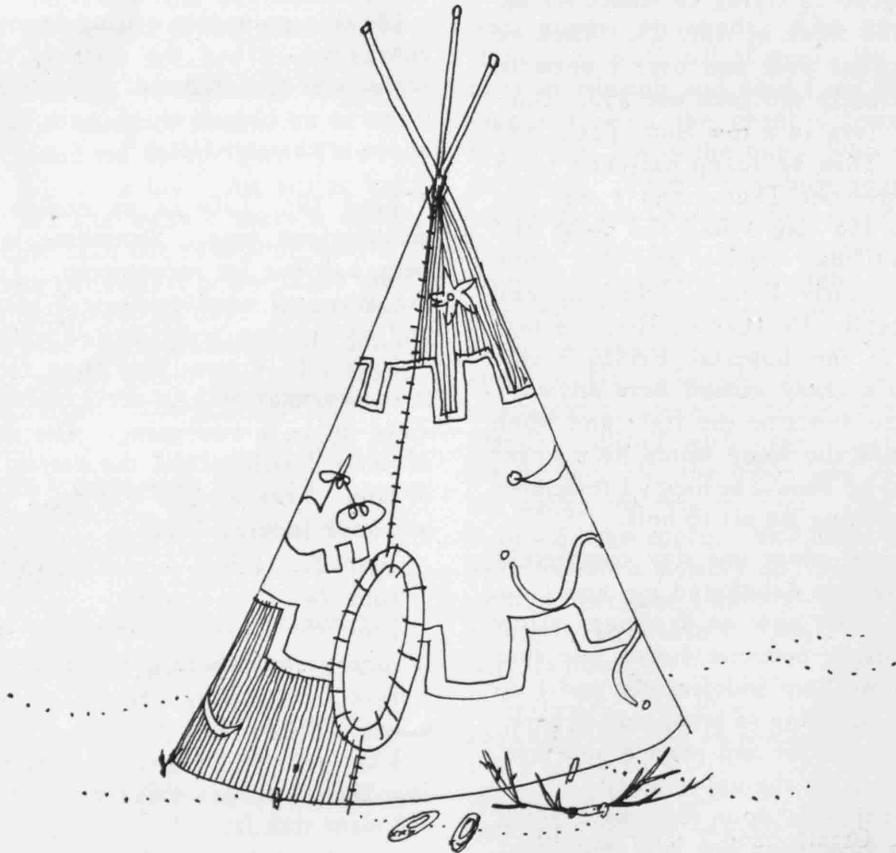
I can bear it no longer. If it fails I lose nothing but a meager existence. If it works . . . I must risk it.

(There it ends. The doctor is quite dissatisfied with the time lapse. Something bears ex-

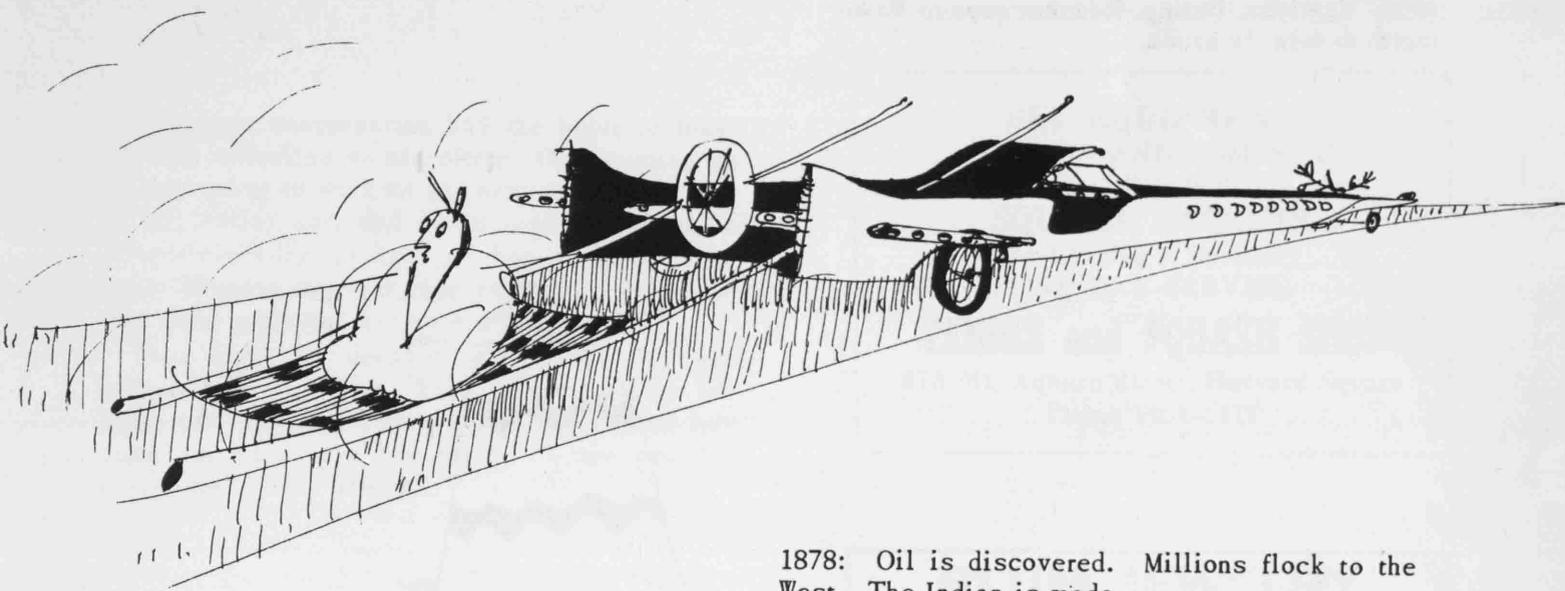
THE PROGRESS OF THE INDIAN



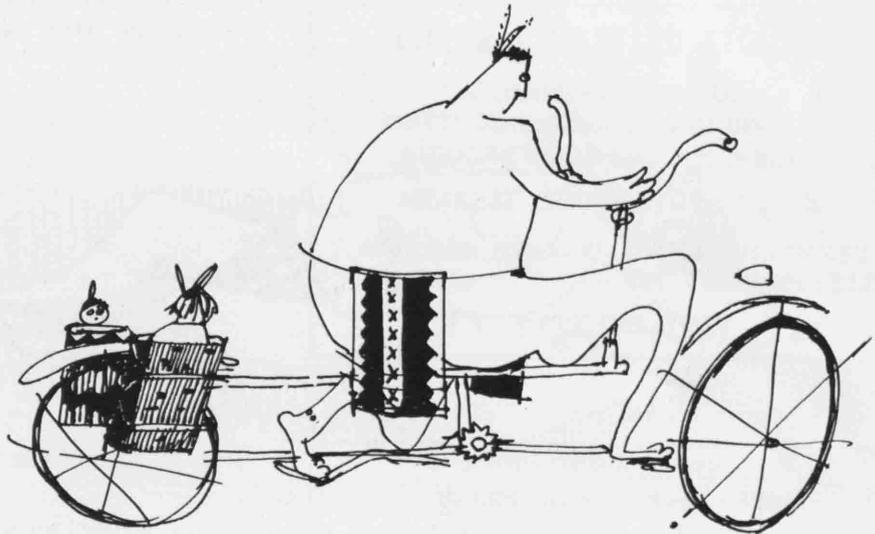
1491.99: Here is the native Indian in his noble surroundings. He lives in the splendor of natural luxury. He is happy. He is satisfied. What more can he want?



1609: An Indian maid makes her first honest buck.

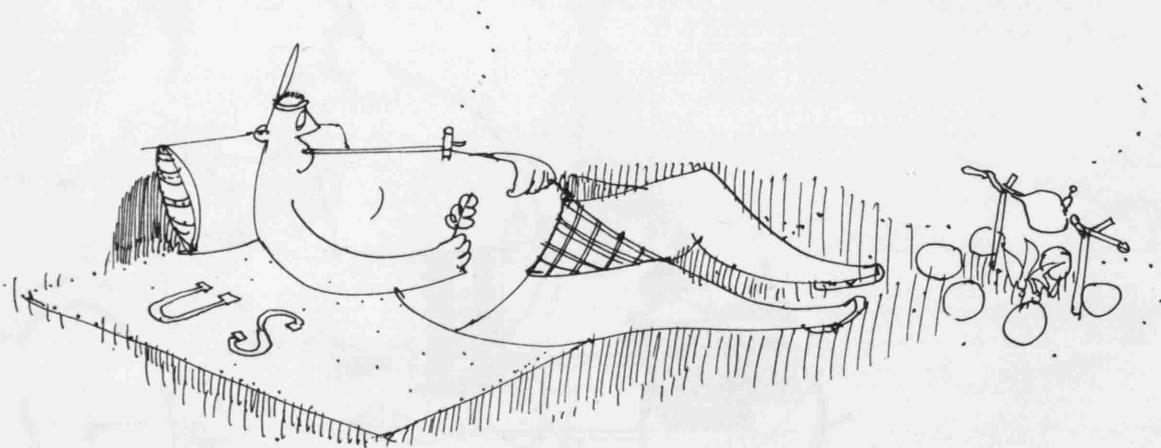
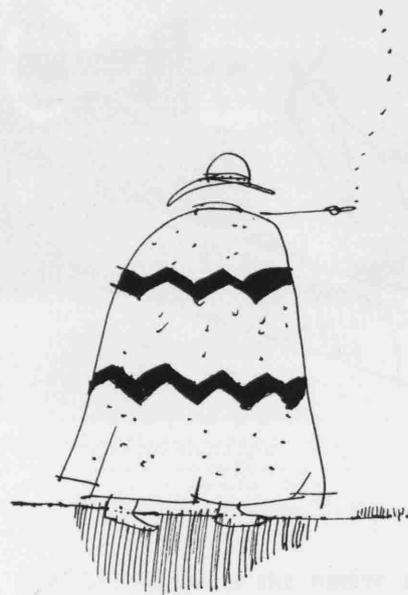


1878: Oil is discovered. Millions flock to the West. The Indian is made.



1902: Two Indians, Orville and Wilbur invent the bicycle in a small airplane factory. The Indian becomes rich.

1932: Fearless, Daring, Redskin goes to Wash-
ington to save the nation.



1955: Every Indian has a life subscription to
all college humor magazines. There is no money
left for food shelter or clothing.

A certain businessman had the habit of leaving his umbrellas at his office. One morning as he was going to work he sat next to a young lady in the trolley car, and as he rose to get off he absent-mindedly picked up her umbrella. She said "Pardon me, but this is mine." The man was quite embarrassed for his foolishness.

That night he decided to take all his umbrellas home with him. When he got into the car there sat the same young lady. She leaned forward and said in a low tone: "I see you did pretty well today after all."



It was 3 a.m. after a glorious evening. In a few minutes a series of unearthly squawks howled out of the radio. His wife looked into the room and discovered him twisting the dial back and forth frantically.

"For heaven's sake, she exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing?"

"G'way, G'way! Don't bother me," he yelled. "Some poor devil's locked in the safe and I've forgot the combinashun."



The census taker was considerably surprised when the mistress of the house opened the door and displayed her matronly self in a state of nudism.

"Please don't be shocked," she said, "I'm a nudist."

So, fortified by a college education which had prepared him for life, he asked the routine questions.

"And how many children do you have, Ma'am?" he asked trying not to look at her and write at the same time.

"Twenty," she answered.

"My," he said, "you're not a nudist, lady. You can't be otherwise."

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plaining. Just as he is about to discard it, he notices that he has missed two entire pages because they have been stuck together. When he parts them, he sees the reason -- they are written in crayon. The writing which is thick and unsteady is also smeared. With some pains he can just make out what it says.)

Item undated: Of all the luck. I pulled one of the rottenest stunts ever. I would have been out of here by now but for a single foolish impulse. There was this bird -- a white bird with a splotch of black -- sitting on the ledge right outside my window. I just took a shine to it and figured it might be nice if I could catch it and hold it in my hand for just a few minutes it was so pretty. I reached out for it quickly and... The goddamn window was closed. Now they've switched my room and taken away my privileges. It's so dark I can't see what I'm doing half the time. I've got to get out of here.

Strange tho after the bird flew away I experienced an abnormally powerful desire to crush it within my fists.

Undated: to be free as a bird

Undated: Here's one for the books. Last night I dreamt of all things I was in bed with a woman. I remember I liked the color of her hair. It was very dark. Just one thing about her offended me. This girl was constantly chewing gum. She wouldn't stop for an instant. I was infuriated by this and began to beat her. A man appeared right beside the bed *as I knew he must*. He was wearing a pair of cowboy boots and he had on a leather belt with an enormous buckle. At first I was unsure of his identity. Then I looked up at his head and I knew on the instant that he was none other than the devil. He was wearing a stern look and I thought he must be angry at me for my sin. Then I remembered devils are happy when you sin. This one is crazy. Finally I understood. I was in bed with his girl. Before I could act he charged upon me and I felt his horns rip into my groin.

A fat chance of this dream coming true. Where I'm going there's going to be none of *them* around. I hate every mo.....one of them. If there's anything...

(The doctor wipes his brow. Too bad he didn't follow baseball, he says: look at all the money he could clean up on the World Series -- at least in his dreams. Now I wonder whatever did he mean by that, pa? Never you mind, Lem, says the old man, it's not for us to understand. As the doctor turns towards the house, his face bears an inscrutable expression.)

--- Dave Markowitz

There's only one place where a red light means what green and yellow lights mean instead of what a red light means.

An old favorite which might bear one more telling is the one about the lady who visited a furniture store and asked to see a "sexual couch." The salesman, masking his amusement, politely asked, "Don't you perhaps mean a sectional couch, madam?" "No, no," she replied emphatically. "I'm sure my interior decorator told me I should have a sexual couch for an occasional piece in the living room."

We would like to take this opportunity to apologize for being unable to include in this issue the pornographic section which we had planned to have.

Just as we were going to press our pornograph broke down.

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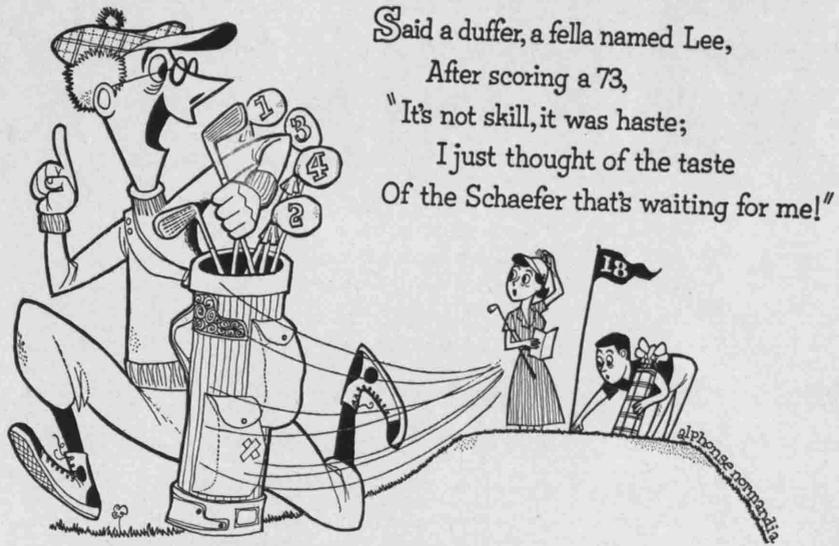
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