

WooDoo

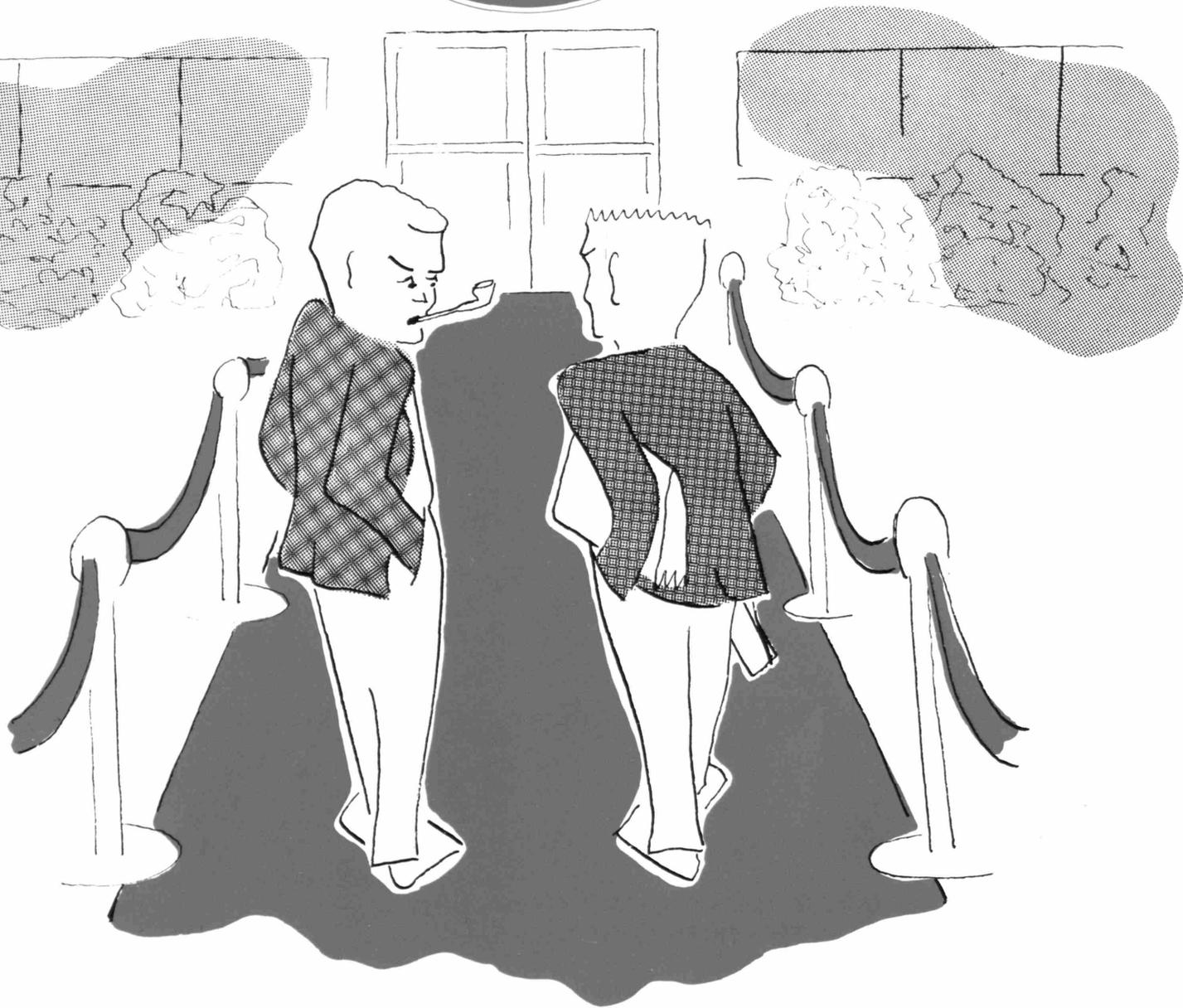


JUNE

2 BITS

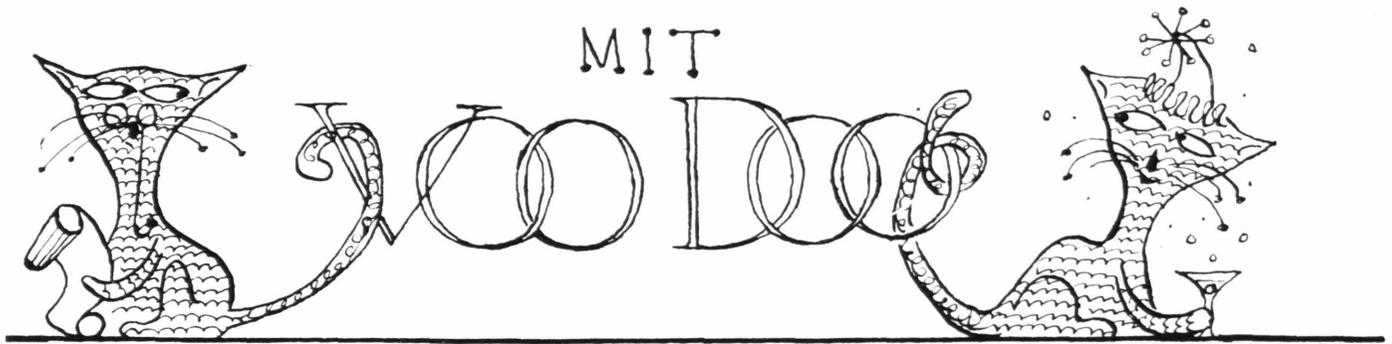
WHY, YES, NOW THAT YOU ASK,  
WE ARE INTERESTED IN M.I.T. GRADUATES  
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RAYTHEON

**Mr. D. Hamant**  
**Foundry Avenue**  
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**I**t is spring at last. We know it is spring because through the one pane of glass in the office that hasn't been broken and tastefully replaced with corrugated cardboard, we can see the trees blooming. Green is appearing everywhere except on the new trees by the chapel. We understand that they will bud when the administration says to and not a moment sooner.

**M**eanwhile, inside our hallowed halls, life goes on much as usual except more so. In 8.041 lecture a small, select group have stopped bringing paper and pencil to Huntington Hall and begun smuggling beer in. Gentlemen, we salute you.

**A** group of ingenious electrical engineers in the same lecture recently set up a piece of apparatus with a timer which at precisely 12:23 released a cascade of marbles which rolled down the steps of the hall for at least five minutes.

**T**he chemical engineers, indignant at the thought that they might actually be learning something while their brothers in electrical are successfully avoiding knowledge, point with pride to the sophomore who has taken to carrying a pillow to classes and has not only slept through the last dozen thermo classes, - but slept comfortably.

**T**he military science department was recently involved in total war. It took an Army R.O.T.C. class three quarters of an hour of impassioned struggle to convince an officer, bastioned by the courage of his convictions, that the name of the commander-in-chief is not spelled E-I-S-E-N-H-O-U-R.

**T**o pile incident upon incident we know of a class with an extremely timid instructor. The other day he assigned problems one, two and three on page two-thirty-seven for homework. Then for the benefit of those too penurious or too lazy to be the possessor of a book, he copied problems one, two and four. A bright lad in the back of the room immediately jumped up and said, "You assigned problems one, two and three, but you wrote out problems one, two and four. Shall we do number two or number three or both or neither?" The instructor cringed, looked confused, and said, "What?" Our lad repeated and suddenly the instructor's face lit up; he understood. With assertive stride he walked up to the blackboard, gave the class a broad smile, and erased problem one.

**W**e wish to publicly sob for a friend of ours. For several years now, fortune has made him second best. There is always someone better than he. Last spring he went out for baseball and was the fifth man in the infield. The other four were in perfect health and didn't miss a game. This spring we were all positive he would make good. Then one day he came in and said that he was now fourth man. We cheered and cheered and cheered until he added, "in the outfield."

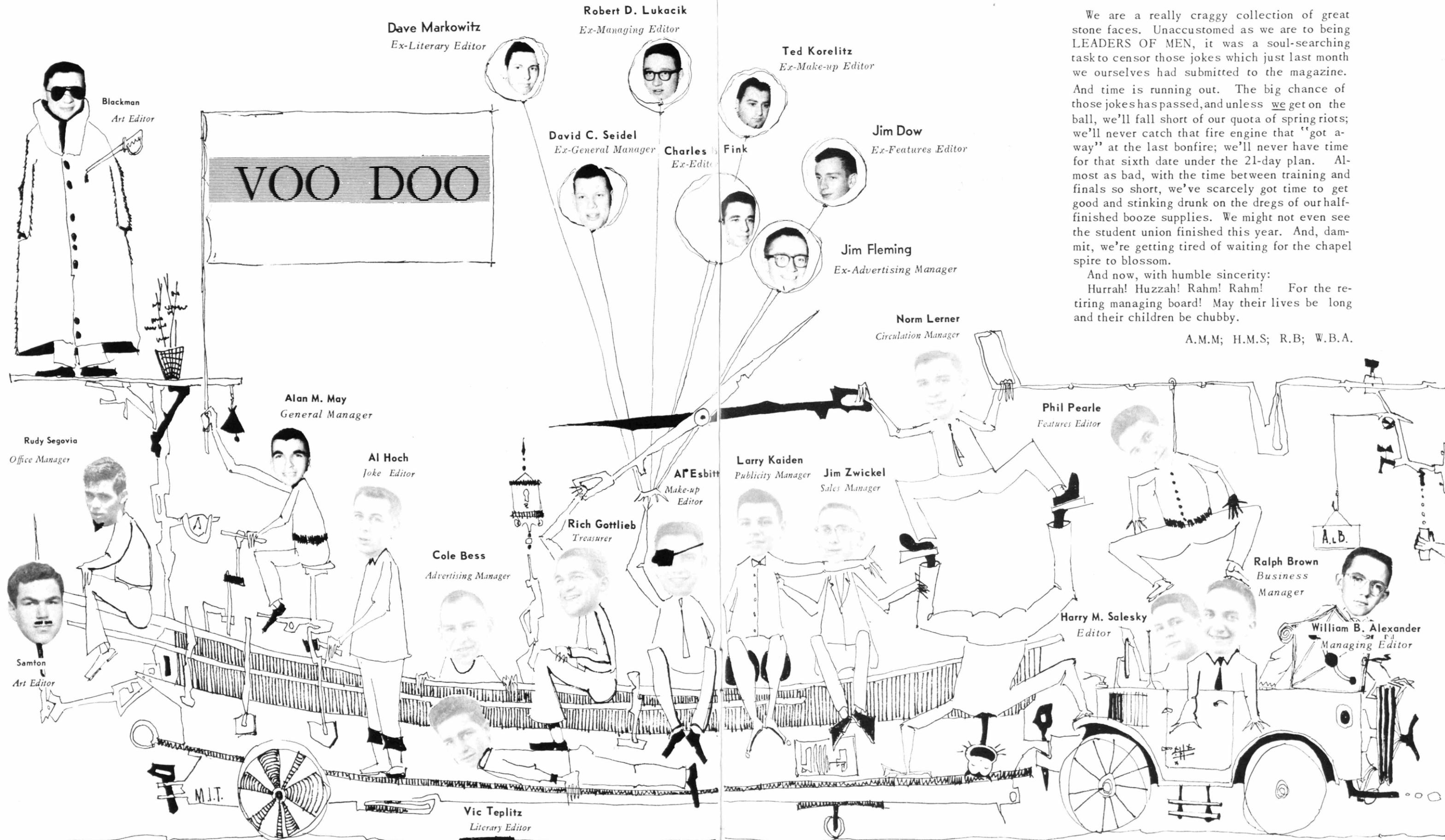
**I**t is amazing to what lengths some people will go for almost no reason whatsoever. Recently three of our friends rounded up a gun, some blank cartridges, and a car. They drove along the drive until they found an unoccupied space, whereupon one jumped out and began running. The other two gave chase and fired all six blanks. The runner fell to the ground and lay writhing in the dust. Eye witness reports say that the couple in the car behind continued whatever they were doing without interruption, while, from the car in front, a girl jumped and shouted, "Daddy."

**O**ur favorite instructor has defined an open book quiz as a treasure hunt.

We are a really craggy collection of great stone faces. Unaccustomed as we are to being LEADERS OF MEN, it was a soul-searching task to censor those jokes which just last month we ourselves had submitted to the magazine. And time is running out. The big chance of those jokes has passed, and unless we get on the ball, we'll fall short of our quota of spring riots; we'll never catch that fire engine that "got away" at the last bonfire; we'll never have time for that sixth date under the 21-day plan. Almost as bad, with the time between training and finals so short, we've scarcely got time to get good and stinking drunk on the dregs of our half-finished booze supplies. We might not even see the student union finished this year. And, dammit, we're getting tired of waiting for the chapel spire to blossom.

And now, with humble sincerity:  
Hurrah! Huzzah! Rahm! Rahm! For the retiring managing board! May their lives be long and their children be chubby.

A.M.M; H.M.S; R.B; W.B.A.



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VOO DOO

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blackman

A friend of ours woke up in class just in time to see a monstrous, awe-inspiring diagram on the board. Completely snowed, he felt obligated to say something so he brightly sang out, "Sir, what are your axes?" With a sad smile the instructor carefully replied, "This is the horizontal one, and over here we have the vertical one."

If your girl is named Jane, brother you got troubles. We just received an autobiography signed by that name, and Oh boy. Thank you, whoever you are; Phos, for the first time in his life blushed.

Our treasurer, a close fist-ed man with a dollar, installed a lock on the phone just because we began dating a girl from California. The sweetest music we have ever heard came last night about two o'clock when the voice of a Very Important Person was heard shouting, "Who stole the phone lock?"

## ODE TO BUILDING TWO



I often wonder what race of men,  
Supreme intellects, mighty giants,  
Once strode these halls and corridors of Tech  
That they should be so high and lofty?

Where chips of plaster show their absence  
Three feet above my head,  
What awesome scientist clenched his fist,  
Beat his brow, and then the wall,  
That he should leave such a mark  
For all humanity to see?

Of what ethereal matter  
Were we little men once made?

In our day,  
What fearless member of the Administration  
Has dared to stand before all the world,  
In full Cyrano de Bergerac splendour,  
And cry, "Give me midgets?"

-A.M.M.

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A citizen was walking up Fifth Avenue when he was buttonholed by a character who said: "Shay can you tell me where to find Alcoholisch Anonymush?"

"Why? Do you want to join?"

"No, I wanna resign."



Johnny (six years old): "Daddy, the little girl across the street and I are going to get married."

Daddy: "That's quite a step to take, son. What are you going to use for money?"

Johnny: "Her daddy built her a play house. We're going to live in that."

Daddy: "Well, that's taking care of the housing problem. But what about children? Have you thought about that?"

Johnny (knocking on wood): "We've been lucky so far!"



A coed walked into the First National bank the other day, and set down eighty-three silver dollars.

"Tut-tut," said the teller, "you've been hoarding."

"Listen big boy," she snapped, "It's none of your business how I earned this money. All you've got to do is deposit it!"

A couple entered a crowded theater and found it necessary to accept single seats, which arrangement the young lady didn't care for at all. Then it occurred to her that her neighbor might be willing to change seats with her boyfriend.

"Pardon me, but are you alone?" she whispered.

The gentle little man gave no sign, so she repeated her question a little louder. There was still no answer, so she tried once more.

At that the little man turned sightly toward her and whispered nervously, "Cut it out, my whole family is here."



A man asked his neighbor how he kept his car looking so nice and glossy. The neighbor replied that his wife gave him all her worn out panties and he used these to polish his car with. Being a bachelor, he decided to ask his stenographer for some of hers, so one day at the office he asked: "By the way Miss Jane, what do you do with your panties when you wear them out?"

"Why," she replied demurely, "If I can find them afterwards, I put them back on again."



After a very wild night, lover boy looked down and asked: "Do you tell your mother everything you do?"

She answered: "Certainly not. My mother doesn't give a damn. It's my husband who's on inquisitive."

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The man was visiting his psychiatrist—complaining that he was unable to sleep, thereby ruining his health.

After much questioning, the psychiatrist advised him that it was possible for a person to “talk” himself to sleep. “First prepare for and get into bed. Then starting with the toes, say, “Toes, go to sleep”—“feet go to sleep”—“legs, go to sleep”—“hips, go to sleep”—“body, go to sleep”—“arms, go to sleep”—“face, go to sleep”—and finally “eyes, go to sleep. By that time, advised the psychiatrist, you be completely relaxed and asleep.”

That night the man did as advised; he got into bed, and starting with his toes, he said, “toes, go to sleep”—“legs, go to sleep”—“hips, go to sleep”—“body, go to sleep.” Just as he got to his eyes, his wife came into the bedroom, dressed in a very sheer and revealing nightgown. Violently slapping himself all over, he shouted, “Everybody, wake up—Everybody wake up!”



A spinster was shocked by the language used by workman repairing a telephone near her home, so she wrote the company.

The foreman was requested to make a report which read as follows:

“Me and Spike were on this job. I was on the pole and I accidentally let the hot lead fall on Spike -- right down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said, ‘Really, Harry, you should be more careful.’”



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## MADE IN TRIPLICATE

The girl who goes out with the boy who lives upstairs came over to visit him. The boy who lives upstairs was downstairs visiting me. One of the other boys who lives upstairs told the girl that the boy she came to visit was downstairs, so she came downstairs to visit us because she knew me, too, since we had met before when she was once upstairs and I was visiting the boys who live upstairs. All this is very important to the story because when this girl came downstairs she brought with her two of the most delicious tomatoes I have ever directed my eye balls at. I was immediately overtaken with a most insatiable desire for the pair of them.

A weekend includes both a Friday and a Saturday night, and there just happened to be two (2) of these juicy morsels stimulating the masculine tendencies endowed upon me by nature.

Being a man of action I made for the telephone the very next day. Despite the combined efforts of all the boys upstairs and all the boys downstairs I could not be discouraged from my gleeful plot.

It may be wise to insert at this point a small bit of relevant information: The two young lad-



PETER

ies involved were not only intimate friends in close contact with each other at all times (woe and grief) but were no less than roommates.

I wasted no time in securing a date with woman A (or No. 1) for Friday, I then, being always economically minded, asked her politely to please put her roommate on the phone. Thus saving a dime I obtained a date with woman B (or No. 2). The operation had progressed, smoothly and everything was well in hand. I snubbed my nose at the boys upstairs, and also the boys downstairs, calling them amateurs and chickens for being so skeptical about such a maneuver.

Later on during the week I was lackadaisically studying in the company of a girl with whom I am uncontrollably in love. She is a very sweet young thing with terribly straight hair, a build like a woman wrestler, and a horrifying temper. This was, of course, an opportune moment for my two beauties to appear, and far be it from them to ruin the story by not showing up.

It may add considerably to the confusion of this woeful tale, if the wrestler over whom I



had gone ape was very friendly with the two lovelies now entering the scene. She was, to be consistent and thorough, the roommate of the damn trouble-maker who first decided to visit the bastard upstairs.

At first everyone said hello to everyone else and smiled politely. Then people began adding two and two together and the totals some of them came up with were positively mortifying. Such questions as "How do you know her?" led to "Just what is your relationship with these girls?" and developed into "Who the hell do you think you are?" and "What do you take me for, anyhow?"

My sweat glands opened up like faucets as I wildly threw subtle hints all over the place for certain parties to please get the hell out. I fought fearlessly against biting sarcasms and nauseating remarks of contempt from the trio of sadistic tigresses. Finally, verbally exhausted, I sat in a stupor of defeat. The cackling of a henhouse subsided like a damped sine wave. Slowly and silently my tormentors left me, each in turn tossing a rotten smirk accompanied with a look that bored into my forehead and out the back of my cerebrum. The boys from upstairs grinned from ear to ear and went upstairs. The boys from downstairs just grinned from ear to ear.

Sad and dejected I trudged into the nearest corner and sulked. Three lush beauties despise me. The boys upstairs have lost all respect for me. My roommates laugh at me.

Instinctively I resorted to the most basic trouble-getter-out-of known to students. I went to sleep.

The next evening, being once again in full control of my faculties, I nestled comfortable by the telephone and dialed away. I exchanged a few coy remarks with the girl on bell duty just to get warmed up and then met ear to ear with woman A (or No1). Seemingly completely ignorant of any happenings of the evening preceding I informed this cute but stupid specimen of the weaker--much weaker--sex, that I would call for her at 8:30 sharp Friday night. My firm confidence and domineering countenance caused her to succumb without a word. Using the same method of attack, woman B (or No.2) was informed that I would pick her up at 8:30 Saturday night. She followed suit, not even voicing an objection to my dime saving policy.

Another phone call and the sweet young wrestler was confronted with an opportunity for an opportunity for an 8:30 date for Sunday night. Baffled by my *savoir faire* she shrank in compliance.

I was redeemed! Three lush beauties love me. The boys upstairs respect me. My roommates are proud of me.

— Max

---

"This bed," said the antique dealer, "belonged to my own great-great grandmother."

"Sure?" the unbelieving prospect replied. "no doubt it's one of the beds George Washington slept in."

"Very likely, sir, though of course we could never get great-great grandmother to admit it."



"Does your husband still find you entertaining after a year's marriage?"

"Not if I can help it."



A man sent a telegram to an undertaker advising him that his mother-in-law had died and asked whether she should be embalmed, cremated or just buried. He received this reply:

"All three, take no chances."



Robinson Crusoe was one of the best living men of the day. He lived all that time on an island without a woman and never worked on Friday.



And then there was the freshman who thought cunnilingus was a form of sanskrit.

Private Lite made an urgent request to see the Colonel and was granted permission.

"Sir," he said. "I just got to have a three day pass."

"Well," replied the Colonel. "You're hardly entitled to it, but I'll listen to your story and it better be good."

"Well, you see, Colonel. it's like this. My wife's in the WACS, and she has just been promoted to Top Sergeant. And I have that rare opportunity to do what every other soldier in this army has dreamed of doing for the last 100 years."



A female deer was wandering about aimlessly all alone at five in the morning when she spied two male deer. "What on earth are you two doing out at this hour?" she asked.

And the two male deer replied, "Oh, we're just looking for a little doe."

And she said, "Well, I don't care if I make a couple of bucks myself."

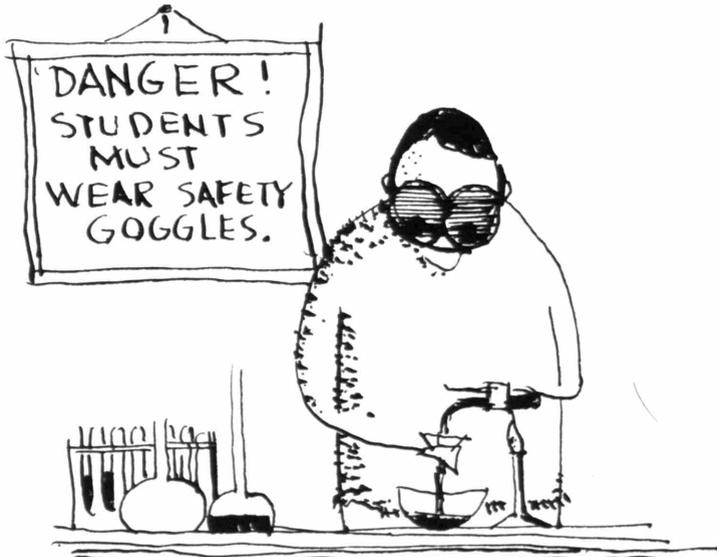


We know a girl who said she would do anything for a mink coat--and now she can't button it.



Girl's Father: "Young man, we turn the lights off at ten-thirty around here."

Boy: "That's okay, Sir. We won't be reading."



PETE

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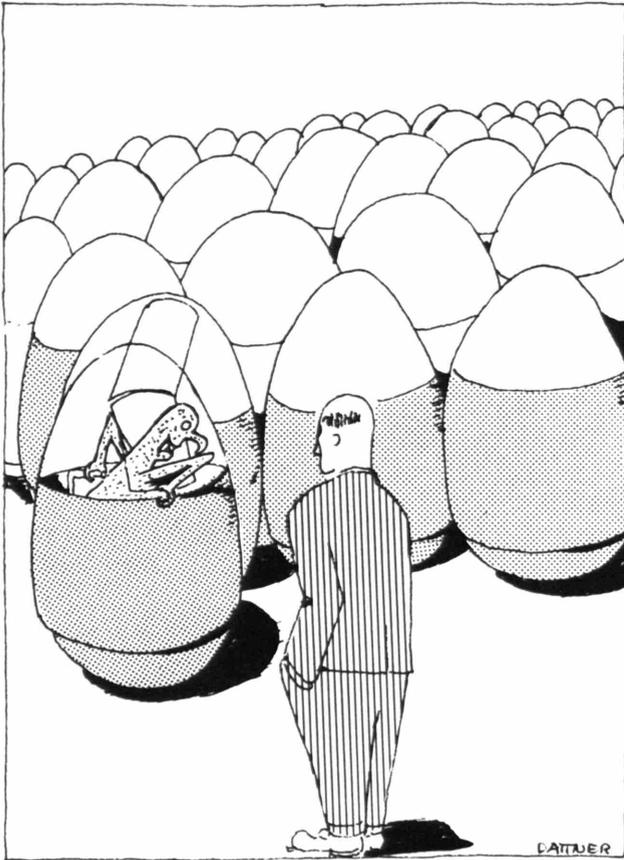
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**NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THESE  
DAMN THINGS, WHERE DO WE PARK?**

Jimmy was getting married that night, but during the afternoon he was in a car collision. After an examination the doctor informed him that he was all right except for a sever ligament laceration in a most awkward place, and it would be necessary to apply a protective covering. Thereupon, the doctor reached for four small strips of narrow wood and some bandages, and made a splint. Imagine Jimmy's disappointment on this day of all days, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Later that night, when he and his new bride finally got to the boudoir she started to disrobe in a strip-tease fashion. When she revealed her shoulders she said, "Look, Jimmy, never been touched by any man." Then she stripped to the waist, and said, "Look, Jimmy, no other man's eyes have ever gazed upon this." This routine carried on a little longer until finally Jimmy said "That's nothing. Look at this, still in the original crate."

Papa decided not to inform his little son of the impending arrival of the stork, but as the months progressed the secret grew more difficult to conceal. Finally the stork dropped his bundle and the father broke the news to his son.

"The stork has been flying over our house," explained the father. "He's swooping around."

"I hope he doesn't scare Mommy," replied the lad. "She's pregnant, you know."

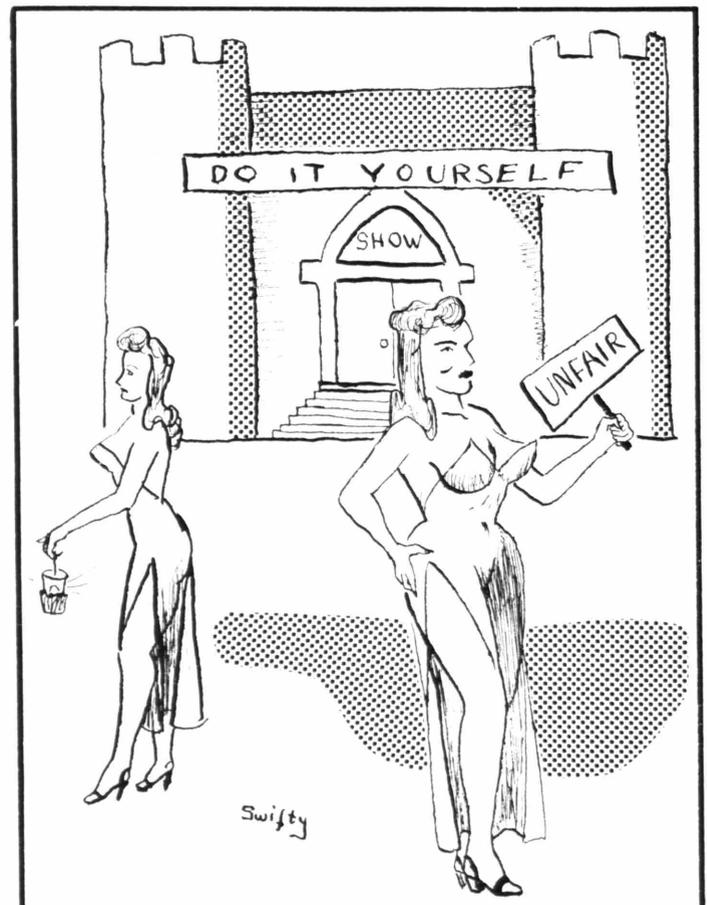


This man-about town was really making progress with his latest conquest. One night as he was leaving, he kissed her passionately and asked:

"Suppose, dear, you were to find yourself er, ah -- you know what I mean, suppose something went wrong, what would you do?"

"Why, why -- I would kill myself."

He patted her on the shoulder and smilingly said: "That's my girl."



## The Bridge Tournament

We here at Voo Doo have noticed of late the ever-mushrooming popularity of bridge columns, bridge tournaments, even bridge games. Accordingly, we have made connections with a rabid enthusiast of the sport who has consented to describe for us in this, and succeeding issues (if enough warriors of the green felt demonstrate their approbation) some of the great bridge tournaments of all time.

### THE TOURNAMENT OF 1215

There was a game that the fans will remember! There was a game!

Rouceville and Pomphrey were East and West, Foudrecault and Esteban, North and South. However, due to geometrical difficulties, it turned out that R. & P. actually were sitting North & South while F. & E. faced East and West. This was only one of the magnificent features that gave zest to this game.

North  
 ♠ -Void  
 ♥ -A-K-Q-J-10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2  
 ♦ -Void  
 ♣ -Void

East  
 ♠ -A-K-Q-J-10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2  
 ♥ -Void  
 ♦ -Void  
 ♣ -Void

West  
 ♠ -Void  
 ♥ -Void  
 ♦ -A-K-Q-J-10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2  
 ♣ -Void

South  
 ♠ -Void  
 ♥ -Void  
 ♦ -Void  
 ♣ -A-K-Q-J-10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2.

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
7C	7D	7H	P
P	P		

Opening lead: King of Spades.

Some experts (i.e. kibitzers) felt that East should have bid seven spades. But East said he was afraid he might not have any board entries in which case it would be difficult to set up a cross ruff. East said he only counted nineteen points but if he had one more honor he would have risked it; although he never bid seven on principle, because seven was so hard to make.

THE PLAY: East led his second highest spade, The King. The lead of The King meant that East wanted the suit returned if his partner got the chance. After this shrewd lead, side bets were being made among the experts as to whether the hand would make.

However, North trumped with the deuce after sluffing a low club. Then North led The Three of hearts, followed by the four, five, six, seven, and to show off, eight. He was about to play the nine when West said as far as he was concerned, he would concede the rest of the tricks and the hell with playing it out.

North said he seldom got a hand like this and was going to play it out, right down to the very last card.

East asked to be excused for a moment as he wanted to go to the next room for a drink of water. After a half hour, when East had not returned, the others investigated and found no sign of East. The room was empty and the window open.

*The hand was never completed.* I, however, took a poll of the experts who remained. The general consensus of opinion was that had play continued, it seems likely that North would have made his contract. I, myself, have gone over the hand several times and still am not sure that North could not have gone down.

But no matter! What a game! Courage, candor, cowardice, passion, all laid out on a Sunday afternoon like the dummy on the table. Ah, the game!

— Al Weiss

## The War Effort

A sniper is tired.

Left behind by a decamping army, he hugs his tree or bush or bit of rock. It is his sepulchre and he knows it.

There is a figure approaching below.

The sniper is above all methodical. Time is his own. He stretches himself with luxurious deliberation, carefully propping his weapon on a branch or cleft. The gun is his last living companion. Its lines are soft and graceful, but its heart is hard.

The figure is nearing.

The man below is abstractly regarded. Time gone the sniper would be venomous. Time gone the weapon would be clenched instead of caressed.

Time will die with the sniper but now it lives lazily. Time stretches itself ecstatically on the forefinger.

The bolt moves disinterestedly and the sniper watches the figure spin and fall. The man is dead. The sniper merges with his tree or bush or bit of rock for fully five minutes wondering absentmindedly, as the echos die, when he will die with them.

Then he withdraws a scarred jackknife from his back pocket (and his boyhood past) and slowly, methodically, deliberately breaks the flowing form of the weapon by carving another notch in the stock of the gun.

A woman is tired.

Left behind in a wave of conscription, followed by a wave of desecration, she remains dully in her desolate home. There is nothing more to come, either good or bad, that will not fall senselessly on indifference, for the woman has been purged of terror and hope, and so is dead and she knows it.

Time gone there was terror and hope. Time gone, the irretrievable past had brought the enemy, which, with its cruel coarseness, had violated the memory, the house and the woman.

The disease she knew about, and, before emotion died, she resolved the course that was now automatic.

Every evening, with the punctuality of habit, she leaves the house, walking deliberately toward the enemy lines; every morning she reappears at her door.

Wearily she climbs the stairs to her bedroom and, taking the letter opening knife from her bureau, slowly, methodically, deliberately breaks the flowing form of the wood by carving another notch in the bedpost.

— *Arnie Berman*

The traveling salesman pulled up beside the farmhouse, hopped out of his car, leaped onto the porch and rang the doorbell. A moment later a beautiful girl with long brown hair and soft blue eyes answered his ring.

"Boy, I'll bet you're the farmer's daughter!" exclaimed the salesman.

"No," said the girl. "I'm his mistress."



A man was experimenting with new formulas for beer. He labored on his various theories for over a year, and when finally hitting upon what he thought was a revolutionary process, he sent the formula to a laboratory to be analyzed.

The reply came back. "Your horse has diabetes."

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The difference between amnesia and magnesia is that the fellow with amnesia can't remember where he's going.



Mother: Shh, son, go to sleep. It's 12 o'clock and the sandman's coming.

Jr: Fifty cents and I won't tell Daddy.



Conductor: "Can't you see the sign says 'No Smoking'?"

Passenger: "Sure, but there's another sign that says 'Wear Nemo Corset' so I ain't paying attention to any of them."



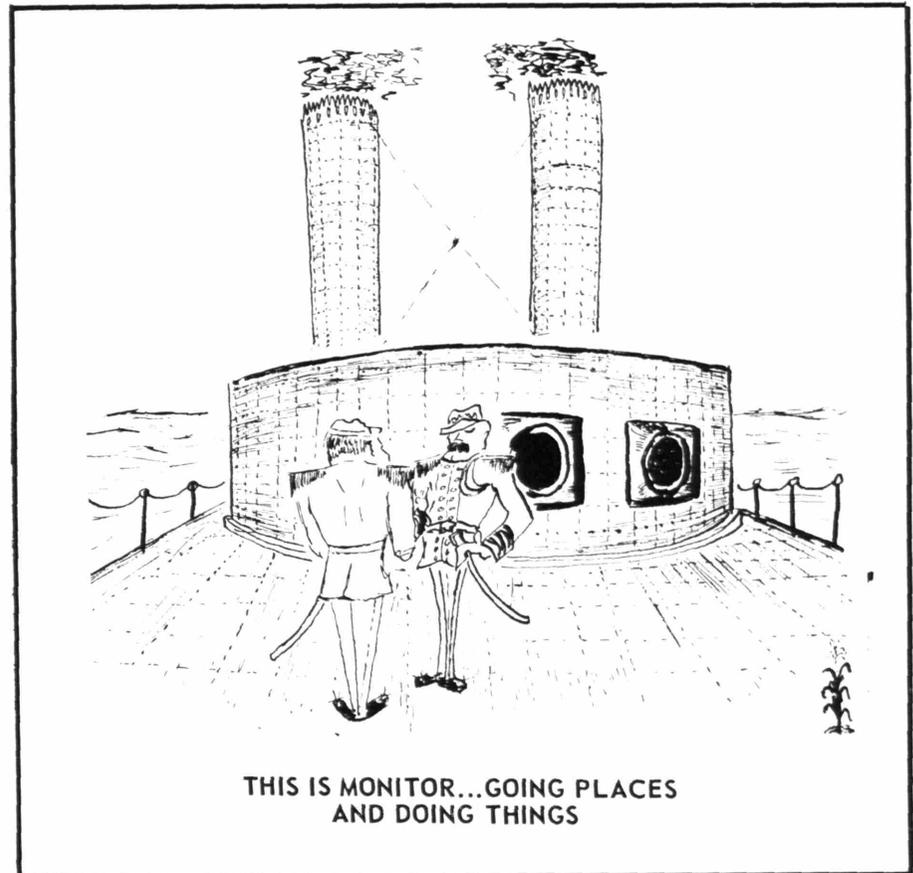
He: I'm groping for words.

She: I think you're lookin in the wrong place.



Nurse: Every time I bend over to listen to his heart, his pulse rate goes up alarmingly. What should I do?

Intern: Button your blouse.



She: "I'm so discouraged. Everything I do seems to be wrong."

He: "What are you doing tonight?"

She: There are lots of girls who don't pet in parked cars.

He: Yeah, the woods are full of them.



Most girls are very similar to radios, you get the best reception when there isn't much on.



Rumor hath it that Burrington's is adding yellow pages for classified integrals.



## How About A BIKE RIDE

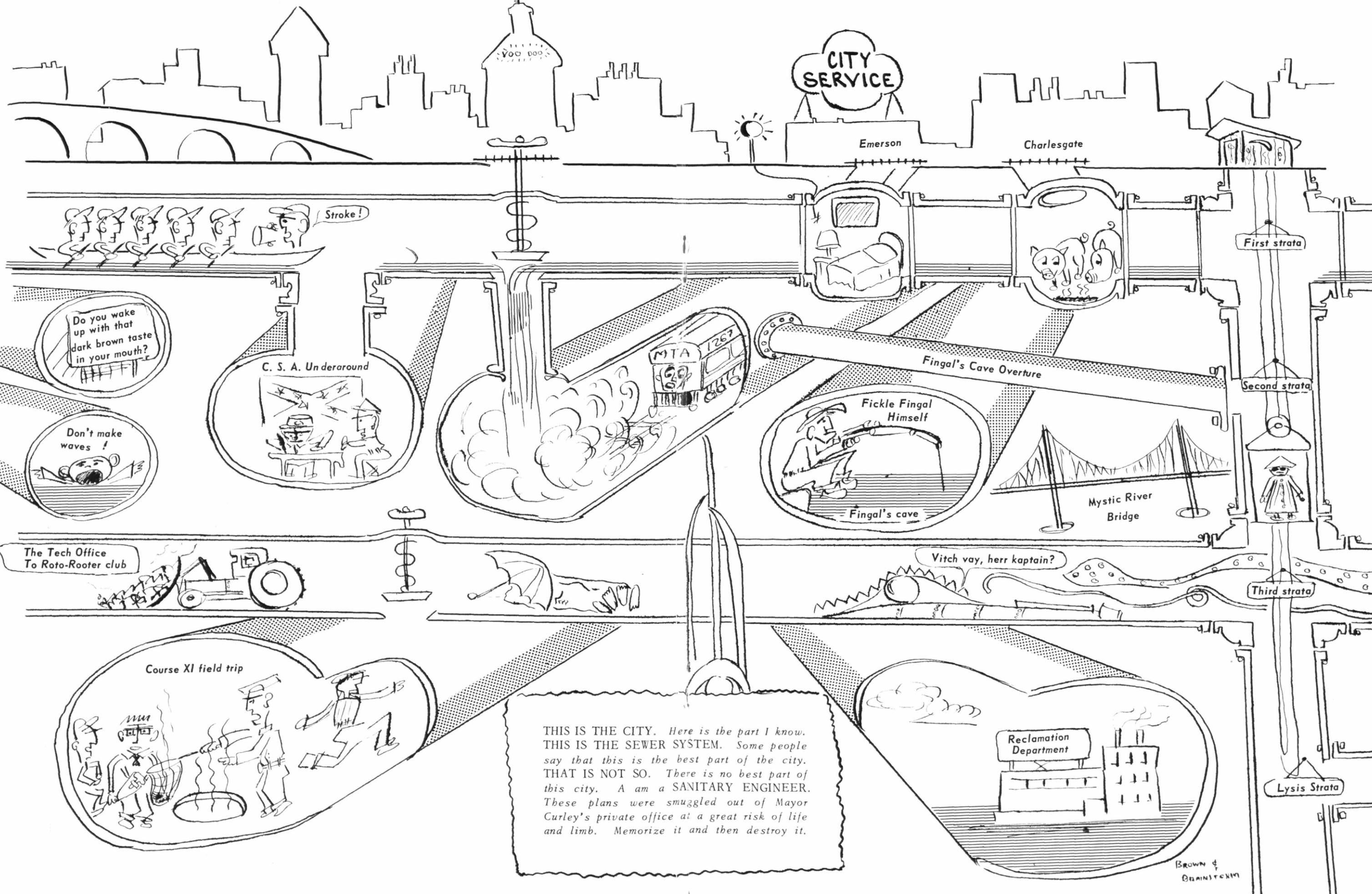
OPEN SUNDAYS

**The BICYCLE EXCHANGE**

## NEW AND USED CYCLES

THE BICYCLE EXCHANGE has hundreds of rental bikes—ALL in perfect condition! What's more, THE BI-EX will give you a FREE CYCLING MAP showing the way to many of Greater Boston's most interesting places. Rates are reasonable too. So plan your outing. Rent a bike at BI-EX.

3 BOW STREET  
UN 4-1300



CITY SERVICE

Voo Doo

Emerson

Charlesgate

Stroke!

First strata

Do you wake up with that dark brown taste in your mouth?

C. S. A. Underaroud

MTA 1267

Fingal's Cave Overture

Second strata

Don't make waves!

Fickle Fingal Himself

Fingal's cave

Mystic River Bridge

The Tech Office To Roto-Rooter club

Vitch vay, herr kaptain?

Third strata

Course XI field trip

THIS IS THE CITY. Here is the part I know. THIS IS THE SEWER SYSTEM. Some people say that this is the best part of the city. THAT IS NOT SO. There is no best part of this city. A am a SANITARY ENGINEER. These plans were smuggled out of Mayor Curley's private office at a great risk of life and limb. Memorize it and then destroy it.

Reclamation Department

Lysis Strata

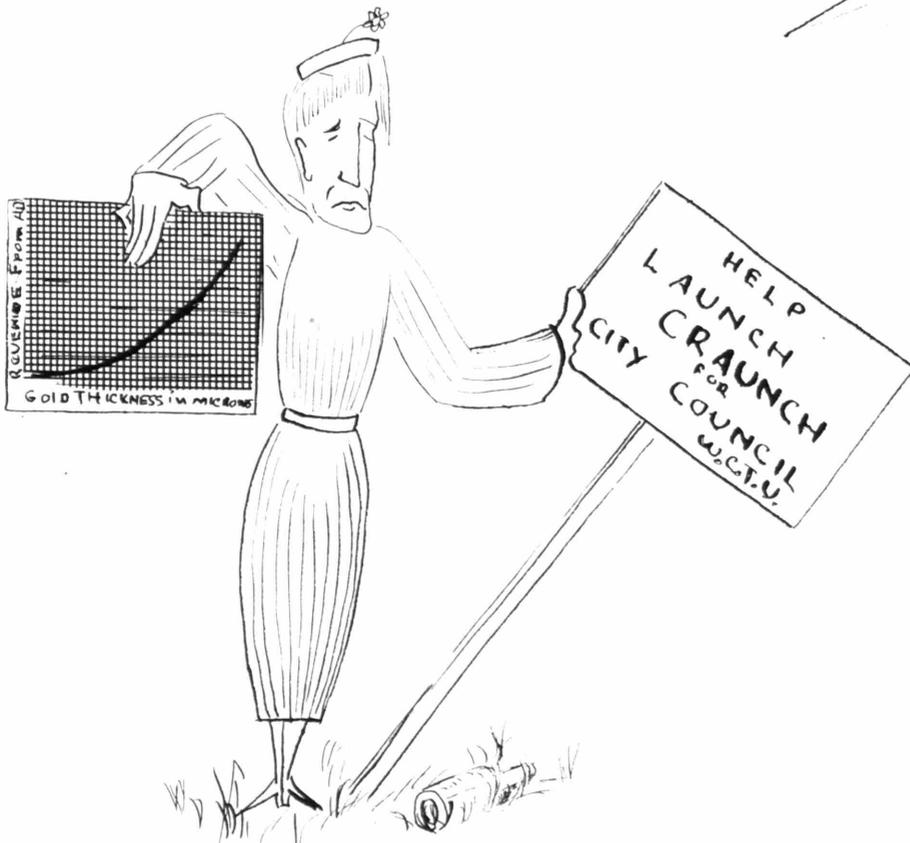
BROWN & BRAINFORM

# THE RISE TO POWER



I. Born To Rich Parents In A Fabulous Mansion On Snob Hill. Moves To City As Youth. Relatively Unknown. Forms Citizen's Civic Discussion Council. Wins Debate. Affirmative Of "Better Facilities Should Be Made Available To Citizen's Civic Discussion Councils." Attracts Attention Of Ward Big-Wigs. Appointed To Civic Administrative Council.

II. Takes Over. Chairman Of Council, Assistant, And All Other Members Lost In Shuffle. Appointed Chairman, Runs Committee Alone.



III. Begins Investigation Linking Liquor Ads In City Newsletter With Thickness Of Gold Plate On Editor's Cadillac. Wins Approval Of WCTU, League Of Women Voters. On Their Recommendations, Elected To City Council 10 Years In Row.

# OF LUCIUS CRAUNCH

IV. Narrowly Misses Being In LIFE. Blurs Picture In Standing To Move An Amendment To An Amendment. Amended Amendment Had Not Been Seconded. Motion Defeated.



V. Soon Becomes Famed For Oratory In Council. Somewhat Delays Meeting By Insistence Upon Strict Parliamentary Procedure, But Saves Mayor's Pet Plan By Brilliant Stroke. Attracts Attention Of Mayor.

VI. Moves To New City Ward. Wins Seat In Council From Both Old And New Wards. Enemies Close In. Crushing Defeat. Mayor Dissolves His Newly-Formed Censorship Board. In Brilliant Speech Reversing Defeat, Opens Mouth Once Too Often. Mayor Cans All His Committees. Silenced, Humbled Sinks Into Oblivion Predicting Imminent Disaster For City At Hands Of Ruthless Hawaiian Punch Manufacturers.



A millionaire banker sought admission to the Pearly Gates one fine day and applied for a ticket at the box office.

"Who are you?" asked St. Peter.

"I am a Wall Street Broker."

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What have you done that would entitle you to admission?"

"Well, I saw a decrepit woman on Broadway the other day, and I gave her two cents."

"Gabriel, is that on the record?"

"Yes, it is, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well once I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge and met a newsboy half frozen to death. I gave him a penny."

"Gabriel, is that on the record?"

"Yes, it is, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well...that's all I can think of."

"What do you think we ought to do with this guy Gabriel?"

"Give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."



A Marine regiment was sent back for rest after a rough tour of duty at the front. At the base they discovered a contingent of Wacs billeted and awaiting assignments to various posts. The Marine colonel addressed himself to the Wacs commander, warning her that his men had been in the front lines a long time and might not be too careful about their attitudes toward the Wacs.

"Keep 'em locked up," he told the Wac commander, "if you don't want any trouble."

"Trouble?" said she. "There'll be no trouble. My girls have it up here," she tapped her forehead significantly.

"Madame," barked the Marine, "It makes no difference where they have it, my boys will find it. Keep 'em locked up."

The barfly had been eyeing the beautiful woman at the end of the bar for some time when the bartender said, "That woman is my wife and I don't want you to get any ideas!"

To which the drinker replied, "Who's got ideas? Gimme a piece of beer."



A young groom was very attentive and helpful to his new wife all evening asking several times if there was anything more that he could do.

A few minutes later she entered the bathroom and immediately he gently rapped on the door to ask, "Honey, is there anything more that I can do?"

"Yes," she replied, "get two safety-pins from the dresser for me."

"Aw, nuts," he exclaimed, "go get 'em yourself!"



The honeymoon couple was checking out of the hotel.

"What's this item a hundred dollars for meals? I never came down for dinner, you know I'm on my honeymoon."

Clerk: "We're on the European plan here. It was there for you."

Bridegroom: "Well, then we're even, because you owe me a hundred dollars for making love to my wife."

Clerk: "I never touched your wife."

Bridegroom: "Well, it was there for you."



She had planned to get her driver's license before the wedding so that she could share the driving on their honeymoon, but she became so absorbed with wedding details that she never got further than making application for a beginner's permit. On the day itself, shortly after the couple had left the reception, the bride reappeared at the front door. "What happened?" asked someone, as a hush fell over the guests.

"Oh, nothing," said the bride, heading for the stairs. "I just forgot my learner's permit."

Then there's the story of the big movie mogul who came home at 8:00 a.m., in the morning and told his wife he was up all night at a story conference. Except that when they had finished the conference, he had to drive his secretary home. He explained further she had asked him in for a cup of coffee and then kindly offered to put him up for the remainder of the night because it was so late. So he stayed. His wife looked at him angrily. "Don't lie to me," she said, "I know you were playing gin rummy again."



A very wise physician was attempting to placate the mother of the bride whose child was being delivered only six months after the wedding. "Don't worry about it, madam," came the comforting assurance of the medico, delivered with all the dignity and profession. "It often happens with the first child. But never with the second. Or the third."



"Do you think you'd make a good soldier?" asked the army doctor.

"Just give me a gun and I'll show them" said the private. "If they shoot me in the hands, I'll pull the trigger with my arms; if they get me in the arms I'll pull the trigger with my legs; if they shoot me in the legs, I'll pull the trigger with my teeth."

"Great," said the doctor.

"Tell me," said the private, "don't you think I'm a little bit crazy?"



Mother and daughter were very busy with the wedding plans. "We have so much to do," said the bride-to-be, "we mustn't forget the most insignificant detail."

"Oh," answered her mother, "don't worry about him; He'll be there."



Soph: "How did you like Venice?"

Frosh: "Oh, I only stayed a few days. The place was flooded."

Yale transfer student to clerk; "I say, my good man, could you take that red tie with the orange spots out of the window for me?"

Clerk: "Why certainly, sir; we are pleased to take anything out of the window at any time"

Student: "Thanks awfully. The beastly thing bothers me every time I pass here."



A Mrs. Throckmorton Montgomery Attell was a very proper dame whose morals were unquestioned and who made strenuous efforts to impress everyone with her importance. One day an unknown admirer sent her a very attractive, engraved brass brooch from China.

She would wear it on most every occasion and seemed very proud of it. This particular afternoon, she was at a party where a famous Chinese scholar was among the guests. She urged him to translate the inscription on her beloved brooch.

The Chinese scholar tried to be diplomatic and told her that he didn't understand all the various Chinese dialects. But she was insistent. She just had to know the meaning of the engraving.

So finally he swallowed hard and told her that the brooch read: "Licensed Prostitute--City of Shanghai."



She was an attractive young widow. She entered the hotel lounge and seated herself next to a big and handsome brute. She coughed lightly, but the stranger ignored her presence. When their eyes finally met, she gave him a flirtatious glance that indicated plainly that she would be willing to make his acquaintance. Still he remained cool, gave no answering sign. At last her handkerchief fluttered to the floor distressingly near her attractive, silk-clad ankles.

"Oh," she murmured softly, "I've dropped my handkerchief."

He turned a calm eye to the lady and responded, "Madam: my weakness is beer."

Teacher: "Tommy, name five things that contain milk."

Tommy: "Ice cream and a cow."

"That's only two things."

"It's five things. I guess you never saw a cow."



A pink elephant, a green rat, and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail bar.

"You're a little early boys," said the bartender, "he ain't here yet."



"There's nothing like getting up at six in the morning, taking an ice cold shower and a run around the park before breakfast."

"How long have you been doing this?"

"I start tomorrow."



"It's not the work I enjoy," said the taxi driver. "It's the people I run into."

**TECHNIQUE**  
 Takes Great Pleasure in Announcing  
 The Impending Appearance Of

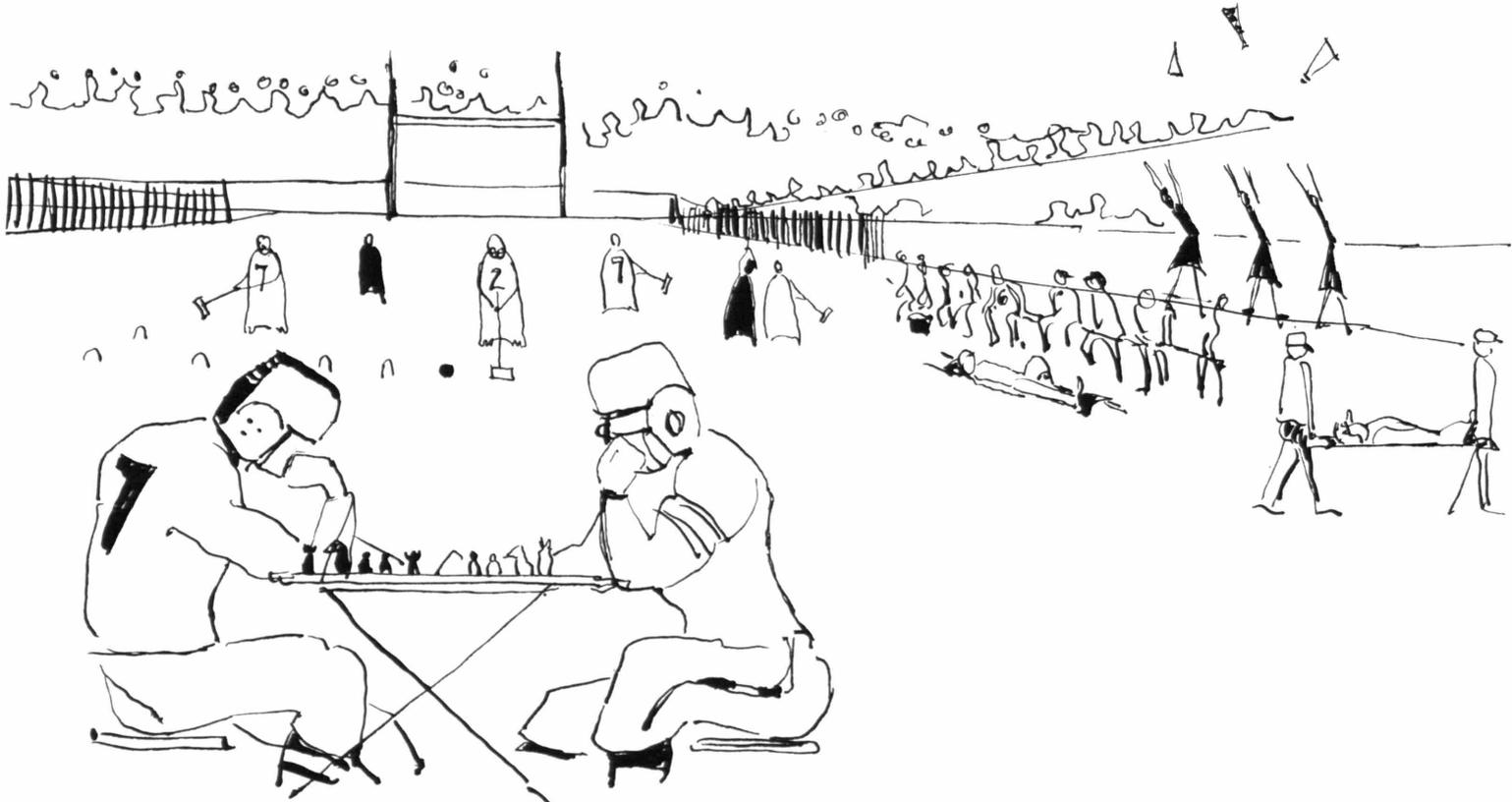
**THE 1956  
 TECHNIQUE**

**Which Will Make Its Debut  
 The Lord Willing  
 On  
 May 22, 1956 A.d.**

It May Doubtless Be Procured In  
**The Lobby Of Building Ten  
 and  
 The Technique Office**

*For a Short Time Thereafter  
 Upon the Surrender Of An Option*

The Photographer is Not Holding His Breath  
 While He Waits For Your Proofs.





The teachers are afraid of the principals.  
 The principals are afraid of the superintendent.  
 The superintendent is afraid of the school board.  
 The school board is afraid of the parents.  
 The parents are afraid of the children.  
 The children are afraid of nobody.



Little boy and Mom at zoo watching the elephants:

LB: "Mom, what's that thing hanging down from the elephant?"

M: "That's his tail."

LB: "No, no! up further!"

M: "That's his trunk, Honey."

LB: "No, no! Back further!"

M: "Oh, that's nothing. Ask your father."

LATER

LB: "Daddie, what's that thing hanging down from the elephant?"

F: "That's his trunk."

LB: "No, no! Back further, Daddie."

F: "That's his tail."

LB: "No, no! Up further! Mommie said it was nothing."

F: "My son, your mother's been spoiled."



Income tax officials were at a loss to understand why a man, who claimed he was not married also claimed an exemption in his income tax return for one dependent child. They wrote to him, calling attention to the discrepancy and inquired if this wasn't merely a stenographic error.

His reply came back immediately. "You're telling me!"

The Sunday School teacher was showing her pupils a picture of a bunch of early Christian martyrs in a den of lions. One little boy seemed very sad as he looked almost on the verge of tears.

"Gee," he spoke up. "look at that poor lion in the back. He won't get any."



An attractive cow-girl was travelling from Ft. Worth to Houston, Texas. On the same train was a northerner. (This was obvious because he was carrying a briefcase that had his name on it.)

The northerner struck up a conversation and proposed a rendezvous at a Houston hotel.

"We'll not only have lots of fun, he said, but I'll give you five dollars."

The cow-girl rose her eyes flashing, but before she could answer, a tall, lanky cowboy pulled out a revolver from a hidden holster and shot the northerner dead.

While the gun was still smoking, he turned to the others in the car and shouted, "Well, now, are there any more damn Yankees here who want to raise the price of women in Texas?"



The temperance lecturer asked his audience: "Now, supposing I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey; which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery.

"And why would he take the water?" asked the lecturer.

"Because he's an ass," came the reply.



## TRAPPED

Godfrey Sessions was a quiet, unassuming, well-adjusted, young man. His childhood had been peacefully idyllic, except for the time his mother caught him telling his playmates to call him God for short. He spent four years at college without learning very much, and after graduating was given a rather innocuous key position at his father's bank. For the next five years his life could only be called dull. After eight hours at the bank, he would come home to dinner, then play the piano for his mother and go to bed. Weekends, he did not go to the bank.

Finally, while playing the piano one night, he realized that he might just as well be sitting some place else, playing for larger audiences than his mother. The next evening at dinner, he mentioned that he might try to find a job playing the piano somewhere. He knew he wasn't good enough for classical compositions, but thought he might find a place in a dance band or a night club.

His mother was horrified. "What a shocking idea!" she exclaimed, "My son in a night club!

Why that's - that's bohemian," she said, and then looked apologetic as though she had called him a bad name.

Nevertheless, he kept thinking about it, and soon afterwards he packed a bag, said goodbye to his mother and father, and, ignoring the tears that began to flow, walked out of the house. He took a train to another city and a day or two later found a night club that needed a piano player.

One night he saw a rather pretty girl sitting alone. During a break he went over to the bar and picked up two drinks, and then walked to the table where the girl was sitting. At closing time they left together, and the next night she was back waiting for him. Her name was Sally; she was an artist. She painted all sorts of pictures, very few of which were ever sold. Soon they began living together. They found a one-room apartment and bought a bed, a piano, and a lot of art supplies.

For the next five years his life was much more exciting than it had been. Now it was filled with art, and creativity, and liquor, and interesting people, and intellectual conversation, and all sorts of fascinating things. From eight to two he played the piano at the club; the rest of the time he and Sally were free to lead as carefree and abandoned a life as they wished.

Finally, while playing the piano one night about one o'clock, he realized that there ought to be better places to spend the evening than the hot, dark, smoke-filled, noisy room he was in. The next morning, over a bottle of wine, he told Sally that he'd like to leave the club and find a better job so that they might move into a more comfortable apartment. He thought that, since he had had worked in a bank before, he could easily find a position in one now.

Sally was horrified, "What a shocking idea!" she exclaimed, "You in a bank: You'll do no such thing. Why that's - that's bourgeois," she said, and then looked slightly apologetic, as though...

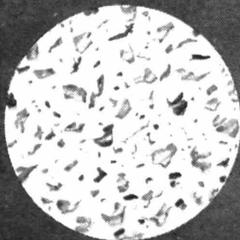
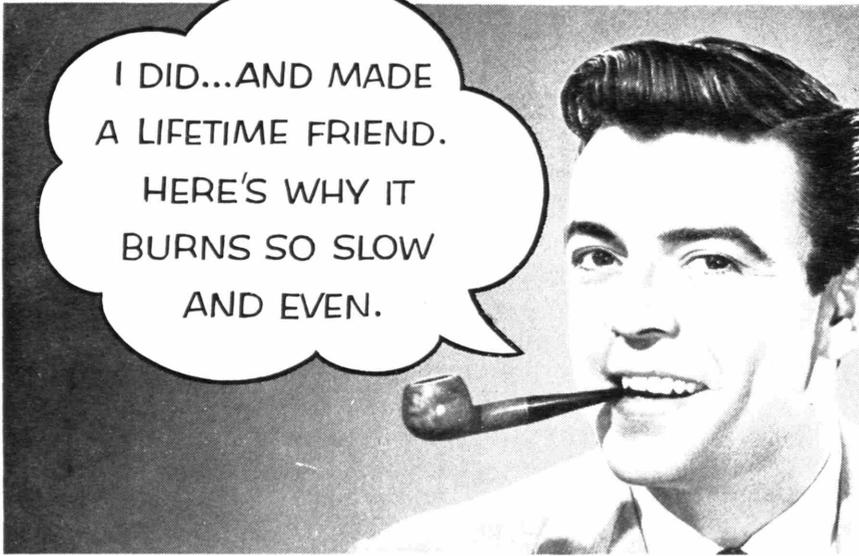


PETER

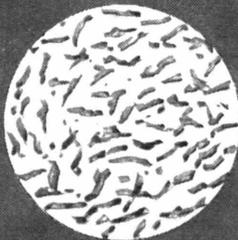
—Vic Teplitz

# WANT A COOLER SMOKE? ...DISCOVER EDGEWORTH!

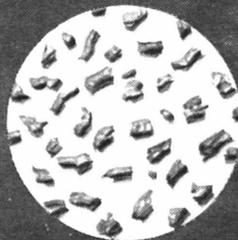
I DID...AND MADE  
A LIFETIME FRIEND.  
HERE'S WHY IT  
BURNS SO SLOW  
AND EVEN.



**A. BITS AND FLAKES**  
burn hot and fast, bite  
the tongue.



**B. FINE CUT SHREDS**  
all right for cigarettes—  
not so good for pipes.



**C. ONLY EDGEWORTH**  
gives you slow burning,  
cool smoking "chunks."

No other tobacco can duplicate the Edgeworth cut, because it's actually "ready-rubbed" by an exclusive process. See in the picture what a difference this makes. Edgeworth's even-sized chunks (Picture C) burn slow and cool, with never a touch of tongue bite.

#### EDGEWORTH'S SPECIAL BURLEYS

No one in over 50 years has ever equalled Edgeworth's way with tobaccos. Tobacco

experts agree that white burley is best of all for pipes. But Edgeworth looks for a certain type of white burley, grown on well-drained land on sunny hillsides, just like fine wine grapes or fine coffee. Then these special burleys are aged for years before blending. This is another reason Edgeworth smokes cooler—8 to 10 degrees cooler by actual test.

# EDGEWORTH

AMERICA'S FINEST  
PIPE TOBACCO

EDGEWORTH'S EXCLUSIVE wrap-around pouch is heat-sealed. Moisture can't get in—freshness can't get out.



Made by  
Larus & Brother Co., Inc.  
Richmond,  
Virginia

A bewildered man entered a ladies' specialty shop. "I want a corset for my wife," he said. "What bust?" asked the clerk. "Nothing. It just wore out."



He: "How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"

She: "Three, and the name's Daisy."



Hickory, dickory, dock,  
Three Mice ran up the clock.  
The clock struck one,  
And the other two escaped with  
minor injuries



Puzzle this one out before  
the physics final: How come,  
when you look in the mirror,  
you get left and right reversal  
but not an up and down reversal?



Waiter: Can I help you with  
the soup sir?

Diner: Help me? What do you  
mean?

Waiter: Well, sir, from the  
sound I thought you might wish  
me to drag you ashore.



— As Advertised in **LIFE**

He held her close as the music drifted into a dreamy waltz.

"Doesn't this dance just make you long for another?"

"Yes, but she couldn't come tonight."



A man threatening to "end it all" was perched atop a tall building in a southern city and a policeman had made his way to the roof to try to persuade him not to jump.

"Think of your mother and father," pleaded the cop.

"Haven't any."

"Think of your wife and family."

"Haven't any."

"Your girl friend, then."

"I hate women!"

"All right, think of Robert E. Lee."

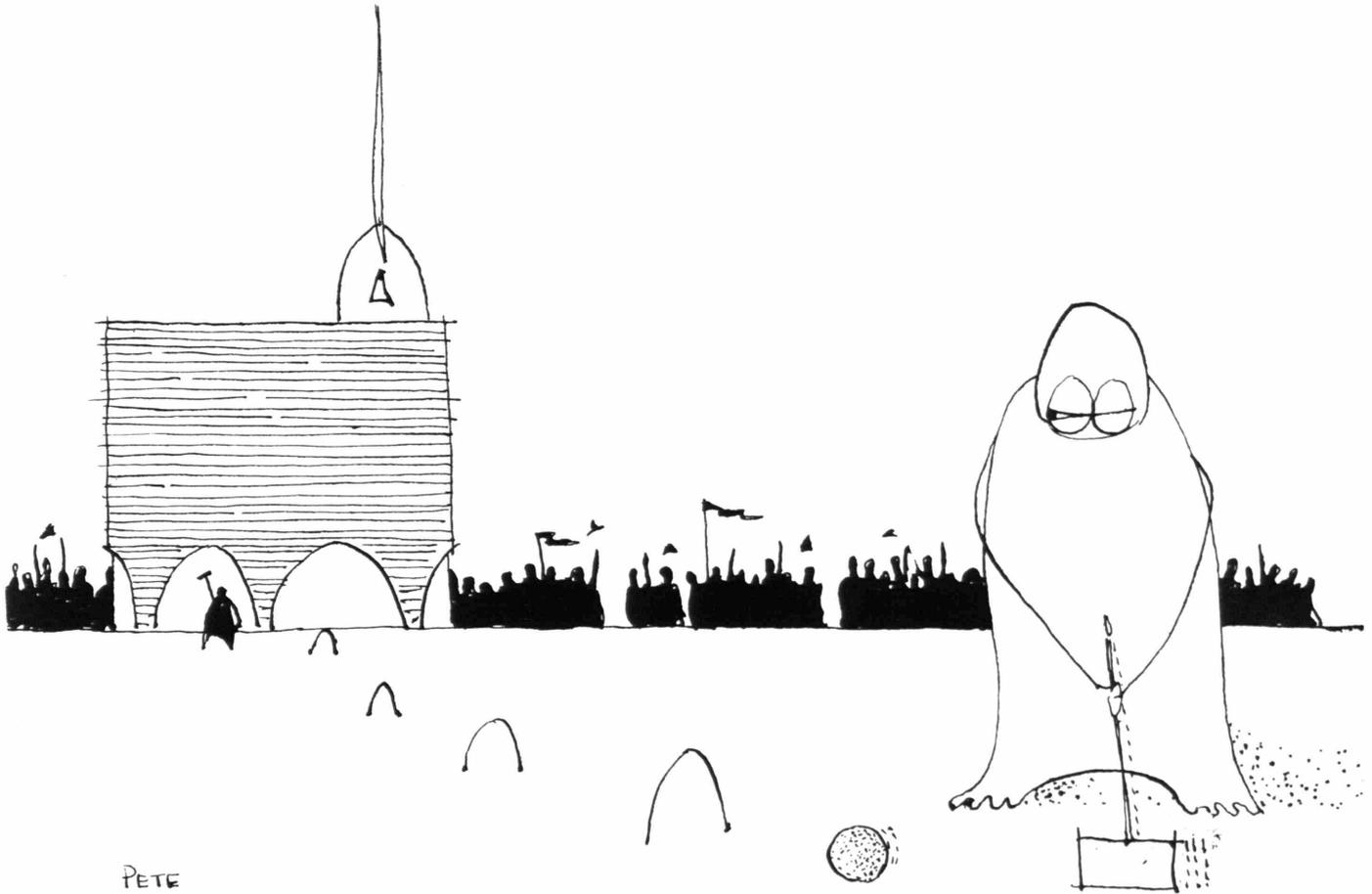
"Who's Robert E. Lee?"

"Jump you dam yankee!"

Careful Hand Laundering	Spotless Dry Cleaning
<b>RELIABLE HAND LAUNDRY</b>	
Shirts Cleaned And Pressed Still Just 17¢	
1122 Boylston Near Mass. Ave. BOSTON	Telephone KE 6-7552

<p>USE VOO DOO'S 21 DAY LAY AWAY PLAN</p> <p style="text-align: right;">WALKER 304</p>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

<p><b>AT THE COOP</b></p>		<p><b>AT THE COOP</b></p>
<p>For Shipping For Storage and Many Other Uses</p>		
<p>Wooden Packing Cases 13" x 17" x 27" \$5.95 15" x 22" x 33" \$7.50</p>		
<p>All boxes have hinges, rope handles and hasps.</p>		
<p><b>TECHNOLOGY STORE</b></p> <p>"Patronage refund to members"</p>		



A business man hired a luscious creature for his secretary. For her first week's pay, he bought her a beautiful nightgown; for her second week's pay, an exquisite wristwatch; for her third week's pay he raised her first week's pay.

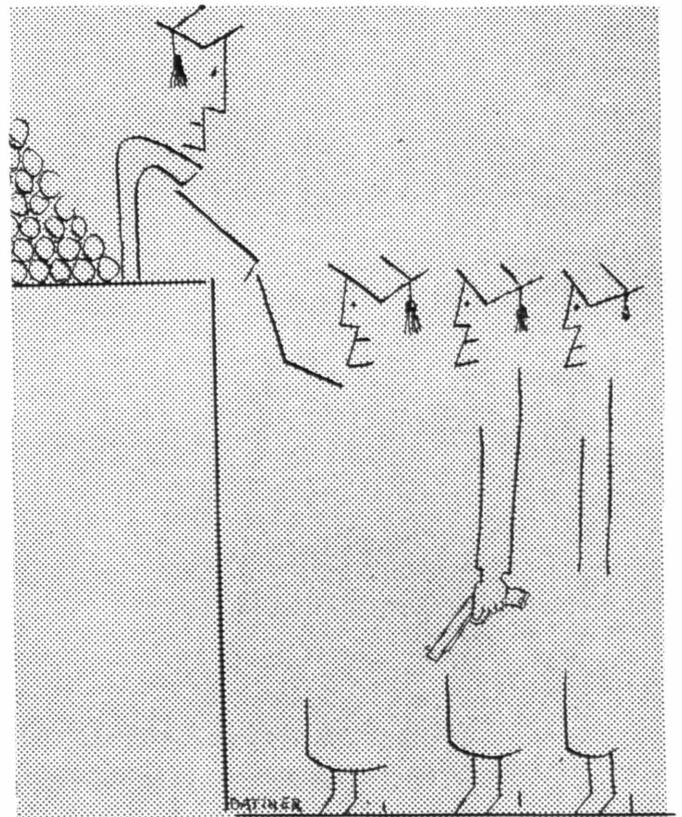


An ex-Sailor and his son entered a saloon.  
 Son: "Golly, look at the fanny on that blond!"  
 Dad: "Cut that out:...WOW, look at the can on that bartender!"



Then there's the one about the old fellow, who, while drinking brew in the local pub, remembered a phone call he had to make. To make certain that no one would drink his beer while he was gone, he wrote this note. "I spat in this beer."

Upon returning, however, he was chagrined to find written boldly across the paper, "So have I."





TYGRE, TYGRE, BURNING BRIGHT

He: "How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"

She: "Three, and the name's Daisy."



The skin you love to touch is usually covered up.



Darling, you're the only girl I've ever loved, as he shifted gears with his feet.



Hubby: There's something wrong with this steak, dear.

Mrs. Hubby: There shouldn't be. I burned it a little but I rubbed Vaseline on it right away.

## ASSOCIATES

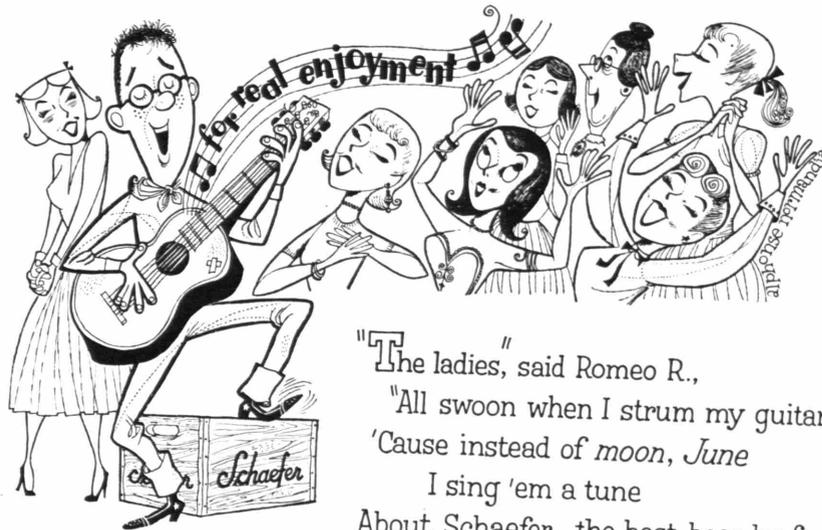
ART	SALES	PUBLICITY	MAKE UP	CIRCULATION
Dop H.M.S. Lee Cal Swift Dattner	Irwin Gross Jim Kellard Arnie Berman Milt Lillie Derek Allen Ray Goetz Mickey Reiss Julian Cherubini Joe Lazar	Don Domey Paul Busch Julius Schlotthauer Saigon Kidd Mighty Mo Sandy Marge Eric Langford Glen Kingsley J. Positive Wasserman Ted Williams	Mike Edelstein Chuck Gorodetsky Dick Weinstein Jerry Yutan Judy	Gary Rosenthal Howie Ziff Paul Drapkin Tish Mel Snyder Cynthia Chloe
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*This Month's cover by Blackman*



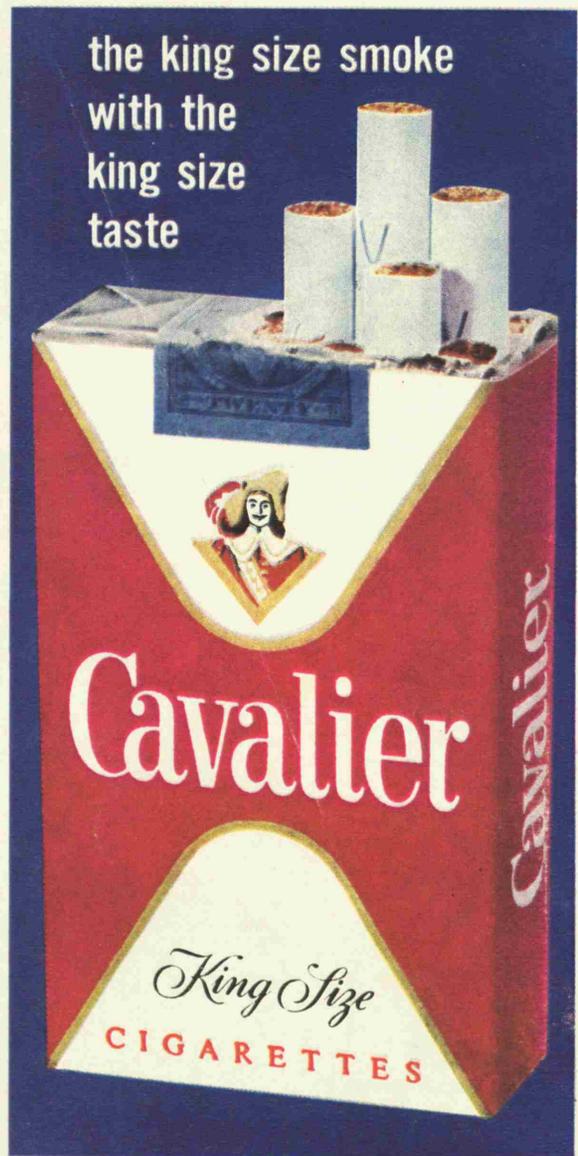
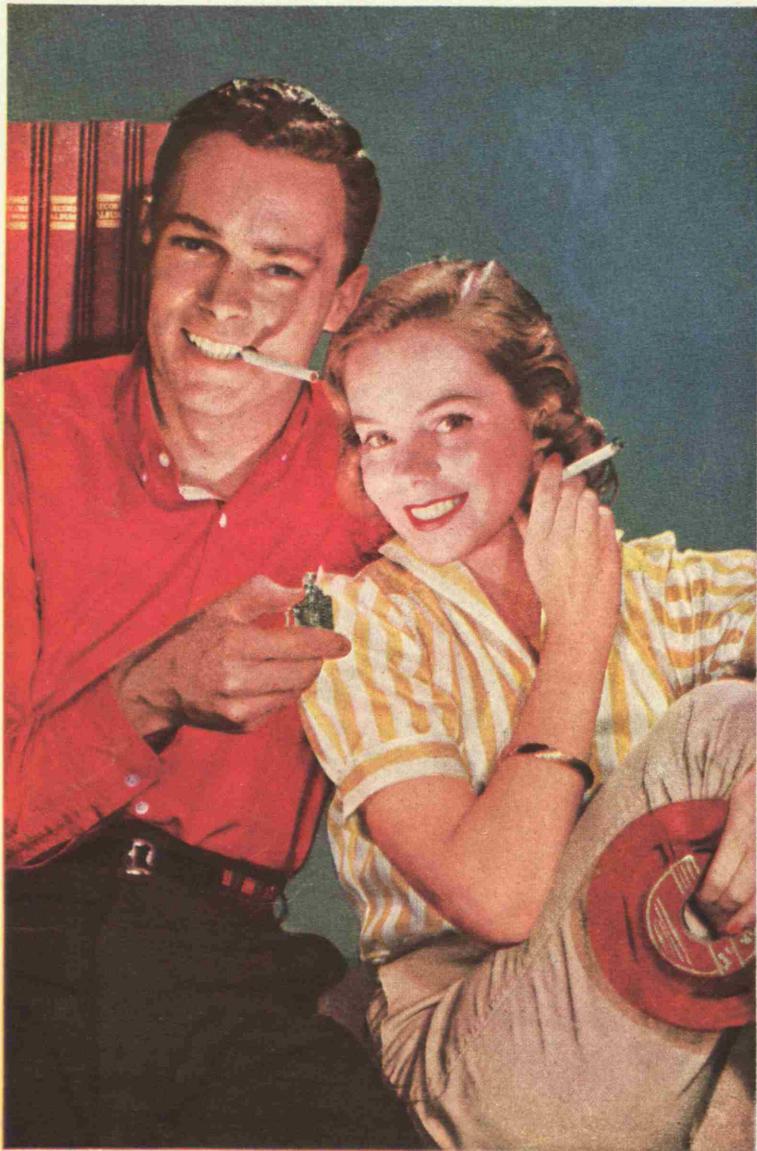
"The ladies," said Romeo R.,  
 "All swoon when I strum my guitar.  
 'Cause instead of *moon, June*  
 I sing 'em a tune  
 About Schaefer...the best beer by far!"

To women of taste—and men too: The flavor of Schaefer is worth singing about. Schaefer is brewed only of nature's finest ingredients and with care, skill and conscience in extra-large measure. The result: real beer. Try it!

*For real enjoyment—real beer!*



Try the  
**all-new Cavalier!**  
 It's Great!



Light up this great new, *all-new* king size cigarette. Cavalier's *new blend* gives you *great taste* . . . rich, natural flavor that flows to you so

easily through the cooling extra length of Cavalier's top-crop tobaccos. *And*—the smoke *feels* good to you, so smooth, so easy-going! It

*Look for this smart new package!*

*feels* as good as it *tastes!* Win this new, true smoking enjoyment for yourself with the *all-new* king size Cavaliers. Do it today!

***—the smoke feels as good as it tastes!***