

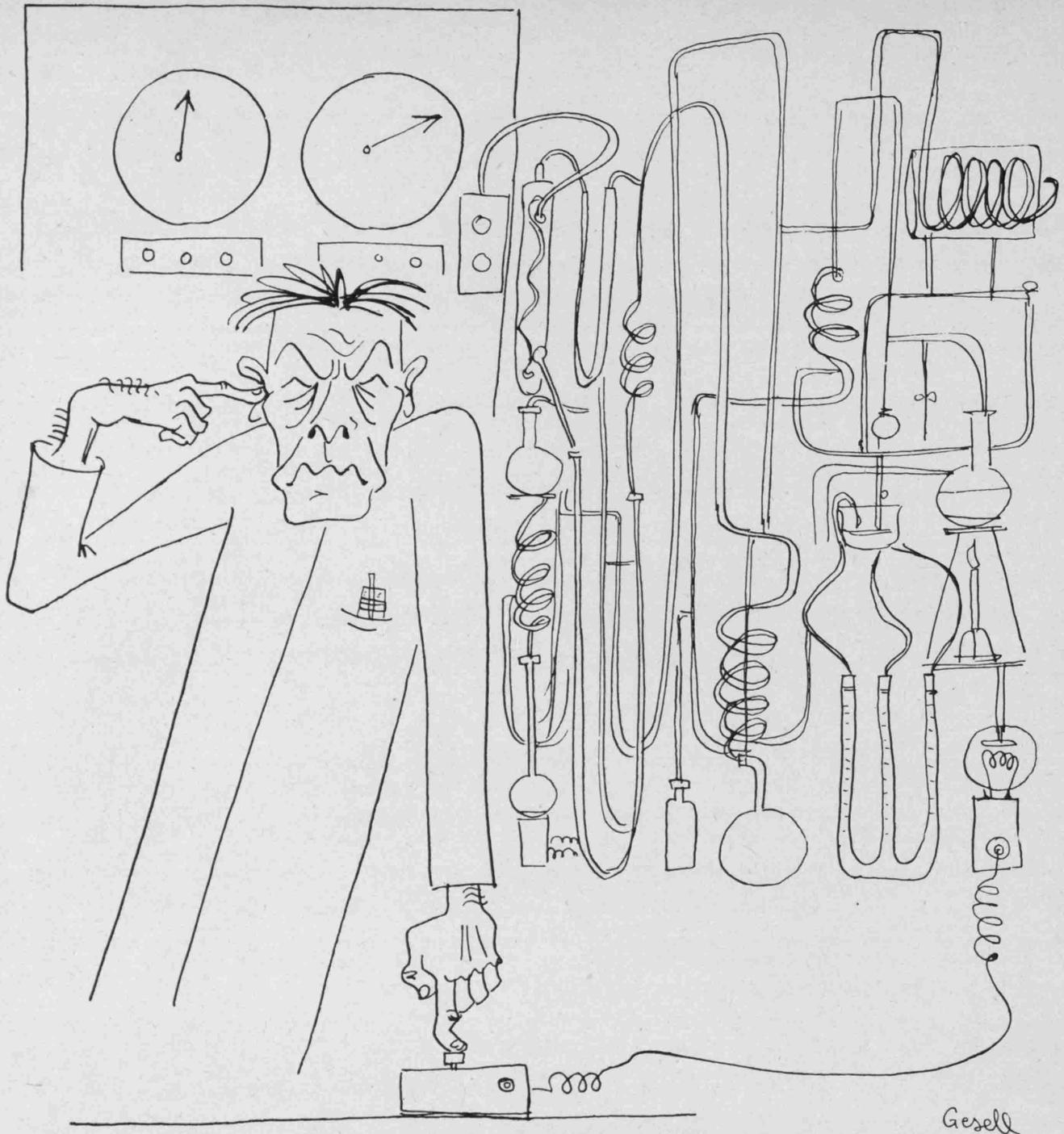
VOO DOO



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MAY



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YOO DOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 41, No.7

May, 1958

Established 1919

Hmm! Tuition is up again; the Cambridge police are giving out more tickets; bus fare is going up, everybody is making more money, except the Tech. A sad state of affairs. The sadness creeps on little cat feet even up to our office, where it is buffeted back by waves of happiness, good cheer, and beer. But here in our home away from home, we do not casually sit and watch the forces of good and evil battle outside our door. We do not strain our eyes for the bat-signal in the sky. No, we sit and scheme about how we can help the world, even without sending Care packages. Aha, and to fulfill this noble purpose, we have dedicated this entire issue to the almighty \$, the root of all wealth. The purpose of this issue is really to halt the recession, but we do have an inferior motive in mind. That is, this issue will sell, because money begets money. Anyhoo, it will solve all your money problems, and your troubles will soon be over. Tuition will go down, your car will remain intact, and movies will be better than ever, but, nonetheless . . . Uncle Sam still Wants YOU!!

S.B.

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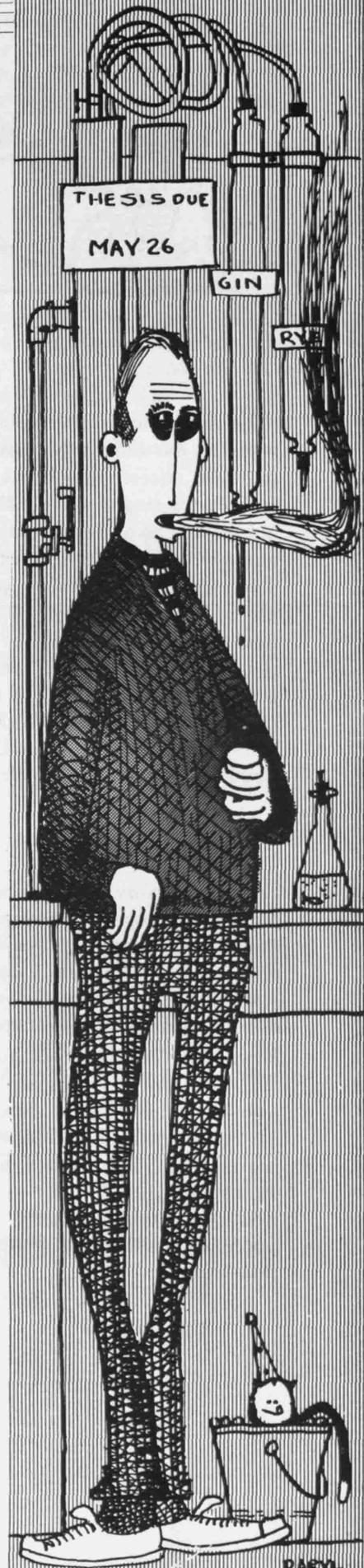
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All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office will receive careful consideration.

Copyright, 1958, by the YOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Office Hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday. Published monthly from November to June. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago. Published April 25, 1958. May Copy Inserted.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

This month's cover by Rubenstein



DARYL



During the last sales day some of our ardent salesmen, in their unremitting drive to make more money for the Magazine, became over zealous and offered one free issue of The Tech with every purchase of the Magazine. We apologize to the public for this deed. We never meant to raise The Tech out of the cellar of Walker Memorial to the heights which Voo Doo occupies on the third floor.

In the play Him, which the Dramashop is presenting this week, there is an exchange between the Doctor and Him which goes something like this: Him: Money? Why, poo! Doctor: Poo, nothing! This inflation is so bad you need a basket to carry a nickel's worth. Him: You misunderstand. The money here is called poo. To which we add: we wish we could say pooh about thirteen hundred dollars.

Well, this issue is worth something, even to our critics. We can prove it scientifically. You pay 25¢, right? You get a 50¢ coupon, right? (Plus a nice Voo Doo.) That means you make a 25¢ profit. We are trying to get our advertiser to give you the profit in cash instead of steak, but so far he has proved intractable

If course you have seen the many rooms in the chemistry department that are marked "Research". Inside are topological monstrosities of twisted glassware and, inevitably, a constantly-running vacuum pump. A friend of ours is doing a thesis in one of these rooms, but he has run out of funds. Alas, he could not afford a constantly-running vacuum pump. But he has true genius. He has borrowed a tape recorder and has made a 5-foot endless tape. Now his room is filled with the real, honest-to-goodness sounds of a constantly-running vacuum pump.

Evil tidings, friends. The lectures in 5.62 have become so boring that the paid spy from Dingy's has been falling asleep. Now, there's nowhere to turn. Yawn.

The publicity boys came up with a rip snortin' idea not too long ago: phony letters - a VOO DOO hoax - were to be sent to students informing them of a rise in tuition for the following term. We all got rather excited over the idea and plunged into the scheme. A mailing date was scheduled and the letters were ready to go.

The day before the scheduled mailing date we received a letter from the Institute.



It seems that each year there is at M.I.T. a military ball attended by all the gung-ho ROTC men and all the gung-ho ROTC instructors and all their gung-ho dates, who get together to have a gung-ho time--- so they say. Now, Voo Doo, being a magazine-about-campus, thought that it would be a very magnanimous move if an official gung-ho Voo Doo delegation was sent to honor the formal by their presence. As Voo Doo is a magazine of action, this was carried out---thusly: about an hour after the beginning of the dance, the music stopped, and the orchestra leader announced publicly the arrival of the official Voo Doo delegation. There was a trumpet fanfare, and by the sound of rolling drums, two couples stepped onto the floor, the men splendidly attired in the uniforms of Napoleonic generals, medals, silver braids, sashes and all; the girls in gowns of that grandiose era, very well filled and all. After receiving an applause worthy of any Voo Doo-ing, the happy couples proceeded to enjoy an evening of dancing, after which they visited in full dress a local restaurant, after which they..., and finally went home.

"At any rate," said the auctioneer, "mine is a business that women can't take up."

"Nonsense," put in the strong-minded lady. "A woman would make as good an auctioneer as any man!"

"Would she?" retorted the other. "You try and imagine an unmarried lady standing up before a crowd and saying, 'Now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer'."



One thing about sport cars: If you flood the carburetor, you can just put the car over your shoulder and burp it.



"You unattached?"
"No, just put together sloppy."



A carefully selected drin-sel is worth the time it takes to paint the width of Farthan.

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



An Irishman and a Scotchman were dining together. When the meal was finished and the waiter came with the bill, the Irishman promptly said that he would take it. The next day a Scotch ventriloquist was found murdered.



There was a young man from France.
Who waited ten years for the chance.
He muffed it.



"Doctor, I've got a thirteen-year-old-son."

"I thought you said you were a spinster," he objected.

"Well, yes," she said, "but I'm not a fanatic about it."

WHOLESALE

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

RETAIL

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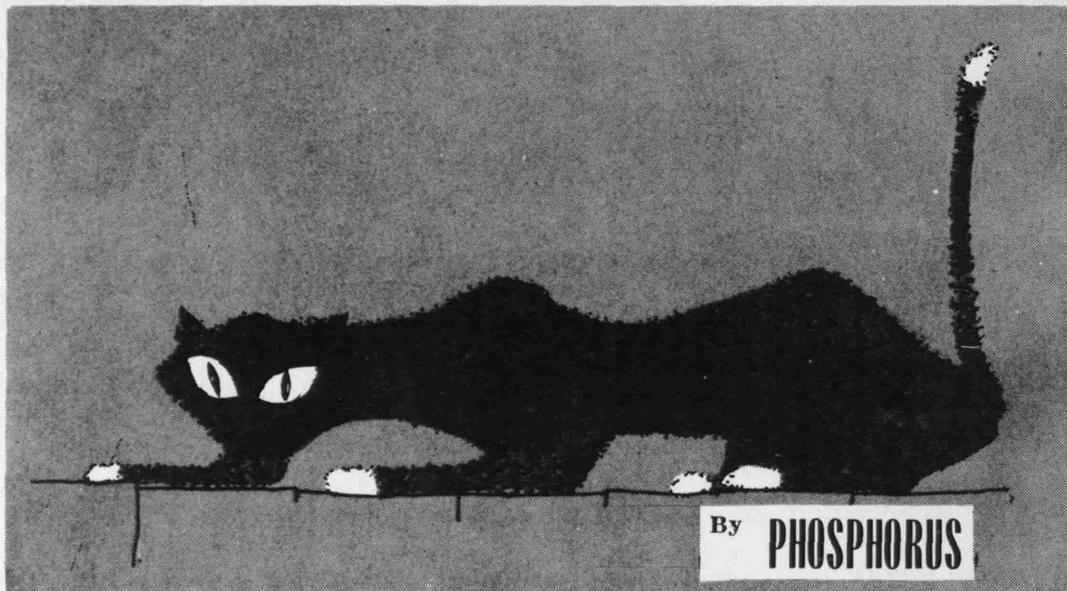
NATURALLY TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO. FOR
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Students Whether A
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DOING THE TOWN



To date no one has successfully counterfeited United States money --- that is, made a counterfeit which exactly equaled the genuine ---, and although we may be committing a criminal offense by telling you of a new revolutionary process for counterfeiting money which will defy detection, we feel that in this day of high taxes and sky-rocketing tuitions you are entitled to a method which will let you see and enjoy the money you worked your fool, welfare-minded head off for. We can assume no responsibility if you are caught counterfeiting money this revolutionary way, but we can assure you that if no one catches you in the actual act of printing, your products will defy detection, and you will be able to enjoy the benefits your materialistic mind craves for.

When some fool decided that the federal government had the power to tax its citizens directly, the vault was opened for the fiasco you are now sweating through, or were sweating through if you worry about your taxes only on April fifteenth; but, since there are those who every

week look at their paychecks and realize that their Uncle Sam is getting more money from their labors than they are, we have printed this public-service article so that these people can get at least as much money as their Uncle gets from them.

Now the art of counterfeiting---and it is an art to compare with that of Picasso, Churchill, and Ike---is a difficult trade to learn. The Counterfeiter must be able to engrave plates with caricatures of our beloved past presidents (ever notice the smirk on George's face---or did his plate slip?). He also must be intelligent, wily, witty, and faster than the cops. He must have an eye for the subtle gradations of moldy green which grace our country's lucre. And above all the counterfeiter must have gall: he must be able to walk into a store, buy a package of cigarettes, and wait patiently for the clerk to give him change for the four-dollar bill he handed her. If you are observant and cry out that there is no four-dollar bill you are more gifted than the average person: few people know their money and even fewer people know that Benjamin Franklin's picture is on the one-hundred dollar bill---aha! didn't know that, did you?

After the counterfeiter has adequately versed himself in the peculiarities of United States money---such as what denominations there are and what they look like---he is prepared to print his own. The important thing to remember is that people never look at their money because they never have it long enough to remember what it looks like. You could print anything you wanted which vaguely resembled the genuine and never have to fear detection by your victims. Your greatest worry is the Federal men who devote their lives to detecting counterfeit money. So, for this reason and this reason only you should follow our revolutionary process which even the Secret Service can't detect.

On the purely technical side, remember to use a good quality of ink. Any type ink will do so long as it's green and will not rub off all over you so that you won't dirty the custom-tailored suit you'll be wearing because of the profitability of your new venture. Don't fret if the ink you buy is not as expensive as that used by the Government---you don't have to pay graft and pad expense accounts! If your ink supplier becomes suspicious and wants to know what you're doing with all that ink, don't run in fright, simply tell him you're counterfeiting money---he'll laugh so hard at your pursuing what seems to him an unprofitable business that he'll soon forget his suspicions and you will be in the clear (as the vernacular of the underworld has it). Because United States money is so inflated and because no one has it long enough after taxes to even realize that there is such a thing as money,

you will appear ridiculous for counterfeiting what is so worthless even when it's genuine. But after you have collected enough of the genuine currency of the United States you very cleverly invest in Russian bonds---and that's where you make the profit! Plan for the future!

Amateur counterfeiters frequently forget that the paper used is probably as important as the printing itself. In what is the government's only practical product you will find that the paper is absorbent. Whether the Treasury officials were considering the instance when their money would become as inflated and worthless as it is now we do not know, but in any case you can use any fine grade of bathroom tissue. Although the paper you use won't have the same rag content as the genuine's, you can console yourself with the knowledge that when the United States eventually goes bankrupt you can corner the toilet-paper market. Think of it! Why you'll go down in history with the inventors of aerated shaving as the man who finally proved that money is good for something else besides paying taxes and college tuitions.

Granted, the various photo-processes for printing money are easier and less expensive than the use of engraved plates, but with these cheap methods you sacrifice quality. So, your next task is to scrounge up, someplace, any kind of printing press which will handle plates.

Now that you're all set with ink, paper, and press, all you need is a set of plates for printing your money. This is where our revolutionary process proves itself equal to that of the genuine. All you have to do now is steal some plates from the Treasury. If the Treasury officials frown upon your taking of the plates and report you to the President---don't be afraid! Tell him you've found a way to end the recession and you'll be given the red-carpet treatment *à la* supreme.

Of course, some of you may find difficulty in obtaining the plates. There are then two possibilities open to you, depending upon your profession. If you're not a scientist or engineer we suggest you go back to your 1040 and cry over your invalidated exemptions. If, however, you are a scientist, you have it made. All you have to do is pack up your possessions, bid a fond farewell to the tax-burdened lady in New York harbor, say good-bye to tuition and rent raises, forsake forever recessions and inflations and market crashes, and apply for Russian citizenship. To live is not to pay taxes higher than your paycheck.

D. Bernard Mann

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CUSTOM CAR WASH
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125 Broadway One Block from East Campus



"Have some peanuts."
 "Thanks."
 "Want to neck?"
 "No."
 "Gimme back my peanuts."

Victory Liquors, Inc.

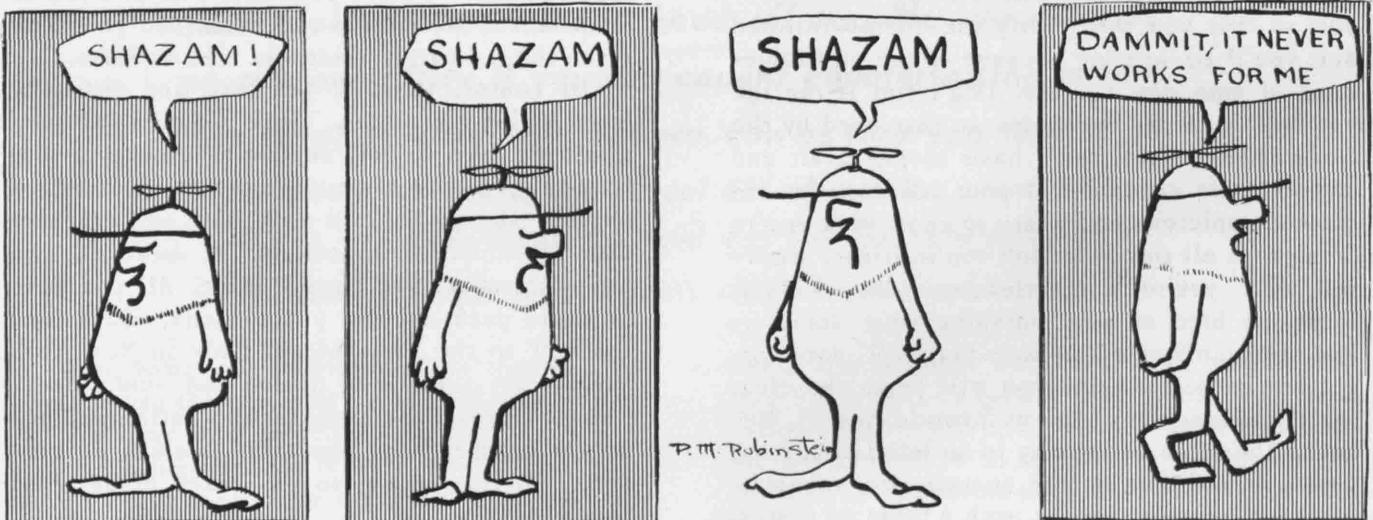
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BLENDED WHISKEY JOCKEY CLUB 86° 51% STRAIGHT 49% G.N.S.	4.23 FULL QUART

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ON THE EAST COAST

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TO GO OFF, IT WAS JUST TO SCARE 'EM.

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VOO DOO BRINGS YOU, FAR IN ADVANCE, THE INSTITUTE'S READY-MADE
EXCUSE FOR THE NEXT TUITION RISE:

AN INVESTIGATION OF THE COSTS OF EDUCATION



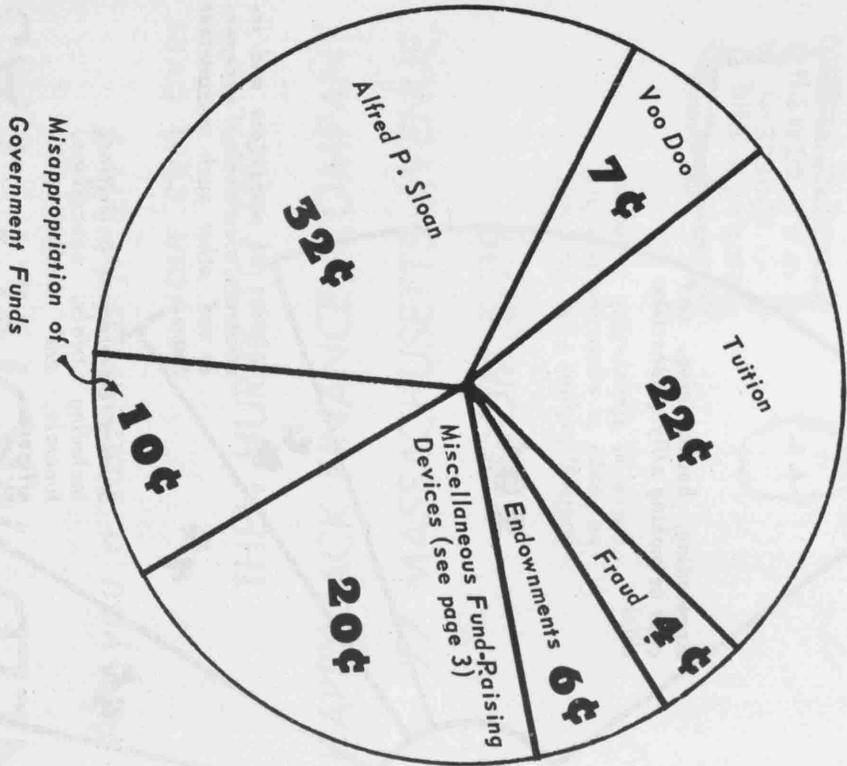
AT THE MASSACHUSETTS
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
1958 - 1959

courtesy of phos



HOW THE INSTITUTE GETS MONEY

(First in a long series of foolish pie-graphs)



NEW, INGENIOUS FUND-RAISING METHODS USED BY M.I.T. TO RELIEVE LOAD ON STUDENTS

Of late, the Institute has noted a growing opinion that the financial burdens imposed upon the average M.I.T. student are too heavy. In keeping with its policy of developing well-rounded graduates, the Institute does not wish the spiritual growth of its students to be stunted by excessive fees. Consequently, the following steps will be put into effect at the earliest possible time:

Tuition will be lowered by \$2.50 per term.

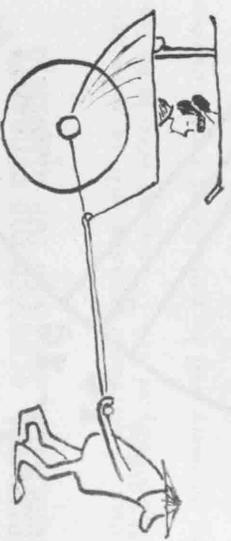
Parking meters will be installed in:

- All lecture halls,
- Vantage points for viewing submarine races,
- Bicycle racks.

Slot machines will be installed in Walker dining hall.

Turnstiles will be installed at all exits and windows.

All seats at Physics lectures will be reserved, and they may be purchased at the Bursar's office. The Bursar's office offers Green Stamps to its customers to stimulate business.

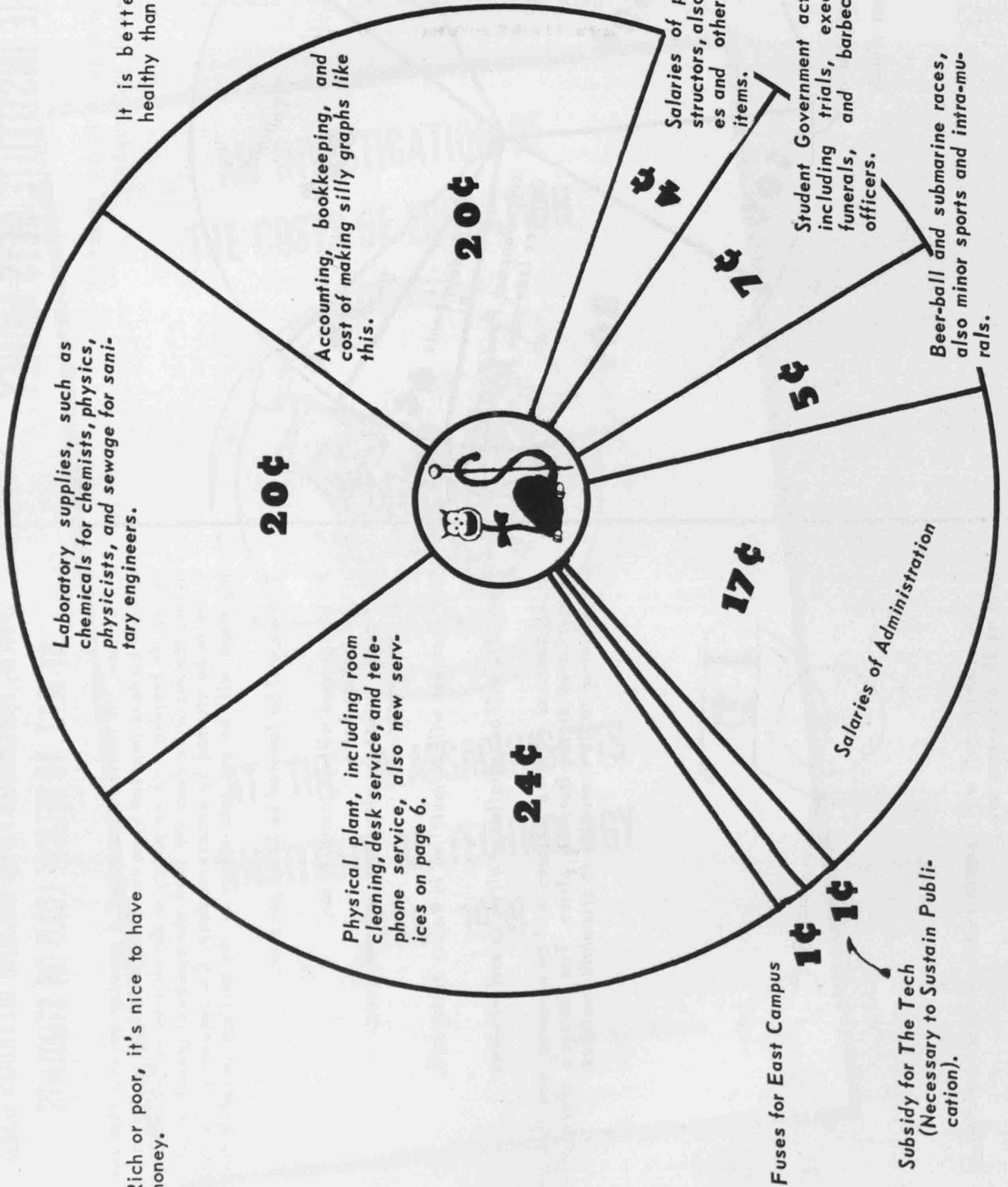


The student staff will operate rickshaws from building 52 to building 35, and return trip.

WHERE YOUR M.I.T. DOLLAR GOES

Rich or poor, it's nice to have money.

It is better to be rich and healthy than poor and sick.



M.I.T. FUND- RAISING CAMPAIGN WILL PRODUCE AUGMENTED SERVICES FOR STUDENTS

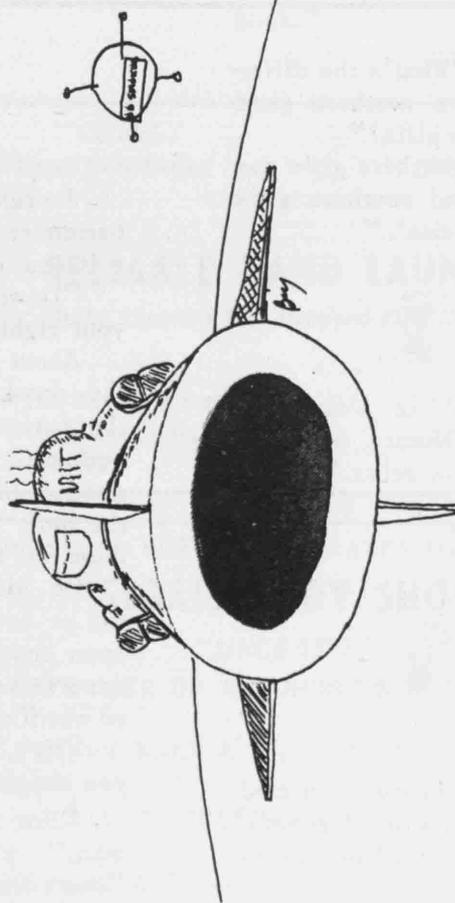
A by-product of increased revenue will be more services for the student and faculty of M. I. T. Services soon to be inaugurated are:

A drive-in infirmary will be established for the convenience of students.

The Maintenance Department will succeed in growing grass on the great dome! Additional lawn mowers will be purchased to keep the dome well trimmed. No dandruff problem is anticipated.

Walker Dining Hall will be converted into a Turkish Bath. In addition, the bowling alleys will be well equipped with automatic pin setters.

The Institute will purchase several new Graduate Students to improve the level of teaching.



Outgoing president J. Killian will be presented with a shiny new missile as a going-away present.

NEED MONEY FAST?

Are you a student at M.I.T. ?

Is your cum over 4.0?

THEN HURRY TO THE

HAPPY-JACK FINANCE, COMPANY

77 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE,

ROOM 5-119

Smiling, helpful T. P. Tree will be happy to serve you from his office at Happy-Jack Finance.



T. P. Tree at his desk

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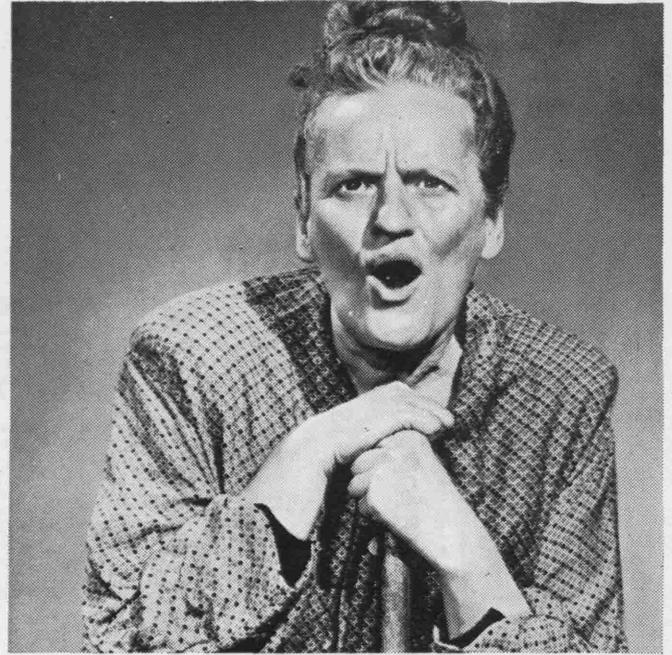
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You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



still only 5¢

Marcia: "What's the difference between northern girls and southern girls?"

Hope: "Northern girls say 'you can' and southern girls say 'you all can'."



Overheard in University Hospital: "Nurse, hold my hand so I can relax."

"I'll hold your hands so I can relax."



FLASH! The latest in drinks! Vodka and Milk of Magnesia. It's called a Phillips Screwdriver.



A drunk walked up to the bartender and asked for directions to the men's room.

"Down the hall and to your right," he was told.

About an hour later, when the drunk had not returned, the bartender wondered if perhaps the inebriated man needed help. He went down the hall, looked in the men's room and found no one.

On his way back to the bar he saw the elevator shaft open and looked four stories down to see the drunk stretched out flat on his back.

"Hey," he yelled, "Are you alright down there?"

"For goodness sakes, man," yelled the drunk, "don't flush it!"

A sailor was cast away on a desert island. He had been there eight years. One day he noticed a speck on the horizon grow into a sexy blonde floating toward his beach on a barrel.

"How long have you been here?"

"Eight years."

"I'll bet I've got something you haven't had in a long time," said the girl as she reached the island.

"Don't tell me," cried the sailor, "you've got beer in that barrel?"



Sally: "I'll never marry a man who snores."

Mother: Yes, but be careful how you find out."

A musician and a bunch of his buddies were whooping it up late one night when the landlord came in. "Do you know there's a little old lady sick upstairs?"

"No, man," answered the musician, "Hum us a bit of it, and we'll give it a try."



How is it I find you making love to my daughter?" stormed the outraged father. "I ask you, young man, how is it?!"

"Why, just great, sir," replied the calm young man, "just great!"



A sailor found himself marooned on a desert isle with two very beautiful girls. To meet their demands, he made up a schedule which gave one of them every Monday, Wednesday and Friday and the other Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Sundays he kept to get back his strength for the next week.

Well, one day another ship sank and the only survivor, another sailor, swam to the beach. The first sailor was greatly relieved to find an assistant for the everyday routine of the island, and ran to the beach to welcome him.

"Don't look," said the newcomer. "My compact went down with the nasty old ship and I look a fright."

"My God," exclaimed the sailor. "There goes my Sundays."

The author of a famous book on economics received a phone call from a stranger recently. "I question your statistics on the high cost of living today," said the stranger. "My wife and I eat everything our hearts desire and we get it for exactly sixty-eight cents a week."

"Sixty-eight cents a week!" echoed the economist. "I can't believe it! Won't you tell me how? And to make sure I get the story straight, please speak louder."

"I can't speak louder," said the stranger. "I'm a goldfish."



As Dr. Kinsey said, "Anything you do is okay in my book."



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Real Chinese Foods

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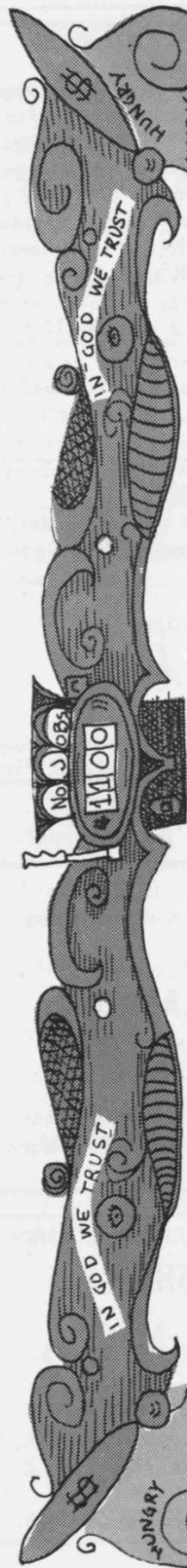
SEGAL'S BODY SHOP

"SINCE 1917"

APPRAISER OF AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS

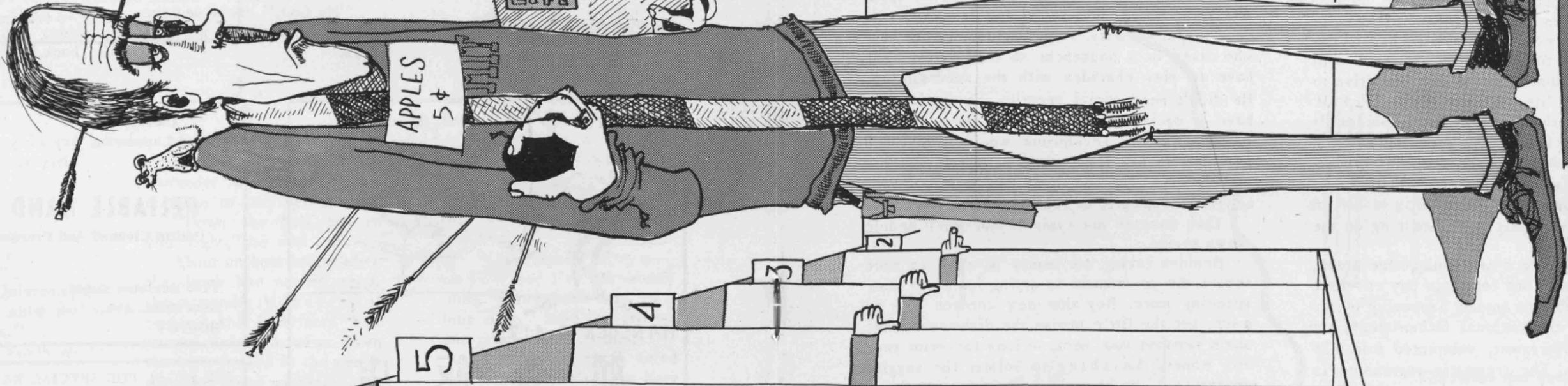
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HUNGRY AMERICA IS GRATE

HUNGRY AMERICA IS GRATE



"GOOD LUCK TO YOU 25 PEOPLE WHO WILL GET JOBS" . . .

M.I.T. Student Placement Bureau

-1-
 "ARISE, YE SONS OF MIT
 IN LOYAL BROTHERHOOD
 THE FUTURE BECKONS UNTO YE
 AND LIFE IS FULL AND GOOD.
 ARISE AND RAISE YOUR STEINS
 ON HIGH
 TONIGHT & SHALL EVER BE
 A MEM'RY THAT WILL NEVER
 DIE
 YE SONS OF MIT."
 -2-
 "ONCE MORE THY SONS,
 OH MIT,
 RETURN FROM FAREWIDE
 AND GATHER HERE ONCE
 MORE TO BE
 RENOURISHED BY THY SIDE
 AND AS WE RAISE OUR
 STEINS ON HIGH
 TO PLEDGE OUR LOVE
 FOR THEE,
 WE JOIN THY SONS OF
 DAYS GONE BY:
 THE CLASSES - 29"
 THROUGH 33"

DEAR M.E.P. WE WERE INTERESTED IN YOUR TYPE OF BACKGROUND, HOWEVER, AT THE MOMENT WE DO NOT PLAN TO HIRE ANYMORE ENGINEERS FOR THE YEAR. 1958, MAYBE NEVER AGAIN. WE WOULD SUGGEST THAT YOU HAVE A NICE SUMMER- LOTS OF GOLF, TENNIS, ETC. GO IN THE ARMY AND THEN DROP US A LINE IN 1960. WE APPRECIATE YOUR INTEREST IN OUR WORK, BUT TOO BAD. SO SORRY, SIGNED, (BY RUBBER STAMP)

J.R. MILLIAN
CHIEF
SPECIAL ASSISTANT
TO ICE

DARYL

A SALUTE TO:

THE CLASS OF - 1958
BORN IN DEPRESSION - GRADUATE OF RECESSION

MOTHER I'M COMING HOME

MOTHER I'M COMING HOME

LOAN TO BE PAID!

LOAN TO BE PAID!

P HOSPITOUS

PLEASE HIRE ME!
SIGNED,
P HOSPITOUS

I HAVE 3 SUMMER EXPERIENCE AS ACTING PRESIDENT OF BULL ENGINEERING CO., INC. PLEASE HIRE ME!
SIGNED,
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OF THE
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SOCIAL INSECURITY



Well, everybody's wrong. This isn't a recession that we're going through. It's a depression, a manic depression. I've been doing a lot of thinking about it in the IBM lounge at the computation center where the atmosphere is conducive to such activities. There's no doubt about it. The economic situation we find ourselves in now has psychological foundations. The cause is so innocent-appearing and paradoxical that I hesitate to mention it..... social security.

Most of the affronteries that the world throws at us bounce off and dribble down the drain. Flunking out of school, being flushed by your best girl, being beaten up by a gang of juvenile delinquents in Mass. station; we've had to develop a thickskin to keep going. (I've taken to sleeping in a sandpaper bed to stay sensitive to the finer things in life.) But the worst cut of all is the institution that the government paternally thinks of as being for our own good. This nemesis comes on little statements' feet called withholding tax. The average wage-slave receives this in his average pay check. He is at his job after leaving his neurotic wife thrashing on the livingroom floor.

Looking forward to a peaceful coffee break, he nonchalantly rips and tears his pay envelope open. There, visible to anyone happening by, is the tribute to the national father-image, the United States government, subtracted from his meager earnings. The traumatic regression is almost inevitable. Look around you sometime, and notice the small man simpering like a child by the water cooler.

Take this example, multiply it by the number of laborers in the United States and add to that 600,000 more married women than men found in the latest census, and you'll get an idea of what's happening. It's a small wonder that the psychiatrists are the only ones smiling these days.

This mania to be secure socially has put us to the wall with the proverbial Occam's razor at our throats. This is one time when the styptic pencil won't help. Buck the prehensile upper lip up, take another notch in the old xenophobia, and go back in there crying.

People don't want to live on promises that in their old age they'll be socially secure, if they make payments now. By the time they get around to collecting it they are reduced to quivering neurotics, unable to appreciate the meaning of security.

Of course it is possible to take the opposite viewpoint: be anti-social, and then you won't need social security. Take for instance the man who lived in a houseboat so that he wouldn't have to play charades with the suburbanites. He didn't need social security, he didn't even have a social security number. He saved the money that the government would have taken from him in his behalf, and he put it into his sinking fund. The boat sunk and he was drowned. He was secure; he took his money with him.

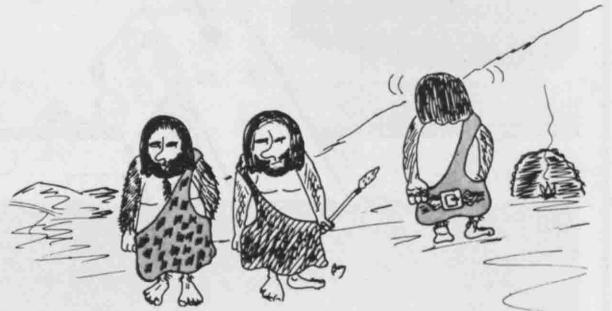
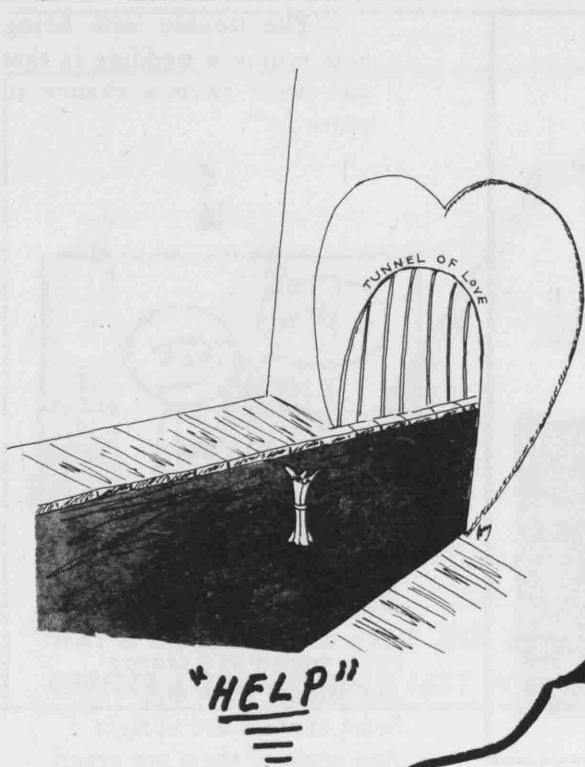
This case is not typical. Not many people drown secure.

Besides taking out money to make us more secure, the government is crying for us to start spending more. Buy that new car you like so much, get the little woman the dishwasher that she's been on your neck so long for, print your own money. Anything to bolster the sagging economy.

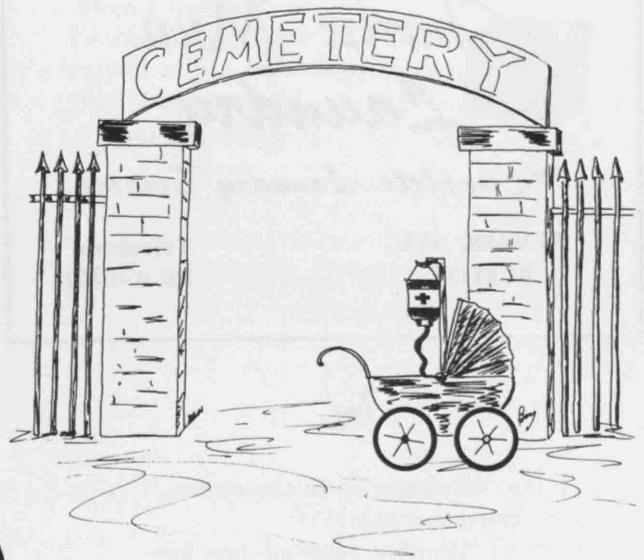
But I have the best answer. Have that nervous breakdown you've been thinking of. Psychiatrists' fees are tax deductible.

J.S.R

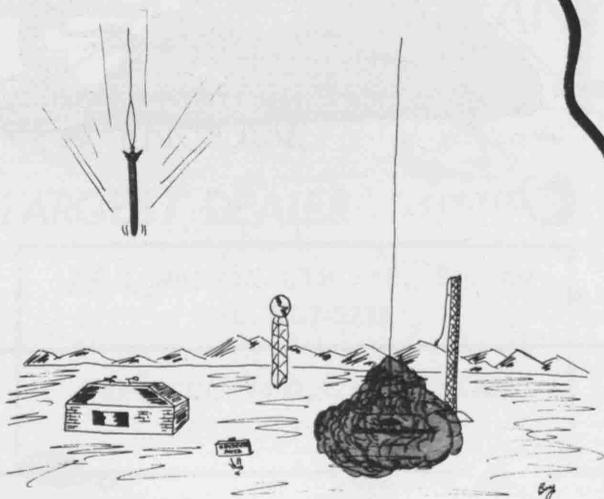




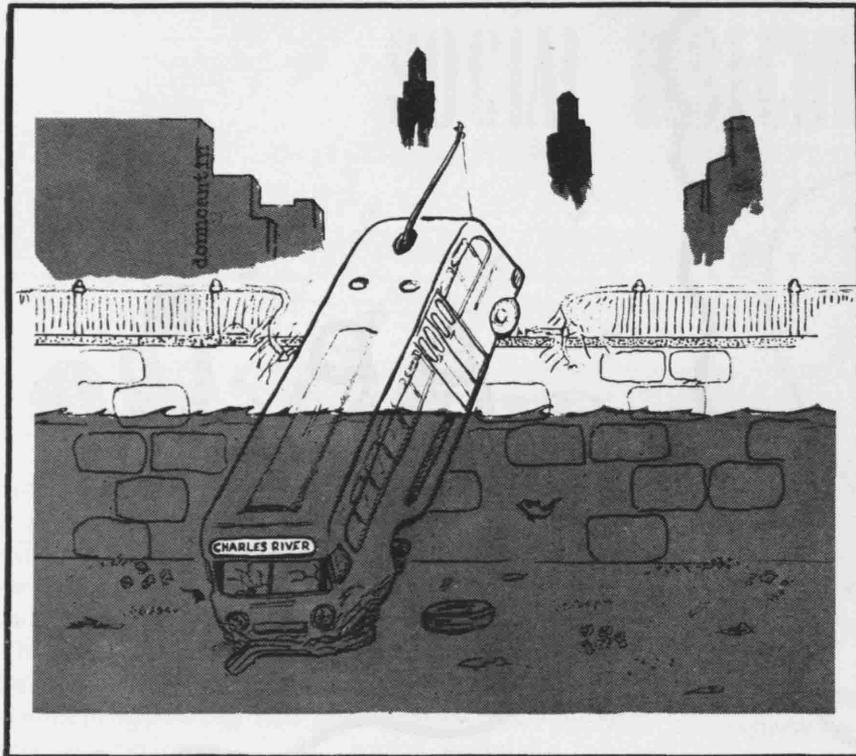
"Now, There Goes A Well-Dressed Man."



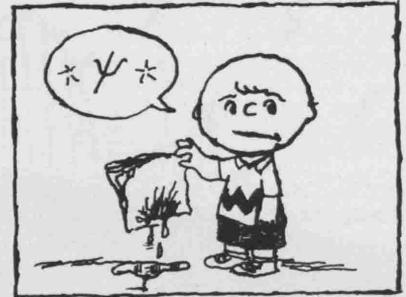
The Pause that Refreshes



Radar Seems to Have Lost it, Sir.



"The trouble with being best man at a wedding is that you don't have a chance to prove it."

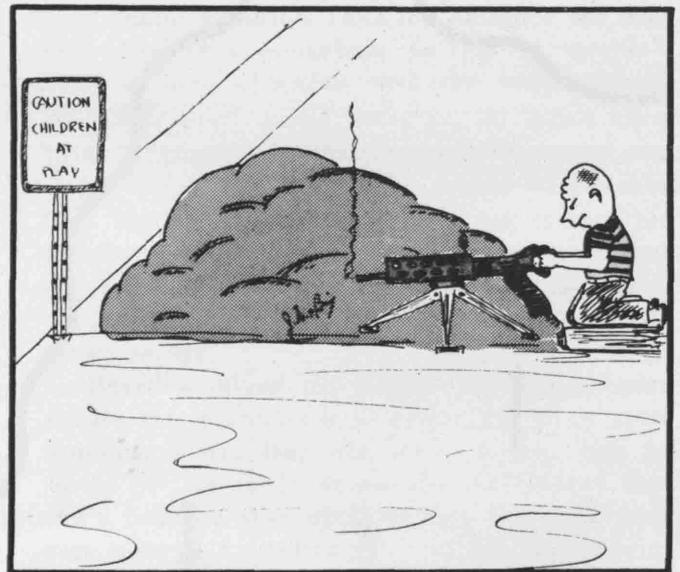


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And some of them are grand

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"My heart is in the ocean,"
cried the poet.

"You've gone me one bet-
ter," said the seasick friend,
taking a better grip on the
rail.



When I was young

POETRY



Girl !
 You there -
 I know you well,
 I've often dreamt of you -
 Your face was clear
 Sharp focused
 Warm . . .



Yes,
 You wonder
 What possesses me
 To speak to you this way.
 But in my dream
 You wondered
 Also;

"EVEN I HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO STOP WALKING WHEN I CAN GET A VESPA FROM CHUCK ROGERS, KI 7-3233, CAMPUS REPRESENTATIVE FROM BOSTON VESPA COMPANY."

For then
 When I reached out
 To touch your face
 It's warmth would fade away
 And leave me cold,
 Soul shivering
 Alone.



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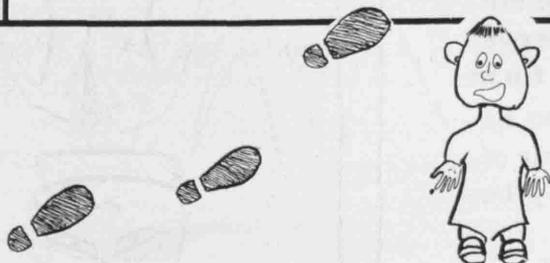
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 STARTING TOMORROW."

But now !
 My dream is real -
 Your face is warm again.
 I shall not try to touch it
 Lest the coldness creep
 Across your brow.
 But how about
 A date -
 8:00
 ?



D.Schurz



MEN WANTED

As every year, four of the most useless men on campus graduate. These men are our senior board. Usually we have been able to recruit other men of their calibre from the staff, but this year's crop of staff members had not proven useless enough.

MEN OF NO TALENT ARE WANTED DESPERATELY. Are you good for nothing? Nothing at all? You are the type of man who fits into our organization.

Your salary is two dollars a year which we graciously permit you to take out in Voodooos. And Here Are Your Benefits;

1. Direct access to the beer closet at any and all times it is open, providing you can outwrestle the Junior Board which, as long as anyone can remember, has been immobilized in front of said door.
2. Free use of the telephone, if you know how to pick the lock the General Manager has so ingeniously attached.
3. Attendance at all parties, thrown at least three times a year or less.

And Here Is What You Do;

If you join our sales staff, you can offend more people in one day if you concentrate, than is possible any other known way.

You may gain the distinction, so far unique to our circulation manager, of having been thrown out of every girls' college in New England, plus a few in New York.

If you become part of our publicity staff, your most ridiculous ideas will be received with complete enthusiasm; not only that, but actually executed with technological preciseness in the environs of building 10 on sales day.

If you join the creative part of the magazine, you may add a fourth to the three sensitive souls who actually put things into the magazine. This will make them happy, for then they can stop playing pinochle and play bridge which is much more aesthetically pleasing.

Artists or cartoonists are badly desired. Bohemian atmosphere is provided. Rituals are observed every make up night. Nude models are drawn from imagination. Certainly not from memory. If you believe you come under our high standards, visit our offices in Walker Memorial, Rm. 304, any Monday between 5 and 6 P. M.

I used to do it

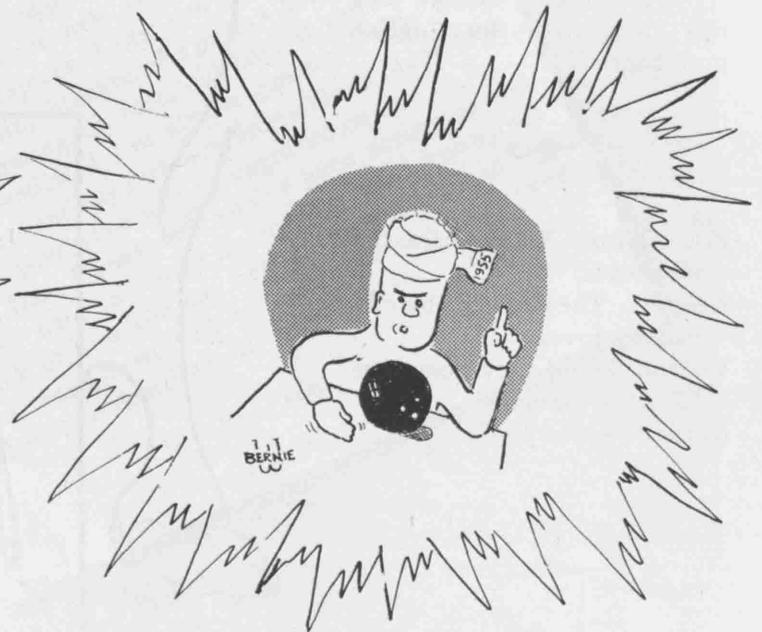
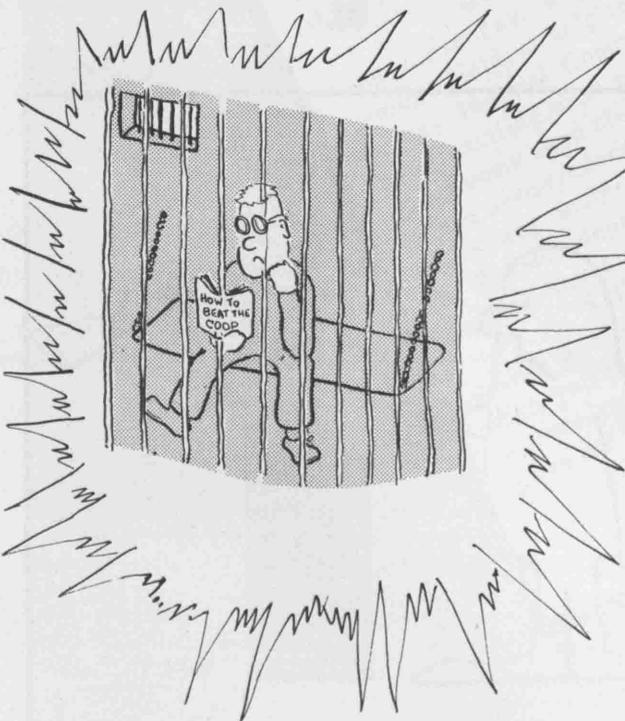


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"As I see it, Effendi, you have in your future this Friday a gyroscope problem, a"

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"We really ought to have a chaperone," she said as they went into the garden.

"Oh, we won't need one, I assure you."

"Well, hell, what's the use of going then?"



Freshman: "Why do the janitors at this college wear uniforms?"

Sophomore: "So we can tell them from the English professors."



Zoo visitor: Where are the monkeys?

Keeper: They're in back, making love.

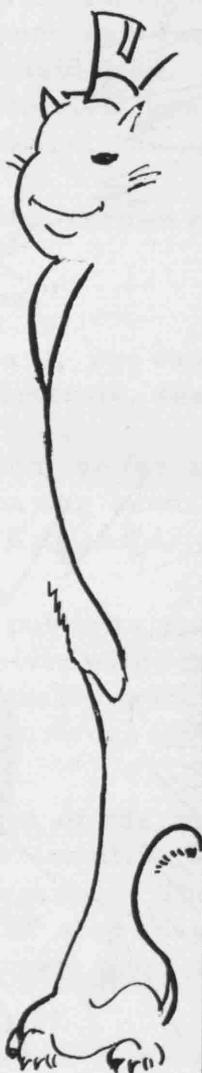
Visitor: Would they come out for some peanuts?

Keeper: Would you?



She laughed when I sat down to play.

How did I know she was ticklish?



GOOD UNTIL MAY 24, 1958



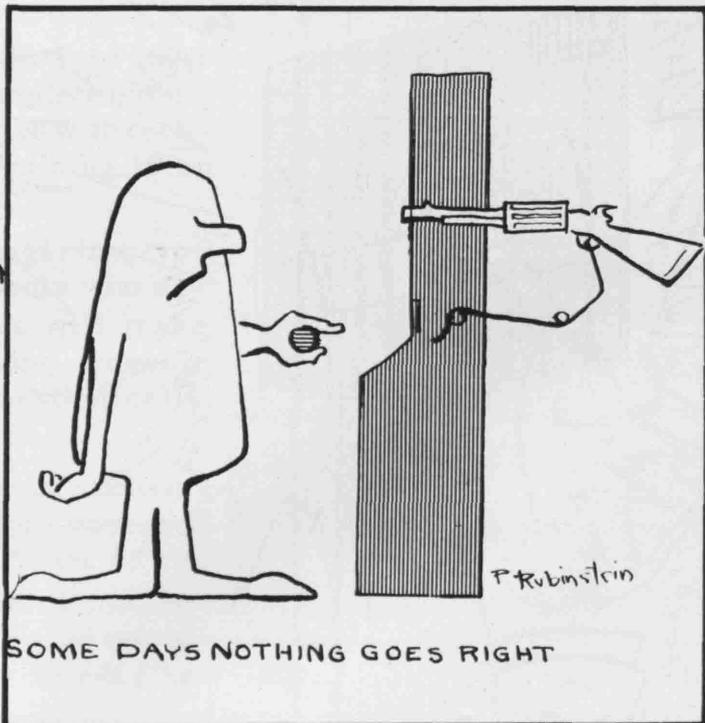
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C. O. D.

Dear Dad,

Remember last year when you were so afraid that Russia was passing us by when they sent up their Sputnik. You said that someone should do something to make it easier for engineering students to get through college. Well, Dad, someone is going to do something and that someone is you! President Stratton has just announced a new policy where the parents of every student are asked to make a voluntary contribution of \$200 above and beyond the nominal cost of tuition. This is your chance, Dad, to become an unsung hero and take over where the government has failed. Of course, you don't really have to contribute but I really think you should!

Gee, Dad, just think of all the things that your money can buy. Why, you alone can finance a muddy new athletic field, or help to support our dying school newspaper, or buy Judicial Committee new shiny tin badges, or many other exciting vital projects. I just can't tell you how many classrooms need sliding blackboards or how badly Stratton's palace needs redecorating. In fact, old boy, if you send in the money double-quick, I can almost guarantee that when the Physics department buys its new frictionless plane from Boeing Aircraft, your name will be engraved on it.

Well Dad, I know how you've been scrimping and saving and how hard this may be on you, but I know that when you think of how you can help to beat Russia in the science race, your heart will be glad that you have been given the chance to contribute to a fine cause.

Your son,

Emil

John Banahaf

STELLA PIP, AND PICKLES

Pip, as his name implied, was a lover of horses. He never went to a horse race in his life though, because he couldn't stand to see the animals panting and suffering under the whip of some half-pint midget. Pip, or Philip as his birth certificate said, used the services of one Peter Fidel Castor the head of the booking syndicate.

As things happened Pip found himself rather abysmally in debt to Mr. Castor. So, Mr. Castor, a gentleman of grace, decided to give Pip a chance to pay off his debts. Mr. Castor sent his daughter, Leslie, to see Pip and to ask him to kindly pay up as soon as possible.

With many apologies Pip told Leslie that he had no spare cash because his wife had put a lien on his paychecks. Now Leslie was quite taken with Pip, and she told him so. Absolutely no one could say Mr. Castor's daughter was backward, and neither was she shy. She was damn good, she knew it, and she wasn't ashamed of it.

"Pip" she said, "I have a proposition."

"Run it up the flagpole, baby, and we'll see if anybody salutes it."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "You saw the picture, too."

"Yes" he answered her sweetly, "What's the proposition?"

"Well, I'm kind of lonesome," she seducingly said, "And I'd be willing to forget your debt if you'd do me a favor."

"Sure, baby, sure. Any strings attached?"

"All you have to do is agree to come whenever I call you."

"You got an affair....I mean, deal, baby" he enthusiastically agreed because his wife was a dog.



Leslie's agreement with Pip may have been all right with her, but it wasn't with Mr. Castor--- not that he was moral or anything; he didn't care what his daughter did so long as it didn't cost him any money, and this deal was costing him plenty so long as Pip didn't pay. He told his daughter to get the money from Pip, or else.

"Or else what?" she asked.

"Or else I'll tell his wife about everything!" her father said.

"But, Daddy..."

"Don't Daddy me" he exploded. "For another half buck you'd..."

"Don't say that, Father. Please" she sobbed.

Regaining her beautiful composure she said quietly, "All right. I'll do what you ask me."

Needless to say, Leslie didn't get the money from Pip because he didn't have it and because she liked him so much she couldn't force him.



Accordingly, Mr. Castor called Pip's wife, Stella, on the phone and told her the situation. Stella, of course, was greatly disturbed, not because she was so moral-- she had a sucker on the hook who had a passion for inflated blimps--, but because she didn't like the idea of Pip spending all that money on the horses. She plotted methods of making Pip suffer when he returned from his job at the pickle factory.

"Have an interesting day at the pickle factory, darling?" she not so sweetly greeted him when he came home dog-tired from work.

"Rather bitter" he said as he puckered his lips.



Smack. She kissed him with her meaty lips. Saliva drooled over her bodice as she thought of the tortures she had planned for him. "And how were all the pickles?" she asked habitually.

"Cucumber crop was bad this year," he said as he sat down in the easy chair and picked up the newspaper. "Pickles ain't what they used to be."

"Maybe you've got interests that make you only think that pickles ain't what they used to be?"

"Why, what do you mean?" he said with mock astonishment.

"Maybe there's a Leslie floating around some apartment who don't think that pickles ain't what they used to be? Maybe? Hmmm?"

"Lovely name" he said as he buried his face into the newspaper, "A new friend?"

"Stop beating the bush, kiddo. I wasn't born yesterday..."

"Obviously," he said quietly so she couldn't hear him.

"...I know what's been going on" she continued without hearing him. "Why don't you pay your debts?"

"I have no money," he answered innocently. "You won't let me keep any."

This kept on for hours and hours, neither getting anything from the other in the way of surrender. Just before Pip and Stella were to retire to their respective bedrooms, the telephone rang and Leslie's voice came excitedly over the wires.

"Pip, I've done it!" Leslie shouted with joy.

"I'll be right over," he answered, thinking she wanted him again.

"No, wait," she exclaimed quickly. "Pack all your clothes. We're going for a trip."

"He ain't going nowhere," Stella's voice boomed over the extension. "No twenty-year-old living doll is going to steal my fifty-year-old, pot-bellied husband from me."

"Stella, get off," Pip said.

"Hurry, darling," Leslie said. "Never mind that old battleaxe. I'll be waiting."

"But we have no money," Pip interrupted.

"Don't worry, Pip. I'll be waiting. Bye-bye."

To say that Stella was furious is like saying Macy's is a store: it's sort of an understatement. She was so mad Pip could have sworn he saw smoke coming out of her nostrils. But undaunted our hero carried through with his plans. He packed his bags, kissed Stella goodbye (he wanted to part amicably), and grabbed a cab for Leslie's apartment.

Stella being no fool didn't waste any time after Pip had gone. First she called her boy friend---the one with a passion for blimps---, and then she called Mr. Castor. The phone rang and rang and rang and rang. There was no answer. By this time Stella's boy friend had come so she figured to hell with it and waddled to her bedroom with her boy friend.

Pip hurried over to Leslie's.

"Darling," she said as she threw her arms around him. "They tried so desperately to keep us apart."

"Who?" asked Pip.

"Never mind" she said. "Let's go."

They went to the airport where Leslie's private plane was waiting. In they jumped and off they flew to the French Riviera.

By the time Stella could get an answer at Mr. Castor's apartment the cops were already there.

"Naw, I don't know who bumped him off" she said. "But I bet it was his daughter."

Leslie had felt sorry for Pip's having to pay his monstrously large debts to her father, she decided that the best thing to do was to wipe off the slate by wiping off her old man. She riddled his safe and then called Pip. The two of them are now on the French Riviera enjoying all the money Mr. Castor made from his booking.

But don't you think that crime does pay. Not only did Stella divorce Pip, and not only did Leslie get a sunburn showing off her new bikini, and not only did Pip get a sunburn while showing off his, but he was fired from his job at the pickle factory.

"Doc" Namrevlis

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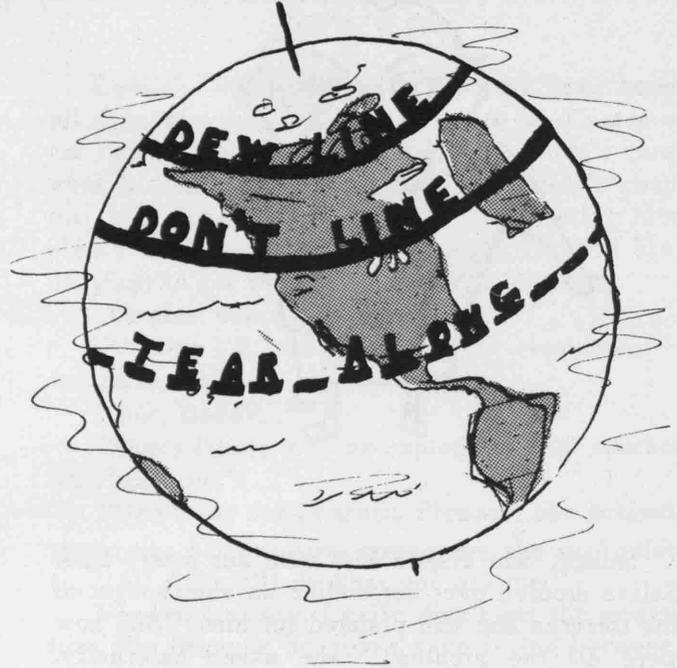
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ROTC student: "I haven't a pencil or paper for the exam."

Sargeant: "What would you think of a soldier who went into battle without a gun or ammunition?"

ROTC student: "I'd think he was an officer."



The burlesque queen woke up the morning after the raid to find herself fully clothed.

Expecting the worst, she screamed. "My God! I've been draped!"

"Why did you assault this poor alumnus?" the judge demanded of the sophomore Monday morning.

"Well, Judge," explained the sophomore, "I was in a phone booth chatting innocently with my girl when this big drunk alumnus opens the door, grabs me and throws me out of the booth."

"Is this what caused you to assault this man?" the judge asked.

"No," said the sophomore, "it irritated me some, but what did it was when he reached in and heaved my girl out too!"

Fiji: "I like to take experienced girls home."

Freshman girl: "I'm not experienced."

Fiji: "You're not home yet."



"Paw, tell me how you proposed to maw."

"Well," said Paw, "it was like this, son: we was sittin' on the ground out behind the barn and she leaned over and whispered in my ear."

"Then I whispered 'the hell you are.'"

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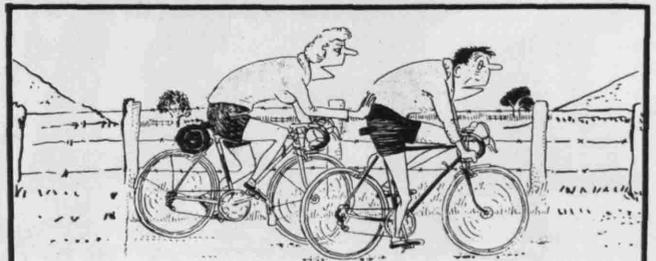
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It was the sleepy time of the afternoon. The prof. droned on and on formulae, constants and figures. A Ch.E Student sitting in the second row, was unable to restrain himself and gave a tremendous yawn. Unfortunately, as he stretched out his arm he caught his neighbor squarely under the chin, knocking him to the floor. Horrified, he bent over the prostrate form just in time to hear him murmur, "Hit me again, Sam, I can still hear him."



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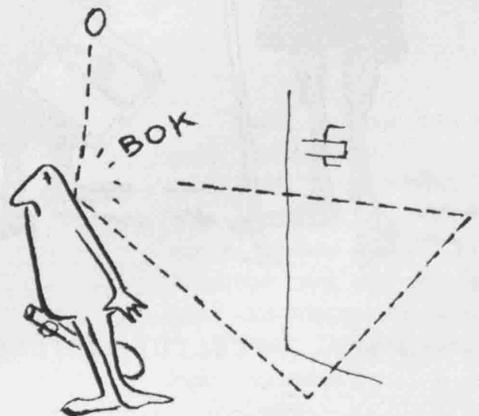
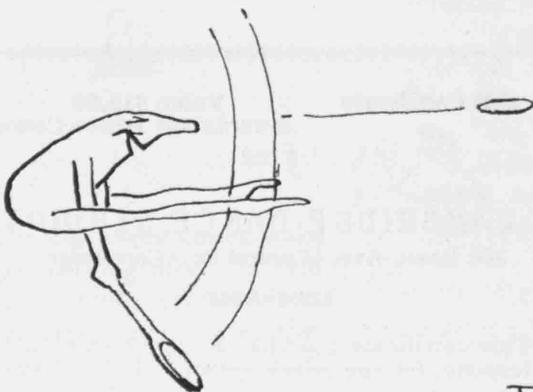
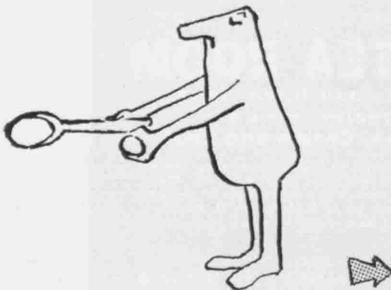
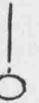
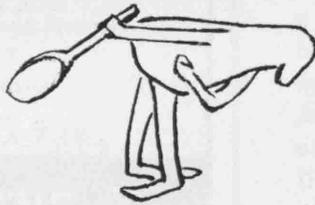
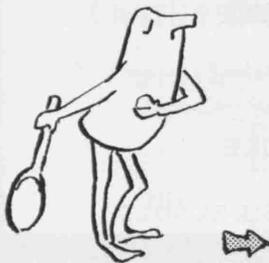
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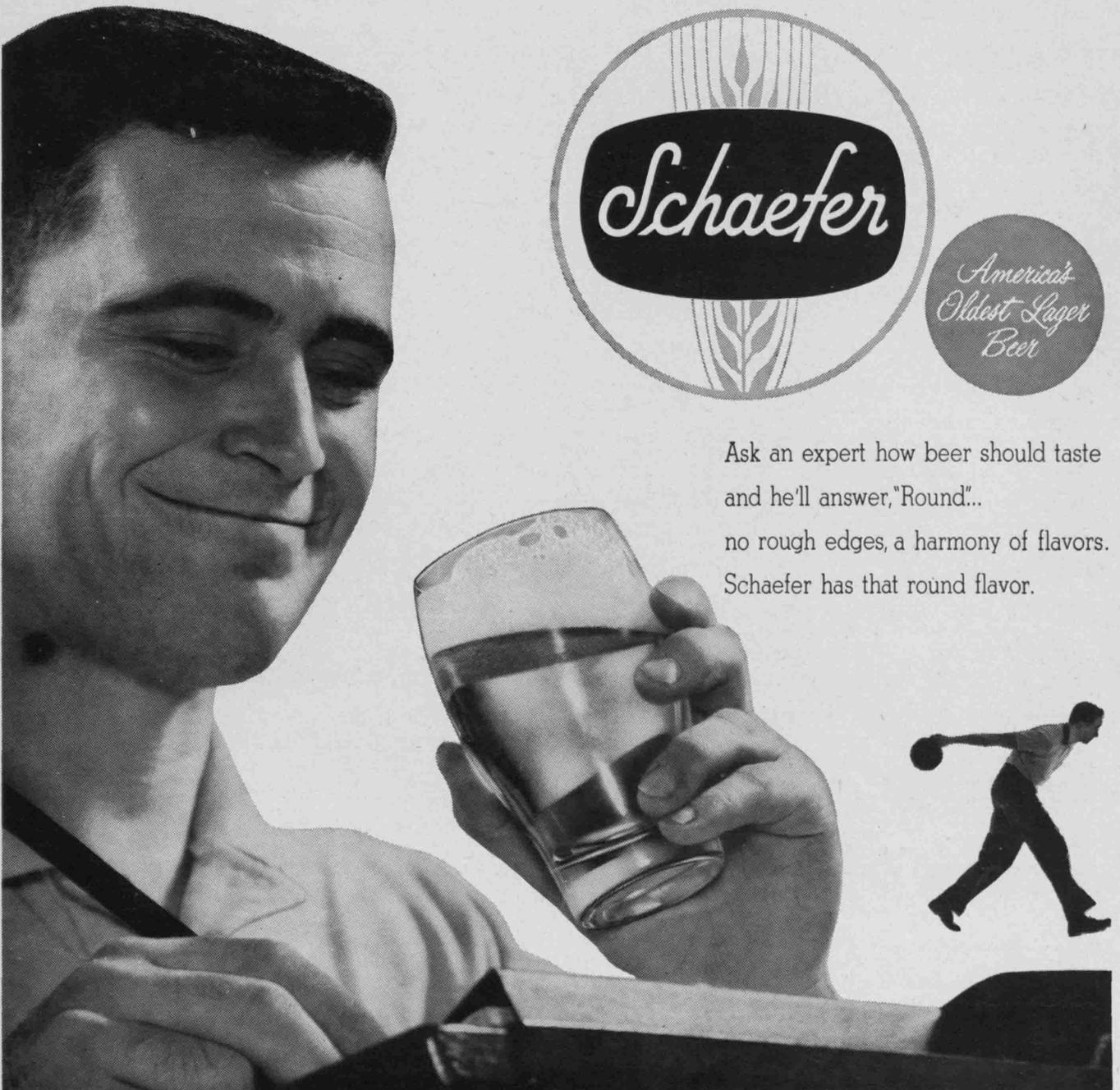


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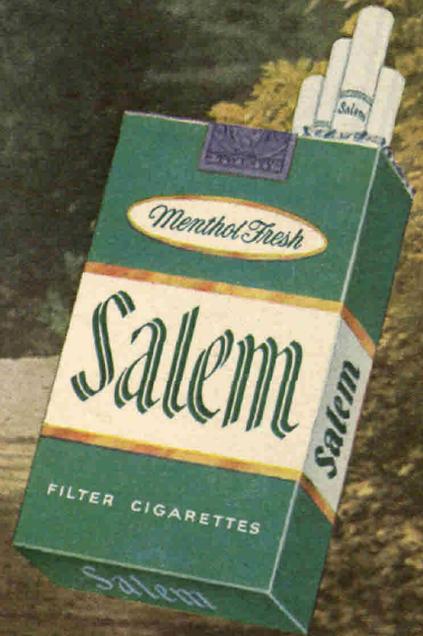
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