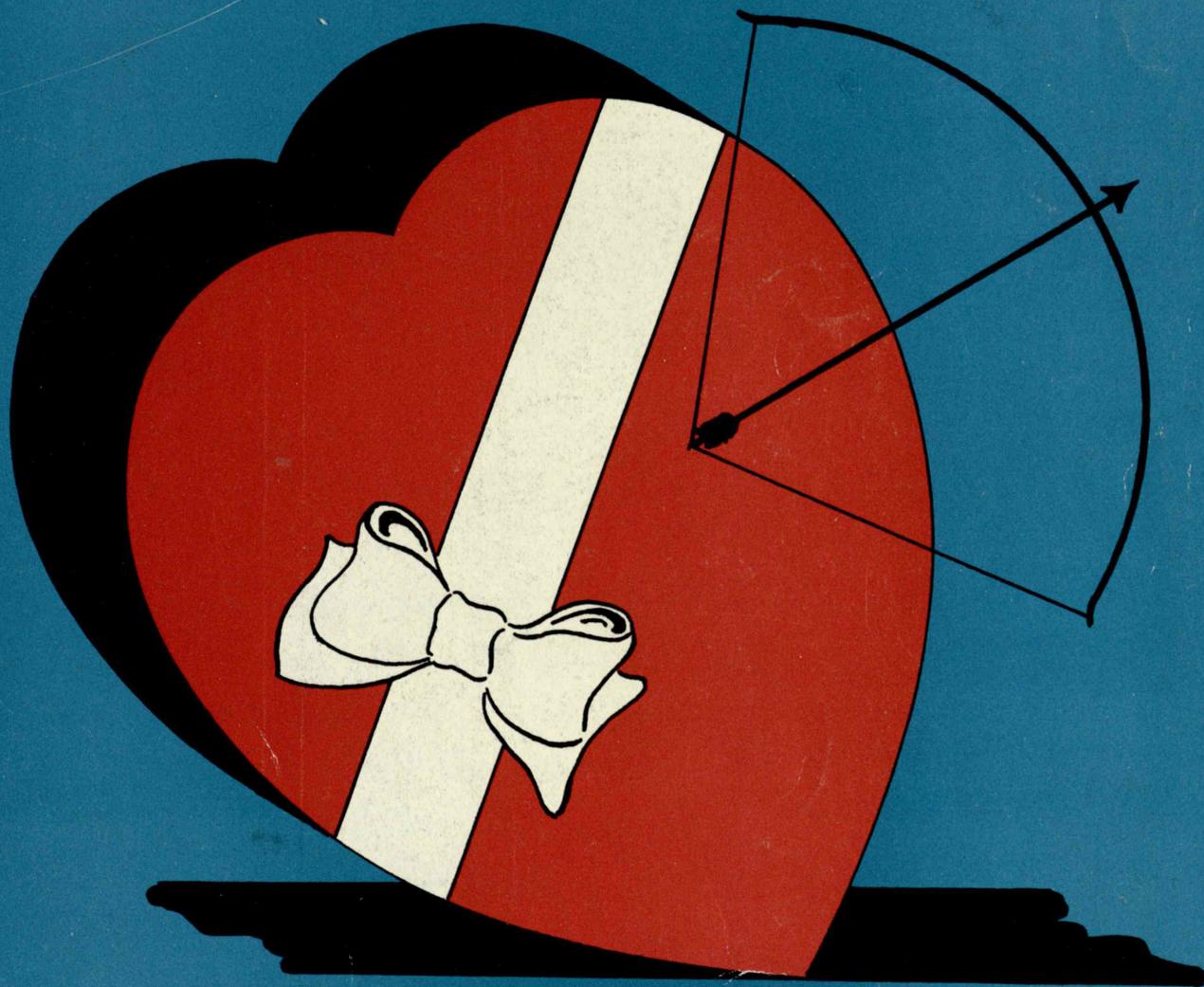


Voo Doo





J. R. WOOD & SONS, INC. • MANUFACTURERS OF FINE *Art-carved* RINGS FOR NEARLY A CENTURY

FOR V-Twelvees starting their Saturday night rounds we would earnestly recommend McNiff's bar on Boylston Street just west of Massachusetts Avenue with these words of caution and encouragement: make sure that you're not on restriction and that your sleeves are rolled down and a certain ensign will probably buy you a drink. McNiff's is a clean, quiet place with good drinks and dime beers.

When you are trying to make a good impression on that certain broad you know and find that the cash you can beg, borrow, and worry from your friends wouldn't even tinkle in a Salvation Army lassie's drum, drag her over to Boraschi's on the corner of Corning Street and Shawmut Avenue not far from the Bradford. The price for filet mignon would make you pant, but try their spitted sirloins. And of course, there is a bar.

Because this is February with snow and ice and all the fancy trimmings, we thought we'd trade our high hat in for a pair of ear muffs and head for the high timber. Being mountain men, there is only one place in New Hampshire for us, and that is Pinkham Notch up at Mt. Washington. Not



only that, but the chow is terrific. Rationing hasn't hit them yet.

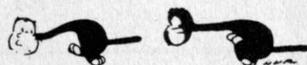
In case you are a member of this "soft, younger generation," there is always good skiing at Mt. Kiddie Car, North Conway. That's where you get your recreation without suffering for it, more than usual. Stowe, of course, is always popular.

SEVERAL V-Twelvees have been bemoaning the lack of things to do on Saturday nights. The possibilities are infinite. For example, there is almost always some sort of dance going on in the main ballrooms of the various hotels around town, and almost invariably there are far too many women. Usually this situation is remedied by allowing servicemen to enter free of charge.

Then again, the Y. W. C. A. has a dance going on every Saturday night which attracts a large number of stag women. It may not be romantic, but few can deny that it is entertaining.

ALSO apropos of entertainment is the always fascinating subject of Voo Doo. This is the last issue of the term, and most of the staff expects to not be here after March. However, when and if a March issue makes its appearance, plans are under way to make it the most phenomenal undertaking in the history of American publishing.

INCIDENTALLY, a course XIV friend of ours tells us that the weather for March 29 will be a definite improvement.



Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

## Voo Doo

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Volume XXVIII

FEBRUARY, 1945

No. 1

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*The*  
**HOTEL  
GARDNER**  
*Grill...*



*Where you always get*  
**"The Best for a Little Less!"**

Luncheons from 55c · Dinners from 85c

Conveniently located between Mass. and  
Symphony Subway Station. Plenty of  
FREE PARKING Space.

Banquet Rooms  
for Large and  
Small Parties  
COM. 3110



**HOTEL GARDNER · MASS. AVE., AT NORWAY ST., BOSTON**

Boarder: "It's disgraceful, Mrs. Skinner! I'm sure two rats were fighting in my bedroom last night."

Mrs. Skinner: "So! What do you want for \$3 a week? Bull fights?"

— Chaparral.

Some of the engineers at M. I. T. show great talent with stationary engines. — Where do you park?



He: "Wait a minute. I thought I heard something break."

She: "Never mind. That was just my promise to mother."

— Yellow Jacket.



Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

— Shaveltail.



The one who thinks our jokes are lewd  
Would straight away change his views,  
Could he compare the jokes we print  
With those we cannot use.



Recently a European was trying to bring out that very often Americans did things the wrong way. "You, know," he said, "in concocting a highball they pour in a little whiskey to make it strong, and a little water to make it weak; then, they put in a little lemon to make it sour, and a little sugar to make it sweet; a little gin to make it hot, and ice to make it cold; and then they say, 'Here's to you,' and drink it themselves."

— Pelican.

Telephone  
**TROWBRIDGE**  
1000

*Galgay* —  
**The  
Florist**

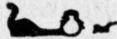
Member  
Florists  
Telegraph  
Delivery  
Association

736 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE  
CENTRAL SQUARE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

It was late in last September,  
 Or perhaps it was November,  
 That I staggered down the street  
 With drunken pride.  
 But my feet began to stutter,  
 So I lay down in the gutter  
 And a pig came 'long and lay down by  
 my side.  
 My brain was all a flutter,  
 As I lay there in the gutter,  
 And a lady passing by was heard to  
 say,  
 "You can tell a man that boozes  
 By the kind of friends he chooses."  
 And the gol darned pig got up  
 And walked away.



Sweet Thing (disgusted): "My boy  
 friend has cold feet."  
 Maid: "Shame on you, young lady.  
 In my day we didn't find those things  
 out until after we were married."



"I represent Mountain Cheap  
 Wool Company," began the snappy  
 young salesman. "Would you be inter-  
 ested in coarse yarns?"  
 "Gosh, yes," breathed the gal, hope-  
 fully. "Tell me a couple."  
 — Chaparral.



Some gals go to libraries,  
 Also, some gals go to college;  
 But the gal who goes to extremes  
 Acquires a lot of practical knowl-  
 edge.  
 — Urchin.



The hand that rocks the cradle is  
 the one that used to turn out the  
 parlor light."



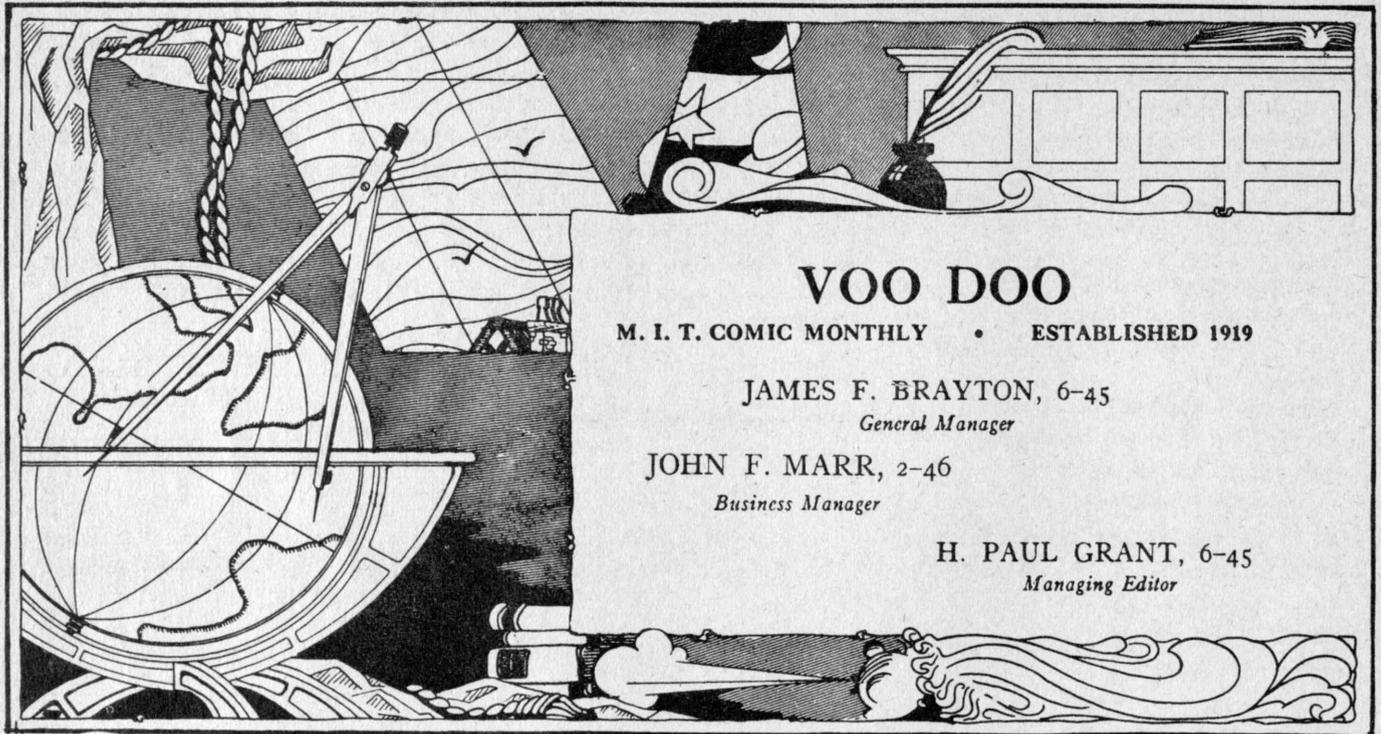
"Wait'll he starts smoking his Sir Walter Raleigh—  
 then go in and ask him for a raise."

Smokes as sweet  
 as it smells

"... the quality pipe  
 tobacco of America"



FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe  
 cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky



WE walked into the office about a week ago with a grim look on our face — (we had just flunked a quiz — made a permanent enemy of our prof — accidentally failed to salute our commanding officer, and above all smoked our last cigarette). “Hello, Cat, you old stinker, got a weed,” we said as we slammed the door. At the surprised look on his face, we sat down, suddenly realizing what we had just said. But the Cat for once seemed in a good humor. He was all dressed up in his favorite purple and red tie, green hat, yellow spats, and his bottle — still two-thirds full — and he had an unusually sensuous look on his face.

“Happy February, boss,” he said. “I know the cigarette shortage is tough, but it can’t be as bad as all that. This is the month. Valentine’s Day, Washington’s Birthday, Lincoln’s Birthday, the old dog’s just about dead, and the profits for the month have finally come in. I think I’ll go down to the Touraine and see what the girls think of a renovated civilian. They must be getting awfully sick of the same old thing day after day — sailors — phew!”

“Don’t be so cheerful, Phos,” we said, “we have some really bad news for you. I don’t know whether or not you will be able to take it. You’d better brace yourself on something. It’s about the worst thing you could imagine.”

“Don’t tell me the old rag is going to close up,” he said.

“No, it’s even worse than that, all our past efforts have been in vain. One of the boys had to go down to the Watch and Ward Society the other day, and he received one of the shocks of his life. They think that the magazine is pretty good. Think of our reputation all shot to hell.”

“Well, that isn’t too bad, boss,” he said. “That still leaves you in some pretty good company, even if the Boston politicians did try to ban LIFE.”

“Yes, but for years, people have been trying to tell us that we were nothing but dirty minded individuals, and now they know that it isn’t so. It’s going to break their faith in human nature.”

“Well, come on out with me and have a couple of beers on yourself!”

“No, we have some work to do. A lot of the boys that have been with us for quite a while are leaving at the end of this term. I wish we could get some more men out to work for the old rag. The Inst. Comm. has a pretty good idea though, and all of us may get some more help one of these days. It seems to us that there is nothing that takes the monotony out of the life here as well as working on one of the activities around school.”

"Yes, it seems to me that I read some place that the things they ask you about when you are applying for a job is just what extra-curricular activities you did while you were in school. It seems to me that the boys who have come in from sea duty in the V-12 ought to be able to get a lot of fun and benefit from some outside work."

"Speaking of the V-12, we hear that Captain Joyce is leaving us. He has done a good job of keeping the boys in line while letting them have as much college life as possible. If it weren't for the fact that the boys in the V-12 were allowed to go out for the activities around here the place would be really not worth while living in."

"Well, Boss, I have to be off. I hope that you boys have fun with your finals and get some beer this coming vacation. It ought to be long enough so that you will be able to come back next term with a few good stories to tell about the whole affair. How many times your frat pin has changed hands and about the time — well you know what I am talking about. Are you sure that you won't come down with me and see whether or not Jackie's still serves the same old brew?"

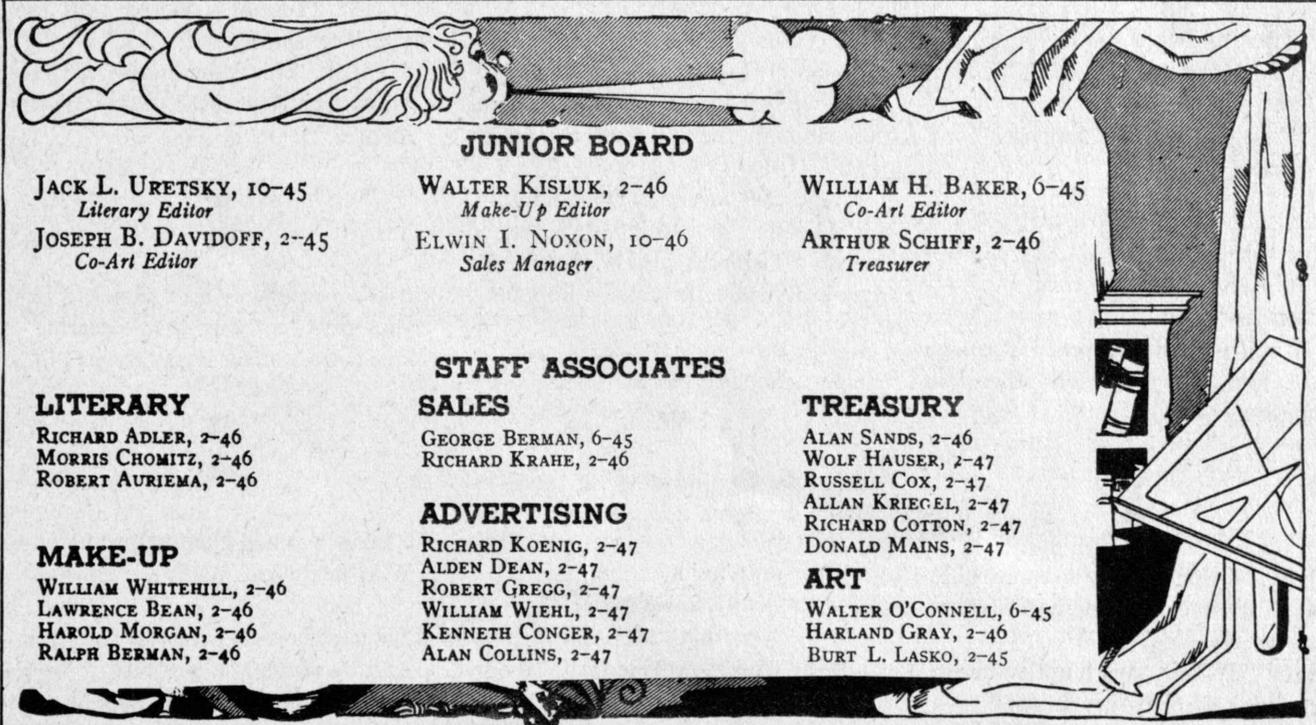
"O. K., Cat. You've got my thirst up, let's go."

---

Phos regrets to announce the resignation of the following members of the Junior Board — Joe Davidoff, Sandy Noxon, and Art Schiff. He also congratulates Al Sands, our new treasurer, Dick Cotton, our new advertising manager, and Bill Wiehl, our new circulation manager.

---

Cover this month by Baker



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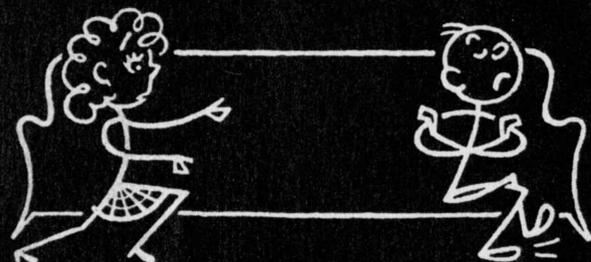
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HARLAND GRAY, 2-46  
BURT L. LASKO, 2-45

## Geometry Lesson



To shorten the distance between  
two points — use LIFE SAVERS

**Because:**

everybody's breath offends  
now and then. So let Life  
Savers sweeten and freshen  
your breath after eating,  
drinking, and smoking.



All the things that people do  
I find are rather boring too,  
I'd rather do the things they don't —  
The things they'd like to do, but  
won't,  
The things that simply are not done  
Prove to be the greatest fun.



Men who dwell in primal fashion  
Are ruled exclusively by passion;  
While we of more progressive lands  
Are regulated by our glands.

— Pelican.



"Know anyone around here?"  
"Oh, yes, I have a broad acquaint-  
ance."  
"Yeah? What's her name?"



Jane: "I want a shorter skirt than  
you have showed me."

Clerk: "This is the shortest we have.  
Have you tried the collar depart-  
ment?"



Voice heard in Grad. House: "Hey,  
you guys, cut out that swearing —  
I've got a woman in my room!"



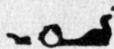
I know a young chap named Giles  
Who has a girl whom he constantly  
riles  
Though she's easy pickins  
And his senses she quickens  
For formals it's another date he dials.

— Dodo.

"There's always something around  
me that keeps me from drinking a lot  
of beer."

"Your boy friend, I suppose?"

"Nope, my girdle."



**Advice to V-12's:**

If you write funny when you sign  
out it won't be so obvious when you  
come in.



Jane: "I wonder why so many girls  
rest their chins on their hands when  
they are thinking?"

Jack: "To keep their mouths shut so  
they won't disturb themselves."

— John Waller.

A census-taker asked the woman at  
the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the answer; "me,  
the old man, the kid, the cow, and the  
cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old  
man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the  
cow's dry, and the cat's a Populist."

— Chaparral.



Girls who keep on slapping faces  
Don't see lights and don't go places.

— Urchin.

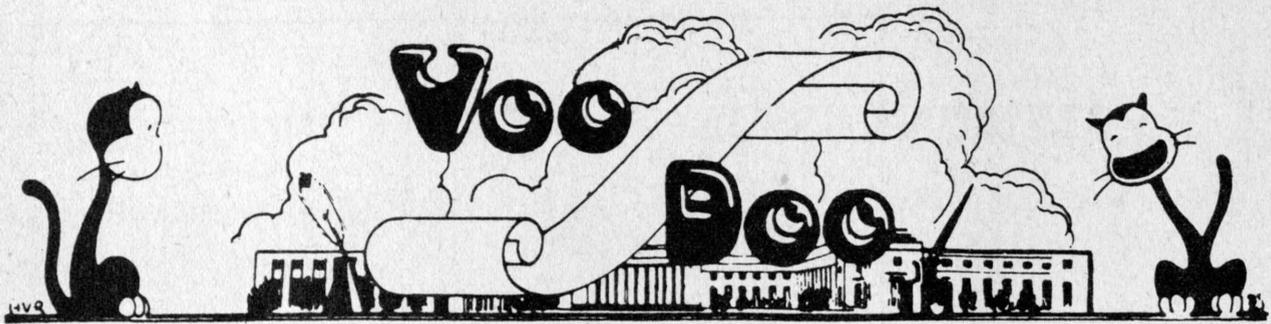


Bostonian: "An American, broadly  
speaking."

— Log.

VALENTINE ISSUE





AS this goes to press, we have the news of Commander Blair's promotion to four stripes and Captain Joyce's retirement. The V-Twelves in the office present their sincerest best wishes to both these men. After all, why not get the apple-polishing done early?

PROFESSOR HUDSON was recently explaining to his 6.40 class the make-up of high-tension cables. It seems that several wires are wrapped together and then enclosed in a sheath under a pressure of several inches of mercury. It was at this point that Francis J. X. ("Initials") Donohue interrupted with, "But, sir, doesn't that use up an awful lot of mercury?" At that, the stuff *is* expensive.

IT has been said that liquor is the undoing of man, just like the zipper has been the undoing of woman. With this we cannot agree; quite the contrary, we believe that alcohol is often the only thing that really keeps a man going. A story told to us by an Army friend who was stationed in the Aleutians somewhere around a million light-years from civilization and a bar serves to illustrate our point and to reveal the ingenuity of the American mind.

Our friend in khaki had a thirst which was getting the better of him after some months in the wilderness. His letters back to the States were censored, so he couldn't very well just plain ask for some of his beloved booze. As a result of some serious thinking on the matter, he wrote a friend back

home who thought along the same lines as he and mentioned in passing, "Have you seen my friends the Haig boys lately?"

The friend caught on quick like a bunny. He answered, "I saw the Haig boys a few days ago and they are fine. By the way, I'm sending you some hair tonic that they recommended."

WE were listening to the radio with a girl friend on a recent Sunday evening and dancing quietly to a program of music that was definitely on the smooth side. We were floating around in a pink haze most of the time, but every once in a while the announcer broke through to us with a commercial. They were running on the order of "... gives that firm but gentle support ... the very latest in fashions at the very lowest of prices ... the finest in underthings ... made for the individual form ..." It finally dawned on us that he was advertising that ethereal bit of lace and elastic known as the "bra." We did notice that the one simile he seemed to steer away from was "... the iron hand in the silken glove ..."



THE inquisitive *Boston Traveler* got a little more than it bargained for when they sent a man over to inter-

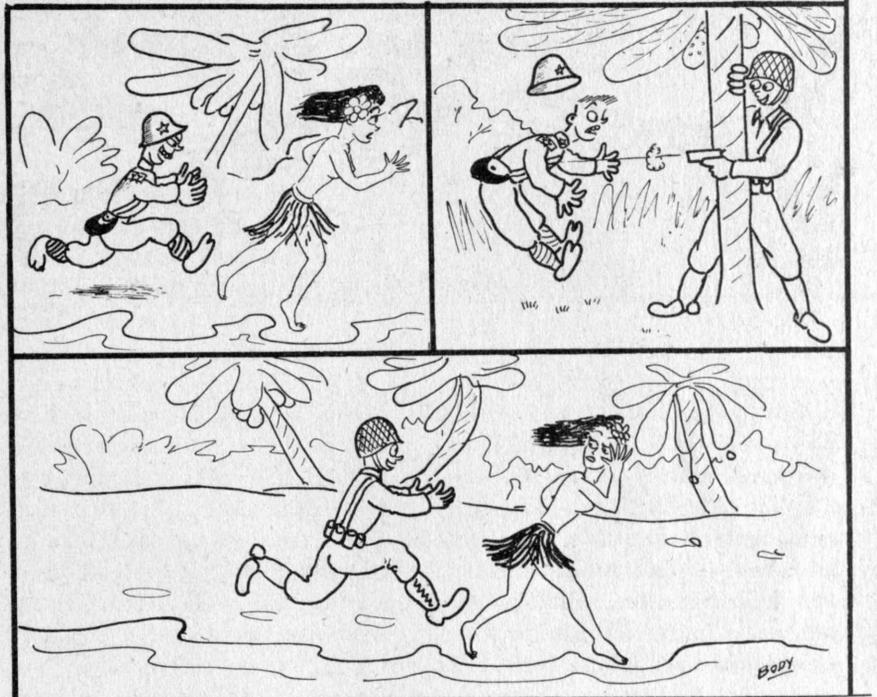
view Dean William W. Wurster of M. I. T.'s School of Architecture. The whole story appeared on the *Traveler's* front page one peaceful Tuesday morning three weeks ago under a sub-head "Shudders at Courthouse." Their man had asked of W. W. his choice for the worst-looking structure in the city of Boston, and the Dean obliged with alacrity. "The Suffolk County Courthouse," he is quoted as saying, "has destroyed the greatest asset of Beacon Hill. The general warm brick color and the human scale of the hill have always pleased the eye and satisfied the intellect, and here is a bulk and height which has destroyed this unit." Here the article breaks into emphatic bold face type, continuing, "Just as a car shudders to a stop in an emergency, so is the impact of the new Suffolk County Courthouse on one's sensibilities!"

Now while we shudder in sympathy for the Dean, we must nevertheless assert that we think he missed putting the finger on Boston's awfulest architectural atrocity when he passed up the structure that houses the Old Howard. With the possible exception of Trinity Church, the Howard best exemplifies all that is contemptible in the field of building beauty. Every time we pass the place, Dean Wurster, it is with averted eyes, shuddering.

**W**E recently were paging through a volume on "How to Write Technical Reports" and ran across the following gem:

"The investigation showed that it is difficult to maintain equilibrium in a position oblique to the vertical and made evident the importance of not missing the difficulty of subjecting the platform of the car to horizontal motions that are not an integral part of the acceleration."

Phos was reading over our shoulder, commented that he sometimes feels



that way after six highballs and a tumbler of vodka.

**A** TRUE story which has only recently become printable was told to us by a friend over several seidels of Jackie's dark. It concerns a rather befuddled freshman or sophomore or something from Tech who wandered into some sort of museum or something which was full of statues of nude women. When the subject of our story sobered up, he discovered that one of his teeth was chipped. Some sly investigating disclosed a matching chip on a convexity of one of the nudes. In fact, our friend tells us, it was just above the nipple.

**A** PERENNIAL problem for all of us is where the next check is coming from, and when. And it is because of that problem that the ten-cent fare of the Boston Elevated has attracted so much censure from those used to the five-cent rides in less cultured parts of the country. A friend of ours,

however, has devised a new way to get his money's worth. At every station he alights from his car, runs up the platform to the next one in the train, and climbs aboard. He says that way he gets five or six rides on a long train for the price of one.

**A**T last the whole ugly truth about those freshman drawing courses is revealed. The other day in D-12 Professor Eberhard was explaining various symbols, conventions, and abbreviations to a befuddled group, and he finally clarified everything in one fell swoop. "You see," he said, "the whole aim of drafting is to eliminate as many time-saving devices as possible."

**L**EGEND tells us of the old man of the mountain, the old man of the river, and the old man of the extra fifteen bucks I'll be needing next

*Continued to page 24*

## The Second Dr. Burbank

*"Choice of apple or tomato juice from whole grapefruit."* — Howard Johnson Menu.

I WAS sitting in a Copley Square restaurant the other day, waiting for my waitress to get through feeding five sailors, two small children with father, four business men reading newspapers, and a reunion of Radcliffe '13. The juke box was pre-empted by someone with a passion for Nelson Eddy. At a loss for something to do, I turned to the menu for light reading. I skimmed through the sixty cent specials and the a la carte filet mignon. I passed over the choice of ice cream and pies. Then I paused. For under first courses was listed the fascinating item "Choice of apple or tomato juice from whole grapefruit." Not a minute did I waste. I hurriedly got up from my booth and hurried over to the head waitress. I pressed a package of Camels in her right hand. "Where do I find the kitchen?" She held out her left hand. I placed an ashtray on it and strode towards the rear of the establishment. A large door bore the sign, "Kitchen; do not enter!" Food was shoved through a small grille near the bottom of the door. I tugged at the door. Its massive weight yielded slowly.

A small lion was lying in a relaxed position about ten feet behind the door. He was chewing an arm absent-mindedly. I reached into my pocket and pulled forth a small loaf of Waga bread given me by my professor in Esoteric Masonry, 2.1467. I tossed it to the lion. He put down the arm long enough to growl, "Metro Goldwyn Mayer delivers the finest in motion pictures." He gobbled the Waga bread and fell asleep immediately.

Immediately behind him was a small door, which was badly battered

and evidently well used. It hung ajar on its hinge. Through the doorway I could dimly hear someone singing, "Sing a song of sixpence, a pocketful of rye, four and twenty blackbirds, baked into a pie!" I removed the rye from my pocket and took a long drink thereof, then carefully poured the remainder of the contents over the sleeping lion and dropped the empty bottle next to the arm. I looked past and around the door. A small man in a white coat was taking blackbirds out of a cage and putting them into a pie about five feet across. I stepped in singing "I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly, sixpence. . . ." The little man turned around slowly.

"How did you get in here?" he queried, creeping towards me with a large hypodermic needle held in his left hand, which I now noticed was an enormous hook.

"Your lion is oiled," I remarked casually, placing myself securely behind a table.

He peered around the door at the prostrate beast. "So he is; and he's under twenty-one, too."

Thoughtlessly I babbled, "My God, this is just the place I've been looking for!" The man turned from his lion and stared at me intently.

"How would you like to be my assistant? Pay is good, work fascinating, my name is Dr. Burbank."

"Not *the* Burbank?"

"No. He crossed plants. I cross animals, vegetables, minerals, roads, words, grains, purposes, and cuts. I am the man who . . ."

"Got apple and tomato juice from a grapefruit!"

"From a *whole* grapefruit, but you will come to appreciate my genius." He extended his hook and I shook it gingerly. "You will work on my newest idea," he whispered, slamming the door off its hinges. The lion half rose.

"Rule Britannia," he announced, and began washing himself. "My God, what a night I must have had last night, all right!" he muttered.

"That talking lion?" I enquired. Dr. Burbank smiled mysteriously and let me into a little anteroom beyond the laboratory. Through a window I could see the Boston and Albany tracks. They brought me back to reality sharply, as they had so many times from Wellesley. "Dr. Burbank, what is your real profession?"

"I produce food to match typographic errors on menus. In that corner is the grapefruit from which all day I have been squeezing apple and tomato juice. And here is the problem which was submitted to me an hour ago. This is a tough one. When people submit blackbird pie to me when they misspell blackberry, I can oblige, as you saw." He hooked a soft roll from a shelf and nibbled it meditatively. "But now, now . . . when they asked for orang juice I squeezed up an ape, when they asked for mink pie I baked it the way they wanted it, but I need new ideas; for today they asked me for the greatest challenge I have ever received."

"What?" I asked desperately.

"Fillet of Soul."

Need I describe the midnight labors which we spent desperately hunting for the ingredients? I will anyway. Night after night, even when the error was ancient history, we sat in that chill anteroom and argued who should be filleted to meet the desperate situation. At times Dr. Burbank threatened me with death; at times I drank his liquor. At last our food began to run low. We could no longer feed the lion. I had no more Waga bread. I have tossed this message out on the railroad tracks in the hope some despairing 5.02 student may find it. I have the door to the hall propped shut with a lab bench, but outside I can hear the lion giving Columbia yells. No one in the dive outside will help.

—R. C. D.



**W**HEN Bob "Don't Tech advantage of my attitude" Hope was last in Boston we heard him complain because he wasn't attracting the whistles that Dorothy Lamour does. Phos, ever ready to oblige, went to work with his magic wand and a tumbler of vodka and came out with the above result. We are presenting this to Mr. Hope with our fondest wishes for success in his new position.

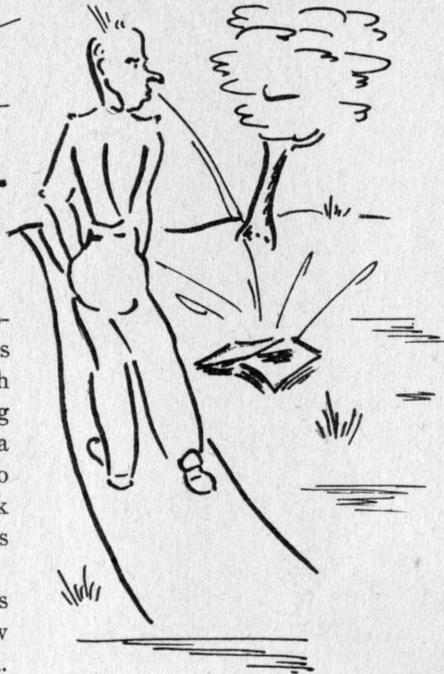
# PORNOGRAPHY MADE EASY



LAST week in Gulch Gulch, Colorado, Dryfus O. Sward laid down his copy of the latest Book-of-the-Month Club selection, dropped a passing tarantula dead in its tracks with a stream of tobacco juice, and said to himself, "I could write a better book than this filthy-minded hacker has turned out. Gadfrey, what rot."

All over the civilized world this scene is reenacted every time a new best-seller appears on the market. The general impression is that most modern authors have the literary ability of fifth-graders, and the distorted moral sense of fourth-graders. Even intelligent people like *you* devour their writings in great gulps and then say, "I could do better myself." Maybe you are right, but there is room for question. Pornography is as much of an art as bubble dancing, and there is even more money in it. So if you are one of the millions who suppose that anyone can turn out a book that will sell, stop a bit and listen.

There are a few things that you must fix in your mind before beginning a Great American Novel. First, the modern reading public has been weaned on a diet of realistic fiction. Realism is expression of the common place by means of the vulgar; therefore, be lewd! You can't sell a novel that hasn't at least a dozen meaty four-letter words on every page, and we do mean those old-fashioned



out-house words that your mother used to kick your butt for using. ("Butt" — there's a good American term. And there is another better, shorter one.)

Second, remember that your readers may have difficulty digesting subtleties. After all, people do most of their reading these days suspended from straps in elevated trains, or between coffee and toast in the morning, or while sitting waiting for nature to perform her little miracles. To impress their distracted minds it is necessary to employ the most blunt terminology practicable. In short: be lewd!

Third, avoid originality. Shun it like the Plague. No one wants to bother with figuring out a new plot, so steal from Shakespeare (he stole from Marlowe), borrow from *Britannica*, crib from the Koran. Better still, forget the plot; everybody's

doing it.

Now for Chapter One. Get into the mood with the opening words, introduce the characters, and we're off. For instance the theme of the book will probably be "Clandestine Love Does Not Pay." You will naturally devote forty-three chapters to lurid description of clandestine love, and a page or two at the end to killing off the protagonists with venereal diseases. Some authors resort to weaker conclusions — death from alcohol-



ism or mass murder-suicide — but dat ole debbil Social Disease is the best bet. Let's get back to Chapter One.

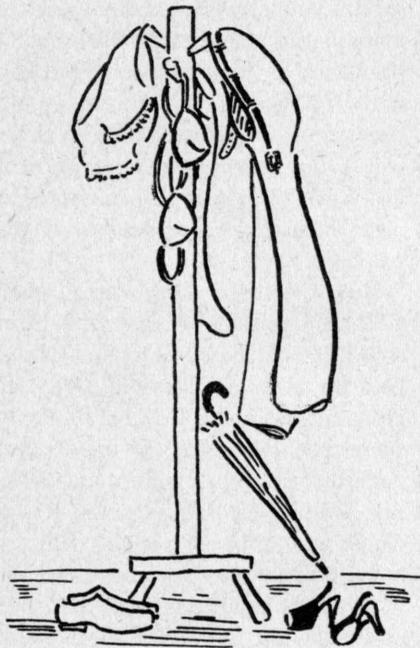
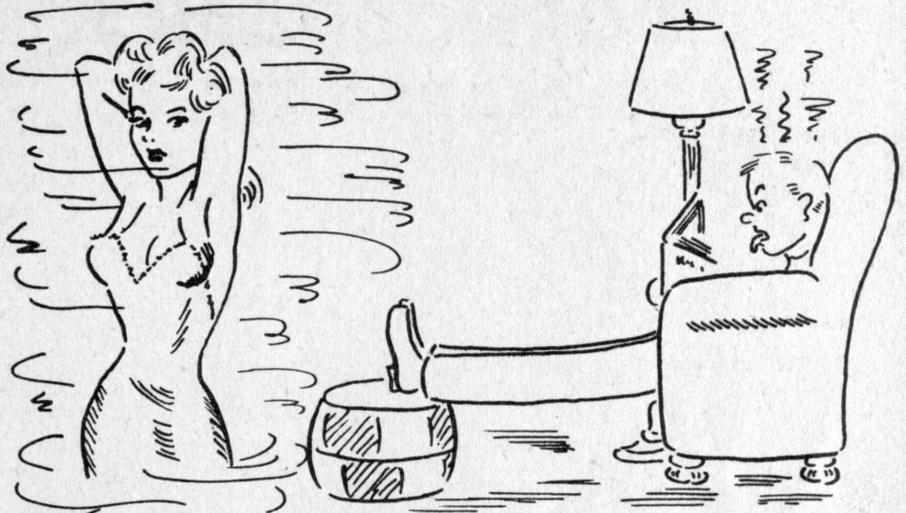
"Moe turned from the urinal and cursed from habit. 'God d — n the snafu'd demi-johns in this gold-plated establishment,' he remarked to Delores, his voluptuous blond mistress. All the time he was thinking, 'How beautiful she is, sitting there in her skin-tight skin. I am a rat for what I am about to do.'"

Now everyone knows just how matters stand, and they will read on avidly. In fact, with a beginning like that, our book will be banned in Boston before you can say, "Nuts to

Watch and Ward," and we're made!

If for some obscure reason you don't want to let the whole cat out of the bag so soon, you use a slightly different approach. Build up suspense. Lead up to the punch gradually, like this:

"The voluptuous virgin Delores turned from the window of her luxurious penthouse apartment and thoughtfully scratched her ..." (what a spot for some popular slang). "Will it rain today?" she thought



aloud, "my victory garden is as dry as Hell."

"So am I," yawned Moe, the huge naked man lounging on the lounge. "Let's have a drink and go to bed."

This sort of opening is acceptable if the suspense is not overdone.

In Chapter Two it is customary to introduce the minor characters — dope peddlers, crooked politicians, husbands, and other assorted hangers-on. Every character must be shown at his worst, and all together they should be the vilest cesspool of human depravity. Critics will rave, "How genuinely realistic!" The hero naturally turns out to be the most loathsome, repulsive, evil-minded cur of



the lot, while the heroine has at least a "desirable body," an "inviting eye," and a dirt-track mind. The book reviewers will cry, "This is a story about real people, like the folks next door or the family up the street." They don't dare say things like that about *you*, though.

Along about page 346 there is a danger of finding yourself in a rut. For say thirty-six chapters the reader has been plunged from the consummation of one lusty sequence into the preliminaries of the next, and he may get slightly fed up. Many potential best-sellers drop by the wayside for just this reason. These are the books that end up in the under-the-counter trade — the ones that Junior High School teachers filch from their pupils' desks and read on the sly. To avoid such a fate, your book must offer a little relief now and then from the sordid main business,

in the form of a discourse on some subject of general interest. Perhaps a chapter on the Open Door Policy in the Far East, or a resume of Freak Accidents of 1944, would be in order. And a little subtle humor is always welcome. For instance:

"Stu awoke and opened his eyes. Those were his first mistakes, for the two gallons of vodka that he had consumed on the preceding evening were still racing madly through his distended arteries. The blazing searing glare of sun through the drawn blinds caused his eyeballs to bulge and his head to swim dizzily. Stu staggered from the room, and disregarding startled screams from passing young women at the sight of his unclad form, ran blindly to the corner bar for three quick shots of vodka. Then he felt better, and rested quietly with his head in the cuspidor."

(End of Chapter 36.)

Then, while your readers are still chuckling amusedly, you come right back at 'em with Chapter 37, before they lose interest.

"That night Stu arose and made his way across the street to Rosie's Place. Rosie greeted him with a French kiss, and they went upstairs to . . ."

Disgusting, you say? All right, go ahead and write it your way. Eight more chapters and *my* fortune is made.

— H. P. G.

# CHICK



## SIDEVIEW OF THE MONTH

EVER since Chick Street, at the age of seven, first stood up on his hind legs, his towering stature has been the object of endless conjecture. At first mothers of other little boys would point him out, saying, "Look, Furthman, you could be tall like that if you would only eat your curried frogs' legs every day." But when young Street attained a height of six feet before his first teeth fell out, his own mother began to wonder if she should not start him on a diet of beer and tobacco juice. Nothing seemed to stunt his phenomenal growth. It was a familiar sight to see him plucking bulbs from Pawtucket street lights on his way to kindergarten, and during the famous Blizzard of '26, young Charles was pressed into service holding up telephone wires when the local lines went down. It was perhaps this particular incident of his lurid childhood that caused him to choose distant Vermont Academy to continue his education. Turning down an offer from the Volunteer Firemen of Pawtucket who desired his services as an auxiliary mobile fire tower, he packed his luggage, knelt down to kiss the folks good-bye, and walked away from the house on his knees, so as to attract

less attention.

The lanky laughing lad was immediately popular at Vermont, where there were so many trees that his remarkable length of limb went unremarked. "In fact," he says, "my principal recollection of Vermont Academy is *trees*. No women, no liquor — just trees." It was during those long stretches of rugged outdoor living — even the dormitories at the Academy were like fragments of the great open spaces — that he developed the athletic prowess that was to stand him in such good stead in later years. While the local boys were lying around letting native maple syrup drip on their foreheads, Chick went out and joined the hockey squad. His performance as goalie that winter has become a matter of legend. They still tell of how he would make a spectacular save, recover the puck, and stick-handle his way halfway down the ice without moving his feet from the crease. No longer was his height a hindrance. The coach was often heard to speculate on what Chick could have accomplished if he were seven foot six, instead of a mere six foot seven. The possibilities are terrifying.

About this time, which was 1940,

Chick's family moved to Bristol, just down the road a piece from the old homestead. "Bristol, of which the pleasant little city of Rhode Island is a suburb," is one of his favorite expressions, and one that has lost him more than a few friends. Residents of Providence resent the implication that Rhode Island is anything but a suburb of Providence.

Chick was formally introduced to that sport of sporting kings, yachting, and before many summers had passed he became master of the goosewing gibe, the over-shot mooring, and the loo'ard landing. Even today there are a number of young ladies who remember Chick as "that handsome tall boy with the bee-yootiful sailboat." And there are a number who will never forget that unmanageable right arm of his, when the moon was full and the night breezes whispered softly in the halliards.

But the time soon came when Charles Street had to leave this life of soft Buzzards Bay breezes and Bristol beer for a more purposeful one. He chose to start at M. I. T. because only there could he find a fine Naval Architecture department, and some fine sailing on the Charles River. Chick was still very young.

So in September 1942 he joined the ill-fated freshman class that was then called '46. He had added another half an inch of altitude and a slightly more serious expression about the eyes, but at heart he was still a big boy. There were long discussions behind the closed doors of a number of fraternities when rush week rolled around, much of the controversy centering around the person of Chick. Even Curt Beck, that Freshman Texas Titan who towered above most of the field in actual vertical measurement, lacked an inch of Chick. When the dust finally settled, our boy had been pledged by the happy brothers of DKE, and they have since had plenty of reason to congratulate themselves on the choice, as witness his achieve-

*Continued to page 27*

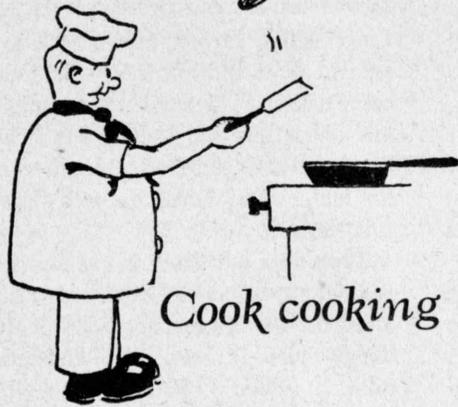
# Cooks and Crooks



Cooks



Crooks



Cook cooking



Crooked cook  
cooking



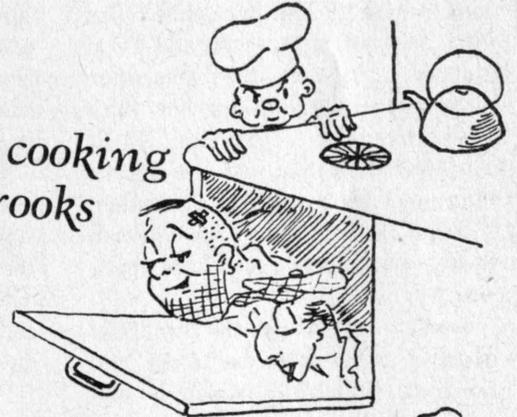
Crook crooking

CROOKS BY HILL  
COOKS BY DAVIDOFF



Crooks crooking cooks

Cook cooking  
crooks



Crook'd crooks

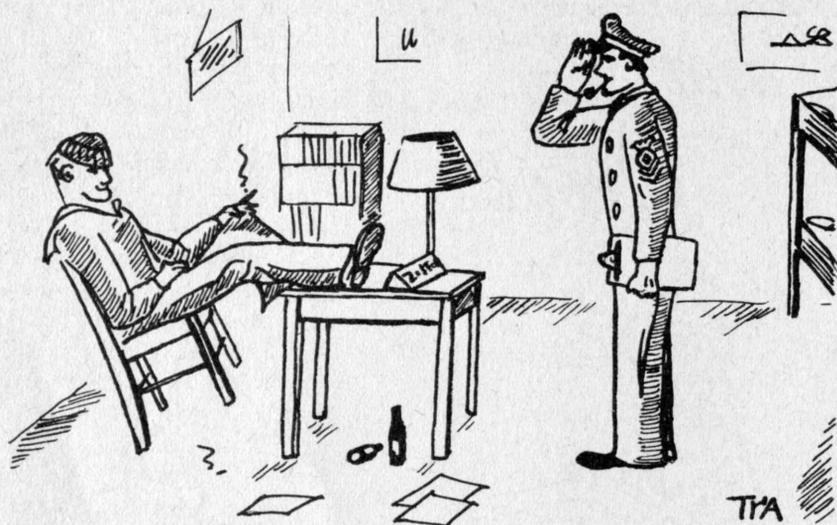


Crooked  
cook



Cook crooking a  
crooked crook

## The Crisis of Joseph R. Zilch, A.S.



**H**OW Joseph Robespierre Zilch ever got into Navy V-12, I do not know. All I do know is that Zilch would make a nice civilian, and he realizes it. . . . that is why he applied for an honorable discharge.

Zilch has got a round happy face. People look at him and smile. But Zilch has got S. A. — he and Peter Rabbit . . . in fact the women in Scranton are still asking for Zilch since the death of Schultz. J. R. Zilch has got a drag with the officers. He cannot get restricted. His father, Admiral Zilch of the North Siberian Fleet, would frown on such reprimands.

I still cannot forget the day Chief Mongrel came into our room and remarked, "Smith!" (which is me) "the room looks like hell! I cannot see the deck through this layer of dust," he says, spelling his name on the deck to prove his point!

"Whose gear is on that bunk!" he screams, "and who had head duty . . . and who is the dodo which wrote with lipstick, 'Chief Mongrel is numb topside!' on the hall bulkhead?"

Zilch, who happens to be responsible for all this wakes up. "Are you finished, vacuum top?" he growls. "I did everything and I am not sorry!"

Chief Mongrel bows low. "Please excuse me," he begs, "I did not see you in your bunk. Sorry I woke you . . . and he leaves . . . and it is the same way with the Ensign.

In P. T. Zilch does not work. He has his own rationing plan . . . one jumping jack . . . one pushup . . . and a rest period. The guys think Zilch is great and Zilch begins to think of running for battalion commander in the next election. . . .

But in spite of this, Zilch got himself and me in deep troubles. It all started with the navy show . . . and the babe named Lulu who passes out Brussel's Sprouts on Mondays and Ralston wheat flakes on Wednesdays.

"Fortescue" he says one very lousy day, "I am falling in love . . . that girl Lulu, she's gorgeous . . . those eyes . . . that body . . . that mind . . . and her deep tan . . . I can't go on, going through six or seven times for those moldy Brussel's Sprouts . . . I've got to get a date with her tonight."

Frankly, I, Fortescue Vincennes Smith, am astonished. "Joe!" I gasp. "You are an officer candidate. You have no time to be serious with women. You must brownbag and get smart."

But I feel I am not convincing him. It was the same for a while with Mabel Rolver until she eloped with the guy who runs in and washes the blackboards after classes, . . . which I still can't see . . . but after all look at Charlie Chaplin.

But with Leonora, the Radiation Lab doll, Zilch was happy for a while. When his efficiency began to float around zero, I had to step in. With my influence plus Thomas Collins, plus Canadian Club, Zilch called her up one evening, and told her what he thought about her and all women. It was vile . . . but pretty clever . . . I am selling carbon copies at a low fee. Leonora did not like it, and she came next day, demanded her negligence and old letters and walked out of his life . . . But it sure was tough work for me . . . and I had no such hopes this time.

Zilch does not listen to me and for the next two months Zilch sees Lulu in all the best places, shelling out the dough like it was his, and not mine. . . . Soon J. R. is shot to bits. His eyes are sunken. His cheeks are white. He cuts P. T. classes. He does not take quizzes. He does not go to Magoun's Lectures . . . he does not have to. . . . All day he sleeps; all night I do not have to guess what he does.

"Mi-god," he would moan, "I feel like you look," I having just taken a strength test.

"Take it easy kid," I assure him. Stay in tonight! Get back some vitality."

"Stay in . . . ?" he gasps. "That body . . . those eyes . . . no! no! I cannot."

"But Zilch," I beg, "you have lost at least twenty pounds. Your teeth are turning green. You'll kill yourself."

After a pained silence, Zilch stood up, aided by me. . . . "I've got to meet her now. . . . We are going to Franklin Park to feed the pigeons. . . . Anyway I am feeling fine now.

"B"but . . . Zilch."

Joseph R. Zilch took one step and slipped to his knees. With an embarrassed smile he crawled out the door. . . "See y'a Fortescue," he muttered.

\* \* \*

Comes one Saturday Night, and Zilch crashes in at two o'clock.

"Get out of that sack! We're goin' to celebrate," he howls.

"Celebrate?" I ask, trying to act as if I did not want to beat his head in, for waking me up.

"Yes, Fortescue! Lulu and I are going to be engaged. It's all settled. She's got her hope chest already, and I've swiped enough sheets from the u-know-who to give her a good start. Besides, we're nuts about each other."

I sit up, quickly light a butt, take a puff . . . and faint.

When Joe brings me around, he is still looking happy " . . . and Fortescue, I've brought her up to the room . . . ha! the Chief will never know!"

"Mi-god!" I howl and there I see Lulu standing in the room.

"Excuse me," I mutter "and I go back to sleep . . . they think.

The conversation that follows is strictly from. I begin to realize why Joe was voted, "The Tool of the Acme Die Works."

"Lulu," he says, "I've got to know what you meant when you said we must get married."

"Oh Joey dear!" she cooed.

"They will eliminate me from V-12" says Joe.

"But Joey, we *must* get married by June," shouts Lulu.

"Oh. No! No! You mean . . . but I thought . . ." and Joe passes out.

I am horrified. Joe has a drag with officers. I have a negative one. If I am caught with this piece of contraband, I am through. If Joe has to marry her, he is through. "Mi-god" I think, "this is going to-be-a-hell-of-an-empty-room!"

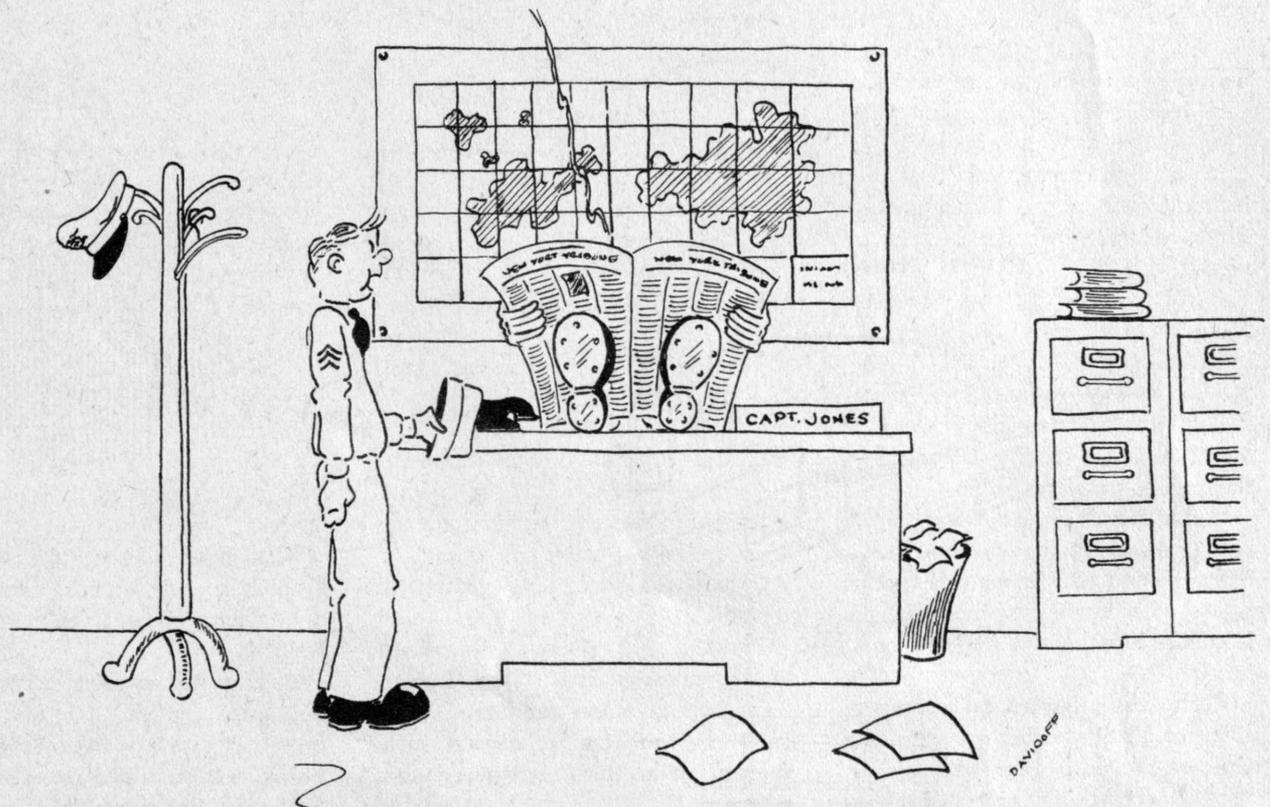
"Lulu!" I gasp "are you? . . . hmm? . . ."

"I'm disgusted. Gee! All the other girls are going to be June brides. I want to be one . . . but if Joey doesn't like my idea, he doesn't deserve me!" and Lulu stamps out.

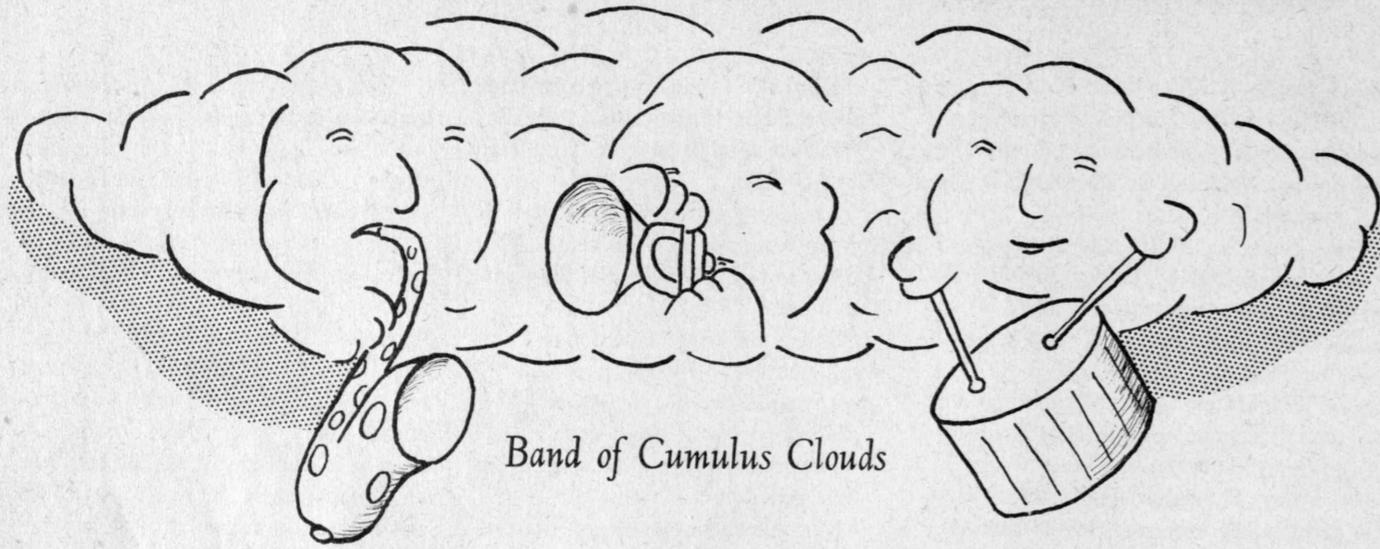
This is too tough for J. R. Zilch to take. He gets very sick. He does not want to live. They take him away to Chelsea. "Deterioration of the cerebral tissues" the Doc says, but I think he is plain nuts. Finally they discharge him. Joe grows worse . . . then he is drafted . . . and he becomes an infantryman . . . every day we observe a moment of silence for Joseph Zilch. . . .

One day, I am plodding through chow line and I come to Lulu with the Brussel's sprouts. I take some . . . maybe it was the way she swings her hips . . . and slapped the sprouts on my tray. . . . I don't know but I am taking her out tonight. . . . I do not care. . . . I am flunking two subjects anyway. . . .

— H. V. P.

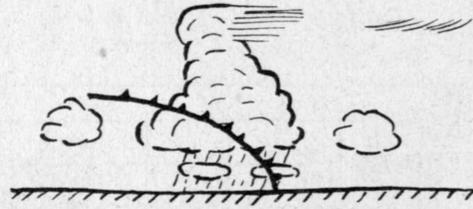


" . . . Begging your pardon, sir, but that regiment from Georgia refuses to ride in the General Sherman Tanks!"

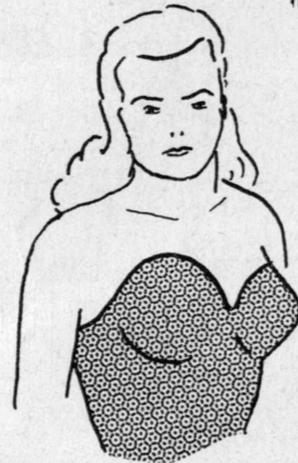


Band of Cumulus Clouds

# Introduction to Fundamental Principles of Aerology

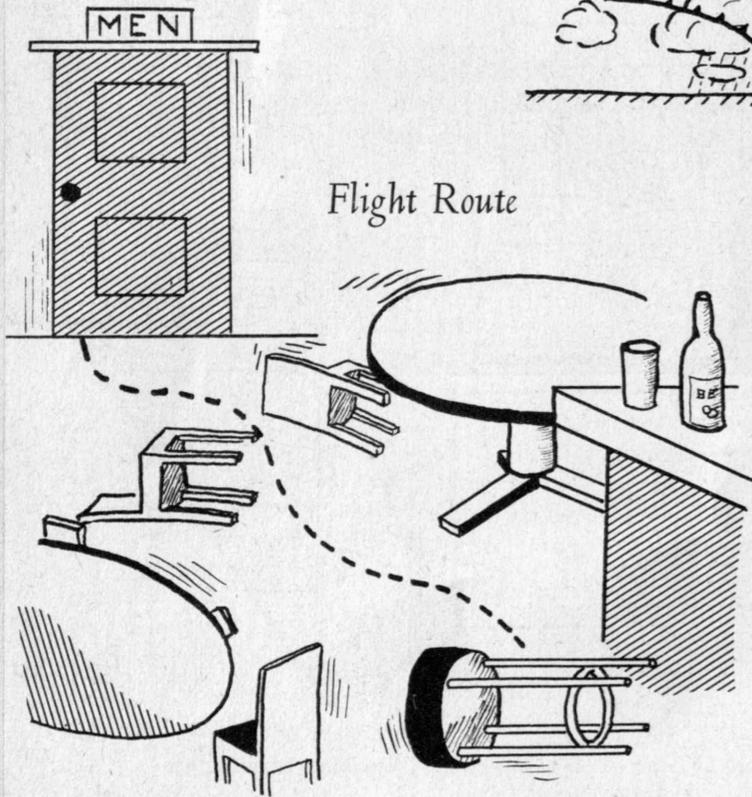


Cold Front



Warm Front

Flight Route

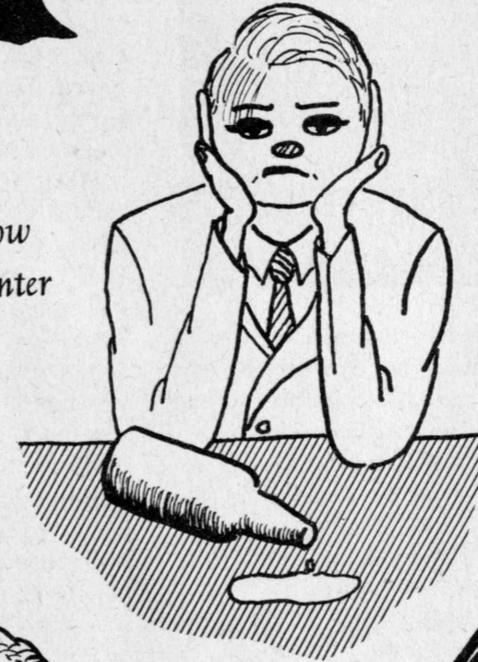


Operations Cancelled

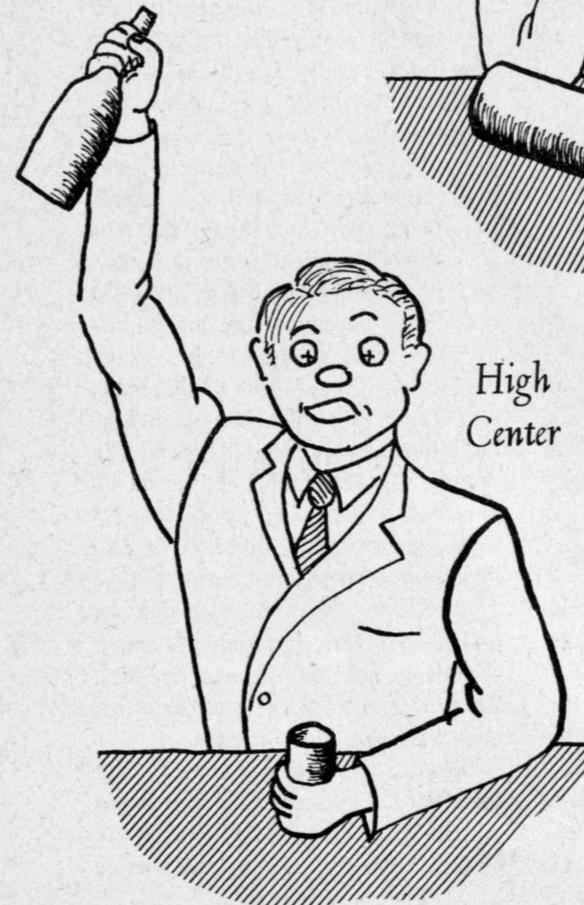


Visibility Unlimited

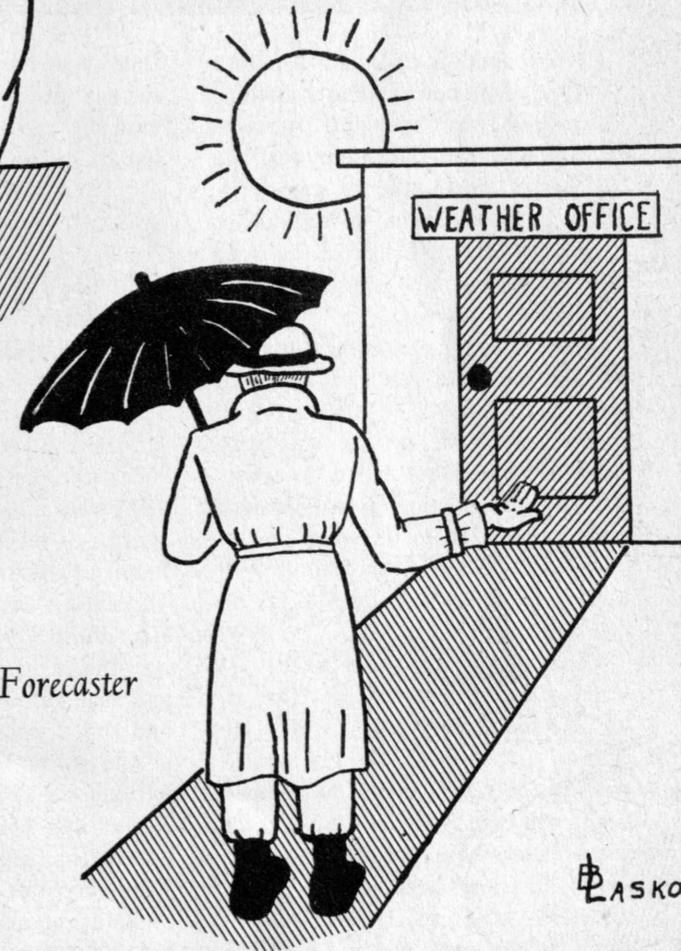
Low Center



High Center



Forecaster





**M**Y roommate Ed and I were a little puzzled about finding something to do one Saturday night. It seems that ill luck had blown our way and we hadn't been able to get dates. That being the case, we decided to spend the evening at one of the clubs for servicemen in downtown Boston.

I guess we weren't in the mood to have a very good time there, or maybe the girls just didn't appeal to us. Anyway, at about eleven o'clock we made up our minds to leave. We had gotten our peacoats and hats from the checkroom and were putting them on when one of the hostesses whom we hadn't seen before came up and tapped Ed on the shoulder.

"Leaving so early?" she asked.

Ed was sort of surprised. That is, he surely seemed that way. He jumped a little when the girl tapped him on the shoulder and he jumped again when he got a look at her, for she was easy on the eyes. "Well, maybe I'm not," he answered. "Let's try this dance so I can decide." Ed, I always said, was quick to act under any circumstance, and this

time was no exception. Without further delay he escorted the girl onto the dance floor with his coat and hat still on and began dancing.

It wasn't difficult for me to see that Ed would be occupied for the remainder of the evening, so I gracefully bowed myself out and left to hit the sack.

Ed slammed the door as he entered our room at the Grad House when he returned somewhere around four o'clock the next morning. As I reluctantly awoke I heard him mutter something like, "I'm through with women — they're all alike." Ed feels better when he can unload his sorrows on someone else, so, being an old pal, I sat up in my sack and told him to spill the beans.

I was sort of drowsy at the time and don't remember all the details of the story, but it seems that Ed fell for the girl, whose name was Betty, and her actions led him to believe that she was falling for him. They stayed at the club till it closed at midnight and then he persuaded her to let him take her home, even though it was against the rules.

They sat holding hands on the trolley and talking about things. When they got to her home in one of the outlying parts of Boston, she asked him to come in and they raided the refrigerator and talked. He kissed her good night at the door and stood there holding her hands while saying the last few words before he shoved off. Looking down, he saw a sparkler on her left hand. He reproached her for having led him on as she did. She offered no explanation, so he stalked off into the night.

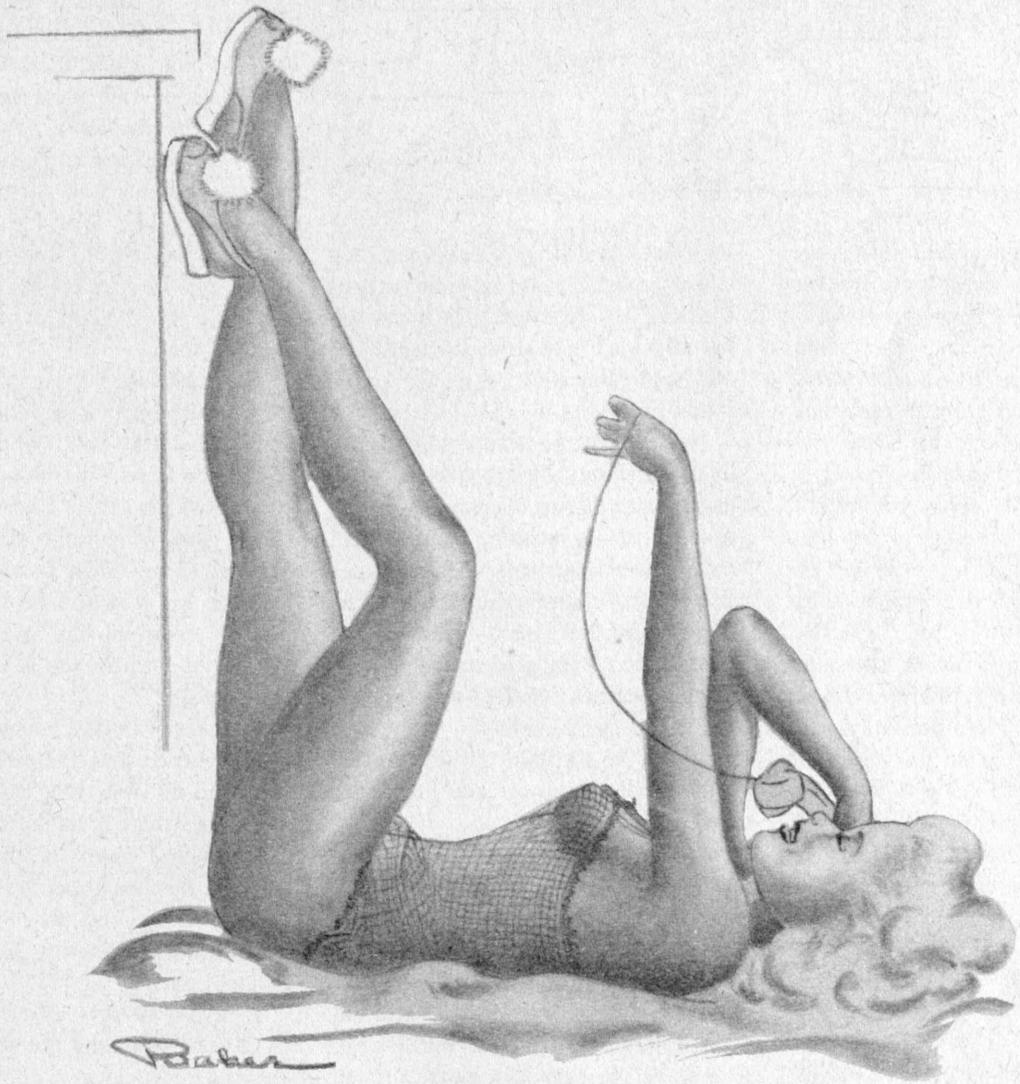
I couldn't give Ed much consolation. He certainly wasn't to blame for his own grief, so I just told him to try and forget the whole thing and went back to sleep.

When I got up in the morning, Ed was sitting at his desk and gazing out of the window. He told me he hadn't slept a bit and that he was still trying to get Betty off his mind. Time went on and he still couldn't forget, though I'd frequently hear him mutter words like, "That dirty two-timer," and a few others of the four-letter variety. He knew, of course, that she belonged to another man and that he could never have her, but still he wanted her. Somehow he thought and hoped that she wasn't the unfaithful girl she had seemed and that she had really liked him. This did little for his morale because it only raised a futile hope.

Nothing I could do could make him forget. I tried some psychology on him, but my limited knowledge of the subject failed to serve its purpose. I succeeded in getting Ed to go out on dates whenever he had liberty, but he couldn't seem to have a good time. He went with girls he had liked before, but they no longer seemed to hold any interest for him. To put it plainly, he was in a rut that was more like a crevice.

Finally, over a month after he had met Betty, Ed's seemingly false hopes got the better of him, and against my advice, he went back to the service

*Continued to page 25*



## VLADIMIR'S VALENTINE



WHILE I meet up with some very quaint characters in my time I never meet up with another one like Vladimir Dubenshky. I first meet him when we are kids down on A Street and for one year we are in the same class at PS6. The kids can never pronounce Vladimir Dubenshky so it is shortened to VD. This you might expect to worry some guys but not VD. He is so dumb he never gets it. In fact that is the remarkable thing about VD, he is so dumb. It is not that he is just dumb but he knows he is dumb and it distresses him no little. If you tell him he is a dumb so and so, and it is a great strain on one's will power not to, after being in his company more than ten minutes, he does not get sore but weeps mournfully in his beer. This distresses me more than somewhat for if there is anything that makes me feel sad it is the sight of some one weeping in his beer, especially if I am the cause. For this reason I do not fraternize with VD because I do not like feeling sad and since I always seem to make Vladimir weep in his beer by some inadvertent remark about his brightness I always wind up feeling sad in his company.

You can see why I am not happy to see VD heading toward me the other day in the greasy spoon where I pick up my ptomaine. I watch the babes give him the old eye, for in spite of his brain VD presents a very handsome picture indeed, being very tall, blond and athletic looking. I hear one doll say he looks strong as an ox and it

for a week at a stretch than I can keep a flask on my hip for that time without breaking it. Not wanting to be unfriendly I ask him what the trouble is and immediately I regret it, for he starts to tell me.

It seems that he is very much taken by a doll he sees in a store window and has been trying to meet her for some time. The only trouble is that he does not see her again and while he hangs around the store for all this time he gets nothing but a nasty look from the floor walker. He goes on to tell me how he can't eat or sleep and how his health is deteriorating. After this build-up he throws me the pitch, could I case the joint and finagle an introduction for him?

Very patiently I explain that I have never seen this babe and wouldn't know her if I bump into her. This depresses him more than somewhat and to keep him from getting maudlin I say that if he sees her again I will tell him how to go about picking her up, occurs to me that VD looks a great deal like this animal although naturally the ox is the smarter of the two.

By the time he reaches my table I can see there is something on his mind. This is confirmed practically immediately when he says, "Joe, I got something on my mind, it's worrying me for weeks, maybe you can help me. Huhplease?"

Immediately I perceive that it must be something very serious indeed, for under normal circumstances VD can no more keep something on his mind

though he objects to the term pick up and makes me change it to meet, which I do just to make him happy.

I forget about this incident completely when about three days later I bump into VD down at Lefty Kranz's pool hall. It seems he has been looking for me and someone finally fingers me for him. He is all excited because he has seen this babe again and he thinks she throws a wink his way. Now he takes me up on my offer and wants to know how to make an impression on her. Well I give him some fatherly advice on how to make the babe and he goes off very happy indeed at the thought of love fulfilled and all that.

An hour later I get a phone call asking if I know a guy named Vladimir Dubenshky and if so do I want to come down and bail him out. It seems he throws a bottle of beer through the plate glass window he sees this babe behind. I go down to the pokey to get the lug free and he looks at me sort of mournful like and says, "I'm sorry but I think you say send her a Ballentine."

By now VD has me more than a little worried and I figure that he is liable to do something desperate and if he does there is liable to be trouble into which I might be dragged. To prevent any such calamity I do the normal thing and leave town and hope Vladimir doesn't get into any serious jams.

I have a very pleasant time down in Mexico watching the gee gees and making a few chips on the side rolling a pair of friendly cubes. After about a month or more elapses I figure that VD is either cooled off or in jail and that it is safe to come back. In fact it is very necessary that I go back as several very nasty personages are becoming disturbingly curious about the excessive coöperativeness of my dice.

The first thing I do when I hit the station is call Moe's place and order a stein of beer and rush over to get it. I am surprised no end when I get to Moe's and along with my beer I am

served VD. "Here," Moe says, "get this bum out of here before he ruins my trade. For the past three days now he hangs around asking for you and crying like hell." Naturally I am very distressed to hear that VD is again weeping in his beer but I figure that it is no business of mine and tell Moe the same. At this point Vladimir comes to life and wiping his nose on my lapel proceeds to unburden his soul to me.

It seems that after I bail him out he wanders back to the store trying to get a gander at his dream girl. Not succeeding, VD with his usual brightness starts making a trip to the place every hour and keeps this up for over a week. Then the need for some sleep hits him and he decides that a little nap is OK and for ten hours he is sawing wood in Moe's much to the annoyance of the customers. When he goes back to the store it is two a.m. and VD is very discouraged but suddenly he sees this babe in the window wearing a very filmy negligee indeed. Instantly Vladimir gets the idea that she is waiting for him and breaks another window to get in.

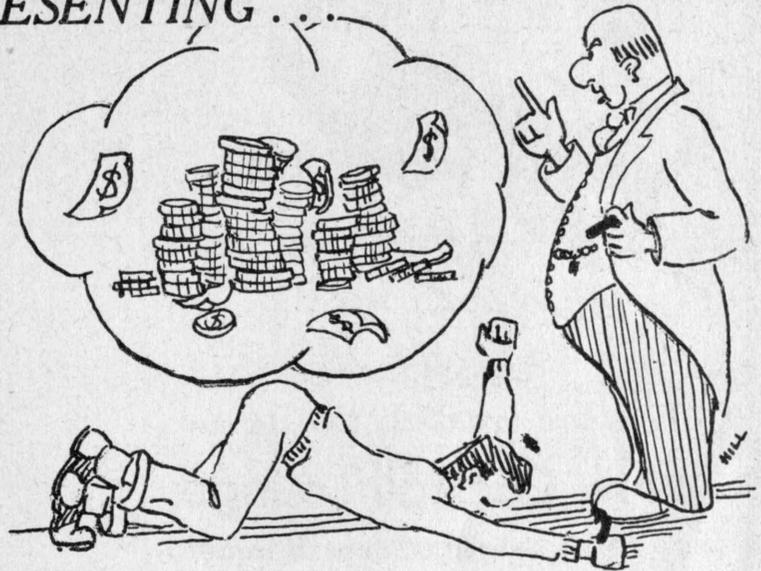
At this point VD gets to crying in his beer again and I have to comfort him by playing "One Meatball" on the juke box. Sniffing a bit VD goes on with his story. After getting in the store he rushes to the place where he saw the doll and takes her into his arms with many soft words of love and tenderness. This I find hard to believe for I never hear him use soft words of love and tenderness before and do not think he knows any. "What happens then?" I ask, and Vladimir gazes at me sadly. "She melts in my arms of course," he answers.

"Well go on," I say. "Tell me what happens after that?"

Vladimir again loses control of his emotions and heaving with uncontrollable sobs says, "Nothing. She really melts. You see she is a store window dummy."

— R. F. T.

## PRESENTING . . .



**J**OHNNY FRANCIS MARR, Junior, is probably the most promising of the promising young lads of Voo Doo. At any rate, without a doubt he is the hardest working man in the outfit.

Johnny, as he is generally called, began his work on Voo Doo at the early age of a freshman in the summer of 1943 in the Circulation Department. The name appealed to him. So J. Francis circulated for a few months; perhaps in the wrong places, because before long he was out of circulation.

When he returned to the mag shortly thereafter, he was full of whim, wigor, and vitality. And what was more, he wanted to work. Circulation, he thought, was dry, and besides he could do that on his own time. Being a businessman at heart, he didn't want to leave the business end of Voo Doo, so, to the lament of the advertising manager, Johnny went into his department.

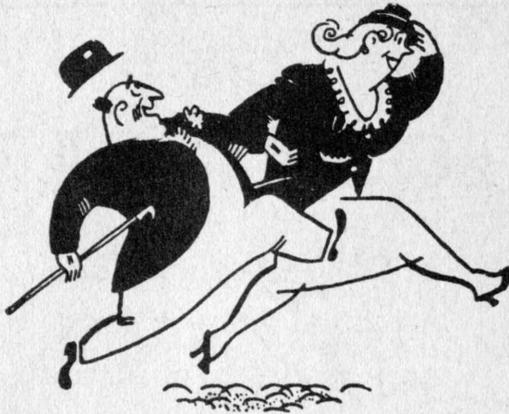
To the surprise of everyone, including Marr (he pronounces it Maahh, with the accent on the "ah"), he began to give his boss real competition. So much so that during his first month in the ad department, he high-powered his way into getting a hundred and eight dollars' worth of new advertising. This seems to illustrate well one of Junior's most outstanding traits — he's too dumb to know when to stop.

That is why it can be said that he is Phos's most promising protege. Oft times when he is licked, he isn't cognizant of the fact, and before long, he isn't licked. One thing we can say in Johnny's favor is that he's a real go-getter and usually gets what he's after.

Dame fortune, or perhaps it's just the Navy, has certainly smiled on Junior since he has been working for Phos. Because a case of Sinatra's Disease, he isn't in the Navy, for the Navy surely wouldn't be good to him if he were in it. But not long after he joined the Advertising Staff, the Navy snatched away Tom Cooper, the manager, for being naughty, leaving Johnny in charge of the department. Only quite recently the Navy stepped in again to deprive the mag of Pete Schwab, the Big Boss. This brought about serious repercussions in the Voo Doo office. It was snafu, tarfu, and fubar all rolled into a big TS. Out of the mess came ex-Business Manager James Flint Brayton as the new General Manager, and our boy Johnny Marr, still a junior, was given the Senior Board position of Business Manager.

Johnny Marr, we take our hat off to you; our shirt, too, unless you crap out on your next roll. Yours looks to be a great future.

\* \* \* \* \*



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**Woodooings . . .**

Continued from page 9

month, but we would now like to introduce you to the old man of the Harvard Bridge. Just twixt the dark and the daylight when the odors of putrid meat and laundry soap are wafted gently around the corner of the grad house the interested watcher can see an athletic-looking figure racing down Memorial Drive as though to catch a street-car. The only thing is that when he reaches the Harvard Bridge he makes a sharp right turn and trots off across the bridge into the distance. This gent of about fifty summers is seen in light duck pants, a t-shirt, and a light coat in even the coldest weather. At the moment we are hesitating between notifying Bill Saroyan or the local authorities.



Bathing girls: "Hello, there, Grandpa! How old are you?"

Gaffer: "Eighty, damn it!"

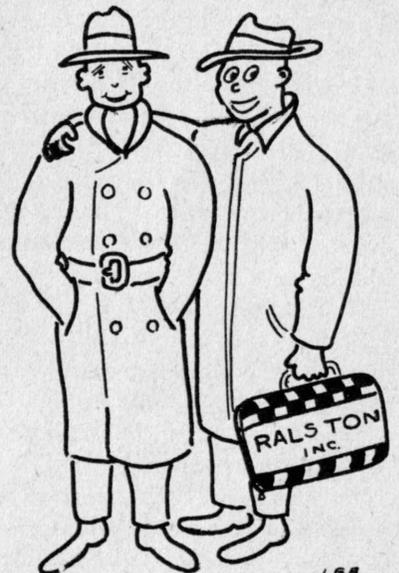


Foto of V-12 cafeteria manager just after the completion of a big business deal.

## TRUE LOVE STORY

*Continued from page 20*

club, but Betty wasn't to be found. Afraid to ask, he came to the conclusion that she had gotten married. This banished the false hopes, but didn't halt Ed's sorrowful day-dreaming.

Two weeks later I had no date, so I wandered into the club to see if anything was cooking. I wasn't there long before I noticed Betty, minus the ring, dancing with another sailor. I cut in and told her that Ed had been looking for her. Her face brightened up and she asked if I'd tell him that she would be there the following Saturday and would like to see him.

With untold joy I told Ed of the incident, but I warned him not to be too hopeful about it. Not even Admiral King himself could have kept that sailor from going to the canteen that next week. Six o'clock the next morning he came rushing into the room and pulled me bodily out of my sack.

"I'm in like Flynn!" he said to the world at large. "She busted up with the other guy and she loves *ME!*"

"Fine," I drawled, crawling back into bed. "I'll be your best man. Now go 'way and let me sleep."

— R. M. A.



A policeman rose in a Western court to testify against a prisoner.

"Wot's this fellow charged with?" the magistrate demanded.

"Bigotry, Judge," the policeman answered. "He's got three wives."

"Three!" cried the magistrate. "Why, you ignoramus, that ain't bigotry, that's trigonometry!"

— Chaparral.

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# CHICK

Continued from page 14

ments: he became captain of the freshman crew, vice-president of the sophomore class, then stroke on the varsity crew that swept the river last season, and finally vice-prexy of the present Senior Class. But this is only the beginning, for Chick holds several unique records. For instance, he has been on every important dance committee formed in the last two years, including the Soph Prom, Junior Prom, all the IFC's, and a host of frat brawls. As a direct result, he has never had to pay his way into any dance that he has attended, and he's missed few. (There was one exception somewhere along the line, when someone sold him a ticket to a dance he was running.) Besides all that, Chick is one of the few living alumni of the once revered Q Club and a staunch supporter of the present P Club. And there are many times when the members of that hard-drinking society need plenty of staunch support. We need hardly add that Beaver Key proudly claims the honor of his membership, and that Chick is an avid Naval Arch Society addict.

In fact the only organization that turned him down was the Navy. They don't make pants that long, so Chick has to swallow his chagrin and keep plugging along as a civilian. It is remarkable how well he has hidden his secret sorrow.

There was a time when Chas' frat pin floated about quite freely, and he still may be seen stalking secretaries in Building Five on occasion, but he likes to think he's settled down these days. No' more will you see women standing on each others' shoulders to ask him for a date, he claims. One at a time is just about right speed.

So we reach the end of a tall story made short. But it's only the beginning for Chick, the man we vote most likely to bust his skull on a low doorway.

There there was the girl who pulled her boy friend's hair at the wrong time and had her tongue bitten off.



"She knows her husband like a book."

"Yeah, but she doesn't always stick to her own library."



He (playfully): "Let me chew your gum."

She (more so): "Upper or lower?"



With necklines getting lower, and skirts getting shorter, it's a good thing that the modern co-ed goes in for wide belts.

— El Burro.

Some girls are like a zipper nightie: pull one little thing and it's all off.

— Shavetail.

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Did you hear that bad little Egyptian girls become mummies?

— Shavetail.

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Chief Sp. A (roaring with all the rage that only a Specialist A can simulate): "Who told you to put that coat on the table?"

V-12: "The Lieutenant."

Chief Sp. A: "My, it looks nice there, doesn't it?"



She has an ermine coat and a foreign car,  
 A ten-room flat with a built-in bar,  
 And she does it all on thirty per.  
 Believe it or not, it's the truth, dear sir,  
 Yet five years back, some teaching hick,  
 Flunked this gal in arithmetic.

— El Burro.

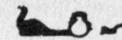


"We all want you to come to our party, Mandy."

"Ah can't, Mose, Ise got to stay home. Ise got a case of diabetes."

"Well, dat's all right, Honey, bring it along wid you. Some o' dese darkies will drink mos' anything."

— Chaparral.



Pa: "I think I'll go downstairs and send Nancy's young man home."

Ma: "Now, Elmer, remember the way we used to court."

Pa: "Yeah. Out he goes!"

— What Way.



George: "Why is your tongue black?"

Barton: "I dropped a bottle of Scotch downtown where they're tarring the road."

— Chaparral.





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and in I walk and say  
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Chesterfields, Sir*



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