

Voo Doo



December, 1946

25 Cents

CAMEL

CIGARETTES

PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

GRAND
GIFTS FOR
SMOKERS!

● Every time he buries his pipe bowl deep in the fragrant gay Christmas treasure-tin of Prince Albert and tamps down a golden-brown pipeful of this mellow-mild tobacco, he'll think of you. The National Joy Smoke — on Christmas and every day of the year.

1-POUND TIN
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● Here's a grand gift that keeps on saying "Merry Christmas" long after that festive day is done. Two hundred rich, full-flavored, cool, mild Camels, all dressed up in a bright and cheery holiday carton. No other wrapping is needed. Your dealer has these Christmas Camels.

HHEY, hey, hey! There's a new spot to look over. As you all have come to realize, the **Hotel Somerset** has been undergoing a revamping this last year. And it may here be said that the result has been most gratifying. If you would enjoy the quite luscious atmosphere of what is turning out to be a luxury spot, take a turn around the block and stop in at the new Somerset. There are several new rooms which have been enjoying increasing popularity . . . **The Currier and Ives Room, The Louis XIV Ballroom,** and **The Promenade Room.** In the latter there's an old friend of ours who plays a most relaxing piano. That is Neil Phillips; long known around Boston for his piano artistry. The prices are in the moderately expensive bracket but definitely not out of this world. The **Promenade Room** struck me as the best of the place . . . may I suggest a drink there before the play or after dinner?

* * * *

Now bend close your ear while I tell you of a most amazing find in a restaurant. Sirloin steak . . . eighty-five cents. And that's including everything but the dessert. All the rolls and such are homemade . . . and all for such moderate prices. The place is absolutely hidden from the street . . . there is nothing to indicate that there's a restaurant nearabouts, but once inside you might think you were in an English hunt club. The walls are tastefully panelled and the windows are of antique glass, the waitresses are courteous and efficient, the food is good. All in all it is an oasis in a desert of cafeterias. As with any good estab-



lishments they stay open only when it suits them, and unfortunately they close at 3.00 P.M. on every day but Monday, when they serve an evening meal. The name of this unusual restaurant is **The Kingston Inn** and it is located at 18 Kingston Street in the heart of the commercial district. But there is nothing out front to tip you off to its existence, you simply have to be in the know or you'd never find it. Prices: extremely low. Food: good. Atmosphere: the best.

* * * *

For the man who hasn't done much traveling about Boston there are a few places that hold a particular interest. They are the places where you should go before you go anywhere else. I will cite a few of them just for the benefit of the uninitiated. First there is the good old **Union Oyster House.** There are two of them: one near North Station, the other on Stuart Street near Tremont. Both have excellent

food (not only sea food, but all kinds) but I lean toward the **Stuart Street Oyster House.** The other one is the original and has a great deal more atmosphere but I think that the food is better at the latter. Try the lobster sometime . . . the waitresses are most obliging to tyros. They seem to delight in giving one the complete low-down on the best ways to tackle that worrisome Crustacean . . . it almost amounts to a lesson. And then there's the oyster bar . . . but you see for yourself sometime. The prices are quite reasonable . . . especially on their specialty — sea foods.

* * * *

If you are curious to know if fair Bean-town has a seamier side to its velvet morals . . . then I suggest a rounding out of your education with a visit to that notorious Square beknownst hereabouts (in hushed tones) as Scollay. Making sure that you have your good judgment and your wallet with you, amble into the **Crawford House** just for laughs. And that's all you'll get too. I warn you, 'tis expensive. But if you manage to arrive there around 10:30 you'll be able to take in the act without floating a loan . . . and it's the act that one should see. Miss Sally Keith is the performer who comes astage at that time. Ah yes, you'll hear about her sooner or later . . . she makes the tassels gyrate . . . not by the use of her arms, not by the use of her legs, and not by the use of her perfectly developed stomach muscles. You'd be most interested to know she imparts the $\frac{d\theta}{dt}$ to her tassels. Ah yes . . .

Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

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DECEMBER, 1946

No. 8

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How to give a girl a surprise party: Place arms around her, draw her close and start to kiss. When she says, "Stop, how dare you!" release her un-kissed. Note surprise on her face.



Jane: "Why are you making all those lemon pies?"

Betty: "Well, my husband is coming home after two years on Iwo Jima and lemon pie is going to be the second thing he'll ask for."



Judge: "You admit that you drove over this man with a loaded truck. Well, what have you to say in defense?"

Offender: "I didn't know it was loaded."

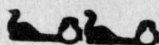
Artist: "May I paint you in the nude?"

Model: "Gracious, no! I expect you to wear something!"



"If I kiss you, will anyone be the wiser?"

"That depends on how much you know about kissing."



She laughed when I sat down to play. I didn't know she was ticklish.



Frosh (pouring co-ed a bottle of beer): "Say when, honey!"

Co-ed: "OK — right after the next drink."

A slow talking girl met a fast talking city slicker. Before she could tell him that she was not that kind of a girl, she was.



"What do you do in civilian life?" one soldier asked the other. "I am a rancher in Texas," replied the second soldier. "We've got a big ranch and I guess I shipped 100,000 cattle to market the year before I joined the army."

"That's funny," spoke up the first soldier. I'm in the cattle business, too. As a matter of fact I shipped 300,000 cattle the last year I was in civilian life."

"Well," said the second soldier, "I guess that makes us a couple of the biggest bull shippers in the whole army."

—The Core Driller

M.I.T. DINING HALLS Walker Memorial



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Known Throughout New England*

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IS OPEN FOR

LUNCH

AND AFTERNOON

SNACKS

our purpose
is to offer
you a
selection of
the finest-made
radios and phonographs...
under one
roof

LAFAYETTE Radio

130 Federal Street
TWO BLOCKS NORTH OF SOUTH STATION

Cleopatra and Mark Antony were floating down the River Nile on her flower-bedecked barge. Cleopatra was lying on a couch; Antony was standing before her orating.

"Cleopatra," he said, "love for you surges through me like a raging forest fire that consumes the countryside. Furthermore, O Goddess of the Nile —"

"Mark," Cleo interrupted impatiently, "I am not prone to argue."



He took her gently in his arms
And pressed her to his breast,
The lovely color left her lips
And lodged on his full dress.

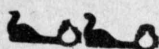
— Battalion.

Road signs are frequently prophetic. For example:

"Soft Shoulders"
"Dangerous Curves"
"Men at Work"
"Danger"
"Look out for Children."



Next to a beautiful girl, sleep is the most wonderful thing in the world.



Tech Man: "Will you marry me?"

Heiress: "I'm afraid not."

Tech Man: "Aw, come on and be a support."



Have you heard about the absent-minded nurse who made the patient without disturbing the bed.



He: "You see, if we enter a companionate marriage we can live together a while and then, if we find we've made a mistake, we can separate."

She: "Yes — but what'll we do with the mistake?"



CAFE DE PARIS

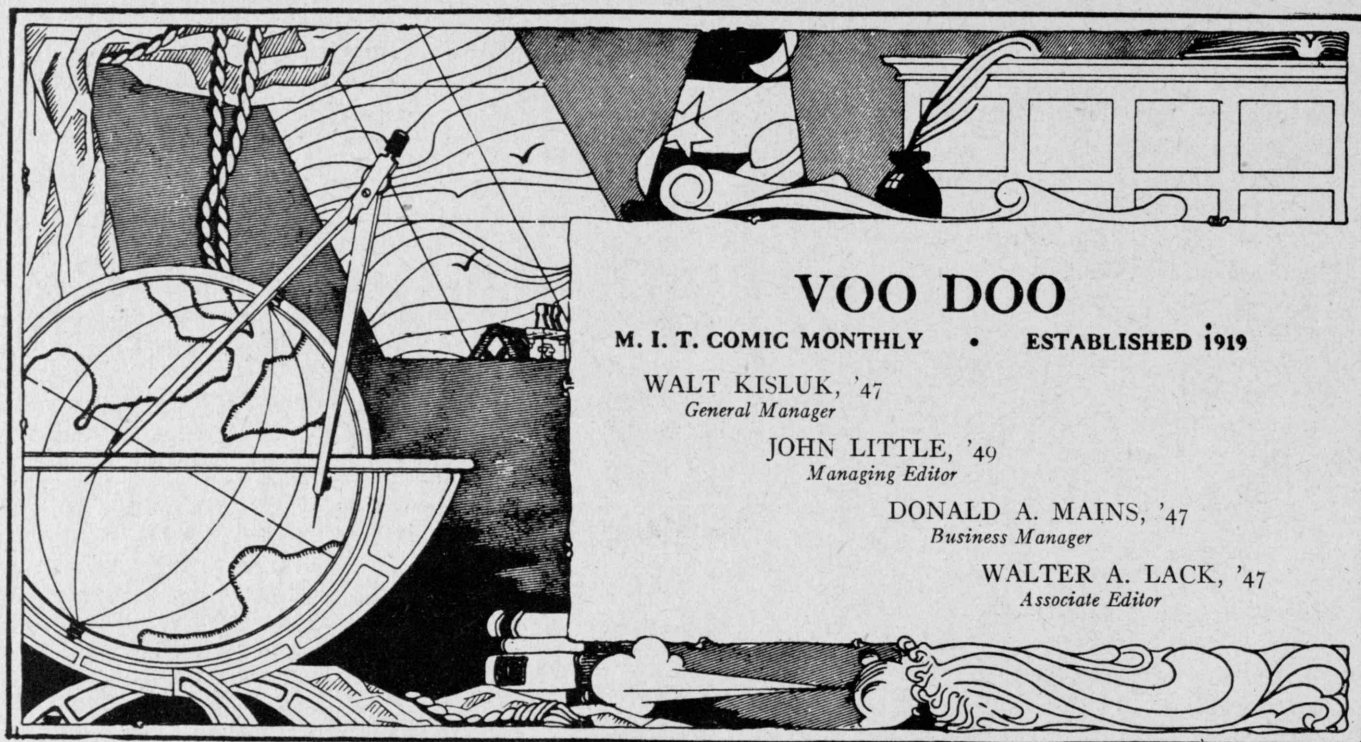
Real Home-Cooked Food

Reasonably Priced

Luncheons and Dinners

NEW BAR JUST OPENED

**165 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
299 Harvard Street Brookline**



'Twas the night before. We had removed our shoes and were crossing the office with the stealth of old St. Nick himself. Painstakingly, we tested each floorboard for creaks until we finally reached the General Manager's desk. From our right hip pocket we carefully took the container of the Cat's Christmas Spirit furnished us by the Haig boys, and deftly trickled its contents into Phos' holiday ashtray. Of course, we made sure that a sizable portion of the invigorating liquid was retained in the bottle for our own use. We bent forward to conceal this in the lower drawer of the desk.

"Ouch!" we howled.

"Touche!" said Phos.

There was the Cat who had sneaked up behind us. He crouched there with a pair of scissors for a sword in one paw and a makeshift cardboard shield in another.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" we asked.

"Didn't you know I was a gay blade and supposed to be quite swordid?" said Phos outraged.

We groaned.

"Say, Phos," we said, brightening up. "We're writing the editorials. What do you think about . . ."

The Cat made a lunge with the scissors. "More whiskey."

"Hey! Cut it out!" we yelled. "O.K. O.K., we weren't trying to hog it all. There's plenty for you."

We opened the bottle and poured another liberal potion of pain-killer into the ashtray set aside especially for holding Phos' fluids.

"Incidentally," said Phos, "I wish you'd tell the new guys on the staff not to throw butts in my liquid refreshments — it makes them soggy and hard to light."

The Cat began lapping his whiskey happily.

"Now, Phos," we started cautiously, "what do you think about John L. Lewis and the coal strike?"

"Why that's all over," said Phos. "Reminds me though — did I tell you about the Eskimo kids that went on strike?"

"No," we said patiently.

"They said they were cold minors."

"Ha, Ha," we laughed politely.

"Now, Phos, back to the coal strike — it's not over, just postponed until spring. Do you think Lewis has the right . . ."

"Ah, spring," murmured the Cat. "Birds, bees, flowers, and then in July the ice breaking up in the Charles." He sighed heavily.

"Phos, that's got nothing to do with Lewis. You've forgotten the whole incident already just like the rest of the foolish public . . ."

Phos lapped his beer complacently.

"Oh, there's no use," we said, and went back to the typewriter.

A couple of minutes later: "Say, Lancelot, what do you want for Christmas? A catnip mouse?"

Phos almost choked on a swallow. "Hey," he said, "I'm a big boy. The only nips I want this Christmas will come from a bottle."

"How about a New Year's party? Will you be tossing one for all the local tabbies, Phos?"

"Right! And what a party it's going to be!"

"Of course, you'll want a surplus of intoxicating beverages for the affair."

"Certainly, and whiskey, too!" quipped the Cat as he playfully poked at us with his scissors.

That was the end! We could stand the Cat's remarks and actions no longer. As we leaped out of the office we could feel the sting of the Cat's last thrust with the scissors.

Phos' "Touche!" echoed throughout the halls of Walker.

Cover this month by Lasko

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Voo Doo
U No Where
To the Editor of Voo Doo,

I am a publicity fiend. I won't try to deny it — that's how I am and I can't help it. You've probably seen my picture before, but I doubt if you remember who I am. You see, I'm the fellow in the background. Whenever there's a parade in town and you see a picture of it, I'm the guy who happened to be crossing the street at the time. And did you ever notice when a photograph of a wreck gets smeared across your morning newspaper that there's somebody besides the cops looking on? Well that somebody else is me. You'll even find me on that witch hunt in Salem.

Now this is my problem. Everybody has seen my picture, but no one knows my name. If Voo Doo were to print this letter together with my name, I could die a happy man. Please, please don't fail me.

IFER GOT.

Ed. Note: If there are others who feel the same as Mr. Got, just drop Voo Doo a line and in fifty words or more tell us what you think of the rag. You, too, may have your name in Voo Doo. All letters become the property of Voo Doo, and in case of a tie, both minds will be adjudged equally filthy.

Radcliffe College
November 9, 1946

Dear Sirs:

Here is a contribution from an enemy of your rival, or one of God's gorgeous creatures, a cliff-dweller. I hope you appreciate my perverted sense of humor as much as I appreciate yours. I'm not trying to insult you, because I think Voo Doo is — well, it's just Voo Doo. But what your magazine really needs is that feminine touch, or maybe a masculine touch by a feminine hand, or maybe not masculine at all, but rather like the creature my picture represents. Confused? Well, so am I.

Anyway, I'm sending you this picture of John Harvard or Portrait of Two Green Bags. If you cannot find



the second green bag, it's on the back of the first one.

Here's success to me and my pictures, and to you and yours.

Sincerely,

M.H.

P.S. This is what Social Pro on a Saturday night does to me.

Ed. Note: We know what you mean.



John Harvard, or
Portrait of Two Green Bags

Dear Phos,

I am out of the class of 49 and during last year's terms I read that so-called magazine — Voo Doo. The rag had such an attraction for me that I took some with me when I came to Annapolis last July, just to keep my spirits high. Now in Bancroft Hall someone is always coming into your room looking for something to read like *Reader's Digest* or *Esquire*, so I thought that I would drag out M.I.T.'s contribution to the literary world. It seems that Voo Doo has found its mark because I was asked to send in for next year's subscription, which is what the enclosed two dollars is for. You can send 'em to

Mid'n C.M. Conlon
2106 Bancroft Hall
U.S.N.A.,
Annapolis, Md.

November 3, 1946
167 Signal Photo Co.
Camp Polk, La.

Editor M.I.T. Voo Doo
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I've been waiting for over a month for my Voo Doo subscription to start bearing fruit. Every day I stand patiently at the mail room window hoping to get a new Voo Doo (my old ones are all worn out). My situation is desperate. Either start sending me my Voo Doo's or give me my two dollars back. The money situation is just as bad as the sex situation down here in Louisiana.

Desperately yours,

PFC JOHN M. OHLSON 16178249
Voo Doo
M.I.T.
etc.

Dearest Ed.:

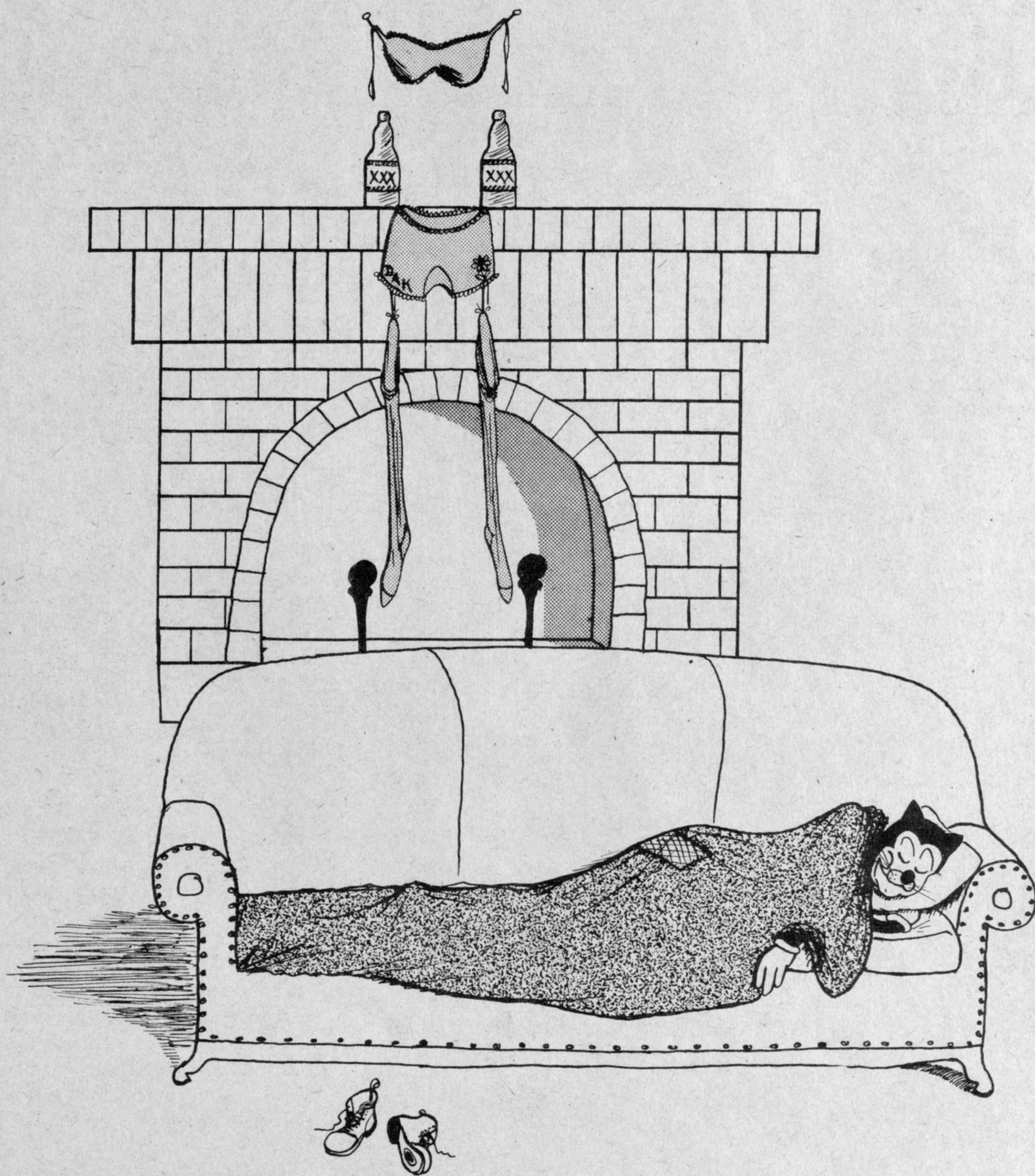
My boy friend told me I was one of the seven wonders of the world. What are the other six?

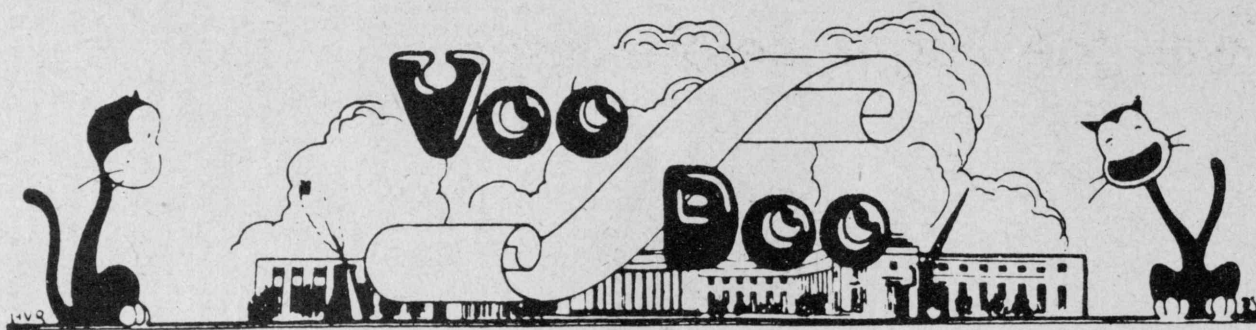
Love,

ANXIOUS.

Ed. Note: Voo Doo, an "H", Wellesley campus, a senior, New England weather, inside cover of Burlington, a Tech man who could count.

'Twas the Night Before Issue





WE have always had a great respect for the Physics Department's freshman courses and have believed that the freshman really received a thorough going over on the works of Newton and his friends. This was startlingly demonstrated on the eve of field day when some freshmen were locked out of their fraternity house for the night. It seems that there were two freshmen entering the house via the dumbwaiter—one riding while the other pulled. Everything went well until the fourth floor was reached, then the pulley slipped and the dumbwaiter dropped. The freshman staggered weakly from the remains of the dumbwaiter. "And there I was," he said, "hurtling down with an acceleration of 32.2 feet per second square." And he meditatively shook his head.

WE also feel that the mechanical engineering department should be more careful in the use of its nomenclature. It seems that a truss problem was being discussed in 2:00. The ends of the members were designated by the letters B, D, V, and W, and the stress in each member was designated by the letters at the ends of the member. And in the midst of a dream of peace, the class was awakened. "How do we get VD," asked the prof. Chee, ain't he seen them pictures???

WE had a pleasant surprise the other day when we read the JP issue of *The Tech*. Ordinarily, it is hardly Voo Doo's policy to admit that *The Tech* can ever be funny, but we found so much material stolen from Voo Doo in their JP issue that we have to compliment them. They tell of Compton's

resignation, but we fear they were scooped for a Voo Doo written *The Wreck* in September 1937 bore a headline, "President Compton Resigns Position."

Then too, we were happy to see that the winner of their beauty contest, Miss Lenore D. Integral, was a Voo Doo Alumna, having appeared in last November's *The Wreck*. Well, boys, we know it's hard to find good stuff, but watch the copyright laws.

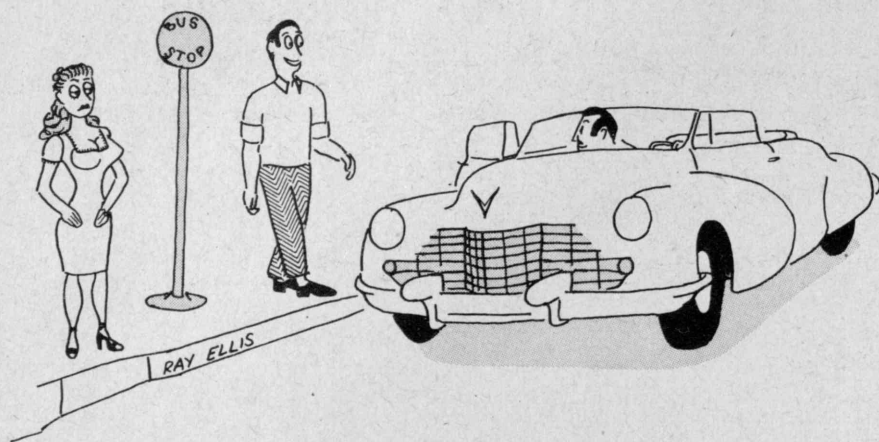
WE did not see it happen, but we talked to a fellow who swears he did. It seems Professor Wiener was walking along Mass. Avenue in the rain reading a book and carrying a newspaper under his arm. He was then observed to walk up to a police call box and do his best to mail the newspaper. We believe that he may have been leaving notes here and there for a treasure hunt.

AND then there is the ex-Los Alamos boy who sleeps with a fragment of fused sand from Almgordo under his mattress. Beats Margaret Sanger all to hell, he claims.

AN M.I.T. professor, about to depart on a leave of absence, addressed a few parting words to his students.

"This parting is extremely melancholy to me. I wish there might be a window in my breast that you might see the innermost recesses of my heart."

"Professor," called a young man from the class, "would a pane in the stomach do?"



"Want a lift, buddy?"

WE were outside the door of the female head at one of those innumerable fraternity parties, waiting patiently to catch our dates as they came bouncing out of their retreat. The place evidently was a converted study room with private facilities hidden in an adjoining cubbyhole. Before we learned more, a luscious lady stepped out, bearing her trophy, a sheet of instructions left by the irate housemanager for the unfortunate weekday inhabitants of the powder room. To wit:

LOYAL BROTHERS!!!

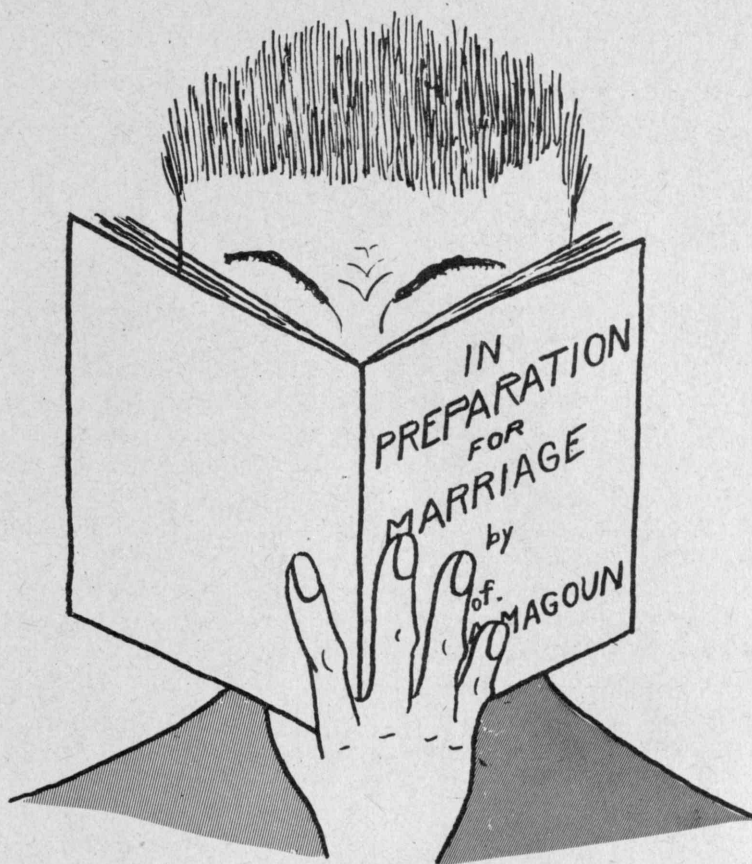
This room looks like hell! Think of our lovely frails, be they from Wellesley, Simmons, or the Esplanade Cafeteria, finding Stallard's silk polka-dot underdrawers draped over his lamp or Hirsch's fragrant sox running around the bedposts under their own power — Heaven forbid! Whether our creatures come to this place to loosen a straining strap, to indulge in a sociable chat, or perhaps to partake from that hip flask you never knew was part of her shapely self, let's have them remember us as being next to God — the cleanest dates they have ever known. At the risk of being called hypocrites, clean it up, men!!

Your loving housemanager,

STAN.

ATRIUMVIRATE of little known authorities on education, Carol, Donna, and Kathleen, who live down the street, stopped by the other day when we were painting the fence. After a little talk, they decided that Tech was the easiest school they'd ever heard of.

Kathleen is in the fifth grade, but even Donna and Carol who are second-graders don't have things as easy as we do. The girls drew us out about school and learned that we only go to school three or four hours a day, sometimes we don't start until noon, and we never have to stay afta. Not only that, but we only go eight months.



"'Twas the night before —"

Donna asked if we were having reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic and found that we were doing almost just that. Of course, after Donna is acquainted with numbers like 13 and 25, it would sound a bit foolish to talk about little numbers so small you couldn't see them.

Another teacher tells us when things are going to break. Carol thinks her right skate is going to break this winter. In this new light, 2.04 sounds ridiculously easy. The girls thought there must be something funny about going to Tech and sure enough — we pay to go there.

AFRESHMAN was asked what he thought of the movie "Cloak and Dagger."

"God, that Gary Cooper's good," he sighed. "Not only can he speak German, shoot machine guns with one hand, and make love, but he can integrate too!"

WE note in the papers that the staff of the *Harvard Lampoon* have consented to act as human guinea pigs in researches dealing with the effect of that greatly publicized matrimonial cure-all, the five-minute kiss. We believe that scientifically controlled experimentation is necessary in order that reliable conclusions may be reached. We feel that the staff of the *Lampoon* are ideally suited to pursue this investigation and we wish them success. It is rather surprising that the *Lampoon* staff volunteered for such a civily pertinent undertaking, in view of their past record of immoral publicity stunts and other asinine tomfoolery. But we do not mean to criticize; only good wishes to the staff of the *Harvard Lampoon*. There seems to be only one defect in the plan, and we will correct this. Now that the husbands are taken care of, Voo Doo will volunteer to kiss the wives.

A Christmas Tale

'Twas the night before

Christmas, and Dombert M. Flob was slowly wiping the dinner dishes while his wife Henrietta lit up an Old Gold and took another pull on the beer that stood beside the overstuffed chair. He was slowly muttering curses under his breath, and wishing he had never married Henrietta, who was a good eight inches taller than his four feet-seven, and had a terrific left. Henrietta wasn't exactly hard on the eyes, however. She had tawny hair, soft grey eyes, and a well filled housecoat. As Dombert watched her reclining seductively in the big chair just outside the kitchen door, happier thoughts ran through his mind.

Outside, the snow was falling slowly and softly on the already covered landscape. Far to the north a large sleigh was being readied for flight, and a tall handsome man was fitting a white beard to his chin and trying to powder his dark hair. Inside the big brick house that stood back from the four-lane highway, a fat, jolly-looking man with a red tassel-cap was staggering from room to room, knocking over the furniture, and demanding in a loud voice to know where the damn bottle was hidden. His wife kept telling him to shut up as she helped Santa Claus, Jr. into his makeup. S.C. Jr. had just been discharged from the Navy, and since the old man was in no condition to drive, he had to make the regular Christmas run by himself for the first time.

Now let us return to the Flob house. Several hours had passed. Dombert had gone to bed, but his wife, who had been celebrating Christmas Eve, was determined to wait up for Santa Claus. Dombert, of course, did not argue.

Removing the nylon from her shapely left leg, Henrietta tried to hang it over the fireplace. She missed by a factor of six feet, but on the third time around the room she managed to pin it to the couch. Then she carefully set out a lunch for Santa and herself, consisting of a fifth of Scotch, a case of beer and a large bowl of pretzels. Henrietta then dropped off to sleep on the couch.

The clock struck two. The quiet of the little household was shattered by a loud splintering crash, the tinkle of broken bottles, and a volley of familiar words. F had again proven equal to ma as S.C. Jr., unskilled in handling the sleigh, made a crash landing through the roof of the Flob cottage. His beard hung from the lightning rod, and his Santa Claus make-up had been smudged off as he plowed head-first through the insulation in the attic. As he picked himself up from the living room floor and unwound the BX cable from his neck, he saw Henrietta, who was staring unbelievably at the tall, handsome man in the Santa Claus suit. At the same time, he saw the stocking; the

one hanging from the couch.

Torn between duty and desire, he finally decided to fill the stocking first. He dumped the contents of his bag, which was now leaking all over the floor, and tried to stuff a forty-five, a box of bonbons and a fifth of Southern Comfort into the filmy nylon job.

After making three runs in the stocking and exhausting his patience, he turned to Henrietta and said, "Oh hell, fill it yourself."

Henrietta, now coming around to normal, whispered huskily, "Why don't you try the other one?" and draped her right leg over the arm of the couch. She pulled S.C. Jr. towards her, not that he needed pulling, and offered him a drink.

"Make it straight," he breathed as he rolled the stocking down.

Dombert M. Flob, who had come downstairs to see what was wrong, stared at the errant Santa.

"It's a spirit," he gasped. Quickly he ran for his camera. "Hold it," he said, as the willing Santa downed his drink. "What a picture this will make!" He snapped the shutter, but the expected flood of light was not forthcoming.

Moral: The spirit is willing, but the flash is weak.



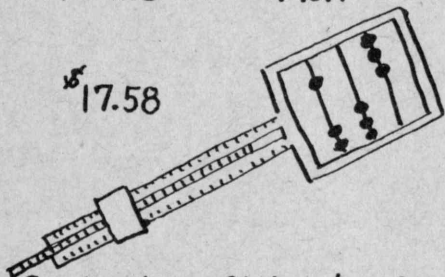
"He's still searching for the Philosopher's Stone"

What to get HIM for Christmas



For the Tech Man

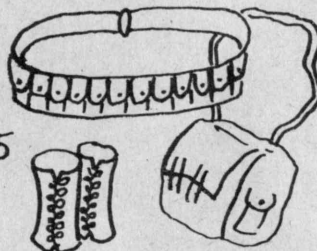
\$17.58



Combination Slide-rule Abacus

For the Ex-GI

\$2.95



White or Olive Drab

For the Harvard Man

\$1.79



Charm Bracelet

For a Russian

\$8.98



Molotov Cocktail Shaker

For the Ex-Gob

\$17.49
\$3.79



Pea-Jackets

For an Irishman

\$0.79

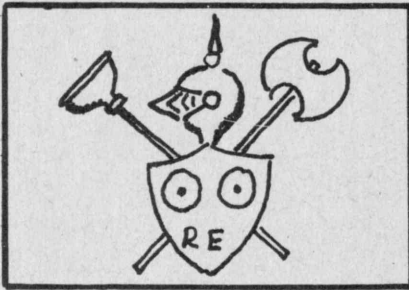


Combination After Shave
Lotion and Apertif

The Knight Before — and After

'Twas the night before

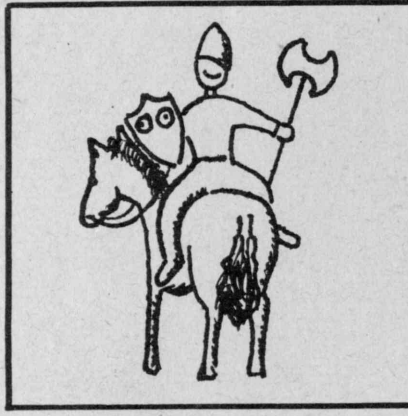
Abel Lostalot's birthday when his father, a Knight of the Elliptical Table (popularly known as the Round Mound) took him aside and said, "Abel, you are growing up. It is time you learned the facts of life." Little Abel blushed and ran away and hid in a corner. He was only 23. He was naive.



It was in the Goonic War that Abel showed his valor, as a result of which he received a battlefield promotion to knighthood from King Norbut. One day Abel rode into camp on a beautiful white charger. When asked how he had acquired the new steed, Abel replied, "Well, I had stopped by the side of the road last night to rest, when a beautiful Goonic maiden came riding up on this horse.



She dismounted and sat beside me in the moonlight. Then she went swimming in the creek, and sat down beside me again, and said I could have anything of hers I wanted. So that is how I got this beautiful horse." Abel was only 30. He was naive.

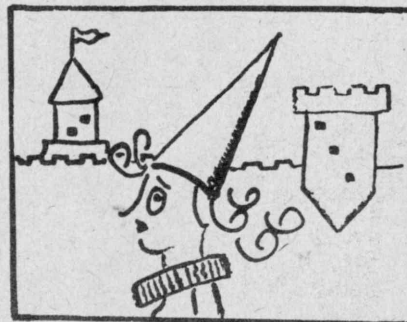


When Abel returned from the war, he became the Major Axis of the Elliptical Table. Abel was a veteran. Like all the boys, he brought home a war trophy. Most of the boys brought women back. Abel also brought back some quail, but he met his through an old gull friend. He was naive.

Abel was rich. He was getting 65 a month (2 1/6 a day — pretty good!) When the girls found this out they all went for Abel. One comely wench said to him, "I will let you keep me."

"Keep you from what?" asked Abel, who was only 40. He was naive.

Abel's father was getting along in years, and wanted to see the great line of Lostalots carried on before he died. A match was arranged with a very lovely young princess of the



realm. The wedding went off beautifully, and that night Abel and his bride withdrew to the bridal chamber. While the lovely lass awaited her betrothed, Abel stood at the window and gazed at the moon all night. His mother had told him that this would be the most beautiful night of his life, and he didn't want to miss any of it. Abel was only 45. He was naive.



For some reason or other, Abel's married life didn't take. Other men had children, but Abel had only ideas. So sorrowful was Abel's plight that it led that wise court philosopher, Gismo, to coin the famous addage that "There are two periods in a man's life when he does not understand women: before and after he is married."



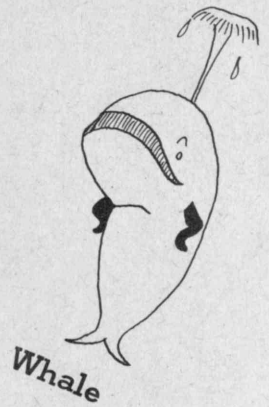
At 65 Abel decided that there was something in life that he had missed. He decided to ask council of his good friend, Havelot Ellis, the sex authority. Havelot gave Lostalot his advice; and at last Abel was no longer naive. But Abel was no longer Able.

— J.C.K.

MALES AND WHALES



Male



Whale



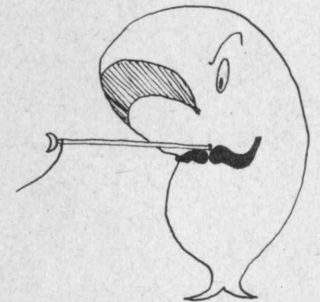
Mailed Male



Male Mailing



Whale Wailing



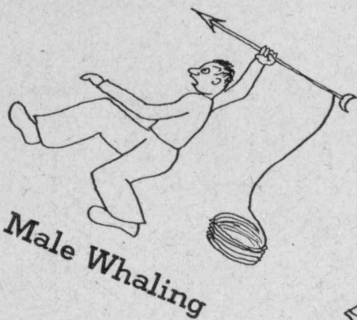
Whaled Whale



Male Whaling Mail



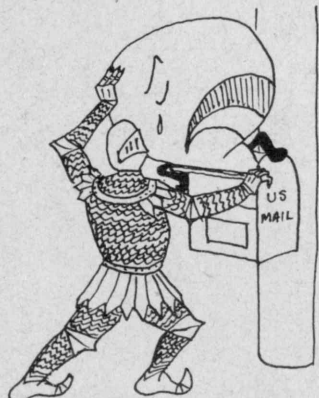
Male Whaling Male



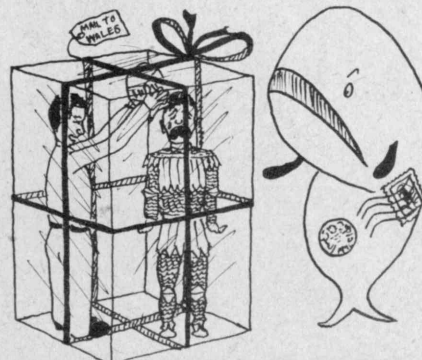
Male Whaling



Mailed Whale



Mailed Male Mailing
Whaled Whale



Mailed Whale Mailing Male
Mailing Wailing Male



Yo tengo mucho frio.

— CERVANTES

JANUARY

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Ici on parle français.

— ROUSSEAU

FEBRUARY

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Après moi de déluge.

— MADAME POMPADOUR

MARCH

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Jouons, au baseball.

— D'ARTAGNAN

APRIL

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Elle est un bas bleu.

— EMILE ZOLA

MAY

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Credula res amor est.

— CICERO

JUNE

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Il fait Chaud.

— LOUIS XVI

JULY

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La nuit tout les chats sont grises.

— RICHELIEU

AUGUST

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Give me liberty or give me death.

— NATHAN HALE

SEPTEMBER

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Defiendame Dios de mi.

— CARMEN

OCTOBER

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Tous songes soni mésonges.

— MARIE ANTOINETTE

NOVEMBER

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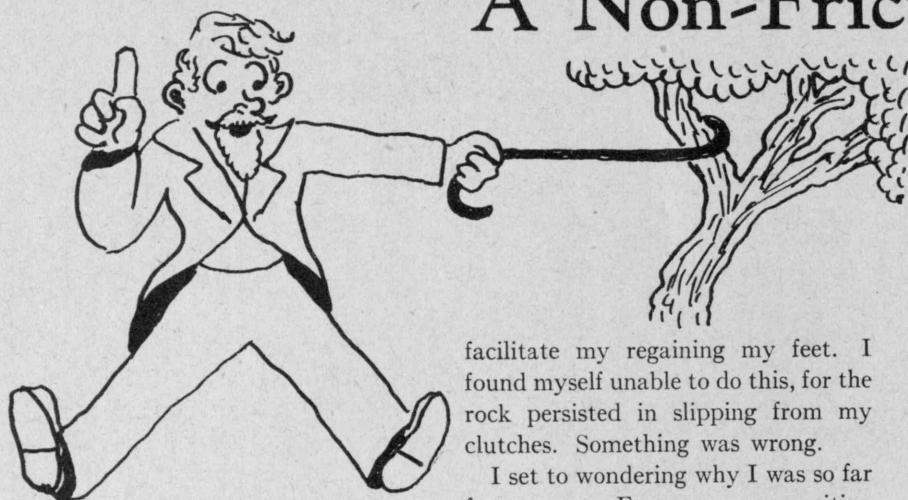
Energy cannot be created or destroyed.

— MARGIE HART

DECEMBER

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A Non-Frictional Story



'Twas the night before

Sunday morning (one of the most pleasant properties of Saturday night) and I was driving along in a 1946 Stupor.

My head ached, and even the road ahead looked sick. I must have been sweating, for the wheel felt slippery. The tires seem to have lost their grip on things, the road in particular. In short, the entire situation was rather alcoholic.

As I teetered round an S-turn which had been preceded by a roadsign with the profound inscription, "Slippery When Wet," I suddenly became aware of an alarming event happening in front of me. A small boy was evidently sliding across the road on his hands and knees. I hiccupped. Yes, it was a small boy, and not a pink elephant. I quickly swerved to avoid hitting him. I lost my hold on the wheel, the car lost its hold on the road, and everything went black . . .

But don't worry unnecessarily. I lived. I first made this amazing discovery at about noon of what I thought was the next day, when I awoke to find myself in a small field about 500 feet from the tangled wreck which had been my car. Even from a distance I could tell that the wreck was beyond hope of reincarnation, but I decided to journey over to survey the catastrophe. I tried to grasp hold of a large rock nearby, in order to

facilitate my regaining my feet. I found myself unable to do this, for the rock persisted in slipping from my clutches. Something was wrong.

I set to wondering why I was so far from my car. From my prone position I surveyed my immediate situation, and found that I had landed among a small group of rocks. The grass between my car and the place where I lay had been crushed as if someone had been sliding over it. Me! I again attempted to rise, but in vain. I lay still, stunned, for about an hour, when my attention was arrested by an old man with his arms spread wide and his feet slightly apart, apparently in the process of gliding toward me along the ground. He slid to within a few feet of me, exhaled heavily, and came to an abrupt halt. He quickly hooked his cane about a branch of a tree and looked at me through kindly blue eyes. I, in turn, looked at the cane. It was no ordinary cane. Indeed, it had two curved handles, one on each end — one handle was hooked about the tree and the other rested in the old man's hand. I winced. Gawd, what a hangover!

The old man noticed my pained expression and smiled. Then he spoke, and it was like no one else in the world speaking. His voice was rather loud, and the sounds entered my ears with a confused rush. It sounded as if several people were shouting the same thing at once. With difficulty I was able to make out what he was saying:

"You are in a most unfortunate condition, sir. You have been in a coma for several months, and are probably unaware of the changes which have taken place in our civiliza-

tion. We thought it best to leave you where you were, for it is so hard to move things about nowadays. But I'd better tell you the whole story from the beginning.

"About five months ago, during a particularly stormy session of the United Nations Assembly, some representative stated heatedly that 'useless international friction' was causing the world's difficulties. Whereupon the Russ Bif Hash, a Middle Eastern delegate of a peculiar religious cult who had a profound belief in the power of God, took the irate representative's words to heart and privately prayed to God for the end of friction.

"Miraculously, his prayers were answered. But the startled world awoke the next morning to find that physical friction, and not international friction, had been abolished. The coefficient of friction had been universally reduced to zero! On the morning in question, the confusion of my family over the state of affairs was truly pitiful to behold. During the night, owing to the fact that the floor of our house is not perfectly level, all the furniture slid about in a highly unnerving fashion. My wife and I arose to find that our bed was in the bathroom, and my eldest son, who had fallen out of bed and lost his pajamas in the process, awoke under an apple tree in the back yard. His pajamas are no doubt still sliding in the general direction of the Atlantic Ocean. In any case, it was he who first spied you. You had evidently crashed during the night, and we dared not move you for fear of causing further injury. We managed to feed you at infrequent intervals when you were semi-conscious, and it is indeed miraculous that you did not pass away. If you are not too weak at the present, perhaps you would like to accompany me back to the house to see what has happened to civilization."

The news was almost too much for me. The thought occurred to me that since I had been lying where I was for several months, a few more days would be of no consequence. However, my curiosity was overpowering, and I agreed to accompany the old stranger. Agreeing to go with him was about as far as it went, for I saw no available method for accomplishing the voyage. I looked to the old man questioningly.

He again smiled, and indicated another of his two-handled canes, this one hanging from his belt. He motioned for me to grab the handle of the free end, which I did with difficulty. I realized that in order to hang on to anything, you had to grasp it in such a way that the force you applied was normal to the object. I presumed that this would occasion considerable difficulty in lifting things. All of which reminded me that I had to lift myself to my feet.

But the old man told me not to bother about getting up, asking that I concentrate my efforts on hanging on to the cane. So saying, he executed an about face, extricated the cane he was holding from around the branch of the tree, inhaled lustily through his mouth, and off we slid. I noticed that the old man was quite skilled at navigation, which he accomplished by shifting his arms and legs and by blowing to either side as the occasion demanded. At long last we reached the house, skidded in the front door, which, as I later discovered, was always kept open, and halted in the front hall when the old man exhaled forcefully.

I remember very little else of my first day in my new surroundings. I have only a vague recollection that I was continually colliding with walls while taking my first lessons in "walking." The bruises I incurred in the process went untreated, as one had a devil of a time opening Band-Aids, to say nothing of the fact that no bandage would ever stay on.

However, I was always well taken care of, and from the beginning I was accepted as a member of the family. They seemed to welcome the diversion, and I was determined to accustom myself to the new scheme of things before attempting to pick up the shattered threads of my past life. For many reasons it was rather trying at times to maintain my sanity, however. For instance:

Eating was rather unpleasant, for the sensation was quite like swallowing live eels. One could feel the food sloshing through one's innards. Furthermore, manipulation of utensils was extremely bothersome. The forks had hooks on the handles, and the business end was shaped like a dustpan—a flat front with built-up sides. This made it necessary to scoop under the food in order to pick it up. I kept knocking things off my plate, whereupon they would slide the length of the table and land in someone's lap. The old man's wife kept apologizing for not having obtained the new-style dishes with rims around the edges to prevent such mishaps, but this did little to ease my discomfort. When it came to brushing my teeth, I had even less success, and I soon resorted to mouthwash, a suggestion first advanced by one of the old man's grandchildren, a bright young lad who delighted in the absence of friction, considering it a challenge to his scientific ingenuity.

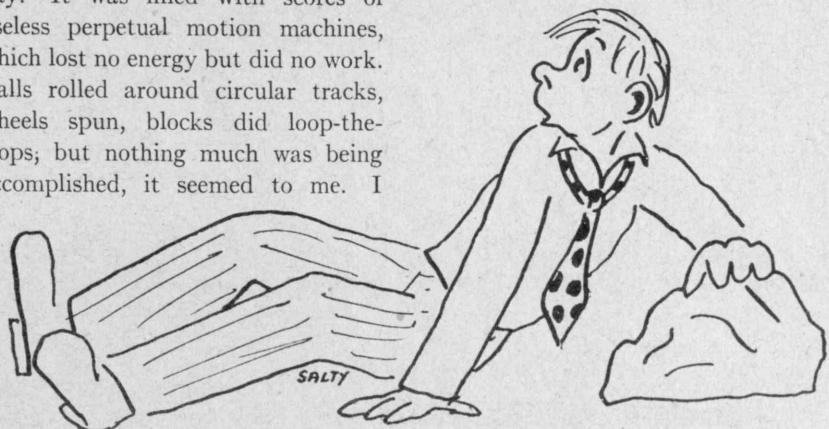
He showed me his laboratory one day. It was filled with scores of useless perpetual motion machines, which lost no energy but did no work. Balls rolled around circular tracks, wheels spun, blocks did loop-the-loops; but nothing much was being accomplished, it seemed to me. I

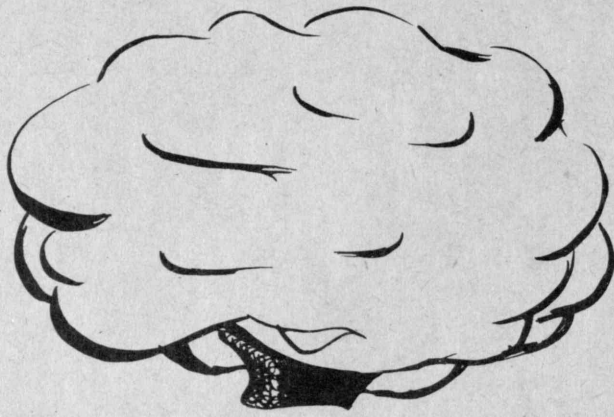
didn't wish to offend him, but I inquired politely as to why in the deuce he was working in the laboratory.

He explained patiently that it was largely through his efforts that the elaborate system of hooks and handles which prevailed in the household had been perfected. Each member of the family carried a series of two and sometimes three-handled canes about his belt. The canes served excellently for picking up things, as most of the objects in the house had hooks on top, around which one end of the cane could be secured. Thefts by burglars were all but impossible, for only one of these special canes could lift an item from its customary position. All the furniture was hooked to screws in the walls, and most small objects had tiny holes in the bottom, so that they could be placed on pegs in the table-tops. Very tiny objects, however, presented an almost insuperable difficulty: Needles, pins, small screws, pieces of thread and the like were constantly sliding about the house, defying all attempts at capture.

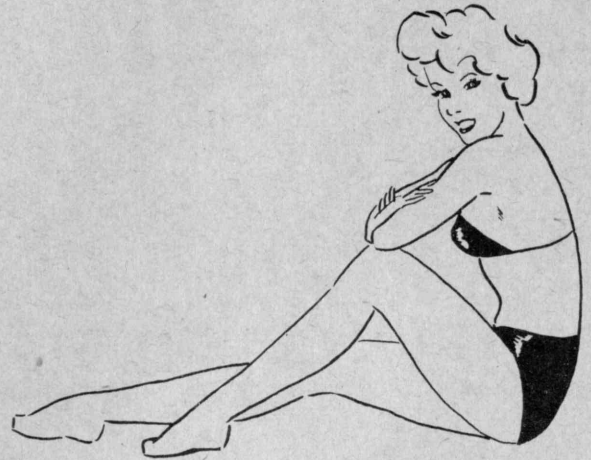
Due to this shortage of available needles and thread, sewing was rather out of the question. Dressing in the morning was a horrid task, and as if this were not bad enough, our shoes were forever slipping off our feet. The cause of this annoyance was the impossibility of tying shoelaces. All attempts to devise some method for

Continued to page 25





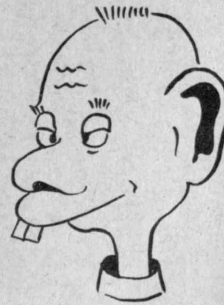
TREES



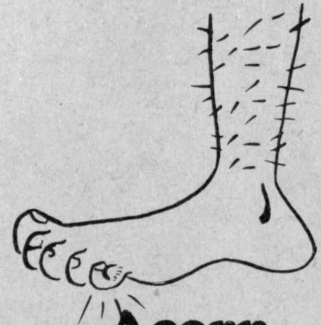
Pop'lar



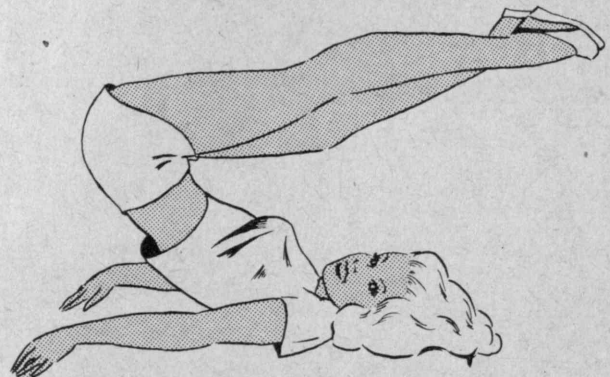
Tree Trunks



Sap



Acorn



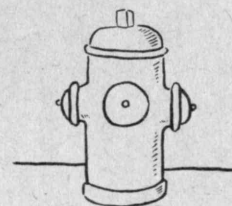
Limbs



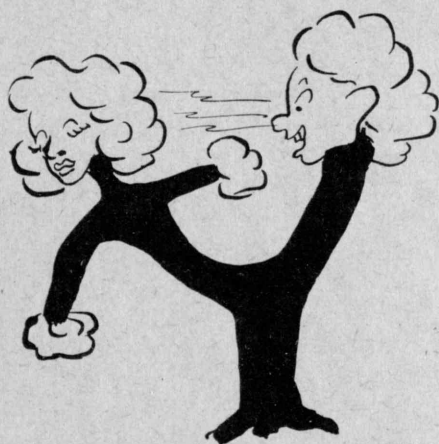
Root of Evil



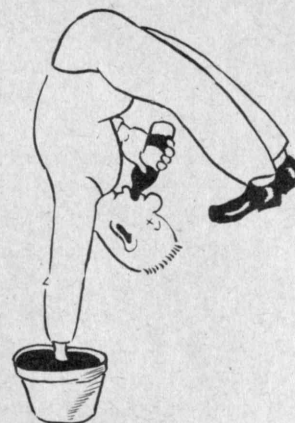
Sprucing



Dogwood



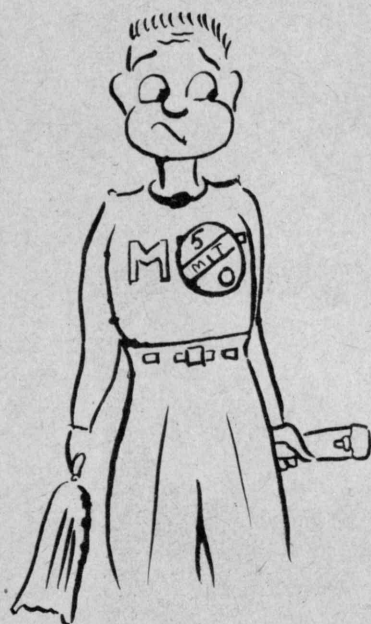
Adultree



Potted Palm



Elementree



Evergreen



I wood, wood you?

Fudge

'Twas the night before

New Year's, the time of gay parties, big dances, and other assorted celebrations which I can't go into here for security reasons, had arrived again, right on schedule. And as any good Techman can tell you, no good Techman refrains from such activities voluntarily. Mac was no exception. A week or so before the gala evening, night, and morning, Mac called up a girl for a date. He called Annabelle, whom he had become acquainted with at an acquaintance dance a few weeks before. Sure, said Annabelle; she'd love to help him celebrate.

The great night had arrived, and promptly at eight Mac was outside her door, trying to get in. The rest of the evening was spent inside trying to get out.

They had been pretty intimate at the dance — as intimate as people can become in a crowd — and Mac was expecting a wild night. He got it, but hardly the way he expected. They made various appropriate remarks about the weather, and Mac asked Annabelle what she'd like to do.

"Oh, I hate big drunken affairs, Mac. Would you mind awfully if we stayed home?"

"Of course not. I don't think much of them myself," he lied. Well, she still might have the holiday spirit, he thought. He flopped down on the sofa, way over in one corner. There was a tea table in front of the other end, and only one more place to sit — next to him. So Annabelle sat in an easy chair just out of his reach. Oh, well, the night was still young.

Annabelle asked him his hobbies. "Oh, I play the piano a little."

"You do? OH, you must play something. Anything at all." Anything to keep his hands busy. Mac groaned — but played.

"How'd you like to make some fudge?"

Oh, fudge, thought Mac, or a reasonable facsimile of it. "I don't know how."

"I'd love to show you." Mac foresaw possibilities in this, but he still wanted to help bring in the new year. But he was trapped by manners. Oh, for the good old caveman days.

(For the girls: I can send you the recipe. It makes good fudge, but you'd better not try it if I'm around.)

Of course, Annabelle's arm would get tired stirring, and Mac might just reach around to help her . . . but no, Annabelle made him do all the stirring. Annabelle was smart, but not smart enough not to show it.

But at last opportunity knocked with a mailed fist. The breakfast-nook table was only wide enough for one pair of knees and elbows. Mac's arm slid closer to hers, closer and closer . . .

"Touche," said Annabelle as his arm became impaled on a deftly maneuvered fork. Well, perhaps her under-the-table manners were better, Mac thought. But Annabelle had spike heels, and evidently plenty of practice.

Finally the fudge was gone. The two again were in the parlor. Mac was again on the sofa, but at last Annabelle had warmed up a bit. She moved her chair closer. Now it was quite near the tea table.

"Well, what'll we do now?" purred Annabelle sweetly.

No, I must not do it, thought Mac. I am a gentleman and a scholar, and must uphold my school's reputation.

He was thinking of strangling her, of course.

"Whatever you like," he replied as calmly as possible. "Let's play cards." To hell with civilization! Back to the cavemen, where I belong! These fierce thoughts raged through Mac's mind, for playing cards, of all things, was the thing he wanted to do least.

"Okay," he drooled, "but there's only one card game I ever play with women. (Anyone thinking he meant post office may stop reading right now.)

"Well, if you insist, all right." This was a decided improvement, thought Mac. Perhaps there was hope after all. They played for about ten minutes — Mac quit when he was down to his pants.

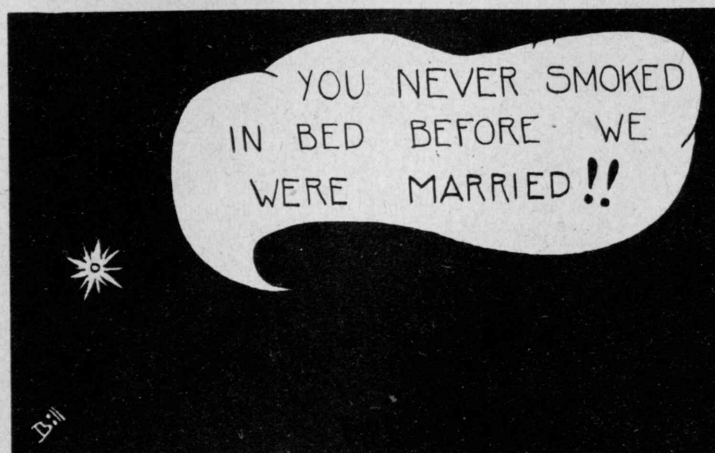
Mac thought of a very good maxim. If a girl must show off in a poker game, she should not show off her ability to play cards.

It was the last straw. Mac remembered he had to see a dog about a man or something, and he went out to a party at a friend's house, and had a good time and met a real girl. But just before he left Annabelle, he very sarcastically asked if he might kiss her goodnight.

"No, let's wait till we know each other a little better." Mac's laugh rattled the windows in three houses.

A few days later Mac saw Annabelle in the halls of dear old Tech. "I might have known," he groaned.

JOHN HARRINGTON



The Devil Take the Foremost

ACT I SCENE I

(Scene:—halfway between heaven and hell, wherever that is. St. Peter and Satan are dividing up lost souls.)

Pete: One two-year-old for me.

Sat: One Tech man for me.

Pete: One hermit for me.

Sat: One Tech secretary for me.

Pete: One desert island castaway for me.

Sat: One Tech man for me.

Pete: One Tech girl for me. She couldn't help it.

Sat: One Tech man for me.

Pete: One Tech man for me.

Sat: What happened to him?

Pete: I've got a pretty good idea, but I think I'll go down and check up. (Exit)

Sat: Now St. Pete's gone, I think I'll sneak into heaven to see why anyone would want to go there.

SCENE II

(Void between Scene I and Heaven. Satan riding his chariot drawn by six black beauties—horses, of course.)

Offstage noise: Clip clop, clip clop, clip clop (approach heaven) Clip clop, clip clop, clip clop.

SCENE III

(Heaven, very palatial, but almost uninhabited.)

Sat: Where is everyone around here?

Old man: Speaking to me, bub?

Sat: Who're you and how'd you get in here?

Old man: Name's Nebuchadne-knee'er, bub, so I gave up early in life.

(Satan wanders onward, meets young, handsome, dashing type of man.)

Sat: My God, how did you rate?

Young Man: (falsetto) Ha, ha, ha! (very sardonic) (Satan wanders on, meets eskimo.)

Sat: How did you get in here?

Eskimo: I'm an Eskimo, son. Ever see an Eskimo girl? (Satan off again, meets Victorian authors. Dickens trying to seduce George Eliot. Guess again—Eliot was a woman. Finally meets Adam and Eve)

Adam: Damn it, I had to be faithful.

Eve: That's right—damn it!

SCENE IV

(Void, same as Scene II, except horses facing other way). Offstage noise: Clap clop, clap clop, clap clop.

ACT II SCENE I

(Dorms at Tech—dark room.)

Voice—St. Pete's: Ah, perfume; what a nice smell!

Voice—a woman's: (Don't ask us how she got in. It's a carefully guarded secret.) Yeah, Pete, you smell nice too, but stop, damn it—it tickles.

SCENE II

(Same as Act I, Scene I. Satan counting lost souls.)

Sat: One Tech man for me; one attendant in men's washroom for Pete; one Tech man for me; one Ubangi male for Pete; one Saint for me. . . .

(fast curtain)

P.S. We got the curtain from a certain local girls' school.

J. H.



Large Economy Size? Aisle Two

It had to be One Way or the Odor

IT WAS the night before the garbage laws and their fragrant violation that this story of Cecil the Skunk begins. Alas, poor Cecil, I knew his smell.

The story of Cecil starts in the little town of Smelsea on the outskirts of Boston, well-known for its large percentage of stinkers. Cecil's father, B.O. Mucho, had given Cecil an ultimatum, "Unless you get a job soon, I won't let you marry Gaspie Gert."

What was poor Cecil to do? For nigh onto six months he had searched high and low, but the phew jobs available were always taken just before he got there. However, Cecil was undaunted; he carried on, using as his motto, "He who reeks shall find."

Success finally blessed his valiant efforts. Cecil had a job! Rushing home to his father, B.O. Mucho, Cecil explained breathlessly how he got his job. "I was walking down Stench Street when I saw a sign which read 'Soap tester needed; good, clean work.' So I walked in and I got the job. I am now a paid employee of the Lifebuoy Soap Company."

Cecil's happiness was short-lived because he lost his job two days later. It seems that he tested some soap by taking a bath with it. The net result was that the employer couldn't figure out which smelled worse, Cecil or the soap, so Cecil lost his job.

That night Cecil tried to give off an odor, but to his amazement, he was odorless! That bath with Lifebuoy had rendered him harmless. When his father heard this, he threw Cecil out saying, "Never sweeten my doorstep again!"

Poor Cecil was repulsed by the rigid rod of reality; even his girlfriend, Gaspie Gert, refused to see him. Alas, what a fate — cut off without a scent to his name.

He went everywhere trying to find a cure for his malady. At first he thought a change in diet might bring results, so he started eating skunk cabbage and garlic, but that didn't help.

Then he went to the M.I.T. chem labs and took H_2S shots, but the smell was still not forthcoming.

Finally, one day Cecil was mumbling to himself, "I've tried everything that I can think of, but it's no soap. Soap, soap — that's it! Maybe if I try some other type of soap I will get my sense of smell back; it's worth trying."

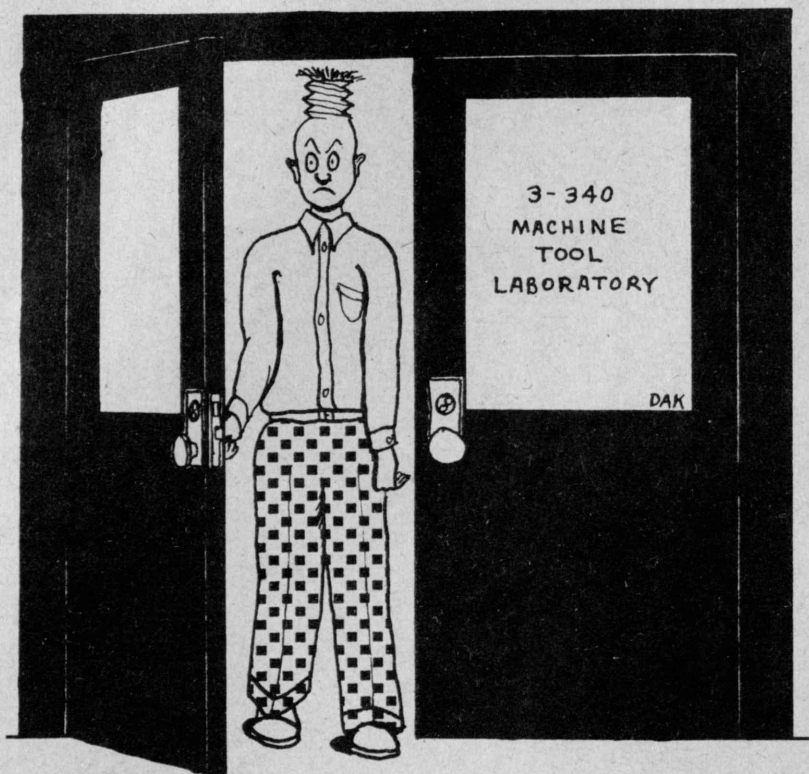
So Cecil immediately ran out and got Ivory, Swan, Oxydol, and several other soaps, but they were no good. Procter and Gamble lost their bet,

and Lever Brothers left him stinkless!

Then Cecil saw an advertisement in the store window which read "Use Duz; Duz does everything." He bought a box of Duz and took a bath in it and it did! Cecil was overbubbling with happiness and Duz. At last he was a real stinker again; instead of being Schanell Number 5, he was Schmell Number 1.

Triumphantly, Cecil went home to Smelsea and asked Gaspie Gert to marry him. That night Cecil and Gaspie went up to the top of the nearest mountain and had a grand time smelling to high heaven. So you see that everything came out all right in the end.

— W.A.L.



I Chose Freezone

'Twas the night before

Hepski Rdctzc, the annual day of assassination which is usually celebrated on the fourth Friday in December. The snow lay fifteen feet deep and a couple of full moons were glowering up and down the beautiful countryside.

The good and bad people of Snovsgrad were going about their usual night time pursuits as though nothing were going to happen and nothing was going to happen.

In any case who cares about the people of Snovsgrad? It was more than twenty years ago that I came to Russia as a Fuller Brushman and Lenin (he was getting old at the time) mistook me for Trotsky.

"Leon," he had said, tears flowing down his long white beard onto the snow, "you have returned, you have reformed, goddam."

"Da," I had said happily, not knowing what the hell the old boy was talking about. Well, it turned out that Lenin was the only one of the old gang who had survived Siberia and other hazards, so that everybody else had recognized me at once.

From then on I had had a meteoric career, so that at last I was head of the famous "Chowder, Marching, and Murdering Society" (Meetings every Thursday at the Compote Hotel, yearly dues two Komsomols) and Fuller Brush Commissar for Russia, Siberia, and annexed Territories.

The C.M. & M.S. was preparing ineffectively for tomorrow's celebrations and as I strolled into the Kremlin on my eighteen foot snowshoes, it was gratifying to note the purposeless activity. Two National Importances were holding a discussion on the technique of machine gunning and

birth control in Aegean Islands. A number of Local Importances were listening intently although already occupied in some target practice on Past Importances. There was my great friend Rotpokin in his embroidered lace uniform, black whiskers, and tommyguns. There also was Marshal Sugev talking, talking, always talking, fresh from his experiences with the OGPU.

At my signal, these luminaries joined me, together with Sonavitch, the renowned pamphleteer, author of such sterling trash as "The Emancipation of Bishops and Why," "Handbook of Thermodeemonicals," "Memories of Hecatin Province," etc., etc. He had recently foresworn the pen, occupying himself solely with a long book explaining his reasons for this decision. This was the famous "Revolution and Why Not." Sonavitch, not knowing much about revolution, had kept himself to the premise that revolution was revolution. This point of view was attacked by Rasputin who maintained that revolution was not revolution but something entirely different, which he would go into presently. Ah yes, these were times to stir men's souls. But to get back to the story. There we were, waiting for me to speak.

"Comrades," I said, "this situation cannot exist forever. The master has to see things our way or else."

My friend's eyes gleamed eagerly.

"Or else," they echoed exultantly. Together we pressed into the inner chambers, knocked twice and asked for Joe. The guard at the door had orders not to let anyone in, so we shot him. The master was holding simultaneous conversations with the different members of his Council besides shining his shoes. As soon as he saw

us, he pulled the lever to a trapdoor, but instead of us, the council disappeared.

"Watcha want?" he screamed, feverishly trying to hide the shoeshine kit.

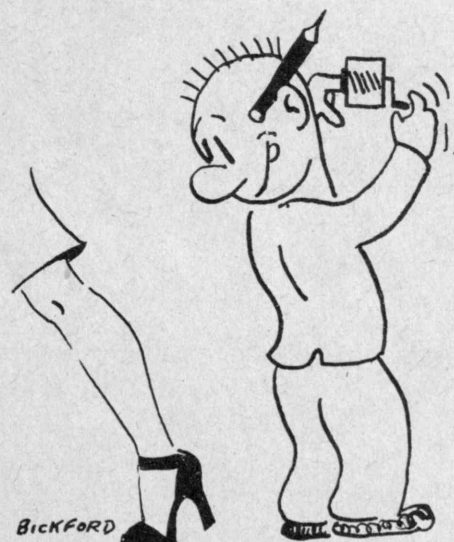
"You know what we want, Chief," we answered in chorus.

"Nichewo," the master said.

"O.K.," I said. "How about a compromise? You write in twenty-five words or less why you endorse Fuller brushes and I'll read it on the program with the boys here softly humming the 'Internationale' in the background. How about it?"

The chief didn't answer, but put his head in the top drawer of his monumental desk and slowly vanished from sight. This routine confused us. I thought for a moment, and with me to think is to act. Two minutes later I had left Russia forever. So now I can be a capitalist. I will sell my great story:

"It was the night before the Hepski Rdctzc, the annual day of assassination which is usually celebrated . . .



Brooklyn Sailor: "Whidya do before ya jerned da Navy?"

Mid-westerner: "I worked in Des Moines."

Brooklynite: "What kind of moines, iron or coal?"



"I used to be seen at more first nights than any guy in town."

"Were you really a drama critic?"

"No, I was a bellhop at Niagara Falls."

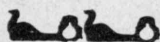


A clergyman from South Milwaukee tells the story of an Italian who brought his baby to be baptized.

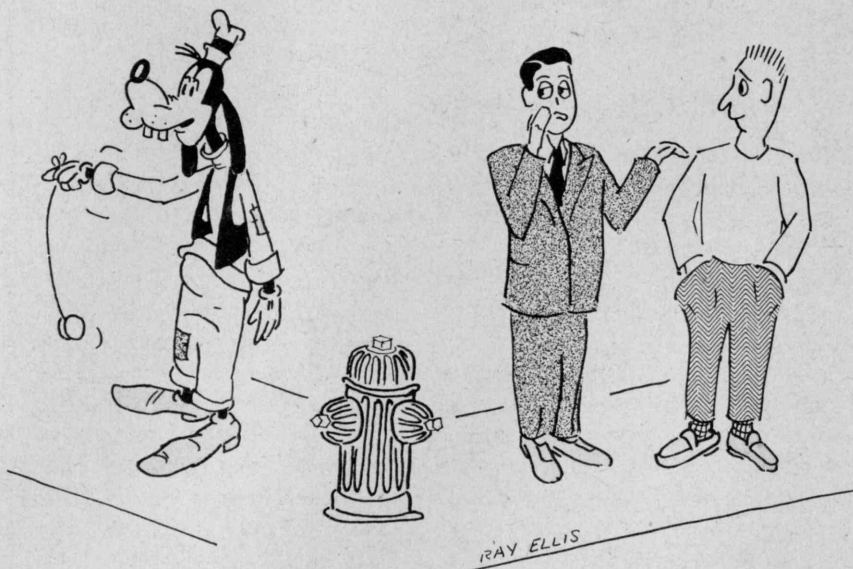
"Now," he said, "you see you baptize him right. Last time I tell you I want my boy call Tom, you call heem Thomas. These time I want heem call Jack. I no want heem call Jackass."



Epitaph of an old maid: "Who said you can't take it with you?"



"Another combination shot," said the coed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.



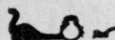
"Sometimes I think he's Goofy."

Cold water is the best of drinks
And fit for prince or king.
But who am I that I should take
The best of everything?
Let princes revel at the tap,
Kings at the pump make free,
Champagne and gin and even beer
Are good enough for me.



Nurse: "Doctor, every time I bend over this patient to listen to his heart, his pulse increases. What should I do?"

Doctor: "Button your collar."



Personnel telegraphed a furloughing sergeant: "Move heaven and earth, but be here Friday!"

He replied: "Am raising hell; will get there Saturday."

A woman was driving her car along a New Hampshire road at 60 miles per hour when she noticed a motorcycle cop following her. She pushed the car up to 70 and then noticed two cops trailing her. Not to get caught she upped the speedometer reading to 80 and this time there were three bike cops trying to catch her. Suddenly she spied a gas station so she pulled up in front of it and dashed into the ladies' room.

Ten minutes later she ventured out and there were the three cops waiting for her. Without batting an eyelash, she said coyly, "I'll bet you thought I wouldn't make it."



I've been married four times. Do you think I'm a loose woman?
No, dearie; you're just a busy body.



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Non-Frictional Story

Continued from page 17

performing this operation had long since been abandoned. Shoes from neighboring localities were incessantly zipping through the front door. Life was rapidly becoming unbearable . . .

Two months passed. I had grown a two months' beard, since not only was the attempt to apply shaving cream a fiasco, but the wielding of a razor was a fantastically complicated technique. My eyes came to have rather a glazed look about them, and I am sure that I looked like some sort of International Spy. I decided that I might as well leave the old man's household. I had overstayed my welcome, at best. I would hit the road.

Just as I was contemplating how difficult it would be to drive one of the newest cars (they had completely flat bottoms and exhaust pipes on all four sides), my host slid into a chair, hooked his cane about the chandelier, and declared excitedly:

"Skidmore University is kicking up again. Ever since they gained control of the government they've been making life miserable. Now they're demanding that everyone wear stilts! It's insane!"

"Insane!" The word slipped around in my mind. Was I going mad? A particle of drool rolled over my lip; for a moment the old man became blurred in my vision — but I quickly pulled myself together.

"Stilts?" I said. "But why?"

The old man bowed his head and began slowly: "It seems that some people don't think they get around fast enough by inhaling when they want to start and exhaling when they want to stop. Some people are never satisfied. So they've devised a new way of 'walking.'"

Here the old man sighed, and continued bitterly: "They throw lead weights around! To start, you throw a lead weight behind you, and to stop, you throw one in front of you. The only trouble is that these lead

weights keep sliding around forever, endangering life and limb. If people wear stilts, it cuts down their chances of getting clipped on the feet. But even so —"

He was interrupted by a splintering crash. The whole side of the house fell in, and a half a dozen lead weights sped across the floor. The other side of the house fell in as the lead weights left the house. A sea of debris fell all around me. I was swept up and swept away. Scenery whizzed by rapidly. My brain whizzed around rapidly. The sky and the earth and the ocean seemed to throw me around like an old volley ball. Curious sounds tripped through my head. The world had gone mad. The debris swept me around and around, and left me sitting upright in a large hall. At last the sounds became clear. I was in 10-250, and the 8.01 lecture was in progress.

Moral: $Fr = uN$

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"What do you do?"

"Milk chocolates."

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"How should I know? I've never been out with you before."



She: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

He: "No, I hate hospitals."

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"Uncle, what's a bachelor?"

"Junior, a bachelor is a man who didn't have a car when he was in college."

— Chaparral.



Father: "Well, Junior, what did you do yesterday?"

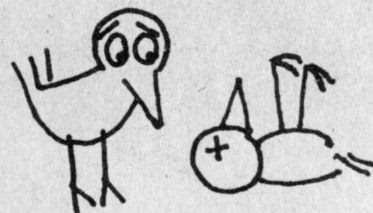
Junior: "I spent the morning in the pool-room and the afternoon in a burlesque show."

Father: "Shame on you, wasting a whole morning."



"Let's take a walk in the garden."
"I can only spare a minute."
"That's O.K. I'm an efficiency expert."

Archive



Peep to me

Frank: "See that gal? She's like a beautiful photograph in that bathing suit."

Dudley: "Yeah, undeveloped and overexposed."



And then there was the Scotch girl who was expecting her first-born.

She moved out to the country to take advantage of rural free delivery.

— Battalion.

Betty's back from Hollywood
Escaping all its perils.
Her reputation still is good;
No runs, no hits, no Errols.

— Pell Mell.



"Well, Doc, was my operation a success?"

"Sorry, old man, I'm St. Peter."

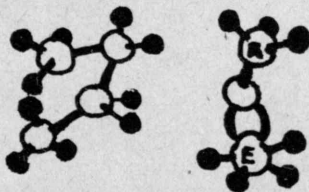
— Chaparral.



Slippery ice — very thin
Pretty girl — tumbled in
Saw a fellow — on the bank
Gave a shriek — then she sank
Boy on hand — heard her shout
Jumped right in — pulled her out
Now he's hers — very nice
But she had to — break the ice.

Irate Father: "I can see right through that girl's intrigue."

Lovesick Son: "I know, Dad, but they all dress that way nowadays."



Up an' atom

He: "May I kiss your hand?"
She: "What's the matter, is my face dirty?"

— Archive.



She (suggestively): "That roast duck in the window makes my mouth water."

He: "Then spit."

— Frivol.



"I'm getting married."
"How careless of you."

A modern boy is one who knows what she wants when she wants it.

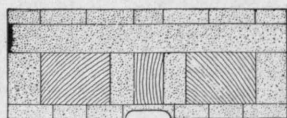


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