

VOODOO WOODZ V.E.



25 Jan

# 30-DAY SMOKING TEST

## PROVES CAMEL MILDNESS!



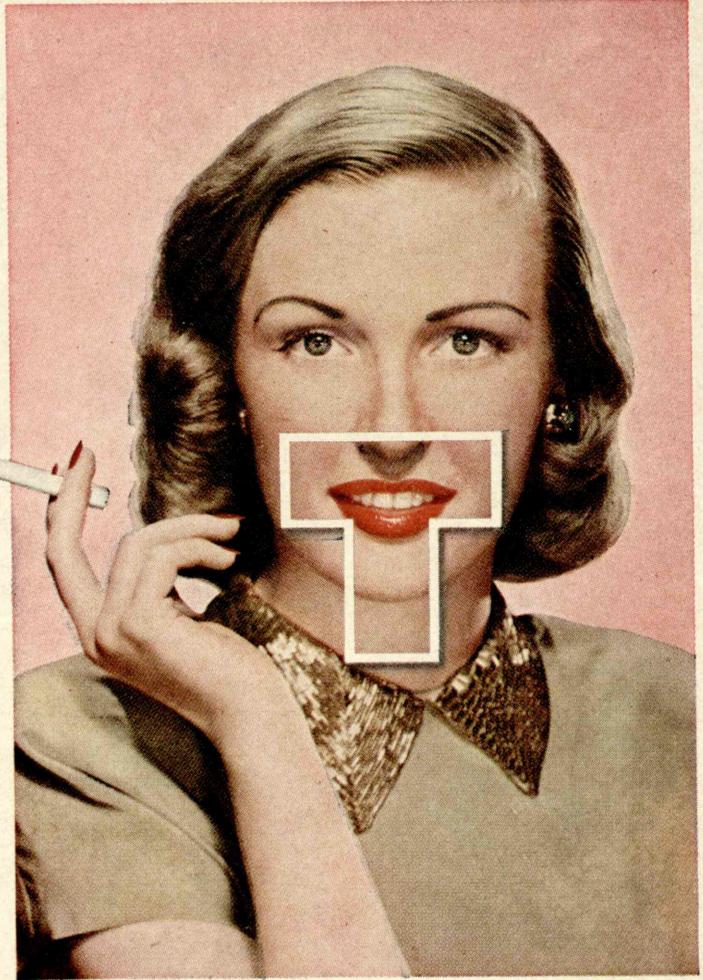
**1** In a recent test, hundreds of men and women all across the country . . . of all ages and occupations . . . were closely observed as they smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days. And they smoked on the average of one to two packages of Camels a day. But only Camels!



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*No Throat Irritation due to smoking Camels!*

*Prove it Yourself! Make the Camel 30-Day Test in Your "T-Zone"*

**Money-Back Guarantee:** Smoke Camels for 30 consecutive days. *Smoke only Camels.*

If, at any time during these 30 days, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you have ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage. This offer is good for 90 days from this date.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



According to a Nationwide survey:  
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette**

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!

“**S**AY, PHOS, have you read this article in Sunday’s paper about the styles co-eds go for?”

The cat opened one red eye and was about to close it again when he spotted our new calendar on the wall. “Meeow! Huh? Oh, was it in the Record? That’s the only paper I read!”

“No, cat, this was an account of the kind of men who are really going to make out at Wellesley and Radcliffe. They claim that only Harvard boys fit their idea of the well-dressed man.”

“Phooey. They just ain’t seen the guy I saw in the hall. Terrific!! Lemmie tell you — this guy had on a combat jacket, see, but here’s the twist—he’s got the buttons replaced by safety pins.”

“Naw, you foolish feline, they want flannel slacks and shetland jackets.”

“Shetland jackets? I thought you college guys were gonna leave us animals alone when the raccoon coat went out of style.”

“Stop being facetious or I’ll take away your beer. To get on, the fair damsels have a longing to see lots of accessories. To wit: Gloves (with a Tyrolian motif!), scarves (in the school colors) and hats. Especially hats! Seems as if the old faithful shoulder pad is about to be given the heave-ho! Hats, according to our knowing co-eds, make the shoulders seem broader!!!”

“Oh, then that explains the preference for Harvard guys . . . their hats! Accessories? The only accessory needed for a date is a well filled wallet and a set of car keys. Hats-rats.”

“What’s wrong with you, Phos, don’t you want to look sexy for the girls?”

“Listen to me, youngster,” he purred, “any day I need a hat to look sexy, I’ll turn in my can opener!”

“You don’t quite understand, cat. The article says that females like to go out with fellows who look ‘carefully careless.’”

“‘Carefully careless?’ Sounds repulsively attractive! What am I supposed to do, comb my fur to get it in a neat tangle?”

“Well, we Tech men are going to have to do something to keep up with our friends up the river.”

“Say, maybe you guys should try multi-colored slide rules! If that doesn’t work, let the gals discover just how dull a fashion plate can be. After that experience, dungarees will look like tails.”

“Oh well, open a can for me too, Phos.”

**P**HOS IS in a jovial mood because today he welcomes the freshmen to the Voo Doo staff. They seem like an on the ball bunch. We hope so for they are the editors and managers in the near future. Congratulations.

S.

*Cover this month by Waldt.*

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M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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## OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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Street between Tremont and Washington. I would advise against your buying steak at a lesser place. Expend your dough on something cheaper, and apply the saving towards a steak at Lloyd's. Prices hover around the three dollar plus mark for a memorable piece of meat, and you can, of course, pay more and get more. Occasionally they serve their rolls with a slight flavor (also known as a soupcon) of brandy — a feature which will do wonders for your digestion, and spoil all other rolls for you in the future.

Number two is Novak's, on Beacon Street, Cleveland Circle way. Of Novak's there is little to be said. The food is excellent (check Baked Alaska), the service excellent, the decor is quiet and does not interfere with your dinner. The prices reflect all this, and run from two dollars up, but here, as in most places, you get what you pay for.

B. G.

An impetuous young student negotiated a date with a pair of Siamese twins one night. "Have yourself a good time?" asked his awe-stricken roommate later. "Well," replied his friend, "yes and no."

— Texas Ranger



The doctor was questioning the nurse about one of her patients. "Have you kept a chart on the patient's progress?" he asked.

"No," she blushing replied, "but I can show you my diary."



When a girl is young she cries for an all day sucker. When she gets older she just wants one for the evening.

— Kitty Kat



Scene in an English barroom:

Limey: "Alo, Mary. Are you 'aving one?"

Mary: "No, it's just the cut of me coat."

— Polaris



"Your mouth is certainly pretty."  
"Yes, I'll put it up against anybody's anytime."

— Purple Cow

# Meet me at Jimmy O'Keefe's

Here's where Joe McCarthy met the press

Here's where Dad took the whole family to dinner and  
actually smiled at the reasonable check

Here's where "Boy meets Girl"

Here's where you meet your friends

## The Most Interesting Spot in Town

AND—Don't miss the famous "Baseball Room"

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**GOOD FOOD — CHOICEST BEVERAGES — REASONABLE PRICES**

North — I bid one Heart.  
 East — I bid a Spade.  
 South — Two Spades.  
 West — By.  
 N. — Three Hearts.  
 E. — Three Spades.  
 S. — Four Hearts.  
 W. — By.  
 N. — Five Hearts.  
 E. — Five Spades.  
 S. — Six Hearts.  
 W. — By.  
 N. — Seven Hearts.  
 E. — Seven Spades.  
 S. — Double!  
 W. — By.  
 N. — By.  
 E. — Redouble!  
 S. — Okay, West, you're dummy. Lay down your hand.  
 West — Er . . . there must be a misdeal . . . I don't have any cards!



Now I sit me down to sleep,  
 The lecture's long, the subject deep,  
 If the prof should stop before I wake,  
 Somebody punch me, for goodness sake!

— *The Toreador*



Caller: "I would like to see the Judge, please."  
 Secretary: "I'm sorry, sir, but he is at dinner."  
 Caller: "But, my man, my errand is important."  
 Secretary: "It can't be helped, sir. His honor is at steak."

— *The Pointer*



A nurse in a mental hospital noticed a patient with his ear close to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a finger as a warning to be quiet. Then he beckoned the nurse over and said, "Listen here."

The nurse listened for some time and then said, "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient, "and it's been like that all day."

— *The Ram-Bull*



Jane: "How was the house dance last night?"  
 Gene: "Fine. The lighting defects were wonderful."

— *Rebel*



The Republicans are now looking for someone to be the life of the party.



"What did the audience do when you told them you never paid a dollar for a vote?"

"Well, some of them cheered, and some of them got up and left."



Recognition Dept.: A cow is an animal that carries a bowling ball with the holes inside out.



Ed: "Pretty barbed wire dress you have on."  
 Coed: "What do you mean, barbed wire?"  
 Ed: "Oh, it protects the property, but doesn't obstruct the view."

— *Ram-Buller*



"Why, mother, what makes you think it was cold out on the porch last night?"

"I heard you tell your boy friend to keep his shirt on."

— *Spartan*



Freshman — I woke up last night with the feeling that my watch was gone, so I got up and looked for it.  
 Soph. — Well, was it gone?  
 Freshman — No, but it was going.

— *Yale Record*

A stream-lined blonde walked up to the bar in a swank New York hotel. She ordered six Manhattans, and proceeded to down them, in quick succession.

A drunk who was standing nearby looked on in amazement. He lurched over, and stood weaving in front of her.

"Shay," he hiccupped, "how mush does it take to make you dizzy?" The blonde gave him a fishy-eyed stare.

"It'll take more than you've got," she said, "and the name is Daisy."



The snow was falling softly. The scene was beautiful winter time.

Poetically spoke the soldier as he tucked his date into the sleigh:

"Winter draws on."

Girl: "Is that any of your business!"

— Rebel



A little boy was worriedly relating the story of his visit to the fortune tellers. He had been told that in a week his mother would die, a week later he would succumb, and the third week his father would pass away. His parents convinced him that the oracle was a fake so he went to bed unperturbed. —

But a week later his mother died and a week after that he died. By this time his father began to worry. On the day set aside for his death he awoke chipper as ever. — Firmly convinced that the other deaths had been freak accidents he went to the porch to get the milk for his breakfast. There, dead on the steps, was the milkman.

— Masquerader



Dr. Egghorn had finished lecturing the class on Anatomy and began to ask questions. "I would like to know," he said, looking over the young men and women sitting eagerly before him, "what part of the human body is harder than steel. Will you answer, Miss Brown?"

Poor Miss Brown blushed and stuttered and ended by saying indignantly: "I don't know why I should have been selected to answer such a question."

Dr. Egghorn asked a few other pupils, and could get no satisfactory reply. "Since none of you seem to know, I will tell you," he said. "It is the tissue from which the nails of the human body grow. As for you, Miss Brown, you're an optimist."

— Unique



A nice girl shouldn't hold a young man's hand. A nice girl has to.

**TEAM UP WITH THE WINNER!  
CANADA DRY--WITH THAT  
FRESHENING GINGER FLAVOR!  
ASK THE BOY FOR IT!**

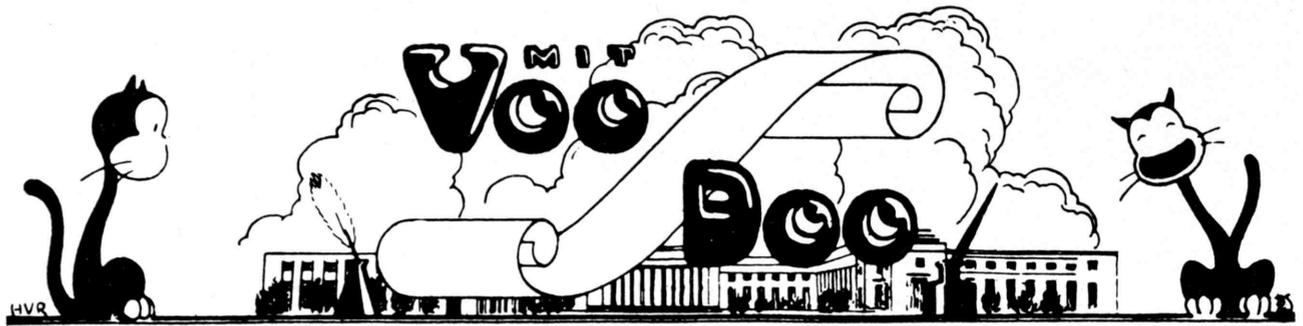


Let your taste be the referee... and you'll pick world-famous Canada Dry Ginger Ale... for wholesome, thirst-quenching goodness.

You can get your favorite flavor, with Canada Dry Quality, at your dealers.



**CANADA DRY**  
WORLD FAMOUS  
Beverages



A young lady of our acquaintance decided to build a fire in the fireplace of her apartment on one of the recent cold evenings. Somehow it managed to get a trifle out of hand, so, wisely enough, she decided to call the fire department. In her most polite voice she asked them to please send over one fireman. Needless to say, there was a raised eyebrow at the other end of the line, but she assured them that for what she wanted one fireman would be quite sufficient. A few moments later the street below was jammed with sirening fire engines. Which just goes

to show that rumors of a good deal spread just as fast among the men of the fire department as anywhere else.

NOT long ago, Brown McKee, pride of the track team, was seen leafing through a book owned by a denizen of course IV. The book was a guide to the art of drawing the female figure and was filled with a series of sketches of beautiful nudes. As comrade McKee skimmed through the bountifully illustrated pages, a look of increasing confusion spread over his features until at last he

exasperatedly inquired, "Where are the jokes?"

THE tale has been related to us about a now sad character who scrounged all term long so that he could get an "H" in thermodynamics. At the end of the semester the instructor told the class their relative standings, and our hero was quite pleased to hear that he was fourth in a class of twenty-five. He saw that the chances for an "H" were slim, but he knew that he was good for at least a "C". Imagine his surprise to get his report and find a big old "P". He went to see the old goat and was informed that the department would only allow him to give two "C's" and one "H". "But," the kindly gentleman added, in an effort to console our poor friend, "You got the highest 'P'."



"She promised not to ask for alimony. . . ."

A friend of ours in Course VIII is getting off to a good start in his scientific life, and promises to become one of the better illustrations of absent-minded professors. While playing on his house basketball team in the season's opener, he managed to sink a basket at a very crucial moment for the other team. As if this wasn't enough (or perhaps so as not to hurt his record), he turned around and proceeded to put one in for the opponents once again in the next game. Perhaps you should refrain from pondering over the deeper mysteries of 8.03+ on the basketball floor, John.

ONE of our classmates is taking a topography course at Harvard. For the first few weeks of the term, he says, he was beginning to think that all the things he had heard about Harvard students were just so much Yale propaganda; the guys really seemed quite normal. But then they went on a field trip, and he realized that the stories were true; sixty per cent of the class turned up in jaunty berets. *Talley Ho!*

THIS same friend relates that he was telling one of his Harvard classmates how the M. I. T. marking system works. He explained that instead of A - B - C - D and F, the Tech man strives for H - C - P - L - F and FF. "Gracious," the Harvard man replied, "it sounds like a cigarette ad."

THE following sentences were included in a set of notes passed out by the Metallurgy Department; this month's masterpiece of understatement: "During the recent war, many failures occurred in ships because of brittle fracture in the form of cracks in the ships' plates. In some cases the cracks were rather large, resulting in the formation of two ships from one in the course of a second or two."

MEMO to those who view college life with alarm: Every other radio station in the nation signs off with the *Star Spangled Banner*; WMIT signs off with the *Stein Song*.

DESPITE President Truman's denials and reassurances, we are getting a bit worried about inflation. It seems the Coop is having its doubts too. They have just purchased a new cash register for the lunch counter. It's a deluxe affair with eight cash drawers, and it registers up to \$9,999.99, which, to us at least, is a mighty big lunch.



"Senator, I represent the small businessmen of this country"

WE were riding the MTA the other day on our way to our girl friend's house in Lexington when we couldn't help but overhear part of the conversation of one of our fellow-passengers. The Lady was telling her friend about the wonderful flower delivery made to a friend in the hospital for an operation. It went something like this: "—, and, when she came out of the antiseptic, there was a beautiful bunch of flowers waiting."

WE were down at WMIT, the campus radio station, the other night when the announcer and the program director hatched a plot against the engineer. The studio and the control room are sound-insulated from each other; but there is a large window between them. On this occasion the engineer gave the announcer the signal through the window to begin talking. The latter obliged by moving his lips, but uttering not a sound.

The program director stood next to him and looked on with an "everything O. K." expression.

In the control room the engineer looked startled, checked to see that the mike was on. It was. He hurriedly glanced at switches and meters. All O. K. He became wild-eyed as he madly twisted knobs. The announcer continued saying nothing with great concentration. The program director began gazing with innocent fascination at the engineer, who was now making little pleading motions at him.

The torture finally ended when the announcer stopped his lip motion, turned off the mike, and then feigned surprise when he looked at the miserable engineer in the control room. Needless to say, the microphone operated perfectly when the announcer spoke normally after the next record.

And unless he reads this, that engineer is still haunted by that terrible and unexpected chunk of silence.

# INFERIOR DECORATING

Are you happy with your living accommodations? Or does your humble abode lack that freshness and originality so necessary to make the difference between your room and just any old room? Let your room show your personality, your hopes, your desires . . . or whatever you've been able to loot since you arrived at Tech.



Are you a scholar, a gentleman of learning, one who truly delights in the wisdom that comes of good literature? Let books be the decorative theme of your room, that whoever enters may know that here, truly, can knowledge be found.



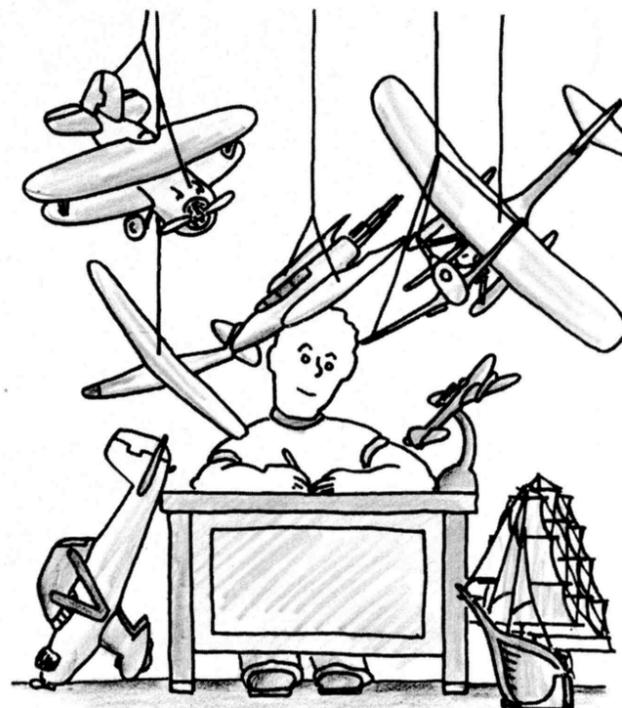
If you are a fancier of fine alcoholic beverages, you will surely find the peaceful gurgling of a still most conducive to enjoyable living. (Consult a junior or senior in Food Technology before consuming.)



Perhaps you are a souvenir hunter. The streets and buildings of Old Cambridge furnish an almost inexhaustible source of quaint objects. Attractiveness of souvenirs is considered to increase with the difficulty in obtaining them, and the most highly prized are said to be policemen's hats and ladies' undergarments.



Truly imposing is the room and/or office of the Course XV Man. A good supply of refreshments should be on hand at all times, and a secretary (blondes preferred) should be available for special jobs.



When your hands start itching, do you take it as a signal to build some sort of model? If so, don't hide your talents, use them to decorate your room.



For those who appreciate good food, there are slight legal complications. Competition with Walker Memorial is frowned upon by the Institute, but there are ways of evading this despotic regimentation. With careful concealment, the authorities need never know; but just to make sure, remember your porter at Christmas time.



Aha! You have horticultural tendencies? Fill your room with green plants. Feel the unparalleled joy that comes from having growing things around you.



For the Economics and Engineering student, who has learned the true value of money, a gambling den motif is recommended. It will prove most satisfactory along about the first of each month.

R.S. GOOCH

# WHAT PRICE SPLATZKAPADOS?



(A Three-Act Farce, Segueing to a Glass of Tomato Juice in the Morning)

## ACT II, SCENE I

(Act I has been omitted because it has no bearing on the plot.)

(Scene: A room owned by three Technology students. Slide rules, beer cans, and steam tables litter the floor. *Hercule Potnik* is seated on a bed, *Left*, picking his toes with a 4H pencil. The walls of the room are covered with Pilgrim Tract Society posters and pictures of nude women. *Thomas Mushenheim* is slumped over a desk, *Down Center*, his nose caught in the roller of his typewriter. *John Elpmelp* is jumping up and down on a bed, *Right*. He has just had an idea. The footlights are flooded with beer, imparting to the following scene a smelly aroma.)

*John*: I've got it! I've got it!  
(He has it.)

*Tom*: (Unrölling his nose from the typewriter.) Got what? The answers to last term's M 12 final?

*John*: No, meathead! A tremendous way of tricking the Military Science Department!

*Hercule*: Uh?

*John*: We are going to put a non-existent person through MS 21!  
(Pause fraught with stunned surprise.)

*Hercule*: Uh?

*Tom*: You mean — ?

*John*: (Skidding across the stage jubilantly on his downstage heel.) Precisely! We will hand in a roll-card for a phony sophomore, get someone to sit in his seat when attendance is checked, get some-

one to take quizzes for him, and er— (Enter *Prompter*, about twenty-five, handsome, stocky, but not overly pompous, with a mole on his right cheek, who whispers to *John*: "Have someone check his rifle out during drill.")

*John*: Have some one check his rifle out during drill.

(Exit *Prompter*.)

*Hercule*: Uh?

*Tom*: Do you really think it will work, John?

(Pause fraught with anxious wonderment.)

*John*: Of course it will work!

*Tom*: Well, I'll be —

(Enter *Watch*, followed by *Ward*.)

{ *Watch* (menacingly): Uh-uh-uhh!  
  *Ward*

(Exit *Ward*, preceded by *Watch*.)

*Tom*: What will we call our invention?

*John*: How about —

*Hercule*: Uh?

*John* (triumphantly): George Barbelman Splotzkapados!!



*Tom*: Wonderful!

*Hercule*: Pass me that can of Schlitz, will you, John?

*Tom*: Herky, never mind the Schlitz. Listen to this gorgeous idea John and I thought up!

(*Tom* explains the idea to *Hercule* in confidential tones. During this interchange, *John* performs Oriental parlor tricks to keep the audience from getting bored.)

*Hercule*: Gee!

(Exeunt all but *John*, *Tom*, and *Hercule*, who drink a toast to the heinous crime.)

*Curtain*, followed by lemonade vendors.

## ACT II, SCENE II

(Scene: An MS 21 classroom. One *Corporal*, eight *Sergeants*, three *Lieutenants*, a *Major*, and a *Lieutenant Colonel* litter the stage, near the desk, *Right*. The seats in the room, numbered consecutively from 1 to 602, extend across the stage to the *Left*. A slide projector and a



"Is there anything else I can do for you, Cedric?"

movie projector, neither of which works, stand between seats 538 and 539. Enter the *Prop Man*, about eighteen, who has a furrowed brow and is graying around the temples. He hangs a contour map of the Argonne forest over the desk, and deposits on the desk 602 manuals on "*The Art of Latrine Building*," 6 boxes of chalk, each of a different color, 3 divisions of toy soldiers, an M1 rifle, and a first aid kit. Exit *Prop Man*. No students are on stage, until) —

(Enter *George Barbelman Splotzkapados*. He is unbelievable. He is four feet six, has kinky red hair, blue eyes, a blond moustache, and freckles. He is preposterous. He is *George Barbelman Splotzkapados*. He sits in seat number 602. Enter 597 other students and *John Elpmelp*, *Tom Mushenheim*, and *Hercule Potnik*. They sit in seats 1, 2, and 4. (Seat 3 is broken.)

*Tom*: Hey, John, have you got any extra roll cards? We've got to make out a card for our phony sophomore — what's his name?

*John*: George Barbados Splotzkapados. No, that ain't euphonious. What was that name I made up? Oh, yes. George Barbelman Splotzkapados. Yeah, I've got a roll card. Do you think our George will mind being in Course XV?

(This is a rhetorical question. *Tom* does not answer.)

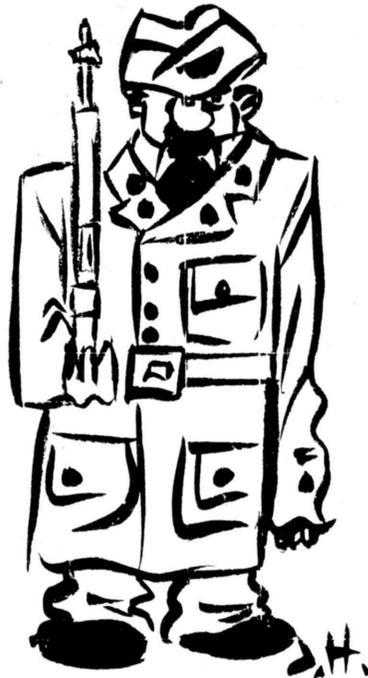
*Hercule*: Uh — he might.

(*John* makes out a roll card for George Barbelman Splotzkapados, but zounds! Unbeknownest to him, the *real* George Barbelman Splotzkapados is also making out a roll card!)

*Major Billikens* (Mounting the podium): You men will now make out your roll cards. On the top line, where it says "Last Name," you men will write in your Christian names. Next, the middle name. If you have no middle name, put a dash about an inch and a half long just above the dotted line. Now where it says "First Name" —

er — *Sergeant Kronk*! Would you illustrate this on the board, please . . . .

(The curtain comes down for one hour to indicate the passage of one hour. When the curtain rises, the students of the MS 21 class are handing their roll cards to the *Corporal*, who is handing them to a *Sergeant*, who is handing them to a *Lieutenant*, who is — *John Elpmelp* hands in his roll card, but — get this — he drops the card he has made out for George Barbelman Splotzkapados without realizing it. He exits, *Left*, thinking he has handed it in.)



*Curtain*, followed by peanut vendors.

*Intermission*, lasting just long enough to smoke *half* a cigarette.

### ACT III, SCENE I

(Scene: The drill field. A pair of goal posts stand *Downstage Center*. Six Cambridge urchins run unrestrained around the stage throughout the following scene. Westgate wives wheel babies in random fashion. The lacrosse and soccer teams are practicing feverishly. Meanwhile, a platoon of MS students are attempting to drill. *John Elpmelp*,

*Tom Mushenheim*, and *Hercule Potnik*, are marching side by side in different cadences, each with a different squad. *G. B. Splotzkapados* is in a fourth squad, a good distance away.)

*Sergeant Kronk*: Bya rie fang — arph!

(The cadets arph bya rie fang)

*Sergeant Kronk*: Bya lef fang — arph!

(The cadets arph bya lef fang.)

A lacrosse player, *Downstage Left*, catches a stray soccer ball in his lacrosse stick and hurls it at an obnoxious urchin. His shot misses the urchin, but hits a Westgate baby, killing her instantly. Enter *The Cambridge Police* to investigate.)

*Sergeant Kronk*: Tooa ree — arph!

(The cadets arph tooa ree.)

*Tom* (To *John*): Hey, John! John, we —

*Sergeant Kronk*: Tooa ree — arph!

*Tom* (After arphing a little too late): John, we forgot to —

*Sergeant Kronk*: Eff showda — omm!

*Hercule*: Oops!

*Officer O'Goshen* (To the hysterical mother of the slain child): Damn it, woman, be calm, damn it!

*Tom*: John! We forgot to check out George's rifle!

*Sergeant Kronk*: Rie showda — omm!

*John*: Hell, that's right, isn't it? Oh, well, so he'll be awarded three demerits, a pink slip and a crying towel.

*Sergeant Kronk*: Furf sqa — tooa ree — arph! Sepum sqa — tooa ree — arph! Thir sqa — tooa ree — arph!

*Officer O'Goshen*: Damn it, woman, be calm —

*Sergeant Kronk*: Forf sqa —

*Officer*: — damn it!

*Sergeant*: Damn it yourself, I said forf sqa —

*Officer* (To *Sergeant*): You keep out of this!

*Hysterical Woman*: My baby, my baby!

*Sergeant* (To *Woman*): I am not your baby, Madam!

(By this time the cadets have marched into the wings. A lacrosse ball zips out of nowhere and hits

*Sergeant Kronk* in the stomach. He crumples to the ground. One *Corporal*, seven *Sergeants*, three *Lieutenants*, a *Major* and a *Lieutenant Colonel* rush to his aid.)

*Sergeant Kronk* (In agony): Squads, halt!

*Curtain*, followed by hot dog vendors.

### ACT III, SCENE II

(Scene: The same classroom as in Act II, Scene II. The students are taking a quiz. The *Lieutenants* are circulating about the room, sneering, as only two minutes remain before the end of the period. *John*, *Tom*, *Hercule*, and *George* are seated as before. *Hercule* has given up in despair and is snoring peacefully over his quiz paper.)

*Tom* (Whispering to *John*): Psst! How wide do you have to build a latrine trench?

(*John* doesn't answer. He is being watched closely by *Corporal Czewilzeczjk*.)

*Major Billikens* (At the top of his

lungs in a raspy voice): You men have one minute left! At the conclusion of this minute, pass your papers to the aisle on your left. If there is no aisle on your left, use the one to your right. *Sergeant Kronk* and *Corporal Kjezliwecz* will collect the papers from the men nearest the aisle. You now have forty seconds left. Do not leave your seats before the bell rings. Do you men have any questions about the procedure to be employed?

*Major Billikens* (Aloof from the outcries of peasants): Be sure to put your full name, address, age, cadet rank and platoon number at the top of your papers. There are ten seconds left. *Sergeant Kronk* and *Corporal Zweliczejc*, to your posts!

(The bell rings. There is a primitive, almost savage groan from the class. The *Lieutenants* sneer. The *Major* smiles benignly. One by one, the students come to the desk and

hand in their papers.)

*Tom* (To *John* as they hand in their quizzes): Boy, what a crock!

*John*: You're not kidding! But at least we got *Bill Smith* in here to make out a quiz for *G. B. Splotzkapados*.

(*Bill Smith* approaches the front of the room and puts his paper on the top of the pile. A dark-eyed student, wearing a huge black cape, who has heretofore been sitting unnoticed in the front row, suddenly jumps to his feet.

*Dark Eyes* (Raising left hand): Ahaa! (With considerable emotion) (The left wall of the room dissolves, revealing 23 dark-eyed leftists, disguised as camels. They charge into the room. At their head is seen *General Splkddsgs*, Leader of All Ukranian Forces, disguised as a camel breeder.)

*Bill Smith*: Ahaa? (Hopefully)

*General Splkddsgs*: Ahaa! (Fero-ciously)

*Major Billikens* (Pulling his rank): Ahaa! Ahaa!

(*Bill Smith* falls before the onslaught, a hammer buried in his brain, a sickle through his heart. As he hits the floor the *General*, Leader of All Ukranian Forces, steps to the front of the stage, and pauses while the audience is forced back into their seats by a band of well-padded Chinese Communists.)

*General Splkddsgs*: The enemy is everywhere! *Splotzkapados*, arch traitor to the cause, is dead! The Royal Camel Police ALWAYS get their man!

(*Major Billikens* picks up the quiz papers and leaves in a huff, the *Corporal* and eight *Sergeants* riding in the rear of the huff. As an iron curtain falls across the stage, *George Barbelman Splotzkapados* is seen sneaking off to his 8.03 class, a smile flickering across his now-handsome face.)

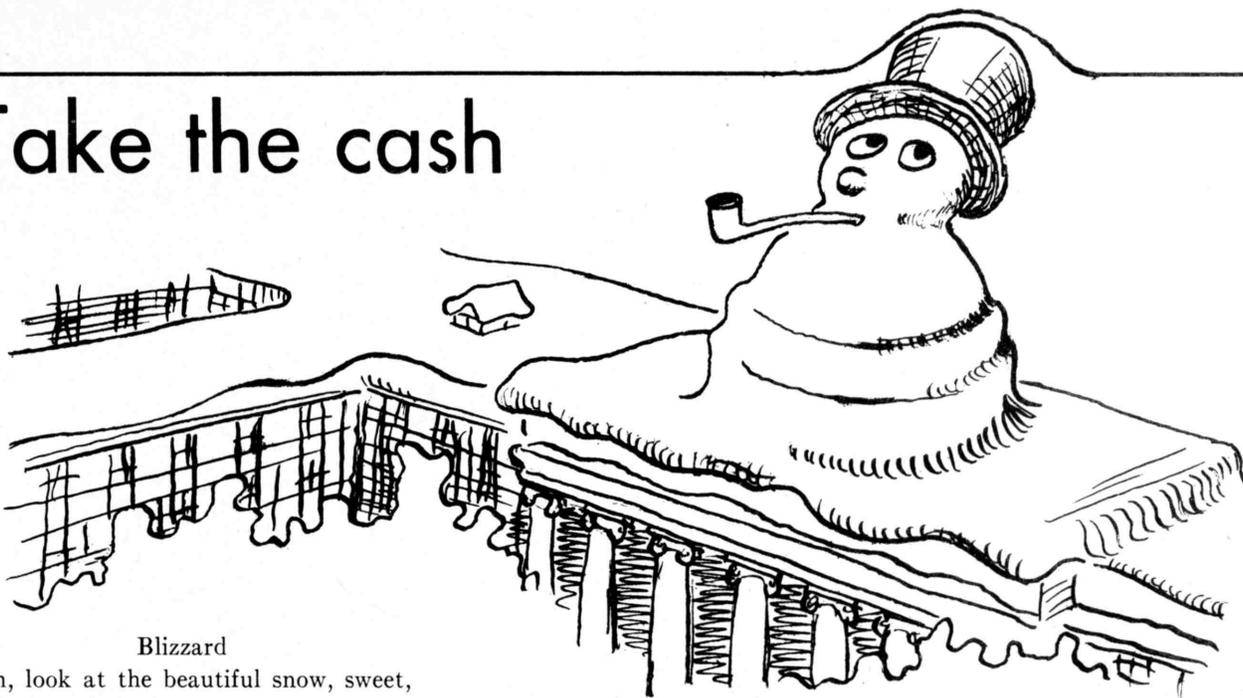
*Curtain* (asbestos), followed by *Pepto-Bismol* vendors.

R. P. A.



"Peek-a-Boo!"

# Take the cash



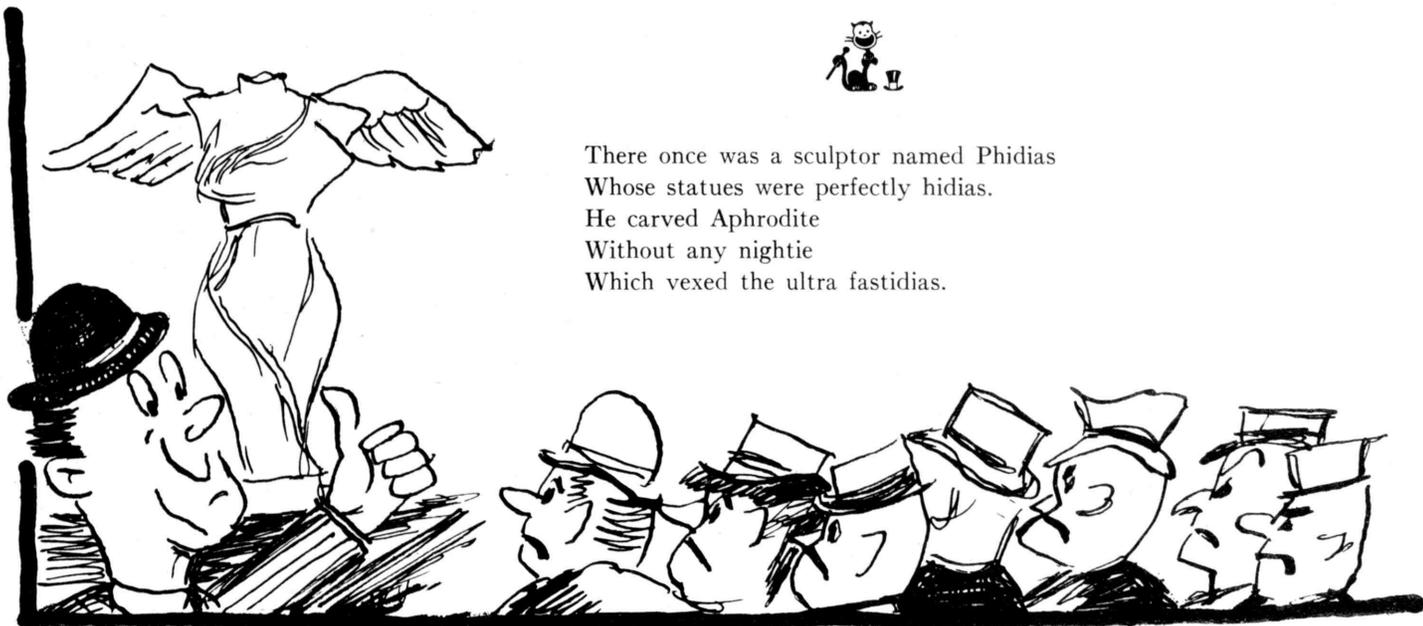
## Blizzard

“Oh, look at the beautiful snow, sweet,  
And icicles all in a row, sweet,  
The Christmas trees covered in white, dear,  
And beautiful patterns of light, dear,  
And hark to the silence it brings, love —  
Oh, snow is the best of all things, love.”

“Agreed, it’s a sight to behold, hon,  
In spite of the fact that it’s cold, hon.  
I’ve shoveled the walks so they’re clean, pet,  
I slipped and fell right on my bean, pet.  
I put a chain on every tire,

I burned my fingers in the fire,  
I lost my rubbers in a drift,  
So every breath I take is sniffed.  
I caught a cold, I burnt my hand,  
My back’s so stiff I cannot stand.  
It hurts me just as much to sit,  
And furthermore, my head is split.  
Oh, gaze at the snow when I’m dead, dear,  
But first you must help me to bed, dear.”

JOHN HARRINGTON



There once was a sculptor named Phidias  
Whose statues were perfectly hidias.  
He carved Aphrodite  
Without any nightie  
Which vexed the ultra fastidias.

—and let the credit go



WHERE MASS. AVE. MEETS CAMBRIDGE

TAXI



## THE BARBARIANS

With the other leaders in their respective circulation fields Voo Doo has decided to do a series on the American way of life. In comparison with Life's Round Table on Happiness and the Post's series on American cities, Voo Doo's opening gun in the war of the ideologies will be an article on that citadel of Western culture, the American barbershop. Being the newest member of the staff I was chosen to have my hair cut at the Coop and immortalize the act in words. I give way to no one in my defense of the democratic way of life. I would start a war quicker than a Broadway columnist, I would gladly shed blood on the steppes of Asia, but getting my hair cut at the Coop is going too far. Being reasonable men the editor and I soon reached a compromise. I went to the Coop and had my hair cut.

Now that subway seats and dun-garees have surrendered, the barber shop is the last area of male dominance. A few introductory remarks are in order to acquaint our foreign subscribers and our large body of female readers (one heavy girl at Radcliffe) with the traditions and ceremonies of the tonsorial emporiums. With the demise of the Police Gazette the barber shop rapidly declined as a literary center. Its present contribution to the American system is its service as an area for the dissemination and absorption of local information, popularly known as gossip. A secondary, aesthetic service is rendered the community by the evaluation of the relative merits of the more prominent structural features of the local female population. As the city grows in size, the shop descends to a mere beautifier of the American male.

An insurmountable problem in some localities, which brings us back to the Coop.

I entered the shop with the air of a sacrificial goat (soap is hard to get in the Senior House). Sitting down I noticed a few copies of back magazines. In common with dentist's offices and Walker Memorial Library the barber shop is the richest mine of old magazines outside of the storeroom of the Congressional Library. Such fascinating titles too; the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey Weekly, the Chicken Farmer's Companion, Physical Culture for Elevator Operators. I have heard that the barber shop across from the Harvard School of Business has copies of Fortune and Forbes's Business Weekly exclusively, but I

would have to see it before I believed it. Glancing through a copy of the Literary Digest, I had missed, I heard the barber call, "Next." Going to the chair I heard a very loud, "Hey, it's my turn" from the end of the room. Firmly squelching this ecru satchel carrier with, "A man with your 'cum' should have a low voice too," I slid into the chair.

The ritual now started that has outlived stone axes, chariot racing, and Harvard men. A large cloth is draped over the shoulders and knotted around the neck. This keeps any hair that has not gone down your neck from falling on the floor. Formerly the cloth was narrowly striped, giving the appearance of a man with his head stuck





*"Do you think it will ever replace night baseball?"*

through an awning. The barber's contribution to gracious living has been to change this to solid colors or possibly in the more gay shops, a flowered design. The knot holding the oversize sarong in place is the cause of considerable dissension in the trade. The Eastern school, led by the Dean of Trimming, Bowery Barber College, insists on a running sheepshank, claims it filters all but the most obnoxious short hairs. The Western or duckbill school uses the bowline-in-a-bite exclusively. It filters none of the shorn hairs, but has the advantage of allowing the barber to choke off any superfluous comments such as, "That's enough off the top" by merely inserting his fingers in the collar. After the Dubinsky funnel is in place the next step is an inquiry into the desired finish. It may range from a sheep-dog or professorial finish to a Sing Sing or "skin-cut," but the interrogation is purely functional, a sop to tradition. There are tall barbers, short barbers,

and sheep-shearers, but there are no barbers that believe a customer knows anything about hair styling.

The next move varies with geographical location. In Chicago an annuity or bond must be posted to cover the cost of the hair cut and any little extra the customer may want, such as hair tonic. In New York the barber usually turns up the radio announcing the racing results. Contrary to popular opinion those pointed ears on New Yorkers do not come from living in a hell of a town, but from loosely held clippers when favorites run fourth at the local tracks. The mechanics of clipping and trimming now begin.

There have been too many acidic comments on the barber's dialogue while engaged in his trade. The male Homo Sapien is not one of God's greater works of beauty when faced from the front. When viewed from a point behind and slightly to the left of the ear, he is hardly an inspiration for scintillating conversation. After the clipping and shearing is over, lather is applied to the sides of the head and the back of the neck. A straight edge razor is then brought into play, having the double effect of rectifying any minor slip of the clippers and keeping any comment about the hair cut on the judicious side.

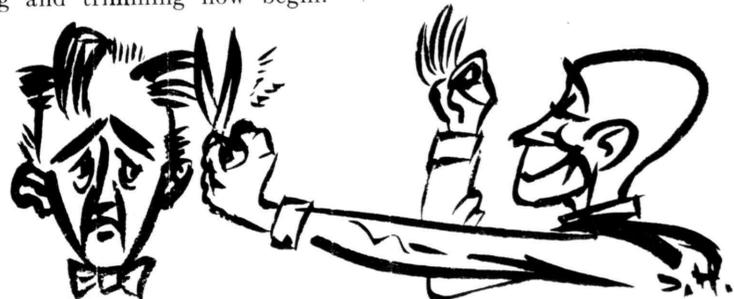
It is said a doctor buries his mistakes, a barber just wets his down. The next step is a very confidential "Wet or dry" in the ear. Being a "dry" man (in a non-alcoholic sense) I always choose the latter. The barber wets his hands in witch hazel, pats the back of your neck and under the disguise of a scalp massage dries them in your hair. He now dips a comb in water and applies it to your hair, giving you the appearance of a duck on a rainy day. Some day for purely experimental reasons I will ask for the wet treatment. Anything less than complete immersion will be a disappointment.

F. G.

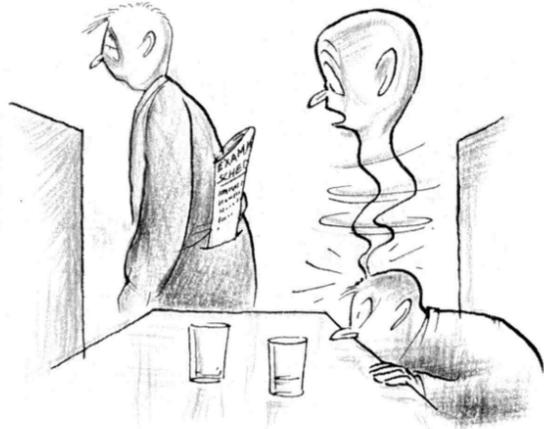


Some very scientific chaps state that the inside of the earth isn't as hot as is claimed. In our unscientific and humble opinion neither is the outside.

— Yellow Jacket



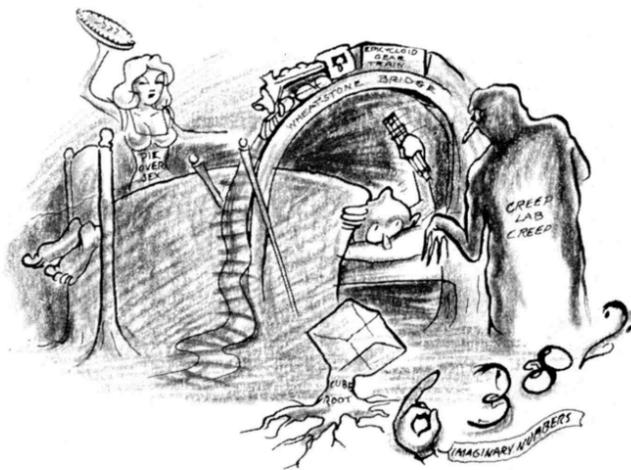
# AND THAT'S FINAL!



Ohmigawd! That \$%09ω' final is tomorrow. Gotta get home and study . . . study . . .



T'hell with this: it just goes in one ear and out the other. I'm saturated.



To sleep: perchance to dream. Aye, there's the rub. . .



How dry can this stuff get? Must be acres of it.



I'm snowed under . . . better hit the sack.



Here I come, ready or not.



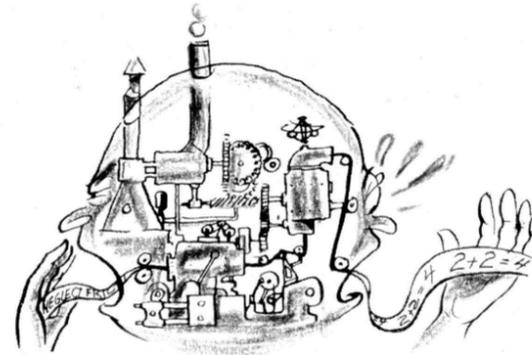
I'm sunk! Shoulda studied. Shoulda studied. . .



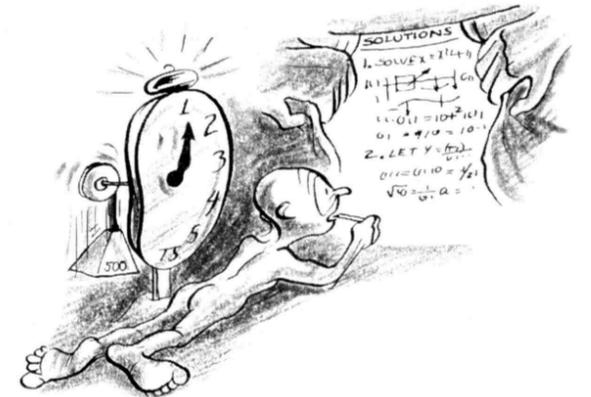
Easy, easy, it'll come to you in a minute.



It's right here in the back of my mind somewhere.



Just plug in the numbers and turn the crank.



No! No! Not yet! It's all so clear now. . .



I won't think about it any more. I won't think about it any more. I won't . . .



I wonder what it's like at Miami U.?

# THE OUPHOULOUS SMEAR<sup>1</sup>



A tragedy of the early Grecian School, believed written in 487 BC by Menangals. Including notes by the translator, Professor Constantin Hottwatter, BS, MS, PhD.

## *Dramatis Personae*

*Eroe*: Prince of Athens

*Eroea*: Princess of Athens

*Ero*: King of Athens

*Bronislavsky* (2): Commander of the Athenian phalanx

Chorus of Grecian soldiers



## *The Argument*

Eroe loves Eroea. Bronislavsky loves Eroea. Eroea loves Eroea. Ero wishes to see Eroea marry Eroe. (3)

## *The Scene*

Field headquarters, where the royal court has gone to watch maneuvers.

## *Chorus*

*strophe* Aaaaah.

*antistrophe* Ooooh.



*strophe* Hear the beating of the drums,  
Gallant Bronislavsky comes.

*antistrophe* And approaching far away,  
Hither cometh Eroe.

*Bronislavsky*: Ah, Venus, Helen, what do I care for your charms—what indeed, with Eroea in my arms?

*Eroe*: What, Bronislavsky? Listen, mister, last night it was I who kissed her.

*Bron*: Gallant Eroe, what you say is not nice!

*Eroe*: Foo to you, gallant (4) Bronislavsky; I kissed her twice.

*Bron*: But night before last, I kissed her thrice!

*Eroe*: I ended up with the most lipstick, (5) so she kissed me better.

*Bron*: Oho, you're wrong there, or so I'll wager!

*Eroe*: I know I did!

*Bron*: I'm sure I did!

*Chorus*: (singing in unison) Aha, aha, aha. (6)

*Bron*: No, I!

*Eroe*: Not you, but I!

*Bron*: I!

*Eroe*: I!

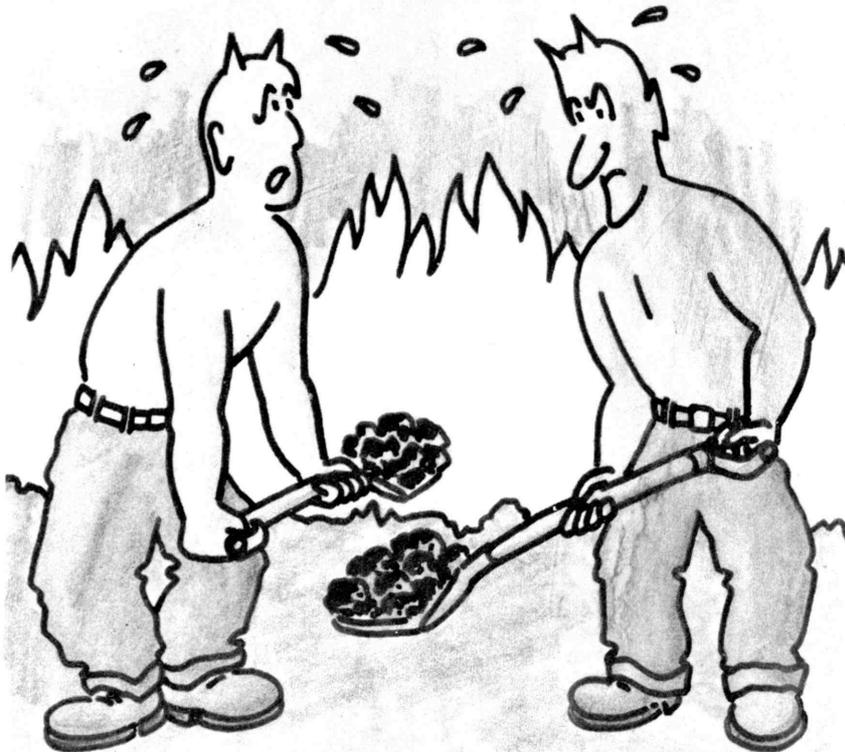
*Bron*: I! (7)

*Eroe*: Come, let us cease this argument, which is silly in the most.

*Bron*: To forget our differences, then, a toast! (poisons Eroe's glass)

*Eroe*: (drinks, staggers) What potent wine, it's gone to my head. (falls dead)

*Bron*: At long, long last, my rival's dead.



**R. S. GOOCH**

"Wait till Lewis hears about this."

*Eroea:* (coming on scene) He's dead!

*Bron:* Of course he's dead—I killed him, too,

For he was a rival of my love for you.

*Eroea:* Ah, Zeus! (8) My loved one now is gone,

And never again will come the dawn.

To help your bravery in the field,

And to defeat our common foe,

I kissed you, general, as best I could,

With lipstick thick, alas, O woe!

And lipstick might as well be mud,

For all I cared; but kissing Eroea,

I bit my lips, and so kissed him with blood.

And now, to follow my love,

To the gardens of the Gods above. (she drinks Eroea's wine, falls dead beside him)

*Bron:* My loved one and her loved one,

Will ever happy be,

So let me ride with Charon now

To my gloomy destiny. (stabs self, dies)

*Ero:* (coming upon the bodies)

My son, my daughter, my general,

All ready for a funeral.

Ah, that I should live to see such things—

Farewell, my Greece, thy memory stings. (stabs self, dies)

*Chorus:* The king is dead, long live the queen, (9)

And with a happier man be seen.



"We've got to get rid of some of these papers."

Notes by Professor Constantin Hottwatter:

- (1) Though the meaning of the title is obscure, it is supposed to have some bearing on the drama.
- (2) Note that the Russians had already infiltrated their men into high government positions.
- (3) This was common in Greece, according to unreliable sources. Anything to keep it in the family.
- (4) Greeks were noted for their gallantry.
- (5) Those Greeks knew what they wanted.
- (6) Untranslatable, but approximately "aha!" in English.
- (7) In Greek this was "ay, ay, ay!"
- (8) Translated literally, this means, "By Jove!"
- (9) She did, too. See Sophocles' "Cour Tintreeg," one of his lost dramas.

JOHN HARRINGTON

She: "I've lost so much weight you can count my ribs."

He: "Gee, thanks."

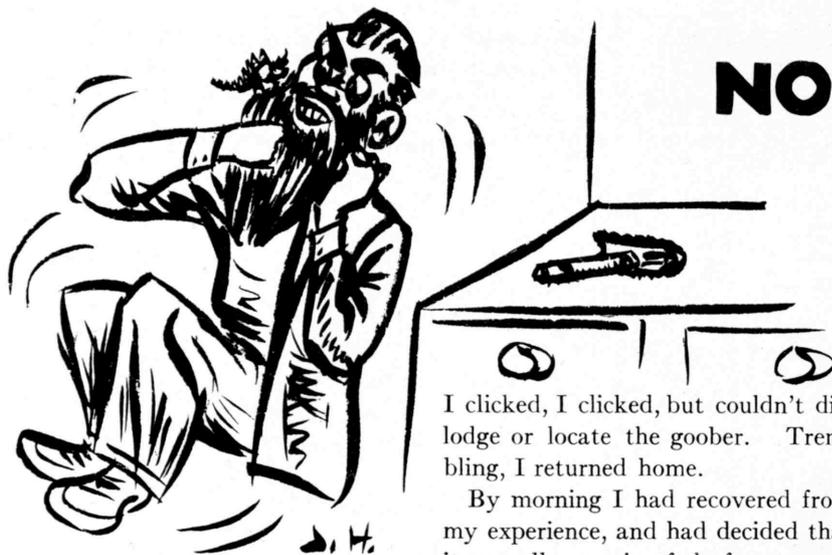
— The Log



Lawyer (for motor accident victim): "Gentlemen of the jury, the driver of the car stated that he was going only four miles an hour. Think of it! The long agony of my poor, unfortunate client, the victim, as the car drove slowly over his body."

— Polaris





## NOT TO BEARD

The last issue of a leading periodical carried an article advising one and all concerned to grow beards, now that cold weather has set in. I, as an ex beard-cultivator, feel it necessary to put down my three razors long enough to reply, before the whole male race finds itself in a horribly hairy condition. For the love of Borscht, *don't grow that beard!*

A year ago I decided to grow a beard in order to grow a beard. It was a mistake. First came weeks of acid stares from passers-by, weeks of itches, countless wake-up-suddenly-with-the-feeling-that-some-THING-is-at-your-throat nights, et cetera. Then came — the goober. What it was I'll never know. WHO it was I'll never know. Where it came from I'll never know. But where it lived, I'm sure of. The goober was crazy about my beard.

I first realized I had a passenger one damp afternoon after a long walk in the commons. I had returned to Cambridge and was walking down Memorial Drive. The time was two P. M. Suddenly, without fanfare or previous notice, IT ran out of my beard on the right side of my jaw, scurried rapidly up my right cheek, galloped across my forehead, slid down my left cheek, and vanished into my beard again. I waited, terrified, for further action, but nothing happened. I pushed, I pulled,

I clicked, I clicked, but couldn't dislodge or locate the goober. Trembling, I returned home.

By morning I had recovered from my experience, and had decided that it was all a passing fad of some sort. I had heard nothing more from my chin, all was quiet. Then two o'clock came. Suddenly, the beard on the right side of my jaw parted, and the goober started up my cheek again. Happily it crossed my forehead. Joyfully it tumbled down my left cheek. Noisily it disappeared into the luxuriant growth on my jaw. I swooned.

When I recovered, I decided that something had to be done about this creature. I couldn't sacrifice the efforts and sufferings of weeks and shave off my foliage. Some other means had to be found. I decided to kill the goober.

First I tried heat. I sat all morning with my chin in a washbowl of scalding hot water. At two P. M., however, the goober appeared again, and went through his daily routine. He was bright red (it rather became him, too), but otherwise healthy. The next day I froze my surprised chin in ice, but it didn't seem to bother my passenger. (He did sneeze once as he passed my left eyebrow, but it didn't slow him down.) The third day I tried to slap him as he made the right-cheek ascent, but he rather enjoyed the additional exercise. He

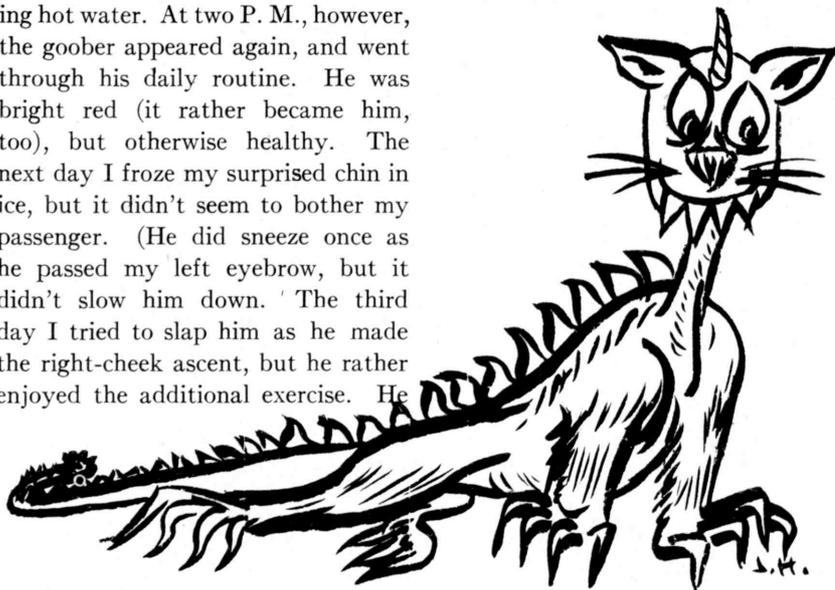
even bit my finger — and laughed.

By this time, I was becoming a wreck, and nearly had a nervous breakdown every time two P. M. came around. I just HAD to stop him, before he ruined me. I decided to lay a trap. I bought four packs of chewing gum. By 1:45 I had an even layer of soft, sticky gum spread on my forehead. This time I WASN'T nervous because I felt that I, at last, had the upper hand. But I was wrong. The goober rushed up my right cheek as usual, saw the gum, got a good running start on my temple and cleared the gum with a spectacular leap that would put most athletes to shame. He stayed on my forehead long enough to pull some of my hair down into the gum, then slid down my cheek again, dragging his fingernails behind him.

With a scream I dashed to my room. With a moan I shaved off my beard. As the hair-filled water disappeared down the drain, I thought I heard a sob.

Dear reader, *Don't Grow That Beard!*

J. H. B.



Collegiate reporter: "I've got a perfect news story."  
 Ed.: "How come? Man bite a dog?"  
 C. R.: "No, but a hydrant sprinkled one."  
 — Turn-Out



"Do you come from Harvard?"  
 "Heck, no. I'm talking this way because I cut my mouth on a bottle."  
 — El Burro



Sometimes my father takes things apart to see why they don't go.  
 So what?  
 So you'd better go!



If she looks young, she is camouflaged.  
 If she looks old, she is young but dissipated.  
 If she looks innocent, she is fooling you.  
 If she looks shocked, she is acting.

If she looks languishing, she is hungry.  
 If she looks sad, she is angling.  
 If she looks back, FOLLOW HER.



Then we unearthed the old one about the fellow, while drinking beer in a local pub, was forced to adjourn to the men's room. To make certain that no one would drink his beer during his absence he wrote this note: "I have spit in this beer." Upon returning he was startled to find written in bold handwriting at the bottom of his message, the added inscription, "So have I."



A man rushed into a bar and asked the bartender, who was removing dew from the bar, if he knew of anything that would stop hiccoughs. His answer was a slap across the face with the wet towel. Surprised and furious, the stranger demanded the reason for such action. With a placation grin the bartender replied, "Well, you haven't got any hiccoughs now, have you?" "Hell, I never did have," was the indignant answer. "I wanted something for my wife. She's out in the car."  
 — Unique

## QUESTIONS

- A Said Mr. A, "They're good and mild, you see,"  
Said Mr. A, "It's years and years for me."
- B The sequence two, five, five when solved,  
Shows a smiling D. A. with sins absolved.
- C Working backward where this man dwells,  
You make one change for fragrant smells.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
 NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

*Chesterfield*

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A The sock which Arthur Godfrey is holding with his white mitten.
- B The Chesterfield carton whose last five title letters show out of the green sock.
- C Always Bring Chesterfield. The central word of the famous slogan has been revised from Buy to Bring.

WINNERS ...

<i>L. A. Gould</i>	<i>R. Boole</i>	<i>E. Erbin</i>
<i>J. Cottrell</i>	<i>G. St. Pierre</i>	<i>J. Broderick</i>
<i>N. Fowler</i>	<i>W. R. Dagnall</i>	
<i>A. Sieg</i>	<i>R. L. Harding</i>	



NOW! OPEN EVERY DAY  
 .. INCLUDING SUNDAYS ..

FAMOUS STEAK DINNERS  
 AT  
**Newbury's Steak House**

NEWBURY STREET AT GLOUCESTER  
 BACK BAY :: BOSTON

First cow: "Where are the rest of the girls?"  
 Second same: "They're over in the other pasture having a bull session."

— *Minnesota Technology*



A Deke was shopping in a department store for a present for his little niece. He squeezed one doll and it hollered, "MAMA." He squeezed another and she yelled "Floorwalker."

— *Old Maid*



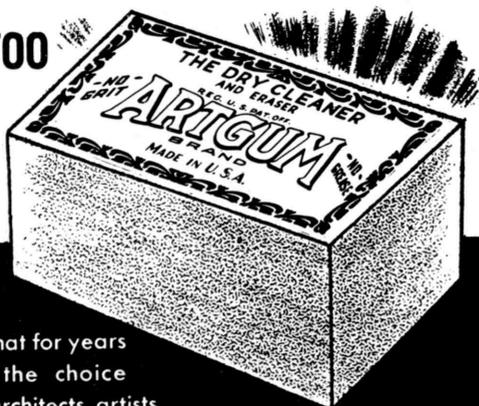
"She was only a communist's daughter, but everyone got his share."

— *Rammer Jammer*



Who can account for a guy so bull headed he will sit up all night playing poker, knowing that he needs rest and with his wife coaxing him to come to bed and get some.

**YOU TOO  
 CAN  
 RELY  
 ON...**



the eraser that for years has been the choice of leading architects, artists, teachers and draftsmen!

only the genuine bears the trademark

**ARTGUM**  
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**QUICK** on the pick-up

**CLEAN** on the job

**CAREFUL** to prevent paper abrasion

**THE ROSENTHAL CO.**, New York City, U. S. A.  
 Also Goodyear Brand Rubber and Soap Erasers

Henry Ford delivered a speech at a special welfare meeting and in the course of his address said,

"What more can we do to help suffering humanity?"

Came a voice from the back of the hall, "Put another spring in the back seat, Henry."

— *Rebel*



This may be the machine age, but love is still made by hand.



"What shall I do?" wailed the sweet young thing. "I'm engaged to a man who cannot bear children."

"Well," remarked a kindly old lady, "you mustn't expect too much of a husband."

— *The Date*



We wonder if we'll have as good a time in hell as we're having going there.

— *Shi-U-Mah*



First Coed: "He's always been a perfect gentleman with me."

Second Coed: "He bores me, too."

— *Shaft*



The traveling salesman went out in the country and didn't get back to town before night so (here it comes) he had to put up at a farmer's house. The farmer told him that he could either sleep with the baby or in the barn. The salesman chose the barn and awoke early the next morning and looking around he spied this beautiful 18 year old girl milking the cow. He asked her who she was and she said, "I'm the baby, who are you?"

To which he replied, "I'm the damn fool who slept in the barn."

— *Urchin*



"No," said the centipede crossing her legs, "a hundred times, no!"

— *Growler*

A broker sought admission to the pearly gates.

"Who are you?" said St. Peter.

"I am a Wall Street broker."

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What have you done that entitles you to admission?"

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

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

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

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"That's all I can think of."

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

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



I call my girl Serial, because when we neck, she quits when we come to the best part.



(One mouse to another) Go ahead and swipe the cheese, it will be a snap.



There are three classes of women: the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

— Turn-Out



"I don't know why I go out with her. In the first place she is too skinny . . . and in the second place, too."



"My mother and father were brother and sister and that's why I look so much alike."

— Oscar Wilde



"Shore is a great place, the city," commented Elmer on his return from his first visit to Salt Lake City. "Spent my first night with a naked woman, too; and if I'd played my cards right, I guess I could have kissed her."

— Unique

An ex G. I. married a girl who had been a first sergeant in the WACs. When asked what he was going to do on his honeymoon, he answered, "I'm going to realize the ambition of every enlisted man in the Army."



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



We understand that manufacturers of a certain feminine garment are currently making only three kinds: The Russian type, the Salvation Army type, and the American type.

The function of the Russian type is to uplift the masses. The function of the Salvation Army type is to raise the fallen. The function of the American type is to make mountains out of mole hills.

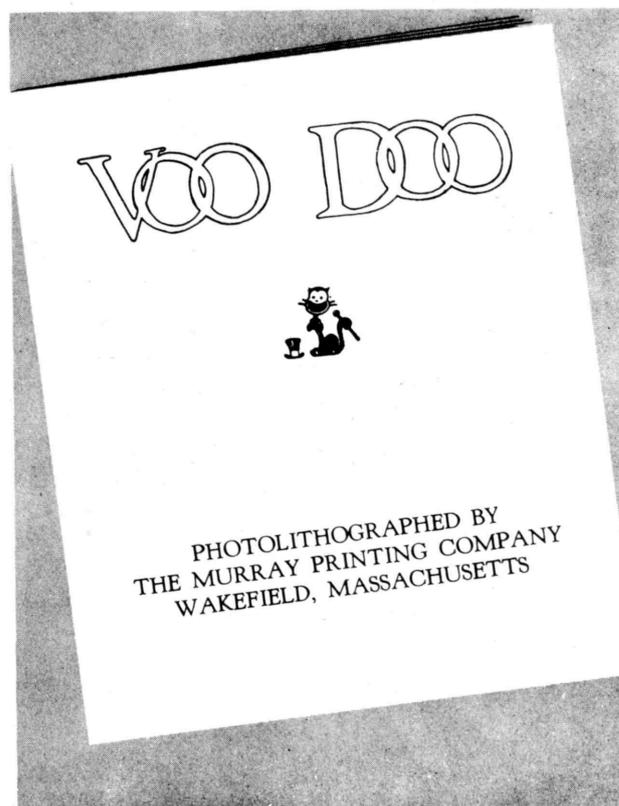
— Ranger



One girl asked another how to make love.

"You don't" the friend replied. "You just stand still and defend yourself."

— Urchin



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Drunk calling up the Salvation Army: "Shay, do you save bad women?"

"Yes, we try."

"Well, howge bout savin' me a couple for tomorrow night."

— Turn Out



Old Lady: I suppose you and your husband worry a lot because you don't have any children after being married three years."

Young Lady: "Oh yes, we've spent many a sleepless night because of it."

— Green Gander



Many a coed who used to have her gowns dry cleaned, now has them distilled.

— Kitty Kat



Then there was the waitress who was so dumb that she didn't know whether lettuce was a vegetable or a proposition.

— Show Me



Dentist (to patient who is opening his purse): "No, don't bother to pay me in advance."

Patient: "I'm not. I was only counting my money before you give me the gas."

— Flame



The newly-weds had just gotten off their train.

"John, dear," said the bride, "let's try to make the people think we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey," was the answer, "you carry the suitcase."

— Pelican



Dear Editor: "Does the law give a man the right to open his wife's letters?"

Answer: "Yes but not the nerve."

— Old Maid

A society matron had hired a private detective to shadow her husband and when the dick presented the bill, she gasped in astonishment: "Why, you've charged me just half the amount we agreed upon. How come?"

"Well, you see," answered the detective, "the dame I caught him with was my wife."

— Turn Out

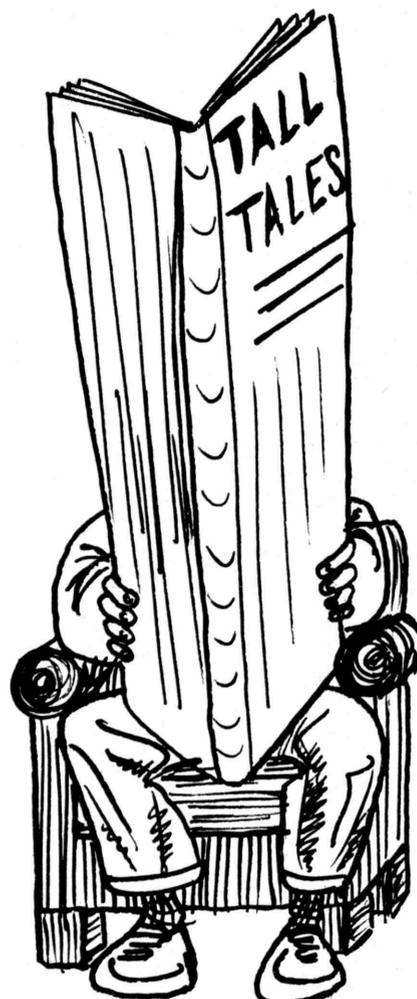


"Where in hell have I seen you before?"  
"What part of hell are you from?"



A widow is the most fortunate in the world. She knows all about men, and all the men who know anything about her are dead."

— Urchin



JOHN HARRINGTON

# Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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Graduate study, leading to the Master's and Doctor's degrees, is offered in Ceramics, in Sanitary Engineering, and in most of the above professional Courses.

For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

The Catalogue for the academic year will be sent free on request.

The magazine subscription man was met at the door by the colored maid.

"I would like to see the lady of the house," he said.

"Lawsy, I specs you would, she's taking a bath."

— *Urchin*



Radio singer Johnny Andrews tells the story of the husband who surprised his wife in bed with another man. The wife tried to explain. "When you were out of work," she said, "who do you think paid the bills? And that diamond ring I bought for your birthday, who do you think paid for that? And the time I needed that money for an operation, where do you think I got it?" The husband looked puzzled for a moment. Then with a grand gesture, he spoke to his wife. "Cover him up," he shouted, "do you want him to catch a cold?"

— *Syracusan*

One of the office cuties here at Court Square, as we heard it, was visiting one of the local cinemas in town recently and she approached an usher saying, "Pardon me, but do you have a ladies' waiting room here?" "No, ma'am . . . but we have two rooms for ladies who can't wait."

— *Pup*



Mr. Green — My wife is scared to death someone will steal her clothes.

Mr. Jones — Doesn't she have them insured?

Mr. Green — She has a better idea. She has some guy stay in the closet and watch them. I found him there the other night.

— *Spartan*



Then there's the girl who ruined her health because she misunderstood the doctor's orders. She thought he recommended three hearty males a day.

— *Down-Towner*

The farmer was sitting on his front steps eating a sandwich when a hen zoomed by with a rooster in hot pursuit.

Suddenly, the rooster put on the brakes, slid to a halt, and began picking the crumbs from the sandwich.

"Dern," muttered the farmer in disgust, "hope I never get that hungry!"

— *Burro*



A newly married couple boarded the Golden State Limited for their honeymoon. They were in their berths and the bride about every two minutes would exclaim, "Johnny, I just can't convince myself that we are married." This went on and on for half an hour. Finally a voice from the other end of the car shouted, "Johnny, will you please convince her so we all can get some sleep."

— *Urchin*

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They stood on the Brooklyn Bridge and gazed over the placidly undulating waters. Before them stretched crowded shores, oily ripples of river and an incessant stream of boats. Behind them, in the distance, rose the fog-enveloped spires of New York's skyline. Far down the river lay the Brooklyn Navy yards.

"That's a man-o-war over there," he said casually.

"Then that little boat that's pulling it must be a tug-o-war," she smirked.



"What I can't understand," observes Salty Sam, "is how a jury composed of six young women and six young men can be locked up in a jury room for 12 hours and come out and say 'not guilty.'"

— Ranger



Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"  
Little boy: "I think she's married."

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to try to pay it off tomorrow."  
— Scottie



The scientist had just discovered a serum which would bring inanimate objects to life. To prove it he tried it on the statue of the owl in front of East College.

Sure enough, the statue gave a quiver and a moment later the old owl creaked down off his pedestal. The scientist was overjoyed and said, "I have given you life, Mr. Owl; what is the first thing you are going to do with it?"

"That's easy," rasped the owl, "I'm going to go after about two million damn pigeons."  
— Unique

Then there was the girl who soaked her strapless evening gown in the coffee so it would stay up all night!  
— Green Gander



A Tennessean was playing poker with several Englishmen. He was quite surprised upon picking up one of his hands to see four aces in it.

"I'll bet a pound," said the Britisher to his left.

"Ah don't know how y'all measuah youah money," said the Tennessean, "but ah reckon ah'll raise y'all a ton".  
— Yale Record



A young lady and her aunt, returning home from work on pay day, were relieved of their money by a stick-up man. The young lady rushed over to the nearest policeman and exclaimed: "I've been robbed of my pay and my aunt's pay!"

"Cut out the pig Latin and tell me what happened," the copper ordered.  
— Carolina Mag.

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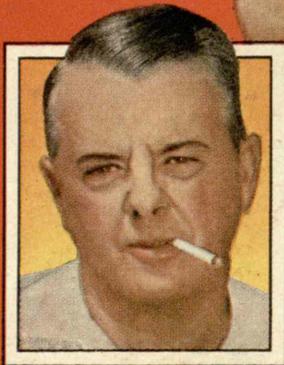
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