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FEB.

*"My  
cigarette?  
Camels,  
of course!"*



WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW... IT'S

# *Camels for Mildness!*

*Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported*

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We returned from the late vacation with a strange feeling deep, deep down inside. This was to be the last term. Everything seemed kinda different. Until we reached the office of his majesty's *Voo Doo*.

We opened the door with a "graduation's just around the corner" sort of a kick, and found the ever present Phos sleeping in the editor's mailbox. We hailed the Cat and shoved him a couple of times. He woke up.

"Now just what in the name of all that's VOO DOO are you doing, kicking me like that? Go away little boy. Scram, Beat it!"

"Come, Phos. Wake up! Spread cheer! Greet the sun! 'Wake, for morning, in the bowl of night, has flung the stone that put the stars to flight, and . . .'"

"I'll flung a few things around here myself, if I don't get some quiet pretty soon," answered the thoroughly aroused cat, seizing a large tin can of some sort in his left hand. "What the hell's gotten into you, anyway. Are you stir crazy, or did the long vacation tire you?"

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong." In fact, it's right. Phos, my dear, beloved *Felis libyca domestica*, THIS is the LAST term."

"The last term for what?" said the wee, dry voice at my elbow.

"Why, old sourpuss, the last term of school. The last term before graduation, before we enter the world. What a moment is soon to come, oh Cat, as we cast aside our books, and seize the hammers and anvils of the world, ready to . . ."

"Vomit!"

"I beg your pardon, animal. What did you say?"

"I said that I'm ready to vomit. Last term indeed! Hammers and anvils — nuts! Graduation, bah! Listen to me, you rambling children of a decadent generation. I've seen so many "last terms" around this office that my ear has become immune to the phrase. And I've heard people worthier than you use it, too!"

"Phos, dear. Tell us. Why have YOU never graduated?"

"Very simple, little boy, very simple. It was a sure thing back in the twenties, graduation was I mean, and I approached MY "last term" with somewhat the same misguided emotion that you've been mouthing just now. At the last minute, though, I decided to switch my schedule around a little. Nothing fancy, you understand, I just wanted to drop two electives, substitute three more, and try to get out of repeating 8.04. I sent my reasonable request to the registrar — and have been waiting for a favorable reply ever since."

"What seems to be the trouble, Cat?"

"The old story. I say 'yes,' the registrar says 'no.' It's no less than an irresistible force (namely, me) versus an immovable object (namely, the registrar).

"And the result, dear beast?"

"Indescribable confusion, my boy, indescribable confusion."

J. H. B.

# VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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## OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



To the editors of Voo Doo

Dear Sir:

I just wanted to tell you that Voo Doo is our favorite reading here at Montclair High — when my copy arrives, I am the center of attraction, and have no problem at all with underarm odor or smelly breath for a couple of days at least. You've been doing much to redeem the reputation Voo Doo had back in the Navy days. Keep working, boys!

Love,  
Phyllis Ledbetter,  
Montclair, N. J.

Gad! So that's our fate - favorite reading of Montclair High. Ed.

To the editor of Voo Doo

Dear Sir:

My daughter Lucyanne spent last weekend in Boston on a visit to her fiancée, an M.I.T. man. She stayed at one of the M.I.T. women's dormitories, Atkinson Hall, I think, and she asks me to find out how she can get back some underwear she forgot there in the hurry and excitement of the weekend. I have heard of you by repute, sir, and I am confident that if anyone can locate the undergarments, it is you.

I have one question, however. Much of the clothing Lucyanne did bring back was torn and wrinkled. She tells me that some of the other girls had borrowed it. Would you speak to the house-mother in Atkinson about this? Is she a capable woman?

Yours sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Amalie Ledbetter  
Riverdale, New York

A very capable madam. Ed.



To the editors of Voo Doo  
Gentlemen:

I have a small quarrel with you: It is that you do not reflect the atmosphere of M.I.T. in your magazine, as I think you should. You are an undergraduate humor publication, and it is your responsibility to give your readers a reasonably accurate picture, albeit a funny one, of the otherwise unfunny life at the Institute — not a feeble imitation of a certain New York magazine which shall remain nameless.

Yours etc.  
Thomas Ledbetter  
Tuxedo, New York

We tried holding a mirror up to nature, Tom, but it shattered. Ed.



WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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*Schaefer*  
*Pale Dry*

the beer that's both light *and* dry

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., New York

# DOING THE TOWN

A splendid place to go when the chill winds whistle around your ribs and you feel that you must have some solid food to keep winter at bay is Jacob Wirth's place, on Stuart Street just east of Tremont. Jakey's dark beer is famous, of course. It's a good beer, albeit a little too watery to curl one's hair, comes in handsome seidels and should make you belch teutonically, and with great violence. Food comes in all sorts of Kraut ways such as bratwurst, pig's knuckles mit sauerkraut and, on Wednesdays only, sauerbraten. All of it heavy, and all of it good, with the lonely exception of the potato salad, which is prepared in the German fashion and doesn't tickle my fancy in the least. But that's a matter of personal taste. Prices put Jake into the medium range, from a buck and a half up, and the service is fast, willing, and friendly in the extreme. Lots of local color, and not a bad place to take a girl to when she wants to see a real beer joint.

You can take her, again, to the New Ritz, at 9 Bowdoin Square, if neither her nor your ears are apt to burn. The joint is always crowded, smoky, and good for some clean fun. Stylish stout Esther and her svelte sister Annie shuffle between tables singing Mule Train, with whiplash accompaniment, and a few bawdy familiarities to make you feel at home. Nothing that isn't respectable, y'unnerstand, but if you don't like to be compared to youknowwhat, stay away. At the New Ritz you learn to recognize yourself and like it. Beer costs thirty-five cents a bottle, and there is no cover or minimum. A little band, not very good, a loud juke box, a couple of hillbillies, and a crowd Hogarth would have delighted in.

A final boost for the "Jamaica Inn," at 39 West Albany Street. I've been there a number of times during my prolonged stay in Boston, and I've been genuinely delighted every time I have gone there. The chow is West Indian, hot and good. What these people do to chicken and rice is incredible, and they have something there they swear is stewed snake, fer-de-lance or something. Don't quite believe them, of course, but it's delicious just the same. Drinks are rum and rum, permuted how you will with fruit juices and sirups and colas. We hairy men pride ourselves on taking ours straight, but by all means let me advise you to try the habanera, which consists, as close as I can make out, of rum and very strong tea in a proportion to suit yourself, with lemon juice and a pinch of sugar for flavor. Smoooooth and powerful, and the smidgin of "dry ice" they drop in the glass supercools your drink while making it bubble like a witch's kettle. I believe that all their rum drinks are priced at approximately the same level, seventy or eighty cents for about five ounces of fire water, and dinner prices start at \$1.75, hover at two bucks, and shoot on up. Be sure your date really loves you whatever your faults, because you are liable to become engrossed in the waitresses, handsome wenches who are dressed to take one's mind off the food and drink.

The Jamaica Inn has a fine rumba combo, which makes, o rarity, soft music while you eat, soft music when you dance — if you're not a hip wiggler stay off the floor — and loud and furious music when the show goes on. This is twice a night, at eight and at eleven, and is well worth timing one's dinner to the minute. I have never yet



heard the clatter of knife and fork when the lights go low at the Jamaica. The fellow who runs the place, a genuine Jamaican yclept Daniel Sullivan, has a shrewd scheme for cutting overhead in these rugged days: He keeps the expense of costumes to the bare minimum, which appears to please his patrons no end, and brings the money rolling into the till like nobody's business. Very instructive show, at which I first realized that rumba motions do not have to apply to ballroom dancing all the time. It's not a girlie show alone, however, and impresario Sullivan avoids cloying the finer senses of his customers by separating the acts with things like tango dance teams, jugglers, fire eaters, and a little VOO DOO when he feels the audience can take it. It's quite an act, and they swear the chicken blood and so on is faked and all a snare and a delusion, but I advise you to have a little rum smoking under your belt before you take it in. The show, then, mixes many good circus acts with lots of sexy girls, and has absolutely no singers of any sort, dirty or simply torchy, which makes it rate very high indeed in my book. There is a cover charge of two dollars after seven o'clock in the evening, but take it on an experimental basis, cousin: Ain't a girl born who can take three or four habaneras without beginning to twitch like some of the lassies in the show.

The lady of the house was entertaining her bridge club when the pattering of tiny feet was heard on the stairs. She raised her hand for silence. "Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their good-night message, it always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them . . ."

There was a moment of silence — then shyly, "Mama, Willie found a bed bug."



A patient at the psychiatrist's office had been complaining of a recurrent dream that a screw was where his navel should be. The doctor advised him to also dream that he had a screwdriver in his hand, and could remove the screw. Days passed, and patient and doctor met again.

"Well," asked the doctor, "how'd my suggestion work out?"

"I did as you said, doc," replied the other, "and it worked out all right, except for one thing. My legs fall off when the screw comes out."

A clergyman, who had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, returned to the club house rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," replied the preacher "it will be your hole."

Three men were sitting around bragging about how much money they made in radio. The first fellow, an announcer, said, "Really, you know, I get paid \$100 for saying just three words, 'Duz does everything'."

The second fellow said, "How very interesting, old chap. Of course, my price is a little higher. I get \$200 for saying just two words. Those two words are 'Rinso White'."

The third guy spoke up at this point and said, "The trouble with you is you talk too much. I don't say nuttin' and I get \$300."

"Indeed, and what do you do to get \$300?"

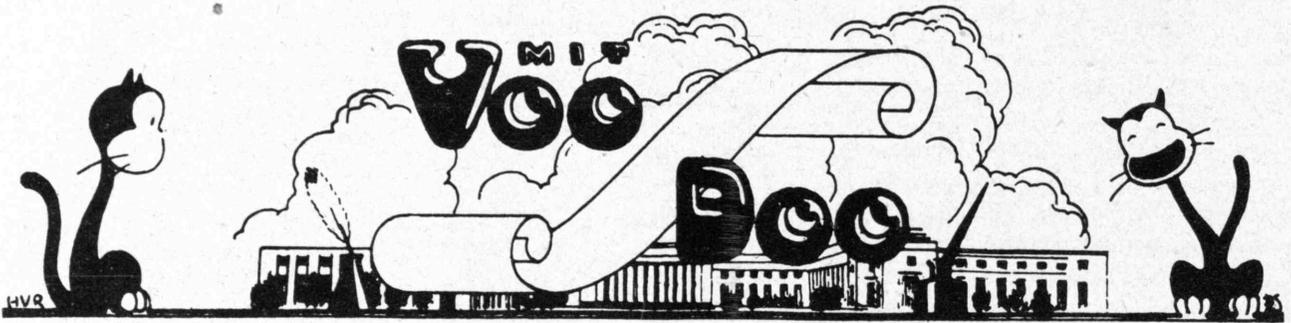
"I get \$300 for pinching the girl that says: 'Ooooooh That Oxydol Sparkle!'"



"That is a pretty dress you have on."

"Yes, I wear it to teas."

"Whom?"



**T**HIS negative business reminds us of the time we wined and dined in a good cause at a place down on Sheridan Square, a place singularly uncluttered by tourists from uptown, and the waiter waved a bottle of Worcester sauce under our woman's schnozzola. First she said, "No thanks," and then she screamed, "Yes please." Turned to us and explained she was the symbol of modern virginity — so used to saying no that she even refused the sauce. We took our cue, and never laid hand on her afterwards without having ketchup right close.

**C**OUPLE of important things happened to us recently — it must have been in the indefinite period when forty-nine was still tottering feebly, and fifty wasn't yet kicking. But nothing compares with the tale of the young man who asked his instructor how one identifies arsenic in an unknown compound. Could it be done by taste test? Instructor agreed that taste test offered proof positive — a blackened face and enlarged kidney. The young man finished licking his finger and concluded that the unknown couldn't have contained arsenic.

**R**OOTING around in an old pile of magazines, fellow we know came up with a copy of *Time* devoted to a serenade of "Almagordo" Oppenheimer. Said Oppy, "It was so hot that day (at Harvard) that all I could do was lie on my

bed dressed in my shorts, and read Jeans' "The Expanding Universe'." Man expressed the hope that it will never get so hot around here again. And before we leave the subject of piles of old rubbish and things, we would like to ask Them In Authority to do something about that goddam Walker gym, which we must traverse to get to our office. It may be the varnish, it may be the enthusiastic gymnasts, or it may just be a plain ole basketball coach who has gangrene, but that gym smells like the sock storage vault at Poughkeepsie every June. Festering, putrescent, malignant, and when we take girls through there they look at us queerly. We're not, we like to think, asking for a hell of a lot. We don't insist on Schiaparelli's Shocking. But please get that cadaver out of there.

**A** MINION reports that the skiing up in Hanover is somewhat discouraging. He is not what they call an expert of the trailways, and it appears that he was mopping his heated brow, with which he had been ploughing up the snow a dozen times, when a little girl of about six summers and winters came herringboning up the hill at a hell of a rate, planted herself in front of him, and said, "You want me to show you how?" The hell of it is, our man reports, that she did.

**O**NE MAN wanted to know why we all don't do more to reflect the attitude of the Institute

in these pages. Like, he says, the Record does at Yale. Another fellow liked us fine, but said he was getting frustrated by all our sexy lit, and life wasn't really like that, was it? Because if it was, what hadn't he got that everyone else obviously had? But he was sure that we were writing of an ideal rather than a real situation. Like to take this one by one, if the gentlemen don't mind. Primo, we don't think that any college magazine anywhere reflects the attitude of a college as a whole. Usually just the jokes and opinions of a more or less tightly knit group of people. Secundo, we have neither the wish nor the gall to try to reflect the attitude of the student body at the Institute. We don't know what it is, and what we have seen of it hasn't endeared itself to us. At all. Neither is it funny. Nor sexy. There you have it. To the man who is discouraged by the frequency with which our fictional heroes make the Dean's list and the heroine, courage and hope. There are as few urbane and sophisticated characters floating around the world at large, in and out of bedrooms, as there are in our little academic backwater here. But keep reading this yar rag, boy, and you'll be a Casanova with a fake British accent and an esophagus pitted by martinis before your best girl can say no.

**T**HE No Holds Barred Party of Chocolate Pudding Club provided a lethal amount of pre-Christmas cheer for all those who remem-

ber the pre-Christian era. Specifically the ointment in one of the drinks which floored a number of men who attended, leaving one of the six vice presidents of the ancient club to escort four women home, one after another. Again, when the magician called for an elastic band, a lassie remembered that she had two in the back of her brassiere. Since they were hard to get at while she had her dress on, several hands helped her out of it, and the magician got his elastic. Couldn't turn the trick, though. They tell us it's a house rule that no member may invite more than one guest a term, and that all party invitations must be voted on in concert. Rather exclusive outfit — we recall the time when there was only one member, a couple of years ago, who would propose some of his own good friends for membership, and then reluctantly blackball them at the secret ballot. The character finally got tired of eating his meals alone, and voted in some men whose appetites coincided with his.



Perfume salesgirl to a blond: "Just a word of advice, honey, Don't use this stuff if you're only bluffing."



"So you're named Tom. I know George means 'lover of horses,' and Philip means 'beloved,' and Don means 'chief' — do you know what Tom means?"

"Business, baby, business."

— *Syracusan*



Slogan for a midnight masquerade:

Once a King always a King,  
But once a Knight's enough.

"One think I have learned in my long experience with the fair sex," said the sly looking one to his drinking companion, "is that you can't trust a woman with brown eyes!"

"Zounds!" exclaimed the other, "I've been married for two years and it occurs to me that I don't know what color eyes my wife has."

He bolted from the bar and whipped home. His wife was in bed asleep. Creeping closer he lifted her eyelid.

"Brown, by God!" he roared.

Brown crawled out from under the bed and said, "How the devil did you know I was under here?"



"I'm going to love you till the cows come home, darling."

"Okay, but never mind petting the calves in the meantime."



Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but presents bring faster results.

— *El Burro*



A young girl was talking to her grandfather: "Grandfather, how old does a girl have to be to get married?"

Grandfather: "She must be old enough, yet young enough, big enough, yet little enough, wise enough, yet dumb enough, weak enough, yet strong enough, to chase a man until he catches her."



Patient: (coming out from under the chloroform) — "Why are all the blinds drawn, doc?"

Doctor: "Well, there's a fire across the alley, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

## DID YOU KNOW DEPARTMENT?

Did you know that fat in a woman is like sugar in tea? It soon settles to the bottom.

Did you know that the shortest distance between two dates is a good line?

Did you know that the girl who leans all over you on a couch is pleasure bent?

Did you know that the real reason money is called Jack is because a Queen takes it?

Did you know that familiarity breeds contempt?

Did you know that Adam was the first man in history to be awarded the oak leaf cluster?

Did you know some people think Vat 69 is the Pope's telephone number?

Did you know that any girl can get a fellow to kiss her if she just uses a little come-on sense?

Did you know that in a kick it's distance, in a cigarette its taste, and in a rumble seat, it's impossible.



The mother was in the hospital next to her child.

The doctor entered on his tour of the patients.

"Your hair is red," he said to her, "the child's is brown. What was the color of the father's hair?"

"I don't know," was the innocent reply, "he didn't take off his hat."



I love me,  
I'm quite affectional.  
You might say —  
I'm homosexual.  
When I meet me,  
I introduce myself,  
And sometime I  
Will seduce myself.

# Smith House

## Famous Food For Fifty Years

500 MEMORIAL DRIVE  
CAMBRIDGE

TROWBRIDGE 6-8500

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"You're not home yet."



"I'm sorry," said the elevator girl, "did I stop too abruptly?"

"Oh, no," said the disgruntled passenger, "I always wear my pants down here."



Two old monkeys were chattering in a forest primeval. "Just look at that deer making a fool of herself for two bucks," said one. The other sighed, "I could use a little doe myself."



Tech: "Why don't you wear ear muffs?"

Wellesley: "I haven't worn them since the accident."

Tech: "What accident?"

Wellesley: "Someone asked me if I wanted a drink and I didn't hear them."



A Boston spinster was shocked at the language used by workmen repairing a telephone line near her home, so she wrote the telephone company. The foreman was requested immediately to make a report of what had happened. Here's what he said:

"Me and Spike Brown were on this job. I was up the pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Spike — right down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said: 'Really, Harry, you must be more careful.'"

He: "I had a dream about you last night."

She: "Did you?"

He: "No, you wouldn't let me."



You're never too old when your hair turns gray,  
You're never too old when your teeth decay,  
But you're on your way to eternal sleep,  
When your mind makes a date that your body can't keep.



When she returned from her date, her mother noticed that one of her shoes was muddy.

"What makes your right shoe muddy and not your left?" she asked.

"I changed my mind," she said simply.



Scene in an English barroom:

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

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



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!"

HONOR THY PARENT



Feb. 2, 1950

Dear Mom and Dad,

Well, our finals are over, and I guess there are a few things I should explain to you, as our report cards are being sent out today.

First, there's the marking system here at Tech. As you may have heard, the Institute feels that marking us by A, B, and C would be too easy for our mathematical minds, so the marks we get are H, C, P, L, F, and FF.

H is the worst you can get here. It stands for "horrible." The other marks stand, respectively, for Contemptible, Poor, Lovely, Fine, and Frankly Fabulous. I think I can safely predict that most of my marks will be F's and FF's, although, I'm ashamed to admit, I couldn't do any better than P in Military Science and in Athletics. I promise you I'll do better next term, though.

Jimmy Appleton isn't doing so well as I am, I'm sorry to say. The poor fellow hasn't gotten anything but H's and a couple of C's. So please, if you meet his folks, try

not to talk about marks with them. They must feel pretty badly about it all. Even if they start to talk about them, just change the topic. They may try to put on a cheerful act, so don't make it too hard for the poor folks. I really feel sorry for them.

Some of the fellows seem to feel that the finals were pretty rough, but I personally think that the ones who went hysterical during the Physics final were putting on an act. Some of the acts were quite convincing, I'll admit, especially the one of the fellow who bit a hole through the desk and then tried to bite the proctor. However, I still think he was acting. The proctor didn't look appetizing at all.

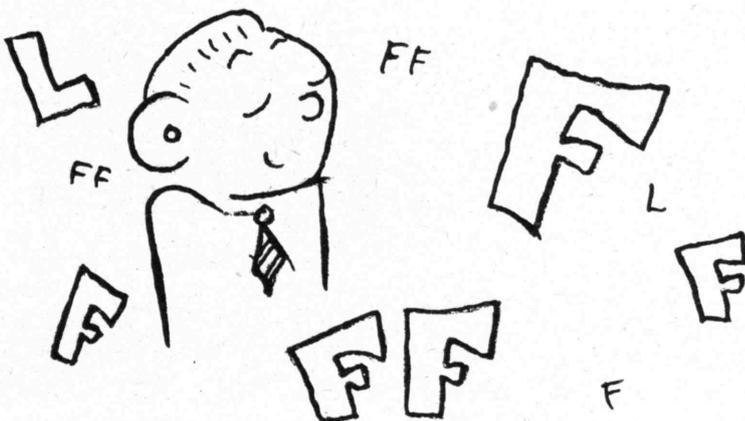
Did I ever tell you about the Transfer Plan that the Institute has instituted? Well, it seems that M.I.T. does not want to be such a hog as to keep all the brainy fellows here at Tech. Instead, they pick the Freshmen with the best marks and tell them either to spend a little time in another college, or to go directly into industry. This way, the brainier fellows can go either to another school or into a business and immediately start spreading their knowledge, as a true scientist should always be eager to do. At any rate, Dean Pitre spoke to me the other day, and said that if I get the same marks next term as I did this term, I should get ready either to transfer to Horsefly College, or to get a job in our sawmill. He said I could do more for humanity working as a laborer than wasting time at Tech, and learning nothing new.

So, Dad, if you have a little time, why don't you pass by the sawmill and talk to their personnel man, and ask him if he would have any kind of job for me. I'm willing to start at the bottom and, since this is an altruistic venture, I won't demand too much of a salary to start with.

Love and Kisses,

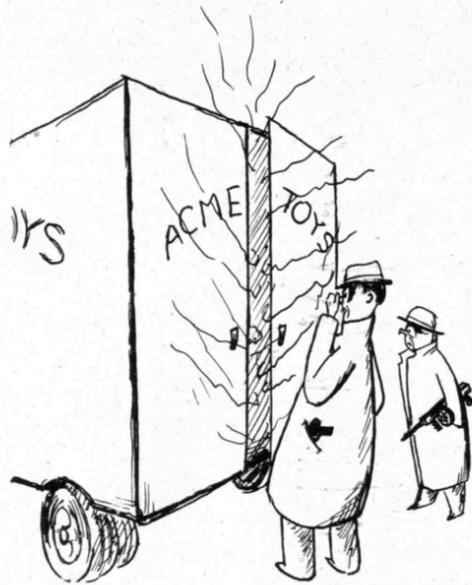
HERBERT

PS: Please send money.



# Men of the Half-Past Century

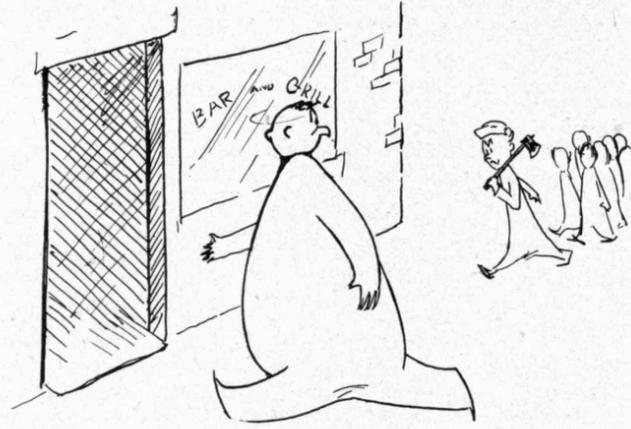
Probably the most ear-shattering, nerve-splitting era since the dawn of civilization and its organized frustrations, the past half century has been oft-maligned. Its passing took fifty years, but all in all it was worth it. There were giants on the earth in those days, and America produced her share. Nearly every other man was a hero, and those in between were hero-worshippers, so it took a lot of weeding to choose the most significant deities. We whencewith present our crop of weeds; the heroes of the first half century.



From little acorns great elms spring, and from a little corn that waited too long on a hot day sprung the fabulous career of Al Capone, hood extraordinaire. While running corn into Iowa he was forced to take a long detour when agents of the Farmer's Support Bureau set a trap for him, and the corn began to work en route. Rather than take a total loss on it he dumped it into his family bathtub, drained off the juice and peddled it as snakebite medicine. The rest is History.



Soft-voiced, big-sticked, Teddy Roosevelt perhaps most nearly personified the muscle-flexing humor of a nation just grown into its long pants. T. R. was militant self-reliance itself, and when he wanted a tropical swimming pool he dug it himself. The ditch he dug across Central America soon proved too slimy for water polo, but Bobo Marinucci, an enterprising consulting engineer, solved the problem by letting the Atlantic Ocean in at one end and the Pacific at the other. Upkeep was paid for by charging admission to the A & P tea galleys, but the swimming is lousy.



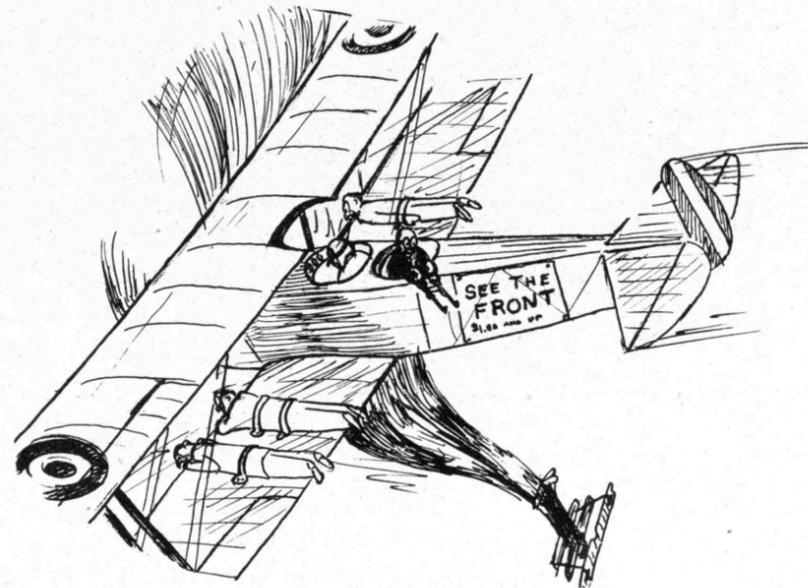
The Good Old Days also saw a friendly contest between two people working toward the same admirable end. Carrie Nation decided to lower the standard of living by breaking up housekeeping in the local pubs, while Moe Smith, a government agent, attacked the problem of liquor from the consumer's point of view, and tried to drink the country dry. Carrie died from an overdose of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but Moe is still with us.



The new-born movie industry took a great leap forward when it discovered the attraction that the ardent lover held for sex-starved American womanhood. An unknown extra, Rudy Valentino, gained undying fame when a stomach pain distorted his face into an expression of bilious passion that thrilled moviegoers for years. The great lover finally died from ulcers brought on by the strenuous demands of his art.

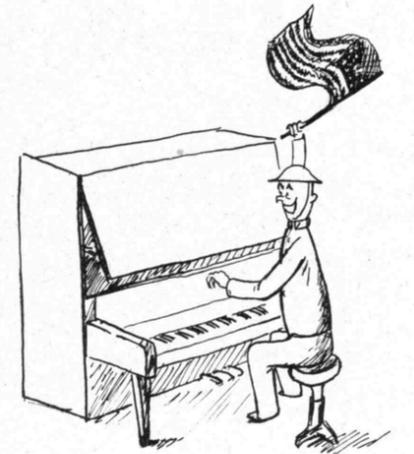


Then one fog-bound day in May, 1927, a heretofore unknown coal stoker, Hannibal Ginsberg, neglected to watch his steam gage, and the boiler blew on the Jersey City Lox and Bagels Express. So the company hired an airplane to make the vital trip, but the short hop from Long Island wound up in the vicinity of the Eiffel Tower. Of course you could never tell fifty million Frenchmen that it was a mistake in vector addition that brought the now famous "Ouz" to Paris.



That the strength of America lies in its strong spirit of free enterprise was demonstrated in the First World War, when the human struggle to make an honest buck was responsible for many an act of heroism. A young lieutenant named Eddie Rickenbacker advertised "Safe, pleasant flights over the lines", at a modest fee calculated to augment his salary, and in order to keep his advertising honest he was forced to knock off a record number of Krauts who tried to interfere with his non-scheduled operations. Application of similar tactics to his present business has made him eminently successful.

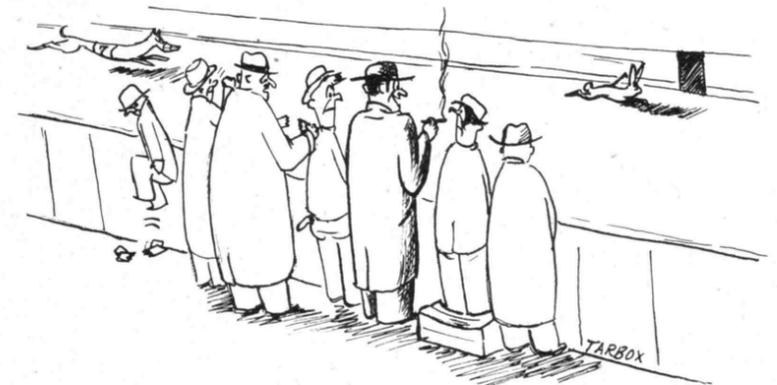
Greyhound racing has passed the day when fortunes were to be made and lost at the track. The fabulous Furlong Crumbliff made a million by betting on the rabbit to show. Crumbliff was the hero of his day, and was martyred in 1939 when the track bigwigs chopped his water by running two rabbits.



The new American spirit, the national pride and prejudice, had grown with the century, but until an obscure song plugger named Cohan doodled dandily with "Grand Old Flag", the country never had a firm grip on its flagstaff. George M. Cohan invented Patriotism.



Spindle-legged George Herman Ruth ushered in an era in the Great American Pastime. Wherefore the pitcher had attempted, with small success, to hit the bat, the Babe decided to open his eyes and swing. The crowd roared its approval and the custom soon spread, but the outfield bleachers haven't been safe since.



## CHRISTMAS AND SONATAS

"It's no worse," said the little corporal and sucked his teeth, "it's no worse than a bad cold. You ain't a man until you've had it once. Me, I've had it three times."

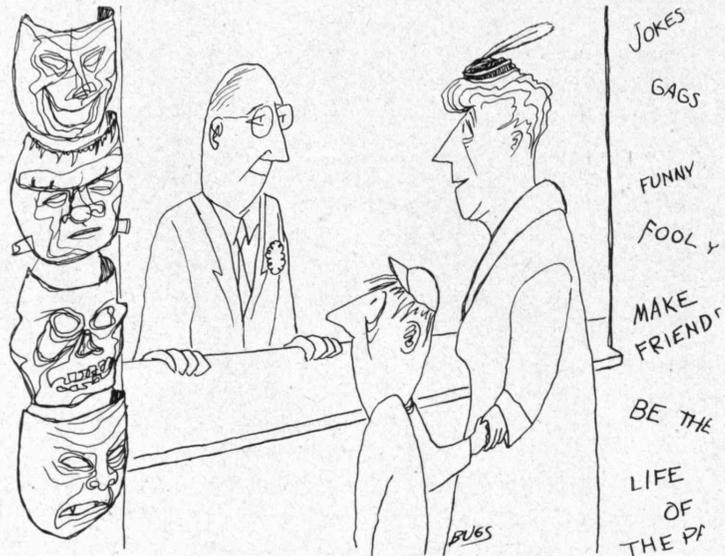
"Whassa matter, you like the stuff? Whyn't ya be a little careful?"

"Hell," said the corporal, "that's like taking a bath with your clothes on." Pung thought the matter over for a few moments and came to the conclusion that the corporal had probably never taken a bath in his life, with clothes on or without. Pung flicked a little ash from his trousers, stretched his legs in front of him so that the creases would not bag. Where the trouser legs were held against his boot tops with rubber bands, the tension had pulled them up a little, and revealed the fancy white lacing of the jump boots. Pung inhaled in time with the music, drank beer, laughed with the waitress. One might say, he thought, that the Red Cross club was deadly dull. Pung got up and buttoned his jacket.

"Where ya going, boy?" asked the corporal.

"Cruising," replied Pung. "You want to come along?" He didn't wait for an answer and turned to leave. The corporal shook his head and stayed at the table.

Pung turned down the Bahnhofstrasse, looked in the store windows, looked at the elegant houses, looked at the women. Cows. The people as a whole. Repugnant. They had nothing, and they were desperately busy. As if what they were doing had any significance. Doing the silliest bloody things as if the earth trembled when a Kraut spoke. Giving each other



"Could you show us a mask like the chieftain wore?"

titles, laying down tables of organization and administration. Two scruffy kids whisked down the street, chasing each other, picking cigarette butts out of the gutter, speaking a pidgin English — eighty percent foulest profanity. I hate the buggers, thought Pung, and sat down on a wooden bench, watching the handsome trees, the splendid view, the rickety traffic, the rickety people.

"Excuse me, sir," a voice said at his elbow. Well modulated, Oxford accent, shy. Pung looked. He saw a young man, about his own age, about his own size. Blond, not black haired. Long hair, in the German fashion. Pale skin. One leg. "Excuse me, sir," the young man said nervously, "Would you be interested in some stamps?" He held out a cigar box, tentatively. Pung lifted the lid and saw that it was full of stamps.

"No thanks," he said. And then, "thank you very much." In English. The young man smiled and pointed at Pung's Constabulary patch.

"You are in the armored troops, no?" Pung nodded. "I too," said the young man. "In Russia." He thought for a moment, and smiled briefly. "The Russian girls were

splendid," he said, and looked at Pung. Pung didn't move a muscle. The young man smiled again, tentatively. "I know a place here in Heidelberg . . ." he left it hanging. Pung said nothing. "A very fine place," said the young man, "neat girls. University students." Pung looked at him, and grinned.

"Let's go," he said, in English.

They walked down the Bahnhofstrasse, slowly, so that the young man could keep up with Pung's loose stride, rags and riches.

"Do you have a cigarette?" asked the young man, and led the way into a mews between two old houses of sober stone. Pung gave him one, and he saved it until they came to a door, where he lit the butt and then rang on the bell. For a moment they waited, and then the door opened and an apple-cheeked matron looked out, looked out to the cheerful sound of piano music and children's laughter. Pung raised an eyebrow, and followed indoors. The place was full of children. A big whitewashed room full of laughing, shouting, dancing kids, age five to nine. And a Christmas tree in one corner, flanked by Santa Claus and what must have been Santa's grandmother. Pung grabbed his guide by

the lapel, pushed him into a corner.

"What the hell goes on here?" he asked, in English.

"A Christmas party for the children." It appeared obvious. The young man led Pung around the side of the room, and out through a door in the back. Santa nodded to them as they passed. Up the narrow stairs. More piano, but softer this time, sonata not carol. The young man knocked on a door and entered at once, Pung on his heels. A little old lady was sitting by the window, the furniture overstuffed and lace-adorned. The old lady was overstuffed and lace-adorned, also. She inclined her neck slightly as Pung introduced himself. She spoke halting English, halting but perfectly accented.

"Tell Caroline," she said in German to the young man, "to stop playing that confounded piano and come to this Ami." Pung smiled, and said nothing.

"You must excuse me," she said to Pung, "my daughter Caroline will entertain you." Pung rose, and she hobbled out of the room.

"Good afternoon," said Caroline. Tall, pale, brunette. "Won't you please sit down?" She motioned Pung toward the sofa, and sat down next to him. Accepted a cigarette. "What do you think of our Christmas party for the children?" she asked. "The darlings, they have so little fun!" Pung talked about the children's party. About the mild winter. About Mozart. About Proust. She was surprised to find that he spoke French, that he had read Proust. She smoothed his hair and he her breast, and they spoke of Turgenev and Schopenhauer and Hemingway, and as footsteps went past the door she pulled down her skirt and leaned onto Pung's shoulder. "This way," she breathed into his ear, and led him into the bedroom.

There was shouting. Shouting and sirens. Pung twisted a little, brushed Caroline's hair out of his mouth, and went to the window. Lean, brown, naked, with the little white scar on his left shoulder.

"What is it, Liebling?" she asked, and sat up in the bed. Pung leaped away from the window and began to scramble for his uniform. "Schatzi, what is it?" She walked to the window and looked down, one hand on the curtains, one modestly over her bosom. The street was swarming with Military Police. As she watched, three men came out of the house across the street, consulted for a moment, and pointed to the window. Directly at the window, she thought. Pung was struggling with his shorts.

"No," she said to him, "not that way." She picked up an armful of his uniform, took Pung by the hand, and drew him out of the room. Down some other stairs, into a small cubby hole. Disappeared and returned in a minute with the Santa Claus costume. Pung looked at her dumbly, and then he smiled. He climbed into the red suit, pinned on the cotton

beard. Caroline was stuffing his uniform to the sack. There were steps in the corridor, and she flew to Pung, clung to him. An MP lieutenant and two enlisted men turned the corner, and stopped in silence.

"Excuse me," the lieutenant said in poor German. "Entschuldigen Sie, bitte." One of the enlisted men laughed.

"Let's see your papers," he said.

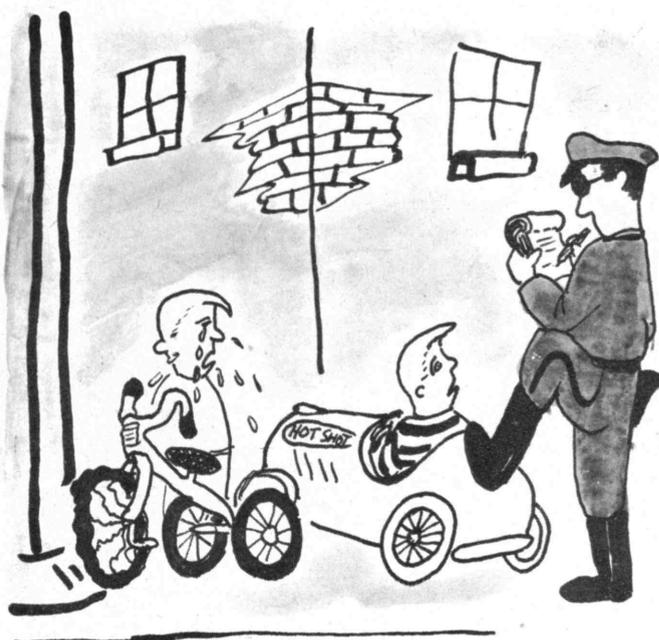
"Leave 'em alone, for Chrissake," said the lieutenant. "It's getting to be so a man can't do a damn thing without cops breathing down his neck. That's the Gestapo way." He shrugged his shoulders, and they left.

"Hell of a thing," Pung heard one of the MP's say, "this place. First a crowd of kids in a cat house. Then an old gaffer setting in a corner in his drawers. And you turn the corner and there's Santa Claus, hugging a naked woman."

"You're kidding," someone answered.

"So help me." Pung grinned, and slapped Caroline's backside very gently.

Vic



# THE PLATONIC SCRAPBOOK



WE MUST SEEK THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH THROUGH KNOWLEDGE!



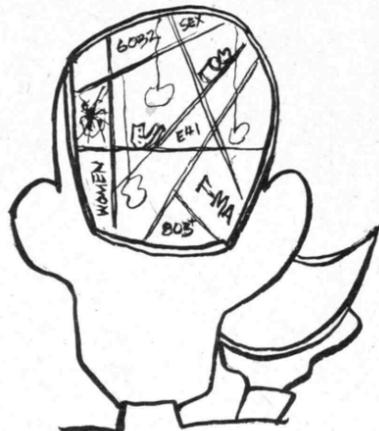
TRUTH MAKES YOU POWERFUL



THERE ARE 3 CLASSES OF MEN: GOLD, BRONZE AND IRON -



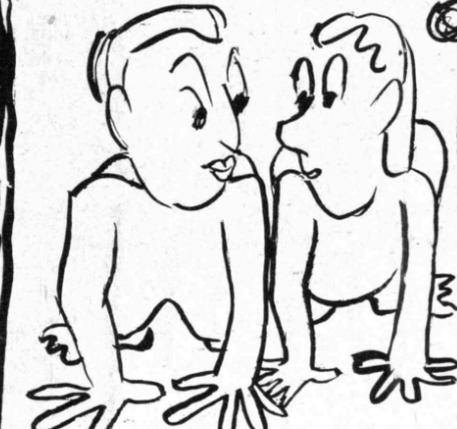
IDEAS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THINGS



REASON IS ORDER IN THE MIND



NO MAN EVER DOES WHAT HE THINKS IMPROPER OR UNPROFITABLE AT THE TIME



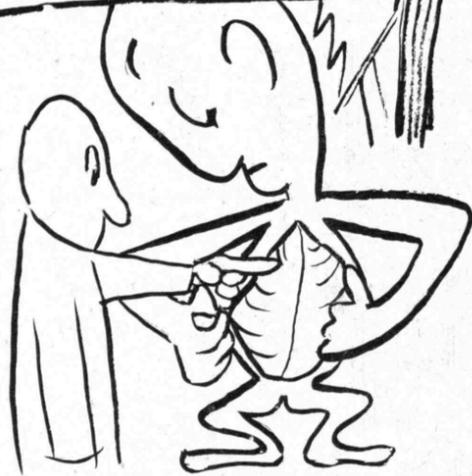
THE WOMEN SHOULD EXERCISE IN THE GYMNASIUM WITH THE MEN!



IT IS PROPER TO KNOW WHAT TO FEAR AND WHAT NOT TO FEAR



EACH MAN MUST FIND HIS PLACE



THE UNEXAMINED LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING



TIS BLISS MY CHILD!

IGNORANCE IS LIKE BEING IN A CAVE



DOGS ARE PHILOSOPHERS SINCE THEY KNOW THEIR FRIENDS.

VE-HOUSE

## MANIFESTO!



“Sex sells magazines,” or so one of the wheels on the Voo Doo staff seems to think. As a matter of fact, he is probably right. The reason is obvious to anyone who has read the stories. The magazine sells because it gives the inside dope on the people we would like to be and the life we would like to lead. In these stories all the heroes and heroines are wonderfully beautiful, terribly well-rounded, and graciously honest enough to admit that sex is here to stay. The men, impeccably groomed from their Florsheims to their Wildroot, are always discussing philosophy, mixing cocktails at their portable bars, or attacking heroines — preferably all of these at once. The women, bless their well-formed bosoms, constantly pour out bons mots, never smear their lipstick, and are either obscenely innocent or innocently obscene.

Not to dampen any spirits, but . . . does such a life exist? If it does, I do not know about it. The French have a term for people like this — “beaux esprits” — men of wit and humor. Maybe they even have people like this. I myself am certainly not a gay, charming lothario who needs only to leer at a girl and she is his. The one time I tried a leer my victim dully inquired into the state of my health. The truth of the matter is that if I tried to be witty for a whole evening my head would hurt and, anyway, after two cocktails I would probably doze off in an easy chair

in some corner sheltered from any other gay people that happened to be around.

As for philosophy, the only knowledge I have of transcendentalism, solipsism, or material idealism is what I got from the dictionary, and the only reason I looked up the words was to understand the stories in the magazines. Some of my friends must have better dictionaries than I, because for a while I could not even understand my conversations. Luckily I have managed to develop a nod which gives the impression that I know more about the subject than the speaker does. This usually frightens him into silence. If anyone is really interested, I would be happy to demonstrate this nod at some convenient time.

When it comes to women, I am at my worst. I try to console my-

self by thinking that a lot of people must be like me; this does not make me feel any better. There are many women I see every day to whom I would like to make wild, passionate love; but they frighten me. Sometimes when I have just finished reading about a humorous liaison, all kinds of plots run through my mind. I imagine myself saving women from burning buildings, or overwhelming girls with my magnificent physique, or being a great artist with adoring nude models puttering about my studio. The only female puttering about my room is a mouse, and that is most likely a male. Once I did make a pass at a girl . . . well, not exactly a pass. In fact, it wasn't a pass at all. I was ambling along one of the corridors in Tech, mumbling to myself as is my habit, when I realized that gliding toward me



“So my heart ticks — now let's see if yours does!”

was a secretary of no little beauty. This particular girl had played a prominent role in my fanciful orgies, but I had never found enough nerve to talk to her. This time I thought of all the story-book lovers and, gathering my courage, I took a deep breath and smiled. Much to my surprise, she smiled back. I stopped and she stopped. At that point all my reading failed me. My mind went blank and I was panic stricken. After some fumbling about I asked her for the time, thanked her, and walked off feeling much worse than I would have had I not stopped her in the first place.

I know some fellows who are like me. Occasionally we get together in the dining hall. When the conversation gets around to sex, and it always does eventually, we start comparing notes on our classmates. Everybody but ourselves, it seems, is a maker-outer, and deep down inside we hate them for it. I do not know what any psychiatrists have said on the subject, but I bet talk like that has made a lot of drunks and ulcers.

Come to think of it, I do know one fellow who is really marvelous in attracting women. Doctors say his ability has something to do with musk glands.

The only thing I can imagine which would ease the tension, short of getting married, would be for all us frustrated fellows to get together and have a revolution. We have got to start making the stories true to life. Sure the stories would then be dull as hell, but if we had never known of an elysium we could have plodded along forever, happy in our present existence. We must arise against this aristocracy of love! No more fictitious vice dens! Redistribute the musk glands! So what if Voo Doo does not sell any more? We will be happy! At least, I will.

GERRY



A female customer was criticizing the waiter's suggestions for her meal by reviling the origin.

"How about some cold tongue, madam?" he asked.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I could never eat anything that came from the head of a cow!"

"Pig's feet, perhaps?" suggested the waiter.

"No, no, nothing that comes from the leg of a pig," the woman insisted.

The waiter thought a moment, and said, "How about an egg, madam?"



In Atlantic City, Miss California walked in a sleek white bathing suit. One of the spectators clutched his companion and said, "Joe, Joe, this is love at first sight."

"Don't be silly," replied Joe, "it's just a passing fanny."

A woman got in a cab and told the driver, "Quick! Get me to a fraternity ward!" The driver said, "Don't you mean maternity ward?" She said, "Oh, yes, Well, hurry up! I've got to see an upturn!" He said "Upturn? Don't you mean intern?" She said, "Fraternity, maternity, upturn, intern, just get me there quick — I think I'm stagnant."



Mistress: Something between a mister and a mattress.



"Are you the bull of the campus?"

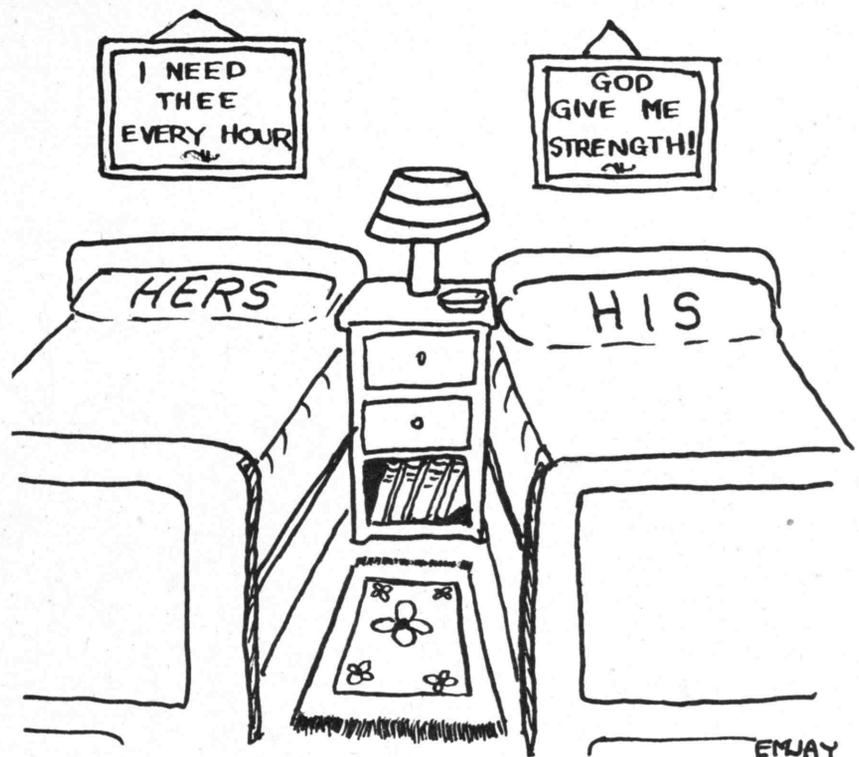
"That's me, baby."

"Moo."

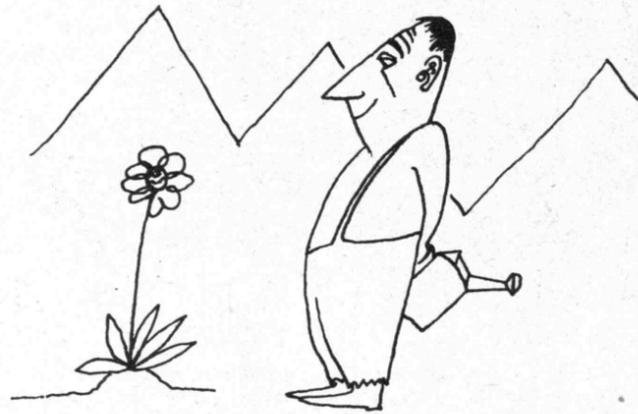


"If there be anyone in the congregation who likes sin, let him stand up. What's this, Sister Virginia, do you like sin?"

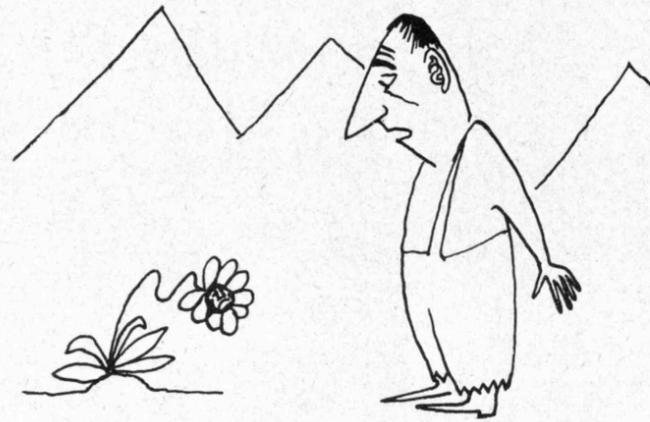
"Oh pardon me, I thought you said gin."



# The Aspidistra and How It Grew



Once upon a time there was a man called Valdimir who had the biggest and grandest aspidistra plant in all the Ural Mountains.



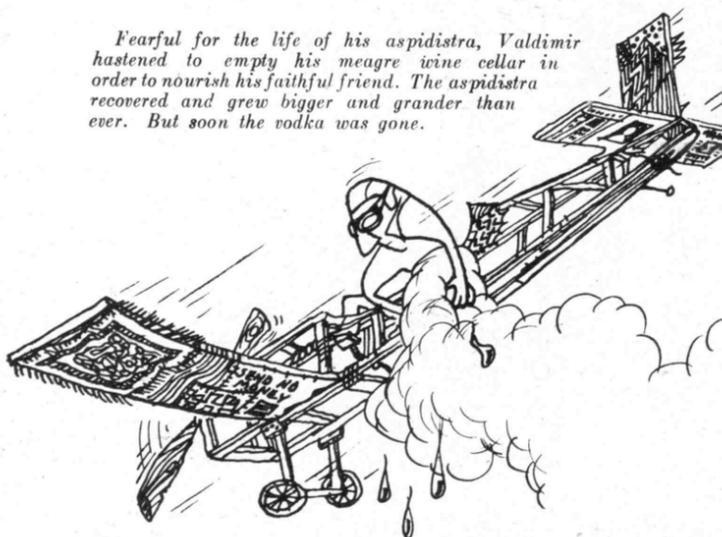
He was proud of his aspidistra and watered it faithfully every day. But one summer a great drought came to the countryside and there was no water. The poor aspidistra, withered by the hot sun, felt that it would soon perish.



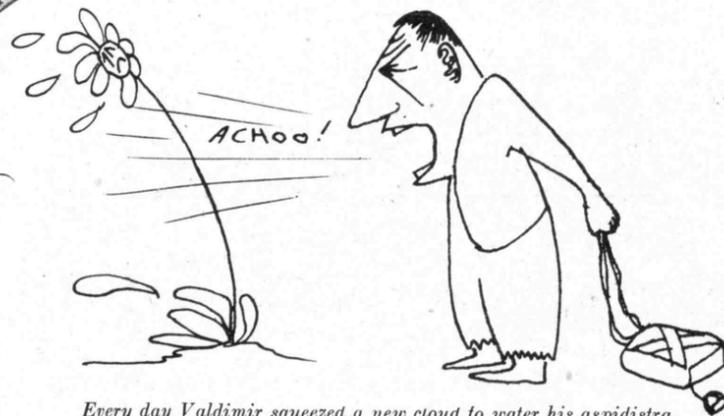
Fearful for the life of his aspidistra, Valdimir hastened to empty his meagre icine cellar in order to nourish his faithful friend. The aspidistra recovered and grew bigger and grander than ever. But soon the vodka was gone.



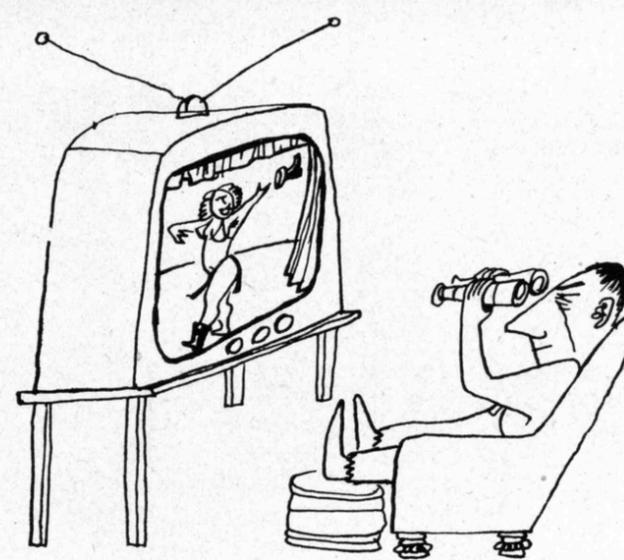
Again the poor aspidistra withered. Valdimir was heartbroken and searched for a way to revive his fast-dying flower. Gazing into the sky, he discovered his only hope for water was in the fluffy white clouds overhead.



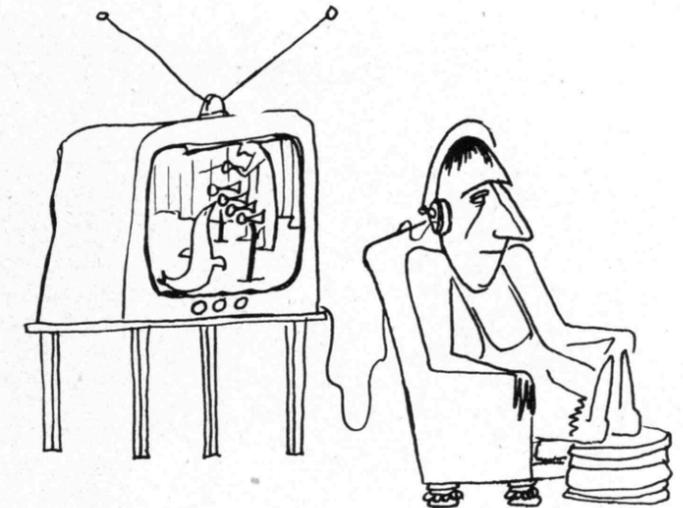
I must get up there and squeeze the water out for my poor aspidistra, he thought, and the only way is to build a flying machine. Everyone said it was impossible, but he was driven by despair and built one anyway and squeezed the water out. Once again the aspidistra flourished.



Every day Valdimir squeezed a new cloud to water his aspidistra. But his flying machine was drafty and he caught the sniffles. He sneezed constantly and had to go to bed early. Experimenting tirelessly, he found a mountain herb which dried his nose and stopped his sneezing. He made it into pills and named them after his favorite Aunty - Histaminsky.



Forced to stay up late since he had no sniffles to cure, Valdimir became bored. He was curious about what other people were doing in the evening, so he invented a machine to show him pictures of what other people were doing during the evening.



The machine wasn't completely satisfactory to Valdimir, who was troubled with poor eyesight. Besides, he was also curious to hear what other people were saying in the evening. So he invented a wireless to send sounds with the pictures.



Valdimir soon found his house overrun with neighbors who also wanted to find out what other people were doing and saying in the evening. Poor Valdimir had no place at home to sit down and unfortunately no place else to go where he could sit down. So he invented a place to go where he could sit down and called it the movies.



His latest invention was really incomplete until Valdimir invented box office, his most favorite discovery of all. But somehow box office wasn't successful until he found something to make it significant. Success finally arrived one day when he made the first kernel of popcorn, and the box office really became significant.



But one day the noise of corn popping woke the local commissar and made him very angry. He paid a visit to Valdimir and declared the inventions were useless and threw them in the river. Valdimir was sent to a faraway northern country.



Tired of dragging carts of salt through the snow, Valdimir replaced the round wheels with his own invention: square wheels with stretched edges. He called them runners and almost met his salt quota. Such a feat attracted the attention of his boss who made Valdimir marry his beautiful lovely daughter. And they lived happily ever after. And occasional postal cards from Valdimir's ex-local commissar informed them that the aspidistra grew even bigger and grander in its new bed at the Kremlin and thought of Valdimir every day.

Jim Jones, a rich oil man, went to Washington to appear on some congressional committees, and while he was there he met a cute little red head. He took her out a few times, and then he left her for other fields. About five days later, a big husky fellow walked into the hotel where Jim Jones stayed and asked the desk clerk where he could find Mr. Jones.

Desk Clerk: "You mean the very rich oil man?"

"Yes."

"There he is over there . . . he is a good man to cultivate . . . he is very powerful."

"Thanks."

The big fellow then walked over and . . .

"Mr. Jones, do you remember that little red head you took out a couple of times?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was my wife."

"Yes."

"Yes, and I've got the goods on you this time."

He reached into his coat and pulled out a big envelope and took several pictures out of it. "Here you are when you came to our apartment and got her. And here you are when you had her at the night club, and here you are when you took her to your apartment, and here you are when you both were in bed, and . . . Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Hmmm . . . I'll take four of these and six of those."



A bunch of germs were hitting it up  
In the bronchial saloon.  
Two bugs on the end of the larynx  
Were jazzing a rag-time tune.  
While back of the teeth in a solo  
game  
Sat dangerous Dan Kerchoo,  
And watching the pulse was his  
light of love,  
The Lady that's known as Flu.

Beautiful girl, nicknamed Jan,  
Lustrous hair, calves of tan,  
Lovely ankles, cute little toes  
Exotic figure, glamorous clothes,  
Gorgeous eyes, soft smooth hands,  
Why in the hell can't she get a man?  
It does seem strange, but — Holy  
Moses,  
I guess it's because she has three noses.



A lady in a drug store was told that there was a special sale on sachet that week.

"Sachet?" said she. "Just what is that?"

"Well," explained the sales girl, "it's a sort of little bag of perfume. You put it in your drawers to make them smell sweet."

"I understand what you mean," answered the lady. "But isn't it awfully uncomfortable?"



Some children were going to give their school teacher a candy shower, so all the children brought candy except one little boy who brought a basket containing four four small kittens and a mother cat.

When asked why he didn't bring candy, the little boy responded, "But I did . . . I brought four all day suckers and one milky way."



A woman is like a fiddle string. She responds to anyone who knows how to play on her. Neglect will put her badly out of tune. You have to keep her keyed up, but if you strain her too far she will snap. She makes the sweetest music for the one who makes her tremble.

One bashful girl worked all her crossword puzzles vertically so she wouldn't have to come across.



A certain radio announcer had charge of a daily Man-in-the-Street program, his duties, of course, being to chat with people in the streets of the town in which he was employed. One day a drunk staggered up to his microphone and said, "I wanna play 'Knock, knock'." Seeing no harm in this, the announcer said it would be all right.

"Okay," said the drunk, "knock, knock."

"Who's there?" asked the announcer.

"Argo," said the drunk.

"Argo who?" asked the announcer.

"Argo to hell," answered the drunk, chortling gleefully.

Immediately the local gendarmes collected and the ill-fated announcer was carted away to a Philadelphia prison, where he served five years for permitting profanity to be broadcast over his program. During his five years, however, he made it his business to learn every "knock, knock" joke in existence so that such a thing could never be pulled on him again. When he was finally released, he returned to his old job on the Man in-the-Street program.

On the first day of his resumption of duties, a very staid businessman stepped up to his microphone and announced that he wanted to play "knock, knock." Sure of his ground, our protagonist said that it would be all right.

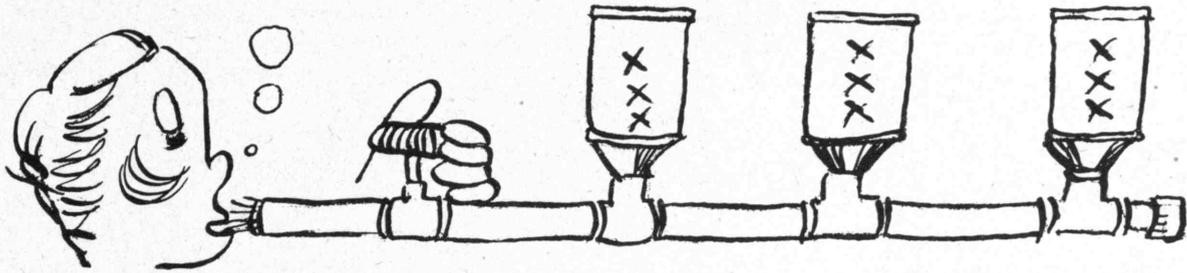
"Knock, knock," said the man.

"Who's there?" answered the announcer.

"Peggy," answered the man.

The announcer thought over every single Peggy gag that existed, and finally decided they were all presentable. "Peggy who?" he asked. "Argo to hell," said the man.

## THE FLY PAPER



Mrs. Hollingsworth, the wife of a plumber from Yonkers, was alone. She sat before her gin bottle; and though the curtains were drawn she knew exactly how the summer night smelled . . . lonely but sweet and full of the imminence of surprise. How long, she thought, does it take a thirty-two ounce bottle of gin to empty when a bored woman drinks it? God, it would be empty by eleven and there would be the whole hour to sober up before he came home. She could almost hear his step. It was a remorseless step. It never flattered and yet it was not clean and crisp like the iceman's, who had a fine head of red hair. She wondered if when he leaned to pick up the cakes they cooled his hair yielding bubbles on the end of his hair, and if there were hands which swept them away. Cool hands. Quickly she filled the glass and drank till she sputtered. Immediately she was contrite; one must learn to pace oneself. Self control is the only friend a lonely wife with less than a gin bottle has, she thought ruefully. . . .

The knock on the door caught her by surprise. It is the summer night. She felt it at once. Every summer things like this happen. One summer day, when the glass was still wet and tilted near her lips she had seen a rainbow bridging the glass. It lent an air of piety she had never been able to recapture. She said, "Who is it?" Her voice sounded normally curious. No excitement. Just a very adult and slightly humorous curiosity.

The door swung open.

A seersucker suit followed by an impressively masculine face entered the room. The face bore an expression she assumed to be its excuse for apology. It wasn't the kind of face that dared to wear the expression often.

"I guess I startled you. You don't remember me. I'm the Gibbs' son, John."

"Oh yes," she said brightly. "You've been away for some time. The orient, wasn't it? I met your mother last week."

"Yes," he said and he looked hard. It had been a long time since she had seen a hard man. They tend to blur after you drink a few glasses and soon you don't care . . . any face in a dream . . . that's the catchword for me, thought Mrs. Hollingsworth. "I was instructing the police in Saigon on modern criminal methods."

"My," she said, motioning him to a chair. She had carefully thrown the towel she always wore around her shoulders over the gin bottle. "You must have led a very exciting life there."

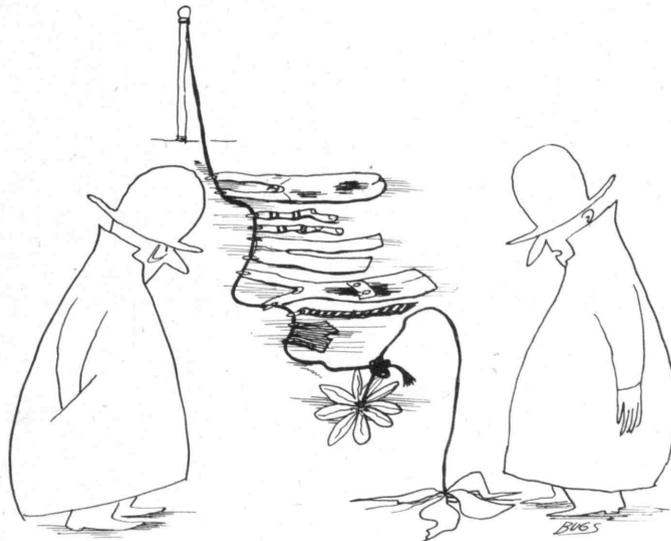
He grimaced in what she thought must be the Saigon tea party smile. People smile like that when they step on your fingers. She wondered if he was thinking of that too. She ruefully realized that she didn't give a damn about that either.

He hadn't moved but now he came over to her.

"What can I do for you?" she asked. Immediately she giggled. Just like back of the corset counter again . . . in the back seat of all those cars she had assumed an arch expression; but her cheek muscles had long since been out of control.

"I saw your light. I wondered if I might borrow a cup of shortening. I'm baking a pie."

J. B.



"Damn aspidistra died."

And then there's the one about the girl who was thrown out of a nudist camp because she had a coat on her tongue.

— *Technolog*



Sophomore: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshman: "No, who teaches it?"

— *The Old Maid*



He: "I'm trying to think of another word for throat."

She: "Neck?"

He: "Thanks, don't mind if I do."



A professor is a man whose job is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.

— *Froth*



"Honey, I'm gonna kiss you when we round the next corner."

"Don't you think that's going a bit too far?"

*Broiler*

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FRANK ELBERY  
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Cambridge

JUST OFF MEMORIAL DRIVE

A stranger, looking for a certain college, took the wrong turn and ended up in an insane asylum.

As the guard re-directed him he quipped, "Well, I guess there isn't too much difference between the two places after all."

"That's what you think," said the guard. "Here you have to show improvement to get out."



Then there was the woman who had varicose veins — so she went to the costume party as a road map.



A man about to be electrocuted phoned his lawyer from the death chamber. "They are about to put me in the electric chair," he said. "You are my lawyer — what do I do now?" To which the lawyer answered helpfully, "Don't sit down."



A young man about town approaching a cigar counter behind which stood a cute young thing said: "Do you keep stationery?"

Said the cute young thing: "Yes, up to a certain point, then I go all to pieces."

— *Froth*



Only a week after he'd started on his new job, the lucky youth announced he was quitting. "Tain't the wages," he explained to the foreman. "It's just that I can't help having a guilty conscience all the time I'm working."

"At what?" asked the amazed foreman.

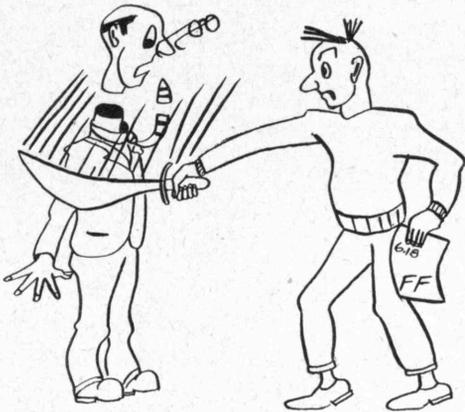
"I'm all the time worrying about how I'm cheating some big strong mule out of a job."

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# New Term Resolutions



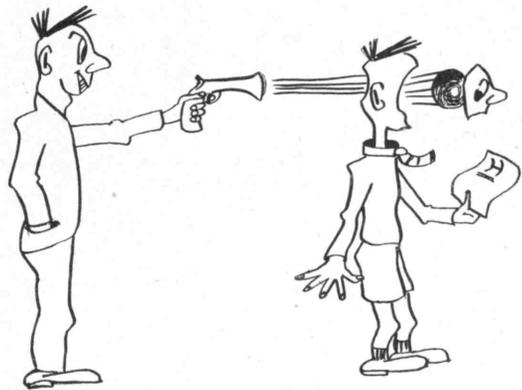
*I will control my temper.*



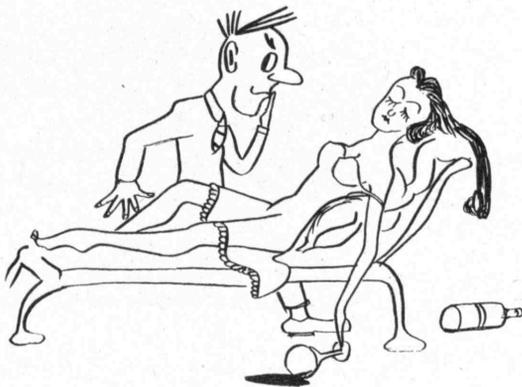
*I will indulge in intellectual reading.*



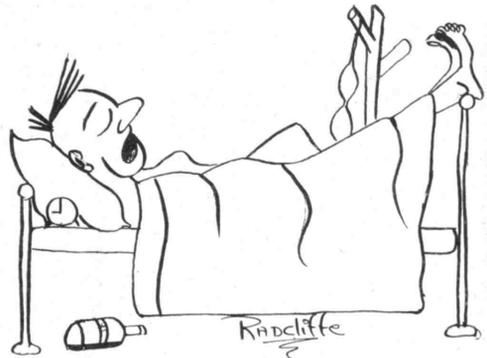
*I will do all my assignments.*



*I will love my neighbor.*



*I will participate in extra-curricular activities.*



*I will go to all my classes.*



Everybody  
Swing!

Swing to Beech-Nut...  
Beech-Nut Gum!  
Swing on down  
and getcha some!  
Swing to the taste  
that lasts so long!  
Swing to Beech-Nut...  
come along!



The one-ring circus was visting a town in the hills. The folks there all recognized the instruments of the band except the slide trombone.

One old settler watched the player for quite some time, then, turning to his son, said, "Don't let on that you're watchin' him. There's a trick to it; he ain't really swallerin' it."



Mrs. Dante: What are you writing now, dear?

Mr. Dante: Oh, Hell, you wouldn't understand it.



I love the girl who does;  
I like the girl who don't;  
I hate the girl who says she will  
And then decides she won't.

But the girl I like the best of all,  
And I know you'll say I'm right,  
Is the girl who says she shouldn't,  
"But just for you I might."



A customer sat down at a table in a smart restaurant and tied a napkin around his neck. The manager called the waiter and said, "Try to make that man understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done here."

The waiter approached the customer and said, "Shave or haircut, sir?"



Papoose — the prize an Indian maid won for taking too many chances on an Indian blanket.



Mrs. Jones: "Two of my daughters are working girls."

Mrs. Smith: "Huh! Two of mine are working men."

"Oh," said Maizie gushingly, "I had the most gorgeous time last night. I met a new man and he invited me to a wonderful dinner at his apartment. After dinner, he showed me a dozen mink coats and asked me to choose one for myself."

"How pretty adorable," gurgled Myrtle, "and what did you have to do."

"Just shorten the sleeves," said Maizie.



And then there was the mechanical engineer who took his nose apart to see what made it run.



A gentle little lady who had been watching the antics of the Pekinese in the pet shop window came in to price them. "That bitch," said the salesman, pointing, "you can have for \$30, or the one there for \$35." The lady winced. "What's the matter," asked the salesman, "aren't you acquainted with the term 'bitch'?"

"Yes," she said haughtily, "but I've never before heard it applied to dogs."



Student: "Why didn't I make 100 on my history exam?"

Prof: "You remember the question: 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?'"

Prof: "Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect."



Both women and pianos

Are similar in brand:

Some of them are upright

And some of them are grand.

## LIEBESTOD

You grasped me by my slender neck,  
I could not shout or scream  
You dragged me to your dingy room  
Where we could not be seen  
You tore from me my flimsy robe  
And gazed upon my form,  
And I was cold and wet  
But you were feverishly warm.

You pressed your burning lips to  
mine  
I could not make you stop.  
You drained me of my very self,  
Yes, drained me every drop.  
You made me what I am today  
And that is why I'm here,  
A broken bottle thrown away,  
That once was full of beer.

S. B. H.



The chariot stopped and the hitchhiker climbed in. As the driver lashed the horses he handed the hitchhiker a bottle, saying,

"Want a drink?"

"Sure," said the H. H., but then upon seeing that the whiskey was 'Old Uncle Banakos' Peach Orchard Squeezings,' he coughed and said,

"On second thought, maybe I'd better not. I've got a bad throat."

The driver whipped out a dagger and pointed it saying, "Oh yes, you're going to have a drink."

The hitchhiker gulped, tilted the bottle and forced down a big swallow. As he spluttered and wheezed, the driver handed him the dagger and said happily, "Now you hold the knife on me while I take a drink."



A sailor, after placing a wreath of flowers on a grave in a cemetery, noticed an old Chinese placing a bowl of rice on a nearby grave and asked:

"When do you expect your friend to come up and eat the rice?"

The old Chinaman smiled and answered:

"Same time your friend come up and smell flowers."

The British army had camped for the night on the Nile River. The Colonel ordered the private to go down to the river for some drinking water.

The private went off, but came back, post haste.

"Colonel," he exclaimed, "there's a big crocodile in the river, and I'm afraid to get the water."

The colonel turned patronizingly to the private and said, "Don't worry son, that crocodile is probably four times as afraid of you as you are of him."

"Well, sir," the private replied, "if that crocodile is only half as scared as I am, that water ain't fit to drink."



The biology professor was explaining to his class the spawning of fish. "So you see," he concluded, "the female deposits her eggs, the male fish come along and fertilizes them, and later little fish are hatched."

One of the girls held up her hand. "You mean, Professor, that the father and mother fish — that they they — that before that nothing happens?"

"Nothing," said the professor, "which doubtless explains the expression. 'Poor fish'!"

A woman was married to a terribly stingy man. He never took her any place, never bought her anything, although occasionally he would give her the right time.

One day he left on a business trip out of town. While he was away, his wife had a birthday. On her birthday, a letter arrived from her husband, and when she opened it, inside was a check! She was elated — until she read the check. It was made out for a million kisses! She was completely deflated and mad as hops. She thought and thought, and finally figured out an answer. She wrote him as follows "Dear Norman,

Thanks for the birthday check for a million kisses. The milkman cashed it for me this morning!"

— Pup



A lady and a gentleman were arguing on every subject they discussed. Said the lady, "Sir, we cannot agree on a single thing." "You are wrong, Madam," he said. "If you should go into a room in which there were two beds, one with a woman in it and the other with a man in it, with whom would you sleep?" "Why, with the lady, of course." "You see; so would I."



"One Blue-Plate Special in a hurry!"

An officer of ancient Rome, called away to the wars, locked his beautiful wife in armor. Then he gave the key to his best friend with the admonition:

"If I don't return in six months, use this key. To you, my dear friend, I entrust it."

He then galloped off to the wars. About 10 miles from home he saw a cloud of dust approaching and waited. His trusted friend, on horseback, galloped up and said:

"You gave me the wrong key"

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Frank Arsenault, Manager

### QUESTIONS

- A** An arrow and then a constellation  
Plus hearty will give you my appellation.
- B** The stork, 'tis said, has two legs—no more,  
Yet here it seems to wind two into four.
- C** Take these ingredients: "to heat and spice,"  
When added to "taverns" I show in a trice.

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 from different students win a 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** FRANK CAPRA. Honest or without guile is "frank." A beautiful isle, Capri, with a change of a vowel, gives Capra.
- B** CROSBY. Crops of the birds are "craws;" and insect that hums is "bee." Run them together and you have CRAWSBEE (CROSBY).
- C** SEA, SEE, C. The "Sea" of Green Sea, the "See" in the phrase "See Bing in his latest Picture," and the C. of "S. C."
- WINNERS R. Benet, E. Poon, George Butzow, J. Purrington, J. L. Sampson, Wm. Woolford, Raymond Haak, Robert Walter and Bill Price Gloria Raynes.

"What is a snuff manufacturer?"

"A man who goes around putting his business in other people's noses."



"What foah dat doctah comin' out youah house?"

"Ah dunno, but ah thinks ah's got a little inkling."

— El Burro



The man walked into a restaurant ornate in its futuristic decorations. He was ushered to a table and ordered a glass of water. The waiter brought the water which the man swallowed with one gulp, and asked for another.

While the waiter was away the man took out a small package of sandwiches and spread them on the table. No sooner was this done than a severe looking individual came to the table and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but this isn't —"

"Who are you?" interrupted the man.

"I am the manager," was the impressive reply.

"Good," said the man. "I was just going to send for you. Why isn't the orchestra playing?"



An ash tray is something to put cigarettes in, if the room hasn't got a floor.



"Are you the young man who jumped in the river and saved my son from drowning when he fell through the ice?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where's his mittens?"

— Technolog



"Gee, Jimmy, when I went by your house this morning I heard someone swearing something awful. What was the trouble?"

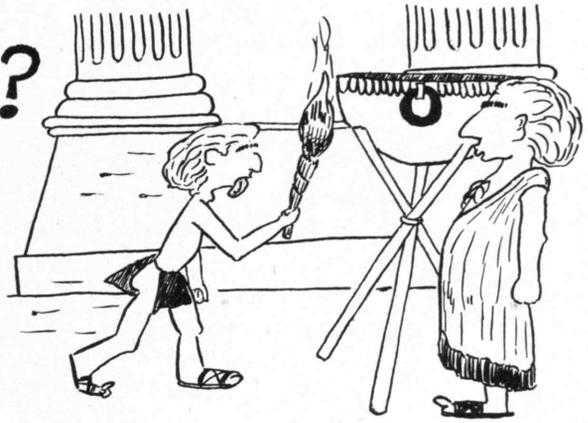
"Aw, that was just my dad. He was late for church and couldn't find his hymn book."

— The Re-saw

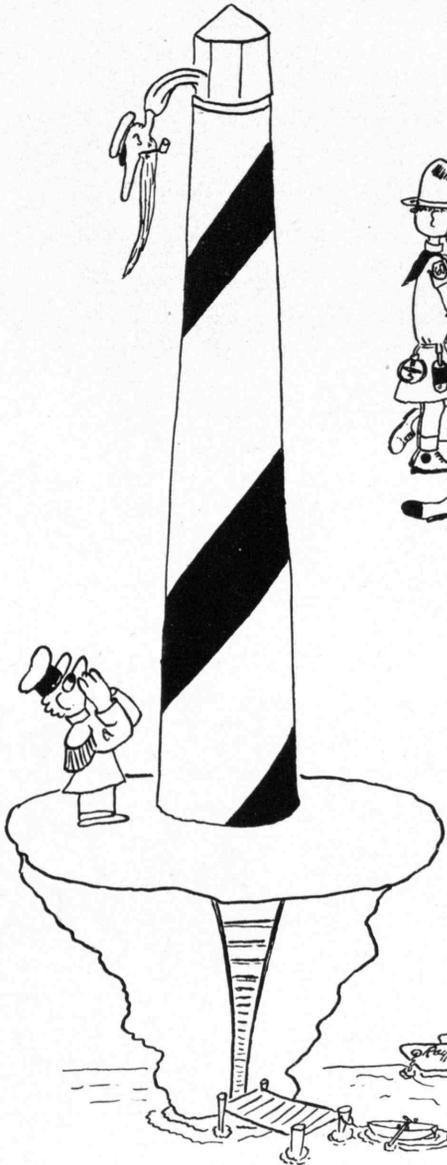
# Gotta Light?



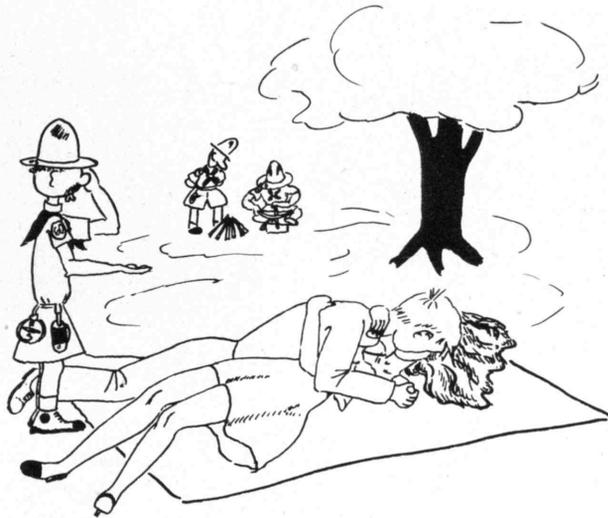
"Gotta light?"



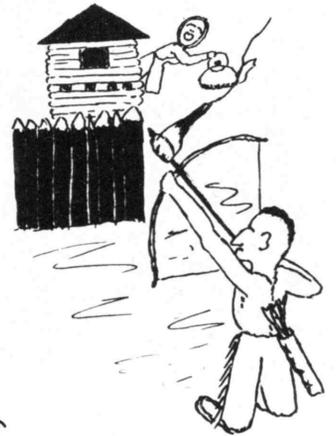
"Gotta light?"



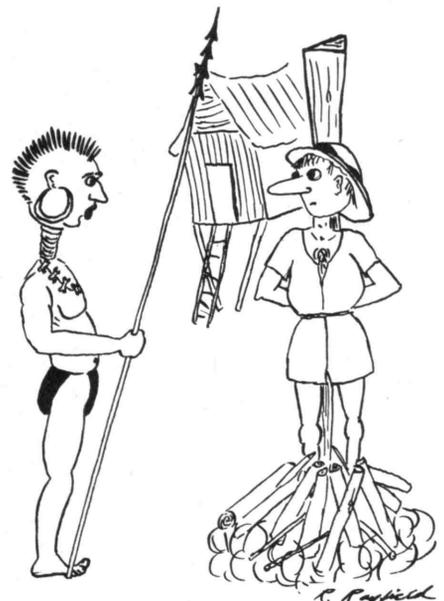
"Gotta light?"



"Gotta light?"



"Gotta light?"



"Gotta light?"

C. Poyfield

Once upon a time there was a boy penguin and a girl penguin who met at the Equator. After a brief but charming interlude, the boy penguin went north to the North Pole; and girl penguin went south to the South Pole.

Later on, a telegram arrived at the North Pole, stating simply: "Come quick — I am with Byrd."



A local preacher has recently announced that there are 726 sins.

He is being besieged with requests for the list, mostly from students who think they are missing something.

# HISTORY REWRITTEN

WHAT JOHN ALDEN TOLD PRISCILLA



Marry me and I will promise you Life Savers forever.



...Only 5¢

## FREE! A box of LIFE SAVERS for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best line submitted to the editor each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

### THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE:

"How do you know that people can see me dressing through the window?"

"Well, madam, I've gone to some panes to find out."

*This month's winning joke submitted by: Miss Anne Rosie, 19 Agassiz Street, Cambridge 40, Mass.*

With a grinding of brakes the officer pulled up his motor car and shouted to a little boy playing in the field, "I say, sonny, have you seen an airplane come down anywhere near here?"

"No, sir!" replied the boy, trying to hide his sling shot. "I've only been shooting at a bottle."



Interesting old lady, questioning a model:

"Do you mean to say that you pose for a man with no clothes on?"

"Heavens, No! He wears pants and everything."

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FRENCH 1-2

Tete a tete — tight brassiere  
 La belle etoile —  
 "My date's in the bathroom"  
 Eau de toilette —  
 "I haven't got a nickel"  
 Chateaubriand —  
 "You're hat's on fire"  
 Claire de lune —  
 "Mrs. Luce is insane"  
 Jeanne d'Arc — "There's no light  
 in the bathroom"  
 La meme chos —  
 "Mother is a strip-teaser."  
 La petite chose —  
 "Your fly's open"  
 Carte blanche —  
 "Somebody take Blanche home"  
 Fin de siecle — "I'll give you five  
 dollars for your bicycle"  
 Chacun a son gout —  
 "That chicken is so good."



"Oh, look, the bridesmaid!"  
 "My gosh, so soon?"

There was a young girl  
 From Wooster,  
 Who dreamed a young man  
 Had seduced her.  
 She woke with a scare  
 To find no one there.  
 A bump in the mattress  
 Had goosed her.



"Daddy, how do animals breed?"  
 "Troo deir noses, Natchelly."



The lady of the house suspected  
 one of her two sons was paying  
 attention to the attractive maid.  
 Anxious to find out which one, she  
 asked the girl: "Nora, suppose you  
 had the opportunity to go to the  
 movies with one of my sons. Which  
 one would you choose?"

"Well," replied Nora, "it's hard  
 to say, for I've had grand times with  
 both of them; but for a real rollick-  
 ing spree, give me the boss."

A certain young woman of Spain  
 Faced dishonor again and again,  
 And again and again,  
 And again and again,  
 And again and again and again.



He (soliciting for charity): What  
 can I put you down for?  
 She: Sir! How dare you!



Hickory, dickory dock,  
 Two mice ran up her sock.  
 One stopped at her garter  
 The other was smarter.



"I see you are not a gentleman,"  
 hissed the woman on the street  
 corner as the wind swept her skirts  
 over her head.

"No," he replied, "and I see you  
 aren't either."

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20 years."

*H. B. Harrington*  
MULLINS, S. C.



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The Best Cigarette for YOU to Smoke