

100
DOO



APRIL ~ STOOL PIGEON ISSUE ~ 25 ¢

So light... so dry

glass after glass after glass



Schaefer

Pale Dry

the beer that's both light *and* dry

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

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

"Just because my eyes are red is no sign I'm drunk. For all you know, I may be a white rabbit."



The talkative lady was telling her husband about the bad manners of a recent visitor. "If that woman yawned once while I was talking to her," she said, "she yawned a dozen times."

"Maybe she wasn't yawning, dear," the husband said, "but just trying to say something."



He kissed her on her rosy lips;
How could he then but linger?
But oh — when he caressed her hair,
A cootie bit his finger.



One broom to another, "I think we're going to have a little whisk-broom; we swept together last night."



He: What are you doing with that letter on your sweater? Don't you know you're not supposed to wear that unless you've made the team.

She: Well!!!



Conversation between a Greek tailor and a customer:
"Euripides?"
"Eumenides."

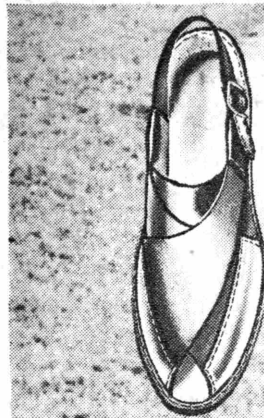


We always called a spade a spade until we hit our foot with one the other day.

— Ohioan



A wedding ring is like a tourniquet, it stops your circulation.
— Connell Era



IDEAL FOR LEISURE

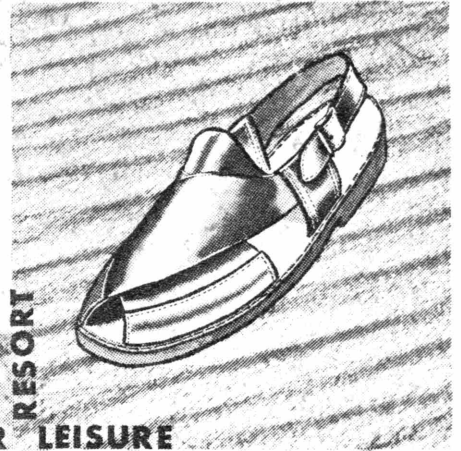
at ease with Chupplees

Great with slacks, perfect with shorts, snug with trunks. The basic design has been invented centuries ago by the natives of India—Clarks of England improved it and now here it is for active modern Americans: The **CHUPPLEE**—airy and cool yet firmly supporting the foot.

The **CHUPPLEE**—the world's most versatile sandal. The uppers in sturdy leather that lasts and lasts; crepe rubber soles for walking elasticity and comfort.

Chupplees
made in England by *Clarks*

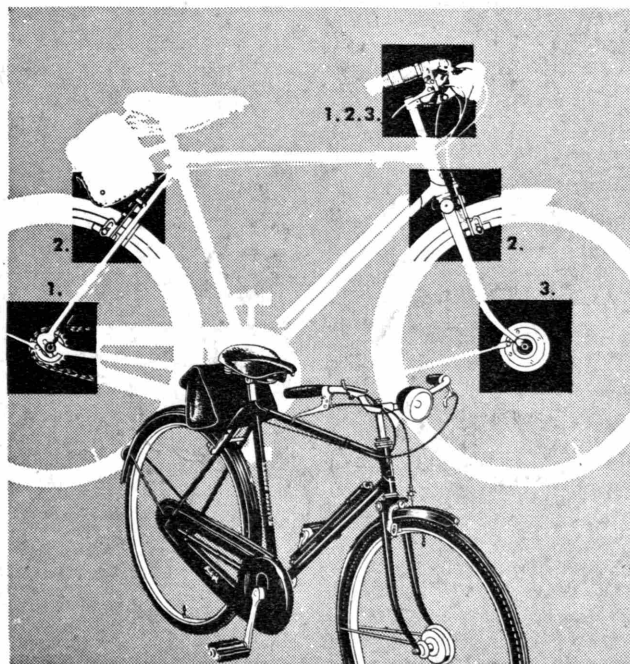
CAMPUS RESORT



In Bamboo or Brown — sizes 6 to 12...
\$11.95 (slightly higher West of the Rockies and in Canada). At better stores—write us for the name of the one nearest you.
Ford-Davis Co., 32 Main St., Norwalk, Conn.

SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT FOR A MINIMUM OF WEIGHT—A MAXIMUM OF STRENGTH

RALEIGH



RALEIGH SPORTS TOURIST—
with Sturme-Archer 3-Speed Gears, "the original and best" \$63.75 FOB Boston
Extra: Dynohub Self-Generating Lighting Set.



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act as your Raleigh's transmission, level tough slopes and rough roads.
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self-generates car-type lighting without loss of energy through friction.

RALEIGH dealers everywhere give prompt, reliable service. For free illustrated booklet write to

RALEIGH Cycle Distributors Inc., Dept. U
669 Boylston Street, Boston 16, Mass.

It won't be long before your date looks you over carefully and then decides that what might be missing is a graceful panetella cigar jutting cockily forth from between your lean, firm jaws. Don't be surprised, lad, when that happens because it's all part of a conspiracy, hatched in the cigar industry and aided and abetted by the young glamour boys of Hollywood. The Farley Grangers, Don Taylors, Jeff Chandlers, etc. have all taken to perfect preening on screen as well as off. The odds are it won't be long before the gals take the hint and start making not too subtle suggestions. Only thing to do, we suppose, is to ride with the trend — or keep the gals out of the movie theatres.

One whisker
doesn't make
a bluebeard



—but Cigars are a Man's Smoke!



You need not inhale
to enjoy a cigar!

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.



America's **FLAVOR-ite**
from coast to coast



still only 5¢

"\$100 in cash prizes for interesting town names!"

Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

A traveling salesman was registering at a small hotel and a bedbug crawled slowly across the page. "Well," he said, "I've been bitten by all sorts of bugs in hotels, but this is the first time I ever saw one come down to see what room I'd be in."

— Shaft



Baby Ear of Corn: "Mama, where did I come from?"
Mama Ear of Corn: "Hush, dear, the stalk brought you."



A college man is like a kerosene lamp . . . not very bright, smokes often, goes out at night, and usually gets turned down.

— Spartan



LIFE SAVERS CONTEST RULES

1. Pair up actual U. S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N. Y., to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky., to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.
2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.
3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10 and three \$5 prizes. Contest closes June 30, 1951. All entries must be postmarked prior to midnight that date to qualify. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

'Tis not an unusual thing these days, although spring is in the air and the gay young blade has made its appearance on the campus, to find people looking at life through a pessimistic eyeball. For instance, one hardly goes through a day without seeing some English instructor or blue-uniformed cadet quietly mourning in the hall. Both groups are soon leaving these hallowed grounds; the cadets to the defense of our fair shores; the English instructors, for a less urgent but equally final reason, are just leaving. We would like to take this opportunity to say goodbye. "GOODBYE"

On top of all this it is a crying shame to realize that there exists graft and corruption everywhere in our beloved democracy, when a coach has to outbid the gambling syndicate in order to win a game, for example. Normally we on Voo Doo would not think of lowering ourselves to turn squealer, but in these times of strife we must all pull together and shoulder the load; and for this reason Voo Doo has decided to turn STOOL-PIGEON.

It just happens that there are all manner of things right around here, waiting to be exposed, as for instance the manner in which our Institute Committee coldly brushed off a gesture of friendship by the students of the University of Alaska. Oh! You hadn't heard about that, well this is the story:

One day last spring the students of that school, overwhelmed by a feeling of brotherly love, charity, and perhaps a touch of spring fever, extended the "olive branch of friendship" to the students of M.I.T.; however, being no pikers they extended the whole tree. It arrived in May along with a letter further expressing goodwill and an invitation to drop in and set a spell, if we happened to be in the neighborhood. Due to the fact that the olive tree is not a native of those climes they sent us a young birch tree, plucked from its maternal bosom on their campus in the shade of Mt. McKinley, and now reposing in the shade of Rockwell cage. All very nice, but what did we do in return? Miss Burke, our ex-Inscom secretary tried on her own to ship the school beaver to Alaska as a token of our esteem, but was thwarted by the immigration laws. Bouquets to Miss Burke, but what did Inscom do? Inscom sent them a copy of "Tackling Tech" and "The Freshman Handbook". For cum.'s sake, they weren't applying for admission, they only want to be friends. Surely there is some symbol of the Institute which could have been sent to them in return: an aging professor, an unused sidewalk, or even a small cyclotron perhaps. Let the student body unite to bring pressure on our newly elected representatives to remedy immediately this injustice.

This is only one example. Several others of the more heinous are brought to your attention in this issue.

MJD

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April, 1951

No. 4

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY ESTABLISHED 1919

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OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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This month's cover by Locarni

Letters To The Editor



ROSENBERG



NO SPIKKA VOO DOO

Dear Sirs:

We have a complaint. In the first place, when we ordered our subscription to your most — (censored) — publication, Voo Doo, we checked the specified box indicating that we were under 18, expecting to receive your illuminating handbook. We have never received it. Therefore, when we attempted to read the magazine, we could not comprehend the more subtle meanings, and when we inquired of our house dean, she fainted. As you can see, we need the booklet!

That was bad enough, but now we are even more frustrated; we are not receiving any copies of Voo Doo not to understand . . .

Name Withheld



Anyone who tries to read subtle meanings into Voo Doo copy will eventually lose all taste for literature, so we don't recommend such a searching scrutiny. However, if it gives you any comfort to have company in your bewilderment, witness these two excerpts from past letters. —Ed.



"Dear Editor,

. . . I am sure that all of your jokes must have a point to them if one concentrates hard enough. However, there is one that stumps me. Maybe I'm dumb, but could you please straighten me out? This so-called joke is as follows:

Student in Co-op: "How much is this paper?"

Ivey: "Seventy-five cents a ream.

Student: "It sure is!"

I don't get it! . . ."

"Dear Old Phosphorus:
Please get the Boss for us
or else a hoss for us
We're stuck
Oh heck, or huck!
Or any ejaculation whatsoever.
We read a so-called joke in the last
Voo Doo.
Now we need a blue print — and
a graph
Get a scientist from your famed
M.I.T.
and explain to us
What was that so-called joke about
The Farmer's daughter, and the
brassiere salesman
whose moniker was Warren G.
Wonka
To be plain
What the hell was that all about
we didn't get it."



OPIUM AND THE TREND

My dear Human Beings?

Since opium is now hard to get, and since I need your scandal sheet to put me to sleep, I would like to present a friend of mine with a gift subscription . . .

Name Withheld



Dear Sirs,

It has been my misfortune to see past copies of your magazine.

How an American University of higher learning can find time to permit its so-called students to engage in an effort — an endeavor *so contradictory* to the ideals of decency, morality, prudence and theology is totally outside the realm of my comprehension! It is obvious that if your Institute, and the endeavor Voo Doo represents as a constituent part of that institute indicates a trend in future American thought, then by God! gentlemen, our nation can only look forward to a better life and a better America than ever we knew in the past! . . .

John R. Phillips

Honolulu, Hawaii

Hear! Hear! —Ed.

A woman complained to an elderly man, who every evening walked his dog by her house, because the pup always paused by her new shrubs.

"I wouldn't worry," he said. "I always start around the block the long way. By the time he reaches your bushes, it's only a gesture."



A bosomy young co-ed named Yetta
Loved to be seen in a much too
small swetta

And while in this attire

She received a wire

Borden, for an ad, wanted to getta.



"Darling, I could sit here and do
nothing but look at you forever."

"That is what I'm beginning to
think!"



The best way to drive a baby
buggy is to tickle his little feet.



There once was a lady of fashion
Who had a particular passion.
When she jumped in bed.
She was heard to have said,
This is one thing those fellows
can't ration.



Lifeguard (with girl in his arms):
"Sir, I have just resuscitated your
daughter."

Father: "Then, by Gawd, you'll
marry her!"

Husband: After I get up in the
morning and shave, I feel ten years
younger.

Wife: Why don't you shave
before you go to bed?

— Pelican



Mark Twain said it:

Familiarity breeds contempt

— and children.



Some girls are like a zippered
nightie; pull anything, and it's
all off.

— Quirk



"This morning on the links a cow
picked up my ball and got away
so fast I couldn't catch her. Not
too surprising. A ball-bearing cow
ought to be capable of a fairly high
rate of speed."



"I would like to purchase some
apples for my husband," said the
lady to the grocer

"What kind, madam?"

"I d-d-don't suppose you happen
to know what sort Eve used?" she
asked faltering.

— Rammer-Jammer



Sign in a real estate office: "Get
lots when you're young."

— Urchin





DOING THE TOWN

Snatching a pan from the hot-plate and slurping its contents would hardly be included in the standard definition of Doing the Town, but there are some Techs, not all brownbaggers, who prefer "eating in" to more vicarious methods of food-taking. We may as well assume that (1) you like your food to taste good (2) you get tired of baked beans sooner or later. A pinch of monosodium glutamate will take care of the first problem, but the second may definitely be alleviated by a bit of town-doing. Browsing can be a lot of fun if you're browsing in the right place. Torrielli's, an Italian grocery straddling the corner of Hanover and Union streets, is full of enough sounds and smells, not to mention food, to make the task far from unpleasant. You can get all sorts of imported (and domestic, if we may make like the cigarette ads) foods, including a couple of dozen sizes and shapes of macaroni. Half of the establishment houses a liquor store, which has the most complete stock of Italian wines around. Its proprietor is a friendly guy who enjoys talking about Italy and the products of its vineyards. Ah many happy afternoons, as John Saroyan would say.

If you're in the neighborhood, but prefer your food already cooked, you may be pleasantly surprised if you drop in at Joe Malatesta's, at 151 Hanover Street. This was suggested to me by an informed professor (note to fellow course five men: humanities faculty), so the first try would have been a

surprise no matter what happened. What did happen was that I had the best veal cutlet parmigiana (coated with melted cheese, that is) that I'd ever tasted. The joint is small (remember the street number if you ever want to find it) and you can eat at the bar or at one of the six or so tables that fill the rest of the room. The menu is varied, prices medium, and the customers fanatically devoted. In fact, this is one of the few places besides Durgin-Park where everyone seems to like the waiters.

Of course you've heard of Durgin-Park. If you haven't, God or an altruistic upperclassman help you. The message of this paragraph: Go there for lunch sometime. Most of their lunches are ninety-five cents, and the quantity is up to the old supersaturation standard. Lunchtime lasts until about 3:30; it's most crowded between noon and two. If you sit in the center dining room often enough, you may be befriended by Mike, D-P's last waiter, whose unspoken motto is "I treat my boys right." And Mike has had quite a few boys in forty-some years.

There is plenty of food for argument in the question of how Chinese a Chinese restaurant is. The place that seems to do the best with the least effort is the proprietorship of one Wah Yuen, situated at 20a Tyler Street, in Chinatown. Its locale is a cellar, its furniture booths plus a couple of large tables, and its sole embellishment an air-conditioner. Standard procedure is to come with friends, optimum

number two to seven, order a dish for each (and one for the pot, if you so desire), and everybody digs into every dish. This means that you get some of everything, provided you've learned to use your chopsticks. This is a sore point. It has often been hollered that the chopsticks are for the tourists, but somehow this doesn't ring true. Until the place was invaded by Techmen and other unsavory Occidentals, the customers of Mr. Wah were the neighboring Chinese, and the no-silverware rule has been in effect all along. Anyway, chopsticks are extremely simple to learn, and with very little practice they're as fast as forks.

The menu is printed in Chinese only, so unless one of the party happens to be, or look Chinese, you won't even get one. The waiters speak serviceable English, though, and overflow with suggestions. In case yours is reticent, here are some: Butterfly shrimp, great big granddaddy shrimp breaded and fried; planked fish, small, white, with ginger and stuff on top, extremely succulent; mustard cabbage, a green vegetable with an indescribable taste; pepper steak, a combination of beef, green peppers and tomatoes, with gravy; and such things as Chinese sausage, sweet pork omelet, and soup, all of which will take you unexpected if you think they taste like what they sound like.

Your table setting consists of a bowl of rice, to be used instead of a plate, a small saucer for soy sauce, and a procelain spoon to be used for eating the broth of the soup after you've removed the solid part with chopsticks, pouring gravy from the various dishes onto the rice, and anything else that may occur to the engineering mind. A few words about Chinese table manners. The long reach is not only approved, it's obligatory, since everyone eats from central dishes,

using the rice-bowls only as temporary repositories for a morsel or two. After the rice has become flavored by the gravy that drains from the food, procedure is to raise the bowl to mouth level and shovel it in, washing down with the green tea supplied, as is the rice, in unlimited quantity. Bones, such as those that remain from the barbecued spare ribs or roast duck, go on the table.

There is no dessert available, and water is served only on request. We hardly need say that no drinks are served, although customers have been known to spike the tea when the waiter is elsewhere. The bill, which total will be transmitted orally to the party at large, will usually amount to about 1.25 per person.

Of course, if you don't like the trouble of going out to eat, but are too lazy to do your own cooking, you can always follow the example of a guy I know, a member of Runkle International, who has lived for six years on beer and vitamin pills.

Siv



Elmer took in boarders during the summer. One day a big hog tried to get into the boarder's room.

"Say, this pig has been trying to get into my room all day," he said to Elmer's little kid. "He must like me."

"Naw, that ain't it. This is his room when we ain't got no boarders."



LENZ

"Goodnight, dear."

THE STUDENT FACULTY LOUNGE

(2 - 290)



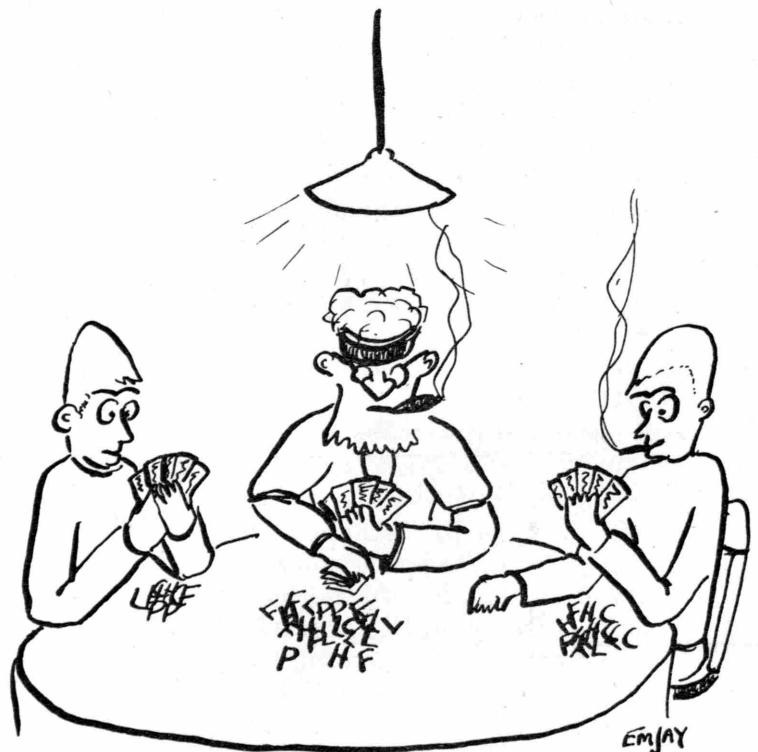
The lounge provides a meeting place where students and faculty can get together and soberly discuss their mutual problems.



Under the influence of the congenial atmosphere students feel free to express their views and opinions.



Likewise the normally sedate professors are quick to answer in kind.



After the preliminaries, students and professors sit down and settle all questions of grades in a gentlemanly, sportsmanlike fashion.

EMJAY

A TOAST TO BOSTON



*Must not be read on Sunday;
readers are forbidden to move lips
as they read where children under
24 are present.*

Here's to jolly old Boston
The home of the bean and the scrod
All the parking spaces in Boston
Are reserved for the Brewsters and
God.

Oh, here's to historic old Boston,
Where anything's good if it's old
And now you can answer your room-
mate
When he asks you why Debs are
so cold.

Here's to square old Boston
To Bowdoin, Copley and Park
And Scollay, where rumor would
have it
Things aren't so square after dark.
Yes, here's to rural old Boston
Where the Charles flows gently by
And all the drunks on the Esplanade
Sit quietly wondering why.
And here's to the neighbors of
Boston
To Cambridge with colleges marred;
We sell no flowers to Cambridge —
They grow their own in the Yard.

Oh, here's to the airport in Boston
With planes taking off left and right
And here's to the girls at Old
Howard
Who take off more every night.
Here's to the Shawmut of Boston
Whose Injun sits and thinks
While he watches the tommy-gun
cowboys
Play Jesse James with Brink's.
And here's to the cops of Boston
In their natty coats of blue.
They have a motto for college
kids;
"Arrest him — he's smaller than
you!"
Though your parents may send
you to Boston
And in college you may do well,
If you're smart you won't go to
Boston:
You'd be much better off in Pough-
keepsie.

E. M. G.



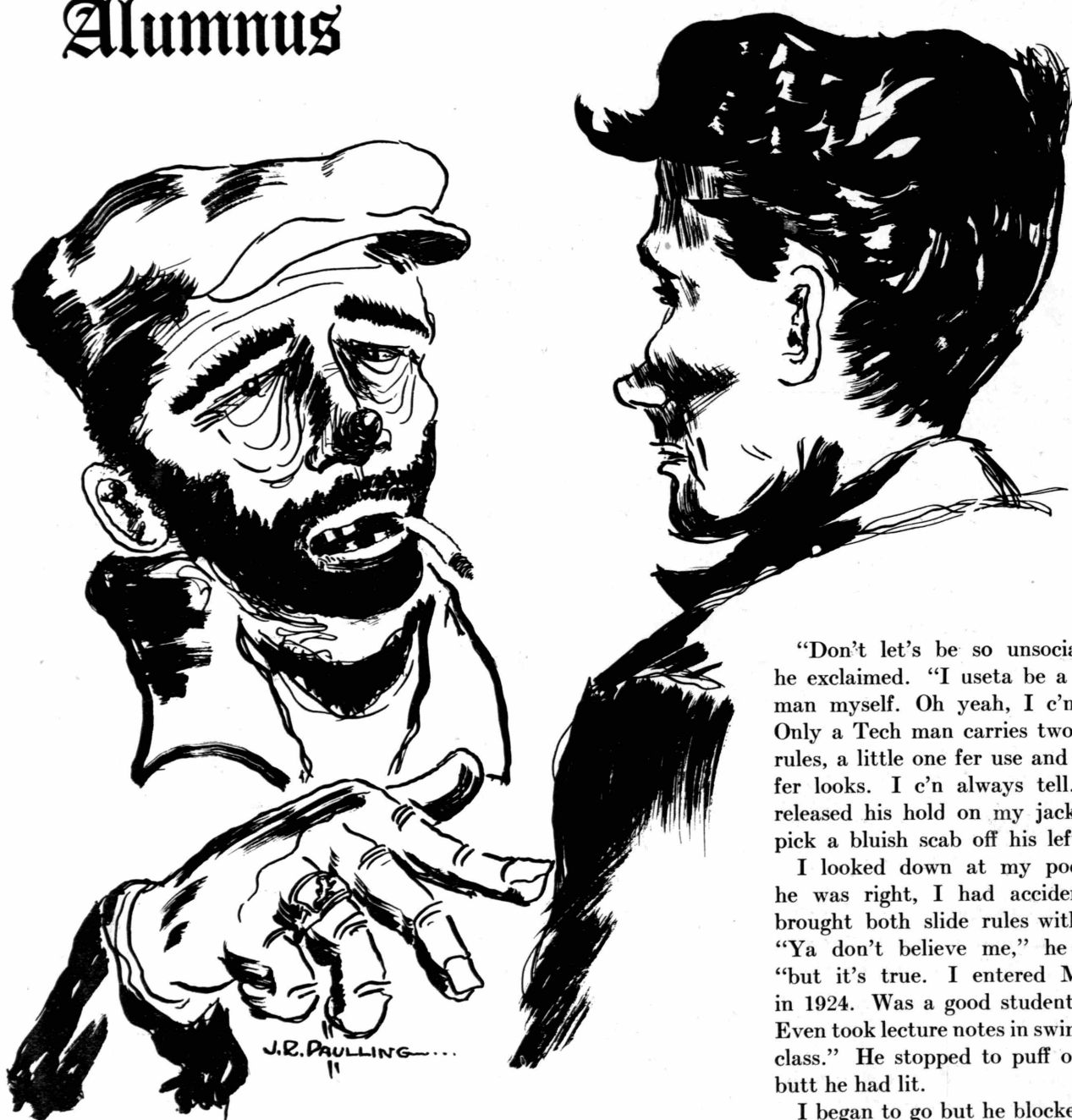
HOME THOUGHTS FROM A PILGRIM'S DESCENDANT

Oh, to be in England
Now that Boston's here,
For whoever wakes in Boston
Sees, some morning with a tear
That the city workers, in the dawn,
Have laid asphalt across his lawn
To quash an old election vow,
In Boston — now!
And after Curley, when Hynes
follows,
(Sets up meters, profits swallows)
Hark, where the blossoming state
machine
Leans o'er the Party and lays them
all in clover,
Scatters luscious contracts, filling
its commitments;
That's the wise politician — sings
each song twice over,
Lest his backers find some small
defection,
And pick someone else, come next
election.
And though the mayor once be sent
to jail,
All will be gay when he is sprung
on bail;
He knows that large red posters
and a float or
Two suffice to win the Boston voter.

S.B.



Alumnus



I was walking up Cornhill Street when I met him. He shuffled up to me, blocking my path, and wheezed, "Gotta light, buddy?" I produced a book of matches, handed it to him, and began to walk away. He had apparently anticipated this, for he shifted his position and blocked me off again.

"Thanks," he said, and taking

his hand out of his mouth he dipped it into his ragged pants pocket and pulled out a handful of half-smoked cigarette and cigar butts. "Have one?"

"No thanks," I muttered, and tried walking in the other direction. He reached out with his hand and clutched my jacket sleeve with his dirty, broken finger nails.

"Don't let's be so unsociable!" he exclaimed. "I useta be a Tech man myself. Oh yeah, I c'n tell. Only a Tech man carries two slide rules, a little one fer use and a big fer looks. I c'n always tell." He released his hold on my jacket to pick a bluish scab off his left ear.

I looked down at my pockets; he was right, I had accidentally brought both slide rules with me. "Ya don't believe me," he said, "but it's true. I entered M.I.T. in 1924. Was a good student, too. Even took lecture notes in swimmin' class." He stopped to puff on the butt he had lit.

I began to go but he blocked my way again. He must have had a lot of practice at this. He took his index finger out of his nose and pointed it at me. "But I had bad breaks. Luck was against me.

"It was all Double-F Sidcraft's fault. He was my chemistry teacher. Only an instructor then, not a perfesser. Had a disposition sweet as lye. Well, anyway one day in 5.02 lab I was testin' an unknown s'lution. It was loaded with ions;

they always put in everything on the damn shelf fer the freshmen unknowns. I put in a coupl'a organic indicators and some hydrogen sulfide gas.

"It happened when I was tryin' ta make lithium ion precipitate as a thiocyanite. I'd just finished addin' the powdered zinc and I began ta heat the s'lution over the bunsen burner. All'va sudden the s'lution separated inta red 'n' blue layers!"

Evidently he was very excited, for the needle scars on his arms turned red, in contranst to his unhealthily pale skin. I decided to leave at the first chance I got, but he seemed determined to tell me the whole story.

"The blue layer was just copper-ammonia complex 'n' hydroxide ion, but the red was sumpthin' else 'ntirely. I took it to Sidecraft, but he didn't know what it was neither. He was curious though, so he took it ta his own lab ta test.

"I found out later he put it through ev'ry test 'n the book, 'n' some he'd thought up himself. It turned out ta be fluorochlorobromoidolithosodiopotassiorubidio-cesioberilioargentodecane, a new organic chemical. Seems my unknown 'd contained just the right concentrations of ions ta produce it, along with the organic indicators I'd put in. And the powdered zinc was the catalyst."

He scratched his head a little, then caught a louse between his thumb and forefinger, and stared at it as he spoke. "A 'course Sidecraft took all the credit fer himself. He sent an article about it ta the *American Chemist* that didn't even mention me, and patented the manufacturing process. The chemical turned out ta be useful in makin' lipstick, 'n' he grew rich on royalties. The Institute promoted him ta full per-fesser.

"He used his influence ta get



"I'll have to consult a tree surgeon."

me expelled outta Tech, 'n' that made me even madder. I decided ta get even with him." As he made this last remark he crushed the life out of the louse. "I heard he was bein' mentioned fer the Nobel Prize. I fixed that; I forged a check fer a thousand dollars in his name 'n' sent it ta one a' the judges. That flushed his toilet!

"But I'm not satisfied. Someday I'll getta chance ta pay him back fer gettin' me kicked outta Tech. But in the meantime, I'm jobless, penniless, 'n' hungry." It was obvious what he was coming to. I thought of ways to get rid of the old pest. Suddenly I had a brilliant flash of inspiration.

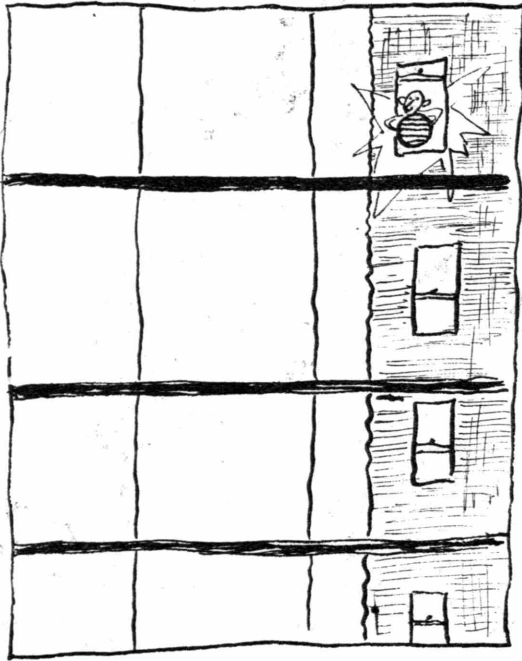
"See heah, my good man," I said, "I am not a student at the Mahssachusetts Institute of Technology. I am a Hahvud man." It worked. He stood shocked for a moment. Then he straightened up to his full height, stopped drooling, and strode off up the street with his nose in the air.

Harold Kaplan



If a light man sleeps lighter with the light on,
Will a hard man sleep harder with a window open?

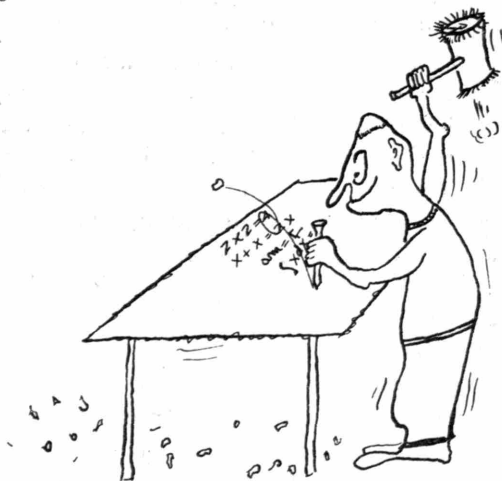
THERE WAS A WATCH-BIRD WATCHING YOU



This is a favorite since you can tell the proctor that they're only laundry marks.



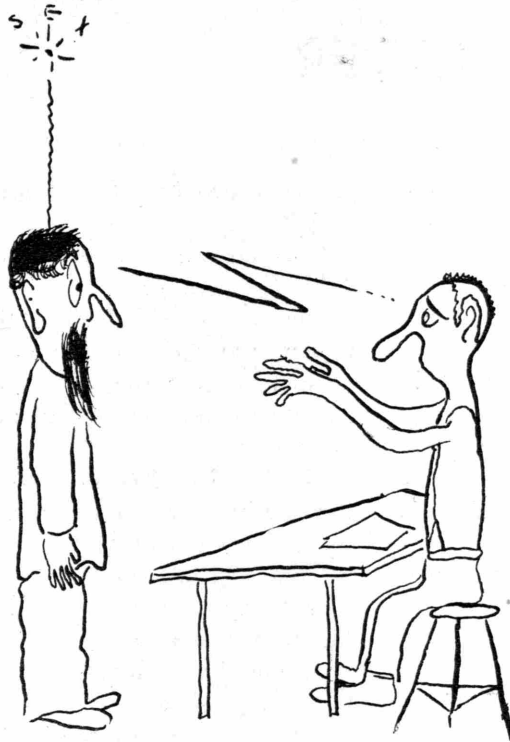
This method is useful only if your buddy knows more than you do.



This is best done the night before. Take care to sit at this desk during the quiz, and beware of knotholes.



This guy thought he had it made, but he was shafted by a noisy steam pipe.



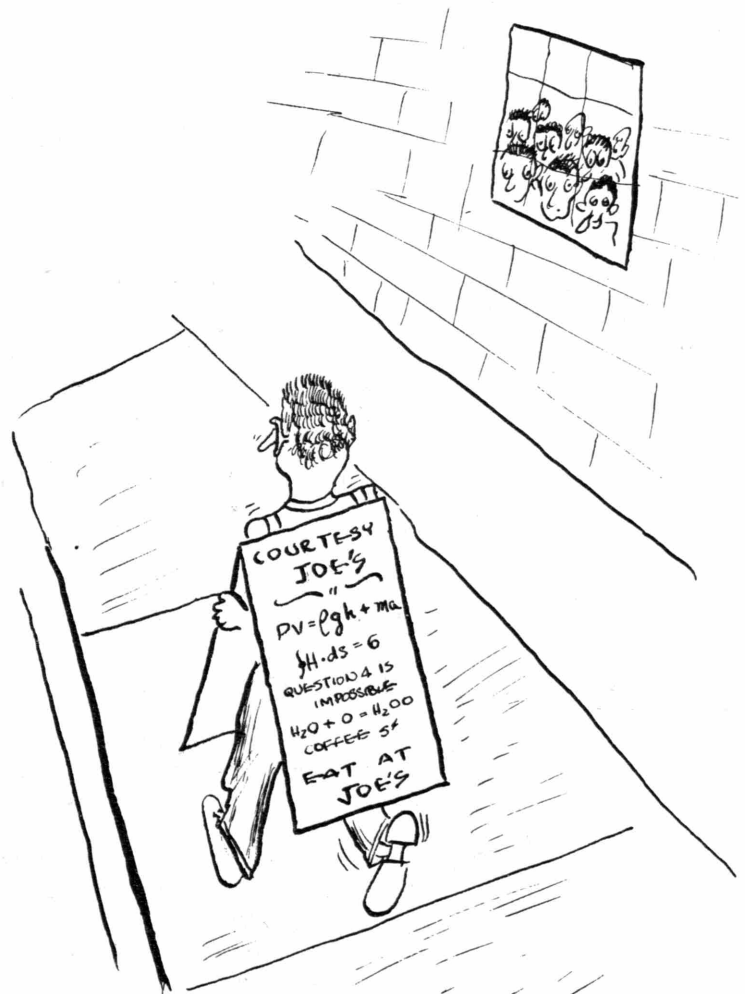
For most Tech prof's this is a sure fire method. But be careful, some of them ARE human.



This lad almost lost out when the proctor asked him the time, but he managed to ad-lib his way through.



"On my honor I will do my best,
To get the answer and pass the test."



ROTEMBERG

The last time this was tried everybody flunked, because Joe never got through grade school. Anyhow he meant well.

MIND OVER MATTER

Down town in New York City you will find a small neglected looking warehouse. One of its brick walls faces the East River and groups of haggard men, replete with liquor bottles can be seen lounging around. One block away tower the buildings that comprise the Wall Street district, stalwarts of our economic system. Money is being made in those buildings but just a block away in a brick warehouse other things are being created. This non-descript building houses government project X-R. You have probably never heard of project X-R and you shall probably never hear of it again. The reason will soon be obvious to you.

Let us proceed past the iron gate, oblivious to the two armed guards and into the main laboratory where two technicians are preparing 12 X-R for its final test, a trial mission.

"Hope we don't have the same trouble with this one, Joe."

"The guys upstairs have gone over every part with a fine tooth comb, they think they got the bug out of it and that character Buzzie is locked up, so here goes."

"So long 12 X-R. Good luck."

The humming sound that permeated the room rose to a shrill whine and then subsided. 12 X-R rose from a chair and left the room. It dressed in a conservative suit and looked like any person you would meet on the street.

The two guards at the door noticed 12 X-R leaving and remarked that those guys in the robot lab. sure do a good job.

Experiment 12 X-R hailed a cab and went to Greenwich Village. The cab stopped in front of a brownstone house and 12 X-R got out and proceeded to the third floor. It rang the buzzer, and a minute later, a tired looking character answered the door.

"Hi there, Buzzie, Where you been, we ain't seen you in three

days."

"Been around. Just taking it easy."

"Just around, for three whole..."

"Is the boss in?"

"Yeah sure. Mr. Keever, Buzzie is here, wants to talk to you."

"Sen him in Mike, I feel rested enough to see him. I had a very pleasant nap."

"Hello, Mr. Keever. What is this business we have to attend to? Who is it and why?"

"My, you are sure full of questions today. Sit down, rest awhile. Maybe you need a nap."

"I must know about the mission. It is very important."

"Don't you feel all right? You're asking too many questions. Much too quickly. I am positive you need a rest. Besides, you're being much too nosey. I'll tell you what to do when I'm ready."

"I must have information, immediately."

Meanwhile back at the laboratory, Joe and Phil are listening in.

"Can you hear what's going on, Joe."

"Yeah, but things aren't too good. 12 X-R is over active. It's forcing the issue."

"Tune it down, we can't lose our only chance to find out about his guy Keever. . . . Is he acting O.K. now?"

"Stop refering to IT as HE . . . makes me feel creepy."

Back at the brownstone house, "Buzzie" was taking it easy and making Mr. Keever feel much better.

"There, that's better, Buzzie. I hate to see you all worked up. It's bad for your nerves"

"What nerves?"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing"



My slogan for reelection was "Look At The Records" . . . they did.

"Have a drink."

"No thanks."

"Game of cards?"

"No."

"You seem to be strange today . . . work not interesting?"

"Work's fine, just tired."

"Well, I guess all artists are temperamental. I realize murder isn't an easy thing. Even with an incentive like yours. By the way, I got a new shipment of the stuff in today. Want a shot now?"

"No. I don't feel like having it now."

"Phil . . . tune up 12 X-R. Lets get this job over with."

"Mr. Keever. Who gets it tonight? I got to know right away. Also, who wants this job done?"

"I guess you have a right to know who it is . . . Eh."

"I believe so."

"It's a good one. From one of our best clients and it's got to be done right. If it looks like an accident and the cops believe it is, we get a bonus. Here are the details . . ."

"It's working like a gem. Every word is coming over perfectly, the whole rotten mess."

"Let me hear it, Joe."

"It's all being put down on tape. You can hear it later."

"That's that. A job well done. Send 12 X-R home."

"I sure hope we get it back O.K. You remember what happened to the earlier models."



"You better watch it all the way back. Don't let anything happen to it. It takes an awful lot of work to built those gadgets . . . Hey, Joe, what's the matter?"

"Dammit, we just lost another robot."

"Same fault?"

"Yeah, it was hit by a car."

"Any chance of it being repaired?"

"Nope, It died on the way to the hospital."

Frank J. Leeds



The freshman's father paid his son a surprise visit. Arriving at 1 a.m., he banged on the fraternity house door. A voice from the second floor yelled, "Whatdya want?" The father answered, "Does Joe Jones live here?" The voice answered, "Yeah, bring him in."



Question: What's the best way to keep a horse from frothing at the mouth?

Answer: Teach it to spit.

— Record

RICHMOND 2-3795

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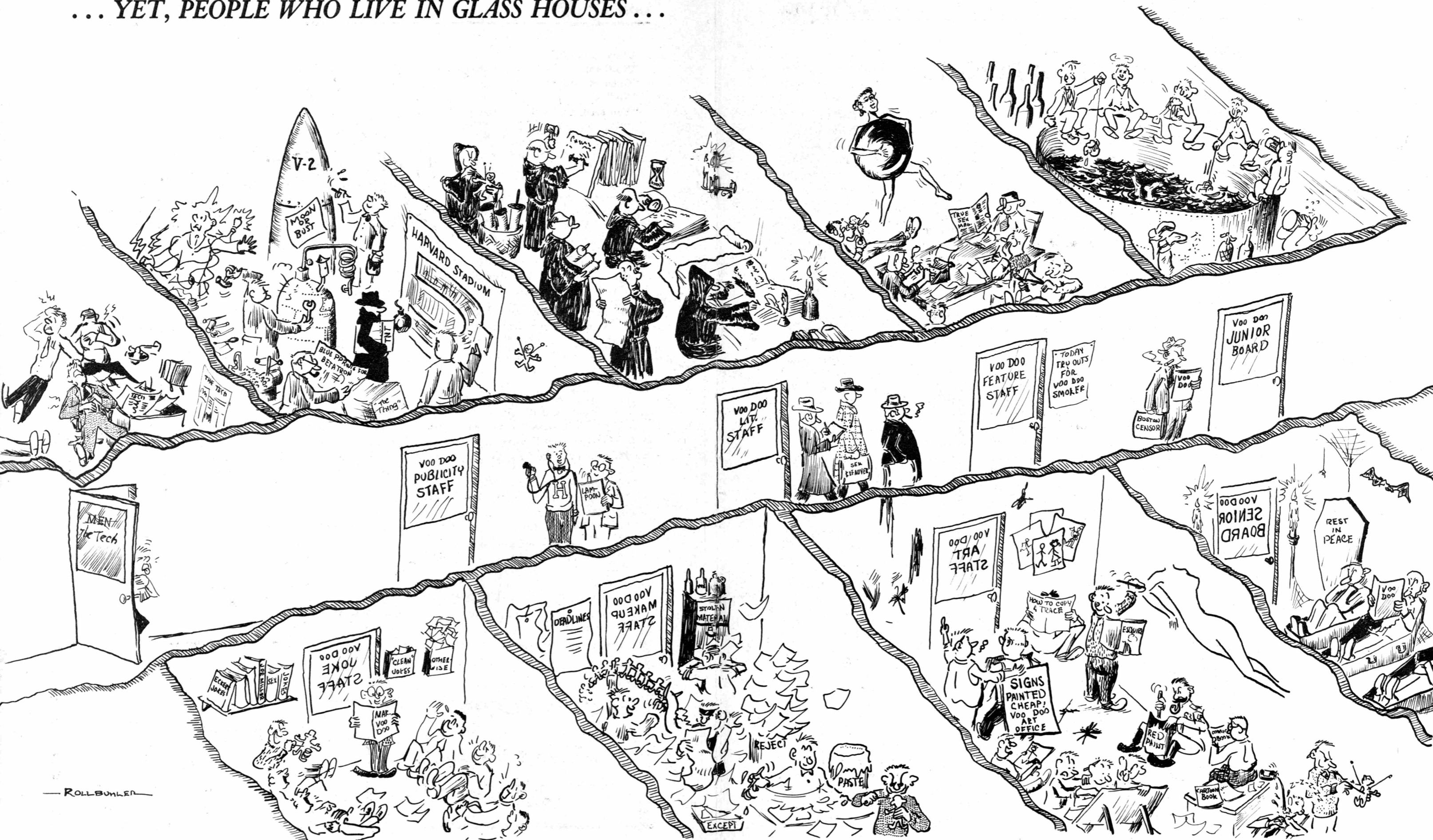
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The Humor Syndicate

It was a great day — or almost, anyways — observed Phosgene Van Vermin, as he walked through the warm, spring air. He would have been completely satisfied if it hadn't been for scattered reports he had been receiving of an underground. It was ridiculous! After all these years someone would actually dare to challenge him. The reports were that some uncouth character who went by the name of "The Laughing Liberator" was trying to disrupt the dominance that he, Phosgene Van Vermin, had held for so many years. Ridiculous!

As founder and president of the Royal Order For Advancement of Humor, he had had the stupid town of Boston in the palm of his hand for years. Nobody laughed any more unless it was at a Phos-sanctioned joke. New comedians were doomed unless they were certified members of the Vermin protection syndicate. Superman now asked permission of the Phosgene Comic Commission before rescuing Lois

Lane from some monster. Dick Tracy had quietly disappeared when he had insisted upon consistently proving that crime does not pay. He had even managed to stop the trickle of illegitimate jokes that entered his domain with smugglers. That had been his personal baby. He had spent enormous sums to advertise the phrase, "If it's funny . . . it's worth money." People were lined three deep at Phosgene's admission offices to collect on illicit jokes that they had captured.

He had systematically and ruthlessly squelched all competition until he alone was the source of the city's life-blood humor. And now some slum-raised moron whom he had never heard of was trying to muscle in.

As he walked along he tried to dismiss the reports of an underground and to think how well things were going. Everywhere he looked he could see evidence of the scope of his organizational network. Everywhere were the jingling containers that said; "GIVE!

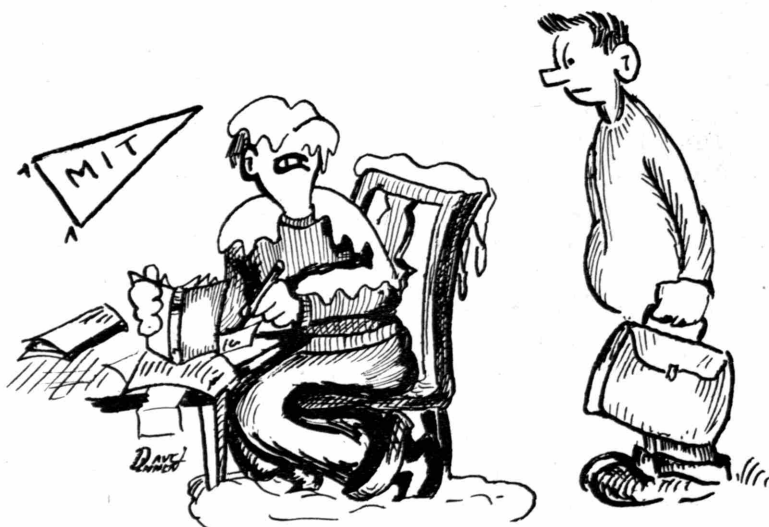
SUPPORT THE DRIVE FOR DESTITUTE PRANKSTERS."

All about him he could see the huge staff of joke sleuths dashing here and there trying to confirm leads and tips on possible jokes. And on every corner was the heart-warming sight of dirty urchins with gum-tipped sticks poling about in the sewers. They worked long hours to fill the growing market of dirty jokes. "Why would anyone want to change the happy life of the people?" he asked himself.

Wherever he passed, people smiled smartly in the accepted fashion at the ponderous figure of the "mirth magnate" as he was popularly known. And as he walked along the streets of the city—his city—he thought of the long hard climb it had been . . . of the hungry years without jokes and smiles . . . of his youth.

Phosgene grew up in the southern end of a northern minded town. He had the misfortune to be the fifth and accidental member of a family of five. From the time he was old enough to walk—he was working. He peddled the popular little hot books that his father printed in the cellar. And he had a knack for selling them. He always came home with a fistful of greasy bills and received for his efforts a drunken cuff from his father and a cold supper from his mother. As he lost the trusting innocence of his youth, Phosgene began to have ambitions for himself. An anonymous letter to a senate investigating committee and pop's business became Phos's business.

In no time at all he was known as "Honest Phosgene, the hot-book king." But bigger things were yet in store for our hero. One day he met "Limpid Laura," a salesgirl who really had the goods, and to-



"I'm snowed."

gether there was no stopping them. They hired outside interests to eliminate competition and then hired other interests to eliminate the outside interests. With the shrewd policy that a dead competitor is the best customer, their business boomed. Soon they were no longer operating from candy stores but had a plush office in the city hall. Later still, city hall was operating from the candy stores. And here we have the almost fantastic rise of a scraggly urchin to the idol of a million laughing people, proving once again that American money is the greenest.

Now, as he was walking along and thinking of these things, he stumbled against something. He looked down and stepped back aghast. Here at his very feet lay a joke, the blackest, dirtiest joke he had ever seen. With trembling fingers he bent to pick it up. Just as he was about to grasp it, it swished from reach and a hard shoe came grinding down on his fingers. With a howl of pain he looked up.

Towering over him was a smiling blond giant. "April Fool, your highness," the giant spat out sardonically. Phosgene yanked his bruised fingers from beneath the heel and stood up furiously. He started to make a motion to signal some of his men who were sure to be about.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," the giant breathed omniously.

For the first time he noticed he was ringed in by a circle of unsmiling men brandishing tightly rolled comic books in a threatening manner.

"Let me introduce myself," the giant continued. "I am the 'Laughing Liberator' as my followers prefer to call me. We are sick of your oppression of free humor. It is time we had a showdown. I therefore challenge you to a personal duel, unless, of course, you are afraid."



In truth, Phosgene was afraid. He was no longer young and this smirking cur looked as if he could take care of himself. But, above all, Phosgene realized he must make a stand. He could not afford to be humiliated before his worshipping subjects. "Name your weapons," Phosgene replied gruffly.

The giant's eyes seemed to narrow in anticipation. "Posioned toothpicks," the giant smiled, "with peppermint wafers as shields."

Phosgene was really quaking inwardly now, but true to his breed he showed no outward sign. This fiend; the inhuman monster. Somewhere he must have found out about Phosgene's unusual allergy to peppermint. If he so much as smelled it he broke out in an uncontrollable itch. He would have to flight with the most deadly of all instruments, the poisoned toothpick, and without a shield. "Excellent," he answered. "I'll wait for you at the usual spot following the last train."

The night was as black as the deed that was soon to be done. The last subway had scurried on its final run and was now being bedded in the roundhouse. There was no sound to mar the eerie silence of Park Street Under. How many foul deeds have these mute subway walls witnessed? How much blood has been soaked into their damp tile? Into this foreboding atmosphere, the two shrouded duelists suddenly appeared. Here they can duel without interference until satisfaction is given or received.

Without a word, without a formality, they faced each other in the dank gloom and lunge. Back and forth between the speechless platforms they stab and parry and grunt. With ferocious energy they press upon one another. Phosgene, with the skill of greatness and devoid of any protection, feints and eludes the plunging death of his opponent. But he cannot break the defense of his youthful adversary. With malicious intent the two dash

Continued on next page

up and down the length of the tracks.

Never have these callous walls witnessed such a battle. The vending machines quiver in the excitement of the battle. Forgetful chicklets press and stick to one another in their eagerness to see. Bitter chocolates soften in the heat of the battle and flow out of their wrappers. A play by play description is wired from stop to stop by smooth tracks which have the best view of the battle.

For hours the two battled back and forth in the murky depths. Neither one could gain an advantage. Then Phosgene's age began to tell. His breath came in gasps. He faltered. The sweating giant redoubled his efforts and swarmed to the attack in anticipation. The end was near. Phosgene was aware of this through his weariness. And, as he had done all through his life, he thought of the people. He felt sad that there would be no more smiles and then he fell heavily with the hateful toothpick protruding from his forehead.

And there was no more laughter in the land. But there is hope. For Phosgene had a son by Limpid Laura, a fact that is little known. And the son will have his revenge, for although he is just a cat he still carries his father's name . . . Phos . . .

"Doc" Edlin



and while we're complaining

Hey, waiter, where's my salad bowl?
Hey, hurry with that soup, you
oaf —

You take so long, that one can howl,
To fry an egg or toast a loaf.

Hey, hurry with that soup, you
oaf —

How many times shall I tell you
To fry an egg or toast a loaf?

Come on, the pickles are too few!

How many times shall I tell you
That soup is cold and milk is sour?

Come on, the pickles are too few

Go get some more, don't take an
hour!

That soup is cold, that milk is
sour . . .

Hey you, there ain't enough of
bread

Go get some more, don't take an
hour!

Joe, that tomato is too red!

Hey you, there ain't enough of
bread!

Go, hurry, bring me meat more
lean!



Joe, that tomato is too red,
And that one, it is much too green!
Come, hurry, bring me meat more
lean,

My boy, that lettuce is too pale
And that one, it is much too green!
Too cold, too hot the gingerale . . .

My boy, that lettuce is too pale!
You are so slow, that one can howl.
Too cold, too hot the gingerale . . .
Hey, waiter, where's my salad bowl?

George Wodopjanow

WHOLESALE

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Oh, George, let's not park here

" " " " " "



"My husband travels so much that each time he comes home, he seems like a perfect stranger."

"How perfectly thrilling!"



"Say 'prunes'."

"Say 'apples,' boob; that kind of kiss has gone out of style."



Letter from a GI to his wife:
Please send me \$5 for shaving cream and stuff. Came the reply:

Honey, enclosed herewith is 25c for the shaving cream. The stuff is back here.

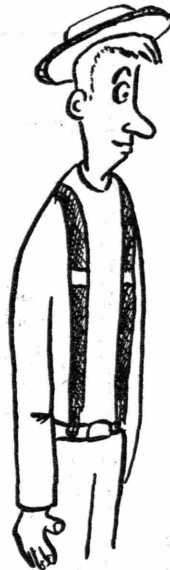


"George," said the young co-ed in a nervous whisper, as she pushed him away, "you'll have to wait, you must give me time."

"How much?" asked the lovesick youth. "A week, a month, or even a year?"

"Don't get impatient, little boy," answered the co-ed, "only wait until the moon gets behind the cloud."

— Caveman



"Pssst — Karoso?"

Mother: "Do you know where naughty girls go?"

Daughter: "Yes."



And then there was the widow who told the bachelor: "Take it from me — don't get married!"

— Sundial



"Uncle, what's a bachelor?"

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

She's lovely . . . she's engaged . . . her father uses Remington Super X.



Daffynition: Beer is like the sun. It rises in the yeast and sets in the vest.



My girl has a face like a prune. To prune is to cut. To cut is to chop. A chop is a piece of meat. You ought to see my girl.

—naturally

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All right! Who's the wise guy?

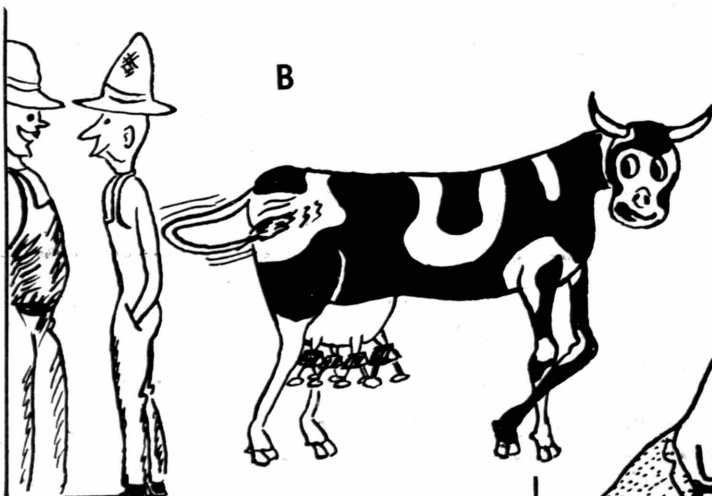
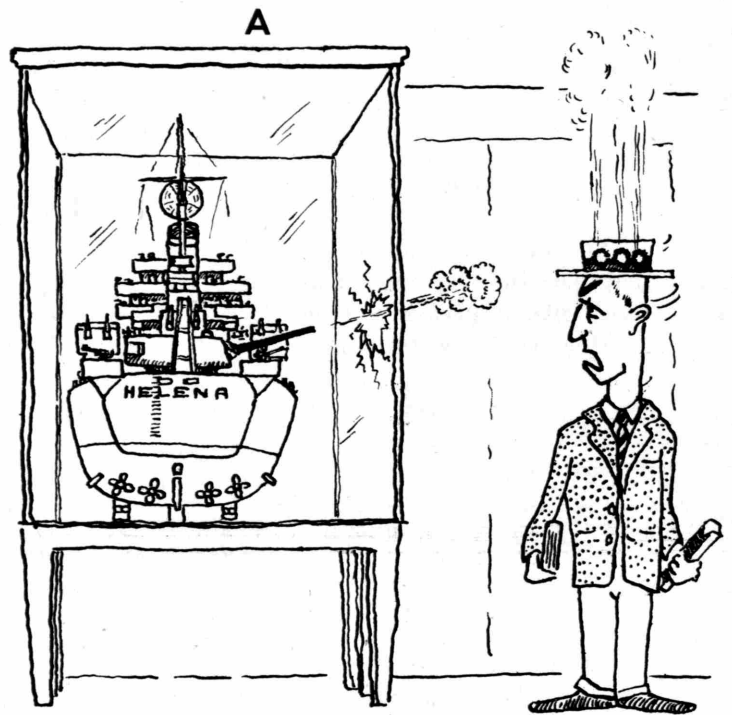
Voo Doo Cartoon Contest

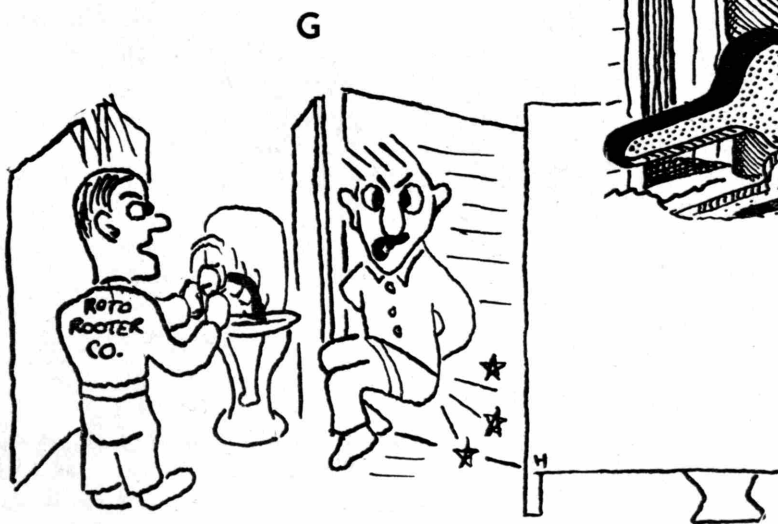
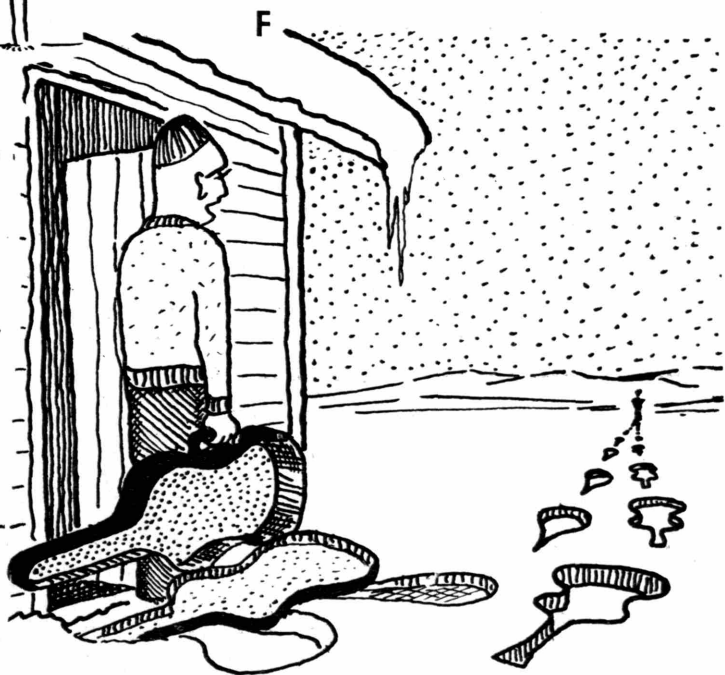
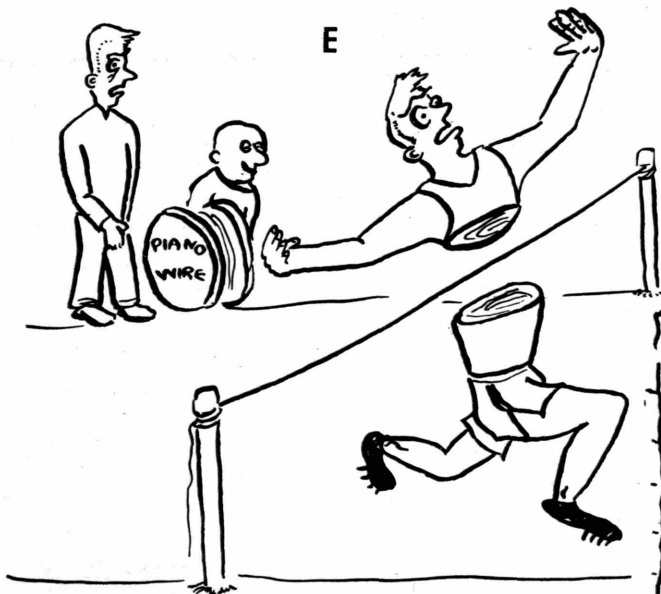
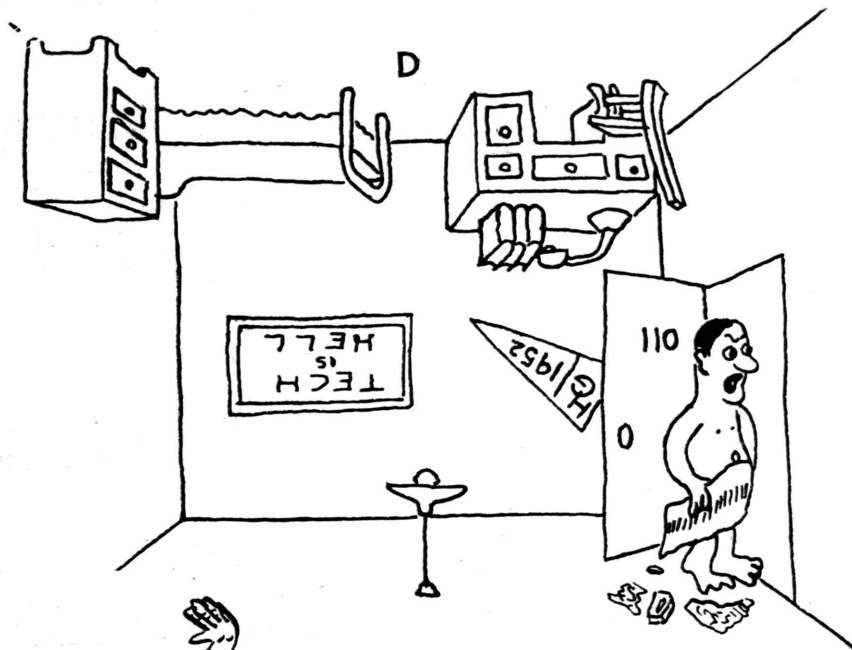
FREE BEER

YES, ONE CASE OF BEER TO
THE AUTHOR OF THE BEST
CARTOON TO FIT THE
FOLLOWING CAPTION:

"All right, who's the wise guy?"

THESE ARE THE FINALISTS
Your vote sent in to the Voo Doo
office will determine the winner.





Hysteria in the Making

This is the story of a man. A little man. A tiny fly-speck on the huge map of global conflict. Actually, he wasn't really *that* little. But pretty little.

This is *your* story, too. In fact, it's your whole magazine—you bought it, didn't you? If you didn't then put it down before somebody catches you.

Ordinarily, this man is unimportant, but right now he is very important because he might be you, or I. He might even be Chiang Kai-Shek, and if he were, he would be, but he isn't. He is J. Philmore Harding, and what happened to him is a dirty word.

When Philmore was eight years old, he told his daddy, "I wanna be a traveler when I grow up and be like Admiral Byrd and Little Nemo and climb up mountains and shoot big lions. Bang!" And daddy turned a page of his newspaper and said, "Murmil wenna mumush blashmash."

"Yes, sir!" said Phil at nineteen, "I'm gonna be a real humdinger of a traveler, Betty Lou, you bet!" And he did travel as far as Hackensack, where he hid until Betty Lou's old man stopped looking for him.

Upon graduation from Harvard with a Doctorate in Philosophy, *cum laude*, he exclaimed, "Now, be freed from this prison of man's ignorance, O my soul! Ah, for the open road! To you, beckoning fair one of the nether distance! Away blithe spirit—I shall travel!"

Two months and sixteen days later, Mr. J. Philmore Harding was married to Miss Myrtle Sweeney and after a charming two-week honeymoon in Winona, the couple held a housewarming and opened a grocery store at the corner of

sixth and Green Streets.

The following are excerpts taken from the brief of the defendant's counsel:

"From 1932 to the present time, Mr. Harding has operated the Little Thrifty New Deal Grocery Store. The line carried has been expanded gradually to include postage stamps, clothesline and toothpaste. In the period from 1932 to 1939 the store's net profits were raised from appr. \$700 to \$4369.35 per annum. The client's customers and acquaintances can cite no instance of unfair practice during this period. His original store has remained at Sixth and Green and in 1946 a branch was opened at 44 North Ludlow."

What was the sin that brought J. Philmore Harding under accusation of—treason?

The scene is a warm August day in 1938. Closing the shop for the day, Myrtle says, "Phil, remember when you wanted to travel?" Phil answers, "As a youth I was full of fertile ideas, but as a traveler, I've kind of lain fallow." Phil likes that phrase. It isn't much of a phrase, but for the purposes of this story, Phil likes it. He repeats it to Mike the ice man, and to the window-display man. During the war, Phil makes a wad and he repeats it to the boys at the club. "... as a traveler, I'm fallow."

In 1949 the blow falls! By now Phil has got pretty tired of that old phrase, and the next time he wants to say it, he carelessly shortens it. One day he is getting off the bus and he is talking to a friend.

"When I got out of school," he says, "I had big ideas. Wanted to go places. But for seventeen years now *I've been just a fallow traveler.*" His friend nods, and the door closes

in the murmur behind them.

"Joe, did youse hear what that feller said?"

"Geez, he's one 'a dem gawdamn Reds!"

"Emily, did you ever *hear* such an unpatriotic, outspoken man in all your..."

"Well, I *never!*"

"Geez, sumbuddy oughtta report *dat gawdamn Red!*?"



Now the final step in the downfall of J. Philmore Harding:

"Q. Mr. Gonzales, are you a regular customer of Mr. Harding?
A. Yes.

Q. Were you with him on the bus? A. I'm a-see him dere.

Q. And what did he say as he left? A. He's a-say, loud, like-a this, fo' seventeen-a yea' I'm a-be a fella trav'.

Q. Why didn't you report him immediately? A. I'm afraid his gang, maybe they take-a me away.

Defense: I object! This is a biased testimony based on hearsay!

Chair: Overruled. The prosecutor may call the next witness.

Q. Did you have any dealings with Mr. Harding in 1935, Mr. Davis? A. I was his produce salesman. He asked me to get him surplus oranges to help out the

people in his neighborhood who couldn't afford them at the regular price.

Q. Did you get them, even though you knew that they were scheduled to be buried and that by diverting them to the public, Mr. Harding was attacking the farm parity program? A. I did not."

Said Senator Blowsome (Tory, L. I.), "The man is obviously a dirty Communist! We got to get these damn Reds out before it's too late! Let's stop asking questions and shoot the spy! If we want to stay democratic, we got to stop wasting time and convict them all!"

The newspapers carried pictures of the trial and carried such Congressional quotes as, "rabid Red" "party boss" and "viper in sheep's clothing."

"We must show our enemies," said prosecutor Van Snyck, "how quickly and efficiently we will punish any subversive elements in our midst. This man is an admitted Communist agent. I recommend the death penalty."

Tension mounted.

In a press interview toward the end, Harding, appearing in a mo-

ment of rare frankness, scratched his head and confided, "You boys seem to know the whole story. So tell me — what did I do?"



Following a recommendation of leniency, Harding's sentence was set at twenty-five years, and we have not heard from him since.

After the trial, Senator Blowsome remarked, "Of course we really couldn't get too much on him but you can't be too careful. Anyway, what's the difference? We got to make an example of him and show those boys they won't get away with that kind of thing over here!"

That is what can happen to you if you're not careful. Somebody might catch you admiring a red sunset and Zowie! You're seen reading the philosophy of Karl Marx, and *Bam!*

As for J. Philmore Harding, however, I think he got what was coming to him. During the war he made thirty thousand bucks that the government never found out about, selling black market tires.

Stan Benjamin



The sailor had missed his ship. He watched it majestically steaming through the Golden Gate. With his arms around the girl's waist and a gloomy look on his face, he muttered, "Now, honey, we're both in trouble."



Judge: So you claim the defendant stole your money from your stocking.

Mandy: Yes, you honor.

Judge: Well, why didn't you resist.

Mandy: Lawsy, how was I to know he was after my money?"



"Damn car blew a rod."

Our Day Has Come

Several weeks ago there was a little celebration in the Emma Rogers Room in conjunction with the but-slightly known Tech tradition "De-Arbor Day." Someone forgot to put a notice in the Calendar of Events so not many students were there, and it was only by the merest chance that I happened to be around.

Quite a few of the Technology elite were present, however, sipping tea and munching scones with the dignity commensurate to such an occasion. Seated on a makeshift stage were the speakers, you can well imagine whom, dressed in somber Cambridge grey flannels or stern business suits. The atmosphere was almost holy.

The speeches were succinct, thank goodness, but then that is the way with scientists. This day, as I learned, was the day upon which the memory of the old Tech on Boylston Street was revived, and to the hundreds of old students who had had no rolling, green campus to gambol upon were commemorated several sturdy tree stumps. Each year a few of the finest trees on campus are chopped down and the stumps hallowed in this ceremony. At that very moment, so a speaker said, a tree was crashing to the ground in honor of the class of '75. We all bowed our heads and, indeed, a faint thump could be heard.

"De-Arbor Day" is just one of the fascinating bits of traditiana which have lapsed into obscurity, to be remembered and celebrated only by a few Tech officials. There are many little, typically collegiate rituals in which I am sure Tech students would love to participate. Consider, for example, "Pioneer Day". The practice associated with this particular day was instituted quite some time ago in honor of



those hardy, courageous pioneers who literally tore at the Massachusetts forests to erect the great highway system.

On this day Technology, in the true spirit of patriotism, selects a much used sidewalk and has it smashed to bits. Three days later the sidewalk is rebuilt, and as the first blobs of cement splatter on the ground the contractor incants aloud, "Another link in the great highway system." The festivities are concluded when all the participants partake of an excellent dinner at

Locke Ober's.

Quite similar to "Pioneer Day" is "Civilization Day". On this occasion one of the lawns is buried beneath a new sidewalk, thereby symbolically representing the triumph of modern progress over raw, green nature. After this celebration, also, the contractor invites all participating dignitaries to finish the day at Locke Ober's.

There is one custom at Tech in which all students unwillingly take part. In this little ritual a professor writes a lengthy, expensive book, which the students buy in September. Each student carefully places the book upon a shelf and leaves it to become dusty and traditional. The professor then buys a new car.

It is my sincere wish that more of the Technology students will become aware of and participate in the many collegiate rituals around the school. Perhaps a few students could start a celebration of their own. Why not smash a little hole in a dormitory wall in memory of the ancient Greek love of open spaces.

Ah, tradition!

Jerry Rothberg



A man will get mad and tell you to go — you know where. But a woman will smile at you and lead you there.

— Sundial



Going around with women keeps you young.

How's that?

I started going around with them when I was a freshman and I'm still a freshman.

— Show Me



Two heads are better than one. Except during a hangover.

PARKING SITUATION EXPOSED!!

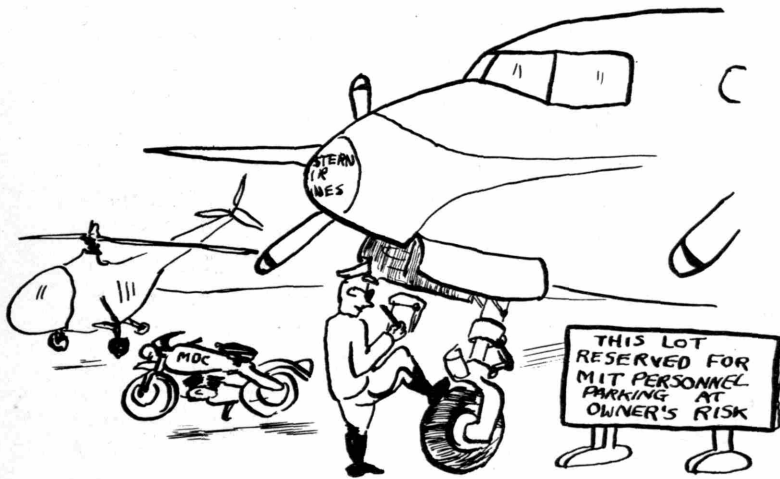
A few weeks ago, a committee of distinguished two parking permit holders were summoned before the Senate Committee on Vice, Sin and Illegal Parking. Excerpts from their testimony as regards the M.I.T. situation are reprinted below.



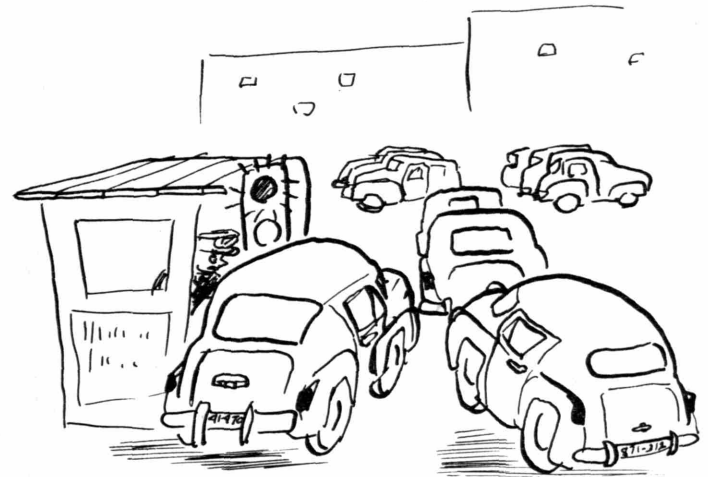
"... But as ah always say, they's no'hin like direk aschun.



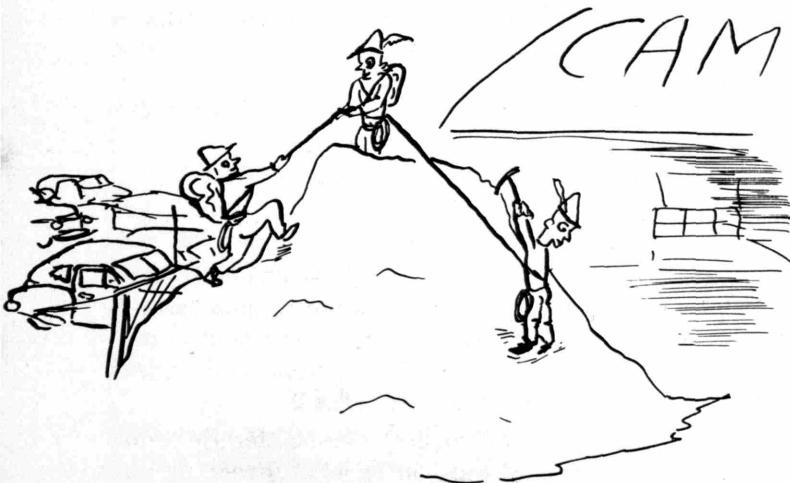
"... you could always try sneaking thru Walker ... gotta be careful you don't make the wrong turn, though.



"... then you get out to East Boston only to find big business muscling in on the Baker House lot ...



"Then thum of the boyth would thacrifithe a poor little freshman at the gate ... it'h terrible, thimply ...



"... but when you have to rent a rope and pack provisions to get out of the lot in the winter, that's too much.



"... you could always paint something inconspicuous on your car.

Voo Doo Progress Report

ANNCR: As a public service, we present another in the series . . .

MUSIC: TWO HEAVY CHORDS, ESTABLISH THEN CUT OFF

ANNCR: The March of Science

MUSIC: "POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCES" UP AND UNDER

ANNCR: The March of Science! . . .

A tribute to the great scientific discoveries of mankind. Tonight we bring you the discovery of . . . FLOORS!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANNCR: Floors! . . . Without them there would be nothing to attach walls to.

ANNCR 2: Floors! . . . Without them people would be three inches shorter.

ANNCR 3: Floors! . . . Without them it would be impossible to recognize Jake LaMotta.

ANNCR: Flaws! . . . Without them everything would be perfect!

MUSIC: STING

ANNCR: But what of the time before floors were discovered? Where did people throw their cigarette butts?

MUSIC: DESCENDING NOTE

ANNCR 2: HOW were floors discovered? What genius of mankind first saw their startling possibilities?

ANNCR: It was in the year 1684 . . . two years after the discovery of Sophie Tucker (or paper bags). In a small town in the American colony of Florida, a young colonist comes home after another hard day at the linoleum factory. Business is poor, because there is nothing practical to lay linoleum

on. He walks up to his second story apartment where his wife, Ida, greets him.

Ida: Surprise, Sam, Surprise!!

Sam: Eh?

Ida: Guess what?

Sam: Ida, not another one! On 16 dollars a week, I can't afford it.

Ida: (giggle) Don't be silly, Sam!

Sam: Then what is it?

Ida: You know that young idealistic inventor that lives just below us?

Sam: So . . .

Ida: Well, he's just come up with something . . . ALL the way up! . . . He calls it . . . a ceiling!

Sam: A ceiling? . . . But, Ida, what's this hard stuff I'm standing on?

Ida: (slowly) That's the top of the ceiling!

Sam: Gad, Ida, this means our business is no longer on the rocks. At last we have found something to lay our linoleum on. We'll be rich! I can see the advertisements now . . . "Lay Sam's Linoleum on your ceiling!"

Ida: Oh, don't be a silly old thing, you silly old thing. You can't lay linoleum on a ceiling! A hundred years from now people will laugh.

Sam: You're right, Ida, We can't wait that long for a laugh! . . . But what else can we call it?

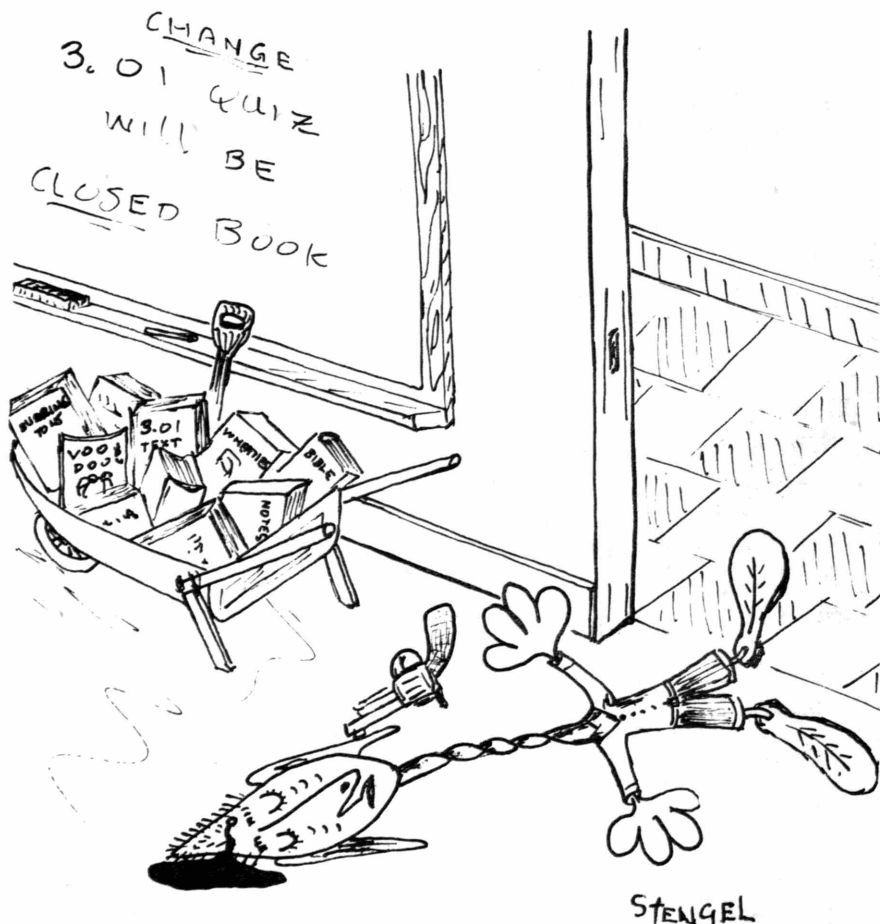
Ida: How about naming it after this state?

Sam: Very well, we shall call it Floor, Ida!

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANNCR: Since that momentous day, people have not let grass grow under their feet . . . Expectant fathers have something to pace. . . Now scrubwomen have something to scrub besides their husbands' backs.

ANNCR 2: Since that momentous day, floors have become an important part of the American way



of life.

GIRL: But Hon, the splinters are killing me!

MUSIC: LOW CORD

ANNCR: The invention of floors heralded the sudden growth of several small enterprises.

VOICE 1: C'mon li'l ol' seven. Baby needs a new pair of shoes.

ANNCR 2: And so tonight, we have in our studio the world's foremost authority on Floors, Professor Tittlespoon. Good evening, Professor

Prof: Good evening.

ANNCR: Sir to begin . . . perhaps you could tell us some of the experiments being conducted in your laboratories?

Prof: Well, right now we are working on vita-enriched floors. All around us floors are collapsing if someone just happens to sneeze. And why? Weak floors, of course. Strange, isn't it, that scientists have so long overlooked this simple fact! But now, the new Tittlespoon method will change the entire situation. I have found a way to sneak a few vitamins into the plankings, both male and female!

ANNCR: GADS!

Prof: Yes, indeed, I consider this on par with Lincoln's emancipation of the slaves.

ANNCR: Well, Doctor, do you feel that the uses of water have been exhausted?

Prof: No, but I am . . . Goodnight.

ANNCR: Thank you and good-

night, Professor Tittlespoon.
MUSIC: UP AND OUT
SCIENCE MARCHES ON!

Phil Stark



Confucius say: Modern woman putting up such a false front, man never knows what he is up against.



Girl: (admiring a set of mink skins from father): "I can hardly realize that these beautiful furs come from such a small sneaking beast?"

Harvard Man: "I don't ask for thanks my dear, but I must insist on respect."



Looking coldly at the man who had just given him a nickel for carrying his bag twelve blocks, the little boy said:

"I know something about you."

"What?"

"You're a bachelor."

"That's right. Do you know anything else about me?"

"So was your father."



He: Boy, this is heaven.

She: Yeah, but I'm not your harp.



"Say's he got it from a fire hydrant."



Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship's rail): "Weak stomach, my lad?"

Boy: "The hell I have! I'm putting as far as the rest of them!"

—1931



The messenger had just caught sight of Birnam Wood descending upon Dunsinane. He turned to Macbeth and shouted: "Your majesty, cheese it, the copse!"



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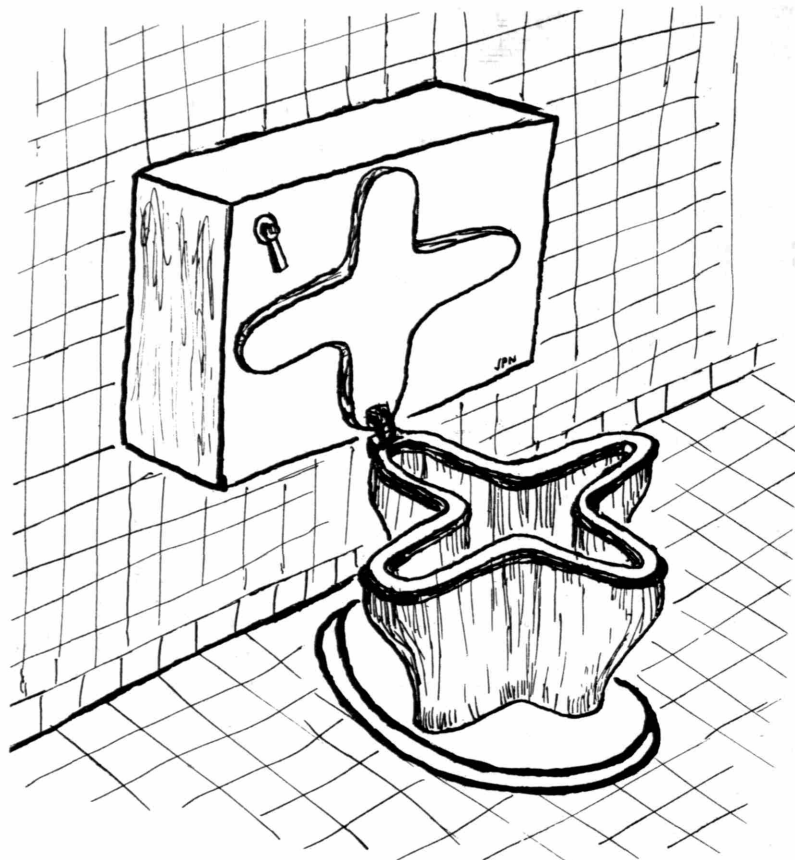
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“Phillips Head”

She: “What kind of tree is that?”

He “A fig tree.”

She: “Oh! My! I thought the leaves were larger.”



She: Do you wanna spoon?

He: Spoon? What's spooning?

She: Why, look at those other couples over there; that's spooning.

He: Well, if that's spooning, let's shovel.

“How did you happen to tip the canoe? Did you change your seat?”

“No. The girl changed her mind.”

—1926



“Ivan, vot are you doing?”

“I'm drunk, Papa.”

“What?”

“Yas, I'm drunk pictures on the wall.”

— Daily Worker

A man sought medical aid because he had popped eyes and a ringing in his ears. A doctor looked him over and suggested removal of his tonsils.

The operation resulted in no improvement, so the patient consulted another doctor who suggested removal of his teeth. The teeth were extracted, but still the man's eyes popped and the ringing in his ears continued.

A third doctor told him bluntly, “You've got 6 months to live.” In that event, the doomed man decided, he'd treat himself right while he could.

He bought a flashy car, hired a liveried chauffeur, had the best tailor in town make him 20 suits, and decided even his shirts would be made to order.

“Okay,” said the shirtmaker, “let's get your measurement. Hmm, 34 sleeve, 16 collar—”

“Fifteen,” the man said.

“Sixteen collar,” the shirtmaker repeated, measuring again.

“But I've always worn a 15 collar,” said the man.

“Listen,” the shirtmaker said, “I'm warning you. You keep on wearing a 15 collar and your eyes will pop and you'll have a ringing in your ears.”

— Sun Dial



There is an adage in far off Egypt that bad little girls become mummies.

Charlie Mun

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Remember —

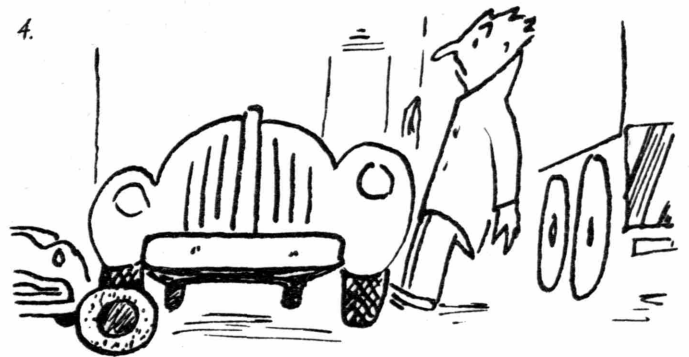
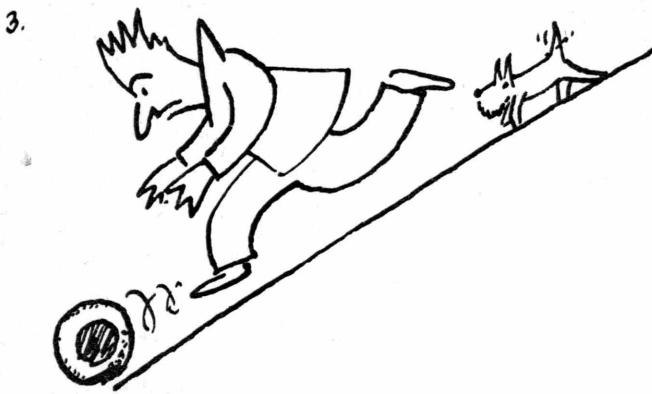
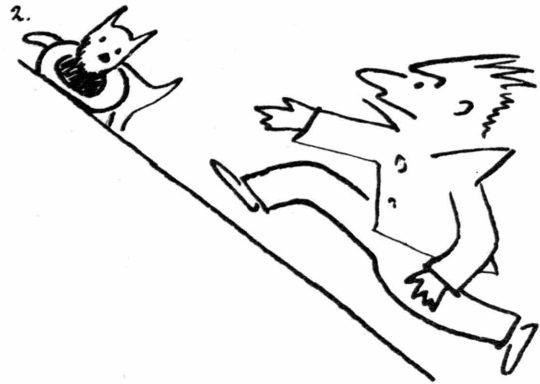
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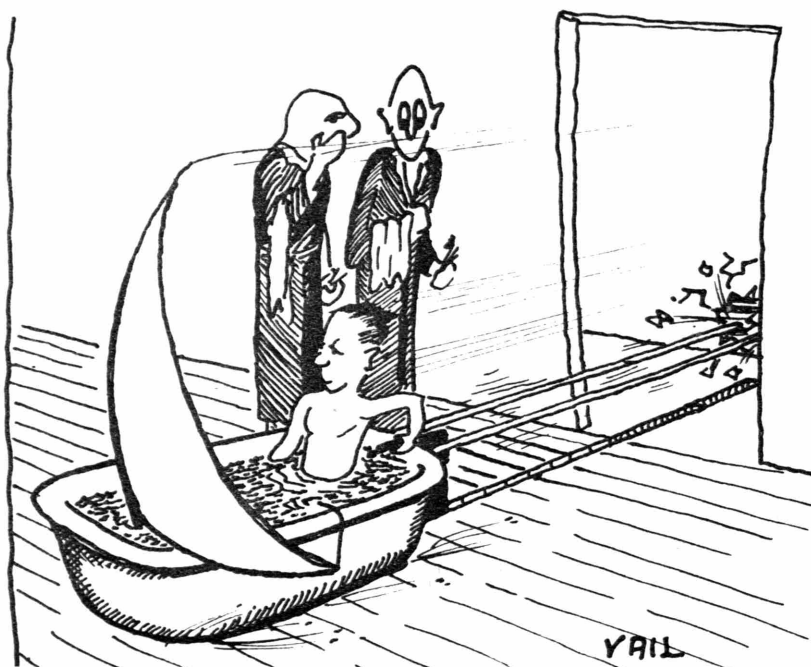
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"He's Crazy"



"How do you feel this morning?"

"Fine."

"Sorry. Wrong number."

—Pup



Then there was the fellow who had a hobby of collecting stones and putting them in his bathroom.

He had rocks in his head.



Wife: How do you like my new gown? I got it for a ridiculous price.

Hubby: You mean you got it for an absurd figure.



"Darling, I love you for your beauty and culture."

"Youse wouldn't kid me, would yuh?"

—1933

"My room is so cold that the other night a Varga Girl came down off the wall and got in bed with me."



She: "Was he hard to entertain?"

He: "Well, I found myself hard-pressed once or twice."

—1926



Definition of a baby: An alimentary canal with a loud voice on one end and no sense of responsibility on the other.



The real reason money is called Jack is because a Queen takes it.



LOCARNI

As a matter of fact, I never got through 8.03 either.

Bus conductor calling from the upper deck: "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

Voice from below: "No but there's a MacPherson that's willing to try."



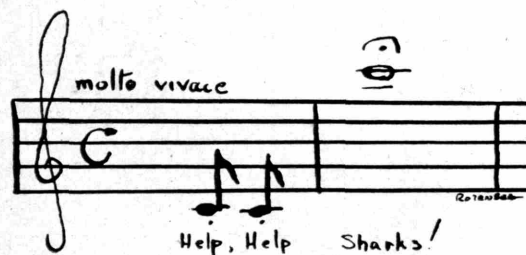
Two friends fell into an argument about whether the Russians were really our friends or not. The one who took the friendly side said, "Why, I'll bet I could ride a Russian ship to Russia, tour the country, and return, and nothing at all would happen to me."

The other man called his bet and the sum was set at \$100,000.

Two weeks later, as the Russian vessel left New York harbor, the ship's captain called the American to his cabin. "Ve haff cable for you from New York friend," he said, glaring at the fellow. "Read it."

The American looked at the cable which read: "If you can't shoot Stalin, try for Molotov."

— Ranger



The nurse reported to the doctor that her patient didn't think he was getting enough attention.

"Well, give him what he wants," suggested the doc. "I'll resign first!"



Two Wacs returning late one night got into the wrong barracks — those of the enlisted men. One lost her head and ran; the other remained calm and collected.

— Fo'dolla



She was only the bootlegger's daughter, but I love her still.

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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

NUMBER 7...

THE HARLEQUIN DUCK



"I may be a clown—but I'm no fool!"

He might be the merry-andrew of the marshlands, but lately he's been downright glum about these trick cigarette mildness tests. Never one to duck facts, he holds nothing much can be proved by a sniff of one brand or a quick puff from another. Snap judgments can't take the place of regular, day-to-day smoking.

That's why so many smokers are turning to . . .

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