

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

Voo Doo like most other reputable publications, has an editor's pigeon hole; repository for letters of complaint, requests for interpretation of some of the more subtle jokes, and for miscellaneous journals such as the prohibitionist Clipsheet. Occassionally, a missive or two filters its way into the box marked, Gen. Mgr. From said source we dredged the following bits of trivia:

Item: A small packet for Phos.

"Me oui, wee; Whee! That I is.
A Man of Affairs!

Wellesley felines clad in chemise,
Phos is out to make the peace."
(Stockholm Appeal, Son) -Ed.

Stealthily, ever so stealthily, we crept up behind the Old Cat to peer over his shoulder. So, a red leatherette appointment book, record of his misdeeds, no doubt. But that French title? *Agenda de l'homme d'affaire*. Now really, Phos, your ego is just too much. Translated, that little phrase means, 'business man' nothing more. What? you say your business is . . . true, true; quite apropos then. Relate again for me. of your grande affair, the mademoiselle from Pigalle. Something else to see in that little book first? A few pages for addresses — but they're blank. Voila! A section for *Bonnes Adresses!* Dammed clever these French! If only the book were replete with a few of the bonnes addresses; then, we'd no longer envy 'fifty million Frenchmen' come Saturday nite.

Item: an envelope, blazing Red flames predominant on the 'Left' margin, below the addressee in italics, Letter to a Revolutionary. Shivering, we glanced thrice over each shoulder for evidences of G men or McCarthy agents. No bloodhounds were in sight, nevertheless we secreted ourself behind an unopened beer case. This would be a "letter that we finished reading."

"Dear Sir:

Which of the following words would you say best describes the typically successful American businessman? — incoherent, indifferent, inarticulate"

Propaganda to divide and conquer reminiscent of Dr. Gobbels. Our eye strayed to the lower corner of the page — a sketch of the Statue of Liberty — Oh the blasphemy! That sacred figure a shield for nefarious schemes. Now quivering with revulsion and hoping that the matter before us would not penetrate to pervert our innocence, we continued reading. A periodical was being described:

"Here, too . . . exciting new slants . . . the battle of Main Street vs. Wall Street (already ancient history) . . . the analogy of political parties and social clubs . . ."

At last the Red infiltration, the cloak of subtlety removed; we shuddered anew, decided to inform the proper authorities, and then glanced at the signature: D. J. For the Editors of "Fortune."

Item: Brown envelope, Local Board #17; To Phosphorus, c/o Voo Doo

Dateline—March.

The President of the United States sends Greetings. . .

H. S.

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 Rotenberg"



DOING THE TOWN

Atmosphere is a funny word. Often it's sufficient for a couple of guys from Yonkers to install potted palms, hire waiters with accents, and call their has 'hachis parmentier', in order for their establishment to acquire a reputation for French atmosphere. There are some restaurants that achieve the most satisfying atmosphere by striving simply to reproduce the common foods of some country with accuracy and understanding, and not wasting much effort on externals.

There are a number of European countries that, due to long Turkish domination, have many foods in common, all of which have a Levantine, and pleasing, flavor. Those which are represented in Boston are Greece, Armenia, and Syria.

We hope that when that flat-in-the-hip-pocket feeling sets in toward the end of the month you don't resign yourself to the diner, or even less savory nearby dining services. There's always H. OMON-OIA, an exceedingly down-to-earth Greek restaurant where you can absorb an excellent meal for less than a dollar. We would like to state parenthetically that that isn't an H, it's a capital eta. In fact, you will recognize the restaurant by the Greek lettering on the window (you won't recognize it at all if you aren't there, there being Boston's Broadway, near the corner of Shawmut. The menu is in Greek, with translation, the jukebox is filled with Greek records, and most of the customers are need we say more. The staple meat of Greece is lamb, and here you will find it in every conceivable form — roast,

broiled, and best of all as Souvlakia: cut into chunks, impaled on a skewer (the French for it is *en brochette*), and broiled over an open flame. One of the finest fish dishes you'll find anywhere is fried sardines. These are each seven or eight inches long, and are served complete with head, tail, and whatever, in fish, passes for a backbone. You can start with a plate of liver soup, tripe soup, or egglemon soup, and bring the meal to a victorious if not triumphant close with Baklava, a fine dessert consisting of many extremely thin leaves of pastry intermingled with chopped nuts and spices and covered with a syrup of honey and rose water, and then you can initiate peristalsis with a cup of Turkish coffee.

If you happen to enjoy a glass of wine with your dinner, we recommend Retsina, a dry white wine which, believe it or not, is flavored with resin. It goes well with Greek food.



Much more elegant is the Athens Olympia, which is upstairs at 51 Stuart Street. It is not noisy, and has a sophistication that is quite genuine while not striven for. Its dinners are two dollars, or less, or perhaps more if you wish, and are top-notch for the price, or for any price. Besides the ever-present Souvlakia you will find pleasure in contemplation etcetera of the broiled sweetbreads, also *en brochette*, and any number of other things. A tasty appetizer is Yalantzi Dolma, a concoction of vine leaves stuffed with meat and rice and served cold with vinegar and oil.

You can get almost any Greek

wine, and many of more northern ancestry, by the glass or bottle — remember the old cliché, “If you don’t see what you want, ask for it”. Try some Ouzo, also resin-flavored, as an aperitif or in a cocktail, and with dessert you could want nothing finer than Samos-Muscat, directly descended from the nectar the gods drank on Olympus. I used to keep a bottle of it in the room, and Horace, our porter, declared that it was the finest wine he had ever tasted. And Horace, an old port and sherry man, ought to know.



The Ararat is a quiet place, and its food has dignity. It’s Armenian, which has nothing whatever to do with its being located across from the College Inn on Broadway (71, that is, and Boston, that is). Mrs. Koko Sahagian, who owns it, is a fine old lady, one to whom all the best connotations of “character” apply. Unless you are completely without emotion you cannot fail to be affected by the sight of the barbecue in the front of the restaurant. The sight of the roast chicken slowly attaining culinary maturity as it turns on the spit next to the banks of red coals seems to suggest restfulness (only a Techman could take a nap in Hell).

Start with Kufta soup, a vegetable soup with a kufta ball in it. A Kufta ball is a meat dumpling with a somewhat exotic taste. After that, Shish Kebab, which is Armenian for Souvlakia, or that roast chicken, which should be done by now. With your entree come four or five vegetables, all unusual generous in quantity, The food is not expensive, but it’s not cheap either; \$1.75 to 2.50 is the usual range. And if you sign the guest book on the way out, Mrs Sahagian will send you a Christmas card. You’ll be sure then of getting at least one every year.

The Nile, which is Syrian, has been discussed in a previous issue by a previous writer. So.
Good night.

N. S.



It seems that Truman & Co. were flying South when Harry felt a generous impulse coming on as they flew over one of the poorer sections of Georgia.

Taking a \$100 bill from his pocket he said, “I think I’ll throw this bill out the window and make some one happy.”

“I wouldn’t do that,” said his wife. “Why not throw out ten \$10 bills and make ten people happy?”

“Yes,” chimed in Margaret, “but why not throw out a hundred \$1 bills and make a hundred people happy?”

The pilot and co-pilot had been listening with interest and following Margarets suggestion one turned to the other and in a low tone of voice said, “Hell, why don’t they throw Harry out the window and make everybody happy?”



“Quick! — where’s the poop deck?”

THE FUTILE CHASE

I admire the forms
Of the girls from the dorms,
From the fat to the flat to the
small;
I’ve followed the trail
Of college girl quail.
I’ve chased and embraced nearly
all.
And I must deduce
That there’s plenty of use
For the casual way
Of a girl on the loose;
And I’m fond of the gay
Incomparable sway
Of her tender caboose.
Though I’ve had some knocks
And I’ve been on the rocks
With many a beautiful trim,
My sympathies rise
For the frustrated guys
Who’ve never been out on a limb.

— Spartan



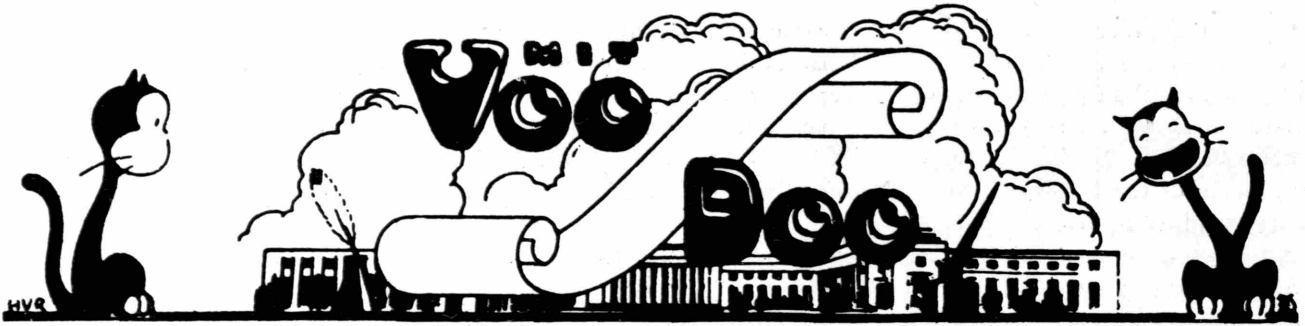
Father: Your little brother has arrived.

Little Boy: Where’d he come from?

Father: From a far-away country

Little Boy: Another damned subversive.

— Kitty Kat



VOO DOOINGS

An interesting clipping from the *BOSTON GLOBE* came our way a while ago, and out of pure malice, we assumed that it was written in all seriousness. The article claimed that one of the Communist methods of ruining the American economy was through bankrupting the arms and munitions industries during peacetime. Take it for what you will, it also stated that this was done by discouraging Americans from going hunting, and thus cutting down on the sale of munitions. "Don't be anti-hunting," was the closing remark. Underworked, take notice!

Apparently steps are being taken to safeguard industry around Boston, but we wonder what effect it will have on the student of M.I.T. Plant visits have been greatly reduced in many business courses, leaving untold hours of freedom, so painful to the budding executives. There are, of course, many other kinds of trips which could be substituted. How about a quick jaunt to the hills of New Hampshire for an afternoon of skiing? Or when the spring comes, they could take off for a few relaxing hours on the sunny banks of Lake Waban with a Wellesley '51.

Although this whole affair is now lost in the past, a reference appeared in a Boston paper last month to the Building 7 exhibit of modern art. The object of particular interest was the gigantic mobile to end all which hung in the

entrance lobby for what must have been months. The newspaper comment was, in effect, that "M.I.T. has solved the problem of **THE THING** and has it hanging just inside the door of 77 Massachusetts Avenue."

A student reported that while riding back to Boston after Christmas vacation he had a rather unusual experience. He was seated in a roomette reading as the train pulled into Cleveland at about 10:30 PM. Suddenly he heard some loud knocking at the door. Outside were three sailors who came in, turned off the light and cautiously pulled up the window shade. Another train had stopped on the next track, and in the window just opposite there were three girls in a bedroom compartment wearing, as he put it, "damn little" and reading magazines — entirely unaware that they were being watched. As the other train slowly began to move, the student and the sailors moved from compartment to compartment, always keeping the girl's bedroom in view. In the process, they attracted quite a crowd. Finally the other train stopped just opposite the dining car. Suddenly one girl caught sight of the crowd. She quickly pulled down the shade leaving a rather disappointed crowd including a Tech student who will never travel by air again.

A friend of ours from Colby College apparently thinks we haven't

really tried to be banned the way some other publications have. In order to fill the gap in our endeavors she sent in a little sketch which we have printed below — without her unnecessary caption. I'll bet this won't do the trick either, but thanks anyway Ma'm.

There was a young Techman named King (k),
Who's punning really did sting(k).
He persistently chided,
And his roommates decided,
That here was really
THE THING (K).

We from down the river just couldn't resist quoting a few comments from the January issue of *CORONET*. Explanation of this desire is obviously unnecessary, and the girls at Radcliffe should be tickled pink.

"Now even Radcliffe freshmen sit in royal splendor beside Crimson men in their classrooms.

"Having suffered the criticism and indignities which only Harvard's famed newspaper, the *CRIMSON*, could display, the college (Radcliffe) has emerged with a personality delightful to behold. Cocky as a country dweller who has won superiority over a city cousin, it enjoins its girls to dress like girls, act like girls, be modern, smoke, and make eyes at their Harvard brothers.

"Radcliffe can afford to be superior, for the college is now Harvard itself, in nearly every sense of the word."

If I hadn't been close to this, I would never have believed its truth. You probably won't believe it either, but it really happened. T'was like this — the last big snow storm some of the fellows at one of the local fraternities decided to play a little game of "tonk". This is an innocuous game in which the contestants gather on the roof of said fraternity house and throw snowballs down on passing cars. The sound of the snowball hitting the roof of the car gives the game its name. In as much as this house is five stories high, occasionally the boys inadvertently do a little damage.

Well, it seems that the boys aroused a taxi driver, who called the local gendarmes. The "pranksters" thought that this was another taxi and let fly, breaking a window in the cops' car. This slightly irritated the cops, and so a few minutes later ten of the brothers disappeared to the hoo-segow at the expense of the state.

Next noon they were back, but oddly enough with pleased expressions on their faces. It seems the judge that heard their case belonged to the same fraternity — talk about falling in a sewer and coming up smelling like a rose!

D. F.



Among the month's mail, was a letter addressed simply to "M.I.T. Paper (not VOO DOO)". Since it specifically excluded delivery to VOO DOO, it had been delivered to our office, and, being by nature both inquisitive and unscrupulous, we opened it. The letter itself was also addressed to "M.I.T. Paper (not VOO DOO)", and it said, in part:

"Dear Students,

Kindly send to above address your weekly or monthly paper for the rest of the 50-51 year (not Voo Doo) . . ."

We wonder how that certain paper feels about being identified only by the fact that they are not us, but before those passionless newsmen get their pica's in an uproar, let them ask, "Who's name is it that folks can't seem to remember?" And we shall answer, "Not VOO DOO'S!"



The bus driver charged the lady full fare for her son. He had on long pants. At the next corner a small boy only paid half-fare. He had on short pants. Then a college girl got on and didn't pay anything. She had a transfer.



Absent minded salesgirl as she kissed her date: "Will that be all sir?"

— Spartan



A young psychoanalyst was telling an older colleague about his troubles in getting intelligent responses from his patients. "Suppose you ask me some of your questions," the older analyst suggested.

"Well, my first question is, what is it that wears a skirt and from whose lips comes pleasure?"

"A Scot blowing a bagpipe," the veteran answered.

"Right," said the younger one. "Now, what is it that has delightful curves and at unexpected moments becomes uncontrollable?"

"Bob Feller's pitching"

"Right! And what do you think of when two arms slip around your shoulder?"

"A Sid Luckman tackle," replied the veteran.

"Right," said the young prober. "All your answers were absolutely right. But you'd be amazed at some of the silly answers I keep getting."



The telephone in the sorority house rings. At least twenty girls wait breathlessly — in hopes.

A cute little blond number grabs the instrument from the hook and coos, "Hello."

From somewhere, "Hello, is Boo there?"

"Boo who?"

"Now, now, little girl, don't cry. The operator must have given me the wrong number."

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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213 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, BOSTON

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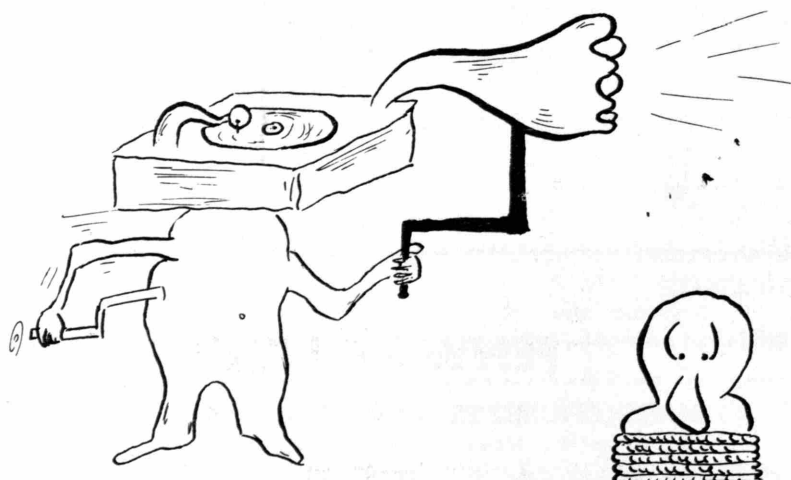
SEE US FIRST



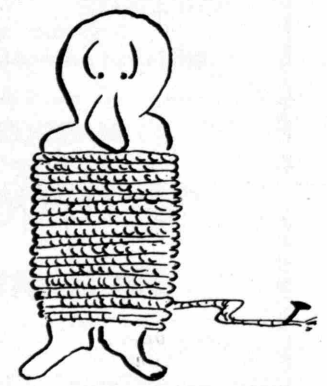
Am I shy?



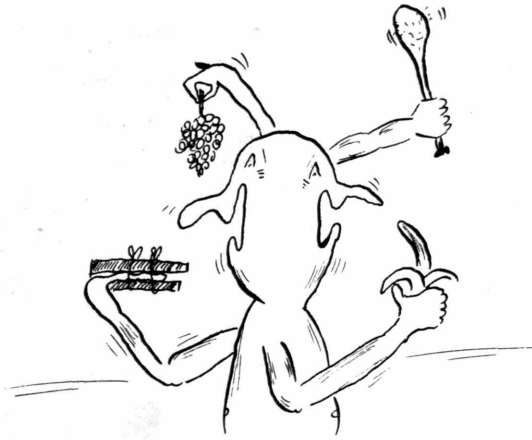
Can't I hold my liquor?



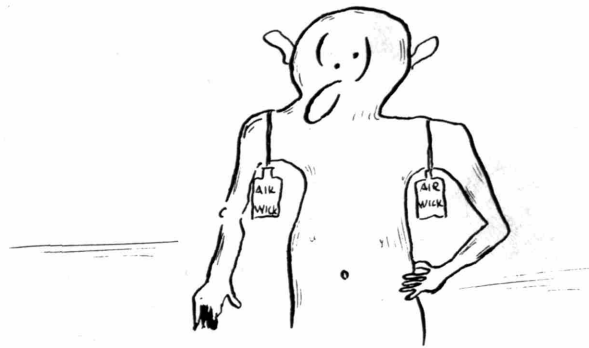
Can't I make conversation?



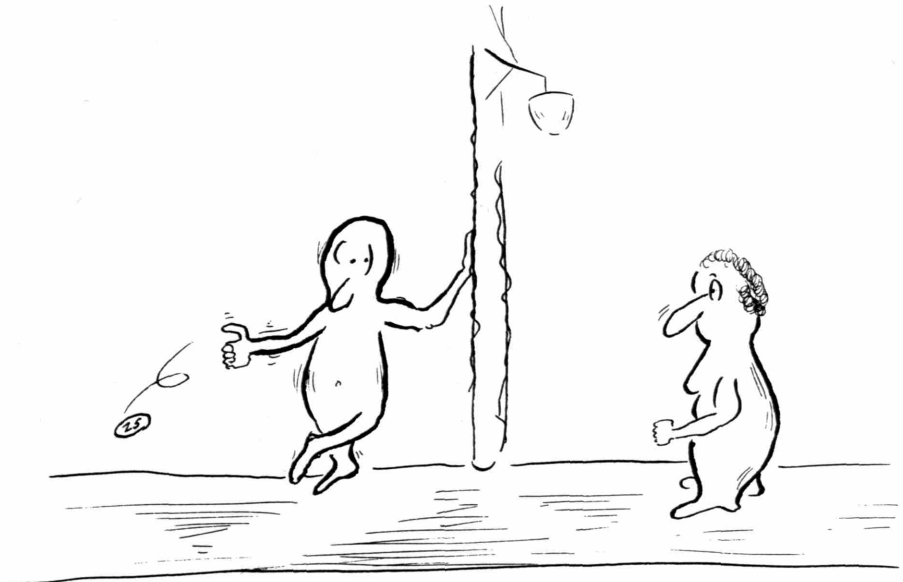
Can't I dance?



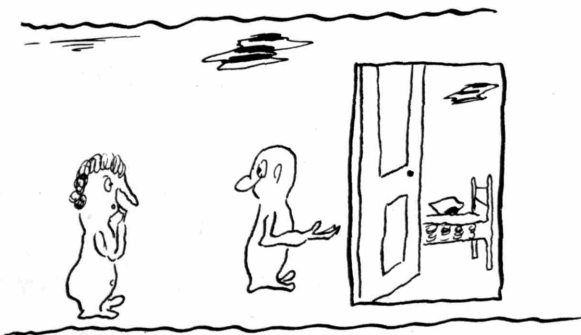
Is there something wrong with my table manners?



Do I have B.O.?



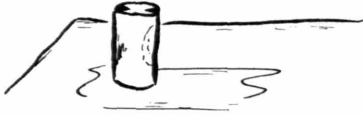
Aren't my introductions proper?



Don't I know how to entertain?



*It's all right Bub.
Your future is well taken care of.*



"Hoorah for Technology! Ology, ology, ology, ology!"

"Ah, shut up! And pass the can opener. Don't you have any respect for the dead?"

Big Jim punched the second hole in his can and gave the opener to Vic. "Dead? Who's dead?"

"I am," said Vic. "I died the moment I got on the train."

"You do smell a little badly," said Big Jim staring from over his can with mock seriousness at his roommate.

"The trouble with you," said Vic, "is that you don't have a soul."

A green fly was crawling swiftly up Vic's left arm, swiftly and in a seemingly preoccupied manner, like a girl walking into a lavatory.

"Helen, Margie, Phyllis, Lorraine, God, it was heartbreaking to leave them!"

Big Jim would have said something, but Vic interrupted. "Look at my green friend over here. For all his short life he creeps up and down arms and sucks out a meager existence. The damn fool needs another fly."

"Listen, girls are girls. This is only the first week back." Big Jim gulped the remains of his can. "Ugh! This stuff isn't even fit to clean slide rules."

Vic bludgeoned the fly with a ball point pen and, amidst a few tense imprecations concerning the fly's ancestry, scraped the remains from his arm. He rose and stood at the window, his back to the room. He reached up and spread the mottled drapes and gazed at the clear sky. The night air was still warm, but just being back again at Tech and looking over the dark, flat roof-tops as he had done for two previous years made him feel cold. Vic shivered. "Gee, I'm going to miss the summer!"

Big Jim did not reply, just looked

Another Fly

dreamily at the ceiling.

This time of night, when the moving cars on the drive have almost disappeared, is always shrouded in sadness, especially a mild, clear night that would vibrate with the high-pitched clicks of crickets, if there were any crickets.

The first two weeks are the hardest, Vic thought to himself, after that you've got everything reorganized and the profs have blown the dust from your brain cells. Still, there are those damn memories.

Vic turned to the room and sat on the radiator. "Say, Big Jim, did I tell you about the time in Atlantic City my leg fell asleep on the boardwalk?"

Big Jim had been slouched in the easy chair and staring at nothing. Now he looks up and smiled. "What's that you're giving me?"

"No kidding, it really happened. I was watching a game something like bingo. It cost a dime and the take is tremendous."

Big Jim was now attentive. He had already formed images of bingo under the big dome. "Gee, in a couple of months we might even make our tuitions."

"Let me get back to the story. I watched the dimes change hands for so long that my left leg fell asleep, and while I was standing there shaking the leg and stamping on it a little old lady came over and with a knowing smile said, 'The men's room's just down the boardwalk.'"

"Oh, man!" Big Jim stuttered. He waved his hands in front of his face as if to clear the air.

"That happens to be the truth," said Vic. "Well, I explained everything, and as she started to leave a girl fell in with her. This one was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen — tall, lean, straw-colored



hair, really built."

Vic noticed the leer on Big Jim's face. "I shouted, 'Wait!' then hurriedly, 'Mind if I walk with you?'" The girl clasped my hand and I stumbled along with them.

"Well, after sending the lady off to bed, Ramona made some excuse and we went for a walk."

Vic absent-mindedly walked to his desk and spread out a stack of last year's letters.

Big Jim had settled comfortably in the chair.

Vic continued. "If you have ever been to a beach you know how romantic it can be. The moon reflected from the clouds, the ocean sighing.

My arm was about Ramona, and her hip pressed against my thigh as we walked. We both realized that we were completely compatible. I went out with her for a week 'til she went home."

Vic snapped his fingers, "Damn-it! I wish it were July again!"

He walked to the window and closed it almost completely, then returned to the desk.

Leaning back and with his eyes shut, Big Jim was dreaming of Chicago — little dreams of walking down Columbia Avenue under the trees, of standing barefoot on the gravel beach and squinting over the glazed surface of the lake for a glimpse of his brother's sailboat. Big Jim was sad.

"Marie!"

Big Jim jerked open his eyes. His roommate was standing at his desk, a piece of paper clutched in his right hand.

"Why didn't I think of Marie? What a doll! You know I think I'll call her tomorrow."

Big Jim rose to go to sleep.

G. R.

She was trying to work her way through college by selling subscriptions to the Saturday Evening Post — but all the fellows wanted to take Liberties



FLASH — A girl tried to commit suicide last night — she jumped under a fast mail.



A drunk staggered out of a tavern and bumped into a lamp post. Cautiously, he felt his way completely around it. Then, with a deep sigh, he slumped down on the curb and said, “S’no use, I’m walled in.”



It’s the girls without principle who draw the interest.



A certain young lady was invited up to her boy friend’s apartment the other evening to look at his etchings. When they arrived at his apartment, she was surprised to find no etchings at all. In fact, to her amazement, she discovered he had no chairs, no tables, no furniture, at all. She was floored.



Moe: “How was your date last night?”

Joe: “No good. She was just a stuffed shirt.”

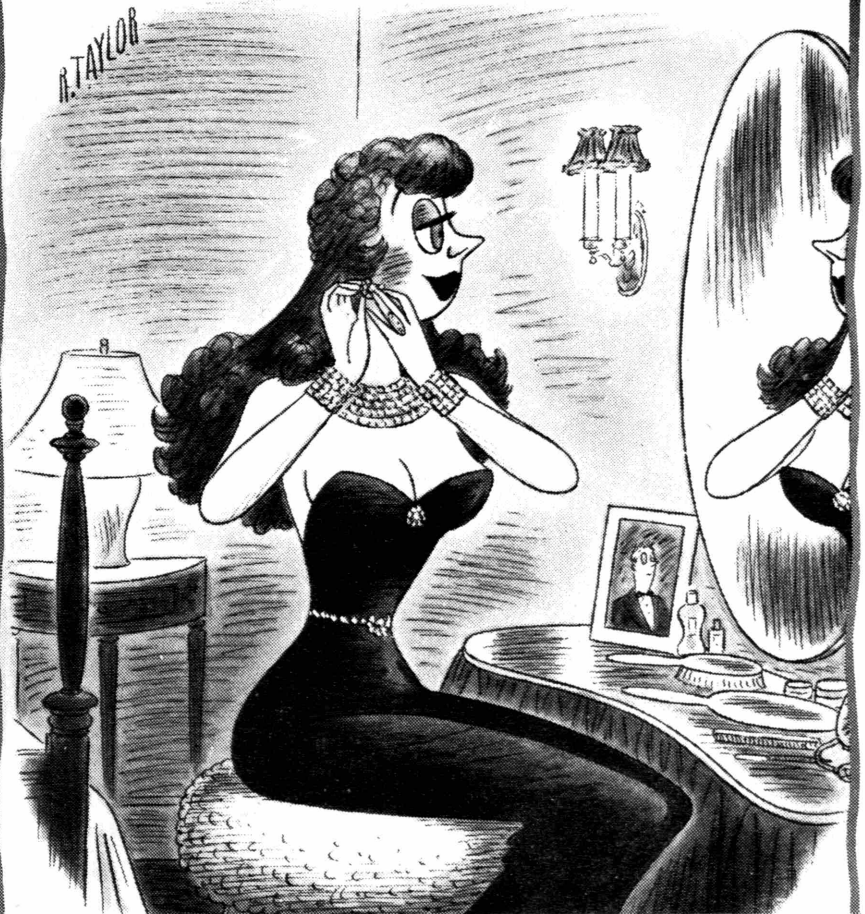


It’s hard to figure out why a girl thinks a man is rude and vulgar when he stares at what she’s trying so hard to display.



Newspaper item: Mrs. Lottie Prim was granted a divorce after claiming that her husband had spoken to her only three times since their marriage. She was awarded the custody of their three children.

“Diamonds are a girl’s best friend” —



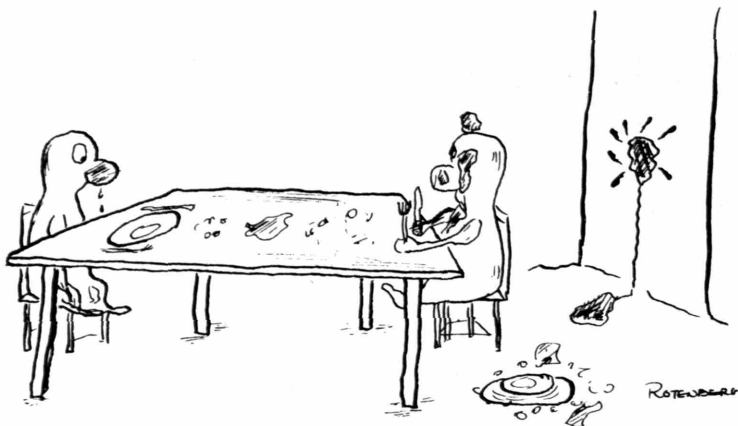
—but Cigars are a Man’s Smoke!



You need not inhale to enjoy a cigar!

CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC.

“Diamonds Are a Girl’s Best Friend” from “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes”



“Gesundheit!”



Navy Doctor: “I can’t find any cause for your trouble. I think it’s due to drinking.”

Sailor: “Well, maybe I’d better come back sometime when you’re sober.”

— Rogue



The minister had been asked to present the prizes to the winners of the local dog show, but when he got there he was outraged at the dress of some of the girls.

“Just look at that young person there with the cigarette, close-cut hair, and breeches,” he cried to a bystander. “Is it a boy or girl?”

“It’s a girl,” replied the other. “She’s my daughter.”

“Oh, forgive me, sir,” apologized the preacher, “I never dreamed you were her father.”

“I’m not,” was the reply. “I’m her mother.”

— Rogue



for the best food
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Look at this list of study-tours being planned for this summer (from four to nine weeks abroad), and check the ones that interest you:

- SWITZERLAND**
 - University of Geneva
 - University of Zurich, School for European Studies
 - Fribourg Catholic University
 - Swiss Camps for Teen-agers
- FRANCE** Sorbonne (Paris)
- ENGLAND** University of Oxford (15-day course, lecture, no credit)
- IRELAND** University College, Dublin
- SPAIN** Madrid
- ITALY** Perugia
- INDIA** "India and Problems of the Orient," including Cairo visit, a 6-week tour
- GENERAL EUROPEAN** Study and Travel Tour (No residence)



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Please put me on your list to receive detailed information about study tours via TWA indicated above, to be sent as soon as available.

Name _____ Position _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Phone No. _____

C-2

Voo Doo Cartoon Contest

FREE BEER

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

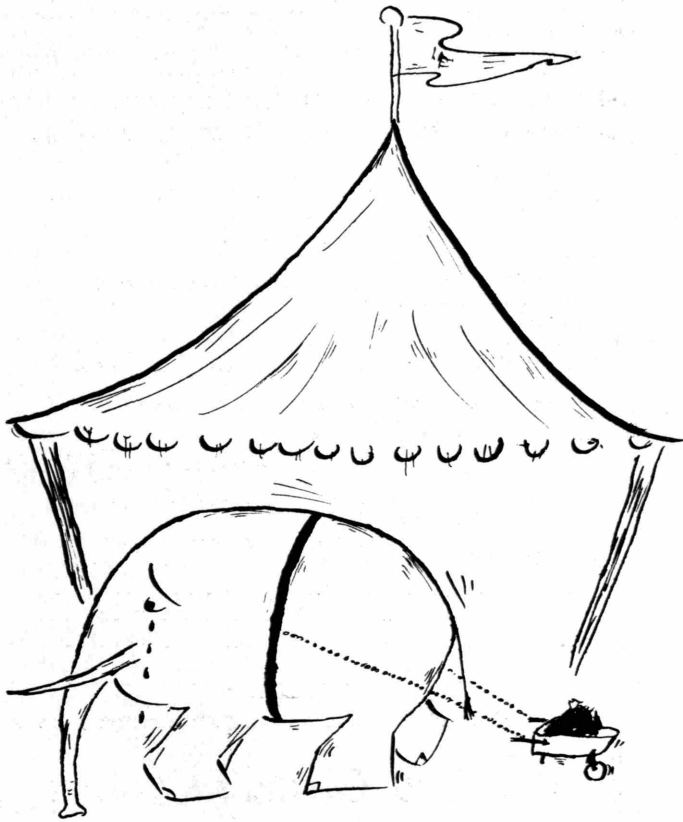
“All right, who’s the wise guy?”

Entrants must submit black ink on white paper, line cartoons four and one-half inches wide by three and one-half high. No pencil or continuous tone work will be accepted.

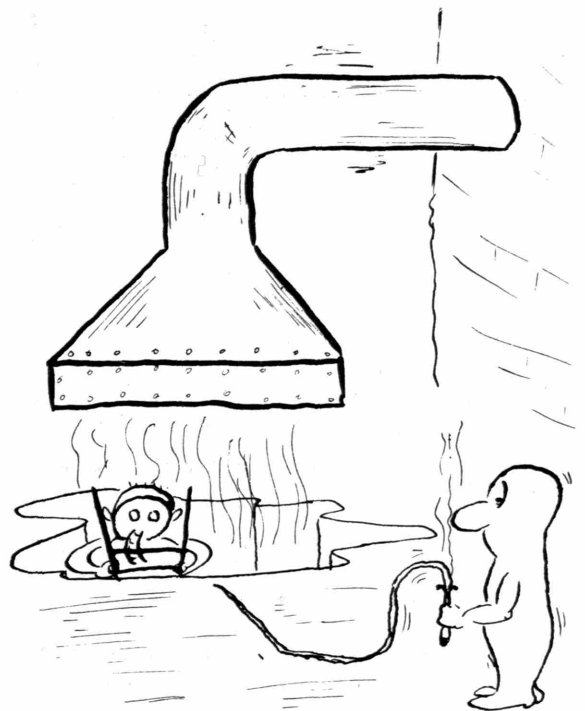
Best cartoon will be chosen by public vote on the sales day succeeding the closing date of the contest. The contest closes three weeks after the February issue sales day. Each entrant may submit as many cartoons as desired. All cartoons become the property of Lever Brothers, Inc. Employees of the Blatz Beer Company of Milwaukee, and their relatives, are not eligible as entrants.

THE NEW BIOLOGY BLDG.

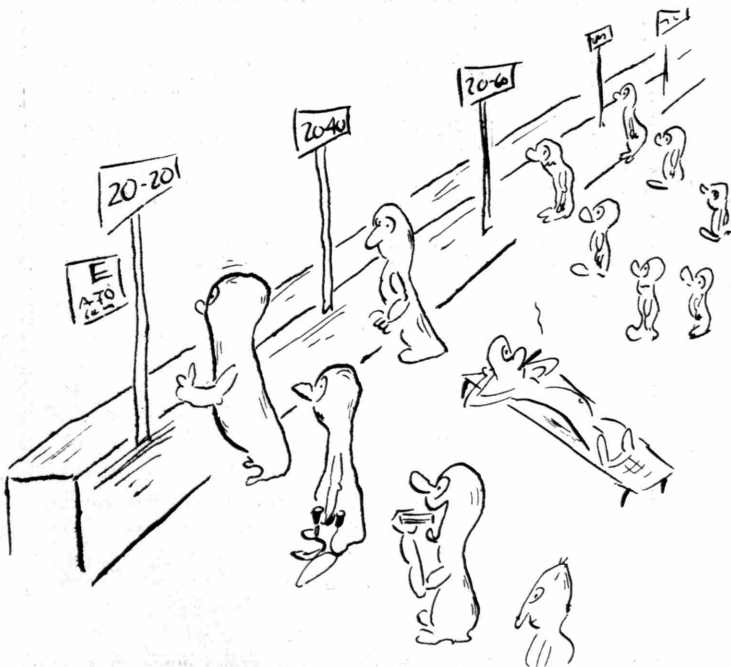
or The contractor was quicker than the grass.



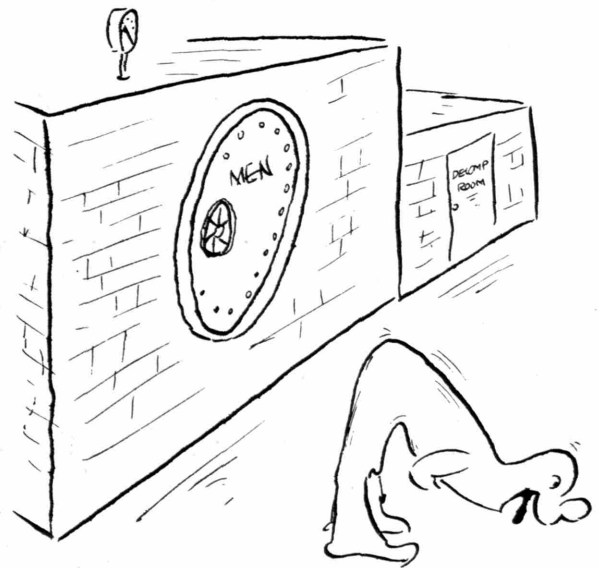
Ground breaking was a circus event. It was a big day under the big top.



H₂S, the life blood of the Institute no longer needs to be piped in. Large fossil deposits gave the geology department a field day.



A deluge of applicants for secretarial positions in the new building was subjected to exhaustive loyalty tests.



Inrushing waters make a high pressure basement necessary. The bends are an ever-present danger.

ROSENBERG

The Letter From Bathurst

A little warm, yes. Colin pulled the jeep around the side of the bungalow, grabbed his clip board with the construction drawings, and walked through the hanging mosquito netting at the top of the verandah steps. Warm, somewhat wet, and he walked into the living room pulling off his shirt and calling for a servant. Johnny came in, wiping food from his beard, and ran again for a basin full of cold water, and a sponge. Colin opened a letter on the mantelpiece, checking it first to see whether the seal had not been tampered with. There was a photograph inside, of a young woman 'as you remember me, darling', and the letter was postmarked Sierra Leone. Johnny swabbed Colin's spine while he read the letter. My husband is getting more unbearable every day. That lovely weekend in Bathurst. I am drinking a little too much.

If only you could, darling. Damn you Johnny, Colin said conversationally, you've been at the gin again.

Maria walked in with a big cardboard box in her hands, shyly. There is a parcel, sir, she said, and held it out to Colin, who smiled. Maria looked away, embarrassed. It must have come on the ship, sir. She was tall, kept her hair dressed in the up country fashion, and spoke English as if it had been invented for intellectual exercise, and as if any use of it in communication were mere added proof of the eternal goodness of things. She said go to the kitchen, Johnny, and took the sponge from his hands. He has been drinking your gin again, she said, and his wife too. They are eating a tin of Philadelphia scrapple now. She held the cool sponge in Colin's armpit. What is in the box, sir? she asked. Colin

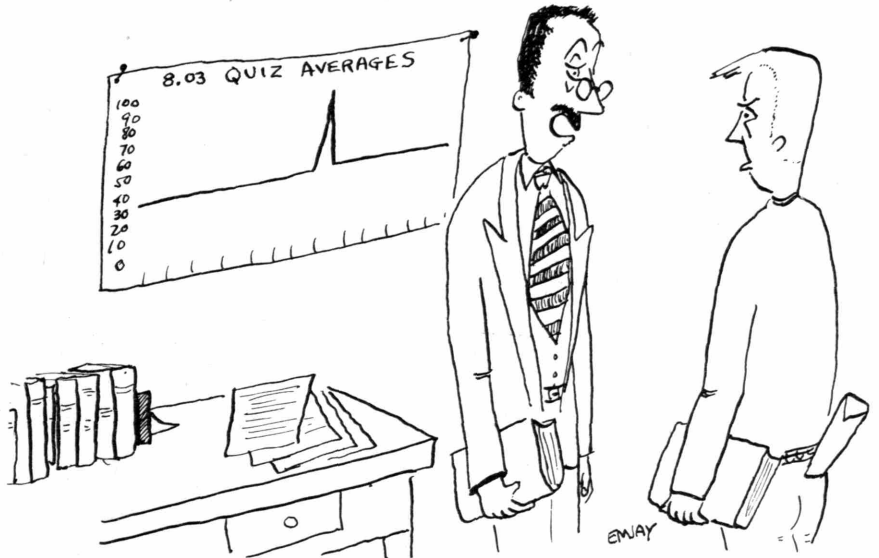
reached for the parcel. Perhaps five feet long, two wide, and half a one thick. There was a little Finnish knife around Colin's neck on a cord, and he cut through the wrapping and through the name Schiaparelli Place Vendome. I think it's a present for you, Maria, he said, from France. She said you are teasing me, and looked at his face over his shoulder. Why should there be a present for me, sir? She dipped the sponge again in the basin of water, and asked the warm room who is that woman? The photograph lay on the floor. An interesting problem in academic morality, Maria, Colin said, and picked up the picture. Study it, Maria. Yes sir, she said, and paid no attention while she sponged the sweat from his neck. This woman, Maria, says she cannot live without me I am her life her death, and she swears me eternal faith. Do you love her asked Maria, taking up a towel. That is neither here nor there said Colin. Suffice it to say that she committed adultery to promise to be faithful to me. And this picture, Maria. He tapped it with his finger. It is disgusting, Maria said. To you, of course, Colin answered, and to everyone except to her and to me. But think of this souvenir of intimacy, of this photographic evidence of a great and personal tie between two beings, and consider that someone must have taken the picture. Someone must have been behind the camera, framing in the groundglass, focusing with all the care in the world, summoning to her body the smile that she says is her smile and my smile, and then, watch the birdie, click goes the shutter. My dear Maria, Colin said, I know damn well that there is only one photographer in the whole of Sierra Leone, a man



"And after I just had the car washed!"

I wouldn't trust with a female ant eater.

You talk like this to make me angry, Maria said, and then you laugh. Tell me rather what is in the box, and why you said it might be a present for me. She threw the towel over the back of the rocking chair and went into the bedroom to bring Colin a dry shirt. Open the box he said it's for you I believe, as he started to button the shirt front. Maria took the lid off the box and drew back the tissue paper like the curtain from the Ark. Her hands went into the big box and moved like children in a new garden; Maria knelt on the chair and smoothed pieces of tissue paper where she had disturbed them. Is it for her? she asked. Good Heavens, no, Colin laughed, it's for you my dear and now I've had to tell you several times don't you ever believe me? No. I mean it, Colin said, truly, for you Maria, not for this bitch up the coast, for you. Do you like it? Maria was speechless. The sponge dripped onto the floor while she stared at the box, played with a scrap of tissue paper. She looked at Colin again. Look, he said, why don't you try them on? Here, he said, take that bloody Mother Hubbard off. But you're a man she said in alarm. How can you try them on if you don't, he laughed. His eyes went back to the box and to Colin and to the box, and she dropped her striped cotton shift and stood there terribly naked. Your grandmother, my dear, he said, wore only two cowrie shells when I first saw you, he said. He reached into the box and brought out clothes of silk and lace, and turn around, my dear, he said, and hold this for a minute, and over your head now, and had covered her skin and underlined her nakedness and leaned back to see the effect of his work. Maria walked to the mirror in his bedroom, and back. They're lovely,



“... and why shouldn't I mark on the curve?”

sir, she said, lovely. Her hand played with the marvelous material. The most beautiful clothes I have ever seen. . . what lovely clothes! Maria ran to him and stood in front of him. Why do you do this, sir? Why. Do you like them, Maria, he asked. A little immodest, the girl replied, but I love them I love them they're the finest I have ever seen. Why do you put them on me? My dear, Colin smiled, for the pleasure of tearing them off you.

Maria may have been a heathen, but she was nobody's fool. No one, it may be suspected, cares to be regarded as nothing more than a cavity. When she had regained control of her limbs, then, she tore at the knife at Colin's neck and wanted to kill him. Colin was a quick man, and a strong one, and he beat her severely and then drove to the club for dinner.

R.V.G.



Beta: “Your girl is spoiled, isn't she?”

Sigma Chi: “Nah, that's just the toilet water she's wearing.”

— Wampus



Adolescence; the age when a girl's voice changes . . . from “no” to “yes”.



Then there was the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.



A wild goose is one that is an inch off center.



First coed: Gonna be busy to-night?

Second coed: Dunno, it's my first date.



An infant was awakened from a peaceful slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his raiment, he yelled over to the occupant of the next crib.

“Did you spill water on my diapers?”

“Naw.”

“Hummm. Musta been an inside job.”



The Abstract



LOVE THOUGHTS ON A WARM DAY

This is a lived in room.
 This is a sleep sleep room.
 This is a died in room.
 This is an elbow room.
 This is the room that Jack built.
 This is the room that ate the cat
 That ate the rat.

This is a caterpillar, fat and green.
 This is the bluejay
 That gobbled the caterpillar
 That severed the cord
 That kept me from falling on my head.

This is my head.
 This is not my head.
 — My head is my heart and
 This is not my heart.

This is the importance of time and space.

But

there
 is
 no
 time
 and
 we
 make
 our
 space.

Then!

What of lips that are
 red without lipstick?
 What of eyes that play
 music for dancing?
 What of a seal,
 any old seal,
 That balances a ball,
 On the end of his nose
 any old nose?
 All he gets are fish
 — any old fish.

This is the importance of time and space.

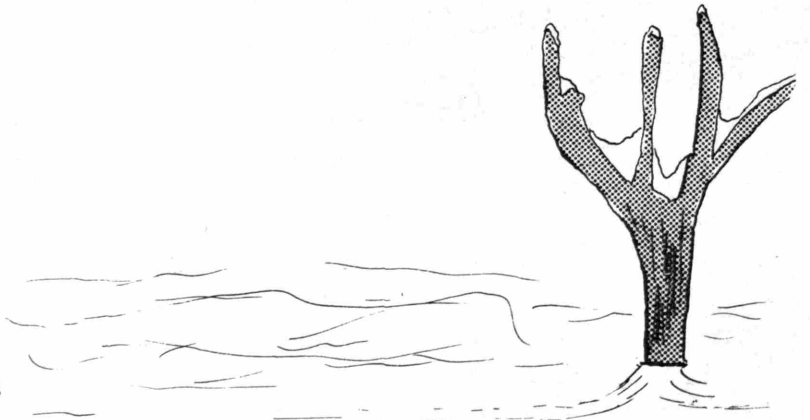
But

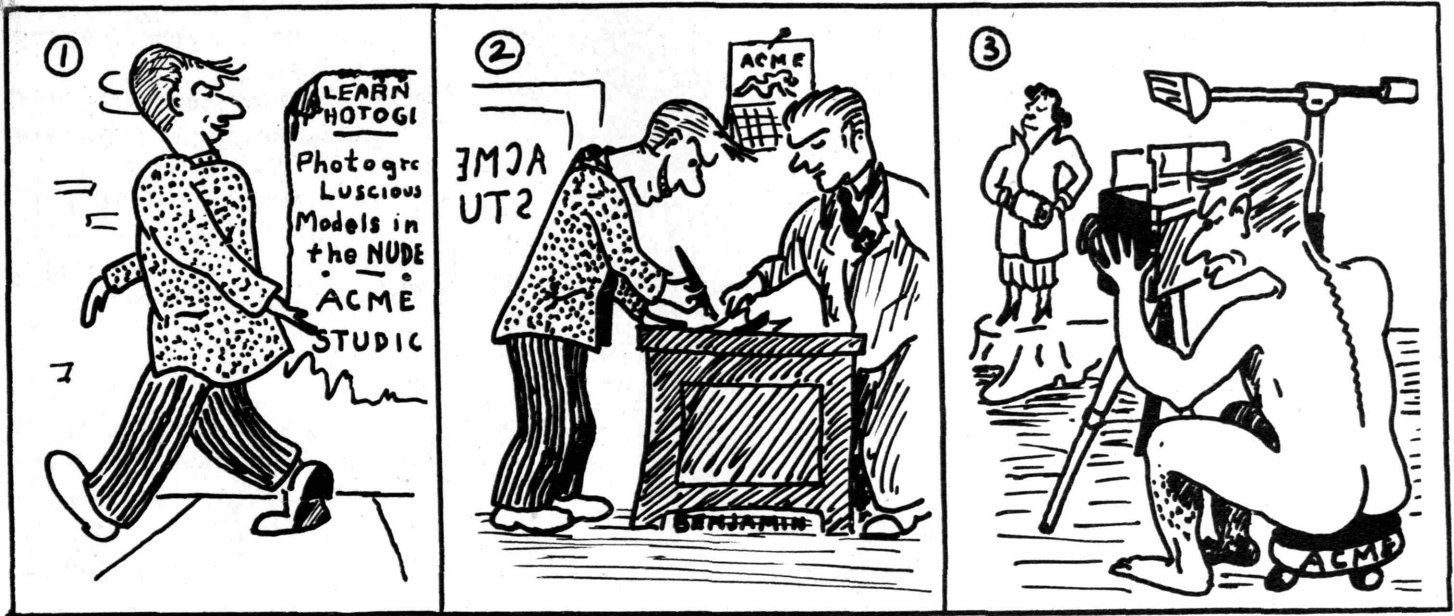
there
 is
 no
 time
 and
 we
 make
 our
 space,

And the mumbo-jumbo
 from Mumbo-Jumbo
 is the law of my life,
 is my frigid wife,
 is the spice for my
 chicken gumbo.



ROTEBERG





Where is the moon?
 where is the moon?
 where is the moon!
 The nexus to nothingness is strong,
 and, though I mean no wrong,
 I mean no wrong,
 I mean no wrong!,
 I fear that fear is fearful.

Man with a set mind,
 man with a prognosed goal,
 anointest my head with Lethe's oil,
 nepenthe runneth over into
 the cracks and pocks of
 anguished uncertainty.
 Here is a man with too many lives,
 and only one life to live them.
 Where is the moon tonight?
 Where
 is
 the
 moon?

LE REVEIL

I feel sad — very sad.
 All around is gaiety — and by heart cries.
 Tears should stumble down my cheek — but they don't.
 It is strange.
 Hurt without hurt — tears without tears.
 And through it all, laughter — warm,
 personal laughter.
 The soul laughs, and I am sad no longer.

I feel happy — very happy.
 All around is depression — and my heart sings.
 I laugh — and breathe deeply — and love life.
 It is strange.
 Happy with happiness — laughter with laughter.
 And though it all, sadness — warm,
 personal sadness.
 The soul cries, and I am in love.

By *Gerald Rothberg*



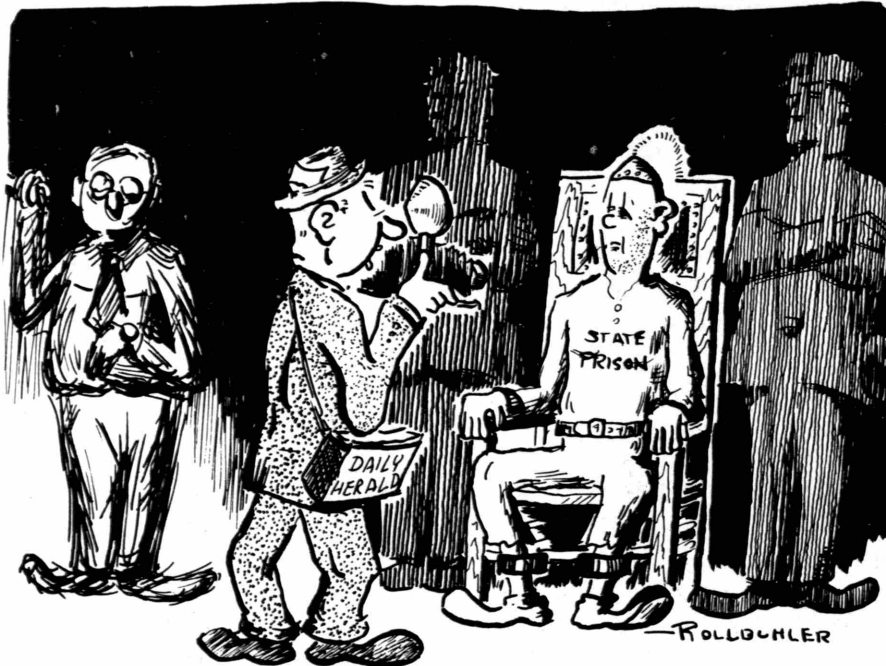
A little bear went tripping through the woods one spring morning singing, "I'm a ready teddy, I'm a ready teddy," and gently swaying her graceful body in time with the tune. Suddenly from behind a big tree came big, hairy arms.

Sometime later she continued on her way singing, "I'm a ruined bruin, I'm a ruined bruin."



The Pullman conductor one night found a red lantern hanging on one of the lower berths, so he looked up George, the porter, and asked, "Say George, why is the red lantern hanging on lower six?"

"Well, Boss, Rule 23 in my rule book says that you should always hang up a red lantern when the rear end of a sleeper is exposed."



"Smile, please"

Sounds of a struggle came from within the parked car.

"Sir," said a female voice, "where is you chivalry?"

A pause. "I traded it in on dis Buick."

Mother: What have you been doing all afternoon?

Son: Shooting craps, Mother.

Mother: That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have.

"Do angels have wings, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then when is the maid going to fly? I heard Daddy call her Angel yesterday."

"Tomorrow, dear."

Chi-O: There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further.

Deke: What's that?

Chi-O: Don't go any further.

Heard the one about the two morons at the zoo? They paused in front of a cage.

"What's them?" asked one.

"Them's monkeys," replied the other.

"Well, what do you know?" said the first. "From all those callouses on their fannies, I thought them was canasta players."

A true diplomat is a fellow who can tell you to go to hell so tactfully that you look forward to the trip.

Girls are just like cigarettes,
A fact you will admit;
You can't enjoy them properly,
Until you get them lit.

For you folks who don't know the difference between prose and poetry, here is an explanation:

There was a young lady from Glass;
She went into water up to her knees.

That's prose.

If she had gone any deeper, it would have been poetry.

Resting here
Is Norma Nome;
She was stripping for gym
When hubby came home.

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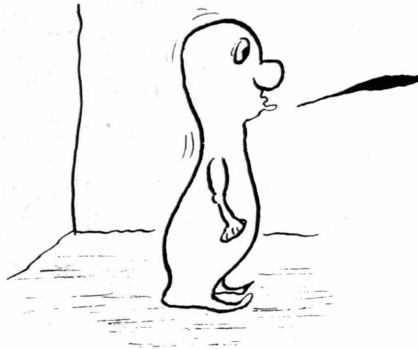
Charlie Mun

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An American soldier goes into a London restaurant and sits down at a table. After a few moments a good-looking filly jaunts over to his table and lays down the menu. "What's good today?" he asks of the waitress.

"Rhubarb, rutabagas, ravioli, rice and roast," is her answer.

"Baby, you sure roll your r's."

"Yeah, maybe it's because of the high heels I'm wearing."

— Rammer Jammer



Joe: "What's become of the old fashioned girl who used to say, 'Ask father'?"

Moe: "She now has a daughter who says, 'Give it more gas, Joe; the old man is gaining on us'."

— Sun Dial



A prim old Quaker lady was driving her shiny new car in Philadelphia. Suddenly, at a cross street, a heavy truck was unable to stop until it had collided, crumpling a fender, breaking a window and gouging a hole in the side of her car. Infuriated, the lady managed to control herself only by remembering her Quaker upbringing. She got out and walked over to the truck driver.

"When thee gets home to thy kennel tonight," she said, "I hope thy mother bites thee."

She: You dog! You spend hundreds of dollars and I go around in rags! (She rips off all her clothes with exception of panties and bra) I'll show you! I'm going right down to the post office in front of all your friends. They'll see how you treat me.

He: Down to the post office?

She: Yes, right in front of all your friends!

He: Good, when you get there mail this letter.



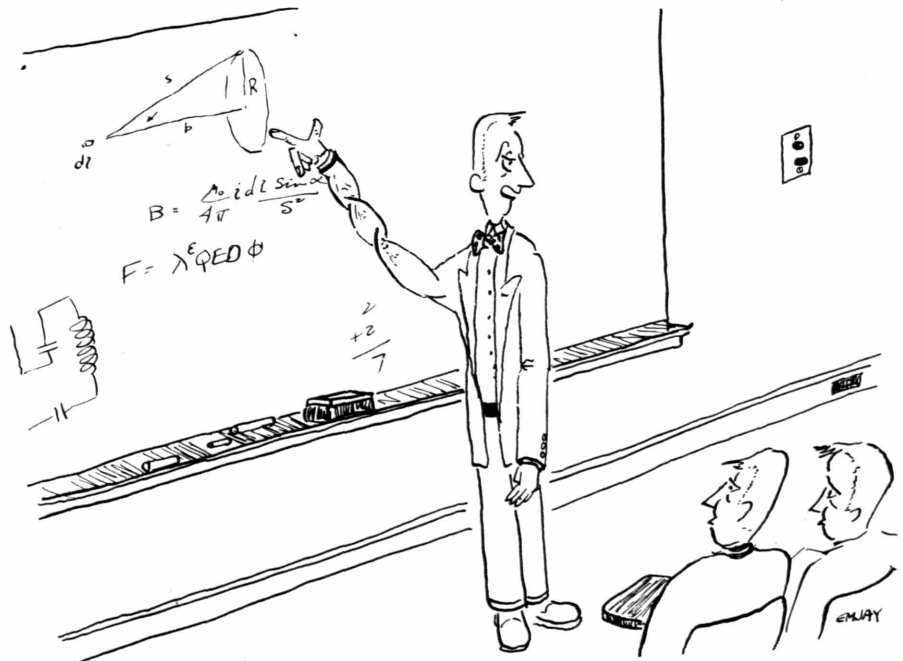
Infants play with their toes,
Babies play with their curls;
Schoolboys play with their tops;
Collegians take out girls.

— Hi Y'All



He only drinks to calm himself,
His steadiness to improve.
(Last night he got so steady,
He couldn't even move.)

— Log



"... which gives the direction of the field."



ROTEUCERO



He drank with lovely Mable,
The pace was fast and furious;
He crept beneath the table —
He wasn't drunk, just curious.



Breathes there a man
Who, as life rambles on,
Never receives a letter
Starting, "Dear John"?



"Drink broke up my home."
"Couldn't you stop it?"
"No, the still exploded."



Hey, let's run this — EJJ



"I can't stop to talk. I'm late for a 14.01 quiz."



The sergeant strode into the barracks and shouted, "O.K., you lazy bastards, fall in, on the double!"

The soldiers grabbed their hats and lined up — all except one, who lay in his bunk blowing smoke rings.

"Well," roared the sergeant.

"Well," said the soldier, tapping ashes from his cigar, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

— Jacko



Three athletes from different schools had flunked their classes and were dropped from the team. They got together and talked about their misfortune.

The man from Tech said, "That calculus was just too damn much."

The man from B. U. said, "It was trigonometry that got me."

And the man from Harvard said, "Did youse guys ever hear of long division?"

There was an old man named
Magruder,
Who wooed a young nude in
Bermuda;
The nude thought it rude
To be wooed in the nude;
But Magruder was cruder and
shrewder

— Sunshine and Health



"Hey, you guys, cut out that swearing — I've got a woman in my room."

— Syracusan



Sam: "What did the usherette say when her strap broke?"

Ed: "I dunno. What did she say?"

Sam: "I have two down in front."

— Pelican

A prominent attorney met one of his clients in front of his office building. She was an elderly lady, handsomely gowned, and had with her a tiny French poodle.

As the two talked over a business matter, the poodle became attracted to the attorney's shoes. Suddenly, the attorney stepped aside. The woman looked at him, smiled and said: "Oh, don't be alarmed, he won't bite."

"I'm not afraid of his biting me," the attorney replied, "but I saw him raise his leg and I was afraid that he was going to kick me."

— Turn-Out



A college student arose from his table in a fashionable dining room and walked toward the door.

He was passing the house detective at the entrance when a silver sugar bowl dropped from his bulging coat.

The guest glanced calmly at the officer, then turned with an expression of polite annoyance toward the occupants of the room. "Ruffians," he said, "Who threw that?" and walked out.

— Pelican



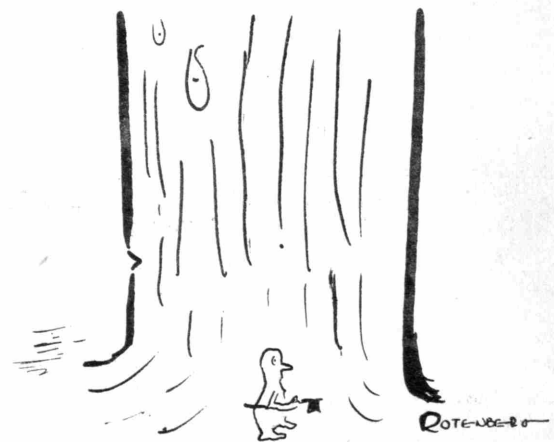
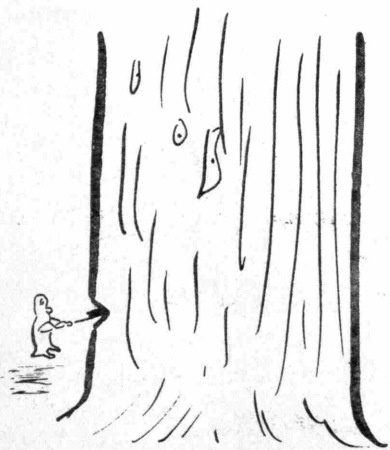
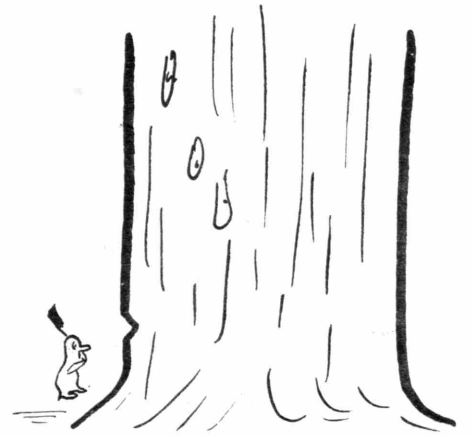
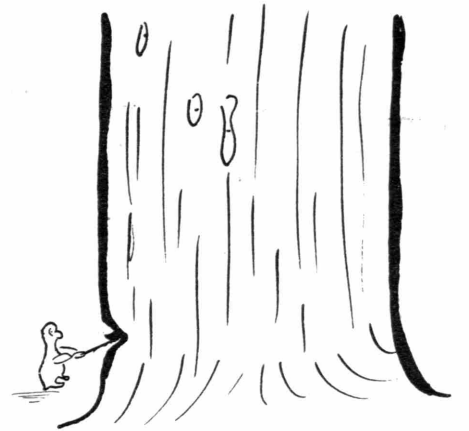
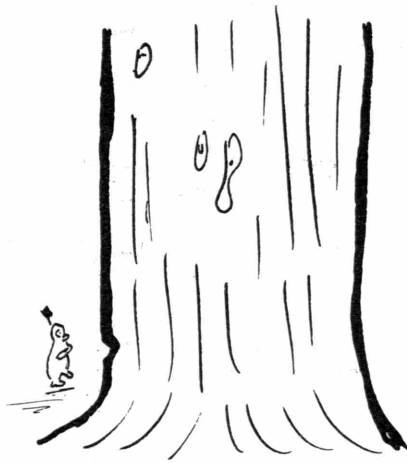
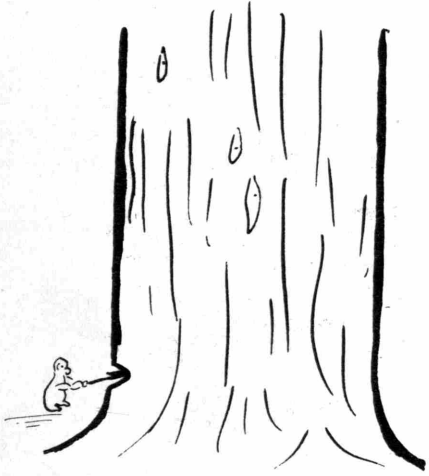
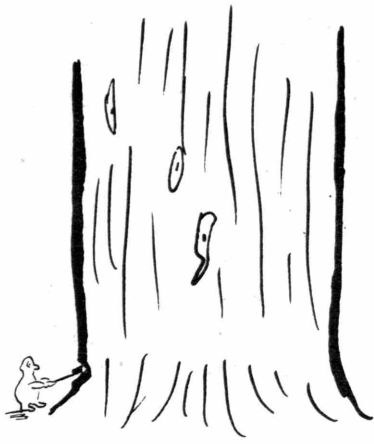
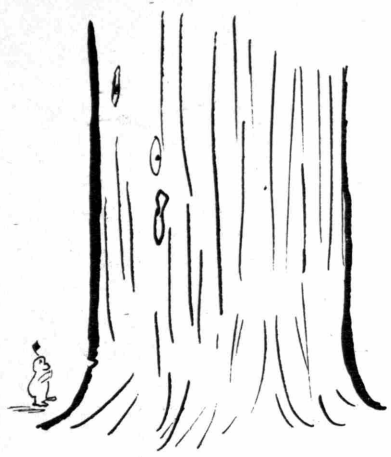
Motorist: Officer! Officer, come quickly! I've just hit a Tech student."

Cop (casually picking teeth): "Sorry, it's Sunday. You can't collect your bounty until tomorrow."



Circus actress: "You know, sir, this is my first day with the circus. You'd better tell me what to do to keep from making mistakes."

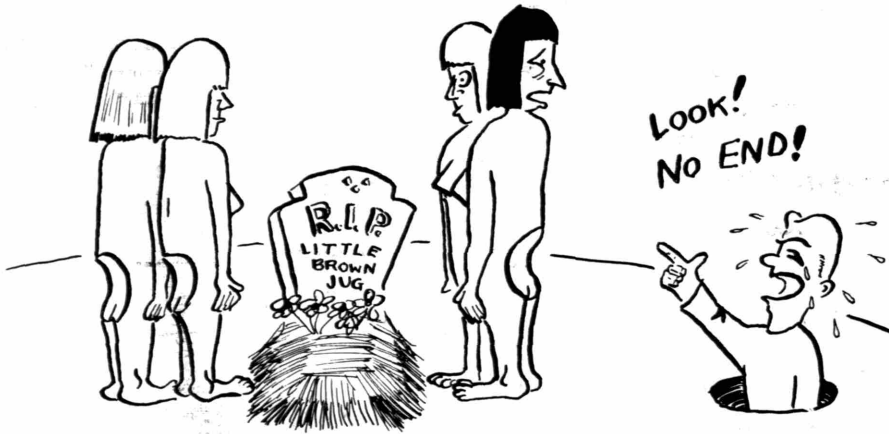
Manager: "Well, for one thing, don't ever undress in front of the bearded lady."



Excerpts from

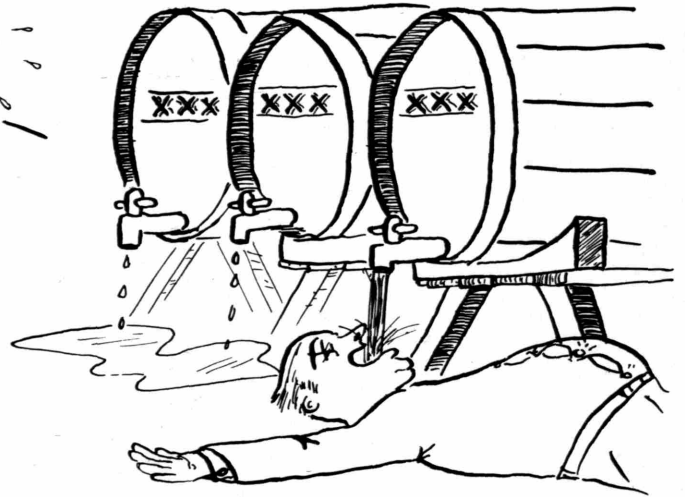
THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

using the Phosphorous translation. Incomplete and abridged edition, of course.



Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too, into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End!

And Lip to Lip it murmured — you live
Drink — for once dead, you never shall return.



The Moving Finger writes; and, having Writ,
Moves on:



nor all they Piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

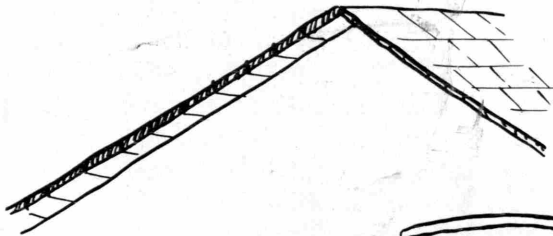


*Ah love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of things entire,*

Would not we shatter it to bits —



*And then Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's
Desire!*



*The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:*



*And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk and Angel
Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and t'was — the grape!*



*"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whose make
or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry,
But fill me with the old familiar Juice:
Methinks I might recover by and by."*

EMJAY

The Price of a Drink



"Say, buddy, you look like a decent guy, how about staking me to a drink?" Thanks, I really need this. Don't look at me like that. I wasn't always this way. Skeptical, huh! Sit down and I'll tell you a little story . . .

Twenty years ago I had an M.S. in geology, a job with Terran Mining Corp., and a pretty bright future. I also had an assignment in Madagascar to make a geological survey and determine the location of the manganese mine which would soon be erected.

I arrived on the island in September. It was hot, damned hot. Not the comfortable heat of a baking lamp, but the sticky humid heat of a turkish bath. My shirt stuck to my back and sweat rolled down my face and hung in little tickling spheres on my upper lip. I checked in at the local hotel and went look-

ing for a drink. It took me two minutes to find a bar, and even at that it was no bargain. I sat down at a small table away from the door and surveyed the place. There wasn't much to see, only a long bar backed by a flyspecked mirror, and surrounded by a tarnished brass rail. A greasy-looking bartender, sadly in need of a shave dozed at one end of the bar, and two natives sat at the further table, looking into their glasses and whispering softly. The only movement was that of a large fan that circled slowly in the middle of the room. Even the flies acted dopey. They just clung to the blade of the fan and went round and round with it. Maybe they welcomed the slight breeze. As I pondered this, the bartender came to life; and ambled down towards my end of the bar. I ordered a beer and sat back to enjoy it. It was rather poor beer, but right then it tasted like "Milwaukee's Finest" to me.

My eye caught a movement at the door. It was a face. A white man's face, unkempt, dirty, and with small shifty eyes. The eyes darted around the room and paused on me. They looked and looked and then they sort of nodded to each other and the rest of the body came in. The body was as untidy as the face, and it moved toward me in a slow shuffle, stopp-

ing twice on the way. It was a small body and it trembled and twitched. Finally it approached to within a few feet and stopped. I tried to ignore it and concentrated on the bartenders heavy breathing. In-out-in-out-in . . .

"Howdy guvner." It was a nasal whining voice, just what I might have expected. It grated on my nerve endings.

"You're new around these here parts aren't you." He leered at me foolishly and shuffled his feet. Then he sat down opposite me and pushed his face right up close to mine. His beady eyes glistened and his breath made me gag.

"You look kind of lonely. What you need is a nice wench for the evening. I could arrange it guvner." He leered at me again, this time expectantly. For a split second in that oppressive heat I imagined a woman's soft warm body pressed against mine; and then the details filled themselves in. It was a brown body, glistening with the inevitable tropic sweat, which ran in little rivulets along the contours of her body and finally blended with my own. A hardened snag-toothed face grinned up at me and an unmistakable aroma assailed my nostrils. In that brief second my stomach turned over and I experienced an uncontrollable desire to spit. I spat.

"Wait, it ain't what you're thinking guvner, and very reasonable too." But it was too late, I was already on my feet and halfway to the door. As I passed outside I could hear his nasal tones sounding "I'll be around when you're ready guvner, cheerio!"

Outside the sun was just going down and a slight breeze was circulating among the alleyways. As I walked along my stomach slowly righted itself and the revulsion died away. I turned around and headed back toward my hotel.

I was pretty tired from the trip



"Now that you mention it, there is some kick."

and all, and decided to turn in instantly. I had a lot of work to do on the morrow arranging for my field expedition, and hiring porters.

My room had a private bathroom and opened out onto a balcony which ran around the entire building at the second floor level. It was really quite nice but I was too weary to appreciate it. It went into the shower and stood there for half an hour, letting the water play against my shoulders and watching it run in little rivulets along the contours of my body. It reminded me of that picture earlier in the evening and the revulsion strapped me out of my reveries. I shut the shower off and dried myself. Then I crept under the mosquito netting and lay there on the sheet, waiting for sleep. My mind wandered all around, thinking of my job, and of the Island, but mostly of the girls I had left behind. Hours later I was still awake, and I attributed it to the climate. I got up and went out on the balcony for some air. I don't know how long I stood there with my elbows resting on the railing, looking into the blackness of the Mada-

gascar night. A moving white blur attracted my eyes, and as I realized that it was moving along the balcony toward me I strained my eyes toward it consciously. There was only the moonlight to see by and it was not until it was almost upon me that I realized it was the figure of a woman in a filmy negligee. There was something unnatural about the way it moved. I held my breath and waited, and when she was almost abreast of me I saw that her eyes were closed. I knew instinctively that she was walking in her sleep, and I made no sound as she passed. I sent my gaze ahead of her and saw to my horror that she was heading directly for the open stairway to the ground. I leaped after her and just as she started to topple I lunged. I could only get a handful of the negligee at about the small of her back; but I braced myself and hauled, praying that the filmy stuff would not part. It held, and I pulled her back into my arms still retaining my hold on her gown. She had not awakened, and as she lay back in my arms with the moonlight streaming down

Continued on next page

over her, I took my first good look at her. My gaze started at the top of her head and swept downward. Her hair was jet black and waved naturally about an oval face. Her complexion was flawless, and a clear white except for a faint flush on each cheek. Her features were perfectly and delicately formed, and a hint of pearly teeth gleamed through her slightly parted lips. All this I noticed in an instant, and as my glance continued downward I saw that my grip on the back of the negligee had stretched it taut across her front, revealing every line of her body. Two beautifully rounded breasts fought successfully to hold their form against the tension of the material, and through its filmy substance I could almost see the pinkness of their peaks. I tore my eyes away and followed the lines of her body down. There was a slight dimple in the roundness of her belly and the shape of her hips coupled with the swelling of her thighs made every hair on my body stand up and crawl. Suddenly she stiffened and came alive. Then she relaxed and her eyes opened. She looked into my eyes for an instant, and then turned her head and surveyed the situation. She realized instantly what had happened, for she said in a soft husky voice, "I must have been walking in my sleep again. Thanks for saving me from that stairway. I'm all right now." Reluctantly I let go of her and tried to say something, but I couldn't talk around the lump in my throat. By the time I had swallowed it she had said goodnight and vanished down the corridor. Almost in a trance myself, I reentered my room and fell into a deep sleep.

I awoke next morning to the sound of the breakfast bell, vibrating in my head. I felt wonderfully refreshed, and it was not until I was halfway through my

shower that I remembered the girl. I was so sure that I had dreamed the whole thing that I dismissed it from my mind. Entering the dining-room I saw only one woman sitting at a table. As I walked by she looked up at me and I recognized her as my girl of the balcony. She was, if possible, even more beautiful by daylight. I felt my heart pound and quicken, and I knew then that I was in love with her. She motioned me to sit down, and I needed no urging. I was determined to find out who she was and what she was doing in this particular corner of hell.

Her name was Alicia, and she told me that her father was a professor of zoology, right then out in the jungle on a collecting trip, and that she was waiting for his return. I was completely captivated by her manner, and especially by the undisguised innocence in her eyes. She seemed so pure I could almost see a halo floating over her head.

Needless to say, I spent as much time with her as I possibly could, and the more I knew her the more I loved her. In spite of this I never so much as kissed her. I had placed her on a pedestal so high that no man on earth was fit to touch the hem of her skirt.

I kept putting off my expedition, despite my contract with Terran Mining. All ambition and sense of duty had vanished. I could neither eat nor sleep, and after two weeks I was on the verge of cracking from the tremendous strain of holding back my passions. I knew I had to do something, and I knew what that something would have to be. I returned to that barroom where I had spent my first hours on the island. The little man was sitting at the bar, as dirty and unkempt as I had remembered him. He turned as I entered and grinned at me. I

merely nodded my head and followed him out of the bar and down the street towards the native quarter. Presently he disappeared into a doorway, and I too, entered, and walked up a flight of stairs. He was waiting for me in the darkness of the landing. "Stay here," he said and disappeared through a door. After what seemed like hours, but could only have been a few minutes, he reappeared and held his hand out. I paid him and walked into the room.

It was small and dirty and dimly lit. There was a woman standing in the darkest corner, wearing a long shroudlike cape with a hood that hid her head completely. She just stood there without saying a word. I walked over to the cot and disrobed. She came toward me and I was conscious of the glistening sweat on my body. Suddenly she dropped to her knees and kissed my feet. I stood there unmoving. Slowly she tilted her head back and I was aware that the hands on my ankles were white, pure white. A sudden cold chill crept up my spine and I wanted to run. At last her head was tilted all the way back and the hood fell, exposing jet black hair waving naturally about an oval face. . .

M. D.



Navy Veteran: "While I was in the South Pacific, I saw the strangest bird. It lays square eggs and talks."

Frosh: "What does it say?"

Vet: "Ouch!"

— Caveman



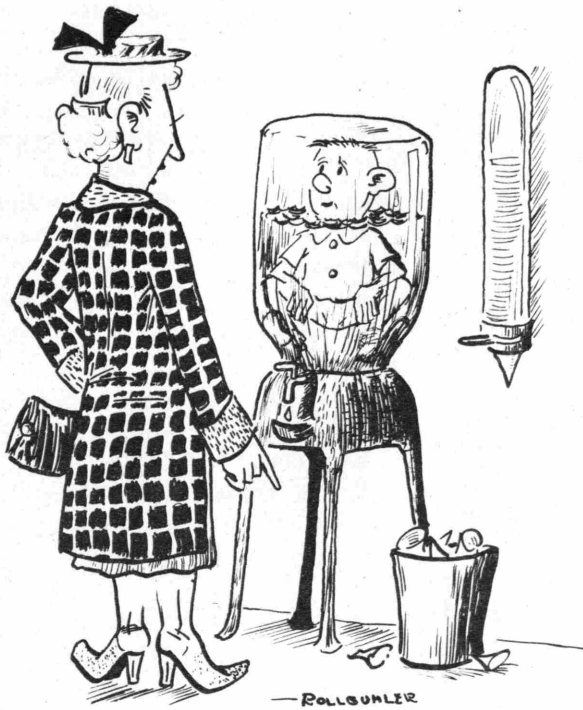
SAE: "Heilo, is this the Salvation Army?"

Voice: "Yes."

SAE: "Do you save bad women?"

Voice: "Yes."

SAE: "Well, save me a couple for Saturday night."



—ROLLSUNLER

“Junior! You’ll catch your death of cold playing in the water.”



A six-year-old child from New York was visiting in the country. The farmer’s wife took her for a tour around the place. She showed her the garden, the chickens, the stables, and finally they arrived at the pig pen where an enormous sow reclined in the sun.

“Big, isn’t she?” asked the farmer’s wife.

“No wonder,” the girl replied, “I saw her yesterday and she had 10 little pigs blowin’ her up!”

—Spartan



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Rules on this page or elsewhere in this issue

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. 1st contest closes March 31st, 1951. 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.



—naturally

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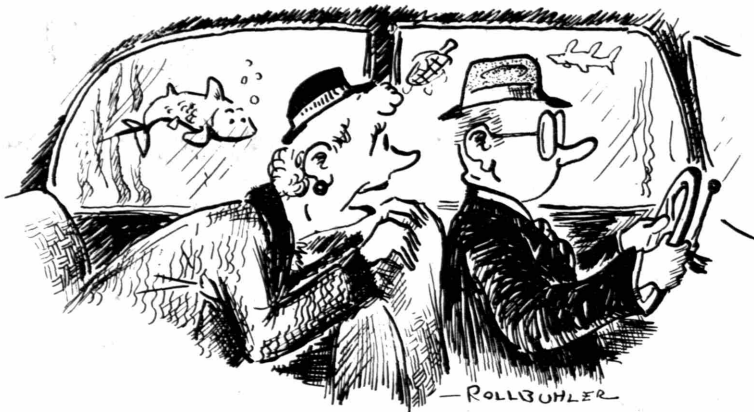
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Larry’s Barber Shop

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"Henry, are you sure we're on the right road?"

English Prof: "Correct this sentence, 'Girls is naturally better looking than boys.'"

Wise Frat Man: "Girls is artificially better looking than boys."



A young student with matrimony in mind had just popped the question to his girl friend.

"Oh, I don't know, Hector, she said slowly. "I've been asked to get married lots of times."

"Gee," he said crestfallen, "who asked yuh, Daisy?"

She blushed. "Oh, maw and paw."

Passing a door in the wee hours of the morning, a drunk noticed a sign which read, "Ring the bell for the caretaker." He did just that and a sleepyeyed man came to the door.

"What do you want?" asked the man.

"I wanna know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself."



A fat lady stepped on the scales, not knowing they were out of order. The indicator stopped at 75 pounds.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed a drunk who watched her, "she's hollow!"

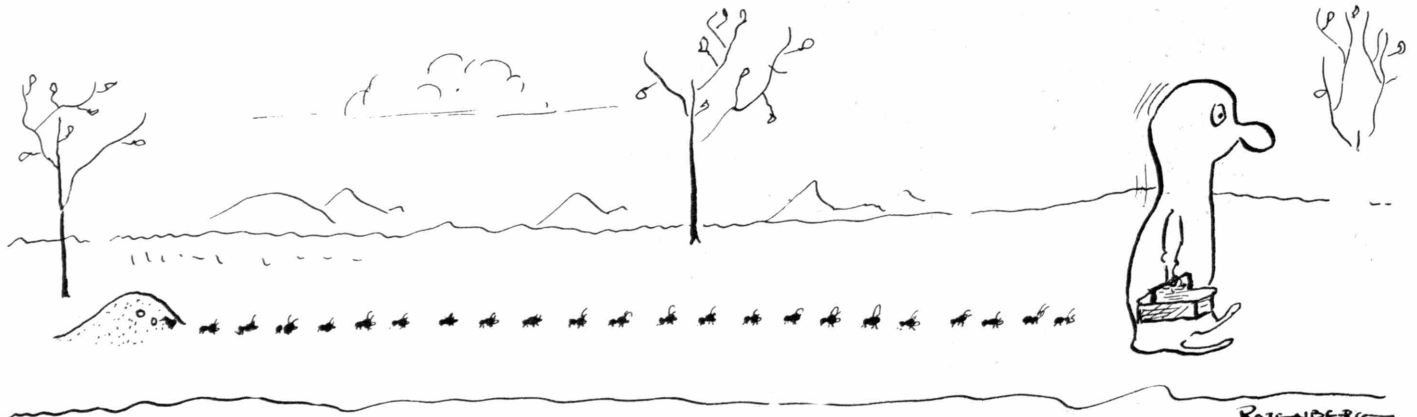
Dear Son, yer paw has a job now, the first in 48 years. We air a little better off now, \$17.76 every Tuesday, so that we kud do a little fixin' up. We sent to Sears & Roebuck for one of them there contrapshuns called a bathroom. It took a ploomer to git the durn thing in shape. On one side of the room is a long thing that looks like the pigs drink out of. But you git in and wash all over. On t'other side is a little white thing called a sink that is for bit washin' like the face and neck. Silly, ain't hit? But on t'other corner we really got somethin' thar. This thing yew put one foot in and wash it clean, then pull the chain and get fresh water for t'other foot. Two lids come with the durn thing, but we ain't had no use fer 'em in the bathroom. So I use one for a bread board and t'other one we framed



"Were you copying his paper?"
 "No, sir, I was just making sure he had mine right."



"My girl's lipstick seems to have a better taste than other girls'."
 "Yeah, doesn't it."



Soon after the fraternity house opened for the term, the brothers received a note from a sorority house across the street:

"Dear Sirs: Please procure curtains for your windows. We do not care for a study in anatomy."

The boys' note of reply was:

"Dear Girls: The course is optional."



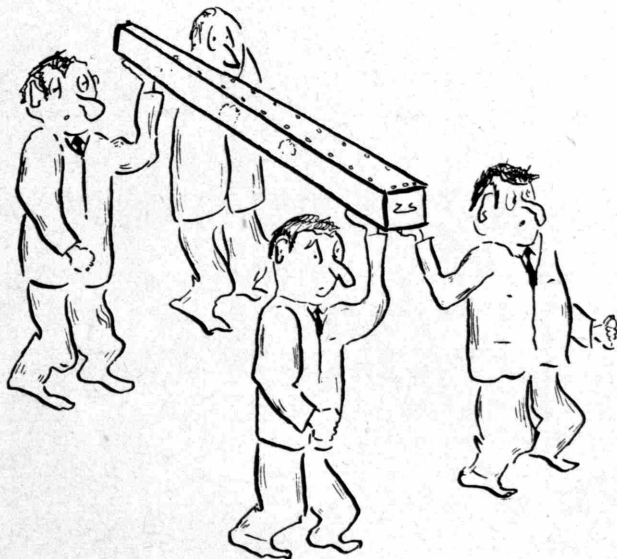
Ein fraulein gewanten ein spousen.
Ben asked Herr Schultz to der housen,
Mit gecooken der meaten
Und geserven mit eaten,
Und gequicker der chances up lousen.

—Goode Housekippen



"Am I the first boy you've ever kissed?"

"Are you being funny or are you working for Kinsey?"



Schultz is dead!

ROTEBERG

An 80-year-old man came to his doctor for a blood test and medical examination before getting married.

The doctor checked him over and then asked, "You mean at your age you really want to get married?"

The old man replied, "Well, I don't want to exactly, but I've got to."



Little Jasper trembled with excitement. Such a project had never occurred before. "I'll go alone. I'm not afraid, Mother. You've nursed me through childhood, and I'll never forget it. I'm something of a man now, and what's more, I'm game. I don't need your help now as I once did — gee, Mom, don't cry. I won't be long . . . wait for me."

Little Jasper's face beamed with angelic nonchalance as he pushed open the door to the men's room.



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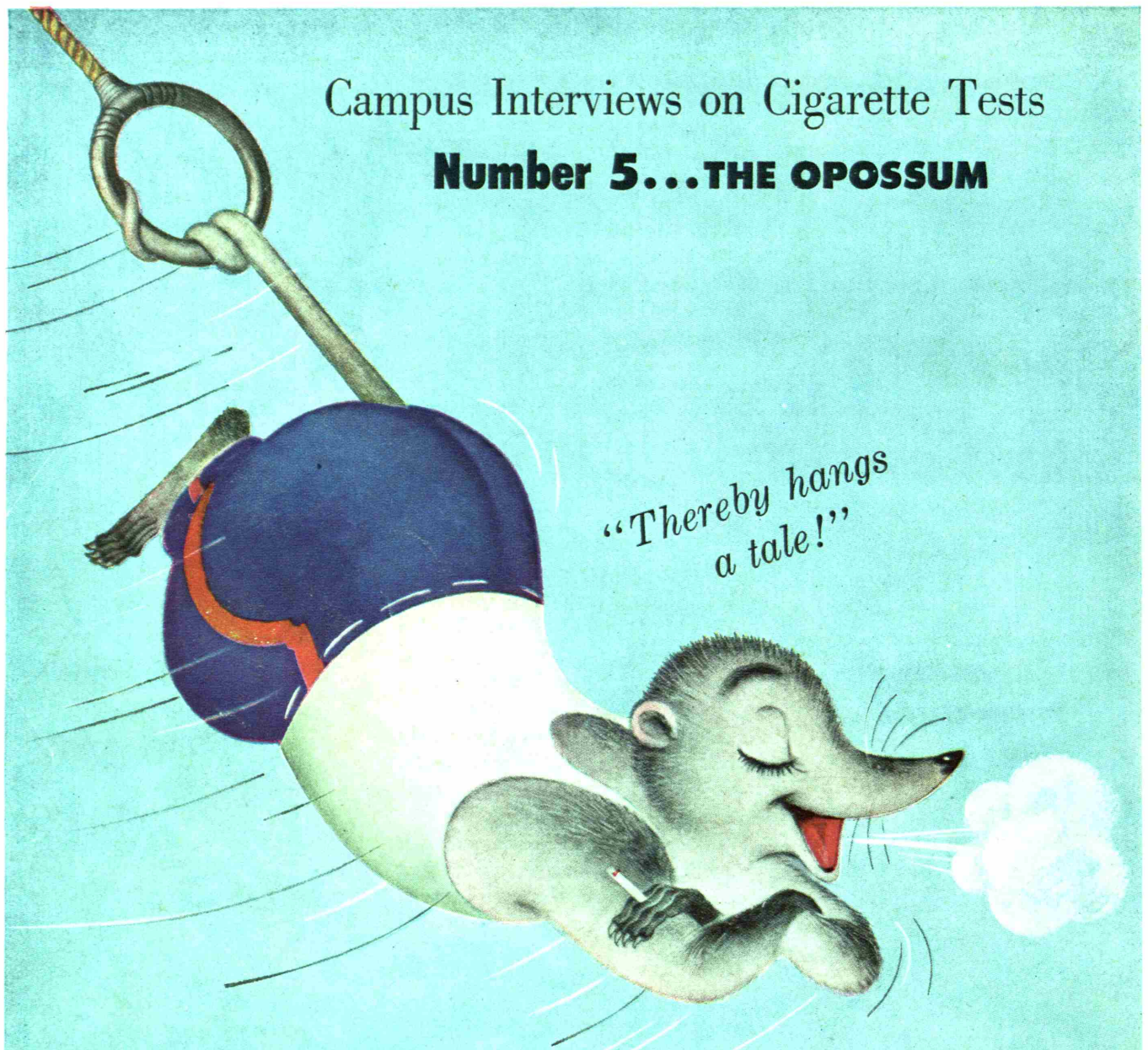
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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests

Number 5...THE OPOSSUM



“Thereby hangs
a tale!”

THE class clown went out on a limb and tried to prove cigarette mildness by the quick-trick method! He tried the fast puff and huff test—a whiff, a sniff—and they *still* left him up in the air! But then he got his feet on the ground. He learned that there is a reliable way to discover how mild a cigarette can be! And that test is...

The sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you’ve enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your “T-Zone” (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you’ll *know* why...

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