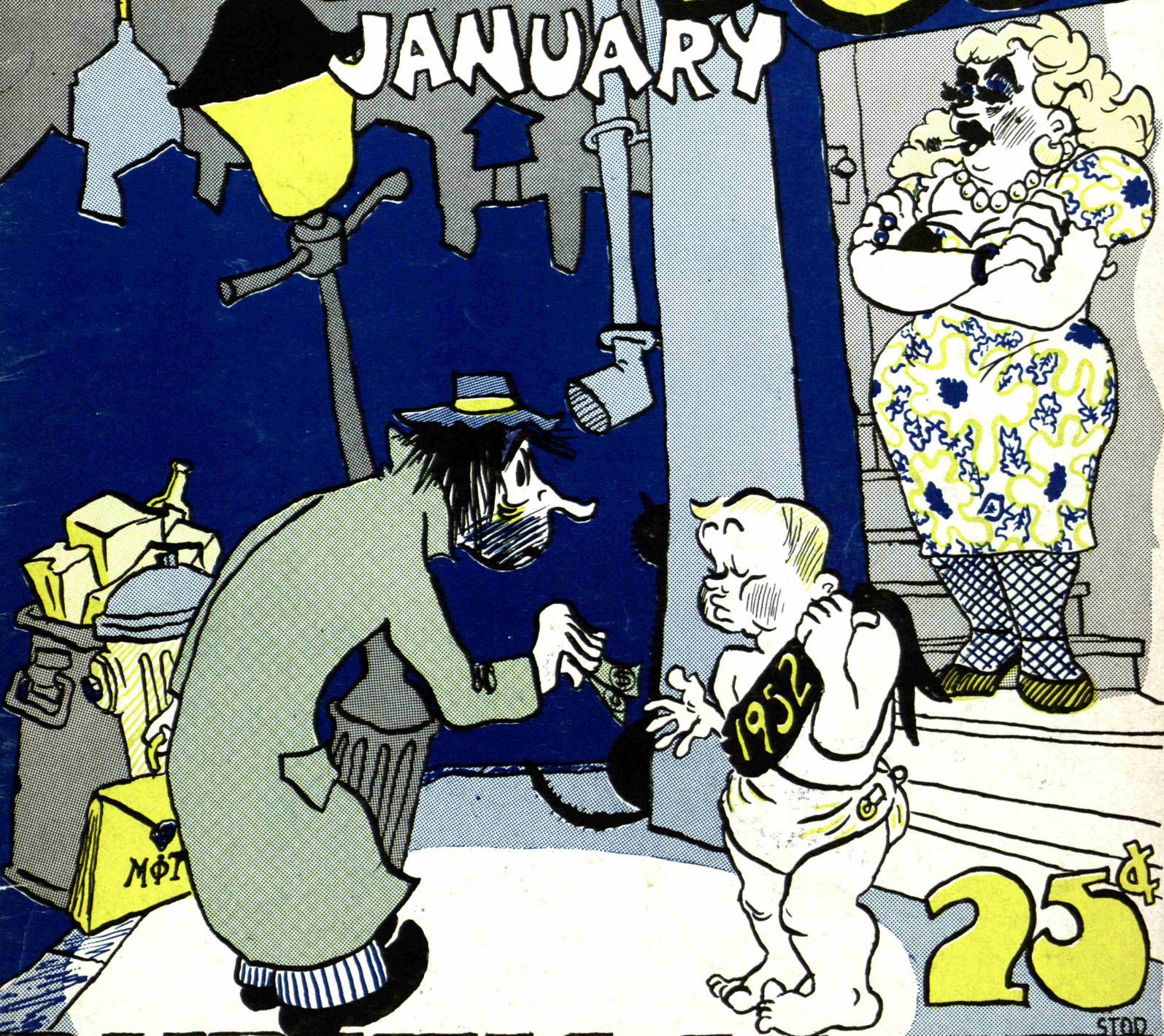


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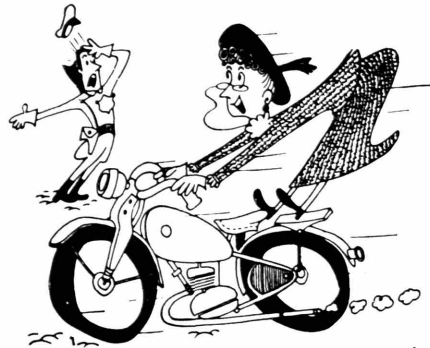
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PURITY ISSUE

WHAT ARE THE ODDS?



Looking for a place to live? 1 family
in 100,000 lives on a houseboat.



If you know how to ride a motorcycle,
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It's 12 to 1 you'll like*

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drink beer, 12 out of every 13 who tasted Schaefer liked it. No wonder more people are drinking Schaefer—America's oldest lager
beer—than ever before in Schaefer's 110-year history.

Make it clear...make it *Schaefer*

There are June days in June, spicy days in October, inspiring days in April, but only dark days in January. Oh yes, I know, "Every cloud has a silver lining," and all that, but the one that bothers me is, "Into each life a little January must fall." What have I got against January; some people love it. Some people like to go out and ski in January, or skate in January, or just sit near a nice warm fire in January. Some people like January because it's a great month to come after Christmas to rest up in; or because it's a good time to get in shape to go south to get in shape in; or because it's a good month to hike the snow removal rates in; or simply because it's a good way to start a new year off.

But I am neither a storekeeper, a ball player, an avaricious contractor in a northern city, or a simpleton. I, sir, am a college student; worse yet, I am a Tech student. For the ignorant, January is that dismal time of year when that seemingly endless rope rolls its last roll off the spool, and, if lucky, you experience a sharp tug at the neck, and if you're unlucky, the rope comes off the spool entirely and leaves you falling and praying. (Maybe I've got the "unlucky" and "lucky" reversed.)

But even that's all old stuff; the worst hasn't made the papers yet. The news is out, however, and it behooves every sensitive soul, at least every Techman, to hear it. **WOMEN ARE ON THE MAKE!!!** Yes, it's true; the purity and chastity of every man, lesbian, and boy are in danger. Oh, we should have seen, we should have known—the birth statistics of the early thirties, the rising female life expectancy, the lists of unmarried mothers, leap year, (the full moon of the female American werewolf)—we should have seen; we should have known. But hold on there; no time for that now, Billy! There's a man's job to be done. We must save every father's son from the oncoming menace. We must let the news be known; television, radio, the newspapers; who knows, this may even rate two lanterns in the Old North Church (sorry Winnie)! And the periodicals, yes the periodicals. Believing as we do that charity begins at home, we have devoted this issue to—"Purity, Chastity, and Anti-Vivisection." If nothing else, let the Techman be spared. Carry what you learn from this issue to every nook and cranny, to the class rooms, to the labs, to those dimly lit rooms in the dorms on Saturday nights. "Forward, mens! Forward unrelentless!"

"Unrelentlessly," a peculiarly feline voice voiced. "I've been reading over your shoulder, old man. Pity."

Phos made a chalk mark on the wall. I always wondered what those chalk marks meant.

"It happens every January," said Phos, "Blossoms on thee, lulu man."

C. A. S. with assists from Pogo

Phos would like to congratulate Gene Brandeis, Jack Pinkovitz, Al Feinberg and Bob Riley on their appointment to the Junior Board. Of course, while congrat-

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY

ESTABLISHED 1919

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OFFICE CAT: PHOSPHORUS

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cover this month by "Stod"

ulations are being handed out, we feel a few are due to Carl A? Shiffman, Features Editor, who upheld the glory of Voo Doo recently, by winning a Rhodes Scholarship.



DOING THE TOWN

Printers being what they are, and that being unprintable, this Voo Doo is no ticker tape; hence these words, as ever, are being written some three weeks before thou, exquaterly patron, may read them.

This is, however, a time worthy of comment, not because it is, but because it is almost that which tries men's souls. The return from vacation, the descent into the abyss, the rest on the flight from fancy are all identity, and the words in the lull are all the same. It is as if the roller coaster had stopped on the crest of the highest rise, all the passengers mouthing the same phrases as they gaze at the dizzy inevitable course ahead. This is Herewego . . .

. . . And this is three weeks later. We hope you didn't fall out twixt lip and cup, because you have another vacation ahead, if the Madthreeweeks hasn't crushed you. Go home. Or to Florida. Someplace warm and relaxing. We are not going to tell you anything to do in Boston because you are out of your mind to stay here.

On the road to Falmouth, just outside the town of Onset, Mass. is a small restaurant called the White Rabbit that is exceptional, including all the prebuttered hot rolls you can eat with your dinner. Closes at seven.

There is a place in Hartford that serves the best clam chowder in Connecticut. Ask anybody for Honiss', on State Street, down the basement.

A play just opened in Philadelphia called "Venus Observed." It stars Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. The play is directed by Laurence Olivier, and Cristopher Fry wrote it. Not a long shot at all. At the Schubert, Broad and Spruce.

The diner on the Pennsylvania Railroad train into Asheville, North Carolina serves an ice cream, not available anywhere else, known as Biltmore Vanilla, which has no equal this side of Dolly Madison, and the Battery Park Hotel, in the same town, serves a breast of Capon under glass that is equally singular.

A man named Jimmy runs a restaurant as a hobby in Atlantic City, New Jersey. He doesn't serve people whose looks he doesn't like. He tells you what to eat, and cooks it. If you don't like it—leave. The food is delicious. Try Pacific Avenue near Convention Hall.

Phil Silvers is working evenings in a play, not at all a hobby. Top Banana, a fairly funny lemon is at the Winter Garden, Broadway at Fiftieth Street, I'd hatetolivetherebutitsfuntovisit, N. Y. CI 5-4878.

The Stockyards Hotel Cafe, in Wichita, Kansas gives you a sharp knife and runs a crippled steer through the dining room . . . you just cut off what you want. Well, the steaks look that big anyway. Ce n'est pas un abattoir, vraiment.

The DiMaggios of baseball renown have a place of the same name that serves food not quite

up to the fielding on Fisherman's Wharf, in San Francisco. You're better off foodwise at the dock of the same name farther down the coast in Monterey.

There is a swarthy seller of maracas and similar wares who works outside of Benny the Bum's in Havana, Cuba. He bargains in rapid Yiddish if you get him started.

For the really homesick, or intrepid traveler, Mike's place, in Douglas, Alaska, (four miles out of Juneau), has good steak. Some people will go a long way for a good steak.

If you're really sick of the grind, and don't really give a damn about school, you can time it right and catch a little blow-out in New Orleans called Mardi Gras. Try Antoine's too, you damn capitalist.

Enjoy the vacation—they're too close together—the folks won't be half as glad to see you this time. Hope you make it back from Juneau.

E. M. G.



Errol Flynn and Charlie Chaplin have collaborated on a new novel which will be out just any old time. The title is "On Whom the Belles Told."



PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

"Heard you were moving a piano, so I came over to help."

"Thanks, but I've already got it upstairs."

"Alone?"

"Nope, hitched the cat to it and he drug it up."

"You mean your cat hauled that piano up two flights of stairs? How could a cat pull a heavy piano?"

"Used a whip."



Mixed emotions: Man seeing his mother-in-law backing over a cliff in his new Cadillac.

Coed: "I just threw this on in a hurry."

D. U.: "Dern near missed, didn't you?"



He who horses around too much may find himself a groom.



Co-ed: "I'm so discouraged, everything I do seems to be wrong."

Joe College: "What are you doing tonight?"

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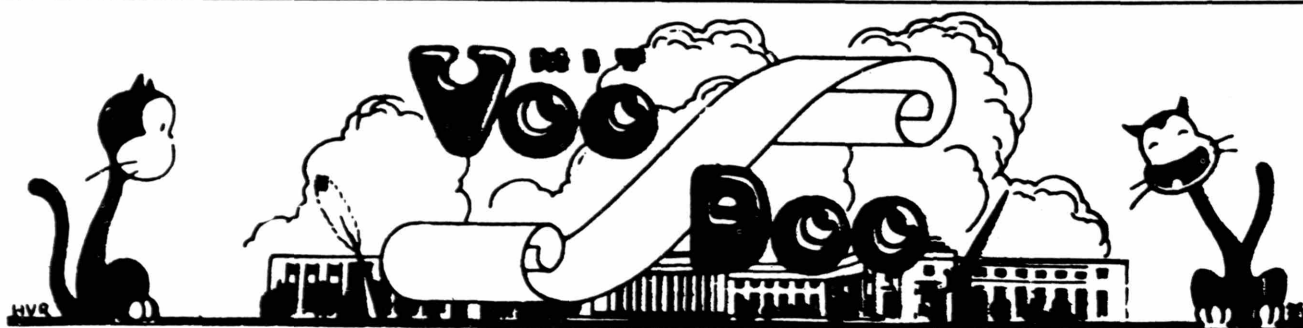
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The insanity that pervades Techmen at holiday time reached an end of the year peak during the Christmas vacation. A new style in room decoration appeared in East Campus—simulated spider webs made of string and populated with huge, ugly, black-haired, rubber tarantulas. The effect produced is thoroughly and frightfully disgusting, and combined with the naturally Charles Adams-like characters who inhabit these rooms, the total effect is that of a good horrors movie. One ingenious ghoul varied the style by attaching to his web a crawling, gory, gnarled hand severed at the wrist and clutching a battered sliderule.

This same fellow, who had come back to Tech early in order to catch up on back homework, also found time to make another string creation. This one is a jumble of different colored strings connected to balsa wood frames and is entitled "Ship of State" in honor of the confusion of federal government. The ship would really be an attractive addition to any room, but its creator plans to attach black glass beads to the strings and mail the whole device to Keuffel and Esser as an example of a log-log, duplex, deci-trig, vector abacus.



The vacation was a time for another form of madness, also—

engagements and marriages. There is one fellow belonging to the former class who strongly advises not playing practical jokes on women in love. On the first day of the holiday he was to give his girlfriend an engagement ring, and then the two of them were to drive up to her home in New Hampshire and show the ring to her folks. As planned, his girl came to his room Saturday morning with her suitcase and lovingly waited for her surprise. Just as lovingly this Techman took the ring from his pocket, the two large diamonds glittering almost as much as the girl's eyes, which were wide with delight. The nervous, fumbling Techman grabbed by mistake the third finger of his girl's right hand, and when he found that the finger was too large, he threw the ring into the wastebasket with the words, "Oh well, I'll buy you another one." The startled girl scattered trash all over the room in her effort to retrieve the ring, only to find that it was a twenty-five cent ring bought at Woolworth's the night before, the real band still being in her boyfriend's pocket. She became so angry over the joke that she did not talk for the whole trip to New Hampshire, and for a while the Techman was afraid that he might not become engaged, but as usual all turned out for the best. When the girl calmed down enough to accept the real ring, she forgave

her fiancé everything.

Concerning marriages, one senior pulled a prize stunt. His wedding was a military type affair, the guard of honor being composed of six fellow students standing stiffly at attention with crossed sliderules. The truth of this story is attested to by sworn statements.



Most of us, ski-bugs included, get an urge to head down South for a vacation to get at least temporary respite from the damp cold of Boston. This time the urge hit four student architects, so they piled into a car and rolled down to Florida, taking with them besides their bathing suits a very difficult design problem. Their schedule was very rigorous: brunch at noon; sunshine and ocean till five; supper at six-thirty; night clubs till four A.M.; and despite their good intentions, they naturally found no time to relax and enjoy a tough homework assignment. One afternoon one of the architects woke up with eyes more bloodshot and face more haggard than usual. His conscience had kept him awake all morning; how could he, with a deep tan and sun-bleached hair, face his poor, little old, sallow-complexioned professor, and especially with an unfinished design problem. Not being as hardened as his three friends, he gave in to his conscience and

packed up his toothbrush and bathing suit and a towel stolen from the hotel and returned by train to Boston. His friends regretfully saw him off at the railroad station and then sadly drove to the beach with three co-eds from the University of Miami.

Upon his return to MIT our hero set industriously to work, and although his tan was fading and his nose was running (from a heavy cold due to the sudden change of climate), he felt that he was accomplishing something worthwhile. He worked very hard, and on the Saturday morning after the heavy snow storm, when he found a large envelope in his mail box, he decided to open it and read its contents in the leisure of his room. He pushed aside his drawing instruments and opened the letter. Inside was a present from his three buddies—a pile of warm, white sand.

Our hero went out that night and got stinking drunk and did not wake up till Monday, and as a result he did not finish the problem anyway. His three friends got L's for their hastily made sketches, but figured that the trip was worth it, and who knows, maybe it was.

For those of us who are afraid that being a successful scientist means trading our souls for a fool-proof slide rule, the following tale has come to our attention via the customary channels. It seems that one of the top men in Project Whirlwind is known and feared as a complete slave to science, and any discussion in his department of any topic not closely allied with the problem at hand is frowned upon. Our cohort came in from lunch the other day to see this gentleman phoning excitedly, with a joyous gleam in his eye, trying to contact one of the wheels in the physics department. Eavesdropping to discover the world shaking information, our boy heard: "... Where the devil is he? ... Jim? ... Jim! Pogo's in at the Coop!"

Then there was the hotel clerk who put himself to sleep at night counting the Mr. and Mrs. John Smiths who had registered.

"What sort of part does Bill have in the play?"

"A very emotional part. In the last act he has to refuse a drink."

A man was perched atop a building in Atlanta, and it looked like an attempted suicide. A policeman made his way to the building roof to persuade him not to jump.

"Think of your maw and family," pleaded the cop.

"Haven't any."

"Well, think of your girl friend."

"I hate women!"

"All right," said the policeman desperately, "think of Robert E. Lee!"

"Who's he?"

"Jump, you dirty yankee!"



The fog
Comes
On little cat feet
As you sit for a test
And sits
On silent haunches
Hovering over every desk
And then moves on—
Only sometimes it doesn't.



"Oh, my poor man," exclaimed the kind old lady. "It must be dreadful to be lame. But it would be much worse if you were blind."

"You're absolutely right, lady," said the beggar. "When I was blind people kept giving me foreign coins."

WHOLESALE

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THE APHRODISIAC

by Harold Kaplan

The speaker finished his last important sentence, and sat down amidst great applause. After it stopped, the nervous little manager thanked him for his important speech, and they left the platform together.

The audience began to rise and leave. "I guess we leave now," I said to Bertha.

"I suppose so," she sighed. We rose and I began to help her with her coat.

"I wish more important economists would speak in Boston," she said.

"Who could be more important an economist than Mr. Strape?" I asked hypocritically.

"I don't mean that," she said, missing the joke. "I mean I wish there were more of them. Economics is important."

I took one of her chilly hands in mine and whispered, "Some things are more important."

She jerked her hand away. "Oh, stop that!" she insisted.

"How about a soda, if we see a drug store?"

"I suppose so."

We walked out of the dark little hall onto the sidewalk. The bright sunlight lit up Bertha's hair, and repeated her beautiful profile in shadow.

"There's one at the end of the block on the left across the street," I said.

"So it is." We began walking toward it.

"You know, Frank," she said, "the trouble with you is that you don't pay attention to really important things. Economics especially. During all that time Mr. Strape was speaking, you never even looked at him."

"I had something better to look at."

"See, there you go again. I don't know what you need."

"Maybe it's the love of a good woman."

She frowned and said nothing. I felt for the vial in my left-hand pants pocket. It was what **she** needed.

Presently we reached the drug store. "In here," I said.

We entered and took adjoining stools at the soda fountain. "What would you like, Bertha?"

"Oh, I don't know. You order for me; that looks like a pocket edition of Adam Smith over there on the rack."

While she was gone, I ordered a pair of strawberry ice cream sodas. When they were ready she was still looking at the pocket editions. I paid for the sodas and looked around cautiously.

The soda jerk was busy pouring pineapple sauce onto a chocolate-pineapple sundae. A middle-aged lady with a large red hand-bag was carefully chewing a hamburger. No one was looking at me. I pulled the vial from my pocket and uncorked it. Then I quickly poured the oily fluid into Bertha's strawberry ice-cream soda.

I looked quickly around. No one had seen. I recorked the vial and replaced it in my pocket. Presently Bertha returned with a small pocket-edition.

"That's not Adam Smith," I pointed out.

"I mistook a copy of **Mr. Adam** for it," she said, "but I did find **Progress and Poverty**. It's a bargain at a quarter."

"There are better bargains," I said with a leer.

"Oh, stop that," she said, and began to sip her soda.

I tried hard not to look at it, and drank some of my own. I had no idea how long it would take for the powerful drug to take effect on Bertha.

"What kind of a soda is this?" asked Bertha. "It tastes queer."

"Strawberry."

"Remind me never to drink here again."

I sighed. Bertha is cold, but she knows I can't stay away from her, and she has come to expect it.

Our sodas finished, we left the drugstore for the street.

"Which way is the nearest subway station?" asked Bertha.

"There's one," I said, and we began to walk toward it.

"I thought you believed in the theory of surplus value," I said, to make conversation.

"I do," said Bertha; "why?"

"Well you just bought **Progress and Poverty**, and I thought Henry George thought that land was the source of all wealth."

"Well I don't have to agree with him to read him!" Bertha snapped.

I looked carefully at her face. It was bright red,

and her brow was covered with little drops of perspiration.

"I didn't mean to be so rude," said Bertha; "it must be the sun's heat."

It wasn't, but I merely said, "That's the Common across the street. We can sit in the shade on one of the benches."

We crossed the street, found a bench, and sat down. Bertha seemed to have recovered, and she opened **Progress and Poverty** and began to read.

"Interesting?" I asked, after a while.

"Somehow I just don't feel like reading," she admitted, and she dropped the book on the bench.

I put my arm around her waist and drew her toward me. Her eyes lit up like a pair of vacuum tubes and her mouth puckered as if for a kiss. Then she recovered herself, pulled my arm off her waist, and moved several feet down the bench.

She clutched the side of the bench so hard her fingers turned white, and said in a conversational tone, "Even as far back as Voltaire's time people saw the fallacy of 'L'impot Unique' as it was called. Voltaire devastated the theory in his famous novel 'L'homme aux Quarante Ecus.' Henry George was an anachronism in his time, and the following he attracted was merely an excellent illustration of the backwardness of American economic thinking during the nineteenth century."

"Is that what you're thinking about?" I asked softly. The drug was coming along nicely, it seemed.

"No, it's not! How do you know what I'm thinking?" she screamed.

"Sh-sh. Don't get excited," I said. "Economists don't get excited. Keep calm, and think about the Iron Law of Wages, or something."

"I am **not** an economist," Bertha panted, "I'm a young healthy girl, and I . . . what am I saying?"

I moved down the bench and took her in my arms. She began panting harder and hugged me in a grip almost as unbreakable as a horizontal cartel. I bent my head to kiss her, but she suddenly broke away, and all I got was a mouthful of vile-tasting face powder.

She stood trembling beside the bench. Her knees oscillated wildly, and her teeth were chattering. "N-no!" she stuttered, "I've b-been b-brought up r-right. M-mother always said . . ."

I rose from the bench and started toward her, but she was too quick for me; she turned and started toward the subway station at a dead run. Before I realized what had happened, she had disappeared into the entrance.

There was no point in running after her, so I sadly sat down on the bench. The pocket edition of Henry George was still lying there.



"Daughter, I don't mind that young man coming over here every evening and staying up half the night with you, nor his standing on the front porch for a couple of hours saying goodnight, but please ask him to stop taking the morning paper with him when he leaves."



Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the dining room to be exhibited before the guests.

"Tell the ladies what mama's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said little Lucy.

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The moving finger writes . . .

Notes on the progress of specialization
Which seems at present to be sweeping the nation:

To live today
One must know more
Than in the happy
Days of yore,

When people could think
They knew a lot
With such meager learning
As I have got.

J. P. Benkard

GONE
with the passing week-ends
time gets out of hand
songs through all the country
shouting through the land
travelers by night and day
singing as they go
come and go—
and say to me
as i sit and think of you
time, with you,
has left me
i am always blue
thinking
thinking
always—
thinking always of you.

J. P. Benkard

PUERTO RICAN VALENTINE
Here by the light of a short white candle,
stuck in the neck of a used rum bottle
a short white candle gives me the light to write
thoughts of you.
Soft light.
Soft you.
Here is an emptied bottle of rum.
This is an emptied room of you.
A fat green bottle gives me the thoughts to write
lightly of you.
No rum.
No you.

Gerald Rothberg

WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND—
 Words, those are all that we speak,
 are words.
 These sounds of poise are not
 a seagull, poised in space,
 dropping a clam to the hard beach.
 These mouthed vibrations are not
 tingling nerves at the first
 smell of Autumn.
 My words are a half-silvered mirror
 that reflects your image
 and lets a little of mine pass through.
 Gerald Rothberg

NYC
 New York, New York, city sublime
 Full of smog and smoke and grime.
 New York, New York, la vie charmant
 Leaves one so shot, so poor, so gaunt.
 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th
 Booze by the shot, by the fifth, by the pinth.
 Uptown, downtown, all around the park
 For a million bucks you can have quite a lark.
 If you know what's what and you know what's
 who
 You won't inhale or the plague will catch you!
 Inhale your booze from your head to your shoes
 Inhale the smog and you're dead sure to loose.
 Frenzy, panic, who gives a damn
 NYC is slaughter for the lamb.
 Stagger in a bar and drown your sorrows
 Stagger out again into more tomorrows.
 Cause in NYC no one knows you're there
 In NYC no one even cares.
 So whoop it up and do it up and have yourself a
 time
 And when you leave you'll leave without a dime.
 RHM

?
 "When will the world end?"
 In three-trillion years, said the Scientist.
 When Gabriel blows his horn, said the Missionary.
 "I do not understand," said God.
 Gerald Rothberg

. . . and having writ moves on.

The train was about to pull out of the station when suddenly a man ran out on the platform, jumped on the train, threw several suitcases into a berth and then jumped off the train again and ran down the platform.

"Have I got time to say good-bye to my wife?" he yelled as he passed the conductor.

"I can't tell," replied the conductor. "That all depends on how long you've been married."



Conductor: "Madam, you'll have to pay full fare for that boy. He must be over twelve."

"How can he be over twelve when I've only been married ten years?"

"Listen, lady, I collect fares—not confessions."



A Swede and a Finn went into a bar early one evening and started drinking furiously. Not one word was spoken as they guzzled drink after drink.

At 3 a.m. the Swede lifted his glass above his head and said, "Skoal!"

"Say!" thundered the Finn, "did we come here to talk or to drink?"



"Just out of curiosity, lady; what did your signal mean?"

"I need medicine but I can't remember the name," Mandelbaum told the druggist.

"What's it sound like?"

"It sounds like a big city."

"New York? London? Liverpool?"

"Dot's it! Carter's Little Liverpools."

"But, darling, if I marry you I'll lose my job."

"Can't we keep our marriage a secret?"

"But suppose we have a baby?"

"Oh, we'll tell the baby, of course."



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Chemical Engineering Practice

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Electrical Engineering Cooperative Course

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The duration of each of the above undergraduate Courses is four academic years and leads to the Bachelor's degree, with the following exceptions: (1) Architecture, which is a five-year course leading to the Bachelor's degree; (2) Chemical Biology, Food Technology (Five Year Course), Physical Biology, and the Cooperative Course in Electrical Engineering, which extend over a period of five years and lead to the Bachelor's degree and the Master's degree; (3) Science Teaching, which is of five years' duration and leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the degree of Master of Arts in Teaching from Harvard University.

Graduate study may be pursued in Textile Technology, Ceramics, Sanitary Engineering, and in most of the above professional courses. The Master's and Doctor's degrees are offered in most of these fields.

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

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

A navy wife was bidding her husband goodbye as he embarked. She became quite incensed when she saw a black Scottie going aboard, and she knew that wives were not allowed to go along. She went over to an officer standing nearby and complained about the unfairness of the regulations that allowed dogs, not wives, to accompany the Navy.

The officer cut the tirade short by saying: "Yes, but you see, all of the men can pat the dog."



One wealthy man, ambitious to become a conductor, engaged a symphony orchestra in preparation for a concert. It wasn't long before the musicians realized that he knew little about music. Finally, the enraged kettledrummer cut loose with a long roll in the middle of a quiet passage. The conductor flushed and demanded, "Who did that?"



"We decided to start from scratch."

He: "Will you have breakfast with me tomorrow morning?"

She: "Sure."

He: "Shall I phone you or nudge you?"



Sex is the thing that puts writing on a paying basis and makes psychology majors respectable.



Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Little boy: "I think she's married."



A man who had five daughters and no sons was finally rewarded with a son. While passing out cigars in celebration of this event, a friend asked him, "Who does the boy look like, you or your wife?"

"Come to think of it I haven't looked at his face."

"How about a kiss?"

"Sir, I have scruples."

"That's all right, I've been vaccinated."



People who live in gall bladders shouldn't throw stones.



Millions long for immortality who do not know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon.



What's a college humor magazine censor?

That's a guy who sees three meanings to a joke that only has two meanings.



"Did the doctor mean it when he said you'd not live more than a week if you didn't stop chasing women?"

"He certainly did—I was chasing his wife."



"My girl says she is going to leave me if I don't quit running around."

"That's too bad."

"Yeah, I'll miss her."



"I've got a perfect news story."

"What? Man bites dog?"

"No. Bull throws Congressman."

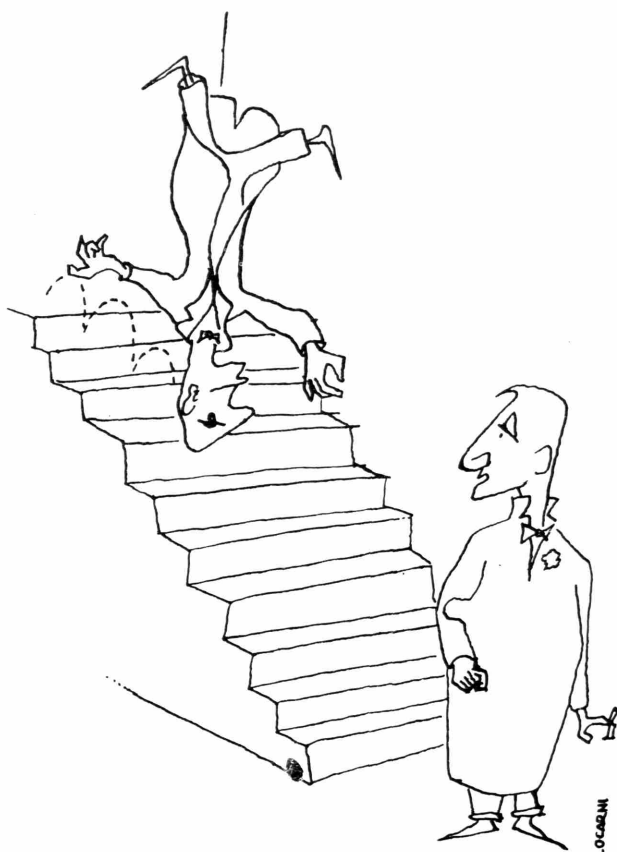


"They'll say that I married you for your money."



Coed: "Have you ever been a Maid of Honor?"

Roommate: "Oh, sure, before I met Tom."



Coming Harry?

Have you ever heard of the Scotchman who told his little children ghost stories instead of buying them Ex-Lax?

An old gentleman riding the top of a Fifth Avenue bus noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver underneath. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity terrible to hear. Finally the old gentleman could stand it no longer so he asked the conductor why he dangled the string and why the driver swore.

"Oh," the conductor answered naively, "his father is being hung tomorrow and I'm just kidding him a little."



A census taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"

"Five," snapped the answer. "Me, the old man, kid, cow, and cat."

"And the politics of your family?"

"Mixed: I'm a Republican, the old man's Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry, and the cat's a Populist."

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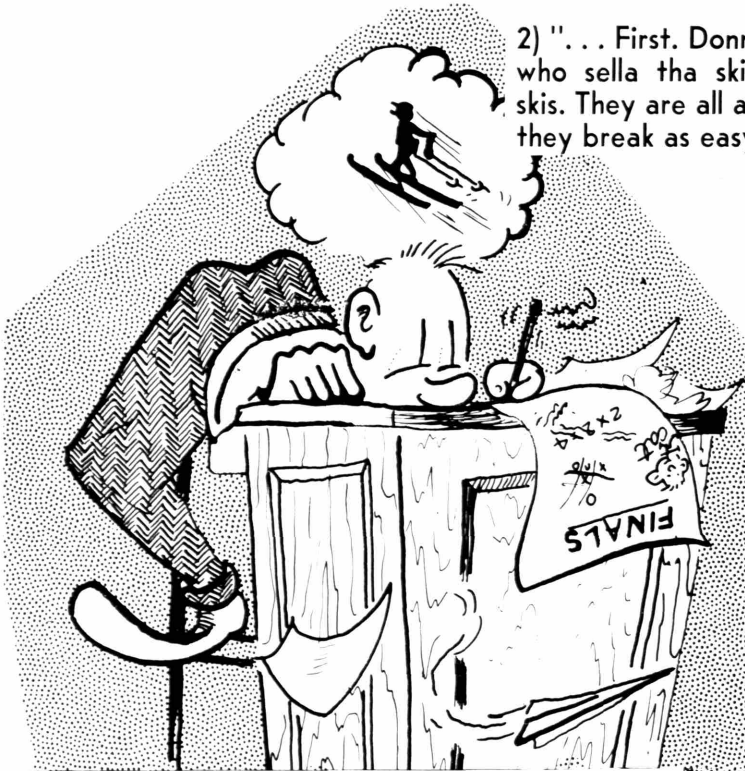
CHARLESTON

VIENNESE WALTZ

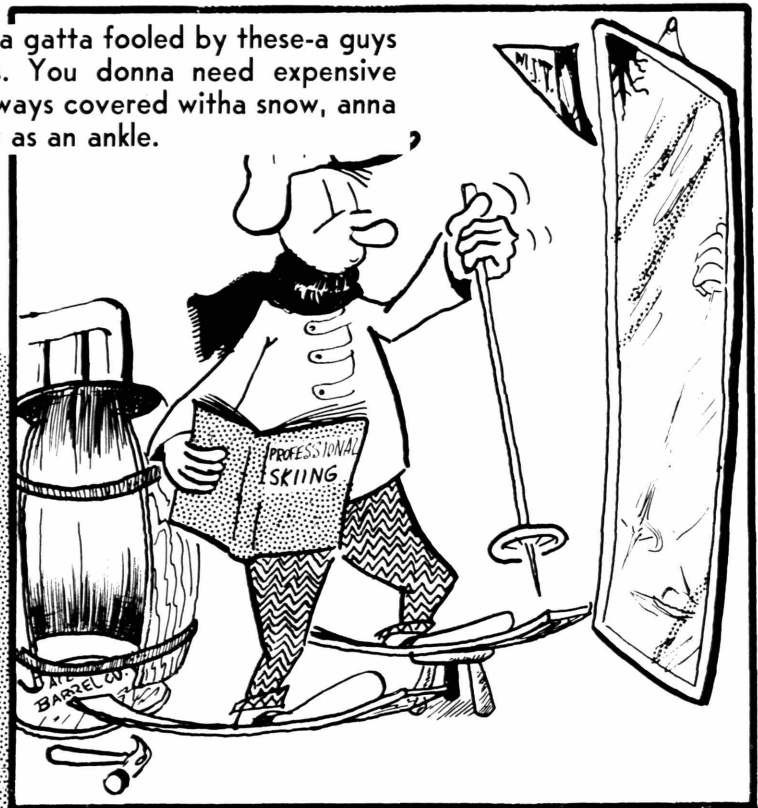
Go North, Young Man!

As a public service, the V-D Culture from Abroad Society, brings to Tech the advice of that great Swiss ski champion, Luigi Francio Kurtz. We quote:

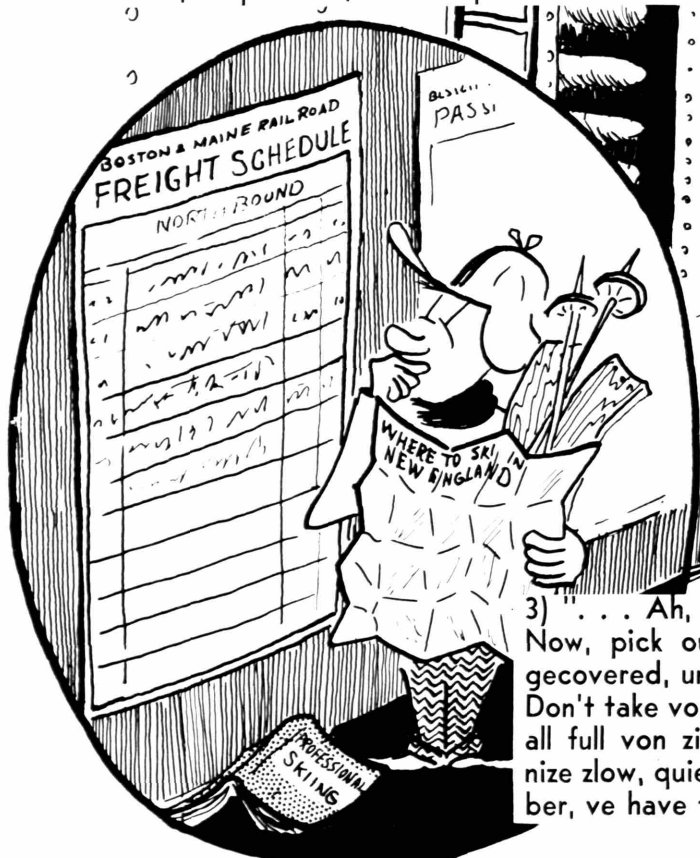
2) "... First. Donna gatta fooled by these-a guys who sella tha skis. You donna need expensive skis. They are all aways covered witha snow, anna they break as easy as an ankle.



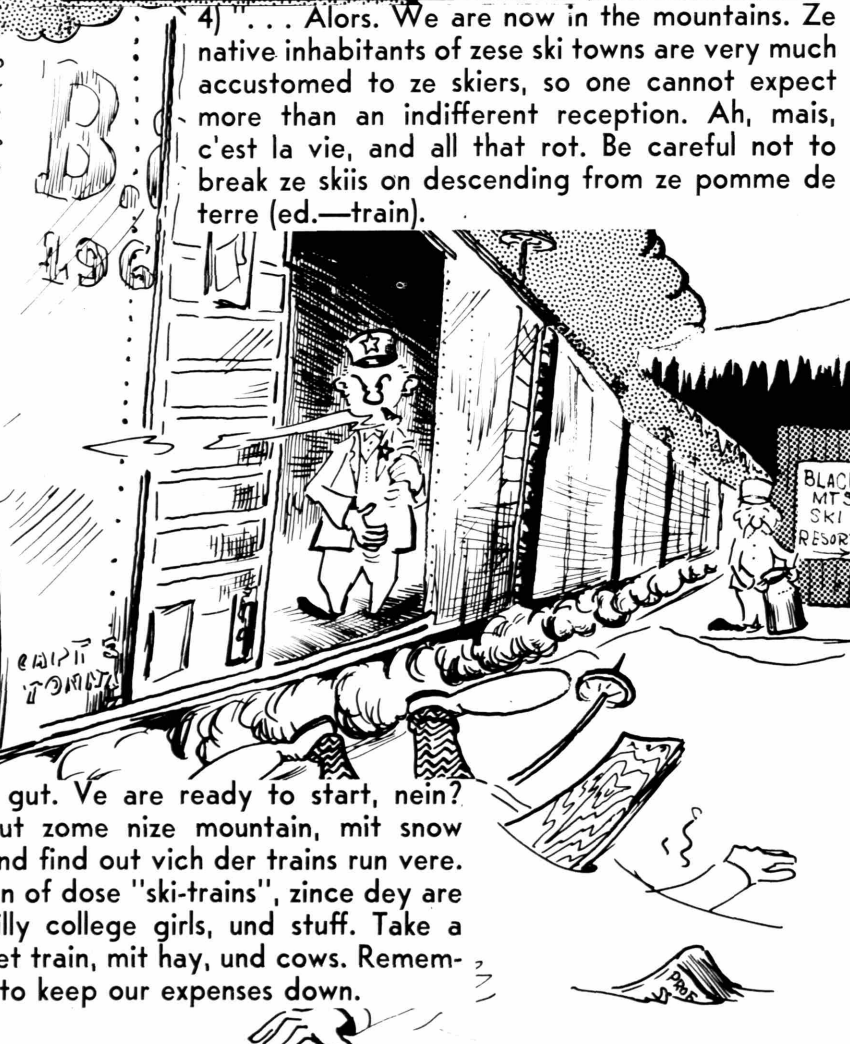
1) "Bonjour, mes amis. To start weeth ze skiing anthusiast should purchase my book, "Avec les docteurs, c'est difficile, mais avec un cameaux c'est impossible!" or, "Skiing made painless," and study zese carefully for three weeks before one attempts to ski. Then, follow these instructions; simplement, n'est-ce pas?"



4) "... Alors. We are now in the mountains. Ze native inhabitants of zese ski towns are very much accustomed to ze skiers, so one cannot expect more than an indifferent reception. Ah, mais, c'est la vie, and all that rot. Be careful not to break ze skis on descending from ze pomme de terre (ed.—train).



3) "... Ah, gut. Ve are ready to start, nein? Now, pick out zome nize mountain, mit snow gecovered, und find out vich der trains run vere. Don't take von of dose "ski-trains", zince dey are all full von zilly college girls, und stuff. Take a nize zlow, quiet train, mit hay, und cows. Remember, ve have to keep our expenses down.



5) "Now you've gotta have confidence. Donna believe those olda wives tales about running before you canna walk. You wanna learna ski?—SKI! No nighta to cold, no storma to fierce, to stop these! (old Scotch proverb).



6) "For der first lesson ve vill try der running, schussing, und yelping yump. Yust for der record, tell der burgomeister mit der book your name und former address, next of kin, und oder details; above all, keep calm. Look around; you may miss der szenery on der vay down. A-A-a, don't forget the book.

7) "Don't have ze discouragement if your first attempt is not ze success. Remember, ze skier is ze sportsman. Just drink down man's best friend, mount ze burrow, and try again. Cover up your sitz-marks. Or perhaps you have made ze bu-bu, a little fractureur compounde, or mal a la tete (ed. too much of man's best friend) perhaps. Ah too bad, mais c'est la guerre. But all is not lost, 'honi soit qui mal y pense' (Evr'y cloud 'as a Silver linin', Gov'ner).



8) "Now vun turns to der appendix from my book, titled, 'Techniques von l'amour'. Ah dose zilly college girls! Donna minda those other guys, they'sa just jealous they can not ski asa well asa you. Mais, remember, keep ze cool, non-chalant appearance; let zem know you are not ze novice at zis.



ROLLBUHLER

Hungry customer (at lunch counter): "One roast beef sandwich."

Waiter: "Will you eat it here or take it with you?"

Customer: "I hope to do both."



Funeral director: "How old are you?"

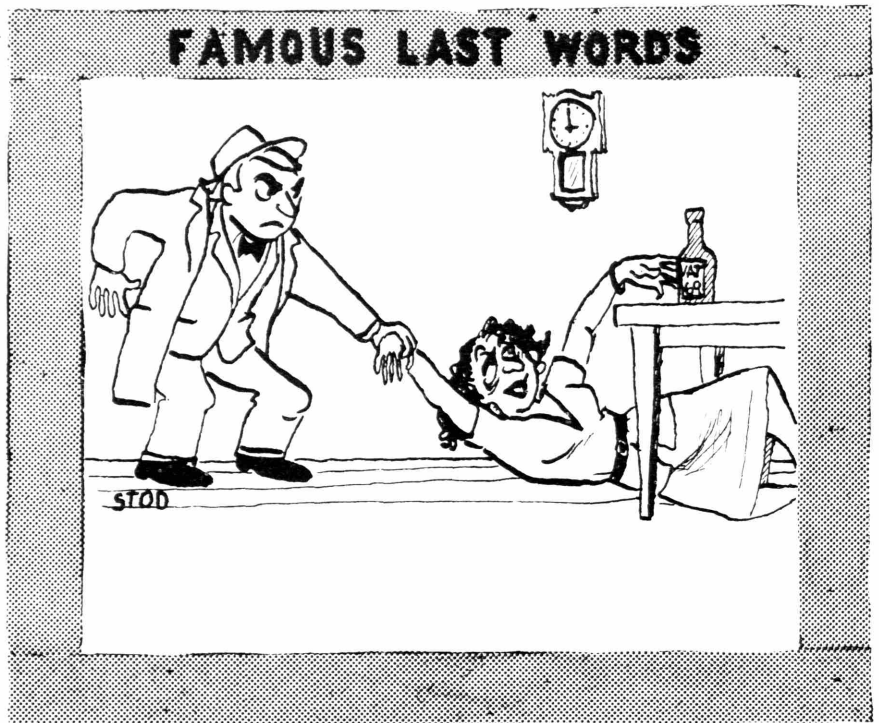
"Ninety-eight."

"Hardly worth going home, is it?"



Undertaker, to Expressman: "Yesterday I had a body sent, and now—"

Expressman: "Say, if you're trying to sell lifebouy soap, beat it."



Cocktail? But what would mother say?

Well---maybe a little one!

"Believe me, darling, you're the first girl I've ever loved," said he as he shifted gears with his feet.



Don't you ever read anything but the jokes?



Would you care to join me in a bottle of beer?

Do you think there would be room for the both of us?



Gambler (flipping coin in the air)—Call it!

Stooge—Yoo, hoo!



That's funny, Joe, they always used to stop.

A Marine regiment was sent back for rest after a rough tour of duty at the front. At the base they discovered a contingent of Wacs billeted and awaiting assignments to various posts. The Marine colonel addressed himself to the Wac commander, warning her that his men had been in the front lines a long time and might not be too careful about their attitudes toward the Wacs.

"Keep 'em locked up," he told the Wac commander, "if you don't want any trouble."

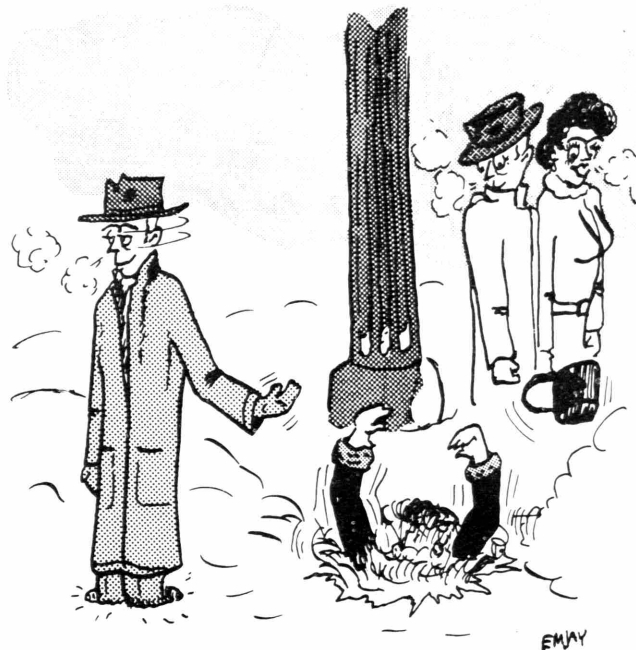
"Trouble?" said she. "There'll be no trouble. My girls have it up here," and she tapped her forehead significantly.

"Madame," barked the Marine, "it makes no difference where they have it, my boys will find it. Keep 'em locked up."



Sunday School Teacher: "Lot was warned to take his wife and flee out of the city, and she was turned into a pillar of salt."

Little Boy: "Please, teacher, what happened to the flea?"



"Gimme Your Hand---
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The Pleasures of the Senses

by Gerald Rothberg



Irwin Sturwin walked slowly and silently along Memorial Drive. His cleanly shaven face, white shirt, newly pressed blue suit, his polished shoes, were of a man with a pleasant evening ahead, but each street lamp he walked beneath revealed his true emotion. His blue eyes were narrow and seemed to be fixed mid-way in space, his cheek muscles were loose, his lips were straight and pressed together. He was very lonely.

The sycamore trees that line the Drive were cold and aloof in the bright light from the lamps, their balding branches stretching disinterestedly into the night. Clustered at the base of each tree and scattered all over the grass were the brittle, red-brown leaves that mean the end of summer's passion.

The night was unquiet. From somewhere to the right came the faint roar of the zipper factory. "The world zips its fly with our zipper." The yet unfallen leaves rustled gently. The fallen leaves scraped against the sidewalk. Many cars rumbled swiftly by.

The cars were disturbing. He could be honest with trees, and leaves, and zipper factories, but not with cars, because cars carry people, and people must be properly impressed. Oh, who gives a damn!

But Irwin Sturwin did not want to be alone, he wanted, he needed, a companion, which was the reason for his going to the acquaintance dance. He knew from experience that most likely he would not enjoy himself, but perhaps, he half prayed, perhaps tonight he would find what he was searching and hoping for.

The grey-stoned Walker Memorial Building seemed to have pushed away the night to make

room for itself, and the night pushed back. Darkness clung to the capitols of the columns, and to the facade, and lurked at the farthest edges of the walls. Seventeen steps up to the entrance. Seventeen steps that were much too low and wide to be easily climbed, and once at the top, two black, heavy, wooden doors to be opened.

Irwin Sturwin found himself in the always unexpected glare of Walker lights. He had arrived late and the musicians were taking an intermission, standing together away from the entrance and smoking cigarettes. Out from the ballroom walked the chaperones, marching in two's to a quiet resting place. Irwin Sturwin forced a smile to his lips.

"Hello, Mr. Lyle." Mr. Lyle knew him by his first name.

"Hello, Mr. Tipree." Mr. Tipree vaguely remembered that Irwin Sturwin existed.

"Hello. Hello. Hello."

He picked a card from a table and walked into the ballroom. The blue, diamond-shaped card read, "Hello. My name is..... What's yours?" A very friendly card. He pencilled in the name "Smedly Smedly", attached the card to his lapel, and walked a bit more gayly around the room. The chase was on.

No one really attractive here tonight. He smiled at his friends and kept walking.

Hanging from the ceiling was a revolving, many-mirrored sphere on which were focussed two blue spotlights that sent blue phantoms bizarrely sliding across the walls, and ceiling, and floor. In the center of the floor was a fountain spurting fragile chains of sparkling silver in short arcs through the air.

Not many nice looking girls here tonight.

The musicians returned and began a slow, romantic melody. Irwin Sturwin walked to the girl nearest him; with whom he danced was not important. "May I have this dance?" She smiled, and with a slight twist of her body said, "Sure."

She danced shyly and stiffly. Her bosom was small, her arms heavy, her lips wide, and her legs thick. Irwin Sturwin tried to put her at ease. "Let's see now, Radcliffe?"

She laughed. "No, Wellesley. Are you from M. I. T.?"

"Yes, how can you tell? By the dull glaze of my eyes?"

She laughed. She was awkward. When the music stopped she was led from the floor, overly thanked for the dance, and left with a good-by wave.

Around the room again.

Another slow tune was being played. Near one of the columns two girls were talking, and he approached the prettier one. "May I have this dance? I hope you don't mind my breaking you two up."

"No, not at all," she said, taking his hand as he led her to the dance floor.

About five-foot-five. Her bust pressed gently against his chest. Damn it, an angora wool sweater! He knew the sweater would shed, and blue suits pick up everything. Her perfume hung lightly about her body, well-filled and well-proportioned. Ah, to hell with the sweater!

She looked at the blue card in his lapel. "Smedly Smedly? Is that really your name?"

Pretending to be offended he coldly answered, "And why not?"

She hesitated, not certain of herself. She smiled. "You're kidding aren't you? It's such an unusual name."

He laughed. "Well, as a matter of fact, my name is Stur. What's yours?"

Lucille."

"Delighted to meet you, Lucille," he said with a courtly nod of the head. She smiled and Irwin Sturwin pressed her closer to him. She rested her head against his.

The music stopped. Standing a few feet away from her and wagging his forefinger, he said in his best imitation of a high school teacher, "I don't like girdles!"

She was surprised. "How did you know I was wearing one?"

"I have sensitive knees. I don't like them, and besides, you don't need one."

"I have to hold my stockings up."

"Bah!"

The music started again. "There is only one reason I can think of why it should make any difference to you," she said, looking at him closely. Irwin Sturwin did not answer, but smiled slightly and began dancing.

Yes, she went to school. She was studying to be a secretary. Yes, she could take shorthand. No, she would not be his private secretary. Yes, she could cook. Yes, she thought two people could live more cheaply than one. No, she would not be his roommate. She already had a roommate, a girl friend in an apartment just across the river. Yes, she was a little tired of dancing and thought the room was too smoke-filled.

"Then let's go for a walk. I want to talk with you. Maybe you can get me out of my sad mood."

"Sure," she answered. "But we'll have to get

my coat. Why do you feel sad?"

"I'll tell you outside."

The crowd had thinned considerably. The fountain seemed out of place in the emptiness, and the mirrored sphere revolved relentlessly, the extrovert, determined to be gay to the very end. It was almost midnight, and the band was about to play "Goodnight, Sweetheart." Everyone would file out quickly. Many people would leave alone, feeling depressed, slightly let-down. Oh, easy to explain. Over-excitement—too much lactic acid—take a deep breath—run around the block. Sure, but try to forget the people who once loved you. Try to forget the people you treated badly. Be sure not to remember the people you once loved yourself. Why didn't the romance last? Why?

The cool wind slapped Irwin Sturwin as he opened the heavy, wooden doors and entered into Autumn again. He enjoyed the shock. Lucille grabbed his arm. Down the seventeen steps and across the Drive to the River.

"Now, tell me why you are sad," she said, tugging at his arm.

Irwin Sturwin walked silently for a moment, looking at the stars, his head tilted back and his Adam's apple bulging. The stars seemed so very far away. "Do you," his voice was coarse and he coughed to clear his throat, "Do you ever read any poetry?"

"No, never. I don't like it. It's too hard to understand. Why do you ask? Do you write any?"

"Yes, a little. I'll recite some later. Have you read any books lately?"

"No, I don't have enough time. There are lots of things I want to read, but I am always too busy. I bet you do a lot of reading."

He shrugged his shoulders and looked at the quiet murky water. He softly said, "You know, there is an old Spanish proverb that says, 'The pleasures of the senses pass quickly; those of the heart become sorrows; but those of the mind are with us even to the end of our journey.' I like that."

"Stur, I never think about much more than my clothes, my job, or my dates, but you're different, you're a deep thinker, I can tell."

"Yeh," he grunted, "I'm a deep thinker."

Lucille was silent. Her heels tapped sharply on the pavement. Irwin Sturwin noticed that her stocking seams were straight along her slender, curved calves. He stopped walking, looked intently into her eyes, saw warmth in them, and kissed her, squeezing her tightly against him. She re-

sponded. Then without a word they continued walking.

They just missed the bus over the Technology Bridge.

"Let's hitch-hike," he said, leading Lucille by the arm across the street.

"Oh, no, I'd feel foolish!"

He placed both hands on her shoulders. "No, you won't. We'll get a ride in no time. Just stand where the drivers can see you. Hell, no man can pass up a girl." He pushed her in front of him and held out his thumb. "That's it. Now, raise your skirt a little."

Lucille laughingly complied, and a car stopped. The driver reached over and opened the door, and they slid in beside him. Lucille pushed a few wisps of black hair from her forehead and said to the driver, "We wouldn't be hitch-hiking if we hadn't just missed our bus. That's me though, always just missing something. We just came from a dance at Tech—at M. I. T.—and so we're too tired to walk over the bridge, though it is a nice night for walking, isn't it."

"Yes, it is," said the driver.

"We certainly have had some good weather," she continued, "My roommate said today that . . ."

She talks too damn much, thought Irwin Sturwin, as he turned to look at the chiaroscuro that was night-Boston. Windows with half-drawn shades like sleepy eye-lids looked back dumbly. People behind those windows. People loving, people sleeping, people doing nothing. People, alive—a whole world, alive! Reflections in the river—shimmering, thousand-facet water. Reflections of windows in the water. How fast does the river flow? Swiftly. Do the window-people know how swiftly the reflections flow?

Irwin Sturwin for a moment felt disgusted with himself, with Lucille, with the whole evening. She was still talking to the driver, her face sallowed by the yellow bridge lights. Her lips were too full, her eyes too wide, her forehead was too high. Her windblown hair arched over a graceless round ear wearing a too-large earring.

"Bay State Road, here's where we get off," she said. They thanked the driver and walked down the street, her arm entwined in his.

"Why so quiet?" she asked, smiling at him.

He smiled back, "I don't know, I guess I'm naturally this way."

"Well, we'll be home soon, so talk to me."

Irwin Sturwin laughed. "Talk to you! Sure.

Let's see. Do you know that Bangkok is the capitol of Siam? There, you see, you learned something new. Your evening wasn't wasted."

"My evening wasn't wasted," she said, squeezing his arm. "This is where I live."

The building was brown and old in the Boston tradition. They walked gently up the creaking steps to the dark, arched entrance.

He put his hands on her shoulders. She came close. "I'd ask you up for something to eat, but my roommate is sleeping."

Irwin Sturwin did not say a word, but put his hands gently and firmly on her back and kissed her. She leaned backwards into the shadows and against the wall and kissed him back. More angora wool, more angora wool. Her lips became soft and moist, her breathing heavy. She held him silently for a moment and then said, "Stur, I have to go upstairs now, but you'll call me tomorrow, won't you? My roommate will be going home for the weekend and we could have that meal." She looked anxiously into his eyes.

He smiled. "Sure I'll call you tomorrow. Go ahead, you better go upstairs." She kissed him again and then entered the building. He slowly walked down the creaking steps and along the street. The air was cool, and he shivered and turned up the collar of his blue jacket. Her perfume was still heavy in his nostrils. Yes, he would call her tomorrow, he would call her just as he had called all of the others. The others—the warm arms, dishevelled hair, no make-up, rumpled bed. The many memories, faded and cracked like old photographs. Lucille would fade too, in time she would dissolve into the flowing water, and remembering her would be not even sorrow, but at most remorse.

Irwin Sturwin looked silently at the sleepy windows and at the many stars and he felt very small and lonely.

Pat was determined to pass his favorite tavern on his way home. As he approached it, he became somewhat shaky, but after plucking up courage, he passed it. Then after going about fifty yards, he turned, saying to himself: "Well done, Pat me boy. Come back and I'll treat ye."



A Scotchman came up to a railroad crossing where there was a smashed automobile and three or four bodies lying around. He went over to one of the injured who appeared to be conscious and said, "Was there a wreck?"

"Y-yes," gasped the victim.

"Well, did the engineer ring the bell or give any warning?"

"N-never heard a thing," said the injured one.

"I know you're in great pain, friend, but there is just one more thing. Has the claim agent been around?"

"N-no," gasped the suffering man.

"Well," said the Scot, "move over and I'll lie down beside you."



It was a dark and stormy night, and the brakeman was signalling from the top of a boxcar to the engineer when his lantern slipped and fell to the ground. A man who was passing quickly picked it up and tossed it back to the brakeman. The train slammed to a halt and the engineer came running up: "Let's see you do that again!"

"Do what again?"

"Jump from the ground to the top of that boxcar!"



They are making a college movie of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and calling it "How Hester Won Her A."

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A reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by what he saw that he tried to indicate all the emotions and heroism that he saw around him in that vast panorama of death.

In a telegram to his editor he began, "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking the scene of disaster."

Immediately his editor wired back: "Never mind disaster—interview God. Get pictures if possible."



"Hey, what time is it by your watch?"

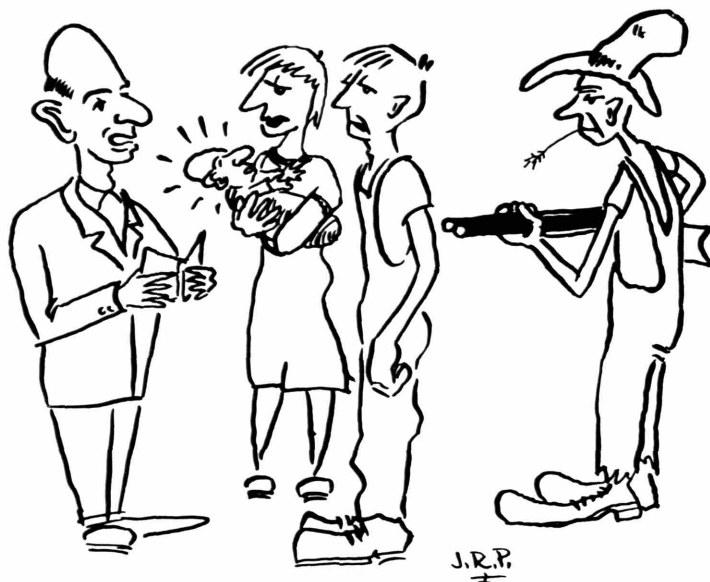
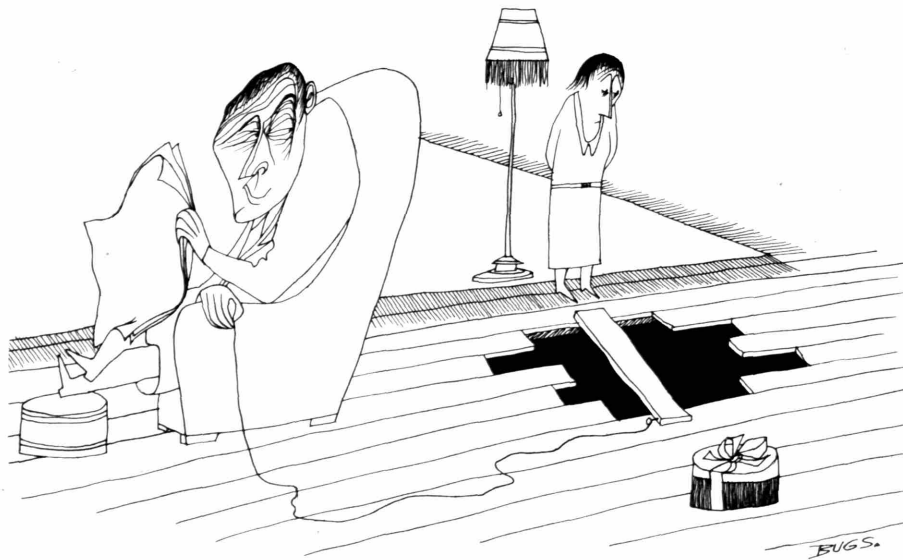
"Quarter to."

"Quarter to what?"

"I don't know—times got so bad I had to lay off one of the hands."



Taken from a paper in English comp: "A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other supernatural characters."



A gentleman was dining at an exclusive restaurant. It seems his veal chops were rather tough, so he called the waiter over to complain.

Diner: "Waiter, these chops are much too tough to be veal."

Waiter: "I can assure you, sir, that they are veal. I was a butcher once and I can tell you that not more than three months ago that meat was on the hoof, following the cow around."

Diner: "Probably so—but not for milk!"

Middle age is upon a man when he stops wondering how he can dodge temptation and begins wondering if he is missing any.



As the regiment was leaving and a crowd cheering, a recruit asked: "Who are all these people and why are they cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."



They marked the exams so strictly, they flunked him for having a period upside down.

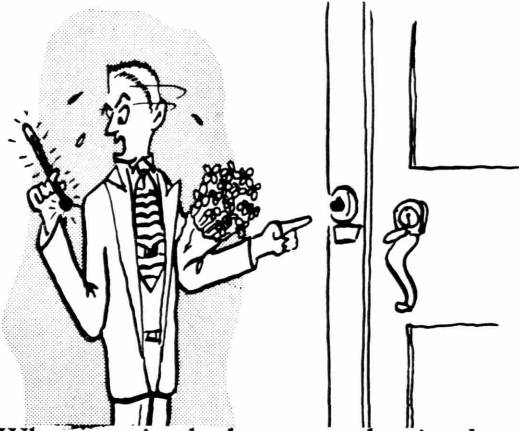


Detective at scene of crime: "The knife must be left in the body."

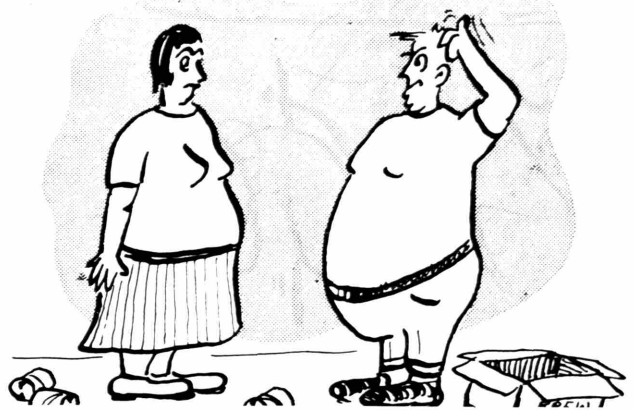
Wife of dead man: "Oh, dear, you're making it dreadfully uncomfortable for me, you know. I'm expecting company for dinner."

MEN! SIX SELECTED WAYS TO PRESERVE YOUR VIRGINITY—

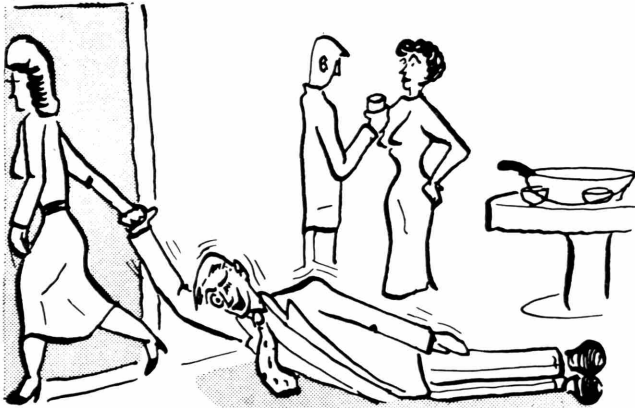
Girls being what they are, and this being Leap Year, the strain on even as chaste an individual as the Teckman becomes too much for us to bear without some special tips on preserving our virginity. So we have engaged Mr. Boherty Dix to pass along some of his wealth of experience in advising the young men of our armed forces on these delicate matters.



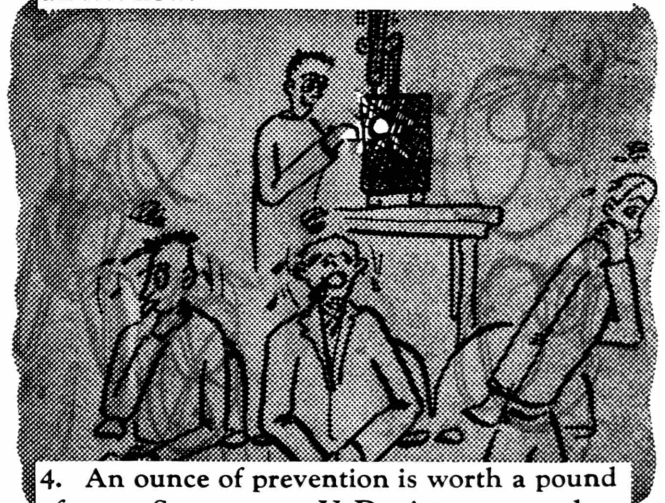
1. Whenever in doubt, use a chastity thermometer; it predicts those dangerous days of the month.



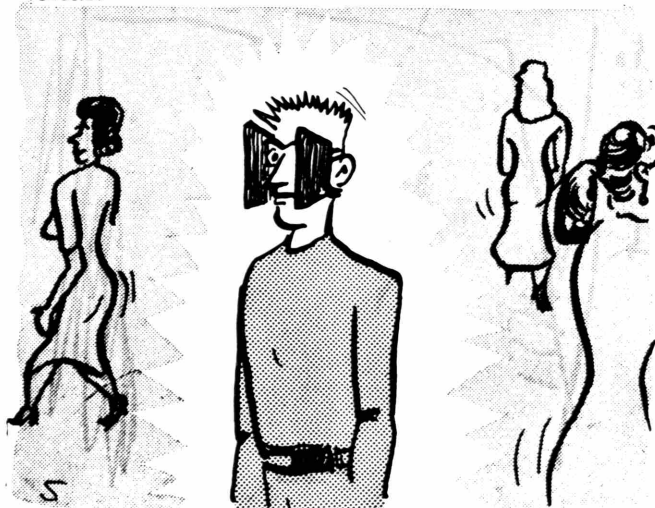
2. An effective method is to build up some physical characteristic which guarantees failure for any assailant. Try drinking beer; after all how?



3. You may have to fight fire with fire. As a last resort, you can get so potted you don't remember a thing; at least your conscience is clear.



4. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. See an army V. D. picture every day.



5. There is always the drastic but effective method -- don't go out with girls.



6. On second thought YOU better not go out with BOYS either.

SNIFF before reading

by "Doc" Edlin

I was feeling low. In fact I was feeling so low I probably could have walked under the bar rail on which I was standing without mussing my hair. Big gun editors. Handles my story like it was something I used to wipe . . . my shoes with. Ugh! I can see him now looking at the story and then at me and then blowing his nose. Very funny!

"Quentin," he says, "did you write this?"

"Yes sir, yes master boss sir please huh."

(No I shoulda said. It wrote itself when I turned my back.)

"Quentin," he says, "you write like you used the stub end of a salesgirl's pencil."

"I do, I don't, I mean yes sir boss coach sir."

(I shoulda said yeah, well you read like you was looking through the wrong end of a two bit telescope.)

"Quentin," he says, "on this magazine we separate the men from the boys."

"You do, you did, I mean I agree I'll try boss sir boss."

(I shoulda said yeah, well when is your old lady gonna start letting you go to the men's room by yourself.)

"Quentin," he says, letting a lonesome tear drop onto the blotter, "I expect bigger and better things from you."

"You do, you are, I mean thank you sir master sir."

(I shoulda said yeah, well I got a good mind to put it on the table.)

"Quentin boy," he says, putting on his fatherly act, "I'm going to give you another chance because I like you. Take the day off and tomorrow come in with something . . . something printable."

"Yes sir boss", I said as I tucked my tail between my legs and slunk from the room.

And so I picked up my typewriter with the built in lunch pail and headed for the only consolation writers know, O'Horrors Bar and Grill. After being frisked for copyrights, I walked in and without thinking ordered the house's special, Writer's Woes. This was a mixture of orange juice, coke, coffee and a secret ingredient passed on to O'Horror from his Great Graindad. I slipped into a highchair and in ten minutes had turned down Jennifer, Madge, Gertie, Lola and Frankie-boy, not for personal reasons, mind you, just no



money.

I was contemplating consulting my doctor about a possible writer's cramp when this strange looking character with two ears, two eyes, a nose, a mouth and two tongues (he later told me that one of them belonged to a friend so it wasn't so strange after all) approaches me and says friendly-like, "Good afternoon, friend." This immediately put me on my guard since nobody who's anybody calls nobody a friend. Anyhow, he turns over a glass and sits down. "Friend," he says, "I'll get right to the point."

"Just you try," I think to myself.

"I represent the writer's syndicate and we would like to sell you our super introductory offer. Realizing that you are a hard up author out of work, we are willing to accept your IOU for 100% of your future earnings. Our organization has been serving writers and readers faithfully for nigh on

and readers read what writers write. Under our system you have no fuss, no muss, no money. You simply tell us what kind of story you wished you had written, what magazine you want to sell to and we do the rest. Now if you'll just sign here . . ."

"Not interested," and I went back to counting beer bubbles.

He must have considered these obscene words for he jerked back as if someone had slapped him with a wet frankfurter. After bracing himself with a shot, he resumed the attack. "Now lookit here, boy, think of all the trouble you'll be saving yourself. You want to write one of those sex stories for "Hot Passions Magazine," just tell us. I can see it now: Bedroom Blues or Why Myrtle liked Turtles" by Quentin Drudig. Or maybe you want to write one of these new fangled science fiction stories. Or if you want to write a real blood and thunder story about cops and indians, or cowboys and robbers, why you just give me your order now. Sign here . . ."

"It just so happens Mr. Buttonhole that I want to write good stories, and sell good stories and have people read good stories."

"Hmmm, yes. That is a problem. Well I tell you what you can do. Write your good story, give it to me; and I'll see that it's safely decontaminated by one of our hacks. After all we writers must stick together, eh?"

"Okay, okay. Just keep your gluesome nose out of my face."

"You can see what might happen, Quentin if you were to write a good story and someone saw it. Why the other writers would have to up their standards, editors would have to be fussier, readers would be more critical and it would start a whole inflationary cycle. This way there's only one standard and everyone is satisfied. All people want out of a story is to cry a little or laugh a little or get hot a little. And why change the baby's formula while it's drinking I say, heh Quentin, old author, old sock, old kid."

"Buttonhole, old sock, old stinko, old man, I'd rather starve than prostitute myself the way you suggest."

"Quentin, perhaps I've misjudged you. Perhaps you aren't as hard up as I thought. When you get hungry enough give me a buzz. Adieu."

"Yeh, up you too," Quentin mumbled. Then deep within his soggy mind he heard the editor's wheezing voice, "And don't come back unless you have something printable."

Suddenly Quentin looked up and said as all the authors from A to Z had before him, "Buttonhole, I'm hungry enough now."



One of those new-fangled jet planes was delivered to a Texas airbase. The Commanding Officer examined it gingerly, called on his most experienced pilot to test it. "Remember, Captain," he continued, "nobody knows how fast this fool thing can go. Besides, all the instruments aren't in it yet, so take it easy, boy!"

The Captain promised and took the plane aloft. It was easy for him to manage and he couldn't resist letting it out. As he roared through space, he contacted the ground and asked, "How fast am I going?" Someone responded in German, "Twelve hundred miles an hour." The pilot gasped and said, "Are you certain?" The reply, "Of course we're certain," was in Russian! The pilot said "Good Lord!" A voice nearby answered, "Yes, my son . . .?"



Maid—I'm sorry, but she said to tell you that she isn't home.

Caller—Oh, that's all right. Just tell her that I'm glad I didn't come.



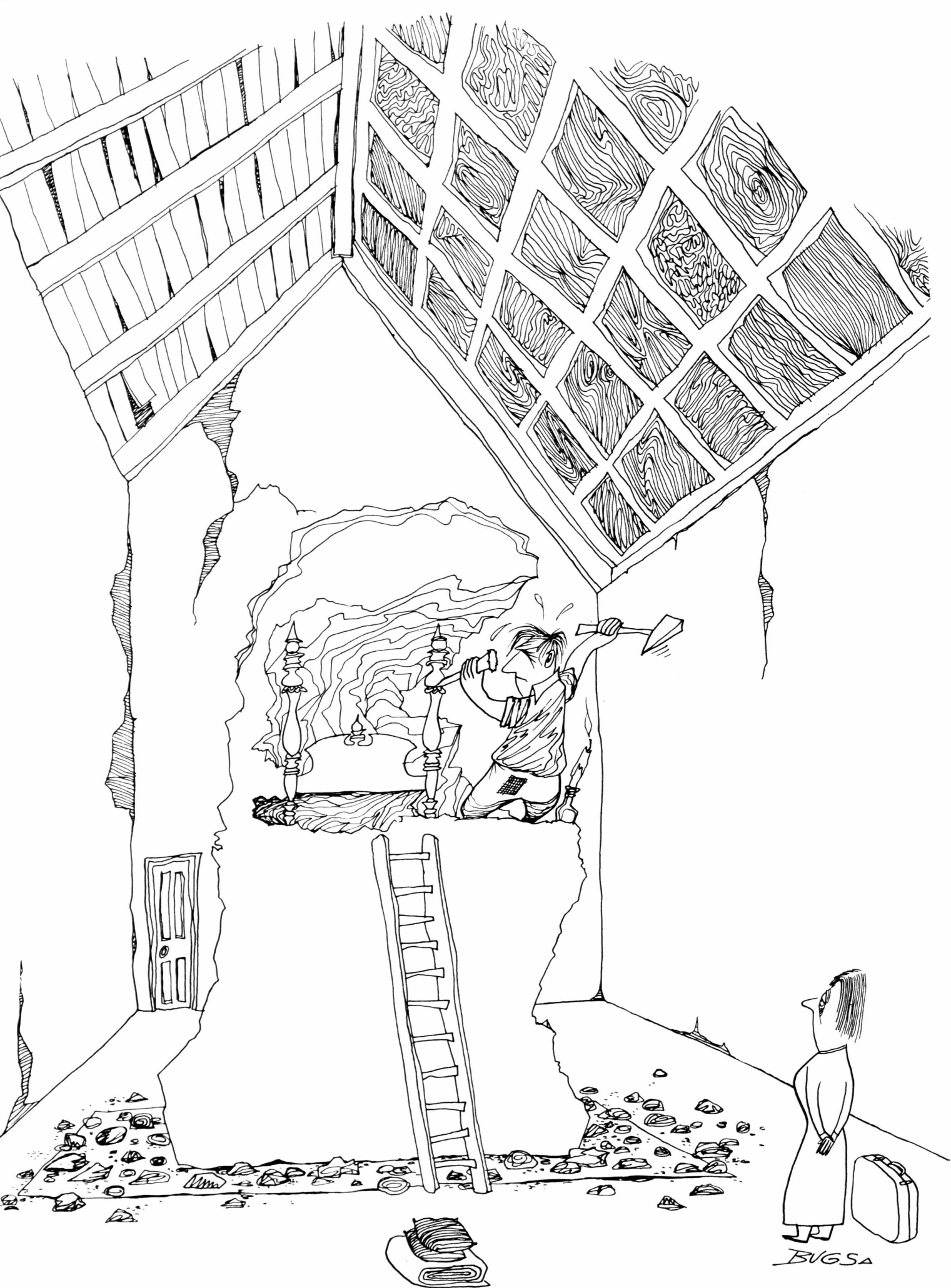
A wine-soaked gentleman of the river section staggered into a swanky Kansas City hotel bar and planked down a thin dime.

"Gimme a ten-cent whiskey."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the polite bartender, "but we do not serve ten-cent whiskey here."

"Then gimme my dime back. I don't want none of that nickel stuff. It makes me sick."





Farmer—I raise wonderful strawberries.

Buyer—Do you put fertilizer on them?

Farmer—No, just cream and sugar.



Teacher: Spell straight.

Pupil: S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T.

Teacher: Correct. Now what does it mean?

Pupil: Without ginger ale.



Doctors keep telling us that drinking is bad for us . . . but we notice a lot more old drunks than old doctors.



Tourist (having looked over historic castle, to butler): We've made a stupid mistake. I tipped his lordship instead of you.

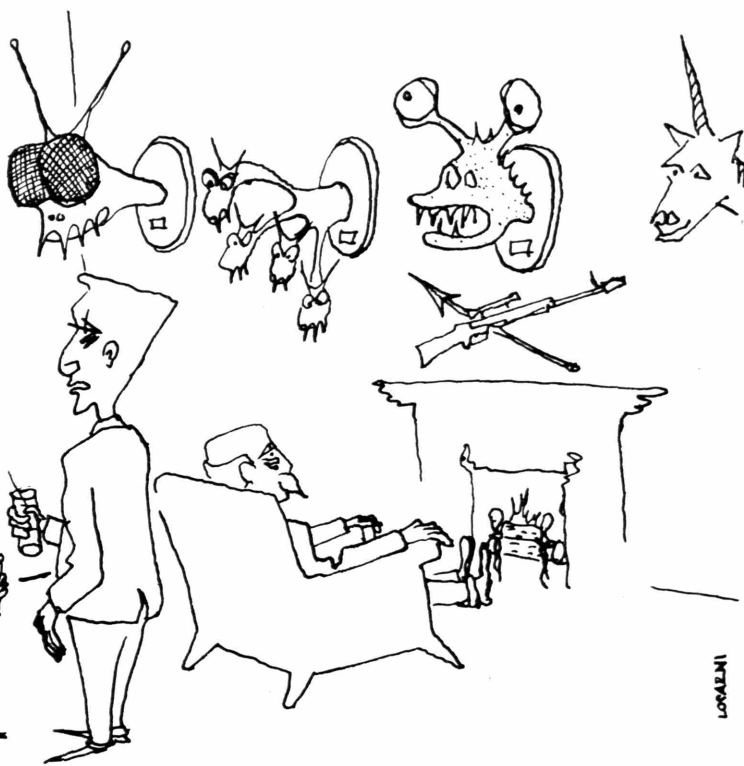
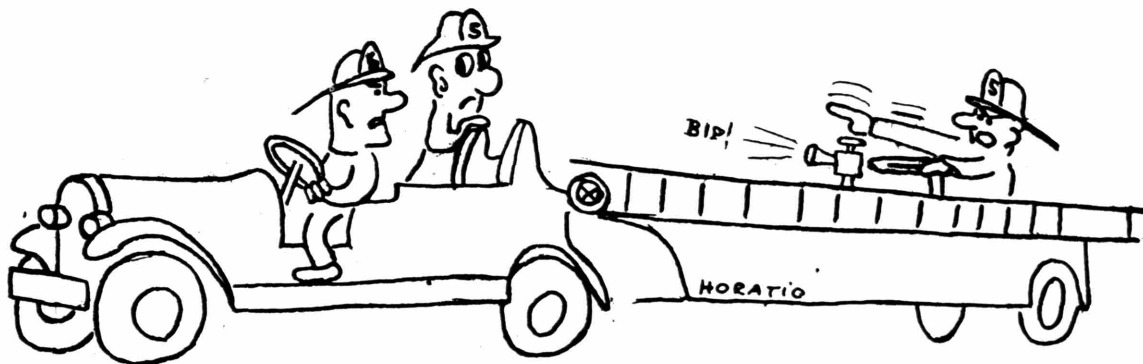
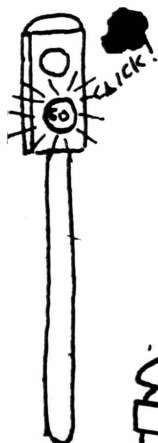
Butler: That's awkward. I'll never get it now.



He: "Let's play pony-express, girlie."

She: "What's that, big boy?"

He: "Post Office, with a lot of horsing around."



"Uncle John lives in a world of his own."



An English gentleman, lately arrived in China, sent for his native cook to congratulate him upon an exceptionally tasty dinner.

"I hope, Kong Ho, you did not kill one of those dogs to provide the soup," he laughingly remarked, referring to China's pariah dogs.

Kong Ho made a solemn gesture of dissent.

"Me no kill dog, master," he declared. "Him all dead when I pick him up."

A tired doctor got his wife to answer the phone by the bed, say he was out, and give advice which he whispered to her.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Simpson," said the voice, "but I should like to ask you one thing. Is that gentleman who seems to be in bed **with you** fully qualified?"



"Have some peanuts?"

"Thanks."

"Want to neck?"

"No."

"Give me back my peanuts."



One instance recorded by Dr. Hrdlicka was reported to him by a scientist who found a small boy and a pig wallowing together and grunting at each other in a mud puddle in a lonely Western farm yard. The child, who had no human playmates and whose parents were too busy to give him much attention, considered himself a pig and behaved in every particular like the quadruped. The two seemed to understand each other. The boy now is an honor student at Harvard.

And the pig?



Old maid, phoning from her hotel room to the desk: "This room has a chink in the wall."

Hotel clerk: "Well, what do you want for two-fifty—a couple of gigolos?"

Why was the Pharaoh's daughter like a broker?

Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

Charlie Mun

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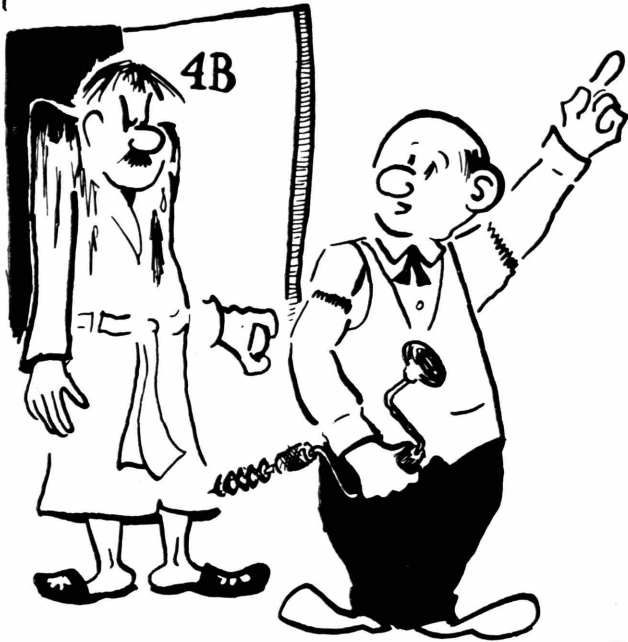
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off Mass. Ave.



"Roof leaks"

Betsy: "Something came into my mind and then went out again."

Jim: "Maybe it was lonely."



Just because the girls laugh at your remarks is no proof that you're witty. Perhaps they have pretty teeth.



Fashion item: "Girls will be wearing the same thing in bras-siers this year that they wore last year."



Another reason for not taking life too seriously is that none of us come out of it alive anyway.



She was only the minister's daughter, but you couldn't get anything pastor.

"Why do men have hair on their chests?"

"Well, they can't have every-thing."



"Don't get up Mrs. Astor, I've just come in to brush my teeth."



The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the limbs of all the shameless trees;
No wonder the corn is shocked.



With necklines getting lower and skirts getting shorter, it's a good thing the modern coed goes in for wide belts.



"He says he got it from a toilet seat."

*Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!*

No. 13—THE MOUNTAIN GOAT



He thought they were trying to make him the butt-end of a joke when he was asked to judge cigarette mildness with a mere puff of one brand and a quick sniff of another. The fancy foot-work didn't dazzle him! He knew that the pinnacle of pleasure comes from steady smoking... and that there is only one test that gives you enough time to permit conclusive proof. Smokers throughout America have made the same decision! *It's the sensible test...* the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why...

After all the Mildness tests...

Camel leads all other brands *by billions*

