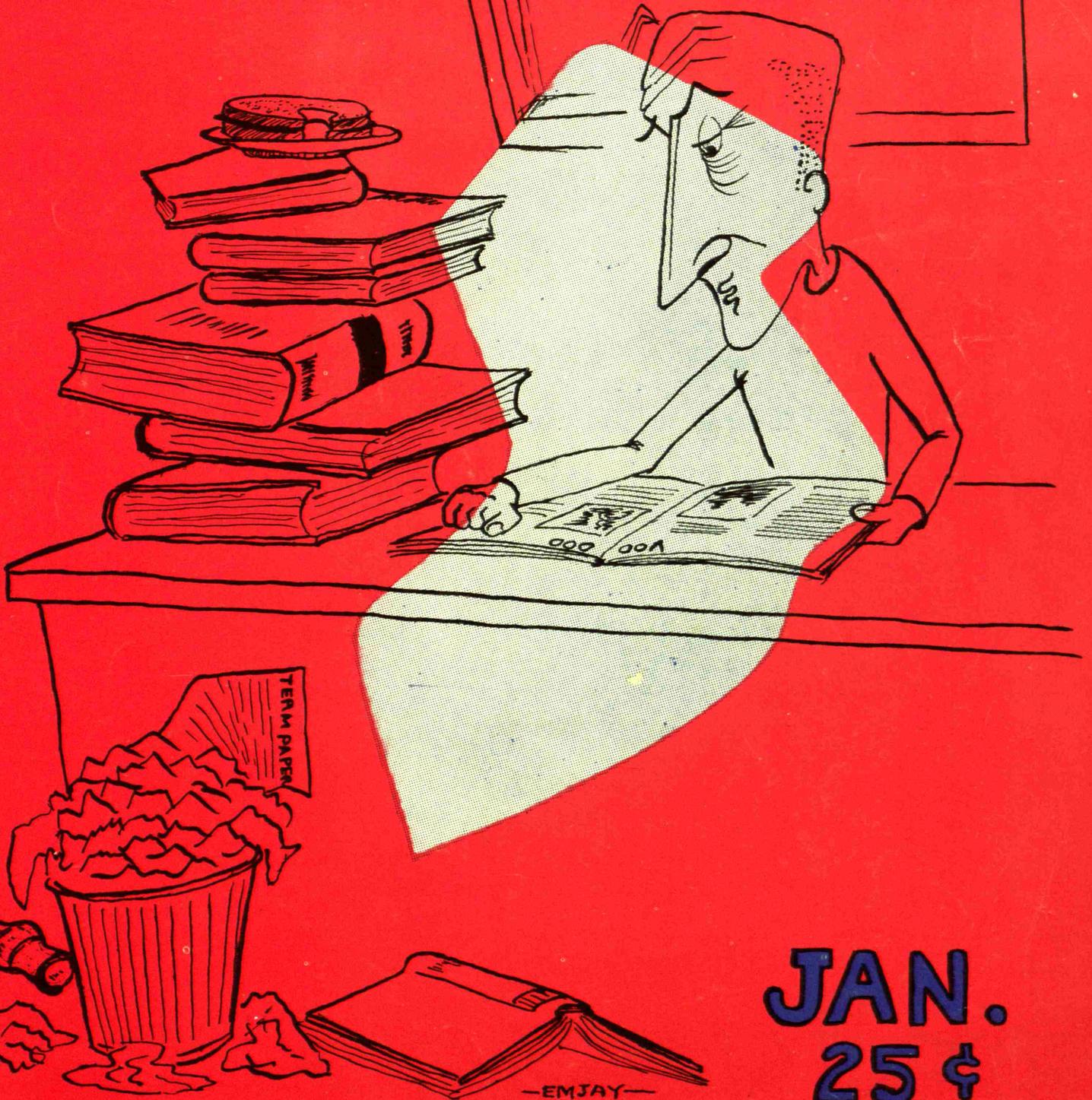


Voo Doo



JAN.
25¢

—EMJAY—

You're in
two kinds
of trouble,
pal



Holiday Spirit may be busting out all over, pal, but before you get carried away, how about taking a quick look in the lobby mirror. Sharp? Well, a good looking suit, of course, good looking shoes, even a flashy pair of cuff links with the big Alpha on them.

A killer.

But your cute little friend seems a little less than rapturous, and the doorman's eyebrows went up even *higher*. Even the cab driver's.

Bad breath? No, pal. You forgot your hat.

Sweetness and Light there spent half the afternoon working over each little pink ribbon getting ready for *you*. It's hardly a compliment when you show up looking like you stumbled into your clothes in the dark.

And here's the second problem. A bare head is a virus trap. A hat is for protection. It keeps the wind and rain and cold away from the place you darned well *should* protect: your head. It just doesn't make sense to take chances with your health.

Particularly when a hat adds so much to the way you look.

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Entering the Iniquitable Den of Phos on the morning after the night before we were greeted by a muffled "Haappy Nooo Yeeer!!" as a hairy paw emerged from a pile of empty beer cans tightly grasping one of those delicate unmentionables. It must have been quite a party.

A little Alka-Seltzer in an empty can and we soon had Phos' eyeballs lined up just like new. Now, at last, we were ready to receive his annual dissertation entitled "Advice to You, My Children," or "Don't Take Any Wooden MTA Poles".

Observing that the status quo of the Institute during 1952 was not too goodly, and with careful consideration I have come to the conclusion there is only *one* alternative left . . ." Silence permeated the stagnant air as we waited for the pearls of wisdom to be cast.

"Yes, my children, the time is ripe—leave the Institute while the leaving is good . . . the reforms are coming!"

"But wheretofore hither, Phos?" we gasped incredulously. "To the North, of course, to the land of the lumberjack and the lumberjackass," came the determined reply.

"Now, Phos," we retorted, "what of our many women here in Boston? Who will see them through the cold, cold winter?"

"By the rattle of empty beer cans!" he screamed, showering us with tiny droplets of head, "think of those poor females up North, where the winter is even colder and longer—where a Voo Doo man is a necessity of every day life." We nodded our heads in agreement and with wider eyes and watering mouths anticipated the long "cold" winter ahead.

And thus we were given the Word, as it has been passed on over the centuries of time—from Omar the Great to Phos the Inebriate.

The tension broke and we embraced Phos tearfully; this was nothing new to him . . . he had seen them come and go. He raised his can symbolically—"Men, one last toast to the past, the present, and whatever you may get in the future." And we toasted.

Hanging up our chrome-plated can openers for the last time, we slowly passed out the door with Phos' words ringing in our ears . . . "On you slobs, for the glory of V. D."

A. S. H. and S. N. S.

VOO DOO

M. I. T. HUMOR MONTHLY

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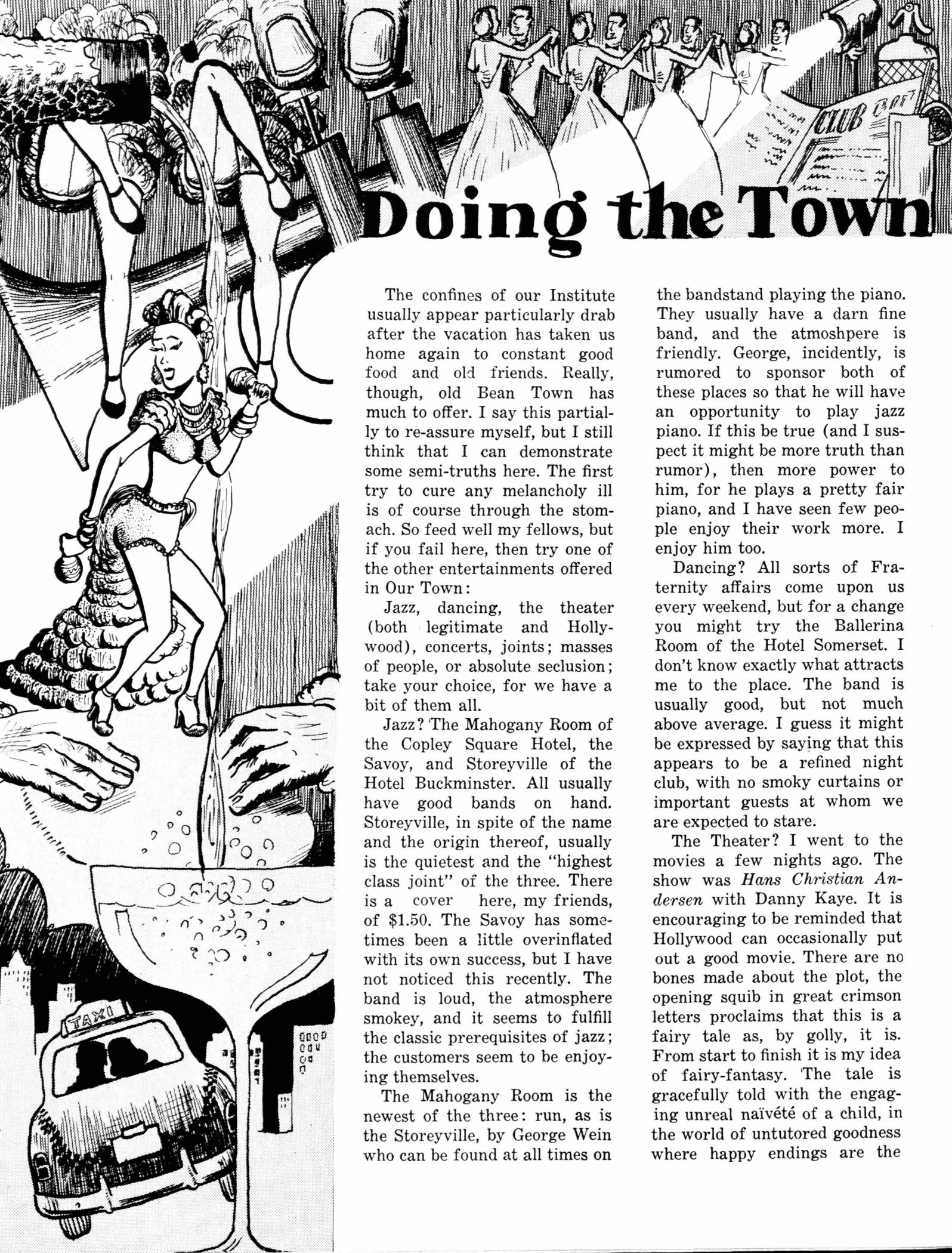
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this month's cover by Madman Muntz



Doing the Town

The confines of our Institute usually appear particularly drab after the vacation has taken us home again to constant good food and old friends. Really, though, old Bean Town has much to offer. I say this partially to re-assure myself, but I still think that I can demonstrate some semi-truths here. The first try to cure any melancholy ill is of course through the stomach. So feed well my fellows, but if you fail here, then try one of the other entertainments offered in Our Town:

Jazz, dancing, the theater (both legitimate and Hollywood), concerts, joints; masses of people, or absolute seclusion; take your choice, for we have a bit of them all.

Jazz? The Mahogany Room of the Copley Square Hotel, the Savoy, and Storeyville of the Hotel Buckminster. All usually have good bands on hand. Storeyville, in spite of the name and the origin thereof, usually is the quietest and the "highest class joint" of the three. There is a cover here, my friends, of \$1.50. The Savoy has sometimes been a little overinflated with its own success, but I have not noticed this recently. The band is loud, the atmosphere smokey, and it seems to fulfill the classic prerequisites of jazz; the customers seem to be enjoying themselves.

The Mahogany Room is the newest of the three: run, as is the Storeyville, by George Wein who can be found at all times on

the bandstand playing the piano. They usually have a darn fine band, and the atmosphere is friendly. George, incidentally, is rumored to sponsor both of these places so that he will have an opportunity to play jazz piano. If this be true (and I suspect it might be more truth than rumor), then more power to him, for he plays a pretty fair piano, and I have seen few people enjoy their work more. I enjoy him too.

Dancing? All sorts of Fraternity affairs come upon us every weekend, but for a change you might try the Ballerina Room of the Hotel Somerset. I don't know exactly what attracts me to the place. The band is usually good, but not much above average. I guess it might be expressed by saying that this appears to be a refined night club, with no smoky curtains or important guests at whom we are expected to stare.

The Theater? I went to the movies a few nights ago. The show was *Hans Christian Andersen* with Danny Kaye. It is encouraging to be reminded that Hollywood can occasionally put out a good movie. There are no bones made about the plot, the opening squib in great crimson letters proclaims that this is a fairy tale as, by golly, it is. From start to finish it is my idea of fairy-fantasy. The tale is gracefully told with the engaging unreal naïveté of a child, in the world of untutored goodness where happy endings are the

natural right of any protagonist.

Hans, the young story-telling cobbler, goes from his little village to the great city, Copenhagen, and there falls in love with the Prima Ballerina of the Danish Royal Ballet. He writes a ballet for her, fantasizes scenes of rescuing her from her evil husband, charms the children (and eventually the elders) with his stories, and everywhere behaves as a lovable, childlike man.

The tie-in with the Ballet Theater gives an opportunity for some good dancing, which fortunately Hollywood has not turned into a pink tights can-can line. The scenes in the Ballroom during the *Little Mermaid* Ballet and, in particular, the Pas de Deux are quite good, and well choreographed, in spite of the fact that the Premier Dancer seems to show little interest or talent in the role. The fantasies where Hans joins his lady have wonderful scenery and the lighting is justification for Hollywood's striving for perfection in technical things.

I think you will remember many of the stories told by Hans. And I think you will enjoy Danny Kaye, a man of much talent, in his first straight role. He plays it well, very well. And, as I promised, everything comes out well in the end even though

Hans doesn't marry the Ballerina.

I had seen the play, *Dial M For Murder*, a few nights before. I had walked down town in my sneakers and wash pants, and got my ticket at the box office thirty minutes before curtain time, so I guess tickets are not hard to obtain. All I can say is that I agree with the *Herald's* critic, and the play is all you would suspect from this and from the reputation of the leading player, Richard Greene. If you see it, pay some attention to the Inspector. He is magnificent.

J. F. K.



"That's a nice suit you're wearing. I wonder if the style will ever come back?"



"Say, sister, do you know why girls walk home?"

"No, why?"

"Never mind. Let's go for a ride."



"Fine car you have there, Jones. What's the most you've gotten out of it?"

"Nine times in one block."

I fed my girl a pint of gin
In hopes that she would soon
give in
Has anyone a mop about?
She drank the gin and then gave
out.



A young and rather flashy blonde presented herself at a window of a Miami Beach bank to cash a check for a large sum. The teller took the check and disappeared in the back of the bank to clear it—routine procedure in these cases. When he came back however, he told the girl that the check was no good as no bank in the area had an account listed under that name.

The girl stepped back and screamed, "My God, I've been raped."



Luke: "Are you ticklish on points of honor?"

Lulu: "Yes, and under the arms, too."



A famous professor once said, "Very few women like to sleep on their stomachs, but most of the men do."

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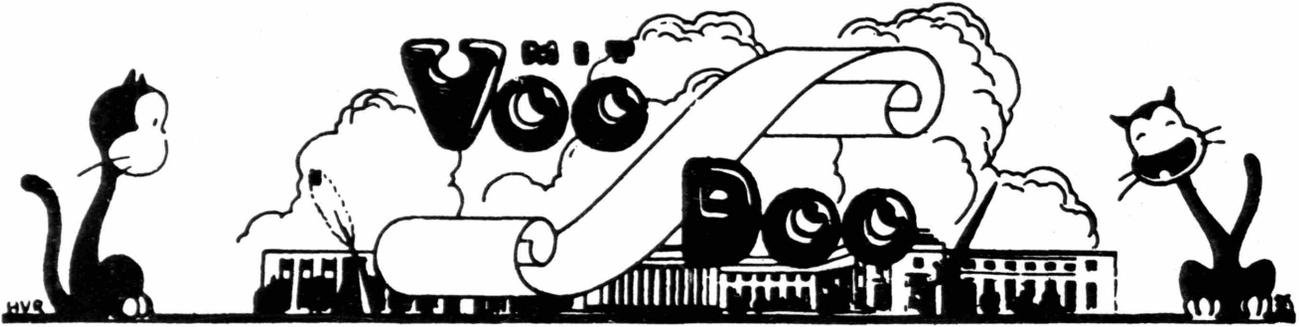
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EVERYTHING in Massachusetts must be either brand new or extremely old. If Dever didn't build it, it probably dates from the Pilgrims. Example: We have new, modern, scientific, and highly-publicized highways, but when you get stopped on one of these for doing the speed for which it was designed, you get a summons which starts out as follows:

"Be it remember, that on theday of.....A. D. 1952,, hereinafter called the defendant, personally appeared before the subscriber, and acknowledged himself to be indebted to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the sum of 15 dollars, to be levied upon his goods, chattels, lands, and tenements, and in want thereof, upon his body, to the use of said Commonwealth, if default be made in the performance of the condition hereunder written."

IN proof that life goes on in the austere England of today, we reprint the following hair-raising tale from the *London Times*:

HOUNDS ON THE WRONG TRACK

Hounds of the Dart Vale and Haldon Harriers were pursuing a hare near Churston Ferrers, South Devon, yesterday, when it darted across a railway line. The pack followed in full cry in front

of an on-coming passenger train. The engine driver applied the brakes and stopped the train a few yards from the hounds. Some passengers complained of shock afterwards. The train waited while the pack of 27 hounds and the 12 riders had crossed the line safely. The hare got away.

THE East Campus television set having been out of commission for some time, we were a bit surprised to see a pair of budding engineers in the T.V. room after midnight a while ago, particularly since they had the volume turned up pretty high.

"Just watching the audio," one of them explained.

Makes one wonder what the audio was doing!

EVER hear of Haffenreffer? Neither did we until we read the 1952 M.I.T. Treasurer's report. It seems that Haffenreffer has donated some money to Technology, with the condition that it be used to further the Hereshoff Collection. Still kinda vague, huh?

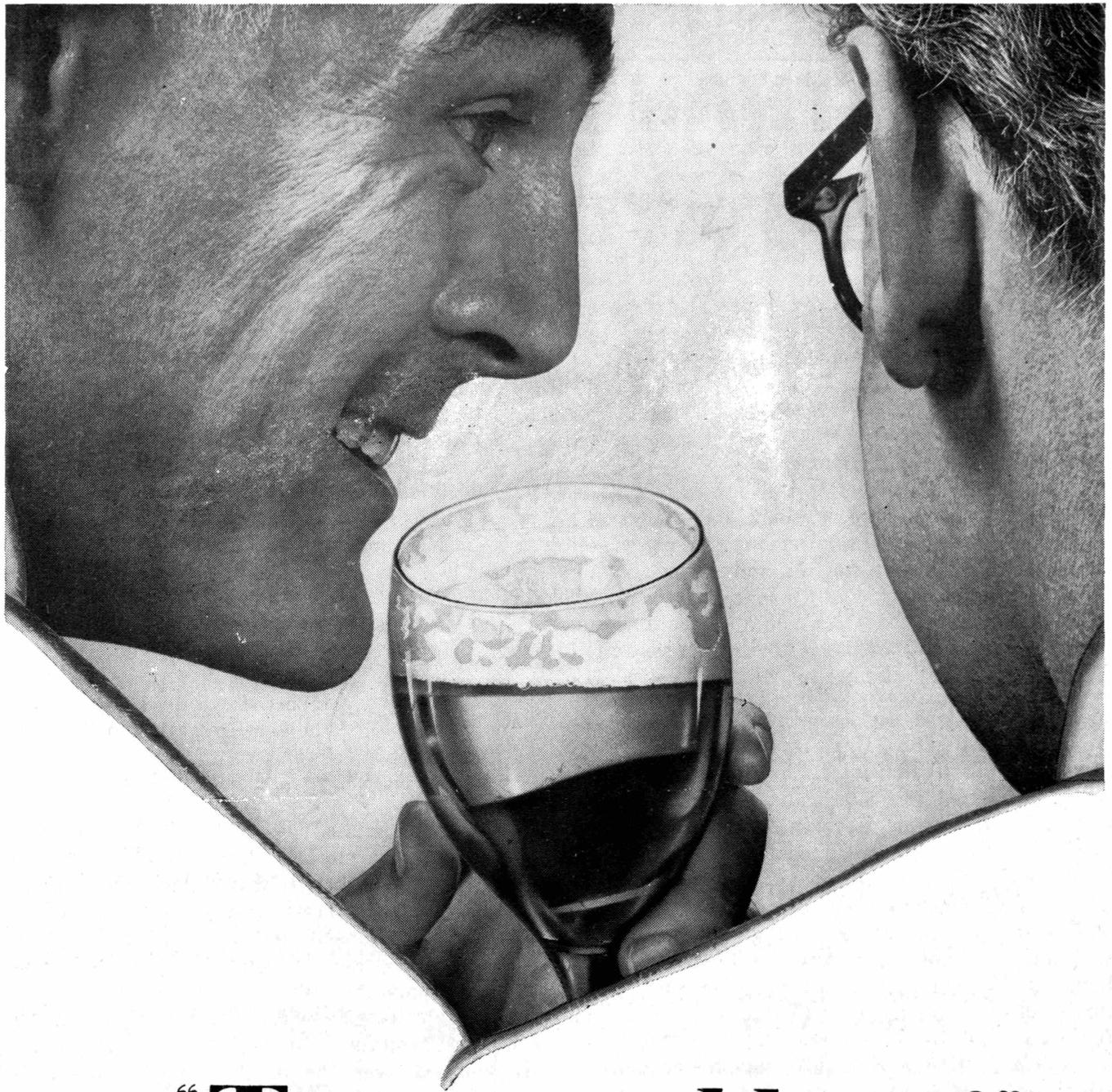
A little investigation showed that Haffenreffer, Rudolph (M.I.T. '95) is Chairman of the Board of Narragansett Brewing and recently donated the exhibit of cigar store Indians which was shown in the Library gallery. Fearing that this might be the

Hereshoff Collection, we continued the investigation. After all, cigar store Indians went out of style before Henry Morgan.

Unfortunately, the Hereshoff Collection turned out to be something different. A collection of ships' figureheads and stuff like that. To give this story a happy ending, however, we are glad to report that Haffenreffer donates the beer every Alumni Day.

THERE are still a few innocent, unbesmirched people on this worldly, besmirched earth. A sweet young thing of our acquaintance referred to her fiance, who is a little on the thin side, as "just one bone after another." And to this day she doesn't know why everyone blushed.

FOUR people were seated at a table in Prichett Lounge. On the table was a chess board, and two of them were playing chess. As pieces fell in combat and were removed from the board, the two next to the players started playing chess also. They had no chessboard or pieces, so they used the table top and the pieces which had been removed from the other game. Engineers are nothing if not inventive. All of this took place at a table by a window, a little to the left of the mustard and onions.



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—the light, dry brew
that has character, too!

THE STRANGE CASE OF REGUS PATOFF

Or What Price Infinity?



by Leonard B. Gross

Regus Patoff was a bounder, a cad, and a scoundrel. He was useless, worthless, but (alas) wealthy. His father died mysteriously leaving him quite a few shares of Christiana. How the will ever passed the Surrogate is still a matter for legal speculation. Nevertheless, Regus at the age of twenty-one assumed control of over \$3,000,000 of the aforementioned securities, which he promptly converted into cash. Then he laid flowers on his father's grave. Then he went shopping. He bought a yacht, a Rolls-Royce, a house in the country, a house in the city, and three full-time mistresses. (There were quite a few who could, in all fairness, only be considered to extend part-time service.) Regus was determined to lead a full life.

The question remains, "Full of what?" If the answer is mayhem, meanness, and assault, then Regus did indeed lead a full life. The following interview bears testimony:

MAGISTRATE: Name?

REGUS: Mr. Patoff; Regus Patoff.

M: Occupation?

R: Millionaire.

M: Really?

R: No, Reiley! Ho, Ho, Ho.

M: Okay, wise guy, laugh this off! You are charged with jumbling the babies in the maternity hospital so nobody knows whose is which; and with changing the "MEN" and "WOMEN" signs at a public restroom during the noon-day rush; and with changing them back; and with

taking canes away from three blind beggars; and with setting fire to the cathedral on Christmas Eve. How do you plead?

R: I'll give you ten thousand dollars to let me go.

M: Case dismissed!

Now that the sterling character of one Regus Patoff has been firmly established, the central thread of this narrative may be assumed. As Regus found himself getting closer to the day when he would die, he began to worry. He worried if perhaps the talk of the street-corner evangelist might have some truth in it. (This was the evangelist who found an egg-nog in his trumpet.) He worried over the mouthings of a fire-and-brimstone preacher. (This was the preacher whose Sunday service was interrupted by a Roman candle shot through the centuries-old stained-glass window.) In short, Regus was afraid to die. He repented his sins. He resolved to mend his ways.

Then he died. A policeman shot him as he was looting the safe in a Salvation Army Mission. Regus was just too far gone.

After dying, he was aware of absolute nothingness. It seemed to last for a long time. Then, POP!, he was in heaven. The Book of Revelations is to be criticized for not properly glorifying heaven. But, then, even the prophets of old were bound by semantics. Regus was pleasantly surprised.

He hummed a merry tune, strutted about con-

tentedly, picked a few pearls from the gate, and finally sauntered over to an elderly saint who seemed to be in charge. The conversation has been recorded as follows:

REGUS: I think there's been a mistake.

ELDERLY SAINT: We don't make mistakes, and if we do, they are generally known as miracles.

R.: I really don't belong here. I rather cut-up while on earth.

E. S.: Say no more! I shall explain. Contrary to common theological belief on earth, we don't keep records. Everybody goes to heaven, no matter who they are or what they did. It is our philosophy that punishment serves no useful purpose and revenge is detestable.

R.: Well, now, that's real neighborly. Mind if I have a look around?

E. S.: Go ahead, make yourself comfortable. You'll be here for quite a while. Chuckle! Chuckle!

And so Regus Patoff began his trek through the Elysian fields. He visited Paradise, Paradise Corners, and Paradise Lower Falls, when he came upon the strangest sight that was ever to greet his eyes. There before him opened a vast meadow. It extended as far as he could visualize,

and was covered with women. The strange part was that they were in groups of two. First one would bend over and receive a kick in the vestibule from her partner, who would then, in turn, bend over and have her upholstery ruffled. It was indeed strange to witness the trampling of so many feminine derrieres. Regus just couldn't figure it out, so he rushed over to E. S. and begged an explanation.

The old saint chuckled again and answered, "They're our virgin spinsters. They, too, didn't know that we don't keep records!"



A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said, as he looked in the mirror. "I never knewed he had his pitcher took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he was asleep she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."

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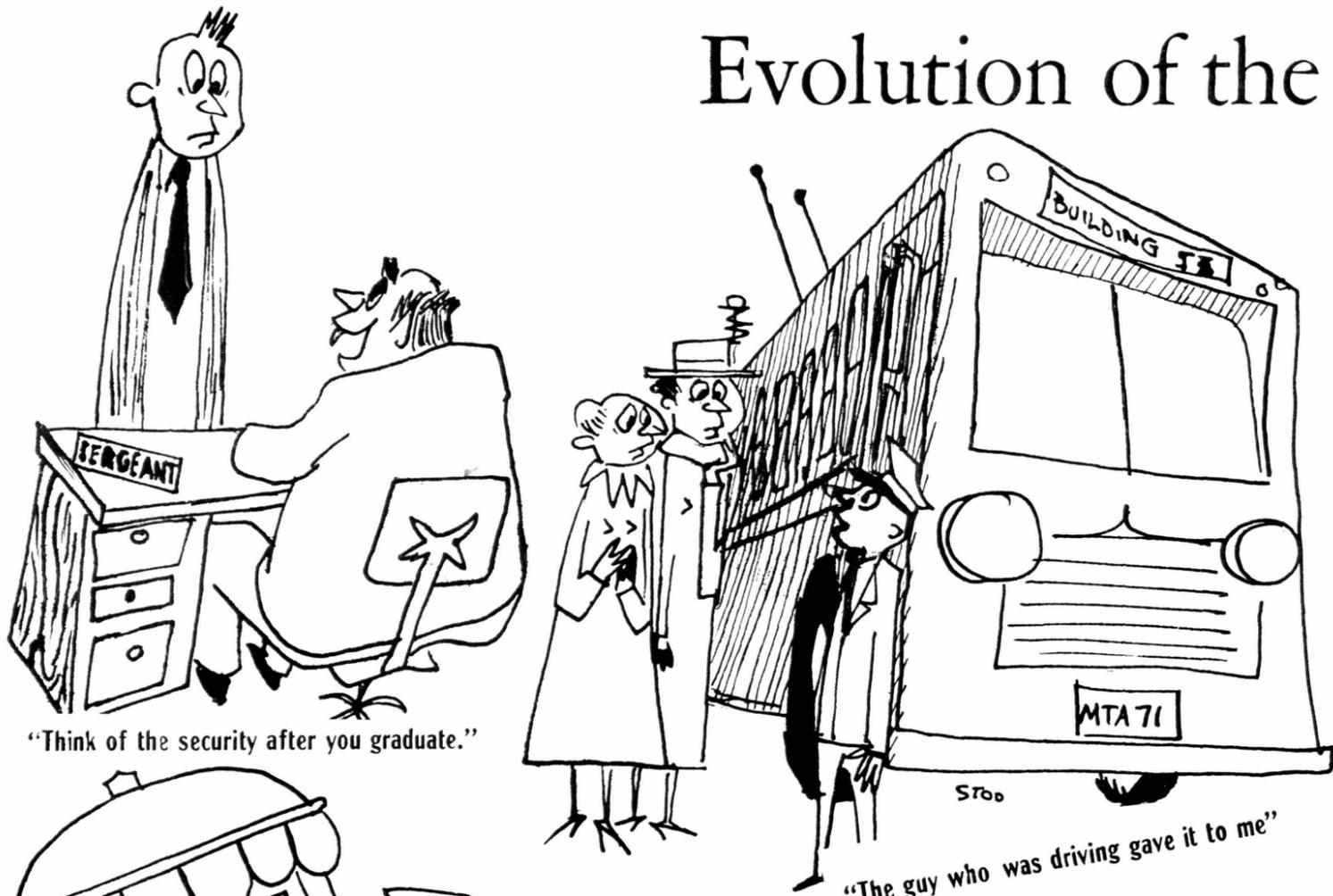
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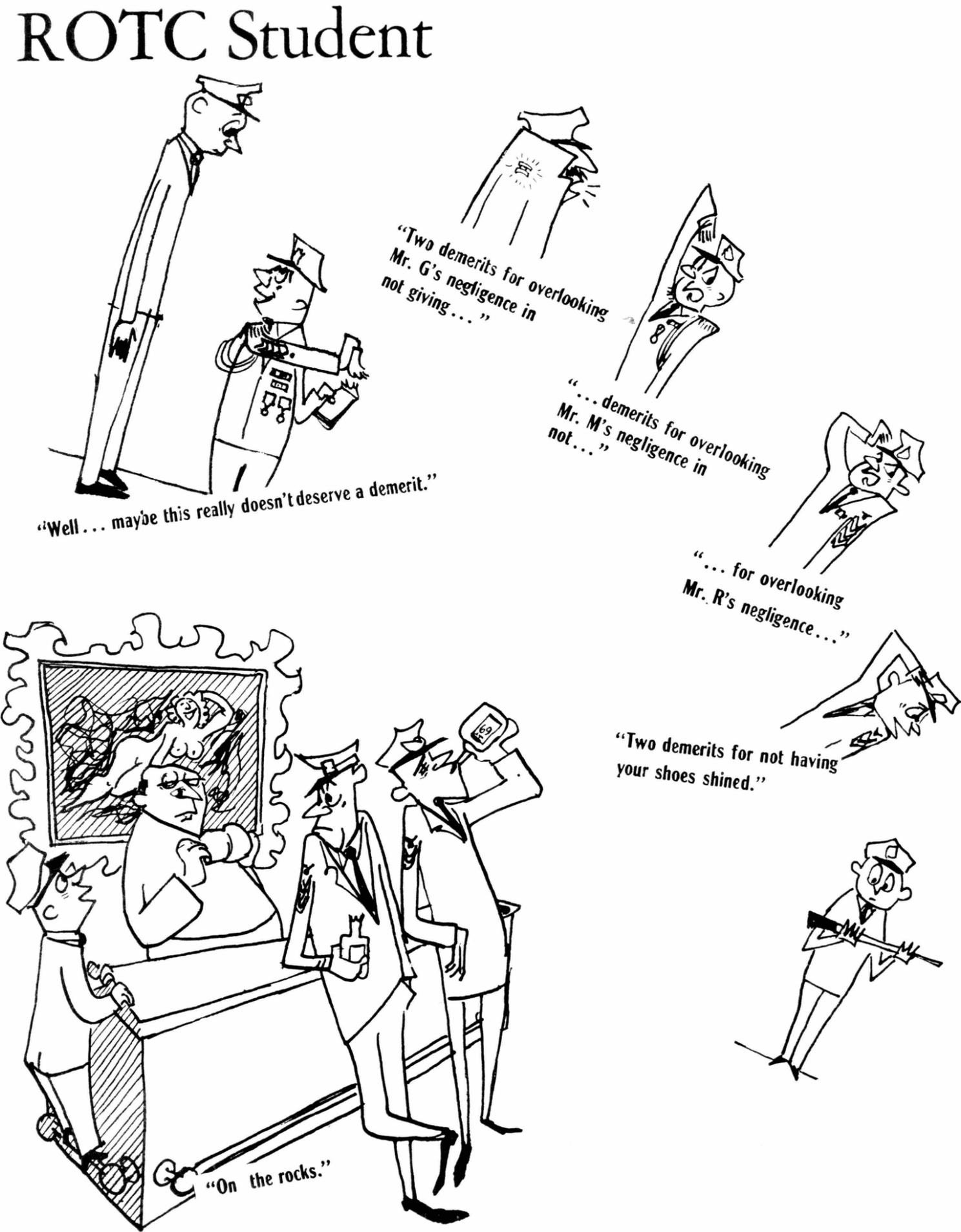


"Think of the security after you graduate."

"The guy who was driving gave it to me"



"It stands for 'Royal Overseas Training Corps.'"



"Well... maybe this really doesn't deserve a demerit."

"Two demerits for overlooking Mr. G's negligence in not giving..."

"... demerits for overlooking Mr. M's negligence in not..."

"... for overlooking Mr. R's negligence..."

"Two demerits for not having your shoes shined."

"On the rocks."



"How can you sit there and say you don't care if you flunked 8.03 or not?"

In Holland, Ex-Lax is called "Little Dutch Cleanser."



A certain man was the constant arguer in a community. Whatever anyone said, he disagreed with it. But one day one of the loungers at the crossroads store in the course of a meandering conversation, remarked, "I've heard tell that Cy Smith over in Boomtown was one of nineteen sons."

The words were no sooner said than the arguer laughed and sneered; "That's whar ye heered wrong, then," he said.

"'Twa'n't Cy Smith at all. 'Twas a brother o' his'n."

No matter how hard he tried, the young son of a self-made man had never been able to get a word of praise or encouragement from his father. Now at the end of his first year at Tech, he was returning home, second in a class of four hundred. When his father was told, he exclaimed:

"Second! Why aren't you at the head of the class where a son of mine should be?"

Returning to school, the young man slaved over his books till he finally achieved the top. Now there could be no complaint. When he returned home, he announced:

"Well, I made it, first in the class!"

His father eyed him fishily.

"Head of the class, eh! All I can say that's a fine commentary on M.I.T."



Mother: "Marie, what are you reading?"

Girl: "*The Police Gazette.*"

Mother: "Oh, all right, dear, I was afraid you had gotten hold of Voo Doo."



Sidney was stationed on a minesweeper off the coast of Korea. Like all men in that dangerous service, he was required to wear a life-preserver at all times. It was bulky, uncomfortable, and he came to hate it. It symbolized all the discomforts of war.

Then, one morning, the captain announced that they were relieved from duty and were returning home. With a wild whoop of joy, Sidney tore off his preserver, hurled it overboard.

It sank like a rock.

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A middle-aged couple was taking a vacation at a Pacific resort. They were in the cocktail lounge when the wife said, "Look, Henry, isn't that the pastor of the church we used to go to sitting over there? Why don't you go over and find out?"

So Henry went over to the gentleman's table and asked, "I beg your pardon but aren't you the pastor of the church that I used to go to?"

"What the blankety blank do you mean by bothering me with your blankety blank questions. Get the blankety blank out of here or I'll call the blankety blank manager."

So Henry went back to his own table and his wife asked, "Well, was he the pastor?"

Henry answered, "He wouldn't tell me."



The sergeant called his platoon to attention. Then he said, "All college graduates fall out to my right."

After he looked the balance of the platoon over he said, "High school graduates fall to my left."

Then with a knowing smile he said, "The college graduates can police the area; the high school graduates can sweep the walks."

Turning to what was left of the platoon, he said, "The rest of you men can stand around and learn something."



A woman believed her husband was having an affair with his secretary, but was unable to prove it, so she hired a detective. She said, "my husband loves golf, and I don't play, so I have agreed that he can play a round every Tuesday with his secretary. I want you to follow them and see if they stick to golf." A few weeks later the detective came back and said, "You were right, I followed them for two rounds, and every time your husband sliced into the woods on the third hole. His secretary went into the woods to help him find the ball and they were gone quite a while."

"Did you follow them into the woods?"

"Certainly, I watched every move they made, and I have definite proof."

"Can you give me any idea of how long this has been going on?"

"Not exactly, but from the number of freckles on his back, he must have been doing it all season."



"Oh, you poor man, you must suffer."

They were quite a distance from the shore when the canoe tipped over and sank.

"Do you think you can swim to the buoy?" he asked.

"If I can't," she replied, "it will be the first buoy I haven't made!"



Three men of Big Business were sitting in a group clinic in the psychiatrist's office.

"I am going to let this handkerchief flutter aimlessly toward the floor," said the psychiatrist, "and I want each of you to tell me what it makes you think of."

Executive Number One spoke up: "I see a lofty mountain with a snow-capped summit rising majestically toward the heaven."

Executive Number Two confided: "I think of a mighty sea pounding its white-capped waves against a rockbound shore."

But, "I think of sex," Executive Number Three said staccato-like.

"Why," asked the psychiatrist, "should a falling handkerchief make you think of sex?"

"Because," said the troubled tycoon, "that's all I ever think of."

THE PHILISTINE

by Harold Kaplan

When Jane came back to the room at ten in the evening, she was astonished. Bertha, her roommate, was already there, doing her homework in a bathrobe.

"I keep thinking this is Saturday," said Jane.

"It is."

"On Saturday nights you have dates."

"That's right."

"There is an error of logic here," said Jane, trying to put the same tone into the statement as Professor Dumehite. "Did you run out of one-o'clocks so soon?"

"No," said Bertha, "I asked my date to take me home."

She threw down her homework and picked up George, her toy panda, and started running her fingers through his soft fur.

Jane removed her coat and said casually, "How're you coming on your trig?"

"You didn't ask me about my date," said Bertha, rubbing George's fuzzy tummy against her pimply face.

"Your date is your own business," said Jane, yawning carefully as she pulled off her dress.

"I don't know why I ever went out with him. He was unspeakably disgusting. An M.I.T. student. Remind me never to go out with another such."

Jane said nothing, but backed out of her slip and pulled her bra around backside-to, preparatory to unfastening it.

"I don't know what got into me," said Bertha; "I suppose I must have forgotten M.I.T. is not a real college, that engineers never learn about the finer things in life."

"Such as."

"Such as art, literature, music, philosophy, ett setra." She stopped rubbing against George and put him down to one side.

By this time Jane had her bra off and was wrenching hard at her girdle. She gave no sign she heard Bertha.

Bertha continued: "He asked me out to a dance at his campus. I must have forgotten for the moment what kind of place M.I.T. was, because I went out with him. It was quite a good dance, too. They had a good orchestra, not just the ordinary



gaggle of blowhards sent from the union at the last minute. And it was a good hall. You know the one, it has those significant murals on the walls. Honestly I don't know how M.I.T. ever acquired such good murals. They reminded one somehow of Dostoevsky."

"Could he dance?" said Jane, as she put on her pajamas.

"Oh, I guess he could dance. But that's not what I mean. He had no development of intellect. Now take painting. He never saw a Klee in his life. Or even a Mondrian. But he had the nerve to express his opinions on painting. You'll never guess his favorite painter. It was Rembrandt. Rembrandt! Actually!"

Bertha stopped talking a while to open a jar of Lady Penelope Face Rejuvenifier. She began to smear it on her face as she resumed: "And he had no conception of philosophy in the slightest. I asked him what he thought of the epistemological problem, and he said he didn't think it mattered much. Can you imagine! So I tried another tack. I just had to keep the conversation going

somehow. I said I thought capitalism was about dead. I thought I saw a ray of intelligence show through when he disagreed with me. But he didn't advance any arguments or reasons; he just left it like that.

Bertha stopped smearing, and recapped the jar. She pulled a box of curlers out of a drawer and began to twist her oily hair up into tight little helices.

"He asked me to walk over to his room. I went along, figuring a change of scene might improve him. It was in one of those ugly boxy dormitories. And his room was on the fourth floor. And I had high heels on. Honestly!

"And when we got there the room was all full of electric wires. I nearly tripped on them. And it wasn't just wires. The walls were all covered with naked radios, and he had a phonograph on a shelf, with a stack of albums. He offered to play Beethoven's Fifth. Do you hear what I say, the Fifth!

"Well, of course, I declined the offer. I said my tastes in music were for a somewhat later period. And you won't believe what he did next; he brought out a banjo, of all things, and asked me if I could sing "The Great Speckled Bird."

"Well, I thought fast. I said my throat was somewhat dry. He didn't get the idea though. He just got a bottle of Rhine wine out of his refrigerator. And it wasn't even a good year. So I said that wasn't what I meant, and this time he fished up a fifth of blended whiskey. Blended! How vulgar can you get?

"Well, I thought I would surely go out of my mind then and there, but somehow I held on to my sanity. I said it had been a very pleasant evening and would he please take me home. It took him about half a minute to understand what I was saying. When he finally did get the idea, though, he acted as well as he know how. He put me in a taxi and paid the driver and sent me home.

"Well, what would you have done, Jane? I'm sure no intelligent woman could have stood much more of it than I did. What do you think, Jane? Are you listening to me?"

The door opened and Jane walked in with a towel, soap, toothbrush, and a tube of paste. "You were saying?" said Jane.

"Why, you haven't been listening to a word I've been saying!" Bertha exclaimed, twisting the last curler into place.

"It's bedtime anyway," Jane said, getting into

her bed.

"So it is." Bertha removed her bathrobe revealing a lace-trimmed nightgown, and climbed into her own bed. She reached out for George and placed him next to her on the pillow, and turned out the light. "George isn't a Philistine, are you, George?" she said softly.



A man was told by his doctor that he must stop drinking. To overcome the craving, the doctor told him to eat something every time he felt like taking a drink. He tried it and found that it worked rather well.

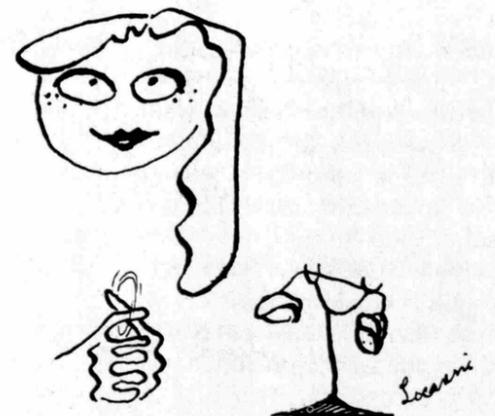
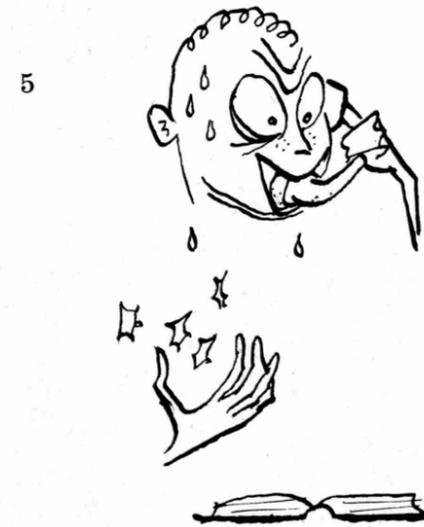
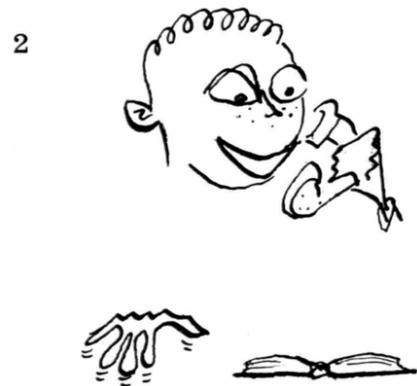
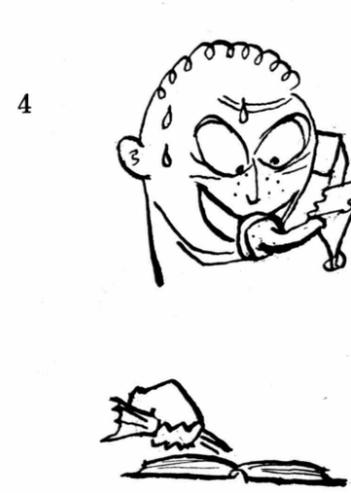
One night, however, he was in his hotel room and, upon hearing a strange sound in the next room, climbed on a chair and looked through the transom. Imagine his surprise when he saw a man just about to hang himself.

He rushed from the room, ran down the stairs three at a time, and grabbed hold of the hotel clerk.

"S-s-say," he stammered, "there's a fellow in the next room, the room next to mine. He's hanging himself. I saw him. For heaven's sake, give me a plate of ham and eggs—quick!"



THE PITCH



Louie had gotten shot full of bullets in the getaway after the bank robbery and when the gang got back to the hideaway, the boss laid Louie out on the table.

"Boys," he said. "Louie is going to be a big loss to the gang. I'm sure sorry to see him killed. He was one of the best gunmen we got. I've seen Louie shoot an old woman in cold blood without batting an eyelash. Why, Louie's been a gangster ever since he was in the state nursery for delinquent tots. The only thing that kept Louie from being public enemy number one was my own criminal record."

In the back of the room one of the gang leaned over and whispered to his pal, "Ain't that the payoff! You gotta die before anyone says anything nice about you."



He: "Here's how!"

She: "Say when; I know how."



"Pardon me," she said, "but do you have the time?"

"Yeah," he answered, "but who's gonna watch my wagon?"



In Hungary a commissar asked a peasant how the new potato crop production plan was coming.

"Under our glorious leader, Stalin," answered the peasant, "our potato crop has been miraculous! If we were to put all the potatoes in a pile they would make a mountain reaching to the feet of God!"

"But you know there isn't any God!" said the commissar.

"There aren't any potatoes either," replied the peasant.

Cleopatra: "Gee, it's way past midnight. You had better get started."

Anthony: "O. K., blow out the candle."



He whispered sweet nothings in her ear,

As they sat secluded, these two:
And he murmured, "I feel like
I've known you for years."

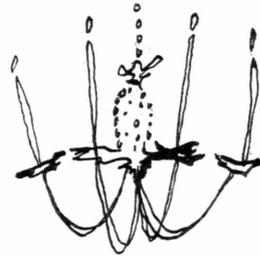
And she answered, "You certainly do."



In an English political oration: "I was born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, and I hope I shall die an Englishman."

From the back of the hall in an unmistakable accent came the question: "Mon, hae ye no ambition?"

A mistress is a cutie on the q. t.



"Mother . . . you promised you'd be home early tonight."

Her (at Prom): "Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose."

Her (three dances later): "Been waiting long?"

Him: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."



In the old days when a girl wanted a fur coat she went to the woods and killed a fox. Now she just goes to the woods.



"Let's organize a fraternity."

"Why?"

"I've just discovered a new grip."



Joe Stalin was inspecting a regiment of Russian troops. He walked about half a block down the line when suddenly one of the soldiers sneezed.

"Who sneezed?" Stalin asked the first row. No one answered.

"Shoot them!" Stalin ordered. The men were shot.

"Who sneezed?" Stalin asked the second row. No one answered.

"Shoot them!" Stalin ordered. The men in the second row were shot.

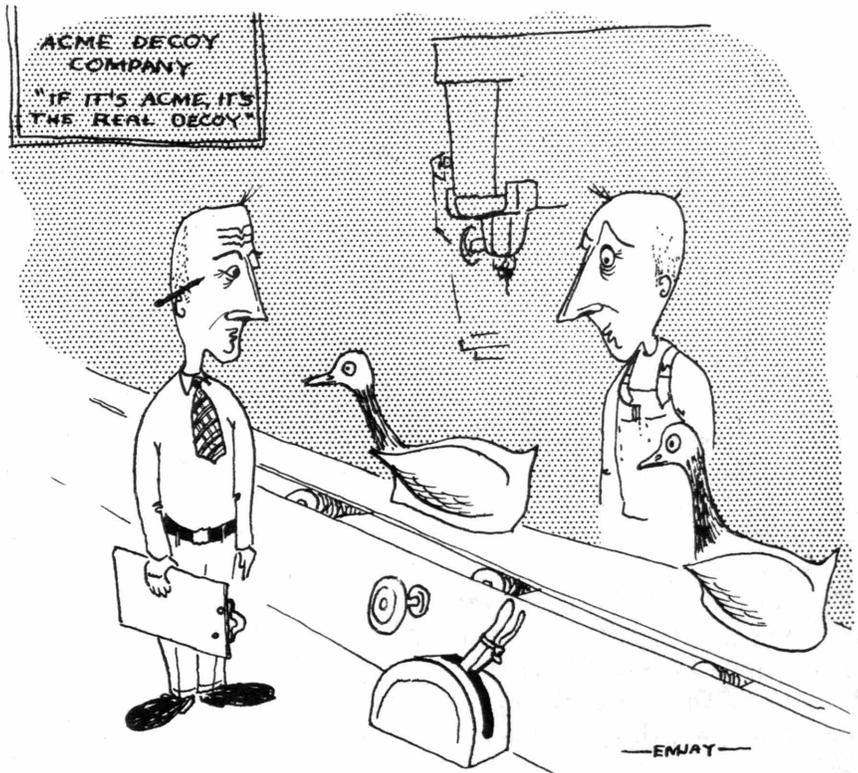
"Who sneezed?" Stalin asked the third row. No one answered.

"Shoot them!" Stalin ordered. The men in the third row were shot.

"Who sneezed?" Stalin asked the fourth row.

"I did," said a little buck private.

"Gesundheit!" said Stalin.



"There's a breakdown in Section 4."

Two wrens wished to be married. The male wren was talking to his father-in-law to be.

"Sir, I'd like to marry your daughter," he said.

"Well," said the poppa wren, "what have you to offer?"

"Well, I just finished making a new, modern, up-to-date nest."

"Is that all?"

"Well, no sir, I know where I can always find fat juicy worms."

"Is that all?"

"Well, no sir, I also just made a small deposit on a brand new Cadillac."



In 1492,
Columbus sailed the ocean blue;
Denominate this number by 2,
And you will get—
The number of watts in a horse-
power.

"I wanna tum in."

"No, you tan't tum in."

"Why tan't I?"

"Cuz Mummy says boys should not see little dirls in nite-downs."

Short silence.

"You tan tum in now; I took it off."



There once was a little girl named Carmen Cohen. Her mother always called her "Carmen," but her father, for some reason only he knew, always called her by her last name. He called her "Cohen."

It got so that by the time she was twelve years old she didn't know whether she was Carmen or Cohen.

Melvin Hepsbob was late! His boss was extremely fussy over such things and awaited him at the door. An hour later Melvin dragged in, his face covered with blood, his clothes ripped to pieces.

"Where have you been?" the boss' voice roared.

"I couldn't help it. I fell out of a sixth story window."

"That took an hour?"



Two athletes, a Texan and a Londoner met at the Olympics this summer. After chatting for a while about the relative merits of their own countries, the American said that he thought the British were too reserved.

"Nonsense, old fruit," replied the Englishman. "Why, eight years ago, when I was in the Cambridge eight, I knew all the fellows quite well . . . except one, that is, and he was way up in the bow."



"Mama, Mama, don't wait for the shrimp boats, sister is coming home with the crabs."



A census taker in the country came upon a farm house and was greeted by a five-year-old boy.

"How many in your family?" asked the census taker.

"Four," replied the little boy. "There's my mamma, daddy, sister and me."

"Where's your daddy?"

"He's gone fishin', I reckon—I say 'I reckon'—I don't rightly know. But he put on his rubber boots, and it ain't rainin'."

"Where's your mamma, son?"

"Well, I guess she's gone out—I don't rightly know. But the catalogue's missin', and she can't read."

"Well, where's your sister, then, little boy?" asked the census taker.

"I reckon she's down at the barn with the hired hand—I say 'I reckon'—I don't rightly know. But there ain't but two things she likes to do—and supper's waitin' on the table."

Charlie Mun

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Slobbelly's family approached him one day. They said, "Papa, we're bringing Sarah's boy friend home for supper for the first time. We'll have a big supper. Please behave yourself. Don't use the knife. You'll ruin the whole marriage."

Papa agreed. Came supper and all was going well. Papa hardly touched a thing. The coffee arrived. Papa took the cup and started to pour his coffee into the saucer. The family was looking daggers at him. He kept right on pouring the coffee into his saucer.

Finally, he took the saucer up to his mouth, looked up and said, "One word out of any of you and I'll make bubbles!"



A man rode sidesaddle into a tavern and ordered a whiskey sour for his Pony. The barkeep brought the order and the horse drank it down. The man ordered another, which the horse also drank; and then a third and a fourth.

The astonished tap tender at last managed to ask, "Wouldn't you like something for yourself?" "No, thanks," came the reply. "I'm driving."



Lady tourist, observing progress of the new messhall: "My, what a fine idea to place all the new statues in the new building!"

Guide: "Look again, lady, those are construction workers."

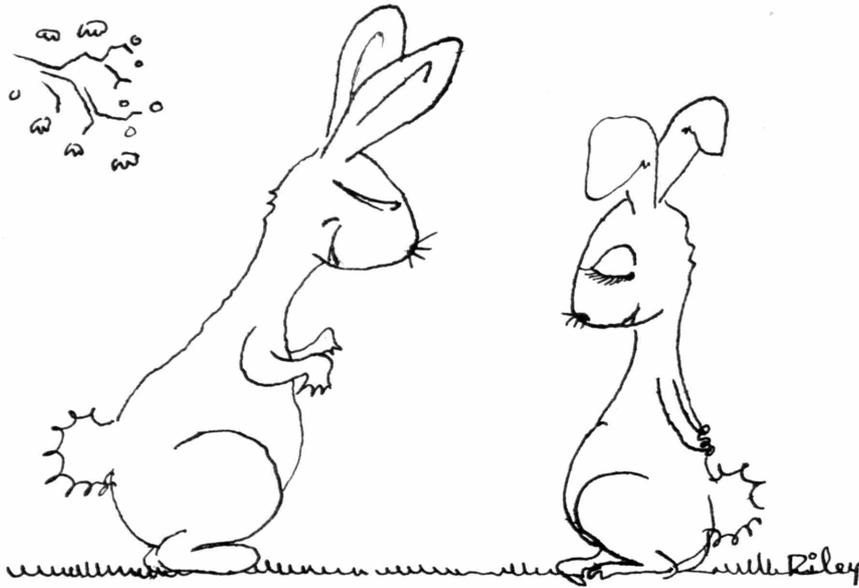


A dope fiend found a nickel in his pocket.

"Ah," he said. "A thousand dollar gold piece," and clutching it in his hand, he set off for the nearest gambling casino. There, at the roulette table, he put it on number 19 and stood back to watch his luck.

The croupier noticed the nickel and swept it off the board. The vague one replaced it. The croupier swept it off again. Again the fellow put it back. This went on for some minutes, until the croupier, finally losing his patience, burst out, "Look here, you can't make a bet like that."

The dope fiend shrugged. "All right, then. Any part of it."



Out at Smith we're all party girls.

"Fond of music?"
 "Oh, yes. And you?"
 "Oh, yes."
 "Let's go have a drink."



Guard: "Sir, the prisoners are rioting again."
 Warden: "What's the matter this time?"
 Guard: "They found out that the chef used to cook for a fraternity."



Whar ya ben son?
 In the barn maw.
 What ya ben doin' son?
 Watching Paw maw.
 Where's yer Paw son?
 In the barn maw.
 What's he doing son?
 Hanging himself maw.
 Did ya cut him down son?
 No maw.
 Why not son?
 Hain't daid yet maw.

"Is there any soup on the menu?"
 "There was, but I wiped it off."



"Grandmother!! Use the bottle opener. You'll ruin your gums."



A drake on the make for a blonde
 Was caressing a swan in a pond.
 When he asked, "Wanna neck?"
 She replied, "Go to heck!
 Of a goose I would be far more fond."



First Englishman: "Charlie, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?"

Second Englishman: "No, let's hear it."

The Eskimo was washing his shirt. He dipped through the hole in the ice, drew it out and scrubbed it. He beat it on the rocks; he dipped it and scrubbed it again. Still it wasn't clean. As he started the process again, he noticed that a GREAT BIG shadow had fallen over him. He looked over his shoulder, and there was a GREAT BIG polar bear standing over him, looking down at him. He dipped his shirt through the ice again and scrubbed it again. He looked up at the bear; the bear looked down and said:

"No soap?"
 "No soap."



Ambition is a thing to be shunned. Take the example of the street cleaner who was over-ambitious and got his face kicked in.



In a little town in Mexico, Pedro was sipping his beer at a tavern when an excited friend rushed in.

"Pedro!" he shouted. "I just saw a man go into your house and start making love to your wife!"

"Is that so?" replied Pedro calmly, and continued sipping his beer.

"Was he a tall man?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted his friend.

"Don't get so excited," cautioned Pedro. "Did he have on a brown suit?"

"Yes, he did!"

"And did he have a big mustache?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Oh, that's Emanuel. He make love to anybody!"

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"You mean to say you DON'T read the New York Times."

Pat—Nobody loves me and my hands are cold.

Mike—God loves you and your mother loves you and you can sit on your damn hands.



When asked by a cop why she didn't have a red light on her car, Sadie said it wasn't that kind of a car.

To kill halitosis
Try chlorophyll gum
It turns your teeth green
But tastes better than Mum.



"Now that you've bought my horse, what are you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to race him."
"Bet you win."

"Great stuff, those electric signs on Broadway. They've got one advertising Wrigley's gum, runs a whole block, 250,000 electric bulbs."

"How many?"

"250,000."

"My word. Isn't that a bit conspicuous?"



Murgatroyd

Was a cow more athletic than Mudderly.
She hopped a picket fence and Was destroyed Udderly.



Luke: "He kissed her where she stood."

Juke: "Sort of a sole-kiss, eh?"



A child's persistent sniffing annoyed a woman standing next to him. "Young man," she said, "have you got a handkerchief?"

"Yeah," replied the child, "but my mother won't let me loan it to anybody."

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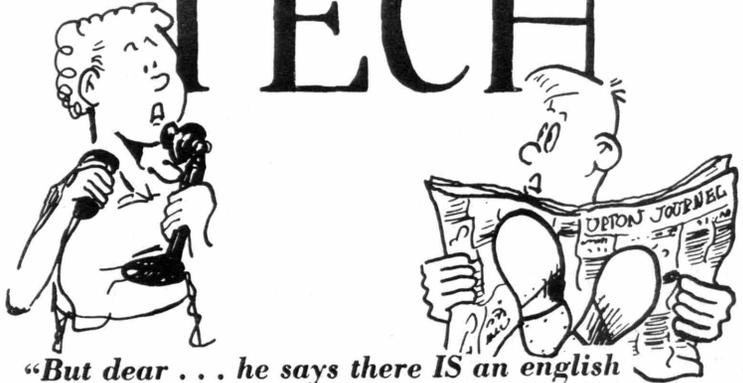
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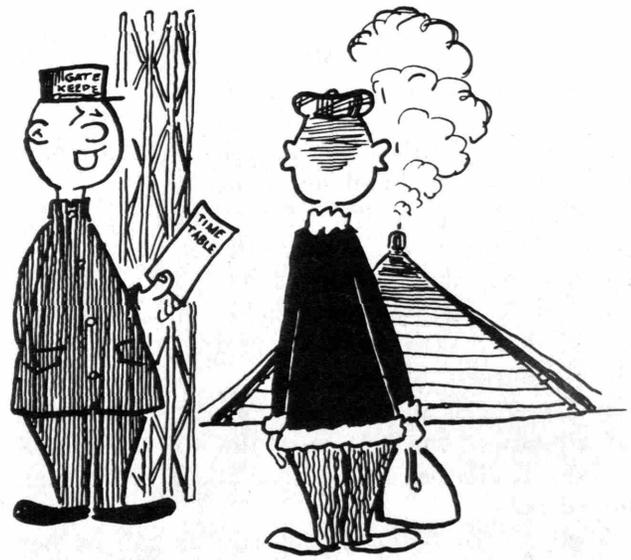


"But dear . . . he says there IS an english final."

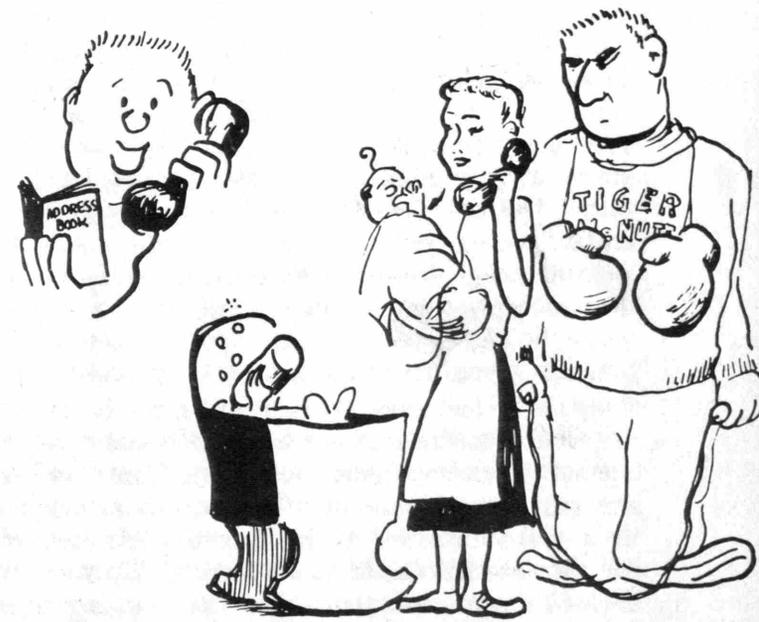
CHARLY MOM
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"But my train leaves in an hour."



"This is the NEW timetable."



"Anything new happen while I was away at college?"



"We're so glad to see you home"



"We changed a few things around while you were away at college."

—ROLLINER—

TAMERLANE NEVER

by R. T. F.

HAD IT SO GOOD

Once upon a time not so long ago there lived (and still lives) a power hungry telephone company executive. He controlled vast amounts of money, mountains, nay, ranges of equipment, his word was law to thousands—and he had a beautiful daughter. (We always get around to that.) A veritable Aphrodite, a goddess come to life, a distilled essence of the dreams of a thousand frustrated men come true. But there was one flaw, she wanted to marry a scientist; no dynamic, energetic junior executive for her, or even a successful, eight ulcer senior executive, with power and prestige as her father wanted. (Her father had nine ulcers, more than any other executive in the industry.) Worse, she was always running off to Research and making calf eyes at the innocents there. Things finally got to a head when the Boys actually began to pay attention to her. This was getting too far; I suppose objectivity can't last forever. Someone's got to go. So she went. Her father put her in the hands of a trusted (=senile) senior executive from Traffic, and sent them off one drizzly Saturday afternoon in a close-curtained Cadillac, ostensibly headed for the familial dasha in Connecticut. They never arrived there. Some days later the Cadillac came back, minus one beautiful daughter.

Where was she? Only the swallows who nested in that first experimental microwave transmission tower somewhere in New Jersey could answer that. Beautiful daughter was now imprisoned in the tower pending further notice. Oh, she had everything she needed, except what she wanted. She even had a robot to serve tea. So she pined away in her long distance microwave transmission tower while her father conducted negotiations with an executive of another company who had an eligible son. If they could be married the company would be doubled in size. Not strictly legal (the merger, not the marriage) but covering up was just a technicality.

Events at the tower stagnated in an unbroken flow. The New Jersey landscape can become damn monotonous if that is the only activity for the day, which it was for our heroine. She got up in

the morning, had breakfast, stared at the landscape till 12, had lunch, went back to stare at the view till six, had dinner, then varied the view by staring out the west window instead of the east window until dark. The week was broken up on Mondays by the helicopter which brought the supplies but otherwise the cows in the landscape continued to ruminate and the status quo continued to vegetate.

It was really very pedestrian the way it started. She saw a dust cloud over by the west pasture, but this only meant the bull was changing position. This time, though, it wasn't a bull, it was a telephone lines maintenance truck.

"Ugh," she thought, "the crowning indignity. I was brought by a Cadillac but I'm going to be hauled away like so much fodder in a maintenance truck. Maintenance trucks don't haul fodder, do they? What a silly question, better get hold of yourself, old girl."

By the end of the mental monologue the truck was already at the bottom of the hill and climbing fast. It stopped at the door and a young man jumped out.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said as he saw her at the window, "there *is* a girl in the tower. Twoombly was right."

She couldn't speak for a moment, then got it out all in a hurry.

"You mean Twoombly, head of Research?"

"Why, yes," replied the man, "he sent me to get you out of there."

"Oh, he does care. You've come to rescue me, my knight, my savior. I knew science would come through, you wonderful man. You *are* a scientist, aren't you?" she burst out in a rapture of ecstasy.

"Well, no, ma'am. I'm an engineer," he replied somewhat bewildered although a gleam was coming into his eye. "Thought Twoombly was potted when he said to get that female out of there. Claimed your toaster was interfering with transmission."

"Oh, the dog, he knew I was here all along. Did he have anything to do with putting me here?"

"Don't know a thing, just following orders, although I do know one thing . . ." here the voice trailed off but not the gleam.

For a moment our heroine seemed almost physically sick at this seeming betrayal by the men she loved but her youthful buoyance and resilience held back her gorge. (Above to be read with a dramatic cadence.) She steadied herself, reached back, took a jigger of Pernod from the robot, gulped it down, refocused her eyes, and returned her attention to the man below. "So you . . . you're an engineer? I . . .," then she seemed to make up her mind. "You'll do," she flashed out firmly. "Get me out of here and . . ." but the rest was unnecessary, it was conveyed by the look that passed between the two. The look, however, was caught by the robot too, and transmitted to a TV set in Beautiful Daughter's father's office. This property of the robot she had never discovered, unfortunately.

Now began the tension, taut drama of the next to the last act. (There is no last act.) The Jersey country was the witness of two rather startling spectacles. The first consisted of a cavalcade of sinister black Cadillacs wending its way over the landscape at top speed. The other, a telephone company maintenance truck; it too was wending its way over the landscape, not only figuratively but literally as well. The driver was driving with no hands and a lead foot. And both were headed for the same destination . . . Cos Cob and the nearest Justice of the Peace.

At eight that evening a bedraggled, bespattered truck wobbled into Cos Cob, stopped in front of a house which had a sign, "Justice of the Peace", and emptied from its cab two people, who bounded onto the porch and pounded on the door.

Ten minutes later (it took that long to gather witnesses) the following scene took place in the parlor:

Justice: "Mumble mumble gobble-di-gook, do you?"

Couple: "We do."

Justice: "Five dollars. O.K., Ma, let's go back and finish dinner."

They were married! It was all legal now! They stumbled out arm in arm in a daze, right into a group of homburged swells who had gotten out of a line of Cadillacs.

"Father! What are you doing here?"

"What are *you* doing here, Daughter?"

She stiffened, looked him defiantly in the eye, supported by her new husband with one hand (father turned out to be the Boss, how was a guy supposed to know *that*) and answered, "I'm married now, Father. You can't touch me."

"Can't I? You forget, you haven't reached the age of consent yet." With that denouement, what can you do?

And so of a winter's eve as the blizzards roar and the doormen on Park Avenue dare not stand under the awning but wait in the lobby instead, we can always find Father in his study gloating over his newly acquired monopoly made possible by his new son-in-law. As for Daughter, she languishes away somewhere in the West Indies, probably at the Hilton Carib (Miami is getting plebeian). And her youthful second love, the engineer? He was banished to the North Country, there to string power lines for the rest of his days. As for the tower, it remains yet, a monument to one woman's love of science. In fact, they are putting up replicas of the tower all over the country, at distances of 20 miles apart. Why 20 miles? That was the distance between the first tower and Cos Cob. That then is how our country came to be dotted with microwave towers instead of lookout towers.



Coed: "Jim was sure feeling low last night."

Friend: "Well, I hope you slapped his face."



They had just kissed for a long time. He was still breathing the subtle perfume she wore. "Crocus?" he asked.

"No, darling," she said, "but for a minute I thought I was going to."

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"Madam, you fascinate me"

A stalwart B. U. man was taking a stroll and came to a square cut stone embedded half-way in the ground. On its top was chiseled: "Turn me over." After much pulling and puffing he finally managed to heave the thing onto its other side.

There he found these words chiseled: "Now turn me back again so that I can catch some other stupid mullet."



Eat Me. I'm an OREO

Mrs. Frmpworth was showing the new butler the layout of the joint. She opened the door to the dining room and said, "Now, this table, Hives, is genuine Chippendale. Thirty thousand soap coupons. That side-board is a real piece of Duncan Phyffe—a hundred and fifty thousand soap coupons. Those chairs go with the table. Ten thousand soap coupons each."

They went on into the drawing room and she continued, "That sofa, with the overstuffed arm-hair. Authentic colonial furniture—two hundred and fifty thousand soap coupons—not counting the Spanish oak table—another sixty thousand soap coupons."

And so on through the house.

They were in the master bedroom and Mrs. Frmpworth was saying, "Those twin beds there. Real African Renaissance, fifty-five thousand—" when Hives put his hand on the knob of a door to open it.

"Heavens, no!" she shrieked in a horrified tone. "That door is never to be opened, do you understand?"

"Whatever for?" gasped Hives. "What's in there?"

"Soap."



The demure young bride, her face a mark of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the isle, clinging to the arm of her father. As she reached the platform before the alter her dainty foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the dirt gravely, then raised her large child-like eyes to the sedate face of the old minister and said, "That's a helluva place to put a lily."

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The lion was stalking through the jungle looking for trouble. He grabbed a passing tiger and asked, "Who is king of the jungle?"

"You are, O mighty lion," answered the tiger.

The lion then grabbed a bear and asked, "Who is boss of the jungle?"

"You are, O mighty lion," answered the bear.

Next the lion met an elephant and asked, "Who is boss of the jungle?" The elephant grabbed him with his trunk, whirled him around and threw him up against a tree, leaving him bleeding and broken. The lion got up feebly and said, "Just because you don't know the answer is no reason for you to get so rough."



Do you ever put on rayon scanties
When they crackle electric chanties?
Don't worry, my dear,
The reason is clear,
You simply have amps in your panties.



"I'm a model and the artist I pose in the nude for does painting, etching and sculpturing."

"But doesn't he do one thing better than anything else?"

"Yes . . . but he's pretty good at painting, etching and sculpturing."



The young man entered to bar and, sitting at the bar, slowly began weaving his head back and forth and mumbled "tick . . . tock . . . tick . . . tock . . ."

Although the bartender had seen much in his day, he was curious and finally asked, "Okay, what are you?"

"Can't you tell?" answered the drunk. "I'm a clock."

"If you're a clock," asked the barkeep, "what time is it?"

"It's six-thirty."

"That's where you're wrong," answered the bartender, looking at his watch. "It's seven o'clock."

"Gee whiz," was the reply. "I must be slow. Ticktockticktocicktocicktoc."



"I don't like Bartok."

Once there were two little worms. One was naughty and the other was good. The first was lazy and improvident and always stayed in bed late. The other was always up early and about his business.

The early bird got the early worm, and a fisherman with a flashlight got the night-crawler.

Moral: You can't win.



After a tough fight, the bomber was approaching its base. Just as the pilot, over the intercom, was giving the crew landing instructions, the engineer, in an agitated tone, cut in:

"Sir, we're very low on fuel. And I've just discovered our landing gear has been shot away. What'll we do?"

The pilot thought a moment, then shouted back: "All right you guys. We're almost out of gas and we've lost our landing gear. So you'd better stick your feet out of the bombbay and start running like Hell."

Little Susan had a burning ambition to be a doctor, but she was only five, so her dolls were her chief patients. Occasionally, however, she received an imaginary call to attend someone in the neighborhood. One day she rushed out on one of these calls, forgetting to close the door.

"Susan," her mother cried. "Come back and close the door!" But Susan paid no attention. When her father sternly repeated the command, Susan reluctantly retraced her steps and loudly slammed the door shut. Then she continued on her way.

After a while she returned to the house. "And how is your patient getting along?" Susan's mother asked indulgently.

"She died," the little doctor replied, still angry. "Died while I was closing that damn door!"

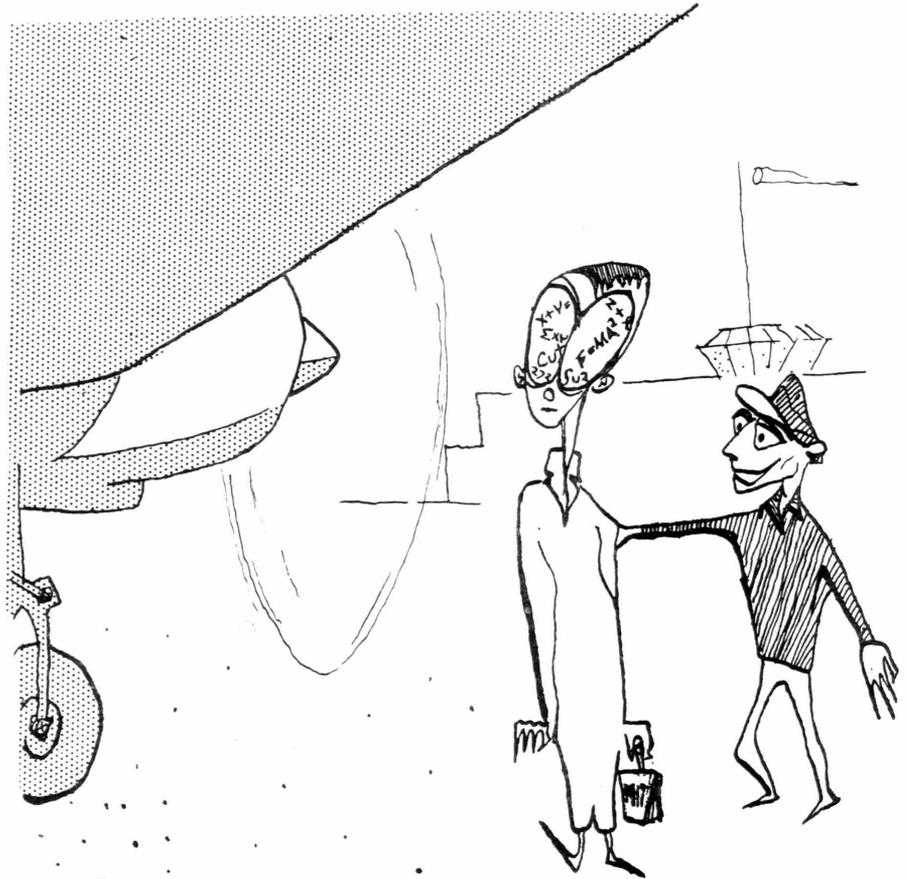


And when you get through with that cigarette, wipe the ashes off your teeth.



A bricklayer fell off a building and was killed. His wife immediately collected his life insurance and other benefits from the builders. The next day the siege began. There were lawyers, relatives, income tax collectors, salesmen, beggars, and more relatives trying to get a share of the inheritance. After a few weeks of this her son told her, "Ma, you're looking tired. You should get some rest."

"Son, this is wearing me down so much that sometimes I wish your father hadn't fallen off that building."



"But sir, if you'll only step this way . . . the plane . . ."

Locam

A man and his wife were suffering from seasickness, while their young son seemed to be enjoying the situation. Finally the mother mustered courage and voice enough to say:

"John, I wish you would talk to Willie."

The father, unable to lift his head, said feebly: "Hello, Willie."



"Do you mean to tell me," said the judge, "that you murdered your own grandmother for a paltry three dollars?"

"Well, judge, you know how it is. Three bucks here, three bucks there—it adds up."

She's only an aspirin marker's daughter but boy you should see her bayer.



She was buying luggage for her husband. She kept coming back to a case made of alligator hide. Finally, she said for the third time, "Are you quite sure this is alligator skin?"

"Positive," asserted the salesman. "In fact, I shot the alligator myself."

"The leather seems rather scuffed up on this side."

"That," the exasperated salesman blurted, "is where it struck the rock when it fell out of the tree."

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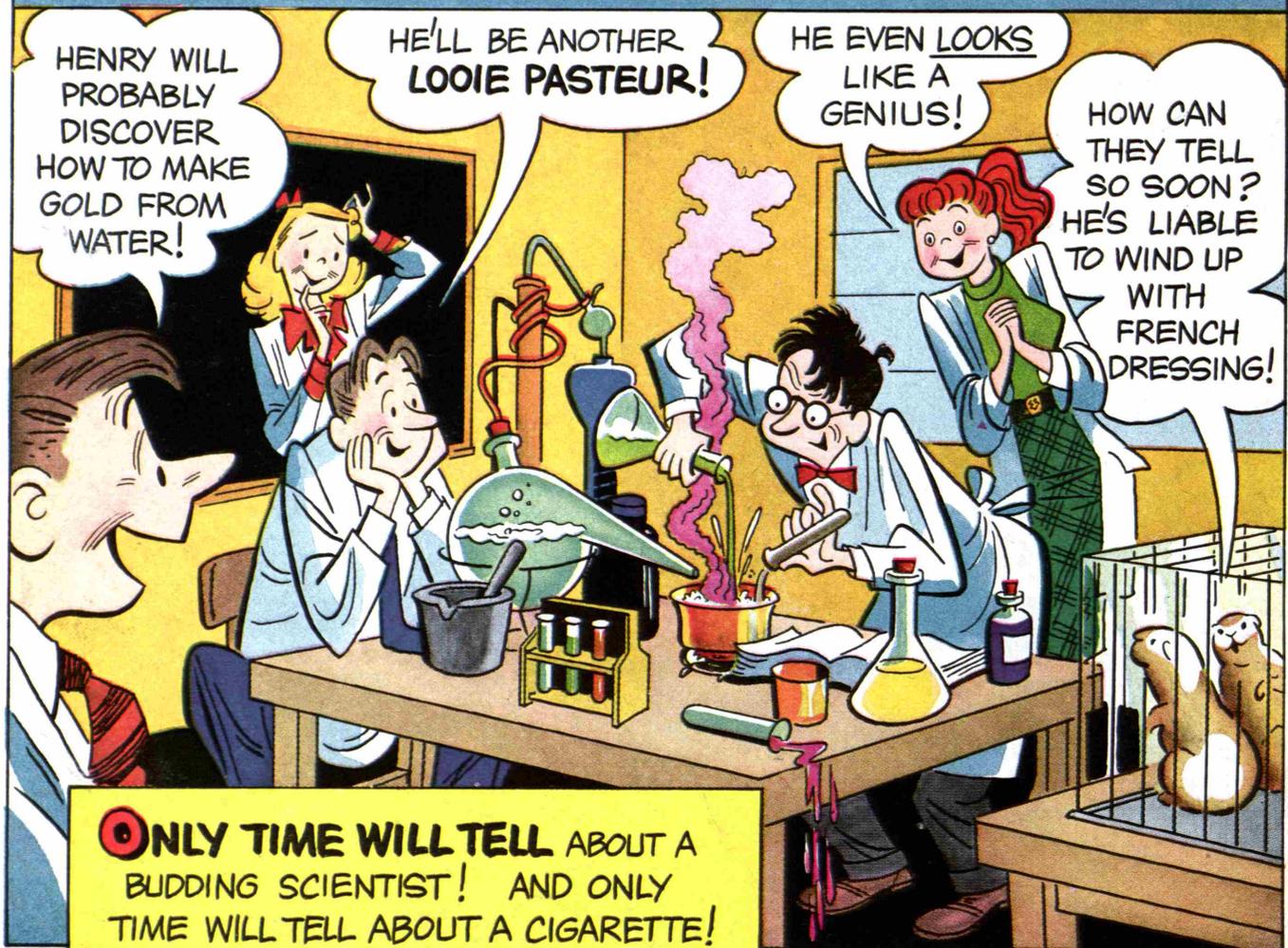
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