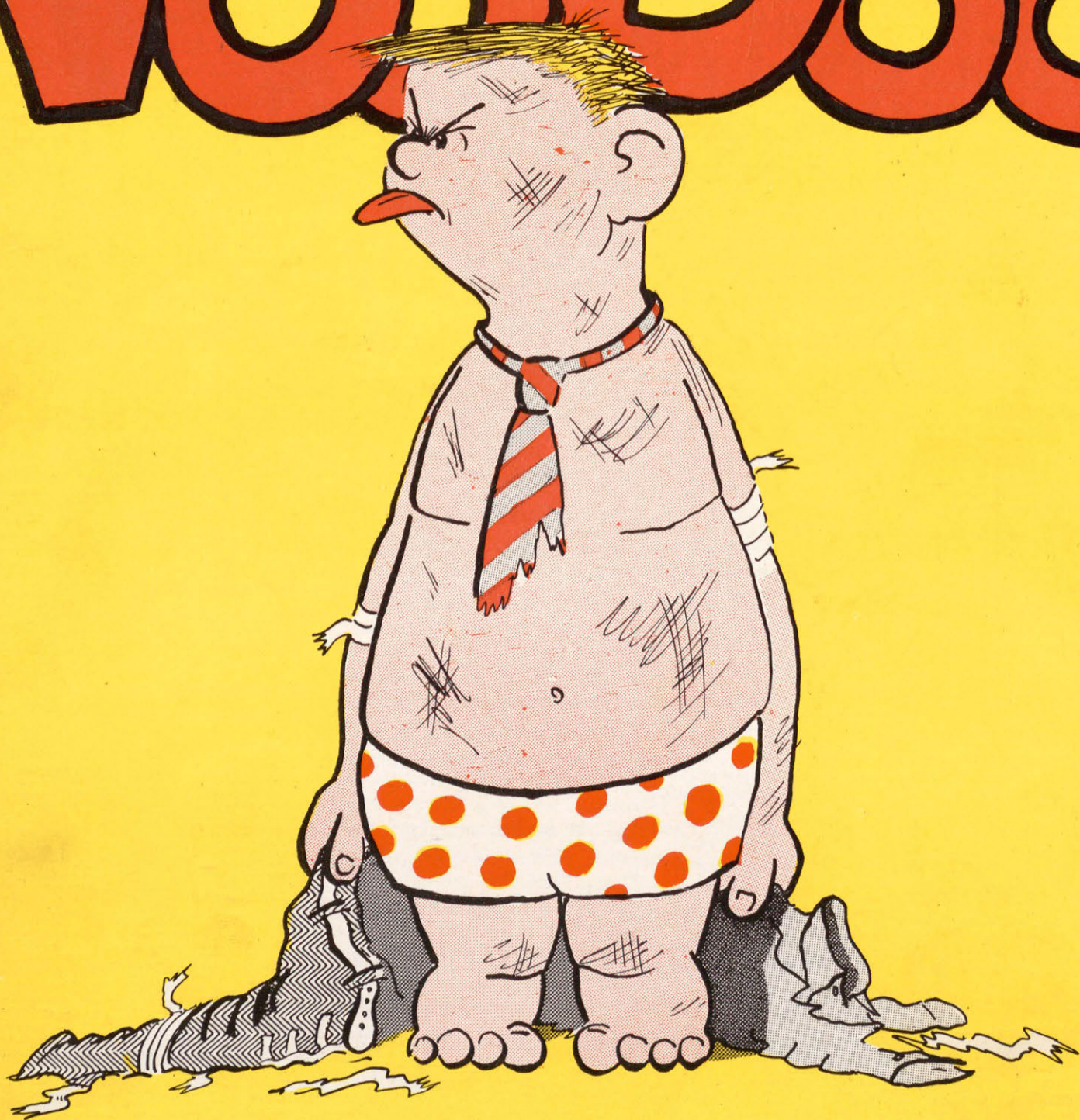


Voodoo



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Put your head in the middle of a scrimmage line and you'll *know* why football players wear helmets. They've got rules, of course, which say you wear helmets whether you want to or not, but there was probably never such an unnecessary rule in the world. Your head is something you want to protect, rules or no rules.

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Phosphorus

It is the custom of college humor magazines to start the year off with a jolly editorial welcome to all the freshmen, describing the joys of college life lurking ahead. No such tripe from us. No T.C.A. Handbook. Looking down from our heights of adolescent disenchantment we sneer at impartially at freshmen, college life in general, and the institute in particular. This is to notify the young innocents entering the hallowed halls of hydrogen sulfide not to expect four years of collegiate bliss shared equally with a log log duplex decitrig and a Wellesley girl. Forget your illusions (and the Wellesley girl) my young lambs, yours will be a happier life without them.

Passing on from this note of general surliness, we have a more specific point to belabor. The Institute, moving in its deft, elephantlike manner, is considering abolishing Field Day. We would hate to see this happen, if we may voice a small but vehement opinion. It is hard, of course, to defend an affair such as this without being typed as the eternal sophomore. It is also hard to say just what we see in Field Day. It is certainly not "shoe." Neither is it conspicuously mature or rational, as would befit "a place for men to study, not a place for boys to play." But it seems to us an ideal outlet for whatever playful or violent impulses managed to survive forty hours a week of being beaten over the head with a Burrington. We do not want to turn Tech into the football college popular with so many young American idiots. But it seems that the Institute, which has such a dim opinion of riots, would want to keep at least the glove fight, thereby sublimating some of the Fall and Winter riot urge. It could be of course that we are just morons enough to enjoy going out and being beaten to a pulp for a five-fingered hunk of cloth, and frankly thats probably right. We should hate to see it go the way of Tech's-a-Poppin', however. Dirty our bucks and call us Joe College—we like it.—R. B. R.

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Doing the Town

The time has come, in the over-quoted words of the Walrus, to talk of many things. The question is of what things? By this time all the freshmen have no doubt had a surfeit of advice on where to eat and where to go in Boston. These same freshmen are probably the only people who read this column at all, as by the end of one year the readers have abandoned the hope that the make-up editor has gotten drunk (which invariably happens) and has slipped a filthy joke (which we just as invariably catch at the printers) into the middle of Doing The Town. It does strike me, however, that most of the advice one reads is monotonously the same. For eating one is always told about Jake Wirth's, Durgin-Park, and Locke-Ober's. This last name, incidentally, is always followed by some remark such as "Take your parents", which is a coy way of telling you that the prices are astronomical. Just what else to mention to the freshman is a problem, though. I have been advised to list all the safer Boston brothels, but unfortunately I do not seem to know any—safe or otherwise. (Come now, you are just being modest, boy.) So the rest of the column will consist of more or less random suggestions.

If any of you still think it is beach-party weather, there is an ideal spot about an hour's drive north of Boston. Its name is Plum Island, and in my opinion it is far superior to Crane's Beach, which is inevitably mobbed on a good weekend. Drive up Route 1, and take the Plum Island turnoff (it's a damn small sign) just this side

of Newburyport. The northern half of the island is a typically shabby New England seaside resort. The cottages vie with one another for a three-foot stretch of ocean view, and for the dubious distinction of having the most nauseating cute name. "Dun-roamin" and "Cumsumoar" are merely mediocre. The southern part, however, is a wild-life sanctuary, and consists of several miles of practically deserted beaches and dunes, good for almost any activity you can imagine.

For those items that you cannot get at the Coop, try the main store at Harvard Square. This is really a small department store, and has almost everything from an optometrist to window curtains. Your Tech Coop card will of course get you the usual discount. The Harvard Square Coop also has the inestimable advantage of being open on Saturdays until noon.

If you are interested in real, honest - to - goodness Joe - College type clothes (Mother, you shined my bucks), Harvard Square is the place to shop. It abounds in clothing stores, almost all fairly reliable. Some, such as J. Press, equal or surpass in quality, service, and prices the bigger national names such as Brooks Brothers and Rogers Peet. Others are less expensive but quite good. All in all, you cannot go far wrong.

Another store to keep in mind is Stop and Shop, the vast super-market up the river on Memorial Drive. It is probably the most convenient place in town to cash a check. Their check-cashing service is open until nine at night, as is the rest of the store, and will cash

personal checks up to \$25 on just your registration card.

For the entertainment side that is not listed in any of the TCA guide books, I recommend the Half-Dollar Bar or the Novelty Bar. The Half-Dollar Bar is located at the north end of Scollay Square, and serves the biggest, cheapest glass of brew in town. Fourteen ounces for a dime, I believe, and your choice of ale, beer, or porter. The hard liquor ranges from cheap blended whiskey to imported cognac. A shot of the best whiskey in the house goes for about forty cents. The clientele consists largely of bums or semi-bums, who sit enthralled by the omnipresent television set. The place seems spotlessly clean, however, which is more than we can say for some of the tonier cocktail lounges in town, and serves cheap sandwiches. If drinking, pure and simple, is your meat, this is for you. Be sure that you can prove that you are twenty-one.

The Novelty Bar, at the corner of Washington and Avery streets, is a great favorite with sailors. This is probably because of the women, who are abundant, approachable, and amenable. Leave your bucks and slide-rule at home, for college students are not exactly welcome. Uniform of the day seems to be work clothes or warm-up jackets for the males and tight blouses and black slacks for the females. Don't say VOO DOO sent you either.

A few words about a couple of the better restaurants, picked more or less at random. Newbury's Steak Houses are located at 279A Newbury and 94 Massachusetts Avenue, both in Boston. They serve the biggest steak buy in town. You can choose your own size and pay accordingly. Excellent green salad, too. LaDuchesse Anne is a French restaurant at 224 Newbury Street. The food is fine, and is prepared with loving care. The prices are fairly moderate. In good weather you eat in the garden out back, which is very attractive. If you are Hell-bent on a sophisticated seduction, this would be a most suitable prelude.

If all this is too esoteric for you, you might try the Old Howard.

R. B. R.

A lady went to a clinic for a thorough examination. One physician examined her eyes; another her throat; a third her respiratory system; a fourth X-rayed her. This went on for several days until she had run the gamut of fourteen specialists.

On the fourth day a little man came into the room loaded down with a bucket of water, some rags, a mop, some brushes and some soap. "What are you going to do?" she asked the man feebly.

The little man smiled at her and said, "I'm going to clean your transom."

Just after Luke was admitted to the hospital, he heard a knock on the door of his room. He called out for whoever it was to come in, and in comes a snappy little woman.

"I'm your doctor," she said to Luke. "Take your clothes off, please."

Luke asked her if she meant all of them and she told him that's just what she did mean.

So he took off all his clothes and she examined him; nose, throat, chest, stomach, thighs, feet. When she got through she announced, "You may get into bed. Do you have any questions?"

"Just one," said Luke. "Why did you knock?"



The young husband drove up to the maternity sanitarium, put his arms around his wife and tenderly asked, "Honey, are you sure you want to go through with this?"



A little ant was racing around and 'round a medium sized cracker box. His pal, another ant, observing the first ant in question, couldn't understand what the furious hurry was. So, he asked his running friend, "Just what's your hurry, pal?" The first ant replied, "Well, there's a sign here that says, 'Tear along the dotted line'."

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The most devastating squelch story we have come upon in some time concerns a young couple who broke up at the girl's insistence only three weeks before their engagement was to be announced. They had been very close for a long time, so close that he owed her a considerable sum of money. Accordingly, he visited her to repay the debt. She was very friendly, even affectionate to him on this occasion. While he perceived that she regretted their separation and sought to remedy it, he was firmly opposed to a reconciliation.

"I've come to return the money I borrowed," he said.

"Oh, that's not necessary," she bubbled. "I don't need it. You could have returned it any old time." She fawned over him. "Didn't you have a dreadful time raising the money?"

"Well," he said, "I had to hock the engagement ring, if that's what you mean."

In view of the mechanical per-versities and chemical uncertainties of V-2 rockets and their ilk, it is not surprising that a test engineer at White Sands should remark

that rocketry development is carried on by the method of "trial and terror."

Oliver Heaviside, the great nineteenth century scientist, is remembered today chiefly for his contention that mathematicians care more for system, rigidity, and order than for common sense. An incident has come to our attention that would perhaps give credence to his indictment. The Mathematics Department at the Institute, in an heroic attempt to catch up on its records and files, is requiring all fourth-year students to petition for permission to take their second and third year electives. We can not help but wonder what would happen if some of these petitions were to be refused.

An announcement in the "Reader's Digest" quotes a high school teacher as writing of what a comfort it is to have the Educational Edition of the Digest to assist her in enlightening her tenth-grade

students. Aside from some idle speculation as to the extent and direction of the changes made to adjust the Digest to the tenth-grade level, we were led by the announcement to reflect upon our own high school days. Our reaction to reading matter of any sort imposed on us by high school teachers was one of intense and seemingly permanent aversion. Assuming that the reactions of the current crop of high school ingesters of the Digest (there are half a million of them, the Digest volunteers) is similar to ours, we conclude that we must add our own blessing of this educational service to that of the almost hysterically relieved schoolmarm.

This brings to mind the lament of many college students that revised editions of textbooks appear so frequently that they are not books at all, but periodicals. We hope that the pros do not become seriously taken with the idea of publishing text magazines on a monthly basis at a subscription rate of twenty dollars a term. If they do, our first bit of business will be a change of address.

A henpecked husband begged off one evening to go to a stag party. There would be only men there, he pleaded, so his wife needn't be jealous. But to his horror, when he arrived he found four naked women dancing. He called up his wife immediately. "Unintentionally, dearest, I told you a lie," he said. "I thought there would be only men here, but now naked girls are dancing about. What shall I do?"

"If you think you can do anything, come right home," said his wife.



A cat was seen running wildly down alleys, up fire escapes, down cellars and what not. A neighbor knew whose cat it was and reported it. "Your cat is running around like mad." "I know," came the reply. "He's just been sterilized and he's rushing around cancelling engagements."



Harold Jonsen, not feeling quite up to the mark, asked his druggist for a prescription. The druggist prepared a small box of pills and handed these to Harold with the remark: "Take these."

Harold came in the next day and said he felt no better.

The druggist asked, "Did you take those pills?"

"Yes, I swallowed it."

"Swallowed what?" asked the druggist.

"The box," said Harold.

"You swallowed box and all?" asked the amazed druggist.

"Sure," said Harold. "Didn't you tell me to?"

The druggist leaned over the counter shaking his finger. "You just wait," he said, "until the lid comes off that box!"

A group of Scotchmen dressed in traditional kilts, were part of a parade that was temporarily held up because of traffic. A woman standing on the curb spoke to one of the costumed paraders, saying, "Excuse me for being curious, but I've always wondered what you wore under those short kilts."

The Scotchman looked at her for a moment with cocked eyebrow and answered, "I'm a man of few words. Give me your hand."



A king, who had three daughters for marriage, made the statement that any prince in the kingdom who could pass certain tests could marry his choice of the three. One of the daughters was a blonde, one a brunette, and one a red-head. All the princes in the kingdom tried to pass the tests and failed. One day Prince Charming came up on his white charger and said to the king, "I understand you have three daughters for marriage."

And the king said, "Yes, if you pass certain tests."

So the king explained the tests to him and Prince Charming went forth into the world. A year later, he came back and told the king of all the dragons he had slain, of all the fair maidens he had rescued, and of all the battles he had fought.

The king said, "Son, you may have your choice of my daughters for marriage. Which do you choose?"

He chose the king because this is really a fairy tale.



The young thing was sitting on her front porch knitting some tiny garments. And her mother said to a neighbor: "I'm glad to see that she has taken an interest in something other than running around with boys."

WHOLESALE

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WITH A PEA-SHOOTER AT THE OLD HOWARD

By Harold Kaplan

As we went up the stairs from the ticket window, I asked Boever, "Why the pea-shooter?"

"I'm testing a theory of mine," he said; "it's the idea that any kind of a show is directed by just one man, and folds right up if he quits directing."

"You mean like a orchestra conductor?"

"That's one of the simpler examples, yeah, but it's not always that easy, now ferinstance who would you say directs a marching band?"

"The majorette."

"No," he said looking around for a good seat, "some bands do without. It's the first snare drummer, on account of he sets the beat. I hit one with my pea-shooter once and the band stopped cold."

We took a pair of seats in the center and watched the end of the re-released old gangster picture. Louie Kezzo, former king of the Chicago slot machines, his feet in a block of cement, was just being dumped into Lake Michigan by the gang of Phil Catters, the new king.

"Now you take movies," said Boever, "they're generally directed from the left side of the camera by the director, not by the cameraman."

"Did you test a movie with the pea-shooter?"

"The essence of science is experiment," he said smugly; "Let's watch the movie."

When the movie finally ended on a shot of Phil Catters writhing in the gas chamber, Boever took out his pea shooter and a handful of dried peas.

"Now," he said, "we'll find out who it is directs a burley."

"Can't you tell right off?"

"Nah, like I said, it's not always easy. I used to think the prompter directed an opera. He does a play."

"Who is it then?"

"It's the orchestra conductor in the pit."

"How about . . ." I began, but then an idiot in a red mustache came around trying to sell us uncensored copies of the latest *Journal of the Howard Athenaeum*. I bought a copy, but Boever said, "The hell with pictures; the real thing comes on in a minute."

Finally the musicians got settled in the pit, the

fiddler tapped his bow twice on the piano, and they all jumped into a lively curtain raiser.

"It's the fiddler," I said.

"We'll see," said Boever. Taking careful aim he hit the fiddler square on the back of the neck. But during the time it took the man to reach down and pick up his fiddle, the rest of the band went on as if nothing had happened.

"My error," Boever sighed.

By this time the curtain had parted on a pair of bums who began telling each other dirty jokes, and the band settled down to occasional deutches and flourishes.

"Maybe it's one of the other musicians," I suggested.

In succession Boever let fly at the first trumpeter, the sax player, the pianist, and the drummer. In every case the man dropped his instrument and swore



in sign language, but the show and dirty joke sequences went on regardless.

"It must be one of the comedians that sets the pace," Boever explained.

"It sure looks that way."

First he shot a pea at the short, fat comedian and got him in the face. The poor fool stopped right in the middle of a punch line and his partner had to cover up for him.

"Now the other," said Boever. Aiming carefully, he struck the tall, thin comedian on the adam's apple. The man grasped his throat with both hands, and then lost his balance and fell stiffly to the stage floor. His partner at once chimed in with a nasty remark about the early symptoms of syphilis, introducing a new joke sequence.

"It's not either of them," I said admiringly, "but someone sure knows how to keep the show going."

"Say!" Boever yelled, "Is that the electrician near those switches at the side of the stage?"

"Shoot him," I suggested.

It was a difficult shot, but Boever got him. At once the lights doubled their power, but the band and comedians went on as if they didn't notice.

By the time the lights came back down, the two bums had vanished, to be replaced by the ladies of the Old Howard chorus line.

Boever looked puzzled.

"It can't be one of *them* because they weren't even around till now. And I've tried everybody else."

"Here give me that," I demanded, as I took the tube and some peas from him.

It took me a few shots to get used to the pea-shooter, and then I systematically hit every lady in succession from left to right. Each one gave a little screech and jumped a foot into the air as she was hit, to the great delight of five sailors sitting in front, who cheered loudly each time. Nevertheless, the show as a whole never hesitated for a moment.

"I think you guessed wrong, Boever," I chuckled.

He was thinking too hard to answer. He gloomed all through the rest of the act.

At last the ladies tripped off into the wings, and the sax player, microphone in hand, announced, "The Star of our Show, Miss Tulipe Noire!"

"You already hit *him*," I mumbled.

"It's not him, it's *her*, the *star*," said Boever excitedly; "just you wait till she comes on stage."

The band switched into a rhythmic, jerky tune and Miss Tulipe Noire, encased in a dress fashionable in the court of Louis Quinz, shuffled on stage, dancing mostly with the middle part of her body.

"Aren't you gonna shoot at her?" I asked Boever.

"Not till some of those clothes come off I'm not. More fun then."

Hardly had he spoken, when the idiot in the red mustache came around again, this time with a box of ice-cream sandwiches. Seeing as how Boever wouldn't be using the pea shooter for a while yet, I took careful aim and got the idiot directly in his mouth, which was open.

With a choked cry he dropped the box of ice-cream sandwiches; the band stopped in mid-beat; Miss Tulipe Noire, looking dazed, accidentally pulled a catch on her shoulder and all her clothes dropped off at once, piling up around her ankles; she tripped on them and fell flat on her face; this was the signal for the back-drop to come loose and hang by one corner; a curtain bearing the word "ASBESTOS" in three-foot block capitals crashed across the front of the stage; and before the echo could die away, all the lights went out.

And then there was the new bride who brushed her teeth with Preceptin.



"Let's end the feud,"
Said Doctor Freud.
"Spell it cellulud
(pronounced celluloid)."



The little darling wanted very much to wear her mother's girdle—but she didn't have the guts.

Some of the girls were seated on the porch of the club-house at the golf course. Somehow, the locker room door was partly open and the girls could not help but notice a nude man whose head and shoulders were covered by a bath towel.

After studying the body, so to speak, one of the girls reported that it was not her husband. A second girl gazed at the man and said, "No, it isn't my husband." Then a third girl, who was a life-of-the-party type, shifted her chair, peered intently at the masculine torso and blurted, "Why, he isn't even a member of the club!"

"YOU SENT THEM UP"



Ex-convicts recently released from prison meet the people who sent them up. All shake hands and cry a little.

Quo Video

In view of the current success on television of the so-called "panel shows", the editors of VOO DOO suggest a few additions for the improvement of the breed.

"WAITING AT THE CHURCH"



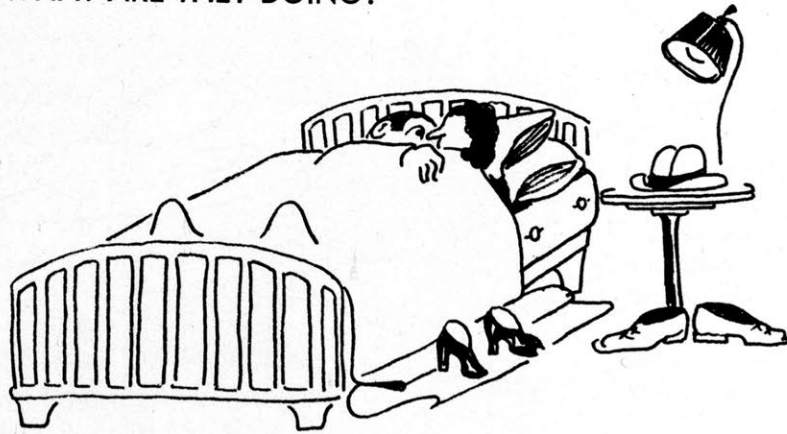
Jilted brides and rejected suitors describe how their love affairs collapsed. Most heartbreaking tale wins the unhappy boy or girl dinner at the Stork Club with a famous Hollywood star and a two week vacation to Niagara Falls.

"WHY WAS I FIRED?"



Former government employees seek advice of certain U. S. Senator as to why they lost their jobs.

"WHAT ARE THEY DOING?"



Candid movies of ordinary people doing everyday things. Contestant who gives most interesting interpretation wins big prize.

"HIT THE SKIDS"



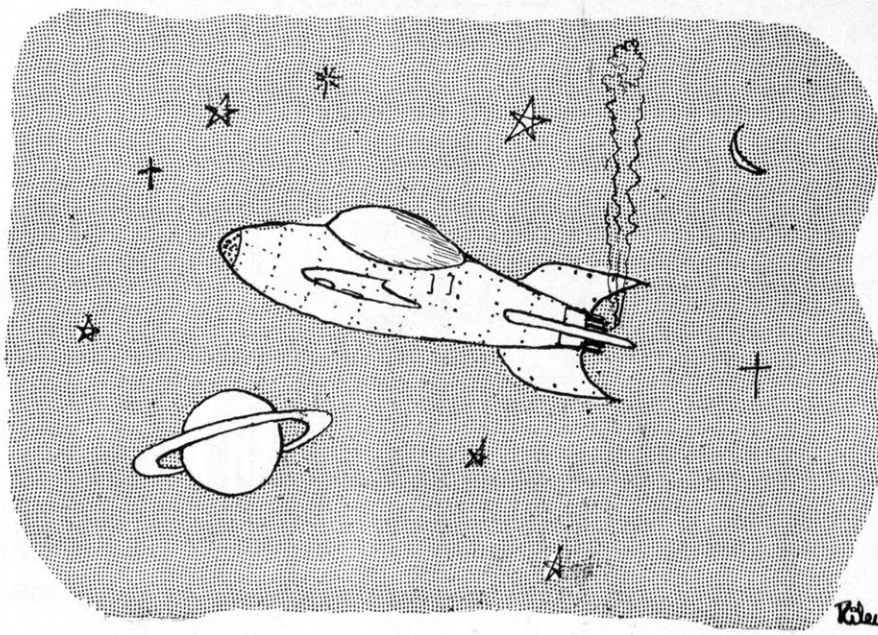
Bums are gathered from the Bowery and brought before the cameras. Each derelict tells the story of his downfall. Bum who has fallen lowest wins prize.

"SHARE THE GRIEF"



Each week the camera takes you to a new and different funeral.

An elderly couple had been married sixty years. The husband was asked if they ever had any quarrels during that time. His reply was no. He was then asked the secret of such a happy marriage. This was his answer. "Right after we were married we went to the mountains for our honeymoon. We went horseback riding. On the way up to the top of the mountain her horse stumbled, I looked at the horse and said 'That's once.' We continued on our way and her horse stumbled again. I looked at her horse and said 'that's twice.' We continued on our way and her horse stumbled again. I looked at her horse and said 'that's three times.' I then got off my horse and walked to her's and shot the horse. I put my wife on my horse, I got on, and we started on up the mountain. She began to chew me out for shooting the poor horse. I listened carefully until she had finished and then I turned to her and said, 'That's once'."



"Well, baby, looks like we're out of triethyl benzyl dichlorate."

"My love," said the beaver, passionately, "come and live with me in my newly built house in the stream."

For a moment the beaver maid was silent, then coyly slapping her tail on the bank she whispered: "Then you do give a dam for me, after all?"



In Oklahoma a Townsend enthusiast was trying to explain the plan to an old Indian woman, saying that when she was old, she would get 60 bucks a month.

"Listen, mister," was her sage reply, "when I get old, one buck a month is enough for me."



Two cool cats in L. A. decided to go home to New York. Accordingly they loaded their bags into a taxicab. "Get in, man," said one.

"Naw, you get in first."

"Why, Dad?"

"Pops, you know I live at 37th Street."

An Australian sheep farmer, having drawn a huge wool check, bought a Rolls-Royce. When he brought it back for servicing, the salesman asked if he was satisfied.

"Oh, yes," said the farmer. "I specially like that glass partition between the front seat and the back."

"Why?" asked the salesman.

"Keeps the sheep in the back seat," answered the farmer.



Did you get that fur coat to keep you warm or quiet.



Paul Bunyan was a mighty man
A lumberman
was he.

All very well, say you to me,
But only God can make
a tree.



An American engineer was being shown through the Moscow subway by his official Red Army guide.

"This is a remarkably well-designed subway," he said, "but why aren't there any trains running?"

Replied the Russian: "And what about the lynchings in the South?"



Wife modeling new suit: "If you remove the bodice from this you have a play suit. If you remove the skirt you have a sun-suit."

Husband: "And if you remove anything else you have a law suit."



When a certain well-known artist arrived at his studio the other day, his model, who had been posing for his unfinished study of a nude, started toward the screen to disrobe. "Don't undress," the artist told her. "I shan't be painting today. I have a bad headache, and I'm just going to make myself a cup of tea and go home."

"Oh, please let me make it for you," the model said. The artist thanked her and told her to make one for herself, too. Just as they began to drink, however, the artist heard familiar footsteps in the hall.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Here comes my wife! Get those clothes off—quick!"



Doctor: "I want to make a change in the death certificate of Mr. Smith."

City Clerk: "Why? Something wrong?"

Doctor: "I signed my name on the line marked 'Cause of Death'."

City

A voice cries out in darkness . . .

Reechoes and rebounds

Along deserted canyons

Across the empty wasteland

And then is gone.

A voice cries out in darkness

Volcano

Twice a year he laughs, they say,

Twice a year.

See him

Quietly reposing on that little island.

Alone, no one wants him for a neighbor.

True, the soil is the finest there

See how thick the jungle grows,

But twice a year, he laughs,

And from his mouth

Comes fire, and ashes,

Molten rock;

The earth around heaves

And breaks

Resounding to the fury of his mirth,

And few survive when he is laughing,

And twice a year, he laughs.

Malcolm Singerman

"g" JUST AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Dave Kessel

*Once again we bring our faithful readers a new story, culled from the unforgettable pages of "Damned Near Unbelievable Stories", and written in the immeasurable style of Puree O'Builionne, author of the controversial novel *Highways and Byways of Jupiter*.

Dr. Grilch studied the complex maze of wiring on the ceiling for the mth time. Someday I must wire in those fluorescent lights correctly, he thought. Suddenly a guard appeared in the doorway.

—Follow me at once. Grilch followed; his Army, Navy, AEC, FBI, and SOL passes clenched in his hand. He stepped inside the conference room.

—At last, said Crumfson. We can proceed, now that the greatest adjustment factor correlator of them all has arrived. Grilch sat down quietly.

—We are all here at last, said Ramsbottom. I shall get to the point. Yesterday I came across the most startling phenomena yet to greet my tired old eyes. You gentlemen have been hastily assembled in this conference room. You, who represent the greatest accumulation of brains since the last MIT-Harvard crew race. You who represent the hopes and prayers of a generation beset with technological problems too vast for a single—

—Get to the point, said General Grimshaw.

—I was. Gentlemen, yesterday, to put it bluntly, a nine year old student in one of my mathematics classes, which I teach on the side to supplement my paltry salary as professor of quasi-stable side reactions at Midwest Tech, said to me in a guarded communication that he had perfected a means of neutralizing gravity.

—What! said fourteen voices speaking all at once representing the greatest accumulation of scientific knowledge under one roof since the last midnight show at Club 38.61.

—Indeed, said Ramsbottom. Unfortunately during a demonstration the child fell from a height of $X-4N$ feet and was killed.

—Drat this infernal secrecy, mumbled Grilch.

—Have you thought of the ramifications of this? asked Crabwell. The law of counter current current counters will fall. The second law of thermodynamics will fall; the principle of maximum vexation will fall.

—True, said Ramsbottom. Yet it is up to us to duplicate this great work. Even now the body of

young Roscoe lies in state at the state house. The free world depends on your haste in discovering his secret.

The meeting broke up in maximum confusion. Each man retired to his laboratory to attack the problem. At the research division of the Northwest Institute of Unclassified Research, Dr. Astro and his research team were busy with the problems of basic research.

—Gentlemen, said the good professor as they gathered about their afternoon tea, I have recently come up with incontestable evidence that Einstein was talking through his hat when he proposed the theory of vector addition of uncouth gradients. In fact, the entire concept of subterranean dash pots is now open to debate.

—I shall feed this into the computer, said J. V. Gniphong, chief computer feeder. The group watched eagerly. Slowly the giant computer rose into the air.

—Stop it, shouted Gniphong. It's going out that window.

—No matter, said Dr. Astro. Let it go. We have defeated the electromagnetic bloc. The space-time lobby is out. Back to work.

—Good heavens, gasped Fudd. The entire structure of theoretical physics is gone and the next generation will have a terrible time of it.

At the Southwest Institute of Internuclear Interloping, the faculty meeting was tense with excitement.

—I have here, said Oscar W. Quant, plans for a pocket sized device using A and B batteries and a tuning fork. Now that Northwest Tech has found the flaw in gravity we can begin production at once.

The vast institute slowly began to gear itself for the vast task. Students went to and fro with serious expressions on their otherwise cretinoid faces. Even the janitors seemed to sense that something was up. Something was up. The next day the secret was out. Everyone knew what was up. The Institute was up. Ten feet off the ground.

—The fools, roared General Grimshaw. They had too great a concentration of the damned things in one building. It just took off. Decentralization is the answer. We can't have too many of the antigravity kits in one building.

—Polyhedral Tech is beginning to loosen at the foundations, shouted Colonel Tensor. Get me the Octagon. We must decentralize at once.

—Keep your shirt on, said the General. I'm getting the papers together now. Just wait.

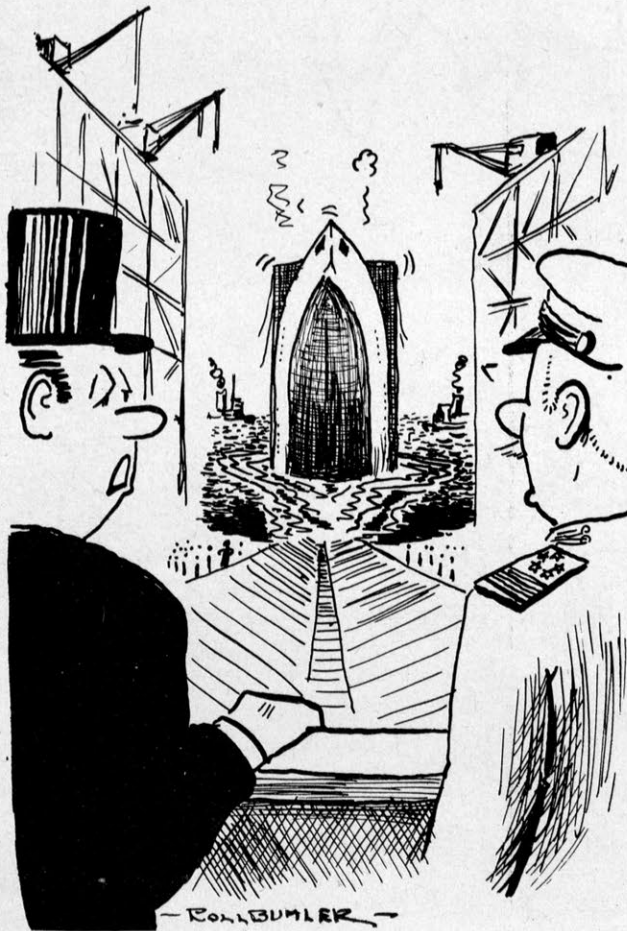
But it was already too late. By late afternoon every building in which the antigravity kits were being produced had floated out of sight.

—There goes the greatest accumulation of technological skill gathered under one roof since the last free night at Mrs. McMulligan's sobbed Dr. Grilch as he watched the last of Eastern Tech's buildings soar out of sight.

—Pity, moaned Courtney J. Bloat, father of the child-discoverer of the antigravity effect.

—There woes the future of the free world, said Grimshaw.

—Tough, sympathized Hamstrung, his aid.
Then everybody went home.



—COL. B. B. B.
“Just one of those things, I guess.”

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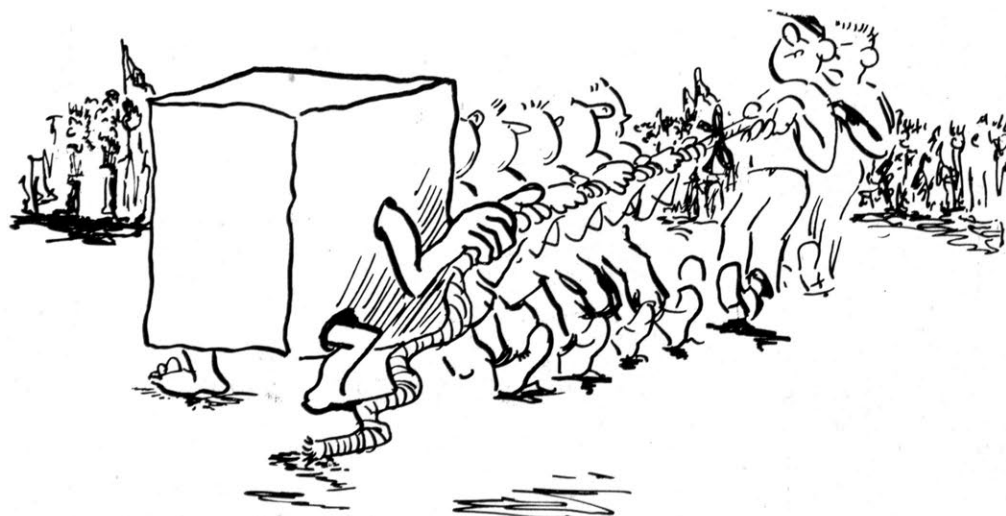
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ON '57

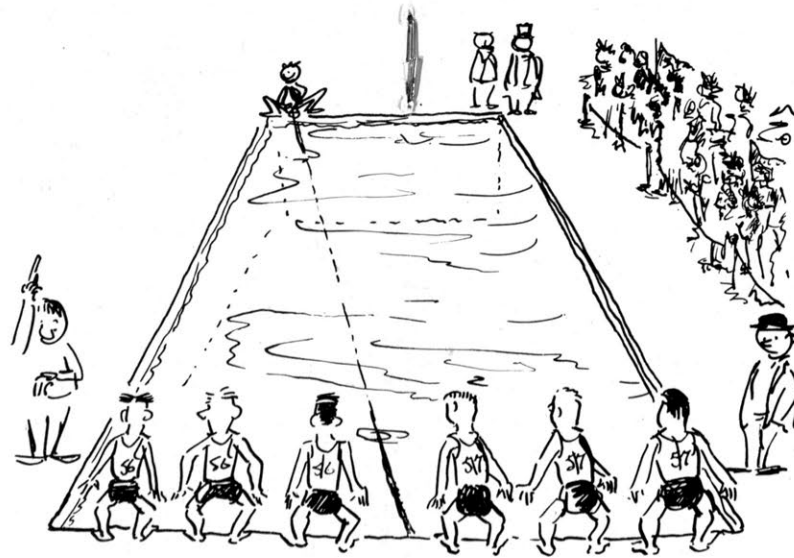
In the interests of fair competition and good sportsmanship, Voo Doo herewith presents a few tips to the Class of 1957 for their meeting with the more experienced Class of '56 in the mortal combat of Field Day.



A well placed dab of glue might help in the relay race.



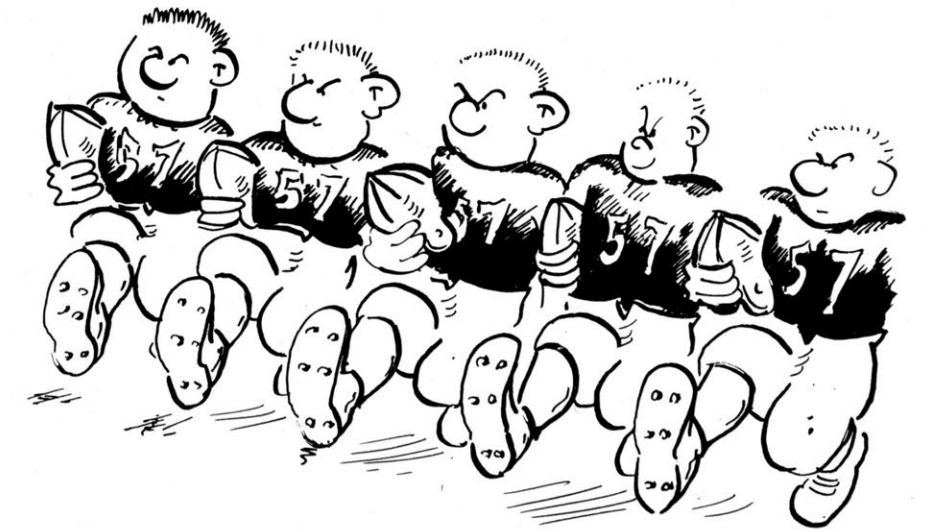
For the tug-o-war, a good anchor man is needed.



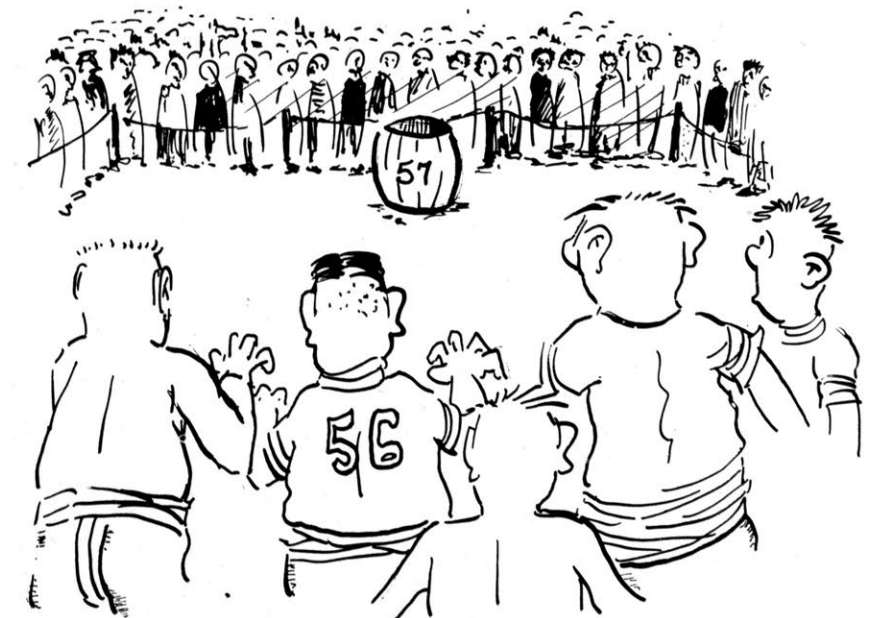
A little furtive manipulation beforehand could mean the difference in the swim meet.



Added incentive could win the crew race.



Some ingenious equipment can make for outstanding strategy in the football game.



Of course, for the glove fight really high-powered planning is required. Remember, the fewer the participants, the fewer gloves are lost.

A gourmet of our acquaintance treated his family to a Sunday dinner out. He had called the restaurant the day before and ordered a special duck.

So, when our friend ushered his family into the dining room, he beamed with a sense of well-being and importance. The waitress brought in the duck—a choice viand obviously cooked to perfection, to judge from its luscious, golden brown appearance.

But appearances were deceiving. The knife wouldn't cut it and the fork bent instead of puncturing it.

In disgust, he called the waitress. "Take this duck back and tell the chef where he can stick it."

She did as instructed and shortly returned.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "there are two chickens and a steak ahead of you."



Then there was the one about those two close pals, Pedro and Pancho. It seems that Pedro was getting married. So they had the usual beeg wedding feast, with much wine. Things were going fine, until Pedro missed his beautiful bride. Upon closer examination of the group, he found his pal, Pancho, was also among the missing. Naturally Pedro started searching the premises. Upon looking into the bridal chamber, he closed the door softly, and crept softly down the stairs to his guests, saying excitedly, "Queek, Queek, Everybody, come look . . . Pancho are so drunk, he thenk he are me."



"It is my considered opinion that a man of your age shouldn't marry a girl of 18," said the doctor to his ancient friend. "I can find nothing physically wrong, but I have the gravest reservations about your marital happiness, and hers."

"We've already set the date," replied the old gent, oblivious as hell.

"Do one thing for me: Be sure and take in a boarder." The venerable one promised he would and left the office. Some months later the doctor met him on the street. "You're looking awfully well. How's your wife?"

"She's pregnant."

"Splendid! I see you followed my advice about taking in a boarder."

"Yep, she's pregnant too."

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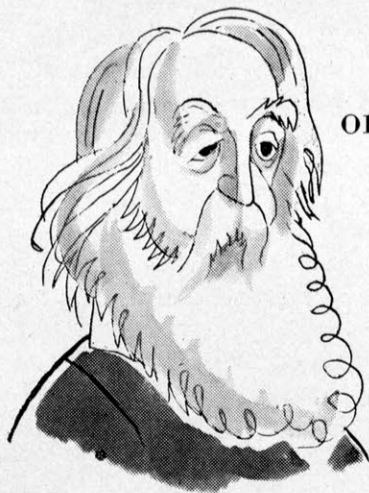
A Texas preacher was haranguing his congregation on the subject of sin. He grew more and more eloquent and finally shouted, "Is dey one single virgin in this congregation? If dey is let her stand up!" He then paused, nobody stood up. He was about to resume when he noticed a young woman standing in the rear of the church with a baby in her arms. "Scuse me, young lady, did you understand the question? I asked was dere a virgin in the house."

"Yes Sah," says the mother, "but you don't expect this 3 weeks old girl baby to stand by herself, does you?"



A cop discovered a very drunk drunk doing push-ups on the sidewalk. "What are you doing?" he demanded.

The drunk paused, grinned lasciviously and said, "You might say I was shadow-boxing."

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I am in love with it."

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A young man of about twenty-one came home one day with a big smile on his face. "Father," he said, "I am in love with the most wonderful, the most beautiful, the most—Dad, I'm going to get married."

"Who is the girl?" asked Dad.

"The girl? Why she is the most marvel—"

"Never mind showing off those adjectives you learned at college and tell me her name," said Pop quite vexed.

"Her name is Lily Diamond, and she is as pure as—"

"Lily Diamond," exclaimed the pater. "My God, this is terrible. My son, you can't marry that girl!"

"What do you mean, I can't marry Lily?"

"Listen my son, and you shall hear the sad story I have to tell you. You can't marry that girl because she's your half-sister. Take it like a man, my boy, and remember there are certain things a gentleman never repeats," and with this the old man left his son, crying alone in the room. The boy's mother walked in and upon seeing him crying, pried the entire story out of him.

"You have nothing to cry about," she said as she was trying to control herself from having another hysterical fit of laughter, "He ain't even your father."

BOP

GOES

THE



Now gather round and old Jazzbo will put down on one of the chilliest nursery rhymes you small cats and kittens has ever sat in on. Seems this old momma wasn't living it up the greatest and it made her blue. The tall, dark, and handsome Tom, Dick and Harrys just weren't around much anymore. Well, old momma is so blue she's ready to take the quick treatment, when who makes the scene but this Fairy Godmother chick. "What goes on?" says old momma. The fairy chick flashes her card and says:

"Momma, how would you like to pick up on the coolest arrangement since Bop broke out? What three wishes do you dig the most?"

"I want to look, feel, and operate like Marilyn Monroe."

The Fairy Chick waves that there baton and its been done, Mom, right now—there ain't no pause, but old Momma sure do look refreshed.

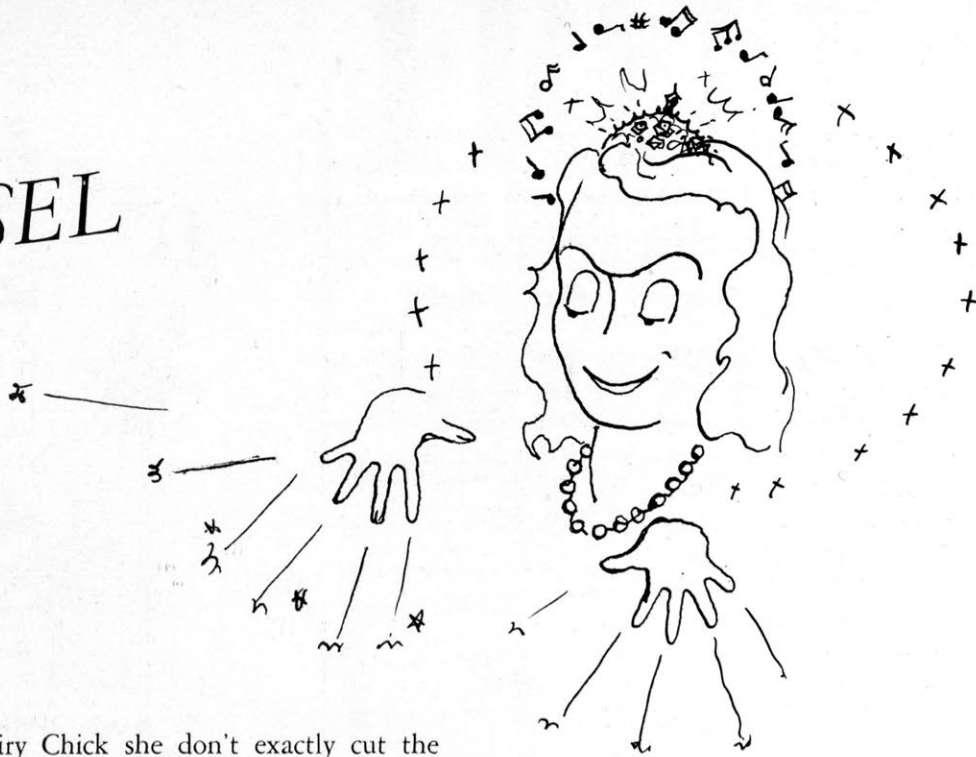
"Say, don't you have to sing some scat over that thing?" Momma wants to know.

"Negative. This is the new automatic model."

"Frantic!" Momma says. "Next I wants a sly pad where to have a ball."



WEASEL



Now this Fairy Chick she don't exactly cut the King's English, so she figures Momma is putting down on one of those big square sessions with a million cats in tuxedos and nightgowns and Guy Lombardo litterin' up the scene. She points her wiggle stick at this old stump outside the door of the hut and click! the joint is a country club nine miles long—complete with hot and cold running background music!

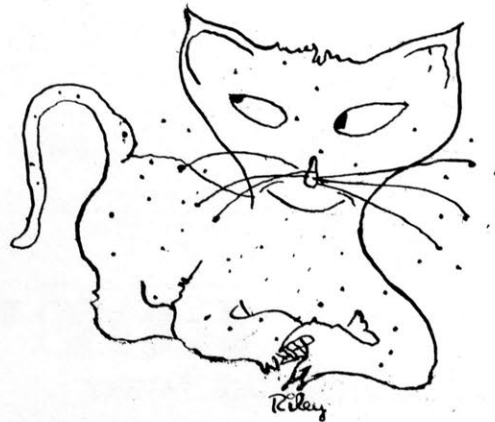
"Wild!" exclaims Momma. "Now build me a cool medley of Tyrone Power and Flip Phillips and have him bring his horn."

Now stay close, small ones, or this square talk may tilt you off the beat. The Fairy Chick waves the rod at this old cat relaxin' on the hearth. No—a pussy cat. I told you to play melody, man! Old tom cat he flees the scene and sitting in for him is the tallest, coolest, craziest cat that ever played tenor. The Fairy Chick figures her solo is over and cuts out.

Momma stands there breathin' hard while the cool cat plays "HH the M," and, man, the moon was real high—it was gone. Then Momma and the wild tenor stand there lookin' at each other for forty bars. Momma figures he's her main man and it checks out as a cool combo all around.

It looks like a real tailgate ending. But all of a sudden the cat gets all shook up. Momma's afraid he's about to flip it. Finally the reed gets organized enough to plant the clue. Brace yourself, kiddies, the blast is on the way. "This ain't exactly the swingingest, chick," he wails, "but I can't fight the fact that you took me to the vet's last Thursday."

—John I. Smith



A new inmate checked in at an insane asylum. Whereas most arrivals have a sullen, non-cooperative attitude, this fellow was all smiles. In fact, he was laughing uproariously.

"Nearest kin?" queried the examining physician.

"Twin brother," responded the other. "We were identical twins. Couldn't tell us apart. In school he'd throw spitballs and the teacher would blame me. Once he was arrested for speeding, but the judge fined me. I had a girl. He ran off with her."

"Then why are you laughing so much?"

"Cause last week I got even with him."

"What happened?"

"What happened? Why I died and they buried him."



She stepped out of the bathtub onto the bathroom scales. Hubby came in the back door and walked past the door. He observed what she was doing and inquired, "How many pounds this morning, darling?"

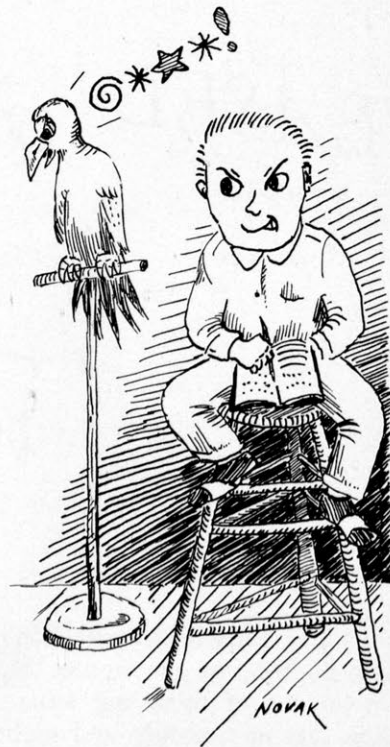
Without bothering to look around she answered: "Fifty, and be sure you don't leave the tongs on the back porch again."

An Englishman returned to his home from a trip to America and was telling his friends of odd American games. "And they have the queerest game in the movie house. I think they call it 'Oh Hell.' How to play it? Well, when you go in, they give you a card with a lot of numbers on it and during the intermission a man yells out a lot of numbers. Then someone yells "Bingo," and everyone else says, "Oh Hell."



A collegiate staggered into the Blue Danube one night and in a loud voice yelled, "When I drink, everybody drinks!" He summoned everyone to the bar—the musicians, hat-check girls, waiters, and guests. Everybody took a drink. When he finished his whisky, he yelled again, "When I take another drink, everybody takes another drink."

Once more everyone gathered around the bar. They even called in the taxi drivers, doormen, and a cop from the corner. When he finished that one the drunk took a dollar out of his pocket and slapped it on the bar. "When I pay," he screamed, "everybody pays!"



An American meets an elderly Britisher in a sporting club.

A: "Care for a game of checkers?"

B: "No. Tried it once, didn't like it."

A: "Care for a game of chess?"

B: "No. Tried it once, didn't like it."

A: "Care for a game of tennis?"

B: "No, but my son will play tennis with you."

A: "Your only child, I presume."

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To be too bold,
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Your hands are cold.
When you're about
To make a pass,
Don't be a lout,
Wear gloves, you ass.

The cause exact
Cannot be told.
'Twould not be tact
To speak so bold
Her face was flushed
Most prettily.
Her face was flushed—
But so was he.

The moral, then:
When on the make,
Wear mittens men
For goodness sake!
But when your palms
Are warm and soft,
Have no qualms;
Take your mittens off.



Two Indians obtained a room
in a big city hotel. Making a rou-
tine checkup the manager found
a tepee set up in the room and one
of the Indians sitting in front of
it smoking a pipe.

"How," said the Indian.

"Where's your friend," asked
the manager.

"In there," indicating the bath-
room.

Looking in the bathroom the
manager found an Indian with an
arrow in his heart.

"My Lord! Who killed him?"

"Me. I killed him."

"Why did you do it?"

"Him spit in spring."

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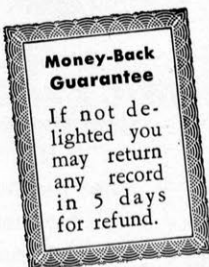
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vey, pianist.

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Winterthur Orchestra,

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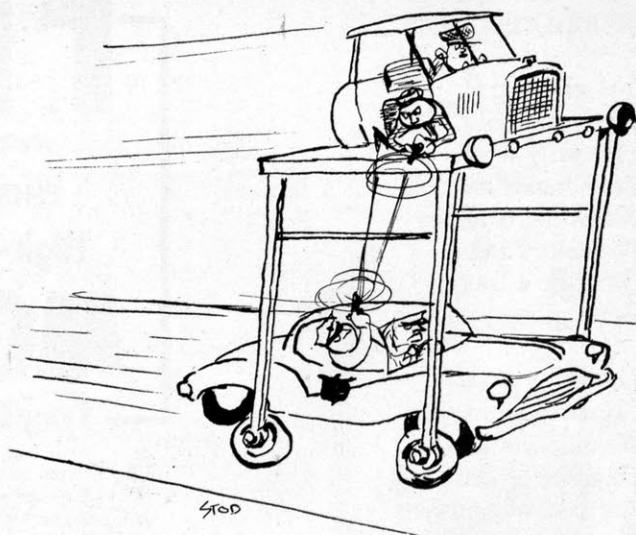
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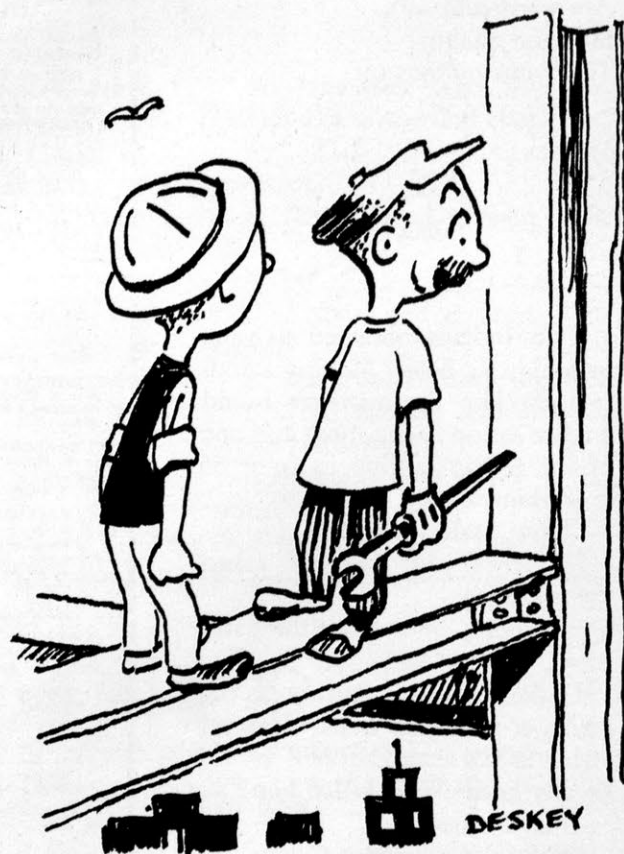
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A slightly obese man had taken a prominent seat in a street car. A woman sitting opposite, noticed him and whispered to her lady friend:

"If that stomach was on a woman it would indicate that she was in a family-way."

The man overheard the remark. He smiled back gently, and said: "Lady, it was; and she is!"

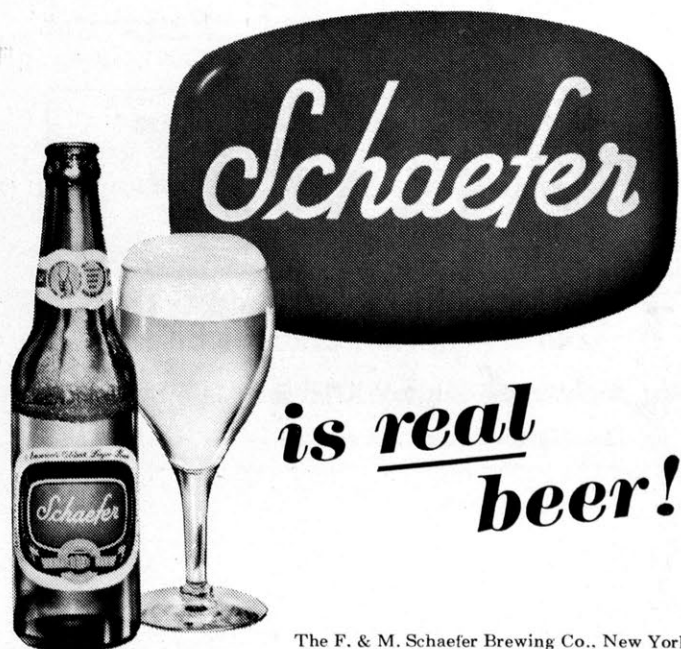


"Gottschalk, come back here with my ukulele!"



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Mrs. O'Malley was amazed to see Mrs. Sullivan from across the street wearing a fur coat. "How is it you have a new fur coat?" she inquired. "Our husbands work in the same place and get the same pay." Mrs. Sullivan explained, with rather less delicacy than is desirable for purposes of direct quotation, that each evening before conjugal relations began she required a payment of \$1.50 from her husband. The sum mounted swiftly and soon she had the fur coat. Even now she was at work on an electric refrigerator. Mrs. O'Malley immediately saw the practicability of the scheme.

That night she firmly stipulated the \$1.50 contribution. "But, honeybun, I don't have \$1.50," her husband pleaded. "I only got thirty cents."

Obviously some sort of compromise was in order. We cannot doubt but that one was effected, for some minutes later she whispered, in a state of agitation to which we can only allude: "Mike. Mike, I'm trusting you \$1.20."



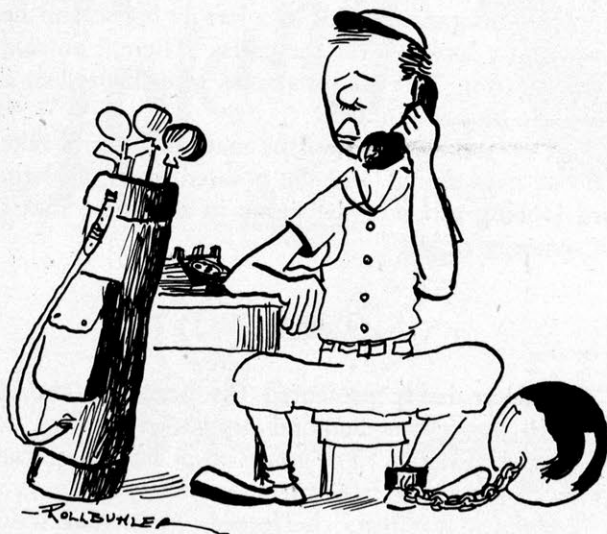
He met his ex-wife at a party and after a few drinks suggested that they have another try at marriage.

She sneered: "Over my dead body."

He sneered: "I see you haven't changed a bit."



"Please, junior, try and remember
where you buried daddy!"



"Not this morning, Charlie."

"I've made love to so many women," he confided, "I think it's time I changed. Tonight I'm going home to my wife and confess and ask her forgiveness."

Of course his wife was hurt by his confession and she asked, "Was it that little dancer, Anita?"

"I'm sorry," he replied gallantly, "I won't say."

His wife continued, "I bet it was that model, Patricia."

He kept his silence.

"I know who it is . . . it's that hat-check girl in the theater."

"Sorry, I can't tell you."

"All right," said his angry spouse, "if you won't tell me who it was, I won't forgive you."

Next day: "Did your wife forgive you?"

"No," was the reply, "but she gave me three swell leads."



An Englishman and an American were playing bridge. "You lucky dog," cried the American when the Englishman won. The Englishman was offended. The American explained that the phrase was a common expression of envy and not at all disparaging. Not only was the Englishman reconciled, he was delighted with the new slang. Then the American's wife joined the game, drawing an exceptionally good hand . . .

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When one of our colleagues was confined in a hospital for several weeks, he was served so faithfully by an orderly named Ben that he gave him an unusually large tip the day he got out. Ben was overwhelmed and felt he had to pay a compliment in return. He gulped and uttered, "We're goin' to miss you terribly around here, Sir, you sure take a good enema."



A traveling salesman who was not feeling up to snuff, visited his doctor for a check-up. A routine examination did not reveal any particular ailment. The doctor then questioned his patient about his living habits. "Now I'm going to get personal," said the doc, "how often do you engage in sexual relationship?"

"Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, regularly," replied the other.

"Well," went on the doctor, "Your trouble may lie there. I prescribe you eliminate the Wednesdays."

"Oh, no," answered the salesman, "I couldn't do that. That's the only night of the week I'm home."

A Union organizer went to a bawdy house and he appraisingly looked over the girls. "There," he said to the matron, "I'll take that one," he pointed to a cute little blonde number.

"Oh, no you don't," said the matron. "You'll take that one over there," and she pointed to an old haggard looking girl who sat alone in a corner. "She's got seniority rights."



The sugar-daddy presented the beautiful chorus girl with a gorgeous diamond clip backstage.

"Oh, Mr. Gottrox! I'm going on in a minute. Can I wear it now?" she beamed.

"Certainly, my dear," he leered. "You may wear it until the end of the act."



He was the strong, silent type. When he walked into the cafe, ordered coffee and winked at the waitress, she smiled. "Want to go riding?" he asked. "Sure do. I'll be ready in five minutes."

So they got in the car and he drove out on the highway. Then he took off down a road. Then he drove down a lane. The lane came to a dead end and he stopped the car and cut the motor off.

Turning to her, he uttered his first speech. "Well, howaboutit?"

The waitress nodded and said, "Okay—you've out-talked me!"



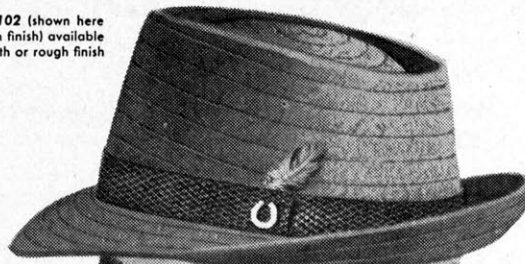
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Zeke McCoy had just married Nellie Martin and off they went to a cabin in the mountains for a honeymoon. He had only been gone one day when he suddenly stormed into his pappy's cabin.

His pappy said, "Where's yore woman, son?"

Zeke countered, "I done shot her, paw!"

"What fer," said the old man.

"She were a virgin, Paw."

"Ya done right, son, if she weren't good nuff for her own folk, she ain't good nuff fer us!"



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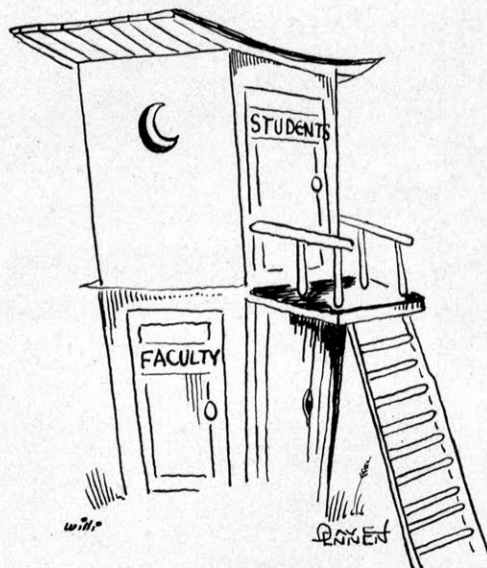
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It was quite a swanky bar in the best part of town. The new arrival ordered a bottle of beer. Paying with a dollar bill, he was surprised when the young bartender gave him ninety cents change. When questioned about it, the bartender said that a dime was all he was charging.

The customer being rather hungry, and pleased with the apparent low prices of the place, ordered a ham and cheese sandwich on rye. "That'll be fifteen cents," said the barkeep. The customer's eyes widened—"I can't understand it. How can you sell stuff so low?" he asked.

"Listen, buddy," said the bartender, "I just work here. I'm not the boss. He's upstairs with my wife and I'm doing the same thing to him down here."



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