

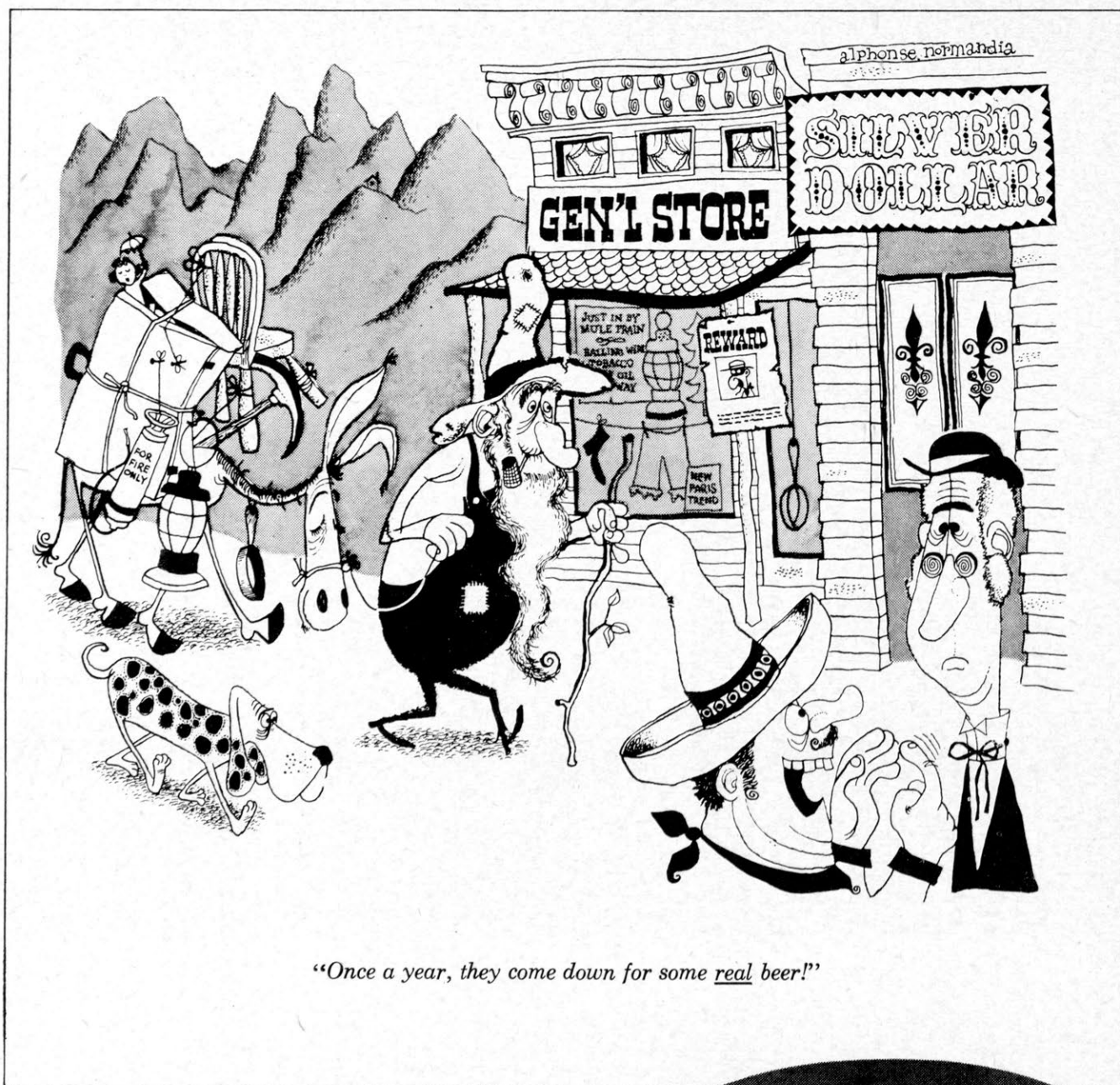
# VOO DOO



APRIL

25¢





"Once a year, they come down for some real beer!"

Our hairy friend up there is a reminder that smart people either 1. always have a good supply of Schaefer nearby or 2. know where they can put their hands on some, fast. Thirst strikes suddenly, and this real beer—light, dry, and rich in true beer character—is something a thirsty throat shouldn't be without. We don't know where you can find a more satisfying, more refreshing drink. Try it and see. Remember: the name is Schaefer.



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We were sitting in the office the other night, sipping our beer, when editor called, in a high state of panic. He frantically suggested that I write this last editorial of the year, and I promised to do my best. Resignedly putting the beer down, I began to reflect on possible subjects. I at once thought of replying to the remarks passed by others in this column. This is silly, however, as we all know the people concerned are frauds. Certainly nothing is gained by hanging out a sign for all the public to see. Well, then, how about a review of the boards and staffs, and of all the work they have done this past year? Hm-m-m-m. First I thought of Business Manager and Editor, then of the Emancipation Proclamation. Expose them to the readers? Humiliate them? No. Perhaps I should think more of those readers themselves. (Though I personally doubt that more than three people exclusive of the Senior Board have ever read a Voo Doo editorial). How about mentioning some of the mail?

We have received a good many letters from our readers—both devoted and occasional, I might add. Most have seemed troubled by the moral state of the world. Their reactions run the gamut from "... very offensive to my morality ... sowing the seeds of perversion into the young" to "... I noticed with alarm that page one has reports that the lily-whiters are after you. That's how it is in Boston, just one banned thing after another." After a while you become inured to the first sort of letter. The other kind still give us a kick, however. It is nice to be appreciated, even if it is only for your pornography.

At any rate, we have enjoyed putting out this magazine. We hope you have enjoyed it too. If that sounds like the valediction in a high school year book, it is just too bad. It has been a good year. In fact, it has been a *damn good* year.

—E. P. B.

*This month's cover by Deskey*

All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

Copyright, 1954, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board for the Students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Office Hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday. Published monthly from October to May. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues, \$53.00 in Pago Pago.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.



An English teacher gave each child in the class a word with the instructions that each should write a story from that one word.

A boy, by the name of Jimmy, got the word FRUGAL, of which he did not know the meaning. So he asked his Mother.

She said, "Why, frugal means to economize."

That information did not help him in the least, so, he went to his sister, a high school girl.

She told him: "Frugal means to save."

That helped Jimmy quite a bit for he wrote a story and read it to the class the next day. It went like this:

Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess who lived in a big castle, surrounded by a big forest. She used to walk in the woods every day, listening to the birds and the bees. One day, while she was looking up in a tree at a wonderful bird, she fell into a deep, dark pit that some hunters had dug to capture wild animals. It was a very deep pit and the poor princess could not get out. Finally she heard a prince riding by, on his noble steed.

She cried, "Frugal me! Oh, please frugal me!"

So the prince jumped off his horse and leapt into the pit and he frugaled her and then they were married and lived happily ever after.

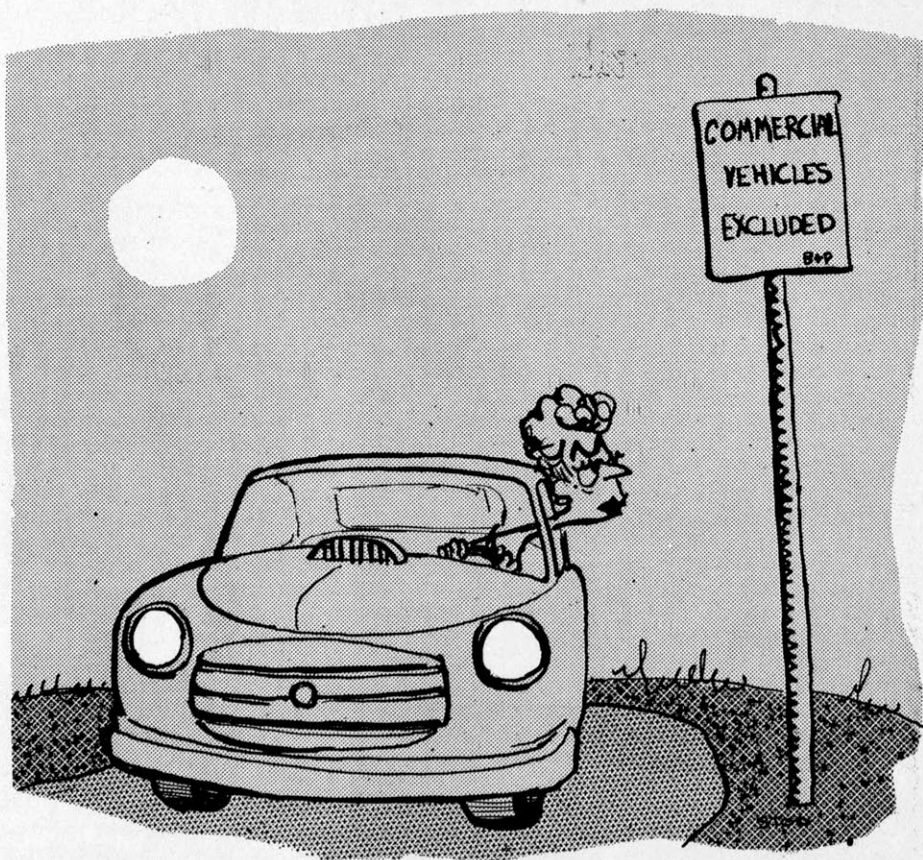


If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up.



"I saw you running to class alongside your bicycle."

"Yeah, I was late and didn't have time to get on."



Said the masochist to the sadist, "Hit me."

Said the sadist to the masochist, "No."



Said the cat, watching the tennis match—You know, it takes real guts to be in that racket.

Slowly, her eyes flowing softly, the beautiful young debutante raised the glass on high, exulting: "Port wine to me is the nectar of the gods, the elixir of life. When I imbibe its fluid, my very soul begins to throb and glow. The music of a thousand muted violins whispers in my ear, and I am transferred to the make-believe world of magic. On the other hand, beer makes me barf."

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Two glamour girls boarded a crowded bus, and one of them whispered to the other, "Watch me embarrass a seat from one of the men."

Pushing her way through the standees, she bore down on a gentleman who looked substantial and embarrassable.

"My deah Mr. Brown," she gushed. "Fancy meeting you on the bus. Am I glad to see you—you're getting to be almost a stranger. Oh, am I tired."

The sedate gent looked up at the girl he'd never seen before, and as he rose, said for all to hear: "Sit down, Bertha, my girl. We don't often see you out on wash day. No wonder you're tired. By the way, don't deliver the laundry till Wednesday; my wife's at the District Attorney's office trying to get your husband out of jail."



Mother: "Don't use such bad words, dear."

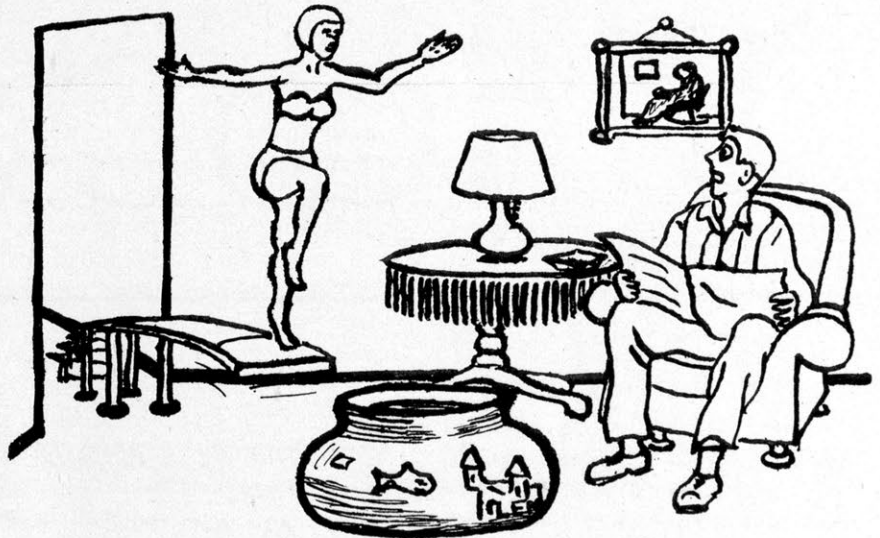
Son: "But Chaucer used them."

Mother: "Well, don't you play with him then."



Associate Editor: Let's not have any more jokes about sex, drinking, or profanity.

Editor: O.K., I'm tired of putting out this magazine, too.



"Practice, practice, practice! Don't you ever relax?"

"Never pat a polar bear, until it's a rug."



The general was being congratulated upon capturing the island.

"Thanks," said the general, "but it looks like we'll have to do it all over again."

"Why?"

"Captain forgot to put film in the camera."



Student: "How do porcupines make love?"

Prof.: "Carefully . . . very carefully."

There were mice in the basement, so the young married couple decided to set traps for the pests. One trap was placed by a box of apples, while the other was put by a box of nuts.

Once the traps had been set, the man and his wife went up to bed. They had just turned out the lights when a loud "Snap" sounded from the region of the basement. The man leaped out of bed and ran downstairs to inspect the catch. His wife followed as far as the top of the basement stairs, where she stopped and called down:

"Did you catch him by the apples, Darling?"

Came the answer from the depths of the basement: "No, Dear."

**WHOLESALE**

**RETAIL**

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**A**RRIVING in Florida recently, we stopped (dead tired from driving for twenty-four continuous hours) at the Florida Information Bureau on the state line. The place was manned (or should we say womanned) by two gorgeous gals; one blonde, one redhead. They inquired:

"What do you all want to do while in Florida?"

Hardly able to keep our eyes open, we replied:

"All we want to do is to go to bed, that's all."

The shocked, blushed reply:

"Oh, we can't help you; that is . . . right now."

Florida anyone?

**L**URCHING home to school on the last train to Cambridge early the other Sunday morning we caught a glimpse of the colored photograph on the first page of the rotogravure section of a fellow traveller's Sunday paper. Our not too receptive eyes registered a glimpse of much luxuriant red hair. Lucille Ball or Arlene Dahl we mused muzzily, and we peered over the man's shoulder for another look. It was a photograph of a cockerspaniel. We think we know what our psychiatrist will have to say.

**B**ROWSING in the book department of the Coop, we found an item which should prove interesting and useful to many students here, especially those whose marks are slipping. We speak of Ashly's new huge book on knots, and especially of the two pages of hangman's nooses.

**W**E were looking for our favorite science fiction magazine the other day at a news stand, but although it was scheduled for that date, we couldn't seem to find it.

"Where's *Astounding*?" we asked the proprietor.

"It's over there," he said pointing to the opposite end of the counter, "with the other love story mags."

**W**E were considerably perturbed to discover the other day that children from the age of four on respond sexually to other people's behaviour. We can remember receiving a very sound spanking from a devilishly attractive kindergarten teacher. We dread to think what it has done to us.

**A** FRIEND of ours reports the following tale for which we have but one interpretation. Visiting the coop he noticed a tee shirt which declaimed emphatically, through the medium of large red print on the shirt itself, that it was double stitched for strength, had tailored sleeves, was longer at the bottom and had a Nylo-nek. Eager to own this new product of American civilization, our friend was told that it was not for sale. We can only conclude that the fruits of science are at last being withheld from the common man and we warn those responsible that mankind will accept the atom bomb only while it is allowed to have the comforts that technology may bring.

**L**AST week a young cousin of ours asked us, "Is there a conic with a loop in it?"

We stared down at him in horror and gasped, "Why, no. How come you want to know?"

"This stupid comic book has a rocket ship loop around the moon with its fuel all gone, but it sounded fishy to me. It never happened in any of the other comic books."

Now we ask you, what's the use of studying the textbooks when little kids learn the same stuff from comic books?



**O**VERHEARD in the squash courts was the following significant conversation.

"But above all, you have to have fighting spirit to win."

"Oh, I don't want to win, I just want to play well enough to convince my girlfriend that I went to prep school."

**A** FRIEND informs us that the best method of dropping a course after nine weeks is by slitting your wrists.

---

There was a young gal from Peru  
Who decided her loves were too few  
So she walked from her door  
With a fig-leaf, no more  
And now she's in bed with the flu.



There was once an Indian named "Shortcake". He grew very old and he died. A committee of Shortcake's village friends went to his widow and asked her if she wanted them to bury Shortcake. She replied, "No, Squaw bury Shortcake."

A young lady wearing a long mink coat went to a dice table in Las Vegas and insisted on betting \$1,000. She overcame the objection that it was over the house limit and was given the dice to roll. She then took off her mink coat revealing her complete nudity. She rolled the dice once, rolled them again, and said, "I made it." She collected the winnings, put her coat on and left.

"By the way," one of the house men asked the other, "what was her point?"

He shrugged, "I didn't notice either."



Who was that woman I saw you with last night?

That was no woman, that was my brother, he plays the piano on TV.



Bus Driver: "All right back there?"

Feminine Voice: "No, wait till I get my clothes on."

Three people were killed in the rush to the rear of the bus to see a girl get on with a bundle of laundry.

Jake, a bookie, owned a race horse which his friend, Sam, also a bookie, wanted to buy. For weeks they dickered, and Sam gradually raised his offer to \$6,000, but Jake steadfastly refused to sell.

Then one night Jake's trainer called to report that the horse had suddenly died. Wasting no time, Jake telephoned Sam and asked, "Will you give me \$6,500?"

"Done," said Sam, and the deal was made. Jake went right over to Sam's apartment and collected the cash.

The next day he left for Florida.

"Several weeks later, hoping the heat was off, Jake returned. Pretty soon he bumped into Sam in the cigar store. Sam was quite cordial and seemed glad to see him. Jake was puzzled, and after some conversation, asked, "Sam, aren't you sore at me?"

"Sore about what?"

"About that dead horse I sold you."

"Oh, that," replied Sam. "Of course not. You did me a big favor. I sold ten thousand chances on the horse at a dollar apiece and raffled him off."

"Yeah, I see, but what about the fellow who had the winning ticket? Wasn't he sore?"

"Oh, him. Yes, he sure was sore. I finally had to give him his dollar back."

"THE NEW"

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# IN VINO VERITAS

*It was late in the afternoon when Instructor Slibby finally staggered out of the elevator into the English and History office. He held both hands to his head, to keep it from falling and breaking his neck, but the pounding inside threatened to shake it out of his grip.*

*"Good morning," said Miss Prisim, as she inserted two sheets of paper and a carbon in her typewriter.*

*"I know, but it wasn't a very important class; anyway I was celebrating the completion of my book. I think I have a right to a good time after all that work."*

*Miss Prisim said nothing, but reached into an open drawer and pulled out several fat manila envelopes.*

*"Text, footnotes, appendices, bibliography, index, and preface," she recited.*

*"Preface!" Slibby nearly jumped out of his shoes. "I forgot the preface!"*

*"I typed it this morning."*

*"But I forgot to dictate it."*

*"Nevertheless, there was a preface in the machine."*

*"I must have done it after I'd been celebrating a while. Don't remember doing it."*

*"You are probably right. Do you care to read it before it goes down to the printer?"*

*"My eyes don't focus so good yet." He propped himself against the side of the office bookcase, in such a way that his head rested solidly in the corner the bookcase made with the wall. "Lay on, MacDuff."*

*Miss Prisim shot a glance at him fit to freeze a gorgon, pulled several pages from one of the manila envelopes, and began to read:*

The reader may well ask, why another book about the marriage customs of the Hittites? Aren't there enough huge crumbling dustcatchers deep in the backstacks of every library? "There is no end to the making of books," says the Preacher. Is not the student sufficiently burdened and the scholar sufficiently bored?

Why indeed? I'll tell you why. First, all the sophomores here study marriage customs, and my book will go on the required purchase list. If my royalty

is fifty cents a copy, that's four hundred bucks in my bank account, and I can sure use it, believe me. What with a wife and a kid to support and the price of everything going up out of sight and the whopping excise tax and insurance on the car in this state.

The whole trouble is the ridiculously low salary I get for all the hard work I put in around here. Trying to conduct intelligent discussions with these stupid little engineers, reading their muddy little papers, passing them in courses they were never fit to stick their little pointed heads into. You'd think I'd be on the faculty after all these years, but I haven't got any pull, that's what.

I'm a better man than some of the professors around here I wrote this book didn't I? I once came near getting a Guggenheim. Not only that, I graduated second in my high-school class. I'm a lot smarter than some of the stuffed-egg-heads that sit on the humanities thrones here.

I wonder what I'm doing on this campus anyway. I will not be espalliered to the steel wall of the Factory. The great universities shall take me in. As soon as my book is published I shall be famous all over the world. Harvard and Oxford and Chicago will bid in auction for my services. I will bid goodbye forever to this crummy little machine shop of a college.

One thing, and one thing only, can prevent my answering the call of world scholarship that my book will call forth. If I am promoted within a week to full professor, nothing less, I may just possibly out of the goodness and charity of my heart consent to remain at this sinkhole. Only such an apt expression and recognition of my quality and excellence can possibly keep me at my present job.

I doubt, though, that the blindmen in charge properly appreciate my worth and scholarship. Not a few doubted that I was even fit to write this book, as if a knowledge of ancient languages were in any way necessary to such a work. Laugh behind my back, will they! I'll show the world. This dull plodding spirit shan't affect *me*; I know what I'm doing, all the academic guff I hear notwithstanding.

It's been a long, hard uphill pull all the way, with-



out a single helping hand or word of constructive criticism. All that I did, I had to do myself. The Harvard Library didn't want me to take out their rotting old manuscripts, and the Boston Public Library wouldn't even let me into their incunabula stacks until I threatened to expose them in the next quarterly review. My colleagues were no use at all, my wife suggested several times that I give it up as a bad job, and my typist, Miss Prisim, seems to think I can run off a perfect draft the first time if I would only organize my notes.

Well, it's not the first time in history that society has conspired to suppress a bright new mind. If Whitman and Darwin and Dewey could take it, so can I. Posterity shall be my judge, and the hell with all you people.

*"That's all there is," said Miss Prisim.*

*"I apologize; strike out your name, I mean, tear the whole thing up, burn it and bury the ashes in quicklime. Oh my God!"*

*"Both copies?"*

*"Yes of course; I don't want any evidence lying around. Tear up the carbon too. And erase the dictaphone record. Please accept my apologies, I'm sorry."*

*"You still need a preface," she said, as she threw the carriage.*

*"Not the typewriter, I can't stand the noise right now. Hand me the mike, please."*

*He slumped down into a vacant chair, took the proffered microphone, and stared at the ceiling a few seconds. Then he relaxed, pressed the button on the mike and began, "The reader may well ask, 'Why another book about the marriage customs of the Hittites? Shuffey's magnificent work, to be sure, has long been considered the . . .'"*

—Harold Kaplan

"When I go to bed at night, I always see yellow lights and green lights in front of my eyes."

"Did you ever see a psychiatrist?"

"No, only yellow lights and green lights."



Two voices were heard.

"I love you," said the one.

"Ouch!" yelled the other.

"I love you."

"Ouch!"

It was two porcupines necking.



Along the upper reaches of the Big Sandy, Brother Scanlon was a free Baptist preacher. One spring, he held a revival meeting and gathered many converts to the fold. When the time for baptizing came, the ice had not gone out, so Brother Scanlon broke the ice and waded into the water, followed by his first candidate. Unfortunately, when the good preacher ducked him, the man slipped under the ice and floated down the river. Undismayed, Brother Scanlon turned to the crowd on the bank, lifted his head and cried. "One brother gone to glory. Hallelujah! Amen. Next!"



The excited young mother called to her husband: "The baby has swallowed the matches!"

He called back: "Here, use my cigarette lighter."

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# THE ISSUE IS DEFINED

*The big controversy between Sen. Joseph R. McCathartic and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service is currently moving to a climax. A showdown appears imminent. In the interests of a well-informed public, the editors of Voo Doo have prepared a survey of the explosive situation as it now stands.*

Here are the facts as seen by two eminent news analysts:



EVERETT R. MUDROW—

Sen. McCathartic has flagrantly attempted to use his influence in the case of G. Chester Spline, secret agent for McCathartic's Senate Internal Investigating Committee on Foreign Affairs, Domestic Affairs, and Other Affairs. McCathartic has been accused by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service of trying to intimidate a game warden into giving special treatment to Spline, who was caught stealing red-breasted robins in Yellowstone Park. Spline tossed off this unaccountable brutality with a flimsy excuse that he was gathering evidence for a new investigation by Sen. McCathartic of alleged Communist infiltration of our national parks. McCathartic was charged by the Fish and Wildlife Service of threatening to "investigate the hell out of the woods" if Spline were not released.

FLUBTON WHOSIS, JR.—

Joseph R. McCathartic, the sterling statesman of the Senate, has been stymied in his courageous fight to stamp out subversive elements wherever they exist by the disgraceful charges trumped up by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. G. Chester Spline, special investigator for Sen. McCathartic, was forcibly ejected from a public woods and illegally detained so that he could not place his evidence before the Senate hearings that would have proved conclusively that Communists and fellow travellers have taken over the woods.





When approached for comment, the principals in the case issued the following statements:

SEN. McCATHARTIC—

I refuse to be bullied. If the Fish and Wildlife Service won't allow me to take robins out of the woods, then the Fish and Wildlife Service has got to be changed! I have in my files substantial evidence that the Fish and Wildlife Service, in 1934, released several thousand Russian Wolfhounds in national parks all over the country. This is just another instance of the left-wing attitude of this agency. I intend to get tough! I will not allow red herrings from the Fish and Wildlife Service to deter me.



Additional opinion was obtained from an official of the Fish and Wildlife Service:

C. B. THRUSHTHRASHER, Asst. Director, USF&WS:

Sen. McCathartic has endangered the personal freedom of every living creature in our national parks with his irresponsible inquisition. He has challenged the integrity not only of our beloved animals, but of all our hardworking wardens as well. He has attempted to use his high office to get special treatment for one of his henchmen, G. Chester Spline, who was apprehended abducting several defenseless robins from one of our parks. The United States Fish and Wildlife Service is proud of its rich tradition of loyalty and devotion to duty. We will not be intimidated. We stand by our birds!



G. CHESTER SPLINE—

Joe sends me into da woods to investigate. At foist I can't see much on account dere wuz so many trees in da way. But pretty soon I see a whole nest full of robins up in a tree. Dey's choiping away like crazy, as if dey wuz alarmed at seein' me. I sez to myself, "Dese boids look mighty suspicious." Den I see dat dey all got red breasts, an' dis confoims my suspicions. I figure Joe would want to hear about dis. So I pull one of da boids outa da tree, an' den all of a sudden dis copper from da Wildlife Soivice pops outa nowhere an' puts da cuffs on me. I'm so flabbergasted, I'm positively amazed!



# THE DIMSEY REPORT

We have discovered in the *M.I.T. Journal of Psychologists and Psychiatrists* a survey of typical states of mind and occupational diseases of various M.I.T. specialists. In the interests of the public health we reproduce here some of their findings.

Course I: Civil and Sanitary engineers may be detected by their unsanitary air and their most uncivil attitude. For this reason they are nicknamed the "perverse" engineers and frowned upon. One must be very careful when frowning upon these men as they are usually very large. Accustomed as they are to large safety factors however, they do not usually strike anything but women, children and small men.

Course II: Mechanical engineers, generally civil engineers who did not make the grade, are slightly more sanitary and civil while being smaller. Their life amidst the machines seems to give them a feeling of inferiority due to the fact that even a small machine retails for the price of two mechanical engineers and is considerably more efficient. Their state of mind results in an inclination to kick dogs but they are otherwise harmless.

Course V: Chemists generally suffer from a desire to memorize the labels on ketchup bottles. This memorization of phrases they cannot possibly understand leaves them confused and helpless. They also suffer from hallucinations such as the belief that they are being submerged in boiling sulfuric. These hallucinations seem to be provoked by guilt feelings which in turn are caused by their treatment of freshmen.

Course VI: The Electrical engineer lives in the shadow of electrocution and has a correspondingly haunted look. He also suffers from a feeling that he is not the mathematician that a mathematician is while not having the knowledge of a physicist. The truth of these statements makes a cure very difficult.

Course VII: The biologist is the most well adjusted of the M.I.T. family. Far from fleeing life, he studies it. In research his frequent retreat to the womb is open and unashamed. He sees the M.I.T. family as essentially a group of human beings, mostly nonbiologist but otherwise sound. It is true that biologists form a small part of the M.I.T. population.

Course VIII: The physicist suffers from his continual effort to pervert mathematics to realism. He quickly loses sight of reality and splits his personality. Moreover the increase in bomb size and power, recently, shows that physicists do not know when enough is enough. Their insecurity shows itself in an abstracted air while they pretend reality does not exist.

Course XV: Industrial Management. From this course come the men who will make the managerial revolution something Burnham never dreamed of. These Napoleons of industry suffer primarily from the same diseases that plagued that emperor of Farnce.

Course XVIII: The mathematician is in this sense, a greater and more glorious physicist and his denial of reality is astonishing. By recently refusing a place in mathematics to intuition (the last subconscious chain to reality) they have cut themselves adrift in a sort of self-consistent limbo. They also must be told that a joke is a joke and that the fun is over.

Course XIX: The meteorologist is a sort of self-perpetuating proof of Mark Twain's statement concerning the laxity of weather control. His quantity of talk about the weather coupled with his ineffectualness results in frustration and a feeling of futility. A hobby such as bridge which puts a premium on small talk is best for their cure.

*It was felt that a study of the types that, while registered in an official course are actually emotionally involved in unofficial courses, usually non-technical, was important. Probably the most startling of these reports are:*

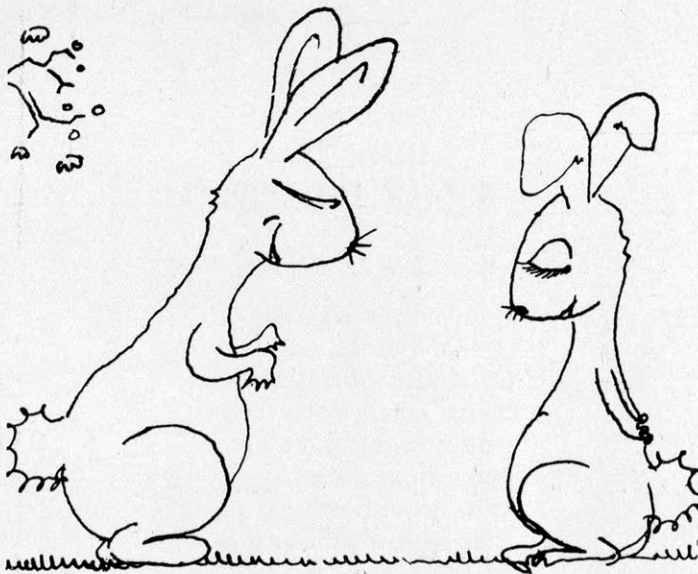
ROTC: The ROTC of both sorts seems to hold the interest of two types of extremists. Those who enjoy telling and those who enjoy being told. The former occupy the most prominent position and they suffer physically from sore throats and laryngitis. It is impossible to discover whether they suffer mentally since when questioned they gave only their name, rank and serial number. Their silence however indicates a general air of "hostility toward men and war on earth."

ENGLISH AND HISTORY: The devotees of English and History respond to the difficult position they are in. Having in all but name rejected the Institute, they are themselves rejected and the question of who can outsnob the other remains an interesting question of self-confidence. The existence of this large "opposition party" here at Tech is a tribute to the lack of interest in technical work that the technical instructor inspires and to the man trap that college is for the unwary high school senior. This fringe of students suffers from everything but lack of intelligence and their ability to seduce the technical student from the straight and narrow is to be feared.

*We remind the outraged student that these are the opinions of a commission of ten small minded petty writers for the M.I.T. journal of Psychologists and Psychiatrists and that Voo Doo has only printed them because of the truth of their statements.*

Jeremy J. Stone





**Cocktail? But what would mother say?**

She (after she has seen his physician's certificate):  
"And will you always be my genetic and eugenic  
mate, sweet chromosome?"

He (Darwiningly): "Yes, my darling little natural  
selection."

She: "Then you may take me as your cooperative  
worker in the process of evolution."

And putting on their rubber gloves, they went out  
hand in hand in search of a disinfected minister.



"Hadn't you better go and tell your father?" said  
the motorist to the farmer's boy who stood looking  
at the load of hay upset in the lane by a collision.

"He knows," replied the boy.

"Knows? How can he know?"

"He's under the hay."



After an absence of many years, old Uncle Ben  
returned to his home town and dropped in at his  
family doctor's office seeking relief from an "ail-  
ment." The physician ran down a long list of ques-  
tions about the old man's health, and finally inquired,  
"How are your kidneys, Uncle Ben?"

The patient brightened perceptibly and answered  
in a proud voice, "Well, Doc, they is all grown up  
now and most of 'em married and got families."

A man had been plagued for weeks with a bother-  
some rash which confused his doctor. The doctor,  
after a time-consuming examination, hemmed and  
hawed and finally asked:

"Have you ever had this kind of itch before?"

The answer was a vigorous "yes."

"Well," said the doctor, "looks like you've got it  
again."



1st Prof: "What are those marks on your nose?"

2nd Prof: "Those are made by glasses."

1st Prof: "Better switch to bottles."



Puffing and blowing, the midshipman just managed  
to jump into the carriage as the train left the station.  
The middle aged man in the corner eyed him with  
scorn. "When I was your age, my lad," he said, "I  
could run half a mile, catch a train by the skin of  
my teeth, and yet be as fresh as a daisy."

"Yes sir," gasped the young fellow, "but I missed  
this one at the last station."



"Have you stopped your grandma from sliding  
down the bannister yet?"

"Well, last week we wound barbed wire around  
it."

"Did that stop her from sliding down?"

"No, but it sure slowed her down."



A German in the Soviet Zone reported to the  
police that his parrot was missing. He was asked  
whether the parrot talked. "Yes," he replied, "but  
any political opinions he expresses are strictly his  
own."



The mistress of the boarding house glanced  
grimly around the table as she announced: "We  
have a delicious rabbit pie for dinner."

The boarders nodded resignedly, that is, all ex-  
cept one.

He glanced nervously downward shifting his feet.  
One foot struck something soft, something that  
said, "Meow!" Up came his head and a relieved  
smile came to his face as he gasped. "Thank God."

## VISIONS AND REVISIONS

Can one help hoping, then,  
For more than golden moments;  
For more than scattered instances  
Of sudden insight?  
Can one help wanting, then,  
A plastic, integrated magic?

The stranger pauses for an instant's recognition  
And then is gone.

—*Vinay Ambegaokar*

## LEST YOUR LOVE DIE

Break, break, bright crimson dawn  
And let the misty mountains make  
This earth a high valley!  
Breathe and feel the clouds of sun  
And dawn. (My love makes her house  
Upon the hill, and there blue  
Morning-glories reach up to the sky;  
The last new tender tip  
Of each is wild and free,  
And gentle to the air.) Breathe free!  
Your sun, your air; these  
Your morning-glories climbing high—  
Let there be light, and lift your eyes;  
Look to the skies, and see  
The sun is there, where  
An eagle flies high!

—*D. Stover*

## A POEM FOR SPIDERS

I am only a cigarette  
One of twenty, one  
Of a pack of millions,  
Never noted, never known.  
I offer in my short life  
Peace from those  
Who would give no peace;  
Rest from that which is  
Restless;  
Silence from the babble of  
Nonsense.  
My life is short but I will  
Gladly bear your thoughts:  
Let them cling to my  
Spiralling elevations  
And they shall go  
Although  
Nowhere.

—*Jack*

## SING YOU MY VESPERS

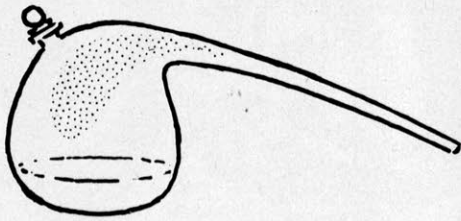
Sing you my vespers to the night:  
I bend no knee in prayer  
But rave aloud the ranting  
Glory of the skies.

—*Vinay Ambegaokar*



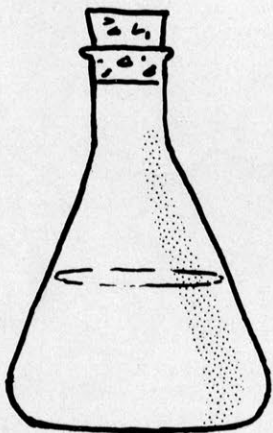
## BLOT NIGHT

(with apologies to A. E. Housman)



Say lad, have you Chem to learn  
Blot then, for the quiz to bluff  
Blot, and if your memory burn  
Write the answers on your cuff

Blot it now and you shall pass  
Write it, it will help you blot  
Try you not to comprehend  
Better men than you could not



Memory is as memory does  
'Tis now the mind grows cold  
For man and boy will soon be mad  
Before the night is old

The mind once sharp is dull tomorrow  
Creativeness is gone  
The Eniac replaces man  
As comes the morning dawn

\* \* \* \* \*

For Chem is not a thing of meaning  
A thing a man can grasp and hold  
Chem is just a course required  
For the Freshman, young and bold

An Engineer to blot must learn  
the Catalogue requires  
and thus the MIT degree  
offends the mind's desires

The building of an atom bomb  
The blotting of the Chem  
Go hand in hand for engineers  
and thus the brain condemn

A Robot has it easy here  
Machines are just the same  
The teaching of the principles  
is just an idle claim

The scientific method,  
The endless asking why  
The "Nothing on authority!"  
remains an empty cry

And what are we to do here  
If blotting stays the thing,  
And Robots have it easy  
And Eniacs are king

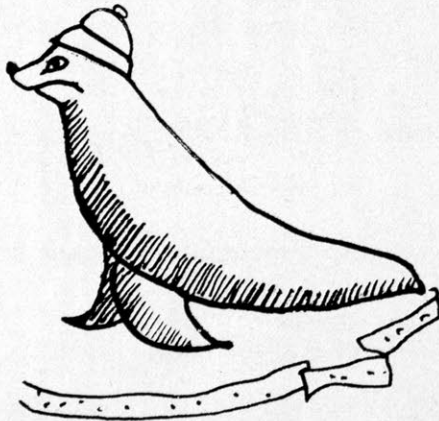
Why, nothing to be very sure  
Is left for us to do  
But Houseman-like to slip away  
Our Throat and Wrists slit through.

—Jeremy J. Stone

# THE VOO DOO MENAGERIE

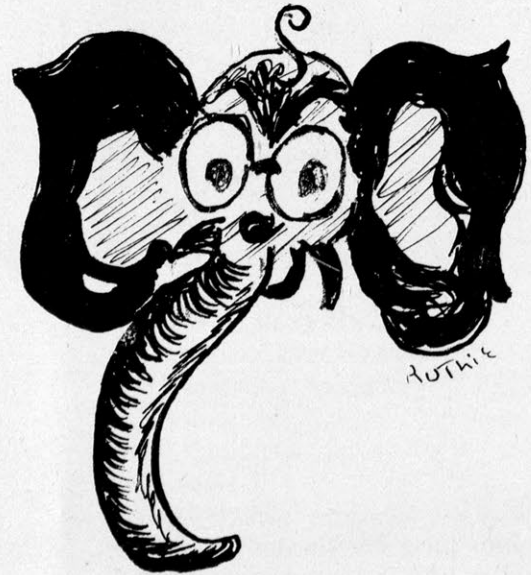
*Looking for a pet?*

Write in care of this magazine for information on how you may obtain one of these splendid animals.



## FOR A FAMILY WITH A DAMP BASEMENT

Playful, cuddly seals must be given away by their owner, who is moving out of Boston to a drier climate.



## FOR A WORLD TRAVELER

A regal pet for the man of adventure. Fine thoroughbred elephant. Experienced safaris.



## FOR AN APARTMENT DWELLER

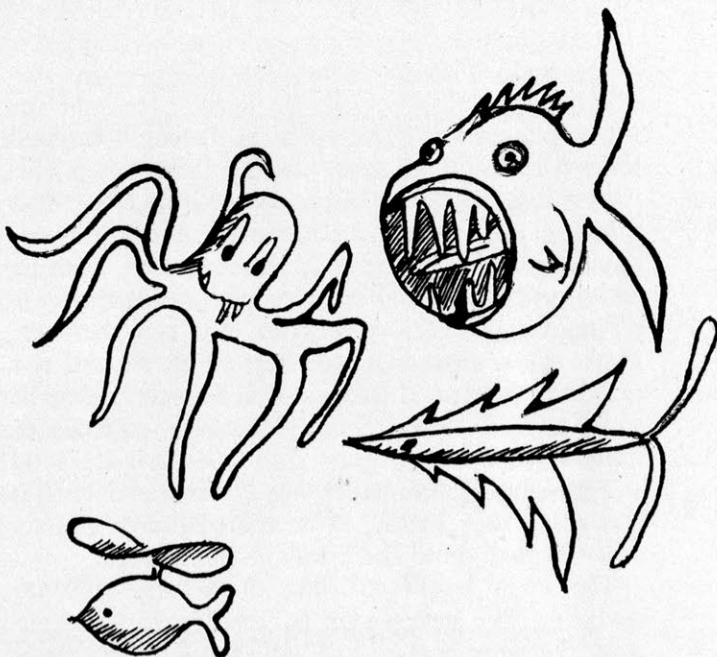
Much-travelled parrot with fine vocabulary. Requires little space. Owned for thirteen years by sailor. Not recommended for clerical family or one with children learning to talk.



## FOR PERSON LIVING NEAR BREWERY

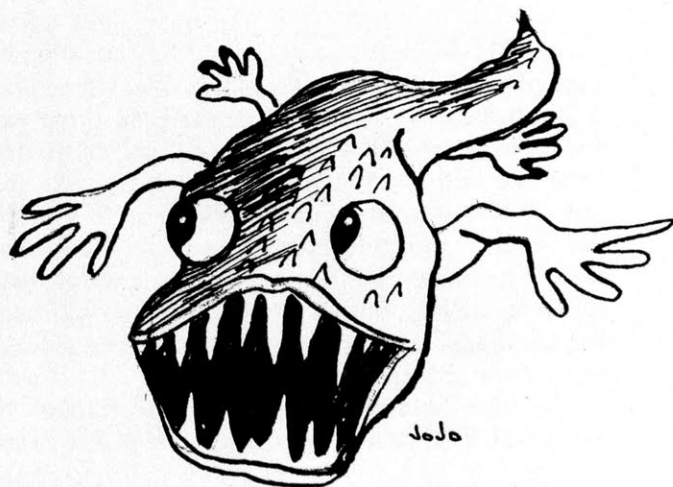
Intelligent, witty cat desires employment for the summer. Will do light mouse work. Answers to name of Phosphorous. Address inquiries to Phosphorous or his personal secretary, R. B. Riley.





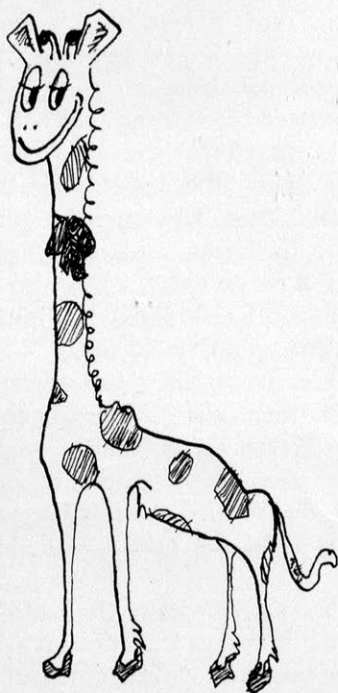
#### FOR SOMEONE WITH DELICATE TASTES

A rare collection of beautiful tropical fish. Former owner had to sacrifice on doctor's orders that he avoid seafood.



#### FOR FAMILY WITH SWIMMING POOL

Fine healthy young alligator. Diet no problem—eats anything. Owner must sell because he cannot afford to enlarge present swimming pool. Very playful and robust.



#### FOR FAMILY WITH SMALL CHILDREN

A fine pedigreed giraffe. Affectionate, quiet, loves children. House-broken. Owner installing chandeliers in home.



#### FOR PERSON LIVING ALONE

Charming pet. Handsome, affectionate, but rather expensive to maintain. Inquire of General Manager, *Voo Doo*.

## THE NOW AND THE THEN

So hell, this was the good feeling. He stretched himself out in his seat and relaxed. The train moved through the crisp, spring afternoon and there were four hours to go. This was sixty miles an hour (somebody had told him that), but it didn't feel like sixty miles an hour and it didn't matter and it wouldn't matter until suddenly he was four hours away and there was no coming back. Then there would be a different feeling. But as yet there was no difference between today and yesterday, and he stretched himself a little and felt good.

The train lurched round a bend and through the afternoon. The air was clear, and perhaps it was cold out there. It had a crisp subdued quality to it that nobody had ever painted. It would be good to see a painting with a clear, cold, quiet mood: not only up in the sky, but all around; nobody ever painted all around, they made it misty when they tried; Corot did that, too, and he was good, but, hell, this was different.

So he read the book he had with him. Because there was nothing else to do and because he could feel in his stomach the unrest beginning. That was a pity. As long as you can live a situation you can understand it, and you feel it right. Then it becomes so that you have to look back; and you distort, and it isn't life any more but experience. Maybe that is why fathers can't tell one anything.

The book was lousy. It was pretentious and second hand and nothing. It would be good to read something like his thoughts were, like Hemingway maybe. So Hemingway faked sometimes. And when you make such a fetish of toughness how can you describe Venice? But Hemingway knew the good feeling and sometimes it was good to read him; but only sometimes. At each moment there is one artist who is enough; at each moment but not for every moment. Like El Greco, and Murillo, and Velasquez, and Goya; sometimes you need power, and sometimes you need sentiment, and sometimes you need perfection, and sometimes you need . . . well there is less one word for that (and of course there is never one word for anything). But not all at once, and for some moods, at some moments one is right and that is all that is needed. So Hemingway would be good now.

He closed his eyes. He was tired but he was not sleepy just yet. He closed his eyes because he felt

the emptiness was going to begin. It would be good to sit here and think quietly without observing. This is how it is, he thought, this is how it must be. And it is open and frank and you don't have to close your mind to anything; and that moment is an opening and a giving and a taking. And afterwards there are no regrets or fears or worries; nor can there be. Nothing has been violated. You lie there, and you can recite Byron and laugh at him because he sounds so affected. There are no glooms or ecstasies or rhapsodies; merely a quiet chord that sounds good and is right. That moment was the best one. And it was going now slowly, as he roared North at sixty miles an hour. And there was no going back.

The train began to slow down. The speaker croaked, "The station stop is New Haven." Station-stop. The word amused him. And thinking idly about it he fell asleep.

He slept for perhaps half an hour, badly. Then he woke with a start. There was a dribble of spittle at the corner of his mouth, and he dabbed at it with his handkerchief. He had dreamed, and waking suddenly like this he was very alone. The oddest moments come back and won't go away. The two drunks that came flying out of a bar that night and tumbled into the street, fighting. It was a vicious scene lit grotesquely by a street lamp. He could see the silhouetted figures now. Then there was the memory of standing there with her for a moment and being close, and not having to say anything; walking on. Eyes, grey eyes by candle light, and always the unspoken understanding. My God, he thought, I can't go away, I can't go away. The man sitting across the aisle looked at him strangely, and, self conscious again, he sat still.

There seemed to be many more people on the train. Many more girls. What was the last stop? Oh yes, New Haven. It is Sunday afternoon and the weekend is over. Standing in the aisle ahead of him was a girl. She seemed to be talking to the occupants of the two seats two rows ahead. Her words came to him.

". . . Paul's much nicer than Mickey. We had a terrific time. You know how it is with Mickey. He liked me more than I liked him and you know how that is." She looked down at the people she was talking to and there were girlish murmurs of approval. She was dressed in a dark grey skirt, a simple



white blouse, and a white jacket. She looked in an affected abstractedness down the aisle, smiling faintly at her listeners responses to her off-hand comments about her male conquests. She looked back at her listeners. "Yes, he was so serious. He wanted me to go out with him again. But I thought we had better not see each other any more." There were more appreciative murmurs. She had impressed them. She gave them a serious little glance. "Oh yes. I have to do that all the time you know . . . But Paul's nice . . ."

I can't take this, he thought. I need a drink. He lurched down the car. The train rushed North at sixty miles an hour.

—Vinay Ambegaokar

Tearful Fellow: "I'm so unhappy I could die."

Happy Guy: "Why?"

T.F.: "Two weeks ago my uncle died and left me \$100,000."

H.G.: "Then you should be happy."

T.F.: "Yeah, but last week my brother died and left me \$300,000."

H.G.: "Then, why are you unhappy?"

T.F.: "This week, so far . . . nothing!"



Father—"What makes you skip school all the time, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Class hatred."



Adolph: Knock, knock.

Herman: Who's there?

Adolph: Der Fuehrer.

Herman: Der Fuehrer who?

Adolph: Der Fuehrer the only girl in the world and I was the only boy.



A fish out of water must feel about like a moth in a nudist colony!

"I've heard you've had a terrible time with your jalopy."

"Yeh."

"What happened?"

"Well, I bought a carburetor that saved 30 per cent on gas, a timer that saved 50 per cent on gas, and spark plugs that saved 30 per cent on gas, and after I went 10 miles the darn gas tank overflowed."

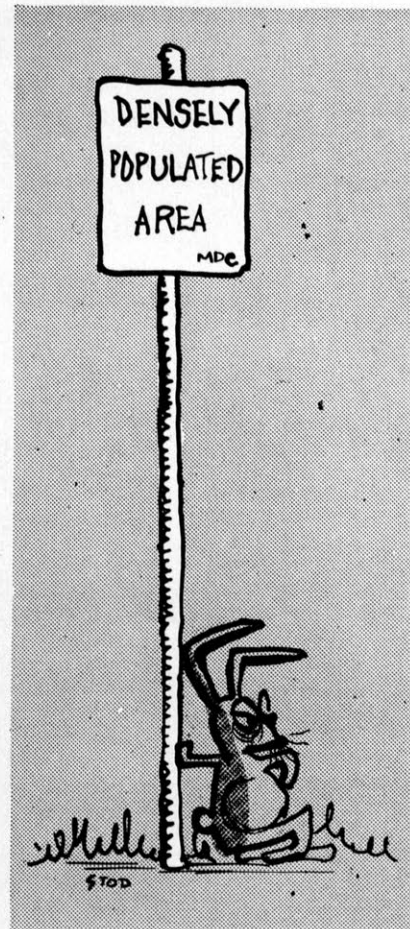


"Billy, get your little brother's hat out of that mud puddle."

"I can't Ma, he's got it strapped too tight under his chin."



A hypochondriac on vacation sent a card to his psychiatrist: "Am having a swell time. Why?"



Some of you readers have criticized Hoo Doo for using ancient, creaking, rheumatic jokes. Old jokes indeed! Here are some really old jokes, petrified fossils from the Silurian deposits of Joseph Miller's Joke Book.

#### A REASON FOR POLYGAMY

An Irishman was once brought before the court charged with marrying six wives. The judge asked him how he could be so hardened a villain? "Please your worship," said Paddy, "I was just trying to get a good one."

#### A PREFERABLE WAY

One of the Kembles made his first appearance on the stage as an opera singer. His voice was, however, so bad, that at a rehearsal the conductor of the orchestra called out, "Mr. Kemble! Mr. Kemble! you are murdering the music!" "My dear sir," was the quiet rejoinder, "it is far better to murder it outright, than to keep on beating it as you do."

#### A BAD CROP

After a long drought, there fell a torrent of rain; and a country gentleman observed to Sir John Hamilton, "This is a most delightful rain; I hope it will bring up everything out of the ground."—"By Jove, sir," said Sir John, "I hope not; for I have sowed three wives in it, and I should be very sorry to see them come up again."

#### A TRUE COURTIER

One day, when Sir Isaac Heard was in company with George III., it was announced that his majesty's horse was ready for hunting. "Sir Isaac," said the king, "are you a judge of horses?"—"In my younger days, please your majesty, I was a great deal among them," was the reply. "What do you think of this, then?" said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favorite: and, without waiting for an answer, added, "we call him Perfection."—"A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his majesty reached the saddle, "for he bears the best of characters."

#### A BAD CUSTOMER

"We never sell strong drink on the Sabbath," remarked the law-evading beer-seller, "you may have a glass free, and we will sell you this tasty pretzel for twenty-five cents." After drinking two glasses, Sandy turned from the saloon-keeper with pain upon his face—"No," he said, "I shall not buy your pretzels, they are too expensive."

#### MAULE-PRACTICE

A man having broken open a young lady's jewel-case (the offence was differently described in the indictment), pleaded that he had done so with consent. "In the future," said Justice Maule, "When you receive a lady's consent under similar circumstances, get it, if possible, in writing."

#### A FAIR DISTRIBUTION

It was the custom in the British navy to distribute to the ships of war, certain prize moneys for the capture of enemy ships. The practice was in existence during Lord Nelson's time, and they tell a story to that effect. When the British fleet under Nelson was bearing down to attack off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the "Revenge" on going around to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So unusual an attitude was surprising, and curiously he asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid," answered the sailor, "no, sir, I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

#### THE LATE LORD AUDLEY

Mr. Philip Thicknesse, father of the late Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and put up a board, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "Boots and shoes mended in the best and cheapest manner, by Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley." His lordship took the hint, and the board was removed.



### A DOGGED ANSWER

Boswell, dining one day with Dr. Johnson, asked him if he did not think that a good cook was more essential to the community than a good poet. "I don't suppose," said the doctor, "that there's a dog in town but what thinks so."

### WOMEN

At no time in life should a man give up the thoughts of enjoying the society of women. "In youth," said Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses, at a riper age our companions, in old ages our nurses, and in all ages our friends."

A gentleman being asked the difference there was between a clock and a woman instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

### THE CANDLE AND LANTERN

During the period Sir Busick Harwood was Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge, he was called in, in a case of some difficulty, by the friends of a patient who were anxious for his opinion of the malady. Being told the name of the medical man who had previously prescribed, Sir Busick exclaimed, "He! if he were to descend into the patient's stomach with a candle and lantern, when he ascended he would not be able to name the complaint."

### BENEFIT OF COMPETITION

Pope, when he first saw Garrick act, observed, "I am afraid that the young man will be spoiled, for he will have no competitor!"

### AN ODD BIRD

A late Duke of Norfolk had a fancy for owls, of which he kept several. He called one, from the resemblance to the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow. The duke's solicitor was once in conversation with his grace, when, to his surprise, the owl-keeper came up and said, "Please you, my lord, Lord Thurlow's laid an egg."

### A NICE DISTINCTION

Ned Shuter thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned:—"A hole," said he, "may be the accident of the day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

### A HANDSOME CONTRIBUTION

A gentleman waited upon Jerrold one morning to enlist his sympathies in behalf of a mutual friend, who was constantly in want of a round sum of money.

"Well," said Jerrold, who had contributed on former occasions, "how much does—want this time?"

"Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight," the bearer of the hat replied.

Jerrold:—"Well, put me down for one of the noughts this time."

### A WIFE AT FORTY

"My notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

### A FINE DEFINITION

Charles Lamb once missed his umbrella from the stand at the club. Subsequently he placed a notice in the hall requesting the nobleman who had removed his umbrella, to replace it. "Why do you say nobleman?" queried a friend, "isn't it rather crude sarcasm?" — "Not at all," replied Lamb, "The constitution of this club says that it is comprised of 'noblemen and gentlemen.' He couldn't be a gentleman who removed my umbrella, could he?"

### REASONS FOR DRINKING

Dr. Aldritch, of convivial memory, said that there were five reasons for drinking:

"Good wine, a friend, or being dry,

Or lest you should be by and by,  
Or any other reason why."

### A CLIMAX

A very volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless at last married. "Now, my lord," said the countess, "I hope you'll mend."—"Madam," says he, "you may depend on it this is my last folly."

### A BAD EXAMPLE

A certain noble lord being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example by a gentleman, whose food was herbs and his drink water. "What! madam," said he, "Would you have me to imitate a man who eats like a beast, and drinks like a fish?"



*"Frankly, it's not lung cancer I'm worried about."*

The pastor read the following text at the evening service: "The light of the wicked shall be put out."

Instantly there was a clap of thunder and the church was plunged in darkness. With hardly a pause, the parson went on. "Because of this startling fulfillment of this prophesy, the next few minutes will be spent in silent prayer for the Power Company."



Rev. Good (at baptism): "His name, please?"

Mother: "Algernon Philip Percival Mortimer Duckworth."

Rev. (to his assistant): "A little more water, please."

Trying to rest after an exceedingly hard day, poor father was being bedeviled by an endless stream of questions from little Willie.

"Whata you do down at the office?" the youngster finally asked.

"Nothing," shouted the father.

It looked as if the boy had been put off for a while, but not for long. After a thoughtful pause, Willie inquired, "Pop, how do you know when you're through?"



Never try to keep up with the Joneses—after all, they might be newlyweds!



"My, grandpa, what a lot of whiskers! Can you spit through them all?"

"Yes, sonny, I can."

"Well, you'd better do it now, 'cause they're on fire."



A lady, athletic and handsome,  
Got wedged in her sleeping room transom,  
When she offered much gold,  
For release, she was told  
That the view was worth more than the ransom.



"Marry me, although I am a poor radio announcer, or I will shoot myself and make a spot on your rug that only Glutz's superdooper cleanser selling at 25 cents at all better grocery stores, will remove."

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# THE COMPLEAT HANDBOOK FOR INSTRUCTORS

Telling How to Successfully Evade the Issue

Without Appearing Stupid at All

## **INDISPENSIBLE RULES**

**Memorize the following short sentences.  
Use them frequently when questioned by  
students.**

1. I guess you'll have to just take my word for it.
2. The solution of that problem will be left as an exercise for the student.
3. (When asked to justify simplified formula to solve complex problem.) It works, that's all.
4. (When asked to explain unfamiliar phenomenon.) What else can happen?
5. (When asked to do difficult problem assigned for homework.) No.
6. Let's just call it S for the time being. The physical significance will become apparent later.
7. Oh, there's value in it, there's certainly value.
8. I really didn't anticipate any interest in that aspect of the problem.
9. Let's not worry about that now.
10. No need to go into that any further.
11. See me after class and we'll discuss it.
12. That's beyond the scope of the course.
13. It says so in the book.
14. Oh, you probably won't be held responsible for that.
15. You're not supposed to ask that.

# MAGNANIMITY



"Gee, Bob, that was a tremendous girl you fixed me up with. And gosh, we really had a nice party—all those drinks, the dancing in the library, the beautiful girls. Wow!"

"Sure, Jim. You're just a freshman—haven't seen as much as me. That's the way the fraternity's been doing it ever since I've been here, four years now. When we throw a party, we really do it up big. I say if you're going to throw a party, you've got to do it up *big*."

"And I never doubled with a guy like you before. You're so damn cool with the women. Shucks, I usually can't think of what to say next."

"Well, it's all in your attitude. You've just got to feel *big*, able to cope with all situations—magnanimous, in short."

"Magnanimous?"

"Yeah, magnanimous. Magnanimity is . . . well . . . it's greatness of spirit. It's what you need if you want to be a cool operator. You also need it to be a leader. That's why I'm president of the chapter now. I say that if you want to be a leader, you've got to be *magnanimous*."

"Gosh, how do you acquire this quality of magnanimity?"

"Well, it's all in your attitude. If you tell yourself you're just a nothing, you'll always be just a nothing. If you tell yourself you're really big, and talk big, well then everyone agrees that you're big . . . and you are."

"Yeah? Now . . . now how could I apply this? I mean how . . . could I, for example, be a big operator?"

"Gosh, let's see. Why don't you stop that simple, frank, friendly-farmer type of conversation style. Talk big! Talk like you have something important to say, and say it *big*."

"Yeah? Well, how is this? 'Listen here, babe. You and me have an *important* date next Saturday night. We're going to *live it up right*, so *look sharp*.'"

"Gee, that's O.K. Try to talk like that all the time."

"Sure, Bob. That's the way I'm going to talk *from now on*."

"That's what I s . . ."

"Why not? I always say that if you're going to talk, you've got to talk *big*."

"Well . . ."

"Now get the hell out of my room and let me study!"

"Huh?"

"You heard me."

"O.K., O.K., I'm going."

"Goodbye."

By Sylvan Sacolick



City fella' we know bought a place in the country recently and was going to raise livestock, but when he arrived at his farm, all he found was a large, ancient sow. "Hell of a note," he muttered and stamped off to the general store. The storekeeper was sympathetic and volunteered that he should breed his sow with Farmer Brown's boar, and soon he'd be in the livestock business.

"Great idea," said the slicker.

So he loaded his sow into a wheelbarrow and took her to Farmer Brown's. The next morning he rushed out of bed and looked in the pigpen, but no piglets. Disgusted, he went back to the store, and the storekeeper tolerantly recommended Farmer Jones' boar. Once again the sow was loaded in the wheelbarrow and toted down the road, and once again the next morning the slicker found no piglets. This routine went on for a week, and finally on the eighth day, the slicker refused to get out of his warm bed in the early morning. Rolling over to his wife, he said, "Look out the window and see if there are any piglets in the pen."

His wife looked. "There aren't any piglets in the pen," she said, "but the sow is back in the wheelbarrow."



Little four-year-old Nancy was walking down the street with her father when a friend of the family stopped to say hello. The friend spoke first to her father, then looked down at little Nancy and smiled sadly. He then looked back at her father and smiled again, this time sympathetically, and shook his head.

"She's not very P-R-E-T-T-Y, is she?" he said.

Nancy looked up at the man, smiled, and said:

"No. But I'm pretty damn S-M-A-R-T."

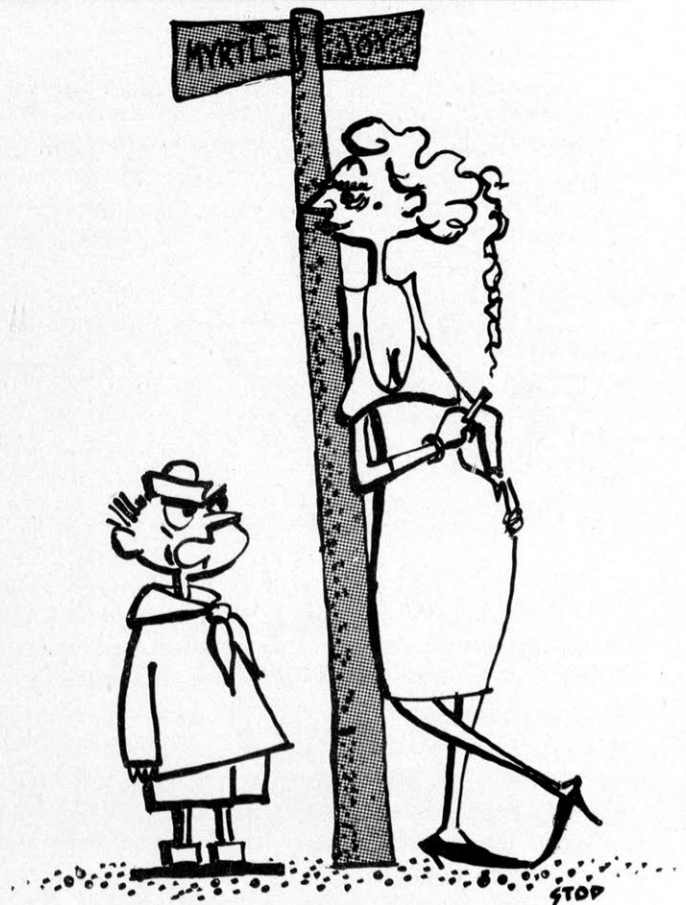


I saw a very unusual French movie. The boy and girl were married.



The sweet, young co-ed was speaking to her boyfriend. "Darling," she said, "my father was certainly surprised when you said you'd marry me."

"Surprised?" he answered, "Why, he nearly dropped the gun!"



"Hey doll, how'ja like to go Navy?"



"Come, now, come," said the psychiatrist to his tearful patient. "You must cheer up. Be happy!"

"Be happy, he tells me yet," she answered. "How can I be happy? Twelve children I've had with that husband of mine, and he doesn't love me. What have I to be happy about, again I ask you?"

Said the psychiatrist: "Imagine if he did love you."



The girl had made it clear to the young man that she was not averse to marrying him. It was equally clear to the young man that he had not won the approval of her domineering, strong-willed crusty old battleaxe of a mother.

"The trouble is," said the girl, "that mother thinks you are effeminate."

The young man reflected on this for a few minutes and then replied, "Well, compared to her, maybe I am."

Coed: "But, Dad, don't you believe that two could live as cheaply as one?"

Dad: "Reckon yer right. Your mother and I are living as cheaply as you."



"The Sigma Chi stole the Beta's bathtub last month!"

"Have they taken it back?"

"No, nobody's missed it yet."



Repentant SLA: "Sweetheart, I've brought some things for the one I love best. I bet you can't guess what they are?"

She: "A pipe and a fifth of bourbon."



"This dress is a little too long for me, have you anything shorter?"

"You might try the collar department."



"You'll have to handle this child very carefully," the child specialist said to the mother. "Remember, you're dealing with a sensitive, highstrung little stinker."



Akin to the sailor who takes a boat ride on a holiday and to the mailman who takes a walk is the college student who spends his vacation loafing.



Spinster: "I can't decide between the divan and the arm chair."

Clerk: "You can't go wrong on a nice comfortable chair like this."

Spinster: "I'll take the divan."

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Mom: "I caught our son making passionate love to a little blonde last night."

Pop: "Yeh?"

Mom: "Well, what are we going to do about it?"

Pop: "Nothing."

Mom: "But we've got to stop it! Why pretty soon he'll take up smoking."



"I understand you have a very poor opinion of Sam."

"I wouldn't say that, but I bet his parents wish birth control was retroactive."



Tact is making a blind date feel that it's her you're sorry for.



Two Englishmen were tearing down the highway in their Jaguar XK 120, going up and down the hills at an even dizzier pace. At approximately 124.36 miles per hour the right door flew open with an explosive bang. The driver shifted his pipe to a corner of his mouth and, without taking his eyes off the road asked, "I say, old chap, who popped in?"



Girl Tourist in the Near East, seeing fig leaves for the first time: My, but they *are* big, aren't they!



The train came to a grinding stop and all the passengers were jolted severely.

One nervous old lady approached the conductor and demanded to know what happened.

"Nothing much, madam, nothing much. We just ran over a cow."

"Was it on the tracks?"

"No, madam," the conductor sighed. "We chased her into the barn."

Dear John,

Words cannot express how much I regret having broken off our engagement. Will you please come back to me? Your absence leaves a vacancy which nothing can ever fill. I cannot live without you. I love you, I love you, I love you!

Yours forever,

Emily.

P. S. Congratulations on your winning the Irish sweepstakes.



Then there was the one-fingered pick-pocket who could only steal Life Savers.



A little boy went to a very nice shop on the Avenue to try on a new suit, being taken by his sister, a regal lady, graduate of Vassar. The youngster giggled and squirmed as the tailor, a young, brisk, well-dressed fellow, nimbly made the marks on his suit with chalk. Having entered fully into what he thought was the spirit of the occasion, the boy suddenly looked up and said to the tailor, in a confidential tone: "If you want to tickle my sister, try her stummick."



Definition for strip poker: "Panty ante."



Young Angus McTavish MacHugh  
Must be in a terrible stew.  
He worked thirty weeks  
With his thesis on Keats  
To learn that no essay was due.



Grandpappy: "Doc, you remember that 'vitality medicine' you gave me last week?"

Doctor: "Yes. What about it?"

Grandpappy: "I accidentally dropped it in the well."

Doctor: "Goodness, man! You're not drinking the water, are you?"

Grandpappy: "Heck, no! We can't even get the pump handle down."

A refugee who couldn't speak a word of English came to this country. He was very hungry so he went into a restaurant. He heard the fellow next to him say bean soup so he ordered bean soup.

"I've got to remember that," he said to himself. "It's something very good to eat."

For three weeks he ate nothing but bean soup because he couldn't say anything else in English. However, he was getting tired of it, so he figured he'd listen again. The fellow next to him ordered a ham sandwich, so when the waiter asked him what he wanted he said a ham sandwich.

"What do you want it on, rye or white?"

The refugee looked around somewhat bewildered and then said, "Bean soup."



The theatre was crowded and a devoted couple reluctantly accepted single seats. The young lady didn't care for the arrangement and decided to remedy matters by asking the Navy officer in the seat next to her if he would mind changing seats with her escort.

Accordingly, she leaned over and whispered, "Pardon me—are you alone?"

The prudent Navy man gave no sign of having heard, so she asked the question a little louder. At this he turned slightly toward her but kept his eyes on the screen. "Cut it out, sister," he whispered. "My whole darned family is here tonight!"



Recruit: "How can you talk so filthy?"

Sergeant: "I have Trenchmouth!"



"Hello, is this the Smith aptment? . . . Well, I'm Mac Tavish, in the apartment below . . . Listen, it's three in the morning and your party has kept me awake all night . . . Now, I don't mind the shrieking and pounding and music and stamping and banging and singing that's been going on up there, but for heaven's sake, put more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through my ceiling!"



"Hello, is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I want to arrange to have my husband's fidelity insured."



A henpecked husband got so tired of his wife's nagging, that he moved out into the woodshed. He stayed for months, batching it the best he could. He kept on tending the yard and doing other necessary chores about the place. He never went into "her house," and she didn't molest him in "his woodshed," though occasionally she would meet him in the yard with a fresh pie or other delicacy. They spoke very little to each other.

Neighbors talked with the husband, seemed to understand his predicament, and held him blameless. "Why don't you run away?" one of them inquired. "She's terrible . . ."

"Well, now," the henpecked husband remonstrated, "I wouldn't say that. You know, she don't make a bad neighbor."



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The Vatican is compiling a new dictionary of Latin. Exceptional difficulty was encountered with new American words such as "atom bomb" (Latin equivalent: *pyropolus*) and "radar" (*radio electrum instrumentum exploratorium*). For the expression "O.K." the Vatican suggests *Amen*.



"Oh damn," said the ram as he fell over the cliff — "I didn't see that U-turn."



Over Heard While Walking Through Cronin's. "Oh, George, I'm so glad you have a Nash."



Little Boy: "What do you repair these shoes with?"

Cobbler: "Hide."

Little Boy: "Why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide! Hide! The cow's outside."

Little Boy: "So what? Who the hell's afraid of an old cow?"



A student returned to Texas after spending the summer in Greece. "Boy," he confided to a friend, "up there in them Greek mountains the family eats off a table that's only six inches off the ground!"

"Six inches off the ground!" echoed his amazed buddy, "What do they sit on?"

"Well," drawled the student, "the Greeks had a word for it."

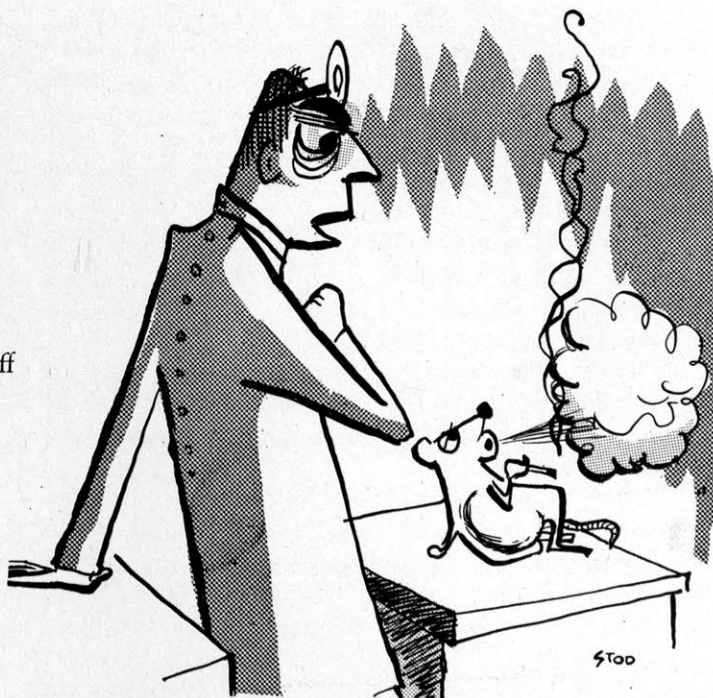
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Small boy: "What is college bred, pop?"

Pop (with son in college): "They make college bread, my son, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."



A man came home at four in the morning and found a man in the closet of his bedroom.

"Where were you until four o'clock in the morning?" screamed his wife.

The husband countered, "Who is this man with you?"

The wife said, "Don't change the subject."

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Weary and famished "after a long day's trek through the North Woods, a trapper begged shelter at a log cabin. It was a primitive affair of one room, in which was a stove, bed, table and chairs; a ladder led up to a loft under the roof.

Despite such cramped quarters for a settler, his wife and four children, the visitor was made welcome. With a hot meal under his belt, he began to nod. "Sorry to keep you up," the father said, "but we're kinda crowded so you'll have to wait till the little ones are out of the way."

The children were put to bed early; then when the last one was asleep, the man took them up one by one and laid them side by side on the floor at the back of the room.

Then he announced: "There she is, and she's all yours." The trapper vigorously protested at robbing the youngsters of their comfort, but was told to think nothing of it.

Too tired to argue he turned in and knew no more until morning.

When he awoke, he was lying on the floor with the kids; the settler and his wife were in the bed.



"Shall I take this little rug out and beat it?"  
"That's not a rug; that's my roommate's towel."



A quartet is where all four think the other three can't sing.

A housewife was seated at breakfast when she heard the back door slam. Thinking it was her young son returning from play, she called out, "I'm in here, darling. I've been waiting for you."

There was silence for a long moment, then an embarrassed shuffling of feet and finally a strong, masculine voice which said: "I think you ought to know, Madam, that I ain't your regular milkman!"



"It's a genuine antique, sir."

"But you are asking a fearful price for it."

"Well, sir, look how wages and the cost of materials have gone up!"



The dean of the law school was very busy and rather cross. The telephone rang.

"Well, what is it?" she snapped.

"Is this the city gas works?" said a woman's soft voice.

"No, madam," roared the Dean. "This is the University Law Department."

"Ah, I didn't miss it so far, after all, did I?"



Webster says taut means tight. I guess I was taut a lot in school after all.

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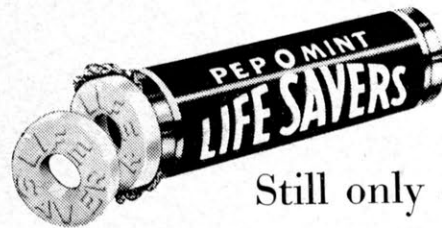
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