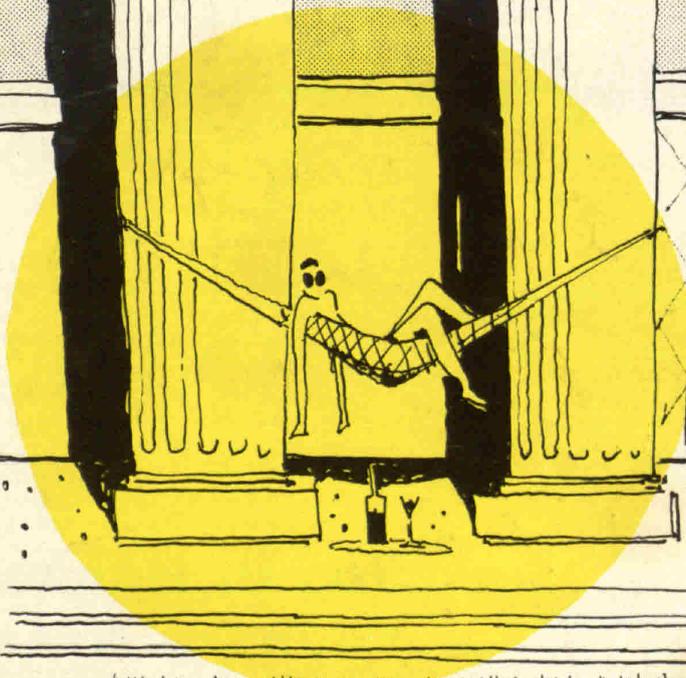


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VOO DOO

Vol. 39 No. 5

May 1956

Est. 1919

There is no question but that we live today in the century of Matters-of-Consequence. It's gotten to the point that, no matter how hard you try, it's impossible to avoid a Very Significant Matter.

Atomic warfare, for example, is Very Important. Communism is a Very Real Threat. Elections are Every Man's Concern.

Our generation has come to thrive on similiar delusions of significance. Expendability has vanished from the human scene. Everyone has to Get Out There and Pitch. Even if what you're doing doesn't seem awfully Important, it is: it's inspiring-you're the Most Remarkable Person someone has ever known. Your innermost secrets are televised.

It's a universal phenomenon. Even trivial things are consequential; the brand of cigarette you smoke, the deoderant you use, the tone-arm you buy, the prince you marry.

In the Meanwhile, the really important things, like "Peanuts" go unnoticed. So do editorials.

C. B. F.

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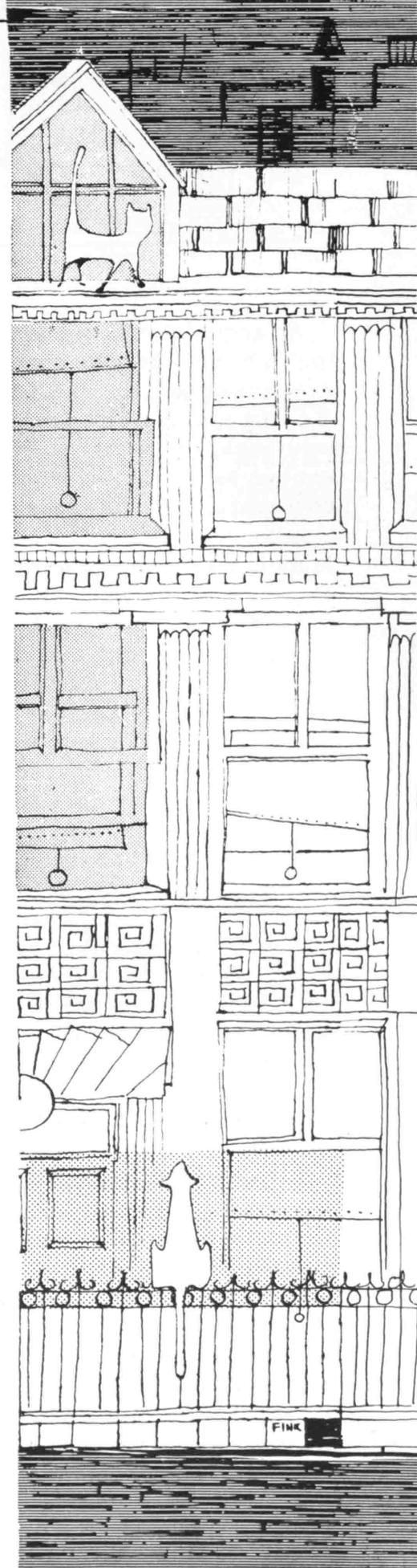
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Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.



An acquaintance of ours took a blind date to an open rehearsal of the B.S.O. Being a classicist from way back, he went early enough to obtain two front row seats. On this particular evening Charles Munch was experiencing close to an infinite amount of trouble with the orchestra and one could sense that at any given time he would lose all patience. At a quarter to ten, the girl whispered some urgent phrases to our friend, who, after wiping the pallor from his face, promptly prepared to leave. 'Just when the orchestra was playing their best too,' he lamented. Without a breath the pair skirted the length of the row and were about to flee down the aisle when they became aware of a muted silence. To augment the anguish everyone appeared to be openly following their journey with the greatest of interest. They turned towards the podium to discover that Mr. Munch himself was glaring at them with the most wondrous scowl imagineable. The Girl

mumbled "Ten o'clock curfew" in a voice fraught with despair and then sped to the door with our friend swept along in the back-draft.

Another friend of ours with a season's ticket to the Saturday evening B.S.O. performances wishes to characterize the Maestros he has seen; for example, he labels Charles Munch a conductor and Arthur Fiedler a semi-conductor.

A spirited fellow down the hall has established this as his motto; This term it's dean's list or bust. So far, he informs us, he has gotten neither.

A skeptical friend of ours claims there is no such thing as a perfect vacuum but as evidence to contrary we offer our mailbox.

While leafing through a leaflet issued by the E.E. department designed for

sophomore laboratory orientation, we came across the mention of artificial respiration, which was starred. Persuing the star down the page, we read the following footnote;

For a basic treatment of the problem of artificial respiration, see Schaefer "Introduction to Laboratory Techniques."

We, therefore append a star*

*For a more general treatment than this magazine is able to offer confer Ovid "Art of Love."

There is a Ho-Jo on Huntington Avenue which on Saturday puts a card saying the following on its tables;

10¢ beverages-15¢

We've had two mathematicians on this one for a week. We believe it can be handled by information theory, but we're not sure.

A humanities instructor we know of became irritated by people wandering into his class at various odd times. Finally, when someone strolled casually into the class at fifteen minutes before the hour, he shouted that if people couldn't get to class on time they shouldn't come at all. Unfortunately, a few days later he made the mistake of arriving at seven after the hour. He was greeted (of course) by a large message in red, white and the omnipresent dirty yellow on the blackboard, reading "If you can't get here on time, don't come at all." The class was rather puzzled that, instead of dismissing them as they had expected, he assigned a two thousand word theme.

A member of the Lit staff, in one of his less sober moments, made the mistake of telling a young lady that he had written a story about her. Voo Doo stories being what they are, she has not spoken to him for a month now. We came across him recently curled up in the foetal position in front of the beer closet and he unbur-

dened his heart to us. Miss, whoever you are, and wherever you are, forgive him: for, until you do, we can't get at the beer.

Two scheming friends of ours convinced a friend AND car that it was to his advantage to treble with them out at Wellesley. The little fellow finally accepted, and they rushed to the phone to get him a date. The contacts were made, and all was arranged. But trouble developed - we are not too clear on how it developed, and so the little fellow went out himself.

Now this is ignominious, but ignominy upon ignominy, the word got around, and people have been calling my roommate and myself all week, under the erroneous notion that we have founded a date bureau. Damn it, stop.

Some revolutionist has penned a sign on our wall; "Work is the curse of the drinking class." Souses of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your grains.

People around here seem to be always looking for an excuse for a party, hell knows most of the excuses they come up with are very unimagina-tive. -- Junior Prom, Senior Week, April Tools to name a few. But there is one in every crowd, and no excuse we have seen compares with the sheer ingenuity of an erstwhile associate of this magazine. Depressed because a January 28th birthday deprived him of festive fellowship and touching tributes presented by loving frat brothers, our hero proceeded to bring forth an old store calendar, count back nine months and proclaim April 28th as his CONCEPTION DAY, celebrated it for two years, too, until his mother spoiled the fun and told him, he had been an eight months wonder. However, we'll stick to the reliable nine months and say, Happy Conception, Bob.

████████████████████

"Did that English course help your boyfriend any?"
 "No, he still ends every sentence with a proposition."

"Honey, I'd go through fire and water for you."

"Okay, make it fire. I'd rather have you hot than wet."



Displaying her wedding gifts, the bride came to one from the groom's Army buddy. "I just adore these personalized gifts," she said. "We received towels and washcloths with HIS and HERS on them, but,"--and she blushed--"this is even more personal."

She held up an olive-drab blanket with the letters US stamped in the middle.



Top Sergeant (addressing recruits): "This afternoon the 1st Lieutenant is going to give you a talk on Keats. I'll bet none of you dumb clucks even know what a keat is."



Advice to older men: "Don't make love on Saturday: it might rain on Sunday."



"Melvin, Melvin!"

"What, ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fishbowl?"

"No, ma, but I'm coming pretty close."

Definition of a castrated dinosaur:
A colossal fossil with a docile tassel.



At a children's party, a man asked a little girl who made her.

"Originally, or recently?" she asked.



M.E.: "Drinking makes you beautiful."

Art Major: "But, I don't drink."

M.E.: "But I do."



She: "What's the difference between dancing and marching?"

He: "I don't know."

She: "I didn't think you did. Let's sit down."



Prof: "Who is happier, the man with six million dollars, or the man with six children?"

Soph: "The man with six children, of course."

Prof: "And why?"

Soph: "Cause the guy with six million bucks always wants more."

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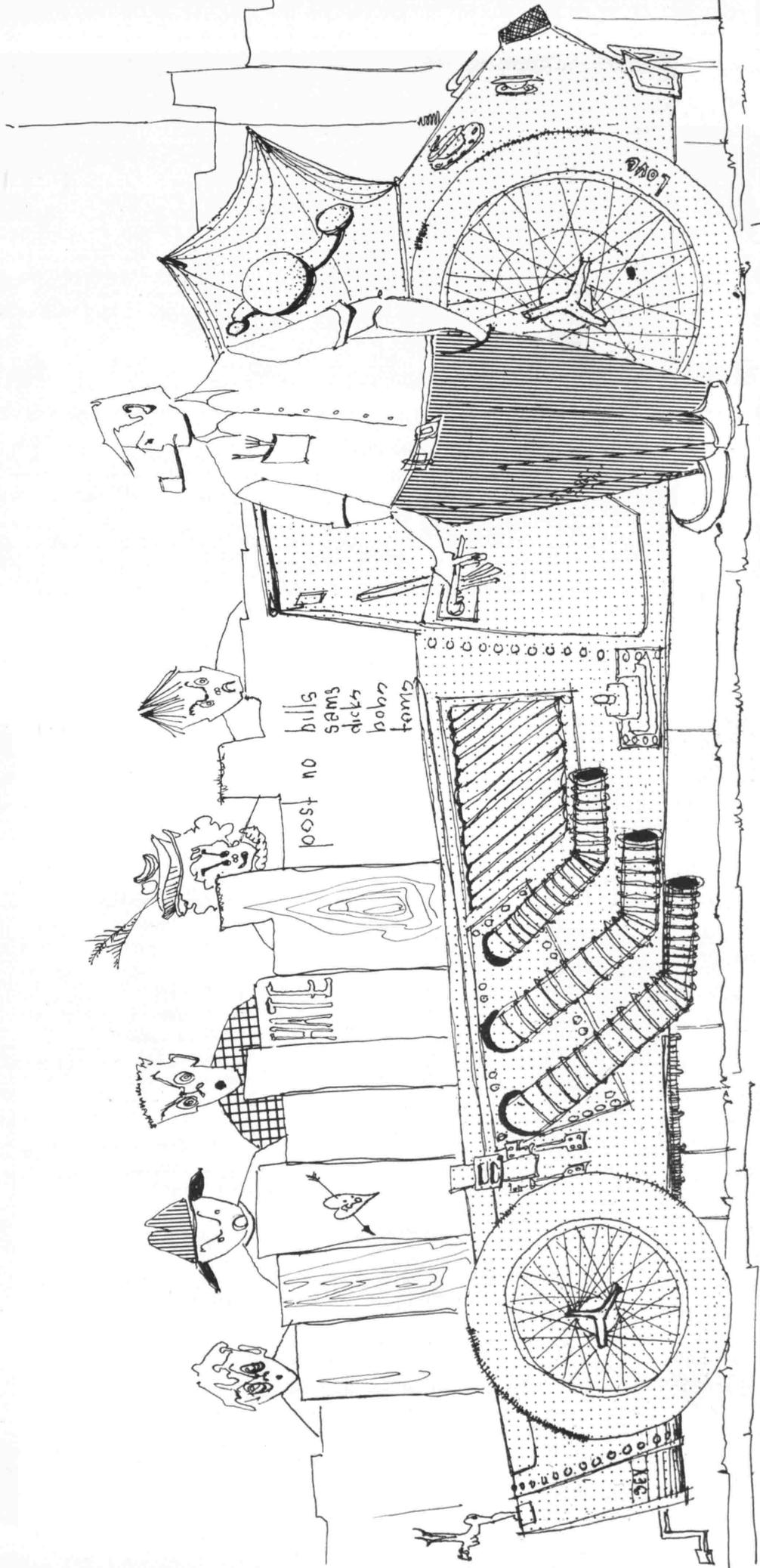
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Panel No. 1

Art Treasure Recently Uncovered Leads To Imbroglia In Intellectual Circles.



Panel No. 2

A bitter controversy has arisen as to the interpretations of a recently uncovered art treasure. The key figures in controversy agreed that a committee be formed to investigate the matter. In a heated meeting of the committee, a brief summary of the exigences was prepared, and, after a slight display of violence that threatened to culminate in an international incident, was finally approved as being a fair exposition of the opposing versions. The following is the synopsis.

Jacques Monteaux, the discoverer of the masterpiece, began the meeting with his view that the paintings are one entity, bold in conception, broad in scope, and deep in perception. It is a symbolic representation of the eternal struggles of man against the temptor. The two brazier like structures are the lamps of civilization. One by one, the lamps of civilization go out, and numberless horrors are perpetrated in darkness. On the other hand, they could be oversized Ronsons. Undoubtedly, the winged figure clutching the globe is Satan.



Panel No. 3

Lord Richard Brumley held the audience spellbound until one of his assistants called to his attention that he was delivering a speech prepared for Parliament concerning a touchy labour problem. Regaining his composure, after finding the proper speech Lord Brumley outlined the paintings as three separate scenes, the first a tobacco auction, the second a group of commuters awaiting a tram, and the third a chef offering his wares to four diners. One of the characters with outstretched arms is bidding 2/5/6d. Notice particularly the expectant look of the busboy in the third painting as he contemplates his break.

Gisbeth of the Lisbon School thought he saw some Botticelli in it, identifying a figure near the focus as Botticelli.

Caesar Gonzales of the Liga del Descencia declared it as an obvious depiction of depravity in a hobo jungle, remarking particularly about the hands outstretched for food. The brazier like structures, he maintained are pots of Mulligan stew, and he pointed out Mulligan himself.

It was Pietro di Lolocozan who claimed that the painting was the first outgrowth of a revolutionary trend in modern art. Most modern artists, he said, paint lightning, eyes and cows to represent crowds of people doing something. But here we have an inversion that is classically simple. The artist has painted crowds of people doing something to represent lightning, eyes and cows.

Three weeks after the conference, an article appeared in Izvestia, denouncing the meeting and the painting. The next issue retracted the denunciation. Along with the retraction, the paper ran a story by Boris Gluffskoff claiming the painter to be resident of Kiev and claiming the painting to be an exposition of the thesis that through suffering comes wisdom.



The whole world of art was split into belligerent camps. Exigeses were published, followed by anti-exigeses. The battle still wages.

The masterpiece itself, the center of this imbroglio, was purchased by a wealthy American lady and has disappeared from the eyes, but not the minds, of artistic circles. It was rumored that she has presented it to an orphan asylum or a similar institution.

That the meaning will ever be discovered is questionable, though the search for the meaning will continue, for the meaning, whatever it is, is undoubtedly deep and worth striving for. However, it is a painting rather morbid in appearance, or as Lord Brumley laughingly said in one of his lighter moments, "I'd hate to eat under it."

Richard Bloomstein



(Ed. Note: The honeycomb structure at the top center of the middle panel is not, as one critic stated, the maze of man's mind. Rather, it is an accoustic baffle that got between the mural and the camera.)

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from an EXPERT

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He: Since I met you, I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink.

She: Tell me why?

He: Broke.



A girl who tries to talk her boy friend into buying her a silk night-gown usually ends up with her boy friend trying to talk her out of it.



When the librarian questioned the little boy's book choice, Advice to Young Mothers, he explained. "I'm collecting moths."



Roses are red
Violets are blue
Nellie's are pink
(I know, I saw them on the line).



She 1: I know the secret of popularity.
She 2: I do, too, but mother says I mustn't.



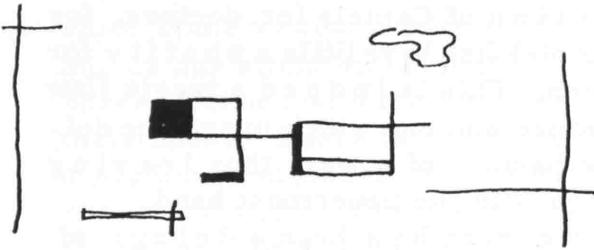
POETRY

METAMORPHOSIS

At last the descending ladder of tomorrow is clear
The time has come to cast off the skin of self and
Introspect in small letters.

Oh Lonely Crowd, make way for another
dismembered Entity!
Another who shaves daily
And wears clean white collars and socks
but once
And antagonizes no one
And fears for the externe.

A billion upstretched hands (with clean
fingernails) bid welcome.
Farewell me; I was I; I am coming
out.

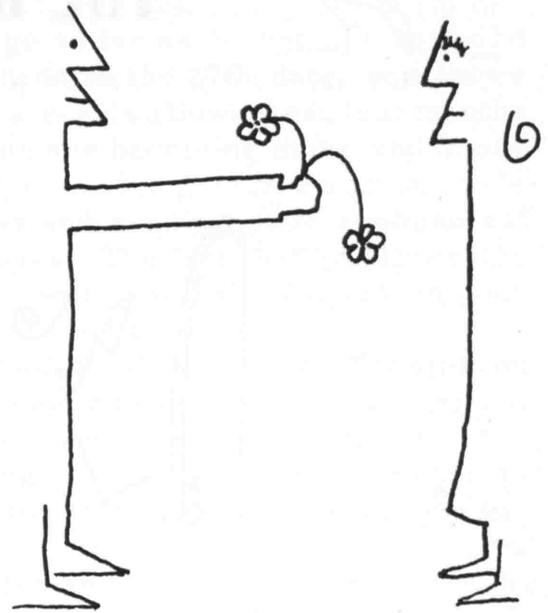


Ye men with minds of scientific bent,
With guided life, and youth well spent,
Mildly concerned with the "rounded man",
And the lab results of experiments ran.

No childish football to distract the mind,
Or shadow the latest scientific find.
Omnipresent notebook with scribblings crammed,
Front inscription "humanities be damned!"

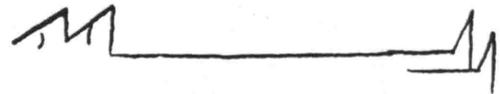
You geniuses, I'm glad I'm of a different mold,
And the rising price of slide rules leaves me cold.
I've no yen to split the atom with a meat cleaver,
Meet a happy-go-lucky basket weaver!

R.D. Bristow



the sound in the distance
you hear,
softly, then nearer, till
unbearable to the ear,
agonizing, screeching, shriller
and louder,
then cut--as you close the
door.

R. T.



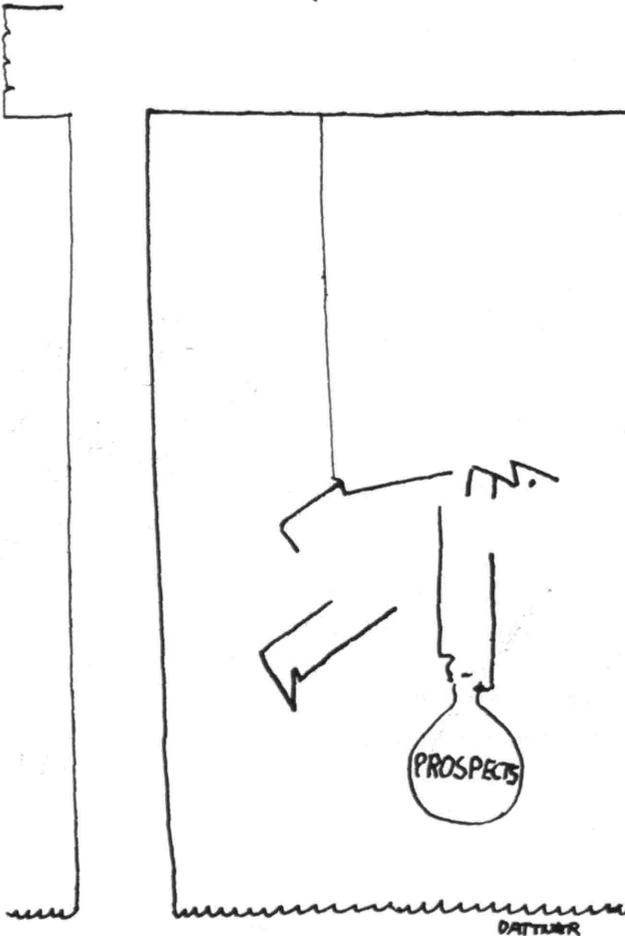
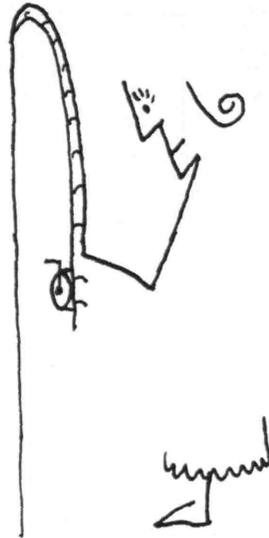
BLOSSOMS

Dropping, gliding, falling down,
the blossoms fall towards the ground
Summer is here.
Children screaming, laughing, singing,
yearning, stretching upwards--
plucking blossoms--that fall towards
the ground.
The blossoms bloom, grow, wither, die--
Summer is gone.

R. T.



THE REPLEAT ANGLER



That time of year is approaching (not very rapidly, 'tis true) which activates the poetic instinct, sets young hearts aflutter, and turns one's thoughts to the glorious outdoors. Of all the popular pastimes among the verdure and ardor of nature, perhaps none is so abounding with variety and the competitive spirit as the sport of fishing. It is an activity with a venerable past and a dedicated following.

It is generally understood that there are two types of fishermen and correspondingly two types of fish. Come spring, men fish for fish and women fish for men. The triangle suffers a missing link because (unlike the attraction of Camels for doctors, for example) fish have little appetite for women. This is indeed a tragic flaw in nature and one which upsets the delicate balance of power, thus leaving women with the uppermost hand.

Since there has been a deluge of literature through the ages devoted to the aid of the fisherman and the accompanying undoing of the fish, we feel it would be a true boon to the world if for once some advice were published enabling the fish to escape the hook. This article is the result.

The branch of the subject we shall be dealing with is that involving women and their prey -- men. The first principle that must be realized is that this branch is inherently far more sadistic than the other for the reason that (except for Captain Ahab) no man has a particular fish in mind whereas a woman will calculatingly set her trap time and again for the same hapless male creature, ignoring all others of the species who happen unwittingly by. This casts a certain sickly aspect of inevitability upon the entire matter. The realiza-

tion of this morbid prospect is often more crushing a blow than the actuality itself.

The bait with which women attract their chosen victims is all too familiar enough to many others). The amount of bait a particular woman will sacrifice towards the promotion of her scheme is, of course, strongly dependent upon her constitution. In every respect. Some will only risk it on a sure thing but others, possessed of the gaming spirit, will bet on an even money proposition. On the surface, as I say, this type of bait is easily recognizable. Although recognition is not defense nevertheless it is of advantage to know when you are hooked so you can attempt an escape.

It is the insidious subsurface bait which some women resort to that requires our attention before the atmosphere thickens with the presence of their hooks. There is no escape from a predicament whose most sinister characteristic is the concealment of the realization that escape is necessary. If any of the following circumstances appear familiar, brother beware!

Pathological example 1: The girl you are going with behaves like a furnace at the beginning of the evening. She is just as warm as that noonday sun. Well, just remember that that noonday sun goes down. I mean sets. Come midnight, she's just as frigid as the shady side of the moon, and as though it were dictated by the goddess of evil, your reasoning follows this pattern:

She sure is a hot little number. I wonder what I did wrong to make her change this way. There must be something the matter with me. I wonder if I will be lucky enough to get her out with me again. Maybe if I don't try to get anywhere with her, she'll give me a break. I sure will try to treat her better.'

To go so far as to get her to hold your hand on the 27th date, you have spent a year's allowance in four months and you are becoming more and more used to wearing your roommate's clothes and reading your roommates' textbooks. The fact that he allows this is yet another stroke of luck in your general good fortune.

Pathological example 2: The girl you are going with behaves like a Coldspot Refrigerator at the beginning of the evening. However, you notice with satisfaction that each successive time she opens her mouth the little light becomes brighter and brighter. By the end of the evening she is the genii of your will. However, just at the critical point the genii pops back into the bottle and refuses to come back out till the next date. Every time you take her out you get the slightest bit further but at the precise moment of greatest progress she pulls her old reliable disappearing act. The gut-gripping thought that, after all, Achilles never caught his turtle isn't enough to retract the following reasoning progression:

'This girl is inherently an icicle. It is only due to my phenomenal masculine prowess that I am able to get anywhere at all with her. I can't admit defeat when every night I get closer and closer. It won't be long now.'

You don't realize that she's measuring it out with a micrometer. Face it, brother, turn in your ration card and do business with the black market. The only thing you have over our first pathological tragic hero is that his genii never even slithers out of the bottle. Nevertheless, you still have to go home and beat your head against the wall to achieve the effect you're looking for. Which all goes to show that there's more than one way to fleece a sheep.

Pathological example 3: This girl is like a boxer with no set pattern of at-

tack. She just jabs away and when she finds an opening, she sends you down for the count. One of her old standbys is 'My mother bought me this dress. I know my taste in clothes is better than hers. I think it looks simply terrible on me. What do you think?' Don't you see that you have been set up in perfect position for the uppercut? After you parry harmlessly, the clincher is 'You don't love me any more.' This is designed, among other things, to cloud from your mind the vital statistic that you never did love her and you wish she'd realize it. Very soon you're on your knees begging for forgiveness while she is counting to herself, smiling. If this kneeling position becomes too familiar to you, you are liable one day to be selecting furniture for the new apartment under her bright-eyed leadership, still wondering how it ever came about. Which brings to mind the provocative notion that even the fish is spared the mortification of having to beg to be hooked, scaled, and fried.

Before we summarize out --

What's that dear? (Girl I go with. I don't pay her much attention though.) The ring I'm wearing? Why, that's a beaver. (Compliments never faze me.) Industriousness? Resourcefulness? - Gee, it's awfully good of you to say that. We do work rather hard. What's that, dear? You'd like to try it on? Isn't that wonderful (OH, that's as far as it goes. The first axiom is never let her take the ring unless the finger goes with it.)

Brother, BEWARE!

Sir Dave Izaak Markowitz



Folks wouldn't worry so much about what other people thought of them if they realized how seldom they did.



Phi: "Why do you always go out with girls that wear glasses?"

Pi: "I breathe on them, and then they can't see what I'm doing."



While the young suitor was waiting for his girl, the latter's little sister sidled into the room.

"Did you know my sister's got three other boy friends?" she asked coyly.

"Really?" he asked in surprise. "I haven't seen any of them."

"Neither have I", said the moppet, "but she gave me a quarter to tell you."



The bashful bride whispered to her husband as they entered the hotel:

"Jack dear, let's try to make the other people think we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey. But do you think you can carry both suitcases?"



"If I kiss you will anyone be the wiser?"

"I don't know. That depends on how much you know about kissing."

MEN WANTED

As every year, three of the most useless men on campus graduate. These men are our senior board. Usually we have been able to recruit other men of their calibre from the staff, but this year's crop of staff members had not proven useless enough.

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3. Attendance at all parties, thrown at least three times a year or less.

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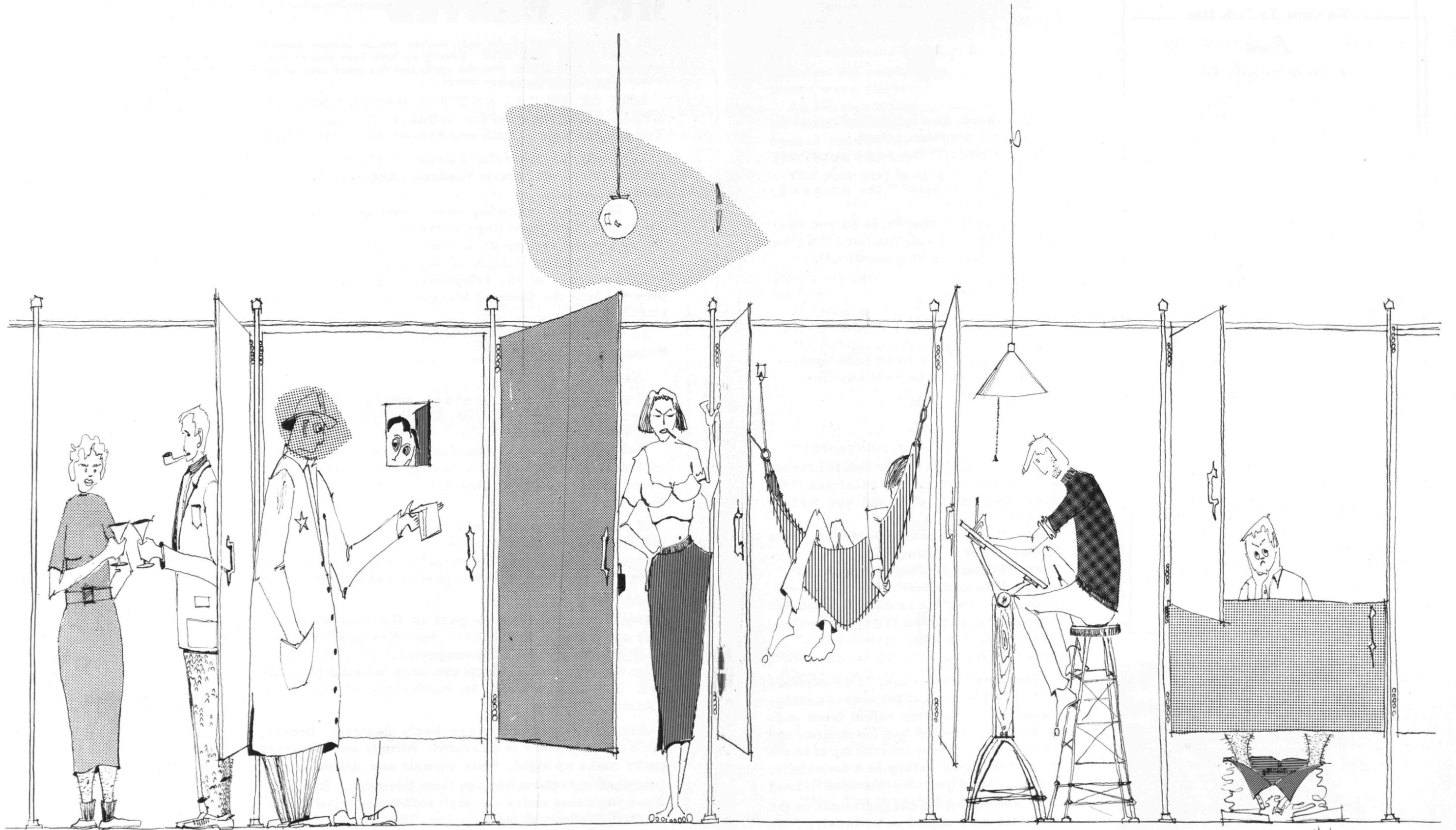
You may gain the distinction, so far unique to our circulation manager, of having been thrown out of every girls' college in New England, plus a few in New York.

If you become part of our publicity staff, your most ridiculous ideas will be received with complete enthusiasm; not only that, but actually executed with technological preciseness in the environs of building 10 on sales day.

If you join the creative part of the magazine, you may add a fourth to the three sensitive souls who actually put things into the magazine. This will make them happy, for then they can stop playing pinochle and play bridge which is much more aesthetically pleasing.

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Do you come from Harvard?
No, I cut my mouth on a bottle.



"How much does your new baby weigh?" the neighbor asked.

"Four pounds," the young mother replied.

"Just four pounds?" the amazed neighbor asked.

"Well, what in the world do you expect?" said the young mother. "We've only been married four months."



Some girls like to be held tight.
Others like to be held anytime.



Toby: "Yes, I have just returned from a big-game hunting trip in Africa."

Tot: "Sur 'nuff, what did you bring back?"

Toby: "Seven lions, five tigers, two leopards and a potfer."

Tot: "Potfer?" What's a potfer?"

Toby: "To cook in."



The ocean was rough. The steward was taking a bowl of hot soup to a state-room and as the ship rolled from side to side the steward lost his balance and spilled the hot soup into the lap of an old gentleman lying asleep in a deck chair. Keeping his wits, the steward leaned over and tapped the old gentleman on the shoulder and asked solicitously, "Do you feel better now, sir?"

It was at the races. The dainty young thing was enjoying herself immensely, but she noticed to her chagrin that in the midst of the excitement, her undergarments were slipping.

As she was trying to stop this source of embarrassment, the starting gates opened and the horses surged through. The crowd roared; "They're off."

The poor girl fainted.



"I have a very smart parrot. The other day he fell into the garbage pail and yelled, 'Fire! Fire!'"

"If he's so smart, why did he yell 'Fire!' if he fell into the garbage pail?"

"If he hollered 'garbage,' who'd come and get him?"



"But darling, I couldn't elope tomorrow with you--tomorrow is a calendar day."



The doctor advised the young parents on the care of their first born: "Remember," he said, "boil everything before putting it in the baby's mouth,"

"Gosh honey," the new father said, "No wonder you insisted on putting Junior on a bottle!"



"Shall we sit in the parlor?"

"No, I'm too tired, let's go skiing."

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II

1. In the beginning The Physicist created the heaven and the earth.
2. And the universe was without laws, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of The Physicist moved upon the face of the waters.
3. And The Physicist said, Let F equal Ma and F equalled Ma .
4. But The Physicist saw that this was not good and He said, Let F equal the time rate of change of momentum and let the mass vary with velocity.
5. And The Physicist saw that this was good and the evening and the morning were the first day.
6. And The Physicist said, Let there be atoms and there were atoms, and He divided the atom further and He said let the center of the atom be the nucleus and the particles it contains, protons and neutrons and let the outer particles be electrons.
7. And The Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and the morning were the second day.
8. And The Physicist said, Let there be light, and there was light.
9. And He said, Let the velocity of light be 3×10^8 meters/sec.
10. And The Physicist said, Let nothing move faster than light and nothing moved faster.
11. And The Physicist realized that the universe was still infinite and He saw that this was not good and He said, Let the universe be finite and let it curve back upon itself.
12. And The Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and the morning were the third day.
13. And The Physicist said, Let there be Newton to discover my laws. But

He saw that Newton could not do all this himself and so He created Einstein.

14. And The Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and the morning were the fourth day.
15. And The Physicist said, Let there be Hans for He knew that there was needed an instructor to teach these laws after they were discovered. And He created Hans in His own image.
16. And The Physicist saw that Hans was lonely and He removed one of his ribs and created the lab instructor.
17. And The Physicist saw that Hans was happy and He blessed Hans and the lab instructor and said unto them, Go ye forth and teach the laws of physics.
18. And The Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and the morning were the fifth day.
19. And The Physicist saw that there were needed beings to learn His laws of physics and He said, Let there be the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and He nicknamed this place "Tech" and stocked it with all manner of beings.
20. And The Physicist saw that He would need more physicists and He said, Let there be Tech coeds to replenish the race of physicists.
21. And He sent Hans and the Lab instructor to Tech and said unto them, Teach these beings physics, and they taught physics.
22. And The Physicist saw that this was good, and the evening and the morning were the sixth day.
23. And on the seventh day The Physicist ended his creations and set

- about to write up his lab report.
24. And The Physicist blessed the seventh day and sanctified it: and He set aside this day for the beings at Tech to write up their lab reports.
25. And The Physicist saw that all was well and He rested and He left the universe to the governance of His laws.

BOB ARZT

The baby was awakened from a peaceful slumber. Looking down at his raiment he yelled over to his father, "Dad, did you spill water on my diapers?"

"No," was the reply.

The baby looked puzzled for a moment then said, "Hm-m-m-, must have been an inside job."



An American woman traveling in France was at a party one night and she was introduced to a former Russian Grand Duke. Trying to make an impression on him, she showed him a long chain of malachite beads, a semi-precious gem stone, which she had purchased on her trip abroad.

"Aren't they wonderful?" she said, running the green beads through her fingers. "And they cost me a fortune," she added confidentially.

"I know," agreed the nobleman sarcastically. "My mother had a stair case made of it."



Did you hear about the woman who filed suit for divorce because her husband got indifferent?

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"Is that our true position, Navigator?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Then take off your hat. We're in Westminster Abby."



According to the mathematics department ds is a piece of s.



Two stenos were discussing the handsome salesman in their office.

One of them observed "He dresses so well."

The other with a knowing light in her blue eyes agreed and added, "...and so quickly, too."

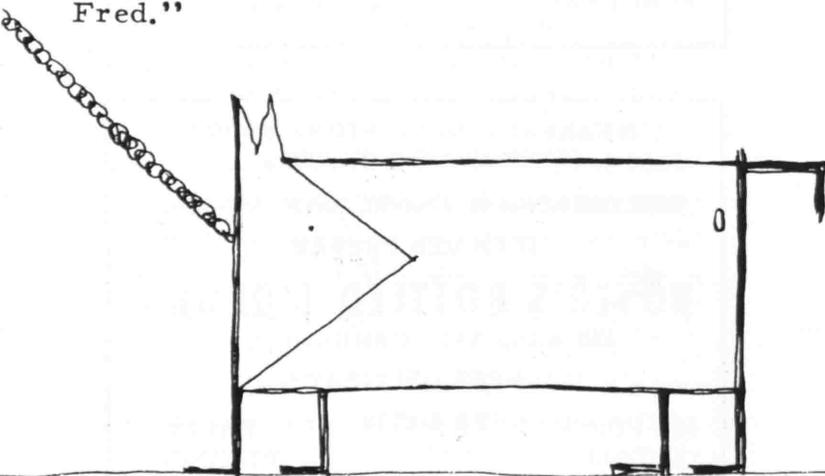


There was the opportunist who went to Colorado with a pound of Uranium looking for lost geiger counters.



"So, you and Fred are getting married," exclaimed a friend of the bride-to-be. "Why, I thought all along it was just a flirtation."

"Yes," smiled the girl, "so did Fred."



An old prospector recently back from the desert was buying his supplies for his next venture. Before leaving the store he turned to the shopkeeper and asked, "Say, you wouldn't happen to have any women in this town?"

"Why no, replied the storekeeper, but there's always Charlie."

"No, no! I don't go for that kind of stuff!" said the prospector, turning and leaving the store.

About six months the same prospector returned to the town and the same general store. Much the worse for wear he asked in a loud voice, "Now in the past six months you certainly must have at least one woman in this town."

"Sorry, replied the store keeper, you're still out of luck--but Charlie's still around."

Look, I told you I didn't go for that kind of stuff!" said our friend storming out of the store.

Three years later a tired, sweaty, unkept old man wearily walked into the general store and bawled,

"Where's the damn women in this town!"

The shop keeper quickly trying to calm the old boy said with a quiver in his voice, "I told you we don't have any women in this town, but you know there's still Charlie."

Uttering a weak "I don't go for that stuff" the prospector leaned close to the store keeper and asked,

"How many people would know of this thing...with Charlie?"

"Well, let's see, said he counting on his fingers, there would be five of us."

"Five! How's that figure? asked the prospector."

"Well, said the shopkeeper, there's you and me...that's two, and Charlie, that's three...and the two guys to hold Charlie...He don't go for that stuff either."

"Ooh, a freshet!" exclaimed the sweet young girl, as she and the boy friend were walking through the wooded pasture.

"Yeah," he agreed, "but which one of us stepped in it?"



The following advertisement appeared in a physical culture magazine. "Here's a good test for your stomach muscles. Clasp your hands over your head and place your feet together on the floor. Now bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Now by sheer muscular control, haul yourself up, bend to the left and sit down on the floor to the right of your feet. Keep this up and let us know the result."

The first letter received said, "Hernia."



A man, seeing another man swimming off a Florida beach, said: "Hey, aren't you afraid of sharks?"

Swimmer: "No, I'm tattooed."

Observer: "What has that got to do with sharks?"

Swimmer: "I've got 'Harvard is the best college in the world' written on my chest, and even a shark wouldn't swallow that."



Two army officers met on the street one day and one of the chaps had a row of medals across his chest. The other one remarked:

"Where did you get all of those?"

"Gunnery."

"The hell you say. Why, I had it for three years but I never got decorated."



Who was that lady you were obscene with last night?

The scene was the interior of a saloon in the Far West, and around the table were gathered as tough a gang as could be found in Nevada. The game was fast and the stakes were high.

Suddenly the dealer flung the cards on the table and pulled out his six-gun. "Boys," he shouted, "the game ain't straight. Cactus Fred ain't playing the hand I dealt him!"



Cleopatra and Marc Anthony were floating down the River Nile on her flower-bedecked barge. Cleopatra was lying on a couch; Anthony was standing before her orating.

"Cleopatra," he said, "Love for you surges through me like a raging fire that consumes the countryside. Furthermore, O Goddess of the Nile..."

"Marc", Cleopatra interrupted impatiently, "I am not prone to argue,"



A little mite of a man applied to a foreman of a gang of stevedores for a job. "Aw, you're too small," said the foreman.

"Well, give me a chance, anyway."

"All right," the foreman shook his head doubtfully. "We're loading three-hundred-pound anvils in the hold of that ship. Get to work."

Everything went all right until about 10:00, when the foreman heard a loud splash and yell for help.

Running to the gangplank he saw his newly acquired worker bobbing up and down in the bay.

"Help!" sputtered the wet one, and disappeared from view.

He came up and gargled, "Help!" and again he went down.

This time he came up with wrathful indignation in his eye. "Lissen!" he sputtered. "If someone doesn't throw me, a rope I'm going to drop this darned anvil."

A Texas marshall rode up to a group of poker-playing guys in a small town and looked down at them from atop his trusty steed. One of the players looked up and said, "Care for a little stud?" The horse looked down and said, "Don't mind if I do!"



Sweet Briar Miss: "I'm warning you he's a wolf. He'll rip the dress right off your back?"

Semite: "So what! - I'll wear an old dress."



The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired country boy to work stacking wood beside the whizzing circular saw. As he started to walk away, he heard an "ouch!" and turned to see the country boy looking puzzledly at a stump of a finger. Rushing back, he asked what happened.

"I dunno," said the boy, "I stuck my hand out like this and, -- well I'll be damned, there goes another one."



Chinese gardener about to throw fertilizer on his rices:

"Dung Ho!"



Two friends fell into an argument about whether the Russians were really our friends or not. The one who took the friendly side said, "Why, I'll bet I could ride a Russian ship to Russia, tour the country, and return, and nothing at all would happen to me."

The other man called his bet and the sum set at \$100,000.

Two weeks later, as the Russian vessel left New York harbor, the ship's captain called the American to his cabin. "Ve haff cable for you from New York friend," he said, glaring at the fellow. "Read it."

The American looked at the cable which read: "If you can't shoot Bulgy, try for Molotov."

Real Estate agent: "Now here is a house without a flaw."

Harvard Graduate: "What do you walk on?"



Television: A device that permits people who haven't anything to do to watch people who can't do anything.



"Doctor, doctor," called Mr. Schultz frantically, "come quick. You know my wife always sleeps with her mouth wide open and just now a mouse ran down her throat."

"I'll be over in a few minutes," said the doctor. "Meanwhile, try waving a piece of cheese in front of her mouth and maybe the mouse will come out."

When the doctor reached the Schultz apartment he found Mr. Schultz in his shirt sleeves waving a six-pound flounder frantically in front of the prostrate Mrs. Schultz's face, "What's the idea?" said the exasperated doctor, "I told you to wave a piece of cheese. Mice don't like flounders."

"I know, I know," gasped Mr. Schultz. "But we've got to get the cat out first."

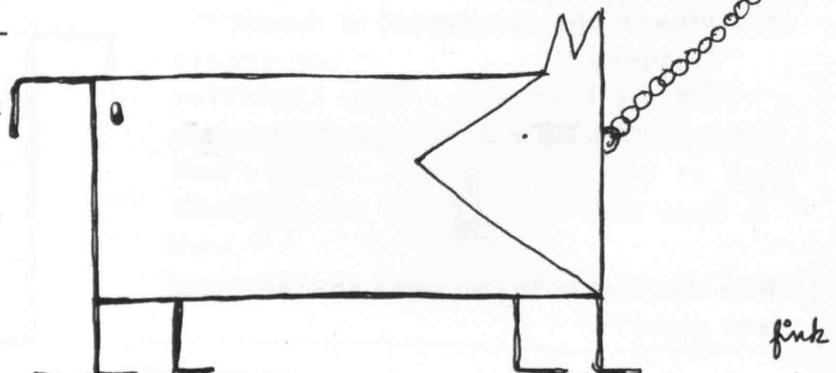


A hostess said to a severe looking guest:

"I'll not offer you a cocktail since you're the head of the Temperance League."

"No," he answered, "I'm president of the Anti-VD League."

"Oh well," said the hostess, "I knew, there was something I shouldn't offer you."



The farm bloc of a state legislature was resisting the request for a raise in salary for the teachers of its small agricultural college. Finally, a faculty committee traveled to the capital to make a personal plea. "The work is easy," grumbled one farmer-representative. "I don't imagine you fellows teach more than 10, 11 hours a day?"

"Sir," replied the faculty spokesman "we teachers are a lot like one of your bulls. It's not the amount of time we spend. It's the importance of what we do."

"They got their raise."



Some women say they could have married anyone they pleased. Evidently they never pleased anyone!



Tech: "How do you do, I'm --
Sargent: "Life is too short-let's go!"



I love you passionately. Do You?
I told you No half an hour ago.
So it was you!



A traveling buyer had been on a trip for three months. Every few weeks he'd send a telegram to his wife saying; "Can't come home. Still buying," The wife stood it for a while, but when the fourth month started and her husband still had no idea of returning, she decided to do something. She sent him a telegram. "Better come home. I'm selling what you're buying."

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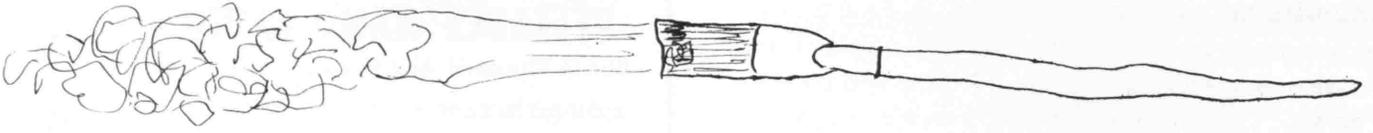
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Cogito Ergo Erro



Never mind the soda, I'll take it straight. And do me a favor, will you, take that treatise on symbolic logic and put it where I can't see it. I hate logic, any kind. I once knew a girl who was logical. On the surface she seemed like anyone else, but at heart she was logical.

It's a strange story, but pour me another drink and I'll tell it to you. It all took place quite a while ago, before I transferred here. I was walking down the corridor one morning on the way to a nine o'clock class when a girl I'd never seen before stopped me.

"Excuse me," she said, "But I'd like to paint you."

"Eh?" I replied. At nine in the morning I'm not at my sparkling best.

"I'm an art major," she explained, "and I'm doing pretty well with still life, animals and that sort of thing, but I need practice doing people. You have an interesting face and I'd like to paint it."

She had an interesting face too, and the rest of her was simply fascinating, so I agreed. The next night I went up

to the apartment she shared with a couple of other girls. I sat for three hours while she got her hands dirty, until I persuaded her to knock off and we sat around talking. She was a quiet girl, but the kind that knows how to make you feel that you're the most important thing in her life. You know what I mean; she laughs in all the right places when you tell jokes; and cries in all the right places when you tell her your troubles.

Anyway, I began seeing her two or three nights a week. Sometimes she'd insist that I pose, and she'd paint for a while. The rest of the time we'd go out someplace, or just talk for a few hours.

Everything was fine for about two months; I couldn't remember ever being so happy before. Then one night I called her and told her I'd come a round the next evening.

"Oh no," she said, "you mustn't".

"Eh?" I retorted. I'm seldom at my sparkling best. Don't you want to see me?"

"Of course not."

"But why?"

"I finished the picture," she said with flawless logic.

—Vic Teplitz



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Fond Mother: How much do you charge for taking children's photos?"

Photographer: Five dollars a dozen.

Fond Mother: You'll have to give me more time, I have only ten now.



Before you fall in love with a pair of bright eyes, make sure it's not the sun shining through a hole in her head that make them bright.



Vassar girl: "Quite a few of our graduates are working girls."

Wellesley girl: "Quite a few of ours are working men."



"My girl never goes out with other men."

"How do you know?"

"She's in jail."



Frenchmen are suave lovers, but slow. A frenchman kisses the girl's fingers, wrists, arms, shoulders.

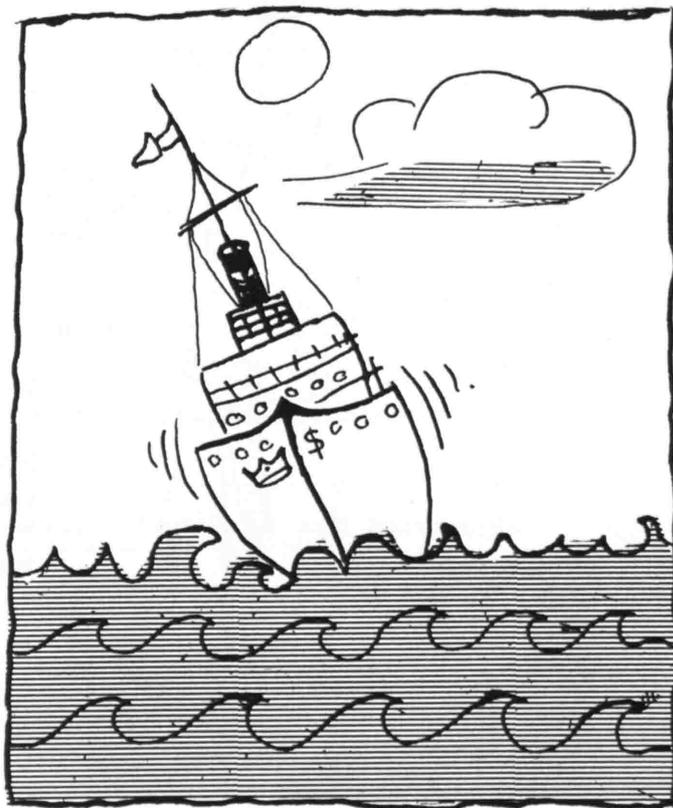
By the time he reaches her lips, an engineer is already passing out cigars.



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



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KEEP STILL, GRACE, YOU'RE
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Minor Myths Department

Foolish Fables Division

Come, little children, take your bony elbows out of my ribs and I'll tell you a nice bedtime story.

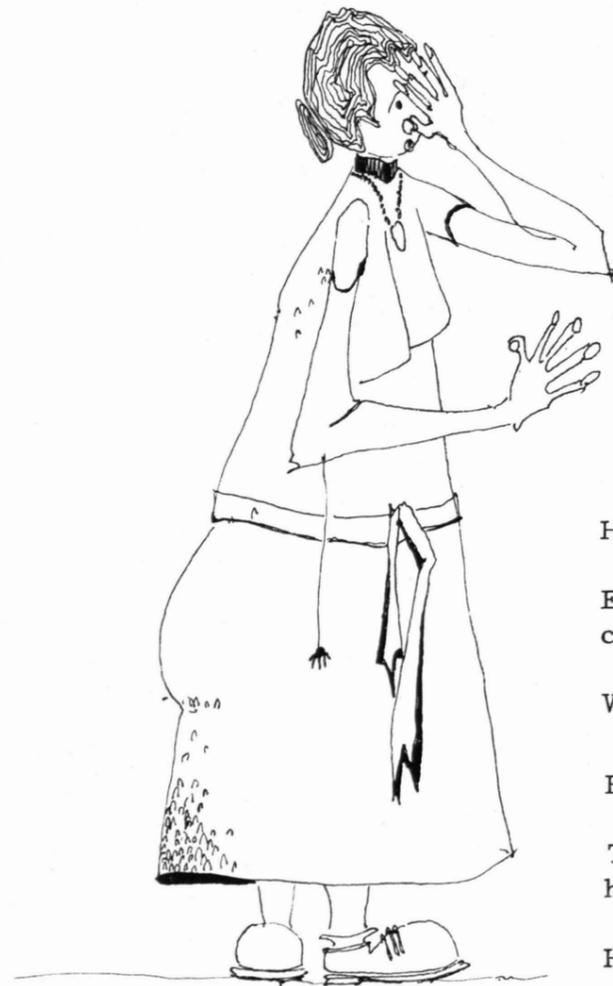
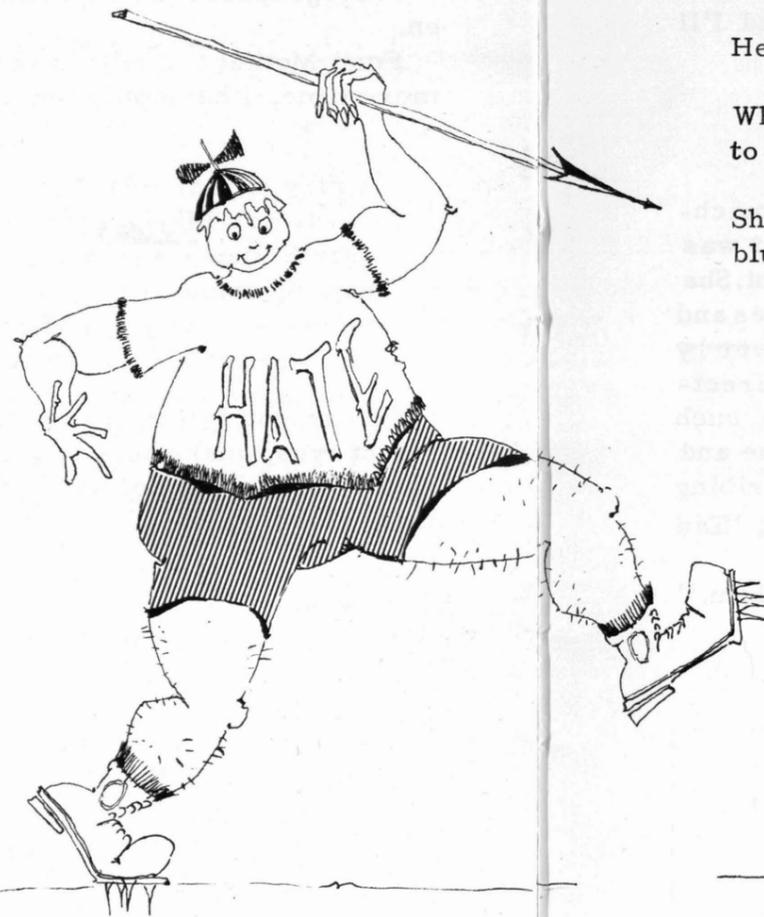
Once upon a time there was a very bad little boy.

Twice a day he used to beat up the little girl next door.

Everyone else threw spitballs at the teacher; he threw darts.

One Sunday in April they discovered he was missing and they couldn't find his father's twenty-two either.

It was the only twenty-two his father had so they went out looking.



He was gunning for the Easter Rabbit.

Every Christmas he used to stuff the tree up the chimney.

When he grew up he became worse if anything.

He stole, blackmailed, murdered, and pushed dope.

They tried to send him up but the warden wouldn't let him in.

He proposed to the girl next door.

Before she could say no, he hit her.

She spat three teeth at him and grinned.

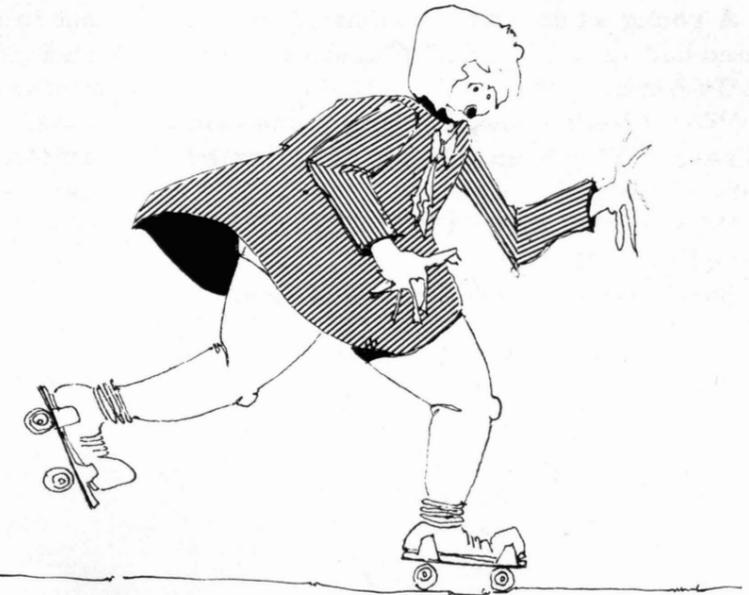
He found a job for her in a coal mine.

The day of the wedding her mother cried herself to death.

Her father shot himself.

When he discovered she had taken a day off from work to go to the funeral he beat her.

She showed up for the 3:00 to 11:00 shift black and blue, but smiling.



As he grew older he slipped into a routine.

He wouldn't let her eat Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

He beat her on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

We shan't discuss Sundays.

She kept smiling.

She died smiling.

The moral, little children, (And stop putting ants on Granny's false teeth) is:

For every sadist there's a masochist.

"What's your girl's name?"

"I've forgotten, but it's something like Chiffonier."

"But chiffonier is something with drawers."

"Guess her name must have been Kelley."



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

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

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

She blushed. "Oh, maw and paw."

Phil Delt: "See that fellow over there?"

Frileyite: "Yes what about him?"

Phi Delt: "Oh, he's a terrible guy, awful low life; let's ostracize him"

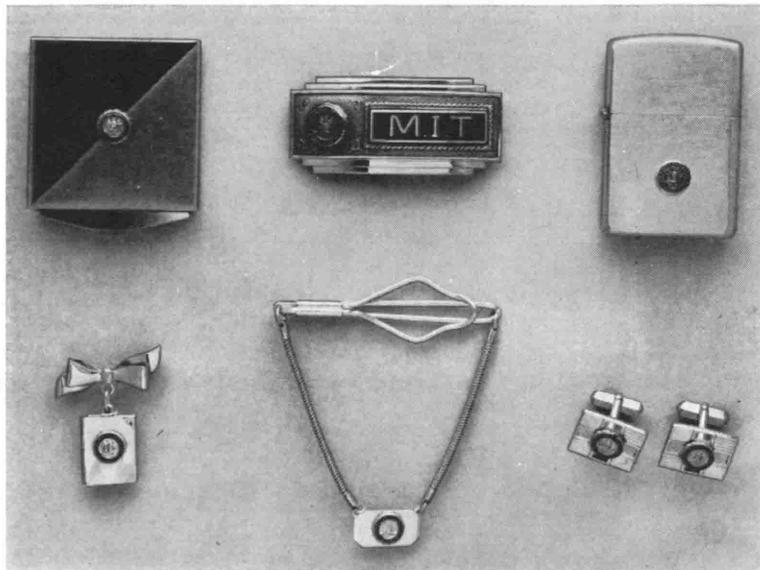
Frileyite: "O.K. You hold him and I'll do it"



A woman purchased a washing machine and a couple of days after it was delivered she decided to try it out. She put in the water, soap, and clothes and started the machine. Immediately clothes began flying out in all directions. Being rather disturbed by such action she turned off the machine and called up the store. After describing what had happened the man asked, "Did you screw the governor?"

"Hell, no. I didn't even vote for him."

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