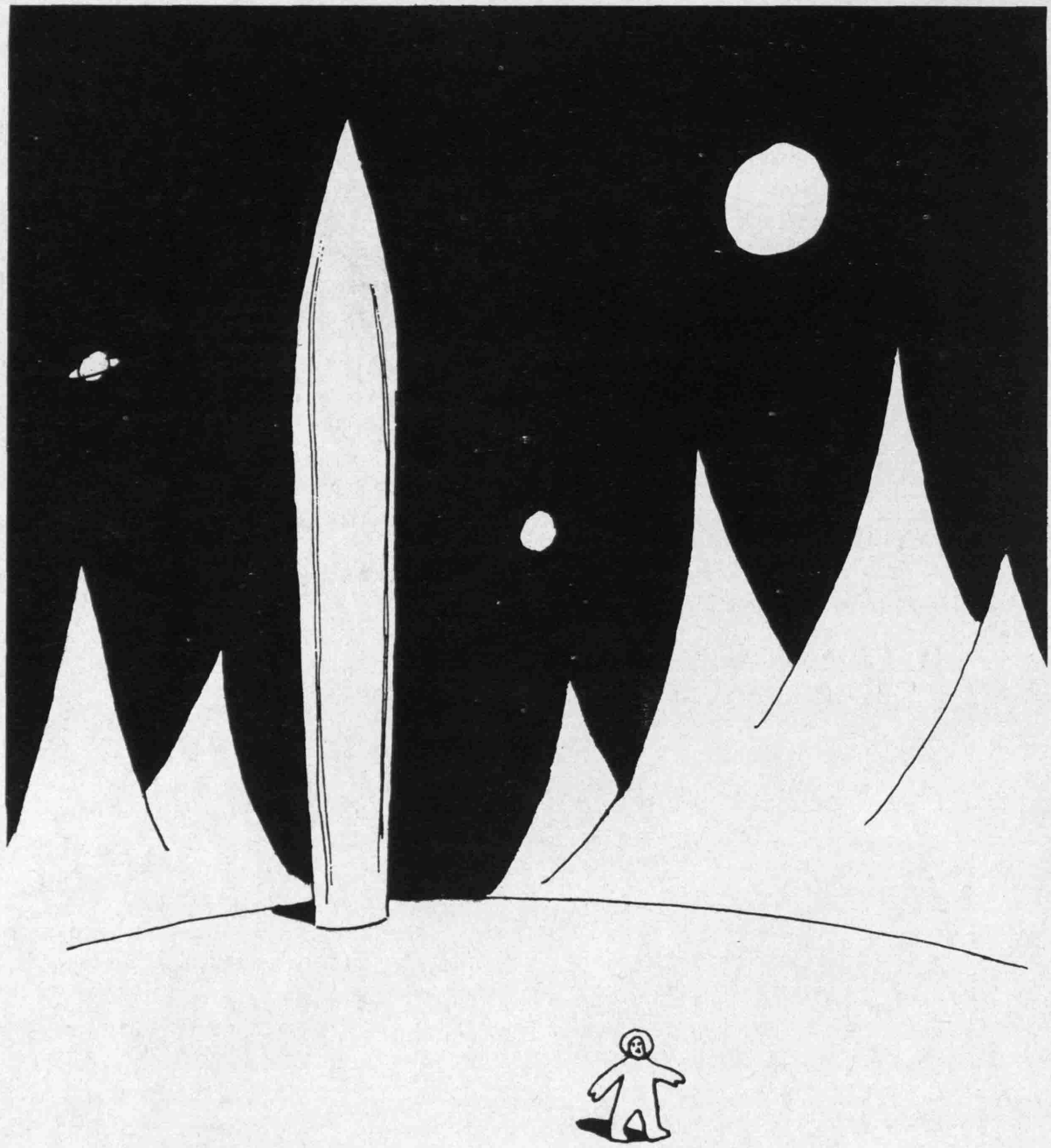


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VOODOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 41, No. 2

December, 1957

Established 1919

As we stormed into the office the other day, Phos was lying in the middle of our beautiful hemp rug sipping a can of brew, as usual.

"Phos," we cried. "How can you just lie there and guzzle beer when the things we pride at dear old Tech are being thrown to the winds? First Field Day, and now open house hours in the dorms! Don't tell me you haven't heard?"

"Easy, boy, easy." The cat continued with his usual quiet composure, "Sure, I've heard rumors. The Institute wants open house hours reviewed, but no one knows what they want. Most people think they want them cut down, but why cut down the hours? There's a lot of talk about things that happen in the dorms, but do all these things happen between twelve and one? As a matter of fact, do they happen at all? Rumors, my boy, pure rumors."

"But Phos, rumors or not, they're gonna cut the hours!"

"Simmer down, lad. Have a nice cool can of beer. Nobody would be foolish enough to do anything like cut the hours. Do they think the students would just sit around and let it happen? And if it did come about, I think some smart cookie could pick up a couple of apartment houses pretty cheap. I suppose you've read the story on page ten. You've got no real fears, pal. The students wouldn't stand for it. Hand me another beer."

...J.L.Z.

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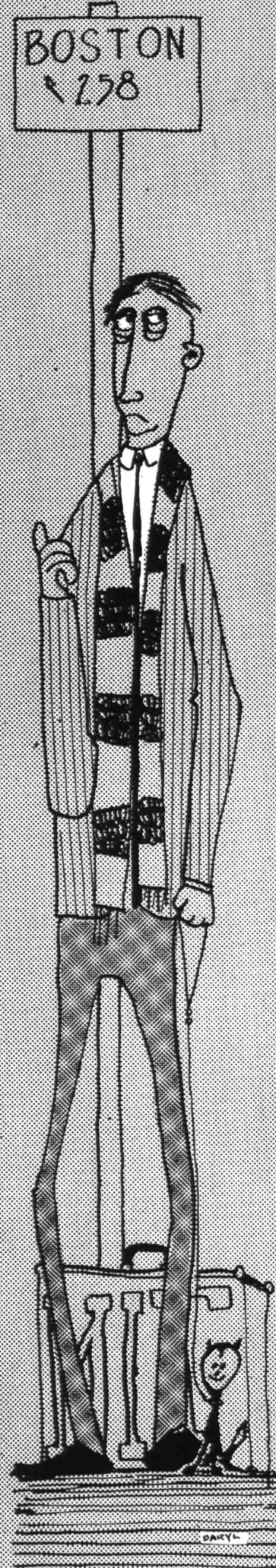
Rolly
Bobbie
Cecelia

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

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This month's cover by Daryl





An instructor who had never before had an assistant was presented a grader who had never before graded a homework paper. The instructor gave the grader a stack of papers and a grading sheet which the instructor had worked out so that the grader would have something to grade by. Well, the grader graded the papers and then graded the grading sheet. Need we mention the pride of the instructor in receiving 100% in his homework paper which was graded on the basis of his homework paper?

Nuclear physicists will be interested in a sentence half way down page one forty-seven of "The Atomic Nucleus" by Evans. It reads, "...the quantity which is colloquially called the nuclear angular momentum."

The cyclotron is beginning operation again after a layoff of a few weeks due to some complex internal disorder. It is reported that the successful resumption of work was credited to a Course II man who fixed a broken pencil sharpener to enable the physicists to figure what went wrong.

Multiple choice:

Which of the following is funniest?

a. (from a 14.70 quiz)
Two blue-eyed parents can have a brown-eyed child.

(a) An average of one-fourth the time.

(b) An average of one-half the time.

(c) Upon the intervention of a brown-eyed iceman.

b. (from a 7.01 quiz)
Brownian motion is due to

(a) Molecular Collisions.

(b) Intermolecular electrostatic forces.

(c) Brownies.

c. None of the above.

We were standing outside the music library the other day, chatting with someone who suddenly pointed out a man walking toward us, a professor in the music part of the humanities department. The man, who was coatless and wearing a sport shirt, walked up to us and addressed our friend whom he seemed to know. "A funny thing just happened," he said, "Someone came up to me and asked me if I was the janitor."

In one of our literature courses at the Institute we recently heard a professor warmly defending an author. "Some people think Faulkner is trying to confuse people by naming two characters in the same book Quentin. This is not true. Faulkner is a genius. If he wanted to confuse people he would have named all the characters Quentin."

One of our board members gave a party the other night. Late in the evening, after most of the guests had left, a small stalwart band of about a dozen enthusiasts remained singing songs and talking far into the night. There were only three or four girls left, and about five o'clock in the morning someone who had taken his date home much earlier made the time honored remark, "Boy, am I horny." A rather young girl then asked what 'horny' meant. Someone carefully explained to her that it meant 'desiring a bit of affectionate female companionship.' She thought this over for a few moments. Then with a serious, but ever so slightly smug, expression on her face turned to the boy who made the original remark and said one of the most frightening things we have ever heard.

"Just as it should be," she said.

I wish I could drink like a lady,
Two or three at the most;
But, two, I am under the table,
And three, I am under the host.



He lost his toupee in a cow
pasture and tried on six be-
fore he found it.



Oh, the sexual desires
Of the camel
Are Stronger
Than anyone thinks.
One night in a seizure
Of passion
He tried to make love
To the Sphinx.
Now the Sphinx
Is made out of sandstone
And rocks that outcrop
Near the Nile,
Which accounts for
The hump of the camel
And the Sphinx's
Inscrutable smile.

Then there was the girl
who pulled her boy friend's
hair at the wrong time and
had her tongue bitten off.



Little Boy: "Mom, I was in
a fight today!"

Mother: "What happened,
son?"

Little Boy: "Some boy
called me a sissy."

Mother: "What did you do?"

Little Boy: "I hit him with
my purse!"



First Virus: You're not
looking very well lately.

Second Virus: I know, I
think I have a touch of peni-
cillin.

Liz: Got something in your
eye?

Jack: No, I'm just trying
to look through my thumb.



"What a splendid fit," the
tailor said as he carried an-
other epileptic out of his
shop.



Mistress Mary,
Quite Contrary,
Said she'd like to,
But was scary.



"I suppose you heard that
Al killed his wife."

"Really, how?"

"With a golf club."

"Oh? How many strokes?"

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A NIGHT AT THE INFIRMARY

I had to go to the Institute Infirmary. Why? Under the suspicion of a broken leg. So I went there, walking my way through stairs, rooms, and more stairs. By fortune I met a guy who was lost in the Institute for about two months, and who knew where the elevator to the third floor was, having tried it a couple of times to get out of the main building. Before leaving me, he wished me good luck and gave me his will in case he disappeared or didn't come back in the next two weeks.

The elevator was a very temperamental one, something like Colombian people. As I pressed the button I heard some astounding noises coming from upstairs. Then the elevator started moving, throwing all kinds of materials out of its engine. I recognized, among these, twenty three different gears, some miles of wire, porks, screws and a cup of coffee, with a broken spoon.

Two hours later the elevator reached the third floor, where three nurses greeted me for my courage. I was given two dozens of roses, a doctor made a speech, we toasted and they sent the elevator back to the first floor.

Then I was asked to sit, and to have a cup of tea. They wanted to know how was my family, if my little brother had already all his teeth, we discussed the existence of God, and the new process of growing potatoes by introducing isotopes of water in three grams of tooth paste. These processes being found inadequate, by its high demand of precision, we started wondering how could the Braves beat the Yankees. Somebody, by inadvertance, remembered that I was supposed to have a broken leg. All the lights were turned off, they put a big shiny lamp on my eyes; the nurses tied handkerchiefs around their faces while the doctor put a sock in the same place, having lost his handkerchief. I was very impressed by this ritual, and felt a cold stream coming up my back. That was explained later, because I was sitting on a freezer.

After the usual questions about my term address, my home address, my last address, my first address, my next address, my usual address, my probable address and my address address, they started (at last!) examining my leg. After twenty minutes, it was found that they were examining the wrong leg, and everything had to be done again. Term address, next address, etc...

It was decided after long, large and deep considerations, that I had to stay in the Infirmary for the night. I was assigned a room, a bed and a night-vase! I went to bed, limping in such a way that the nurses were deeply touched by my misfortune, and started weeping while they kicked me in the back and pushed me on my bed.

Two beautiful girls (I said beautiful because my English is still very poor. I wanted to say... euh...hum...well, that's it); well, two... girls, came and asked me what I would like to drink.

"Make it double and on the rocks," was my answer.

Five minutes after I had what I wanted. A double icy glass of pineapple juice, and a spoon to mix the sugar. The nurse was one of these things that volunteered to help T.C.A. As I saw her, my temperature raised and my head started bumping. Fortunately, as there is nothing in it, the noise wasn't too bad, and looked like a South American drum the day before the 50th revolution of the year.

I drank my juice, ate the glass, and was going to ask her if she wanted to dance with me. Unfortunately four fellows of the fraternity appeared and she went out, reasonably afraid of the unfair fight between the four guys and myself, lying in bed, suffering from my left leg. Pardon me, my right leg. Or left. Oh! what's the matter, I forgot which one, that's all!

One of the brothers had had the smart idea of bringing me a beer-can. We started the orgie, by drinking and smoking. We told some old jokes, John showed us how he won the football game of last Saturday by tackling a fellow who was standing at the door. The fellow happened to be a doctor, and wanted to show John how he had taken out the heart of a guy, last Sunday. This

type of demonstration being without interest to us, my four friends disappeared. The doctor examined both my legs to be sure not to make a mistake, and banded by arm, just in case. The nurse told him that my arm was all right; he kicked the wall and started crying, because he liked to band arms and if we didn't allow him to do so he would tell his mother. My good nature spoke louder than my sense of practical comfort and I told the doctor that he could band my other arm if he wanted to. He jumped to the ceiling so happy he was. He sang Yankee Doodle, killed the nurse, banded my other arm, cried of happiness, kissed me good-night and jumped out the window. Then he came back, because he forgot his hat.

The young nurses were still around and one of them brought me some toast. Between two slices of bread I found one lonely scrambled egg. I ate it, instead of reporting my discovery to the chief-nurse. If somebody is still looking for his lost scrambled egg, call me and I will be very glad to help him in his research.

I was in Heaven, surrounded by such beauties. And I was the only one among two hundred and thirty guys lying in twenty beds who hasn't the flu.

I went on sleeping. I was wake up twenty-four times in the night by different nurses who wanted to know how was my flu. Some asked if my measles were better, one banded my head, another one gave me a shot against small-pox.

A student of statistics would say that 110% of nurses didn't know who I was and what was my trouble, but that was very well balanced because I didn't know either who they were and what was their problems. Of course I tried by asking them to talk with me so that I could help them. One told me a sad story about her husband, her great-grand-mother and her two sons.

Next morning I was taken to the X-ray room, where the specialist asked me which button I liked better, and pushed it. He took a picture of my teeth. As the negative was positive he positively denied that he had taken the picture, and did everything again. I believe he pushed the wrong button, because there was a big bang. I never saw him again...

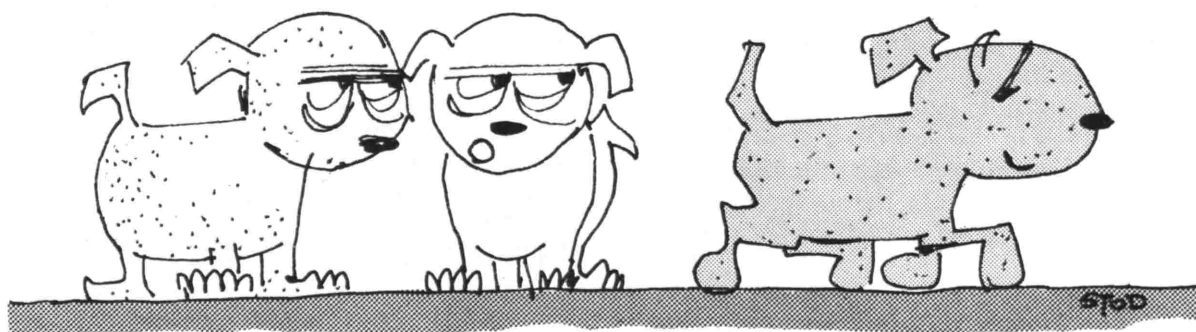
Well, the experiment was completely successful. My leg was all right and not a single bit of it was broken. Of course I caught the flu, and I hope the pretty nurses will still be there.

"I'll give you an advice, do not live in a dorm, do not try to join a fraternity! Just break a leg, fall on your head (it can't make such a difference!) or catch the flu, but by any way try to go to the infirmary. You surely will have a very good time.

Follow the advice and you will thank me later.

... J.P.F.

P.S.-Be careful with the blond one: she bites!

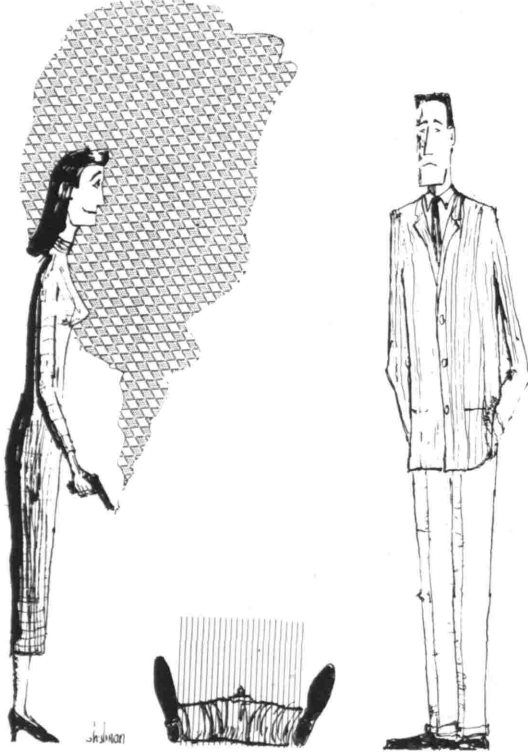


"LUCKY GUY - HIS WIFE IS A REAL BITCH"

CLICHÉS WEVE KNOWN

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"John, you don't think...?"
"I don't know what to think."



The scene is a decaying southern mansion. The ne'er-do-well brother has returned to hear the reading of the will. He was cut off without a penny. We find him entering the drawing room where his brother is just taking a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" from the bookcase.

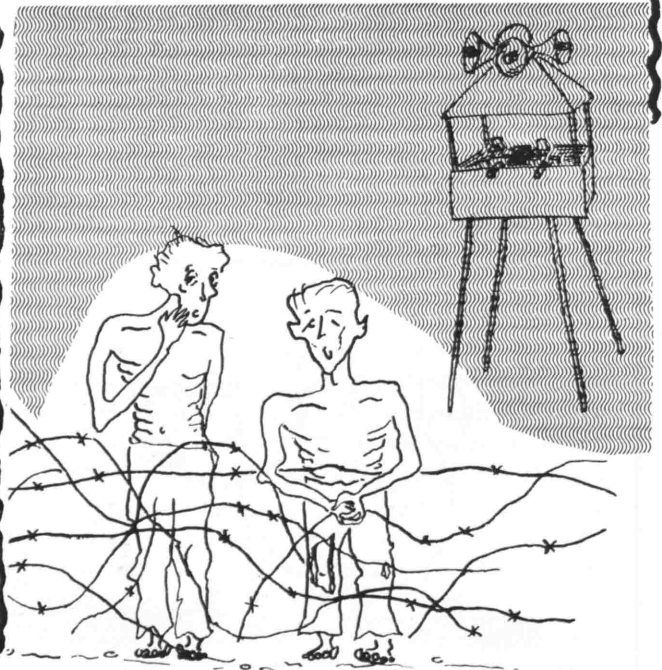
"What? You here?" he exclaims, "I should have thought you would be with Margaret. No, don't say anything; I know what you think of me. You. You were always his favorite. You got the new bike. You took piano lessons. The money went to send you to prep school. You won the scholarship. Then you took Margaret away from me. And all along you knew about my condition. And now..."

"But what's the use of talking?"

The scene is set in an old farmhouse in enemy occupied territory. The hero, having been parachuted behind the enemy lines, broken a leg, and been nursed back to health by the pretty peasant girl, has completed his mission, brought the secret information back to allied headquarters, and at great risk to his life has come back through the enemy lines to keep a rendez-vous with her.

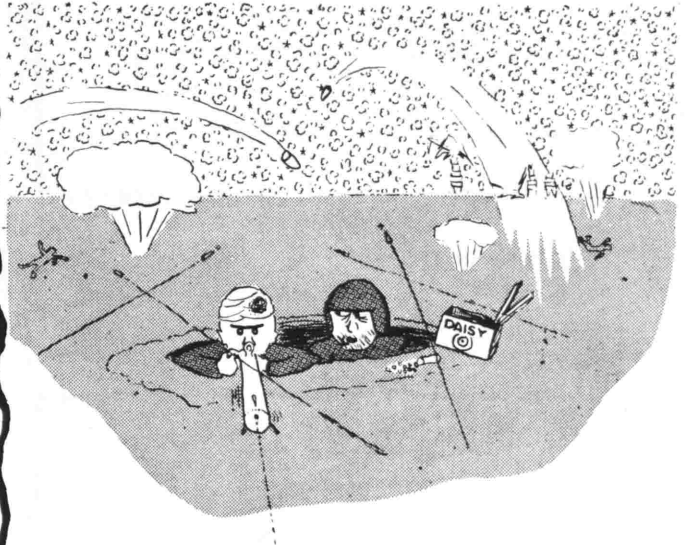
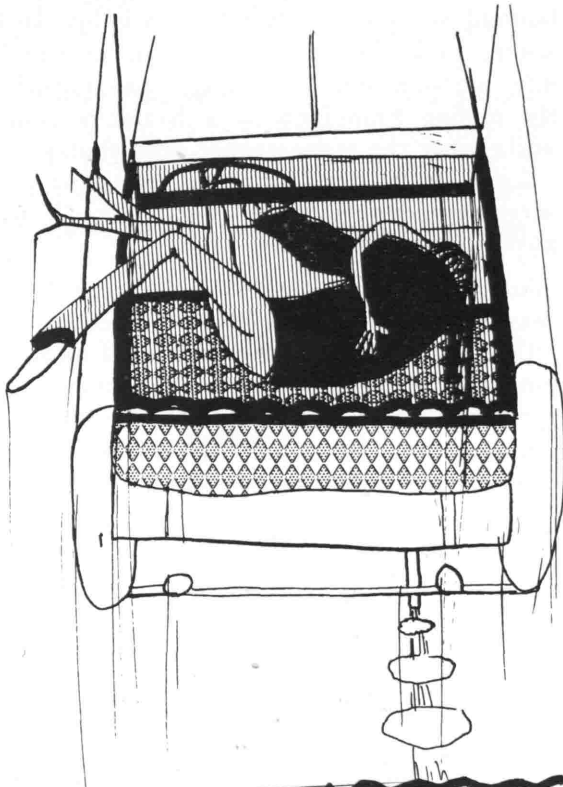
As he arrives in the gathering dusk she is coming out of the barn with a bucket of milk in each hand. Startled, she sees him silhouetted against the sunset, with the wind in his hair. With a tremor in her voice she says,

"Why did you come back?"
"I had to," he replies.

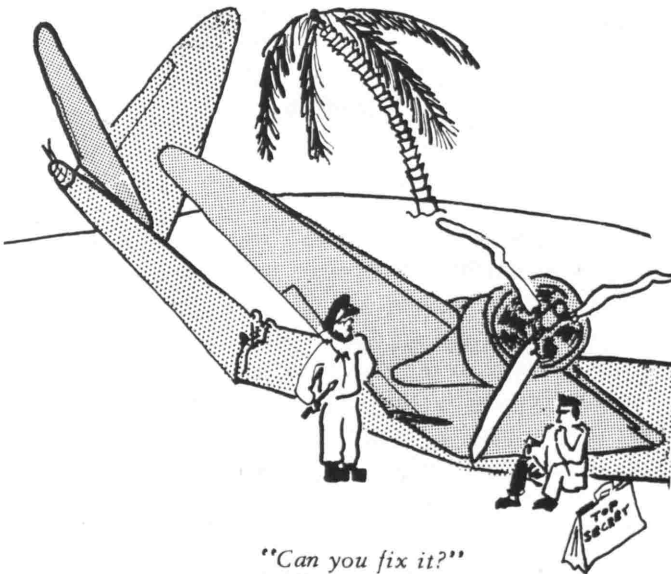


"Do you think the chestnuts are in bloom in Picadilly Square?"

"We can't go on this way."



"If the ammunition will just hold out until..."



*"Can you fix it?"
"I'll need time."*

*"Quiet in town tonight, isn't it?"
"Yeah, too quiet."*

*"How do you like the way the Kid handles himself?"
"Not bad, not bad at all."*

"Do you think we can trust Hondo? After all, he's half Indian."

"I don't know, I just don't know. We'll have to take that chance."

"I'm seeing you now for the first time as you really are."

"Don't say anything, just let me look at you."

"Tonight at least is ours."

"I've never been so happy in all my life."

"You've all been a perfectly wonderful audience."

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Partners in a firm were both having an affair with a shapely young stenographer, when they learned she was going to have a baby. In their alarm, each blamed the other. In the middle of this problem, one of the men was required to fly to San Francisco on a business deal and while away, the stenographer was confined.

Learning of the result, the remaining partner wired immediately to San Francisco: "Lorraine gave birth to twins. Mine died."



The little Red Hen picked herself up from the road after being run over by the latest model in imported sports cars. Shaking the dust out of her feathers, she cried: "My, that was a lively cuss, but he didn't get anywhere."



On a balmy spring evening a young man took his girl for a ride over the English countryside in his Austin. She cuddled up affectionately as young girls are wont to do.

Finally they reached a secluded spot and the girl got out, walked over to a tree and awaited her boyfriend. But he didn't follow her very promptly. Finally she called softly to him:

"If you don't hurry up, I'll be out of the mood."

"Hell," he replied, "if I don't get out of the mood, I won't get out of this Austin."



There was a woman who was extremely annoyed at children who were rude and noisy. She swore that when she had children, they would be polite above all things else. Finally she got married, and in the course of time became pregnant. Her doctor told her she could expect twins in the normal nine-month period. Nine months went by, and nothing happened, so the doctor told her to be patient. Nine more months went by, and another year, and five years, ten years, fifteen years, forty-five years, and after sixty years the woman died, having carried the twins for the whole time. The doctor was interested in her case, and decided to cut her open to see what was the matter. Inside he found two little old men with long beards. One of them turned to the other one and said, "No, you go first."

A young school teacher was horrified to find a tell-tale puddle on the floor in the cloak room. After a lengthy lecture on the nastiness of such a deed, she instructed all the pupils to lay their heads on the desk and shut their eyes so that the culprit would have a chance to go into the cloak room unobserved and clean it up. She, in the meantime, would wait outside in the hall.

After a five-minute wait, the teacher returned and went into the cloak room herself. There on the floor was a new puddle, along with the old one, and scrawled cryptically on the wall was the message: "The Phantom Strikes Again!"



Melvin Sexhour was the witness' name, Lawyer Ross knew, but the problem was, how to get in touch with him. Did he work for the Albus Advertising Agency or the Bimini Agency? Lawyer Ross decided to call and find out. "Is there a Sexhour in your office?" he asked the switchboard girl.

"Hell, no," answered the office cutie, "we don't even have a coffee break."



"And just why do you wish to divorce your husband, madam?" the kindly old marriage counselor asked.

"Incompatibility!"

"Now, now," he soothed, "just what is it that makes him incompatible?"

"He wakes up at two in the morning and wants to go home."



A noted professional golfer died recently, and Saint Peter commented upon meeting him that he had had a very fine record on earth, with the exception of one cursing incident. He asked the golfer if he could explain this incident. "Well," said he, "I drove on the 18th hole of a very close match. A beautiful shot, but it hit a rock and bounced into some tall grass behind a tree. This didn't bother me a bit. I took out my trusty five-iron and hit a tremendous shot which just nipped the head of a passing bird and dropped short into the trap. Still unperturbed I took out my sand-wedge and dropped the shot 13 inches from the hole." At this point Saint Peter interjected, "You didn't miss the goddam putt!"

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"All right - the next item on the agenda, up for discussion and a vote this evening, is the proposed cut in open house hours."

There had been grunts and groans. Then it was quiet. They were pensive and paying close attention to every word as the meeting progressed. Then the pounding of the gavel. "Proceed."

The committee chairman got up, straightened his coat, and began to speak. "We - ah - ah; have been working on this continuously for about three years." The room was packed and deadly quiet. Someone clapped and another remarked that the committee should be commended. "There have been a lot of complaints and a lot of bad publicity about the open house hours." Someone left. The card game stopped, everyone paid strict attention. "Several very virtuous young women have ah - ah." Everyone in the room showed signs of pure disgust upon their faces. There were a few side remarks. The gavel pounded. Quiet prevailed.

"The parents of several fellows have not been content with the present set up." Someone whispered that the situation was deplorable. The chairman pulled at his collar and continued. "The disturbances of last year were a result of the loose conditions..." The cop that told over-the-wall joke was told and a small group began laughing loudly. They stopped when several large members at the meeting told them to button their lips. "Study conditions during the evening are disturbed by young women roaring the halls."

"It's really bad for concentration," came the cry and the group gave him three cheers.

"A year ago there was an incident with a nude boy returning to his room from the shower and he ran into a young..." Several minutes later the noise quieted down. "Volting practices must be cut, they murmured."

"From the sum of these incidents it becomes desirable for the Institute, the students, and the health of the community to shorten open house hours." Someone applauded the chairman, and asked that a vote of thanks be read into the record. A laugh, how stupid to keep open house hours.

The vote, the vote, went quickly. The board members wrote out their votes on little slips of white paper. Open house hours would be cut out.

Silence, deadly silence. Then the students got up, up in one body, as a rippling wave. They walked, walked out of the meeting, walked down the hall, walked through the lobby, walked out the door into the cool night - and didn't come back.

... Jerry Kaiz

Henri smiled at his companion.

"I think it will work. It'll add that certain continental touch to the Institute. In fact, it may supplant the Institute. Imagine, my friend, our establishment will be the placebo to men's worries, that home away from dear sweet mother's home, the Rome to which all roads lead—the Brouel.

John spoke up, "The girls will present some difficulty—initially. But with a good salestalk pointing out the advantages of night work, with afternoon's off, free room and board, medical care, police protection, and lots of companionship; what girl could refuse a start in such a satisfying profession.

"Oh, they'll be professional, all right, particularly on weekends", chuckled Henri.

Unperturbed, John continued, "Money we have. That will take care of the police. The 'house' can't be on campus for obvious reasons—I don't think a little dwelling on Brigg's Field with a dangling red light on top of its door and a long line of students on Saturday night will attract flowery praises from the faculty. We'll get an apartment in Boston and hire ourselves an older woman to oversee the-uh-establishment. By Saturday night we should be able to hold our gala opening.

Saturday night came. In front of a little wooden house in Back Bay stood a large crowd of young men, murmuring and snickering among each other.

Inside the house, Henri, looked through the window at the crowd below.

"Are you girls all set?"

Giggles came from the adjoining rooms.

"Is the liquor opened, and are the ice cubes cold?"

John gave an affirmative grunt.

"From the rumbling outside, it appears that our customers are indeed eager customers."

Henri motioned to John.

"Together, we'll meet our friends."

They walked to the door.

"I just hope the Institute never discovers this house. They wouldn't appreciate it."

Henri opened the door. The smile of greeting vanished from his face. The first in line stood at the door, a smile of chagrin on his face.

Henri was able to choke out, "Welcome, Sir..."

... Ron Felton

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A shipwrecked man whom we'll call Benjy had lived alone on a small island for many years.

One day he excitedly noticed a raft, with a man and woman on it, approaching the island. When they landed, he made a mad dash for the woman. After all, it had been years since he'd been so close to a woman, except in his wildest dreams.

The other man, however, forcibly restrained him saying:

"You must control yourself, my good man. You see, this woman Florence happens to be my wife."

A deep look of disappointment clouded the face of Benjy, but in a little while he became more composed and said to the husband:

"Our only hope for rescue is to be constantly on the watch for passing ships. The best lookout spot is this tall tree, and we'll take turns perched at the top of it. I suggest you go up now."

The other man was understandably hesitant about leaving his wife alone with the eager Benjy, so he answered:

"I am agreeable to your plan, but you go up first."

"O.K.," said Benjy, and up he went.

After a short time Benjy, from his high post, yelled down:

"Hey, stop that love-making down there!"

From below, the man shouted back:

"We're not making love."

After another period of time, Benjy again yelled down:

"Stop that love-making down there!"

Once more, the reply came:

"We're not making love."

Then the time came for the men to switch their positions. No sooner had the husband gotten himself securely set, when he looked down. He seemed puzzled. He looked down again, then scratched his head and said to himself:

"Isn't that strange! Benjy must have been right all along. From here, it DOES look like they're making love down there."



"You want to know why I've come home half loaded?" said the soused spouse. "Because I ran out of money, that's why."

Jackson wanted to purchase some Smorgasbord so he dialed a Swedish grocery firm and said: "Jackson here, whom am I speaking to?" The Scandinavian on the other end answered: "I'm Macon, the secretary." "Oh well," replied Jackson, "excuse me. I'll call back when you're not so busy."



A buxom girl was busy over a tub of clothes in the yard. A soldier passing by spied her and thinking to have a little fun walked up behind her and kissed her on the neck. She kept on scrubbing.

A sailor who had watched the proceedings strolled over and did likewise, but she kept on scrubbing. An old mule who was grazing across the road ambled over and licked her neck from ear to ear.

Without turning the girl said in a shrill voice: "Will the last gentleman please leave his name and address?"



A young man was away at college, and like all young men at college from time to time he needed funds. However, it seems that his father had stipulated that in order to receive these funds he must send home a detailed expense account covering the previous month's expenses. In accordance with his plan the first month's expense account came through and on the bottom was an item for five dollars labeled, "Prostitution expenses." The father immediately sat down and wrote his son a letter, in which he said, "Son, I realize what it's like in college. After all, I was a college man once myself. But, if your mother ever saw such an item on your expense account, she'd have a fit. So henceforth, please put this item under something else. I will realize what you mean and it'll keep your mother happy. Love, Dad."

This was just fine with the son, so on the expense account for the month following there appeared an item at the bottom of the page, "Five dollars, keg of nails." After about four months of receiving these expense accounts, the father didn't hear from the son for about six months at which time he received an expense account for a fantastic sum of money, and at the bottom of this account was a singularly large item, "Five hundred dollars, repair of hammer."

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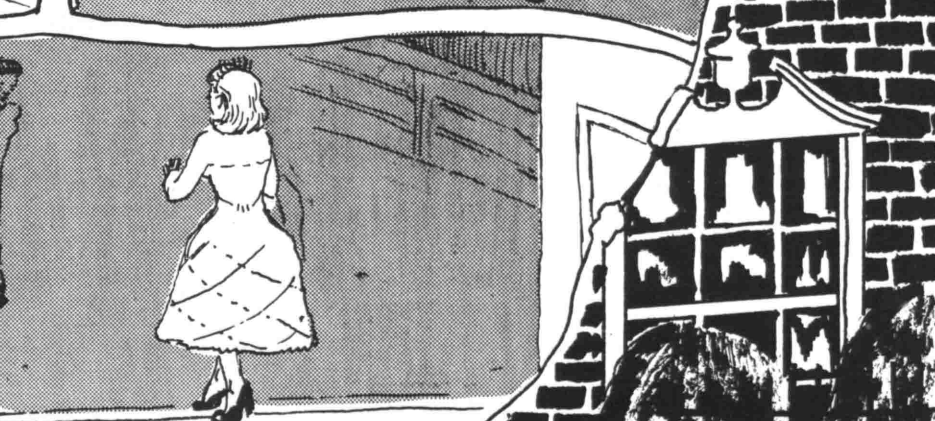
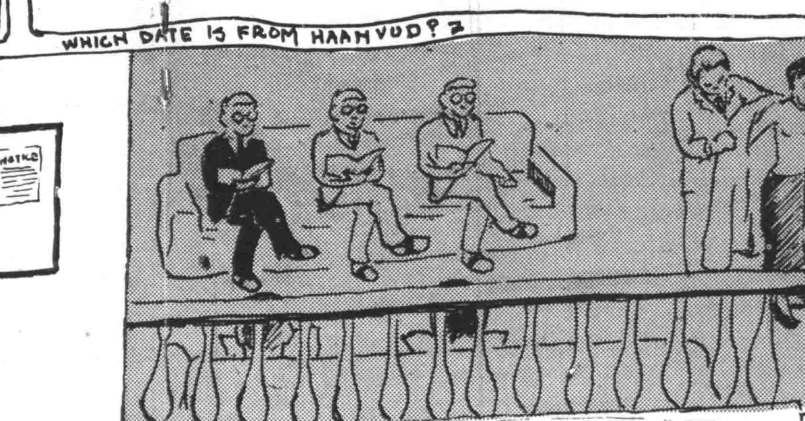
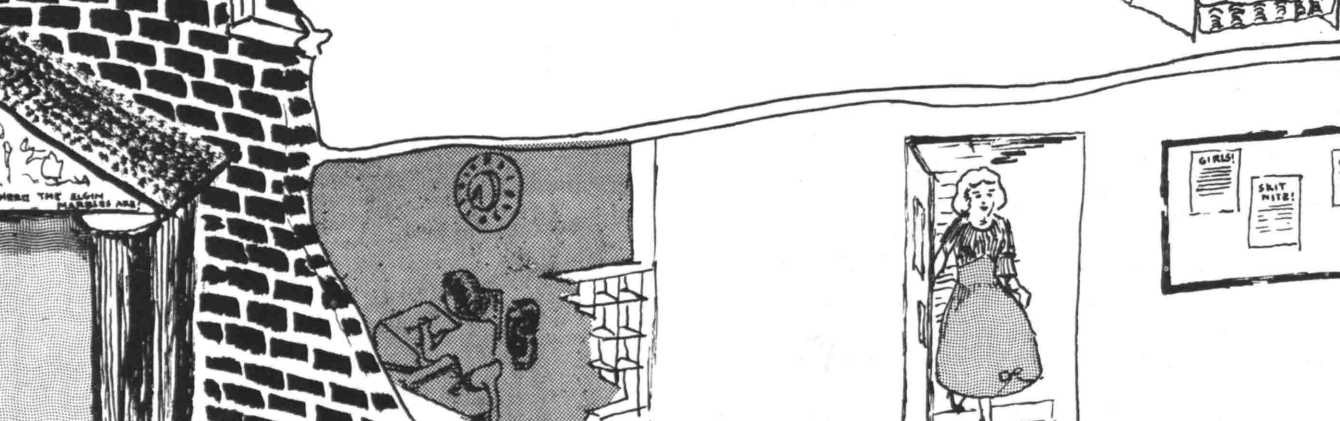
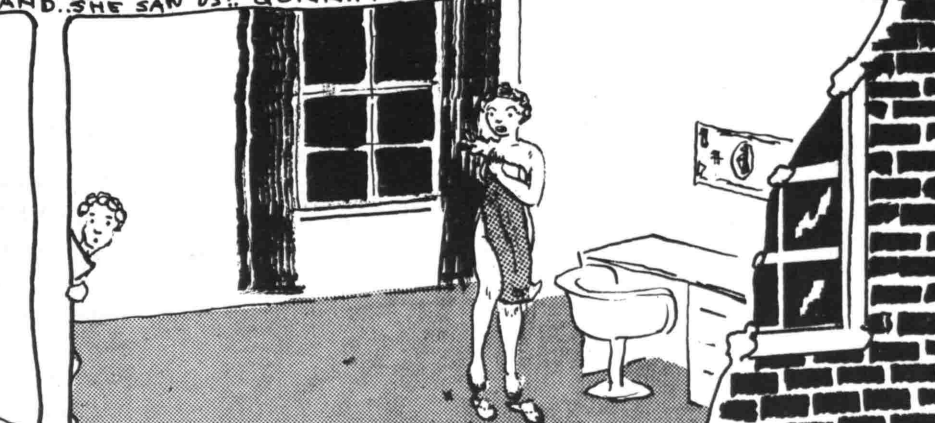
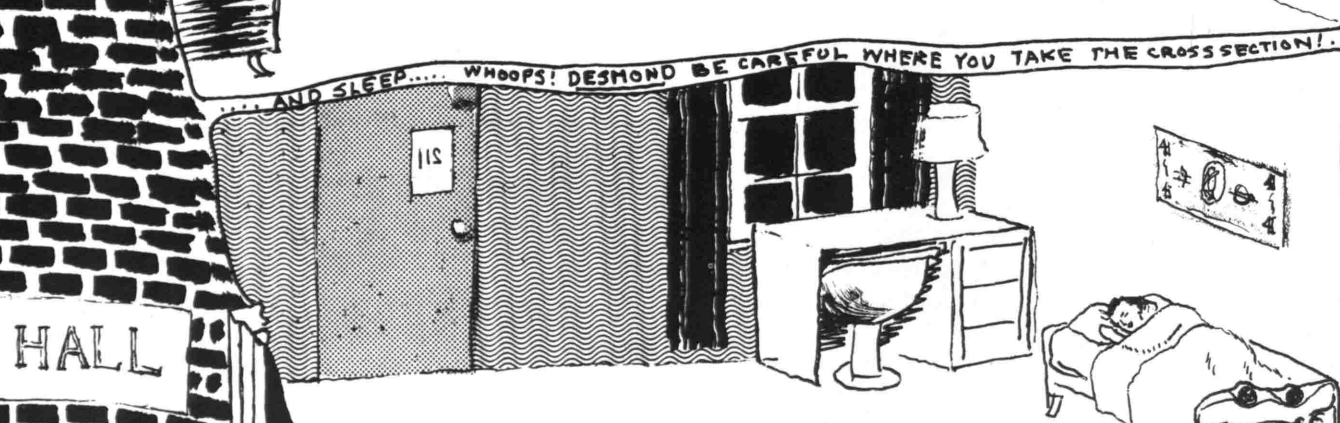
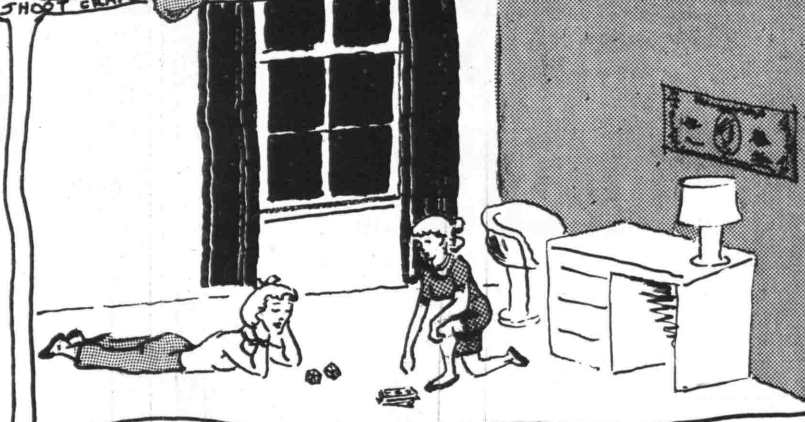
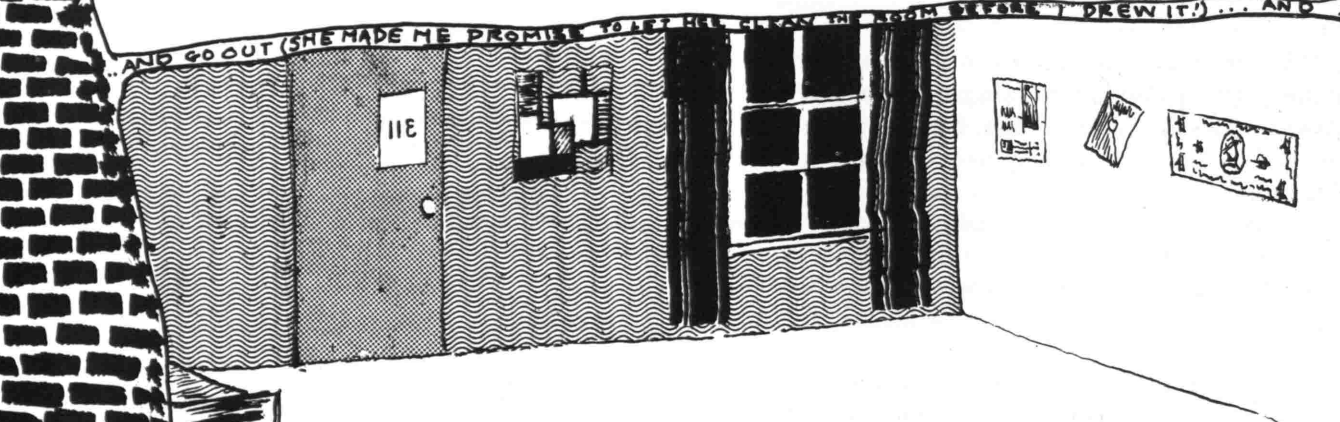
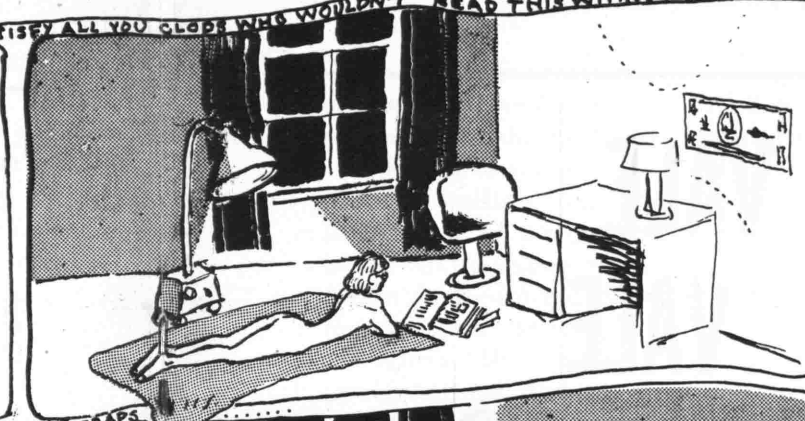
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“ VALE VALE NASUS MEUS ”

Back in the days when eskimos were eskimos and sourdoughs were sourdoughs and the roly-polar bears were plentiful, many strange things happened in the town of Aklayik, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. But none was so strange as the stroke of supernatural that befell a dapper dude trapper with a college degree in psychology who had left a bitch flapper in Calgary to make his fortune in Aklavik.

Ed Richards came to town with many rolls of money and an unclear future. He bought himself trapping gear and supplies and still had plenty left. The first night he went to the gambling house of the lady named Lou to try his luck at Black Jack. Winnings in Black Jack soon turned into losings at crooked craps but Ed saw through it and without a flinch pulled his Derringer and shot the croupier.

“Stand back all,” said he, “for I’m leaving this place and intend to stay free.”

“Never come back,” warned the lady named Lou, “for if you do you’ll never stay free, not with that to identify you.” And she pointed to the large tender hooked nose right smack in the middle of the face of Ed Richards.

Ed rubbed his nose thoughtfully and with the speed of greased lightning made for the door where his dog team and gear were parked.

“Mush, mush,” he cried, “tarry not, for this time I run for my life not my liberty.” And he disappeared into the snowy-white, windwhipped coldness of the night.

Days later, from out of the swirling depths of the night, staggered a foot-weary, brain-dreary dog team and their driver as they stumbled upon a homely, homey looking cabin in the middle of the white wastelands bordering the Arctic Ocean. Ed looked up at a sign on the door and felt the blast of a hundred heralds. He pushed out his chest, took off his hat and strode proudly forward, for this was an outpost of the Great White Father; this was a home of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Inside Ed saw, when his eyes got used to the blinding light, a cowering, small Mountie with cannon in hand, singing “God Save the King.”

“Come in. Come in, my good man, and have a cup of tea. Do you play darts? You must play darts. Did you know that I am the dart-throwing champion of the Yukon? Then the Mountie threw down the artillery, picked up a fistful of darts and threw them at the dartboard, missing the bull’s-eye every time. Ed drank the tea and ate a crumpet or two made out of hardtack, and, when being hard-pressed to challenge the neurotic champion, played him a game, missing the board every time.

“Oh, oh,” shouted the Mountie and jumped for joy in a uniform three sizes too big. He threw and hit the board.

“See, dear chap, how I have won. What good luck it is that you have come,” and he lapsed into a fit of gleeful, evil ecstasy.

“Pardon me,” said Ed, “but I must tend to

my dogs." Whereupon he slipped out the door and mush, mush, sped away into the night.

The next morning, when the snow had cleared and the wailing, whip-lash wind had died, Ed looked around and saw the gray frozen waters of the Arctic Ocean breaking on the shore of the frozen land. In the distance stood clusters of round, white, cut ice, the homes of the eskimos, the igloos. He came upon the igloo of the chief of the village, Pabluk, who welcomed him and asked him if he would like to stay for a while. Ed accepted Pabluk's offer and crawled into the igloo to share a meal of cooked walrus blubber.

"Who cooked this meal?" he asked during a wave of nausea. Pabluk, beckoning to the shadows of the igloo, said, "My wife, Piluk, and the adopted one, Guapa."

His eyes followed the movements of the girl Guapa and their glances met. They smiled smiles of warmth at each other.

"It is a fine meal," said Ed.

For three months Ed lived and hunted with Pabluk. He duly learned to throw a spear truly at a dartboard-size target many yards away. He learned to fish and to trap and at night the girl Guapa would warm his mukluks and dry the insides with her raven black hair. Many smiles of warmth were exchanged between the girl Guapa and the hunter Ed.

One night, after Ed had built his own small igloo, the girl Guapa came out and spoke to him. She asked if he would emerge from his igloo and watch the aurora borealis with her for they were certainly beautiful. Ed came out and remembered the bitch flapper in Calgary. With no pangs of coarse remorse he gazed amazed at the voluptuous nose of the girl Guapa and then drew her gently, intently into his arms. They kissed their first shy kiss; their nostrils quivering, their noses barely touching. Then the two lovers were seized by wordly passion and by the light of the aurora borealis they kissed violently and loved. Ed stopped for a moment, stared at the snow, and saw blood.

"My God," cried he, "I've done it again." He tried to rub his nose thoughtfully and found to his surprise his nose was not where it had been, but was spread, red, all over his face. He grinned.

Ed Richards had broken his nose making love to an eskimo.

At the crack of dawn Ed entered the igloo of Pabluk. The girl Guapa saw him and started to quiver.

"Pabluk," said Ed, "I have business with one of the men of the Great White Father. I must thank you and leave you."

"No, no," shrieked the girl Guapa, "Thou must stay here, for I love thee."

"Understand me," consoled Ed, "I do love thee but I must leave. Pabluk and Piluk, hold her while I go."

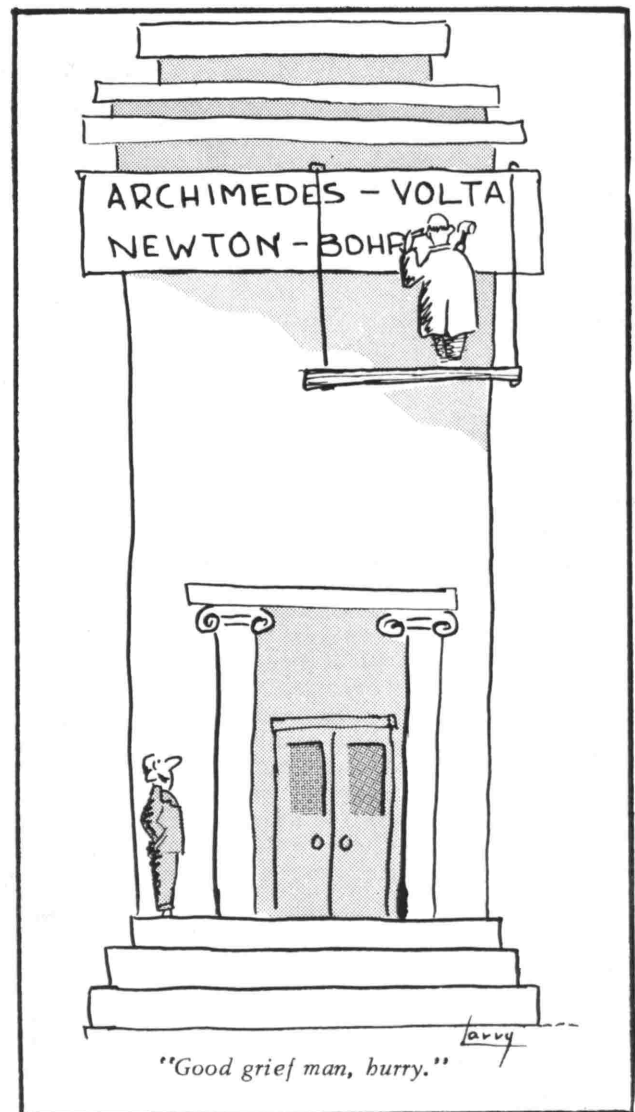
Pabluk and Piluk held her while he went.

"By Jove!" murmured the Mountie, "By Jove!"

Then Ed threw the rest of the darts into the bull's eye. He turned and walked out of the cabin leaving the Mountie in a pool of bleary tears.

Then Ed Richards, no longer a dapper dude trapper, strode into the town of Aklavik and was not recognized by any of the citizens. But he left that town soon for he heard that somebody had started a war in the sunny, money-less country of Spain.

... Sid Altman



Try These Letters To Drive Him Off Capitol Hill

Yours truly,
Marmaduke L. McNush

Yours truly,
Sherwood Forest

Dear Congressman,
I want to come to Washington
D.C., but my radio runs on A.C.
What can I do?

Anxiously yours
M. O. Ohms

Sincerely,
Herby Hind

Dear Congressman,

How can I become a citizen? I always thought I was a natural born citizen but the doctor just told me I was a Forceps case.

Anxiously yours,
Stu Pedd

Yours untruly,
Fisher Mann

Do you think they are carrying on Un-American activities?

Yours truly,
McNush L. Marmaduke

Dear Congressman,

I have an invention that is worse than the Hydrogen bomb. Send me \$1,000 and I won't tell it to anyone or send me \$2,000 and I'll even forget about it myself.

Cooperatively yours,
Conn Mann

Dear Congressman,
Is the age requirement
the only one for Congress,
or do you have to know how
to read and write?

Appreciatively yours,
N.R.G.

Dear Congressman,

Although I'm not through school yet, I'm interested in a political career.

By a slight oversight and through no fault of my own, my father and mother were never married. Some people tell me Congress is just the place for me. What do you think?

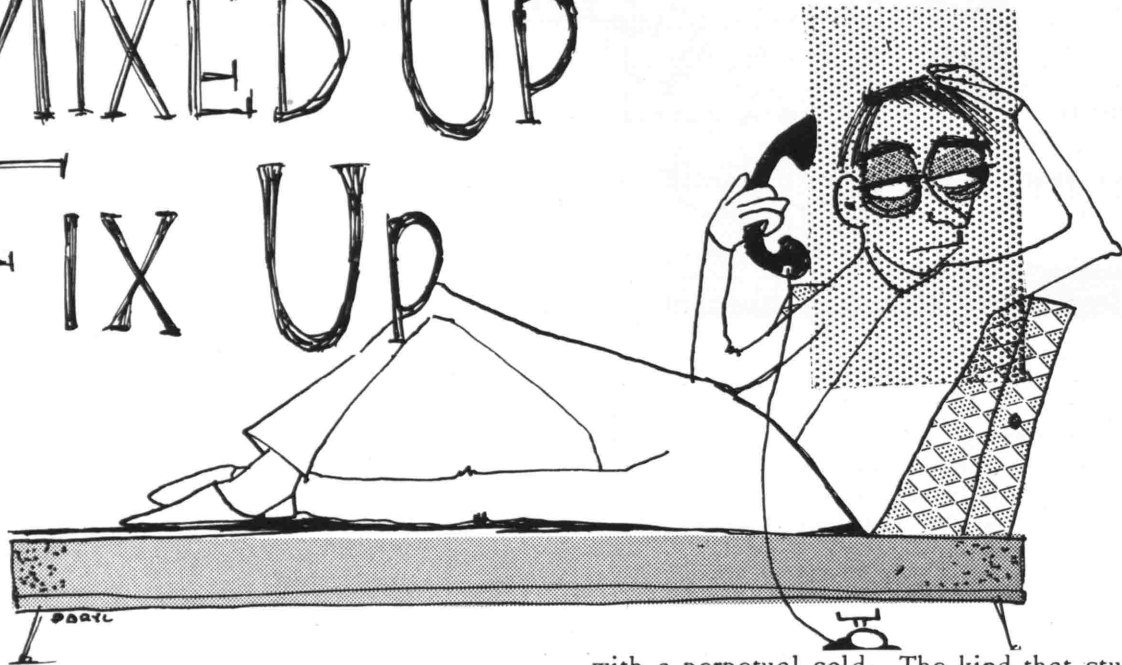
Yours truly,
Alfred E. Neuman

WE WANT HIGHER TAXES

TRUTH INC
WANTS
FAIR TREATMENT
OF RUSSIA

DARYL

MIXED UP FIX UP



Tired - very tired. Frantically I grabbed the alarm clock and fumbled for the button, but the noise wouldn't stop. It kept ringing and ringing and ringing. I wrenched my head out of the pillow and sat up. Oh, it was the telephone.

There was nothing to do but answer it. It was a female voice and she wanted to speak to Max. I told her I was Max but I wasn't home. She didn't seem to care if I was home or not, for she went on to explain that she was a friend of a friend of mine and identified herself as "someone who is interested." I explained that I didn't have any friends, but she wouldn't stop. She had heard that I had an apartment and that I knew Merle from two years ago and that I had a 1950 Chevy station wagon. She seemed to know more about me than I did. What she didn't know was that I hadn't slept for two days and was very tired. All I wanted to do was go back to bed - alone. I told her I was pinned, but she knew different. I told her I was very sick, but she knew different. I told her that I work nights and had to leave, but she knew different. She had a very efficient source of information. Finally, explaining that my date was waiting in the other room I hung up and went back to sleep.

Being flatly refused three times for a date for Saturday nite, I got in touch with "Fix Up Flo." Good old Fix Up wasted no time in furnishing me with a name and number with details prearranged. All I had to do was call and say "eight o'clock." I called. The "hello" at the other end sounded awfully familiar. This chick really had her hooks set for me. There she was again. My dream girl! She was one of that low voiced type

with a perpetual cold. The kind that stuffs another immoral idea into your head with every word. I asked her if she was really or just sounded that way. She explained softly that she couldn't divulge that kind of information over the phone and I would have to find out the hard way. It was only now that I fully realized how tired I must have been the last time. Suddenly remembering the dialogue prescribed by Flo I recited my line.

"Eight o'clock," I said.

Laryngitis struggled through the telephone wire and whispered into my ear, "I'll be waiting. Bye now."

I said "goodbye", but it came out "glmpf", and I dropped the phone into the waste basket.

Saturday night I knocked on the door of my passion's apartment. The very fact that she had an apartment made me nervous. I knocked again. Finally I rang the door bell, and she appeared in the doorway.

"Glp," I said.

She took a deep breath and smiled. As her breath got deeper my eyes got wider. She examined me from head to toe.

"Hello," she purred.

My turn to speak, and I knew just what to say.

"Hiya, Baby. How's about we just sort of kill the evening right here in your apartment?" But somehow it came out, "Glzyp."

She took my hand and pulled me into the living room.

"How's about we just sort of kill the evening right here in my apartment?" she suggested.

"Great idea, Baby." It came out in a high pitched gurgle that sounded more like, "O.K."

She led me to the couch, dimmed the lights, and wiped the sweat off my forehead with her palm.

I grasped her hand in mine and wiped the sweat off it. Then I let go, but she didn't.

She sat down beside me on the couch and breathed in my ear.

"Comfy?"

"Hmmm..."

"Don't go away," she whispered and slithered into the next room.

While she was gone I practiced.

"Sit a little closer, Honey. Sure you can. Just sort of slip your leg over here. See now, you're closer. Aw, don't push me away like that. Oh--well, maybe if you exhaled. Kind of warm, isn't it? Why don't you....."

The come and get it voice drifted from the doorway.

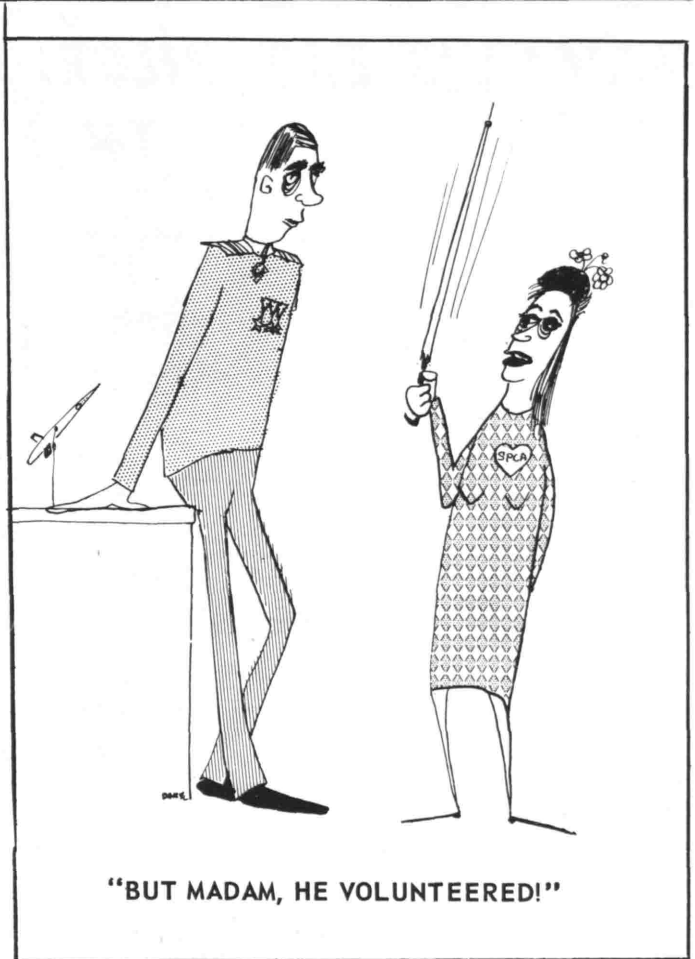
"Hello, Max."

I stared through the darkness at the voice. That same alluring tone, but the girl looked different. Her eyes----no----her hair----no----ahh----her measurements, her measurements were different. No wonder, it was a different girl.

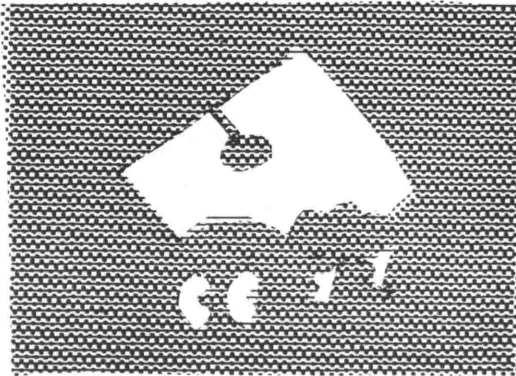
"Who--who--wha?" I turned the lights on in a frenzy. "What are---I mean, who are you?"

"I'm your date, Honey. By the way, did you meet my roommate?"

Max



TWO OLD-FASHIONED LOVERS OF TODAY



With heavy thump he drew her lightly down to his knee. His arms encircled her once, twice, nay thrice. She was unspeakably slight. "Dearest, I love you," he gently whispered with a savage roar, and his arms crushed still closer away from him.

Calmly, quietly, and with utmost dignity, she bel-
lowed, "Voo doo?"

"Gracious," he swore violently, "if that's all you want, I'll buy you a year's subscription right away."

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Sales Manager
M.I.T. VOO DOO
Walker Memorial Bldg.
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Dear Phos:

Enclosed is \$2.00, so please send eight hilarious issues of
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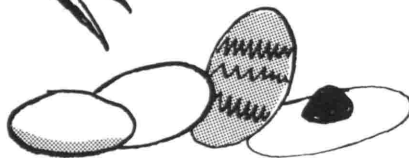
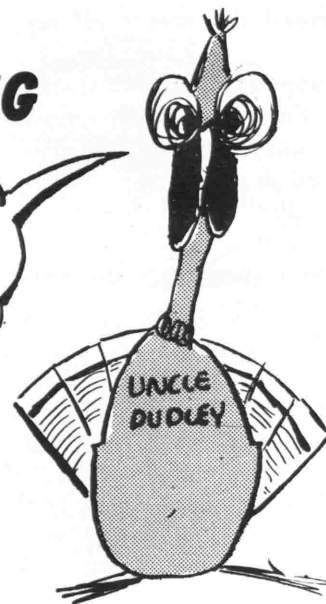
Gather 'round, children, while Uncle Dudley tells us

WHY FOLKS EAT PILGRIMS ON THANKSGIVING

Uncle Dudley asks:

Why do folks
eat Pilgrims on
Thanksgiving?

Oh! Tell us,
Uncle Dudley,
why do folks
eat Pilgrims on
Thanksgiving?

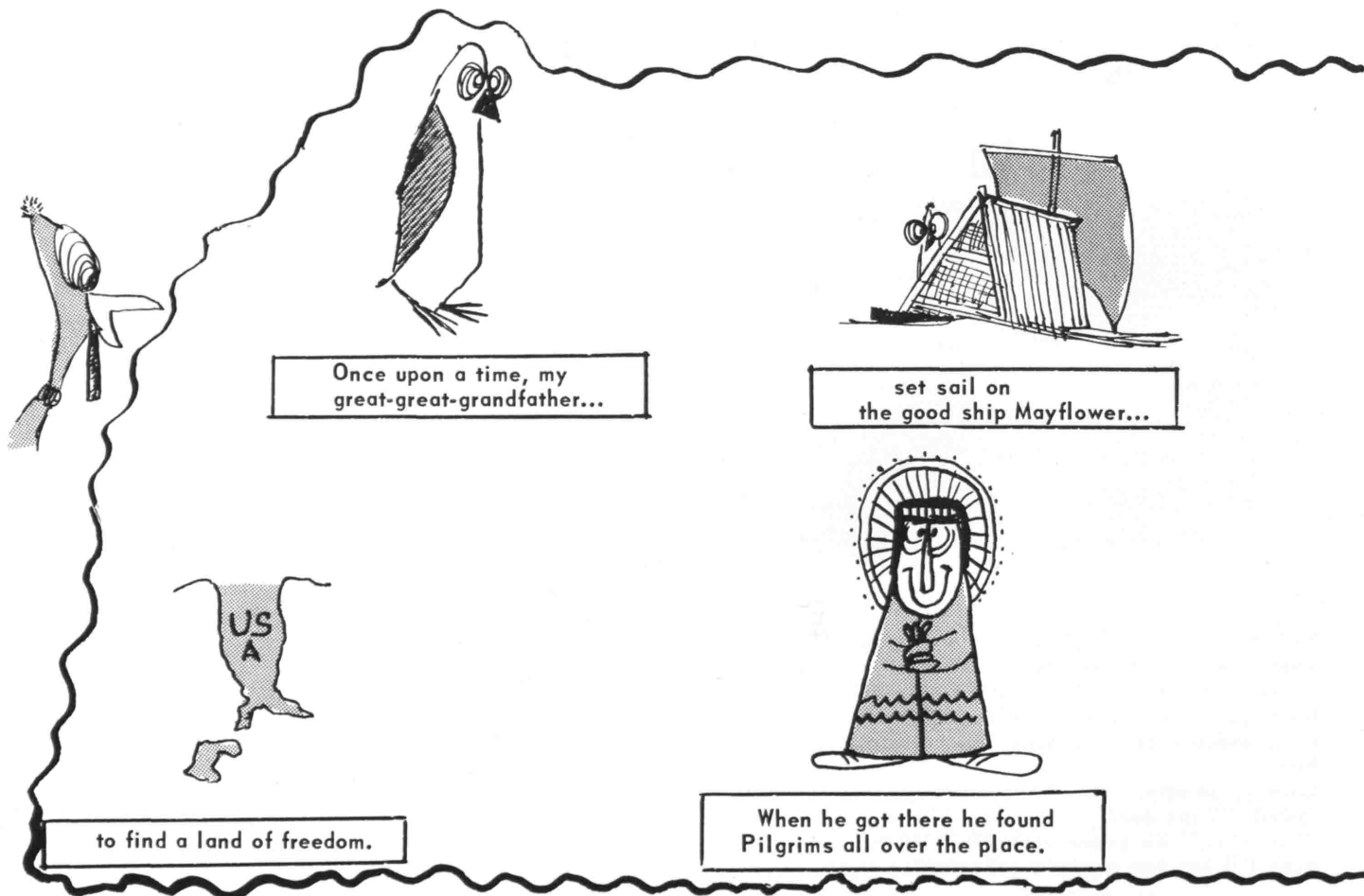


Once upon a time, my
great-great-grandfather...

set sail on
the good ship Mayflower...

to find a land of freedom.

When he got there he found
Pilgrims all over the place.





The Pilgrims were very hungry because there was nothing to eat in the land of freedom.



When the Mayflower landed, great-great-grandpappy stepped out with all his turkey family. The Pilgrims were indeed thankful.



"Now Miles Standish can eat a Thanksgiving dinner of Pilgrims," said John Alden.



"Don't give up the ship!" said John Paul Jones.

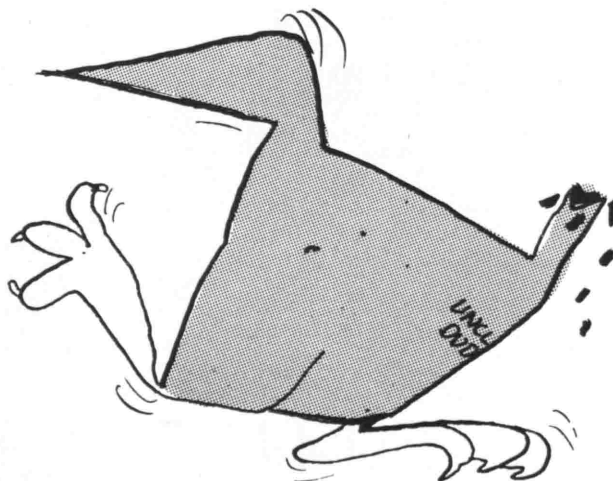
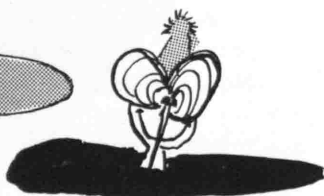
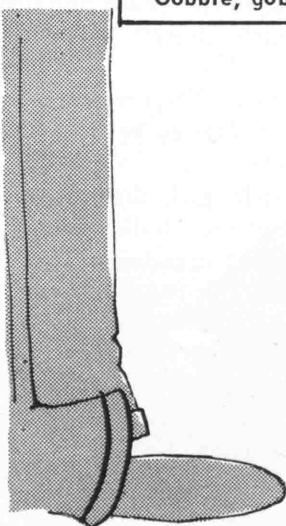
Picture of prostitute squaw.
(Voluptuous)
(With papooses).



"If only we had some cranberry sauce," said Big Chief White Owl.

"Speak for yourself, John," said Priscilla.

"Gobble, gobble," said great-gr....



Bernie Daryl Max Dudley

A very excited female shrilled over the telephone:

"A young man is trying to get into my room through a window."

"Sorry lady," was the answer. "You've got the fire department, not the police station."

"I know," she pleaded, "it's the fire department I want. He needs a longer ladder."



One of the airlines recently introduced a special half-fare rate for wives accompanying their husbands on business trips. Anticipating some valuable testimonials, the publicity department of the airline sent out letters to all wives of businessmen who used the special rates, asking how they enjoyed their trip.

Responses are still pouring in asking, "What trip?"



Mary had just arrived from the back hills and immediately got a job as a maid for a very fine lady. One fine morning Mary was cleaning up Madam's room and picked up an object that seemed to puzzle her. Madam looked at Mary and asked with great amusement.

"Don't you use those in back hills?"

"Oh, yes, yes," answered Mary, "But we do not skin them."



Les Gartell and his band were playing at a large theatre and the program for the evening was dedicated to all married couples celebrating their wedding anniversaries.

In honor of newlyweds, he played, "I Didn't Sleep a Wink Last Nite."

In honor of couples married five years, he played, "Nite and Day."

In honor of couples married 10 years he played, "Now and Then."

In honor of couples married 15 years, he played, "Once in a While."

Just as he was ready to honor the couples married 25 years, someone sitting in the rear said, "Just a minute, sir. Before you play 'Memories,' please play, 'We Did It Before and We Can Do It Again.'"

EXPENSE ACCOUNT FOR APRIL, 1957

4/1	Ad for Female Stenographer	\$ 1.50
4/2	Violets for new Stenographer	1.50
4/3	Weeks salary for new Stenographer.....	45.00
4/4	Roses for new Stenographer,	5.00
4/11	Candy for Wife90
4/13	Lunch for Stenographer.....	7.00
4/15	Weeks salary for Stenographer ..	60.00
4/16	Movie tickets for self and wife..	1.20
4/18	Theatre tickets for self and Stenographer.....	15.00
4/19	Ice Cream for wife30
4/22	Virginia's salary for week	75.00
4/23	Champagne and dinner for Ginny	32.40
4/25	Doctor for Stupid Stenographer ..	375.00
4/26	Fur Coat for wife.....	1,700.00
4/27	Ad for male Stenographer	1.00



A bird in the hand
is worth two in the bush.
But if in the bush
a maiden should stand,
A bird in the bush
is worth two in the hand.



The teacher asked the children's art class to depict on the blackboard their impressions of the most exciting thing they could think of.

The first little boy went to the board and drew a long jagged line. "What's that?" asked the teacher.

"Lightning," said the boy. "Everytime I see lightning I get so excited I want to yell!"

"Fine," said the teacher.

The second child, a little girl, drew a wavy line with the broad side of the chalk. She explained that was her idea of thunder which always made her feel excited. The teacher thought that was excellent, too.

Then little Neal stepped to the board and made a single dot and sat down. "What's that?" queried the teacher, a bit perplexed.

"It's a period," replied Neal.

"Well, Neal, what's so exciting about a period?"

"I don't know, teacher," the boy answered. "But my sister has missed two of them and my whole family's excited!"

Did you hear the one about the woman who fell out of a fourteenth floor window and impaled herself on a flagpole? -- The undertaker couldn't get the smile off her face.



A handsome American soldier stationed in London met a beautiful English girl and spent the weekend with her. As he bade her a tender farewell, she speculatively remarked, "How's about a bit of change as a going-away gift?"

The soldier drew himself up to his full six feet and with great dignity replied. "My dear young lady, members of the Seventh Infantry never accept money from women."



COUNTRY TEACHER: "Johnny, where were you yesterday?"

JOHNNY: "Farmer Brown wanted to borrow Pa's registered bull."

COUNTRY TEACHER: "Couldn't your Pa have done that?"

JOHNNY: "Guess he could, but Pa ain't registered."

An obese woman in a crowded bus trod upon the foot of an irritable young man who was trying to read his newspaper. "Madam," he said coldly, "I will ask you to kindly get off my foot."

"Put your foot where it belongs," she replied sharply.

"Don't tempt me, Madam, don't tempt me," he murmured.



A friend of ours reports that during a recent drive down to Miami Beach he spotted a sign near a real estate development that read: GET LOTS WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.

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BARREL BEER-DINNER WINES A SPECIALTY

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**"Six Foot Tall Playboy RABBIT
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Pajama Bag"**



"See It At The Tech COOP"

- \$3.95

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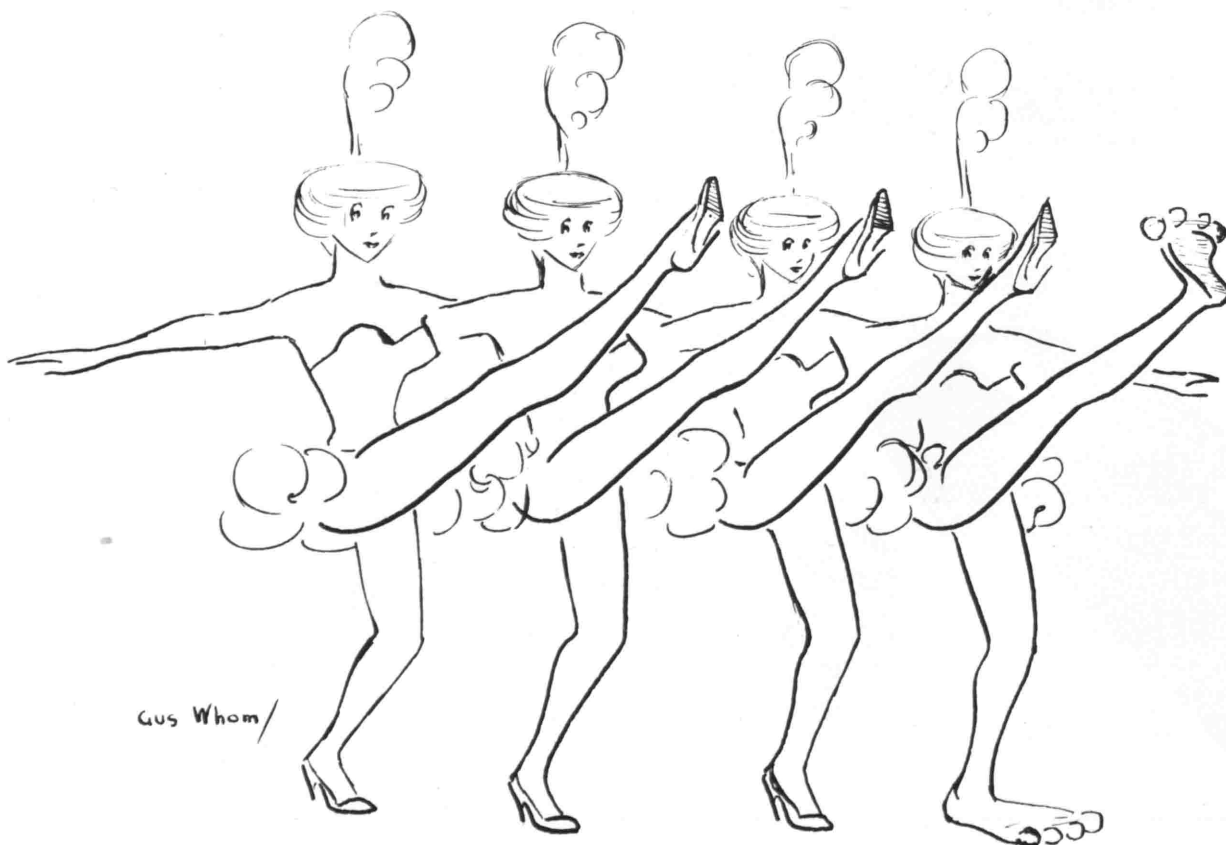
Paul
Robinson



Paul
Robinson

...BECAUSE I LIKE OLIVES.

NEVER MIND WILD CHERRY, GIMME THE ONE
WITH THE HIGHEST ALCOHOL CONTENT,



Gus Whom/

Are you...



Unacceptable?

gain recognition. Be **umoc.**



**You Heard Them
at that
Great Party**

CALL:
Office: KI 7-4304
Residence: DE 2-9738

Leon and Marvin were resting from the battles of war and spied a cow which they killed and skinned. Leon got into the hind quarters and Marvin into the front. Thus they proceeded behind the lines.

Suddenly Marvin in the forepart began to run, and Leon naturally, had to follow. They ran in this way for some time until Marvin suddenly stopped.

"It's no use, Leon," he panted. "Brace yourself, here comes the bull."



This happened years ago. At the end of the long trial, the stump-jumping Virginian who judged the case, looked cheerfully at the man about to be sentenced and went into one of his noted lectures. It went something like this:

"On next Wednesday morning at the bright and early hour of five, the mockingbird will be exercising its imitative tonsils beneath the pungent branches of the persimmon tree-

"The bluebirds will be humming dulcet tunes to a thousand mates in nearby trees, and the warm Virginia breezes will, like so many gentle zephyrs, kiss the sycamore and the pine-

"The sap will be coursing gayly through the pulsating cottonwood--all Nature, in the ecstasy of its joyous, seasonal exuberance, will call out carols of lyric beauty--but you, you bastard, will enjoy none of it--because I hereby sentence you to die at midnight Tuesday."



A married couple had been childless for many years. Finally, the woman gave birth to a fine baby with bright red hair. This puzzled the husband, because he and his wife both had very dark hair, so he questioned the doctor about it.

The doctor asked many questions, then got to the matter of the frequency of their marital relations.

"Would you say weekly?" asked the doc.

"No."

"Monthly, then?" asked the physician.

"No."

"How about semi-annually?"

"Yes, approximately."

"Well," replied the doctor, "I have the answer to your question. It's Rust!"

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