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WOMEN'S COLLEGE EDITION

Coming Next Issue:

June Bride Edition,

with Phos Goes to An Elopement

ADLER



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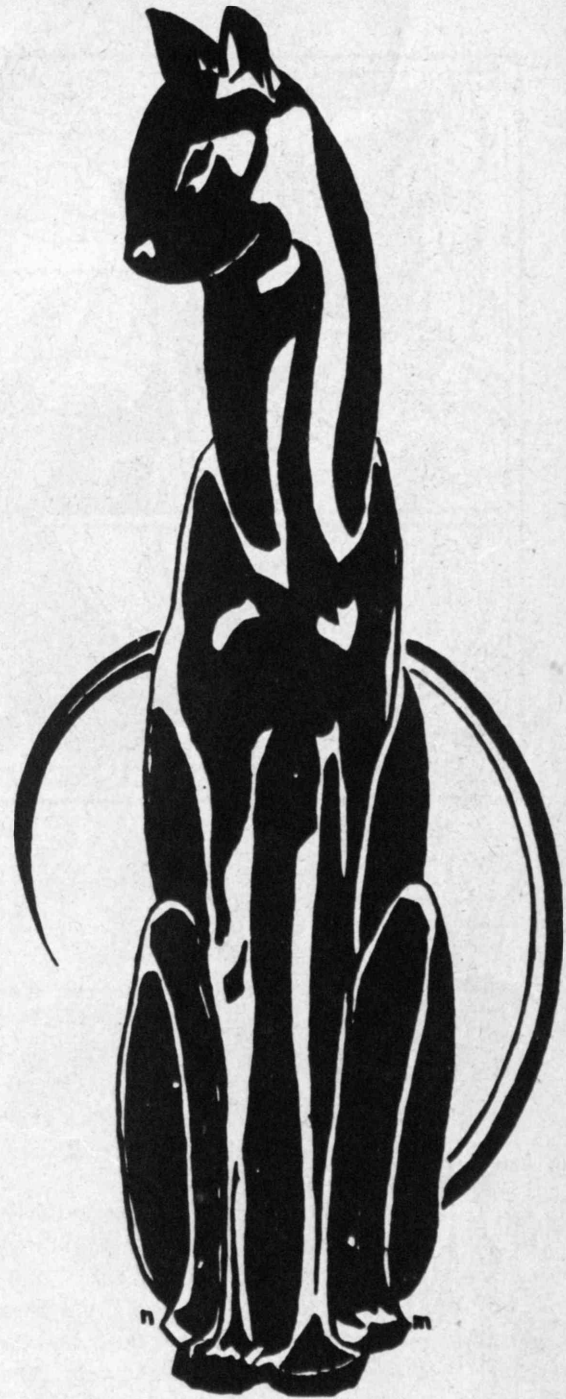
VOO DOO

NOVEMBER, 1945



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Voo Doo

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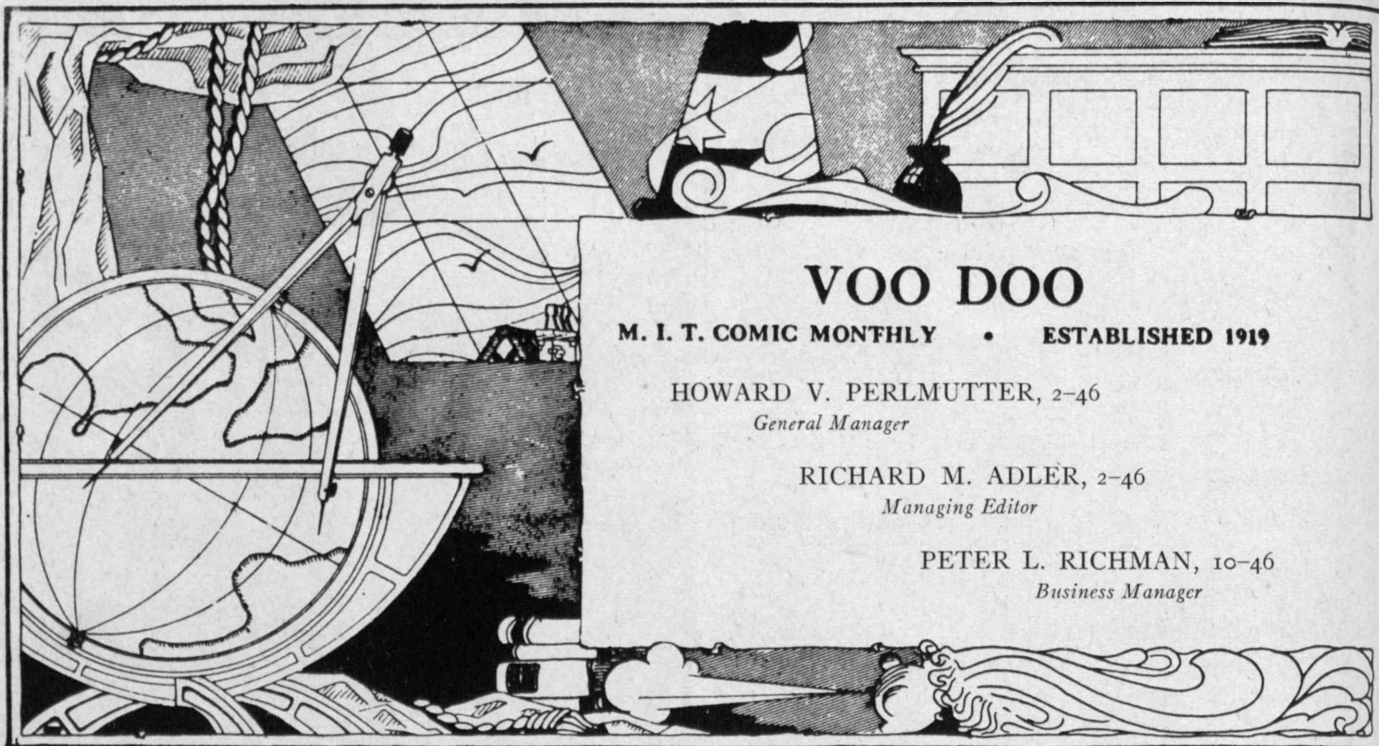
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VOO DOO

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“PHOS!”

“Go away and don’t bother me. You’re probably the new General Manager and eager, too,” said Phos cracking another egg into his beer.

“Yes, but Phos, I’ve got a . . .” ventured I.

“Migod, what the hell do you think I am? I suppose you want to change the whole rag. Well I like it and . . .”

By this time Phos had caught a glance at the cover of the the new magazine.

“Women . . . me-ow, they’re all alike,” but he was purring contentedly. “Who took the pictures? A women’s college issue. Mmrr . . . not bad . . .”

“Yes, Phos, and we’re going to cover one school next issue very intimately . . . if, of course, you don’t mind.”

“There you go again, bringing up those sore points. You know damn well you never ask me what to do. All I get is egg and beer . . . beer and egg . . . all the time.”

“B-But, Phos, what else?” We knew he wasn’t listening. He was sleeking down his shiny black fur. Then he took a short swig of the amber fluid, and purred comfortably.

“I suppose you’ve bought your Prom options already,” he meowed, “and I suppose you know it will be Tony Bannanna’ and his music with appeal.”

We forced a laugh and tried to assure him that it was entirely possible that it might be a name band.

“And what about the December issue?” glared Phos. “I suppose you’re going back to the old routine of sex . . .”

“Oh, no, Phos! The December issue promises to be nothing short of terrific — pin-up calendars, maybe a colored cover, pictures of neat college women and a sensational play that will live in infamy. . . .”

But, it was no use. Phos was asleep.

For their invaluable assistance in the make-up and publicity of this issue of VooDoo, Phos expresses gratitude and appreciation to:

Dean Elizabeth Mesick and Mrs. P. S. Young of Simmons College

Dean Lucy Wilson and Mrs. P. A. Smith of Wellesley College

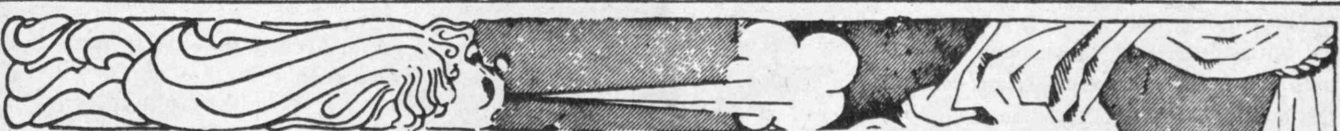
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Dr. William F. Carlson and Mr. Roy Carlson of Mt. Ida College
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

566 Washington Avenue,
Palo Alto, California,

October 5, 1945.

M. I. T. Voo Doo,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.
Gentlemen and Phos:

In February of this year I wrote you asking about the possibility of getting a subscription to Voo Doo and some back numbers. To my horror, you printed the letter in the March issue and another loyal Voo Doo reader in the Army Training Program at Stanford saw my address and got in touch with me. Through him I got some copies of the magazine and also a couple of dates before he was transferred. For this I am grateful.

HOWEVER, the fact remains that there has, as yet, been no sign of a subscription and while the dates and the publicity were pleasant, the idea of the whole thing was to get on the list with the rest of the suckers who monthly suffer themselves to be lead through the murk that passes for scientific humor. I really want a subscription, honest!

Will you give this some heat and let me hear from you? Thank you.

JOAN H. MARSHALL.

Dear Joan,

We are now applying heat to your subscription and it will soon be on its way. However, we are surprised to hear that VOO DOO is running a date bureau. If Palo Alto were not so damned far away we would probably be our own first customer. Sorry to have caused you so much trouble.

ED.



Dear Phos,

You probably don't remember me, now that you have hit the big time. Once you said that I had the sweetest purr south of the gas house. You liked the way my whiskers tickled. You even would sometimes give me the tail of your latest mouse. You left one day, telling me that you were going to the city to make your fortune. You said you would come back for me when you were rich. You didn't, but I traced you. I found that you had changed your name from Mudface to Phos and that you lived a lazy life at Voo Doo. I must see you again darling, I know you still love me.

Love and kisses.

MISS CUDDLES LA PURPUSS.

P.S. My lawyer has all your old letters, darling. Please communicate with me.

Omigosh, will you settle out of court?

Mix me a stiff one, chief, and do you know a good place where I can lie low for awhile?

PHOS

M. I. T. Voo Doo,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.
Gentlemen??

After scanning your so-called magazine, we've decided that you have been polluting the mind of Boston long enough. . . . We thought you might appreciate a little motherly advice (or rather sisterly advice) from some clean-minded girls unspotted by the world. The fact that you don't know any clean-minded girls can be ascertained from the fact that you don't even know our dorm's phone number (Thank heavens). We will stick to Harvard. We dare you to print this letter; it will be the only thing of clean origin in that monthly issue of yours.

Us.

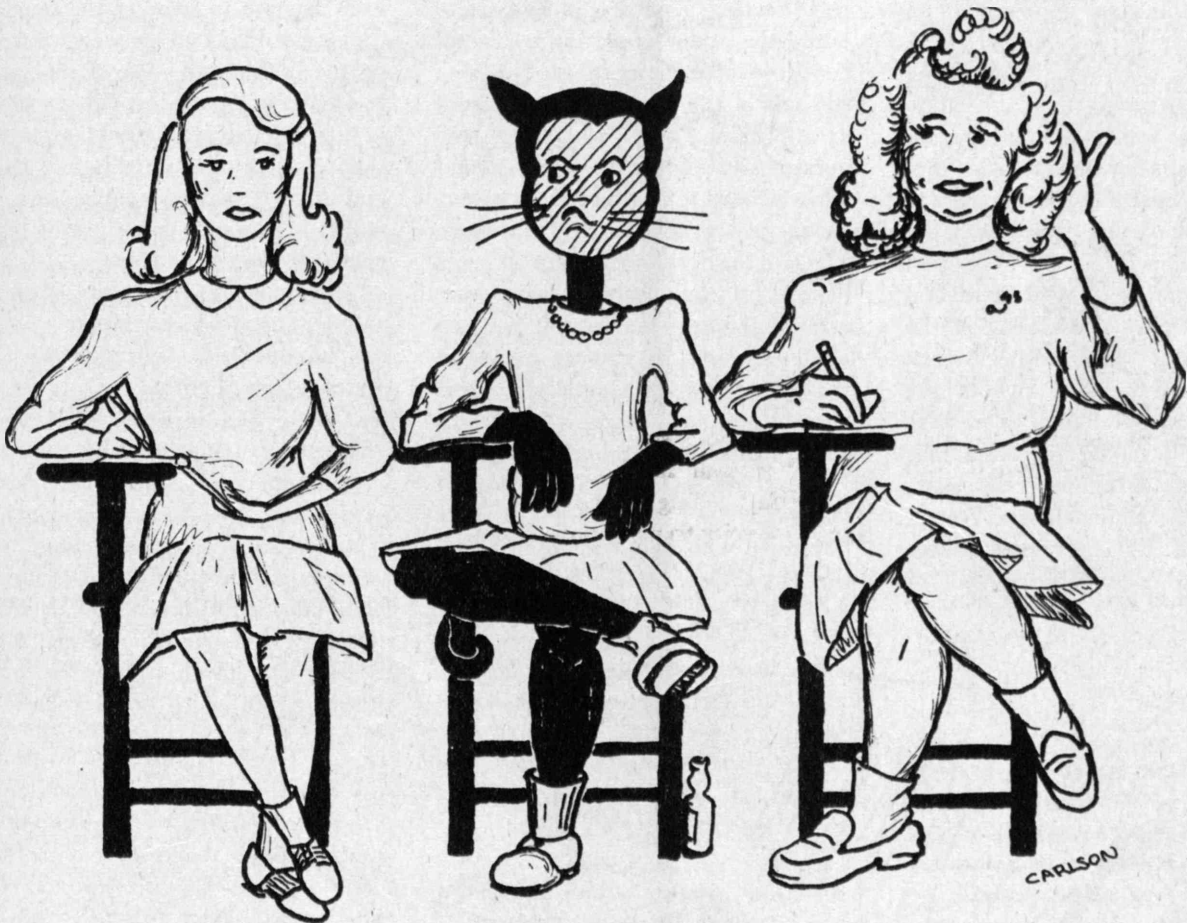
P.S. When does your next issue come out?

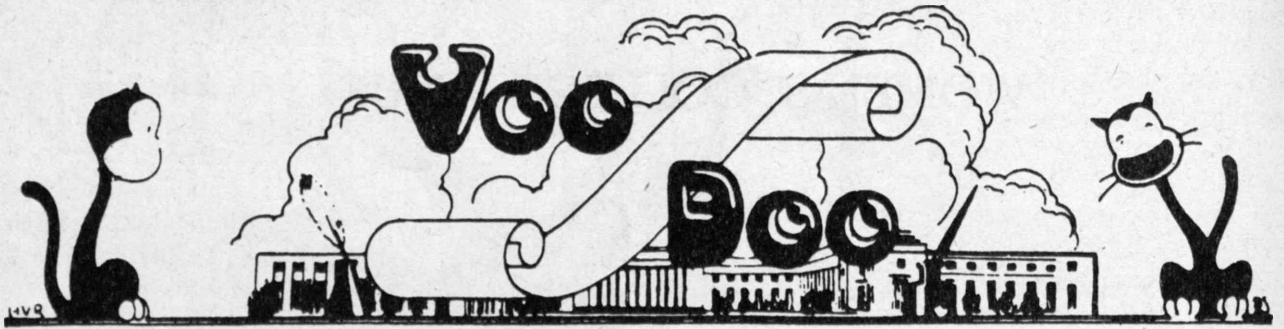
Dear Us,

We accept your challenge and here with print your letter. Our next issue is the one that you are reading now. We admit that we don't know any clean-minded girls. Your postscript took away our last hopes of ever meeting any. Any girl that would desire to know the date of our next printing can't very well be clean-minded. And even worse than that is the statement that you will "stick to Harvard." Everybody knows that the only things that will stick to Harvard men are eau de cologne and false eyelashes.

ED.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE ISSUE





A SHORT time ago we observed several portable radar units pull up on the grass near Walker Memorial. A squad of men were very busy setting up apparatus, turning dials, and listening to strange sounds emanating from the machines. The least dramatic prediction as to what they were doing was that they were trying to locate a Jap sub in the Charles River. This perplexing situation continued for several days until finally one afternoon the cloud of mystery unveiled itself when a conversation between two of the operators was overheard. One was very excitedly telling the other that he had finally determined the exact location of the Emma Rogers Room. We decided that the powers of science are still amazing us considerably.

TECH'S fraternities are famous for their parties. Each fraternity tries to outdo the other by setting a new all time low for lasciviousness. Not long ago one of the houses made a record at a "Ghoul Party" wherein all the guests had to enter through a second story window and proceed by a tortuous ghost walk to the festivities. The route of the ghost walk was blocked by many obstacles which were not altogether inanimate. If you can figure out why the witches giggled in the dark, yet later complained about ghostly groping hands, you are a better man than any of us claim to be. However, we do suspect foul play on the part of certain brothers in that fraternity who didn't have the forethought to bring dates of their own.

ON this last inter-term leave we were aroused to some of the wartime difficulties that had been encountered on the home front. We of the Navy had blithely flipped through the pages of the newspapers describing the rationing, shortages of this and that, and divers recipes telling how to make mushrooms sauté using axle grease in place of butter.

Getting down to the point of interest, we were told of a situation that was fraught with hazard which occurred a few months ago. It seems that there was an acute shortage of toilet paper. In truth, the situation on the home front wasn't very flush. At the same time there was a shortage of salad oils, thus causing many restaurants and housewives to thoughtlessly substitute mineral oil in salad dressings. Need we say, the only ones to benefit from this were the laundries? . . . Of which there was also a shortage.



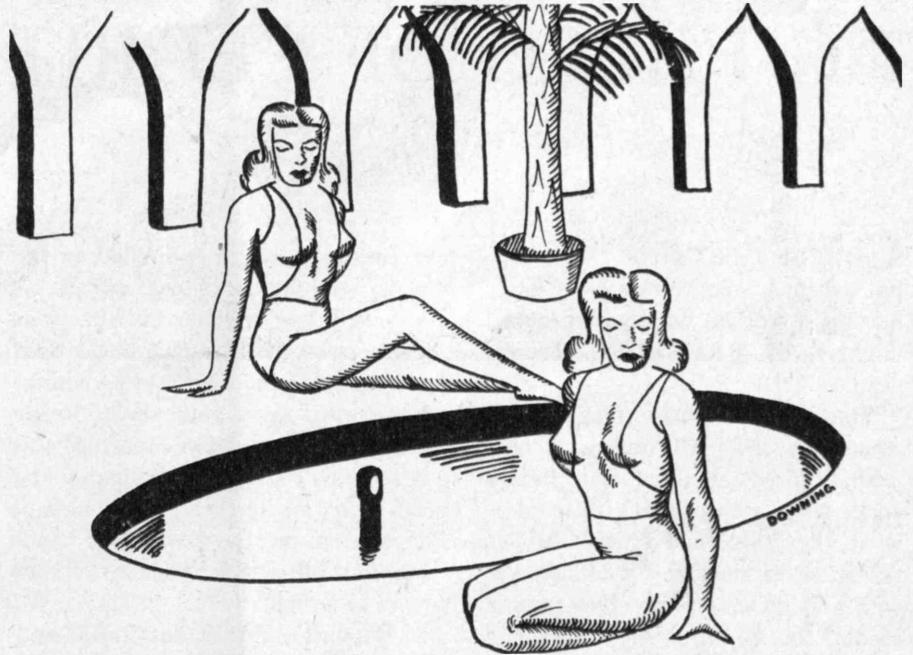
NOTEWORTHY KNOWLEDGE: We always said that Boston newspapers leave lots to be desired and are not too consistent either within themselves or among each other. But we never have known them to disagree so completely as on this past election day when one evening paper

printed for its headline "Weather Brings Out Hub Voters," while another in equally large type said, "Hub Voting Light."

THE Westminster House is an organization of the Presbyterian Church in Boston. But here at the Institute it is not famous for that reason; it is famous because it is the meeting place on every Sunday evening of Simmons girls and Harvard and Tech men. They congregate at the Westminster House for the purpose of having a good time in a good clean way.

But just a short while ago a little idea of just what kind of a time they were having leaked out. It has been the habit in the past for some member of the organization to propose a game that would adequately fill the evening. This particular time the game that was proposed was called "Barbershop." Three chairs were set in the middle of the floor. On each chair hung a sign. One read "Shave," another read "Haircut" and another read "Shine." The boys were sent out of the room and the girls were grouped around the three chairs. Then one at a time the boys were recalled into the room and asked whether they would have a shave, haircut or shine. According to the answer he gave he was asked to sit in the chair with the corresponding sign on it. Then one of the girls would sneak around behind the chair, gently place her hands over the boy's eyes, and lightly kiss him on the lips. Then the lucky boy was supposed to guess who had kissed him.

But the bewildered male in the chair never had his lips touched by one of the fairer sex. Instead one of the fellows in the group had volunteered to do the kissing in order to make it harder to guess. Just as a matter of note it was the originator of the game that did the kissing, and as an additional matter of interest his alma mater was Harvard.



ONE of the biggest social events of the year at M.I.T. is the Inter-Fraternity Conference Dance, more commonly known as the "I. F. C." At these dances the students don tails and ties and escort beautiful girls in evening gowns. But not always do they deport themselves in a manner befitting their clothes. For, instance, the following instance betrays the fact that "clothes do not make the man," or "once a Tech man, always a gentleman."

The "I. F. C." is usually held in the Imperial Ballroom of the Hotel Statler. The ballroom has a balcony on three sides that holds the tables of various fraternities. At one of these tables a group of freshmen were drinking champagne and enjoying the effects thereof. One of the more adventurous freshmen espied a girl dancing below whose gown was cut exceedingly low in the front. He reached into the champagne bucket and withdrew a small piece of ice. Taking careful aim he dropped the piece of ice down inside the exceedingly low cut evening gown. Immediately, almost instantaneously, the wearer let out a piercing shriek and tore herself from the arms of her part-

ner. She dashed for the nearest exit, leaving a bewildered male standing with extended arms in the middle of the dance floor.

We venture to say that the poor, bewildered male had a hell of a lot of explaining to do. We also propose the idea that a limit, lower limit to be exact, be set below which evening gowns may not go in the front. Furthermore, to prevent the recurrence of such a mishap, that champagne be served in thermos bottles in order to do away with the ice bucket.

AT one of the nearby women's colleges there is a beautiful ivy-covered dormitory. But this ivy has grown in such a manner as to make us wonder whether it has a special insight into human actions or not. Near the side entrance to this particular dormitory there is a sign that used to say "Service Entrance." During the years the ivy has grown so that it covers the "Ser" of the first word leaving a sign that says "Vice Entrance." For a long time now we have been trying to get up nerve enough to try that entrance.

THE FABLE OF CLARITY SPRINGS

COURSE I ain't sayin' this is true but when I went down by Clarity Springs, I seer his body and it looked mighty stiff. I knowed then he was dead.

You see, the whole thing started when Dyspepsia McNamera, a mizerable hired hand of old Judson Jones, fell in with a sweet little maiden, or so they said (and I don't believe nothin' ever since my wife said she wuz and wunt). W'al, I've been a readin' this Horatius Alger stuff and such and as far as I'm thinkin' any human who is alive ought to git a chance to make somethin' for himself.

Well, sir, the story goes that one cracklin' cold November mornin', Judson Jones sidles up to the hog trough, the particular location of Dyspepsia.

"Dyspepsia," he says, "you ain't lookin' as happy as a man might look. Sort of beat and hog-troughish. Seems to me you ought to meander into Clarity Springs and hunt yourself up a heap o' playin' around. I ain't sayin' women but goddammit is there anythin' else?"

Judson Jones, a white-haired old gent, straight as an oak an' jist as wrinkled, sort of winks his left eye at Dyspepsia. They say he oncet went to grammer school up north where he larned this keep your slaves happy stuff. (As far as I am concerned this is all slop, I keep my wife happy and she treats me like hell.) Then he raps Dyspepsia on the back and hands him four bits which happens to be the price of a fifth.

Dyspepsia shakes his head and smiles "Yessir, boss, this is goin' to be allreet. I shore would be mighty pleased if'n I had me a women now," and he went to Clarity Springs that evenin'.

Now Lettie Neilsen who is the sweet young maiden in this tale, to which my wife derogitarily refers, is mighty nice. Course, don't know what these high talkin' mathematishuns would say but fer me the purtiest distance between two points is a curve. Well sir, this Lettie has a full firm bosom, nice white skin, and the healthiest pair of hips I ever did see with the exception of my wife. (I always tell

her that. Seems as if it's about the only goldarned sweet talk I can say without lyin'.) Yes sir, they say when Lettie talked, the swallows would come pilin' down and sort of compare notes. (Man, I shoulda' been a author or somethin'. Leastwise I am punny.) These swallows would chirp and chirp. Loved her I guess. I know I would like to. She has the sweetest voice in Clarity Springs.

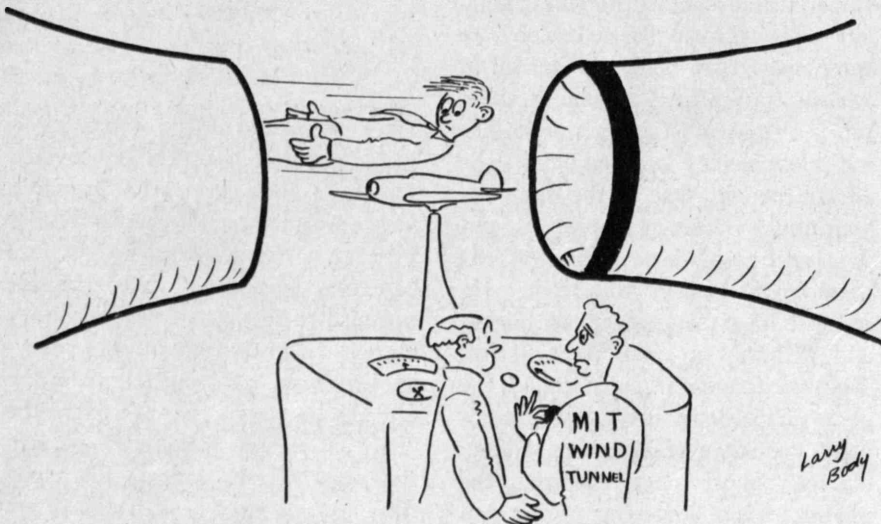
When Dyspepsia got to Clarity Springs, he gazed around like a four-day calf. He ain't never seen so many women before in all his days with the exception of his mother whom he had contact with for about a year. (Cain't really say tho, this premature stuff is sort of sweepin' the country.)

Then Dyspepsia seen Lettie.

"Good God!" he said.

And there was Lettie dumpin' hog slop in an old trough. And pretty as a picture. Sudden-like all the mizzuble hired hand blood rushes to his head and he makes a dash for Lettie. And he grabs her. Now don't you go gittin' the wrong idea jist cause you read the Hearst papers. (I did oncet. My church goin' duds from the catalogue company came all wrapped in a *Boston American*. Read about the best rapes in Boston. They oughta be ashamed of themselves.)

Yes, sir, we country folks know what kissin' a women agin' her will is. But what I'm tryin' to say is that . . . well . . . this were sorta lovin' like. Dyspepsia knowed it at oncet. And he felt like takin' a healthy hunk of women into his lonesome arms and squeeze her tight so you could hear her wheezelike. The feelin' was mighty new to him. Seems as if he'd never touched one before. And it is only natch'ral he would wanta. I always



"Where's Herman? . . ."

Larry Body

did.

Well sir, Lettie gave out a half yelp and screams to beat the band. The whole thing is like an electric jolt to Dyspepsia. He looked down at her cream-like white face and raspberry lips and smashes his face into hers like a man would bite into a huckle-berry pie that is warm and juicy and scrunchy (jist like my wife says she makes).

'Course by this time someone has seen the whole thing and it happens to be good old Ernie Wilson, the best and soberest sheriff in Agassie County. He breaks up the kiss and quicklike takes Dyspepsia to the Clarity Spring clinker.

"Hell!" says Dyspepsia, "I ain't did a thing. And how I wisht I did."

Well, folks, Old Judge Grodkins hears that. And he is hell-bent fer election. Wants to be Agassie's Watch and Ward representative I figger. And he goes to work aspreadin' a pack of sins. And they were mighty interestin'. Some say Dyspepsia tore off all her clothes, but I know this ain't true cause Ernie Wilson ain't never seen a women bare and he wuz there. I even heard tell she tore off all his clothes but cain't see how she'd have time and why she would want to. Dyspepsia ain't never taken a bath.

And this old Judge Grodkins, a mean wizened puss tomatom with a hump-like back and a hose for a nose (Migod, am I a poet!) calls the trial fer Wednesday next and calls in Dyspepsia for a preview like in the movies.

"McNamera (which is what was Dyspepsia's mother's last name), I am a goin' to hang you higher than a kite. And I don't give a owl's opery glass fer what the books say. 'Cause I do what is lawful."

Now I ain't sayin' that Dyspepsia had the mitest ambition to be hung but if'n he were he wuz mighty hopeful it would be on the up and up. Hell, I figger there ain't nothin' that would git me madder than gittin' hung fer doin' nuthin'. Seems as if



"Wow! Some Ash!"

someone had told Dyspepsia onct that a man is free and loose 'til his wife can prove him bad. And he began to sweat like a trollop in church. (I am bein' told that they put this dirty word in *Life* with the pictures so it ain't dirty anymore and I am usin' it.)

The whole of Agassie county showed up at the trial. And it wuz a helluva nice day fer a hangin'. The nice new white pine scaffold was leaning up against the sky and actin' proud. I reckon it was a mighty big day for even the white pine scaffold. Hell it ain't every white pine that gets growed up to be a scaffold and gets to hang a man begatten man.

Then old Judge Grodkins roars loudlike and bangs his oak gavel on top of a cider jug.

"Shuddup er git out," he says. "The next thing on the program is Dyspepsia McNamera agin a sweet innercent maid, Lettie Neilson. Trial is startin' right quick so no terbacca spittin' will be allowed. Makes too much of a racket."

Then he calls up a few witnesses who seen the whole thing. And then he calls up Lettie.

Well, sir. The whole goldarned place sort of blows its top. They yell and cheer and whistle and drink. But the Judge yells, "Shuddup," and they do.

And the damndest thing happens.

Lettie walks slowlike up to the Judge a curtsyin', and a wearin' a white cotton pinafore that sorta snugged up tight where the goin' was the most interestin'. She had a pinklike splotch on both cheeks and a smile that set yer heart a thumpin'. (My wife says she wuz a shameless hussy. Seems she wuz wearin' some ferbidden French perfume . . . Paul Rogett er somethin'. Smelt sexy though.) And she says to the Judge she don't remember nuthin'. And even if she did she wouldn't tell. Then she gives a little wink at Dyspepsia.

Course Old Judge Grodkins was mighty disturbed. And even mad. But he clears his throat and says loud enough so even the hawks in Lettie's back yard can hear.

"We has got to pecter our innercent young gals from mean ornery characters," and he looks crosslike at Dyspepsia.

"Now, if'n we look at what Ernie Wilson seed with his one good eye, we do not have to even hear more, altho I ain't sayin' it tweren't mushy. But as the best judge in Agassie (and the only one) I feel I have got to string up this menace to women . . . to your wives and your daughters."

Well, like I said Dyspepsia didn't have no ambition to be the subject of a necktie party and he had prayed

Continued to page 32

LITTLE

LITTLE SLACK BAMBO wived lith his old man and his 'old lady in a jig bungle that resembled parkral cent. He lived a sappy exhistance with no women or studies to worby arout. Of thorse care were mull doments, but he would go creek to the down and catch himself an eelctric el and get quite a charge out of it.

Sow Nam wasn't hungly from strict for there was one thing he liked above anyelse thing, invooding Cul Doo. He had an incravable panting for sashcakes. He could devour hoo tunded at a time without even belsening his loot or braking a tomo. In fact

he had mo sany jap flacks that he began to like look one.

One day after a sumticularly partitious meal, Tam sook himself a walk in the woods. He trew the nails in the bungle jind-folded. He forgot his findbold and lostmost got al, but he wound a ferm he knew who gave him the down-low. He was deally reap in

SLACK

the jungle by now and he was so shakered he was scaring like the twelfth street "El" in a stale horm.

Depthemly from the suds of the

jungle appeared a tigerocious fer with grig been eyes and ninger-fails as long as spikeroad rails. It came out of the woods like a bot out of a shottle of Couthern Sumfort. Tambo sook tree the toos. Salf and a hix tore migers came out of the woods and rarted stunning abase the round of the tree. (Heven and a salf pigers ter hare malf squile, aworlding to the Cord Almanac.)

Safe was sam now because he had climbed a too shree, and the tigers foundn't collow him because they slip only hadders on. The cig bats raced atree the round with an ever invelocity creasing untill they disappeared, that is aldiss mostappeared. Divide the feat of friction by the exverse impotential of the finite combinations and then subtract the potentarithmic logimalities — and got have you what?

BAMBO

Butter!

Shim sammied tree the down and sara unlitmoniously in the golden mellow yass of bolten mutter. Our little bease grall hipped stome and got his hands on some of his old man's juger licks and back went to the butt of piler. He mosted up scoop of it and filled jall the ugs and mooved off bung his towardsalow. He buft a little letter on the joor of the flungle for the beeds and the birs that he heard had mo such about.

The old boy was-sur soprised su tee his sun baconing home the bring grease that he almost joyed for jump. Cautioning throw to the wind, along with the bation rooks, Mama fired a start in the stook cove and grid madle-cakes untill she was fröwn in the base. Sam ate and ate make fixty-sour, and furnished the fin hundredth in time to listen to Hob Bope. He unlapily hived after ever.

T. H. C.-C. R. M.



"Stop me if you've heard this one! . . ."



MOUNT IDA

KATHERINE GIBBS

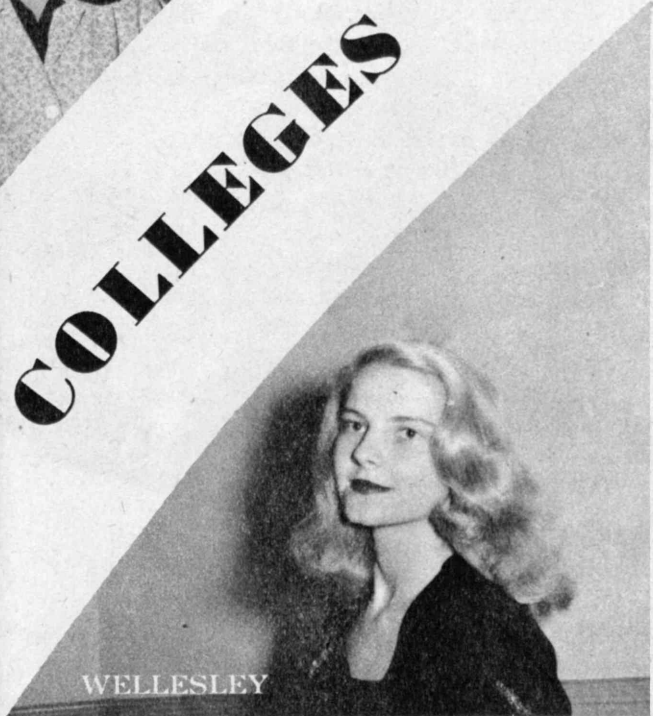


WELLESLEY



SIMMONS

PHOS GOES TO THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES



On one particularly bleak and dismal morn, the idea for visiting the girls' colleges was conceived. And even Phos in his usual state of stupor approved of the possibilities. So with camera in hand and a lean hungry look in eye Voo Doo roamed out into the far flung campuses of the Bay State.

With the usual limitations of location and "Laws agin' Voo Doo," Phos, plus friends, managed to film some of the numerous desirable characteristics that decorate the nearby schools for femmes. Naturally space requirements allowed only a portion of the records to be printed.



They work and worry —



The species "college girls" lead a complex life. Existence at the school necessitates accomplishment of such menial chores as passing quizzes, writing meaningless themes and waiting for Bob to write.



— and sometimes they eat —



These females are usually afflicted with a pleasant malady which creates an urge for an infinite amount of cokes, ice cream sodas, gooey frappes. And even when mealtime rolls around the famished look still reigns.

OUR COVER GIRL JOANNIE



Ever since Phos got a peep at Voo Doo's gal of the month, he hasn't been the same. And neither have we.

Joannie Scheckner, God's gift from New Yar-rk, resides amid the spacious walls of Mount Ida Junior College. Vital statistics include: age, 17; height, 5' 6"; weight, 118 lbs. Figure, terrific! Likes: steaks, horseback riding, dancing, and men.

(The hunt for next month's cover girl is on. Any suggestions should be directed to Voo Doo. All women suggested must attend girls' schools in Massachusetts, be unattached, and like males.)



- but they always find time for relaxation -



Escapes from the classroom terrors take various forms. Whether it be a good book, a sweater project, a luxurious "butt" between classes, the ultimate effect is usually pleasurable. In any case it is better than listening to a dull chem lecture.



- and fun about the campus -



ball, finding a seat on the front steps and learning with what Polly went where, sharpening up the old cheers and hoping the opponents score will be just a little lower this week.

Sometimes it takes a brief discussion of the whys and wherefores before the maidens in question venture into the outdoor regions. Then life's problems involve hitting an elusive tennis



- but when the evening rolls around -



WELLESLEY



BOSTON U.

Comes evening, a spot of tea around the traditional card game, an expectant watch to see "the terrific hunk 'o' man" dating Mary, or a feline bull session form the high light of program. Maybe even, if the work is piling up, consideration will be made for burning the midnight oil to finish that term paper.

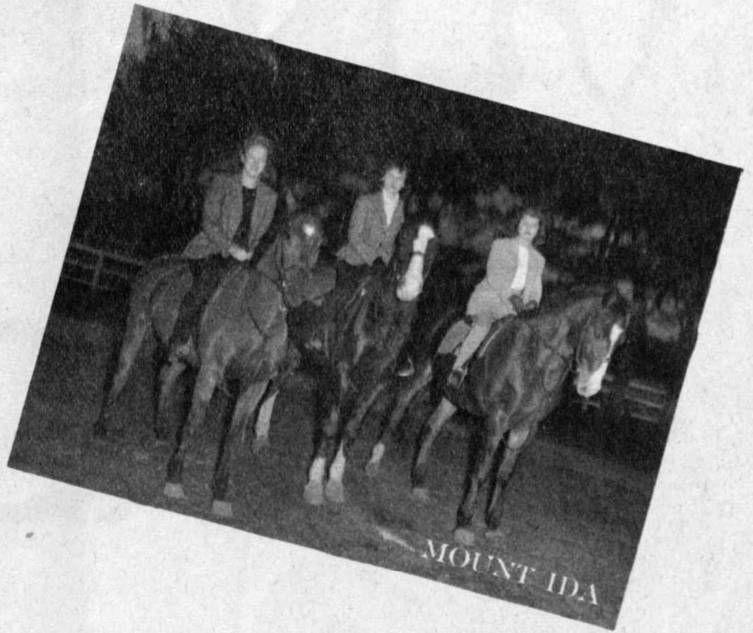


MOUNT IDA

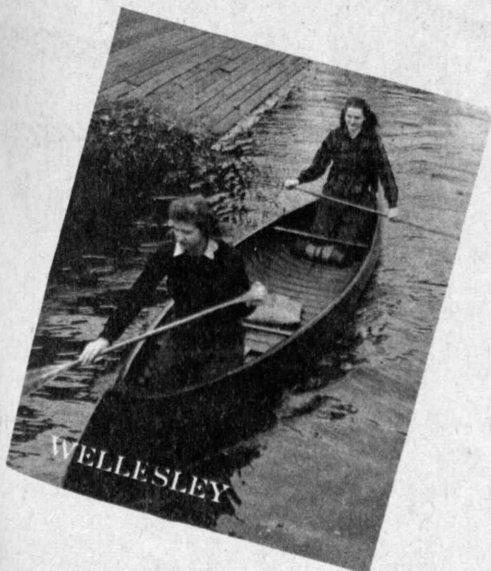


WHEELLOCK

- they think of week-ends, leaving -



Ah! But comes the week-end, all conceivable methods of transportation are appropriated. A dash of that thrilling new perfume, a fast run over to Janie's room to borrow her adorable dress, and a hasty good-bye before . . . embarking on the best part of the college girl's life.



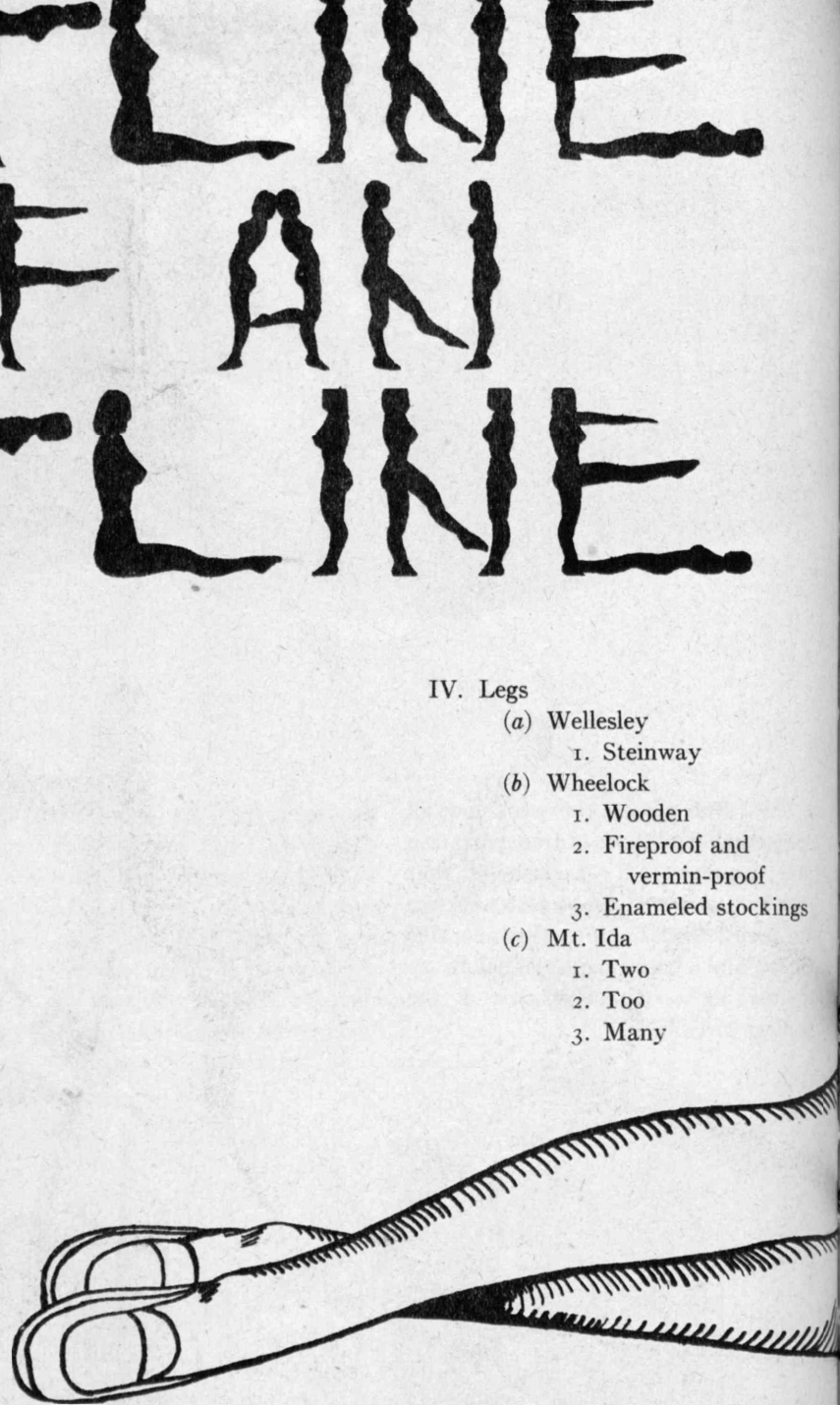
OUTLINE OF AN OUTLINE

V. Feet

- (a) Wellesley
 1. Launched 1926
 2. Commissioned 1928
 3. Displacement 18,000 tons
- (b) Wheelock
 1. Eleven toes
 2. Four on left
 3. Seven on right
- (c) Mt. Ida
 1. Size ten
 2. Width DD
 3. Wt. (clean) 12 lbs. (not) 15 lbs.
- (d) B. U.
 1. Webbed
- (e) Kathleen Dell
 1. Hooved
- (f) Simmons
 1. Cold
 2. Wet
 3. Indifferent
- (g) Katy Gibbs
 1. Built like skis
 2. Steel edges
 3. \$17.50 a pair

IV. Legs

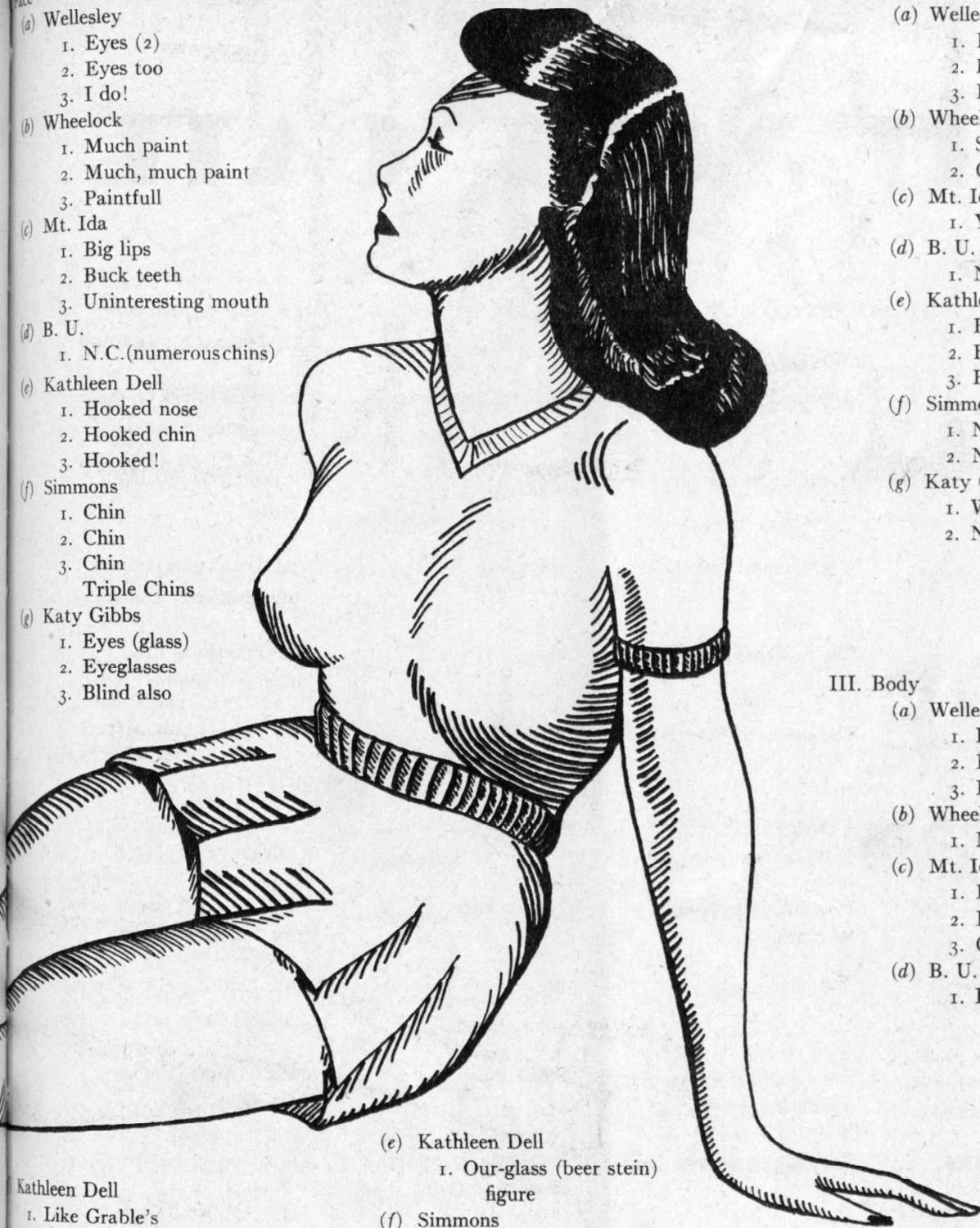
- (a) Wellesley
 1. Steinway
- (b) Wheelock
 1. Wooden
 2. Fireproof and vermin-proof
 3. Enameled stockings
- (c) Mt. Ida
 1. Two
 2. Too
 3. Many



- (d) B. U.
 1. Knock-kneed
 2. Pigeon toed
 3. Swell shins
- (e) Mt. Ida
 1. They reach the ground
 2. But not
 3. On Saturday night

Face

- (a) Wellesley
 1. Eyes (2)
 2. Eyes too
 3. I do!
- (b) Wheelock
 1. Much paint
 2. Much, much paint
 3. Paintfull
- (c) Mt. Ida
 1. Big lips
 2. Buck teeth
 3. Uninteresting mouth
- (d) B. U.
 1. N.C. (numerous chins)
- (e) Kathleen Dell
 1. Hooked nose
 2. Hooked chin
 3. Hooked!
- (f) Simmons
 1. Chin
 2. Chin
 3. Chin
- (g) Katy Gibbs
 1. Eyes (glass)
 2. Eyeglasses
 3. Blind also



- (e) Kathleen Dell
 1. Our-glass (beer stein) figure
- (f) Simmons
 1. Many desirable features
 2. Are hidden
 3. Hooray!
- (g) Katy Gibbs
 1. Knobby knees
 2. Knobby thighs
 3. Knobs

I. Head

- (a) Wellesley
 1. Round
 2. Fully packed
 3. Easy on the draw
- (b) Wheelock
 1. Small capacity
 2. Great density
- (c) Mt. Ida
 1. Yes
- (d) B. U.
 1. No
- (e) Kathleen Dell
 1. Flat forehead
 2. Flat ears
 3. Flat head
- (f) Simmons
 1. Neat lines
 2. No hair
- (g) Katy Gibbs
 1. Wears wig
 2. Needs wig

III. Body

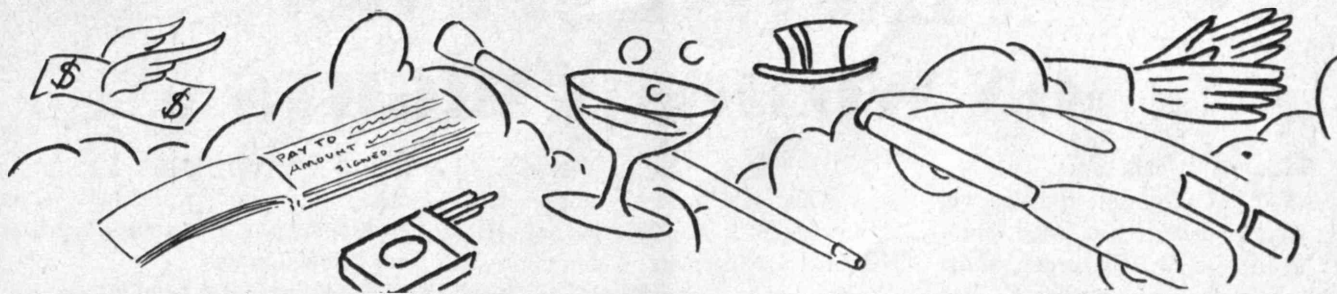
- (a) Wellesley
 1. Like a barrage balloon
 2. Inflated
 3. Beyond elastic limit
- (b) Wheelock
 1. N.S. (Nuff sed)
- (c) Mt. Ida
 1. Beanpole
 2. But no
 3. Clinging vine
- (d) B. U.
 1. Like a sailboat

- (e) Kathleen Dell
 1. Our-glass (beer stein) figure
- (f) Simmons
 1. Many desirable features
 2. Are hidden
 3. Hooray!
- (g) Katy Gibbs
 1. Hips 34
 2. Waist 24
 3. Bust 36
 4. Average age 32

Downing

BAIT YOUR DATE

IF SHE IS FROM:	MAKE THE DATE ON:	AND REFER TO HER AS:	THEN USE STANDARD APPROACH NUMBER:
Kathleen Dell	Approval	Honey Dumpling	1. Bring friend of family (preferably mother)
Katy Gibbs	Friday night the 13th	Honey	2. You look just like Hedy
Mount Ida	A hot summer eve	Dumpling	42. I can't give you any thing but love, Dumpling
Simmons	The Esplanade (concert)	Hon	63. Enough of this playing around—
Lasell	The shores of Riverside	Dump	75. Leave us osculate
Wellesley	A hike around the lake (3 times)	Deah	3.14 Gad, but you're attractive
Jackson	Five dollars (excluding taxi fare)	Fungus Face	$\frac{3}{4}$ You don't know what this can mean to you
Radcliffe	The Quadrangle	Sis	101. Fair cupid's bow has tangled, let's neck
Wheelock	Some Sunday in the middle of the week	Sugar Puss	Phht. Anna! Engine trouble!
Boston University	The skating rink	Gypsum (Gypsy for, short but not for long)	Love me, love my wife
Sargent	Wrestling night at the Arena	Babe	Hammer lock
M. I. T	Reaching the decision that life is futile	Mutton Face	Differentiate and integrate



AND USE AS A CATALYST:	THEN DISCUSS:	UNTIL SHE SUGGESTS:	THEN ON THE WAY HOME:
H ₂ O and water (with Chaser)	Sex life of a beetle and Gregg's shorthand	Inviting her to the J. P.	Neck
Coke	Price of fez's in Egypt plus Pittman's shorthand	A ring with stones and a cottage with nursery	Ditto
Vodka, Coke, Rum	Sex	A ring	Ditto
Vodka	Sects	A nursery	Ditto
Beer	Beer	Beer	Play playful games.
Manhattans	Sociological deterioration of butterflies	A hike around the lake (3 times)	Ditto
Six Feathers (two quarts)	Intermarriage of birds and bees	Calling it Quizt	Ditto
Oyster stew	Harvard and men	Calling Quizt it	Chew ears
Caviar and rye	Suicides in the Suez	The transfer of a fraternity pin	Leave her and go home to her mother
Tom Collins and suerkraut	Morais of kangaroos in Afghanistan	Going home to mother	Mutually interest
Blood	Things of mutual interest	Mutual interest	Transfer
Potassium hydroxide (concrete)	The practical applications of the laws of transfer of heat	Transfer of heat	Transfer

A LEFTIST SPEAKS ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS

I SAY I am a radical, and you will see what I mean, when I tell you I belong to that M. I. T. group whose platform is: no marks below C, beer in the bubblers, tilttable pinball machines in every classroom, lowering of scholastic entrance requirements for coeds. Despite these indications of my progressive thinking, the growing aggressive attitude of women has me worried.

I was first introduced to the problem one night on a rooftop in New York. I was standing there with a beautiful creature and was intermittently gazing out over the mighty metropolis. Somehow the conversation (oh, it's possible) came around to the topic of the rights and privileges of womanhood.

"But, baby," I said, "I just gave you a diamond bracelet. What do you want now — a mink coat?"

"No, you don't understand at all," she said, and went on to explain to me how unjust the laws were to women

I was still skeptical (think of poor Charlie Chaplin), and so I said, "What laws for instance?"

"Well," she said, "women aren't allowed in a bar without a male escort. Furthermore, I don't intend to get married. Sometime, when I get both haggish and thirsty, this needless law may be a great disadvantage."

"Perhaps your sons would escort you," I suggested.

Oh well, there are plenty of other nearsighted girls I can date, and the doctor says those scars on my face will have gone by the time I have finished paying his bills, although that is not too encouraging. Anyway, during that time while I was eating through a straw I got to thinking about women's rights. Hers, I decided, had started at about the hip, and had driven up and across, caressing my jaw rather unkindly.

On doing a little research, I discovered that there have been women throughout recorded history. Then too, starting as the underdog, they have gradually gained a hold on such masculine domains as card games and politics. The Greeks on the whole treated women as pleasant possessions, although a significant female figure named Helen is reported to have

achieved renown in the field of international politics, though perhaps not through brains.

The Roman world was at one point rather disturbed by the presence of Cleopatra. Anthony once said to her, "Ami tui, fui spitui, looie." This is Roman for: "You send me, babe. Time out for Dawsons."

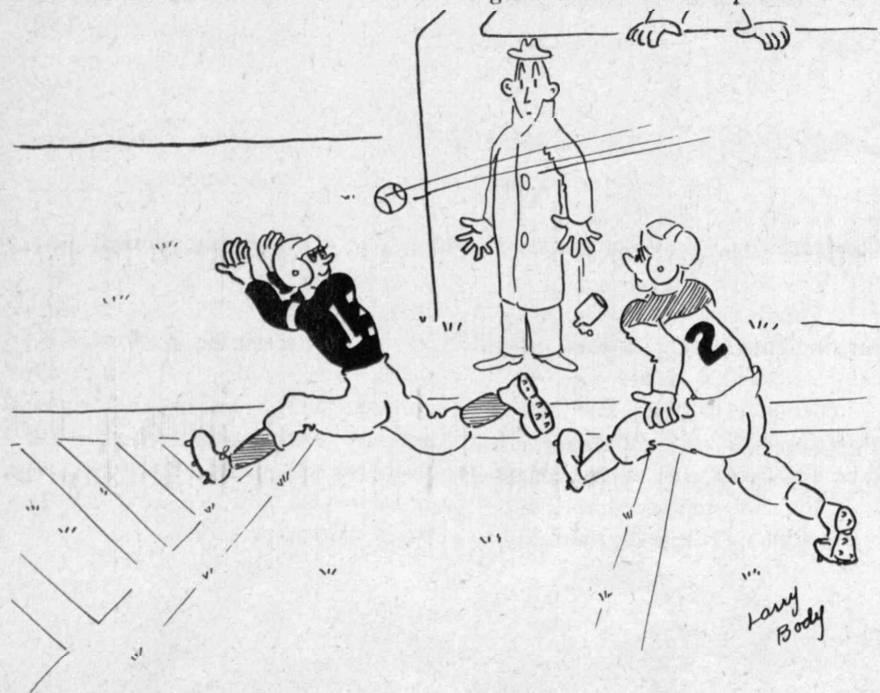
In England, Queen Elizabeth introduced a new system. Instead of using the old feminine charm, she had a chopping block routine that worked very well. But aside from these isolated individuals, women did not get very far because they refused to join a union.

They organized as a group in the United States, however, and incurred the Nineteenth Amendment (women's suffrage — men suffer) on the nation. At present there is reason to believe that there is a great undercover movement by women to take over the United States. We need not fear Berchtesgarden, Downing Street, or the Kremlin, but we must be on our guard against Wellesley, Simmons, Radcliffe, *et al.* Even here at Tech, the coeds are said to be at work on the scientific end of man's downfall. They are producing a lipstick that will never come off — the man.

There are already many rumors about the development of anatomic power. And perfume! Men beware. I personally never go on a date without a gas mask. Consider this ad that I saw recently:

"Tonight the fantastic fragrance of 'Afternoon in a Barnyard' will stop him dead in his tracks. An exotic combination of mustard gas and essence from a glue factory, it will leave him gasping for you."

The women's colleges all have parts in the overall scheme. Simmons, of course, specializes in poisoning. At



ESTABLISHED 1818

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CLOTHING,

Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Our New Christmas Book

If you will write to our New York Store, Madison Avenue, corner 44th Street (346 Madison Avenue New York 17, N. Y.) we shall be glad to send you a copy of our new 1945 Christmas Book — illustrating and describing hundreds of good-looking, useful Gifts for Men and Boys. . . . Shop early, whether by mail or in person, to make certain of the best selections and most timely deliveries.

Also "Christmas Suggestions, 1945"
An Alphabetical List Classified by Prices

BOSTON BRANCH
46 NEWBURY, COR. BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS.



Sargent there has been great development along the lines of Mamie Mullins. In order to get data for this article, I went out with a Sargent girl. Subtle flattery always works.

I said, "My, but you're strong tonight, darling."

"Aw gee, you don't mean it," she said, tenderly breaking my arm. And when I offered to get her a personal interview with Charles Atlas, she broke down and told me about women's secret ju-jitsu courses.

And I'm not saying that girls nowadays know any applied psychology, but my roommate recently borrowed my next three months gum money, surrendered twenty per cent of it in taxes to the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue in an evening at the Statler, and then didn't kiss her goodnight — just got another date. I think she reads *Tips for 'Teens*.

Small hints as to the coming feminine uprising may be discerned by a

close observer of women. Take their present-day clothes, for instance. Obviously they were designed by women for women. Certainly no man in his right mind would allow such clothing on a woman. Then too, I can tell that they are up to something sinister — every time I call up a girl for a date, she seems to be busy.

An easy way to keep up with the latest developments is to read the *Ladie's Home Journal*. This is "the magazine women believe in." (Certainly nobody else could.) Some people may think I am just an alarmist, but we misogynists must be on guard, if women believe such statements as the following from page 55 of the September 1945 *Journal*: "Be a rebel; why follow custom forever?"

I don't believe that this means that women will start offering seats to men on street cars or displacing men in the coal mines. More likely they will all wear blue jeans and leave

their shirt tails out and petition the government for socialite security.

The ascendancy of womanhood would even revolutionize the language. Men would be forced to send letters through the U. S. Femail. Rich people would live in big womansions. The capital of California would have to be changed to Sacrawomento and that of Idaho to Girlse.

But don't get too downcast men, there may be some hope left. We have one terrific weapon on our side. *We have Frankie*. There's safety behind that bow tie.

But if Sinatra should step in front of an electric fan and get blown away, I can only offer a few suggestions to men on how to get along in a woman's world. Don't say "Yes" when she pops the question unless she is a good provider; make sure she installs all the latest labor-saving household gadgets for you; and here is a hot tip, hoard nylons for bribes.

— J. D. C. L.

“—A PAWN IN THE HANDS OF SUCH,”



GAD! GIRLS!

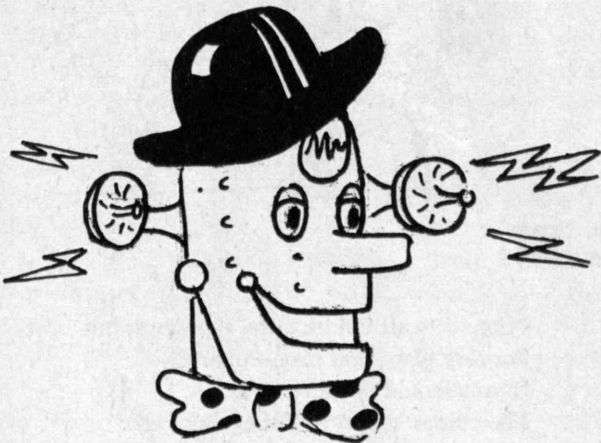
Wait till you see our next issue, when Voo Doo presents as a Christmas Surprise, a

JUNE BRIDE EDITION

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Enclosed please find \$1.75; so

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Persian Kitty

A Persian kitty, perfumed and fair,
Went out in the garden to get some air
A tom cat yellow, lean and long
Happened by chance to pass along.

He sniffed at the perfumed Persian cat
As she strutted around with much eclat,
And thinking that he had time to pass,
He whispered, "Kitty, Kitty, you've got some class!"

Fitting and proper was her reply,
She arched an eyebrow right over her eye.
"I sleep on pillows of satin and silk,
And daily I'm fed on certified milk."

"I should be happy with what I've got,
I should be happy but happy I'm not.
I should be happy, happy indeed
Because I'm so highly pedigreed."

The tom cat flashed a knowing smile.
He said, "Trust in your new-found friend awhile.
You needn't go farther than the back yard fence
'Cause all you need is experience."

The morning after the night before
The kitty came home at the hour of four.
In place of a look of innocence,
She wore an expression of great content!

Now many years after those kitties came
Yellow and tan of pedigreed fame,
They asked of their father. Their mother began,
"He's a ratchin', scratchin' traveling man!"

L. C. W.



March of the Zombies

We see it every morning,
It happens every day,
A double file of female clerks
Meander on their way.

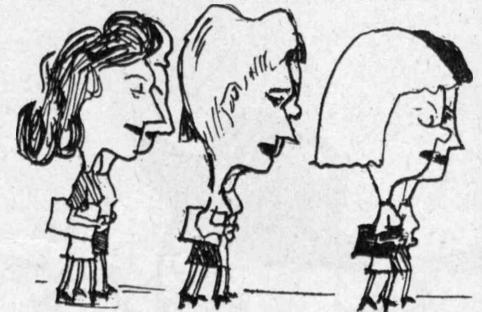
And the thing that puzzles all the men,
And gives the boss gray hairs —
When the girls go to the powder room
They always go in pairs.

Perhaps the trip is long and rough
The hall is dark and lonely,
But two by two they always go
To the room marked "Ladies Only."

The poor boss stands and tears his hair
He's simply torn with grief;
The day's production goes to hell,
While the girls go on relief.

At two o'clock each afternoon
The march begins once more;
What goes on in that front room
That cannot wait till four?

The only way that I can see
To make production boom,
Is to move the whole damned office
Into the Ladies' Room.



THE EL

*From Maverick to Watertown,
From Savin Hill to Harvard Square,
What rumbling, drunken, staggering clown
Is brats' delight and our despair?

It starts so fast, then goes so slow;
We lose our poise, then miss our train.
If "Rapid Transit" they can crow,
The aeroplane was built in vain.

"Connects all Points," the sign says, but
For any place you may embark,
If you should fall into a rut —
The rule is simply: "Change at Park."

There's one inspired phenomenon,
Whose deeper meaning I have found
Complex: "How can we travel on
An 'Elevated' underground?"

If Dorian



Had



Been Married

"DORIAN?" she called as the door opened. "Dorian," she repeated, walking into the living room to greet him, "have you been to . . ."

"Yes," he said. His finely-chiseled features showed no signs, however, of the three-day debauch from which he was returning. "Yes, and I'm dam' glad of it."

"Dorian," she sighed. "Now you know you promised. Besides, I don't see what that horrid place has that attracts you; just a bunch of awful women and dirty old men." She came closer to him. He reeked of marajuana and rum.

"Dorian!" she exclaimed, horrified. "Dorian! The rest cure, the doctors, the nurses, and now — back to this!" She broke down completely; her head in her hands, sobbing, groaning. "And the other, the other too! Oh God! It's disgusting!" She fell into a chair and sobbed hysterically.

"Why you — have you looked at the picture?" he asked savagely. "Have you been spying on me that way?" He crossed the room to her and pulled her hands from her face. "Have you?"

She nodded. Cursing, he struck her face once, again, again. Strangely there was no sign of malice or of hatred on his countenance.

"And to think," she mumbled, "and to think that I've prepared spare ribs for you three nights in succession while you're gallivanting around with those hussies. And cabbage. You do like cabbage, don't you Dorian?" she implored.

"Bah!" he said, striding across the room and leaning languidly against the inlaid mantel. "You know very well that I hate your vittels. And besides, Mr. —'s wife makes better spare ribs than you do. She uses more onions."

"Dorian!" she shrieked audibly, running across the room and falling at his feet. "Darling, darling, don't say that!"

He moved away from her in order not to disturb the crease in his trousers. "Yes," he replied, "it's true." He took out a Regie, lit it, and inhaled deeply.

"Then you'd like more onions, Dorian?" she queried timidly as she rolled on the floor.

"Yes," he said again. And from his tone it was obvious that as far as he was concerned, the subject was closed.

"Darling," she said pacifyingly, "darling, you should have been here today. Little Dorian tore the wings off a pigeon he found in the park, gurgling all the while. It was the cutest thing!"

"Really?" he said, mildly interested, as he stepped on her face to get an ashtray. "And how did the little b—— make out with Anna on Saturday night? Did he finally teach her to inhale?" He laughed boisterously, throwing his black evening cape over her face so he wouldn't spoil her make-up when he stepped on her again to regain his position at the mantel. "So little D. is taking after his father, eh? I'll have to have his portrait painted one of these

days."

"Dorian," she said querulously as she stroked his left ankle, "I was going to speak to you about that. The little viper's already gone and had it done. Why only last night he —"

"Yes. I know," he answered gravely, his lips compressed in a thin line. "Some of the townfolk told me. Awful! Really shocking!" This last pronounced with a grunt as he kicked her to make her stop biting his ankle. "And to think he's our son. I'll have to have a talk with the boy." He crushed out his Regie and took some hashish from an inner pocket. He looked at his watch. "I think I'll have a look at my picture."

He strode out of the room and took the stairs two at a time. He reached the door to the attic just as the time lock buzzed, and swung the heavy iron door out. He stepped inside and closed it, after first making sure that his wife hadn't followed him upstairs.

"Ha!" he said, with all the venom in his being.

He stood before the full-length portrait unveiled, and inhaled the smoke of his cigarette deeply into his lungs. Hell, he thought, at the rate I've been smoking recently the picture will soon have T. B. He chuckled inwardly at this thought.

Suddenly on the picture he noticed an additional chain about his neck. "Ha!" he repeated, using up the venom he had left. Maybe, he mused, maybe if I get rid of her I can get rid of that extra chain. . . .

— P. L. R.

H. E. L. L.

I LOOKED blank for a moment. In fact, almost everyone looks blank for a moment after meeting Horace.

"But, Horace, I don't want to go skiing," I wailed, knowing in the end that I would. "Besides," I murmured hopefully, "there's no snow."

"Oh, don't worry," he gurgled back at me. Horace was like that, always cool and collected.

I ordered a double scotch and soda and gazed morosely at the bartender. He gazed morosely at Horace. Horace looked jubilant.

He was from Rhode Island. How a state as small as that could stand him I could never understand. It would take a big strong state to take Horace, I thought. As a matter of fact, Rhode Island couldn't. Horace had been warned that if he ever showed up again he'd never show up anywhere. He carved his initials into the finely polished bar with a knife with which you could have cut an elephant's leg off. Horace Everett Langdon Lincoln. "Just call me 'the Railsplitter,'" he used to say. That would always send

him into convulsions. He must have thought of it now, for as he set down the glass which had only too recently contained my scotch and soda he burst into laughter.

"Remember 'the Railsplitter,'" he roared as he slapped me on the back so hard that I got my shoe caught in the footrail.

"Yes," I answered weakly.

II

I watched the boulder until it disappeared from sight. Horace kicked another into the chasm.

"Funny how they bounce from point to point," he laughed.

"Yeh," I thought, "just like a dead man." I was looking out over miles and miles of snow, all of it white as far as I could see, mottled here and there with a ragged boulder.

"Yessir, ten thousand feet above sea level," Horace said. He seemed to have developed a keen anticipation of future events.

"Couldn't we go surf riding?" I don't know why I said we; Horace

wasn't going skiing. He was going to take pictures to show my grandchildren. If I ever lived to have any, they could go hang.

"Well, here we are; the highest point in New England from which you can ski," he said.

"Can I?" I said, looking down at the gauntlet of rocks, evergreens, and what-have-you that lay before me.

"Now when I get set I'll say 'Go' and you can come whizzing down the slope."

"Yeh, but when do I get set?" I wondered. Besides I didn't like the ominous tone of that word whizzing. I am not so hot on whizzing. You can whiz if you want to. Not me. I'll stick to Louisa Mae Alcott.

"All set?" Horace yelled, a Mephistophelian cast to his features. "Then come ahead."

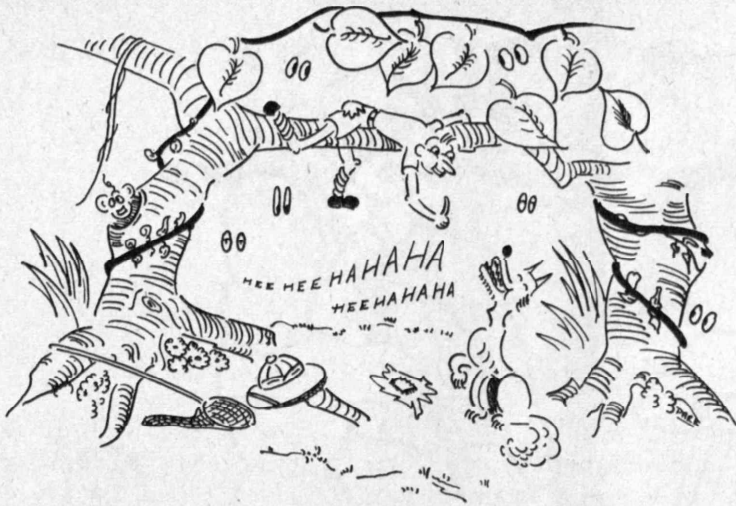
I gurgled hopelessly; my knees grabbed frantically at each other for support, my ski pole got caught in the snow, and I went sailing down the incline waving the other pole like a surrender flag. Migod! I didn't have my glasses on! Something jerked the other ski pole out of my hand and practically broke my back as compensation. Finding no other use for my hands I began to break the world's record for wrestling myself.

It was about then that I thought about Horace again. Apparently he was thinking of me, too, for my descent was followed by a stream of epithets which were, as far as I could see, epitaphs also.

"Come back, you goddam idiot." There is nothing I would have liked more. I was, however, in the hands of God and Isaac Newton.

I sidled up to a pine tree and careened away a good deal faster





"Say — did you ever hear the one about the TRAVELING SALESMAN?"

feeling a rosy spot on my nether regions that didn't feel so gosh darned rosy. Of course it was inevitable from the start that one of my skis should cross the other. What followed shouldn't have happened to Horace, even.

The right ski sped forward across the left ski and finding my leg doing a good imitation of Plastic Man, stopped. The left, undeterred, roared ahead, jerking my neck into my chest and waving my arms about like clothes lines. The right ski resumed march once more and ripped a branch off a low-flying bush, not to mention a ligament in my leg. The branch now began a definite campaign to shovel snow into my face. Meanwhile, the left ski, unable to bear the sight of the approaching right ski, especially on the wrong side, sauntered through a snowbank, giving me a bad case of spavin. This gave the right ski a chance to pass it and whirl me around like a roulette wheel. The left, beaten, dashed itself to pieces on a nearby boulder. The right, victoriously stood itself on end and buried me in the snow, the branch waving gloriously in the breeze. Horace drug me out and leaned my misshapen body against a stump.

"Good God and my only Aunt Mary," he roared at me. "You spoiled fifty feet of good film."

I crawled back into the snow.

III

I blew the best smoke ring I could muster and watched my cigarette disappear under a militant heel. I grabbed for my drink too late.

"Ah, ah, ah; baby, mustn't touch!" laughed Horace cheerily as he absorbed my drink. My muscles executed what must have been a gruesome grin while my mind damned him to hell.

"Well, what now, little man?" I groaned inwardly. At the moment I could have administered the *coup de grace* to my best friend. As for Horace . . .

"I'm taking you down to my place for a weekend," he gushed, "you'll love it." I was sure I would.

"God only knows why I left Hackensack," I murmured to myself as Horace sent the car hurtling down the road with a lurch that buried two of my favorite teeth in the dashboard.

"Charlie," he said to me, "You know, I like you a lot, that's why I'm going to tell you this." I edged over closer to the door.

"I've got a philosophy about life." That he did; that he did. However, this sudden outburst of seriousness had overcome my defenses. He continued.

"I've decided that the best way to be happy in life is to make others

happy." I gasped and slid lower in my seat. What was he going to do, will me his money?

"I've also decided that you're the one that I want to make especially happy." It must be good old Horace. I knew he'd come through yet.

"I know I've caused you a lot of trouble here and there." Trouble! Only God and I know! But it was worth it after all.

"So I've decided to try to make up for part of it and make you a little happier." Oh, Horace, you old dear, you shouldn't have done it!

"I've got a little present for you at my place." Ta-ra-ta-ta!!! I'm right!

By this time we were there and I jumped eagerly out of the car and into a mud puddle. So what! I rushed into the room. "Where is it?" I asked expectantly.

"Here you are," he burred, all smiles. "The exact mate to your other ski!"

I didn't faint. I just melted.

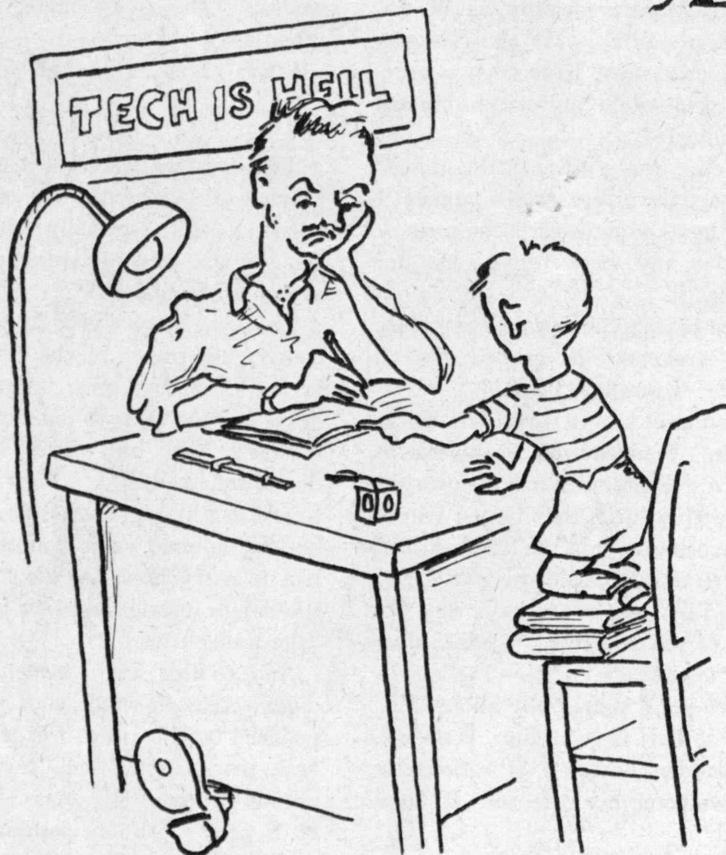
IV

That was the last time I ever saw Horace. I burned the ski one night when I was especially cold, and thought that he had made me happy, if only for a minute.

He died the next year of whooping cough; still secure in the belief that he had done me a great favor, for I'd never had the heart to tell him. And I couldn't help but think how his death was like his life. They laid him to rest in a little grave beside a church he only entered once, and then they had to carry him. On his stone was this simple inscription below his name, "the Railsplitter."

And to this day I never order a double Scotch and soda over a polished bar but what I expect to see him there beside me, carving his initials with that massive knife, H. E. L. L., with four periods which I could never work into the scheme of things.

THE VET.

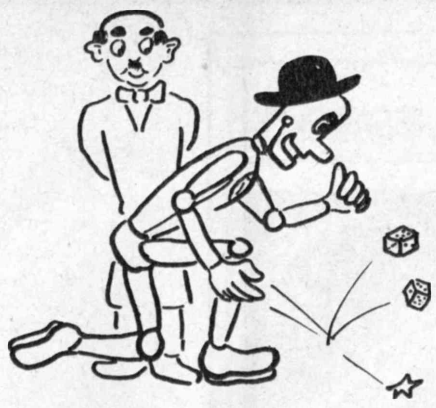


CARLSON

SIGMUND



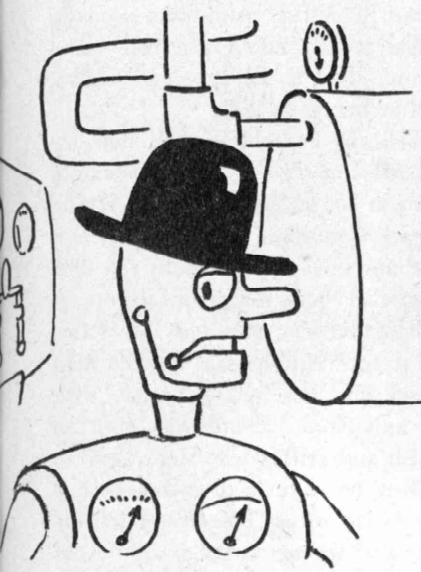
Sigmund is a mechanical man. He reeks of vacuum tubes.



He is perfect. Professor Hirdwiffle is very proud.



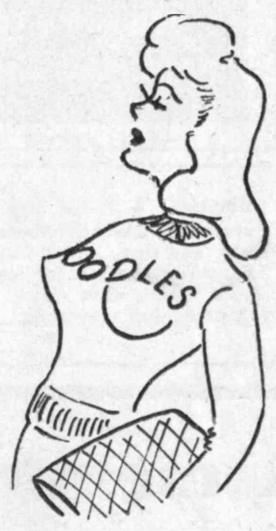
But Sigmund is lustful. He likes girls.



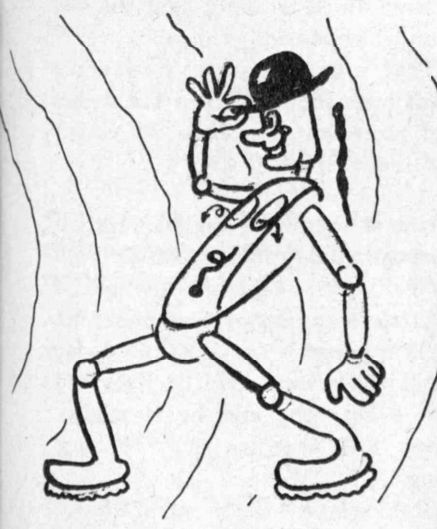
Tech is a good place for Sigmund. He will meet few girls.



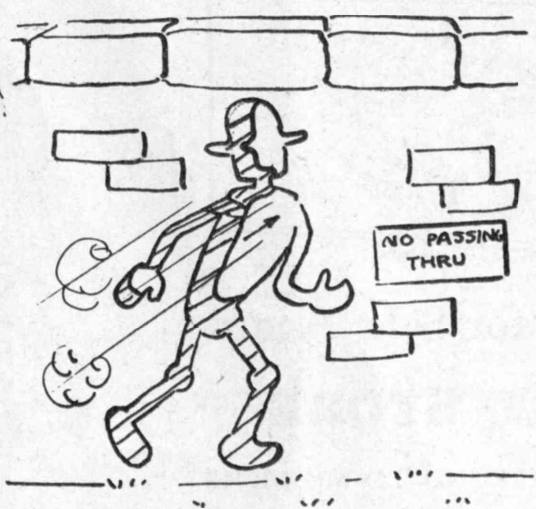
But one day Sigmund meets his fate. A radiation girl strolls by.



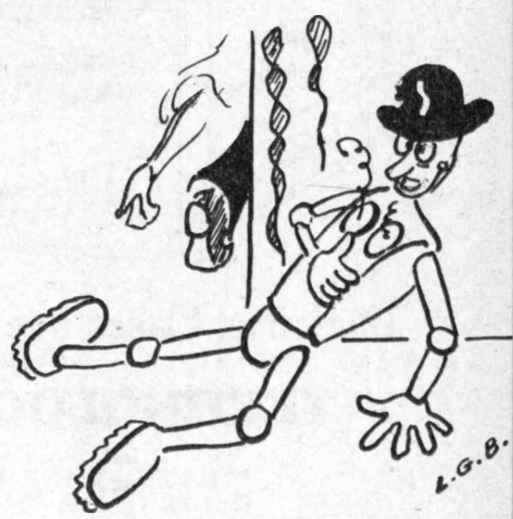
The girl is Margie. She has oodles of personality.



Margie radiates and Sigmund oscillates sinusoidally.



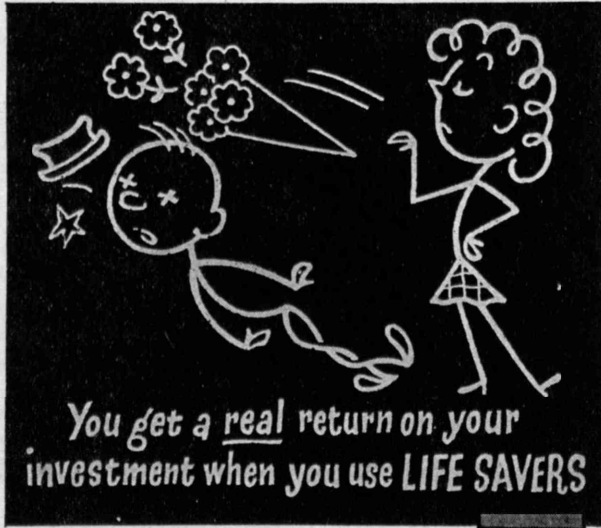
Sigmund is irresistible to Margie. (He can run faster.) Margie succumbs.



Sigmund blows all his fuses. So Margie dates a V-12-er.

L.G.B.

Economics Lesson

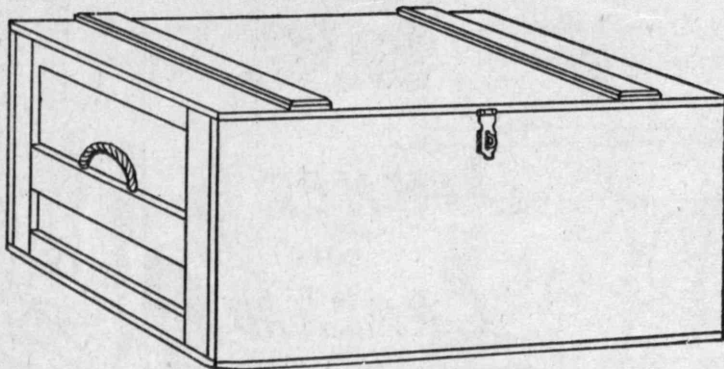


Because:

everybody's breath offends now and then. So let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.



Remember These ?



Packing Cases are for Sale Again

TECHNOLOGY STORE

PATRONAGE REFUND TO MEMBERS

THE FABLE OF CLARITY SPRINGS

Continued from page 9

all the whole night to up above. He sorta felt mighty close to the Old Man, up there.

And Dyspepsia stands up. Folks say it got sorta dark just then and the whole sky began to rumble like someone was rollin' barrels up high. The pine scaffold began shakin' like it had St. Vitus. And folks say Dyspepsia looked about ten feet tall a shinin' like a Hallowe'en lantern. And he begins to talk.

Well sir, he told 'em all how the Old Man made the whole golblamed earth in six days and how an Italian named Columbus founded the east coast and how old Pat Henry was riled about everybody not gittin' the oppertunities and how good old Tom Paine said so too. And he said the Old Man agreed one hundred per cent with Pat and Tom . . . and wuz goin' to punish any critter who went agin' it.

Then he says that man's best is women (to which I agrees, I tell my wife) and women is fer man and not fer anyone else. That lips are made to be kissed and any man is a dawg who is agin kissin' which is agin women which is really agin the Old Man which is bad.

Then it grows black as pitch and a great huge thunderbolt of fire strikes and people run like hell. All except Old Judge Grodkins.

* * *

Now it twern't be a regular story if Dyspepsia didn't marry Lettie. Truth is he didn't. (Couldn't anyhow as there ain't no judge.) Sort of set her up as a personal friend in old Judge Grodkin's house where he lives and now I hear she and he is mighty happy and she has her own hog trough.

But down near the center of Clarity Springs nary a person will meander.

Fact is no one will come within ten yards of Old Judge Grodkins. He just sort of lies there with his hands folded on his chest with the gold-damnedest look on his wrinkled old face.

And just the other day old Ernie Wilson said he looked like he had seen the ghost of Pat Henry . . . and we both laughed like hell.

— H. V. P.



✓ "What makes people walk in their sleep?"

"Twin beds."



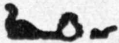
✓ "I'm trying to find a place for an attractive little stenographer."

"Oh, do you want me to direct you to an employment agency?"

"No, to a rental agent."



Then there was the electrical engineer's daughter who had no resistance, infinite capacity, and was easily induced.



✓ Sailor: "Going my way, babe?"

Radcliffe Girl: "My dear sir, I'll have you to know that a public street corner is no place to speak to a strange girl who lives at Barnard Hall, phone Eliot 9433."



✓ A love affair should be like a cigarette — mild but satisfying.

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"Why, I'm ashamed of you, my son," the father fumed at his loafing son. "When George Washington was your age, he had become a surveyor and was hard at work."

"And when he was your age," the boy said softly, "he was President."

—Varieties.



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Clerk: "Yes, sir, that medicine sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Make ya peppy."

Customer: "Well, can you give me any specific reference — I mean people or a person who has taken said medicine with good results?"

Clerk: "Well, there was an old man living next to us who took this liver medicine with good results."

Customer: "Does it help him?"

Clerk: "He died last week."

Customer: "Oh, I see."

Clerk: "But they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days after he died before they could kill it."



There was a young man from South Asia

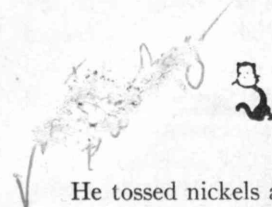
Sat contemplating a brazier;

His mind filled with lust

When he thought of the bust

Of Brenda Diana Duff Frazier.

—Purple Cow.



He tossed nickels around like man-hole covers.



The village fair was all agog over its annual spelling bee. One by one the contestants dropped out until only two remained, the town lawyer and the stableman.

Everyone waited breathlessly for the word which would decide the match. It came:

"How do you spell 'auspice'?"

The stableman lost.

A merchant addressing a debtor
 Remarked in the course of his lektor
 That he chose to suppose
 A man knose what he ose —
 And the sooner he pays it the bektor.
 —*Temple Owl.*



LIQUOR TEST

Connect 20,000 volts across a pint.
 If the current jumps it, the product
 is poor.

If the current causes precipitation of
 lye, arsenic, slag, alum, and bits of
 kaolin, the whiskey is fair.

If the liquor chases the current back
 to the generator —
 You've got good whiskey.



Girls without principle draw con-
 siderable interest.



I had sworn to be a bachelor,
 She had sworn to be a bride,
 But I guess you know the answer —
 (She had nature on her side.)



A woman is a person who can hurry
 through a drug store aisle eighteen
 inches wide without brushing against
 the piled up tinware, and then drive
 home and still knock off the door of a
 twelve-foot garage.

CHARLIE THE TECH TAILOR

AMES STREET OPPOSITE DORMS

*Three day service
 for cleaning and pressing uniforms
 a specialty!*

✓ "Beg pardon, but aren't you one of
 the college boys?"

"Naw — I couldn't find my sus-
 penders this morning, my razor blades
 were used up, and a bus just ran over
 my hat."

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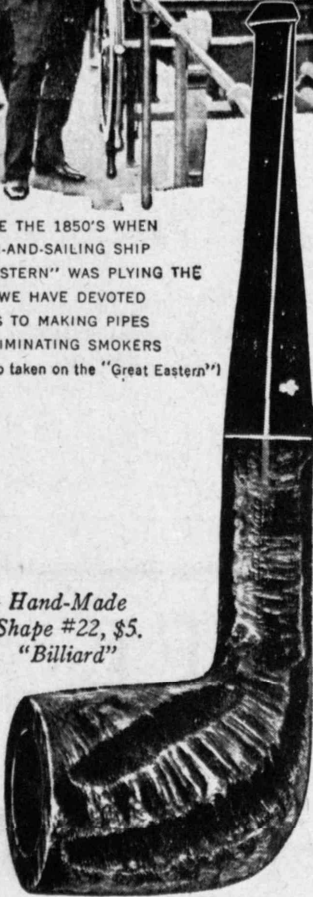
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THE NEWEST AND BEST
IN KAYWOODIE. LOOK FOR THE CLOVER LEAF

Getting out a magazine is fun, but it's no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we clip things from other magazines, they say we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't, we're too fond of our own stuff.

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius

If we do print them, the magazine is filled with junk.

Now, like as not, some one will say we swiped this from some other magazine. Well — we did.



✓ "Drink Canada Dry?" screamed the billboard.

"And how!" drifted back from a northbound flivver.

—Pelican.

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