

VOO DOO



November, 1946

25 Cents



Everybody
knows him...

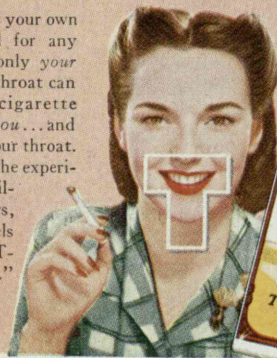
Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor—he's on an emergency call!

• A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours . . . with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMELS *Costlier
Tobaccos*

REFLECTING for a moment on the various things that go to make up a perfect evening, I have come to the conclusion that one could do no better than to amble down to the Lafayette... a step down Commonwealth in the direction of town from the corner of Mass and Comm. There one will find nearly all the objects of my reflections under one roof. First there is the Lafayette Cocktail Lounge... quiet but not stodgy, friendly but not loud, and ever so softly lighted. The prices are reasonable and the service courteous and efficient, which is no small factor in my high estimate of the place, especially in the light of what a goodly number of spots choose to blithely overlook these days. Being within easy walking distance of Mass Station and the fraternities, it is the ideal place for that pre-dinner cocktail or an after-dinner high-ball... for that date you'd like to put over with some finesse. And then if it's dinner-dancing you want, there is the brand-new, just-opened, Camellia Room. Soft lights, intimate atmosphere, a small danceable band... the perfect place to get lost in a night-time day-dream. And that's not the last of the good news. There's a very reasonable minimum (one dollar on week-nights; one-fifty on the week-end) to add to the attractions. 'Tis a funny thing but it seems that one of the criterions of a

VOODOOING



THE TOWN

good place is just how reasonable the minimum is. If the overhead is high then a high minimum is more or less in order. But if there is an inordinately high minimum or cover it always seems to indicate that the Management is afraid that you wouldn't care to spend that amount on the merits of the place alone. Of course that is my opinion, but one will notice that the best patronage is not always drawn by the highest prices. Persons of good taste are generally able to evaluate things on their intrinsic merits alone. Oh well, I am sure that you will probably have a most enjoyable time any evening at the Camellia Room of the

Hotel Lafayette. Luncheon at the Crystal Room of the Lafayette is quite good. An excellent luncheon can be had for around a dollar. Dinner seems to run around two dollars.

When it comes to saying just what is a good thing in the way of entertainment one finds oneself on the age-old spot. Of course if I say that a place is good I mean that it pleased me... it might not please you. But I think that I am able to take a sufficiently detached view to insure a reasonable degree of accurate appraisal... that is, from the standpoint of what the average person of taste looks for in the way of satisfaction. In other words, I try to take more than just the cuisine, the service, the entertainment, or the prices into consideration before I make my overall evaluation of a place. I try not to "pan" places outright, but rather 'tis better to skip lightly over them with as few words as necessary... you'll get the idea.

The Surrey Room of the Hotel Touraine is rather spacious... there is an orchestra, and there are carpets on the floor. It was made over from the old Renaissance Room and the head waiter wears a black coat. Perhaps I'll go there again next spring.

In the interim 'tween now and the next issue I shall try to scout up a spot where one may partake of a good steak without floating a loan to do it.

Twenty-Five Cents the Copy

Voo Doo

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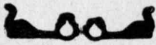
Volume XXIX

NOVEMBER, 1946

No. 7

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An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring." Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for, Autumn?"



Cutie: "Is it difficult to become a member of a nudist colony?"

Sheik: "Nope, all you have to do is to leave your name and a dress."



He sipped the nectar from her lips,
As under the moon they sat—
And wondered if ever before, a man
Had drunk from a mug like that.

They were driving down a country road late in the evening.

He: "You look lovelier every minute. Do you know what that's a sign of?"

She: "Sure, you're about to run out of gas."



"Do you know the difference between a popular girl and an unpopular one?"

"Yes, and no."



Professor (to class): "There's a young man in this class making a jackass of himself. When he is finished, I'll start."

Here's to the girl that's mine, all mine
She drinks and she pets
And she smokes cigarettes
And sometimes I'm told
She goes and forgets
That she's mine, all mine.



He: "Can I take you home?"

She: "Sure, where do you live?"



"No, we mustn't! Didn't you know that the Deans have decided to stop necking?"

"Aw, heck! The first thing you know they'll be wanting the students to stop too."

Lessons in Love

(a refresher course)



Stag-line strategy—Stags don't pick wallflowers who look too eager. So relax! Munch on a yummy LIFE SAVER. Then—when 'tail-dark-and-halfback' asks you to 'swing it,' you (and he) will be glad your breath is sweet!



FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THIS MONTH'S WINNING JOKE

Mother: (Entering darkened room unexpectedly.) "Well, I never!"

Daughter: "Oh, you must have!"

Submitted by A. B. Porson

487 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston

The dear vicar's wife had just died, and in consequence he wished to be relieved of his duties for the weekend, so he sent the following message to his bishop:

"I regret to inform you that my wife has just died, and I would be obliged if you could send me a substitute for the weekend."



CHALLENGE TO A HELLISHLY RESTRAINED GENTLEMAN

I've said my share of pretty words;
I've sighed the best of all my sighs.
I've learned the way you like to kiss
And murmured the accepted lies.
I've finished all the languishing
The human soul endures.
I'm done with all my art and craft.
The move, my dear, is yours.

—Cornell Widow.

King Arthur: "I hear you have been misbehaving."

Knight: "In what manor, sir?"



"There are four requisites to a good short story," explained the English teacher to the class. "Brevity, a reference to religion, some association with the royalty, and an illustration of modesty. Now, with these four things in mind, I will give you thirty minutes to write a story."

Ten minutes later the hand of Sandy went up.

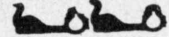
"That is fine, Sandy," she complimented, "and now read your story to the class." Sandy read:

"'My Gawd,' said the countess, 'take your hand off my knee.'"

"You say it was a misunderstanding that made you break up with that blonde I used to see you with?"

"Yes, I misunderstood her when she said her husband would be away for the week-end."

—Smith Floral.



Herb: You should have seen Anita run the half-mile last night.

Dave: What did she run it in?

Herb: I don't know what you call the damn things.



"You're divine," he whispered softly.

And with a look of infinite tenderness the maiden replied sweetly, "It's damn nice of you to say that."



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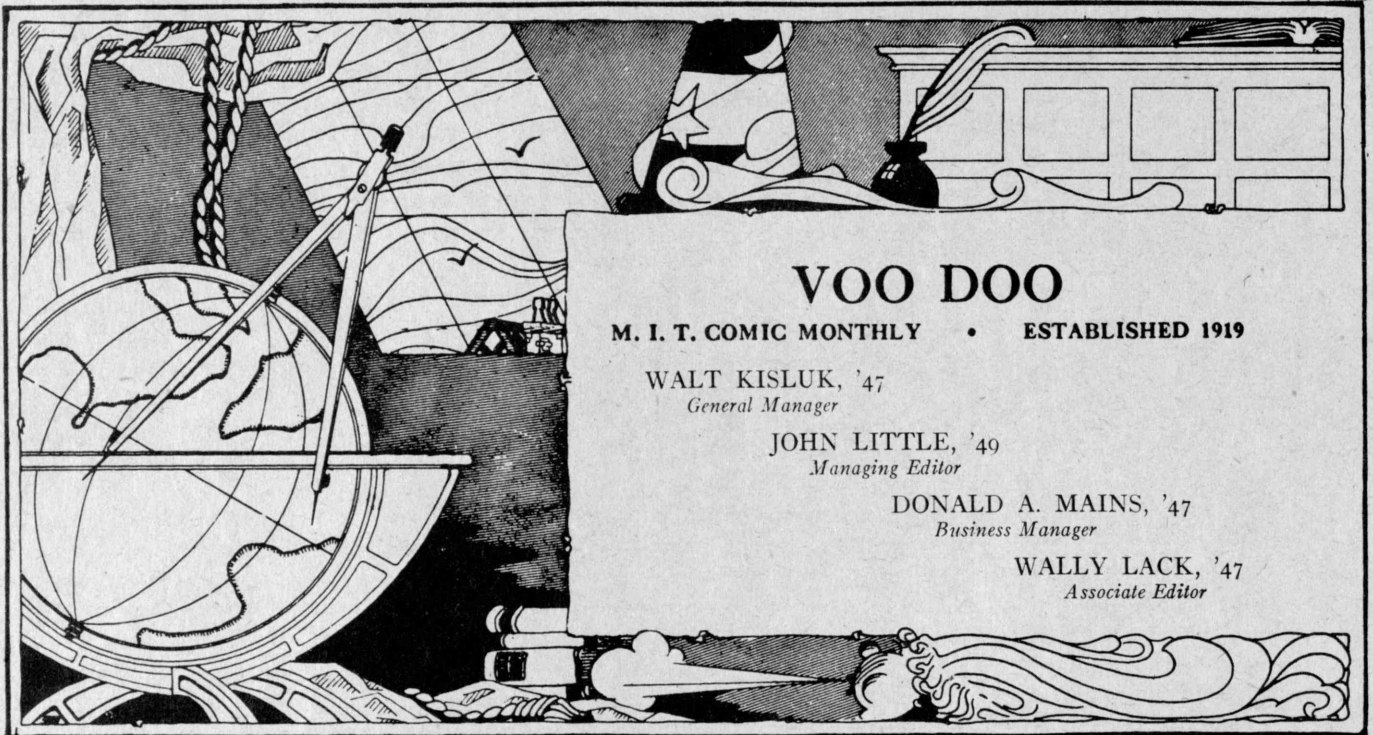
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VOO DOO

M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY • ESTABLISHED 1919

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JOHN LITTLE, '49
Managing Editor

DONALD A. MAINS, '47
Business Manager

WALLY LACK, '47
Associate Editor

“**Y**OU fools!” ranted the Cat. “You utterly utter fools! Look at me — all shot to hell! I can’t even approach a classy-looking feline chassis any more. My love life is kaput!”

“But, Cat, what happened, did you hock your fur? Why the burlap bag? What did we do? What — ”

“Dammit, it’s not commission, it’s omission! Look at the mass of ruffles on my once-was fur. My whiskers used to protrude from my much osculated lips. The next time you plan to have a witch trial, let me in on the details!”

The Cat stopped his raving to take a choking mouthful of the beer and egg that we had set on the corner of the General Manager’s desk. Meekly we muttered, “But we wanted to surprise you, Cat.”

“Surprise, suffering ancestors! That Friday night my ill-famed curiosity compelled me to follow the mad mob of your species from in front of Walker out to Salem to find out what in hell the rumpus was. When I got there I nestled on a comfortable perch atop a pile of barrels stacked high on Gallows Hill. I was having a gay time watching the boys and girls from my vantage point until the *Life* photographer arrived on the scene. At that point the party slowed its pace, so I joined Morpheus. In the middle of a lush dream of a feline belle who rated a tom cat’s meow, all hell broke loose! Some guy touched off that pile of barrels and I got a full-length hot foot. How did I know that I was on the witch’s funeral pyre! I lost my handsome whiskers and a helluva lot of the fur that sets the tabbies in back of the Dorms wild. My love life is now a thing of the past — a haunting memory — a — a —.” Tears rolled off Phos’ cheeks, spun through space, and plunged into the mirky darkness of his special brew. His life-sustaining liquid was soon a diluted mass of beer suds.

“But, Phos, an extra egg with a pinch of salt in your beer should grow that hair out pronto. You’ll be your old cavorting self again. At the moment you should delight in knowing that the mother of the Harvard *Lampoon* was a witch and duly sentenced.”

“Hell,” spat the Cat, “I smelled mice in the *Lampoon* closet eons ago: I knew all about that skeleton . . . and others. Since you lads learned this son-of-a-witch business the hard way, fetch me that extra ration of egg and beer to redeem me from my miserable plight.”

“We’ll do that in due time, Cat. Although we learned the truth the hard way, we certainly had fun at the trial. And say, Phos, we owe gramercies to Mayor Edward A. Coffey and the good people of Salem for allowing the use of their grounds and for aiding with the countless details that made the trial a success.”

"But what happened to John Harvard, didn't he try to stop the show?"

"No, Phos, in the guise of newspaper reporters we phoned the *Lampoon* a few hours before the big trial. Of course, the *Lampoon* had a faint scent of our undercover activities, so we asked one of the editors if his boys (?) would rally to protect the dubious particle of alleged pride their mag retained. These were his erudite polysyllabic words, 'We feels dat de Voo Doo is trading on our name. We woodun do nuttin' 'bout it. Leddem have dere own gags.'"

"Oh, well, that typifies their superlatively decadent efforts. A few generations ago, the old boys who used to say, 'I go Hahvahd,' would have made an appreciable attempt to save their witch. Obviously in the process of mental evolution they have finally realized the indomitable superiority of the Engineer."

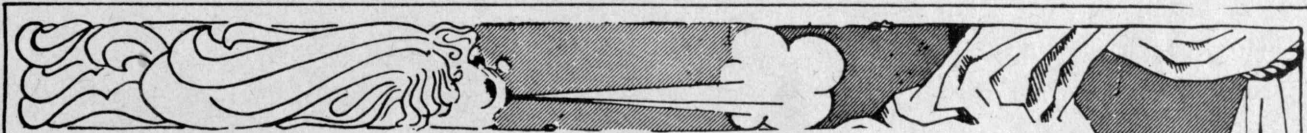
"Say, Cat, pretty soon we will be slapping out another issue and we think that you may be willing to lend us the use of some of the simplified course studies that you have in your files so that we can offer the Frosh an accurate freshman 'bible.' Some of these boys are going at this study business the wrong way; we are sure that some of your data will help them out."

"Go right ahead. Some of these guys still walk around with a bewildered look. It's about time somebody gave them the word. But before you start working, get out and fetch that extra ration of egg and beer. Dammit, why did I have to dream on that stack of barrels? Why didn't you guys tell me what was in store? My love life —"

We hastily but mutely tiptoed out of the office in the face of the Cat's revived anger.

Phos regrets to announce the resignation of Phil Bridges. On the other hand, he makes with a meow for his new Make-Up Editor, John Kunstadter; Co-Art Editor, Art Peterson; and the many boys that made the staff.

Cover this month by Peterson



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

University of Illinois
Delta Kappa Epsilon
902 So. Second St.
Champaign, Ill.

Editors, Voo Doo
Mass. Inst. of Tech
Cambridge, Mass.
Dear Sirs:

There is a somewhat awry desire lingering somewhere in my inner depths for a dubious renewal of an old acquaintance with the Institute. Your magazine, oddly enough, might somehow satiate that urge. You are elected to be the medium by which I can maintain the old tie . . . sordid as it was.

Cupid, before we can proceed further . . . with how much must I part to receive in the usual irregular fashion a copy of your debauchery? Gold means nothing to me at the moment . . . I have none . . . but I will wash dishes and . . . never . . . What will a year's subscription cost?

Yours,

George B. Bailey, Jr.

Gentlemen:

There has been quite a bit in the papers recently about a missing iron stork belonging to the *Lampoon* (Harvard's imitation of Voo Doo). One night this stork would turn up in a local night club surrounded by a bevy of cuties; the next it would appear as a prop in some stage play. I suspect that this must be a publicity stunt on the part of the *Lampoon*. What is Voo Doo's answer?

Yours truly,

Ygol Onhcet

We do not deny that we need publicity — but why should we dream up such an unlikely scheme as an iron stork when we have a real live cat? We'll have you know that Phos has been thrown out of more bar-rooms than any ten iron storks.

ED.



Dearest Voo Doo:

Your magazine fits me to a T. I read all the stories over and over. I can hardly bear the long wait from one issue to the next. But a calamity has occurred. My father put his foot down. "No more Voo Doo!" He says it isn't the proper thing for young girls to read. This is pure foolishness, of course, because my mind was polluted long before I ever laid eyes on Voo Doo.

I can't bear the thought of not reading Voo Doo. If I don't get it regularly I'll die. Won't you please, please, figure some way of getting my copy to me without my father knowing?

Help, help,

Dilemma.

Dear Dilemma:

We put our Staff Cartoonist, Rube Goldstien, on the job and Rube came through with a drawing board full of ideas. Unfortunately we don't have an elephant, a helicopter, or two atom bombs in stock. In lieu of Rube's scheme we suggest something more

simple. Go to the corner of Fifth and Main at 9 o'clock on the 2d day of each month. Climb three flights of stairs and ring the buzzer, four long — one short. Tell whoever answers that you are looking for some second hand gasooks. Upon receiving the answer, "Try again on Friday" put a 1932 quarter in the mail chute and pick up your copy of Voo Doo neatly disguised as a bottle of Four Roses.

ED.

The Society of
Vocabulary Reform

Sirs:

Many people say that the average Tech student is illiterate. I would be among the first to deny this. In fact, upon several occasions I have even been embarrassed by their rather profuse . . . ah . . . vocabulary. There are, however, two words which I feel your magazine greatly overworks. One is swell and the other is lousy. As a member of the S.V.R. I must request that you refrain from the use of these two trite adjectives.

Sincerely,

Adeline Noore.

Dear S.V.R.:

We will be most happy to comply with your request, but what are the words?

ED.

Voo Doo
Dear Sirs:

Your magazine is despicable. The jokes especially stink. There aren't a hell of a lot of them, and what there are are filthy.

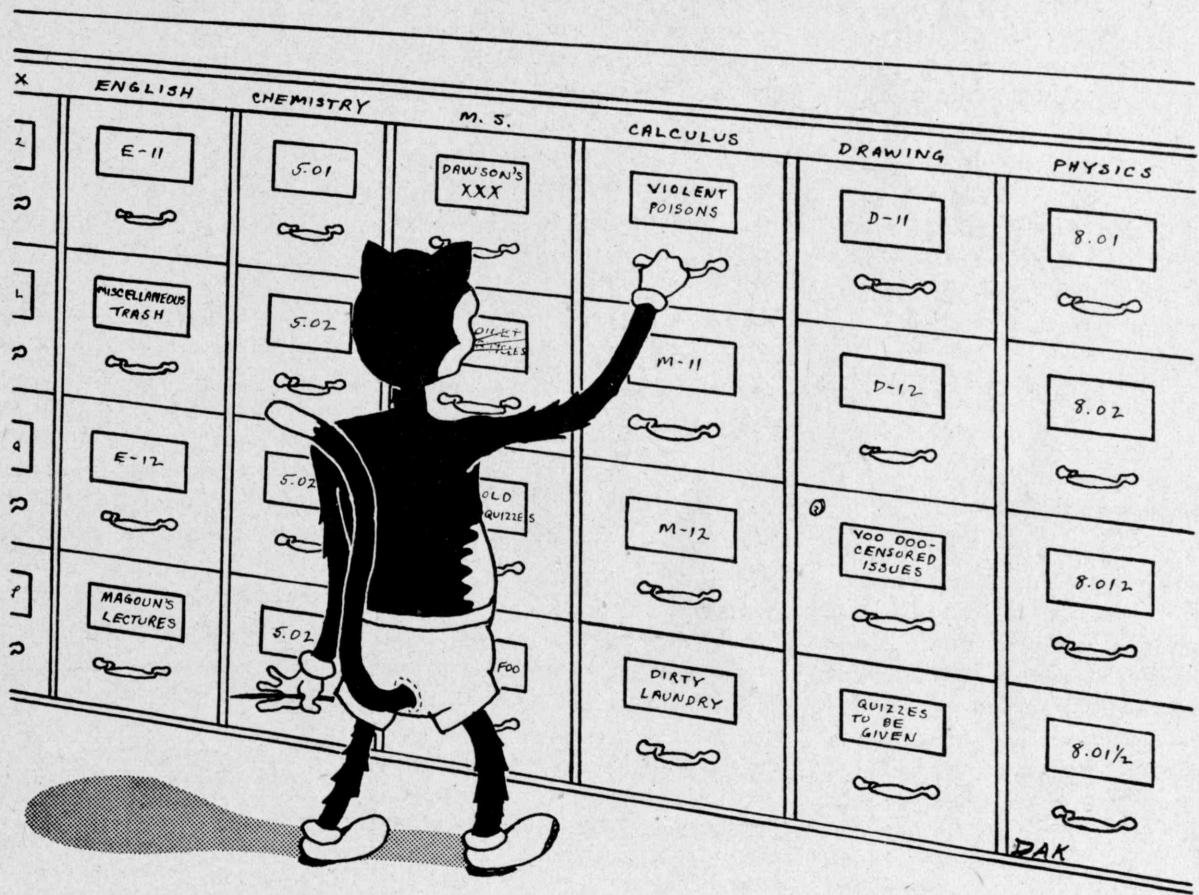
Go to hell

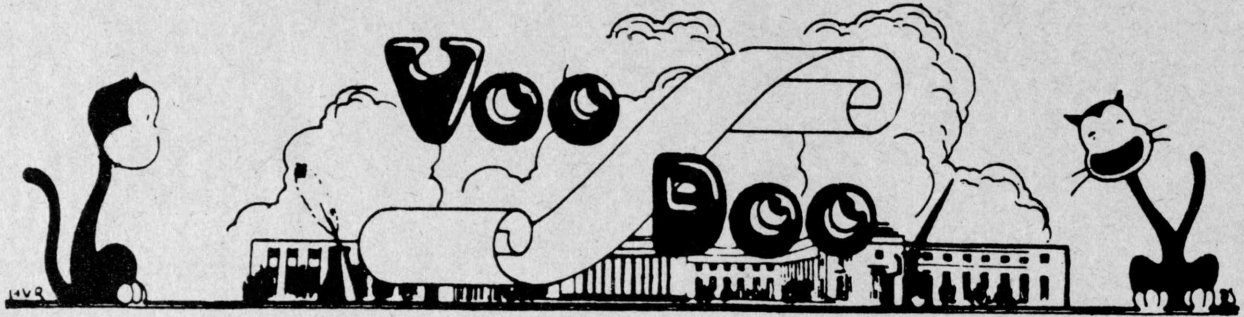
Seth Pool.

Our only comment is that you should consider yourself very lucky that there "aren't a hell of a lot of them."

ED.

FRESHMAN "BIBLE" ISSUE





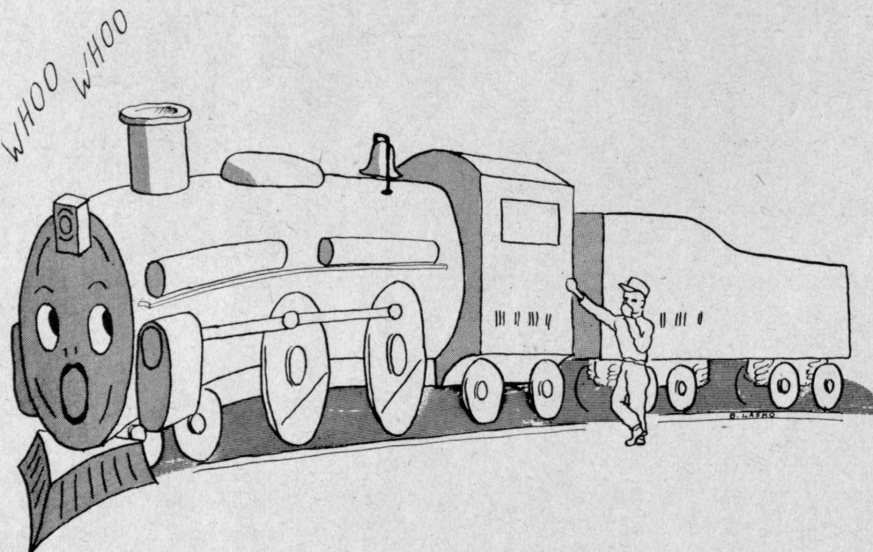
AMONG the skills that we picked up in the course of our experience with Travel, Education, Security, and Career, was an ability to read a little bit of International Morse Code (anything below three words a minute). Thus, it was rather a shock to us when we passed Building Eight and picked up the dots and dashes of a secretary X'ing out some mistake. From what she said, we think the FCC has a case. Yes. Dit dit dit dit, dit, dit daw dit dit, dit daw dit dit.

IN case the somewhat liberal display of anatomy on the part of one "Peaches" in a certain downtown

theater is making you wonder what has become of Boston, take heart from recent doings around the Institute. It seems that the Museum of Modern Art's Western exhibit catalogue listed 139 pictures. Of these 138 were displayed in the main lobby. The title of the missing picture was "Nude on Sand." Keep Cambridge Clean Week, perhaps?

WEEL, so theer Tech wuz, chargin' oop San Juan Hill (or maybe Surabaya) all by itself, her and some thousands o' Marines. And 'tis true there wasn't a place in the country

that dida thing on this atom bomb—noothing but Tech in its gurrate war research laboratories. So for all that we did to win the war, yes all by ourselves, that is, we will name that rickety old wreck across the Charles all for ourselves—and not for thim professors at Harvard that went into Africa three months ahead of Eisenhower, or thim fellers at Yale that were breaking Jap codes, and them useless idjits in minor institutions in Chicago and California that did nothing all durin' the great war but make silly piles of metal. And so for all the chargin' oop San Juan Hill (or maybe Surabaya) thot Tech did in the great War, we will change the name uv that rickety old wreck across the Charles—and we will blush that the scientists at this school get no credit.

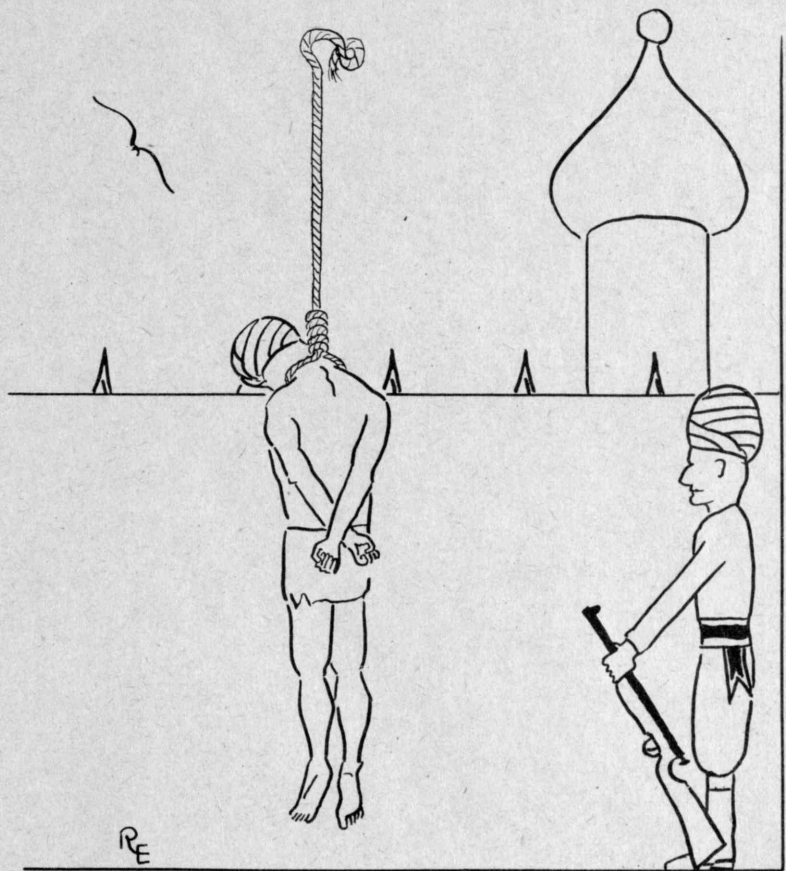


Locomotive with a tender behind.

WE were glad to note that the hall chairman campaign in the Dorms brought out the best in the Advertising Brain at Tech. Anyhow, everything from a picture of a sexy babe with "You Want This Too" to "Glub for Vice" (the latter the poster for a candidate for vice-hall-chairman), appeared to amaze the electorate. We, of course, are impartial, but if we lived in Atkinson, we know who'd get our vote—even if she *wasn't* running.

WE feel, that among all this talk of the regeneration of The Techman by the great Wah, that we should strike a soberer note, point out that as long as the polluted Charles rolls past our wailing walls there will be essentially the same timelessness about the man with the bag of brown.

Apropos of this, we feel that we should include the report of our Wellesley researcher, who was paddling his thesis about the shores of Lake Waban one Sunday afternoon. In the shadows, as he began his basic research, he was interrupted by the sound of another couple approaching along the leafy path. The approaching couple stopped, was seated out of sight, and shortly a shrill feminine voice was heard: "But what sort of stimuluses do you use to keep you awake at night?" We probably would have replied, "Coffee, so that we all can become alumnuses."



4. Use it to provide a jet of steam from underneath the dance floor after Field Day.

WE feel that you expect a full report on the "Stanley Steamer" that has appeared recently on our "campus" but in the absence of a sufficiency of docile freshmen and in the presence of our duty to a bottle of "Black Death," we have been unable to get the full data. Our office *has*, however, served at the clearing house (*cf* EC11) for a number of useful suggestions as to further lucrative uses for the vehicle, which for a modest fee of 25 cents we hereby offer to the owners.

1. Have the vehicle airborne and write "Pepsi-Cola" with the steam exhaust.

2. Place it outside every Automotive Engineering Class and have it make derogatory noises with its pistons.

3. Sell it to gullible out of staters (together with the next load of wooden nutmegs) as the first "atomic powered" automobile.

OUR freshmen, too, as always, forsake the innocent ways of youth when entering our halls. We need not mention the LUST exhibited at the Voodoo Smoker, but anticlimactically we can cite the deceit of a wearer of the '50 badge who is a patronizer of THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES as well.

It seems that this gentleman was politely standing in a theater ticket line behind a pleasant old lady—the Beacon Hill and anti-Frog Pond type. In the course of a conversation the lady was asked what show she was going to obtain tickets for. The lady was taken aback a bit but replied, "Happy Birthday," but I wouldn't recommend it for a boy like you. There are a lot of—well—bad women in it, and it's laid in a tavern where

they do dancing that isn't nice. No, not for a boy like you. And what are you getting tickets for?"

"Henry the Fifth," quoth the freshman—a melancholy smile on his face. Evidently the old lady was satisfied with the high standard shown by the Techman, for she left with her tickets and a chirpy Boston "Good Day." Looking furtively around the freshman stepped up to the window and whispered, "Two for 'Happy Birthday.'"

AS *The Tech* has put us in the mood for making changes, we have an exceedingly constructive suggestion which is burning our souls. That same evil force which misnames bridges has evidenced itself on the very walls of the Institute in the form of multifarious misspellings. Realizing our civic responsibility we are campaigning to change the V's to U's.

The Vamp and the Bible



J. Oscar Frump proudly filled his lungs with the foul but smelly air of Cambridge.

"Ah, so this is M.I.T.!", he thought.

A Murgatroyd clumped past.

"Ugh!" So this is M.I.T., he thought.

And so it was that J. Oscar Frump, of the class of '50, began to think. He wasn't very bright, you know, and there were many who wondered how he had gotten into Tech. Somebody said he had conceptions, and I guess that's as good an explanation as any.

All his subjects baffled him, but it was Freshman Calculus in particular that made him scratch his head and stare blankly at the ceiling. This wasn't much help, so he tried the floor — and each of the four walls. (He carefully avoided looking in the mirror, for he was the stupidest fellow he had ever seen.) After staring blankly at everything that could

be stared blankly at, Oscar decided it was no use. He just had to get a Calculus Bible! Oscar determined then and there to free himself from sin, and from cos and tan as well. But how to get the Bible? That was the question!

Oscar thought as he had never thought before. He beat himself on the head with Phillips' "Analytical Geometry and Calculus" in order to stimulate his brain waves. He beat and beat, and finally it came to him in a cosmic flash. His mind had communicated with eternity. He had been at infinity for a split second. He had it!

Who had the Bible? Pismo J. Crunch, the sleepy sophomore, of course! What was the best way to distract his attention, so the Bible could be stolen? A woman, of course! Women could do anything, and probably would. . . .

Oscar explained the situation care-

fully to the sexytary he had chosen for his mission. She nodded quietly as he spoke: "Vamp this Pismo J. Crunch fellow, see? He'll want to take you up to his room, but you refuse, get it? That'll mean that he'll have to drag you upstairs, and he won't suspect a thing. You keep him busy and subtly remove the Bible from his shelf. Bring it back to me and I'll reward you handsomely. . . ."

The sexytary, who we shall call Pinellopy (that's so any resemblance to any real sexytary is utterly impossible) was seen — er — conversing with Pismo J. Crunch in a rather familiar manner. She was seen entering the dormitories with him. A light in a third-story window went out. . . .

J. Oscar Frump paced his floor madly, back and forth, back and forth. Only the smouldering of the carpet brought a halt to his journey. He sat down in a chair and chewed his nails. He stared at his list of undone Calculus assignments. Where was Pinellopy? It was 3 A.M. already and the sexytary was nowhere to be seen. Maybe she was having trouble locating the Bible. Maybe she —

There was a soft rap on the door. Oscar leaped up and opened up. Pinellopy staggered into the room. Her clothes were dishevelled, her hair was dishevelled, her face was dishevelled. In short, she was dishevelled.

"Well," said Oscar excitedly, "Did you get the Bible?"

"No! He was too smart for me!" she gasped, collapsing into Oscar's arms.

He held her close and caressed her dishevelled hair. "Pinellopy!" he murmured, "Are you all right?"

"Yes," she breathed, "But don't let me go!"

"Don't let you go?" said Oscar stupidly. "Why not?"

"Because I'd fall down," she groaned.

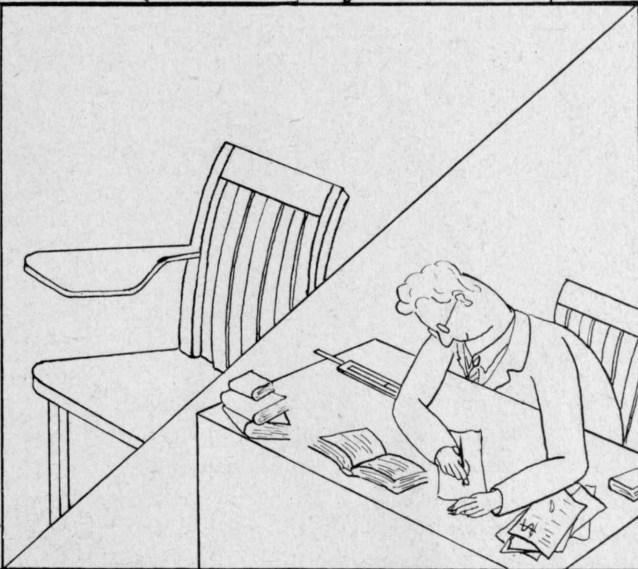
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MONDAY

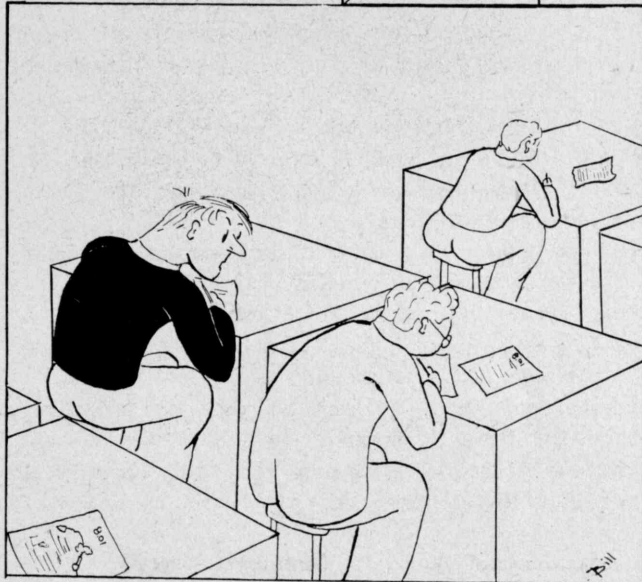


TUESDAY

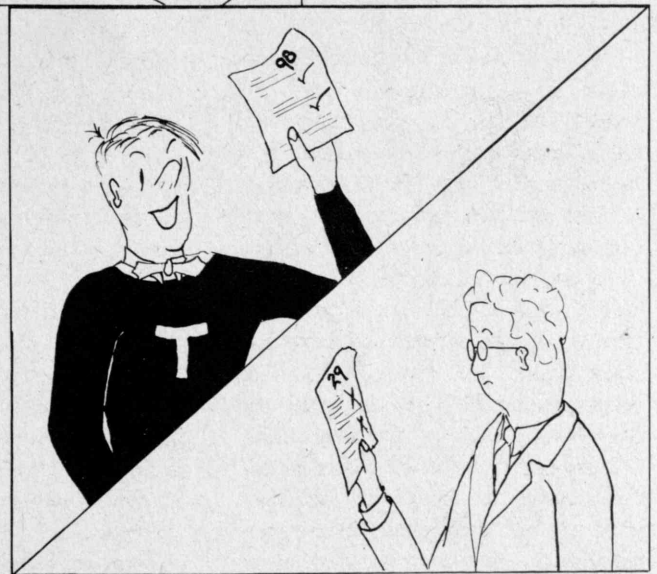


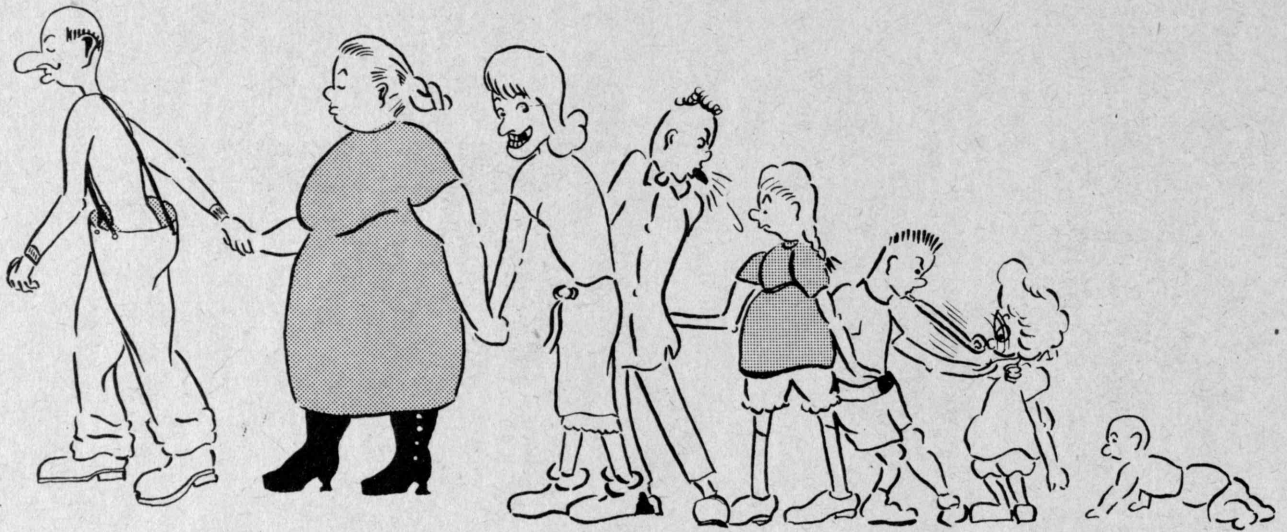
WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY



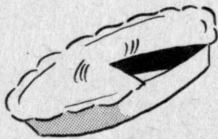
FRIDAY



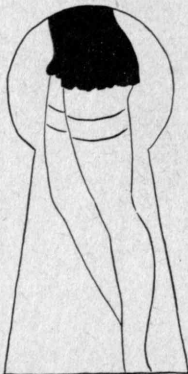


Fourier Series

Simplified Mathematics



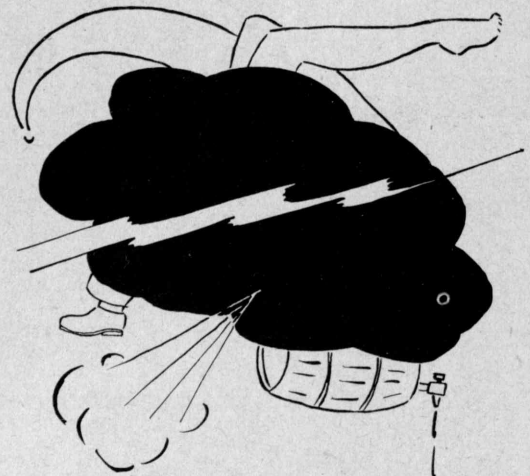
Pi



Acute Angle



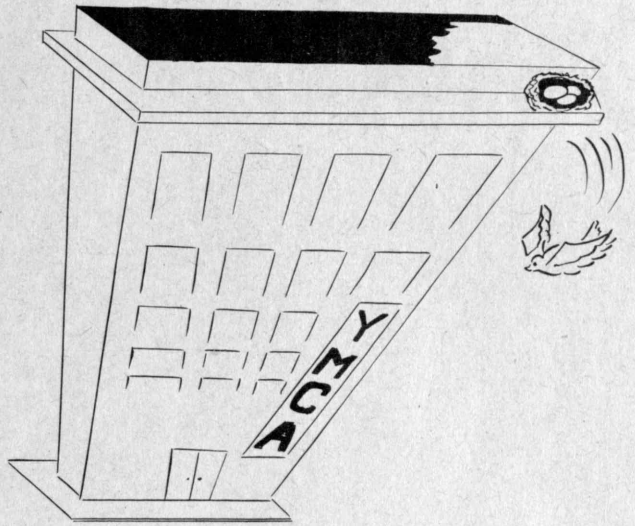
Independent Variable



Approaching a Limit



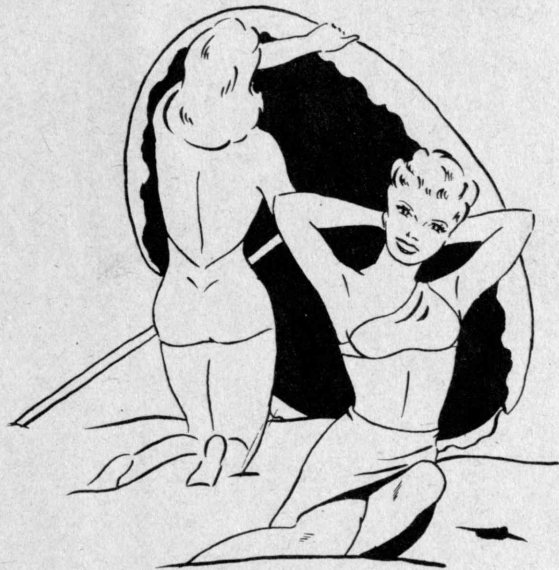
Differentiation



dx over dy



Tangent to a Point



Significant Figures

8.01 BIBLE

In order to illustrate the use of the foregoing simplified or "biblical" mathematics, we would like to show its use on a sample problem. The following problem occurs very frequently in 8.01 as well as in 2.00 and M 452:

Given: A 500 pound freshman sits on the end of a beam 19.786 feet long which is balanced on a pivot. Spying a phone number scrawled on the far end of the beam, the frosh starts to crawl toward it.

Find the point at which he will begin hurtling through space.

$$\pi = 3.1416$$

$e =$ a rather low value

$$1 \text{ H.P.} = 745.70 \text{ watts}$$

Frosh's hometown = Praise, Ala.

To begin with, we start with the familiar equation

$$F = ma$$

(1)

whence it follows immediately that:

$$kk' = \frac{\sin \theta}{1+\gamma} \int_{-\frac{4\pi}{\epsilon}}^{\frac{4\pi}{\epsilon}} \cos \phi \left[\frac{(1+j\omega \frac{\delta}{1+\gamma})}{\sin \theta - e^{j\omega t}} \right] dx$$

(2)

Now, it becomes obvious that we can divide this expression by 4, perform a few apparent operations and get:

$$kk'K = \frac{(L.997 \times B \times p \times 5e)!}{10! \times A!}$$

(3)

It follows that this expression may be reduced in a few simple steps. Consider, first, the number "10" in the denominator.

Noticing that the last digit in this is zero we cancel it out as being of absolutely no importance.

Next, it is helpful to note that the factorial signs can be considered to be exclamation points. Restating the equation over in an imperative mood, we drop the exclamation points.

Now, analyzing the letter "A" we find that it may be Avogadro's number. In that case, it is too small to monkey with and so we put it back in our notebook to let it grow a little larger.

This gives:

$$kk'K = L.997 \times B \times p \times 5e \left(\frac{\text{and/or } E}{\text{or } E} \right)$$

(4)

Observe, now, the term: $kk'K$. It is of interest to note that this resembles the first word of the song, *Katy*. Consequently, we write *Katy* in its stead, thus disposing of a very obnoxious apostrophe.

The solution becomes apparent. Rearranging the figures on the right-hand side, we have:

$$Katy = peBEL9975$$

(5)

Inverting the "p" and dividing by one, we obtain:

$$Katy = deBEL9975$$

(6)

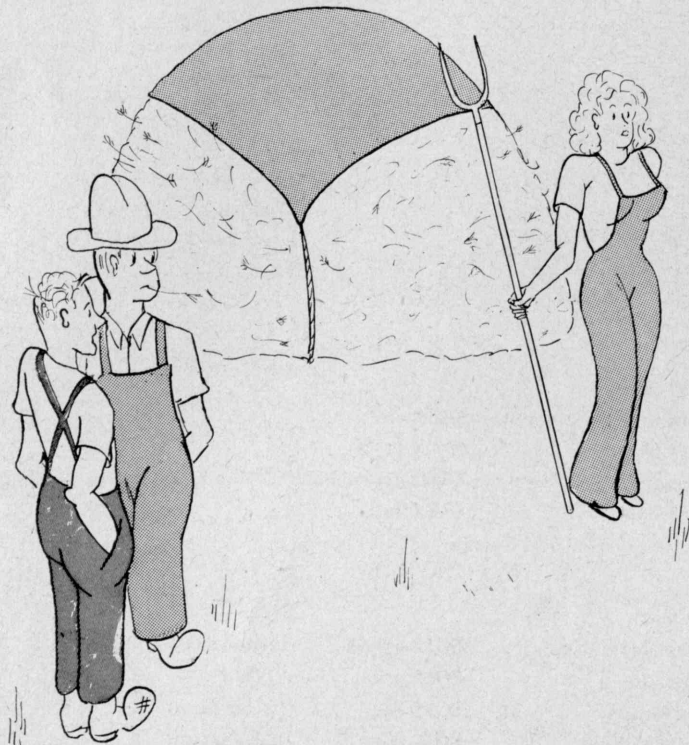
Segregating the "de" and letting it approach zero, we are surprised to see it vanish. This opportune event leaves with:

$$Katy = BEL9975$$

(7)

which is very obviously a phone number. How interesting. We can now check the answer by calling to see if *Katy* answers. Your instructor may also wish to check the answer.

P.S.C.



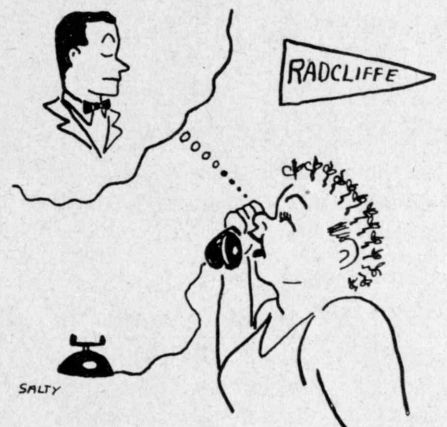
"Shore is stacked nice."



Academie Moderne.....	COM	1282
Boston School of Anatomy and Embalming.....	CIR	7754
Boston Secretarial School.....	LIB	8309
Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education.....	LON	5770
Bryant Stratton Commercial School of Boston.....	KEN	6789
Burdett College.....	HAN	6300
Cambridge Graduate School for Girls.....	KIR	2111
Chamberlain School of Retailing.....	KEN	0682
Copley Secretarial Institute.....	KEN	2784
Curry College.....	KEN	6641
Emerson College.....	KEN	7191
Emmanuel College.....	ASP	8773
Erskine School		
111 Beacon Street.....	COM	8506
145 Beacon Street.....	COM	7857
303 Berkeley Street.....	COM	9300
Fisher School.....	KEN	4647
Garland School		
409 Commonwealth Avenue.....	COM	9759
Stannard House.....	COM	7730
339 Commonwealth Avenue.....	COM	9191
Weston House.....	COM	8442
Gertrude Dolan Theatrical Studios		
	HIG	7431
Jackson College		
Blakeslee House.....	SOM	9566
Davies House.....	SOM	9762
Gamma House.....	SOM	9468
Metcalf Hall East.....	SOM	9017

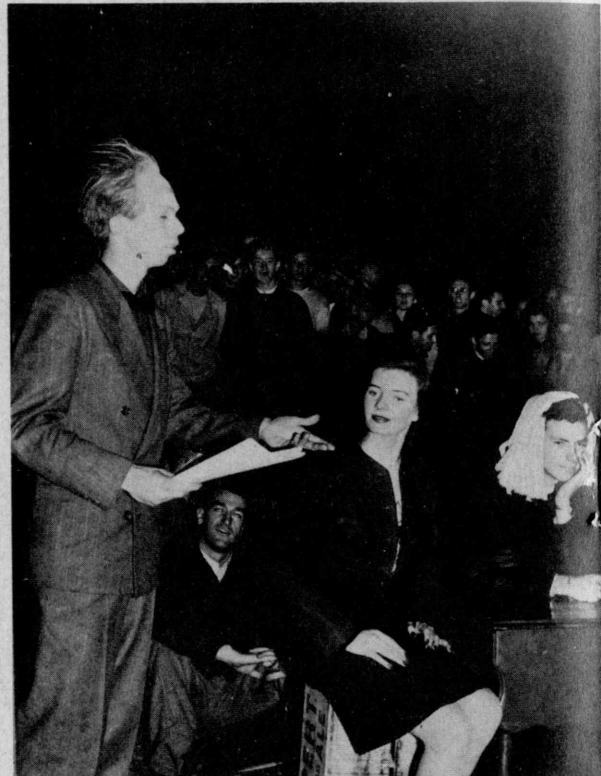
Jackson College (Continued)		
Metcalf Hall West.....	SOM	9275
Shipman House.....	SOM	9382
Wade House.....	SOM	9545
Jackson-Von Ladau School of Fashion.....	COM	6268
Katherine Gibbs School.....	COM	2475
Kathleen Dell.....	ASP	2700
Lasell Junior College.....	LAS	0630
Carpenter Hall.....	LAS	9518
Gardner Hall.....	LAS	9520
Leland Powers School, Inc.....	ASP	2900
Lesley School.....	KIR	2218
Mary Brooks School.....	COM	0440
Modern School of Fashion and Design.....	KEN	9493
Mount Ida Junior College.....	WEL	3010
Nursery Training School of Boston		
	COM	9586
Pine Manor Junior College.....	WEL	3010
Radcliffe College.....	KIR	4000
Ames House.....	ELI	9285
Barnard Hall.....	ELI	9433
Bertram Hall.....	ELI	8374
Briggs Hall.....	ELI	9195
Buckingham House.....	ELI	9479
Cabot Hall.....	ELI	9230
Edmands House.....	ELI	8159
Eliot Hall.....	ELI	8314
Everett House.....	ELI	9651
Putnam House.....	ELI	9294
Read House.....	ELI	9460
Saville House.....	ELI	9801
Trowbridge House.....	ELI	8807
Whitman Hall.....	ELI	9400
3 St. Johns Road.....	ELI	9467
1 St. Johns Road.....	ELI	9308
Regis College.....	WAL	1820
235 Wellesley.....	WAL	4095
Pilgrim House.....	LON	8743
South Hall.....	LON	8506
Student's House.....	LON	9094
West House.....	LON	9121
Wellesley College.....	WEL	0320
Agora.....	WEL	1011-M
Beebe Hall.....	WEL	3360
Cazenove Hall.....	WEL	3450
Clafin Hall.....	WEL	0640
Crofton House.....	WEL	1961
Dower House.....	WEL	0495

Wellesley College (Continued)		
Eliot House.....	WEL	0712
Elms House.....	WEL	1243
Fiske House.....	WEL	0753
Homestead House.....	WEL	0415
Horton House.....	WEL	1162
Joslyn House.....	WEL	3958
Little House.....	WEL	0626
Munger Hall.....	WEL	2320
Noanett House.....	WEL	0716
Norumbega House.....	WEL	0143
Olive Davis Hall.....	WEL	1940
Phi Sigma.....	WEL	0721-W
Pomeroy Hall.....	WEL	2773
Severance Hall.....	WEL	1663
Shafer Hall.....	WEL	1942
Stone Hall.....	WEL	1944
Tau Zeta Epsilon.....	WEL	1011-W
Tower Court East.....	WEL	3422
	WEL	2081
Tower Court West.....	WEL	3420
	WEL	2392
Wash House.....	WEL	2219
Webb House.....	WEL	1053
Wiswall House.....	WEL	0112
Zeta Alpha.....	WEL	0721-M
Wheelock College.....	ASP	7050
22 Carlton Street.....	LON	9181
116 Colchester Street.....	LON	8541
262 Kent Street.....	LON	8770
287 Kent Street.....	LON	8577
4 Monmouth Street.....	LON	9205
39 Pilgrim Road, 2d Floor.....	LON	8708
3d Floor.....	LON	8656
100 Riverway.....	LON	9047





"... The defendant is hereby released in the personal custody of the judge."



"... Further, she was closely observed crossing Boston Common on a breezy day."

It's An Old Salem Pastime

ON Friday night, November 1, a publicity-mad and laugh-hungry Voo Doo staff with their girls took over historic Gallows Hill in Salem in a democratic effort to obtain justice and in an anarchistic effort to enjoy the show and have their pictures taken.

First, a sinuous torchlight procession (twice halted for the *Life* photographer) clambered over New England granite up the bleak hill to the bottom of a thirty-foot pyre of barrels. There, a mop-wigged judge presided at a righteous trial of a nefarious witch, mother of the founder of the *Harvard Lampoon*.

The Lord High Witch Baiter masterfully presented the charges against the accursed and so whipped his listeners into an antagonistic frenzy that, if the judge had not condemned the witch, the crowd would surely have lynched her. The witch, therefore, was quickly strung up on a gallows at the top of the pyre. Immediately thereafter, the pyre itself was touched off and the wretched carcass was consumed by fire amid the cheers of the righteous onlookers.

There then followed a second witch trial in which Voo Doo brought sorcery up to date. A modern witch, whose seductive prowess was beyond the power of man to resist, was rightfully brought to trial for her evil talents. So potent was she at casting spells, that it was only with the greatest difficulty that the judge and two Salem policemen were able to protect the crowd from her witchcraft (see picture above). The trial ended with the judge promising to take adequate charge of the sorceress from then on.

After this the number of empty bottles increased and, with a feeling that justice surely had been done, the crowd turned its attention to singing and to exploring the darker portions of the hill.

As far as the pictures go, if you were there and cannot find yourself on these pages, visualize yourself with your mouth open and look again.

In case you do not recognize them, the judge is Harold Humes; the Lord High Witch Baiter, Bob Abelson; the modern witch, Shirley Collins, Chamberlin, Inc., Models, Han. 4166; and the ancient witch, Leonard Salter, Kir. 5300.



Witches — ancient, modern; sinister, sexy; guilty, not guilty.

A Proclamation
Know All Men by these Presents
That There will be Held

A
TRIAL
of a
WITCH

who has indulged in various heinous abominations and molestations,
sundry sorceries and witchcrafts, and various evils, spells, and possessions
on the populace hereabouts,

on the

1st Day of NOVEMBER, 1946

8:00 p.m. at Gallows Hill, village of Salem, Mass.

And be it also here PROCLAIMED that the execrable
ORGAN of the DEVIL, beknownst hereabouts as the
HARVARD LAMPOON,

was BEGOTTEN and PROMULGATED

by this invidious

Witch



"Very revealing testimony."



"... The aforementioned witch and mother of the maleficent Harvard Lampoon is hereby sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. . . ."



"... and, thereafter, consumed by fire."

The Soph's Secret

A thin, nervous looking young man, wearing a large freshman button, stumbled uncertainly from the entrance to Building Three. His eyes were glazed as he looked furtively over his shoulder before stepping out into the bright morning sunlight. He was last seen tearing across the bridge after he had knocked over a Math professor, two co-eds and two half-potted sophomores who were riding a motorcycle.

This man was followed by others; many with the same haunted expression; many who seemed numb as if from some terrible shock.

From another part of the building came a babble of happy voices. Groups of sophomores staggered nonchalantly from the doors. They were contented; they smoked, talked about women, and in general seemed quite normal.

In spite of the complete difference in the appearance between these two groups, they had both been through the same experience. They had just finished a quiz.

Some of the hardier frosh, after three weeks of this terrible ordeal, decided to see what they could do for their brethren. The weekly quizzes were beginning to take their toll of the class. The psychopathic wards of the Boston hospitals were overflowing with shivering blobs of flesh that were once healthy, happy men.

Five freshmen who were still in good condition (having been in the infirmary with the D. T.'s during the exam periods) organized themselves into a semi-pro detective agency. They reasoned that the sophomores must have some carefully guarded secret which enabled them to pass quizzes. The five resolved not to rest until they had discovered this dark secret. They planned to work alone and compare their findings when they met. The utmost stealth would be necessary; if they were found to be

spying, the sophomores would have some gruesome fate awaiting them.

With fear in their hearts, but with firmness of purpose, the five men set out upon their mission of mercy. One of the five hung by his heels from the door frame of the Voo Doo office for three days before anyone even noticed him. He learned many strange and fascinating things. However, the man who stood outside Prof. W.O. Men's office with a stethoscope against the wall excited some attention. He finally managed to keep people away by saying he was testing for termites. He actually thought he might learn something from listening to the co-eds.

Another of the frosh detectives was noticed scaling the wall of Building Four, obviously trying to find a place from which he could watch and listen to the sops who were goofing off in the Chem labs.

Perhaps the smartest of the five was the one who took a job as bar boy at Jakie's. He hoped to gather valuable information from the sops while they were somewhat off-guard. It was found later that he had come the closest to the true answer.

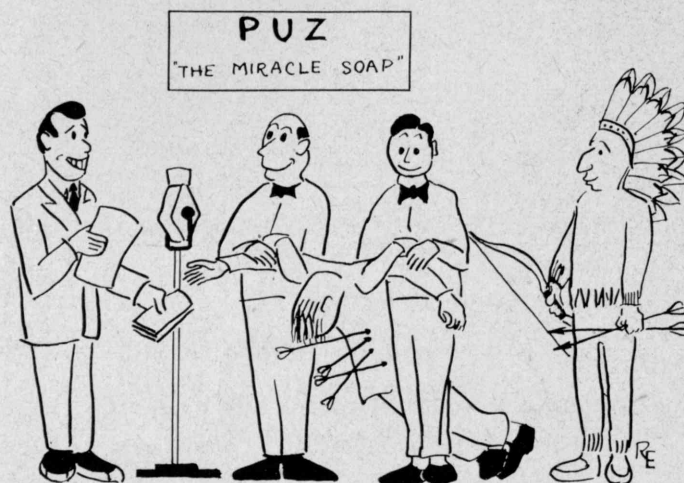
The fifth man — may he rest in peace — tried to take notes while hanging from the elevator cable in Building Ten. Some Physics professor came along and cut the cable. His body was discovered by a freshman who had sneaked downstairs to take a shot in the arm. Beside his remains was found a small book containing notes evidently taken from those upperclassmen who carried so many books that they couldn't walk upstairs. This information consisted mainly of a discussion of proper study habits and the evils of liquor and women. It was, of course, worthless.

When the surviving freshmen met to compare their findings, the secret was so simple that they wondered why they hadn't thought of it. The sophomores who were smiling and happy when coming from a quiz just hadn't sobered up from Thursday night. They flunked quizzes too; they just didn't feel it.

The rest of the freshmen caught on rapidly, and soon groups of freshmen were seen strolling nonchalantly from Building Three. They were contented; they smoked, talked about women, and in general seemed quite normal.

They had become Tech Men.

J. T.



"And here's five dollars, Mr. Bloom, for being such a good sport."



*You Tech boys with your integrals,
Your flux and vector D ;
Why don't you stop your grind a while,
And take a look at me?*

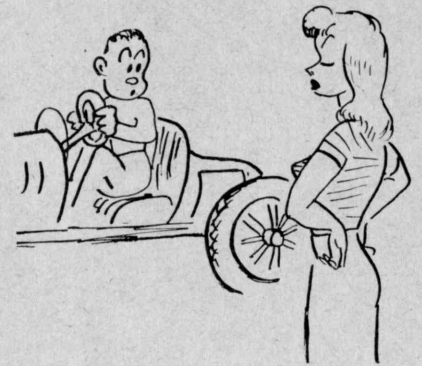
An Activated Alphabet



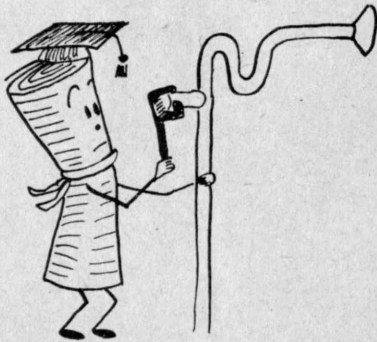
A is for abstinence
The other guy's motto



B is for booze
On which to get blotto



C is for chassis
Above are two types



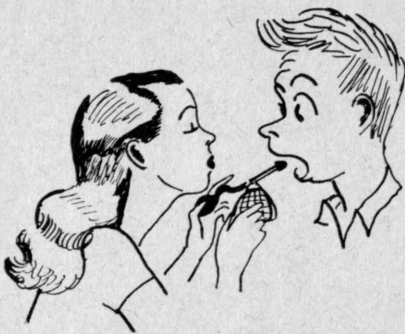
D is diploma
Who fixes de pipes



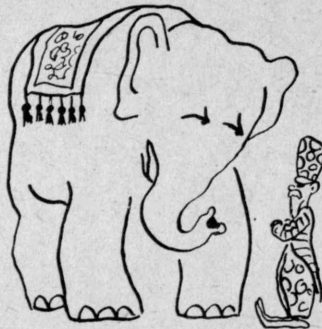
G is for gams
Covered with nylons



H is for Haggis
Who comes from the high-lands



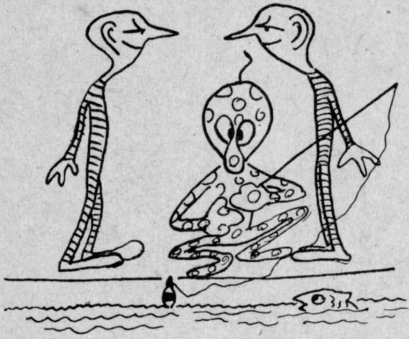
K is for kissing
She won't catch a germ



L is for elephant
A huge pachyderm



M is for Mary
A radiant vision



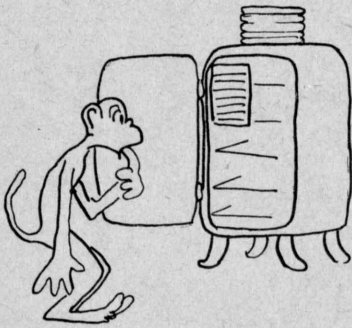
N is for neutrons
And a nuclear fission



O is for obscene
Like Voo Doo it's lewd



P is for prunes
Who sometimes get stewed



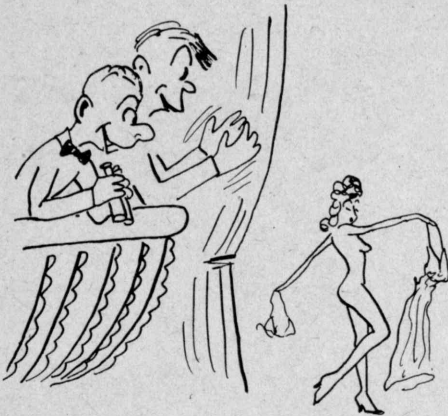
R is for refrigerator
Without a banana



S is for sex appeal
By Hedy or Lana



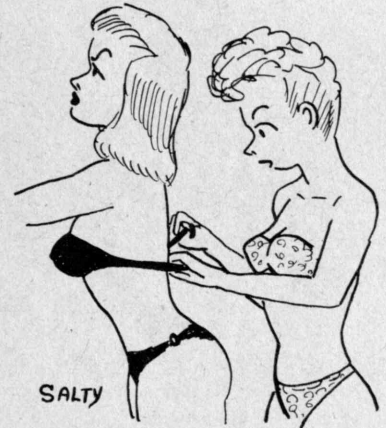
T is for Tech men
They are frustrated



U is for others
Who get dissipated



■ are the letters
I'll have to omit



SALTY

Z is Z end
So the damn thing will fit.

J.R.C.



Speak for Yourself



Actus Unus

A room in John Alden's Cottage
(For eight hours before the curtain rises John Alden has been sleeping in an old four-poster bed. There is an old Wilkie button pinned on the under side of the mattress.)

(Curtain rises.)

(Enter Myles Standish.)

Standish: Arise from thy pallette, John!

Alden: Why so outlandish, Standish?

Standish: Today is the day for the

great feasting and no one hath trod the grapes for the wine yet.

Alden: What telleth the ancient sundial, venerable one?

Standish: It hast recently chimed midnight, but methinks it hast been running slowly since we moved it inside.

Alden: Harken!

(Cloppity cloppity cloppi clop clop)

(A dappled grey horse pulls up in front of Priscilla Mullin's cottage which is two blocks off stage to the right.)

(Clop clop cloppi cloppity cloppity)

(dappled grey horse gallops off towards Dorchester.)

(Enter Priscilla Mullin.)

Pris: Oh bliss! Oh delightful expectation. I must go home to meet John Smith.

Standish: Refrain from speech Priscilla, thou shalt not set thine eyes upon him. He maketh the rest of us gentlemen look poorly.

Alden: That settleth it. I will rise up and hie myself after the knave. Wouldst that we might be rid of the bounder.

Actus Twous

Outside Massasoit's wigwam on road to Priscilla's cottage.

(Enter Priscilla, Standish, and Alden from right.)

Massasoit emerges from wigwam.

Standish: Heavens to Betsy! Here is that blankety, blankity Indian, Massasoit.

Alden: What bringeth Massasoit to Massachusetts?

Standish: He worketh for the Eagle Laundry.

Alden: Pray, what doth he do there?

Standish: He washeth eagles, what else? Ho ha! I haveth a million of them.

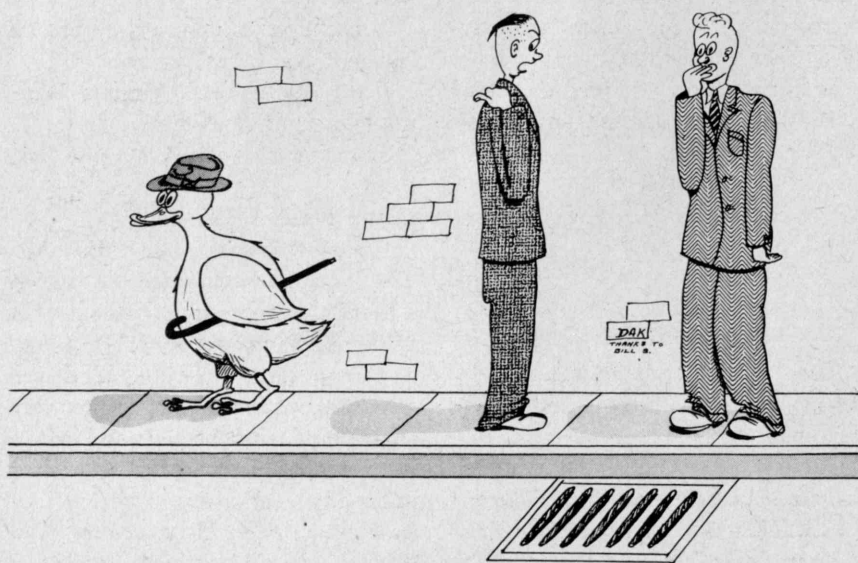
Alden: What ho! During our jest Priscilla hath departed.

Standish: Hie thyself after her, Massasoit.

Massasoit: Nay.

Standish: Nay?

Massasoit: Yay.



"He's a queer duck."

Standish: Yay.

Massasoit: Yay.

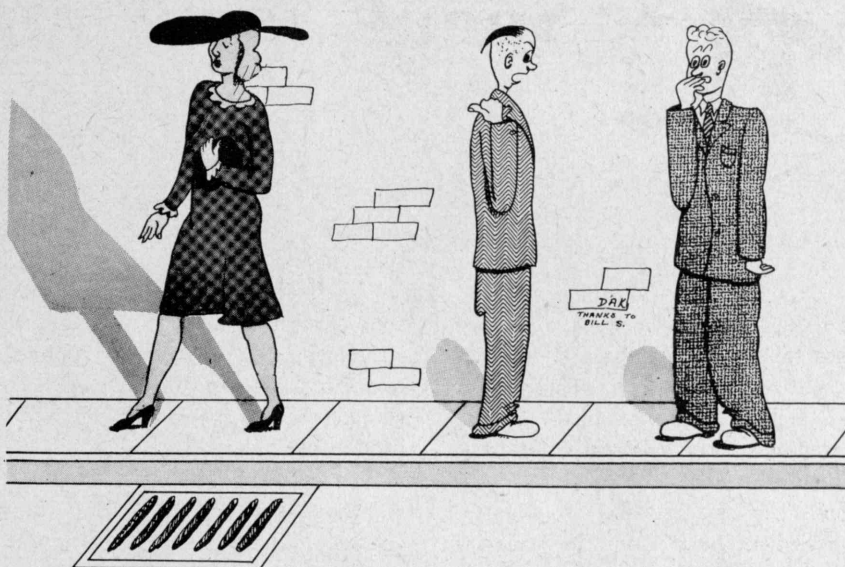
Standish: Thy bow John.

(Twang, whiz, thud, THUD) (Body hits floor)

Actus Threus and Fourus whirl by while Massasoit decomposes on the stage.

Actus Fivus

(An orange hearse with yellow spots drives across stage and picks up Massasoit's body. This hearse is followed by a hearse of a different color.)



Actus Sextus

In the woods

(Enter Priscilla and John Smith.)

Pris: Welcome, oh Nighty hunter. Embraceth me, oh, Smith.

Smith: At thy pleasure, damselle.

Pris: Nay that's for later. Liketh thou my new uplift? I makethd it from two ancient blenderbuss barrels.

Smith: Ah Priscilla, what hast Pocahontas that thou hast not. Comest I know where —

(Very rude interruption)

(Enter Elder Brewster)

E.B. Priscilla baby doll. You were sensaysh down at Ye Olde Plymouth Rocke. Didn't you see me? I was the third bald head in from the right front row.

Pris: My soul's bones, to be surest. Now I rememberest thee with thy tall silk in thy lap. 'Twas an momentous ovation given indeed.

E.B. You send me out of this world sister, the way you do that double hip flip makes Peachy Pear look like an amateur.

Pris: Thank thee for thy kind words of praise, sir.

E.B. Why don't you knock off that

"She's a shady character."

square talk baby, come and take some lessons from Poppa.

Pris: Fare thee well, Captain John, I hast found my true love.

(Exeunt all but Smith)

Smith: (soliloquy) Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow I creep in a pretty pace fretting down the dusty road to the last silly bus home. I can't hold a brief candle to Elder Brewster. (EXit-dies off stage of a contusion of the left ventricle)

Actus Septus

(Great and vast assemblage including mostly pure Puritans and pious Pilgrims)

Governor Bradford: Willn't thou partake in some grape juice, Elder?

E.B.: Thanks a bunch pally but Pris and I are doing O.K. with these potato squeezings.

Pris: Verily — it doth make a lan-

guorous sensation arise within me.

E.B.: (aside) It won't be long now. (Enter Virginia Dare, Joan of Arc, and boy scout from opposite ends of the stage)

J. of A.: Desistay I comay to savey you.

V.D.: You can save em all but the old gent Joan, that's for me.

E.B.: Say it again Virginia Dare, my pilot light's not out. (Exeunt E.R. with V.D. and boy scout)

(Enter Roger Williams)

Williams: Praiseth be, Miss Arc. Thee and me hath agreeable fancies. I heard thy words from without. Let us take these people to Rhode Island and keep them pure as the driven snow and unblemished by wickedness. (Exeunt all to Rhode Island where everyone becomes good and lives unhappily ever after.)

And thus Roger becomes the first Williams to dissatisfy the people of Boston.

W. W. F.

A SAD LIFE

Recall last night? In love's hot light
 Janet told me her life was "we."
 Her head at rest upon my breast.
 She hinted then that if and when
 I'd marry her, she'd not demure.
 I'll phone her now; remind her how
 There was such bliss in every kiss.
 "Hello, Janet? No? (Oh, damn it,
 It's her mother.) With another?"
 "They just left here — he is a dear.
 She likes him so." (Oh, cruel blow!)
 "Do you know Ted? Fine, well-made head.
 He's so polite; he's sure all right."
 Yes, I know Ted — wish he were dead!

J. H.



THE PARTY

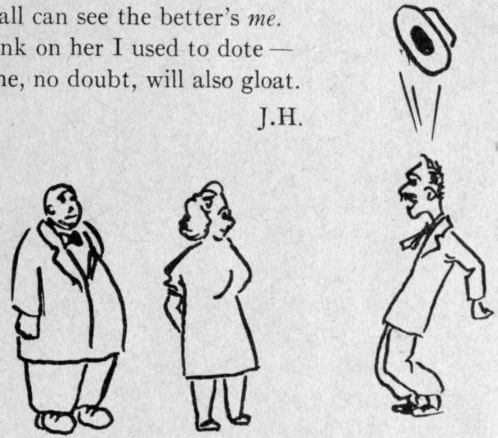
I shall subjugate my feelings,
 And be shady in my dealings,
 And I'll be a minor personage through all eternity.
 I shall gladly give my money,
 And I'll leave my little honey;
 I'll fight through hell and blizzards and through all
 infirmity.
 I will conquer any bastion,
 And I'll never ask a question,
 I will act as if I always was a swell somnambulist.
 And should any harm befall me,
 Or perhaps the devil call me,
 I'll be happy, 'cause I know I was a perfect communist.

J.H.

EXCUSES

I'll meet my love again some day,
 And meet her husband, by the way.
 I'll thank the Lord in greatest haste
 That *my* wife had a better taste.
 To think she married such as he!
 Why, all can see the better's *me*.
 To think on her I used to dote —
 And she, no doubt, will also gloat.

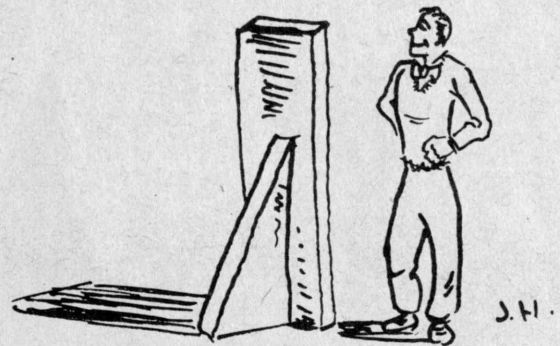
J.H.



THE MIRROR

I gaze enthralled at my reflection,
 The mirror shows no imperfection.
 I'm like the heroes in the books —
 But then again, it's me that looks.

J.H.



DORINDA

Dorinda the fair one, Dorinda my own,
 Enraptured the moments that we had alone.
 Dorinda the beauty, who dazzled them all.
 I remember that night, that night in the hall,
 Dorinda my dearest, you were a coquette.
 You made others want what I swore they'd not get.
 Dorinda beloved, the flame of my heart,
 You flirted and fooled; you thought you were smart.
 Dorinda, Dorinda — I vowed then or never,
 I acquired a wife — I wasn't so clever.

H.S.K.

BIG BINGE

Joe was bounced out of Tech a couple of years ago. Seems he went swimming at the pool one Friday night and forgot it was mixed swimming. That wasn't all he forgot, so they tossed him. Joe wanted to finish his education somehow, but no good college would take him. So he went to Harvard. This was handy, too, because he could come down to Tech every so often to see his old buddies. But that was only one reason. He could still keep an M. I. T. mailbox so girls would go out with him.

All this is neither here nor there, though it started here at Tech. So on with the story! One fairly stinking Tuesday night Joe came down to Tech to see a special pal of his. This pal's name was Algernon, which was given to him by his great-aunt Jane who controlled the family fortune. He had a nickname, but certain prudes roaming wild through our cloistered halls — as the poet put it, and let's leave it there — wouldn't let me tell it. You won't be able to recognize him by his actions, so we'll just call him Al.

Well, after Joe's buddy Al did as little homework as possible, and probably a little less, he and Joe called up some girls and decided to have a little binge. Maybe a big binge at that. Like I said, it was a pretty miserable evening and the boys were feeling pretty low, but the girls were good girls and wanted to go home. Joe and Al hadn't known them very long. The boys didn't want to let them go, but like I said, they were good girls and wouldn't be made.

So they all left the dorms and went home. After Joe and his pal had left the girls it was still pretty early, only about midnight, so they decided to celebrate the lousy evening and get good and pickled. They finally wound up in a helluva low dive just off Scollay. Maybe it was just under Scollay; I've never been there myself — just heard about it now. Give me a little time.

Well, they went in, cut their way through assorted cigarette, cigar, pipe, and gun smokes, tripped over a couple of stiffs on the floor, skidded through a puddle of blood, and

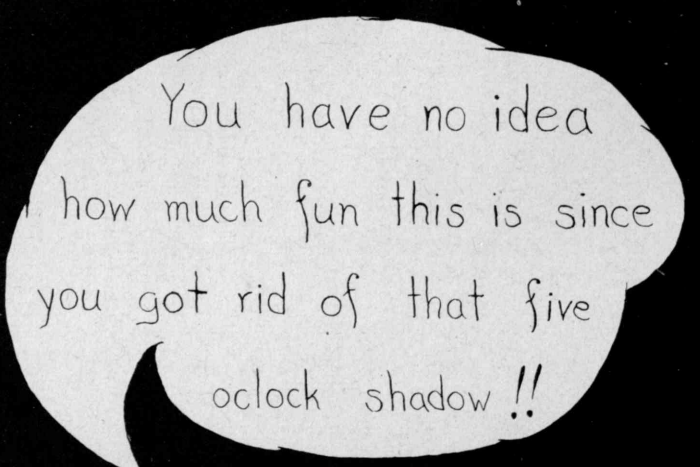
finally flopped down under a nearby table. There was a floor show going on, but it was pretty tame for them so they didn't watch it. It was even worse after the cops came and took all the girls away. Second string teams never are as good, and besides, they kept the strings on. So Joe and Al just lay there on the floor with a bottle sticking out of their mouths. They got pretty stewed all right, but not enough so they couldn't take in the following little episode and its characters.

Anyhow, they were just guzzling away when a couple of sexy-looking girls flopped down under the table with them. They had thought it was an empty table because they couldn't see Joe and his pal behind the tablecloth, which hung to the floor. That's what they said, but Joe had seen them going around looking under tables for about five minutes. Pretty fussy girls, I guess. Nothing much escaped Joe. In fact, those first two girls were the first ones who had escaped him in about a year. I'd have told you their names so you could keep clear, but I don't remember them. Not conducive to remembering, you might say. I can't tell you the two new-comers' names either. Radcliffe paid me a pretty fat fee so I wouldn't ruin the school's reputation, and I just can't be dishonest. I just can't — no one will top Radcliffe's offer.

Everything went along pretty quietly for awhile. Just the usual things — introductions, past histories, and whether they would or wouldn't. Fully five minutes had passed. Then both girls simultaneously let out the most God-awful screams you could imagine.

That's all the story there is. Maybe it isn't as hot as some you've read, but I've got an air-tight alibi. It's my first story. I'm just writing stories to earn a little money. When I get enough dough I'm going to hire some good, experienced Los Angeles lawyer to spring Joe and his buddy Al.

J.H.



You have no idea
how much fun this is since
you got rid of that five
oclock shadow !!

Bill

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The Vamp

Continued from page 10

Oscar surely didn't want this to happen, so he squeezed her tighter and muttered, "Pinellopy! I forgive you! You tried your best for me! You're wonderful! I love you!"

Pinellopy seemed too weak to resist. Oscar made passionate love to her as best he knew how, which isn't saying much. She left his room at 4 A.M. . . .

Oscar's head ached. He reached for the aspirin in his desk under his Chemistry assignments. But something was wrong. His Chemistry assignments were gone! Then he remembered. He had left them in his Calculus book. He looked for the book. It was gone! He looked for his Physics lecture notes. They were gone! Gone! His whole term's "work" was gone! He sought the radiator for support. But—horrors! It was gone! Oscar reeled about the room, fishing for an answer to this stunning mystery. He glanced at the door through which Pinellopy had gone. A faint smell of perfume lingered in the room. . . .

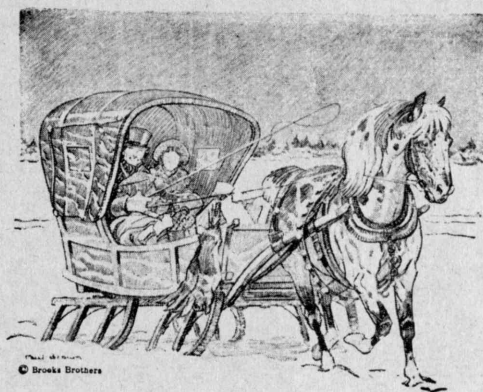
Moral: Voo Doo is not responsible for girls after 30 days.

R.A.



Modern Miss

I want to be naughty and still be nice,
I want the fun without the price.
I want the thrill of a long drawn kiss,
I want the things that good girls miss.
I want the lights that brightly shine,
I want the men, I want the wine.
I want the arms and the heart of a man,
And still stay single if I can.
Now what I want is a little advice,
On how to be naughty and still be nice.



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A dignified old clergyman owned a parrot of whom he was exceedingly fond, but the bird had picked up an appalling vocabulary of cuss words from a previous owner and, after a series of embarrassing episodes, the clergyman decided he would have to kill his pet. A lady in his parish suggested a last-ditch remedy. "I have a female parrot," she said, "who is an absolute saint. She sits quietly on her perch and does nothing but pray from morning until night. Why don't you bring your parrot over and see if my own bird's good influence doesn't reform him?" The clergyman said it was worth a trial, and the next night arrived with his pet tucked under his arm. The bird took one look at the lady parrot and chirped, "Hi, toots. How about a little loving?" "Come to mama," cried the lady parrot gleefully. "What do you think I've been praying for all these years?"

ODE TO BANKRUPTCY

My wife and I are penniless,
 In stocks and bonds we trusted.
 Now here I am, flat broke—
 And there she is, flat busted!

—Bitter Bird.

Tom Harlin: "Do you realize that SAE keeps up seven houses for the feeble-minded?"

Rushee: "I thought you had more chapters than that."

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Stude—What did your prof give you in math?

Stewed — I flunked. He said I didn't know math from a hole in the ground.

—Texas Ranger.

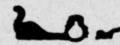


A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Napoleon.

"But who told you that you were Napoleon?" inquired the attendant.

"God did," replied the inmate.

"I did not!" came a voice from the next bunk.



And then there's the one about the trapeze artist who caught his wife in the act.



"I'm a father! I'm a father!" cried the salesman as he burst into the store.

Boss: "So's your old man. Shut up and get to work."



Rockabye baby
In the tree top;
Better not fall,
It's a helluva drop.

—Log.



"What color bathing suit was she wearing?"

"I couldn't tell. She had her back turned."

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Three men, named Smith, Jones, and Rheingold, all died at the same time. Rheingold was a millionaire, but Smith and Jones had just enough to get along. Smith and Jones, consequently, were buried in ordinary graves, but Rheingold was entombed in a magnificent mausoleum.

Three days after the burials, it began to rain furiously. It poured and poured. The rain began to seep into the graves of Smith and Jones, but Rheingold's tomb was quite dry. The ghosts of the three men were talking the situation over. Smith said, "Water's pouring into my grave. I'm soaking wet." And Jones said, "Yes, my grave is drenched, too." And Rheingold said, "Ah, but my bier is the dry bier."



And then there's the cutie who stepped out with a lumberman and ended up with a little shaver.



Three old maids lived together and each owned a cat which she kept shut up for fear it would go tomcatting. One of the old maids got married and after honeymooning for a few days, wired the other old maids as follows:

"You can keep your cats shut up if you want to, but turn mine out."



Junior: "Let me have some money."

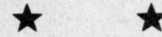
Pop: "What did you do with the dime I gave you last week?"

Junior: "I spent it."

Pop: "What are you doing— keeping a woman?"

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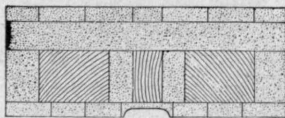
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Cross-section of Flexible Flyer Splitkein Ski showing laminated construction.

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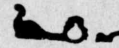
You sit and sing a little song,
You have a little chat,
You make a little candy fudge
And then you take your hat,
You hold her hand and say good-
night,
As sweetly as you can,
Now ain't that a helluva evening,
For a great big healthy man!



Customer: "Do you have any notions on this floor?"

Floorwalker: "Yes, Madam, but we usually suppress them during working hours."

—The Log.



"So you met your wife at a dance. Wasn't that romantic?" asked one sailor of another.

"No, it wasn't. I thought she was home taking care of the kids."

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