

# Voo Doo

## MERRY XMAS





## WHAT ARE THE ODDS?



Don't worry. It's 2½ to 1 a TELEGRAM will bring you good news.



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Dear Santa Claus:

Each and every year I wish for special things, both tangible and intangible, for Techmen and, of course, myself. It seems however that I am rarely rewarded for my very special wishes and so I am writing to you Sant, with the hope that you will not overlook me during the coming festive season. I will remain here at the boiler factory, locked up with the beer in our closet on the third floor of Walker. Surely the smell of stale brew will arouse and excite Rudolph's shining red nose and lead you to me bringing the following gifts I am asking for.

Please could we have a football team? We really don't want a big one. We just want one big enough to supply eleven frisky beavers at a time to chew and gnaw at the opposition. No big time football for us though, let's just maintain a schedule with amateur college teams like Army, that have made the supreme sacrifice for the sake of the Citadel and other small girls colleges, to come down to their level.

Just think, Santa, with a great big beaver eleven we could all go out on brisk autumn days and ACTUALLY CHEER! After all, with Tech's surprising lack of student apathy we are renowned as one of the most spirited colleges in the nation. Just think what football could do for us.

The fellows here tell me that we need an auditorium pretty badly. I wonder if it would be within reason to ask you for one? Do you suppose we could have one set out in back of the Graduate House in the form of a sphere? Not that we want a whole sphere, just one-eighth of one in the form of a right spherical triangle resting on the three apexes. With a configuration such as this it would be possible to house two auditoriums, one upstairs holding about one thousand people, and another on a lower level with a capacity of around three hundred. Of course this idea is just a figment of my imagination, but Santa, won't you please see what you can do about it?

I would also appreciate it if you would please set the Institute Committee straight on this new-fangled student government project, and show them that with a few minor changes the present set-up is pretty good. You might, however, give VOO DOO two seats instead of the present one.

If you could install beer outlets next to the present drinking fountains, I am sure you would find school attendance would pick up and student morale would hit a new high.

Looking to the future, I think you could give all of my boys good jobs (civilian mind you) and choice pickings for marital bliss.

Hope you can help us out Santa.

Tank-full-y yours,

Phos  
per swany

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## VOO DOO

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Cover this month by Jim Rollbuhler

Phos and the Voo Doo Staff  
wish you all a Merry Christmas  
and a Happy New Year.





# DOING THE TOWN

Christmas comes but once a year, and together with shopping, large dinners, and vacations, it brings a short-lived but meteoric rise in the national consciousness of religion. You can pass your own judgments on the moral question, but this is the one time when much magnificent music is available that is never heard during the rest of the year.

Tech's "Elijah" is an example, and hundreds of other groups, especially in this area, practice all year round to perform one oratorio at Christmas. If you get a chance, (and, of course, if you care) to hear the B Minor Mass (Bach), or Haydn's "Creation", or "Seasons", don't miss them. Shorter works can be heard too, and Mozart's Coronation Mass is an unsurpassed, if somewhat secular, jewel of the Missa Brevis form. Most of these works are not dull, scholarly, chanting, as popularly thought of—they are great choral works scored for a full symphony orchestra, and reverently conceived. If you are moved by Bing Crosby singing Silent Night, the Gloria of Haydn's "Lord Nelson" mass will lift you right out of your seat.

Visual rarities can be had too, and no matter what your faith, the Solemn High Midnight Mass at Holy Cross Cathedral is a sight that you will never forget.

We hope you'll be home for Christmas dinner, but if you have to stay in Boston, try Joseph's, at 279 Dartmouth Street (a good look north of the Copley Square subway station), for an

excellent feed. This place is run by Locke-Ober, but the prices are not that high, although they're not cheap either, if you can figure that out. Things run from about two dollars to the square thereof, and the food is really good. Soft stepping waiters, thick carpets, soft lighting, and a slight French accent in the cooking.

As far as entertainment goes, Boston, I am sorry to say, is a good fishing town. If you really crave a night club, try George Wein's Storeyville, in the Hotel Buckminster, but don't shave for three days before your date or they may not serve you. Incidentally, the Buckminster is on Kenmore Square, facing east.

The Savoy, at 410 Mass. Avenue, is noisy for the Christmas season, but some people make good music there. Pops Foster and other well-knowns draw large attentive crowds, so wear a jacket with small shoulder pads.

Some people have overworked consciences, and like to spend their vacations looped, er, full of Christmas cheer. (Sometimes my tongue gets wrapped around my eyeteeth and I can't see what I'm going to say.) Bars are bars, and they all sell the same liquor, except that it's cheaper but not much someplaces. At least you can choose your company at these places: Jimmie O'Keefe's—Athletes; Jim Cronin's—noisy Harvard men; Eliot Lounge (before eight p.m.)—Poor College Boys; Elibt Lounge (after eight p.m.)—Andrew Carnegie. If you like to drink alone, it's rumored





that the Harvard Crimson has a few stills left at cut rates.

A few movies—Jean Renoir's "The River" is well worth seeing, but forget about the plot. The Technicolor (if you're in the know, you can tell your date where the First syllable of that word came from) is wonderful, and the camera work is sensitive, although hardly so much so as some of the excellent black and white work that's been done. At last report, some of the latter was available in a short showing with The River entitled "Pacific 231", and this film drew considerable spontaneous applause. "The Lavender Hill Mob" stars Alec Guinness, who, for our money, hasn't come a cropper yet. If Time hasn't ruined it for you by narrating the plot blow by blow, go see it. (Last seen at the Exeter, heading west.)

That ought to start things off . . . if you're flying home, here's a tip—rumor has it that if the man sitting next to the driver yells "DeValera's the man for me!" at the top of his lungs when you drive up to the Sumner Tunnel toll gate, you don't have to pay any toll. Merry Christmas!

E. M. G.

"Shoe shine, mister?"

"No."

"I can shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em."

"I said no."

"Coward!"

"Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?"

"Surprised—why the gun nearly fell out of his hands."



#### Liquor and Longevity

The horse and mule live 30 years  
And nothing know of wines and  
beers.

The goat and sheep at 20 die  
And never taste of Scotch or  
Rye.

The cow drinks water by the ton  
And at 18 is mostly done,  
The dog at 15 cashes in  
Without the aid of rum and gin.  
The cat in milk and water soaks  
And then in 12 short years it  
croaks.

The modest, sober, bone-dry hen  
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at  
ten.

All animals are strictly dry:  
They sinless live and swiftly die;  
But sinful, ginful rum-soaked  
men

Survive for three score years  
and ten.

And some of them, a very few,  
Stay pickled till they're 92.



The portly man was trying to  
get to his seat at the circus.

"Pardon me," he said to a  
woman, "did I step on your  
foot?"

"I imagine so," she said, after  
glancing at the ring, "all the ele-  
phants are still out there."

"When my mother-in-law  
was sick," began Sam as he  
chewed on a pimento, "I met a  
faith healer who told me she  
only thought she was sick."

"How's she doing now?"  
asked King Arthur.

"Worse," said Sam swallow-  
ing hard, "She thinks she's  
dead."



"Shay, bartender, hash Smith  
been here?"

"Yes, about an hour ago."

"Am I with him?"



A woman truck driver swerv-  
ed to avoid a child and fell out  
of bed.



They were watching the col-  
ored lights illuminate Niagara  
Falls. The bride bestowed a ten-  
der kiss on the lobe of her  
spouse's left ear, then whispered  
shyly, "did all your friends at  
the stag supper congratulate  
you?"

"Some," he frankly admitted,  
"but eight of them thanked me."



West Point gives tests under  
the honor system. The school  
has the honor and the students  
have the system.

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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# Letters to the Editor



La Voo Doo Editor, Sales Manager, Complaint Dept., Lonely Hearts Dept., Home-sick Techmen Dept., or whosoever it may concern:

I am a poor (don't get paid till the end of the month), lonely (no women in the barracks), home-sick (for the dorm open-house rules), Techman who some of you may be so unfortunate as to remember, who has answered the call of his country in its period of dire need (I had to go) when they came and got him. Yes, I'm just beginning to realize how much I really miss the old institution, especially the free beers in La Voo Doo office. Anyway I am so homesick for the Institution that my psychiatrist ordered me to get some Voo Doo. Enclosed you will find the equivalent of two dollars American money with which I wish to treat the staff to a round of champaign.

Pvt. David Michelson  
101st Aircraft Control Squadron

*Yeah, we remember you Dave. Keep 'em flying, pip pip, and all that sort of rot; and I'll be with you in June. (dammit)*

**Ye Ed.**

Dear Editor:

When I was in "boot camp" some months ago, one of the chief sources of enjoyment was a copy or two of Voo Doo. I've travelled quite a bit since then and haven't seen a copy for some time. I'm hoping (along with fifty-one other men) that you'll have some back issues of Voo Doo hanging around, and that you would send them along.

Sincerely,

Pfc. C. K. Bush  
1st Sig. Bn.  
1st Mar. Div.  
Inje, North Korea

*Hang on Leatherneck. The mags are on the way.*

**Ye Ed.**

Gentlemen, (and I use the expression loosely):

I wonder if they still let you print that nasty little publication called "Voo Doo." If they do and it's still as foolish as it was back in '49 when I last was a subscriber, then please add my name to your subscription list.

Cynthia Hopkins

*Are you sure the word you want is "foolish"?*

**Ye Ed.**

Dear Sirs:

Copies of your entertaining literature have circulated to the stagnant State of Illinois where the vile material contained therein has been tasted, chewed, swallowed, and digested by starved Monticello girls. We think that Voo Doo is absolutely the filthiest magazine printed.

Your new patrons salute you of the Voo Doo staff.

The Flying V's  
Monticello College

*Season to taste with saltpetre, it won't seem so vile and filthy then.*

**Ye Chef.**

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An old fellow was crossing a busy intersection when a large St. Bernard ran past him and bowled him over. The next instant an Austin car skidded around a corner inflicting more serious bruises.

Bystanders helped him to his feet and someone asked if the dog had hurt him much.

"Well not exactly," was the reply, "but that can tied to his tail sure did the damage."



The fellow who had joined the Nudist Club was telling about the first meeting. "They were all sensationally nude," he said. "Even the butler who came to the door." Asked how he knew it was the butler, the chap replied, "Dammit, I knew it wasn't the maid."



The British army had camped for the night on the Nile River. The Colonel ordered the private to go down to the river for some drinking water.

The private went off, but he came back, post haste.

"Colonel," he explained, "There's a big crocodile in the river, and I'm afraid to get the water."

The Colonel turned patronizingly to the private and said, "Don't worry son, that crocodile is probably four times as afraid of you as you are of him."

"Well, sir," the private replied, "if that crocodile is only half as scared as I am, that water ain't fit to drink."



A University student was on his way to visit some friends during the summer vacation. The way led through a swamp.

"Say," he asked his elderly guide, "is it true that an alligator won't hurt you if you carry a torch?"

The guide thought a moment. "Depends on how fast you carries it, I reckon."



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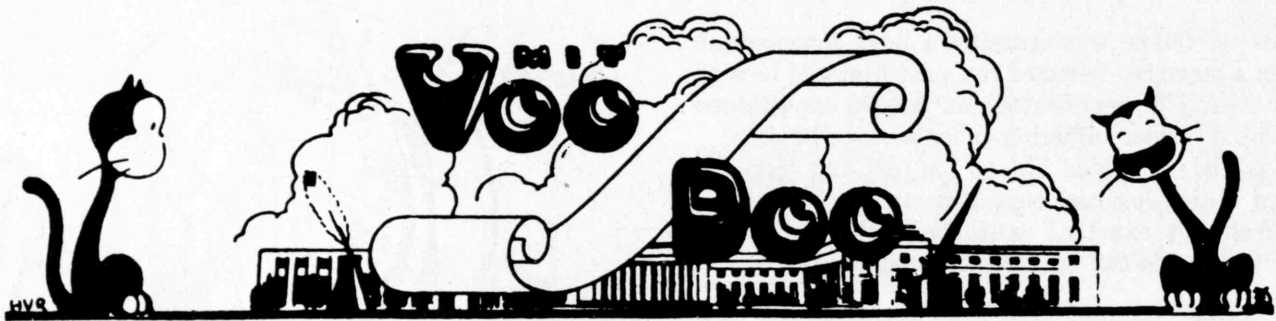
REPAIRING

Squash Racquets

## Tennis & Squash Shop

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TR 6-5417





Maxwell Griffith, (1944) and onetime art editor of Voo Doo, has just completed a novel entitled "Port of Call"; which takes three days out of the life of the aircraft carrier U. S. S. Betio Bay, to illustrate the transformation from a green to a seasoned crew. Recommended reading for all those anticipating a stretch in the Navy, "Port of Call" serves as yet another example that a Voo Doo man is a talented man.

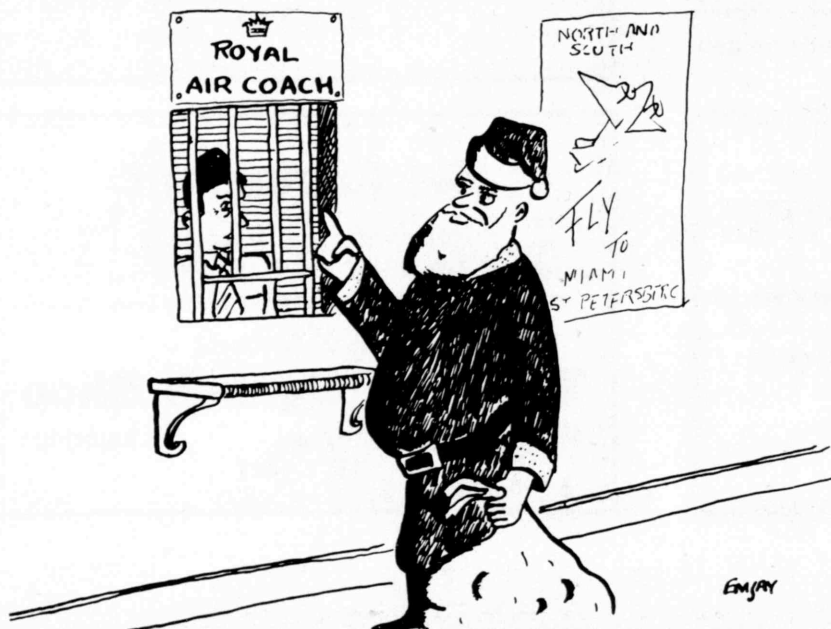
At the safety exhibit that appeared recently in the lobby of Building 7 many female dummies were used to demonstrate the latest in laboratory apparel. Across each dummy's chest was a small placard which read, "Please do not handle." An interesting commentary on Tech morals.

Everyone is familiar with the open-book test, and most of us have at one time or another brought a sizeable reference library into a quiz room. The day before a big test given in the Mechanical Engineering Department the professor in charge announced that the students would be permitted to bring anything they could carry on their backs. One ingenious fellow, obviously destined for success, staggered in carrying a grad student on his back. The ME Department is now contemplating only closed book exams.

Another fellow scheduled to take this same quiz slept completely through it. He was told, however, that if he promised not to look at the test paper he could take the exam at 2 P.M. on the following day. That night our hero dutifully browned for

the quiz. He also got up early the next morning to continue studying. By 12 o'clock he felt sleepy, so he lay down for a short rest. The inevitable happened. At 3 o'clock he was back at his professor's office, the miserable victim of a heavy head and a light alarm bell.

Hanging in the front window of a cozy little apartment in Cambridge is the name plate of an M.D. The doctor used the rooms for an office before the present occupant, a Techman, moved in, and he left the sign there as an advertisement when he vacated. Every once in a while someone with a broken arm or a bullet in the head walks in asking for the doctor. Just the other day a lady entered and sat down moaning in the bathroom. The Techman was naturally surprised, since not everybody comes in and sits in his bathroom. He asked the woman what her trouble was and she replied, "Ohhhhhh!" This was disheartening. Immediately he ran to his "Standard Medical Dictionary for College Students", and after much perusal and meditation he diagnosed the ailment as hypermotility of the lower intestine and had everybody in the house looking for an ice pack. In a couple of hours the lady was led off by the real doctor, who mumbled something about labor pains. The Techman felt it would have been a shame to waste the ice, so he put it on his head.





One day recently we were in the Massachusetts Subway Station, and felt a familiar urge. Upon questioning, a trainman enlightened us to the fact that all the men's rooms were kept locked, and he would have to unlock one. We followed him down a maze of corridors to an obscure door, where even the subways were out of hearing. He unlocked the door and we entered a half-lit obscure cubicle. Scrawled across the tile wall was one word—"Porky".



The occupants of the parked car were completely oblivious to the approach of the suspecting motorcycle cop until the beam of his flashlight broke the peace.

"What are you doing in there?" he demanded gruffly.

"Nothing," came the imperturbable masculine retort.

"Okay, buddy," rejoined the cop. "You come out and hold the flashlight."



"I think she is priceless."  
"I know she is. I tried."



A male nurse in a mental hospital spotted a patient with his ear to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a warning finger, then beckoned the nurse to come over quietly.

"You listen here," he whispered.

The nurse put his ear to the wall and listened a few moments. Then he turned to the patient and said, "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient knowingly, "and it's been like that all day."



Don carried the following excuse to the teacher the morning after his absence: "Please excuse Don for being absent from school yesterday. He has a new baby brother. It was not his fault."



There was an old man named  
Magruder,  
Who wooed a young nude in  
Bermuda;  
The nude thought it rude  
To be wooed in the nude;  
But Magruder was cruder and  
shrewder.



# Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

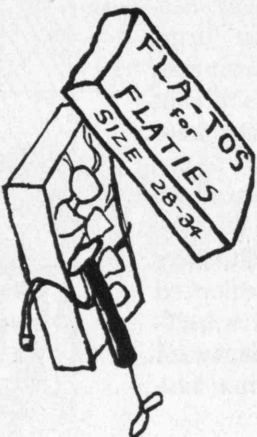
Walker Memorial Dining Service



# Buston

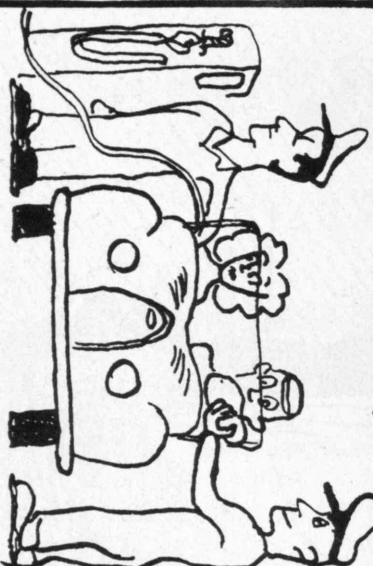
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FIRM ANNOUNCES  
INFLATABLE BRASSIERE  
(NEWS ITEM)



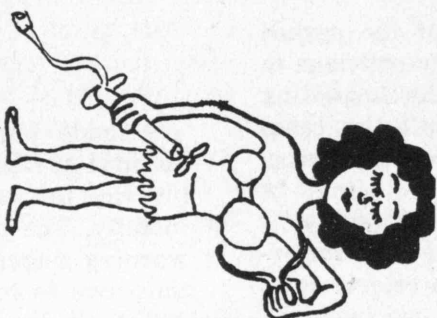
FOR THAT SOMETHING  
THAT ISN'T THERE,  
WE CAN FIX YOU  
UP WITH AIR!

THE GAS STATIONS  
OF THE FUTURE WILL  
HAVE TO BE EQUIPPED

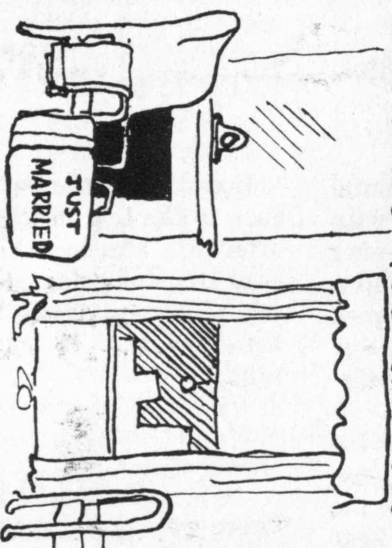


FOR EMERGENCY  
SERVICE.

THE WELL-DRESSED  
WOMAN WILL BE  
CAREFULLY ADJUSTED.



SOMETIMES YOU  
CAN'T DETECT FLA-TOS  
UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE...

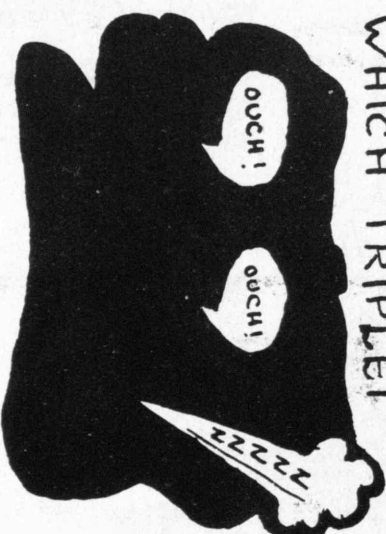


MARCIA !!!

AS WITH ANY IMI-  
TATION, THE REAL  
THING WILL ALWAYS  
BE MORE SATISFYING.



...BUT THERE'S ONE  
SURE WAY OF FINDING  
WHICH TRIPLET



HAS THE FLA-TOS

A fiery tempered Southern Gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman cannot think of it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean."



Iceman (in kitchen with cake of ice): Hello, sonny.

Sonny: When you say that, smile.



Nasty: "Aw, baby, where's your heart?"

Gal: "Straight down by my neck, first turn to the left."



A kind-hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach a doorbell. He rang the bell for him, then said: "What now, my little man?"

"Run like hell," said the little boy, "that's what I am going to do."



"The previous tenants will be moving out in a minute."

## AMERICA'S FOREMOST SKI

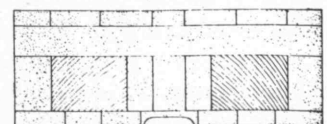


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# AND SO TO SLEEP

by Sturdly Framish

The train rolled relentlessly on, slicing its way through the dark night. Fool that I was, I had decided to try the tip-back chairs for this trip. After a thorough study of the various positions of the chair and footrest, I was convinced there was no one comfortable angle. Resigned to my fate, I closed my eyes and started to count. This method had always worked before, but several weeks previously someone told me never to count in rhythm with my breathing. Much to my surprise I discovered I always had been counting in rhythm, and since then this technique had been singularly unsuccessful as I kept myself awake trying to keep out of rhythm with my breathing. After half an hour of enforced agony trying to stop my breathing or count in conga-beat time, I decided to give up and study my fellow passengers. Most of them were either drunk or insensible enough to be asleep in various grotesque positions. How anyone could sleep under such conditions was more than I could see.

Then I suddenly remembered my friend, Professor von Baum, whom I had seen a few days ago. He had given me a list of instructions on how to hypnotize yourself, which I had stuffed hastily into my pocket, intending to throw away at the earliest opportunity. However, being desperately tired, I now drew this crumpled slip of paper from my vest and looked it over.

The first thing to do was to select an object, such as a small round rubber ball, and suspend it on a string four inches in front of your nose. I had no small round rubber ball, so instead I used a dead cockroach I had found in my pocket. This I strung up with the piece of dental floss I always carried with me for any such emergency. The question of how to suspend the object was solved by the man sleeping in front of me whose hand was flung casually back over the seat. This meant I would have to lean forward to get only four inches away from the dangling object, but it seemed to be the only solution.

The next thing to do was to start the object swinging slowly back and forth at the rate of one arc per second. This entailed considerable concentration. Meanwhile the fat woman across the aisle was slowly reviving from her stupor and gazing blankly at the swinging cockroach. I finally got it going at the right speed and glanced down at the third instruction. I noticed vaguely that the fat

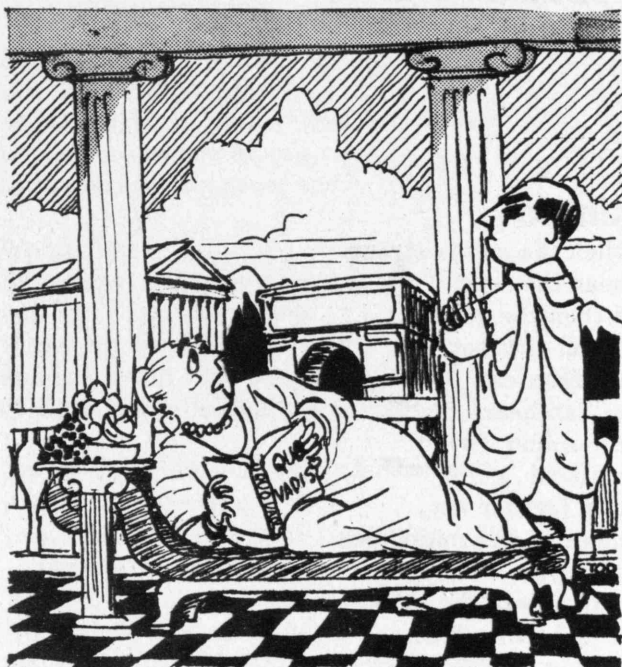
woman had taken a hasty swig on her bottle of Old Granddaddy and had collapsed again.

The third thing I had to do was to concentrate on the swinging object and repeat slowly, "Go to sleep, you poor bastard", as many times as necessary. Meanwhile the man's arm had shifted to an angle whereby I had to lean precariously out over the aisle. I got the cockroach swinging again, and repeated the magic phrase, "Go to sleep, you poor bastard." It worked wonderfully. I felt my head growing heavy, my feet went to sleep, my neck ached, and suddenly I found myself lying in the aisle. The fat woman was leaning over me and wheezed out "You goddamn drunk." I pulled myself up, brushed off some popcorn, glared at the woman and resumed my seat. The cockroach had disappeared with the man's arm as well as the man himself. I didn't dare ask where he had gone, and decided to give up trying to hypnotize myself. Instead I waited till the fat woman had snored off to sleep again. I stealthily got to my feet, tiptoed across to her seat, uncorked Granddaddy and took a giant swig. Suddenly the train lurched, throwing me and Granddaddy into her ample lap. "Darling, I luff you madly," I whispered into her cauliflower ear as she shrieked for the conductor.

The next thing I remember with any degree of distinctness is picking myself up from a muddy rut and watching the train puff away into the night. And that, dear friends, is why I do not travel any more, but prefer to stay right where I am. At least I can always find plenty of small round rubber balls which can be strung four inches from my nose.



"Well, there's not much one can say, is there?"

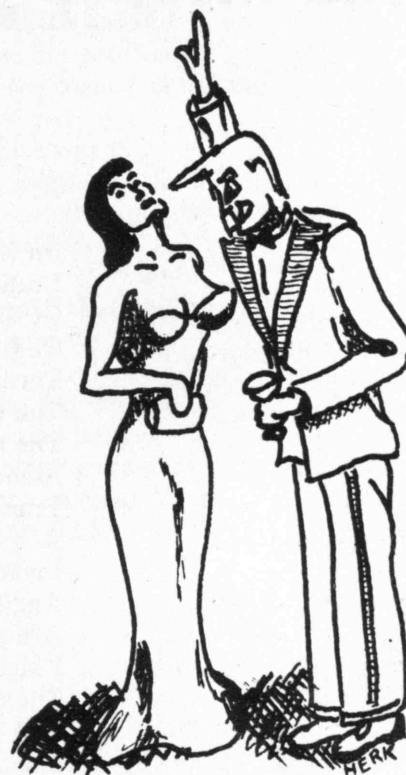


*I always read the book before I see the movie.*



Two girls met for lunch and were discussing their marriage prospects. "I hear your boy friend graduates from law school next month. I guess you'll get married then?"

"Oh, no, not right away," answered the other. "I want him to practice about a year first."



Sam had a very homely wife, but on all his travels he took her along. To a friend he said, "I have to take her along—it's better than kissing her goodbye."



Have you heard the new radio program . . . the girl who wanted two bathrooms, or . . . John's Wife's Other John.



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# *The moving finger writes . . .*

## **Sea Bubble**

On the late Spring days when the sun is strong  
 I can lie on my back and hear the song  
 Of the sea in my ears, and then the ground  
 Or the bench where I lie (still city bound),  
 Turns into sand. In the ear of my ear  
 The traffic roar drifts off. I can hear  
 The name of sound turn into sound  
 Alone. It is lost and then refound  
 Transposed, new singing in a fresher key,  
 And the warm double thunder of the rolling sea  
 Invades me. Then I open my eyes  
 And brush the sand from my chest. The skies  
 Are summer sea skies, hot and white blue,  
 I kick up the sand, and running, splash through  
 The tide markers into the green and white  
 Cliff water churning to the sun-hard bright  
 Sand. The wave curls me back to the shore  
 And I lie and drink in the warm air for  
 A little. I can watch my heart's weight ride  
 Out to sea on the ebbing tide . . .  
 And then he comes, always the same,  
 In a dark blue suit, with a thin gold chain  
 Across his middle, and I call to him,  
 Standing on the beach with arms akimbo,  
 "Come on down, the sea and I  
 Invite you." No matter how I try  
 He never comes. Still, every time,  
 He almost looks like he wants to climb  
 Down with me, but he'll miss his train  
 Or something. There's a watch on the end of his  
 chain,  
 And he always starts to wind it. "Wait!"  
 I cry, but I'm always a little too late,  
 The tiny clicks drown out the roar  
 Of sea on sand, and clean white shore  
 Turns back to blackened street, the flake  
 Of white sea foam to soot. I wake  
 To find the sea-gold vanished quick  
 As a gull. My heart is empty and sick;  
 My dreams have drained it dry. My husk  
 Hurries for the train in the warm spring dusk.

*E. M. G.*

## Janus

Billions of light years  
—in either direction—  
flee through the fathomless, eerie ether:  
to the core of the atom's core;  
to the end of the never-end.

We are one,  
the atoms, the nebula, and I,  
you and I and the nebula.  
In our diminitude we are one,  
and space and time and the infinities  
collapse like a broken heart.

My stomach shrinks with a lemon taste,  
and I turn to you,  
to see in the coldness of your eyes  
—uncomprehension.

No, you are you and I am I,  
and sparkling Venus that rises at sunset,  
and civilization that dies at sunrise  
—they are they.

I count time with dry lips.

You frown,  
and the room goes cold,  
the dust grows old,  
and the world's fracture in silence.

*Gerald Rothberg*

## "Dancers at Rest" by Degas

Oh, creatures of the soul,  
you live in dance  
the world I live in dreams.  
Why sad?  
Even the seagull  
must come again to earth.

*Gerald Rothberg*

## Qui Sait?

Did you know, did you know  
when the cheese turned green and  
the wine grew red  
and what was it?  
the leaf that caught on the ledge  
the leaf that caught and struggled and  
gave up with a

laugh  
and the cigarette that sputtered  
on a drop of wine?

Did you guess, did you guess  
when the shutter banged  
when the shutter screamed  
the moment was there  
and did you  
never  
know?

*F. R. G.*

## Très Gai

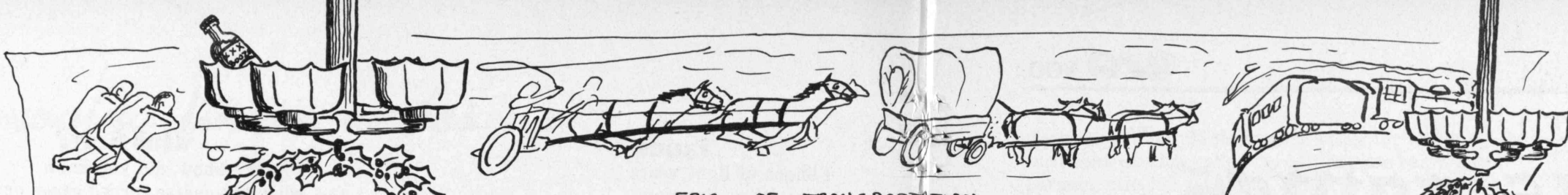
All is not lost  
Said the snail to the worm  
You can go to another place  
And slide quietly into the ground  
And stay there for a year or so  
And then come out again  
And start a new life.

Wot the hell  
don't you know anything  
Christ  
Do you think that climbing into a hole will make  
matters better?  
Don't you know that it is hell to lose all your  
money gambling?  
and to be accused of sleeping with another man's  
wife?  
and to see pink elephants every time you take a  
mint julep?

*F. R. G.*

. . . and having writ moves on.



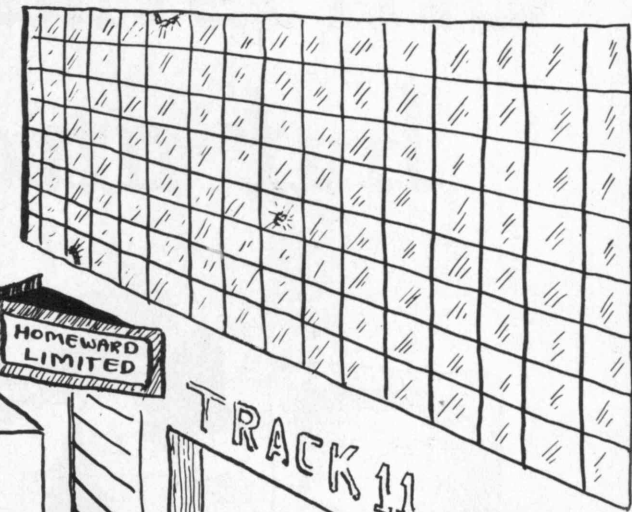


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16	HOBBS SPECIAL	5:10	6:40	7		69	OVERNITE LTD.	6:30	10		
71	LAWYER'S LOCAL	7:20	ON TIME	15		30	SQUARE WHEELS	7:20	15		
195	PIONEER	8:20	IN 3 DAYS	77		5	FLASH EXP.	9:15	6		
9	SWIFT SAM	8:30	7:20	410		1	19TH CENT. LTD.	10:00	1		
11	ALPARGAOS		3:60	2:20		13	CROWFLIER	10:10	2		
3	LITTLE ME			5:00		99	WABASH CANNONBALL	10:45	12		

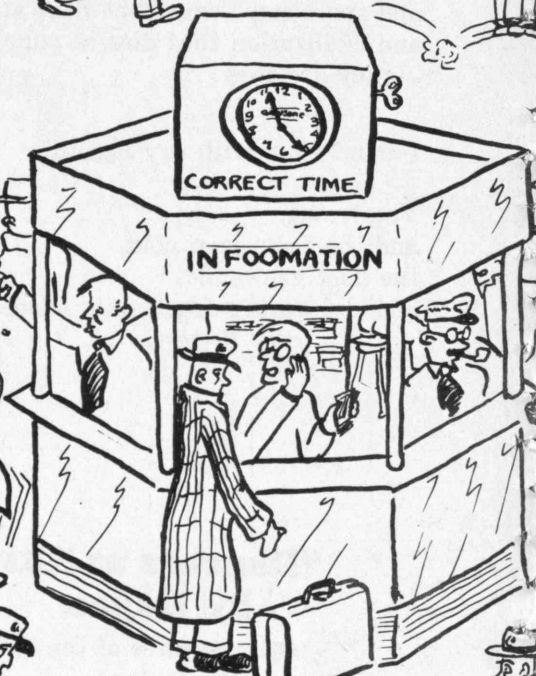


HOMeward  
LIMITED

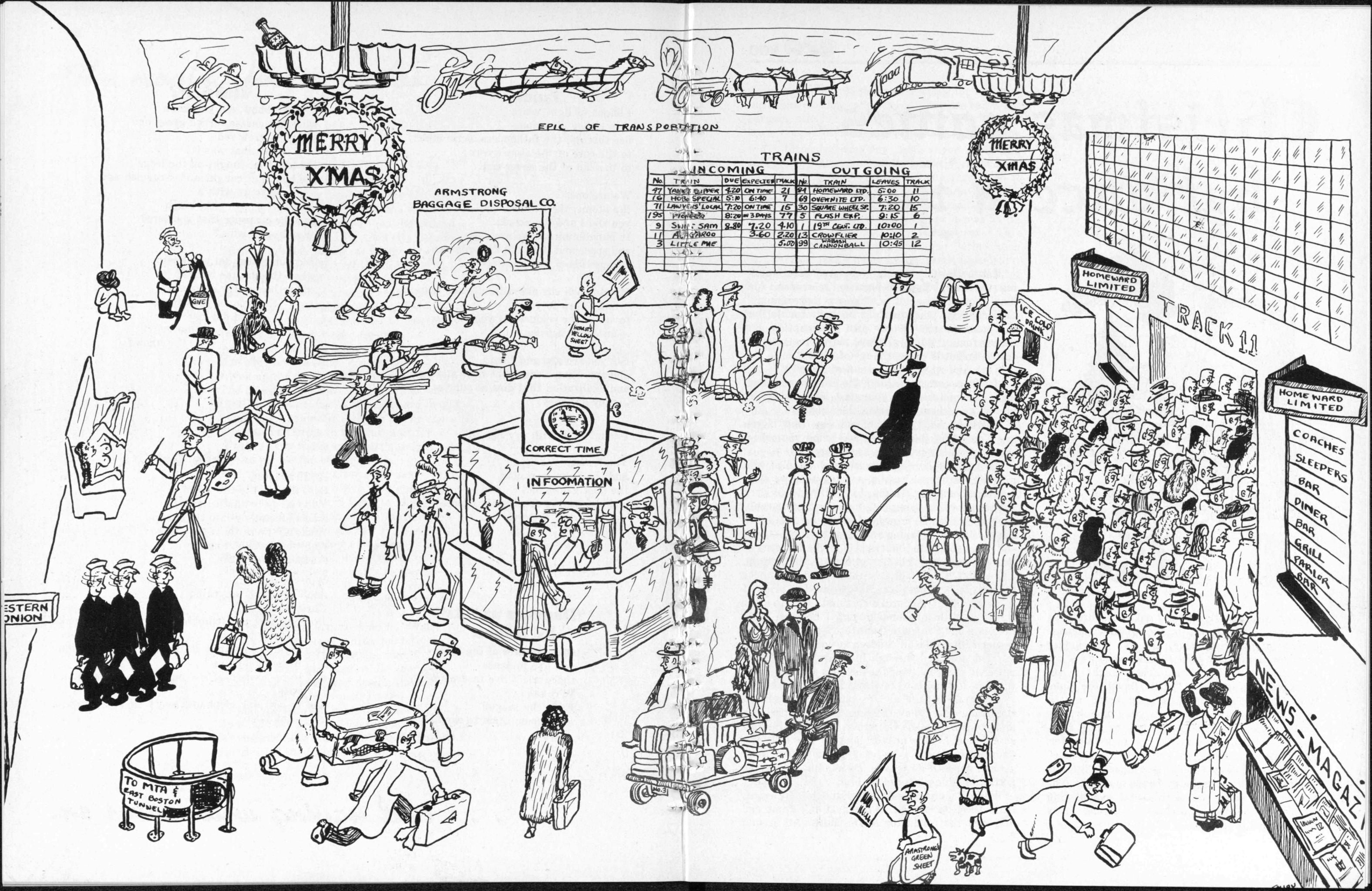
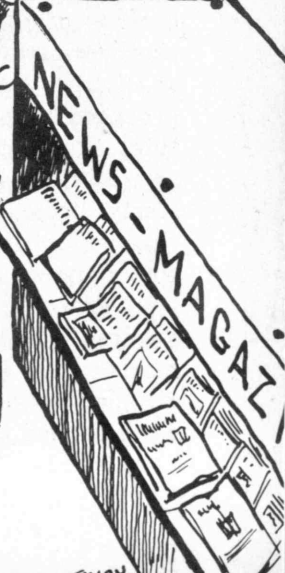
TRACK 11

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SLEEPERS  
BAR  
DINER  
BAR  
GRILL  
PARLOR  
BAR



WESTERN  
UNION





# Christmas comes but once a year ..

by Jerry Rothberg



Last week little David and I did some Christmas shopping. Little David is the bastard younger brother of my girl friend, and like all younger brothers he is really quite likeable when he is not absolutely repulsive. Last Friday night I approached him and said, "Little David, the Yuletide is once more upon us. Just listen to the crunching of snow and the clanging of Salvation Army bells. Everyone is stirred by the rosy-cheeked spirit of Giving. Ah, you lucky monster, tomorrow we shall go pay a visit to Santa Claus"

"I daresay, that should be rather jolly!" he shouted, clapping his pudgy hands in delight. The mortar and pestle with which he was playing dropped to the floor, and clouds of ground poppy seeds settled to the rug.

"Little David," I said, "you have been watching too many English films on television. And didn't you promise not to make any more opium?"

"I daresay, you are right on both counts, but the opium is not for my own consumption, but rather for my nursery school playmates, and the television set is currently out of order."

"Oh? And why is the set out of order?"

"I hid a camera behind the screen and took infra-red pictures of your last date with my pretty, and, ahem, maturing older sister."

"Little David," I said, "I am sure that if you are a good boy, Santa Claus will bring you everything for which your little heart longs."

Early the following afternoon, I bundled him into his cashmere swaddle, and together we skipped to the subway station. Little David was very excited about shopping with me an' riding the subway an' seeing the crowds of people an' talking to Santa Claus an' playing with new toys an'—oops!—he was so excited he tripped on the top step of the entrance and fell all the way to the bottom, rolling like a meatball past the cashier and under the turnstile. This mishap saved me the price of one fare, but it was still a fortunate way to start the trip. With my handkerchief, I brushed away his tears and two loose front teeth, and then tried to cheer him. Like all children he could not remain sad for long, and through his tears he smiled at my vivid description of the delights of Christmas: the Yule log and bowl of wassail, the apple-stuffed roast pig, the tinsel tree blue in the light of Christmas Eve, the stockings packed with toys and goodies—I made Christmas as delightful as a seraglio in Allah's heaven, and by the time the train arrived and I had saved him from being ground beneath its wheels, he was once more the active, laughing, capricious brat.

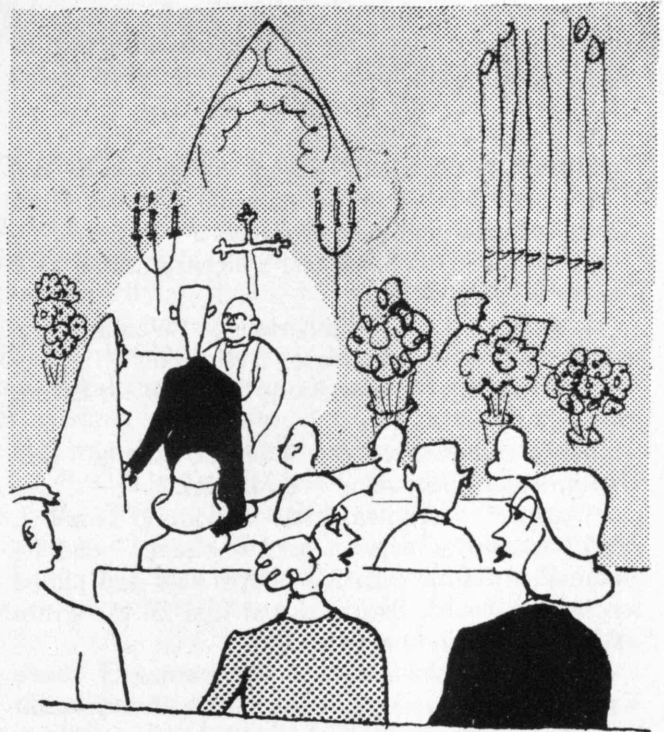
While I found a seat in the middle of the car, little David preferred to stand at the front end and kick the conductor in the shins. All around



me were smiling Bostonians heading for the subterranean carnage called "pre-Christmas basement bargain sale." I could not help thinking what a truly wonderful holiday Christmas is. All over the world bitter enemies lay their anger aside and partake of the joyous holiday peace. Well, at least in some parts of the world. At any rate, even if hostilities continue they do so in a more merciful manner. The Koreans use red and green paint on their dum-dum bullets, the Russians invent Santa Claus, the British ship coal to Iran. Senator Taft wears a headpiece of mistletoe, the Perons turn "La Prensa" into a home for orphaned newspapermen, Uncle Sam sends greetings to thousands of his nephews. Christmas comes but once a year, and everyone is happy.

The train lurched to a halt in Washington Station. I removed little David from the strap, on which the conductor had hung him, and together we went off in search of Santa. We allowed ourselves to be pushed along by the crowds and soon found ourselves in the basement of a large department store. I approached a floorwalker and asked him for directions to Santa's home at the North Pole. This was all for little David's benefit. He looked at me strangely, mumbled "Fifth Floor" out of the side of his mouth, and ran off to prevent two women from slaughtering each other over an atrocious Christmas tie. (I am convinced that a man's clothes are designed chiefly by a woman. No one else has such poor taste . . .)

Little David was excited. "To the North Pole! To the North Pole!" He made me button my over-



L. GARN

**What else could they do? Her mother was coming to live with them.**

coat so as not to catch cold and then led me to the escalators. An hour later we stepped off the "down" side into the fifth floor toyland. "So this is the North Pole?" he said. Though I was perspiring freely through my overcoat, I managed to fake a cold shiver for his benefit.

Sitting on a throne of artificial plush in front of a gingerbread house made of paper-mache was a real, red-jowled, white-whiskered, fat-bellied, honest-to-goodness imitation Santa Claus. On Santa's knee was a smiling, chocolate-smeared urchin, and waiting in line were fifty other kids, also dipped in chocolate. I said, "Queue up, old bean," and shoved little David into line. While he passed the time by puffing on a Regie cigarette stuffed into a chromium holder, which he had found in a box of Crackerjacks, I went off in search of some melted candy so that I could make him as presentable as the other children.

When I returned, little David was already sitting affectionately on Santa's lap. Santa was chuckling heartily, his shoulders and his two chins shaking merrily. "Say, that was a good one, little David. Do you know any more?"

Little David pointed at me and said, "Not right now—sudden death is back. Let's get on with the



interview."

Santa Claus wiped his eyes and readjusted his spectacles. "Well, little man, tell me, what would you like to be when you grow up?"

"Another Frank Costello."

Santa was flustered. "Hmmm! Yes, you're still a bit young. Well now, what would you like Santa Claus to bring you for Christmas?"

"I want you to bring me a license stamp so I can be a bookie."

Santa did not take him seriously. "Wouldn't you rather have a wind-up car or a slingshot?"

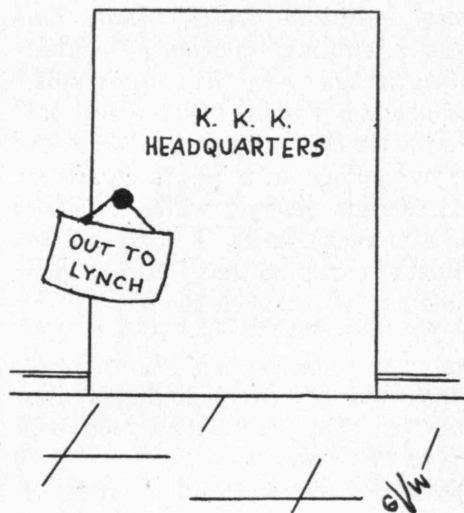
"No, I want a bookie stamp!" said little David, raising his voice.

"Well, I can't give you a bookie stamp!" said Santa, raising his voice even louder.

"Waaaa!" screamed little David, "I want a bookie stamp! I want a bookie stamp!" and he pummelled Santa with his pudgy fists and pulled at Santa's beard. Santa kicked him in the groin and turned to the next child.

I dragged little David to the escalator. There was a gleam in his eyes. Just then a cherry bomb exploded under the throne, blowing Santa Claus through the wall of the gingerbread house. Little David laughed. "You know, I was only kidding. Instead of a bookie license, I will be happy with an electric train an' a bicycle an' a rifle an' a punching bag an' an airplane an' . . ." I neatly managed to trip him, and as he bounced to the bottom of the escalator, I unbuttoned my overcoat. "Hmmmm, I think I should take an antihistamine tablet; I feel a cold coming on." As I traveled down the moving stairs, I tore into little pieces several negatives on infra-red film which I had filched from little David's back pocket.

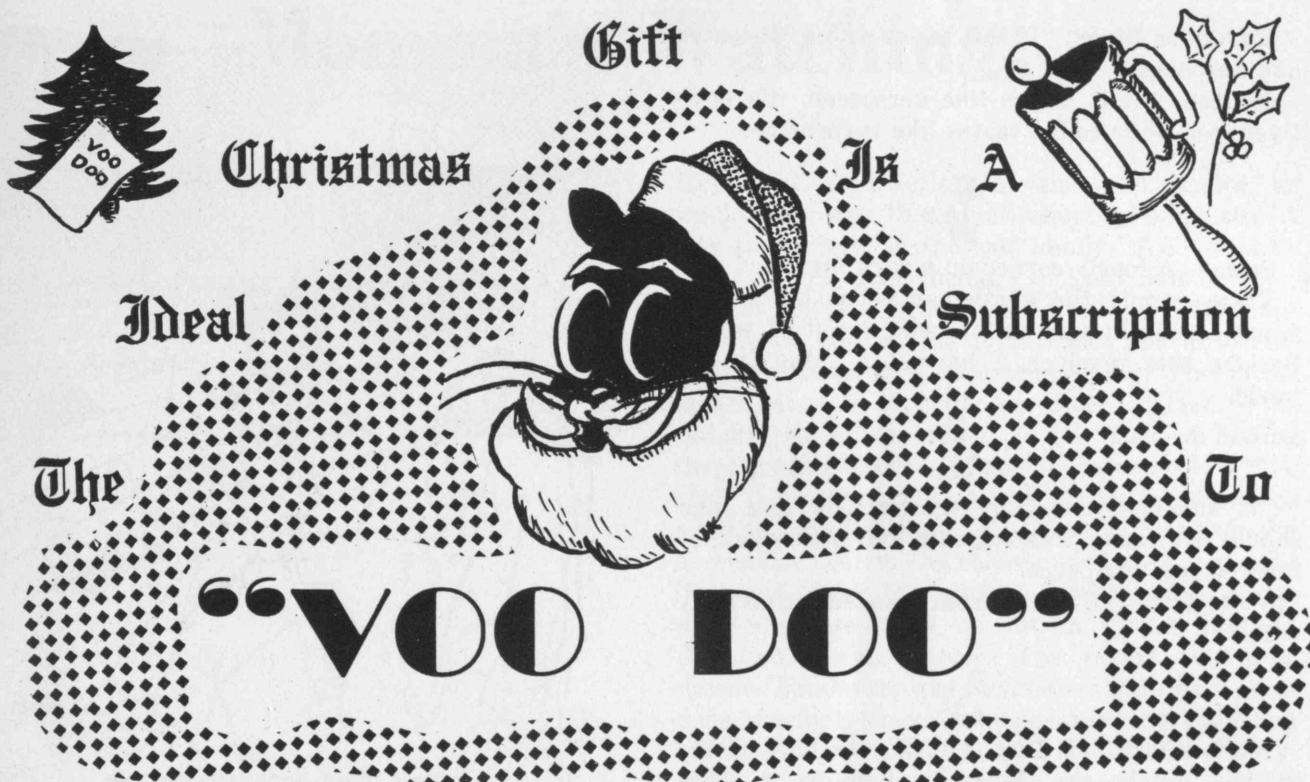
●—●—●



"Pardon me, do you have a match?"







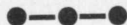
*Your girl is guaranteed to think of you at least eight times a year.*



*Your high-school teachers will wish that they too had had gone to college.*



*Your kid brother will be the life of the platoon.*



*Your mother will realize that you have finally grown up.*



*Your old man will feel more like paying next term's tuition.*



*Your kid sister will be shocked.*



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Commons Diner: "Is this tea or coffee? It tastes like kerosene."

Waiter: "If it tastes like kersosene, it's positively tea—our coffee tastes like turpentine."



Scene—A lonely corner on a dark night.

Voice—would the gentleman be so kind as to assist a poor hungry fellow who is out of work? Besides this revolver, I haven't a thing in the world.



"If anyone knows any reason why this man should not marry this lady, let him now speak, or forever hold his peace."

Voice from the rear: "That's no lady, that's my wife."



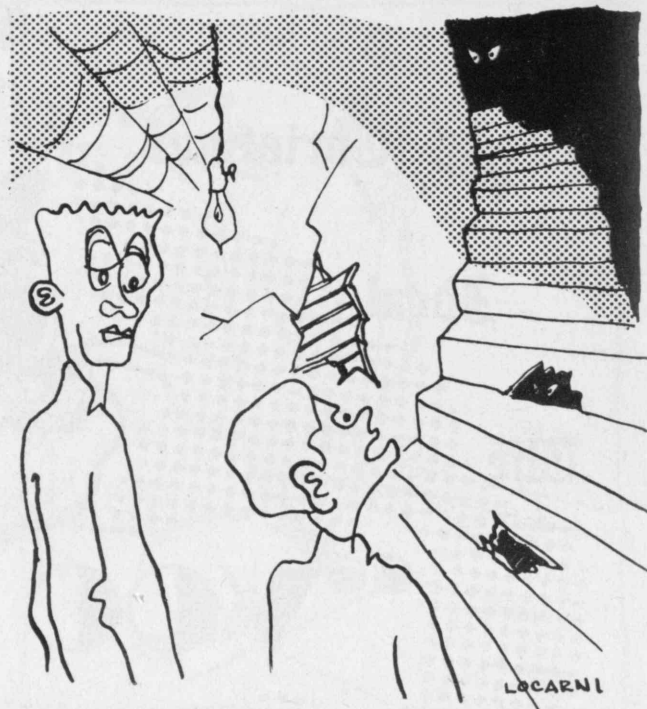
When a girl finds that she isn't the only pebble on the beach, she generally becomes a little boulder.



A wealthy old gentleman was sitting in his wheel chair in his garden when a beautiful lass with a classy chassis was going by. In a flash, he hollered, "Quick, James, bring me my teeth. I want to whistle."



"Garcon, consomme bouillon, hors d'oeuvres, fricassa poulet, pommes de terre, demitasse, des glaces, and tell that mug in the corner to keep his lamps off me moll, see?"



*About that blind date you got me...*

Teacher: "The jackass walked down the street."  
Kid: "Whatsa jackass?"

Teacher: "You mean to sit there and look me in the face and say you don't know what a jackass is?"



All right—So what—You heard a mouse squeak—what do you want me to do—oil it?

## Charlie Mun

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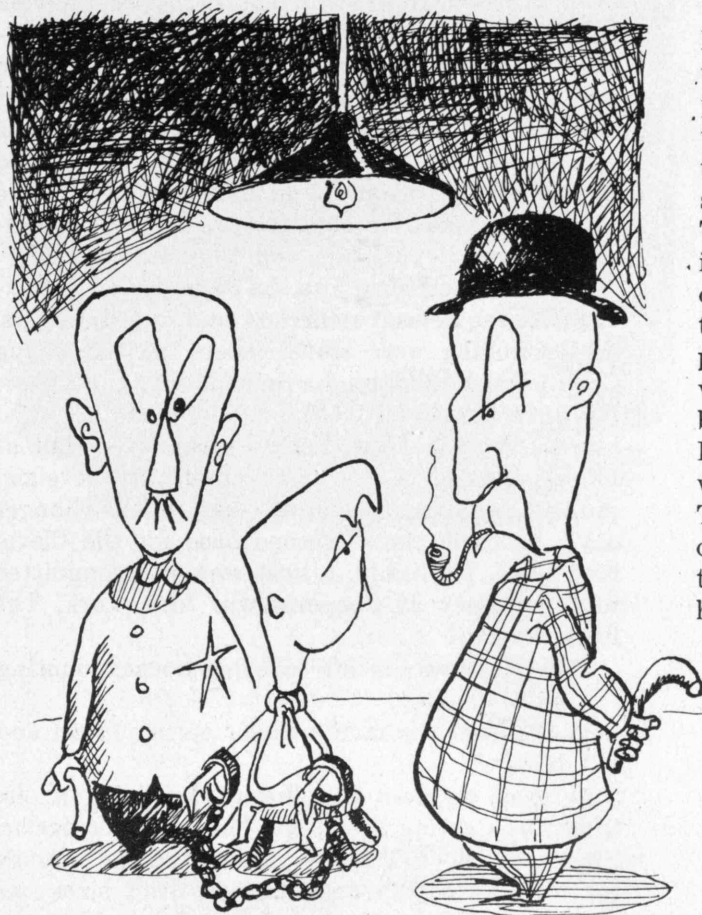
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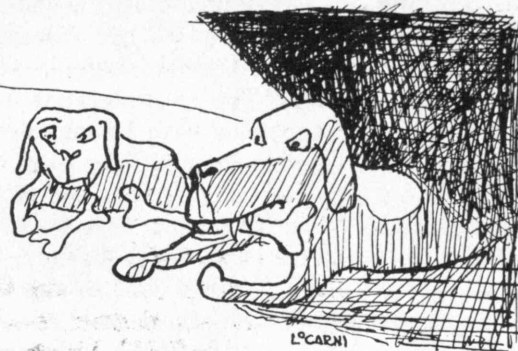


# Momma's Watching!

by Lenny Gross



Hugh, the gardener's son, was interrogated, he would only say, "I ate him shortly before tea. A pity that there was no salt handy." The mastiffs would burp in fond memory of their holiday from the austerity program, which was no help whatsoever. Of course, the public was not informed. That would have been a great folly. The prime investigators of Scotland Yard were alerted to the catastrophe and assigned to the task of finding the young Prince. Inspector Meyers suspected foul play. The only parallel to the search that resulted was the time the Stone of Scone was brought over by banana boat to the colonies and exchanged for Plymouth Rock. Naturally a great many things were uncovered, but no Crown Prince Rodney. The Court was frantic. The public began to clamor. The newspapers asked embarrassing questions. In fact, one newspaper ran the following headline, "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!" Every-



"The principal substance in the diet of the Griffandy is the flesh of another Griffandy."

"What is a Griffandy?"

"Somebody who lives in the Griffand Islands."

"Oh!"

"Let's play Griffandy!"

"Yes, let's. Shall I eat you, or shall you eat me?"

"I'll eat you. You go fetch a tub and some firewood. I rather detest uncooked meat."

"Righto!"

And thusly, dear readers, was the heir presumptive to the throne of Britain eaten by his playmate. Since the royal mastiffs ran off with the bones and devoured what entrails remained, the disappearance of young Crown Prince Rodney remained quite the mystery. When his playmate,

body agreed and clamored even louder. The labor party accused the conservatives of something. They weren't quite sure of what. The conservatives accused the laborites of something else. They weren't quite sure either. A leader of the Liberals lifted his voice in protest. The mention of a color of quite long wavelength was increased noticeably. The Irish had their Irish up. Many wails were heard from Wales. The Scotch said, "To Hell with the dollar!" and started drinking their principal export, when suddenly . . . the secret was out.

Can I leave it to your collective imaginations to deduce the resulting scene? No. That would be an even greater folly. The Manchester Guardian ran a Sunday supplement; then a Monday supplement. Ambassadors offered the aid of their staffs. People stopped clamoring and started wheezing. By the

time the Tuesday supplement appeared, soap-box orators at Hyde Park changed their orations to, "Crown Princes Don't Disappear And When They Do, Something's Afoot." Honest citizens were baffled. They weren't sure of what to do. Some re-clamored. Others continued to wheeze. Amidst the clamoring and wheezing rose a figure. A hero. A born leader of men. He neither clamored nor wheezed. He was one of those rare individuals possessed of a clear, calculating brain. A challenge to anything that required cunning analysis. Inspector Meyers recognized the need for such a man; but he recommended his son-in-law, La Salle, because La Salle was a promising lad.

La Salle was promptly knighted and dubbed Lord Inspector of the Disappearance of the Crown Prince Rodney. He was given extraordinary powers. He ordered that all church bells were to cease ringing until the Crown Prince was located. The ringers of church bells once again were forced into retirement. Deacons, Pastors, and Priests, were happy. They could add the bell ringer's salaries to their own with a minimum of cost accounting. The bell ringer's callouses soon waned into nothingness. They grumbled. Others grumbled. The grumbling added to the wheezing and the clamoring caused a most singular sound to issue from the Isles. The seismographs at Fordham University responded with an eagerness most peculiar, even to scismographs. The good Fathers in the Bronx scratched their heads and plotted an earthquake in Peru. The Peruvians were greatly alarmed but unhurt. The good Fathers in the Bronx haven't lived it down yet. In the interim, La Salle interviewed the last person to see poor Crown Prince Rodney, little Hugh, the gardener's son. As before, little Hugh said, "I ate him shortly before tea. It did spoil my appetite, you know."

La Salle was indeed a promising lad. He looked for witnesses. Even Inspector Meyers looked for witnesses. Inspector Meyers was even more positive than ever that foul play was afoot. They could find no witnesses. Nobody wanted to be a witness. The gardener locked the door to the nursery at night. Everybody said, "Aha!" La Salle would only commit a small, "Hmmm." He was respected for his caution. The bell ringers applied for public aid. One bell ringer who hadn't eaten for two weeks attempted to nip the ear of the Lord Mayor of Benthorough. He was taken to the gates of the city and publicly stoned in true Biblical fashion. The public was obviously at a height of frenzy. The frenzy succeeded in coupling itself with the grumbling, wheezing, and clamoring

which had not yet subsided. Once more the seismographs at Fordham University went wild. The good Fathers in the Bronx would not be fooled a second time. They were positive that there would be an earthquake in Peru. The Peruvians laughed but the subsequent earthquake killed nearly everybody in Peru, anyway. Those who survived were claimed by Argentina. The President of the United States sent a strong note of protest. The note was ignored, so he sent the Marines to Nicaragua, cleaned out the malaria, and had a canal built. The canal was named after a famous Missouri politician and the Republicans won the next election.

Not to be set for a loss, La Salle performed exhaustive inquiries, researches, and investigations. While looking over some papers of the young Crown Prince Rodney, La Salle noticed the following lines, which solved the mystery and accorded him a place in New York University's Hall of Fame, whereupon the manager of the Cleveland Indians notified one and all that in his younger days, La Salle played second base for the Cleveland team. Naturally, a bust was also committed to the gallery at Cooperstown, New York. The lines were:

"The King was in his counting house, counting all his money,

The Queen was in the parlor eating bread and honey."

Now then, deduced the shrewd La Salle, if the Queen was eating bread and honey in her parlor, she might very well have gazed from the window for want of a better occupation. And since the parlor window overlooks the yard in which the young Crown Prince Rodney was wont to play and frolic, it is absolutely possible that she, the Queen, saw the foul deed perpetrated. When the Queen was confronted with this mass of evidence, she broke down and confessed all. "Yes," she sobbed, "I saw the foul deed perpetrated, but I wouldn't turn in dear little Hugh. He did rather a great favor. I detested the Crown Prince Rodney. He chewed my finest tapestries."

As a result of her confession, the Queen was exiled to the colonies, where she procured a job as Secretary of Labor and lived happily ever after. The gardener's son, Hugh, was asked many questions by the Royal Society and the Imperial College. He was afterwards given a scholarship to Oxford and admonished not to eat between meals. Inspector Meyers was forgotten and the bell ringers rang their bells. Afterwards, they went home and put vaseline on their blisters.





She (gasping): "Oh, please, use two hands."

He: "Can't. Gotta drive with one."



The codfish lays a million eggs,  
The barnyard hen but one;  
The codfish doesn't cackle,  
To show what she has done.  
We scorn the modest codfish,  
The cackling hen we prize;  
Proving that beyond all doubt  
It pays to advertise.

Be Good to Our Advertisers.  
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Oh my God! My clapper broke.

The stagecoach was crowded and the elderly spinster felt her small purse being snatched from her hand. She turned quickly and thought she saw a low-looking character slip it into his trouser pocket. Indignantly, she jabbed her hand into his pocket, gasped and then fainted.

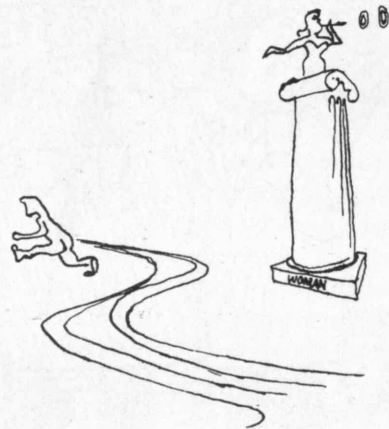
"Say!" demanded one of the men of the stagecoach, "What do you have in your pocket?"

The character arched his brows, shrugged and said, "Who's got pockets?"

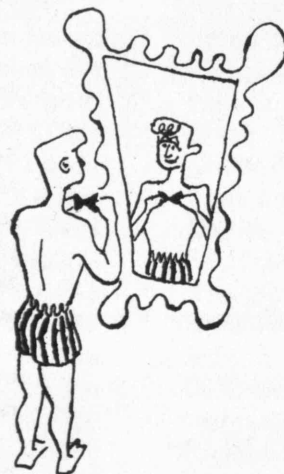
# A Fellow Needs a Girl?



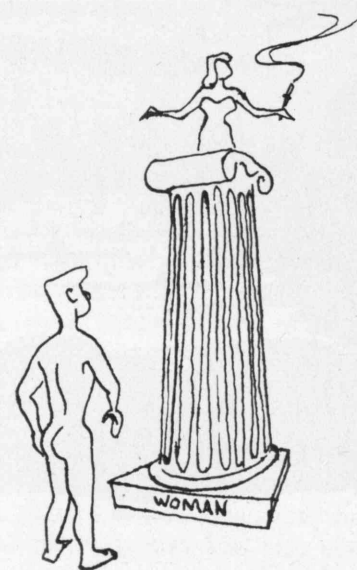
1) Here is a bachelor, a typical exponent of that gay, happy, carefree, way of life.



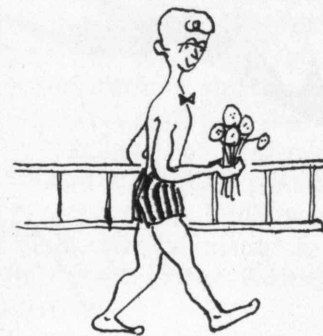
3) Ah, but to resist is to make yourself worthy of . . . a . . . excuse me a moment.



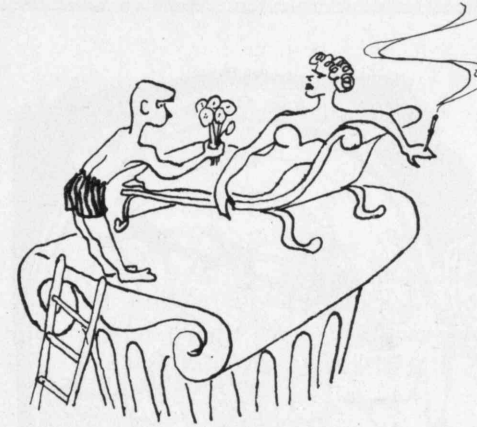
4) What's the big idea? Get back out there and do it the way we rehearsed.



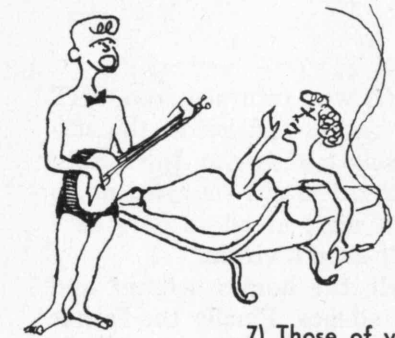
2) Of course to be a bachelor is to be subjected to all manner of insidious temptation.



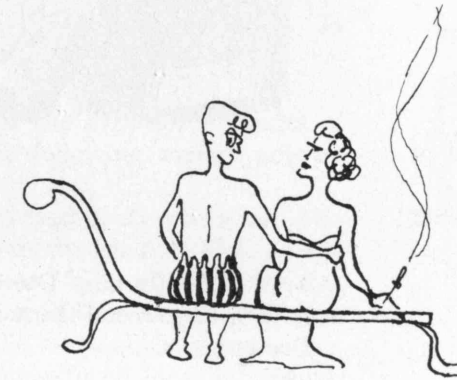
5) Oh come now, old man, you can't be serious. Think of the pitfalls, the dangers.



6) I'm afraid things have gotten a little out of hand here, but I'm sure everything will straighten out in a minute and we'll be able to continue the lecture.



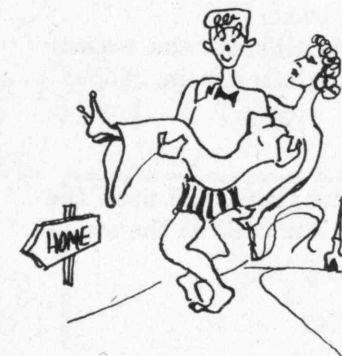
7) Those of you interested in such things will observe the inferior technique being used here.



8) As long as you're going through with this, you might as well do it right. A little higher with the right hand there.



9) The situation has deteriorated to the ridiculous at this point. I really must apologize.



10) In the interest of not corrupting the young ones we can omit the scene at the church and of course we all know what happens next.



11) Well, as I was saying; the bachelor's life represents the ideal sta . . .



"Who gave the bride away?"

"Nobody. I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."



There was a farm girl who returned from MIT after one quarter. Her father met her at the station and they drove home together on the family tractor. On the way back, the girl snuggled up to Papa and confessed: "I ain't at all as pure as I used to be, Papa. I ain't even a virgin."

The father's face fell, the horses neighed and there was a prolonged silence. Finally the father turned to the wayward daughter and said: "After all your mother and I have done for you. Scrimp and save to send you through college. Work our fingers to the bone, and still you say ain't."



Mistress: "You know, I suspect my husband of having a love affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "I don't believe it. You're only saying that to make me jealous."



Howsh about one more for the road?



Army nurse (to busy Doctor): "Doctor, what shall I do with these rectal thermometers?"

Doctor:...



Then there's the Sultan who kept his harem three miles from where he lived. Every day he sent his man servant to get him a girl. The Sultan lived to be eighty-seven, but the servant died when he was only thirty.

The moral of the story is: It's not the women that kill you, but the running after them.



The ice man smiled as his glance fell upon the sign: "Please drive slowly. The child in the street may be yours."



Speaking of little old ladies brings to mind the story of a young fellow who took his dainty grandmother to see the roadshow tour of "Tobacco Road." After the first two profane acts, the little old lady was groping under her seat.

"What's the matter, grandma?" asked the boy.

"Oh," she said, "I've lost my goddam program."

Overheard: "A fresh guy tried to pick me up on the street yesterday. Boy, what an apartment he's got."



Liquor kills a lot of people. Staying out late kills a lot of people. Smoking kills a lot of people. What the hell kills the people who live right?



"Never state as a fact anything you are not certain about," the professor told his class in journalism, "or you will get into libel suits. In such cases use the words, 'alleged,' 'claimed,' 'reputed,' 'rumored,' and so forth."

A month later one of the brighter students of the class submitted the following society note to the college paper:

"It is rumored that a card party was given yesterday by a number of reputed ladies. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was hostess. It is alleged that the guests with the exception of Mrs. Brown, who says she hails from Eagleville, were all from here. Mrs. Smith claims she is the wife of Jonathan Smith; the so-called 'Honest Man' trading on Main Street."



If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told, if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a collegian, the editor gets kicked out of school.



Who comforts me in moments of despair?  
Who runs fingers lightly through my hair?  
Who cooks my meals and darns my hose?  
Squeezes nose drops in my nose?  
Who always has a word of praise?  
Sets out my rubbers on rainy days?  
Who scrubs my back when in a shower?  
And wakes me at the proper hour?  
Who helps keep me on the beam?  
And figures in my every dream?  
I do.

—naturally

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DKE No. 1: "What are you doing with my raincoat on?"

DKE No. 2: "Keeping your suit dry."



"I know a man who has been married for 30 years and he spends every evening at home."

"That's what I call love."

"The doctor calls it paralysis."



Labor strains you;  
Funds disappear;  
Liquor trains you;  
And dope feels queer.  
Tobacco's awful;  
Taxes are high;  
Sex isn't lawful;  
You might as well die.

A young lady violinist on an English concert tour entered a little music shop in the suburbs of London. "I want an E string, please," she told the clerk.

After considerable fumbling, he produced a box and offered it to her. "Lady," he said, blushing furiously, "I'm rather new here. Would you mind picking it out for yourself? I hardly know the 'es from the shes."



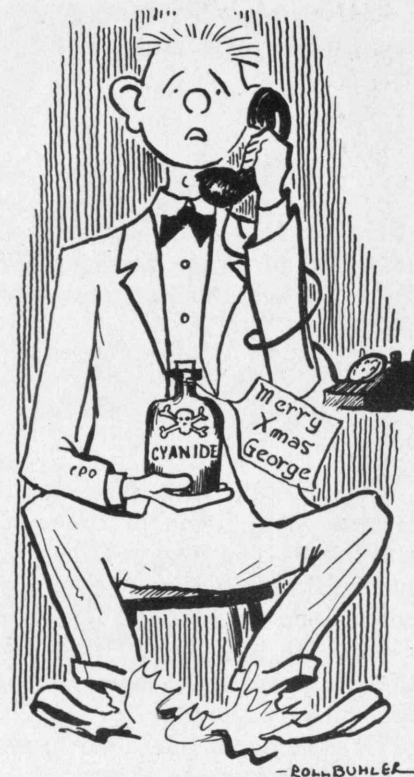
"Good night," she purred at the door. "It was fun noing you."



"You remind me of Nero."

"Why?"

"Here I am burning, and you're just fiddling around."



...Does this mean your  
love has faded, darling?

Little dog looking up at parking meter: "Hell!—Ya gotta pay now!"

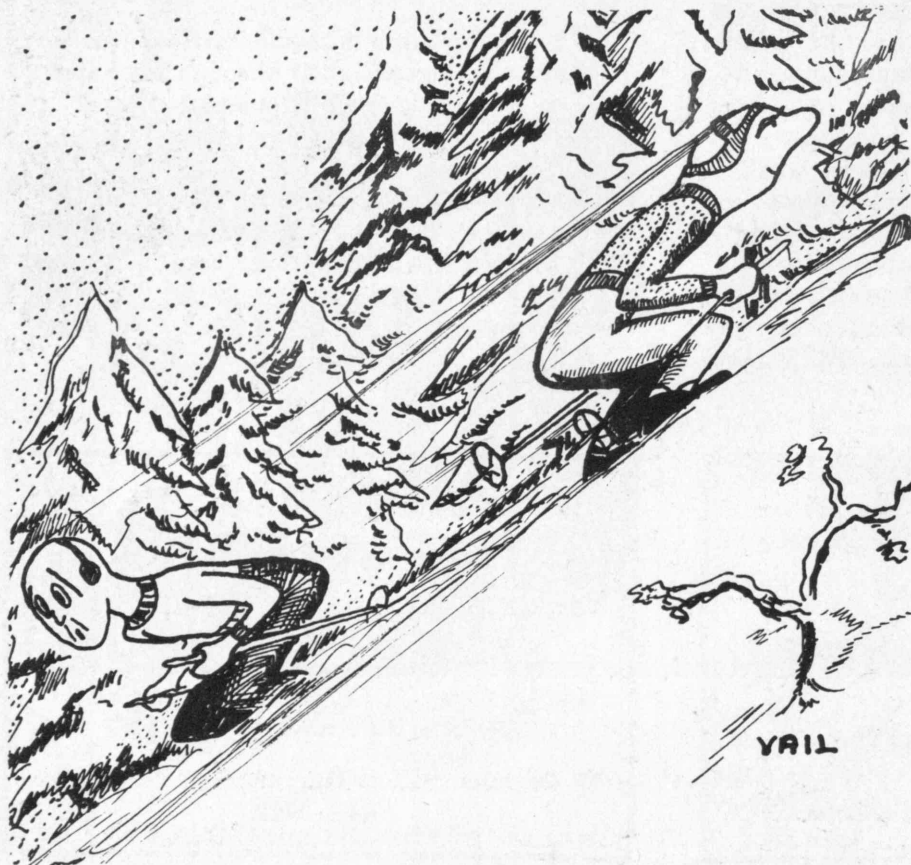


A young reporter, asked to cut his verbose stories shorter, wrote on the following day, as follows:

"James C. Humphries looked up the shaft at the Union Hotel this morning to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. Aged 24."



"That's the spirit!" cried the medium as the table began to rise.



## DOO

Leon—Have you heard about my new book dealing with the sex life of the Indians?

Peon—No, what's it called?

Leon—The Lust of the Mohicans.



"Sure our coffee looks like mud! It was ground this morning."



"Look," said Noah, "I'm placing the nail here in the proper place. When I nod my head, hit it with your hammer."

Rhodes did.

Noah is succeeded by Shem, Ham, and Japeth.



Doctor: You must avoid all forms of excitement.

Frosh: Can I look at them on the street?

"My boyfriend is serving on an island in the Pacific."

"Which one?"

"Alcatraz."



And then there was the fellow who fell into a lens grinding machine and made a spectacle of himself.



The car was parked by the side of the road in the shade of a giant Suguaro. Slowly over the rim of the canyon rose an orange moon, great and grinning, seeming full of desirable things. Suddenly she slid into his arms with a little sigh.

"Jim, dear," she whispered, "do you love me?"

"No," came the halting reply, "but I certainly admire your taste."



"A thing of beauty is a joy forever..."



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had me  
out  
on a  
limb!"



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