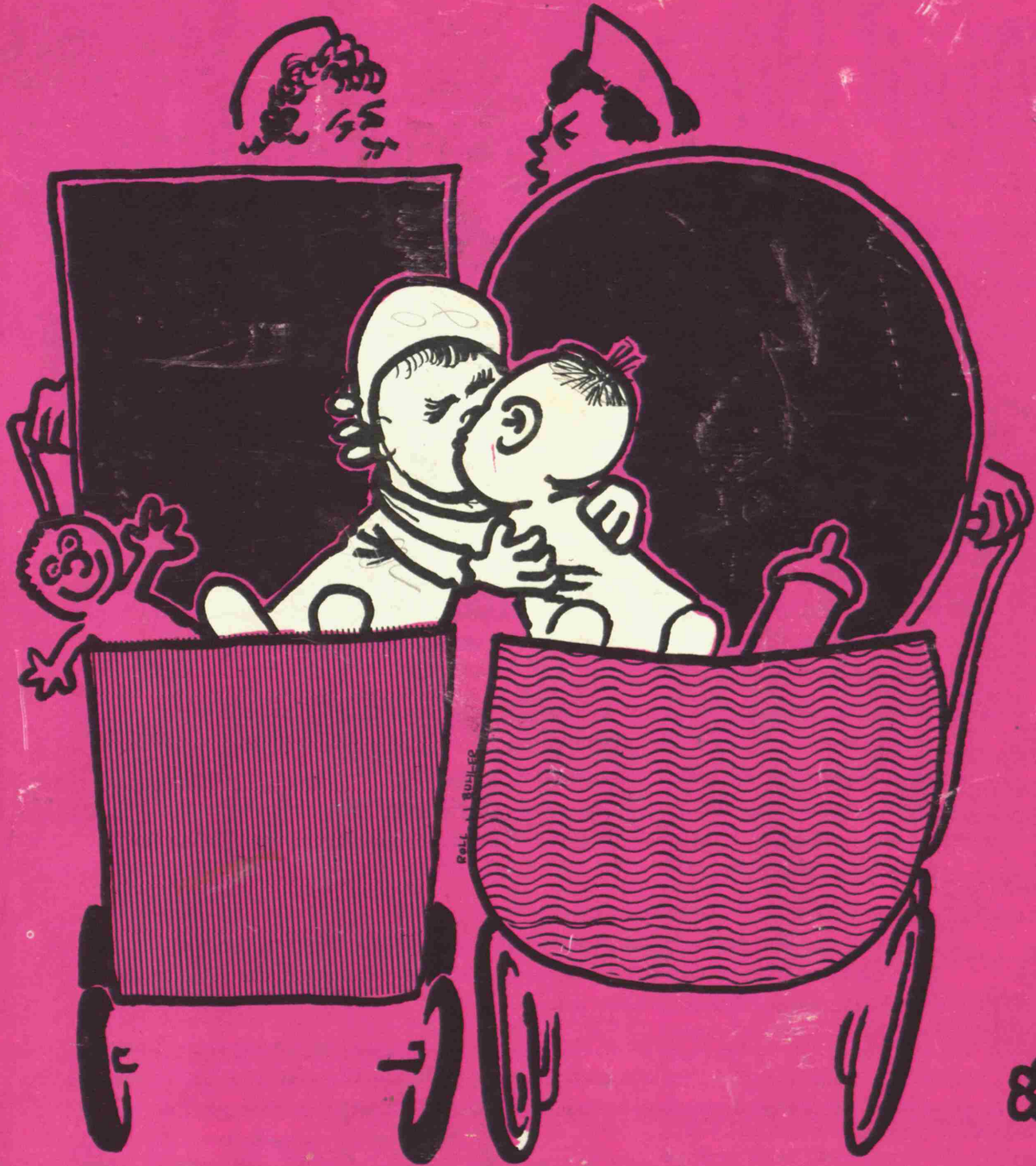


Voo Doo



Apr.

"Spring"

25c

The April Sun's a Sly Old Fox



Hold on a minute before you go charging out among the tulips and listen to the old, old tale about the woes of the April sun. It's a sly fox this time of year. It has lured men for centuries right into an oxygen tent . . . even the strongest of them. And the reason is the same today as it always was: not enough protective clothing.

What we're thinking about is the hat, or lack of it. Plunge into a hot shower then rush out of the gym without a hat and you're on the first leg of a trip to the infirmary. The head is vulnerable, terribly vulnerable, to the breezes and sudden chills of April. Thick, long hair helped the Neanderthal, but there aren't many of them around any more. The rest of us need hats.

A hat has one purpose: protection. It protects the head from wind and cold and sun and rain. It protects the eyes and the sinuses. And on top of all this, it improves *everyone's* appearance. Any way you look at it, it makes good sense to wear a hat.

Take a look at some of the new styles designed for young men. They've come a long way since grandpa's day. They make you *look* better, just as they make you *feel* better. Hats are "as healthy as they are handsome."

"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

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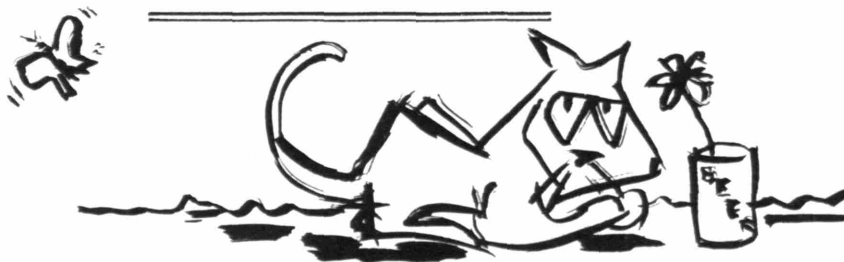
A magazine, called *The Motive*, appeared in the *Voo Doo* office one day this month. From whence? This magazine is the official organ of the Methodist Student Movement and isn't very funny. We read it anyway. One of its more fascinating articles was entitled, "The College Humor-less Magazine." They ripped into us. After four pages of unrelenting attack, we emerged shattered, shaken, and very nearly unhinged, "afraid of the implications of a moral code which values the family above physical pleasure and afraid of the alternative implications of a code based on sensuality."

They didn't like our jokes. They didn't like our stories. They didn't like our whole tone. We are dirty. We should clean-up. We should write feature articles about professors, living-groups, and activities. For humor, we should publish nice anecdotes stolen from the *Reader's Digest*. We may even write newsy articles about "The Pinko Menace," not to mention the nice type of fiction found in *The Tech's Literary Supplement*. Naturally, we'll feed Phos nature's milk.

IT MIGHT HAPPEN HERE! It happened at Princeton. And that's a school, too. We sort of hope that it won't. We like our magazine almost the way it is. We can't be perfectly satisfied, because then we won't improve. But we sleep easily. We think you like it too. We say this because our circulation jumped 1,000 in a year and a half.

If you really want the change, we'll probably change. First you must let us know. Don't let *Voo Doo* deteriorate into a "clique which is self-perpetuating and self-satisfied." We think too much of *Voo Doo* to want that to happen.

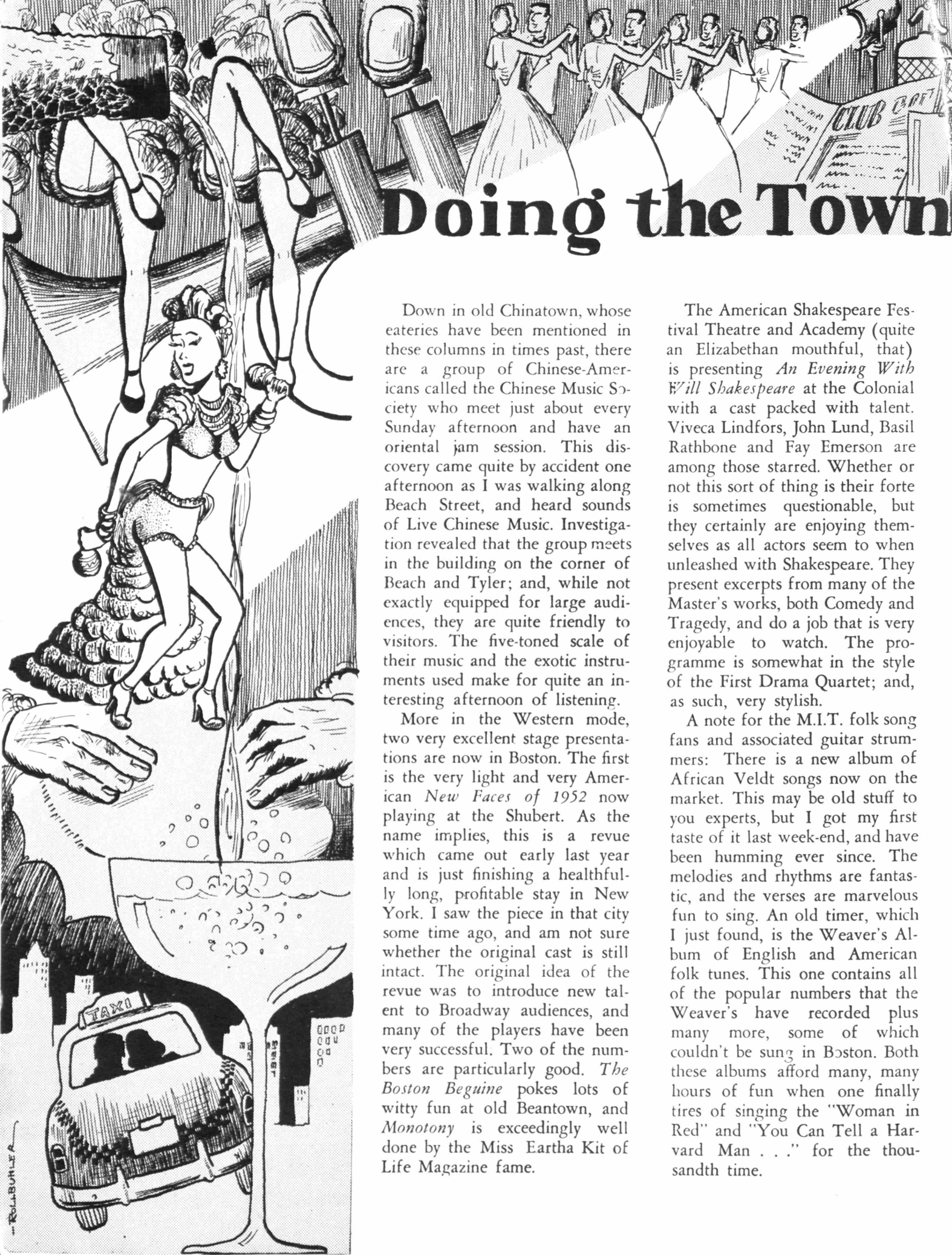
—L. B. G.



This month's cover by Rollbuhler

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Doing the Town

Down in old Chinatown, whose eateries have been mentioned in these columns in times past, there are a group of Chinese-Americans called the Chinese Music Society who meet just about every Sunday afternoon and have an oriental jam session. This discovery came quite by accident one afternoon as I was walking along Beach Street, and heard sounds of Live Chinese Music. Investigation revealed that the group meets in the building on the corner of Beach and Tyler; and, while not exactly equipped for large audiences, they are quite friendly to visitors. The five-toned scale of their music and the exotic instruments used make for quite an interesting afternoon of listening.

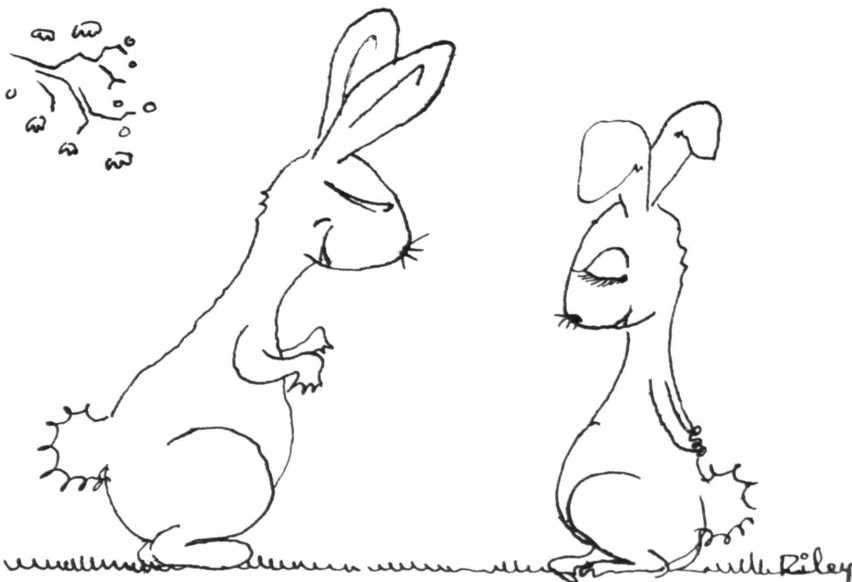
More in the Western mode, two very excellent stage presentations are now in Boston. The first is the very light and very American *New Faces of 1952* now playing at the Shubert. As the name implies, this is a revue which came out early last year and is just finishing a healthfully long, profitable stay in New York. I saw the piece in that city some time ago, and am not sure whether the original cast is still intact. The original idea of the revue was to introduce new talent to Broadway audiences, and many of the players have been very successful. Two of the numbers are particularly good. *The Boston Beguine* pokes lots of witty fun at old Beantown, and *Monotony* is exceedingly well done by the Miss Eartha Kit of Life Magazine fame.

The American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy (quite an Elizabethan mouthful, that) is presenting *An Evening With Will Shakespeare* at the Colonial with a cast packed with talent. Viveca Lindfors, John Lund, Basil Rathbone and Fay Emerson are among those starred. Whether or not this sort of thing is their forte is sometimes questionable, but they certainly are enjoying themselves as all actors seem to when unleashed with Shakespeare. They present excerpts from many of the Master's works, both Comedy and Tragedy, and do a job that is very enjoyable to watch. The programme is somewhat in the style of the First Drama Quartet; and, as such, very stylish.

A note for the M.I.T. folk song fans and associated guitar strummers: There is a new album of African Veldt songs now on the market. This may be old stuff to you experts, but I got my first taste of it last week-end, and have been humming ever since. The melodies and rhythms are fantastic, and the verses are marvelous fun to sing. An old timer, which I just found, is the Weaver's Album of English and American folk tunes. This one contains all of the popular numbers that the Weaver's have recorded plus many more, some of which couldn't be sung in Boston. Both these albums afford many, many hours of fun when one finally tires of singing the "Woman in Red" and "You Can Tell a Harvard Man . . ." for the thousandth time.

In four years at the Institute, I have discovered only two really exceptional restaurants in Boston. One of which you all know and probably join me in being unable to afford: Locke-Ober. The other I have not mentioned before; it is called The Charles. The address is Chestnut Street. It's down on the Hill about one-half block towards the river from Charles Street. They serve quite a number of meals, but are justly famous for their Buffet. This dinner starts with hors d'oeuvres, passes through soup or a fruit cocktail to the entrée. Here there is a choice of roast beef, braised tenderloin tips in mushroom sauce, roast duck, steak, or lobster any style. I don't know what to recommend, it's all good. For dessert, you make your own sundae with as much goo as you can take. The service is impeccable. It is practically impossible to empty your water glass unless you cheat and quaff it down while the waiter's back is turned. The tariff is \$3.50, except for steak and lobster. Drinks are available, and the atmosphere is intimate.

—J. F. K.



"You don't smoke, you don't drink---What do you do?"

A Golddigger is a girl who breaks dates by going out with them.



The village blacksmith had just finished heating up the horseshoe and placed it on the anvil with a pair of tongs.

"Hi-hi-hi-hi-hit it," he stuttered to his helper.

"Wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the other.

"Aw, h-h-h-h-hell. Now we'll have to heat it again."

Heidi: "But I'm only thirteen!"
Richard: "This is no time for superstition."



The teacher asked the class how Noah spent his time while on the ark. There being no response from the class of little tots, she added; "I suppose he did a lot of fishing."

"Fine chance," jeered little Freddie, "with only two worms!"

WHOLESALE

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A friend of ours is working in the low temperature lab, running experiments at temperatures within a few degrees of absolute zero. He wrote home and told his mother he was working in the low temperature lab. She sent him a pair of gloves.

The way we figure it, he's cool and his mother's crazy.

The Voo Doo research staff has finally come up with the true explanation of that walled-up head in Building 1. It seems one of our more promising students was recently given the heave by his girl, and was looking for a fitting way to end it all. So he took his bricks and his mortar, and sealed himself up tight inside the head. Then he clogged the toilet, and slowly and painfully, flushed himself to death.

P.S. This probably explains the origin of the phrase, "Aw go flush yourself."

P.P.S. You got any friends? Flush them, too.

M.I.T.'s own genius has recently come out with a book indicating that he was once a boy, which many critics have reviewed favorably.

The newsdealer was a wizened old fellow who couldn't have been more than four feet high. He was lively enough, though, having just pushed and scolded a newsboy away from his corner. He ambled up to take our \$.35 for *Galaxy*. As we turned away, we spotted another magazine, *If*, or *Preposterous*, or some such. The newsdealer came around and peered over our elbow as we examined it. "What's that?" he asked suddenly. We puzzled for a few seconds and then told him that it was science fiction. Next he stopped us cold with, "Do you believe in the hereafter?" We replied that we did believe in a hereafter of a sort. "I don't," he asserted. "My mother died twenty years ago, and I ain't ever seen her since." We handed over another \$.35, and walked on our way, thinking that it does indeed take all kinds.

The Voo Doo editors, being cultural as hell, attended the recent concert of the chorus of the University of Puerto Rico. One selection in particular drew our attention because of its brevity. It was called the "Romance de Don Rodrigues" and lasted fully forty-five seconds. "Swiftly Rodrigues," we thought, laughing wickedly to ourselves.

On the top floor of Building 3, there is a showcase containing several specimens of three-inch steel rod, bent, mauled, twisted into knots, and generally deformed. Now, we have passed this display several times without being particularly impressed; but on our last pass there was a small, shy-looking type standing in front of it. As we walked by, we could hear him muttering to himself, "He didn't look strong, but God, was he mad!"

Let no one shout from a rooftop that the average young Bostonian is not acquainted with her fair metropolis. Recently one such dainty damsel was overheard pointing out the sights to her date from the porthole of an MTA bus. As the bus crossed the Longfellow Bridge she said, "See that over there," pointing to the Cambridge Electric Light Company, "that's M.I.T."

Said the blonde at the cocktail party: "I feel a hell of a lot more like I do now than I did when I came."

She: "You know I'm 5 ft. 6 in. stripped?"

He: "But you don't have to strip to have your height read!"

She: "That's what I told the doctor."



News item: "A number of guests were perfectly camouflaged against the wall, which was also plastered."



Lila: "Isn't the moonlight lovely tonight?"

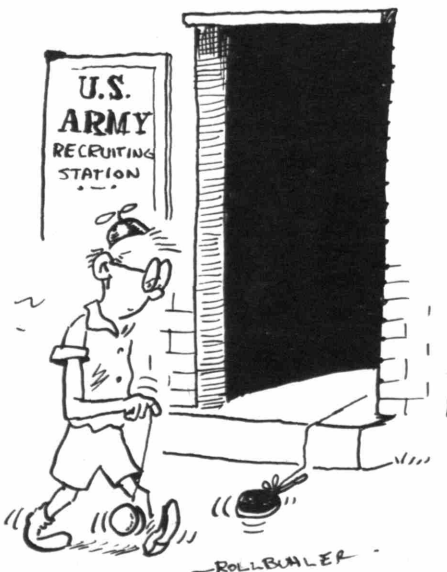
Ed: "I'm not interested in astronomy now, and besides, I'm in no position to say."



"I'll take off my hat to you oyster eaters. It was all I could do to eat three last night."

"Weren't they fresh? What did they look like when you opened them?"

"Oh, do you have to open them?"



Two lobbyists met at a party in Washington. "How's business?" one asked the other.

"Well, you know how it is," said the other. "This business is like sex. When it's good, it's wonderful. When it's bad—it's still pretty good."



A rather healthy gal we know fainted the other day. Took six men to carry her out. Two astern and two abreast.



A girl's clothes are at their best when she feels the coolest and looks the hottest.



The plumber, after weeks and weeks, had finally come to fix the drain in the bathroom. The man of the house told him, though, "You can't do it now. My wife is taking a bath."

"That's O.K.," the plumber said, "I'll take off my hat."

Bob says he must be getting old; can't take "yes" for an answer any more.



A bird in the hand is worthless when you want to blow your nose.



She: You don't mind my singing, do you?

He: Not at all; I work in a sawmill.



"Did you give your penny to the Sunday School?" asked the mother.

"No, Ma, I lost it."

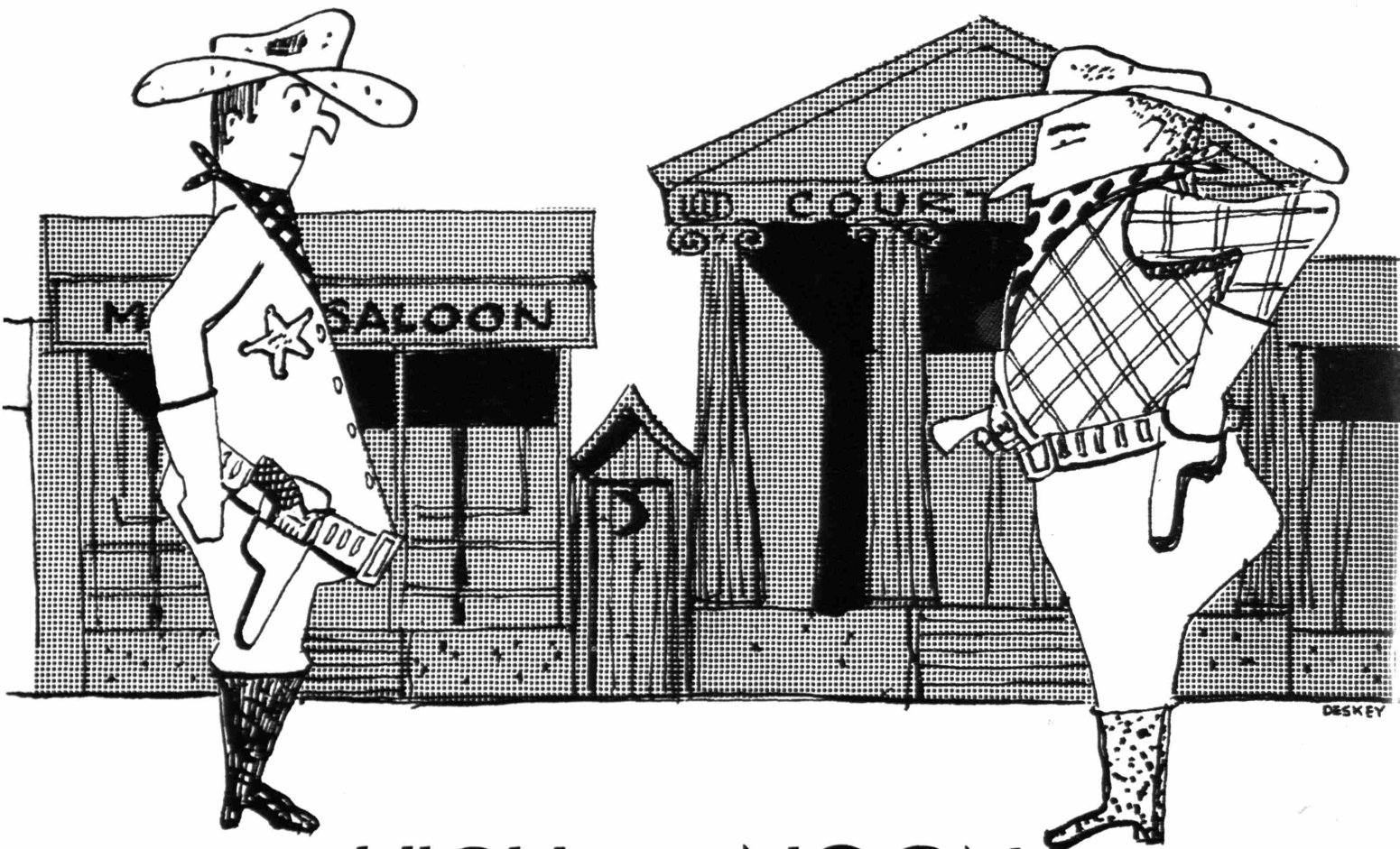
"That makes three Sundays in a row you've lost your penny."

"I know, Ma, but that kid's luck can't last forever."



"Man, is she ugly?"

"You're not kidding. I've seen a better head on a boil."



I'LL BE HIGH BY NOON

By Mike Deskey

Out West, where men are men and women are not exactly indifferent to the fact, a motion picture was being shot. And if it's the one I saw last night, it deserves to be shot. It was a picture about Texas, made in Arizona by a bunch of Californians. It was also a "B" picture, meaning it was less likely to inspire fan letters from humans than from a swarm of hornets. Its plot, roughly, goes something like this.

Sheriff Snavelly had just committed matrimony. His wife was the former school marm, Gisela Piffel, a pretty, young, blond thing in calico and gingham who had come west for an abortion. To Sheriff Snavelly, getting married meant little more than giving up his occupation as peace officer of the small town of Trafflams (a post that contained, incidentally, opportunity for considerable graft) and settling down to his relatively humdrum existence of being a husband to Gisela, and a trapper of Japanese beetles.

At this point, "Speedy" Gonzales dashed into the festivities bearing evil tidings. "Three Gun" Wurtzburger was arriving in town on the noon

train with the avowed purpose of dropping Snavelly from the census of Trafflams.

"He's a mean 'un," gasped Gonzales, through hurried cups of the wedding punch.

Sheriff Snavelly gave a look intending to mean manliness and modest heroism. It could have easily been mistaken for constipation. "Wal," drawled Snavelly, unconsciously imitating a tobacco auctioneer he had heard once. "Ah reckon ah'll have to mosey on down and plug the ornery varmint."

"No, No!" screamed his newly made wife, "Yuh cain't vamoose just after we-all's been hitched. It hain't gentlemanly. Besides, Ah don't wants tuh be no widder without you can first collect some gov'mint pension."

"Not go?" protested the sheriff, giving her a look that was calculated to wither the three and a half pounds of horsehair she wore in her brassière, "Not go? Mah duty calls, Gisela." Spurs a-jingling, Sheriff Snavelly strode out thuh (I mean the) door. "Ah aims tuh round up a posse tuh help me take care of the ugly sidewinder," he thought.

The news of the prospective ruckus spread

through town like wildfire. By ten-thirty, "Sussex" Wasservogel was giving six to five odds on Wurtzburger, and during the next hour nearly every man, woman and child had made some sort of a wager, and were eagerly awaiting the expected fusilade.

"Lumpkin Stroud," called Snavely to a man rocking on a porch. "Whut's thet yer smokin' in thet pipe o' yourn, yer social security card er suthin?"

"Nope," replied Stroud laconically.

"Ah wants thet yuh should help me rid this town of 'Three Gun' Wurtzburger at Noon," said the sheriff.

"Ah cain't on account o' mah asthma," wheezed Stroud.

"Sick, sick," yelled Snavely at Stroud. "Whenever Ah asks yuh tuh help me, yuh say you're sick. You're nuthin but a god damned nymphomaniac!"

"Ah'm just Noel Coward's brother, Craven," replied Stroud quietly.

The sheriff tried several more of his friends. Orland Pophead and Ivan O'Reilly were at a Young Communist Club meeting. He stopped at Tecumseh Biggerstaff's establishment and looked at the sign. It said: "Tecumseh Biggerstaff—maker of fine cigar ashes since 1904. Discoveries made at reasonable rates. I furnish my own bicycle."

Snavely glanced at his watch. Eleven-forty-five. About time to amble down to the depot and ventilate Wurtzburger. But still no help. He decided to enlist the services of an Indian Chief loitering in a doorway. This Indian happened in once on the tent of General Custer, his wife and child, one cold night, somewhat before the battle of Little Big Horn. All he saw was three frozen Custers. But that is neither here nor there.

"How," said Snavely, "Will yuh help me?"

"O. K." said the Indian chief.

Snavely was so overjoyed at getting help that he said to the Indian chief, "Chief, Ah'm so happy thet Ah'm a-goin' tuh name thuh noon train after yuh. Whut do yuh think of thet, Chief?"

"Super," said the chief.

In thuh (I mean the) meantime, Wurtzburger had already arrived on the noon train, which, in this work of fiction, was ten minutes early. The townspeople were tense with excitement and anticipation at the impending trampas walk.

The two men walked slowly down the main street towards each other. Hands by their guns, step by step, they narrowed the distance that remained between them. The townspeople were so quiet, they made the mice ashamed of their uproar. Wurtz-

burger, calm and steady, trod slowly forward, ever alert. He had two Colt forty-fours and a Webly-Vickers in his belt for snob appeal.

At fifty feet they recognized each other.

"Melvin C. Wurtzburger!" cried out the sheriff, "Ah hain't seen you since Brooklyn Tech."

"Chester Snavely!" screamed "Three Gun", "You saddle-colored, sheepherding, son-of-a-bitch, you!"

The town, seeing how matters stood, and being considerably pistoph at not being able to collect their bets, lynched them both on the spot.



"It was deep in the woods back yonder," began old Humphrey, the grizzled guide. "I was plodding along minding my own business when suddenly a huge cinnamon bear sneaked up behind me. He pinned my arms to my sides and started to squeeze the breath out of me. My gun fell out of my hands. First thing you know, the bear had stooped down, picked up the gun, and was pressing it against my back."

"What did you do?" gasped the tenderfoot.

Old Humphrey sighed. "What could I do? I married his daughter."



Sam leFleur met his friend Joe Klud on Broadway. Sam was laughing his head off.

"What the hell are you laughing at?" asked Joe.

"I was just thinking," answered Sam, "about a goofy guy I saw this morning."

"What's it all about?" quizzed Joe.

"I'll tell you. This morning, the alarm clock misfired, didn't go off at all. Both my wife and I overslept. It was nearly nine o'clock when I awoke. I jumped up, put my clothes on quick, without waking my wife, and was just about to leave, when the bedroom door opened. Who the hell do you think it was?" asked Sam.

"Not a burglar, I hope!" said Joe.

"No, no," replied Sam. "It was the ice man."

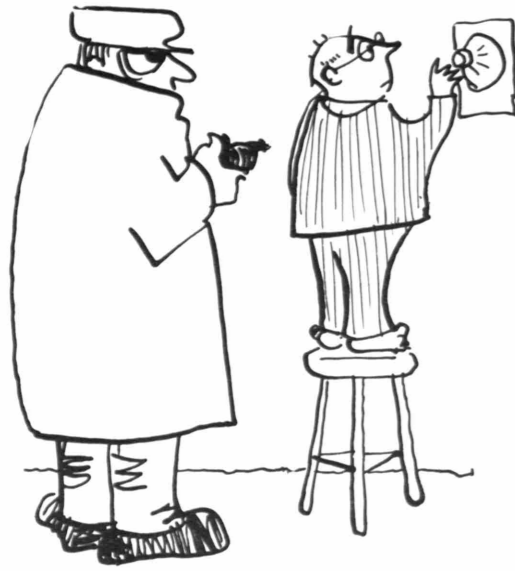
"Holy Smoke, what did you do?" asked Joe.

"I laughed so hard I almost died."

"Why?" asked Joe.

"Because it was damn funny," said Sam. "Can you imagine a guy being so damn dumb that he comes into a bedroom looking for the ice box?"

Money Isn't Everything



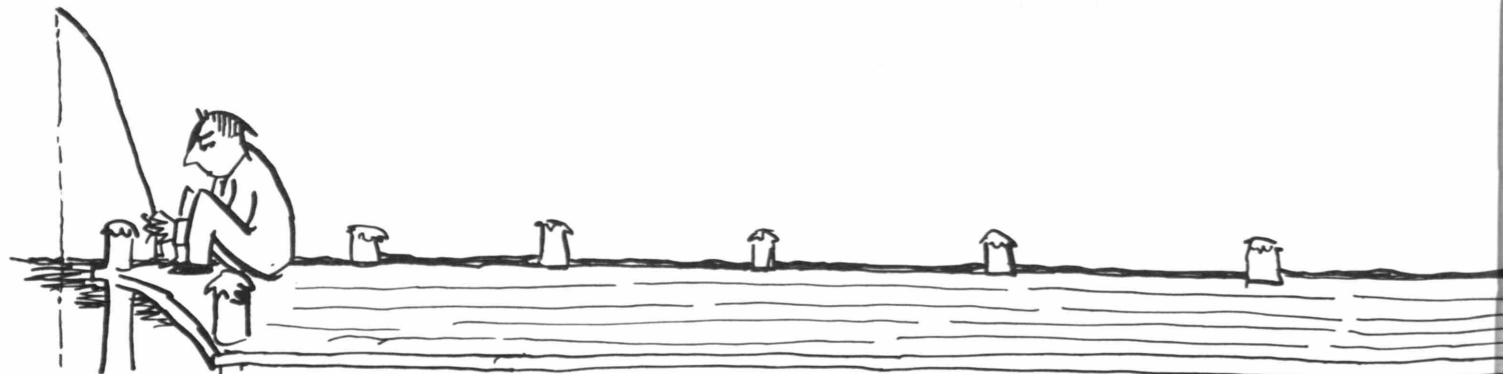
I value my health more highly.



You can't take it with you.



Its value isn't constant.



I'd rather be happy.



Clothes don't make the man.



... and with it, you acquire responsibilities too.



... and when I had it, I worried about it.



You can't buy friendship



"Did you knock on the door and wake that traveling salesman like I told you?" the landlady asked.

"I did that," said the new chambermaid fresh from the country. "But he's such a sound sleeper, I couldn't wake him that way. So I went in and shook him until he did."

"Good Heavens!" said the landlady. "Don't you know any better than to go into the bedroom of a traveling salesman?"

"I do now, mum," answered the maid.



The young lady carried her baby with her when she went to the fortune teller. He started reeling off things about the future of the child, but she cut him short, saying: "Never mind that. Just see if you can find out where I was after the New Year's party last year."



Some girls think low cut evening gowns are indecent . . . others are well built.



Larry (at almond and pecan counter): "Who attends to the nuts?"

Clerk: "Be patient. I'll wait on you in a minute."



"What's the similarity between an elephant and an anteater?"

"Neither one can play tennis."



Into town on his regular Sunday visit came a lanky Tennessee mountaineer and his young wife. In the crook of his right arm nestled a week-old baby.

The dry-goods merchant, who had not seen the couple in quite a long while, greeted them affably. "Come right in folks, glad to see you! Well, well, is that yore young'n, Len?"

Len pondered thoughtfully for a moment, then replied, "Wall, yeah, I reckon it's mine. Leastways, it was caught in my trap."

The college boy went to work on the farm in the summer. The first night he ate a big dinner and went to bed. At 4:30 the next morning the farmer, eager to start on the chores, shook the boy, "Hey, wake up, it's 4:30."

"Four-thirty?" the Tech man said, "Well, old timer it's about time you got to bed. You got a lot of work to do tomorrow."



Beautiful New Neighbor: "I need a loaf of bread from the store, little boy. Do you think you could go for me?"

Little Boy: "No, but I heard Dad say he sure could!"



There was a butcher named Sutton
Whose wife was a glutton for mutton.
He sneaked up behind her,
Pushed her in the grinder,
No Sutton, no glutton, no mutton—no nuttin'.



"Little girl, who put all those tattoo marks on you?"

"My father did."

"Oh, I see. Illustrated by the author."



Three little chicks had dates for the evening. As they primped and preened for the evening's festivities, they clucked happily about the good times they were going to have. Came the evening and came the party. When they got back to their roost they compared notes. "I had a grand time," enthused the first. "I had a Wyandotte for a partner and we danced all evening."

"I had a marvelous time, too," chirped the second. "I went out with a Rhode Island Red and he showed me how he paints the town red."

Both chickens looked to the third to tell her experience. Finally they had to prompt her. "What sort of a date did you have?" they asked.

"Terrible," she said angrily, snapping her beak. "I was stuck with a capon who did nothing but talk about his operation."

Day After Tomorrow

Day after tomorrow morning,
And it will be a clear morning
With a fresh dewiness about it
And a sparkle, and a giggle, and a
Bubbling impudent laugh.

Yes, day after tomorrow morning
I shall perform for him;
And I shall resent it.

Resenting it tonight, I have wandered off
Into the wetness,
The clinging mists,
And the dark elusiveness of puddles,
And have stood by the road
That stretches, perhaps, from the unknown into the
unknowing

Watching the two eyed animals
Warily knifing their way forward
Or roaring, crashing, romping through it all:
Chasing their tails.

Resenting it then, the blob of egg on his tie;
The splayed feet; the belly;
The fatuous grin on his slobbering lips,
Will symbolize the mire of his mind
With order not beyond its capabilities
But beyond its desire.

And I shall perform, slowly, laboriously,
And probably incorrectly,
Hating him; knowing it must be done to prove something
to someone.

But it will pass, the mood. For there are
No fates to bow to:
No unseen hand inexorably compels me
To pay homage to this lout.
And he will be forgotten or forgiven
As the mood moves me the day after
Day after tomorrow.

EVENING IN HAYDEN

By Harold Kaplan

When I walked into Vermith's room I noticed two rather odd things. First of all, Vermith had shaved his lovely beard off, and, second, his girl friend lay in a pool of blood in the middle of the floor with her skull out of shape.

"Hi, Vermith," I said, "How are you coming on the deltawye transformation? I can't make head or tail out of it."

He smiled up from his desk and burst into hearty laughter. "I been on one problem all evening."

"All evening?" I asked.

"Oh, you mean her," he said spitting at his girl friend. "That didn't take very long."

"Well, anyway, maybe you can tell me something. Where does this formula come from? This one here."

I riffled through Vermith's notes and pointed to an unusually messy lump of symbols.

"Oh, that's only for the special case. It's carried over from section four and solved for Q. I wouldn't worry about it. But there's something here you might be able to tell me. How do you know the wye will always act like a delta?"

"To quote your words, I wouldn't worry about it."

"Well, that disposes of circuit theory. How about some coffee?"

"Thanks, I will. Say, Vermith, why'd you shave your beard off?"

"It was her idea," he said and spat again.

He said nothing further, so I got the hotplate out of the closet while he measured the fragrant coffee into the percolator. I held my peace until the pot was set to boil on the plate.

"What're you going to do with her?" I asked at length.

"I haven't thought much about it, to tell the truth. Have you got any ideas?"

"Nah, I was just wondering. Idle curiosity, I guess."

"Say, I just remembered," he exclaimed, "Qlepper's playing one of his new records on Runkle tonight, and it's just about time for it. Care to hear it?"

"Sure."

He reached over into a jungle of colored wires and threw seven or eight switches, and presently strains of music came straining out of the five speakers placed at various points in the room.

"What was it you hit her with, anyway?" I asked. "Don't interrupt the music. It was that transformer over there in the corner."

We sat in silence for a while, drinking in the stuff like lumberjacks drinking champagne.

"There goes the coffee!" said Vermith at last.

He poured each of us a cup, and we sipped the boiling fluid cautiously after adding a little condensed milk and sugar.

"Hell, Vermith," I said finally, "why did you do it?"

"She changed her mind and decided I had looked better with my beard."

"Goddam!"

I picked up the transformer and gave her a few more dents in her skull before Vermith clutched my arm.

"You quit that," he yelled, "she's *my* girl friend."

"Do you know when the saying, 'Come across, originated?"

"Sure . . . right after the invention of twin beds."



A traveling salesman was about to check in at a hotel when he noticed a very charming bit of femininity giving him the so-called "glad-eye". In a casual manner he walked over and spoke to her as though he had known her all his life. Both walked back to the desk and registered as Mr. and Mrs. After a three-day stay, he walked up to the desk and informed the clerk that he was checking out.

"There's a mistake here," he protested upon seeing the bill. "I have been here only three days."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but your wife has been here a month."



Uncle Fud entered the barber shop all bent over and apparently in great pain. "Damn that Hadacol!" he muttered as he climbed into the chair.

"If it affects you that way, whatcha take it for?" asked the barber.

"Dadburn it, I ain't takin' it—my wife is!" grunted Uncle Fud.

Waiter—Yes, sir, we're very up to date. Everything here is cooked by electricity.

Diner—I wonder if you would mind giving this steak another shock?



'Twas there in the Garden of Eden,
When Eve met the snake in his prime,
That she whispered, "Hello, slim and wriggly,
You must corrupt and sin me sometime!"



What a magician! He took a handkerchief, waved it over an elephant and the elephant disappeared.

The trouble was, he wouldn't let us examine the handkerchief.



The scene is a dress rehearsal of "Noah's Ark," and hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be heard the shrieks of the electrician: "What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use?" And the heavens open and a voice comes to him, "The flood lights, you sap."



Hubby: Who spilled mustard on this waffle?

Wife: Oh, honey, how could you? This is lemon pie.



"Are you still engaged to that girl with the wooden leg?"

"No, I got mad at her and broke it off."

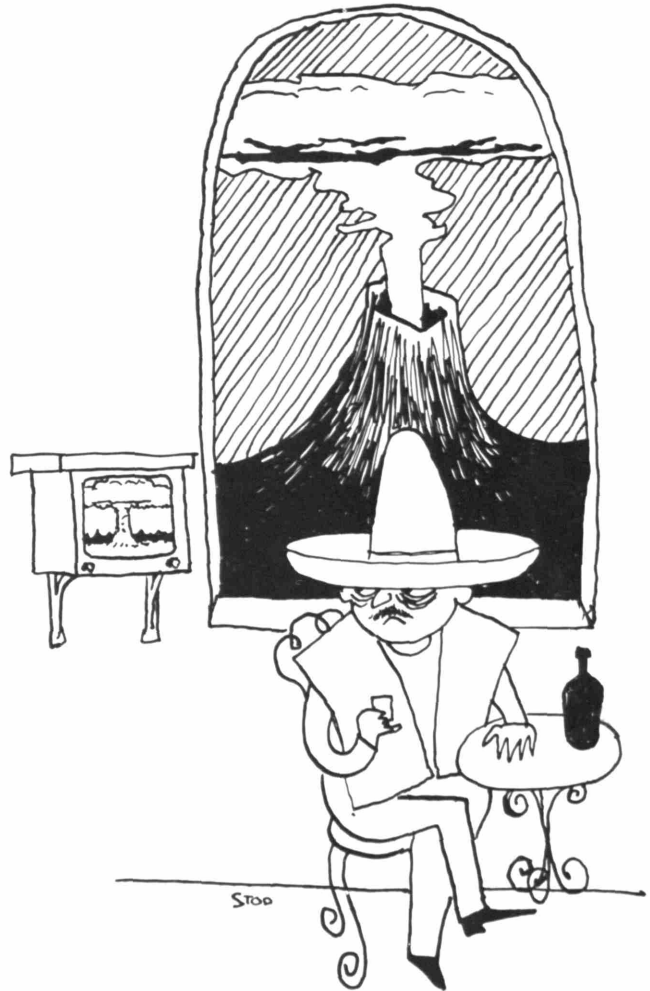


"Who was the first man?"

"George Washington."

"No, Adam."

"Oh, well, I didn't know you were including foreigners."



Prof.: Do you know what 999 clop means?

Footballer: No, what?

Prof.: A centipede with a wooden leg.



Pupil—My sister ate some chicken yesterday.

Teacher—Croquette?

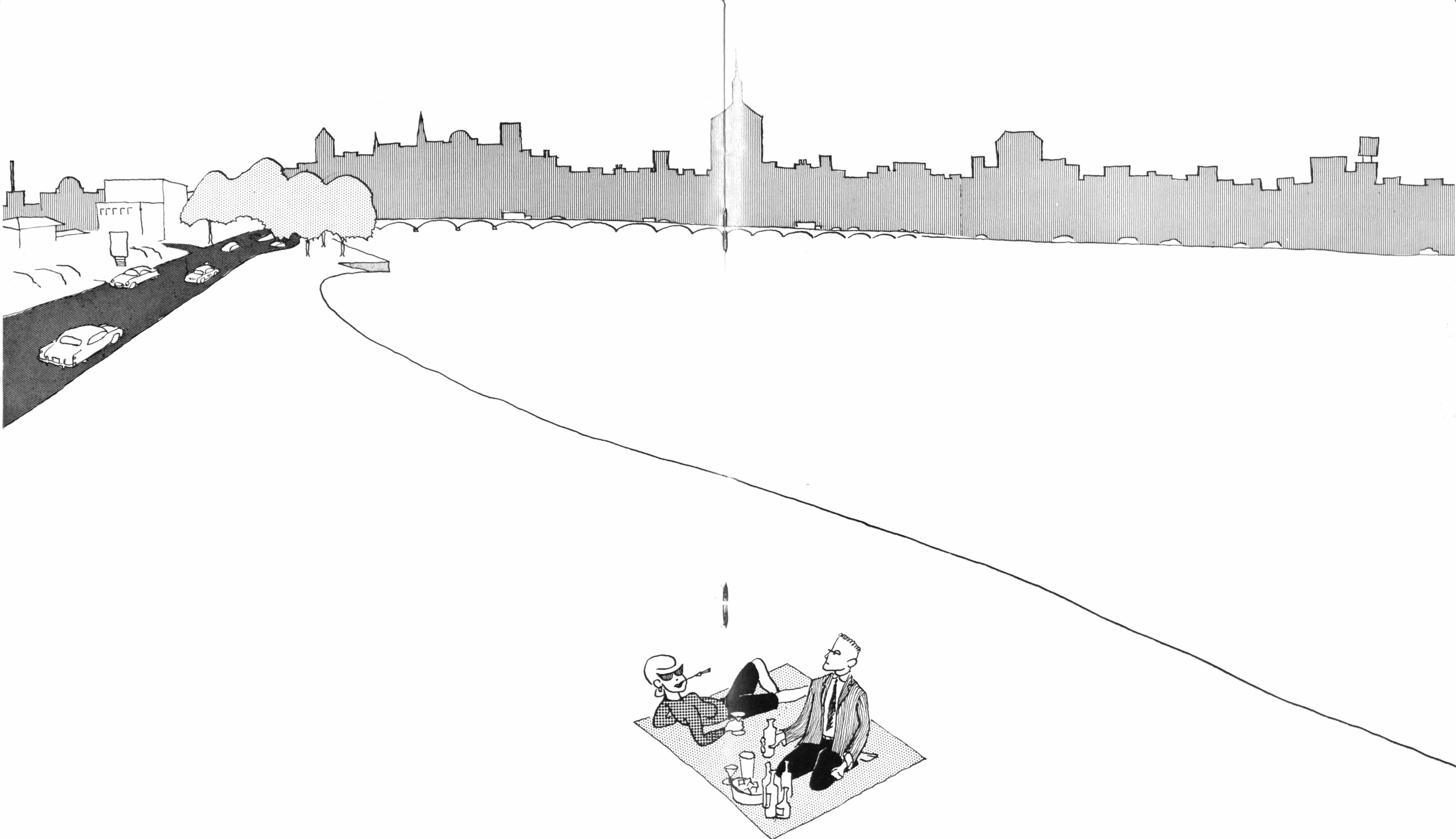
Pupil—No, but she's very sick.



"Mamma, mamma!" cried little Johnny, "the puppies are here."

"Have you seen them?"

"No, but the dog is empty."



*"Reggie, are you sure the crew race
is this afternoon?"*

The old man was on his deathbed giving some last words of advice to his son. "Follow in my footsteps, son. Remember I owe my success to just two principles, honesty and wisdom."

The son asked his father to define these two principles.

"Honesty means if you promise a man to deliver his merchandise, you must deliver it come hell or high water," said the father. "Even if it means losing every cent you have—you must deliver."

The son then wanted to know the meaning of his use of wisdom.

The father answered, "Jerk, who told you to promise?"



Said the worried gent to the psychiatrist: "I'm in love with my horse."

"But that's nothing to worry about," said the psychiatrist soothingly. "A lot of people love animals. My wife and I have a dog at home that we love very much."

"Ah, but doctor, it's a physical attraction that I feel toward my horse!"

"Ummm!" said the psychiatrist. "What kind of horse is it? Male or female?"

"Female, of course!" angrily returned the gent. "What do you think I am?"



A general, a colonel and a major were having a heated argument on the subject of sex. The general maintained that sex was 60 per cent work and 40 per cent fun. The colonel said it was 75 per cent work and 25 per cent fun. The major said that it was 90 per cent work and 10 per cent fun. At the height of their argument, a private appeared at the door. "Let's leave it to him," said the major.

The private listened carefully and said, with an air of absolute finality, "If you will pardon me, sirs, sex is 100 per cent fun and no work at all."

"How do you figure that?" cried the astonished officers.

"It's very simple," said the private. "if there was any work in it at all, you guys would have me doing it for you."

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Ole Swenson was taken to a hospital with a broken leg. "How did it happen?" asked the nurse as she came to sit beside his bed to take the case history. "Well," he began, "It was twenty years ago, and—" "I don't want to know what happened twenty years ago," she said impatiently, "what happened now?" Each time however he began the same way and finally in desperation she had to let him have his way.

"I went to work for a farmer twenty years ago," he explained, "and the first night after I went to bed, the farmer's beautiful daughter came into my room and asked if I wanted anything. I said 'No.' The second night she came again, and this time she was clad in her nightgown. Again she asked if I wanted anything and again I told her 'No.' The third night when she came in she was almost entirely nude. I could see every curve plainly as the moonlight streamed in the window. 'Do you want anything?' she inquired warmly. 'No thanks,' I said 'I have had a good supper, the bed is comfortable and I feel fine.'

"I wondered at the time what she thought I could possibly want. Then yesterday, as I was shingling the roof, it came to me like a flash."



The new Dean of Discipline at a Theological Seminary was becoming quite a tyrant, until one Monday morning he found the following note pinned to his office door:

"Tomorrow is Tuesday, if it's all right with you.
(Signed) God."



"What makes this yacht jump about so?"
"It's on a tack, I guess."



A lady having lunch at the house of a friend praised a sauce that was served and was given permission afterwards to ask the cook for the recipe. The cook said she didn't have the recipe—just worked things out as she went along. The usual ingredients, though, were butter, flour, lemon juice, a few shakes of paprika and water. The lady wanted to know how much water. "Oh, about a mouthful."

50 MILLION WRONG FRENCHMEN

By Bob Steinberg

When one is not working efficiently the obvious thing to do is to put yourself on a schedule and follow it rigidly. This being quite obvious it is quite obvious that the Dean will advise students with their cumulative ratings dragging in the following manner, "Apply yourself, boy! If you put yourself on a schedule you will find time for both work and play." In the case of my freshman friend, Horace, (I'm sure you know Horace, he was at Pritchett between 10:33 and 10:47 P.M. every night.

10:30—lv. room
10:31—check mail
10:33—relaxation, Pritchett
10:47—lv. Pritchett
10:49—check mail
10:50—calculus, room)

the Dean followed these preliminary remarks with several on the well-balanced student at a college combining work and recreation in healthful amounts . . . and also since he happened to be preparing a speech on "Science In Everyday Life," he suggested to Horace that he try to apply what he was learning in his classes to everyday life situations.

Horace came back to my room excited and enthused about all that he had heard. He was thoroughly enamoured of the great god, MIT, and was anxious to make good. He had engaged in all the freshman shennanigans the first term and this had a great deal to do with the letter requesting he visit the Dean. Horace had a public school education and it had never occurred to him either not to do what all the boys were doing the first term or what the Dean suggested he do this term.

He spent two full days compounding a schedule that encompassed every minute of every day. I thought that all would go well now but three days later he knocked on my door. He was quite haggard, strange coloring, and apparently bursting to tell me something. He said in a low moan, "It's not working out." I glanced at his schedule. Moving from my room to his I helped him revise the schedule including the overlooked toilet hours.

There were other rough spots but soon all was working like clock-work, and his grades steadily improved. One night he returned from Pritchett with a strange story. At 10:41 an MIT student started banging his head against the modern decorations in Pritchett. When he dazed himself, he would collapse, then pick himself up and start banging again. Horace left at 10:47 as three people tried to restrain the student. Horace was quite untouched by the incident. He had no conception of why a student at MIT should want to bang his head against a wall. I personally was quite shaken. The student was one of my best friends.

Another time Horace was returning home from the Carlton. He was stopped by an attractively built but somewhat frowzy blonde. She said, "What cha doing, big boy!" Horace replied, "First physics, and then H 12, but at 9:15 I take a 15 minute break for recreation. Why not come up to my room then, Hayden 326?"

5:53—lv. Carlton (5:58—toilet)
6:00—recreation, radio, Cisco Kid, WNAC
6:30—Physics
8:00—H 12
9:15—relaxation

Needless to say she never came.

Horace tried to apply science to everyday life, making himself very obnoxious. One day while walking with Horace to the Carlton we witnessed a horrible accident. A car skidded some 200 feet at high speed. As I watched horrified I realized Horace was counting off the seconds. They crashed, I cried, "We must get them out of the car before it burns," and ran to the scene of the accident. Horace said, " $S=1/2at^2$ " and whipped out his slide rule. It was terrible. Two people burned to death and others were mutilated. I returned to Horace's side mumbling, "My God, my God." Horace smiled brightly and said, " $a=-20 \text{ ft/sec}^2$ and $M=0.225$."

One night I awoke and smelling smoke realized there was a fire. I quickly calculated which friends I should save. At some doors I knocked and called. "Fire!" At others I quickly and efficiently jammed the doors shut. At Horace's door I hesitated, then

knocked and called, "Fire!" There was no response. Horace was studying Chemistry. His recreational break was not scheduled for another fifteen minutes. I raced outside to his window and saw that he was surrounded by flames. Then he looked up and realized his predicament. I think at that instant he had a flash of revelation in which he realized how false were all the values he held. I was able to read his lips as he cried, "A thousand curses on MIT!" (Of course, those weren't his exact words.) With a four letter word ringing throughout his room he dropped dead, painlessly asphyxiated.

* * * * *

Please do not take the moral of this story as being opposed to schedules. Many people work on schedules and get fine grades. Also fires do not occur very often.

Ralph and Jack were being hooked at the same time by Anne and Betty respectively. May we repeat, Anne belonged to Ralph and Betty belonged to Jack. The four newly weds spent their honeymoon together at Niagara Falls; they occupied adjoining rooms, sat at the same table and became inseparable—well, almost inseparable. After dinner one evening they started upstairs and as they neared their room, lightning struck the transformer and out went the lights! They were in pitch darkness!

Groping around, they made their way into their rooms and quietly undressed for bed. Ralph, a religious fellow, knelt to pray. Just as he completed his prayer, the lights came on and he saw much to his astonishment that it was Betty there in his bed instead of his own wife, Anne. He jumped up and dashed for the door.

"Too late to hurry now," cooed Betty. "Jack never prays."



Explorer. "Yes, I was once so hungry I dined off my pet parrot."

Listener. "What was it like?"

Explorer. "Oh, very nice."

Listener. "Yes, but what did it taste like?"

Explorer. "Oh, turkey, chicken, wild duck, quail—that parrot could imitate anything."

BEN JONSON



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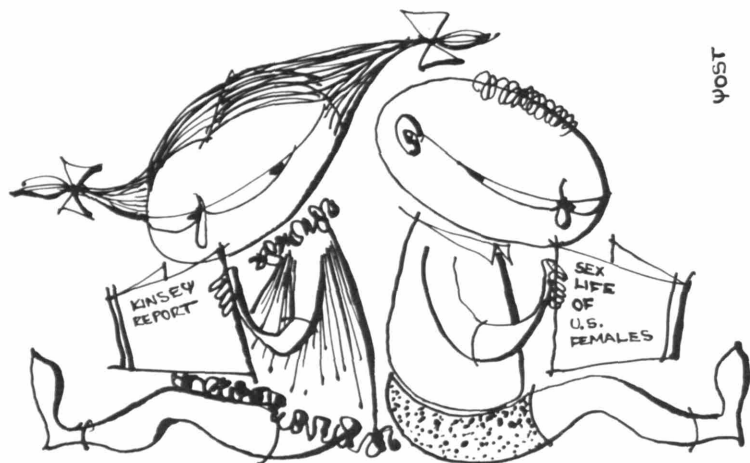
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Then there was the man who
was so active that five years after
he died his self-winding wrist
watch was still running.

Little Willie found some dynamite.
He couldn't understand it quite.
Curiosity never pays.
It rained Willie seven days.



There was an old man from
Lenore
Whose mouth was as wide as
a door
While attempting to grin
He slipped and fell in
And lay inside-out on the floor.



Fortune Teller—You'll be poor
and unhappy until you are forty.
Client (hopefully) Then what?
Fortune Teller — You'll kill
yourself.

An Arab stood on a weighing machine
In the light of the lingering day.
A counterfeit penny he dropped
in the slot,
And silently stole a weigh.



A story going the rounds in
Western Europe says one Prague
resident refused to join the gen-
eral outcry against a new Stalin
statue in a public square in
Prague.

"Why not?" he said. "It will
give us shade in summer, shelter
in winter, and opportunity to the
birds to speak for all of us."

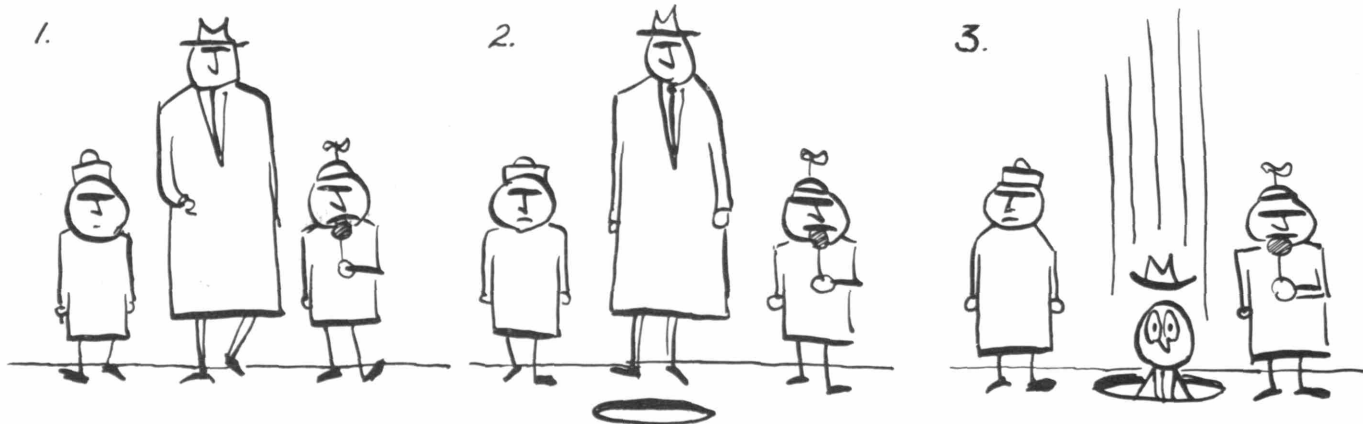


Into the family drinking well
Willie pushed his sister Nell.
She's still there the water kilt'er,
But now we have to use a filter.



Herman and Cindy, two young
swamp-dwellers, fell in love and
were married. For their honey-
moon they went to the big city
for the first time. They took their
first train, then their first taxi,
and ended up in a swank hotel.

"Look," said Cindy, as they in-
spected their room, "they've mon-
ogrammed the water faucets in
the bathtub especially for us!"



A drunk on the train noticed a mother nursing a large, healthy baby.

"Lady," he sez, "how come your baby is so big and fat?"

"I don't know," sez she, "all I feed him is milk and tomato juice."

The drunk considered a minute and then said, "Well, which one is tomato juice?"



G-man: "He got away, did he? Didn't you guard the exits?"

Constable: "Yep. Guess he must have gone out one of the entrances."



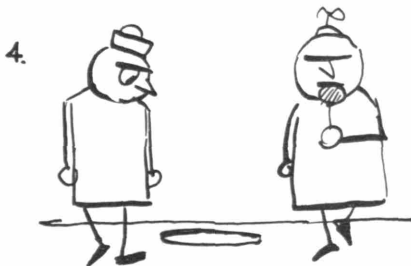
A hypochondriac, in great fear, told his doctor that he had a fatal disease of the liver. "Nonsense!" cried the doctor. "You couldn't possibly know if you had that or not. With that disease there's no discomfort of any kind."

"I know," gasped the patient. "My symptoms exactly."



Why are you eating that banana with the skin on?

It's all right, I know what's inside.



"All Right Then, The Stoic Brought You."

A Corpulent maiden named Croll
Had an idea exceedingly droll;
At a masquerade ball
Dressed in nothing at all
She backed in as a Parker House
roll.



A New Delhi Hindu died and woke up one morning to find himself reincarnated as a glow-worm. "Uh oh," he sighed. "This is going to be one of *those* lives."

Said Little Willie with a gape,
"Man descended from the ape."
"You're wrong," said his father
with a smile
And fed him to their crocodile.

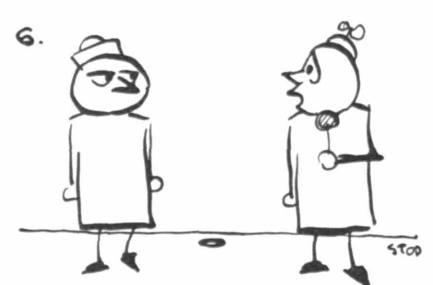


Senior girl: "You say he only kissed you once last night? What was the matter?"

Junior girl: "No one interrupted us."



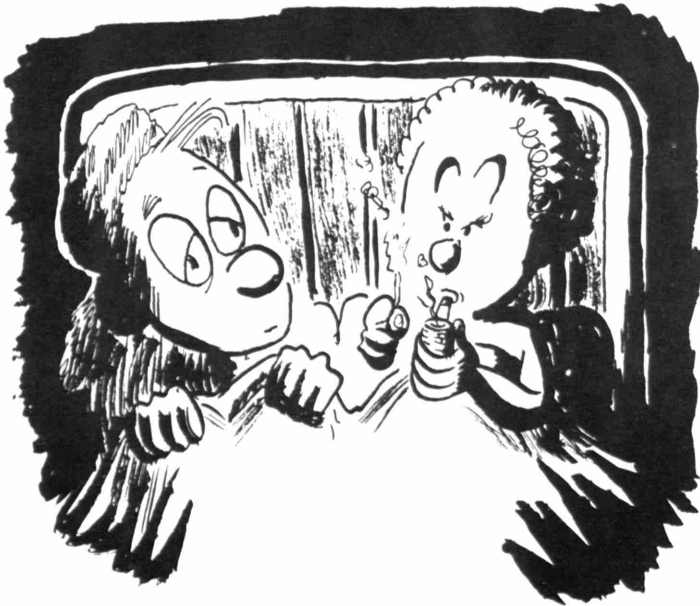
"Daddy's gone."



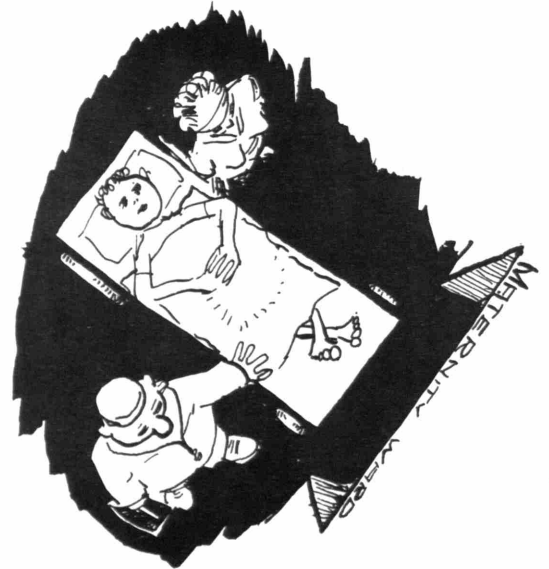
"Ooh, that crazy Daddy."

Basic Love Practices

In this modern age of machines and science, caught up in the carousel of our daily existence, alas, we have lost touch with the homely pleasures inherent in the simple love our fathers knew. In hope that, perhaps, we might recapture some of the essence of real life, Voo Doo brings you some basic love practices. These were gleaned by our research expedition studying aberrations in the sex life of the Ozark Mountaineer.



If a lighted match is held upright and the blackened end turns towards her boy friend or his home, then he loves her.



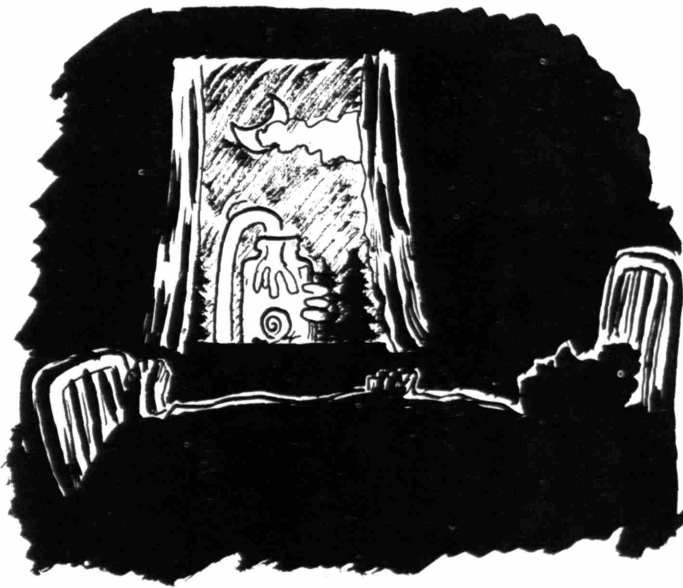
If a girl sleeps with her legs crossed, she will dream of her lover.



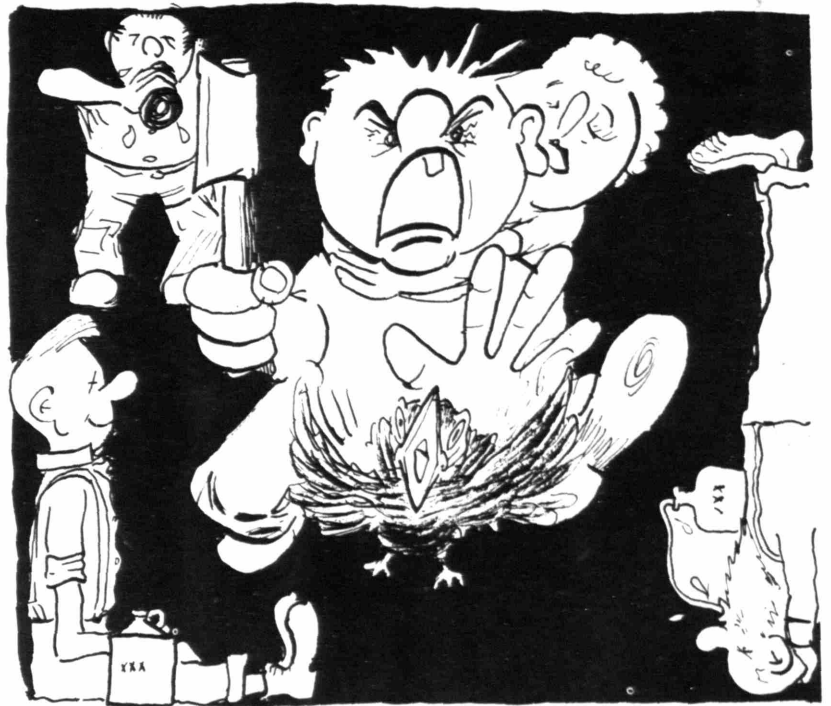
Eating a raw chicken heart whole makes a woman sexually attractive.



If a girl wets her nightgown and puts it before the fire to dry and then goes to bed stark naked, she will see her future mate before morning.



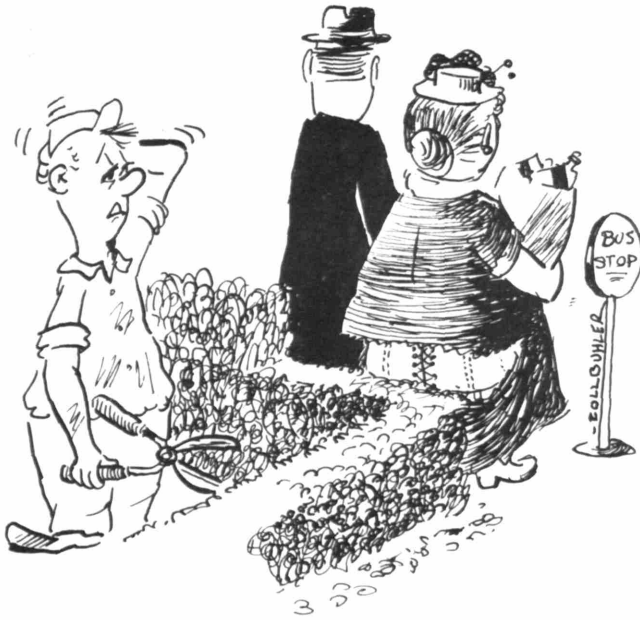
If a snail is put into a jar overnight, it will spell out your lover's initials with its slimy track.



If a boy hides the dried tongue of a turtle dove in a woman's cabin, she will fall madly in love with him and will be unable to deny him anything.



When a boy and girl accidentally bump heads, it is a sign that they will be sleeping together soon, possibly that same night.



The mental patient was about to be released after twenty years of incarceration. He put on his best suit, then decided to shave himself. As he stood before the mirror, razor in hand, a nurse passing by called out, "Good luck, Harvy."

As he turned to answer her, the razor caught in the string supporting the mirror and it slipped to the floor, the patient turned around and found himself now gazing at a blank wall.

"Darn it," he mumbled, "just my luck. Just as I'm ready to leave here after twenty years. I've cut my head off."



Rest is a surcease from worry and care,
Sleep is a blessing no one mocks;
Thinkers and statesmen agree on this fact,
I move we eliminate all eight o'clocks.

Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more,
Did it last night 'till my back was sore;
Fifteen cents is now my price,
I'll do it slow and I'll do it nice.
Shoeshine, Mister?



1st Con: "What are you in for?"
2nd Con: "Rockin' my wife to sleep."
1st Con: "But they can't put you in here for that."
2nd Con: "You ain't seen the size of the rock."



The waitress was wondering why the elderly man was eating, while his wife merely stared out the window.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked the lady.

"Sure am," the lady replied. "I'm just waiting till Pa gets through with the teeth."



Two pipe smokers were conversing in an opium den.

One said casually: "I decided to buy all the diamond and emerald mines in the world."

The second dreamy gent considered this seriously for a few moments and then murmured softly: "I don't know that I'd care to sell."



"For me?"

Professor Crubish a well-renowned hand at exploring and digging in ancient ruins; but when it came to making love, he was a pretty awkward sort of a chap. One night, however, as he rested his head on his beloved's bosom, he felt impelled to express himself.

"You know, dear," he said anxiously, "resting here like this gives me a great happiness—only once before in all my life have I felt so relaxed."

"When was that?" asked his girl friend suspiciously.

"One night in Egypt," explained the professor innocently, "when I camped between two of the Pyramids."



Three college boys upon entering their favorite juke-joint to sit at their usual table found it to be occupied by an oldish woman. Upon debating what to do about the situation, they finally decided to embarrass the woman into leaving.

Sitting next to the old lady, the first student proceeded, "Say, John," he said, "did you know that I was born three months before my parents were married?"

"Why that's nothing," said the next one. "I was born six months before my parents were married."

"Fellows," replied the last of the hungry men, "I was born without my parents being married."

The old lady finally looked up from the table and pleasantly said, "Will one of you bastards please pass the salt?"



One Sunday evening a mechanical engineer had taken his best girl to church. When the collection was taken up the young man explored his pockets and finding nothing whispered to his girl, "I haven't a cent. I changed my pants." Meanwhile, his girl, searching her bag and finding nothing, blushed red and said, "I'm in the same predicament."



A Texan wearing an enormous flashing gem was asked by an awestruck friend: "Is that diamond genuine?"

"If it ain't," the Texan drawled, "I sure been beat out of a dollar and a half."

Charlie Mun

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"Buy me one of those."

And then there was the fan dancer who was arrested for no gauze whatsoever.



"Can I see the doctor?"
 "Which doctor?"
 "Do you think I'm a heathen?"

And then there's the girl who ate bullets. She wanted her hair to grow out in bangs.



"Shall I take this little rug out and beat it?"
 "That's not a rug; that's my roommate's towel."

Reporter: To what do you attribute your great age?

Oldest Inhabitant: I ain't sure yet. There be several of them patent medicine companies bargaining with me yet.



Among the sights that make a man wonder, is that of his wife cleaning the house so she won't be embarrassed when the cleaning woman comes.



"Short skirts have a tendency to make men more polite. You never see a man get on a bus ahead of one."



Sunday morning and a band-leader found himself stranded in a small town with nothing to do. He began playing his trumpet but was immediately stopped by the clergyman of the parish.

"Young man, do you know the Fourth Commandment?"

"No," he replied, "but if you'll whistle it over, I'll do my best."



Nit—Do you believe in Buddha?

Wit—Of course, but I think oleomargarine is just as good.



The captain of a privateer in the war of 1812. was offered a crew of released convicts. He refused them on the grounds that too many crooks spoil the sloop.

Hear about the man who had a waterproof, shockproof, unbreakable, anti-magnetic watch? He lost it.



Recently a thief who had been burglarizing many homes was apprehended and brought to court.

"Don't you know that crime does not pay?" asked the judge.

"I know," replied the thief, "but the hours are good."



Bird in tree: "Here comes that farmer who chased us out of his garden yesterday. Wonder if he will recognize us?"

Second bird: "I don't know. I'll see if I can catch his eye."

He: "I'd like to have this dance, if you'd give me the pleasure."

She: "Certainly, come on out on the back porch."



When women go wrong, men go right after them.



Girl: "I'd like to see the captain of the ship."

Gob: "He's forward."

Girl: "That's all right. This is a pleasure trip."



He: What's the difference between a vitamin and a hormone?

She: Dunno!

He: I never heard a vitamin!

"Hello, is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I want to arrange to have my husband's fidelity insured."



"I'd like to study in Heidelberg."

"Why?"

"They have some Schnapp courses."



"Why are you always so late delivering our milk?" demanded the angry housewife.

"Well," said the milkman, "We're only allowed 25,000 bacteria per gallon . . . and you wouldn't believe how long it takes to count the little beggars!"



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The aging sports writer, veteran of perhaps thirty World Series, sat in the press box filing a story to his paper after the final game.

An extremely young sports writer, enmeshed in the throes of creation, looked up from his rapt gaze at the blank sheet of paper in his typewriter, pointed to the setting sun, and asked, "Is that the west?"

"If it isn't," the old-timer answered, "You've sure got a hell of a scoop on your hands."



"Hey, what time is it by your watch?"

"Quarter to."

"Quarter to what?"

"I don't know—times got so bad I had to lay off one of the hands."

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe

Who had so many children she didn't know what to do;

And there was a *young* lady who lived in a shoe

Who didn't have any children . . . she knew what to do!



"Hey, whatcha doin' down there?"

"Building a new subway."

"How long before it'll be finished?"

"About a year."

"Oh, well, I guess I'll take a cab."



Did you make the debating team?

N-n-naw, t-t-they said I wasn't t-t-tall enough.

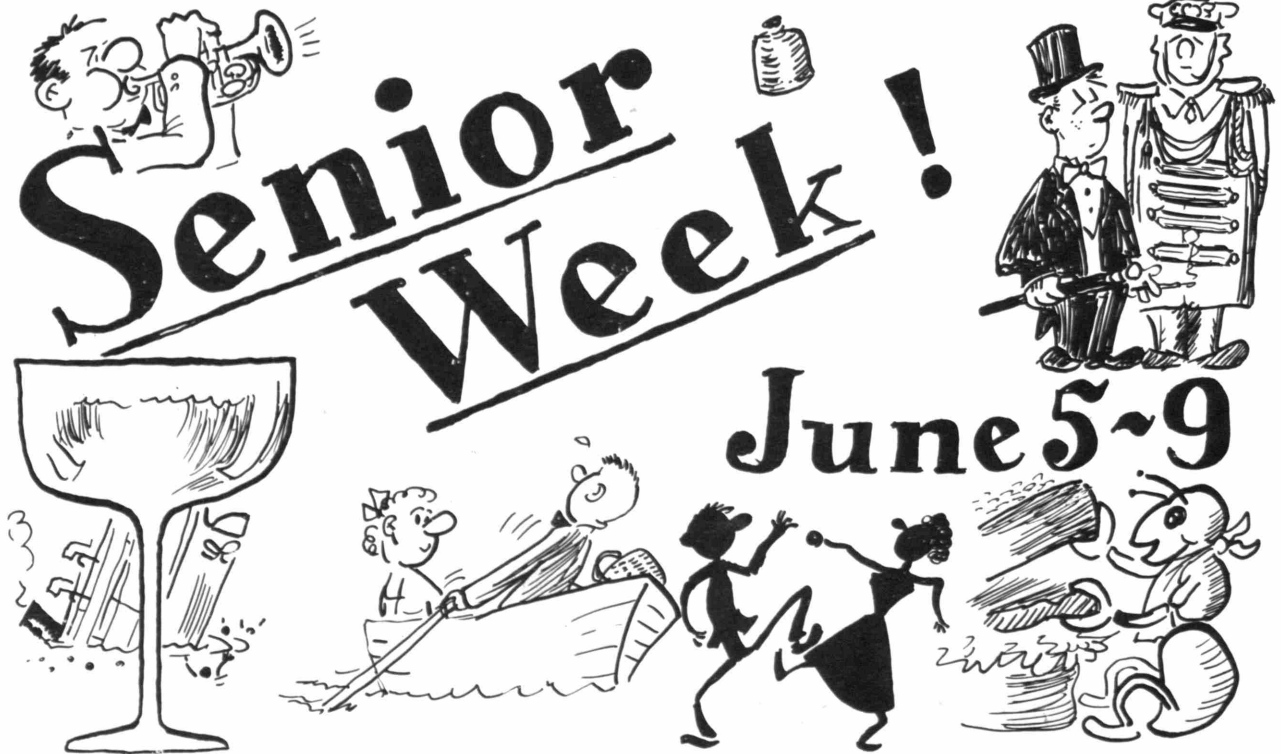
A footsore hobo was walking along a highway thumbing his nose at the cars speeding by. In time, another hitchhiker coming from the other direction spotted him in some amazement.

"Hey, bud," he cried when they met, "what's the idea of thumbing your nose like that? You'll never get a ride that way."

The member of the willingly unemployed made a cynical gesture. "Who cares?" he shrugged. "This is my lunch hour."



The prisoner was being tried for horse-stealing. The prosecuting attorney read the indictment sternly, then asked, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" The culprit wriggled, perplexedly, then said: "Why, ain't that exactly the thing we came here to find out?"



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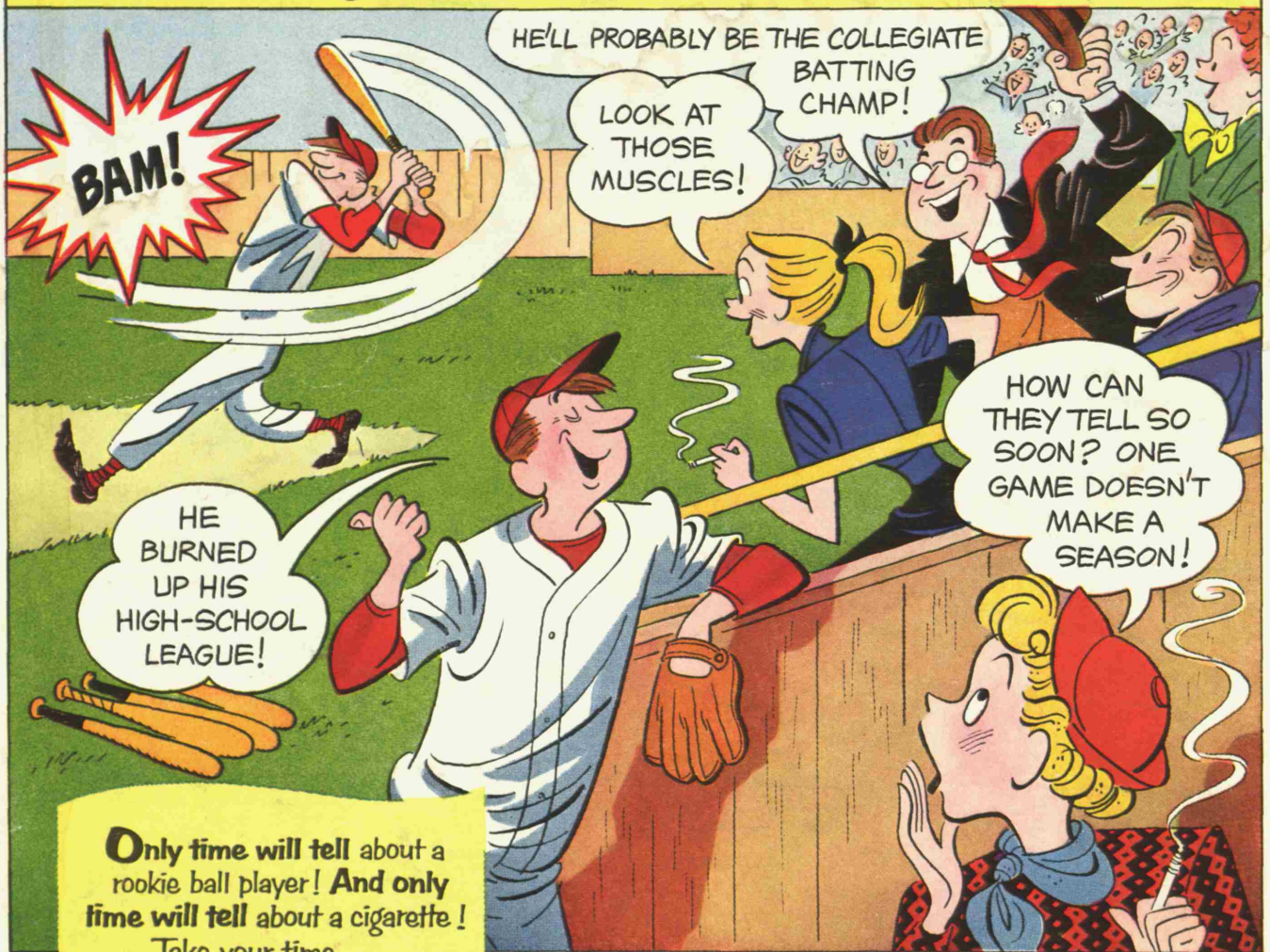
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