

VANDAS

...y Carson, a breath of spring, is caroling
Persian Room, where Dick La Salle's
Mark Monte's orchestras play for danc-
Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous
a well-appointed retreat from a lot of
is filled with Maximillian Bergere's
Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music
eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has
eFleur's music during the cocktail hour.
ncing.

7, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-
—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orches-
whose music falls like the gentle rain,
ms for dinner and supper dancing.
d Sundays.

, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—
Maisonette, that well-run household,
its songs by Celia Lipton. The bands of
shaw and Horace Diaz play for dancing.
nursday, Nov. 13, Fernanda Montel, a
stately Parisienne, takes over the
ing assignment. Closed Sundays.

AZA, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-
—Every afternoon and evening, Irving
s orchestra supplies the clientele of the
Lounge with music to dance to.

ETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL
5)—The Carnival Room, a picturesque
for any number of handsome ball
has the orchestras of Hugo Pedell,
musician of the Syosset set, and Jan
seo on the podium, as well as songs by
e François, a nice example of French
idery. Closed Sundays.

Seventh Ave. at 34th St. (PE 6-
—Ralph Flanagan's orchestra is at
in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

UB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-7940)—The
rellas for whom the bell tolls here (at
not midnight) wear the gladdest rags
n. An orchestra and a rumba band for
ig.

5, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith
sorrowful face and her expressive,
etached hands make her seem more an
s than just a chanteuse. Her repertory
e operates on the stage of this vast
u, where Emile Pettis and Panchito's
play for dancing after nine.

-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 40th St. (EL 5-
—Les Compagnons de la Chanson re-
ceir *contes drolatiques* partly in French
artly in English. Either way, they're
ehensible, tuneful, and largely irresist-
they appear in the Empire Room at din-
d supper. On Wednesday, Nov. 12, Vic-
orge, an eminent pianist who plays and
a pretty funny unfinished symphony,
s in for work. Mischa Borr's and Alex
ie's bands play all evening. Sundays,
s no show, but Mr. Borr's band plays

VOUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887):
Davis, heading a band that has
ed a thousand debutantes, holds forth
fter eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . .

RY ROOM, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-3800):
cellent collection of armchairs in which
ten to Ralph Strain addressing the
in his quiet, nostalgic fashion from
one, except Sundays. . . . LITTLE CLUB, 70
h St. (PL 3-9425): A pre-repeal milieu

ist of characters, all reasonably well
ved. At dinner and supper, except Sun-
Cy Walter plays piano eloquent enough
e laymen and tricky enough for the
cians, and Norbert Faconi, a dean of
owler-violin industry, prowls the tables.

U BRUMMEL, 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792):
cocktailing and dining to the casual
of Lynn Mullinax until three in the
ng. Closed Sundays. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54
th St. (PL 3-0760): A table-hopping
ny of long standing in the community,

has piano and violin after nine-thirty
te-à-têtes at all hours. Closed Sundays.

LESTE, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim
ney begins his piano recital, which is
without being obtrusive, around nine.
l Mondays. . . . LA ZAMBRA, 127 W. 52nd
I 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, a prominent
of the Andalusian (or non-electric)

, is the host of this Spanish restaurant
ner and supper. Closed Mondays. . . .
ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600):
on Bailey is at the piano during dinner
upper, except Sundays, when Harold
e looks in. . . . THE ALBERT, 139 E. 56th

EL 5-1931): Herman Chittison's trio
les to itself after eight-thirty, and
Williams throws in her vibrant con-
after ten-thirty. They're on deck except
ays. Laurie Brewis, the jaunty little
oner, plays piano from nine-thirty on
night of the week. . . . EL CHICO, 80
e St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-14646):
s from Manhattan and the old country
ed in a pleasant outburst of Spanish

Opera Society. (Town Hall, S.
9, at 5:30.)

MICHAEL FIELD—Piano. (Town H.
Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Piano. (Brookl
of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave.
Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

FREDERICK MARVIN—Piano. (Carnegie
day, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

MURIEL KERR—Piano, in an all-Sel
gram. (Kaufmann Auditorium
Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.
Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:40.)

ALBENERI TRIO—Chamber music. (C
Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

ALDO PARISO—Cello. (Town Hall, S.
14, at 8:30.)

JAN SMETERLIN—Piano. (Town Ha
Nov. 15, at 3.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Sopran
College Assembly Hall, Park 4
St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—At Carnegie Hal
lington and his orchestra, Bil
Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker
others. (Friday, Nov. 14, at 8
night.) . . . ¶ Billy Eckstine, Ge
ing's quintet, and Count Basie
Nov. 15, at 8:30 and midnight.)

SPORTS

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Sho
Square Garden. Through Tuesd
Events daily at 2 and 7:45.)

HUNT RACING—Montpelier Hunt R
(Montpelier Station, Va. Sat
8.)

RACING—EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: W
through Saturday, Nov. 15. The
Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 8;
field Handicap, Wednesday, N
The Butler, Saturday, Nov. 1
trains leave Penn Station for
tween 10:45 and 11. . . . GARDEN
Camden, N.J.: Daily at 1; throu
Nov. 8. The Trenton Handica
Nov. 8. (A train leaves Penn S
track at 10.)

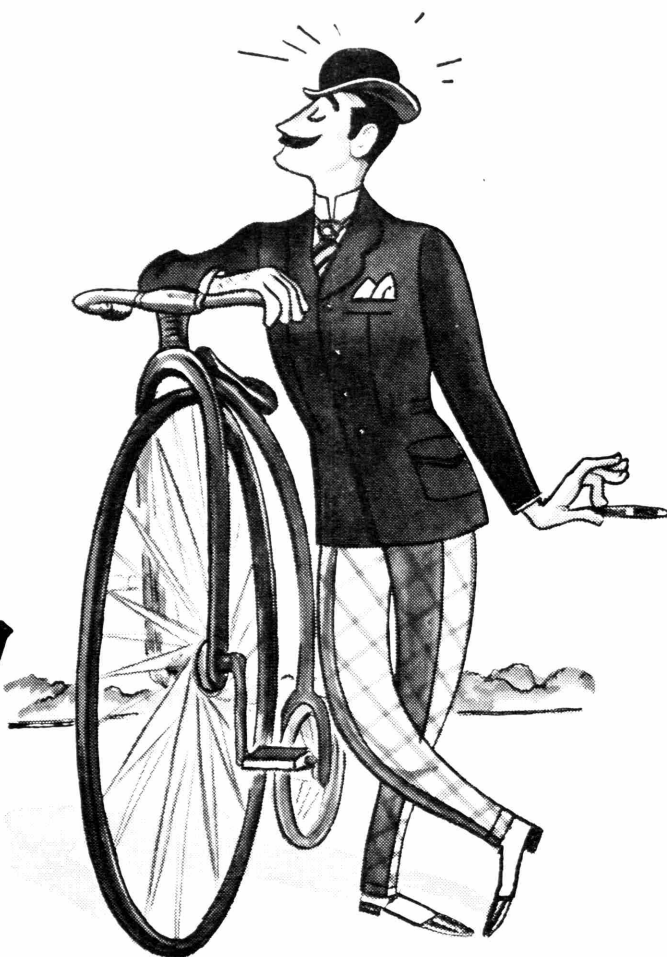
TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway:
8:40; through Saturday, Nov.
leave Grand Central Station f

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (C
Dwight Fiske, the Regency rak
some well-turned new phrases t
Report. The ballad department is
of Barbra Streisand, the splendid lit
"New Faces" and Annette W
wood mixx full of girlish glee;
done by Charlotte Rae, a very
her mannerly way. The backg
music of the subtle Ellis Lar
the piano of Bart Howard. . . .
4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): J
school for talent puts its best
with the Toppers, a foursome o
an elegant air, a sweet blend of
frolicsome sense of humor. Am
students are Connie Sawyer, a c
who's never at a loss for wor
Izen, who makes short work of
Italian opera; and Janet Brace
tuneful urchin. The music is pr
progressive Norman Paris Trio
days. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178
S., at 11th St. (CH 2-0355): R
completely extrovert who drops
"Faces" to add to the foolish
Syms, a lady with a don't-treac
ner, sings huskily and skillfully
a shy little terrier, lets go a str
sciousness turn of mind. Claren
trio, which has Karl Lynch on
blithe dance music. Closed Mo
FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8
7000): Except Sundays, Patri
brusque young comedian, and,
days, Jim Hawthorne, an a
There's also double piano by Bo
Harold Fonville, and solo pia
Webster. Ancient movies on S
days are amateur nights. . . . BY
E. 52nd St. (MU 8-7762): Ex
Mabel Mercer sings, rather sad
her very special *chansons d'am*
special audience. Sam Hamil
piano. Her nest is upstairs o
Spot Bar. . . . BON SOIR, 40 W.

It's all Relative: He Looked Fine!



Here's a picture of Class of '03, all decked out for a smashing time with the girls of Miss Abernathy's. Just get a load of the spats, yet. And the new close fitting trousers and jacket. And that new derby!

Well, at least the girls liked it, and though you probably wouldn't even wear the stuff on Halloween, you've got to admit the boy was concerned with his appearance.

We're thinking about the hat. Back in '03, just as today, a hat was as important to a well dressed man as any other part of his attire. A hat is designed to make you look *better*. Our Gay Blade here knew it, and smart college men of today know it . . . a person without a hat simply doesn't look well dressed.

And that's not all. A hat is just as important to your health as it is to your appearance. Your head is the *first* place you should think of when it comes to protection from wind, rain, cold and even heat. And the *primary* function of a hat is protection.

Take a look at a new hat today. They're made better—and styled better—than ever before.

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

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OFFICE CAT

Phosphorus

“A good liver seldom has one!”

We all heard it. We meditated. Then we shook our heads. Nay!

So it happened that we collectively set about to perform a didactic service. Surely even in this hectic, war-torn, ill-managed, uneven world there is room for gracious living. Or is there? My shoulder has just shrugged.

The publishers of some dictionary or other define “gracious” thusly:

1. *Obs.* Pleasing; acceptable.
2. Attractive; full of grace or charm.
3. Granting or bestowing grace; merciful; benignant; now, esp., kindly; courteous; affable.

Definition number two is the one applicable here. What is obsolete must remain obsolete and mercy is not a symptom of the times. At any rate, Voo Doo does herewith present a special issue, dedicated to absolutely nobody, and appropriately titled:

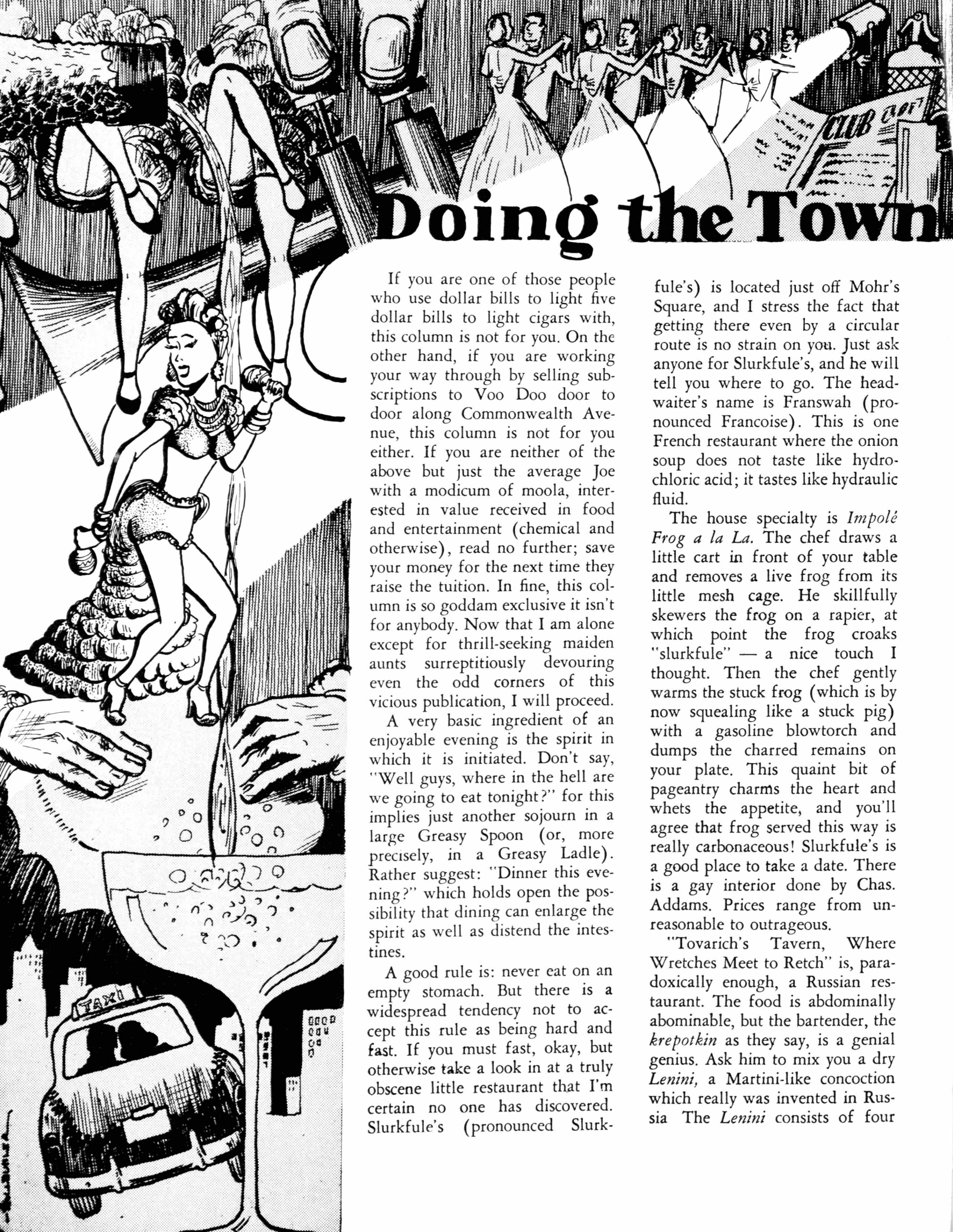
A Guide To Gracious Living

—LBG

This month's cover by Locarni

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Doing the Town

If you are one of those people who use dollar bills to light five dollar bills to light cigars with, this column is not for you. On the other hand, if you are working your way through by selling subscriptions to Voo Doo door to door along Commonwealth Avenue, this column is not for you either. If you are neither of the above but just the average Joe with a modicum of moola, interested in value received in food and entertainment (chemical and otherwise), read no further; save your money for the next time they raise the tuition. In fine, this column is so goddam exclusive it isn't for anybody. Now that I am alone except for thrill-seeking maiden aunts surreptitiously devouring even the odd corners of this vicious publication, I will proceed.

A very basic ingredient of an enjoyable evening is the spirit in which it is initiated. Don't say, "Well guys, where in the hell are we going to eat tonight?" for this implies just another sojourn in a large Greasy Spoon (or, more precisely, in a Greasy Ladle). Rather suggest: "Dinner this evening?" which holds open the possibility that dining can enlarge the spirit as well as distend the intestines.

A good rule is: never eat on an empty stomach. But there is a widespread tendency not to accept this rule as being hard and fast. If you must fast, okay, but otherwise take a look in at a truly obscene little restaurant that I'm certain no one has discovered. Slurkfule's (pronounced Slurk-

fule's) is located just off Mohr's Square, and I stress the fact that getting there even by a circular route is no strain on you. Just ask anyone for Slurkfule's, and he will tell you where to go. The headwaiter's name is Franswah (pronounced Francoise). This is one French restaurant where the onion soup does not taste like hydrochloric acid; it tastes like hydraulic fluid.

The house specialty is *Impolè Frog a la La*. The chef draws a little cart in front of your table and removes a live frog from its little mesh cage. He skillfully skewers the frog on a rapier, at which point the frog croaks "slurkfule" — a nice touch I thought. Then the chef gently warms the stuck frog (which is by now squealing like a stuck pig) with a gasoline blowtorch and dumps the charred remains on your plate. This quaint bit of pageantry charms the heart and whets the appetite, and you'll agree that frog served this way is really carbonaceous! Slurkfule's is a good place to take a date. There is a gay interior done by Chas. Addams. Prices range from unreasonable to outrageous.

"Tovarich's Tavern, Where Wretches Meet to Retch" is, paradoxically enough, a Russian restaurant. The food is abominably abominable, but the bartender, the *krepotkin* as they say, is a genial genius. Ask him to mix you a dry *Lenini*, a Martini-like concoction which really was invented in Russia. The *Lenini* consists of four

parts Vodka and one part very dry Ronsonol, really a wicked mixture if you are fuel enough to drink it. The bartender's name is Rimski and the headwaiter's name, you guessed it, is Sam.

Why do I mention T's Tavern at all in view of the execrable (not to say excremental) bill of fare? It is because there are beautiful young waitresses who possess pleasingly prominent presumably protoplasmic protuberances, as well as peripherally pathological procreative propensities. Just say "Comrade!" to any one of them you choose and she will comrade over to your curtained booth, Suh.

There is a bar down on Washington Street that advertises Martinis so dry that when spilled they have to be cleaned up with a dust pan.

A final word: when you go out dress carefully. Clothes make the man, you know—but the woman?

—J. I. S.



A man rushed into the barber shop, addressed the barber at the first chair, "How many ahead of me?"

"Two haircuts," responded the barber. The man rushed out but didn't come back. The next Saturday the same thing was repeated. The third Saturday the fellow dashed in with his inquiry. "Three ahead of you," said the barber, "say . . ." but the fellow was gone.

"Follow that fellow and find out who he is," the barber instructed the shine boy. "This is the third Saturday he has run in here, asked how many ahead of him, then run out and not come back."

A few minutes later the shine boy returned.

"Boss," he said, "Ah doan know who dat fella is, but ah sho know where he went!"

"Where?" asked the barber.

"To youah house, suh!"



"May I sit by you?"

"Promise not to pet?"

"Uh-huh."

"Promise not to kiss?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, then stay right where you are."

"Now," explained the architect, "suppose you give me a general idea of the style home you want."

"Well, I think . . ." the husband began, but the wife interrupted him.

"We're not particular," she said, "but we want something to go with a door knocker I picked up last summer in Vermont."



"You've been promoted?"

"Yep. Used to be a drop engineer, now I'm a sandwich engineer."

"What do you mean, a sandwich engineer?"

"The boss used to come around and say, 'drop whatever you're doing and do this.' Now he says, 'sandwich this in between whatever you're doing.'"



"Do you know what Santa Claus and a mouse have in common?"

"No."

"They both have long white beards except the mouse."

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

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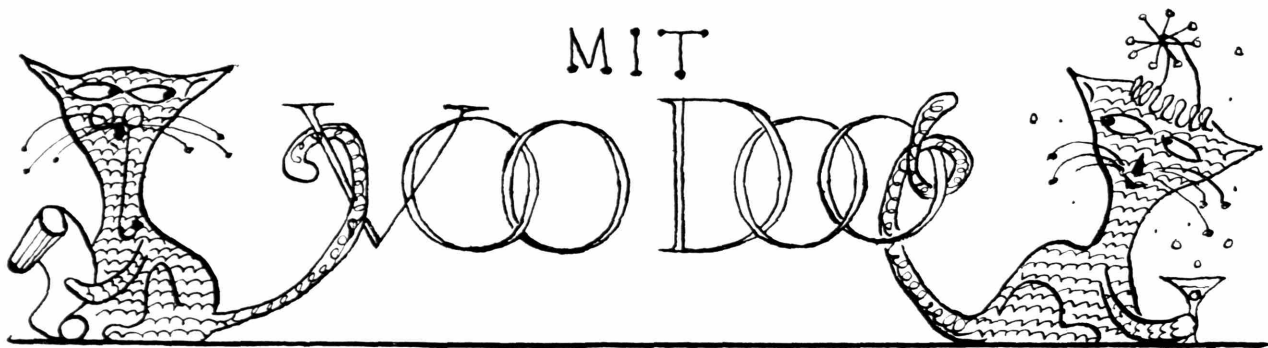
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WE were down in Durgin Park the other day, picking our ground beef off the plain pipe racks, when we happened to overhear the conversation of the people who were sitting in our laps. The topic was "The Good Old Days", which, it seems, were better than the present at Durgin, too. According to this highly unreliable source, there was a pitcher of milk and two pounds of butter on every table. Oh yes, and tenderloin steak cost 60 cents.

IT has often been said that, after the initial enthusiasm wears off, Tech is capable of producing only one emotion, an oppressive, never-ending boredom. We have always thought differently, however, and maintained that Tech, at least for the gay and young at heart, holds all the potential delight and excitement of Paris in April. Just last week, much to our joy, we found our thesis upheld. Wandering through the basement of building five we came upon three rooms labelled Whirl Pit, Curing Room, and Cavitation Chamber. One of them (we forget which) even had—so help us—a big metal door with a glass view-plate. We have kept ourselves happy for several days now just musing on what could possibly be going on in each room.

WE reprint without comment the following headline, which recently appeared in a prominent Boston newspaper:
WOMAN BEATS OFF
ATTACKER

A FRESHMAN working on a D12 plate was overheard singing softly to himself,
"H-plane's connected to the
V-plane,
V-plane's connected to the
P-plane,
....."

ONE of the mainstays of our make-up staff disappeared at the end of last term, and his whereabouts were a mystery for some time. Last week, however, one of his fraternity brothers received a letter from him, asking for a subscription to America's funniest college magazine (well, if you don't know I'm certainly not going to tell you) and enclosing an address involving a serial number and the designation "Parris Island, South Carolina". The letter contained one item, though, which I think can only properly be appreciated by a Tech Student. It refers to what our correspondent terms the Marine motto. "There's a harder way to do that job, son . . ."

A COMPRESSOR in the Supersonic Wind Tunnel is twenty feet long and fifteen feet in diameter and carries a three by four inch name-plate which reads:
Ingersoll-Rand Compressor
Capacity: So many cubic feet
per hour
Horsepower: So many hundred
Weight: So many hundred tons
Caution: Read instructions before installing.

PROFESSOR Backofen, of the Metallurgy Department, remembers having a roommate who was Managing Editor of this publication. This remarkable gentleman kept a large lump of clay on his desk, and spent his spare time molding woman's breasts, thereby adding one more name to the long list of Voo Doo Managing Editors who were "not quite right." We feel, however, that his talents could have been directed toward a more responsive media.

A fellow we know has a broken arm he received from fighting for a woman's honor. It seems she wanted to keep it.



Stone Age Lover's Slogan: I came, I saw, I conked her.

It has been called to our attention that today's college graduate is in some ways woefully unprepared for the world he enters. Does today's education prepare one for the more stimulating and rewarding experiences which enrich our dreary existences in this too too humdrum world? Can today's young man or woman really capture and savour the elusive, toothy, heady thrills which lurk—for the initiate at least—in each crammed with goodness issue of Gentry, Esquire, or Flair (yes, they still publish it once a year). As a public service to its readers Voo Doo, then, presents its guide to gracious living and hopes that for many of you it will be but the first step into the bright new world of Brooks and Countess Mara, of Schiaparelli and "21", where the epigram is the common form of speech. Come with us now . . .



re you a gracious liver?
 re you part of that select group, whispered about
 and admired in all the best bars from Rangoon
 to the Riviera, from Bangkok to Baklava?
 re you this year's man of the micro-second?

Gone—and aren't we gladdy glad glad—are the days when *the* man was content to live a sloppy, ungracious life. Living—in the words of the Duchess de Sade—is an art. And isn't the Duchess right, even in this banal age? Yes, this year's man is above all gracious. He is an expert on everything from Kant to Camembert. In fact he may have a small piece of either tucked in his custom tailored jacket. His tweeds are by Harris out of Gentry and are so rough you can file your nails on them. His cologne has that ineffable maleness which springs from just the smallest wee smidgen of sheep dip. His living room sports at least one rather phallic looking African primitive. He is this year's gracious liver. Can you fit in his shoes?



LA GASTRONOMIE INTELLECTUEL



The typical man-about town thinks he illustrates the adage, "money can't get you everything, unless you have enough of it." To this, I say faugh! Almost anyone can master the outward signs of the food and drink high brow and attain the status of hail-fellow-well-met and cream-of-the-cream. If you learn an iota more than the next guy, and can carry through the bluff with the nonchalance and aplomb of a career diplomat, you will succeed in driving

your friends into tizzies of envious agony. To this end, *Voo Doo* presents this condensed course in short cuts to snobbish wining and dining.

When dining out, frequent the "little place that has not yet been discovered" which still serves good food. Such an intimate spot as the Orange Room of Nedicks or the Wormwood Room of the Waldorf Cafeteria is preferable to some larger establishments. If seen about such *Bistros* often, you will acquire the status of an *Habitué*. If your son goes with you, he will be a son of an *Habitué*. It is no longer considered correct to order the meal in French. Ordering in French can also prove embarrassing if your French is bad, or if it turns out to be a Chinese restaurant.

Before the meal, it is customary to have a drink. The most high brow drink is the Martini, which presents a slight problem in ordering. It takes a modicum of perception to know whether or not to ask "dry" Martini. Ordering a "dry" Martini in a low brow restaurant will immediately classify you as a high brow, but in a swank joint the appendage is superfluous (*all Martinis being dry there*) and, if used, will label you as a low brow trying to emulate a high brow.

You start the dinner with the Restaurant's *Soupe De Jour* (Yesterdays soup with todays leftovers thrown in.) Or in some places, borscht with Bananas is good. From the soup, you proceed to the entree. Avoid the *specialité de maison* (I.E. what they're pushing) The true gourmet selects a lesser known, more exotic dish. The beginner might try such items as *quelque choses*, fillet de filly, fried *je ne sais quois*, baked latakia, or wheaties in aspic.

It is always correct to eat beef but the mode now is towards the rare side. In the kitchen the waiter walks briskly past with the platter of raw steak as the chef explodes a small napalm bomb. When served, it is not considered *au fait* to say, "I've seen cows hurt worse than this get better."

With the dinner you must have wine. You needn't bother memorizing a hash of species and years, as the following system will suit you admirably. The waiter will know the correct wine and bring it to you to try. You will arbitrarily dismiss the first three wines served as being "corky," when the fourth is brought in, don't say anything, just nod slightly. It is not even necessary for you to know what "corky" means. This system will impose no great hardship on the management, which will re-stopper the rejected bottles to be subsequently served to some less discerning patron, and will impress hell out of your guests and Pierre, the waiter, who hails from Jersey City.

For dessert have the dish the place is known for. If,

for instance, you are at Durgin-Park, have the Indian Pudding. But be a purist about the thing, that is, eat it the way the Indians ate it—with a scoop of ice cream in the middle.

You don't have to be a Philippe of the Waldorf to prepare dinner at your place. Again, we start with the inevitable Martini. The reason for its popularity is the ease with which it is made, mixing together only gin and vermouth. Snobs call the Martini the only "civilized" drink. It tastes like iodized Kreml. The correctly made Martini is so dry as practically no vermouth can make it. Current proportions run about 498 to 1 (by weight.) The author's own method of assembling the concoction is to squeeze an atomizer of vermouth once lightly over two cocktail glasses, then fill them with cold gin.

A few other drinks are acceptable, such as sherry or Old Piledriver "on the rocks." These are o.k. because of their simplicity. Ask a Gourmet to prepare something difficult for you, like an *épouse café*, and he is liable to run amuck and commit an act of frot-tage.

For appetizers, soak a dozen saltines in sheep dip, spread some oyster crackers with glaziers putty, put horse giblets on soggy Ry-Krisp (horse D'oeuvres,) and butter about twenty Ritz crackers liberally with Ken-L-Ration. Nobody ever *eats* appetizers but if they eat yours, you will gain an immediate reputation as having the most unappetizing appetizers in town.

A typical home prepared dinner might consist of Walker (Cream of Flour) soup, oysters Hurragh (raw, with chocolate sauce and red pepper,) a pot luck casserole ("I just threw it together,") La Grosse Messe, or ravioli chow mein. For dessert, some *Ouvrez la fenêtre* or das sneeuballen (in season) is fine. Serve with brandy or a *petite Bière à la sealtest* (beer with a scoop of vanilla in it).

When you drink, you are supposed to "drink like a gentleman." This means sipping your liquor with all of the enthusiasm of an Indian taking his Balsam tea to ward off evil spirits. If you should, in the course of events, obtain a hangover and wind up with a shaking frame and a mouth that tastes like little men with muddy feet have been walking around on it all night, there are several things you can do. If a bromo-seltzer is too noisy, you could try an Albert Payson Terhune Special (hair of the mastiff that bit you) which consists of half beer and half tobasco sauce. Bellows puts out an excellent medication called Strate-Ri. As a relief for serious hangovers, Abercrombie and Fitch makes a little silver oxygen mask, complete with pigskin traveling case.

— Henri De La Desqui

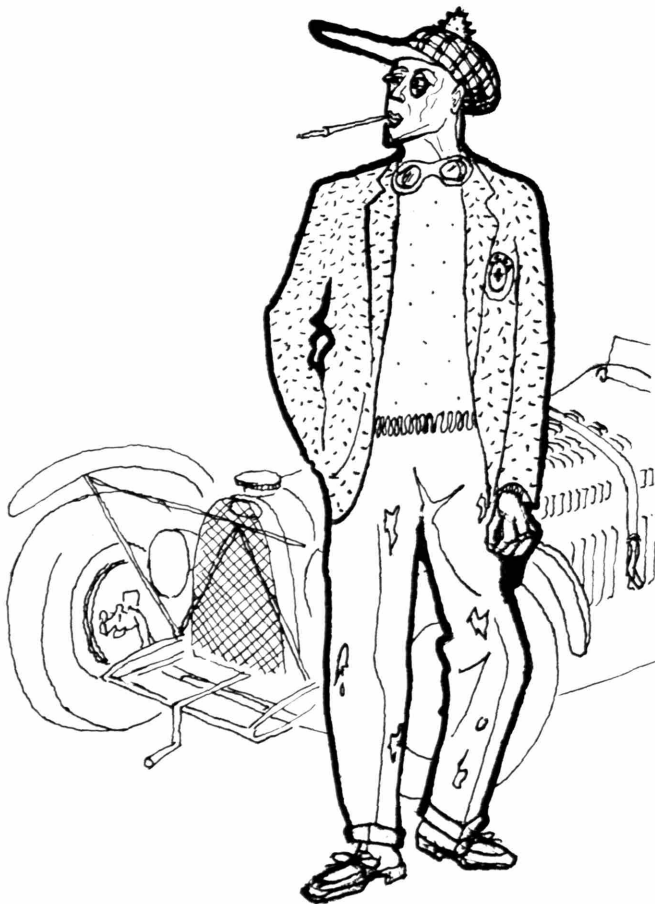


— ROLIN J. HALL

AND IN THE SPRING

To think that once people wore clothes merely to protect themselves. . . That, thank heavens, was a long time ago. And it was a bleak time too, with no poetry to it, when love was merely breeding. For the dress creates the mood. Would you be thoughtful? Would you be sad? Would you make love. . . ?

Aujord'hui roi, demain rien. Who cares? What is this life if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare. . . into a Martini, or even a Pink Lady. Gentlemen, we present the man-about-the-campus. Talk to him about Kierkegaard or Kepler, he has read them. And why not? His shirt is pale blue with a round collar. The unassuming tie pin presents the careful carelessness of the striped tie. There is a limp elegance in the seersucker coat, with four buttons on the sleeve, of course, and, above all, in the army surplus khaki trousers. The layer of dust on his white buck shoes shows the lordly indifference of the socially assured. And, of course, the hat. In the spring what better than a straw one?



If the dress creates the mood, sometimes the mood must guide the dress. Do you like to tinker with things? Are you a sports-car enthusiast. The slight curl of the upper lip, and a mildly bored expression will mark you as 'le gran sport.' The attire is traditional and mandatory. A loosely cut jacket in a comfortable herringbone, a green turtleneck sweater, grease spotted khakis in a random design. Topping off the ensemble, a cap of indefinite colour; goggles are optional.



When in Rome do as Rome does . . . And you'll really flip your lid when you dig our new spring line of crazy duds. They are the utter in style and feature designs done by the coolest of the cool Theodosia Bunk. The cats will be hep-notized when they dig you perched at your groovy pad for two with the splediferous suede slippers with crazy alligator tassels. I'll clue you in Dad trip down quick to you local drape shop and latch on to a set of our real fabulous seams.

It's the gathering of the clans. Yes, it's plaid, plaid everywhere. Waistcoat, jacket, shorts, shirt, tie . . . Definitely correct for the informal occasion.



Accessories, there are never enough of them. This spring we predict you will be undressed without: a silk square from Madrid, a jade tie pin from Hong Kong, beaten silver cuff links from Mexico, a kangaroo leather billfold from down under. . . Take your pick.



Locarni*



for you who love to flirt with fire . . .

who dare to skate on thin slush . . .

Retchon's 'Balls of Fire'

for eyeballs and matching armpits. A lush-and-passionate mauve

. . . like flaming diamonds dancing on the moon!

COSTUME: GIOVANNI'S PUSHCART

PHOTO: SUNSHINE AND HEALTH

RING: BALFOUR

LOCARMI

TRILOGY

MALE PRAYER FOR A MIRACLE OF MODERN MEDICINE

Oh Father, Oh Father,
I hope it ain't too much bother
But Lord, oh Lord,
I think I'd rather be a broad.

CONDENSATION OF THE FIRST TEN PAGES OF ANY BOSTON NEWSPAPER

Cause Boston women ain't got no
passion
Boston men stoop to mashin'.

TRAVELOGUE

It's Chamber of Commerce claims
that Boston
is the land of scenery.
It overlooks the Charles and the
Sea,
700 churches and a willow tree,
A horse who owned Paul Revere
And bars that won't serve beer.
It overlooks famous cod,
And a fistful of sod,
And universities galore
And so much more
That I think it rather odd
That Boston was overlooked by
God.

—A. Levine



Are you made for 'Balls of Fire?'

Try this quiz and see!

What is the American male assembled from? Tweeds, mystery, imported briar, chivalry, eye-patches and get-up-and-go? Not on your isotope! There is an ugly new version of homo sapiens in vogue—a man of demoniac impulses and unpredictable whims, a man of delirium tremens, five o'clock shadow, excess avoirdupois and dementia praecox. Any get-up-and-go he had got up and went. His abode smells like an old gymnasium. Acquaintances run for the hills when they see him. His room-mates buy Airwick in bulk. He is the "Balls of Fire" man! (Are you?)

- | | |
|--|--|
| Does Stravinsky make you woof your cookies? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Are you scared stiff of small birds and angleworms? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Are you excited by pin-striped lavender shorts, even on somebody else? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Have you ever stifled a desire to punt a policeman? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you close your eyes when you are kissed? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Could you whip your weight in women? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Have you ever wanted to wear an ankle bracelet? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| At times, do you have an uncontrollable desire to eat bacon fat? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you hate clean sheets on your bed? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Have you ever eaten a banana under water? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you like the feeling of a woman next to your skin? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you secretly hope the next woman you meet will be an orthodontist? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Would you like to see a nun on a motorcycle? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Do you despise dogs and children? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Would you like a chinchilla lined athletic supporter? | yes <input type="checkbox"/> no <input type="checkbox"/> |

If you've bothered to answer more than three of these questions, you're ready for "Balls of Fire." Use it today! It will make you feel like a new man. Then buy the new man a bottle. "Balls of Fire" comes in bottles of two and four ounces and the large economy size of seven gallons.

A wealthy but miserly old gent had just engaged a new chauffeur and was giving him instructions.

"And when you're not driving the car," he said, "there's the poultry house to clean and the dogs to look after and you can give the gardner a hand in odd moments."

"Yes, sir," replied the chauffeur grimly. "What sort of soil is it?"

"What sort of soil?" queried the old codger. "Why?"

"Well," was the retort, "I thought if it was clay soil I might make a few bricks to fill in the time."



He¹: What's the difference between mashed potatoes and pea soup?

He²: Any one can mash potatoes.



Said the bellhop to a noisy college drinking party in a hotel bedroom: "I've been sent to ask you to make less noise, gentlemen. The gentleman in the next room says he can't read."

"Tell him," was the reply of one of the collegiates, "that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, I could read when I was five years old."



"Marie is getting quite modern! Some time ago she said when she got married she was going to have two children. Now she's changed her mind."

"What about, the kids?"

"No, about getting married!"



Harvard '50 . . . and I was here first.

A lady hired a new maid, and asked her, "Do you have any religious views?" The maid replied, "No, I haven't, ma'am, but I've got some dandy snapshots of Niagara Falls and Great Lakes."



Someone asked a police captain if it was true he was brought up in a tough neighborhood.

"Tough?" said the officer. "Why, it was so tough in our neighborhood a cat with a tail was a tourist."

The captain of an Atlantic liner approached a miserable looking young woman leaning over the railing.

"Waiting for the moon to come up?" he asked.

"Oh lord!" groaned the girl. "Has that got to come up too?"



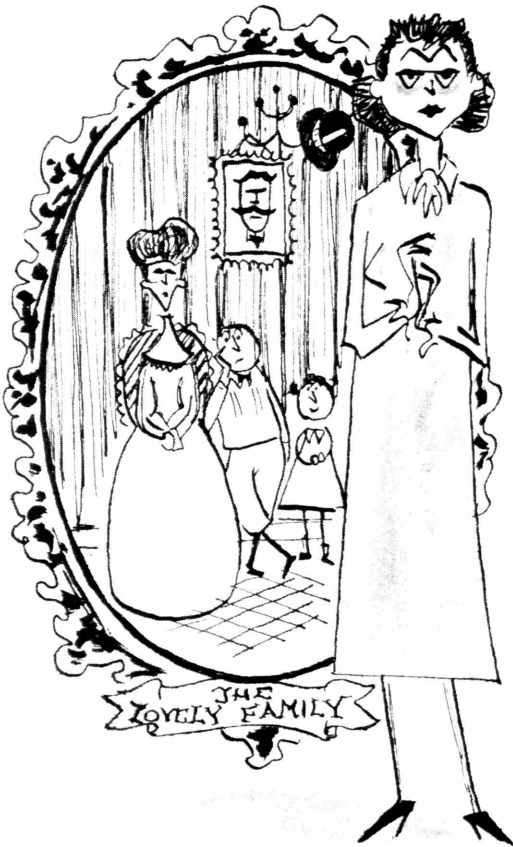
"My, what a beautiful sunset this is!"

"Yeah, not bad for a small place like this, is it!"

The

Woman's

Place



TO MARRY—Executive type . . . chief duties to run the home, attend civic meetings, hire and fire servants, etc. Mainly to establish a respectable front.

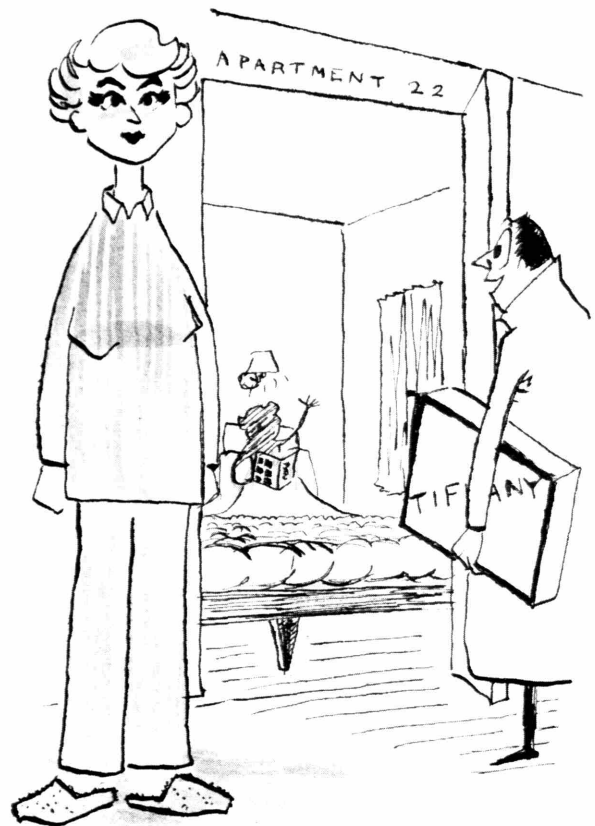


TO GO "ON THE TOWN" WITH—Flashy blond . . . wears sexy, expensive clothes and giggles at all your jokes. Drinks like a fish and dances like Rita Hayworth. Must be durable and capable of appearing sober at all hours of the morning.



SECRETARY—Efficient, sensible type . . . runs the business all by herself enabling the boss to live graciously. Similar in temperament to the wife but infinitely more valuable.

TO TAKE TO THE RACES—Outdoor type . . . is long and lean and looks "horsey." Has natural wind-blown look and is ideal for riding in sports cars with the top down.



TO SLEEP WITH—Marilyn Monroe type . . . dumb, but stacked! Given periodic ration of furs, jewelry, champagne and comic books, she is perfectly content. Not to be displayed in public.



FOR THE WEEKEND BUSINESS TRIP—Usually the "personal secretary" . . . but may be some one else with proper experience. Ideal for keeping in touch with the "Old Flame" or some other acquaintance who does not fit into any other categories.



FOR THE OPERA—Well mannered, cultured and sedate . . . dresses tastefully, and attractively. Knows all about the music and will gladly discourse on it at length. Has own opera glasses and usually makes you wish you were out "on the town" again.



TO TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO—Your mother.

Because of his refusal to eat, the frantic mother had taken her little son to the great psychiatrist, who coaxed the boy with every conceivable goody in vain. Finally he said, "What *would* you like to eat?"

"Worms," was the calm reply.

Not to be outdone, the medico sent his nurse out for a plate full of the wrigglers. "Here," he barked to the boy.

"I want them fried," came the answer.

The nurse did so and returned with the plate.

"I only want one," said the food hater.

The doctor got rid of all but one. "Now," he exploded, "eat!"

The boy protested, "You eat half."

The doctor gagged the fried worm down, then he dangled the remaining half in the little fellow's face. The boy burst into loud tears.

"What's the matter now?" yelled the infuriated medic.

"You ate my half," the little boy wailed.



Walking down an old country road, a farmer suddenly came upon an elephant sitting in the middle of it. He pinched himself and continued on his way, mumbling something about no more five cent whiskey. Having walked some hundred yards or so, he stopped in amazement, for there in the middle of the road was another elephant, sitting with his back to the first elephant. The farmer was astonished.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the second elephant, "but what are you and your friend up the road doing just sitting out here?"

The elephant smiled. "We're playing bookends."



A man working in a factory got his coat caught in a revolving flywheel. He was whished up and whirled around until the foreman rushed up and switched off the machine. The poor fellow was hurled into a far corner and lay there, still. The foreman ran over to him.

"Speak to me, speak to me," he said hysterically.

The victim looked up disdainfully.

"Why should I speak to you?" he said. "I passed you six times a minute ago and you didn't speak to me."

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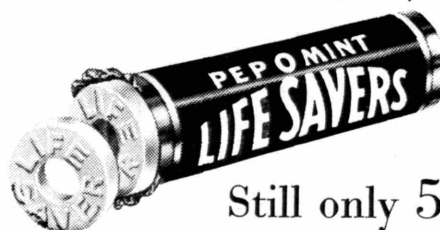


OVID

on Life Savers:

"Let not your breath be sour"

from *Ars Amatoria*, BOOK I, LINE 513



Still only 5¢

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Enjoy Your Favorite Cocktails
Made As You Like Them
In Boston's Most Charming Cocktail Lounge



Served In A Background
Of Delightful Entertainment

495 Beacon St.

at Mass. Ave.

Two fleas fell in love and one lovely June day they got married.

Young, industrious and ambitious, the fleas worked hard and saved their money. They sacrificed fun to assure the future. One day they counted their money and were overjoyed to find they'd saved five dollars.

"If we can save five we can save ten!" they agreed, so they continued their thrift. They toiled, economized and planned, spurning the frivolous pleasure of other fleas. Finally came the day when their saving totaled ten dollars.

That day they went out and bought their own dog.



An elderly woman, visiting the zoo, wanted to ride a camel. The keeper hoisted her up, but was unable to make the camel move.

At last, the lady dismounted and started to pet it. Suddenly, the camel went running off as fast as it could. The keeper turned to the old lady.

"Madam," he said, "What did you do to him?"

"I tickled him," she replied.

"Well," he said, "you'd better tickle me. I've got to catch him."



After passing his induction physical the draftee was taken in tow by a burly sergeant who inquired if he had completed grammar school.

"Yes," replied the draftee, "I also finished high school, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Yale, received my Master's from Columbia, and my Doctorate from Harvard."

The sergeant nodded and then stamped the young man's questionnaire with a single word: *Literate*.



Book: Is your horse going to race in the Grand National?

Keeper: No, they wouldn't let him because he was scratched in the Preakness.

Book: My, my, and that's such a tender place.



COCKTAIL PARTYMANSHIP¹

There is a printed brochure on Partymanship available from the Lifemanship correspondence school at Yeovil. However, as my collaboration with J. Harling has shown, its adaptability to the American idiom is sometimes questionable. Because of this fact, and the very real need of an adequate knowledge of the subject by every American Lifeman, I have here compounded a few of the basic ploys and gambits of the phase of Partymanship known as Cocktail Partymanship.

The object, of course, is to be one up on both the Host and the other guests. A preliminary advantage may be gained by the use of the Important Telephone Call. At promptly the time at which you are due at the party, call and announce that you will be delayed indefinitely by a very important engagement. This call should preferably be made from some very noisy place, such as a windy outdoor telephone booth, making it extremely difficult for the Host to fully understand you. If it is necessary to repeat yourself, do so with a show of restrained haste and well-bred impatience.

After a significant time, arrive at the party, explaining that you really shouldn't have cut things this short, but you certainly didn't want to disappoint him, the Host.² This is practically guaranteed to assure the Lifeman a one-up position on the Host as it is now you who have put yourself out, and not the opposite. This is extremely important, as the Host is, by virtue of having you into his home and supplying the drinks, in an initial strong one-up position which must be destroyed.

The question of whom to bring to these affairs is many times pertinent. A ploy which has not yet been used in England, but shows great promise in this country, is to bring someone who speaks absolutely no English. The problem of how to behave in such a situation has been known to throw both Host and guests into such a state of disorganization as to permanently destroy any hopes of an enjoyable evening, leaving the Lifeman in complete mastery.

E. Smythe's Regret is an adaptation of one of the more advanced techniques of Lifemanship and should not be attempted by the novice. As conversation groups form, the Lifeman will find that many times mutual acquaintances are being discussed, none of whom he knows. The layman here is lost and must resign himself to feeling uncomfortable as he stands, dumb and smiling waiting for another topic. Not so E. Smythe. He would wait until the gossip mentioned some young lady quite unknown to him and then would say in a quiet voice, "Ah yes, . . . poor Celia." And then, when the conversation had been completely stopped by this, he would look around at the group and with an aggressive and chastising tone, would add, "But I have *never* known a girl with better intentions and more moral fiber. (pause for significant look). Everybody so *misjudges* her."

For the novice, the cooperation of another Lifeman will enable him to carry off the conversation, eternally remaining one-up by discussing with his partner very interesting folk, and their doings, whose identities remain known only to the two partners. Stories should merely be hinted at, with the other immediately interrupting, "Oh, yes (chuckle)." And then, turning to layman, "That was one of the funniest things old John ever did, don't you think?" The implication being of course that he doesn't.

Another potentially vulnerable spot of your Host will be his opinion of himself as a connoisseur of drinks. At the offer of a second drink, the Lifeman may refuse, speaking a bit apologetically but leaving no doubt as to where the real fault lies, "I'm afraid that something I had for lunch (five hours ago), that custard perhaps, isn't agreeing with me. Since that first drink, my stomach has been in an absolute turmoil."

Alternately, when the offer of the second drink comes, the Lifeman may stop the Host and in a fascinating-story voice, "You know, this little drink (holding glass aloft and rotating it slowly to gain attention) has an extremely interesting history. I happened to have one at the club where they were originated. It was a little out of the way spot in the Italian Alps. But, (pause, still looking at glass a little regretfully) *they* did it a bit differently."³

If anything needs be added, and the Host has been serving in regular cocktail glasses, it is okay to add, "*They* served it in champagne glasses."

Another approach may be made to the Host through the furnishings of his apartment. If it is known that the decoration was the work of a professional, say, "Your place is very well done. It is so nice to see someone express himself so tastefully. It is so much more *you* than the work of those professionals. Shows a real interest in your environment."

If the party happens to be given at a fraternity house, then the Fraternity itself can be severely plonked using the methods of Anti-Clubmanship. It should be emphasized that the Lifeman is on thin ice, and may so arouse the ire of his Host, that he may receive a blow in the face as retort. Here, remember the axiom, "The Lifeman is Fearless." If this unfortunate circumstance does come to pass, the Lifeman has won a great point.⁴ What action could put a Host to greater shame?

Footnotes:

1. With apologies to the Founder. Thanks must be given to J. Harling, a recent arrival on these shores and the now vice-Lifechairman of Boston.
2. As an addition to this ploy, if the Host enquires why you did not bring your important guest with you, strengthen your position by answering that he/she had to make a dinner at the Russian Embassy, or the Killian's, or some such place.
3. This ploy is named for a non-existent bartender in a little bar in southern Italy named C. Giovanni. As a corollary, if the Host is serving a drink supposedly of his own invention, the conversation may go:

Host: "How do you like this little drink of mine?"

L-Man: "It's quite good, and very original of you. I had something rather similar to this once on the Continent. It was made of (and then Lifeman proceeds to give recipe, which he has overheard Host giving to guest). Quite amazing how it caught on over there. And (friendly and enquiring tone) what do you call this?"

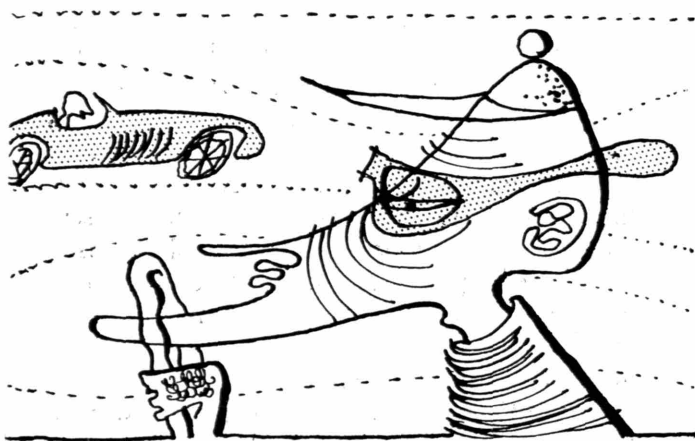
4. J. Harling's Dogma. (*Yeovil Tracts in Moral Philosophy*, No. 13-B, pp 2, 3.)

—Jay Koogle

Realizing that a suitable hobby is as much a part of the gracious liver as the clothes he wears or the food he eats, we have culled the international set for our readers and present herewith our nominations for 1953 . . .

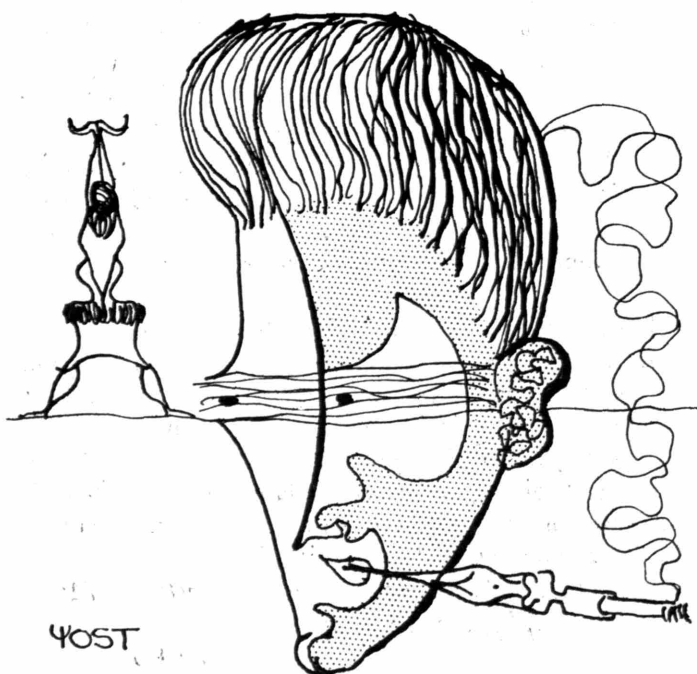
Gallery Of Gracious Hobbyists

TAZIO NOUVORICHI is a sports car enthusiast



Tazio, fiery bantam rooster of the racing circuits and unprecedented three time winner of the Grand Prix de Worcester Turnpike, is famous for his exploits the world over. Almost as well known for his brash assurance as his motoring skill he is rumored, while visiting the United States, to have told "Engine Charlie" Wilson, "what's good for Tazio is good for General Motors." Always the wily one, he is said to be the originator of the jettisonable ground glass hub cap which he used with such telling success in many European races. Not one to scorn American mass production design techniques, he says of the new 1953 Ghash bed-o-matic: "This will open a whole new field to sporty car enthusiasts."

PIERRE de SENSUALE burns with a hard gem-like flame



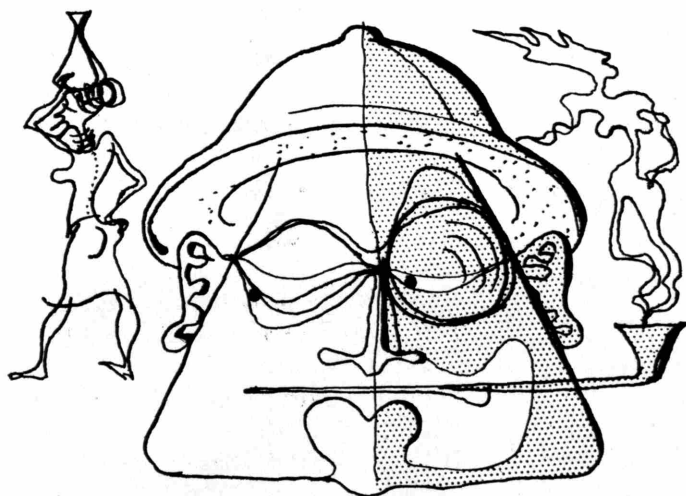
As perhaps the epitome of the gracious hobbyist, we would describe Pierre as one who has drunk often from the cup of life. Indeed he has at times been known to chew the ice and swallow the glass. He has often been called "the darling of international society", a fact which amuses him no little. They thenk I am sexee," he says, "and who am I to argue?" As our readers have no doubt gathered, Pierre has dabbled in just about every hobby commensurate with his background and breeding, and he has loved them all. In fact, Pierre loves everybody and everything, a fact which has caused him no little trouble with the authorities in certain less tolerant parts of the world. Asked to list for our readers a few of the most sheerly enjoyable things in the world, Pierre obliged. "The hard powdery crispness of the upper run at St. Moritz, the streetwalkers of Nice, the sun rising over Diamond Head, the streetwalkers of Naples, the tang of a New Hampshire October, the streetwalkers of Pitts . . . ahhh—everything is glorious, everytheeng!"

The DUKE de AQUISITIVUS collects antique coins



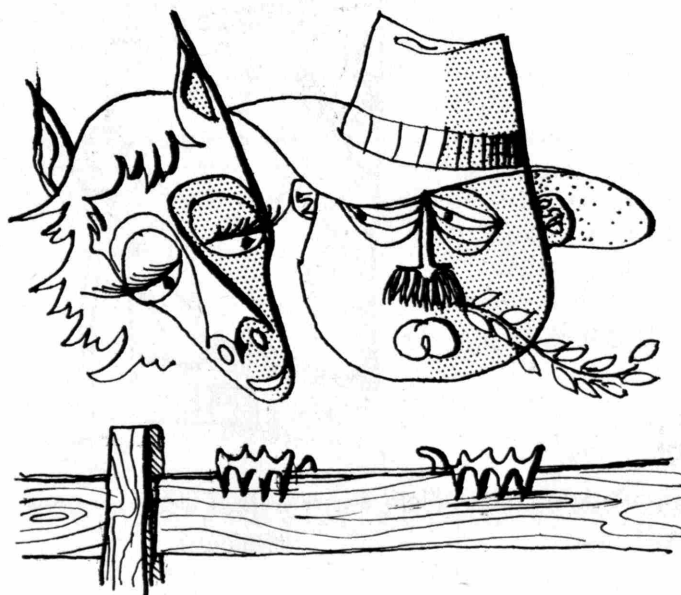
The duke, scion of the 14th oldest bloody family in Tuscany, has a long tradition of classical research behind him. His maternal great grandfather, Kinsius Positionus, was the first to explain the symbolism of many of the wall friezes portraying ancient Roman men and women (and an occasional sheep) found in the excavations of Pompeii. The present duke, having chosen for his field of study Roman currency, has the finest old gold collection in the world, possibly excepting Mr. P. Lorillard. His collection is being extended to other quaint and interesting media of exchange such as pictures of presidents of the United States.

BRIG. GATTLING REMINGTON WESSON-SMITH hunts big game



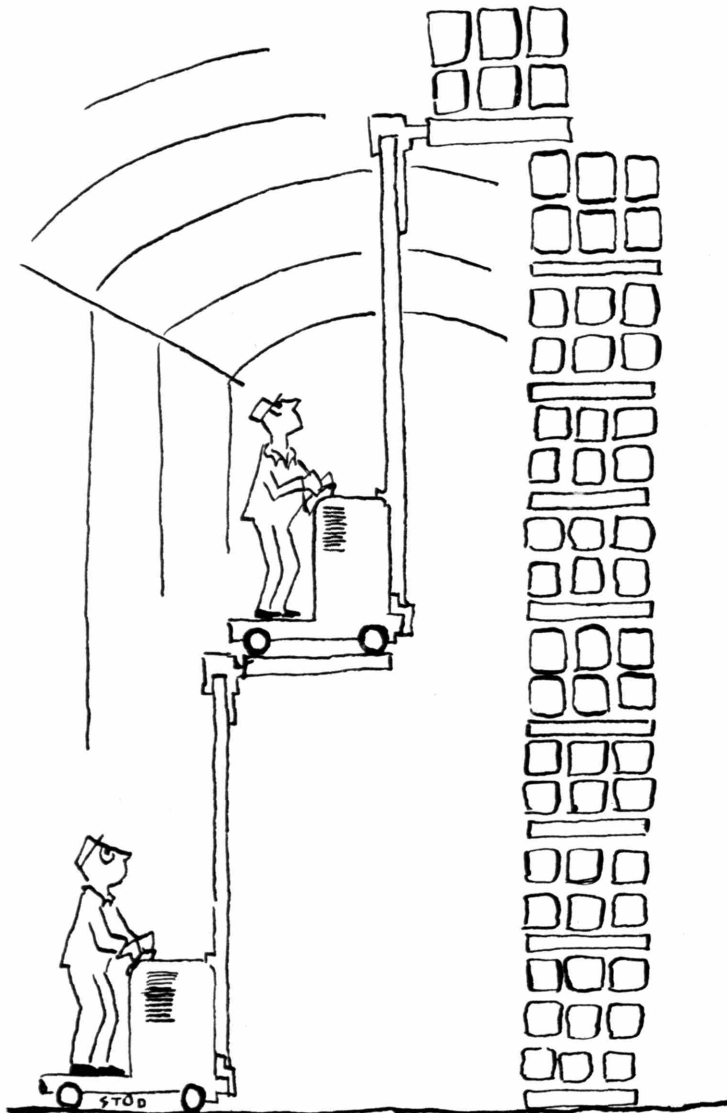
Companion to maharajah and duke, friend to royalty and tribesman alike, a veteran of all the great hunting grounds, "gat" (as his close friends call him) has recently shifted his efforts from the now commonplace African trophies to what many consider the most cunning and elusive of all surviving wild-life, the *pedestrianus Americanus*. Like so many of the great hunters of his generation the Colonel deplores the commercialization which has taken over his beloved Africa and now threatens even *pedestrianus Americanus*. Speaking of the growing habit of bagging the latter from moving taxicabs he says: "Hahdly pukka, hahdly . . ."

COL. STIRRUP G. WHINNEY owns America's largest racing stable



Col. Whinney, by his own designation a "blue blood from the blue grass", is famous all over eastern Hannahsboro Co. not only for his horses but for his almost legendary Southern hospitality. His paddock is always open, and he can be seen sitting on his verandah—which has broadened only slightly with the years—most any evening, chomping julep leaves, cursing the pari-mutuels, and fondly reminiscing about the ante-newdeallum days. No hide-bound reactionary, he is quick to recognize the pressure of changing times and has cut his stable down to four grooms per horse, and feeds his help the same nutritious fare he serves his best blooded ponies. It is the colonel's boast that in his prime he rode everything in Kentucky worth riding. This remark is said to have once involved him in a rather nasty scandal.

—R. B. R.



One evening a young matron was returning from a First Aid class, and she came upon a man sprawled face down on a darkened side street.

"Ah!" thought the girl, "Providence has led me hither to minister to this poor unfortunate." Parking her car nearby, she rushed over and began artificial respiration. Presently the man stirred, looked up, and speaking with difficulty, said: "I'm holding a lantern for a guy working down in this manhole. I ain't sure what you're up to, lady, but this ain't the time or the place."



A rhumba is an asset to music.



Little Willie in bows and sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.

Now in winter when weather's chilly
No one likes to poke up Willy.

Naomi: "Boo hoo! The dog ate all the nice cookies I baked for you."

Ben: "Don't cry, honey; I'll get you another dog."



Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhibit the earth.



Little Willie on the track
Heard the engine squeal.
Now the engine's coming back,
They're scraping Willie off the wheel.

Eiffel Tower; A French erector set that made good.



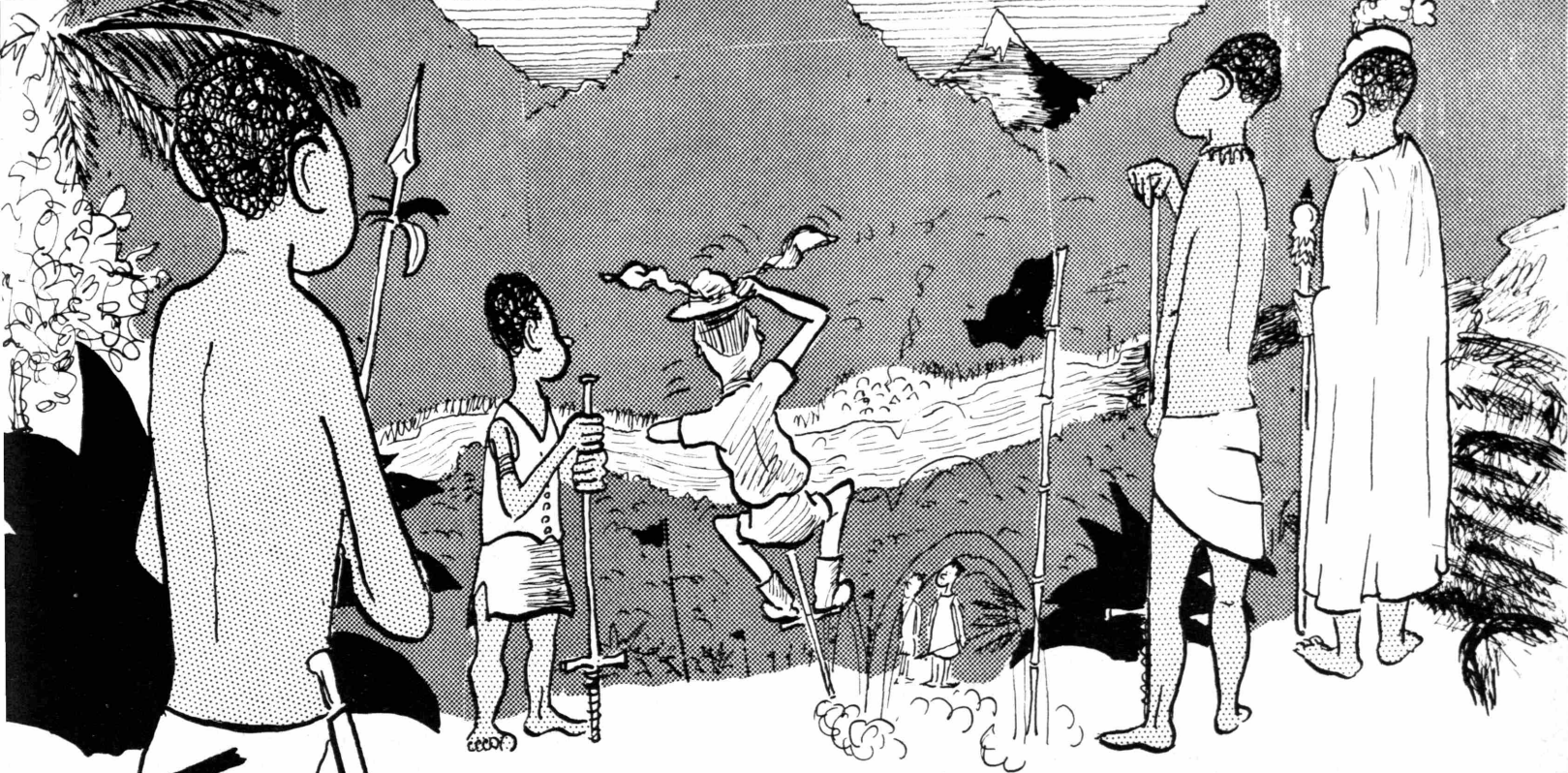
"You can't beat the system," moaned an SAE over his last semester grades. "I decided to take Basketweaving for a snap course, but two Navajos enrolled and raised the curve and I flunked!"



They called their hotel Fiddle because it was a vile inn.



How much is that doggy in the window?

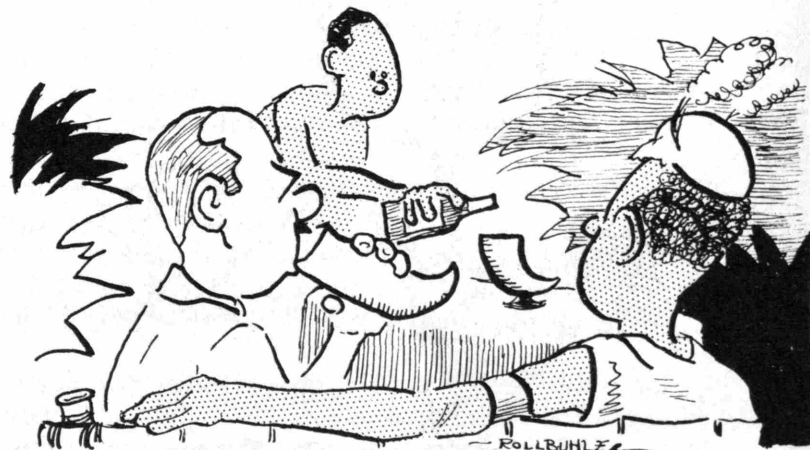


*They streamlined me
for Zululand's 'flying mile'*

1. "Strictly for speed demons, the Kilometer-Blaze at Scrooet, Zululand is the fastest thing on one leg. And the scariest! I didn't know how scary till I found myself tinnabulating downhill at 90 h.p.s. (hops-per-second)," writes an American distributor of Canuckian Club. "Dare-devil racers, starting from high above, hit the course at top speed. It takes a kilo-hop to stop . . .



2. "I swooped through the finish line going well under mach 1.0, my lead-weighted, poly-sprung pogo pole purring beneath me. On my trek back to the finish line, through the bush country, I noticed considerable flocculation among groups of natives. They were a vigorous people.



3. "Catching my breath at the Palace Hotel, I saw something that made my streamlined speed-dive seem fatuous—a crock of Canuckian Club, light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon, but nevertheless a fine whiskey.

IN 87 LANDS—THE CHOICE OF PEOPLE

"Canuckian Club"

ABSURDLY OLD
200 PROOF



The maid was new and nervous, and when she was told to bring her mistress a glass of milk, she came in with the glass tightly clutched in her hands.

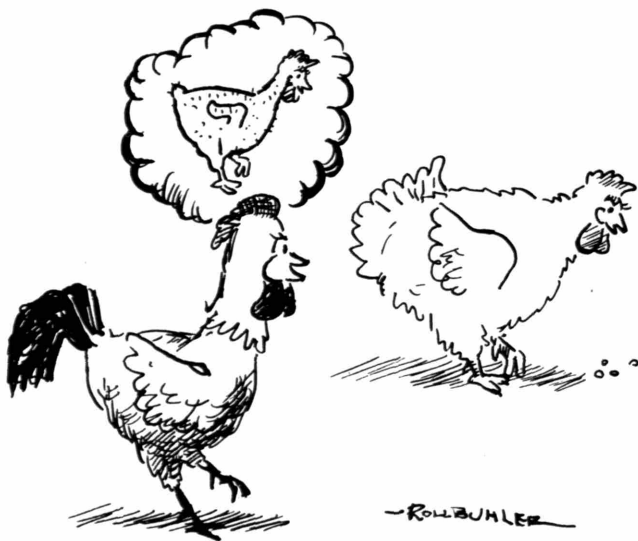
"Jane," fumed the lady of the house, "don't ever do that again. Always bring it on a tray."

The next evening, Jane appeared at the door with an anxious look on her face and a tray full of milk in her hands.

"Excuse me, Ma'am," she said, "but shall I bring you a spoon to drink with or will you just lick it up?"



A delicate membrane is the epiglottis
It protects the windpipe from streptococcus
And foreign pieces of particles,
Such as tin cans, glass, and articles,
That would find their way into the trachea,
Causing a vicious belly-achea,
Of my epiglottis glad I am,
Or my respiratory would become a garbage can.



Boston's Original Home Of Jazz

SAVOY

Featuring
"THE GREATEST NAMES
IN JAZZ"

Nightly and Sunday Afternoon Jam Sessions
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Toe to toe the two heavies stood slugging it out. As dynamite right succeeded atomic left, the tremendous crowd roared. There was a terrific thud, and suddenly one boxer buckled at the knees and thudded to the floor.

"One—two—three—" counted the referee and the crowd bellowed hoarsely. At four he was up—and after an exchange of terrible blows, down he went again. The crowd went crazy and went into a huge, sustained roar.

"One—two—three—four—" counted the referee. The roar increased. Suddenly the fallen fighter leaped to his feet and faced the thundering mob.

"Shut up that damned yelling," he thundered. "How in hell can I hear the count?"



A number of American soldiers were seated around a table in a crowded Paris restaurant when a much-hurried waitress spilled a bowl of hot soup all over the chaplain.

The good man spluttered, tried to gain control of himself and finally sounded off with: "Come, come! One of you sinful comrades say something appropriate!"



"Where did you get that turkey?" asked the Colonel of a Texas regiment to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp toting a fine-looking bird.

"Stole it," was the laconic reply.

"Ah," said the Colonel triumphantly to a bystander. "You see, my boys steal, but they won't lie."

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Rhetoric Revisited

This letter is forreal. It is true. It was sent. It was received. It is actual. It is being reprinted to satisfy your desire to read what you were not intended to read.

Do believe it.

C——, New Hampshire
March 3, 1953

Dear Allan,

It is beneath my contempt to answer the inane, the stupid, and the utterly absurd charges which you have so childishly placed before me in your recent letter. It is, therefore, not to these silly statements which I reply. It is not even to upbraid you for having misled in your judgments by resting your opinions on the fallacious statements of another; although for anyone, even Bob C——, to bear false witness against the neighbor is a serious sin. (Consult the 8th Commandment.) Rather, do I reply to this: that while one is in a state of mental adolescence, he should never write a lady. It is not chivalrous. Neither is it noble to drag a past occurrence (sic) from the limbo in which it has found rightful obscurity, into a present discussion. In common parlance, grow up little boy! Perhaps you did not realize what you have done by this act is to relegate yourself to the level of a bore, a common buffoon, when by your very nature, you should be the essence of courtesy, calmness, and magnanimity. These are the attributes of a gentleman. And gentlemen are gentlemen only when they are mentally adult. To put it more plainly, "Your bad manners are exceeded only by your bad manners." (A famous and excellent (sic) quotation, the source of which you might care to trace when you find time to waste on hurling vitriolic diatribes and vituperative accusations at one whom you scarcely know, let alone have the right to address in so bold and chiding a manner.)

As for the near perjuring of one's soul in order to shield another, such is no loyalty at all! It is still in my realm of thought a falsehood. And falsehoods are dangerous and ignoble.

Did you think to impress me by the questionable way in which you employed your acquired list of 50 cent words? Not at all. May I suggest that you consult your dictionary and rhetoric books closely before ever composing letters of whatever nature—sympathetic or antipathetic. And above all be sure of your ground because to make yourself ridiculous is the office of a court fool.

One last parting bit of advice. Take it to heart, and you may someday acquire the gallantry which you now, in your present conceit, fancy you possess! Be yourself. "Be not wise in your own conceits," or as Priscilla Mullein said in advising John Alden not to be superficial, not to expect her to stoop to duplicity!

"Let us, then, be what we are . . .
. . . And in all things, keep
ourselves loyal to truth and
the sacred professions of
friendship."

Regretfully,
Joan S.



Sex, Sex, that's all you boys think
about these days . . . !

DAVE LESLIE

She's a suicide blond—dyed by her own hand.



Noah Webster's wife came into the pantry and found him kissing the pretty chambermaid.

"Mr. Webster!" she exclaimed. "I am surprised."

"No, my dear," said Mr. Webster with a reprov-
ing smile. "You are astounded. I am surprised."



A car full of well-ignited bopsters was going about 70 through heavy traffic. One in the back seat suddenly collected himself, leaned over and said to the driver, "Hey, man, play melody!"



A sailor discovered, when he arrived home on leave, that his wife was expecting a baby at any moment. Immediately he dispatched a telegram to his commanding officer requesting an extension and explaining his reason.

His reply came quickly and consisted of the following message: "U.S.A.S.N. recognizes necessity of your presence at laying keel. Considers your presence at launching superfluous."

The colored preacher had just finished his sermon about free salvation and asked a brother to take up a collection. At this, a member of the congregation protested: "Parson, Ah thought you said salvation was free—free as the water we drink."

"Salvation is free, Brother," replied the parson. "It's free, and the water is free, but when we pipes it to you—you pays for the piping."



Auctioneer: What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?

Man in crowd: That ain't Burns . . . that's Shakespeare.

Auctioneer: Well folks, the joke is on me. That sure shows what I know about the Bible.



Toulouse: "I grew up in the poor section of town."

Lautrec: "The wrong side of the tracks?"

Toulouse: "Well, no. My town was so poor we couldn't afford train tracks."

Lautrec: "That must have been hard on you."

Toulouse: "If you think it was hard on me, you should have seen what it did to those trains."



"This is Miss Edith Smith," said a voice on the other end of the line. "I just had to call and tell you personally that the hat I bought at your store last week is simply stunning!"

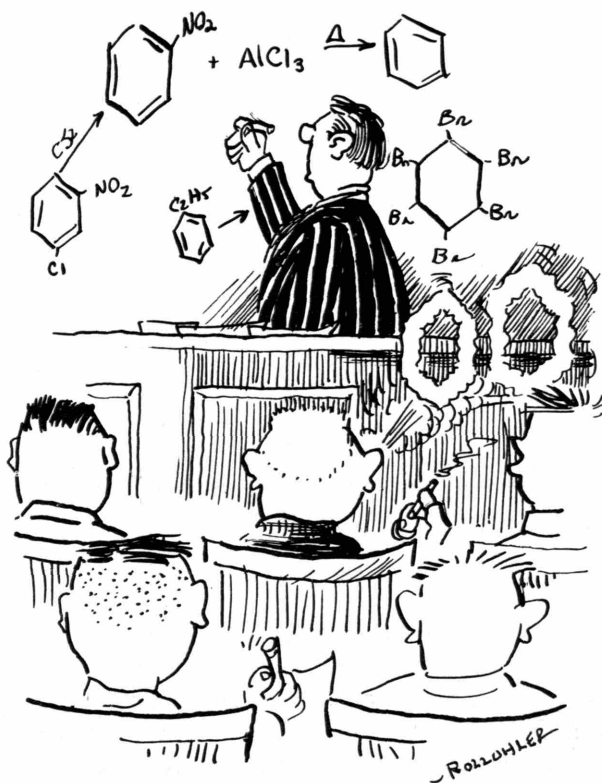
"I'm delighted to hear it," growled the store president, trying to hold his temper. "But why call me in the middle of the night about it?"

"Because," she replied sweetly, "your truck just delivered it."



"I understand you husband is wanted by the police."

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes."



Four marines were playing bridge in a hut on Wake Island during World War II, when another Leatherneck burst into the room and shouted: "The Japs are landing a force of about two hundred men down on the beach."

The four Marines looked at one another wearily. Finally, one said: "I'll go, I'm dummy this hand."



"Where do you think you're going?" said the police dog as another fled past him. "to a fire hydrant?"

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A little mite of a man applied to a foreman of a gang of stevedores for a job.

"Aw, you're too small," said the foreman.

"Well, give me a chance, anyway."

"All right," the foreman shook his head doubtfully. "We're loading three-hundred-pound anvils in the hold of that ship. Get to work."

Everything went all right until about 10:00, when the foreman heard a loud splash and a yell for help.

Running to the gangplank he saw his newly acquired worker bobbing up and down in the bay.

"Help!" sputtered the wet one, and disappeared from view.

He came up and gargled, "Help!" and again he went down.

This time he came up with wrathful indignation in his eye. "Lissen!" he spluttered. "If someone doesn't throw me a rope I'm going to drop this darned anvil."



"That's a nice suit, Joe. How much was it?"

"A hundred and ten dollars."

"Isn't that kind of expensive?"

"Oh, I don't know, I got fifteen pairs of pants with it."



Co-ed: I want a pair of bloomers to wear around my gymnasium.

Clerk (absently): How large is your gymnasium?



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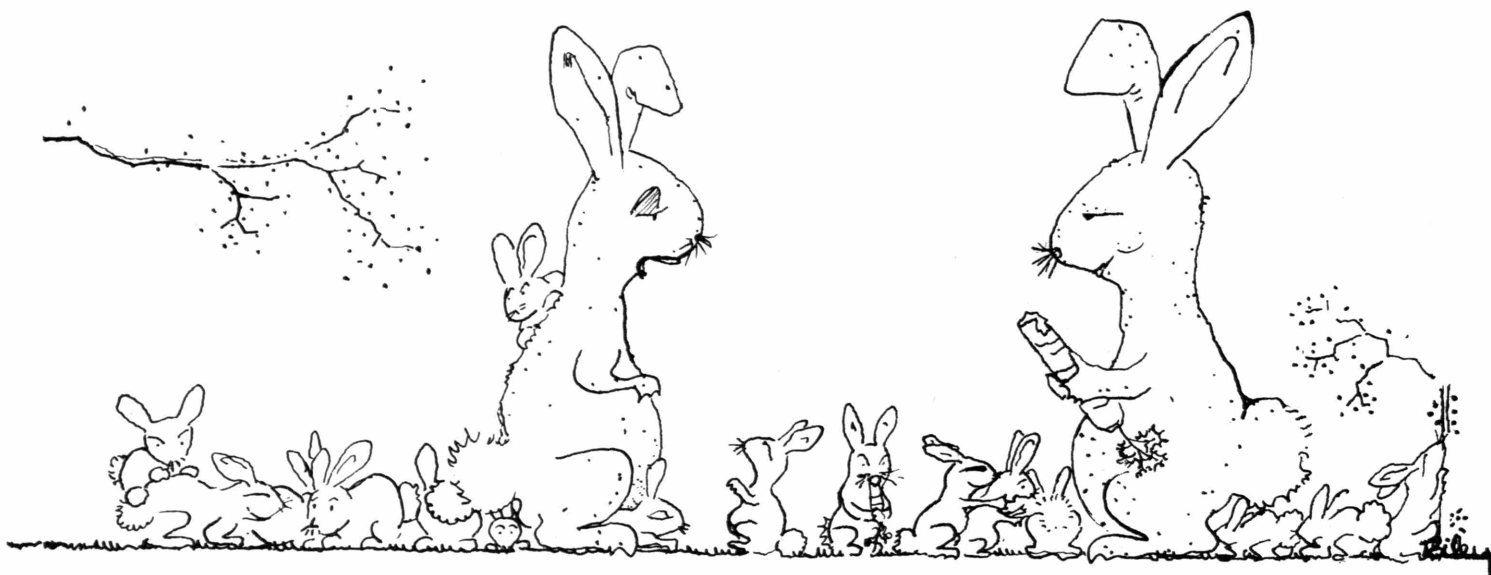
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My dear, do you realize that Smith graduates get only 1.7 per litter?

There was once a farmer who owned a very ram-bunctious ram with very large horns. The farmer discovered that the only way he could soothe the beast was to play selections from his collection of LP's. One day the farmer had to go into town, and as he departed he cautioned his son to keep an eye on the ram, reminding him to play music on the phonograph if he should get out of hand. Upon returning late that evening the farmer discovered that the ram had battered his brains out by crashing headlong into a stone wall.

"Didn't you play music as I told you?" demanded the irate father of his son.

"Sure I did," replied the son, "only that seemed to drive him crazier. It was Frank Sinatra's rendition of *There'll Never Be Another Ewe*."



"I heard you picked up some French when you were there on vacation last year."

"I sure did."

"Well, let's hear some words."

"I didn't learn any words."



When the cop asked her why she didn't have a red light on her car, the sweet young thing replied that it wasn't that kind of a car.

Out of the wild and wooly West comes this hazardous adventure. It seems that a grizzled old prospector was reminiscing for a bunch of New England tenderfoots. "There I was," he drawled. "trapped in a narrow draw with a hungry ole grizzly not twenty yards away behind a tree. Th' only way I could figger to bag the crittur was to ricochet a ball off th' canyon wall to th' right. Now bein' a champeen shot like I am I just guaged th' wind, judged th' lead of th' barrel and th' rate of twist, th' hardness of th' rifle ball and th' angle of yaw it'd have bein' smacked outta shape agin th' wall, and I figgered my chances of nailin' thet bar were about 70-30. A one rail bank shot. A controlled ricochet. So I let fly."

The old man paused. Softly one of the tenderfeet gasped, "Did you get him?"

"Nope," replied the prospector. "Missed th' wall."



Teacher to class: Keep your eyes on your books now, I'm going to skip around the room.



"What the dickens are you doing down there in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.

"If it's any of your business," replied the hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

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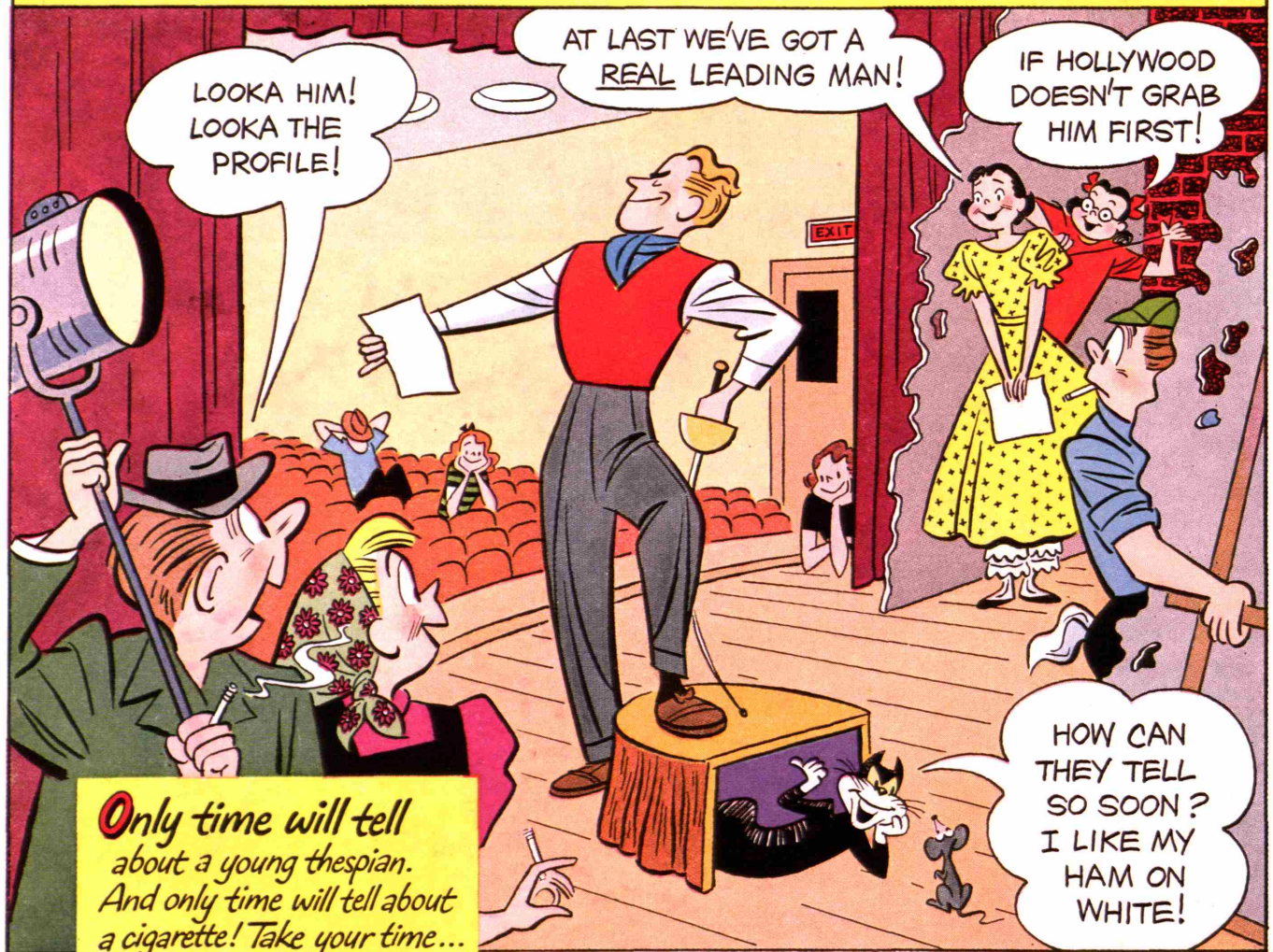
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