

# Voo Doo



KIDDIES ISSUE

MAR. 25¢





“... and we'll top him off with some real beer”

No doubt about it. Good food tastes better with beer . . . especially when the beer comes out of a can or bottle with the bright red “Schaefer” label. For this real beer isn't just another light, dry beer. It also has the flavor, bouquet and other basic beer qualities that add up to true beer character. That's what makes it taste so good. Next time you sit down to eat—matter of fact, even if you're not eating—get yourself a glassful or two of Schaefer. It's delicious.



**-real  
beer!**

# VOO DOO

Vol. 37, No. 3  
March, 1954

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Phosphorus

With warmer weather the windows in the office are opened again. The other day we were seated on the fourth floor ledge, indulging in our favorite sport of throwing beer cans at the Cambridge urchins below. The urchins, who are busily stealing bicycles, always enter into the spirit of things, responding with witty if somewhat salty epigrams. Things were going splendidly the other afternoon when general manager arrived, followed by two bright, eager youngsters from the business board. Taking in the situation at a glance he upbraided us for our cruelty to the sprigs below. After a brief session with his young hopefuls, we were presented with a chance to make amends by paying special attention to the kiddies in this issue.

Now it is an old truism of the publishing trade that general managers and their public-relations-type from the business board are always singularly lacking in imagination. (There is another old saying that editorial boards are composed of spineless, unambitious wastrels who spend all their time drinking beer and comparing complexes. This is of course ridiculous.) Knowing this, and remembering the grief attendant on the last "theme" issue, we should have declined. We were done in, however, by our love of mankind, particularly our friends below the window. If this is not your idea of a kiddies' magazine, you can blame the urchins. If they hadn't been stealing bicycles the whole thing would never have happened.

—R. B. R.

*Voo Doo announces that Mikey Deskey, age 8, is the winner of last month's contest for the most novel spelling of the word "occasionally."*

*Congratulations, little Mikey!*

*This month's cover by Riley*

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"Mr. Spivín will see you now, sir."

Life is just an everlasting struggle to keep money coming in and teeth and hair and vital organs from coming out.



They sat alone in the moonlight;  
She smoothed his troubled brow.  
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,  
But I'm on my last lap now!"

"I finally stopped my roommate from biting his nails."

"How?"

"I made him wear shoes."



"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried another epileptic out of his shop.



"Do you know why the little calf hid under his mother?"

"He wanted to hear the Big Maw Moo."



If all the coeds in the world who didn't neck gathered in one room what would we do with her?



People who live in gall bladders shouldn't throw stones.



Some girls are afraid of mice. Others have ugly legs.



Confucius say: "Man who crosses ocean twice and doesn't take a bath is dirty double-crosser."

**WHOLESALE**

**RETAIL**

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# Voo Doo Kiddies Issue



Come quickly, kiddies, and turn the page  
And see the goodies within.  
Especially culled for your tender age,  
With nothing of sex or sin.

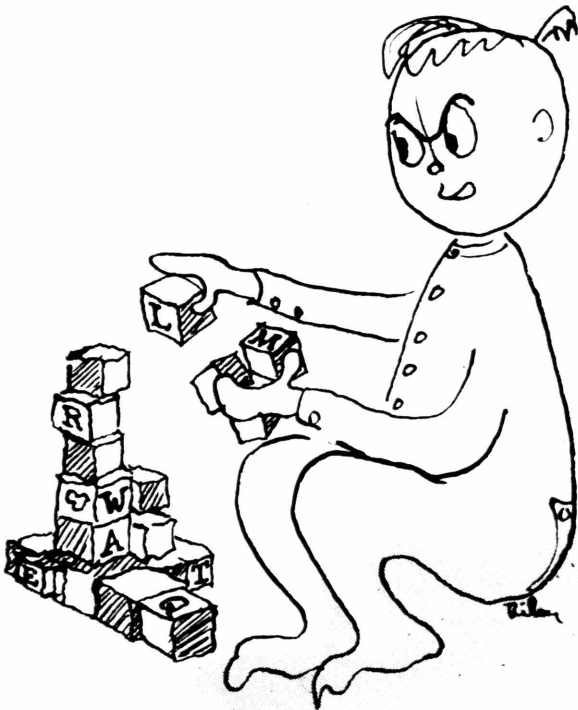
Come quickly, kiddies, throw down your toys  
And turn your attention here.  
We sing a song of childhood joys,  
With nothing of gin or beer.

For here are the simpler, purer joys:  
Puzzle and picture and game.  
Which we endured as little boys,  
Before of age we came.

There's nothing contained to lead you astray,  
There's nothing you must avoid.  
You may sit by the fire and read all day  
With nary a thought of Freud.

Read quickly, then, the gay profusions:  
Maidens, knights, and days of yore.  
For we who are old have lost our illusions  
And find this stuff a crushing bore.

—R. B. R.



# CINDERELLA

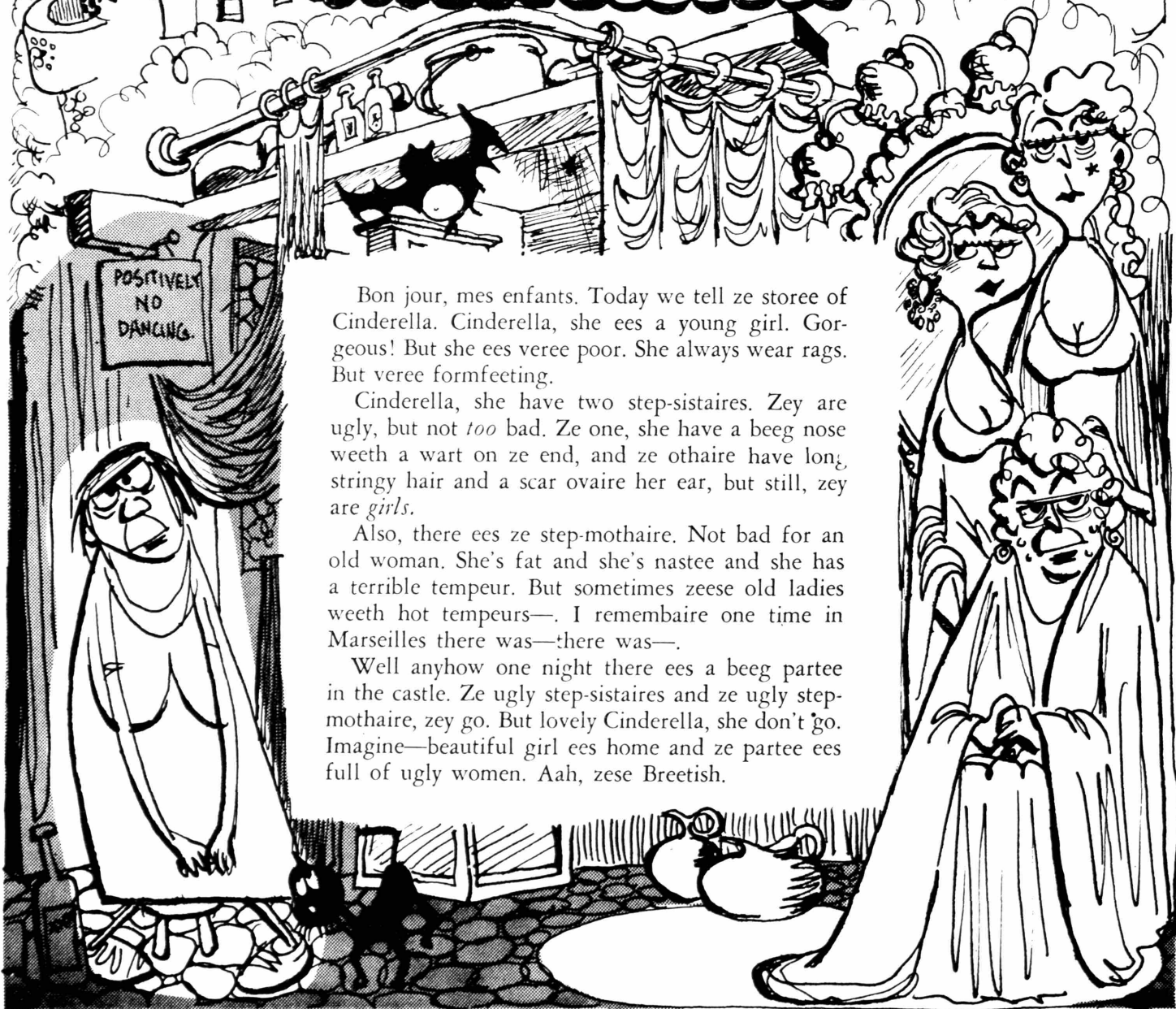
From time to time we are fortunate to acquire material submitted from other countries. *Voo Doo* is pleased to present directly from France, a work by the well known teller of children's stories, Henri de la Desqui. Monsieur de la Desqui will relate the beloved fairy tale, Cinderella.

Bon jour, mes enfants. Today we tell ze storee of Cinderella. Cinderella, she ees a young girl. Gorgeous! But she ees verree poor. She always wear rags. But verree formfeeting.

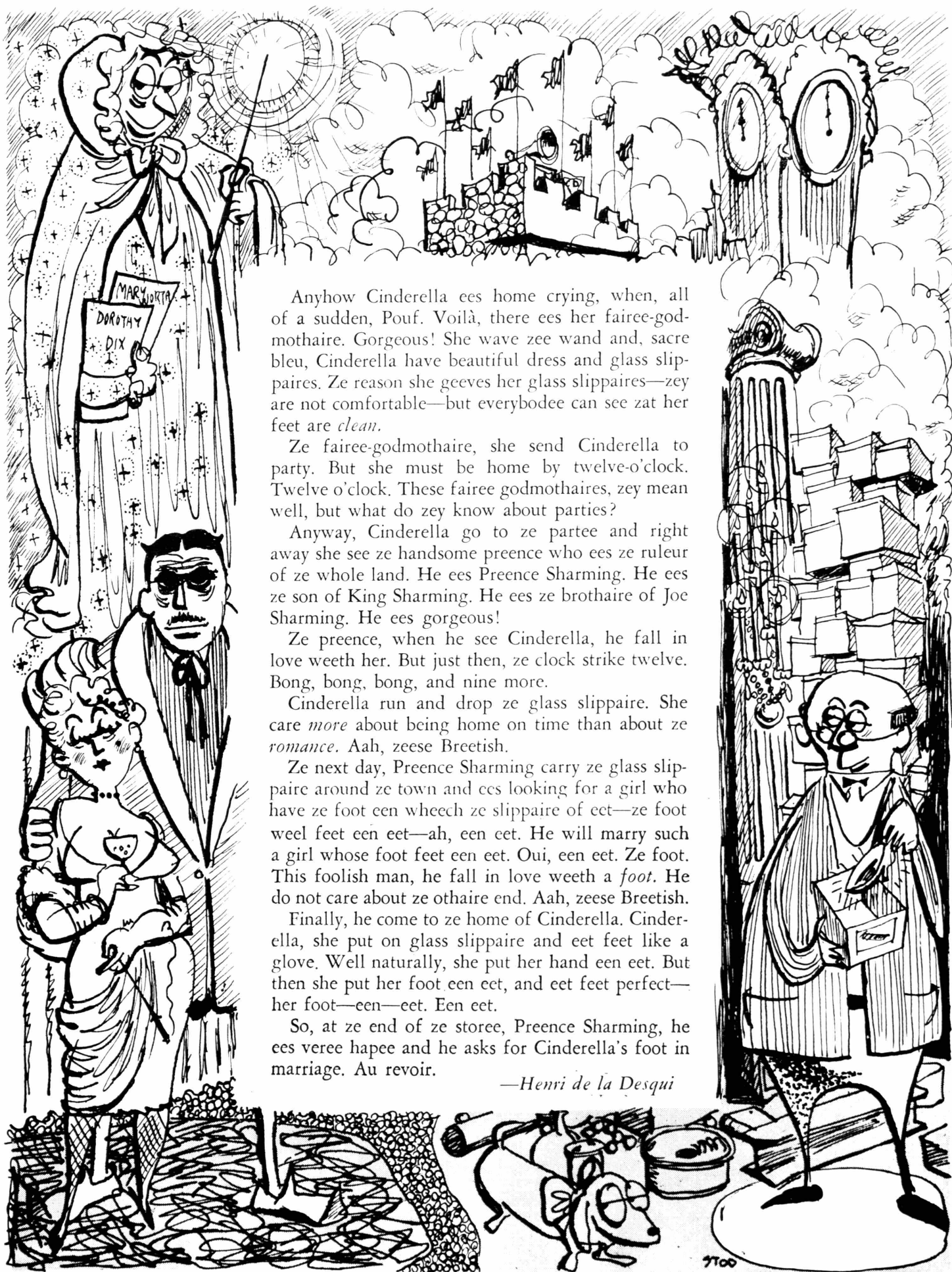
Cinderella, she have two step-sistaies. Zey are ugly, but not *too* bad. Ze one, she have a beeg nose weeth a wart on ze end, and ze othaire have long stringy hair and a scar ovaire her ear, but still, zey are *girls*.

Also, there ees ze step-mothaire. Not bad for an old woman. She's fat and she's nastee and she has a terrible tempeur. But sometimes zeese old ladies weeth hot tempeurs—. I remembaire one time in Marseilles there was—there was—.

Well anyhow one night there ees a beeg partee in the castle. Ze ugly step-sistaies and ze ugly step-mothaire, zey go. But lovely Cinderella, she don't go. Imagine—beautiful girl ees home and ze partee ees full of ugly women. Aah, zese Breetish.







Anyhow Cinderella ees home crying, when, all of a sudden, Pouf. Voilà, there ees her fairee-god-mothaire. Gorgeous! She wave zee wand and, sacre bleu, Cinderella have beautiful dress and glass slippaires. Ze reason she geeves her glass slippaires—zey are not comfortable—but everybodee can see zat her feet are *clean*.

Ze fairee-godmothaire, she send Cinderella to party. But she must be home by twelve-o'clock. Twelve o'clock. These fairee godmothaires, zey mean well, but what do zey know about parties?

Anyway, Cinderella go to ze partee and right away she see ze handsome prence who ees ze ruleur of ze whole land. He ees Prence Sharming. He ees ze son of King Sharming. He ees ze brothaire of Joe Sharming. He ees gorgeous!

Ze prence, when he see Cinderella, he fall in love weeth her. But just then, ze clock strike twelve. Bong, bong, bong, and nine more.

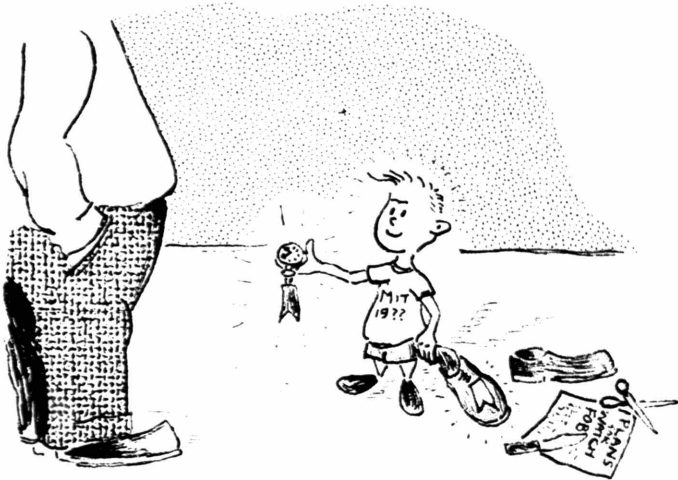
Cinderella run and drop ze glass slippaire. She care *more* about being home on time than about ze *romance*. Aah, zeesse Breetish.

Ze next day, Prence Sharming carry ze glass slippaire around ze town and ees looking for a girl who have ze foot een wheech ze slippaire of eet—ze foot weel feet een eet—ah, een eet. He will marry such a girl whose foot feet een eet. Oui, een eet. Ze foot. This foolish man, he fall in love weeth a *foot*. He do not care about ze othaire end. Aah, zeesse Breetish.

Finally, he come to ze home of Cinderella. Cinderella, she put on glass slippaire and eet feet like a glove. Well naturally, she put her hand een eet. But then she put her foot een eet, and eet feet perfect—her foot—een—eet. Een eet.

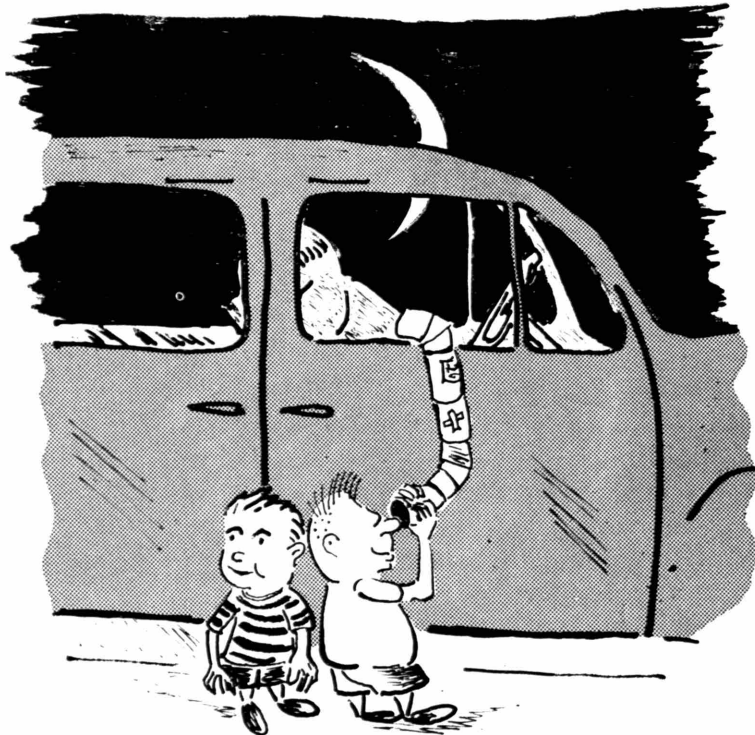
So, at ze end of ze storee, Prence Sharming, he ees verree hapee and he asks for Cinderella's foot in marriage. Au revoir.

—Henri de la Desqui



**MAKE SOMETHING FOR DADDY**

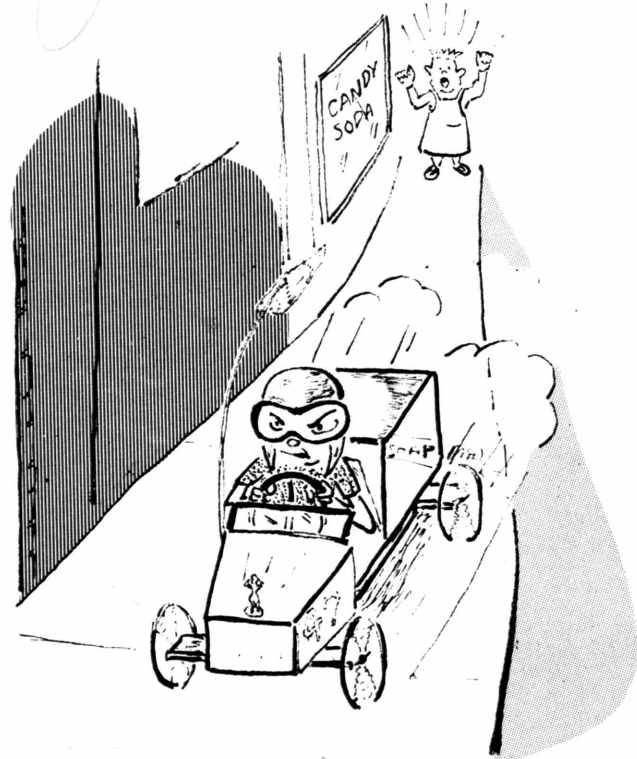
How Daddy will love a papier mache ash tray or a hickory billfold or a pipe stand made out of tooth picks. You will easily find materials to work with around the house.



**MAKE YOUR OWN OPTICAL EQUIPMENT**

Observe the heavenly sights with your home-made telescope. Choose a good spot and charge the other little kiddies admission. You'll be amazed at what you can see with even a low power lens.

**Things To Make**



**MAKE YOUR OWN TRANSPORTATION**

Make all the kids green with envy as you tear around town in your orange crate MG. Run errands for Mommy. Impress your neighbors with your dare-devil technique.

$C = 180$   
 $D = 180 - B$





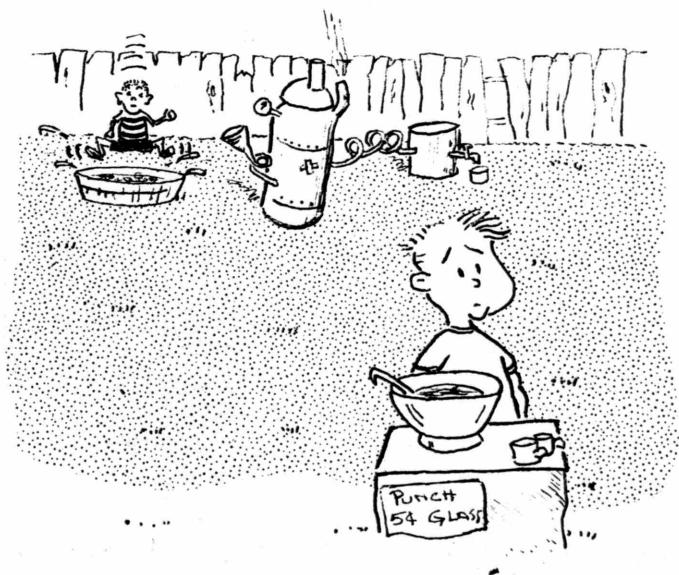
### MAKE AN OUTDOOR CLUBHOUSE

Get an empty packing case, or maybe an old refrigerator that Mommy doesn't need, and put it up in a tree. Enjoy the heights with the birds and squirrels. Play unusual games in your treetop playground.



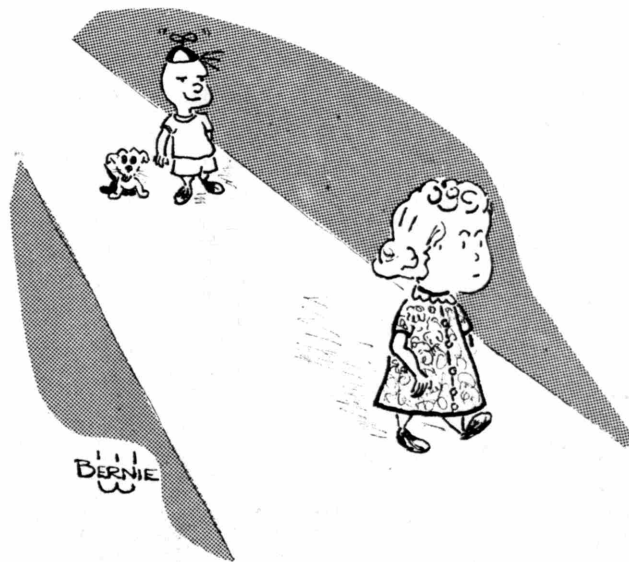
### MAKE FASCINATING CHEMICAL MAGIC

Amaze your friends with impossible scientific feats. Have magic shows in your own cellar. Make things disappear. Learn about the wonders of science.



### MAKE YOUR OWN LUCRATIVE BUSINESS

Earn your own allowance. Show Daddy your financial prowess. Assert your financial independence. Be the J. P. Morgan of your Cub Scout Troop.



### MAKE SOMETHING FOR YOURSELF

All sorts of creative opportunity awaits you, children. Amusement abounds everywhere. Just keep your eyes open and see all the fun you'll have.

# THE MAGIC SWORD

—Harold Kaplan

Once upon a time, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, in a faraway country called America, there lived a poor family on a tiny farm. The father and mother had only one child, a son named Victor. When he was only a little boy, Victor had to help with the hard work of planting and tending and harvesting the grain and carrying it to market.

It was very hard work, and at sundown every day the family were so tired they could only eat their supper and wearily go to bed. Year in and year out, rain or shine, hot or cold, the family struggled and sweated to raise the grain which was their only crop. At harvest time, after they had reaped and threshed and winnowed, they had to put the grain in baskets and carry it to market on their backs, for they were too poor to afford a mule.

There in the market-town Victor's father sold their few baskets of grain to the Buyer for the little money it would bring. Then he took half of the money and paid it to the Tax-Collector. The few coins that were left were scarcely enough to buy seed and food for the year to come.

One year, as the family plodded slowly back to their tiny farm they had to step off the road so a long line of shiny automobiles could whiz by.

"Who is that, Daddy?" asked Victor.

"That is the President," said his father as he shook his fist at the cars.

"Is his farm near here?" asked the boy.

"He has no farm."

"Then how does he live?"

"He and his henchmen live on the money we poor farmers give the Tax-Collector."

"Why does he live on our money?" asked Victor earnestly.

"Many years ago," said his father, "this was a rich country. All we farmers had plenty of money, because the Democrats were in power. They lent money for mules and seed, and they made the price of grain high in the market. Then the evil Republicans threw the Democrats out of power and took over the government. The price of grain went down, and the taxes went up, and from that time all we farmers have been poor."

That night Victor could not sleep. He lay awake thinking how the President and his Republican

henchmen lived on other people's money, and he wished he could do something about it. Then, very faintly, he heard someone shout, "Help, help."

Victor jumped out of bed, and ran across the fields toward the voice. A man was struggling in the quicksand of the river that ran by the farm.

"Help me," cried the man.

Victor held out a dead branch to the man and helped him to solid ground.

"You must be a stranger," said Victor, "because everyone here knows you can not ford the river here. Who are you?"

"I am a wandering peddler," said the man. "You have saved my life, and I will do something for you in return. How would you like a jackknife?"

"I could use a jackknife," said Victor.

"This is a magic jackknife," said the peddler, holding a jet black handle out to Victor.

"How do I open it?"

"Press the button on the side."

Victor touched the button, and a three-foot-long gleaming blade sprang out from the black handle.

"It is magic," the peddler went on; "If you swing it in the air and cry out 'heads off all around, but not mine,' everyone around you will have his head cut off. It is a very useful weapon."

After the peddler had left, Victor stood for a long time thinking what a fine weapon the jackknife was. Then he made up his mind to put it to a good use. He walked back to the little hovel where his parents lay asleep and put his clothes and some food in an old kerchief. Then he hung the kerchief on the end of a stick and set off down the road with the jackknife hanging at his belt.

"I will go find the President," he thought to himself, "and make him raise the price of grain and lower the taxes."

He walked all that night and all the next day until sundown, and a poor family of Democrats took him in for the night.

"Where are you going?" they asked him.



"I am going to see the President, to make him raise the price of grain and lower the taxes," he answered.

"He will never do that."

"I can make him do it," he said.

They shook their heads.

"It is a long way to the Capital, where the President lives," they said.

"I do not care," he said, and they could not change his mind.

He walked by day and slept by night, and the Democrats shared the little food they had with him whenever he stopped.

After many weeks, Victor reached the Capital.

"Where is the President?" he asked the first man he met.

He is at a joint session of Congress," said the man. "Walk up this street to the building with a dome on it.

Victor walked as the man said, and soon he came to the building with the dome on it. Many people were walking in and out of the building.

"Where is the President?" he asked a man.

"In that door."

Victor walked boldly through the door and found himself in a hallway. Several men with machine-guns sat on swivel chairs in front of a large double door.

"Is the President in there?" Victor asked.

"Yes," said the men.

Victor suddenly ran between the guards, through the double doors, into a large hall. All the Congressmen and Senators were sitting in the hall facing the front. In front, with his Cabinet on one side and the Nine Old Men of the Supreme Court on the other, stood the President, reading a speech.

Victor ran up to him with his closed jackknife in his hand.

"What do you want," asked the President.

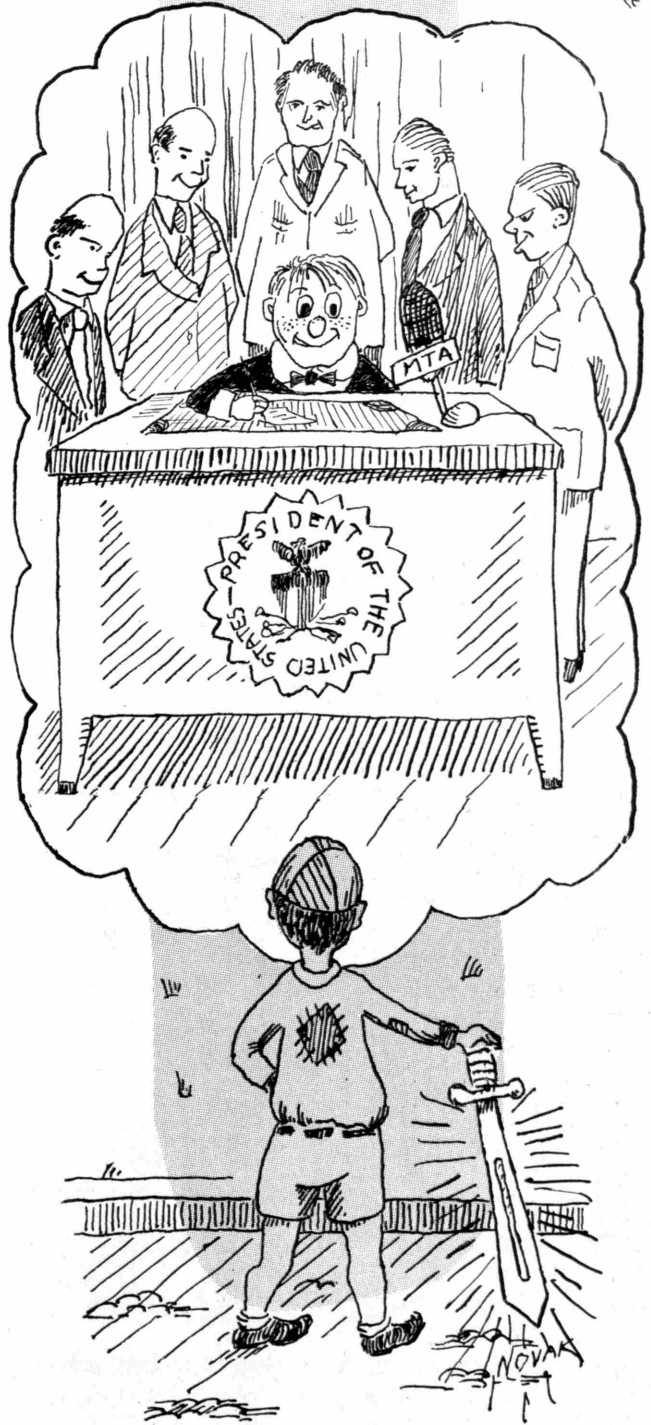
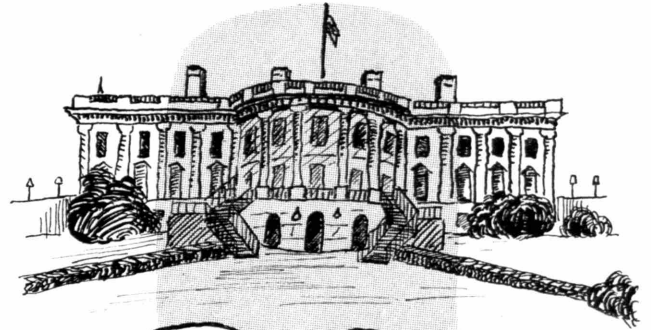
"I want you to raise the price of grain and lower the taxes."

"I won't," said the President. "Why don't you turn Republican. I'll make you a Post-Master."

Victor pressed the button on his jackknife and the long gleaming blade sprang out of the jet-black handle.

"Heads off all around, but not mine," cried Victor, and the heads of the Congressmen and Senators and of the Nine Old Men and of the President too all fell to the floor.

And with all the chief Republicans dead, the Democrats came back into power, and they made Victor King of America, and he reigned wisely and well, and he lived happily ever after.



# FIDO, THE WONDERFUL DOGGIE

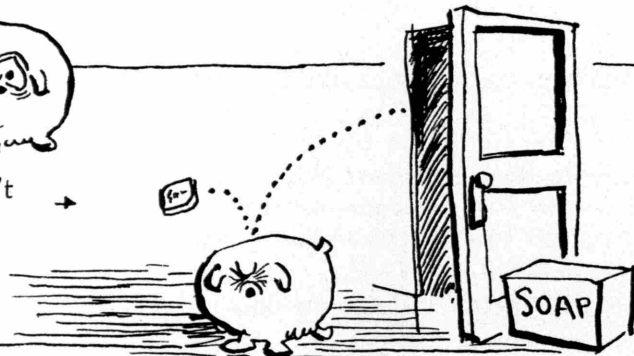
Once upon a time, there was a big wooly doggie named Fido.



He lived in a big house with a lot of pretty ladies. But nobody liked Fido. The ladies didn't like him. Mrs. Crasp, the head lady, didn't like him. The gentlemen who came to the house didn't like him.



Even the man who delivered the cases of soap didn't like him.



Fido wished he could be useful, so they would all like him.



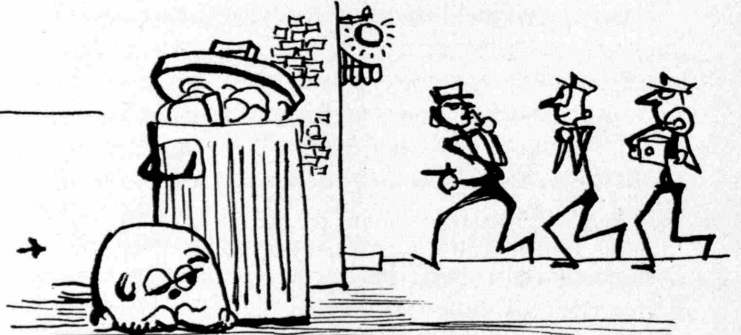
But they didn't let him guard the soap. They didn't let him guard the cash register.



The ladies didn't want him in the bedrooms either. Fido was sad. He did not know what to do.



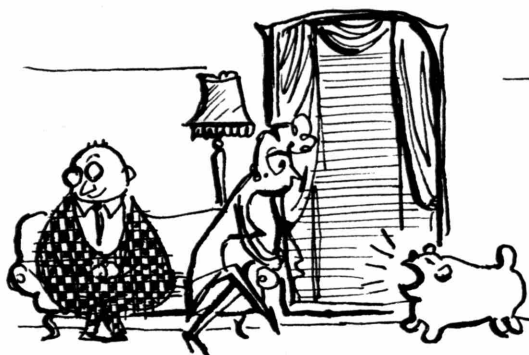
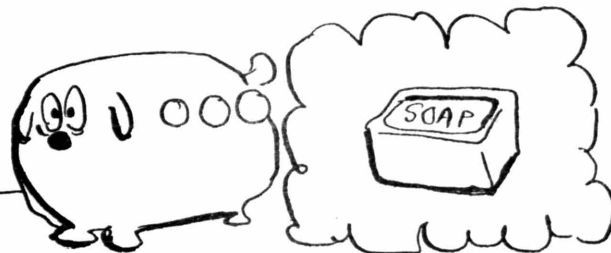
One day he was sitting in the alley by the back door feeling useless. Then he saw some men in blue uniforms creeping toward the house.





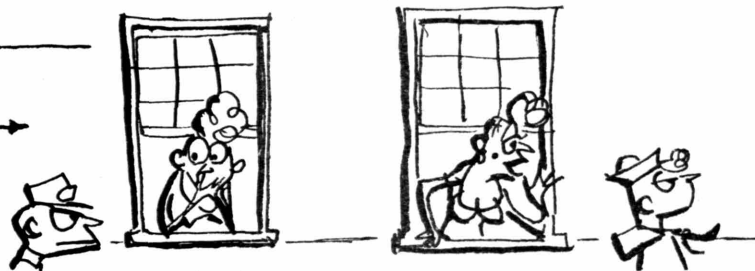
DOO

He knew they were up to no good.  
Maybe they were going to steal the soap.



Fido ran into the house barking and barking.  
Everyone who was not busy came to see what he  
was barking about.

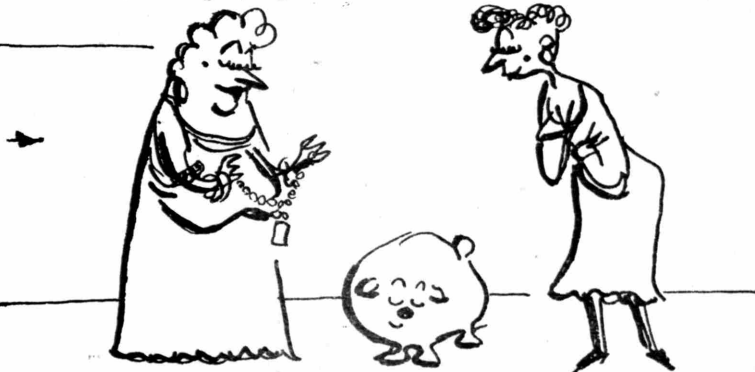
They looked through the back windows and saw the  
men in the blue uniforms.



Then they put all their clothes on and brought out  
the checkerboards.  
When the men in the blue uniforms came in every-  
body was playing checkers.

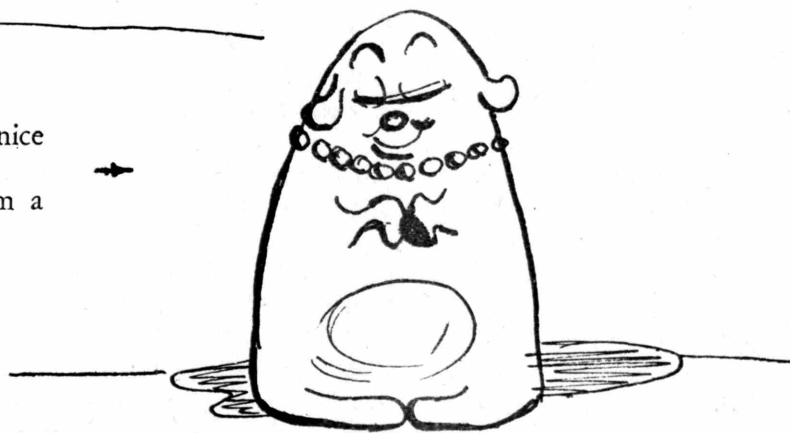


Mrs. Crasp was proud of Fido. She let him be the  
house watchdog and gave him a pretty collar.



The men in the blue uniforms got very angry and  
left.

After that everyone liked Fido.  
The gentlemen patted him and called him nice  
doggie.  
The ladies tickled him all over and called him a  
clever poochie.



And subsequently Fido felicitated himself in the pleas-  
ures of industry.

STOD

## A DRAGON IN TIME SAVES NINE



*Note to parents: This is an expurgated fairy tale for Freudianly inclined children.*

Once upon a very small instant of time (dt) lived a king with three daughters. Now why did he have three daughters? Well, this is a fairy tale and we can say anything we please, and anyway three is the smallest non-even prime. The first daughter had a beautiful figure and a wonderful personality. The second daughter had a beautiful face and an even more beautiful figure. The third daughter had a face and a personality. They were named Ophelia, Daphne, and Joseph, respectively.

The king's domain also included three dragons who roamed over the fields switching their forked tails and eating people who displeased them. Perhaps you kiddies think that these dragons ate people because of personality disorders and resultant compulsions. But that isn't true. These dragons were just plain hungry.

Now you may wonder why these dragons did not eat the three daughters, and then again you may not. The fact is that they wanted to marry the three daughters (respectively). You Freudianly-weaned tots may suppose that this desire was the result of emotional tension characterized by headache and bed wetting (enuresis nocturna), but actually these dragons just wanted to marry the daughters so that they could beget more dragons.

The king made it known throughout all his lands that any knight who would have one of his daughters' hands in marriage had to bump off (i.e. rub out) one of the dragons. A knight whose name was Eniac heard the proclamation, and donning his shiny armor,

put forth to blast one of the dragons to hell and gone.

Before he had gone very far he entered a magic wood.

\* \* \*

Three days later, tired, fulfilled and disheveled, he once more directed his path to the kingdom of the dragons. (Note to parents: We have expurgated the interior of this paragraph. See page 251, *Principles of Chemistry* by Latimer and Hildebrand.)

Now many of you doubtless wonder why this knight was going to such trouble to marry one of these daughters. Well, when you get a little older, you'll know why. Pretty soon the knight came to the first dragon. The knight looked at the first dragon and staring him right in the third eye, said: "You're the first dragon". The dragon replied, "You're the first knight". (Everyone knows everyone else in these fairy tales.) There being no code of honor between dragons and knights, the knight drew his .45 and blasted the dragon to hell and gone.

The second dragon, having heard the gun shots, came over the hill. He was even bigger and fiercer than the first. Breathing fire, he charged down upon the knight. The quick thinking knight drew from his pocket a packet of sodium hydroxide and throwing it into the flames extinguished the dragon by hydrolysis. The knight then ran through him with his sword (leaving a gaping whole). The whole dragon dropped dead.

Sitting down, the knight pulled out a pocket flask from his hip pocket and took a long drag-on\* it. You'd need a drink too after doing battle with two

dragons, the Massachusetts state liquor laws not withstanding.

Soon the third and biggest dragon approached. He was the granddaddy of all dragons, having led a wild and immoral life. His long tail draggin' along the ground, he galloped toward the knight. "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your horse down, knight, so watch it," said the dragon, whose name was George (his full name was St. George). "My, but you must have strong breath!" exclaimed the knight. "Morning mouth at this hour? Why, it's time for five o'clock shadow!"

"Don't get personal replied the dragon, I'm at least half safe."

"Why be half safe?" replied the knight, "when you can win fiends and influence dragons for less than a cent a day."

"Hunh" replied the dragon, expelling vast volumes of smoke and fire.

"And you mean to tell me that a king-sized dragon like you doesn't even filter his smoke?" countered the knight.

The dragon looked shamefaced.

The knight unsheathed his log log sextirig slide rule and started to mumble. "What's that?" whined the dragon, trying to conceal his interest.

"I'm calculating the index of your compulsive anti-social tendencies, to the base e."

"To the base e!" exclaimed the dragon. "Why to the base e?"

"Well, why the hell not?" said the knight, drawing a howitzer and dispatching the dragon with a whiff of grapeshot.

Shortly thereafter, the knight arrived at the castle to claim his reward. The king introduced the knight to his three daughters. The first daughter was named Ophelia and because she had a wonderful personality she said: "I'm charmed to meet you, Sir knight". The second daughter was named Daphne, and because she had a beautiful face and an even more beautiful figure, she just wiggled. The third daughter said "Hiya, mac" and slapped him on the armor.

The knight replied to each in turn. "Delighted to meet you," he told Ophelia. He pinched Daphne, and aimed a blow at Joseph that sent her sprawling. The king laughed jovially and also pinched Daphne. Daphne squealed with delight. So they both pinched her again.

\*This illustrates a combination bad pun, dragon compulsion on the part of the authors.

\* Didn't we tell you!

The End.

John M. Reed & Jeremy J. Stone

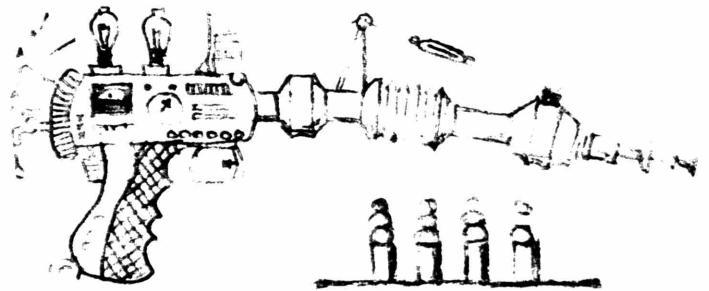
# KIDS!

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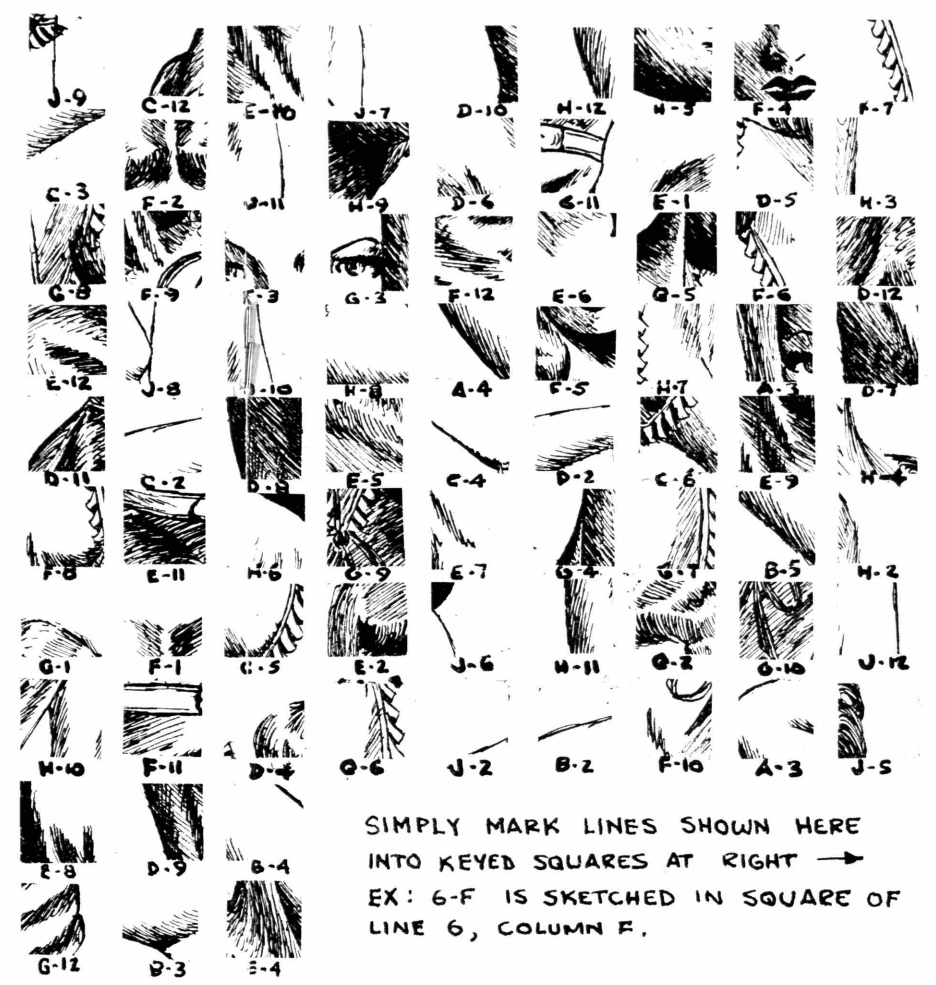
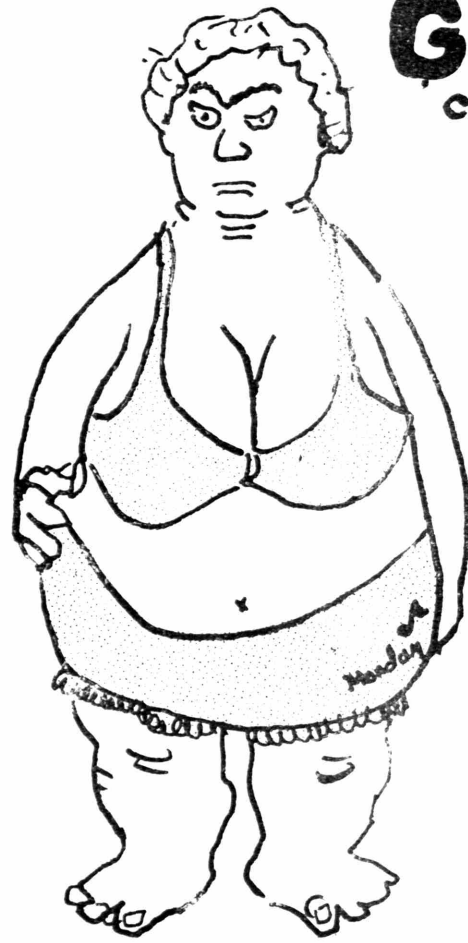
This offer good only in Hog's Creek, La.



# FUNLAND

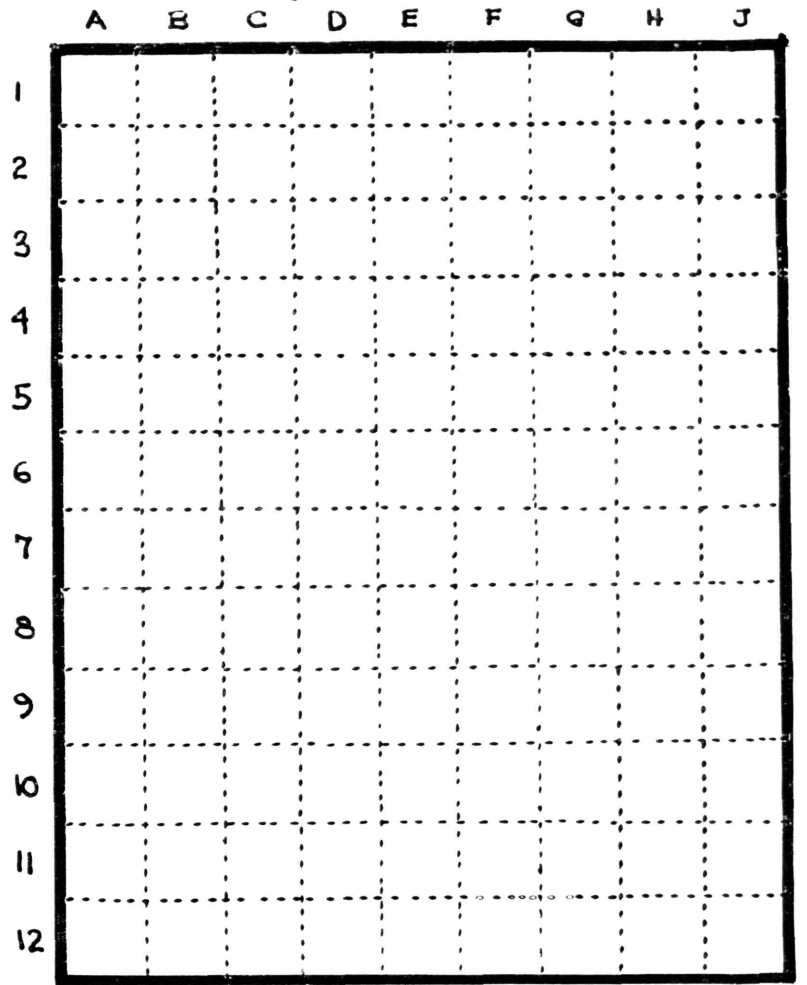
PUZZLES FOR THE KIDDIES

## Gertie CUT-OUTS



SIMPLY MARK LINES SHOWN HERE INTO KEYED SQUARES AT RIGHT →  
 EX: 6-F IS SKETCHED IN SQUARE OF LINE 6, COLUMN F.

## PICTURE DOODLE



How many different ways can you spell "occasionally"?

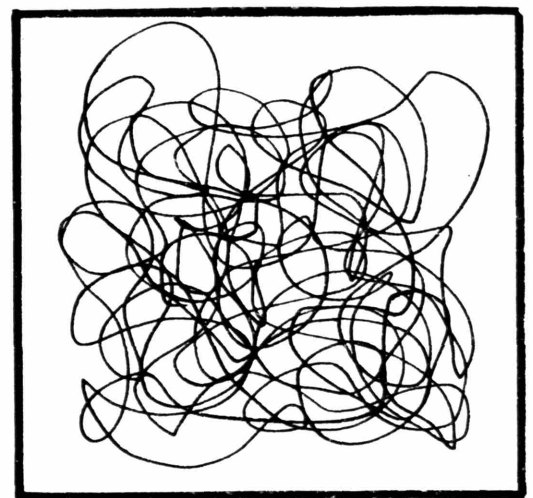
## KIDDIES CRYPTOGRAM

6-22-20 2-12-18-7 3-22-19 3-11-9 9-19 15-17-14-21  
 9-22-20 6-22-19-17-2-22-6 14-19-21-26 15-12-4-10 3-11-9 11  
 5-20-3 10-12-5-15 19-8 24-20-5-20-18-20-11-7 15-12-9-20-11-9-20  
 LAST MONTH'S ANSWER : WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT

## Magic Square

NO MATTER WHICH WAY YOU ADD IT UP, IT BECOMES MESSY!

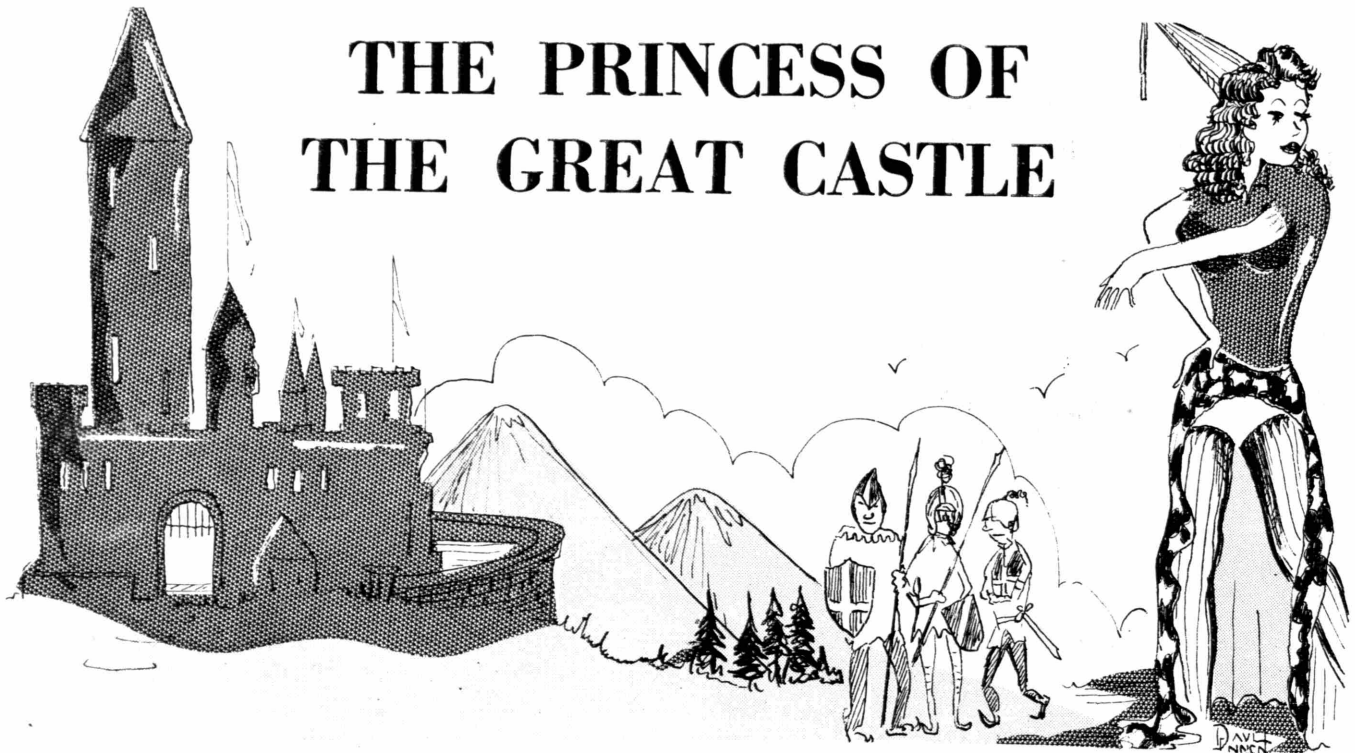
178	64	73	59	136
783	195	251	77	181
341	164	976	142	136
349	635	460	590	141
178	840	464	126	19



CAN YOU DRAW THIS WITHOUT USING A KULER?

—Mike Deskey

# THE PRINCESS OF THE GREAT CASTLE



Once upon a time there stood a great castle surrounded by fields of asphodels. The castle, all of stone, was that of the king who lived within with his two daughters, Sylvia and Alisande. The king, who owned all the countryside for miles and miles about was a very good king almost all the time. Alisande, the elder daughter, was twenty, and beautiful indeed. Hers, however, was a life of unhappiness. She loved a prince from the kingdom next-but-one, but the prince had ridden out to war a year ago, and had never returned. Alisande spent her days in the highest tower of the castle looking to the east for the return of her beloved. She ate only crusts and bits of things, and at night she would walk the corridors and passageways sighing and praying for her lover, a practice much to the discomfiture of the good king, who slept very lightly. Then, too, the king's eyes were none too good, and the appearance of a shadowy figure sighing outside his bedchamber was enough to send him under the covers on the warmest of nights.

Contrariwise, Sylvia, the nine-year-old younger daughter, sighed no sighs at all, except perhaps when she saw a dead robin. She passed the day in sunshine, sometimes walking alone through the castle or the fields, or perhaps going into the cellars to watch the king's magician make special things for her amusement. However, the magician had been quite busy the past few weeks. He had devised a way to make hens lay cubical eggs for neater storage, and now he was trying to find a way to make

cubical hens. Sylvia did not disturb him at his work when he was so busy, but went to see the jester and hear his stories, instead.

One morning at breakfast after a particularly frightening night the king decided that a year had passed, after all, and that Alisande ought to choose a husband and forget her lost sweetheart. Alisande was not at breakfast (she never was), but the king knew how she would react to his suggestion. Staring moodily into his cubical egg-cup, the king decided that he would have to make more than a mere suggestion. Alisande tended to be a bit like her late mother, the queen, when she was aroused, the king recalled, so that it seemed best to him to choose her husband without her knowledge. A quick introduction, a brief ceremony, a two or three-day revelry—the king liked revelries—and Alisande would ride away, forgetting her remorse and granting him undisturbed rest.

"The sooner started, the sooner done," the king thought, and hurled his coffee-cup against the wall.

A page entered instantly. "Sir?" the page said in a stout tone.

"Fetch me the minister and magician at once," the king cried. He usually said "please" because he was a good king, but now his mind was a hurly burly of plans and ideas, and he had no time to spend on goodness.

The page rushed off, running upstairs and down, frequently both at the same time, so great was his speed. Fortunately, the magician had foreseen the

king's call the night before, and had even warned the minister to be ready (the king ate at an early hour). Consequently, they were both in the king's presence in minutes, despite the extreme size of the castle.

The king began by explaining his plan, telling his advisors that the only detail remaining was to choose a proper husband for his daughter. He *was* anxious to have her marry, but he wanted her to have happiness as well. Godolphin, the minister, pondered and suggested having a sort of lottery, which would have the advantage of enriching the treasury, an end he was highly interested in. The king was not caught up by the idea. "Sooner auction her on the block," he said.

The magician remarked that he didn't see any reason to be troubled, since he could probably whip together a fine upstanding prince in a week or two, just from odds and ends he had about his workshop. Unfortunately, both Godolphin and the king remembered the scene during a revelry several years ago when a page had come apart while serving a tray of grapes and oranges. "I want her to have a husband that will last," said the king.

"I have it," said Godolphin, anxious to come back into favor, "let us have a contest among the possible suitors. That would choose not only a husband, but the *best* husband."

"Agreed!" said the king, pounding the table for emphasis, thereby breaking a meat platter. "The magician can set a manly task for the young men. Send out the proclamation at once! Please!" . . .



## II

The heralds rode out with the proclamation that very afternoon, trumpeting as they went. They stopped at every castle in the land and in the next two kingdoms, even at the castle of the Black Duke.

The Black Duke had only recently come to live in the good king's land. He stayed in an old grey castle by the edge of the sea, so close that the waves broke against the walls and spray ran up the sides of the towers. No one saw very much of the Black Duke, for he lived almost alone. The villagers, however, told many stories of his evil ways—how water froze when his hand touched it, how his evil glance stopped clocks and even hourglasses—the tales were many. It is not to be wondered that the herald did not deliver the proclamation in person, but tacked it to a dead tree nearby and rode off. Hours later, a servant, an old man as gnarled as a dead apple tree, stole out of the castle gate to tear the notice from the tree and take it back into the damp hall to his master . . .

## III

"The thing we need to do now that the proclamation has gone out," the king said to the magician, "is to decide upon a task for the suitors. Can you think of anything suitable?"

"Well," said the magician, adjusting his cornucopia hat, "we could have a riddle contest with good philosophical riddles like 'Why does a man walk on two legs?'"

"Why?" said the king.

"Because he hasn't got three. Or, instead of riddles, we could set them something to search for, like a falcon so large it could kill a fox." The magician turned to quiet an eight-legged chicken he was making for economical drumsticks. Before he and the king could continue their discussion, a maid came running into the room, her face red with exertion.

"Come, come," she cried, "little Sylvia is sick."

The magician grabbed up a bag of medicines (he was also the court physician, an economy introduced by Godolphin) and all three ran out into the corridors to Sylvia's room. An especially agile page ran behind the king to hold up his robes.

Sylvia looked pale, even against the linen bedclothes. "I can't understand it," said the king. "She's never been sick a day in her life." Sylvia heard him and assured them all that she really was quite ill. The magician sat her up and listened to



her breathing. He looked for rashes behind her ears and warts on her tongue. He took a tiny drop of her blood and put it into a small bottle which he immediately threw out the window. There was a loud report and a cry from the gardener. The magician mumbled that "that looked all right" and began measuring the bumps on Sylvia's head.

"Hmmm," said the magician at frequent intervals in the next hour. "Hmmm." At last he arose and took the king into the hall. "I can't understand it," the magician began in a tone that implied vast mysteries and great powers at work, "I can't find anything wrong."

"Then what is it?" said the king in alarm.

"I suspect a spell has been cast over her. It happens, you know. And she has the exact symptoms, because spells don't affect anything in particular, but rather, everything in general. You can see that yourself. We might be able to break it if we can convince her mind that there really isn't any spell at all. She's seen all of my tricks; we need something new to distract her . . . Aha! Of course! *That* shall be the task we shall set the suitors. The one who cures Sylvia shall have Alisande and everything will be solved." A cloud of green and gold butterflies flew out of the magician's hat in his pride.

"We shall begin tonight," said the king . . .



"How are things going?" the king asked the magician, who was peeping into Sylvia's room.

"Not so very well, I'm afraid," he replied. "For her supper I personally cooked a rich broth of meat and herbs and some of the wine you used to hide from the late queen, bless her. Sylvia took a sip and said that she would be sicker than she was already if she ate it. I was quite disappointed."

The king smacked his lips. "Still, it wasn't wasted," he told the magician. "I found it in the kitchen and thought it was really excellent. What happened when the first suitor went in?"

"There were really three," replied the magician, momentarily turning from the peephole. "Three brothers from the next kingdom. They did acrobatics, but Sylvia didn't seem interested until one of them fell by accident. She smiled at this; the brothers took this as a good sign, and began falling all over; until they were knocked senseless and had to be carried from the room. It did no good though, for Sylvia didn't smile again, and I think she might have become more pale."

"I suppose it was all for the best," the king sighed. "We would have had a terrible time dividing the prize if they *had* cured her. How did the next suitor do?"

"He had a magic trick—rather second-rate if you ask me—but one I had not seen before. I shan't go into details, but the net result was a cloud of butterflies and tiny birds all nearly encased in soap-bubbles, one to each bubble. It was, I must admit, a rather pretty effect. However, Sylvia began to sneeze—soap always does that to her—and we had to move her out of the room until the air cleared. Of course, the suitor had no chance at all when that happened."

"Yeep!" cried the king and scuttled behind the magician's robes. A dark figure had come up behind them silently while they were talking, frightening the king so badly he forgot proper respect and kingly behavior. Regaining himself, the king came out to meet the person. He noticed that the hall had grown suddenly colder.

"What do you wish, sir?" the king asked in as manful a tone as he could muster.

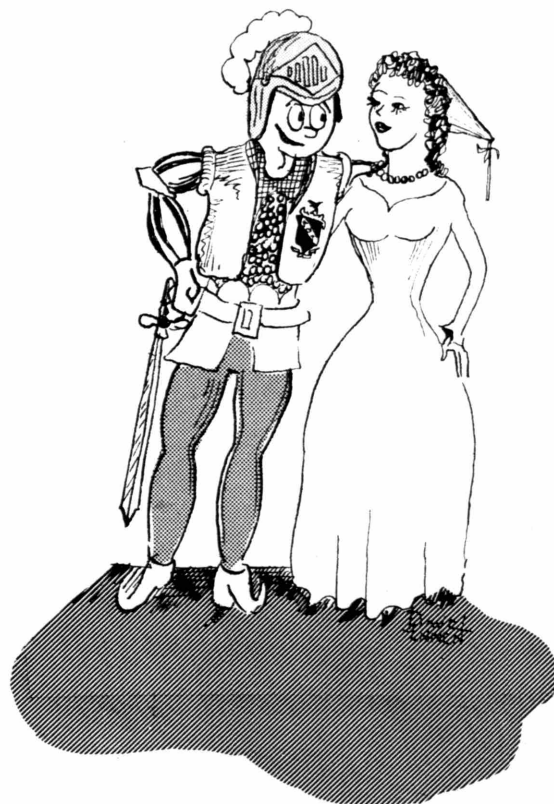
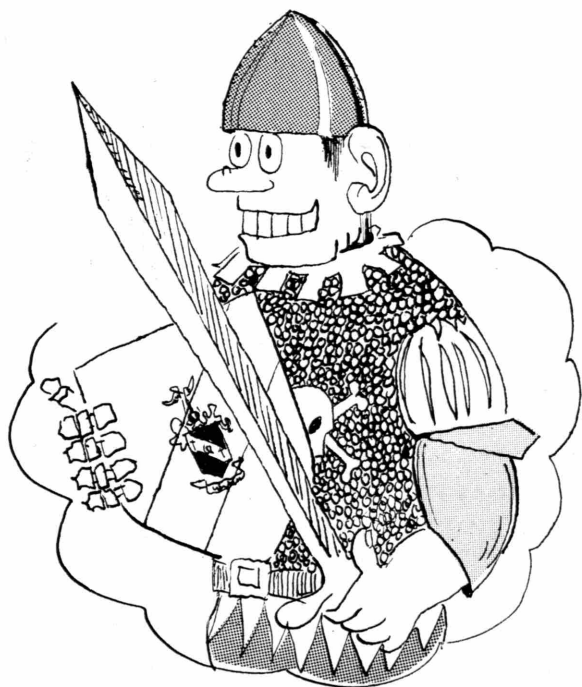
"I understand," said the Black Duke, for it was he, "that your younger daughter is ill. I have come to try my luck at curing her." The Black Duke held out the tattered proclamation which he took from beneath his cloak.

"What do you think, magician?" the king asked in a whisper.

"Let him try," the magician replied. "From his

appearance, I would give him little chance of success. And we *did* send him a proclamation." The magician opened the door into Sylvia's room.

The Black Duke snarled and went in, closing the door behind him. The magician immediately set his eye to the peephole, but could see nothing for apparently the Black Duke had hung his coat over it. Both the king and the magician tried listening at the door, but all they could tell was that either Sylvia was talking, or that perhaps she wasn't, which did them little good.



After fifteen minutes, the king began pacing the corridor and the magician began to float absent-mindedly two feet off the floor. The door suddenly flew open. The king turned from his pacing, and the magician lost control and dropped. The Black Duke stood in the doorway holding Sylvia's hand. Sylvia was rosy and gay, and completely cured. She turned up to the Black Duke and said, "I like you."

Immediately the Black Duke was transfigured into a handsome young man, indeed into the very same young man from the kingdom next-but-one for whom Alisande had been pining the past year.

"What happened?" asked the king who, to his credit, was not *nearly* so frightened as he might have been.

"In the war," the young prince began, "I bested an evil magician in single combat, but before he died he betrayed his honor and placed a spell upon me that would not be broken until I had gained the love

of a princess. I could not come back to Alisande in that guise, so I remained in the castle by the sea, hoping to find a way to break the spell. I came here because I thought I could cure Sylvia; I would not have claimed the prize, but I did not think the spell would be broken."

The young prince did not remain an instant longer, but excused himself and ran to the highest tower to greet his beloved.

"How fine!" exulted the king. "Everything solved."

"But how," the magician asked Sylvia in a professional tone, "how were you cured?"

"Well," replied Sylvia, a bit ashamed at the trouble she had caused, "I hadn't ever been ill, and I wanted to see what it was like. I liked it quite a bit, especially with all those people coming in and out. But he told me that it's much nicer to be well than ill. He said I couldn't walk through the castle when I wanted if I were ill, or play in the snow in the winter. So I decided that I wanted to be well again."

The king and magician tucked her into bed, and then both of them stole down to the kitchen. "Let's have a revelry," said the magician, "a little one."

"Fine," said the king.

# GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEERS



Once upon a time there lived a beautiful young maiden named Goldilocks. Goldilocks was very much like other beautiful young maidens except that she was always inordinately thirsty.



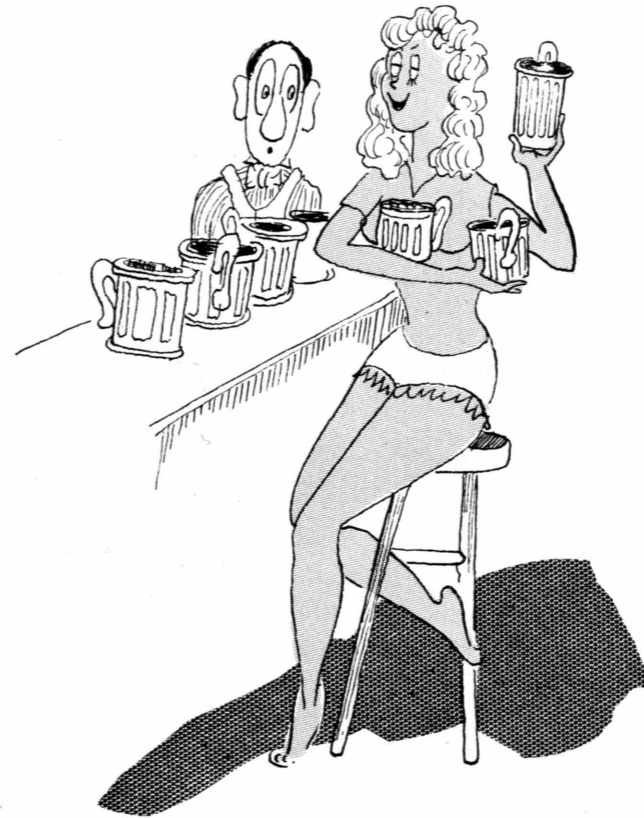
One day she went to Papa Bear's Cafe and ordered a seidel of beer. The first beer, however, was too warm.



The second beer was too flat.



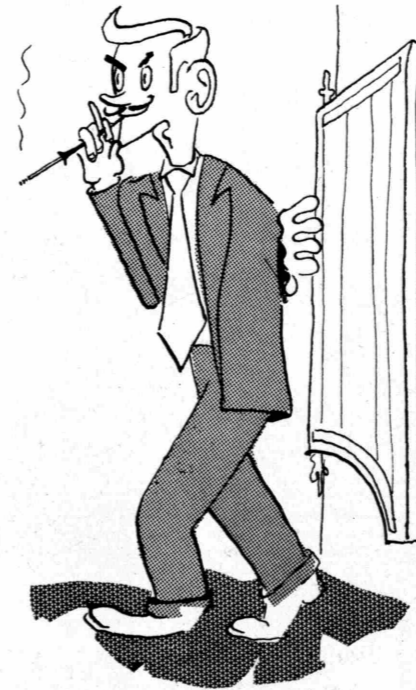
The third beer was just right, frosty dry, with lots of foam, so she drank it all up.



She liked it so much that she drank another. This tasted even better, so she drank another and another and another . . .



Soon she could drink no more. As a matter of fact, she couldn't do much of anything anymore. She was drunk!



Just then, Taswell Snide, notorious r ou e, entered Papa Bear's Cafe and spied the inebrious Goldilocks sitting demurely at the bar. Taswell Snide leered lasciviously.



He strode up to the bar, sat down next to Goldilocks, and flashed his most disarming smile. Goldilocks thought he was the nicest, kindest, handsomest man she ever saw, and smiled back at him. Then she toppled off her stool in a tipsy swoon.





Taswell Snide scooped her up in his big, strong, evil arms and carried her over to a small dark table in the rear of Papa Bear's Cafe. He leered lasciviously.



He ordered a Martini for Goldilocks, but it was much too sweet. The second one was too dry, but the third one was just right, so she drank it all up. It tasted so good that she had another and another and another . . . Soon she could drink no more. She was really drunk!



Taswell Snide smiled again. He asked Goldilocks if she would like to see his etchings. By now, Goldilocks was sure he was the nicest, kindest, handsomest man she ever saw, so she quickly agreed. Taswell Snide leered lasciviously.



When they arrived at Taswell Snide's apartment, Goldilocks was shown into a large richly furnished living room with plush sofas and deep rugs. There were lovely etchings hung on all the walls. Taswell Snide looked at them and smiled. Then he looked at Goldilocks and leered lasciviously.

—Art Solomon

for the child who wants a little more....



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"Who are you?" asked St. Peter.

"I am a Wall Street broker."

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What have you done that would entitle you to admission?"

"Well, I saw a decrepid woman on Broadway the other day, and gave her two cents."

"Gabriel, is that on the record?"

"Yes, it is, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, once I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge and met a newsboy half frozen to death. I gave him a penny."

"Gabriel, is that on the record?"

"Yes, it is, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well . . . that's all I can think of."

"What do you think we ought to do with this guy, Gabriel?"

"Give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."



It isn't too often anymore that you hear about really true friendship. When old Mr. Cockerill died of malnutrition and was being buried in a pauper's grave, his only friend was much moved.

A passerby stopped by the old man, crying softly over the grave, and said quietly, "You must have thought a great deal of him."

"Thought a great deal of him? I should say. There was a true friend. He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I happened to know perfectly well that he was starving to death."



The Professor of English and the Instructor of Engineering were dining together in the Faculty Cafeteria. During the course of the meal the former spoke:

"I had a rather peculiar answer in class today. I asked who wrote the 'Merchant of Venice,' and a rather young freshman girl replied, 'Please sir, it wasn't me.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Engineering Instructor, "and I suppose the little rascal did it all the time."

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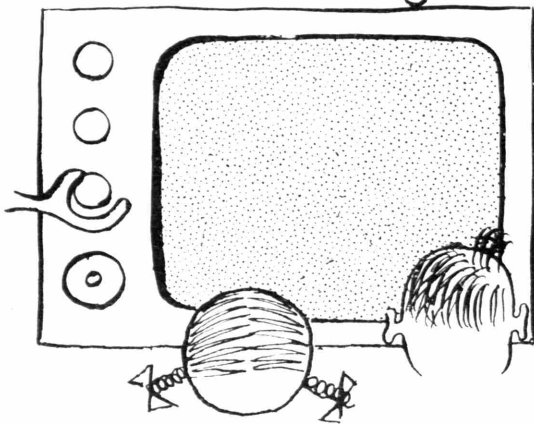
Neal O'Hara says:  
"Only in Boston would one expect to find a waterfront tea room that features programs of the great masterpieces of Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt—and with this admonition printed on the menu—The management requests everyone to speak softly during the music."

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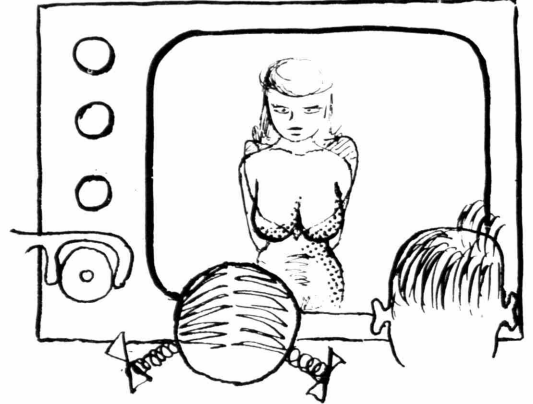
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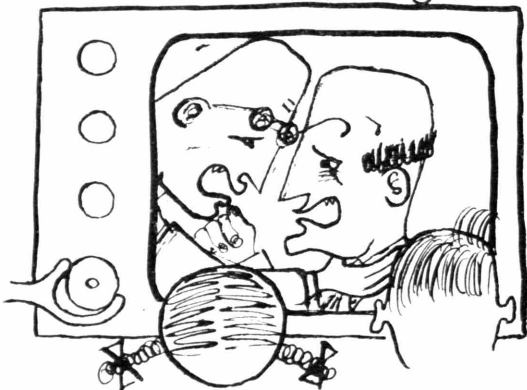
# TV TIME



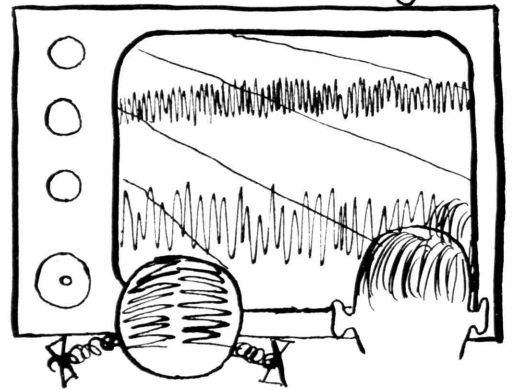
1. Now, kiddies, if you're all ready for bed Daddy will get you Uncle Tad's TV Time for Tiny Tots.



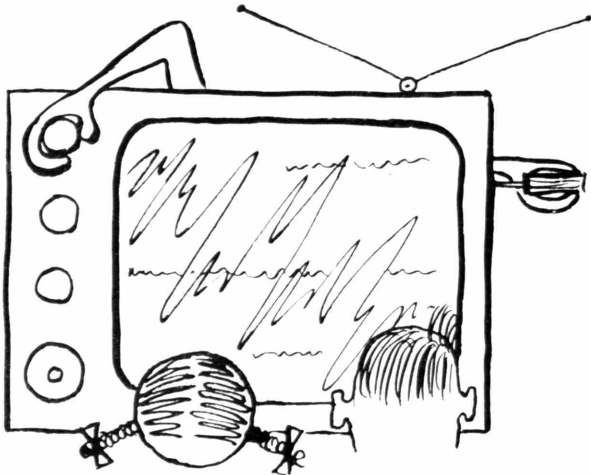
2. No, Clytemnestra, that's not Uncle Tad. Daddy will change the channel.



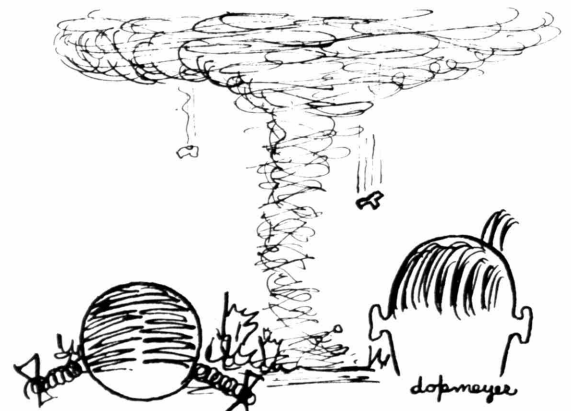
3. No, Clytemnestra, that's not Uncle Tad, either. That's the Great Books Forum. Daddy will change the channel.



4. Oh look, children, what a pretty picture. Just like on your kaleiscopes. What's that, Bronislau? You say the horizontal blocking oscillator is out of phase with the differentiated synchronization signal?



5. Now just a minute, children, and Daddy will fix the machine.



6. Daddy?

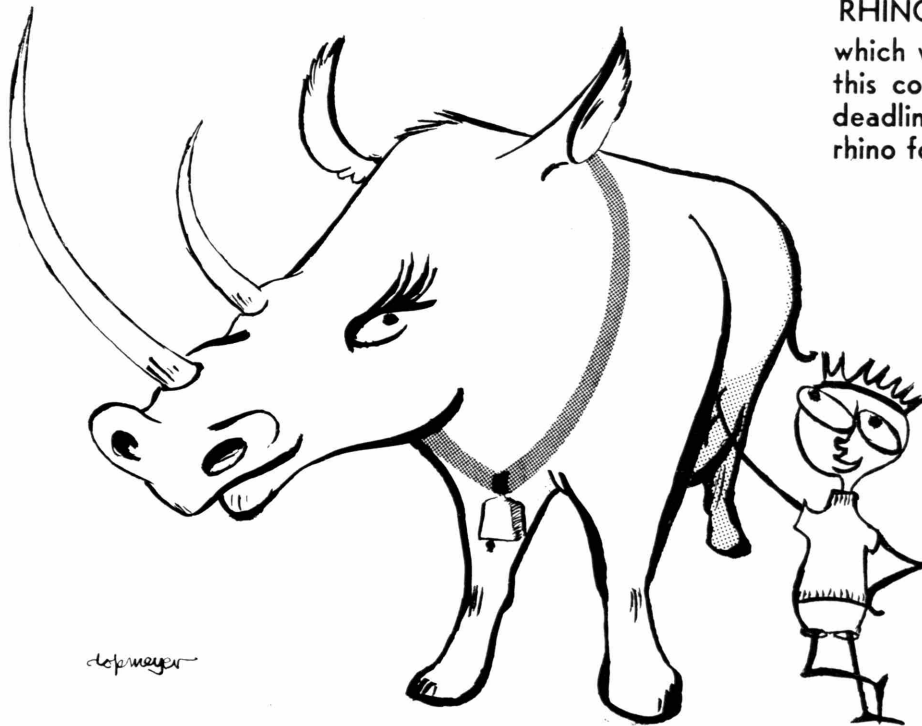


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salve of the ages.

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Check here if you are under eighteen

A baby rabbit had been annoying its mother all day. Finally in exasperation she said, "Stop asking questions, you were pulled out of a magician's hat."



"Mama, daddy isn't like other men, is he?"

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"Well, he just got tired waiting for an elevator and went down the shaft without one."



Little six-year-old Donna was almost overcome with joy on her birthday when she received two gifts she had most ardently desired—a wrist watch and a bottle of perfume. She chattered about the new possessions all day long, wearying her mother of the subject. Guests were expected for dinner and her mother gently admonished Donna in advance, saying, "Now, dear, everybody knows about your presents and everybody is happy for you. But we mustn't go on talking about them all the time." The little girl held her peace at the table throughout the greater part of the meal. A lull occurred in the conversation and, unable to restrain herself, she burst forth, "If anyone hears or smells anything, it's me!"



The American Way: Condemning a naughty movie; attending it to see if it's as shocking as advertised; kicking because the naughty parts have been cut.



Some small children were discussing their origins.

1st Boy: "Pop bought me in the department store."

2nd Boy: "My folks got me from the doctor."

Little Girl (shyly): "My folks were too poor. I was home-made."



Mom was entertaining the new preacher when Junior burst into the living room and said, "Hey, preacher—know what our he dog and your she dog are doing?"

Mom, much embarrassed, made him leave the room immediately. Later, after the preacher had gone, Junior disgustedly told her, "Aw, I just wanted to tell him they chased a cat up a tree!"

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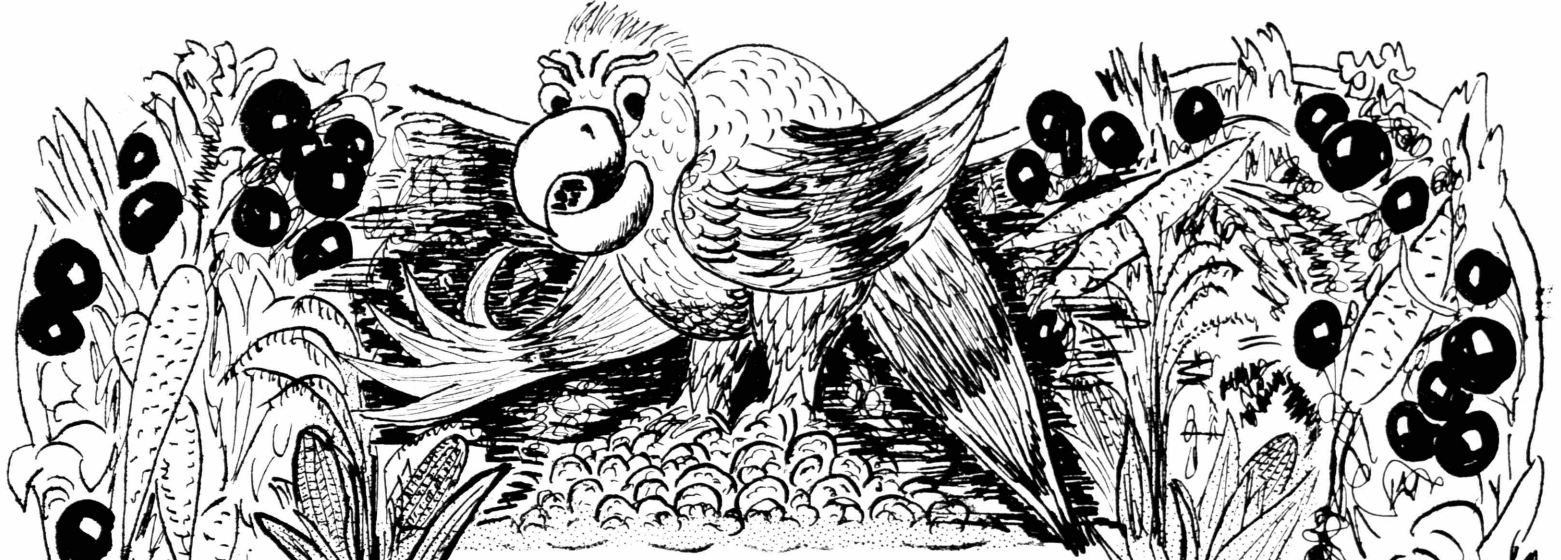
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## vegetable imbecilities

A parrot was hired to garrot a carrot  
But he put on a suit of pea-green.  
"I must artlessly smother an artichoke's mother  
And pick on a string-bean's spleen."

He said,  
"And pick on a string-bean's spleen."

"All Brussell's sprout's sires inspire my ire  
I must teach them all manners this morn;  
To them each I shall teach how to feast on a peach  
Until day after yesterday's dawn."

He said,  
"Until day after yesterday's dawn."

"Oh the Brussell's sprout's doubts are not easy to  
flout  
And I doubt I shall ever be free,"  
Said the parrot, "to garrot a temperate carrot  
Until Eighteen Seventy-three."

He said,  
"Until Eighteen Seventy-three."





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Phone TR 6-5417

"Mother," Dad said, "I'm going to find out what Jackie wants to be when he grows up. Watch."

He put a ten-dollar bill on the table; it represented the banker. Next to it he placed a brand new Bible, representing the clergyman. And beside the Bible he placed a bottle of whiskey, representing the bum.

Mother and Dad hid where they could see the articles on the table. Jackie, whistling happily, entered the room and spied the arrangement on the table. He looked around to see that he was alone. Satisfied, he picked up the bill and held it to the light; and replaced it. He fingered the pages of the new Bible. He looked around once more. Then he quickly uncorked the bottle and smelled the contents. And, in one motion, he stuffed the bill in his pocket, lodged the Bible under his arm, grabbed the bottle by the neck, and slid out of the room, still whistling.

"I'll be damned," Dad exclaimed, "he's going to be a politician."



When white men discovered this country, the Indians were running it. There were no taxes. There was no debt. The women did all the work. And white men thought they could improve a system like that.



It was in a stately English club. The members always talked in a whisper and never turned their heads. This custom was broken the other day when an English lord called to the butler in a normal tone, "Please remove Plushbottom. He's been dead three days."



A frantic mother rushed into a doctor's office, dragging a four-year-old boy by the hand. "Doctor," she panted, "is this child capable of performing an appendectomy?"

"Why, my dear lady," answered the doctor, "don't be silly. Of course not."

"See!" screamed the mother, "Now you march right out of here and put it back!"

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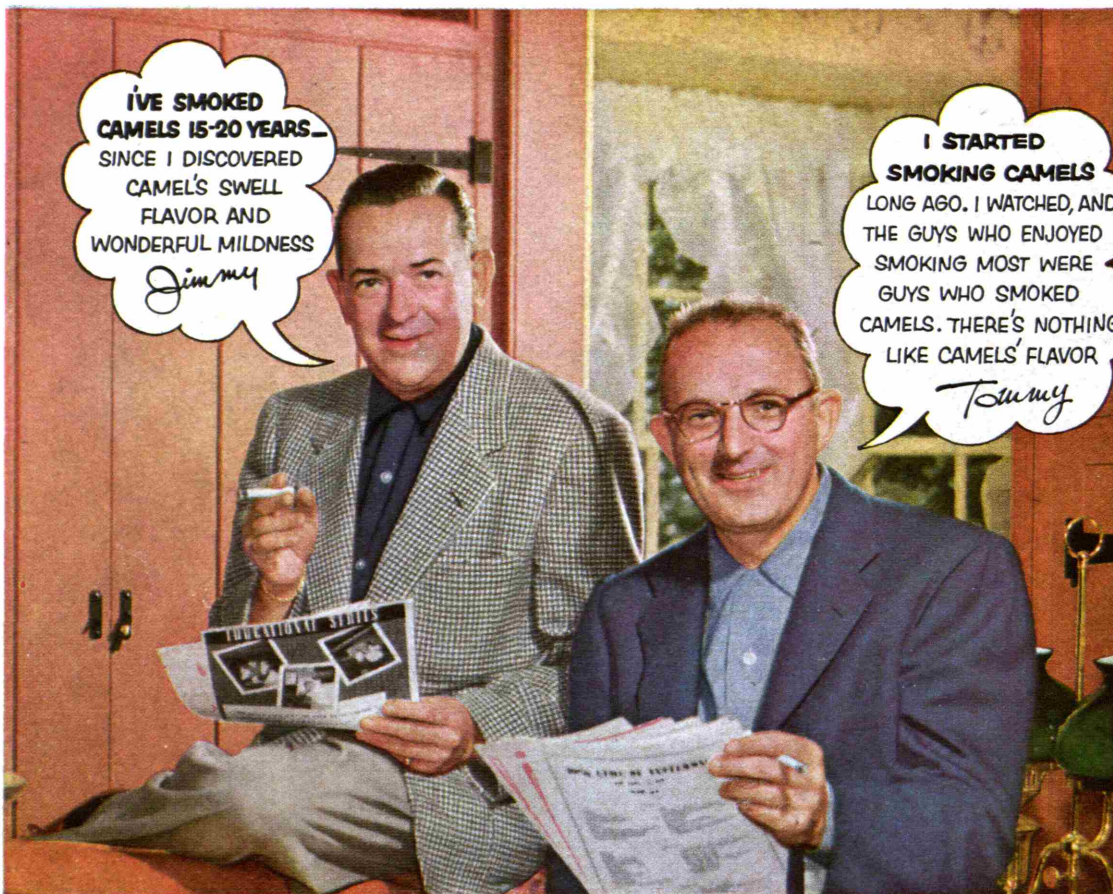
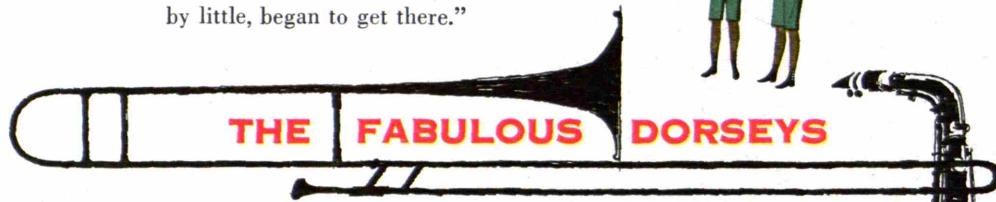
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# HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED...

**Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey say:** "Our Dad led the brass band in our home town. He started us on our way tooting in the band when we were eight years old. We watched and studied successful musicians as much as we could, worked real hard and, little by little, began to get there."



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