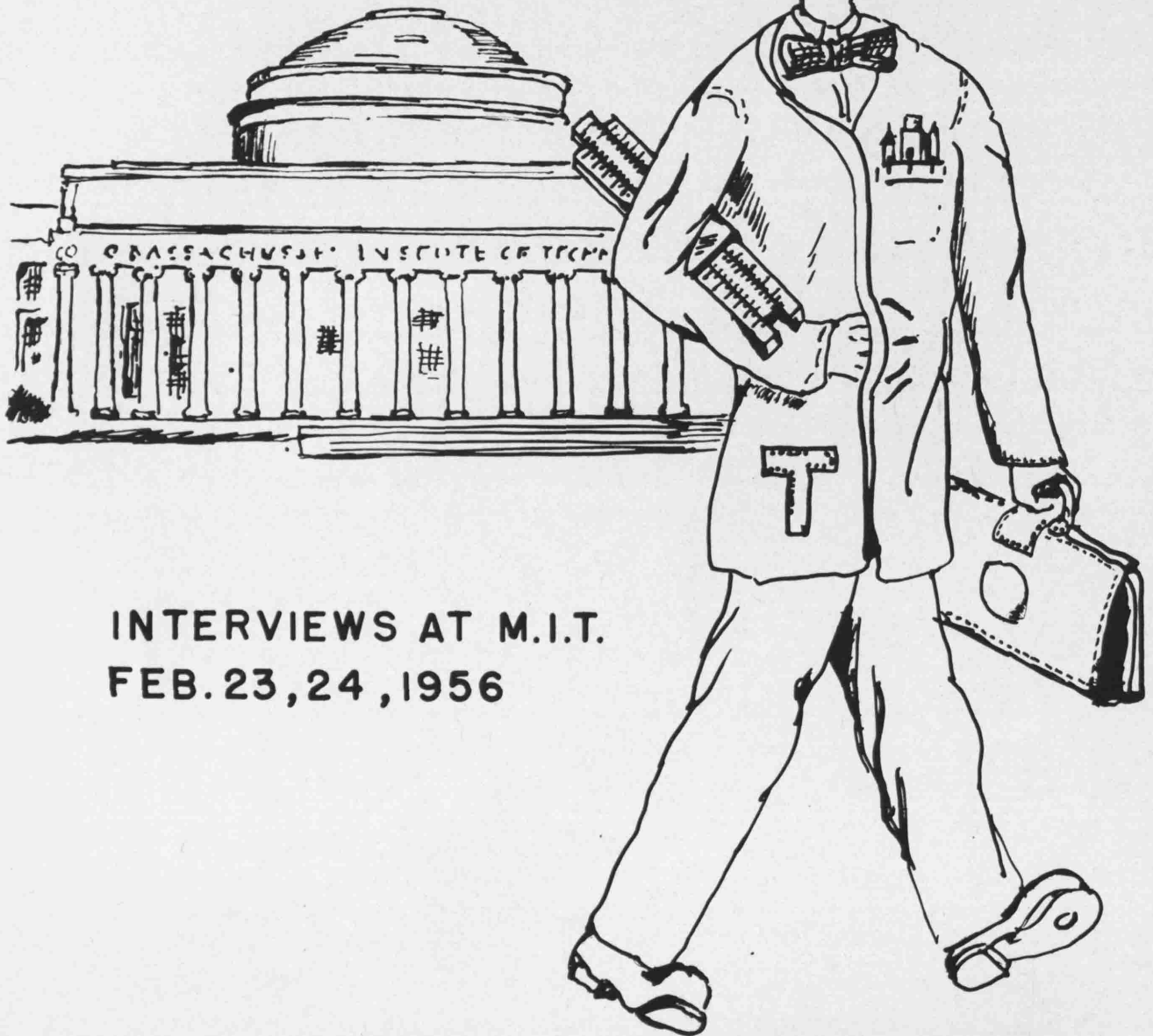


WOOD

February

25¢

— WHY LEAVE NEW ENGLAND  
WHEN THE BEST ENGINEERING  
OPPORTUNITIES ARE —  
—AT RAYTHEON—



INTERVIEWS AT M.I.T.  
FEB. 23, 24, 1956

MICROWAVE AND POWER TUBE OPERATIONS  
RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
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# VOO DOO

Vol. 38 No. 2

Feb. 1956

Est. 1919

Last June, we voted in favor of the startling and new idea to date our eight succeeding issues of VOO DOO from October to June, rather than from September to May, as had been the procedure here for many years. This unheralded departure from tradition would place the October issue for sale at the end of September, (when, previously, the September issue was for sale), giving our readers an issue which is current for an entire month rather than for the few remaining days at the end of the month--but this hardly needs elaboration; suffice it to say that it is a fine idea.

However, the startling innovation has caused us no end of trouble, our December issue came out at Thanksgiving, our January issue before Christmas; and this current (February) issue, traditionally dedicated to all the sweethearts, wives, mothers, etc., we know in honor of St. Valentine, is due on the newsstands, awkwardly enough, just prior to the final examination period. (That we missed Guy Fawkes Day this year cannot be attributed to this change in policy, we regret the omission nevertheless.) Obviously, we are in no small dilemma.

But nothing like the one you are in, or so we have been led to believe from the monthly onslaught of always angrier letters (we're unbelievably sloppy with our correspondence) we have received asking, begging, pleading for the missing issue.

Well, there just isn't any missing issue.

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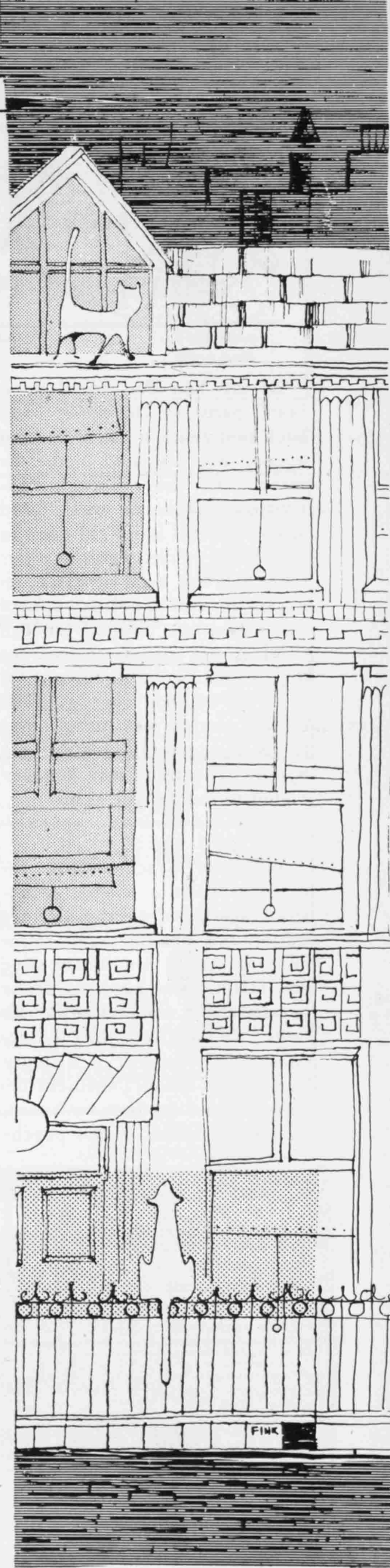
Phosphorous

All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

Copyright, 1955, by the VOO DOO Senior Board. Published by the Senior Board for the Students of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Office: 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. Office Hours: 4:30 to 5:30 P.M., Monday through Friday. Published monthly from November to June. Twenty-five cents a copy. Subscription: \$2.00 for Eight Issues. \$53.00 in Pago Pago. Published January 17, 1956. January copy inserted.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

This month's cover by Gower







At the Voo Doo board members' party in December (way back last year), a can of bourbon eggnog was prepared in the afternoon for the evening's festivities. This can was stored among several identical cans in the Baker House refrigerator. Came 8:30 and we were all feasting on our can of holiday spirits when someone noticed (on his third glass) that there was far too low an alcoholic content for it to be bourbon eggnog. The dining service was quite happy to get their salad dressing back again. The trade was consummated to the delight of all.

We'd like to acknowledge receipt of quite a number of entries submitted to the literary editor and bearing such introductions as 'If this doesn't send you rolling, you have no sense of humor, I'm sorry to say'. We turned these letters with the accompanying works of literary humor in to the MIT medical department and the last we heard, they were rolling in the psychiatric wards.

After a few vain attempts to sell this magazine after noon last sales day, I discovered that most Techmen had already made their purchase. The gimmick now was to sell each one a second magazine. And so, whenever anyone gave me that excuse, I retorted with the slogan:

"Why not buy another  
And take it home to mother."

Minutes later, a figure appeared out of the shadows and pressed a wet twenty-five cent piece into my clammy palm, while he softly voiced these words: "This is for your mother."

Not realizing the implications of his statement, I handed him a Voo Doo.

We must apologize for being so vengeful but it is our present duty to report that ten coeds have relieved themselves in building 2. We warned you when you stole our twenty foot poster, girls. Actually though, the report is not entirely false, for they did relieve us in building 2 (of our poster, of course).

Amid all the wild shouting and cheering for our basketball team in the Harvard ballgame, it is reassuring to note that a job well done still gets the applause it deserves. Especially, we might add, when a referee usually receives only the jeers of the crowd. So it was that we observed with gratitude the unanimous fanfare which greeted his emergence on to the field after the time out which witnessed his best decision of the evening.

While Titian was mixing rose-madder

His model ascended a ladder.  
Her position to Titian

Suggested coition  
So he climbed up the ladder and  
had 'er.



No matter how long a girl's stockings are, the top is always nearest the bottom.

**WHOLESALE**

**RETAIL**

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A touring American go-getter noticed a lazy Indian chief lolling at the door of his wigwam.

"Chief," remonstrated the go-getter, "why don't you get a job in a factory?"

"Why?" grunted the chief.

"Well, you could earn a lot of money. Maybe thirty or forty dollars a week."

"Why?" insisted the chief.

"Oh, if you worked hard and saved your money you'd soon have a bank account. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Why?" again asked the chief.

"For Heaven's sake!" shouted the exasperated go-getter, "with a big bank account you could retire, and then you wouldn't have to work any more . . ."

"Not working now," pointed out the chief.



Joe was dead and Jim called on the widow to express his sympathy.

"Joe and I were mighty close friends," Jim said. "Isn't there something I could have to remember him by?"

Tearfully she raised her eyes and whispered softly, "would I do?"



A number of men, not too well known to each other and meeting as a group for the first time, thought each should introduce himself by giving his full name, education, family status, and so on. The first gentleman started by saying he was Alexander Swinefurt MacGibbon, Harvard '19, married, with two sons; both of Harvard. The second said he was Theodore Spotswood Burlingame, Jr., Harvard '15, married three sons—all Harvard, of course. The third said he was Percival Bollingbrooke Timberland, III, Harvard '18, married, two sons—both Harvard, of course.

The next man rose and stated, "I'm Bill Jones, Yale '20, I'm not married. I have two sons—both Harvard, of course."

# Charlie Mun

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*Voici comment en parle un quotidien:*

"Il faut être à Boston pour trouver dans le vieux port un restaurant-tea-room où l'on joue les grands chefs-d'œuvre de Beethoven, Chopin et Liszt—et où le menu porte cette remarque: 'On est prié de parler doucement pendant que le piano se fait entendre.'"

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Special Adventure For Techmen**

## **Island Hopping in the Debauched Islands**

### **A Magnificent Tropical Playground**

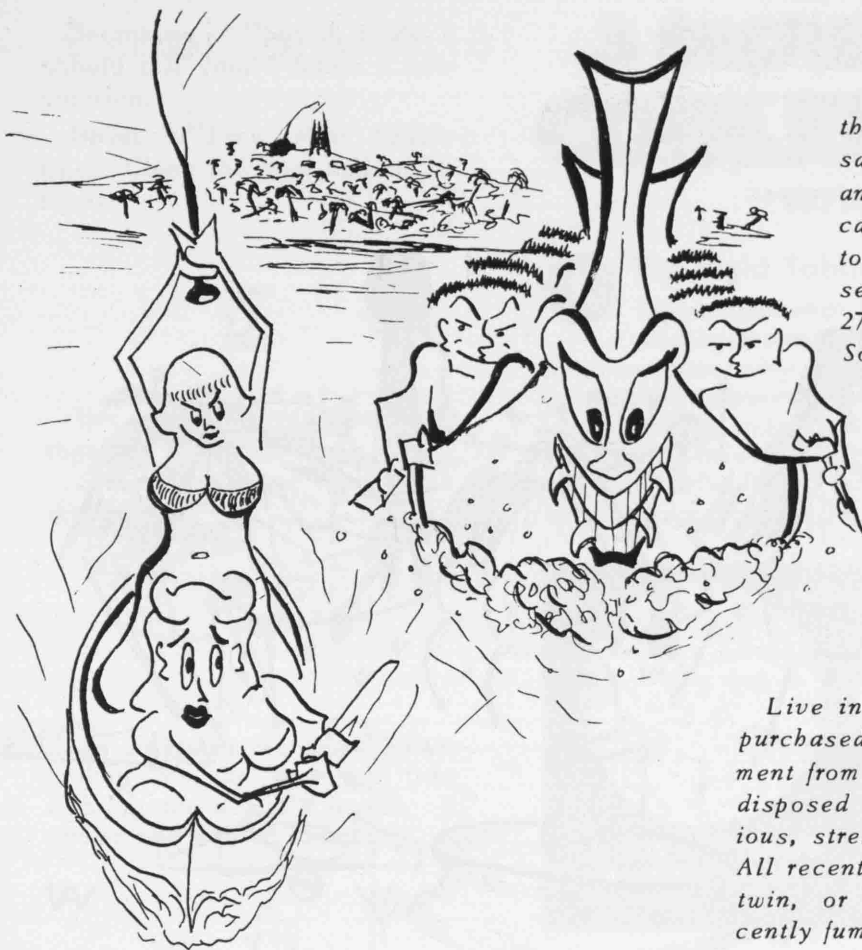


*Visit the Debauched Islands -- gape at the golden sun on the golden sand of its beautiful beaches. Walk in exotic, spectacular tropical forests crammed with scintillating flowers. View rugged coral formations and hundreds of beautifully landscaped natural acres. Lay in cool, shady forest glens, or in the radiant sun.*



*Use our Pay Now - Go Later plan -- The balance now, up to the rest of your life to pay the low, low down payment of your left arm. No currency problems in the Debauched Islands -- No currency - just 4-ton stone cartwheels set upright in the sand. Buy a piece of one in our office there...or bring your own piece.*

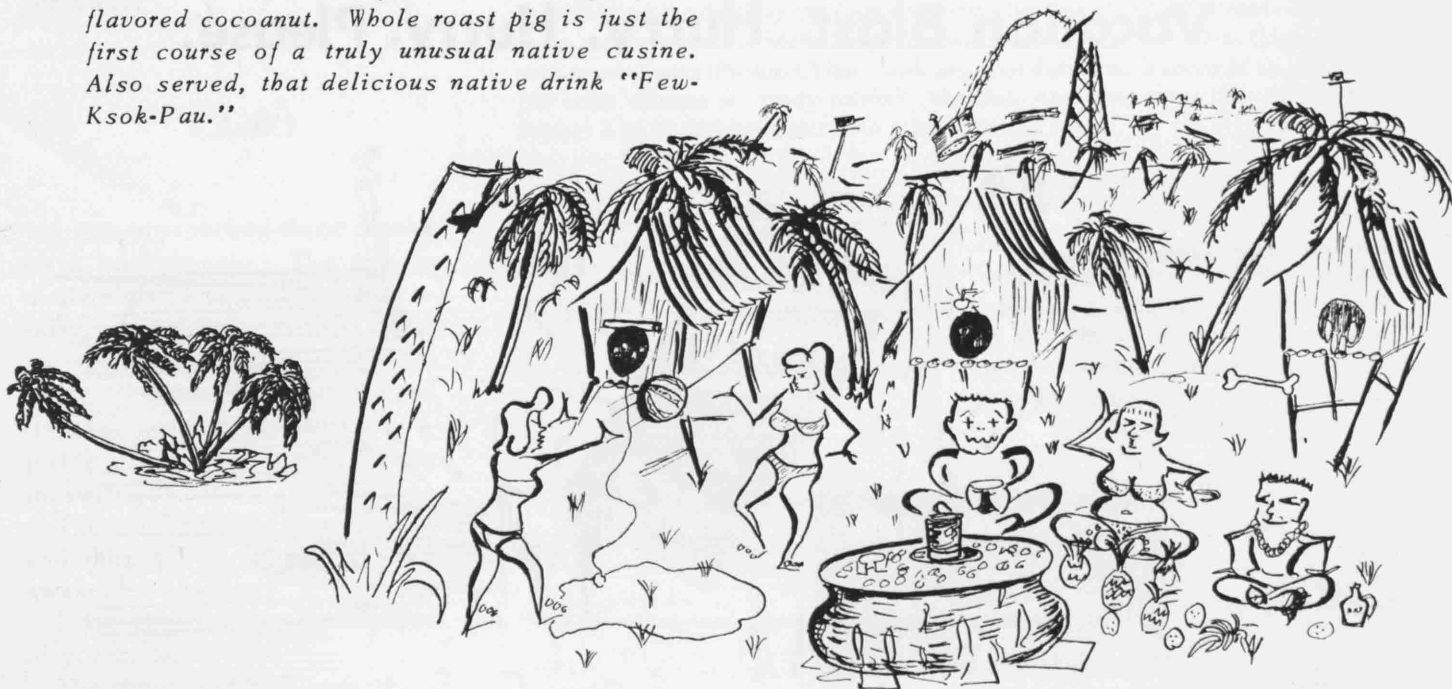
**A Warm Welcome Awaits You In The Debauched Islands**



A wealth of exciting activities awaits you in the Debauched Islands--And by day there are sailing, surf riding, and war canoe racing (you and your buskier friends and a staunch war canoe can clip along at up to 20 knots with up to 45 miles per gallon of gas.) Surf-and deep-sea fishing offer many relaxing hours. Over 27,000 varieties of fish abound in the nearby South Pacific.

Live in charming native-style huts, recently purchased for immediate disposal by our government from the natives who became suddenly indisposed to remain at home. Elegant, luxurious, streamlined, well-ventilated penthouses--All recently fumigated. Your choice of single, twin, or double cocoanut leaf mats--All recently fumigated.

And last but not least. Gala-Old-South Sea Style Feasts. Delicious meals of Fried Palm Tree Fronds ala breadfruit saute', jungle-juice flavored cocoanut. Whole roast pig is just the first course of a truly unusual native cuisine. Also served, that delicious native drink "Few-Ksok-Pau."



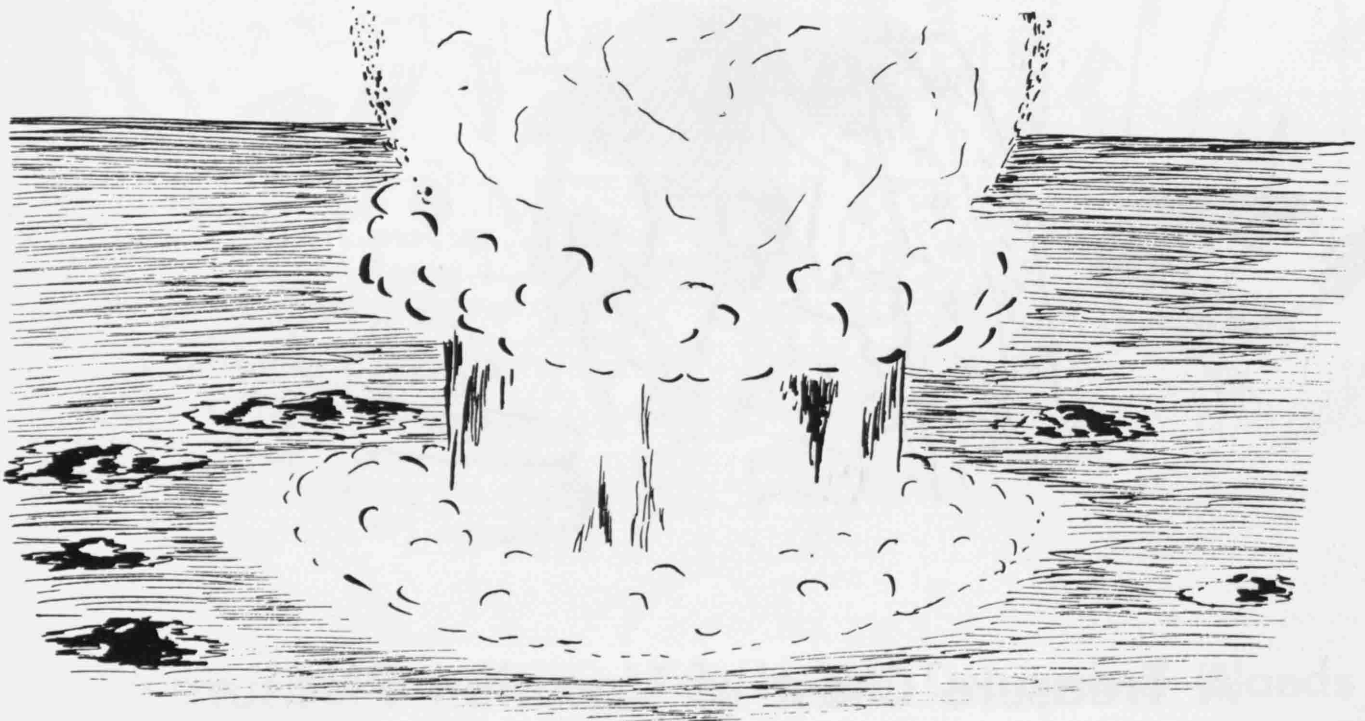
## A Treasure Chest of Vacation Pleasure



*Yes, and girls--an Army Base of 1200 young eligibles...mechanics, technicians, engineers, and scientists, every one fully equipped by the medical corps. However, souvenirs galore, to pick up, take home, and distribute among your friends, may still be obtained on request.*



**So Hurry and Make Reservations. Yes, Hurry for that Vacation Blast. Hurry. Hurry. Please.**



Secretary: "Sir, I think I should tell you, I found a new position."

Boss: "Fine, Miss Smith, fine. Close the door and we'll try it."



He: "I've loved you more than you'll ever know."

She: "Next time let me mix the drinks."



An Engineer we know has a broken arm he received from fighting for a girl's honor. It seems she wanted to keep it.



Two Co-eds went for a tramp in the woods. But the tramp got away.



A cop approached three drunks on a park bench. The one in the middle was snoring peacefully, apparently passed out, but the two on either side were going through the motions of fishing, casting out their lines, jerking them, and reeling them in swiftly.

The cop watched for a while and then shook the middle man awake.

"Are these two nuts friends of yours, buddy?"

The drunk nodded.

"Well, get them out of here and make it snappy."

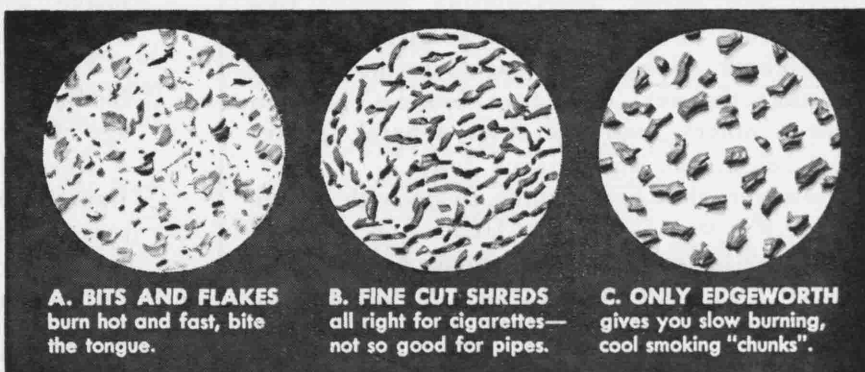
The drunk agreed, saluted—and began rowing vigorously.

# 3 SECRETS OF COOLER SMOKING

## WITH ANY PIPE

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Experts agree white burley is the finest, coolest smoking tobacco of all. For this reason, many pipe tobaccos contain burley. But not one in over 50 years has ever equalled Edgeworth's way with white burley. Edgeworth tobacco buyers look for a certain type of white burley, grown on well-drained land on sunny hillsides, just like fine wine grapes or fine coffee. Then, like fine wine, these special burleys are aged for years before blending.



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Many a smoker used to rub a slice of tobacco carefully between his palms, until it formed chunks of just the right size to pack right and smoke cool. Now Edgeworth does all this before the tobacco is packaged. No other tobacco manufacturer can duplicate the Edgeworth cut—because it's actually "ready-rubbed" by an exclusive process. See in the picture what a difference this makes. Edgeworth's even-sized chunks (Picture C) burn slow and cool with never a touch of tongue bite. No other tobacco is "ready-rubbed" like this. And tests show that Edgeworth smokes 8 to 10 degrees cooler than other tobaccos tested.



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Edgeworth's exclusive wrap-around pouch is heat-sealed. Moisture can't get in—proof that freshness can't get out! And no bulky corners in your pocket. You can always count on Edgeworth, America's finest pipe tobacco for over 50 years.

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(8 TO 10 DEGREES COOLER)



# EDGEWORTH

AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO

## SMILES

Waldo Fingle was automatically penetrating a walkable path through the five-o'clock downtown office outpour. Progression in New York City between five and six is a combination of forceful thrusts, light leaps, and agile pirouettes. All Manhattanites acquire this ability as soon as they are able to walk (the New York City Opera Company is thinking of isolating a separate suburbanite and photographing his peregrinations with the view of staging a ballet based upon the impromptu choreography). Visitors from out of town, in climbing out of subway entrances, often find themselves bodily lifted and borne, gesticulating madly, five blocks east where they are deposited to gather their breath. Some crawl back into the subway and take the next train from Grand Central to home; others rearrange their apparel, gather their belongings and reissue forth.

However, this has nothing to do with Waldo Fingle, who was as adept at locomotion as could be desired. While making an *entrechat six* over a shoe shine boy, and artfully feinting out an old woman with his overcoat, he caught sight of a commanding advertisement in a bookstore window. Extricating himself from the rest of the populace, he rested outside of the store for a moment and perused the poster.

The most arresting part of the sheet displayed a picture of a man pointing out at the reader with an authoritative glare. The caption to the left above his head read, in large black letters;

"GIVE ME JUST THREE MINUTES A DAY.  
I CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE."

Waldo looked back at the picture. It was wearing an expression of self possession and assurance, bordering almost upon smugness.

The small print explained that the man whose forefinger was above, was a doctor of no mean repute (whether a theologian or a physician it did not state) and that he was probably the happiest person ever, because he had discovered the method of making himself unequivocally and utterly happy. He had written a book, because it would make him even happier (if that was possible) if everyone else could buy his book (it cost only three dollars) and become as happy as he was. The remainder of the blurb described just how happy you could become, hinting at unheard of lyrical joy bordering upon intoxication, mentioning pleasures heretofore thought only achievable in moments of orgiastic dissipation. It contained a number of testimonials from people who declared that their lives had been completely changed from sodden mess-

es to angelic existences; they stated that they were undeniably living in a delirium of extreme happiness. They signed their names. It concluded urging everyone to throw off their miserable lives as a woman sheds last year's mink coat (quicker than a mink), and enter Paradise at the cost of three dollars plus tax.

Waldo reviewed his life hurriedly (for he had to catch a train), found it lacking for the most part in complete happiness; so he entered the store, and a few minutes later, returned to the sidewalk in possession of a neat parcel wrapped in brown paper, and tied with string.

Eventually, Waldo arrived at his boarding house, and after resting for half an hour, went down to supper.

The supper table was presided over by the landlady, Mrs. Pereczi, who was a little package of a woman in a large apron. She possessed a tremendous amount of bustle, literally and figuratively. She allowed only bachelors to rent flats in her establishment--

"Women!" (this said with venom and scorn), "Always the critics. A man sees a piece of dirt in a corner, he don't say nothin. So the chest ain't been dusted for a couple-a-days--he don't notice. Women always wearin white gloves, and sticken 'em in the goddamnedest places just to get 'em dirty. Always do this, do that. Women!"

Or ...always movin around. Put a man in a chair, give him a newspaper, and he'll stay there four, five, maybe six days without complaining. Women gotta move every minute..."

So only men sat around Mrs. Pereczi's dinner table. Now it may be thought by these presences that Mrs. Pereczi did not like women. On the contrary, she went out of her way to cultivate the acquaintance of every girl within the neighborhood radius, which in New York is liable to be measured in miles.

"For the boys," she explained half apologetically when accused of gregariousness. She would sit in the drawing room, when her nine tenants were wondering on Monday evening what to do next Saturday night, and trot out a large file.

"This one a good looking piece" she would say encouragingly, "on the other hand, needs delicate treatment. You, Frankie, you ain't had much experience. Better you try this one here. A real nice girl."

Frankie would look the picture over, grudgingly admit that she looked O.K., allow himself to be bullied towards the telephone, conduct an awkward conversation amid much shushing



and good advice (not the least of that coming from Mrs. Pereczi). And so she married her boys away and out of her boarding house, because she couldn't stand women.

After dinner, Waldo sat awhile in the drawing room listening to the grunts and belches that followed Mrs. Pereczi's stuffed cabbage, and then went up to his room. He unwrapped the book, stared a bit at the forefinger of the man on the cover, and turned to the introduction.

The first thing the author did was to congratulate Waldo on his purchase. It showed that Waldo was thinking seriously, and this is the first step toward becoming deliriously happy, Happiness is not a thing that panders to luck, the Doctor declared indignantly. It must be conscientiously worked at, like any enterprise. But this was the most important enterprise of Waldo's life. The solemnity of the moment could not be emphasized enough (Waldo had been eating jujubes from a paper bag at the side of his bed, but he stopped). The reader was about to be reborn.

The first chapter was entitled "Smiles". Big oaks from little acorns grow, and mountains from Mahomets, the author explained. There is more to the smile than meets the eye. The smile produces the most dramatic revitalizing results; that is why it is the subject of the first chapter. The reader, with just a little practice, will soon see changes in his or her life, changes that will provide encouragement to sustain the reader through the remainder of the book.

There followed a pep talk on perseverance, with promises of ample reward; and then came the examples.

Mr. M.T. smiled at the right time and she accepted.

Miss L. S. is now Mrs. L. S.; you bet she knew how to smile.

Salesman C.A. smiled and sold twenty five thousand dollars' worth of worthless electronic equipment.

**YOU CAN DO IT TOO.** And in only three minutes a day.

"...every morning as soon as you wake up, lie back in bed and relax. Smile up at the ceiling and say:

'I am happy' for a whole minute.

Then (still smiling at the ceiling), for the second minute, think of all your blessings, and the happiness of the past day.

Finally, repeat over and over for the third minute:

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*Continued on page 16*

# Will you remember; anyone know?

On a sharp sunny day in late Autumn  
The seagulls dive into the sea  
And pick the clams and snails beneath the  
water and the mud  
Sparks sharply rising from the spray soar high  
holding fearfully peering white from their shells  
Points high in the light blue above the swells,  
above the long hard wooden winding boardwalk.  
Poised fall the speck white plastic form  
Larger looming little body till at once it  
Crashes on the boardwalk split  
lies a blinking body in a broken world  
on the rough brown splintered boards  
Then follows on the swooping gull to pull  
from out the splinters the bewildered one  
and carry, hanging half from out the hollow bill  
still wondering what's exactly going on.

Left behind the quiet-wind quivered shell  
in late afternoon.  
I would not step upon the smooth untroubled  
curved piece of white  
It's all that now is left to say I lived...once  
past the night  
Who knows? A boy and girl may pass the  
afternoon and gather shells  
To pierce and make for her a laughing  
necklace  
And then I live! O...who knows. The meanings lie  
high golden setting sun horizonward beyond the  
boardwalk and the gulls in silent blue...

Ah, but there are thousands of shells along  
the miles and miles of winding boardwalk  
And millions of clams in the sea.

Phil Pearle

## BOSTON FANCY by G.H.Haines Jr.

If you take up with a boy  
who's a nothing sort of guy;  
if he's got the will to buy;  
why - let him take you dancing,  
and let him take you dining,  
and tell him  
                    heigho merryo  
            I do love you daddyo  
            and its only you my darling that I love.

### A Footprint on the Snow

I built Me a man out of pure white snow  
With a snow white heart and a snow white face,  
And the sight of him gave My heart a glow  
For his mien was the noblest of his race.

Then I said, You will do great things for Me  
With a gentle hand yet a hand of might,  
And I left him there with this elegy  
As I ordered the sun to bedim its light.

I returned to My man of snow next morrow  
With the heart so light and the soul so true,  
And the sight of him froze My heart with sorrow  
For his face bore the imprint of a shoe.

From his chin to his eyes was a wound so sore--  
Was a mark so deep and a mark so black--  
That it seemed to reach to his very core  
To profane the pure whiteness in its track.

With My soul overcome with intense remorse  
I implored My sun to increase its heat;  
As his teardrops fell, to complete the course  
His entire form melted before my feet.

Oh why, I bewailed, must it be this way:  
That a man must die to relieve his pain--  
That a snow white life can be drained away  
Like the snow man of mine: leaving just a stain.

by D. Markowitz

And when he's spent his money  
then its time to say goodbye,  
time to kiss him on his cheek  
(in an offhand sort of way),  
and tell him that you're sorry  
but you really care for Larry,  
singing

heigho merryo  
I do love you daddyo  
And its only you my darling that you love.

Then you pat him on the rump,  
and you send him on his way,  
hoping nevermore to see him  
in the future or today,  
For its

heigho merryo  
I did love you daddyo  
but its only me my darling that I love.



# This Story Is Much Too Sad to Have a Title

Ron is usually pretty quiet, likeably reserved, rather an intellectual, and all that sort of thing. But, like anyone else, if you feed him enough liquor, he'll tell you the story of his life. I found this out one night while the two of us were celebrating the end of the semester by finishing what was left in various bottles we had accumulated during the term.

We were working on the remains of a bottle of French Apple Brandy when Ron began a tirade against cousins. "I have a theory," he cried, "that all the ills of the world can be traced directly to cousins-female cousins. In any enlightened society, they would be shot at birth before they could cause any trouble."

We drank solemnly to firing squads.

"It isn't that they're willfully, or even consciously, malicious," he explained, "it's just that anything they touch is immediately destined for an evil end. And to substantiate my claim, I shall relate to you a hair raising tale that will convince you beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"Speak on, Oh Teller of Truth," I exclaimed, pouring the last of the brandy, and reaching for the Amontillado.

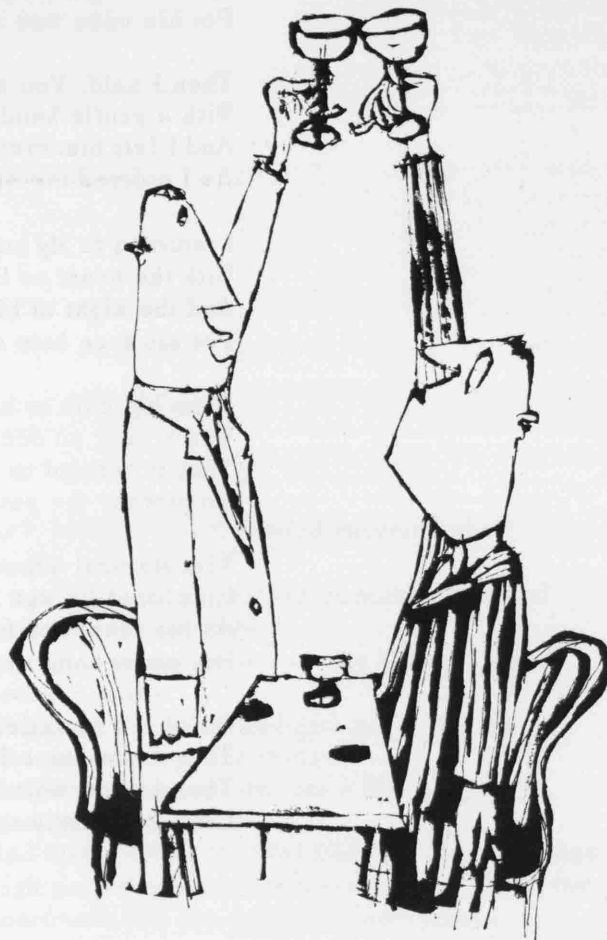
"Thank you," he said, "But hold. In order to better illustrate the chaos and utter hopelessness of any universe with cousins in it, allow me to tell you the story backwards.

It all ended a month ago when I was taking Judy back to her dorm. I asked her what she wanted to do next weekend and mentioned a play that was opening.

"I don't think I'm going out with you any more," she replied.

I began to protest, but she stopped me.

"There's nothing you can say. I've thought about it for a long while now," she said firmly, "I like you quite a lot, but there just isn't any sense in seeing each other any more. It doesn't matter what we appear to be on the surface; underneath, we just haven't any kind of common basis. We're two entirely different people."



"I tried to argue with her, but it was no use; and when I called her, she wouldn't even speak to me. Is that not the saddest of all endings?"

"It is indeed, my poor, bereft friend," I cried, pouring again.

"And now I shall tell you the beautiful, happy middle part of the story.

"The middle dates from the first time I called for Judy. She's blonde, and about so high, with that irresistible, demure look, the type of girl you can always find described in short stories but you never seem to see anywhere. As soon as we began talking I knew that I had found something special. We discussed books and things that we both liked; but it was the ease with which conversation came, and the fact that no matter what she said it was intensely interesting, if only because she said it. And I could tell instinctively that she felt the same way.

"That night was the first in a long series of the most blissful evenings imaginable. We went out every weekend and during the week we studied together, for three months until...well, you heard the end."

He sat, lost in thought. "The beginning," I cried "how does the story start?"

Draining the Haut Medoc in one gulp, he continued.

"At the beginning of the year I called her-not Judy-my cousin. Naïve fool that I was, I asked her to get me a date.

" 'Certainly,' she said, 'I know just the girl, you'll love her. Pick her up at eight thirty.'

" 'What's her name?'

" 'Judy.'

" 'Don't tell her anything about me.'

" 'How silly! I've got to tell her something.'

" 'Try not to wreck my chances.'

" 'Opposites attract. I'll convince her that, at heart, you're really a tough, boisterous, brawling, brute so well that she'll never believe anything else.'

"And she did, damn her," Ron muttered, while we rose, as one man, and crushed the wine glasses under our heels.

*Vic Teplitz*

A college student arose from his table in a fashionable dining room and walked toward the door.

He was passing the house detective at the entrance when a silver sugar bowl dropped from his bulging coat.

The guest glanced calmly at the officer, then turned with an expression of polite annoyance toward the occupants of the room. "Ruffians," he said, "Who thrêw that?" and walked out.

"What do you think of the Museum of Arts?"  
"Oh, the pictures are O.K., but there ain't no good jokes under them."



Al: "Why did you take up the piano?"

Mike: "My glass of beer kept sliding off the violin."



After two days' seclusion in a hotel room, a honeymoon couple finally agreed to go out for an evening. Calling a bell hop, the groom was informed about the various shows in town.

"Hey, Joan," he shouted to his wife who was taking a shower, "Do you want to see 'Oliver Twist'?"

The bride screamed, "If you show me any more tricks with that thing, I'm going home to mother!"



"Have you any pansies for an old lady."  
"Just a moment, mum. I'll call the floor-walker."



She: "Do you love me?"

He: "Don't be silly. What do you think I bought you that Coca-Cola for last week?"

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'Smiles are the Harbingers of happiness,' and still smiling, jump out of bed and begin your happy day."

Waldo read this, and then read it over again to make sure he had all the instructions straight. Then, after glancing at a few more inspirational examples (Mrs. G.L. smiles and saves husband from nervous breakdown), he placed the book on the bureau near his bed, and, turning off the light, fell happily to sleep.

The next morning, Waldo rubbed his eyes, and after opening them weakly, started to yawn, when suddenly he caught sight of the ceiling which reminded him of the New Outlook. He cleared his throat once or twice, and feeling rather silly, smiled at the ceiling. Of course, the ceiling did not smile back. Waldo was receiving the disillusionment that comes early in the morning to kill the beautiful dreams of late last night. However, having committed himself, and feeling more foolish than before, he said "I am happy" without much conviction about thirty times, and smiled weakly at the ceiling. "If the walls had ears," thought Waldo, "how embarrassing."

For the second minute, he tried to think of all the blessings of the past day, and by a happy chance remembered the girl who had smiled at him in the restaurant during lunch hour. He wondered if she might be there again, and decided to return to the same restaurant today. He spent about five minutes turning this over in his mind, and by the time he thought of his third minute's catechism he was right in the mood, grinned hugely at the ceiling as if it were a fellow conspirator (maybe the ceiling did wink back) and rippled through "Smiles are the harbingers of happiness" as he had gone through "The Gettysburg Address" twenty years earlier. Then he bounced out of bed, and showered, shaved and dressed, whistling Dixie.

Taking the stairs three at a time, he came upon Mrs. Pereczi over whom he showered the morning's accumulated grin.

"You got a toothache?" asked Mrs. Pereczi suspiciously.

Waldo denied the accusation, still smiling vigorously, and that was a mistake. Mrs. Pereczi was favorably inclined toward the diseases of her boarders. Never had she seen such a look as Waldo was currently displaying on his countenance.

"You got a toothache" she said convinced, and when Mrs. Pereczi became convinced, it would take Daniel Webster himself to remove the conviction. Once, the boiler had exploded, and Mrs. Pereczi became convinced that New York City had been atom bombed; it took half a hook and ladder company, a sergeant of police, and Mr. Glendenning, the policeman on the corner, to make her come out of her room carrying twelve cans of corn beef hash she had picked up immediately following the disaster.

Dr. Pereczi reached into her lore of medical knowledge, and picked out a tentative cure for toothache.

"Cod-Liver Oil" she pronounced.

So protesting, Waldo was led to the pantry, and two teaspoonfuls of cod-liver oil were forced down his throat.

"See?" said Mrs. Pereczi surveying Waldo's expressive exterior. "No more toothache." And if there had ever been any doubt in Mrs. Pereczi's mind as to the efficacy of cod liver oil in combatting toothache, that doubt was completely erased.

Standing in the subway, Waldo reviewed the passage on perseverance, and, looking upon the morning's incident for a new perspective, smiled down at the two women on the seat in front of him.

One of them, a matron of about forty-five, responded by smiling back. For the past ten years she had been priming herself for such experiences, mistaking indifferent looks for surreptitious glances, boring her husband, and exchanging imaginary incidents with her friends at bridge games.

The other was a rather pretty girl who glanced up at Waldo and then quickly looked away. A few minutes later she peered at him rather uneasily; then getting up and offering him her seat, she walked into another car. Not that she moved hurriedly; but there was visible relief in her jiggling retreat. Rather pretty girls in New York, I've been told, have to be especially careful when confronted by young men who smile at them in subways. However the Matron moved encouragingly over to her corner and smiled. Waldo shook his head bewilderedly a number of times and sat down.

The girls in the front office giggled as Waldo walked in. Since the first day Waldo came to work, the girls in the front office had been giggling. Although in the beginning it had unsettle-

led him, now he hardly noticed it. At any hour of the day, little huddles of bobbing ringlets form in the halls of office buildings - it is part of the modern architectural design.

Waldo shared his office with nine other white collar workers who added, subtracted, multiplied, and wrote business letters during the day. Every so often the boss would pass through and nod pleasantly. It was a very relaxing job.

The first hour passed uneventfully, and then about ten-thirty, Herbie deJones leaned back too far in his chair while thinking, and toppled over. Almost everyone in the office pretended not to notice, enveloping themselves in the insulation that comes equipped with each New Yorker for meeting embarrassing emergencies. Excepting Waldo. Remembering the New Outlook, he threw a sympathetic smile at Herbie in his predicament.

"What's so damn funny?" demanded Herbie, painfully separating his legs from those of his chair.

Waldo started to explain the difference between a sympathetic and a ha-ha smile, but was cut short.

"Can't a guy take a natural fall, without everybody thinking it's so funny? A natural fall!" repeated Herbie, carefully making the distinction between the natural fall which can happen to anyone, and the unnatural fall which--

"It so happens I was thinking. I don't suppose you know what thinking is?" said Herbie the thinker scornfully; "You sit there on your can all day—I bet you don't have one thought, not one thought. You couldn't fall over if you tried, you're so glued to that chair."

Somehow Herbie had coupled mental exercise with physical exercise of the sort he had just undergone, and he soon made it clear that no thinking man worth his weight in memo pads didn't fall over at least once a day. He went on at some length, until the office was led to believe that only imbeciles were capable of maintaining their equilibrium—

"...And low-intelligence imbeciles at that!" finished off Herbie with a glower that showed he knew the whereabouts of at least one low-intelligence imbecile.

And that was the beginning of another intra-office difference that might, because of the severity of the dispute, last about three days.

By this time, Waldo was beginning to feel rather uneasy about his smile, and so he soon

*Continued on page 20*

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# WOMAN AND WOMEN

When we consider the role of women in human society, the mediocrity of even her finest specimens leads us inevitably to the realization that any real justification for their existence must lie outside of this empirical dimension; and if we pursue the subject, we find that such is indeed the case, that the *raison d'être* lies solely in the fact that they are capable of inspiring in men the concept and adoration of sheer Beauty.

That women provide a source of inspiration is hardly a credit to the sex, however; the inspiration derives from that creditable ability of men to construct an ideal of Woman from the empirical model the sex provides, rather than from any intrinsic sublimity in the sex as it is manifested in reality. The pedestal upon which womanhood traditionally remains aloof from the banality of mundane intercourse is entirely a construct of the male passion for sheer Beauty--that same passion which has manifested itself in our great works of art. This passion is not compartmentive, so that women eternally remain atop this pinnacle--even in spite of themselves.

Women are not sublime; on the contrary, it is Man, Man the Artist, Man the Poet, men the idealists who become sublime in their conceptualization of Woman. Indeed, Eve was created from the rib of Adam.

Women intuit, of course, the role they are doomed to play--the role of poor, inadequate, inevitably disappointing models; thus they make themselves becoming to men in the only way they can; i.e., by appearing physically attractive. At an early age they learn how to walk in such a fashion as to insinuate the copulative rhythms; indeed, this is the only dimension of "love" they are capable either of offering or understanding.

When we look at the situation impersonally, we see the whole of literary and philosophical history rushing up as overwhelming proof that this comprises a substantial idea. Thus the Wife of Bath interprets marriage:

... "I nam nat precius.

In wyfhode wol I use myn instrument

As frely as my makere hath it sent....

Myn housbonde wol I have, both eve and mowre

Whan that hym list com forth and paye his dette.

An housbonde wol I have, I wol nat lette,

Which shal be bothe my dettour and my thral

And have his tribulacioun withal

Upon his flessh while that I am his wyf..."<sup>1</sup>

Indeed, she considers herself as nothing more than a receptacle, an orifice; and Chaucer was but the first of an impressive array of writers destined to elucidate women's actual evaluation of themselves; Boccaccio need only be mentioned here.

Of the philosophers, Schopenhauer is perhaps most aware of the illusory beauty of women:

"With young girls Nature seems to have had in view what, in the language of drama, is called the striking effect; as for a few years she dowers them with a wealth of beauty and is lavish in her gift of charm, at the expense of all the rest of their lives..."<sup>2</sup>

He continues:

"It is only a man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulse that could give the name of 'fair sex' to that under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race..."<sup>3</sup>

Our position differs from the above only insofar as we are maintaining here that the concept of the "fair sex" results not from a clouding of the intellect but rather from the intellectual, aethetical need to abstract and idealize; the Mona Lisa, probably the most well known visual idealization of Woman, must be recognized as an enormous intellectual achievement, reflecting in no way the gluttony of passionate, sensual love.

It is certainly sublime of a man to surrender himself to his ideal of Woman:

"...He will risk the stake and the cross; starve when necessary, in a garret all his life;...work his nerves into rags without payment, a sublime altruist in his disregard of himself, an atrocious egotist in his disregard of others. Here Woman meets a purpose as impersonal, as irresistible, as her own...."<sup>4</sup>

I maintain that it is this very purpose in men, (possibly naturally, only through the existence of women,) through which he transcends the empirical realm and becomes sublime. Eve was not Adam's undoing; she provided Adam with the necessity of searching for an Ideal.

In the same way, the inconstancy of women inspired Mozart's *Così fan tutte*--a work of lasting beauty derived from transient vulgarity--the Laputians attempt to manufacture gold from excrement consummated. Shakespeare's Juliet had no physical counterpart, but the world would be much the poorer without her. Finally, Cyrano's love is immortal in its profundity; his plume, until the end, remained unsullied. His indeed is the sublime situation; he was not destined ever to be disillusioned.

It is a beautiful, excruciating paradox that everything men have done, they have done for their ladies. Men's ideal of virginal beauty will always inspire them to more lofty goals, to the contemplation of purer Beauty where it has no real counterpart. Men alone are capable of love; men alone can truly adore.

Accordingly, we hold no grudge. One calls to mind the cow in her characteristic pose, glancing over her shoulder in mild expectation of sighting a charging bull, and we cannot hate her; we love her all the more.

The age of chivalry is dead, they say; but not in essence. It remains an eternal possibility, awaiting the slightest provocation.

<sup>1</sup> Geoffrey Chaucer: *Canterbury Tales*, The Wife of Bath's Prologue

<sup>2</sup> Schopenhauer: *Essay on Women*, p. 73

<sup>3</sup> *ibid.* p. 79

<sup>4</sup> George Bernard Shaw: *Man and Superman*, Epistle Dedicatory.

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Texas: where men are men and smell like horses.

A man walked up to the front desk of one of Boston's leading hospitals and asked the attendant who should he see about having an operation. The attendant referred him to a surgeon. He then told the surgeon that he wished to be castrated. The doctor inquired as to whether he was sure that that was the type of operation that he wanted. He said that he had talked it over with his wife and they were sure that this was what they wanted. As he was very insistent on having the operation performed promptly they prepared him for it. Before the operation they had him sign in triplicate numerous legal forms declaring that he was of sound mind and that he was fully aware of the operation that they were going to perform. He signed them all. As he was being wheeled into the operating room, the doctor said that this was his last chance to change his mind. He said carry on with the operation. They did.

He woke up after the operation in his semi-private room. The man who was sharing his room started a conversation with him. It seemed that they both had the same doctor as the same physical area was being treated on both of them. Our friend asked the other man what he was in the hospital for. He replied that he was being circumcised.

Our friend exclaimed, "Circumcised, that was the word I wanted."



He: Tell me, dearest, did any of your friends admire your engagement ring?

She: They did more than that. Two of them recognized it.



Leon and Marvin were resting from the battles of war and spied a cow which they killed and skinned. Leon got into the hind quarters and Marvin into the front. Thus they proceeded behind the lines.

Suddenly Marvin in the forefront began to run, and Leon naturally, had to follow. They ran in this way for some time until Marvin suddenly stopped.

"It's no use, Leon," he panted. "Brace yourself, here comes the bull."



left his desk for the men's room. Planting himself in front of a mirror, he smiled at himself, full in the face.

No wonder!

This smile, this intended vehicle on the road to delirious happiness, was a wreck. It was like no look Waldo had ever seen. He had, in his efforts to achieve the maximum, drawn his lips back, far back over his teeth, believing that the more grin the better. Alas, Waldo had much mouth, more than he had ever realized. Multiply Fernandel by five, add all the teeth seen in one week on T.V. toothpaste commercials, and you begin to get a notion of Waldo's smile. On first glance it appeared to wind about his head a number of times. Closer inspection did not clear this impression. If anyone was ever all smiles, that was Waldo.

"Moderation", preached the mirror. Waldo frowned a short while, and then cautiously... but let us withdraw; some things are too private to be discussed, even by a biographer. The literary code specifically states that when a gentleman enters the bathroom, the public stays outside. We have trespassed too far; I fear the guild.

Lunchtime found Waldo in full control of his devastating smile, and wending his way to the restaurant of the girl with yesterday's smile. He selected his table for strategic purpose, and a waiter appeared. Waldo threw a carefully modulated smile and ordered soup.

The soup arrived and disappeared; the girl did not. As the waiter was clearing the plate away, Waldo remarked that the soup was good.

"You liked the soup?" The waiter stepped back and looked hard at Waldo.

"Why yes", said Waldo wondering if he had said something wrong.

The waiter's face broke out in beams. "Happy", he yelled to the rear of the restaurant, "he likes the soup". Turning back to Waldo he said; "You gotta tell the chef that to his own ears. He don't hear it too often; It'll do his heart good".

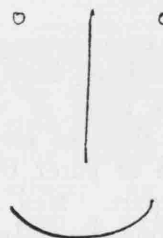
The waiter fairly danced Waldo into the kitchen, and there he saw, bent over the bubbling stoves, the largest man and the saddest expression he had ever seen in his life. The cook turned his mournful eyes from an apple turnover to Waldo, and shook his hand gravely, thanking him sadly.

"Most people don't realize," said Happy, the chef. "It's hard work with no thanks. It's a real pleasure when somebody notices and says

something."

Waldo mumbled deprecatingly. The waiter was still dancing back and forth, peering from face to face. Suddenly Waldo caught sight of the girl through the kitchen window.

"No, they don't realize" said Happy, "I get inferior food, second grade help, lousy utilities. Even the unions, they don't permit I should cook good, put someone out of work. But above all this (Happy raised a tearful finger) genius shows. You recognize my soup!"



Waldo vaguely remembered something about soup, and for a second, pictured the girl swimming about in noodles. The waiter waltzed over to Waldo's ear and whispered "Useta cook over in the old country. For the nobility. Y'a understand?"

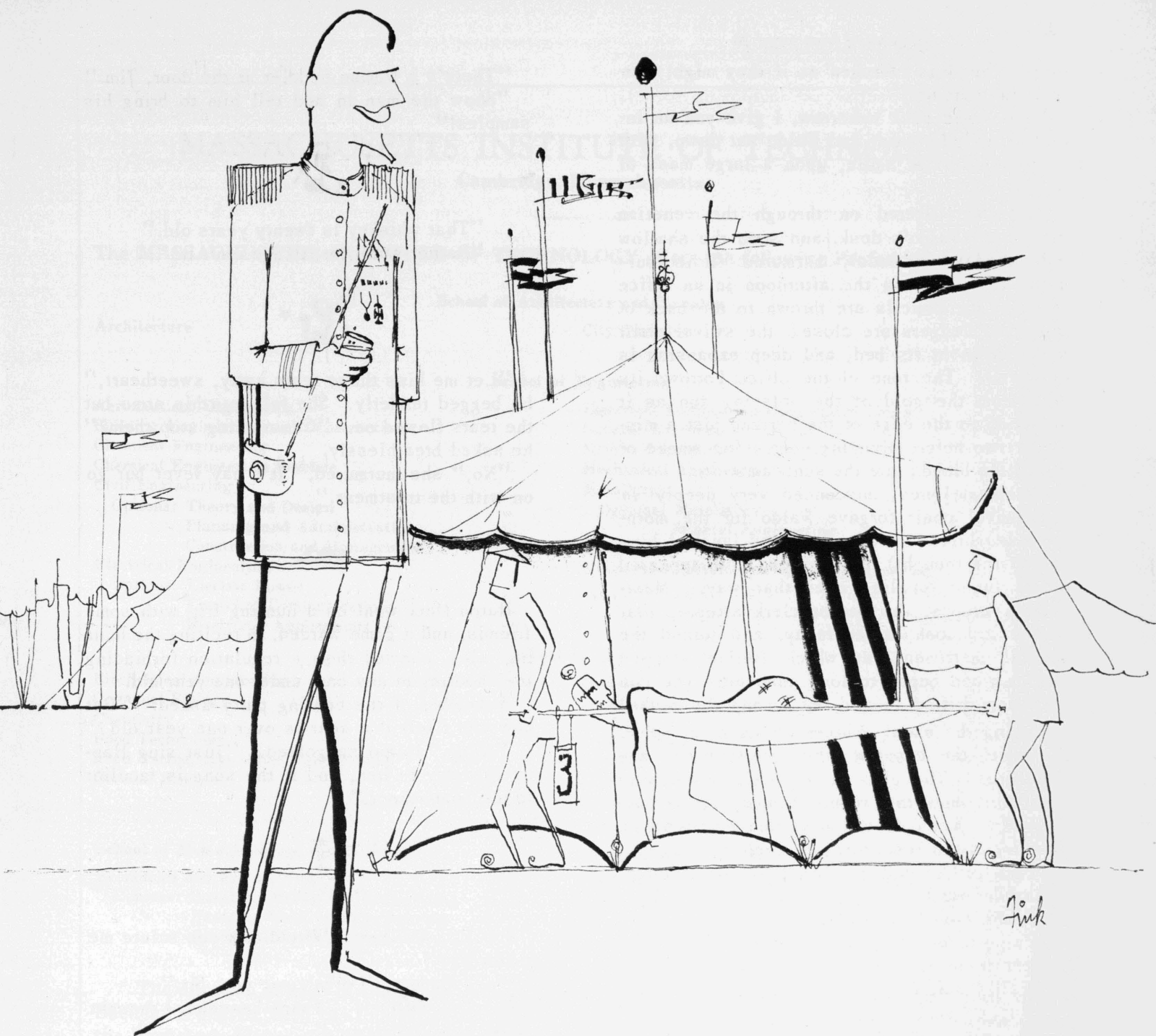
"Sure", said Waldo and smiled. She smiled back and Waldo headed for the kitchen door.

"No, they don't realize" Happy said sadly, twirling Waldo about. "Come, I show you around my kitchen."

Speak of Cook's tours! Waldo went from stove to larder, refrigerator to oven, sampling as he went. If he but opened his mouth, in went a spoon. Mrs. Pereczi was never like this. Three quarters of an hour later, with seven recipes crumbled in his hand, and thirty seven in his stomach, he had just enough strength to point out the window and wheeze; "The girl..." as she paid her check and left.

"Where?" said Happy pressing his nose to the glass. "Her?" Regular customer. Wonderful girl. Comes in every day."

The cook looked back at Waldo, and for a



## Rear Admiral Blackhead at the third annual kazoo festival

**C**an we believe our eyes? Rear Admiral Blackhead, here at Brighton-on-the-Thames, attending a Kazoo festival? No mystery at all! Just another example of the wide spread popularity of Schleppes Quinine Water.

The Rear Admiral, an old Schlep-per (and an ardent Kazoo enthusiast), is offering an ice-cold,

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P.S. Kazoo is the exciting new party game which has become so popular, as to leave the drawing room, and enter the playing field.



moment his lips twitched as if they might turn up at the corners.

"You come back tomorrow, I give you an introduction", he said, and Waldo sat down, with a bloated idyllic smile, upon a large mass of batter.

The day filtered on through the venetian blind over Waldo's desk, and soon the shallow gold shadows listlessly murmured "It is four-o'clock". Four in the afternoon in an office is when the pencils are thrown to the back of the desk, ledgers are closed, the swivel chair sinks down to its bed, and deep expansion is observed. The tone of the office borrows its note from the gold of the delaying sun as it hangs on to the edge of the horizon just a minute or two before plunging over. The smoke of cigarettes blends into the sunbeams.

Herbie deJones, ensconced very deeply in his swivel chair forgave Waldo for the morning's laughter. He admitted (and laughed himself at the thought) that he must have appeared rather funny toppling over that way. Maximilian Krepps, the senior clerk attested that Herbie did look rather funny, and joined the general merriment, at which Herbie stopped laughing and began to look annoyed. The conversation drifted in and out among the desks, following the usual route—the house, the home, the wife, the expense, the entertainment, the anecdotes. The girls in the outer office wandered in, and the room became lively with laughter. Waldo moved over and sat down on the desk of his best friend Charlie.

"Charlie" he asked, "What is your opinion of happiness?"

Charlie thought a while. Questions like this aren't polished off just like that. They never did get around to answering Socrates.

"Well," said Charlie, "It's all right".

He thought a little more.

"In moderation" he explained.

— Phil Pearle

---

The best month to get married is Obron.  
"Yes, we know there is no such month."



"Darling, I could sit here and do nothing but look at you forever."

"That is what I'm beginning to think!"

"There's a woman peddler at the door, Jim."  
"Show the man in and tell him to bring his samples!"



"That whiskey is twenty years old."  
"Rather small for its age isn't it?"



"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he begged tenderly. She fell into his arms but the tears flowed on. "Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"No," she murmured, "It's hay fever but go on with the treatment."



Harpo Marx went on a hunting trip with some friends, and a game warden, in reciting the hunting rules, showed them a regulation forbidding the shooting of any boar under one year old.

A member of the hunting party asked: "But how can I tell if a boar is over one year old?"

"Easy," Harpo suggested. "Just sing Happy Birthday to him, and if the song is familiar to the boar—shoot."



R.O.T.C. Officer: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"

Frosh Cadet: "I didn't see you, Sir."

R.O.T.C. Officer: "Thank heavens, I thought you were mad at me."



A tourist stranded in the hills of West Virginia during a severe electrical storm sought shelter at a small shack near by. An aged man welcomed him and told him that he might sleep there if he didn't mind sleeping with grandpap. The tourist had no objections and soon turned in. In the morning he thanked the old man profusely and told him that grandpap had not disturbed him a bit. The old man replied, "Well he hadn't ought to, he's been dead six days."

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Graduate study may be pursued in Textile Technology, Ceramics, Sanitary Engineering, and in most of the above professional Courses. The Master's and Doctor's degrees are offered in most of these fields. For information about admission, communicate with the Director of Admissions.

The Catalogue for the academic year will be sent free on request.



It seems as though the Friday train from Boston to New York and the Sunday from New York to Boston invariably have the same people on them. All last winter a secretary and a proper Bostonian matron would both travel on these trains. They usually sat next to each other. As the Bostonian was true to her breed they had sat in adjoining seats for four months of travel and hadn't said a word.

Finally the secretary turned to the matron and commented that they had been taking the same train for quite awhile and that they hadn't even found out each others names. This led to a conversation which lasted for most of the trip. By the time they were ready to leave the train in New York they knew quite a bit about each other. As they were getting ready to leave the secretary turned to the Bostonian and said.

"By the way, why is it that you go to New York every weekend?"

"Why it is the best place in the East to get Schrod."

"I think so too, but I have never heard it referred to in the past tense."

A plump and respectable lady approaching middle age was converted to nudism and spent her summer vacation in a nudist colony. Old friends, meeting her afterward, listened agog as she told all.

"It was such a glorious sense of freedom I got there," she said, "And such a release from stifling and out-moded thoughts and feelings."

Then a dreamy and somewhat disturbed look possessed her and she gazed into space.

"But, you know," she confessed, "there's just one thing that I don't seem able to control. It may be that the bonds of custom and early training are so strong that I'll never get over it."

"Yes?" her friends asked breathlessly.

"Well," the lady answered shyly, "it's next to impossible to keep your napkin from sliding off your lap!"



First Frat Man: Say, Jim, I wonder if I could borrow that blue necktie of yours?"

Second Frat Man: What's the matter? Couldn't you find it?

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# CAUGHT

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Mother: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

Colonel: "Is he in ROTC?"

Mother: "Yes."

Colonel: "Don't worry, madam, he isn't."



A student at McGill University was working his way through college as a census taker. His territory was one of the back sections of Saskatchewan. His instructions were to find out the number of residents in each family, and not to interfere in the private lives of the individuals that he was polling.

He got off the train at the first town on his list and proceeded with his job. He knocked on the door of the first house and asked his standard question.

"How many are there in your family?"

"Zer are twenty-one in my family. God damn Jerome."

He went to the second house and asked the same question. The reply was, "There are nineteen in my family. God damn Jerome."

He proceeded to the next house, asked the same question and received a reply including a number of the same order of magnitude. This kept up all day. He was dying of curiosity as to who was Jerome, but he followed his instructions and did not interfere in the private lives of the people.

That evening he was in the local bar and was having a few brews. As he began to feel high he turned to the bartender and asked the question which had been bothering him all day.

"Could you please tell me," he asked, "who is Jerome?"

The bartender replied that Jerome was the engineer on the Canadian Pacific train that went through town.

"I understand that he is responsible for the large size of the large families in town, I suppose he stops off every trip to sample the assets of the women in town."

"Oh, no, no, no," replied the bartender. "Jerome takes his train through town every morning at 5:00 a.m. He blows his whistle, TOOT, TOOT. Too early to get up and go to work, too late to go back to sleep again, God Damn Jerome."

During a recent expedition into the wildest part of darkest Africa, a group of explorers came upon a village of primitive savages. In an attempt to make friends, the leader of the explorers tried to tell the natives what it was like in the civilized, outside world.

"Out there," he said, "we love our fellow man."

To this, the natives gave a ringing cry of "Huzzanga!"

Encouraged by this, the explorer continued: "We treat others as we would want them to treat us!"

"Huzzanga!" exclaimed the natives, with much enthusiasm.

"We are peaceful!" said the explorer.

"Huzzanga!" cried the natives.

With a tear running down his cheek, the explorer ended his fine speech: "We come to you as friends, as brothers. So trust us. Open your arms to us, your houses, your hearts. What do you say?"

The air shook with one long, mighty "HUZZANGA!"

Greatly pleased by the reception, the leader of the explorers then began talking with the natives' chief.

"I see that you have cattle here," he said.

"They are a species with which I'm unfamiliar. May I inspect them?"

"Certainly, come this way," said the chief.

"But be careful not to step in the huzzanga."



One of those benign lady settlement workers stopped a hard looking youngster and asked where his father was.

"Ain't got no father," said the kid.

"And your mother?"

"Ain't got no mother."

"That's too bad. When did she pass away?"

"I never had no mother."

"Then how were you born?" the lady settlement worker asked in dulcet tones.

"Some college student played a dirty trick on my aunt."



She: "Will you join me in a cup of coffee?"

He: "You get in first."

# A WISP. A SHARD OF TIME.

The moon is a gaunt crescent tonight. Yet there are no clouds. What shall I do with my half of the world?

Joyous the night is coldblack. My naked face and hands are numb with the cold and I revel in the pain.

I am different. Three hours ago in the groping youth of the night I made my way along the river to her and now I am different.

To her from the knifesharpness of the black into the gold of her room our room our little golden room

*The light blinds me...*

*It is the light of my wily charms...to blind you... ..You walked.*

*Yes, I wanted to. When I walk back I will need the room of the whole world to contain me...*

To bind me. I am bound only by the bonds of the world. The sky is my overseer

*When you phoned...*

*Yes?*

*I was surprised...*

Surprise like discovering there is a Santa Claus. No, more than that -- I am Santa Claus Im sorry Im really sorry -- I didnt see you standing there.

*Standing with the light blazing through her hair...*

Wh.what -- no Im sorry I have no change.

*Not in our world sorrow has no place in our world...*

Only a quarter, he said, all I want is a little bit of food in me. Its bitter out.

*Sweet, she said, say Im sweet...*

Please let me go, I have nothing for you.

Get out of my world .. who asked you into it?

Youre coming from your girls house, he said smiling. His lips were cracked; his teeth were crooked.

Drunk youre drunk

*Drunk I would be drunk with passion...*

Your girl is good to you. She gives you -- herself -- all she can give.

*Just for you, she said, believe that ...*

*I believe...you are my world...*

*I loved once long ago like you.*

*Hours...days...years...*

*I loved once help me the snow is falling and I am cold hungry and broke.*

Silent snow like nakedwhite sheets enveloping

*It is quiet, she said, so beautifully quiet... alone...*

*Yes, I said now I am alone.*

*And drunk leave me alone*

*No, do you know what it's like?*

*I didnt know it was like this...*

*Hold on to what you have keep her don't leave her.*

*Stay with me...*

*I cant now...*

*Stay always with me...*

*You see I loved and I left the one I loved.*

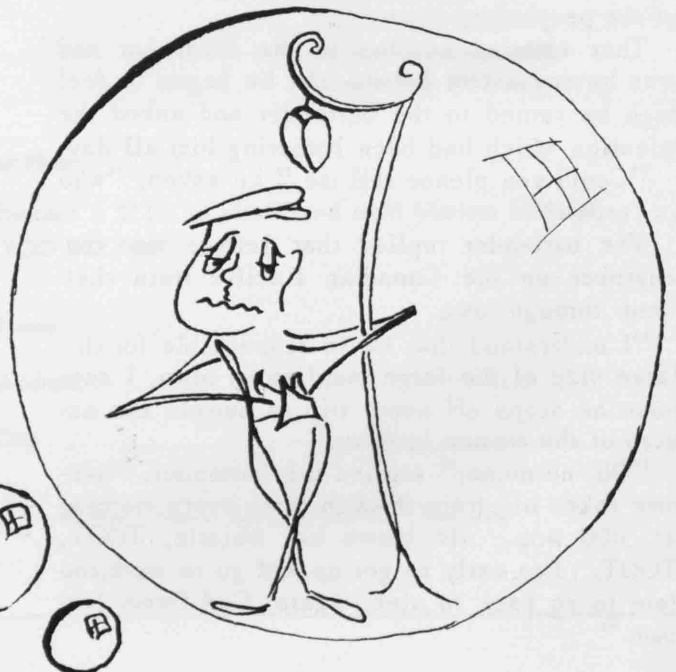
*I dont want to hear about you. What do I want to hear about you!*

*And when I saw you it brought it all back to me. She had a room that overlooked the river and a light as white as the snow that dazzled my eyes when I - when I --*

*Crazy youre crazy*

*Dont fight please dont fight with me I-lve had a little too much to drink I cant stand up to you.*

*OK break it up. What was this guy tryin ta pull, sonny?*



Officer I--I only wanted a little--for a bite to eat why are you dragging me!

I been watchin you the whole time. You been tryin ta touch too many people.

You didnt have to hit him you didnt

*I could never hurt you...If you love me and stay with me...*

He was shouting while he was being dragged along the pavement, **I loved her and I left her yes I damn you I left her.**

I could have given him a dollar...you didnt have to hit him...but he would only have bought another bottle...

Oh God...

Abruptly and without control he felt inexpressibly filthy.

-D. Markowitz

The two traveling boppers — this will be the bop joke— while in Russia saw a guy being flogged in a public square.

"I don't dig the beat," one said, "but dig that crazy drum!"



Stopping at the first farmhouse on his famous midnight ride, Paul Revere cried: "Is your husband at home?"

"Yes!" came back the reply.

"Tell him to get up and defend himself; the British are coming." At the second, third, and fourth houses the same conversation was repeated, but at the fifth house it went something like this:

"Is your husband at home?"

"No," came back the reply.

"Whoa!"



A religious bookshop near the State Capitol in Boston put on a big Bible sale recently and quite a number of customers were lured by this bit of versification on a card in the window:

Holy Scripture, Writ Divine  
At a dollar forty-nine;  
Satan trembles when he sees  
Bibles sold so cheap as these.

A wolf likes his woman like a cigarette—slim trim, easily set aflame, and just as easily discarded; a man-about-town likes his woman like a cigar—rich, full-bodied mild, and mellow; a true-to-the-end man likes his woman like a pipe—warm, easily caressed, and easily put aside and taken up again. Anyone will give you a cigarette, anyone will offer you a cigar, but no one will loan you his pipe.



"Honey, let me in; it's Gertrude. Let me in."  
More silence.

"Honey, please, honey."

Then from the depths of the silent room came a man's voice, cold with dignity.

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."



Thermodynamics Prof: "Who is smoking in the back of the room?"

Student: "No One sir. That's just the fog we're in."



A husband and wife were asleep. About 3:00 a.m. the wife dreamed of secretly meeting another man. Then she dreamed she saw her husband coming in. In her sleep, she shrieked: "Heavens! My husband!" Her husband awakened by her shriek, leaped out the window.



A man was sitting in the hotel lobby smoking his cigar, when a woman came in and sat nearby. In a few minutes she turned to him and remarked: "Sir, if you were a gentleman, you would not smoke here."

"Mum" said the man, "if you were a lady you'd sit farther back."

She was silent for a while, but pretty soon she burst out again:

"If you were my husband I'd poison you."

Well, Mum," replied the man, "if you was my wife, I'd take it."



"Do you know what they call a man who doesn't believe in birth control?"

"No, what?"

"Daddy."



Patsy: If you were marooned on a desert island, I suppose you'd have a man Friday?

Peggy: Any day will do.



She: "I dreamed that I was with Bob last night."

Her: "Oh yes, I saw you walking in your sleep."



A beautiful show girl arrived home late one night and found six of her boyfriends sitting around her apartment waiting for her.

"Well, boys," she said. "I'm certainly delighted you came up to see me and all that. But I really had a tough day, and I'm very, very tired. So I'm terribly sorry but---one of you will have to go home."

The medical student was studying to be a pediatrician, and was faced with his final examination. One question stumped him: "Name six advantages mother's milk has over cow's milk formulas for feeding young babies. He chewed his pencil and started bravely enumerating the six points:

1. It is always available when and where needed.
2. It is always fresh.
3. It is always pure and sanitary.
4. It is always at the right temperature.

The student stopped here and thought a while, then continued:

5. It would be difficult for a cat to get to it.

He chewed his pencil and thought and finally came thru with:

6. It comes in such cute containers.



Men never look twice  
At a girl who is nice.  
Men always look thrice  
At a girl with a price.



Britisher on tourists: "I say, Beastly, these Americans, They're over paid, over sexed, and they're over 'ere!

Tech: "You never kissed me like that before, Mary. Is it because we're in a dark room?"

Girl: "No, it's because my name isn't Mary."



"Pardon me," she said, "but do you have the time?"

"Yeh," he answered, "if I didn't have an English class in five minutes."



Some girls are like cigarettes; they come in packs, get lit, make you puff, go out unexpectedly, leave a bad taste in your mouth, and still they satisfy.



A young Wellesleyite had just returned from a spring vacation trip in old Mexico. She was excitedly telling her friends about it. "Did you learn much Spanish while you were there?" one of the girls asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I found out that manana means tomorrow and that pajama means tonight."

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