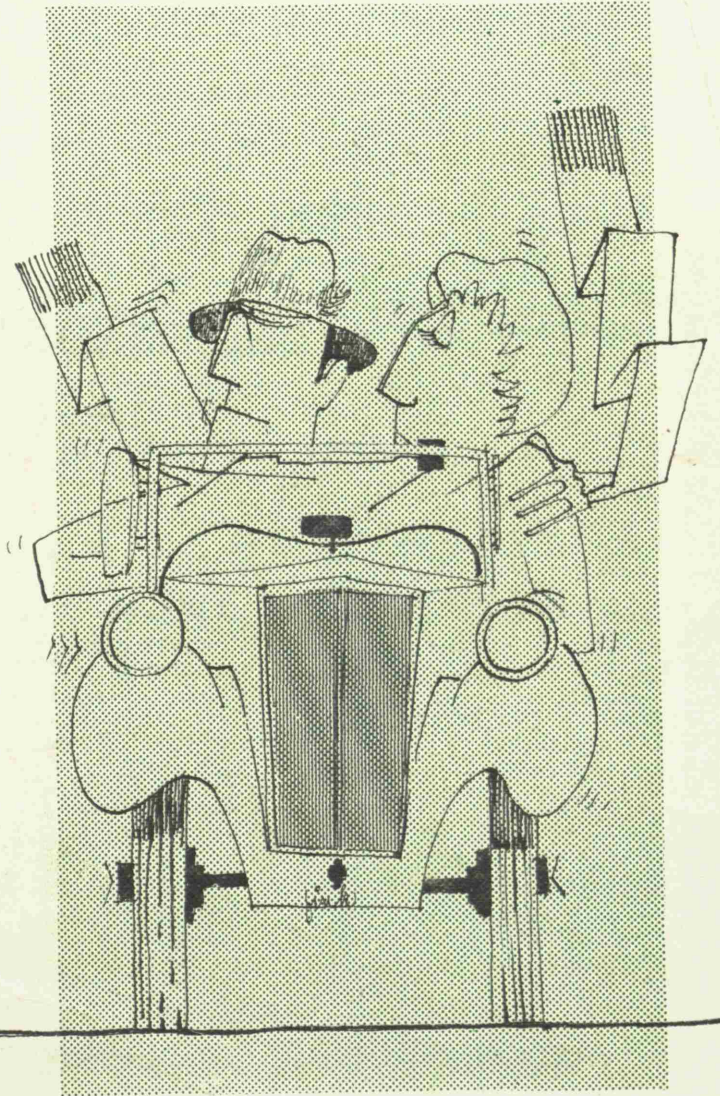
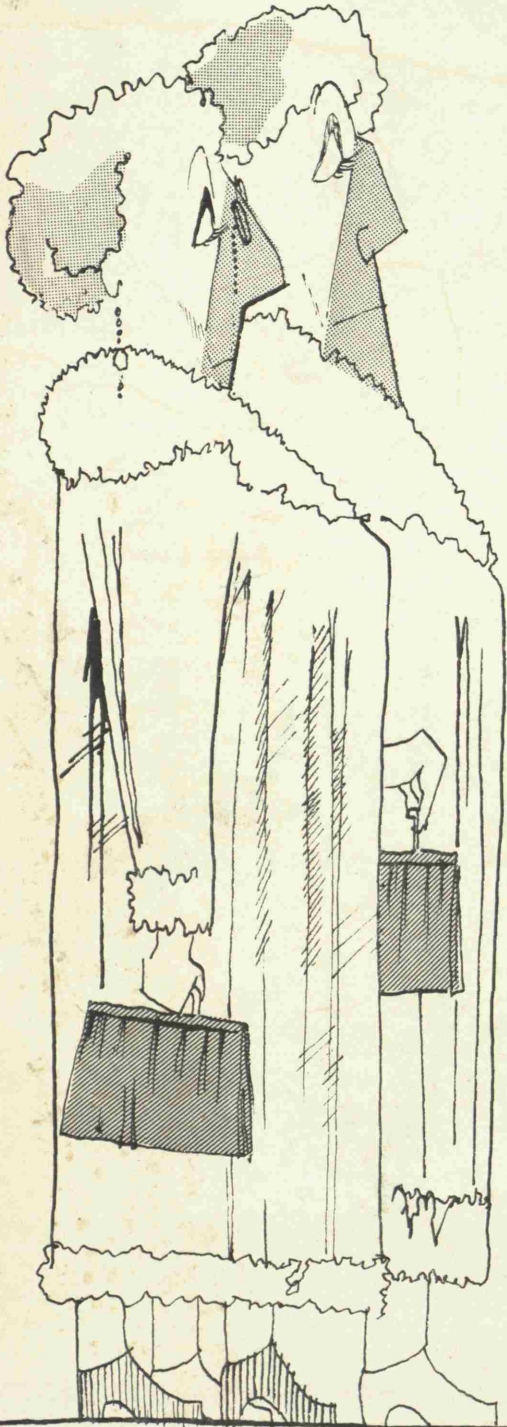


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INTERVIEWS AT M.I.T.
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VOO DOO

Vol. 38 No. 1

Jan. 1956

Est. 1919

I hurried up to the office with a new supply of ink, fought my way through the confusion of busy board members, and thrust the ink into the treasurer's shaky hands. He pushed back his green eyeshade, looked up at me and muttered with a grim determination, "We need help."

Looking around. I noticed men feeding books on the fire, stomping on still warm ashes, pouring ink eradicator freely on yellowed pages, leaving the room to watch for the inevitable investigators... there would be no records.

Settling down in the editor's chair, almost overwhelmed by the odor of burning paper, I too realized we needed help. Where in hell was the cat---the cat, I hadn't seen the cat in three weeks.

The door swung open, a reverent calm came over the office, I could hear padded footsteps. It was the cat. He staggered into the office, looked around contemptuously, crawled to the closet and tried to open a brew. He was too weak. I rushed to his aid. As he guzzled the beer I asked, "Where have you been, what have you been doing?"

A lecherous grin swept his beerstained face; collapsing in a heap, he uttered, "Kazoo."

bob

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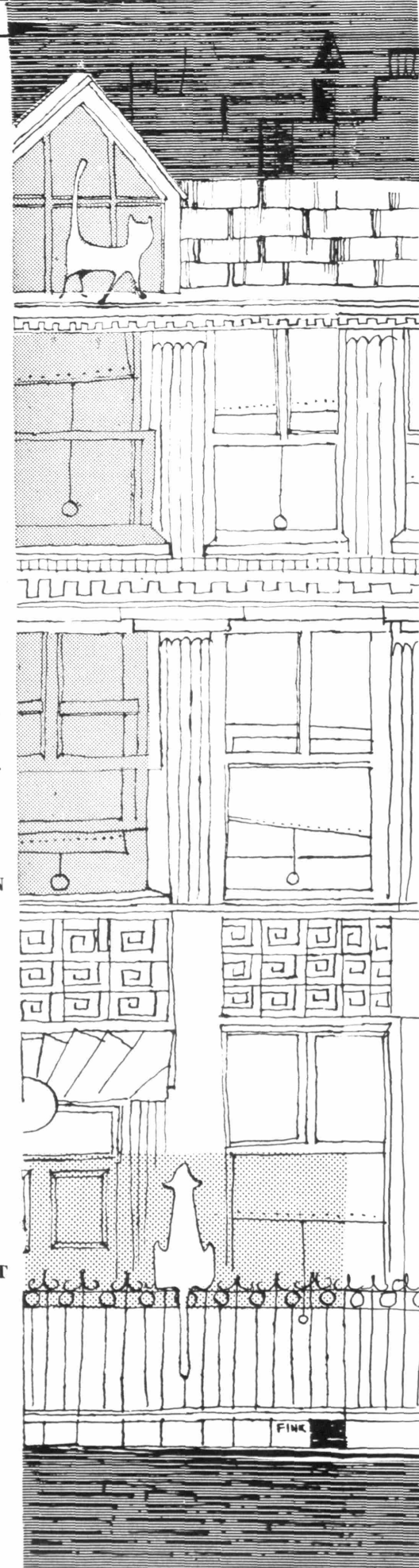
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FEATURES

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OFFICE CAT

Phosphorous



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

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



A few weeks ago Huntington was in the throes of one of Professor Rossi's suspense-filled 8-031 lectures when, without warning, the front door to the hall flew open. All eyes raced expectantly towards it. Moments later a space-helmeted figure dressed in black stalked in, walked silently up to Mr. Rossi, pointed a slide rule with slide extended at him, uttered the single syllable 'Zorch', and strolled airily up the stairs and out the back door.

It is cheering to observe that the Boston University Military Science Department is even more bungling than ours. A while ago they conducted a formal dance in the middle of which ten men were scheduled to give a stirring exhibition of drilling. While the men were preparing for the performance, it was discovered that there were only nine rifles. One was missing! The F.B.I. was called; several of the more imaginative cadets proposed searching the girls but the latest report indicates there is still an MI at large on the B.U. campus.

For years people have been running up to us demanding to know the secret of our success. Never have we yielded; but at

long last we have decided to confess. Years ago in the dim murky regions of the past someone built a machine. This machine, the product of a great, but unsung, genius, is called a pornograph. Its mechanism is simplicity itself; for two weeks it is fed a steady diet of old Voo Doos, other humor magazines, and beer. For another week strange, unearthly rumbles emanate from it while it digests and assimilates the raw materials. Finally, during the fourth week of the cycle, it presents us with the finished product — just in time to meet the deadline.

We recently stood in Boston Common, braving the winter gails, and watched two Tech students who were watching two girls. As they conducted a lengthy debate on how to approach the young beauties, an eight year old newspaper boy walked up to the girls and attempted to sell them a paper. They apparently didn't want a paper; but Boston newspaper boys never take no for an answer. After several minutes of argument between the boy and the girls our heroes (the Tech men) strode over and said in unison, "Excuse me Miss, but is this man bothering you."

The ASME held a dinner, a week or so ago; and, during the course of it, the discussion turned to the freshman-sophomore curriculum. Someone claimed that it was possible to pass the first two years merely reading the textbooks, and without attending any classes. Someone else decided that it was possible to get by only attending classes but doing no homework and thus being spared the expense of buying books. At this point a professor-type voice shouted, "I'll get you both next semester."

While we were attempting to convince her that she should sit on our knee and type our material, the night watchman was sighted in the distance. Three quick-witted staff members, remembering the rule about all girls being out of Walker by seven P.M. rushed her into the beer closet. The door was locked on them until the danger had departed. We cannot prove it, but we're fairly sure that, had the noise in the office been less, at least another "whoops" would have been heard.

Simmons: "If wishes came true, what would you wish for?"

Tech: "Gosh, I'm afraid to tell you,"

Simmons: "Go ahead, you sap, what do you think I brought up this wishing business for?"



There was a young man from France,
Who waited ten years for the chance.
He muffed it.



Faculty Member No. 1: I finally cured my child of biting his nails.

Faculty Member No. 2: How?
F.M. No. 1: Bought him shoes.



The 82 year old millionaire married an eighteen year old chorus girl.

For their honeymoon he got her a "do it yourself" kit.

Guide: "We are now passing the largest brewery in the state?"

Student: "Why?"

If Adam came back to earth, the only thing he'd recognize would be the jokes in the College Humor magazines.



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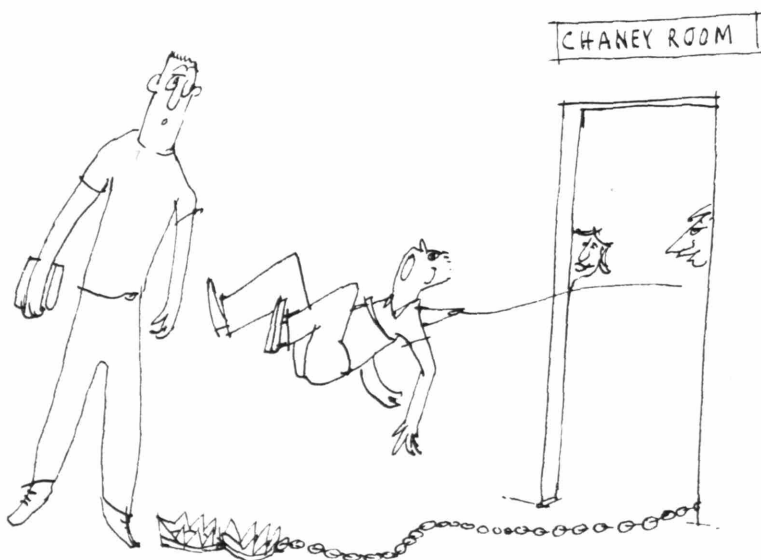
Voo Doo Goes To A Few College Mixers

As is the practice during the fall season, many of the female institutions of this area have held their asordid "mixers". This is your chance to see what really gives.



At a *Radcliffe* "jolly up" one meets the intellectual supreme. Be prepared for the bizarre. Yes Those are real black heads on their knees.

Also to be included in this survey are our own dear *Tech-Co-eds*. Occasionally, these charming creatures hold an open house in the Chainy Room. We can only speculate as to what happens as no true V.D.man has ever attended.



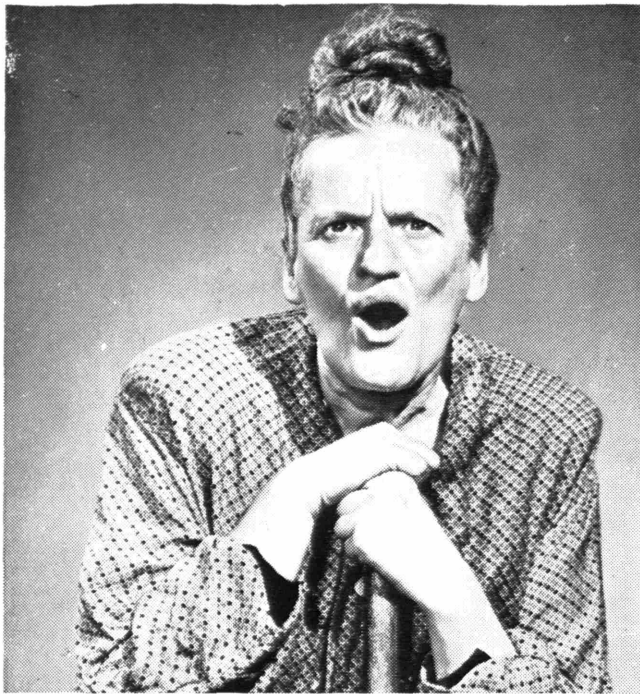
The poor girls at *Jr. Colleges* only have two years to catch their's. As a result, they cannot afford to be so subtle as the "I'll get mine in four" type.



Once during his stay at the dear old octopus every "T" man attends the annual *Simmons* rat race. This is not to be taken lightly for many an unsuspecting beaver has been taken for all his worth.



To the best of our knowledge, *Emerson* has never held a mixer. The reason is obvious; these lovely creatures just don't mix. If one were held it might be called the *Prima Donna Parting*.



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The thrifty Scotsman asked the bank for a loan of a dollar and was told he must pay four per cent interest at the end of the year.

"That's four cents?" asked the Scotsman.

"Do you have any security??" asked the banker.

"I do. Fifty thousand dollars in U.S. bonds."

The bank accepted the bonds and gave him a dollar. At the end of a year, the Scotsman came back with a dollar and four cents to clear up his debt and asked for his fifty thousand in bonds back.

As he returned the bonds, the banker asked, "I don't want to be personal, but if you have all these bonds, why did you have to borrow a dollar?"

"Well," replied the Scotsman, "do you know any other way I can get a safety deposit vault for four cents a year?"



An elderly man approached the little boy and asked: "Tell me, young man, do you have a fairy godfather?"

"No," replied the little boy, "but I have a cousin in school in Boston we're a little suspicious of."



It was the morning after their wedding the night before. The groom arose, walked over to the window and raised the shade. The day was dark and gloomy and the rain was falling in torrents. Disgusted, he lowered the shade and climbed back into bed.

The next morning the young groom rose again and lifted the shade. It was still raining. He once more lowered the shade and crawled back into bed.

The third morning he got out of bed, went over to raise the shade - and went up with it.



"I thought I saw you taking a gentleman up to your room last night, Miss Smith."

"Yeah, that's what I thought, too."

Did you hear the story of the husband who surprised his wife with another man. The wife tried to explain.

"When you were out of work," she said, "who do you think paid the bills? And that diamond ring I bought for your birthday, who do you think paid for that? And the time I needed that money for an operation, where do you think I got it?" The husband looked puzzled for a moment. Then with a grand gesture, he spoke to his wife, "Cover him up," he shouted, "do you want him to catch a cold?"



"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blonds, and in the other bottle I have dye which makes brunettes.

"Yeah, and what's in the third bottle?"

"Gin."



"Oh, doctor," cried a wild-eyed man, "I'm dreadfully afflicted. The ghosts of my departed relatives come and perch on top of the fence posts all around my garden when dusk is falling. I can look out any evening and see a couple of dozen spooks sitting on the fence waiting, waiting, waiting. What shall I do?"

"Sharpen the tops of the posts."



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

"Let's leave it to him," said the major.

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

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

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

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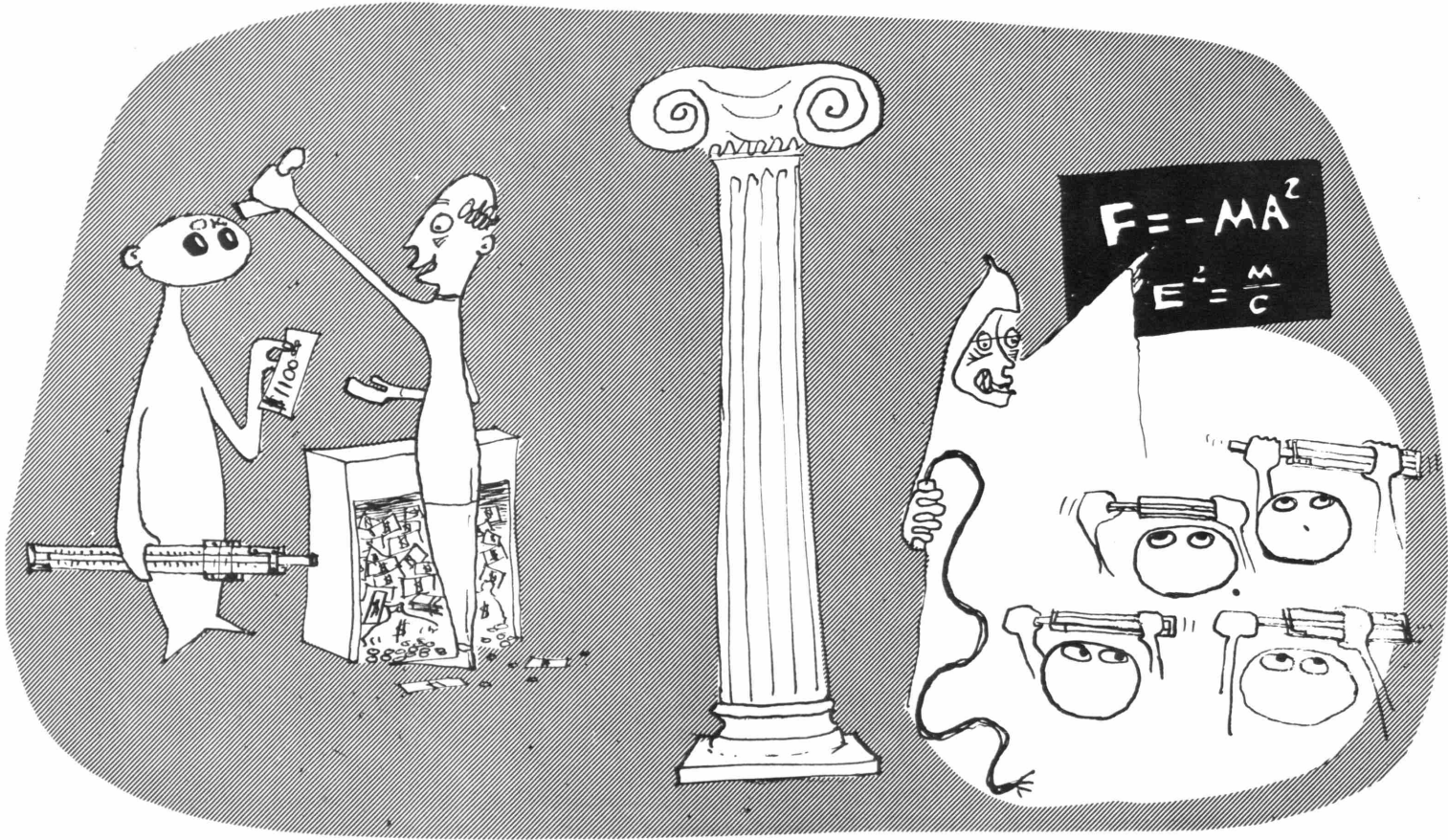
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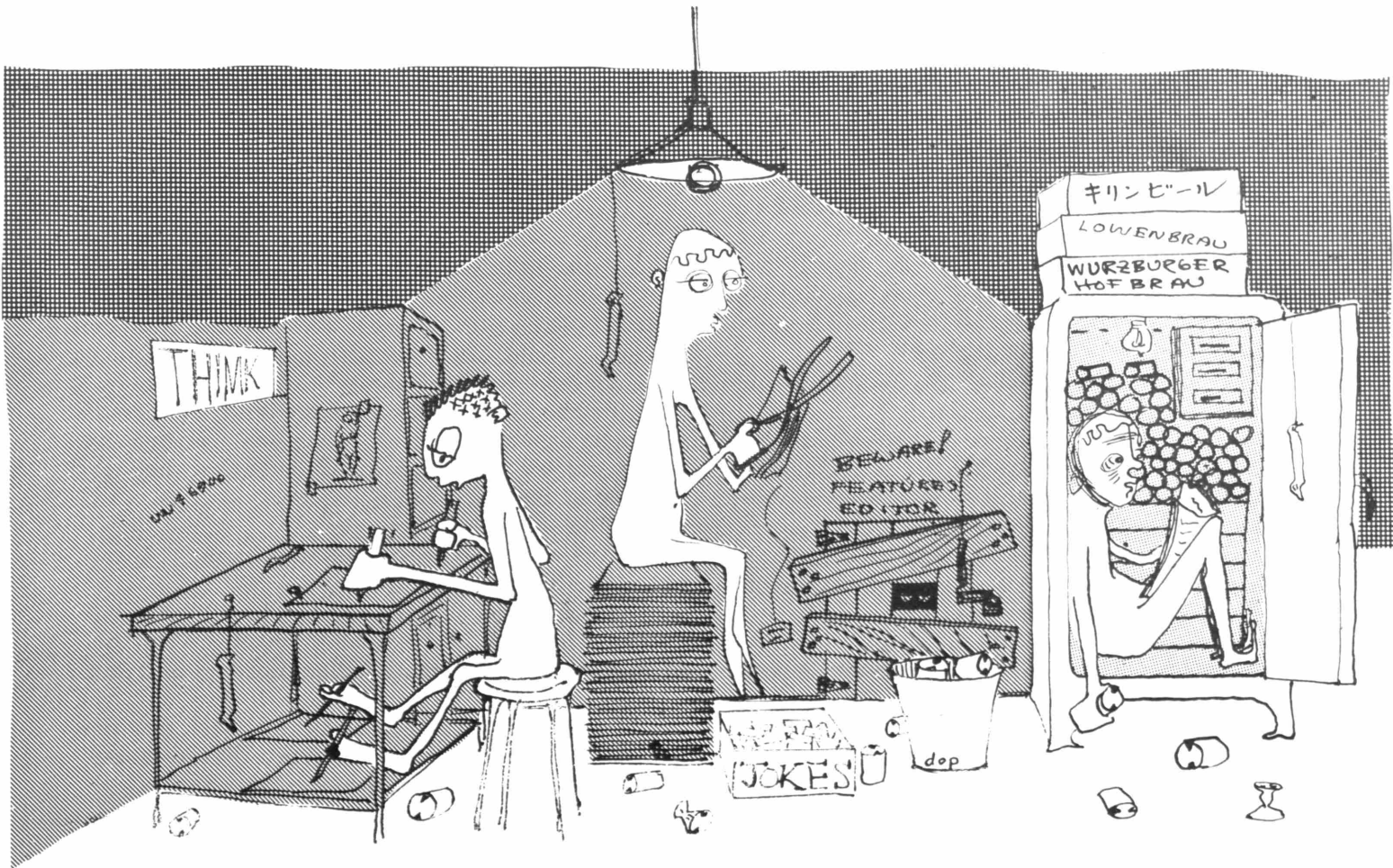
- contents: 1 Mimeograph machine
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Make your own humor magazine

- Contents: Subscriptions to other college humor magazines
- Beer
- One Tom-Cat
- One chummy nymphomaniac
- One stand-offish editor
- More beer.



TIME IS A CHAIR



"Why the hell did you have to use my chair when you built that damned thing."

That was Phil, one of the occupants of the dorm apartment.

"You know quite well, Phillip, that it was the only all metal one I could acquire and you also know it is essential to have an all metal construction for proper operation."

That was Pru! K. Albert Prufrock to be exact, the other occupant.

"Proper operation, proper operation" mimicked Phil. "You still don't believe that you've really built a time machine? What did I ever do to the institute to get shafted like this? A screwball for a roommate who's determined to change the laws of physics if he has to tie every one of them in my chair and smother."

"I am not attempting to alter anything" countered Pru. "I have merely formulated some new equations pertaining to the manipulation of the time dimension and have built this apparatus as empirical verification. You aren't trying to renege on our bargain, are you?"

"Hell no!! I know damn good and well the thing won't work. The only way it seems I'll be able to get my chair back, though, is to prove it once and for all so let's get started. As soon as you push that button and nothing happens, I'm going up to the roof to study--with my chair. Furthermore, if you don't have that--that--electronic plumbing out of here by the time I return, I'll personally assist you by shoving each and every last bolt of it right out that window; do we understand each other?"

"Most assuredly, Phillip. One moment while I get my slide rule."

Why the hell did I ever agree to help that ass with his ridiculous experiment, thought Phil. Why didn't I just take back my chair without agreeing to be a guinea-pig in the bargain. Oh well, I should worry. It can't possibly work.

"All right now" said Pru, returning. "Let us proceed."

"Yeah, let's go. This'll be the biggest bust since Dagmar."

"Now you know what to do Phillip. Just sit down in the chair and slide the front panel of that framework into place. I will press this button which will secure the panel. I will send you one hour into the future and leave you there for five minutes. I will then return you to the present time. Under no circumstances are you to leave the chair until I have pressed the button that releases the panel. Is this clear?"

"Yeah, yeah, we went over all that before. I'm temporarily isolated, whatever the hell that means, and can't be affected if I don't touch anything. Now get going."

Pru had been adjusting some dials and periodically flipping switches during this time and now he put his finger on a red button on the right side of the console.

"All right Phil, here goes."

And with that he pressed the button.

The Time was 10:27 PM.

Nothing astounding happened at all; no blinding flash; no loud humming sound; no shimmering haze; no gradual fading from view. Phil simply wasn't there any more. It was as if you were watching a film and Phil had been removed between frame 69,425 and frame 69,426 of reel 2953. The chair was empty.

Pru was practically delirious with exultation. He grabbed a pad of paper, a pencil, and his slide rule and began rapidly making calculations. He re-adjusted the dials, glanced at his chronometer and put his finger on a blue button at the left side of the console.

At exactly 10:32 he pressed the button. Once again no flash; no hum; no haze; and no fade in. Pru stared open mouthed into the still empty chair. His face assumed the color of his slide rule. He collapsed into a chair and began feverishly calculating again. At 10:50 Pru again pressed the blue button. Nothing!! Pru began to sweat.

At 11:04 and 11:23 Pru once more pressed the blue button but now he was pushing it in the manner suggesting the reaction of a freshman looking over his first 8:01 quiz at the institute.

Pru was trembling.

His face had taken on the color of the send button and had worked its way thru the spectrum to the hue of the receive button.

The time was 11:27 PM.

"You see, creep, I told you it wouldn't work." Pru nearly had a hemorrhage.

"Now let's knock it off and make with the release button."

Phil uncoiled himself from his chair and began unscrewing it from the platform. By 11:31-30 he had loosened it and had lifted it up. Pru still hadn't moved.

"Well---I'll see you, Pru, I'm going up to the roof."

This time Pru fainted. At precisely 11:32 PM both Phil and his chair had abruptly vanished from view.

R.M. Olsen

A young man about town approaching a cigar counter behind which stood a cute young thing said: Do you keep stationary?

Said the cute thing: Up to a certain point, then I go all to pieces.



There is only one bad woman in the world, but every man thinks she is his wife.

Charlie Mun

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George entered a bar and ordered a whisky sour and told the bartender to fix the other guy at the bar a drink, too. Finishing his first, he called to the bartender, "Fix me another of the same but leave the fruit out of it." "Why, you wretch!" shrieked the other guy, "I didn't ask for a drink in the first place!"

They laughed when I sat down to think - I'd forgotten to close the door.



"Have a drink?"
 "I beg your pardon, I'm a Simmons girl."
 "Oh, I'm sorry. Here's the bottle."



"Don't get up, Mrs. Astor, I've just come in to brush my teeth."



Coed (In very dark room):
 "Take your hand off my knee. No, not you, or you, You!"



A fraternity is a group of men living in one house, with a single purpose.....to get more men to live in one house, with a single purpose.



Senior: "Cheer up, mister. A woman's 'no' often means 'yes.'
 Soph: "How about her 'phooey?'"



"How about going out with me Saturday?"
 "I have a date for Saturday."
 Then let's make it Sunday."
 "I'm going out of town Sunday."
 "How about Monday?"
 "All right, dammit, I'll go Saturday."



Do you know what a virgin eats for breakfast?



Men seldom make passes in eight o'clock classes.



Mother, will college girls go to heaven?
 Yes, but they won't like it.

A car pulled up alongside a stranded couple.

"What's the matter," asked the intended helper, "out of gas?"

"Nope," came an answer from inside.

"Engine trouble?"

"Nope."

"Tire down?"

"Didn't have to."



Caller (over the telephone): "Is Nancy in?"

Mitoc: "She's taking a bath."

Caller: "Sorry, I must have the wrong number."



Don't you read anything but the jokes?

"Who was the woman I seen you on the street with last night?"

"That wasn't no street."



"George, I don't want you to kiss me that way again."

"Sorry, dear, just a slip of the tongue."



A little boy and girl were playing radio one day.

The little girl said, "Stop, what are you doing?"

The little boy answered, "Shhh, I'm trying to get India."

Course II man: Writing home?

Roommate: Yes.

Mind making a stencil!



First student: "I hate holi-says."

Second student: "Me, too. Makes you feel so common, when nobody is working."



"My roommate fell downstairs last night with a fifth of whiskey."

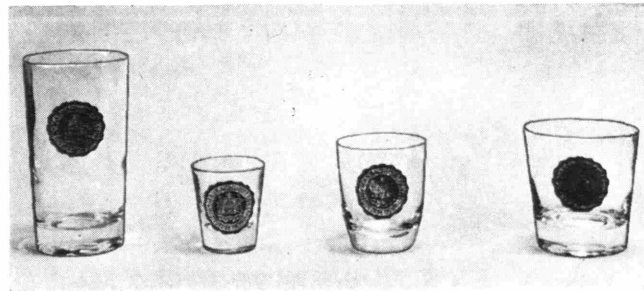
"Did he spill any?"

"No, he kept his mouth closed."



Every man has a wife, but the iceman has his pick.

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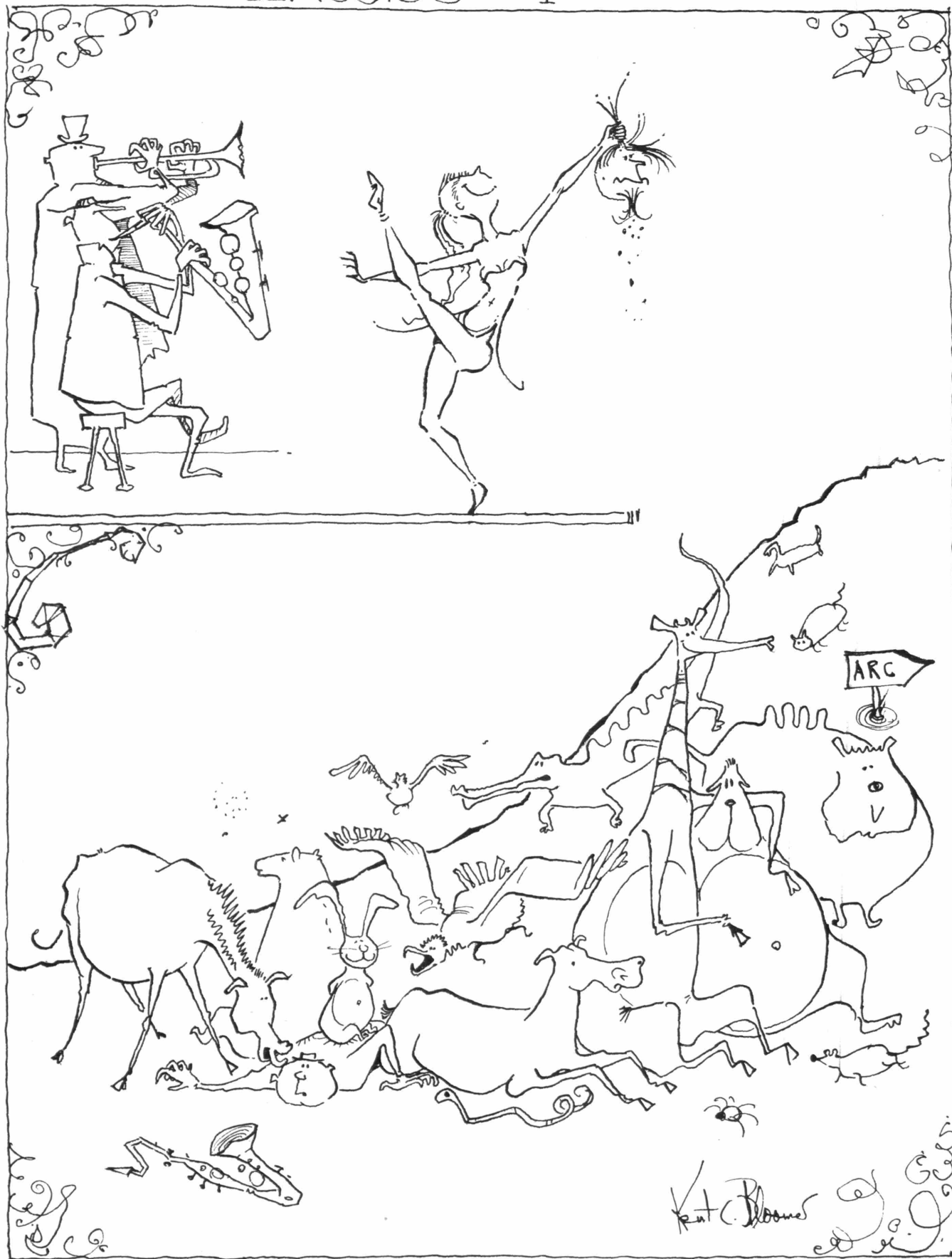
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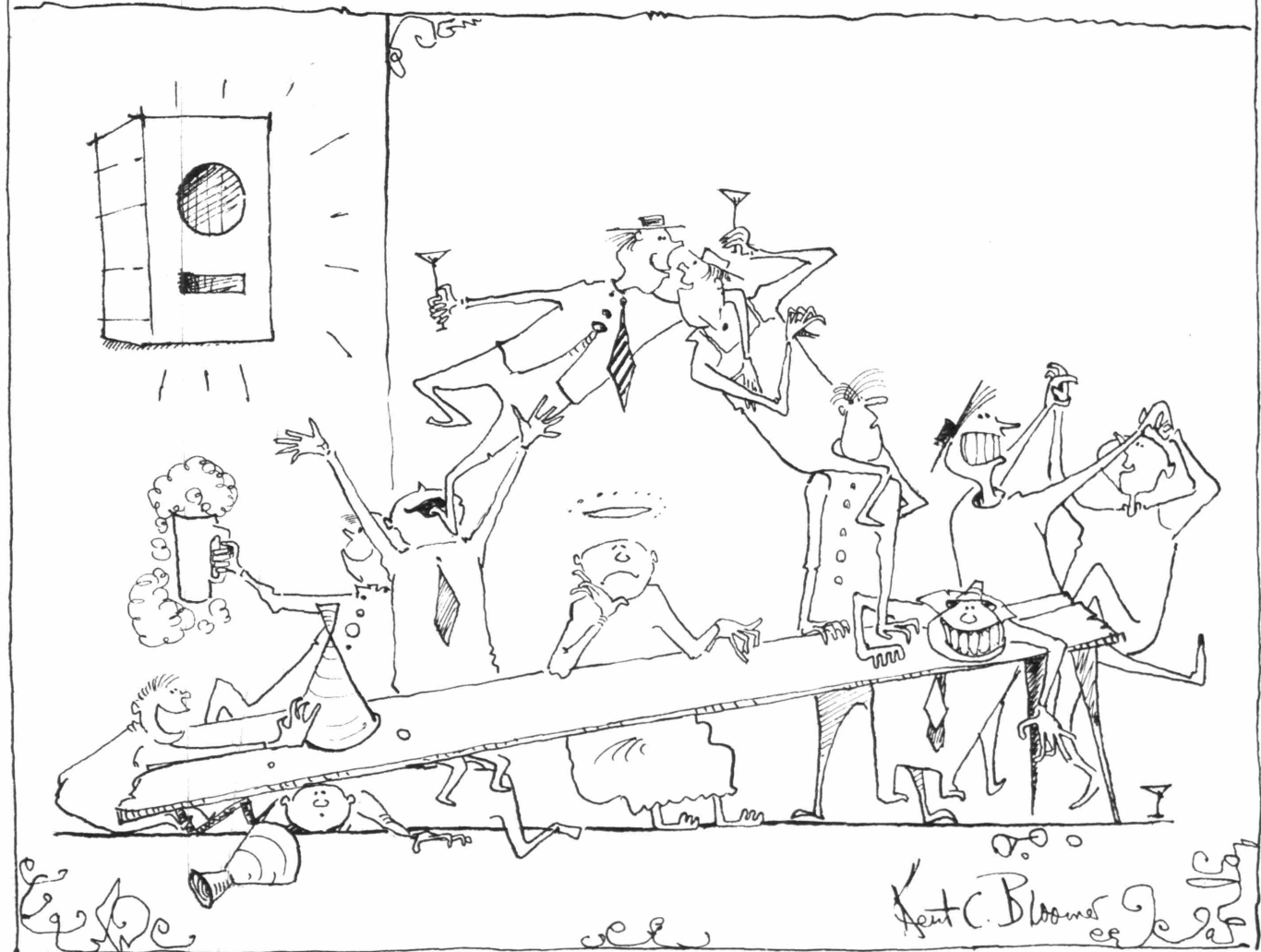
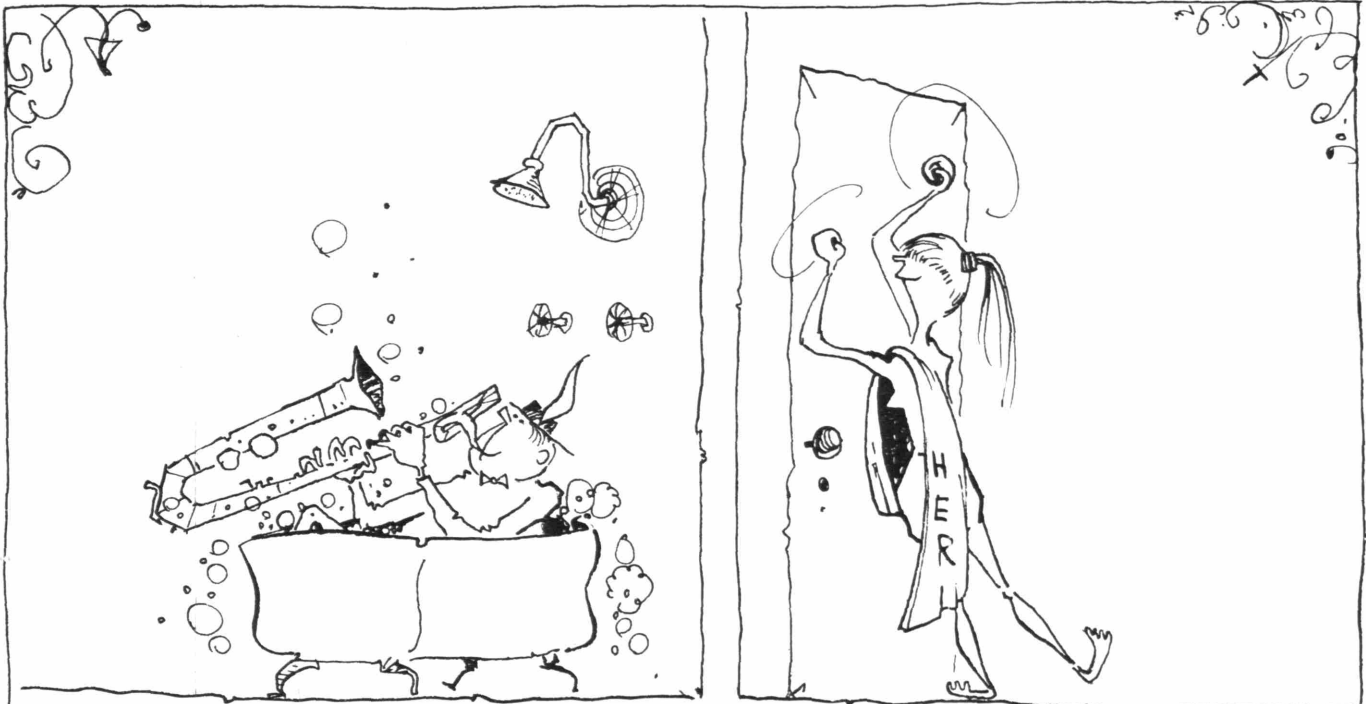
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CLASSICS - I





FROM COOK TO CROOK



'Sure, no potatoes, no potatoes.'

Once upon a time there was a Cambridge urchin named Potsy, who was drinking beer with Frank Steinway on the second floor of Walker, the only college speakeasy in the Boston area. Unfortunately, Potsy did not know that Steinway was the chief recruiting agent for the dungeons deep in the heart of Walker.

When Potsy awoke, he was in chains, and soon, along with the rest of the urchins, was promoted to egg poacher. Poaching by day and poaching by night, Potsy soon became chief egg poacher. Here, the native ingrown cunning of his excellent mind conceived the Grand Coup. In one swell foop, Potsy united with Steinway, gathered up the rest of his unwashed brethren and took control of InsFood.

As captain, (of) the head of InsFood, he was now in charge of procuring as well as preparing the excellent variety of succulent dishes served by his staff. Never let it be said that he did not prepare himself for the job; for he took several courses at the Berlitz School of Languages to better his knowledge of the names of foreign foods. He also took courses in transformation and substitution of garbage to food, or maybe it was food to garbage; the issue is clouded as well as the milk.

As the food blossomed forth in newer, bigger, and better names, (for ex. massacre of fresh vegetable, cheese fourque, not to mention chicken crappatore) Potsy decided it was time for

experimentation to discover how to improve his products. For example, the coffee was a little weak, so Potsy started using a different kind of tree leaf, but there was no change. He was almost ready to give up when quite by accident one of his assistants discovered that the lowly mop had the fragrance desired. This put quite a strain on the clean-up crew to get the mop in the urn before the morning rush began, but by careful timing they came through.

Potsy also instituted economy measures combined with the utmost in cleanliness: the used milk bucket was carefully washed after each day's collection, and the lobster shells were also washed before being used again (and again and again).

With these sweeping changes in the quality of the food, Potsy felt that it was time for him to assume the role befitting his new position. He began to wash weekly (very weekly); in addition he hired new people who were dirtier than he was so that by comparison he looked clean when standing next to them.

Business blossomed forth with renewed prosperity as Potsy found new ways to cut corners and enrich himself and his silent partner Steinway. He developed a new way of smuggling bulk quantities of food out of the kitchen and into his waiting Lincovan. Potsy made a very tidy sum selling this food back to InsFood, and the economy of the operation was excellent for he had only to drive the Lincovan from the back door around to the front. This action was warmly received by Steinway who rewarded him by doubling his salary and in return withholding only a half.

One day Potsy, badgered by his clients into allowing seconds, decided to put an end to all their complaining. He agreed to allow seconds if the loss did not exceed \$500.00. Lo and behold, at the end of the trial period he found that he hadn't lost a dime. Here was a golden opportunity to make \$500.00 and to this day no one can figure out how all 350 of his clients consumed 1000 pounds of meat in one meal when the first portion of meat was 6 ounces, the second was 3 ounces and so on. (But Potsy knows, the sly rascal.)

Then the investigations began. Patrons who objected to the mop coffee and the other foreign delicacies formed a committee which attacked the very foundation of Potsy's existence. Potsy rose magnificently to the occasion, and, ably supported by his faithful staff, evaded the question until the committee lost hope of ever getting anything accomplished. This set a pattern for many years to come. Then tragedy struck. Potsy was double-crossed by his devoted henchman, Jack Pillowcases (heap 'um big friend of Red Ryer). At last, committee No. 86,285,247R had concrete proof of Potsy's past actions. When approached by the "press" (THE wreck) for a statement, Potsy said, "I have'a nothing'a to'a fear, I'll'a stand on'a my record."

Potsy's now in jail!

Was it committee No 1 or 2, or No.86,285,247R? No, it was little Sam who wrote a letter to the Bureau of Internal Revenue to get his feeble 10% so he could go out and buy a meal.

Now Potsy is in jail

For Potsy was a fool,

Instead of standing on his record,

He stood up on his Stool.

BARF



Sweet Young thing— "Does this lipstick come off easily?"

Cosmetic Clerk: "Not if you put up a good fight!"



"Darling, I'm beginning to think you don't love me anymore. You don't breathe like you used to."

"Oh, that. Don't worry about that. It's only TB."



Her: "I see where a young wife presented her 85-year-old hubby with a baby boy. What do you think about it?"

He: "The same as you . . ."

Pi: You say the co-ed you had a date with last night doesn't know how to neck?

Phi: I said, *didn't* know how to neck.



Three students were debating over their cups one evening on "Who is man's best friend?" The first was loud in his praise of the dog. The second insisted that the horse was man's best friend.

"You're both wrong," the third volunteered. "Man's best friend is the male alligator. A female alligator lays 10,000 eggs at a time. The male alligator eats 9,999 of those eggs. If it weren't for him, we'd be up to our necks in alligators."



Mae: 'Oh what a cute little baby; red-headed, too. Was his father red-headed?"

Gae: "I don't know. He didn't take his hat off."



An economics professor claims that sex is so popular because it's centrally located.



A little lady from Fresno, visiting San Francisco, got quite a thrill out of attending a darling party in the Bohemia known as Telegraph Hill.

A friend who was showing her the sights pointed out a familiar looking young couple and whispered:

"Don't look now, but those two artists there are living in sin."

"Sin, my foot!" exclaimed the Fresno lady.

"I know them. It's just Maude and Jeremiah Tubbs, and they were married in the Fresno Baptist Church five years ago."

The young couple overheard and quickly drew the Fresno lady aside:

"For God's sake don't tell anybody we're married," said the young man in a tense undertone, "It would ruin our reputation."

An English lady, self-appointed supervisor of village morals, accused a workman of having reverted to drink because "with her own eyes" she had seen his wheel barrow standing outside a public house. The accused man made no verbal defense but the same evening he placed his wheel barrow outside her door, and left it there all night.



"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor," asked a man of his friend.

"Sure," was the answer. "Did you think it would go through?"



Upon seeing a little girl lead a cow along a country road, the parish minister stopped her and asked: "Little girl, where are you taking the cow?"

"To the bull," replied the young lassie.

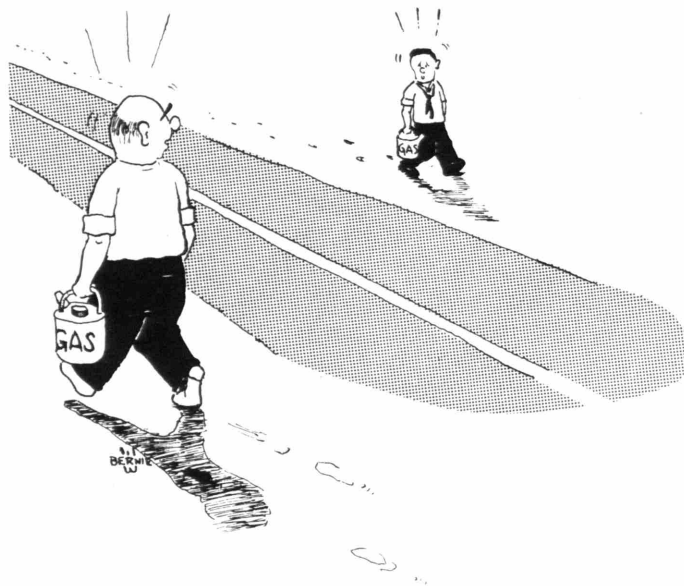
"Can't your father do it?" questioned the clergyman.

"Nope," answered the little girl, "only the bull."



First spinster—"I'm going out with a used car salesman."

Second same—"What's the difference as long as he's healthy?"



Three Frenchmen were discussing the meaning of savoir faire. The first explained: "If you come home and discover your wife in another man's arms and you say 'Excuse me,' that's savoir faire."

"No, no," said another who was slightly older than the first, "that's not quite right. Savoir faire is if you come home and find your wife in another man's arms and you say, 'Excuse me, proceed.' That's savoir faire."

The third Frenchman was still older and wiser, and said gravely, "No my sons, neither of you quite understands the meaning. If you come home and discover your wife in the arms of another man and you say, 'Excuse me, proceed' and he proceeds, he has savoir faire."

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During the war period, when anyone in a skirt was persuaded to become a nurse's helper, one of these flippity young things had just given medicine, fluffed the pillows, and performed necessary chores, for a male patient.

The sweet young thing had not yet acquired the terms used in nice polite conversation at the Hospital. She did not know, for instance, that it was ethical to use the word "vase" instead of "urinal".

As she was leaving the patient's room, he suddenly asked, "Will you bring me a vase?"

In the doorway, she turned, apparently studied the question, and then said, "Sure I will, how large a bouquet do you have?"



Scene: A pub in the better part of London; Worthington and Bottomley meet.

"Hello; how are you? What's up?"

"Not much. How are you?"

"Tip-top. Seen any of the chaps?"

"No, not that I remember. Had some word of Chumley though."

"Oooh, Chumley? I say, is he still running around with that Martian girl?"

"Heavens no, gave her up a long time ago — 'e's taken up with an ape now."

"Taken up with an ape. I say, male or female?"

"Female of course. There's nothing queer about Chumley."



A Frenchman, an Englishman, and an American went to look at the Grand Canyon. They arrived at the edge and looked over.

The Frenchman said, 'Ooolala, eet eez beautiful, magnificent, splendid!'

The Englishman said, "Quite extraordinary, quite."

The American spit in it.



"Brother's dead."

"Sorry to hear it. How'd he die?"

"Fell off a scaffolding."

"What was he doing up there?"

"Getting hanged."

Two men were coming home late at night from a poker party. One said, "I am always afraid when I return home late from a party like this. I shut off the engine of my car a half block from home and coast into the garage. I take off my shoes and sneak into the house. I am as quiet as possible, but invariably about the time I settle down into bed my wife sits up and starts to berate me."

The other man said, "You just have the wrong technique. I never have any trouble. I barge into the garage, slam the door, stomp into the house, and make a hell of a racket. I go upstairs to the bedroom, pay my wife and say, 'How about it, kid? She always pretends she's asleep.'"



The cockney newlyweds had retired for the night. When an hour had passed she looked up and asked, "'Ow about it, 'Erbert?"

But Herbert made no answer. Another hour passed and once more she raised her voice in protest.

"'Ow about it, 'Erbert?" But still no reply.

The night passed into morning, dawn came. Once more she looked up, but her voice had become irate. "Well, 'Erbert, 'ow about it?"

"'Ow about what?" he returned with exasperation.

"'Ow about going to sleep?"



Once upon a time there were three old maids. A tall one, a short one, and a fat one. One evening they went out for a stroll through the park. Upon their return home they found the door open. Trembling, they tiptoed into the house. The tall one stepped into her bedroom and exclaimed, "Oh, girls, someone's been trying my bed." The short one entered her room and gasped, "And someone also tried my bed." The fat one looked into her room, then turned around and whispered, "GOOD NIGHT, GIRLS."



From riches to rags is a much quicker trip than from rags to riches.

We know a fellow who, just two years ago, had a yacht and a dozen women. Today, he has only a row boat and a couple of oars.

THE THING HE LOVES

Each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword! - Oscar Wilde

He trudged slowly through the snow, delighting in the crunching sound it made as it yielded beneath his step. It was one of winter's occasional perfect nights, clear and cold and dry. He felt at peace with himself and the world, except that he couldn't get the damn poem out of his mind. *Each man kills the thing he loves*. He wondered what it meant. Reminding himself never to read poetry on an empty stomach, he entered the restaurant.

He ate leisurely, feeling his contentment grow as his stomach filled, and allowing his mind to meander lazily over hosts of trivia. His eye fell on a small blonde girl at the other end of the counter, reading as she ate, and then returned to the meal in front of him. Suddenly it came again, stirring an ever-so-slight ripple on his sea of calmness; *Each man kills the thing he loves*. It must mean something, he thought, as he crushed his cigarette and swallowed the last of his coffee. He reached for his coat; the blonde was leaving too, he noticed. He gave her the smallest of tentative smiles and was rewarded, if at all, by an even smaller one.

Each paid the cashier without looking at the other; but as they left, he held the door for her. Suddenly her pocket-book slipped, spilling its contents on the dry snow. As he helped her gather what had been scattered, he looked at her blue eyes brimming with subdued merriment and her pale skin, made slightly pink by the cold. As they rose, she looked at him; and then,

as if it were predestined, she slipped her hand into his and they moved away together.

They walked slowly through the snow together, as he had done earlier, alone. Where before he had found peace in the night, he now found beauty, a clear crystalline beauty-but with a touch of warmth in it, too. They stood together watching the somnambulant waves in the half-frozen river, and his mind was submerged in the beauty until he found pain in the excess of perfection.

They were talking now, quietly and seriously (as if the very existence of the night depended on the care with which they spoke) as they walked the shadowy streets pursued by the tragicomic phantom children of streetlights. Then they were laughing as she lost the battle to get the marshmallow from the spoon into the hot chocolate.

And then he said a curious thing. *Each man kills the thing he loves* . . . What does it mean, he asked. No one can ever tell you, she replied, pulling him down to the bed.

Afterwards, he walked back, enjoying the wind in his hair as he crossed the bridge. One of winter's startlingly beautiful dawns was beginning its parade across the sky. Yet, as it had all night, the intruder still stalked his mind. *Each man kills the thing he loves*. Suddenly he saw, he understood, he knew the literal truth of it precisely.

They found his body three days later.

Vic Teplitz



"If I pay you cash will you give me a discount?" asked the rich rancher.

"Yes, ten per cent," replied the car dealer.

The rancher was no good at figures, and he couldn't figure out how much ten per cent would be. He decided to think about it at lunch.

Walking into a cafe, he sat down and started figuring the discount. When a waitress came up he looked up at her and said, "If I were going to give you ten per cent of \$5,000 how much would you take off?"

"Would my earrings bother you?" she asked.



A noted man once said: "Money can't buy love, but it can put in a good bargaining position."



A traveling salesman asked a farmer for the use of his toilet, and the farmer directed him to an out-house. When the salesman had not returned after two hours, the farmer went to look for him. He found the salesman digging around in the cesspool with a long pole. "What are you doing?"

"My jacket fell in," was the reply.

"But you'll never be able to wear it again if you get it out."

"I know," was the reply, "but my lunch is in the pocket."



An Oxy student was sitting in a bar when a pretty young lady entered and sat beside him.

"Let me buy you a drink," she said.

"My, you are a good sport," he said.

After a few drinks the young lady suggested that they continue the party at her apartment.

"Say, you are a good sport," he said.

After a three day spree at her apartment the young man left to continue his studies. In about four months the young lady called him up.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "I'm pregnant. I've got no family or anyone to turn to. You've just got to marry me or I'll commit suicide."

"You really are a good sport," he said.

MEN - WOMEN

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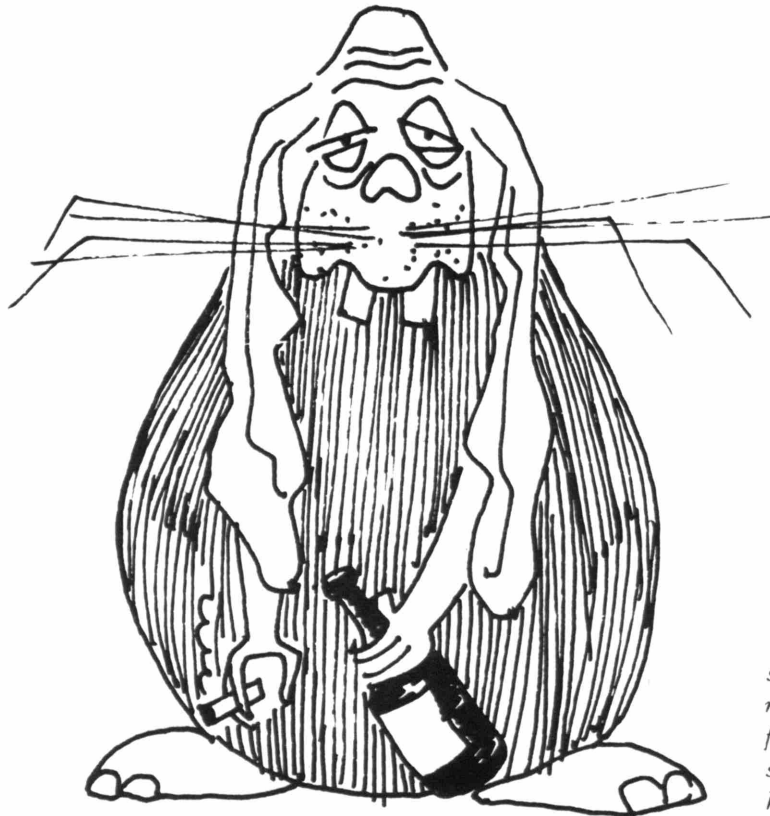
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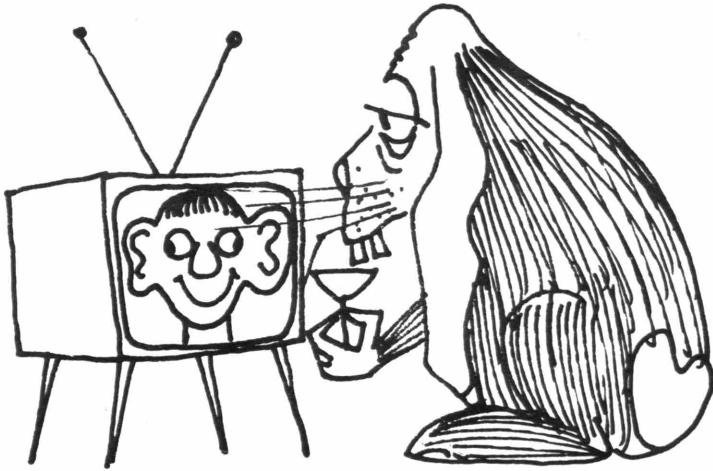
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Wobert the Wobbly - eared Wabbit, A Christmas fable for Children

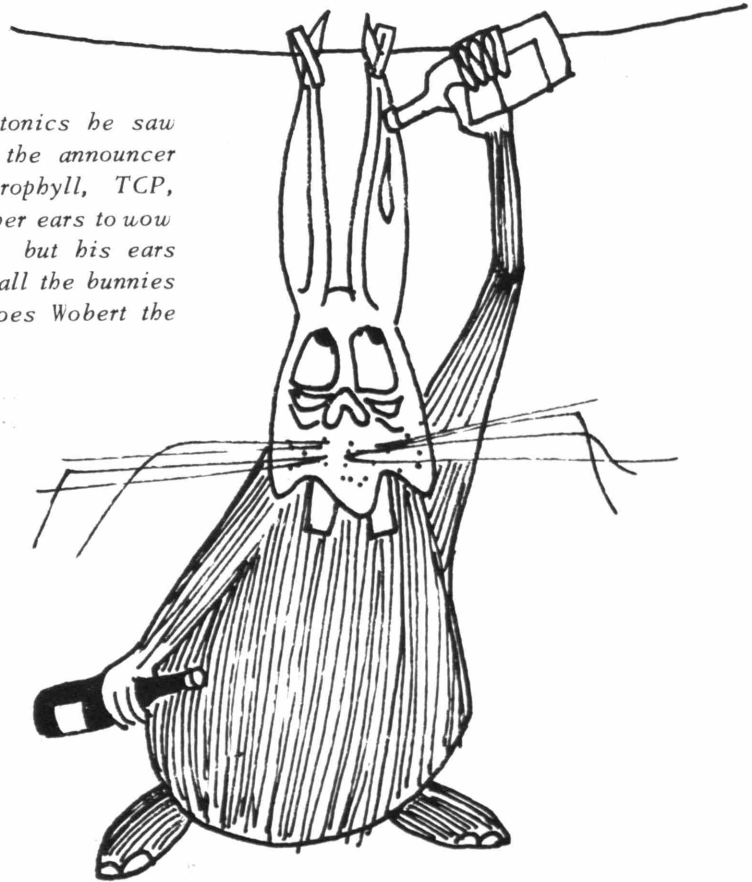
This is an ancient Christmas tale told long ago to children as they sat around ye olde yule logge and cooked their Christmas geoses. The present story has been translated from the original Eastern Icelandic by Bartholomew Beowulf to whom humanity and the rabbit kingdom owe a great debt for his marvelous feat.



1. Way up at the North Pole, lived a little snow bunny called Wobert. All the other bunnys laughed at Wobert because he looked so funny. Poor Wobert had wobbly ears. He was so horribly ashamed when his playmates called him "Wobert the wobbly-eared wabbit."



2. Wobert tried all the new ear tonics he saw advertised on TV. When he heard the announcer say, "Wildrupe with dymaxion chlorophyll, TCP, and X-25 will give you longer smoother ears to wow the ladies" he tried it immediately; but his ears got all sticky, looked worse and made all the bunnies laugh even louder: "Ha Ha, there goes Wobert the wobbly-eared wabbit."



3. Poor Wobert, what could he do? The time was coming when Santa would pick the most beautiful wabbit to give to Hilda Horowitzsky, the lonely orphan girl. Hilda was a poor Polish orphan girl who had only rags for clothes. She huddled in alleyways to protect herself from the frigid wind and picked crumbs from garbage-cans to feed herself. Hilda was always moaning and crying because she was so hungry and lonely.



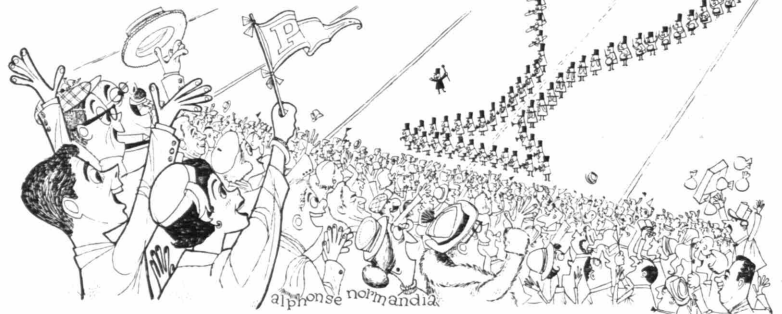
4. This Christmas, Hilda has asked Santa for the most beautiful snow bunny for a pet. Each bunny wanted so much to make poor lonely Hilda happy and hoped he would be chosen by Santa. But, Santa was going to choose the most beautiful bunny and Wobert knew he wasn't beautiful with his wobbly ears. Poor Wobert was so kind hearted and knew he would make a wonderful pet for Hilda. So, guess what he did.

5. When Santa came that Christmas Eve to pick out the most beautiful snow bunny, Wobert went up to Santa and said in his squeaky little voice, "There's five bucks in it for you if you pick me." And guess who Santa picked. Wobert, of course. Wobert paid off Santa and hopped into his bag. And, away they flew while the other wabbits cheered wildly and wished they all had beautiful wobbly ears like Wobert.



6. When they reached the cold streets of Warsaw, there was Hilda sleeping by a little fire. Santa left Wobert in Hilda's lap and Wobert felt so happy. Soon Hilda awoke and noticed Wobert. "Oh goody," said Hilda, "Santa didn't forget me. At least I won't be hungry this Christmas." Then, she popped Wobert into a little pot sitting over the fire. When she had finished eating Wobert, she fell asleep to the joyous sound of carolling: Merry Christmas to all, and to all Guten Nacht.

The wildest applause of the game
Was not for a touchdown, but came
When a fan yelled, "What beer
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O
B.S.
M.S.
Ph.D.

No, it's not what you're thinking: it's just 3 degrees below zero.



The way taxes are today, you might as well marry for love.



As the regiment was leaving and a crowd cheering, a recruit asked: "Who are all those people and why are they cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."



She fell with a light sigh into his arms. Her head tilted backward and their lips met. She turned her head slowly, then spoke: "You understand, don't you, that I've never done a thing like this before?"

He: "My, you certainly inherited a lot of talent."



Frosh (finishing a letter) - "I'd send you that five I owe you, but I've already sealed the letter."

Two men lost in the Alps were approached by a St. Bernard dog with the familiar keg under its chin.

"Oh, look! Here comes man's best friend," exclaimed one of the men.

"And look at that big dog, too."



An optimist is the father who thinks his daughter has been a good girl . . . because she brings a GIDEON BIBLE home from a date.



The psychiatrist was holding a group consultation with three young mothers and their small children. "You all have obsessions," he told them. To the first one, he said, "Your obsession is eating. Why, you've even named your little girl Candy." The second, he said, was obsessed by money. "Again, it manifests itself in your child's name, Penny." At this point, the third mother arose and, taking her little boy by the hand, whispered, "Let's go, Peter."



Two Rats were strolling down Main Street in Gay B.V. when a rather shopworn brunette leaned out of a window and called, "Hey, soljairs, come on up 'ere and get someseeng you've nevair 'ad before."

One rat looked at the other and said, "What do you suppose she's got, leprosy?"

For gently do the leaves fall
On sweet earth to nestle soon
Remember youth unspoiled
Now that the years have gone.
I see the golden leaves
Creating life in death's embrace
And the thought of life eternal
Tempts the youthful heart
Endless color, and lonely night.



"I have an uncle that looks like Abraham Lincoln."

"Why? Does he have a beard?"

"No. He's dead."



The veteran battleship was in port on exhibition to the public: on its deck was an inscribed bronze plaque. "And here," said the guide solemnly, "is where our gallant captain fell." A spry little old lady piped up: "Well, no wonder! I nearly tripped on the damn thing myself."



"I'd like to get a present for my wife," said the young man who halted before the department store lingerie counter.

"Could I interest you in a filmy, black negligee, sir?" suggested the pretty salesgirl.

"You bet," replied the young man, absently, "but first, let's see about the present."



A pessimist is a fellow who when he smells flowers, looks like a corpse.

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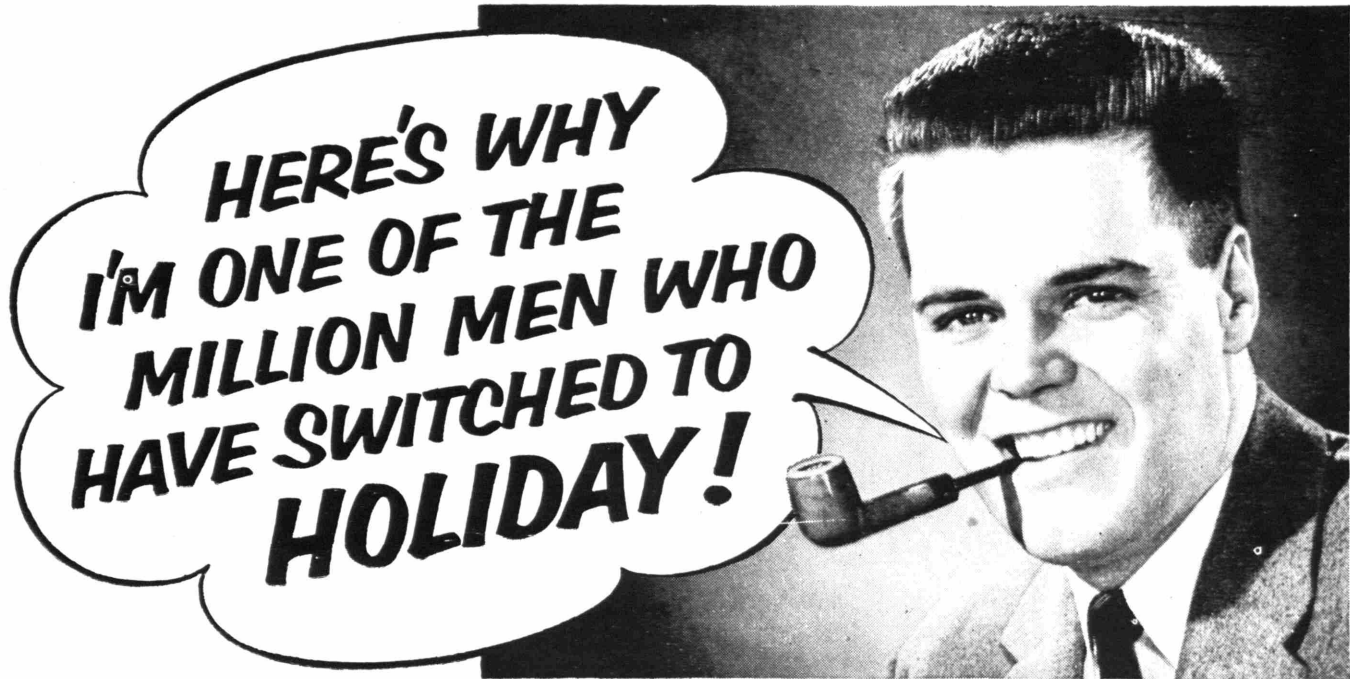
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