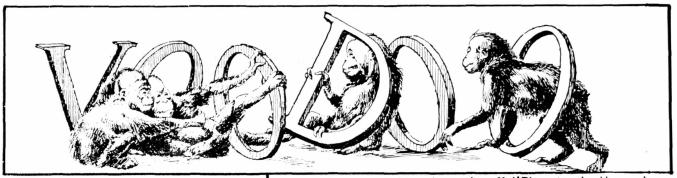


Leaving July 16 for 3 weeks
Leaving July 24 for 3 weeks
Leaving July 5 for 4 weeks
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XX.



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If there is anything that ticks offol'Phos, its the Massachusetts Old Age Tax on restaurant checks. You go into a diner for a quick meal, and suddenly the spectre of taxation without representation raises its ugly head. You have a full meal at some plush joint, and not only do you have to pay the exorbidant prices and add the tip, you have to pay 5% to support some old lady in Athol who should be living off her relatives. It wouldn't be so bad if the money went to fill the potholes in the streets or to sweep up the garbage from the gutters, heaven knows it could be put to good use that way. But when it goes to support a group which will never include most of us, it really hurts. It seems to us that all the college students who go to school here but come from out of state ought to rouse themselves and picket the statehouse to force repeal of this terrible scourge. Or, at least, let's try to get the legislators to include us indigent students in the group that gets the benefits of the

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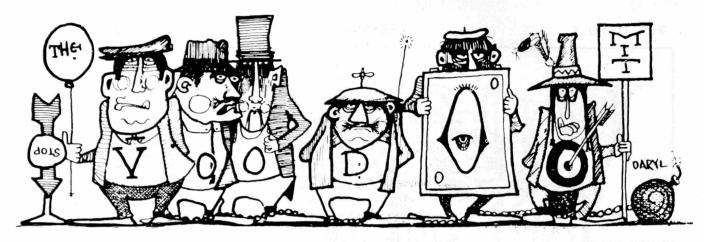
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B ack in January, when the Tech printed such exciting statistics on their front page as the number of cases of paper towels the Institute used last year we figured that the reason was just the usual - that they couldn't find enough news to even fill the front page. But now they've gone and done it again, and they're the same statistics. What gives, boys? Trying to show B&P that you've got the necessary qualifications to sweep floors? Or may be just trying to impress your ianitor?

Come to think of it, the boys over at The Tech probably could use new jobs. That same issue they misspelled a name in a headline and they ran the same ad twice. That's above par even for them!

Haven't you al ways wanted to have a Neurophysiology Laboratory named after you? 'Course you have. Well now it'd possible. All you have to do is to give a paltry \$225,000 to our old alma mater and you name can be on a brass plate on the wall just like William Barton Rogers, Alfred P. Sloan, Phosphorous, and many other great men. Or,

if you prefer, you can have your own Graduate Residence Dining Room for \$250,000, or your own Quiet Game Room for a mere \$47,000. All these, and many more are included in an expensive little brochure entitled Your Name at MIT which recently has been put out by the Second Century Fund people.

We think it's a pretty good idea to get people to give money this way, but we're a little worried about all this name jazz. It sure will feel funny to have to say "I'm going over to the Stanley S. Krostikowski Magneto-hydrodynamics Lab," instead of "I'm going over to 96-5270.6." (Note the building boom). However, may be they'll just continue to abreviate the old way and call it SZKML. No one will ever be

At any rate, they suggest that someone pay for the Voo Doo office to go in the new Student Union. And, if that isn't bad enough, they say it will cost \$40,000! We bet there weren't many people on this campus who thought we were worth that much.

able to figure that one out!

We noticed a caption in the "Raytheon News" which a co-op friend of ours gets. It read as follows: "Edith Schaefer poses for her husband as he works on her bust, one of his many sparetime projects." We began to wonder about what sort of a paper Raytheon is putting out until we read a little farther. It seems that Mr. Schaefer is an amateur sculptor.

Some of our readers have mentioned that they have noticed that the Editor of this magazine has a radio show on WTBS which is sponsored by The Tech. It's and now that his term of office is almost over he has revealed the reason. You see, The Tech is such a bumbling organization that it is the butt of a great many jokes which we enjoy printing. Therefore we would hate to see such a good source of material go under. Since they're having a bad time as a result of the fact that they put out a crummy rag, we felt we had bethelp them out, and this is one way we have done it.

There is a sign painted on the wall of the North Station which reads - Committ No Nuisance.

e often eat down in Chinatown (We patronize our advertisers!) and we've noted a series of mysterious little shops along Beach Street. They don't seem to have any merchandise in evidence, but since there are five or six of them they must dispense something useful. We've often been tempted to walk in, plunk down two bits with a "I'll take one.", and see what happens. But then we always remember the tong wars with their hatchet murders and we just pass by muttering about these inscrutible Chinese.

friend of ours out at Wellesley, the other day about an advertising campaign she is running, and we found out that the most effective way to reach a large part of the girls there is to put posters in all the bathrooms on campus. She finds it very effective but we thing it is discriminatory. We have a tough enough time getting a publicity man on their campus, much less in their bathrooms!

We've become resigned to mispelled names in the Institute phone book, but we've discovered one we really can't excuse; William Barton Rodgers.

In the recent snowstorm, one of the double glass doors in Senior House got broken. The ever-alert minions of B&P hurried to the rescue, replacing the shattered portal with a slab of plywood which will probably be there until 1970. Then some enterprising undergraduate procured a pot of black paint and painted on the plywood the slogan "Haste Makes Waste." The residents, of Senior House are enterprising indeed: another ingenious fellow, deciding that this shameful display did not represent the true opinion of the student body, took a larger pot of black paint and covered the slab with it. And on this background, in white paint, he wrote "Progress Is Our Most Important Product."

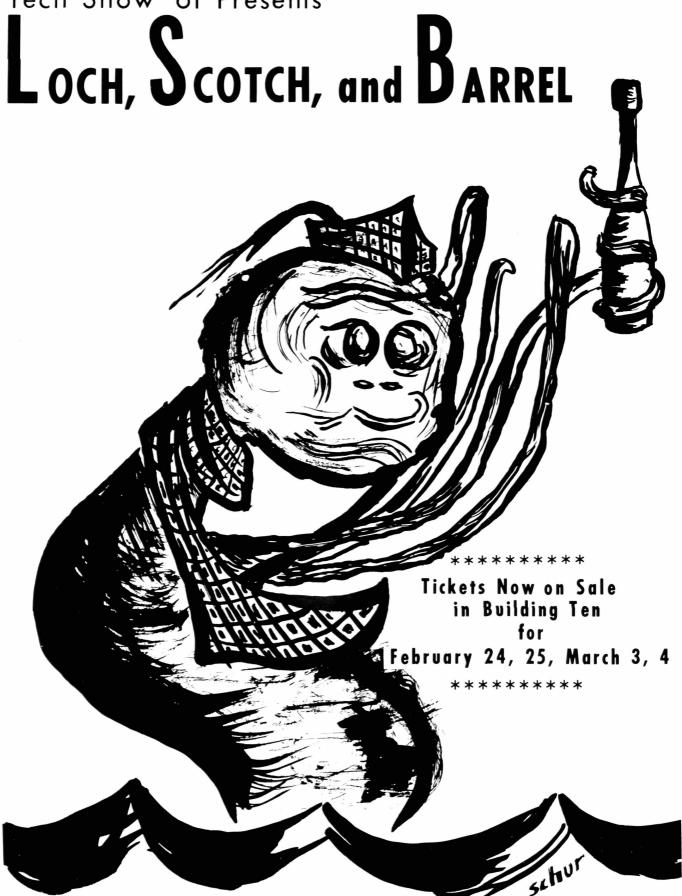
It seems to us that this place ought to give at least 12 hours credit each term just for registering!

It seems to us that anyone as wealthy as our present
President (of the U.S. that is)
could afford a tie clasp. As it
is, we're getting pretty tired of
having to watch him constantly
replace his tie in his jacket.
We're thinking of starting a
charity drive-A TIE TACK FOR
JACK.

Not so long ago a member of the administration commented that, as a result of expanded courses in computer programming, it wouldn't be long before the average undergraduate would use a computer the way he uses a slide rule today. We would halt this beautiful daydreaming but we think that he better start his training program a little further back in history. Over exam period we saw one student in the Engineering Library using an abacus!

Last month we mentioned a contest blank we saw in a supermarket. We received this in the mail last week in reply and we must admit it is the best contest we've seen yet.

Play now Fly later No purchase is necessary*. Just complete this five line limerick — A mandenform* bra is for you No end to the things it can do It so lovingly holds As it carefully molds EXPENSE PAID TRIP TO PARIS FOR 2 *Bonus Prize: 2500 francs
Fly later No end to the things it can do It so lovingly holds As it carefully molds As it carefully molds FOR 2 *Bonus Prize: 2500 francs No end to the things it can do It so lovingly holds As it carefully molds (New line is to rhyme with you and do. It's so easy! For example, your winning last line might be: And your dream of a figure comes true.)
EXPENSE PAID TRIP TO PARIS FOR 2 *Bonus Prize: 2500 francs (New line is to rhyme with you and do. It's so easy! For example, your winning last line might be: And your dream of a figure comes true.)
*Bonus Prize: 2500 francs (New line is to rhyme with you and do. It's so easy! For example, your winning last line might be: And your dream of a figure comes true.)
*Bonus Prize: 2500 francs
(\$500) with proof
of your purchase.
A wonderful Renault car Street Address
• 150 Bra and Girdle City County State Coordinates .*See back of entry blank for contest regulations.



LETTERS -

to the EDITOR...

Dear Editor:

If I may be so forward, I would like to comment on your last issue. Most of it was quite funny, but a lot of it made me blush. How do you get it by the censors?

A Smith Girl

Editor:

You forgot to include the explanation sheet for jokes with the last shipment of Voodoo's to Bexley Hall. How on earth do you expect us to appreciate your magazine without explanations and equations. We aren't mind readers, you know! Besides, we came to MIT for an education and we intend to get one!

Yours Truly,

023570

My Dear Mr. Editor:

We the students of Wellesley are thoroughly shocked by your recent edition. Though totally devoid of any literary worth and merit, it is disgustingly open in its references to a certain forbidden subject. We feel that your magazine lowers the standards set by other properly censored magazines. We also feel that it might be a corrupting influence on our freshmen.

The Wellsley Morals Committee

P.S. Please increase our order of magazines to 500 copies.

Dear Editor.

I think your jokes are very funy. I also like all your political cartons. Sometimes, you even print telephone numbers. Please don't print mine because my measurements are 42-26-36 and boys always call because of what they heard about me. My number is CO-77600, x 314.

Mitzi

Dear Editor,

I really really love reading your joyous journalistic offering to the literary world. In particular, we are enthralled with your cliche satires on life and, culture. However, fellows, why don't you print all the jokes in the original French? They'll be many times more enjoyable and be more a propos.

A "Cliffy"

Dear Bob:

Looked at last issue for the jokes we sent you and didn't find them. Hope they weren't too "good" for the mag. How about some more like the old field piece! By the way, our freshman still haven't received their copies of your Voodoo's "Facts for Young College Coeds" and some still have some rather quaints ideas about all kinds of things.

Jane Simmons

Dear Students:

I also enjoy reading all the funny jokes in Voo-Doo, In fact, I enjoy them so much that from now on I want to read them before they are printed, or else. Best Wishes:

Dean John T. Rule



VD MAN OF THE MONTH GEORGE WASHINGTON

In this, themonth of his 229th birthday, Voo Doo salutes George Washington as the V.D. "Man of the Month." Because of the great national significance of his life, many biographers have felt a need to modify those very facts of his life that make him such an important inspiration to the American people. But at sugarcoating have been neither these attempts necessary nor entirely successful, and even today such phrases as "the cherry tree incident," references to Washington as the "Fatherof his country," the innumerable signs declaring "Washington slept here" on the homes of famous maidens, widows, and spinsters of the day throughout the country deny these false images and give us true insight into the character and stamina of the man who is said to have parlayed a tea party into a profit-making organization.

On the eve of February 22, 1732, somewhere in Scollay Square, a small voice cried out to the world; so began the famous career of America's first President. George's father, Augustine Washington III, a hard-working ward-heeler for the Isolationist party, had met George's mother, Mary Femme de LaRue, at an all night card party somewhere in the Back Bay region. It had been love on first night, and the two had taken up residence in Mary's flat. Now Augie wished for his son to rise above his own class, and so he and his wife worked nights at Ye Springfield Ovale Corporation until they had accumulated enough money

to buy a small estate in the new colony's slickest suburb, Westmoreland, Va. Planning ahead, he also bought a coat of arms from Slippery Raleigh, a blackguard of the British court, and set down to alife of ease, decimating the local Indian peasants at his leisure and thus gaining a reputation as a country squire.

George was able to growup with all the benefits befitting a future member of the power elite, his father bought him the finest horses, the finest clothes and the most expensive Harvard degree -- the B.S., or Bachelor of Debate. By the age of 15, George was beginning to show the character traits that would make him a leader among men. He had already adopt. ed a motto: "Never get caught telling a lie." He was gaining quite a reputation among the young Virginian debutantes for his cool line: "Why don't you and I go down to the riverbank and throw silver dollars some night, honey?"

It was about this time that the famous "Cherry" incident is reported to have occurred. While not all the exact details surrounding the incident are known. it is a matter of record that (1) George had been spending an excessive amount of time surveying and resurveying the woods on the neighboring Loose estate, (2) young Nancy Loose committed suicide in the family lily pool. Apparently George was able to convince his father that he had spent all that time in the woods doing nothing more harmful than chop-

ping down a Cherry tree.

George, being an alert young lad, soon realized that the military was the one place where a man of limited talents could rise to great heights through stupidity and so he joined the local militia. He amused himself until 1758 by playing the Indians and the French off against each other, and learning how to surrender gracefully. For this experience he was rewarded with the office of Commander in Chief of the Virginia militia, thereby giving much aid and comfort to Virginia's enemies, the French and Indians.

The time to retire while still ahead hadcome; George became a country gentleman by marrying Martha Custis, a young widow whose striking bank account did much to win him the respect of the local gentry. Tiring of home life after about two weekends at home with the children; he entered the world of politics by buying himself a seat in the House of Burgesses, America's first representative body, whose method of selection has set a precedent even to this day. Martha's money made him many new and interesting friends, some of whom invited him to attend the infamous Boston Tea Party, a social gathering where it is reported that the men wore "noe more clothing than the locale savages." It is not reported what the lady visitors wore.

At any rate, it is believed that it was here that he received many invitations to stay the night at prominent colonial homes. Shortly after the party was over a tremendous conflict between the colonists and the mother country broke out.

For some time it had been recognized in England that at 25¢ per square plus labor costs and cement, there was more profit in selling vinyl tile floors than tile, even though they had been subjected to a very thorough "Tile is good for you", "A man who thinks for himself has tile floors," "He-men have tile floors (Women love them!)" and "A Title on the door rates a British tiled floor" campaign. In a last ditch attempt to sell tile abroad, the tile companies had formed the National Manufacturers of Tile Association, a group which lobbied for tile interests in Parliament, placed color ads in influential conservative magazines, and encouraged the British people to write to their M.P.'s about the horrors of Creeping Carpetism. The result was that the King indirectly attacked the carpet industry -- which had all this time stuck to the outmoded idea that the way to meet competition was to continue to put out a quality product -- by decreeing that all carpets must be tacked down, and that only British-made carpet tacks could be used for this purpose. Since there was a royal monopoly on tacks, the price eventually rose so high in the colonies that the colonials took to gluing down their rugs rather than tacking them. This s on came the attention of the King's Un-British Activities Committee, which immediately subpoenaed some 195 leading colonial figures, including George himself.

This move crystalized American colonial opi-

nion against the British government, andthe cry went up "Installation without Taxation!" Upon hearing these shouts, George, who had been looking for a reasonable excuse to take over the government anyway, is said to have shouted, "If this be a good reason, let us make the most of it!" He therefore financed an ambitious young printer named B. Franklin, who drove home the unfairness of the whole situation to the masses by publishing such clever phrases as "A penny saved is a penny earned", "In George We Trust," and "From each according to his ability, To each according to his needs."

It was no surprise to anyone when George was elected commander in chief of an army to "keepe the Northern Hemisphere oute of the sphere of Red-coat domination." His first move was to authorize the distribution of Franklin's latest article, "North American yea, England nay," amongthe troops. It was about this time that Franklin was struck by lightning on the knuckle of his middle finger while flying a kite in a storm. Taking this to be a bad omen, he was prepared to chuck the whole revolutionary bit and retire to a farm in Pennsylvania, but Washington brought him around by offering him the much-coveted ambassadorship to France.

The first military success for the colonists came in the city of Boston where the British and Hessians became lost in the maze of crooked streets and starved to death while George prudently passed the time by throwing a mixer at Radcliffe. It is from the party at Radcliffe that he dispatched his now famous message to the American congress: "We have not met the enemy for hours."

But this success was shortlived, and soon George found himself fleeing across the country from the enemy. It was then that he made use of the many in he had received at the Boston Tea Party and laid the foundation for his reputation as the Father of his country. At this time too, his struggle against the British came to the attention of the leading artists and musicians of the day. A great wealth of Washington portraits were produced, as well as many panoramas, the most famous of which is the that shows him fleeing from the British across Deleware in a rowboat (George is standing up near the front so that he can be the first off when the boat reaches the other side). The revolution was also given many mottos and slogans, one of the most famous being emblazoned on what was obviously a British tile: "Don't tread on me!" Another saying came as a result of the famous Hale trial, at which a young woman was executed for carrying secret information to the British. Immediately, after the execution the young woman's husband, who was a staunch Washington supporter, is reported to have said: "I regret that I have but one wife to give to my country!" A few weeks after this event, one Francis Scott Key, a musically inclined dandy of the time who had heretofore ignored the whole revolution, was suddenly seized with inspiration while addressing a letter to his girlfriend and wrote a national anthem.

But the most important contribution to the fight

was unintentional. During a short stopover in Philadelphia, George had become smitten by the charms of one Betsy Ross, a comely seamstress of nineteen. Betsy, much affected by George's dashing manner, counted the days until his return by sewing little stars on the blue handkerchief he had given her to mend. The days passed and she soon ran out of stars, so she began sewing red and white ribbons on the handkerchief. By the twenty-sixth day, the whole thing was rather grotesque and she was about to throw it in the fire when George arrived. George, who always knew a good thing when he saw it, spied the handkerchief in the corner and recognized the strength of its Freudian symbolism. Calling his men together, he brought forth Betsy, clad only in the handkerchief, and said: "Men this is what we are fighting for!" The roar of approval from the men convinced him he had not studied mob psychology for nothing. By adopting the handkerchief as his banner he easily won the Revolutionary War.

By this time age was beginning to wear George down, which encouraged the British prime minister to write the famous White Paper, "Mine Enemy Grows Older". Looking around for a sinecure where he could comfortably earn a decent income (since the war ended the profits from Washington and Ross Flag, Ltd. had fallen some 85%) George created the Pres-

idency, a position he held for eight happy years. Probably the most important thing that George did during this time was to enact the Great Compromise. It seems that the nation had dissolved into factionalism when it came to giving the country a new name. Among those proposed by various groups were: Canada, Mexico, New Switzerland, Nouvelle France, and Indianland. George settled the whole issue by endorsing his own choice, the United Provinces of America, which was adopted. Unfortunately, when printing the announcements about the new name, Franklin, who by this time was beginning to become a little senile, could not find a capital "P" any where in his shop, and so for that particular issue he changed "Provinces" to "States" planning to print a correction in the next issue; but the name stuck.

Seeing as how all his children had grown up and left home, George now felt it safe to retire once again to his Mount Vernon estate. There he wrote his memoirs and composed several famous slogans which showed his great foresight, even though they were not clearly understood during his own time: "54, 40 or fight," "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," "The War to End All Wars," "A Chicken in Every Pot," "Remember the Alamo" and "A House Divided Against Itself Cannot Stand." After a few years of this nonsense he died quietly of Le Grippe, thus ending his great career.

- Solon



... THREE GUESSES, POP

PRUBINSTEIN

A canny Scotchman was arguing with the conductor as to whether the fare was five cents or ten cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as they were crossing a long bridge. It landed with a mighty splash.

"Hoot, Mon," screamed Sandy, "first you try to rob me and now you've drowned my boy!"



Judge: "Did you say this man stole your money out of your stocking?"

Gal: "Yes, your honor."

Judge:"Why didn't you put up a fight?"

Gal: "I didn't know what he was after."

The Army psychiatrist wanted to be sure that the newly enlisted rookie was perfectly normal. Suspiciously he said: "What do you do for your social life?"

"Oh," the man blushed, "I just sit around, mostly."

"Hmmmmmm — never go out with girls?"

"Nope."

"Don't you even want to?"

The man was uneasy. "Well, sort of."

"Then, why don't you?"

"My wife wont let me."



Most children are descended from a long line..their mother's once listened to.

A woman was shopping for a pair of pants for her little boy. "Do you want knickers with a zipper?" asked the clerk. "No, Johnnie has a sweater with a zipper and he's always getting his tie caught in it," was the reply.



"Why do you look so pained?"
"I'm lazy."

"What's that got to do with it?" "I'm sitting on a cigarette."

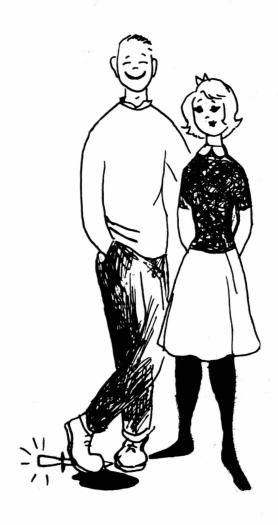


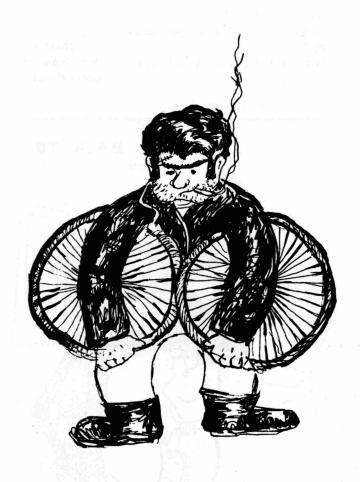
"Well, what do you think of them?" said the father showing his new triplets to a visitor. Pointing to the middle one the visitor replied, "I'd keep that one."



First in a Series : Know Your Enemy...

General Commentary for the Cambridge Urchins article.





This is how the urchins appear to the untrained eye, the outside world, and their parents. Notice how clean and well dressed they are. Notice the friendly smiles on their well-scrubbed faces. Notice that the boy has dropped his switchblade knife on the ground and is trying to cover it with his foot. The Urchin League of Greater Boston will fine him \$5 for this bad bit of public relations.

These urchins work after school to earn extra money. They are in the bicycle business. They sell used bicycles and parts. They are very good with tools; average time for removing the front wheel of a bike chained to a parking meter is 2 min. Sometimes they use their tools to cut through the cicyle chain; sometimes they gnaw through it with their teeth. You should be very careful not to disturb them while they work — they might sell your spare parts.

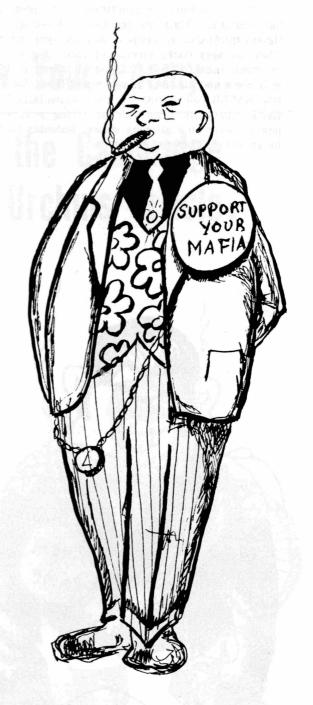
These urchins are practicing to be great base-ball players. They are practicing throwing. They throw snowballs at people; usually they hit them. They are very cocky since they know that you can't do much back to them. If you hit them, policemen will come and hit you. If you report them, the police may just hit you anyway. They especially like to throw snowballs when you are riding a bicycle or motorscooter on a slippery street. Someday they may be great ball players, if they live.



These urchins are collecting for their favorite charity. Their hands always seem to cover up the names on their collection cans. They shove these cans under your nose, especially when you are with a date. You should shove the cans back at them. If you ask about their charity, they are rather vague and don't tell very much. Did you ever wonder why they work so hard to collect money for their favorite charity? They are their favorite charity.

These urchins come to your door after a snow storm and offer to shovel your walk. They want to be paid in advance. If you pay them, they may even shovel a little snow around your house. Generally, they also tell you what they'll do if you don't pay them; they will, too. These urchins think that it's Halloween every time there's snow on the ground.





These urchins are the most dangerous. They generally aren't any smarter than the other urchins. Frequently its the other way around. They have the same moral principles, animal cunning, and greedy desires. There is only one difference. Now, the urchins are grown up. Now they are called citizens.

A Southern colonel went into a bar in Boston and said: "Let me have a Georgia Fizz."

"A Georgia Fizz? How do you make that?"

said the bartender.

"Why it's 25 parts gin and one part soda," replied the Colonel.

"Shall I squeeze a bit of lemon peel into

it?" asked the barkeep."

"Suh!" answered the Colonel, "If I want a lemonade, I'll ask for it!"



Dear Miss Lovelom:

In your opinion, should a father of 50 get married again?

Dear Sir:

Certainly not! That's enough children for anyone.



"Miss Mandy," said the parson impressively as he led her into the brook to be baptized, "I'se gwan to wash out all yo' sins."

"Lawdey, parson," giggled Mandy, "in that

little shallow creek?"



Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

English proverb



Little Lucy had just returned from the childrens' party and had been called into the dining room to be exhibited before the dinner guests.

"Tell the ladies what mamma's little darling

did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said Little Lucy.





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ELSIE and HENRY BAUMANN EL 4-8362 We received this in the mail recently and because of its great logic and scientific validity, we felt we should pass it on to our readers. It is written seriously, believe it or not, and if it does not get you to vote in favor of flouridation, nothing will.

EVERY LOYAL AMERICAN SHOULD READ THIS ARTICLE

FLUORIDATION

THE CRIME AGAINST ALL CIVILIZATION

Written by REV. LYLE F. SHEEN Pastor St. Malachy's Parish Geneseo, Illinois

Everything intended by the Creator for human nourishment was once alive itself.

Rev. L. F. Sheen offers \$1,000.00 reward for evidence that will be accepted by Christian biochemists proving any of these statements:

- 1) Sodium Fluoride will prevent decay of human teeth.
- Sodium Fluoride is not poisonous in small amounts.
- The moon is made of green cheese.

The July 19th, 1954, issue of NEWSWEEK quotes GOETHE as saying "There is nothing more frightful than IGNORANCE in action." It is quite possible that in its broad interpretation, this statement is correct, but in a practical sense, I consider MALICE in action even more frightful. It is with this thought in mind that I wish add my voice to the constantly increasing clamps of the constant clamps. add my voice to the constantly increasing clamor of protest against the completely devilish and un-American plot to FLUORIDATE THE WATER of American Cities.

In order to avoid the confusion that I find even in excellent articles against this vile Communistic plan, let me define the terms as I see them. These definitions may not be currently used in the language of science, but I think they should be the basis of a very necessary distinction. To me, FLUORINE is the chemical as found in nature, always in combination with calcium. FLUORIDE is the raw synthetic chemical WITHOUT the protective calcium which the CREATOR of the Universe has so mercifully set as a guard over this violent element. To me, the "N" in fluorine signifies "NATURE". The "D" in fluoriDe signifies "DEATH". This makes the distinction easy to remember.

This short article appeared in substance originally in the GENESEO, ILLINOIS, REPUBLIC on May 27, 1954. It was written at the request of hundreds of citizens who were outraged by the injection of sodium fluoride into the drinking water of this city, without their permission, or even knowledge. Regardless of the intrinsic merits of the program, we maintain that the procedure was illegal, immoral and irresponsible. It was the typical procedure of all TOTALITARIAN NATIONS, past and present. It violates everything legal and moral, in the principles upon which the United States of America were established, and until recent years, have fairly well succeeded in securing the blessings of liberty to this nation.

In writing this article, I do not presume to speak for the Catholic Church, but simply as an American citizen,

SCIENCE

who is a priest, and who is therefore, by nature and by training, an uncompromising lover of Truth, and hater of falsehood. I regard this utterly vicious effort to POISON THE WATER SUPPLY of American cities as a crime that cries to Heaven for vengeance, and I hereby place my name on the list of those who do so cry.

FLUORIDATION of city water supplies did not originate with doctors or dentists, but with politicians and business men. How the medical and dental professions became fouled up with this dirty business is another story. There are some 80,000 men in America who boast the degree of M.D. To most of us laymen, this means Medical Doctor. Also, Merciful Deliverer, and Man of Distinction. But as one small voice, I would take this opportunity to warm about 70,500 of these men that if they possist in warn about 79,500 of these men that if they persist in giving the tremendous weight of their science and personal honor to the nefarious business of poisoning American citizens, their degree may yet come to signify "Merchant of Disease," "Moral Degenerate" — even "Mental Defective."

To us laymen, the American Medical Association has ceased to be either Medical or American. If this be true, then the only word left is "Association" and that too should be dissolved. If their "Ruler" is a Dictator, then their organization has no right to exist in this country, and its members are no longer free men. Honest, God-fearing Doctors have always been held in great respect and affection by the American people, but what now, if they have sold their honor for a mess of poisoned pottage?

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY THE TERM "FLUORIDATION OF WATER"?

We mean the injection into the City water supplies of SODIUM FLUORIDE (or a variation) for the alleged purpose of helping to prevent cavities in the teeth of very young children.

I would give the arguments of the FLUORIDATORS, but I have never found one that would hold up under the examination of and by a scientific or mental microscope. They have no proofs beyond their own torrents of words and their own statistics. What they say is "Science" and all objections are "Drivel". Installations in the victim cities are always made in secret, which means in the dark, so far as the light of either science or human rights are concerned. The procedure alone is enough to damn the plan completely in the minds of intelligent American people. This is the only weapon we citizens have or need; the use of REASON. I appeal to the common sense of the average man, since a man who will not think is not

worth fighting for anyway.

Hence, armed with the use of reason, aided by Faith in God who Created the Universe, which includes Chemistry in Medicine. I wish to go on record as CONDEMN-ING FLUORIDATION UNEQUIVOCALLY. A few of

my reasons are contained in the following paragraphs.
FLUORIDATORS ALLEGE: Sodium Fluoride, in-

FLUORIDATORS ALLEGE: Sodium Fluoride, injected into the water supply, will help prevent cavities in the teeth of children under 10 years.
FLUORIDATORS ALLEGE: That Sodium Fluoride, an acknowledged poison in itself, is NOT POISONOUS in small amounts, but helpful to teeth.
Speaking now for people who have written to me from all over the United States, and from Alaska, I deny both

statements absolutely.

MARCHES ON!

SODIUM FLUORIDE is a violent, metallic, morganic, synthetic POISON, and no human power or human flood of words can change it. It is sufficient to consider the word "INORGANIC". By that we mean that it does not belong in an organ of the human body. For some six thousand years of human history, the original plan of Almighty God, Who designed and created the human race, has been accepted and practiced with reasonable success. The Failure was not His. Namely: The elements of food for the human body have always been either a plant or an animal, never a raw chemical. Food plants grow in the fertile soil. We, and animals, may eat the plants and maintain health. We also eat the animals. But we NEVER EAT THE SOIL! This includes everything taken from it. Salt is a condiment, not an essential food.

Certain minerals are absolutely essential to human life. BUT they must be processed by a plant before they can become a functioning part of the human body. This is also true of animal life. And no man will dare question the Wisdom of the Almighty if he values his soul. "MAN" himself IS Divine Revelation, and so is his food. A grain of wheat or rice is Divine Revelation and a person who interprets Divine Wisdom through a flour mill that eliminates almost all vitamins and minerals, and embalms the residue, indicates that he is wiser than his CREATOR! Yet, this is our situation today. About 98 people of every 100 in America today are trying to keep alive on refined, embalmed foods in the cereal line. They would be better off if they ate no bread whatsoever! The same is true of refined sugar and rice, Fortunately, cattle and hogs cannot live on refined foods, and humans get some true nourishment by eating cattle and hogs which are Divinely protected by INSTINCT!

Animals, wild and domestic, seem to have very little tooth trouble! "Clean as a hound's tooth" has become axiomatic. Lions and tigers are feared because of their excellent incisors!

But, lo, the poor human child—he must have mixed in his drinking water, one of the most violent poisons known to man; one for which there is no known antidote; one which will destroy the very glass in which it is served; one which is currently destroying the windshields of automobiles; one which eats up the city water mains, and all other elements except oxygen! Who says so? Why the anonymous unanimity of "Associations" from Government Commissars on down! Everybody, that is, except the people who are forced to drink the vile stuff, or spend at least a \$1000.00 to install their own water systems!

FLUORIDATORS maintain that it is lack of fluoride in the teeth that is the cause of dental cavities. This assertion might be safely made in areas where people cannot read. I have learned to read, and I have abundant material from Universities in the Southwestern States, and the evidence is entirely against this insane thesis. The most forceful document I have ever read is a letter from Dr. George W. Heard, D.D.S., a practicing dentist in Hereford, Texas. The letter is reprinted elsewhere. His city has an abundant supply of fluoriNe in its water, and yet the children of the city have about the same incidence of dental decay as those in other cities which do not have any at all. They also have ORGANIC fluorine in the foods grown in that area, but even this DOES NOT PREVENT DECAY! Moreover, there is ample evidence that FLUORINE is NOT an essential element of the human

body under any circumstances. It is an important element in the life of the soil itself, in preparing plant food for plants only.

Not even NATURAL fluoriNe will prevent cavities! And who will be so idiotic as to maintain that inorganic, poisonous fluoriDe can turn the trick? WHO? The answer to this question is not really WHO, but rather WHY? We have plenty of answers, but none of them tie in even remotely with Lincoln's idea of a "Government, of the people, by the people, and for the people!"

I am not a professional chemist, but I am a professional thinker and believer. Since we must believe someone, I prefer to accept the authority of men whose believed thoughts agree with the ideas I obtained by personal knowledge. In this connection, I believe the statement of Charles Brusch, M.D., of Cambridge, Mass., who says: "Sodium fluoride is an inorganic, protoplasmic poison, for which no true medical acceptance has ever been expressed."

A poison is an element that cannot be useful to the human organism, but is essentially destructive. Fluoride satisfies this definition completely. Even fluoriNe, in nature, is harmful to the body of a human or an animal, yet this substance gave the commercial chemists their sophistic argument. But fluoriDe, the raw chemical, is from ten to fifty times as harmful. In nature, fluorine is never alone, but always in combination with calcium, like a policeman, holding a murderer's hands behind him. However, the water poisoners still persist in injecting one part per million of fluoride, which is about the percentage found in nature. That means that they put in artificially, from ten to fifty times as much as the natural incidence. Also, in most instances, they inject it directly into the water mains, for there is no reservoir, which makes it easily possible for a consumer to draw out a concentrated dose! This does not give the victim even a sporting chance!

In cities where Fluoridators are clever enough to cover their villainy, they warn those with kidney or liver disorders, heart ailments, nervous trouble, or who have ever had polio, NOT to drink the stuff. Sensing the danger of damage suits, they shrewdly disclaim responsibility. This is an open admission that material is POISON, and will show up immediately in those of weak constitution.

Second Allegation: In small amounts fluoride is not poisonous.

This statement will not pass through a logical mind. In small amounts it is still a small amount of poison. And it is the kind of poison which remains in the body. This small amount does a small amount of damage, which the system can tolerate for a time. But continued for long, even the victim soon realizes there is trouble. You cannot drown in a drop of water, but a drop is just as much watery as is the ocean!

I have on my desk a can of fluoride, such as anyone can obtain at a drug store. It is plainly labelled "POISON" and carries the skull and crossbones, as required by law. The Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts warns: "Its greatest disadvantage is that it is poisonous to man and animals, but when directions are CAREFULLY followed, no fatalities have occurred to stock eating medicated foods." Also, directions warn not to give to pregnant sows, or sick pigs. Veteri-

narians are humane enough, being also good business men, to warn farmers that SODIUM FLUORIDE will cause animal abortion, and even death. Are Medical Doctors equally considerate of pregnant women and sick people? So far as I am able to learn, the A.M.A. has given no such instructions!

CHEMISTRY OF FLUORIDE

Dictionary Definition: "Fluoride: an element of the chlorine family isolated as a pungent, corrosive, pale greenish yellow gas. It combines with every element except oxygen."

It is the most powerfully reactive element known. It decomposes all organic solvents with violence, and also decomposes water. The vapor of fluoride, even when highly diluted, is extremely injurious to the respiratory tract. (The man who puts the stuff in the hopper of the stainless steel fluoridating machine must wear a mask, rubber gloves and boots.) It is far worse than arsenic to the body.

Notwithstanding the fact that fluorine is found in the teeth, bones and most tissues, it is not a normal or necessary element of the human body. It exists in the body as an invading POISON, and its presence in any amount is detrimental to the economy of the body as a whole, and certain tissues in particular." Nerves primarily suffer.

POLITICAL ASPECTS

Sodium Fluoride in the water supply is used in Communist countries to keep people in subjection. It attacks the nervous system, producing a dullness of mind, and a wierd sense of weariness. It has been used in asylums to keep patients quiet, and in circuses to keep beasts tame. Years ago it was used to cause ABORTION. It

would not only prevent caries in the teeth of children; it would prevent children completely!

J. EDGAR HOOVER, chief of the FBI, in a nationwide statement against possible sabotage, warned us of the "Poisoning of water supplies." He no doubt referred to men who were traitors, who would furnish their own poison, and dump it into reservoirs. Adoption of fluoridation by any community would provide our enemies with a perfect weapon. A turn of a valve, and the city is at their mercy. Fantastic? It is happening all over the world, but appears to be most common in America. Why should Communists spend millions of men and billions in money to conquer us, if they can persuade us to commit suicide? The men who push this cruel practice may not be themselves Communists, but what is the difference if they accomplish the same thing? Communists at least admit that they are trying to wreck our once great nation. VIEWPOINT OF THE PLUMBER

"Fluoride combines with every element except oxygen." Definition. What about the soft metals, lead and copper that compose much of the plumbing systems, heating pipes, water heaters, radiators embedded in plaster, etc.? Lead and copper are also inorganic poisons, and are dissolved into the water by the fluoride. (Our bodies are full of "pipes" and they are even softer than copper!)

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

Only a few years ago American Doctors spent millions to defeat the socialized medicine law. How is it that today, they risk their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to promote COMMUNIZED Medicine? If fluoride is medicine, we have mass-medication, compulsory at that.

But since it is not medicine, but poison, what else have we but mass-poisoning? And promoted by the guardians of our health! To me the whole procedure has all the elements of a nightmare in a madhouse!

MORAL ASPECTS OF THE QUESTION

Apparently the law which punishes with ten years in prison and a fine, anyone who "puts poison into a well, spring, or reservoir of water" is still on the Federal, State and City books. I have never heard of the law being repealed! What, then, has happened to law enforcement repealed: What, then, has happened to law enforcement in America? Do we still have a Government,—or does the Government have us? By Divine and Civil law, the act of shortening human life by as little as ten minutes is classed as murder. Scientists worthy of the name insist that fluoridation of drinking water can shorten life by TEN YEARS! Why are the vital statistics of Grand Rapids, Mich., so carefully covered up? Why do newspapers refuse to print material that carries any real arpapers refuse to print material that carries any real argument against fluoridation? Do we not have freedom of the press? Is not the blackmail of editors immoral?

of the press? Is not the blackmail of editors immoral? In the days of law and order, Doctors did not medicate patients without their permission, real or presumed. Has that changed? According to the moral law, a Doctor may not experiment unnecessarily with a patient. It could be murder. A patient is not permitted to allow an experiment. This might be suicide. What has happened to our Constitution and Bill of Rights, which formerly allowed a man to decide for himself whether he should die by violence or naturally? Even Hamlet knew that the "Almighty has fixed His canon against self-slaughter!" Economic Aspect of Fluoridation. (Even if it did the

Economic Aspect of Fluoridation. (Even if it did the

work!)

It is commonly admitted that only one gallon of every hundred pumped is used as drinking water. But those who are supposed to benefit, are children under ten years of age. That means, one gallon in one thousand is drunk by children. A few strategically placed decimal points will show that \$1.00 of every \$1000.00 spent ever reaches a child! Last year, by my report, Washington, D. C., spent \$130,000.00 on Fluoridation. That means that less than \$130.00 benefitted children. What price Fluoridation. tion! At that rate a sum equal to the public debt of 275 Billion would be required to PARTIALLY prevent children's cavities. Frankly, I object. That doesn't leave enough money to bury the rest of us.

In conclusion, let me say that a 500 page book would not contain all the objections in detail, to this hideous attack upon the health of Americans, made by the Fluori-dators. There is so little health left, due to refining of foods, sterilizing and poisoning of foods with sprays, that few Americans could pass a microscopic health examination. Rotten teeth are all the proof a good Doctor or Dentist needs of poor health. Until the American Medical Association moves against the processing of foods in real earnest, M.D. will signify Miserable Diet, the source of so much "unearned income."

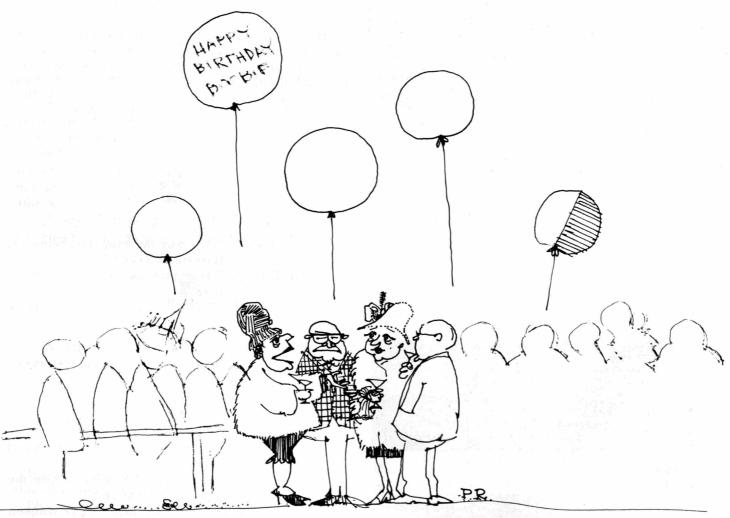
I know my words will cause enmity,—they already have done so. But my concern is not primarily with men, but with God. I am aware that St. John the Baptist had his head cut off for less,—but what wonderful company to be in, on JUDGMENT DAY!

Signed REV. LYLE F. SHEEN, Pastor of St. Malachy's Parish. Geneseo, Ill.

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ALUMNI ORGINIZATION



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A local policeman stopped his squad car and hailed an inebriated gentleman who was making his dubious way down the street.

"Hey, you!" he shouted. "Where are you going in that

condition?"

"Gonna work," mumbled the drunk.

"Oh, yeah," growled the officer. "What kind of work can you do in the shape that you're in?"

"Minin'."

"Minin' what?" persisted the officer of the law.

"Minin' my own damn business!" the other snapped. "Why don't you do the same?"



He: "I hear the church you go to is very small."
She: "I'll say. Every time the minister says
'Dearly Beloved' I feel like it's a proposal.



The little tot was sitting demurely on the couch, watching her mother smoking a cigarette. Her nose was wrinkled, and in her pale blue eyes was an expression of child disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she blurted out in her quivering voice, "Mother, when in hell are you going to learn to inhale?"





Seagull no. 1: "Who won the boat race below us, -Harvard or Tech?"

Seagull no. 2: "Tech just crossed the line in the lead."

Seagull no. 1: "And to think I put everything I had on Harvard."



Two fraternity men were fumbling around trying to get into their room.

"Say," said the one. "You don't open the door with that. That's a cigar butt."

"Oh, hell," said the other. "I've smoked my key."

Techman: "Why didn't I make an A on my history exam?"

Course XXI Prof: "You remember the question, 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?"

Tecnman: "Yean."

Prof: "Well, your answers, while very interesting, were incorrect."



Senior: Did you know that a single fly can have a thousand little ones?

Frosh: No, I didn't. How many can a married one have?



Bars are something which, if you go into too many of, you are apt to come out singing a few of, and maybe land behind some of.



A big brute of a fellow walked into a bar and asked, in a booming voice, for a fifth of whiskey. The bartender handed this goliath a fresh fifth, which he placed to his lips and drained dry. When the last drop was gone, he beat with his fists on his great chest and roared, "There! Now I feel like a bull!"

A girlish little guy at the other end of the bar followed in a plaintive tone with "Moooooo..!"



A bigamist is merely a man who likes to keep two himself.



Doubtfully the young mother examined the toy. "Isn't this rather complicated for a small child?" she asked.

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VOO DOO'S LIST OF

PEOPLE TO AVOID





Spoilsport - Type No. 1. This is the Cambridge cop. He does not appreciate student riots because they make noise, causing him to be bombarded with complaints. He is obliged to stand around in supervision, being splashed by "accident" and obsequiously apologized to. To make things worse, it takes him away from his work, which he enjoys and which also gets him commissions from the city government. A word of advice; whenever a riot starts, you may park anywhere with impunity, as all the ticket merchants will be too busy clubbing innocent students to notice you.

Spoilsport—Type No. 2. This is the Jud Comm member. He feels that he has a responsibility to the Administration, which rigged his election and which frowns on riots as possible sources of expensive damage and certain sources of bad public relations. Consequently, he stalks through the melee with his little notebook, taking down names. If you see him, run. If he corners you, tell him your name is John F. Kennedy. If all else fails, pour water on his notebook. Then run.

IN CASE OF RIOT



Spoilsport—Type No. 3. This is the campus beatnik, who is determined to do everything in a manner just opposite to normal. In time of riot he runs around in his singlet, drying off happily wet participants with his towel and breaking water balloons with his hatpin.

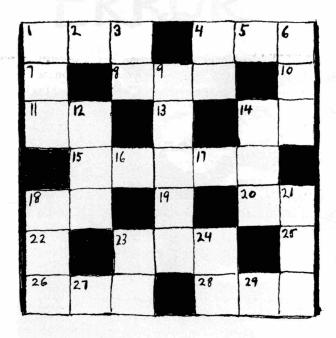
Spoilsport—Type No. 4. The tool wishes to be left alone to do an optional 6.08 quiz. Noise will not disturb his inhuman concentration, so don't trouble to be quiet around him. But we will not be responsible for your fate if you try to drag him into the fun. For those who interrupt him by wetting down his slide rule, he keeps a loaded 12-gallon Civil Defense fire extinguisher handy.



The Organizer. This fellow, who invariably wears swimming trunks and a ROTC helmet, has been told that he is a born leader. A riot gives him his chance to prove it. He intimidates everyone who passes by into joining forces with him until he has a good-sized gang. Then he sallies forth with water and the maria, attacking any and everyone who crosses his path. Soon another leader organizes the indignant lone wolves into a much larger gang. At this juncture, the Organizer generally retires to the comparative safety of his room while his innocent dupes catch hell outside.

The Coed. This monster, besides being unaesthetic, is overly enthusiastic. She has never been in a riot before, and she means to make themost of this opportunity to gain new experiences. Avoid her like the quiz. If she runs out of water, she will use judo for the rest of the day.

A CROSSWORD PUZZLE FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE CROSSWORD PUZZLES



Are you a frustrated cross-word-puzzler? Do you try to do the New York Times puzzle and fail because you don't know three-letter words like emy, ort, spa, MIT, etc.? Because you've been reading Voo Doo and know only four-letter words? Take heart! Here is a puzzle anyone can do. You don't have to be a walking dictionary. You don't even have to know how to read. In fact, it helps if you don't. Just put X's in all the little white boxes, like a ballot, see? and you can tell your friends you've done a crossword puzzle.

HINT: By rearranging the letters of 1-across, 9-down, 7-up, and 3-no trump, you cannot possibly spell Ulysses S. Grant.

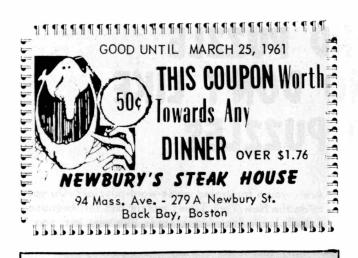
ACROSS

- 1. 30, in Roman numerals
- 4. Symbol of Chi Chi Chi fraternity.
- 7. It "marks the spot".
- 8. Winning combination in tic-tac-toe.
- 10. 24th letter.
- 11. 20, in Roman numerals.
- 13. Symbol for multiplication.
- 14. Persian King, -er-es.
- 15. Pillsbury's best Flour
- 18. Double-cross.
- 19. Symbol for xenon.
- 20. Xenophobic Xylophonists (abbr.)
- 22. Symbol for Christ
- 23. "Love and kisses."
- 25. 10, in Roman numerals.
- 26. Factors of X3.
- 28. Autographs of three illiterates

DOWN

- 1. Same as 14-down
- 2. Symbol for unknown.
- 3. Same as 23-down.
- 4. 6-down (variant spelling).
- French letter corresponding to English "x"
- 6. Same as 1-down.
- 9. Factors of x 5.
- 12. Same as 21-down.
- 14. Same as 6-down
 Abscissa: the --axis.
- 17. Francis Bushman's middle name.
- 18. Same as 12-down.
- 21. Same as 18-down.
- 23. Same as 4-down.
- 24. Same as 3-down.
- 27. Chi.
- 29. This will be the end of sex in the United States.

- Doug Hoylman



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Sam looked the shapely cutie up and down, removed the cigar from his mouth, and said: "Well, don't just stand there, sweetheart. Undo something."



Just because a man asks you to lie on a couch doesn't necessarily mean he's a psychiatrist.



Def. Committee - The unwilling, picked from the unfit, to do the unnessary.



Confucius say: Shoulder strap usually keep attraction from becoming sensation.



A friend was visiting a pair of newlyweds who had been married about a month. He missed the last train back to the city, which necessitated his staying overnight.

"We're a little short on sleeping accomodations," apologized the young husband, "and, I'm afraid you'll have to sleep in my twin bed." The guest, a bachelor, who was somewhat on the fussy side, asked "Is it soft? Is the mattress comfortable to sleep on?"

"Why...er...I suppose so."



Men seldom make passes in nine o'clock classes.



CUMULATIVE ERROR



5...4...3...2...1...0...

His hand moves an almost imperceptible distance and depresses the red button. The highly charged atmosphere of the block house is instantly relieved, drained off in sharp releases of breath.

The hand remains, now relaxed, resting on the control board, visible only in the suffused light of the instruments. In that eerie glow the dull luster of gold shines softly from the third finger of the unmoving hand. The once precise, rectangular shape of the ring is now rounded with wear, its tiny symbolic imprint now beyond identity.

As the large electronic machines monotonously whirr on, the hand of Robert Pack, Aeronautical Systems Engineer, moves to the left breast pocket of his white shirt and removes a package of cigarettes. He lights one, inhaling slowly and deeply. The sudden glow of the cigarette discloses Bob Pack's face in a reddish penumbra.

His face is quiet, even pensive. Almost idly he watches the flicking sense lights on the front of the computer console. The nervous tension which had kept him so alert has now suddenly gone, leaving him a little dazed, daydreaming.

His thoughts drift back to his wife's kiss, to the

event of that morning. She had been so excited as she kissed him. She had wished him luck. He, of course, had tried to act as if it was just another day and of course, wasn't quite successful. He had turned and called back a hurried promise to join them, his wife and two small children, at the beach later, if he could.

But even as he turned and stepped away from the small, white cottage into the bright, Florida sun, he found his mind immediately taken over, surging with details. He tried to check through all the calculations but he found it almost impossible to concentrate in his increasing excitement.

Before he even realized that the 23 miles had sped beneath the car's wheels, the tall wire gates of the installation rose up before him. He brought the car to a stop. The guard went through the familiar routine of convincing himself that this was indeed the same man who had been driving up to these gates for almost three years now. After satisfying himself the guard allowed himself a moment of humanity, smiled, and said. "Hear you got a promotion Congratulations." Then he turned, spoke a few words into a telephone and watched the electrified gates swing open.

The guard's words now amused Pack. "Funny", he thought, "even the guard at the gate knew I was in charge of this one."

Suddenly his mind is jerked back to consciousness.

Something is wrong. The sense lights, something wrong with the pattern. A small red warning light flashes on.

The great missile has deviated from its expected trajectory. Everyone in the room realizes now. People are calling dial readings in nervous voices. Precious seconds are slipping by. Where is it? The direct line from the observation post buzzes. Pack fumbles the receiver, then answers. The voice is panicky. It lacks the assurance that eight feet of concrete wall and indirect viewing scopes should give it. "It's coming back," the voice cries, "detonate! Detonate!"

The ringed hand flies to the panel board and savagely jabs at the destruction button. Pack slumps back, a terrible sick feeling in his stomach.

He is aware of the other voices talking excitedly on the outside lines. "Where? A small beach about twenty miles west of here? Get the emergency..." and on the voice goes. He no longer hears it. There is something wretching at his intestines. He knows, that it was his miscalculation. He knows. He is a fraud, a sham, and now a murderer. No, he is still Robert Pack, the brilliant young engineer, the dean's list student. He is the same Robert Pack who had been grabbed by a top aircraft firm after graduation; but there is something deep, something he has always known.

His marks, made up from all the numerous quizzes the scores of three hour finals - all - were partial credit.



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A prominent politician was delivering a speech to the Commanche Indian tribe on their reservation.

"If I am elected, I promise to give the Indians equal rights."

"Hoo-dah! Hoo-dah! chanted the I ndians.

"I will make the white man give back the land which they took from the Indians in 1492."

"Hoo-dah! Hoo-dah!"

"And finally, I' will make the white man pay retribution for the monetary losses you have suffered in the last 500 years."

The Indians' response was the same, but louder..."Hoo-dah! Hoo-dah!"

Later the politician was talking to the chief "Well, that was a pretty warm reception. It looks like they followed my points very well."

The chief didn't answer.

"You wantum horse?" asked the chief after pause. "I give him you!"

"Yes, you are very gracious, chief."

"One of my men will show you to the stable but be sure not to step in the hoo-dah."



A GI and his British girlfriend were driving through the English countryside in his Austin Healy. They stopped for a second and the girl stepped out of the car and sat on the grass next to the road. She waited for the GI to step out of the car, and when he didn't respond, she said, "If you don't hurry, I'll be out of the mood".

"Hell, if I don't get out of the mood, I'll never get out of the Healy."

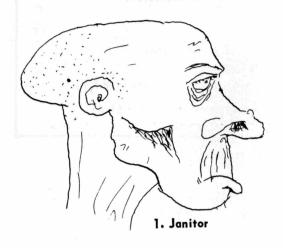


" Quart of ice-cream for my room-mate."

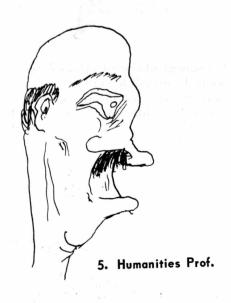
"Chocolate or vanilla?"

"It doesn't matter. He's blind."

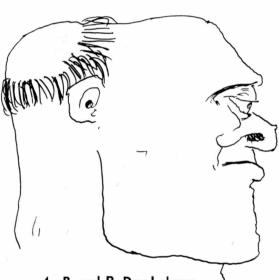
Members of the Hair Tonic Club Observed Around the Campus



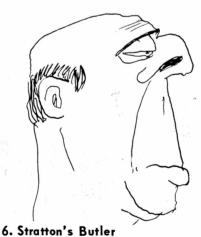












Student Nurse: "Every time I bend over to his heart his pulse rate goes up alarmingly. What should I do?"

Intern: "Button your collar."

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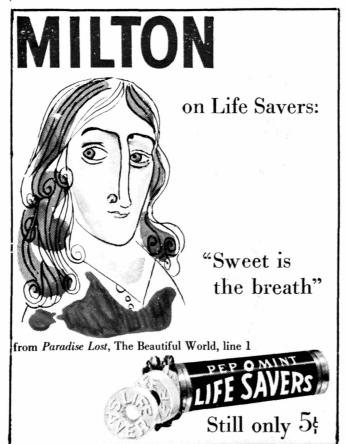
If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest an engineer, the editor gets kicked out of school.

ومع

When you put on your cute rayon scanties
Do they crackle electrical chanties?
Don't worry, my dear.
The reason is clear;
You merely have amps in your panties.

"Frequent water drinking," said the specialist, "prevents you from becoming stiff at the joints."

"Yes," said the patient, "but some of the joints don't serve water."



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I

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laugh

my

way

through

a

mass

execution.

3

A despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed into his limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur.

"Drive off the cliff, James. I'm committing suicide."



Daughter: "I took Jake into the loving room last night, and—"

Mother: "That's living, dear." Daughter: "You're telling me!"

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