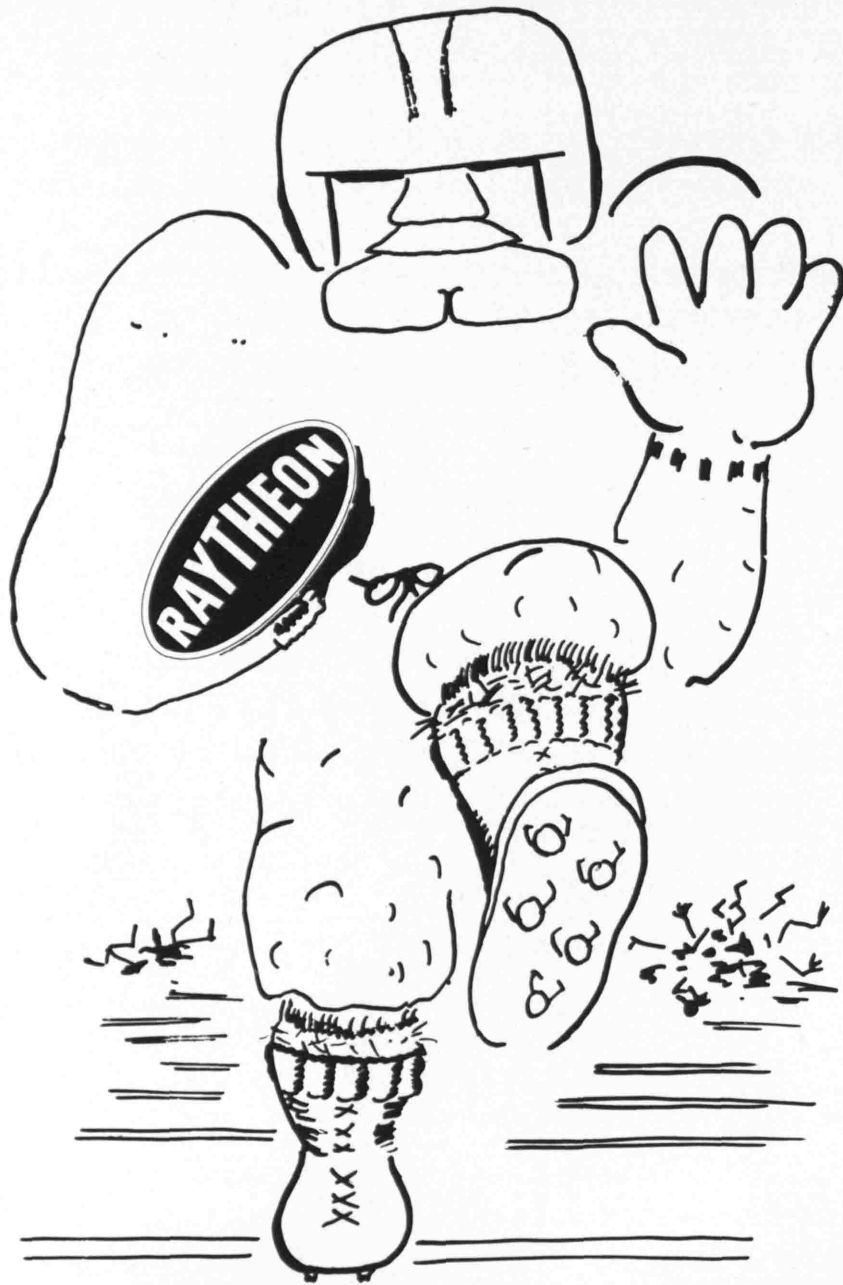


V O O D O O



NOVEMBER - V O O D O O - CHEAP - 2 BITS

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WHY NOT TALK IT OVER?
— INTERVIEWS AT M.I.T. NOVEMBER 15



WALTHAM, MASS.

VOO DOO

Vol. 40 No. 1

November 1956

Est. 1919

AHA! There is a move afoot to rename the Harvard Bridge. For all we care, any phoneme would be perfectly suitable. In any event, let us not insult ourselves by misnaming it the Technology Bridge.

Face it, it's a lousy bridge!

It has as much eye appeal as a strip of tar paper and discharges five times the traffic that the cops at the exits are able to handle. It was designed for a fifteen ton load, in a state where the load limit is twenty-five tons. On top of this, the railings are loose. Need we say more?

Do you want "technology" affixed to an end of this macadamized trampoline?

Of course not. But not "Harvard Bridge;" for in truth, there is no "Harvard Bridge." Any damn fool knows there is no bridge between Harvard and Reality.

W.A.; H.M.S.

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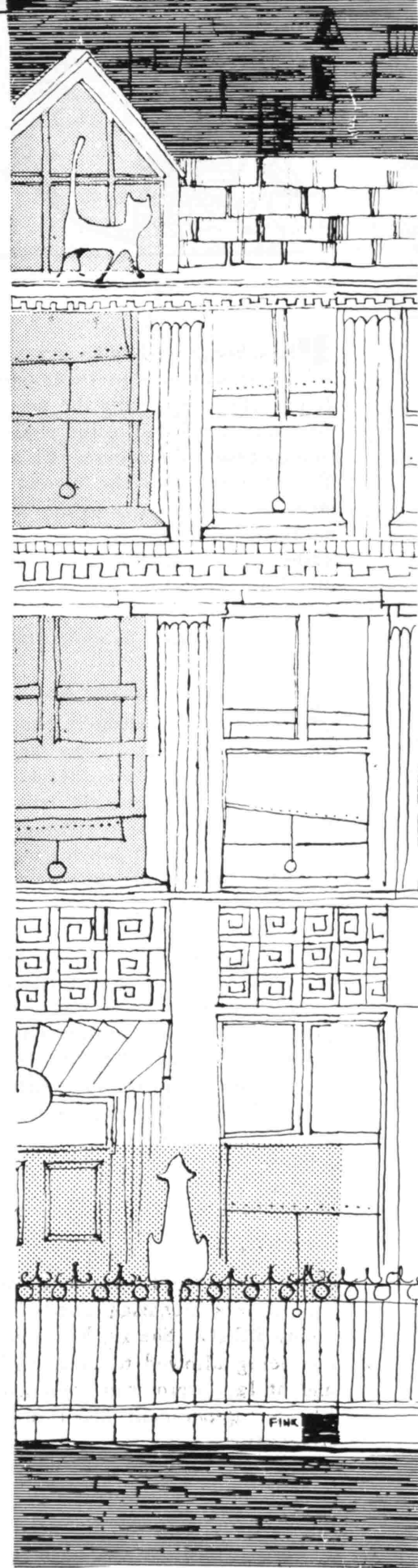
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All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office, will receive careful consideration.

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This month's cover by Blackman





Phosphorus wishes to extend a cordial welcome to Professor John Rule who, during the summer, was appointed to the position of Dean of Students. We of Voo Doo interpret the appointment as a new pledge of the administration's love for the magazine, for Dean Rule is a former Voo Doo editor.

As Voo Doo's triumphs continue to grow by leaps and bounds, from our lofty heights we shed a few crocodile tears for the proportional regression of another student publication which recently printed the same article twice on its first page, but cleverly varied the heading. This same publication, however, deserves congratulations for the fact that, this year, not quite all of its seniors have fallen by the wayside; two are left. We mention this now while it is still true; but a month from now - who knows?

We understand that one of this year's freshman coeds is taking ROTC. She is, however, not being allowed to take drill and at last word was swearing like a top-sergeant about discrimination.

A graduate student of our acquaintance after years of prodigious labor has reached such a peak of attainment that he is being allowed this semester to teach 8.01 lab. One day, after giving a short lecture on the first lab, he was accosted by one of the drops from the sea of shining faces he had just finished speaking to. We repeat the ensuing conversation in its entirety:

"Are chemistry labs like this?"

"No, son, chemistry labs are different from physics labs."

"Oh, that's too bad. You're the first instructor I've had that looked like he knew what he was talking about."

"Do you want to take your 'A' with you or will you eat it here?"

Last year Baker House held an acquaintance dance at which the girls outnumbered the boys two to one. This year they advertised this fact to draw boys to this year's dance. Of course the boys outnumbered the girls two to one. We expect that next year they will advertise this fact in all the local girl's schools and the girls will outnumber the boys. Then the year after they can...

At this same acquaintance dance (this year, not next year) a friend of ours happened to walk by with a date. Before he got halfway across the lobby, three boys with pencils were writing down his date's telephone number.

During the Freshman Activities Midway a few of our boys cornered a bottle of Tequila and were happily depleting it behind the Voo Doo exhibit when a parent-type person happened by and cast a what-am-I-letting-my son-in-for look at the assemblage which was hastily capping the bottle. The parent-type person beckoned to several others of the same species. They whispered for a few minutes and then all looked shocked in unison. A quick thinking board member leaped to the rescue by walking over to the booth, unscrewing the cap, and oiling some gear.

Recently, outside of a dance up the river a bit, we heard a Radcliffe girl telling her Harvard date, "But I'm allergic to people."

A very determined professor in 14.77 spent half of a period reading from a list of four and a half million words that someone has compiled and compiled and compiled. Then he asked for a show of hands from those who spoke German. From the sixty people in the class three hands made it almost up to half mast. Our hero looked disappointed for a second and then said belligerently, "I'm not changing my lesson plan for anyone;" and then proceeded to spend the rest of the period reading from an 11.5 million word list in German.

For those who are interested; in the above mentioned list the word "Stella" appeared three hundred ninety-seven times.

She doesn't drink
She doesn't pet.
She doesn't go
To college yet.



Familiarity breeds attempt.



Thirty days have September,
April, June, And my uncle for
speeding.

Conscience is what makes a
girl tell her mother something
she knows damn well she'll
find out anyway.



As one girl explains it, He's
tall, dark and hands.



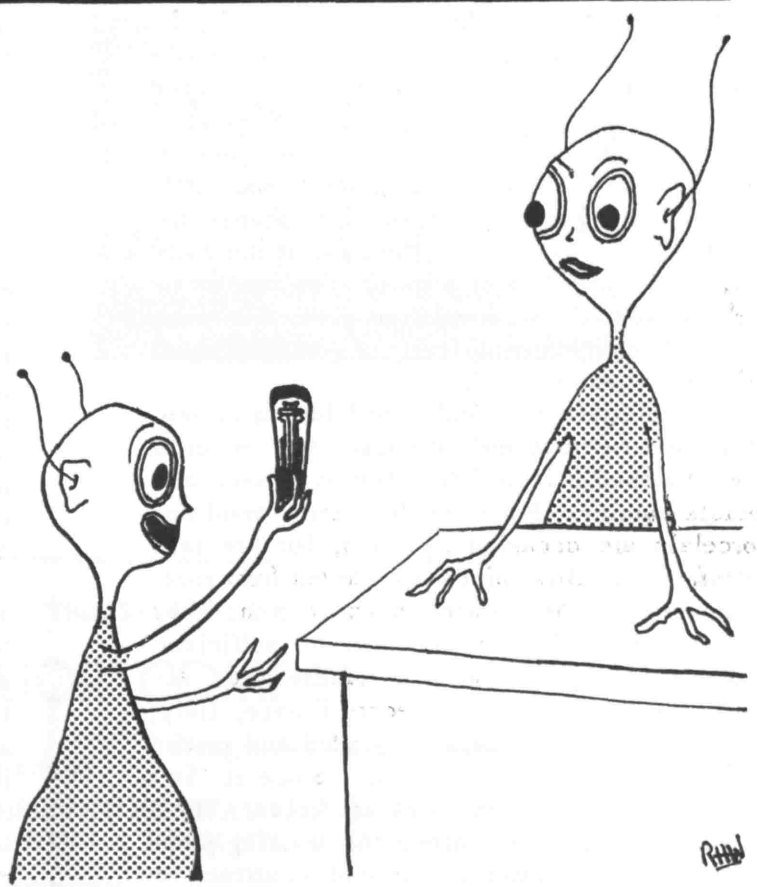
Did you know that some people
think Vat 69 is the Pope's tel-
phone number?

People who live in gall blad-
ders shouldn't throw stones.

The gum-chewing girl
The cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike
Yet different somehow.
And what is the difference?
I think I know now.
It's the clean thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.



Did you know that the girl who
leans over you on a couch is
pleasure bent?



Lipstick is something that gives
added flavor to an old pastime.

We call it a vacuum tube. Zug thinks it may someday replace
the Transistor.



Doing the Town

The other night we were sitting in the office trying to persuade a pert brunette, who was inexplicably there, to sit on our lap, when a friend walked in with a pipe clenched between his teeth. The brunette jumped off her chair (we hadn't succeeded) shouting, "A man without a pipe is only half a man." We immediately cornered our friend and told him to tell us all about pipes. He did.

Pipes are available in hundreds of different styles. Shapes and corresponding names vary considerable from manufacturer to manufacturer, but some fairly standard names are the "billiard"--having a straight bowl; the "bulldog"--with a stem which has a diamond-shaped cross section and two characteristic lines scored around the bowl; and the "Canadian"--similar to the "billiard" but having a much longer length of briar than rubber in the stem. All sorts of variation on these standard shapes are possible. For example, in the case of the bulldog, the substitution of a round stem results in the "mushrooms"; a curved stem gives the "bent bulldog" and other modifications give the "squat bulldog" -- and so forth.

The materials commonly used for pipes are briar and meerschaum, although any material might be used if it is light, slightly porous, and resists burning. For example, cherry wood and porcelain are occasionally used, but are less satisfactory. Briar pipes are carved from roots obtained from the Mediterranean region. They must be about 45 years old to be of sufficient size. Algeria yields the best quality briar, although other sources are Greece, France, Italy, Corsica, and Spain. Briar is graded and priced according to grain and texture. Since it is a root, it often encloses rocks and holes. These flaws, if small, do not affect the smoking properties, and often lower the price of an attractively grained pipe. Various names such as "birds eyes" are applied to different grain patterns, the

most expensive and desirable being a straight, compact grain called "flame briar". When selecting a pipe, be on the look-out for "flat" sections containing no pattern, which are soft and may dent or burn out. In cheap pipes, these patches may often be disguised with a grain-simulating stain.

Meerschaum is a white carbonaceous mineral, the main source of which is Turkey. After mining imperfections are cut out, resulting in a kidney-shaped mass which is exported. When dry, it is very hard, but if soaked in water for a while it becomes soft, soapy, and may be carved and shaped. When smoked, these pipes develop a beautiful golden color, resulting from the action of the smoke and heat. This color is retained by a special wax. To color a pipe properly is a very tricky process and is usually more trouble than it is worth. A pipe should not be touched while hot, because it becomes spotty and to insure uniform heating a special false bowl should be inserted. Because it can't burn out, Meerschaum is often used to line briar pipes or is mounted in some other substance. (For example, a gourd, which is the calabash pipe of Sherlock Holmes fame.)

To learn how pipes are manufactured, visit the David Ehrlick Company on Washington Street near Dock Square where pipes have been manufactured since 1870. Here one is shown L-shaped blocks imported from Algeria which are being aged at constant temperature in vaults in the basement. These blocks are graded and trimmed, the holes drilled, and the bowl and stem turned out on a lathe. The bottoms are then turned on a foot lathe, which can be rocked through a few degrees of arc by means of a spindle and cord arrangement. The bits are then cut and

shaped from large sheets of hard rubber and the whole pipe sanded and polished. Bits are sometimes cast, but these are soft and wear through more rapidly. Amber is used for the bits of more expensive pipes because it is attractive, but it is somewhat undesirable because of its brittleness.

The process of shaping a meerschaum pipe is very similar, except that the shavings are carefully saved and compressed into a synthetic meerschaum. The method of polishing is rather unique, since it is done with a short reed of bullrush.

Now, before you rush out to buy a pipe, you'll need a few pointers on breaking it in. In smoking a pipe for the first time, the bowl should be moistened slightly and only partially filled for the first few smokes. This develops a "cake" on the inside of the bowl which should be built up from the bottom and should not be scraped out, since it insures steady burning. This cake should not be allowed to build up to more than a sixteenth of an inch, the difference in heat expansion between the cake and the pipe may crack a thin pipe. When not in use, your pipe should be rested in a vertical position so that any moisture will be drawn down into the bowl and dry up. All pipes should be allowed to "rest" in this manner between use.

A pipe should be packed firmly,—a loosely packed pipe will burn hot while a too tightly packed pipe will not draw properly—and should be smoked slowly. If you are a fast smoker use a coarse cut, slow burning, "chunk" tobacco. If you are a slow smoker, use a fine-cut such as the "string-cut"; corn silk, cotton, or kerosene

will help to keep your pipe lit, but will not do much to improve its taste.

A final hint to our faculty readers. Many an instructor has found that thoughtfully trying to light his pipe is a fine way to stall off answering a stickler of a question. Just don't let your students see that there is no tobacco in it. For others -- well, pipes are also fine for carrying and keeping small articles such as elastic bands paper clips, and used chewing gum.

---Bernie Wuensch

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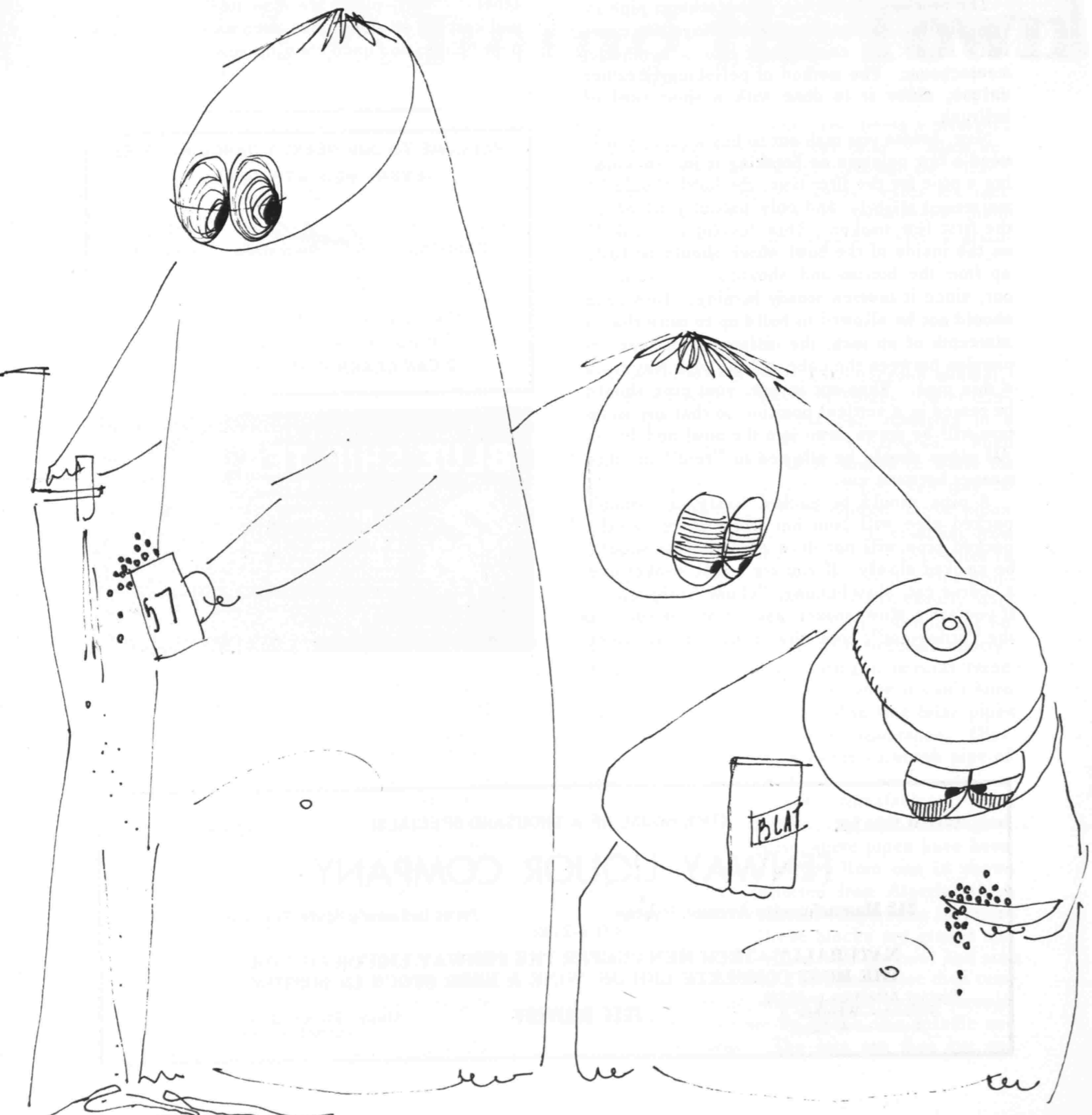
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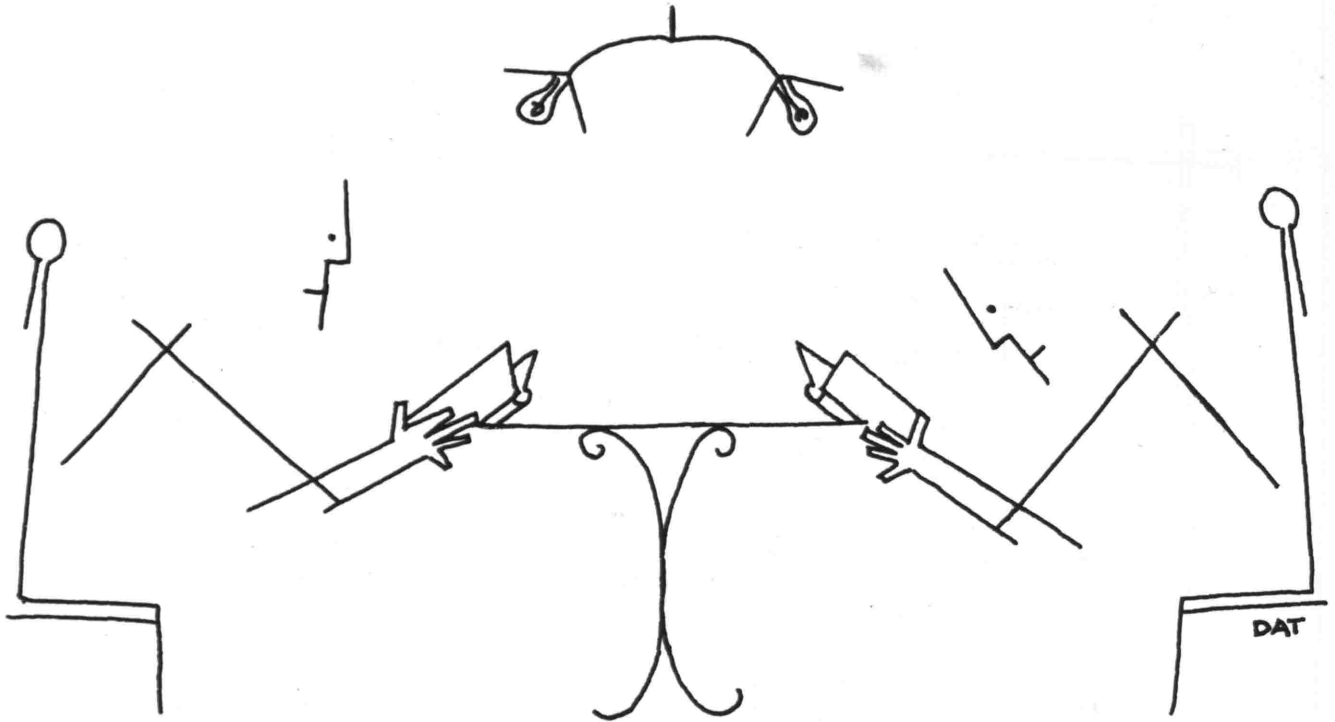


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A Blackman
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MIRROR MIRROR



I'll tell you he's a strange one. I've seen him in classes, sitting way over in some corner, sort of trying to disappear. One time I watched him taking notes; he was moving his pen very careful like, as if he was afraid it would make a noise and someone would look at him.

But as I was saying, about a month ago I was over eating dinner. I'd loaded my tray and was looking for a place to sit. There didn't seem to be room anyplace so finally I ended up way over at the side. There he was, still trying to disappear, hunched over his food alone at one of the small tables. I went over and sat down and began eating. I figured that maybe, if I didn't say anything, I wouldn't bother him too much and he would keep from dying of fright; but he kept getting more and more nervous so I started talking to him. This was worse, if anything, until I asked him where he lived. It was sort of like turning on a radio you think has a broken tube but really doesn't; if you know what I mean. Not only did he tell me what dorm he was in but

he began telling me all about his roommate. It seems that this roommate of his is quite the guy knows hundreds of girls, goes out all the time, has charge accounts at all the local liquor stores, is a real good athlete, and even makes dean's list.

Every time I ran into him after that he would rush up to me and tell me all about his roommates latest adventures. Never said anything about himself, just talked about his roommate.

Well the other night I was sitting around thinking about him and the more I thought, the queerer it all seemed. So finally I decided to go see this stellar roommate for myself. I went over to his dorm and looked up his room number and went upstairs, but when I knocked on the door there was no answer. I don't know why, but instead of leaving I tried the handle of the door. It was open. I put my head in and looked around. You know what? That kid's in a single.

--Vic Teplitz

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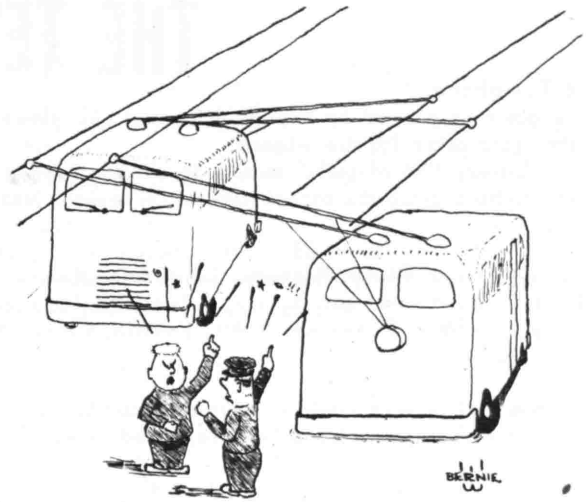
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FALSE PRIDE

Why do women think there's allure
In the twin peaks of their upper contour?
Why do they provoke the sane men to depravity
By falsely defying the laws of gravity?
What is the reason for women's birth
Not just to acquire licentious mirth.
Do we admire the uddered cow
Or the many-fauceted sow?
Dispense then with this padded silk
There is nothing grandiose in milk.



Judge: Are you sure this man is drunk?

Cop: Well, he was carrying a manhole cover,
and he said he was taking it home to play on his
victrola.



Professor: I will not begin this lecture until the
room settles down.

Student: Go home and sleep it off.



Where be the path of those in glee
Who, once heavy laden, now are free,
Who now have aquired boundless ecstasy?
Where am I to find this real liberty --
Say, Bud, where's the mens room?



A little bear went tripping through the woods one
spring morning when a big hairy hand dragged
her into the bushes. After a short scuffle the
bear emerged singing, "I'm a ruined bruin, a
ruined bruin. A short time later a native girl
came down the road and she emerged singing:
"I'm a ravaged savage, a ravaged savage. Soon
after, along came a duck. But she emerged sing-
ing: "It's a mistake, it's a mistake, I'm a drake."

THE OLD PHILOGYNIST

You say you can't afford a quarter for VOODOO
And you just bought a slide-rule,
And it cost twenty-five bucks,
And you forgot your Coop Number,
And you bet on the Dodgers,
Is that what your thinking, son?

ILLEGITIMIS NON CARBORUNDUM EST!!

You say your car broke down on Memorial Drive,
And it's 5:30 PM,
And you lost your parking sticker,
And your father's check bounced,
And you just sat on your slide rule,
Is that what you're thinking, cousin?

ILLEGITIMIS NON CARBORUNDUM EST!!

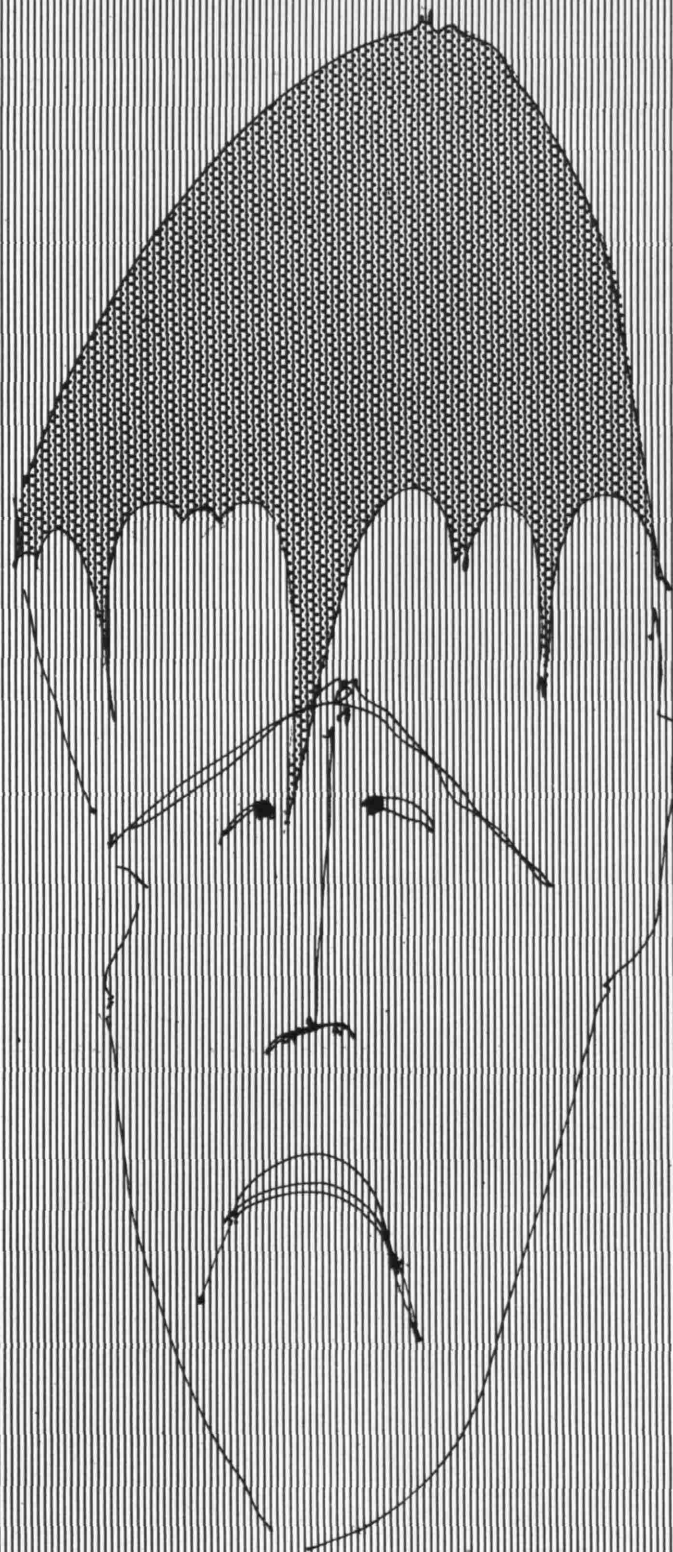
You say you just ran over your advisor,
And you need his signature to drop a course,
And you stepped on your new slide rule,
And you flunked ROTC for the fourth time,
And you got a Grad student for 8.05,
And he's a Democrat.
Is that what you're mumbling about, son?

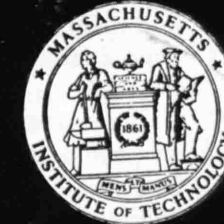
ILLEGITIMIS NON CARBORUNDUM EST!!

You say you have a 2.001 exam,
And no one will lend you a slide rule because
they're afraid you'll break it,
And your girl friend had triplets,
And they all look like you,
And you lost so much money playing poker that
you can't afford a plane ticket,
And all the planes are grounded, anyhow,
And the Registrar doesn't think you're high
enough in your class,
And Uncle Sam tends to agree with him,
Is that what's troubling you, friend?

YOU'VE HAD IT!!

--Richard Hardy
Donald Zalkin





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All for One and One for All

It was different this time. The lads found one. They were driving through the streets of Milford when they found one of those girls you talk about but never meet. She didn't embarrass. When John yelled out, "Hey, you got an older sister about twelve?" (John did things like that often) she stopped, looked him square in the eye, and said, in the cutest little ole' southern accent ever, "36-24-36."

Skid marks for a quarter of a block, a screeching U-turn, and four grinning optimists hopped out of the car and in perfect military precision surrounded the victim.

When asked if she had girl friends and could get dates for the lads, he answer was -- well - different. She said, "Oh, y'all don't need dates; Ah can take on the four of you." Four jaws dropped in unison and then everybody looked at everybody else and then laughed. The eyes conveyed the thought: "All for one & one for all!"

They were all counsellors at the same summer camp and camp was over. Bunk 21 was for little tots and it had partitions. Four rooms and a bath.

She kept yelling at John to keep his hands to himself on the way to camp. (John did things like that often.) Lenny was a perfect gentleman and had sat silently throughout the trip. She liked that and she said so in the car. Lenny tried to blush when she said it, but he couldn't. He thought it would make her like him even more. Jake had kept his eyes on the road and his hands on the wheel, but his mind Mel blew in her ear again and they went into bunk 21.

Before long, Miss 36-24-36 said she was warm and expressed a desire to get out of "this stuffy dress". She was a breath-taking sight in Mel's tennis shorts and sweat shirt. The shorts were too big so she rolled them up - and up - until she could go no higher. She knew her legs were the kind men liked to look at and she was very accomodating. John didn't like to look at them. The sweat shirt wasn't too big. Mel is a husky lad, but the sweat shirt wasn't too big. John wanted to touch. (John did things like that often.)

Elvis Presly was wailing out some "Heart-break Hotel" on the portable and Jake was teaching her how to dance the dirty dig. He placed his hands on her buttocks and pulled her toward him.

"Push your abdomen forward." he instructed patiently.

"Like this?" She swayed slowly from side to side.

Jake thought, "Yeahhh - like that," but he said, "A little more."

So she pushed a little more and changed her sway to a circular motion. Lenny wiped the persperation from his brow as he watched enviously, silently, and, of course, gentlemanly. She was going to take on the four of them. Suddenly she pushed Jake away, smiled, and said, "Aw, ah'm getting y'all all worked up."

"Honey," he said, "you not only can't take on the four of us, you can't even excite one of us." And, as he turned toward the door, "I'm going out to get another girl."

She smiled as if she were about to step on an ant, and said, "Go ahead; Ah like competition."

"Dammit, I will!" And he did! Lenny went with him. In an impressive cloud of dust, they were off down the dirt road winding back to Port Jervis.

Dark streets, lonely streets, empty streets, and closed bars were all the woman hunters encountered. They were plotting to destroy the world by the time they drove back to camp with nothing to show for their heroic intentions but twelve stinking cans of beer that they picked up in a crummy all night delicatessen, and a dented bumper where they had screeched to an almost stop and telephone poled to a complete one.

The cloud of dust settled to a halt at bunk 21. The first thing to emerge from it was a collection of English words not found in Webster's dictionary. Then came twelve beer cans one by one, and, finally, Jake and Lenny stormed, unsteadily but determined, up the steps of the porch. Mel met them at the door. Complaints ceased; angry faces lit up with the warm glow of immoral glee. Mel was in his underwear. But

joy was short-lived, for Mel was soon joined by Miss "Immoral Glee" herself. She had put her dress back on and wanted to go home. Mel looked at Jake and Lenny, then glanced over their shoulders to see if they had brought back women. He pointed to the lass beside him, shook his head slowly, and blew in her ear.

She shrugged him away. "Jake, Ah want to go home."

Lenny spit out words that he himself didn't know existed. Jake laughed. "Good night," he said, and went to bed. The other lads followed suit, one in each of the four rooms, leaving the lady standing in the hall.

She summoned up her vocal power and let go with a mighty tarzan yell, "TAKE ME HOME!"

A chuckle was heard from each of the rooms except one. John had been asleep for hours.

Once more, "TAKE ME HOME!"

"Chuckle."

"Chuckle."

"Chuckle."

She went into Jake's room and sat down on the edge of the bed. Jake put his hand on her ankle. She rubbed his fuzzy crew cut slowly and tenderly. He rubbed her shin slowly and tenderly. She placed her head on the pillow next to his. He placed his hand on her knee.

"Jake," her voice was soft and sweet, "Jake, please take me home. Ah'm awfully tired, and ah have to get up early tomorrow."

Jake's fingers began to climb and she gently pushed his hand back to the ankle. He rolled over, pulled the covers up to his chin and mumbled, "Leave me alone; I'm tired."

She went back into the hall and announced her new policy, "Dammit, if one of y'all bastards don't take little ole' me home right quick, Ah'm going to get mighty awful mad." Then she made the rounds again, room by room, demanding that she be taken home immediately, or else! Jake rubbed her leg again; Lenny swore politely again; Mel blew in her ear again; John snored again. She wound up back in the hall, verbally erupting like a volcano again.

She stormed into John's room and announced that unless she was escorted home by the count of three, she would bathe the floor in beer. One - two - three - pause - splash. The noise of the urinating beer can aroused curiosity and everyone congregated in John's room and watched. When the tin bladder ran dry she opened another.

"Ah ain't going to stop until y'all take me home."

John pulled the covers up over his ears. "You can pour all the beer you damn please on the floor, but keep that stuff away from me."

A slow motion pivot, a flip of the wrist, and slush; a beer shampoo. Disgustedly John tossed the covers off and sat up in bed. His head sank down low into his shoulders as his weight, resting on his arms forced his fists deep into the mattress. Still groggy, he stared at the floor as he recited his tormentor's origin of birth. "You son-of-a-bitch!" With that he grabbed her ankles and lunged forward, just as he had seen Czynowski do to a Notre Dame halfback. His shoulder set her neatly on her posterior. (John did things like that often.)

He was wide awake now. He stood up straight, towering over the shapeless lump groveling on the floor. When the lump was able to breathe again, it climbed up onto the bed and sat there sobbing. John watched motionlessly, the fire in his face evaporating the beer on his forehead at a tremendous rate. As soon as the lump of pain on the bed regained her faculties, she made a dash for a broom standing behind the door. She tried to sweep John's head into the hall while leaving his body in the bedroom. Finally the three consultant referees demanded a halt. Lenny pulled John away.

Mel blew in her ear for the last time and waved goodbye. John tapped her on the rump and winked. (John did things like that often.) Lenny held the car door open for her before getting in himself. Jake got behind the wheel and the cloud of dust moved on down the road.

"Y' know," she said, "It took a real man to do that to me."

Lenny said nothing, but he silently made up half a dozen new swear words. Jake kept his eyes on the road and his hands on the wheel, but his mind...

In Milford they dropped her off at the same corner on which they had found her. She smiled a warm, warm smile, said she had a very good time - in spite of it all - and slinked off with the same ball bearing action that caused them to notice her hours before.

On the way home, Lenny muttered under his breath, "She was going to take on the four of us."

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She: How did you like that last kiss?

He: I didn't.

She: But kisses are the language of love.

He: Well then let's cut this baby talk.



I've was kissed one night by a D.T.D.

I've been cuddled up with an S.A.E.

I've been loved to death by a D.K.E.

But I've never been touched by a B.V.D.



There was a young girl from Corsco,
Who displayed over much of her torso,
A crowd soon collected,
But not one objected,
And some were in favor of more so.



This may be the machine age, but love is still
made by hand.



He: Do you know the secret of popularity?

She: Yes, but not tonight.



He: Darling, your eyes are like deep pools of
sparkly water, your lips are like two little red
rosebuds wet with the morning dew, your teeth
are like the finest pearls; but you have the dam-
ndest looking nose I have ever seen on anything
except an African ant-eater.



All girls like their pretty legs to be noticed,
most don't want to be complimented too highly.

A drunk walked up to the bar and asked for two beers. The bartender watched him closely as he walked into the men's washroom with the beer. A few minutes later the drunk came out of the washroom and ordered two more beers. Again the bartender watched as the drunk went into the washroom. After this occurred three times, the bartender could control his curiosity no longer, and so he asked the drunk why he was taking the beer into the washroom. The drunk said that he was pouring it down the toilet. This puzzled the bartender, and so he asked why on earth he was doing this? The drunk replied firmly, "I'm just dammed tired of being the middle man."



Sam: "Aw, baby, where's your heart?"

Agnes: "Straight down my neck, first turn to the left."



A cute little trick from St. Paul
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball
The dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
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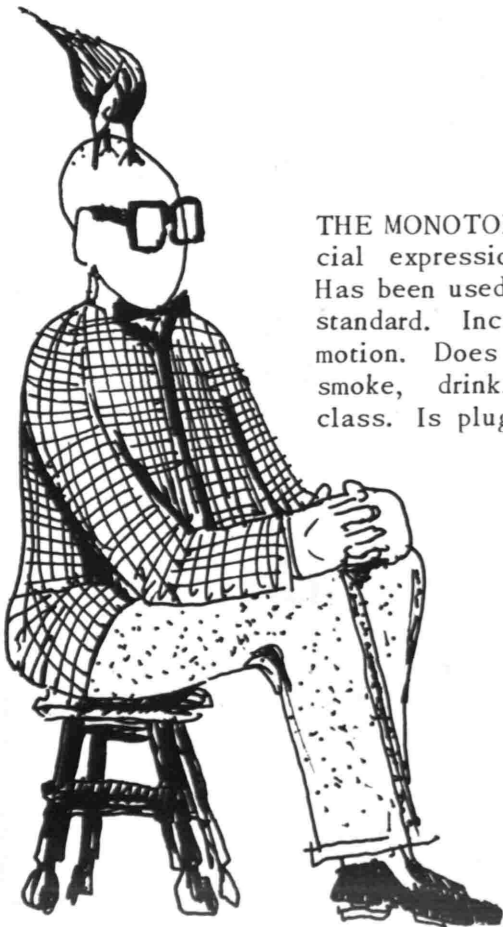
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and...

STUDENTS



THE DRAMATIC: Slams books, throws chalk. Thinks physical reasoning requires exertion. Will imitate fundamental particles to explain abstruse point. Is especially good as a near-sighted proton.



THE MONOTONE: Has no facial expression whatsoever. Has been used as 1000 cycle standard. Incapable of locomotion. Does not smile, eat, smoke, drink, leave after class. Is plugged in.



THE PACER: Caged rat type. Lecturers mostly to educate termites. Smokes diffusely. Speaks in generalized co-ordinates. Often does random walk. Rebounds proficiently.



THE COMIC: Tickles students as they enter. Draws cartoons on board. Wears lamp shades. Goes on TV next month. Large group of followers. They take course every year. Great laughs.



THE ALERT: At 45 degrees with chair. Lecturer's chin twitches; he is overcome with laughter, must be carried from room, resuscitated. Mouth partially open for better intake. Levitates frequently. Makes loud complimentary remarks. Flunks.



THE TRANSCENDENTALIST: Big humanist. Wears tie. Argues morality in ROTC. Attends folk-music seminar. Finds Significances. Sees Parallels. Probes Depths. Undertakes Evaluations. Generalizes Philosophically. Flunks.



THE EXPERT: Attends classes for kicks. Has Phd. Questions all definitions. Big minus sign fan. Three monkeys in one; knows all, sees all, orates, Has memorized two pages of Dirac, German edition. Will quote. Flunks.



WE: Flunk.



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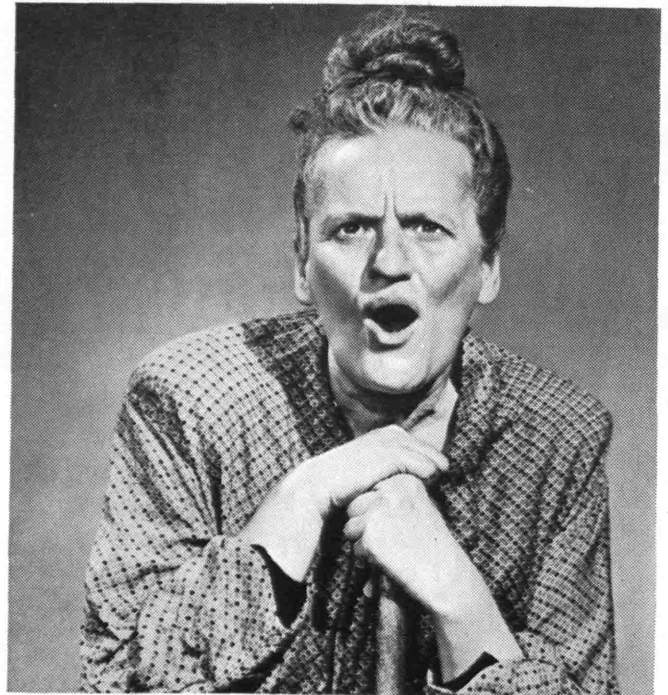
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One of our more successful correspondence casanovas answered a letter from an out-of-town female, file No. M-7, as follows:

"Are you kidding? Me return that picture to you? That colored photograph of you in your evening gown...the picture that used to lie under my pillow when I slept...the picture that I always used to carry with me wherever I went? You actually expect me to return the the snap-shot which at one time was to me my life? Are you crazy? I burned it."



There was an old man named Magruder
Who wooed a young nude in Bermuda,
The nude thought it rude,
To be wooed in the nude,
But Magruder was cruder and shrewder.



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

Upon Mustaches And Beards

Since this is an election year, the mustache question once again has, so to speak, been brought into prominence. Mustaches and beards can be looked at in two ways, viz.:

1. From the Outside.
2. From the Inside.

We aspire, in the subsequent Scholarly Report, to convince the open-minded that the Inside Outlook is the only reasonable position.

There has been some wrangling among scholars as to the derivation of the word mustache from the French word moustache. The controversy is centered upon the suffix tache. Does it come from the verb attacher, to attach; the noun tache, job or taste; the verb tacher, to try; or the word tache, spot or stain? These questions are soberly being argued as we assemble here today.

There is no disagreement to speak of over the noun mousse, which means moss.

So as not to stir up political factions, we will proffer the following literal translation:

"A mustache is the outcome of the task of trying to attach a spot of moss."

This is just another indication of the galling cleverness of the French.



The state of hairiness is the NATURAL state. God made men, not razors. Gillette makes razors.

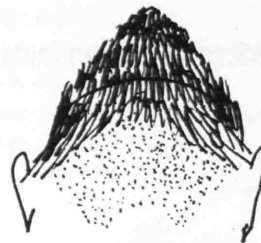


Man is born bald all over; he soon acquires hair on top. Then follows a gradual transfer of hair from above the brow to below the chin. Eventually, once more, man is bald on top. He is heading for his prenatally bald state, when Old Scratch tweaks his (thinning) beard.

Is there a pattern in all this?

It has been propounded that hair is a residual growth. One theory emphasizes the gradual creeping of large masses of hair from the top of the head around to the chin. It is claimed that to counteract this phenomenon, our ancestors

heads used to rotate on an axis perpendicular to their necks at a steady rate, so as to keep their hair on top. This is a very interesting theory, which will no doubt affect evolutionists.



As a man goes, so goes his hair. HAIR IS LIFE. Where the hair flourishes, there flourishes the man. National growth is being cut short. THE BEST PART OF THE NATION IS HEADING FOR THE SEWERS!

Are there no men left to stop this?

Mr. Schroedinger has, rather cleverly, said that he thought that life was negative entropy. Now there is a snappy idea!



Our ancestors rightly distrusted hairless men. They coined the term baldfaced to describe the dishonesty of the lying man who has enough aplomb to keep a clear expression on a shaven face. All the honest liars of the time were bearded. Diplomats of today are beardless. Is there not reason enough for world tension without this?

We are now appealing to the men of the nation. We cannot appeal to the women. In this, women have less potential than men. Moreover, women shave in the most unlikely of places, and emphatically state that they will continue to do so.

WHAT WE WANT TO SEE IS A RENEWAL OF AMATEUR BEARD AND MUSTACHE GROWING IN AMERICA. Today, the dilettante mustaches of the professional Salvador Dali and the Fuller-Brush growth of young art students compromise the totality of the national product. This is the state of the State.



I have a friend who went to Alaska for a few months. Where he was, there wasn't much to do for a pastime except make snowballs. Nights when the wind anticly careened about the quonset huts and the mercury huddled low in the thermometer, the men would gather silently in one shadow-lit room and grow TOGETHER in COMRADESHIP. OH, noble PURPOSE!

My friend came back from Alaska with a handlebar mustache and a Van Dyke beard. His wife forced him to have them shaven. I have heard it told that the barber cried as he applied the lather.



This thing must start, as all great things do, in the rear: from the seats of higher learning, the colleges of America, will come the initial thrusting forth. With a foliaged face will we face the future, a blonde of mutual interest between us all.

Arise, youth of America! WE WANT TO SEE HAIR ON THE NATIONAL MAP!

-- Phil Pearle

For additional copies of this speech, send 25¢ in coins or stamps to: Department 13 VOO DOO, Walker Memorial, Cambridge, 37, Mass.

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MATCH QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS:

Q. Professor A. falls off the top of building C with initial acceleration A. Student B falls out of the third floor window three seconds later, with initial acceleration D. At what time will Professor A pass student B?

Q. What was Gen. Custer's last statement?

Q. Give a legal definition of rape.

Q. Give a brief history of the Brownian Movement.

Q. Give the complete structural formulae of: Dinitrochickenwire. Pandemonium unfarfelate.

Q. Why is a girl?

EXPLAIN THE SYMBOLIC MEANING OF THE FOLLOWING PROVERBS:

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

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
So the hell with it.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

A. At no time does Professor A pass any student.

A. Did you ever see so many darn Indians?

A. Assault with a deadly weapon.

A. Fourteen times in three years.

A. The wood warps and turns rancid.

A. The art of the heart comes when the snow falls.

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Did you know that fat in a woman is like sugar in tea? It soon settles to the bottom.



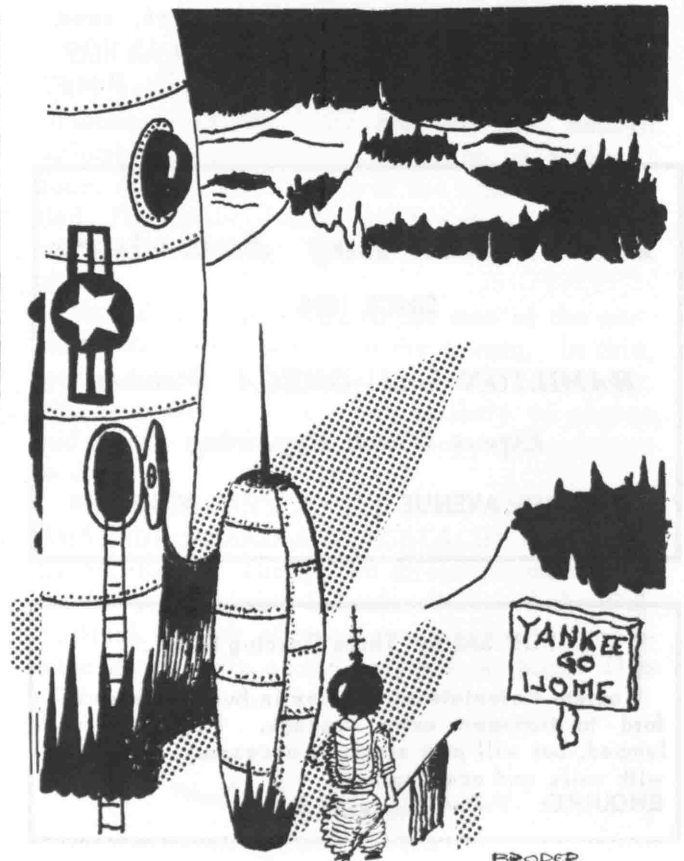
Over cocktails glances seem so sweet.
How will they look over shredded wheat?



Recent novel about a sailor and a girl marooned on a desert isle; entitled: One, two, three----infinity!



Joan dear, that boy who walked you through the park doesn't look very polished.
Yes mother, he is a little rough around the hedges.



LIMPID LINES

There was a young man from Wheeling,
Endowed with such delicate feeling,
When he read on the door,
Don't spit on the floor,
He jumped up and spit on the ceiling.

There was an ameba named Tex,
Most keen on the opposite sex.
When Tex went to work,
His keeper would smirk,
How absurd, an ameba that necks.

There was a young girl from Peru,
Who decided her loves were too few,
So she walked from her door,
With a figleaf, no more,
And now she's in bed with the flu.

A girl attending Bryn Mawr,
Committed a dreadful faux pas,
She loosened a stay,
In her décollete,
Exposing her je ne sais quoi.

A simple but sensuous mouse,
Was condemned for seducing a grouse.
He said to the quizzical,
The cause was not physical,
Just a mutual interest in Strauss.

A corpulent girl from Woods Hole,
Had a notion exceedingly droll,
At a masquerade ball,
Dressed in nothing at all,
She backed in as a parker house roll.

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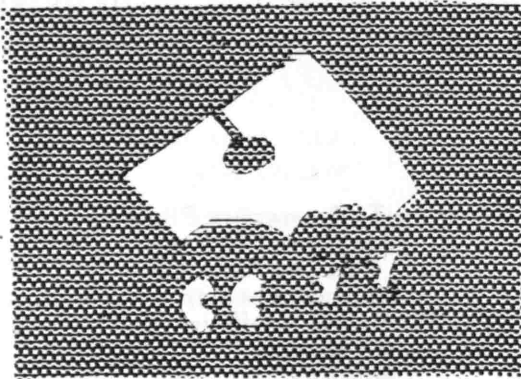
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With heavy thump he drew her lightly down to his knee. His arms encircled her once, twice, nay thrice. She was unspeakably slight. "Dearest, I love you," he gently whispered with a savage roar, and his arms crushed still closer away from him.

Calmly, quietly, and with utmost dignity, she bel-
lowed, "Vous doo?"

"Gracious," he swore violently, "if that's all you want, I'll buy you a year's subscription right away."

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