

*Bedroom = Party
Literature*



PRIVATELY PRINTED

Limited Edition

BRAIN TEASER

A train is operated by three men—Smith, Robinson and Jones. They are fireman, engineer, and brakeman, but not respectively. On the train are three business men of the same name. A Mr. Smith, a Mr. Robinson, and a Mr. Jones. Consider the following data about all concerned: Mr. Robinson lives in Detroit. The brakeman lives halfway between Chicago and Detroit. Mr. Jones earns exactly \$2,000 per year. Smith beats the fireman at billiards. The brakeman's nearest neighbor, one of the passengers, earns exactly three times as much as the brakeman, who earns \$1,000 per year. The passenger, whose name is the same as the brakeman's, lives in Chicago. THIS IS THE QUESTION—WHO IS THE ENGINEER? Every fact is relevant and must be considered. (This is a test used by the Bethlehem Steel Company. A two and one-half hour time limit is allowed.)

. . .

LOVE

Please don't ask me to marry you tonight,
Mother would just have a fit.
Good Heavens! 'Twas only today we met,
Can't you be patient a bit?

You know how people talk about things,
I mean, when they're not in good taste,
And, anyway a girl, if she's nice
Won't marry a man in such haste.

I'll marry you tomorrow, if you like,
And share your toothbrush and comb,
But darling, if you don't stop teasing tonight,
I'll get up, get dressed and go home.

. . .

San Diego Transit Company
San Diego, California

Dear Sirs,

I have been riding your cars for the past ten years, and the service seems to be worse every day. In fact, I think that the transportation you offer is not as good as that enjoyed by the people a thousand years ago.

Yours truly,

John Doe

Mr. John Doe
San Diego, California

Dear Sir,

We have received your letter of the first and believe that you are somewhat confused in your history. The only transportation a thousand years ago was traveling on foot.

Yours truly,

San Diego Transit Co.

San Diego Transit Company

San Diego, California

Dear Sirs,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 26th and I think you are the ones that are confused in your history. If you will read the Bible, Book of David, eighth verse, you will find that Aaron rode into town on his ass more than 3,000 years ago, that is something that I have been unable to do on your busses the past three years.

Yours truly,

John Doe

. . .

TOASTS

Our Toast to You

Come in the evening or come in the morning,

Come when you're looked for or come without warning;

A thousand welcomes you'll find here before you,

And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

.

Here's to sin and here's to virtue,

A little bit of both won't hurt you,

A little virtue is enhancing,

A little sin can be entrancing,

Be good, my dear, but don't be haughty,

There's too much fun in being naughty.

.

Here's to Me!

As a beauty I'm no star,

There are others more handsome by far,

But my face—I don't mind it,

For I am behind it,

It's the people in front that I jar!

.

Here's to the engagement ring;

It is the last peel of the liberty bell.

TOASTS

Here's to the good woman who loves her husband for the things
he has learned from some other woman not so good!

Drink to the day and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not be here tomorrow,
But while you have it, use your breath,
There's no drinking after death.

•

Little lady at the bar,
How he wonders what you are;
How he wonders what you'll do,
If he grabs a kiss from you;
Pretty soon, without a doubt,
Honey, he'll be finding out.

•

Here's to wine, and women and song,
Enjoy them all as you go along,
If the Doc makes one unlawful,
Give up singin', your voice is awful.

•

Kisses tender, kisses cold,
Kisses timid, kisses bold,
Kisses joyful, kisses sad,
Pass the drinks or I'll go mad.

•

Men soon tire of song and dances,
Whiskey, gin and cheap romances,
They want the finer things in life;
A little home, a charming wife,
But they find joy in new caresses—
So never lose the old addresses.

•

I'm sorry for what I did last night,
'Twas that last drink that threw me.
Please make me like I was before,
Oh! Please, Dear Lord, unscrew me!

•

Some guys adore a pretty leg,
Some love a pretty curl,
That's not for me, I must admit—
I want the whole darn girl.

TOASTS

Here's to the man who believes in only one woman—
But likes to experiment a little with others.

•

Here's to the happiest hours of my life,
Spent in the arms of another man's wife—my Mother!

•

I wish you well, I wish you mighty,
I wish my pajamas against your nighty,
Now don't be mistaken or misled,
I mean on the clothes line and not in bed.

•

Here's to good old whiskey
So amber and so clear,
It is not so sweet as a woman's lips
But a damn sight more sincere.

•

Here's to when I want it,
And I want it bad,
And if I don't get it
It makes me mad,
And if I do get it
It makes me frisky,
Now don't get me wrong
'Cause I mean whiskey.

•

Here's to our sweethearts and wives;
May our sweethearts soon become our wives,
And our wives remain our sweethearts.

•

May we kiss whom we please
And please whom we kiss.

•

Here's to you and to you again,
If I hadn't met you, what I might have been,
But now that I've met you and let you—
I'll bet you I'll let you again.

•

At it and to it and at it and to it again,
If you don't get at it you'll never get to it again.

TOASTS

Here's to turkey when you're hungry,
Champagne when you are dry,
A pretty girl when you need her,
And Heaven when you die.

•

Here's to those who love us well;
Those who don't can go to Hell.

•

Here's to a long life and a merry one,
A quick death and a happy one,
A good girl and a pretty one,
A cold bottle and another one.

•

Here's to us — good people are scarce.

•

Gee, I'm restless, gotta get going,
All my wild oats are crying for sowing.

• • •

Here's to Woman

The dearest, sweetest gift to man,
That nature ever gave,
His comforter and worshipper,
His angel and his slave.
She's sunlight, moonlight, starlight;
She's music, flower and song,
And every faith, and hope, and love,
And joy to her belong;
And naught in all creation wide,
So constant, sure and true,
But who on earth or who in Hell
Can tell just what she'll do?

•

Here's to the girl with eyes of brown
Whose proud spirit you cannot down,
And when she kisses, she kisses so sweet,
She makes something stand that doesn't have feet.

•

Here's to a night of peaceful repose,
Tummy to tummy, and toes to toes,
After a moment of blissful delight,
It's fanny to fanny, the rest of the night.

WOULD YOU?

If in this world there were but two,
And all the world were good and true,
And if you knew that no one knew—
Would you?

If you dreamed in pajamas blue
Of two strong arms embracing you,
And if you really wanted to—
Would you?

If all the world were nice and bright,
And if I stayed with you all night,
And if I turned out the light—
Would you?

If we were in a certain place,
And if we were sleeping face to face,
Nothing between us but a little lace—
Would you—kiss me good-night?

. . .

QUESTION

A policeman came to our home one day,
The mailman came and went away,
And in about nine months there was Hell to pay,
Who fired the shot—the Blue or the Grey?

.

ANSWER

You asked who fired this fatal shot
And on this character left a blot.
I'll say it was the man in Blue,
For such a thing a carrier would not do.
Uncle Sam's Grey trousered sons
Are not permitted to carry their guns.
But the man in Blue they call the Bull,
Carries his gun with a magazine full.
Hence the evidence is very strong
That the man in Blue committed the wrong.
Little girl—guard that sacred spot
From this big Bull's unerring shot,
For at least again he'll come some day,
And in about nine months there will be Hell to pay.

A YOUNG MAN'S DREAM

Last night as I lay in bed,
I dreamed my love and I were wed,
I heard a gentle voice that said—
“Do it!”

Entranced, I neither moved or stirred
But wondered if all right I heard.
Again there came that voice that whispered—
“Do it!”

Her face was as fair as a wild rose,
Her breasts as white as driven snow.
She whispered, “Now while no one knows—
Do it!”

We snuggled close, and in a trance
I heard her coo, “Come, take a chance,
For you, My Love, I wear no pants—
Do it!”

I wakened from my troubled sleep
Completely bathed in sweat and heat,
And there upon my snow white sheet,
“I DOOD IT!”

. . .

THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND THE LADY

The year is 1950. A law has been passed by the government requiring every couple married five years to have a baby. If the couple has been unable to have a child, a government man is sent to their home to visit the wife, and be the means of her becoming a mother. This morning in particular a baby photographer calls. There are no babies in the family, much to the sorrow of the young husband. It's the morning of their fifth anniversary. The young husband speaks:

“Well, goodbye, dear, I'm off to the office. I suppose the government man will be here shortly.”

The wife pretties herself and powders her nose. THE DOORBELL RINGS—she is expecting the government man, but instead it is the baby photographer, who has called to see if he can sell the lady of the house some baby pictures.

Lady: Oh, Good Morning!

Man: How do you do? You probably know me, I represent—

Lady: You need not explain, Mr.———

Man: Jones is the name, Madam, and I make a specialty of—

Lady: Yes, of course I know. It's quite all right. Won't you sit down?

Man: Well, in that case, I'll get busy.

Lady: Well, to be familiar with the many ways you do things, just where do you begin?

Man: Just leave that to me, Madam. I recommend two in the bath tub, one or two on the floor, and one or two on the couch.

Lady: Bath tub—floor—Good Heavens!

Man: Well, my dear lady, even the best of us can't get a good one every time but one out of six is bound to be a honey.

Lady: You will forgive me but it does seem a bit informal.

Man: The charm of the whole thing is the informality. Perhaps you would like to see some samples.

Lady: Samples? Well, I suppose so. After all, there is no hurry, is there?

Man: No indeed. In my line a man can't do his best work in a hurry. (He opens his album and shows it to her.) Look, isn't it—

Lady: Yes indeed. A lovely child.

Man: But for a tough assignment look at this one. Believe it or not, it was done on top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

Lady: (Gulping) Fifth Avenue bus!

Man: It's really not hard if you know how. And when a man in my line knows how, his work is a pleasure. Now here is a shot that was made in Macy's at high noon. Yes, Ma'am, one shot, mind you.

Lady: Even ONE shot does seem a little public.

Man: Well there was a little secret about it. The mother of the child was a movie actress and she needed a little publicity and did she get it. But the most difficult job I ever tackled was this one. (He shows her a picture of twins.)

Lady: Oh, twins.

Man: Yes, and the best looking boys you ever saw. I knocked this job out in Central Park one snowy afternoon last winter.

Lady: Central Park, Goodness!

Man: Yes, Madam. It took from two in the afternoon until five. I never worked under more difficult circumstances, with people lined up four and five deep, pushing and crowding to get a look.

Lady: Four and five deep?

Man: Yes, Lady, people everywhere. Just imagine—more than three hours work under handicaps like that. Two cops helped me. I could have gotten another shot or two before dark but by that time the squirrels were gnawing at my equipment.

AT THIS POINT THE LADY PASSED OUT!

"THE CROWN POINT (IND.) REGISTER (REPUBLICAN)"

A committee of admirers of the President were trying to decide where to place a statue of F. D. Roosevelt in the capitol. They decided it would not do to place it next to Washington—because Washington never told a lie. They decided it would not do to place it next to Lincoln because Lincoln was known as "Honest Abe." The Committee was in very much of a quandary, but, after careful consideration they decided to place Roosevelt's statue next to Columbus BECAUSE Columbus did not know where the Hell he was going—did not know where he was when he got there—did not know where he had been when he got back—AND DID IT ALL ON BORROWED MONEY!

. . .

WOMAN

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction—

A woman's the greatest of all contradictions.

She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse

But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better she'll take him for worse;

She'll split his head open and then be his nurse.

And when he is well and can get out of bed,

She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen sighted and blind;

She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.

She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down,

She'll make him her hero, her ruler, her clown.

You fancy she's this but you find that she's that,

For she'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat.

In the morning she will, in the evening she won't

And you're always expecting she will when she won't.

. . .

WHY?

If a Felt manufacturer gets his felt twice a week, and a leather dealer get his hide twice every Tuesday and Thursday, and a streetcar conductor will take on any woman in town for 10 cents and the boss has to get into his stenographers drawers to get some lead for his pencil, and a mechanic has to screw the typewriter, while the dentist puts his tool into a woman's mouth—then why in the Hell should a doctor charge \$3.00 for coming once?

PAT AND MIKE

Pat and Mike immigrated to the United States from Ireland. On their voyage to this country they decided to share all their good and bad fortunes together. If one prospered the other would also prosper. This arrangement worked out very well and in a few years both had managed to become quite rich. One day Pat decided to get married.

"Remember our agreement," said Mike. "If you get married, your wife will be my wife half the time."

Pat didn't like this but then an agreement was an agreement. After several months of wedded happiness, Mrs. Pat had to go to the hospital. Pat and Mike paced up and down the corridor until the nurse finally announced the baby was born. Pat rushed in and came out shaking his head and not saying a word. Mike rushed in and came out a few minutes later to dash for home closely followed by Pat. When Mike got home he started to pack his clothes.

"Where you goin', Mike?"

"Faith an begorra, I'm goin' back to the auld country."

"Well, Mike, me boy, when you get there, you tell them it takes two damn good Irishmen to make a nigger!"

. . .

SALT PETER

Mandy went to work for three old Maids. After working about a month Mandy asked one of the Old Maids: "What do you do when you gets dat ar' man urge?"

"Why, we just eat salt peter," replied the Old Maid.

Mandy tried this and the next morning she said, "Ya know, Mis, dat salt peter's mighty fin' but did you eber try some of dat fresh stuff?"

. . .

THE FARM WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

A city girl went to visit her country cousin. When evening came and the country girl started to the barn to milk the cows the city cousin asked if she could help.

"Sure, come along. Have you ever milked a cow before?"

"No, but I think I can," replied the city girl.

After the country girl had milked a couple of cows she noticed her cousin was still trying to milk her first cow.

"What's the matter, are you having trouble?"

"Well," replied the city girl, "don't you have to get these things hard first?"

JUNGLE LOVE

A sparrow, who had been denied the pleasures of female companionship, flew to his friend the elephant and propositioned her.

"Sure, go ahead," said the elephant.

Two monkeys were sitting in the tree above the elephant watching the spectacle and laughing. They laughed so hard they shook a coconut loose which fell and hit the elephant on the head, causing the elephant to go "OOF."

The sparrow flew around and asked, "What's the matter honey, did I hurt you?"

. . .

A TOAST

Now here's to the moment's we've stolen,
Now stealing you know is wrong,
But after we've stolen these moments,
Just to whom do these moments belong?

Now if a man has a bushel of apples
And he willfully lets them rot,
And someone came along and stole them
Would you blame him—why certainly not.

Because apples were meant to be eaten,
And moments were meant for delight,
And that's just what we'll tell our conscience
Dear—if it bothers us—AFTER TONIGHT—

. . .

DEFINITIONS

SOCIALISM—You have two cows—you give one to your neighbor.

COMMUNISM—You have two cows and give both to the Government. The Government gives you milk.

FASCISM—You keep the cows and give the milk to the Government. The Government sells part of it back to you.

NAZISM—You have two cows. The Government shoots you and takes the cows.

NEW DEALISM—The Government shoots one cow, milks the other and pours the milk in the sewer.

CAPITALISM—You sell one cow and buy a BULL!

NEWLYWEDS

A salesman got married and took his new wife to the hotel on their wedding night. They had no more than arrived in the bridal suite when the salesman had to leave on an urgent call, however, he told his new bride he would only be gone fifteen or twenty minutes.

As soon as the bridegroom left, the bride hastily ordered a large electric fan which she set on the dresser, then she undressed and put on her very sheerest negligee. When she heard her husband return she turned on the fan and stretched out on the bed, letting the breeze mold the negligee to the soft, warm curves of her body.

The bridegroom entered the room and, after locking the door, turned to see his wife lying on the bed invitingly. Slowly he took off his coat and threw it out the open window. More rapidly he removed his shirt and tossed it out the window, his trousers followed soon after.

"Honey, what are you throwing all your clothes out the window for?" asked his wife.

"Darling, if you're half as hot as you look and I'm half the man I think I am, those clothes will be out of date before I get done!"

. . .

TOASTING

An Englishman visited the United States and was very pleased with the American custom of offering a toast before dinner. The toast he liked the best was:

"Here's to our pretty girls
Who's dresses button down the sides,
And every time the wind blows
You can see their pretty thighs."

When the Englishman returned to his homeland, the first dinner he attended he jumped up to offer this toast:

"Here's to our pretty girls
Whose dresses button down the front,
And every time the wind blows
You can see their pretty — — — —."

"Oh Hell, that can't be right!"

. . .

She: No kiddin'?

He: Barring all accidents, none!

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

Come Early and Avoid the Rush

A young lady wishes to sell a choice spot, situated at the bottom of a gentle slope, through which runs a stream of clear water. It was built 20 years ago by her father and is in excellent condition at the present time. Seven years growth of shrubbery.

It is a fine chance for any young man with stiff standing capital and a pushing ambition. She gave away over \$1,000 worth before she found it could be sold. Can be seen any evening after 7:00 o'clock. Come early and buy a lot.

. . .

DO YOU PLAY BRIDGE?

A colored woman was applying for a new position. When asked about her leaving her former place she replied:

"Yessum, dey pay good, but dat was the mos' redicliest place I'se eber been. Dey plays a game called bridge and las' night dey was lots of folks dar and jes, as I was fixen to bring on de 'freshments I hears a man say to a woman 'take your hand offen my trick,' I'se pretty neer drapped my tray en Bless my heart, I hears annuder man say, 'lay down and le's see what you got.' Well, I jes' ups and' gets my hat 'cause I knows dat ain't no place fo' me and jes' as I was leavin' I hopes to die if a woman didn't say, 'Well, I guess I will stop now, as dis is de las' rubber.' Now ma'm, I'se a lady an' I couldn't stay dar!"

. . .

FUEL FLASH

If to be warm you so desire,
Poke the missus, not the fire;
But if you lead a single life,
Poke some other bugger's wife.
Poke his wife—or poke your own.
But leave the bloody fire alone.

. . .

ODE TO THE FOUR-LETTER WORDS

Banish the use of the four-letter words,
Whose meanings are never obscure;
The Angels and Saxons, those bawdy old birds,
Were Vulgar, Obscene and Impure.
But cherish the use of the weaseling phrase,
That never quite says what it means:
You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways,
Than as Vulgar, Impure and Obscene.

When nature is calling, plain speaking is out,
When the ladies (God bless 'em) are milling about;
You may "wet," "make water" or "empty the glass,"
You can "powder your nose," or "the Johnny" will pass.
It's a "drain for the lily," or "a man about a dog,"
When everyone's drunk, it's "condensing the fog";
But true as the Devil, that word with a hiss—
It's only in Shakespeare that characters — — — —!

A woman has "bosmos," a "bust" or a "breast,"
Those lily-white globules you spy neath her vest;
They are "towers of ivory" or "sheaves of new wheat,"
In a moment of passion, "ripe apples to eat."
You can speak of her nipples as "fingers of fire!"
With scarcely a chance of arousing her ire,
But by Rabelais' beard, she'll give you ten fits,
If you speak of them roughly as good honest — — — —!

That's a "cavern of joy" you're thinking of now,
A "warm, tender field awaiting the plow";
It's a "quivering bird caressing your hand,"
Or the "Star Spangled Banner" you're ready to stand.
Or believe it's a "flower," or a "grotto," or "mink,"
The "Hope of the World," or a "bottomless sink,"
But friend, heed this warning—beware the affront;
Of playing the Saxon and calling it a — — — —!

Though a lady rejects you, she'll always be kind,
As long as you're hinting at what's in your mind;
You may tell her you're "horny" and need to be "swung,"
Or invite her to see how your "etchings are hung."
You may speak of your "ashes" which need to be hauled;
It's a "lid" for her "saucepan," a "lays" not too bold,
But the moment you're forthright, get ready to duck,
The woman's not born who welcomes: "Let's — — — —!"

So banish the words that Elizabeth used,
When she was a Queen on her throne;
This modern maid's virtue is easily bruised,
By the four-letter words alone.

Let your morals be loose as an Alderman's vest;
If your language is always obscure;
Today—not the act, but the word is the test,
Of the Vulgar, Obscene and Impure.

INVENTORS

Saint Peter was standing at the Golden Gate when Henry Ford knocked for admittance.

"What did you do on earth to deserve admittance to Heaven?" asked Saint Peter.

"I invented the Ford car," replied Henry.

"Come in."

"What did you do to get such an easy job?" asked Henry.

"Why, I'm an inventor, too."

"What did you invent?"

"I invented woman."

"That's nothing, a car is more important than a woman," stated Henry.

"More people have rode my invention than ever rode yours!" replied Saint Peter.

. . .

The first American soldier to kill a Jap was Mike Murphy.

The first American soldier to sink a battleship was Colin Kelly.

The first pilot to shoot down a Jap plane was Edwin O'Hara.

The first American to be decorated by President Roosevelt was James Powers.

The first to be killed leading his ship into battle was Don Gallagher.

The first mother to lose five sons was Mrs. Sullivan.

The first American soldier to father four English bastards was William Thompson.

The first son of a bitch to get four new tires was Nathan Goldstein.

. . .

FORECAST: STORMY WEATHER

Shortly after the good pastor announced the birth of a son, the trustees of the church granted his request for an increase in salary. This went on for several years; each time a child arrived at the minister's house the trustees patiently granted his requests for more salary. But finally when times were bad and collections became poor the trustees tartly informed him that if he was foolish enough to have such a large family, he would have to manage to get along without any further increases in salary. The poor minister reminded them that "the good Lord sends us children."

"Yes," replied one of the elders. "And the good Lord sends us rains and storms, and wet weather, too, but that is no reason why we shouldn't wear rubbers!"

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE!

A lady in a street car, about seven months pregnant, sat down next to a man. She noticed him smiling, and being humiliated, she promptly changed her seat. This time his smile changed to a grin. She changed her seat again and he seemed more amused. When for the fourth time she changed her seat, he burst out laughing. She could bear it no longer and complained to the conductor who had the man arrested. Later, at the police station the Judge asked the man why he had insulted the lady by laughing at her condition.

"Well, your Honor, it was like this. When the young lady sat down beside me I could not help but notice her condition and she sat under a sign which read: 'Use Sloan's Liniment To Reduce That Swelling.' That made me smile. Then she placed herself under a sign which read: "Gold Dust Twins Are Coming.' This made me grin. Then she placed herself under a sign which read: 'Williams' Stick Did The Trick' and I could hardly hold myself. But when she moved for the fourth time and sat below a sign which read: 'Goodyear Rubber Would Have Prevented This Accident' I just laughed out loud."

"Case dismissed," said the Judge.

• • •

Oh picture a girl with plenty of zip,
And when in a sweater she's a pip,
With long slender legs and generous curves,
A gal who can do things to upset one's nerves.

Just such a gal was Rosie McQueen,
Who came to the city when she was eighteen,
To work in an office for fifteen a week,
And see what adventure a career girl might seek.

Her first day at work was one of delight,
She dated her boss the very first night.
He met her at seven, they dined and they wined,
They hit all the night spots her boss had in mind.

At three in the morning, with Rosie quite gay,
To her apartment they tip-toed their way.
They sat together on Rosie's settee
And she didn't mind his hand on her knee.

He kissed her and then little Rosie cared less,
And gently his hand stole under her dress.



JAGGED EDGE DENOTES SOME ONE TORE OFF A PIECE

STATISTICS

The 1940 census reveals there are 130,000,000 people in the United States and half of these people are females. Of this number three-eighths are married.

The average length of menstruation is five days out of 30—which means one-sixth of the 24,000,000 are temporarily out of service, but the marriage statistics prove that at least one-half of the married people have sexual intercourse during this period, notwithstanding the temporary inconvenience. This eliminates one-twentieth or 2,025,000.

Next, assuming approximately one-fourth of this amount, "just aren't in the mood," I've been washing, ironing, etc., we subtract 5,569,000.

The average length of the penis during an erection is five inches. The length of the stroke during the act is four inches. While non-exhaustive studies have been made, married men generally agree that about 75 strokes are required to culminate the act. Multiplying by 4 indicates 300 inches are inserted in the vaginal tract during the act; again multiplying 300 by 16,706,000 gives us 5,011,800,000 inches inserted during the 24 hour period.

Dividing this amount by 63,000 (number of inches in a mile) gives us the miles of penis which are inserted during a 24 hour period. Seventy nine thousand miles divided by 24 hours gives us the miles per hour or a rate of insertion of 3,295 miles per hour.

In other words, here are the statistical facts for you to ponder over: MORE THAN 3,000 MILES OF PENIS ARE SLIPPED IN AND OUT EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY—ARE YOU GETTING YOUR SHARE?

. . .

CHINESE DETECTIVE

A Chinese, believing his wife to be practicing duplicity, employed a Chinese detective to watch his wife and report to him. The detective reported as follows:

You leave house.

Man knock on door.

Man go in house.

Man and woman leave house.

Man and woman go to railroad station.

I go to railroad station.

Man and woman get on train.

I get on train.

Man and woman get off train.

I get off train.

Man and woman go in hotel.

I no go in hotel—I climb tree outside hotel.
He undress she.
She undress he.
He play with she.
She play with he.
I play with me.
I fall out of tree.
I NO SEE!

. . .

A PIPE STORY

A tramp once by a window passed
And heard a maiden's voice
Speak to a man and the things she said
To him seemed rather choice.

"Don't push so hard," she said to him.

"Don't jab around that way,
You get them right together
Then push easy when I say—

There, it's out again—it slips—
They don't fit just right,
If the thing goes in straight you see
It will fit quite snug and tight.

But the end seems a bit too big,
Perhaps the hole's too small.
But if you twist and push that way,
It won't go in at all.

Now let me fix it right this time,
When I say go, you press.
There, easy now, or it'll slip
And make an awful mess."

The tramp could stand it no longer
So to peep in he strove,
And saw the maiden and the man
Fitting stove-pipes on the stove.

. . .

BEER DRINKERS

Two old maids sat down at a bar and ordered some beer.
The bartender asked what kind.

"Budweiser, please."

"Two Buds at the bar," yelled the bartender to his assistant.

One old maid turned to the other and said, "It's a good thing we didn't order Country Club."

PASSING OF THE POT

As far back in childhood
As memory can go,
A household vessel greets me
That wasn't meant for show.

Beneath the bed 'twas anchored,
Where very few could see,
But served the entire family
With equal privacy.

Some called the critter, "Peggy"
And some the "Thunder Bug,"
Others called it "Badger"
And a few called it a jug.

To bring it in at evening
Was bad enough—no doubt,
But Heaven help the person
Who had to tote it out.

Our big one was enormous
And could accommodate
A watermelon party
Composed of "six or eight."

When nights were dark and rainy,
It was a useful urn,
And on icy winter mornings,
The cold it seemed to burn.

At times when things were rushing,
Each took his turn awaiting,
And did the best he could
To stave off 'vacuating.

Sometimes when in a hurry,
To our disgust and shame,
We fumbled in the darkness
And found we'd missed our aim.

The special one for company
Was decorated well,
But just the same it rendered
That same familiar smell.

Today our modernism
Relieves us of a lot—
And only in our vision
Do I see that homely "Pot."

WHAT'S YOURS

A soldier picked up a good looking dame on the street and took her into a bar and said, "What do you drink, beer or champagne?"

She replied, "Oh, I think I would prefer champagne. When I drink champagne my head gets all bubbly, and I have the loveliest thoughts and day dreams. I dream that I am lying in the nude on the soft warm sands of a jewel-like island. As I recline there in blissful content, I see a tall, handsome man approach from down the beach. He comes and kneels by my side. He gazes into my eyes and his hands caress my body. Later—much later, he walks out into the sea, only to reappear with huge shells filled with beautiful pearls. These he pours over my quivering body, creating a sensation divine. . . . When I drink beer I fart!"

. . .

KILL THEM WITH KINDNESS

A woman went to a lawyer and asked him to get her a divorce because her husband was always coming home drunk.

"Do you bawl him out when he comes home in that condition?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman.

"Well, I don't like to lose a divorce fee but have you ever tried being tender and loving with him? If you treat him with respect it's possible he might quit his drinking."

The wife thought this over for awhile and that night when her husband staggered in, she met him with open arms and gently led him to the davenport. There she was very tender with him and finally when it reached 4:00 o'clock in the morning, she said, "Don't you think we ought to go to bed, honey?"

"Might as well," replied the souse. "I'm going to catch Hell when I get home anyhow."

. . .

PICK-UP

A young man picked up a beautiful girl at a bar and took her for a car ride one evening. Riding along in the early dusk she said, "Way me."

He turned the car around and drove back to town where he found a scale in front of a cigar store and there weighed her.

Again he drove out in the country and again she said, "Way me, honey."

He patiently took her back to town and weighed her. Then he returned to joy-riding in the country where she said, "Way me, honey, I wove you so!"

TRADING WITH A FARMER

Sixteen year old Gracie was riding along a dusty country road on her bicycle one summer afternoon when her bicycle broke down. Gracie was a long way from town so she pushed her bicycle into a farmer's yard and asked him if he could fix it.

"Well, I don't know nothing about bicycles and if I did I wouldn't have the proper tools to work with but you're a long way from home so I'll see what I can do."

After working several hours the farmer had the bike working well enough to get Gracie home.

"Now, Mister, I suppose I should have told you before but I haven't any money," said Gracie. "But if you'll come out behind the haystack I'll pay you."

A couple of weeks later the farmer was haled into court. The Judge asked him if he was the farmer who had fixed the girl's bicycle.

"Yes, your Honor, I am. But just a minute, let me explain. The other day this young lady pushed her broken-down bicycle into the yard and asked me to fix it. I told her I didn't know anything about bicycles and I didn't have the proper tools if I did know, but I would try to help her out. Your Honor, after I worked several hours and had fixed her bike so it would run she told me she didn't have any money but if I'd go out behind the haystack with her she would pay me. We went out behind the haystack and she took off her pants. I tried them on and they didn't fit so I kept the bicycle."

. . .

THOUGHTFUL WIFE

A man working away from home sent his wife the following message:

Please send me five dollars. I need some toothpaste and stuff.

Two days later he received a letter containing twenty-five cents and a note saying:

Here is the money for the toothpaste. Get the "stuff" when you get home.

. . .

DICKEY-BIRD

A little bird flew up on a wire beside a lady bird.

Little bird: "Hello."

Lady bird: "Hello."

Little bird: "Are you married?"

Lady bird: "Unhuh."

Little bird: "Would you cheat a little?"

Lady bird: "No, but I'd hold still while you did!"

I'm tired of whiskey,
I'm tired of gin,
I'm tired of virtue,
I'm tired of sin.
I'm tired of pork chops,
I'm tired of steak
When I have a chill
I'm too tired to shake.
I'm tired of depression,
I'm tired of luck;
I had a date last night
And was too tired to — — —

GENTLEMEN, I'M TIRED!

. . .

THREE LITTLE PIGS

Three little pigs were haled into court.

"What are you guilty of?" asked the Judge of the first little pig.

"Making bubbles in the mud," was the reply.

The Judge thought to himself, "That's no crime." Then said, "Case dismissed."

"What are you guilty of?" asked the Judge of the second little pig.

"Making bubbles in the mud."

"Case dismissed," repeated the Judge.

"What are you guilty of?" asked the Judge of the third little pig.

"I'm Bubbles."

. . .

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND

A little boy went across town one day to visit a friend whose dog had a litter of puppies. When he was ready to leave the friend gave him one of the puppies.

The boy started to get on a streetcar to go home but the conductor said, "Sorry, sonny, dogs aren't allowed on streetcars."

The next streetcar that came along the boy stuck the dog down inside the bib of his overalls and calmly handed the conductor a dime. The boy marched down the aisle and sat down beside an elderly lady. He rode several blocks and then started to squirm.

"Young man, is something the trouble?" asked the lady.

"No, Ma'am."

"Then what are you squirming for? Come on, you can tell

me. I've a little boy at home just about your age and he tells me lots of things."

Then the boy told how he had acquired the puppy and how the other conductor hadn't let him on the streetcar so he had smuggled the pup on this streetcar by hiding him in the front of his overalls. All during his story the boy had continued to squirm first this way and that.

"What's the matter, isn't the puppy house-broke?"

"Well, I don't know if he's house-broke or not but I don't think he's weaned!"

. . .

GIRLS

I like the girls who do,

I admire the girls who don't,

I hate the girls who say they will,

But when the time comes they won't.

But the girls I like the best of all,

And I think you'll say I'm right,

Are the ones who say they never will—

But just for me they might.

. . .

GIRLS, TAKE WARNING

A young married couple, who believed in twin beds, went to bed one night. Shortly after the lights were out the husband said, "Honey, come over and sleep with me for awhile."

His wife crawled out and started to cross to his bed when she stumbled on the rug in the darkness.

"What's the matter, did you hurt your itsie-bitsie-tootsies?"

After the proper time had elapsed the wife started to cross back to her own bed and again she stumbled in the darkness. The husband said, "What's the matter; can't you pick up your goddamn feet?"

. . .

EASY MONEY

A deer was trotting through the forest, when another deer says, "Where ya goin'?"

First deer: "I'm going to see if I can make a little doe."

Second deer: "Do ya mind if I come along?"

First deer: "No, come on."

Soon they met a fawn. Says she, "Where you boys going?"

Says they: "We wanta make a little doe."

Says she: "Do you mind if I come along? I might make a couple of bucks myself."

So between them they became rich and lived happily ever afterwards.

THE CAVIAR SONG

Sung to the Tune of "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking"

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon;
Virgin sturgeon's very fine fish.
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',
That's why caviar is my dish.

Shad roe comes from the harlot shadfish;
Shadfish face a very sad fate.
A pregnant shadfish is a sad fish—
She got that way without a mate.

Oysters are pro-lif-ic bi-valves;
They have young ones in the shell.
How they diddle is a riddle,
But they do, so what the Hell?

The green sea turtle's mate is happy
With her lover's winning ways.
First he grips her with his flipper,
Then he grips and flips for days.

The lady clam is op-ti-mis-tic;
Shoots her eggs out in the sea,
Hopes her suiter, as a shooter,
Hits the selfsame spot as she.

Give a thought to the canny codfish;
Ever there when duty calls.
The female codfish is an odd fish—
From them, too, come codfish balls.

The trout is but a little salmon,
Just half grown and minus scale;
Yet the trout, e'en like the salmon,
Can't get on without it's tail.

Lucky critters are the crayfish
When for offspring they essay,
Yes, my hearties, they have parties
In the good old-fashioned way.

I fed caviar to my girl friend;
She was a virgin, tried and true,
Now that virgin needs no urgin'
There ain't nothing she won't do.

ODE TO A BED PAN

While recovering from an illness
I was terribly annoyed,
For a toilet was denied me,
And a bed-pan was employed.
I much preferred a thunder-bug
But the nurse just shook her head
And said, "You're much too weak
To think of getting out of bed."
My experience with a bed-pan
On this day made me quail,
And I have been prevailed upon
To tell this harrowing tale.

In the wee small hours of the morning,
Before the break of day,
Came a warning I could
Neither ignore nor delay.
The nurse brought in the bed-pan
And slipped it under my back-side,
While chills ran up and down my spine
As the cold thing touched my hide.
I slipped back on my shoulders,
Soon my legs grew stiff and numb,
The odds were all in favor
I'd die before 'twould come.

In this upside-down position
The leverage wasn't there,
But with a little effort,
I passed a little air.
And when at last I got results,
Then I grew faint with dread,
I wondered if I'd hit the pan
Or piled it in the bed.
While my heart was weakly fluttering,
I felt with cautious care,
And with a sigh of satisfaction
Discovered nothing there.

My troubles were not over
As I soon was to find.
For how could I maneuver
To wipe the place behind?
The muscles in my neck bulged out
As I stood upon my head,

I made a few wild passes
And fell weakly on the bed.
With patience I continued
Regardless of the pain
For modesty prevented me
From leaving any stain.

I had no more than finished
This Herculean feat,
Than I became aware of
Something slick-like on the sheet.
Cold sweat was beaded on my brow
As I slowly raised my gown
And there upon the spotless sheet
Was a hideous spot of brown,
So the law of gravitation
Has proven sure as fate,
That you cannot stand upon your head
When you evacuate.

'Twas then I raised a fervent prayer
As a soul in anguish can,
For someone to improve upon
The Medieval Pan.
Sick folks so often get worse,
And I know why,
The bed-pan is the rack on
Which they're tortured till they die.
There's a fortune for some genius
Who'll invent some kind of diaper,
Or back-adjusting thunder-mug
With an automatic wiper.

. . .

SPRING FEVER

It was spring and Ferdinand was happy. He was being brought down to spring pasture from the hills, where he had spent the winter. Far away, idling under the trees, Ferdinand saw many young heifers, and being unable to restrain himself, broke into a lumbering gallop. Faster and faster he went, and at last he jumped gracefully over the high fence bordering the pasture wherein the lights of his life were expectantly waiting. Suddenly he stopped short, shook his head in resignation and began to graze.

After a while one of the older cows approached him and mooded, "Aren't you Ferdinand, the bull?"

"No, I'm just Ferdinand now. I didn't see the top wire on the fence!"

DON'T BE MISLED

He tried me on the sofa,
He tried me on the chair,
He tried me on the window sill
But couldn't get it there.
He tried me lying on the couch,
I stood against the wall,
I even sat upon the floor,
It wouldn't work at all.
He tried it this way and that way,
Oh, how I did laugh
To see how many ways he tried
To take my photograph.

CLASSY CHASSY

A snappy-eyed brunette, who had plenty of curves in all the right places, got onto a crowded streetcar one day. No seats were empty so she stood in the aisle hanging to a strap for several blocks. Finally, she said to a young man sitting in a seat near her, "Young man, would you get up and let a pregnant lady sit down?"

The young man hastily jumped to his feet. "I beg your pardon, Ma'am," he said. "Sit down."

The young man now stood in the aisle covertly watching the charming maid who occupied his seat. At last he could restrain himself no longer and asked, "Pardon me, but if it isn't too personal a question, just how long have you been pregnant?"

"About fifteen minutes, and boy am I tired!"

ALWAYS HELP YOUR SON

A twelve year old boy entered his home one afternoon and ran to his mother, shouting, "Mother, I've been having fun."

"What have you been doing?" smiled the indulgent mother.

"I've been playing with the neighbor girl and mother, I did it to her!"

"Sonny," wailed the horrified mother. "Shame on you. Don't you dare do that again. You march right up those stairs and go to bed and all you can have for supper is two cookies."

The following afternoon the boy again visited the neighbors. On his return he said, "Mother, I did it again."

His mother again sent him to bed with only a couple of cookies for his supper. That evening when her husband came home from work she told him of their son's misbehaving. Hubby ran to the kitchen and grabbed a heavy iron skillet.

"Darling, you aren't going to spank him with that?"

"Hell no, I'm going to fry him some eggs; he can't live on two cookies and do that every day."

THE PERSIAN CAT

A Persian kitty, perfumed and fair,
Strayed through the kitchen door for air;
When a Tom Cat, lean, lank and strong
And dirty and yellow, came along.

He sniffed at the perfumed Persian cat,
As she strutted about with much eclat,
And thinking a bit of time to pass,
He whispered, "Kiddo, you've sure got class."

"That's fitting and proper," was her reply.
As she arched the whiskers over her eye.
"I'm ribboned. I sleep on a pillow of silk,
And daily they bathe me in certified milk."

"We're never contented with what we've got,
I try to be happy; but I'm not.
And I should be joyful—I should indeed,
For I certainly am highly pedigreed."

"Cheer up," said the Tom Cat with a smile,
And trust your new friend for awhile;
You need to escape from your backyard fence,
"My dear, all you lack is experience."

New joys of living he then unfurled,
As he told her tales of the outside world,
Suggesting at last, with a luring laugh,
A trip for two down the "Primrose Path."

The morning after the night before,
The "Cat" came back at the hour of four,
And the look in her innocent eyes had went,
And a smile on her face was a smile of content.

And in after days when the children came,
To the scented Persian kitty of fame,
They weren't Persian—they were black and tan,
And she told them their Pa was a traveling man.

. . .

LOSING TECHNIQUE

"Both officers and men have become accustomed to bribing hungry, European girls with chocolate bars and cigarettes so that shortly they will have no technique (in love making) at all."—Anonymous Army nurse in a letter to London Stars and Stripes, as reported by NEWSWEEK.

A HOLMES COUNTY FAIR

Now all of you men and you maidens give heed,
I'll tell you a very strange story indeed.
The story of Jacob the Amisher man
And Tillie the pride of the Amisher Clan.
The Amisher folk are a people most odd,
They worship a stern and particular God;
They think that He's pleased by their fashion of dress,
Their suits are all sober and much out of press.
Their hair in long ringlets hangs down to their ears
For they hold it a sin to use razor or shears.
The Amish are strange and fanatical folks
Who frown upon gaiety, laughter and jokes.
Their young folks they watch with discipline stern
To restrain all their wants they must very soon learn.
No parties or rides, and no liquor or song,
The poor dears are guarded too well to go wrong.
But one pleasant custom they leave them instead,
The Amisher young do their courting in bed.
But even this joy with much anguish is mixed,
For always their nighties are most carefully fixed.
And when the young spooners are put into bed,
Their nighties are sewed with the strongest of thread.
Sewed collar and bottom, and won't come undone,
And though the warm petting may be lots of fun,
No more from the young folks is ever expected—
Through flannelette nighties they can't get connected.
And then in the morning, the old folks with care
Examine the stitches to see they're still there.
It's thought that the warmth of each thwarted caress
Trains the petters their fleshly desires to suppress.
It is "bundling" they call this deplorable game;
For my part I call it a hell of a shame.
Now Jacob was bundling with Tillie each night,
And his life was a mixture of pain and delight.
For Tillie, his loved and adorable one,
Was prim and sedate, but had "it" by the ton.
That baby had dimples and pouting red lips,
And cute little bosoms, and free-wheeling hips.
A model of pious propriety; but
She carried herself with a swing and a strut.
And bundling with Tillie, so tempting and sweet,
Would make old Saint Anthony feel indiscreet.

And so when poor Jacob on Tillie did call,
From grappling and panting he slept not at all.
Now could the poor boy remain wholly at ease,
When he felt the soft dig of her nipples and knees?
The youth his initials would bite in her neck,
And rise in the morning an absolute wreck.
And Tillie, poor maiden, got quivery nerves
When Jacob caressed her posterior curves.
And though for an Amisher Maid it seemed flighty,
She longed to be married and rid of the nightie.
But the old people placid, resisted youth's fires,
They said, "Let them learn to control their desires."
Such a thing as a wedding should never be hurried,
We bundled three years before we were married."
Jacob grew nervous and jumpy and pale,
And lost his cheeks and his appetite hale,
And Jacob's poor soul in a struggle was torn,
Until he wished and he wished he'd never been born,
And thought of the preacher and all his behests,
But also he thought of Tillie's fair breasts.
He thought of the rapture he'd have misbehaving,
He thought of the pleasure his passion was craving,
He pondered on Heaven; but then thought with sighs
Of a much looser Heaven between Tillie's thighs.
Then spoke this desperate Amisher man,
"Church or no church, I've stood all that I can."
And so the next time that abundling he went
He was armed with a wicked and evil intent.
And that he might better accomplish his sin,
Was armed with sharp scissors tied next to his skin.
That night Tillie's mother, with needle and thread,
Made daughter and Jacob all safe for their bed,
And when their nighties were properly sewed,
Downstairs to her husband the old lady strode.
To nod by the fire while the young folks above
Indulged in their incomplete Amisher love.
They clung and they kissed and they kissed and they clung,
These bundles of famished Amisher young.
And then Jake kissed Tillie, and when lip did meet lip,
The scissors came out and the scissors went "snip."
Now down from the bedroom there suddenly beat
A blast of most torrid and withering heat,

Then chuckled father, while mopping his face,
 "With Jacob here bundling, he heats up the place."
Now what's the commotion that causes to rock
 The house like an earthquake, with shock upon shock?
What causes the bedstead to reel and to lurch,
 That's Tillie and Jacob deserting the church!
Wildly, the parents, upsetting their chairs,
 In wrath and in anguish they sprinted upstairs.
They ran and they shouted, but sad to relate,
 They found they'd arrived altogether too late.
Jacob had gone through the window Hell-bent
 And had taken the pane and sash as he went.
And Tillie, well Tillie looked mussed and amazed
 And naughty and naked and happy and dazed.
And father grabbed up with a curse and a roar
 Two nighties, cut bottom to top, from the floor.
A stern rigid folk are the Amisher race,
 They think peccadillos a lasting disgrace.
They wouldn't let Tillie with Jacob be wed,
 They wanted to see him be punished instead.
They prayed the Lord's vengeance on Jacob and then
 When His vengeance tarried, they sought that of men.
But ever the Amish are peaceful and mild,
 Their tenents forbid any violence wild.
And since to a shotgun they couldn't resort,
 They sued the offender and haled him to court.
They charged him with riot, seduction and rape,
 With breaking the window in a midnight escape.
Indecent exposure, disturbing the peace,
 And causing their daughter's menstruation to cease.
The court heard the witnesses, one after one,
 Tell mean things of Jacob and things he had done.
The medical evidence plainly displayed
 That Jake had left Tillie no longer a maid.
But Tillie said frankly she needed no urgin'
 When Jacob had made her a used-to-be virgin.
And then his grave Honor, the while that his eye
 Held a twinkle not wholly judicial, but sly,
Said, "It seems to the court this is not a clear case
 Of rape by a rude and unwelcomed embrace.
But still the defendant is not wholly blameless
 Of conduct at once unbecoming and shameless.

"You're aware, Jake you've done what you really should not?"

"Yes, Judge," said Jake. "But I got pretty hot."

The Judge, with his gravity, fought down a smile,

And when he had decently pondered awhile,

"It appears," said the court, with judicial oration,

"That herein are creatures of great provocation.

How Jake, being a man, could ever resist,

The Court doesn't see, so the case is dismissed."

"But," here the Judge paused and rapped loud with his gavel,

"Since Tillie will seemingly soon be in travail,

The Court makes this order, which all must obey,

That Tillie and Jacob be wedded this day."

And now the conclusion is happy and short,

The young folks were wed by decree of the court,

Their rapture attaining the sanction of law,

And nightly disdaining, they sleep in the raw.

. . .

A PLEASANT CALL

"Of course I love you," and she took off her shoes.

"Yes, and we'll get married some day," and she took off her stockings.

"We'll have the sweetest little bungalow," and she took off her skirt.

"Tom, dear, why can't we marry in the spring when the world is full of laughter?" and she took off her slip.

"If you prefer the fall, I prefer it too, because we are one, sweetheart," and she took off her brassiere.

"Tom honey, before we go any further, tell me you love me," and she took off her panties and stood in all her glory.

"Tom, I'm cold and wish to go to bed. Goodnight," and she hung up the receiver.

. . .

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS ARE THE HARDEST

A young husband started to love up his wife one night but she said, "Please don't, I'm so tired. I did a big washing and ironing today, and besides—the Ladies Aid meets here tomorrow at 2:00 o'clock."

"Oh, that's all right," answered the husband, "if I'm not done then, I'll quit anyway."

AN EDUCATED HILL-BILLY

An old man and old lady from the hills of Kentucky scrimped and saved all their lives so as to send their daughter to college. They didn't have enough money to bring her home vacations so the daughter had to stay the full four years. At the end of four years she came home and threw her sheepskin diploma on the table.

"Wal, thar she is, Ma an' Pa but I'm sorry to say I hain't a virgin no more."

"Oh Pa," moaned the old lady. "After all our scrimping and saving she still says hain't."

. . .

Arise, you Stateside girl! Unite.

Maintain the values for which we fight.
Lest low priced foreign sirens raze
The seduction standards of pre-war days.

French girls can learn to love a man
For a mere C-ration in a can.
American girls want more subtle wooing,
Wine, dine and dance—or nothing doing.

A pound of coffee is the price of sin
With a German fraulein in bombed Berlin,
A price-cut below the American way
Of a minimum ride in a sport coupe.

An English lass finds love just dandy
If first she is wooed with a bar of candy.
Our Stateside standards require at least
A diamond bracelet from the beast.

A mattress cover is standard price
For Manila maids to be "awfully nice."
American virtue must not sink
Below the cost of a fur coat—mink.

In Japan a GI's fondest hope
May be fulfilled for a bar of soap.
To save face, all we stateside girls
Must hold virtue's fee at a string of pearls.

Cheap foreign sex is a threat to all
Who would maintain pride before their fall.
Organize now, for honor's traditions:
Wages; hours; and sleeping conditions.

(Cpl. Charles M. Swart)

POLITICAL SPEECH OF A PROMINENT WOMAN TO THE WOMAN'S CLUB

We must have what man has. It may not be very much, but we mean to have it. If we cannot get it without friction, then we will have it with friction. If we cannot get it through our organization, then we will get it through a combination, or both if necessary.

We refuse to be poked in the gallery any longer, and insist on the floor of the house. We are willing to look up to the men, but we don't want to be forced or held down without making a few motions of our own. We want to hold up our end and show men our possibilities. Whenever anything arises that will fill our expectations, nothing that comes up can be too hard for us.

We women have always been interested in good movements and will take any load that is given us. We are willing to work under the men that have been above us in the past even to the point of exhaustion, if necessary, but we are beginning to become disgusted with failings and shortcomings.

Never when anything arose that required our presence and attention have we failed to come, again and again, if the occasion required, but too often have our hopes and strivings been met with feeble performances which left us disappointed and unsatisfied. How often have our efforts to push forward our ends been met in the house with the cry, "Down with the petticoats." Now I say "Up with the petticoats," and "Down with the pants." Then shall we see things in their true light.

As long as women are split the way they are, the men will always be on top.

. . .

CAT STORY No. 19862

A little boy had been out playing all afternoon. When he came in the house his mother was terrified to see his face severely scratched.

"Son, what have you been doing?"

"I — I — I ain't gonna tell."

"Son, you must tell me."

"I — I — I ain't gonna tell."

Just then the boy's dad arrived home from work and repeated the mother's query, "What have you been doing?"

"I — I — I ain't gonna tell."

"I'll give you five dollars if you tell me."

"I — I — I ain't gonna tell," repeated the boy and made a hasty retreat to his bedroom. There, he stood in front of the mirror gently fingering his scratches. "I guess it's nobody's business if I want my cat to have kittens."

TOOL ROOM GIRL

My job is full of troubles, I will relate a few,
Of most unpleasant things which I am forced to do,
And if I wasn't naturally a virtuous young miss,
I wouldn't have the nerve, my friend, to ever mention this.

A dozen times in every day my modesty is shocked,
And I'm thankful that the tool room is most securely locked.
For the fellows crowd around it like a bunch of crazy fools
And I'm very busy every minute handling all their tools.

I do not mind such decent tools as wrenches, drills and shears,
But the tools the fellows ask for make me red behind the ears.
For the man repairing bearings comes and asks to see my balls,
And I don't recover from the shock before another calls.

They ask me for a raper drill and for a bastard file,
And dirty things like bitch dogs which makes my temper wild
They ask me for a female gauge, it almost makes me wail,
When they know I've never learned to tell a female from a male.

They ask for cocks to fit on pipes, for counter bores and tits,
And when they ask me for a screw, it throws me into fits.
For reamers to enlarge their holes (at least that's what they say),
They ask me if I've any nuts a dozen times a day.

One fellow finds his tool too short, another much too long,
A third one finds his tool too weak, another his too strong,
One asks if I can put him wise, he wants some good tail stock,
Another wants a bunch of waste, to wipe a plumber's cock.

The foreman, lookin' 'round one day for tools to cut a slot,
Asked me to open up my drawers and show him what I've got.
A dirty old machinist lugging 'round half a jag,
Demanded that I give him a handful of my rag.

A fellow once came up to me, as I returned from lunch,
And asked me thru the window, if I'd seen his large prick punch.
Now such things as that annoy me, but I never shall forget
When that wretched millwright asked me if I'd had my monthly yet.

I didn't know till later, that he meant the monthly blank,
I gave him such a calling down he must think I'm a crank,
I'm just a troubled female, as this must plainly show,
A poor, hard working tool room girl who isn't in the know.

DISAPPOINTMENT

If she calls you to her bedroom
In the wee hours of the night,
And through her half-closed eye-lids
You detect a tell-tale light;

If her bosom heaves tumultuously,
Like the tide upon the ocean,
And her voice is soft and tremulous
Betraying her emotion;

If her nostrils dilate widely
With each panting, labored breath,
And her shapely body trembles,
As might one approaching death;

If she beseeches and implores you,
As she grasps your trembling hand,
To alleviate her suffering
The tortures of the damned
Brother, That's ASTHMA!!!

. . .

CAR RIDE

If he parks his little flivver
Down beside the moonlit river
And you feel him all a quiver
BABY — — He's a wolf!

If he says you're gorgeous lookin'
And your dark eyes set him cookin'
But your eyes ain't where he's lookin'
BABY — — He's a wolf!

When he says that you're an eyeful
But his hands begin to trifle
And his heart beats like a rifle
BABY — — He's a wolf!

If by chance when you're a kissin'
And you feel his heart a missin'
And you talk — but he won't listen,
BABY — — He's a wolf!

If his arms are strong as sinew
And he stirs the gypsy in you
And you want him close agin you
BABY — — You're a wolf!

JUST ONE MORE DRINK

I had 12 bottles of whiskey in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty each and every bottle into the sink, or else, so I said I would, and proceeded with the monstrous task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the liquor down the sink, with the exception of 1 glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second and did likewise, with the exception of 1 glass, which I drank.

Then I drew the cork from the third bottle and emptied the good old booze down the sink, with the exception of one bottle, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the bottle down the cork, which I drank. I pulled the next bottle from the cork and drank one sink of it and poured the rest down the glass. I drew the next cork out of my throat, and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the glass, then I corked the glass with the bottle, sinked the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied out, I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles and corks and glasses with the other, which were 29 to be sure. I counted again when they came around and I had 24, and as the house came by, I counted them all again, and finally I had all the houses and sinks, and the corks, and the glasses counted, except one house and one sink, which I drank.

. . .

REMEMBER WHEN

When me prayers were early said,
Who tucked me in my widdle bed,
And spanked my ass 'till it was wead?
Me Mudder!

Who took me from me cozy cot,
And put me on an ice cold pot,
Made me pee if I could or not?
Me Mudder!

And when the morning light had come,
And my widdle crib did dribble some,
Who wiped my widdle bun?
Me Mudder!

Who did my hair so neatly part,
And press me gently to her heart,
And sometimes squeeze me 'till I fart?
Me Mudder!

PASSING FANCY

A little maiden passing by,
A little winking of the eye,
A little smile, a little date,
To meet when the hour is late.

A little promise not to tell,
A little room in some hotel.
A little fussing in the chair,
A little mussing of the hair.

A little drink, a fond caress,
A little question—answer yes.
A little shirtwaist laid aside,
A little breast she tried to hide.

A little hand that went a stealing,
A pleasant funny little feeling.
A little coaxing, a little teasing,
A form revealed that is very pleasing.

A pair of panties, mostly lace,
A little blush upon her face,
A little shading of the light,
A little bed with sheets so white.

A little loving in the gloom,
A little sigh, a quiet room.
A pair of lips so warm and wet,
A little whisper, "Please, not yet."

A little pillow from the head,
Slipped beneath the hips instead,
A little effort to begin,
A little help to get it in.

Two little arms that grip me tight,
And then I ask, "Does it feel allright?"
She smiles and says it feels so good,
And I reply I knew it would.

Two little legs how they entwine,
Two happy eyes look into mine.
A little movement to and fro
A little "ah," a little "oh."

A little surge of something hot,
A little whisper, "All you've got."
Two little hearts beat as one.
Two passionate lovers having fun.

A little effort to repeat,
A little spot upon the sheet.
A little show when we're through,
A little drink, maybe two.

A little sleep, and finally then,
Breakfast in bed at half past ten.
A little bill, a little tip,
The porter wishing a pleasant trip.

A little weariness the next day,
Like most children after play,
A little wish that you and I
May meet again by and by.

. . .

A soldier in camp received a letter from his girl and it was so cute he wanted to show it around to some of the other fellows, but couldn't because she signed it "Mother," so he wrote back and asked why she had signed it so.

She wrote back—

M is for the many times you made me,
O is for the other times you tried;
T is for the tourist camps we stayed in,
H is for the hell that's in your eye;
E is for the everlasting parties,
R is for the rat you've made of me.
Put them all together, they spell Mother,
And brother, that's what I'm about to be.

The next day the soldier answered her letter and returned her complaint by dedicating this song to her—

F is for the funny little letter,
A is for the answer to your note;
T is for your tearful accusations,
H is for the hope that I'm the goat;
E is for the ease with which I met you,
R is for the rube you thought I'd be.
Put them all together, they spell Father,
But you're crazy if you think it's me.

GUESSING STORIES

In any gathering or party, there are always some who enjoy using their wits to get the hidden meaning from stories. The following three stories have hidden meanings. The next time you are in a party with your friends try these jokes on them and see if they can get the point of the jokes.

•

A college student taking up the study of phrenology (the study of the bumps of the head to see what that person is best suited for in life) was attending class one day when the professor announced that a visiting professor from another college would give a lecture on phrenology that evening. The professor asked all the students to attend the lecture as he would give a brief quiz on it the next day.

The student was in very much of a quandry, as he had a date for the same evening. Finally, when he could not make up his mind what to do, he called the girl friend and said, "Honey, I've got a date with you this evening but I'm also supposed to attend a lecture on phrenology, what'll I do?"

"That's easy," she replied. "Just flip a coin!"

•

A large company called in all its sales personnel to attend the annual banquet and sales meeting. During the banquet, the toastmaster stood up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are too many here to introduce you individually so will you please turn to the neighbor on your left and introduce yourself and then do the same with the neighbor on your right? They in turn, will introduce themselves and in that way we'll get to know each other and have a lot of fun."

Two good looking young men were sitting on each side of a very charming young lady. The first turned to her and said, "My name is John—but not St. John."

The other young fellow, not to be outdone, said, "My name is Peter—but not St. Peter."

The young lady smiled and acknowledged each introduction and said, "My name is Mary."

•

A young man went to propose to his girl friend one evening and she told him to "Go ask Father." He was telling her answer to a friend of his the next day and this is the way he told it:

She knew that I knew that her father was dead;

She knew that I knew what a life he had led;

So—she knew that I knew what she meant when she said—
"Go ask Father!"

JONES ROW BOAT

There lived in a small town of Quebec two brothers named Jones. One was married and the other the proud owner of a rather dilapidated row boat; strangely enough the day John's wife died, his brother's boat filled with water and sank in the lake.

A few days later a kindly old lady approached Joe on the street and mistaking him for John said, "Oh, Mr. Jones, I am so sorry to hear of your great loss, you must feel terrible."

Just then Joe broke in saying, "Well, I am not so sorry one bit; she was a rotten old thing from the start. She smelled like an old fish and the first time I got into her she made water faster than anything you ever saw."

Here the old lady interrupted in a shocked voice, saying, "Oh, Mr. Jones, you must not say that."

But Joe continued with, "She had a very bad crack, kept getting bigger and bigger every time I got into her. I got so I could handle her allright, but if anyone else got into her she would leak like anything. The day it happened four chaps from the other end of town came down looking for a good time and they asked me if I would rent her to them. Well, anyway, I warned them that she had an awful crack. They said they didn't mind and would take a whack at her, so they gave me a dollar for the use of her. The result was the crazy fools all tried to get into her at the same time and it was too much for her. She cracked up the back, split in the middle but"—by this time the old lady had fainted.

. . .

He grabbed me around my slender neck;
I couldn't cry or scream.
He dragged me to his dingy room,
Where we could not be seen.

He tore away my flimsy wrap,
And gazed upon my form.
I was cold, damp and bare,
While he was hot and warm.

His fervent lips he pressed to mine,
I gave him every drop.
He drained me of my very self,
I couldn't make him stop.

He made me what I am today;
That's why you find me here.
A broken bottle, thrown away,
That once was filled with BEER!

ONLY A BOY

I remember the first time I tried it—

I was only a kid of fifteen.

And even though she was much younger than me,
She was far more composed and serene.

It was out in the barn, I remember,

At the close of a summer day,

And the evening was scented with clover in bloom
And the fragrance of freshly mown hay.

I remember she made no objection,

Showed no evidence of alarm,

For I loved her, and she—I am sure—loved me
Since she first came to live on our farm.

I remember she moved a bit closer,

And the touch of her body was warm,

As my fingers moved awkwardly over her throat,
While she nestled her head on my arm.

For her eyes seemed, I thought, to rebuke me

For waiting—for being afraid,

And even old Nellie, our ancient plow horse,
Looked over her manger and neighed.

Long later, I stood up, uncertain

Of whether to stay or to run,

A-tingle with pride, and yet shaken and awed
As I knew that, at last, it was done.

I remember (it seemed hours later),

How my heart hammered under my blouse,

With the joy of a boy that's turned into a man
As I made my way back to the house.

Twenty years have gone by since that evening,

But I've never forgotten, I vow,

The thrill and the joy that I felt as a boy
On that day when I first milked a cow!

. . .

HEADLINE

KILROY DISCOVERED

Found in gas station pumping Ethyl.

CAMPAIGN ORATORY

There's a lot of agitation
Plenty of animation
And more of disputation
Causing fear and palpitation.

This is not imagination
It will be a realization,
If all this defamation
Comes to consummation.

Never was such rumination,
Nor so much of cogitation,
Causing greater consternation
Over this great habitation.

Why all this castigation
About each others' reputation.
Casting down to degradation
As of evil computation?

'Tis beyond imagination
In this, our Christian Nation,
That men of elevation
Would add to our tribulation.

. . .

COMPLAINT

Mr. Woolworth, I've got complaint
About a ten cent can of paint
My wife she bought from your damn store,
And now by gee, I'm Goddamn sore.

You see last week, spring she come,
And everything was on the bum,
The wall and floor and windows too,
She dirty like Hell, I'm telling you.

You see my wife she nice and neat
So she buys paint for toilet seat,
For one whole week we watch with eye,
But Goddamn paint won't get dry.

My wife she ain't tall, she kinda fat,
And you can see just where she sat,
She's got ring around complete
Where she sat down on toilet seat.

I say to her, it serves you right,
You try to be so Goddamn tight,
You always buy the cheapest paint,
It ain't no good, I say it ain't.

My daughter she got ring around
Where on toilet seat she too sat down.
For one whole week we sat and wait
'Till now we all got constipate,
My wife she cry and cry
But Goddamn paint she won't get dry.

She got sister, her name Marie,
She lives all time in house with me,
Last night I look where she sat down,
But gee, she too got ring around.

I try to wipe with turpentine,
She yell like Hell, she lose her mind,
I scared like her for most a day,
The skin she off — the paint she stay.

I live long time, but never see
A man what got so mad like me.
Every time I think of paint
I get so mad I almost faint.

Now, Mr. Woolworth, I'm asking you
What in Hell we gonna do?
How can house be nice and neat
When paint won't dry on toilet seat?

. . .

COULD BE

A young man, searching for a house of ill repute, was directed to a street down by the river. When he got there he knocked at the door of one of the houses. He asked the very good looking woman that came to the door, "Is this one of those houses?"

She smiled and said, "Could be."

"Well, are you one of those girls?"

Still smiling, she said, "Could be."

"Now listen here, young lady, don't get smart! This COULD BE done by hand!"

ADOLESCENCE—An intermediate stage between puberty and adultery.

ADULT—One who is able.

ADULTERY—Two wrong people doing the right thing.

ALIMONY—The screwing you get for the screwing you got.

ANGEL—A female spirit who probably spends most of her time wishing she could swap her harp for an upright organ.

ASSAULT—The wrong man.

AVIATRIX—A pilot who cannot fly upside down without having a crack up or right side up without having a bust up.

BABY—A tube with a loud noise at one end and complete lack of responsibility at the other.

BABY PACIFIER—A bust in the mouth.

BACHELOR—(a) A man who has no children to speak of.
(b) A man who has done without marriage.

BATHROOM MENACE—A man who had the misfortune at a tender age to be circumcized by a cross-eyed Rabbi.

BLACKOUT—The reason a girl is apt to get blown into maternity without even knowing who has the responsibility.

BRASSIERE—A device that makes mole hills out of mountains and vice versa.

CANNIBAL—A fellow who is apt to pass his best friend.

CASTRATED DINOSAUR—A colossal fossil with a docile tassel.

CHIVALRY—A man's inclination to protect a woman against every man but himself.

COMPLICATED—A confused situation that makes it hard to get at the works.

COW—A creature with four hanger-downers—four upper-standers—two hookers and a swisher.

DANCING—(a) A naval engagement without loss of seamen. (b) Vertical intercourse. (c) Naval contact preceeding a depth charge.

DEADSTICK—When the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

DECOY—A pipe in the pants pocket.

DIVORCE—What happens when two people cannot stomach each other anymore.

DOCTOR—A lucky fellow who is privileged to undress women and go all over them without getting his face slapped.

ENEMA—A goose with a flush.

EXPLORATION—Beating around the bush.

FAIRY—One who likes his vice-versa.

FATHER'S DAY—Nine months before Labor Day.

FUTILITY—Either a youngster who does not know how, or an oldster who no longer can.

GLAMOR GIRL—A much publicized young lady who occasionally is full of "oomph" and frequently is full of other things.

HORSESHOW—A lot of horses showing their asses to a lot of horses asses showing their horses.

HUSBAND—What's left of sweetheart after the nerve has been killed.

JUNGLE LOVE—When one monkey monkeys with another monkey's monkey.

KEPT WOMAN—One who wears mink all day and fox all night.

KIBITZER—A fairy in a house of ill repute.

KISS—(a) Uptown advertising for downtown business.
(b) An upper persuasion for a lower invasion.

LESBIAN—A pansy without a stem.

LOUSY BASTARD—A fellow who sits in church and scratches while his parents get married.

LOVE—(a) Two damn fools after each other. (b) An itchy feeling in your heart you can't scratch. (c) A feeling that brings Heaven down to earth—and raises Hell.

MARRIAGE—(a) A grossly public avowal of a strictly private intention. (b) A funeral where you can smell your own flowers.

MASTURBATION—A solo played on a private organ.

MATERNITY DRESS—A zoot suit with a rape shape.

MINUTE MAN—A fellow who double parks in front of a house of ill repute.

MISTRESS—Something between a Mister and a mattress.

NURSE—A pan-handler.

OFFICE MONKEY—A girl that hangs onto her job by her tail.

OLD MAID—A girl of advanced years who has gone through life with no hits, no runs, no errors . . . presumably.

OLIVE—Old maid's cherry turned green with envy.

OUTDOOR GIRL—One with the bloom of youth on her cheeks and the cheeks of youth in her bloomers.

PAJAMAS—Item of clothing that newly weds place beside their bed in case of fire.

PAPOOSE—Consolation prize for a chance taken on an Indian blanket.

PASSION—A feeling that you feel when you feel you're going to feel a feeling you've never felt before.

PIMP—A nooky-booky.

PREGNANCY—A woman all swelled up over her man's handiwork.

PRIVATE SECRETARY—A stenographer who never misses a period.

PROSTITUTE—A busy-body.

PSYCHIATRIST—One who tries to find out if infants have more fun in infancy than adults in adultery.

RAPE—(a) Seduction without salesmanship. (b) An un-negotiated piece.

RHUMBA—(a) What you wish you could do in bed. (b) An asset to music.

SOB SISTER—A girl who sits on your lap and bawls and makes it hard for you as your business goes in the hole.

SPRING FEVER—When the iron in your blood turns to lead in your pants.

STOOGES—A driver on a double date.

STORK—The bird that gets all the blame and none of the fun.

SYMPATHY—What one girl offers another in exchange for all the lurid details.

TAXIDERMIST—A man who mounts animals.

THEME SONG—Sympathy in A Minor (Errol Flynn).

TRIPLETS—Taking seriously what was poked at you in fun.

TWINS—Womb mates who eventually become bosom pals.

UNDERDOG—A bitch.

VICE—Anything you can enjoy that is bad for you.

VIRGIN—One who has made an issue of her tissue.

VIRGINITY—A bubble on the stream of life that vanishes with the first prick.

VIRGIN SHEEP—One that can run faster than the shepherd.

WEAKLING—A girl who means no but can't say it.

WOLF—A man who takes a sweater girl out and tries to pull the wool over her eyes.

. . .

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were a happily married couple. However, like all married couples, they had their spats. Afterwards, for awhile it was always "Mr. Johnson" and "Mrs. Johnson." One evening they had one of these eruptions just before going to bed.

Soon after retiring Mrs. Johnson said, "Mr. Johnson, will you get your knee out of my back?"

"Mrs. Johnson, I'll have you know that isn't my knee."

"What did you say, papa?"

. . .

This story took place in a picket line. A young stenographer was crashing the line when she was jostled by one of the pickets.

"Pardon me," he said sardonically. "I thought you were my mother."

The stenographer looked at him and said, "I couldn't be your mother, I'M married."

(Sing to the tune of Suzanne)

Susanne was a lady with plenty of class,
Who knocked 'em dead when she wiggled her—

Eyes at the fellows as girls sometimes do,
To make it quite plain that she wanted to—

Take in a movie or go for a sail,
And then hurry home for a nice piece of—

Ice cream and cake or a slice of roast duck,
For after each meal she was ready to—

Go for a ride or a stroll on the dock,
With any young man with a sizeable—

Roll of big bills and a pretty good front,
And if he talked fast she would show him her—

Little pet dog who was subject to fits,
And maybe she'd let him take hold of her—

Little white hand with a movement so quick,
Why she'd reach right out and tickle his—

Chin while she showed him a trick learned in France,
And ask the poor fellow to take off his—

Coat while she sang "On the Mandalay Shore,"
For whatever she was, Susanne was no bore.

. . .

A mother with three little rabbits, Lemon Drop, Cough Drop, and Gum Drop, thought her youngsters were old enough to leave the nest and investigate the world on their own. She told them to get out one morning and see what the world was like but before they left she insisted they be home by 9:00 o'clock that night. When 9:00 o'clock arrived, Cough Drop and Gum Drop were home in their little nest but Lemon Drop hadn't returned. Anxiously the mother rabbit paced around the nest, fretting about her tardy offspring. 10:00 o'clock and 11:00 o'clock passed and finally at 12:30 little Lemon Drop came "gallumping" "gallumping" into the nest.

"Lemon Drop, where have you been?"

"Oh, Mama, I've been havin' the most fun. And mama you can't call me your little Lemon Drop anymore. I'm your little Horehound now."

WHAT'S IN A NAME

The new mother was being visited by a friend at the hospital.

"Have you decided on a name for your new daughter?" asked the friend.

"Oh, I think I'll call her Opium," replied the mother.

"Why Opium?"

"Well, Opium comes from a wild poppy and her poppy sure is wild!"

. . .

A conservative Tom Cat is one who puts a little in the kitty each night.

. . .

One man had three wives; two of them had it pretty soft.

. . .

Three drunks staggered up on the porch late at night and knocked until the housewife came to the door.

"Is one of us your husband?" asked one of the drunks.

"Yes," replied the lady.

"Well, pick him out so the other two can go home."

. . .

A man who had recently married a very beautiful girl was visited by a friend. During the husband's absence the friend propositioned the pretty wife and offered her money.

"No," she said. "I wouldn't be untrue to my husband."

Each day, when opportunity offered, the friend kept raising the ante till at last he had offered her a thousand dollars.

"Allright," she whispered.

"Just a minute," said the friend and left the house to return a little later with a thousand dollars in his hand which he gave the wife.

A little later the wife glanced out the window to see her husband dashing up the walk. Fearfully she opened the door, panic-stricken that she'd been caught.

"Has my friend been here," inquired the husband?

"Y — y — yes," replied his wife.

"Did he give you some money?" asked the husband.

"Yes — y — yes," she answered.

"Thank god," breathed the husband with a sigh of relief. He came down and borrowed a thousand dollars from me a little while ago and said he'd give it to my wife."

CLIP AND PASTE, OR COPY
YOUR FAVORITE STORIES HERE

CLIP AND PASTE, OR COPY
YOUR FAVORITE STORIES HERE

Introduction

I hope the stories and poems you have just read have given you many chuckles and hearty laughs. If you have enjoyed them, I'm pleased.

After reading these stories, you undoubtedly expect anything that follows to be slightly suggestive or inflammatory. If you view the following article in that light, you will have an understandable but erroneous attitude.

The article "How to Love or the Art of Intercourse" should not be included with any collection of "party" stories. However, I'd like the greatest number of persons possible to read and think about this article, and I am taking this means to reach them. Many divorces are caused by lack of this very knowledge. The article itself does not answer all questions and is not intended to. Instead, it is intended to stimulate your desire for more knowledge on the subject so you will continue to explore other books and fortify yourself with the proper information so that you can enjoy married happiness.

Read "How to Love or the Art of Intercourse" carefully. Not with immoral thoughts, but with the idea of gaining some slight knowledge of life. Sex is not something to be discussed in back alleys. Sex is one of the greatest motivating forces in the world, for good or evil. It all depends on the attitude of the individual.

PAGE 02

How to Love—or the Art of Intercourse

If you are one of those prudish persons who still cling to the narrow minded belief that sex is something which cannot be discussed in a clean, sane manner, don't read this. However, if you recognize the importance of sex and the vital part it plays in your life—THIS WILL HELP YOU AND YOUR WIFE.

Every man secretly thinks he is God's gift to women. Nowhere is his vanity more apparent than in matters of sex and intercourse; he is confident he always thrills and delights a woman. However, in spite of this wonderful confidence in himself, physicians estimate that only one man in ten understands how to perform the act of intercourse so the man and his wife obtain maximum pleasure and mutual satisfaction. It is estimated that only 20 per cent of the married women have learned how to have successful relationship with their husbands. The men know little or nothing about training their wives. Most husbands and wives are not even frank enough to talk out their problems and try to reach an adjustment. The sex problem must be solved before the individual is free to pursue his other vocations.

Chief responsibility for success or failure of the love act rests upon the husband. Many men are so selfish or uninformed on sex that they give no consideration to the wife—they obtain satisfaction but ignore her needs, leaving her in a state of suspense and tormented with desire. Even a selfish, uninformed husband, who thinks only of his own pleasure, cannot obtain maximum satisfaction unless his wife cooperates with him, and her cooperation is impossible if the act is distasteful to her. Therefore, it behooves him to learn how to perform the act properly so he can instruct her, and enable each to obtain the greatest amount of pleasure and satisfaction.

The following is by Raymond File: "To be really understood, to say what she likes, to utter her innermost thoughts in her own way, to cast aside traditional conventions that gall and repress her, to have someone near her with whom she can be quite frank, and yet know that not a syllable of what she says will be misinterpreted or mistaken, but rather felt just as she feels it—Oh, how wonderfully sweet is this to every woman, and how few men are there who can give it to her."

ADVICE TO WIVES

A wife must realize there is an actual need for sex love and that it is not something which debases her mentally or spiritually. Proper consummation of intercourse elevates both husband and wife to their highest mental and physical plane. Some women, due to foolish and prudish beliefs taught them during childhood, think it is base and immodest to show signs of passion and sexual desire. They make an effort to stifle natural desires; they passively acquiesce to the husband instead of fully cooperating so each can obtain the mental and physical thrill they should enjoy. This type of woman will often carry her absurd ideas

so far in suppressing her sex craving that she finally becomes hysterical, morose, nagging or suffers from physical disorders which endanger her health. There is no excuse for any woman clinging to such ridiculous beliefs regarding sex and the love act. Intelligent women know that intercourse has a vital bearing on the happiness of every married couple. When the act is not satisfactory, the smart wife will find out what was wrong; she has probably heard other women comment on its delights, and should be anxious to obtain the pleasure she feels is due her. Accurate, helpful information may be obtained by reading, or consulting physicians who have given the sex problem deep study. If normal couples had intercourse only when they wanted to bring children into the world, it would mean stifling natural sexual impulses until they were no longer normal, and therefore they would be unfit as parents. No joy approaches that of the ecstatic wedded embrace in the culmination of the love act. It is spiritual, mental and physical blending of two beings. To achieve this delightful state, the wife must give her fullest cooperation, her active and unrestrained response during intercourse. She should never hesitate to discard innate reserve. She should thrill her husband with passionate caresses and seductive postures during the preliminary wooing; she should give herself unreservedly to him during the love act and tell him by words and actions that he is making her deliriously happy and thrilling her beyond description. She should study him and determine what inflames him to the highest degree of passion.

Shouldn't a wife, who loves her husband and wants to make him happy, give thought to making herself desirable and transporting him to new and dizzier emotional heights during intercourse? The wife should never be timid in asking her husband to perform the love act if she is passionate and desirous. It will please him to be asked to grant sexual favors. Half the pleasure a man derives from intercourse is that of thrilling his wife. The considerate husband will ask if she is enjoying it; whether he can do anything to intensify her pleasure. If for some unusual reason, she fails to enjoy it, she should not let him know it. A wife is justified in pretending she has had a wonderful orgasm and was intensely thrilled by her husband's efforts. It adds to his happiness to think he gave her exquisite pleasure. She can easily make her husband think she has reached a climax if she clutches him to her frantically, crushes her lips to his and murmurs passionate endearments at the height of the love act. If her husband is always considerate of her, she should not hesitate in simulating passion, even though she may not be in the mood at the moment. She should never be hesitant in telling him what gives her the keenest sensations. She should tell him what sexual movements produce the most exquisite delight. She should tell him what she prefers to have him do just as she approaches and as she reaches the climax. If she is frank in telling him these things, it assists the husband in performing the act. Husband and wife ought to experiment with the different positions in which the act can be performed until they find which one is most suitable. Any position is perfectly proper if it is productive of the desired effect. Some women can have an orgasm only when they are above their husbands, and making the movements. Others cannot obtain results unless the husband approaches from behind. It all depends on the persons engaged in the act.

Women also vary greatly in the number of times they can reach a climax. Some extremely high-sexed women will reach it but once. Others will have several successive orgasms, with their passions mounting after each climax. There is nothing abnormal about a woman who "comes" six or eight times during intercourse.

In the wooing prior to intercourse, she should respond actively to her husband's advances—kissing and caressing him—possibly fondling his penis and doing everything she can that will inflame him. She should cultivate muscular agility inside her vagina. With a little practice she can develop her ability to manipulate with these muscles. It is an exquisite sensation when the husband can feel her vagina open and contract on his penis. This skill also intensifies the pleasure of the wife.

She should not stop her movements at the climax until her husband has indicated that he is finished. At the apex of the climax the wife should do her utmost to create excessive friction against the husband's penis.

Although the wife should be wary of being seen entirely nude, she should always discard all clothing during intercourse, as the greatest pleasure is obtained through the sensory nerves of the skin. There is nothing immodest in discarding all clothing during intercourse. Husband and wife should have the privilege of embracing without restrictions.

They should respect each other's desire for privacy, and not rush in upon one another unannounced. There are times when every person likes privacy. Human beings have elaborated upon the sexual act, and made it a more polished performance than that of the animals. Hence, no act should be committed reminiscent of force.

DEGREES OF PASSION

Most women enjoy intercourse two or three times a week—just before, during and after the menstrual period. They may desire it more often. Some women become passionate as soon as they are kissed or caressed, but most wives must be wooed before their desire is aroused. If they have not experienced intercourse for a long time, they will respond very quickly. It is a well known fact that a woman can stand a great deal of intercourse without being injured in any way. She is almost invariably benefitted mentally and physically if she indulges with moderate frequency and obtains satisfaction.

Some men try to repress their desires because they think it weakens them to emit semen. They also think a "wet" dream is a sign of weakness and injurious. Both of these beliefs are entirely false, but many unscrupulous doctors prey on uninformed men who cling to these beliefs. After a long period of repression, most men cannot restrain themselves, and come to a climax quickly the first time they experience intercourse. However, they can repeat the act two or three times within the hour. A wife must understand that this is a natural condition. She should be prepared for him to reach a climax quickly and reduce his nervous tension. Then he will obtain another erection later and can carry out his part of the act deliberately, so that each derives satisfaction.

SIZE OF ORGANS

Men's penis vary in size and shape. Some are short and thick; some long and thin; others quite long and thick; some very short and quite thin. They vary in diameter from one inch to about two and one-half inches. The average penis is about six inches long; less than that would be considered small. Over six inches up to seven and one-half inches is a large penis.

Most women prefer a large penis, but a man who understands the art of intercourse can satisfy his wife regardless of the size of his penis or whether her vagina is large or small. A man with a very small penis can give his wife pleasure, even though her vagina is spacious, if he handles his organ skillfully. Except in extremely rare cases, any average woman can accommodate her husband regardless of the size of his penis. The chief difficulty encountered is in the case where the husband has an extremely large penis, and his wife is rather small, if he attempts to insert the organ before she is properly lubricated.

If the insertion gives pain even after lubrication, they should try different positions until one is found that is mutually comfortable. If his penis is small and her vagina large, they must experiment to obtain good results. If the wife will insert his penis, then clasp her legs together, the husband on top and astride both her legs, friction is possible. Most men naturally prefer a small, tight vagina, as the woman can give him greater pleasure with greater friction. Most women do not have a small vagina. The wife should try to keep her vagina as tight as possible during intercourse. Most women can, with practice, contract the vagina at will.

TWENTY-FIVE POSITIONS

There is usually one position which gives the husband and wife more intense pleasure than any other method. They should experiment until they discover which position is the most enjoyable. Most women like to have a pillow under their hips during intercourse. It is less tiring than lying flat without support. If the husband is below the wife, he should place a pillow beneath his hips to elevate his penis so she has free access to it.

Most women derive their most excruciating delight when they are above their husbands. In this position they can govern the tempo and movements, and receive as much or as little of his organ as they desire. A man's control may be better when he is below his wife, permitting her to control the course of the act.

The following methods of intercourse usually give satisfaction to both husband wife, under ordinary conditions:

1. She lies on her back with her legs well separated and extended; he lies over her, facing her, between her legs and resting a portion of his weight on his elbows.

2. She lies on her back, with either or both legs coiled around either or both of his.

3. She lies on her back with her legs coiled around his back, her private parts well elevated, and her feet locked together and resting on his back. In this position, the husband must contrive to make the necessary movements, as the wife has little leverage.
4. She lies on her back, and he rests above her, astride either or both of her legs.
5. She lies on her back with her legs drawn up until her knees almost touch her chest.
6. She lies on her back with one leg around one of his legs, her other leg encircling his body.
7. He lies on his back and she gets on top. She can lie astride either or both of his legs.
8. He lies on his back, legs extended and held together. She then gets astride him with her legs drawn up in a kneeling position and sits on his penis, facing him or with her back to him.
9. She lies on her back and inserts his penis. Then they roll over partly on the side, and he keeps one leg between her legs and draws his other leg up and around her body.
10. He lies on his back and she rests above, with one leg between his legs and her other drawn up around his hips. This is the reverse of No. 9.
11. The quadruped position: She rests on her hands and knees. He approaches her from the back, likewise on his knees. In this position, he can use his hands to fondle her breasts or to manipulate her clitoris as he makes the movements. Women who have difficulty reaching a climax often respond quickly when in this position, especially if aided by manual stimulation.
12. She lies on her back on a table of the proper height. He stands between her legs, holding them over his arms or placing them over his shoulders; or she can wrap them around his body.
13. She lies face down on a table while he approaches her from behind. She can keep her feet on the floor or he can elevate her legs with his hands.
14. He sits on a low, narrow chair, bench or stool. She sits down astride him, face to face. She makes movements until each is ready for the climax. Then if they care to, he may rise with her legs coiled around his body. A few rapid thrusts and the act is finished.
15. He sits on a low chair with his legs extended. She sits astride his legs with her back to him and bending forward. She makes all the movements.
16. If his penis is extremely large and she has a small vagina, this method is suggested. He lies on his back, partly turned to one side. She lies in his arms, with her back to him, one leg slightly drawn up and her other leg raised and over his knee.

17. She lies on her back and he lies on his side, crosswise. If the wife is pregnant and very large, positions 17 and 18 will be found satisfactory.

18. She lies on her side with her back to him; he takes a position slightly lower. She raises her leg so he can insert his penis and she then places her uplifted leg around his body.

19. She lies on her back and he lies on his left side, crosswise. She lifts her right leg and he inserts his penis. After connection is made, she places her right leg above and around his hips and extends her left leg, which he clasps between his outstretched legs.

20. He lies on his back, she lies on her side, crosswise. This is the same position the husband assumes in No. 19.

21. He lies on his back, legs outstretched and separated. She gets astride his body with her feet under his arms and the upper part of her body between his extended legs. He can either keep his legs together or hold them apart.

22. She gets in bed resting on her hands and knees, her buttocks extended over the edge of the bed toward him. He stands on the floor, back of her.

23. She lies face down with a pillow under her abdomen. He gets back of her between her out-stretched legs, and she elevates her hips so he can insert his penis. After connection is made, she lies down flat and clenches her legs to prevent his penis from slipping out, and he rests astride either or both her legs.

24. Sometimes the husband and wife like to begin the love act while standing. She leans back against a table or dresser and places one leg up and around his body, as he stands facing her.

25. Another unusual method is for her to lie flat on her back with her legs drawn up until her knees touch her chest. He then gets astride her with his back toward her and leans forward, with his weight resting on his hands.

There are numerous other variations of a more or less acrobatic nature which may be discovered by experimenting. There is nothing improper or immodest in the use of any posture which will produce exquisite pleasure for the husband or wife.

MOVEMENTS

Intercourse is not a simple act of inserting the penis and then thrusting until one or the other reaches a climax. To many men and women this comprises the love act. Sex relations are thrilling and satisfactory when the husband understands how to produce varied movements, and he and his wife work in unison.

She should place a pillow beneath her hips so it won't tire her to keep her hips elevated in a manner that assures firm contact between her clitoris and his penis. The husband should always ride high upon her

body to produce the maximum amount of friction against her clitoris, and the upper part of her vagina. If he assumes the right position, every movement will cause exquisite sensation.

The most common error in intercourse is for the husband to get too far down on his wife's body and miss contact with the clitoris. All movements should be made from the hips. Some men are awkward and try to elevate their bodies with each stroke. The wife should press forward and withdraw in unison with the husband at all times. He should never get so excited or careless as to make hard thrusts which cause him to collide with her pelvic bone; and he should not plunge his penis in so deeply that he bumps the inside of her vagina. Some women may delight in rough handling, and ask the husband to plunge his organ in when they first make connection and continue thrusting violently.

The husband should not confine himself to just one movement; variety intensifies the pleasure for both. He can easily determine which movements produce the desired results, and then he can return to those movements and keep her constantly thrilled and intoxicated with happiness.

Women vary greatly in the methods they prefer when nearing the climax. Some wives want the penis thrust in rapidly to full length. Others get intense delight in having it pressed deep into their vagina and held there with little or no movement. Some want very gentle movements, while others demand almost violent action just before and when they are coming.

If at any time the wife's vagina becomes too moist to produce close contact and the proper degree of friction, the husband should withdraw and dry his penis on a towel, and then resume. This is usually necessary if intercourse is maintained for a lengthy period.

The following movements will be found advantageous:

After your wife has placed your penis in the vagina, press it in gently a short distance and then slowly withdraw. Continue pressing it in and withdrawing until you have her well lubricated. After you have worked your penis all the way in, pause for a moment to kiss and caress her; take your time; there is no hurry. Make extremely gentle movements until you have become adjusted to the proper position. Then begin your movements against the right side of her vagina. Make upward circular movements, withdrawing against the left side of the opening. Vary this by alternating from left to right. Slowly withdraw almost completely and then press it all the way in. After holding your penis deep in her vagina for a moment, slowly withdraw and then repeat the rotating movements. Vary the rotation by pushing in and withdrawing directly back. Thrust it straight in quickly, but not roughly, and then withdraw slowly. Press it in slowly to its full length and then withdraw. Start from almost outside the vagina and very slowly work the penis forward to full length. If these movements are done carefully, each will get the maximum pleasure. After a time, you should rest a moment in tender and passionate embrace, kissing, caressing and stimulating. When you resume, push the penis all the way in, until you reach the spot which most women want touched. Hold the head of the penis

against this thrill-provoking spot deep inside her vagina and make slow rotating movements until she moans with pleasure. Make rapid, direct in-and-out movements to the full length of your penis until the wife is ready to "come." Then slow down or wait until her passion subsides a trifle.

The climax will be keener if the husband brings her right to the verge of the climax several times before he finally makes her "come" for the first time. Move high upon her body until only the tip of the penis remains inside; work it up and down around her clitoris. This produces an exquisite sensation if done very slowly and gently. Slide back down to the normal position and get astride either of her legs, and draw one of your legs up around her hips. Take one of her breasts in your mouth and gently suck on it as you make your movements. When she is frantic with desire, return to your normal position, or the position she prefers, and gradually increase the tempo until you are thrusting hard and fast.

When she reaches the climax, moaning and grasping with frenzied passionate abandon, keep the penis pressed in to its entire length and make the movements she may prefer at that stage.

Keep right on with your movements until her passionate throbbing has subsided. After resting a few moments, you can then proceed until both of you are ready to come to the delirious climax which is the culmination of married lovers' ideal intercourse.

When the husband is "coming" the wife should do everything possible to heighten the sensation for him. She should continue her movements until she knows his orgasm is finished. As he lies motionless, the wife can continue opening and closing the walls of her vagina on his penis, as this gives him a delightful concluding sensation.

(By DOUGLAS MacDOUGALL, M.D.)

(Note: Have you read the foregoing article in the manner in which it was intended to be read? Probably HOW TO LOVE—OR THE ART OF INTERCOURSE should not have been included in a book of stories and poems. The stories and poems may make the reader look for something lurid and suggestive. Actually the foregoing article should be read by everyone planning to be married, or anyone who is married and under 45 years of age. Too many divorces are caused by lack of knowledge on this very subject.)