

# HOOEY

NUDIST EDITION

JANUARY 15c



*"You can't walk out on me like this, Miss Smith!"*







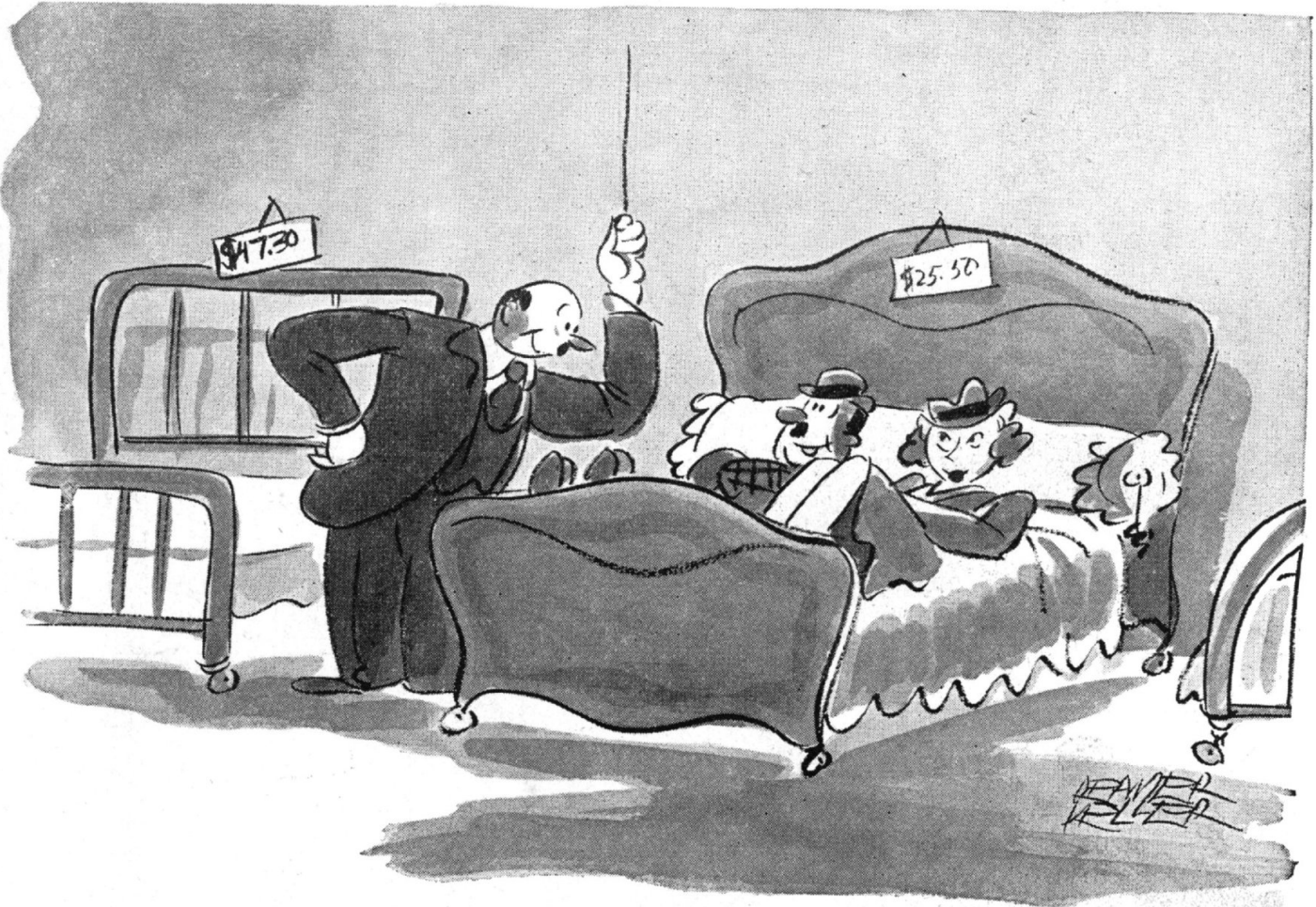
"Say, there's a game tomorrow. Why aren't you in bed?"



# HOOEY

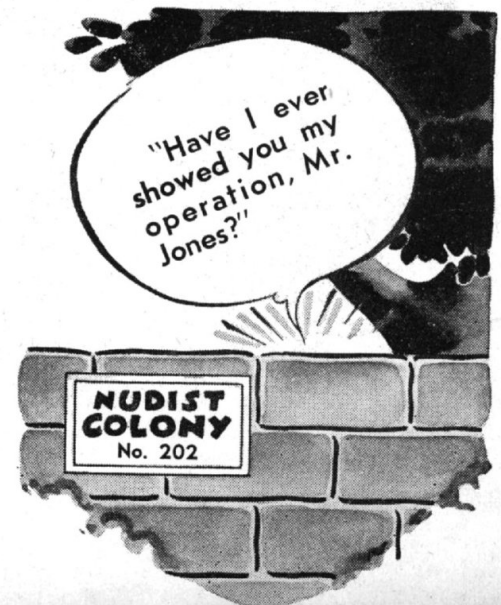
Vol. 3, No. 2

January, 1934



"Comfortable, isn't it—I'll turn the light out and you can get a better idea."

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"You say no white man ever got this far?"

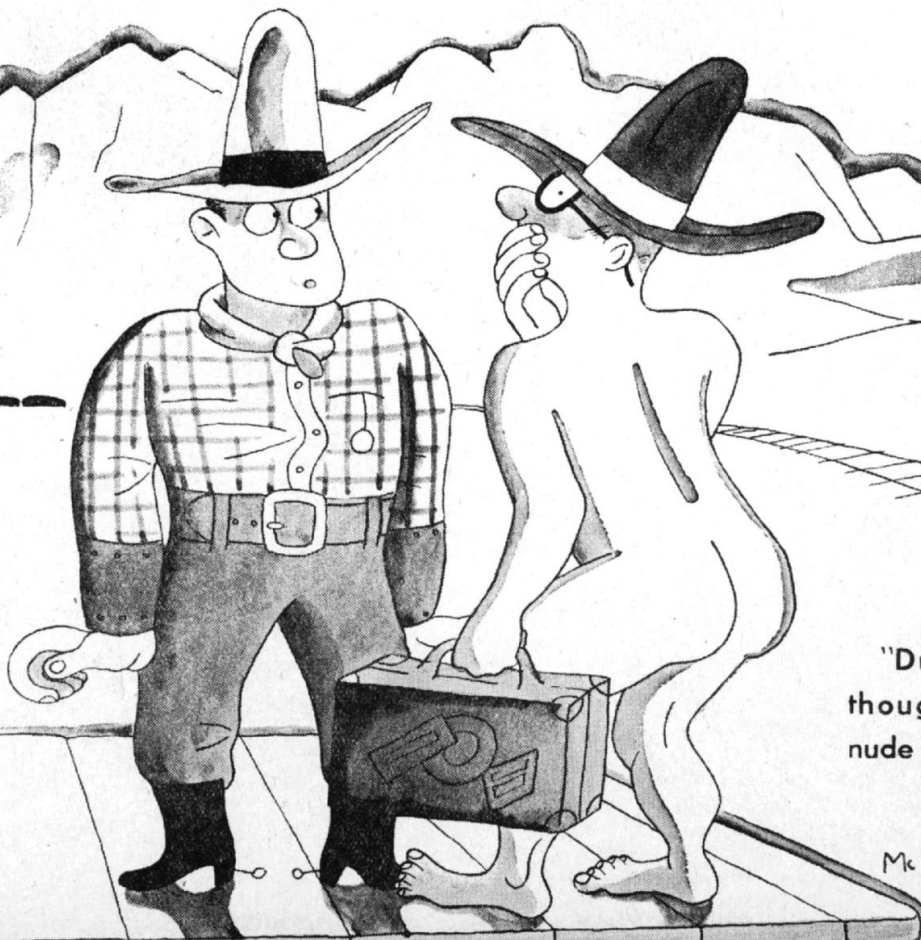




Professor—"I'm glad to see you wearing smiles this morning."



MOOSE NOSE  
DUDE CAMP



"Dude camp? I  
thought you said  
nude camp!"

McFEATHER





"Any neckties, collar buttons, suspenders?"





Fire breaks out at the Eden Nudist Colony. —Frueh in the New Yorker





"Mortimer Van Swiggle!!"





"Y' needn't dress, lady—there's no one on th' street this time of night!"





"I'm a newcomer here, but I suppose I'll soon get the swing of things."



"What do yah mean—runnin' around here only half-naked?"



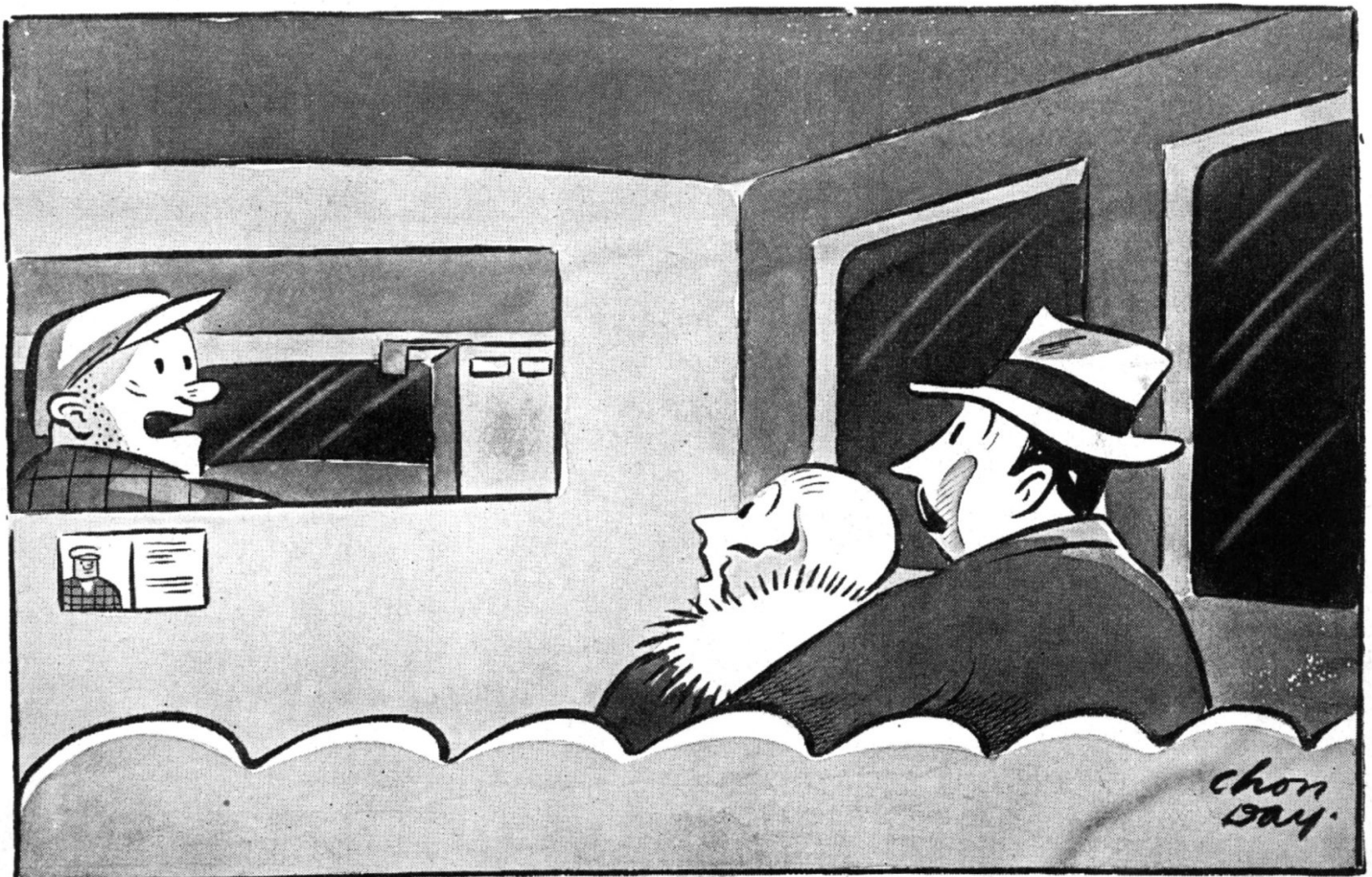


"Let's wait a little while longer before we raid 'em."





"Did you ever?"  
"No, I never!"



"Say, buddy, do yah wanna take th' wheel awhile?"



"Pardon my interrupting, but have you seen my husband?"

**NUDIST COLONY**  
No. 66

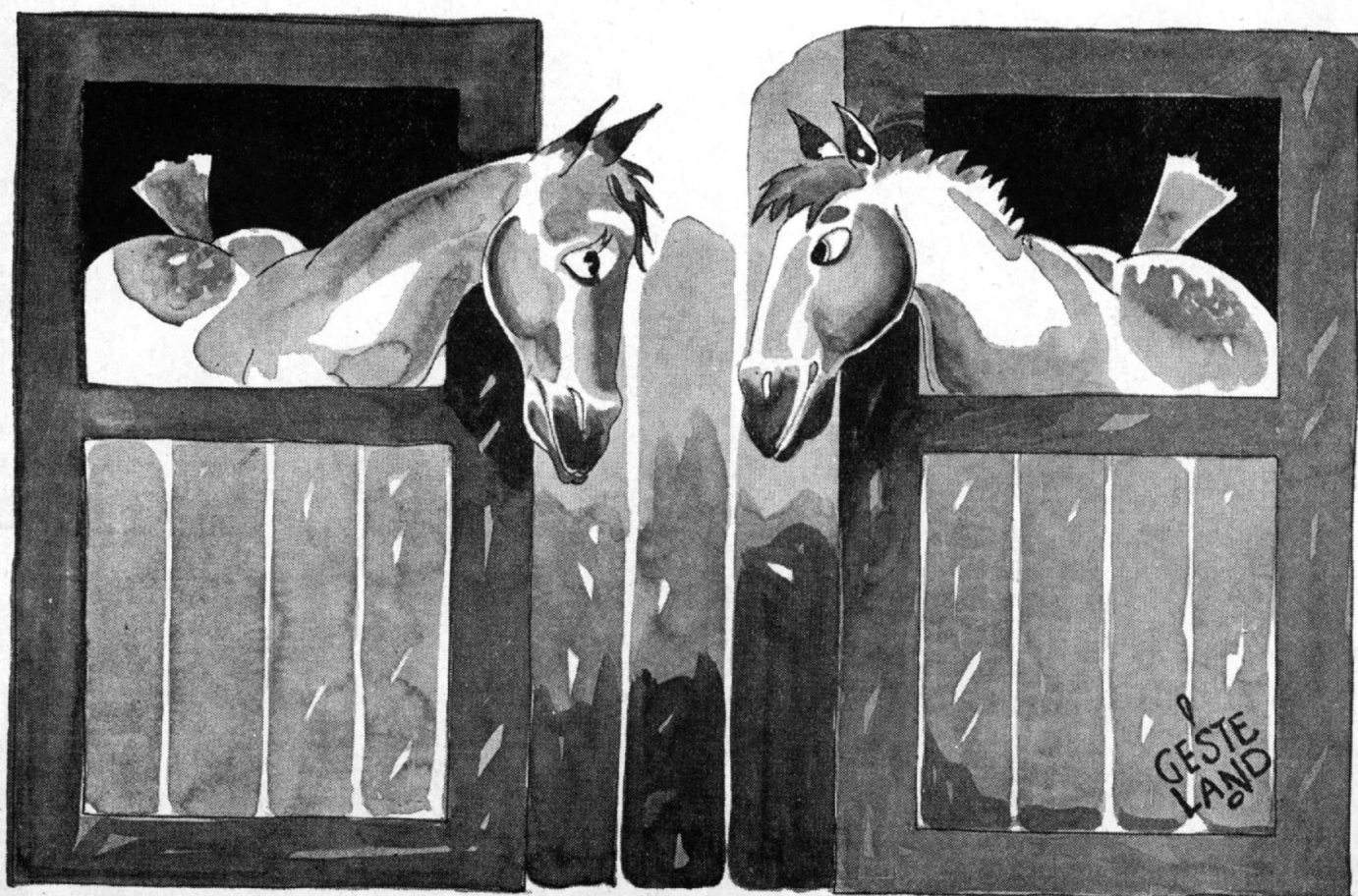


"Well, for th' love of Mike, turn your head!"





"That's what I get for being a bridge expert! Someone doubled me while I was vulnerable!"



"I hear Jim's been having nightmares in his stall!"



# Laughs from our Contempo



"Give me horses,  
anytime."

—Jokes



"Quick, Watson, the needle!"  
—Jester

"What's all this a



# ravins



lovers in the park? I don't see anybody!"  
—Yale University Record

—College Humor



"How about an eye-  
opener, George?"  
Film Fun





I hanging and well-filled.

—College Life



ROY  
BALL

"He dunned me wrong!"



In Daze Gone By  
**B**ROADWAY, the street that launched a thousand hips, is now launching ten thousand hip-hip-hurrahs! "What'll ya have, Bill?" and "Here's mud in your eye!" resounding in Levity Lane's Repeal Palaces, everyone is talking of former Tenderloin days, the old Broadway that had lived fitfully again in Mae West's histrionics.

Let's reminisce a little more. There were Paul Salvin's 14 cafes, one of them the reborn "Rector's," for the use of which name Paul paid George Rector—son of the founder—\$25,000 yearly. There was Jack's, on Sixth avenue, where the key was lost for 30 years, with its famous "Flying Wedge" of waiters geared for disorderly celebrants; Churchill's at 49th street, the three Shanley shrines, with steaks at 50c and ale-mugs with glass bottoms that probably originated the "Here's looking at you" salute.

In the Tenderloin proper, or improper, stood about twenty hot spots, foremost among them being the old Haymarket at 30th and sixth; Mike Sweeney's on 31st street which gave birth to the ex-

pression "Tell it to Sweeney." Later there was Gil Boag and his "find," Gilda Gray, and her stately pleasure dome, the "Ren-

Gilda and Gil barged off ten years ago. Gil and Paul Salvin's son, Sam, will doubtless soon be heard from on Bagdad-by-Repeal. The old guard dies but never gives in.

\* \* \*

#### Straight from the Shoulder

**E**ARL CARROLL is about washed up with the gents of the press. In an interview he described them as "a bunch of self-inflated punks with superiority complexes." Earl's antagonistic lone-wolf complex sticks to him like a porous plaster, despite bath-tubs, disappearing "angels" and crumbling shows, his last, "Murder at The Vanities," being regarded rather as a suicide. By the way, across the street on a burlesk house was a big competitive sign, "Slaughter at Minsky's."

\* \* \*

#### Cordial-ly Yours

**F**UNNY about the "Cordial" shops now faced with legal booze. These exotic-looking little cubbyholes, of which there are probably 3,000 in the Greater City, have been swamped with business on their rye at \$1 up per pint and their gin at 75c a nightmare. Lately they've cut the



"And then I gave him an uppercut like this!"

dezvous," on West 45th, where she sang her haunting air "Tahiti" and did her twist. Also the "Little Club" in the basement on 44th street, another impulse of Gil's. Alas! Those two little Gray homes in the west and east dissolved when

bath-tubs, disappearing "angels" and crumbling shows, his last, "Murder at The Vanities," being regarded rather as a suicide. By the way, across the street on a burlesk house was a big competitive sign, "Slaughter at Minsky's."



"But I said, I'm sorry we took you past your street. Now please let go the bus."



juniper to 50c. Now—say they—why won't we do more biz than ever when Repeal gin will cost the toppers \$1.50 per quart? A 50c headache's as good as a \$1.50 one! And an authority tells us that their gin costs them exactly 8c per quart, including bottle, label, cap and contents . . . It's going to be a fine old tussle.

\* \* \*

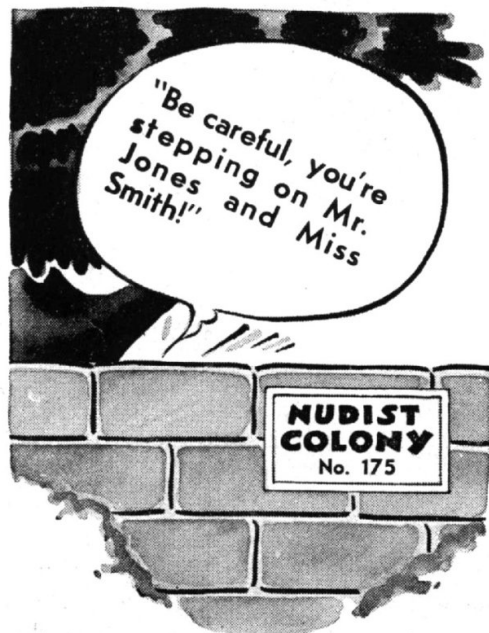
### The Stranger's Return

WHEN this is read the current whisper may have come true that "Roxy" (S. L. Rothafel), now of Radio City, may be back once more as czar at his old "Roxy's" at 50th street and Seventh avenue. For this reason among others that his old hang-out has certified in the Supreme Court of the USA its proprietorship in the Roxy name. Doubtless, if this happens, Roxy will carry with him the violin maestro, Erno Rapee, likewise that scintillating, many-years favorite, the chanteuse, Patricia Bowman.

\* \* \*

### "Recovery" Item

PECULIAR thing what Reginald J. Panic did to the hotels—we mean as regards the



ladies and gents who continually seek ingress minus the formality of baggage. In the old days at least a grip was demanded, and even then the "house dick" was apt to prowl around the floors scenting unmarried guests. But the wallop given the hostelrys by the depression eliminated all that—so that now even many of the first-class slumber and snore emporiums will breeze the baggage-less neckers in with nary a question, apparently mighty glad to get 'em.

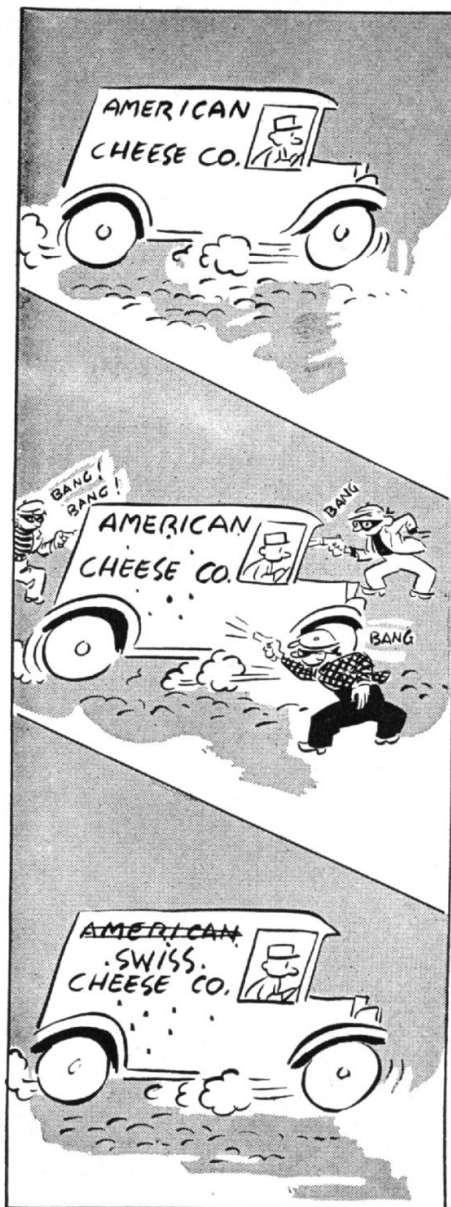
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### Now, Don't Tell a Soul

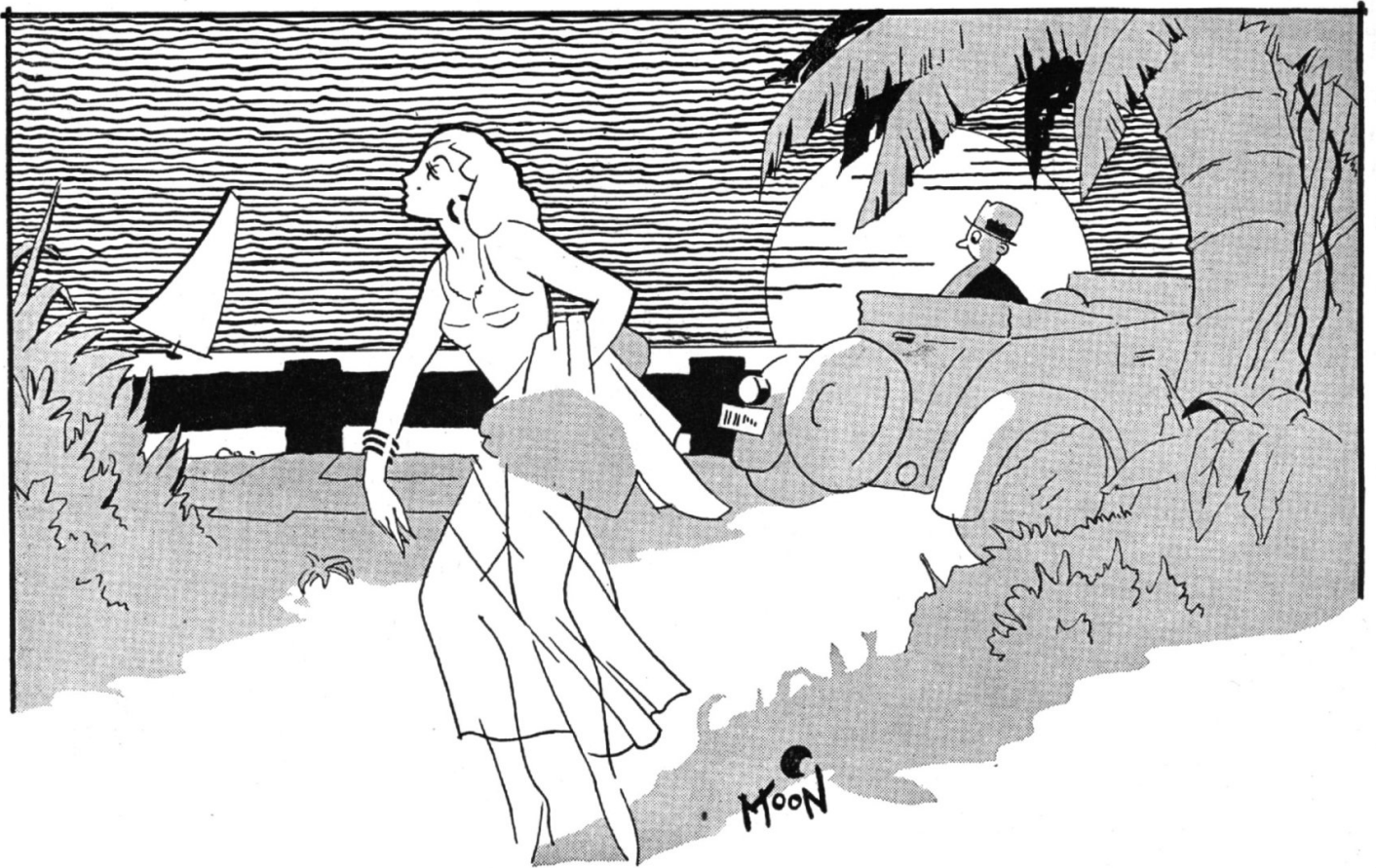
MARILYN MILLER'S

private fortune is said to be top among performers, due to Govt. bond investments when kale was plenty . . . The "cheap opera" impresarios haven't been paying off, with the poor tenor and soprano yowlers getting around \$20 per . . . Late Sime Silverman, founder of "Variety," ensured its continuance by blocks of stock to several of the staff becoming their property only when fifty . . . Peggy Joyce is reported low in funds—and no Counts or Dukes in sight

. . . Conveying an impression, former Ed of five mags seeking a \$5 touch on Broadway . . . New Main Stem song, "Absinthe Makes the Heart Grow Fonder." . . . Twenty Nudist gyms now operating in New Yawk—new anti-nudist slogan suggested: "Keep Your Shirt On." . . . Friars have lost their Monastery and will find a new place to play "rummy." . . . Which seemed their principal occupation . . . Said the N. Y. Times will soon go tab . . . Dave Lamar, the Big



Bad "Wolf" of Wall street out of his latest jam, but no have his car and chauffeur any moah . . . Ten Broadway hotels still offering rooms at six smackers per . . . The famous "Joel," at whose place General Coxey hung out when in Nyawk, will reopen in the same spot . . . Nude classes on Broadway at 50th street where for two bits you can "see everything" for 20 minutes . . . and for heaven's sake! . . . 'Tis said Artie Brisbane consults Mary Dougherty, who's been on the Joinal for 20 years, about his stuff . . . See you over at that new place on 45th!



The college boy who failed ---



"I had the entire front surrounded and was waiting for the word to advance . . . ."

"Yes, yes, General, go on."





"What's the matter, don't you know how to act in bed?"

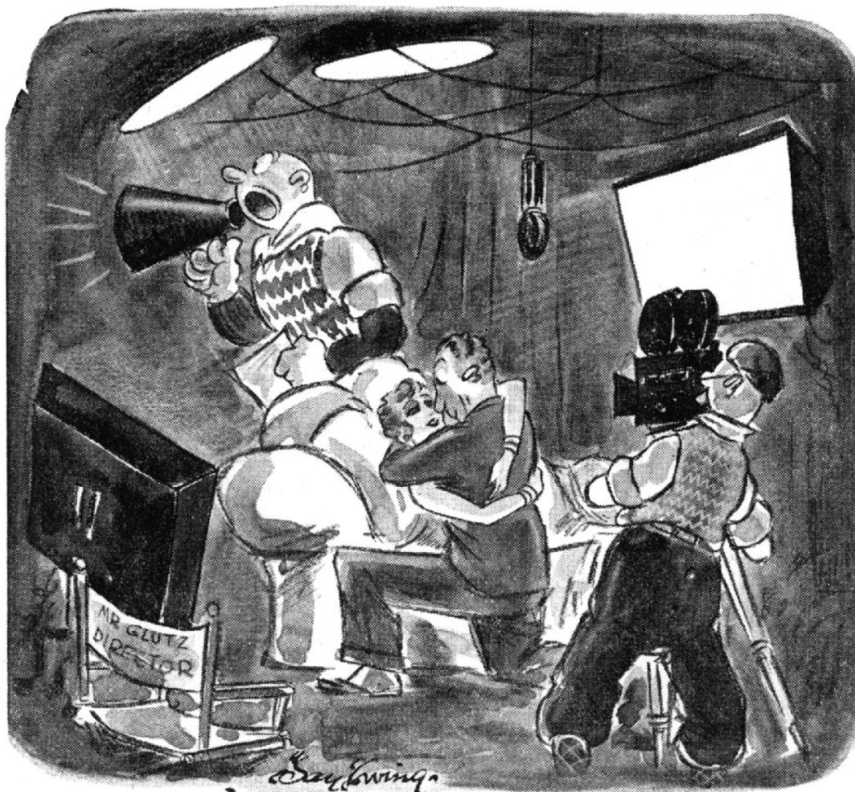


"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?"





The tuba player kisses his girl.



"All right, you guys, line up!"



"I just love these personally conducted tours."

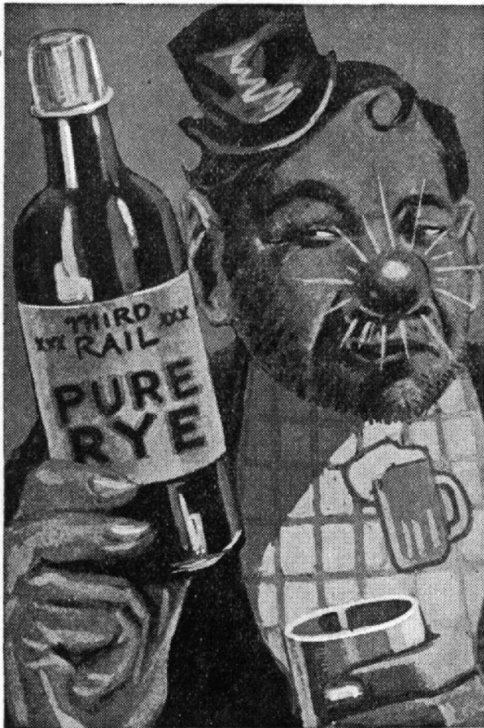


# HOOEY'S HANGOVER CLINIC

by

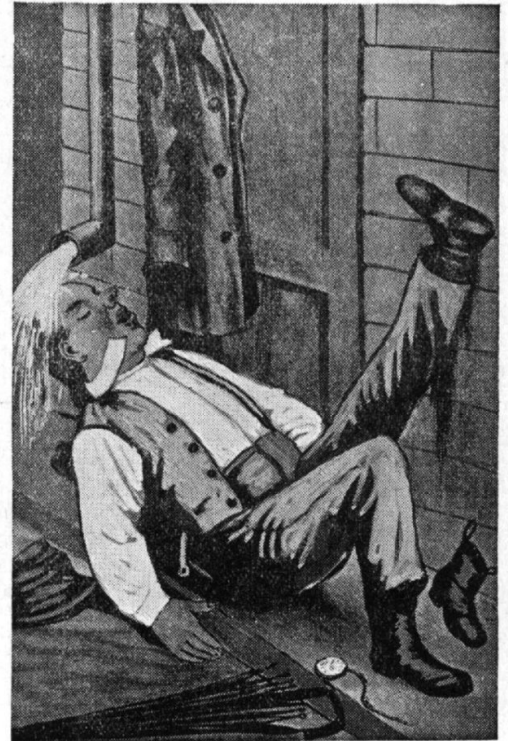
LARRY LARIAR, M. D. (Mostly Drunk)

PRETTY soon, millions of Americans will be going to work in the morning with ice packs under their hats. Congressman Blotz will pass his famous N.H.A. (National Hangover Act), and war will be declared! Most people want to avoid war, so I have compiled my famous recipes for curing the hangover in the hope that intelligent Americans will learn how to act on "the morning after."



## Cure Number Three—RYE

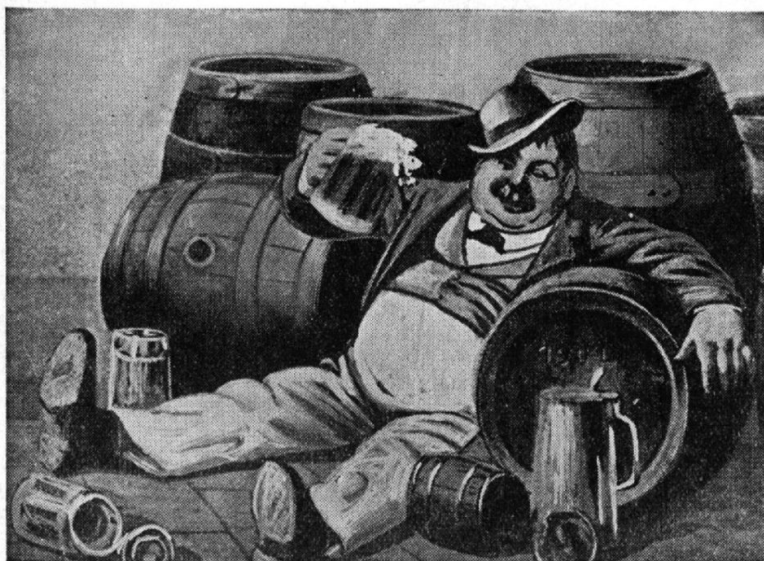
Most Rye Hangovers result in what is known as "Cherry Nose," or, to put it scientifically, "Schnozzola Durantiola." The only cure for this type of hangover is my famous "Vegetable Voodoo Swallow." To mix this, take three old tomatoes, a dash of vinegar, a dash of rat remover and mix thoroughly. Add mustard and stew over a cool fire. This cure is good for at least two weeks in a local hospital, where fresh air and sunshine will restore the patient to sound health.



## Cure Number One—GIN

After drinking gin, the best way to cure a hangover is to get home first, if possible.

Then, remove your coat and hat and one shoe as shown in the diagram above. Extend the head directly under the nearest drain pipe and allow the water to pour over the head, down the neck and under the arms. Keep one foot high in the air. If this does not work after thirty minutes, get little Willy to hit you over the head with an old umbrella until consciousness is regained.



## Cure Number Two—BEER

The trouble with beer drinking is that you never stop until you can't stand up. For this reason, I have invented my famous "Sitting Hangover Cure" for beer drinkers, \$4.98—F. O. B. Milwaukee. The drinker should always have five or six barrels of beer in his living room. After the party, he should recline among the kegs (as shown in the doily above) and drink until he falls asleep. The following morning, the patient may be rolled on the barrels until awake enough to start drinking again. Repeat the dose every ten hours until the patient is in a coma. Then, walk—do not run—to the nearest doctor.



Cavalleria Rusticana



COLLAPSE

### Let's Drop in for a Drink

Harriet Drupp, whose beautiful voice has been heard frequently over the radio, has rented rooms in the Darts-mouth Building and will open a studio for vice cultivation.

—*Phoenix, Ga., News.*

### Oh, Doctor!

Dr. Rubein said that reports of the first 1,000 cases, submitted by Mrs. Dolly Dunkirk, director of the service, showed not a single death as a result of childbirth. Two men had died of disorders not attributed to motherhood.

—*Anthony Park, Kans., News.*

### Another Bridge Party?

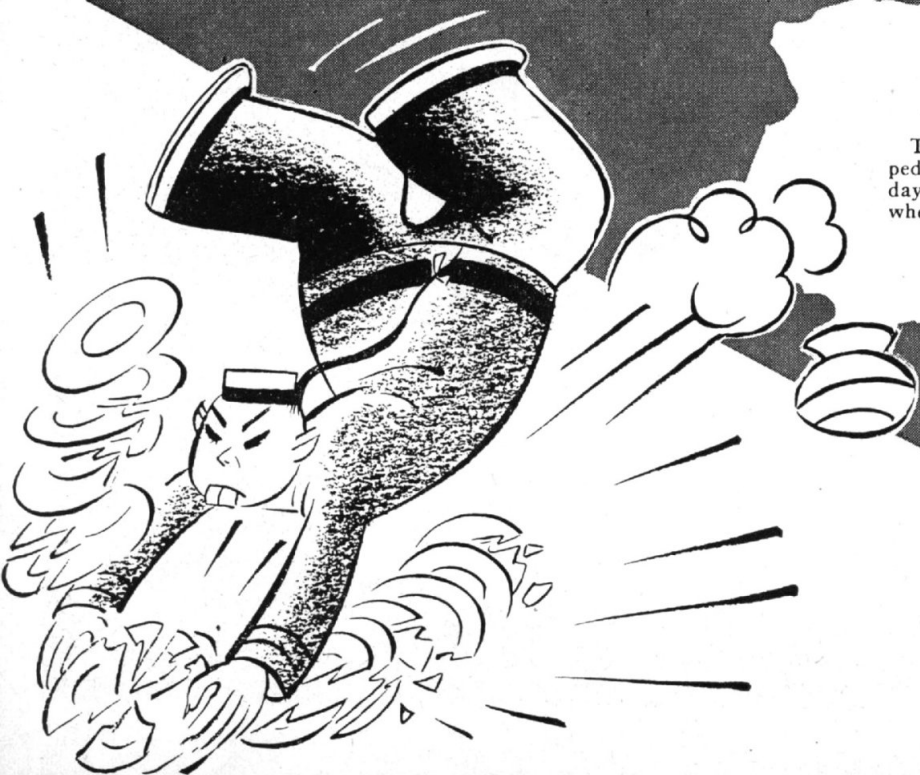
Miss Barbara Trolley, popular first grade teacher, entertained the father of one of her children Thursday evening.

—*Maraboo, Me., Times.*

### Well, Why Not?

Three men and three women who had been trapped in the mountains for six days were rescued today. The entire party was very much exhausted when rescuers arrived.

—*Nesmond, Idaho, Journal.*





### When Is the Next Meeting?

Sex appeals were granted to the meeting of the adjustment board in the city hall Tuesday. One appeal was denied and two were postponed until the next meeting.

—Neimen, Penna., Times.

### What About an Incubator?

Will go 50-50 with widow, ranch in foothills, wish to stock it up. Box 4. BB 44 Creek.

—Rapidan, N. M., News.

### Accommodating Steno

FOR RENT—Office with telephone and use of stenographer; in best location. Inquire Suite One, Paulley Bldg.

—Nessmith, Ia., Press.

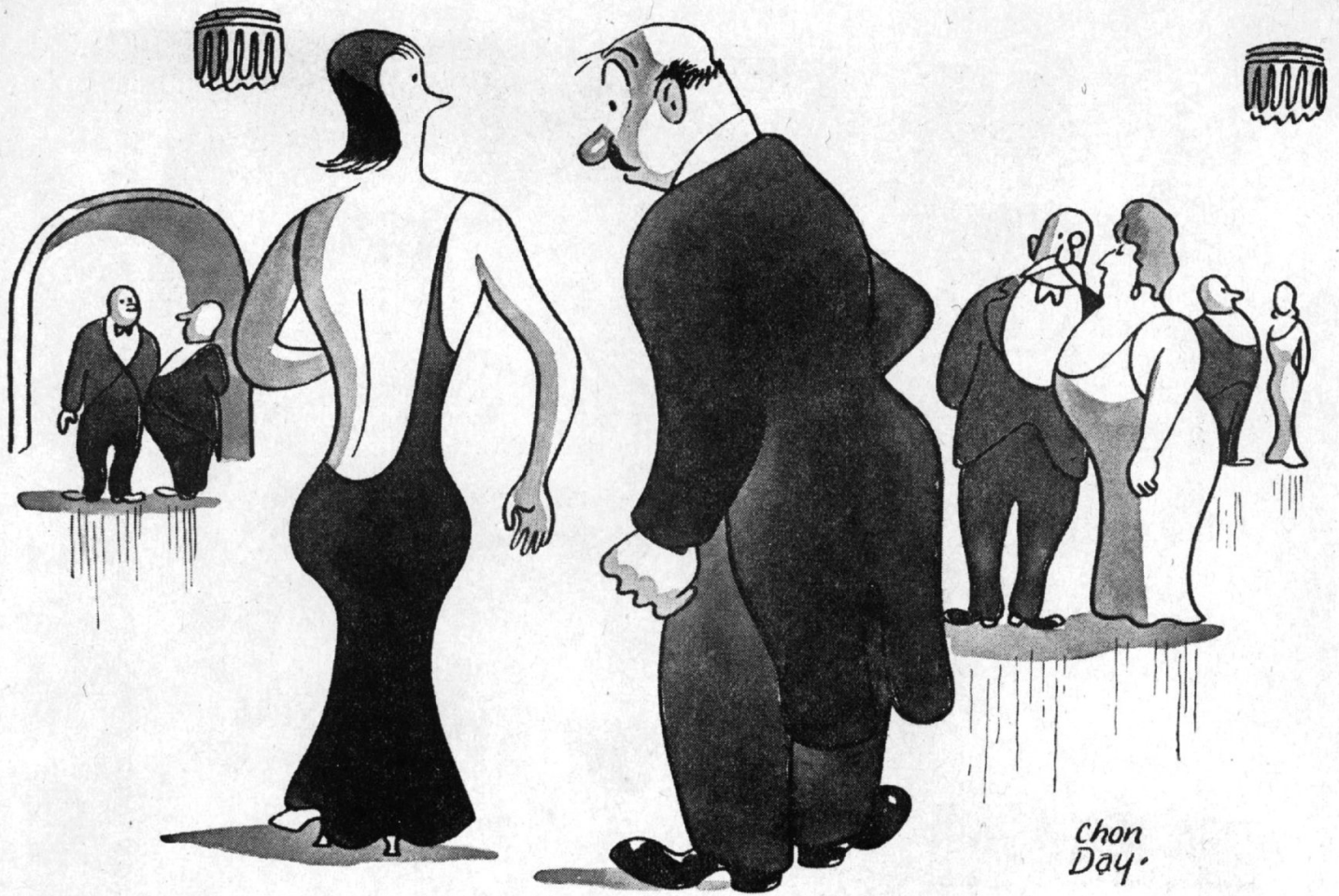
### Nuff Said

FOR SALE—Washing machine, radio, Monarch range, baby buggy, baby bed, lawn mower, kitchen chairs and table. Inquire, Bachelor's Club.

—Painsville, Ala., Times.

Bachelor's Club





"George, look and see if my petticoat is showing."



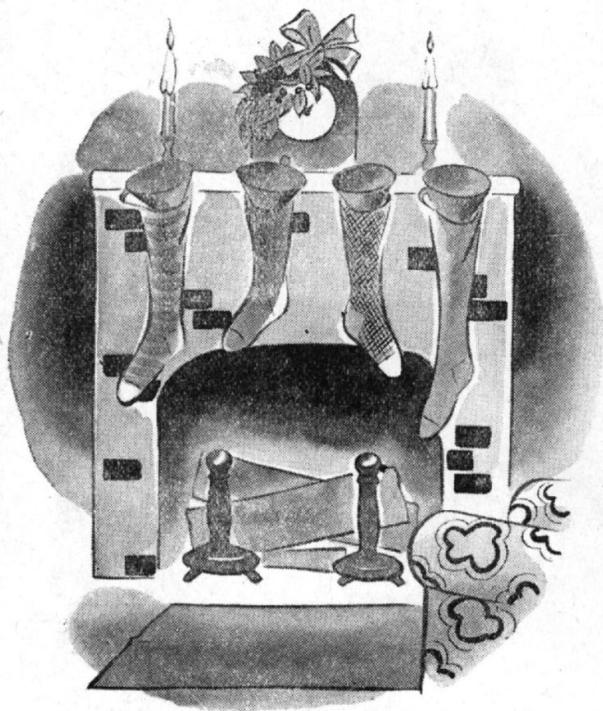
"Remembah, folks—no off color jokes!"



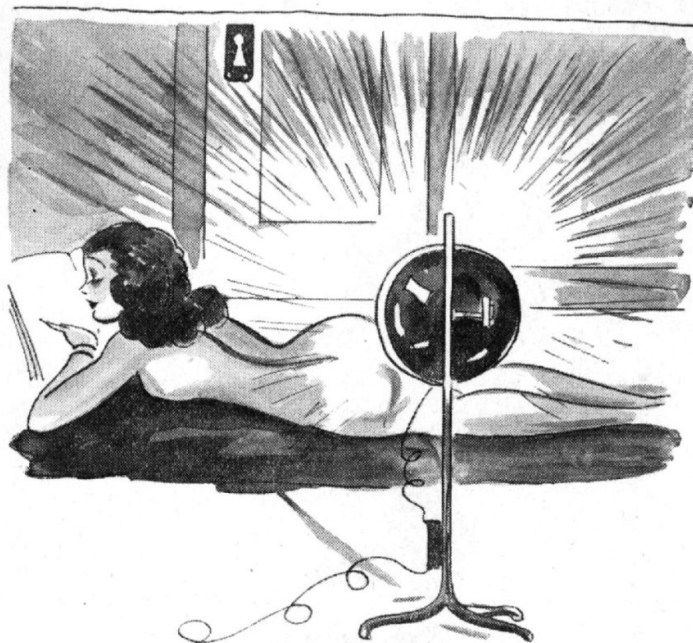




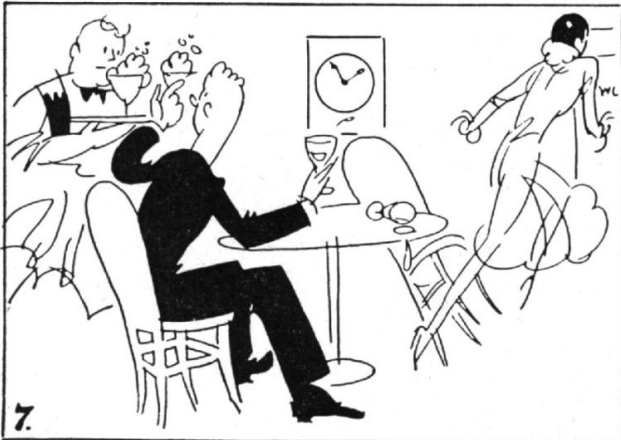
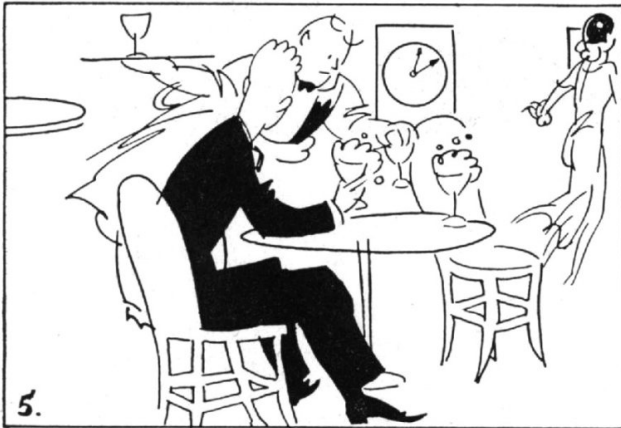
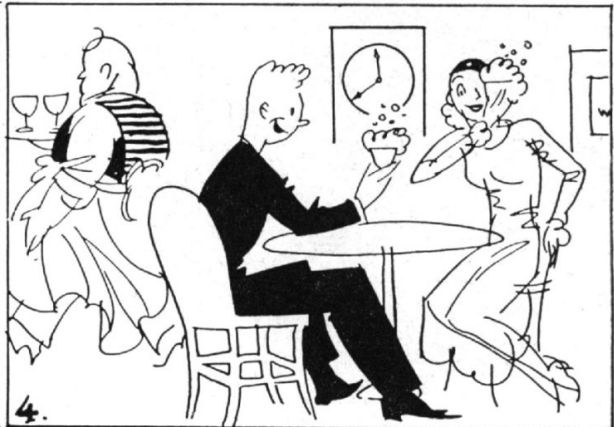
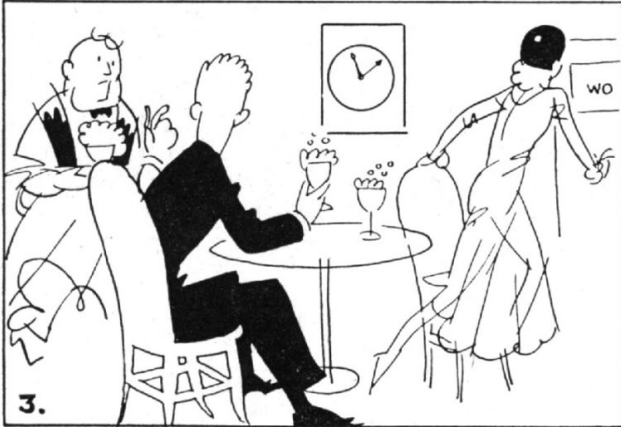
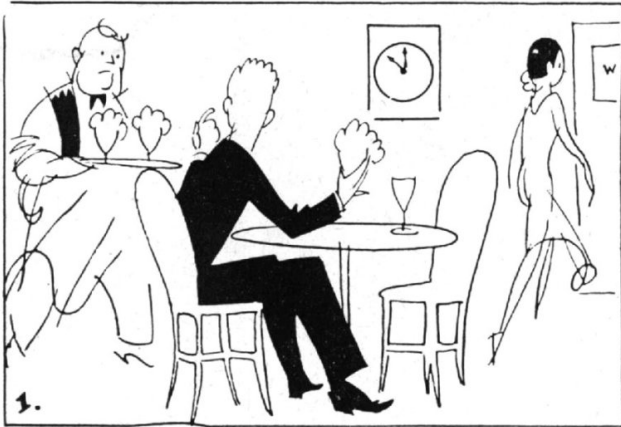
"Gosh, Henry, I wish she'd cut it short."



"In hopes that  
St. Nicholas soon  
will be there."









# Start the New Year Bright!

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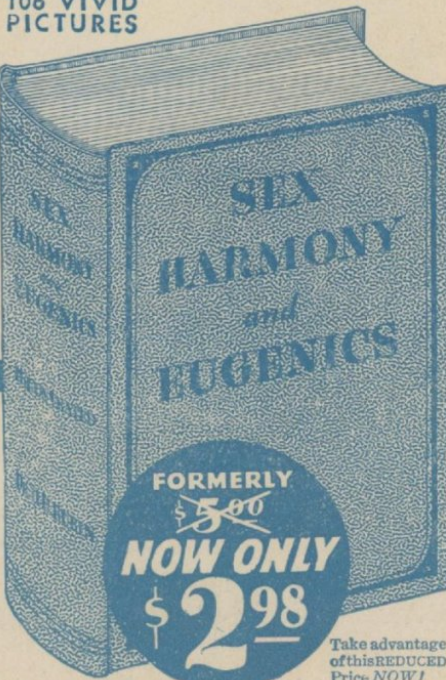
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Mistakes of Early Marriage  
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