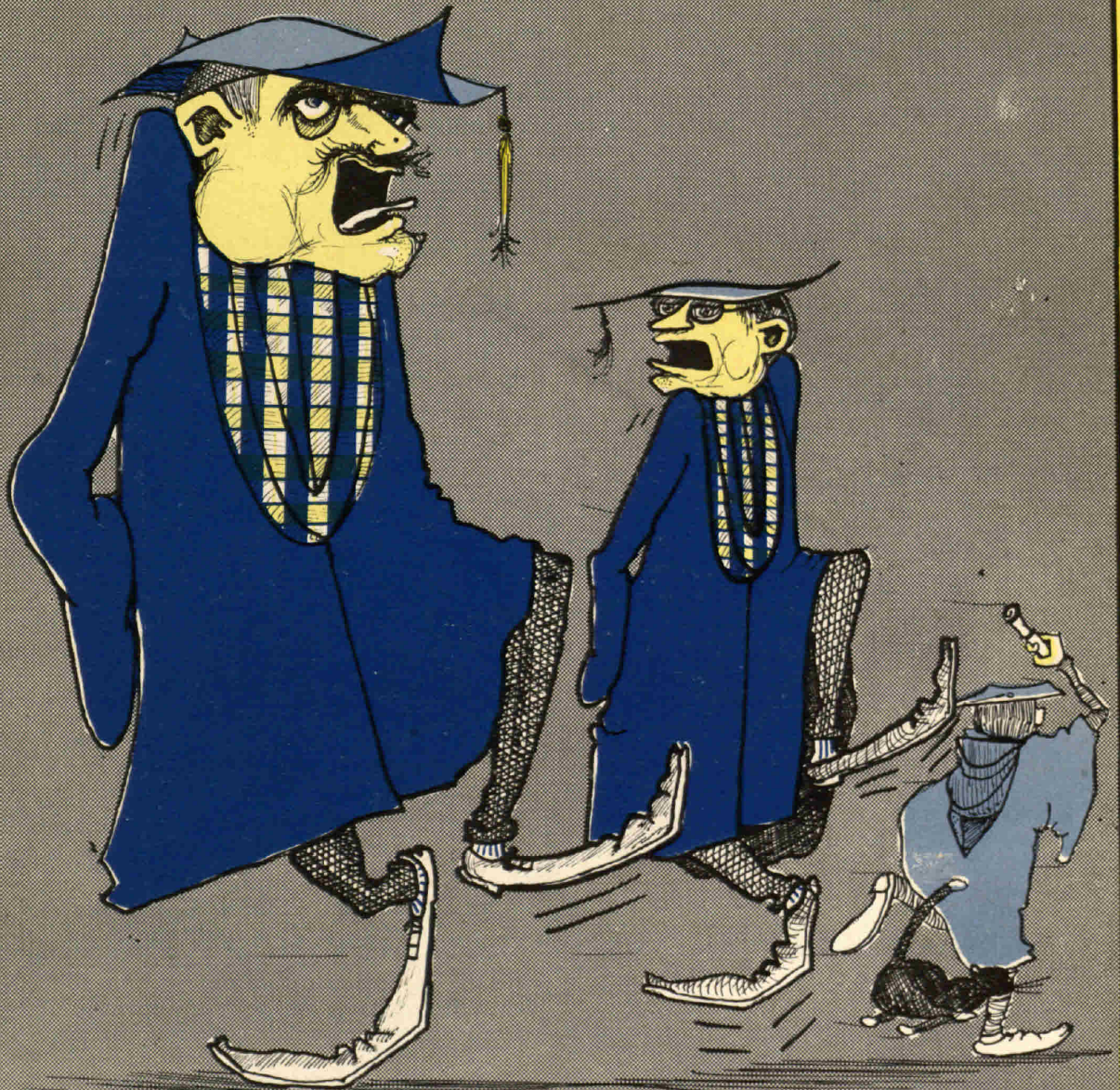
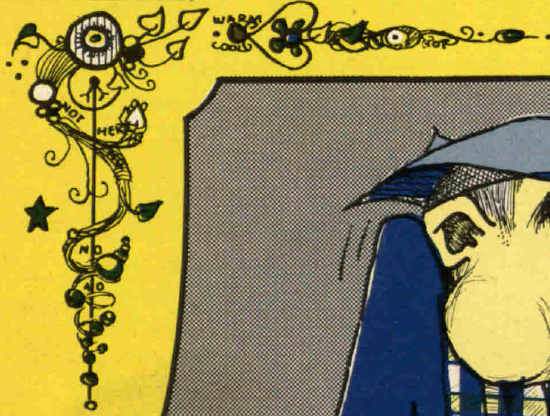


'GOLDEN RULE' ISSUE

HUMOR SUPPLEMENT OF THE MIT DEANS' OFFICE

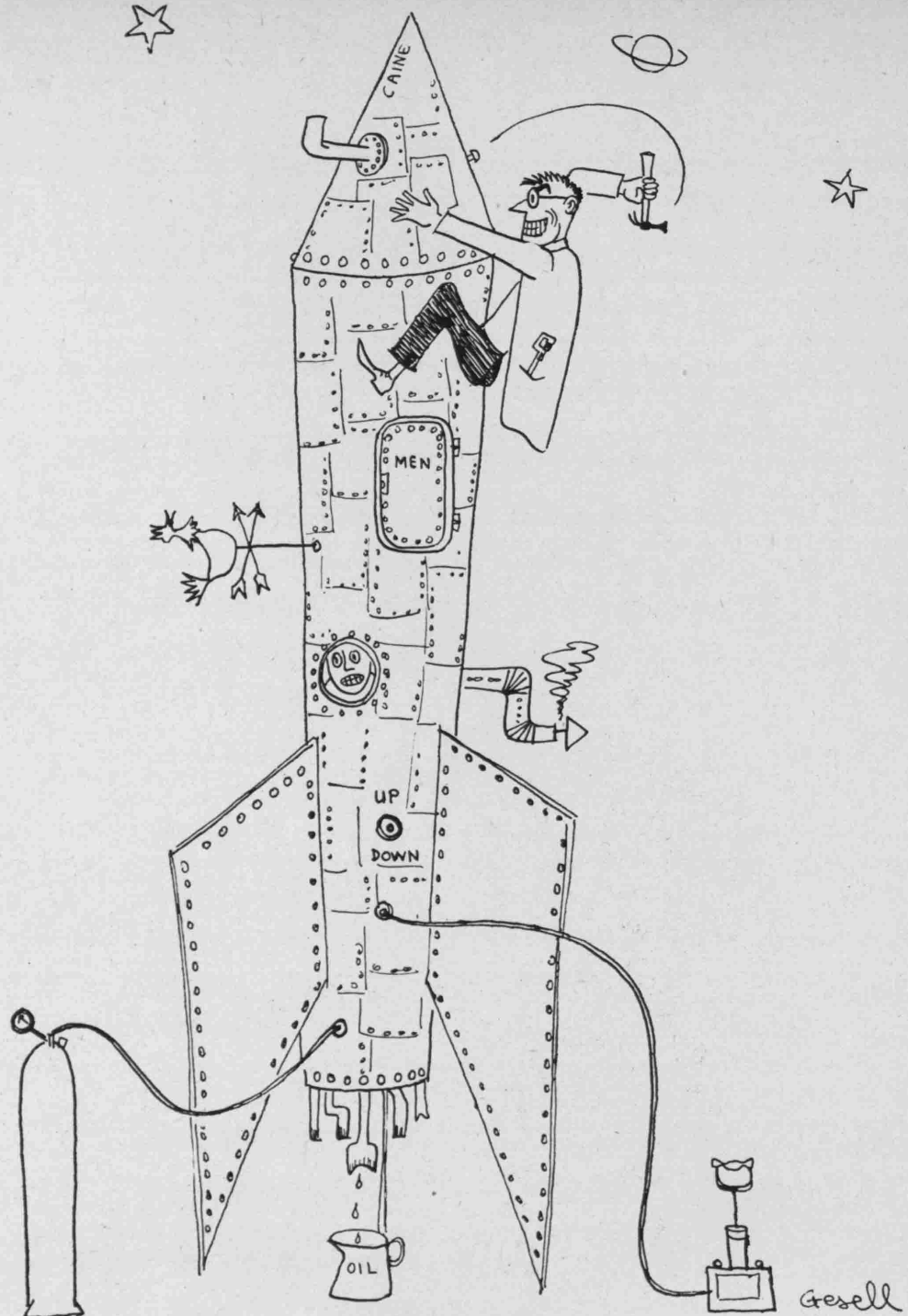


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V O O D O O

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol 41, No 8

June, 1958

Established 1949

Deep within the bosom of the M.I.T. family there exists a void - a chasm which leaves a sense of unfulfillment in us all. But no one seems to know just what it is that is lacking. Phooey. We know what it is. It is school spirit.

That is what is lacking.

There is a definite need for people who will go out and do things - unusual things. Few among us are so bubbling over with spirit as to go out and relax in the old college fashion. It's been a long time since we've heard the cop on the corner mutter, "Damn college kids."

We are not advocating non-constructive acts, such as soldering coin slots on parking meters, or welding shut the gates of Harvard. We refer, instead, to on-campus type spirit - acts which demonstrate that students have campus activities at heart. For example someone should get hold of about 2900 copies of The Tech and add to its front page, perhaps with a rubber stamp, a bit of really interesting news.

We really think someone should do that --- again. S. H. C.

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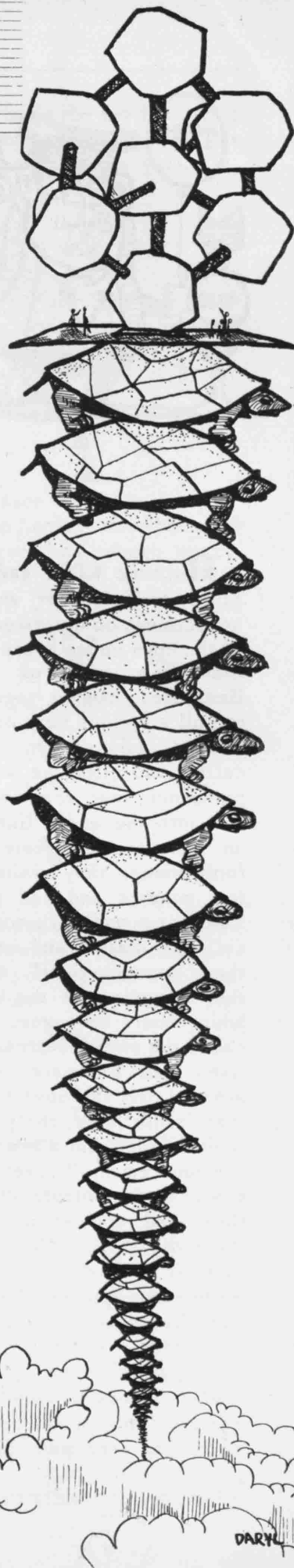
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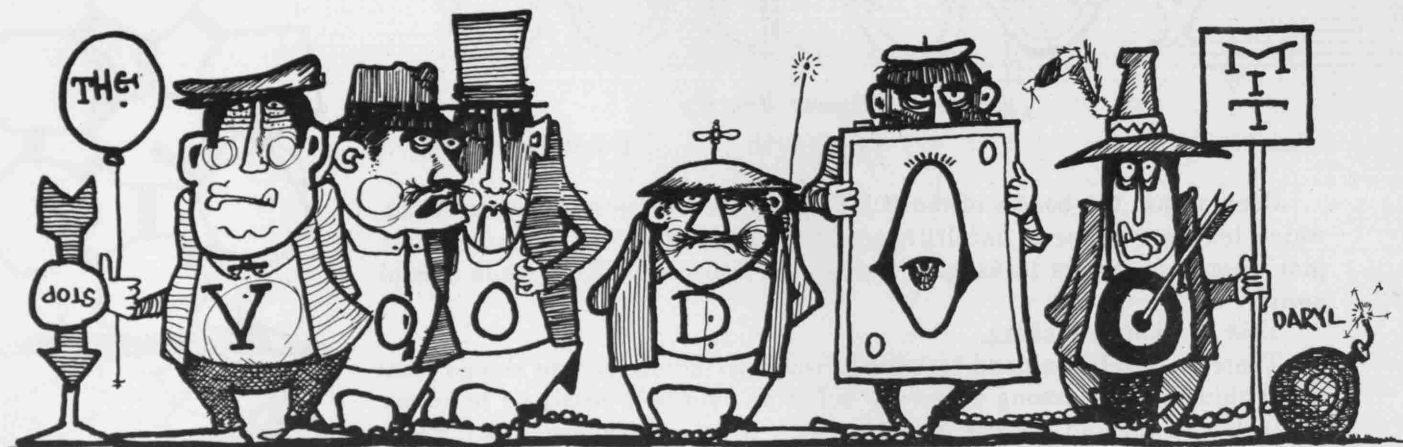
All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office will receive careful consideration.

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This Month's Cover by DARYL '58??





Because WTBS had refused to broadcast an announcement of the extension of the open house hours after A-Ball, a group of irate Burtonites banded together to pull a vicious hoax on the campus radio station. After calling and telling the station personnel that they would cut into the audio lines if an announcement were not forthcoming, they waited a few minutes and had some innocent-sounding Burtonites call the station and ask if the "announcement" about the extension of the open house hours were true. Because the station representatives had become rather aroused over this invasion of their audio lines, the pranksters decided that a few more "announcements" every so often would provide joy to them and consternation to the radio staff. After each of their supposed announcements---the epitome of which was the cancellation of Mil Day---they listened with malicious glee as the announcer denied to a confused audience any announcement which had been made in the preceding few minutes, and the pranksters really flipped

when there were announced repeated warnings of the dire penalties facing anyone caught tampering with the audio lines. The joke became complete, however, when the ever-alert and "absolutely accurate" school newspaper printed an article describing the cutting into WTBS's audio lines by a group of vandals who had broken all sorts of laws by this act.

Rumors that James R. Killian--missile czar, advisor to the President, and President *in absentia* of ---will seek the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1960, are utterly, fantastically, and completely false. He's a Republican.

In the April issue of *Esquire*, which we were reading because somebody had stolen our latest issue of *Playboy*, we ran across an article by Malcolm Muggeridge entitled, *America Needs a Punch*. Well, we won't complain if he'll buy the beefsteak for our eye.

Some of our observant readers have noticed a rash of mentions of the M.I.T. Dramashop in our latest issues. Puzzled by this recent phenomenon we set our investigators loose to find the culprit responsible for this free publicity. We didn't have to look far, for, much to our astonishment and chagrin, we learned that one of our new editors was also newly appointed as Dramashop publicity manager.

The labor unions who publicize themselves in this country as internationals have probably had a lot to do with the recent announcement from the Soviet Union that the Soviet workers will, in the foreseeable future, have a shorter work week. Next thing you know, the workers will be asking for a Guaranteed Annual Purge.

An Original from our Editor: Clothes make the man. No clothes make the woman.

The *Tech Engineering News* is having labor trouble. They printed a quote from a speech delivered by the Honorable James Hoffa, beloved president of the Teamsters, in which speech the Honorable James Hoffa said, "Business never gives you nothing if they can help it. Look at the suckers in the teaching racket. They get peanuts. The teachers get nowhere fast..." The Honorable James Hoffa, through his lawyers, threatened to sue TEN for printing the remark. TEN should have known better than to print the Honorable James Hoffa's remark directly the way it was written--- they should have corrected the Honorable Hoffa's grammar, first!

A notice tacked on a bulletin board, calling all loyal, red-blooded Americans to join a peace rally at the Boston Common-- stamping grounds of the rabble's beloved Father Feeney--made us wonder just how many of the ardent anti-H-bomb test demonstrators are unemployed H-bomb workers.



Does anybody know what happened to the Money Tree, Voo Doo presented to Acting-President Stratton?

East Campus is widely known for its spirited celebrations of May Day. This year, however, the boys went a little too far. Showering Institute officials with water bombs is not funny!

ABOUT THE COVER
Because the subliminal advertising in our last issue met with such overwhelming success, we are repeating this latest technique for bilking the "other-directeds" who escape by reading V o o D o o. If you will carefully examine the cover somewhere in the vicinity of the top, bottom, right, and left sides you will find the Message --- MAKE OUT --- printed for all to ponder.



Two cows were talking. One said to the udder, "Here comes that louse with the icy fingers again!"

"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.



Where did you get that purple stain on the back of your dress?"

"OH, I got my thrill on Blueberry Hill."



Professor--one who leads a simple sober life because he never has enough money to make a fool of himself.



Twins are bad,
Triplets worse.
Sleep alone.
Safety first!



The cops have been cracking down on bookmakers... Would you say that was race prejudice?



Mother (entering unexpectedly): "Well, I never--"
Daughter: "But, Mother, you must have!"

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Coffee Houses —

By the time of James Boswell and Sam Johnson, the coffee house was serving as the focal point and the clearing house for political, economic, and artistic ideas. The world's foremost insurance company, Lloyd's of London, was originally a coffee house. The gentlemen of London couldn't resist, while sipping their coffee, wagering on the odds that a boat would not arrive safely in port. From this idle wagering there emerged the Lloyd's of today, the insurance company which will insure anything from the finger of a pianist to the whole head of a missionary on his way to South America.

With the formation and the exploitation of the colonies, it was inevitable that the coffee house should follow the British flag and the British gentlemen.

In the United States the coffee house originated in New York, the center of foreign shipping in the early 1700's. Because of their popularity and their utilitarian nature, they soon spread along the entire Atlantic Coast.

It was in the coffee house that trading and shipping were negotiated. The cargoes brought into harbor were displayed and subsequently traded to businessmen who daily frequented the harbor coffee shops. Each shop represented its own special product. If a Southern gentleman were looking for a couple of strong, healthy slaves, he might visit the *Golden Horn* and talk to the skipper of the newly arrived slaver.

The atmosphere was informal, and the shops were fairly ornate. Paneled walls and fancy decorations added to the relaxed mood; imported coffees and ales helped initiate liberal conversations.

Here, also, was an escape from the tedious world of the early colonies. One could relax with a cup of mildly blended java and read the

latest political barbs by Benjamin Franklin.

As times changed, the coffee house had to change with them. In the 1800's they became very ornate gathering places for high society. Their numbers slowly decreased, and they started to go underground. No longer located on the docks, they moved to alleyways and back streets. They were either glorious, artistic masterpieces for the cream of the nobility, or dark, off-the-beaten-path shops where the working man could grab a few minutes rest and leave the confusing society growing up with the industrial revolution.

Escape from the bustle of life and/or a chance to meet friends and talk over business while downing one of many distinctive brews were the coffee house's greatest attraction.

In modern Boston the coffee houses are still retreats for the weary dregs of civilization. Located in all sections of the city, they reflect the racial or national heritage of their surroundings. Some are rather elaborate, but the majority are small, interesting, and about as informal as it is possible to get. Whether you walk in, up, or down, you seem to leave the world outside the door as you sit down and relax.

As functional as they are relaxing, it is possible to pick up some excellent contacts while having a cup of *capuchino*. Although it isn't the place to go to buy a few hard-working slaves, it is a place to talk over differences and to air troubles, to forget yourself, and to lapse into reverie.

Go wandering through the narrow, twisting, dirty, dark thoroughfares of Cambridge --- of anywhere --- amid the color and turmoil of life, and you begin to lose yourself. Soon you'll wander down a path too narrow to be called a street, and you'll see a window all fogged from the heat inside clashing with the chilly evening air. Inside it is noisy. It's more than noisy.

It's like stepping into a din caused by a whirlwind of clamoring words and personalities; each person an individual forming the whole, unique and indispensable. There is a feeling of lightness and bouyancy as you wander to a table in the back where the concrete ceiling slopes down across the room and ends in a junction with the cement-block walls. Seated with your back to the wall, you gaze out over the room and try to take in all that comes into view. A carved wooden angel hanging down from the ceiling on a thin cord. A large mural covering almost an entire wall, bright in color, lively in motion. Paint peeling off the walls and tables and chairs, falling on the floor already littered with meaningless odds and ends. A cute waitress. A chess game in progress at another small table nearby. As we sit down, one player makes his move.

One of a group of inhabitants, tall, thin, lanky, and nimble, slings a banjo over his shoulder and begins to compete with a radio and the general commotion. The fury of the din increases as ballads, folk songs, union songs, and blues pour from his lips. We all sing, people we don't know sing, the waitress sings, the Harvard man sorta' sings.

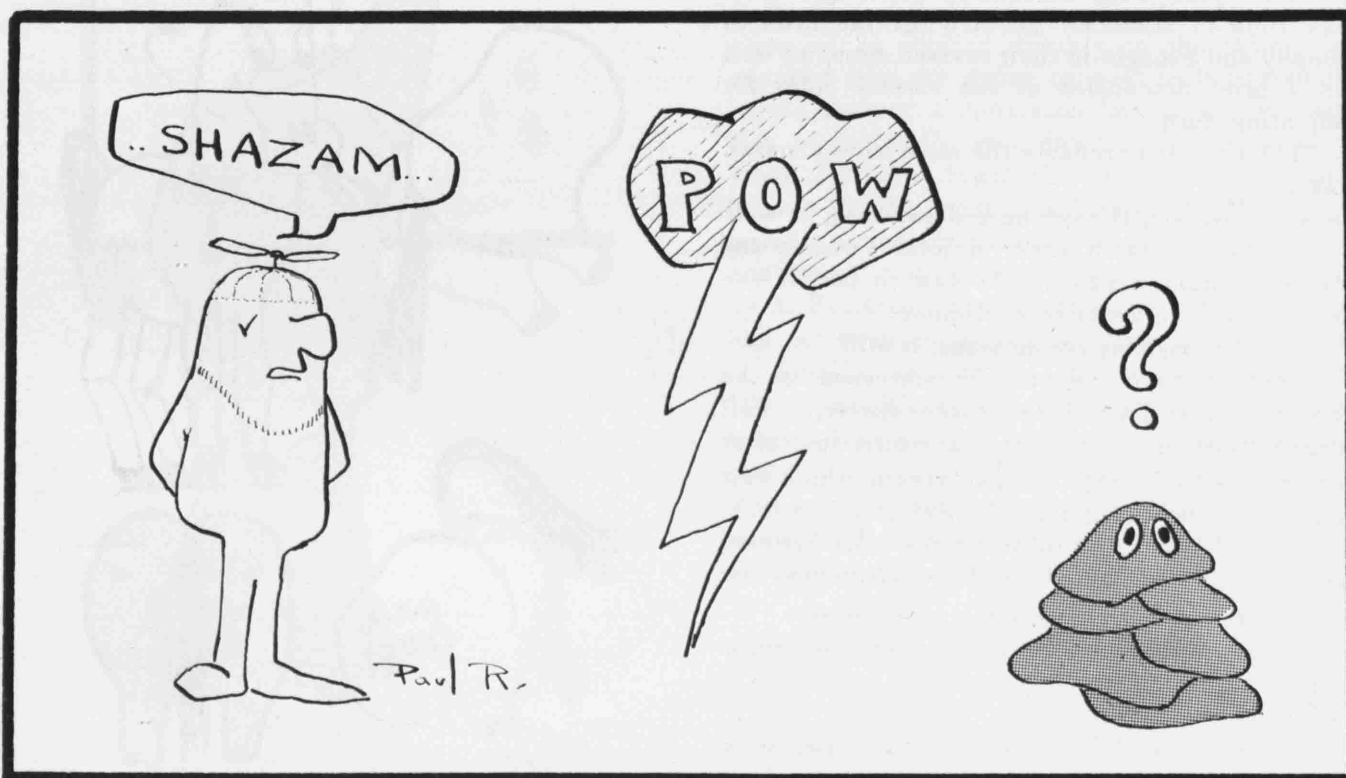
A man strolls in with a small drum and begins beating out oriental rhythms which reverberate from one end of the narrow room to the other. Several others join the group and the songs increase in number and in volume. Our friend with

the drum wanders over and bangs out an unintelligible Russian tune.

The coffee we had ordered comes. The music stops and conversation starts afresh and runs from Peanuts to Pope to Pogo. The door opens and in come three guitars and a banjo, accompanied by several characters who promptly gather together at the other end of the room and begin competing with the other group already firmly entrenched at our end. *John Henry* starts at one end and rolls thunderously down the floor only to smash into *Saints* as it heads in our direction. Then they, too, join the swelling clan. This is our war and its end. Several nurses from a nearby hospital enter. A Harvard man makes a pick-up. Here, a world away from reality, anything can happen. The chess game is at the same point it had been several hours before. Some of the customers have changed. One couple arm-in-arm creep silently away. Smoke hangs thick from the cigarettes and pipes. A banjo breaks a string, and one of the guitarists gets up to leave. Things are closing down. The castles-in-the-air come tumbling down.

And we sit sipping coffee. The two of us lost in each other's heart. Let the world go rushing blindly by, let the fools fritter away their lives in the aimless rushing. We have the coffee house to save us from the world.

Jerry Kaiz



THE LAWS OF MURPHY AND FINAGLE

RESTRICTED TO SENIORS

This course is intended primarily for those of you who are preparing to start work on your senior and graduate thesis and who are not yet acquainted with the basic laws of scientific experimentation. Doubtless, many begin to suspect these laws and may even begin using some of the more important tools of this science in laboratory practice, but a thorough grounding in the concepts is necessary for complete understanding.

What is now considered to have been the most important study of the real universe was begun by one John Finagle '69 and the first editor of Voo Doo. He undertook for his senior thesis to prove this proposition:

If a string has one end, then it also has another end!

At first glance this theorem may seem to be trivial, but if broad enough interpretations are applied to the words "string" and "end", it will be found to express the "togetherness" of the entire real universe.

After graduation, J. Finagle joined forces with Dr. Murphy of Cal-Tech and together they published the most celebrated paper known in any field of science. Below are the laws of Murphy and Finagle in their revised form, as well as a brief discussion of the various rules for adjusting data.

The first and probably the most widely known law is:

In an experiment, if anything can go wrong, it will!

Further research under a joint Fooom and Anarcom grant expanded the law to be all embracing and universally applicable:

If anything can go wrong, it will!

This is merely a concise statement of the Innate Perversity of Inanimate Matter. Well known examples include the rainstorm just after you washed the car; the experiment which just wouldn't work unless the lab instructor was looking, and the fact that toast always falls buttered side down. A useful corollary of this law is:

Everything will go wrong all at once!

A law which many have discovered for themselves but which is rarely so clearly expressed is:
If it looks easy, it's tough.
If it looks tough, it's damn well impossible, or intuitively obvious!

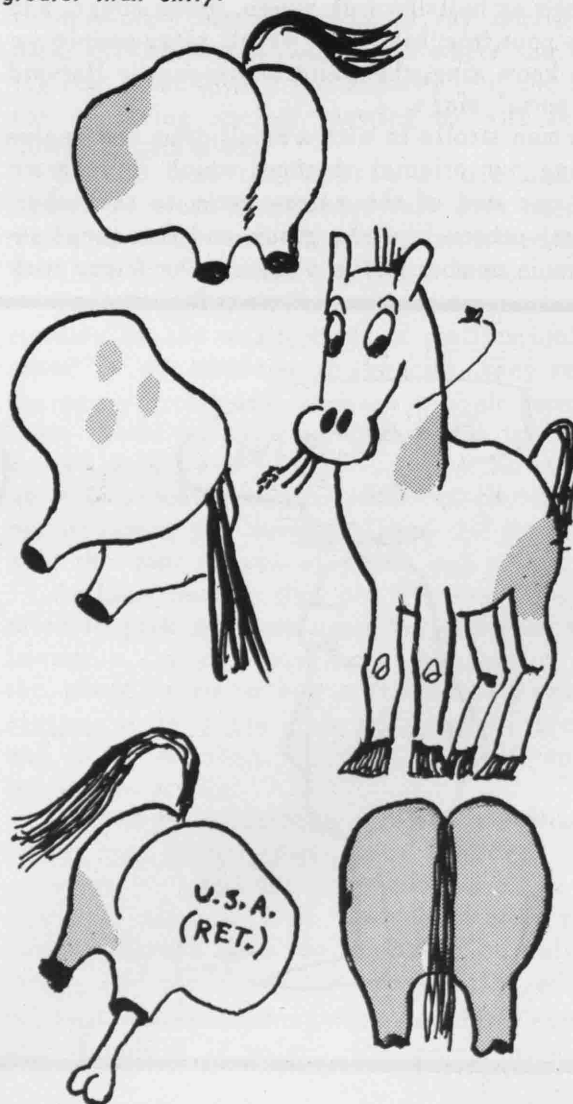
Once you begin working with your own or other expensive equipment you will discover that:
Experience is directly proportional to equipment ruined.
Equipment will be damaged in direct proportion to its value!

The sixth law is probably the most disputed and will probably remain so for some time. The controversy is not over its obvious truth but whether Finagle first deduced it by observing Murphy or vice-versa.

If something is foolproof, a more perfect fool will come to be.

Or stated in more exact terms:

The ratio of horses' buttocks to horses is much greater than unity!

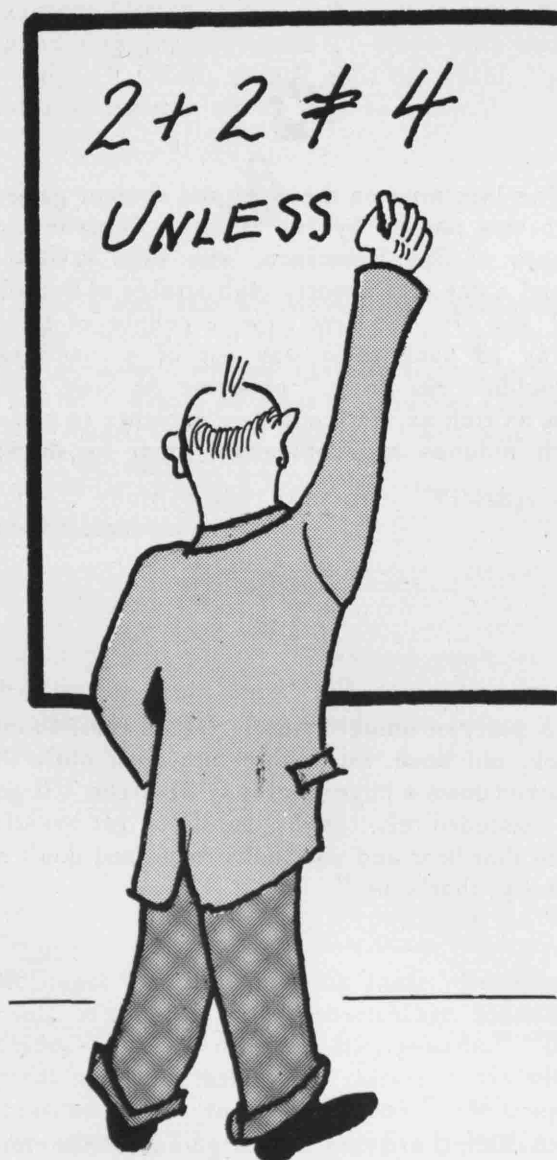


Throughout their experiments, the devoted scientists carefully followed the basic philosophy of all experimentation as stated by Murphy: "Science is truth. Don't be misled by facts."

Because careful and exact procedure for correcting data have never been effectively studied, Murphy and Finagle were forced to pioneer this fruitful field of research. The most important results, as every Techman has grown to know, are the so called data correction factors.

The lowliest of these factors is the Bugger factor, used only by inexperienced experimenters on the night before the lab report is due. It is defined as:

$$\text{Experimental Value} \pm B_f = \text{Theoretical Value}$$



TDF.

It is usually inserted discreetly at the end of the report, just before experimental error is calculated, and no explanation is offered for its insertion. This is also sometimes incorrectly called the fudge factor, which is entirely different. The fudge factor is entirely a physical factor, such as stopping the stop-watch a little bit early to compensate for error. The Diddle method is of a slightly higher order than the fudge factor and is consequently harder to detect. If in transferring data from one equation to another, you "accidentally" misplace a decimal point or slightly rearrange the order of the digits, you have applied a Diddle transformation.

These methods, as tested by Murphy and Finagle, proved to be childish in nature and hardly effective. It was left for the two discoverers to invent and quantitatively describe a positive method for data correction. The Finagle Factor, as presented in the Journal of Experimental Technicians is:

$$\text{Your data} \times F_f = \text{Theoretical data}$$

In other words, each data point is analyzed and is then corrected by a separate and distinct Finagle Factor F_f . Judicious use of this method, and/or use of the ninth law:

First draw your curves, then plot the points!

This will result in a theory-proving paper every time. However, the height of experimental correction is the Murphy variable constant, or constant variable, depending on which way infinity is approaching you. The Murphy variable constant is applied directly to the theoretical equation you are trying to prove. It is usually in the form of a correction factor, e.g. for friction of table tilt, etc., and therefore must be at least partially justified. Probably, the most famous Murphy constant variable was $\sqrt{1 - c^2/v^2}$, which was indiscriminately applied to mass, time, and length in its various forms in a senior thesis by A. Einstein. Even at this late date, the fraud has not been uncovered by reputable scientists.

Finally, we have the tenth and most important law in the Murphy Finagle system. It is sometimes known as the "way out" law and leads the way to the eleventh law of inevitable correction. Whenever a system becomes completely defined, some damn fool discovers something which either abolishes the system or expands it beyond recognition.

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John Banzhaf



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Once upon a time there was a boy penguin and a girl penguin who met at the Equator. After a brief but charming interlude the boy penguin went north to the North Pole, and the girl went south to the South Pole.

Later a telegram arrived at the North Pole stating simply, "Come quick-am with Byrd."



The patient shook his head gingerly and slowly regained consciousness, "Well, Doc," he said weakly to the face bending over him, "Was the operation a success?" "Sorry, son," was the gentle answer, "but I'm St. Peter."



The last word on the royal and ancient game of golf was passed by two wealthy Chinese merchants of San Francisco, who were invited to spend a day at a country club outside of Berkeley and saw, for the first time, a couple of duffers trying to hack their way out of a sand trap. "Wouldn't you think," observed Ah Sing, "that men as rich as that could get servants to perform such arduous and unpleasant labor for them?"



A party of hunters finally talked their faithful cook, old Mose, into going with them while they tracked down a huge grizzly. "All right, I'll go," he conceded reluctantly, "but if you get wrestling with that bear and you looks round and don't see nobody, that's me."



A Texan arriving at the gates of his eternal home remarked, "Ah ne'er thought heaven could be so much like Texas." "Son," replied the gatekeeper, "This isn't Heaven."

A wealthy farmer decided to go to church one Sunday. After services he approached the preacher with much enthusiasm. "Reverend, that was a damned good sermon you gave, damned good!"

Reverend: "I'm satisfied that you liked it. But I wish you wouldn't use those terms in expressing yourself."

Farmer: "I can't help it, Reverend, I still think it was a damned good sermon, and I was so impressed that I put a hundred dollar bill in the collection basket."

Reverend: "The hell you did!"



"Me slept with daddy last night," said the small child to the kindergarten lady who believed in correct diction, even by the very young. With emphasis the teacher said "I slept with daddy last night." "Well, then," said the child, "you must have come in after I went to sleep."



"What a man, that Krubnovkivich!" enthused a Russian delegate to the U.N. "He invented radio, airplanes, and the electric light. In fact, I'd say he's almost as great a genius as Yibishiv."

The American looked puzzled. "Who was Yibishiv?" he asked.

"Ha," chortled the Russian. "Yibishiv invented Krubnovkivich!"



Fellow to blind date: "I don't believe in reincarnation, but what were you before you died"



McGregor lay breathing his last. He roused himself to whisper to the assemblage round his bedside, "Tannish owes me fifty pounds." "It's a great mind the man has," marveled his wife. "Clear as a bell to the very end." McGregor spoke again: "I believe I owe Sandy Mollinson a hundred pounds." "Ach, the poor mon," sobbed Mrs. McGregor. "Take no notice of his delirious meanderings!"

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A DUCK OUT

"By George!" I said to myself. "You're no boor; just because you devote 90% of your waking hours juggling little letters in every conceivable manner; just because the only thing that strikes your sense of humor is to see a fuse blow, a test tube burst, or the damp eyelids of your best friend as his twenty-below quiz paper is returned; just because your only amusement for the last four years has been to play bridge with your faculty advisors and your lab instructors. By the three basic laws of Newton this is no reason to lack confidence. You are an M.I.T. senior. Your superior logic and native intelligence should carry you through all difficulty." I was working myself up into a furor. Impetuously I grabbed my M.I.T. ring and placed it upon my finger. The big Beaver's winking eye added to my growing confidence. "Look at that ring! You really have to be someone to wear a hunk of iron like that! What a man! What an intellectual giant!" I could hear the adrenalin rushing through my body. No more high school girls for sure! Let's see. What school has the real cultured and sophisticated girls? Aha! Radcliffe's the place, and I can get Rebecca Von Cabbot to fix me up.

Drunk with confidence, I expanded my chest, flexed my muscles, and nodded to myself in the mirror where I could see a slow, ironic grin spreading the words, "You suave rascal," on my lips. I then strutted "Napoleon style" to the telephone. Slowly and with swift, positive movement I phoned Von Cabbot's number.

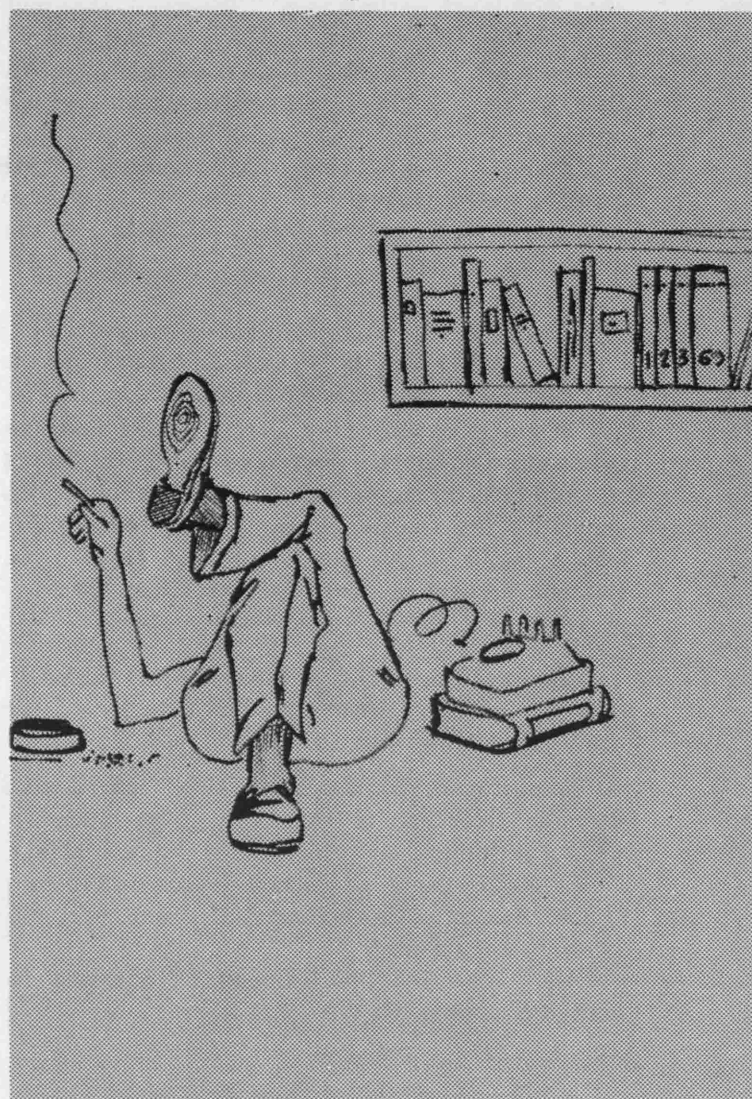
In a voice four and a half tones lower than my usual speaking voice, I said, "Hello, this is your old friend Al from M.I.T."

"Oh," she replied, flatly.

"How are you?" I continued. "After all these years it is good to hear your voice, Rebbie. Remember those good old days at PS 312, when your gang of girls used to beat up my gang of boys with the butts of their water pistols. Boy! Those were the good old days."

"Yes," she said as she muffled a forced yawn.

"Rebbie, old girl, I've been wasting my time for four years taking out uncultured, unsophisticated girls. How about helping me change all this. Why not fix me up with a nice, sophisticated girl . . . let's say a third-year graduate student of Ethiopian burial rites, for instance. I really need some intellectual stimulus and companionship. You'll do it for old time's sake,



won't you? What do you say?"

"The name is Rebecca," she replied coldly.

"Confidence come back." I could hear myself crying. "She is only a girl, not a monster." In a voice now four and a half tones higher than usual, I again pleaded, "Please, Miss Von Cabbot, do me this favor?"

"Well," she finally said, in a voice as animated and as full of personality as a professor's. "If you insist, I'll get you a date for next Saturday. Her name is Linda; she lives at Winthrop on the Vine, KE 6-4050. Good day."

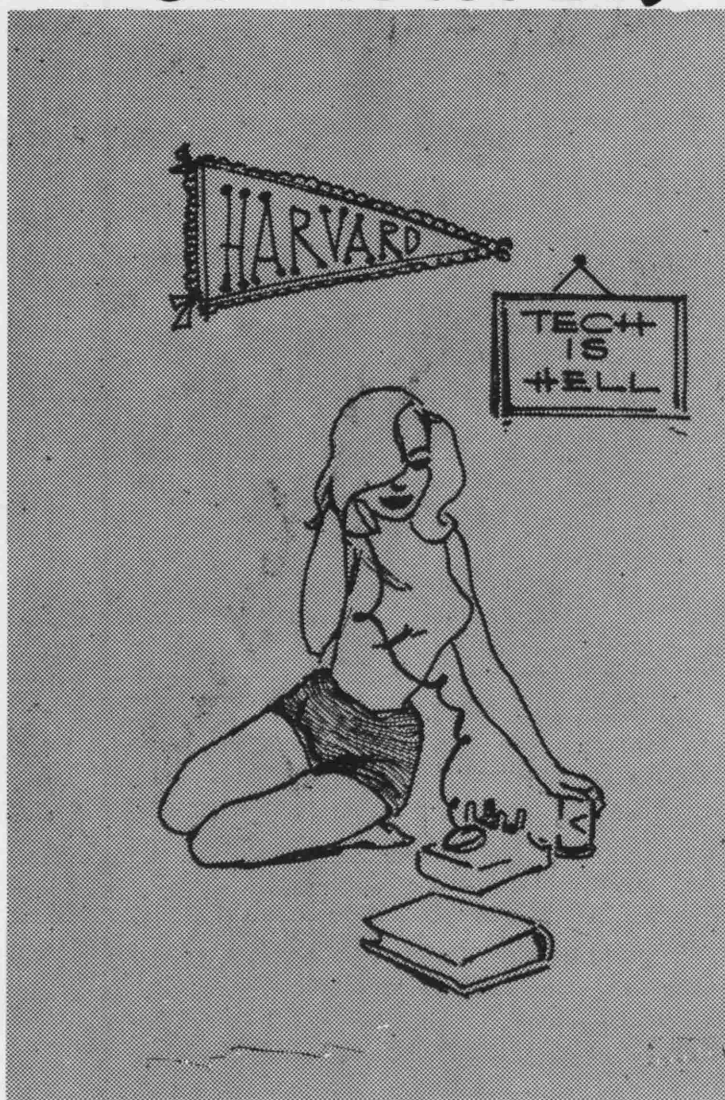
"Give it a go, old boy. You have it in you." Again I was filled with an air of confidence. KE 6-4050.

"Good day, Linda."

"Hi-ya," she replied.

In my most condescending voice I immediately remarked, "I have just been contemplating

OF WATER



Nietzsche's three-day contemplation of Dante's Divine Comedy, and I am of the opinion that if Dante had paid more attention to Niebuhr's pragmatic application of the Eisenhower Doctrine, he would never have reached the absurd conclusion that Socrates' philosophy was amoral."

Only a gasp was heard at the other end. I had succeeded in melting the ice; the new approach was working like a charm. "However, this is beside the point," I continued. "I wonder if next Saturday you would like to aid me relax for several hours. I feel it would do me good to take a break from writing my novel, *The Wheatstone Bridge and the Neurosis of Modern Man*. It does become quite tedious, you know."

"I can't wait to meet you," she blurted. "See you then. Ta, ta, for now."

You suave rascal, you damn suave rascal.

Finally, Saturday evening arrived. I dashed

over to Winthrop on the Vine, literally blazed a trail through twenty feet of ivy which engulfed the door, and in a panting voice, asked a rather morose telephone operator to ring Linda. I then reclined on a couch, assumed the traditional Yogi thinking-pose, and awaited her arrival. She was gorgeous.

"Unbelievable." I thought to myself.

"Hi-ya," she said.

I pretended not to hear her as I changed from the Yogi thinking-pose to the traditional Yogi deep-concentration attitude. After a while I nodded to her and allowed her to hold onto my arm as I pompously strode from the dormitory reception room. She made a touching effort to keep up with my manly gait as she clip-clopped in her dainty shoes.

We attended the Boston Symphony. At each intermission I recited verbatim a criticism of the music which I had managed to memorize the night before. My recitations were so smooth I almost convinced myself that I knew what I was talking about.

We then set off for Crownie's, the habitat of the local drinking class. Just to hear the overtones of conversation emanating from the booths would have inspired the most incorrigible drunkard to reform.

For over two and a half hours I proceeded to recite everything I had learned which was in any way philosophical in nature. I was brilliant. Suddenly, I noticed that Linda was sitting sullenly by herself at another table, sipping her fifth German beer. She had missed my most ingenious and longest dissertation. I was furious and fearful at the same time. What had I done wrong? Was my uncultured nature showing through my protective coat of ivory broadcloth?

"Why did you desert me?" I demanded, with a noticeable tremor in my voice.

"You damn fool," she said deliberately. "You complete, damn fool. Week after week I have to put up with the same nonsense. 'Nietzsche says this.' 'Sartre says that.' Why do you idiots seem compelled to gas off like steam engines every Saturday night? Look! Don't you know what to do on a date? You chicken? I'm no cold test tube. Don't you know there is something to life besides philosophy and science?"

"Gee, you're right!" I exclaimed as I came out of the haze. "Let's play bridge."

Steve Dorsey

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IS EVIL

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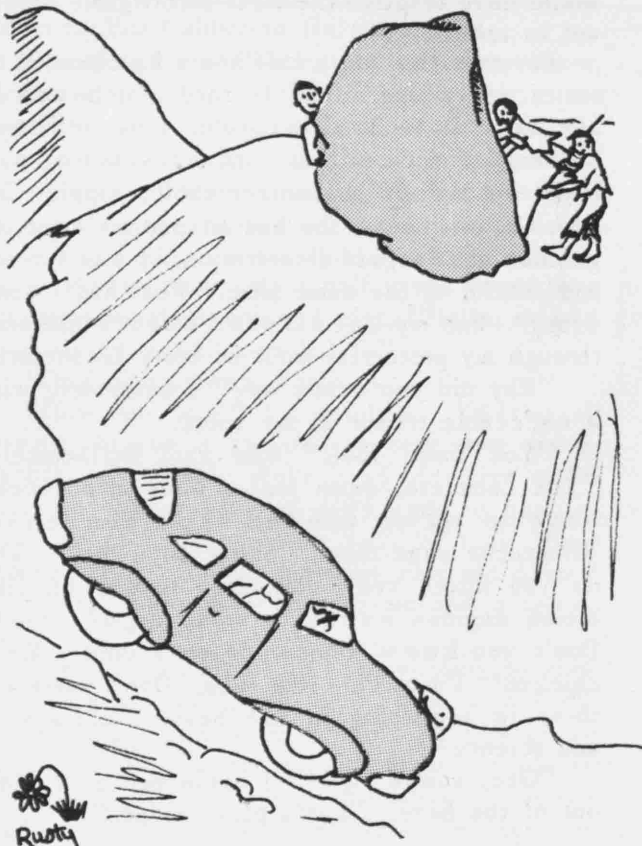
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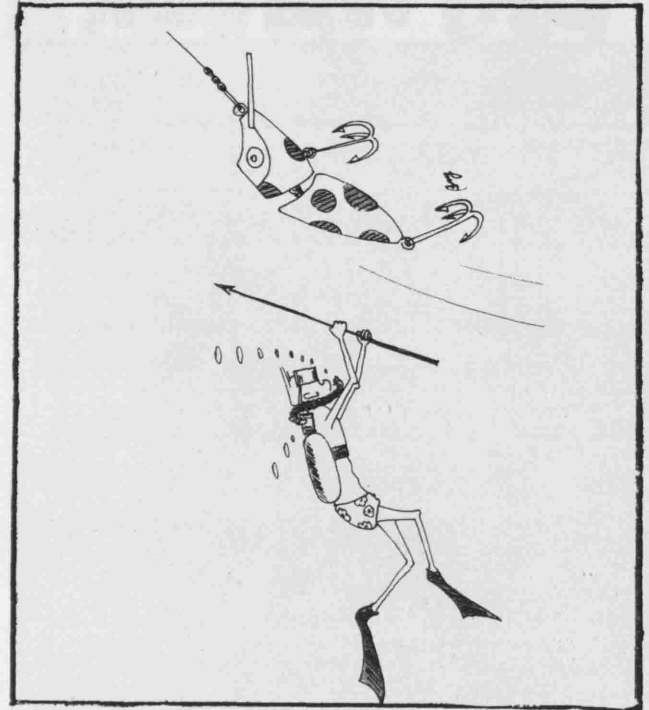
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Air Conditioned



I'm glad we took the closed car, Mr. Nixon



When asked to furnish his school and college affiliations, a New England job applicant paused briefly, then wrote, "Korea, Clash of 1952."



Two birds were flying over Russia and spied Kruschev. One said to the other, "Well, what're we waiting for?"



Three bored patients in a hospital ward were looking for a new source of amusement when they spotted some cards in a nurse's pocket. Being of opportunistic nature, they cleverly pick-pocketed the cards and spread their loot out on the bed before them. Much to their chagrin, these cards were not of the usual playing variety, but they were just records of each patient's ailment. But they decided to try playing with these cards and see how the game would turn out. On the very first hand, large bets were placed and a sizeable pot had accrued, when one of the players called the other two.

"O. K. I call you. What do you have?"

"I've got a full house. Three hernias and two pneumonias. What do you have?"

"I beat you with four of a kind. I've got four enemas."

"Take the pot. You need it!"

Oh, what a smell!



A big Madison Avenue ad agency is buzzing with the rebuff suffered by a lady operative who was ordered to telephone several hundred big shots and ask what brand of cigarettes they fancied most. She got along fine until she lured Dr. Alfred Kinsey, author of *Sexual Behavior in Human Female*, to the phone in Indiana.

"We'd like to ask you," said she, "what cigarette you smoke."

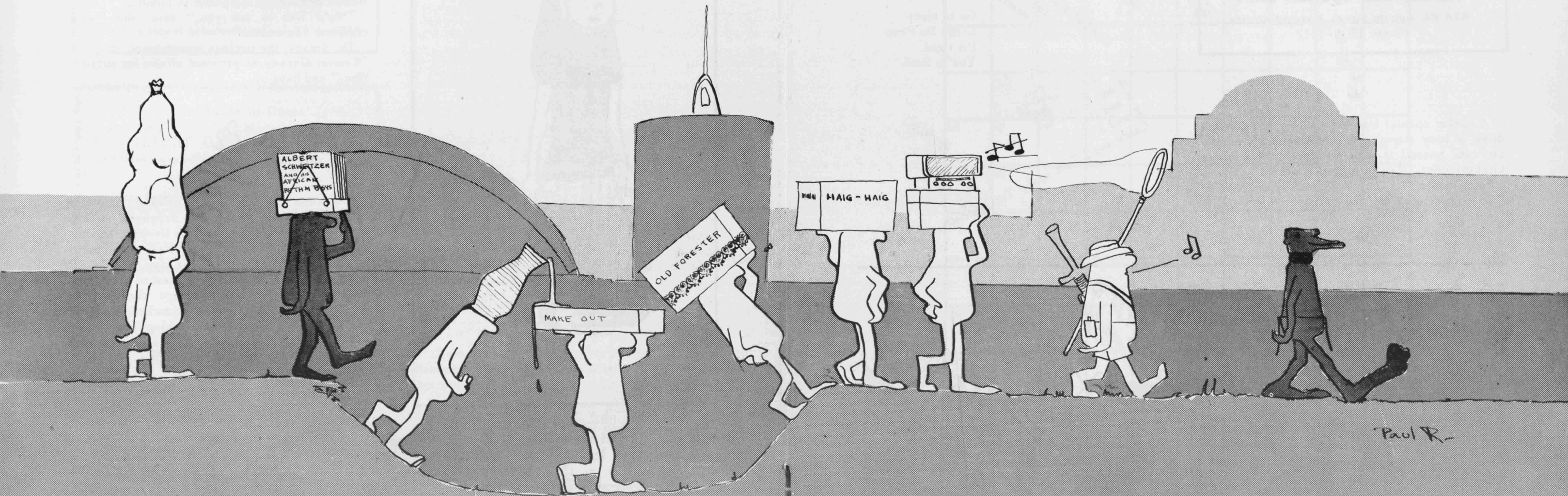
Dr. Kinsey, the tireless investigator, snapped, "I never discuss my personal affairs for publication," and hung up.



A German, in East Berlin, was assigned to labor in a factory which was supposed to ship parts for baby carriages back to Moscow. Having a baby himself, he resolved to pilfer enough parts to construct a carriage of his own. A fellow workman, aware of his scheme, asked him a few days later, "Well, have you got that carriage rolling yet?" The German scratched his head and said, "It's the most astonishing thing. I've got all the parts--but no matter how I assemble them, it comes out a machine gun!"



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A cocker spaniel from the country was trotting down a busy street with a companion from the city and paused at what he thought was a mere hitching post. Too late he discovered it was a parking meter. He barked disgustedly and asked, "Do you mean to say you've got to pay now?"



Lines from a tired girl in a coffee shop

Noise noise
and
Tired of walking
aching muscles.
and
wearing bustles.



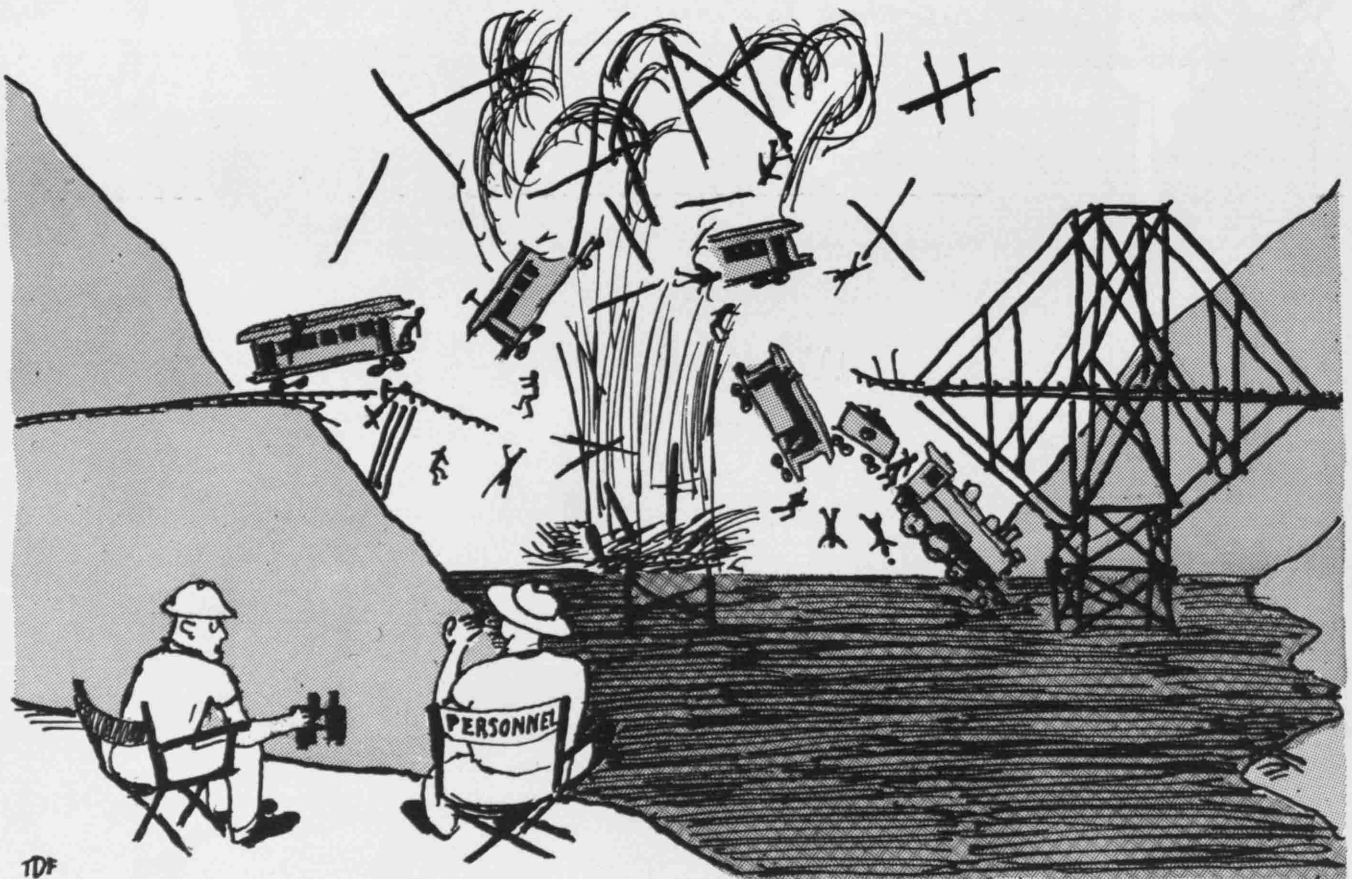
Go to sleep
Little Bo Peep.
I'm tired.
You're fired.

M and C
F and Me
K and R



Cards and a Turk in the Turkish coffee

by Millie

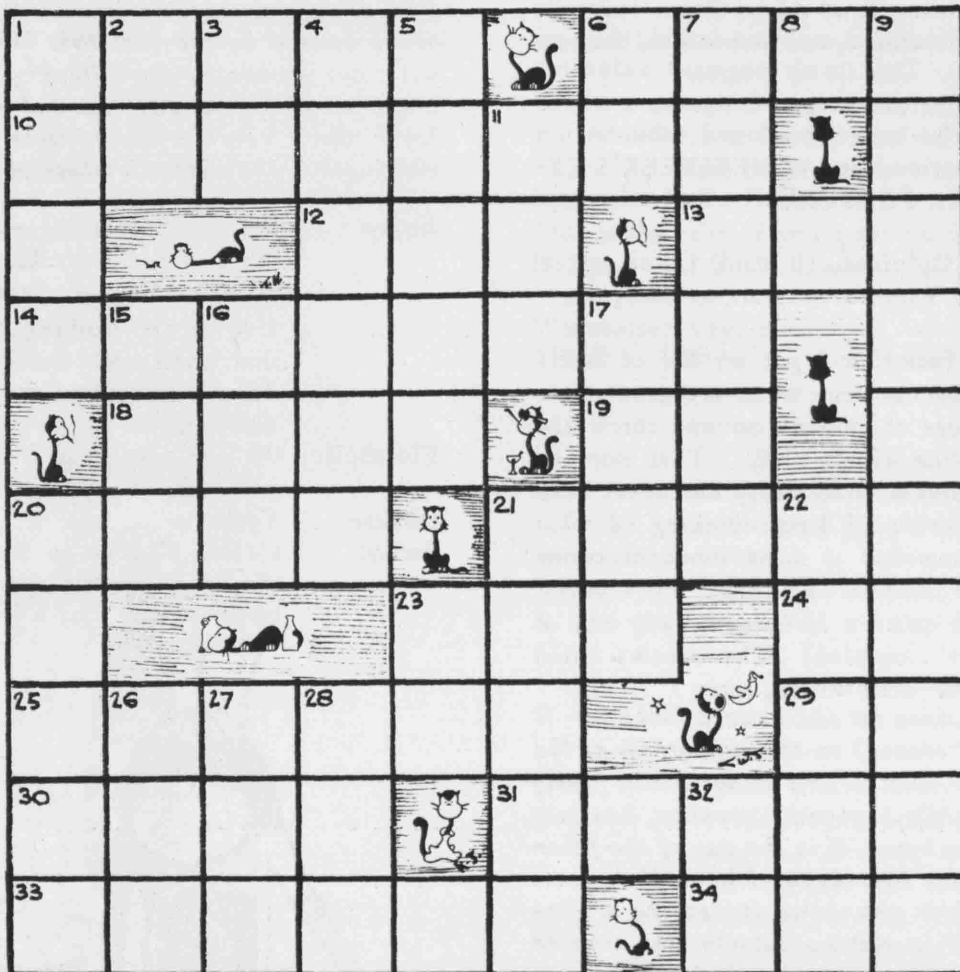


TDF


We're going to have a hell of a time getting extras after this!

HEY, GANG

A REAL, HONEST-TO-GOODNESS CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. "He's got a screw...."
6. 
10. synonym for number one across
12. American Thaumaturgical Institute
13. ".....can"
14. mating call of the Neanderthal Man
18. spume
19. the first syllable in a system of solmization invented by Guido d'Arezzo
20. Chicken-Licken, prophet of....
21. English for "sneren" (ME).
23. electrocardiogram
24. 3,14159265358979323846...

25. circular regression (around backwards)
29. wizard of (geo.)
30. "Please don't....!"
31. 1/69 jiffy
33. a morbid condition of the system usually induced by an over-indulgence in CENSORED
34. doctor

DOWN

1. an alcoholic
2. noreversed
3. "Oh! Seel!"
4. "... said the crippled newsboy, calling on the powers of Solomon, Heracles, Atlas, Zeus, Apollo, and Mercury
6. boat

7. Phos' boss in the underworld
8. "a descendent of" (Irish Prefix)
9. "You mean to say it won't shrink? What did you do to it?" "Well, I had it"
11. something that's wrong but good
15. after it has been identified, it is an IFO
16. the cry of the zuzu bird
17. ... hol
20. second person singular past of "do"
21. word used to describe Voo Doo, as consistently misspelled by the tech
22. period
23. er
26. three random consonants
27. three random vowels
28. "Gee, it stinks."
32. ...648323979853562951141.3

THE ROAD TO UPSVILLE

The other morning, free from all worldly care, I blithely opened my mail box; since then my life has been sheer agony. In the mail was a circular from *Newsweek*, exhorting me to subscribe now - while there is still time - before their offer is retracted, or my eyesight fails, or World War III is declared, or, God forbid, they go out of business. Due to my negative sales resistance I was on the verge of signing a check and filling out the handy, enclosed subscription blank, when I noticed one of NEWSWEEK'S EXCLUSIVE EXTRA FEATURES I was letting myself in for:

Provocative Opinions, (it said) Quote any of NEWSWEEK'S 5 experts to start a lively discussion!

Due to the fact that I get my fill of lively discussions twice a year when my grades are sent home, I tore the check up and threw the handy subscription blank away. That soothed me for a while, but my tranquility has never been completely restored; I keep thinking of what could happen someday if some innocent young college student with a taste of provocative opinions should quote a *Newsweek* (any one of the five) expert's opinion. The results could be disastrous, or even worse, like:

The curtain rises (or the camera fades in - it makes little difference) on the livingroom of the Snerd family, or what is left of the Snerd family since Emily Snerd's husband, Cerenkov, has just died of radiation burns. It is the day of the funeral; Emily's sister Florabelle, Florabelle's mate Dimitri, and their son John are paying a condolence call. It is raining outside; the time is late afternoon and it is growing dark. Soon someone will get up to turn on a light; but, at the moment, we are fortunate in that the darkness obscures the room's interior decoration which is in the Modern, or Nebbish, style. One can, however, discern through the gloom a picture on the wall of the Snerd's, or Snerd's now, only child, their son Parsival, currently an inmate in a South African leprosy sanatorium. Unfortunately, the portrait was painted a goodly length of time after Parsival came in contact with the disease and consequently does very little toward brightening the atmosphere.

The three adults are dressed mostly in black with touches of grey here and there for color. John, who is a student at Glick University is wearing green knee socks, mauve Bermuda shorts and matching belt, and a yellow blazer with Glick's heraldic insignia ruthmically palpitating

next to his heart. The conversation has proceeded, at best, in the halting fashion one usually associates with discussions between Chinese rickshaw boys and deaf, cockney mutes. It will probably continue in much the same fashion. Part of this aura of the imminent faux pas is no doubt caused by the fact that the two families have not spoken in the fifteen years since the tragic death of the two sisters' mother when harsh words were exchanged over several of the what-nots in the mother's what-not cabinet.

Emily: I'm just not strong enough to stand the strain. Doctor White says I must go away. For my nerves you know. I've been working so hard lately that even with those new miracle detergents I find my hands rough and red.

Florabelle: Oh you poor dear. I know just how you feel.

Dimitri: Yeah.

Emily: I think I'll go to Pakistan. I hear the natives make the loveliest mock turtle soup.

(())

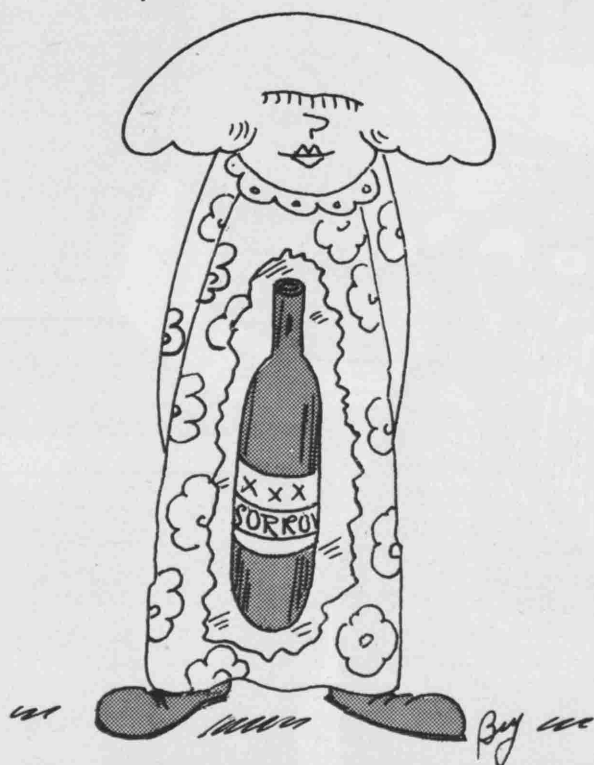


Florabelle: But I'd be afraid. Why the paper said said today that Pakistan is going to attack Yugoslavia any day. But you, you're so brave; why, I do believe that I cried more at the funeral than you did. Didn't I, Dim?

Dim: Yeah.

Emily: And the travel folder says that Pakistan has the finest snip shooting to be found anywhere in Asia.

Florabelle: It's always better when you let yourself go. If you keep all that sorrow bottled up inside. There's no telling what can happen. You remember poor Mrs. Phipps-Smythe, Dimitri, don't you?



Dimitri: Yeah.

Florabelle: Well her second cousin, Psyche, had an epileptic seizure the other day and Mrs. Phipps-Smythe went to the Thursday afternoon social anyway. I told her that you can't fly in the face of nature like that. But she wouldn't listen, just went right ahead anyway. And then when the speaker began to talk, it turned out to be that nice young Doctor Frisby talking on mental diseases. I tell you, I was never so mortified, never. I came home that evening pale as a leaf; I remember because I was wearing my orange brocade dress.

So you go right ahead and cry.

Emily: I'm perfectly all right, Florabelle.

Florabelle: Don't try to fool us; we're your family, all you have now, aren't we Dimitri?

Dimitri: Yeah.

Emily: I'm all right, I tell you. Perfectly all right.

Florabelle: I know how sensitive you are. I remember how, when we were children, you'd lock yourself in the billiard room for days on end. You go ahead and cry if you feel bad.

Emily: I'm fine, fine, fine.

Florabelle: Cry if you want to. Cry! Cry! Weep!

Emily: I won't. I won't. And you can't make me.

Florabelle: Cry, damn you, sob.

John: *(Who is well known on the Glick campus as a connoisseur of provocative opinions)*

K.O.T.C. is a fascistic youth group designed to inculcate arrogant militarism in a generation of milksops.

Dimitri: Yeah.

Emily: What a lively discussion that would start! You must read *Newsweek* of course. The trucking industry is putting the railroads out of business by capitalizing on a large influx of wetbacks from Canada.

John: That's pretty lively too; but here's a really provocative one Luxembourg, by devious means, will gain the support of the Anglo-African block to prevent the further testing of sewage disposal systems in the Ukraine by Venezuela.

Emily: American males are more effeminate than their European counterparts.

John: Catatonic Schizophrenics tend to gravitate toward lower middle class income groups.

Dim: I'll say.

Florabelle: You can use my handkerchief if you'd like.

John: Recent economic upheavels portend an incipient revision...

And the curtain gently falls as we slowly fade out with one last flickering shot of the ever palpitating Glick emblem.

V.L.T., J.S.R.

SIR DARYL'S "HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES"



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II





"WHO WEARS SHORT SHORTS?"



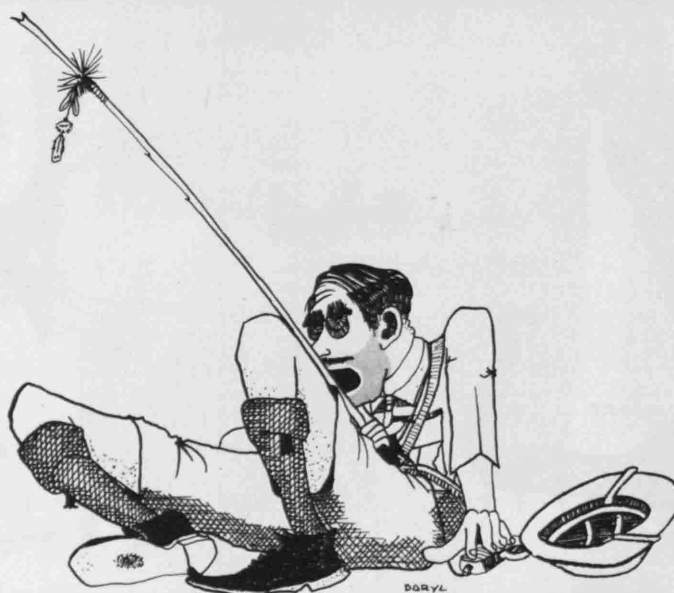
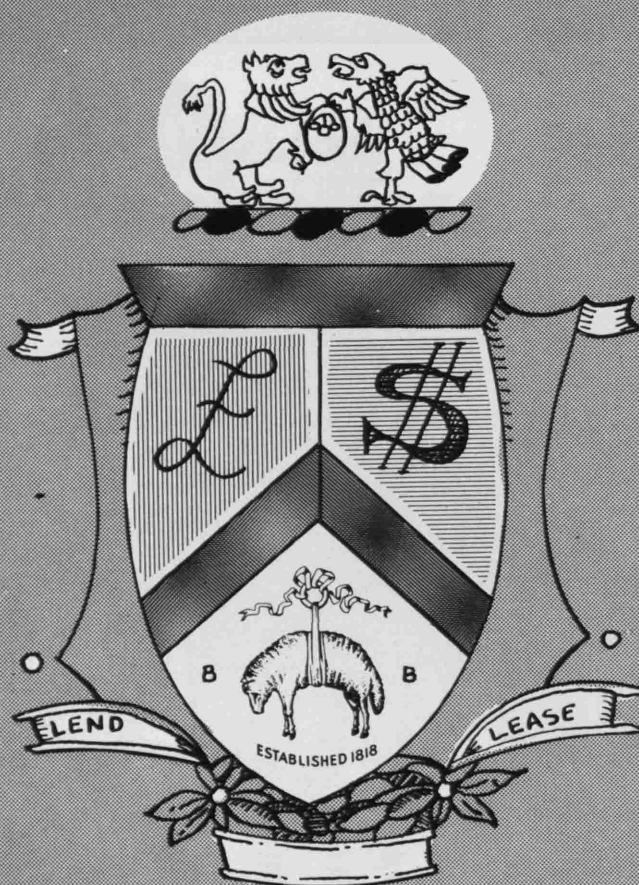
**"KEEP TALKING BINKY,
I'LL FIND YOU."**



**"I SAY GIVE WASHINGTON
HIS HEAD,
HE'LL COME RUNNING BACK."**



**"WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
I CAN'T MARCH IN MIL DAY?"**



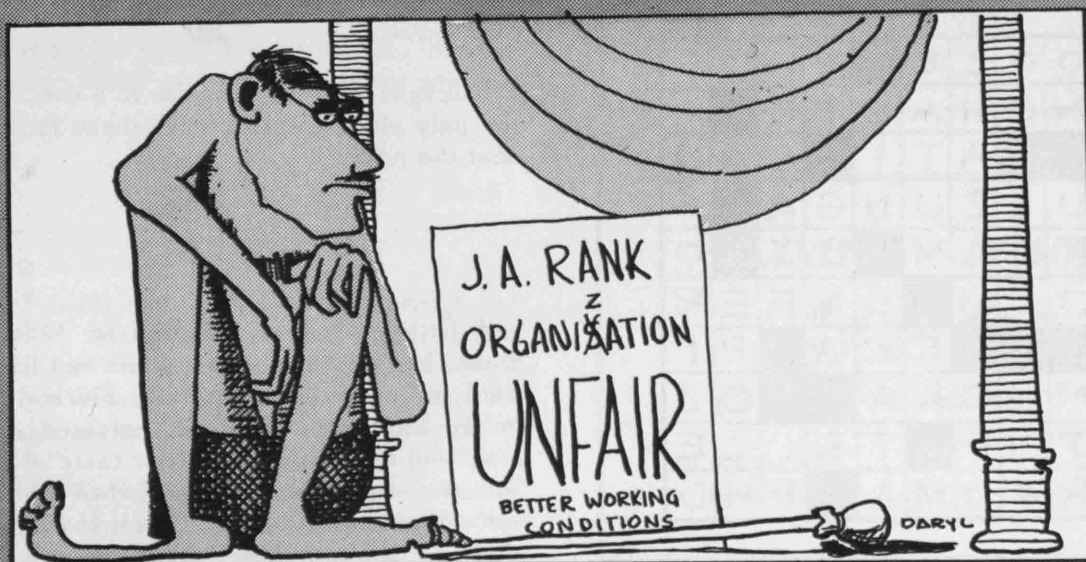
**"FORSYTHE, IF YOU EVER GET BACK TO ENGLAND,
TAKE CARE OF JOHN AS IF HE WERE YOUR OWN SON.
HE'S WHAT?!!**



**"CANNONS TO THE LEFT OF US,
CANNONS TO THE RIGHT OF US, I QUIT!!"**



**"HEY CHAPS
- LOOK WHAT THEY
ARE WEARING
IN THE COLONIES!"**



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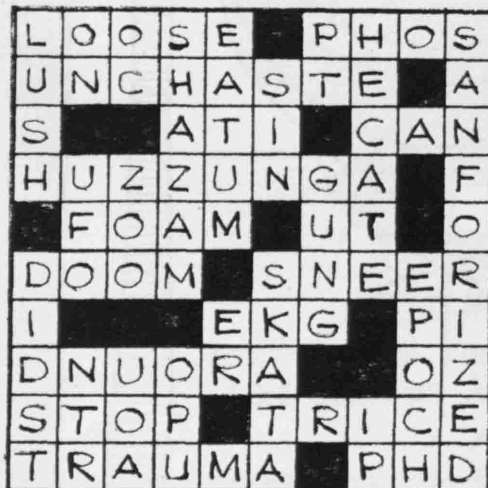
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re-creates music of
Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt



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Three old men were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, age 75, said he'd like to crash in a car going 85 miles an hour. The second, 85, said he'd take his finish in a 400 mph plane. Said the third, 95, "I'd like to be shot by a jealous husband."



Ad in a local newspaper: "For sale cheap: my son's collection of be-bop and rock-and-roll records. If a fourteen-year-old's voice answers the phone, hang up and call later."



The lion was stalking through the jungle looking for trouble. He grabbed a tiger and asked, "Who is king of the jungle?"

"You are, O mighty lion," answered the tiger.

The lion then grabbed a bear and asked, "Who is boss of the jungle?"

"You are, O mighty one," answered the bear.

Next he met an elephant and asked, "Who is boss of the jungle?" The elephant grabbed him with his trunk, whirled him around and threw him up against a tree, leaving him bleeding and broken. The lion got up feebly and said, "Just because you don't know the answer is no reason for you to get so rough!!"



Several telephone maintenance men were assigned to stretch a new line across a remote district in the Zulu country. A Zulu chief and his advisers watched the work in silence for a while; then the chief pointed out disgustedly, "White men damn fools. Put wire so high, livestock can walk right out under it."



Salesgirl, showing lingerie to a man: "This is the only place you can touch these for anywhere near the price."



A little girl, born and bred in Anderson, Indiana, had never seen the ocean and looked forward to her initial vacation in Florida. Arrived in the Southland, her daddy enfolded here in his arms and treated her to a first taste of the surf. She was squealing with joy when she rejoined her mother on the beach, "I just love the ocean, Mommy," she enthused, "except when it flushes."

Marilyn Marone had the wonderful opportunity of meeting Pierre, the famous French lover, reknown throughout the world for his amorous abilities. Finally finding herself alone with Pierre, she casually eased up to him and questioned him about the secret of his success:

"Tell me, what is it that makes you the greatest lover of them all? Is it some anatomical rarity, your technique, or what?"

"Vell, I gives you zee secret of my ability... First I kees you on zee ear lobe one sousand times."

"That's pleasant, but it's been done to me before."

"Zen I kees you on zee cheek like zo."

"Well nice, but continue."

"Zen I kees you on zee ruby red lips zo sweetly."

"Fine, but that's been done to me before."

"Zen I kees you on zee neck like zo."

"Mmmmm nice, but you know that's been done to me before also."

"But now, I keess you on zee....bellybutton."

"Oh how quaint! But that too has been done to me before."

"From zee inside?"



A certain country minister posted on the church door:

"Brother Smith departed for heaven at 0430 hours."

The next day he found written below: "Heaven 2400 hours. Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."



Two old maids were driving along through the country. As they passed a farmhouse, a hen came tearing out of the yard, hotly pursued by a rooster. Not watching where she was going, the hen ran right under the wheels of the old maids' car.

After they had driven on for a while, one of the old gals clucked, "The sweet thing. She preferred death!"

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GIANT VOO DOO COED

WIN A COED

Hurry and enter this stupendous contest. It's easy, it's quick, and it's fun. Spread before you are pictures of three of our famous Tech coeds and three famous personalities. All you have to do is match each one of the lip-prints below with one of the pictures. Then send your answers to Voo Doo together with an MDC manhole



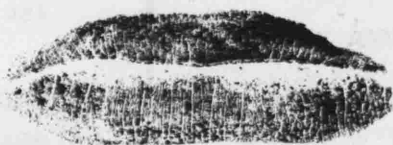
Check the box and win one



of these beautiful coeds.



1



2



3

SPECIAL OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

In case of duplicates, ties will be awarded.

In case of tie, duplicate coeds will be awarded.

You all know the rules of the Massachusetts Boxing Commission. I want you to come out and beat the crap out of each other.

In the unlikely event that the available coeds are unavailable because of previous awards, or in the event of a surplus of

(a) Beer, or

(b) Mother's Best Marinated Hockeypucks, the winner may claim one can of either, both, or

MATCHING CONTEST

WIN A COED

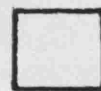
cover and a boxtop from a box of Foshteris silver bullets. If your answers are the first correct ones to be received, we will award you your choice of these coeds. But hurry, because everyone will want to get in on this amazing offer.



4



5



6

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

whatever the hell happens to be lying around.

The deadline for this contest is Graduation Day, the dark of the moon. Our representative may be summoned at that time by the judicious use of: two dead frogs, one litre Charles River water, one Big Jim Juju doll, one Kresge Auditorium corner support,

and one set 5.62 notes. The procedure is left as an exercise for the contestant.

Under no circumstances will any member of our staff, relatives, friends, acquaintances, proteges, habitues, instructors, or anybody else be allowed to win.

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STRAIGHT GRAINS
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1.75 to	1.39	2/ 2.50
2.00 to	1.59	2/ 3.00
2.50 to	1.99	2/ 3.75
3.95 to	3.19	2/ 6.00
5.00 to	3.95	2/ 7.75



TECHNOLOGY COOP

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CAMBRIDGE 39, MASS.

A small-town druggist was down but not out. Closed by the sheriff, he posted this notice on the window: 'Our doors are locked. The following services, formerly available here may be had as follows: Ice water at fountain in park. General information from cop at the corner. Change of a dollar at a bank. Matches and scratch pads at hotel. Rest rooms at home. Magazine for browsing at doctor's office. Bus information at the terminal. And loafing at any other location of your own choosing.'



A fraternity man entered his extremely well-built girl in the IFC Queen Contest. She wasn't crowned Queen but she did win the booby prize.



Recent headlines showed, "Nixon Stoned in Peru." We wonder what he was drinking.

"Did ya hear the one about the seventh grade teacher who assigned her class to write their first novel?"

She explained that the four basic elements of successful fiction are religion, royalty, sex and mystery. After about ten minutes little Peter walked up to the teacher's desk and said, "Teacher, I've finished!"

"In ten minutes?" asked the teacher. "Are you sure you included the four basic elements, religion, royalty, sex and mystery?"

"Yes, I did," said the boy. "I'll read it to you:

Holy Moses said the Princess !
Pregnant Again !
I Wonder Who Done It !"



"My jokes are out of this world...Some say I should join them."

--Dave

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new
package



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