



October

HEADS UP issue 25¢



At Raytheon -- you work with stimulating associates

Please write William J. Howells, Jr., for booklet Your Life and Your Future at Raytheon ... see your Placement Officer for dates of campus interviews. Raytheon Manufacturing Company, Waltham 54, Massachusetts. (Plants in New England, Tennessee, California)

VOODOO

M. I. T. Humor Monthly

Vol. 42, No. 1

October, 1958

Established?

Did you ever really try to understand what billboards say? Most of them are awfully ridiculous. For instance: Do you know what "real" beer is? I don't even know what fake beer is. Or do you know that you can get "more gas per gallon" with a certain brand? Yeh, by increasing the volume of a gallon. Or how about the fact that one gasoline gives "Instant Power?" Hmmm, Instant Power? Does this mean that other gasolines have slow or semi-instant power? Perhaps one adds hot water and stirs? And did you know that besides anti-knock gasoline, there is an anti-rumble gasoline? Maybe it's really meant as a laxative or something. I don't know. In fact, I really don't know what a lot of these advertisements mean. Maybe they're not supposed to make sense. Maybe they're just to build images. Aha! So the next time you see that gasoline X contains less tars and more flavor than any other gasoline, watch out. It could be fatal . . . (Cough)

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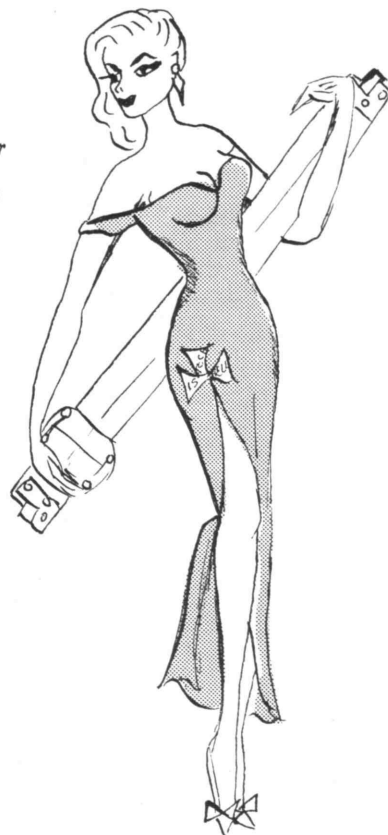
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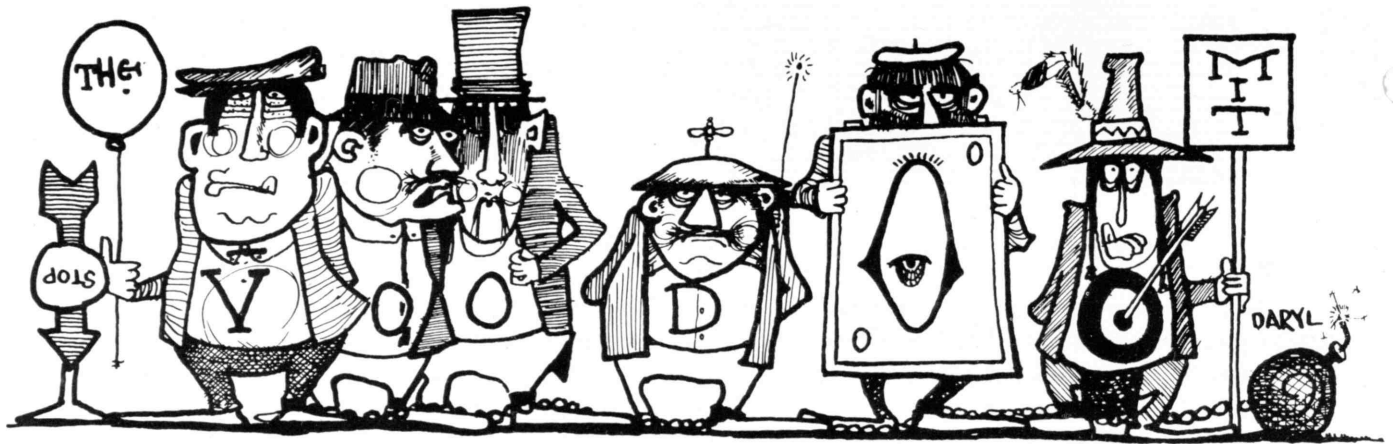
All material submitted with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Literary Editor, at this office will receive careful consideration.

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October Copy Inserted

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

This Month's Cover by Rubenstein, 61

Get yours at the Coop!



One of our junior board members and a friend from Williams, together with two girls, attended a performance of "West Side Story" this summer. Intermission conversation started with Leonard Bernstein, proceeded through Copland, and finally settled on Bartok string quartets. Both girls had been silent for several minutes, neither one listening to what the men were saying, when suddenly one of the girls burst out laughing. When she had been brought under some semblance of control, she explained: "The guy behind us just turned to his date and said, 'After they've been at Harvard for two years, they think they're the most intellectual people on earth!'"

In last year's June issue of Voo Doo, the front cover contained our experiment in subliminal advertising. Remember the cleverly concealed words "Make-Out" on the cover? Anywho, we understand the latest in subliminal suggestion is men's stationery with "Make-Out" as the watermark!

Lines! Lines! Lines! There are so many lines in the Institute on Registration Day. First there's the one at your registration officer's office; then the one for your roll cards and then the double queue at the Bursar's Office and so on *ad infinitum*. There were so many lines in the Lobby of Building 10 that they often got confused with each other. In fact, one poor soul, after finally reaching the line to the Bursar's Office, stood silently and then suddenly, two hours later found himself taking a psychology test in Building 52.

A Boston University coed received her drivers license on her fourth try. She then asked her boy friend, an upstanding Junior Board member, if he thought that she could save enough money in a year to buy a car.

After thinking a second or so, he replied, somewhat facetiously, "you might be able to save enough to buy an axle."

The last we heard, she was going everywhere asking about that new foreign car, the Axel.

Comedians who rely for their material on the substantial gifts of money the United States gives to Great Britain will shortly have to search for new material. London has exported to the United States a gift which will erase all her debts with us. We refer of course to the substantial gift Londoners, through *Playboy*, sent to us --- Miss June Wilkinson.

A recent issue of *The Tech* contained an article on the "College World." In it, the writer first apologized to Folkways Records for treading on their copyright, then proceeded to give a long quote from a Pete Seeger record. We would like the publication aforementioned to know that the quote comes from Walt Whitman, and, the copyright having probably expired long ago, they need have no fear of retaliation.

Excellent advice recently appeared for future tube pullers in the notes for the first experiment in course 6.00. In order to discourage burning out meters, the notes warn: "Begin using highest scale and then go to higher scales."

The most permanent structures on the campus are the four-odd rectangles which, juxtaposed and synthesized in some illogical, irrational, and incoherent fashion, constitute and comprise the temporary Building 20. For years, so long as the R.O.T.C. was compulsory, the prussian staff didn't care where their offices and classrooms were placed; but now that the R.O.T.C. is voluntary the Army wishes a more prominent HQ than the temporary Building 20, which is hidden behind the glass-garden Dorrance Building, HQ of the food faddists and of the bug collectors, and masked by the shadow of the coffinesque Compton Labs. Plots and counterplots and interdepartmental jealousies are legendary so that, although we hesitate to accuse anyone or anything or *The Tech*, our slow, formula-laden minds are beginning to wonder. On the first day of the term, one of the sergeants, who has by now become an institution because of his rooster-strut, was explaining the method for dismantling a machine gun. He warned everyone not to stand behind the gun, nor to aim the rear of it at any person, since a little spring may let go and *rigor mortis*. Rather than aim the gun at

the window while removing the spring - - - heaven forbid! - - - he aimed it at the ceiling. He panted and twisted and turned the spring, panted, cursed a bit, twisted and turned - - - and there is now a hole in the ceiling.

During a particularly hot day of the past summer, a group of my friends and I sojourned to a local beach. My friends, giving vent to their latent canine tendencies, always take shovels with them. Well, after I had frolicked in the waves for a second time, I returned to my friends and found that they had dug a hole big enough to bury a small Volkswagen. Along strolled a beach policeman, looked at the hole quizzically, and then casually announced: "Alright, you guys, pack up that hole and get it out of here."

Bostonians are notoriously proud of their tradition. With a history originating in pre-pre-Revolutionary days, the sophisticated, and somewhat snobbish, Back Bay dowagers rarely care to peer down their aquiline-anglo-saxon noses to the mundane drones who spend most of

their existence grubbing for subsistence. What with inheritance taxes the way they are now, though, inherited wealth eventually becomes inherited debts. And so, facing a reality they have for decades refused to admit exists, the proud and proper Bostonian finds it necessary to part with the family relics through the aristocracy-hating antique dealers, vultures who live on the misfortunes of the dwindling Yankee bluebloods. A shifty lot, the antique dealers will try all sorts of promotional stunts to increase business. It was with little surprise we saw the following sign on a downtown antique store: For a small deposit we'll hold it for you.



Overheard in a freshman humanities class during the instructor's indoctrination to the metaphysical implications of some words used in the terminology of philosophy and literature: "Man, in the broader sense, embraces Woman."

WHOLESALE

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

RETAIL

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

Next to Loew's State Theatre

FREE DELIVERY

NATURALLY TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO. FOR
THE MOST COMPLETE LIQUOR, WINE & BEER STOCK IN BOSTON

Special Attention to M.I.T.
Students Whether A
Bottle or A Case

CO 6-2103

Always Plenty of Ice Cubes
Party Planning



Tech's Tattered Phoenix

It is axiomatic that axioms are nasty devils. First of all, one cannot be certain that they essentially are axioms, for, in building a logical system, the arbitrariness in designating one thing unprovable or not in need of proof is barbarous if not erroneous. Secondly, axioms very often turn out to be wrong (in the sense only that another system can be built on axioms directly contradictory to what is accepted as right and the new system may eventually prove useful). Thirdly, most people ignore axioms because, since as axioms they are intuitively obvious, one doesn't care to fret about intuitive things.

Having digested, thoroughly, the preceding, one is now prepared to discuss and absorb intellectually the following axiom: M.I.T. has no tradition. If the tempers of the math majors will subside for a moment we shall rephrase the preceding axiom in more axiomatic language. We postulate (appropriate fanfare) that in every case, notwithstanding null (a trivial case), of M.I.T. there is in every case (*ibid*) an empty set whose elements consist of traditions. Anyone wishing to haggle over whether this is a theorem rather than an axiom is free to do so, but the statement is accepted so baldly by those who mouth it that it has become to them at least an axiom.

Aside from the great unwashed, who inhabit every campus's sewers and English departments, M.I.T. harbors a most unique group --- the traditionists, people, from the students to the professors to the Johnny-washers whose only purpose for being at M.I.T. is to decry the lack of traditions. None of them yet has suggested any traditions; however, they have been studying under Norman Vincent Peale and their negative attitude has become positive to the point of -- a nuisance. Determined to provide M.I.T. with traditions the traditionists have banded them-

selves together (very uncomfortable, especially at night) into esoteric societies running the gamut from "Society for the Preservation of Traditions We Are Trying to Start" to the government-subsidized "Society for Planting Ivy Around the Flagpoles" (the pinnacle of the societies). With grandiose allusions to the cow-pasture further down the River and its overburden of tradition, they harass student and faculty with their demands and aspirations. With their paleolithic battle-cry, "Ivy, Ivy! Grow, Green, Grow!", with their scarlet and gray, brass-button blazers they have achieved their purpose in one way at least. They themselves have become a tradition.

But of course they are not the kind of tradition they seek. What is wanted is the camaraderie, the pipe-smoking, the hallowed ivy walls, (made of brick and with architecture in the colonial vein), the sense of direction found in other schools, especially the little red schoolhouse in Harvard Square and its environs. The traditionists want the crew races, the football games with traditional rivals (M.I.T. 60, Cambridge Tech 0), and the hip-flask-raccoon-coat-pennant-and-girl on a windy and cold autumn day. Norbert Wiener's reading of *Alice In Wonderland* is all very well, sure, and nothing to be ashamed of, nothing one wishes to disparage or to put an end to, but it's a personal tradition, not one in which everybody can immerse himself. The difference between tradition and *tradition* perhaps is academic; nevertheless, two minor examples will easily mark the difference. They both are traditions, but one is a tradition and the other is *tradition*.

The first of these is not actually a full-fledged school tradition, for it occurs immediately before school officially commences: it can, however, with a girdle stretch of the imagination, be said to be a school tradition since it occurs because of the mysterious workings of the

school. It is not hallowed, in fact it is despised, it is not old, and it definitely does not encourage the growth of ivy --- but it is tradition! It may encompass the hip-flask-raccoon-coat (or any warm coat, fur or otherwise) but propriety demands that the girl be absent. There is a sense of camaraderie, of feeling that everybody is in the same boat, or gymnasium, but it is not the camaraderie which fosters school spirit.

Wide-eyed, apprehensive, wary of sophomoric plots, the M.I.T. freshman, his gilded slide-rule his badge of arrival, knocks on the massive doors of the Institute which will be his home, his father and his mother, his guardian, his protector, his knight in tarnished armour, for four strenuous years of play, work, work, and work. Scorning the haunts of the conformists he prepares for his Nietzschean ordeal (for four years of blessed suffering) by applying for a dormitory room. But little does the M.I.T. freshman know that his school is unique. Clutching to his heart the pamphlets describing the friendliness of M.I.T., the cordiality of its faculty and its Deans, the informality in general of the school and especially the commodiousness of the dormitories--clutching those pamphlets to his heart --- the freshman lies tiredly down on his temporary cot (the one even the Army won't use) in Walker gymnasium and is lulled asleep by the sonorous sound of fifty snoring sleepers, Ah, Peace!

The other tradition --- and this is the tradition --- suffered a premature demise not too long ago; but, it is with overwhelming anticipation and with much glee we await its rebirth. Oh, how our mouths water, our muscles ache, and our hearts throb in remembrance of that day when we as freshmen or sophomores proudly strutted onto Briggs Field, amidst the cheering of our classmates and the cajoling of our rivals, and together a hundred-odd of us swooshed upon our rivals and politely asked them to relinquish their gloves. Yes, the *GLOVE FIGHT* soon will be back.

It's Saturday afternoon. It has been raining since Friday morning. Now a soothing drizzle is all that remains of the downpour. The field is sloppy, but fast. There are the rivals (either sophomore or freshman depending on what you are) down the other end of the field. You slip out of your T-shirt. You tape your pants to your legs. You grease yourself. You tape the tape to the tape. More grease. Tape. Grease. Tape. Grease. You slide out to your comrades. The judge gives you a glove. You throw it into the community bag. The power shovel moves on and digs a hole. In goes the bag with all the gloves, in goes a judge with all the bottles, in goes the dirt. The whistle blows, the gun bangs, the crowd screams for blood, and you run like Hell into the field house. Sitting there while your classmates give and receive beatings you nuzzle the bottle closely to yourself. Ah, yes. There's nothing like the glove fight.

Let the world spin through its erratic course. Only one thing keeps you on the beam --- tradition. The camaraderie, the lasting friendships, the spirit, the love and the willingness to die for the school, the pot-bellied alumnus returning to recapture as best he can the days forever lost. And as you stand up there on the commencement platform and as you receive your diploma, you smile as you realize the distinction you and only a few other of your classmates have --- you have lived through not only one, but two glove fights. Huzzanga!

D. Bernard Mann



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AND ENGINEERING MODELS**

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1704 A Mass. Ave., Cambridge
KI 7-4389

for that well-groomed look—

LARRY'S BARBER SHOP

opp. Bldg. seven entrance

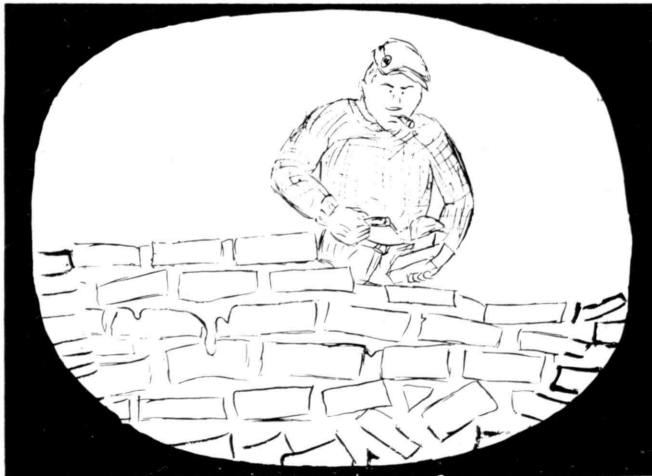
AN AD SESSION

WE'D LIKE TO SEE



OK kiddies, let's take a trendex of the way the balloon's drifting. We know that all won'erful people out there in television landt aren't getting the message. Let's get some input on this. Let's take some ideas, buy them some Marlboros, and see if they get tattooed.

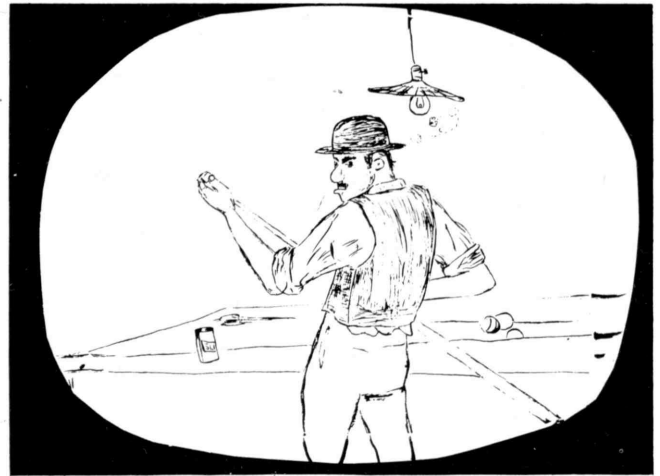
First, just off the top of my head, here are some ideas for our new soft-sell series. Just a few notions



In an exclusive garden in Philadelphia, we see a distinguished looking gentleman laying bricks. "Pardon me, sir. I see that you are laying bricks. Are you a bricklayer?"

"Yeah, wanna see my union caahd?"

From that we go into the spiel about the dubious merits of this weed. None of that Freud junk, you know. Or maybe we will try the psycho approach . . .



In an exclusive club in Philadelphia, we see a distinguished looking man playing billiards. "Pardon me sir, but are you a billiards champion?"

"No, I'm a bookie. I play pool between races."

"Now there's a man who thinks for himself What cigarette do you smoke?"

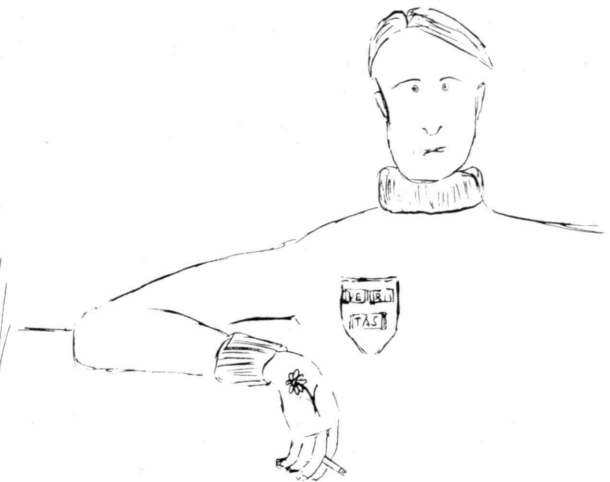
"Me, are you kidding? I don't smoke, just drink"

And then we hit 'em with the beer spiel. QQC&R have been trying the He-man approach. Let's put that on the track and see if the bridge is down



In an exclusive swamp south of Okechobee, Florida, we find a distinguished looking man wrestling with an alligator. "Pardon me sir, but do you wrestle alligators for a living?"

"No, I'm a poet. Wrestling alligators keeps me in condition. You might say I'm a man of action."



Then we tell them, "You don't want to be called a man of that kind of action, now do you? Use MeMeM after shave lotion, for that odor of old sports car tires."

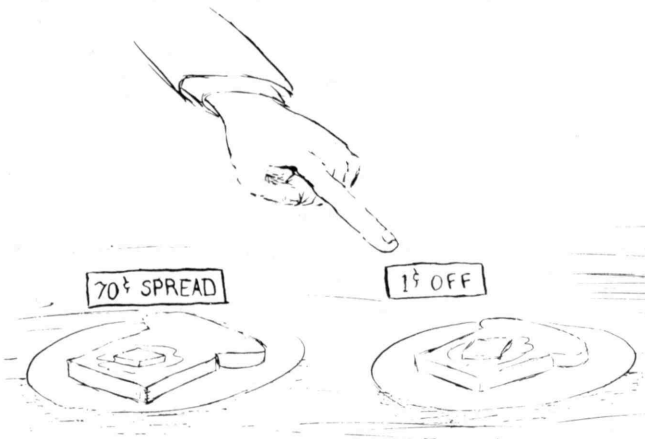
But we have to combat this optimism bit. Nobody's tried pessimism. Let's send it to Venezuela and see if it gets spit on

They said it couldn't be done, Couldn't be Done, COULDN'T BE DONE

They said that The Tech couldn't print an unbiased news story.

..... they were right

Naturally, we follow this up with, "Why try the impossible? Give up. Take Miltown." Finally, we have one for the dairy industry. QQC&R calls it the 70¢ spread. We'll undersell them



Independent research laboratories report, "Dairy-glob tastes just as good as that 70¢ spread." And the price is right.



Well, how do you like it?

Fenwick, try not to think of this as casting aspersions on your work, but we think you might be happier at QQC&R.

yag and hess, for those who care so little as to read the the very worst.

MAHLOWITZ MARKET Inc.

GROCERIES - MEATS - PROVISIONS

Complete line of
ALES - BEERS - WINES

Open til 11:00 Every Evening

CLOSEST MARKET TO MIT DORMITORIES

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UN 4-7777

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FREE DELIVERY

Charlie Mun Laundry

Complete Laundry Service

88 MASS. AVE
BOSTON

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ITALIAN-AMERICAN
RESTAURANT INC.

PIZZA
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FREE PARKING IN REAR

21-29 BROOKLINE ST. ELiot
CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 4-9569

AIR-CONDITIONED COMFORT
IMPORTED BEERS

"I need a job, Senator," said the man from his home state.

The senator thought for a moment. "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "There aren't any jobs, but here's what I'll do. I'll get up a committee to investigate why there are no jobs and you can be the head of that."



A certain publisher once decided to include a half-dozen adhesives in a new juvenile book about a doctor, so he wired a friend at the Johnson Company. "Please ship two million band-aids immediately." Back came a telegram reading, "Band-aids on the way. What the hell happened to you?"



A kiss is a peculiar preposition. Of no use to no one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to lie for it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity.



A beauty, by name, Hendretta
Just loved to wear a tight sweater
Three reasons she had
To keep warm wasn't bad
But the other two reasons were better.



Old maids are born, not made.

The men who go to college,
The he-men and the wrecks,
They do a lot of talking
About beer and also sex.
Now it's my observation,
In spite of all they boast of,
That between the beer and women,
Beer's what they get the most of.



"No," said the centipede, crossing her legs,
"a hundred times no!"



An obnoxious guy, who had had a couple too many and was ready for an argument, got on the bus and found himself sitting next to a minister.

"I'm not going to heaven because there is no heaven," he said belligerently.

There was no response.

"I said I'm not going to heaven because there is no heaven," he said in a louder tone.

"Well, then," the minister replied, "go to hell, but be quiet about it."



The apple of every man's eye is the peach with the best pear.



A fiery tempered Southern Gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think of it. You being neither, will understand what I mean.



Mamma Bear, My porridge is too hot.
Pappa Bear, My porridge is too cold.
Baby Bear, Bitch, bitch, bitch, all the time.

Pangloss has used & out of print books in all useless subjects - No slide rules, no math or engineering texts, no used oscilloscopes or computers, no bouncers to chase penniless browsers.

PANGLOSS BOOKSHOP

1284 MASS. AVE. EL 4-4003

HARVARD SQUARE, Opposite Widener Library

Open until 7 PM - Thursdays until 10 PM

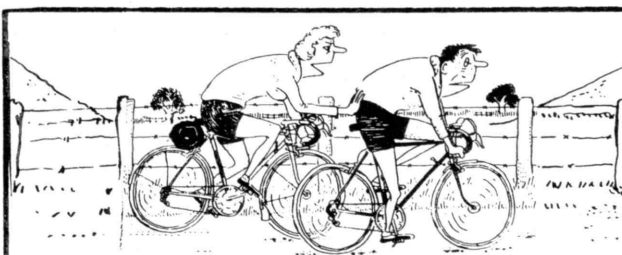
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& Marlboro St.

KE 6-7667



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OR

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A GOOD
BIKE**

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NEAR HARVARD SQUARE

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*Boston's Finest Prescription
Opticians*

1 HOUR SERVICE (Prescription and Optical Repairs)

General
R
 **Optical**

COMPANY
MORE TO CHOOSE FROM IN SPECTACLES
CONTACT LENSES

371 COMMONWEALTH AVE.
(At Mass. Ave.)

CO play 7-0204

A drunk lying on the floor of a bar began to show signs of life, so one of the customers smeared a little limberger cheese on his upper lip. The drunk slowly arose and walked out of the door. In a few moments he came back in. Then he went out again, only to return in a few more minutes.

Shaking his head with disgust he said, "It's no use. The whole world stinks."



An upstate police commissioner staunchly defends the practice of abandoning license plates on the front of cars, and confining them to the back of automobiles. "Remember," he adds, "that nine out of ten pinches are made from the rear."



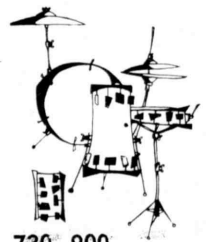
PAUL'S ESSO STATION
THIS AD WORTH \$.50

TOWARDS LUBE JOB OR CAR WASH
COMPLETE AUTO SERVICE **CUSTOM CAR WASH**
ROAD SERVICE

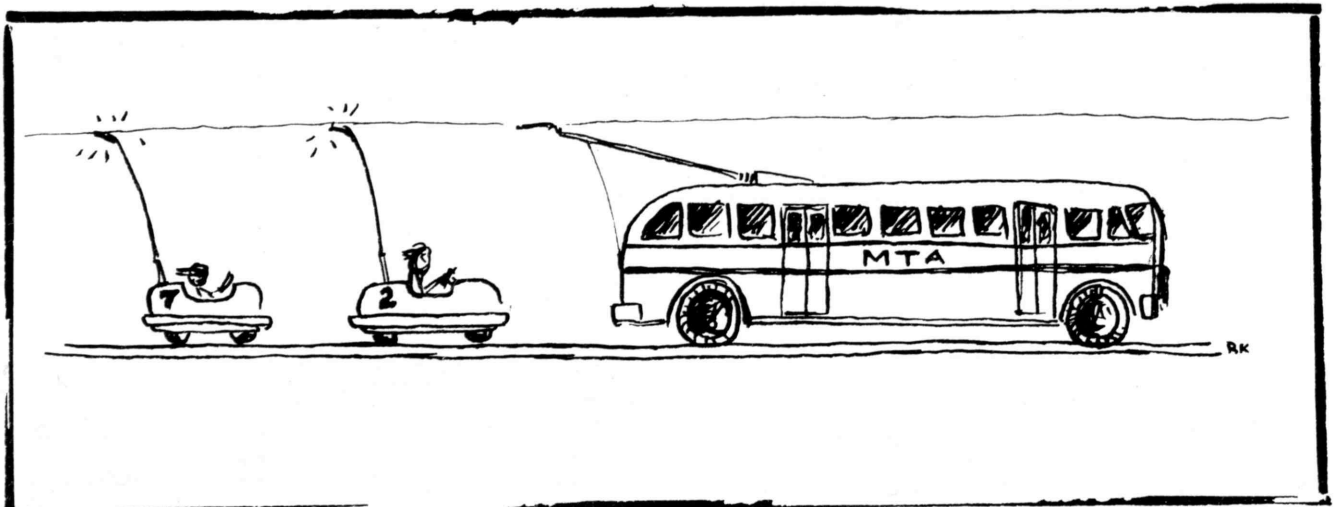
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& Sixth St., Cambridge

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Open 7 a.m. - 9 p.m.

jazz
after house
CLUB
MOUNT AUBURN
47 MT. AUBURN STREET
CAMBRIDGE



MONDAY **FILM CLASSICS 730-900**
TUESDAY **CLASSICAL MUSIC**
WEDNESDAY **& PAUL NEVES TRIO**
SATURDAY



1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

69

Go Ape,
young man,
Go Ape

I'm going home to mama.

7744f.

DROD BACK 10
THEN PUNT

Bc prepared

Get picture taken

Uncle
Sam
needs
YOU

Fill out schedule card

Fill it out again,
you have no 8:00 class

Pay
Bursar
again!

infirm^{ary}

Hey, Hey
all the way!

98.6

Undress

Scale

Leave Sample

Cough

Posture picture

Dress

You lose
Do not collect
\$1300

16 will
get you
20!

I. B. M.

FILT

GO

Start at go
Get in long line

It pays to
be ignorant!

Go see advisor

Go see Bursar

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR
HOW I WONDER WHERE YOU ARE

It only hurts
for a little
while. So!

MEI

Follow the yellow
brick road.

To 3-440

Fake
it!

Go see I. B. M. machine;
your card can't be found

Try to find 3-440

Park street under

The Abominable Iceman

John Banzhaf

Though the Schulzes lived on the second floor of a small flat in the Bronx, Momma's determination to give her sons a fine education left its mark on them all. David, the oldest, was forced all the way thru medical school and internship by Momma's grim faith in education. He was also helped thru by Howie's sacrifice of some of his own funds saved for dental school. "So!?" said Momma, "You mean a dentist isn't a doctor too?" When he realized he'd never make it to even the orthodontist level, Howie faced facts and stopped with a degree in education. But he had a fine head on his shoulders and managed to become assistant principal of the night school of the General J. Pershing High School. By the time of Daniel's higher education Momma had lost enough of her enthusiasm for the finer things in life to enable her to take Dan's announcement that he was going to extend his summer job at the meat-market to his life's work with good grace.

She didn't take the news of Louie's first arrest too graciously, tho. After the first shock wore off she realized that it was because he had fallen in with a bad bunch; that stealing hub-caps wasn't really the worst thing in the world; and that beneath it all, Louie was really a good boy, Judge . . .

We were all amazed at the way she found it simple to forget for six, twelve, and eighteen month periods that there should have been a fourth boy in the chair at the other end of the table. When Louie was sentenced to five years for his small but useful part in the Sixth National Bank heist, Momma had Dan take the chair down the back stairs to the cellar and cover it with an old sheet.

Years later, the family could come over and have the Sunday meal at Momma's without even thinking of Louie. The grandchildren didn't even know he existed. After her sons and their families had left, Momma spent a long time clearing the table and doing the dishes. It was very late when she went to bed and was roused again by a shuffling step up to the living room door and a halting knock.

Leaping out of bed and throwing on her robe and slippers, she rushed to fling open the door. There was Louie, his natty jacket marked by a large red spot, clutching convulsively at the molding as he staggered into the flat. "Momma, Momma! You gotta hide me . . ."

Momma turned pale, as her protective arms reached out for her son. "Louie! Eat . . . eat! Later you talk."



Doughnut* - a fried halo.



Phos likes the girl with a good looking profile all the way down.



The ideal time to have a date is the "oui" small hours.



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The father was telling his child a bedtime story and it went: "Fuzzy wuzzy wuz a bear, Fuzzy wuzzy had no hair. Fuzzy wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, wuz he?" The kid yelled out, "Hey, Ma, the old man's drunk again!"

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A farmer was highly incensed on entering the new doctor's office to be told by his nurse that he had to go into the next room and undress.

"But I just want the doctor to look at my throat." The nurse said: "It's the doctor's rule."

Madder than a wet hen, the farmer went into the other room where he saw another undressed man sitting."

"Isn't this ridiculous?" he asked.

"All I came in here for was a throat check-up."

"What are you crabbing about?" the undressed man said. "I just came in to read the electric meter."



"I can't marry Joe, Mother. He's an atheist and doesn't believe there is a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him he's wrong."



She: What are you thinking of?"

He: The same thing you are.

She: Goodness, if you do anything like that I'll scream.



Did you ever have an irresistible urge to shave just one side of your face?

TECHCOED

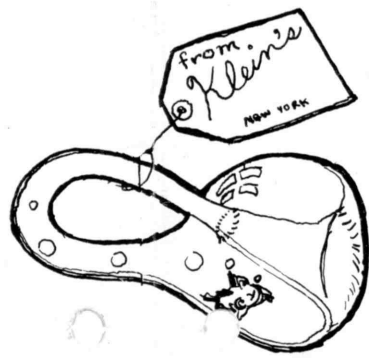
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MORE AND MORE THESE DAYS YOU'RE HEARING, "YOU MEAN SHE'S A COED?!! AW... YER KIDDIN'!", OR "IT'S GETTIN' HARDER TO TELL THE COEDS FROM GIRLS...". MUCH INVESTIGATION OF THIS SUBJECT (I'VE GOT SO MUCH DATA NOW I THINK I'LL CHANGE COURSES AND DO MY THESIS ON THIS) LEADS US TO CONCLUDE THAT THESE STATEMENTS ARE DUE TO A MISCONCEPTION OF WHAT COEDS HERE SHOULD LOOK LIKE, SO VOO DO... SHOWS YOU WHAT LITTLE GIRLS ARE MADE OF...



SOMEDAY SHE WILL FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET FLOWERS INTO THIS...

BOOK BY
ADDISON-WESLEY
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SUITABLE FOR
PAPER DOLL USE..



TO SCARE OFF BOYS
("MEN NEVER MAKE PASSES...ET,AL."
-Dorothy Parker)

BRIGHT EYED AND BUSHY-
TAILED AS BEAVERS SHOULD
BE (DRAWN AT THE BEGIN-
NING OF THE YEAR)

PEPTO-GLITTER-SMILE
PER, SAMUELSON'S
ECONOMICS

SO THAT WHEN GIRLS
FROM OTHER SCHOOLS
ASK "YOUR BOY?" SHE
CAN SAY "NINE", AND THEY
CAN SAY "OH?", AND SHE
CAN SAY "OH?", AND SHE
CAN SAY "OH?" (THUS START-
ING THE CONVERSATION)

GOWN BY
"MR. JOHN" MURPHY

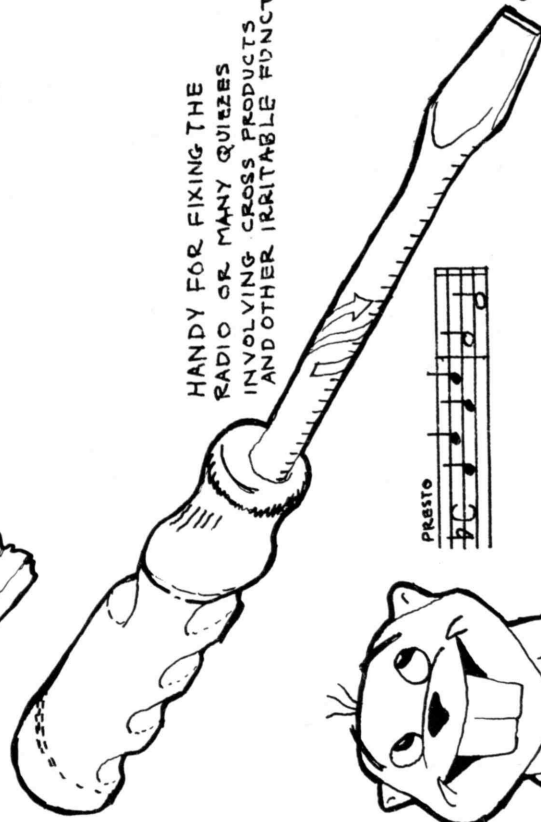
SLIDE RULE'S
OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT
(SOME GIRLS SEEM
TO THINK IT TYPES
THEM, IMAGINE)



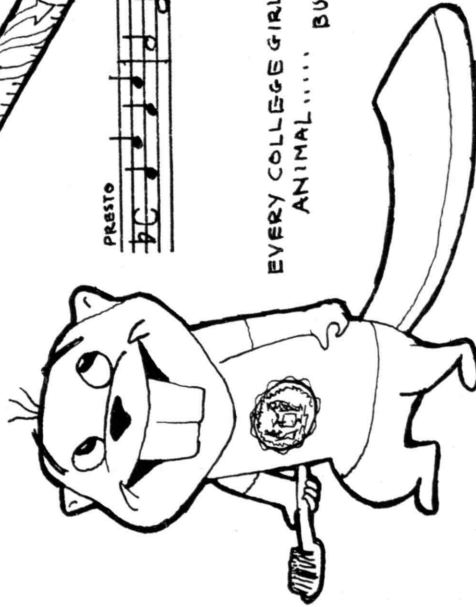
NO REAL REASON
WHY HER SHOES ARE OFF
SHE JUST SEEMS SEXIER THAT
WAY AND THERE'S SO LITTLE
SEX IN THIS ARTICLE IT'S A
WONDER ANYONE'S NOW
READING IT!

NOT ANY ORDINARY
RULE FOR OUR
GIRL... NO, SIR...

HANDY FOR FIXING THE
RADIO OR MANY QUIZZES
INVOLVING CROSS PRODUCTS
AND OTHER IRRITABLE FUNCTIONS...



EVERY COLLEGE GIRL HAS A STUFFED
ANIMAL..... BUT TECH CO-EDS



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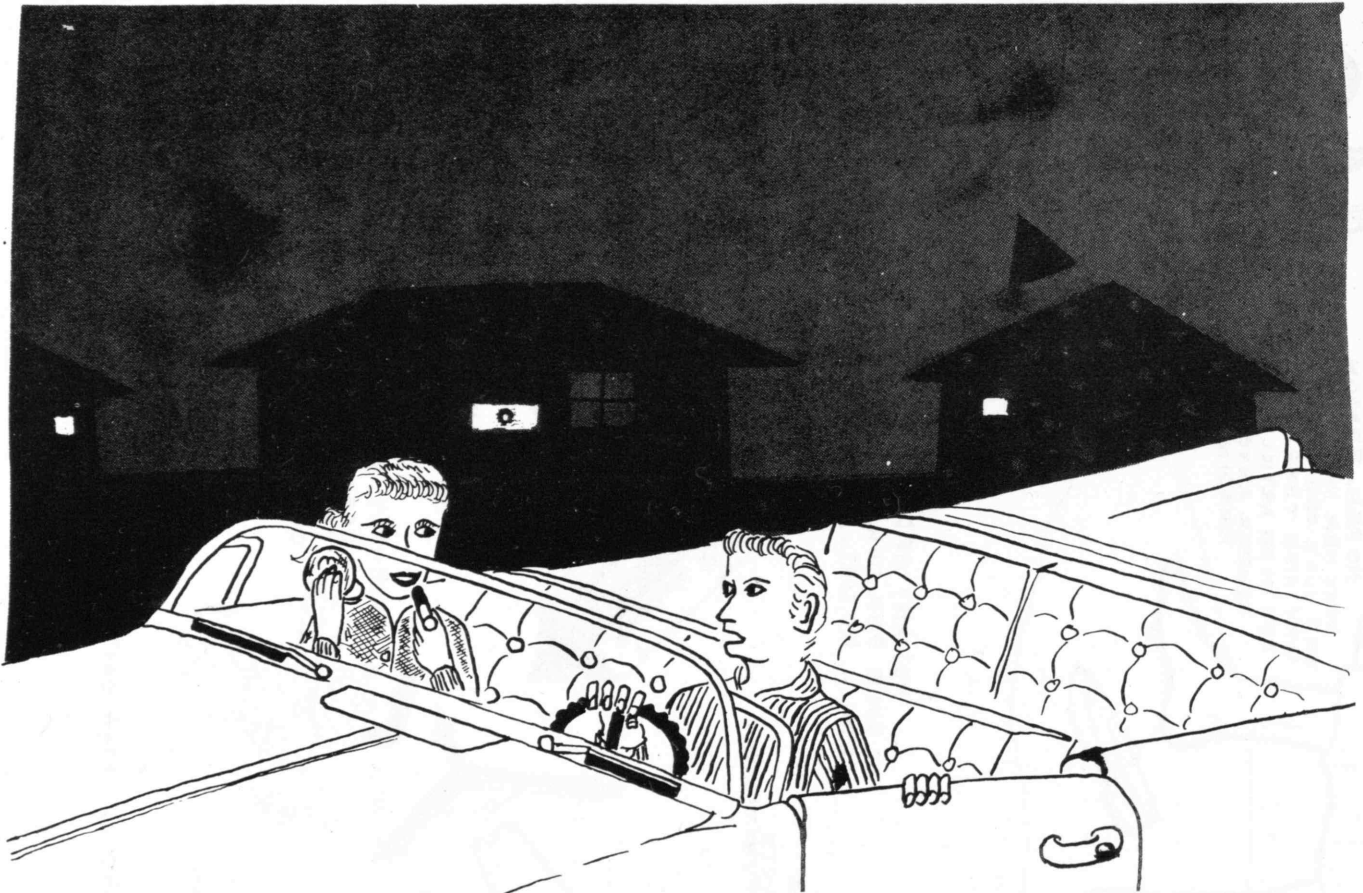
AND HER
FAN CLUB BUTTON...



PROBABLY WANT VOO-DOO DOLLS OF A CERTAIN
SCRIBBLER FOR PINCUSHION USE.
(DESPITE WHAT YOU MAY THINK, SOME
OF MY BEST FRIENDS WERE CO-EDS
WHY???)

WHAT'S A MATTER WITH YOU? READING A MAGAZINE SIDEWAYS!!? YOU'D BETTER STOP! PEOPLE ARE STARING AT YOU!

LESSON OF LIFE



I hit the brake and slowed down to a quiet stop in front of her house. Flipping off the lights and ignition, I thoughtfully pulled up the emergency brake and turned to look at her. She was carefully combing back her long blond hair. She started to remake her face as I slipped from behind the steering wheel forcing her over, tight, against the car door. Neatly her arm got in the way and then smiling radiantly I heard her softly whisper, "How much do you want in just a few short hours?"

"Damn, I can't figure you out. First one extreme, then the other." I started to slide back across the seat to get out and open the door for her, figuring maybe I ought to let her open the door herself. Then I felt her hand on my arm.

"Hold it, hon," came a sexy, but distant sounding voice.

"What now." I turned to look at her wondering what the hell she wanted now. As I gazed at her long blond hair, I became more certain that it was bleached, admitting, however, that it was a pretty fair job.

"What's the story we give papa?"

"What story?"

"You know - an excuse for the fact that we were away for five hours."

About five hours ago we had left her house to drop her kid sister off at a meeting and to pick up an important little package at a drug store. I stared at her for a minute and then grinned, "Give them the young love and romance line; the radio doesn't work and we left our watches someplace . . . just let them think we lost track of time."

"It won't work."

"Tell them what happened then, they're old enough to take it: forty years ago they probably did the same thing in a horse drawn buggy."

"I need a story anyway."

"All right, we went for a ride," said I, having a really original idea.

"A five hour ride, eh. Where did we go?"

"You were with me, so you tell me where we went."

She stuck her tongue out at me and said, "We drove to Springville."

"Springville is only ten miles from here and if we had taken five hours to go twenty miles we would have gone four miles an hour. Maybe we should arrange for a route for a five hour drive with the American Automobile Association. Anyway what makes you think they'll ask you where you were in the first place; they know



damn well where we were and if they ask tell them that we!"

She kicked me, not hard, but I bent down to rub my leg. She went on and said, "No. Now lets get it straight, we dropped Sandy off and then went to the drug store for cough medicine."

"Your parents are probably sleeping and can't say anything. If they are waiting up we'll just give them a sly nod and a silly grin and fix 'em that way."

"We ran out of gas on the way to Springville."

"No, we did not run out of gas on the way to Springville, in fact we never even went to Springville. What the hell is wrong with you and your family."

She clapped her hand tightly over my mouth and started again. "We had a flat tire on the way to Springville."

"Yes," said I, getting into the spirit of things, we had a flat right after we ran out of gas and I had to walk two miles for gas because driving at four miles an hour is hard on gas consumption - of all the screwy stories: You would think that your parents didn't trust me. It's a good thing they weren't home when we left or we never would have left, let alone let me have

come into your house."

"That's just the trouble, my folks don't trust you," she said sweetly.

The car was getting cold and I had my fill of this game. I got out and walked around to her side and opened her door. Literally pulling her out, I guided her up the front walk to the door and before she could kiss me goodnight and open it, her father yanked it open, quickly ushered me inside and sent Sue off to her room. Hanging on me, lest I escape, he literally dragged me into the livingroom and shoved me down on a sofa. As he was glaring down at me, his better half appeared wandering in as if in a trance, and stared at me with a gaze that was enough to turn a more uncollected person to stone. I do not mean to imply that I was completely at ease with the situation. Truthfully I was so scared that I could feel my bladder weakening and the contents screaming for freedom. Her father spoke, "Sue informed us today that she, well to be blunt, that she was, uh!"

"What," I screamed. Her mother was crying and her father approached with a deadly glint in his eye. I jumped up and over the back of the sofa, keeping it always between the two of us. This is rule one when fighting for your life. Then employing rule two, (that of fast talking) circling the sofa, I at least managed to make "dad", sit down.

At this point in my young life I had many ideas and plans to be completed before settling down. Dad was ready to take the whole thing to court. This I convinced him was futile as there were far more than five young men of my acquaintance who could do much damage to the family name. Dear old dad, a broken man, asked me to leave. As I left I indicated it might be nice to take care of the unfortunate situation in as quiet a way as possible or I might be forced to arrange blood tests for three. Gods gift to women strikes again!

J. Kaiz



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At three o'clock in the morning, the drunk returned home from a particularly rambunctious night of bacchanalia. About five minutes after he opened the door, his wife heard a loud crash in the living room.

"Geroge, what are you doing?" she asked.

"Teaching your damned goldfish not to bark at me."



She was the type who softly murmurs sweet nothing doings in your ear.



A fugitive scientist from a Boris Karloff horror picture dreamed up a serum that would bring inanimate objects to life. He surreptitiously tried it out on the statue of the great general in Central Park. Sure enough, the statue gave a quiver and a moment later the general, creaking a bit in the joints, climbed down from the pedestal. The scientist was overjoyed. "I have given you life," he exulted. "Now tell me, General, what is the first thing you are going to do with it?"

"That's easy," rasped the general ripping his revolver from his side holster. "I'm going to shoot about two million pigeons!"



Question: "What's the best way to keep a horse from frothing at the mouth?"

Answer: "Teach it to spit."



Mother: Stop reaching across the table, junior. Don't you have a tongue?

Junior: Yes, but my arm is longer.

A rich bachelor girl made it a practice to invite several servicemen each week-end to her sumptuous country estate. One week a good-looking officer showed up alone. It was a case of love at first sight. The impact was terrific. As he was leaving, he held her in a close embrace. Kissing her, he asked: "Suppose dear, after a few months you should find something was, er, wrong - what would you do?"

"Why - why - I would shoot myself!"

He patted her on the back encouragingly, "Atta girl!" he said.



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

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur respectfully.

"Drive off a cliff, James," the old gentleman replied. "I'm committing suicide."



And then there was the little moron who took her boy friend's picture to bed with her and nine months later had paper dolls.



Little girl: "I do so know the facts of life."

Little boy: "Bet you don't even know who made you."

Girl, coyly: "Do you mean recently or originally?"



First man: Did you sleep with my wife last night?

Second man: Not a wink.

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Lately, we have noticed the growing lack of personal feeling in our correspondence with the Institute. No longer do weary secretaries toil over illegibly written registration forms. Instead, a weary IBM machine now toils over illegibly punched cards.

electronic cranium. Some say that the punched holes hold the secret of how to get an outside line; others claim that they represent your next term's cume, figured out in advance to avoid confusion; Voo Doo, however, has made an extensive analysis of the punching system, and has discovered that they are punched at random by students taking 6.251, as a recreational activity.

The Institute, however, for the purposes of increasing efficiency, (revenue) will, in the near future, undoubtedly inaugurate new and better uses for our punch-drunk nemesis.

amination on coded cards; a professor can insert the completed exam and in a fraction of a second obtain the same 1.39 grade that he would have obtained in 30 seconds by scanning the paper and noting whether or not you dot your i's.

I ain't gonna do it

"The World will end; the Word is here! *Amen!*"

Stanley Polanski, his proletarian muscles forged
And steeled, his brain fattened and fogged in the

A.F.L.'s Marx -

Ian mill, swilled the Hungarian goulash paternal-
Ly furnished by Nikita and the Boys, chugged his dark Ger-
Man beer in one forgetful swish (the American at-
Titude of forgive and forget), parked his pension-
promised

Carcass before the T.V. set, burpingly noticed the
Incipient bulge in his bay, bellowed hungrily for
His wife, the idle of his life, and in front of John
Day and

The news was about to DO IT when without warning John
Announced the End.

Over on the other side of the world, where the people
Hang upside down and the women have to lay on their sides,
Where Tibetan mystics who once interchanged golden rod-
Impaled discs and who ate pills of Dalai waste,
(God it's true!),

Now contemplate the logical necessity of things,
Mao's mannikins, his blue-bag-clad people's workers, ex-
Tol the virtues of the stateless state. The didactic di-
Alectic obviates the *World's End*. Capitalist-freed
Japanese, squatting in the rice fields, prove the
necessi-
Ty of the end.

T H E W O R L D



What would doctors do
For the pain of Marxists, Communists,
And neuralgia?

Here we go round the Mulberry Bush
The Mulberry Bush
The Mulberry Bush
Here we go round the Mulberry Bush
So early in
The Morning.

"Let me tell ya what I think. I think it's a lotta hooley.
That's what! A lotta hooley. 144,00! 144,000! Hell!
It just ain't Democratic. That's what! I gut my
rights. I know what I'm talkin' about. And so if
it's true, so what: I'll be one of them. I ain't
been no Simon Pure, no, that's for sure, but neither
have I been as bad as *some* guys I know. Anyway, I
ain't a guy to take chances. I'm going to the River
now. So the World don't end, so what! And if it does,
I gut my insurance. See what I mean?"

I did it last night

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden
grow?
With cockleshells and silver bells and one
stinking petunia.

Brethren! Brethren! We gather here today
To ask the Lord to save us sinners. Yes,
We have sinned because we are sinners . . .
To save us sing Hallelujah Amen!

For weeks the herd flocked to the River, all of them,
their sin-

Ful bodies crying for a cleansing. They sang pana-
Cean hymns, awaiting the Final Day when the
Purest of them, those who had been washed in the
River of John the Baptist, would enter
The Home of and see the Face of God.
After a month there remained a
Few. A week later there, on-
Ly the ardent stood by
the River John Trues-
Dale, a sui-
Cide, had pro-
phesied
It

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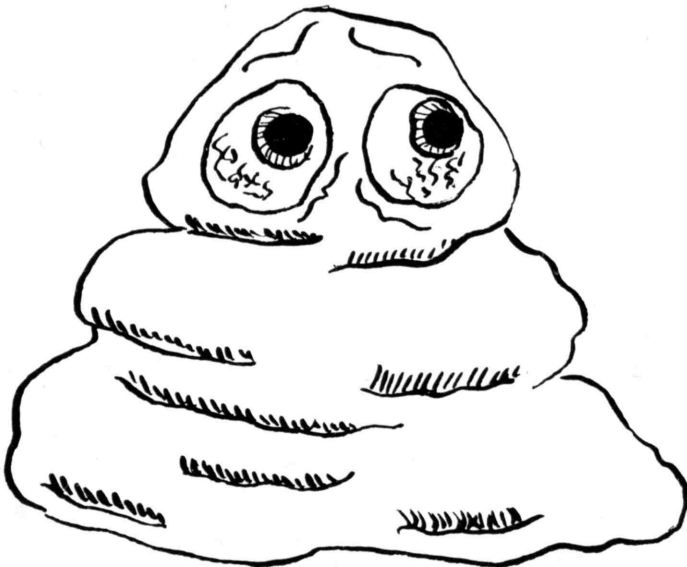
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Well, you caint be right all the time.

"The World will end; the *Word* is here! Amen!"

Odd, isn't it, the way some things, no matter what
you do, just keep rolling along.

Somewhere in the distant Aidenn,
Fifth dimension to be exact,
There sits a happy, little Thing
Who laughs and laughs and laughs.

'till my knees were sore

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS VOO DOO



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Three times an enthusiastic patron made his way to the ticket window to place heavy bets on a horse named Bluebells in the third race. On the fourth pilgrimage a man tapped the bettor on shoulder.

"Brother," he said, "it's none of my business but if I was you, I wouldn't bet so heavy on that Bluebells. He's not going to win the race."

"How do you know that?" asked the other.

"Well," said the bettor, "then all I can say is that it's going to be a mighty slow race-I own the other four horses."



Conscience is what makes a girl tell her mother what she knows darn well she will find out anyhow.



Dirty days has September,
April, June, and November.
From January up to May
It's pretty sure to rain each day.
All the rest have thirty-one
Without much chance of any sun
And if one of them had two and thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.



An elderly gentleman was walking past a drug store when, without warning, a young man dashed out, took a flying leap in the air with his legs parted, and fell in a heap in the gutter. The old man, mystified, hurried over to him.

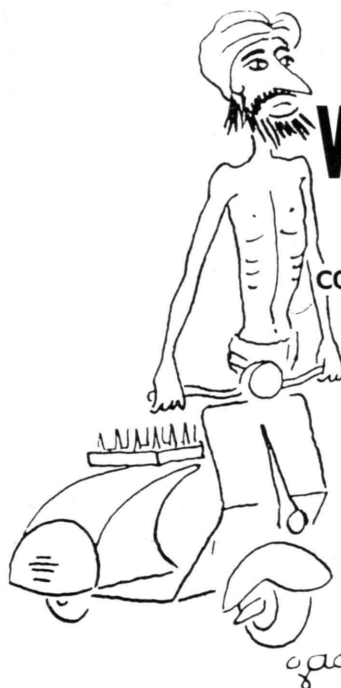
"Dear, dear," he said sympathetically. "Are you hurt?"

"No," was the sharp reply, "but I'd like to meet the sonofagun who moved my bicycle."

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Exactly nine months after their wedding the Browns headed for the hospital, where Mrs. Brown was rushed into the maternity ward. Mr. Brown like all good expectant fathers, paced the floor in the anteroom awaiting the joyous tiding. In due time the nurse put in her appearance. "Congratulations!" she said, "you're the father of a dandy seven-pound boy!"


"Fine!" exclaimed Brown as he consulted his watch carefully for the time. "It's exactly nine o'clock! Isn't nature grand?"

In a matter of minutes the nurse put in her appearance again. "What a lucky man you are," she said, "you have been twice blessed. Now you are also the father of a fine baby girl!"

"Great!" exclaimed Brown, again consulting his watch carefully. "It is now exactly nine-thirty. Isn't nature grand?" And with that remark he started off down the hall.

"Just a minute!" called the nurse, "where are you going?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd go for a little stroll," explained Brown. "The next one isn't due until ten forty-five."



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A young draftee had been in the army only three weeks, but he had learned the gentle art of loafing. He was carefully following the occupation when the sergeant came around the corner and saw him sprawled across the steps.

"Whadda ya think yer doin?" demanded the sergeant.

The boy leaped to his feet. "I'm . . . er . . . procrastinating, sir."

The sergeant frowned for a moment, then said gruffly, "All right, just so long as you keep busy."



They were honeymooning in England. He left the hotel room . . . after all, y'gotta eat sometime. When he returned he noticed, frantically, that there were no numbers on any doors. In trying to find what he thought was his room, he knocked on a door gently, purring, "Honey, honey. Oh, honey, honey." From within came an answering bellow, "Go away, you blooming idiot. This is a bathroom, not a beehive!"

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Jock and Pat collided in cars. Jock offered Pat a drink from the flask he had with him. Pat drank and Jock returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Thank ye," said Pat, "but aren't ye going to have a bit of a nip yourself?"

"Aye," replied Jock, "but not till the police have been 'ere."



Two guys were discussing their car troubles. "What model is your car?" one asked.

"It isn't a model," replied the other, "It's a horrible example!"



New drink sweeping the country: tomato juice, Geritol, and Vodka - a Tired Bloody Mary.

and I'll do it nice.



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Fiji: Have you heard about the new college game?

He: No, what is it?

Fiji: Button, button, here comes the house mother.



Great idea for party game:
Boy and girl in hula hoop.



Owner: "How did you come to puncture this tire?"

Chauffeur: "Ran over a milk bottle."

Owner: "Didn't you see it in time?"

Chauffeur: "No, the kid had it under his coat."



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