

Voo Doo
christmas
december
1960

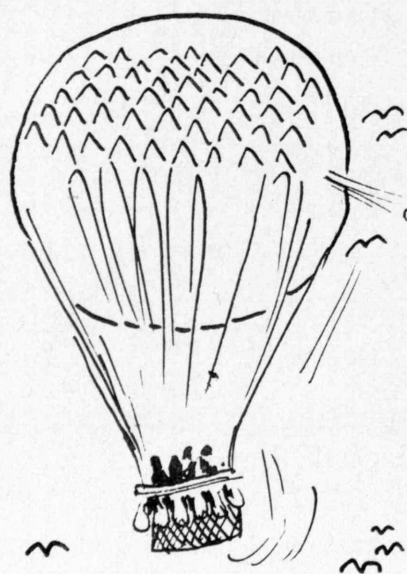


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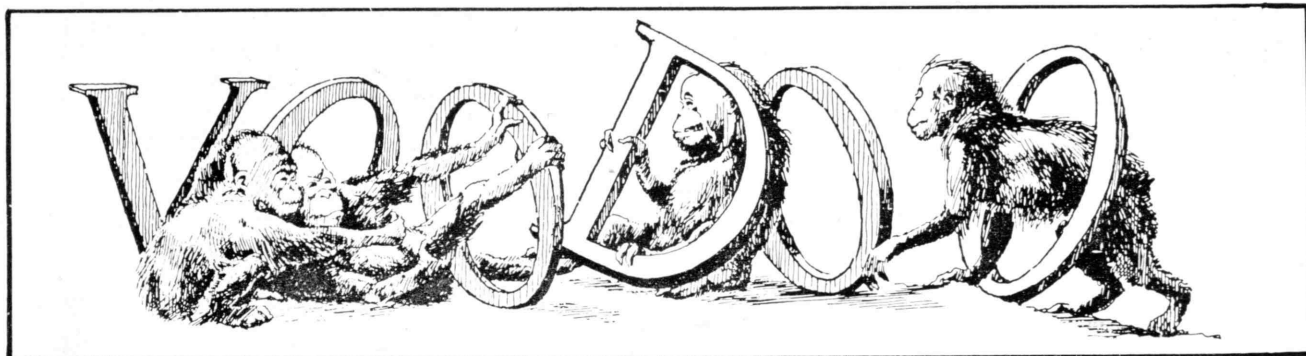
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That special time of the year is once again creeping up on us. We can look forward to Christmas presents, a New Year's Eve blast, and seeing the folks and old female acquaintances. Of course Phos is eagerly looking forward to writing that term paper and tooling up for those Big Quizzes not too long after we return. (We hope that you're not too sorry that we brought up this unpleasant subject, but Phos would like to see you all here next term, if only to shell out thirty-five cents on sales day). But here at Voo Doo we won't even think about schoolwork, we'll just have a Merry Christmas and a Happy (to say the least) New Year. Same to you.

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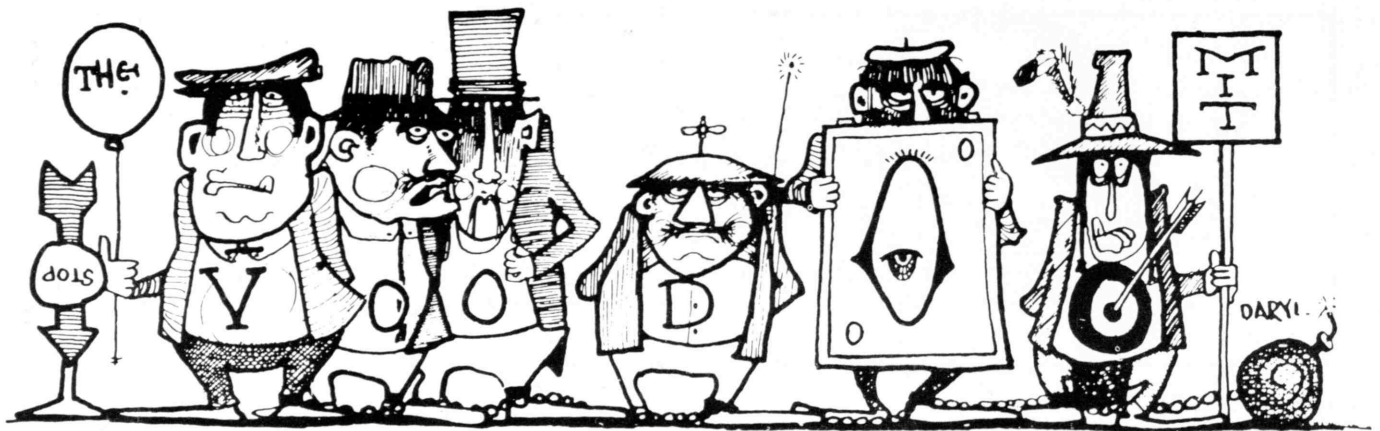
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It was brought to our attention that a very important member of our board became quite popular with the Security Force sometime last week. A Security officer opened the door to a 6.03 lecture. After all eyes had turned to the officer, the lecturer asked what the trouble was. In a stage whisper, he requested the location of one B.H. "Aw, he's sleeping back in his room" was the reply from the students. "He never comes to this lecture, anyway." The officer pounded on the door, to no avail, and finally resorted to using the master key. The solder in the lock and the electric door opener took care of that. With head bowed, the officer stole away.

The moral of this story is: If an oil company expects to make a delivery to M.I.T., don't park your car in the way. It only took three hours to maneuver around it.

One of Phos' Wellesley operatives passed on the interesting information that Vladimir Nabokov was an in-

structor at the venerable institution in the early 40's. Could it be that he was doing research?

We watched the Ground-breaking Ceremony for the new "Earth Sciences" skyscraper last week with more than normal interest... for someone had told us that persons unknown had dug up the site the night before, and carefully sprinkled a large quantity of old bones in the fertile Cambridge sod, in the hopes that when Julie dug them up, as he was sure to do, there would never be another stupid Groundbreaking Ceremony. But alas, a B&P coolie was smoothing the ground out the morning of the ceremony, and found a trace of the bones. And they were all removed. It was a noble attempt though.

We have always thought that the writers for *The Tech* were somewhat uncultured, but even we were surprised at the reference to a pianist by the name of Rachma Ninoff in one of their headlines a

few weeks ago. Everyone knows that the pianist in question was named Chi Kovski and that he also played left tackle for Notre Dame.

For those of you who were not present at the *Voo Doo* stunt last sales day, the winner of the turkey we gave away was a Techman by the name of Steve Ellms. We understand that Steve had a little trouble getting the thing up to his apartment and then keeping it for a week, but he did. He was able to take it home to Philadelphia where, minus its head, it is reposing in the freezer until Christmas dinner.

We have been noticing a series of ads in various posh magazines for a new type of electric wristwatch which claims to have microsonic accuracy. We realize that as undergraduates here we have a lot to learn about science and scientific terminology, but will someone please explain just what microsonic accuracy is?

If you think that there are a lot of faculty committees around here, Phos came up with something that we cannot top. It seems that Michigan State University has a Committee on Committees, which is listed in its catalogue.

A week or so ago we happened to park in the lot behind Building 20 where all the cars from the East Lot are to be sent once the Earth Science Building construction gets started. We could not help being amused at the name of the operator — The Fitz-Inn Auto Parks, Inc.

We heard recently that one of the 8.01 lecturers was hung in f(g).

We want to squelch the rumor that has been going around to the effect that after January 20 all Southern Baptists will have to ride in the back of the busses.

A friend of ours from Beacon Hill said that Joe Kennedy felt so sorry for Nixon after he lost the election that he's buying him a country, too.

We understand that one of the classes in Course XXI recently has been discussing the literary merits of *Voo Doo*. We would be surprised if they found any, but we hope they had fun looking.

Several weeks ago, another name was added to the roster of great scientists adorning the buildings around

the Great Court — that of God. To our dismay, it was removed immediately. All we can figure out is that He is not considered one of the really greats, not having won a Nobel Prize.

Phos was reading the *Village Voice* the other day when he came across a little item that said that there is a pay phone on board the Queen Mary which carries the number CO 5-9657. Unfortunately, they did not mention whether it was a New York, Liverpool, or LeHavre exchange.

How about that new book checker in the Humanities Library? From his usual disposition we are inclined to believe what Darwin said about grandfathers. You would get friendlier service from King Kong.

A Senior Board member reports that while crossing Mass. Ave. the other day, he was almost run down by a little Goggomobile with a huge Diesel horn on top. The owner must have got fed up with being overlooked and decided to get a horn with authority.

An old Board member reports that this certainly is a time of change: he claims he parked his car early in the morning in a place where there was no fire plug, no yellow line, no tow-away signs, no meter — just an ordinary 1890 variety parking place. But when he returned in the evening, he found a shiny new parking meter, and, you guessed it, a bright yellow ticket under his wiper.



I HAVE ALWAYS HAD an abiding hatred for the bottom crust of rye bread. There is no particular reason for making this point, except that whenever I think of Fort Lauderdale, I think of rye bread. There is no particular reason for that either, but I have been thinking of Fort Lauderdale. Fort Lauderdale is "where the boys are." Right now, that is. Most of the time, serenity reigns in Fort Lauderdale. (The Chamber of Commerce will hate me; they say it never rains in Fort Lauderdale.) But, for two weeks, twenty thousand collegians descend on this peaceful community and take it apart, peace by peace. They call it Spring Vacation, but it's more like amateur night at Cape Canaveral. They capture Florida and throw the Keys away. But I shouldn't joke — not while people are holding mass prayer meetings for an early hurricane season.

This is "where the boys are." And girls, too. Such girls, it makes you dizzy to look at them. If you look long enough, you reach an advanced stage of dizziness called aphro-dizzier. It's like being in love. That's what happened to me, and it will happen to you, too. Everywhere you turn — beaches full of them, motels and hotels full of them, cars full of them, pools full of them, bathing suits full of them. Ah, bathing suits . . . when the man said, "It's the little things in life that count," he must have been thinking of bathing suits. But mostly, it's the girls.

Girls in love, girls in trouble, bright girls with a future, not-so-bright girls with a past, rich girls in the lap of luxury, poor girls in any lap that'll have them, girls of every size and discretion. It isn't any wonder that this is "where the boys are." And the things that happen are wacky and wild and wicked and warmly wonderful "where the boys are." Someone should make a movie about it. Hey, someone did! M-G-M calls it "Where The Boys Are," starring Dolores Hart, George Hamilton, Yvette Mimieux, Jim Hutton, Barbara Nichols, Paula Prentiss, with Frank Gorshin and introducing popular recording star Connie Francis in her first screen role. You'll want to see all the things that happen "Where The Boys Are."

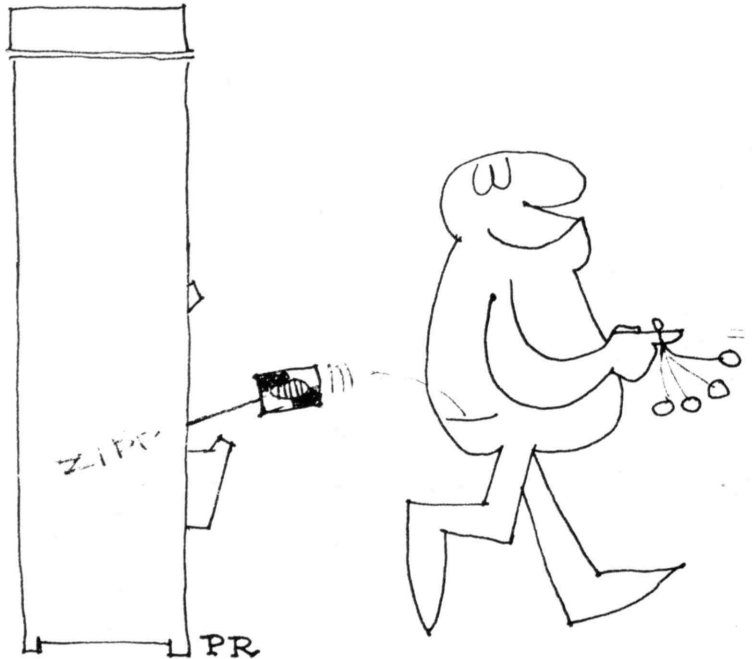
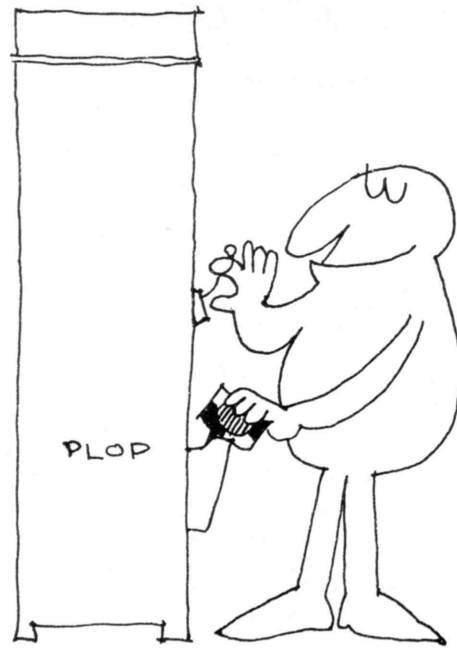
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MAN VS MACHINE





"Son," the old man said, "son, when you see a man on skis, you know there's a God. Do you think that some ol' animal could dress himself up in all them silly-lookin' clothes for the sole purpose of climbin' onto a couple sticks of wood so's he can clim up to the top of some hill and jest slide or fall down it, only to re-ascend the damn thing and do it again, and keep on doin' this until he breaks his consarn neck? Son, when you see people on them things, ya just know there's a higher intelligence somewhere; there's got to be. And, do ya know what, boy? It's got a sense of humor."

He slapped me on the knee - quite hard for a man of eighty-five - and cackled his familiar semisenile laugh. Stopping in mid-guffaw, he eyed me shrewdly. "You writin' that down, boy? You're a reporter ain't ya? What th' hell ya come up here for, if not ta write down these here pearls I'm throwin' before ya. Not that I'm calling you a swine, boy... He went into another paroxysm of gasping laughter, slapping himself upon the knee, as though this one was just too good to let anyone else in on. Remembering that I was here after a story and not to assault an' old man, I forced a grimace which I hoped would pass for an appreciative smile, and bent my head over my pad of paper, writing in strained and jerky handwriting "What am I doing here? Whatam I doing here? Whatam-Idoing here whaidoher whadido..." As a matter fact, what I was doing there was interviewing the great new literary talent to appear on the American scene. Called by his press (agents) "the Gramma Moses of English literature" he had recently been interviewing and acclaimed by Life, Look, Reader's Digest and the Congressional Record, into which the junior Senator from Illinois read a fiery speech condemning a current pending old-age health insurance program which, in his words, "would rob such noble and fortwright old souls as G. Robinson Terry, the well-known New Hampshire author, of their privilege of being productive past the age of retirement. This bill, fellow Senators, reeks of that kind of creeping Socialism which is being allowed to run rough-shod over the people of this country who sit back with their heads in the sand while their throats are being cut by these godless advocates of anarchy!"

The facts of the matter were that one of B.B.D. & O's many vice-presidents had been convinced by his athletic mistress that a combined scenic drive and pleasure trip was just what the doctor had ordered, and upon his car's breaking down in now-famous Yates Corners, had discovered George Robinson Terry. After taking the tobba-co-juice-stained, goat-smelling old hill dweller and bathing him, trimming his whiskers, and cleaning up his vocabulary to some

extent, the ad man got him an office and a secretary to take down his caustic babblings and put them into book form. Now nationally renowned, he had been set up as the wise old native; the perennial spirit of the soil; the greatest NewHampshireite since Ethan Allen - this last statement was something of a hyperbole, since old Ethan and his Green Mountain boys are generally reputed to have come from Vermont.

At any rate, here I was sitting on this old buzzard's front porch, attempting to get a literary first for *Voo Doo*, the club magazine of Technology-on-the-Charles.

He scurried into the house for a moment and returned with a dusty stained old jug. "Have a pull, boy?" he cackled, "It'll put some hair on that scrawny chest of yours." His laughter bubbled up through the moonshine as he took a long swallow.

"Yuh know, boy, this writin' stuff is a lot better than hit's cracked up t'be. Here for nigh onto ninety years I've been nothin', an' ain't had no fun. Now that I'm the consarn dean of American folk littature an' got money I can really live it up, high, wide, an' han'some."

At this venture, I happened to look up and noticed three of four cars full of men pulling up the little dirt road in front of his shack.

"Who're these people, Mr. Terry?" I asked, "More of your admirers? I guess you must get pretty tired of all these people coming to see you, - to drink at the fount of knowledge and elderly wisdom, eh, sir? That's the price you have to pay for genius, though. Mr. Terry, uh, where are you?"

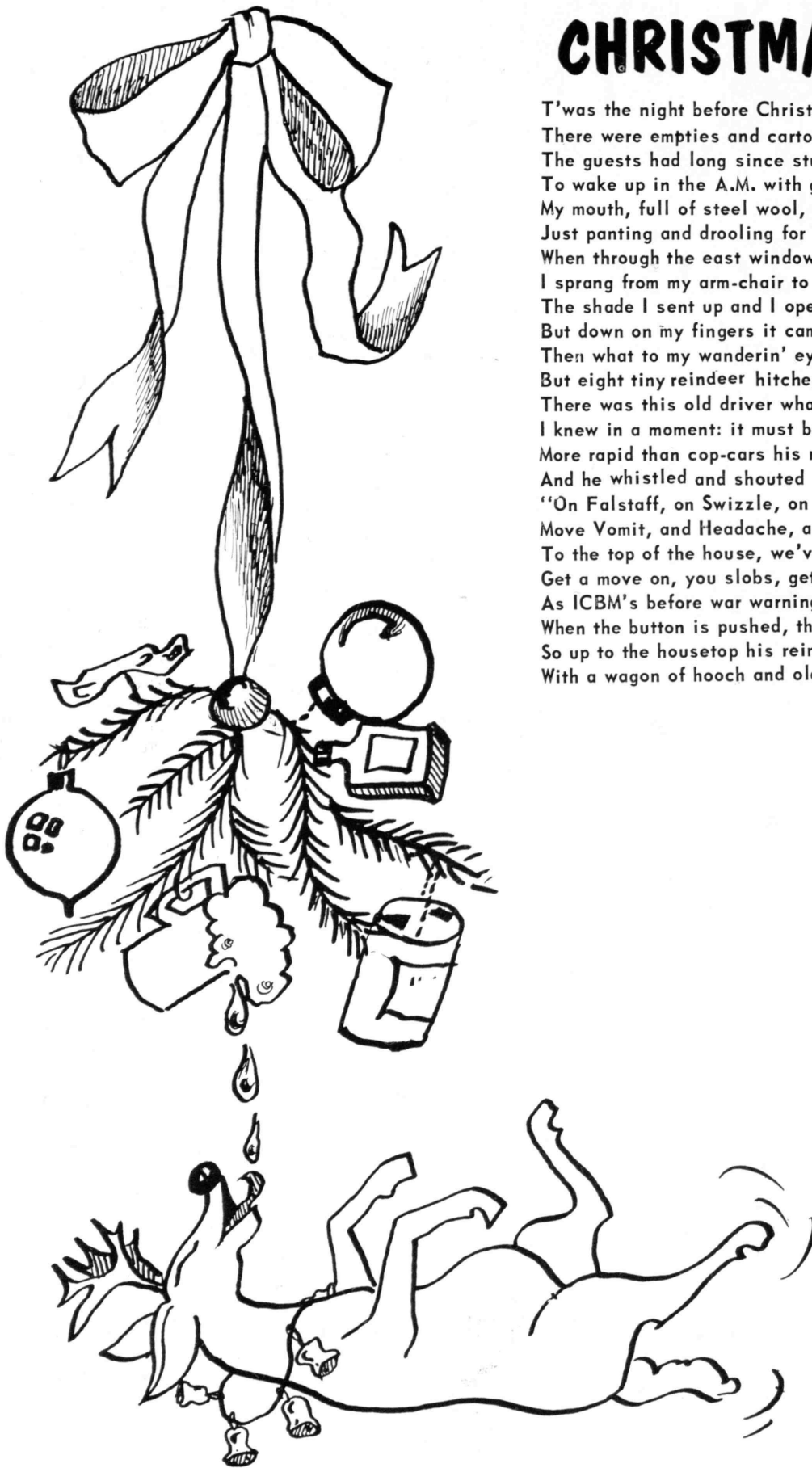
Looking around on the porch, I could see at a glance that the old man had left silently. Then I looked at the road and figured out why. Eleven irate-looking men were walking up to the house carrying shotguns and other assorted armament.

I'm sure you've all read in the papers about the scandal that arose when it was determined that dear old G. Robinson Terry had rendered the daughters of all these men somewhat pregnant within a period of a few weeks. Also the tremendous search for him and the subsequent mystery when he was not found. The Madison Avenue boys are beginning to call him "The Second Judge Crater" but I guess they'll have to stop when I show them the postcard I got today. It's from old G.R.T. himself, and says he's in Tahiti, doing a thriving business telling all the tourists about how he taught Gaugin to paint back in the good old days.

— PSM

CHRISTMAS 1960

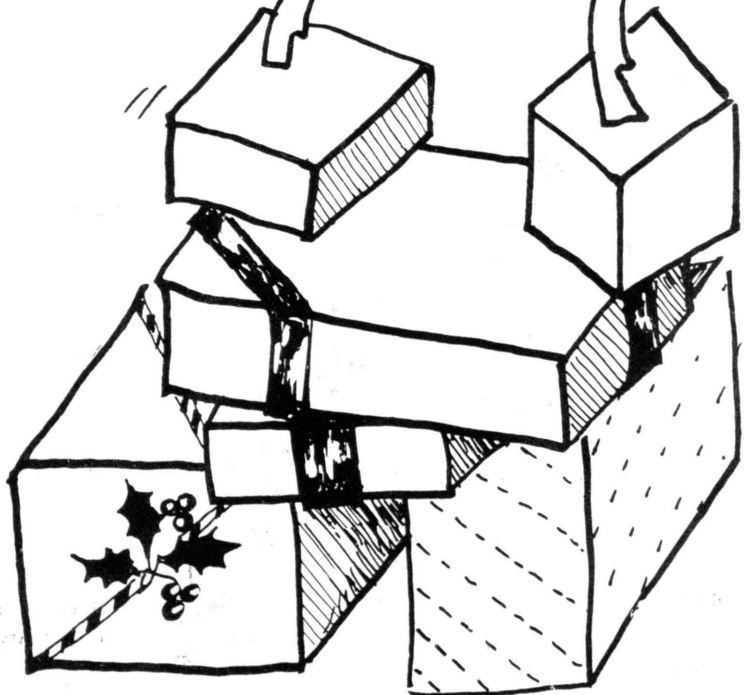
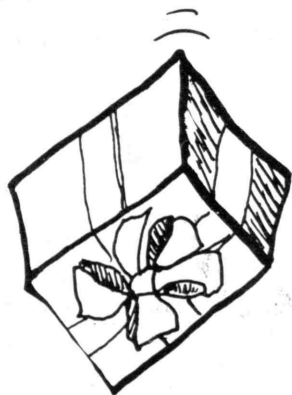
T'was the night before Christmas and all through the pad
There were empties and cartons; that place sure looked bad.
The guests had long since stumbled off to their beds,
To wake up in the A.M. with gosh-awful heads.
My mouth, full of steel wool, hung down to the floor,
Just panting and drooling for one night-cap more.
When through the east window there came such a smell,
I sprang from my arm-chair to see what the h...
The shade I sent up and I opened the sash,
But down on my fingers it came with a smash.
Then what to my wanderin' eyes came a shaggin'
But eight tiny reindeer hitched to a beer wagon.
There was this old driver what looked like a hick;
I knew in a moment: it must be St. Nick!
More rapid than cop-cars his reindeer they came,
And he whistled and shouted and blurted their names.
"On Falstaff, on Swizzle, on Schenley and Schlitzen!
Move Vomit, and Headache, and Stagger and Blitzen!
To the top of the house, we've got such a long haul.
Get a move on, you slobs, get the heck off this wall!"
As ICBM's before war warnings fly,
When the button is pushed, they do mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop his reindeer they flew -
With a wagon of hooch and old laughing boy too.



And then in a sec I heard on the roof
 My tiles being crushed by hoof after hoof.
 As I sat down to think and my balance was centerin'
 Down the chimney came fat man, breakin' and enterin'.
 He looked like the the devil from his toes to his dome,
 And his zoot suit was covered with lipstick and foam.
 He had a fat face and a huge, sagging belly,
 That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of guts.
 On his chin was a beard which was not very neat,
 Sort of stringy and ditry - it classed him as beat.
 He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
 Took goodies, left junk, and then turned like a jerk.
 And gulping some *liquid that fizzled* his nose
 And giving a "hic" up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his wagon, at his team shot a pistol;
 Away they all flew like a new kind of missile.
 I heard him roar out 'ere he got out of sight,
 "Merry Christmas to all, and I needed that Bromo more than you."

* * * * *

The day after Christmas I sat on my bed
 And wondered and puzzled my poor aching head.
 Was it true? Had I seen him? Had old Santa been here?
 Or was I just a victim of Christmas Eve cheer?





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A reporter had been sent to cover a mine disaster. He was so impressed by what he saw that he tried to include all the emotion and heroism that he saw around him in that vast panorama of death.

In a telegram to his editor he began, "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking the scene of the disaster."

Immediately his editor wired back: "Never mind disaster - get to interview God. Get picture if possible."



The mayor of Reno states that the new liquor laws must be enforced. He said that a city ordinance states that no saloon shall be located nearer than 300 feet from a church. He is giving the violators three days in which to remove the church.



Two farmer were grumbling about their bad year "Never did you see hay grow so short as mine this summer," groaned one.

"You think yours is short," answered the other. "I had to lather mine to mow it!"



An 80-year old man came to his doctor for a blood test and medical examination before getting married.

The doctor checked him over and then asked, "You mean at your age you really want to get married?"

The old man replied, "Well, I don't want to but I've got to."



A drunk got into a taxi and asked to be driven around the park five times. After the third time around, the drunk shouted to the driver, "Faster-I'm in a hurry."

"Daddy, I saw Mama kiss the ice man this morning."

"Ye Gads! She wastes time with him and we owe the grocer \$10."



A young Teasipper was fleecing his old man by telling him he had acquired a talking dog. As the dog became more learned, the son wrote home for more and more money to further his education. Finally, the boy asked for a thousand dollars so the dog could learn French.

Soon the proud father announced he was coming to see this amazing animal and the student in desperation shot Rover and went to meet his father at the station.

"Well, son, where's the dog?"

"Father, I don't know how to tell you this, but I had to kill him. You see, this morning as I was shaving, he looked up from the Austin-American and said, 'Is your father still playing around with the French maid?' "

"My word, are you sure he's dead?"



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HISTORY

of

ELECTRICITY

In these days of great technological and scientific advancement, students at technical schools too often neglect the history of science as either beneath their dignity or too esoteric for comprehension. Therefore we are presenting a brief history of electricity, for physicists and engineers, to illuminate their glorious past and to stimulate them to follow even more diligently the paths of their illustrious predecessors.

The title, the "Founder of Electricity" can rightly be applied to William S. Gilbert, the court physician to Queen Elizabeth, who discovered the natural magnet (called in his honor, "lodestone") and differentiated between the attraction of electric and magnetic bodies. Gilbert was rewarded by the Goode Queene for his work by being magnificently beheaded, and his noteworthy treatise, "De Magnete, Magneticisque Corporibus," passed into oblivion, since no one living at the time was able to read Latin—which really didn't matter however, since Sir Isaac Newton had already discovered the same principles some 40 years earlier.

The next important step came in the 1730's when Thomas DuFay, the French scientist announced to his compatriots that "like charges repel and unlike attract." For this momentous discovery he was awarded the Legion of Honor; and for saying it in English he was guillotined.

Nearly fifty years later Harry S. Coulomb proclaimed the inverse square law which stated that any one who believed the inverse of what he believed was a square. As well as inventing the coulomb, Harry is generally held as being responsible also for discovering resistance. The unit of electric resistance comes, it is said, from a lecture delivered to his students, during which Coulomb touched both sides of a resistor and exclaimed "Oh, my heavens!" Copying down verbatim their master's words, the pupils took the first letters as a new unit. The change of spelling to

oh-m as we know it today was made some years later by Sir Isaac Newton.

At about this time Philip Ampere devised his famous Ampere's Circuital Law which stated that the magnetic flux intensity over a closed integral was equal to the current enclosed. The integral had to be

closed, he asserted, to keep the current in. Soon later the origin of this law was disputed by Sir Isaac Newton. Ampere maintained that he must have discovered it, for why else would it have his name?, Newton said that *he* must have, since he discovered everything else. The problem was finally solved by letting the two gentlemen compete to see who could enclose the most current in his integral. Ampere, facing an opponent 150 years old, easily won, proving he said, that it was certain that it was his law. Newton retorted that nothing was certain, thus devising the famous Uncertainty Principle.

This startling discovery was followed in the 1820's by Charles Faraday's investigation of electric charges. Working with the noted British physicist, Sir Davy Jones, Faraday found that induced electrification always produced equal positive and negative charges. This is known as the Theory of Conservation of Charge... or Repression. Faraday later committed suicide after perusing an obscure notebook of Sir Isaac Newton.

Next in 1834, Karl Philip Emmanuel Gauss founded the mathematical theory of electricity, which has led to such significant phenomena as the electric field, the potential gradient, and the I.R.E. In recognition of his great achievements, it was moved that the gauss be adopted as the unit of magnetic field strength. However, as no one knew the plural of gauss, and moreover, since Sir Isaac Newton has recently been claiming credit for these discoveries, it was named, rather appropriately, the maxwell.

Beginning where Gauss left off, Professor George Herman Korchoff published a series of papers expounding his famous laws:

1. The Kirchoff Current Law, which said that the algebraic sum of the currents flowing toward any point in a network was zero;
2. The Kirchoff Voltage Law, which said just about the same thing, only in German; and
3. The Right-Hand Rule, which said that everything he said was Right.

The most important nineteenth-century contribution to twentieth century electricity were those made in the field of Atomic Theory. In 1811 Jesse Dalton advanced the bold hypothesis that all matter was made up of sub-microscopic particles called atoms, and reached his pinnacle of success with Avocado's Law which empirically stated that equal volumes of two gases contained the same number of molecules. Dalton ingeniously surmounted the great physical obstacle of counting the molecules by rather counting the atoms and dividing by two. Investigation in this field was furthered by a group of Russian scientists called the Mighty Handful, whose Corpuscular Theory postulated that all atoms were fat.

In 1872 Wilfred S. Knute, an Australian made scientific history by attempting the formidable task of measuring by hand the number of electrons in a coulomb of charge. Needing extreme solitude, Knute surrendered his normal existence in favor of his secluded laboratory. Sixteen years later his wife found him groveling, glassy-eyed on the floor of the laboratory; he had just lost count. He was taken away to continue his research in the institution which now bears his name — the Knute-House — but which had in actuality been founded some years earlier by Sir Isaac Knuton.

Finally we come to the last and greatest scientific genius of the nineteenth century, Thomas A. Edison, the Wizen of Menlo Park, who numbered among his 2000 inventions the phonograph, motion pictures, the electric light, the pop-up toaster, Enrico Caruso, and asceticism. It is rumored that many times Edison was beaten to the patent office by a matter of minutes by Old Saint Isaac, but that Newt altruistically gave the patent to Tom, as he was sick and tired of inventing things.

In 1910 a group of scientists rediscovered the Uncertainty Principle, convinced everyone of its validity, proceeded to abandon science completely, and became engineers. Hand in hand with the conclusion of science mercifully meanders the conclusion of this treatise

— Lewis S. Goldmann



For those who like to receive presents at Christmas

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MATCHING MITTENS in ladies sizes 1.95

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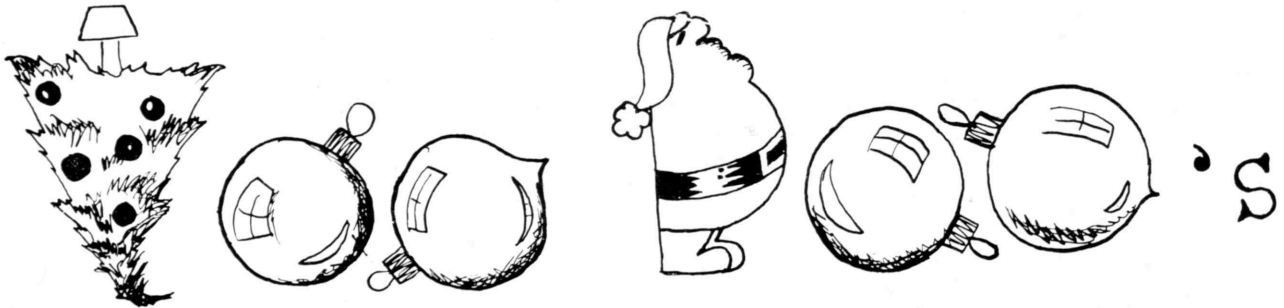
THE BRAIN-WARMER, gift-boxed 1.95

THE TOQUE extra heavy knit to fit all head sizes 1.95

TECHNOLOGY STORE

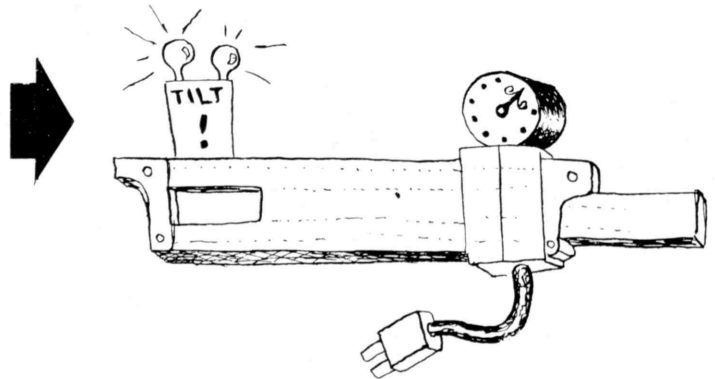
40 MASS. AVE
CAMBRIDGE

In response to an overwhelming number of requests from readers that we publish something useful instead of merely hilariously funny, the staff of Voo Doo has carefully considered the problem of Xmas giving to the Tech man. Now Voo Doo proudly presents:

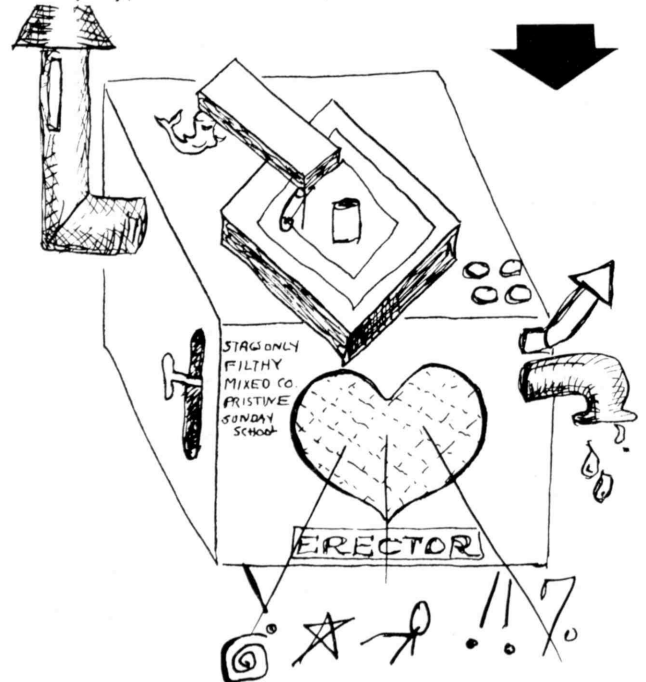


Christmas Ideas for The Tech Man

A new, fully transistorized polyphase integrating slide-rule with 3-way adjustment for simple, moderate, and difficult problems. Comes complete with its own wash-and-wear carrying case. Scales include A,B,C,D,E,F,CF,DF,DAR,NAACP and special Finagle factor scale for physics labs. Complete L 14/38/12-52.



A battery-powered pornograph; take it wherever you go. Plays all your old favorites in glorious new Hi-Fi with 3D and 4F effects. Made by the Erector Company, N. A. C. Cost %\$78.33

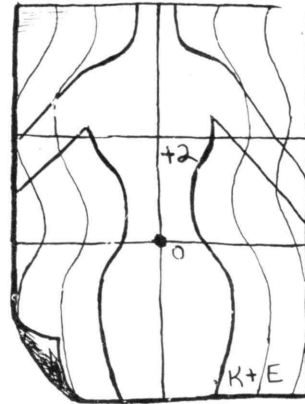


Two tickets to the Feelies. New drama now playing in fantabulous new SquishaVision is "Earth Angel", starring A. Balden Thrasher. (Haavhud students must be accompanied by both parents to gain admission. Price \$.96)

One sexually adequate female. Comes complete with all necessary attachments. Can be found in the Tech Coop (behind counter No. 2) Price \$2.69



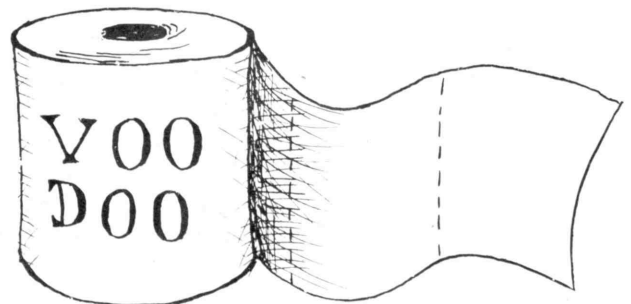
A complete set of liquor logarithmic multifunctional graph paper. The coordinate axes are so designed that any data plotted on the graph yields a straight line.



The toy and novelty idea of the last 8 years: An Eisenhower Doll. Wind it up with its own key and it does absolutely nothing: May also be run from 117 volts A.C. or 6 or 12 volt car batteries.



Last, but by no means most, we recommend a subscription to V.D. Surprise the man of your house with V.D. every month during the school year.



The members of an exclusive hunt club decided to hold a fox hunt, and instructed the members to bring only male dogs. However, one influential member owned only a female and she was allowed to run with the pack.

The morning of the hunt they followed the dogs for an hour, then lost them completely. One of the hunters saw a farmer in a field and questioned him.

"Have you seen anything of a pack of dogs and a fox?"

"Sure, just a minute ago. They were going that way."

"What were they doing?"

"Wal, said the farmer, 'the last I seen, the fox was running fifth!'"



Two MIT math professors were writing a high school algebra text. One suggested the problem, "If a store marks its prices up 20% and then gives a 10% discount, how much are the prices increased? The other replied, 'We can't put that in! I'm a stockholder in the Coop!'"



What we really want to know is if the Russians attack us from the rear will Greece help?



A king's jester punned incessantly until the king, in desperation, condemned him to be hanged. However, when the executioners had taken the jester to the gallows, the king, thinking that after all a good jester was not easy to find, relented and sent a messenger post haste with a royal pardon.

Arriving at the gallows just in time, where the jester stood with the rope already about his neck, the messenger read the king's decree, to the effect that the jester would be pardoned if he would promise never to make another pun. The jester could not resist the temptation of the opportunity, however, for he cacked out, "No noose is good news."

And they hanged him. . .

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Dear Diary:

MONDAY:— I feel highly honored at being placed at the captain's table.

TUESDAY:— I spent the morning on the bridge with the captain. He seemed to like me.

WEDNESDAY:— The captain made proposals to me unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

THURSDAY:— The captain threatened to sink the ship if I didn't agree to his proposals.

FRIDAY:— Today I saved the lives of six hundred people.



St. Peter: "Our records show that there's only one mark against you—and that's for cussing."

New Arrival: "I never cussed but once in my life, sir."

St. Peter: "When was that?"

N.A.: "In an important golf game."

St. Peter: "Tell me about it."

N.A.: "On the seventeenth hole, with the game tied, I got a beautiful shot - 250 yards right down the middle, but the ball landed in a puddle of water left there by the course sprinkler."

St. Peter: "That's when you cussed, hun?"

N.A.: "No, not then; I took my No. 3 iron, but because of the water, shanked the ball and then drove it into the woods."

St. Peter: "THEN you cussed."

N.A.: No, I sighted the green and found that by shooting between two trees, two feet apart, I could make the green. So I took a spoon and laid the ball within 3 feet of the pin!"

St. Peter: "Gawddamn! don't tell me you missed the putt!"



Did you hear about the plastic surgeon who made an ass out of himself?



"You don't mind, do you, Honey?"

"Uh-uh."

"Just this once, okay?"

"Sure."

You won't tell anyone will you?"

"No."

"You do want to stay in school, don't you?"

"Sure do, Dean."

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THE CHESSMEN OF SATURN



The three-man exploratory spaceship DIMWIT careened wildly through space. Warning gongs went unheeded and meteors clanged on its impervious hull as the sleek vehicle yawed, veered and looped-the-loop. Was this one of those dreaded *death derelicts* that prowl the spaceways - their crews dead, no hand at their helms to guide them in their mad careers through the ether? No; this ship was the latest command of that dashing and intrepid astronaut, Crash Gordon. At the moment, however, he attended to concerns more important than the piloting of his craft - so important, in fact, that he had, for the nonce, utterly deserted the control room, allowing the ship to take the bit in its chromium teeth.

Crash Gordon was eating breakfast.

Dr. Gamaliel Xarkov, the distinguished Soviet astrophysicist, watched with undisguised disgust as Crash poured a liter of milk over his bowl of Crunchy Munchies, the delicious hi-protein algae derivative guaranteed to make children grow at a rate exceeding dV/dt .

Miss Dale Ardent, the undistinguished paramour of Crash Gordon, watched with maternal indulgence as he proceeded to consume, with ostentatious enjoyment, the sodden mess that resulted.

"Crash," said Dr. Xarkov, valiantly quelling the revolt of his stomach, "do you really like that stuff?"

Crash turned his diminutive blond head from side to side as if searching for hidden microphones, then answered, "No, but I gotta eat it 'cause I'm the company's contact man in the Space Corps. You see, my father owns 51 percent of Consolidated Seaweed, the company that produces Crunchy Wunchies."

Suddenly the ship yawed heavily, upsetting the breakfast table. Dr. Xarkov picked himself up from the floor, removed Crash's still-damp cereal bowl from his head and said, with great restraint, "Crash, I think you should maybe ought to go to the control room and see what happened."

Crash sped to the navigation cockpit, followed by his two fellow crew-members. He hustled about, punching keys on the computer and taking sextant readings.

Dale and the Doctor waited in suspense as he scribbled rapidly on a sheet of paper and fumbled with a large slide rule. "The way I figure it," he said at length, "we're now within the gravitational field of Saturn, and are being pulled toward the planet at great speed. Unless someone pilots us in, we'll crash." Dale and Xarkov stood thunderstruck; Crash looked at them expectantly. "Well," he said, "isn't someone gonna take the wheel?"

"But Crash, dear, you're the pilot," lisped Dale sexily.

"Cartwheeling comets!" exclaimed Crash as he dived for the controls. Hurriedly, he examined the gauges. "Couldn't be better!" he said. "The controls respond smoothly the terrain is favorable, and atmospheric turbulence is negligible. Conditions are just right for a perfect landing."

The DIMWIT came down in a screaming dive and piled up on a grassy plain.

After the dust had settled, Xarkov and Dale crawled from the wreckage, dragging with them the muscle bound form of Crash Gordon. "Now," grouched the Doctor, "I know why you're still only a third-class pilot."

"Gotta live up to my name, Doc." Crash muttered groggily. He looked around. "Hey, this don't look at all like Saturn. What happened to all the Ice IV and frozen methane I read about in *National Astrographic*?"

"Oh look at the darling little town," trilled Dale suddenly.

"And all the darling little giant ants," added Xarkov morosely.

The gleaming towers of an archaic-looking walled city rose from a nearby hill; and advancing toward it with patently hostile intent was a horde of enormous insects.

"Jumping jets!" Crash exclaimed. "I know the ads claim Crunchy Wunchies aid growth, but this is ridiculous!"

Xarkov looked dubious. "How would Saturnian ants get hold of an American Breakfast cereal?"

"The company drops parachute loads of the stuff onto backward planets and deducts it from the income tax as charity. Actually, they hope to open new markets that way."

"More likely start an interplanetary war," growled Xarkov, and continued to mutter something about "warmongering capitalists."

"Speaking of war," mused Crash as the giant ants swarmed up the city's silverwalls to attack the sentries, "I think it would be a nice gesture for us to help these people here...especially since we seem to be stranded here without friends or food."

"All right," said Xarkov without enthusiasm, "let's help them."

"Fortunately, I came prepared," said Crash. He took from his pocket a six-foot broadsword. "You can get one of these for just ten cents and 50 Crunchy Wunchies boxtops. Forward!" He charged toward the fray, followed by Dale. Dr. Xarkov folded his arms and remarked to no one in particular, "As I was about to say, I will remain behind and defend the home front."

It was well he did so, for, just as he was lighting up a cigar, Crash and Dale returned, traveling rather faster than before. Three or four giant ants pursued them.

"These ants..." puffed the red-faced space hero, "these ants have no respect for the Space Corps and Consolidated Seaweed!" Regretfully, Dr. Xarkov discarded his cigar. "Consider the home front," said he, abandoned.

At that moment, however, the monstrous crustaceans stopped and appeared to confer for a moment. Then they, followed by all those who had attacked the city, rapidly retreated toward a nearby desert whose flat, sandy surface was adorned with several curious-looking mounds of a large size. "Roaring rockets!" cried Crash. "I scared 'em off!"

Dr. Xarkov retrieved his cigar and brushed it off carefully. "No doubt they were discouraged by your phenomenal speed."

The grateful city guards approached just then and arrested the astronauts as undesirable aliens. The three were marched through the jeweled streets of the city and thrown into a cell beneath the stands of a huge arena.

"Maybe", soliloquized Crash wistfully, "maybe if we got rid of those giant ants, these people would be grateful enough to let us go. If we could whip up a few tons of DDT..."

"Or if we could find some giant uncles to step on the ants," sneered Xarkov. "Say, don't I recognize that fellow?"

That fellow was a spaceman named Page, who had been imprisoned for four months. "You three are in for it," he confided to Xarkov. "You and Crash will have to fight the champion gladiator of the city out in that arena —"



"Hey, Doc!" called Crash, who was peering through the bars of the door leading out. "This arena looks familiar somehow." Xarkov joined him, and saw the floor of the gigantic stadium was patterned in huge black and red squares, like a chessboard. "Of course," said Xarkov. "It's the one they used in that new movie, *Chessmen of Jupiter*. They must have shot it on location here and then left the arena for the city to use."

"But this is Saturn," protested Crash.

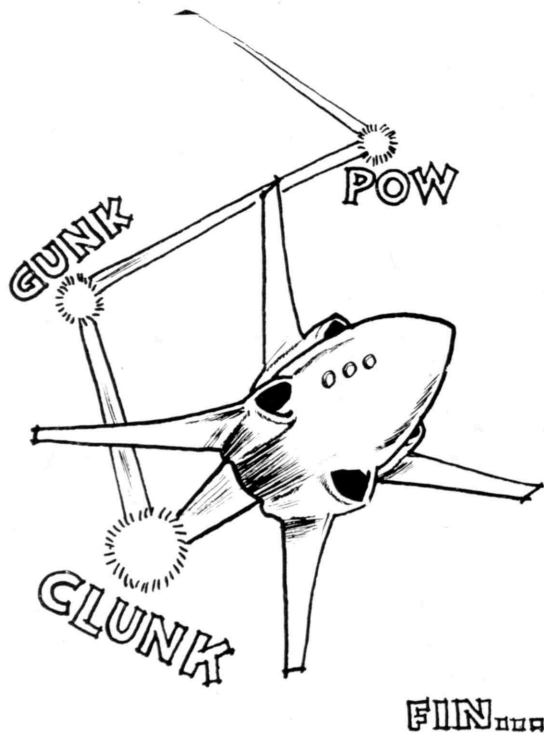
Xarkov shrugged. "Maybe the producer thought it looks more like Jupiter than Jupiter does." He returned to Page.

"You've got to fight," continued the spaceman. "If you win — ha! — you go free. If you don't, your girl friend is sacrificed by being thrown to an octopoidal beast." Page explained to his horrified compatriots that the beast, imported from Earth, had, quite literally, eight arms. It consisted of four slaveringly lecherous MIT juniors who, when the girl was thrown to them, would tear her limb from limb in their mad desire each to get hold of her first. Crash shuddered. "Listen, Page," he said. "You've got to help us in this fight."

"Not me!" said Page. "Just look for me in the phone book."

"I guess he means that he's a yellow Page," deduced Xarkov.

At last the great day came. Frenzied thousands cheered as Crash, brandishing his Crunchy Wunchies broadsword, stalked slowly out onto the "board." Frenzied thousands booed as Crash, catching sight for the first time of his eight-foot tall opponent, turned



The old ant became quite excited at that. She wanted to know whether the nice young man could get more of those delicious Crunchy Wunchies for her and her giant brood.

"I would be happy to, as a special favor to you," replied Crash, diplomatically not mentioning his five percent commission; "If, that is, I could get back to Earth."

It so happened that the ants had a small spaceship which they had obtained in return for 25 cents and 5000 Crunchy Wunchies boxtops...

Dr. Xarkov set the autopilot for Earth and then manipulated the keys of the astrocomputer for a moment. Slowly, he turned toward Crash.

"We've made the scientific discovery of the century," that worthy was boasting to Dale. "Saturn was heretofore considered uninhabitable —"

"Oh, no we haven't," said Xarkov grimly. "But not, at least, I know for sure why you're still a Pilot 3/c after fifteen years in the Space Corps."

"Why, Doc?" asked the bewildered youth.

"That planet wasn't Saturn; it was Venus."

"Galloping galaxies!" said Crash Gordon.

— G.N. GABBARD

on his heel and stalked rapidly back toward the dungeon gate. Unfortunately, the guards had already closed it after ejecting the reluctant Xarkov. The good Doctor was leaning against the arena wall, puffing on a cigar and regarding the champion gladiator with a baleful but resigned glare that reflected the semi-Oriental fatalism of a true Russian nihilist.

Finding his only retreat irrevocably cut off, Crash moved forward warily to meet the attack of the gladiator, whose name, as it happened, was Gladiolus. The two heroes engaged their blades; immediately, Crash's snapped off at the hilt. "Shoddy mail-order goods," growled Xarkov, just as chaos broke loose in the arena. Giant ants swarmed over the walls and onto the board. Before they could realize what had transpired, Crash and Xarkov found themselves being carried out of the city by the great insects. Looking back, they saw that one of their grotesque benefactors had broken into the dungeons to rescue Dale also.

The three were taken to the largest of the gigantic anthills, where a benevolent-looking old queen greeted them cordially. Speaking with an ingratiating lisp, she explained that the warriors had overheard Crash make a remark indicating that he was associated with the Crunchy Wunchies people, which was the reason that they had ceased to pursue him initially and had rescued him and his companions subsequently. She hardly dared hope, she said, that what they had heard was true.

"Indubitably," said Crash. It was the only long, impressive word he knew, and he always used upon such solemn occasions, whether it was appropriate or not. He produced his credentials.

COLERIDGE



on Life Savers:

"'Tis sweeter
far to me!"

from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, part VII



Still only 5¢

THE FRESHMAN LETTER

The 21.01 instructor has slipped us another letter handed in by our absentminded freshman. It seems to be one sent to him by his mother....

Dear Alphonse,

I hope you are enjoying yourself up there at M. T. I., or whatever it's called because it sure is costing a lot. Everyone here misses you an awful lot, especially your brother Wayne who's finally getting used to sleeping in your old room. I think Wayne will be an M. T. I. man too, he's so good at fixing things. Remember that white ruler with all the lines on it that you were looking for the day you left? Well Wayne found it in one of the desk drawers and fixed it up so the center wouldn't keep falling out. The little dear can sit there for hours drawing straight lines with crayola.

Your father tells me to write to you not to expect any more money from him this year because his union is on strike. He says that figuring out how to meet expenses is part of growing up and that you'll manage to find a way to pay for your room somehow.

Melvin what's-his-name stopped in to say hello. He told your father that his mother as talked his father into suing you for that injury to his arm last spring when he couldn't work. He wants me to tell you that he should be going back to work in a month or two and that he's feeling fine. I don't know why you trusted him to keep your car for you while you were away, he's always coming over to find out what types of damages your insurance covers and you can hear him coming a half mile away when he takes that crazy turn near the drug store.

I usually see your girlfriend Celia about twice a month because she comes up from the state university to see her folks. Your friend Ron usually drives her over so that she doesn't have to take the bus. He told me that he and his cousin Fred were greatly concerned that Celia doesn't get bored while waiting for you to come home on vacation. They make sure that she has a date with one of them for every night that she's home. Believe me son, you can't buy friends like that.

Well son in closing. . . . Pardon me, I had to answer the phone. It was that nice Mr. Peters from the place that gave you your scholarship. He told me to remind you that you must send in proof of your registration at college within four days of matriculation. I told him that he couldn't talk to you because you'd left for college over two weeks ago and he became all excited and ended by saying that he would write an explanation at college.

Be a good boy son and don't forget to wear your rubbers when it rains.

Love,
Mother

AMERICAN FLYONEL ELECTRIC TRAINS

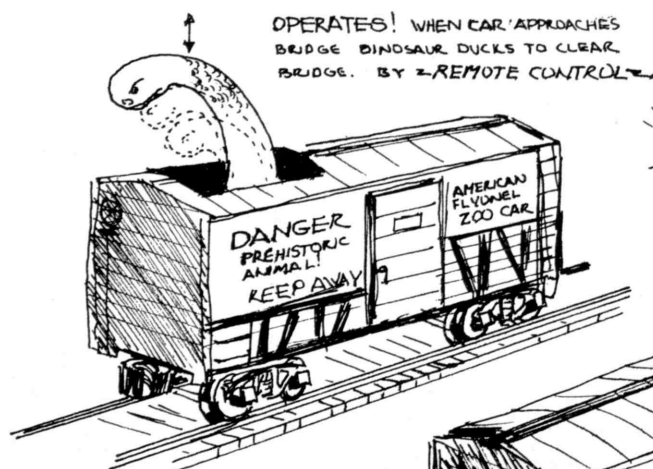
CHRISTMAS
CATALOGUE



WORDS AND DOODLES BY JOHN PRYKE

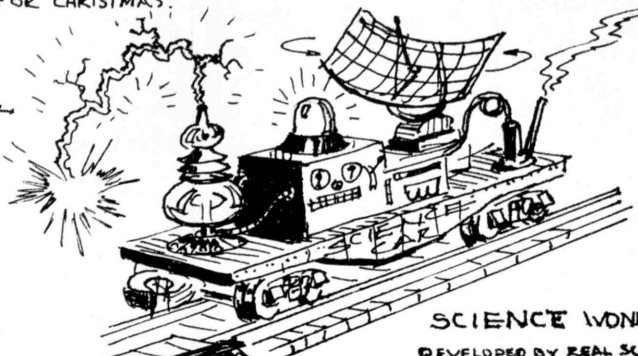
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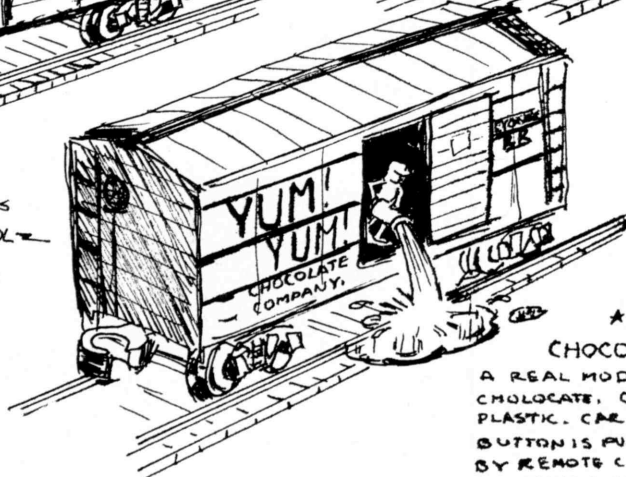


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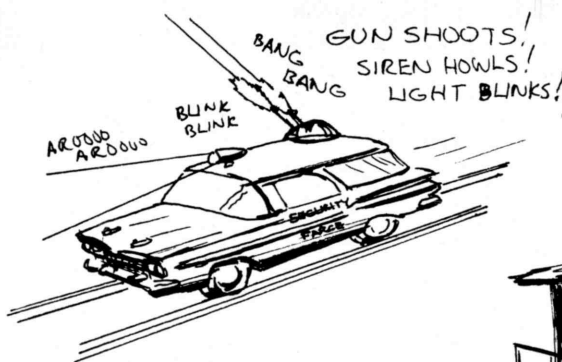
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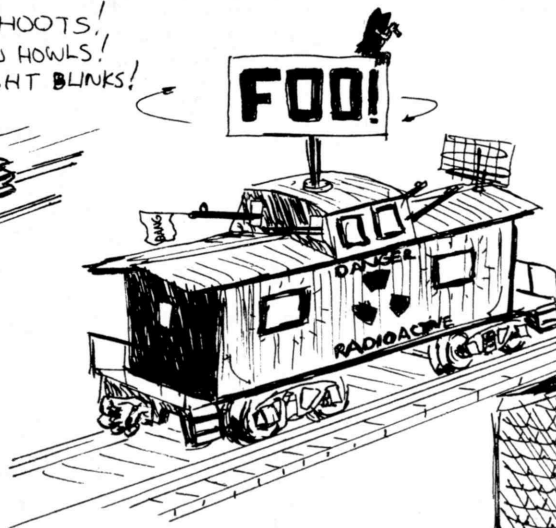
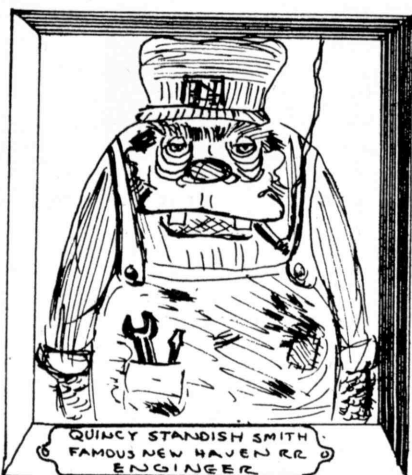
★NEW★



★NEW★

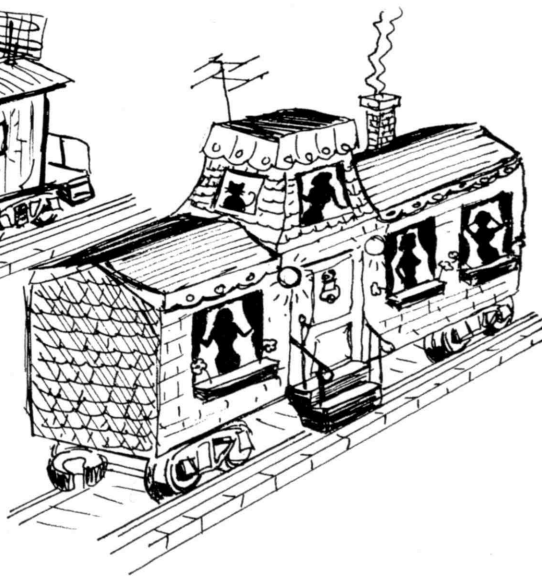
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AN ACCURATE MODEL OF A REAL SECURITY CAR WHICH HELPS TO PROTECT AMERICA'S SCIENTIFIC CENTERS AGAINST ALL ENEMIES. MOULDED IN GREY AND WHITE PLASTIC WITH REAL PLASTIC GUNS. WHAT FUN YOU CAN HAVE SHOOTING DOWN ENEMY BOMBERS! BLINKING LIGHT ON TOP WORKS. SIREN GOES AROUND! AROUND! WOW!



ATOMIC FOO COUNTER CAR

NO RAILROAD IS COMPLETE WITH OUT THIS FOO COUNTER CAR. COMES IN NAUSIOUS YELLOW WITH PURPLE LETTERING. INTERIOR LIGHTS UP BLUE TO SHOW THAT ATOMIC FISSIONABLE ORE IS BEING BURNED. GIANT SIGN ATOP CAR WHIRLS AROUND AND COUNTS FOOS. ATOMIC CANNON ON TOP WORKS. REAL ANTENNA GETS ATOMIC ENERGY FROM AIR. REALLY SCIENTIFIC! IN EMERGENCIES CAN BE USED AS CABOOSE.



HOUSE CAR

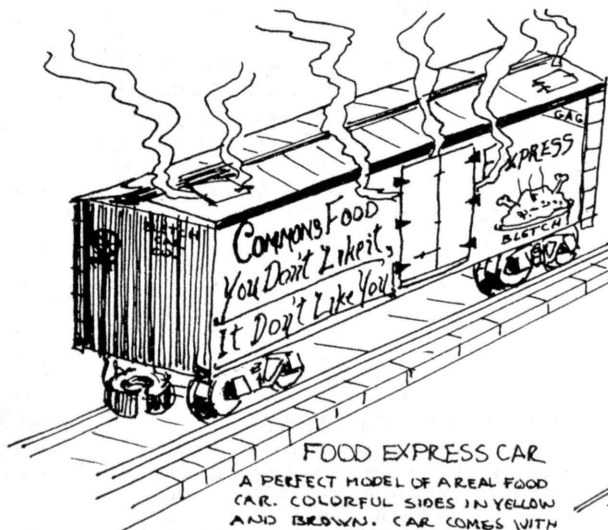
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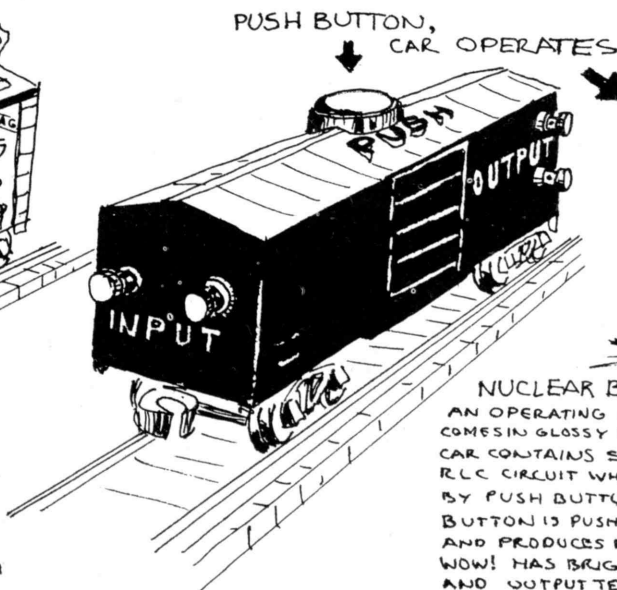
"THESE AMERICAN FLYONEL TRAINS ARE JUST LIKE THE REAL ONES USED ON MY REAL RAILROAD. THEY LOOK THE SAME, WORK THE SAME, AND ARE JUST AS MUCH FUN TO RUN. I HAVE A SET OF AMERICAN FLYONEL TRAINS WHICH I PLAY WITH WHEN I'M OFF DUTY, AND AT TIMES WHEN I'M ON DUTY TOO!"

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Last month when VOO DOO ran a story about various officials of our illustrious administration, several people commented that there is just as much bureaucracy and just as many strange characters in the student government as in the administration. So VOO DOO presents here a guide to -



The UAP

This is the UAP. He fancies himself the voice of the students and always claims he has great backing whenever he talks with the administration, but no one really believes him. He spends all his time running around, and the little homework he turns in is done by his secretary. He always carries his gavel with him, banging it whenever he can so that people will know he is important and will listen to him.



The Finance Board Chairman

This is the Finance Board Chairman. He flunked accounting three times but is still trying. He is never without his ledger and his green eyeshade. He often works late in his office, sitting on his high stool, adding numbers with his abacus. He says he is just keeping the accounts, but he is really figuring out new ways of getting graft. He plans to be a doctor if he ever graduates, but the police will probably get him first.

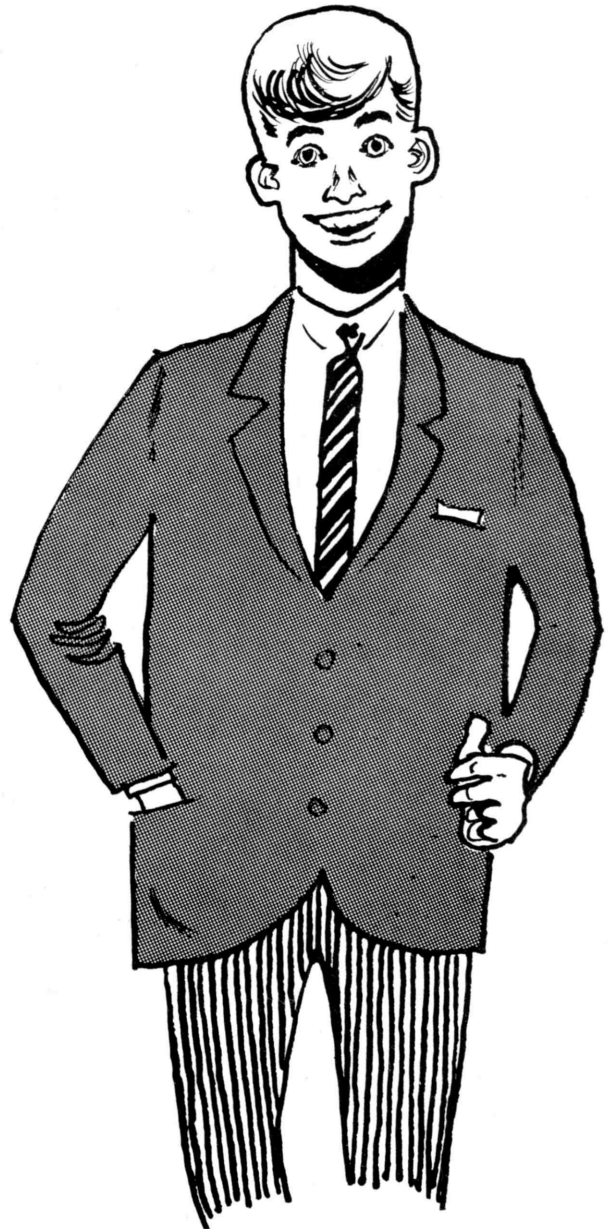
Your Student BMOC'S

As a continuing service to the undergraduates, Voo Doo presents another in its series, "Know Your Campus Characters". This month we consider those often heard of but totally unimportant students, the BMOC's.



The IFC Chairman

This is the IFC Chairman. You can tell him by his shiny fraternity pin (at least two girls wear duplicates) and his gung-ho college look. He is the epitome of the fraternity man - Ivy League enough to fit in at a Wellesley mixer, but not so much that he looks like a Harvard man. He knows all the house songs, he can chug a can of beer faster than any man in his house, and he gets his gentleman's 3.0 with a minimum of effort.



The Voo Doo Editor

This is the Voo Doo Editor. He is intelligent, suave, witty, and interesting - in short, the perfect example of the "MIT Whole Man". He has a 5.0 cum and never works. He goes out with beauty queens three or four times each week, and he goes to church every Sunday with his little old mother. His writing is hysterically funny, and he is also an artist of some note, and plays the trumpet in a jazz band and the Boston Symphony. He is getting two degress in three years and is planning to take a position as Assistant to the President of IBM when he graduates.



The *The Tech* Editor

This is the *The Tech* Editor. He is a grubby Tech tool who has learned to type. He can not spell and he can barely read, but he keeps trying to get people to read his miserable rag. He does the because of the graft he gets by running so many ads and so little news. He is flunking out because he can not understand the material, but he works every Saturday night because he is afraid to go out with girls. In his spare time he breaks little children's balloons and ties tin cans on the tails of dogs.



The WTBS Station Manager

This is the WTBS Station Manager. He is the most harried man on campus and can often be seen wandering around, wire and tubes in hand, mumbling FM FM FM. He has a deep resonant voice whose sound makes women swoon. His ability as a confidence man is unmatched, as he has been able to convince both the Administration and Fin Board that they should give him money in large amounts, which he claims is going into the station but is really going into his pocket.

Connect 20,000 volts across a pint. If the current jumps it, the product is poor.

If the current causes a precipitation of lye, tin, arsenic, iron slog or alum, the whiskey is fair.

If the liquor chases the current back to the generator, you've got good whiskey.



"I know a place where women don't wear anything — except a string of beads once in a while."

"Holy gee, where?"

"Around their necks, stupid."



For you folks who don't know the difference between prose and poetry, here is an explanation:

There was a young lady from Glass;

She went into water up to her knees.

That's prose.

If she had gone any deeper, it would have been poetry.

Confucius say: Modern woman putting up such a false front, man never knows what he is up against.



Dotty, Larry and daughter, Sue were sitting in the parlor one afternoon, when Dotty said to Larry "Dear, I think that you ought to have some things done to our lawn. It's all dried up."

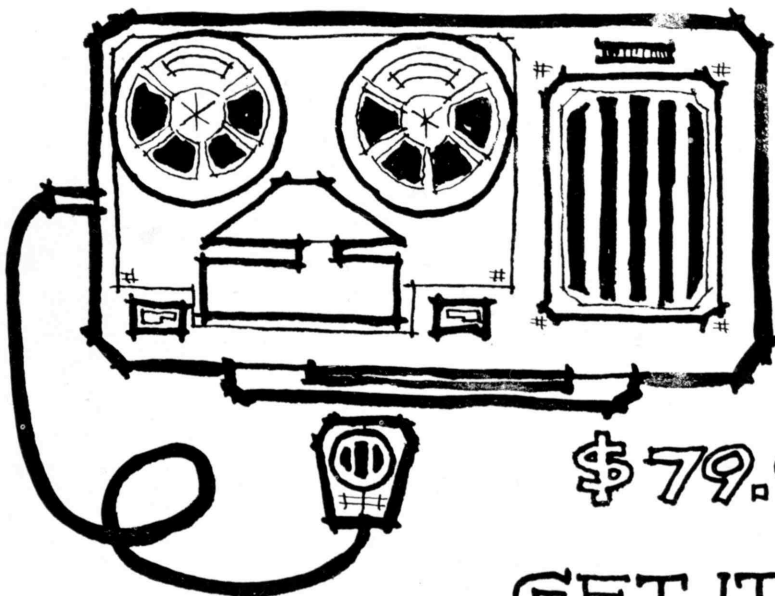
Larry replied, "I guess I'll call up and have the men spread some manure on it tomorrow."

Just then Larry was called on the telephone and after he had left, Sue said to her mother, "I wish that you would teach daddy to say 'fertilizer' instead of the awful word, 'manure.' After all, it isn't dignified."

Dotty replied, "Daughter, I believe in letting well enough alone. It took me 27 years to teach him to say 'manure'."



Waiter, there's a splinter in my cottage cheese!"
What do you expect for a dime - the whole damn cottage?"



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"Yale Record"

M.I.T., Voo Doo



"Texas Ranger"

December 1960





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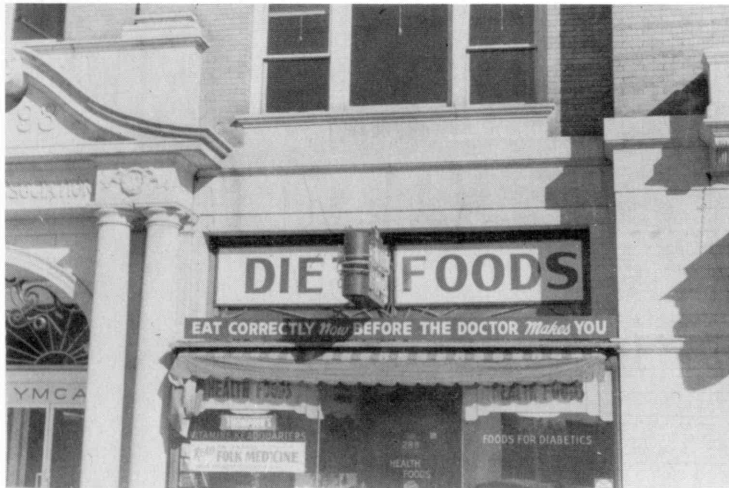
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Signs of the Times



It's Kool outside, too!



Dreams! Dreams! Nothin' but Dreams!

"Your feet are cold," he complained to his little bride, "keep them on your own side of the bed."

She began to sob. "You never used to say that before we were married."



Mrs. Appleby had a tiff with her maid and canned her. The maid was packed and ready to leave, and was still getting a few things off her mind. "It might interest you to know," she said, "that your own husband thinks I'm a better cook and housekeeper than you are. He told me so himself."

Mrs. Appleby made no comment.

"And what's more, I'm better in bed than you are, too."

"I suppose my husband told you that," snapped Mrs. Appleby.

"No," said the maid, "the chauffeur did."

A minister was sitting in a box at the opera house where a college commencement exercise was being held. The dresses of the ladies were very décolleté. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed:

"Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Not since I've been weaned," replied the bishop.



Livingston, on a hunting trip in the wilds of deepest Africa, stepped into a clearing without seeing the lion crouched off to one side. The lion covered the distance in two bounds and a short leap. Caught unaware, Livingston fired a snap shot from the hip. The shot went wide as he rolled under the leaping lion. He recovered just in time to see it disappear into the brush.

Enraged at his slipup, Livingston stormed back to the camp, grabbed up a fistful of ammunition, and stalked out to the clearing. Standing there practicing snap shooting, he heard a rustling in the brush. Peering through, he spied the lion practicing short leaps.



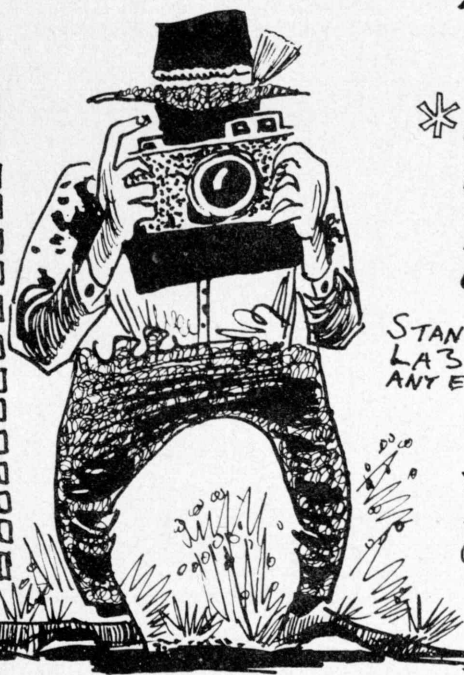
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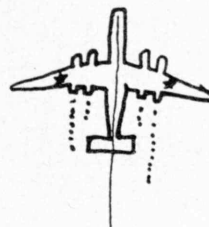


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