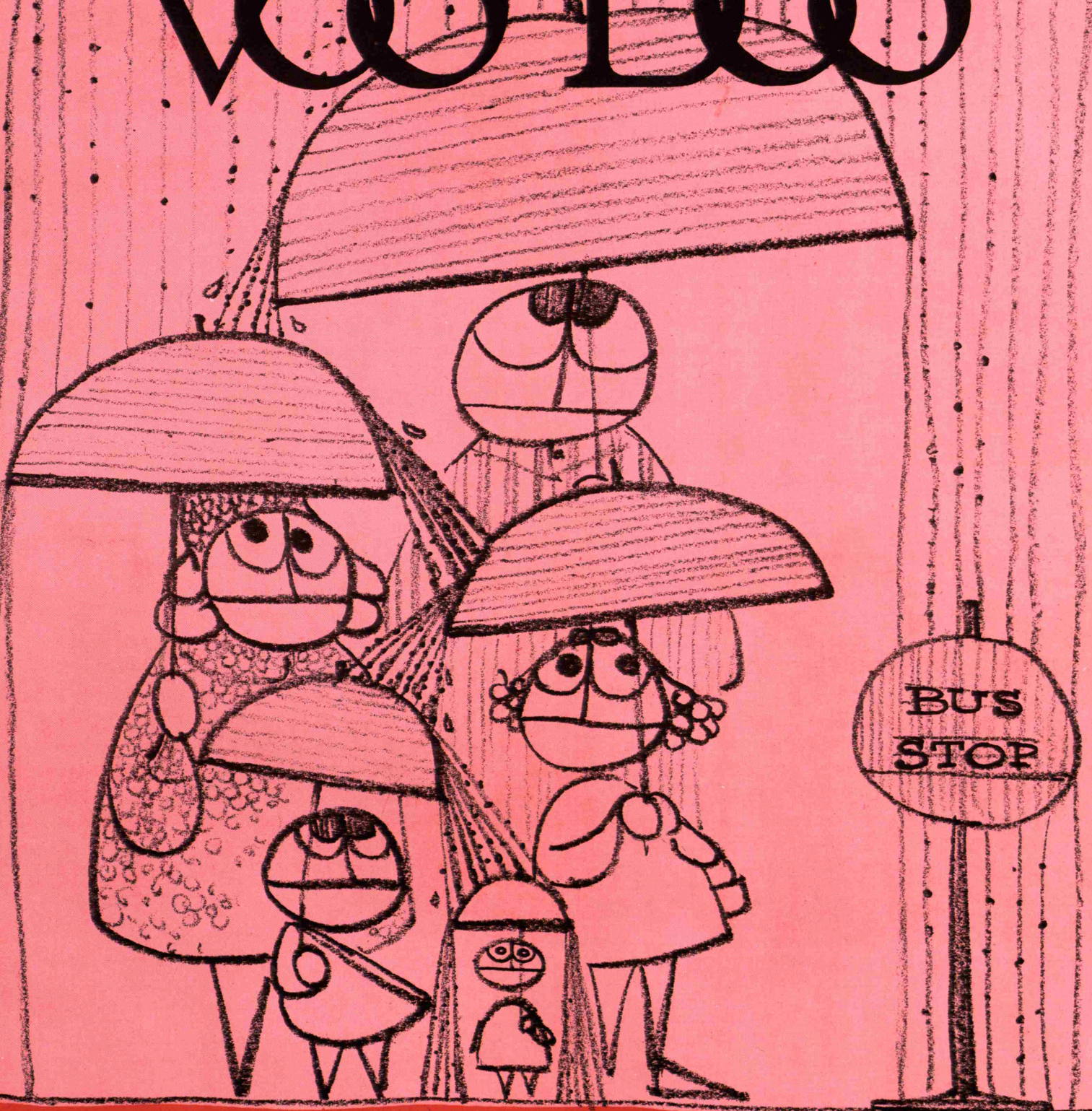


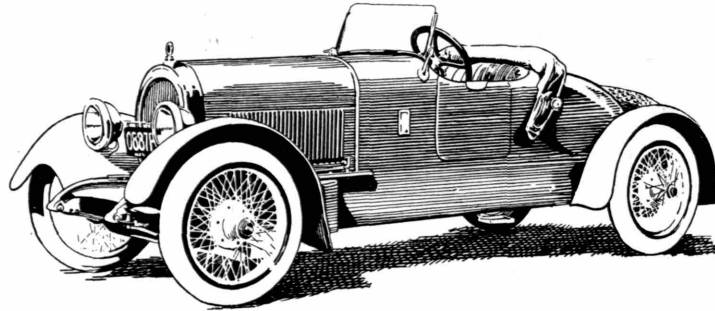
VOODOO



FRUBINSTEIN

MARCH '60

35¢



NOMA

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Should Appeal to M. I. T. Men

The same men who today build the NOMA are those craftsmen who performed the detailed and exacting work of constructing airplanes for the Government during the war.

They have been trained in the field where the placing of every bolt is a study and the fashioning of each piece of wood a thesis.

And the airplanes they fashioned furnished the idea for this master creation of motordom.

The NOMA laminated wood, airplane construction permits an average of five hundred pounds less weight than eleven other cars in the same class, yet stability is increased. Imagine the saving in tires, fuel and oil.

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VOO DOO

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We note with pleasure a budding movement amongst the undergraduates to make their opinions known to the powers that be. We refer to the powers who hold the fate of our beloved instructors in their hands. The criterion of publish or perish, they feel, does not have sufficient latitude to recognize those individuals whose talent as teachers and molders of young minds exceeds their research capabilities or interests. To be sure, it is desirable to have a teacher who is also working close to the field in the laboratory, but to make this a necessary prerequisite for efficient instruction unfortunately eliminates too many damn good instructors. Voo Doo has all too often noted with sorrow the passing from the M.I.T. scene of a really inspired pedagogue while men with doubtful communicative capabilities stay on. In a nutshell, the students think that there are attributes which are at least equally as important as proficiency in research when it comes to teaching undergraduates, especially freshmen and sophomores. Toward this end, they are attempting to make it known to the appropriate departments that they consider a particular instructor to be an outstanding teacher. We at Voo Doo hope that this action will be taken into account when decisions are made regarding promotion or firing of members of the teaching staff. We hope the example of the E.E. department in this respect is followed by the other courses.

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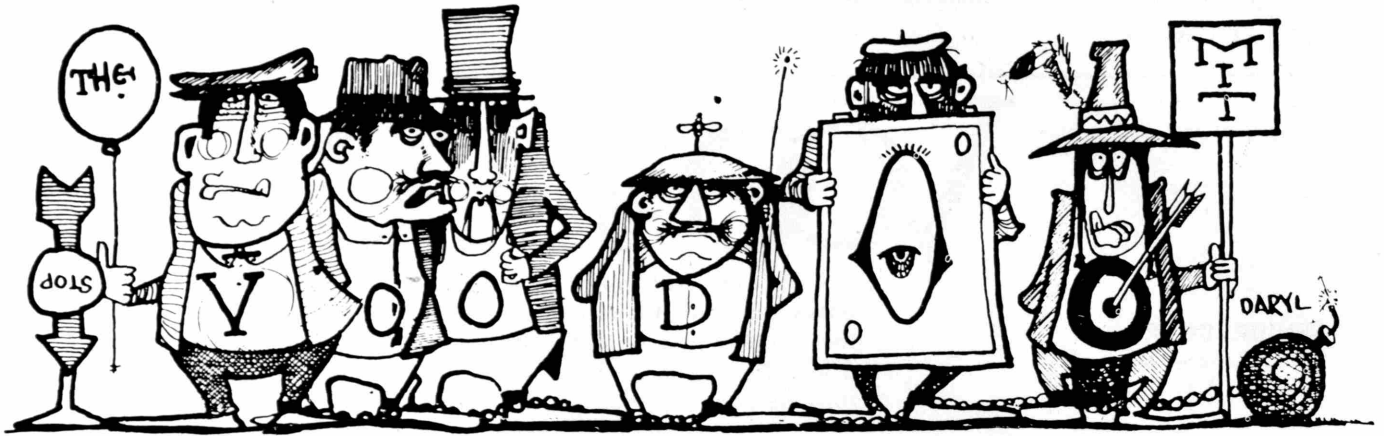
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WORD HAS finally percolated up to the third floor of Walker Memorial about the fire in Burton House. You may wonder why we have heretofore remained ignorant of this event, which took place during Thanksgiving vacation. The answer is simple, ever since *The Tech* set up those cute little plastic-fronted slot machines in the halls, we have been unable to keep up with the news. However, there are compensations. News received by word of mouth, though sometimes late, often is accompanied by bits of analysis which are conspicuous by their absence from most publications, but which are definitely worth waiting for. In this case, rumor hath it that the initial cause of the fire was a simple, harmless practical joke: a group of frisky residents filled – and we mean filled – their victim's room with toilet paper. He, bright fellow that he was, took one look at the mess and decided that the quickest way to get rid of it was to burn it out...

THE double feature of the month was sighted by a roving *VooDoo* scout on a drive-in marquee in New York:
LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER
 and
IN A GIRL'S DORMITORY.

WE HAVE been hearing more and more about radio controlled service in taxis, TV repair trucks and delivery trucks, and while rising around Cambridge last week, we discovered what it is leading up to. We were passed by a large, black automobile which sported an oversized radio transmitting antenna. It was a hearse.

HAVE you noticed that there seems to be a certain physical requirement for Commons checkers at Walker?

ANOTHER ingenious Burtonite, under the delusion that this magazine is dedicated to giving its readers an insight into the better half of life, sends us the recipe for a recently invented concoction known as a "Tech Gooser." You take two jiggers of Rhine wine, half a jigger each of rock 'n' rye and whiskey, a quarter of a jigger of lime juice, an eighth of a teaspoon of instant coffee (sic!), and some Angostura bitters. Chill the ingredients and add in the order given. If anybody has the temerity to try it, please come over to the office and tell us how it is. All we have up here is some Rhone wine.

WE are proud to announce that C.R. Porter's mother just got married.

THE HERMITS of Senior House seem to derive some strange, perhaps social, pleasure from observing the activities of Boston college students which are carried on in the cars that line Memorial Drive far into the night. This is known under the locally-used euphemism of "watching the submarine races." But, please do not think that East Campus is a den of peeping toms. On the contrary, the typical MIT attitude of cool scientific detachment is maintained at all times. In fact, a few industrious Tech men are now supplying, as a public service, a running account of the nightly runnings. They have acquired a Navy sonar training apparatus, which delivers convincing Hollywood-type pings to a large economy size hi-fi aimed out the window toward the Drive. After an introductory period of pinging, they make ten-minute spot announcements such as, "The *Nautilus* leads by a torpedo tube, closely followed by the *Skipjack*; the *Sea Wolf* is running a poor third." We hear also that the Cambridge bookies have considered opening a pari-mutuel window in Crafts Lounge.

ONE OF our board members reports that the math department has given birth to another *faux pas*: On the first day of one class the instructor wrote on the blackboard all the essentials, finally reaching the textbook – *Le Calcul de Tensoral*. After the words had appeared he looked slightly chagrined and turned to the class. He said, "It's in French, isn't it?" as if the realization had just hit him. "Oh, well," he said, "there are other references." He proceeded to write down the name of another book – also French. This time he was completely taken aback. "It's in French, too!" Somewhat flustered he scribbled a third name – again French. This time the look of shock he registered almost equaled the expression of each student in the class. "I know there is a reference in English!" he mused. After a while he finally thought of one. Author: Albert Einstein.

PHOS claims that, next to dormitory social committees *Voo Doo* is the most graft-ridden organization on campus. Witness: a couple of weeks ago, a former *Voo Doo* office manager (of two years before) returned from Canada to visit. He had finally run out of beer.

YET ANOTHER board member told us in strict confidence that Martin Luther had 98.6 degrees from Fahrenheit Institute of Technology. However, he added, 3.6 of them were invalid because Luther wrote only 95 theses. He was drunk at the time (the board member, that is).

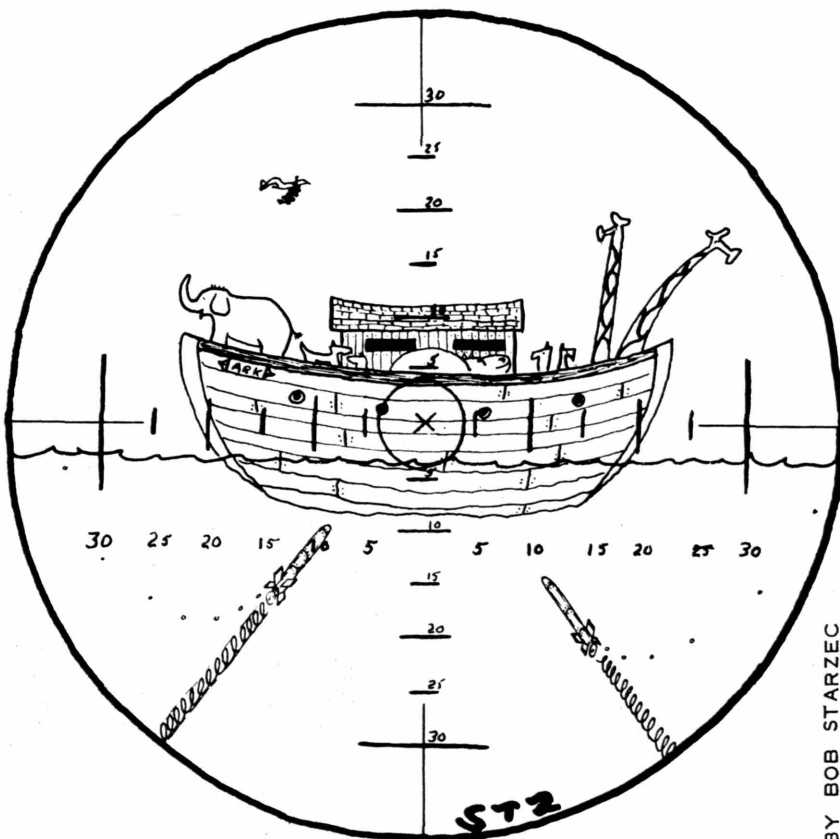
WE HEAR that the most popular cheer in Norfolk, Va., goes:

We don't smoke!
We don't drink!
Norfolk! Norfolk! Norfolk!

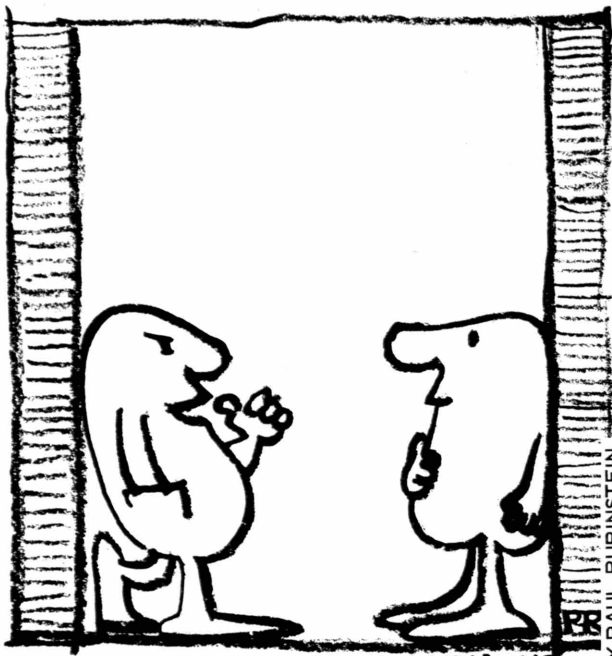
RECENTLY, when the MDC began to tow cars off Memorial Drive to facilitate snow removal, they were quite amused when they pulled a deeply buried car out of the snow only to find a couple inside still embracing.

AFTER looking through the greeting cards in Tech Drug, a man, obviously not having found what he was looking for, went up to the clerk and asked, "Do you have any humorous sympathy cards?"

DEAR friends, we are indeed sorry that we could not run our projected "Bastard of the Month" feature this month. We are told that some people objected to the terminology, and we felt that without the use of the word we could not adequately describe the individual we had in mind.



CARTOON BY BOB STARZEC
BAKER HOUSE



LET'S GO BEAT UP A VENDING MACHINE

DRAWN BY PAUL RUBINSTEIN
BAKER HOUSE

Right after Alaska became a State, a Texan was standing at a bar in Anchorage. When the bystanders learned that he was a Texan, they started boasting about Alaska, and, in due time convinced him that Texas was really rather poor in comparison. Finally he asked to be made an Alaskan, so that he would not have to spend the rest of his life with an incurable inferiority complex. He was told that the initiation consisted of three parts, to wit:

1. Drink a gallon of Alaskan home-brew.
 2. Kill a grizzly Bear, bare-handed.
 3. Force an Alaskan woman to sleep with him.
- He at once proceeded with the initiation.

After barely downing a jug of the foulest rot-got you ever saw, he was taken to the nearby forest.

His Alaskan examiners stayed in a nearby clearing playing cards. Presently it seemed as if the forest were coming apart. After about half an hour of screams, roars, and falling trees, the Texan finally stumbled out and asked: "Now where is this woman I have to kill?"



"Do you enjoy Browning?"

"No, but sometimes I have to resort to it around exams."



"Glad to see you, old man. Can you lend me five dollars?"

"Sorry, but I haven't a cent with me today."

"And at home?"

"They're all very well, thank you, very well!"



"Just think! While I was out with the boys the other night, a burglar broke into our home."

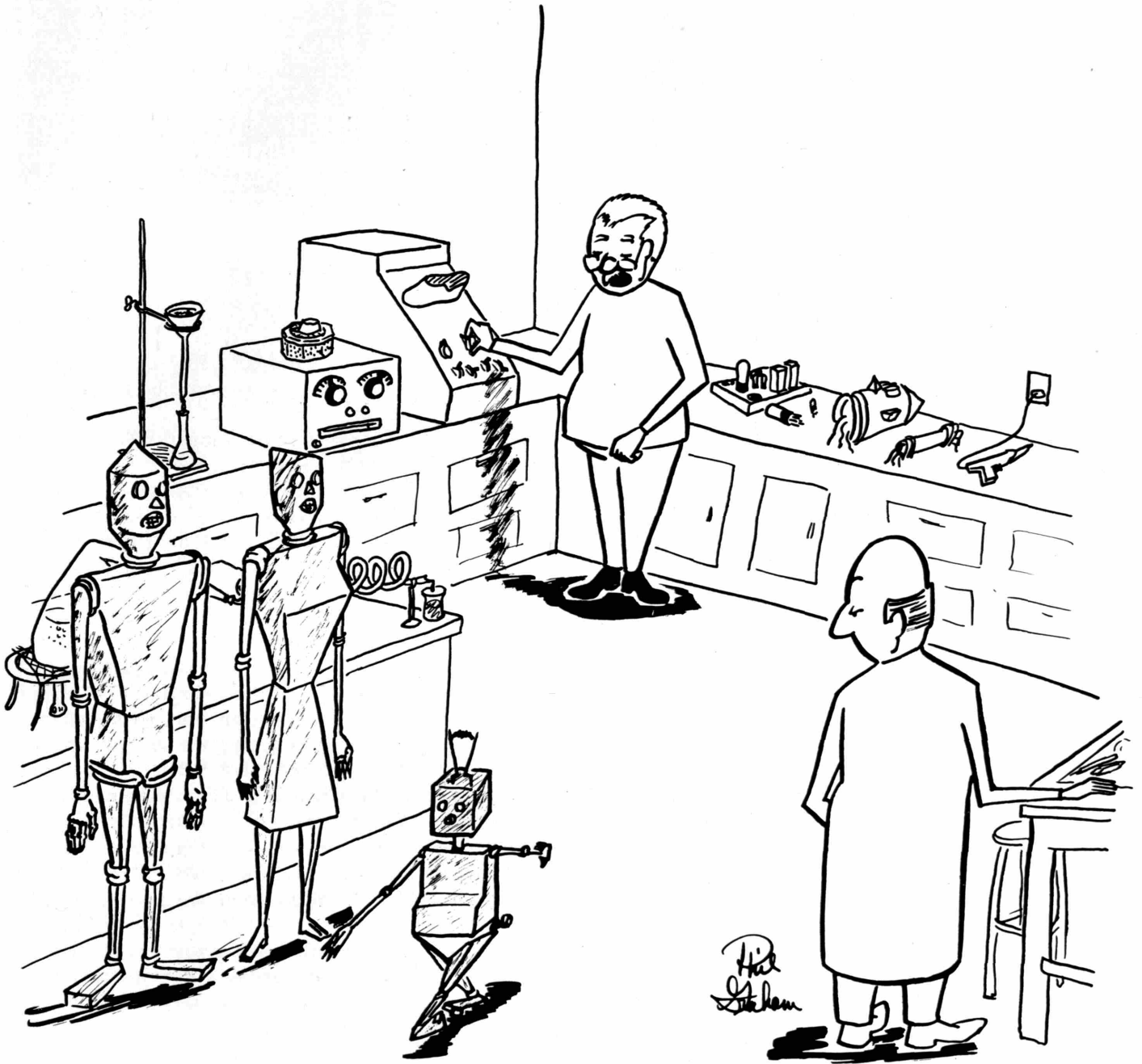
"Did he get anything?"

"I'll say he did - My wife thought it was me coming home."

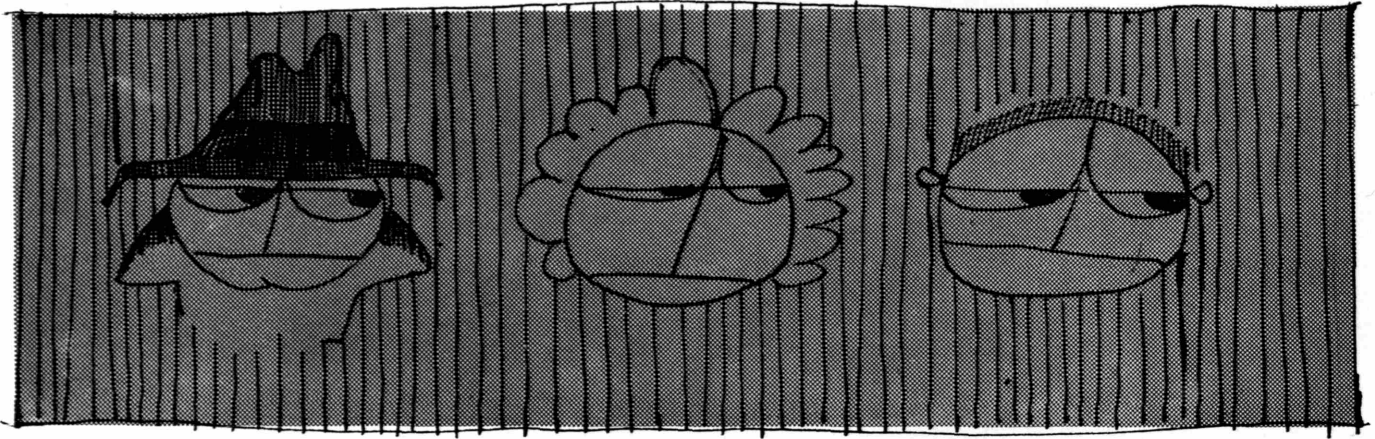


YOU TOO CAN BE A PROFESSIONAL WRITER!

Submit your magnum opus to us at 303 Walker Memorial. All contributors of material which is printed receive their choice of a free subscription to VOO DOO or a six pack of beer.



"As a matter of fact, no. I thought you built it."



8:25...The crowd of salesgirls, clerks, office-boys, businessmen came up the stairs of the main subway station. The neon sign of the cafeteria blinked as the sun peered from behind the office buildings. Mr. Lawson appeared at the corner, walking with the steady pace of a man who hasn't quite digested his breakfast. Reaching into the left pocket of his grey suit, he took a key, bent down, opened the door of "Lawson Co., - the jewelry store that serves you best." A few minutes later a hammer began its daily pounding on a Swiss made watch, submerged in the shady water of a cracked container.

8:45...He had been watching the store for three weeks, and he knew every movement that assumed some importance for his plan. In the next fifteen minutes the clerk, Jack Teabottom, and the salesgirl, Sally Rockbridge, would arrive, - joking, laughing, telling tales of the week-end just passed by. He shut the curtains. He checked the plan of the store, the timetable, and the full schedule for the robbery. He felt that he was ready. With the pride of a man who has accomplished the most difficult part of a job he looked at himself in the mirror, smiled at the image distorted by the grease on the glass, picked up his gloves and went out. Tomorrow he would be rich.

* * * * *

-Don't you think he has been acting very strangely?
 -Why do you say that?
 -I don't know....Maybe I'm afraid. Maybe he knows everything...
 -Don't be silli, Jack. How could he? You haven't told anybody, have you?
 -No, Sally, I haven't. It's just that I'm nervous..
 -Have you heard from Mexico yet?
 -Yes...It's all set. As soon as we get there they'll get rid of the jewels and pay us.
 -Immediately?

-Yes.

-When did you know about it?

-Last week...

-And you didn't say anything? Why didn't you tell me right away? By now we could be in Mexico, enjoying life as we deserve....

-I'm sorry. I wanted to think it over. But don't worry. I'm sure now. There's no risk. We have the keys of the store, the combination of the safe, and Lawson's confidence. It can't fail....

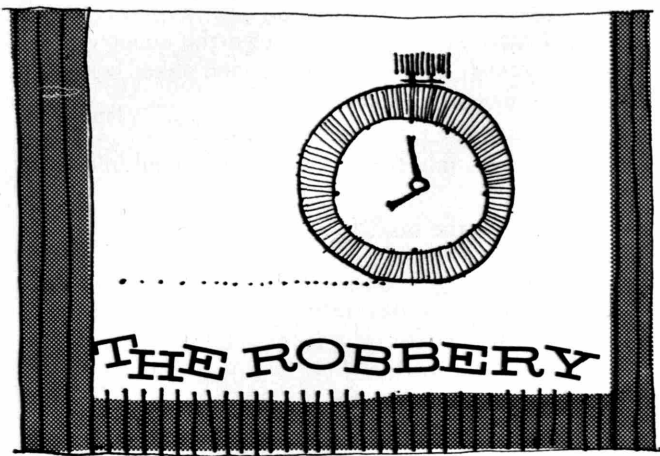
-Then we'd better act fast. Somehow I have the impression Lawson is preparing something. Things haven't been very good for him, and I wouldn't be surprised if sometime this month we find ourselves without a job...

-You're right, Sally. I told you I felt something was wrong around here.

* * * * *

"I can't go on like this. The Christmas season was terrible. The stock is old, unattractive and I don't have enough capital to change it...If only something could happen...Fire? No. Too easy to find out...Theft? That would be perfect, but who wants to rob my store? People won't buy, people won't rob...I'd like to close this store and start all over again...Somewhere in the suburbs where people would give me a chance, where they'd respect me as I deserve...I can already see the ads...Lawson Co.... No. I must change the name...Something like The Aristocrat...Yes...That sounds good...But how? First, get rid of Jack and Sally...I only need one employee...A girl, it's best...Attracts customers... I have to think about it...Tomorrow I'll talk to the insurance company...Cancel my policy... Tomorrow? I keep saying that all the time. If I don't do it now I'll never do it. That's it! I'll call them right now!

* * * * *



8:20...He was late...He missed the subway...This was a bad beginning but it didn't really matter too much. He still had fifteen minutes. It was more than enough to finish the job. A few steps around the corner and he would be in front of the door. He felt the master key in his pocket. He was wearing a trench-coat, gloves, a hat, and this accoutrement helped to build up the mood. He had to be careful not to be recognized by the few people who had seen him hanging around the store. A gust of wind announced his arrival at the corner. He opened the small suitcase and checked its contents for the nth. time. Nothing was missing. After the robbery he would have breakfast in the cafeteria across the street, to avoid suspicion. He smiled at the thought of watching Mr. Lawson from "Lawson Co. - the jewelry store that serves you best," reaching for the key in the left pocket of his grey suit, bending down to open the door on the empty shelves of his store. He turned the corner. It was eight-fifteen.

He didn't see the police car until he was ten feet away from the store. An officer was standing at the door, another one was calling the station on the radio.

He couldn't understand what had happened. Everything seemed to lose balance, as if the world had suddenly begun to turn the other way. There was nothing left but to go home and wait for the news. The vision of thousands of dollars burning in a big pile haunted him all afternoon.

"They did it! The rats! They had to choose the day after I cancelled my insurance policy to do it! And the police! Those fools! They don't know how to catch them, they don't know where to look first! Sally looked like a smart girl...I

should have thought of it! But Jack! An insipid idiot, hardly able to sell anything! She must have convinced him...If I had only known...Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars gone, disappeared, puff, like the wind...And I can't even start all over again...Nobody will give me credit...The rats!

-Can't you drive faster?
 -What are you trying to do? Kill us both?
 -I'm sorry...But you have been following that truck for half an hour, now...
 -We can't afford to do anything wrong...It would be too foolish to be caught because of a speedin

be too foolish to be caught because of a speeding charge...Besides, the corner is only fifty miles away...

-Are you sure we can pass by?
 -Yes...The guy from Mexico wrote me he'll be waiting for us ten miles before the border. We'll give him the jewels and go on to the border.. They can't stop us...We'll say we ran away to get married. They can't prove anything...
 -Yes. I guess you know what you are doing.....
 35-782...
 -What?
 -The number of that truck...35-782...
 -All right...All right...I'll pass him...

-Hold it, Joe! That's right! Put your arm up and hold the jewels...A little higher! Hold it, now!

The camera flashed, covering everybody with a thin spread of snow. Somebody coughed.

-Thanks, Joe...Tell me, what happened?
 -Well, see, I was working in the field when I heard this big crash. I ran over to see what it was...This guy was dying with a hand on his head...The girl was dead already...They tried to pass a truck and hit a car coming the other way...Then I saw the stones...I thought there was a reward, so I picked them up...Then I called the cops...

-Thanks, Joe...Let's take another picture... Smile...Put your hat on...Hold it!

Flash!!

-Say, mister...There is a reward, ain't there?

-Jean Pierre Frankenhuis '61

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A girl was walking a cow down the country lane when a young man stopped her and asked her what she was doing with the cow.

"I'm taking the cow to meet the bull."

"That's no job for a young girl, couldn't your father do it?"

"Nope, only the bull!"



Then there's the one about the thrifty cat. Every day he put a little into the kitty.



"I went out last night with a girl who really had something."

"So?"

"I think I've got it."



Two Eskimo wives were discussing their husbands. "Does your husband stay out late at night?"

"Late! I'll say he does. Why, last night he didn't get home 'till half past January!"



"I'm six-foot-eight, very strong, and I'd like to be a life guard."

"Are you a good swimmer?"

"No, but I can wade like hell."

PR

Because our Electricity's off this month, that's why

CARTOON BY PAUL RUBINSTEIN
BAKER HOUSE

They had met by chance on the street, where he asked her, "Going to dinner anywhere tonight?"

"Why, no. Not that I know of." she replied eagerly.

"Gee! You'll be awfully hungry by morning."



The farmer's daughter ran to tell her father, "Papa, here comes Kurt Sturdley."

"Quick daughter, get into the house."

"But papa, he's a Harvard man."

"Get into the house quick and take the cow with you."



A farmer once called his cow Zephyr;
She seemed such an amiable hephyr.
When the farmer drew near,
She kicked off his ear,
Which made him considerably dephydr.



If matches were made in heaven, where did the cigarette lighters come from?



She: "Let's go places and do things."
He: "We don't need to go places."



All extremely bright men are conceited.
Oh, I don't know. I'm not.

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"Why not
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For Guess Who

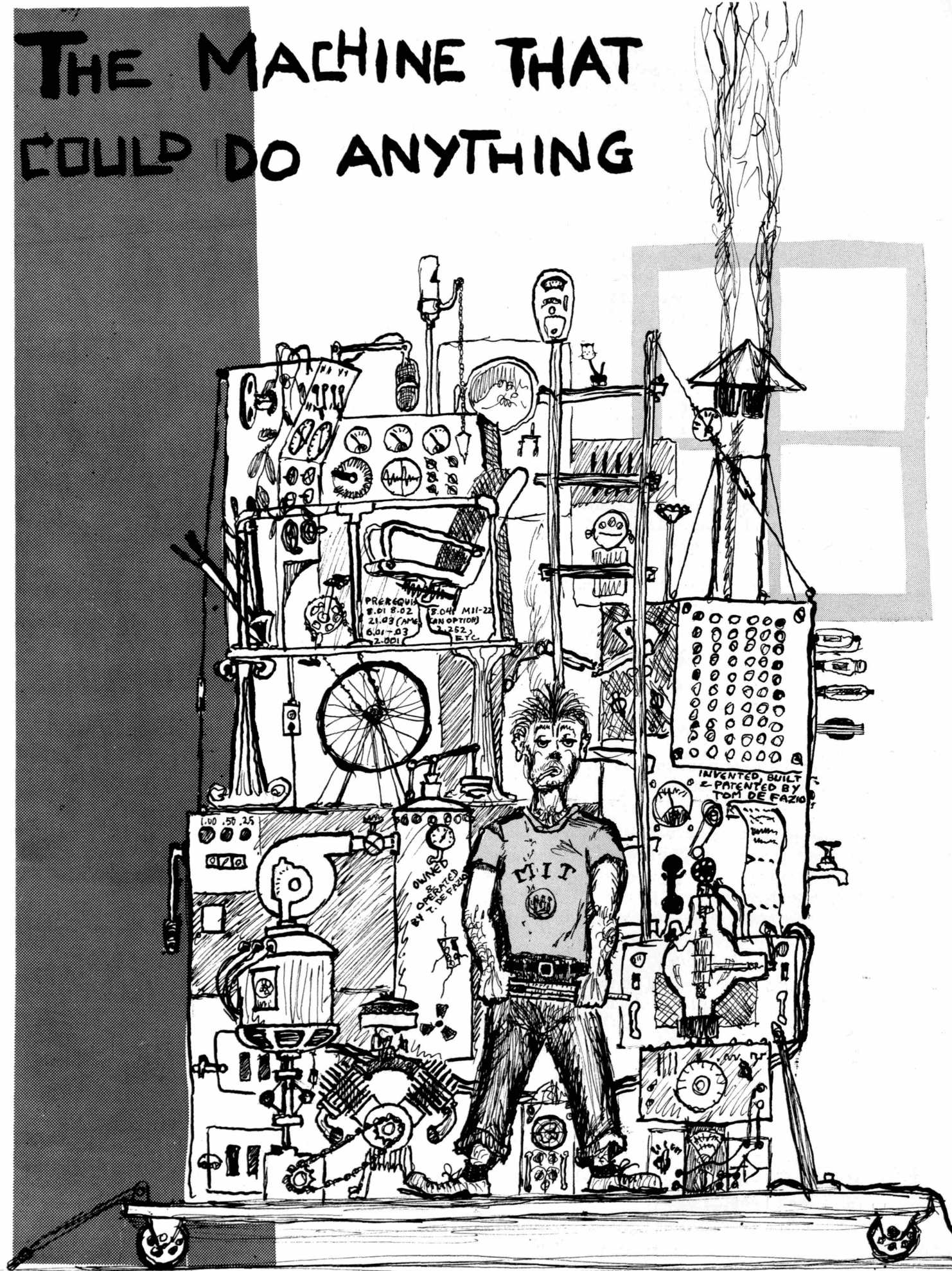
I do not like thee, Good Dean Rule,
And you know I'm nobody's fool,
So just take this from an old tech tool,
I do not like thee, Good Dean Rule!

For Miles Cowen of Physical Plant

I have walked your night-swept corridors, Miles.
Have you?
Have you seen the crooked little piles,
The dust of dreams and souls and smiles,
Shaking over the cracking tiles?
Have you?

Can a man be sure of what he sees?
Can he?
Did you see them: silent, giant bees,
Pushing brooms and rattling keys,
Can a man become as one of these?
Can he?

THE MACHINE THAT COULD DO ANYTHING



Thomas E. Addison was a grad student. The unusual thing was that he had also been an undergraduate; by crafty scheming, he had managed to get into the University's graduate school from its' own undergraduate school, thwarting the immutable powers which had decreed that such things should not come about. Immediately, one could classify him as a mechanical engineer; his eyebrows had the haggard look of having been raised too many times at the sight of enigmatic mechanics problems; besides, he wore dungarees, and secretly made popcorn on a hotplate in his dorm room. He enjoyed performing his own metal fatigue tests on a homemade, rattling device, which brought cries of indignance from the acoustically hypersensitive individual in the room. beneath his. He was the proverbial eccentric genius.

The summer after his graduation from the Undergraduate School he had surprised all of his friends by getting married. "Tom, the most dedicated bachelor of us all, was the first to get hooked," they all joked. Taking a wife seemed to have had no effect upon him; he continued to wear dungarees and perform metal fatigue tests for his own amusement. This time it was his next-door neighbor in an apartment house who was complaining of the noise made by the tests for Tom was no longer allowed in the dorms. The immutable powers had resolved that the presence of his wife might somehow lower the righteous morality of the dormitory dwellers.

Such trivial matters did not bother the stalwart engineer, for he was engrossed in the conception of his Master's Thesis. Tom had decided not only to design, but to build the fabled "Generalized Machine." He would call it "I.C.D.A.," meaning "It Can Do Anything."

At the end of a year, he had not finished even the design of the fantastically complicated device; he resolved to continue his graduate studies. The University, smiling upon the prospect of receiving another year's tuition fee for a minimum of service rendered, agreed.

So it was that after fifteen years of toiling, with corresponding payments of tuition, Tom suddenly realized that his goal had almost been reached. He had neglected his wife, as well as his fourteen children; he had given up his hobby of performing metal fatigue tests; he even refrained from wasting any of his precious time in making popcorn. But it was worth the effort, for the machine was almost done. The gleaming mechanical device, which had cost him nearly all of his meager fortune, stood before him. A few minor adjustments, and he would have the machine which could do *anything*.

He picked up the phone to call his wife, whom he had not seen for eight months, due to the pressure of his work; he wanted to invite her to watch the initial operation of I.C.D.A. The phone rang over and over, but there was no answer, "Too bad," he mused, "but she can always watch it work later."

Tremulously, he turned the last few knobs. Now was the time! He would discover if I.C.D.A. really could do everything! He pressed the crucial button. Gears spun wildly, lights flashed, and a hole suddenly appeared out of nowhere, on the face of the monstrous instrument. Through the hole appeared an envelope. The dazed Mechanical Engineer opened it, and took from it two papers. One informed him that his wife had successfully completed divorce proceedings against him. Tom squinted as he read the second sheet:

Certificate of Marriage License

Thomas Elva Addison

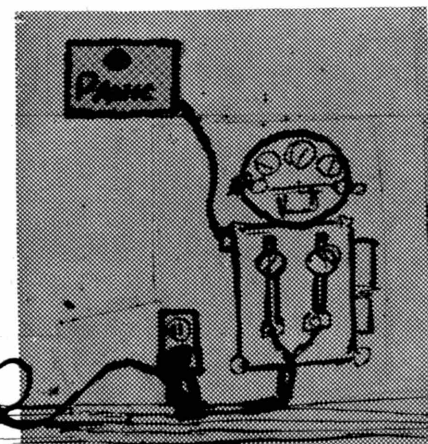
to

I.C.D.A.

"Ha!" roared the machine, in stentorian, synthetic voice. "I Can Do Anything....Anything....Anything....Any...."

"Aw, nuts," said Thomas Elva Addison.

-By Edwin L. Pragma





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Patrolman: "What's your name?"
Speeder: "Aloysius Cyprianus Alastau"
Patrolman (putting away book): "Well, don't let me catch you again."



The traveling salesman's car broke down in a rural section of New York. After walking for several hours, he came upon the tinroofed shack of a farmer. A bearded man with a shotgun answered his knock on the door.

"My car has stalled, sir, and I wonder if I could stay the night?" he complained, chuckling inwardly as he awaited the inevitable answer.

"Wal," drawled the mountaineer. "You could sleep with my daughter, but she's in an iron lung."



"Mother, remember what you told me about the shortest way to a man's heart?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, last night I found a new way."



"I never wear gloves when I call on my girl."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I just feel better without them."



A fraternity man lounging in a hotel lobby perked up when an attractive young lady passed by.

When his standard come-on, "How-de do?", brought nothing more than a frigid glance, he bowed sarcastically and said, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

"I couldn't be," she smiled, "I'm married."

A young husband received a telegram stating that his mother-in-law had been found floating in the ocean with a lobster attached to each toe. He was asked to telegraph instructions for disposition of the body. He wired back "Sell the lobsters and set her again."



"Hello! Is this the city bridge department?"

"Yes, What do you want?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"



And then there's the shoemaker's daughter who gave the boys her awl.

If every one who understood the theory of relativity were laid end to end, he'd feel like a damn fool.



"Why the toothbrush in your lapel?"

"It's my college pin. I go to Colgate."



"I never kissed a girl 'til I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same to your son?"

"Not with as straight a face, Pop."

"You say he's 94, never looked at a girl in his life, and doesn't smoke, drink, or gamble?"

"Yep - beats me why he wanted to live so long."

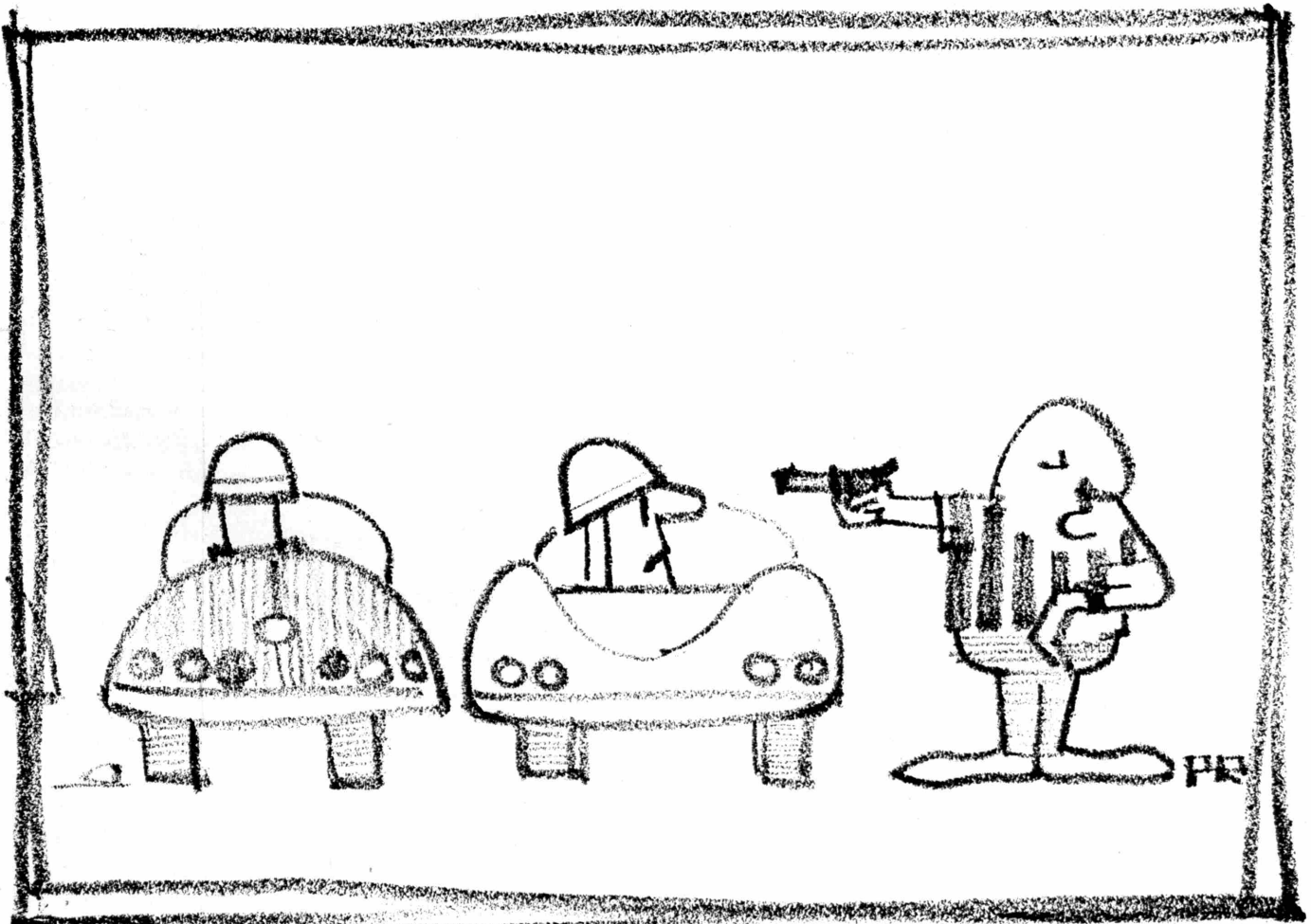


"And this, I suppose, is one of those hideous creations you call modern art."

"Nope, that's just a mirror."



Little Johnny with a grin,
Drank up all of Pappy's gin,
His mommy said when he was plastered,
Go to bed you little love child."



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"When I go to bed at night, I always see yellow lights and green lights in front of my eyes."

"Did you ever see a psychiatrist?"

"No, only yellow lights and green lights."



Definition of a Meteorologist: A man who can look in a girl's eyes and tell weather.



Women are a problem, but they're the kind of a problem that men like to wrestle with.



There once was a talking race horse named Ralph, who was given the following directions on the eve of the big race. "Take it slow around the curves and go like the wind down the homestretch because I want you to win the race. Ralph went calmly into the starting gate, and when the gate opened he took off like the wind, following the instructions which his trainer had given him, until the homestretch. At this time he was running third, when he came alongside the place horse — Ralph slowed down and followed her to the finish line.

Ralph's trainer was enraged at this. He went directly to the horse's stall, and commenced to cuss Ralph up one side and down the other. After finishing this, he asked Ralph what his excuse for losing the race was. "Well" said Ralph, "you see, it's this way; that filly that was running second was really cute and he had all the curves in the right places." After much deliberation the trainer decided to have Ralph castrated.

Ralph spent a month recovering from the operation and then was entered in another big race, with the same instructions. He went calmly into the starting gate. The gate opened and Ralph went flying out. But, after taking a few steps he sat down in the middle of the track.

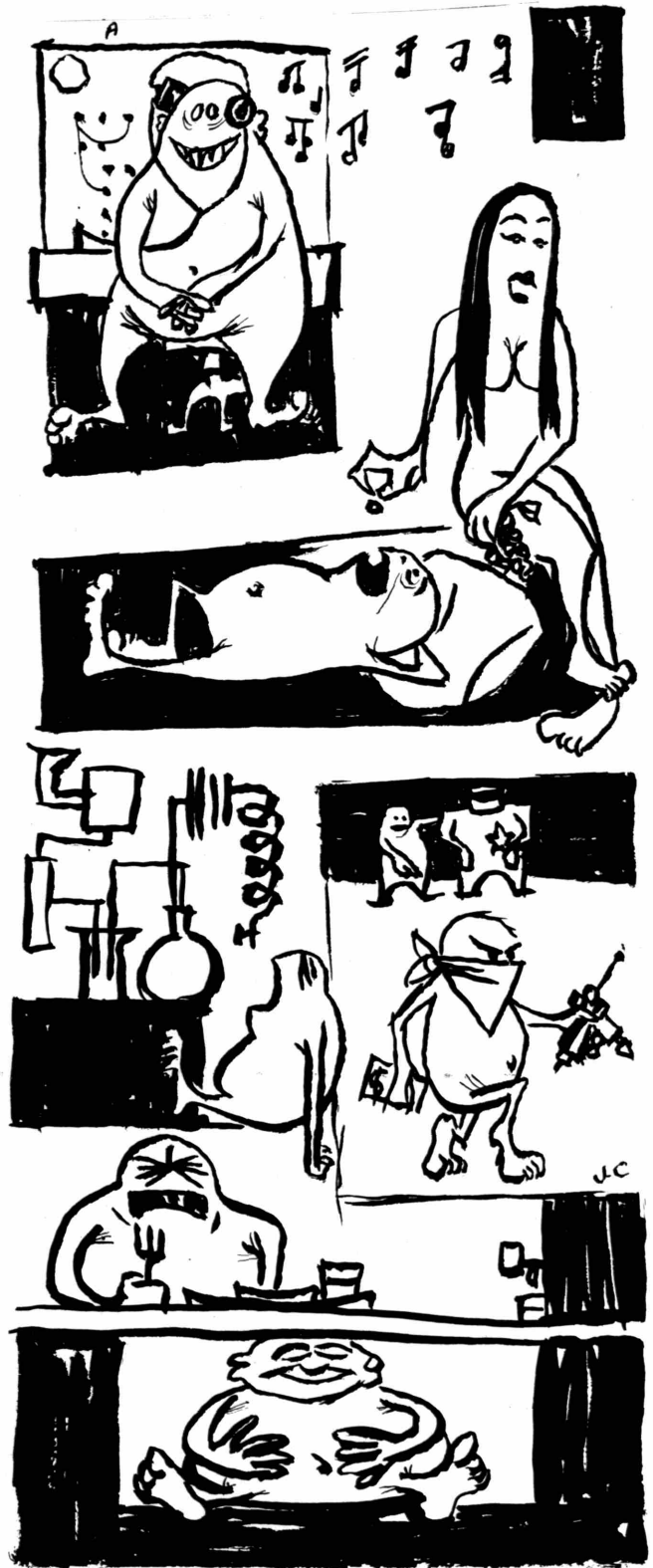
Once again his trainer was enraged and asked for an explanation. "Well Boss, everything was fine when I got into the starting gate, and I remembered all your directions. Then the gate opened I went flying out, but when I heard everyone in the crowd yell 'they're off', I was so embarrassed I just had to sit down, and cross my legs."

WORKING YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

Due to the unnecessarily rapid rise in tuition, and the difficulty many students are experiencing in making ends meet, the Department of Student Aid and Department of Student Employment have released the following proven suggestions for "working your way through College."

1. Work at the East Campus Switchboard as the "friendly" operator. Prerequisites for the position, include a marked speech defect, extreme lack of manual dexterity, and inability to understand simple electrical systems. The work is easy, and there is plenty of time to study, since people rarely call, and when they do, they don't really expect an answer.
2. Join the dining staff as a Coolie. All you need to get started are two filthy hands, a deafness in one or both ears. Many students find that they can save considerable amounts of money on their grocery bill, in addition to the salary.
3. Become social chariman at one of the large dormitories. In this strategic post, you may make commissions on Dorm Dance Bands, guzzle Dorm-owned liquor, sell slightly used Monkeys to unsuspecting residents, and corner the market on Senior-Week Cruise boats. You can probably get away with more graft and corruption than certain well-known Boston politicians.
4. Be Voo Doo's Office Manager. With the present state of affairs, however, we do not recommend this stratagem.
5. Distill certain liquors, in great demand on campus, in the Freshman Chemistry Labs.
6. Rob the Bursar's Office. This will probably land you in Jail, due to the effectiveness of the ever-alert Security Force, but if you don't tell where you hid the loot, you can always use it to take a correspondence course.

-By Banzhaf and Hirschfeld



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"Did anybody drop a roll of bills with a rubber band around them?"

"Yes, I did," said several voices in the bank lobby.

"Well, I just picked up the rubber band," said the old gentleman calmly.



"Jerry is so conceited."

"Yes, on his birthday he sent a telegram of congratulations to his mother."



A seagull flew into a local pub and landed on the bar. "Gimme a drink," he said, "I'm so tired I could drop."

"You do and it'll be the last time you ever come in here." replied the bartender.



The plain, prim, little old lady who stood between a male customer at the department store was nervous and embarrassed; finally she asked:

"Please, Miss, I'd like two packages of bathroom stationery."



The oldest inhabitant had just celebrated his hundredth birthday and a reporter from a local paper was interviewing him. After congratulating the old fellow he asked the old man to what he attributed his old age.

The centenarian paused a bit and then started to count on his fingers: "I never smoked, drank alcoholic liquors, or overate, and I always rise at six in the morning."

"But," protested the reporter, "I had an uncle who acted that way and he only lived to be eighty. How do you account for that?"

"He didn't keep it up long enough," was the calm reply.

FOR THE DARK DENIZENS OF HOMBERG

I went to the infirmary
To find out what was wrong.
The receptionist just smiled at me
And pointed to the throng.

"We've got quite a crowd," said she,
"Exams are now in force,
But if you will only patient be,
We'll heal you in due course."

I headed for an empty chair,
Forced to play their game.
Three hours after I sat there,
I heard them call my name.

I hoped I'd see the doctor then,
But now my luck got worse.
My hopes were promptly dumped again:
I had to see the nurse.

She threw me just one beady glance,
And said, "Why are you here?
You know there's not the slightest chance
Of skipping the final you fear!"

"Why don't you guys admit you're licked?
You're MIT's disgrace!"
But that was just the time I picked
To cough right in her face.

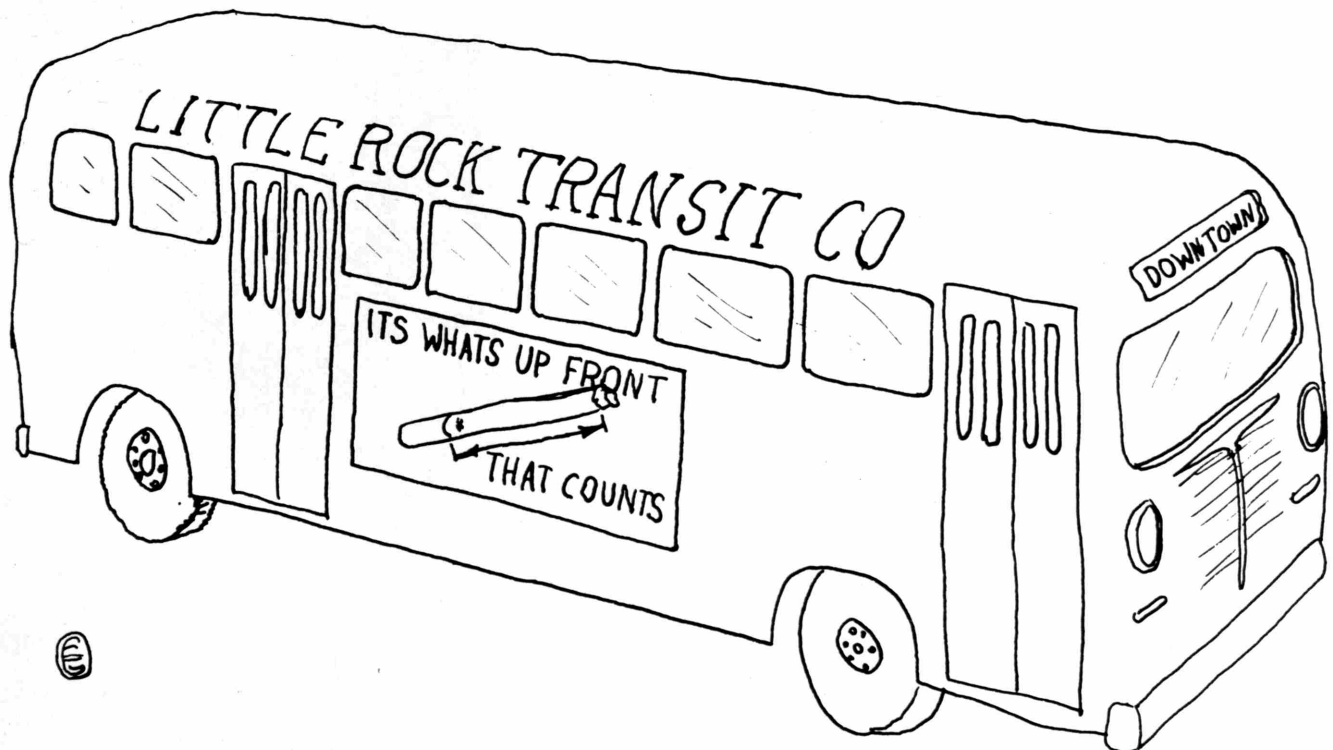
"That does sound bad, for heaven's sake,"
Wiping blood from both her eyes,
"Maybe you're not such a fake
As all these other guys."

The nurse picked up her telephone,
And told the doc to run.
I had melted that heart of stone,
I knew that I had won!

The doctor, a kingly, gray-haired man,
Thumped my chest and said,
"I've done everything I can,
But, nurse, this man is dead."

The Institute bought a swell pine box,
And now in Heaven I dwell.
From where I sit, I watch the docs
Rolling pills in Hell.

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A tramp knocked at the door of an English inn named "George and the Dragon." The landlady opened the door and the tramp asked, "can you spare a poor man a bite to eat?"

"No!" and she slammed the door.

After a few minutes, the tramp knocked again. The door opened and the lady appeared.

"Now," said the tramp, "May I have a few words with George?"



Completing a survey of underclassmen *Voo Doo* finds that Tech Men are firmly convinced that:

- The New Haven Railroad will run special holiday trains with standing room only.
- A new site for M.I.T. will be selected
- There is No Santa Claus
- Any reasonably intelligent student can make Phi Beta Kappa
- Voo Doo* will never publish another parody issue
- The flagpole in front of Building 2 is a phallic symbol
- WTBS Disc jockeys are not guilty of payola
- Politicians have no influence over University affairs
- A *True* Techman never eats
- Instructors do grade some co-eds on the curve
- Voo Doo* will never make it out on time.



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A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins and other supernatural creatures.



A Harvard boy spent the summer on the farm. When he returned nine months later the farmer's daughter was very much on the pregnant side. "Why didn't you tell me," he sputtered, "I'm honorable. I'd have married you."

"Well, she replied, "Daddy and I talked it over and decided it was better to have a bastard around the house than the son of a Harvard boy."



"Bill is in bad shape; He's drinking beer like water."

"Yes, that's the only kind you can get these days."

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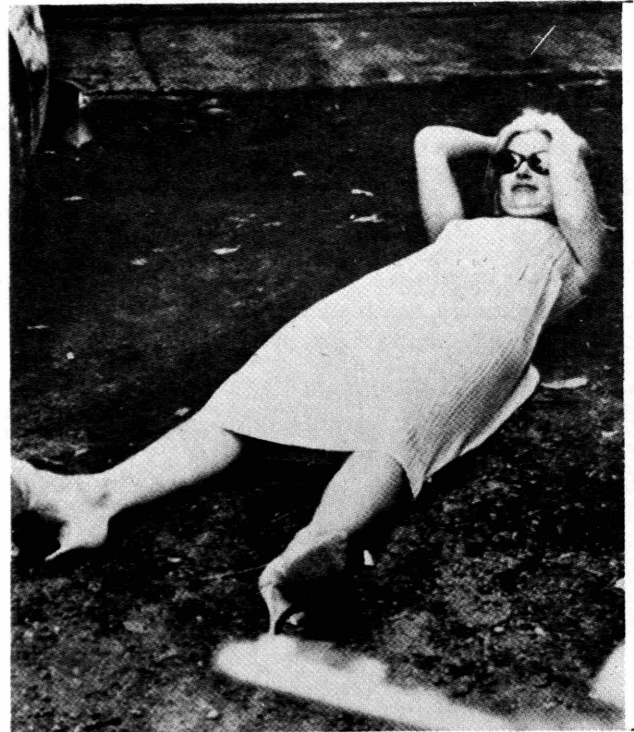
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VOO DOO PRESENTS.....

DREKRETARY OF THE WEEK

We were walking down Memorial Drive, when we noticed something resembling a newspaper in the gutter. Idly gazing, at it, our eyes were naturally drawn to the picture of something undeniably female. This creature, heralded the headline, was the "Tech retary of the Week." Seeing in this obvious publicity stunt the glimmerings of an idea, we decided to search out the real, unnoticed, beauty of the Institute, So here is the.....

DREKRETARY OF THE WEEK



Brigitte Caahd, this week's Dreketary, lives in Newton Corners, Mass., and commutes to the Institute by way of the Pulchritudinous Caah Pool, Inc. She is 18 years old, and likes to smoke, drink, and scream at the top of her lungs into the fresh Cambridge Air.

When asked what she thinks of Tech students, Brigitte replied, "That's why I'm heah." The Beautiful Dreketary operates a Random Digit Generator for Professor Flunkem in Room 7-107. Incidentally, Miss Caahd is highly eligible, so watch out, you tools!

The old man believed in reincarnation, but just before he died, his wife made him promise to try to communicate with her from the spirit world. Twelve months after his death, she actually made contact with him.

"Are you happy there?" she asked.

"Happier than I can possibly describe," he answered. "The pastures here are greener, and the skies bluer. It's a beautiful world, and the weaker sex are the loveliest imaginable. And their deep wistful eyes speak constantly of love."

"Oh, dear," she said, "With so much temptation about you, I'm afraid you'll do something you'll be ashamed of. I do hope I can join you in Heaven."

"Heaven?" he said, "who said anything about heaven? I'm a bull in Montana."



And then there was the deaf mute who fell into the well and broke three fingers screaming for help.



A kind-hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach a doorbell. He rang the bell for him and then said, "What now, little man?"

"Run like hell," said the little boy, "that's what I'm going to do."



"Hear you've been having car trouble?" said one neighbor to another.

"Yes," replied the car owner. "I bought a new carburetor that saved 30 per cent on gas, a new transmission that saved 50 per cent on gas and a new set of spark plugs that saved 40 per cent on gas."

"So what happened?"

"After I'd gone about 10 miles the gas tank overflowed."

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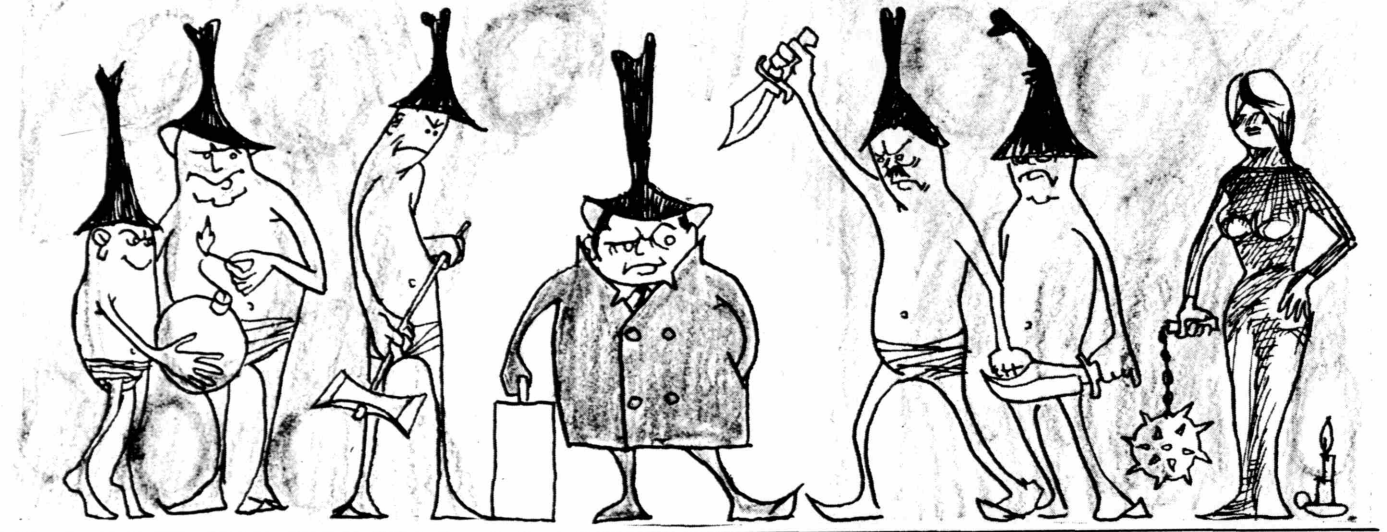
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(TOWARDS THE RIVER FROM COOLIDGE CORNERS)

BALKAN EXPRESS



"So," growled the customs inspector, squinting at my passport. "You are of Borogovia, no?"

I had been on a secret mission in Istanbul, and now carried in my briefcase a certain little packet which I had orders to guard with my life. Avoiding the usual couriers' overland route, I had crossed the Bay of Begungn on a Vulgarian steamer, and was undergoing customs inspection at the tiny Slervian seaport of Imstolt preparatory to boarding a train for home.

"I am of Borogovia, yes," I replied to the inspector. "In fact, I am the Borogovian secret service."

He stared at me suspiciously. "You mean that you are of the Borogovian secret service?"

I shook my head. "Borogovia, as you are no doubt aware, is the smallest nation in the world, so that, even though fully half its population is involved in some form of espionage, it needs only a one-man secret service. I am it." I flashed my credentials. Since officials throughout the Balkans have

government orders forbidding them to hinder anyone engaged in any aspect of the region's principal industry, namely intrigue, the guard passed me through without further delay.

As I entered the railroad yards of the Trans-Balkan Railway Corp. and headed for the Balkan Express on Track 22, I suddenly noticed that my head felt cold. There seemed to be a draft blowing through my upper story. I removed my hat and stared for a moment at the five neat bullet holes in the crown. Suddenly I remembered the dark-haired young Slerv I had noticed from the corner of my eye through the open door of the customs shed. He had been sitting in a parked Austin-Healy, glancing around furtively while toying with a silenced revolver. A small chill trickled down my spine, but I shrugged it off. Such occurrences are common enough in my line of work.

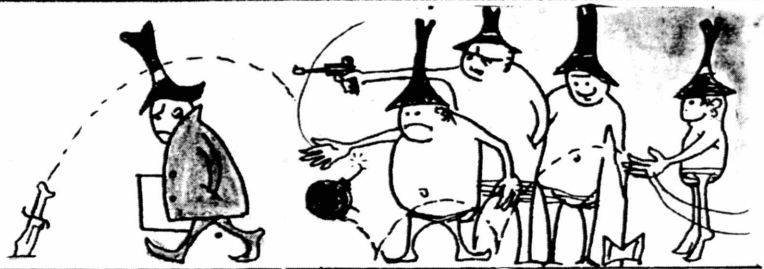
Sighting the end coach of the Express ahead, I walked toward it, gracefully stumbling over rails and cables. A slim, gleam-

ing dagger flew past my left ear and embedded its point in the wooden door of the coach; that, too, was a not unusual incident.

I boarded the train, thinking about the fact that the knife had passed me on the left. That could mean that it had been thrown by a left-handed person. Fear clutched at my heart as I recalled that the Slerv had held his revolver in his left hand. And, to clinch the matter, he had driven an Austin-Healy, a sports car — made to drive on the left side of the highway. There was no question about it.

The Left-Handed League was at work again!

Passing through the corridors of the train, I caught glimpses of a fat man wearing a fez, who lit a cigar with his left hand, and a plump little man with sleepy eyes and a wide, cruel mouth, who adjusted the collar of his pink sports shirt with his left hand. There was also a tall, dark-faced man in a trench coat and a snap-brim hat; as I walked



by, he slowly unbuckled the belt of his coat — with his left hand!

I was nervous and sweating by the time I found my compartment. It was empty, save for myself. I quickly took out my Luger and checked it as the train pulled out.

The Left-Handed League was a group of fanatics whose motto was "Bring back the left-handed monkey wrench!" They would stop at nothing to achieve their goal of making everyone in the world left-handed. Since the exposure of their foul plot to flood the western hemisphere with sports cars, they had gone underground. Now their activities were coming to light again—right here in the Balkans, the world's hotbed of intrigue!

Nothing happened for several hours, as the Express rattled westward through Slervia on the first lap of its three-day journey over the 90 miles of track that separate Imstolt from Lograde. I reviewed the route in my mind. Soon we would turn north into Glamoreno and Klunchnia, arriving of Slytirov, the capital of Borogovia, late next afternoon.

I would get off there, and the train would go on into Gluggany. I guessed that any agents of the League who might be on board would not try anything until we were passing through the mountainous western provinces of Klunchnia.

I was right. In the morning I was awakened by the entrance of the fat, befezzed Turk of the night before, whom I now recognized as the famous professional agent, Iggy of Istanbul. Before I could don the expression of an indignant tourist and ask the meaning of his intrusion into my compartment, he sat down opposite me, hauled out a roll of blue banknotes, and began to talk:

"It is known that you were sent to Istanbul on a highly confidential mission by Kopek, the head of the Borogovian Ministry of State Secrets. It is also known that while there you visited the offices of Ataboi Wholesalers, a well-known front for Pressian military intelligence, and that you acquired from the chief clerk of this organization a small packet wrapped in oilskin. My spies have told me this." He paused im-

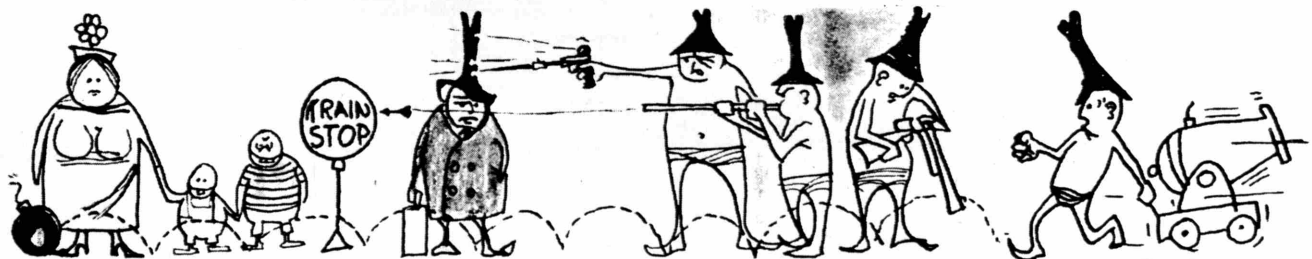
pressively, then leaned forward. "I wish to buy from you this packet, sight unseen, for 20,000 rubles."

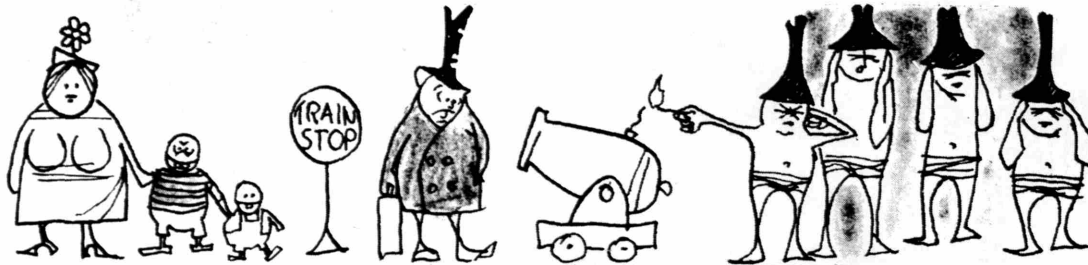
It was a great temptation; 20,000 rubles, converted into Borogovian currency, would amount to almost 55,000 Mexi-

can shillings. But I could see that the notes he held came from Communist-dominated Slobbia, a republic which has no mineral resources and so must back its paper money with the national agricultural product, hay. (Imagine a country dotted with heavily-guarded underground fortresses whose vaults hold nothing but bales and bales of hay!) And since hay has no value in Borogovia, I could have no use for 20,000 of these hay rubles.

I refused his offer, although regretfully. Immediately, he drew a Luger and shouted, "Vaselinoff! Come here!" The sleepy plump little fellow entered the compartment. At a signal from Iggy, he bound my wrists and kneeled down to remove my shoes.

I ground my teeth, aware that I was about to be tortured until





TOOT
TOOT
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I agreed to hand over my precious packet. Sure enough, Vaselinnoff removed socks as well as shoes, took a large feather from his pocket and commenced to tickle my toes.

Fortunately, I am not very ticklish. I pretended to laugh wildly for a few minutes while Vaselinnoff tickled and Iggy asked me over and over where I had hidden the packet. Then I feigned unconsciousness.

"Awaken him," ordered Iggy.

"But sir," whined Vaselinnoff, "I must go fetch another feather. This one is almost worn out."

"Very well," said Iggy, and the two of them left. Leaping up from my supine position, I quickly untied my wrists with my toes - a clever bit of ju-jitsu that I had picked up while in the Angarian Marine Corps. After making sure that the corridor outside was empty, I rushed down the car and out onto the platform. Ahead of me the engine was just crossing a bridge.

I could see that the river below it curved away in both directions, forming a semicircle before it faded in the distance. My heart leapt up, for I recognized the sparkling waters of the Girlim, the only circular river in Europe, which bounds Borogovia on the north, south, east and west. If only I could avoid Iggy and his sycophant for a few more minutes, the Left-Handed League would be foiled: the packet would be placed in Kopek's huge iron safe, secure from all thieves and spies.

Too late, I remembered that another of the League's accursed agents was on board. I turned at a noise behind me and saw the dark man in the trench coat. He leaped at me, one hand grasping at the briefcase which I clutched, the other outstretched to deliver the single vigorous shove that was now necessary to precipitate me to disaster. Instinctively, I ducked. The assassin's momentum carried him over the guard rail, and, with a piercing cry, he fell past the girders of the bridge into the Girlim River.

What a horrible fate, I thought. He will float on the currents of the river, around and around Borogovia, until he starves to death.

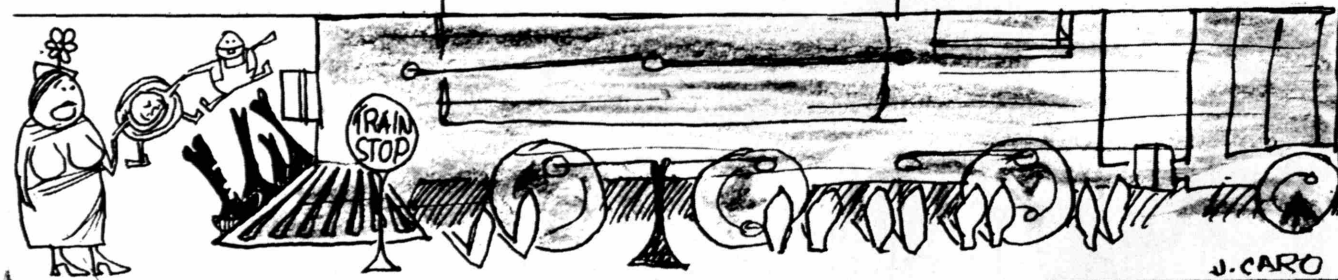
Then we were over the border, and I was safe.

* * * * *

The next morning I sauntered into the Ministry of State Secrets and set my briefcase on Kopek's desk. His face was eager as he asked, "Did you get it?" I nodded. Opening the briefcase, I took out the packet and handed it to him.

"As per specifications, sir," I said. "Four pounds of candied Turkish raisins."

-G. N. GABBARD



J. CARO

"Letter From The Dean"

February 26, 1960

Dear

That very seldom humorous rag, the VOO DOO, has this year seemed to rise slightly above its usual morass. I remember laughing at least twice!

That the staff has more than a minimum spark of imagination and a small degree of humility is indicated by the fact that the managing board has approached this supposedly hypercritical Dean with the proposition that, since this is an educational institution, the members of the VOO DOO staff would be delighted to be educated into the subtleties of truly first-rate humor by the faculty. They have consequently proposed that the April issue be written by faculty members, no holds barred.

If you consider this an excellent opportunity to vent your wrath at the student body or, in fact, to be humorous in any way you wish or can, I would plead with you to let me know that you would be happy to participate with satire, poetry, cartoons, articles, bad jokes, or what have you! You contribute - the VOO DOO staff will do all the dog work of make-up, lay-out, etc., and profoundly thank you thereafter for the much needed funds acquired by a complete sell-out!

Sincerely,

John T. Rule

Our man Stanley (By God, we really have a Stanley, unlike the New Yorker) stole this from the files in the Dean's Office. He reports that copies were mailed to several professors and various other undesirables.



yours?



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