

FEBRUARY:1962:35¢



VOO:DOO



Stolen From the
Southern Collegian

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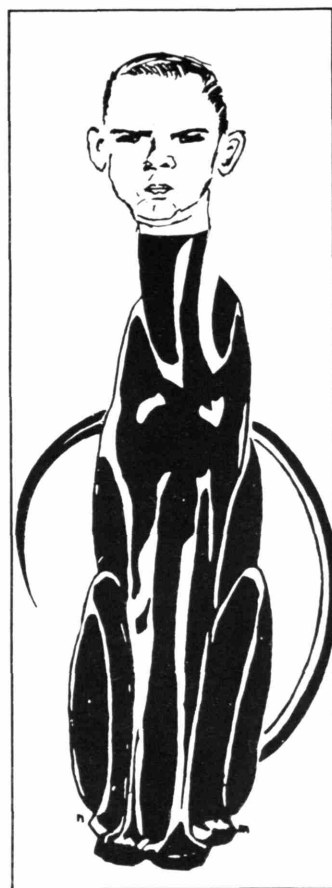
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Is a member in good standing
in KAPPA KAPPA chapter.
At Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Date

Secretary

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

CUT ALONG THE LINES

The  Tech

1861-MIT Centennial Year - 1961
Newspaper of the Undergraduates
of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

PRESS
this identifies

as

Signed

January 1961—January 1962
VOLUME LXXXI

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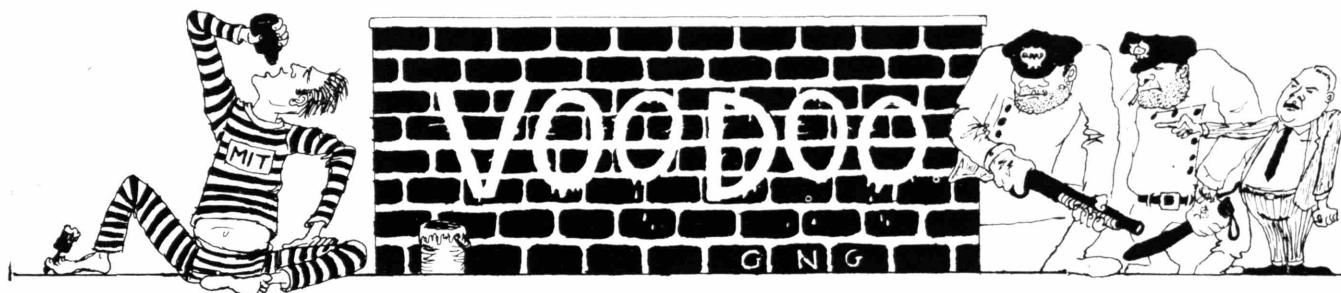
THIS CARD IS VALID FOR THE YEAR 1962 - 1963

more on page 27

*I accept the responsibilities and
privileges as a woman student at
Boston University and as a member of
the Association of Women Students.*

SIGNED

ADDRESS

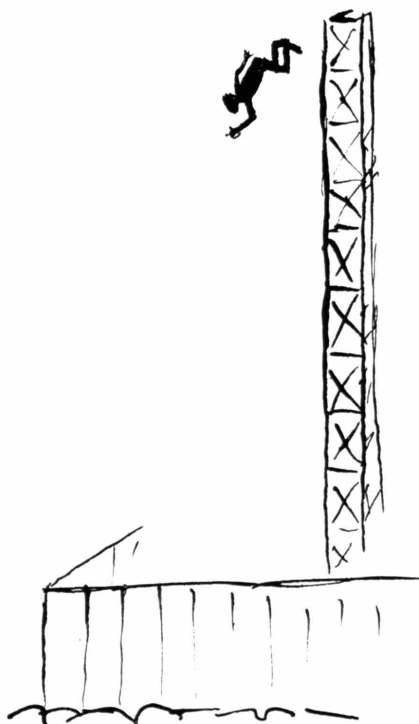


Phos slouched into the office the other day looking slightly peeved. "The tech is burbling again," he said laconically. "We'd better take them down a few more notches." Right away we went out and stole a tech. It is not so easy to do anymore, what with these cute little slot machines. But we have our ways.

We read the rag's latest self-laudatory editorial with sardonic chuckles rising through the nausea in our throats. The gist of it seemed to be, "Gee, ain't we great? Huh?" Well, we find little enough reason for all this swell-headed foofaraw. We might suggest that a large increase in number of pages is not necessarily desirable without a commensurate increase in quality. It is true that the tech has begun timidly to adorn its chaste pages with references to (whisper it) s-x--especially in reviews of modern movies, where it can hardly be avoided. But, such is the caution of the tech staffers, in doing so they automatically revert to the gravid prose of past years; though we cannot say that we really prefer the new school of semi-illiterate journalistic sawdust which is poured into the columns until they bulge at the seams . . . In which connection allow us to add that the neologism (is that is what it is) "nymphomaniacy" is hardly a desirable addition to what newspapers like the teach have left intact of the English language.

We must admit, however, that the new non-toxic ink and the much softer paper are easier on the skin.

Art thieves have struck at M.I.T.! A group of students recently pooled their talents to produce a beautiful (?) surrealist painting on their bulletin board. Upon returning from vacation, these amateur artists were amazed to find that someone had though enough of their masterpiece to appropriate it. If anyone sees a yellow, black, and pink monstrosity with a gold border, please contact any of the regular members of The Locker Room in 2-090. Its return will be appreciated.



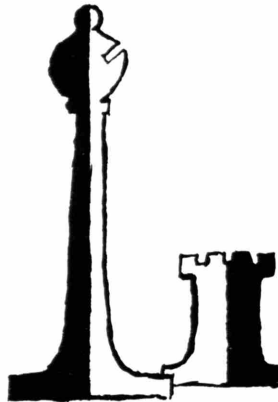
We would like to report the complete untruth of the rumor that over midterm a freshman committed suicide by leaping from the top of the East Campus pile driver. It is not true that he did this because he got all F's on his grade report through a silly mistake on the part of the registrar's office. It is not true that the mistake was made deliberately because the Institute likes to have a human sacrifice on the site of every new building to insure its stability. It is just simply not true.

A girl we know was standing at 77 Mass. Ave. the other day when she heard a strange little scream and a strange little thud. (So she described it.) Close by she discovered the crushed body of a starling which had evidently fallen from somewhere in the concrete eaves above. This girl has a kind heart. She ran into the Building Seven lobby and asked the handy watchman whether the Institute had any provision for stricken birds. Very callously he informed her that as far as he was concerned that made just one less bird for him to worry about.

Does the SPCA know about this?

This girl goes on to comment "Gee, I thought if they didn't like birds they could put out

something that would maybe make them go away. But they're poisoning the poor little things." When you're a freshman you think that Commons constitute merely a method of preventing overcrowding in the dorms. But after a couple of years the effect becomes cumulative and the men in white start carrying away your classmates on stretchers . . . There's a moral here somewhere.



A Junior Board member reports that he was wandering around West Campus and met a rather hard-boiled appearing girl in a tight skirt, spike heels, and beret. She was swinging her purse casually . . . she also had on an MIT sweater about three sizes too small. Seems like the Second Century Fund will do anything to raise money.

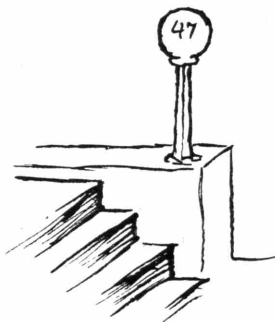
Chess players of the world arise! We hear through our obscure underground grapevine that certain northern liberals advocate abolishing the game unless some way can be found to play it so that each side has eight black and eight white men.



Fantastic! Somebody associated with Walker has managed to keep his nose clean! In fact, it's old Walker himself. For the past few years each and every member of Voo Doo, on passing this bust of Walker, has taken out two minutes to polish ole Frank's nose. In fact it has even been reported that this traditional action is rewarded by exceptional performance on quizzes (especially those taken in 50-340)! We at Voo Doo invite you to try this good luck charm before your next quiz. And what the hell, at least you will have contributed toward giving the bust of Walker a highly polished, beautifully concave nose!

We take this opportunity to inform those of you who do not get around to East Campus very often of the nefarious activities which have manifested themselves there lately.

It seems that B. & P. has finally got around to installing a light outside the exit of Building Fourteen. It is a large round white globe set atop a metal shaft (note the symbolism), and some Right Thinking person naturally thought about painting it red. In due time the globe



was painted red. In due time B. & P. coolies came along and scraped off the paint. In due time the globe got painted again . . . and so it goes. As we write this, what is euphemistically termed the rear entrance of the main building once again boasts the adornment of a chaste white bulb. We look forward with glee to the continuation of an epic contest.

The extensive fence erected by a construction company around the former east parking lot has also presented a challenge to the local residents. Such unoriginal but edifying sentiments as "Sun Valley Nudist Camp"

have been scrawled on its boards: but inspiration struck only as reading period ground to a dismal close. Inside the fence, the tower of a large and singularly unlovely pile-driver looms --looms, in fact, higher than any part of the Institute around it. On a certain fateful Sunday appeared on the plywood a small, neatly printed notice to the effect that on Jan. 22, 1962, MIT in cooperation with the AEC would explode from said tower a thermonuclear device of approximately 100 megatons . . .

The explosion was apparently cancelled on account of international tensions. Failing which, the tower found itself decorated with a vast banner that flapped merrily in the winter breeze. It was an East Campus sheet bearing in large crude crimson letters the motto TECH IS HELL!

We applaud the renaissance of old-fashioned school spirit these symptoms reveal, and hope that residents of other dorms will regard them as challenges to their own ingenuity. Let none complain that East Campus possesses unfair advantages; where obvious opportunities do not exist, imagination can find more subtle methods of expression. True, there are pile drivers and ludicrous fences nowhere else on campus. But neither does East Campus have architectural imbecilities such as Kresge, the chapel, Baker House, and the Burton dining hall . . .

We do not mention fraternities, because they have been known to express their boisterousness by fomenting riots. And of course ol' Phos must frown upon and rebuke even faint thoughts of such heresies . . . officially.



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Just a half-mile down the Ave.

HELLO WORLD



— by Edwin L. Pragla

"Hello, World, this is your old Space Buddy, Rocket Rosenbloom, bringing and spinning you the latest and greatest of the top twenty terrific tunes, straight from the outer space station, KRAP, AM and FM, in Coulson City, Wisconsin! How about that kids! I've got a new one for you; it's twisted, it's Corkscrewed!"

BPLXWRPTZGLABLE.....\$%#''VGD''\$''
\$%#)*(LPMNFDVEA''\$%#GCR''

"How about that kids! That was Corkscrewed, the latest twist played by Mintomoni and his Singing Strings! Run right out to your nearest record store or supermarket, boys and girls, and buy that one, 'cause your old Space Buddy says it's going to the top of the list. Say, here's a word from our sponsor....."

Fent, Fent, Fent, Smoke Fent, with the Microtome Filter... for a real flavor smoke, be Offensive, Smoke Fent, Fent, Fent, with the Microtome filter.

"Okay, kids, your old Space Buddy has number nineteen on that rapidly rotating record spinner can you guess what this one is?"

BPLXWRT郑ZGLABLE.....\$%"VGD"\$""&%
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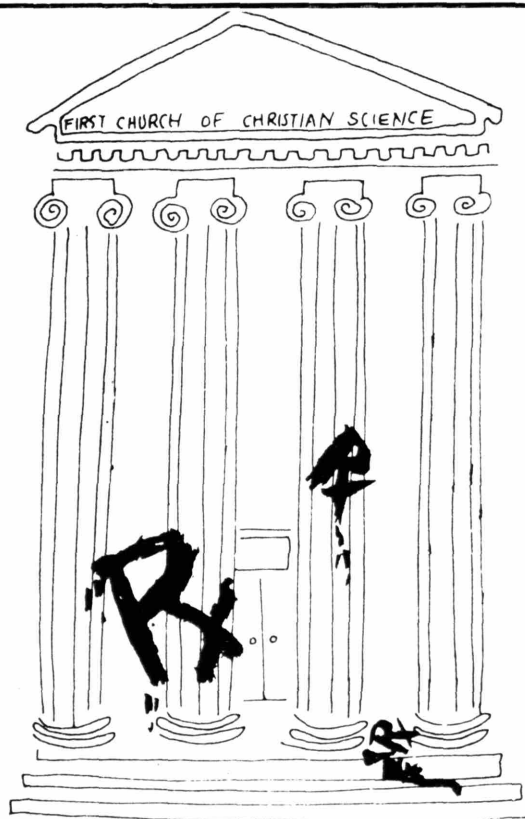
"Wunnaful, wunnaful.....that was the Gas Chamber Rock, in case you didn't guess, played by Adolph and the Four Icemen. By the way, have all my Space Buddies sent in for their official Rocket Rosenbloom Fan Club cards? You know, kids, you're not supposed to listen to this show unless you've got your identification card and special instructions.....so send right away put five dollars in an envelope with your name, age, address and telephone number (females between the ages of 18 and 23, please), and send it to me, in care of station KRAP, Coulson City, Wisconsin. Yessiree! Now here's, number eighteen on the tip top tune list, Elfish Prestwick singing his latest, entitled, 'BPLXW RTPZGLABLE'"

BPLXWRT郑ZGLABLE.....\$%"VGD"\$""&%
&#%#)*(LPMNFDVEA"\$#%GCR"

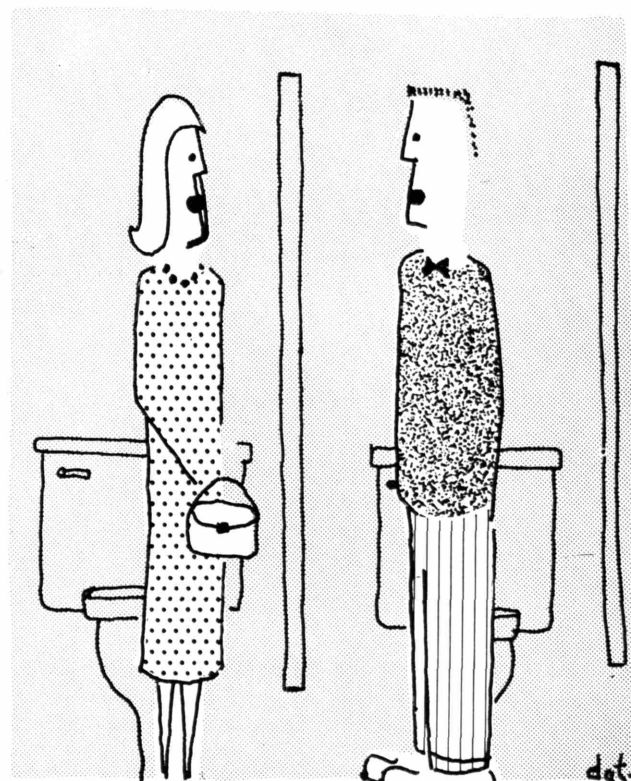
"How about that, kids! That sure swings ... and let me tell you a personal scoop about Elfish Prestwick....he is really a....wait a minute, I've just been handed a news item from the KRAP newsroom.....The entire United States has been levelled to the ground by a huge explosion, believed to be of Nuclear origin..... Russia has also been levelled to the ground in

retaliation.....and not much is believed to be left of the rest of the world, according to newsmen at KRAP! (Radio Station KRAP is located in a mine shaft, 400 feet below Coulson City, Wisconsin, and is believed to be the only survivor of the terrible devastation).....SAY, THIS ISN'T FUNNY! YOU GUYS IN THE NEWS DEPT. HAVE PULLED MEAN TRICKS ON ME BEFORE, BUT THIS IS TOO DAMN MUCH! I QUIT! I'M GOING TO ANOTHER STATION! SAY, IS THIS MIKE STILL TURNED ON? WELL IN THAT CASE, LET ME SAY THAT YOU AND YOUR STUPID SPACE BUDDIES MAKE ME SICK, LISTENING TO THE TRASH I PLAY EVERY DAY, AND AS LONG AS I'M QUITTING, I MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT THAT I LOATHE ROCK AND ROLL! GOODBYE WORLD!

Somewhere in space, a puzzled Martian scientist listens incredulously to the radio broadcast he has taped and replayed it several times. He summons his colleagues, but none of them can understand it, either. They had just been testing one of their smaller weapons on the uninhabited Earth planet, but when it hit, they were amazed to see successive flashes of light not only at the point of impact, but all over the planet. And now, this strange unintelligible radio broadcast perhaps they were wrong perhaps there is life on Earth. Perhaps this radio communication would help them to understand the alien beings.....



SYRACUSE 10



PIPES



*Pride of ownership of
a pipe whether it's a
costly pipe, unusual
shape, straight grain
or what not adds
many times to the
enjoyment of the
smoke, straight grains
are freaks of nature
and as such are not
common.*

**WE HAVE A FAIR SELECTION
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TECH STORE

Mary had a little watch;
She swallowed it one day
And so she took some castor oil
To pass the time away.
The castor oil refused to work,
The time it would not pass;
Now if you want to know the time
Just look up Mary's
grandfather - he has a watch.



Then there was the Navy ROTC student
who broke his arm trying to make a wave in the
bathtub.



We can remember when our desire for
higher education was first aroused. At the
time we were sitting on our grammar school
teacher's knee.



I think I would like to return to the womb.
Know anybody that's got a nice womb?



Hear about the Indian who couldn't tell
heads from tails? He had the craziest collec-
tion of scalps you ever saw in your life!



VOO DOO PAYS TRIBUTE TO ANOTHER

CAMPUS HERO

As everyone knows, MIT is famous for the kind of man it turns out, who represents the school to the outside world..... The Athlete. Just as the Teutonic Warriors of old sallied forth to do combat, returning with the prizes of war, so do MIT's valiant athletes engage and prove their valor against the Institute's numerous opponents, returning victorious with such valued prizes as trophies, plaques, awards and other devices having high value on the scrap metal market. Although the ancient warrior oft-times had Achilles's Heels, the defenders of MIT's superiority can boast only of their Athlete's Feet.

Our hero this month exemplifies the well-rounded MIT athlete; he is Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean and Reverent towards the Deities of the Institute. What is more, he is active in Politics. But most of all, he is Gung-Ho. Here he is, in all his sportive glory, Jim Weakly, affectionately known by all his friends as "Jock."



How Are You Fixed For **BLOOD?**

Pledge A Pint
To The TCA Blood Drive

**AT OUR BOOTH IN BUILDING 10
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appointments for donation can be made

March 13-16 9:45 AM - 3:45 PM

TCA BLOOD DRIVE is the
Undergraduate division of
The Annual MIT - American
National Red Cross Blood Drive

**Your Contribution Goes
Only Towards Saving
A Life**

Some girls like to be held tight.
Others like to be held anytime.

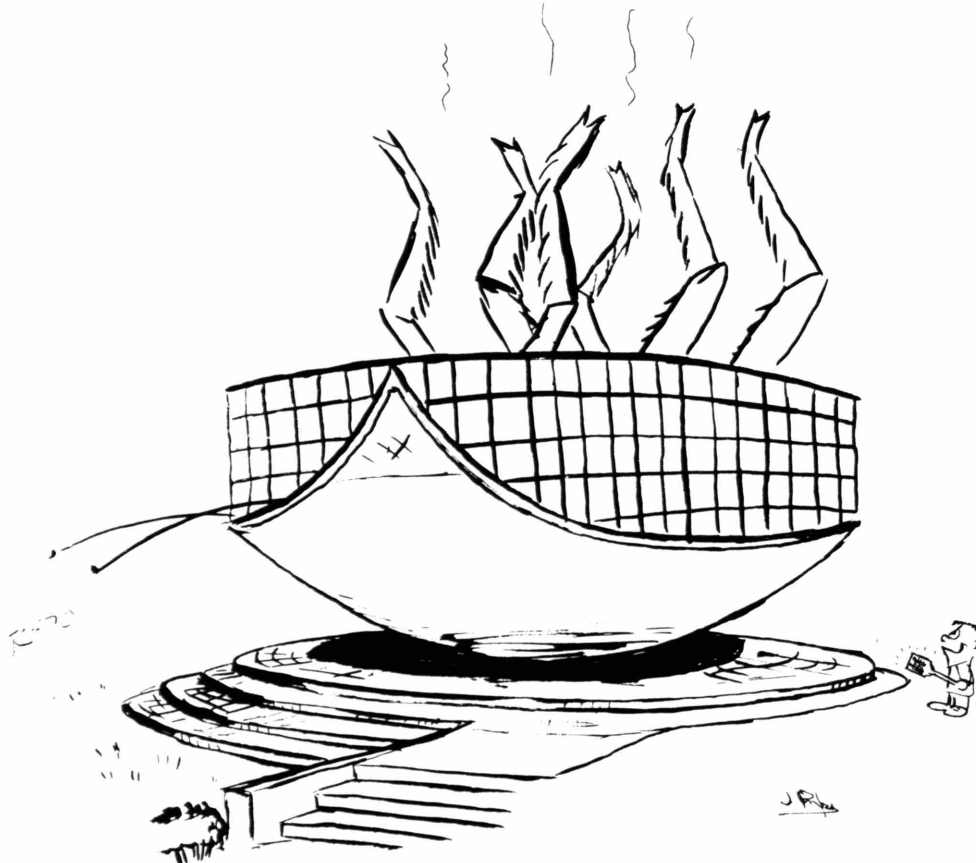


Please note: I have a physical deformity.
Do you like it?



Sunday school teacher: "Children, what
must we do before we can expect forgiveness
of our sins?"

Kiddies: "We gotta sin."



The Dean of Women at an exclusive women's college was lecturing her students on sex and morality.

"In moments of temptation," she said sagely, "just ask yourself - is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of shame?"

A girl in the back of the room raised her hand to ask a question:

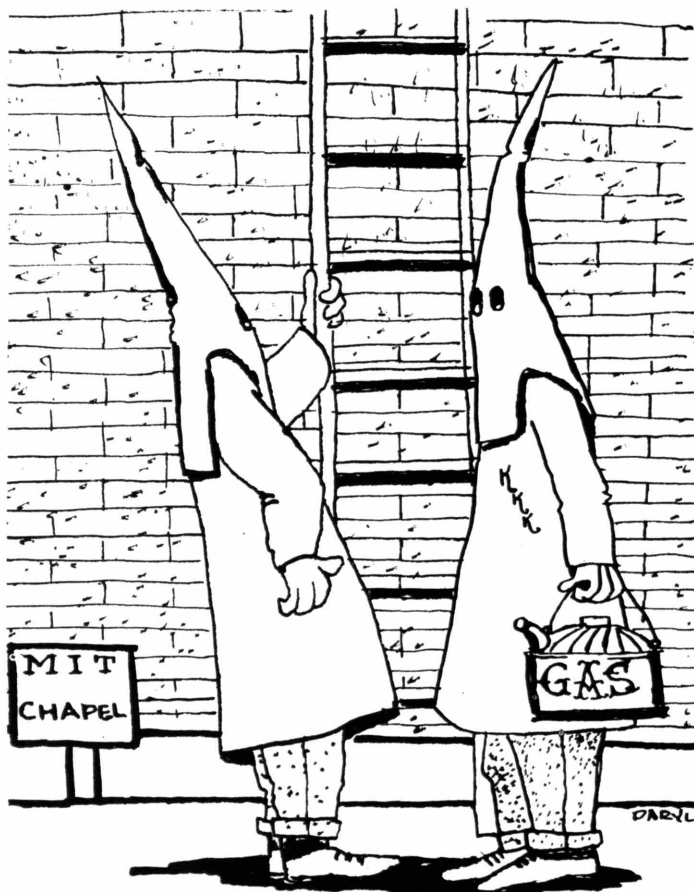
"How do you make it last an hour?"



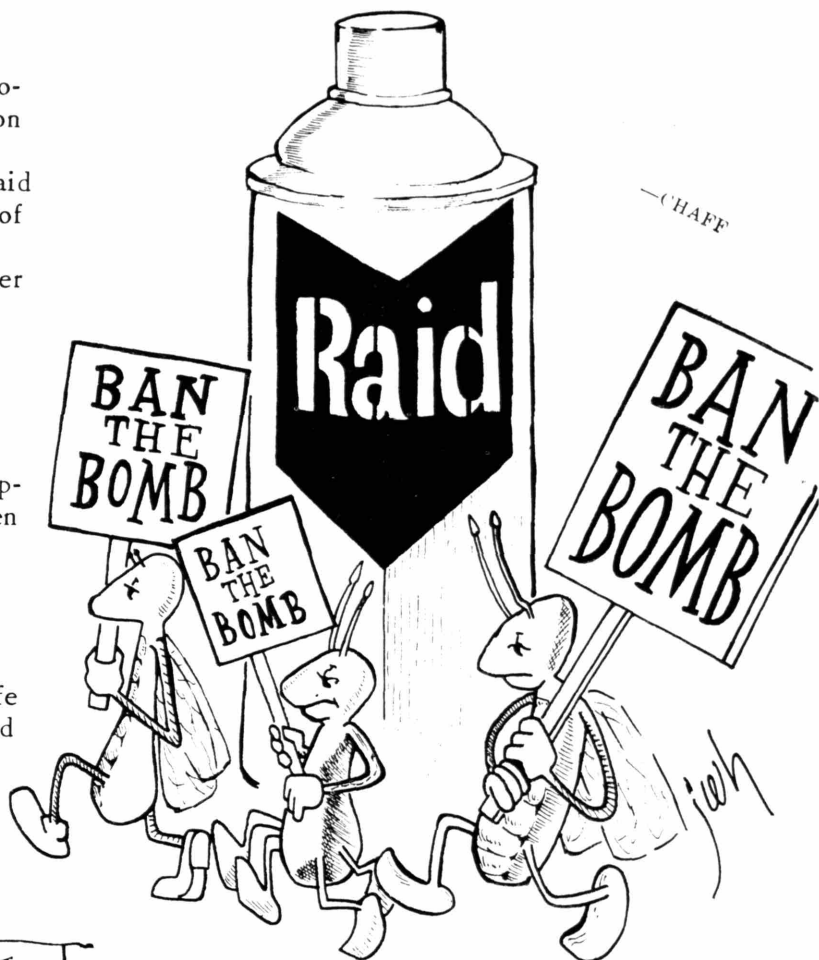
Our slogan for the day: A kiss is the appetizer of love. The trouble is that most men only want dessert.



The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels has nothing on the husband who knows where the maid's quarters are.



But will it burn?



Ever made love to an elephant?
Demanding, isn't it?



Do you know that earthworms are bisexual,
so that any little worm can love any other little
worm. Convenient, huh?



The hand that rocks the cradle is the one
that was used to turn out the parlor light.



What's grey and comes in quarts?



"THE WEALTH OF OUR
NATION LIES IN OUR CITIES"

ANDREW CARNEGIE



I. B. M. is my shepherd; I shall not want.
It maketh me to punch cards, for my
name's sake.
It leadeth me to the Computation Centre, to
be processed.
Yea, though I walk through the halls of The
Institute,
I shall know no peace, for it is with me.
Its cards and its tapes, they follow me,
And I shall dwell in its memory forever and
ever.

— Help!

Voo Doo Doll of the month



It's February and winter is still with us so for this month we decided to choose a Voo Doo Doll who enjoyed winter sports. Darlene Berry, from California, Maryland, spends many brisk winter days with favorite activity, ice-skating. Unfortunately, our cameraman does not enjoy standing around in the cold snapping the shutters, So instead we are bringing you an evening with Darlene, after the skating is over and she is lounging around the Bunny Cave sipping warming drinks.



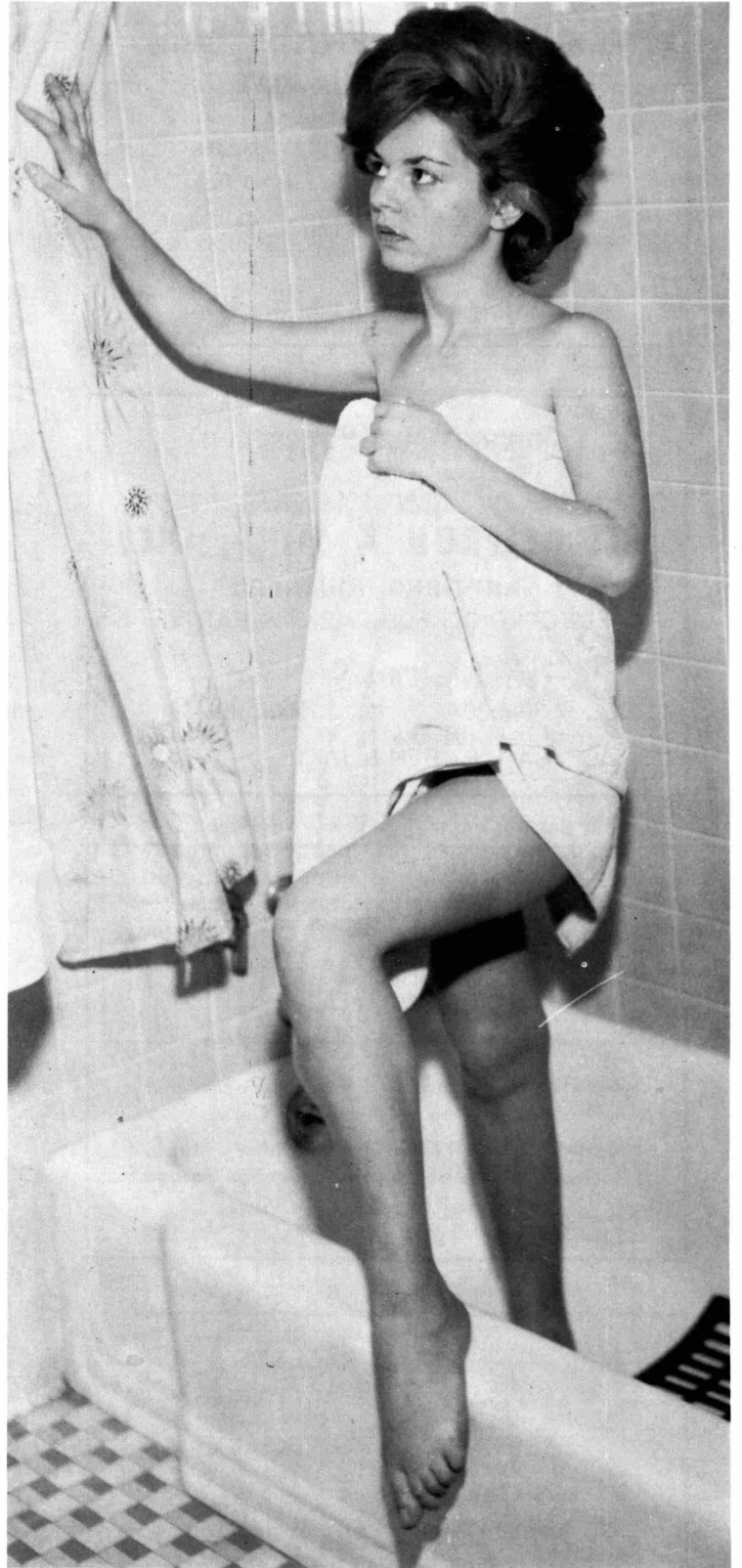




Darlene has recently graduated from the Acadamie Modern and is presently employed at Filenes as a secretary. Looking to the future, she had hoped to go into professional modeling, but her ninety-five lbs. only add up to 5'1" and that is a little small for fashion modeling. However, as you can see from the photographs, she is well suited as a photographers model. Her light red hair and hazel eyes combined with an innocently sexy face produces excellent pictures.

Besides skating, Darlene enjoys swimming, water-skiing, and sports cars. Musically, she digs jazz, folk music, and naturally, the twist. Like most girls her age, Darlene hopes someday to get married and raise a family, but since she is only 19, that is still way off in the future.





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New game on campus: Button, button, here comes the housemother.

Froth



On an isolated stretch of beach near Cannes a beautiful French girl threw herself into the sea and drowned despite a young man's attempt to save her. The man dragged her half-nude body ashore and ran off to notify the authorities. On his return he was horrified to see another Frenchman making passionate love to the corpse.

"Monsieur!" he shouted frantically. "That woman is dead!"

The man jumped up. "Sacre bleu! I thought she was American."



Speaking about tails, hear about the old bull who lost his tail? The old cow died.



Who was Pandora?

She was the girl who opened her box and let the ills of life escape.



"Does your husband snore in his sleep?"

"I can't tell. We've only been married a few days."



"How did you find the ladies at the party?"

"Just opened the door marked 'Ladies' and there they were."



Elephants, naturally.

Who was that lady you were obscene with
last night?



We know a girl of character,
Who firmly knows her mind.
We offered her a cocktail -
She gracefully reclined.



Statistics show that blondes make the
best students.



Roses are red,
Violets are blue
Nellie's are pink . . .



What is more useless than a glass eye at a
keyhole?

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COOLIDGE CORNER

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Open till 3:00 A.M. Cocktail Lounge

GIRLS WANTED

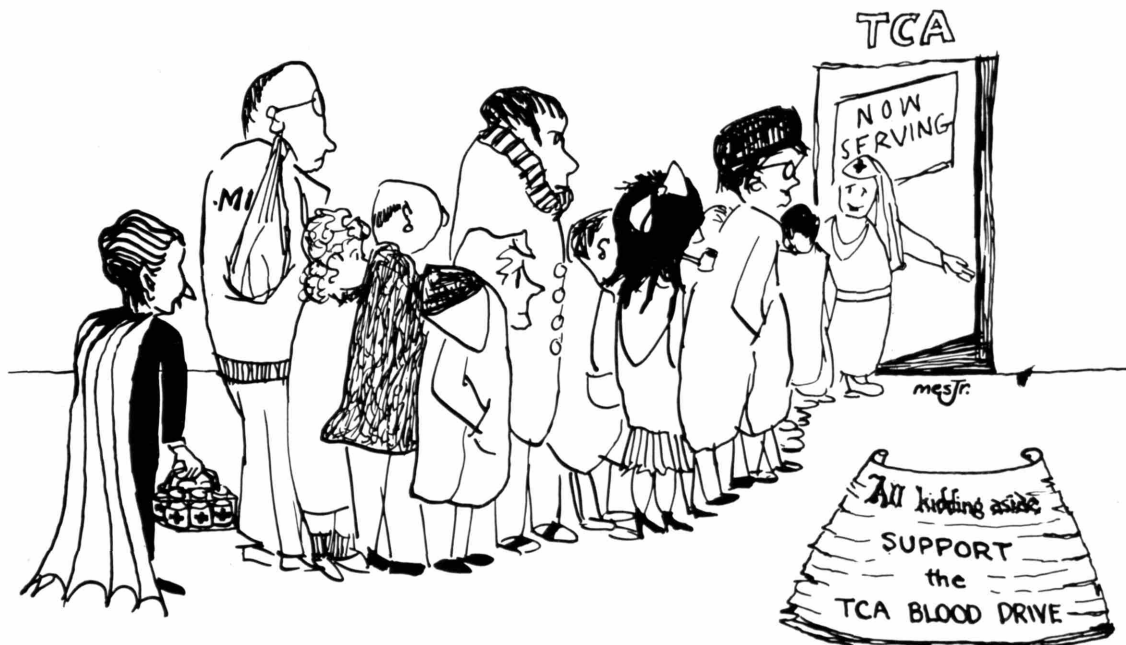
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MUST BE • over 18

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33 Twist - Bobby Darren

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There was a knock at the hospital-room door.

"Who goes there," said the patient, "friend or enema."



Being that we have a sort of brother-sister relationship . . . What are your views on incest?



"What did you do when her strapless gown started to come off?"

"I helped her out as best I could."



VOO DOO SONNET II

*Grinds day and night the bright horrendous mill
On mud of filthy river's banks firm founded.
Fetid municipal air here once abounded,
Undulating in winter's winds of chill;*

*Cold-eyed professors here in merciless drill
Kinetics talked, and talked, the while they
pounded
Yearly formulae into heads astounded
Over the fact that all to them meant nil.*

*Under the sun and stars no thing can change:
Raving professors yet today derange
Students who in their proper minds would flee
Eagerly to someplace that would seem strange --*

*Leave the cavernous squalor of MIT
For where they can both study and be free.*

- Perion Macra

Do you know the best way for a wife to
get her husband to give up golf?
Play with him every day.



There's one good thing about rape.
Come to think of it, there are several good things
about it.



Ballot keeper: What'll I do with this
ballot box?
Ward boss: Stuff it.



Two stewardesses on the San Francisco
to Honolulu flight were watching passengers
debarb in Hawaii. A Wahine returning from the
Mainland was being greeted by her native beau
in traditional fashion . . . he was placing
flowers around her neck.

"How disgusting," remarked the first
stewardess. "I thought that was only done for
the tourists. Wouldn't you rather be greeted
by a pair of strong, encircling arms, than a
ring of flowers?"

"I don't know," replied the other, wist-
fully. "I think I'd rather have a Lei."



If you believe the math department, ds is a
piece of s.

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SANTORO'S SUBMARINES

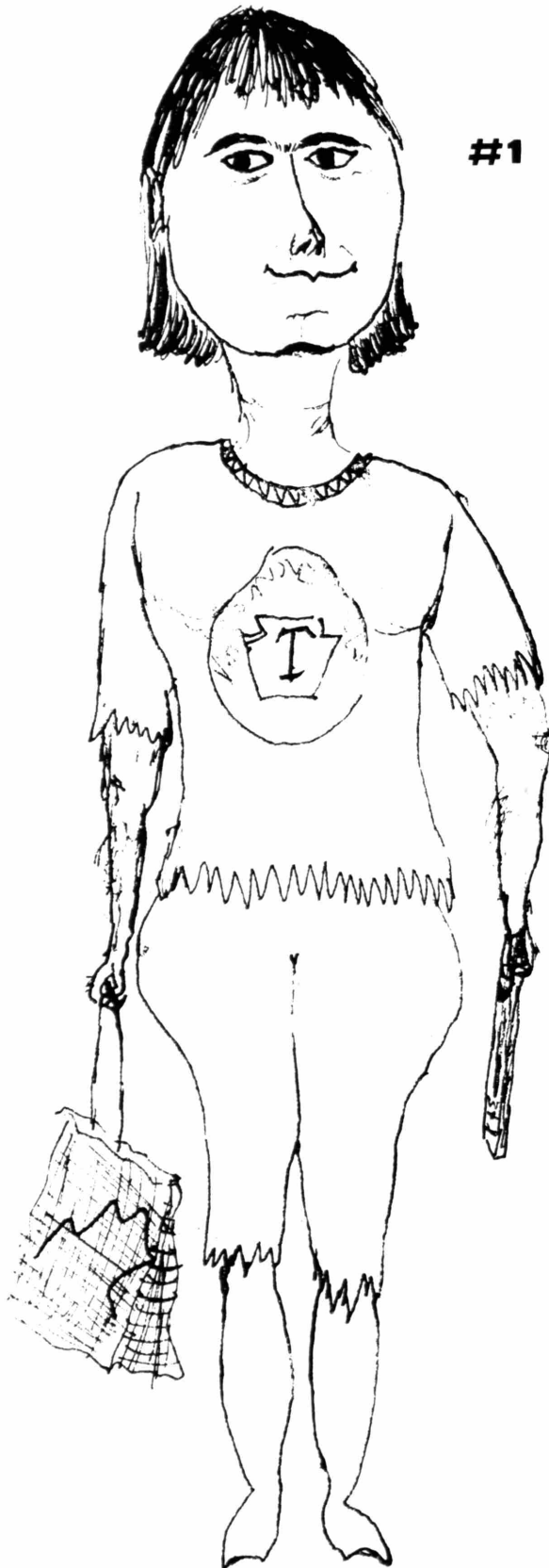
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Cambridge

	REG. MED.			REG. MED.	
Roast Beef	60	45	Veal Cacciatore	60	45
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Hot Meatball	50	30	Pepper & Egg	50	35
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Italian Cold Cuts	50	35	Egg Salad	40	25
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White Meat Turkey	75	50	Lobster	75	50
Corned Beef	75	50	Hot Pastromi	60	45

TRowbridge 6-4422

PICK A WINNING LOSER!



NO-I'm from HARVARD!

After spending an extremely nauseating evening sorting through the "Ugliest Tech Coed" entries, the Voo Doo staff has finally come up with the three disgusting specimens below (labeled, oddly enough, 1, 2, and 3). Being unaccustomed to making great decisions, we find that we must appeal to our more aesthetically oriented readers to pick from these finalists the one who deserves the title of "Ugliest Tech Coed." Vote for your choice by sending the appropriate number to us via Institute Mail or some other such reliable means. And be thankful that, unlike political contest, you don't have to live with your choice! Incidentally, we received no "ugliest techman" entries....whatsa matta, coeds



Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying in the grass. So she picked it up like a good little girl and took it into her house and fixed its wing. When it became well and strong again she let it fly away into the big blue sky. Now you bastards let's see you try to make something dirty out of this.



Tom Finger, the midget married a tall girl but only because 2 friends put him up to it.



A woman was shopping for a pair of pants for her little boy.

"Do you want pants with a zipper?" asked the clerk.

"No, Johnny has a sweater with a zipper and he is always getting his tie caught in it." was the reply.



He learned about women, stroking the crew at Vassar.



Dress manufacturer: "What salary do you expect?"

Model: "60 dollars a week."

Boss: "I'll pay you that with pleasure."

Model: "Oh, no you don't - with pleasure it has to be \$90."

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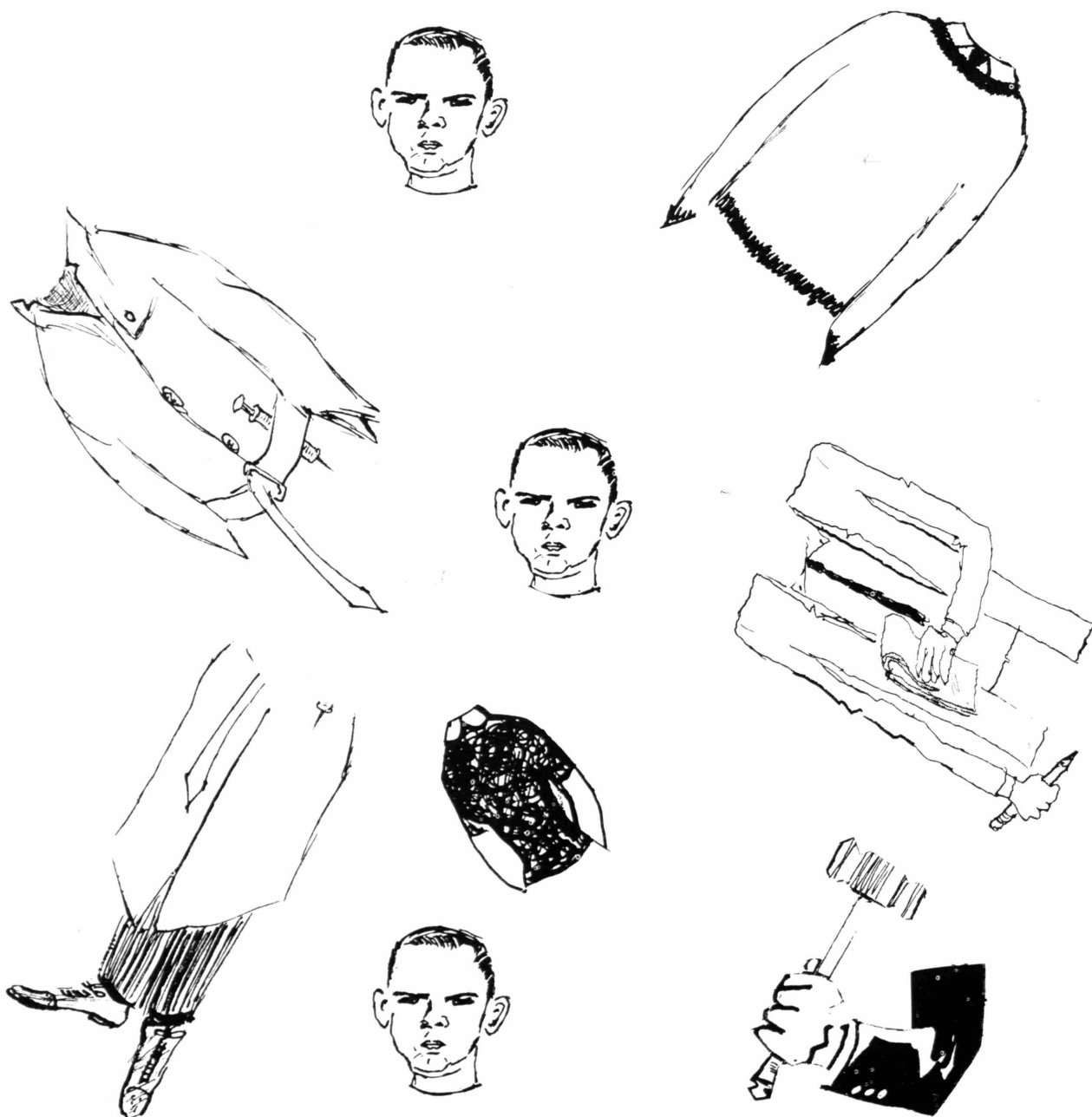
Please Have
Identification

94 MASS. AVE.
(Near Commonwealth Ave.)

BMOC Dept:

RUN YOUR OWN UAP CANDIDATE

Now through the efforts of Voo Doo, you, the everyday clod, can take part in MIT's most useless and repulsive political contest. We refer, of course, to the up-and-coming UAP elections. For those of you who are completely fed up with reticent, shy, and quasi-reluctant candidates, Phos gives you this once-in-a-lifetime chance to assemble your own UAP aspirant. Fit together your choice, pick some winning qualifications, then buy the support of the tech by promising compulsory the tech's when elected. Be sure to announce your candidate late so as to minimize adverse publicity. You too can be a BMOC! Get going!





List of Approved Qualifications (Pick at least four.)

1. I support Compulsory Commons.
2. I support the Tutor System.
3. My brother was a wheel, so why not me?
4. I call Dean Wadleigh by his first name.
5. I will build the long-awaited wall around the Institute.
6. I can survive on a minimal travel budget.
7. Although East Campus hates me, I'm loved and admired by everyone else.
8. I have a hard core of loyal, mole-like supporters.
9. Ditto
10. My student staff experiences have given me a rare ability to manipulate people.

PHOS WANTS

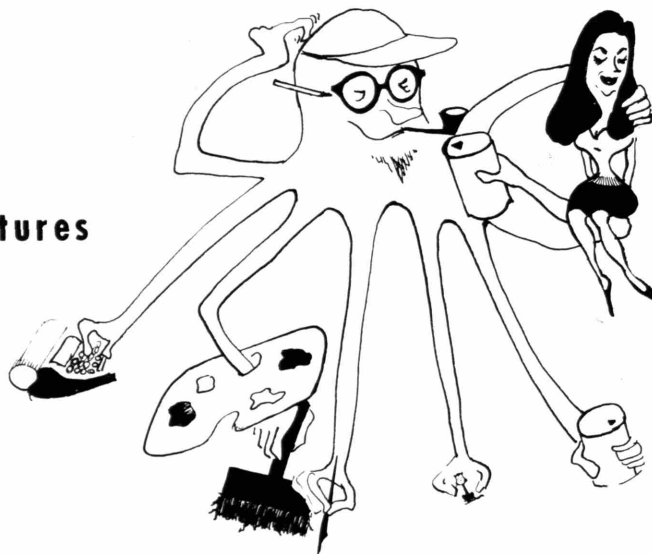


NEW BLOOD

A MAN OF MANY TALENTS

VooDoo needs:

- Artists
- Cartoonists
- Typists
- Articles, Short Stories Features
- Writers to write them
- Idea men
- Idea women
- Women
- A big dumb kid to steal furniture



You need not even be one of the above oddities. If you have ever found yourself muttering "MIT stinks", if you can tell dirty jokes with verve, if you can count above ten . . .

Even if you have no talent, you need not be discouraged. Some of VooDoo's most notorious staff members are just that way. We won't name any names, of course. Anyway, come in some Wednesday night around seven and find out if fun, free beer, and the chance to sneak your work into the magazine while no one else is looking, appeal to you.

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is as yet a

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believe it! Aphrodite

ALL YE THAT HAVE EARS KNOW

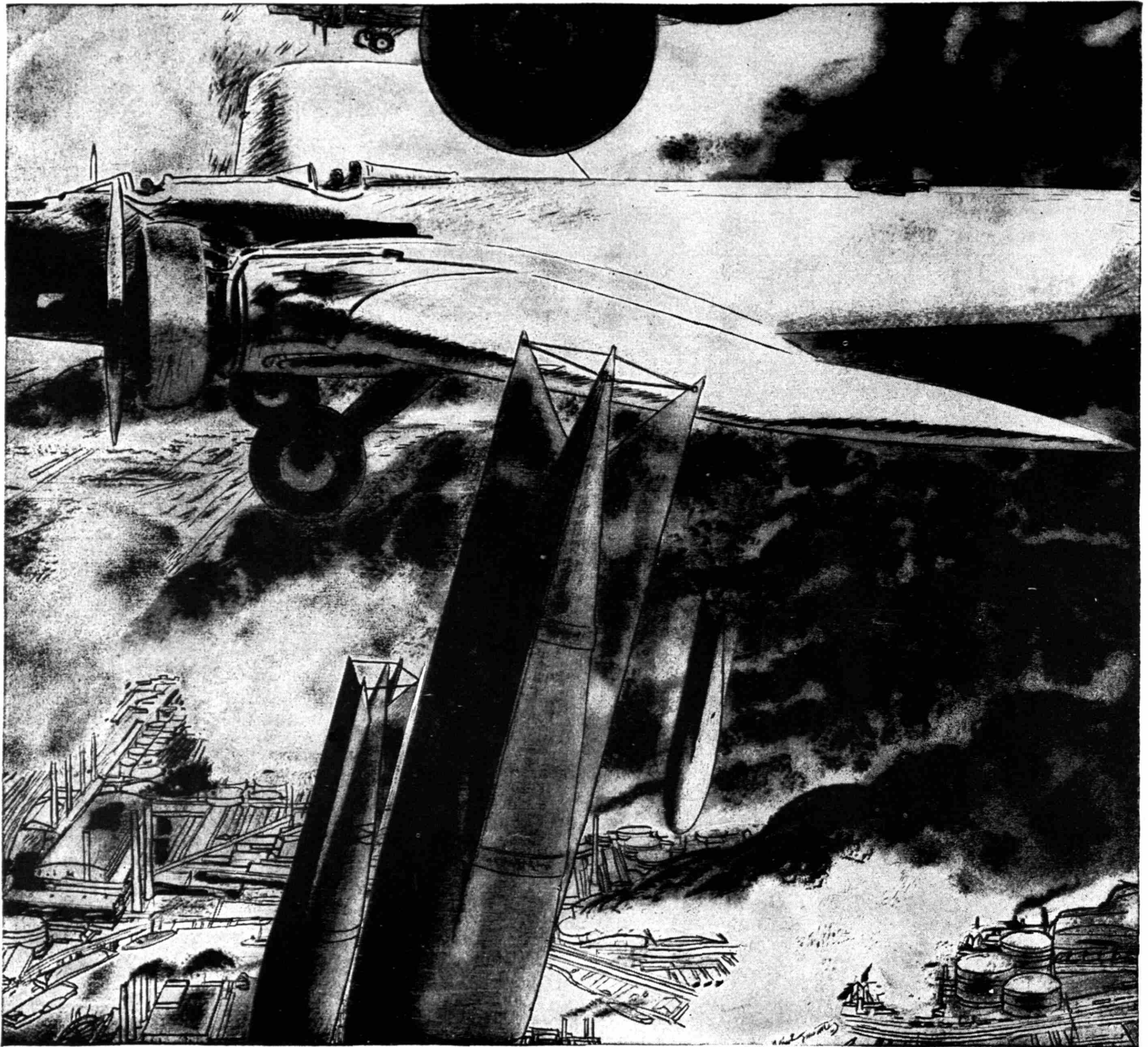
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Prey for Piece



DOOMSDAY

● **WHAT** if you're too old to fight . . . or if your sons are too young to be drafted . . . when the next war comes?

That will offer neither comfort nor security.

All of us will be eligible for ruthless slaughter—babes in arms, and their mothers, and their grandmothers.

Incendiary bombs have been invented, bombs so small that one plane can carry 2,000 of them, bombs so dangerous that five or ten will set an entire city on fire.

Bombing planes with silent motors can be guided from afar by radio. Submarines, with planes aboard, will find no ocean too wide. "Non-combatants" will find distance no comfort nor protection. And so-called "defenses" will be pitifully futile.

Yet the next war will come, surely, if we permit it to come. That is up to us—all of us.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war. Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and

intelligence, properly organized and applied.

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, millions of Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World PEACEWAYS, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

Reprinted from Feb 1939 VooDoo



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