

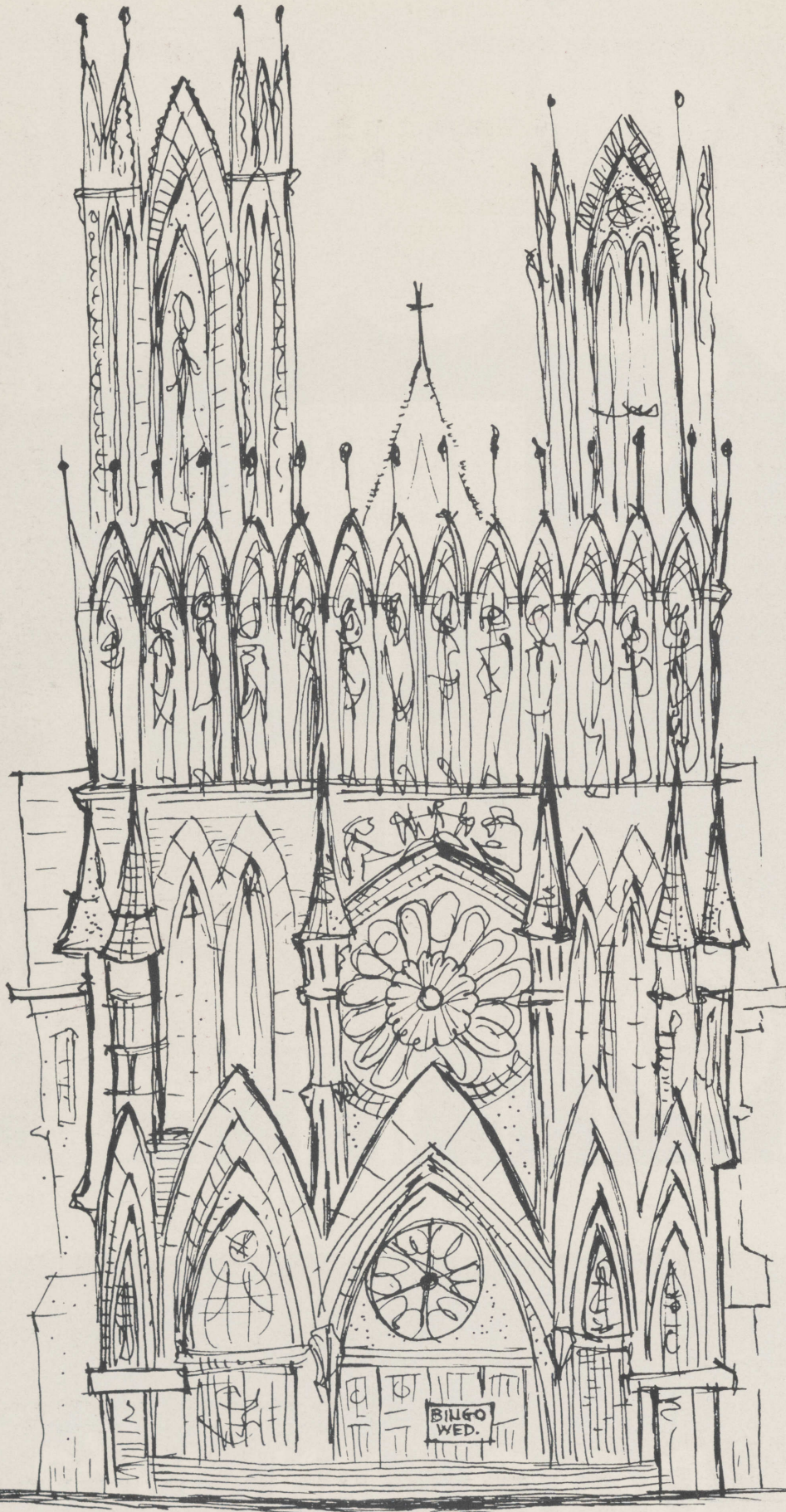
I HATE COPS!

ISSUE



CHAZ DORR

VOO DOO JAN. 1962 35¢



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- stolen from
RPI Bachelor

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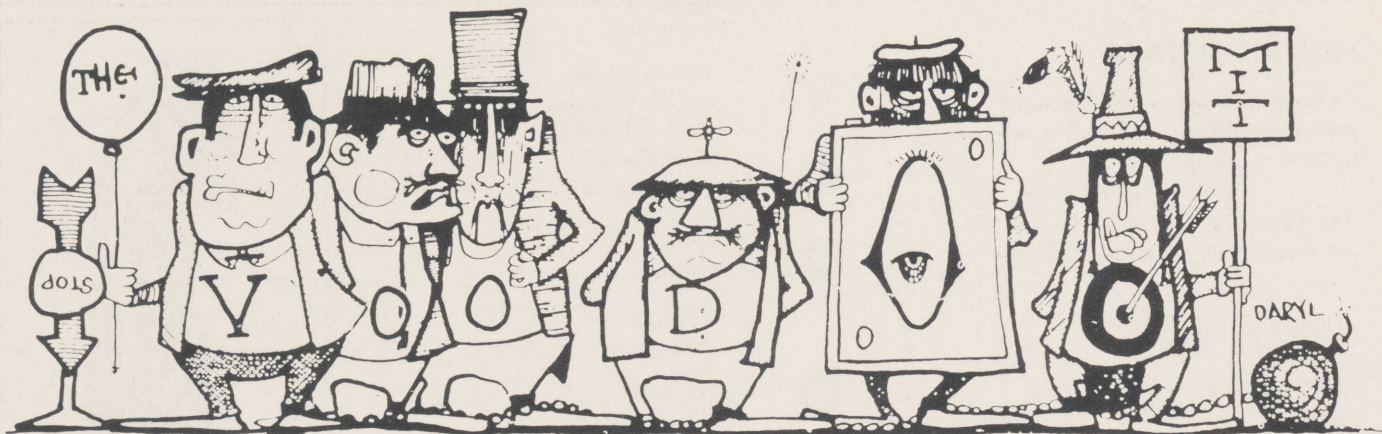
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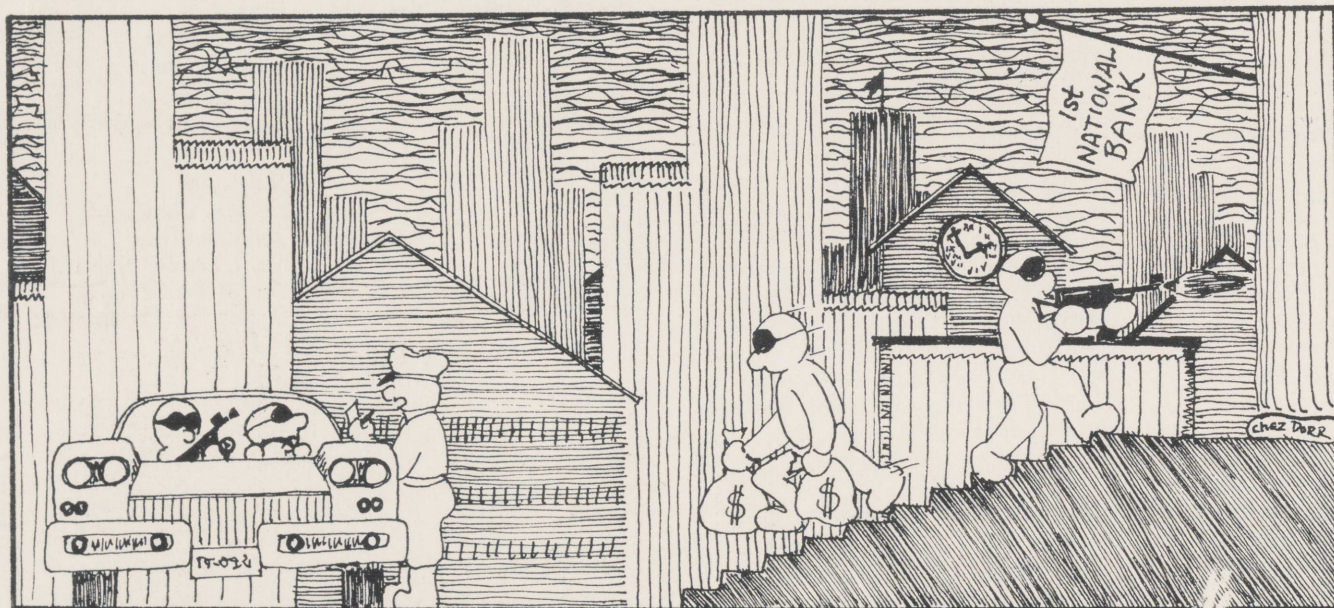
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Many years ago, we are told, Paul Revere rode valiantly through the night to warn the townsfolk that "The British are coming!" Nowadays, the Redcoats hold no terror for us (although the Reds might)....were that famous ride to be re-enacted, the new call to arms no doubt be "The Tow-Trucks are coming!"

For descended upon us is a new horde of adversaries, who, like the British, claim to have the interests of "law and order" on their side. These hirelings wield not muskets, but ticket-books. In these days of outmoded speed limits, ubiquitous towing zones of doubtful necessity, and an apparent thirst for ready cash on the part of the Police Departments, the owner of a motor vehicle pays through the nose. There comes a point when the preservation of laws safeguarding life and property are lost in the flood of profit-making ventures, on the part of our fuzzy friends.

Therefore, Phos is pleased to note a growing public awareness that these Parking Ticket Pirates are not the pure innocents that they would have us believe. As a matter of fact, old Phos is of the opinion that if things were set right (which, alas shall never occur), there would be more Cops in our jails than there are thieves. Or is that being redundant?



WELL BUDDY, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GIVE YOU A TICKET
YOU'RE IN A NO PARKING ZONE.

From another city where the cops double as cat burglars comes a tale of the man who called the station house to report an intruder of felonious nature in his home. Warily the desk sergeant told him, "Okay, just go downstairs and get his badge number, and we'll pick him up in the morning."

Speaking of T.S. Eliot as we were, or will be doing, we note that the Humanities Department may be surprised to learn (if any of its members read the tech) that his poem "The Waste Land" is a tragic tale of the American West.

From last month's issue of Superman Comics we learn that fourth and fifth places in the great Superman boo-boo contest were taken by two Techmen. Each discovered some hundreds of errors in the April Fool issue. Congratulations to Al Kuhfeld '63 and Fred Norwood '64, who have proved that literature is not yet dead at MIT!

Not too many people are actively aware of the fact that all streets in Back Bay are numbered evenly on the south side - except Beacon Street. Our noble gen-

darmeshadit called violently to their attention just before the Xmas sonwstorm when they merrily towed away all illegally parked vehicles in that area, not bothering to check the numbers at all. Many people who had been parked quite legally on Beacon Street were, to say the least, displeased. To add insult to injury, the poor overworked minions of the Law had to go around refunding these citizens' money: a rather rare reversal of monetary entropy.

Last month's issue of *Tangent* contained a certain story which was lauded by various members of the Humanities Department, and which even so sour a critic as Phos himself considered a fair literary effort. We are glad to see such an enlightened administrative attitude toward this particular issue. But we hasten to ask the Dean's Office, what would have happened to Voo Doo had we printed the selfsame story, without change? This leads one to wonder...

THIS IS A HOLDUP!

BY THE ONE...
THE ONLY...
THE ORIGINAL...

PLAYFELLOW
LIVING-G-G BRA

3-WAY
WAIST-
RADIO

THE CHOICE OF KNOWLEDGEABLE
POLICEWOMEN ALL OVER ---

"YOU LIKE IT...
(;) AND WOW (!)
IT LIKES YOU"

Playfellow
LIVING-G-G BRA
and...
Discovered by
Great Homesteading
1964

CHEZ DORR

FUZZ BUGGING

An exciting new college sport is rapidly sweeping the country. In many ways, it is similar to big game hunting; it has the risk of capture, the thrill of stalking the quarry, the battle of wits (?) with a large, vicious, semi-intelligent adversary, and a sense of achievement. It's called "Fuzz-Bugging", and may be played by any number of people. Each of the activities described is, so far as we know, completely legal (that doesn't mean that you can't be arrested, for, as well you know, this has very little to do with legality), and preys on certain weaknesses inherent in all Police Officers. (Stupidity, greed, and the mental attitude of a Juvenile Delinquent with a shiny new badge).

1. Walk up to a particularly obnoxious Cop, preferably while he is engaged in some worthwhile project (like taking bets). In a voice low enough so that only he can hear, tell him in no uncertain terms, without sparing the profanity, exactly what you think of him, his parentage, and his ultimate destination in the hereafter. If he should follow his animal instinct, and proceed to sock you in the nose, he has had it; for recent court decisions have held that being cussed at is in the line of duty, (since Cops are of such high moral fiber that they couldn't possibly be corrupted by such language). Presuming he hits you, even a mild slap in the face, you can file a complaint for assault and battery at the nearest courthouse. And win.

2. Cops are always worried that they might be doing something wrong; generally because they are. You can really bug them by seeming to catch them at it. Methods include taking pictures of a Cop anytime, anywhere; (They seem particularly sensitive now) writing down his badge or squad car number in a little notebook, or simply, without provocation, asking him for his name and rank. A grungy tool is not as likely to succeed at this form of bugging, unless one wears a clean suit, and looks somewhat respectable. Maybe it's not worth the effort.

3. Pull up to a Cop misdirecting traffic during rush hour, and innocently ask directions to any of the following places, noting his reaction:

- a. The Mass Pike
- b. Durgin Park
- c. The Battle of Bunker Hill Monument
- d. Any convenient bookie shop
- e. Madame Fifi's "Boarding House"

4. Park in a genuine downtown tow-away zone, lie down on the floor of the car, and cover yourself with a blanket. Make sure it is a No Parking zone, not a No Stopping zone. When the truck comes, and the chain is about to be attached, jump up, and sit in the driver's seat, starting the engine. They can't tow you, legally, so you sit for a while, and calmly drive off, sneering. If they attempt to tow you anyway, we recommend that you lean out the window, and, while honking the horn incessantly, shout "Thief, thief!" Nothing could be closer to the truth.

5. This escapade is more complex than most, but is worth the effort and expense. We aren't mentioning names, but we know of a group that was seriously contemplating carrying it out, not too long ago: Buy an old automobile at a junk yard, one that just barely runs. By careful preparation and adjustment, loosen strategic parts of the wreck, and have crucial sections wired together for a short journey. Drive it down to a towing zone where it is likely to be pounced upon quickly. Then, make the final adjustments, remembering especially to remove all of the wheel nuts before replacing the hubcaps. Retire to a safe distance, and watch the fun as the smug towing merchant gives a hardy pull, only to have the entire car disintegrate into a pile of rubbish. Of course, untraceable license plates are essential, to protect the innocent.

6. Radar traps, while not extensively employed hereabouts, are the terror of the road in some states. Those of you who have ham radio licenses can think of numerous defenses. A commercially made detector is already available, for about Forty Dollars, which forewarns you before you get close enough to be tracked. In addition, with a ham license, you can legally transmit on an FCC amateur microwave frequency, (as long as it isn't "malicious interference", ahem!), and call "CQ" or its equivalent with your 1000 watt transmitter, just as you pass the radar trap. You will most likely jam their receiver, although some proponents of this theory have observed that if the needle on the Cop's meter goes up to 345 m.p.h., he is likely to try to charge you with exceeding a 60 mile limit by 285 m.p.h!

We hear that an engineer, a few years back, talked his way out of a ticket by explaining that the meter was set for the length of an average American car; whipping out his slide rule, he convinced the judge that, since he was driving a small foreign car, the reflected pulse was of a shorter duration...hence giving a falsely high reading. He won his case, but the judge, being snowed, had no way of knowing that the traps no longer work on duration of pulses, but on doppler shift. It's a good argument, though.

Well, we could go on and on...there are a thousand variations to the sport of Fuzz-Bugging; we've mentioned only a meager few. Readers are invited to send in any anecdotes or particularly interesting achievements along this line. And, if you feel generous, you might send along some bail, as we're tired of smuggling out these stories, piece by piece, while serving our thirty-year sentence for parking violations. Gracias.

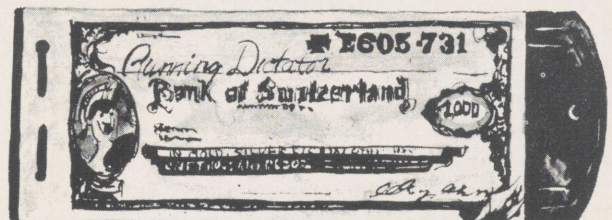


"I NEVER CARRY MORE THAN 50 PESOS IN CASH."

"Nossiree, I never carry more than 50 pesos in cash. Why should I when I can convert all that money into convenient Swiss Bank Receipts. Who wants to carry all those bills and gold bullion around in a field-jacket. Besides the pockets in mine are getting a little worn and the silver could leak out. So you see, when the day comes that the folks around here get sick of me I'm ready to go at a moment's notice . . . with the whole damn treasury in my pocket!"



Frutabank



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Steaks - Chops - Lobster

IMPORTED BEERS and CHOICE LIQUORS

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21 BROOKLINE STREET

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Paul's Esso Service Station

- Honest reliable service to M.I.T. students for over 20 years.
- Complete Car Service
- Corner Broadway and 6th Street, near Kendall Square

EL 4-9392

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304 Mass. Ave. Two Blocks from TECH

Binoculars - Telescopes - Lenses
Radio Equipment - Electronics
Motors At A Fraction Of Usual Prices

HOURS: 9-6 Mon.-Fri., Sat. 11-3

There were mice in the basement, so the young married couple decided to set traps for the pests. One trap was placed by a box of apples, while the other was put by a box of nuts.

Once the traps had been set, the man and his wife went to bed. They had just turned out the lights when a loud "SNAP" sounded from the region of the basement.

The man leaped out of bed and ran downstairs to inspect the catch. His wife followed as far as the top of the basement stairs, where she stopped and called down:

"Did you catch him by the apples, darling?"

Came the answer from the depths of the basement: "No, dear."



The intrepid scion of the law crept up on the parked car, and suddenly turned on his flashlight, to the consternation of the couple within.

"What do you think you're doing in there?," he asked, gleefully.

"Er, ah, we're just necking, Officer."

"Well put your neck back in your pants and get out of here!"



END NEEDLESS PARKING WORRY!

**SIMPLY ATTACH THIS LIFELIKE
PLASTIC STATUETTE TO YOUR DASH**

*Guaranteed to extend your parking
privileges or double your money back*

MANUFACTURED BY MEVINNEY-O'ROURKE ASSOCIATES, NOSEDRIIP, WYO.



Then there was the one about the beatnik who put deodorant on his beard and went to the costume party as an armpit.



Pledge: "Must I eat all this egg?"
Active: "Yep."
Pledge: "Beak, too?"



GMC

Maggie: Boy, you really have to hand it to Dave when it comes to petting.
Kathy: Why is he that lazy?



She calls her boyfriend Prince Albert because he doesn't bite the tongue



It's not hard to realize that a eunuch is not so strange. He is merely a man cut out to be a bachelor.



"This is a staff course all right," said the medical student as he signed up for anatomy.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When for some love he asked her.
She must have answered yes, because
The shades come down much faster.



What is mightier than the sword? The pen is.



FBI man: "He got away did he? Didn't you guard the exits?"

Cop: "Yep, guess he must have gone out one of those entrances."



**SALE OF
COATS**

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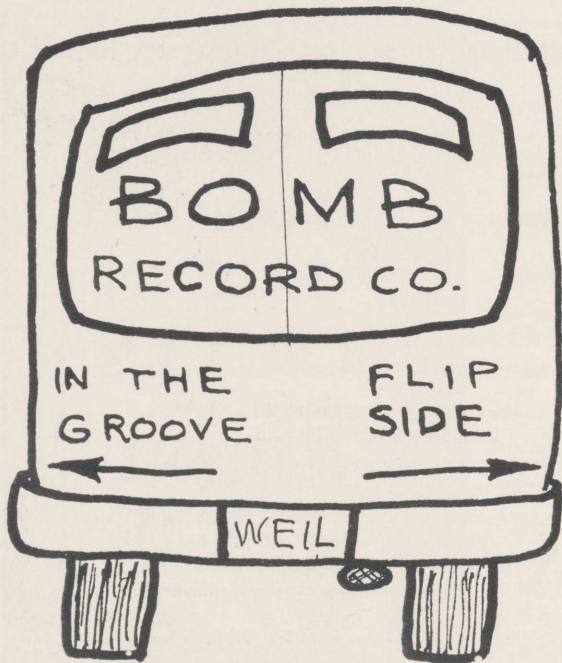
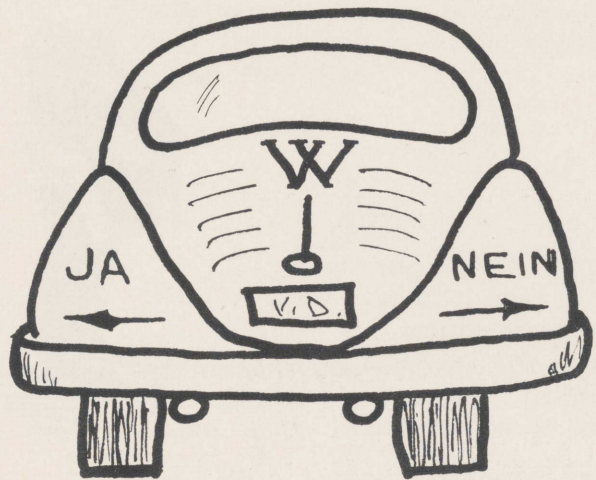
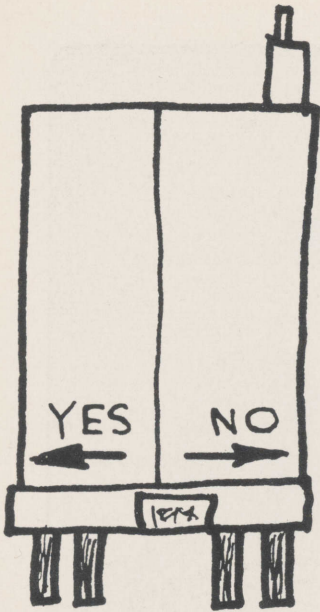
Includes genuine imported Harris Tweeds and other fine wools with zip-out liners. Regs, shorts, longs.

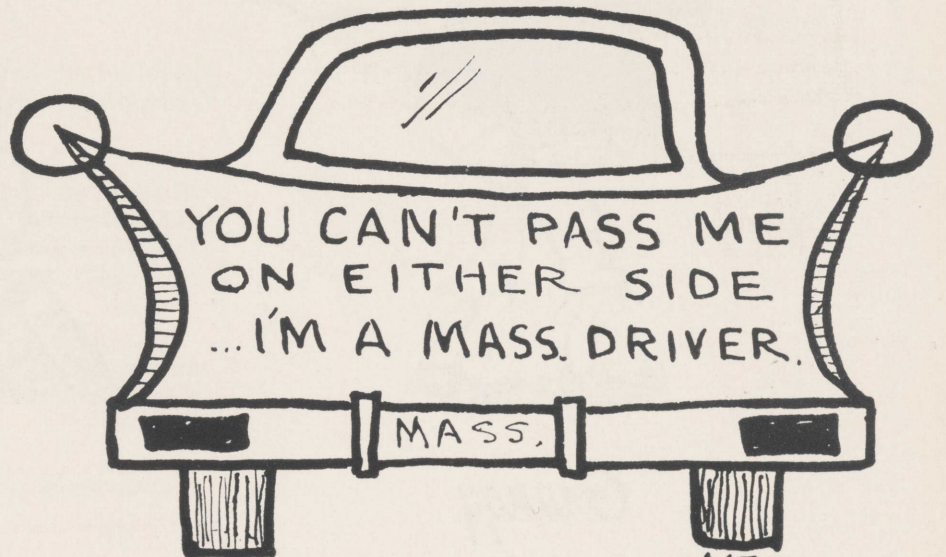
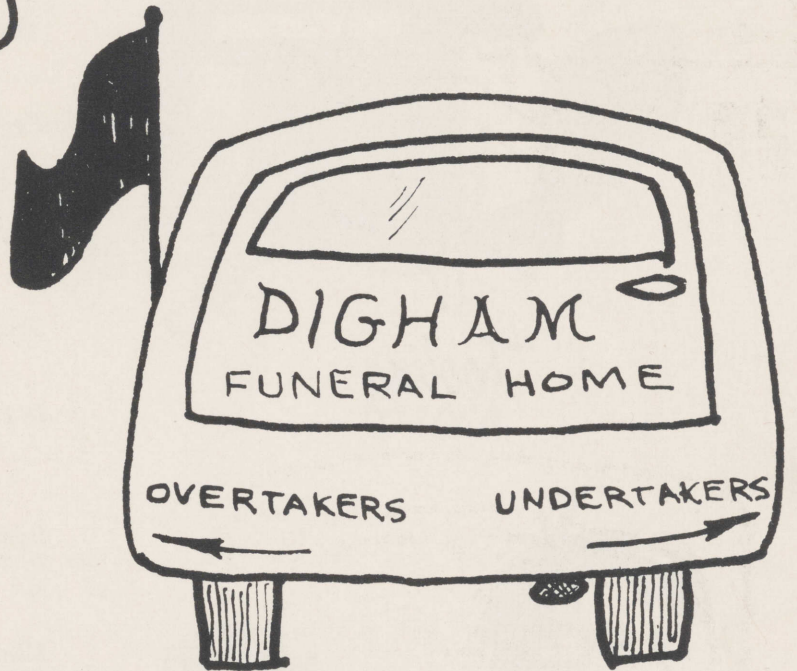
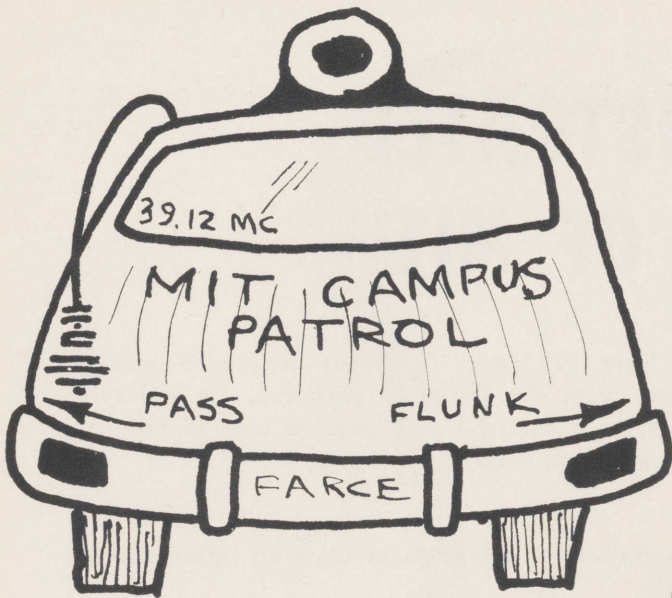
Harvard

Bazar

Central Sq. - Camb.
Just a half-mile down the Ave.

PASS ON RIGHT DEPARTMENT





VOO DOO ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY OF MIT



Tooling

Here it is, gang! Cut it out and send it home to Mom, or to the hometown girlfriend. It will help them to understand your peculiar way of talking, when you get home, for it is

Tooling—The ingestion of useless information.

Tool—One who tools excessively.

Horny—Being desirous of Female companionship.

Grungy—Grubbiness to an extent known only to Techmen and Hoboes.

IHTFP—An expression of loyalty towards the Institute, meaning "Institute Has The Finest Professors"

Bomb—When performed on a quiz, excellence; when performed on the "East Campus Fence", extreme excellence.

Flush—At M.I.T., this is the antithesis of "bomb"...those who advocate an end to nuclear tests should therefore consider the alternative.

Screw—A fastener having helical threads and a slotted head.



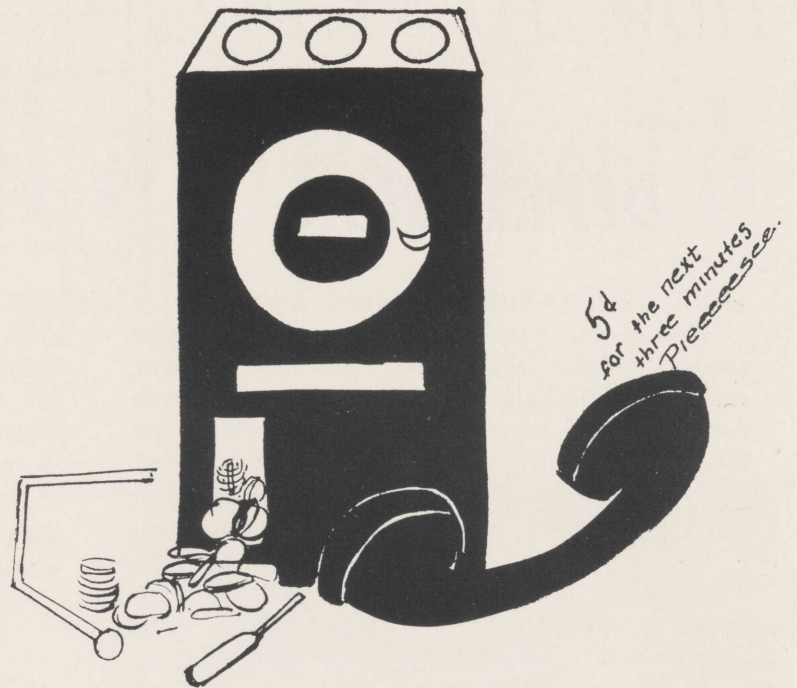
Grungy



Bull



Hairy



Gronk

Gronk—To adjust a device so as to render its original function inoperable; i.e., to “gronk” a pay telephone.

Springfield Oval—a type of sandpaper currently being used for printing purposes by the tech.

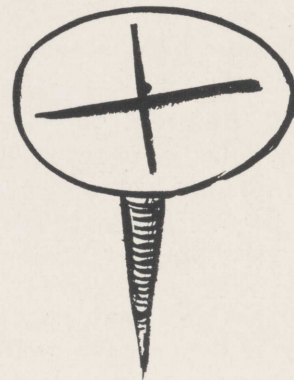
Bee and Pea—Buildings and Power, sometimes erroneously called “Physical Plant.”

Bull—An animal secretly harbored in building 14, the mascot of the Humanities Department.

The Ninth Level—As anyone who has tried to dial this on an Institute extension has discovered, The Ninth Level is a level of communication attained only by one Ludwig Beethoven.

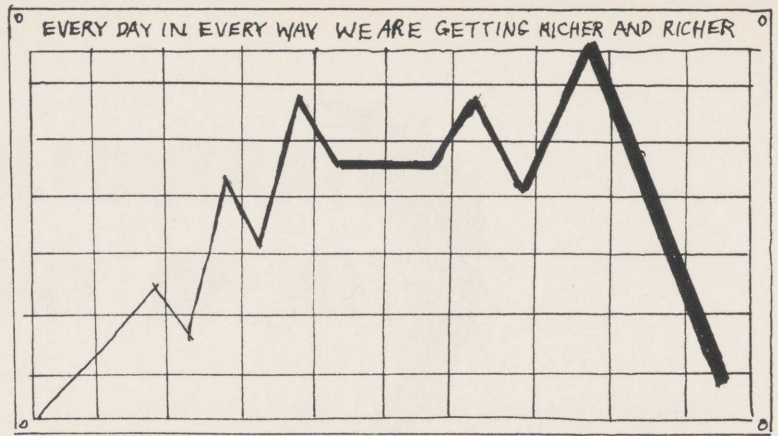
Flunking Out—a system whereby M.I.T. makes room in the dorms for next year’s freshmen.

Hairy—Intuitively obvious to the most casual observer.



Screw

HOW TO START A DEPRESSION



YOUR GENERATION IS BEING GYPPED

How many times have Mom and Dad told you about the Great Depression? Haven't you ever noticed the nostalgic gleam in their eyes when they speak of bread lines, soup kitchens and family men selling apples on streetcorners? Yes, those were *the days*: rich financiers jumping out of windows, no work, just loafing, a weekly subsistence food package from the Government, parties that lasted for days because people had no place to go. Prices were cheap, mainly because no one had any money (Adam Smith). There were vast government projects in conservation and roads, dams, theaters, bridges, slum clearance, and cheap electric power for undeveloped areas. Every day one could look forward to another episode in the battle between the President and the Supreme Court. Prohibition was repealed, as was inhibition, and bank holidays were 365¼ days long each year. Radical politicians stood on nearly every park bench delivering speeches. Jolly fun, *but your generation is missing it all!* Why? Because the people responsible for the last depression, your folks' generation, are afraid; they are afraid because they know that given the chance

WE CAN DO BETTER

Yes, your folks' generation knows that *this* generation is capable of a *bigger, longer lasting, more all encompassing* Depression; one that would make the last one look like a seasonal dip. The last generation wants the prestige of having lived through *The Great Depression*. In the past few years your generation has repeatedly tried to launch its Depression, only to have it turned into a mild recession of several years' duration each time. The last generation is able to do this because

THE OLD GENERATION HOLDS GREAT POWER IN WASHINGTON

They are our Congressmen, our Judges and our Administrators and *they will stop at nothing to keep their depression first. They already*

have passed special laws, revised the banking system and set up special agencies, all with *one aim, to kill your chances of having a depression!* Even PRESIDENT KENNEDY, who is far too young to have seen the Depression, is on *their side!* You must help fight him!!

WHAT CAN YOU DO TO HELP FOSTER YOUR DEPRESSION?

You can begin with several old standards:

1. Withdraw all savings from your bank. Then borrow huge sums of money from other banks. This will create a run on the banking system. Demand cash from your insurance policies. Then take all this money to the nearest U.S. Post Office and demand payment in gold and silver. This will create a U.S. Bullion shortage.
2. Sell your stocks at ridiculously low prices. Use the money to encourage farmers to produce bigger crops. This will increase the already large food glut, and precipitate crash in the grain market.
3. If you are a worker, get your union to go on strike. If you are an employer, close up your shop for an indefinite amount of time.
4. Stop buying, especially buying on credit. If you must buy, try to get an equivalent product of foreign manufacture. If this is impossible, be sure you do not buy name brands.
5. Send to the government requesting GP3256478A. This is a government pamphlet listing all the government pamphlets available to you free or far below their actual cost. A collection of one each of these pamphlets would easily fill a swimming pool; send to the government requesting *all* of them.

THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THINGS THAT YOU CAN DO

Voo Doo Doll of the month



For this month's Doll, Voo Doo visited the Boston University dormitory at 481 Commonwealth Avenue. Residing here is pretty, perky Barbara Costa, our January Doll. Bobi, as she is known to her friends, is 18 years old, stands 5'5" and weighs 120 lbs. She has blond hair and green eyes. Bobi is in her first year at nursing at Boston University.



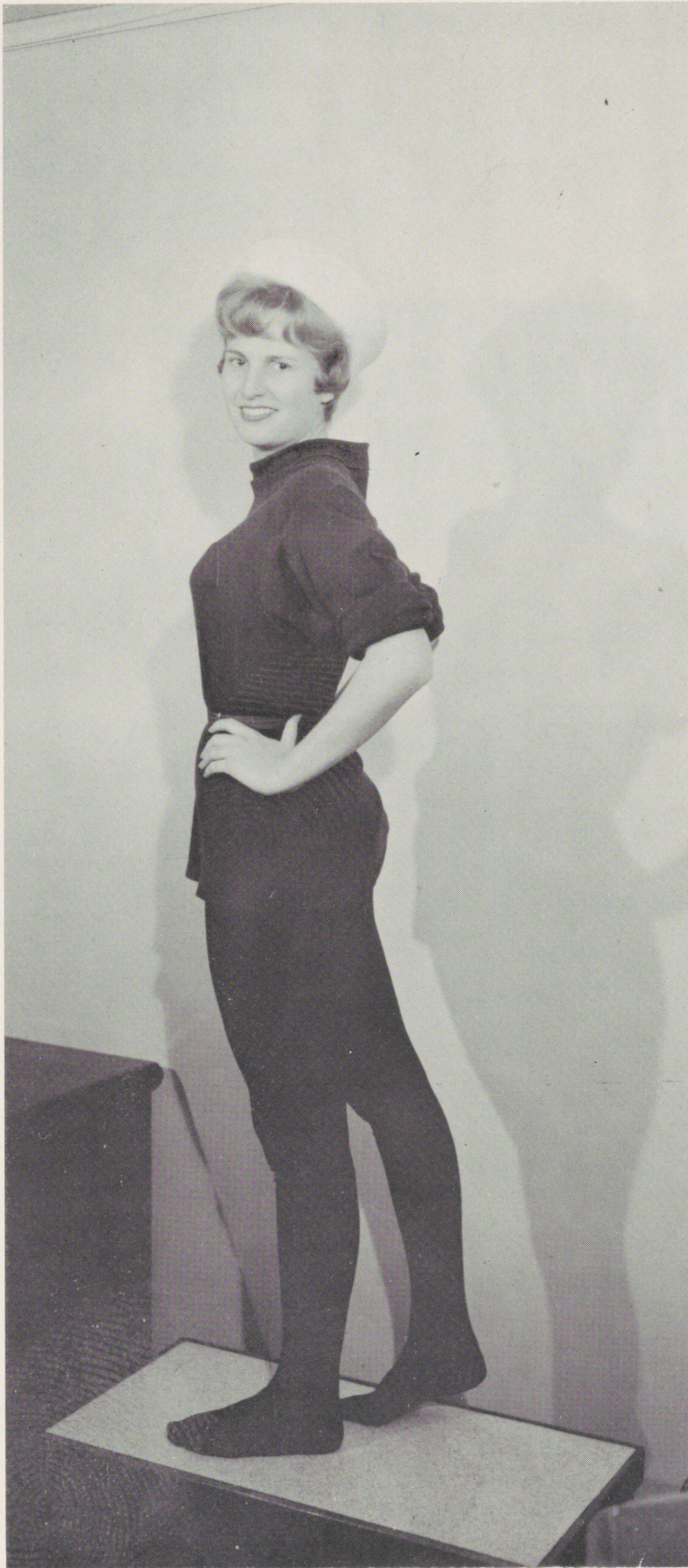




Toasting to a bright new year.

Bobi and Phos.



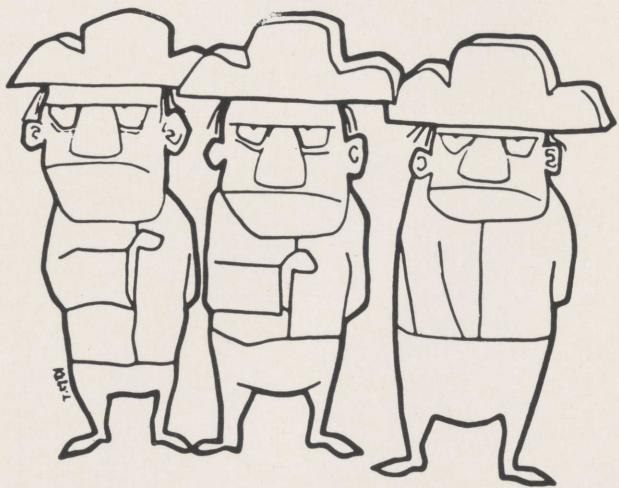


Bobi's hobbies include painting, hairstyling, writing poetry and singing. A sample of her art work may be seen in last month's Voo Doo on page 16. Bobi painted the picture of Phos on the wall of the Voo Doo Cave, and also did some of the drawings in the magazine.

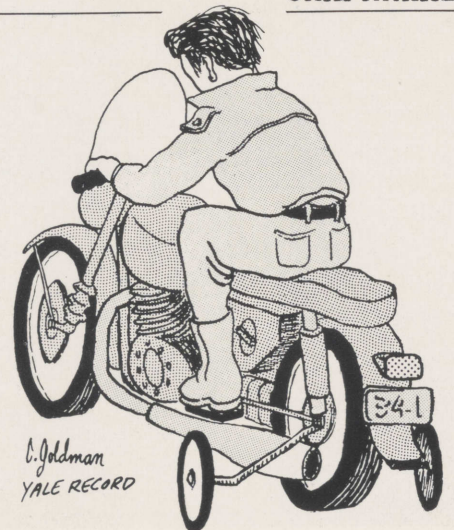
The hobby which holds the most interest for Bobi is singing. Although presently studying nursing full-time, she has several years experience singing with various bands. Bobi also makes the rounds at local hospitals, singing for the patients. She also enjoys listening to music. One of her favorites is "Town without Pity" by Gene Pitney.

Bobi now has a part in this year's Tech Show. She is not sure of what the more distant future holds, but we are sure of one thing, with her talents, its bound to be good.

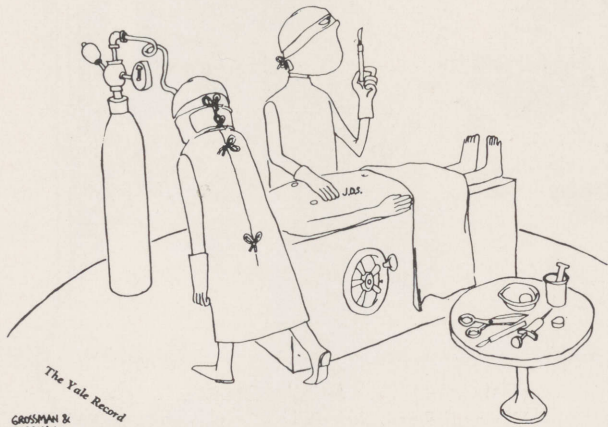
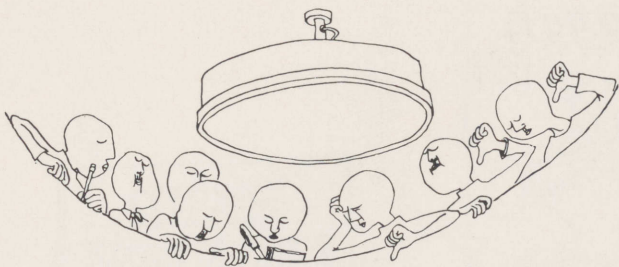
G.T.V.



CHAPARRAL



How they hanging ?



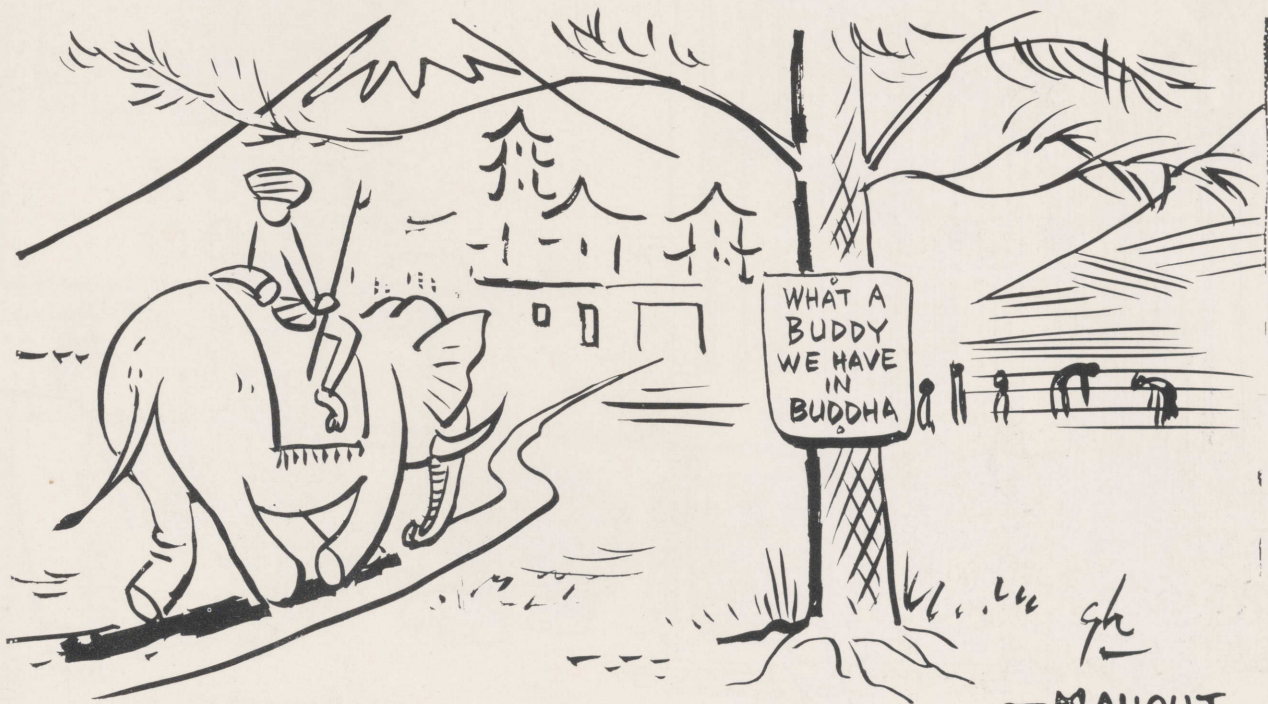
The Yale Record
GROSSMAN &
BERGMAN



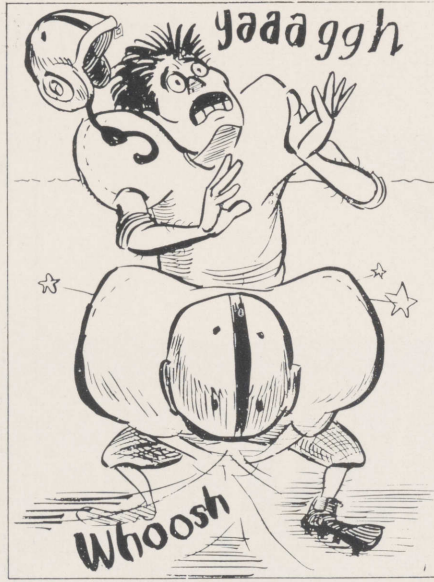
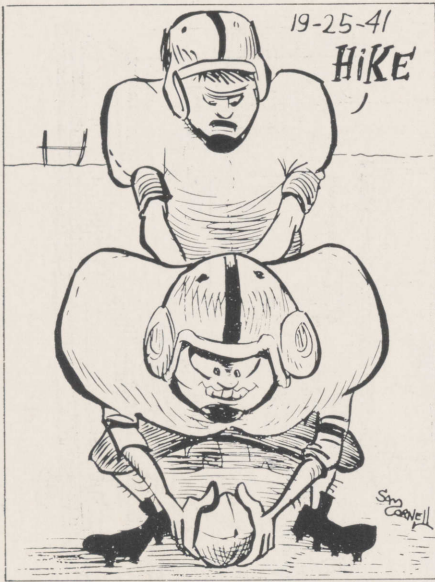
YALE RECORD

"Happy birthday, Mom!"

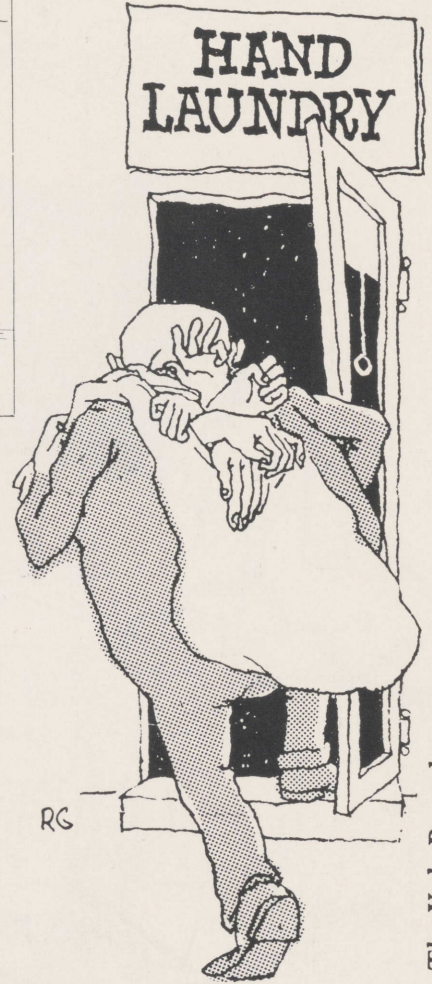
19B



—MAHOUT

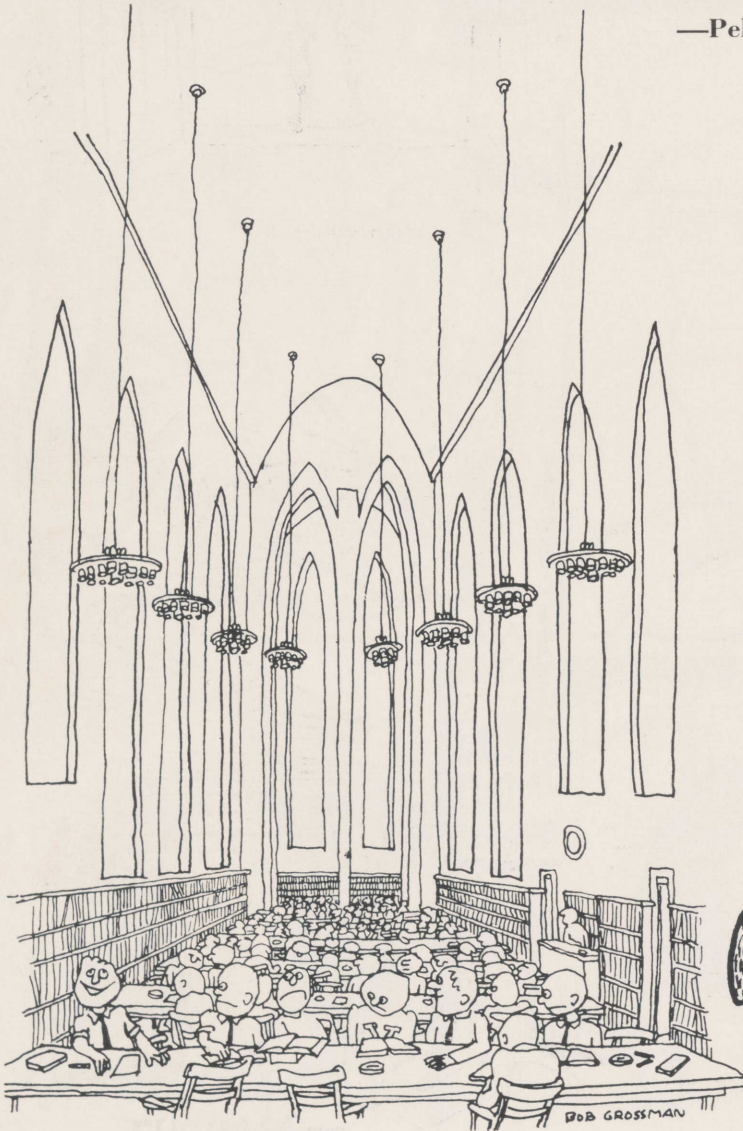


—Pelican



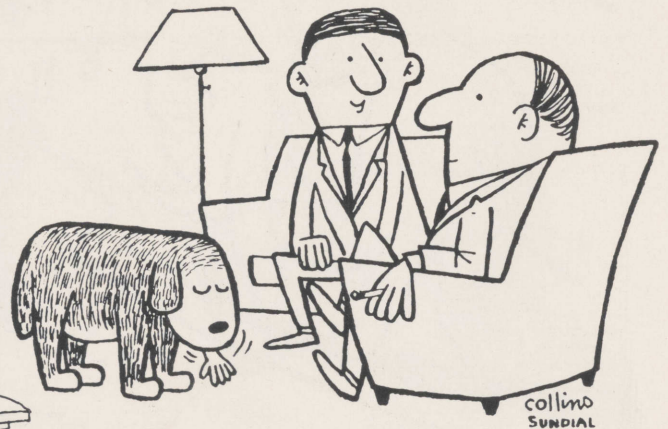
RG

The Yale Record



"Hey, I've found myself!"

—Record

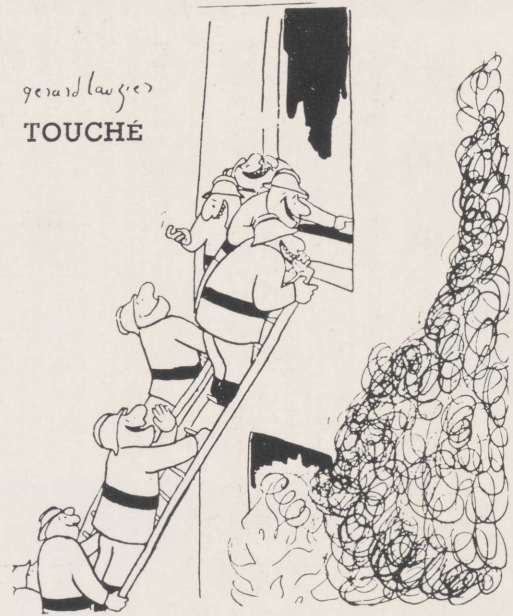


collins
SUNDIAL

"He likes children."

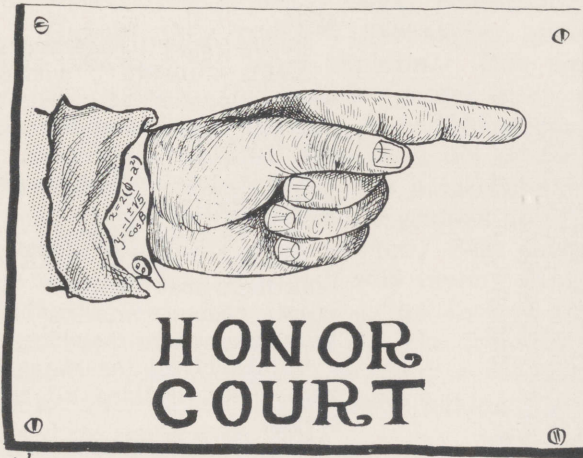


FROTH

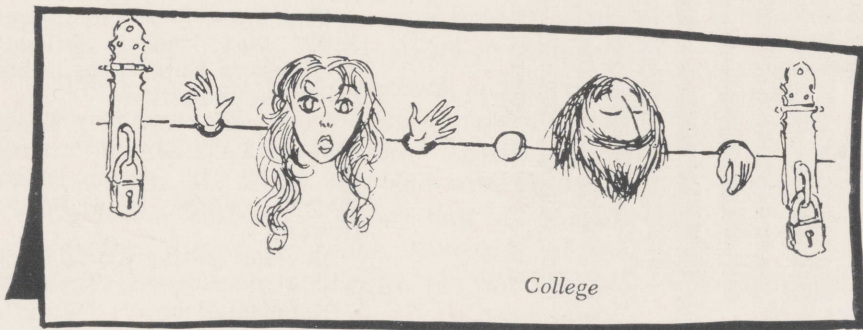


gerard laurier
TOUCHÉ

"Yeah, I know what you want. You want the whole damn bed."



University of Rhode Island "New Englander"



College



When my girl began acting high hat I asked her to please take off her brassy air. Now she won't even speak to me. I wonder —



And then there was the Indian who drank 38 glasses of iced tea one night and the next day they found him dead in his tepee.

— Southern Collegiat



Early in the morning, as the city began to awaken, a lone figure stalked towards an unknown destination. Having just broken into a Jewelry store, he ran his fingers through the loot in his pocket with a satisfied expression on his face. Suddenly, another man approached, but the thief's fear proved unfounded, when it turned out to be his old friend, Sam, the dope peddler from down the block. Chatting amiably, the pair was joined by another old friend, who had spent his night acting as procurer for one of the more prosperous local houses-of-joy.

Onward they trudged, exchanging gossip, and boasting of their exploits. One could hardly expect to find a more sinister group; yet in the cold light of dawn, they looked almost like ordinary people. They were all headed in the same direction; no one was surprised, therefore, when a large automobile cruised down the street, and stopped beside them. Sure enough, it was another old friend, who invited them to ride the rest of the way, as he seemed to be heading for their rendezvous. The driver of the car was complaining that he didn't seem to rake in as much money in the bookie business as he used to; times were hard.

What could these denizens of the dark possibly have in common, that might bring them together at the close of another night's work? The answer came soon enough, for the car squealed to a stop, and the men ambled inside, to assemble in a small dimly-lit chamber.

Presently, their leader entered, and surveyed the motley crew. He collected his cut from each of them, surveyed the nightly reports which each had filled out, and with an air of satisfaction, folded the money into his pocket. "Awright," said Sargeant Moloney, of the Police Department, still with his hand in his pocket, "you patrolmen can all go home now."

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On a large country estate in England, the prominent and respected Lord took sick and was confined to his bed. The beloved old man was so seriously ill that he was allowed to receive no company. One of the neighboring nobles made it his habit to call occasionally at the estate of his sick countryman and inquire of the butler as to the condition of his lord's health.

He came one day, as usual. "Hawkins, how is your master getting along today?"

"Oh, sir, my master is a sick man - a very sick man. Why, sir, he's so sick that they're feeding him nourishment through his ear now."

The noble departed, much disturbed, and returned some weeks later.

"Hawkins, how is your master today?"

"Oh, sir, my master is so much better today. Why sir, it'd do your poor heart good to see his ear snap at a bit of buttered toast, sir."



New WAC: "Where do I eat?"

Captain: "You mess with the officers."

WAC: "I know, but where do I eat?"



A beautiful girl was one of the two candidates for the job at the zoo as a lion tamer. The other was a definite Clyde Beatty type. The manager said he would give them both a chance and told the girl to go into the cage. Wearing a big fur coat, the lady did so. The huge lion immediately jumped off his stool and charged at her. Suddenly she whipped off her fur coat and stood there, completely nude. The lion stopped dead, spun around and went meekly into the corner.

Amazed, the manager turned to the Clyde Beatty type.

Well, do you think you can top that?"

"I'd like to try," said the guy. "Just get that crazy lion out of there."



They were casting parts for the Christmas pageant when one girl announced she wanted to be Scrooge. Ten guys were hurt in the rush.

A chap from Tel Aviv found himself stranded in Hong Kong at the Jewish New Year. With the aid of a policeman, he located the Hong Kong Orthodox Synagogue, Rabbi Yen Su Yung presiding. After the service, the Israeli went up to shake the Rabbi's hand and say what a spiritual comfort it was to have been there. Squinting his slant eyes, his head-adorned with two pig tails-bent low. Rabbi Yen Su Yung commented: "Oh, so, you Jewish? Velly, velly funny, you don't look Jewish to Me!"



Sterile parents seldom transmit this defect to their children.



Never try to keep up with the Joneses—after all, they might be newlyweds.



A point to remember, a seven day honeymoon makes a whole week.



Then there was the misguided lion who laid his paw on the table.

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"I've been in a terrible state of consternation for the past three days."
"Did you ever try bran?"



A rancher couldn't keep his hands off his beautiful wife and finally had to fire every one of them.



The farmer's daughter who was sent home from the fair because she couldn't keep her calves together.



"How do you like that new obstetrician?"
"Wonderful, except for his nasty habit of shouting, 'Presto!'"



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Enthused by her approbation, he next caused the doors to open and close by similar automatic contrivance. Then he pressed a third button and the motor roared into action. Finally as they sped down the highway, he flickered a gadget which opened the super airvents and the resulting gush of wind whipped the startled English visitor's skirts up over her face. "I say," she gasped, struggling to lower her dress, "don't you Americans ever do anything by hand?"

Technolog



Mother: "Now remember dear, if you neck, smoke and drink, men will call you fast."



When the housemother is in the same room with us, we sit

LIKE THIS.
When we go down to the Lyric to see a flick, we sit

LIKETHIS

And then there are some times when we sit

LIKE THIS.

— Southern Collegian



They laughed when I came in wearing bermuda shorts, but when I sat down they split.

— Peel

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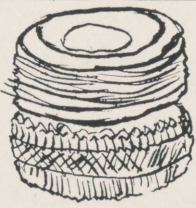
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TRowbridge 6-4422

There are lots of couples who don't neck in parked cars. The woods are full of them.

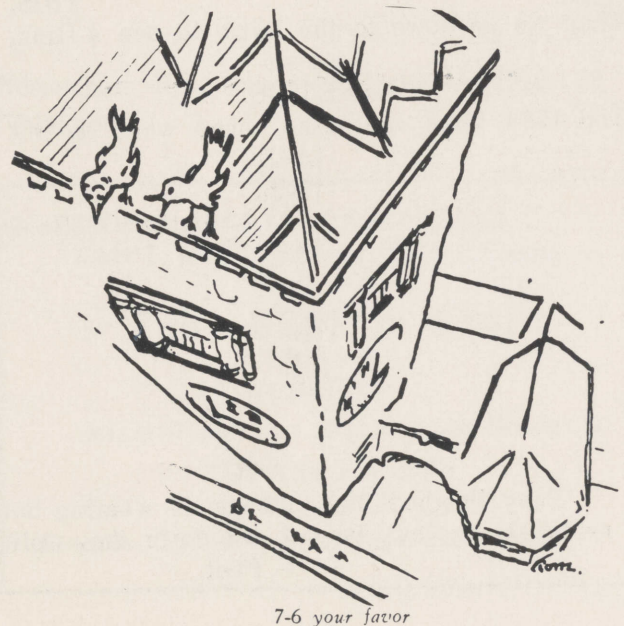


1st Roommate: "Where ya been?"
2nd Roommate: "Out with my girl drinking rum."

1st Roommate: "Jamaica?"
2nd Roommate: "Don't be so damned inquisitive."



From Chicago comes the report of a man who spent his life savings to buy his mother a house...only to find that the police wouldn't let her run it.



7-6 your favor

ARE YOU AS SMART

AS A BRIGHT 12-YEAR OLD

Unless you're sure you can follow directions, don't try this test.

Time - 3 minutes.

1. Read everything before doing anything.
2. Put your name in the blank supplied below.
3. Circle the word "name" in sentence two.
4. Draw five small squares in the upper left hand corner of this paper.
5. Put an "X" in each square.
6. Put a circle around each square.
7. Sign your name under the title.
8. After the title write "Yes, Yes, Yes."
9. Put a circle around each word in sentence No. 7.
10. Put an "X" in the lower left hand corner of this paper.
11. Draw a triangle around the "X" you just put down.
12. On the reverse side of this paper multiply 703 by 9805.
13. Draw a rectangle around the word "paper" in sentence No. 4.
14. Call out your first name when you get to this point in the test.
15. If you think you have followed directions up to this point call out "I have."
16. On the reverse side of this paper add 8950 and 9850.
17. Put a circle around your answer. Put a square around the circle.
18. Count out loud in your normal speaking voice backwards from ten to one.
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20. Now that you have finished reading carefully, do only sentences one, two, and 19.

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