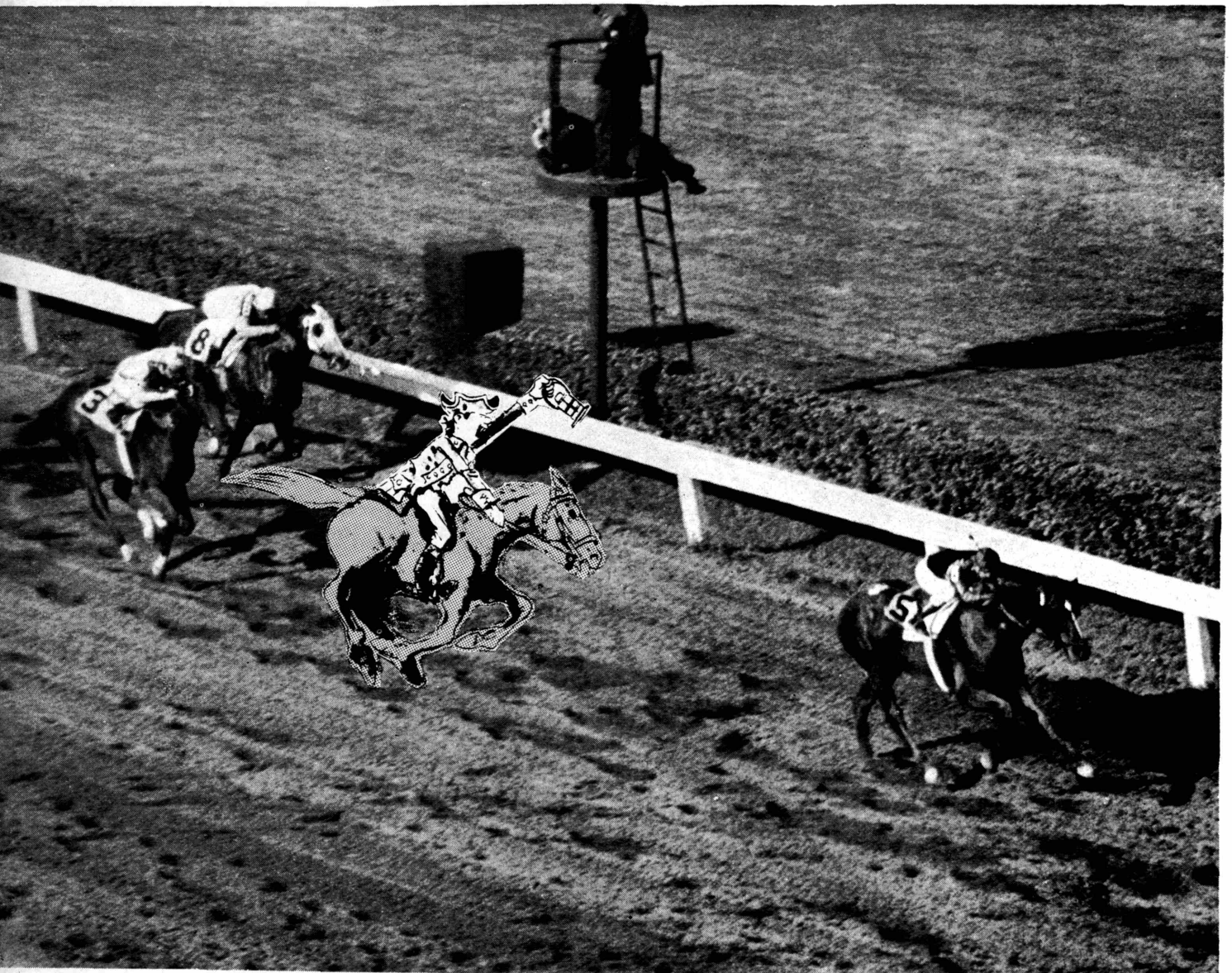


Voo Doo

Patriots Day / Suffolk Downs Issue
April 19th Opens April 22nd



April 1963



"Don't you agree Miss Bigelow – Vice-President on the door, rates a"

V O O D O O

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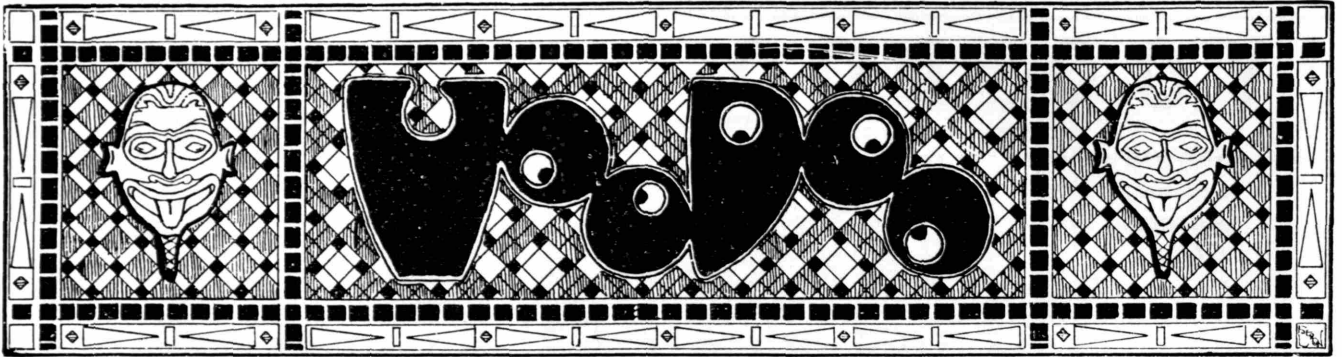
Roy I. Mumme

THE COVER this month has nothing to do with the content of the magazine. April fool.



"Dean Pitre? Buy an apple, sir?"

Dear Postal Information Reader: While we admire your dedication and devotion for perusing these notes, we really can't understand how you could possibly be interested in such trivia as "Copyright 1963 by the VooDoo Senior Board" and "Published monthly during the academic year by the Senior Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology". If you're really that interested in the magazine, why don't you drop by our office at 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts. You'd better phone before you wear yourself out climbing them stairs though, because we're seldom there. As you should know if you're reading this, the magazine sells for a ridiculously low thirty-five cents a copy, whether you buy it on the stands or subscribe (that's \$2.80 a year, if you're too lazy to figure it out), except in Pago Pago where it'll cost you \$8.625 a copy. This issue was published APRIL 18, 1963. Although it's a first-class magazine, we were forced by budgetary considerations to enter it as second-class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts. If you happen to work for another college magazine, you might be interested in the fact that College Magazines, Inc., owes us money, too, but we're sticking with them for awhile in hopes of getting some of it.



VOO-DOOINGS . . .

In case you didn't notice, a new Board took over VooDoo last issue. We were talking with Phos about the change and said something about how sad it must be for the old Board, leaving the magazine and all. His bleary eyes opened a notch wider and he sniffed disdainfully. "Hah! Show's how much you know! Maybe now they can live in a society where it isn't everyone's goal in life to tell them the latest joke. No more are people going to introduce them to their friends and then stand there expecting them to be funny. There won't be any more people coming up to them on sales day and telling them the magazine isn't as good as it used to be -- while they're selling out. They don't have to browbeat writers and artists to turn out material for an issue, so people can buy the mag to read the jokes. And then complain about the jokes. Uh-huh, they're out of this madhouse."

Well, maybe the cynical old debauchee has something there, we *don't* know much yet, but, to our friends who have recently passed into the great Society of the Mystic Woopgaroo, we'd like to say thanks, fellows, for everything.

If you're tired of reading the *Saturday Evening Post* while waiting for a haircut, we suggest you try Tony Salvati's new barber shop -- the only place we know where people read the magazines *after* their haircuts. His collection is guaranteed to please the most discerning male.

There's a new game out, for children of all ages, called "New Frontier" and based on the misadventures of the Kennedies and their Kohorts. It is played quite a bit like "Monopoly".

We've grown pretty blase about crudities on the Institute's bathroom walls, but we were somewhat taken aback by an old standard we ran across in Building Two the other day. The author had used a "V" for the "U."

If you ask us, that's carrying neo-classicism too far.

Steve Kraysler of our Lit Staff is responsible for the observation that "MIT is a university paralyzed around science".

A Beacon Street fraternity house was burglarized over spring vacation. The boys naturally called the police. They were somewhat taken aback when two minions appeared, one of whom asked questions about the burglary while the other ticketed their cars.

If you've done the patriotic bit and walked fifty miles in twenty hours, you can get a gold physical fitness medal from the Amos Alonzo Stagg Foundation (Box 2344, San Francisco) for only fifty cents for mailing charges. But you have to have actually made the walk. You're on your honor, now. . . .

Apologies to our subscribers for the lateness of the February and March issues, but we got hung up first by our lack of a Subscription Manager and then by the Boston Post Office's enforcing some silly regulation involving the payment of large sums of money. We'll try not to let it happen again.

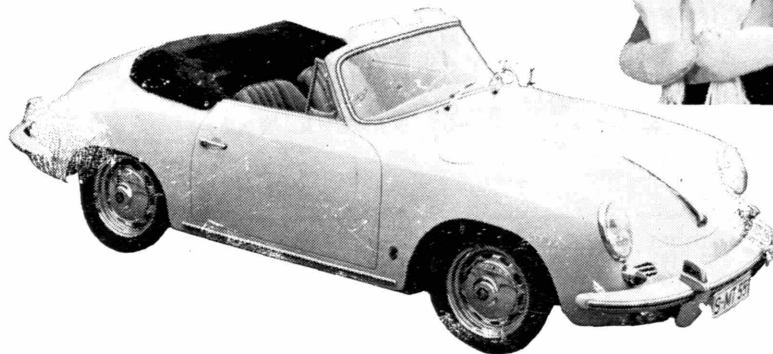
A couple of girls we know had twenty minutes to get back to Wellesley the other night, so they grabbed a cab. The driver said he'd get them there as fast as he could and suggested they sing to pass the time. The girls put their heads together and came up with the choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth, in German. The cabbie exclaimed, "Oh! The Ninth!" and joined in the singing. When they'd pretty well done that, the girls started humming Mozart's Fortieth and the cabbie said, "Ah! Köchel 550," and whistled along with them. By the time they'd run through Mahler's First and a couple of others, they were at Wellesley — on time.

Those of you who laughed at the cartoon on page twenty of last month's issue, Bless You. For those of you who didn't, it is reprinted on page ten with the correct caption. We hope.

CARNIVAL

"...and then he said:

'Let's put the top down
and get a tan!'"



Porsche Cabriolet -- \$4500.00



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First Korean Vet: "And there we were on top of that shell-torn hill, fighting for our very lives, odds 200 to one."

Second Korean Vet: "Boy, that must have been rough."

First Korean Vet: "You said it! That was the meanest Chinaman we ever saw."



He was a rather undersized freshman at his first college dance, but despite his smallness and bashfulness he was sure of himself in his own way. He walked over to a beautiful and over-sophisticated sorority girl and said, "Pardon me, Miss, but may I have this dance?"

She looked down at his small size and lack of fraternity pin and said, "I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child!"

The freshman bowed deeply and said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know your condition."

"Yes, it's lovely, Frank, and you know how I love babies, but what I really wanted was a sports car."



"I don't like Bill," confided a coed to her roommate. "He knows too many naughty songs."

"Does he sing them to you?" asked her friend.

"Well, no—but he whistles them."



"Tom, dear, I want you to promise me one thing. If I should die and you should ever remarry—please don't let your second wife wear any of my clothes."

"Sure, dear," answered Tom. "I promise. Your clothes won't fit Carol anyway."



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Anthony Salvati Barber Shop

Tony, formerly of the Esquire Barber Shop,

Specializes in Flat Tops & Ivy League Cuts.

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Corner of Mass Avenue

3 Blocks from Tech (opposite Simeone's)

Knock, knock.
 Who's There?
 Nixon.
 Nixon who?
 See, you've forgotten him already.



In recent years several families of Philadelphia Jews have been attracted to Quakerism. A man asked a rabbi whether he realized that some of his people were becoming Quakers.
 "Oh yes," replied the rabbi, "some of my best Jews are Friends."



JIM'S BARBER SHOP
30 MASS. AVE.

Between Marlborough
 and Beacon Streets

for that MATURE look...

Try smoking a Pipe!

NPN TRANSISTORS — 50 for \$4.99

UNUSED LONG LEADS

Similar to 2N229

Guaranteed to meet 12 volts BVcer
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IN THE FIRST BLOCK ON NEWBURY
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EMPHASIZING DINNERS BY SOUTHERN
 COOKS WITH ALL THE WONDERFUL
 SALAD AND HOME MADE BREAD YOU
 CAN EAT AND SUCH LUSCIOUS DES-
 SERTS. \$1.33 to \$2.42 OPEN EVERY
 DAY FROM 11 until 9 including SUNDAY.

MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR DECENCY

Roy I. Mumme

Never has the human spirit soared so high. *Never!* When G. Clifford Prout, Jr., President of SINA (Society for Indecency to Naked Animals), announced his crusade recently, all of us here at *VooDoo* were projected into a frenzy of commitment to preserve that most precious quality of Man — *the instinct for decency*. We proudly hail Prout and SINA as the wave of the future, cresting right here in Cambridge, and sweeping all mankind (all thing-kind, for that matter) before it. Despite his humility and unassuming grace, Prout might well be compared with Hammurabi, Akhnaten, Moses, Draco, Solon, Justinian, Aquinas, Machiavelli, Montesquieu, Jefferson, Marshall, Holmes, and Warren. In fact, it might be said that he is all of these rolled into one itty-bitty ball. It might be said. Also Parkinson, Samuelson, Pavlov, Boyle, Newton, Mamie Stover and anybody else who ever made up laws to be named after him, or her.

TIME cannot wither nor ridicule stale SINA's message to Twentieth Century Man. Only buffoons, wags, and Harvard-types lightly dismiss SINA as the recrudescence of time-honored New England traditions or a mercenary promotional brain-child of an advertising executive.

Prout (not to be confused with *Proust*—though surely comparative studies will be forthcoming) has been called "the animal-intoxicated man." But like so many charismatic reformers, Prout seems concerned with *only* the future—the motto of SINA is: "Decency Today Means Morality Tomorrow." He does not fully comprehend the past; a past that is pregnant with meaning—thesis-anti-thesis, challenge-response, irony-tragedy, ideology-utopia, proletariat-bourgeoisie, cumulation-non-cumulation, *ad infinitum*. Hence, *VooDoo*, perceptive of its responsibility for making this the best of all possible worlds, suggests that the simple act of putting Bermuda shorts on our animal friends *is in itself not enough*. This is *not* the ultimate mo-

THRU HISTORY WITH SINA



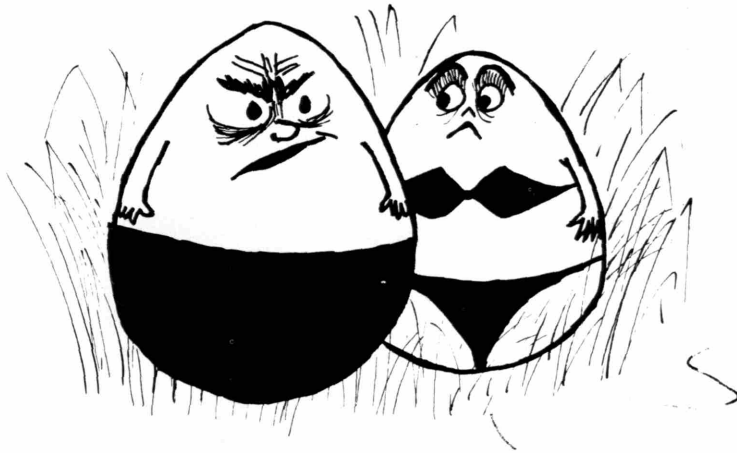
"You idiot, now all of us will have to wear them!"

rality. Enlightened-self-commitment, *this* is the *ultimate morality*. *SINA-anthropus* must become, as the French would say, *le homme engage*. But such commitment is possible only when all men are made aware of the noble efforts of those who have gone before. From their reaches, which often exceeded their grasps, we can learn success and find our own places in the mainstream of decency. As the great Santayana said recently (in an ad for the Container Corporation of America), "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

Let us remember. Let us remember, for eventually society will emblazon upon its banners: "From each according to his decency, and to each according to his morality."



From the start there was opposition. . .

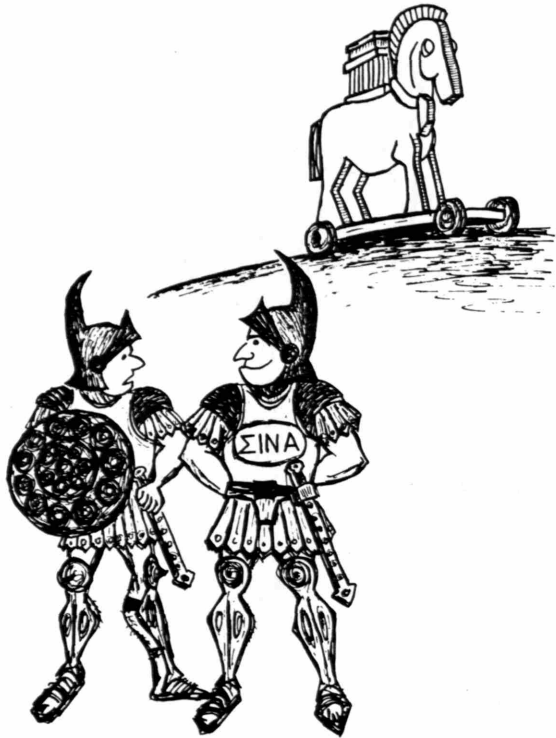


"Maybe it's O.K. for animals -- but who ever heard of an indecent Easter egg?"



"Like I said before -- no clothes, no ride."

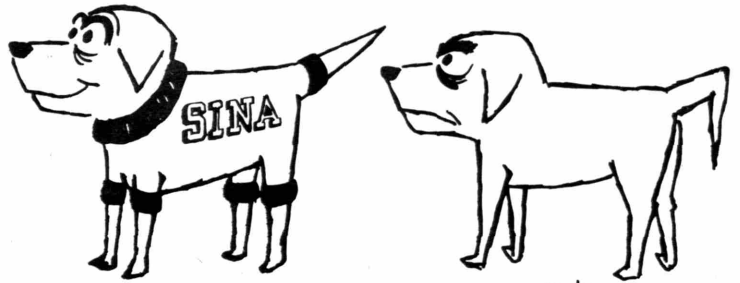
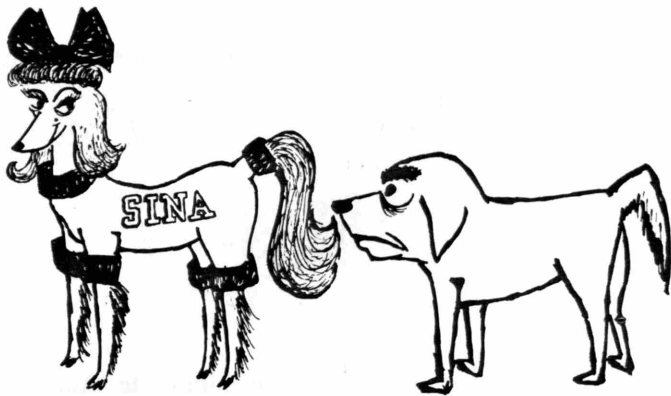
But the movement caught on . . .



"but Odysseus, if we put clothes on it won't the Trojans get suspicious."

"It's not you, Lady Godiva, it's your horse that we are concerned about."





Rhyme



CAROLINE - SHOES
ARE NOT ENOUGH!!
GET A HALTER
ON YOUR PONY!



"This is disgusting!"



The culmination.

ARE YOU IN DANGER OF
BEING VANQUISHED BY
INDIFFERENCE?

There is still time to get back on your stick & bomb those impending finals.

REJUVENATE YOURSELF!!

Come to the Outing Club Circus

SQUARE DANCE SAT., APRIL 27
Featuring "Fountain of Youth" Punch.

ROCK CLIMB
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CANOE TRIP
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We feature live (WELLESLEY) girls on all trips.

Sign-ups & information on Bulletin Board in Lobby of Bldg. 2.

MONDAY, APRIL 22 — FRIDAY, APRIL 26

"Why is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"He's a deaf mute with hiccups."



VooDoo is MIT's contribution to America's gross national product.



Coroner: And what were your roommate's last words?

Student: He said, "I don't see how they make a profit on this stuff at a dollar and a quarter a fifth."



"Howdy, Isaac, How's your Baals today?"



"Number, hell," yelled the drunk into the pay phone. "I want my peanuts."



He was showing the beautiful, but not too very intelligent girl around his apartment. She paused before a carved wooden object resting on the mantel and asked, "What in the world is that thing?"

"Oh," he replied, "that is an African phallic symbol, which was used in fertility rites."

"Well," she brightly remarked, "I'd hate to tell you what it looks like."



"My wife used to be scared to death that someone was going to steal her clothes."

"Why didn't she have them insured?"

"She had a better idea. She hired a man to stay in her closet and guard them . . . I saw him in there last night when I came home."



"How's your wife?"

"Better'n nothing."

Hearing Aids — Contact Lens

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Prescriptions Filled
Glasses Repaired

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Abe Wise, Licensed Optician
31 Massachusetts Ave.
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Special Prices to MIT Community
Nearest Optical House to M.I.T.

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To Eat In or to Take Out

The famous special Roast
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CAMBRIDGE

**is the place
to
go for**

COMPLETE AUTO REPAIRING, TIRES, BODY
WORK, with Snow Plowing on the Side

MATCH-BOOK MADNESS

by Roy I. Mumme, et al.

Photography by Frank Ansuini

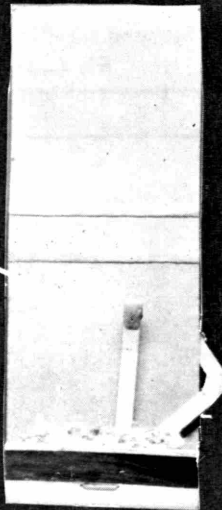


Fig. 1

"Daddy-oh! She looks like a hot number!"



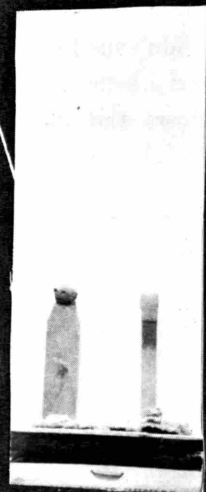
"C'mon, big boy don't be shy."



"Like I always said— Calories don't count."

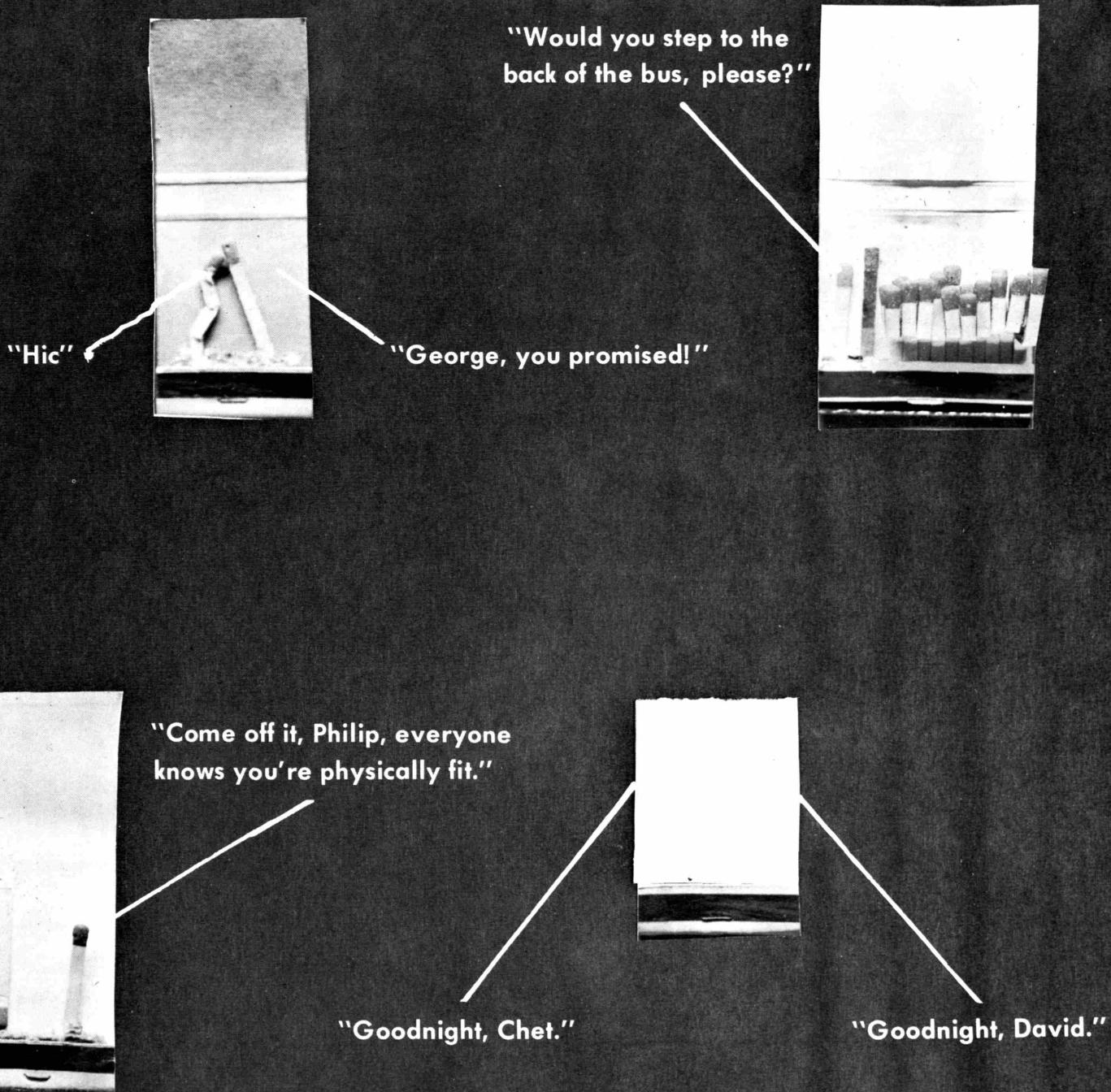


"Oh, Herman— We were made for each other."



Matches have served a variety of purposes since their invention in 1066 by Samuel F. B. Match. Although he originally intended them for igniting fuses on bombs, this plan was unsuccessful until the invention of gunpowder in 1492 by Peter Gunnpowder. In the four intervening centuries, people searched tirelessly for uses for the cunning little things. Among solutions found were the hotfoot, the breaking of matches to prevent forest fires, the match-point, and the use of the books to advertise "ranchettes" in the New World, high school diplomae at home, etc. (See Figure I)

The invention of the cigarette in 1776 by "Marlborough Max" Cigarfoos was hailed as the "Final Solution" to the match problem" and, since then, no new uses had been discovered for matches until just last month, when an ingenious *VooDoo* Staffer had an inspiration. The results of that inspiration follow.



LSC SATURDAY MOVIE

**Jack
Lemmon**

**Kim
Novak**

**Fred
Astaire**

in
**THE
NOTORIOUS
LANDLADY**

April 20; Room 10-250; 5:00, 7:30,
9:45 P.M. THE ADVENTURES OF
CAPTAIN MARVEL shown at 5:00 30¢

MESHNA'S MONTHLY SPECIAL
NI-CAD BATTERIES

The truly lifetime battery. 1.2 volts per cell.
Prices listed are per cell.

7/10 amp hour	\$1.35
6 amp hour	2.00
35 amp hour	7.50

These are military surplus, good condition.
New govt. surplus catalog No. 63 just released.
Send 10 cents for your copy.

MESHNA 19 Allerton, Lynn, Mass.

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston Next to Donnelley Memorial Theatre

CO 6-2103

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

Special Attention to M.I.T.

Students - Whether A
Bottle or A Case

FREE DELIVERY

Always Plenty of Ice Cubes
Party Planning



He: "Have you a room and bath for my wife and me?"

Hotel clerk: "All we have left is a room with a double bed."

He: "Will that be all right with you dearest?"

She: "Yes, mister."



Overheard in the testing lab:

"Did you say your girl's legs are without equal?"

"No, I said they knew no parallel."

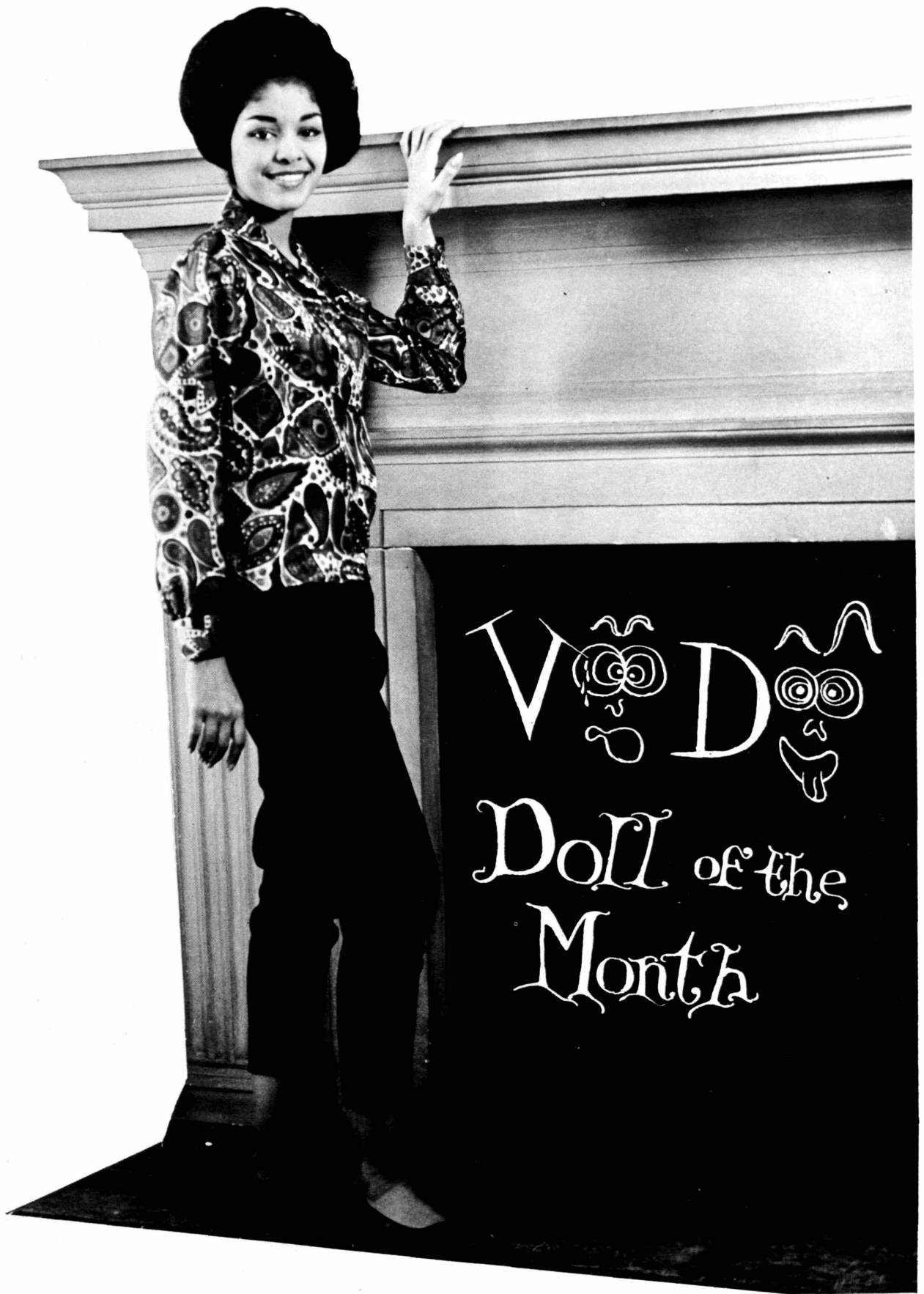


Then there was the truck driver who swerved to avoid a child and fell off the couch.



Beauty pageant - Peace march.





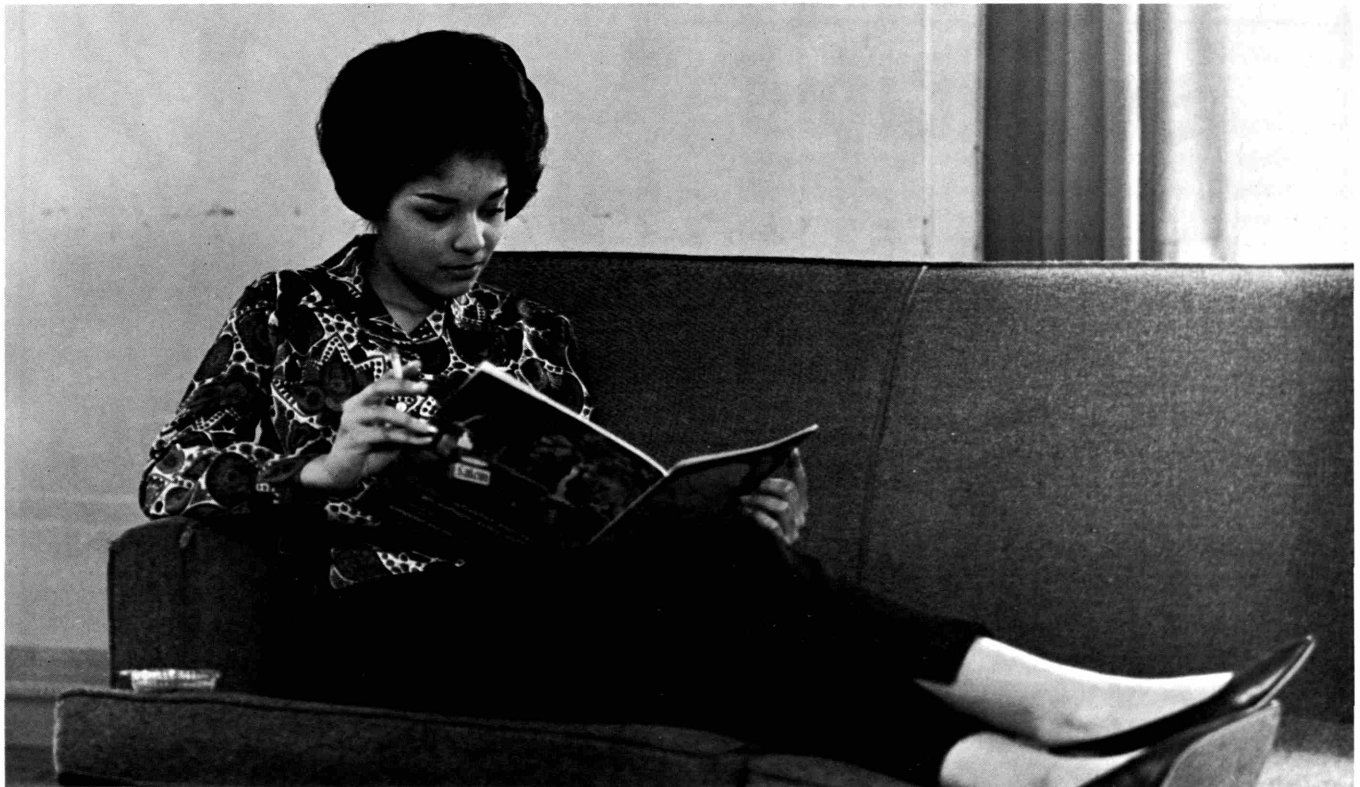
DOLL OF THE MONTH

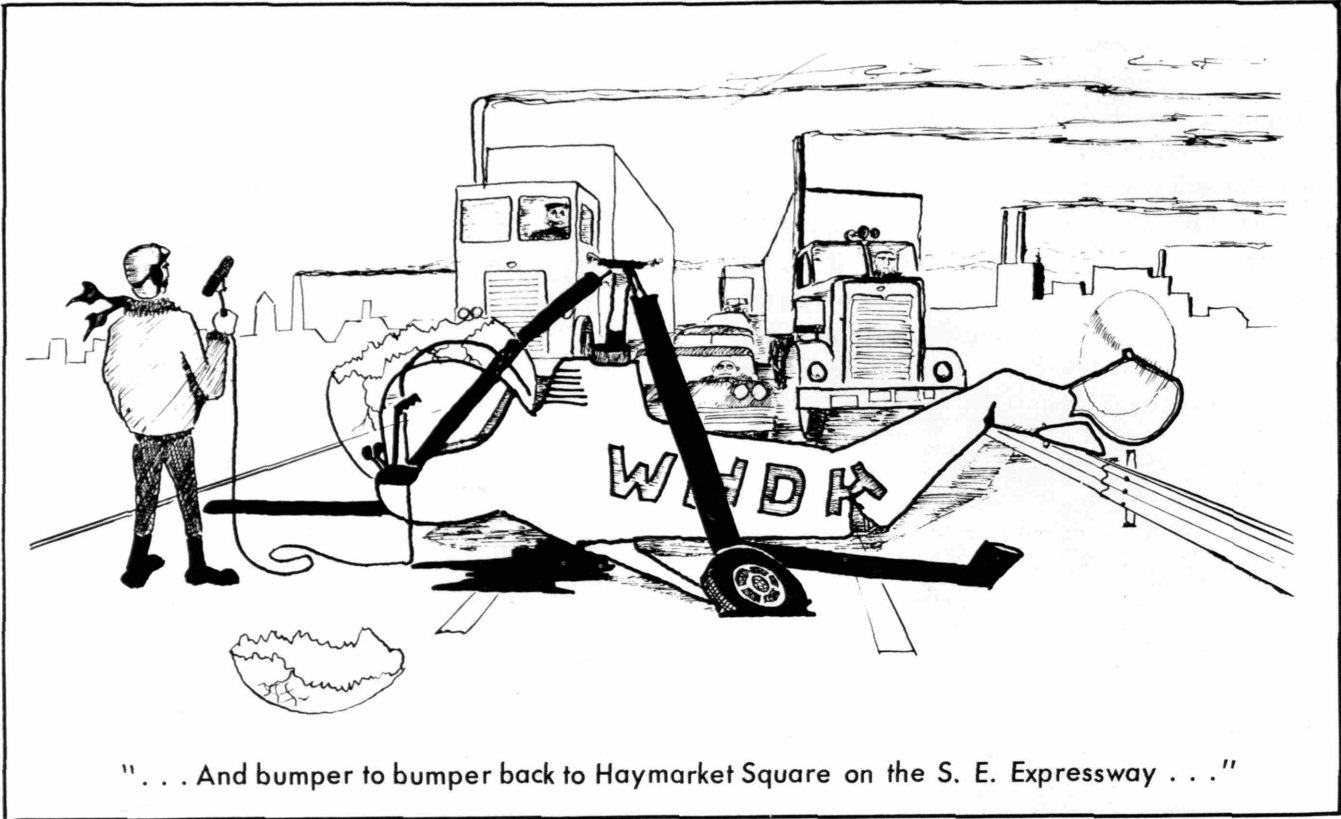
This month, the publicity staff, past and present, will play the world in a balloon ball game in the great court. Isn't that a great start for a Doll of the Month article? Well, to tell the truth, we're sort of sick of the usual, run-of-the-mill opening: "This month's Doll of the Month is"



To get back to the subject, she is Debra Hebron, age 19, and we can say definitely that she will not be a participant on either side in the balloon ball game. Tough luck. If you do want to see her, you might try Northeastern University, since she goes to school there. Since she is a co-op student, though, don't be disappointed if you are and she isn't -- there, that is. If so, try Roxbury, since she lives there. Before you do, or if you want to, or even if you don't, you might like to know that she is quiet, serious, and a part-time model.

--P.A.





"Church Keys" Can't Hold A Beer Can to . . .

St. James

Church keys are OUT! Set up court with ST. JAMES and you're immediately a solid Soft-Shoulder host . . . especially when THE people see your school emblem emblazoned on ST. JAMES' handle. We venture to say that ST. JAMES is the greatest since beer itself! Program these facts:

- ST. JAMES holds all 12-ouncers snugly. It's easy to operate, eliminating 11 o'clock church-key slump. Causes no unsightly callouses . . . leaves no half-punctured, spewing cans. Just one quick motion and presto . . . 2 holes . . . in soft or hard toppers!
- ST. JAMES' rubber feet leave bars and table-tops scratchless . . . won't scotch in use. And check these construction specs: he-man black, crinkle cast iron base . . . stainless steel opener . . . satin-finish aluminum handle . . . outlasts a lifetime of beer cans!
- ST. JAMES is fun to use . . . lets the host save his energies for the festivities . . . guests will shout, "But, Luther, I'd rather do it myself!"



ST. JAMES — EMBLAZONED WITH YOUR SCHOOL EMBLEM

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR COURT TO OWN ST. JAMES!

**TROVON SALES COMPANY
BOX 363 KENMORE STATION
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Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Box _____
Please send check or money order . . . only \$12.95 to . . .
TROVON SALES COMPANY
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LEGEND



The sun beat down on the dusty Texas highway; the air above the asphalt shimmered and quivered, as the old coupe with its two perspiring occupants sputtered to a halt.

"Well, Maw, reckon we're out of gas."

"What'll we do, Paw? They ain't nary gas station in sight."

"Reckon I'll have to hitch a ride to one, Maw!"

"But we ain't seen nary car in nigh an hour, Paw."

Paw pulled a kerchief from pocket of his overalls and wiped his forehead. He thought.

"Reckon I'll have to wait fer one, Maw. Let me know if you see one and I'll flag it down." He wiped his brow again, leaned back, and closed his eyes in preparation for sleep.

"You ain't gonna *sleep*, are you, Paw? You got to *do* something! You know if we don't have this here money to Prairie Dog Junction afore two, they'll foreclose on the old homestead!"

Paw opened one eye and gazed balefully at her. "Can it, Maw...They ain't nothing we kin do but wait. I shore as hell ain't gonna *walk*." He closed his eye and started snoring gently.

The minutes crept by as Maw, alternately looking irritatedly at Paw and wistfully over her shoulder at the road behind them, grew more and more nervous. Suddenly, she gouged Paw in the ribs. "Hey, Paw! Motorcycles!"

Sure enough, a close look at a rapidly approaching dust cloud revealed two forms which were indisputably cyclists. Paw yawned, stretched himself, and clambered from the car.

The cycles bore down on the wildly-waving old man, then, at the last minute, slid to screeching stops on either side of him. One of the cyclists, a tall, slim boy dressed in blue denim, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and tinted goggles, leaned back in the saddle of his big white-and-chromium Harley. "What's the problem, Pops?"

Paw outlined the situation for them. The tall boy looked at his companion, a swarthy youth, sweating in his fringed buckskin jacket. "Give 'em your reserve, Tom."

Tom grunted, climbed off his black Honda and handed Paw a bottle of gas from his saddle bag. Paw emptied it into the coupe's tank. The tall boy scratched himself. "That should get you to a station. There's one down the road a piece."

Maw leaned out the window. "Thank y'all so much," she gushed. "I declare, I just don't know how we can ever thank y'all enough."

Paw said, "Yep, young feller. Thank y'all a lot. What's your name?"

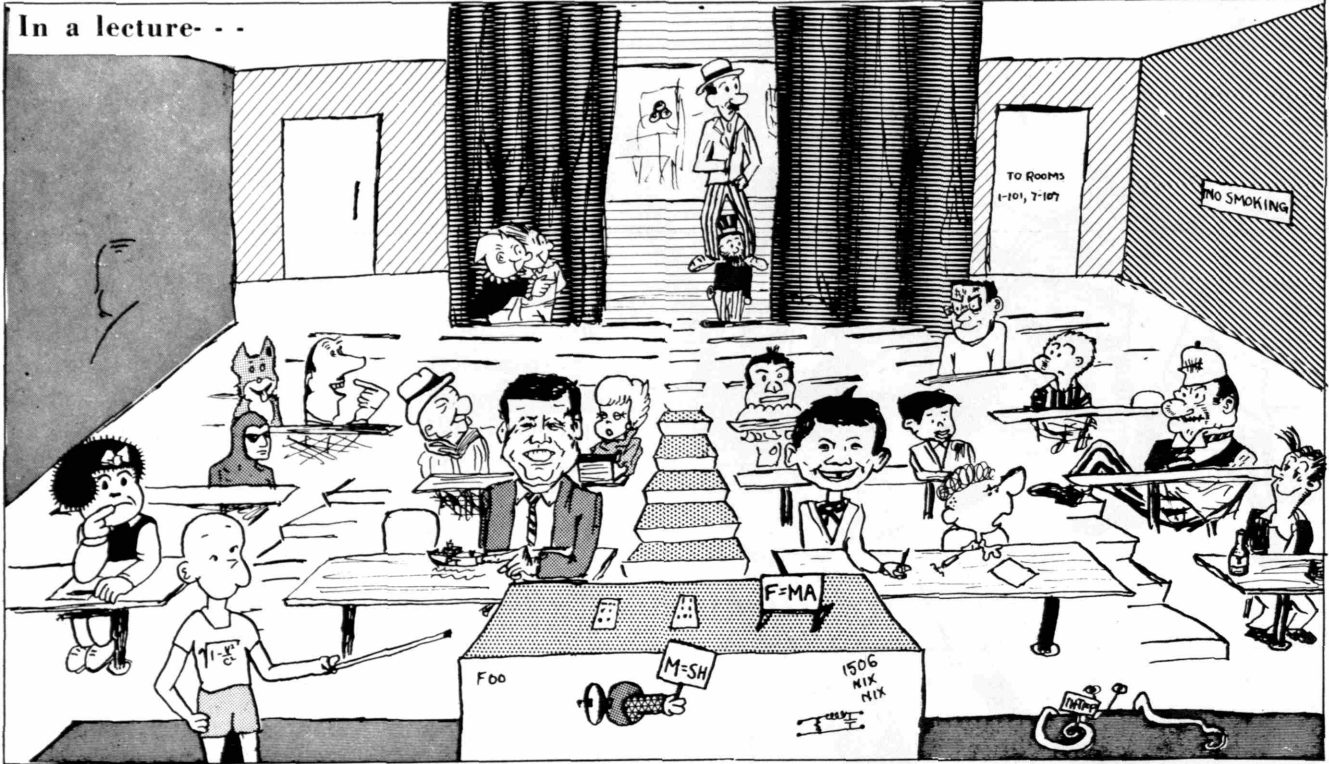
The tall boy reached casually into his shirt pocket and pulled out a stick of gum. Unwrapping it, he rolled the tinfoil into a ball and handed the silvery pellet to the old man. "Here, Pops," he said. "This should explain who I am. Come on, Tom."

Tom grunted and fired up his Honda. The two boys spun out, leaving Paw in a cloud of dust. The tall boy shouted something, but his words were lost in the roar of the cycles' engines.

-Boudaiee

The other day Phos got to wondering what Tech would look like

IF COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS ATTENDED MIT



A veritable flood (6) of letters arrived at our office this month. It's the first time in quite a while we've received enough to run an authentic "Letters" page, so. . . .

LETTERS

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
594 Marrett Road
Lexington 73, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find payment for shipment of twenty February 1963 issues of *VooDoo*. We at SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN enjoyed your publication very much.

Carole Brazzell
Secretary to Manager, New England Office

Then how about getting your lawyers off our necks?
--Ed.

Box 512, 6515 Wydown
St. Louis 5, Missouri

Gentlemen:

As a non-mathematically-inclined and non-mathematically minded pre-law student at this venerable Large Midwestern University, I wish to call to your attention a grievous error in your February edition of the *Pseudo-Scientific American*, in which you stated (on page four) that 50 years ago was February, 1903. Having a minimal intelligence in matters mathematical, I recently spent a disgustly long time pondering this question, and finally, with the aid of everything short of an abacus, I came to the alarming conclusion that $1963 - 50 = 1913$.

Therefore, I wish to bring this horrendous error to your attention, and also to demand from you a complete apology, not only for me, but for all the millions of deluded non-math Collegians throughout the nation.

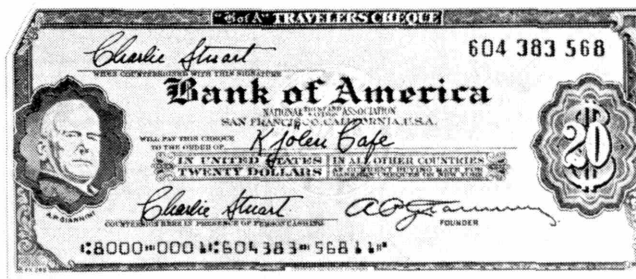
I thank you most severely, *tout pour rire*.

Stuart A. Friedman
Class of '66, Washington University
Keep a civil tongue in your head or we'll map you into the complex plane. --Ed.



The krone is local currency in Norway.

So is this.



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Dear Sirs:

This week I enjoyed reading a copy of "The Best of Sick Jokes" which contained two cartoons from *VooDoo*. It took me back to the summer of 1951 when I was on a student exchange scheme at MIT working under Prof. Weber of the Chemical Engineering Dept.

Ever since then I don't think I've seen a magazine with such superb jokes. Can you please tell me how I can get a subscription to the magazine. If currency regulations make this tricky, possibly I could send you British magazines on a swap basis.

Stanley Shoop

Just send bullion. --Ed.

Brookline, Mass.

Dear *VooDoo*:

I am giving you the enclosed to do with as you see fit. I will aver that it is an entirely original work, has never appeared in print, and in fact came to me in a flash of inspiration somewhat akin to revelation. I challenge you to print it. I suspect it may give you some worried moments.

In the interest of preventing reprisals from MIT students, faculty, and *the tech*, I must remain

Anonymous

We did with it as we saw fit. Why don't you try Tangent — they can get away with it. --Ed.

The Mitre Corporation
Bedford, Mass.

Gentlemen:

There is a well known principle in human affairs which holds that it is impossible to find out who are the people in charge, and where they are at the same instant. This was demonstrated to me recently with special poignancy. I understand there is an issue in which you parody *Scientific American*. I would

like to buy it. I have toured Cambridge, telephoned you at Extension 4888 and struck up conversations with scruffy bearded types who might know of the magazine. To no avail. In Harvard Square the kiosk man has an extensive collection of magazines dealing with chesty ladies and thermonuclear disarmament. But not VOODOO. (There ought to be a higher synthesis in which Jayne Mansfield urges us to re-examine our false values.)

Until this is managed, I suppose I'll have to go on, smuggling copies of *Playboy* into work between the covers of the *Proceedings of the I.R.E.* But I would like to see your coverage of *Scientific American*. Would it be possible for you to designate some agent to meet me and pass the document? He will be well paid.

You can reach me at home, at work, or merely by wiring a plastic bomb into my ignition.

Desperately,

Robert L. Berkowitz
Department D-23

Wish our writers were as funny as our readers. . . .
--Ed.



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APRIL 27

S
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G

7:30 P.M.

ROCKWELL CAGE

CARNIVAL!

"When I hold you in my arms like this, Nadine, something seems to snap!"

"I know, Bob. Pardon me while I fasten it."



"Mommie, why do girls wear sweaters?"
"Shut up, Johnnie, we printed this joke last month."



"Knock, Knock."
"Who's there?"
"The traveling salesman."
"The traveling salesman who...?"
"Yes."
"Come in."

The Sunday School teacher had asked her class where God lives. One small boy replied, "He lives in our bathroom."

"Why, Jimmy, what makes you say that?"

"Well, every morning my pop stands in front of the bathroom door and says, 'God, are you still in there?'"



Sneaked out of Budapest is the story of the secret police agent who was ordered by his chief to learn whether a skeleton in the museum really was, or alleged, that of Attila, fifth-century chieftain of the savage Huns. The agent marched off with the skeleton and returned forty-eight hours later with what was left of it—a few splinters of bone. "It's Attila, all right," avowed the agent. "How did you confirm it?" asked the chief. The agent answered proudly, "He confessed."

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This coupon worth
on any pizza pie **25¢**



I wandered into Walker the other noon to get a sandwich and there, in the all-purpose Walker lettering (which I'm hoping will disappear along with the present Coolie King in June), was a sign saying "I am a brand new water fountain. Please feel free to use me." Sure enough, right under it was what was indisputably a water fountain. No question of it. And it was obviously brand new, too, because it hadn't been there the day before. Yep, it was a brand new water fountain, all right.

Now I used to be a big Disney fan, so talking water fountains come as no surprise, but who needs 'em if all they're going to say is: "I'm a brand new water fountain". I mean that could get on a guy's nerves.

I decided the second sentence held the key to the secret of the sign. "Please feel free to use me." Hmmm. Well, to tell you the truth, it hadn't occurred to me *not* to use it. Maybe I'm presumptuous or something, but it was just sitting there with a rack of

glasses beside it and everyone *else* was using it.

I asked the guy ahead of me in line if the sign had influenced his decision to have a glass of water. He looked at me kinda funny and said, no, he was thirsty. I asked him if he was thirsty *before* or *after* he read the sign. Both, he said. I asked three or four other people standing around if the sign had in any way altered their behavior. Aside from a little blonde who ignored me, they were unanimous in their decision that they would have taken (or not taken, as the case was) water regardless of what the water fountain told them to do.

I went back for a closer look at the sign, to see if maybe it said in subliminal type "You are very thirsty" or something. Nothing doing. It just said "I am a brand new water fountain. Please feel free to use me."

I was getting bugged. What purpose was the sign serving? It didn't tell anybody anything new. It didn't influence their behavior. It wasn't aesthetically pleasing. It just sat there. "I am a brand new water fountain. Please feel free to use me." The only explanation left was that it served some function, some need, *for the water fountain itself*.

Now, as I said earlier, I'm willing to accept talking water fountains. It's a harmless convention, even if it's been sort of overdone. But when I start meeting water fountains with *needs*, brother, let me off. I could understand good old homeostatic needs, like electricity for the cooler or something, but one that needs, *begs*, to be *used*? That's sick.

Walker has lost me as a customer until they have that machine removed. I just can't take it. Even though they've cut its tongue out by removing the sign,

I still have to look at it, sitting there, mute, whimpering to be *used*.

I've got enough problems of my own.

--Reed

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE
An assortment of features and stories dealing severely with theses, finals, reading period, and other hardy perennial blights.

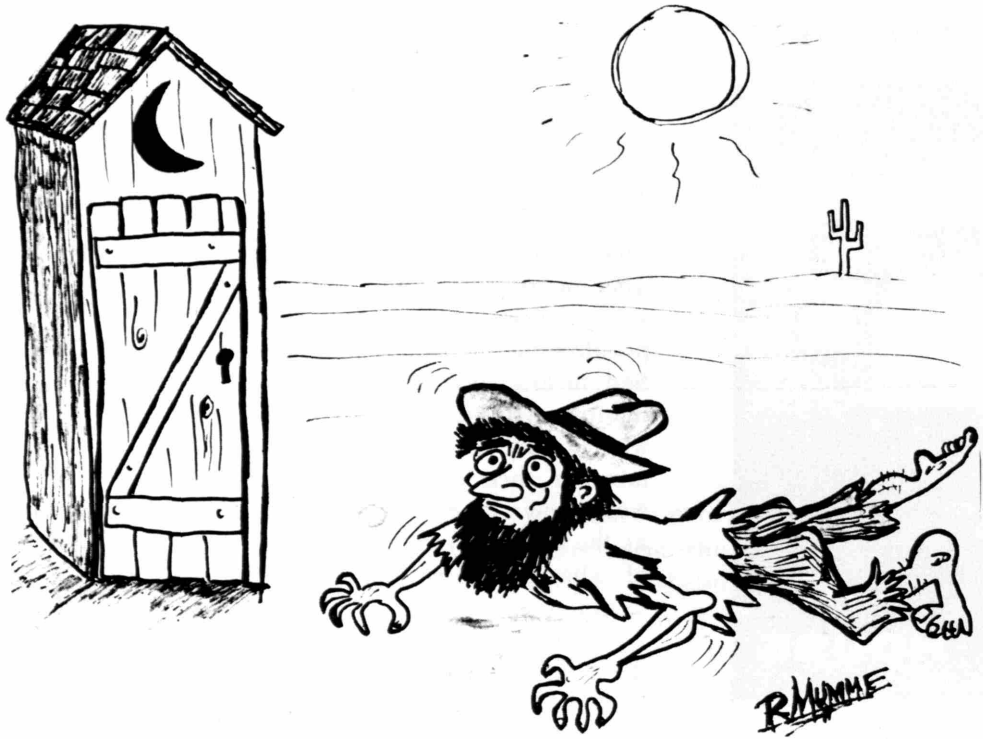
A new feature: "Dr. Phos Advises. . ." In our May issue he examines "Sex For The Simple Girl".

A VooDoo Doll who is also the current Miss Massachusetts, a contender for the Miss Rheingold crown, and a budding cinema starlet. (Honest!)

Plus all the usual raunch.

ON SALE MAY 17
(we hope)

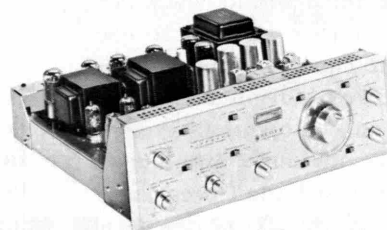
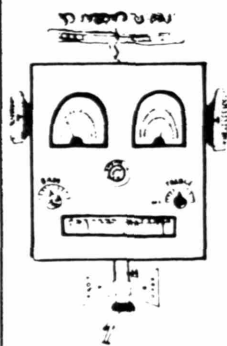




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*AND next week and the week after and etc. etc.

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P.S. WE HAVE A FEW OF THOSE REK O KUT TURNTABLES LEFT for \$99.50 inc. arm, cartridge, base, etc., but just a few.



Sounds of a struggle came from within the parked car.

"Sir," said a female voice, "where is your chivalry?"

A pause. "I traded it in on dis Buick."



Mother: What have you been doing all afternoon?

Son: Shooting craps, Mother.

Mother: That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have.



Motorist: Officer! Officer, come quickly! I've just hit a Tech student."

Cop (casually picking teeth): "Sorry, it's Sunday. You can't collect your bounty until tomorrow."



Passing a door in the wee hours of the morning, a drunk noticed a sign which read, "Ring the bell for the caretaker." He did just that and a sleepy-eyed man came to the door.

"What do you want?" asked the man.

"I wanna know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself."



How do you keep eating these commons meals?

Simple, I take a tablespoon of Drano three times a day.



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What is the difference between a coed and entropy?

Entropy is always on the rise.



We've often heard it said that gasoline and alcohol don't mix. Actually, they do, but they just don't taste good.



"Ethics are vital to the successful business man," a successful business man told his young son. "For example, an old customer paid his account today with a hundred dollar bill. As he was leaving the shop, I discovered that he had given me two hundreds, stuck together. Immediately a question of ethics arose: Should I tell my partner?"



A C.E. had prepared for an oral exam in history by writing answers on the inside of the waistband of his trousers. Casually hooking his thumbs into his belt and turning down the top of his pants, he lowered his head and read off the inscribed notations of names and dates as the prof questioned him.

"And now," came the question, "tell me the name of the Rough Rider's colonel in the Spanish-American War who later became President of the United States."

The student took a quick glance at the lining of his trousers. "Robert Hall," he said.



Thought - Of - The Month: A pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a can of beer.





MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

OFFICE OF THE TOOL

Dear _____,

I guess you wonder why I haven't written in _____ weeks but if you read HOLIDAY you know how _____ months,

busy I must be. So here goes:

I broke _____ dollars worth of equipment in _____ Lab this week. It will _____ be necessary to send this amount to the Bursar by _____. It _____ was _____ really my fault, as: 1. My instructor told me to do it that way. 2. _____ are inherently weak. 3. In theory, I am not that strong.

I had _____ I did not have any quizzes this week; in _____ . I passed _____ but _____ flunked _____ and _____

(If applicable.) This was because:

- 1. I was lucky.
2. I studied real hard.
3. The quiz was unfair.
4. The instructor hates me (and conversely.)
5. I didn't study because:
a) I was snowed.
b) I had the flu.
c) I was busy with _____ .
d) My roommate _____ !

The weather was _____ typical. The snow is only _____ inches deep, and the Great Court _____ is _____ nice _____ feet _____ is not passable on foot.

The air smells like XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX.

I am feeling _____ fine I have: _____ lousy.

- 1. Flu.
2. Epilepsy.
3. Halitosis.
4. Dishwater hands.
5. _____ quizzes next week.

Furthermore:

Love,
Regards,
Send \$ _____ ,

WHAT KIND OF A MAN READS VOO DOO?



Are you the thoughtful, sensitive, Course XXI type? Do you prefer reading a good book to hacking through 6.08 problems? Are you the religious authority and spiritual leader of your living group? Do the masses flock to your doorstep seeking comfort and advice?

Well, not everyone can enjoy the overworked crudities that we publish in *VooDoo*. . . . but if you are (e) none of the above, you are probably an average Tech tool. If you resent the holier-than-thou character who is above such low forms of entertainment, why not embarrass him by buying him a subscription to *VooDoo*. Just think of that monthly occurrence. . . . the mailman comes, and holier-than-thou makes a dash for the mailbox so that he can conceal the accursed subscription from his loyal disciples. . . . but one month, he takes it back to his room. . . . well, you can guess the rest.

The fellow in the photo is one of our converts.

VooDoo

Walker Memorial

Cambridge 39, Mass.

Dear Phos:

I hate people with wings coming out of their heads. Send a subscription to (Name) _____ right away, and don't stop sending 'em no matter how much he hollers. Enclosed is \$2.80 for eight degrading issues, heh, heh.

(Address) _____

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