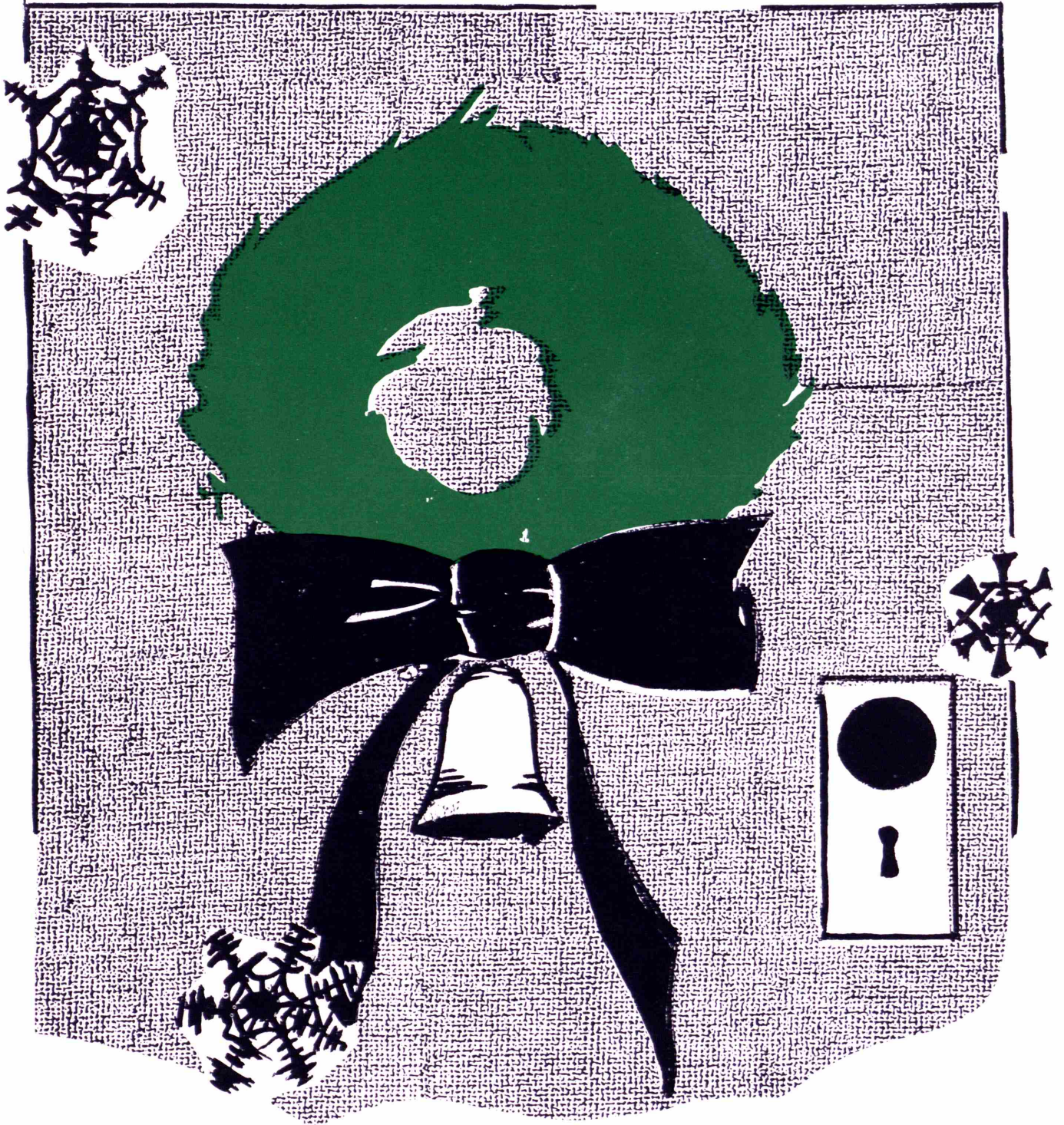


# Hoo Doo

December 1963 Thirty-Five Cents



"I'm Dreaming Of A Black Christmas" Issue

# CHRISTMAS CAROLS FOR OUR TIME

## WE THREE STROBES OF M.I.T. ARE

We three strobes of M.I.T. are,  
Flashing bright, the darkness we mar.  
Ionizing, oft surprising  
Photos, we take afar.  
O. Strobe of xenon, strobe of might  
Strobe with spectral beauty bright  
Fail us never, flash forever  
Guide us with thy brilliant light.

## JINGLE BELLS

Chorus:

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells  
Jingle all the way.  
When the season's over  
You'll have six whole months to pay.

Pay for all the gifts  
You gave your stingy friends  
Who didn't even send a card  
And you got screwed again.

Although you hate their guts  
You do it every year  
Browning up the boss to get  
Another raise this year.

Christmas is a farce.  
Santa is a fink.  
Every January you use  
Two quarts of red ink.

Some year you'll wise up  
Give it up for lost  
Tell them all to bite the bag  
And save yourself the cost.

## RUDOLPH, THE BROWN-NOSED MEATBALL

Rudolph, the brown-nosed meatball  
Had a twenty-inch sliderule.  
And if you ever saw it  
You would say that he's a tool.

All of the other freshmen  
Used to use the CRC.  
They wouldn't help poor Rudolph  
With his work in Chemistry.

Then one day in lecture hall  
One Tech coed said,  
"Rudolph with your K & E  
Won't you solve this hair for me?"

Then all the coeds kissed him  
As they paid their breakage fee.  
And promised to ask poor Rudolf  
For help next year in 8.03.

## LITTLE TOWN OF BIRMINGHAM

Oh, little town of Birmingham  
How still we see thee lie  
Beneath thy scorched and blasted church  
Thy little children die  
And though the people cry out  
The law is not in sight  
Their plaints and tears reach not our ears  
We'll burn a cross tonight.

*D. F. Nolan*  
*with assists from*  
*M. B. Wolf, E. P. Washer, and A. R. Lewis*



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**"Arise, ye sons of MIT. . . ."**

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*Kittens*  
Linda  
Dale  
Lane  
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Judy  
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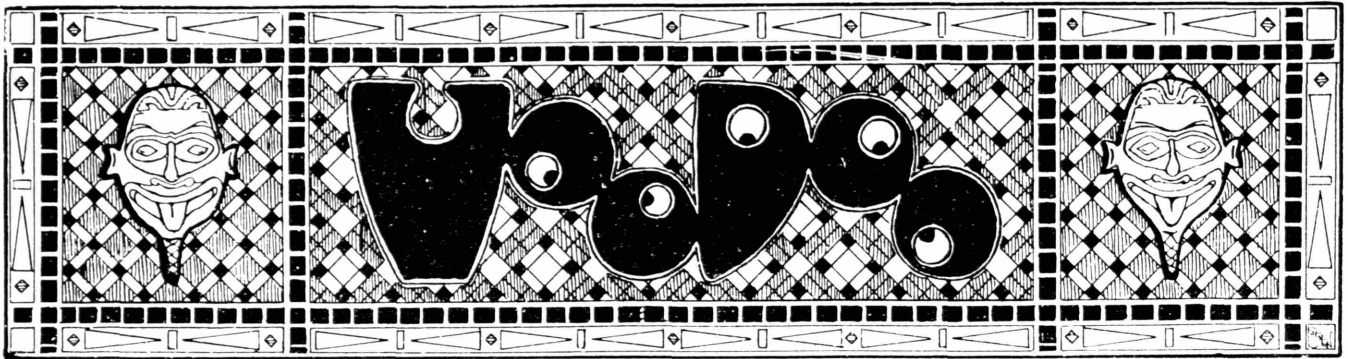
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Copyright 1961 by the VooDoo Senior Board. You'd better believe it. Cost us two dollars. Prosecutors will be violated. Published by the same old everlovin' Senior Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology this day the 13th. of December A.D. 1963. December copy inserted. Whatever that means. VooDoo is published monthly October through May and once in August just for the hell of it. Thirty-five cents a copy unless you're a friend. Subscription \$2.80 for eight issues, \$69.00 in Pago Pago. Senior Board can be found on the floor of 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass. any Wednesday night. We have been known to be represented for national advertising by College Magazines, Inc. Entered as second-class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts, after all sorts of ridiculous delays caused by the bureaucratic federal monolith. Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.



We entered the office with our Christmas present for Phos tucked under our coat, feeling rather fine despite the tired puns some had made about our early start on the Christmas spirit, and we noticed the old Cat looking about the office disdainfully.

"Merry Christmas, Cat," we said, taking off our coat and getting out his present.

"Well, it's about time for you to show up and clean up the office," he said. "You've only been around twice in the last month. Now get to work. I'm going to have a party here New Year's Eve and I want to have the place looking respectable." He laughed lewdly as he pointed at the broom.

"But, Cat," we said, "we've been worki--"

"And furthermore only Woopgaroo members are allowed to call me 'Cat'; so get to work."

"Yes, Phosphorus," we said meekly as we started sweeping the corner clean of six months' accumulation of dust, eggs, and beer. "Say, Phos, we brought you a Christmas present."

"Well, open it and pour me some." He watched dourly as we did so. "Going to be working hard over Christmas vacation, aren't you?"

We winced and he saw that he'd hit a sore spot. He chuckled and drained his saucer. "Finals are the sword of Damocles in the mistletoe. Print that, boy." He hiccuped softly, lurched back to his corner of the desk, and settled down to sleep. "And don't forget to wish everybody a Merry Christmas from old Phosphorus." He burped in his whiskers, mumbled something about "hard-boiled egg-nog", and began to snore.

---

(You'll have to excuse us for exhuming this moldy art-form, but—)

**A** Senior Board member informed us that the Graduate Record Exams asked forthrightly: "Chicago is (1) a village (2) a county (3) a country (4) a city (5) a state."

**S**ome New Yorkers on the staff don't understand why he thinks he's funny.

**A**t a Course VI student-faculty dinner the other evening, one professor told our General Manager that "VooDoo would have more readers on the Faculty if they were sure they wouldn't be seen carrying it in the halls." Sigh. . .

**A**s if that weren't bad enough, our Circulation Manager offered the Wellesley (College) *News* authentic money to run an ad for *VooDoo* and was turned down by some sweet thing who said, get this, she didn't think *VooDoo* was the sort of thing they should encourage their girls to read! Still wonder why we feel persecuted?

*Continued*



One of our reactionary staffers was complaining to his wife a few weeks ago that his straight razor was strangely dull. She said, "Why, darling, your beard can't be tougher than linoleum."

Who says the food here is bad? Why, just the other night Walker offered this delicious dinner:

Entree — Noodles *au gratin*  
Choice of two: mashed potatoes, French fried potatoes, brown potatoes, or corn.

Dessert— Rice pudding.

Watching for the first Santa Claus has gotten to be like watching for the first robin. The winner of our unofficial office contest this year spotted his near Chinatown on October 23rd.

Here's a hack to keep in mind: a certain Junior we know announced his intention to cut 8.05 one day, and asked a friend to pick up the assignment. The friend, not wishing to let him down, went to TCA, typed a bogus sheet of the hairiest order on a hecto master, and ran about ten copies. He gave this improved sheet to the Victim, and provided copies to those people the Victim would be most likely to consult in a panic. To date, the Victim hasn't reported on how 8.05 is coming along. . .

We note that the Metallurgy Department is not as esoteric as some of the others; following is an excerpt from the current 3.14 assignment: "Describe necking, both in words and mathematically. Why does it occur?"

*Continued on page 26*



Very "in"  
Christmas  
Gift!

### BASS WEEJUNS

And most wanted, the year round!  
So easy to give, too, with a Bass Gift Certificate that assures personal choice and perfect fit at a convenient Weejun store.  
There's one near you!



Only Bass makes Weejuns®  
G. H. BASS & CO., 1213 Main Street, Wilton, Maine

### BAKER'S SHOES of Cambridge

Better shoes for men,  
women, and children.

For children:

**BUNTEES**  
**CHILD LIFE**

For women:

**ENNA JETTICKS**  
**BASS WEEJUNS**  
**OLD MAINE TROTTERS**

For men:

**NUNN-BUSH**  
**AIR-FILM**  
**BASS WEEJUNS**  
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We specialize in corrective fitting.

Your Doctor's prescription carefully filled.

We carry a complete line of **SELVA** dance footwear, leotards, tights, and accessories.

Sizes for men and women to 15.

All widths to EEE.

### BAKER'S SHOES of Cambridge

**521 MASS. AVE.**

CENTRAL SQUARE  
EL 4-8883

WE SPECIALIZE IN PARTIES OPEN 8 'TILL 11 P.M.

## MAHLOWITZ MARKET, INC.

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BARBECUED CHICKENS FISH AND CHIPS

Kirkland 7-8075 UNIVERSITY 4-7777

782 - 786 MAIN STREET CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

## Charlie-the-Tech-Tailor

"Est. 1918"

71 Amherst Street EL 4-2088

Opposite Senior House and Dorms

*Press your suit*  
**Have** *Mend your clothes*  
**Him** *Sew on Buttons*  
*Dry clean your clothing*

Laundry Service Available

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N.B. He is noted for the finest work at the lowest Prices

## CAMERA SPECIAL BOLEX 8mm TURRET CAMERA

MODEL B8SL (DISC.)  
THE WORLD'S FINEST!  
REGULAR PRICE \$149.95

OUR PRICE **\$88.45**

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907 MAIN ST. AT CENTRAL SQUARE  
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Service  
Prescriptions Filled  
Glasses Repaired

## Uniry Optical Co.

*Abe Wise, Licensed Optician*  
31 Massachusetts Ave.

*Special Prices to M.I.T. Community*  
Nearest Optical House to M.I.T.

Teacher: (to children kneeling on classroom floor) What are you doing?

Pupil: We're shooting dice.

Teacher: Oh, I thought you were engaged in prayer.



Kind Old Lady: "Why, my man, I see you've lost your arm."

Not So Kind Old Man: "Well, lady — damned if I haven't."



A local tavern keeper, who had a reputation for keeping strong brews, was awakened the other night by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Go away. You can't have anything to drink at this hour."

"Who wants anything to drink," came the answer. "I left here at closing time without my crutches."



Have you heard the one about the girl who was pressed for money by her boyfriend?



Do you know what two men who love each other are called?  
Christians.



Our dictionary defines "coolie" as a quickie in the snow.

The little girl's mother had gone away to the mountains for a rest cure, and the child was left in the care of her father. When night came the little girl crawled into bed, and then called her daddy. Her father came quickly and asked his daughter what she wanted.

"Are you going to tuck me in, like you tuck mommy?" asked the child. Her father said of course he would.

"And are you going to kiss me goodnight, like you kiss mommy?" she whispered. The father replied by kissing her.

"Will you lie down next to me, like you do with mommy?" The father lay down next to his daughter.

"And now, daddy, will you whisper in my ear like you do to mommy?" and then whispered, "Buzz-buzz-buzz."

The little girl opened her eyes wide, turned to her father, and then whispered quietly, "No, not tonight, George, I'm too tired."



Just as he was getting to sleep in his upper berth, a chemistry prof. was awakened by a persistent tapping from the berth below.

"Oh Dr. Miller, are you awake?"

"I am now," he said groggily.

"It's frightfully cold down here. I wonder if you would mind getting me an extra blanket."

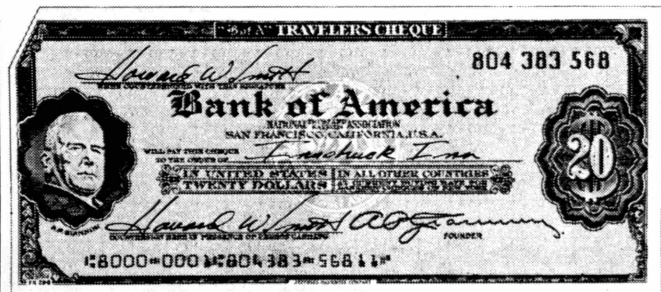
"I've a better idea," he said, "Let's pretend we are married."

Giggling, she said, "That sounds like a lovely idea."

"Good," said he, rolling over, "Now go get your own damn blanket."



The Schilling is local currency in Austria.  
So is this.



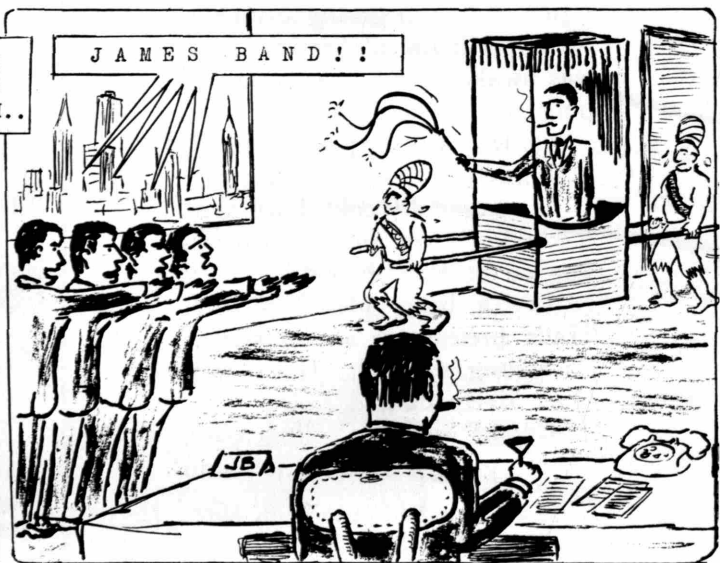
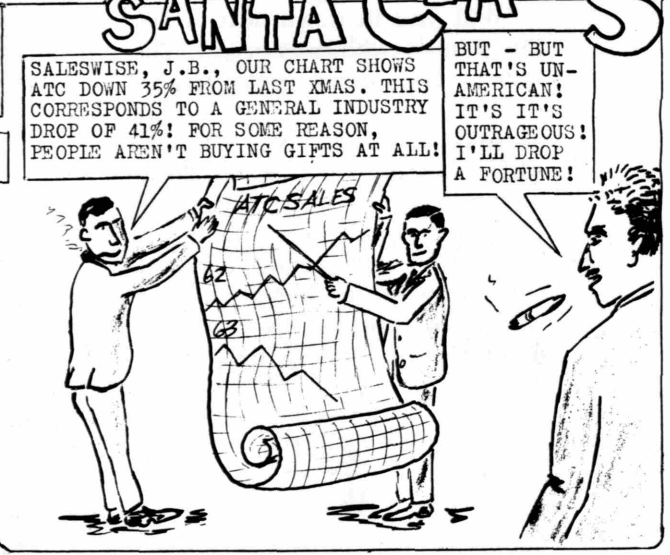
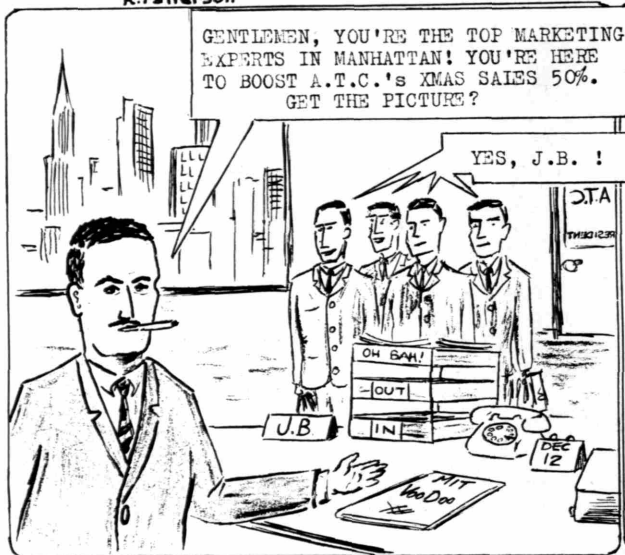
Austria, Australia, or Afghanistan: whether you're on —or off—the beaten track, **BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES** are as good as cash. Better, in fact. Loss-proof and theft-proof, they're money only you can spend. Only your signature makes them valid. Buy them before you go—spend them as you go—anywhere around the world.



Christmas today is no longer a time when the giving of simple gifts is just a symbol of the joy of the season. Gift-giving has become a high-pressure professional concern of America's toy and gift manufacturers. Marketing and selling Christmas products has become a ruthless, heartless business. Let us now go behind the scenes at the Amalgamated Toy Corp. as they plot

# THE DAY THEY IMPEACHED SANTA CLAUS

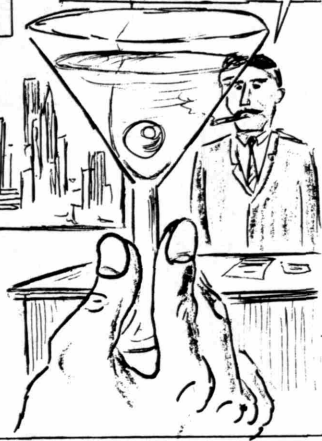
K. Patterson



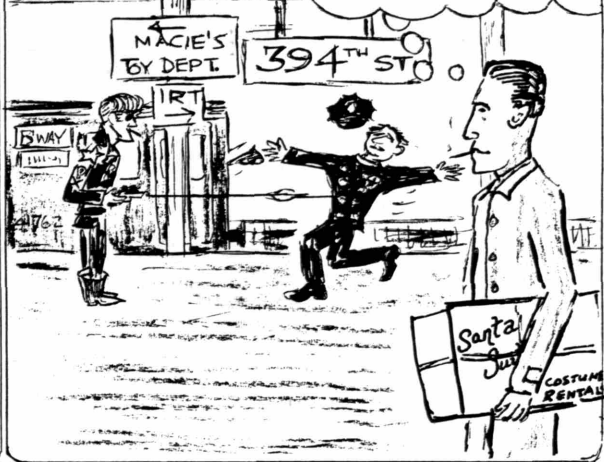
BAND IS THE NAME \* MADISON AVE. SLEUTH #0069. I JUST FINISHED THE CASE OF THE GANG WHO WERE SWITCHING THE LABELS ON THE "CHEER" vs "BRAND X" TV COMMERCIALS.



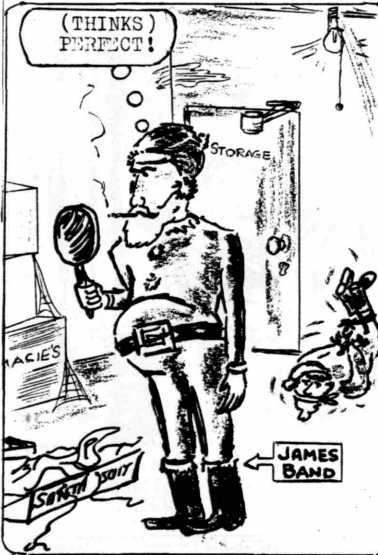
YOU'RE GETTING \$500 A DAY BAND! GET TO WORK & FIND OUT WHY PEOPLE AREN'T BUYING TOYS!



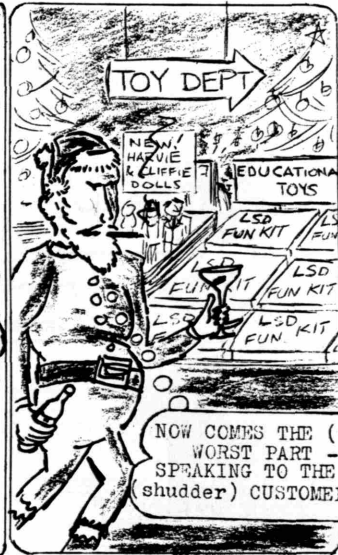
(THINKS) THIS SANTA CLAUS DISGUISE I'M CARRYING WILL LET ME ASK PEOPLE WHY THEY AREN'T BUYING TOYS WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION.



(THINKS) PERFECT!

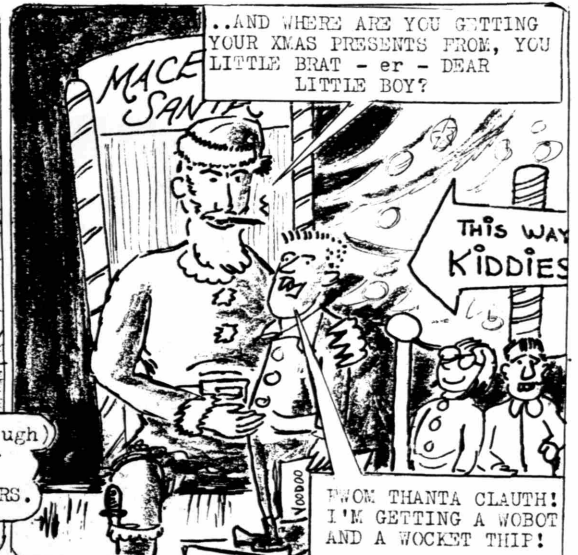


TOY DEPT



NOW COMES THE (ugh) WORST PART - SPEAKING TO THE (shudder) CUSTOMERS.

...AND WHERE ARE YOU GETTING YOUR XMAS PRESENTS FROM, YOU LITTLE BRAT - er - DEAR LITTLE BOY?

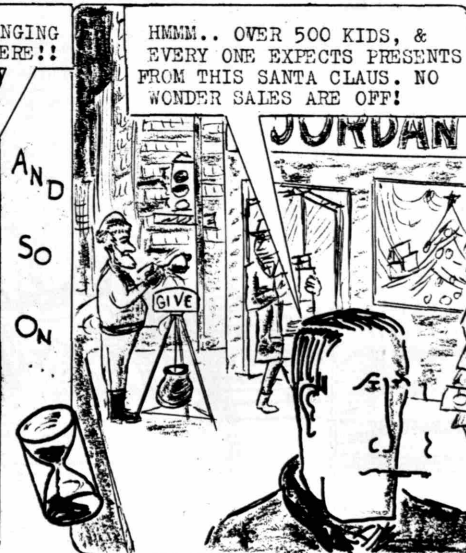


FWOW THANTA CLAUTH! I'M GETTING A WOBOT AND A WOCKET THIP!

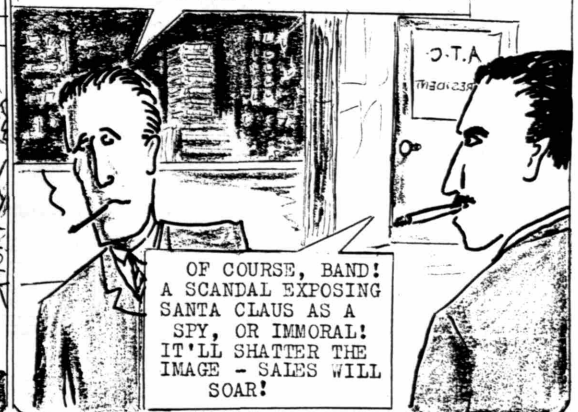
SANTA CLAUS IS BRINGING ME MY FIRST BRASSIERE!!



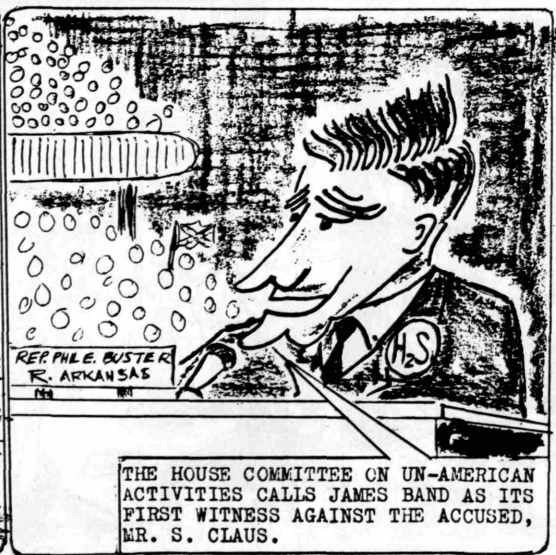
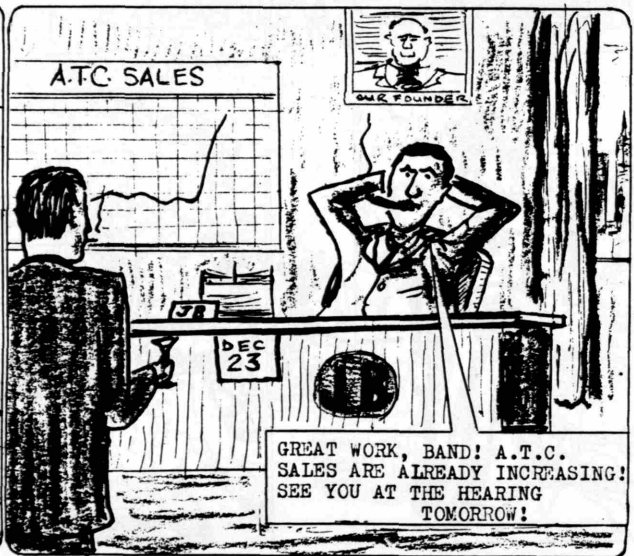
HMMM.. OVER 500 KIDS, & EVERY ONE EXPECTS PRESENTS FROM THIS SANTA CLAUS. NO WONDER SALES ARE OFF!



..SO YOU SEE, J.P., IF WE CAN SOMEHOW STOP THIS SANTA CLAUS THING\* MAKE PEOPLE THINK THAT HE'S NOT PROVIDING GIFTS - THEN PARENTS WILL HAVE TO BUY THEIR KIDS' PRESENTS. SALES WILL BOOM!!



OF COURSE, BAND! A SCANDAL EXPOSING SANTA CLAUS AS A SPY, OR IMMORAL! IT'LL SHATTER THE IMAGE - SALES WILL SOAR!







AND SO SANTA GLAUS IS SAVED IN THE "NICK" OF TIME! BUT READ ON, GENTLE READERS FOR THE MORAL OF OUR TALE...



To All Our Friends at M.I.T.

# Merry Xmas and a Hi Fi New Year

## SEASON'S SPECIAL

Keep Your Mind Off Your Studies With A

**H. H. SCOTT 50 WATT  
STEREO AMPLIFIER**

Kit

**Reg. price \$124.95**



# NOW-\$94.00

Note: This is a prior model of a slightly modified New Unit

ONLY A FEW LEFT!

# CRAMER ELECTRONICS

817 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON

# C07-4700

Opposite the new Prudential Tower.

If you were a giant and had four balls, where would you go?

First base.



An epileptic and a horse were sitting in a tavern discussing Siamese cats. In came a Norwegian lap-dog, a Polynesian harpy, and a Chinese jelly roll. They all ordered milk. Immediately, the epileptic got up and crashed to the floor.



"I don't know who I am. I was left on a doorstep."

"Maybe you're a milk bottle."



What goes "Mark, mark."?  
A dog with a harelip.



What goes "Moof, moof."?  
A cow with a cleft palate.



What has two breasts, fourteen testicles, and whistles as it runs through the woods?  
Snow White and the seven dwarfs.

# AN XMAS CAROL

by Charles Dickens



**M**erry was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. Scroode had witnessed the death certificate the same day he signed the register of his bankruptcy: and Scroode's word was as good as his name. Merry died, poor as a church-mouse.

Mind! I don't mean that I know, of my own knowledge, that church-mice are poor; many are solid, good-standing citizens. But the simile is church-mouse, so you must permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Merry was poor as a church-mouse.

Scroode knew he died bankrupt? Of course he did. Scroode and Merry had been partners for I don't know how many years. But he never let the fact interfere with his pleasure.

Oh! but he was a happy old man, Scroode! a merry, devil-may-care lecher as free of worry or selfishness as a church-mouse. The warmth within him brightened his eye, reddened his cheek, and spoke out gaily in his effervescent voice.

Once upon a time—of all the days, a Monday—old Scroode sat idle at his desk. The day was a clear, pleasant, winter day, and a bright shaft of sunlight fell on his sleeve. "Oh, ratsafrats, Uncle! We gotta go Christmas shopping!" cried a sour voice. It was the voice of Scroode's nephew, who had trundled into the room.

"Ah! Hotdog!" said Scroode. "Christmas shopping is fun. Giving is the spirit of Christmas."

The nephew trudged out, letting in representatives of various charities. Scroode received each of them, and gave each a goodly sum. This being done, he told the young clerk to take the rest of the year vacation, and started home. He stopped at the various shops to buy gaily-wrapped items of mink and fool's gold; stopped at each corner to drop a bill in Santa's pot; cheerily greeting the bookies; gave alms to every beggar; tipped the doorman, and went to his apartment.

When Scroode reached his door, he was surprised to notice the initials "IOU" on the knocker. He had had that knocker twenty years, and had never seen it; it was as if some malevolent Presence had scrawled the design. Shrugging, he went inside.

Scroode lay on his bed; the sugar-plum visions danced merrily in his head; when his peace was disturbed by a clanking in the laundry room. This might have lasted half a minute, but it seemed an hour. The clanking stopped, and was succeeded by the slow drag of footsteps up the stairs; across the hall, then coming straight toward his door. It came through the door without opening it: a flicker of the fire proclaimed "I know it! It's Merry's ghost!"

The same face; the very same. Merry in his pig-tail, his bright eyes now dull, his body transparent, the smile faded forever from his lips. Around him was a long chain; Scroode observed that it was made of debts and deficits.

"Hello, there!" said Scroode merrily. "What's new?"

"Much!" (Merry's voice, no doubt of it.)

"Who are you?"

*Continued*



"I was your partner, Jakov Merry, before I expired in pauperdom."

"But whyfore that chain?"

"This chain is the debts and ingratitude I accumulated. This is why I am poor. I spent my days caring for others, when it is to myself I should have tended. Take heed of my plight, Eveneasy Scroode, for you have had eight years more accumulated debts than I. Cast out the foolishness of your ways, else you will be further bound than I when the day of reckoning up comes."

Scroode trembled: "Speak comfort to me, Jakov; say it isn't so!"

"I have none to give. You will be haunted on the next three nights by Three Spirits. If you sincerely wish to rescue your state, it is your only hope." With that, the ghost faded as he had come. Scroode went straight to sleep, without undressing.



When Scroode awoke, it was dark. The clock struck twelve, and stopped. Twelve! He had slept through the entire day, to the night the first Spirit was to come. The curtains of the bed drew aside, and Scroode was faced with a gnarled, old man of indistinct features.

"Are you the Spirit, Sir, whose coming was foretold?" asked Scroode.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Pests."

The Spirit held Scroode's hand, and they were transported to the streets of the town; but it was the town as it was when Scroode was younger. Scroode saw himself, a younger self, come from the counting house of Old Fuzzlebazz, his cruel employer at the time. He saw himself, though a poor man of few means, give alms to pale beggars who scooted to the nearest bar on miraculously rehabilitated legs as soon as he rounded a corner; he saw himself give donations to charities supporting well-paid administrators; he saw himself swindled in the office numbers game. He saw his tired sleep broken by off-key carolers who only left when properly endowed; he saw himself pay a week's wages for a cellophane and tinsel tree that would not last the night. He saw his buggy smashed at the intersection when he mistook a green light on a decoration for a traffic signal; he saw himself gain a hernia attempting to lift the ad-swollen *Times*. All this and more he saw, and remembered.

When he could stand no more, he shouted to the Spirit: "Leave me, and let me forget these unpleasant memories!"

The Spirit pressed a button on his head, and vanished, leaving Scroode on his bed.

When Scroode woke, it was again dark, and again midnight. Not wishing to be surprised by this night's visitor, he stood a vigil. A light appeared at the door; Scroode pulled it open, to find himself in a cheery room filled with scrap paper. His visitor, a chubby man in red and white with a flowing white beard, greeted him:

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Presents!"

Indeed, he was! Scroode found that they were in the home of his young clerk, Bob Crotchrot. At the tree (a large stainless steel pine with an intermittently flashing star) was Bob's tiny son, Tiny Son, who was still unwrapping boxes of toys, candies, robots, slavegirls, can-openers, torts, Baby-Bubby Cuppies, and beer. The room was being filled with gaily colored papers, ribbons, bows, wreaths, santas, and bells, which Bob was shoveling out onto the sidewalk, along with occasional stray toys.

"Is this all?!" screamed Son, who had reached the last box, and was being attacked by his Automatic Magi-control Army of 1700 soldiers, armed with b-b guns.

The Spirit then took Scroode to his nephew's home; the merriment there consisted of twenty-six ties, four wallets, a diamond ring, and a mink coated back-zipper-pull.

"How can we afford all this?" asked the wife.

"Never fear!" replied the nephew. "My dear uncle Scroode will pay for it all!"

At this, Scroode fainted dead away, and reawoke in his room. The clock was at twelve again: a new Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached.

*Continued*

"You are the Ghost of Christmas Overanddone?"

The specter nodded, and indicated Scroode should follow. He saw files of bills marked unpaid; he saw piles of refuse building faster than they could be destroyed. He passed hordes of angry men; men bent upon collection of monies owed them. A man he recognized from the office that afternoon three days past spoke above the rest.

"If he cannot pay, he must be punished!"

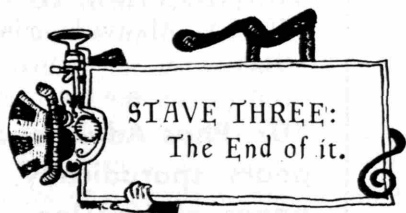
The Spirit was pointing to the nametag on a cell-door of the workhouse. It seemed immutable as Time itself.

"Say that this future you show me is what may be, not what is! Say I may yet repent!"

The figure was immobile. Scroode followed the finger and read his own name, *EVENEASY SCROODE*.

"No!" cried Scroode. "No! I will change my careless ways. Oh, tell me I may erase the name on that cell!"

He clutched at the phantom. It repulsed him, and shrank into a bedpost.



**G**yes! And the bedpost was his own. Best of all, his eyes were open to Reality. "I will be realistic. Yes! I will obey Reason. But I don't even know what day it is." He dashed to the window and threw it open.

"Hallo! You, boy, what day is this?"

"Eh!" said the lad, intelligently. "To-day? Why, it's Christmas Day, of course."

"Christmas! Then it's not too late! The Spirits have done it all in one night. Hallo. You know the butcher's? You know the fine prize turkey I bought for the Crotchrots? Well, tell them to shove it! Cancel the order!"

Scroode spent the rest of the day recollecting alms. The next morning, he was at the office early. When Crotchrot walked in, he said:

"You're late. I won't stand for it. You're fired."

Scroode had no further intercourse with the Spirits, and lived on the Total Obstinace Principle every afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas in its place, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us!

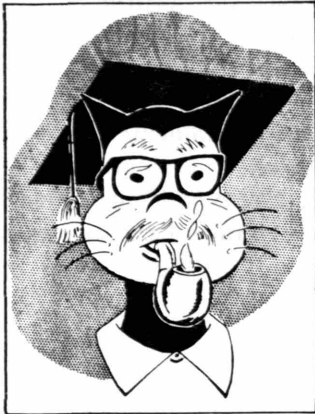
The End

*Apologies from Mike Levine*



"Scroode's Third Visitor"

# Dr. Phos Advises



Despite our assurances last month that Dr. Phos was going on extended leave, we felt obliged to bring him back this month to answer the flood of letters which have come in asking advice on choosing Christmas presents.

Dear Dr. Phos:

Should I give my boss a goose for Christmas?

Muckraker

Dear Rake:

It depends on how well you know him.

\*\*\*\*

Dear Dr. Phos:

My son said he wants a Tech coded for Christmas; what should I get him?

Hesitant Mother

Dear Mother:

Psychoanalyzed.

\*\*\*\*

Dear Dr. Phos:

How can I tell my son there's no Santa Claus? He's thirty-seven.

Waited Too Long

Dear Weighted:

What do you mean "There's no Santa Claus"?!

\*\*\*\*

Dear Dr. Phos:

Is Kipling good at Christmas?

Book Lover

Dear Lover:

No.

\*\*\*\*

Dear Dr. Phos:

How about Browning?

Another Book Lover

Dear Other:

It's a question of taste.

\*\*\*\*

CONFIDENTIAL TO "P.O.'ED PILOT"—Always loop before you leak.

\*\*\*\*

"Dr. Phos Advises. . ." appears sporadically in the pages of *VooDoo*. If you need help, write him c/o this magazine, 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.

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*We started out with this great idea for a hilarious interview, but wound up crying in our beer when we found out about*

## THE TWO FACES OF CHRISTMAS EVE

*We thought our readers might be interested in an interview with Santa Claus, but the dirty old man proved singularly uncooperative, so we settled for the same thing that at least 8000 Greater Boston kids are presently settling for: the facsimile Father Christmas at one of Boston's larger department stores. We interviewed him in mufti over a seidel of dark at a Stuart St. bar. We asked him what his real name was.*

Well, you know a lot of kids ask me the same question. I'd just as soon you didn't print it, if it's all the same.

*OK. What do you do when it's not Christmas season?*

Make toys for the next Christmas in my workshop.

*No, I mean in real life.*

Well, I've been working at odd jobs off and on. Mostly I've been enemployed this year, though.

*I see. How did you get your job?*



I was a Santa last year and \_\_\_\_\_'s was pretty happy with me, so they took me back on. Last year was the first time. I got the job then through the State Employment Agency.

*What qualifications are needed to be a department store Santa?* Well, you got to have the laugh, you know what I mean? Mostly, though, you've just got to be able to put up with all these kids.

*How many children do you hold on your lap in an average day?* It's hard to say. Business has been running below last year. I guess three or four hundred a day. Of course, there's more the closer you get to Christmas.

*You say the laugh is important. Would you demonstrate it for us?* OK. It's a sort of ho ho ho, you know? You've got to have a knack for it. Some guys go sort of har har har, and kids start bawling and wet their pants—You've got to sound friendly.

*Which gets difficult after a while, I imagine.*

I'll say it does! After a couple of weeks I just come here straight after work. \_\_\_\_\_'s has pretty tough rules where their Santas are concerned. I can't drink at lunch or even in the morning. I can't smoke on the job. If a kid gets his chewing gum stuck in my beard and tries to pull it out, I've got to sit there and ho ho ho. It gets on your nerves after awhile.

*Do you have any children?*

Yeah, I got five of my own.

*What do they think of your job?*

They don't know what I do. They just know I work for \_\_\_\_\_'s. My wife takes them to see the Santa over at \_\_\_\_\_.

*Is there anything like a Santa union? I mean, do you know any of the other Santas around town?* No, there's no union or nothing. I know one other guy who works at this, but I just ran into him by accident at the Employment Agency. He's a street corner Santa, though, which don't really count.

*So there are status differences even among Santa Clauses?*

Huh?

*I mean, you tend to look down on street corner Santas?*

Well, you know — They got to stand there, you know what I mean? And they're generally ringing a bell or something. Actually, they're begging, when you come right down to it.

*How old are the kids who come to see you?*

*Continued on page 26*



Deciding to investigate rumors of immoral amusements among college students (they're a bad group), a young professor arranged to have himself invited to a weekend party. After the party had been going for several hours without a single incident, the much-relieved prof said goodnight and went up to bed. He had hardly gotten beneath the covers when his door opened and a shapely co-ed in a flimsy nightgown entered.

"Did you want me?" he asked in surprise.

"Not especially," she replied, "I just drew you."



"What do you get when you cross a grape and an elephant?"

"(grape)(elephant) sine."

"Will you look at the rip in my trouser fly?" shouted the husband. "I think I oughta just go and wear 'em that way so all the other guys can see what I have to put up with."

"Go ahead," screamed his wife. "Maybe it'll give all the women a good idea of what I have to put up with!"



"What's the difference between a carload of bowling balls and a carload of dead babies?"

"You can't unload a carload of bowling balls with a pitchfork."


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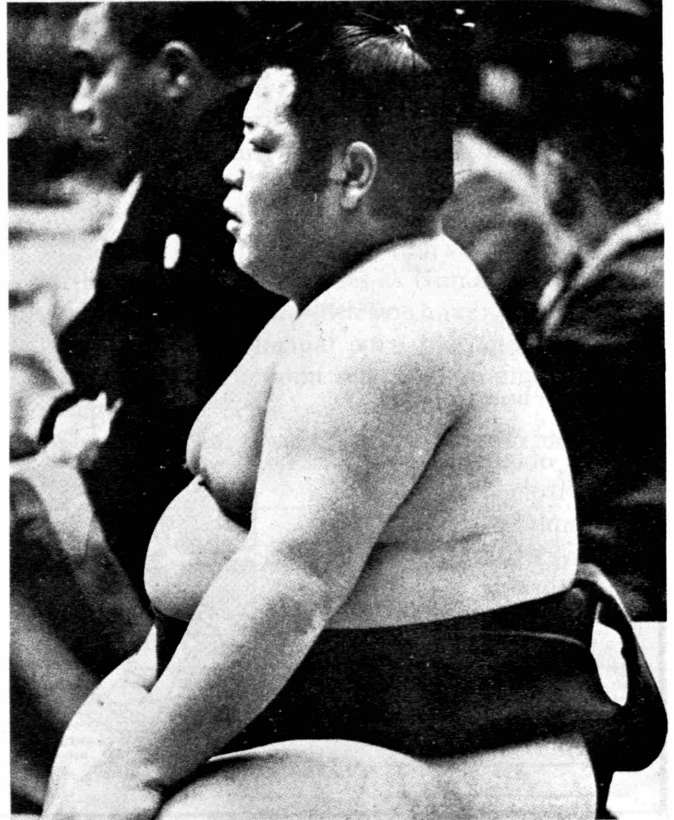
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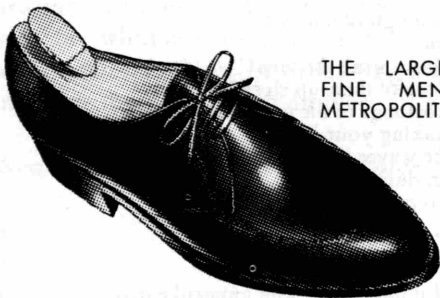
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"Here's one Luther Burbank didn't try," said the co-ed as she crossed her legs.



A middle aged businessman took his wife to Paris. Once rid of the old gal he visited a few bars and finally picked up a pretty hustler. He was having a ball until she brought up the subject of money. She asked for fifty and he offered her ten. She refused to bargain and so they didn't get together.

That evening he took his wife to a good restaurant and there he spotted his pretty companion of the afternoon seated at a table near the door.

"See, monsieur!" said the babe, as they passed near her table. "Look what you got for your lousy ten dollars."

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## VOO DOO CHRISTMAS PUNCH

"Well, just enough of it to win."

"An elephant."

"The vine, Jane, grab the vine!"

"Ever seen one of these up close?"

"Because it belongs to the man behind me."

"No, I'm making your lunch."

"Don't make waves!"

"Ding dong, damn it!"

"It looked so good, I ate it myself."

"-----!"

"It's still in its original crate."

"Don't bother: I'll eat it here."

"How could it have teeth, with gums like that!"

"But it's eating my popcorn!"

"So that's how you guys load those things!"

"But I didn't have an organ, so I put it on the piano."

"Eek! a bald-headed mouse!"

"I couldn't, it was all one strand!"

"Of course not! Quimbly's no queer!"

"Well, if it leaks, then the guarantee runs out."

"One's a bunch of cunning runts."

"They both have cockpits."

"Pardon me madam, I thought you were a turnstile."

"I'm the real McCoy."

"Stick to the story - you're supposed to eat me."

"The whole shovelful, Miss Kitty?"

"Hey, Joe, grease up the cat!"



A game of highly irregular verbs. . . .

# PRINCIPAL PARTS

With the approach of the "party season" every good Tech-nan, tool and true, is wondering if he is going to be the "life" of it all. Well, if you are looking for a gimmick (and everyone knows you *have* to have a gimmick in these anxiety-ridden times), look no further. Your worries are over. Here it is. Good old Phos to the rescue every time.

Remember back in your Dick and Jane days? Remember all that jazz about *principal parts*? Like *look, looked, looked*; or *run, ran, run*. Yeah, the present, past, and past participle forms of regular and irregular verbs.

So far so good, but what your teacher *didn't* tell you about was the principal parts of those *highly* irregular verbs. But in order to play Phos' game of PRINCIPAL PARTS you have got to put aside all that Dick and Jane stuff. For example, any common, ordinary, Harvard boy has been taught that the principal parts of *drink* are *drink, drank, drunk*. (Further evidence, it might be said, of the decay of Western Civilization.) But, be that as it may, with Dr. Phos, *drink* runs more like this: *drink, stoned, arrested*; or, if you are playing freshmen rules, it's: *drink, drank, barfed*.

As you have already deduced (by the way, the principal parts of this verb are: *deduce, induce, seduce*) the usual categories of *present, past, and past participle* are done away with in favor of the following: (1) *now*, (2) *later*, (3) *later than that even*. See what amazing things you learn when you read *VooDoo*? Now in order to get the feel of the game note the following examples:

| <i>Now</i> | <i>Later</i> | <i>Later than that even</i> |
|------------|--------------|-----------------------------|
| rise       | rose         | orbited                     |
| swim       | sank         | drowned                     |
| drive      | park         | kiss                        |
| go         | gone         | way out                     |
| do         | did          | done in                     |

Got the idea? Good, now try your own hand with the following:

| <i>Now</i> | <i>Later</i> | <i>Later than that even</i> |
|------------|--------------|-----------------------------|
| be         | _____        | _____                       |
| lie        | _____        | _____                       |
| lay        | _____        | _____                       |
| think      | _____        | _____                       |

Well now, isn't that funny-fun-fun. Just like Dr. Phos said. Why don't you try the ones at the right and send your answers to "Contest", c/o *VooDoo*. The best three (3) entries in our arbitrary opinion

will get a free gift subscription to *VooDoo* to send to anyone in the United States!

At any event, PRINCIPAL PARTS will make you the life of any party, but a word of caution. As the poet said, "If Christmas comes, can exams be far behind," this means you have got to be careful. It's mighty easy to get "hooked" on PRINCIPAL PARTS, and however laudable that might be in terms of your social life, it could be your ruin on examinations. Particularly in such courses as Humanities, political science, and others in which you have to use the English language. Principal parts like *burst, bust, bra* can easily intrude upon scholarly ruminations with telling effect.

So take it easy, save some words for next year, will you?

— Roy I. Mumme

| <i>Now</i> | <i>Later</i> | <i>Later than that even</i> |
|------------|--------------|-----------------------------|
| ride       | _____        | _____                       |
| come       | _____        | _____                       |
| raise      | _____        | _____                       |
| eat        | _____        | _____                       |
| set        | _____        | _____                       |
| burst      | _____        | _____                       |
| dive       | _____        | _____                       |
| park       | _____        | _____                       |
| dance      | _____        | _____                       |
| kiss       | _____        | _____                       |
| see        | _____        | _____                       |
| marry      | _____        | _____                       |
| touch      | _____        | _____                       |
| break      | _____        | _____                       |
| kick       | _____        | _____                       |
| play       | _____        | _____                       |
| punch      | _____        | _____                       |
| leap       | _____        | _____                       |
| lost       | _____        | _____                       |
| build      | _____        | _____                       |
| sell       | _____        | _____                       |
| blast      | _____        | _____                       |
| cry        | _____        | _____                       |
| score      | _____        | _____                       |
| hop        | _____        | _____                       |
| keep       | _____        | _____                       |
| arise      | _____        | _____                       |
| bite       | _____        | _____                       |
| get        | _____        | _____                       |
| awake      | _____        | _____                       |
| hang       | _____        | _____                       |
| shake      | _____        | _____                       |
| show       | _____        | _____                       |
| take       | _____        | _____                       |
| wear       | _____        | _____                       |
| buy        | _____        | _____                       |
| love       | _____        | _____                       |



*My guest in the Cathouse this month (sounds bad, I know) is Charlie Deber, chemistry grad student, bon vivant, man about town, and rock-and-roll scholar. His dulcet, Brooklynese voice fills the airwaves from three to five Saturdays on WTBS's Rock and Roll Memory Time, but he is probably best known to VooDoo readers as the author of "Lord of the Thighs", "Ethel: The Girl Who Wouldn't," and other gems which we've published in the past year. He's writing this column this month because I couldn't think of anything to say about Christmas. He couldn't either, but he doesn't care.*

— Reed

#### ON ENGLISH MUFFINS

Something there is about an English muffin — something lovable, something intangible — something that clearly distinguishes it from a jelly doughnut, from a bagel, from a piece of pumpernickel. But, what? Has anybody ever stopped to think about it? The fact is that English muffins are devoured thoughtlessly, haphazardly, and in great numbers, yet nobody has ever asked, "Where do English muffins come from — England?" "Are they really muffins?" or "What ingredients go into them that give English muffins that distinctive taste?"

What's all this about English muffins?

Just the other day my friend Ralph remarked, "ME, I'm strictly a jelly doughnut man, but if I saw an English muffin next to a whole pile of jelly doughnuts, I'd take the English muffin any day." And certainly, I agree. Anyway you eat it, an English muffin tastes better than a jelly doughnut. It's a fact.

Now some people like their English muffins split in half, toasted to a crispy finish, and topped with butter which immediately melts and saturates the inner surfaces of the muffin with its golden goodness. Others prefer cream cheese on their English muffins, although admittedly, cream cheese doesn't melt on a hot muffin like butter does. But you can't condemn a guy just because he likes cream cheese instead of butter on his English muffins. I even knew a fellow who enjoyed his English muffins most when they were topped with cottage cheese. Well, you meet all kinds.

Did you ever eat a raw English muffin? You know what I mean, the way it comes when you take it out of that package of four Thomas' English muffins. In a way, the muffin directly out of the package is kind of cold and clammy. But it's not just a hunk of raw dough. I'm sure it's been baked, at least partially. You certainly wouldn't get sick if you ate a raw English muffin. I've eaten several; of course I cut them in half first. Look, it's unusual enough to be eating the muffins raw, but you don't have to go overboard and eat them whole, since everybody eats English muffins in halves. When you go into Howard Johnson's and you tell the waitress, "An order of English muffins please", she brings you three halves of muffins. Now if you count that up, it turns out that she has served you exactly one-and-one-half English muffins. That means she has a half left over, but she's not worried. She knows she can sell that half of a muffin. What she's worried about is getting stuck

with a WHOLE English muffin.

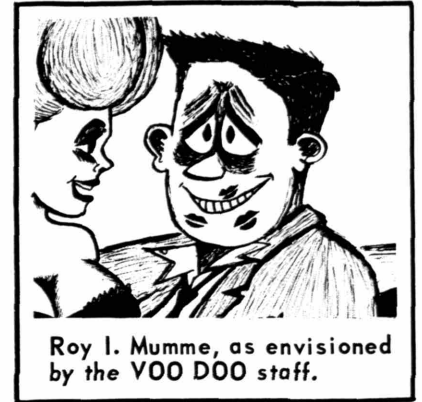
I once went into a snack bar at a bowling alley with three other guys. The waiter asks me what I want, and I say, "Four English muffins please". So he says, "Is that for all of you fellows?" and I say, "No, that's just for me," and then the guy next to me says, "Four English muffins please." The other two guys each ordered four English muffins. Every toaster and grill down the length of the snack bar was covered with English muffins, being warmed to bring out the flavor, the aroma, the consistency, the magnificence that only a well-toasted English muffin can have. Well-toasted, but not too-well-toasted; a burned English muffin where the whole inner surface is kind of black, and sort of crumbles apart when you try to bite into it, leaves much to be desired. Much, when you consider what the truly perfectly toasted English muffin has to offer.

Actually, I suppose that four English muffins are too many for one sitting, although three is possibly the optimum number. You take a girl to Hayes-Bickford, and each of you buys a round of muffins, so each of you eats three muffins. Each order should be eaten along with a cup of coffee or a large glass of milk. Probably, the average English muffin eater pays 15 cents a serving for three halves; if he buys them by the package (to toast himself), he pays only 23 cents for eight halves, a saving of 2.125 cents per half.

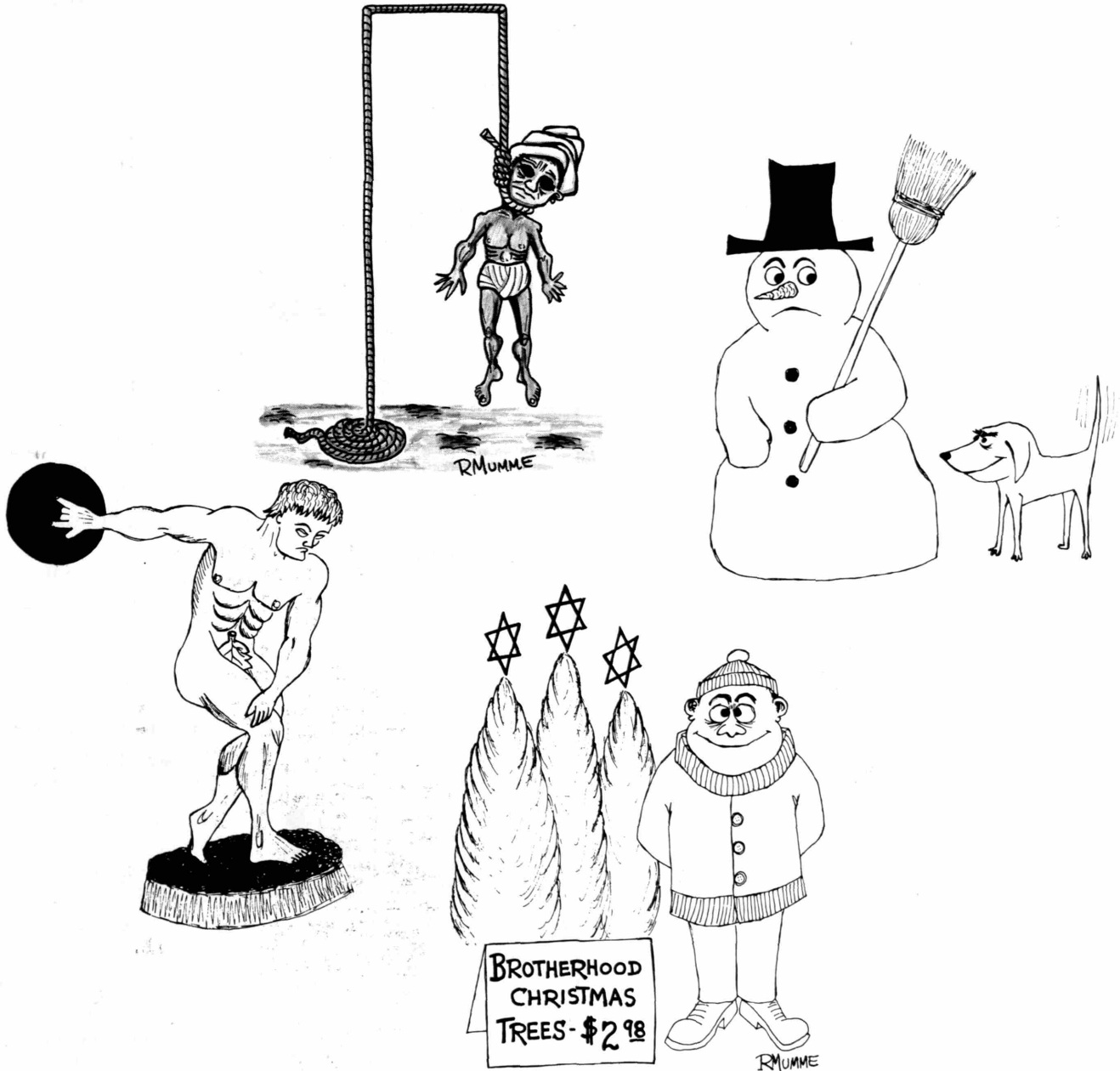
There's quite a bit of writing on a package of Thomas' English muffins, quite a bit compared to, say, a large package of Tip Top White Bread, on which all it says is "Baked While You Sleep" or "Sodium Propionate added to retard spoilage." On the English muffins package by contrast, it gives several suggestions on how to serve the muffins, i.e., "muffin-burgers" (this is the first we hear of employing English muffins for sandwiches), and "Thomas' pizza

*Continued on page 26*

*In response to a flood of "Who's Roy Mumme?" questions, we present a brief rundown: He lives in Bellingham, Washington. He is a college professor. He has a Southern accent, a wife and two children, a black Labrador retriever, two homosexual cats, a pet crow, and a sports car. He wrote us out of the blue last year offering to submit cartoons and articles — which we have printed in ever-increasing number. We have never seen him.*



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He: Do you love me, Joan?  
 She: But my name is Carolyn.  
 He: Isn't this Wednesday?



Son: "Ma, what's the idea of makin' me sleep up here every night?"

Mother: "Hush, Bobby, you only have to sleep on the mantelpiece two more weeks and then your picture will be in 'Believe-It-or-Not.'"



Interviewer: "Tell me, Mr. Santa Claus, what do you really dig most about Christmas?"

S.C.: "Well, I'll tell you, Charlie, I really get a charge out of whipping them reindeer."



Drunk: "Taxi?"  
 Driver: "Yes sir!"  
 Drunk: "I thought so."



Little boy: "Teacher, may I leave the room?"

Teacher: "No, Henry, you stay right here and fill up the ink wells."



Boy looking for an apartment — just a small place large enough to lay his hat and a few friends.



"Di'ja shее me come in da door?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Never shaw me before in ya life, didja?"  
 "No."  
 "Howja know it was me?"



# CHRISTMAS BIZARRE

It was dark outside, and the snow was beginning to fall again, in large delicate flakes. The old man sat at his desk, writing in a large leather-bound volume with a quill pen. Behind him, on the wall, a candle burned fitfully, casting deep shadows into the corners of the room.

Sitting there, on the night before Christmas, he was tired, and looked forward with little enthusiasm for the hard night ahead. He was getting very old now, and the years had taken their toll. Tomorrow he could rest, but then the long grind would begin again.

He wondered, as he sat there, if there would ever be an end to it. He had petitioned for retirement year after year, but still, no relief came. Apparently, nobody wanted to relieve him, and he had to stay on, year after year, long after he should have been allowed to quit.

This past year had been especially rough. The company now had more than a billion customers, and production facilities were hopelessly outmoded. The delivery system was obsolete to the point of impossibility, and the accounting system was a hundred years behind the times. Why, the facilities weren't even fully electrified yet—witness the candlelight fixtures in his own office.

The one thing that had managed to keep pace with the times was the employee's union. Ceaseless in their demands for higher wages and shorter hours, their output had steadily declined in quality and quantity per man-hour invested. Just this afternoon, the union leader had come in demanding two whole weeks off after Christmas with full pay. A nasty little man with glinty eyes and fingers as skittery as a pick-pocket's, the union leader was perhaps the worst of the lot. Damn labor unions anyhow.

A sudden stab of pain in his chest caused him to clutch at his heart. He could feel another attack coming on—and at the time he could least afford it. He reached in his desk drawer to get at his medicine, and looked for the ten-thousandth time at the gun lying next to it. He paused. Now? If ever he had felt like ending it all, it was now.

He thought of all the other years. The years when he had carried on in the face of wind, rain, sleet and

fire—when he had made the rounds alone, and had gotten through. And for what? What did he have to show for it? Frostbitten feet, and a heart murmur.

And he knew that he would never get anything more, no matter how long he stayed on. Eventually, he would die, and there would be nobody to take his place, nobody to mourn his passing.

He probably wouldn't even get a decent burial. He reached for the gun, and held it close to his face. His eyesight wasn't as good as it had once been, but he still could see the craftsmanship that had gone into the making of the gun. He spun the chamber, and held the gun to his temple. Should he? Why not? It would be so simple.

No! If he did, who would take his place? He thought of the children who would be disappointed, and the dreams that would be shattered. He couldn't do it. There were too many people who needed him.

The phone on his desk rang. An ancient instrument, it rang shrilly and raggedly, refusing to be ignored. He picked it up with a sigh.

"Hello?" The voice at the other end answered. He listened, and then hung up, sighing again. Troubles in the processing department. He wouldn't be able to leave for another two hours, and it was already ten o'clock. Outside, the wind increased in intensity, and the candle flickered in its holder.

Again, he clutched at his chest. Another pang. He picked up the gun, and stared at it. Somehow, he didn't care any more. He just didn't care. Vaguely, he thought of a poem he had heard somewhere, once. Something to do with woods and a snowy evening. He remembered the last two lines—"For I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep."

The hell with the promises! Who had ever given *him* a fair deal? He lifted the gun to his temple, and pulled the trigger. The gun went off, and he slumped forward onto his desk, as the candle behind him flickered and went out. Someone in the distance paused for a second, and momentarily ceased their cheerful song of Christmas.

But the fat little man in the bright red suit did not hear.

—D. F. Nolan

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My father said when I was born that if he ever had another child like me he'd shoot himself. Mother said there was no sense in killing an innocent man.



An Englishman rowing on the Thames on Sunday afternoon lost an oar.

Seeing a man and two ladies in another boat he shouted, "ey matey, can I borrow one of your oars?"

"These hain't no oars; it's my wife and daughter!"



"Oh, doctor," the young lady asked, "will the scar show?"

"That, madam," said the doctor, "is entirely up to you."



An old lady, on a sightseeing tour of Detroit, heard the driver, in his role of calling out places of interest, announce "On the right, we have the Dodge home."

"Is that John Dodge?" she asked.

"No, lady," the driver returned, "Horace Dodge."

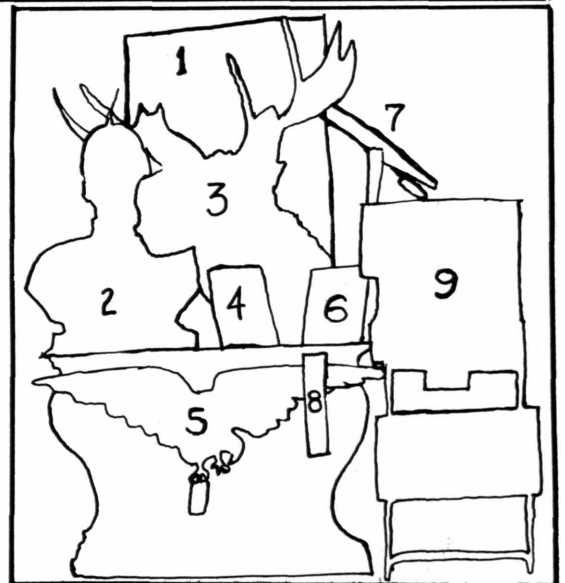
The bus continued farther out Jefferson Avenue. Eventually, the driver broadcast "Directly ahead is the Ford home."

To which the lady queried, "Beg pardon, but is that Henry Ford?" The driver sneered something back and the passengers squirmed around in their seats, flashing occasional looks of hostility at the ancient soul.

Farther out Jefferson, the driver called, "On the left you see Christ Church." Whence an irritated fellow passenger, hearing no response from the woman, tapped her on the shoulder and said bittersweetly, "Aw, go ahead, lady. You can't be wrong all the time."



VOODOO'S GIFT SUGGESTIONS FOR "THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING": 1. authentic men's room door (Johnny-On-The-Spot, \$19.60); ideal for affixing to statues, friends' rooms, ladies' rooms; a thousand laughs; can also be used as a dart board. 2. one-of-a-kind bust—Francis Amasa Walker disguised as Kaiser Wilhelm (Radocchia Enterprises, 3 years or \$30,000). 3. stuffed head of Great Horny Reindeer (Phi Gamma Delta; 1 hernia, 1 black eye, and 3 broken ribs); great for the kids—red nose optional. 4. unique collectors' volume (Phosphorus Press, \$711); contains hard-to-get Formosan textbooks on actual rice paper, VooDoo "Field Piece Issue", original Walker quizbook; appendix contains transcripts of Judcom hearings. 5. eagle totem of obscure North American tribe (Harvard Coop, about \$20). 6. autographed portrait of Mrs. Francis Amasa Walker disguised as Mata Hari (VooDoo, free). 7. antenna for Channel 1 (Tech Engineering News, priceless); can also be used as modern Christmas tree, towel rack, pigeon roost, or carriage whip. 8. pocket-pool score keeper (Hung Lo, 4 yen); designed for one-handed operation; easily adaptable for mixed doubles. 9. paper dispenser (the tech, \$.05); ideal for kitchen or bathroom: comes with one week's supply of yellow paper.



## Eve's Two Faces

*Continued from page 15*

Well, they range from babies almost, to a few kids eleven or even twelve years old.

*You mean some of these older kids still go for this Santa Claus stuff?*

Well, I don't think hardly any of the kids I see believe in Santa or even care about him.

*I thought you said three or four hundred kids a day come to see you.*

Sure, but they don't come to see me because they're interested in Santa or Christmas or anything like that. You see these kids are interested in one thing, and that's what they can get, or what they wish they can get for Christmas. You know what I mean — it's gimme gimme gimme — gimme a football helmet, gimme an electric train set, gimme a bicycle, gimme. . .

*But don't these kids know better than to come to you? I mean you're not gonna give them any of these things.*

Of course not, and they know it too, but that doesn't matter. It just satisfies them somehow just to ask me for these things. You know how when you're hoping for something — not just a gift only, but anything, like getting better when you're sick, — it's nice sometimes just to talk to someone about it. You know what I mean?

*Yeah, I guess I do.*

Well it's the same thing with these kids. They know that if they're gonna get a football helmet it's gonna come from their parents. So when they tell me that they want a football helmet, they're really saying that they hope their parents will give them a football helmet. I guess they'd rather tell me what they're hoping for than their friends. I don't think it's because I'm Santa Claus as much as it's because I'm an adult.

*You really seem to know what's going on in these kids' heads. Isn't it sort of depressing though, sitting there in that Santa Claus costume, talking like Santa Claus, acting like Santa Claus, when you know that these kids probably don't give a damn about Santa Claus anyway?*

Depressing? Look, you think I've got this job because it makes me feel good deep down inside to be Santa for the kids? You think I like having four hundred brats crawling over me every day?

*Well, I was sort of under the impression that you liked your job.* Listen, like I said, I've been mostly unemployed this year. But I guess \_\_\_\_\_'s isn't so bad; they're strict, but they pay pretty good. Still, I wish I had a better job, and something more steady. Yep, I guess what I want for Christmas is a steady job.

*Maybe you could ask Santa for it.* Now you see, here I am acting like those kids, telling you what I want.

*That's all right, I don't mind.* Maybe I could ask Santa. Ho, ho, ho. Hey, listen, I got to get home. You realize what the time is?

*I guess I didn't.*

Yeah, well drop down to \_\_\_\_\_'s again some time and say hello to me. I get pretty lonely there with no one but kids.

*Will do.*

— Pindyck

Photos by Reed



## CATHOUSE

*(Continued from page 20)*

pies" where you top the muffins with cheese and tomato sauce.

A typical English muffin contains unbleached flour, water, salt, sugar, non-fat milk solids, yeast, grain, vinegar, vegetable shortening, yeast nutrients, and calcium propionate. Keep your eye on that last ingredient. It distinguishes English muffins from other bread products. The others contain SO-DIUM propionate. But not English muffins. No sir! Calcium, and ONLY CALCIUM propionate will do.

There is a feeling you get when you eat an English muffin. Rye bread doesn't give you this feeling. Whole wheat bread sort of leaves you hanging. It only comes with an English muffin.

An order of English muffins, please.

*Continued from page 3*

The spirit of the season reminds our old publicity men of the "Shooting of Santa Claus" performed in Building Ten two years ago. The stunt was to fire blanks at Santa; he would clutch his chest (releasing the ketchup), and be carried on a stretcher to an ambulance waiting in front of Building Seven. Naturally, no one (save an occasional tech-retary passing the other way) believed Santa had been hurt — except Santa! It seems the little bell he had been ringing had sharp edges, and when he clutched for the ketchup. . . well, that wasn't ketchup he was dripping down the hallways. Furthermore, our particular Santa had needed no padding, and the stretcher bearers found the steps of Building Seven more of a challenge than expected. This was the first time Our Santa found riding in Boston traffic a relief.



*You are free to disbelieve anything in this story but the details of the life of Vilma Espin, all of which are true.*

## Uncle Dickie's Magic Album: No.1—*Violenzia!*

"Tell us a story, tell us a story, Uncle Dickie!" the co-eds all began. Truly, I could not resist their pleading little voices, so, telling them all to gather about me, I took the largest on my creaking knee, smoothed her golden curls back from her furrowed little brow, and tried to remember another tale from my old album of oddments.

"Shall I tell you the one about the tool who flunked out and then graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard?"

Many tiny voices shouted "No, no!" and "Stow it!" amidst the shower of old books and refuse aimed at my head. Taking refuge behind the sweet bundle of fluff now cowering in my lap, I ran my rapier-keen mind through my file of Hollerith cards.

"Wait," I shrieked, "Have I told you the one about the co-ed who. . .(smirk!) and then. . .(snicker!) and . . ."

"Do, do" strained their tiny throats, as many of the shrewder ones drew forth their stenographer's notebooks and pens from hiding. They must be forgiven, though, for they knew not that Uncle Dickie's Magic Album is copyrighted in the U.S., Latin America, and all countries subscribing to the Berne Convention.

Secure in mind, I was about to proceed when delicate Babs, the youngest, held her tiny splayed hands over her shell-like pink ears and spoke out in her piping little voice, "I've memorized enzyme formulas, I've studied Gray's *Physiology and Anatomy* (unexpurgated!), I've even annotated my CRC's, but here I draw the line! My mums warned me that there would be boys like you who would come promising aid in series solution of dual singularity differential equations by the method of Frobenius', and then when the chips are down. . ."

"Great Dome!" shouted Ellen, one of the older girls, "Why do you always have to spoil the good stories just as he's about to tell them?"

Babs ran, crying from the room with a chorus of "Yeah!" and "Party-Pooper!" and even "Bubble Burster!" ringing in her ears. Poor girl, I could tell that she was heartbroken, and waiting in the hall with her ears pressed to the now closed door.

Thinking of my own, not-too-steady reputation, however, I decided to tone down my tales of Woe (the girl I was going to talk about was named Woe).

"Well," I said, "There's always the story of fiery, Latin American Vilma Espin, the hot-blooded revolutionary Chemical Engineer!" Noting the comparative silence which greeted this statement, and the little heads nodding off into slumber, I felt it was safe to proceed.

"Long ago. . .so long ago that it was even before *I* came here," said I, stroking my long white beard for emphasis, "There was a small, dark-eyed, serious little girl from Havana who wanted to be a Chemical Engineer. Perhaps she wanted to refine sugar for the hungry Russians. . .perhaps kerosene for the hungry MIG fighter planes. . .who can say? But one day, and a memorable day it was too, she said goodbye to her fiery Latin-American family and went off to far away, chilly Massachusetts, and settled down to learn to be a Chemical Engineer at this staid old institution."

The campfire flickered low as the girls tossed on another stack of "Interactions and Motion", 2nd Preliminary Edition, and I continued. "Did she drink deep from the fount of knowledge at dear old MIT? Did she tool late into the night? Did she indulge in wild extra-curricular activities and Club Lat. . .er, Latino parties? Did she join the Young Republican Club or the Greater Boston Student Socialist League? We shall never know, for she was only here for two years, and then left without her degree. . .mysteriously, since no one *ever* leaves MIT after only 2 years without their *degree!*" I screamed, pointing to several members of the audience.

"When I quietly began an investigation to fill out the blank in my co-ed information file, I discovered that this fiery Latin-American girl had been so quiet and reserved here that absolutely no one remembered anything about her! One person remembered her, but said 'Why yes, I seem to remember the name, but wasn't she part of the wall mural or something?'"

*Continued*

(Continued from preceding page)

“One of my international agents next heard of her in the hills of central Cuba where she went by the name of ‘Debora’ and served as the ‘brains’ behind a small revolutionary guerilla band, led by one Raoul Castro. Feeling that nothing further would come of this, I told him to stop tracking her, and marked the case closed.

“Now, stop waving those copies of ‘Quarterly Review of Foreign Affairs’ and ‘26 Julio’ banners at me! Drew Pearson was wrong too, so there!” Nonetheless, I detected a distinct undercurrent of grumbling amongst my little listeners, and some of the ones in the back were even growing beards and taking their old fatigue caps out of mothballs.

“Now, now,” I cried, pulling my pearl-handled Howitzer from my vest, “None of that! It’s your bedtime anyhow, so off you go now!” I punctuated that last statement with a warning blast that filled the area with smoke and black powder.

Grumbling “Yanqui diablo” and kicking sand onto the embers of the last few textbooks, they silently joined hands and sang “Arise Co-eds of MIT” (to the tune of “Beasts of England”) as the last notes of the bugler’s taps echoed into the far off hills. Then they marched out to sea and were never heard of again.

Moral: You never can tell about some girls.



Two drunks were crawling down the railroad track.

“Gawd, this is a long stairway,” moaned one.

“Yeahz,” replied the other. “And the handrails are too damn low.”



I have a dog, his name is Rover. He’s fluffy and soft and brown all over.

He’s cute and cuddly like sugar babies

Too damn bad he’s got the rabies.



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- Grilled Ham with Apple Sauce -- \$1.90
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- Coquille St. Jacques (Baked Scallops, Mushrooms and Sherry) -- \$1.90
- Broiled Swordfish with Lemon -- \$1.90
- Broiled Fresh Schrod with Lemon -- \$1.90
- Roasted Stuffed Turkey with Cranberry Sauce -- \$2.09
- Choice of two Vegetables
- We have sticky rolls, home made oatmeal bread or the famous orange bread.

Choice of dessert and Beverage

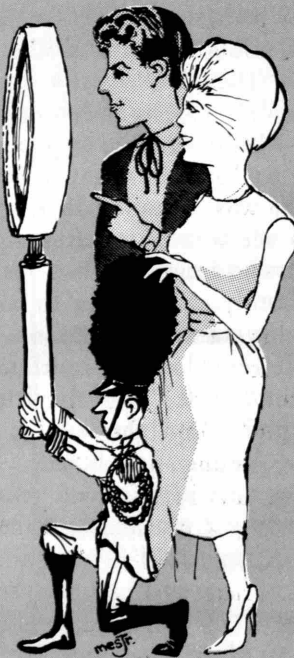
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Album

Of

Christmas

Cheer



-1963-



Praise him with the sound of the trumpet; praise him with the psaltery and harp.  
 Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.  
 Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.  
 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.  
 Psalm 150

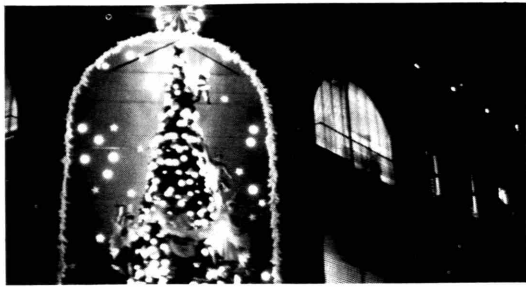


And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit...  
 Ephesians 5:18



Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the thought of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.  
 -Matthew 6:34





For the customs of the people are vain: for one cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman, with the axe. They deck it with silver and with gold; they fasten it with nails and with hammers, that it move not. They are upright as the palm tree, but speak not; they must needs be borne, because they cannot go. be not afraid of them; for they cannot do evil, neither also is it in them to do good.

Jeremiah 10:3,5



Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Luke 2:14



Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity  
of vanities; all is vanity.

Ecclesiastes 1:2



And they shall go into the holes  
of the rocks, and into the caves  
of the earth, for fear of the Lord  
and for the glory of his majesty,  
when he ariseth to shake terribly  
the earth.

Isaiah 2:19

The  
End

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What I want for Christmas is a subscription to VooDoo. Here is something for you, little boy — two big dollars and eighty little cents. Merry Christmas to all. Ho ho ho.

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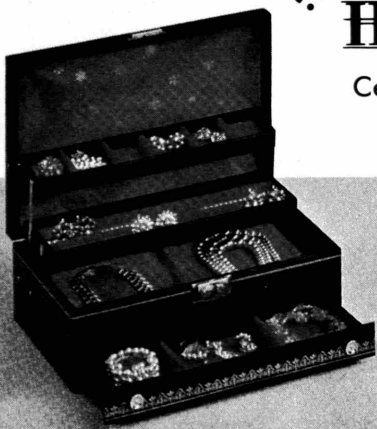
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10-250  
60c

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WED. EVE., JAN. 8, 1964  
7:00 P.M.  
10-250

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Festival of the Performing Arts Film Series

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