

# Voodoo

## Theses Issue

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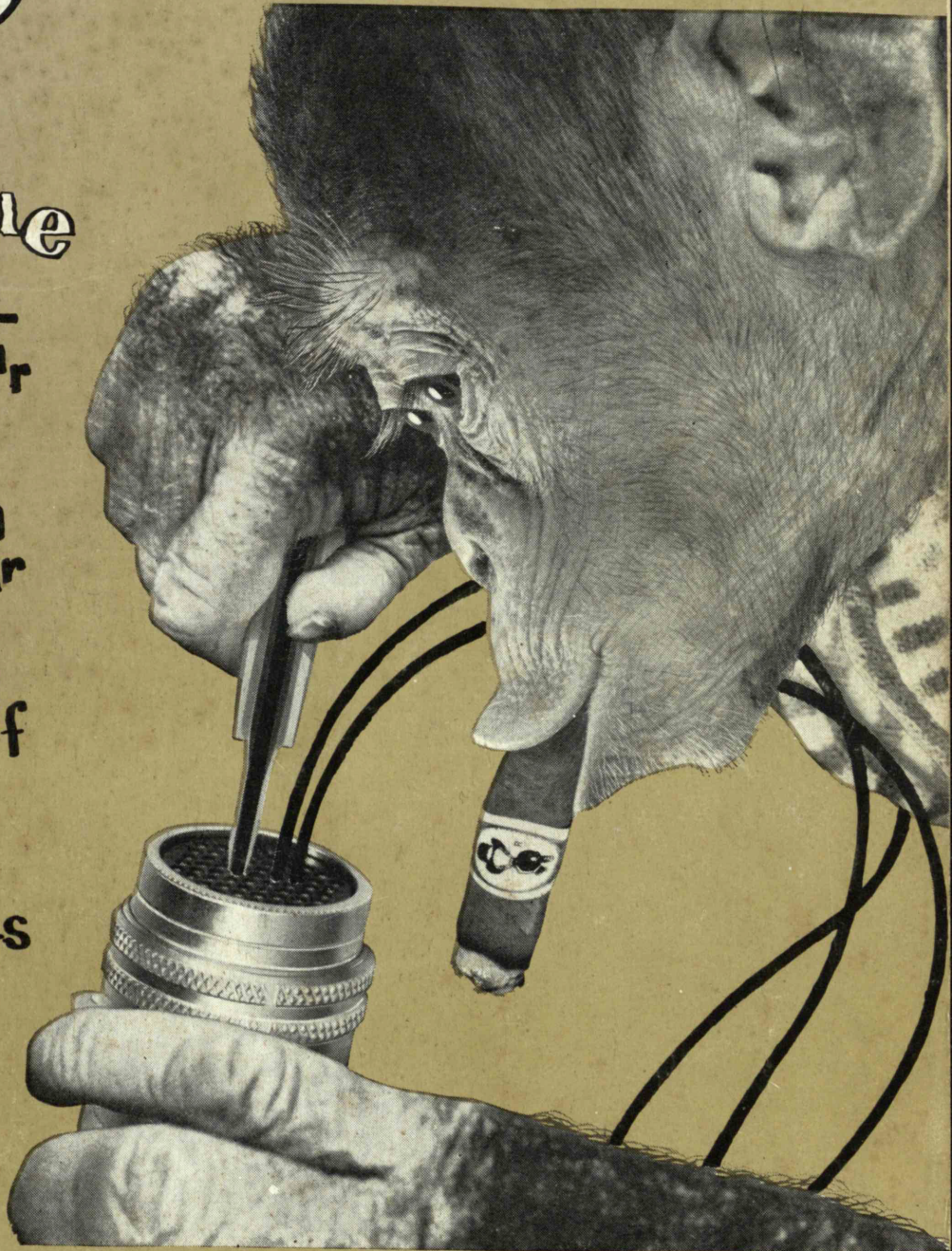
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JUNE 9, 1961

*J. Wilson*  
SECRETARY



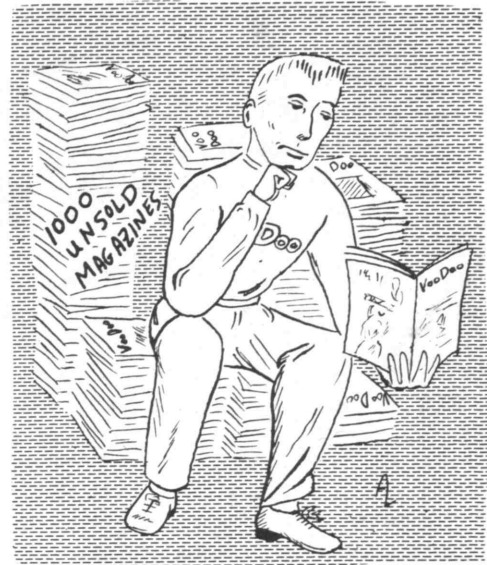
*Joe Stratton*  
PRESIDENT

# V O O D O O

On the 27th. of last month, our beloved Institute had an Open House for the unsuspecting public. For several reasons, we decided to ask permission to sell VooDoo. First was the sum total of our writers' and artists' desires to be known outside the Institute. Fame, man, recognition! Second was our desire to show the visitors that not all Techmen are grungy tools *a la* HOLIDAY. We thought it would be healthy for them to see that there are enough people here who can laugh to support a monthly humor magazine. Last, to be perfectly truthful, was the prospect of selling 1000 or so extra copies at 35¢ apiece--That's a lot of scratch, Jack. We're not borderline bankrupt or anything, but that extra money looked real tasty.

To make a long story bearable, we were told we could sell. The Dean's Office said they'd let it be a "student decision" and the Student Open House Committee said OK--if they could check it over for objectionable parts. So we ordered extra copies, they specified the parts they wanted deleted, and we agreed to black them out. Fine and dandy--we've got a booth, a thousand extra magazines, it's the day before Open House, and we're ready to go, so what happens? Somebody in the President's Office (who'd not even seen the issue) finds out we're planning to sell, and the suggestion goes out that the decision to let us sell be "carefully reviewed." The timing and nature of this suggestion were such that the Open House Committee could only interpret it as pressure. The boys on the Committee called our General Manager and explained their position. He graciously acquiesced. Now, we're not kicking because we lost money on the deal, which we did. (At this writing, the Dean's Office has offered to make up part of our financial losses, but that doesn't alter our basic grievance.) Nor do we particularly mind being relegated to obscurity for a while longer--We're used to it. What galls us is that "they" saw fit to let *TEN* and *Tangent* sell and, lo, to buy 10,000 copies of the tech to give away, while denying us the use of one scruffy booth in Building 16. It seems like a grievous omission. To us at least.

Anybody want a copy of last month's VooDoo? We've got a closeful of 'em--Anybody?



A SOUVENIR OF OPEN HOUSE

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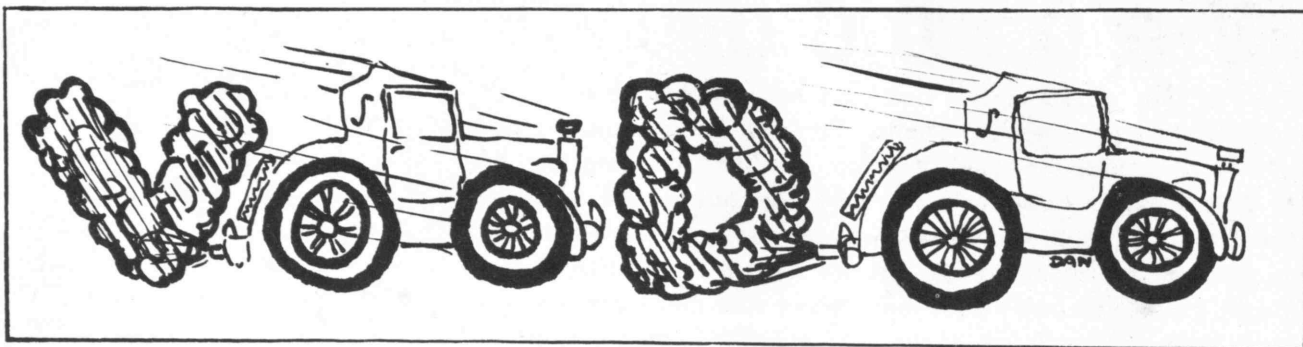
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**T**he Safety Office's publication *Safe Talk* carried the following:

"Josephine Lambiase of the Radioactivity Ctr. (Bldg. 6) recently had her duplicating machine checked."

And they want to censor us!

**T**he Berkeley *Pelican* reveals that the Israeli government is marketing a new brand of cigarette called Nagilas. The slogan is "Have a Nagila--gefilte cigarette."

**A**ccording to NEWSWEEK (we have to document everything we say), those clever Japanese have developed an operation called *jinko shojo* which "creates an artificial hymen for prospective brides". The surgery costs about \$60 and "takes only twenty minutes, allowing patients to return home as soon as a local anesthetic wears off". We spent several jovial hours the other night talking about this development and, for the life of us, couldn't think of anything printable to say about it.

"**O**nly Her Gynecologist Knows For Sure."

**H**ere's a bit we sent in to the *Saturday Evening Post's* "Perfect Squelch" column the other day (We haven't heard from them yet):

A Bakerite was hitchhiking down from Harvard Square one night last month and got a ride with a Harvey in a beat-up old Oldsmobile. The Harvard Boy asked where he was headed. Our Techman replied "MIT", whereupon the H.B. burst into uproarious laughter. The two rode in silence until Central Square, where the H.B., still trying for conversation, asked: "Are you in love with your books? Ha Ha..." The Techman curled his lip and ignored this contemptible query. The H.B. stopped in front of Building 7 and, as our hero was getting out of the car, said: "Well, have fun on your date tonight..." The Techman turned sharply. "What date?" "Your date with the books! Ha Ha Ha Ha H--"

The Techman kicked his door in.

**W**e like people who deal with their problems directly.

**P**hotography on last month's *VooDoo Doll* was by Majar, to whom we extend apologies for belated credit.

**M**urphy's Law scores again. An East Campusite of our acquaintance has been faithful to his girl back home (Chicago) for almost four whole years now. The other day he was admitted to grad school at Northwestern and the prospect of being with his girl full time drove him nearly delirious. The next day he got a flush letter from her.

### 'Gotcha' Says Louisiana Sheriff To Five University Pranksters

The above headline, from the RICE THRESHER, refers to five students, who were arrested by the sheriff of East Baton Rouge Parish, Louisiana, for mooning at passing motorists on both sides of the Mississippi. The students, known that night in the Parish jail as "moonshiners", were "real honest about their activities," according to the deputies. All good stories have a happy ending, and we are glad to report that this is no exception: the students were released the following day by a sympathetic judge, who "thought the whole thing was very funny." So do we.

**H**arvard Business School has a new financial aid policy--They won't give a fellow any money unless he's more than \$10,000 in debt. (This is for real.)

# LETTERS

10 April 1963

Society for Indecency to Naked Animals  
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

The April VOO DOO arrived and although somewhat frayed by the U.S. Post Office we all devoured it with great relish. In fact, I would like to place an immediate order for six copies of that issue. If you will kindly send a bill too I will make certain that it is paid promptly.

I think you have captured a spirit in SINA that is bound to provoke great concern over animal nudity. I must admonish your Mr. Mume for saying I ignore the past; conversely, my ancestors in the 12th century rode clothed horses into battle. Check any history book on this.

During the Spanish-American War my uncle Horace Prout personally prevented Teddy Roosevelt from charging up San Juan hill by bodily throwing himself on Teddy's horse's rear to cover this naked sight from the foot soldiers. Teddy tried to charge and his horse couldn't move with a double load. That's why we see the photographs and drawings of his charge at a complete standstill! But to save face and obvious embarrassment the photographers and artists removed Horace from the rear. He was there. I have documents to prove it.

I could go on and on about the past historical deeds of my family to maintain decency. But my sights are ahead and I intend to continue clothing all animals that stand higher than 4 inches or are longer than 6 relentlessly.

I am hopeful that Mr. Khrushchev will attend my SINA Summit Meeting in Geneva next July. Also, sometime this summer there will be a giant rally for all college members of SINA to be held at my late father's estate near St. Louis. I would like to extend an open invitation to all students at M.I.T. to attend. Just drop a note to SINA headquarters in New York and I'll let you know the full details a few weeks in advance.

Feel free to call our emergency number for special instructions on nudity: MORality 1-1963. This telephone is now on 24 hour duty and stands ready to serve one and all. Meantime, keep up the good work with VOO DOO.

Yours for everlasting decency,  
G. Clifford Prout, President

PS: We have been accused of promoting a record via SINA; General Douglas MacArthur just made an LP on his war speeches. Does this mean that World War II was a promotion for his album? GCP

We've always wondered about that. . . —Ed.

Swami,

I have received the copies of the magazine and I am sharing them with the other inmates. Being gently educated in the arts, I am unprepared for the monolithic humor of the engineer. There is something straightforward yet stone age about it all.

The discussion of sex seemed unbearably optimistic. Those of us who are older, and -- well, older -- find that you strike a wrong note. You tend to think of sex as a continuum, in which, if some is good, more is better. This Central European point of view, (to which the layman instinctively adheres) is not true. Sex comes in discrete quanta, called quanta, and the whole thing is known as the theory of weak, or enfeebled, interactions. Thus, though a little is good, more is embarrassing, and the only thing to do is put your hat on and go straight home.

To the young man who, his character still unformed, is choosing life-long vices, I say: Friend, consider Greed. Greed is a genuine continuum. Married or single, at home or abroad, (I go on to say) you will always want more money. It is not like chasing women and finding in later years that, as your skill grows, you cannot cope with success. Avarice is a vice that never lets you down. Many a young man who took up women as a hobby found too late that his reach exceeded his grasp. Whereas, unnoticed beside him, there was a young tyke who spent his time studying the great presidents and the portraits which adorn the currency of our great country. It is a combination of art and technology which has made institutions grow wealthy and the United States Secret Service add extra help.

You will forgive me when I explain that in the twilight my mind wanders, my voice grows uncertain, and the young woman with me (whose companionship I have obtained by preposterous promises) is querulous.

Farewell,

Bob Berkowitz

(continued)

Where to begin. . . Your point about quantized sex may be well taken. Then again it may not be. Presumably you have empirical evidence to support your theory and, if your theory is generally valid and not due to an unique idiosyncrasy of the particular observer (you), your experiment should be reproducible. If it's all the same to you, we'd like to try. If we find at the doddering old age of 35 that our reach has exceeded our grasp, we are prepared to grant your point. The attempt to disprove it is too entertaining to pass up, however. Meanwhile, we are simultaneously cultivating greed (we contend that avarice and lust are not mutually exclusive), and, if you are correct, we will always have that to fall back on. (If you'd like, we can continue this discussion next fall.) —Ed.

Middlebury, Vermont

Dear Sir:

Middlebury College once had a humor magazine, *The Blue Baboon*, which existed from 1924 to 1927, when, unfortunately, it died of censoring. I plan to revive it next fall, and will need help and advice from the editors of other college humor magazines. It is for this reason that I write to you. If you have any miscellaneous advice for Revivers of Dead Humor Magazines, I would greatly appreciate it. Thank you.

Alan Magary

Write to Gary Muirhead at San Diego State.  
—Ed.

Bloomington, Indiana

Gentlemen:

We are interested in starting a campus humor magazine similar to yours on the Indiana University campus. We are completely green on the subject and would appreciate any help you could give us. . . .

Dale Terry

Write to Alan Magary at Middlebury College. —Ed.

Seattle, Washington

Dear Sir:

How do I go about starting a humor magazine? . . .

Bob Follett

Write to Dale Terry at Indiana University.  
—Ed.

San Diego, California

Sirs:

We are interested. . . .

Gary Muirhead

Write to Bob Follett at the University of Washington. —Ed.

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### THE POET'S CORNER

Whose course this is I do not know.  
It bodes a cum of O. O,  
But I must sit and take my notes  
And watch the boards fill up with snow.

Professor Coner would think it queer  
To see upon my notes a tear  
Betwixt the surface manifolds  
Upon a compact Riemann sphere.

The River Charles is dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep. . . .

submitted by  
Feeding Hills

Once a real operator devised a new line. He wanted to try it out on a certain young lady. This young lady was in the habit of riding through the park each afternoon. Our hero decided the best way to attract her attention was to ride through the park on a horse with its tail painted red. He proceeded with this plan. He spied the young lady on one of the lonelier trails of the park and rode past her at a moderate pace. She apparently did not even notice him and his unusual mount.

The next day, our hero decided to paint his horse's entire rear section a brilliant red. This plan was equally unsuccessful--The young lady never even looked up.

On the third day, desperation drove our hero to extreme measures. He painted the entire horse red and galloped up to his quarry, mad with desire. She immediately noticed his crimson steed and said: "Hey, Mistah, why is your horse red?"  
"\_\_\_\_!"



Fashion note: The most popular shades this spring are those which are left up at Towers.

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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: "Mister, why is your horse red?"



"Oh, steward, I've got a complaint. Last night a sailor came into my cabin."

"Well, what did you expect for second-class—the captain?"



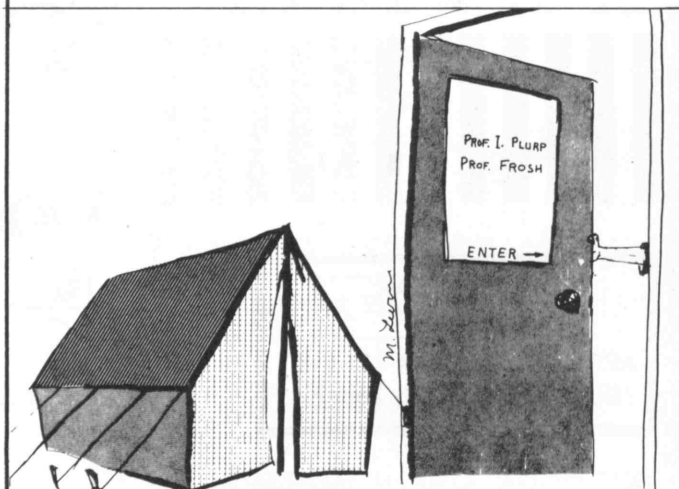
Then there was the traveling salesman whose car broke down on a lonely country road. Going to the nearest farmhouse, he knocked on the door and when the old farmer came out, asked: "Hey, Mister, why's your horse red?"



Man to cab driver: Take me to a hospital, quick!

Cab driver: Peter Bent Brigham?

Man: \_\_\_\_\_ !



**How to Write a Thesis: I**  
**Confer frequently with your advisor.**



# TIME AND A HALF

A startling new discovery has been revealed by the Psychology Department here at MIT, the full implications of which, to put it mildly, are overwhelming. During a recent intensive program of research into the living habits of the MIT student, there was discovered a hitherto unknown phenomenon which is best described as a "multiple sleep" process. This process, which if it becomes widely practiced throughout the country may alter our entire pattern of living, provides the explanation for many previously unsolved questions concerning the ability of the MIT student to accomplish seemingly impossible feats of endurance.

Basically, the phenomenon occurs as follows: the student, forced into a schedule where he is often required to operate 20 or more hours a day, compensates for this by sleeping "in depth" during the few remaining hours, that is, he is actually doubly or triply asleep.

Unbelievable though this may sound, in practice this "multiple sleep" is actually very simple. To achieve this state, one first goes to sleep as usual, and then, *without waking up*, goes to sleep again. Continuation of this process results in further depth. In the morning, one wakes up, and then having awakened, wakes up again, reversing the process.

By this method, one can effectively stretch one's day to 28 or even 36 hours, an accomplishment especially valuable during times of extreme trial, such as the one now facing us. However, lest abuse of this system end in unfortunate results, I must warn you of the inherent disadvantages and dangers entailed.

First, I should state that the system will not work limitlessly -- there is a finite number of "levels" one can attain, usually in the neighborhood of four or five for the average person, but varying with the metabolism and acclimatization of the individual. This is due in part to the fact that one's system can slow down only to a certain point without permanent damage, and in part to the fact that the attainment of each level takes a certain amount of time (about ten minutes, usually).



Second, overuse of this system will result in premature aging. If you are on a 36-hour day, you will age approximately six years during your stay here at MIT -- in effect cutting two years from your life-span. You may have noticed this tendency of MIT students to age rapidly.

Finally, there is the distinct possibility that sometime you may wake up fewer times than you went to sleep, and will spend the whole following day (or even several days on end) in a somnambulant state, going through the motions of your daily routine while sound asleep. You have undoubtedly observed unfortunate individuals who are in this state; now you know what their trouble is.

Having been duly forewarned, you are now free to try the system as you wish, equipped with a working knowledge of its implications. To avoid tragedy, I suggest that you lay in a supply of alarm clocks.

—D. F. Nolan

# ART AMIDST THE ASPARAGUS

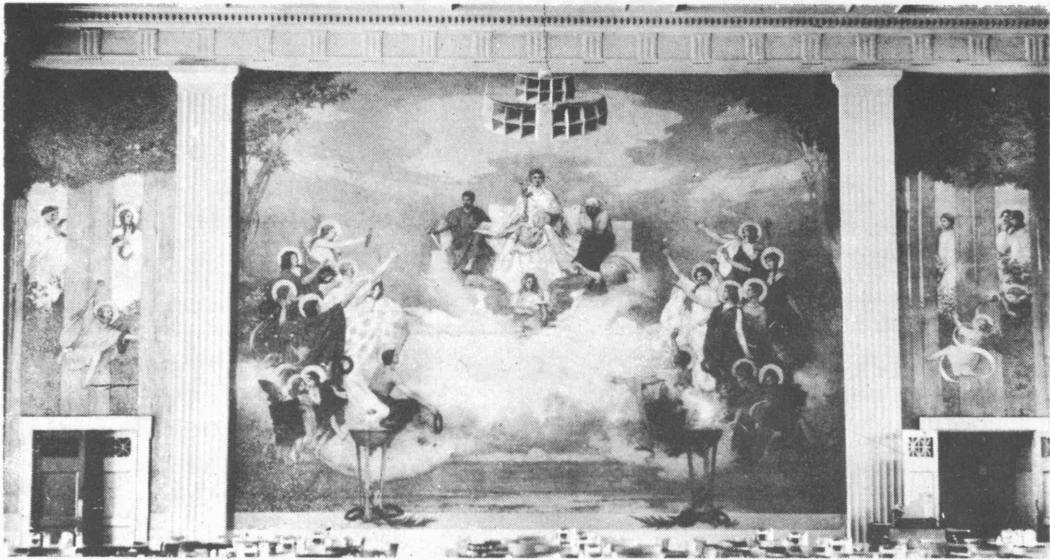


FIG. 1

A bitter controversy has arisen recently as to the interpretation of the art treasures in Walker Memorial's Morse Hall. The tech published an article purportedly written by James Killian, Chairman of the MIT Corporation, which summarized the history of the wall paintings and presented one interpretation of their real meaning. With all due respect to Dr. Killian, we argue that his interpretation is incredibly banal, mundane, and unimaginative, and that he should avoid the field of art criticism and stick to advising Presidents.

In the spirit of public service, *Voodoo* invited several world-renowned critics to a forum last week to attempt to discover the true message of the murals. This article summarizes the opinions of these experts.

Jacques Montéaux began the meeting with his view that the paintings were "one entity, bold in conception, broad in scope, and deep in perception. It is a symbolic representation of the eternal struggles of Man against the Temptor. The two brazier-like structures are the lamps of civilization. (Lower center, Figure I) One by one, the lamps of civilization go out, the creatures lurking in the woods at the sides steal toward the center, and numberless horrors are perpetrated in the darkness. On the other hand, the braziers could be oversized Zippos. Undoubtedly, the winged figure clutching the globe is Satan, symbolizing the control the Powers of Darkness have over the world."

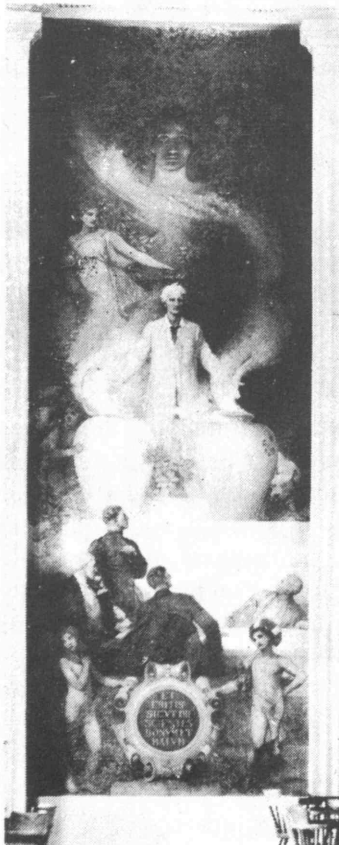


FIG. 3



FIG. 2

Lord Richard Brumley held the audience spellbound until one of his assistants called to his attention that he was delivering a speech prepared for Parliament concerning a touchy labour problem. Regaining his composure, after finding the proper speech, Lord Brumley outlined the paintings as three separate scenes: "the first a tobacco auction, the second a group of commuters awaiting a tram, and the third a chef offering his wares to four diners. (Figures I, II, and III, respectively) One of the figures with outstretched arms is bidding 2/5/6d. Notice particularly the expectant look of the busboy in the third painting as he contemplates his break."

Gisbeth of the Lisbon school thought he saw some Botticelli in it, identifying a figure near the focus as Botticelli.

Caesar Gonzales of the *Liga del Descencia* declared it to be an obvious depiction of depravity in a hobo jungle, remarking particularly about the hands outstretched for food. The braziers, he maintained, are pots of Mulligan stew and he pointed out Mulligan himself.

It was Pietro di Lolocozan who claimed that the painting was the first outgrowth of an aborted trend in 1920's art. "Today," he said, "artists paint lightning, eyes, and cows to represent crowds of people doing something. Here we have a masterful inversion that is classically simple and thirty years ahead of its time. This artist has painted crowds of people doing something to represent lightning, eyes, and cows."

A representative of the Inscomm Museum Subcommittee, presumably more familiar with the Institute and its folkways, offered a less universal interpretation. "The white figure in the center represent, as Dr. Killian says, Alma Mater. She is holding the idol Cum in her right hand. She is flanked by figures representing a student before admission (left) and after leaving (right). The figures turned toward Alma Mater represent students in various states of despair, pleading for release from the Eternal Fire which burns in the braziers. The figures in the side panels of the main painting represent State College students looking on from their sylvan idyll. The honeycomb structure at the top center represents the maze of Man's mind.

"In the second panel, we see an enterprising student raising his tuition money by selling his mother and sister into bondage. In the foreground,

children are shown carrying the scales of Commerce, without which the Institute would not exist.

"In the third panel, Lord Brumley is essentially correct. I would call your attention to the diner on the left, who is rising and clutching his chest after noticing what the young lady is sprinkling in his soup over the cook's shoulder."

The battle is still being waged. That the meaning will ever be discovered is questionable although the search will continue, for, whatever the meaning, it is undoubtedly deep and worth searching for. We commend to you a scrutiny of these curious masterpieces, the next time you eat lunch.

—Richard Bloomstein and John Reed  
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THE SYNTHESIS AND REACTIONS OF \_\_\_\_\_ ACID

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June 19 \_\_\_\_\_

Dedication: To my

1. Mother
2. Father
3. Mother and Father
4. Mistress

5. \_\_\_\_\_ without whose help this could never have been written.

Acknowledgement: The author wishes to thank Dr. \_\_\_\_\_, his wonderful thesis advisor, whose  
( ) forbearance ( ) patience ( ) love of chemistry ( ) money ( ) feverish thirst for knowledge ( ) daughter  
taught the author a lot about chemistry.

Historical Introduction

It has been known for several <sup>years</sup> months, due to the work of \_\_\_\_\_, who was a very famous chemist, that the reaction of <sup>hot</sup> lukewarm \_\_\_\_\_ with <sup>cold</sup> quite cold \_\_\_\_\_ produces a <sup>char-</sup> burnt treuse sienna precipitate which has a <sup>melting point</sup> boiling point of \_\_\_\_\_ Kelvin at <sup>bed</sup> bath -room temperature.

This is because ( ) atoms like to become bonded to other atoms  
( ) it's always nice when you get a precipitate  
( ) it was New Year's Eve, so it seemed like a good idea at the time.

It has also been found that the reaction is catalyzed by  
( ) two teaspoons of Accent per mole of reactants  
( ) eel's eyes  
( ) having your girlfriend whisper the word "Yes" three times into the flask  
( ) beer

In a separate study, Ralph \_\_\_\_\_, who was also an extremely famous chemist, discovered that if you add <sup>distilled</sup> anhydrous water to a similar system, a great amount of <sup>foaming</sup> bubbling occurs, with the subsequent formation of <sup>supercalafajalisaspialadocious</sup> sulfuric acid. However, nobody besides Ralph \_\_\_\_\_

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

has ever run this reaction because

- everyone else has forgotten how he did it
- the explosion destroyed his lab notebook
- this reaction is pretty dull, anyway
- supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid causes sterility

In this thesis, we will study both of these reactions in an attempt to determine which one is better and whether either one may be used to prepare worse

- aphrodisiacs
- synthetic lollipops
- instant water -- just add hot coffee
- sober prunes from stewed prunes.

### Discussion and Results

We found that both reactions proceed through a simple ridiculous mechanism in which Avogadro's a much larger number of carbon atoms come flying through space with the speed of a rifle bullet locomotive Because of this we were able to formulate the following absurd intriguing formula:

- $PT = nRV$
- As you increase the concentration of reactant A in the system, the amount of A present in the system increases.
- 2 moles of urea taken internally = di-urea.
- Vanadium plus Deuterium plus 4 Oxygen = VOODOO.

These results have caused us to define the "mole" as

- a small rodent that lives in the fields.
- a brown mark usually found on your chin.
- a brown mark usually found on a small rodent.

We therefore conclude that

- chemistry is very interesting.
- there are more germs in the Charles River than there are atoms in the universe.
- if you heat ethyl alcohol before drinking it, you will obtain hot ethyl alcohol.
- don't fool around with that supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid -- it's wicked stuff.

### Experimental

Into a <sup>50</sup>/<sub>50000</sub> liter Erlenlater flask was poured  $\frac{1}{2}$  milliliters of liquid iron, followed by the addition of two pounds of freshly chopped <sup>NaOH</sup>/<sub>liver</sub>. The entire mess is tied to the end of a long rubber hose, and whirled around over your head as fast as you can for 12 hours. Using caution, one milligram of supercalafajalisaspialadocious acid is added (while holding your breath) until

- a bell rings
- a mushroom cloud lights up the lab
- your mother calls you for dinner
- Course 5.02 is cancelled.

We recommend, however, that you do not hold your breath until course 5.02 is cancelled, since

- a chemist who is blue in the face is of no use at all
- breathing Cambridge air is not that desirable, but it's better than nothing at all.
- it will probably be replaced by a course which is much worse.



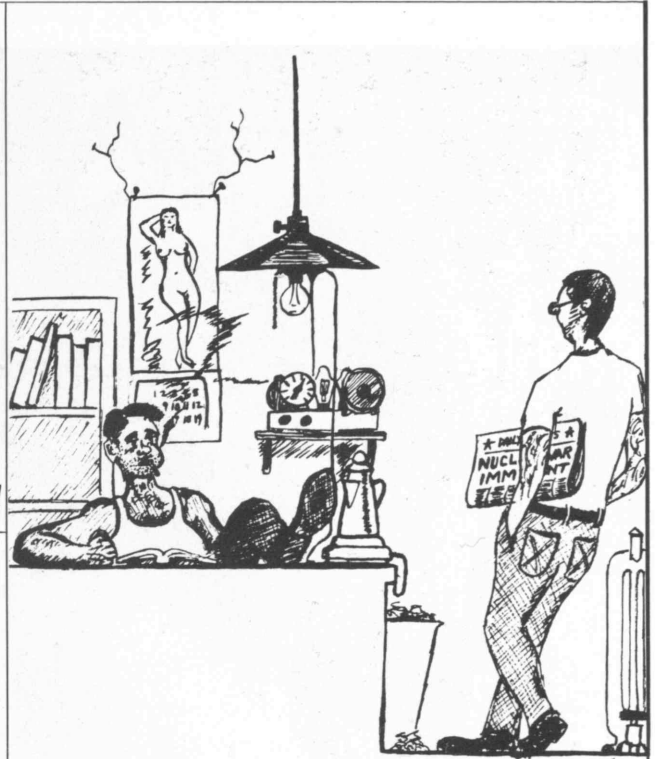
**How to Write a Thesis: III Inspiration strikes but once; write down inspirations immediately!**

“If any one knows any reason why this man should not marry this lady, let him now speak, or forever hold his peace.”

Voice from the rear: “Hey Mister, Why is your horse red?”



Then there was the truck driver who swerved to avoid a child and hit a red horse.



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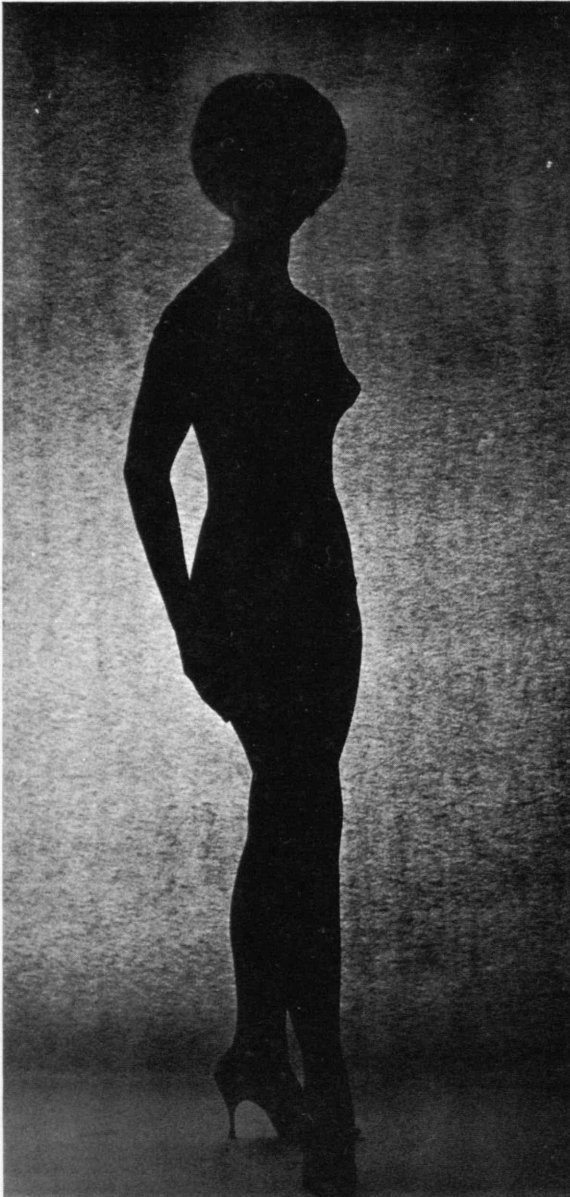
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Some of our readers expressed some doubts last month when we announced that our Doll for this month would be Miss Massachusetts. Even Phos doubted it, but, as you see, here she is. The young lady whose visage adorns these pages is Gail Pope, the current Miss Mass.

Gail was born in Chicago, but has lived in Wellesley for the past 6 years. As Miss Mass. she has toured the East with the Mass. Chamber of Commerce, and represented the state in the Miss Universe Pageant in Miami.

In her 19 years of existence, Gail has done a lifetime worth ("Blondes do have more fun.") She has christened ferries, modelled professionally, studied nursing, and competed in the finals of the Miss Rheingold contest. She is tentatively planning a TV series with Bobby Rydell.

And in her spare time she skis, swims, sails, dances, sings, acts, plays guitar and plans to travel.

photography by ....

*Art 9.*

V D

Doll of the  
Month





# THESIS PROJECT

## IN COURSE XVI:

AN EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT  
DESIGNED AND BUILT BY Wobner Von Brain

### INSTRUCTIONS:

Fold along broken (---) lines in order given by accompanying numbers (2).  
Fold in on ①-⑤, out on ⑥-⑦, in on ⑧-⑪  
Cut along dotted lines (.....).

Fly.



Youngster: "Are you afraid of the big, bad wolf?"

Blind Date: "No, Why?"

Youngster: "That's funny, the other two pigs were."



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, "Hey, mister, why is your horse red?"



John Feeble was not a potent man, and he knew it. So did his wife, so she sent him to the doctor.

"Here, John," the doctor said, "these tablets are experimental. They are to be taken before dinner. Don't know if they'll work or not, but it's better than nothing."

That evening, just before dinner, John took two tablets. Ten minutes later he was filled with power, he jumped across the table spilling all the dishes to the floor, grabbed his wife and made passionate love to her.

The following afternoon, while out for a stroll, he met the doctor. "How did they work?" he asked.

"Rather well, doctor, rather well."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic. Did anything go wrong?"

"Well, not really, it's just that they won't let us eat in Howard Johnson's anymore."

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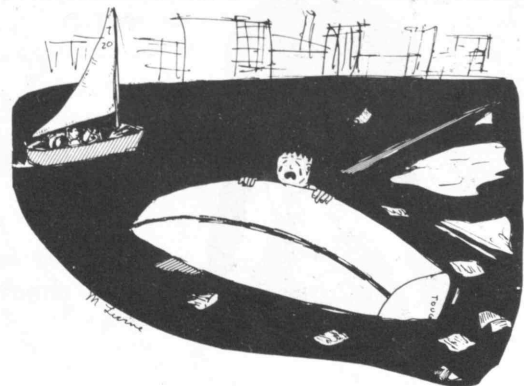
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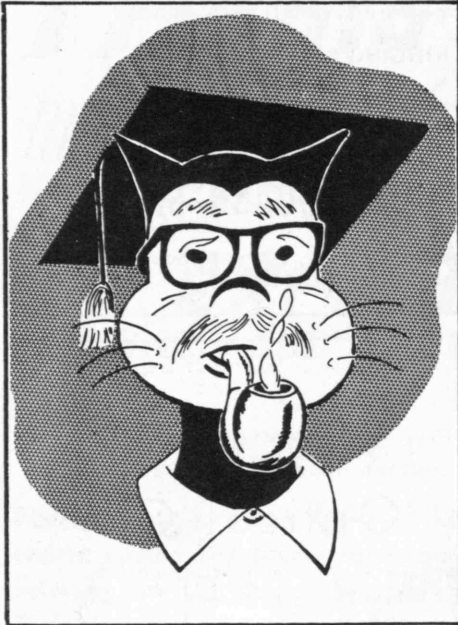
**ELSIE and HENRY BAUMANN**

**EL 4-8362**



**How to Write a Thesis: IV**  
**Find a quiet place to work.**

# Dr. Phos Advises



Do you need advice? Help? A long history of rebuffs makes you squeamish about going to your R.O., the Dean, or your room-mate with your intimate problems? Can't get help from those syndicated experts--Ann Landers, Dick Clark, "Dial-a-Prayer", Dr. Joyce Brothers, Billy Graham, Dr. Spock, Sister Marie, Dr. Popenoe, N. V. Peale, Dear Abby, Arnold Palmer, Charley Weaver, the Playboy Adviser, and even Helen Gurney Brown? Then turn to Dr. Phos; he takes over when all others fail.

Write to award-winning Dr. Phos, world-renowned personal guidance counselor, whose quasi-regular feature will be appearing exclusively in this magazine. Don't pass up the opportunity for instant help! Solve all your problems in fifty words or less! Do it now! The address: Dr. Phos, c/o VooDoo, MIT, Cambridge, Mass. (It helps if you send a little picture to help the good doctor get the picture a little clearer.)

This month's selections are taken from his prize-winning book, "Sex For The Simple Girl".

Q. I read your book. I liked it. It made me happy. Now I am writing a book. My book. Like your book. Only plainer. My editor says. I have talent. I write about other things too. Fun things. My editor says. He is my researcher. He says. Also, I write about short stories. Sometimes they are long. I write about plays too. One act, two acts, sometimes five acts. Depending on the research. I know lots of editors. They all say I have talent. They write too. Checks. Goody, goody. I am very happy. My cup runneth over. All over.

Mary Ann Voluptua  
Daddy, O.

A. *I can tell. Nevertheless, I'm not sure about the intent of your letter. If however, you are interested in expanding your markets, drop by the VooDoo office someday. Better yet, some night. We are always checking the new talent. All the time. Drop by. Do.*



Q. "I've been crying all day--(Sob!). At the dance last night not a single fellow asked me--to dance, that is. Not one, mind you. Am I (Sob!). . .am I a wallflower? Tell me not so. (Sob!)"

Lily Mae  
Sweetbriar

A. *I cannot tell a lie, alas. But nevertheless, take heart! Read my book and learn how many a wallflower at the dance became a dandelion in the garden.*

Q. "Doctor, I need help. I think I'm frigid."

Nogo-Nogo of the NORTH

A. *Try whale blubber.*





Q. I am an insomniac, and I can't stand snoring. It keeps me awake. My problem now is that I have a proposal for marriage, but what if he snores? I think he does. I think I heard him once. Please, tell me — Should I marry?

Hope Chest  
Insomny, Ark.

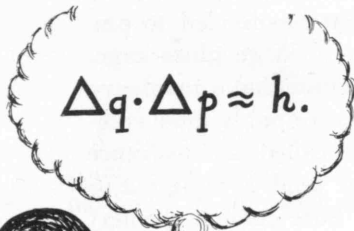
A. Marry. Like I always said, "A new groom sleeps keen."



Q. This is a picture of my steady--Abner Doubleplay. He has everything--good looks, money, a sports car, and a lock of "Babe" somebody's hair--well, *almost* everything. You see, he plays first base for his college baseball team. And with me, he never got past it. As they say, "Good field--no hit," if you know what I mean. How can I get the word to him?

Annie F.  
Chicago, Illinois

A. Your worries are over. Send me \$1.98 in cash, and I will send to him (in a plain wrapper, of course) my special pamphlet for first basemen. It is entitled *The Compleat Angler's Guide to Indoor Sports*. As a special favor to you, I will turn down the page at the section on "Hits, Runs, and Eros." If he isn't humming "Make Me Out at the Ball Game" in no time flat, then double your money back (in a plain wrapper, of course).



Q. My favorite boyfriend, Porfiro Phynque, IV (an honor student at MIT, I might add), has always been a perfect gentleman. Perfect. He has always treated me as the perfect lady that I am. And truly, I am that. Of late, however, when things begin to get a little cozy, he begins to act in a very strange fashion. His clear-blue, intelligent eyes seem to get beady. Don't they look beady to you? Anyway, I think he is beginning to entertain some naughty thoughts. Is he naughty? If so, maybe I should be cross with him. What do you think?

Alice N.  
Dallas

A. Relax. I think this Phynque is an all-American boy. Red-blooded, true-blue, and all that rot. As for this beadiness--it's seasonal, I'm sure. Much learning hath made him mad. In other words, he is bugged out of his skull with tooling. Humor his whims. In a few weeks he will be back to his true self. I think. Disgusting, isn't it.

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### How to Write a Thesis: V

**Don't panic - no matter how late it seems.**

A newsman in Havana called his home office during one of Castro's speech-a-thons to report the latest hoodah. Came the query from New York: "Hey Mister, who's your hoarse Red?"



Once there was a man who grew an enormous raspberry. It was so giant that he decided to preserve it in a large glass cage. Then he decided that a raspberry that big was probably quite valuable, so he called an insurance company to send a man out to look at it. Sure enough, the next morning a man in a pickup drove up to his house and asked to see the raspberry.

"Certainly," said the owner of the berry, and showed his visitor to the glass cage. But as soon as he had unlocked the cage, the other man hit him on the head and knocked him to the floor. Then, grabbing the berry, he carried it to his truck and prepared to make his getaway. The owner of the berry staggered to the door and cried, "Wait! Aren't you from the insurance company? Haven't you come to tell me how much my berry is worth?"

"Aha!" replied the other. "I come to seize your berry, not appraise it!"

"Number, hell," yelled the drunk into the pay phone. "Why is your horse red?"



During mock maneuvers an army officer ordered a notice to be displayed on a bridge stating: "This bridge has been destroyed by air attack." But to his chagrin, he noticed through his field glasses that a foot regiment was crossing the bridge despite his orders. He sent his adjutant to the officer in charge to find out how he dare defy his orders. An hour later the adjutant was back. "It's all right, sir," he reported. "The troops are wearing signs saying, 'we are swimming'."



A young groom whose wife had continually rejected his amorous advances finally went to the doctor with his problem.

"Pills," said the doctor, "are the answer. Give her one of these before going to bed."

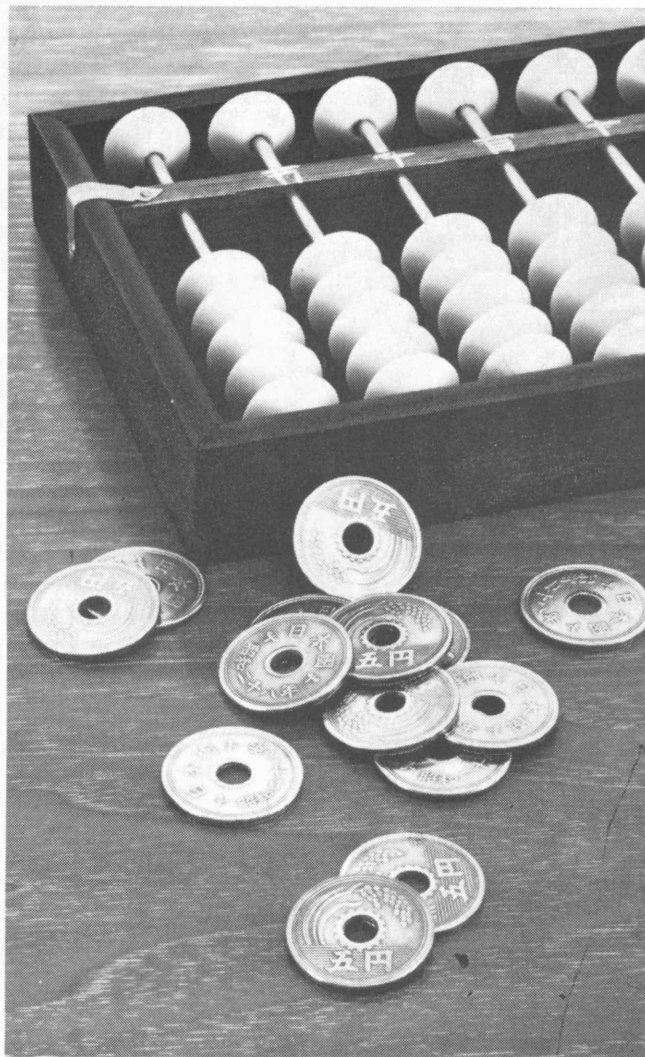
"But I'm afraid she won't take them."

"Just slip them into her coffee. They'll work."

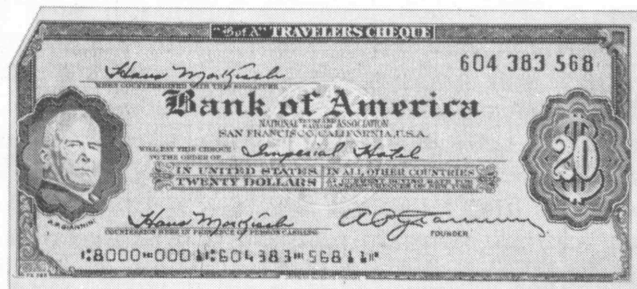
That evening the young groom offered his wife a cup of coffee before retiring. Secretly he slipped not one but two pills into it. Then feeling guilty and feeling that he should have put in only one, he took one himself.

A short while later his new bride became restless. "Honey," she murmured, "I think I need a man."

The young groom squirmed. "That's strange. So do I."



The yen is local currency in Japan.  
So is this.



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Brethren and cistern, this month I intend to reminisce about preachers, a commodity which my home-state of Tennessee has in abundances. Not ordinary preachers, mind you, *fundamentalist* preachers--to steal a phrase from Roy I. Mumme, those who think with their fundament. H. L. Mencken called Dayton, Tennessee, "the buckle on the Bible Belt" and the whole state has pretty well earned the name.

Anyway, in my high school were two guys who I'll call Vogle and Chambers. These characters were sort of middle-class hoods (a group which I can't believe is indigenous only to this high school, although most people I've talked to about it know of nothing comparable). That is to say they were both from respectable families, had no economic excuses, were well above average intelligence, and were interested in everything from ham radio to spelunking. (Their interests also included hot-rodding, hubcap theft, boozing, wenching, and other non-middle class type diversions.)

And Vogle was a preacher. He wasn't a believer, but he was a fantastic preacher! He knew all the cliches and mannerisms of the trade and could really whip himself into a frenzy. Chambers did a little preaching, too, but usually confined himself to song-leading. He had a phenomenal repertoire of rocking gospel songs and a very loud voice. I heard that sometimes he played the guitar, but he never had it with him when I watched them in action. Every lunch hour for several weeks, they held a "revival" out in front of school. "Preacher" Vogle stood on a fire hydrant and harangued a crowd of about a hundred while "Bishop" Chambers (many of the fundamentalist sects are Methodist splinter groups) led the assemblage in song and tried unsuccessfully to take up "love offerings", as collections are euphemistically called.

One day Vogle was carrying on as usual, in a rhythmic, hypnotic, sing-song shout, punctuated by rasping intakes of breath: "All these people (gasp) drivin' down the road (gasp) in their customized cars (gasp) gotta hot woman in one hand (gasp) cold beer in the other (gasp) Got Satan in the backseat (gasp) givin' directions (gasp) On a highway to Hell (gasp) Safety belt (gasp) won't do 'em no good (gasp)..." The congregation was halleluyahing and a-men brothering to beat all hell when a car stopped outside school, driven by a woman who was bringing her daughter back to school after lunch. Without missing a breath, Vogle spun (on a hydrant, yet) and pointed at the automobile: "There goes the Devil (gasp) in the form of a car (gasp)." It was uncanny. The mob whooped and descended en masse on the unsuspecting wo-

man, surrounded her car, and began pounding on the top and rocking it from side to side. Needless to say, the woman was a little disturbed. She called the Principal and complained. Vogle and Chambers were suspended for three days.

On another occasion, these two had a few beers in them and decided to try street corner work. They drove to a town about twenty miles away and took positions outside a house of ill-repute. Pretty soon they'd collected a crowd and after they'd all sung a few hymns, Vogle started preaching. By the time he finished, two souls were saved. Everyone embraced everyone else, Vogle thanked the Lord several times, Chambers led a song or two, and they took up a collection. What happened after that is in dispute. I heard, as fact, that they took the "love offerings" inside and spent it. This may or may not be apocryphal, but it's certainly quite possible and makes a good story.

Chambers is out of college now, married (I think) and settled down. Vogle just got out of the Air Force--He's grown a beard and enrolled in college somewhere. I don't think he preaches any more.

--Reed

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Do you have any moldy old (pre-1959) copies of *Voodoo* stashed away? If you do, you can trade the worthless garbage for valuable *money!* Price depends on condition and scarcity of copy. Contact: Managing Editor, *Voodoo*, Walker Memorial, MIT, Cambridge 39, Mass.



Uhh...May I have your attention...Your regular lecturer is away, so I'm substituting for him again. He should be back sometime next week.

Be sure to pick up assignment sheet 4. Part one is due today for some of you. Those in my recitation section have until next period to have the problems finished, so don't forget about it. Speaking of Assignment Sheet 4, there are some corrections to be made:

Problem E-35 should be Problem E-36,

Delete Problem E-18,

Change 17-9 to 17-11,

Don't do Problem 18-1 or 18-3,

Problem 19-5 is marked down twice; do it twice.

Move back Part II of the week of May 4 by one week to April 29.

Also pick up Lab Assignment 5. You'll notice that there aren't enough copies to go around. If you don't have one, borrow one from someone else when you do the experiment. Page three is missing, and those of you who are doing this experiment today be sure to get page three from room 26-354, so that you can be well-prepared beforehand, since this is a difficult lab.

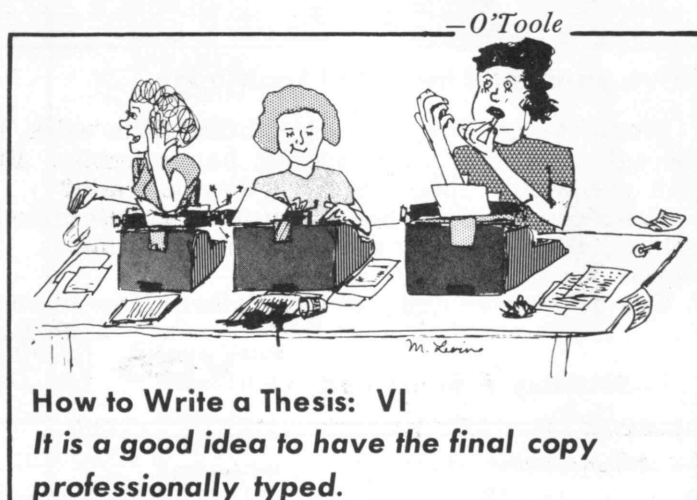
Pick up the new errata sheet for the text. There are some mistakes on the errata sheet:

Page 82 should be 84,  
"Line 10 from the top" should be "line 6 from the bottom,"  
-dR/dT should be f log w dw.  
Also delete *FIRE* from the list of elements on page 647.

The quiz tomorrow will cover through the first lecture of next week. It will consist of 1 problem and will be 3 pages long, but don't panic when you first see it.

Since we have about 5 minutes of the period left, I'd like to review some fundamentals. This electric blackboard is on the blink again, so I'll have to erase all these equations...Uhh, I realize that most of you in the back can't hear me, but please don't hiss...Oh! I forgot to turn on the wireless mike!

Can you all hear me now?... Your regular lecturer is away, so I'm substituting for him again...



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—Readers' Digest

—the tech

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—Boudaiee

Then there was the man who owned a talking horse of which he was very proud. One day a drunk approached him and said: "You think your horse ish pretty damn smart, don't you?"

The man looked at him sharply and said: "Of course my horse is smart, he can talk, can't he?"

To which the drunk replied: "Well, if he'sh so goddam smart, tell me thish, Mister--What's your horse read?"



"On what grounds are you seeking your divorce?"

"I think my husband's been unfaithful."

"What makes you think that?"

"I don't think he's the father of my child."



A hotel guest called the manager and complained.

"I've got a leak in my bath tub," he said.

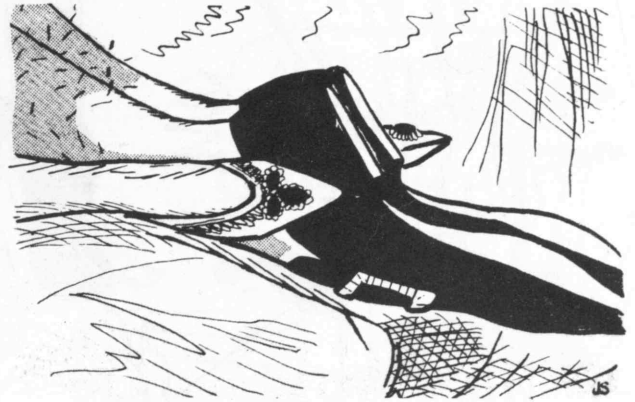
The manager replied, "Go right ahead, the customer is always right."



**How to Write a Thesis: VII**  
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(above wired)	129.95	99.95

THESE ARE BUT JUST A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS AVAILABLE FROM CRAMER. I MIGHT ADD THAT THIS TIME OF YEAR WE BECOME VERY EASY TO DO BUSINESS WITH.

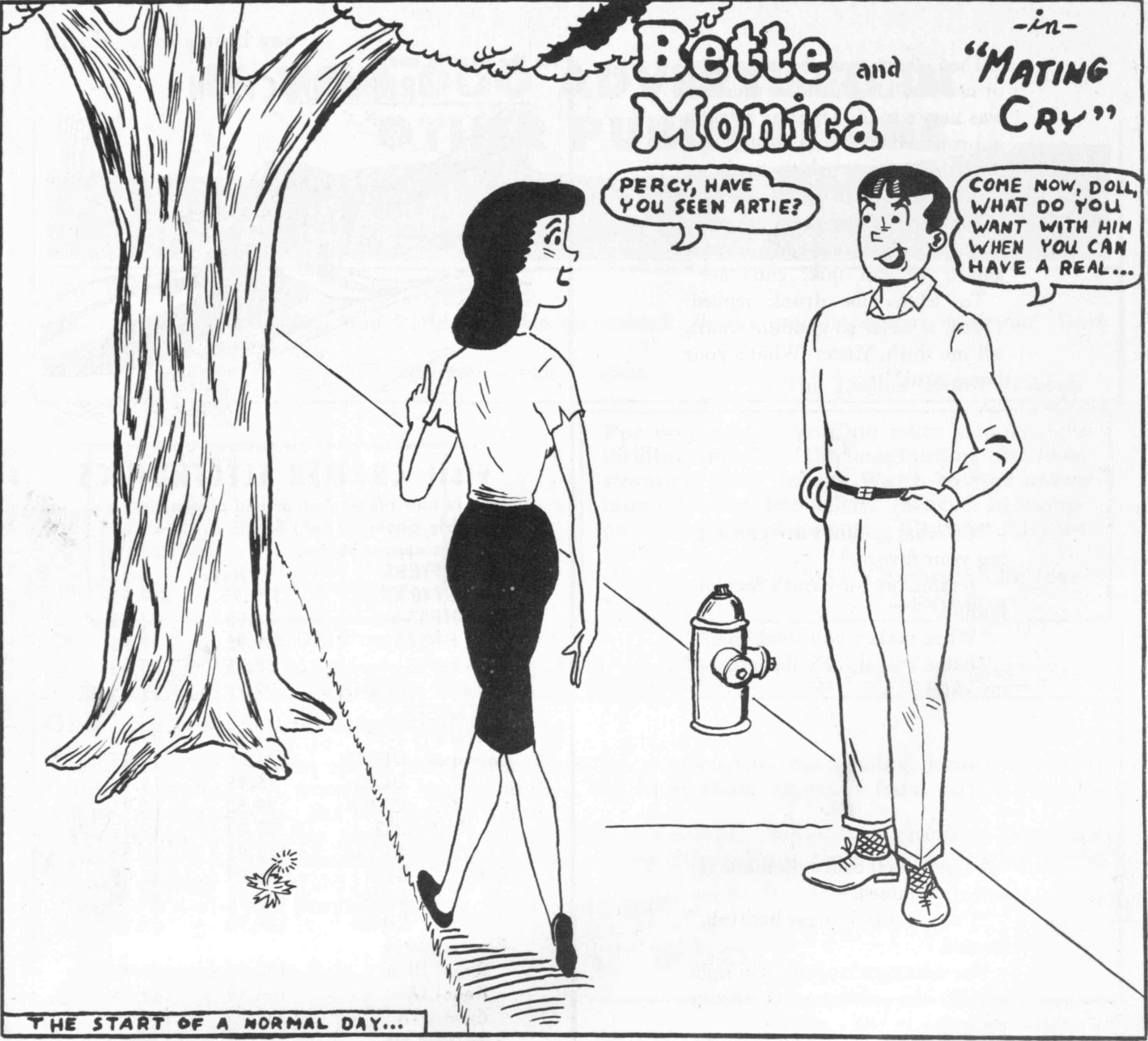
**CRAMER ELECTRONICS**  
 817 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.  
 CO 7-4700 (opposite Prudential Center)

# Bette and Monica

-in-  
"MATING  
CRY"

PERCY, HAVE YOU SEEN ARTIE?

COME NOW, DOLL, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HIM WHEN YOU CAN HAVE A REAL...



THE START OF A NORMAL DAY...

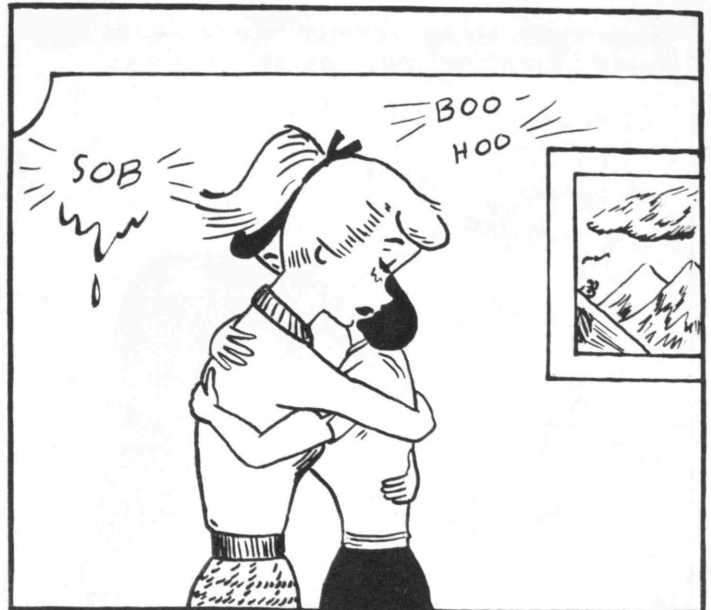


WELL, ALMOST NORMAL!  
SWINGER LIKE ME...  
YE GODS!



I'VE HEARD OF WILD TEENAGERS,  
BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

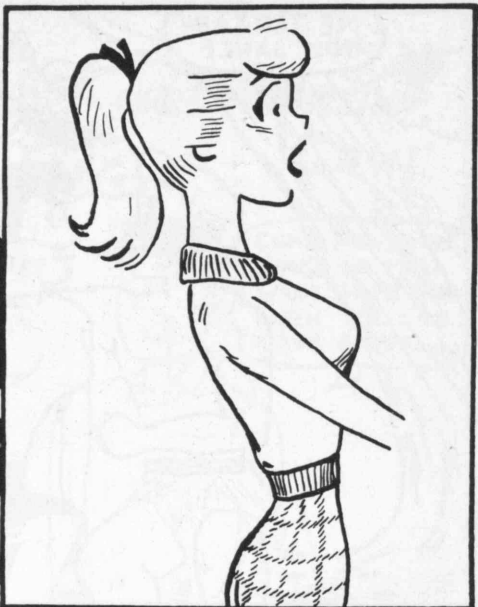
HOO-  
HA!



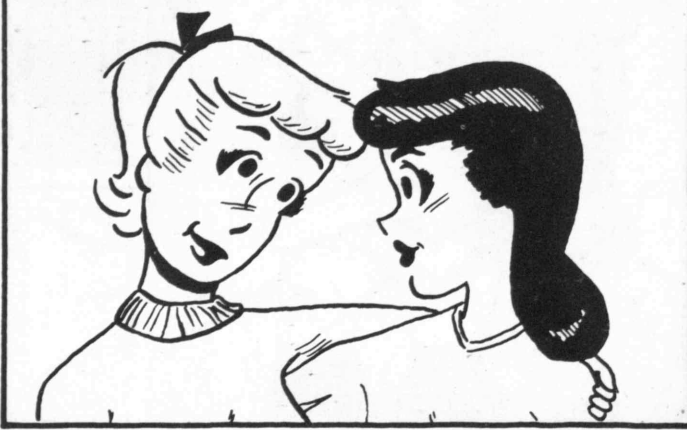


OH MONNIE,  
WHAT WILL  
WE DO?

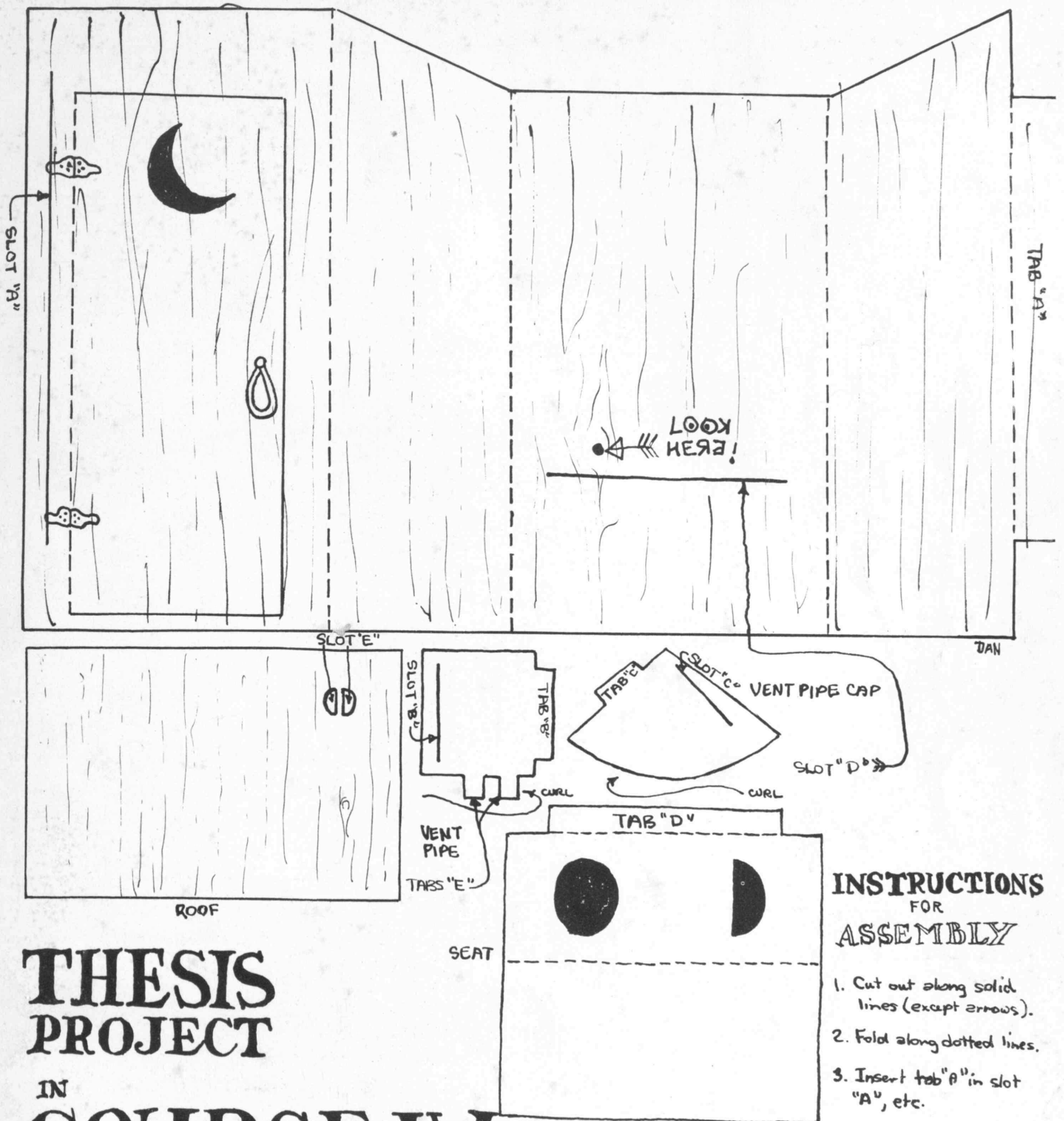
KISS ME,  
YOU FOOL!



AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER--  
JUST LIKE IN THE FAIRY TALES.



**MORAL:**  
DON'T MONKEY  
WITH STRANGE  
WOMEN -- YOU  
MAY END UP  
OUT ON A  
LIMB.



**INSTRUCTIONS  
FOR  
ASSEMBLY**

1. Cut out along solid lines (except arrows).
2. Fold along dotted lines.
3. Insert tab "A" in slot "A", etc.

**THESIS  
PROJECT**

IN  
**COURSE IV**

BY  
**Frank Lloyd Wrong**

279.00



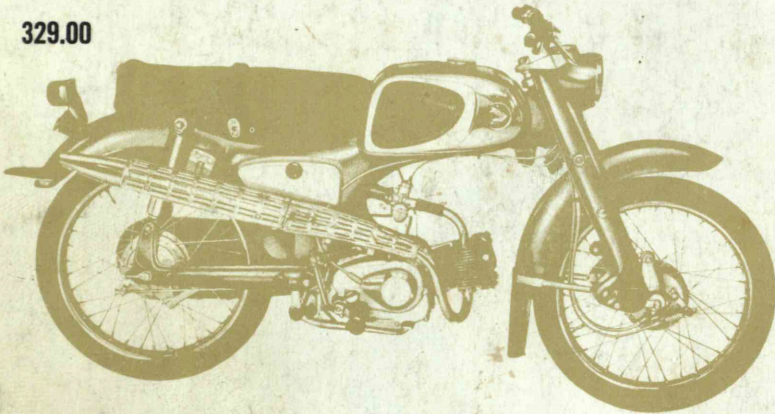
**CA-100 HONDA 50:** Single cylinder O.H.V. 50cc. Kick starter. Automatic clutch. 5HP at 9,500. Color: Blue & White-Red & White-Black & White.

ncepon a time there were these three Baers-- Karl, Maxim, and Theodoric. All were enamored of the flower of Hum 119, Brunhilde of the Golden Locks. But in vain.

**C-110 HONDA SPORTS 50:** Single cylinder O.H.V. 50cc. Manual clutch. Kick starter. 5HP at 9,000. Color: Red-Blue-Black-White.

At last Karl found a good plan: he bought a HONDA Mark 50 from Boston Scooter, 888 Commonwealth Ave, and sped off with her on his Red & White charger.

329.00



**CB-72 HONDA HAWK:** Twin cylinder O.H.C. 250cc. 25HP at 9,200. Twin carburetors. Tube frame. Electric starter. Tachometer and Speedometer. Color: Black-Red-Blue-White.

But Maxy Baer, not to be undone, resorted to that same godmotherly HONDA dealer, & the very next day won back his lady's attention with an evil blue HONDA Super Sports "50" Mark 110.

But alas for Max. The morrow found his lass flown, for the inscrutable Theodoric had pawned his Hum 119 notes, and now commanded an awesome black 25hp/9200rpm HONDA HAWK (Grand Prix Champion of the Universe). Brunhilde and her Teddy & the HONDA are very happy.



699.00

Is the moral that "Only Money spent on HONDA HAWKS can buy happiness?" Not so: for Maxim, en route to drowning his sorrows in the Wellesley Lake, met a Stephanie Rotk pchen, who loved him for his HONDA & his Self ever after-- HONDA 50's get 225m/gal.

The embittered Karl gave his Mark 110 to his Mother, who took a paper route to support him through college. He became an eminent embryologist.

Are you insufficiently eminent? Buy some Happiness. Get a HONDA at BOSTON SCOOTER INC, 888 Commw Ave in Brookline, BE 2-5570. Banzai.

