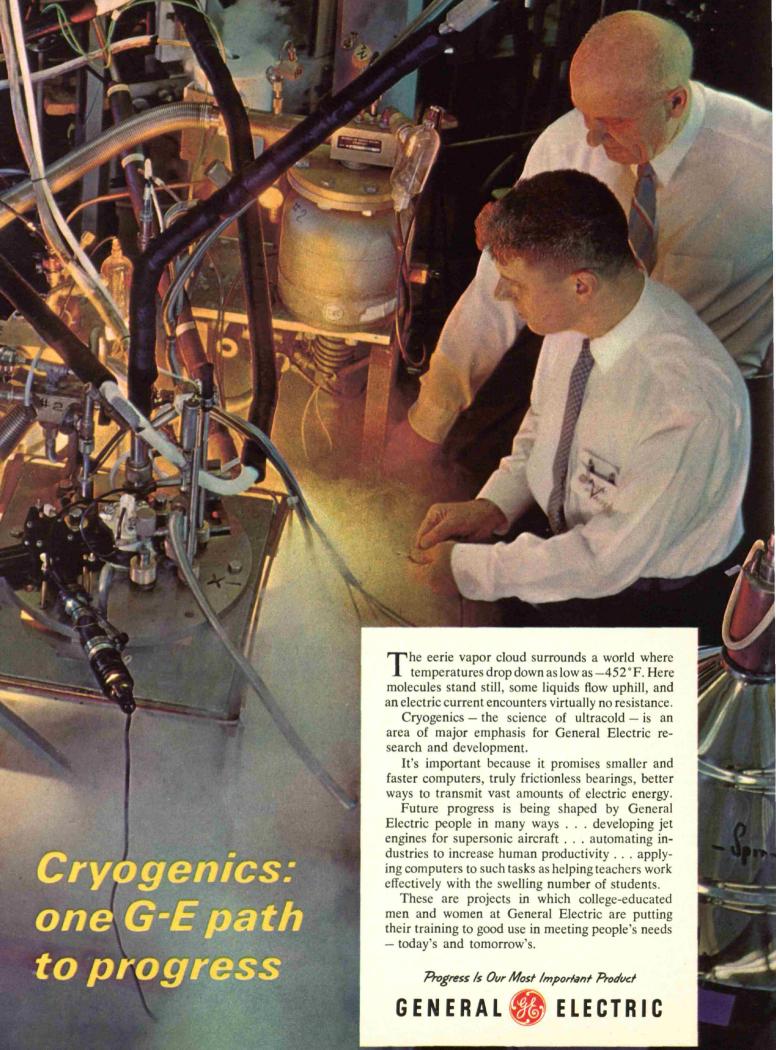


WEATHER ISSUE
APRIL 35¢



APRIL YOU FOOL

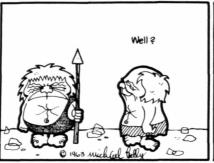
19

65

1st
Marching
7th
14th
21st
Cecil B. De- Mille leads Jews out of Egypt
28th
Why is your horse Wed?

Seldin, Marshall, Deber, Goe







GORT brought to you by:

ANTHONY'S BARBER SHOP

SPECIALIZES IN FLAT-TOPS AND IVY LEAGUE to look good for those all-night workouts

8 Brookline Street, Central Sq., Cambridge

3 blocks from MIT (opp. Simeone's)



BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND EDITORS

VOL. 48 NO. 6

			THE OLD THE NE		THE NEW	7		
	Editor Managing Editor		Bob Pilon, F.W.S. Mike Levine David DeWan		Mike Levine Charles Deber Bob Pindyck Kim Thurston		Forecast for April	
	SENIOR BOARD Senior Editor Features Editor Art Consultant Publicity Coordina	tor	Norm Rubin Bill Del Hagen		Norm Rubin Keith Patterson Maurice Scherer John Marshall		Fair E Warm	
	JUNIOR BOARD Roving Reporter Art Editor Makeup Editor Circulation Director Advertising Manager Sales Manager Treasurer Photo Editor Joke Editor Lit Editor Publicity Managers Subscription Managers Office Manager Tool of Steel		Maurice Scherer Bob Pindyck Kim Thurston Ralph Schmitt Bob Calvert John Marshall Isaac Bornstein Edson Hendricks Charles Deber Robby Taylor Dick Homonoff Keith Patterson		D. F. Nolan Walt Rode Walt Kuleck Robby Taylor Wayne Moore Bob Calvert Paul Ware Isaac Bornstein Irv Simon David Seldin Dave Ellis Steve Borsher Marc Levenson Steve Stumpp Len Hirschfeld		B. or., the	
	Humourist Office Cat Phos Woopgaroo Mark Radwin Bob Pilon Dave DeWan Bill Del Hagen Kittens Erica Martha L. Judi Bonnie Lynda Diana Rhonda Sandi	Attonourist Aumourist Affice Cat And Becky Patty Patty Sugar Mark Radwin Art Staff Oave DeWan All Del Hagen Attens Art Staff Oave Dyro Art Staff Art Sta		kenship Dan Asim E. L. Ralp Iner Mark Gre h John Mull Tom Rom Staff Roger Fox Lane Hesh Wein us Steve Bow n Jerry Goe		Makeup Staff Pete Kendall Eric Westerfield Tom Sciacca Photography Staff Art Kalotkin Doug Glenn Circulation Staff Jerry Robertson Susan Robertson Don Bosack The Corporation Dad Follansbod Philthy Sux	Sales Staff Mike Oliver Lightning Hawkeye Frank Shaw Scott Blowin Super Stubby Ken Kumor Barry Jerkin P. C. Lindsey Spastic Twitch Woody Blankenboat Spooner G. Jones The Kingsport S Jungle	Walt Eldridge Tom Garvey Bob Dumlap Travis Grit Big Dave Bill Flor Pete the Meat Lazy Tommy Tennyson Pit Mike Hendricks Steve Haase Hank Dixon Dave Chenoux Manug Chick Chotkowski

For those super-loyal readers who read everything in the mag, including this unimportant postal information, we have a special announcement this month. Be it hereby decreed that VooDoo is published monthly almost every month (except maybe July, August, and October) by the VooDoo Managing Board, who call the Massachusetts Institute of Technology their home. Be it further known that you can subscribe to this mag for a mere \$2.80 a year, although the price for our readers in Pago Pago remains at an even \$69.00. Not only that, let it additionally be said that our offices are indeed at 303 Walker Memorial, and that the mag has been entered by second class males as second class mail at Cambridge, Mass., 02139. And in conclusion, let us note in passing that the grungy contents of this issue were copyrighted in 1965, and if you happen to be reading this on the same day that the mag was published, today is March 19, 1965. Thank you, super-loyal readers.



We decided to do a Weather Issue this time, guys, for no other reason except that the weather is something you can do nothing about, while VooDoo is nothing that you can do something about, mainly not buy it, but since it looks like you already have, bought it, that is, why not wade through our delightful April concoction, with all its bad puns about rain and stuff like that.

This month Phos salutes the superb group of journalists who put out a publication they call the Tech (probably because that title rhymes with so many things), for their magnificent movie review in the February 24 issue. This lengthy review, entitled "In Quest of the Savage Emotion", recommends that if "you have not seen this film, go and see it" and points out that its photography "pulsates like flesh." The the Tech unfortunately neglects one minor detail: Nowhere in the review is the name of the movie mentioned.

A friend of ours recently received a reply from a grad school to which he had applied for admission. All over the envelope was stamped "U of —, the *friendly* school!" He opened the envelope, and found an IBM-ized section of a form, on which was checked the box corresponding to "Not acceptable for admission."

Those who have discussed the situation will probably agree that a traffic light would be helpful on the corner of Mass. Ave. and Memorial Drive, in preventing accidents, etc. So one day recently, Phos was pleasantly surprised to see some guys digging a hole in the sidewalk on the corner, and installing a post in there that looked quite a bit like it was going to be a traffic light. When it was finished, however, it turned out to be a police emergency call box, which we think exemplifies typical Boston thinking: put a call box right on the corner so that accidents can be phoned in quicker.

Speaking of typical Boston, we were wondering the other day how come it has so many unusually complex intersections, with traffic pouring in from five directions. Well, Phos asked an old native and it seems that in

the year 1750, somebody let 100,000 cows loose from the Boston Common, and wherever the cows *didn't* walk, they built houses.

\$ hortly before a recent Physics lecture, one member of the class wrote on the board, "If anyone found my Bible, please get in touch with me tonight." The *VooDoo* staff unanimously voted him the Paul Getty award for materialism — i.e., wanting it back.

There has been some talk about making the Graduate House co-educational; one question on the questionnaire distributed to the grad students asked if women living there would contribute to a "Freer exchange of ideas and opinions." We predict that it would also contribute to a freer exchange of genes.

A coed friend of ours was recently contacted by the MIT Public Relations office; a certain Boston newspaper was interested in doing a photo feature on "A Day in the Life of a Typical Tech Coed." She had been selected to be followed around for a day. The next day, she was called again. It seemed that as she had dropped a course in plasma physics and a course in advanced computation since the PRO had looked at her schedule, the reporter deemed her unsuitable. What good was a typical coed who was taking only runof-the-mill courses? They would seek a typical coed with more exotic courses.

But, of course, the story has a happy ending. The coed in question told the PRO where to put this attitude; they passed it on to the paper, and shamed them into using their original typical coed for the feature.



The above was purchased by an unsuspecting tool at Stop 'n' Shop. He didn't realize what he had until a more worldly *Voo-Doo* staffer told him. No further comment needed.

While discussing methods of analyzing political systems, a certain political science prof said, "Let's call this one the Hot Box theory — it's pregnant with meaning."

Said the *VooDoo* staffer to the sloppy slopper at Walker, "Waiter, there's soup in my fly."

One of our staff members, in the Thirsty Ear over the weekend, heard Bob Gahtan tell about a great new way to strike back at the "loss of identity" problem: Ordinarily, if you go into a bank to make a deposit, vou get a deposit slip, write down your account number, the bank code number, the amounts, etcetera, hand it to the teller; he checks the addition, then turns it over and puts a stamp on the back. Instead of that, go into a bank - any bank - pick up adeposit slip, turn it over and write on the back: "THIS IS A STICK-UP" — then turn it over, and put it back in the pile of deposit slips.

ELI HEFFRON & SONS, INC.
321-329 ELM STREET EL 4-8572

Dealers in Surplus Electronic Equipment and Parts.

Our Inventory Changes Weekly.

Come In and Look Around.



We have one of New England's Largest Inventories of SEM1-CONDUCTORS.

Signal generators . . . etc.

We have S.C.R.'s TO-3 TO-5 TO-18 Zeners.

2 Amp Silicon Rectifiers 500 P.I.V. 6 for \$1.00

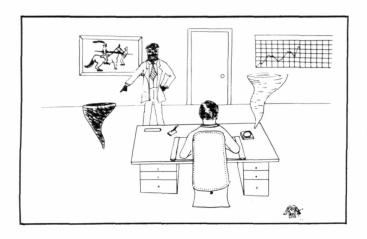
20 Amp Silicon Rectifiers above 150 P.I.V. 3 for \$1.00

Oscilloscopes

Regulated power supplies

Voltmeters

Open 7:30 am — 4:30 pm Monday thru Saturday



Central War Surplus

LEVIS & LEES

sports, camping and mountaineering equipment

at lowest prices

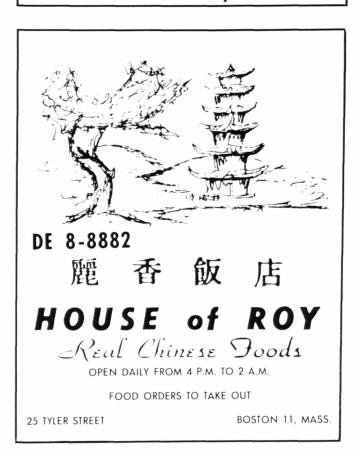
433 Massachusetts Ave. Central Sq., Cambridge

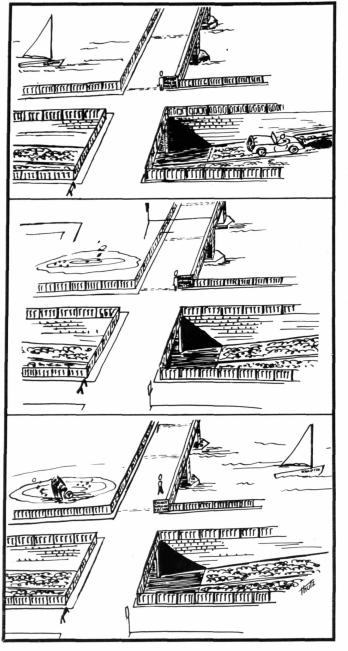
JERRY'S BARBER SHOP

282 Massachusetts Avenue

Two blocks from M.I.T. at the Cambridge Inn

"For That Professional Look
. . . . See Jerry"





THE COOP OPTICAL DEPARTMENT



Open Mon. - Sat. — 8:50 - 5:30 Take Elevator to 3rd Floor

HARVARD COOP • Harvard Square

Expert Fitting of Frames — Accurate, Dependable Work
Sun Glasses Made to Prescription

Patronage refund to all members.



Telephone:

TR 6-3000

SQUASH RACKETS

Large Variety — All Prices
Restringing a Specialty
Sneakers. . . Shirts. . . Shirts. . .

SKI EQUIPMENT

large variety . . . leading brands

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP

67A Mt. Auburn Street, Harvard Square Phone TR 6-5417 Charlie phoned Shirley to invite her out for a lamb dinner.

"What do you mean, a lamb dinner?" asked Shirl somewhat puzzled.

"Three cocktails and a piece of ewe," smirked good old Charlie.



Steve Baum: Hey, did you hear that they found another civil rights worker shot in Mississippi?

Jim Steele: No.

SB: Yeah, they found him with more than fifteen bullet holes in his back and head.

IS: Geez, how terrible.

SB: Yeah, the sheriff said it was the worst case of suicide he'd had in years.



Then there was the girl who greeted her boyfriend with "Notice anything different about me?"

- "New dress?"
- "No."
- "New shoes?"
- "No. Something else."
- "I give up."
- "I'm wearing a gas mask."



Convenient Student Services

Regular and Special

Checking Accounts

Foreign Exchange

Travelers Cheques



CAMBRIDGE OFFICES:

Harvard Square Central Square Kendall Square Porter Square West Cambridge

HARVARD TRUST COMPANY

MEMBER: FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION, FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Member: Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, Federal Reserve System

Now with new convenient offices in the Tech Square Building.

SUPERIOOL with SUPERPROF and the gallant **BOSTON** Police Dept., combine forces to bring about.....

GOSH! ALL THOSE SUPER CHARACTERS ARE GETTING IN MY WAY!

MONTH: SUPERTOOL is helping to save the Institute by chasing the mysterious \$UPER-\$AMARITAN

who is robbing rich professors to give to starving students. He has just robbed Prof. Eliat, alias SUPERPROF.

who now joins the chase...







IT MUST BE THE (SHUDDAH)



BOYS



BOSTON මව

AND COUGH UP THAT 10 GRAND IN LOAN INTERES

TOMORROW, "BIG JULIE OR ELSE!"



so forces are aligning to catch SUPER SAMARITAN !! San he zurvive this Superior?





I'VE PROGRAMMED MY COMPUTER WITH ALL
THE REJECTED THESES, FLUNKING QUIZZES
AND "F" PAPERS I COULD FIND IN 20
YEARS AT THE 'TUTE. WHEN I TURN IT
ON, DIRECTED AT THE CAVE ENTRANCE,
IT WILL SET UP SUCH A STRONG
FIELD OF IGNORANCE, THAT
ANYONE CROSSING IT WILL
HAVE HIS MIND REDUCED
TO A PULP! S.T & S.P. WON'T
DARE CROSS IT



HMM, TOO BAD WE DON'TL /FORTUNATELY, HAVE A "NEGATIVE" RESISTOR SUPERTOOL, I WE COULD HOOK UP A HAPPEN TO HAVE CIRCUIT, AIM IT AT HIS A NEGATIVE RESIS POWER SOURCE, AND TOR WHICH I PER-STOP HIS MACHINE! FECTED AT MY THIS 5¢ BATTERY I LAB YESTERDAY! HAVE WOULD LET'S START IT GET TO WORK! OFF I

THE DUO

OF ROES

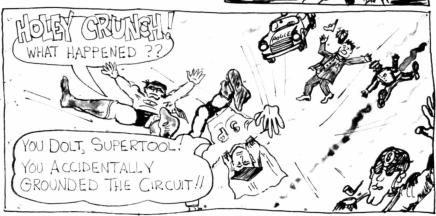
HEROES

TO

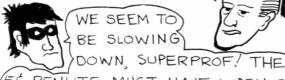
WORK:



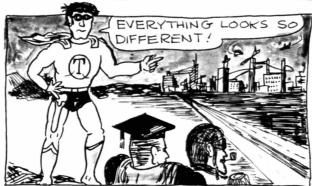




THE NEGATIVE RESISTOR ABSORBED ALL)
THE EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL POWER IN
THE IMMEDIATE AREA, WITH NO
GRAVITY, WE IMMEDIATELY ACCELERATED TO THE SPEED OF LIGHT,
AT WHICH WE ARE
NOW TRAVELING!!









3965/ How Gould SURFICED MAKE SUGH A GOOF?

HOW WILL HE GET BACK TO 1965 IN TIME
FOR HIS NUCLEO-POSITIVE ANTIMATTER LAB?
WHAT OF SUPER PROF? CAN HE RETURN IN
TIME TO PUBLISH "ADVANCED ELECTROSTATICS"
(MIT PRESS, \$35. 82 PP.)
& \$ \$ HIMSELF? DO YOU REALLY CARE?

CRAMER'S FIRST ANNUAL MADISON'S BIRTHDAY SALE MARCH 16th

H. H. SCOTT 48 WATT STEREO AMP KIT MODEL LK48 REG. \$129.95



\$79.50

H. H. SCOTT 80 WATT
STEREO AMP KIT
MODEL LK72 REG \$169.95



\$99.50

CRAMER

ELECTRONICS, INC

817 BOYLSTON ST. PHONE ORDERS
BOSTON CO 7-4700

Opposite Prudential Tower

DEAR PHOS



This month, Phos answers questions from our readers about the weather....

Dear Phos:

Why is Boston weather so lousy?

Mark

Dear Question Mark:

Somebody up there hates us.

光 光 光

Dear Phos:

When you're out with a girl and it's raining, do you have to hold your umbrella over her? I tried it once but I got soaked.

Wet-behind-the-ears

Dear Wet-Behind:

Most girls like romantic things, and we all know how romantic the moon and stars are. If you hold the umbrella over her head she won't be able to see them. Of course, the moon and stars aren't out when it's raining, but it's still a good excuse to stay dry.

不 乔 茶

Dear Phos:

Is it proper to wear rubbers when you're out with a broad?

Wondering

Dear Won:

Only if it's raining.

Dear Phos:

How can you tell when it's Spring?

Curious

Dear Curiosity:

The pigeons start making out in the Great Rice Paddy.

* * *

Dear Phos:

I have trouble getting along with girls; could this be because I talk about the weather all the time?

Weather-Minded

Dear Mind:

Become whether-minded.

* * *

Dear Phos:

I heard that Boston has more snow than a human being can stand; is this true?

Statistician

Dear Titian:

'S no joke.

* *

Dear Phos:

As a brilliant young scientist, I have become dissatisfied with the temperature as an index of discomfort in cold weather. Can you supply a "Cold Index" for me?

Technician

Dear Tool:

 $CI = M \times F$

VD

CI = Cold Index

F = Square Inches of Frostbite, Per Ear

M = Grams of Frozen Mucus, per nostril

VD = Vertical Displacement,
Millimeters

* *

Dear Phos:

How can I snow my girl when it rains?

Rained Out

Dear D'out:

If she reigns, it's "no."

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
EDITH HENRY

For men:

NUNN-BUSH
AIR-FILM
BASS WEEJUNS
JACK PURCELL TENNIS
CLARKS OF ENGLAND

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



* N.B. + OVER 25% OF SEATS SOLD !!! *



BUY YOUR XKE FROM US AT <u>DUTY-FREE</u> PRICES!
SAVE \$1,000... SAVE ON ALL FOREIGN CAR PURCHASES
WHILE IN EUROPE OR RENT OR LEASE THROUGH
T.S.E. MAKE YOUR TRIP PAY FOR ITSELF!

TOUR EUROPE 5 WEEKS ONLY \$424 !

FABULOUS CONTINENTAL TOUR OF SUNNY EUROPE. FROM SPRINGY LONDON TO THE GRANDEUR OF ROME, THE FLOWER OF VENICE, THE GLORY AND BEAUTY OF PARIS — AND MUCH, MUCH MORE. HOTELS, COACH, RAIL TRANSPORTATION, MEALS. ALL INCLUDED AT THIS LOW PRICE.

Now is the time to see Europe! Go TSE!

George Berbeco, Flight Manager Technology Student Enterprises 120 Massachusetts Avenue Cambridge, Mass.

UN 4-6900, Ext. 2924 If no answer, call UN 4-3194



This coupon worth on any pizza pie

ELSIE'S

Noted for the Best Sandwiches To Eat In or to Take Out The famous special Roast Beef Sandwich

KNACKWURST - BRATWURST with Sauerkraut or Potato Salad und die feinen Wurstwaren

71 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass.

ELSIE and HENRY BAUMANN EL 4-8362

WEATHER SONG TITLES

- "She Was Only a Meteorologists's Daughter, But She Had a Warm Front"
- "The Flurry With the Fringe on Top"
- "You're Snowman 'Til Somebody Loves You"
 "Come to Me My Melancloudy Baby"
- "We Shall Overcast"
- "Desafinosnow"
- "I Can't Give You Anything But My Umbrella"
- "If Ever I Would Leaf You, It Wouldn't Be In Winter"
- "The Sleets of Laredo"
- "Once In A While It Snows Like Hell"
- "There's No Business Like Snow Business"
- "The Rain In Maine Falls Mainly as Snow" "Too Damn Cold"
- "All Through the Night it Accumulated"
- "Snow, Snow a Thousand Times Snow"
- "The Days of Slime on Noses"
- "Cold Finger"
- "Blowin' In The Wind"
- "Hail Hail The Gang's All Here"



It isn't what my girl knows that bothers me; it's how she learned it.



RENTALS SALES & SERVICE

Typewriters Adding Machines Calculators Special Rates To Students

14 Norfolk St.

Central Square

Cambridge

864 - 0764

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY

213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston

Next to Back Bay Theater

(0.6-2103)

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

Special Attention to M.I.T.

Students - Whether A Bottle or A Case

FREE DELIVERY

Always Plenty of Ice Cubes Party Planning



And on my left, folks, is Charles Deber, the new proprietor of the Cathouse, and Editor of this illustrious rag. Yep, you're finally rid of my random

ramblings!

Actually, Charlie is no newcomer to the realm of Cathouses — he once did a sterling guest spot under my predecessor, John Reed. And as any fool who reads the bylines on our articles (and maybe also the body of the articles) knows, Charlie has been a regular contributor of what might best be called commentary garbage ("Cheap Date", "Meet to Meat", "Beer"). He also writes satire, like "Fanny Hell", "Lord of the Thighs", "Kiss me, Smedley".

Well, cheers. — Levine

THE WEATHER: IT'S JUST NOT FAIR

We all know that man has now harnessed the atom for peacetime uses. Also, in states other than Massachusetts, man has harnessed the automobile for peacetime uses. Furthermore, in some cases, man has even harnessed woman for piecetime uses. But there is one great force that has yet to be harnessed: the weather. Even in this era of explosive progress, the grungy old weather still harnesses man.

So many of our day-to-day activities are directly influenced by the weather, that one begins to cringe when the man on the radio screams out, "AND NOW THE FORECAST " And continuously it seems that certain weather patterns are perfectly timed to interfere with whatever you want to do. If you're going ice-skating outdoors, it's either raining or too warm. If you're going to the beach, it's either raining or too cool. If you're going to watch the only eclipse of the sun in 50 years, it's cloudy. If you're going to go sailing, there's no wind. If you're going to play football, there's a 50-mile an hour wind that blows every forward pass back behind the quarterback. If you're going to take a plane trip, it's foggy. If you're going to drive to Montreal, there's 50 feet of snow covering the highway.

You can't win. You can't even break even. The weather strikes again and again. In the summer: you work Monday to Friday, it's gorgeous outside every day; Friday night the clouds roll in; by Saturday, it's pouring rain, and you're stuck indoors again. One might guess that nearly 60 percent of outdoor plans must be altered or cancelled because of New England weather. On a summer day in Boston, it can snow out of a clear sky.

A meteorologist will tell you that the study of weather is a scientific one; yet quite often the forecasts bear little resemblance to what happens to be going on outside your window. "Mostly

fair today and tonight, with a high in the low middle forties," says the friendly forecaster, who would be surprised to learn that it was raining at the time, with the temperature near 60. It often takes hours of precipitation before the weathermen will admit that it is indeed raining — if they had not predicted it. "Heavy snow warnings" is usually revised to sound something like, "Total accumulation about one inch with considerable drifting." Also in Boston, they have something called "fair weather clouds," which seems kind of paradoxical, perhaps analogous to "dehydrated water."

Here's a true life experience worth recounting, which occurred on a balmy Saturday last summer. My buddy and I joyfully bopped down to the beach near Coney Island that day, thankful that it was sunny for a change, and that the forecast was for, "fair and hot, high in the 90's", one of those "it's a lovely day for the beach" forecasts that the disc jockeys seem to repeat and repeat, regardless of what the actual weather is, or what the actual forecast is. Well. anyway, there were about a million people down at the beach by noon, at least 500,000 of them girls, which of course vastly improved the scenery (not that sand and sea aren't scenic). Then, about 1:00 P.M., just as somebody's transistor radio had told the world that the temperature around that part of it was 93, the sky began to darken, and darken, and darken, you know, like it gets right before a thunderstorm. A wave of curiosity passed over the beach: was it going to rain? No mention of even possible thundershowers had been made in the forecast. Next a wave of hesitancy swept the beach: should we pack up and leave? It's only 1:00. And then, a shrill girl's voice blurted out the clincher: "I think

I felt a drop." Chaos! Mayhem! Did you ever see a half-a-million girls in bikinis run past you in 2 minutes? That's about what happened, and most of the fellows soon hastily rolled up their blankets and also sought refuge under the boardwalk, or on the subway.

But not my buddy and I. No. sir. This was one occasion when Old Man Weather was going to lose, and lose big. We settled into our beach chairs, draped a blanket over us, and sat there. smugly, waiting, waiting. The rain got harder and harder; the wind blew faster and faster; lightning zigzagged from sky to ground, striking the water just a few hundred yards away; thunder shattered the sandy silence. And we sat there, smugly. Beach umbrellas, with their lethal spear-like poles, went flying past us, along with sand and other remnants of lunches, spurred on by the 40-mile-an-hour gale wind. And we sat there, our transistor radio in a plastic bag, still playing, with the cheerful disc jockey repeatedly insisting that it was "fair and hot, high in the 90's." It was just about then that the hailstorm began; chunks of ice, the size of large marbles, tumbled profusely from the angry heavens, many striking us upon the head. Hail stones hurt! It's like getting hit off the head with a hundred small rocks, in rapid succession. And we sat there; it was raining ice, and the radio said, "fair and hot."

As suddenly as it had begun, the storm was over, within an hour. The beach, now deserted except for two idiots, was a moist mess. The sun came out, a few other hearty souls wandered out from various hiding places, and by 2:30, it looked as though nothing had happened, except that a million people were now trampling their way home in mid-afternoon on the sweaty sub-

ways. The weather had struck again, and won again.

You may well ask, what can be done about the situation? Go ahead, ask. Thanks. Well, very little, I say. Sure, guys can tell you when hurricanes are a-comin', but the hurricanes come and wreak havoc. Man simply has found no way to prevent hurricanes, much less storms of minor importance. If it doesn't rain in a particular area, there's a drought, and forest fires, and a "conserve water emergency" announced by the mayor. If it rains too much, the Echaipfak River soon overflows its trusty banks, there's a flood, two-thirds of downtown Paxtonville is washed away. If it doesn't snow, nobody can go skiing, or raid the girl's dorm with snowballs. If it snows too much, nobody can get anywhere, businesses and schools are closed, emergencies occur and ambulances can't get through, cars skid off roads into trees. If it gets too hot, you're irritable, uncomfortable, you spend money on soft drinks and air conditioners. If it gets too cold, you're freezing, you spend money on hot drinks and heaters.

Admit it: the weather has got mankind on the run. When we control the weather, we will have earned a real pat on the back from Mother Nature. Until that fateful day, baseball games will get rained out, typhoons will ravage Japan, snow-removal machine-makers will go bankrupt, Sunday picnics will instead be Sunday at the flicks.

I believe it was that famous poet, Robert Frostbite, who once wrote this little bit of verse:

The sky is blue; what do we do?

We watch, and crowds of clouds roll in,

Cirrus, cumulus, stratus, nimbus;

What a drag! Weather, you bite the bag!

Adventurers! Swingers! Fun lovers! Playboys!



Cool it!

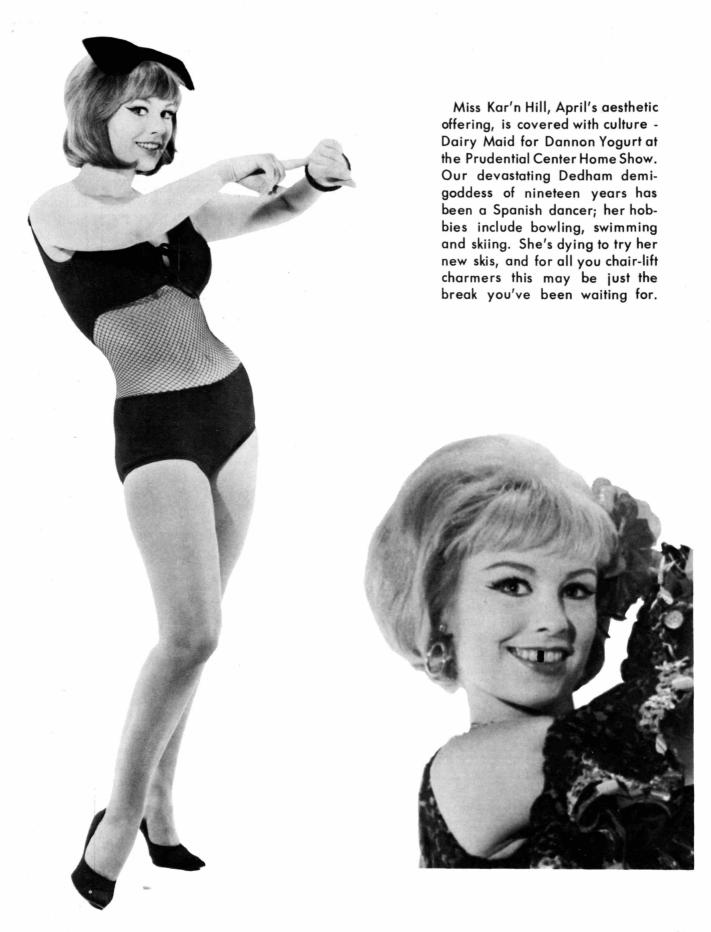
If you've been looking for a completely unique experience... call off the search. You've found it! Colt 45 Malt Liquor. Great new taste. As much spirit as the life of the party. In fact it is!

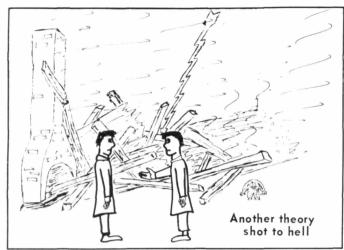
A completely unique experience

© SPECIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL BREWING CO. BALTIMORE, MD. OTHER PLANTS • DETROIT, MICH.—MIAMI, FLA. Doll of the Month



PHOTOGRAPHY BY





As the farm equipment dealer said, "We stand behind everything we sell except our manure spreaders."



This is an era of compromise. At a party one evening one of the guests said to a girl, "Will you come to my studio with me tonight?"

Indignantly she replied, "How dare you. You don't even know my name; but you seem too anxious, I'll give you a sporting chance."

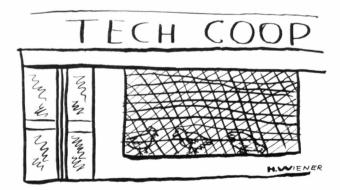
She clenched her fist and said, "If you can tell me what I have in my hand, I'll go to your studio with you tonight. Now, what have I got in my hand?"

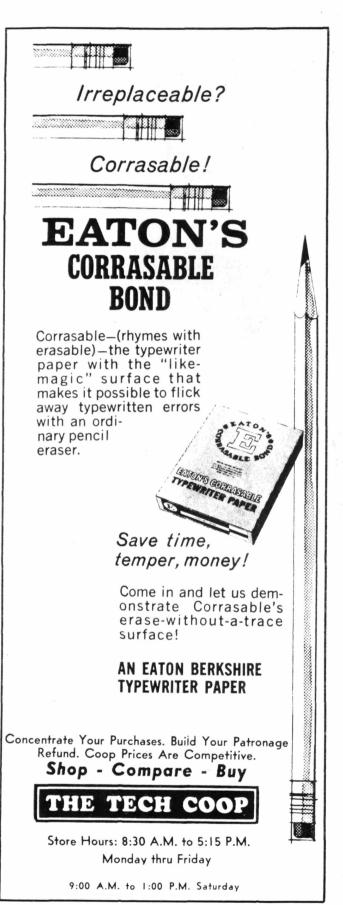
He replied, "An elephant."

"That's close enough," came her reply.



A pilot and his co-pilot were flying along. The pilot turned the controls over to the co-pilot and began to exercise with a set of dumbbells. Just then the stewardess entered with the co-pilot's lunch which consisted of some soup and a sandwich. Suddenly the plane hit an air pocket and the pilot dropped one of the small dumbbells into the co-pilot's soup. Hey flier, the co-pilot shouted, there's a weight in my soup.





How Weather is Made

by Dan Asimov

We have all seen *weather* at one time or other, although it is scarce in certain parts of the Australian rain forest. It is a fascinating business to follow its formation and complex interactions with the weather of adjoining regions — and this is precisely what we shall do.

We will trace the steps of Frank Cloud, ace meteorologist for the Lipit Tea Co. of Cambridge, Mass.

At 9:00 A.M. Cloud wakes up, winds his barometer, gulps his morning coffee and scoots off to work in his pajamas. Upon arrival at the tea plant he immediately checks the weather map, winds his thermometer, and gulps his mid-morning coffee.

With typical attention to detail, Cloud notices a warm front in Liberia, a high front in Death Valley, a low front on Rhoda Rain, his secretary, and a dissapproving grunt from Job Snow, his boss.



Getting down to business, Cloud gulps his noontime coffee, recharges his anemometer, and removes his pajamas.

Taking time out from his work, Cloud poses for a company ad. "I'd sooner Lipit," he says.

Returning to his chores, Cloud takes readings from his anemometer, thermometer, and barometer, thus obtaining the average snow in the Virgin Islands over the period 1870-1968. Having done this, Cloud takes a break in order to take his mid-afternoon coffee. At this time, in line with his boss's advice, Cloud puts on some clothes.

He writes in his meteorologist's log: "If a typhoon is like a cyclone, is the typhoon cycloid, or is the cyclone typhoid?" Just then the teletype blares out: "Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Geyser sight-

"Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Geyser sighted and heading northwest along Mass. Ave. (which generally runs southeast when it's running). Cloud hops into his weather-mobile and heads to the trouble spot. Always prepared for random crises, Cloud whips out his anti-geyseristic, irregrangible, uncopyrightable (which uses over 57 percent of the alphabet without repetition) supercalifragilator. The geyser extinguished, Cloud returns to the office and receives a citation from the Commissioner of Weather. Gulping his late-afternoon coffee, Cloud waters his venus fly-trap while oiling his bicycle bell, despite the popular notion "Oil and water don't mix." But Cloud is an iconoclast, never aghast at a blast at the past.

At 5:00 Cloud's workday is over, so with flagging spirit and tired body he draws himself together and runs home as fast as his chubby legs can carry him.

The meteorology business is tedious doing, for Cloud gets little chance to put knowledge to work there. He is disgusted and frustrated by the end of the day. But happiness is ahead, for he has a date tonight with his girlfriend, Sylvia Weather.

THE NILE RESTAURANT REOPENS!

TIC DISHES OF THE NEAR EAST
Lah'm Mishwi (Lamb on Skewers)

Plain - Broiled Choice Cubed Lamb 1 2 Skewers 2.25
1 Skewer 1.65
with Tomato & Onions 2 Skewers 2.65
with Mushrooms 2 Skewers 2.75
2 One well's 2.75
with Tomato, Opions & Panners
with Tomato, Onions & Peppers 2 Skewers 3.00
1 Skewer 2.00
with Comato, Onions, Mushrooms
& Peppers
l Skewer 2.25
Steak Mishwi – (Choice of Sirloin or Tenderloin Cubed)
with Tomatoes, Onion & Peppers 2 Skewers 4.75
1 Skewer 2.75
Jumbo Shrimp on Skewers 2.25
Syrian Sausages Mishwi
Above orders include Syrian Bread, Butter and Choice
of Rice Syrian Style, French Fried or Baked Potatoes.
ODEN 11 20 A 44 10 00 D 44

OPEN 11:30 A.M. - 10:00 P.M.

just off park square 79 BROADWAY, BOSTON tel.: 423-3430

Lecture Series Committee Presents

Friday - March 19

Saturday - March 20

Bells Are Ringing

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers

26-100

7 and 9:30 50c 26-100 7 and 9:30 Serial at 6:45

FREE MOVIE - Kresge 8 P.M. March 26

Sunday - April 25

HUMPHREY BOGART - PETER LORRE

CASABLANCA

10-250

8 P.M.

50c

Proof of membership in the MIT community will be required for admission Friday and Saturday nights. Absolutely no Harvies will be admitted.



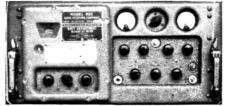






SNIPERSCOPE, M-3, late model, permits viewing in total darkness. Ready to use, includes 20,000 volt power supply. You furnish 6 volts DC to operate. Used, checked out. Rifle shown in picture not included.

\$225.00



RDZ RECEIVER, 10 channel crystal controlled, 200-400 mc, 115 volt 60 cycle power supply. Navy surplus and made to highest standards. Cost \$2,500.00 each. We offer brand new units, original boxed, with antenna, plugs, schematic and crystal figuring data. Shipping wgt. 235 lbs.

\$125.00

Catalogue of government surplus optical and electronic material sent free on request.

JOHN MESHNA, JR.

Surplus Electronic Material
19 Allerton St., Lynn, Mass.

HILTON'S

TENT CITY

- Complete Camping & Mountaineering Outfits
- Cavers, Explore our Five-Story Building
- Tennis by Bancroft, etc.
- Fishing, Baseball, Skiing, Scuba Depts.
- Desirable Government Surplus Items Always On Hand
- Mention VooDoofor Another Snip Off Our Low, Low Prices.

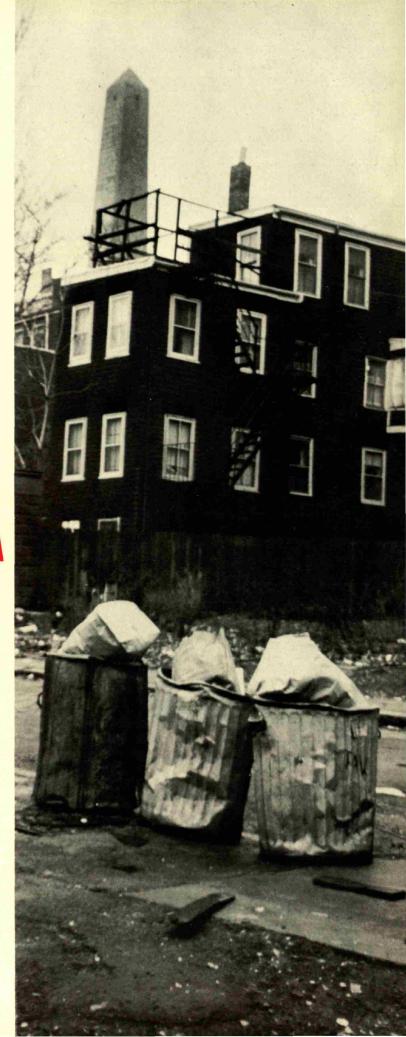
DAILY & SAT. 9 - 6 MON.-WEDS.-FRI. 9 - 9

272 FRIEND ST. (Near North Station) CA-7-9104 THE VOO DOO MUNICIPAL LEAGUE announces its

ALLAMERICA CITY AWARD

Photography: Doug Glen. Article: Keith Patterson, John Muller.

Right: Charlestown has preserved the historic site where the British launched the charge on Bunker Hill.









Above: The John Hancock Building. We Declare these truths to be self-evident.

Right: Boston plans a massive harbor redevelopment. Water water everywhere and not a drop to drink.

Above: Boston, the hub of the New World ... And the streets shall be paved with gold.

Left: City Square, Charlestown. . . . And the meek shall inherit the earth.

Below: Boston . . . And the times they are a changin'.







Above: Urban renewal sends mortar hurtling to the stars —— Cry the Beloved Country.



Above: ...And it rained for forty days and forty nights.

Right: The New Frontier.

Below: Boston voters invest in tomorrow.
. . .And there will be a chicken in every pot.









Above: Boston's dynamic Government Center --- As ye sow so shall ye reap.

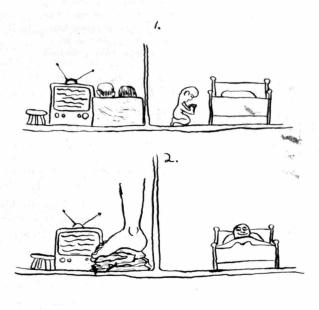
All-American City Amard

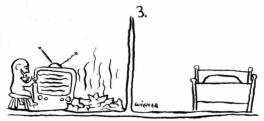
Presented to Boston on recognition of progress achieved through intelligent citizen action.

Cilean Dover

VOO DOO MUNICIPAL LEAGUE







CHARLESGATE SANDWICH & SUB SHOP

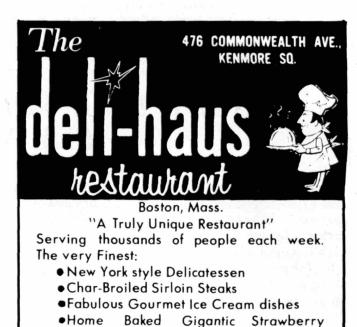
Opposite Miles Standish Hall

DI PIETRO'S PIZZA SUB & SANDWICH SHOP

corner of Mass. Ave. and Beacon for deliveries phone 536 - 9528



NO LOWER RATES IN MASS.



"What kind of a guy is your roommate?"

in an atmosphere you'll really enjoy.

At moderate prices you'll never believe.

PARTY PLATTERS AND CATERING

Located between Kenmore & Braemore Hotels

262-9712

Cheese Cake

"Well, last night he stubbed his toe on a chair and said, 'Oh, the perversity of inanimate objects.'"



Two students were arguing at a football game. A third walked up and asked why they were arguing.

"See that girl with the black-looking legs up there?" one asked. "This guy says it's stockings. I say it's hair."

"Tell you what," the third one said, "I'll go up and check at half-time."

As the third quarter started, he returned, visibly shaken.

"What was it," the two boys asked, "stockings or hair?"

"Neither," said the third. "It was flies."



Teacher: Who knows what we celebrate on Arbor Day?

Johnny: I do, teacher. My sister just had an arbortion.

When Charles Dickens visited America in the 1840's he wrote an interesting volume, entitled American Notes, telling his impressions of the America of that day - its people, its towns, and its institutions. Today, one might argue, a similar trip would not be as enlightening, because the rapid methods of travel would lessen the things one might see, and the urbanization of the country would make one part seem much like the rest. Not so, asserts this reporter. Witness a recent Odyssey into mid-America, where several intrepid collegians found that despite modern conveniences, a trip could take on entirely unexpected aspects. Here then, is Chapter One of a forthcoming book, Intersessions I Have Known, entitled,

NEXT TIME YOU GO TO MIAMI, FLY NORTHEAST

Miami! I perked up as Petewhispered the word in my ear. It was about the third day of Intersession, and I had been sleeping fairly regularly for most of that time. Although I never would have thought so earlier, sleeping through vacations does become slightly tinged with boredom after the novelty wears off. I had just begun to regret not going to New Orelans with some of the guys, but Pete's word drove that thought from my mind. Apparently Pete's girl friend had come to Boston for exam week, and now he had to get her back to school again; he had talked Doug, a freshman with a Mercedes-Benz, into driving them. He wanted me for the company (he said) and to split gas money (I knew).

About six p.m. on Sunday night, the four of us, plus Jack and Al, two other fraternity brothers who had been enticed into the trip, piled into the car, and we headed for the turnpike (via Elsie's, of course). "When do you expect us to get to Florida, Doug?" I asked. "Florida?!?" the five replied. "We're going to the U. of Miami of Ohio." By the time I had gotten over my initial disappointment, I was informed that it was my turn to pay the next toll.

Fortunately, when the universal steering joint broke we were only ten miles north of Hartford. That way, by the time we had flagged down a car, hitched to a gas station, and obtained a tow, we were right at the outer end of a suburban Hartford bus line. During the hour-long ride into town, we ate our left-over roast beef specials and discussed our next move.

Well, Donna HAD to get back to school, so we decided that if we could get to Pete's house, near Bridgeport, we could get his mother's car for the rest of the trip. An interesting sidelight then was revealed. If Pete's parents knew Donna had been in Boston, and if Donna's parents knew the same, severe domestic strife would ensue. "Obviously," spoke Al, the brains of the group, "we'll tellyour parents you need the car because we have to go to Penn State to help our chapter in their rush week." "Of course," we replied. We all knew that Al was the brains of the group.

While we awaited the New Haven local, Pete phoned home to talk his mother into the idea, and Doug decided to stay behind to protect his car from by Keith Patterson

the mercenary mechanic at the garage. Bidding him a fond farewell, we clambered aboard the New Haven's crack Express for New York. Climbing over the sleeping Yalies, we found seats, and settled down for four bumpy hours of modern American travel.

As we pulled into South Norwalk, our destination, at 3 a.m., Pete suddenly feared that his mother might be waiting to meet us. If she saw Donna, of course, all would be lost. Accordingly, we jumped off the opposite side of the train, dodged an approaching freight, and scurried to the security of the baggage office.

On an early Monday morning the S. Norwalk station, unusually tranquil, save for a few itinerants asleep in the doorways, is a hell of a place to be. We entered a lighted taxi office, which was deserted, and decided to await the cabbie. Half an hour later, I started to use his phone to call all of the '24-hour' taxis in the phone book. I soon discovered that every cab outfit in Fairfield County was working on, presumably, a 36-hour day. The others relaxed, Al humming along with the Bach concerto which was the only thing we could get on Jack's transistor, and I was momentarily elated as I got a busy signal at one of the taxi offices. My joy subsided, however, when Pete pointed out that I had dialed the office we were in. Right after I finally got through to a distant taxi, and was told they were on their way, Frank, the night cabbie in whose office we were waiting, came back, and spent the whole time we waited for our cab telling us how we were taking our lives into our hands riding with the dangerous and unscrupulous person we had called.

We dropped Donna and Al off at a diner near Pete's house while the rest of us went for the car. After a minor skirmish with his father, who, being the irrational rascal he is, could not see why we had to go to Penn State at 4 a.m.

The next few hours were uneventful. We crossed the Martha Washington Bridge, missed the Jersey Pike, drove through downtown Newark ("I always wanted to see Newark during morning rush-hour," said Pete cheerfully, "and besides, this trip wouldn't be any fun if we had a road map.")

Eating up the miles across Pennsylvania, we relaxed to enjoy the countryside. A particularly interesting sidelight was our lunch spot at one of those places uniquely American - a roadhouse. HoJos, I think it was called.

"I'm glad we're going through West Virginia," said Al, "I've never been there before. Now I can add it to the list of states I've visited. Say, why don't we go through Kentucky so I can say I've been there, too?" "Shut up, Al" we said.

Despite the blizzard, we were soon in Wheeling, at which time Al and I decided to form a 'Fair Play for Wheeling' Committee. I think Al and I were getting punchy from lack of sleep.

The blizzard lasted across Ohio, and slowed us down considerably. Night had fallen again before we took the wrong road at Dayton, and became hopelessly lost. "Stop here for a road map," I said. "Damn," said Pete, "it's no fun with a road map. I'll find that place if it kills me. We're only 28 hours out of Boston. Besides, I always wanted to see downtown Dayton in the middle of the night." Al laughed. "Shut up, Al," we said.

Eventually, we found Oxford, Ohio. Donna checked in, at Western College, the girls' school she attended, and the rest of us went over to the residence hall they maintain for boys who come to visit the girls there. (Take note, Wellesley, Simmons, Chand-

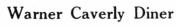
ler). The next day, we started back, after getting Donna's roommate to buy us plenty of liquor with her phony I.D. Bidding Oxford, Ohio, a fond farewell, we settled down for the long trip. "Let's go back through Missouri," said Al. "I can add that as another state." "Shut up, Al," we said.

The trip back was fairly uneventful. We enjoyed the American landscape, and thought of our fore-fathers, who sat at home and eked out a living in the factories, and who would never have been crazy enough to set out on such an expedition, even if they had had expressways and HoJos in the last century.

We stopped in Wheeling again, because Al wanted to see if they had flush toilets in the Appalachian poverty region. He observed that they indeed had flush toilets, and spent most of Western Pennsylvania marvelling at the "Great Society" which was before us. Jack and I, both card-carrying YRs, caught up on our sleep.

"Observe," said Al, as we drove over a mountain in Pennsylvania, "trucks travel uphill slower and down faster. I wonder, is it weight, wheel size or both? What if we had an empty truck? Now from freshman physics...." "Shut up, Al" we said.

We spent the rest of the trip creating "new" verses to the songs we heard on the radio. I can't wait for Spring Vacation - the open road, grass roots America - oh, what the hell! I think I'll stay here and sleep.



114 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass. Under New Management

Specializing in

Home Cooked Meals

AT REASONABLE PRICES

We also carry a variety of

PIES - CAKES & PASTRY

ORDERS PUT UP TO TAKE OUT

Phone: 491-9038

Meal tickets sold here \$5.50 for \$5.00

Serving the Public Over 25 Yrs.

Catering to Students

& Student Parties

Open 24 hours aday





THE OLD BOARD WELCOMES





OLD BOARD

BOB PILON
KIM THURSTON

MIKE LEVINE

ROBBY TAYLOR

BOB PINDYCK

KEITH PATTERSON

BOB CALVERT

BILL DEL HAGEN

JOHN MARSHALL



NEW MANAGING BOARD

left to right,

Mike Levine,

General Manager

Kim Thurston,

Business Manager

Charles Deber,

Editor

Bob Pindyck,

Managing Editor



THE NEW ABOARD



NEW SENIOR BOARD

left to right,
John Marshall,
Publicity Coordinator
Maury Scherer,

Art Consultant

Norm Rubin,

Senior Editor

Keith Patterson,

Features Editor





LEVENSON MOORE SIMON RODE BORSHER SELDIN NOLAN KULECK CALVERT ELLIS WARE STUMPPHIRSCHFELD

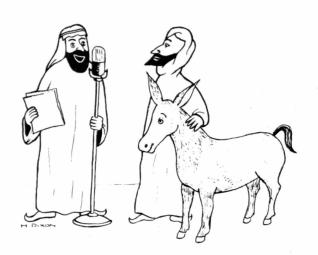


(Incidentally, this is what happened five seconds later.)

NEW JUNIOR BOARD



PHOTOS BY ART KALOTKIN



AND NOW EGYPT'S **FAVORITE QUIZ SHOW.** "YOU BET YOUR ASS!"



ZEISS

Polaroid

!!! LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE !!! WOLF & SMITH

Photo Supply Co.
907 MAIN ST., CORNER MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

TR 6-3210

NEWBURY DEL & SUPERMARKET

86 Mass. Ave. Boston

a snack or a meal open 7 days a week 7 am till midnite

meeting place for students —



SALES

SAMUEL BLUESTEIN CO.

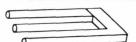
SCHOOL & ENGINEERING SUPPLIES - TYPEWRITERS

SERVICE

RENTALS

1080 BOYLSTON ST. Corner Mass. Ave. BOSTON COpley 7-1100

345 MAIN ST. MALDEN DAvenport 2-2315



optical illusion

eyes can play tricks

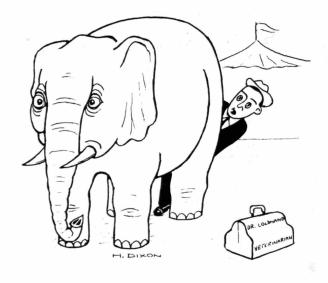
MERIT OPTICIANS

163 MASS. AVE., BOSTON (four blocks from Harvard Bridge) phone CO 7-0498

most repairs within two hours

Merit Jewelers -

Watch repairs on premises.



"Now Cough!"

Charlie-the-Tech-Tailor

"Est. 1918"

71 Amherst Street

EL 4 2088

Opposite Senior House and Dorms
Press your suit
Mend your clothes
Sew on Buttons
Dry clean your clothing

Laundry Service Available Shoe Repairing
N.B. He is noted for the finest work at the
lowest Prices

Enjoy the Finest Italian American Food and Delicious Pizza

> ITALIAN AMERICAN RESTAURANT Choice Liquors and Imported Beers

21 Brookline St., Cambridge EL 4-9569
Lat Central Square)
Open Every Night 'til Midnight – Free Parking
Ask About Student Discount Books

Boy to roomie: This girl you'll be taking is a person of many and varied aspects.

Roomie: That's all right. I've got freckles myself.



One partner said to another, "I took our new stenographer out last night for a gay party. I hate to say this, but she makes better love than my wife does. Why don't you take the stenographer out tonight?"

The partner did, and next morning he was asked, "How was she?"

"Fine — but not better than your wife."



A schoolteacher lived for nothing but the respect of her pupils. She would never get into compromising situations. She wouldn't go out with any man.

She was finally talked into a moonlight ride in a slicker's automobile. Out in the romantic night he took her in her arms and gave her a ten-minute soul kiss.

When he released her she started to cry. "How can I face my pupils tomorrow, knowing I have sinned twice?"

He said, "What do you mean twice?"

"You are going to do it again, aren't you?"

Did you hear ... they've just legalized abortions in China. Only trouble is that one hour later you feel pregnant again.



Judge, I wasn't within a mile of the place where this woman said I raped. her. Anyway, I didn't rape her, she asked me to. And besides, that ain't her.

Weather forecast: "Blankets of snow, rain in sheets, bed weather."



A wealthy American spinster wanted to marry a man who had never slept with another woman. The resourceful detective agency she hired finally found him down in Australia. So after the proper negotiations, it was arranged. On the night of their wedding the spinster came from toilette into the bedroom to discover her new husband had piled all the furniture, including the bed, into the living room and the bedroom was bare to the rug. "WHY?" she asked. "Well," said her new spouse, "I never slept with a woman before, but if it's going to be anything like those kangaroos, we'll need all the space we can get!"



Industrial and Retail Photographic Supplies

1252 Massachusetts Avenue Harvard Square KIrkland 7 - 8600



Specializing in Nikon "F" and all its excessories.

'Ferrante Dege, Inc.''

Franchised for Nikon, Bronica, Rollei, Pentax, • du Pont, Ansco, Kodak, Exakta, . . .

> Exclusive Fine Grain Black & White Finishing



ELI'S

636 BEACON STREET
BOSTON
262-0456 247-9064

SNACK BOX SPECIAL

We Deliver Anywhere Until 1 A.M. NO CHARGE

\$1.25 YOUR CHOICE

Regular \$1.60

- Fresh Lobster Salad Sandwich
 Beverage of Your Choice
 Hot Fudge Sundae with
 Marshmallow and Walnuts
- Roast Beef Sandwich
 Beverage of Your Choice
 Golden Baked Rich Cheese Cake
- Bagel & Lox and Cream Cheese
 Beverage of Your Choice
 Rich Fudgy Brownie

Little boy watching milkman's horse: "Mister, I'll bet you ain't gonna get home with your wagon." Milkman: "Why?"

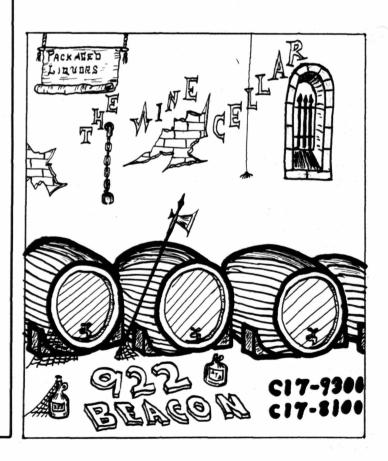
Little boy: "'Cause your horse just lost all his gasoline!"



Two strange men on a corner were watching two women approaching them. One fellow said to the other, "Here comes my wife and my mistress." "Funny. I was going to say the same thing."



Dr. Richard Gordon tells, in his book called *Doctor* at Large, of the day a gawky, teen-age girl came to his office, complaining that she coughed so steadily at night she couldn't sleep. Dr. Gordon asked her to strip, then put the stethoscope on her chest. "Now, then," he commanded, "big breaths!" The girl nodded proudly, and agreed, "Yeth, thir: and I'm only thixteen!"



DO YOU GO FOR THE BACK ISSUES ?



VooDoo were really funny - they make you laugh (you may have The further back you go, the better it gets, right? Left? Inbetween? But seriously (and that's an awful large but), the old issues of forgotten how after this issue). Fortunately, we managed to save a able for a slight pecuniary compensation. Remember, girls really go for the guy who has the back issues of VooDoo, and you can few for a rainy day (this is the weather issue) and they are availhave them for only 35 cents apiece.

September 64, Summer Composite December 63, Black Christmas February 64, Book Cover April 63, Suffolk Downs March 64, Motherhood anuary 64, Raw Guts April 64, Red Issue

December 64, Cult Issue February 65, (censored) anuary 65, Christmas March 65, Adult Fun April 65, we suppose

Cambridge, Mass., 02139 Walker Memorial, M.I.T.

Back Dept. VooDoo

Send your coins to:

November 64, Elections

S,000007

FIND WELVIN GONTP851

ust has to be Melvin Fooch, secret iden-How many times have you thought that that grungy tool you passed in the hall tity of that Champion of the Grade Graphs, SUPERTOOL?

Brain to score 100's on the quizzes that Melvin Fooch, and that he uses his Super-Aren't you positive that that smelly, obnoxious grunge down the hall is really you can barely pass?

VooDoo is setting out to unmask the Now, in the interest of justice and truth, masked Hero. Send the name and term address of the person who you think is secretly Supertool, or Melvin Fooch, to:

FIND MELVIN FOOCH WALKER MEMORIAL VOODOO

Our expert investigators will follow up Melvin Fooch, and giving him the recognition he deserves - mainly a trip to the your leads, hopefully unmasking the real showers!

VOO DOO ANNOUNCES:

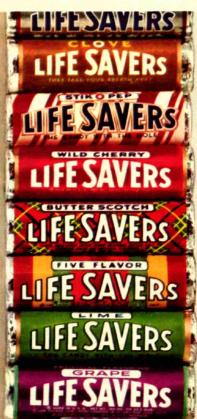
the contest of the century!!!

You've heard of the massive hunts for Martin Bormann, well now VooDoo has decided to launch a massive search of its own.



NOTE to hardened VooDoo readers: This is a real contest! It really is!!

Honest!





4 kinds of icy, spicy mints

