


JANUARY 35¢

W O D O





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These are projects in which college-educated men and women at General Electric are putting their training to good use in meeting people's needs — today's and tomorrow's.

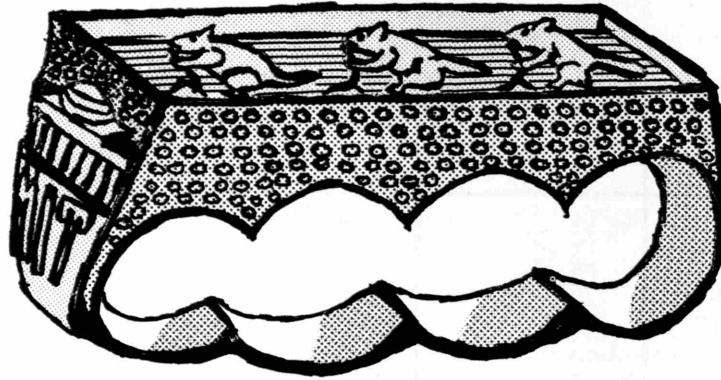
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

JANUARY

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
i h.f.p.	2i If at first you don't succeed,	2i 2i, again	oeil (French 4 i)	0 Nought tonight	1st National "My head feels like it's stuffed with cotton" day	2nd L.S.C. shows old Mr. Clean reruns
3rd Santa Claus asks Pope Paul to reconsider birth control	4th Bobby Kennedy asks for recognition on Senate floor	5th Teddy: "Yep, it's him all right."	6th Hitler: "Ja, it's Himmler Reich."	7th Twelfth Night of Christmas: "Yes, it's Hymnal night."	8th To heir is human.	9th To sin divine.
10th Circuit Day — Watt could be worse?	11th A Gauss is not an ohm.	12th Love thy neighbor.	13th But be discreet.	14th Orchid thief held at pistol point.	15th Bell invents telephone 1876	16th Tech invents phone hack 1876.
17th Record cold spell — Charles River congeals.	18th Leeches strike for higher wages.	19th Alas, all in vein	20th Johnson takes Oath of Office	21st Trades it for key to Executive Washroom.	22nd Record sale at Coop — 1/2 off Liszt price.	23rd Money Bach guarantee.
24th Prophets' Convention — Waite, N.C.	25th Snow, Day	26th Hail, Caesar	27th Prohibition Starts	28th Ale Seizure	29th Goldwater concedes — signs peace treaty with Khrushchev.	30th Goldwater becomes Leader of Pact.
31st Better osculate than never.	32i Tramp, tramp	33i Tramp, tramp	34i Beware the March of i's.	35i I's creamed 36 — 0	36i Nolan is an i-land.	37i Give up. The i's have it.

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HO, HO, HO...

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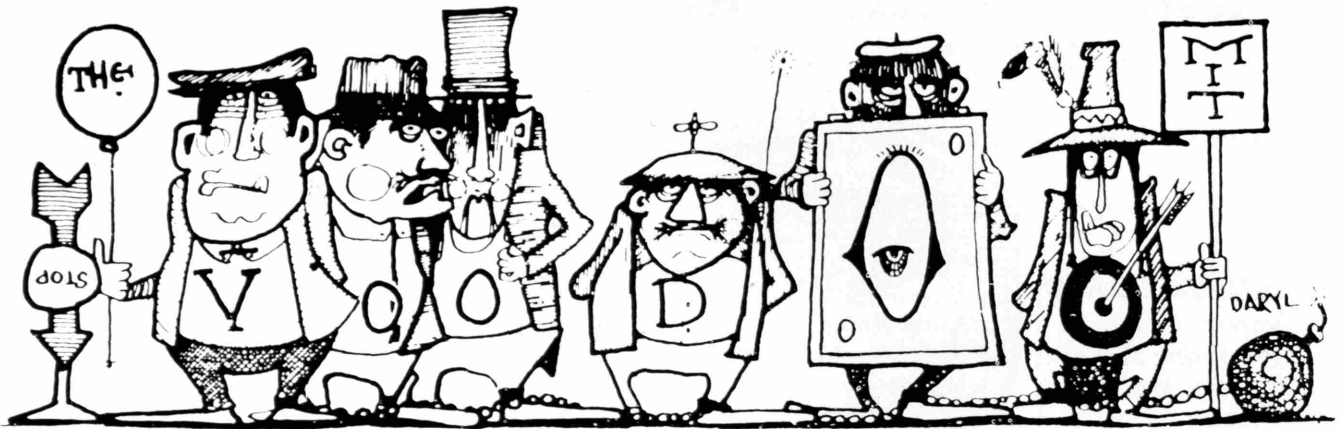
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The Kingsport Stud

It's funny how month after month we keep telling you the same thing, and you don't believe it. Well, once more for the record, this issue was published December, 1964, and is copyrighted 1964 by the VooDoo Managing Board. VooDoo is published monthly, October through May (and in August), by the VooDoo Managing Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Our good old office is 303 Walker Memorial, which is where our Wednesday night parties are held. It is theoretically possible to subscribe for a year (8 issues) for \$2.80 (\$69 in Pago Pago), but it's much faster to just pick up a copy for 35 cents on salesday. That's because the subscriptions are entered as second class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139, which seems to be a sink of magazines. If you didn't get your subscription copy let us know, but also write to the Postmaster General - he's getting tired of our letters.



Once again that time of year draws nigh when we forget our preoccupation with such mundane things as parties, girls, and beer; and begin contemplating matters more spiritual in nature, such as New Year's Eve, Sex, and Egg Nog. Once again we leave the real world of money and schoolwork, and enter the make-believe world of Christmas Presents and Final Exams. And once again Old Saint Phos and all his little elves on the VooDoo staff smile at each other, nod their heads, and breathe lightly in anticipation of another Christmas Issue.

For a school full of engineers, M.I.T. certainly doesn't plan its buildings very well. One of the coeds points out that the doors on the Earth Sciences Building, which are difficult for anyone to open, are actually too heavy for her to move. She is frequently late to the class she has in the Green Center because she has to wait outside until someone comes along and opens the door for her.

One of our Junior Board members happened to be at Harvard Square, in a bookstore that sells *VooDoo*, when he noticed two Harvies talking and laughing. He decided to listen in and see what makes Harvies laugh. One of the Harvies was saying, ". . .so he goes up to her room, see? Now, in the next panel you see the two of them in bed, and he's saying 'gasp! I feel the potion wearing off!' So he goes running out to a closet. . . ."

In a recent issue of the *Route 128 News*, a local electronics journal, there was a story about an engineer who used to do a lot of flying. One day he used a computer to figure out what the probability was of being on a flight that was carrying a bomb. The computer politely informed him that his time was almost up. From then on he refused to fly, but several months later one of his friends was surprised to meet him on an airplane to St. Louis. "I thought you weren't flying anymore," said the friend.

The engineer answered, "Well, I was, but then I figured out the probability of being on a plane with *two* bombs. And it was infinitesimal. So I carry my own bomb."

Among the many and varied schools for young ladies in Beantown is one called the Hoar school. No, it's not connected with Mount Ida.

In one of the computer courses, the problem was given to move each entry in a list down two positions. A friend of ours forgot to include a stop card in his program, and succeeded in moving down all the entries in the list, all the grading program, and part of core memory.

People have accused us of becoming drab and sober, but they'll find it hard to convince at least one staffer that we're a sober bunch. He sat down in lecture the morning after a Lit Deadline, reached into his pocket for a pencil, and pulled out a half-eaten slice of pizza.

At the lit deadline this month, we made the mistake of ordering Chinese food instead of pizza for a snack. (See Cathouse) So a staffer phoned the *House of Roy*, and ordered "one pizza, please."

What Is It?

HAM BONERS

The Roxbury executive who placed this Want Ad in The Globe (Oct. 30) said a ham boner removes bones from hams after trimming them. He said it takes two months to train a ham boner. The executive said a qualified ham boner can remove bones from about 20 hams in an hour.

If you enjoy watching someone make an ass of himself, may we recommend that you drop in sometime on the first showing of some LSC movie. There's this sophomore (he even *looks* like an animal) who invariably sits up front and puts on a show of his own. Not only does he maintain a fairly steady flow of gross but generally unfunny comments, but if anything even vaguely resembling a female is shown on the screen, he emits loud guttural grunts — the mating cry of the Flying North American Ignoramus. Then again, we shouldn't laugh at him; he obviously suffers from a chronic case of Lackanookie, for reasons patently obvious to LSC first-show fans.

A staffer venturing into the outer world noticed this double feature at a local theater:

"Where Love Has Gone"

and

"To Bed or Not to Bed"

POSTMARKS
OF THE
MONTH



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Girl: "Why did you turn off the lights?"
Techman: "I wanted to see if my pipe was lighted."



College: That fountain of knowledge where youth goes to drink.

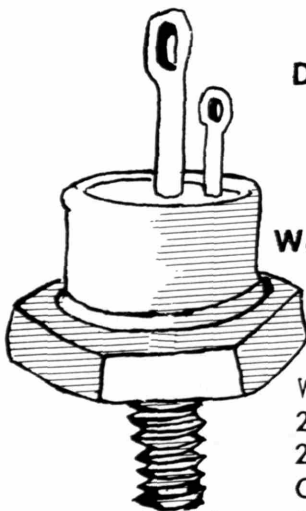
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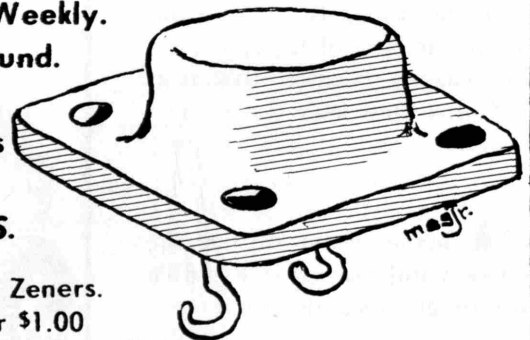
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. . . And now, sports fans, the thing you've all been waiting for! VooDoo's representative of the Far Right (you know — the Minutemen, the Liberty Amendment Committee, the HUAC — all them guys) has returned to print. Yes, the mind that brought you *Choice Critic, Take Me, She Pleaded, Special Showing*, and other drolleries now brings you

Let's Put The \$ Back In Chri\$tm\$a\$

It's Christmas-time again. You can tell, because the air is full of peace-on-earth and goodwill-toward-men. Everywhere you go you hear these inane Christmas carols, and people talking about Christmas and how great it is, and commercials about the big sales at Filene's and Jordan's.

Now, if you're like everyone else, you have three burning questions as yet unresolved in your mind, namely 1) "What the hell am I going to give all the people on my shopping list?" 2) "What am I going to tell all my relatives to give me for Christmas?" and 3) "Who the hell needs Christmas, anyhow?"

The answer to these questions is simple. Let's consider them one by one. First, what are you going to give all the people on your shopping list? Just for the moment, pretend that you're your little brother, or someone like that. Now if *you* were a snotty-nose little nine-year-old kid, what would *you* want for Christmas? MONEY. There's absolutely no doubt about it. The one gift universally appreciated by everyone is money. Not only is it compact, easy to use, and honored at all leading hotels, motels, restaurants and department stores, but it is never out of season. It's a known fact that money is the universal solvent — if you don't believe it, try bribing someone with a model airplane sometime.

Now there are those who say, in their naive way, "But it's the *thought* that counts." All right — so think back a minute. When you were a kid, whose gifts did you most look forward to receiving every year. Three to one, it was some old aunt's, because she sent you ten dollars every year. You didn't give a damn whether she'd spent hours and hours thinking tender thoughts of you. Not a bit — you knew she probably didn't even remember your name (as is evidenced by the fact that she got it wrong on the envelope), but you sure had a use for that old ten-spot. Anyway you look at it, ten bucks beats a flannel bathrobe three sizes too small, or a copy of "The Story of Jesus."

Of course, you can't very well give money to your parents or girl-friend, but you can use your imagination here. Take them out to dinner (separately, for goodness sake) or something. If your girl hints that she expects something more — give it to her.

Which brings us to our second question: What

do *you* want for Christmas? In the case of your girl, this is easily answered, but that wouldn't be too appropriate from, say, your mother.

Obviously, the answer is MONEY. Not only should you give money, but you should get money. Ideally, you get more than you should give (anyone who tells you that it's better to give than to receive is crazy).

Which leaves us with our final question: So who needs Christmas anyhow? Now there are two schools of thought on this. The first, the traditionalist-religious camp, says that Christmas is a *spiritual* thing. They can be spotted by their remarks about "The *true* meaning of Christmas" and nostalgic remarks about the good old days when people cut their own trees, went to church, and gave each other homemade gifts and bags of peanuts. These people are what are commonly referred to as "nuts," and should be ignored. These people turn up again around the Fourth of July, trying to ban the sale of firecrackers, but aside from that, they remain dormant the rest of the year, and can be safely ignored.

The other camp, commonly called "realists," know that Christmas is a *secular* festival, and point out that not only is Christmas *fun* (and profitable, if you're smart about it), but is an institution indispensable to our nation's economic well-being. Do you realize what would happen if everyone gave each other homemade belly-button-lint removers and bags of peanuts? We'd have the most god-awful depression since the 1929 stock market crash, that's what. *One-fourteenth* of GNP is consumed in Christmas spending — over forty-five *billion* dollars. If people stopped spending all that money, half the stores in America would go out of business.

So next time you hear a disc-jockey follow up a recording of "Silent Night" and a few pious remarks with an "Only twelve more shopping days..." commercial — don't groan (unless you happen to dislike hearing "Silent Night" twenty-seven times every day, in which case it's all right), but think of the good being done to our national economy.

By giving money, and lavishly spending that which you receive, not only will you enjoy the hell out of your Christmas, but you'll be helping to make America strong.

Go, now, and spend — may the Lord be with thee.

— DFN

TWO CHRISTMAS STORIES FOR OUR TIME

The little match girl

Once upon a time, there was a poor little girl, who eked out a miserable living for herself and her epileptic mother selling matches at the corner of Mass. Ave. and Beacon Street. Since this was in the days before the ILGWU and other such organizations dedicated to protecting the welfare of the more useless members of society, there was no minimum wage, she didn't make a whole lot of money, seeing as she only got a penny a pack for her crummy matches, and besides which, it was also back before they had invented cigarettes, so nobody had much use for matches, anyhow.

Winter and summer, year after year, she stood on the corner, plying her shoddy wares, and making a nuisance of herself. In the summer, it wasn't too bad, as some of the kinder little old ladies in the area would give her an occasional stale shrewsbury, and it was warm enough for her to sleep in the park. In the winter, however, when it got cold, all the little old ladies went south, the park would fill up with snow, and the little girl, being a very *kind* little girl, would let her poor old mother have their only blanket.

As the years wore on, she developed into what was known in those days as a "comely lass" (the term currently in usage rhymes with this appellation), and began to get offers from the dirty old men and college students in the area for new and different ways to make money.

But since she was a very *virtuous* little girl, and since her mother was a very puritanical type, she refused their kind offers, and continued to ply her honest but unprofitable trade of match-selling.

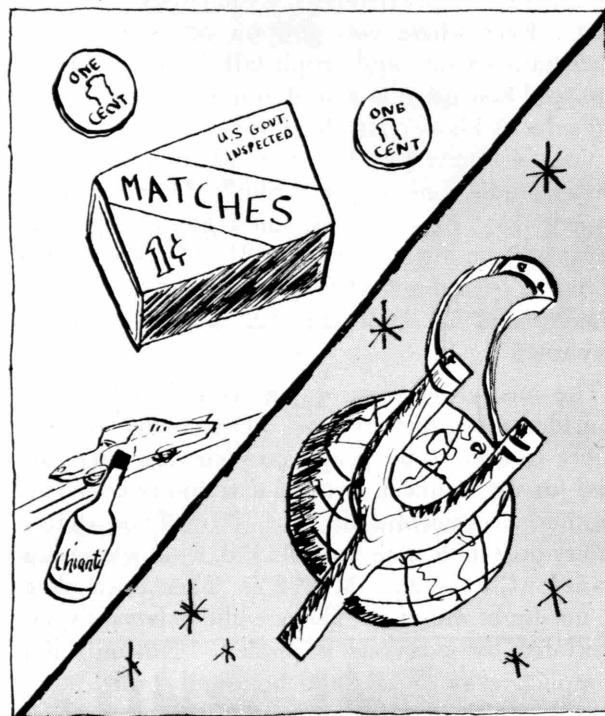
One Christmas Eve, however, just as she was closing up shop, and trying to hide her sorrow at having made only nine cents that day, a kindly old man about 22 years old pulled up in a shiny red Corvette and offered to give her a ride.

Being a basically *simple-minded* girl, (after all, if she were all that bright she wouldn't have been selling matches), she accepted his offer, unsuspecting of his true motives. Within the hour, she had been taken to his apartment, plied with fine liquor, and removed from the numbers of the virtuous.

The next morning, she returned to the park, and found her mother awaiting her, busily engaged in one of her more spectacular epileptic fits. When she had calmed her mother down to the point where it was possible to communicate with her, she told the old lady what she had done, tears of sorrow in her eyes.

Her mother promptly threw another fit, and then

proceeded to chastise her errant daughter, telling her never to go astray again — to which the now somewhat less than innocent young girl replied "Ahhh, go bite the bag, Mother," picked up her blanket, and left.



The littlest angel

Once upon a time (a different time from the match-girl story), there was a snotty-nose little kid about four, maybe five years old. This kid was a very pious, goody-goody little type, the product of a semi-rural White-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant upbringing and all that jazz, and was the sort of kid usually referred to by his contemporaries as a "fink" or "marshmallow."

One day, he was crossing the street, and got run over by a Roman soldier on a fast camel (this was back in the days before they had beer trucks), and was killed instantly. Now upon recovering from his unpleasant run-in with the irresponsible representatives of the military, he found himself in a place filled with blinding light and music of the type made commercially available by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and surrounded by people wearing white flannel bathrobes.

It soon dawned on him that this was Heaven, and although it wasn't exactly the sort of place he would have designed if he'd been in charge of the project, he could see that it sure beat the hell out of Hell, so he stayed there.

After a while it got kind of boring (who wants to spend their entire afterlife in a Sunday School class? — those of you who have read Dante's *Paradiso* have some idea of what a drag the place is), especially since the place was run on a very strict seniority system, and he was a lousy four years old, but he managed to find ways to pass the time, shooting beans at the archangels and all that (which causes one to wonder how come he had a bean-shooter in the first place, but let it pass).

One day, however, while he was polishing the sights on his slingshot and running inventory on the old beat-up box of toys he'd managed to smuggle past the authorities when he came in (who says you can't take it with you?), he was summoned to the head archangel's office.


The head archangel, a sort of prehistoric equivalent of Harry Byrd, told the little angel that next Tuesday there was a big miracle scheduled for his planet, and that he, the little angel, had been put on the planning committee, due to the fact that he was a native of the world in question, and since it was kind of a minor miracle anyhow.

Naturally, the little angel was snowed out of his

mind, and showed up bright and early for the committee meeting that afternoon, where he sat in awed silence as the big-wheels on the committee made most of the plans for the big event, which turned out to be the birth of a demigod. Eventually, after the major business had been concluded, there was brought under discussion the subject of what gifts would be appropriate for a newborn demigod of a class III planet. Various suggestions were offered, but none seemed quite right; finally someone thought of asking the little angel what *he* thought would be appropriate, since he was in approximately the same age bracket as the intended recipient of the gifts.

The little angel, who wasn't very bright, and who wasn't used to state occasions, could only think of one thing — his most prized possession — his box of toys (like I said, this kid wasn't too bright). Timidly, he offered his suggestion. The committee chairman stared at him incredulously, and said "You out of your mind or something, kid? Mr. Secretary, get this kid out of here, will you? What for they wanna put a dumb four-year-old on a miracle committee for, anyhow?"

— D. F. Nolan

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This volume, Seven Pillars of Bull, is without a doubt the most comprehensive, lucid, and self-praising work ever written by Melvin "Superego" Bleccch, and totally misrepresents the Bessarabian situation during the great garment war.

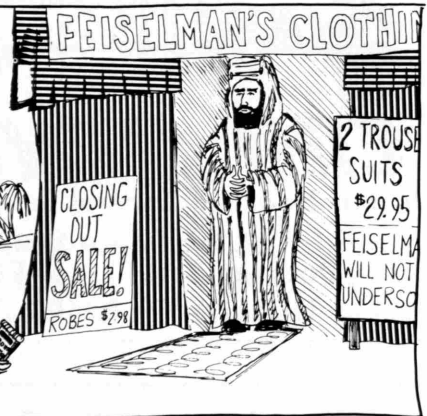
by
Keith
PATTERSON

...IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I WAS A HABERDASHER WHOSE GREATNESS WAS NOT YET FULLY REALIZED, AT THE ALTMAN CLOTHING CO. OF SEVENTH AVE....



BLECCCH, WE'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH THOSE BESSARABIAN GARMENT CHIEFS. I WANT YOU TO INVESTIGATE THE MARKET AND SEE HOW WE CAN BEST PUSH OUR NEW BURNOOSE LINE, IN SIZES 6x TO 18. SO GET GOING ALREADY! WE NEED THAT BESSARABIAN MARKET!

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, I WAS FLYING TO BESSARABIA, ECONOMY CLASS, WITH THE LATEST SAMPLES....



YES, CHIEF, THIS FELLOW FEISELMAN IS THE TYPE OF AGGRESSIVE SALESMAN WE NEED TO PUSH OUR NEW BURNOOSE LINE HERE!



LATER.

GOOD, BLECCCH! WE'VE GOT TO USE THIS FEISELMAN'S OPERATION TO EXPAND INTO BULL, THE CAPITAL CITY, BEFORE LEVENSOHN'S CLOTHING GETS ESTABLISHED THERE! SO GET TO WORK ALREADY!

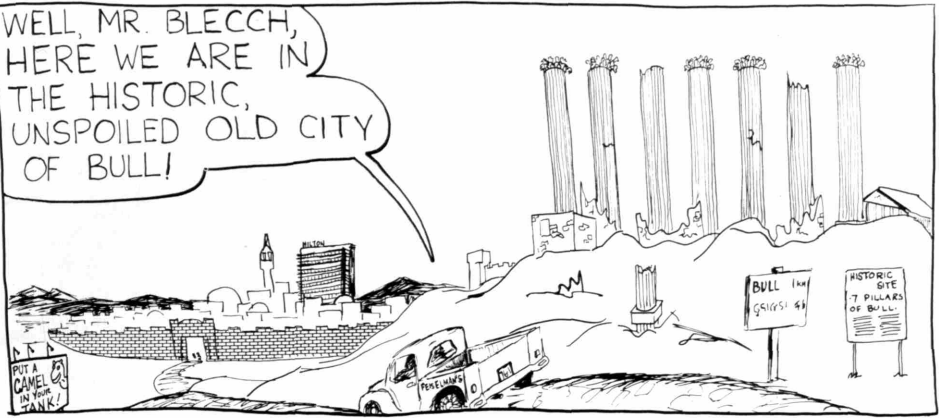


YES, CHIEF, WE'RE GOING TO BULL TOMORROW TO SCOUT OUR PROSPECTS. WELL, BACK TO WORK!



"THE NEXT DAY WE VISITED THE ANCIENT BESSARABIAN CITY OF BULL, KNOWN FOR ITS COLOSSAL STRUCTURE, THE SEVEN PILLARS OF BULL—ALTMAN CO'S NEWEST MARKET...."

WELL, MR. BLECCH, HERE WE ARE IN THE HISTORIC, UNSPOILED OLD CITY OF BULL!



"I FOUND THE NATIVES TO BE MY KIND OF PEOPLE...."

SOUVENIR OF THE 7 PILLARS, SIR?

HOW MUCH?

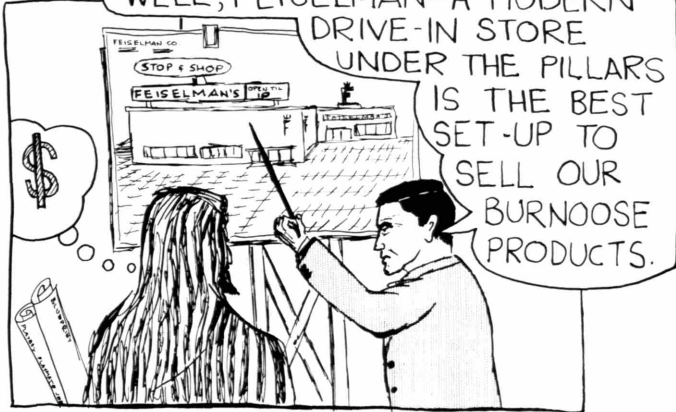
\$3.
\$2.25
SOLD!

TOO MUCH. \$1.50
\$1.95



AND SO...

WELL, FEISELMAN-A MODERN DRIVE-IN STORE UNDER THE PILLARS IS THE BEST SET-UP TO SELL OUR BURNOOSE PRODUCTS.

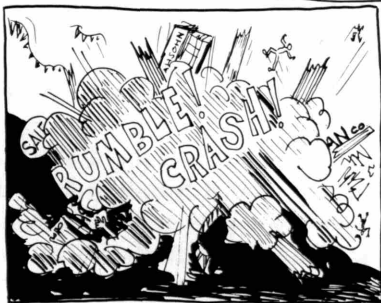


"MEANWHILE: LEVENSOHN & CO. WAS BUSY CONCLUDING A DEAL WITH EMIR ABDULLAHSOHN, ANOTHER LOCAL GARMENT MAN, FOR A STORE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PILLARS"



THE PILLARS ARE A MONUMENT TO ABDUL EL SCHLEMEIL, THE GREATEST STORYTELLER IN ALL HISTORY! HIS MEMORY, (ALLAH BE PRAISED!) HAS NEVER WITNESSED THE LIKE OF THESE BURNOOSE SALESMEN!

LOOK! THE GREAT SEVEN PILLARS ARE TREMBLING!



"THE PILLARS CRASHED, RUINING BOTH STORES, AND WITH THEM OUR BESSARABIAN GARMENT WAR."

BLECCH, you're FIRED!



THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE:

HIS GREAT GARMENT CAREER SMASHED, MELVIN RETURNED TO THE OBSCURITY OF A BAGEL FACTORY IN QUEENS, UNDER THE ASSUMED NAME OF MURPHY. HE DIED SIX YEARS LATER, BEING RUN OVER BY A BEER TRUCK AFTER A PARTY.



"Now I will illustrate what I have on my mind," said the professor as he erased the board.



The difference between a woman in church and a woman in the bathtub: The woman in church has hope in her soul.



A farmer, wishing to increase his livestock, placed his sow in the wheelbarrow and trundled her to his neighbor's farm where he placed her in the pen with the friend's boar. Returning her to her own pen, he waited the prescribed time. When no additions appeared in her pen, he placed her in the wheelbarrow again and repeated the procedure. Still no success. After waiting the prescribed time after a third such episode, he asked his wife at the breakfast table if she had noticed any of the signs that they were looking for.

Looking out the window, she replied, "No, but she's back in the wheelbarrow."

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Expert Fitting of Frames — Accurate, Dependable Work
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25 TYLER STREET

BOSTON 11, MASS.

The outlaw rushed into the saloon with his guns blazing and yelled, "All right you dirty bastards, get out of here." The customers fled in a hail of bullets, all except one Englishman.

"Well," shouted the outlaw waving his smoking gun.

"Well," said the Englishman, "there certainly was a lot of them, wasn't there . . ."



A spinster, on her first visit to the big city, registered at a large hotel. The clerk at the desk succeeded in convincing her that it was best for her comfort and convenience to engage a whole section of rooms. As she was making herself at home in her living room, bedroom, bath, and kitchenette, she came upon a bottle of bitters standing on a table. With righteous indignation she called the desk and demanded to speak to the clerk.

"Young man," she said angrily, "I've found a bottle of bitters in my rooms!"

"I'm sorry, lady," he replied, "you've got to take the bitters with the suite."

AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS

by Mark Green and Dave Seldin

The young Negro shoeshine boy had just finished a hard day's work and, dragging his feet listlessly, began to make his way home. The boy, Amahl by name, had shined shoes all day in the small Southern town ever since he could remember, and he could look to nothing in the future but a continuation of this activity. It was a bleak existence at best, and the little boy had learned to find whatever excitement he could in the commonplace. It was thus a great excitement to him when he saw a great bright light moving swiftly across the sky. He quickly ran home to the hovel in which he and his mother lived.

"Mother, mother, there is a great bright white light moving swiftly across the sky! What can it be?"

"O foolish boy," replied his mother, "it is only the searchlight of the police, who are seeking three civil rights workers. Now go do your chores, and think of this foolishness no more."

Sighing, he went about his work. He went and fetched wood to make a fire to heat the cold, drafty shack. Meanwhile, his mother began to cook their meager supper. As Amahl kindled the wood in the fireplace, he heard a gentle tapping on the door.

"My son, go and see what stranger is at our door."

Wearily, the young man rose and opened the door a crack and peered outside, then quickly shut it.

"O Mother, there is a king outside. I can tell by his fine clothes."

"My young one, do not be so foolish. Control your imagination and look again."

Again the boy looked, and this time reported, "O Mother, there are two kings outside."

"My young son, do not be so foolish. Look once more, and this time more carefully."

Once more Amahl looked, and this time said, "O Mother, I was wrong. There are not two kings outside."

"I am glad, my son, that you have come at last to your senses. Now tell me what you see, my little one."

"There are three kings outside, and one of them is black."

"Open the door at once, my son, for it is Martin Luther King asking shelter from the police."

The door opens, revealing three civil rights workers, one of them carrying a black attache case.

"O venerable monarchs from far away, please honor our humble abode and partake of our meager meal. We have but little, but we will share

what we have."

"O kind and simple woman, we are touched to the core. We can stay but a while, for we have a long journey ahead of us. The police pursue us with vehemence, and it is difficult for us to keep ahead of them. But we shall rest here a short while before we take our leave, for we are weary."

And the three civil rights workers lay down to sleep. Amahl, curious boy that he was, approached the attache case and, after a moment's hesitation, opened it. A small tear gas bomb exploded, awakening the kings.

"O curious boy, what have you done now?" said his mother. "You have opened the king's black box."

"O sir, sir, I apologize most humbly. I have never seen anything so wondrous as that box."

Deflating the catch and stopping the tear gas, the king replied, "You are forgiven, my curious young man."

Just then, there came another tapping at the door. Amahl opened it, and in came several of the neighbors, who noticed the kings immediately.

Said one, "Such fine and important visitors must be entertained in a manner befitting their position."

And with that, one of the neighbors got out a trombone; within a few moments a blues session was under way.

"O thank you, kind neighbors, for entertaining us in such a fine manner. We shall never cease to think kindly of you."

With that, the neighbors departed. The kings then shared a meager meal with Amahl and his mother.

And when the meal was complete, one of the kings bespoke himself thusly, "And now, o gracious hosts, it is time for us to take our leave. Even now, we hear the baying of hounds in the distance."

"O sirs, pray sirs, allow me to go with you."

"Young boy," said one of the kings, "you are too young. Stay here with your mother and protect her."

"O sirs, if I cannot go with you, let me at least offer you my shoeshine box to use to help your cause."

"My son, that is generously spoken. For that, we shall take you with us, and make you one of us. We shall teach you freedom songs and topical jokes, and you shall become rich and famous. Some day, young boy, our people shall look up to you, and you shall be known as the best of Amahl."

we specialize in parties open 8am till 11 pm

MAHLOWITZ MARKET, INC.

(nearest market to MIT)
782-786 Main St., Cambridge

— FREE DELIVERY —

Ales, beers, & wines

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FOR 25¢ OFF ON
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ALLSTON
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The Wine Cellar, Inc.

"packaged liquors"

922 Beacon St. CI 7 - 8100
Boston CI 7 - 9300

a cool collection of
wines, liquors, champagnes, beers.....

Ann: I had the greatest time last night! First he took me up to his apartment and he ordered up a wonderful dinner for two, and afterwards he took me to a store and showed me a dozen beautiful mink coats and told me to pick the one I liked!

Barbara (giggling): Gee, what did you have to do?

Ann: Just shorten the sleeves a little.



Name two ancient sports.
Antony and Cleopatra.



An austere society woman approached the meat counter, and requested with much dignity that the butcher make some suggestion for her dinner menu.

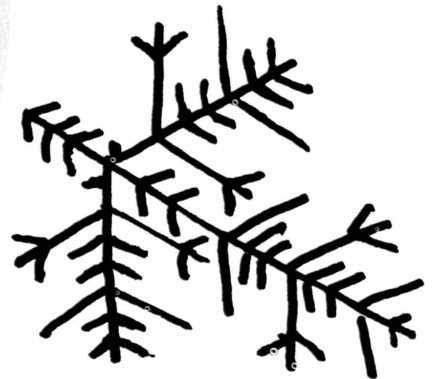
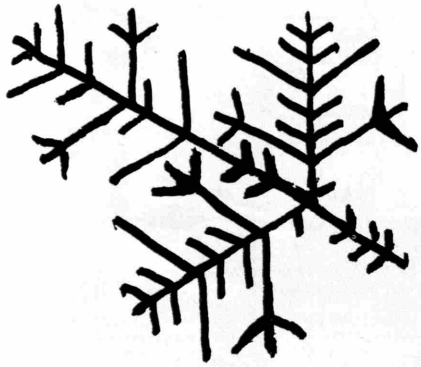
"Of course," said the butcher. "How about a nice ox tongue to be served with spinach."

"What?" exclaimed the haughty one. "Do you have the nerve to suggest that I eat anything that has been in a cow's mouth?"

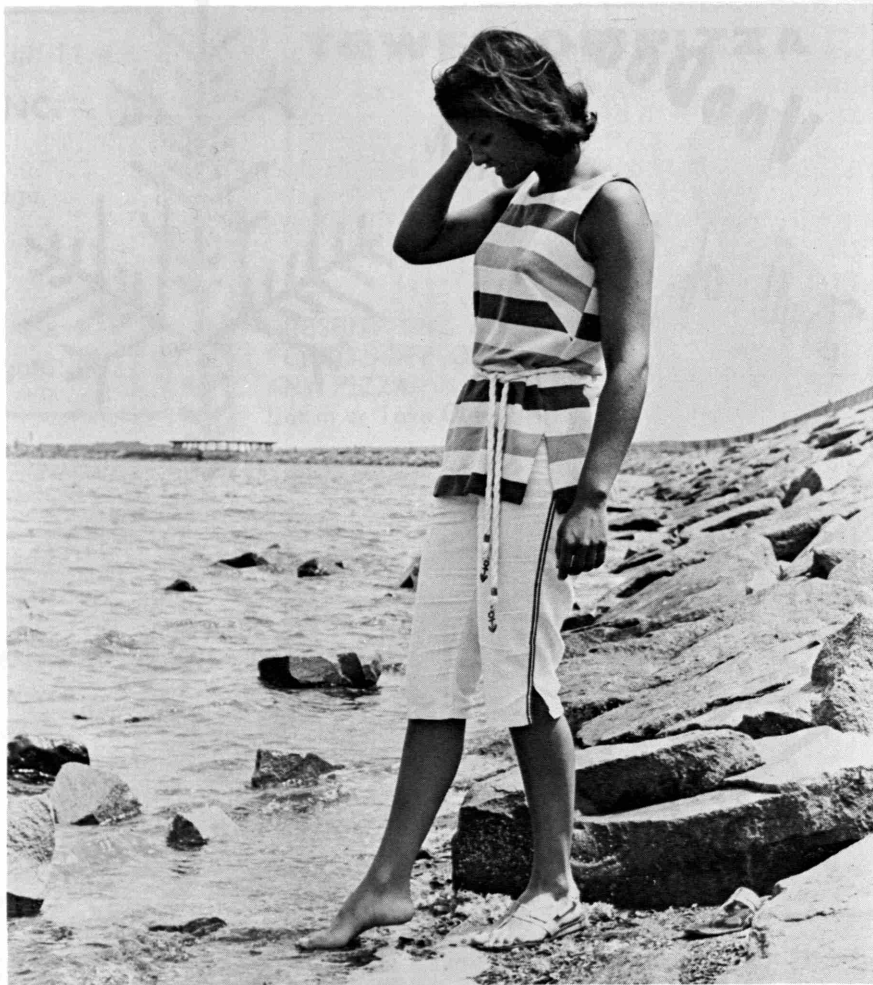
"Well, madam," came back the butcher, "what did you have this morning for breakfast?"

"Eggs. Why?"

Voodoo
Doll of the Month



*Photos by
Art G.*



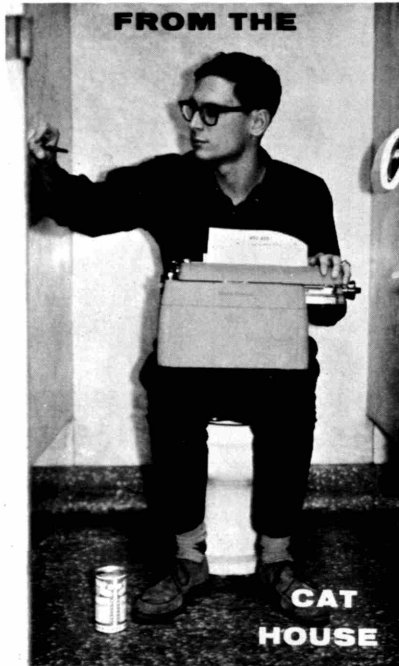


Snowed? We certainly were, when we first saw VooDoo's pert January Doll, 20-year-old Miss Jo-Ann Aiello.

Jo-Ann, a cool chick who hails from Cranston, R.I., models for the Carole Nashe Agency when she's not sitting next to a tree or examining a rocky coast along the North Shore.

If you enjoy jazz, if you dig dancing, and if you swoon over swimming, then you're quite compatible with Jo-Ann, who likes all of those things.

What else can you say about Jo-Ann, except that she takes the flakes. Or melts 'em, anyway.



The Party

With the holiday season here, one of the big topics is parties. And everytime someone mentions a wild party, I find that their party sounds almost tame compared to what *VooDoo* manages to go through every month. I refer to Makeup Night, the night that all the random scraps of garbage in the office are pasted down into the order that will be the next issue.

It always starts innocuously enough. At about 7 in the evening, I get to the office with the "salt prints", copies of the lit set in type the way it will appear. Bob "Boob" Pindyck (Makeup Editor) and I measure the lengths of the various articles, and list each feature that will appear. Ralph " - - - " Schmitt, Ad Manager, arrives, and announces he still has no idea of how many ads we have. But we're ready to start assigning articles to the various pages, as soon as Boob makes a list of

pages, which is as soon as he gets off the phone, stops screaming that there's no paper to paste everything down on, no rubber cement, no razors, no pencils (they're all on the makeup table, the last place he'd look.)

By about 7:45 the whole crowd has arrived, and Boob is ready to start numbering that sheet, except that ten members of makeup staff are clamoring to start, and he is assigning pages anyway. But eventually the articles are assigned pages, and it looks like we'll need about ten more pages of material to fill them all. Great.

By this time, the publicity staff, under Bill DelHagen, has unrolled some 25 feet of white paper on the floor in the hall, upon which will be painted the dropposter to hang in Building 2. With their paints on the stoop of 50-340, and the hall blithely blocked, work commences.

Meanwhile everyone has been drinking various carbonated drinks, and the containers have formed a blockade almost as potent as the solid wall of people filling the office. Those people with nothing to do start reading salt prints, losing some; or they play darts the length of the room (I often wonder why no one has been punctured); or they toss cans out the window; or they start vetoing jokes.

As everyone gets wilder and wilder, departments start to overlap. The Joke Editor, having heard a new joke, starts scribbling it on the nearest scratch paper, our only copy of an ad that will be photoed from that sheet. The Ad Manager, who is at that very moment on the phone with that very advertiser convincing him to pay the extra price for a larger ad, notices the ad being scribbled upon, and screams (into the phone) "You

— — — — —!... No, not you, sir!" In the hallway, someone has just stepped out of 50-340, knocking over all the paints. A staffer hastily tries to wash away the mess, using the fire hose, and soaks the poster into *papier mache*.

By this time everyone is in the mood of the evening, and soda is being sprayed all about the room, causing the ink on the cover drawing to run. Someone has started throwing full cans out the window; and after so much to drink, everyone is beginning to feel that they really should have a men's room on our floor (as things are, we have to walk three flights to the basement for the nearest relief station.) Never take a drink from the water fountain on the third floor of Walker.

Soon various authors have started reading their articles again, and amid the gales of laughter (Never tell me *no one* likes some article!), point out that paragraphs are missing, and sentences end in the middle. A search of the floor usually turns up the missing sections. Other creative souls are adding to the staff page — adding such words as would be a sorethumb in a sailor's vocabulary.

Meanwhile, (back at the raunch), there are still some small things like lead-ins, subscription ad, and VooDooings to write, and I begin to wonder if our Features Editor, Norm Rubin, has assigned these tasks to anyone. Norm can usually be located by ear, as he is singing folk songs, sometimes accompanied by Art Editor Maurice Scherer on the cornet. Before I can get through the noise, the pizzas arrive, and we suddenly find staffers whom we hadn't seen for months. Photo Editor Isaac "How's Your Back", "Pizza Hog", "— — —"

Bornstein suddenly appears, and equally suddenly disappears, with two or three pies. By this time Keith "Supertool" Patterson appears with the month's installment of the Tool of Steel, which he spreads out on the table. Everyone runs to see, and drip pizza grease on it.

By this time Boob has discovered we're not short of material after all, and that we may need to run 37 pages, but "don't worry about it." (Ever try to put out 37 pages with no blank sides?) He has a solution: cut some ads.

While the condensing process goes on, I can usually overhear two staffers arguing vehemently over whether a certain joke will get me kicked out of school. Not that I worry about such things, but I usually request to see the joke in question (I'm often surprised when I read the magazine). Boob's answer, of course, is "don't worry about it."

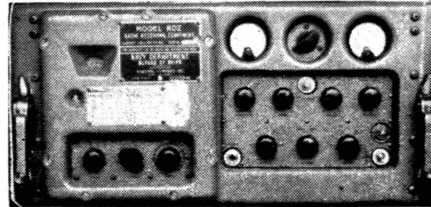
By the time all the pages are full and everything is in (we hope), most people have given up, passed out, and been mailed home, and the clock has reached 4:30. It's time for us to take a last overlook at the result. (The crew still there, all partly asleep, is Boob, Maurice, Norm, Bob Pilon—our non-student resident—and myself.) There is always something wrong—last month we discovered Boob had numbered . . . "26, 27, 29, 30 . . ." on his original sheet. There was no page 28, and it sort of seemed like we should have one. So a little reshuffling, replacing jokes cut earlier, and spacing, and we had another page.

By 5:00 A.M., the party is over.

— Levine



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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**

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ELECTRONICS, INC

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Once there was an enterprising but unfortunate young man who was always scheming but always winding up broke. After going bankrupt for the umpteenth time, he was sitting on a park bench, desolate, when suddenly he heard a voice saying, "Go to Nevada, go to Nevada." At first he was somewhat startled, then he listened again and the voice repeated itself. Scraping all the money he had together, our superstitious young man arrived in Nevada sensing something big was about to break. Then the voice piped up, "Go to Las Vegas, go to Las Vegas." Our hero started on his way to Las Vegas with visions of greenbacks dancing in his head. On arriving there, the voice emerged again, "Play the roulette wheel, play the roulette wheel." Our man obeyed, heading for the first gambling casino he saw. As he was about to place his bet with his remaining money, the voice came on again, "Play number eight, play number eight." Quickly, he borrowed an enormous sum of money from a few equally superstitious players and placed ten thousand dollars on number eight. The wheel was spun, round and round it went, then stopped — on number six. As our hero dropped to the floor, he heard the voice saying, "How about that!"

Yes, Santa, There Is a Virginia.

by Bob Pindyck

"Tonight," said Mrs. Claus, "is Christmas Eve, and it's your night to reign, dear."

"Upun my word!" said Santa clausistically, "Why aren't you out milking the reindeer?"

"Calm down Santa. Have a Negila. And turn up the fire — Winter Is Icumen In. And claus the windows — it's starting to rain, dear."

Santa was nervous and jittery. Every year it was the same thing — whipping the elves to make them work, reading letters from millions of rotten kids, polishing Rudolph's runny nose, standing around klutzlike in department stores, and, worse yet, tolerating his wretched wife. "The stupid woman can't even milk a reindeer!" Santa yelled.

"It's getting late, Santa. Yule do well to load up and get ready to go."

"Jeez," moaned Santa, throwing a beer can at her, "don't you think that after all these years I should know when it's time to go. Say, I feel better already! I think I'll have another Negila. This is gonna be a good night; I'll show those rotten kids."

And so, feeling much better, Santa grabbed his bag of toys and left yelling, "Hold the reins, dear!" Meanwhile, back at the stables . . .

"Hey Rudolph," giggled Santa, "why is your nose red?"

"Santa," replied Rudolph, "you sleigh me. And by the way, Santa, why don't you ever brush your teeth?"

"Shaddup," yelled Santa, breaking off one of Rudolph's antlers. "Let's go reindeer! Get to it! On Masher! On Clasher! On Smasher! On Rapeher! On Nixon! On Comet! On Drano! On Rutherford! On Echaipfak!"

And those are just the reindeer. You should see the snowdeer and the sundeer. (Oh dear!)

Anyway, as our story continues, we find ourselves in the living room of Miss Virginia Beauregard, a charming southern belle. It seems that although Virginia is twenty-seven years old, she has never been able to accept the fact that there is no Santa Claus (bless her soul). At the very moment, in fact, her boyfriend Sampson Salami is trying to convince her of the awesome truth. Let us listen in on them.

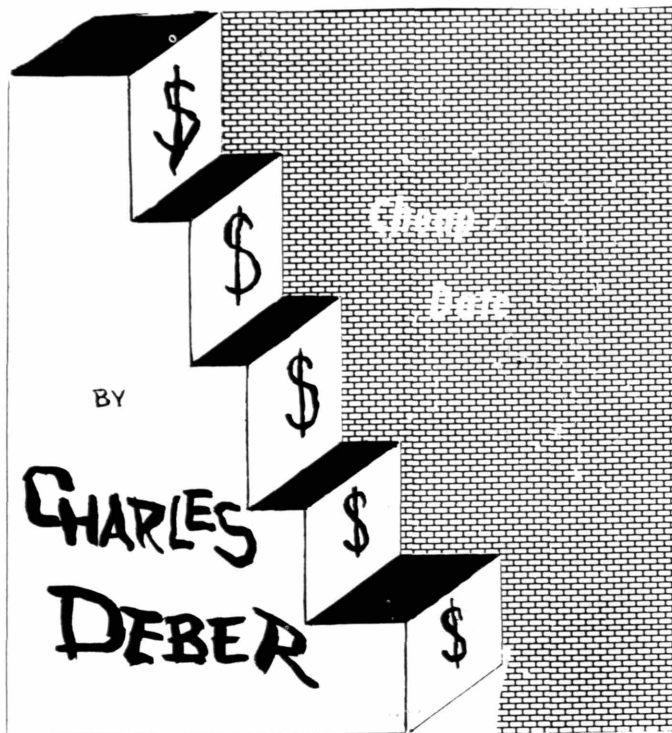


"And so you see, Virginia, you must cease your foolishness. You must admit that there is no (ugh) Santa Claus. Otherwise I shall leave you forever."

"Sampson Salami, you are the wurst boy I've ever met. What's more, you've got your head wedged. What's more I will find him, and when I do, I will marry him.

OH NO, MILD-MANNERED READER! CAN THIS BE! WHAT WILL HAPPEN? COULD YOU CARE LESS?

But as it turns out, Santa and his reindeer have gotten waylaid back at the stables. Seems as though Santa has been unable to open the stable doors. Ha ha. Oh well, it's getting late. Join us again next month as "Santa Claus Encounters the Werewolf's Mother." Meanwhile, let's put Commerce back in Christmas.



“Oh, that’s great” exclaimed Ralph into the telephone. He had been trying to get a date with Ethel — a real sweet kid from B.U. — for the longest time, and she had just said yes, she could make it for next Saturday night.

“I was thinking maybe we could go to a movie over at my school; you know, M.I.T. has these first-run flicks every week,” explained Ralph, who really didn’t have much money, and knew that the M.I.T. movie would cost only a dollar for the both of them, a relatively inexpensive evening these days. “They have the latest James Bond movie.”

Although Ralph had already seen it twice, Ethel hadn’t even seen it once, so she had said okay, remarking that she had heard it was good. Ralph said he’d pick her up about a quarter-to-seven, and said again, “so I’ll see you Saturday.”

It was only Tuesday, but Ralph was already floating on air. He strolled over to the mirror and stared at himself for a minute or so; he hoped that sore on the tip of his nose would heal up by the end of the week.

Ralph went for a haircut the next morning. He was pensive while the Coop barber nonchalantly shaved his head with that electric thing. He thought of the “sacrifices” that men continually make for women. They travel long distances. They stand out in the cold for long periods of time. They shower, and shave, and get haircuts, and get their shoes

shined and stuff like that. And they spend huge sums of money — money they would never dream of spending on themselves. Well, Ralph figured, he wouldn’t be spending much this week. Or travelling far — B.U. was right across the river.

Ralph paid the barber \$1.50, and gave him a quarter tip because he was in such a good mood. He walked through the Coop, and picked up a tin of black shoe polish (39 cents) and a nice new tie (\$2.00). He also remembered to take his shirts out of the laundry, since the one he wanted to wear Saturday was among them (\$1.26).

Ralph’s sport jacket and good slacks both needed pressing, so he brought them into the cleaners Thursday afternoon, on his way to Central Square to pick up a bottle of Old Spice After-Shave Lotion for Men. He had had good results in the past with Old Spice (\$2.50). Boy the drug store was crowded; he glanced at his watch; the afternoon was practically shot, and he hadn’t even started that problem set. Imagine how much more efficient the world would be, thought Ralph, if there were no such thing as women; if we lived in some sort of asexual society. The amount of time he spent thinking about, talking to, preparing for, and being with women, appalled him. The only redeeming factor was that girls probably spent at least that much time fussing over men; they probably spend about two hours a day combing their hair. Somehow, though, the idea of an asexual world bothered Ralph; there was something about Ethel that he liked very much, although he couldn’t put his finger on it.

Ralph stopped at the dry cleaners for his stuff on Saturday afternoon (\$1.00), got dressed, and was ready by 6:15. He noticed that the fuel indicator on his car was about a foot below “E”, so he stopped for gas (\$3.00) on the way over to Ethel’s dorm.

Ethel was a few minutes late, but when she finally came down, and Ralph took one look at her, he was sure it was well worth the wait, and he didn’t even hear her mechanical apology. She signed out (“I have to be in by 1:00.” “Sure.”) and they drove over to M.I.T. for the movie.

Ralph was surprised that there was hardly any line, until he saw the hastily scrawled sign that a last-minute schedule change was necessary, and that the movie for tonight was something called “Blood Feast” (in color, yet). Ethel didn’t want to see that — and who could blame her? — so they drove up to Harvard Square where a good Peter Sellers flick was playing (\$3.60).

“Did you like it?” said Ralph after the movie.

“Yeah, it was good,” said Ethel after the movie.

It was a cold night, so they went into a nearby coffee house for an invigorating hot drink, with a little bit of pleasant Flamenco guitar music in the background. The exotic coffee (2 cups for each of them, 50 cents a cup), was delicious, and the cover charge was only \$1.00. Ralph glanced at his watch as Ethel spoke at length about her term paper for her physiology course, saw that it was almost 11:30, and suggested that they'd better be going, since he would like to show her his room at M.I.T. He left a 50-cent tip — that seemed reasonable.

Ralph's roommate, who had been amply warned in advance, apparently was satisfied with only ten minutes of staring at Ethel, excused himself, and by 12:15, Ralph was alone in his room with her. "Gee, your room is much larger than ours," said Ethel. Ralph muttered something in reply, but he was thinking, would it be all right to try and kiss her? "Are girls always allowed up here?" asked Ethel. Ralph muttered something in reply, but he was thinking, a good make-out session was what they both needed. "Gee, I think we'd better be going," said Ethel. Ralph muttered something in reply, but he was thinking, those rotten curfews.

They drove up in front of Ethel's dorm by a quarter-to-one. Ralph turned off the motor, put his arm around Ethel, drew her to him, and gave her a big kiss. She said nothing. He looked at her pretty face in the dim light, and then their lips met again, and again, until it was just about three minutes to one.

"I'd better go," said Ethel.

"Mmmmmmmmm," said Ralph.

They walked to the door, where Ethel said, "Well, thank you very much, I had a very nice time. It was really fun."

"Yeah, well, me too," said Ralph. "You're really fun to be with."

"Well, good night," said Ethel, as he kissed her quickly, there in the doorway, with everybody watching.

"Good night, and I'll call you one of these days."

Ralph drove back to M.I.T., feeling exhilarated, smiling, thinking of Ethel. She always closes her eyes when she kisses.

Since the previous Tuesday, up to 1:00 A.M. that Saturday night, Ralph had spent \$19.00 because of Ethel.

The following week, when Ralph called and asked her out, Ethel said she would love to, but she couldn't make it this week because her roommate's parents were coming up for the weekend, and she had promised to

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HOW I MADE \$2,000,000 IN THE COOP

by Nathan Pussy

I never fail to feel a thrill whenever I stand on the mezzanine floor of the Coop overlooking the scene of the crime, so to speak, which made me rich. The sales floor is crowded with busy shoppers — Harvies looking over the British Regimental ties, Cliffies casually thumbing through sociology books in the paperback department, and the odd Trade Schooler, standing out from the rest of the crowd as he shuffles aimlessly through the throng. The sight of the crowded floor and the happy jingle of the cash registers chalking up the outrageously marked-up prices never fails to remind me of the day several years earlier when, as a struggling economics instructor, a mere cog in the vast educational machine that is Cambridge, Mass., I stood in the very same spot, and was caught up in events which were to propel me to the giddy heights of wealth, power, and their natural product, the presidency of a great University.

I had been standing in the Coop for warmth, as it was a cold, wintry December day. The day before, the landlord of my Lechmere walk-up apartment had shut off the heat, because I was two months behind in my rent. I idly fingered the plastic credit card in my pocket, wondering if I dare charge a new overcoat, which, God knows, I needed. My old black chesterfield was so threadbare and moth-eaten, that, along with my hungry wall-eyed stare, I am sure, I was consistently being mistaken in the Square as one of the many LSD users who frequent the district, spending every cent they can procure to buy more of the drug.

It was a notice on the wall which attracted my attention. It announced a Coop Stockholders Meeting that evening, for the purpose of electing the new officers. What really interested me was the addendum which stated that free coffee and doughnuts would be served. My credit card would do me some good after all — it was my ticket to a free meal!

Later that evening I took my place in the crowded hall, only too willing to put up with a boring corporate election in order to fill my growling stomach. Looking around me, I saw the well-dressed and, I knew, well-heeled, professors and administrators who comprised the University, and many even richer staffers from the mysterious Trade School down the river. I could distinguish the Trade School men by what I thought I perceived

to be a somewhat shrewder, more calculating eye than those of the Great Men of my University, whom I already considered to be more sneaky than the average bear, so to speak.

I was surprised to notice an especially unpleasant looking creature, who was apparently coming towards me. Probably lobbying for my vote, I thought. “What do you think of the outrageous idea of building a bridge to the textbook annex?” he barked.

Wanting to do nothing to endanger my chance of being around for the coffee and doughnuts, I replied, meekly, “Outrageous!”

“Good,” he replied. “I’m putting you on my list of alternate Stockholder candidates. What’s your name?”

I was snowed, so to speak. “Nathan Pussy,” I replied with a purr. I was still dazed when I learned many hours later, after many long and tedious speeches, highlighted by a two-hour reading of an original poem entitled “Save the Sycamores” by the same unpleasant man, who was apparently trying to wear out the opposition, that my slate of candidates, and I, had been elected.

“We won!” shouted the fellow excitedly.

“Give me a doughnut,” I mumbled weakly.

It soon became apparent that most of the other “reform” candidates were eager young professors from the Cambridge educational octopus, and were all far too intent on publishing their research papers to take an active hand in running the Coop.

Alone at the helm, my rise was rapid. I was dazzled when the fantastic markups on all the sales goods were revealed to me. I was awestricken by the thousands of dollars in kickbacks from the myriad of professors who fought for shelf space for their books in my stores. I was amazed when I learned that underpaid little elves in the basement turned out the substandard shoes we sell. Forgive my vulgarity, but I was SNOWED when I discovered the little printing press where we printed the papers which were bought cheaply from undergraduate arts majors and sold upstairs as “scholarly works of importance.”

The smoothness of the entire operation was what gripped me. Soon, enthralled by it all, enraptured and flushed by the money that was flowing into my pockets, I became a leader and an instigator of new

(Continued on next page.)

ideas for what I came to refer to as the Profit Machine. I led the drive to slash the cover-up Patronage Refund even lower, easily convincing the other dollar-dazzled stockholders that we had a captive clientele, and stood no risk of losing business.

My phenomenal success in the Coop was gratefully acknowledged by the intellectual and scientific community around me — it represented what to them, as to every American, is the epitome of success — a helluvalotta money, so to speak. They rewarded me in the best way they knew — by electing me president of the University. They undoubtedly expect me to perform in the same manner at the University and I will not disappoint them.

Even the conservative, blue-chip Trade Schoolers have been impressed sufficiently that I understand my name is in readiness for nomination when the current President there resigns, as he is soon expected to do. Soon, Pussy will cover all of Cambridge! But forgive me for getting excited. It's time to leave the Coop now, the nostalgic scene of my success. The special University Board meeting I have called is due to meet shortly. We will discuss my favorite academic subject — tuition increases.

— Keith Patterson



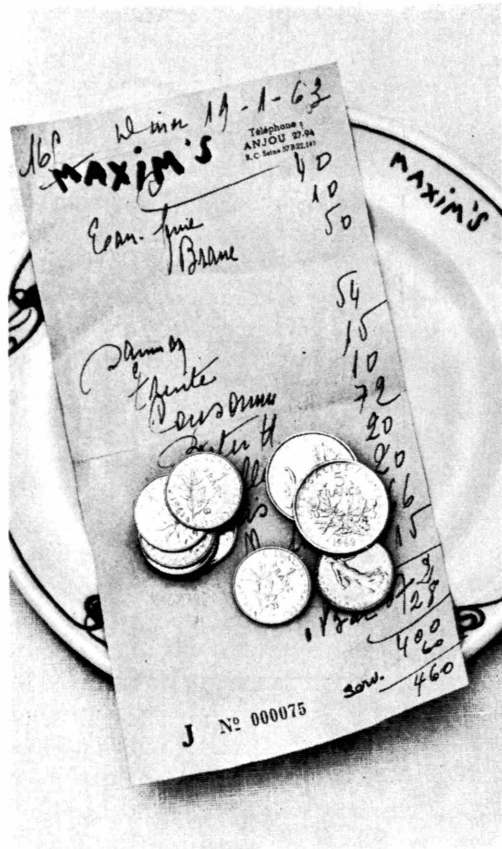
"Guess what, Uncle Harry! I can count to 2000 — 1,2,3, ..."

BETTER GIFTS FOR BETTER GIVING AT THE COOP

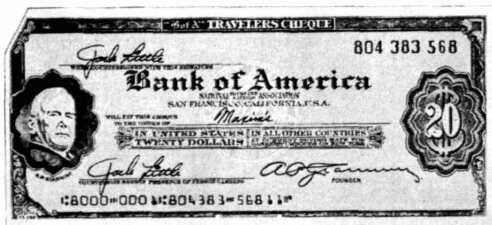


THE TECH COOP

When Christmas shopping, be sure to include our Harvard Square store. Customer parking is available. Present receipts totaling \$3.00 or more at the Cashier's Cage and you will be given a stamp for one hour's parking during store hours (8:50 to 6:00) at the Church Street Garage.



The franc is local currency in France.
So is this.



Whether the bill is in francs, or lira, or yen, you can pay with **BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES** — known and accepted wherever you go throughout the world. Loss-proof and theft-proof, they're the kind of money you never have to worry about; money only you can spend. Sold by leading banks everywhere.

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'65: "What are you running for?"

'68: "I've just bought this book and I'm trying to get to class before they change the assigned text."



No, Little Audrey, a woodpecker is a bird, not a decoy.



A guy walked into a bar south of Orlando recently and after a few drinks, he shouted out for the world to know, "Lyndon Johnson is a horse's tail."

No sooner were these words out of his mouth than six of the biggest men at the bar grabbed him and proceeded to beat hell out of him.

Finally he was allowed to crawl out of the tavern, and as he was leaving he mumbled to himself, "I really made a mistake. This must be Johnson country."

One of the six heard the remark and replied, "No, Stranger, this is horse country!"

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for deliveries phone 536-9528*

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Say you saw it in VooDoo.

SUPERTOOL

and his

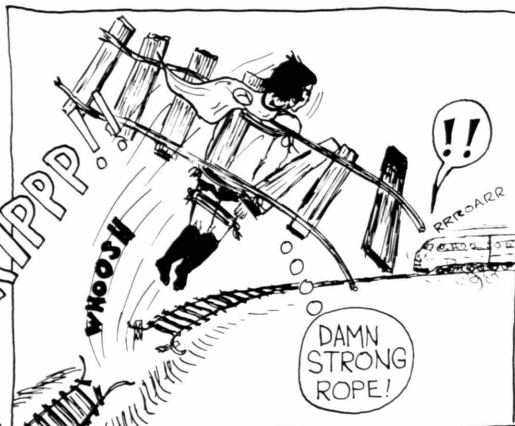
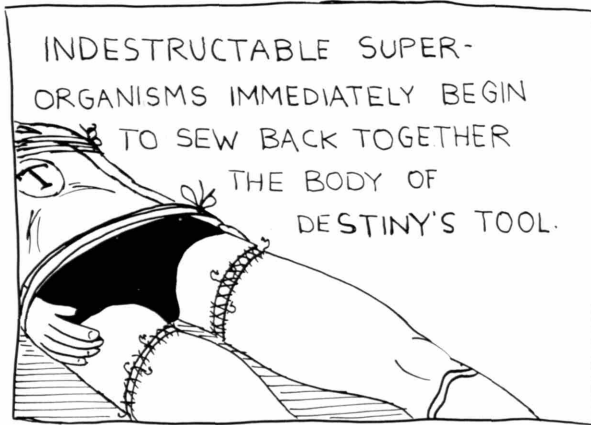
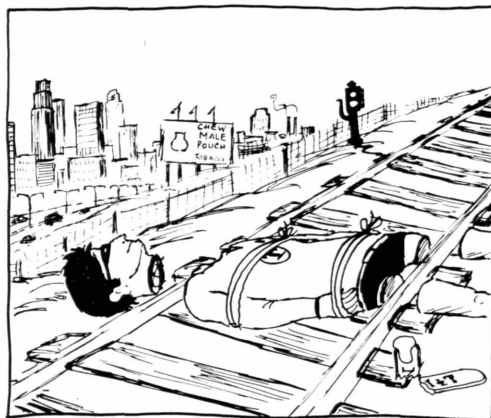
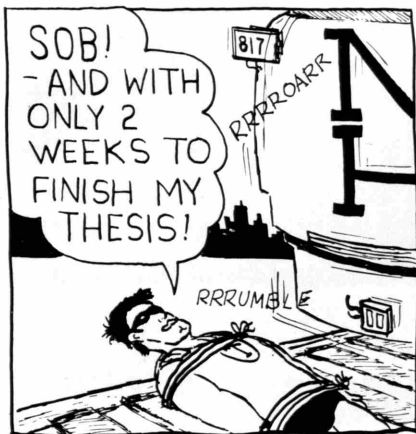
SUPER-DEEL



Last time:

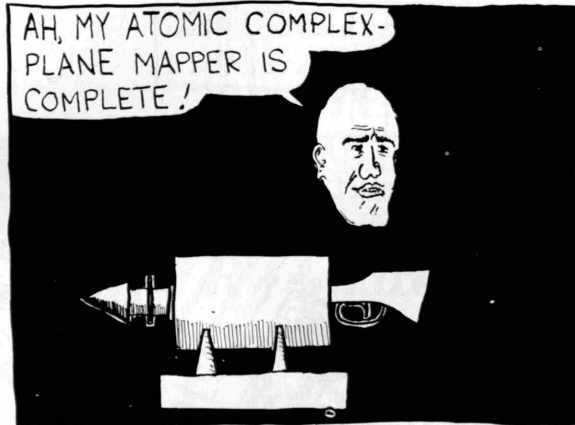
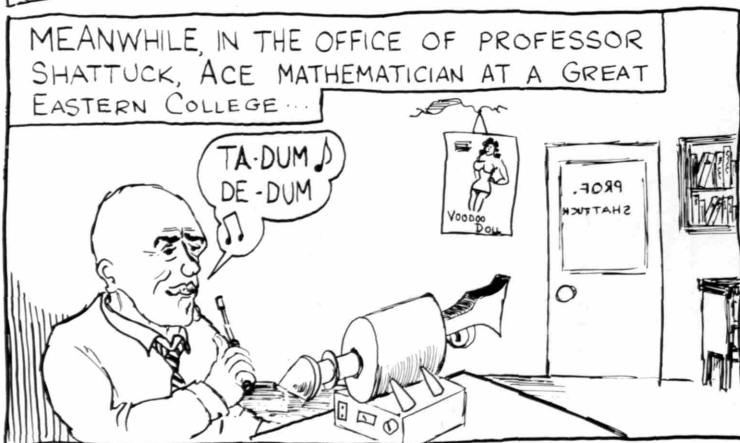
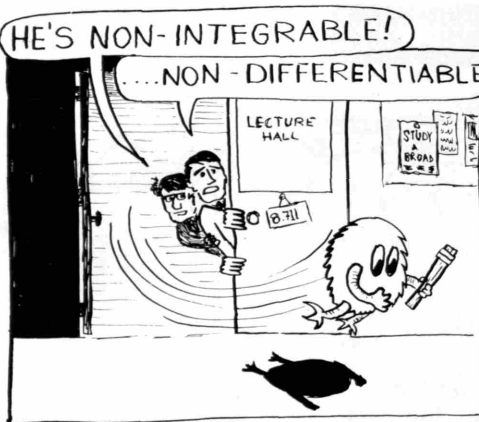
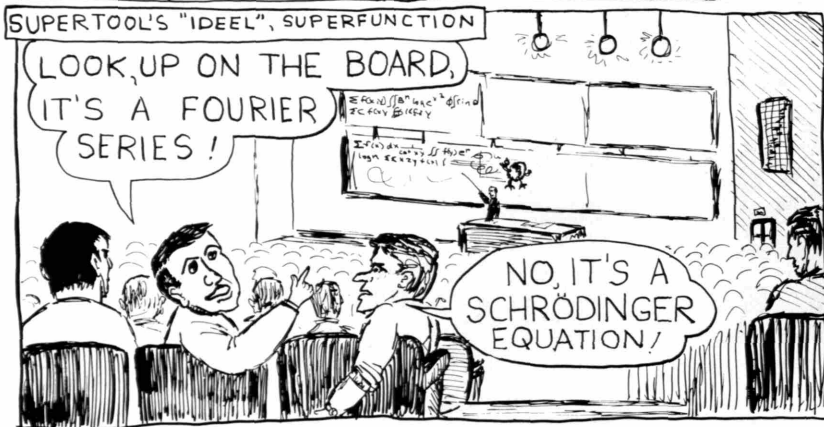
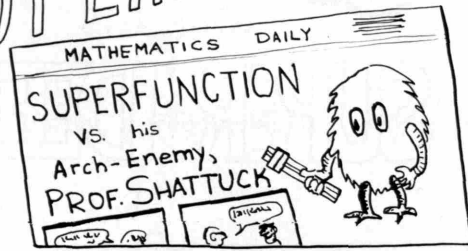
Supertool, temporarily robbed of his super-powers, was tied to the New Haven R.R. tracks outside New York. He rejected the help of Irma Frickasee, and is about to be crushed by a train! ➡ NOW READ ON!! ➡

by KEITH PATTERSON

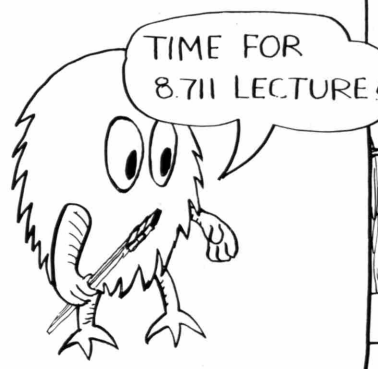
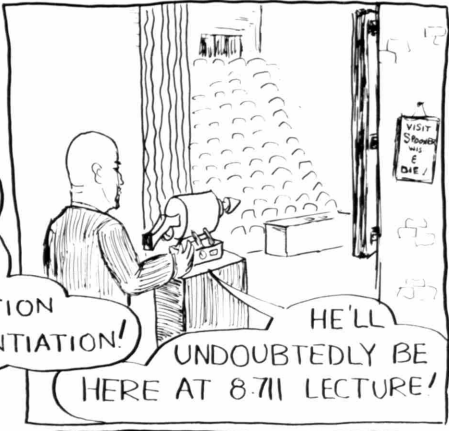
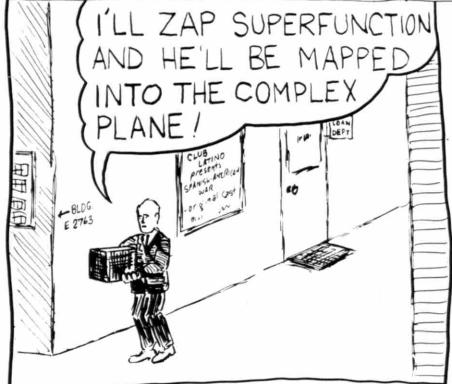




SUPERFUNCTION



SUPERTOOL'S 'IDEEL', SUPERFUNCTION



AND SO.... WHAT WOULD THAT FINKY TOOL SAY IF HE KNEW THAT I, PROF PETER ELIAT, AM INVINCIBLE IN MY ALTER EGO, SUPERPROF!

WILL THE SUPER-STUDENT MEET THE PROFESSOR OF STEEL?? YOU BET YOUR SWEET WAZOO HE WILL!

WHAT SORT OF PERSON IS THE OTHER WONDER-BEING LIVING IN A GREAT EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION? PROBABLY A RATEFINK!

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 Sneakers. . . Shorts. . . Shirts. . .

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67A Mt. Auburn Street, Harvard Square
 Phone TR 6-5417

The modern girl is one who will hate herself in the morning, either way.



We are the only country in the world where we lock up the jury every night and let the prisoner go home.



And then there's the sleepy bride who couldn't stay awake for a second.



Cannibal Cook: Shall I boil the missionary, boss man?

Chief: Don't be silly, that's a friar.



me that the know was just the beginning of the care-

SEE WHAT WE GET FROM THE PRINTER!

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS!



- Baker's Shoes
- Bank of America
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- Coop
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- Eli's
- Elsie's
- Fenway Liquor

- 5 House of Roy
- 26 J. G. Ormiston Agency
- 19 Joe Keezer's
- 5 LSC
- 23 Mahlowitz Market
- 19 Meshna
- 9 Minicost
- 25 Newbury Del
- 12 Nile Restaurant
- 20 Samuel Bluestein
- 9 Simeone's
- 26 Tennis & Squash Shop
- 6 Wine Cellar
- 23 Wolfe & Smith
- 32

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- 26

Toys

If you happened to fight your way into the toy department of some store recently, you may have noticed that the trend in modern toys is for realism and utility. There are toy lawnmowers that really mow (this is a game?), guns that fire projectiles, and toy cars that break down. But an even bigger coming thing is the "Junior" kits; Junior Doctor, Junior Chemist, Junior Tree Surgeon, Junior Messiah, Junior Executive, Junior Prom, etc. Which got us to thinking; suppose the realism were combined with the juniors, and we would see such pages as this in the catalogues:

SEERS PROPHETS AND COMPANY

JUNIOR BOSTON CABBIE KIT:

If you're undecided about what to give that special young man, why not give him this Aroarer Toys' special? A perfect gift to give as a hack. Contains 1 1954 Furd Special Cab, minus brakes and first two gears. Meter geared to add 10 cents to fare everytime the rider's heart skips a beat, or the cabby twitches. Also includes broken springs in seats, coincatcher under seat, slightly squared wheels, and a map of the longest routes through Boston. "Out" sign on coinbox gives the illusion the cabby cannot change whatever he has been given. Dialogue booklet contains such useful patter as "Why I Can't Stand those Expressways", "Who Gave that Idiot a License?", "Hey, You Fellas in College?", "What I Did to the Last Fella who Didn't Tip!", and "Naw, This is Much Shorter." Boys, ages 2-10.

Complete Cabbie Kit \$15.00

JUNIOR BOOKIE KIT:

A real learn-by-doing gift, guaranteed to bring enjoyment and profits to the gifted child. Includes sleeve garters, visor, tote board, cigar store front, numbers cards, lottery tickets, subscription to the racing form, and adding machine that automatically deducts The Mob's take. In store, look for *Junior CPA Kit*. Ages 7-1. Jr. CPA

\$7.11

JUNIOR FOREIGN STARLET KIT:

Should please the entire family! Make a foreign starlet, of your daughter. Kit contains netted stockings, sheer nightgown, and towel. Subtitles extra, but no one reads them anyway. Girls, ages 36-22-41.

Foreign Starlet \$.50
\$.08-1/2

JUNIOR M.I.T. COED KIT:

An ideal gift for the confused children around your home! Satisfaction guaranteed, or you lose! Contains tight slacks, sandals, ten Coopnotebooks, log log duplex decitrig hyperbolic lagrangian slide-rule (markings 75 cents extra), pipe, 5.0 cum, beard, and Anti-Sex League armband. Girls or boys, ages 18-22.

Jr. Coed \$1700.00

JUNIOR STREETWALKER KIT:

For the young girl who is interested in a profession other than nursing, may we suggest this gift. She'll be the most popular girl on the block, and we mean on the block! Has everything she'll need (well, almost everything.) Beads, slit dress, lamp-post, and warpaint. Comes with instruction booklet "How to Make Friends and Influenced People" by Dale Carnally. Girls, ages 16-30.

Price: \$5.00
Special Price: \$2.00

JUNIOR DEAN OF STUDENTS KIT:

Another new first from Fink Toys, set comes complete for the Junior Dean to start right in. Includes three cardboard secretaries (armed), large waiting room, model airplane paper-weight, complete file of *VooDoos* with gross sections underlined for ready reference, 10 shares Coop stock, and snide smirk. Boys, ages 1-3.

Complete set \$71.33
With plaque lettered "Anyone here in five minutes won't be here tomorrow." \$72.02
Prices FOB Pago Pago

SKIING IS UNBELIEVABLE!

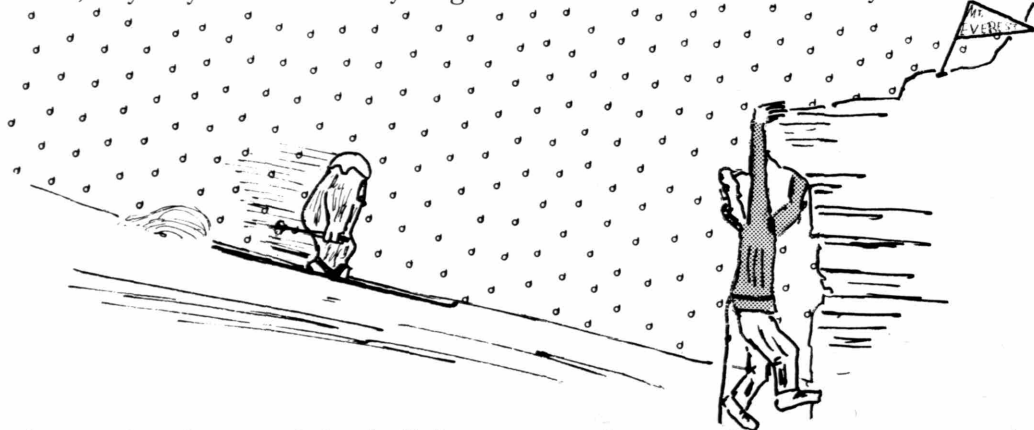
The day is new, the air fresh; your breath condenses, and is whipped down the white-robed mountain to be inhaled by a panting lift engine. You coax your skis toward the fall line, lean gently forward in a modified comma position, aware only of the beauty of the scene and the freedom of him who glides on two boards o'er powdery snow, and *WHAM!!!*

"Gosh, mister, you really should be more careful!" says the now-long-gone eight-year-old marvel on the Hand Competitive Tensors.

"Bless his little heart," you mutter as you dust off your parka and polish off your wine skin, for you can think back to the time when you were a little tyke no older than he. True, you had enough trouble walking without a spotter that skiing was a little out of the question, but times have, after all, changed. Besides, anybody who knows anything

word of it. For who can forget the facial expression of an all-day-ticket-holder at closing time, who realizes that he only got twelve runs in rather than the thirteen necessary to justify the purchase of an all-day ticket? And if he enjoyed himself more by going at a more relaxed rate, or spent the time learning to parallel ski rather than stemming, well, perhaps that's a consideration, too, but what kind of an answer is that the rational skier goes into the thing as though riding the lift were the object, and skiing just the way to ride the lift again without having to ride it down, which is aesthetically unpleasant.

That this attitude is absurd is obvious. That it is prevalent is discouraging. The fact remains that in addition to skiing being the best way to get to the back of the lift line in a hurry, it is also a rather enjoyable process. In addition to meeting the sweetest little demons as they ski over the backs of your



about skiing knows that the secret behind all the little aces who can ski so well before they can walk is simply that they use such short skis. It's cheating is what it is. But, rather than harbor a grudge that could ruin a rather expensive day's skiing, out you thrust that downhill ski, on goes the smile, and up goes the security of your investment.

But, if I make it sound as if the average skier actually does think first of protecting his investment, rest assured that it's only because I mean every

skis, you often run into some sweet little things who care for expertise on the slopes as little as yourself. But, alas, this respect of the recreation has been done to the death by magazines with resources far beyond our own, and, as the aficionado of skiing has long known, and the tired reader is learning, nobody, but nobody, can capture the excitement of skiing in the printed word. Now don't you wish I'd told you that first?

— Norm Rubin

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)

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Party Planning

What, Short of Man, Reads Voo Doo?



Does he, or doesn't he? Only your anthropologist knows for sure. Is this poor fellow exemplary of the lowlife that buys our humor? By subscription, yet? Are you? If so, please complete the form letter below.

January 1, 1965

VooDoo
Walker Memorial,
Cambridge 39, Mass.

Dear Me!

Having partied all night, I am just drunk enough to think of subscribing to your magazine. I understand that I am forfeiting all my rights to a VooDoo on or near sales day, in return for the privilege of paying in advance. This doesn't bother me for a minute. I am known by the pseudonym _____, and can be found at _____

at all sorts of funny hours. I want n=_____subscriptions and am enclosing n(\$2.80)=_____in exchange. Or maybe you'd prefer it in cash. I will regret this in the morning.
Yours drooly,

LECTURE SERIES COMMITTEE CALENDAR

TONIGHT FRI. DEC. 11

WAR and PEACE

color — Audrey Hepburn — Henry Fonda

7:00 in 26-100

8:00 in 10-250

FRI. JAN. 8

Peter Sellers

DOUBLE FEATURE

MAN IN A COCKED HAT

AND I'M ALL RIGHT JACK

8:00 Kresge

TOMORROW NIGHT SAT. DEC. 12

The Time Machine

in color

5:15 7:30 9:45 26-100

SAT. JAN. 9

Damn the Defiant

color — Alec Guinness — Dirk Bogarde

5:15 7:30 9:45 26-100

Sunday, Dec. 13

Classic Series

Sunday, Jan. 10

Alfred Hitchcock's

SPELLBOUND

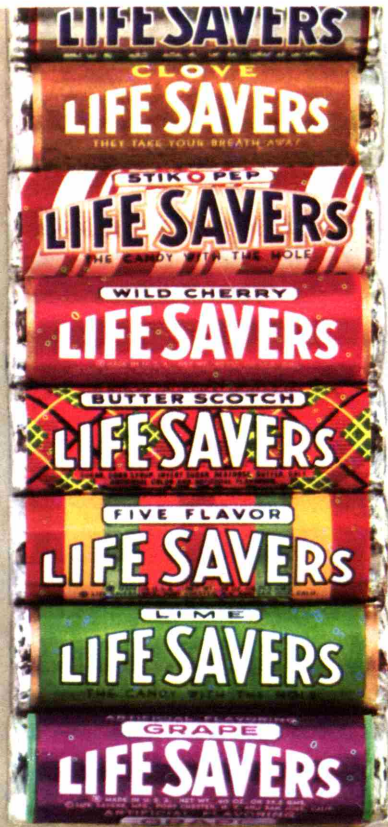
10-250

8 P.M.

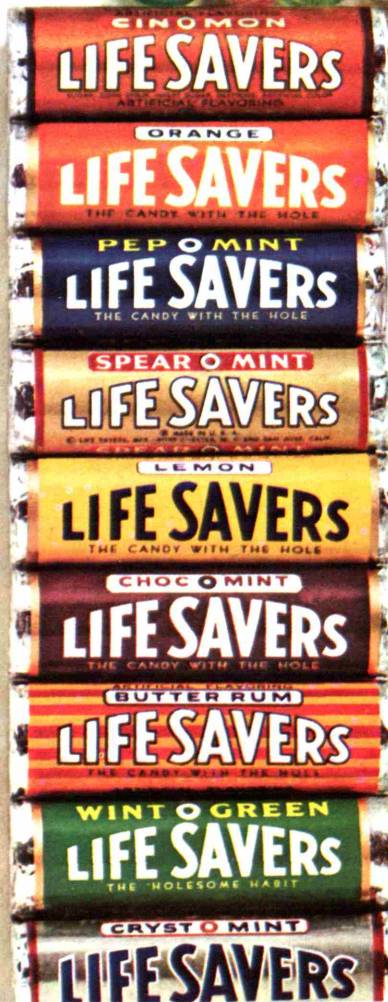
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Charlie Chaplin in

Tillie's Punctured Romance



4 kinds of icy, spicy mints



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