

VOT

MARCH

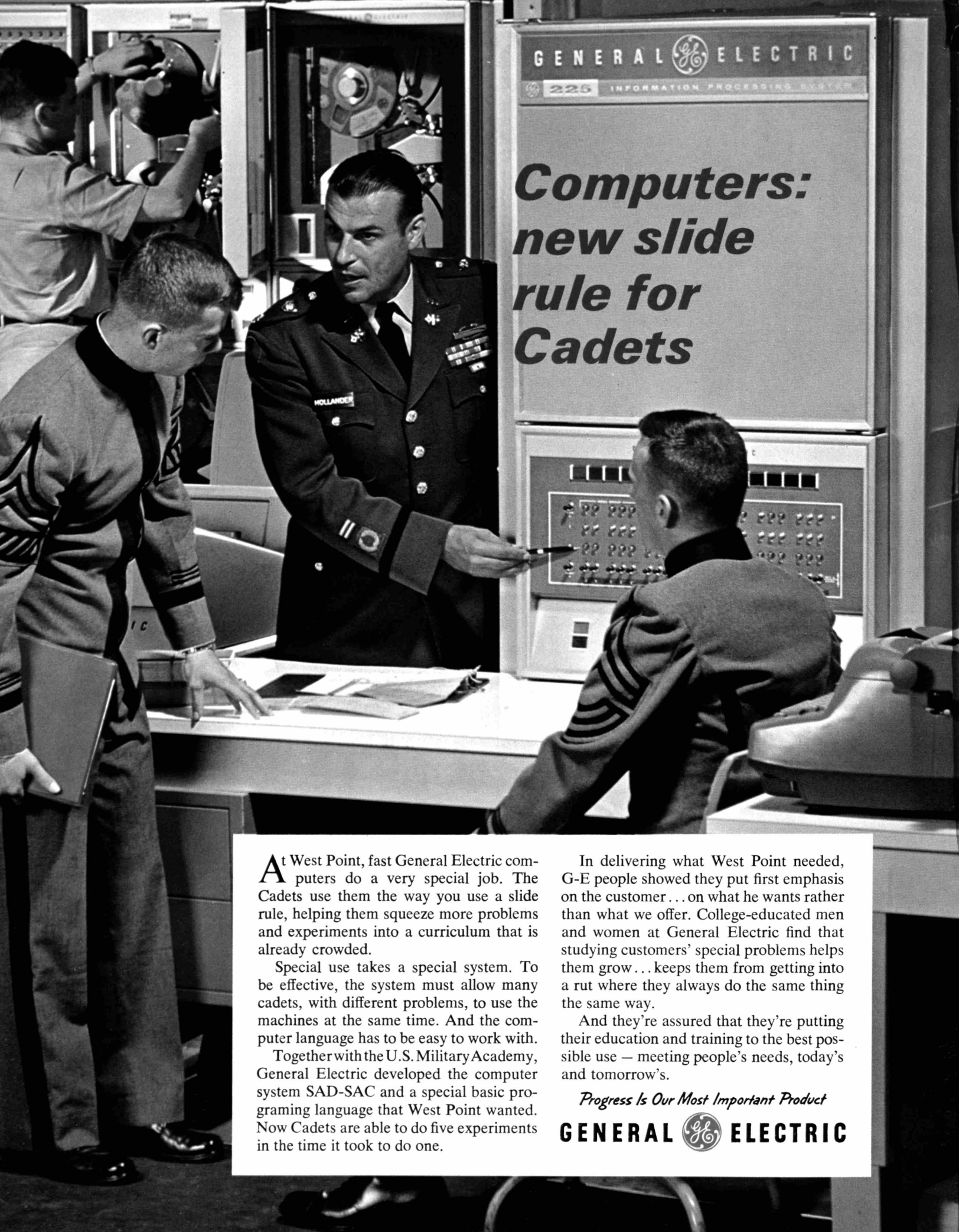
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## MARCH

19

65

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1st Forward March!	2nd Vote for UAP, U APE	3rd "Who said a funeral was a bier party?"	4th For those who have a hangover the morning after	5th LSC might show "My Fair Lady"	6th But it probably won't	7th Newton discloses theory of relativity
8th Hawaii demands equal time	9th Physics Dept. announces new subject, 8.01TS	10th Oysters don't grow on trees	11th Remember Pearl Arbor	12th Remember the Maine	13th Hawaii demands equal time	14th Spice Islands demand equal thyme
15th U.S.S. Finnegan visits Charles River	16th M.I.T. student body turns out to see Finnegan's wake	17th Baker House stages retaliatory panty raid on Harvard	18th Activities Council demands Baker House statement of policy	19th VooDoo goes on sale	20th Tech announces next issue will be March 23	21st F -kx
22nd Prof. Clark under suspicion for teaching dielectric materialism	23rd March 23 is an intrinsically dull day	24th Now is the time	25th Censored	26th Kuhio Day in Hawaii	27th * See March 27	28th Hammurabi falls into Tigris River, catches code
29th Who is John Galt?	30th Seward's Day	31st Hello Folly!	5.0 Happy Birthday Supertool	Last day of February	April begins 9:00 P.M. Hawaiian Standard Time	

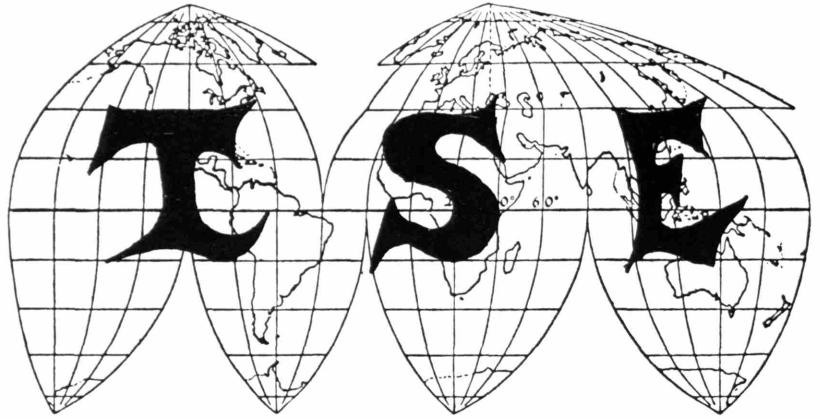
VOO DOO MONTH OF THE YEAR

by Dave Seldin, Roger Fox



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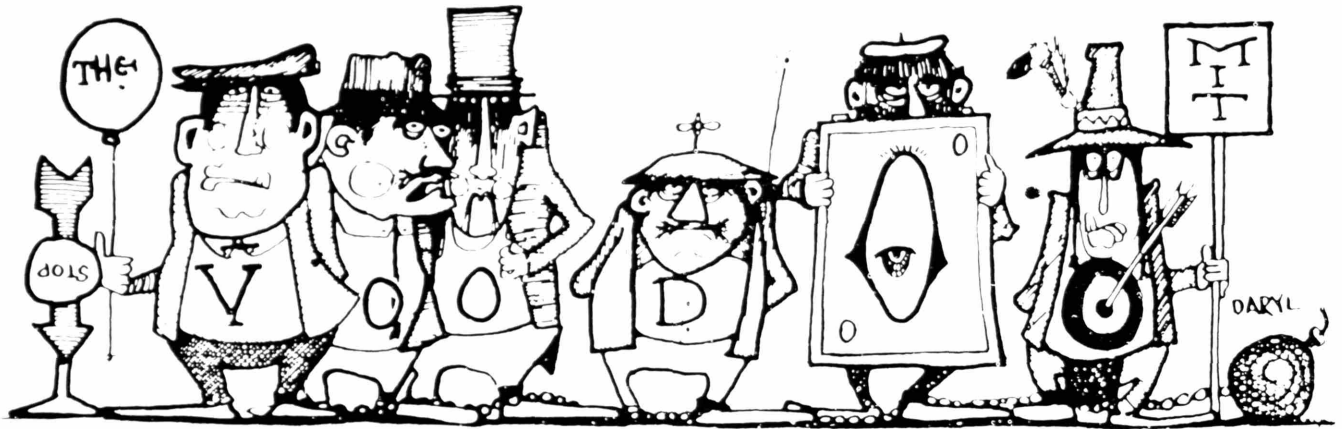
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Let's get done with this quickly this month. VooDoo is published by the VooDoo Managing Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; this issue was copyrighted (copiedright?) in 1965, and published February 26, 1965. VooDoo materializes monthly, November through June, and in September; our offices are hidden at 303 Walker Memorial. Subscriptions are \$2.80 for a block of 8 (\$69.00 in Pago Pago — we get very few subscriptions from there.) Interred as second class mail at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139. You have no idea what a pain writing this month after month can be!



In this modern world, more and more adults are becoming more and more interested in things kids like. Like comics, like the Beatles, like VooDoo, like flinging water balloons full of Listerine from dormitory windows. As we further our formal education, we find that we know less and less of this real world around us; this issue is designed to help the Techman get acquainted with the world he will know after graduation. Return with us now to the days of yesteryear, and learn what Adults do for fun....

**W**ho says MIT is solely a science school? Why, MIT is constantly trying new and original things in all fields. For instance, spelling; note the interesting way they spelled *February* on your first term grade report; about half the reports were held up a day to correct the spelling from "Febuary".

**W**e were just wondering how many people noticed the word "condemned" scrawled on the side of the Earth Sciences building recently.

**Q**uote of the month: UAP Samuels, introducing a joke, explained it was one of the jokes "my father tells that he wouldn't tell in front of my parents."

**W**e've found a new way to torment instructors. When they turn around to erase the board (before anyone has had an opportunity to see it), you turn to a blank page in your notebook and start erasing. One of our board members tried this; the instructor was dumbstruck. "When I said we'd erase, I didn't mean everyone."



**P**robably the big winner in computerized registration, one of our staffers was dealt a four-way conflict. Things went considerably better this term than last, but it still comes nowhere near living up to the glowing press release on how well registration went last term, thanks to computers.



**M**aybe it's the new rents, maybe it's compulsory Commons, but there seems to have been something of an exodus from the dorms this term. The extent was such that one house found itself minus the House President and the Head of Judcomm.

**A**nother example of clever registration; one of the 8,041 recitation sections conflicts with the only scheduled 8.041 lecture.

**A**nother method to madness: when you're in the Coop, waiting at the bookcounter, and there's no one to serve you (naturally), you simply reach out and press a key of the cash register. Amazing how fast they wake up!



"I've been married four times. Do you think I'm a loose woman?"

"No, dearie, just a busy-body."



It seems that most of the student politicians we've run into are very much like lobsters. They change color in hot water.



"To err is human — to repeat sublime."



"Where you goin' Clem?"

"Town."

"What'sa matter with the wheelbarra?"

"Broke."

"Who broke it?"

"Hired man."

"Same hired man got your daughter in trouble last month?"

"Yep. Clumsy, ain't he?"



A woman tourist stranded in the hills of the Ozarks during a thunderstorm sought shelter at a nearby shack. An aged man told her she could stay there if she didn't mind sleeping with grandpap.

The tourist had no objections, and turned in. In the morning she thanked the old man and told him that grandpap hadn't disturbed her one bit. The old man replied, "Well, he hadn't ought to, he's been dead five days."



She sat alone, at a far corner table in the coffee house, her head in her arms, weeping uncontrollably.

The spectacle of one so fair in distress was too much for the valiant Harvard student. He approached her table. After some coaxing, the maiden consented to talk.

"He," she sobbed convulsively, "he called me a...a..."

She spelled the inelegant term signifying a member of the world's oldest profession.

The Harvard man was deeply moved. His fists clenched, his face crimsoned. It was several moments before he could regain enough composure to speak. "That word," he said, gasping to keep his composure, "that word is spelled with a 'W'."

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*Most of the above are store demonstrators, some are in new sealed boxes and some are just the buyers' goofs, but they are all good buys. First come, first served.*

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All right kids, this is an adult entertainment issue, right? Right. And what does the average adult do for entertainment (besides that)? He watches television. Right? Right. So we were watching television the other day when all of a sudden this guy comes on and says . . .



# TWO TELL THE TRUTH

(Right? Right.)

*A satire (of sorts) by D. F. Nolan and Bob Pindyck*

Show opens with darkened stage. Suddenly a curtain rises. There are three men standing on the stage. Then the lights go on and we see that one of them is really a woman. Emcee Butt Crawler begins to speak, his voice piped through an echo chamber:

What is your name, please?

1st Contestant: My name is Wyzure Orsred.

2nd Contestant: *My* name is Wyzure Orsred.

3rd Contestant: *My* name is Jack Hoff, uh, I mean, *Wyzure Orsred*.

Butt: I have here an affidavit, signed by the *real* Wyzure Orsred. It states, 'I, Wyzure Orsred, am half of a travelling Siamese Twin act. Every year I travel around the country making a fool of myself and letting the peasants laugh at me. I spit on them.

'My most recent book, *I Am My Brother's Keeper*, has sold twelve copies and has been translated into thirteen languages. It is considered to be one of the most authoritative texts in its field.

'In my spare time my wife Ophelia and I like to go skin-diving. Some weekends we get as many as twenty or thirty skins. On Tuesday afternoons I bite the bag. Signed, Wyzure Orsred.' Only one of these people is the real Wyzure Orsred, of course. The others are imposters. They will attempt to snow our panel of experts into believing that they

are the real Wyzure Orsred.

Now if our three contestants will come down and sit down in the place where the contestants come to sit down, I will introduce our panel for this evening. First we have Bendit Surf, world renowned communist - I mean columnist - and publisher. Say something there Bendit.

Bendit: Hi, Butt.

Butt: Same to you Bendit. Now then our next panelist is Dorothy Killagallon, noted alcoholic and dealer in wholesale smut. Say hello to the people, Dorothy.

Dorothy: Hello to the people.

Butt: Great Dorothy. And our third panelist, and special guest for this evening, is Kenneth Wouldleigh, Dean of Students at a well-known Eastern university. Say something to the people, Ken.

Ken: Hello. Anyone here five min...

Butt: All right, that's enough Ken. Crawl back in your cage. Now finally our fourth panelist is that ever-popular entertainer, Irma La Douche. How's business, Irma?

Irma: Real fine, Butt.

Butt: Thanks, Irma. Now we'll begin our first round of questions right after a word from our sponsor.



Fade to picture of woman trying to get sandwich out of a plastic bag.

"PARDON ME MISS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"

"WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING? I'M TRYING TO GET THIS SANDWICH OUT OF THIS GODDAMN BAG."

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Fade back to panel.

Butt: Let's explain the rules of the game, and then we'll begin the questioning. For those of you who don't know, the rules are very simple. For those of you who do know, the rules are also very simple. Each of our panelists has the chance to ask the panelists nosy questions. Only the real Wyzure Orsered must tell the truth. The others will lie through their teeth. And now we'll begin the questioning with Bendit Surf.

Bendit: Number two, this may sound like a stupid question, but if you're a Siamese twin, where's your other half?

No. 2: You're right, that does sound like a stupid question. Besides, I *am* the other half.

Bendit, scratching head: Yeah, I suppose that's reasonable. Number three, if your name is Wyzure Orsered, why did you say that it was Jack before?

No. 3: Jack is my middle name.

Butt: All right, and now let's hear from Ken Wouldleigh.

Ken: Speaking of names No. 1, how did you ever get a name like Wyzure Orsered?

No. 1: Well, one day just after I was born my father came riding home on a red horse, and said to my mother, "Not another goddamn baby! What are we gonna name this one?" And my mother said, "Why is your horse red?" So that's how I got the name.

Ken: I see, I think (and therefore I am). But what was your father's name?

No. 1: His name was Jack, of course.

Ken: Oh. Well then, number two how come...

Butt: Sorry, Ken, but your time is up. Now let's move on to Irma La Douche.

Bendit: Yes, I'd like to move on to Irma.

Irma: Any time, Bendit.

Ken: Hey wait a minute. You're offending my delicate sensitivities.

Dorothy: Shaddup Ken.

Irma: Number three, who is John Galt?

No. 3: He was part of the world's only living Siamese triplet.

Irma: Number two?

No. 2: He was my mother.

Irma: Number one?

No. 1: Yep, it's him all right.

Butt: Our time is almost up. We can have one more question. Dorothy?

Dorothy: Number two, you say you like to go skin diving. What is the greatest number of skins ever gotten by one diver in one day?

No. 2: Hubert Hump, the world's greatest skin diver, using natural gas propulsion, once managed to collect seventy-four skins by three o'clock in the afternoon. Unfortunately, before he could collect any more, he was devoured by a giant sea-hare.

Butt: All right panelists. Mark your ballots, and we'll see which one is the *real* Wyzure Orsered. All right Bendit, which one did you vote for?

Bendit: I voted for number one because he knew that Wyzure Orsered's father's name was Jack.

Butt: Dorothy?

Dorothy: I voted for you, Butt, because you're so half-assed, just like a Siamese twin.

Butt: Thanks a heap. And who did you vote for, Ken?

Ken: I think you're all a bunch of liars. I don't vote for anyone.

Butt: How about you, Irma?

Irma: Any time, Butt.

Butt: I meant, how did you *vote*.

Irma: I voted for my mother, because my mother has always been very nice to me.

Butt: Very good, panel. I see we have one vote for number one, one for me, and one for Irma's mother. Now, will the real Wyzure Orsered please stand up?

Number one begins to rise but then sits down. Then number two begins to rise but sits down as number three begins to rise. Then number three sits down as both one and two start to rise in unison. One sits down, two fakes to the left, and three spits on Butt. Two sits down, three fakes to the right, and one begins chewing on a *Baggie*. Everyone sits down. Pause.

Butt: Uh, well, uh, will the, uh, real Wyzure Orsered *please* stand up.

Suddenly two and three both stand up together. The crowds cheer. The lights fade, the camera pull back for a long-distance shot, and Butt smiles as he says, "Thank you panel. Thank you contestants. And be sure to tune in again next week when our special guest panelist will be Lyndon B. Johnson, well-known President of the United States. And remember *Two Tell the Truth*."

A young lady parked her car on a dark street. As she got out, she collided with a trash-barrel, and fell into it backwards. She was stuck tightly in it, and unable to extricate herself.

Then she had an idea; she started to scream: "Rape! Rape! Rape!" at the top of her lungs.

In a few hours a police car arrived, and the two policemen had her on her feet again. She thanked them and was about to walk away when they demanded to know why she had upset the neighborhood by shouting "Rape!"

"Well," she explained, "I was stuck, and after all, who would have come to my rescue if I had yelled 'Garbage! Garbage!'"



Ralph and his wife Ethel were on the S. S. Liberte to Marseille. At one of the ship's bars he heard this amusing story:

A couple leaving a hotel were given a bill for \$15. The man protested to the manager who reminded him that he had a room plus bath.

"But I didn't take a bath," said the man.

"I can't help that, it was there for you," replied the manager.



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A businessman named Joe had become thoroughly fed up with the telephone. Whenever something went wrong (which was often), he would explode with profanity. The operators had registered several complaints about him.

One day, after several wrong numbers, Joe began to cuss out the operator. "Stop that," she said, "or I'll have your phone removed."

"Oh yeah?" replied Joe, "Well you can stick it....!"

Next morning, two phonemen came to take the phone away. Joe panicked, and asked if he could square things by apologizing to the girl. They agreed, so he dialed operator and said "Girlie, I'm sorry. Do you remember yesterday when I said you could stick the phone...?"

"Yes," she answered icily.

"Well," floundered Joe, "There's two men here to take it out."



A commons dietician was heard complaining about the tastes of the students. "Monday they liked it; Tuesday they liked it; Wednesday they liked it. Now, all of a sudden, on Thursday, they don't like it!"

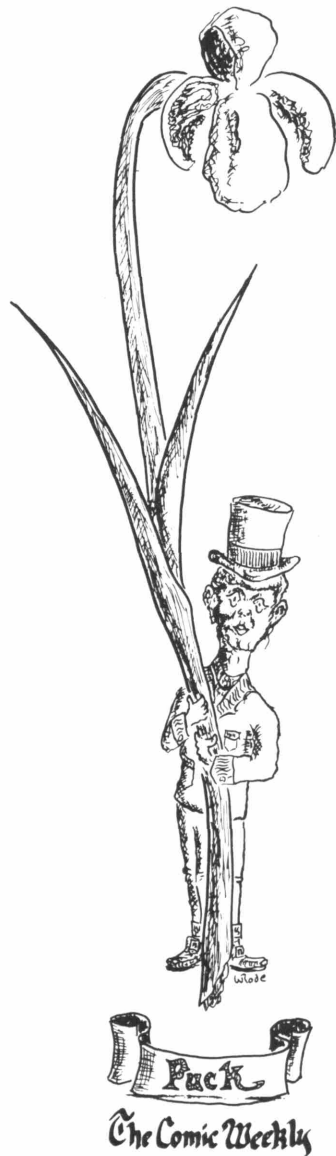


The question for today is: How old were YOU when you stopped reading comic books? Or perhaps you still haven't stopped? Or maybe you haven't started yet? Too bad if you haven't started yet. We hear they're 12 cents now, and besides you won't do too well on

# VOO DOO'S

# COMIC BOOK

## SUPER-QUIZ



**Instructions: Please answer the following multiple choice questions by putting an "X" in the appropriate box:**

(1) All except one of the following were arch-enemies of Superman: ( ) Luthor ( ) The Prankster ( ) Mr. Mxyztlk ( ) Harold Pretzel

(2) Batman's civilian identity was Bruce Wayne. But what was Robin's identity? ( ) Horst Obelgherst ( ) Dick Grayson ( ) Christine Keeler ( ) Darryl Desgratzata ( ) Harold Pretzel

(3) Captain Marvel was really Billy Batson. But what was the word Billy had to say to convert himself to the superhuman hero? ( ) Wazoo ( ) Gdortni ( ) Spasm ( ) Powpowzonkpow ( ) ShazAM ( ) none of these

(4) There was only one thing that could incapacitate Superman. This was: ( ) a two pound wedge of Fachamata's Matzaroni ( ) a red horse ( ) kryptonite ( ) Lois Lane ( ) the Amazing Spider-Man

(5) Which of the following was actually a comic book hero? ( ) Spasticman ( ) Dandruffman ( ) Superleper ( ) Norm Rubin ( ) Superconductor ( ) Supertool ( ) Superduperplooperscooper ( ) Super califragilisticexpialidocious.

(6) Which of the following was really the name of a horror comic? ( ) The Tech ( ) Grungy Coeds ( ) Tail from Outer Space ( ) Monsters Bite the Bag ( ) Tales from the Crypt ( ) Little LULU

TAKE  
THIS  
QUIZ  
&  
BE  
SUPER  
SMART



(7) Which of the following comic characters was created by Walt Disney? ☐ Dean Wadleigh ☐ Donald Duck ☐ Mighty Joe Young ☐ Rocket J. Squirrel ☐ Arnie Aardvark ☐ Little Annie Fanny

(8) Which of the following expressions was always used by Perry White in Superman comics when he encountered a difficult situation? ☐ "Anybody here in five minutes....." ☐ "Good grief it's daddy" ☐ "Leapin' Lizards" ☐ "Bite the bag" ☐ "Ecbaipfak" ☐ "Great Caesar's Ghost" ☐ "Holy Moley" ☐ "Arg-hhhhhhhhh" ☐ "Oh, dear, we can't print that!"

(9) Where did Superman usually go when he wanted to change from Clark Kent to Superman? ☐ Sweden ☐ 50-009 ☐ Telephone booth ☐ the Daggett Building ☐ Harvard Square ☐ home

(10) What were Donald Duck's three nephews' names? ☐ Julie, Kenny, and Freddie ☐ Manny, Moe and Jack ☐ Huey, Dewey, and Louie ☐ Hart, Schaffner, and Marx ☐ Phos, Ecbaipfak, and Boob ☐ Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob ☐ Lyndon, Hubert and Walter

(11) Who was Wonder Woman's boyfriend? ☐ Wonder Wart-Hog ☐ Isaac the Pizza Hog ☐ James Wonderbond ☐ Pussy Galore ☐ Harold Pretzel ☐ The Four Seasons ☐ Wonder Bread

(12) Which of the following was a member of Archie Andrew's gang? ☐ Hermann Goering ☐ Jugs ☐ Harmonica ☐ Princess Summerfallwintergreen ☐ Liberace ☐ Reggie VanEcbaipfak III ☐ Betty Body

(13) What's so amazing about the Amazing Spider-Man? ☐ the amazing what? ☐ he has 13 legs ☐ he bites the bag ☐ he didn't get a \$5 fine from the registrar's office ☐ he can juggle elephants in a Volkswagen ☐ nothing ☐ none of these

(14) The book that Donald Duck's nephews always looked things up in was: ☐ the Encyclopaedia Britannica ☐ the Social Beaver ☐ Candy ☐ the Handbook of Physics and Chemistry ☐ Junior Woodchuck's Guidebook ☐ Senior Woodchuck's Guidebook ☐ the Yellow Pages

(15) What is usually considered to be the  
10 greatest event that ever occurred in a comic

book? ☐ the day Archie got a date with Veronica ☐ the day Captain Marvel picked up the entire continent of South America which was floating away and put it back where it belonged. ☐ the day the coyote ate the roadrunner ☐ the day Superman discovered that his X-ray vision could see through clothing ☐ the day Batman jumped into the Batmobile and discovered it was out of Batgas.

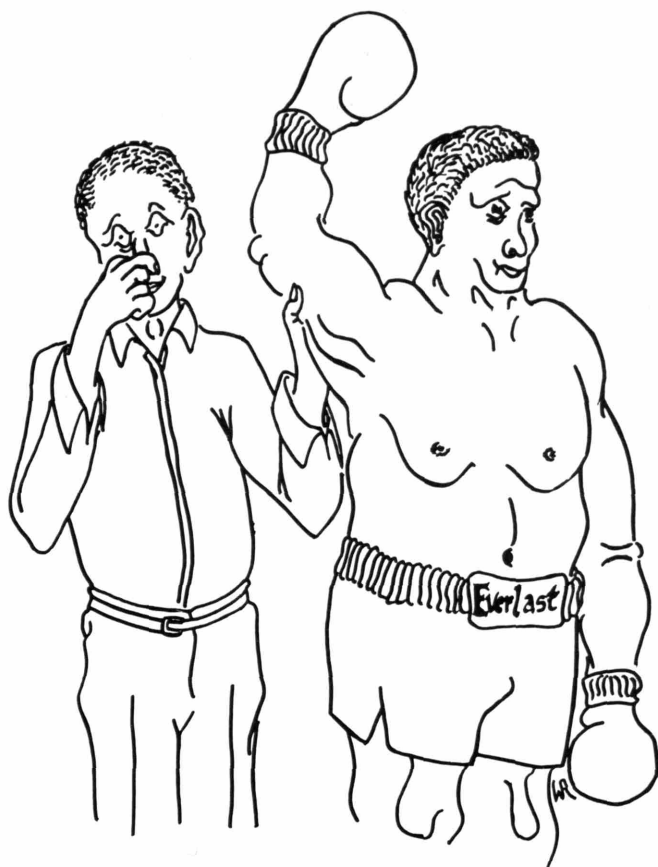


Here are the answers, all you comic book enthusiasts:

(1) Athlete's Foot (get it? his arch-enemy)  
(2) Bruce Redbreast (3) "Noneofthese"  
(4) Charles River Whitefish (5) Boob Pindyck (6) None of these — it was the MIT Catalogue (7) Matriculating Mouse (8) "Hey mister, why is your horse red?" (9) Registrar's office — nobody ever goes out there (10) Dewey, Thruway, and Screwy (11) Wonder Where the Yellow Went (12) Al Capone (13) He spins webs out of Springfield Oval (14) Poor Richard's Almaduck (ugh!) (15) If we could've thought of something funnier than the above choices, we would have written it here.

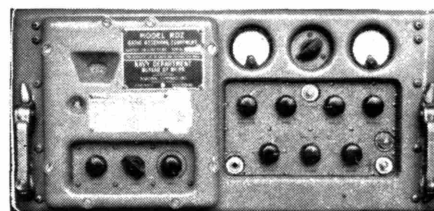
— Deber and "The Boys"





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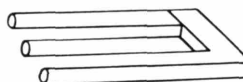
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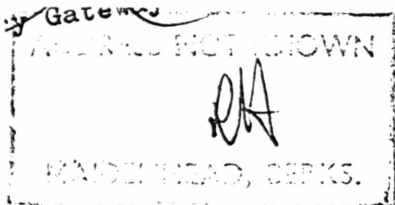
A man called the undertaker one afternoon, and sobbed:

"Come and bury my wife."

"But I buried your wife," said the undertaker. "Ten years ago."

"I got married again," the man sobbed.

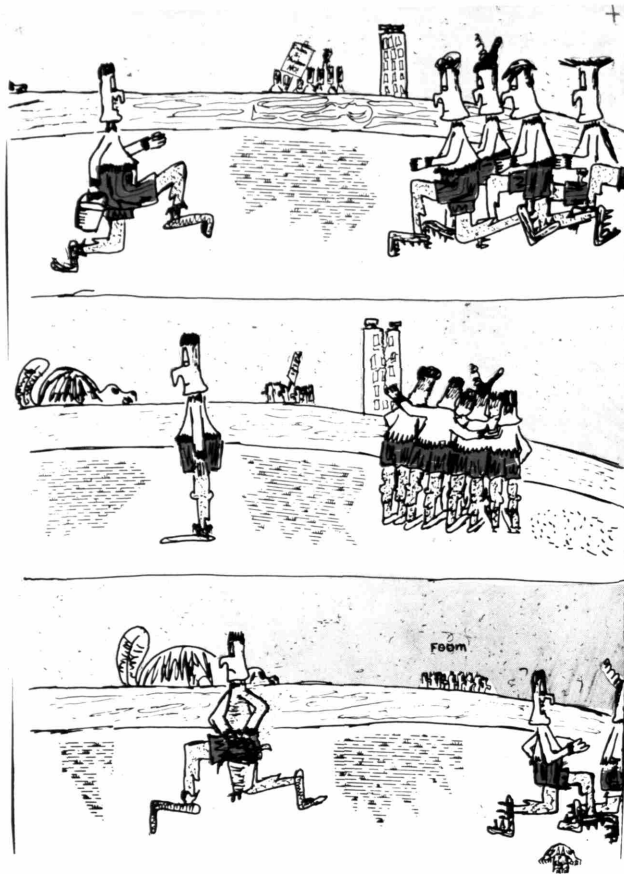
"Oh," said the undertaker. "Congratulations."



An American in England reports that he walked up to a Briton at a bus station and asked him:

"Could you tell me where Piccadilly Circus is?"

The Englishman replied, "Yes, I could," and calmly got onto the bus.



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"This is the thumb, with which you hitchhike through life.

"Next, the index finger, with which you point out things.

"Now comes the middle finger, which should really be called the pleasure finger. With it — but I'll tell you about that one later.

"Here is the ring finger, which is used for engagements and marriages.

"And finally, the little finger, the pinkie, which delicately protrudes while dining..."

"But Dad," interrupted the boy excitedly, "please tell me about the pleasure finger!"

"Oh, yes, the pleasure finger," answered the merchant, "that's what you use to ring up sales on the cash register."



Overheard: "I asked her if she was doing anything that night and she said she wasn't, so I took her out. Sure enough — she wasn't."

She: Leave this house. I never want to see you again. Go at once!

He: I have one last request to make before I leave forever.

She: Well, what is it?

He: Get the hell off my lap!



A tipsy lad asked the bartender for two beers. The barkeep watched as he walked into the men's room with them. A while later, he came back with the empty glasses, and ordered two more. Again, into the washroom.

After this happened three times, the bartender couldn't control his curiosity, so he followed the kid into the washroom. He was even more curious to see him pour both beers into the toilet. So he asked the kid why he was doing that. The drunk replied, "I'm just sick and tired of being a middle man."



The bride kissed her new spouse, and asked shyly, "Did all your friends at the stag dinner congratulate you?"

"Some," he admitted, "But four of them thanked me!"

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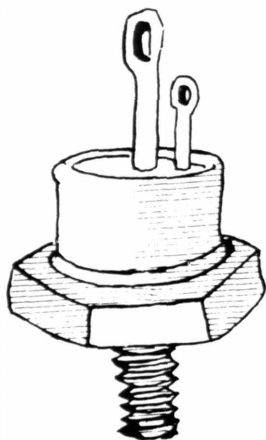
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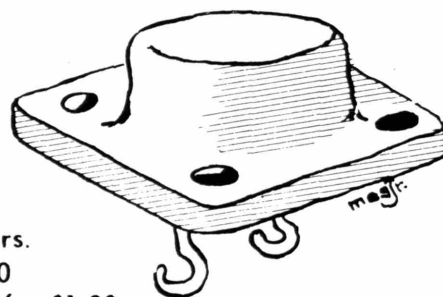
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Monica, a 21-year-old Mass. lass with class, was actually born in Germany, which is quite all-Reich with Phos.

Monica tells us she likes men who are tall, dark, and handsome, "except engineers — they're boring." Besides being Miss Massachusetts and modeling for the Carol Nashe Agency, she dates a Mortician. Phos thinks that this is a grave error, although admittedly, it is a great undertaking.



Dr. Winter had office hours on Tuesday, but it was the nurse's day off.

He made a practice of going to the door leading to the waiting room with the patient leaving and then would ask, "Who is next?"

A man rose and said, "I am, Doc!"

The doctor asked, "What is your trouble?"

The man told him !!!

The doctor grabbed him by the arm, pulled him into his office and reproached him with, "My goodness, don't ever say anything like that again in a room full of people. Just say that your nose or eyes trouble you!"

Several weeks passed and the same situation presented itself. When the doctor asked, "Who is next?" and the same man said, "I am!" the doctor look-

ed warily at him.

The doctor asked, "What's your trouble?"

The man said, "It's my ear!"

The doctor questioned, "What's wrong with it?"

The man replied: "I can't urinate out of it."



In a Paris apartment, a French wife called her husband Pierre into the bedroom and said to him:

"Pierre, our son Armand has now reached the age where I think he is interested in girls. I want you to speak to him."

"About what?" Pierre asked.

"Tell him about the birds and the bees," she said.

Pierre protested and protested, but his wife was adamant, so he reluctantly walked into Armand's room.

"Armand," Pierre said, "you remember last summer when we took a trip to Marseille."

"Yes, Papa," Armand said.

"You remember we went to that house with the lovely ladies and the music and the wine?"

"Yes, Papa," Armand said, his eyes lighting up.

"You remember that beautiful brunette with the transparent dress who sat on your lap and ran her hands through your hair?"

"Yes, Papa!!" Armand cried excitedly.

"Then you remember her taking your hand and leading you up the stairs?"

"YES, PAPA!!!" Armand fairly yelled with glee.

"And you remember what you did?"

"YES-YES, PAPA!!!!" Armand cried.

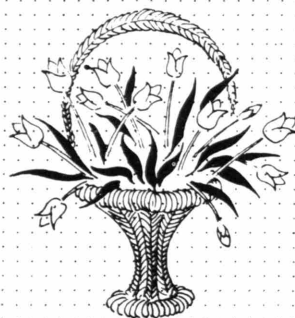
"Well," Pierre said, "It's the same with the birds and the bees."



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With the Peace Corps rapidly growing in popularity as a draft-dodging mechanism, we decided to find out what it's really all about. By luck, a fellow-humor-magazinist, Charley Stough, recently of Arizona State U, left his alma mater for the Corps. Here is his report on the first couple of months in the service of Humanity.

# ROTTEN TO THE CORPS

One winter evening last year - an evening which, by fascinating coincidence, fell after dark - I was sitting on a concrete bench on the campus of Arizona State University with my steady when she whispered into my ear that, since we'd known each other a full week already, she thought we should get married. I suppose that this particular moment more than any other was when I decided I should serve my country and the cause of righteousness throughout the world by joining the Peace Corps.

The guys in the frat house thought it was a noble and admirable ambition. That is, until I corrected their misconception on the spelling of "peace" and explained a little more deeply what the goals of the organization are. Well, at the time I considered myself pretty much of an expert on the thing, having read all the literature at the post office and being the owner of a genuine Bob Hope autograph.

Everybody asked me why I joined. First let me explain that nobody really "joins" the PC in the common sense; the PC invites one to train, takes one to Puerto Rico for a few weeks (or other training camps), mounts one on the sheer face of a rock cliff and proceeds to examine one's real motivations and psych makeup before the final in-or-out-for-this-kid decision. That rock climb is often hellish, by the way. The PC loses about 20 per cent in selection, says one of their bulletins.

A member of the Peace Corps is often isolated from any other English-speaking neighbor, is prohibited from working in any other job but PC, must leave all his family and friendship ties behind, is introduced into myriad weird situations (look for my upcoming book, "The Rise and Fall of the Blood Pressure of Charley Stough"), but that's not

all the benefits of membership.

You also are relieved of the burdens of deciding what to do with your spare time, and when you finally *do* get to your assignment ("host country", from the Latin derivative meaning "hostile") you don't have to listen to your upstairs neighbor shouting down the fire escape, "Ay Cholly, whad-dya wanna jern the Peazcoah foa, ya some kinda nut?"

And one more thing I'd like to clear up - this nasty rumor about PC Volunteers only getting 11 cents an hour is a lot of bull. Memo to the publicity dept: a Volunteer in Borneo is reputedly getting 13 cents, and one fellow they fired when cheap labor showed up was getting 17.

Before I got the final word to go to training a fellow from the FBI or something (well, who knows what they've got now?) came around to the frat house for the "background check". They like to know the ordinary things - are you now or have you ever been (or do you plan to be soon), weight in milligrams, etc. It was enlightening to hear from the guys what the badge-flasher wanted, since I only heard part of it from the closet. For example, *standing in the middle of my room he asked one of the brothers if I could live in crude surroundings.* Even if I was destined to be washed out of the Corps it was nice to know the FBI is still hiring the handicapped.

Training started July 1, 1964, and it was at the University of Arizona (for a starter - Puerto Rico is the chaser). Why they picked the UofA for an ASU dropout is not totally within my realm, but I read somewhere that they do like for the trainees to be working in primitive conditions.

*continued on next page*

Primitive conditions was right. They housed us in a vacant girl's dorm, which made it doubly hard to get the keg in on Saturdays because of the glass imbedded on top of the wall. All the pencil sharpeners were dull. Somebody had hung "I'm for Barry" bumper stickers all over the fixtures in the johns. They sent us on field trips to Mexico and Pearce, Arizona (find *that* on a map!) and it was often weeks before we found out if our banjos were really in tune. A number of trainees cracked due to the rigorous program. Also one married couple left when one, I won't say which, got pregnant.

Luckily I avoided all these pitfalls and made it through. It was tense for a while, fans. They put me in charge of making the seat for the latrine we built and I left the hole out. When it came time to butcher chickens I fought with the instructor, inflicting many wounds. I thought candling eggs was an invasion of privacy and pulled the plug on the candle. I cried when we gave that cow her injection (which didn't work - she had a calf anyway).

But the worst part of all was when they injected us, esp. *Me*. We laughed at the project coordinator (an interesting case study, I might add, discussed in Dr. H. J. Taylor's fascinating book: "Benedict Arnold and Other War Heroes of the 18th Century") when he told us how many times we would be stuck with needles, bled, prodded, poked, etc., and we thought he was just trying to get friendly with us. Then about two days later a man walked into our classroom, where we were studying the professor's 27 reasons for building a house, and said, "Fellows, this is Dr. Fulano from Yale, and he's a pathologist here to do blood tests on you people..."

Big deal, we thought. We'd been getting introduced to new profs at about five an hour those first few days.

"...and he'll do that now."

Well, I didn't learn much about housing problems that day. It was hard to hear the lecture from the light fixtures, especially with all the clatter Dr. Fulano was making with his ladder. Those Yale vampires do put up a fight, don't they?

It occurs to me that I've forgotten to mention my assignment. It's a community development project in Panama. They taught us about everything for CD work. We got sanitation, sociology, the language, of course, agricultural cooperatives, housing, chicken breeding, animal pathology, slaughtering (gasp), health and unhealth, management, finance, and a real great crash course in American government, where they explained to us all the new thing in government we hadn't yet heard about, like that fascinating new Bill of Rights and something called the Constitution. I had previously thought the Constitution was a ship.

Those guys at the University of Arizona were really up-to-date on it all, too, and gave us handy hints in stuff like getting covered wagons in a circle in case of nuclear attack, etc.

The purpose of such a diversified training program is to prepare the Volunteer for any problem he may be called on to solve. CD guys in particular must be flexible. That's the motto of the Corps, by the way - Be Flexible. We colloquialized it a bit and translated it to Spanish *cuelga suelto*, which means literally *hang loose*.

I've begun to plan a couple of projects already. First I'll start a casino cooperative, then a protection cooperative, then demonstrate the growing of window-box marijuana. It'll give me a tremendous feeling of accomplishment to be bringing civilization to the backward nations.

The rest of what I could tell you is relatively minor, like some of the incidents that occurred during training. I wonder if they've found that psychologist they sent down from Washington yet.

Oh yeah - during the ten weeks I was at the UofA I made a couple of trips back to the ASU area to see old friends, and you'll be pleased to know that my old steady, who wanted to get married, still wants to go through with it and sent me an invitation to her-wedding in July. The only nice thing I could do was wire congratulations and regrets.

— Charles Stough

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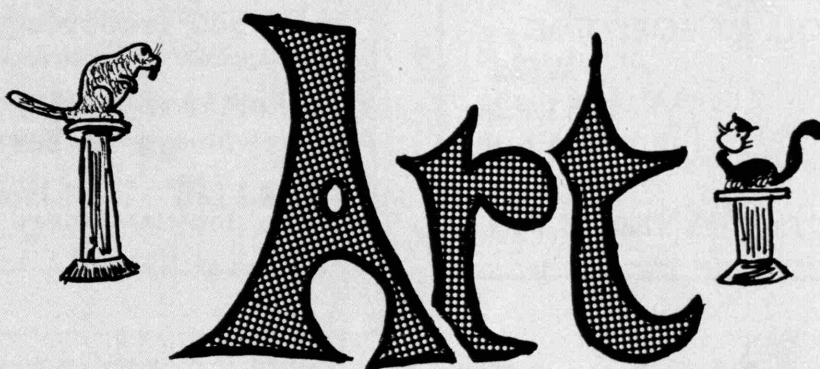
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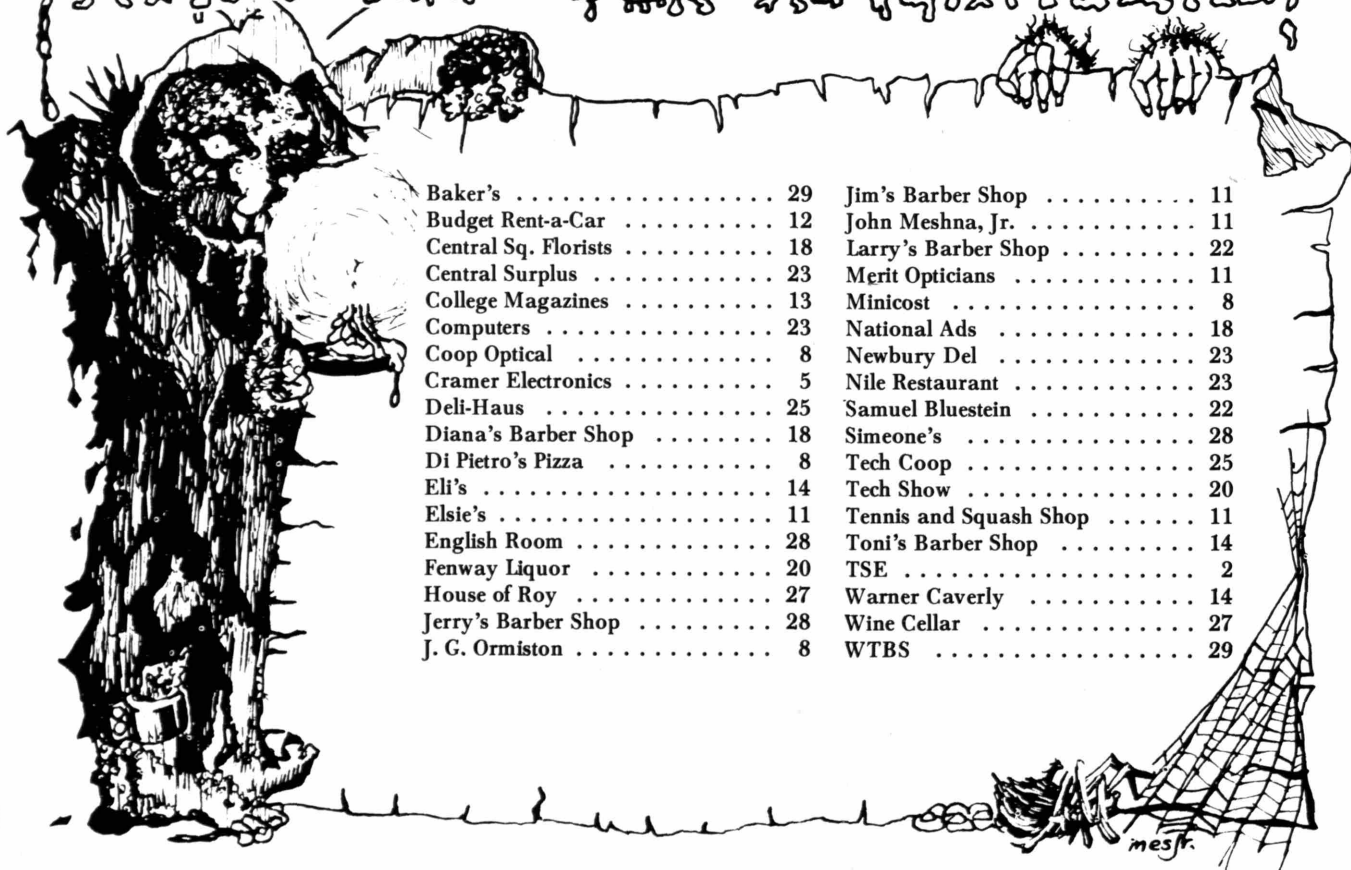
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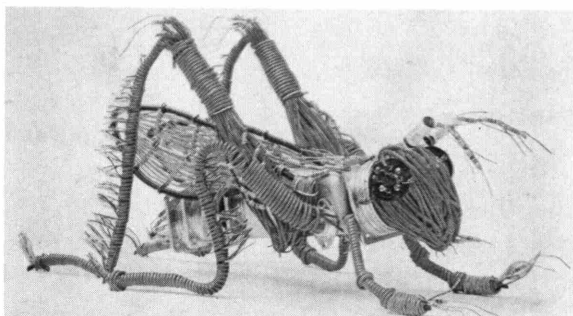
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He told his young son, "As soon as the bull is finished, come to the house and tell me. I have to go there now because your aunt is visiting."

So the farmer returned to his guest. His wife and her prim sister were having tea in the kitchen when the boy dashed into the room.

"Hey, pop, the bull just ---- the brown cow!"

Greatly embarrassed, the farmer took the boy outside. "That's no way to talk in front of your aunt. You should have said: 'the bull *surprised* the brown cow,' and I would have known what you meant. Now, let me know when the bull is finished."

About ten minutes later the boy dashed in again. "Hey, pop," he began. Fearing another faux pas, his father interrupted him.

"I know," he said, "the bull has surprised the white cow."

"He sure has," said the boy excitedly. "He just ---- the brown cow again!"



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sought out the little girl in the  
Park, and asked:

"Are you the little girl who  
uses bad language?"

"Who told you?" was the  
reply.

"A little bird," said the wo-  
man.

"Well," exclaimed the little  
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Zola: "Are you a natural  
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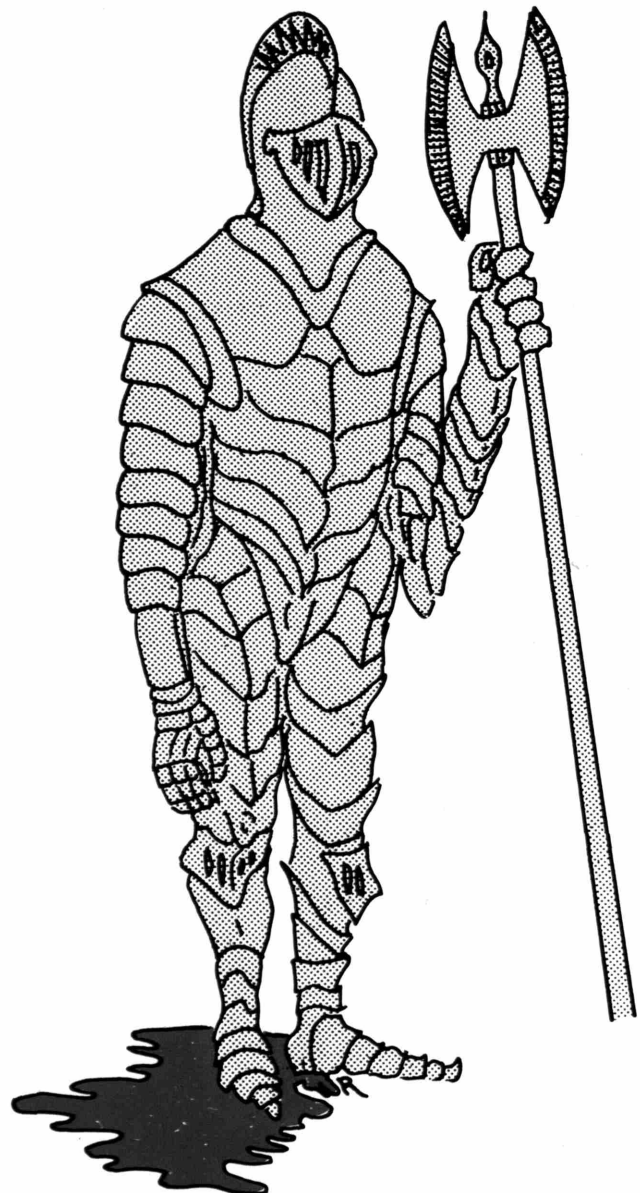


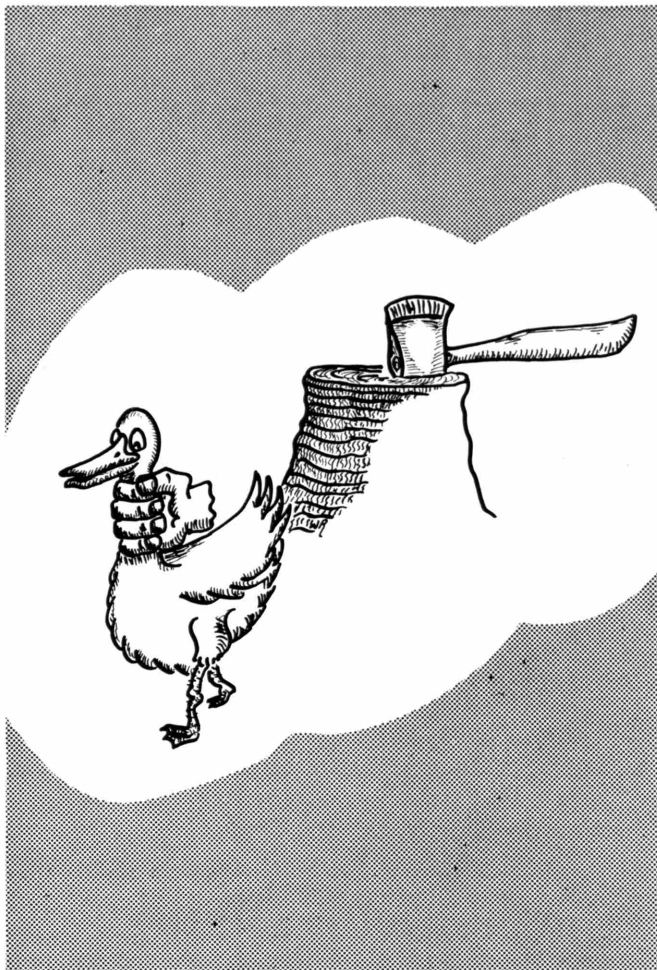
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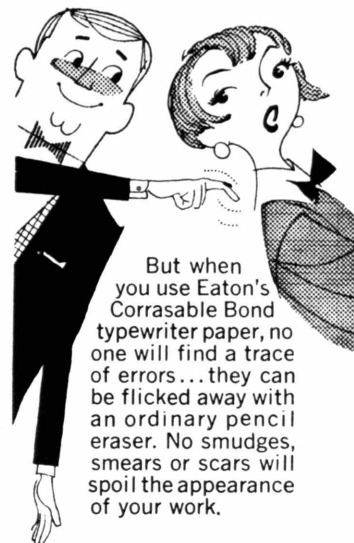
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# The Man From R.U.N.K.L.E.

## The Mad, Mad Registration Affair

*By David Seldin*

Charlemagne Duo took stock of the building that he was approaching. It looked like the other buildings on the East side, small and grungy, covered with ivy to hide the dirt. The only clue which might have betrayed its identity was that one section stood two stories above the rest; it was this section that housed that little-known but nonetheless powerful organization called R.U.N.K.L.E., the Rebels for Understanding, Knowledge, Learning, and Education. Although only six stories above the ground, the headquarters included extensive underground facilities and, most miraculous of all, a large parking lot. It was from here that Mr. Wavicle, director of operations, planned the group's fight against ignorance and strived to maintain the truth of IHTFP.

Duo entered in the usual fashion, through a small shop across the street called, innocently enough, C\*\*\*\*\* T\*\*\* T\*\*\*\*\* (for security reasons, the full name cannot be given — Ed.). As he entered one of the booths, he signaled the proprietor to operate the steam press which would allow the partition to slide back and reveal the basement entrance to R.U.N.K.L.E. He stepped through.

"Hello, Charlie," said the pretty receptionist, handing him his identification badge, "you look happy today."

"Well, last night..."

"There's no time for that now. Mr. Wavicle wants to see us immediately," interrupted a voice from behind them. It was Duo's partner, Aylli Coreyakkin.

"All right, then, how about tonight..."

"Charlemagne!"

"You just don't know what's important in life, Aylli. See you later, doll."

They walked quickly to Mr. Wavicle's office, a large room filled with maps, charts, communications equipment, and grade graphs. Mr. Wavicle looked worried. He addressed the pair gravely.

"You two know that mistakes in registration can cause long delays and cost the students more money. These hinder and oppose our work. Last time naeD almost set us back a term. That was just practice. Now they're up to something big. You're to find out what it is and stop it. Everything must go smoothly! A mistake could destroy the organization. Have you any questions?"

"Yes, sir," said Duo. "Where can we wait if we have trouble? Registration is several days off."

"There is only one place. You won't enjoy it, but

naeD is afraid to enter it. It's very near the place of registration of the new ones. That's where naeD will probably strike, to scare the new ones away."

"And where is this place?"

"All I will say is walk, don't run, and fear no black magic. You'll understand when the time comes."

Duo and Coreyakkin left and started toward the site of registration, a large, squarish building fronting on a stagnant body of water. They approached from the rear and stopped when they saw the glint of metal in the first floor windows. Suddenly they were assailed by a horrendous odor.

"Gas!" Aylli croaked, "It's an installation for producing gas."

The two slipped on their pocket gas masks and retreated from the stench. They decided to try from another angle. As they walked backwards, Duo sensed that something was wrong. He saw movement out of the corner of his eye.

"Look out!" he screamed, pushing Aylli to the ground and falling next to him.

The great concrete tower had fallen. Only the presence of a dead-looking, fire-scarred building, apparently one of a pair had saved them from being crushed in a pile of rubble. The pair walked away and conferred and, after several minutes, Duo concluded that naeD must have been waiting. The entire area was probably booby-trapped. Their only recourse was to contact the other anti-naeD group whose offices Mr. Wavicle had suggested as a hiding place. They arrived without further trouble.

"Mr. Wavicle said we wouldn't enjoy it, and he wasn't kidding. The whole place stinks of beer and empty cans are everywhere. Stale pretzels and potato chips, a few soda bottles, and look! Hard pizza crusts near those cameras, and obscenities on the walls. Why are they helping us anyway?" Aylli said with disgust.

"They were minding their own business when naeD objected to their work and used its council to try to restrict them. They have since dedicated themselves to harassing naeD."

The office proved to be an excellent choice, despite its unpleasantness, for naeD feared it and there were guns readily available, Colt .45's to be exact.

Charlemagne and Aylli waited and watched. They had an excellent view of the room in which the registration was to take place, and they could hear what was going on inside. It was thus that



they found out about the plot. The members of naeD met in the registration room two days before the event was to take place and their entire plan was overheard. They would delay registration and make everyone pay for being late. More important, they would cost the noble institution so much that 1700tdm would have to become 2000tdm.

"They must be stopped," Charlemagne whispered, "I'll act now."

He rushed into the large room with his gun drawn, but a karate blow left him on the floor. He awoke to find himself trussed and facing a row of guns. The leader spoke.

"I have the perfect solution. We will dump Mr. Duo in the thick water outside. No trace will be left."

They advanced menacingly toward him. His days as an R.U.N.K.L.E. agent were finished. He would never again meet the receptionist in...

The doors burst open. Aylli rushed in, followed by the members of the other anti-naeD group. The naeD men turned pale at this sight and surrendered, demoralized. (The second anti-naeD group always shattered morals.) Aylli had saved the day, as usual.

"How did you do it, Aylli?" Charlemagne asked. "They were sitting around in a drunken stupor when I left. How did you rouse them?"

"It was nothing, really. I just started telling puns and jokes, and they became wide awake and tried to grab me for the staff. They chased me in here."

"Good work. Mr. Coreyakkin, I formally congratulate you."

"Think nothing of it. Well, we can go back to headquarters and get our next assignment."

But Mr. Charlemagne Duo had other ideas. He would go back to headquarters, but he wouldn't get far past the reception chamber.

"Aylli, you just don't know what's important in life."



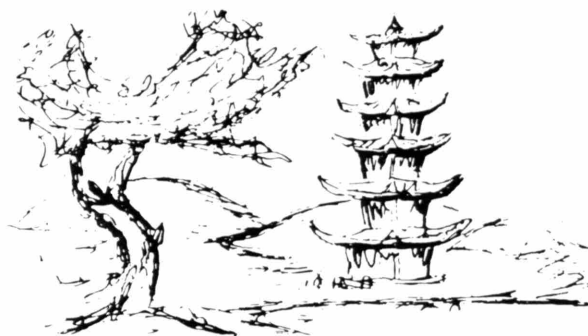
Mirandy: Silas, tomorrow's our fiftieth anniversary. What shall we do?

Silas: Let's celibate!



John invited a bunch of people over to his home, and gave them a full cook's tour. He took them through every room, but there was one door off the kitchen he just didn't open. Finally someone asked if he had forgotten that door.

"No," John answered, "Not at all. You've heard of eternal triangles? Well, this is my wife's other john."



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Boy: No, but I heard Dad say he could.

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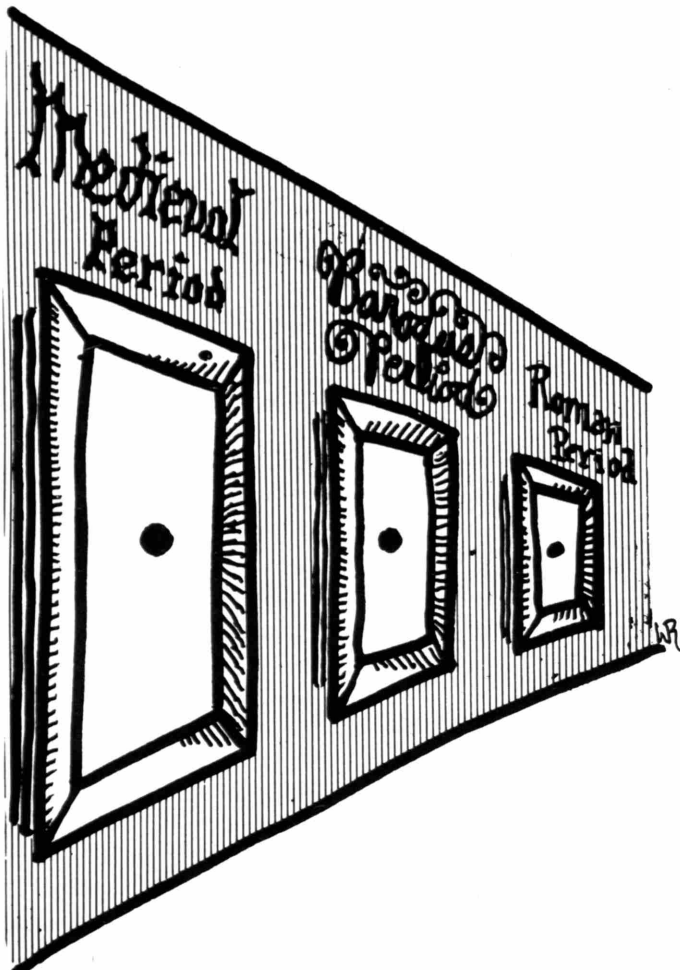
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Roast Stuffed Chicken with Cranberry Sauce—\$1.90

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Southern Fried Breast of Chicken with Cranberry Sauce—\$2.00

Grilled Hamburg with onions or Mushroom Sauce—\$1.90

Corned Beef, with horseradish—\$1.90

Grilled Ham with Apple Sauce—\$2.00

Veal Cutlet with Creole, Cheese or Mushroom Sauce—\$1.90

Sirloin Tips with Sherry—\$2.00

Coquille St. Jacques—(Baked Scallops, Mushrooms and Sherry)—\$2.00

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Roasted Stuffed Turkey with Cranberry Sauce—\$2.09

Choice of two Vegetables

We have sticky rolls, home-made oatmeal bread or the famous orange bread.

*Choice of dessert and Beverage*

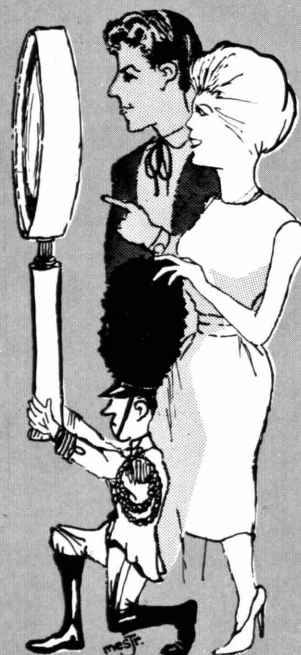
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## Program Schedule

### SUNDAY

- 12:00 Sign on, The Music of Bach
- 2:00 Music of the Twentieth Century
- 4:00 The Canadian Heritage, 1534-1867
- 5:00 This is the Blues
- 7:00 Music at MIT
- 8:00 The Spoken Word
- 9:00 News; Classroom Concert
- 12:00 News; Jazz at Midnight
- 2:00 News
- 2:05 In The Wee Small Hours — Music thruout the night.
- 5:00 Sign on, Music U. S. A.
- 6:00 The Armenian Club Show
- 7:00 Ramblin' Round with Dave Wilson
- 9:00 News; Masterworks
- 12:00 News Special
- 12:15 Jazz at Midnight
- 2:00 News; Sign off

### MONDAY

- 8:00 Rise and Shine
- News on Hour and Half-Hour
- 9:45 Sign off
- 5:00 Sign on, Music U. S. A.
- 6:00 U. N. News
- 6:10 John C. Heine, News on the Hour
- 9:00 News; Announcer's Choice
- 12:00 News Special
- 12:15 Jazz at Midnight
- 2:00 News; Sign off
- 8:00 Sign on; Rise and Shine
- News on Hour and Half-Hour
- 9:45 Sign off
- 5:00 Sign on; Music U. S. A.
- 6:00 Club Latino
- 7:00 News; College Dateline
- 7:30 WTBS Presents
- 8:30 Random Signals and Noise
- 9:00 News; Music for the Organ
- 10:00 Memories of a Great Conductor
- 12:00 News Special
- 12:15 Jazz at Midnight
- 2:00 News; Sign off

### TUESDAY

- 8:00 Sign on: Rise and Shine
- News on Hour and Half-Hour
- 9:45 Sign off
- 5:00 Sign on, Music U. S. A.
- 6:00 Sangam Presents
- 7:00 News; Perloo, Stomp, & Glee
- 8:00 Folkside
- 9:00 News; Masterworks
- 12:00 News Special
- 12:15 Jazz at Midnight
- 2:00 News; Sign off
- 8:00 Sign on; Rise and Shine
- News on Hour and Half-Hour
- 9:45 Sign off
- 5:00 Sign on; The Original Jazz Special
- 7:00 News; Coffee House Theatre
- 9:00 Forum
- 10:00 News
- 10:10 Night Owl Part I
- 12:00 News Special
- 12:15 Night Owl Part II
- 2:00 News; Sign off

### WEDNESDAY

- 8:00 Sign on: Rise and Shine
- News on Hour and Half-Hour
- 9:45 Sign off
- 3:00 Rock & Roll Memory Time
- 5:00 Jazz Spotlight
- 7:00 News; Sound of Saturday
- 9:00 News; Night Owl Part I
- 12:00 News; Night Owl Part II
- 2:00 News; Sign off

### THURSDAY

### FRIDAY

### SATURDAY

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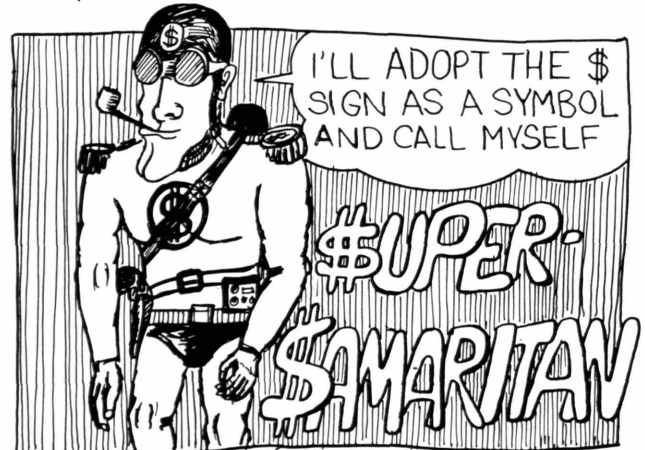
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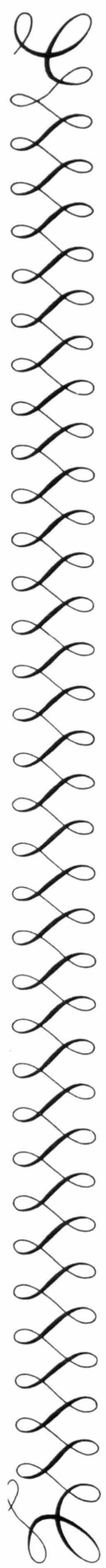
**521 MASS. AVE.**

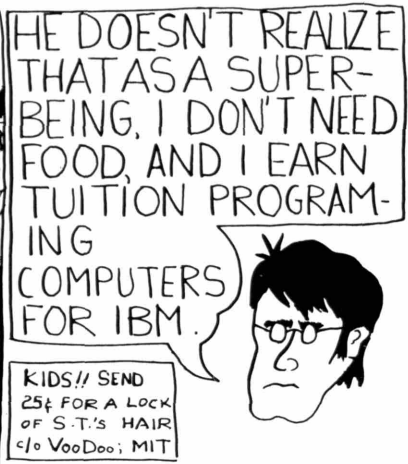
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# SUPER-SAMARITAN



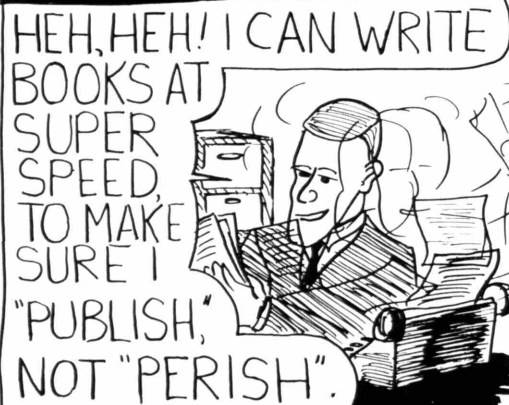






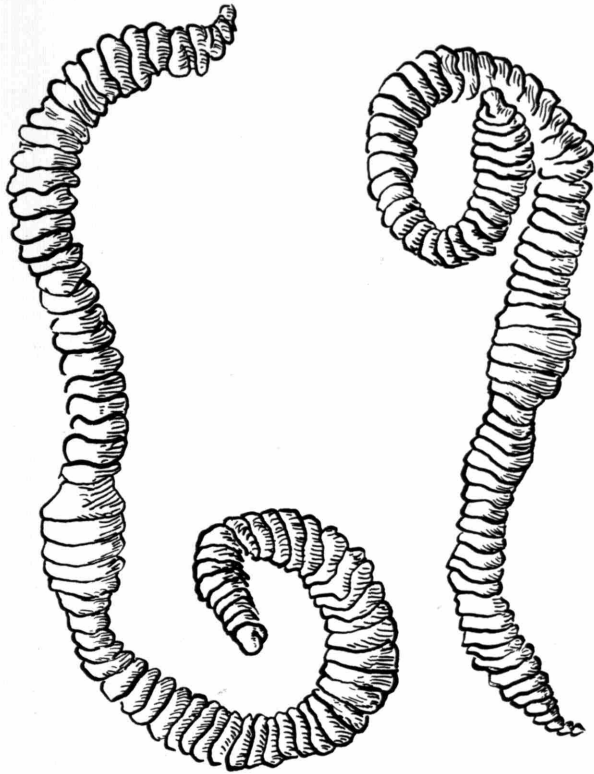
OH, No,  
gentle  
readers!  
REMEMBER  
PROF. ELIAT  
has revealed  
himself as  
**SUPERPROF!**

AT ELIAT'S HOME...



Has  
\$\$. \$\$.  
GONE TO  
FAR?  
WHO KNOWS?  
WHO CARES?  
SEE NEXT  
TIME!

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OR OTHER

FUNNY

THINGS?

(ACTUALLY, THE GAG'S ABOUT FLIES,  
ISN'T IT?)

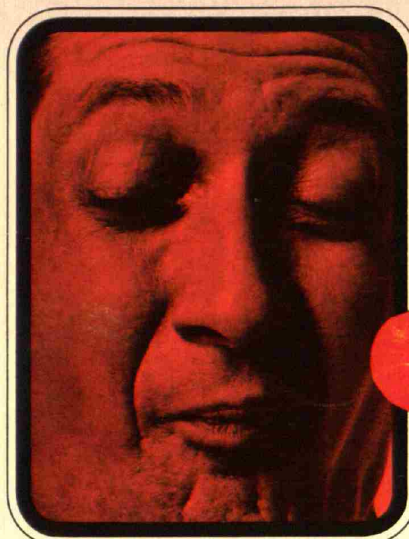
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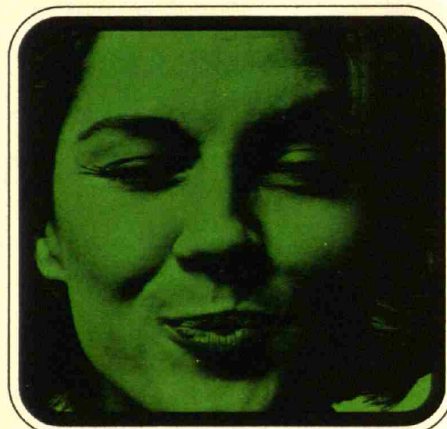
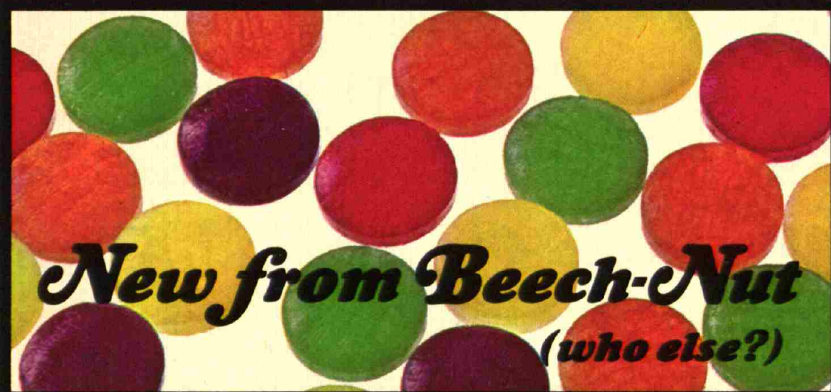


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