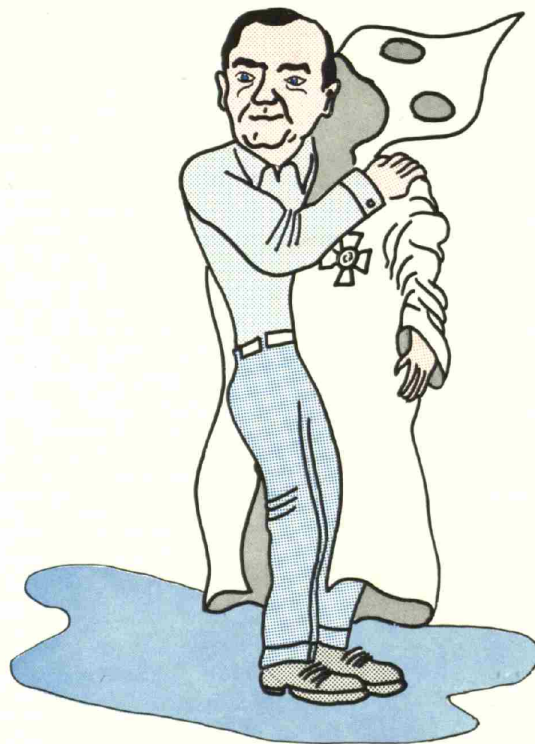
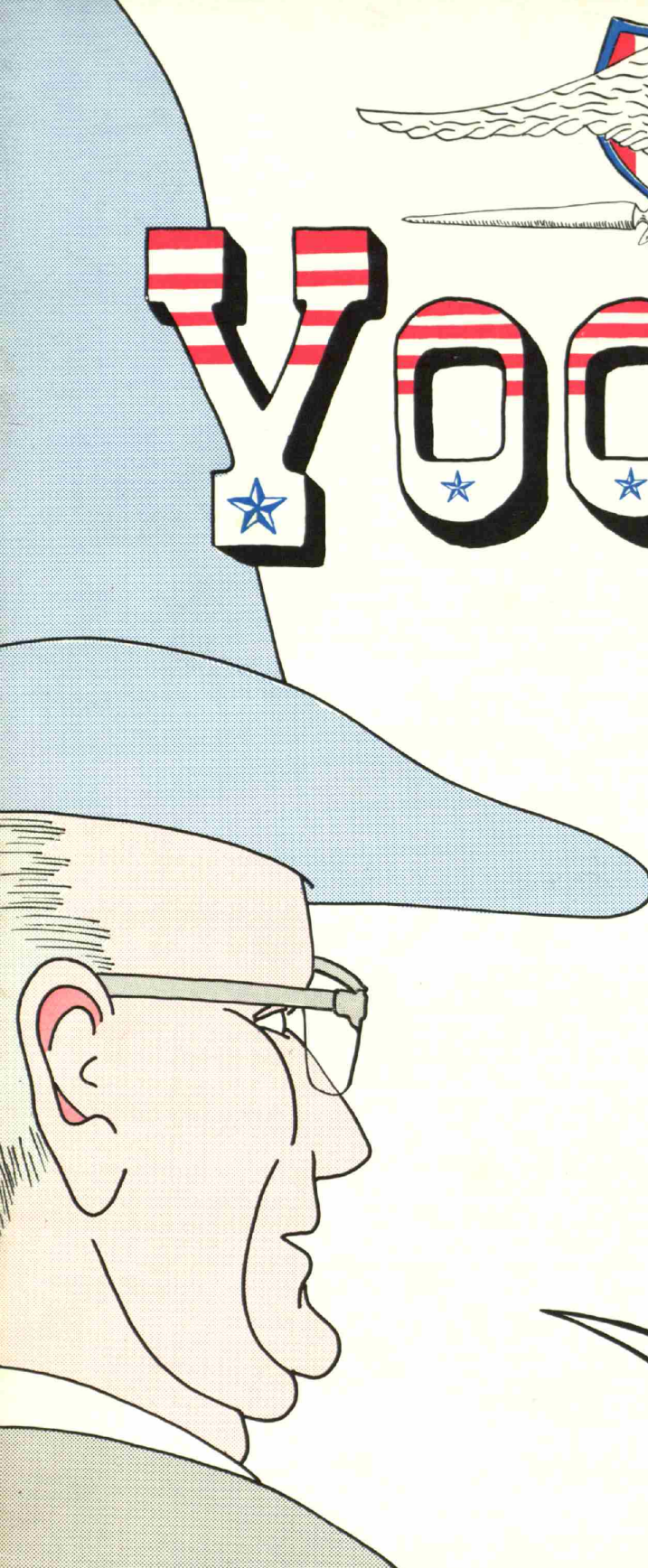


YOOOOO



GOOD GRIEF!
IT'S ... HUBERT!

THE GREAT SOCIETY ISSUE

forty cents

Walt
Kerry
Gore

DECEMBER

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
Empty Moon	Full Moon	Gotcha!!	You'll one-der where the yellow went when you brush your teeth with Pephthursdent.	Fri me to the moon . . .	Did you hear about the butcher who Sat. on a meat grinder? 4th
5th He got a little behind in his orders.	6th Have a Whooping Crane for Dinner Day	7th Give a Cheap Japanese Transistor Radio for Christmas Day.	8th Use Canadian Coins in ARA Machines Day.	9th Pardon me, Thur.,	10th VooDoo ith on thale.	11th These puns are really Sat.:
12th Do it, sun!	13th But Mon-ther,	14th I'd rather Tue. it myself.	15th Wedther you approve or not.	16th Thursty Thursday	17th We'll fri harder.	18th Did you hear about the girl who Sat. on a meat grinder?
19th Disaster!	20th Only 360 more shopping days until Beethoven's birthday.	21st Tue. yue know how to get rid of dandruff?	22nd No, but hum a few bars and I'll flake it.	23rd Poison a Reindeer Day	24th Build a Frire in Your Frireplace Tonight Day	25th National Unwed Mothers' Day
26th Zap, zap, zap.	27th What the hell can you do with three French hens that you can't do with four calling birds?	Santy returns to North Pole — just in the Nick of time.	30th New Year's Adam	31st New Year's Eve (tonight for sure)	New Year's Heave

WALKER'S CARRIES A COMPLETE LINE OF LEVI'S

HAVE WE GOT BOOTS

WALKER'S HAS THE LARGEST SELECTION EAST OF THE ROCKIES

 <p>Roper Boot Natural Rawhide 19⁹⁵ Pair</p>	 <p>Natural "Ruff-Out" Retan Foot 22⁷⁵ Pair</p>	 <p>Angus Black 12" Dip Top Dress Boots 24⁹⁵ Pair</p>	 <p>Natural Long Wear Ruffout Wellington 14⁹⁵ Pair</p>	 <p>13" Frye Jet Boots Black Only 22⁹⁵ Pair</p>	 <p>Frye Cherry Brown Smooth-Out Cowhide 18⁹⁵ Pair</p>
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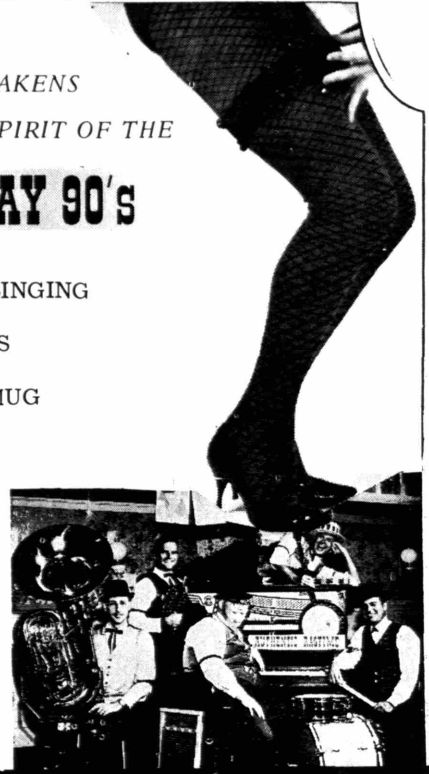
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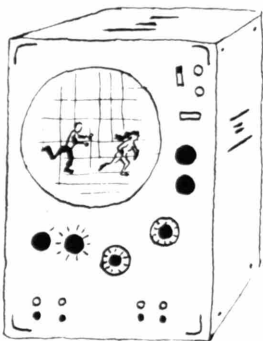
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Volume 49 Number 2



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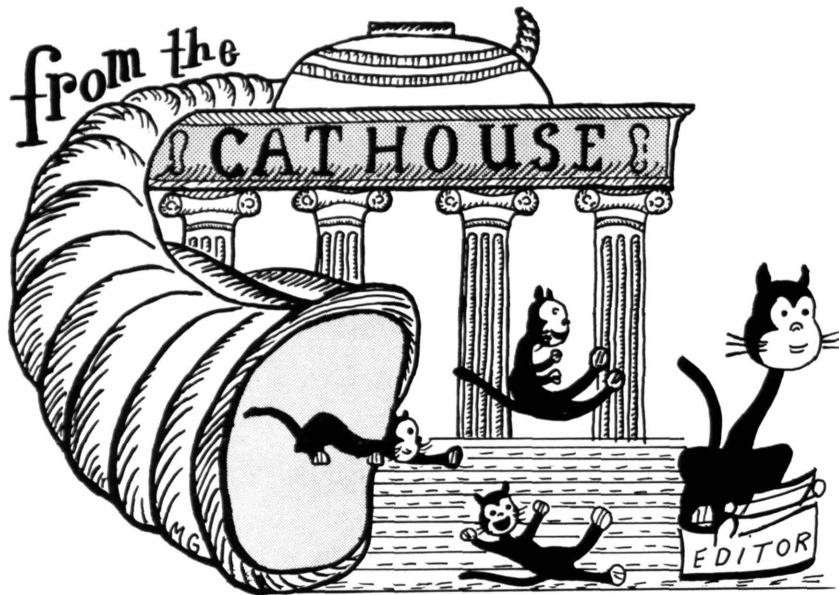
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You have no idea how glad I am that you're reading this. Your perseverance, fortitude, and loyalty rank you high above the average VooDoo reader. After all, who really cares that VooDoo is published monthly, November through June (and also in August if we can get our office air-conditioned)? Hardly anyone. And even if you force yourself, can you be genuinely concerned with the fact that the contents of this issue, published November 19, 1965, are copyrighted by the VooDoo Managing Board at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.? I doubt it. This stuff is so unimportant. For example, I'm supposed to include here information relating to subscription prices, and stuff like that, but obviously you don't care than an 8-issue subscription is \$3.00, that the price of this single issue is an outrageous 40c, and that Pago Pago residents are in the unfortunate position of having to pay \$69.00 for an 8-issue subscription — an increase of \$66.00 based only upon geographic considerations, which, you will admit, is grossly unfair. But, then again, VooDoo is fairly gross, so things even out in the long run. I hate to say this, because it requires foregoing the opportunity to escape retaliation for the stuff we print in the mag, but our offices are in the M.I.T. Student Center, Cambridge 39, and we enter subscriptions as second class mail at Cambridge, Mass. 02139. When we feel like it. The whole thing is kind of arbitrary. Like this postal information.



We, the Plain, Common Folks of these Great U - nited States, in Order to form a more perfect Great Society, establish Justice for every last pea-pickin' one of us, insure that all our fine Fellow Americans are Tranquil, provide for Peaceful Co-existence with the Communists, the KKK, Barry Goldwater, the DAR, and all the other forces of evil that threaten our Affluent Society, promote general Welfare with Big, Big, Big Relief Checks but Low, Low, Low Taxes, and to secure all the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our kiddie-birds, do hereby Ordain and Establish this Constitution for the Great United States and Texas.

The Institute, in one of its regular acts of bureaucratic arbitrariness, has attempted to do away with a cherished and honored institution, a perfect example of the products of our machine culture; they are replacing *our* stop light at 77 Mass. Ave., with a *human being!* This creeping humanism must end! If this continues, the machines in industry will be replaced by *people*, and engineers will be replaced by biogeneticists. All your Too Damn Muches will have gone to waste; humans can be mass produced by cheap, unskilled labor under non-union-shop conditions; they are self-repairing, and they don't depreciate very fast. The cop on the crosswalk may seem trivial, but he is more than a mound of flesh behind a shiny badge, he is a symbol of a new move afoot in modern society. Act now! The degree you save may be your own. (From *Voodoo'er* Sam Paine)

Footnote To History: This Noble Editor *did* receive his Coke ad; the picture of the girl sitting on the floor and the guy bending over her with two Coke bottles is now hanging in his room, inspiring many uninspired comments. (*Guess the Coke's on me.*)

Yes, Virginia, there was a helicopter. Right there in the Great Court. But if you thought it was unbelievable because it was a helicopter, you're wrong; it was unbelievable because the Dean's Office finally allowed it. From the moment Dean Wadleigh picked up the phone and heard Massachusetts Helicopter Airways request permission for a landing until late that night our Managing Board was in close contact with the Dean's Office (or as they say, we "touched bases"). We touched bases with three deans, the security farce, safety officer, M.I.T. pilot, CAB, insurance agents, and, last but not least, our mommies. That's right; we phoned our mommies for permission. But it was worth it (\$13.40 long distance) to see the Deans standing in the Great Court chewing their nails to the quick.

Our Spiritual Adviser informs us of this valuable fact of the week - it seems that shelf number 69 in Haaavaahd's Widener Library is devoted to works on *Religion*.

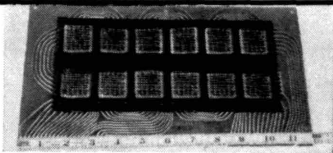
Among the more unusual things we've seen in the past month is a "First Annual Los Angeles Riots" sweatshirt.

America's leading humorous publication, the *New York Times Magazine*, has done it again. In its September 19th issue, there is an article on the Miss America pageant, containing the two following lines. First, on testing entrants to see if they are real girls, as opposed to plastic imitations: "If the test object yipped and bled, that was that; if she slowly deflated or came off on the fork like ice cream, the rest would be up to an analytical chemist." Second, on the physical versus the mental attributes of Miss Virginia: ". . . she went down much better in her bathing suit." This stuff certainly doesn't sound *New York Times-ish*. But is it!



Last exit to Wellesley.

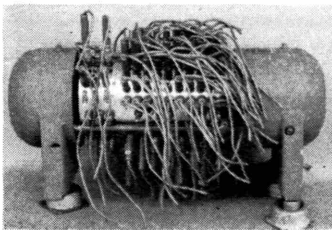
Courtesy of MIT Hack Comm.



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DAILY & SAT. 9-6

MON.-WED.-FRI. 9-9

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CA 7-9104

A friend of ours has an account at a local bank (not, repeat *NOT* one of our advertisers) which charges a 70-cent service charge for each and every "activity" in the account. He was recently surprised to see a debit to his account of 70 cents for a "service charge"; he hadn't used the account in over two years. He called to complain; they agreed they had "goofed", and said they would credit his account with the 70 cents. Sure enough, his next statement showed a 70-cent deposit; it also showed a 70-cent service charge for having made the deposit. *Sic transit greedus Cambridgus merchantus.*

A true happening from an 8.05 lecture: A professor, while discussing absorption spectra, pointed to a collimator and inadvertently (?) remarked, ". . . and now I have my finger on the slit that leads to the little black box . . ." Our reporter reported that none of the coeds present laughed.

We hear from our spies at Radcliffe that down at Yale, the Yalies don't refer to Harvard "men" as "Harvies." Rather, they call them "Vards." (That's worse than calling M.I.T. girls "Co-Techs".)

CLOUDY
FULL REPORT
SEE PAGE 12

Record American

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COMPLETE

**8th Girl Victim
Of Terror
Attacker**

**Top News
Today**

YOUTH admits attack on girl for which brother serves time. —Page 3

SO. VIET troops escape guerrilla trap, kill 168. —Page 2

DRAFT looms for childless married men. —Page 5

GIRL tried to halt arrest of McLaughlin, FBI man says. —Page 4

B. C. paper raps delay in tax draft. —Page 3

FLORIDA receives 73 more refugees in rush from Cuba. —Page 2

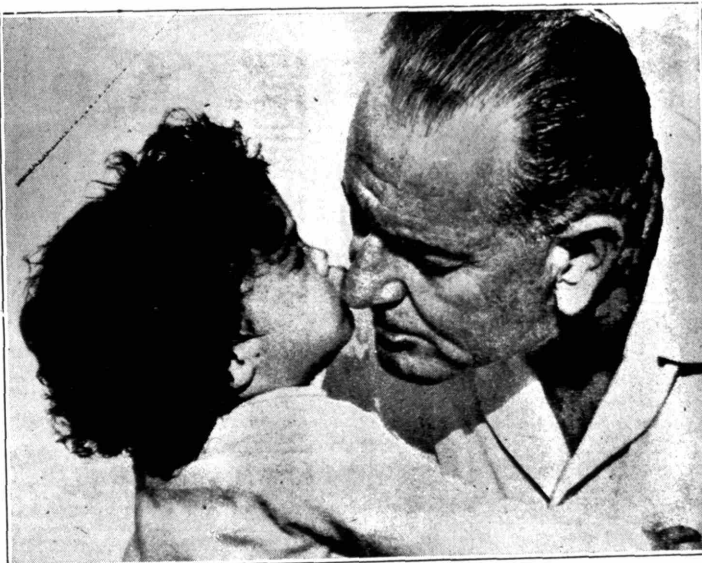
LEJ sits in sun for first time since surgery. —Page 2

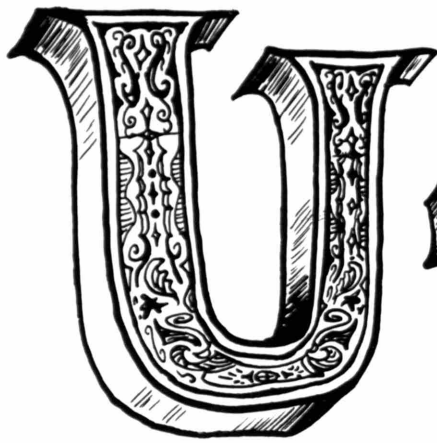
ECUMENICAL Council endorses bond between Catholics, Jews. —Page 5

1200 plan anti-Viet demonstration on Boston Common Saturday. —Page 5

\$4 MILLION, third of goal, realized at first UF report. —Page 4

DODGERS win World Series on Koufax 3-hitter. —Back Page





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While many of you apparently felt that the references to certain girls' schools in last month's "Social Beaver" parody were funny, this was unfortunately not the case with a certain coed from the Chandler School for Women, who wrote us the following letter:

To The VooDoo Magazine:

I am writing because of the article you boys?? wrote about Chandler girls. I cannot speak for the past years as this is my first year there. However, the girls that are there this year don't all fall under the characteristics you so meanly described.

It is a shame you wrote such an article about us, because I'm sure the M.I.T. stereotype has now decreased in value. Generalizing throughout that article about Chandler girls just showed ignorance on your part. Your I.Q.'s are slipping.

As far as us girls being high-school drop-outs, that isn't true. I think you already knew or if you don't, I'm telling you, that you have to be a high school graduate to attend Chandler.

I've seen many, many pretty girls at Chandler this year. Maybe the reason you haven't seen them is because the good-looking Chandler girls don't hang around the streets. I won't say that every one of us is a raving beauty, because both attractive and unattractive girls are found in any school, and Chandler is no different. But you seem ignorant not to have known this.

Another thing boys – we aren't spoiled rich girls. Many of the girls going here are paying for the school themselves due to the death of a parent or the family's lack of financial funds. Maybe this is why they chose Chandler because the price is more reasonable than the other Junior Colleges.

Other Chandler girls have even graduated from 4-year colleges, but they had taken liberal arts which gave them no specialization, so they decided to come to Chandler.

As for myself and my other friends, we all took the college course throughout high school. We got mostly A's and B's for marks. I could have gone to any 4-year college, but I wanted only 2 years of schooling, preferably secretarial.

So you see, many of us ugly, stupid, and spoiled rich girls aren't really that at all.

You brave, intelligent heroes, be bold enough to publish this letter in your next issue. It's people like you who keep the world from having peace. You condemn without knowing all the facts. You also appear to be unaware that everyone is an individual and no two people are alike. A lot of us Chandler girls aren't so bad, so give us a break !!

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RIVERSIDE MOTORCYCLE

Every year we get these invitations to grand openings, opening nights, etc. This year we got one from the Charles Playhouse. Naturally, it was on our Wednesday meeting night and we were forced to give up the tickets to our (just-barely-in-time-appointed) theatre critic. When he arrived, with date, for the opening, he was told that they didn't want him to see the play that night, as a new leading man had been learning the part for only a short time because of a recent withdrawal. They would prefer that our man in theatreville come back to a later performance to "review the play" when the lead was more practiced. Our novice "critic", the first and only in *VooDoo* history, promised he wouldn't give the play an unfavorable review if they would let him see it. They agreed. His date, from Smith, didn't have a pencil either (funny coincidence). She said that she liked the play a lot, though.

Apparently the Selective Service System shares the opinion that many of us have of the phenomenon known as "Tech Coed". One of them recently received a notice to report for a physical examination immediately, or get her 2-S classification switched to 1-A, as well as a personal invitation to Viet Nam. We don't know what the doctor said when he got a closer look.

What is it? department: Go into one of the restrooms in Building 13 (Materials Sciences). On a separate wall from all the usual restroom accoutrements, there is this *thing*. It's shaped muchly like a water fountain, about the same height, made of white porcelain, but with no fixtures save two small ports and a lever marked "press here". If you press there, a stream of cold aerated water shoots from each of the ports; the streams collide and splash uselessly into the bowl. You tell us; what is it?

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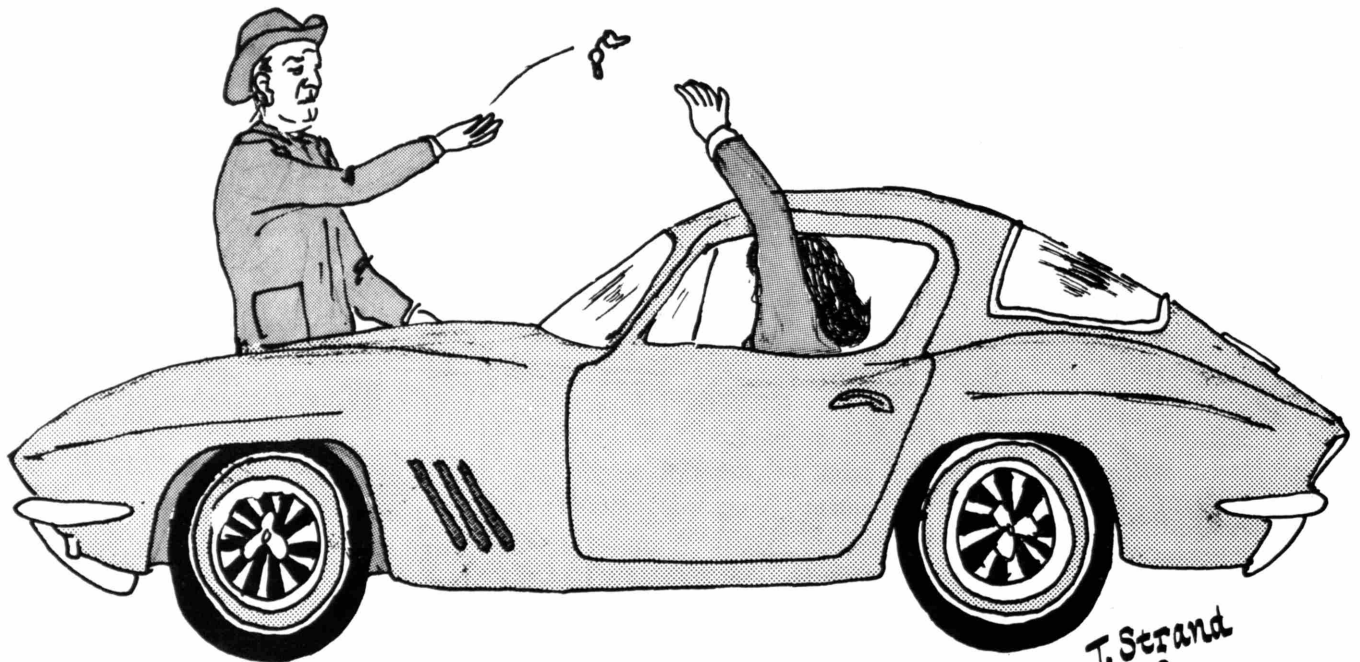
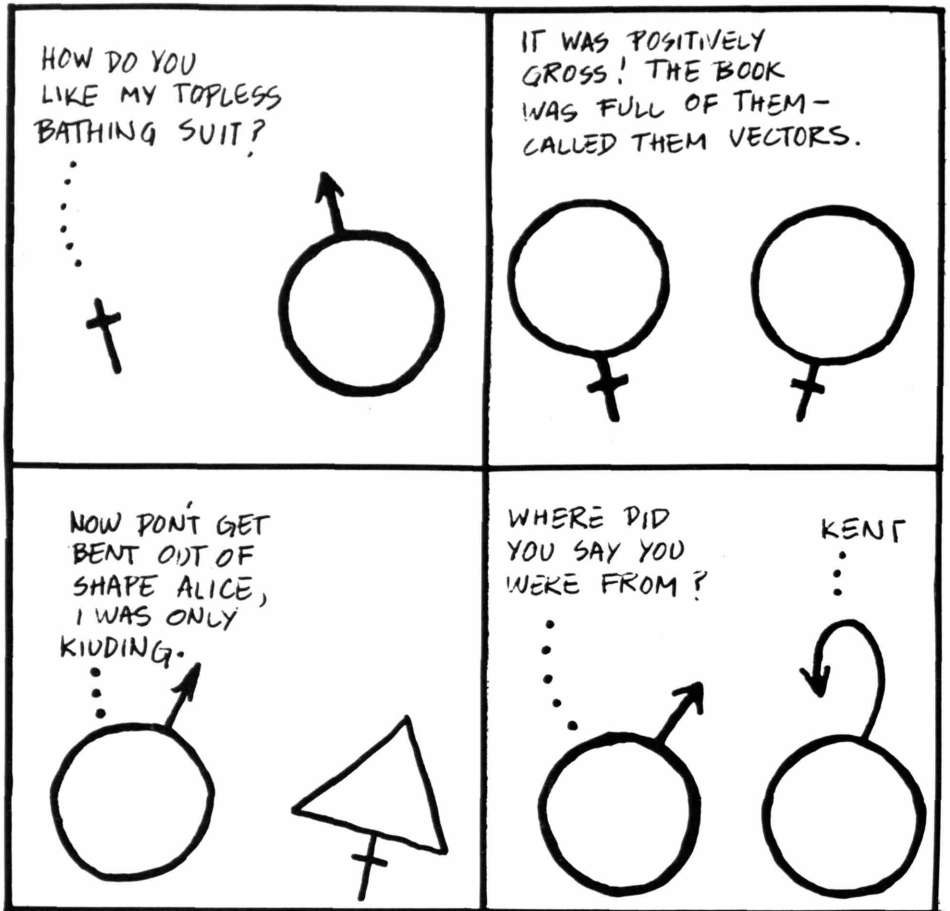
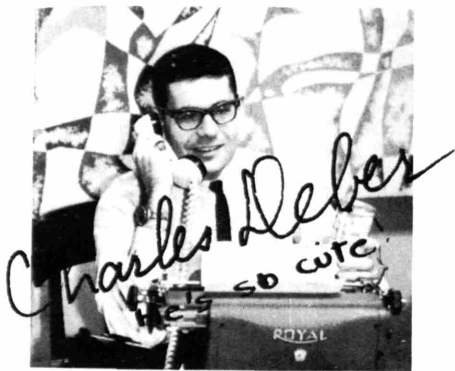
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As we write this, it is less than 24 hours since the phenomenal blackout which blanketed the Northeast on November 9, and most of us are still in the dark about what really happened. But while we're on this subject of *current events*, we should point out that the blackout was *not a VooDoo stunt*. Really, reader! But in a more philosophical vein, the most succinct summary of the situation can only be this: there were only two reasonable things to do during the blackout – make out or get drunk. And some guys did both. . . .



T. Strand
&
J. Taggart

How do you break a physical plant man's finger?
Hit him in the nose.



At a recent Army-Navy game, the captain of the Army team was heard to ask the quarterback, "We're on the 50-yard line; can you make a touchdown from here?" "Not without help," replied the QB, "but stun a few tars and I'll make it."



Why don't they use janitors as frog men?
They leave oil slicks.



The unwashed civil-rights type walked into the laundromat in the sleepy Southern town and looked around the premises. After a cursory inspection, he walked up to the owner of the establishment, and said, "Say, Man — how come you got only *white* machines in here?" The owner, after taking in the beatnik's beard, sandals, and collection of buttons, replied, saying "Well, all the machines may be white, but they've got black agitators."

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Do you know how to save a drowning janitor?
 No.
 Good.



Why don't they let janitors swim at Revere Beach?
 They leave a ring.



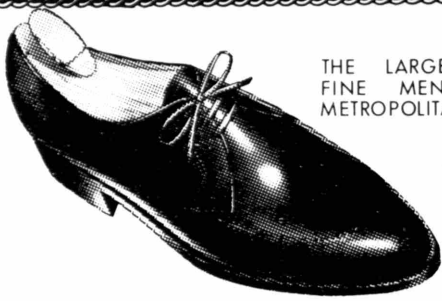
How do you hide the key to the beer closet from a
 physical plant man?
 Hide it under a bar of soap.



What do you call a skydiving physical plant man?
 Air pollution.



Why are there only two pallbearers at a physical plant
 man's funeral?
 Because there are only two handles on a garbage can,
 stupid.



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THIS EPISODE OF SUPAHTOOL
IS OF EXTREME IMPORTANCE!
AH REKUMMEND IT TO
EVRYWUN - EVEN YOU,
HUBERT!

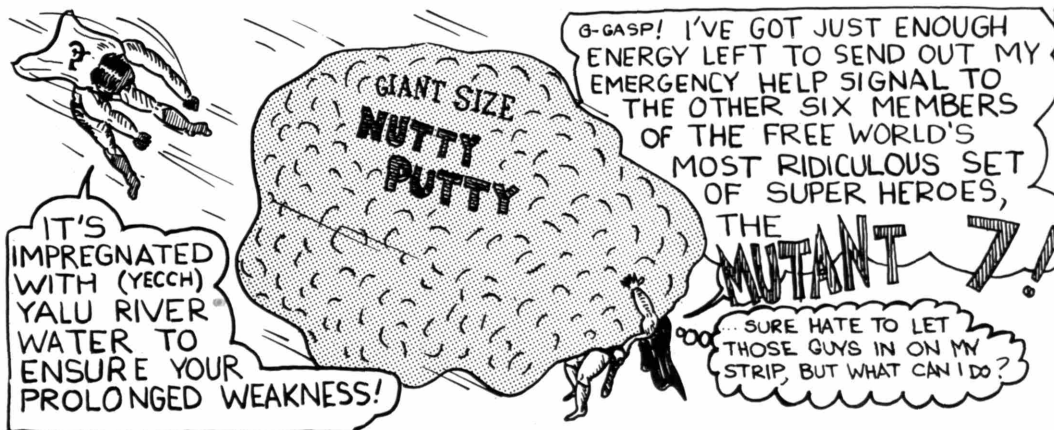
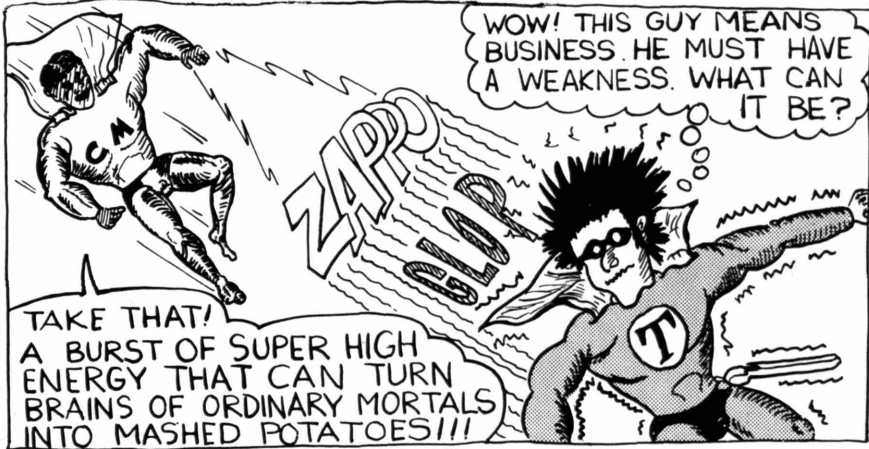


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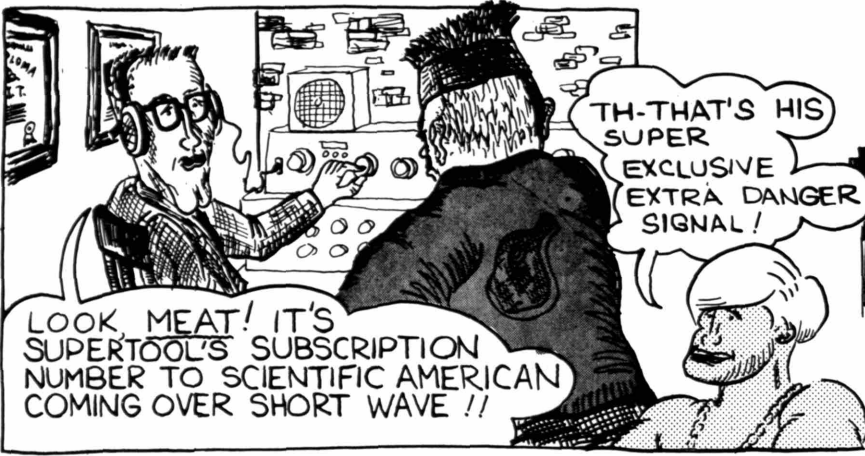
SUPERTOOL *versus* **CHINA-MAN**
(introducing **THE MUTANT 7!**)

REMEMBER.... we left SUPERTOOL
& CHINAMAN battling high above the
dirty, Red, Commie sky....

Created & so forth by **KEITH PATTERSON**



AND SO, in the Secret Boston Lab...



LOOK MEAT! IT'S SUPERTOOL'S SUBSCRIPTION NUMBER TO SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN COMING OVER SHORT WAVE !!





SUPERTOOL'S SIGNALS COMING FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE!

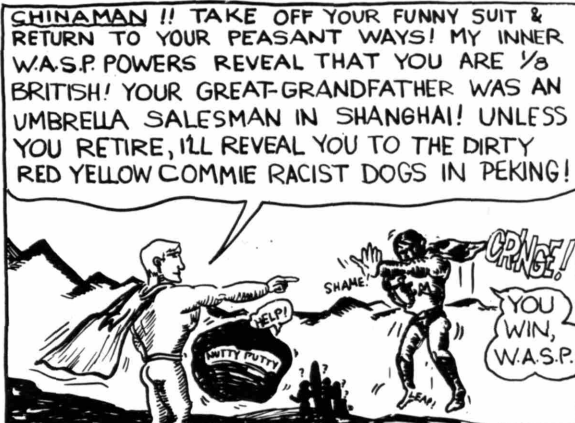


WE WON'T LOSE OUR WAY, BECAUSE SUPER LEPER WILL LEAVE A TRAIL OF FINGERS AND TOES



BUT WON'T THE BIRDS EAT THEM? EAT... (YECCH)... SUPER LEPER?!

SOON OUR HEROES STUMBLE ON TO CHINA-MAN'S SECRET JUNGLE LAIR! ONLY 19.2 MILES FROM HANOI! (CLOSER THAN THE CLOSEST U.S. PLANES!)



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MEANWHILE... WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE EXCITING CLIMAX, LET'S FILL OUT THE PAGE BY ENDING THE VIETNAM WAR!

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WITHIN 2 WEEKS EVERYONE WILL DROP THEIR GUNS AND START SURFING!



AND FINALLY

GOTTA BUST OUT SUPERTOOL

WHOMP!



OH NO!

WHAT'S WRONG, TOOL?

MY SUPER SLIDE RULE WAS SMASHED ON IMPACT!! ...IT'S THE SOURCE OF MY SUPER INTELLIGENCE! WITHOUT IT, I'LL FLUNK OUT!

VERY END



**VOO DOO
DOLL
OF
THE
MONTH**



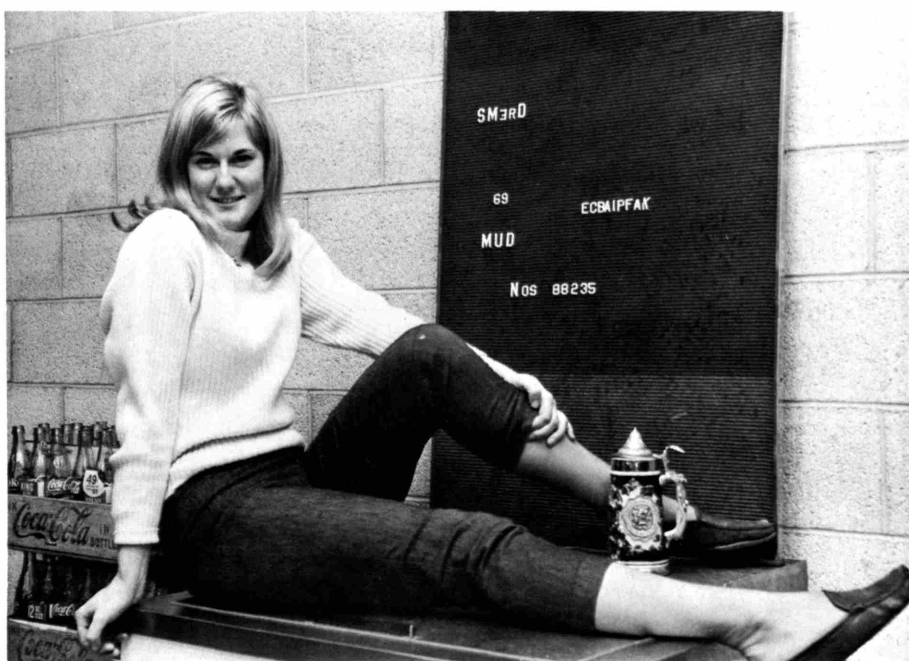


Beth Chambers

VooDoo's basket of November cheer is Doll of the Month Beth Chambers, 21-year-old upperclasswoman at Boston University. Beth hails from San Diego, California, where she spent some time working at Disneyland — selling Mickey Mouse banners at Fantasyland.

Our November Doll likes traveling, and she recently visited in England on an exchange program, "Experiment in International Living." That's what Phos calls living.

Beth enjoys outdoor sports, notably tennis, sailin' and surfin', although she didn't mention horsebackriding.



And then there was the lady airplane pilot who flew her plane upside down and had a crack-up.



A piano player had brought his pet monkey to a party and allowed him to sit on the end of the piano while he was playing. A minute after he started playing, a man at the table at the end of the piano asked, "Excuse me, sir, do you know your monkey's tail is in my Martini?" "No," the pianist replied, "but hum a few bars of it and I'll fake it."



Grafabacha, Imperial Cook for Attila and his Hordes of Barbarians, had prepared a gigantic meal for the night before the invasion of Rome; the meal was to be climaxed by a giant cake. However, the Huns so overate during the main part of the meal that they had no room for the cake. Attila asked, "Tell me, cook, do you know how we can make room for the cake?" "No," replied Grafabacha, "but barf a few Huns, and I'll bake it."



A critic and a famous Shakespearean actor were discussing the works of the bard, and the critic asked, "Do you know that, according to many interpretations, Shakespeare intended us to believe that Hamlet actually had sexual relations with Gertrude?" The actor replied, "NO SOAP RADIO."

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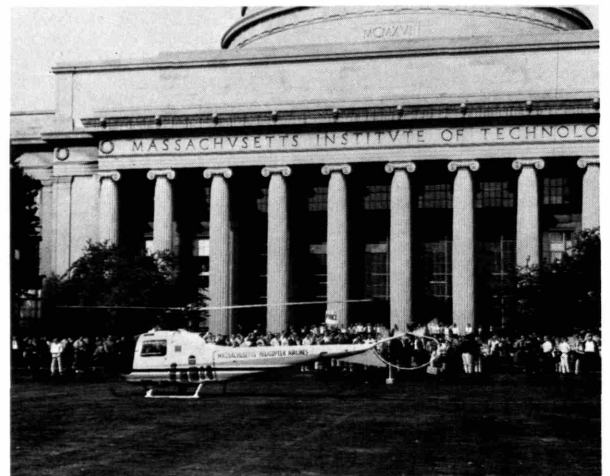
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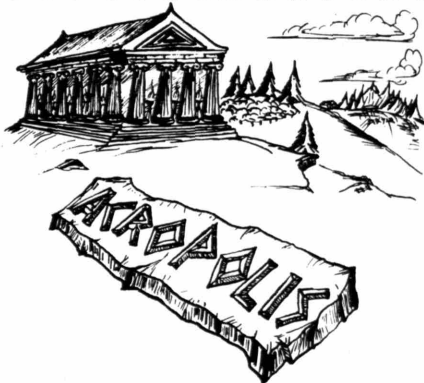
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She's the one with the braided armpits.



Why are there so few suicides among janitors?

You can't kill yourself jumping out the window of a basement apartment.



How many physical plant men does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Six: one to hold the bulb and five to turn the ladder.



How many physical plant men does it take to make popcorn?

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The Day Ralph Went

er to
the
falls

By
Charles
Deber 

Millions of tons of water poured over the waterfall every day. Millions of tons! That's a hell of a lot of water, thought Ralph, as he and Ethel stood next to the waterfall, holding hands, barefoot in the damp grass.

"Isn't this a lovely spot for a picnic, Ralph darling?" said Ethel, bright-eyed, bushy-tailed, and soaked from standing too close to the waterfall.

"Quite true," said Ralph, carefully considering the merits of having picnics next to waterfalls. The food was wet. There were hordes of waterfall flies. The roar of countless gallons of H₂O charging over a cliff only to crash against the swirling maelstrom below drowned out their conversation. What a lousy spot!

"I knew you'd just love to come here," continued Ethel. She looked up at the blue sky and down at the green grass. She looked up at the rushing water and down at the picturesque stream below. She looked up at a flock of waterfall sparrows overhead and down at Ralph trying to figure out the combination to the lock on the picnic basket.

She had been going with Ralph long enough so that she referred to him as her "boy friend." Now the two of them were alone, there by the waterfall, and thoughts of romance and happiness and of their future together ran through Ethel's hair-

covered head. Maybe today, just maybe, Ralph would pop that all-important question.

"When do we eat?" said Ralph impatiently, emptying from his shoes a bunch of waterfall pebbles.

"Oh, let's just relax for a while," said wet Ethel soothingly, as she snuggled up a little closer to him. Mentally she compared the waterfall to life itself. There was always water flowing over the falls, continuously, every day, but the same drop of water never flowed over the falls twice. And so it was with life. Life went on from day to day, but the events of each day differed from those of the previous day.

"Life is like a waterfall," said Ethel aloud, proud of her reasoning.

"Yeah, you're right," said Ralph. "Life is all wet, you gotta do everything you can to keep from drowning, and it's like swimming upstream all the way."

"Oh, you're so unromantic," chided a peeved Ethel. "You scientists are all alike. You have to have everything spelled out for you, logically, step by step, or you can't understand it at all. Mother was right."

Ralph could sense the makings of an altercation. It would be their first argument next to a waterfall. But really, it would be a shame to ruin such a beautiful day, especially since they hadn't eaten yet. He'd better pacify poor, dear Ethel with a bright bit of humor.

"Good thing your mother isn't a Communist," replied Ralph. "Then mother wouldn't be right. She'd be left."

Ethel burst out laughing. "Ha, ha, ha, that was hilarious, Ralph sweetie. How do you think of those?" Laugh at his jokes, even if they're miserable, thought Ethel. Keeps him happy.

"Pure skill," remarked Ralph smugly. That joke was miserable, he thought. She must want something.

Their meaningful conversation was interrupted now by a banging sound. Previously only the roar of the waterfall, the moo of an occasional cow, the bleat of an occasional sheep, and

the screech of an occasional waterfall owl had been the only background noise.

The source of the banging was a hammer, held in the hand of an elderly man, standing over there, about a hundred feet away, nailing a wooden sign into the earthy dirt. As he walked away, the young couple sauntered slowly over to it to see what it said.

FOR SALE.

"Oh my goodness," exclaimed Ethel. "That must have been Old Farmer Jones. He's selling his property, waterfall and all."

"Well, that's his business," said Ralph. "Frankly, I'm kind of surprised he lets young couples like us have picnics by his waterfall. It's *his* waterfall."

But Ethel hardly heard what Ralph had said. Tears welled up in her eyes. There was a lump in her throat. There was wax in her ears. How could Farmer Jones sell the waterfall? Even though it was on his property, was it really his to sell? It was part of nature, part of the universe. Somehow she felt that a part of her was also being sold.

"Ralph," she cried out, "he can't sell it! He just can't."

"For heaven's sake don't get all worked up over a silly old waterfall. It's just tons of water flowing over a cliff. That's all. Merely tons of water. Flowing. Over a cliff. That's all a waterfall really is, Ethel. It's no mystical. It's not supernatural. It's just a great deal of water tumbling from up high to down low."

"But Ralph, it's *our* waterfall. Don't you see?"

And suddenly, as though struck by lightning from above, Ralph saw. Just then, at that instant, it was all vivid. Clear. He *saw*. He looked at Ethel, long and longingly. Their eyes met in a glance that lasted several seconds. Their lips met in a sweet kiss that lasted about a minute. Their noses met in a rub that lasted until Ralph sneezed.

Ralph took her hand, and they walked, barefootedly, foot meeting grass, foot leaving grass, foot meet-

ing grass, foot leaving grass, for a hundred feet, back to the edge of the waterfall, where they had stood when they had first arrived. Across on the opposite bank a sizeable herd of waterfall giraffes frolicked merrily in the brisk breeze.

"Ethel," began Ralph slowly, hesitantly. "Ethel, there's something I've been meaning to talk to you about. Something that's, well, something that's very important to you and to me. To us."

Ethel took a deep breath. Her muscles tensed. Her stomach rumbled. What is he going to say, she wondered? Probably he just wants to know when are we going to eat, or something. And all in that one moment, that one long moment, Ethel thought of life, of water flowing, of the waterfall, of *their* waterfall, of Farmer Jones, and . . . of Ralph. Dear, handsome, hungry, unromantic, loveable Ralph, what are you going to say?

"Do you realize," said Ralph quite seriously, carrying out a quick calculation with the slide rule he wore at his side, "that since we got here this afternoon, enough water has poured over that waterfall to provide one bowlful of water for every goldfish in the Northern hemisphere?"

Ethel's jaw dropped. Her bushy tail drooped. She glared at Ralph. She was going to belt him one. But he had that funny, familiar smirk on his face.

"Darling Ethel," said Ralph softly, sweetly. "Actually, that's not what I wanted to ask you."

"It's not? Then what is it, Ralphie?"

"Er, Ethel, will you be my date for New Year's Eve?"

Ha, she thought. Those waterfalls. They'll do the trick every time. Every time.



Hey Harv - I said you can
 stop now, she's dead.
 Harv! I said . . .



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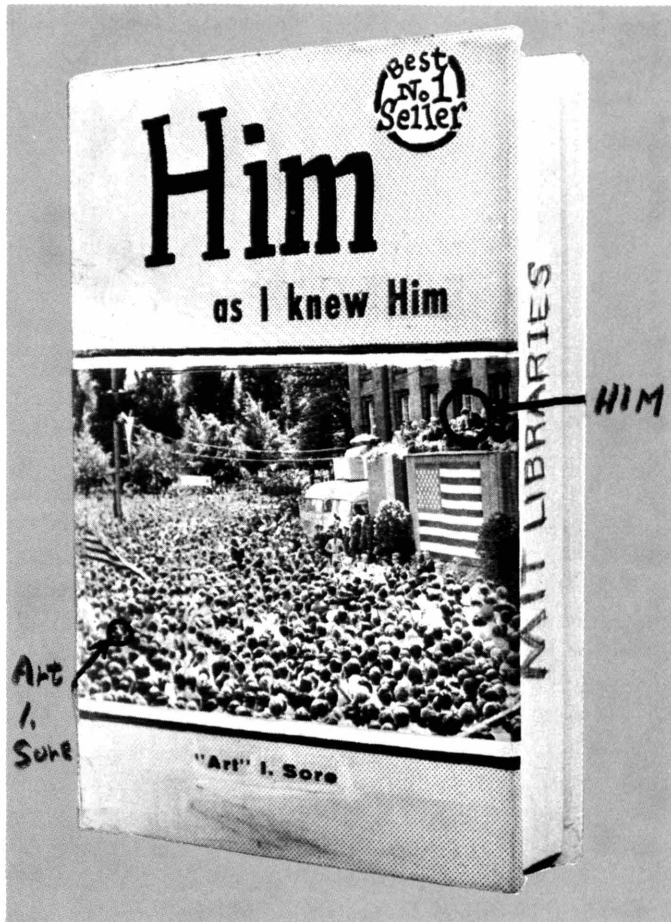
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CHAPTER I

The Senator turned to me and smiled boyishly. Thus began an association that would change the course of my life on that cold, dreary, windy, solemn, historic, fearful, mournful, fateful, eventful, spoonful, senile, febrile, Octobrile day. Through my binoculars, I could discern the subtle gleam in his eye that could only indicate He recognized in me a friend He would value throughout life.

I saw Him again many times after that momentous encounter in Madison Square Garden. From my official seat in the Visitor's Gallery of the Senate of the United States of America, I watched with interest as the young Senator called The Meeting (1492 Pennsylvania Avenue, "You ring, we bring") to order an anchovy and lox pizza, apple pie and a roll of Tums. From the smile of understanding that passed between the two of us, I realized my responsibility to the United States of America was as a confidante to one of her great leaders.

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"Yes!"

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CHAPTER II

But first came the business of electing Him to the Presidency of the United States of America.

In the days before the primary, He was still not certain of His decision to run. Was He as worthy of this honor as Adlai, Lyndon, Lady Byrd, Hubert, Barry, Zsa Zsa or Mao? Could He accept the responsibility of Bay of Pigs, Chu Lai, Selma, Wappingers Falls? Could He deal with such monumental figures as Joseph McCarthy, Joseph Stalin, Joseph Berres and Joseph Tutenkhamen? He wasn't sure.

Many people tried to influence His choice, but He could not be swayed from His positive indecision. My duty was clear. On that cold, bleary, weary, dreary Novembrile 7, 1959, He was sitting in His oak-lined study at His oak-lined desk toying aimlessly with an old oak-lined bucket. His gaze wandered from the window to the sandwich to the mantle to the sandwich to the floor to the ceiling to the sandwich to Tinkers to Evers to Chance to the sandwich. He definitely did not like peanut butter. While He was sitting thus, lost in the throes, at that very moment I had donned my galoshes and was determinedly plodding through the slush to the United States of America Mail Box. Two weeks later on November 31, He was sitting at breakfast when the mailman knocked. "Dear, would you uh mind uh getting the dowah?" My letter had arrived. He read it aloud.

"Dear Him,

I think you ought to run for the Presidency of the United States of America.

Sincerely yours,
Art S."

He thought, "For Art, anything."

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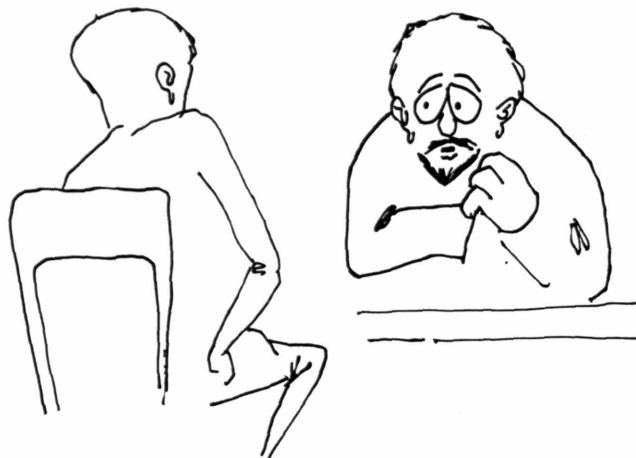
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Well, people seem to think . . .



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SALLY GETS BANGED UP



Sally hastily put away her shapely Barbie doll and rushed outside while her mother splashed contentedly in the tub. She would have to hurry. Johnny was just pulling up to the corner on his new trike when she arrived, gasping for air.

“Hi, do-do,” he sneered.

Sally made a face, but she really liked the way Johnny talked to her. Sally was a masochist.

“Hello, dopey-head!” she retorted with a haughty air of indifference. She turned as if to walk away, but stopped half-way around, offering her profile as one offers cheese to a mouse. The significance of the gesture wasn’t lost on Johnny. He greedily drank in her voluptuous figure, pausing now at the breast, now at the firm, round bottom. He looked again for the breast.

“Look, I got a new trike,” he boasted. His full-size Schwinn “Rocket Blast”, with oversized Goodyear tires and battery-powered horn, stood majestically beneath his outstretched legs. Johnny was proud of his trike — mainly because most of the accessories, like the streamers from the hand grips and the reflectors on the pedals, were stolen.

He stood there on the hard gravel, basking in the reflected glory of his marvelous machine, and watching hungrily as Sally rose to the bait. Then, he began to make motorcycle noises, like — “bruuuum” and “ka-chug-ka-chug.”

Sally was delirious. Fast trikes turned her on. She could stand by impassively no longer. “I wanna ride,” she gasped.

Johnny could see he had her eating out of the palm of his hand. He had waited weeks for an opportunity like this. An insidious grin crept to his quivering lips.

Johnny was horny.

He started to speak, but all that came to his throat was a choking sensation. He had had no idea that Sally could invoke such flaming desire. He painfully swallowed, then said in a too-high-pitched voice, “Okay, but just once.”

Sally flung herself on the back of Johnny’s trike, throwing her warm arms tightly around his neck. He lustily inhaled the feminine fragrance of strawberry Kool-Aid that permeated her scant attire, as her petite body and small firm breasts pressed against his back.

“They *must* be pretty damn small,” mused Johnny, “because I can’t feel them at all!”

She tightened her grip in anticipation of the thrilling ride to come. He could restrain himself no longer.

“Quit choking me!”, he yelled as his elbow came careening around, smashing messily into Sally’s face. This was an unexpected, although pleasant, surprise for Sally. The impact carried her three or four feet from the rear of the trike, and landed her on her face with a red splash, screaming ecstatically.

Johnny didn’t know of Sally’s masochistic tendencies and hence, unaware of the nature of her screams, thought it best to leave her to her own devices.

“Cry baby, cry!” he yelled over his shoulder as he accelerated away. His rear wheels broke traction, and he executed a perfect power slide, swinging in behind his father’s gun-metal Grand Prix, as The Law arrived on the scene. She ran distraughtly to the prostrate form, cooing, “Is mommy’s baby hurt!?” Sally didn’t answer. She was unconscious.

The following day when Johnny saw Sally swathed in gauze, smelling strongly of Noxzema and cuddling her red-headed Barbie doll, he was disgusted. The provocative creature of his dreams existed no more. This revolting metamorphosis was beyond his comprehension. Confused, hurt, and angered, he spat out, “Poo-poo pants!”

Sally had not expected this. Rejection was too much to bear. Salty droplets began to soak her bandages. She was able to hold back her tears long enough only to hiss, “Dog doo!”

Crestfallen, Johnny powered his vehicle down to Miller’s Drug Store, where he consoled himself by stealing a copy of *Ladies Home Journal*.

Professor to a noisy class: "Order please."
 A voice from the back of the room: "Two beers."



The husky, lisping teen-age girl was brought to the doctor's office because of her cough; he asked her to strip, and placed his stethoscope on her chest. "Now," he said, "big breaths." "No," she replied, "but hum a few barth of it and I'll fake it"



Then there was the guy who bombed physics after he learned the meaning of superposition on a date.



Then there was the kid who was thrown out of the Cub Scouts for eating brownies.



Why is a girl like an airplane? They both have cockpits.

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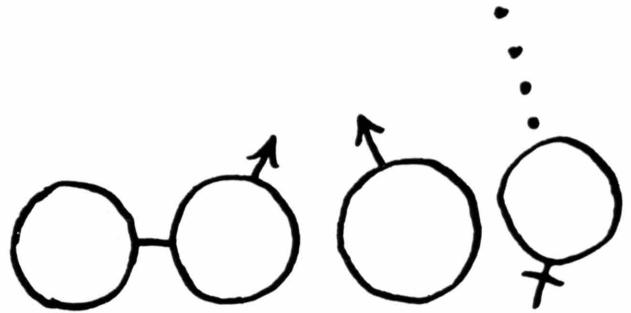
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SHOULD THE UNITED STATES INTERVENE IN SOUTH BHRAMANESIA ?

A probing editorial by Bob Pinc

President Johnson's recent announcement concerning the proposed U.S. intervention in South Bhramesia came as no surprise to the political analysts in our offices. In fact, a quick review of the economic, social, and political situation in that country (South Bhramesia) made the move, to say the least, expected, and certainly warranted.

Communist infiltration into South Bhramesia has progressed steadily over the last ten years. During that time the country has experienced thirty-four changes of governments, and the present regime, a military dictatorship led by President U Chu Whangh, is faltering seriously. It is the Pentagon's opinion that if Whangh should fall, he will be replaced by Lhegt Mei Lhone, leader of the Young Bhramesians for Freedom, a left-wing student organization whose membership includes several known Communist sympathizers. Needless to say, if this should occur it would represent a major step in the complete Communist takeover of the country (South Bhramesia).

There are many Americans that would like to think that South Bhramesia is too far away and too unimportant to worry about. We feel, however, that nothing could be further from the truth. South Bhramesia is tied very closely by strong social, religious, and cultural bonds to its western neighbor, West Bhramesia, and if South Bhramesia fell to the Communists it would be only a matter of time before West Bhramesia did the same. Furthermore, West Bhramesia is united economically, as well as militarily, with Frambastia and East Euthinesia by the PACT pact, and if any one of them went Communist there is no doubt that the other two would too. Clearly, South Bhramesia represents the Free World's last stronghold in the region between the Malthusian Mountains and the Great Bhramesian Sea, a region critical to the security of the Democratic Ideal.

Another fallacious opinion that has recently become popular throughout the country (United States) is that South Bhramesia doesn't *want* American help in solving its problems. This is certainly not true; South Bhramesia wants, and needs, American aid as much

as any country in the Neoelysian Strait. In fact, General Peter Sawdof, our Ambassador to South Bhramesia, reports that students there have demonstrated their firm support for American intervention by marching in front of the Embassy with placards reading "Ghlamshui Whoo Lesphoc Etebalz Gnuo Rheumveslukngnormeisop Salami!" (Although General Sawdof cannot speak Bhramesian, his English is excellent, and he is presently learning some French.)

Unfortunately, the average peasant in South Bhramesia does not have a full understanding of the American way of life and what the words "Democracy" and "Communism" really mean. They spend most of their time toiling in the cauliflower fields, peeling the fruit of the *schplatzi* plant, and pounding the *iezgotmei* roots into bowls, rugs, ashtrays, and religious ornaments. Most of them are followers of the Bhuddist *Omilahwdy* cult, described by General Sawdof as "really weird". Almost none of them speak English, and the Bhramesian language sounds too much like Russian to suit several State Department officials. In short, then, they are different from us.

This certainly does not mean, however, that we should pull out. The security of South Bhramesia in particular, and the entire Bhramesian and Malthusian peoples in general, depends on our willingness to commit ourselves to the fight against Communist aggression. Lhegt Mei Lhone and his militant followers must be suppressed at any cost; Whangh must receive our support if he is to remain in power. If the Communists are given a foothold, they will take over the entire country (South Bhramesia).

Needless to say, we feel that the Administration has no choice but to immediately intervene in South Bhramesia. Marines must be sent now to the capital city, *Kaptelsity*, to aid Whangh in controlling the leftist uprisings and defeat Lhone and his YBF once and for all. And we must act quickly if we expect to win the respect and admiration of the South Bhramesian people and the people of all its Neoelysian neighbors. Hesitation can mean only defeat. Why not victory?

If you are sympathetic to the sentiments of the above editorial, and if you would like to do your share in helping our country achieve an all-important victory in the Neoelysian Strait while meanwhile retaining your 2-S deferment, then send a check for five dollars to "Committee for Victory in South Bhramesia", MIT Student Center, Room 461, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Remember — the war in South Bhramesia is your war.

... "and let's get that highway beautification program on the road." ...



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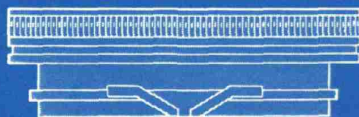
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